

SERIES BIBLE | PILOT EPISODE

OPERATION CIPHER

NOT ALL MISSIONS END.
SOME COME HOME.

Story by Nikita Arya

Operation Cipher



SERIES OVERVIEW

SERIES LOG LINE

A broken ex-intelligence officer is pulled back into a buried mission when a mysterious fugitive enters his life, carrying a secret powerful men are willing to kill for.

GENRE

Action Thriller | Suspense | Mystery

FORMAT

TV / Web Series | 8–10 episodes per season

CORE ENGINE

A failed mission resurfaces through Jerry Miller, forcing Jack Whitaker back into a world he thought he had escaped.

WORLD

Private security firms, covert networks, old operatives, hidden files, and unfinished business.

THEME

Some lives do not move on. They get reactivated.

“You left the mission. The mission never left you.”

EPISODE ONE

THE STRANGER IN THE RAIN

EPISODE PREMISE

On a storm-lashed highway, Jack Whitaker stops for a drenched stranger named Jerry Miller. Minutes later, bullets hit his car, a black SUV closes in, and Jack discovers this is not a random chase. It is the return of a life he tried to bury.

KEY BEATS

- 01 Jack drives alone after personal collapse.
- 02 Jerry appears in the road.
- 03 A bullet turns hesitation into survival.
- 04 The motel becomes a trap.
- 05 A man from Jack’s past steps out.

OPENING IMAGE

A lonely car. A wet road. A woman running for her life.

The full pilot begins on the next page.

THE PILOT EPISODE

OPENING SEQUENCE

It was past midnight, and Jack Whitaker was driving along a rugged, winding stretch of mountainous road high in the cliffs of California. Rain lashed against Jack's windshield, and his wipers struggled to keep up. He squinted through the blur, barely able to see the road ahead. But that didn't really matter — his mind wasn't on driving.

He couldn't stop thinking about Melissa. His ex-wife. Six months had barely passed since their divorce, and now she was married to someone else. Just like that.

"Guess I wasn't enough, huh?" Jack muttered bitterly, his fingers tightening around the wheel.

At this moment, the sharp bends, cliffs, and rugged terrain didn't scare him—instead, a reckless part of him almost wished something would happen.

"What's the point of this? What's the damn point of anything?" Jack said aloud, his voice strained with frustration. "I don't care anymore. About any of it."

He pressed harder on the accelerator, ignoring the car's persistent warning about overspeeding.

"Overspeeding, my foot! I don't care. Even if someone stepped in front of my car right now, well, that's their own bad luck." He muttered bitterly,

And then, as if the universe had heard him, a figure appeared in the distance — a shadowy shape barely 200 meters ahead, right in the middle of the road.

"Oh, come on!!" Jack muttered.

Jack was frustrated, but not out of his mind. With a sigh, Jack stopped the car and leaned toward the passenger-side window, squinting to get a better look at whoever was standing out there in the rain.

There he saw a young girl, fully drenched in rain. Her lips were trembling, startlingly pale. The instant their eyes met, she rushed toward the car.

"Please! You have to let me in!" she pleaded, her voice cracking with desperation.

Jack hesitated for a moment, but the urgency in her voice left him no choice. He quickly unlocked the door, letting her slip inside.

"Thank you, thank you," she gasped, shaking uncontrollably. Jack noticed the panic in her eyes as she glanced repeatedly over her shoulder.

"What's wrong? What are you doing out here?" he asked, trying to mask his irritation.

"Please, just drive! Hurry!" she begged, eyes darting frantically behind them into the darkness.

Jack slammed his hand on the steering wheel, finally snapping.

THE STRANGER IN THE RAIN

PART 02

"Hey, lady! Look, I don't want to sound rude, but you can't just barge in here and start ordering me around! I'm already having one hell of a night, and I don't even know who you are or what you're running from. If you expect me to help, you need to tell me what's going on—right now. Or else..."

"Someone's after me," she interrupted, her voice tight. "They're going to kill me if they catch me. Please help me!"

Jack sighed heavily, clenching his jaw.

"And who's 'they', now?" Jack asked in frustration. She shook her head, water dripping from her hair. "It's complicated. Look, I would've told you if we were somewhere safer, but they're chasing us right now. They know who I am. And now, they know who you are. We have to get out of here!" Jack's frustration boiled over. "Oh, great. Now I'm involved in whatever mess you've created? Look, I was just being nice to you, okay? Forget it. I'm not even that nice. So just get out of my car—" Before he could finish, a bullet struck their car. Panicked, Jack glanced into his rear-view mirror—a large black SUV was gaining on them rapidly. "Oh God," the woman whispered, shrinking down into her seat. "They found me."

"God, damn!!" Jack's heart surged with adrenaline. Without thinking, he floored the accelerator, tires spinning momentarily on the slick pavement before gripping the road. The car sped through the darkness, rain pelting the windows louder than ever.

The SUV behind them grew brighter, closer.

"We can't outrun them!" she cried. "You have to lose them—find someplace to hide!"

"Oh yeah?" Jack snapped sarcastically, looking at the woman in disbelief.

Up ahead, he saw a sign flicker in the fog—"Sierra View Motel." It looked abandoned, isolated atop the cliffs. It wasn't ideal, but it was their only hope.

"Hang on," Jack warned, veering sharply off the main road onto a narrow, gravel path. Branches scraped violently against the sides of the car as they barreled toward the crumbling motel.

Pulling into a shadowed corner behind the building, Jack killed the headlights, plunging them into darkness.

For a moment, there was silence. Only their breathing filled the small space.

"Well, ma'am, here we are. Anything else I can do for you tonight? Maybe fetch you a snack... or I don't know... die trying to save you?" Jack said to her, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

The woman turned to him and sighed, her face pale. "I'm really sorry. And thank you so much for tonight. You don't know what it means to me. I really owe you."

THE STRANGER IN THE RAIN

PART 03

"Yeah, you do," Jack muttered, his voice still sharp. "Now, I'm going to drop you inside the motel, and then we are on our own ways, alright?" Jack said with a sigh of relief.

"Sure," the woman agreed quietly.

They both got out of the car and walked toward the motel. The rain had eased to a light drizzle, and the cold night air wrapped around them.

As they walked, Jerry couldn't help herself stealing glances at Jack. He was tall — probably a few inches over six feet — with broad shoulders that filled out his worn leather jacket. His dark hair was tousled, still damp from the rain, and a light bearded jawline. There was a rugged charm about him — the kind that didn't come from effort, but from simply not caring enough to try.

Drawn by his good looks — and maybe something else she couldn't quite place — Jerry couldn't resist breaking the silence.

"I'm Jerry, by the way," she said, her tone softer than before. "Jerry Miller. And you?"

Jack looked back at her, less irritated now. With the rain easing, he could finally see her face clearly. He caught her eyes—hazel, soft yet intense. For a second, something inside him twisted. Her eyes reminded him of Melissa. For a split second, he thought it was her. Memories surged—Melissa's smile, her laugh, her scent—before reality snapped him back. It wasn't Melissa. It was Jerry—the woman who'd almost gotten him killed a few minutes ago.

Jack blinked and shook his head. "Hey Jerry," he said flatly. "Let's just forget about each other, alright?"

Jerry's face fell. "Hey, I said sorry, okay?" she muttered, her voice small.

Jack looked at her fallen face and let out a tired breath. "Jack Whitaker," he said dryly. "Professional magnet for bad luck and apparent bullet dodger. Nice to meet you."

Jerry chuckled softly, then her face turned serious. "Look... I work for a private security firm. Those guys chasing us? They used to work for me. Now they want me dead."

Jack frowned. "Wait... your own employees? Why?"

"Because I found out too much," Jerry said quietly. "I discovered something... now they're trying to clean up the mess... and I'm the mess."

Jack snorted dryly. "Wow. So, you're just walking chaos in human form. Fantastic."

Jerry raised an eyebrow and shot back, "Oh yeah? Says the guy who introduced himself as a 'professional magnet for bad luck.' So what's your story? Your cat ran away or did your girlfriend leave you for a better man?"

THE STRANGER IN THE RAIN

PART 04

Jack froze for a moment, caught off guard. He let out a dry laugh, but there was no humor in it. "Bang on," he muttered. "Melissa... my wife of 6 years. Sorry, ex-wife! Left me six months ago and got married tonight. Guess she upgraded."

Jerry's smirk faded instantly. She blinked and looked away, her face softening. "Hey... I'm sorry," she said quietly. "That was out of line."

Jack shrugged, stuffing his hands in his pockets. "Yeah, well..." He let out a breath, forcing himself to let it go. "Forget it."

They reached the motel entrance. The neon "VACANCY" sign flickered above the glass door, half the letters dimmed. Jack pushed the door open, and the stale air inside hit them both immediately.

The receptionist, a tired-looking man with sunken eyes and a scruffy beard, barely glanced up from his newspaper. The desk lamp beside him flickered weakly.

"Room?" the man grunted without enthusiasm.

"Yeah," Jack replied. "Something away from the front."

"Two beds," Jerry added quickly.

The receptionist barely reacted. He slid a dusty leather logbook toward them. "IDs."

Jack pulled it out of his wallet and slid it across the counter. Jerry hesitated, then reluctantly handed hers over as well.

The receptionist barely glanced at Jack's ID. But when he picked up Jerry's, his eyes lingered. His face shifted slightly. He nodded slowly, then turned away, phone pressed against his ear.

"What's that about?" Jack muttered under his breath.

"I don't know," Jerry whispered back, her eyes narrowing.

The receptionist spoke in a foreign language — low, hurried, and deliberate. Jerry shot Jack a nervous glance, and Jack returned it with a look that said, "Yeah, this is weird."

Moments later, the man returned, sliding their IDs back across the counter. "Room 14," he muttered, slapping a key on the desk. "End of the hall."

"Great," Jack said dryly, grabbing the key. "Let's get this over with."

THE STRANGER IN THE RAIN

PART 05

They walked down the dimly lit hallway. The walls were faded and peeling, and the carpet was stained and fraying along the edges. Room 14's door had scratches around the lock, as if someone had tried — and failed — to force it open before.

Jack stopped at the door and held the key up. "Alright," he muttered, sliding it into the lock. "You're all set. Good luck with your psycho ex-employees."

"Wait," Jerry said quickly, putting her hand on his arm. "Look, I know you just want to get out of here, but... you should stay. Just for a bit. You can freshen up, grab some rest, and then leave. Safer that way." Her voice was softer now, almost pleading. "Please."

Jack raised an eyebrow. "Why are you so worried about me now?"

"Because," she said, "I've already gotten you shot at once tonight. At least let me try to make up for it."

Jack exhaled through his nose, dragging a hand down his face. "Fine," he muttered. "But if I wake up duct-taped to a chair, I'm blaming you." Both chuckled.

They entered the room — dimly lit, with faded wallpaper curling at the edges and a musky scent lingering in the air. The carpet was worn thin in patches, and the bedside lamp flickered weakly. Jack tossed his bag onto the nearest bed, casting Jerry a look that said, "This place is charming."

Jerry shrugged, clearly unimpressed herself.

"I'll be quick," Jack muttered, heading to the washroom to freshen up.

Still drenched in water, Jerry took off her jacket and put it on the chair. A minute later, there was a knock at the door. Jack came out of the washroom and exchanged a tense glance with Jerry.

"Who is it?" Jack called out.

"It's me," a familiar voice answered. Jack opened the door a crack and saw the receptionist standing outside.

"Look," the receptionist muttered. "I'm sorry if I spooked you earlier. I called a friend — someone who knows the guys chasing you. They're dangerous, alright? You shouldn't stay here. They'll come looking." His voice dropped lower. "I can get you both out. Just say the word."

Jerry stepped beside Jack. "And how do we know you're not just handing us over to them?"

The man scowled. "Lady, if I wanted you dead, I wouldn't be standing here wasting my breath."

Jack rubbed his face. "This sounds like a great way to wake up in a ditch," he muttered.

THE STRANGER IN THE RAIN

PART 06

"Look," the receptionist continued, "you can stay here and take your chances... or you can trust me. Your call." He turned and walked away, leaving them with the decision.

Jerry looked at Jack. "I think we should go."

"Yeah," Jack muttered, "because trusting random strangers has worked out so well for us tonight."

They grabbed their bags and followed the receptionist out the back. The cold night air hit them as the man led them to a rusty old sedan parked behind the building.

"My friend's place is ten minutes away," the receptionist said. "He knows what's going on. He'll help you."

Jack wasn't convinced. He glanced at Jerry. "If this goes south, I'm never listening to you again."

Just then, Jerry's face paled. "Jack..."

"What?" Jack frowned.

"Behind the sedan," Jerry whispered, her voice tight with fear.

Jack turned — and there it was. The black SUV that was chasing them, parked barely twenty feet away, tucked in the shadows like a predator waiting to strike. Its headlights flicked on, blinding them momentarily. Jack's heart lurched.

The driver's side door creaked open, and a figure stepped out. The sound of boots crunching gravel echoed through the still night. The man moved slowly, deliberately, like he wanted to be seen.

Jack's breath caught as the man stepped into the light. His face — sharp features, cold eyes, and a twisted smirk — was unmistakable. Jack felt his blood turn cold.

"No... no way," Jack muttered, his voice barely audible.

"Jack, who is that? Do you know him?" Jerry pressed urgently.

Jack swallowed hard, his eyes locked on the approaching figure.

"It's... someone I thought I'd never see again," Jack said, his voice tight with dread. "And if he's here... we're in a hell of a lot more trouble than I thought."

END OF EPISODE ONE

TO BE CONTINUED...

CLIFFHANGER QUESTIONS

1. Who is this man that Jack knows, and what connection does he have with Jerry's pursuers?
2. Was the receptionist really trying to help — or has he played them into a trap?
3. What does this mysterious man's appearance mean for Jack and Jerry — and what past secrets are about to surface?

*The past does not return quietly.
It arrives armed.*

OPERATION CIPHER

A hidden mission. A hunted woman. A man who cannot outrun his past.

EPIISODE 1: THE STRANGER IN THE RAIN

Written by Nikita Arya

The cipher has only begun to open.