

# THE QUIET GUARD: SU-HWA

## EPISODE 1 - THE COMMANDER

### OPENING SEQUENCE

BLACK SCREEN.

No music.

Only distant breathing.

Uneven.

Strained.

A woman trying to stay conscious.

Then—

A helicopter rotor.

Gunfire.

Someone screaming.

The sound cuts.

Returns.

Cuts again.

Like fragments of memory.

A voice breaks through the chaos.

YOUNG SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Commander...

Please...

Leave me.

Another explosion.

A body hits the ground.

Heavy breathing.

Rain.

Mud.

Blood.

Then—

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE – NIGHT

A storm tears across a ruined battlefield.

Visibility is almost zero.

Lightning briefly illuminates a lone figure stumbling through the darkness.

SU-HWA..

Covered in blood.

One eye swollen.

Uniform shredded.

Her right arm hanging almost uselessly at her side.

A wounded soldier is slung across her shoulders.

She can barely stand.

Yet she keeps moving.

One step.

Another.

Another.

The soldier coughs blood.

YOUNG SOLDIER

Commander...

Stop...

You're bleeding.

Su-Hwa says nothing.

She keeps walking.

The soldier looks up at her.

Terrified.

Not of the enemy.

Of her.

Because she should not still be moving.

No human should.

Another flash of lightning.

Ahead—

Extraction point.

Almost there.

Then gunfire erupts from the darkness.

Three rounds.

One strikes her vest.

One misses.

One tears into her shoulder.

She drops to one knee.

The soldier falls beside her.

The world spins.

Everything goes silent.

A high-pitched ringing fills the air.

For a moment she simply kneels there.

Motionless.

Broken.

Then she slowly stands again.

The soldier stares.

The expression on his face says everything.

This woman is either the strongest soldier he has ever seen.

Or she died hours ago and simply forgot.

CUT TO WHITE.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

BEEP.

BEEP.

BEEP.

White ceiling.

Blinding light.

A blurry face.

Doctors.

Voices.

Muffled.

Far away.

DOCTOR #1

Severe neurological trauma.

Another voice.

DOCTOR #2

Memory degradation.

DOCTOR #3

She should not have survived.

Everything fades.

Darkness again.

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TITLE CARD

THE QUIET GUARD: SU-HWA

—

## **EPISODE 1**

### **ACT ONE**

INT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE – MORNING

Five years later.

Silence.

A big house.

No photographs.

No decorations.

No signs of a life lived.

Only survival.

A digital clock reads:

04:12 AM

Su-Hwa's eyes open.

Immediately.

As if she never truly slept.

For several seconds she simply stares at the ceiling.

Not moving.

Not blinking.

Then pain arrives.

Her jaw tightens.

Her right hand trembles uncontrollably.

A familiar morning ritual.

She slowly sits up.

Opens a drawer.

Medication.

Several bottles.

Different labels.

Different warnings.

She studies them.

As if deciding whether today is worth enduring.

She then quietly closes the drawer back.

INT. BATHROOM

Cold light.

Su-Hwa stares into the mirror.

There are scars hidden beneath her collar.

Another along her neck.

One crossing her shoulder.

Evidence.

Proof.

Things her memories cannot provide.

Her eyes linger on herself.

Almost like a stranger.

Then—

FLASH.

A little girl crying.

FLASH.

A laboratory.

FLASH.

A military insignia covered in blood.

FLASH.

Someone screaming her name.

SU-HWA

The images vanish.

Gone before she can grab them.

Like always.

The phone rings.

She stares at it.

Unknown number.

She ignores it.

It rings again.

And again.

The phone remains in her hand.

Unknown number.

Silence.

Then—

VOICE

Commander—

CLICK.

Su-Hwa ends the call.

Immediately.

No hesitation.

No curiosity.

No interest.

She places the phone on the table.

Looks at it.

Then powers it off.

The screen goes black.

The apartment becomes silent again.

Exactly how she likes it.

EXT. HOUSE – AFTERNOON

A modest house on the outskirts of the city.

Far from crowds.

Far from cameras.

Far from people.

A small garden occupies most of the yard.

Tomatoes.

Herbs.

Flowers.

Nothing expensive.

Nothing impressive.

Just alive.

Su-Hwa kneels in the dirt.

Wearing old gloves.

Planting seedlings.

The same hands that once carried rifles.

The same hands that once carried soldiers.

Now covered in soil.

For a brief moment—

She looks peaceful.

A vehicle stops outside.

Then another.

And another.

Su-Hwa doesn't look up.

She already heard them coming.

Three doors open.

Footsteps.

Several people approach.

Still—

She keeps gardening.

DR. KANG

You changed your number again.

No response.

A man in his fifties.

Doctor Kang.

Neurologist.

One of the few people who knows the extent of her injuries.

One of the few people who refuses to give up on her.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

You missed three appointments.

Still nothing.

Another figure steps forward.

A former intelligence officer.

Park Min-Jae.

One of the men who helped recover her after Ghost Operation.

His patience is considerably shorter.

MIN-JAE

Three appointments.

Seven physical therapy sessions.

Two neurological evaluations.

You skipped all of them.

Su-Hwa carefully waters a plant.

As if discussing the weather.

MIN-JAE (CONT'D)

Are you listening?

SU-HWA

Yes.

MIN-JAE

Then say something.

SU-HWA

You seem busy.

Min-Jae almost explodes.

MIN-JAE

Busy?

Busy?

Three years, Su-Hwa.

Three years.

Do you know how many people searched for you?

No answer.

MIN-JAE (CONT'D)

Do you know how many people thought you were dead?

Still nothing.

MIN-JAE (CONT'D)

Do you know how many people are still waiting for you?

That finally causes a reaction.

Small.

Almost invisible.

But Doctor Kang notices.

MIN-JAE

They waited.

Every single one of them.

Your unit.

Your people.

They waited.

And you disappeared.

Su-Hwa lowers her gaze.

Back to the soil.

MIN-JAE (CONT'D)

Is this really what you wanted?

The question hangs in the air.

Heavy.

Painful.

MIN-JAE (CONT'D)

A garden?

An old house?

Medication you don't take?

Nightmares you pretend aren't happening?

Is this the life Commander Su-Hwa fought for?

Doctor Kang steps in.

Trying to calm him.

DR. KANG

That's enough.

MIN-JAE

No.

Because nobody says it.

Nobody says what we're all thinking.

He looks directly at Su-Hwa.

For the first time.

Not at the legend.

Not at the commander.

At the woman.

MIN-JAE

You promised them.

Silence.

MIN-JAE (CONT'D)

You promised every one of them you'd bring them home.

You promised.

And then when you came back...

You abandoned yourself.

The words hit harder than he intended.

The garden becomes quiet.

The wind becomes quiet.

Everything becomes quiet.

Doctor Kang kneels beside her.

Gentler.

DR. KANG

Your scans are getting worse.

No response.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

The memory episodes are becoming more frequent.

No response.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

And you're not taking your medication.

Finally—

Su-Hwa speaks.

SU-HWA

It doesn't help.

DR. KANG

That's not the point.

SU-HWA

It doesn't bring anything back.

The doctor's expression changes.

Because beneath the calm voice—

There it is.

The real wound.

Not her arm.

Not her leg.

Not her scars.

The missing years.

The missing memories.

The missing truth.

A long silence follows.

Then—

Min-Jae places a file on the garden table.

MIN-JAE

An idol was attacked.

An actress is receiving threats.

Someone requested you specifically.

We told them no.

Twice.

They asked again.

Su-Hwa doesn't touch the file.

MIN-JAE

I know you don't care about celebrities.

Neither do I.

But that's not why we're here.

He taps the folder.

Once.

MIN-JAE

Because something inside this file belongs to you.

For the first time all afternoon—

Su-Hwa looks at it.

And for the first time—

The audience sees something beyond exhaustion.

Curiosity.

Fear.

Recognition.

As if a ghost just knocked on her door.

**END OF OPENING SEQUENCE.**

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## **ACT ONE**

EXT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE - EVENING

The sun is beginning to disappear.

Doctor Kang and Min-Jae have already left.

Their vehicles vanish down the road.

Silence returns.

The kind of silence Su-Hwa spent three years building.

The kind she once thought she wanted.

The file remains on the table.

Untouched.

Waiting.

Su-Hwa continues watering her plants.

Ten minutes.

Twenty minutes.

Thirty.

Ignoring it.

Pretending it doesn't exist.

Eventually she puts the watering can down.

Walks toward the table.

Sits.

Looks at the folder.

Nothing more.

Just looks.

As though opening it might change something.

Because deep down—

she knows it will.

Slowly.

She opens it.

Inside:

Photographs.

Schedules.

Threat reports.

Personnel lists.

Artist profiles.

Medical reports.

Police reports.

Private investigations.

Years of incidents.

Too many incidents.

Too many coincidences.

Then she sees the first profile.

HAN YOO-JIN.

Age 24.

Actor.

Current rising star.

Several blockbuster productions.

Massive popularity.

No criminal record.

No controversy.

Nothing unusual.

She turns the page.

KANG JI-WON.

Age 22.

Idol.

Leader of a top group.

Hospitalized last week.

Official cause:

Vehicle accident.

Unofficial notes:

Possible attack.

Another page.

Another face.

Another story.

Another life.

All strangers.

People she has never met.

People she has no reason to care about.

Yet something bothers her.

Not the incidents.

Not the victims.

The timing.

The pattern.

Something doesn't fit.

Then—

A photograph falls from the folder.

Landing upside down.

Su-Hwa picks it up.

Turns it over.

Freezes.

A symbol.

Tiny.

Spray-painted on a concrete wall behind an attack scene.

Almost invisible.

Easy to miss.

Impossible for her to forget.

The world suddenly disappears.

FLASH.

Rain.

Gunfire.

A radio screaming.

Someone running.

A burning corridor.

Nine shadows moving through smoke.

One voice.

Familiar.

Trusted.

A man shouting:  
COMMANDER!

FLASH ENDS.

The photograph slips from her fingers.

Her breathing becomes uneven.

The same symbol.

After three years.

Impossible.

It should not exist.

The operation was erased.

Everything connected to it was erased.

Including them.

Later.

Night.

Rain begins falling.

Su-Hwa sits alone inside her house.

The file remains open.

The symbol remains visible.

And for the first time in years—

Commander Su-Hwa is thinking like a commander again.

INT. AURORA ENTERTAINMENT

Same night.

The company never sleeps.

Managers rushing.

Artists rehearsing.

Security checking entrances.

Assistants carrying schedules.

Controlled chaos.

A young woman exits a rehearsal room.

LEE A-RIN.

Twenty-three.

Actress.

National sweetheart.

One of the biggest stars in the country.

The public loves her.

Brands love her.

Reporters love her.

Everyone loves her.

Except tonight she looks exhausted.

Her smile disappears the moment cameras are gone.

A manager follows beside her.

MANAGER

Three interviews tomorrow.

Two commercial shoots.

Script reading at six.

Award rehearsal at nine.

A-Rin nods.

Not listening.

Used to it.

As they walk—

A-Rin notices a young security guard asleep in a chair.

Exhausted.

Working overtime.

She quietly removes her jacket.

Places it over him.

Keeps walking.

Nobody notices.

Except the audience.

Elsewhere.

A recording studio.

KANG JI-WON.

The idol from the file.

Sits alone.

The attack happened two weeks ago.

His ribs still hurt.

His company wants him back on stage.

Fans are worried.

Investors are worried.

Everyone is worried about money.

Nobody asks if he is afraid.  
For a moment he stares at the emergency exit.  
As though expecting someone to come through it.  
The audience understands.  
The attack changed him.  
Meanwhile.  
Across the city.  
Su-Hwa closes the file.  
Stands.  
Walks to a closet.  
Opens it.  
Inside hangs an old black duffel bag.  
Dust-covered.  
Untouched for years.  
Her hand pauses.  
Because she knows exactly what is inside.  
The last pieces of a life she buried.  
Slowly.  
She unzips it.  
Military gloves.  
Old mission patches.  
A damaged watch.  
A photograph.

Ten soldiers.

Standing together.

Smiling.

The only photograph she owns.

The only one she never threw away.

Su-Hwa stares at it.

For a long time.

No words.

No tears.

Just silence.

The kind of silence that only comes from grief.

The photograph rests in Su-Hwa's hands.

Besides herself.

Nine faces.

Nine soldiers.

Her soldiers.

Covered in dirt.

Bruises.

Exhaustion.

Yet smiling.

Some looking at the camera.

Some looking away.

One making a ridiculous face.

Another laughing at something outside the frame.

For a long moment Su-Hwa simply stares.

Silent.

Motionless.

The house disappears.

The years disappear.

And suddenly—

She is there again.

Not looking at the photograph.

Looking through it.

FLASHBACK

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE – EVENING

Golden sunlight.

The mission is finally over.

No gunfire.

No screaming.

No blood.

Just ten soldiers enjoying something rare.

Peace.

Equipment lies scattered everywhere.

Someone is eating.

Someone is sleeping.

Someone is arguing over absolutely nothing.

The familiar noise of people who have spent years together.

Years surviving together.

Years protecting each other.

Su-Hwa sits on a supply crate.

Reviewing reports.

As always.

Working while everyone else relaxes.

A voice calls out.

HA-JUN (O.S.)

Commander.

She doesn't look up.

HA-JUN (O.S.)

Commander.

Still nothing.

HA-JUN (O.S.)

Kim Su-Hwa.

That gets her attention.

Slowly.

She lifts her head.

Several members of the unit are already grinning.

They know exactly what's happening.

HA-JUN stands twenty meters away.

Holding a camera.

HA-JUN

Get over here.

SU-HWA

No.

Instant laughter.

YU-HAN

I told you she'd say no.

MIN-SEO

You owe me twenty thousand won.

HA-JUN

One picture.

SU-HWA

Take it without me.

HA-JUN

The unit picture without the commander?

That seems ridiculous.

SU-HWA

Then do something less ridiculous.

More laughter.

One soldier nearly falls off a vehicle.

Another throws a bottle at her.

Misses completely.

HA-JUN lowers the camera.

Pretending to be disappointed.

HA-JUN

You know, one day we'll all be old.

SU-HWA

You already are.

The unit erupts.

Whistles.

Cheering.

Someone applauds.

HA-JUN points dramatically.

HA-JUN

See?

That's exactly why we need evidence.

Nobody's going to believe Commander Su-Hwa ever made a joke.

Even Su-Hwa almost smiles.

Almost.

HA-JUN notices.

Of course he notices.

He always notices.

HA-JUN

Five seconds.

That's all.

Then you can go back to pretending you hate everyone.

A long pause.

Eventually Su-Hwa stands.

Slowly.

Reluctantly.

As if agreeing to a military tribunal.

The entire unit cheers.

HA-JUN

There she is.

The mythical commander.

Su-Hwa takes her place among them.

The soldiers immediately start shoving each other.

Trying to stand closer.

Trying to annoy one another.

Trying to make each other laugh.

Chaos.

Complete chaos.

HA-JUN steps backward.

Lifts the camera.

HA-JUN  
Ready?

Nobody is ready.

HA-JUN  
Perfect.

Then—

For a brief moment—

Everyone stops moving.

Everyone stops talking.

Everyone is there.

Together.

Alive.

CLICK.

PRESENT DAY

The memory fades.

Slowly.

Painfully.

The photograph remains.

Frozen forever.

Nine smiling faces.

But Su-Hwa's eyes are no longer looking at them.

They're looking at the empty space behind the camera.

The place nobody else would notice.

The place where Ha-Jun stood.

The voice she remembers.

The laugh she remembers.

The person who somehow always managed to pull her back into the world whenever she drifted too far away.

Three years.

No calls.

No messages.

No contact.

Nothing.

Yet for some reason—

Standing alone in her dark house—

Su-Hwa can hear his voice more clearly than anyone else's.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

Five seconds, Commander.

That's all.

The memory breaks.

The room becomes silent again.

And somehow—

The silence feels heavier than before.

Suddenly her phone lights up.

The first time since she turned it back on.

A text message.

Unknown number.

Only one sentence.

WE NEVER STOPPED WAITING.

Su-Hwa freezes.

The message disappears.

Deleted remotely.

Before she can respond.

Before she can trace it.

Gone.

Outside.

Across the road.

A vehicle drives away into the darkness.

Someone has been watching the house.

Not for hours.

For days.

Maybe longer.

Inside the house.

For the first time since returning from Ghost Operation—

Su-Hwa feels it.

Not fear.

Not anger.

Not grief.

Purpose.

Something has started moving.

And somewhere deep inside—

the Commander is waking up.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO.**

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**ACT THREE**

INT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain taps softly against the windows.

The photograph remains on the table.

The unit.

Her people.

A life buried three years ago.

Su-Hwa sits alone.

The text message is gone.

No trace.

No sender.

No evidence it ever existed.

Yet she knows she didn't imagine it.

Someone contacted her.

Someone who knew.

Or someone who wanted her to believe they knew.

Neither possibility is comforting.

Her eyes return to the file.

Slowly.

She opens it again.

This time more carefully.

Not as a former soldier.

As an investigator.

As a commander.

Page by page.

Photographs.

Reports.

Medical records.

Witness statements.

Security logs.

She reads everything.

Twice.

Then a third time.

Hours pass.

Rain continues.

The clock reads:

2:14 AM.

Finally—

Something catches her attention.

A photograph from the idol attack.

Not the victim.

Not the scene.

A reflection.

A glass storefront in the background.

Tiny.

Almost impossible to notice.

Su-Hwa leans closer.

Her eyes narrow.

There.

A man.

Standing among the crowd.

Watching.

Not running.

Not helping.

Watching.

Most people would miss it.

She doesn't.

Because he is standing exactly the way military surveillance personnel stand.

Weight balanced.

Hands relaxed.

Eyes elevated.

Monitoring exits.

Monitoring threats.

Monitoring people.

Not civilian.

Not security.

Trained.

Very trained.

She flips through the other files.

Another incident.

Another photograph.

Another crowd.

The same man.

Third file.

Fourth file.

Fifth.

Always present.

Always watching.

Never identified.

The room becomes very quiet.

The first clue.

A real clue.

Not a memory.

Not a nightmare.

A clue.

She reaches for a notebook.

Opens it.

Writes with her left hand.

The handwriting is ugly.

Uneven.

Slow.

Years of compensating for an arm that never properly recovered.

WHO ARE YOU?

Then beneath it:

WHY ARE YOU AT EVERY SCENE?

A moment later—

She freezes.

Because suddenly she remembers something.

Not the man's face.

His posture.

FLASH.

A military briefing room.

FLASH.

A shooting range.

FLASH.

Nine soldiers standing at attention.

FLASH.

Someone saying:

"Observe before you move."

The memory disappears.

Again.

Leaving only frustration behind.

Su-Hwa closes her eyes.

Trying to force it back.

Nothing.

Then—

A sharp pain explodes behind her left eye.

She grabs the edge of the table.

Breathing hard.

The room blurs.

For a second—

She isn't in her house.

She's somewhere else.

Somewhere dark.

Cold.

Metal walls.

A chair.

Needles.

Voices.

VOICE #1

Subject stable.-

VOICE #2

Increase dosage.

VOICE #1

Memory suppression holding.

VOICE #2

For now.

The vision vanishes.

Su-Hwa suddenly stands.

The chair crashes backward.

Silence.

Only her breathing.

No.

Not a memory.

A nightmare.

Has to be.

Except—

The headache remains.

The fear remains.

And deep down—

So does the certainty that something happened to her.

Something nobody ever explained.

Something everyone avoids talking about.

EXT. AURORA ENTERTAINMENT - NEXT MORNING

The largest entertainment company in the country.

Artists.

Actors.

Idols.

Managers.

Executives.

Thousands of employees.

Inside—

Chaos.

The attack on Ji-Won has created panic.

Sponsors are nervous.

Fans are demanding answers.

Reporters are digging.

And another threat arrived overnight.

INT. EXECUTIVE CONFERENCE ROOM

Several executives sit around a table.

Tense.

Sleep deprived.

Frustrated.

CEO CHOI

The police have nothing.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Private security has nothing.

CEO CHOI

Then find someone who does.

A silence.

Executive Han opens a folder.

Slides it onto the table.

Inside—

A photograph.

Not of an idol.

Not of an actor.

Not of a suspect.

Of Su-Hwa.

Walking through a grocery store.

Completely unaware she is being photographed.

EXECUTIVE HAN

This is our last option.

Another executive scoffs.  
EXECUTIVE  
She's retired.

EXECUTIVE HAN  
No.  
She disappeared.

CEO CHOI studies the photograph.

CEO CHOI  
Can she still do it?

Nobody answers.

Because everyone in the room knows the stories.

The rumors.

The legends.

The operation that officially never happened.

Finally—

Executive Han speaks.

EXECUTIVE HAN  
If half the stories are true...  
she's the only person who can.

CUT TO:

INT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE

Morning.

A knock at the door.

No response.

Another knock.

Then another.

Persistent.

Annoying.

Su-Hwa already knows they're not leaving.

Slowly—

She walks toward the door.

Opens it.

And freezes.

Standing outside are three people.

A manager.

An executive.

And a young actress wearing a baseball cap and mask.

Trying very hard not to be recognized.

The actress bows politely.

ACTRESS

Commander Su-Hwa?

A beat.

SU-HWA

No.

ACTRESS

...what?

And she starts closing the door.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE.**

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## **ACT FOUR**

EXT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE

The door begins closing.

Slowly.

Calmly.

Without emotion.

The actress reacts first.

Instinctively.

ACTRESS

Wait—

The door stops.

Not because Su-Hwa listened.

Because the actress sounds genuinely panicked.

Not entitled.

Not arrogant.

Panicked.

A brief silence.

The actress lowers her mask.

For the first time.

LEE A-RIN.

One of the biggest stars in the country.

Yet standing here—

She looks younger.

Smaller.

Human.

A-RIN

Please.

Just five minutes.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

Three minutes?

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

One minute?

SU-HWA

You're negotiating with the wrong person.

Executive Han looks confused.

Manager Park looks exhausted.

A-Rin unexpectedly laughs.

A real laugh.

The first one Su-Hwa has heard from her.

A-RIN

You really were a legend.

SU-HWA

Leave.

Again the door starts closing.

A-Rin quickly blurts:

A-RIN

I know what it's like when people only remember the version of you they need.

The door stops.

Not much.

Just enough.

Everyone notices.

Especially A-Rin.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

The version they need on television.

The version they need in interviews.

The version they need in advertisements.

The version they need to sell.

Silence.

A-RIN

Nobody asks if that person still exists.

For the first time—

Su-Hwa actually looks at her.

Really looks.

Not a celebrity.

Not a client.

A person.

Tired eyes.

Dark circles.

A forced smile practiced too many times.

Someone carrying something heavy.

Something familiar.

A-RIN notices the garden.

A-RIN  
You planted those?

SU-HWA  
Yes.

A-RIN  
They're dying.

Manager Park nearly has a heart attack.

MANAGER PARK  
Miss Lee—

A-RIN  
What?  
They are.

She points.

A-RIN  
Too much water.

Su-Hwa looks.

She's right.

The tomatoes are beginning to yellow.

A-RIN  
My grandmother used to do that.  
She loved things so much she drowned them.

A strange silence follows.

For some reason—

That sentence hits harder than expected.

Because Su-Hwa suddenly thinks about her unit.

About Ghost Operation.

About all the people she couldn't save.

About all the people she tried too hard to save.

A-RIN

Sorry.

That sounded less depressing in my head.

Unexpectedly—

A tiny smile appears.

Barely visible.

Gone instantly.

But it existed.

A-Rin notices.

A-RIN

There it is.

SU-HWA

What?

A-RIN

The human being.

Manager Park wants to disappear.

Executive Han wants to disappear.

Because somehow this conversation is working.

And nobody understands why.

A-RIN

Everyone talks about Commander Su-Hwa.

She gestures around.

A-RIN

Nobody talks about Kim Su-Hwa.

Silence.

Dangerous silence.

Because almost nobody uses that name anymore.

A-RIN

Can I ask you something?

SU-HWA

You're already doing it.

A-RIN

Do the nightmares ever get smaller?

Everything stops.

The wind.

The birds.

The world.

Because that wasn't a celebrity question.

That was a real question.

And somehow—

A-Rin looks afraid of the answer.

A very long silence.

Then Su-Hwa speaks.

SU-HWA

No.

A-Rin's expression falls slightly.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

You just get stronger.

Another silence.

This one different.

A-Rin nods.

Slowly.

As though memorizing the answer.

Then—

Her phone rings.

The smile disappears immediately.

A-Rin checks the screen.

Unknown number.

Her face changes.

Fear.

Real fear.

The same fear Su-Hwa saw in the attack reports.

A-Rin declines the call.

Immediately—

Another call.

Then another.

Then another.

Twenty-three missed calls appear.

All from different numbers.

The executive goes pale.

MANAGER PARK

Again?

A-Rin doesn't answer.

Because she already knows.

Her hands are shaking.

Su-Hwa notices.

Notices everything.

The way A-Rin positions herself near exits.

The way she scans reflections.

The way she flinches before answering phones.

The same behaviors.

Threat response behaviors.

Victim behaviors.

Someone has been terrorizing her for a long time.

Longer than the company admitted.

A message appears.

A-Rin reads it.

Freezes.

The screen slips from her hand.

Falls into the dirt.

Nobody moves.

Nobody wants to see it.

Su-Hwa bends down.

Picks up the phone.

The message contains only one sentence.

YOU WON'T HAVE A BODYGUARD FOREVER.

Silence.

The air changes.

A-Rin looks away.

Ashamed.

Embarrassed.

Used to it.

And somehow—

That is what finally angers Su-Hwa.

Not the threat.

Not the company.

Not the mystery.

The fact that this young woman looks like she's gotten used to being afraid.

Su-Hwa stares at the message.

Then at A-Rin.

Then at the executives.

SU-HWA

How long?

Nobody answers.

SU-HWA

How long has this been happening?

Executive Han swallows.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Nine months.

Su-Hwa's eyes harden.

Nine months.

And nobody solved it.

Nobody stopped it.

Nobody protected her.

The commander inside her stirs.

Just a little.

For the first time—

She doesn't tell them to leave.

And for the first time—

The people standing outside begin to realize something.

Commander Su-Hwa may not be gone after all.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT FOUR.**

---

**ACT FIVE**

EXT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE

Nobody speaks.

The message remains on the screen.

YOU WON'T HAVE A BODYGUARD FOREVER.

The wind moves through the garden.

The tomatoes sway.

Somewhere in the distance a dog barks.

Everything feels strangely normal.

Which somehow makes the threat worse.

Su-Hwa hands the phone back.

SU-HWA

The first message.

What did it say?

Executive Han blinks.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Excuse me?

SU-HWA

The first one.

Not this one.

Executive Han looks toward Manager Park

Manager Park looks toward A-Rin.

Nobody answers immediately.

Su-Hwa already dislikes that.

Because hesitation means uncertainty.

And uncertainty means people haven't been paying attention.

A-Rin remains silent.

SU-HWA

What did it say?

A-RIN

Nothing serious.

At first.

SU-HWA

What did it say?

A-Rin thinks.

A-RIN

It said...

"I know where you buy coffee."

Silence.

SU-HWA

And?

A-RIN

Then: "I know where you live."

Another pause.

A-RIN

Then: "I know when you're alone."

Manager Park looks uncomfortable.

SU-HWA

You reported it.

MANAGER PARK

Of course.

SU-HWA

To whom?

MANAGER PARK

Police.

Private investigators.

Cybercrime division.

Everyone.

SU-HWA

Results?

Silence.

The answer is obvious.

None.

Su-Hwa looks toward A-Rin.

SU-HWA

Did anything change in your routine after the first message?

A-RIN

What?

SU-HWA

Did you stop going somewhere?

Change schedules?

Change cafés?

Change routes?

Anything.

A-Rin thinks.

A-RIN

No.

SU-HWA

Why?

A-RIN

Because everyone told me not to react.

The answer annoys Su-Hwa.

Immediately.

SU-HWA

Stupid advice.

Executive Han straightens.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Our concern was avoiding publicity.

Su-Hwa looks at him.

Just once.

The man immediately wishes he hadn't spoken.

SU-HWA

Your concern was protecting your investment.

Silence.

Nobody argues.

Because she's right.

A-Rin watches her.

Carefully.

Almost studying her.

A-RIN

You don't like us very much.

SU-HWA

I don't know you.

A-RIN

Same thing.

Unexpectedly—

Su-Hwa almost smiles again.

Almost.

A-Rin catches it.

Again.

A small victory.

Then—

Su-Hwa's expression changes.

She is looking at something.

Not the people.

Not the phone.

Something else.

The road.

Across the road.

Near the tree line.

A vehicle.

Black sedan.

Parked.

Engine off.

Too far away to notice normally.

Not for her.

Executive Han follows her gaze.

EXECUTIVE HAN

What is it?

No answer.

Su-Hwa steps forward.

Slowly.

The vehicle remains still.

A-Rin notices too.

A-RIN

Do you know them?

Still no answer.

Then—

The sedan starts.

Engine.

Lights.

Movement.

The vehicle pulls away.

Calmly.

No rush.

No panic.

Like somebody who has already seen enough.

Su-Hwa watches until it disappears.

Her jaw tightens.

Because that makes three things.

The text message.

The symbol.

The vehicle.

Three separate pieces.

Beginning to form a shape.

Not enough.

But enough to worry her.

Everyone turns.

The front door begins to close.

A-RIN stands outside.

Executive Han and Manager Park beside her.

Rain clouds gathering overhead.

A-Rin speaks before the door fully shuts.

A-RIN

Please.

Just five minutes.

The door stops.

Silence.

A long one.

The kind that makes people second-guess themselves.

Then—

SU-HWA

You're blocking the entrance.

A blink.

Executive Han looks confused.

Manager Park looks confused.

Even A-Rin looks confused.

Su-Hwa steps aside.

Nothing more.

No invitation.

No smile.

No welcome.

Just enough space to enter.

A-Rin is the first to understand.

She steps inside.

The others quickly follow.

The door closes behind them.

INT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE

And immediately—

Everyone stops.

Not because the house is extravagant.

Because it isn't.

Not in the way they expected.

The house is large.

Traditional architecture.

Dark wood beams.

Stone flooring.

High ceilings.

Large windows overlooking gardens.

Everything feels authentic.

Lived in.

Quiet.

The kind of home built decades ago and cared for every day since.

There is wealth here.

But none of it is displayed.

No luxury brands.

No designer furniture.

No attempts to impress.

Only simplicity.

Only peace.

Or the closest thing to peace its owner has managed to build.

A-Rin slowly looks around.

Expecting military trophies.

Medals.

Commendations.

Photographs.

Evidence of the legendary Commander Su-Hwa.

There is none.

Nothing.

It is as though she deliberately erased every trace of herself.

A-RIN

You really live here alone?

A-Rin removes her shoes.

SU-HWA

Usually.

The answer feels strange.

Nobody asks why.

Nobody asks who visits.

Because somehow they already know they won't get an answer.

Su-Hwa walks toward the kitchen.

SU-HWA

Tea.

Coffee.

Water.  
Choose.

Executive Han clears his throat.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Water is fine.

SU-HWA

Good.

That's all I have.

A pause.

Nobody knows whether she's joking.

Su-Hwa doesn't help them.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A few minutes later.

Steam rises from simple ceramic cups.

The room itself is surprisingly warm.

Bookshelves line one wall.

A-Rin's eyes wander toward them.

Then stop.

No novels.

No celebrity biographies.

No military history.

Instead—

Botany.

Gardening.

Trauma recovery.

Neurology.

Psychology.

Memory disorders.

Architecture.

History.

Hundreds of books.

Many worn from use.

Several marked with notes.

Dog-eared pages.

Handwritten annotations.

Evidence of years spent searching for answers.

A-Rin studies them quietly.

For the first time she understands something.

Commander Su-Hwa didn't disappear.

She was trying to rebuild herself.

Alone.

Across the room—

Executive Han opens the file.

EXECUTIVE HAN

We came because—

SU-HWA

No.

Everyone stops.

EXECUTIVE HAN

No?

SU-HWA

You didn't come because you wanted to.

You came because you're desperate.

Different thing.

Silence.

Manager Park suddenly understands why military officers twice Su-Hwa's age used to follow her into combat.

The woman misses nothing.

Su-Hwa places another cup on the table.

Her right hand trembles slightly.

Barely noticeable.

Almost invisible.

Executive Han doesn't see it.

Manager Park doesn't see it.

A-Rin does.

Immediately.

The tremor lasts less than two seconds.

Then disappears.

As if it never happened.

Yet something shifts inside A-Rin.

Because suddenly—

The legend becomes human.

Executive Han slides the folder toward her.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Miss Lee has received threats for months.

SU-HWA

I know.

EXECUTIVE HAN

An idol was attacked.

SU-HWA

I know.

EXECUTIVE HAN

An actor disappeared for twelve hours last year.

A pause.

Tiny.

Almost imperceptible.

But the room changes.

Su-Hwa looks up.

For the first time.

Interested.

SU-HWA

Why wasn't that in the report?

Executive Han freezes.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Page seventy-two.

The incident summary ends halfway through the timeline.

Someone removed information.

Why?

Executive Han stares.

Manager Park stares.

A-Rin stares.

Nobody expected her to memorize page numbers.

Nobody expected her to read every report.

Twice.

The room becomes very quiet.

A-Rin cannot stop watching her.

Not because she's intimidating.

Because she's extraordinary.

Not flashy.

Not dramatic.

Precise.

Like a knife.

Every observation deliberate.

Every conclusion earned.

Silence.

Executive Han shifts uncomfortably.

EXECUTIVE HAN

There were legal concerns.

SU-HWA

That's not an answer.

EXECUTIVE HAN

The family requested privacy.

SU-HWA

Then write that.

Another silence.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

You removed information.  
That's different.

Executive Han says nothing.

Because she's right.

Again.

A-Rin watches from across the room.

Fascinated.

She has spent years around producers, politicians, celebrities, executives.

People who speak constantly.

People who fill silence because they're afraid of it.

Su-Hwa is the opposite.

She lets silence do the work.

And somehow that's much harder to fight.

Su-Hwa closes the file.

Not dramatically.

Simply done reading.

The executive immediately leans forward.

EXECUTIVE HAN  
Will you take the case?

Silence.

Manager Park opens his mouth.

Closes it again.

A-Rin lowers her gaze.

Trying to hide disappointment.

Trying not to look desperate.

Neither attempt succeeds.

Su-Hwa notices.

Of course she does.

SU-HWA

You're tired.

A-Rin looks up.

Surprised.

A-RIN

Excuse me?

SU-HWA

You're sleeping less than four hours.

You drink coffee after midnight.

You stopped exercising.

You lost weight.

Your left shoulder hurts.

And you've been having panic attacks.

The room freezes.

MANAGER PARK

How—

SU-HWA

Your posture.

Your hands.

Your breathing.

The way you scan exits.

The way you sit facing doors.

The way you keep checking your phone even when it's silent.

A-Rin doesn't speak.

Because every word is true.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

How long since the last day you felt safe?

The question lands like a stone.

A-Rin looks away.

A-RIN

I don't remember.

And suddenly—

for the first time all evening—

Su-Hwa sees herself.

Not the actress.

Not the celebrity.

The fear.

The exhaustion.

The constant vigilance.

The feeling that danger is always somewhere nearby.

She knows that feeling.

Too well.

A clock ticks softly somewhere in the house.

Nobody speaks.

Rain taps against the windows.

The room feels smaller now.

More honest.

Then—

A-Rin notices something on a shelf.

Half hidden behind books.

A wooden frame.

Turned face down.

The only framed photograph in the room.

A-RIN

Can I ask something?

SU-HWA

You keep doing that.

A-RIN

What's in the frame?

Silence.

A dangerous silence.

Manager Park immediately regrets the question.

Executive Han looks ready to faint.

For several seconds Su-Hwa doesn't move.

Then—

Slowly—

she stands.

Walks toward the shelf.

Picks up the frame.

Looks at it.

Not opening it.

Just holding it.

The room becomes impossibly quiet.

SU-HWA  
Ghosts.

A-Rin frowns.

A-RIN  
Ghosts?

SU-HWA  
People who don't leave when they're supposed to.

Her voice is calm.

Too calm.

She returns the frame to the shelf.

Face down.

Again.

Nobody asks another question.

Outside—

Thunder rolls across the mountains.

Low.

Distant.

Then suddenly—

Every light in the house goes dark.

CLICK.

Complete darkness.

Executive Han nearly jumps.

EXECUTIVE HAN  
What happened?

SU-HWA

Power outage.

MANAGER PARK

That's it?

SU-HWA

Usually.

The rain grows heavier.

The house settles into darkness.

Only moonlight filters through the windows.

And then—

Su-Hwa turns her head.

Very slightly.

Toward the garden.

A-Rin notices.

A-RIN

What is it?

No answer.

Su-Hwa is staring through the glass.

At something outside.

Something nobody else can see.

The commander's expression returns.

Cold.

Focused.

Dangerously alert.

A-Rin follows her gaze.

Sees nothing.

Just rain.

Flowers.

Trees.

Darkness.

SU-HWA

Stay here.

For the first time since they arrived—

her tone sounds like an order.

Not a suggestion.

Not a request.

An order.

And instinctively—

everyone obeys.

Without another word—

Su-Hwa walks toward the back door.

Opens it.

And steps into the rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. SU-HWA'S GARDEN – CONTINUOUS

Rain falls steadily.

Cold.

Heavy.

The garden sways in the wind.  
Su-Hwa moves silently through the darkness.  
Unhurried.  
Listening.  
Watching.  
Then she stops.  
Near the edge of the property.  
A footprint.  
Fresh.  
Half submerged in mud.  
Not hers.  
Not old.  
Recent.  
Very recent.  
She crouches.  
Touches it.  
Still intact.  
Meaning whoever made it left less than a minute ago.  
Her eyes slowly lift toward the distant tree line.  
Nothing.  
No movement.  
No sound.  
Yet the feeling remains.

The same feeling she had when she noticed the sedan.

The same feeling she had after the text message.

The same feeling she used to trust during operations.

Someone is watching.

And for the first time in three years—

Kim Su-Hwa isn't wondering if she's imagining things.

Because this time—

there is proof.

Behind her, through the rain-streaked windows, she can see the silhouettes inside the house.

A-Rin.

The manager.

The executive.

Unaware.

Vulnerable.

Waiting.

Su-Hwa stares into the darkness.

Long enough that the audience begins to wonder if someone is staring back.

Then—

Very quietly—

she says:

SU-HWA

Who are you?

No answer.

Only rain.

But somewhere beyond the trees—

a tiny red light disappears.

Like a camera shutting off.

**END OF ACT FIVE.**

---

## **ACT SIX**

EXT. SU-HWA'S GARDEN – NIGHT

Rain pours steadily.

The footprint remains in the mud.

Fresh.

Recent.

Real.

Su-Hwa stays crouched beside it.

Motionless.

Listening.

The old instinct returning piece by piece.

Not the instinct of a survivor.

The instinct of a hunter.

Years ago she could tell how many people crossed an area from the sound of wet grass.

How long ago someone moved from a footprint.

Whether a weapon had been cleaned recently.

Those skills should have faded.

Instead—

they seem to have been waiting.

Behind her—

the house glows softly in the darkness.

Warm.

Safe.

Human.

A strange contrast to the battlefield suddenly unfolding in her mind.

She follows the footprint.

One step.

Then another.

The tracks disappear beneath wet stone.

Deliberately.

Whoever came here knew how to avoid leaving evidence.

That bothers her.

Because ordinary stalkers don't move like that.

Her gaze drifts toward the tree line.

Nothing.

Yet something feels wrong.

Not danger.

Recognition.

As if she's seen this before.

FLASH.

Night vision goggles.

Rain.

A man disappearing into a forest.

Someone beside her speaking.

HA-JUN (FLASH)

Too clean.

FLASH ENDS.

Su-Hwa freezes.

The memory vanishes immediately.

Like always.

Leaving only frustration.

HA-JUN.

Again.

Always Ha-Jun.

The one face she can't fully remember.

The one voice she can never forget.

Behind her—

the back door opens.

A-RIN

You're standing in the rain.

Su-Hwa doesn't turn.

SU-HWA

So are you.

A-Rin looks down.

Realizing she followed her outside.

A-RIN

I wasn't thinking.

SU-HWA

You should start.

A-Rin unexpectedly smiles.

A-RIN

People usually pretend to be nicer than that.

SU-HWA

I don't.

A-RIN

I've noticed.

For a moment they simply stand there.

Rain falling around them.

A-Rin follows Su-Hwa's gaze.

A-RIN

Did you find something?

A long silence.

Then—

Su-Hwa points.

SU-HWA

Footprint.

A-Rin squints.

A-RIN

That's a footprint?

SU-HWA

Yes.

A-RIN

Looks like mud.

SU-HWA

Most footprints do.

For the first time all night—

A-Rin laughs.

A genuine laugh.

Short.

Unexpected.

Su-Hwa glances toward her.

Almost confused by the sound.

A-RIN

Sorry.

SU-HWA

Why?

A-RIN

I don't know.

I keep apologizing lately.

Something about that answer lingers.

Because Su-Hwa understands.

People apologize when they're tired.

When they're scared.

When they feel like a burden.

And suddenly—

A-Rin doesn't look like a celebrity.

She looks twenty-three.

Too young to be carrying this much fear.

The back door opens again.

MANAGER PARK

Miss Lee!

You'll catch pneumonia!

A-RIN

I won't.

MANAGER PARK

That's not how pneumonia works!

Even Su-Hwa almost smiles.

Again.

Almost.

Then—

Her expression changes.

Immediately.

Something catches her eye.

Far beyond the garden.

Past the trees.

Past the road.

A flash.

Tiny.

Barely visible.

A lens.

Reflecting light.

Gone instantly.

Su-Hwa straightens.

Every muscle tightening.

A-RIN

What happened?

No answer.

SU-HWA

Inside.

A-RIN

What?

SU-HWA

Now.

The tone leaves no room for argument.

A-Rin obeys immediately.

Manager Park too.

Within seconds the garden is empty.

Except for Su-Hwa.

She continues staring into the darkness.

A hundred meters away.

Hidden among trees.

Someone lowers a camera.

The figure watches her.

Not surprised.

Not afraid.

Almost interested.

The figure disappears into the darkness.

INT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE – LATER

Rain continues outside.

The power still hasn't returned.

Candles now illuminate the living room.

Their light flickers across wooden walls.

Creating shadows that almost feel alive.

Nobody has left.

Not yet.

A-Rin sits quietly near the window.

Watching rain slide down the glass.

Manager Park keeps checking his phone.

No signal.

Executive Han is pretending not to be nervous.

Failing completely.

And Su-Hwa—

is reading the file again.

Page after page.

Incident after incident.

Threat after threat.

Then she stops.

One report.

Near the back.

A small detail.

Easy to miss.

Date of first threat:

Nine months ago.

Date of first attack against another artist:

Nine months ago.

Date of an unexplained data breach inside Aurora:

Nine months ago.

Her eyes narrow.

Pattern.

Not coincidence.

Preparation.

Somebody didn't choose victims randomly.

Somebody selected them.

Studied them.

Followed them.

The way military units study targets.

The realization settles heavily.

This isn't celebrity harassment.

This isn't obsession.

This isn't fandom gone wrong.

It's organized.

And that thought scares her far more than the threats themselves.

Because organized means resources.

Training.

Planning.

And people like that rarely stop after one victim.

Across the room—

A-Rin quietly speaks.

A-RIN

You're taking the case.

Not a question.

Su-Hwa looks up.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You have that look.

SU-HWA

What look?

A-RIN

The one people get when they've already made a decision but haven't admitted it yet.

Silence.

For the first time all evening—

Su-Hwa doesn't deny it.

The camera slowly pushes toward her face.

Toward the woman who spent three years hiding from the world.

Toward the commander who swore she'd never return.

And somewhere beneath the scars.

Beneath the missing memories.

Beneath the grief.

Something old is beginning to return.

Not the soldier.

Not yet.

The protector.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT SIX.**

---

## **ACT SEVEN**

INT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Rain continues outside.

The candles burn lower.

Nobody has left.

Not because they were invited to stay.

Because somehow none of them want to be the first person to leave.

The room is quiet.

Comfortably quiet.

The kind of quiet that only exists when people stop pretending.

A-Rin sits cross-legged on the floor now.

Her expensive image long forgotten.

Shoes abandoned near the entrance.

Hair slightly messy.

For the first time all day—

she looks her age.

Manager Park nearly faints every time she does something un-celebrity-like.

Meanwhile—

Su-Hwa continues studying the file.

Page after page.

Detail after detail.

Then—

She stops.

Her eyes lock onto a photograph.

Not because of the victim.

Not because of the crime scene.

The background.

A wall.

A hallway.

A security access door.

Su-Hwa sits forward.

The symbol.

Again.

Tiny.

Almost hidden.

Scratched into metal.

The same symbol from the photograph.

The same symbol from the memory.

The same symbol from Ghost Operation.

Her heartbeat quickens.

Not visibly.

Not enough for anyone else to notice.

But inside—

everything shifts.

A-Rin notices her staring.

A-RIN

What is it?

No answer.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

That's the look again.

SU-HWA

What building is this?

Executive Han leans forward.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Parking structure B.

Aurora headquarters.

SU-HWA

Restricted access?

EXECUTIVE HAN

Employees only.

SU-HWA

How many people use it?

EXECUTIVE HAN

Thousands.

SU-HWA

Wrong answer.

Executive Han blinks.

SU-HWA

How many people have access to that specific floor?

Silence.

Because he doesn't know.

Su-Hwa closes the file.

SU-HWA

Exactly.

Executive Han suddenly feels like he's back in school being scolded by a terrifying teacher.

A-Rin hides a smile.

Manager Park notices.

MANAGER PARK

Why do you look amused?

A-RIN

Because he's getting yelled at instead of me.

For some reason—

even Su-Hwa's mouth twitches.

Barely.

Then—

The lights return.

CLICK.

The entire house brightens.

Nobody expected the sudden burst of light.

Then—

Her phone vibrates.

Everyone jumps.

The screen lights up.

Unknown Number.

One message.

A photograph.

Nothing else.

Su-Hwa opens it.

The color drains from her face.

A-Rin has never seen a human being go still that quickly.

The photo was taken recently.

Very recently.

It shows Aurora Headquarters.

It shows the exact restricted parking level.

And standing in the background—

watching the camera—

is the same unidentified man from every incident report.

But that's not what freezes Su-Hwa.

Because beside him—

partially obscured by shadow—

stands someone else.

A tall figure.

Face hidden.

But unmistakable.

Military posture.

Military stance.

Military training.

And around his wrist—

the same braided cord worn by members of Ghost Unit.

The unit that officially no longer exists.

The unit that died three years ago.

The unit that was erased.

The message beneath the image contains only four words.

FIND HIM BEFORE THEY DO.

The screen goes black.

And across the room—

for the first time since the series began—

Commander Su-Hwa looks genuinely afraid.

**END OF ACT SEVEN**

---

**ACT EIGHT**

INT. SU-HWA'S LIVING ROOM

Silence.

Nobody moves.

Nobody speaks.

The question remains hanging over the room.

SU-HWA

Page seventy-two.

Why was it removed?

Executive Han shifts uncomfortably.

For the first time since arriving—

he looks nervous.

Not corporate nervous.

Personally nervous.

EXECUTIVE HAN

It wasn't relevant.

A beat.

SU-HWA

Then why remove it?

No answer.

Which is an answer.

Su-Hwa slowly leans back.

Studying him.

Not aggressively.

Worse.

Calmly.

Executive Han suddenly feels like he's being interrogated.

SU-HWA

Who removed it?

EXECUTIVE HAN

The board.

SU-HWA

Why?

Another pause.

Manager Park finally speaks.

MANAGER PARK

Because the actor requested it.

Su-Hwa looks at him.

Waiting.

Manager Park sighs.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

He disappeared for twelve hours.

When he came back—

he refused to tell anyone where he'd been.

A-Rin looks surprised.

Clearly she didn't know this either.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

Police investigated.

Nothing.

Private investigators.

Nothing.

No ransom.

No witnesses.

No evidence.

SU-HWA

And afterward?

MANAGER PARK

He retired.

The room grows quieter.

SU-HWA

Immediately?

MANAGER PARK

Three weeks later.

That bothers her.

Very few people walk away from fame voluntarily.

Especially at the height of success.

Something happened.

Something serious.

Her eyes drift toward the file.

SU-HWA

Name.

MANAGER PARK

Seo Min-Hyuk.

The name means nothing.

At least consciously.

Yet—

something inside her reacts.

Tiny.

Uncomfortable.

Like hearing a song she almost remembers.

Before she can think further—

A-Rin's phone vibrates again.

Everyone turns.

A-Rin freezes.

The screen lights up.

Unknown number.

Again.

No one speaks.

The phone rings.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then stops.

A message appears.

A-Rin doesn't look.

She already knows she won't like it.

Su-Hwa reaches out.

SU-HWA

May I?

A-Rin hesitates.

Then nods.

Su-Hwa picks up the phone.

Opens the message.

A photograph.

Nothing else.

No text.

No threat.

Only a photograph.

The room suddenly feels colder.

Because the photograph was taken today.

Less than an hour ago.

At this house.

At this exact house.

A-Rin standing outside the gate.

Talking to Su-Hwa.

The angle is elevated.

Hidden.

Professional.

Executive Han goes pale.

EXECUTIVE HAN

How—

MANAGER PARK

That's impossible.

Su-Hwa zooms in.

The image quality is excellent.

Far too good for a random stalker.

Professional camera.

Long lens.

Steady hands.

Training.

Then she notices something.

A reflection.

Tiny.

Barely visible.

In a car window.

Her eyes narrow.

There.

A silhouette.

The photographer.

Only part of a face.

Most people wouldn't recognize anything.

But Su-Hwa isn't most people.

A flash.

Sudden.

Violent.

FLASH.

A rifle scope.

FLASH.

A rooftop.

FLASH.

Someone laughing.

FLASH.

A man's voice.

VOICE

You're staring too hard again, Commander.

FLASH ENDS.

Su-Hwa grips the phone tighter.

The headache returns immediately.

Sharp.

Brutal.

Her vision blurs.

The room tilts.

A-Rin notices first.

A-RIN

Are you okay?

No response.

Because Su-Hwa isn't entirely here.

For a second—

she sees another room.

Metal walls.

Cold lights.

White coats.

A voice.

UNKNOWN VOICE #1

... reconstruction unsuccessful.

Another voice.

UNKNOWN VOICE #2

Then erase it again.

Darkness.

Silence.

Reality snaps back.

Su-Hwa is standing.

She doesn't remember standing.

Everyone is staring.

Concern.

Confusion.

Fear.

She places the phone down.

Slowly.

SU-HWA

Who else knows you're here?

The question catches everyone off guard.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Excuse me?

SU-HWA

Who knows you came here?

Nobody answers immediately.

Bad sign.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Think carefully.

Manager Park frowns.

MANAGER PARK

The company.

Security.

Drivers.

Assistants.

Su-Hwa shakes her head.

SU-HWA

Too many.

The room falls silent.

Because everyone suddenly realizes what she's saying.

Someone knew.

Not eventually.

Not afterward.

Immediately.

Someone knew where they were going.

And someone was already waiting.

A-Rin slowly lowers her eyes.

A-RIN

So they're watching us.

Su-Hwa looks at the photograph again.

Then toward the darkening windows.

Toward the garden.

The trees.

The distant road.

Watching.

Listening.

Waiting.

Just like the battlefield.

For the first time all episode—

the old instincts return completely.

Calculating.

Assessing.

Planning.

Commander Su-Hwa is no longer observing the situation.

She's entering it.

And that should terrify whoever sent the photograph.

Because for three years—

they were hunting a ghost.

Now the ghost is hunting back.

**END OF ACT EIGHT.**

---

## **ACT NINE**

INT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Nobody speaks.

The photograph remains on the table.

A-Rin outside the gate.

Taken today.

Taken without anyone noticing.

Su-Hwa studies it.

Again.

Then again.

Looking past the obvious.

Past A-Rin.

Past the gate.

Past the house.

Something feels wrong.

SU-HWA

When was this sent?

A-RIN

Three minutes ago.

Three minutes.

Not hours.

Not yesterday.

Three minutes.

Which means the photographer was nearby.

Very nearby.

Su-Hwa stands.

MANAGER PARK

Miss Su-Hwa?

No answer.

She walks toward the window.

Looks outside.

The gardens.

The trees.

The road.

Dark now.

Rain beginning to fall.

Nothing moves.

Too quiet.

Her eyes narrow.

Because battlefields become quiet before something happens.

Not after.

A memory flashes.

FLASH.

Night vision.

Rain.

Radio static.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

Too quiet.

FLASH ENDS.

Su-Hwa freezes.

The words.

Not the face.

Not the memory.

Just the words.

The exact same phrase.

Her headache returns.

Brief.

Sharp.

Gone.

Su-Hwa turns and hands the phone back.

Her eyes remain on the photograph.

SU-HWA

You should leave.

Executive Han exhales.

EXECUTIVE

Of course.

We'll arrange transportation immediately.

SU-HWA

Not alone.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Excuse me?

SU-HWA

Whoever took that picture wanted you to know they were watching.

That means they're confident.

People like that don't stop because they were noticed.

A-Rin quietly folds her arms.

Listening.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

From this moment on, nobody moves alone.

Not her.

Not her manager.

Not even you.

Executive Han straightens.

Su-Hwa looks at him.

Once.

Silence.

SU-HWA

Somebody knew where you were before you arrived.

Until I understand how, I'm not sending you anywhere.

Silence.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

If she leaves now they'll follow.

Nobody argues.

Because everyone knows she's right.

A-Rin quietly lowers her eyes.

Used to being the target.

Used to rearranging her life around fear.

And somehow that annoys Su-Hwa more than anything.

The girl shouldn't look this accustomed to danger.

SU-HWA

How many bodyguards?

MANAGER PARK

Six.

SU-HWA

Real bodyguards?

Or men in suits?

Nobody answers.

Answer received.

A-Rin almost smiles.

For a moment—

the tension eases.

Only slightly.

Then—

A sound.

Outside.

A metallic click.

Tiny.

Almost inaudible.

Nobody reacts.

Except Su-Hwa.

Immediately.

Her head turns toward the rear garden.

The others don't understand.

But she does.

Because she spent years learning the difference between ordinary sounds and dangerous ones.

And that sound—

wasn't ordinary.

SU-HWA

Lights off.

Everyone freezes.

EXECUTIVE HAN

What?

SU-HWA Now.

Something in her voice leaves no room for discussion.

Manager Park immediately kills the lights.

Darkness.

Only moonlight remains.

A-Rin's breathing becomes audible.

Nobody moves.

Nobody speaks.

Then—

Movement.

Outside.

Someone is there.

Not imagination.

Not paranoia.

Someone is moving through the garden.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Watching the house.

Watching them.

Executive Han begins to panic.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Call the police—

Su-Hwa raises a finger.

Silence.

The room obeys.

Outside—

a shadow crosses between two trees.

Then disappears.

Gone.

Too fast for normal eyes.

Not too fast for hers.

The commander is awake now.

Completely awake.

She memorizes the height.

The movement.

The posture.

The gait.

And suddenly—

her expression changes.

Not recognition.

Not exactly.

Something worse.

Familiarity.

As though she has seen someone move like that before.

Long ago.

Very long ago.

FLASH.

A training field.

Soldiers running drills.

FLASH.

A man laughing.

FLASH.

A patch.

A symbol.

FLASH ENDS.

The pain nearly drops her to one knee.

A-Rin sees it.

The tremor.

The strain.

The way Su-Hwa grips the table.

The legend is hurting.

Badly.

Yet she never looks away from the window.

Never.

Because the shadow outside matters more.

And then—

her phone vibrates.

Everyone jumps.

Su-Hwa doesn't.

She looks down.

Unknown number.

A message.

Only one line.

WELCOME BACK, COMMANDER.

The room goes silent.

Another message arrives immediately.

WE'VE BEEN WAITING LONGER THAN THEY HAVE.

Su-Hwa's pulse stops.

Just for a second.

Because she knows exactly who "they" are.

Her unit.

The people who never stopped searching.

Which means whoever sent this message knows about them too.

Knows about Ghost Operation.

Knows things they shouldn't know.

Then a third message arrives.

A photograph.

Su-Hwa opens it.

And freezes.

Not because of what's in the photograph.

Because of who is in it.

The image is old.

Years old.

Taken somewhere overseas..

Her unit.

The photograph that should not exist.

The photograph nobody outside the team should possess.

And standing at the edge of the frame—

partially cropped.

Barely visible.

Smiling.

HA-JUN.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT NINE.**

---

**ENDING SEQUENCE**

The photograph fills the screen.

FLASH.

YEARS AGO.

OVERSEAS.

A temporary base.

Hours after the operation.

Hours after the ambush that should have killed them all.

The mood is strangely light.

The kind of happiness that only exists after surviving something impossible.

Soldiers sit around crates and folding chairs.

Covered in dirt.

Covered in bruises.

Laughing anyway.

MIN-SEO

I still can't believe we're alive.

DO-HYUN

Speak for yourself.

I'm pretty sure I died twice.

JI-HOON

Three times.

DO-HYUN

You're counting emotionally.

Laughter.

HA-JUN walks over carrying coffee.

The entire unit groans.

HA-JUN

You haven't even tasted it.

TAE-KYUNG

Because we remember last time.

MIN-SEO

Cowards..

Min-Seo takes a sip of his own coffee.

Immediately regrets it.

His face twists in disgust.

The others point at him.

DO-HYUN

Even you hate it.

MIN-SEO

That is not the point.

JI-HOON

You just made the point.

MIN-SEO

The point is you're all ungrateful.

HA-JUN

You're drinking it like it's punishment.

MIN-SEO

Because caffeine is caffeine.

TAE-KYUNG

That's the most medic thing you've ever said.

Ha-Jun hands a cup to Su-Hwa.

She accepts it.

Which immediately shocks everyone.

YU-HAN

Commander voluntarily accepted coffee.

Write this down.

History is happening.

SU-HWA

Drink yours before I change my mind.

More laughter.

For a moment—

they aren't soldiers.

They're family.

Then Min-Seo notices something.

MIN-SEO

Wait.

Where's the photo?

Su-Hwa immediately groans.

SU-HWA

No.

Last year's photo was terrible.

JI-HOON

Last year's photo didn't have sir in it.

MIN-SEO

And that's why everyone's eyes were open.

The unit bursts out laughing.

HA-JUN

Traitor.

SERGEANT MIN

Captain, with respect, you blink in every photo.

HA-JUN

That's classified information.

A beat.

Then Min-Seo becomes serious.

MIN-SEO

Actually...  
I was thinking.

The group quiets.  
MIN-SEO (CONT'D)  
Every year.  
Same day.  
We take another one.  
Nobody misses it.  
Nobody hides.  
Nobody disappears.

TAE-KYUNG  
What if we're deployed?

MIN-SEO  
Then we fly back.

DO-HYUN  
What if we're retired?

MIN-SEO  
Then we're old.

JI-HOON  
What if we're married?

MIN-SEO  
Then bring your spouse.

DO-HYUN  
Poor spouse.

The group laughs.

MIN-SEO looks around at all of them.

MIN-SEO  
One photo.  
Every year.  
Until we're old.  
Gray hair.  
Bad knees.  
Terrible stories.  
Still together.

HA-JUN studies the group.

Then smiles.

HA-JUN  
I'll make an album.

TAE-KYUNG  
An album?

MIN-SEO  
One page every year.  
Same date.  
Same idiots.  
Twenty years from now we'll compare them.  
See who aged worst.

DO-HYUN  
It's definitely Ji-Hoon.

JI-HOON  
It's definitely you.

Laughter erupts again.

Then someone points toward Su-Hwa.

SOLDIER  
Commander decides.

Immediately everyone turns.

Waiting.

SU-HWA  
Why am I deciding?

DO-HYUN  
Because you're the commander.

JI-HOON  
And because if you say no, nobody will argue.

A pause.

She looks around.

At every face.

At her people.

The family she never expected to have.

People who should not have survived today.

The commander in her searches for a reason to refuse.

Then—

Across the table—

Ha-Jun lifts his coffee.

A small shrug.

Almost amused.

As if to say:

Why not?

Nothing more.

No words.

No pressure.

Just a look.

Su-Hwa holds his gaze for a moment.

Then looks away.

SU-HWA

Fine.

The entire unit explodes.

Cheers.

Laughter.

Complaints.

Ha-Jun simply takes another sip of coffee.

Hiding a smile.

As though he expected that answer all along.

HA-JUN

Then it's official.

Every year.

No excuses.

SERGEANT MIN raises his cup.

SERGEANT MIN

To growing old together.

DO-HYUN

To surviving long enough to complain about it.

TAE-KYUNG

To the album.

HA-JUN

To next year's photo.

One by one they raise their cups.

Finally—

Su-Hwa raises hers too.

SU-HWA

To all of us.

Together.

Always.

A beat.

Then Na-Rae suddenly attacks.

Her fingers jab into Su-Hwa's side.

A completely dishonorable ambush.

Na-Rae  
Smile for the picture, Unnie.

SU-HWA  
Na-Rae.

Na-Rae  
Smile.

SU-HWA  
That is an order—

Na-Rae does it again.

The entire unit explodes with laughter.

Su-Hwa grabs her instantly.

Na-Rae shrieks.

DO-HYUN nearly falls out of his chair laughing.

Min-Seo can't breathe.

Ha-Jun Smiles.

Ji-Hoon is doubled over.

And then—

starts laughing.

Not a chuckle.

A real laugh.

Bright.

Uncontrollable.

The kind that infects everyone around him.

One by one—

the others laugh harder.

And somehow—

impossibly—

Su-Hwa does too.

A real smile.

Then a laugh.

The rarest thing any of them have ever seen.

Everyone freezes.

Staring.

SU-HWA

What?

DO-HYUN

She smiled.

JI-HOON

Nobody move.

TAE-KYUNG

Take the picture.

Take the picture now!

HA-JUN quickly lifts the camera.

HA-JUN

Everybody in.

Closer.

Closer.

Commander included.

The entire unit crowds together.

Laughing.

Shoving.

Alive.

Ha-Jun stretches out his arm.

The camera aimed back at them.

The first photograph of the album with ALL of them in it.

FLASH.

The image freezes.

The exact photograph.

The one on Su-Hwa's phone.

The one she is staring at now.

A hundred promises.

None of them knowing it would be the last picture they would ever take together.

The memory lingers.

Then slowly fades.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Su-Hwa stares at the photograph.

At every face.

At every smile.

At Ha-Jun.

The man holding the camera.

The man who promised to make the album.

The man who never got the chance.

For the first time all night—

Commander Su-Hwa looks heartbroken.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE 1**

**EPISODE 2 - BEFORE DAWN**

**ACT ONE**

INT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nobody speaks.

The message remains on the screen.

The photograph.

The room feels smaller now.

Heavier.

As if the house itself understands something has changed.

Su-Hwa slowly places the phone face down.

The screen goes dark.

A-Rin, Executive Han and Manager Park all watch her.

Nobody knows what to say.

Because something just happened.

Something important.

Even if they don't understand it.

Su-Hwa stands.

No explanation.

No reaction.

No visible emotion.

Just stands.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Commander—

SU-HWA

Don't.

The man immediately stops.

A silence.

A-RIN

Can I tell you a secret?

Silence.

A-RIN

Too late.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

When I first met you, I thought you were terrifying.

A-RIN

Now I think you're lonely.

That lands.

Hard.

Su-Hwa says nothing.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

I don't mean that in a bad way.

I just think...

you got used to carrying everything by yourself.

A pause.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You don't have to do that anymore.

Su-Hwa picks up the file.

Closes it.

SU-HWA

I'll do it.

Nobody moves.

For a second nobody is sure they heard correctly.

EXECUTIVE HAN

You'll—

SU-HWA

I said I'll do it.

Silence.

A-Rin stares at her.

A-RIN

Why?

The room waits.

Expecting some dramatic answer.

Some speech.

Some declaration.

Instead—

SU-HWA

Because whoever sent those messages made a mistake.

A-RIN

What mistake?

SU-HWA

They let me see them.

Nothing else.

Just that.

Yet somehow it sounds worse than a threat.

Executive Han exhales.

A breath he has probably been holding for hours.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Aurora will provide anything you need.

Housing.

Access.

Authority.

Personnel.

Equipment.  
Anything.

Su-Hwa nods once.

SU-HWA  
Good.

EXECUTIVE HAN  
You'll have unrestricted access to company records.  
Security systems.  
Schedules.  
Employees.  
Everything.

SU-HWA  
Good.

EXECUTIVE HAN  
We'll introduce you as security.  
No one will know the real reason.

SU-HWA  
Good.

EXECUTIVE HAN  
You'll be assigned to Miss Lee from time to time.

The room tightens.

A-RIN  
...what?

The room is still.

A-Rin's expression has shifted.

Not anger now.

Something quieter.

A kind of disappointment she didn't expect to feel.

A-RIN  
You said twenty-four-hour protection.

She looks between Executive Han and Manager Park

A-RIN

That's what you said.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Yes.

A beat.

A-RIN

So why isn't it actually that?

Executive Han doesn't answer immediately.

That silence is careful.

Measured.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Because the situation is more complex than originally assessed.

A-Rin's jaw tightens slightly.

EXECUTIVE HAN (continuing, clarifying)

That is the initial structure.

A pause.

EXECUTIVE HAN

But it will not function exactly as you are imagining.

A-Rin doesn't relax, but listens.

EXECUTIVE HAN turns slightly, more precise now.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Su-Hwa will be based primarily at headquarters.

A beat.

EXECUTIVE HAN

She requires access to internal systems, personnel, and investigations.

A-Rin frowns.

A-RIN

So she's not just staying with me?

EXECUTIVE HAN

No.

He continues.

EXECUTIVE HAN

She will rotate into your security detail when required.

But she will not remain inside your private residence permanently.

A-Rin exhales slightly — still unsettled, but less trapped.

EXECUTIVE HAN

You will have protection when needed.

Not confinement.

A pause.

EXECUTIVE HAN

The difference matters.

Silence.

EXECUTIVE HAN

We can leave immediately.

SU-HWA

No.

Everyone looks at her.

SU-HWA

Ten minutes.

EXECUTIVE HAN

For what?

Su-Hwa looks around her house.

SU-HWA

To leave.

And suddenly—

everyone understands.

This isn't a trip.

This isn't an assignment.

This is goodbye.

INT. SU-HWA'S BEDROOM

Silence.

The room is exactly as she left it this morning.

Bed made.

Desk clean.

Curtains open.

Nothing out of place.

Su-Hwa stands in the doorway.

Motionless.

Three years.

Every morning.

Every night.

Every nightmare.

Every seizure.

Every forgotten memory.

Every moment happened here.

And now—

she may never see it again.

She walks inside.

Opens a drawer.

Medication.

Rows of bottles.

Different sizes.

Different labels.

Different warnings.

Take daily.

Avoid stress.

Do not miss dosage.

Neurological risk.

Emergency use only.

She picks one up.

Then another.

Then another.

The bottles rattle softly.

The sound fills the room.

Her thumb brushes over the labels.

Dr. Kang's handwriting.

Small notes.

Reminders.

Warnings.

Angry underlined instructions.

A memory surfaces.

DR. KANG

If you miss them again I'm putting a tracking device in your head.

SU-HWA

There's no room.

DR. KANG

Don't joke like that.

SU-HWA

You started it.

The memory disappears.

Silence returns.

She stares at the medication.

Long.

Very long.

Then—

Slowly—

she places every bottle back inside the drawer.

One by one.

Not taking them.

Not packing them.

Leaving them.

Her eyes remain fixed on them.

Because she knows what happens without them.

The headaches.

The seizures.

The collapse.

The memories.

Especially the memories.

She closes the drawer.

Firmly.

SU-HWA

I have to remember.

Nobody hears it.

Not even herself.

INT. HALLWAY

The watch vibrates.

Her wrist.

A simple black watch.

Nothing expensive.

Nothing special.

Except it is.

Dr. Kang designed every alarm himself.

Medication reminders.

Heart irregularities.

Neurological spikes.

Emergency alerts.

The screen lights up.

MEDICATION DUE.

Su-Hwa looks at it.

The watch vibrates again.

MEDICATION DUE.

Then again.

MEDICATION DUE.

She presses a button.

Alert dismissed.

The screen goes dark.

And for the first time since receiving it—

she ignores the doctor's instructions.

Completely.

INT. KITCHEN

She checks the faucet.

Once.

Twice.

Turns it off.

Checks the gas.

Checks every cabinet.

Every switch.

Every room.

Methodical.

Precise.

Not because she's obsessive.

Because soldiers prepare for absence.

Not return.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A-Rin watches quietly.

No jokes.

No talking.  
Because suddenly—

she understands.

This woman built this life from nothing.

And she's walking away from it.

Without hesitation.

Not because she wants to.

Because somebody needs her.

A-Rin feels strangely guilty.

She doesn't know why.

Su-Hwa kneels before a shelf.

The wooden frame.

Still face down.

For several seconds—

she doesn't touch it.

Then finally—

she lifts it.

Looks.

The unit.

The people she lost.

The people she forgot.

The people she still remembers somehow.

Their first picture ever.

A long silence.

Then she places the frame inside a drawer.

Closes it.

Not bringing it.

Leaving it where it belongs.

EXT. HOUSE

Fifteen minutes later.

The front door opens.

Everyone steps outside.

The night air is cold.

The rain has stopped.

Clouds drift slowly above the mountains.

Su-Hwa locks the door.

Checks it.

Then checks it again.

Not because she doubts herself.

Because this is the last time.

The windows.

The side gate.

The garden shed.

Everything.

Everything is secure.

Everything is finished.

Finally—

she walks toward the electrical box.

Turns off the main power.

The house goes dark.

Completely dark.

A-Rin looks back.

The house suddenly feels abandoned.

Like nobody ever lived there.

Like it already belongs to memory.

Su-Hwa stares at it.

The garden.

The porch.

The roof.

The windows.

Three years.

Gone in one night.

A-RIN

Will you come back?

Su-Hwa doesn't answer immediately.

Because for the first time—

she doesn't know.

SU-HWA

I don't plan that far ahead.

A-Rin nods.

Because somehow—

that's the saddest answer possible.

The vehicles wait near the road.

Engines running.

Executive Han opens the rear door.

A-Rin hesitates.

Then looks back at the dark house.

Then at Su-Hwa.

Then quietly enters the vehicle.

Manager Park and Executive Han follows.

Su-Hwa remains standing outside.

Looking at the house.

One last time.

The wind moves through the garden.

The flowers sway gently.

The tomatoes.

The herbs.

Everything she planted.

Everything she cared for.

Everything she left behind.

Then—

without another glance—

Commander Su-Hwa turns away.

And gets into the vehicle.

The door closes.

The convoy begins moving.

The house grows smaller.

Smaller.

Smaller.

Until it disappears completely.

And none of them notice—

hidden deep inside the darkness of the empty house—

Su-Hwa's watch alarm begins vibrating again.

Still connected.

Still searching.

Still warning.

MEDICATION OVERDUE.

MEDICATION OVERDUE.

MEDICATION OVERDUE.

The house remains silent.

No one is there to hear it.

**END OF ACT ONE.**

---

**ACT TWO**

The convoy leaves the mountains behind.

Winding roads.

Dark forests.

Silent valleys.

The rain follows them.

Soft against the glass.

Minutes pass.

Then more.

The small rural roads become highways.

The highways become city streets.

Distant lights appear on the horizon.

Growing brighter.

Growing closer.

Gas stations.

Apartment buildings.

Office towers.

Civilization slowly returning.

Inside the vehicle—

nobody speaks.

Executive Han answers messages.

Manager Park reviews tomorrow's schedule.

Su-Hwa watches the road.

Always watching.

The clock advances.

The adrenaline of the night begins to fade.

The exhaustion remains.

Especially for A-Rin.

A-RIN

I'm not sleeping.

Nobody responds.

A-RIN

I'm serious.

I'm awake.

SU-HWA

Of course.

A-RIN

You don't believe me.

SU-HWA

Not particularly.

A-RIN

Rude.

Thirty seconds later—

her eyes close.

A-Rin blinks.

Then blinks again.

Fighting sleep.

Losing.

Her head slowly tilts.

Then comes to rest against Su-Hwa's shoulder.

Silence.

Executive Han notices.

Manager Park notices too.

Neither says a word.

For once—

even they know better.

Su-Hwa remains completely still.

As if moving would wake her.

An hour passes.

Then another.

EXT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – BEFORE DAWN

The convoy continues through the final gate.

Rain taps softly against the windows.

The tension of the night slowly fades.

Outside—

the residence draws closer.

Inside—

A-Rin sleeps.

For the first time all day.

The convoy finally stops.

The gates close behind them.

A long silence.

Then—

SU-HWA

Miss Lee.

No response.

SU-HWA

A-Rin.

A-RIN

Mm...

SU-HWA

We're here.

A-Rin opens one eye.

Confused.

A-RIN

Did I die?

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

Disappointing.

SU-HWA

Get out.

A-Rin smiles sleepily.

Then realizes something.

A-RIN

Wait.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Did I fall asleep?

Nobody answers.

Which is an answer.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

...oh no.

Manager Park suddenly becomes very interested in the window.

Executive Han coughs suspiciously.

A-Rin slowly turns toward Su-Hwa.

A-RIN

Was I sleeping on you?

SU-HWA

Yes.

A-RIN

For how long?

SU-HWA

Long enough.

A-RIN

Why didn't you wake me?

SU-HWA

You looked tired.

A-Rin stares.

For a moment she forgets how to respond.

A faint blush appears.

EXECUTIVE HAN

That's actually rather sweet.

A-RIN

Please don't make it weird.

MANAGER PARK

Too late.

A-RIN

Manager.

MANAGER PARK

Miss Lee.

A-RIN

You're fired.

MANAGER PARK

Again?

A-RIN

Temporarily.

MANAGER PARK

Very generous.

A-Rin groans.

Then reaches for the door handle.

SU-HWA

I could carry you.

Silence.

Everyone freezes..

A-Rin blinks.

Once.

Twice.

A-RIN  
What?

SU-HWA  
You can barely keep your eyes open.

SU-HWA  
But then I'd have to explain to the staff and tabloids why I'm carrying a celebrity through her own front door.

EXECUTIVE HAN immediately laughs.

Manager Park follows.

A-Rin's face turns red.

A-RIN  
Absolutely not.

SU-HWA  
Then walk.

A-RIN  
You're mean.

SU-HWA  
You're awake.

A beat.

A-RIN  
...that's fair.

For the first time all night—

Su-Hwa's expression softens.

Just slightly.

Then she opens the vehicle door.

Cool air rushes inside.

SU-HWA  
After you.

A-Rin quickly escapes before anyone can continue the conversation.

Executive Han is still trying not to laugh.

Manager Park has completely failed.

A-Rin walks while stretching.

A-RIN

I miss my bed.

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – FOYER

The front doors open.

Warm light.

Polished floors.

Several night staff immediately straighten.

Relieved.

HOUSEKEEPER CHOI

Miss Lee.

A-RIN

Still alive.

HOUSEKEEPER CHOI

Good.

A-RIN

That wasn't very emotional.

HOUSEKEEPER CHOI

You've kept me awake since midnight.

A-RIN

Fair.

The housekeeper's attention shifts.

Toward Su-Hwa.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Oh.

This is Su-Hwa.

My personal bodyguard.

Twenty-four hours a day.

HOUSEKEEPER CHOI

My condolences.

A-RIN

Everyone keeps saying that.

For the first time—

the corner of Su-Hwa's mouth twitches.

Executive Han checks his watch.

EXECUTIVE HAN

We'll return in the morning.

Nine o'clock.

Aurora Headquarters.

A-RIN

Morning?

EXECUTIVE HAN

Yes.

A-RIN

That's a crime.

MANAGER PARK

Get some sleep.

Tomorrow gets worse.

A-RIN

Thank you for the encouragement.

The men laugh.

Then bow.

EXECUTIVE HAN  
Goodnight, Miss Lee.  
Goodnight, Comm—  
A beat.

EXECUTIVE HAN (CONT'D)  
Miss Su-Hwa.

A-Rin raises an eyebrow.

EXECUTIVE HAN (CONT'D)  
Long night.

Everyone nods.

Accepting the excuse.

Su-Hwa does not.

SU-HWA  
Goodnight.

The front doors close behind them.

For the first time—  
  
they are alone.

A-RIN  
Come on.

SU-HWA  
Where?

A-RIN  
Our room.

INT. PRIVATE SUITE – CONTINUOUS

A-Rin throws open the door.

Su-Hwa stops.

Two connected suites.

Separated by a partial wall.

Two beds.

Two bathrooms.

Two dressing rooms.

A shared sitting area between them.

A-RIN

See?

Now if somebody breaks in and tries to murder me—

SU-HWA

Don't finish that sentence.

A-RIN

You really are a bodyguard.

A-Rin points.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

That side is yours.

Su-Hwa walks over.

Then pauses.

Everything is already prepared.

Clothes.

Towels.

Toiletries.

Exercise gear.

Even sleepwear.

Perfectly arranged.

Waiting.

Her duffel bag suddenly looks very small.

Su-Hwa places the bag beside the bed.

Everything she owns for this assignment.

A-RIN

You travel light.

SU-HWA

Go to sleep.

A-RIN

You're no fun.

A-RIN

Goodnight, Su-Hwa.

She starts toward her room.

Then stops.

Turns back.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Actually...

Can I call you Unnie?

A beat.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

Okay.

Another beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask again later.

SU-HWA

I assumed.

A-Rin smiles.

But this time—

the smile softens.

A little smaller.

A little more honest.

A-RIN

I've always wanted an older sister.

Silence.

SU-HWA

Why?

A-RIN

I don't know.

Someone to complain to.

Someone to protect me.

Someone to tell me when I'm being stupid.

SU-HWA

You already have a manager.

A-RIN

I said older sister.

Su-Hwa almost smiles.

Almost.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Anyway.

Think about it.

Goodnight.

She takes a few steps.

Then glances back.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

I'm looking forward to it, Unnie.

SU-HWA  
Goodnight, A-Rin.

A-RIN  
That's not a no.

SU-HWA  
Go to sleep.

A-RIN  
Goodnight, Unnie.

She disappears into her room before Su-Hwa can answer.

Silence returns.

For a long moment—

Su-Hwa stares at the empty doorway.

Nobody has called her that before.

Not once.

And somehow—

she isn't as annoyed as she should be.

No—she remembers.

Na-Rae.

Because she was the only one who ever called her “Unnie.”

INT. MEMORY – MILITARY TRAINING COURTYARD – DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sunlight. Dust in the air. Boots scraping stone.

A group of SOLDIERS stand loosely gathered, relaxed, loud.

SOLDIER #1  
“Na-Rae? That name sounds weird.”

A beat.

Then another soldier smirks.

SOLDIER #2

“Yeah... let’s just call her Nari instead.”

Laughter breaks out immediately.

“Nari. Nari.”

They repeat it like it’s a joke.

Na-Rae stands still in the center of it.

She doesn’t move.

Doesn’t react.

Just blinks once—slowly..

NA-RAE

“So what if it’s Na-Rae or Nari? Is that all you’ve got?”

The laughter around her grows louder.

SU-HWA stands just behind her.

Quiet. Tense.

She steps closer and tugs gently at Na-Rae’s sleeve.

SU-HWA

“Stop. Ignore them.”

Na-Rae looks at Su-Hwa back.

NA-RAE

“...Only you can call me that, Unnie.”

FLASH – CHAOS (HURT MEMORY)

Shouting. Panic.

SOLDIERS (O.S.)

“NARI! NARI—GET BACK!”

The name is screamed now.

Not playful anymore.

Urgent. Afraid.

Su-Hwa reaches forward—

but the image breaks.

FLASH – AFTERMATH FRAGMENT

Silence.

Dust.

Na-Rae's name echoes faintly: "Nari... Nari..."

Unstable.

Distorted.

BACK TO PRESENT

Su-Hwa jerks slightly.

A low grunt of pain escapes her—like the memories physically hit her.

Her hand moves instinctively to her chest.

A few moments later—

silence.

A-Rin is already fast asleep.

Su-Hwa remains standing.

Motionless.

The room is dark.

Quiet.

Safe.

Yet sleep never comes.

Because every time she closes her eyes—

she sees them.

The headache returns.

Sharp.

Familiar.

And somewhere deep inside her mind—

a forgotten door begins to open.

**END OF ACT TWO.**

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**ACT THREE**

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – MORNING

Sunlight spills through the curtains.

A-Rin slowly wakes.

For a moment she doesn't remember where she is.

Then yesterday returns.

The meeting.

The assignment.

Su-Hwa.

A-Rin sits up.

The room is quiet.

Too quiet.

She glances at the clock.

Late.

Much later than she intended.

Still half-awake.

A-Rin glances toward the other side of the room.

Su-Hwa's side is empty.

The bed is already made.

Perfectly.

The sheets pulled tight.

The blanket folded neatly at the foot.

Not a single sign she had rushed.

A-Rin walks farther in.

The bathroom door stands open.

Clean.

Dry.

Every item put away.

Even the spare towel has been folded.

The duffel bag she carried in last night is gone.

No uniform.

No belongings.

Nothing.

As if she had never been here.

A-Rin stares at the empty space for a moment longer than necessary.

Then quietly:

A-RIN

She really left.

Someone knocks once on the door.

No response.

Then—

Knocks again.

Nothing.

A-RIN  
Su-Hwa?

She turns quickly and heads for the door.

Pulling it open—

For a split second, hope flashes across her face.

But it isn't Su-Hwa.

It's her manager.

Standing in the hallway with a tablet tucked under one arm and a coffee in hand.

Manager Park raises an eyebrow.

MANAGER PARK  
Good morning?

A-Rin tries to recover immediately.

Too late.

Manager Park noticed.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)  
You look disappointed.

A-RIN  
I am not.

MANAGER PARK

Mm-hm.

A-RIN

I was expecting someone else.

MANAGER PARK

Miss Su-Hwa?

A-Rin pauses.

Manager Park smirks.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

She's been gone since before sunrise.

A-RIN

What?

MANAGER PARK

Headquarters assignment.

Started early this morning.

A-Rin looks back at the door.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Didn't anyone tell you?

A-RIN

Apparently not.

Manager Park starts walking.

A-Rin follows.

MANAGER PARK

Security orientation.

System access.

Department introductions.

Executive Han wanted her integrated immediately.

A-RIN

Already?

MANAGER PARK

That's Miss Su-Hwa for you.

If she has to be somewhere at seven, she arrives at six.

A-Rin looks down the hallway one more time.

Empty.

MANAGER PARK(CONT'D)

Don't worry.

You'll see her again.

Half the company is meeting her today.

Including your group.

That changes things.

A-Rin's expression softens slightly.

A-RIN

She's meeting the members?

MANAGER

Yes.

A-Rin tries not to smile.

Fails slightly.

The manager notices immediately.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

There she is.

A-RIN

Be quiet.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS – PREPARATION ROOM – MORNING

The company is already alive.

Managers move quickly through hallways.

Staff carry garment racks between departments.

Music echoes faintly from distant practice rooms.

Schedules are being updated.

Phones are ringing.

Another day has begun.

INT. IDOL PREPARATION ROOM

A-Rin sits in front of a mirror.

Stylists move around her.

One adjusts her microphone pack.

Another works on her hair.

Across the room, her members are scattered between makeup stations and clothing racks.

The atmosphere is busy but familiar.

Comfortable chaos.

MINJI  
You're late.

A-RIN  
I know.

SOYEON  
Did you oversleep?

A-RIN  
Maybe.

HANA  
Maybe?

A-RIN  
Definitely.

Laughter spreads through the room.

A stylist steps back to inspect her work.

A-Rin glances toward the doorway.

Then toward the hallway beyond it.

Without realizing.

Looking.

MINJI notices.

MINJI  
Expecting someone?

A-RIN

No.

Too quickly.

The members exchange looks.

SOYEON raises an eyebrow.

SOYEON  
That sounded suspicious.

HANA  
Very suspicious.

A-RIN  
I am literally sitting here.

SOYEON  
And somehow still looking for someone.

The members exchange amused looks.

A-Rin groans.

Her manager enters carrying a tablet.

MANAGER PARK  
Five minutes.  
Rehearsal starts in five.  
And before anyone asks—  
No, security officer Su-Hwa won't be joining dance practice.

Several members immediately react.

HANA immediately sits up straighter.

HANA  
Security officer?

SOYEON  
Wait, that's actually real?

MINJI  
I thought that was just trainee gossip.

A-Rin tries very hard to appear uninterested.

Fails.

A-Rin's eyes drift toward the hallway again.

Just for a second.

Somewhere else in the building, Su-Hwa is beginning her first official day.

And for the first time since waking up—

A-Rin finds herself wondering what she's doing.

INT. SECURITY OPERATIONS DIVISION – MORNING

Unlike the entertainment floors—

this part of headquarters is quiet.

Efficient.

Controlled.

No music.

No laughter.

No chaos.

Only work.

Rows of monitors cover an entire wall.

Security feeds.

Access logs.

Emergency systems.

Communication channels.

Every corner of the building visible from here.

Standing in front of the screens—

Commander Su-Hwa.

A temporary visitor badge hangs from her jacket.

Around her, department supervisors conduct introductions.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

The west wing cameras were upgraded last month.

Blind spots were reduced by thirty percent.

Su-Hwa studies the monitors.

Only a few seconds.

SU-HWA

There's still one.

The supervisor blinks.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

Excuse me?

Su-Hwa walks toward a screen.

Points.

SU-HWA

Third floor.

Hallway intersection.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

That area is covered by two cameras.

SU-HWA

Not during simultaneous elevator traffic.

A pause.

The supervisor checks.

His expression changes immediately.

Because she's right.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

...I'll be damned.

Another supervisor exchanges a glance with him.

SUPERVISOR LEE

She's been here twenty minutes.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

I know.

Su-Hwa continues walking.

Already examining something else.

INT. EXECUTIVE FLOOR – SAME TIME

Executive Han walks beside Vice Chairman Kang.

Both men watch a live security feed.

The camera shows Su-Hwa reviewing access checkpoints.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

How long has she been here?

EXECUTIVE HAN

Forty-three minutes.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

And she's already making enemies.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Only professional ones.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

Good.

A beat.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG (CONT'D)

The competent people always do.

Back on the monitor—

Su-Hwa has somehow gathered three supervisors around a screen.

Pointing out vulnerabilities.

Fixes.

Procedures.

No hesitation.

No uncertainty.

As if she'd worked there for years.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG (CONT'D)

Interesting.

EXECUTIVE HAN

What?

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

She's relaxed.

EXECUTIVE HAN

That's relaxed?

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

For her.

Executive Han cannot argue with that.

INT. DANCE REHEARSAL STUDIO – LATER

Music blasts through speakers.

The members move through choreography.

Sharp.

Precise.

Hours of repetition made visible.

A-Rin misses a step.

MINJI

Again.

A-RIN

I know.

They restart.

Thirty seconds later—

A-Rin misses another transition.

SOYEON

Okay.

Everyone stops.

HANA

What's wrong with you today?

A-RIN

Nothing.

MINJI

You've messed up the same section three times.

A-RIN

I'm distracted.

SOYEON

By?

A-Rin opens her mouth.

Stops.

Because she doesn't actually know.

The members wait.

A-RIN

Lack of sleep.

MINJI

Reasonable.

SOYEON

Suspicious.

A-RIN

Why are you all like this?

The studio door suddenly opens.

Everyone turns.

A staff member enters.

STAFF

Sorry.

Looking for Manager Park.

The collective disappointment in the room is immediate.

Especially from one person.

Unfortunately—

everyone notices.

HANA

Oh.

A-RIN

Don't.

SOYEON  
OH.

MINJI  
Now I understand.

A-RIN  
You understand nothing.

HANA  
It's the bodyguard.

A-RIN  
It's not the bodyguard.

SOYEON  
It's definitely the bodyguard.

A-RIN  
We're literally discussing workplace security.

MINJI  
You've known her one day.

A-RIN  
Exactly.

SOYEON  
That doesn't help your argument.

A-Rin points accusingly at all of them.

A-RIN  
You're terrible friends.

HANA  
Correct.

INT. SECURITY TRAINING ROOM – AFTERNOON

A heavy padded mat covers the floor.

Several company security officers stand watching.

Some curious.

Some skeptical.

At the center—

Su-Hwa.

An instructor folds his arms.

INSTRUCTOR

The team requested a demonstration.

SU-HWA

Why?

INSTRUCTOR

Because nobody believes Executive Han.

SU-HWA

About what?

INSTRUCTOR

That you're as good as he says.

Silence.

Several officers suddenly look uncomfortable.

Because saying it out loud sounds worse.

The instructor clears his throat.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Respectfully.

SU-HWA

Of course.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Who first?

The room immediately becomes very quiet.

OFFICER SEO  
Wait.

Just like that?

SU-HWA  
You wanted proof.

Nobody volunteers.

Until finally—

one officer steps forward.

Confident.

Athletic.

Larger than Su-Hwa by nearly twenty kilograms.

OFFICER SEO  
I'll go.

SU-HWA  
Good.

Three seconds later—

he is flat on his back.

The room erupts.

OFFICER SEO  
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

SU-HWA  
You telegraphed the grab.

OFFICER SEO  
I did not.

SU-HWA  
You did.

OFFICER SEO

I absolutely—

He pauses.

Thinking about it.

OFFICER SEO

...I did.

The instructor rubs his forehead.

INSTRUCTOR

Again.

The second attempt lasts four seconds.

The third lasts five.

By the end of the session—

nobody is laughing anymore.

Only staring.

Because the rumors were somehow understated.

INT. COMPANY CAFETERIA – AFTERNOON

Lunch hour.

Most employees are inside.

Conversations echo across dozens of tables.

Laughter.

Phones.

The noise of another busy day.

EXT. AURORA HEADQUARTERS – REAR COURTYARD – AFTERNOON

Outside—

a wide stone staircase overlooks a small courtyard garden.

Quiet.

Removed from the rest of the building.

Near the top step—

Su-Hwa sits alone.

A bottle of water rests beside her.

Unopened for several minutes.

She stares toward the distant city skyline.

Motionless.

Thinking.

Or trying not to think.

Employees occasionally pass through the courtyard below.

They notice her immediately.

Their voices drop.

EMPLOYEE #1

Is that her?

EMPLOYEE #2

The new security chief?

They quickly move on.

Su-Hwa doesn't react.

The wind shifts through the trees.

A few leaves scatter across the stone steps.

Finally—

she reaches for the water bottle.

Unscrews the cap.

Takes a small drink.

Then returns to staring at nothing.

Alone.

Until—

rapid footsteps approach.

A familiar voice breaks the silence.

A-RIN (O.S.)

There you are.

Su-Hwa doesn't look surprised.

Not even slightly.

A-Rin appears at the bottom of the staircase.

Breathing harder than necessary.

As though locating Su-Hwa required an official search team.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

I've been looking everywhere.

SU-HWA

Why?

A-RIN

Because nobody knew where you were.

SU-HWA

Apparently I succeeded.

A-Rin climbs the remaining steps.

Drops down beside her.

Not quite touching.

Close enough.

A-RIN

You know normal people eat lunch indoors.

SU-HWA

I'm not normal people.

A-RIN

Fair.

A pause.

The wind moves through the trees.

Below them—

employees move between buildings.

Meetings.

Schedules.

Deadlines.

An entire company in motion.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing out here?

SU-HWA

Observing.

A-RIN

That sounds suspiciously like bodyguard language.

SU-HWA

It is.

A-Rin follows her gaze.

The parking lot.

The side entrances.

Delivery access points.

Security checkpoints.

Things she has never paid attention to.

A-RIN

What exactly are you observing?

SU-HWA

Patterns.

A-RIN

That sounds even more suspicious.

SU-HWA

Most people move predictably.

A-RIN

And?

SU-HWA

The dangerous ones don't.

A beat.

A-Rin glances at her.

Not sure if she's joking.

She isn't.

Then—

Su-Hwa's eyes narrow.

Across the courtyard.

Three buildings away.

A maintenance worker pushes a utility cart toward a service entrance.

Nothing unusual.

At first.

Then Su-Hwa stands.

Instantly.

A-RIN

What?

No answer.

The maintenance worker swipes an access card.

The door unlocks.

He enters.

The door closes.

Su-Hwa keeps watching.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

What happened?

SU-HWA

Did you see his badge?

A-RIN

No.

SU-HWA

Neither did I.

A-RIN

...okay?

SU-HWA

Employees display credentials automatically.

Contractors display them even more.

A-Rin blinks.

Still confused.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

People hiding something avoid being identified.

A-RIN

You're saying he's suspicious because he didn't show his badge?

SU-HWA

No.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

I'm saying he's suspicious because he knew exactly where the camera blind spot was.

That gets A-Rin's attention.

Immediately.

A-RIN

What?

Su-Hwa is already moving.

Walking quickly down the steps.

A-Rin jumps up.

Following.

A-RIN

Wait.

What does that mean?

SU-HWA

It means either he's lucky.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Or he's been here before.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR – MINUTES LATER

A sterile hallway.

Concrete walls.

No decorations.

No music.

No idols.

The hidden side of Aurora.

A-Rin has never been here.

SU-HWA  
Stay behind me.

A-RIN  
You say that a lot.

SU-HWA  
Because you ignore it a lot.

They continue forward.

Ahead—

the service door.

Closed.

Su-Hwa checks the handle.

Locked.

Then kneels.

Examining the electronic panel.

Something catches her eye.

A tiny scratch.

Barely visible.

A-RIN  
What is it?

SU-HWA

Someone opened this recently.

A-RIN

People use doors.

SU-HWA

Not like this.

She points.

A-Rin leans closer.

Tiny marks.

Around the emergency override slot.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Someone bypassed the lock.

A-RIN

Can security see that?

SU-HWA

Not unless they know where to look.

The realization slowly settles.

Someone entered a restricted area.

Without authorization.

And nobody noticed.

Su-Hwa stands.

Thinking.

The headache returns.

Brief.

Sharp.

Then—

another flash.

FLASH.

Rain.

A military compound.

A lock.

Tiny scratches.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

Nobody breaks a lock because they have to.

A beat.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

They break it because they plan on coming back.

FLASH ENDS.

Su-Hwa grips the wall.

The pain vanishes.

Leaving only the words.

A-RIN

You okay?

SU-HWA

Fine.

A-RIN

You don't look fine.

SU-HWA

I didn't ask.

A-Rin rolls her eyes.

Then—

a voice echoes from farther down the corridor.

STAFF MEMBER (O.S.)

Did someone leave this here?

Both women freeze.

The voice came from around the corner.

Su-Hwa moves first.

Fast.

Silent.

They reach the junction.

A junior staff member stands there.

Holding a small black object.

Confused.

STAFF MEMBER

Uh—

Security?

Su-Hwa's expression changes instantly.

Because she knows exactly what she's looking at.

Not a bomb.

Not a weapon.

Something worse.

A surveillance transmitter.

Professional grade.

Hidden.

Recently installed.

Someone has been listening.

Inside Aurora Headquarters.

For a long time.

And suddenly—

the stalking of A-Rin.

The photograph.

The messages.

The fake maintenance worker.

The old military photo.

None of it feels separate anymore.

It's connected.

Someone isn't just watching A-Rin.

Someone is inside the company.

Watching everyone.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE FLOOR – SAME MOMENT

Vice Chairman Kang stares at a report.

Executive Han enters.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Sir.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

What?

Leans down.

Whispers in his ear.

Nobody else hears.

Immediately, Kang's expression changes.

Not dramatically.

Silence.

The Vice Chairman slowly lowers the document.

For the first time—

he looks genuinely concerned.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

Where?

EXECUTIVE HAN

Service Corridor C.

A beat.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

That's impossible.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Apparently not.

The Vice Chairman turns toward the window.

The city beyond the glass.

Thinking.

Calculating.

Because Corridor C isn't near the idols.

Or the trainees.

Or the public areas.

It's near executive archives.

Near records.

Near sealed company files.

And suddenly—

he realizes something.

The intruder may never have been interested in A-Rin.

She may have simply been the easiest way to get close.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE.**

---

#### **ACT FOUR**

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM – AFTERNOON

Rows of monitors.

Camera feeds.

Access records.

Building schematics.

Su-Hwa stands alone.

She pulls up access logs.

Not from today.

Not yesterday.

Three months.

Then six.

Then a year.

Searches.

Cross-references.

Patterns.

Nobody notices.

Because nobody thinks to look that far back.

A name appears repeatedly.

Different departments.

Different access cards.

Different schedules.

Yet always nearby.

Maintenance requests.

Cleaning crews.

Contractor visits.

Deliveries.

The identities change.

The pattern does not.

Su-Hwa zooms in.

A floor plan appears.

Colored markers.

Movement trails.

At first glance—

random.

Then suddenly—

not random.

Every route intersects.

One location.

A single archive room.

Su-Hwa's eyes narrow.

ARCHIVE B-17.

Not A-Rin's floor.

Not executive offices.

Not security systems.

Archive B-17.

She opens the inventory.

Thousands of documents.

Financial records.

Legal contracts.

Old employee files.

And then—

one category catches her attention.

RESTRICTED HISTORICAL RECORDS.

Her headache strikes instantly.

Sharp.

Violent.

FLASH.

Rain.

Military tents.

Paper files.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

People hide weapons.

A beat.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

Smart people hide records.

FLASH ENDS.

Su-Hwa exhales slowly.

The pain fades.

Leaving only the words.

INT. ARCHIVE B-17 – EVENING

A secure room.

No windows.

Rows upon rows of shelving.

Dust.

Old paperwork.

Forgotten history.

The room should be empty.

It isn't.

Su-Hwa stands alone between the shelves.

Reading.

Employee records.

Corporate acquisitions.

Government contracts.

Nothing unusual.

Until—

a file is missing.

Not removed.

Missing.

The gap is obvious.

Because somebody forgot to hide it.

Su-Hwa kneels.

Examines the shelf.

No dust.

Recent disturbance.

Very recent.

Someone took it within days.

She checks the catalog.

File Number 4471-B.

Archived thirteen years ago.

Requested twice.

Once thirteen years ago.

Once—

two weeks ago.

Her eyes narrow.

Requested by whom?

The record is blank.

Deleted.

Not hidden.

Deleted.

Which means someone with authority accessed it.

Someone powerful.

Or someone pretending to be.

Then—

she notices something else.

A tiny piece of paper.

Trapped behind the shelf.

Barely visible.

Most people would never see it.

Su-Hwa does.

She pulls it free.

A torn corner.

Part of a photograph.

Old.

Faded.

Black-and-white.

Only a fragment remains.

A military uniform.

A shoulder patch.

And a symbol.

Su-Hwa freezes.

The world suddenly becomes very quiet.

Because she knows that symbol.

Not consciously.

Not completely.

But she knows it.

FLASH.

Gunfire.

Rain.

Screaming.

FLASH.

A helicopter.

Burning.

FLASH.

Someone shouting.

UNKNOWN VOICE

Commander!

FLASH ENDS.

The pain nearly drops her to one knee.

She grips the shelf.

Breathing hard.

The fragment trembles in her hand.

Not from fear.

Recognition.

Somewhere deep inside her damaged memory—

something is trying to surface.

Something important.

Then—

a voice.

A-RIN (O.S.)

I knew I'd find you here.

Su-Hwa turns sharply.

A-Rin stands in the doorway.

Holding two coffees.

A smug expression.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You're really bad at taking breaks.

SU-HWA

How did you get in?

A-RIN

I asked six people.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Then ignored all their answers.

For the first time—

Su-Hwa almost smiles.

Almost.

A-Rin notices immediately.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

There it is.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

That was definitely one.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

You're getting easier to read.

That statement lingers.

Longer than it should.

Because for years—

nobody could read her at all.

A-Rin holds out a coffee.

Su-Hwa looks at it.

Then at her.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Before you ask—

yes.

It contains actual caffeine.

And no—

I didn't make it.

Su-Hwa accepts it.

Without realizing.

The same way she accepted Ha-Jun's coffee each time.

A-Rin doesn't know that.

But Su-Hwa suddenly does.

And for a brief moment—

the memory hurts more than the headache.

Because she's starting to remember more and more.

**END OF ACT FOUR.**

---

## **ACT FIVE**

INT. ARCHIVE B-17 – EVENING

The archive room is silent.

Rows of forgotten history.

Dust.

Old records.

Secrets nobody remembers.

Or perhaps secrets somebody wanted forgotten.

A-Rin sits on the floor beside Su-Hwa.

Both holding coffee.

Neither drinking it.

Su-Hwa studies the torn photograph fragment again.

The military shoulder patch.

The symbol.

The feeling it leaves behind.

A-RIN

What's that?

A beat.

SU-HWA

I don't know.

A-RIN

That's not true.

Su-Hwa remains silent.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You only use that voice when you're lying.

The statement hangs in the air.

Not accusing.

Observational.

Su-Hwa finally speaks.

SU-HWA

I don't remember.

A-Rin immediately understands.

Not the same thing.

Not even close.

And for once—

she lets it go.

No jokes.

No teasing.

Nothing.

Su-Hwa turns back toward the archive terminal.

Her fingers move across the keyboard.

Searches begin appearing.

Hospital attacks.

Stalking incidents.

Actor disappearances.

Vehicle accidents.

Threat reports.

Witness statements.

Private investigations.

Years of records.

Years of victims.

Years of dead ends.

A-RIN

What are you looking for?

No answer.

More searching.

More files.

More names.

Then—

Su-Hwa changes the search parameter.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

...why investigators?

SU-HWA

Because victims don't solve crimes.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Investigators do.

The screen refreshes.

Results appear.

Su-Hwa freezes.

A-Rin notices immediately.

A-RIN

What?

Su-Hwa slowly points.

Three detectives.

Different cities.

Different cases.

No connection.

Except—

every one of them investigated one of Aurora's incidents.

One resigned unexpectedly.

One transferred overseas.

One vanished from law enforcement entirely.

Another search.

Journalist.

Investigated an attack.

Career suddenly ended.

Another.

Private investigator.

Business collapsed.

Disappeared.

Another.

Cybercrime analyst.

Retired at thirty-three.

A-Rin leans closer.

The more names appear—

the quieter she becomes.

A-RIN

That's impossible.

SU-HWA

No.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

It's organized.

The room falls silent.

Because suddenly—

the victims stop mattering.

The people who searched for answers become the pattern.

And patterns never lie.

To the album.

HA-JUN

To next year's photo.

One by one they raise their cups.

Finally—

Su-Hwa raises hers too.

SU-HWA

To all of us.

Together.

Always.

A beat.

Then Na-Rae suddenly attacks.

Her fingers jab into Su-Hwa's side.

A completely dishonorable ambush.

Na-Rae

Smile for the picture, Unnie.

SU-HWA

Na-Rae.

Na-Rae

Smile.

SU-HWA

That is an order—

Na-Rae does it again.

The entire unit explodes with laughter.

Su-Hwa grabs her instantly.

Na-Rae shrieks.

DO-HYUN nearly falls out of his chair laughing.

Min-Seo can't breathe.

Ha-Jun Smiles.

Ji-Hoon is doubled over.

And then—

starts laughing.

Not a chuckle.

A real laugh.

Bright.

Uncontrollable.

The kind that infects everyone around him.

One by one—

the others laugh harder.

And somehow—

impossibly—

Su-Hwa does too.

A real smile.

Then a laugh.

The rarest thing any of them have ever seen.

Everyone freezes.

Staring.

SU-HWA

What?

DO-HYUN

She smiled.

JI-HOON

Nobody move.

TAE-KYUNG

Take the picture.

Take the picture now!

HA-JUN quickly lifts the camera.

HA-JUN

Everybody in.

Closer.

Closer.

Commander included.

The entire unit crowds together.

Laughing.

Shoving.

Alive.

Ha-Jun stretches out his arm.

The camera aimed back at them.

The first photograph of the album with ALL of them in it.

FLASH.

The image freezes.

The exact photograph.

The one on Su-Hwa's phone.

The one she is staring at now.

A hundred promises.

None of them knowing it would be the last picture they would ever take together.

The memory lingers.

Then slowly fades.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Su-Hwa stares at the photograph.

At every face.

At every smile.

At Ha-Jun.

The man holding the camera.

The man who promised to make the album.

The man who never got the chance.

For the first time all night—

Commander Su-Hwa looks heartbroken.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE ONE.**

## EPISODE 2 - BEFORE DAWN

### ACT ONE

INT. SU-HWA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nobody speaks.

The message remains on the screen.

The photograph.

The room feels smaller now.

Heavier.

As if the house itself understands something has changed.

Su-Hwa slowly places the phone face down.

The screen goes dark.

A-Rin, Executive Han and Manager Park all watch her.

Nobody knows what to say.

Because something just happened.

Something important.

Even if they don't understand it.

Su-Hwa stands.

No explanation.

No reaction.

No visible emotion.

Just stands.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Commander—

SU-HWA  
Don't.

The man immediately stops.

A silence.

A-RIN  
Can I tell you a secret?

Silence.

A-RIN  
Too late.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)  
When I first met you, I thought you were terrifying.

A-RIN  
Now I think you're lonely.

That lands.

Hard.

Su-Hwa says nothing.

A-RIN (CONT'D)  
I don't mean that in a bad way.  
I just think...  
you got used to carrying everything by yourself.

A pause.

A-RIN (CONT'D)  
You don't have to do that anymore.

Su-Hwa picks up the file.

Closes it.

SU-HWA  
I'll do it.

Nobody moves.

For a second nobody is sure they heard correctly.

EXECUTIVE HAN

You'll—

SU-HWA

I said I'll do it.

Silence.

A-Rin stares at her.

A-RIN

Why?

The room waits.

Expecting some dramatic answer.

Some speech.

Some declaration.

Instead—

SU-HWA

Because whoever sent those messages made a mistake.

A-RIN

What mistake?

SU-HWA

They let me see them.

Nothing else.

Just that.

Yet somehow it sounds worse than a threat.

Executive Han exhales.

A breath he has probably been holding for hours.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Aurora will provide anything you need.

Housing.

Access.

Authority.

Personnel.

Equipment.

Anything.

Su-Hwa nods once.

SU-HWA

Good.

EXECUTIVE HAN

You'll have unrestricted access to company records.

Security systems.

Schedules.

Employees.

Everything.

SU-HWA

Good.

EXECUTIVE HAN

We'll introduce you as security.

No one will know the real reason.

SU-HWA

Good.

EXECUTIVE HAN

You'll be assigned to Miss Lee from time to time.

The room tightens.

A-RIN

...what?

The room is still.

A-Rin's expression has shifted.

Not anger now.

Something quieter.

A kind of disappointment she didn't expect to feel.

A-RIN

You said twenty-four-hour protection.

She looks between Executive Han and Manager Park

A-RIN

That's what you said.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Yes.

A beat.

A-RIN

So why isn't it actually that?

Executive Han doesn't answer immediately.

That silence is careful.

Measured.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Because the situation is more complex than originally assessed.

A-Rin's jaw tightens slightly.

EXECUTIVE HAN (continuing, clarifying)

That is the initial structure.

A pause.

EXECUTIVE HAN

But it will not function exactly as you are imagining.

A-Rin doesn't relax, but listens.

EXECUTIVE HAN turns slightly, more precise now.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Su-Hwa will be based primarily at headquarters.

A beat.

EXECUTIVE HAN

She requires access to internal systems, personnel, and investigations.

A-Rin frowns.

A-RIN

So she's not just staying with me?

EXECUTIVE HAN

No.

He continues.

EXECUTIVE HAN

She will rotate into your security detail when required.

But she will not remain inside your private residence permanently.

A-Rin exhales slightly — still unsettled, but less trapped.

EXECUTIVE HAN

You will have protection when needed.

Not confinement.

A pause.

EXECUTIVE HAN

The difference matters.

Silence.

EXECUTIVE HAN

We can leave immediately.

SU-HWA

No.

Everyone looks at her.

SU-HWA

Ten minutes.

EXECUTIVE HAN

For what?

Su-Hwa looks around her house.

SU-HWA

To leave.

And suddenly—

everyone understands.

This isn't a trip.

This isn't an assignment.

This is goodbye.

INT. SU-HWA'S BEDROOM

Silence.

The room is exactly as she left it this morning.

Bed made.

Desk clean.

Curtains open.

Nothing out of place.

Su-Hwa stands in the doorway.

Motionless.

Three years.

Every morning.

Every night.

Every nightmare.

Every seizure.

Every forgotten memory.  
Every moment happened here.  
And now—  
she may never see it again.  
She walks inside.  
Opens a drawer.  
Medication.  
Rows of bottles.  
Different sizes.  
Different labels.  
Different warnings.  
Take daily.  
Avoid stress.  
Do not miss dosage.  
Neurological risk.  
Emergency use only.  
She picks one up.  
Then another.  
Then another.  
The bottles rattle softly.  
The sound fills the room.  
Her thumb brushes over the labels.

Dr. Kang's handwriting.

Small notes.

Reminders.

Warnings.

Angry underlined instructions.

A memory surfaces.

DR. KANG

If you miss them again I'm putting a tracking device in your head.

SU-HWA

There's no room.

DR. KANG

Don't joke like that.

SU-HWA

You started it.

The memory disappears.

Silence returns.

She stares at the medication.

Long.

Very long.

Then—

Slowly—

she places every bottle back inside the drawer.

One by one.

Not taking them.

Not packing them.

Leaving them.

Her eyes remain fixed on them.

Because she knows what happens without them.

The headaches.

The seizures.

The collapse.

The memories.

Especially the memories.

She closes the drawer.

Firmly.

SU-HWA

I have to remember.

Nobody hears it.

Not even herself.

INT. HALLWAY

The watch vibrates.

Her wrist.

A simple black watch.

Nothing expensive.

Nothing special.

Except it is.

Dr. Kang designed every alarm himself.

Medication reminders.

Heart irregularities.

Neurological spikes.

Emergency alerts.

The screen lights up.

MEDICATION DUE.

Su-Hwa looks at it.

The watch vibrates again.

MEDICATION DUE.

Then again.

MEDICATION DUE.

She presses a button.

Alert dismissed.

The screen goes dark.

And for the first time since receiving it—

she ignores the doctor's instructions.

Completely.

INT. KITCHEN

She checks the faucet.

Once.

Twice.

Turns it off.

Checks the gas.

Checks every cabinet.

Every switch.

Every room.

Methodical.

Precise.

Not because she's obsessive.

Because soldiers prepare for absence.

Not return.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A-Rin watches quietly.

No jokes.

No talking.  
Because suddenly—

she understands.

This woman built this life from nothing.

And she's walking away from it.

Without hesitation.

Not because she wants to.

Because somebody needs her.

A-Rin feels strangely guilty.

She doesn't know why.

Su-Hwa kneels before a shelf.

The wooden frame.

Still face down.

For several seconds—

she doesn't touch it.

Then finally—

she lifts it.

Looks.

The unit.

The people she lost.

The people she forgot.

The people she still remembers somehow.

Their first picture ever.

A long silence.

Then she places the frame inside a drawer.

Closes it.

Not bringing it.

Leaving it where it belongs.

EXT. HOUSE

Fifteen minutes later.

The front door opens.

Everyone steps outside.

The night air is cold.

The rain has stopped.

Clouds drift slowly above the mountains.

Su-Hwa locks the door.

Checks it.

Then checks it again.

Not because she doubts herself.

Because this is the last time.

The windows.

The side gate.

The garden shed.

Everything.

Everything is secure.

Everything is finished.

Finally—

she walks toward the electrical box.

Turns off the main power.

The house goes dark.

Completely dark.

A-Rin looks back.

The house suddenly feels abandoned.

Like nobody ever lived there.

Like it already belongs to memory.

Su-Hwa stares at it.

The garden.

The porch.

The roof.

The windows.

Three years.

Gone in one night.

A-RIN

Will you come back?

Su-Hwa doesn't answer immediately.

Because for the first time—

she doesn't know.

SU-HWA

I don't plan that far ahead.

A-Rin nods.

Because somehow—

that's the saddest answer possible.

The vehicles wait near the road.

Engines running.

Executive Han opens the rear door.

A-Rin hesitates.

Then looks back at the dark house.

Then at Su-Hwa.

Then quietly enters the vehicle.

Manager Park and Executive Han follows.

Su-Hwa remains standing outside.

Looking at the house.

One last time.

The wind moves through the garden.

The flowers sway gently.

The tomatoes.

The herbs.

Everything she planted.

Everything she cared for.

Everything she left behind.

Then—

without another glance—

Commander Su-Hwa turns away.

And gets into the vehicle.

The door closes.

The convoy begins moving.

The house grows smaller.

Smaller.

Smaller.

Until it disappears completely.

And none of them notice—

hidden deep inside the darkness of the empty house—

Su-Hwa's watch alarm begins vibrating again.

Still connected.

Still searching.

Still warning.

MEDICATION OVERDUE.

MEDICATION OVERDUE.

MEDICATION OVERDUE.

The house remains silent.

No one is there to hear it.

**END OF ACT ONE.**

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## **ACT TWO**

The convoy leaves the mountains behind.

Winding roads.

Dark forests.

Silent valleys.

The rain follows them.

Soft against the glass.

Minutes pass.

Then more.

The small rural roads become highways.

The highways become city streets.

Distant lights appear on the horizon.

Growing brighter.

Growing closer.

Gas stations.

Apartment buildings.

Office towers.

Civilization slowly returning.

Inside the vehicle—

nobody speaks.

Executive Han answers messages.

Manager Park reviews tomorrow's schedule.

Su-Hwa watches the road.

Always watching.

The clock advances.

The adrenaline of the night begins to fade.

The exhaustion remains.

Especially for A-Rin.

A-RIN

I'm not sleeping.

Nobody responds.

A-RIN

I'm serious.

I'm awake.

SU-HWA

Of course.

A-RIN

You don't believe me.

SU-HWA

Not particularly.

A-RIN

Rude.

Thirty seconds later—

her eyes close.

A-Rin blinks.

Then blinks again.

Fighting sleep.

Losing.

Her head slowly tilts.

Then comes to rest against Su-Hwa's shoulder.

Silence.

Executive Han notices.

Manager Park notices too.

Neither says a word.

For once—

even they know better.

Su-Hwa remains completely still.

As if moving would wake her.

An hour passes.

Then another.

EXT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – BEFORE DAWN

The convoy continues through the final gate.

Rain taps softly against the windows.

The tension of the night slowly fades.

Outside—

the residence draws closer.

Inside—

A-Rin sleeps.

For the first time all day.

The convoy finally stops.

The gates close behind them.

A long silence.

Then—

SU-HWA

Miss Lee.

No response.

SU-HWA

A-Rin.

A-RIN

Mm...

SU-HWA

We're here.

A-Rin opens one eye.

Confused.

A-RIN

Did I die?

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN  
Disappointing.

SU-HWA  
Get out.

A-Rin smiles sleepily.

Then realizes something.

A-RIN  
Wait.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)  
Did I fall asleep?

Nobody answers.

Which is an answer.

A-RIN (CONT'D)  
...oh no.

Manager Park suddenly becomes very interested in the window.

Executive Han coughs suspiciously.

A-Rin slowly turns toward Su-Hwa.

A-RIN  
Was I sleeping on you?

SU-HWA  
Yes.

A-RIN  
For how long?

SU-HWA  
Long enough.

A-RIN

Why didn't you wake me?

SU-HWA

You looked tired.

A-Rin stares.

For a moment she forgets how to respond.

A faint blush appears.

EXECUTIVE HAN

That's actually rather sweet.

A-RIN

Please don't make it weird.

MANAGER PARK

Too late.

A-RIN

Manager.

MANAGER PARK

Miss Lee.

A-RIN

You're fired.

MANAGER PARK

Again?

A-RIN

Temporarily.

MANAGER PARK

Very generous.

A-Rin groans.

Then reaches for the door handle.

SU-HWA

I could carry you.

Silence.

Everyone freezes..

A-Rin blinks.

Once.

Twice.

A-RIN

What?

SU-HWA

You can barely keep your eyes open.

SU-HWA

But then I'd have to explain to the staff and tabloids why I'm carrying a celebrity through her own front door.

EXECUTIVE HAN immediately laughs.

Manager Park follows.

A-Rin's face turns red.

A-RIN

Absolutely not.

SU-HWA

Then walk.

A-RIN

You're mean.

SU-HWA

You're awake.

A beat.

A-RIN

...that's fair.

For the first time all night—

Su-Hwa's expression softens.

Just slightly.

Then she opens the vehicle door.

Cool air rushes inside.

SU-HWA  
After you.

A-Rin quickly escapes before anyone can continue the conversation.

Executive Han is still trying not to laugh.

Manager Park has completely failed.

A-Rin walks while stretching.

A-RIN  
I miss my bed.

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – FOYER

The front doors open.

Warm light.

Polished floors.

Several night staff immediately straighten.

Relieved.

HOUSEKEEPER CHOI  
Miss Lee.

A-RIN  
Still alive.

HOUSEKEEPER CHOI  
Good.

A-RIN  
That wasn't very emotional.

HOUSEKEEPER CHOI

You've kept me awake since midnight.

A-RIN

Fair.

The housekeeper's attention shifts.

Toward Su-Hwa.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Oh.

This is Su-Hwa.

My personal bodyguard.

Twenty-four hours a day.

HOUSEKEEPER CHOI

My condolences.

A-RIN

Everyone keeps saying that.

For the first time—

the corner of Su-Hwa's mouth twitches.

Executive Han checks his watch.

EXECUTIVE HAN

We'll return in the morning.

Nine o'clock.

Aurora Headquarters.

A-RIN

Morning?

EXECUTIVE HAN

Yes.

A-RIN

That's a crime.

MANAGER PARK

Get some sleep.

Tomorrow gets worse.

A-RIN

Thank you for the encouragement.

The men laugh.

Then bow.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Goodnight, Miss Lee.

Goodnight, Comm—

A beat.

EXECUTIVE HAN (CONT'D)

Miss Su-Hwa.

A-Rin raises an eyebrow.

EXECUTIVE HAN (CONT'D)

Long night.

Everyone nods.

Accepting the excuse.

Su-Hwa does not.

SU-HWA

Goodnight.

The front doors close behind them.

For the first time—

they are alone.

A-RIN

Come on.

SU-HWA

Where?

A-RIN

Our room.

INT. PRIVATE SUITE – CONTINUOUS

A-Rin throws open the door.

Su-Hwa stops.

Two connected suites.

Separated by a partial wall.

Two beds.

Two bathrooms.

Two dressing rooms.

A shared sitting area between them.

A-RIN

See?

Now if somebody breaks in and tries to murder me—

SU-HWA

Don't finish that sentence.

A-RIN

You really are a bodyguard.

A-Rin points.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

That side is yours.

Su-Hwa walks over.

Then pauses.

Everything is already prepared.

Clothes.

Towels.

Toiletries.

Exercise gear.

Even sleepwear.

Perfectly arranged.

Waiting.

Her duffel bag suddenly looks very small.

Su-Hwa places the bag beside the bed.

Everything she owns for this assignment.

A-RIN

You travel light.

SU-HWA

Go to sleep.

A-RIN

You're no fun.

A-RIN

Goodnight, Su-Hwa.

She starts toward her room.

Then stops.

Turns back.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Actually...

Can I call you Unnie?

A beat.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

Okay.

Another beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask again later.

SU-HWA

I assumed.

A-Rin smiles.

But this time—

the smile softens.

A little smaller.

A little more honest.

A-RIN

I've always wanted an older sister.

Silence.

SU-HWA

Why?

A-RIN

I don't know.

Someone to complain to.

Someone to protect me.

Someone to tell me when I'm being stupid.

SU-HWA

You already have a manager.

A-RIN

I said older sister.

Su-Hwa almost smiles.

Almost.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Anyway.

Think about it.

Goodnight.

She takes a few steps.

Then glances back.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

I'm looking forward to it, Unnie.

SU-HWA

Goodnight, A-Rin.

A-RIN

That's not a no.

SU-HWA

Go to sleep.

A-RIN

Goodnight, Unnie.

She disappears into her room before Su-Hwa can answer.

Silence returns.

For a long moment—

Su-Hwa stares at the empty doorway.

Nobody has called her that before.

Not once.

And somehow—

she isn't as annoyed as she should be.

No—she remembers.

Na-Rae.

Because she was the only one who ever called her “Unnie.”

INT. MEMORY – MILITARY TRAINING COURTYARD – DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sunlight. Dust in the air. Boots scraping stone.

A group of SOLDIERS stand loosely gathered, relaxed, loud.

SOLDIER #1

“Na-Rae? That name sounds weird.”

A beat.

Then another soldier smirks.

SOLDIER #2

“Yeah... let’s just call her Nari instead.”

Laughter breaks out immediately.

“Nari. Nari.”

They repeat it like it’s a joke.

Na-Rae stands still in the center of it.

She doesn’t move.

Doesn’t react.

Just blinks once—slowly..

NA-RAE

“So what if it’s Na-Rae or Nari? Is that all you’ve got?”

The laughter around her grows louder.

SU-HWA stands just behind her.

Quiet. Tense.

She steps closer and tugs gently at Na-Rae’s sleeve.

SU-HWA

“Stop. Ignore them.”

Na-Rae looks at Su-Hwa back.

NA-RAE

“...Only you can call me that, Unnie.”

FLASH – CHAOS (HURT MEMORY)

Shouting. Panic.

SOLDIERS (O.S.)

“NARI! NARI—GET BACK!”

The name is screamed now.

Not playful anymore.

Urgent. Afraid.

Su-Hwa reaches forward—

but the image breaks.

FLASH – AFTERMATH FRAGMENT

Silence.

Dust.

Na-Rae’s name echoes faintly: “Nari... Nari...”

Unstable.

Distorted.

BACK TO PRESENT

Su-Hwa jerks slightly.

A low grunt of pain escapes her—like the memories physically hit her.

Her hand moves instinctively to her chest.

A few moments later—

silence.

A-Rin is already fast asleep.

Su-Hwa remains standing.

Motionless.

The room is dark.

Quiet.

Safe.

Yet sleep never comes.

Because every time she closes her eyes—

she sees them.

The headache returns.

Sharp.

Familiar.

And somewhere deep inside her mind—

a forgotten door begins to open.

**END OF ACT TWO.**

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### **ACT THREE**

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – MORNING

Sunlight spills through the curtains.

A-Rin slowly wakes.

For a moment she doesn't remember where she is.

Then yesterday returns.

The meeting.

The assignment.

Su-Hwa.

A-Rin sits up.

The room is quiet.

Too quiet.

She glances at the clock.

Late.

Much later than she intended.

Still half-awake.

A-Rin glances toward the other side of the room.

Su-Hwa's side is empty.

The bed is already made.

Perfectly.

The sheets pulled tight.

The blanket folded neatly at the foot.

Not a single sign she had rushed.

A-Rin walks farther in.

The bathroom door stands open.

Clean.

Dry.

Every item put away.

Even the spare towel has been folded.

The duffel bag she carried in last night is gone.

No uniform.

No belongings.

Nothing.

As if she had never been here.

A-Rin stares at the empty space for a moment longer than necessary.

Then quietly:

A-RIN

She really left.

Someone knocks once on the door.

No response.

Then—

Knocks again.

Nothing.

A-RIN

Su-Hwa?

She turns quickly and heads for the door.

Pulling it open—

For a split second, hope flashes across her face.

But it isn't Su-Hwa.

It's her manager.

Standing in the hallway with a tablet tucked under one arm and a coffee in hand.

Manager Park raises an eyebrow.

MANAGER PARK

Good morning?

A-Rin tries to recover immediately.

Too late.

Manager Park noticed.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

You look disappointed.

A-RIN

I am not.

MANAGER PARK

Mm-hm.

A-RIN

I was expecting someone else.

MANAGER PARK

Miss Su-Hwa?

A-Rin pauses.

Manager Park smirks.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

She's been gone since before sunrise.

A-RIN

What?

MANAGER PARK

Headquarters assignment.

Started early this morning.

A-Rin looks back at the door.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Didn't anyone tell you?

A-RIN

Apparently not.

Manager Park starts walking.

A-Rin follows.

MANAGER PARK

Security orientation.

System access.

Department introductions.

Executive Han wanted her integrated immediately.

A-RIN

Already?

MANAGER PARK

That's Miss Su-Hwa for you.

If she has to be somewhere at seven, she arrives at six.

A-Rin looks down the hallway one more time.

Empty.

MANAGER PARK(CONT'D)

Don't worry.

You'll see her again.

Half the company is meeting her today.

Including your group.

That changes things.

A-Rin's expression softens slightly.

A-RIN

She's meeting the members?

MANAGER

Yes.

A-Rin tries not to smile.

Fails slightly.

The manager notices immediately.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

There she is.

A-RIN

Be quiet.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS – PREPARATION ROOM – MORNING

The company is already alive.

Managers move quickly through hallways.

Staff carry garment racks between departments.

Music echoes faintly from distant practice rooms.

Schedules are being updated.

Phones are ringing.

Another day has begun.

INT. IDOL PREPARATION ROOM

A-Rin sits in front of a mirror.

Stylists move around her.

One adjusts her microphone pack.

Another works on her hair.

Across the room, her members are scattered between makeup stations and clothing racks.

The atmosphere is busy but familiar.

Comfortable chaos.

MINJI

You're late.

A-RIN

I know.

SOYEON

Did you oversleep?

A-RIN

Maybe.

HANA

Maybe?

A-RIN

Definitely.

Laughter spreads through the room.

A stylist steps back to inspect her work.

A-Rin glances toward the doorway.

Then toward the hallway beyond it.

Without realizing.

Looking.

MINJI notices.

MINJI

Expecting someone?

A-RIN

No.

Too quickly.

The members exchange looks.

SOYEON raises an eyebrow.

SOYEON

That sounded suspicious.

HANA

Very suspicious.

A-RIN

I am literally sitting here.

SOYEON

And somehow still looking for someone.

The members exchange amused looks.

A-Rin groans.

Her manager enters carrying a tablet.

MANAGER PARK

Five minutes.

Rehearsal starts in five.

And before anyone asks—

No, security officer Su-Hwa won't be joining dance practice.

Several members immediately react.

HANA immediately sits up straighter.

HANA

Security officer?

SOYEON

Wait, that's actually real?

MINJI

I thought that was just trainee gossip.

A-Rin tries very hard to appear uninterested.

Fails.

A-Rin's eyes drift toward the hallway again.

Just for a second.

Somewhere else in the building, Su-Hwa is beginning her first official day.

And for the first time since waking up—

A-Rin finds herself wondering what she's doing.

INT. SECURITY OPERATIONS DIVISION – MORNING

Unlike the entertainment floors—

this part of headquarters is quiet.

Efficient.

Controlled.

No music.

No laughter.

No chaos.

Only work.

Rows of monitors cover an entire wall.

Security feeds.

Access logs.

Emergency systems.

Communication channels.

Every corner of the building visible from here.

Standing in front of the screens—

Commander Su-Hwa.

A temporary visitor badge hangs from her jacket.

Around her, department supervisors conduct introductions.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

The west wing cameras were upgraded last month.

Blind spots were reduced by thirty percent.

Su-Hwa studies the monitors.

Only a few seconds.

SU-HWA

There's still one.

The supervisor blinks.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

Excuse me?

Su-Hwa walks toward a screen.

Points.

SU-HWA

Third floor.

Hallway intersection.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

That area is covered by two cameras.

SU-HWA

Not during simultaneous elevator traffic.

A pause.

The supervisor checks.

His expression changes immediately.

Because she's right.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

...I'll be damned.

Another supervisor exchanges a glance with him.

SUPERVISOR LEE

She's been here twenty minutes.

SUPERVISOR JUNG

I know.

Su-Hwa continues walking.

Already examining something else.

INT. EXECUTIVE FLOOR – SAME TIME

Executive Han walks beside Vice Chairman Kang.

Both men watch a live security feed.

The camera shows Su-Hwa reviewing access checkpoints.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

How long has she been here?

EXECUTIVE HAN

Forty-three minutes.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

And she's already making enemies.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Only professional ones.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

Good.

A beat.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG (CONT'D)

The competent people always do.

Back on the monitor—

Su-Hwa has somehow gathered three supervisors around a screen.

Pointing out vulnerabilities.

Fixes.

Procedures.

No hesitation.

No uncertainty.

As if she'd worked there for years.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG (CONT'D)

Interesting.

EXECUTIVE HAN

What?

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

She's relaxed.

EXECUTIVE HAN

That's relaxed?

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

For her.

Executive Han cannot argue with that.

INT. DANCE REHEARSAL STUDIO – LATER

Music blasts through speakers.

The members move through choreography.

Sharp.

Precise.

Hours of repetition made visible.

A-Rin misses a step.

MINJI

Again.

A-RIN

I know.

They restart.

Thirty seconds later—

A-Rin misses another transition.

SOYEON

Okay.

Everyone stops.

HANA

What's wrong with you today?

A-RIN

Nothing.

MINJI

You've messed up the same section three times.

A-RIN

I'm distracted.

SOYEON

By?

A-Rin opens her mouth.

Stops.

Because she doesn't actually know.

The members wait.

A-RIN

Lack of sleep.

MINJI

Reasonable.

SOYEON

Suspicious.

A-RIN

Why are you all like this?

The studio door suddenly opens.

Everyone turns.

A staff member enters.

STAFF

Sorry.

Looking for Manager Park.

The collective disappointment in the room is immediate.

Especially from one person.

Unfortunately—

everyone notices.

HANA  
Oh.

A-RIN  
Don't.

SOYEON  
OH.

MINJI  
Now I understand.

A-RIN  
You understand nothing.

HANA  
It's the bodyguard.

A-RIN  
It's not the bodyguard.

SOYEON  
It's definitely the bodyguard.

A-RIN  
We're literally discussing workplace security.

MINJI  
You've known her one day.

A-RIN  
Exactly.

SOYEON  
That doesn't help your argument.

A-Rin points accusingly at all of them.

A-RIN  
You're terrible friends.

HANA  
Correct.

INT. SECURITY TRAINING ROOM – AFTERNOON

A heavy padded mat covers the floor.

Several company security officers stand watching.

Some curious.

Some skeptical.

At the center—

Su-Hwa.

An instructor folds his arms.

INSTRUCTOR

The team requested a demonstration.

SU-HWA

Why?

INSTRUCTOR

Because nobody believes Executive Han.

SU-HWA

About what?

INSTRUCTOR

That you're as good as he says.

Silence.

Several officers suddenly look uncomfortable.

Because saying it out loud sounds worse.

The instructor clears his throat.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Respectfully.

SU-HWA

Of course.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Who first?

The room immediately becomes very quiet.

OFFICER SEO

Wait.

Just like that?

SU-HWA

You wanted proof.

Nobody volunteers.

Until finally—

one officer steps forward.

Confident.

Athletic.

Larger than Su-Hwa by nearly twenty kilograms.

OFFICER SEO

I'll go.

SU-HWA

Good.

Three seconds later—

he is flat on his back.

The room erupts.

OFFICER SEO

WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!

SU-HWA

You telegraphed the grab.

OFFICER SEO

I did not.

SU-HWA

You did.

OFFICER SEO

I absolutely—

He pauses.

Thinking about it.

OFFICER SEO

...I did.

The instructor rubs his forehead.

INSTRUCTOR

Again.

The second attempt lasts four seconds.

The third lasts five.

By the end of the session—

nobody is laughing anymore.

Only staring.

Because the rumors were somehow understated.

INT. COMPANY CAFETERIA – AFTERNOON

Lunch hour.

Most employees are inside.

Conversations echo across dozens of tables.

Laughter.

Phones.

The noise of another busy day.

EXT. AURORA HEADQUARTERS – REAR COURTYARD – AFTERNOON

Outside—

a wide stone staircase overlooks a small courtyard garden.

Quiet.

Removed from the rest of the building.

Near the top step—

Su-Hwa sits alone.

A bottle of water rests beside her.

Unopened for several minutes.

She stares toward the distant city skyline.

Motionless.

Thinking.

Or trying not to think.

Employees occasionally pass through the courtyard below.

They notice her immediately.

Their voices drop.

EMPLOYEE #1

Is that her?

EMPLOYEE #2

The new security chief?

They quickly move on.

Su-Hwa doesn't react.

The wind shifts through the trees.

A few leaves scatter across the stone steps.

Finally—

she reaches for the water bottle.

Unscrews the cap.

Takes a small drink.

Then returns to staring at nothing.

Alone.

Until—

rapid footsteps approach.

A familiar voice breaks the silence.

A-RIN (O.S.)

There you are.

Su-Hwa doesn't look surprised.

Not even slightly.

A-Rin appears at the bottom of the staircase.

Breathing harder than necessary.

As though locating Su-Hwa required an official search team.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

I've been looking everywhere.

SU-HWA

Why?

A-RIN

Because nobody knew where you were.

SU-HWA

Apparently I succeeded.

A-Rin climbs the remaining steps.

Drops down beside her.

Not quite touching.

Close enough.

A-RIN

You know normal people eat lunch indoors.

SU-HWA

I'm not normal people.

A-RIN

Fair.

A pause.

The wind moves through the trees.

Below them—

employees move between buildings.

Meetings.

Schedules.

Deadlines.

An entire company in motion.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing out here?

SU-HWA

Observing.

A-RIN

That sounds suspiciously like bodyguard language.

SU-HWA

It is.

A-Rin follows her gaze.

The parking lot.

The side entrances.

Delivery access points.

Security checkpoints.

Things she has never paid attention to.

A-RIN

What exactly are you observing?

SU-HWA

Patterns.

A-RIN

That sounds even more suspicious.

SU-HWA

Most people move predictably.

A-RIN

And?

SU-HWA

The dangerous ones don't.

A beat.

A-Rin glances at her.

Not sure if she's joking.

She isn't.

Then—

Su-Hwa's eyes narrow.

Across the courtyard.

Three buildings away.

A maintenance worker pushes a utility cart toward a service entrance.

Nothing unusual.

At first.

Then Su-Hwa stands.

Instantly.

A-RIN

What?

No answer.

The maintenance worker swipes an access card.

The door unlocks.

He enters.

The door closes.

Su-Hwa keeps watching.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

What happened?

SU-HWA

Did you see his badge?

A-RIN

No.

SU-HWA

Neither did I.

A-RIN

...okay?

SU-HWA

Employees display credentials automatically.

Contractors display them even more.

A-Rin blinks.

Still confused.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

People hiding something avoid being identified.

A-RIN

You're saying he's suspicious because he didn't show his badge?

SU-HWA

No.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

I'm saying he's suspicious because he knew exactly where the camera blind spot was.

That gets A-Rin's attention.

Immediately.

A-RIN

What?

Su-Hwa is already moving.

Walking quickly down the steps.

A-Rin jumps up.

Following.

A-RIN

Wait.

What does that mean?

SU-HWA

It means either he's lucky.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Or he's been here before.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR – MINUTES LATER

A sterile hallway.

Concrete walls.

No decorations.

No music.

No idols.

The hidden side of Aurora.

A-Rin has never been here.

SU-HWA

Stay behind me.

A-RIN

You say that a lot.

SU-HWA

Because you ignore it a lot.

They continue forward.

Ahead—

the service door.

Closed.

Su-Hwa checks the handle.

Locked.

Then kneels.

Examining the electronic panel.

Something catches her eye.

A tiny scratch.

Barely visible.

A-RIN

What is it?

SU-HWA

Someone opened this recently.

A-RIN

People use doors.

SU-HWA

Not like this.

She points.

A-Rin leans closer.

Tiny marks.

Around the emergency override slot.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Someone bypassed the lock.

A-RIN

Can security see that?

SU-HWA

Not unless they know where to look.

The realization slowly settles.

Someone entered a restricted area.

Without authorization.

And nobody noticed.

Su-Hwa stands.

Thinking.

The headache returns.

Brief.

Sharp.

Then—

another flash.

FLASH.

Rain.

A military compound.

A lock.

Tiny scratches.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

Nobody breaks a lock because they have to.

A beat.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

They break it because they plan on coming back.

FLASH ENDS.

Su-Hwa grips the wall.

The pain vanishes.

Leaving only the words.

A-RIN

You okay?

SU-HWA

Fine.

A-RIN

You don't look fine.

SU-HWA

I didn't ask.

A-Rin rolls her eyes.

Then—

a voice echoes from farther down the corridor.

STAFF MEMBER (O.S.)

Did someone leave this here?

Both women freeze.

The voice came from around the corner.

Su-Hwa moves first.

Fast.

Silent.

They reach the junction.

A junior staff member stands there.

Holding a small black object.

Confused.

STAFF MEMBER

Uh—

Security?

Su-Hwa's expression changes instantly.

Because she knows exactly what she's looking at.

Not a bomb.

Not a weapon.

Something worse.

A surveillance transmitter.

Professional grade.

Hidden.

Recently installed.

Someone has been listening.

Inside Aurora Headquarters.

For a long time.

And suddenly—

the stalking of A-Rin.

The photograph.

The messages.

The fake maintenance worker.

The old military photo.

None of it feels separate anymore.

It's connected.

Someone isn't just watching A-Rin.

Someone is inside the company.

Watching everyone.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE FLOOR – SAME MOMENT

Vice Chairman Kang stares at a report.

Executive Han enters.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Sir.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

What?

Leans down.

Whispers in his ear.

Nobody else hears.

Immediately, Kang's expression changes.

Not dramatically.

Silence.

The Vice Chairman slowly lowers the document.

For the first time—

he looks genuinely concerned.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

Where?

EXECUTIVE HAN

Service Corridor C.

A beat.

VICE CHAIRMAN KANG

That's impossible.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Apparently not.

The Vice Chairman turns toward the window.

The city beyond the glass.

Thinking.

Calculating.

Because Corridor C isn't near the idols.

Or the trainees.

Or the public areas.

It's near executive archives.

Near records.

Near sealed company files.

And suddenly—

he realizes something.

The intruder may never have been interested in A-Rin.

She may have simply been the easiest way to get close.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE.**

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#### **ACT FOUR**

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM – AFTERNOON

Rows of monitors.

Camera feeds.

Access records.

Building schematics.

Su-Hwa stands alone.

She pulls up access logs.

Not from today.

Not yesterday.

Three months.

Then six.

Then a year.

Searches.

Cross-references.

Patterns.

Nobody notices.

Because nobody thinks to look that far back.

A name appears repeatedly.

Different departments.

Different access cards.

Different schedules.

Yet always nearby.

Maintenance requests.

Cleaning crews.

Contractor visits.

Deliveries.

The identities change.

The pattern does not.

Su-Hwa zooms in.

A floor plan appears.

Colored markers.

Movement trails.

At first glance—

random.

Then suddenly—

not random.

Every route intersects.

One location.

A single archive room.

Su-Hwa's eyes narrow.

ARCHIVE B-17.

Not A-Rin's floor.

Not executive offices.

Not security systems.

Archive B-17.

She opens the inventory.

Thousands of documents.

Financial records.

Legal contracts.

Old employee files.

And then—

one category catches her attention.

RESTRICTED HISTORICAL RECORDS.

Her headache strikes instantly.

Sharp.

Violent.

FLASH.

Rain.

Military tents.

Paper files.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

People hide weapons.

A beat.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

Smart people hide records.

FLASH ENDS.

Su-Hwa exhales slowly.

The pain fades.

Leaving only the words.

INT. ARCHIVE B-17 – EVENING

A secure room.

No windows.

Rows upon rows of shelving.

Dust.

Old paperwork.

Forgotten history.

The room should be empty.

It isn't.

Su-Hwa stands alone between the shelves.

Reading.

Employee records.

Corporate acquisitions.

Government contracts.

Nothing unusual.

Until—

a file is missing.

Not removed.

Missing.

The gap is obvious.

Because somebody forgot to hide it.

Su-Hwa kneels.

Examines the shelf.

No dust.

Recent disturbance.

Very recent.

Someone took it within days.

She checks the catalog.

File Number 4471-B.

Archived thirteen years ago.

Requested twice.

Once thirteen years ago.

Once—

two weeks ago.

Her eyes narrow.

Requested by whom?

The record is blank.

Deleted.

Not hidden.

Deleted.

Which means someone with authority accessed it.

Someone powerful.

Or someone pretending to be.

Then—

she notices something else.

A tiny piece of paper.

Trapped behind the shelf.

Barely visible.

Most people would never see it.

Su-Hwa does.

She pulls it free.

A torn corner.

Part of a photograph.

Old.

Faded.

Black-and-white.

Only a fragment remains.

A military uniform.

A shoulder patch.

And a symbol.

Su-Hwa freezes.

The world suddenly becomes very quiet.

Because she knows that symbol.

Not consciously.

Not completely.

But she knows it.

FLASH.

Gunfire.

Rain.

Screaming.

FLASH.

A helicopter.

Burning.

FLASH.

Someone shouting.

UNKNOWN VOICE

Commander!

FLASH ENDS.

The pain nearly drops her to one knee.

She grips the shelf.

Breathing hard.

The fragment trembles in her hand.

Not from fear.

Recognition.

Somewhere deep inside her damaged memory—

something is trying to surface.

Something important.

Then—

a voice.

A-RIN (O.S.)

I knew I'd find you here.

Su-Hwa turns sharply.

A-Rin stands in the doorway.

Holding two coffees.

A smug expression.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You're really bad at taking breaks.

SU-HWA

How did you get in?

A-RIN

I asked six people.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Then ignored all their answers.

For the first time—

Su-Hwa almost smiles.

Almost.

A-Rin notices immediately.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

There it is.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

That was definitely one.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

You're getting easier to read.

That statement lingers.

Longer than it should.

Because for years—

nobody could read her at all.

A-Rin holds out a coffee.

Su-Hwa looks at it.

Then at her.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Before you ask—

yes.

It contains actual caffeine.

And no—

I didn't make it.

Su-Hwa accepts it.

Without realizing.

The same way she accepted Ha-Jun's coffee each time.

A-Rin doesn't know that.

But Su-Hwa suddenly does.

And for a brief moment—

the memory hurts more than the headache.

Because she's starting to remember more and more.

**END OF ACT FOUR.**

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## **ACT FIVE**

INT. ARCHIVE B-17 – EVENING

The archive room is silent.

Rows of forgotten history.

Dust.

Old records.

Secrets nobody remembers.

Or perhaps secrets somebody wanted forgotten.

A-Rin sits on the floor beside Su-Hwa.

Both holding coffee.

Neither drinking it.

Su-Hwa studies the torn photograph fragment again.

The military shoulder patch.

The symbol.

The feeling it leaves behind.

A-RIN

What's that?

A beat.

SU-HWA

I don't know.

A-RIN

That's not true.

Su-Hwa remains silent.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You only use that voice when you're lying.

The statement hangs in the air.

Not accusing.

Observational.

Su-Hwa finally speaks.

SU-HWA

I don't remember.

A-Rin immediately understands.

Not the same thing.

Not even close.

And for once—

she lets it go.

No jokes.

No teasing.

Nothing.

Su-Hwa turns back toward the archive terminal.

Her fingers move across the keyboard.

Searches begin appearing.

Hospital attacks.

Stalking incidents.

Actor disappearances.

Vehicle accidents.

Threat reports.

Witness statements.

Private investigations.

Years of records.

Years of victims.

Years of dead ends.

A-RIN

What are you looking for?

No answer.

More searching.

More files.

More names.

Then—

Su-Hwa changes the search parameter.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

...why investigators?

SU-HWA

Because victims don't solve crimes.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Investigators do.

The screen refreshes.

Results appear.

Su-Hwa freezes.

A-Rin notices immediately.

A-RIN

What?

Su-Hwa slowly points.

Three detectives.

Different cities.

Different cases.

No connection.

Except—

every one of them investigated one of Aurora's incidents.

One resigned unexpectedly.

One transferred overseas.

One vanished from law enforcement entirely.

Another search.

Journalist.

Investigated an attack.

Career suddenly ended.

Another.

Private investigator.

Business collapsed.

Disappeared.

Another.

Cybercrime analyst.

Retired at thirty-three.

A-Rin leans closer.

The more names appear—

the quieter she becomes.

A-RIN

That's impossible.

SU-HWA

No.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

It's organized.

The room falls silent.

Because suddenly—

the victims stop mattering.

The people who searched for answers become the pattern.

And patterns never lie.

**END OF ACT FIVE.**

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## **ACT SIX**

INT. ABANDONED RIVERSIDE STORAGE FACILITY – NIGHT

No cameras.

No network.

No security system.

No nearby buildings.

Only concrete.

Steel.

And silence.

Su-Hwa arrives first.

A plain jacket purchased from a roadside market.

New.

Unregistered.

Never worn before.

Her phone is gone.

Anything electronic is gone.

Minutes later—

Kang enters through a separate entrance.

Dressed differently than usual.

No driver.

No assistant.

No security.

Just Kang.

The metal door closes behind him.

For several seconds—

neither speaks.

Su-Hwa watches him.

Kang watches her.

Silence.

Long silence.

Then—

KANG

How much have you figured out?

Su-Hwa's eyes narrow.

Because that isn't denial.

It's confirmation.

SU-HWA

Enough to know you knew.

Kang exhales slowly.

As if carrying a weight for years.

KANG

I suspected.

SU-HWA

For how long?

KANG

Eleven years.

The answer lands heavily.

SU-HWA

And you told nobody.

KANG

Who would I tell?

He walks toward the window.

Looking down at the city.

KANG (CONT'D)

Every person who got close disappeared.

Another silence.

KANG (CONT'D)

Detectives.

Journalists.

Auditors.

Private investigators.

Every trail ended the same way.

Nothing.

SU-HWA

You investigated it yourself.

KANG

For years.

A bitter laugh escapes him.

KANG (CONT'D)

You know what's frustrating?

SU-HWA

What?

KANG

I've spent eleven years looking.

Following records.

Following incidents.

Following people.

Nothing.

Not one answer.

He turns toward her.

KANG (CONT'D)

You arrived yesterday.

And you've already uncovered more than I did.

For the first time—

Su-Hwa sees genuine frustration.

Not guilt.

Not deception.

Failure.

Years of failure.

KANG (CONT'D)

The moment people get close—  
they move.

Witnesses disappear.

Records disappear.

Entire trails disappear.

As if someone is always watching first.

KANG (CONT'D)

That transmitter.

That's the first proof I've ever seen.

The first proof they were watching us too.

Not just the victims.

Us.

The investigators.

A long silence.

SU-HWA

Who are they?

KANG

If I knew that—

none of this would be happening.

Another pause.

Then—

KANG (CONT'D)

But I know one thing.

SU-HWA

What?

KANG

Aurora isn't the source.

The room becomes still.

KANG (CONT'D)

It's a doorway.

Nothing more.

The people you're hunting—  
they existed long before Aurora.

And they'll exist long after it.

Su-Hwa studies him.

Searching for lies.

Finding none.

Only exhaustion.

Years of it.

Then—

SU-HWA

File 4471-B.

Everything stops.

Kang goes completely silent.

A dangerous silence.

KANG

You shouldn't have found that.

SU-HWA

What is it?

KANG

The reason I stayed.

A beat.

KANG (CONT'D)

Twenty years ago—

Or more.

Aurora wasn't Aurora.

Different company.

Different ownership.

Different executives.

Different purpose.

SU-HWA

What purpose?

KANG

Military contracting.

The words hit like a gunshot.

The symbol.

The photograph.

The missing records.

Her memories.

Ghost Operation.

Pieces begin touching.

Not enough for answers.

Enough for fear.

KANG (CONT'D)

Whatever this organization is now—  
it didn't start here.

But it passed through here.

And when the company changed hands...  
some things were never removed.

Some records survived.

Some people survived.

KANG (CONT'D)

Whatever you're looking for—  
it started here.

Silence.

Then—

Su-Hwa speaks.

SU-HWA

The transmitter wasn't important.

KANG

What?

SU-HWA

Finding it was important.

Different thing.

Kang studies her.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

A transmitter isn't intelligence.

It's evidence.

Evidence that someone is nervous.

KANG

Nervous about what?

SU-HWA

About us getting close.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

People don't spend years hiding something unless it matters.

And they don't start listening unless they're afraid someone found the trail.

KANG

You think we did?

SU-HWA

I think we found something they didn't expect us to find.

The photograph.

The file.

The symbol.

Something changed.

Otherwise they wouldn't risk exposing surveillance assets.

A long silence.

KANG

Then they know we're investigating.

SU-HWA

Maybe.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Or maybe they think you're not a threat.

That possibility lands harder.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Eleven years.

No public accusations.

No leaks.

No arrests.

No disruption.

If I were them—

I'd watch you.

Not eliminate you.

KANG

And now?

SU-HWA

Now you've become a variable.

Which means from this point forward—  
trust no one.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Anyone competent assumes there are more.

Microphones.

Cameras.

Compromised personnel.

Network access.

The transmitter only proves they became careless.

KANG

So where is it?

SU-HWA

Exactly where I found it.

Kang blinks.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Untouched.

Let them think nothing changed.

For the first time—

Kang looks impressed.

KANG

You left it there.

SU-HWA

Of course.

If it disappears—

they know I found it.

If it remains—

they assume they're still hidden.

A pause.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Right now they're blind.

They just don't know it yet.

KANG

And now?

SU-HWA

Now they don't know what I know.

For the first time—

Kang almost smiles.

Almost.

KANG

You're more dangerous than I expected.

SU-HWA

I know.

The answer comes instantly.

Completely serious.

Kang actually laughs.

A short one.

The first genuine laugh she's heard from him.

Then the mood changes.

Back to business.

A pause.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Trust no one.

KANG

I already don't.

SU-HWA

No.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Not executives.

Not security.

Not investigators.

Not employees.

No one.

The room grows quiet.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

I've already warned A-Rin.

Outside this company—

people think I came here to protect a celebrity.

Because of the stalking incidents.

Because they think I have a kind heart.

Kang snorts.

Kang slowly nods.

SU-HWA

This is no longer about A-Rin.

The idols.

The actors.

Or even Aurora.

Silence.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

At first I thought someone was targeting specific people.

Now I think those people were simply close to something they weren't supposed to see.

Kang says nothing.

Listening.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Every investigator disappears.

Every witness vanishes.

Every trail gets erased.

That doesn't happen by accident.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Whatever this is—

it's been operating for years.

Maybe decades.

And people have died protecting it.

The words settle heavily between them.

KANG

What are you saying?

SU-HWA

I'm saying this investigation may cost every person involved their life.

Silence.

Kang's expression hardens.

Not fear.

Acceptance.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

From this point forward, I'll limit contact.

No meetings inside Aurora.

No calls.

No messages.

No company networks.

KANG

You think it's that bad?

SU-HWA

I think we're already late.

A long pause.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Trust no one.

Not because they're guilty.

Because we don't know who is.

Kang slowly nods.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

When I need help, I'll ask.

When I need resources, provide them.

When I need access, don't ask why.

That's all I want from you.

KANG

And if you disappear?

Su-Hwa holds his gaze.

SU-HWA

Then assume I found something important.

Silence.

KANG

You have a lot of faith in yourself.

For the first time—

the faintest hint of a smile appears.

SU-HWA

No.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

I have very little faith in the people chasing me.

The smile disappears as quickly as it came.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

And that worries me more.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Kang slowly nods.

Then—

KANG

There are two people.

Su-Hwa immediately looks up.

KANG (CONT'D)

Two people I trust.

The only two.

Silence.

KANG

Executive Director Han.

A beat.

KANG (CONT'D)

I sent him to recruit you.

He's been with me for years.

If I trust anyone—

it's him.

Su-Hwa files the name away.

KANG (CONT'D)

And Manager Park.

A small smile appears.

KANG (CONT'D)

Everyone calls him Father Park.

Because he's everybody's father.

The entire company goes to him when they have problems.

SU-HWA

And you trust him?

KANG

With my life.

Silence.

Su-Hwa studies him carefully.

Measuring.

Evaluating.

Then—

SU-HWA

Good.

KANG

Good?

SU-HWA

Now I know who they'll target next.

Kang freezes.

The realization hits immediately.

If those are the only people he trusts—

they're also the only people worth investigating.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

From this moment forward—

you tell them nothing.

Nothing about me.

Nothing about Ghost Operation.

Nothing about File 4471-B.

Nothing.

KANG

Even them?

SU-HWA

Especially them.

Silence.

A cold realization settles over the room.

The enemy isn't outside anymore.

The enemy could be anywhere.

**END OF ACT SIX.**

---

## **ACT SEVEN**

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION – SAME TIME

A dark room.

Monitors glow in the darkness.

Rows of surveillance feeds.

Aurora hallways.

Security offices.

Executive floors.

Parking garages.

A shadowed figure watches quietly.

A technician studies several screens.

Frowning.

TECHNICIAN

Something's wrong.

The figure looks up.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

I lost her for forty-three minutes.

Silence.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

No cameras.

No company vehicle.

No phone signal.

Nothing.

The figure slowly turns.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Then Vice Chairman Kang disappeared too.

A beat.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Twenty-one minutes later.

The room becomes still.

The figure studies the timeline displayed on a monitor.

KIM SU-HWA.

OFFLINE.

KANG MIN-SEOK.

OFFLINE.

Two overlapping gaps.

Too precise to be coincidence.

TECHNICIAN

Neither used company transportation.

Neither used company devices.

No electronic communication.

The figure says nothing.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

They met somewhere.

Another silence.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

We just don't know where.

The figure's eyes narrow.

For the first time—

genuine concern.

FIGURE

How many people noticed?

TECHNICIAN

Only us.

The figure nods.

Thinking.

Calculating.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Do we proceed?

A long pause.

Then—

FIGURE

No.

TECHNICIAN

Why?

The figure looks toward Su-Hwa's personnel file.

Mostly classified.

Mostly redacted.

FIGURE

Because she finally started acting like herself.

Silence.

TECHNICIAN

You think she suspects surveillance?

FIGURE

I think she suspects everyone.

A beat.

FIGURE (CONT'D)

And that's much more dangerous.

The room falls silent.

The figure continues staring at her photograph.

Thinking.

Planning.

Waiting.

FIGURE (CONT'D)

Find out where they met.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE 2**

## **EPISODE 3 - FRAGMENTS**

### **ACT ONE**

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – BEFORE DAWN

Darkness.

The residence sleeps.

The city beyond the windows remains quiet.

Most people are dreaming.

Su-Hwa is not.

She sits alone in the shared sitting area.

Fully dressed.

A notebook rests on the table.

Beside it—

a hand-drawn map.

Aurora Headquarters.

Entrances.

Service corridors.

Archive B-17.

Security blind spots.

Names.

Schedules.

Questions.

The investigation has already begun.

A half-empty cup of coffee sits untouched.

Her eyes remain fixed on the page.

Not reading.

Thinking.

Searching.

A sharp pain strikes.

Without warning.

Su-Hwa closes her eyes.

FLASH.

A military tent.

Maps spread across a table.

Rain hammering against canvas.

A hand points toward a location.

Not her hand.

HA-JUN (O.S.)

If this goes wrong—

nobody comes looking for us.

FLASH ENDS.

Su-Hwa inhales sharply.

The pain remains.

Longer this time.

A second flash.

FLASH.

A document.

CLASSIFIED.

The words are blurred.

Almost unreadable.

Except for one.

GHOST.

FLASH ENDS.

Su-Hwa grips the edge of the table.

Breathing slowly.

Controlled.

The pain eventually fades.

Leaving behind only one thing.

A name.

HA-JUN.

Silence.

SU-HWA

Ha-Jun.

The name feels unfamiliar.

And important.

She writes it down immediately.

HA-JUN.

Underlines it once.

Then twice.

The notebook remains open.

HA-JUN.

The symbol.

File 4471-B.

Ghost Operation.

Disconnected pieces.

For now.

A quiet sound interrupts her thoughts.

Footsteps.

A moment later—

A-Rin appears in the hallway.

Oversized shirt.

Messy hair.

Half asleep.

A-RIN

You're still awake.

SU-HWA

You're awake too.

A-RIN

That's different.

SU-HWA

How?

A-RIN

I wasn't conducting an investigation at four in the morning.

SU-HWA

Fair.

A-Rin walks closer.

Drops onto the couch.

Immediately regrets standing up.

A-RIN

Why do mornings exist?

SU-HWA

To punish the weak.

A-RIN

You're spending too much time with security personnel.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Did you sleep at all?

SU-HWA

Briefly.

A-RIN

That's not reassuring.

SU-HWA

It wasn't intended to be.

A-Rin studies her.

The dark circles.

The pale complexion.

The stiffness around her eyes.

The way her hand briefly presses against her temple.

A-Rin notices all of it.

A-RIN

Headache?

SU-HWA

Minor.

A-RIN

Liar.

SU-HWA

Professional liar.

A-RIN

At least you're honest about it.

Silence.

Then—

A-Rin stands.

Points toward the bedroom.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Bed.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

That wasn't a suggestion.

SU-HWA

I'm working.

A-RIN

You're dying.

SU-HWA

That's dramatic.

A-RIN

I'm dramatic.

You met me.

A pause.

Then—

surprisingly—

Su-Hwa stands.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Wait.

That actually worked?

SU-HWA

I'm tired.

A-RIN

That's the smartest thing you've said all night.

They walk toward the bedroom.

Su-Hwa sits on the edge of the bed.

Still fully dressed.

Still holding the notebook.

A-Rin folds her arms.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Lie down.

SU-HWA

This feels hostile.

A-RIN

Good.

Lie down.

Another pause.

Then finally—

Su-Hwa leans back.

Not because she wants to.

Because her body is starting to lose the argument.

A-Rin nods approvingly.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

See?

Progress.

Su-Hwa closes her eyes.

Just for a moment.

Then—

nothing.

No response.

A-Rin blinks.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

...Unnie?

Silence.

A-Rin steps closer.

Realization slowly appears.

SU-HWA is asleep.

Completely asleep.

Less than ten seconds.

A-Rin stares.

Then laughs quietly.

A-RIN

Wow.

You were really losing that fight.

Carefully—

she takes the notebook from Su-Hwa's hand.

Places it on the bedside table.

Then pulls the blanket over her.

The sleeping commander doesn't react.

For once.

She's completely still.

A-Rin watches her for a moment.

The tension.

The exhaustion.

The pain she never talks about.

All visible now.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Unnie.

A beat.

A small smile.

Then A-Rin quietly leaves the room.

The door closes softly behind her.

Silence returns.

The notebook remains on the table.

One page still partially visible.

Covered with names.

Dates.

Locations.

Questions.

And near the bottom—

written repeatedly.

Again.

And again.

And again.

HA-JUN.

HA-JUN.

HA-JUN.

As though someone was afraid of forgetting.

**END OF ACT ONE.**

---

**ACT TWO**

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – LATE MORNING

Sunlight spills through the curtains.

The residence is already awake.

Staff move through hallways.

Schedules begin.

Phones ring.

Another day has started.

Inside the suite—

Su-Hwa remains asleep.

Motionless.

The blanket still covers her.

The notebook remains untouched on the bedside table.

Hours have passed.

Far longer than intended.

For the first time in a very long time—

Commander Su-Hwa has overslept.

INT. PRIVATE SUITE – LATER

A-Rin stands beside the bed.

Arms folded.

Concern slowly replacing amusement.

A-RIN

It's been another hour.

MANAGER PARK

She was awake all night.

A-RIN

She was awake yesterday too.

MANAGER PARK

And the day before that.

A-RIN

That's not helping.

Manager Park glances toward Su-Hwa.

Still asleep.

Not restless.

Not dreaming.

Just exhausted.

MANAGER PARK

Honestly—

I'm surprised she stayed awake this long.

A-RIN

Shouldn't we wake her?

MANAGER PARK

Normally?

Probably.

A beat.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

But I suspect her body finally won an argument.

A-Rin doesn't laugh.

Because something feels wrong.

The color has drained from Su-Hwa's face.

Even sleeping—

she looks exhausted.

A-RIN

She looks pale.

MANAGER PARK

I noticed.

A-RIN

You noticed and didn't say anything?

MANAGER PARK

I didn't want to worry you.

A-RIN

That strategy seems flawed.

Manager Park nods.

MANAGER PARK

Fair criticism.

Silence.

A-Rin studies her.

The dark circles.

The tension that never completely leaves her expression.

Even asleep.

A-RIN

She looked different yesterday.

MANAGER PARK

Different how?

A-RIN

I don't know.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Tired.

Manager Park's expression shifts slightly.

Because he noticed too.

Then—

movement.

Small.

Barely noticeable.

Su-Hwa's fingers twitch.

A-Rin immediately straightens.

A-RIN

Unnie?

No response.

Then—

slowly—

Su-Hwa's eyes open.

Blank.

Completely blank.

No recognition.

No reaction.

Nothing.

The room becomes very quiet.

A-RIN

Unnie?

Several seconds pass.

Long enough to become uncomfortable.

Long enough for concern to become fear.

Then finally—

focus returns.

Slowly.

Painfully.

As if she's forcing herself back into the room.

SU-HWA

...A-Rin?

A-Rin immediately exhales.

A-RIN

Don't do that.

Su-Hwa blinks.

Confused.

SU-HWA

Do what?

A-RIN

That.

The terrifying thing.

SU-HWA

You'll need to be more specific.

She tries to sit up.

Immediately regrets it.

The room tilts.

A sharp headache strikes.

Her hand reaches for her temple.

Instinctive.

Automatic.

Manager Park notices.

A-Rin notices.

Neither says anything.

SU-HWA

How long?

MANAGER PARK

Approximately six hours.

Silence.

Su-Hwa freezes.

Six hours.

The number lands heavily.

SU-HWA

That's impossible.

MANAGER PARK

You were asleep.

SU-HWA

For six hours?

MANAGER PARK

Closer to seven.

A beat.

Something flashes across her face.

Not embarrassment.

Anxiety.

Real anxiety.

Because seven hours means seven hours she doesn't remember.

Seven hours lost.

Seven hours gone.

A-RIN

Hey.

Su-Hwa looks toward her.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Most people call that healthy.

SU-HWA

Most people aren't me.

The answer comes instantly.

Too quickly.

A-Rin falls silent.

Because she knows that's true.

Su-Hwa slowly stands.

The movement is careful.

Deliberate.

As though her body suddenly weighs more than it did yesterday.

MANAGER PARK

Maybe take today slowly.

SU-HWA

No.

MANAGER PARK

That wasn't surprising.

A-RIN

You look awful.

SU-HWA

Thank you.

A-RIN

That wasn't a compliment.

SU-HWA

I know.

A beat.

Then—

without warning—

another flash.

A voice.

Distant.

Distorted.

HA-JUN (MEMORY)

Commander—

The world blurs.

Just for a second.

Su-Hwa grips the edge of the table.

Hard.

The memory vanishes.

Leaving only pain.

And fear.

Because this time—

the voice sounded closer.

Much closer.

As though something inside her mind is finally beginning to wake up.

## **END OF ACT TWO.**

---

## **ACT THREE**

Su-Hwa pushes herself to her feet.

Immediately—

the room tilts.

Harder this time.

Her vision blurs.

The floor shifts beneath her.

A-RIN

Unnie—

Su-Hwa takes one step.

Then another.

The third never happens.

Her knees buckle.

A-Rin catches her first.

Manager Park catches her second.

The three nearly collapse together.

A-RIN  
Whoa—

MANAGER PARK  
Easy.

Su-Hwa immediately tries to pull away.

SU-HWA  
I'm fine.

A-RIN  
No.

MANAGER PARK  
Absolutely not.

SU-HWA  
I can stand.

A-RIN  
That's not the standard we're using.

MANAGER PARK  
Sit down.

Together—

they guide her back onto the bed.  
Su-Hwa looks deeply offended by the entire situation.

A-RIN  
Good.  
Stay there.

SU-HWA

I have work.

A-RIN

You almost fell over.

SU-HWA

Almost.

A-RIN

That isn't helping your argument.

MANAGER PARK

Not even slightly.

A long silence.

Su-Hwa sits on the edge of the bed.

Shoulders tense.

Hands clasped.

Waiting for the dizziness to pass.

A-Rin kneels slightly in front of her.

Studying her face.

The pale skin.

The dark circles.

The exhaustion.

A-RIN

What's happening to you?

Silence.

SU-HWA

Nothing.

A-RIN

Liar.

Another silence.

MANAGER PARK

You've looked worse every day.

A-RIN

You barely sleep.

MANAGER PARK

You barely eat.

A-RIN

And now you're falling over.

Silence.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Tell us what's wrong.

Silence.

Again.

But longer this time.

Because Su-Hwa knows the answer.

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – PRIVATE SUITE – LATE MORNING

Su-Hwa sits on the edge of the bed.

Silent.

A-Rin remains beside her.

Manager Park stands nearby.

Nobody is particularly happy.

Least of all Su-Hwa.

A knock comes at the door.

Three sharp knocks.

Then it opens.

Dr. Kang enters.

Immediately.

No greeting.

No smile.

No questions.

His expression alone makes the room colder.

Behind him—

MIN-JAE.

Carrying a medical case.

IV supplies.

Medication.

A portable monitor.

Already prepared.

Already knowing why they're here.

Su-Hwa sees them.

And immediately understands.

A beat.

Dr. Kang walks directly toward her.

MIN-JAE begins unpacking supplies.

Efficient.

Practiced.

As though they've done this before.

Because they have.

Many times.

A-RIN

...Should I be worried?

MIN-JAE

Yes.

The answer comes instantly.

Dr. Kang finally speaks.

DR. KANG

How long?

Silence.

SU-HWA

Good morning.

DR. KANG

How long?

SU-HWA

You look tired.

DR. KANG

Kim Su-Hwa.

The room goes still.

Nobody misses it.

The use of her full name.

The warning in his voice.

Su-Hwa exhales slowly.

SU-HWA

Several days.

MIN-JAE

Try again.

SU-HWA

A week.

MIN-JAE

Lie.

SU-HWA

Approximately—

MIN-JAE

Lie.

Silence.

DR. KANG

Two weeks.

Not a question.

A statement.

Su-Hwa says nothing.

Which confirms it.

A-Rin slowly looks toward the medication bottles Min-Jae has placed on the table.

There are many.

Far too many.

A-RIN

Wait.

She stopped taking all of them?

Nobody answers.

Because nobody needs to.

Dr. Kang reaches into his coat.

Pulls out a familiar black watch.

The room becomes quiet.

SU-HWA

You went to my house.

DR. KANG

Yes.

SU-HWA

Without permission.

DR. KANG

Yes.

SU-HWA

That seems illegal.

DR. KANG

I designed the watch.

A beat.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

I didn't need permission.

SU-HWA

That is not how laws work.

Still—

he ignores her.

The watch is secured around her wrist.

Immediately—

it vibrates.

Once.

Then again.

Then again.

Alert after alert appears.

LOW HEART RATE.

LOW BLOOD PRESSURE.

MEDICATION OVERDUE.

NEUROLOGICAL RISK INCREASED.

A-Rin's face loses color.

Manager Park stops smiling completely.

The room suddenly feels much smaller.

Dr. Kang simply stares at the screen.

Then at Su-Hwa.

No words.

Just disappointment.

Which somehow feels worse.

MIN-JAE

Pulse is worse.

DR. KANG

I know.

MIN-JAE

Blood pressure too.

DR. KANG

I know.

A-RIN

Can someone explain what that means?

Silence.

Min-Jae looks toward Dr. Kang.

Dr. Kang looks toward Su-Hwa.

Waiting.

Giving her one chance.

One.

SU-HWA

She says nothing.

Dr. Kang's patience finally breaks.

DR. KANG

It means she stopped medication protecting damaged neurological pathways.

Silence.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

It means the headaches returned.

A beat.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

The memory episodes returned.

Another beat.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

And if she keeps this up—  
she risks another seizure.

Nobody speaks.

A-Rin feels her stomach drop.

Manager Park looks genuinely alarmed.

Dr. Kang isn't finished.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

And if the neurological stress continues—

cardiac complications become possible.

The room falls silent.

Because nobody likes the way he said possible.

SU-HWA

You're exaggerating.

Dr. Kang turns toward her.

Slowly.

DR. KANG

Am I?

For the first time—

she looks away.

Min-Jae begins preparing the IV.

Already knowing the argument is over.

SU-HWA

Min-Jae.

MIN-JAE

No.

SU-HWA

I didn't even say anything.

MIN-JAE

You were going to.

SU-HWA

Possibly.

MIN-JAE

No.

A-Rin almost smiles.

But nobody else does.

Because this isn't funny.

This is familiar.

Far too familiar.

Dr. Kang kneels in front of Su-Hwa.

Lowering his voice.

Not softer.

Worse.

DR. KANG

Look at me.

She does.

Reluctantly.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

Why?

Silence.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

Why would you do this?

A long pause.

Then quietly—

SU-HWA

I have to remember.

Nobody moves.

Nobody speaks.

The words hit harder than shouting ever could.

Min-Jae closes his eyes.

Because he already knew.

Of course he knew.

DR. KANG

And if remembering kills you?

Silence.

SU-HWA

Then at least I'll know.

For the first time—

Dr. Kang looks genuinely angry.

Not frustrated.

Not annoyed.

Angry.

DR. KANG

No.

The answer is immediate.

Sharp.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

That's not how this works.

You don't get to decide your life is worth trading for answers.

SU-HWA

You don't know what I forgot.

DR. KANG

I know exactly what you forgot.

The room becomes still.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

I was there when they brought you back.

Silence.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

I was there when you couldn't remember your own name.

Silence.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

I was there when you woke up screaming because you thought everyone around you was dead.

A-Rin freezes.

Manager Park freezes.

Neither has ever heard him speak like this.

DR. KANG

And I spent three years putting you back together.

Three years.

The words land heavily.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

Three years.

And you're throwing it away because you're afraid of not knowing.

Nobody speaks.

Because for the first time—

Su-Hwa has no answer..

Dr. Kang takes a slow breath.

Trying to calm himself.

Failing.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

Do you think I prescribed all of this because I enjoy it?

He gestures toward the medication bottles.

The watch.

The medical equipment.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

Do you think I enjoy arguing with you every month?

Silence.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

Do you think I enjoy threatening you?

He continues..

DR. KANG

No.

Because every time I see you—

I'm reminded how close we came to losing you.

The room falls silent.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

You don't remember most of it.

I do.

A beat.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

I remember every setback.

Every seizure.

Every time you woke up confused.

Every time you forgot something important.

Every time you looked at me and didn't know who I was.

A-Rin's expression changes.

Because suddenly—

this is much worse than she imagined.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

I never told you everything.

Because I didn't want to scare you.

Su-Hwa slowly looks up.

For the first time—

there is genuine surprise in her eyes.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

You think recovery was guaranteed?

It wasn't.

Silence.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

There were days we weren't sure you'd recover at all.

Another silence.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

There were days we weren't sure you'd remember anything.

Another.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

There were days we weren't sure you'd wake up as yourself.

Nobody moves.

Nobody speaks.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

And now you're deliberately pushing yourself back toward that cliff.

His voice lowers.

Not angry anymore.

Worse.

Afraid.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

If you fall again—

this time you might not come back the same.

The words hit the room like a physical force.

A-Rin lowers her eyes.

Manager Park says nothing.

Su-Hwa remains completely still.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

You know that.

SU-HWA

...

DR. KANG

You know exactly what I'm talking about.

A long silence.

Then quietly—

SU-HWA

Yes.

DR. KANG stares at her for several seconds.

Then finally—

DR. KANG

I don't care about Ghost Operation.

I don't care about military records.

I don't care about conspiracies.

His voice breaks slightly.

Almost imperceptibly.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

I care whether you're alive next year.

Silence.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

Somebody has to.

Because apparently you don't.

The words hang in the room.

Heavy.

Painful.

And for the first time—

Commander Kim Su-Hwa cannot look him in the eye.

Min-Jae quietly inserts the IV.

She doesn't even resist.

Too tired.

Too exhausted.

The medication begins flowing.

Minutes pass.

Slowly—

the fight starts leaving her.

The tension in her shoulders.

The strain around her eyes.

The constant alertness.

All of it begins fading.

Dr. Kang notices first.

MIN-JAE notices second.

Because they've seen it before.

The moment her body finally stops fighting itself.

DR. KANG

There you are.

A-RIN

What?

DR. KANG

Exhaustion.

Not sleep.

Exhaustion.

Su-Hwa blinks.

Once.

Twice.

The room is becoming distant.

The voices softer.

Her eyes struggle to remain open.

MIN-JAE

When was the last time you slept properly?

No answer.

DR. KANG

Exactly.

Another blink.

Longer this time.

Then another.

A-Rin watches quietly.

Because she has never seen Su-Hwa look this fragile.

Not once.

DR. KANG

You're resting today.

SU-HWA

No.

DR. KANG  
You are.

SU-HWA  
Work—

DR. KANG  
No.

SU-HWA  
Investigation—

DR. KANG  
No.

SU-HWA  
Ghost—

DR. KANG  
Absolutely not.

A beat.

Then finally—

DR. KANG (CONT'D)  
And if you miss the next appointment—  
I'm putting—

SU-HWA  
A tracking device in my head.

Min-Jae snorts.

For the first time all day.

Dr. Kang glares at her.

SU-HWA  
You've used that threat before.

DR. KANG  
And one day I'll mean it.

The faintest hint of a smile appears.

Tiny.

Exhausted.

Almost invisible.

Then—

her eyes close.

And this time—

they don't reopen.

Silence.

The room remains still.

A-Rin watches her.

Sleeping.

Actually sleeping.

Not unconscious.

Not struggling.

Just asleep.

Dr. Kang gently adjusts the blanket.

His anger finally fading.

Leaving only concern.

DR. KANG  
Stubborn girl.

MIN-JAE  
Always has been.

Neither realizes—

A-Rin is staring at them.

Because for the first time—

she understands something.

These men aren't her doctors.

They're her past and present.

They're her family.

**END OF ACT THREE.**

---

#### **ACT FOUR**

The frightening thing isn't that she falls asleep.

The frightening thing is what happens while she's asleep.

Because Dr. Kang immediately notices.

Su-Hwa's breathing remains steady.

For a moment—

the room is quiet.

Nobody moves.

Nobody speaks.

Dr. Kang finishes adjusting the IV line.

MIN-JAE begins packing away empty wrappers and medical supplies.

A-Rin remains seated beside the bed.

Watching.

Still worried.

Still thinking about everything she just learned.

Three years.

Memory loss.

The medication.

The seizures.

The fact that Su-Hwa nearly died.

The room feels different now.

As if everyone suddenly understands how fragile she actually is.

Then—

Dr. Kang's expression changes.

Barely.

But enough.

He glances toward Su-Hwa's hand.

Once.

Then again.

A-RIN

What?

No answer.

Dr. Kang gently lifts Su-Hwa's left hand.

The fingers tremble.

Tiny movements.

Almost invisible.

Except they aren't stopping.

A-RIN

Is that normal?

Silence.

Dr. Kang doesn't answer immediately.

Which is answer enough.

MIN-JAE notices too.

MIN-JAE

...Hyung.

Dr. Kang's jaw tightens.

The tremor grows slightly stronger.

Not violent.

Not dramatic.

Just wrong.

Like her body is struggling with something nobody else can see.

DR. KANG

How long has she been like this?

A-RIN

Like what?

DR. KANG

The shaking.

A-RIN

I thought she was cold.

MIN-JAE closes his eyes.

Because of course she did.

Dr. Kang gently releases Su-Hwa's hand.

Then looks toward the monitor attached to her wrist.

The numbers begin changing.

A slow beeping fills the room.

A-RIN  
Doctor?

The heart rate rises.

Eighty.

Ninety.

One hundred.

One hundred ten.

A-RIN  
Why is it going up?

DR. KANG  
Because she's dreaming.

The answer chills the room.

Everyone looks toward Su-Hwa.

Still asleep.

Still motionless.

Yet somehow—

not peaceful.

The tremor spreads slightly up her wrist.

Her breathing changes.

Faster now.

Uneven.

MIN-JAE  
Not again.

A-Rin immediately notices the words.

A-RIN

What do you mean "again"?

Neither man answers.

Because both are watching the monitor.

Heart rate climbing.

One hundred twenty.

One hundred thirty.

A-RIN

Doctor.

DR. KANG

I know.

For the first time—

A-Rin hears concern in his voice.

Real concern.

The kind he tries very hard to hide.

Then—

Su-Hwa's fingers suddenly close.

As if grabbing something.

Holding on.

Tightly.

A-RIN

Unnie?

No response.

Her eyes remain shut.

But her forehead tightens.

Pain.

Fear.

Something.

DR. KANG  
Every time.

A-RIN  
Every time what?

A long silence.

Then—

DR. KANG  
When she sleeps deeply—  
the memories come back harder.

Nobody speaks.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)  
That's why she stopped sleeping.

The realization hits A-Rin immediately.

Not insomnia.

Not stubbornness.

Fear.

A-RIN  
She was scared.

DR. KANG  
Yes.

The monitor continues beeping.

One hundred thirty-five.

One hundred forty.

A-Rin stares at Su-Hwa.

Trying to imagine it.

Trying to imagine being afraid of sleep itself.

Then—

without warning—

Su-Hwa's hand jerks.

Hard.

The entire room freezes.

DR. KANG

Su-Hwa.

No response.

Another tremor.

Stronger.

Her breathing catches.

A-RIN

Doctor—

DR. KANG

Not yet.

His voice remains calm.

But his eyes do not.

Because he recognizes the signs.

And he does not like them.

Not at all.

A long second passes.

Then another.

Then slowly—

the monitor begins settling.

One hundred thirty.

One hundred twenty.

One hundred ten.

The tension leaves the room little by little.

Dr. Kang finally exhales.

MIN-JAE

That was close.

A-RIN

Close to what?

Neither man answers.

Because they don't want to say the word.

Seizure.

The room falls quiet again.

A-Rin looks back toward the sleeping woman.

The pale face.

The dark circles.

The IV.

The trembling fingers that still haven't completely stopped.

And suddenly—

for the first time—

she understands why Dr. Kang was so angry.

Not because Su-Hwa disobeyed him.

Because every skipped dose is gambling with her life.

And the worst part—

even asleep—

Su-Hwa still looks exhausted.

As if her body is fighting a war that never ends.

**END OF ACT FOUR.**

---

## **ACT FIVE**

EXT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – NIGHT

Rain falls lightly.

Soft against stone pathways.

The residence remains quiet.

Most of the staff are inside.

The grounds nearly empty.

Near the security gate—

a figure stands beneath an umbrella.

Motionless.

Watching the house.

Far enough away not to attract attention.

Close enough to see the windows.

Several moments later—

another figure appears.

Across the street.

Leaning against a parked vehicle.

Watching the same house.

Then another.

And another.

Different locations.

Different angles.

Different people.

Yet all facing one direction.

The residence.

INT. PRIVATE SUITE – SAME TIME

Su-Hwa remains asleep.

The IV continues dripping steadily.

The monitor finally stable.

Dr. Kang checks her pulse.

Satisfied.

For now.

Then—

he pauses.

His gaze shifts toward the window.

Min-Jae notices immediately.

Because he saw it too.

A figure outside.

Standing near the gate.

MIN-JAE

..

Dr. Kang says nothing.

A-Rin notices both men looking.

A-RIN

What?

No answer.

Manager Park moves closer to the window.

Following their line of sight.

MANAGER PARK

Is someone there?

The figure outside doesn't move.

Doesn't wave.

Doesn't approach.

Just watches.

A-RIN

Should security be called?

Immediately—

Dr. Kang shakes his head.

No.

A-RIN  
Doctor—

DR. KANG  
No.

His answer is immediate.

Certain.

That catches everyone's attention.

Because he didn't even think about it.

He already knows.

Min-Jae exhales slowly.

MIN-JAE  
They found her.

A-RIN  
Who?

Silence.

Manager Park notices another figure farther away.

Then another.

The realization settles slowly.

MANAGER PARK  
They're together.

MIN-JAE  
Yes.

A-RIN  
Who are they?

Neither man answers immediately.

Because both are staring outside.

Years seem to pass across their faces.

Then—

Dr. Kang speaks quietly.

DR. KANG  
Her people.

MANAGER PARK  
Security?

MIN-JAE  
No.

A beat.

MIN-JAE (CONT'D)  
Family.

The word lands unexpectedly.

A-Rin looks back toward the sleeping Su-Hwa.

Confused.

MIN-JAE  
Most of them never stopped looking.

Silence.

DR. KANG  
Some visited the mountain house.  
Some checked hospitals.  
Some checked military records.  
Some followed rumors.

MIN-JAE  
Every few months somebody found her.

A-RIN

Then why didn't they approach?

Neither man answers immediately.

Then—

DR. KANG

Because she asked them not to.

The room goes still.

A-RIN

What?

DR. KANG

Three years ago.

After she disappeared.

After the rehabilitation.

After everything.

She made one thing very clear.

A beat.

DR. KANG (CONT'D)

If she ever walked away—

nobody follows.

Nobody interferes.

Nobody drags her back.

MIN-JAE

So they watched instead.

Outside—

the figure near the gate shifts slightly.

A military habit.

Small.

Automatic.

The kind civilians never notice.

Min-Jae notices immediately.

Recognition.

MIN-JAE (CONT'D)

Idiot.

The word is affectionate.

Almost fond.

A-RIN

You know them?

MIN-JAE

Most of them.

A pause.

MIN-JAE (CONT'D)

They're probably arguing over whose turn it is to stand in the rain.

For the first time—

the corner of Dr. Kang's mouth twitches.

A tiny smile.

Gone immediately.

Outside—

another figure glances toward the residence.

Toward the second-floor windows.

Toward the room where Su-Hwa sleeps.

Watching.

Waiting.

Making sure she's alive and well.

Making sure she's safe.

Without asking for anything in return.

A-Rin looks back toward the bed.

Toward the woman sleeping beneath the blanket.

Then toward the figures outside.

And suddenly—

she understands something she hadn't before.

Su-Hwa may live alone.

She may believe she's alone.

But she has never truly been alone.

Not for a single day.

Because somewhere along the way—

Commander Kim Su-Hwa became someone people refused to abandon.

Even after she abandoned herself.

**END OF ACT FIVE.**

---

## **ACT SIX**

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – MORNING

Sunlight fills the suite.

Warm.

Quiet.

Peaceful.

A-Rin slowly opens her eyes.

For a moment—

she doesn't remember falling asleep.

Then she does.

The doctor.

The argument.

The serum.

Su-Hwa.

A-Rin immediately turns toward the second bed.

Empty.

The blanket neatly folded.

The pillow untouched.

Silence.

A-Rin sits upright.

A-RIN

No.

She throws the blanket aside.

Stands.

Looks around the room.

Nothing.

No notebook.

No files.

No commander.

Just an empty bed.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me.

The door opens.

Manager Park enters carrying coffee.

One look at A-Rin's face—

and he already knows.

MANAGER PARK

Good morning.

A-RIN

Where is she?

MANAGER PARK

Good morning to you too.

A-RIN

Manager.

Where.

Is.

She.

Manager Park sighs.

MANAGER PARK

Gone.

A-RIN

Of course she is.

Manager Park places the coffee down.

MANAGER PARK

Before you panic—

Doctor Kang cleared her.

A-RIN

Doctor Kang what?

MANAGER PARK

Her vitals improved.

A-RIN

Improved?

MANAGER PARK

After the medication.

After sleeping.

After the serum.

A-RIN folds her arms.

Still annoyed.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

Her blood pressure stabilized.

Pulse improved.

The tremors stopped.

Doctor Kang ran another evaluation before sunrise.

A beat.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

He said if she continues taking the medication—  
and actually attends her appointments—  
she'll be fine.

A-RIN

That's a very large "if."

MANAGER PARK

Doctor Kang agrees.

A-RIN

Where did she go?

Manager Park points toward the table.

A folded note rests there.

A-Rin immediately grabs it.

Opens it.

One sentence.

Of course.

SU-HWA'S NOTE:

"Taking a walk."

A-RIN

A walk.

MANAGER PARK

Apparently.

A-RIN

She disappears before sunrise after nearly collapsing yesterday and calls it a walk?

MANAGER PARK

Apparently.

A-RIN

I dislike her.

MANAGER PARK

No you don't.

A-RIN

I dislike approximately seventy percent of her decisions.

MANAGER PARK

That sounds more accurate.

A-Rin sighs.

Looking at the note again.

The handwriting is steady.

Much steadier than yesterday.

And somehow—

that annoys her even more.

A-RIN

How long ago?

MANAGER PARK

About forty minutes.

A-RIN

Forty—  
You let her leave?

MANAGER PARK  
I attempted to stop her.

A-RIN  
And?

MANAGER PARK  
She outranks me.

A-RIN  
We're civilians.

MANAGER PARK  
She outranks me emotionally.

A-Rin stares.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)  
You know I'm right.

Unfortunately—

he is.

A-Rin drops back into the chair.

Frustrated.

Concerned.

Relieved.

All at once.

A-RIN

Did she at least eat?

MANAGER PARK  
Doctor Kang forced her.

A-RIN

Good.

MANAGER PARK

Min-Jae watched until she finished.

A-RIN

Even better.

Manager Park smiles slightly.

MANAGER PARK

Doctor Kang left instructions.

A-RIN

I'm afraid to ask.

MANAGER PARK

His exact words were—

Manager Park clears his throat.

Perfectly imitating the doctor's voice.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

"If Commander Kim Su-Hwa misses her next appointment, I will personally hunt her down."

A-Rin laughs.

Despite herself.

A real laugh.

The first in hours.

A-RIN

That sounds like him.

MANAGER PARK

Apparently there were additional threats.

A-RIN

I believe that.

A beat.

The room grows quieter.

A-Rin looks toward the empty bed once more.

Less worried now.

Still worried.

But less.

Because for the first time since yesterday—

there is proof the medication worked.

Proof that Su-Hwa can recover.

If she lets herself.

Outside—

the city is fully awake.

Morning traffic.

Distant voices.

A new day beginning.

And somewhere beyond the residence—

Commander Kim Su-Hwa walks alone.

For the first time in weeks—

her hands are steady.

**END OF ACT FIVE.**

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## **ACT SIX**

INT. AURORA ENTERTAINMENT – HEADQUARTERS – DAY

The lobby buzzes with activity.

Employees move between departments.

Meetings.

Schedules.

Deadlines.

Normal life.

Commander Kim Su-Hwa walks through the building.

Slower than usual.

Most people would never notice.

But she notices.

Every step feels heavier.

The medication stopped the spiral.

It did not erase it.

A folder rests beneath her arm.

Archive requests.

Personnel records.

Old transfer documents..

The investigation continues.

Just more carefully.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE – LATER

Several files are spread across the desk.

Su-Hwa studies them.

One page at a time.

No rushing.

No skipping.

No headaches.

Yet.

A knock.

The door opens.

Executive Han enters.

Coffee in hand.

EXECUTIVE HAN

You're supposed to be resting.

SU-HWA

I am.

EXECUTIVE HAN

This is work.

SU-HWA

Slow work.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Doctor Kang called me.

Su-Hwa immediately looks annoyed.

SU-HWA

Of course he did.

EXECUTIVE HAN

He said if I see you running around the building, I'm authorized to physically drag you back home.

SU-HWA

That seems excessive.

EXECUTIVE HAN

He sounded serious.

SU-HWA

That's because he's dramatic.

EXECUTIVE HAN

He said that exact sentence is why he called me.

Silence.

EXECUTIVE HAN (CONT'D)

Take breaks.

SU-HWA

I am taking breaks.

EXECUTIVE HAN

When?

SU-HWA

Yesterday.

EXECUTIVE HAN

That's not how breaks work.

Su-Hwa returns to the files.

Ignoring him completely.

EXECUTIVE HAN

You're impossible.

SU-HWA

Frequently.

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – EVENING

A-Rin sits on the couch.

Scrolling through her phone.

Waiting.

And waiting.

And waiting.

The door never opens.

A-RIN

When was the last time I actually saw her?

Manager Park looks up from his tablet.

Thinking.

MANAGER PARK

Physically?

A-RIN

That is generally how seeing people works.

MANAGER PARK

Five days.

A-RIN

Five days?!

MANAGER PARK

Six if you exclude breakfast.

A-RIN

Breakfast counts.

MANAGER PARK

Then five.

A-Rin stares.

A-RIN

She's alive, right?

MANAGER PARK

As far as we know.

A-RIN

That's not reassuring.

MANAGER PARK

She checks in.

A-RIN

Texts are not people.

MANAGER PARK

Kim Su-Hwa disagrees.

A-Rin groans dramatically.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

She's working slower.

A-RIN

That's slower?

MANAGER PARK

Compared to normal?

Very.

A-RIN

That's terrifying.

INT. AURORA ENTERTAINMENT – SECURITY ARCHIVES – NIGHT

Rows of records.

Rows of forgotten history.

Su-Hwa sits alone.

A notebook beside her.

The name HA-JUN written across several pages.

Connected to dates.

Locations.

Transfers.

Missing records.

A puzzle.

One piece suddenly catches her attention.

Her eyes narrow.

A personnel file.

Partially deleted.

Authorized by:

CLASSIFIED.

Su-Hwa freezes.

Slowly—

she copies the information.

Something is finally moving.

Something real.

INT. A-RIN'S RESIDENCE – DAY

Several more days later.

A-Rin storms into the living room.

Holding paperwork.

MANAGER PARK

You look happy.

A-RIN

I am happy.

MANAGER PARK

That worries me.

A-RIN

Outdoor filming.

One week.

Resort accommodation.

Entire cast attending.

Manager Park nods.

Still confused.

A-RIN

And security is mandatory.

A beat.

Then realization.

MANAGER PARK

Oh.

A-RIN

Exactly.

MANAGER PARK

Commander Kim Su-Hwa.

A-RIN

Commander Kim Su-Hwa.

A-Rin grins.

Dangerously.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

A whole week.

MANAGER PARK

You're planning something.

A-RIN

No.

MANAGER PARK

Lie.

A-RIN

Maybe.

MANAGER PARK

Definitely.

A-Rin drops onto the couch.

Already opening shopping websites.

MANAGER PARK

What are you doing?

A-RIN

Packing.

MANAGER PARK

The shoot is next week.

A-RIN

Preparation is important.

MANAGER PARK

You've purchased six things already.

A-RIN

Seven.

MANAGER PARK

You bought something for her too, didn't you?

A-RIN

Maybe.

MANAGER PARK

A-Rin.

A-RIN

She owns exactly three shirts.

MANAGER PARK

That's not true.

A-RIN

Fine.

Four.

MANAGER PARK

Normal people don't count other people's clothes.

A-RIN

Normal people aren't friends with Commander Kim Su-Hwa.

Manager Park sighs.

Because somehow—

that makes sense.

A-RIN

One week.

MANAGER PARK

One week.

A-RIN

She's not escaping this time.

CUT TO:

INT. AURORA ENTERTAINMENT – SECURITY OFFICE – SAME TIME

Su-Hwa sneezes.

Once.

Then pauses.

Suspicious.

As though she just sensed danger.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT SIX.**

---

**ACT SEVEN**

INT. AURORA ENTERTAINMENT – SECURITY ARCHIVES – NIGHT

The archive is empty.

Silent.

Only the soft hum of aging computers.

Su-Hwa studies the partially deleted personnel file.

One page.

Then another.

Then—

she freezes.

A transfer authorization.

Not unusual.

Except for the date.

Twenty years ago.

And the destination field.

REDACTED.

Her eyes narrow.

Another document.

Same destination.

Different employee.

Another.

And another.

Twenty-seven names.

All transferred.

All reassigned.

All erased afterward.

A beat.

Su-Hwa opens a fresh notebook page.

Twenty-seven names.

One location.

One date range.

A pattern.

Her phone vibrates.

Once.

She ignores it.

It vibrates again.

And again.

And again.

Su-Hwa finally glances down.

A-RIN (17 MISSED CALLS)

Silence.

SU-HWA

...concerning.

The phone immediately rings again.

A-Rin.

Su-Hwa answers.

SU-HWA

Hello.

A-RIN (PHONE)

FOUND YOU.

Su-Hwa pulls the phone slightly away from her ear.

A-RIN (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Do you know how many calls seventeen is?

SU-HWA

At least fifteen.

A-RIN

Get downstairs.

SU-HWA

Why?

A-RIN

Because if you don't, I'm coming up there.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

And I'll bring snacks.

SU-HWA

That sounds harmless.

A-RIN

You say that because you've never seen me weaponize snacks.

Click.

The line disconnects.

Su-Hwa stares at the phone.

Then at the files.

Then at the phone.

A long pause.

SU-HWA

This feels like a trap.

INT. AURORA ENTERTAINMENT – MAIN LOBBY – TEN MINUTES LATER

The doors open.

Su-Hwa steps out.

Immediately stops.

A-Rin.

Manager Park.

Executive Han.

All waiting.

All smiling.

That is never a good sign.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

I haven't said anything yet.

SU-HWA

No.

EXECUTIVE HAN

Impressive.

MANAGER PARK

She sensed danger.

A-Rin produces a folder.

Triumphantly.

A-RIN

Outdoor filming.

One week.

Resort.

Mandatory security.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

You haven't even looked.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

You're coming.

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

Doctor Kang already approved it.

Silence.

Su-Hwa looks at Executive Han.

EXECUTIVE HAN

He called me.

Su-Hwa looks at Manager Park.

MANAGER PARK

He called me too.

SU-HWA

Traitors.

MANAGER PARK

Understandable.

A-RIN

You're going.

SU-HWA

I have work.

A-RIN

Bring the work.

SU-HWA

Investigation.

A-RIN

Bring the investigation.

SU-HWA

Dangerous conspiracy.

A-RIN

Bring that too.

A beat.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You need sunlight.

SU-HWA

I've heard rumors.

A-RIN

And fresh air.

SU-HWA

Unconfirmed.

A-RIN

And human interaction.

SU-HWA

Absolutely not.

Manager Park laughs.

Executive Han looks suspiciously entertained.

A-Rin grins.

Because she's winning.

And everyone knows it.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION – SAME TIME

Darkness.

Monitors glow.

The technician studies several reports.

Concern growing.

TECHNICIAN

She's moving faster.

The shadowed figure says nothing.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Archive access increased.

Personnel records.

Transfer records.

Military-era files.

The figure slowly looks up.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

We lost track of which file triggered it.

Silence.

Then—

FIGURE

Find out.

TECHNICIAN

We're trying.

The figure studies a screen.

Kim Su-Hwa's employee profile.

Another screen appears.

Travel authorization.

Upcoming filming schedule.

Resort location.

Departure date.

The figure becomes very still.

TECHNICIAN

Should we interfere?

A long pause.

Then—

FIGURE

No.

TECHNICIAN

No?

FIGURE

A controlled environment.

Limited exits.

Known personnel.

Known schedules.

The figure leans back.

Thinking.

Calculating.

FIGURE (CONT'D)

Let her go.

The technician slowly understands.

TECHNICIAN

Because she'll lead us there.

The figure says nothing.

Which is answer enough.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE – LATER

Night.

The building is nearly empty.

Su-Hwa sits alone again.

The twenty-seven names spread across the desk.

She stares at them.

Thinking.

Searching.

Then—

one name catches her attention.

Different handwriting.

Different authorization code.

Different signature.

A single surviving record.

Barely visible.

Her eyes widen slightly.

For the first time in hours—

genuine surprise.

SU-HWA

...that's impossible.

She quickly copies the information.

A location.

Not redacted.

Not deleted.

Forgotten.

A place.

A real place.

The first physical lead.

Twenty years old.

But real.

Her phone vibrates again.

A text message.

A-RIN:

"IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE THE TRIP I'M BUYING YOU EIGHT NEW SHIRTS."

A second message arrives.

"AND MAKING YOU WEAR COLORS."

A long silence.

Su-Hwa immediately begins typing.

SU-HWA:

"Understood."

Another pause.

SU-HWA:

"I will attend."

Three dots appear instantly.

A-Rin is typing.

For a very long time.

Then:

A-RIN:

"...THAT ACTUALLY WORKED?"

For the first time all day—

the corner of Su-Hwa's mouth twitches.

Tiny.

Almost invisible.

Then she looks back toward the location written on the page.

The smile disappears.

Because the investigation just became real.

And somewhere—

someone is waiting there.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT SEVEN**

**END OF EPISODE 3**

## EPISODE 4 - THE TWENTY-EIGHTH FILE

### ACT ONE

FADE IN.

EXT. EAST COAST RESORT – DAWN

The sun rises over the ocean.

Waves crash against dark rocks.

A beautiful morning.

Peaceful.

Deceptively peaceful.

A company bus winds along the coastal road.

Inside—

employees sleep.

Chat.

Scroll through phones.

Complain about the early schedule.

At the very back—

Kim Su-Hwa is working.

Of course she is.

Several folders sit open across her lap.

Transfer records.

Personnel reports.

Handwritten notes.

Maps.

The location she discovered last night is circled repeatedly.

She studies it again.

And again.

And again.

A-Rin drops into the seat beside her.

Hard.

SU-HWA

You landed aggressively.

A-RIN

You brought investigation files to a resort.

SU-HWA

Correct.

A-RIN

You weren't supposed to.

SU-HWA

That sounds subjective.

A-RIN

No.

I'm pretty sure it's objective.

Su-Hwa continues reading.

A-Rin slowly reaches for the folder.

Without looking—

Su-Hwa closes it.

A-RIN

Rude.

SU-HWA  
Predictable.

A-RIN  
You trust absolutely nobody.

SU-HWA  
Incorrect.

A-Rin brightens.

A-RIN  
Really?

SU-HWA  
I trust elevators.

A-Rin groans.

The employees nearby laugh.

Su-Hwa looks mildly confused.

She genuinely doesn't know why that was funny.

The bus continues down the coastal highway.

Outside—

a black SUV follows at a distance.

Far enough to avoid suspicion.

Close enough to maintain visual contact.

Inside the SUV—

someone photographs the bus.

Click.

Click.

Click.

The photographs are immediately uploaded.

A message appears on the screen.

SUBJECT CONFIRMED.

A reply arrives seconds later.

CONTINUE OBSERVATION.

DO NOT ENGAGE.

The observer glances back toward the bus.

Watching.

Waiting.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST COAST RESORT – ONE HOUR LATER

The bus arrives.

The resort is enormous.

Luxury buildings overlook the ocean.

Private beaches.

Walking trails.

Dense forest beyond the property.

Most people stare in awe.

Su-Hwa stares at the forest.

A-RIN

You found the one creepy thing here.

SU-HWA

Correct.

A-RIN

You didn't even look at the beach.

SU-HWA

The beach has fewer hiding places.

A-Rin pauses.

Unfortunately—

that makes sense.

Manager Park approaches.

MANAGER PARK

Rooms are assigned.

Equipment check in thirty minutes.

Filming starts after lunch.

A-RIN

Understood.

SU-HWA

Question.

MANAGER PARK

That's never a good sign.

SU-HWA

How far does company property extend into the forest?

Manager Park blinks.

MANAGER PARK

Why?

SU-HWA

Curiosity.

MANAGER PARK

Suspicious answer.

SU-HWA

Fair.

Manager Park points toward the tree line.

MANAGER PARK  
About two kilometers.  
Past that—  
you're on private land.

Su-Hwa's eyes narrow.

Private land.

The same area marked on her map.

Interesting.

Very interesting.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST COAST RESORT – CONTINUOUS

The observer remains inside the black SUV.

Watching.

Waiting.

The bus pulls through the main gate.

Employees begin unloading equipment.

Luggage.

Props.

Camera cases.

The observer raises a camera.

Focuses on Su-Hwa.

Click.

A photo.

Click.

Another.

Click.

A third.

A phone vibrates.

A new message appears.

STATUS?

The observer types.

SUBJECT ARRIVED.

NO DEVIATION FROM SCHEDULE.

The reply comes immediately.

MAINTAIN DISTANCE.

The observer's eyes narrow.

Something catches their attention.

Su-Hwa.

Standing near the edge of the property.

Looking toward the forest.

Not the resort.

Not the ocean.

The forest.

The observer lowers the phone.

Watching more carefully now.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST COAST RESORT – MAIN ENTRANCE – CONTINUOUS

Employees continue arriving.

Excitement everywhere.

Photos.

Laughter.

Conversations.

Su-Hwa walks past all of it.

Focused entirely on the tree line.

A-Rin notices.

Of course she does.

A-RIN

You're doing it again.

SU-HWA

Doing what?

A-RIN

Ignoring the beautiful luxury resort.

SU-HWA

I acknowledged it.

A-RIN

When?

SU-HWA

Just now.

A-RIN

No.

That doesn't count.

Su-Hwa glances toward the ocean.

SU-HWA

Large water.

A-Rin stares.

A-RIN

I can't tell if you're serious.

SU-HWA

Neither can I.

Manager Park appears.

Already stressed.

MANAGER PARK

Everyone inside.

Check-in first.

Exploration later.

A-RIN

See?

Normal people explore resorts.

SU-HWA

Normal people are fascinating.

A-RIN

That sounded like an anthropologist studying wildlife.

SU-HWA

Possibly.

A-RIN

You're impossible.

SU-HWA

Frequently mentioned.

They enter the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. RESORT LOBBY – CONTINUOUS

The lobby is enormous.

Floor-to-ceiling windows.

Ocean views.

Elegant decor.

Employees stare upward.

Impressed.

Su-Hwa scans exits.

Entrances.

Security cameras.

Blind spots.

A-RIN

There she is.

SU-HWA

Who?

A-RIN

The security officer.

I was worried I'd lost her.

Su-Hwa ignores that.

Her eyes stop on something.

A wall display.

Historical photographs.

The resort under construction.

The surrounding area decades ago.

Workers.

Engineers.

Executives.

She steps closer.

Examining.

One photograph catches her attention.

An old aerial image.

The forest.

The same forest.

But different.

There is a road.

A road that no longer exists.

Su-Hwa freezes.

Interesting.

Very interesting.

A-RIN

What?

SU-HWA

Nothing.

A-RIN

Lie.

SU-HWA

Probably.

She quickly photographs the display.

A-Rin notices.

Immediately.

A-RIN

You're investigating already.

SU-HWA

Technically I never stopped.

A-RIN

We're supposed to be relaxing.

SU-HWA

I've heard of that activity.

A-RIN

You've never participated.

SU-HWA

Fair.

Manager Park calls everyone forward.

MANAGER PARK

Room assignments.

Let's go.

Employees gather.

Names are called.

Keys distributed.

People begin leaving.

A-Rin grabs hers.

Looks at the number.

Looks at Su-Hwa.

Looks back at the number.

A-RIN

No way.

SU-HWA  
What?

A-RIN  
We're neighbors.

Silence.

SU-HWA  
I object.

A-RIN  
Denied.

EXECUTIVE HAN  
Already approved.

SU-HWA  
Why is everyone conspiring against me?

EXECUTIVE HAN  
For your own good.

SU-HWA  
Historically concerning phrase.

Executive Han laughs.

Su-Hwa accepts her key.

Then pauses.

Something feels wrong.

A tiny sensation.

A feeling.

Being watched.

Again.

Slowly—

she turns.

Across the lobby.

Near a side hallway.

Someone stands there.

Watching her.

Motionless.

Not smiling.

Not moving.

Watching.

Their eyes meet.

The stranger immediately turns.

And walks away.

Fast.

Too fast.

Su-Hwa reacts instantly.

SU-HWA

Excuse me.

A-RIN

What?

But Su-Hwa is already moving.

Across the lobby.

Past employees.

Past luggage.

Past reception.

The stranger disappears around a corner.

Su-Hwa follows.

Quickly.

Reaches the hallway.

Turns.

Nothing.

Empty.

Silence.

Gone.

A beat.

Then another.

Her eyes scan the area.

Searching.

Finding.

A folded piece of paper.

Lying on the floor.

Waiting.

Su-Hwa slowly picks it up.

A-Rin arrives seconds later.

Breathing hard.

A-RIN

Why do you move so fast?

Su-Hwa doesn't answer.

She unfolds the paper.

Reads.

And stops.

Completely.

A-RIN

What?

No answer.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Unnie?

Finally—

Su-Hwa hands her the note.

A-Rin reads it.

Her expression changes immediately.

Because written across the page are five simple words.

STOP LOOKING FOR THE TWENTY-SEVEN.

Silence.

For the first time since arriving—

neither of them jokes.

Because somebody knows.

And somebody is close.

Very close.

INT. RESORT HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

The note remains in A-Rin's hand.

Neither woman speaks for several seconds.

People pass through the hallway.

Laughing.

Talking.

Dragging luggage.

Completely unaware.

A-RIN

Okay.

I officially hate this.

SU-HWA

Reasonable.

A-RIN

No.

Seriously.

This isn't funny anymore.

Su-Hwa takes the note back.

Examining the paper.

The ink.

The folds.

Every detail.

A-RIN

Can you tell who wrote it?

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN

Where it came from?

SU-HWA

No.

A-RIN  
Anything useful?

SU-HWA  
Yes.

A-Rin brightens.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)  
Someone wants me to stop.

A-RIN  
That was already obvious.

SU-HWA  
Exactly.

A-RIN  
How is that helpful?

SU-HWA  
Because yesterday they were hiding.  
Today they're reacting.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)  
That means I'm getting closer.

A-RIN  
You're terrifying.

SU-HWA  
Frequently mentioned.

Manager Park appears at the end of the hallway.

MANAGER PARK  
There you are.

A-RIN  
We're having a crisis.

MANAGER PARK

Schedule first.

Crisis later.

A-RIN

That's a terrible management philosophy.

MANAGER PARK

And yet here we are.

He hands them each a printed schedule.

MANAGER PARK (CONT'D)

Opening shoot starts in forty-five minutes.

Everyone needs to be ready.

SU-HWA

Understood.

MANAGER PARK

And please don't investigate murders while we're filming.

SU-HWA

There hasn't been a murder.

MANAGER PARK

The fact that you specified that worries me.

He leaves.

A-RIN

See?

Even he knows.

SU-HWA

Knows what?

A-RIN

That trouble follows you.

SU-HWA

Correlation is not causation.

A-RIN

I don't think statistics can save you here.

CUT TO:

INT. SU-HWA'S ROOM – LATER

The room is immaculate.

Untouched.

The suitcase remains unopened.

The bed perfectly made.

Su-Hwa sits at the desk.

The map spread before her.

Beside it—

the copied records from the archive.

Twenty-seven names.

Twenty-seven disappearances.

Twenty-seven erased lives.

Her eyes move to the location she discovered.

A set of coordinates.

Hidden inside an old transfer record.

She compares them to a current map.

Then an older satellite image.

Then another.

A realization forms.

Slowly.

Carefully.

The road.

The road from the lobby photograph.

It led directly toward the coordinates.

Su-Hwa sits back.

Thinking.

The road existed twenty years ago.

Then disappeared.

Not abandoned.

Removed.

Deliberately.

Interesting.

A knock interrupts her thoughts.

Three knocks.

Fast.

Impatient.

A-Rin.

Obviously.

SU-HWA  
Come in.

The door bursts open.

A-Rin enters carrying enough snacks to survive a natural disaster.

SU-HWA  
You purchased supplies again.

A-RIN

Investigation fuel.

SU-HWA

That's not a thing.

A-RIN

It is now.

She drops into a chair.

Then notices the map.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You're doing it again.

SU-HWA

Correct.

A-RIN

You promised to enjoy the trip.

SU-HWA

I am.

A-RIN

This is enjoyment?

SU-HWA

Moderately.

A-Rin looks genuinely sad.

A-RIN

Your childhood must have been fascinating.

Before Su-Hwa can answer—

her phone vibrates.

Unknown number.

Both women notice immediately.

Silence.

The phone vibrates again.

A text message.

No sender.

No identification.

Just words.

Su-Hwa opens it.

Reads.

Freezes.

A-RIN

What?

Su-Hwa slowly turns the screen.

A-Rin reads.

Her face drains of color.

The message contains only one sentence.

YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED HOME.

Silence.

Heavy silence.

Because that isn't a general threat.

It isn't random.

It's personal.

Whoever sent it knows exactly who she is.

Exactly where she's been.

And exactly where she is now.

A-RIN

Okay.

I really hate this.

Su-Hwa stares at the message.

Thinking.

Calculating.

Then—

for the first time—

she smiles.

A-RIN

Why are you smiling?

SU-HWA

They're nervous.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

And nervous people leave evidence.

The smile disappears.

Her eyes move toward the forest outside.

Toward the hidden location.

Toward whatever has been buried there for twenty years.

Someone is watching her.

Someone is afraid of her.

And for the first time—

Su-Hwa is starting to understand why.

**END OF ACT ONE.**

---

## **ACT TWO**

EXT. RESORT FILMING AREA – AFTERNOON

The ocean sparkles beneath the afternoon sun.

Music plays through portable speakers.

Crew members move constantly.

Busy.

Focused.

Normal.

At least on the surface.

A-Rin stands in front of a camera.

Smiling.

Waving.

Delivering promotional lines for the resort.

The perfect idol.

The perfect employee.

The perfect distraction.

Thirty meters away—

Su-Hwa watches everything.

Including things she shouldn't be watching.

The forest.

The maintenance roads.

The security staff.

The exits.

A-RIN (through gritted teeth)  
Stop investigating.

SU-HWA  
I'm standing still.

A-RIN  
Your brain is investigating.

SU-HWA  
Accurate.

The director calls for another take.

A-Rin groans.

DIRECTOR  
Positions everyone.

Again.

A-Rin walks back toward her mark.

Before she does—

she points directly at Su-Hwa.

A-RIN  
Stay there.

SU-HWA  
No promises.

A-RIN  
I knew it.

The filming resumes.

Su-Hwa glances down at her phone.

The anonymous text remains open.

YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED HOME.

No number.

No source.

Nothing.

Almost professional.

Almost.

Her eyes narrow.

A tiny detail catches her attention.

The message timestamp.

She freezes.

Then checks the resort map.

Then the timestamp again.

Interesting.

Very interesting.

The text was received when her phone had no network connection.

Which means—

it wasn't sent through a normal route.

Someone nearby pushed it directly.

Someone close.

Very close.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAINTENANCE PATH – LATER

A narrow road disappears into the trees.

Hidden behind resort buildings.

Away from guests.

Away from cameras.

Away from witnesses.

Exactly the kind of place Su-Hwa likes.

And exactly the kind of place A-Rin would hate.

SU-HWA

Convenient.

She begins walking.

The deeper she goes—

the quieter everything becomes.

No waves.

No music.

No people.

Only wind.

Only trees.

Only silence.

Then—

she notices tire tracks.

Fresh ones.

Not tourist vehicles.

Heavy vehicles.

Industrial.

Large.

Recent.

Her expression changes.

Someone has been using this road.

Recently.

Very recently.

A low engine sound echoes somewhere deeper in the forest.

Su-Hwa stops.

Listening.

The sound vanishes.

As if whoever made it realized they had been heard.

A beat.

Then another.

A branch snaps.

Behind her.

She turns instantly.

Nothing.

Empty road.

Empty forest.

Nobody there.

Yet the feeling remains.

Someone is watching.

Someone is following.

Someone knows she's here.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION – SAME TIME

Darkness.

Monitors glow across the room.

Camera feeds.

Phone records.

Maps.

Data streams.

The Technician watches silently.

TECHNICIAN  
She's on the road.

The shadowed Figure says nothing.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)  
Faster than expected.

Still silence.

The Technician changes screens.

A satellite image appears.

The forest.

The hidden facility.

The resort.

And one blinking marker.

Kim Su-Hwa.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Should we move the assets?

The Figure studies the screen.

Thinking.

Calculating.

Planning.

Then—

FIGURE

No.

TECHNICIAN

She'll find it eventually.

FIGURE

I know.

A pause.

TECHNICIAN

Then why let her continue?

The Figure slowly leans forward.

FIGURE

Because she's not looking for the truth anymore.

TECHNICIAN

Then what is she looking for?

A long silence.

FIGURE

Herself.

For the first time—

the Technician looks uneasy.

## EAST COAST RESORT – SUNSET

The sky burns orange.

Guests wander between buildings.

Staff prepare for the evening event.

Banners.

Stage lights.

Sound checks.

A-Rin stands on an outdoor stage.

Stylists adjust her hair.

Makeup.

Wardrobe.

She forces a smile.

Her eyes keep drifting toward the forest.

Toward the maintenance road Su-Hwa disappeared into hours ago.

STYLIST

A-Rin, stop frowning.

A-RIN

This is my "concerned but photogenic" face.

STYLIST

It looks like constipation.

A-Rin sighs.

Because unfortunately—that might be accurate.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

A-Rin-ssi!

Opening rehearsal in five!

A-RIN

Understood!

She looks toward the forest one more time.

No sign of Su-Hwa.

A-RIN (QUIETLY)

You better not be doing something stupid.

EXT. MAINTENANCE PATH – SAME TIME

The forest is darker now.

Shadows stretch across the narrow road.

The resort noise fades behind the trees.

Su-Hwa walks slowly.

Not wandering.

Tracking.

Her eyes follow the tire marks.

The disturbed soil.

Broken branches.

Every detail.

She stops at a fork in the path.

One road continues deeper.

The other curves back toward the resort.

She kneels.

Examining the ground.

Two sets of tracks.

One old.

One fresh.

The fresh tracks turn off the main road.

Toward the trees.

Not a road.

A path.

Barely visible.

She follows.

Branches scrape her sleeves.

The sound of the ocean disappears completely.

Only wind.

Only insects.

Only her footsteps.

Then—

she sees it.

EXT. FENCE LINE – CONTINUOUS

A high security fence.

Hidden behind dense foliage.

No resort signage.

No access gate.

Just metal.

Old.

Reinforced.

Not resort-grade.

Military-grade.

Su-Hwa studies the structure.

The angle.

The height.

The foundation.

Her hand traces a rusted plate near the base.

Barely visible beneath moss.

A serial number.

Faded.

But not enough.

Her eyes narrow.

She recognizes the manufacturer.

Because she used to sign requisition orders for them.

SU-HWA

You have got to be kidding me.

She steps back.

The fence stretches in both directions.

Disappearing into the trees.

Not a small enclosure.

A perimeter.

Around something large.

Something deliberately hidden.

She checks her watch.

Calculates distance.

Time.

Sunset.

Then—

she notices it.

A small metal box.

Half-buried near the fence post.

Not resort equipment.

A field junction.

Old.

She wipes away dirt.

Opens it.

Inside—

severed cables.

Cut clean.

Not torn.

Not decayed.

Cut.

Deliberately.

SU-HWA

So you were connected once.

She follows the cable route with her eyes.

It leads back toward the resort.

Not the main buildings.

The service wing.

The oldest part of the property.

Her mind connects the aerial photograph from the lobby.

The missing road.

The erased path.

The coordinates in her file.

All converging here.

SU-HWA (QUIETLY)

You didn't build a resort near the facility.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

You built it on top of it.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION – SAME TIME

The monitors glow brighter now.

Multiple camera feeds.

Resort grounds.

Forest paths.

Service corridors.

The Technician zooms in on one screen.

Su-Hwa at the fence.

TECHNICIAN

She found the perimeter.

The Figure remains silent.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

We removed the road.

We cut the lines.

We buried everything.

The Figure watches.

Expression unreadable.

FIGURE

We buried the infrastructure.

A beat.

FIGURE (CONT'D)

We did not bury her.

The Technician hesitates.

TECHNICIAN

If she keeps going—

FIGURE

She won't.

TECHNICIAN

How can you be sure?

The Figure studies the screen.

Su-Hwa checks her watch again.

Looks toward the resort.

FIGURE

Because she knows how operations fail.

Alone.

At night.

Without backup.

A pause.

FIGURE (CONT'D)

She won't risk it.

EXT. FENCE LINE – SAME TIME

Su-Hwa stares through the metal.

The forest beyond is darker.

Quieter.

Wrong.

Her hand rests on the fence.

She could climb it.

She could cut it.

She could disappear into the trees and follow the perimeter until she finds an entrance.

She knows this.

Her body knows this.

Her muscles remember.

But something else remembers too.

Her hand tightens.

Her breathing changes.

For a moment—

the forest isn't a forest.

It's a different place.

INT. UNKNOWN FACILITY – MEMORY (FLASH)

Dark corridors.

Concrete walls.

Red emergency lights.

Alarms screaming.

Gunfire in the distance.

A younger Su-Hwa runs down the hallway.

Helmet.

Gear.

Weapon.

Her face is blank.

Too blank.

A voice screams her name.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) Commander!

She doesn't turn.

She doesn't slow.

She moves like a machine.

Precise.

Efficient.

Deadly.

Another voice.

Closer.

Desperate.

VOICE (O.S.)

Su-Hwa!

She still doesn't turn.

Because in this memory—

she doesn't hear him.

Not really.

Her eyes are locked on a door at the end of the corridor.

Marked with a symbol.

Not a number.

A designation..

She reaches for the handle—

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. FENCE LINE – PRESENT

Her hand jerks away from the metal.

Breath sharp.

Eyes unfocused.

For a second—

she isn't sure where she is.

The forest.

The fence.

The resort.

They blur.

Her fingers tremble.

Not from the medication.

From memory.

From something older.

Deeper.

She forces her breathing to slow.

Counts silently.

Four in.

Four out.

Again.

Again.

The tremor fades.

Her eyes clear.

She looks at the fence one last time.

Then turns away.

Not because she's afraid of what's inside.

Because she's afraid of what she'll do if she goes in alone.

SU-HWA

Not yet.

She follows the cable route back toward the resort.

Toward the service wing.

Toward the place where the buried facility connects to the surface.

**END OF ACT TWO.**

---

**ACT THREE**

INT. RESORT – SERVICE CORRIDOR – LATER

Fluorescent lights flicker.

Concrete walls.

No decorations.

No guests.

Just staff.

Laundry carts.

Storage rooms.

Maintenance doors.

Su-Hwa walks with purpose.

Not sneaking.

Not hiding.

Just existing where nobody expects a guest to be.

She passes a door marked:

ELECTRICAL – AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

She pauses.

Listens.

Faint hum.

Normal.

She moves on.

Another door.

SECURITY – STAFF ONLY.

She pauses again.

Listens.

Voices inside.

She keeps walking.

Then—

she sees it.

A door that doesn't match the others.

No label.

No handle.

Just a metal panel flush with the wall.

Too clean.

Too new.

Her eyes narrow.

She checks the floor.

Scuff marks.

Subtle.

Like heavy equipment has been moved in and out.

Recently.

She glances up.

A small camera in the corner.

Pointed down the corridor.

Not at the door.

Past it.

As if someone wanted to avoid drawing attention.

She steps into the camera's blind spot.

Right beneath it.

Her fingers trace the panel edges.

She finds a tiny indentation.

A card reader.

Hidden.

She pulls out her security badge.

Hesitates.

But—her phone vibrates.

Again.

And again.

And again.

She checks the screen.

A-RIN:

"OPENING EVENT IN 10 MINUTES."

Another message.

"IF YOU'RE DEAD I'M GOING TO BE VERY UPSET."

Another.

"ALSO YOU PROMISED TO STAND NEAR THE STAGE SO I CAN FIND YOU."

She stares at the messages.

Then at the door..

Then at the messages again.

A long beat.

SU-HWA

...I did promise.

She walks away.

Not retreating.

Rescheduling.

EXT. RESORT EVENT PLAZA – NIGHT

The event is in full motion.

Lights sweep across the sky.

Music blasts from speakers.

Guests cheer.

Staff hustle.

The ocean glows under artificial light.

A-Rin stands on stage.

Perfect smile.

Perfect posture.

Perfect idol.

She finishes a line.

The crowd applauds.

Her eyes scan the audience.

Searching.

Searching.

Then—

she sees her.

Near the back.

Standing slightly apart.

Not clapping.

Not cheering.

Just watching.

Kim Su-Hwa.

In a black jacket.

Hands in pockets.

Expression unreadable.

A-Rin's shoulders relax.

Just a little.

She continues the script.

But her voice softens.

Because she knows exactly who is listening.

A-RIN

Aurora Entertainment is honored to welcome everyone tonight.

She glances toward the VIP section.

Executives.

Investors.

Local officials.

Smiling.

Clapping.

Pretending.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

We hope this place becomes a home for stories.

Her eyes flick back to Su-Hwa.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

And for truths.

The word lands heavier than it should.

Most people don't notice.

One person does.

INT. VIP TENT – CONTINUOUS

A private viewing area.

Soundproofed.

Luxurious.

Several high-ranking executives watch the stage through tinted glass.

Laughter.

Champagne.

Polite conversation.

One man stands slightly apart.

Not drinking.

Not laughing.

Just watching.

DIRECTOR JUNG.

Aurora's internal affairs director.

Officially.

Unofficially—

something else.

He studies A-Rin.

Then the crowd.

Then the back row.

His gaze stops on Su-Hwa.

He doesn't react.

Doesn't flinch.

Doesn't look away.

He simply notes her position.

Her posture.

Her line of sight.

Then—

he turns to the man beside him.

A LOCAL OFFICIAL.

DIRECTOR JUNG

Thank you again for approving the zoning extensions.

LOCAL OFFICIAL

Aurora brings jobs.

Tourism.

It's good for the region.

DIRECTOR JUNG

We try to be.

The official laughs.

Oblivious.

DIRECTOR JUNG (CONT'D)

Will you be joining the private tour later?

LOCAL OFFICIAL

Of course.

Director Jung smiles.

Polite.

Controlled.

His eyes flick back to Su-Hwa.

Just once.

Just enough.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENT PLAZA – LATER

The main program ends.

Guests disperse.

Some head toward the buffet.

Some toward the bar.

Some toward the beach.

A-Rin steps off stage.

Exhausted.

She pulls off her heels immediately.

A-RIN

I hate shoes.

MANAGER PARK

You say that every time.

A-RIN

Because it's true every time.

She scans the crowd.

Searching.

Again.

But this time—

no black jacket.

No unreadable expression.

No commander.

A-RIN

No.

She spins.

Checks the other side.

Nothing.

MANAGER PARK

Looking for her?

A-RIN

No.

MANAGER PARK

Lie.

A-RIN

Yes.

Manager Park sighs.

MANAGER PARK

She was here.

A-RIN

Past tense.

MANAGER PARK

She left during your second song.

A-RIN

Of course she did.

She grabs a bottle of water.

Drinks half in one go.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Where?

MANAGER PARK

No idea.

INT. RESORT – SERVICE CORRIDOR – SAME TIME

The corridor is empty.

Quiet.

Cold.

Su-Hwa walks slowly.

Not searching.

Thinking.

Her mind replaying the fence.

The cables.

The manufacturer she recognized.

The erased road.

The coordinates.

Everything aligning.

She stops at a blank section of wall.

No label.

No handle.

Just a panel that doesn't match the others.

She touches the edge.

It doesn't move.

No click.

No green light.

Just metal.

Old.

Heavy.

She presses her ear against it.

Nothing.

But something in her chest tightens.

Recognition without memory.

She steps back.

SU-HWA (QUIETLY)

Not tonight.

She turns away.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR – MINUTES LATER

Footsteps echo.

A-Rin and Manager Park rush in.

A-RIN

Unnie!

Su-Hwa turns.

Calm.

Too calm.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

Why did you leave the event?

SU-HWA

It was loud.

A-RIN

Everything is loud to you.

Su-Hwa doesn't deny it.

A-Rin steps closer.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

You found something.

Su-Hwa hesitates.

Just a fraction.

Then—

SU-HWA

Yes.

A-Rin's breath catches.

A-RIN

What?

Su-Hwa looks at the blank wall.

Then at the floor.

Then at the ceiling.

Then back at A-Rin.

SU-HWA

Something old.

Something hidden.

Something that shouldn't be here.

A-Rin swallows.

A-RIN

Is it connected to the Twenty-Seven?

Su-Hwa doesn't answer.

Which is answer enough.

A-Rin steps closer.

A-RIN (CONT'D)

So what do we do?

Su-Hwa's voice is steady.

SU-HWA

We leave to rest.

A-Rin blinks.

A-RIN

Rest?

SU-HWA

Yes.

It's late.

A beat.

A-Rin stares.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESORT – STAFF EXIT – LATER

Su-Hwa steps outside.

The night air is cold.

She pulls out her phone.

Checks the time.

04:12 AM.

She sets an alarm.

EARLY OPERATIONS CHECK.

She starts walking toward the staff dorms—

Then stops.

Because someone is standing in the shadows.

Not close.

Not threatening.

Just watching.

Han Yoo-Jin

The actor.

He steps forward slowly.

YOO-JIN

I need to talk to you.

Su-Hwa studies him.

Calm.

Neutral.

SU-HWA

Why?

Yoo-Jin's voice shakes.

YOO-JIN

The twenty seven.

A beat.

YOO-JIN (CONT'D)

You search for answers.

Su-Hwa goes still.

Completely.

YOO-JIN (CONT'D)

I have them.

Most who knew... disappeared.

And I'm next.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE.**

---

**ACT FOUR**

EXT. STAFF EXIT – PRE-DAWN

The cold air hangs between them.

Su-Hwa stands still.

Han Yoo-Jin's last words echo:

"Most who knew disappeared.

And I'm next."

She doesn't react.

She simply says:

SU-HWA

Not here.

He nods.

YOO-JIN

Follow me.

INT. STORAGE ROOM – PRE-DAWN

A small maintenance storage room.

Concrete walls.

No windows.

One flickering light.

Safe.

Or as safe as anything gets here.

Yoo-Jin closes the door behind them.

He doesn't pace.

He doesn't tremble.

He doesn't hesitate.

He has been waiting for this moment.

He pulls a flat, sealed envelope from inside his jacket.

Thick.

Heavy.

Old.

He places it on the table.

YOO-JIN

This is everything I've collected.

Everything they tried to erase.

Su-Hwa opens it.

Inside:

- hand-drawn maps
- coordinates
- old satellite images
- aerial photos of the forest before the resort existed

- a sketch of a metal door
- a list of dates
- a torn photograph of a group of people
- a symbol scratched out
- a location circled in red

Her eyes move fast.

Silent.

Calculating.

Yoo-Jin watches her.

YOO-JIN

I didn't survive because I was lucky.

I survived because I ran before they finished the job.

He taps the map.

YOO-JIN (CONT'D)

This is where they took people.

Not all at once.

Not publicly.

Quietly.

Efficiently.

She studies the circled location.

The same coordinates she found.

The same erased road.

The same forest.

SU-HWA

You tracked disappearances.

YOO-JIN

Someone had to.

He pulls out a second item.

A small metal tag, numbers filed off.

YOO-JIN (CONT'D)

This was on the ground near one of the sites.  
Same manufacturer as the fence you found.

Her eyes sharpen.

He continues.

YOO-JIN (CONT'D)

I came here because this resort sits on top of something older.  
Something buried.  
Something they don't want anyone to find.

A beat.

YOO-JIN (CONT'D)

And you're the only person who ever walked away from that forest alive.

She doesn't flinch.

She simply asks:

SU-HWA

How long have you been followed.

YOO-JIN

Years.

SU-HWA

How long have I been followed.

He meets her eyes.

YOO-JIN

Longer.

Silence.

Cold.

Heavy.

Real.

THE MOMENT SHE UNDERSTANDS

She spreads the documents across the table.

Maps.  
Photos.  
Coordinates.  
Dates.

Everything aligns.

Everything points to the same place.

Everything points to today.

Yoo-Jin watches her face shift —  
not fear,  
not shock,  
but recognition.

YOO-JIN  
You're starting to see it.

She doesn't deny it.

She simply says:

SU-HWA  
They're afraid of me.

YOO-JIN  
Yes.

SU-HWA  
Why.

He hesitates.

Just once.

YOO-JIN  
Because you're the only one they couldn't erase.

A long silence.

Then she stands.

Puts the documents back into the envelope.

Pockets it.

Her voice is steady.

SU-HWA

Stay in your room.

Do not leave.

Not for anything.

Yoo-Jin doesn't argue.

He just looks at her.

YOO-JIN

If I disappear...

you'll know why.

She turns toward the door.

Stops.

Looks back at him one last time.

Not emotional.

Not soft.

Just a silent acknowledgment:

He knows this might be the last time he sees her.

She knows it too.

Then she leaves.

EXT. FOREST – DAWN

The sky is turning pale.

The world is quiet.

Su-Hwa stands at the tree line.

Envelope in her jacket.

Keycard in her pocket.

Right arm taped.

Eyes sharp.

She steps forward.

The trees swallow her.

The world goes quiet.

No resort noise.

No ocean.

No people.

Only wind.

Only branches.

Only her footsteps.

She follows the coordinates.

The map.

The memory she doesn't fully remember.

Her breathing steady.

Her pace controlled.

Her eyes sharp.

She is not wandering.

She is hunting.

EXT. FENCE LINE – CONTINUOUS

The fence appears through the trees.

Tall.

Reinforced.

Wrong.

She approaches it.

Not slowly.

Not cautiously.

Just directly.

She kneels.

Checks the severed cables again.

Clean cuts.

Deliberate.

She follows the cable route with her eyes.

Back toward the resort.

Back toward the service wing.

Back toward the hidden door.

Everything aligns.

Everything points here.

Everything points to today.

She stands.

Her hand rests on the metal.

Her breathing changes.

Not fear.

Recognition.

She whispers:

SU-HWA

I'm done waiting.

She steps back.

Looks for the weak point.

Finds it.

Her muscles tighten.

Her stance shifts.

She prepares to climb.

To cross.

To enter.

Today, she will uncover everything.

EXT. INNER FOREST – CONTINUOUS

The air changes.

Colder.

Still.

Wrong.

No birds.

No insects.

No wind.

Just silence.

She moves forward.

Slow.

Controlled.  
Listening.  
Then—  
she sees it.  
A structure.  
Half-buried.  
Metal.  
Old.  
A door.  
A bunker.  
The same door from Yoo-Jin's sketch.  
The same door from her memory.  
Her pulse doesn't change.  
Her breathing doesn't change.  
She steps closer.  
Touches the metal.  
Cold.  
Too cold.  
She pulls out the keycard.  
Holds it up.  
A faint click.  
The lock disengages.  
She pushes the door open.

Darkness waits inside.

She steps in.

Without fear.

Without hesitation.

Without looking back.

Today, she uncovers the truth.

**END OF ACT FOUR.**

---

## **ACT FIVE**

INT. SUBTERRANEAN ENTRY CHAMBER – DAWN

The metal door closes behind Su-Hwa with a heavy, final click.

Darkness.

Then—

The emergency strip light flickers along the floor—

a weak, dying pulse in a bunker that should not exist anymore.

She waits.

Listens.

Nothing.

No machines.

No ventilation.

No footsteps.

Just silence.

She moves forward.

Slow.

Controlled.

Every step deliberate.

Her boots echo softly on the concrete.

light in her left hand,

breathing sharp,

jaw clenched.

The walls are burned black.

Metal warped.

Concrete cracked.

Everything smells like old smoke and wet ash.

She steps deeper.

She touches the wall.

Dust.

Not years old.

Decades.

INT. LOWER CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

The corridor stretches long and narrow.

She follows the emergency strip light.

Her breathing steady.

Her posture relaxed but ready.

A sign on the wall catches her eye.

Faded.

Barely readable.

B-3 OPERATIONS WING

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

Her jaw tightens.

She remembers that phrase.

Not the place.

The phrase.

She keeps walking.

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT – CONTINUOUS

A reinforced glass booth.

Empty.

Dark.

She steps inside.

A dead terminal sits on the desk.

She wipes dust from the screen.

Underneath:

A logo.

Faded.

Scratched.

Barely visible.

But she recognizes it instantly.

Her pulse doesn't change.

Her breathing doesn't change.

She simply whispers:

SU-HWA

...no.

She wipes more dust.

The full emblem appears.

A circle.

A number.

A designation.

UNIT 0-9 OPERATIONS DIVISION

She stares at it.

Not shocked.

Not confused.

Just... remembering.

A beat.

Then she turns.

Keeps moving.

INT. MAIN HALL – CONTINUOUS

The corridor opens into a large chamber.

Rows of metal lockers.

Benches.

Abandoned gear.

Everything covered in dust.

She walks between the rows.

Her fingers brush a locker door.

It swings open.

Inside—

A uniform.

Black.

Reinforced.

Her size.

She doesn't touch it.

She just looks at the name patch.

Faded.

Unreadable.

She closes the locker.

Keeps walking.

INT. CENTRAL HUB – CONTINUOUS

A circular room.

Four corridors branching out.

A map on the wall.

She wipes dust from it.

The layout appears:

- Operations Wing
- Medical Wing
- Armory

- Command Center

Her eyes stop on the last one.

COMMAND CENTER.

She heads there.

INT. COMMAND CENTER – CONTINUOUS

The door is heavy.

She pushes it open.

Inside—

A large room filled with dead monitors.

Dust-covered consoles.

Old equipment.

She steps inside.

The air feels different here.

Heavier.

She approaches the main console.

A cracked screen.

A keyboard missing keys.

A dead intercom.

She wipes dust from the desk.

Underneath—

A photograph.

Face-down.

She freezes.

Slowly—

she turns it over.

A group photo.

Soldiers.

Operators.

Uniforms.

Her uniform.

Her face.

Younger.

Harder.

Colder.

Standing in the center.

Her expression unreadable.

Her posture commanding.

Her unit around her.

She stares at the photo.

Silent.

Then—

a sound.

Soft.

Behind her.

A footstep.

Not imagined.

Not memory.

Real.

She turns instantly.

Nothing.

Empty room.

But she knows what she heard.

She isn't alone.

Her voice is low.

SU-HWA  
Come out.

Silence.

Then—

A faint metallic click.

Not a gun.

A door.

Opening.

Somewhere deeper inside.

She moves toward the sound.

Calm.

Focused.

Ready.

The truth is already moving toward her.

**END OF ACT FIVE.**

---

**ACT SIX**

INT. LOWER SUBLEVEL – CONTINUOUS

A flash.

Not a memory —

a shock.

A metal table.

Straps.

Her own voice screaming.

Hands holding her down.

A mask over her face.

She blinks hard.

Forces it away.

Her watch alarm goes off —

a sharp, piercing tone.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

She flinches.

Her hand trembles.

Her breath stutters.

The alarm is meant to pull her back

when the memories hit too hard.

She slams the button.

Silence returns.

But she's not alone.

A figure stands at the end of the hallway.

Mask on.

Black gear.

Silent.

Not moving.

Not calling her name.

Not reaching out.

Just watching.

Her light shakes once —

barely —

but she steadies it.

She steps forward.

The figure steps back.

Another flash.

A cage.

A man screaming.

Her own hands covered in blood.

Her unit shouting orders.

A fire starting somewhere behind her.

She grips the wall.

Her knees almost buckle.

She forces herself upright.  
Another figure appears behind her.  
Then a third.  
Then a fourth.  
All masked.  
All silent.  
All watching.  
She doesn't speak.  
She doesn't ask.  
She doesn't show fear.  
She just grunts under her breath —  
a low, raw sound —  
and keeps walking.  
The figures shift nervously.  
One of them takes half a step forward,  
then stops.  
Her watch alarm goes off again.  
BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.  
She slams it off with her fist.  
Her breathing is ragged now.  
Her eyes unfocused.  
Her steps uneven.

But she keeps going.  
She reaches a door—  
a bunker door,  
half melted,  
half collapsed,  
still locked from the inside.  
She touches it.  
Another flash.  
Her own hand.  
Covered in soot.  
Slamming this door shut.  
Screaming for someone to run.  
Explosions behind her.  
Her unit shouting her name.  
Then—  
Darkness.  
She jerks her hand back.  
The figures behind her tense.  
Her hand trembles.  
Her breath shakes.  
Her eyes burn.  
She forces the wheel.  
Metal groans.

Ash falls.

The door cracks open.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM — CONTINUOUS

The door groans open.

Cold air spills out.

Dust drifts like ash.

The room is burned, collapsed, half-destroyed —

but the shape of it is unmistakable.

A metal table.

Bolted to the floor.

Straps melted into the steel.

A chair overturned.

A mirror shattered.

Dark stains on the wall.

Su-Hwa steps inside.

Her light trembles once —

barely —

but she steadies it.

Her breath is shallow.

Her eyes unfocused.

Her body rigid.

Because she knows this room.

Even if she doesn't want to.

#### THE FIGURES FOLLOW

The masked figures enter behind her —

silent, anxious,

like ghosts afraid to disturb the dead.

They spread out along the walls,

keeping distance,

keeping their masks down,

keeping their voices locked behind their teeth.

One figure shifts nervously.

Another grips their own wrist.

Another watches her like she might collapse

or explode.

They're terrified.

Not of the bunker.

Not of the memories.

Of her.

#### **END OF ACT SIX.**

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#### **ACT SEVEN**

#### THE MEMORY HITS

Her light sweeps across the table.

FLASH.

Hands pinning her down.  
Her own voice screaming.  
A mask over her face.  
Her unit shouting her name.  
A fire starting.  
Someone dragging her.  
Someone bleeding.  
Someone yelling “RUN—”  
Then—  
Black.  
She gasps —  
a sharp, broken sound  
she immediately suppresses.  
Her knees buckle.  
She catches herself on the table.  
Her watch alarm goes off.  
BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.  
The sound slices through the silence.  
The figures freeze.  
They know that alarm.  
They’ve heard it before.  
They know what it means.

One figure takes a step forward —

instinct —

to help her.

She snaps her head toward them,

eyes sharp,

feral.

The figure stops instantly.

She slams the alarm off.

Her hand shakes.

Her breath trembles.

Her eyes burn.

But she stays standing.

SHE REMEMBERS MORE

Her light catches something on the floor —

a metal tag, half-melted.

She kneels.

Picks it up.

A serial number.

A blood smear.

A name burned away.

FLASH.

Her own hand holding this tag.

Someone screaming.

Her unit dragging bodies.

A door slamming.

Fire everywhere.

Her vision going white.

Her heart stopping.

Then—

Nothing.

She drops the tag.

It clatters on the floor.

The figures flinch.

One figure whispers —

barely audible,

almost a prayer.

FIGURE

“...she remembers...”

Another figure grips their mask tighter,

breathing fast,

panicking silently.

A third figure steps closer —

not touching her,

just close enough to catch her

if she falls.

But she doesn't.

She stands.

Barely.

But she stands.

Her voice is a whisper,

raw,

broken,

but still commander-sharp.

SU-HWA

I buried you.

The figures freeze.

One of them trembles.

Another lowers their head.

Another clenches their fists.

They don't answer.

They can't.

Because she's not talking to them.

She's talking to the ghosts in her head.

THE ROOM'S FINAL REVEAL

Her light moves to the far wall —

a burned outline,

a silhouette burned into the concrete

by the explosion.

A human shape.

Her shape.

FLASH.

Her body thrown against the wall.

Heat.

Light.

Screaming.

Her unit shouting her name.

Her vision going white.

Her heart stopping.

Then—

Darkness.

She staggers back.

Her breath breaks.

Her eyes widen.

Her hand covers her mouth.

The figures step forward —

all of them —

instinctively,

silently,

following her.

**END OF ACT SIX.**

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## **ACT SEVEN**

INT. LOWER SUBLEVEL – CONTINUOUS

Su-Hwa keeps walking.

Her steps are unsteady.

Her breath is not.

A sharp pulse hits behind her eye —

like a knife sliding under her skull.

She ignores it.

FLASH.

Her unit laughing in the transport.

Alive.

Warm.

Close.

FLASH.

The same faces —

bloodied, broken,

eyes open but empty.

FLASH.

A gunshot.

A scream.

A body falling.

She grips her temple.

Her jaw locks.

Her breath shudders.

Her watch alarm explodes.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

She doesn't stop.

She doesn't slow.

She doesn't even look at the alarm.

She keeps walking.

A thin line of blood slips from her nose.

She wipes it with the back of her hand.

Keeps moving.

FLASH.

A bright light overhead.

Her wrists strapped.

Electricity snapping through her spine.

FLASH.

A voice whispering in her ear.

"You break beautifully."

FLASH.

Her own scream —

raw, animal, unwilling.

She stumbles.

Her hand slams against the wall.

Her alarm screams again.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

She doesn't hear it anymore.

Her vision blurs.

Her breath fractures.

Her fingers tremble.

But she keeps walking.

FLASH.

Her unit —

lined up.

Kneeling.

Hands behind their heads.

FLASH.

A gun raised behind them.

FLASH.

A muzzle flash.

FLASH.

Blood hitting the floor.

Her knees buckle —

but she forces herself upright.

She keeps walking.

Her nose bleeds harder now.

A thin red trail down her lip.

Her eyes unfocus.

Her steps sway.

FLASH.

She is back in the interrogation room.

Strapped.

Shaking.

Electricity ripping through her nerves.

FLASH.

Her own voice begging —

not for mercy,

but for her unit.

“Let them go—”

FLASH.

A hand slapping her.

A voice laughing.

“You’re not here to bargain.”

FLASH.

Her heart stopping.

FLASH.

Darkness.

Her body sways again.

Her alarm screams.

She doesn't hear it.

Her legs give out.

She collapses—

But before she hits the floor—

FOUR MASKED FIGURES

rush forward.

Silent.

Fast.

Terrified.

They catch her mid-fall.

Her head rolls back.

Her eyes half-open.

Unfocused.

Blank.

She sees their masks —

but her mind replaces them with faces she lost.

FLASH.

Ha-Jun shouting her name.

Min-Seo crying.

Tae-Kyung bleeding.

Jin-Ho reaching for her.

FLASH.

The masked figures calling:

FIGURE (DISTANT)  
Commander—!

VOICE FROM MEMORY  
Commander, run—!

FIGURE (DISTANT)  
Su-Hwa, stay with us—

VOICE FROM MEMORY  
Please—!

Her breath shudders.

Her eyes roll back.

Her body goes limp in their arms.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE 4.**

## EPISODE 5 — THE BEGINNING

### ACT ONE

BLACK SCREEN.

Silence.

Then—

A heartbeat.

THUMP.

THUMP.

THUMP.

Wind fades in.

Boots on gravel.

Radio static.

INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT – NIGHT (PAST)

Young Su-Hwa sits in the back of the truck.

Helmet.

Gear.

Expression cold.

Eyes sharp.

Her unit surrounds her.

Alive.

Breathing.

Talking.

Laughing.

HA-JUN

Commander, you're doing that thing again.

SU-HWA

What thing.

MIN-SEO

The “calculating how many of us die tonight” face.

The team laughs.

She doesn’t.

Tae-Kyung nudges her shoulder.

TAE-KYUNG

Relax.

It’s a ghost op.

In and out.

No contact.

JIN-HO

Yeah, what’s the worst that could happen.

The truck hits a bump.

Su-Hwa’s fingers tighten around her weapon.

Her voice is flat.

SU-HWA

Don’t say that.

The radio crackles.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Unit Zero-Nine, confirm approach to target coordinates.

Ha-Jun answers.

HA-JUN

Confirmed.

ETA ten minutes.

Su-Hwa looks at the map.

The same map she held in the present.

The same coordinates.

The same facility.

Her eyes narrow.

Something feels wrong.

MIN-SEO  
Commander?

She doesn't answer.

She just stares at the map.

At the symbol.

At the place she will never forget.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGELINE OVERLOOKING FACILITY – NIGHT

Unit Zero-Nine lies concealed among the trees.

Below them—

the facility.

Massive.

Concrete disappearing into the mountainside.

Security towers.

Perimeter fencing.

Floodlights.

Far larger than anything in the mission briefing.

No one speaks.

They simply stare.

HA-JUN

That isn't a research site.

JIN-HO

That's a military installation.

MIN-SEO

Then why wasn't it marked?

SU-HWA studies the compound through binoculars.

Expression unreadable.

SU-HWA

Because somebody didn't want it marked.

A beat.

TAE-KYUNG scans through his optic.

TAE-KYUNG

No patrols.

HA-JUN

No vehicles.

MIN-SEO

No thermal signatures.

The silence deepens.

Wrong.

Everything feels wrong.

SU-HWA lowers the binoculars.

SU-HWA

Something's waiting.

Nobody argues.

Because when she sounds like that—

they listen.

A FLASH.

A light appears inside the facility.

One window.

Three quick pulses.

Gone.

The team freezes.

Another flash.

Different location.

Then another.

MIN-SEO

Someone's signaling.

HA-JUN

To us?

SU-HWA

Maybe.

A beat.

SU-HWA (CONT'D)

Maybe not.

The lights disappear.

Darkness returns.

SU-HWA keys her radio.

SU-HWA (INTO COMMS)

Command, this is Zero-Nine.

Static.

Nothing.

She tries again.

SU-HWA (INTO COMMS)  
Command, respond.

Only static.

The entire team exchanges looks.

HA-JUN  
Comms are dead.

JIN-HO checks his radio.

JIN-HO  
Mine too.

MIN-SEO  
Same.

TAE-KYUNG  
Nothing.

Su-Hwa looks back toward the facility.

Thinking.

Calculating.

Every instinct screaming.

Finally—

SU-HWA  
We proceed.

The unit rises.

Without hesitation.

Without complaint.

Together.

EXT. FACILITY PERIMETER – LATER

The fence looms above them.

Military-grade.

Freshly maintained.

Jin-Ho kneels beside the control box.

Works quickly.

A moment later—

CLICK.

The power dies.

HA-JUN

Nice.

JIN-HO

Buy me dinner later.

HA-JUN

If we survive.

SU-HWA

Focus.

The gate opens.

The team slips inside.

One by one.

Silent.

Professional.

Gone into the darkness.

INT. FACILITY CHECKPOINT – NIGHT

A security checkpoint.

Empty.

Dustless.

Operational.

But abandoned.

The team spreads out.

Covering angles.

Checking corners.

Weapons ready.

Min-Seo opens a logbook.

Her expression changes.

MIN-SEO  
Commander.

Su-Hwa approaches.

The page is dated.

Today's date.

Signed.

Recently.

MIN-SEO (CONT'D)  
Someone was here.

HA-JUN  
How recently?

MIN-SEO  
Hours.

The room goes silent.

TAE-KYUNG

Then where did they go?

Nobody answers.

Because everyone is wondering the same thing.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

The corridor stretches ahead.

Long.

Cold.

Fluorescent lights flickering overhead.

The unit advances.

Perfect formation.

Years of trust.

Years of training.

Then—

A VOICE.

Faint.

Distant.

A child crying.

Everyone freezes.

HA-JUN

Did you hear that?

The cry comes again.

Weak.

Terrified.