

THE BASTRED AMOUNG US SHADOWS OF BETRAYAL EPISODE 2

Action, Comedy, Crime, Drama, Thriller

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Original Script

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Shadows of Betrayal

EPISODE 02 SEASON 01

FADE IN

1. INT. MANSION-CELIAS ROOM- NIGHT.

Celia's room is meticulously organized, with white walls adorned with soft gray accents. In one corner stands a small, modern bed draped with a soft pink coverlet, accompanied by several small cushions. Next to the bed is a dark brown wooden wardrobe, atop which are neatly arranged perfumes and beauty products.

On one side of the room, an expensive computer rests on a sleek desk made of glass and metal. Next to the computer are a few carefully stacked files and books. The chair in front of the desk is simple, comfortable, and practical.

In the center of the room, there is a small chessboard with two small chairs facing each other, as if awaiting an imminent match. On the opposite wall, a large mirror reflects the room's details, giving it a sense of spaciousness. The overall atmosphere reflects Celia's intelligence and her well-organized approach to life.

Celia sits on her bed in a relaxed position, slightly leaning back, her legs comfortably crossed. In her hands, she holds a romance novel, reading it with focus. But slowly, her eyes drift away from the pages. She suddenly stops reading, gently closing the book and placing it beside her.

She lifts her head slowly, gazing at the ceiling with eyes full of sadness. A deep sigh escapes her, as if carrying the weight of years. The sorrow is evident on her face, her expressions hinting at the loss of something—or perhaps someone.

In that moment, she feels isolated. No lover is there to share these moments, no one sitting beside her, no hand to hold. An emptiness fills her heart, as if the novel she's reading mirrors her own love life: empty, waiting for someone to fill it with love

Quietly talking to herself, still staring at the ceiling, her eyes filled with questions and doubt

CELIA

Will I truly find the love of my
life? Or will I end up alone...
without a lover?

She pauses for a moment, as if trying to resist the negative thoughts creeping into her mind

CELIA

I'm afraid I'll spend my life waiting for someone who may never come

She sighs deeply once more, then gently closes her eyes, trying to calm her restless heart, but the feeling of loneliness washes over her like a cold wave on a long winter's night

Sfx: A gentle knock on the door.

JULIA (O.S.)
Sweetheart, are you asleep?

CELIA
(turning quietly toward
the door)
No, Mom... come in.

Julia enters the room with quick, confident steps.

At 35 years old, she is a beautiful, strong woman, with the aura of a former soldier and mercenary.

Her shiny brown hair falls over her shoulders, and she wears simple clothes that reflect her disciplined character.

Julia smiles a loving smile as she approaches her daughter, sitting beside her on the bed, gently placing her hand on Celia's shoulder.

JULIA
(with a warm smile)
What's on your mind, darling?
You seem a bit troubled.

The mother and daughter exchange looks, and Julia's loving smile fills the room with a sense of security. Smiling artificially, trying to appear cheerful, but her sad eyes betray her

CELIA
Yes, Mom... I'm fine. There's
nothing wrong.

She tries to look away, but she knows Julia can see right through her.

JULIA
(gazing deeply at her,
smiling gently)
Celia, your eyes are telling a
different story. I can see what
you're hiding, sweetheart.

CELIA
(lowering her head
slightly, her voice
beginning to tremble)
Really, Mom, there's no need to
worry. Everything's okay...

JULIA
(placing her hand gently
on her shoulder and
smiling)
I know, Celia...
I know what you're feeling. Love
isn't something you can force or
rush.
It will come at the right time, and
it will find its way to you. I was
in the same place when I was your
age.

Celia looks up at her mother, her eyes filled with questions.

CELIA
Really? You felt that way too?

JULIA
(smiling warmly as she
recalls her memories)
Yes, I was just like you. I
thought I would never find the love
of my life. I felt the same
loneliness and sadness you're
feeling now. But things changed
when I met your father.

CELIA
(surprised)
I didn't know that about you! How
did that happen?

JULIA
(with a calm, loving
voice)
We met at a time when I was
completely lost. I was working as a
mercenary, caught up in my tough
life, and I never expected to find
someone who would love me for who I
was. But love comes when we least
expect it. Your father was
different... He taught me that love
isn't something you chase
desperately; it's something that
comes when you're ready to embrace
it.

CELIA

(in a quieter voice)

Do you think that will happen for me? JULIA (patting her hand) I'm sure of it, Celia. Love will find its way to you. Don't rush it, and let things unfold naturally. I've been there before, and I know the waiting is hard, but it's worth it.

Celia smiles cautiously, as if her mother's words have eased some of her pain

CUT TO:

2. INT.INSIDE THE POLICE STATION-DAY

The camera opens with a wide shot of the police station. The walls are faded, covered with bulletin boards and wanted criminal posters. The sound of ringing phones and typing on keyboards fills the air as officers input data. The desks are neatly organized with scattered files and paperwork. A large map on one wall is covered in markings and indicators pointing to various locations, while surveillance monitors display the city's streets.

Police officers move quickly and purposefully, some speaking with suspects, while others process paperwork on computers. One officer speaks into a radio, coordinating an ongoing operation. The atmosphere is one of discipline and intense focus.

The camera moves toward a Inspector Jonathan

The Inspector Jonathan In his early 40s, tall and athletic, with dark brown hair peppered with a few streaks of gray at the temples. He wears a sharp but practical suit. His piercing blue eyes are always alert, observing everything around him with precision.

Jonathan walks through the station with steady steps, his presence commanding respect and confidence from his colleagues. His extensive experience in crime investigation shows in every move he makes. His smile is calm but sharp, and he has an uncanny ability to read people within moments.

He stops at the desk of a young officer, greeting him with a friendly smile.

JONATHAN

(in a calm, respectful tone)

How are things going here? Any progress on the recent case?

YOUNG OFFICER
 (enthusiastically)
 Yes, sir. We've uncovered some new
 evidence. We're analyzing it now.

Jonathan pats the officer on the shoulder in encouragement, then continues his walk around the station. He stops occasionally to speak with other officers, inquiring about different cases, always remaining composed and in control of the situation.

The camera follows him as he moves between the desks, carefully inspecting the work. In every corner he passes, the officers feel a sense of appreciation and respect for him, as he is the inspector who knows how to lead the team with both wisdom and firmness.

JUMP CUT TO:

3. INT.INSIDE THE POLICE STATION- INSPECTOR JONATHAN'S OFFICE-
 DAY.

The camera moves swiftly toward Inspector Jonathan's office. His voice, full of anger, echoes through the station. The walls seem to tremble as officers glance toward him with concern.

JONATHAN
 (yelling, his voice filled
 with fury)
 Why can't I find an arrest warrant
 for Gerard Johnson?! Isn't the
 evidence we uncovered enough?! And
 the witnesses? Aren't they ready to
 testify in court?!

The officers around him exchange uneasy glances, their silence heavy with tension.

Officer Sam, hesitant, tries to respond slowly, as if every word could have serious consequences.

OFFICER SAM
 (hesitantly)
 Sir... it's not that simple. The...
 the file has been torn apart.

JONATHAN
 (even angrier)
 Torn apart? How could that
 happen?!

He slams his fist on the desk, scattering papers into the air.

JONATHAN

Who did this?! Who is protecting
this criminal?!

OFFICER SAM

(in a low, fearful voice)

Sir, it's bigger than we thought.
The evidence... has been destroyed.
The witnesses... they've been
silenced.

Jonathan stands frozen for a moment, his eyes widening as the words sink in.

Inside, he knows this isn't just a criminal case. It's a battle against a larger force, and Gerard Johnson wields immense power. But Jonathan is not one to give up.

JONATHAN

(in a low, determined
voice)

He used his influence to destroy
everything, but I won't let him get
away with it.

He takes a deep breath, stepping away from the desk, pacing around the room as he contemplates how to bring Gerard down.

JONATHAN

I'll find a way... I'll expose the
truth, no matter what it takes.

The officers remain silent, knowing the gravity of the situation. The station now falls into a tense quiet, except for the sound of Jonathan's footsteps echoing as he moves back and forth.

Suddenly, a handsome young man enters, dressed in an expensive Italian suit His features are striking, his eyes filled with confidence, and his hair perfectly styled. He stops at the doorway called adam .

ADAM

(in a calm, charismatic
tone)

Where can I find Inspector
Jonathan?

Jonathan slowly looks up at the young man, trying to gauge what this unexpected visitor might bring.

A small, organized office, filled with neatly stacked papers and files. The walls of the office reflect a sense of seriousness and hard work.

The camera starts from the outside as a police officer points to the office.

OFFICER
He's in his office.

Inspector Jonathan's voice rises from inside, commanding and authoritative.

JONATHAN
(from inside)
Come on in, kid.

The camera follows Adam Smith as he steps into the office. Adam, a handsome young man in an expensive Italian suit, walks confidently toward the desk.

ADAM
(calmly)
Hello, are you Inspector Jonathan?

JONATHAN
(looking up from his desk)
Yes, and who are you?

ADAM
(with a faint smile)
Adam Smith. You don't need to know who I am or my story right now. But I have information about Gerard and what he's planning. It's your chance to get your revenge.

Jonathan looks momentarily shocked, but quickly regains his composure.

JONATHAN
(in surprise, but cautious)
Why? What do you want in return?

Adam steps closer, looking at Jonathan with piercing eyes.

ADAM
(calmly, with a slight smile)
I want something simple... a girl who means a lot to me. I want to spend some time with her, just the two of us.

Jonathan looks at him with surprise, then smirks in disbelief.

JONATHAN
(with a sarcastic smile)
Do you think we're a dating service?

ADAM
 (laughing lightly)
 No, it's not a date. She's my
 sister. Don't make me feel
 disgusted.

Jonathan looks at him, bewildered.

JONATHAN
 Your sister? Why not just call her,
 then?

ADAM
 (with a sigh)
 It's a long story. My sources tell
 me she's working with Gerard. And
 my father... he's furious. He sent me
 to bring her home. Otherwise...
 he'll buy this city, turn it into a
 giant nightclub, or destroy it
 completely.

Jonathan raises an eyebrow, trying to process what he's
 hearing.

JONATHAN
 (mockingly)
 Did I hear that right? Is your
 father Joseph Stalin's brother?

ADAM
 (seriously)
 Do you think this is funny? My
 father is part of the organization
 that controls the world, except for
 North Africa. There's someone there
 we don't mess with.

Jonathan pauses for a moment, then motions for Adam to sit
 down.

JONATHAN
 Sit down and tell me everything. I
 promise... I'll get you your sister.

Adam smiles with relief, closing the door behind him. The
 camera slowly pulls away from the office, leaving Jonathan
 and Adam talking behind closed doors. We can't see or hear
 what happens inside, but the tension in the air suggests that
 this conversation may change everything.

CUT TO:

4. INT.OPEN-AIR CAFÉ ON A BUSY STREET-DAY

A cozy small café, with walls adorned with local art and
 folk designs.

Tables are set on the sidewalk under umbrellas, and the air is filled with the aroma of fresh coffee.

Cars pass by the café in regular intervals, the hum of engines mixing with the sounds of people walking by

The camera begins with a focus on the street, where various cars, big and small, drive by, some stopping at traffic lights, others rushing through. On the sidewalk, pedestrians walk at a leisurely pace, some stopping to glance at shop windows, while others hurry to their destinations. The street is alive with activity.

The young waiter, 17 years old, tall and slender, moves between the tables with a calm smile, delivering drinks and taking orders. His movements are swift and professional, but he maintains a friendly interaction with the patrons.

The camera slowly pans to a table in the corner of the café. Seated at the table is Agatha, Next to her sits Houssam, a man, dressed in a black leather jacket, smoking a cigarette with a cold, distant gaze. George, an old friend, sits beside them, while the twins, Mokhtar and Said, are on the opposite side of the table, drinking different beverages. The mood is calm among them.

Each of them sips their chosen drink, except for Houssam, who is quietly sipping his strong Moroccan coffee, contemplatively exhaling smoke from his cigarette.

Agatha looking at Houssam with longing, her smile filled with mystery

AGATHA

You're different from them,
Houssam. You have something...
special. I can't quite put my
finger on it.

Houssam doesn't lift his eyes from his coffee, taking another sip without giving her any attention.

HOUSSAM

(coldly)
We're all different, Agatha.

Agatha leans in slightly, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

AGATHA

(in a soft, seductive
voice)

But I see something in you that I
don't see in others. Why don't we
talk about something more...
personal?

Houssam exhales smoke slowly, still staring at his cup, without looking at her.

HOUSSAM

(in a calm, indifferent
tone)

I don't think there's anything
personal to talk about.

Agatha gently places her hand on his, trying to entice him.

AGATHA

(with a soft sigh)

I always succeed with boys, but...
this is the first time I've failed
with a man.

Houssam finally lifts his eyes to her, his gaze filled with
sadness and detachment.

HOUSSAM

(in a low, quiet voice)

Believe me, my heart died with her
departure.

Agatha slowly pulls her hand back, feeling defeated, and
looks away for a moment. Silence falls over the table, and
the external noise returns, filling the air once again.

GEORGE

(grumbling as he looks
around))

Where the hell is she?

Mokhtar laughs maniacally, his voice rising in an odd way.

MOKHTAR

(laughing)

Your sister?

His brother, Said, responds with a grin full of madness.

SAID

(jokingly)

Good one!

Said moves closer to George, gently touching his shoulder
and speaking in a calm, mysterious tone.

SAID

Tell me, where is your sister?

GEORGE

(irritated, showing his
discomfort with their
crazy behavior)

Fine, where is my sister?

Said bursts into hysterical laughter and shouts in an
exaggerated manner.

SAID
(loudly and crazily)
She's in my pocket!

Mokhtar and Said laugh uncontrollably, clearly displaying their insanity.

Agatha and George look at them with bewilderment, trying to make sense of their behavior.

AGATHA
(in an astonished tone)
Are they always like this?

George slowly shakes his head, looking at them.

GEORGE
(confused)
Always... but I never understood
how they can be like this all the
time.

Agatha looks at Said and Mokhtar, who are laughing without stopping.

AGATHA
Sometimes it seems like they're in
another world, a world full of
madness.

Before George can reply, Houssam intervenes quietly, sipping his coffee, his eyes fixed as if he knows a lot about the twins.

HOUSSAM
(in a low, serious tone)
If you knew their story and what
happened to them, you'd cry tears
of blood.

Everyone looks at Houssam with shock and curiosity.

HOUSSAM
(continuing, in a deep
tone)
As the saying goes, don't judge a
book by its cover.

Everyone falls silent for a moment, reflecting on Houssam's words, while Mokhtar and Said continue their unrestrained laughter.

The camera focuses on Mokhtar, who touches George again, saying

MOKHTAR
I have another one.

Houssam turns his gaze towards Mokhtar , giving him a warning and intense look that makes both Mokhtar and Said uncomfortable.

Houssam speaks in a disciplinary tone.

HOUSSAM
Mokhtar, that's enough.

Both Mokhtar and Said lower their eyes, showing their respect and affection for Houssam.

MOKHTAR AND SAID
(in unison, softly)
We're sorry, Houssam.

Said looks up with a troubled expression, his voice tinged with sadness.

SAID
Why did our parents leave us? Is it because we're ugly or because of our nature?

The atmosphere becomes heavy and emotional as the conversation turns to their painful past. Mokhtar and Said's eyes well up with tears as they speak, revealing the depth of their suffering.

SAID
(with a trembling voice)
We were just children when they left. They said it was for our own good, that we needed to fend for ourselves, but... why did they abandon us? Was it something we did, or was it just who we are?

Agatha's eyes fill with tears, reflecting the pain in Said's voice.

AGATHA
(whispering, visibly moved)
I'm so sorry. I didn't realize...

George, also affected, reaches out and places a comforting hand on Said's shoulder.

GEORGE
(softly)
No one deserves to be abandoned like that. No one.

Mokhtar nods, his voice breaking as he speaks.

MOKHTAR

We were left alone, struggling...
trying to find our place.
It's a pain that never really goes
away.

The camera captures the tears forming in Agatha's and George's eyes, highlighting their empathy and sorrow for the twins' tragic story.

The mood is somber and reflective, the weight of the past hanging heavily in the air.

SAID

(with a hint of
resignation)

We've learned to cope, but the
scars remain. Sometimes, it feels
like no matter how hard we try, we
can't escape the past.

George placing a reassuring hand on Said's shoulder.

GEORGE

It's important to remember,
though, that you're not alone
anymore. We're here for you.

The camera pulls back slightly, showing the group in a moment of shared grief and solidarity, with the street's noises fading into the background as they continue to support each other through their emotional conversation.

Suddenly, without any prior warning, Houssam explodes in anger, lightly hitting the table, causing the twins Mokhtar and Said to freeze in place out of fear.

HOUSSAM

Really? What are you waiting for?
An Oscar? Or maybe you're feeling
sorry for yourselves?

George looks at him with a smile, but it's clear he's not pleased.

GEORGE

Looks like the rumors are true.
Houssam Belkacem died along with
his wife and daughter. dude ,
you're colder and harsher than The
iceberg that sank the Titanic.

Agatha speaks sharply

AGATHA

What's the wrong with you? If
we're Bastards, you're their king

The twins, Mokhtar and Said, stand up and walk toward Houssam, their steps filled with sadness and apology.

They embrace him tightly, crying like children.

MOKHTAR

Mr. Houssam, maybe our parents left us, but you've always been like a father and brother to us since we were kids.

Said wipes his tears as he speaks

SAID

Are you going to pay for the drinks, or what?

Everyone bursts into laughter, except for Houssam, who still plays the role of the cold, ruthless man. He simply responds dryly

HOUSSAM

Yes. If I don't pay, who will?

Suddenly, Celia walks into the café, wearing a seductive dress as if she's ready to catch a lover. Everyone turns to look at her, and the young men start whistling, causing her face to blush. She approaches Agatha, who jokes

AGATHA

(jokingly)

Looks like you're planning to drag someone into bed tonight!

George replies with a sarcastic smile:

GEORGE

I doubt that, because the moment they lie on her bed, they'll be transferred straight to the eternal one in the grave.

Mokhtar, adding to Celia's embarrassment, starts whistling and shouts

MOKHTAR

(playfully)

Hey there, beautiful! Come to your daddy!

Celia tries to ignore it as she reaches them. Said speaks with a light smile

SAID

Can I get your receipt number?

Celia laughs softly and plays with his hair gently

CELIA
You mean my phone number?

Suddenly, Said stands up, acting silly, performing Kung Fu moves, shouting

SAID
(wildly)
Don't touch the hair!

Mokhtar chimes in, laughing

MOKHTAR
Hair is off-limits!

DISSOLVE TO:

5. INT.OPEN-AIR CAFÉ ON A BUSY STREET-DAY.

Celia responds to them with a light, innocent smile, in contrast to Houssam, who completely ignores her presence, staring ahead as he slowly smokes.

She tries to catch his attention and asks

CELIA
What do you think, Mr. Houssam?

Houssam replies coldly, without even looking at her

HOUSSAM
Yes, I'm happy for you.

Celia glances at him, her anger bubbling beneath the surface, affected by his indifference. She hides her frustration, but her words carry the weight of her emotions.

CELIA
(angry)
You know, you really enjoy playing
this role...
the cold-hearted man who doesn't
care about anything.

Houssam exhales smoke slowly, finally looking at her, his eyes devoid of emotion.

HOUSSAM
(calmly)
I had my chance... I fell in love,
got married.
And what did I get in return? A
wife and daughter I buried with my
own hands. If you're looking for
love, look elsewhere.

His words hit Celia deeply, but she masks her feelings, pretending not to care.

CELIA

(defiantly)

As if I'd ever fall for someone as cold and emotionless as you!
Anyway, allah has a place reserved for people like you in Hell.
Houssam doesn't reply.

He only responds with a provocative smile.

Celia stands nearby, trying to engage in conversation with the others without uttering a word, while Houssam simply listens silently.

Suddenly, an unknown young man approaches Celia and slaps her on the backside, saying

YOUNG MAN

(mockingly)

Nice ass!

In an instant, Houssam grabs the man over the table with lightning speed.

Without hesitation, he stabs him with a sugar spoon. Everyone turns toward Houssam, stunned by his swift and precise kill.

HOUSSAM

(calmly)

I'll see you in Hell, scumbag.

Everyone is in shock after what Houssam did. Agatha, unable to process what just happened, exclaims

AGATHA

(shocked)

What the hell was that?!

The group starts murmuring in amazement. Mokhtar looks at Houssam in disbelief

MOKHTAR

Man, how did you do that? That fast, with a sugar spoon?

Houssam, calmly and modestly, lights his cigarette again, sits down, and replies

HOUSSAM

(calmly)

It's not about speed. It's about control... and preparation. I'm always ready for any scenario.

Everyone stares at him, intrigued, wanting to know more. Houssam continues, telling them stories about his past victims.

HOUSSAM

I remember once, in algeria , there was a man who thought he was untouchable... They hired me to take him out. I snuck into his house at night, he was experienced, but I was faster. He didn't even hear my footsteps before I was behind him. I killed him in three seconds. Everyone in that town thought he vanished without a trace.

The group listens intently, barely breathing, but Houssam continues

HOUSSAM

Then there was that drug lord in the north africa . It took me two months to track him down. When I found him, he was sitting among his guards, full of confidence. I killed four of his men before I put the knife in his heart. He didn't stand a chance.

Mokhtar stares at him, impressed, then smirks sarcastically. He decides to reveal a story that shocks everyone.

MOKHTAR

(coldly)

Houssam, not all your stories are that impressive. Not like what you did with that family, right?

Everyone looks at Mokhtar, stunned. He continues, his words heavy, cutting through the air

MOKHTAR

(continuing)

A whole family, all dead. The problem? The guy you wanted wasn't even in the apartment. Instead, you burn his entire family... even his baby brother. I can still hear his crying, their screams to this day.

Silence fills around the place, Everyone stares at Houssam, their faces a mixture of shock and disbelief. Houssam says nothing, just staring ahead, while the tension in the air grows thicker.

Celia, cautiously and with concern, tries to get closer to Houssam. She gently touches his shoulder as she speaks

CELIA
 (softly)
 Is it true, Mr. Houssam?

Houssam stays silent for a moment. His face shows a mixture of suppressed anger and deep sorrow. His eyes reveal tension from old wounds, painful memories haunting him. A storm of emotions swirls inside him, but he remains calm, as if a volcano is bubbling beneath the surface. Slowly, he turns to look at Mokhtar, his gaze hard and foreboding.

In a chilling calmness, Houssam stands up, then speaks in a low voice

HOUSSAM
 (dryly)
 Goodbye... I'll see you later. Or
 maybe just some of you.

With those words, Houssam moving steadily and quietly. His eyes scan the area as if searching for something, or a specific place. Then, he disappears from sight, leaving everyone in stunned silence.

Moments of quiet follow before someone, with a shaky voice, breaks the tension

AGATHA
 (astonished)
 Did he really kill that family?

Mokhtar, his voice filled with obvious fear, responds

MOKHTAR
 (anxiously)
 Yes, he killed them all. I'm a
 dead man now.

Celia tries to calm him, stepping in with confidence

CELIA
 (calmly)
 He won't kill you. Houssam's not
 like that.

But Mokhtar's brother looks at her, fear clear in his eyes, and answers

SAID
 (grimly)
 No, he is dead, You don't know
 Houssam. If he doesn't kill you,
 he'll leave his mark on you... just
 so you remember your life is now
 his.

The tension among them grows as they start preparing to leave.

They exit the café, their footsteps as they try to cross the street. Suddenly, the sound of a gunshot echoes from an unknown direction.

In a split second, Mokhtar collapses to the ground, his body crumbling as blood flows from his wound.

Everyone stands around him, stunned, unable to comprehend what just happened.

CELIA
(shocked)
Mokhtar?!

They look around in terror, searching for the sniper who took Mokhtar down.

JUMP CUT TO:

6. EXT. STREET - DAY.

Celia stands in the middle of street, her face pale with fear. Her eyes dart in every direction, searching for help. Her hands tremble as she fumbles to hold her phone and call an ambulance, but fear paralyzes her movements.

CELIA
(voice trembling)
Hello... Hello! We need an
ambulance... fast! There's been a
shooting... Mokhtar is bleeding!
Please, hurry!

Near of celia , Said stands anxiously, looking around with a worried expression. He approaches her, speaking with barely contained anger

SAID
(frustrated)
I told you! I told you, this is
what happens when you get involved
with people like Houssam.

Suddenly, another gunshot echoes. This time, the bullet hits Said in the shoulder. He groans, slowly collapsing to the ground, but before he passes out, he speaks faintly

SAID
(pained)
This... this isn't Houssam's
doing... there's a Bastard among
us.

George quickly runs to Mokhtar, who's lying on the ground. He grabs his exhausted body and drags him with difficulty behind a nearby garbage truck, trying to find some cover.

His eyes are filled with panic as he tries to protect Mokhtar from the sniper.

On the other side, Agatha crouches near Said, struggling to pull his heavy body toward the same truck. She looks around in terror, searching for the sniper or any safe shelter.

AGATHA

(frantic)

Said, stay with me! Don't die!
We'll get out of here!

She finally reaches the truck and hides with George behind it. Everyone sits, tense, their breaths quick, while the sniper remains hidden. Their eyes scan the area, but no one knows what to do or where to hide any longer.

FADE OUT.