

"DEADLY ROMANCE"

An Original Screenplay by
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Based on
a Poetic Narrative of RUMI,
the Great Persian Poet and
Scholar of the 13th Century
WGAE Author Code: 098132

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FADE UPON:

EXT. DEAD SEA - DAY

An aerial view of the expansive Dead Sea, with its waters glimmering under the bright sunlight.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Behold the Dead Sea. Earth's saltiest water. A realm where time appears frozen, unveiling nature's enchanting paradox. A sea that is not truly alive, yet holds so much of life and history within its depths.

As we continue to glide over the serene waters near the coastal areas, small ripples form and dissolve. The shoreline is dotted with crystallized salt formations, resembling exquisite works of art.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The salt concentration of the Dead Sea is so high that you can effortlessly float on its surface, defying the laws of gravity.

The camera zooms in on a RESORT COMPLEX where vacationers swim, sunbathe, relax, and jog along the seashore, immersed in a perfect seaside sunset.

SUPER: "EIN BOKEK RESORT COMPLEX, ISRAEL"

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Dead Sea, linked to the twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah in Genesis 19 of the Hebrew Bible, reflects moral corruption and disobedience to divine law. The residents' wickedness led to their destruction, swallowed by the Earth. In Christian theology, the tale serves as a warning against immorality and defiance of God's commandments. For Muslims, the Dead Sea marks the site of Sodom, with the Quran portraying its people as ignorant evildoers, punished by Allah with brimstones for their immoral practices.

INT./ EXT. SEASIDE MASSAGE CABANA - SUNSET

A MASSAGE CABANA sits nestled on the pristine white sand beach. The air is filled with the soothing sound of crashing waves.

The setting sun paints the sky in vibrant hues of orange and pink, casting a glow over the entire scene.

A middle-aged man with a tired expression out of his robe lies on the table settling onto the plush cushions.

A beautiful massage therapist in her early 20s wearing a flowing white robe stands by the table, preparing for her client.

The massage therapist pours a small amount of fragrant oil into her hands, rubbing them together to warm it.

She approaches the man and places her hands gently on his back, beginning the massage with slow, deliberate strokes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now that you've observed the present-day massage cabanas on the shore of the Dead Sea, let's travel thousands of years back to the twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Explore the way people lived and discover what their SPAs and massage rooms were like, well before their destruction and the formation of the Dead Sea on their land.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A MASSIVE STONE BUILDING - DAY

A massive ancient stone building looms majestically. The camera pulls back to reveal a meandering path, lined with vibrant desert flowers, leading visitors to the entrance of this ancient structure.

A sign bearing the inscription "**SODOM SPA**" written in exotic calligraphy welcomes all who venture towards this therapeutic haven, which boasts a series of natural springs, their waters bubbling up from the depths of the earth.

EXT. CENTRAL COURTYARD - DAY

The camera zooms in on the CENTRAL COURTYARD, adorned with intricately patterned rugs and cushions inviting clients to unwind in the shade of trees, choosing from the many beautiful, skilled massage therapists who walk among them with a touch of coquetry.

A few clients are receiving massages in outdoor cabins with large open windows adorned with exotic benches and colored silk materials. In the right corner, some guests sit around tables in front of a bar, enjoying their drinks.

Amidst the serene ambiance, a silver-haired man savors his drink. He calls out to ORKIDA, a tall, slim, and pretty 23-year-old masseuse in a crisp blue uniform.

SILVER-HAIRED MAN
Hey there! What's your name?

ORKIDA
(smiling)
I'm ORKIDA. And you?

SILVER-HAIRED MAN
Call me SILVER. Listen, Orkida, I had a bad fall from a horse recently. How about giving me a massage to alleviate my pain?

ORKIDA
Absolutely, sir. But since you've had a fall, I suggest you see Dr. HARON, our great chiropractor, first. I'm sure he will prescribe the best herbal medicine with a proper treatment plan for you. Then I'd be at your service any time, sir.

SILVER-HAIRED MAN
Certainly, I'll go to the reception desk and book an appointment, just finishing my drink.

CUT TO:

INT. SPA CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. HARON, a confident chiropractor in his early 60s and owner of Sodom's Spa, walks through the spa's corridor with LILY, a charming 22-year-old therapist in a blue uniform.

As they reach Massage Room number 10, Dr. Haron signals for Lily to open the door. The room unfolds before them, tranquil and inviting. Soft lighting enhances the ambiance, and a large panoramic window frames a picturesque view of lush greenery.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the heart of the room lies a man in his late 50s, positioned on a comfortable massage bench, facing downward.

DR. HARON
(entering & glancing
at the man)
Good afternoon, Mr. ARIEL. How are you feeling today?

ARIEL

(grimacing)

I tell you, Doc, that stone on the farm had a vendetta against me. It hurt my back real bad.

DR. HARON

You should've called for help, my friend. You're lucky it didn't get worse.

ARIEL

(nodding)

Yeah, yeah, I know. But unlike you, I don't have ADAM around to lend a hand.

DR. HARON

(sighing)

True, Adam has been a great support. But he's only working part-time at the spa, despite being an excellent massage therapist.

ARIEL

So, what's Adam up to these days?

DR. HARON

He's decided to pursue a degree in acting and theatrical makeup. Not exactly following in his old man's footsteps.

Dr. Haron continues examining Ariel's backbone, palpating areas of tension.

DR. HARON (CONT'D)

This doesn't seem too serious, Ariel. A few massage sessions and be cautious with heavy lifting.

ARIEL

(grinning)

Sure thing, but do me a favor - send for Adam. I could use one of his strong massages; last time, it worked wonders.

DR. HARON

No need to worry, Ariel. I've already summoned Adam. He should be on his way. You'll get the relief you're looking for.

(MORE)

DR. HARON (CONT'D)

Until Adam arrives, Ms. Lily, one of my best therapists, will give you a complimentary light massage. Now, I've got to attend to other patients. Goodbye for now.

Dr. Haron exits the room, gently closing the door behind him.

ARIEL

(with a wave)

Goodbye, Doc.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE BACKYARD - DAY

In the spacious backyard, ADAM, a strikingly handsome individual in his late 20s with delicate features and flawless porcelain skin, akin to that of a pretty young woman, stands alongside an 19-year-old girl holding a BOWSTRING armed with an ARROW.

He mentors the young girl in the art of archery on a bright spring day, the sun casting a glow over the training area.

In the serene setting of the grassy area, TIGER, a wolf-like dog, sits attentively. With a soft bark, Tiger shows his presence and interest in the activity.

ADAM

(to the girl)

Remember, MARIA, a steady hand and a calm mind are crucial for accurate aim. Align your body with the target, breathe, and release.

Maria, following Adam's guidance, draws back her bow. With focused intent, she releases the arrow. It soars through the air but misses the 30 cm target on a board 40 meters away in the vast backyard.

MARIA

(throwing the bowstring
and the quiver away)

I missed it again! I actually missed it, brother!

ADAM

(watching Maria drop
the bow and the quiver)

Maria, what's wrong? Why are you giving up so easily?

MARIA

(frustrated)

Adam, it's just not for me. Archery is a skill for men, not women like me. I'll never be able to hit the target like you can. It's pointless to even try.

ADAM

(surprised)

Maria, archery is not exclusive to men. It's a skill that anyone can learn and excel at, regardless of gender. There are many talented female archers out there who have achieved great things. Don't let societal expectations limit you.

MARIA

(skeptical)

But I've never seen any women doing archery. It just feels strange, like it's not meant for me.

ADAM

Just because you haven't seen many women practicing archery doesn't mean it's not meant for you. In fact, breaking stereotypes and defying societal norms is exactly what we should be doing.

MAIRA

(still unsure)

I don't know, Adam. It's frustrating to keep missing the target. I feel like I'll never be good at it.

ADAM

Maria, remember, no one becomes a master overnight. Missing the target is part of the learning process. Every missed shot brings you closer to hitting it.

Tiger swiftly dashes towards the stray arrow, carefully picking it up in his mouth. He returns to Adam, his loyal companion, and presents the arrow to him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(taking the arrow &
stroking Tiger's
head gently)

Thank you Tiger. You're a genius.

Just as Adam takes the bowstring with the arrow brought by Tiger to take a shot, a servant approaches, interrupting the training session.

SERVANT
(breathless)
Sir, your father requests your
presence at the Spa.

Adam's expression turns serious, realizing his duty to attend to his father's request.

ADAM
(pausing his shot and
looking at the servant)
In that case, lend me a hand and
prepare my STORM.

SERVANT
(moving towards the
corner of the backyard)
Certainly, sir. I'll do that straight
away.

MARIA
Will you return soon, brother?

ADAM
I'm afraid not, Maria. But you should
continue practicing as much as you
can. Now, look at me.

Adam takes aim, pulls the bow, and releases the arrow, hitting right at the center of the circle on the board.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(giving the bowstring
to Maria)
Come on, Maria. Practice, for practice
makes perfect.

The servant approaches with a saddled, beautiful BLACK STALLION that exudes elegance and grace, standing just a few steps away from Adam and his sister.

SERVANT
Your Storm is at your service, sir.

ADAM
(to the servant)
Please leave him alone. He knows
what to do.

As the servant releases the horse, Adam signals with his right hand to the horse.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Come, my beauty. We have important matters to attend to.

Moving his ears, STORM comes closer to Adam standing within his reach. As he gently strokes the horse's neck, a graceful woman in her early 50s, appears in front of him. She is SARAH, Adam's mother.

SARAH

Adam, dear, why are you taking your horse? The spa is just a five-minute walk from here.

ADAM

(looking at his mother)
Because after finishing my job at the spa, I'll be heading to Joseph's farmhouse. He's been teaching me sword fighting, a skill that helps me in self defense and in my acting career.

SARAH

(nodding)
I see. So it's not just about the spa. You have your training with Joseph as well. Just promise me you'll be careful, both on the road and during your practice sessions.

ADAM

I promise, Mother. I'll always prioritize my safety. You know how important it is for me to continue honing my skills.

SARAH

(softly)
I do know, my dear. Just remember to balance caution with your passion.

ADAM

(smiling)
Thank you, Mother. Your support means the world to me. I'll make sure to return to you and Maria as soon as I can.

Maria walks up to Adam, giving him a tight embrace.

MARIA

Stay safe, Adam.

ADAM
(returning the embrace)
I will, Maria. Take care and remember
everything I've taught you.

With a final glance, Adam rides the horse, leaving his mother
and sister in the backyard.

BACK TO:

INT. MASSAGE ROOM, SODOM SPA - DAY

Shirtless Ariel lies on the massage bench. Lily's skilled
hands are working on his lower back.

LILY
As you know, Dr. Haron's house is
only a five-minute walk from the
SPA. So, your ideal massager might
be here at any given moment.

Suddenly, a knock is heard on the door, and it swings open.

LILY (CONT'D)
(as Adam enters the
room)
There you are. Perfect timing.

ADAM
Goo afternoon, Mr. Ariel. I heard
you wanted me to serve you again. I
don't know why you prefer me to this
beautiful young lady. I hope you are
not following the ongoing trend in
Sodom where men are becoming more
inclined towards males, ignoring
females.

ARIEL
No, Adam dear. I am straight and
have a pretty wife whom I love very
much. I only wanted an intense massage
because of my back pain.

ADAM
I know, sir. I was just joking.

LILY
(complaining)
You always ignore me. Let alone joking
with me.

ADAM
Listen, my dear Lily. Don't be silly.
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

When duty calls, beauty stalls. So, don't act frilly; go on, be on the hilly. Attend to other customers, willy-nilly.

LILY

(opening the door of
the room and looking
back at Adam)

I'll do that. But, willy-nilly, ultimately, I'll have you attend to me.

Lily gets out, closing the door behind her.

ARIEL

Hey lucky boy. Why don't you date these pretty women.

ADAM

No, Mr. Ariel. I don't get into any relationship with our staff because the reputation of our SPA would be at stake. Anyway, let's begin our massage. Shall we?

Ariel nods, allowing himself to be enveloped in Adam's expert care. Adam drapes a soft, warm towel over Ariel's back and sprays a mist of lavender-infused water in the air. He then proceeds to skillfully apply the warm essential oils to his hands and begins the massage.

Adam's hands glide across Ariel's back, as soft music plays in the background.

With each stroke, Adam intuitively finds the knots and areas of tension, employing a perfect balance of pressure and gentleness.

ARIEL

(relaxed)

Ah, this is exactly what I needed. Your touch is indeed strong and therapeutic, Adam. I can feel the tension melting away.

ADAM

I'm glad you're finding the massage beneficial. Now my time is over and I've got to go. See you later.

ARIEL

Bye. See you.

Adam exits the room closing the door behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

The sun filters through the leaves, casting dappled light on the two young men ready to engage in the art of combat both wearing protective armor and holding swords.

Meet JOSEPH, a skillful agile swordsman (25) with an air of confidence. Opposite him stands ADAM, our protagonist.

The sun shines down on them as they prepare to engage in a practice session.

JOSEPH

Alright, Adam, let's begin our training session.

ADAM

(adjusting his helmet
and tightening the
straps on his armor)
Let's work on our technique and
footwork.

They take their positions, facing each other with a respectful yet competitive spirit. The noise of their swords fills the air as they start their practice.

They engage in a series of strikes, parries, and dodges, their movements fluid and calculated. The sound of steel against steel echoes through the training grounds as they test their skills and improve their swordsmanship.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(grinning)
You've gotten faster, Joseph. But
don't underestimate my defense!

Joseph smirks, quickly countering Adam's attack with a well-timed parry.

JOSEPH

(laughing)
And you've become quite skilled at
anticipating my moves, Adam.

They continue their training, pushing each other to their limits.

The sun slowly begins to set, casting a warm golden light over the training grounds as they take a break, removing their helmets to catch their breath.

ADAM

(panting)

Phew, that was intense. But we're getting better with each session, Joseph.

JOSEPH

(nodding)

Indeed, Adam. We're making great progress. Our dedication and practice are paying off.

ADAM

(grateful)

Thank you, Joseph, for always pushing me to be better. I couldn't have asked for a better friend and sparring partner.

JOSEPH

The feeling is mutual, Adam. We'll continue to support each other on this journey. Now, let's rest up and prepare for our next session.

ADAM

(focused)

I won't hold back, Joseph. Prepare yourself!

JOSEPH

(grinning)

In that case, come on. Show me what you've got!

The clash of their swords reverberates through the air, their blades dancing in a mesmerizing display of skill.

Their swords meet with a resounding clang, each strike a testament to their training and dedication.

They circle each other, eyes locked, searching for an opening. Swift footwork and parries demonstrate their agility and control.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(lunging forward)

Ha! Too slow!

Adam aims a thrust at Joseph's chest, but the latter skillfully deflects the attack with a swift sidestep.

JOSEPH

(chuckling)

Not so fast, my friend!

Joseph counters with a rapid series of strikes, pushing Adam back. His moves are calculated, utilizing talent and timing.

Adam, undeterred, regains his ground, blocking Joseph's assault with deft strokes.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(grinning)

You're getting better, Adam.

ADAM

But I still have a long way to catch up with you.

JOSEPH

You will. But don't forget that I'm the son of a retired Army General and you, the offspring of a chiropractor and massage therapist.

They continue their fierce dance, the sound of clashing metal filling the air.

ADAM

(panting)

Joseph, you've always been a formidable opponent. Today won't be any different.

JOSEPH

(laughing)

That's what keeps us pushing forward, my friend. We make each other better.

Their swords cross once more, locked in a struggle for dominance. Their faces reflect a mixture of concentration and exhilaration.

With one final surge of strength, Adam disarms Joseph, sending his sword flying through the air.

ADAM

I got you!

JOSEPH

Well fought, Adam. You win this round.

ADAM

I psychologically tricked you by praising and giving you a sense of pride and overconfidence because of which you underestimated your opponent.

They both sheathe their swords, sweating and breathing heavily but with satisfaction.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(wiping his brow)
That was a tough session, Joseph.

JOSEPH
(clapping Adam on the
shoulder)
Well, keep practicing Adam. Someday,
you'll be the best swordsman this
country has ever seen.

ADAM
(smiling)
Together, my friend. We'll make our
mark.

JOSEPH
(nodding)
Indeed, Adam. Now, let's secure our
gear and get ready for going.

They unstrap their helmets, peel off their protective armor, and remove their training shoes. Joseph, with a secretive glint in his eye, gestures toward the COTTAGE DOOR.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Adam! The key to the cottage is under
the big vase beside the door. Grab
it, and let's stow our gear safely
inside.

Adam, intrigued, walks over, lifts the vase, revealing a key underneath, and picks it up.

ADAM
(with a sly grin)
Clever hiding spot, Joseph.

JOSEPH
Gotta keep our secrets, especially
when it comes to training. Now, open
the door, and I'll get our combat
gear.

As Adam opens the door, Joseph gathers the armor, helmets, and shoes.

INT. VAST COTTAGE - DAY

The friends enter the spacious interior of the cottage, finding solace within its walls compared to the intense training ground.

ADAM

Hey, Joseph! Are you thinking of attending the inter-collegiate annual acting plays tomorrow at the city theater? I'll be performing, and it would mean a lot to me if you could come and watch.

JOSEPH

Absolutely, Adam! I wouldn't miss it for the world. I've heard how talented you are, and I'm eager to see you shine on stage. Count me in!

Adam's smile widens, appreciating Joseph's support.

ADAM

Thank you, Joseph. Your presence means a great deal to me. I've been practicing tirelessly for this performance, and having you there to cheer me on will boost my confidence even more.

JOSEPH

I can't wait to see your performance. I'm sure you'll bring a unique touch to the character.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EXOTIC LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is bathed in a warm, dim light. HEROD, a man in his early 30s, sits on an exotic love seat with GIDON, his younger boyfriend. They share a moment of intimacy, lost in each other.

Suddenly, the tranquility is shattered by the entrance of a pretty woman in her late 20s.

WOMAN

(shouting)

Herod! What the hell is going on here?

Herod and his boyfriend spring apart, startled by her unexpected arrival. The room becomes tense.

HEROD

(defensive)

What are you doing here ALIZA?

ALIZA

Don't avoid the question, Herod. You know exactly what I'm talking about. Why did you marry me if you're gay?

Herod, frustrated and irritated, gets up, leaving his boyfriend on the love seat.

HEROD

Look, this marriage was never about love. It was a facade to secure my father's political privileges. You knew that.

The woman, hurt and angered, takes a step forward.

ALIZA

(shouting)

A facade? I thought we had something real!

Herod, unable to contain his frustration, slaps her across the face.

HEROD

(with disdain)

Don't ever shout at me again. Now, get out of my face.

Aliza, tears streaming down her face and holding her right cheek, rushes towards the stairs leading to the second floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANCIENT CITY FRUIT MARKET - DAY

The vibrant ancient fruit market bustles with activity as vendors showcase their colorful produce.

Amongst the crowd, a humble CART filled with freshly picked apples is pushed by a COUPLE, both in their early 30s.

They gaze at the bustling market, excitement and trepidation etched on their faces.

A burly and menacing figure spots the young couple approaching and a wicked smile creeps across his face. He steps forward, blocking their path.

THE BURLY MAN

(snarling)

Well, well, what do we have here? Newcomers, eh? You must be clueless about how things work in this market.

(MORE)

THE BURLY MAN (CONT'D)

If you want to sell your apples,
you'll have to go through me because
I'm the wholesale merchant here.

THE MALE FARMER

(nervously)

We've worked hard to grow these
apples, sir. We just want a fair
chance to sell them.

THE FEMALE FARMER

(Pleadingly)

Please, we have dreams of making an
honest living from our farm. We don't
want trouble.

WHOLESALE MERCHANT

(Chuckling)

Dreams? Honesty? Those things won't
get you far here. You see, I control
the wholesale market. If you want
access to the buyers, you'll play by
my rules.

THE MALE FARMER

(determined)

We won't let you take advantage of
us. We won't bow down to your cruelty.

WHOLESALE MERCHANT

(grinning maliciously)

Oh, is that so? Let's see how long
that defiance lasts.

The cruel merchant signals his THUG-LIKE ASSOCIATES, who
appear from the shadows, their presence intimidating.

THUG 1

(snarling)

You'll pay for your insolence.

THE MALE FARMER

(calmly)

We may be new to this market, but we
won't allow ourselves to be bullied.
We'll find another way to sell our
apples, with integrity.

THUG 2

(laughing)

You're making a big mistake. No one
defies the merchant and gets away
with it.

WHOLESALE MERCHANT

(mocking)

You foolish farmers think you can challenge me? I control this market.

THE FEMALE FARMER

(defiantly)

Your reign ends today. We won't let you crush our dreams and rob our community any longer.

Enraged by their defiance, the merchant signals his thugs to attack. The thugs unsheathe their swords and advance menacingly.

THUG 1

You'll pay for your audacity, farmers!

THUG 2

(laughing)

You'll regret crossing the merchant. We'll show you the consequences of your actions.

The two farmers exchange a determined look, their hearts filled with the strength of justice.

In a swift and coordinated movement, they disarm the thugs, using their farming tools as makeshift weapons.

The male farmer knocks the sword out of THUG 1's hand with a swing of his shovel, while the female expertly traps THUG 2's sword with her pitchfork, disarming him.

Seeing his thugs in trouble and distress, the merchant's remaining confidence wavers. He tries to attack with his sword making a last abortive attempt. But brave farmers press forward, their determination unyielding.

With a swift motion, the female farmer disarms the merchant, her pitchfork poised at his throat.

THE FEMALE FARMER

(steely-eyed)

Your tyranny ends here. We won't let you exploit the honest labor of our fellow farmers any longer.

The two farmers exchange a glance, their purpose clear.

With a swift motion, the female farmer who is the QUEEN of the Kingdom, removes her worn-out cloak, revealing a MAJESTIC VELVET GOWN embroidered with gold.

The male farmer who is Sir GABRIEL, the Queen's special bodyguard, follows suit, discarding his tattered garments to unveil his GLEAMING ARMOR, adorned with the ROYAL EMBLEM.

WHOLESALE MERCHANT

(pleading)

Your majesty! Please, spare me. I'll change my ways, I promise!

THE QUEEN

Your empty promises won't undo the damage you've caused. Wholesaler, your reign of oppression ends now! You shall face the consequences of your actions.

The Cruel Wholesaler's face drains of color as he comprehends the gravity of the situation.

The crowd gasps in awe, recognizing their Queen and her loyal protector falling to their knees.

As the onlooking crowd gasps and murmurs in astonishment, the HEAD OF THE MARKET SECURITY GUARDS who has just arrived at the scene steps forward, attempting to restore order.

HEAD OF MARKET SECURITY GUARDS

(not noticing the queen and her protector)

What's going on here?

THE QUEEN

You too shall be held accountable for your negligence! The rule of law applies to all, regardless of status or wealth.

With a swift motion, Sir Gabriel apprehends the Head of Market Security Guards, rendering him powerless.

The crowd, witnessing the Queen's unwavering resolve, erupts in applause and support.

As the scene concludes, the camera pans, and we find ourselves as the audience of an EXOTIC OUTDOOR THEATER whose curtain slowly descends, signaling the end of a performance.

INT. OUTDOOR EXOTIC THEATER - DAY

Nestled amidst the picturesque landscape, the outdoor exotic theater stands proudly, its ancient structure a testament to the rich cultural heritage of the land.

The theater's stone seating tiers rise majestically, offering a panoramic view of the stage and the surrounding natural beauty. The afternoon spring sun casts a golden glow on the grand amphitheater.

At the forefront of the theater, in a privileged position on the front row, sits a lavish and ornate couch. Resting upon it is HEROD, the gay son of the city's mayor.

Dressed in extravagant garments and adorned with precious jewels, he exudes an air of arrogance and entitlement.

His bodyguards, clad in imposing armor, flank him on either side, their eyes constantly scanning the surroundings.

Widen to reveal Joseph sitting in the VIP section of the theater behind Herod.

The thunderous applause of a diverse crowd, consisting of locals and visitors from far and wide reverberates through the space capturing their expressions of joy and appreciation.

The curtain rises once more, revealing the actors and organizers standing on stage, bathed in the spotlight.

The camera captures the actors' elation as they bow, humbled by the ovation they receive.

The shot widens to encompass the entire stage, capturing the scene of jubilation and unity between the actors and the audience. The curtain, now fully pulled back, frames the moment of triumph and celebration.

Dressed in a distinguished attire, Mr. BENYAMIN, the HEAD of Sodom's SCHOOL of ACTING and THEATER, a man in his late 50s steps forward, commanding the audience's attention.

MR. BENYAMIN

Now I'd like to invite our esteemed chief guest Mr. Herod, the son of our mayor to come upon the stage and do the honor of giving the award to the actor of the year.

With an air of anticipation, the chief guest ascends the stage, greeted by applause and a sense of excitement.

The head of the college takes a step back, allowing the chief guest to assume center stage. The theater falls into a hushed silence, eager to witness the presentation of the prestigious award for the best actor of the year.

MR. BENYAMIN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

So, the award for the best actor goes to none other than Adam who portrayed the role of our beloved queen in the play.

The audience erupts into applause.

A young, beautiful woman in her late 20s, brings a small blue statue and gives it to Herod.

As Herod shakes hands with Adam to present the award for his exceptional performance as the queen, the mayor's son cannot help but be captivated by Adam's striking beauty. Adam's flawless complexion, illuminated by the stage lights, seems to radiate a unique allure that catches Herod's attention.

With the award in his hand, Adam, dressed in a sharp suit, stands on the stage, a glimmer of excitement in his eyes.

ADAM

(taking a deep breath)

Ladies and gentlemen, distinguished guests, and fellow colleagues, tonight is a moment I will cherish forever. It is with great pride that I stand before you, having been bestowed with this prestigious award.

The theater erupts in applause, a symphony of congratulations and admiration.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(smiling)

This award... It's like a dream that has come true. I owe a debt of gratitude to the jury, who saw something in my performance that touched their hearts.

He glances at the esteemed panel of judges, nodding respectfully.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I want to express my sincere appreciation to the talented cast and crew who brought this project to life. Without their dedication and brilliance, none of this would have been possible.

The audience offers thunderous applause, acknowledging the collective effort that went into Adam's achievement.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(looking out at the crowd)

Lastly, I want to thank each and every one of you, the audience. Your unwavering support and love have fueled my passion as an actor. Your presence here tonight is a testament to the power of storytelling and its ability to unite us all.

Bowing deeply, Adam steps off the stage, his eyes searching for someone among the audience.

Spotting Joseph in the VIP ROW, he makes his way through the sea of well-wishers, reaching Joseph with a wide smile on his face. They embrace, their joy intertwining as they share a moment of triumph.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I couldn't have done it without you, Joseph. Your support means everything.

JOSEPH

(grinning)

You were amazing, Adam. Everyone is talking about your performance.

HEROD

(approaching from behind)

Adam, Joseph is right. That was an extraordinary performance! Your talent is truly exceptional.

ADAM

(grateful)

Thank you, sir. I appreciate your kind words.

HEROD

(leaning in)

In fact, I'm so impressed that I'd like to make you an offer you can't refuse. How about becoming the head of my staff in the city? It comes with a generous salary, of course.

Adam, taken aback, exchanges a glance with Joseph.

ADAM

(smiling)

I appreciate the offer, your excellency.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

But my main goal right now is to finish my studies. A job will come later.

HEROD

(smiling)

Education is important, I agree. However, think about the opportunities and privileges that come with working for me. It's a chance of a lifetime.

ADAM

(resolute)

I'm grateful for the offer, but my focus is on completing my studies first. It's a matter of personal priority.

Herod, persistent, leans in closer.

HEROD

You know, Adam, I'm not accustomed to receiving negative responses. I always get what I want.

ADAM

(firmly)

I respect that your excellency, but I have my own path to follow.

Herod, slightly taken aback, composes himself.

HEROD

You have 48 hours to reconsider. I assure you; you won't find a better opportunity in this city.

ADAM

(smiling)

Thank you, sir. I have my own job and goals to pursue.

Herod, a mix of frustration and admiration on his face, nods and walks away. Adam turns to Joseph, unwavering.

JOSEPH

(supportive)

You did the right thing, Adam. Stick to your dreams.

ADAM

Absolutely, Joseph.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
Nothing will sway me from my path.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Adam walks briskly across the college campus where the sun casts a warm glow over its grand stone buildings. The leaves rustle gently in the breeze, creating a serene atmosphere.

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

Suddenly, the sound of hooves echoes through the air as a magnificent horse-drawn carriage, adorned with intricate carvings and vibrant colors, pulls up in front of the college.

Herod, the corrupt mayor's son, accompanied by his henchmen, steps out of the car.

HEROD
(grinning & pointing
to Adam)
There he is, the object of my
affection. Bring him to me, no matter
what it takes.

HENCHMAN 1
(nodding)
Consider it done, sir.

The henchmen, muscular and imposing, begin to make their way towards Adam.

Adam senses a growing unease as he notices the henchmen closing in on him. He stops in his tracks, turning to face them with determination.

ADAM
(resolute)
Why are you following me?

HENCHMAN 2
(snarling)
Herod wants to see you. He has
feelings for you, and he won't take
no for an answer.

Adam's eyes widen in disbelief, a mix of fear and confusion filling his mind.

ADAM
I'm straight! I won't be a pawn in
your corrupt homosexual boss's games!

Adam strides towards the college building trying to evade Herod's men.

HENCHMAN 1

(furious)

Grab him! We can't let him escape!

The henchmen lunge at Adam, but he fights back with all his strength. In the scuffle, he manages to disarm one of the bodyguards, grabbing hold of a sword.

ADAM

(fighting back)

Stay away from me! I won't let you force me into anything!

Adam swings the sword with determination, warding off the attackers. In the heat of the battle, he manages to injure a few of them, their cries of pain echoing through the college campus.

Students and faculty staff alike gather in anticipation, forming a circle in an open area of the campus where the fighting is taking place.

The crowd grows larger by the minute, whispers and excited chatter filling the air. Eyes are glued to the center, where Adam is standing tall and confident after forcing the first few Herod's bodyguards to retreat.

Suddenly, a hush falls over the crowd as Herod, accompanied by two formidable bodyguards, strides into the arena.

HEROD

(smugly)

So, Adam, you think you can defy me?
Let's settle this once and for all.

Adam squares his shoulders, his eyes locked onto Herod, undeterred by the bodyguards that flank him. The crowd holds its breath, collectively bracing for the clash that is about to unfold.

Without warning, the first blow is struck, and the battle commences. Adam, fueled by determination and the desire to defend his honor, expertly dodges and parries the bodyguards' attacks.

Students cheer for Adam, their voices rising above the clash of swords and the thud of bodies colliding.

In the midst of the chaos, Herod's bodyguards, struggle to match Adam's tenacity.

The crowd watches in awe as some of the guards fall, injured and disarmed by Adam's determined counterattacks.

Herod comes forward to fight, but Adam's sword finds its mark, ripping through Herod's clothing and leaving him partially exposed, much to the shock and amusement of the onlookers.

Herod, bruised, half-naked, and humiliated, retreats.

HEROD (CONT'D)
(to his men while
running toward his
coach)
Let's go. We'll come back for him
with full preparation.

Obedying their master's command, Herod's men stop fighting, and mount their horses, riding behind Herod's luxury coach.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Haron sits in the cozy living room of his house, accompanied by his wife, Sarah, and daughter, Maria. They share a warm pot of tea, their faces reflecting a sense of tranquility.

Suddenly, the door bursts open, and Adam stumbles into the room with a sword in hand. He is bruised, disheveled, and breathing heavily from his earlier fight. His appearance catches everyone's attention, and the room falls into a stunned silence.

Dr. Haron, sensing the urgency in the air, quickly sets aside his tea and rushes to Adam's side.

DR. HARON
(concerned)
Adam, what in the world has happened?
Why are you carrying a weapon?

ADAM
(breathing heavily)
Father, there was a fight... at the
College Campus. Herod and his men
tried to force me into something,
and I had to defend my honor.

DR. HARON
(angry)
You should have never resorted to
violence, Adam! We can't afford to
get caught up in their corrupt games.

Adam lowers his head, a mix of guilt and regret consuming him.

ADAM

I'm sorry, Father. I didn't know what else to do. I had to protect myself.

Dr. Haron takes a deep breath, his anger subsiding, replaced by a sense of concern for his family and son's safety.

DR. HARON

First, we need to address this legally. Adam, you must go and submit yourself to the police.

Adam looks at his father, then at Sarah.

ADAM

(defiantly)

I won't, Father. The legal system in Sodom is corrupt. They always take the side of the government authorities.

Sarah steps forward, her expression determined.

SARAH

(nodding)

He's right. We can't trust them. It's time we face the reality, Haron.

DR. HARON

(thoughtfully)

Then, we have no choice but to leave everything behind, and escape to Jerusalem or Hebron, where justice still has a voice.

SARAH

You may be right, Haron. Our safety and justice for Adam lie beyond these corrupted walls.

DR. HARON

So, pack what you can quickly. We have to move as soon as possible.

As the family hurries to gather their belongings, a sudden crash startles them. The living room window shatters, and an enflamed torch is hurled inside, casting an eerie glow across the room. Gasps fill the air as everyone freezes in shock.

DR. HARON (CONT'D)

Everyone, stay calm!

Dr. Haron rushes towards the fiery torch and grabs it, his hands working quickly to throw it out of the broken window before the flames spread. The family watches in disbelief as the torch arcs through the night air, extinguishing in the darkness.

Maria, fueled by a mix of fear and determination, reaches for her bow and quiver.

MARIA

We're not alone.

Dr. Haron peers out of the broken window, his face tense. The camera reveals a chilling sight - scores of armed men encircle their house, the night illuminated by the glow of torches. The ominous atmosphere intensifies.

DR. HARON

We're surrounded. Prepare yourselves.

The entrance door shudders under the force of repeated blows. Dr. Haron, Maria, and Adam exchange worried glances.

The camera now focuses on the entrance as it gives way, splinters flying. Armed men storm in, led by the imposing figure of Herod.

HEROD

(smirking)

Well, well. Dr. Haron, it seems you're trying to escape our gracious city.

Dr. Haron squares his shoulders, a defiant glint in his eyes.

DR. HARON

We seek justice, not escape.

As the armed men close in, the scene is charged with tension. Drawing a sword hanging on the wall behind him, Dr. Haron steps in front of his family shielding them with his body.

DR. HARON (CONT'D)

(firmly)

You won't lay a hand on my family, Herod. We're leaving, and you won't stop us.

HEROD

(sadistically)

Oh, I think I will, Doc. You and your family are mine to toy with. Your son has crossed a line, and now he'll pay the price.

The room erupts into chaos. Herod's men lunge towards Dr. Haron and Adam, launching a brutal attack.

Dr. Haron fights back fiercely, protecting his family with every ounce of strength he possesses.

Adam, driven by a newfound determination, joins the fray. He fights with a vengeance, his strikes precise and impactful, defending his loved ones against the relentless onslaught.

In the tense scene, Maria finds herself facing a dangerous situation as one of Herod's Thugs approaches her with malicious intent, and she desperately tries to defend herself.

THE THUG

(leering at Maria)

Well, well, what do we have here? A feisty little girl with a bow and arrows. You think you can stop me?

Maria, her hands trembling, draws an arrow and aims at the thug. She takes a deep breath, trying to steady herself, and releases the arrow. However, her shot falls short as the thug swiftly ducks, evading her attack.

THE THUG (CONT'D)

(smirking)

Nice try, little archer. But your aim is way off. What good are those arrows when you can't even hit your target?

As the thug steps closer, a mix of fear and frustration grips Maria.

THE THUG (CONT'D)

(tauntingly)

You have the arrows of your eyelid and bow of your eyebrows, so you don't need another bowstring and arrows. Just give me a look and come to my embrace, that will bring about my death.

Maria's mother rushes toward the thug from the corner of the living room to protect her daughter, but the thug reacts swiftly, pushing her with all his might. Maria's mother stumbles backward, unable to regain her balance, and crashes into the wall of the adjacent kitchen.

SARAH

(a cry of pain escaping her lips)

Ouch!

Maria's eyes widen with alarm as the thug moves closer. Just as he reaches out to grab her, a swift movement catches them both off guard.

Adam, fueled by a surge of protective rage, comes charging towards the thug from behind. In one swift motion, he delivers a powerful strike, severing the thug's HAND from his ELBOW. The thug escapes holding his bleeding hand.

ADAM
(breathing heavily)
No one lays a hand on my sister. No
one.

Maria stands frozen, her eyes fixed on the thug's severed and bleeding HAND lying on the floor. A wave of shock and relief washes over her. She turns to Adam, tears welling up in her eyes. Adam, pulls Maria into a tight embrace.

Another thug advances, launching an attack on Adam. Employing a series of well-placed strikes, Adam fights back, delivering powerful blows to the thug's body, compelling him to retreat.

Maria rushes to her mother's side, helping her up and ensuring her safety. They watch as Adam and Dr. Haron fight valiantly.

Adam delivers a decisive final blow, causing his opponent to collapse to the ground. Breathing heavily, he turns to his mother and sister, concern etched on his face.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Mom, are you hurt? We need to get
out of here. Can you walk?

Sarah, although in pain, nods determinedly.

SARAH
I'll be okay, Adam. You go help your
Dad.

ADAM
(Whispering to Maria)
Take mother to the basement and wait
for me until I bring Dad. We will
use our secret tunnel. Now, hurry up
and go.

Maria assists her mother in standing and guides her towards a nearby door that leads to the basement stairs.

MAIRA
(holding her mother's
hand)
Come on, Mom, let's get out of here.

As they reach the door, Maria firmly grasps the handle and pulls it open. The door creaks as it swings wide, revealing the dimly lit staircase beyond.

INT. STAIRCASE -

Together, Maria and her mother step through the doorway, running down the STAIRCASE, their figures fading from view.

The door slams shut behind them, closing off the sight of their departure.

CUT TO:

EXT. STABLE - NIGHT

In the darkness of the night, illuminated by flickering torches, two members of Herod's men, cautiously enter Dr. Haron's house stable where Storm, along with two other horses, are tied up, unaware of the impending danger.

Sensing the intrusion, Tiger, the loyal dog, launches into action. He lunges at one of the men, knocking him off balance. The torch slips from the man's hand and falls to the ground, casting an eerie glow over the stable.

The man quickly draws his sword, preparing to defend himself against Tiger's relentless assault.

His colleague takes advantage of the chaos, throwing his torch onto the dry hay and straw piled up in the corner of the stable. The flames ignite instantly, spreading rapidly through the highly flammable material.

Storm, feeling the heat and sensing danger, desperately tries to free himself from the post to which he is tied. He neighs in distress, expressing his fear and urgency.

Tiger, ever vigilant, enters the engulfed stable to save his equine companion. Using his teeth and agility, Tiger manages to loosen the rope knot that holds Storm captive.

Released from his bonds, Storm bursts out of the stable with great force colliding with the man in the entrance of the ablaze stable using his powerful hooves to propel the intruder out of his way.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the living room, chaos ensues as a fierce battle rages between Adam, his father, and Herod, along with his men. The clash of swords, grunts, and shouts fill the air.

Despite their valiant efforts, Dr. Haron and Adam find themselves outnumbered and overwhelmed. In the midst of the chaos, Dr. Haron locks eyes with his son, his face bruised, his voice filled with urgency, and blood trickling down from a cut on his forehead.

DR. HARON

(yelling)

Get out of here! Take your Mom and sister to safety! Go!

ADAM

Dad! I don't wanna leave you alone here.

DR. HARON

No, Adam! Listen to me! If you stay, all of us will be killed. I can hold them off and buy you time to escape. Please, protect your mother and sister. That's all that matters now.

Adam hesitates, torn between his desire to help his father and the fear of losing him. The sound of crashing objects and swords hitting swords intensifies.

DR. HARON (CONT'D)

(raising his voice)

Adam, I'm ordering you as your father. Go now!

Adam's face contorts with emotions, his eyes welling up with tears. He takes a deep breath and nods.

ADAM

Okay, Dad. I'll do as you say. I'll get Mom and Maria to safety.

DR. HARON

That's my brave son. Remember, family comes first. Go and don't look back.

ADAM

OK Dad. I'll go now. But I promise, I'll come back for you.

With those words lingering in the air, Adam darts towards the basement door. He pushes it open, revealing a narrow staircase leading downward.

INT. STAIRCASE -

The faint light struggles to illuminate the worn steps as Adam descends rapidly, taking two steps at a time, entering the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Adam's sudden entry into the basement startles his mom and sister, who initially hide behind a couple of large wine jars.

ADAM
(taking a flickering
torch from the
basement wall)
Mom! Maria! Where are you? Its me.
Adam.

Hearing Adam's voice and seeing him in the flickering torch that casts dancing shadows across his face, Maria and Sarah stand up from behind the jars.

MARIA
We're here Adam.

ADAM
Now come on! Let's get out of here.

Adam's eyes land on a portrait hanging on the wall of the basement. He steps forward and turns the portrait to the right. To our surprise, a hidden door opens, revealing a dark narrow tunnel beyond.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Let's go!

INT. NARROW TUNNEL - NIGHT

Adam assists Sarah and Maria through the doorway of the tunnel. Then, he enters and gently closes the hidden door behind them, the sound of it shutting echoing through the basement.

Adam clutches his torchlight tightly as he moves forward, the flickering flame casting eerie shadows on the damp walls. The winding tunnel leads them deeper into the darkness, their footsteps echoing as they navigate the twists and turns.

The camera INTERCUTS between Dr. Haron's intense fight in the living room and Adam, Sarah, and Maria racing through the dimly lit tunnel beneath the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is a chaotic battleground. Dr. Haron, fueled by determination, clashes swords with Herod and his men. Furniture is overturned, and the air is thick with tension.

DR. HARON
(Gritting his teeth)
You won't take our freedom!

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

ADAM
(breathing heavily)
This way! Hurry!

They reach a small door, bolted shut with a heavy chain. Adam swiftly removes the chain. With a determined pull, the door swings open, revealing a barn full of straw and hay.

Adam quickly moves the straws and hays aside, uncovering a STABLE where two horses peacefully chew on their feed.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Adam whispers to Maria.

ADAM
This is our Spa's stable. Let's saddle
up those horses quickly.

Maria nods, her face filled with worry and determination. They start saddling the horses while Sarah anxiously awaits.

The soft bark of a dog breaks the eerie silence in the stable's atmosphere. Tiger, Adam's loyal dog, followed by Storm, his horse, arrive at the entrance.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(acknowledging Tiger's
dedication)
Good boy. I'm going back to the house
to bring Dad. You take Mother and
Maria to Joseph's FARMHOUSE.

Understanding his task, Tiger barks gently.

ADAM (CONT'D)
By the way Maria, there is a COTTAGE
at the end of the farmhouse near the
WOODS and its key is under a big
VASE beside the door. Spend the night
in that cottage until I come. Then
we will decide what to do next.

MARIA
OK brother. Don't worry about us
now. Hurry up, go and see Dad.

ADAM
I need your bowstring and quiver.

MARIA

(taking the bow and
quiver off her
shoulder and giving
them to Adam)

Here you are brother. Come back safe
because we need you.

Adam mounts Storm and rides, their silhouettes blending with the darkness as they venture ahead.

The sound of hooves echoes through the quiet trails and roads as they ride, their faces masked by the shadows of the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE PREMISES - NIGHT

Arriving at his family's house, Adam's heart sinks as he witnesses the horrifying sight before him. The once familiar home now stands in ruins, charred and consumed by flames. Disbelief and anguish fill his eyes as he dismounts his horse and rushes inside, calling out for his father.

INT. BURNING LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ADAM

(horrified)

Dad... Dad!

His voice quivers with a mix of anguish and disbelief as he surveys the charred remnants of their cherished belongings. The walls are blackened, the furniture reduced to mere skeletons of their former selves.

As Adam walks through the ashes and remnants of their living room, his gaze falls upon a small pile of ashes, a burnt skull resting beside it.

The flames continue to dance around him, casting an eerie glow upon the remains, revealing the silhouette of a scorched sword nestled beside them. A mix of sorrow and determination washes over Adam as he recognizes the sword belonging to his father.

Adam notices a corner of the burnt kitchen where a clay jar full of water remains untouched by the flames.

He goes to their burnt kitchen, carefully lifts the jar. He pours some water on an aluminum dish and skimmer on the blackened and charred shelf. The water sizzles as it touches the heat, emitting a faint hiss.

Taking the now cold dish and the skimmer, Adam then makes his way back to the burnt SKULL of his father.

Tears stream down his face as he kneels beside the remnants.

Gently, Adam lifts his father skull with the skimmer, his hand trembling slightly as he puts it into the dish.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(voice trembling)
Dad! I'm so sorry. I couldn't save
you.

His voice echoes through the empty, charred space, carrying the weight of his guilt and grief.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You were my hero, my guiding light.
I couldn't protect you... I couldn't
save you.

Emotions overwhelm Adam as he rises to his feet, his words choked with regret. He clutches the hilt of his sword unsheathing it.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(voice filled with
determination)
But I won't let your sacrifice be in
vain, Dad. I will seek justice. I
will avenge you.

Adam's voice grows stronger, fueled by the fire of his resolve.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I swear, Dad, I will find those
responsible. They will pay for what
they've done.

With reverence, Adam places his father's ashes into the dish, then carries this precious cargo out into the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Adam searches for a suitable spot, his gaze determined yet heavy with sorrow. As our view shifts, we see Storm digging the soil beneath a tree with its hooves in the middle of the charred backyard.

Without hesitation, Adam joins Storm, using the skimmer to dig a small pit in the soft soil—a final resting place for his father's remains.

As Adam lowers the metal dish into the pit, he pauses for a moment, his eyes fixed upon the skull.

Adam covers the dish with the soil, the earth embracing his father's remains. He pats down the earth, creating a simple mound as a marker, a place for remembrance.

Adam approaches Storm, his hand reaching out to stroke the horse's sleek mane.

ADAM

(whispering)

Come, my loyal friend. We will face
this together. Just like we always
have.

Storm's eyes reflect understanding, a silent affirmation of their unbreakable bond.

Adam climbs onto Storm's bare back, gripping the horse's mane tightly for stability. There are no reins to guide the horse, no saddle to provide comfort, but Adam's bond with Storm runs deep. He urges the horse forward, and the black stallion responds with unwavering loyalty.

INT. VAST ESTATE - NIGHT

The half-moon emerges in the night sky from behind a cloud, casting a gentle glow upon the opulent surroundings.

Adam, a silhouette against the moonlight, stands poised at a distance of about 50 meters from the entrance of the estate.

With a bowstring in hand and a quiver slung over his shoulder, along with a sword peacefully sheathed, Adam scans the premises with a keen and focused gaze.

EXT. ESTATE WALL - SMALL TOWER - NIGHT

Adam spots a small tower on the wall guarding the gate, where a sentry keeps watch. He smoothly extracts his sleek bow, arrows glinting in the moonlight.

With precise calculation, he releases a silent arrow that hits its mark. The guard crumples inside the small tower. Without hesitation, Adam advances.

EXT. ESTATE GATE - NIGHT

Adam approaches the gate, perched on his horse, where two men stand guard, their eyes scanning the surroundings.

Sword in hand, Adam maneuvers through them like a storm, the edge of his blade swiftly concluding one guard's watch, closing the chapter of his life.

The second guard, now facing Adam who has dismounted his horse, unsheathes his sword and initiates an attack.

Adam skillfully defends himself, soon inflicting a serious wound to the guard's rib. Stumbling, the wounded guard drops his sword and pleads for mercy.

WOUNDED GUARD

Please spare my life. I have kids.

ADAM

I'll let you go on one condition.
You must call your friend to open
the gate.

WOUNDED GUARD

How do I do that?

ADAM

You tell him to come and take your
watch for a moment so that you can
catch that black stallion.

WOUNDED GUARD

(taking a glance at
Storm, that is
standing 10 meters
behind Adam)

Okay, sir. I'll do that.

The guard approaches the gate with the edge of Adam's sword at his back.

WOUNDED GUARD (CONT'D)

(knocking on the gate)

ASHER, Hey Asher, please take my
watch for a moment. I see a beautiful
black stallion, bare and stranded. I
want to catch it.

As the gate opens with a creaking noise, Adam, hiding behind the wounded guard, swiftly pulls his captive to the side and thrusts his sword into the abdomen of the other guard standing in the middle of the slightly open gate, causing him to collapse on the ground without uttering a word.

ADAM

(turning to the wounded
guard)

Leave and never cross my path again.

The guard scrambles away, disappearing into the shadows.

Adam removes the uniform of the deceased guard in front of him. Putting on the uniform swiftly, he enters the estate's front garden.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT

Inside the lavish estate's front garden, Adam moves with urgency, navigating the area with caution until he reaches the grand door of the palatial mansion.

EXT. MANSION'S DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Adam knocks on the door with force, the sound echoing through the night. After a few moments, a small wooden part of the door is pulled aside, and a guard peers out, spotting a uniformed man in the darkness.

GUARD

What the hell do you want in the middle of the night?

Adam, his hat slightly lowered to avoid recognition, gestures towards the blood on his uniform, presenting himself as an injured comrade on the brink of collapse.

Suddenly, the door swings open, and the guard emerges between the two panels.

With quick precision, Adam thrusts the edge of his sword into the guard's neck.

Stumbling backward, the guard clutches his wound and collapses on his back in the well-lit foyer, with Adam following closely.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

As Adam steps into the foyer, he notices an armed security guard descending the stairs from the second floor.

GUARD

Who goes there?

ADAM

(retrieving his bow
and arrow)
Angel of death.

With those words, Adam expertly shoots an arrow, finding its mark in the guard's chest. Struggling to remove the arrow, the guard collapses, rolling down the stairs.

Adam moves with determination, climbing the stairs to the second floor. Upon reaching the top, he steps into a corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Adam glides into the dimly lit corridor, his movements deliberate and silent.

Another lethal arrow is released towards the sole guard in the area, targeting his face.

The arrow finds its mark, piercing the guard's left eye. Adam swiftly retrieves another arrow from his quiver, approaching the injured guard who clutches his eye in pain.

ADAM
(whispering)
Stay silent if you value your life.
Now, tell me, where is Herod?

THE WOUNDED GUARD
(pointing to a door
behind him)
In there.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam's foot slams against the wooden door with all his strength, causing it to break and burst open.

Taking the lantern next to the injured guard, Adam propels himself into Herod's bedroom, prepared to confront the man responsible for his father's death.

As Adam's eyes adjust to the surroundings, his gaze falls upon Herod, who awakens from his slumber, startled by the sudden intrusion.

Gidon, Herod's gay partner, naked and trembling, cowers under the BEDSHEET, fear evident in his eyes.

HEROD
(in a panicked voice)
How did you get in here?

ADAM
Wherever you are, death will find
you, even in towers built up strong
and high.

Adam's voice echoes with a blend of anger and purpose, as he takes a step towards Herod. His grip tightens on the hilt of his sword, a tangible symbol of justice.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(seriously)
Herod, your desires have consumed
you. You have forsaken balance and
allowed yourself to be consumed by
darkness. It ends now.

HEROD

Yeah. It ends now for you are armed
and I've got no weapon in my
possession.

ADAM

Don't worry Herod. I'll give you one
last chance to defend your pathetic
plight because I'm the son of a noble
and a knight. So, come on, get up
and get ready for the fight.

Herod, fear mixed with anger, quickly gets dressed and reaches
for his weapon. The clash of swords begins as Adam launches
himself into a fierce duel with Herod.

Adam's movements are calculated and precise, each strike
driven by his desire for justice and the need to avenge his
father's death.

Herod, fueled by fear and desperation, fights back with equal
ferocity, attempting to defend himself.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(gritting his teeth)

Passion without restraint is a
destructive force! You will pay for
the pain you've inflicted!

Adam lands a heavy blow, forcing Herod to stumble backward,
gasping for breath. He presses his advantage, striking with
relentless fury until, with a swift stroke, he beheads Herod,
ending his tyrannical reign.

Herod's lifeless body falls to the ground, blood oozing from
his neck. The room once again descends into silence.

Using the lantern, Adam sets the room ablaze, starting with
the bed sheets and curtains. Flames dance and lick the air,
quickly engulfing the luxurious surroundings.

Herod's partner senses the smoke and, upon witnessing the
fire, rushes out, shouting in panic.

HEROD'S PARTNER

Fire! Fire!

Before long, the flames intensify, consuming the bedroom.
Adam, maintaining a cool demeanor, exits to the balcony.

INT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Adam, on the balcony, eyes the surroundings. Spotting a sturdy
RAINWATER DOWNPIPE, he moves with purpose. Gripping it firmly,
he skillfully descends to the ground with calculated ease.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The once-grand mansion is now a chaotic scene of flames and billowing smoke. Adam spots two guards heading towards him.

ADAM

(posing as a guard)

We need to put out the fire;
otherwise, His Excellency Herod will
kill all of us.

Chaos prevails as Adam exploits the confusion, slipping through the turmoil and exiting Herod's vast estate.

EXT. OUTSIDE HEROD'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Adam, now standing outside Herod's estate, whistles sharply, putting his fingers to his mouth. His loyal horse charges toward him, neighing from a distance of 40 meters. Adam swiftly mounts his horse and rides off with urgency.

EXT. FARMLANDS - NIGHT

Adam's horse gallops across trails, leaving behind bushes, trees, and farmlands until they reach Joseph's Farmhouse.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The exterior of the farmhouse is dimly lit by the moonlight, casting shadows on the surroundings. Adam rides towards the cottage. The sound of hooves against the earth echoes in the night.

EXT. BEHIND COTTAGE DOOR - LATER

Adam swiftly dismounts and knocks on the wooden door. Maria's voice responds from inside.

MARIA (O.S)

Who is it?

ADAM

(with a sense of
urgency)

It's me, open the door, Maria.

The wooden door creaks open with a soft noise.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Adam steps inside the cottage and is greeted by the warm embrace of Maria and Sarah.

MARIA

You're so late, brother.

SARAH
Where is your dad?

There's a momentary pause, tension hanging in the air.

ADAM
(crying softly and
embracing mom and
sister tightly)
Mom! Maria! Dad is no more. Our house
is set on fire. But I've already
avenged the death of my beloved father
killing that bastard son of the mayor.

SARAH
What are we going to do now?

ADAM
I'll send Tiger for Joseph. He's a
loyal friend. He'll help us. We're
going to get out of this city soon.

Upon hearing his name, Tiger comes forward, barking gently
and wagging his tail.

Adam kneels down, cuddling his dog and placing a hand on his
head. He removes his LOCKET and delicately places it around
Tiger's neck.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Tiger, I need you to take this locket
to Joseph and bring him here before
the sun rises.

Tiger dashes into the night, comprehending the mission, as
Adam opens the cottage door.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

In the dimly lit courtyard, Tiger swiftly makes his way
towards the main building, skillfully climbing the wall using
a downspout. He reaches the BALCONY behind the window of
Joseph's bedroom.

INT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Tiger positions himself in front of the balcony window and
starts barking.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In his comfortable night attire, Joseph sleeps on a king-
size bed. Tiger's persistent barks awaken him.

He gets up and walks to the window, pulling back the curtain to discover Tiger beneath. Recognizing Adam's loyal dog, Joseph opens the window.

JOSEPH
(leaning out of the
window)
Yes, Tiger, what's up?

The dog's barks persist but soften as he points with his right paw to Adam's locket around his neck.

Sensing urgency, Joseph invites Tiger to jump into the bedroom through the window, and the loyal canine complies.

Joseph swiftly removes the locket from Tiger's neck, recognizing his friend's token.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Got your message, Tiger. Adam needs
help, yeah?

Tiger responds with a soft, long bark.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
All right, Tiger. I'm coming with
you. But let me put on my clothes.

As Joseph starts donning his pants, a white-bearded man in his late 70s appears at his bedroom door.

THE MAN
Why aren't you asleep, Joseph, and
whose dog is this?

JOSEPH
Father, it's Adam's, my best friend's
dog. He must be in trouble and needs
my help.

FATHER
So you are going out now?

JOSEPH
Yes, father.

FATHER
But promise not to get into a fight
with anybody, unless you have to.

JOSEPH
I promise, father.

Wearing his clothes, Joseph takes his sword hanging on the wall and heads out of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Joseph, Adam, and his mom and sister sit on a couple of used sofas. The room is dimly lit, creating a cozy atmosphere. Adam breaks the silence.

ADAM

Joseph, I cannot express how grateful we are for your kindness. We are in your debt. But we must find a way to get out of this city.

Joseph listens attentively, his brow furrowing slightly as he considers the plan.

JOSEPH

I understand your desire to find a safe place, but it is not yet safe for you to travel openly. The mayor's men will be searching for you. They will be relentless. We must wait until their fervor subsides.

Adam nods, realizing the wisdom in Joseph's words.

ADAM

You're right, Joseph. We must bide our time and be patient. How can we remain hidden here?

Joseph's eyes glint mischievously as he formulates a plan.

JOSEPH

You will stay with us, Adam. However, to ensure our secrecy, you must disguise yourself as a woman. It will be unexpected, and it will protect you from prying eyes. You're a good actor and I'm sure you can do that.

Adam, though initially taken aback, understands the necessity of the disguise and nods in agreement.

ADAM

I trust your judgment, Joseph. If it keeps my family safe, I will do whatever it takes.

Joseph smiles, his gratitude evident.

JOSEPH

Thank you, Adam. You honor me with your trust. Rest assured that in a couple of weeks, I'll take you to Gomorrah where my merchant uncle lives. He is an influential man in the city. We'll talk about that later. Now I've got to go home before the sun rises.

ADAM

To stay in disguise, I need hair extension and wigs with some women's clothing.

JOSEPH

I'll bring those items later in the evening, so don't go out until I return.

ADAM

Thank you so much Joseph.

JOSEPH

(going toward the
exit door)

Mention not. What are friends for?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Gidon, Herod's partner, sits across from Officer ALEXANDER, 40, in a medium height. An artist diligently works on a canvas, capturing Adam's description as provided by Gidon.

Footsteps echo, and the camera pans to reveal the entrance door, focusing on the room. An obese man in his early 50s, impeccably dressed, enters, accompanied by two armed guards.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER

(stands)

Mayor SHEN, you didn't have to come down yourself. A delegate would have sufficed.

Mayor Shen remains stern, his voice resolute.

MAYOR SHEN

Concerning my son's murder, Inspector, I cannot delegate. I cannot rest until Herod's assassins are captured.

Inspector Alexander nods, acknowledging the mayor's distress.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER
Understood, Mayor Shen. We've
identified the suspect as Adam, Dr.
Haron's son, owner of Sodom Spa.

MAYOR SHEN
(boiling mad)
Adam, the son of that spine-cracker?
How did this happen? I want justice,
swift and severe.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER
(composed)
The interrogation is ongoing. The
artist is completing the portrait
based on witness accounts.

The mayor's impatience grows, focusing on the artist at work.

MAYOR SHEN
I want to see that portrait as soon
as it's finished.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER
Certainly, Mayor Shen. Once completed,
I'll bring it to you.

MAYOR SHEN
(intensely)
Has the killer's house been searched?
Tear it apart!

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER
Regrettably, Mayor Shen, the suspect's
house has been set on fire.

Mayor Shen's anger flares.

MAYOR SHEN
Set on fire? How could this happen?
Was there any evidence left?

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER
Investigating the cause. Despite the
destruction, we have Dr. Haron's Spa
to explore.

MAYOR SHEN
Search every corner. They may be
hiding there.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER
Rest assured, sir.
(MORE)

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
We'll leave no stone unturned.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

The bustling streets of Sodom's City Bazaar are filled with vibrant colors and a cacophony of voices.

Joseph, with a purposeful stride, makes his way through the crowd. As he approaches a WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE, his eyes are drawn to the portrait of Adam plastered on the entrance of the shop. It declares him a wanted killer, with a hefty 2000.00 Gold coin reward on his head.

Joseph, pondering the seriousness of the situation, takes a deep breath, and enters the ladies' dress store.

INT. LADIES DRESS STORE - DAY

The interior of the store is filled with racks of elegant garments, displaying a range of styles and fabrics.

Joseph spots a bearded salesman in his early 50s, standing behind the counter.

JOSEPH
(politely)
Good morning, sir. I'm in need of a couple of good dresses and hair wigs for my beloved lady.

The vendor, with a warm smile, nods in acknowledgment.

VENDOR
Morning, sir. You've come to the right place. We have a fine selection of women's clothing and wigs.

The vendor guides Joseph through the store, showcasing garments made of silk and cotton, and wigs of various shades, including blonde and black hair.

JOSEPH
(after considering his options)
I'll take three of these dresses and two wigs, please.

The vendor gathers the chosen items, carefully arranging them on the counter.

VENDOR

(explaining)

These dresses are made with high-quality materials, ensuring your wife will look her best. And the wigs are crafted with precision for a natural appearance.

Joseph nods in approval, reaching into his pocket to retrieve the required payment. He places a couple of coins on the counter and waits for the vendor to complete the transaction.

The vendor hands Joseph a neatly wrapped package containing the dresses and wigs, offering a final farewell.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

Thank you for your patronage, sir. I hope your wife enjoys her new attire. Have a wonderful day.

JOSEPH

(nodding gratefully)

Thank you. I'm sure she will. Good day to you too.

Joseph exits the ladies dress store.

EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

Joseph merges back into the bustling crowd of the Sodom City Bazaar, concealing his concerns about Adam, beneath a veil of normalcy.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY

A uniformed servant drives a TWO-HORSE CARRIAGE along a scenic countryside road.

INT. INSIDE THE CARRIAGE -

Adam, disguised as a young woman, sits alongside Joseph with Sarah and Maria sitting across from them.

The sunlight filters through the carriage windows, casting a gentle glow on their faces as they continue their journey.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

As the carriage reaches a checkpoint, city guards halt their progress. One of the guards approaches the carriage, addressing the driver.

CITY GUARD

(sternly)

Who are you carrying in this carriage?
State your business.

SERVANT DRIVER

(calmly)

You can go and check for yourself,
sir. I have my master, Joseph, and
his family in the carriage. We are
bound for Gomorrah.

The guard's eyebrows furrow at the driver's response,
considering the situation carefully.

GUARD

(curiously)

Very well. Stay put.

Joseph, dressed immaculately, opens the side door of the
carriage.

JOSEPH

(confidently)

Good morning, sir. I am Joseph, son
of retired Army General, SHARON. I
am accompanying my mother, sister,
and wife on a visit to Gomorrah to
see my uncle, Mr. JOB who holds
significant influence in our country's
silk and cotton industry, serving
the royal family with their attire
and luxurious materials.

The guard peers inside the carriage, his gaze sweeping over
the passengers.

GUARD

(sincerely)

Ah, so you are the son of our esteemed
retired general, who fought valiantly
for our country. It's an honor to
meet you, sir.

The guard, satisfied, closes the door of the carriage and
signals to the other guards to open the gate. With a nod,
they allow the carriage to continue its journey.

The carriage passes through the open gate, leaving the
checkpoint behind and entering a picturesque green valley.

EXT. GREEN VALLEY - DAY

The horse-drawn carriage glides gracefully, cutting through
the heart of a breathtakingly beautiful green valley.

Lush vegetation and well-tended agricultural lands stretch as far as the eye can see.

The valley is a symphony of vibrant colors, with wild flowers and crops swaying gently in the soft breeze. The sun casts a warm glow over the landscape, creating a mesmerizing play of light and shadow.

INT. HORSE CARRIAGE - DAY

The gentle clip-clop of horse hooves fills the air as Adam disguised as a young woman sits beside Joseph across from Sarah and Maria in the carriage.

ADAM

(looking out at the
scenery)

How much longer do we have to travel,
Joseph?

JOSEPH

(smiling)

Not much longer. Just about two hours
more, and we'll reach my uncle's
house in Gomorrah.

Adam's eyes meet Joseph's, curiosity evident in his expression.

ADAM

(pensive)

Joseph, in this situation, what should
I do to earn a living? I don't want
to be a burden to you or your family.

JOSEPH

(tenderly)

My friend, please know that my uncle
in Gomorrah is a very wealthy man.
He has extensive connections with
high-ranking individuals in the city.
I will introduce you as my dear
girlfriend, NASUHA, and request that
my uncle offer you employment and a
modest place to stay.

Adam looks at Joseph, his eyes revealing a mix of surprise and gratitude.

ADAM

You've never ceased to amaze me,
Joseph!

JOSEPH

Listen, Adam. To keep you in disguise and protect you and your family until I can take you to Hebron, I'll have to resort to an expedient and tell Uncle Job a little white lie.

ADAM

A white lie... What do you mean?

JOSEPH

(smiling)

Trust me, Adam. You are a good actor, but don't forget that I've studied literature and creative writing. So don't worry, my friend. I'll be with you every step of the way. We'll face the challenges together, hand in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE JOB'S HOUSE - DAY

Joseph and Adam, the latter in disguise as a young woman, sit with Joseph's uncle, JOB, a bearded tall, strong man in his late 50s. The lavish surroundings of the house reflect Job's wealth and influence.

JOSEPH

(respectfully)

Uncle Job! Please meet my living delight, and future bride, MS. NASUHA. I've decided to share my life and prosperity with her.

UNCLE JOB

(looking intrigued)

Ah, Nasuha, is it? Welcome to my home.

Nasuha, nods and smiles, maintaining her composure.

NASUHA (ADAM)

(trying to sound feminine)

Thank you so much for your hospitality, sir.

JOSEPH

The untimely demise of Nasuah's father has left her family without a breadwinner. I've been thinking, maybe you could help them by providing Nasuha with a job.

UNCLE JOB

I'm sorry for her loss. But, tell me, what skills and work experience does she possess?

JOSEPH

Nasuha is an excellent massage therapist. Her skills are unmatched, and she has provided her services to many in Sodom.

UNCLE JOB

(leaning back in his chair)

Interesting. As fate would have it, I have a friend who owns Gomorrah's most prestigious female-exclusive spa. Rich and aristocratic women, frequent that place.

Joseph's eyes light up with hope.

JOSEPH

That sounds perfect! Please, Uncle, would you recommend Nasuha for a position there?

UNCLE JOB

(smiling)

Of course, my dear boy. I'll personally speak to my friend, the owner, and recommend Nasuha for a job at the PARADISE SPA.

Nasuha, now filled with gratitude, bows her head.

NASUHA (ADAM)

Thank you so much, Uncle Job. Your kindness means the world to us.

UNCLE JOB

(affectionately)

You are most welcome, Nasuha. I want you to work hard and excel in your new position.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE SPA - OUTSKIRTS OF GOMORRAH - DAY

SUPER: THREE DAYS LATER

The PARADISE SPA stands as a gem at the outskirts of Gomorrah, seamlessly blending traditional architecture with contemporary elegance.

The Spa's exterior features intricate carvings and ornate designs, reflecting the rich history of the ancient city.

The entrance boasts a grand archway, with a regal sign displaying the spa's name in golden letters. Lush greenery surrounds the building, adding to the calming ambiance.

The soft sound of water flowing from nearby fountains fills the air, creating a serene atmosphere.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

As guests step inside the Spa, they are immediately greeted by a stunning reception area that captivates with its remarkable design.

Soft lighting bathes the space in a warm glow, accentuating the plush seating arrangements positioned on the polished marble floor.

The reception desk, made of gleaming wood, stands as the centerpiece of the area. Behind it, MADAM HANNAH, the spa manager, a pretty woman in her early 30s, dressed in revealing outfits, oversees the operations with grace and poise.

The staff members, move with a sense of purpose, attending to their tasks. The walls are adorned with subtle art pieces and soothing colors.

Adam, disguised as NASUHA and dressed in immaculate PINK UNIFORM, stands close to the RECEPTION DESK.

NASUHA (ADAM)
 (looking around and
 trying to sound
 feminine)
 The beauty of this place is
 astounding.

MADAM HANNAH
 (smiling)
 Isn't it? We take great pride in
 providing a royal experience to our
 esteemed guests. From the moment
 they step through our doors, we want
 them to feel pampered and cared for.

NASUHA (ADAM)
 I can see why. It's truly a haven of
 luxury and relaxation.

MADAM HANNAH
 And you, Nasuha, are now a part of
 it.

(MORE)

MADAM HANNAH (CONT'D)

Your skills and dedication will add to the charm of the Paradise Spa. Welcome to the family.

NASUHA

Thank you, Madam Hannah. I'm honored to be here and eager to contribute to the spa's reputation.

Startled, Nasuha (Adam's) gaze fixates on the notice board, his heart racing as he takes in the sight of his own portrait placed alongside that of the infamous criminal, called ALERON.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

By the way, Madam, I couldn't help but notice those portraits on display. They seem rather out of place in such a tranquil environment. This spa is meant to be a haven of serenity and self-care, so why include the image of dangerous criminals like them?

MADAM HANNAH

Aleron is the leader of a notorious bandit gang known for their brazen attacks on Gomorrah, stealing from its citizens and sowing chaos. The other one is Adam who has killed the son of Sodom's mayor and is still at large. It's the Home Ministry's policy to display the notorious faces so that citizens recognize them anywhere they are seen.

NASUHA

A prudent measure indeed. Anyway, my time is over. I've got to head home to assist my mom with packing. We're moving to a new house, you see. So, I'll see you tomorrow, Madam. Bye for now.

MADAM HANNAH

See you, Nasuha. Take care and good luck with the move. Bye!

CUT TO:

EXT. COBBLESTONE ROAD - DAY

The sun shines brightly as a horse-drawn coach rolls along a cobblestone road, the clip-clop of hooves creating a rhythmic melody.

The coach comes to a gentle stop in front of an imposing IRON GATE, seamlessly built into the ancient walls of an elegant house.

EXT. IRON GATE - DAY

Joseph, Nasuha, Maria, Sarah, and their devoted dog, Tiger, disembark from the coach, setting foot onto the sunlit pathway.

JOSEPH
(to Nasuha (Adam))
Welcome, my friend. This is your
residence in Gomorrah.

NASUHA (ADAM)
Whose house is this?

JOSEPH
It belongs to Uncle Job, but we lived
here when my Dad served in the Army.
This place holds many memories.

Joseph takes out a set of keys from his pocket. He inserts the largest one into the lock, turning it with a satisfying click. The gate swings open, revealing a pathway leading to the courtyard of the house.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The group follows Joseph's lead, crossing the pathway from the front yard to the entrance of the house. The gravel crunches beneath their feet as they approach the living room door.

EXT. WOODEN DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Inserting another key to unlock it, Joseph turns the lock and pulls the door wide open, revealing the inviting interior of the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM -

The room is bathed in soft, dim light that filters in through the windows and the open door.

JOSEPH
(with a warm smile)
Welcome to your new home.

NASUHA (ADAM)
(entering the room)
It's really beautiful and exotic.

Sarah, Maria, and Tiger follow suit, crossing the threshold into the living room. Their footsteps echo softly on the polished floor as they explore the space, their expressions a mixture of awe and delight.

SARAH
Joseph, this place is a gem.

MARIA
(nodding)
It feels like a place where stories
were woven.

Tiger, always a part of the family's journey, wags his tail happily and sniffs around, as if giving his seal of approval to the new abode.

JOSEPH
(with a nostalgic
tone)
Many stories indeed. And now, You'll
create new ones here together.

Nasuha (Adam) walks around the room, assessing the space. Notices a slightly tattered rug in a corner and gives it an experimental tug, causing a cloud of dust to rise.

NASUHA
(turning to Joseph)
Looks like we've got some cleaning
to do, huh?

JOSEPH
(giggling)
Seems that way. But with all of us
working together, we'll have this
place looking good in no time. By
the way, we've furniture in the
basement. You can bring them over
here.

As they converse, Maria ventures towards a large window that overlooks the backyard. She pushes aside a curtain, revealing a view of overgrown grass and untamed trees.

MARIA
(playfully)
The backyard's like a little jungle.
I can imagine having adventures out
there.

Joseph heads towards a door leading to the backyard, and with a swift turn of a knob, he opens it.

Sunlight streams in, illuminating the room and casting a warm glow on everyone's faces.

JOSEPH

(gesturing outside)

Shall we start our adventure in the jungle, then?

NASUHA (ADAM)

We'll take care of that. You don't have to take part in the cleaning Joseph. You've already done a lot during the last four days. So, you may go about your own business.

JOSEPH

Now that you have a house nearby the Paradise Spa, I have no worries about your accommodation here. So, I can go to Sodom with peace of mind and attend to my Dad.

NASUHA

Thank you Joseph. When you come back, please bring my horse that is left in your farmhouse.

JOSEPH

Don't worry. Your horse will be taken care of.

NASUHA (ADAM)

I appreciate it, Joseph. Your help means the world to me. And when you come back, we'll catch up properly. Take care of your Dad and yourself.

JOSEPH

You too, Adam. Stay safe here, and remember, I'm just a message away if you need anything. You can contact me through uncle Job.

NASUHA

(smiling)

Thank you, Joseph. Safe travels and give my regards to your father.

JOSEPH

Will do. See you soon.

CUT TO:

INT. SPA'S STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Adam, disguised as Nasuha, moves gracefully in an organized storage room filled with shelves of aromatic oils and neatly folded white towels.

She carefully selects different bottles, smells their unique and soothing fragrance, and places them on a special trolley along with neatly folded white towels.

In the room, three other staff members go about their tasks. However, two of them are whispering to each other, glancing occasionally at Nasuha.

STAFF GIRL 1

(whispering)

Look at her, she's beautiful and radiates strength. I have a feeling she's going to be an exceptional masseuse.

STAFF GIRL 2

Absolutely! You can tell just by looking at her. Beauty and strength combined make for an amazing massage therapist.

As Nasuha finishes preparing the trolley with aromatic oils and towels, the door of the room swings open, and a massage therapist enters.

MASSAGE THERAPIST

Nasuha, Madam Hannah, wants you to serve the VIP guest in room 2. She specifically requested a stronger massage.

NASUHA (ADAM)

(nodding)

Thank you for letting me know. I'll go attend to the guest right away.

With the trolley in tow, Nasuha leaves the storage room.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Nasuha (Adam) stands before Madam Hannah, holding a trolley of aromatic oil and towels with one hand.

MADAM HANNAH

(Smiling)

Nasuha, I have a special request from a VIP guest.

(MORE)

MADAM HANNAH (CONT'D)

Lady Lara, the spouse of our Minister of Justice, is in need of a stronger massage. She's in room 2. Can you take care of her, please?

NASUHA

(Respectfully)

Of course, Madam Hannah. I'll provide her with the best massage experience possible.

MADAM HANNAH

I trust that you will, Nasuha. Lady Lara is an important guest, so make sure she feels well taken care of.

NASUHA

Absolutely, Madam. I'll make sure she leaves with a rejuvenated spirit.

Madam Hannah smiles. Nasuha leaves the reception desk heading towards the corridor.

CORRIDOR -

Approaching Massage Room #2, Nasuha (Adam) knocks on the door. Lady Lara's voice emanates from inside.

LADY LARA (O.S.)

Please come in.

Nasuha pulls the door gently and enters in the room.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM 2 -

Lady Lara, a stunning 30-year-old woman, is lying on the massage table, dressed in a bikini. Her beauty is captivating, but Nasuha (Adam) remains professional, focusing on his role.

NASUHA (ADAM)

(Smiling warmly)

Good morning, my lady. I am Nasuha, your massage therapist. Madam Hannah informed me that you require a somewhat stronger massage. Is there anything specific you'd like me to focus on today?

Lady Lara turns her head slightly, her eyes meeting Nasuha's.

LADY LARA

Morning, Nasuha. A stronger massage sounds perfect.

(MORE)

LADY LARA (CONT'D)

My back and shoulders have been tense lately, so please focus on those areas.

NASUHA

Absolutely, my lady. I'll make sure to address those areas with extra care. If you have any discomfort during the massage, please let me know, and I'll adjust accordingly.

Nasuha (Adam) sets the tray down and begins preparing the aromatic oils. As he approaches Lara, he maintains a professional distance, ensuring she feels comfortable throughout the session.

Lara reclines on her stomach, closing her eyes in anticipation of Nasuha's massage. Nasuha's skilled hands glide smoothly over her back, applying just the right amount of pressure.

LADY LARA

You have a remarkable touch, Nasuha.

NASUHA

Thank you, my lady. I'm glad to hear you're finding it beneficial.

As the massage nears its end, Nasuha wraps a soft towel around Lara's shoulders, ensuring she feels comfortable and warm.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

Our session is coming to a close, my lady. I hope you're feeling better.

LADY LARA

(Smiling)

I am. It was truly therapeutic, Nasuha.

NASUHA

I'm delighted to hear that. Your comfort and satisfaction are my top priorities.

LADY LARA

Thank you, Nasuha. You truly have a gift.

NASUHA

(opening the door to exit)

It was my pleasure, Lady Lara.

(MORE)

NASUHA (CONT'D)

If you ever need another session,
don't hesitate to ask.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL PALACE - PRINCESS CLARA'S CHAMBER - DAY

Tall and slender, PRINCESS CLARA, a vision of grace and elegance, sits in her lavishly adorned chamber reading a book. The warm glow of golden chandeliers reflecting off her flawless, fair skin. At 24, she exudes an air of regal poise that commands attention.

Dressed in an opulent gown adorned with intricate lace and embroidered with pearls, Princess Clara embodies the epitome of refinement and sophistication.

Her lustrous, chestnut hair cascades down in gentle waves, framing her delicate face like a crown.

A MAID in a white uniform enters the room, bowing respectfully to the princess.

MAID

Your Grace! Lady Lara awaits behind
the door, seeking your permission to
enter.

Princess Clara lifts her head from the book, responding promptly.

PRINCESS CLARA

Send Lady Lara in.

The maid bows once more and exits, leaving the door ajar.

Before long, Lady Lara, adorned in her finest attire, enters the room with a warm smile, delicately holding a bouquet of fragrant flowers in her hands.

LADY LARA

Your Highness, I bring tidings of
the most extraordinary experience I
had at the Paradise Spa yesterday. I
simply couldn't wait to share it
with you!

Princess Clara's eyes light up at Lady Lara's enthusiasm.

PRINCESS CLARA

Oh, do tell me all about it, Lady
Lara. What happened at the Paradise
Spa?

LADY LARA

I was attended to by the most skilled massage therapist named Nasuha. Her techniques were simply divine, like none I have ever experienced before. The way she worked on my tired muscles and brought such relaxation to my entire body was truly magical.

PRINCESS CLARA

(smiling)

That sounds incredible! I must say, I've been feeling a bit fatigued lately from delegating all the royal affairs to my mother, the queen. I could use some pampering myself. Tell me, is Nasuha available to give me a massage as well?

LADY LARA

Of course, Your Highness. I can arrange it right away!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE SPA PREMISES - DAY

The GRAND CARRIAGE adorned with the royal crest slowly pulls up in front of the opulent Paradise Spa. The entourage of Princess Clara steps out of the carriage with graceful elegance, surrounded by a team of vigilant bodyguards on horseback.

The bodyguards swiftly spread around the premises, surveying and taking precautionary measures to ensure the safety of the Princess.

The Princess dressed in a flowing gown fit for a royal, descends from the carriage with Lady Lara at her side holding her hand.

They approach the spa entrance, where Madam Hannah and a couple of staff, holding bouquets of flowers in crisp uniforms, await to give a warm welcome.

EXT. SPA ENTRANCE -

As the Princess and her entourage reach the threshold of the gate, Madam Hannah and her staff take their bow.

MADAM HANNAH
 (presenting the bouquet
 of flowers to the
 Princess)

Welcome, Your Highness. It is an honor to have you grace us with your presence at Paradise Spa.

PRINCESS CLARA
 (taking the bouquet
 and giving it to
 Lady Lara)

Thank you, Madam Hannah. Your spa comes highly recommended, and I look forward to the experience.

Madam Hannah leads the way, guiding Princess Clara through the lavishly decorated Reception Hall.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

As Princess Clara walks down the center of the vast hall, the staff on both sides begin to bow, one after the other, in a synchronized display of honor and humility.

PRINCESS CLARA
 (acknowledging each
 bow with a nod)

I've heard tales of a massage therapist in your service. I hope she lives up to her reputation.

MADAM HANNAH
 (chuckling)

Rest assured, Your Highness, our new addition is unparalleled in her art. She is a magician and you will leave feeling utterly refreshed.

INT. CORRIDOR -

Princess Clara, Lady Lara, and Madam Hanna stroll down the tranquil spa corridor until they arrive at the entrance of Massage Room #1.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM 1 -

Madam Hanna opens the door and steps into the massage room ahead of Princess Clara and Lady Lara, unveiling the exquisite massage bench and its luxurious amenities.

MADAM HANNAH
 This haven has been exclusively reserved for the Royal family.
 (MORE)

MADAM HANNAH (CONT'D)

I am confident it will exceed your expectations, Your Highness.

PRINCESS CLARA

(entering the room)

I am certain it will, Madam Hanna. Now, may I request the presence of your massage virtuoso? I eagerly anticipate the touch of her skilled hands. It has been far too long since my last massage.

MADAM HANNAH

(bowing from the threshold of the room)

Certainly, Your Highness. I shall summon her immediately.

As Madam Hannah exits, leaving Princess Clara alone in Massage Room #1, Lady Lara gracefully enters the lavishly decorated space.

PRINCESS CLARA

(to Lady Lara)

I've been looking forward to this. There's nothing quite like a skilled massage to soothe the mind and body.

LADY LARA

(smiling)

Indeed, Your Highness. You deserve this moment of relaxation.

Lady Lara assists the Princess in removing her royal attire. As she begins to recline on the luxurious massage table, draped in silk sheets, two soft consecutive knocks echo through the room.

PRINCESS CLARA

Get in, Ms. Nasuha.

The door gently swings open, and Nasuha (Adam) enters with grace, donned in an immaculate pink uniform. Carrying a tray of aromatic oils and fresh, unused towels, Nasuha bows respectfully with a warm smile.

NASUHA (ADAM)

Your Highness, it's an honor to be your special service provider today.

As Nasuha carefully places the tray of aromatic oils and towels on a nearby table, soft music wafts in from the outside.

The camera glides toward the room's vast window, revealing a picturesque scenery of flowers and fountains. Nearby, a couple of musicians play their best melodies, adding to the serene ambiance.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

I have brought new towels that have not been used by anyone. Additionally, I have selected a few different oils for your grace to choose from.

Nasuha picks up one of the vials and describes its scent.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

This is a blend of jasmine and sandalwood, known for their calming and soothing properties. Here we have a combination of lemongrass and bergamot for a refreshing experience. And finally, a mix of rosemary and lavender for a rejuvenating sensation.

Princess Clara takes a moment to consider the options before making her choice.

PRINCESS CLARA

I think I'll go with the jasmine and sandalwood blend.

NASUHA

(nodding with gentle smile)

An excellent choice, Your Highness. It will enhance the relaxation experience.

Nasuha warms a small amount of the chosen oil between her palms and applies it with expert hands to the princess's back starting the massage.

PRINCESS CLARA

(sighing contently)

Ah, Nasuha, you truly have magical hands. It's as if you have the strength of a man!

NASUHA

Thank you, Your Highness. I must admit, I owe much of my strength to my upbringing. I was raised on a farm where we had an abundance of milk, meat, and dairy products, and our livelihood was sustained by fresh air, clean water, and all-natural food.

PRINCESS CLARA

A farm, you say? That's fascinating. Your strength and talent are evident in the way you carry out your work. You know, Nasuha, I was actually contemplating summoning you to the royal palace to have your exceptional massages there. But experiencing this blissful massage in the peaceful surroundings of the Paradise Spa, away from the hustle and bustle of the city, has been truly delightful.

NASUHA (ADAM)

I am deeply honored by your consideration, Your Highness. It is my utmost pleasure to be able to serve you at the Paradise Spa.

PRINCESS CLARA

There's something magical about this place. The warm natural spring water and the tranquil atmosphere make it a haven of relaxation. It's a much-needed escape from the demands of royal duties and the busy life at the palace.

NASUHA

I completely understand, Your Highness. The Paradise Spa was designed to be an oasis of peace, offering a sanctuary where you can find solace and rejuvenation.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE BACKYARD - DAY

Under the clear blue sky, Adam and his mother sit on comfortable chairs in the backyard, enjoying a peaceful tea time.

Maria stands at a distance, focused and determined, practicing her archery skills.

SUPER: FOUR MONTHS LATER

MARIA

(excited)

Watch this, brother!

Maria pulls the bowstring with precision, her concentration evident. The arrow whizzes through the air, striking the center of the cardboard target about 50 meters away.

ADAM

(encouragingly)

That's great, Maria! You've improved with each shot. I have no doubt that with a couple more days of intense practice, you'll be hitting the bull's eye like a pro.

MARIA

(face lit up with a mix of pride and determination)

Thank you, Adam. I'll keep practicing until I become an expert archer. If only I had focused on self-defense before, maybe I could have done something to prevent our father's death.

Adam's expression softens, his voice gentle and reassuring.

ADAM

Maria, we must believe in the plan and arrangements that the Creator has for each of us. Everything happens for a reason, and our destinies are beyond our control. What we can do is strengthen ourselves physically and emotionally to face whatever challenges come our way.

MARIA

(nodding)

You're correct, brother. I'll continue to better myself, not only to safeguard our family and uphold our honor but also in the pursuit of justice.

ADAM

That's the spirit, Maria. Let us embrace our faith and keep pushing forward, knowing that we are guided by a higher purpose.

As Maria resumes her archery practice with more attempts, Sarah takes a moment to talk to Adam.

SARAH

(worriedly)

Adam, you have to stop working in disguise at the Spa soon. It's far too risky. If your true identity is exposed, no one would be able to save you from the gallows.

ADAM

Mother, I understand your worries, but I must continue this way for now. We can't afford to lose our only source of income. We have to be patient. Once Joseph returns from Sodom, we can make plans to move to Hebron, where we'll be safer.

SARAH

(letting out a sigh)

I know you want what's best for us, but I can't help but worry. Promise me you'll be extra cautious.

ADAM

I promise Mom. I won't take any unnecessary risks, especially in this Spa which caters to the spouses of ministers, high-ranking government officials and aristocratic women.

SARAH

By the way Adam. Can't you recommend Maria for any position at your Spa?

ADAM

That's a good idea Mom. I'll talk to my manager tomorrow and make sure Maria gets a job at the Spa's security section. Her archery skills have improved greatly, and I believe she'll be a valuable addition to the team.

SARAH

That's good to hear. But, please, just be careful both of you.

ADAM

We will, Mother. You can count on us.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL PALACE - PRINCESS CLARA'S CHAMBER - DAY

Princess Clara, dressed in a robe, sits with Lady Lara sipping on a refreshing tea.

PRINCESS CLARA

Lady Lara! Thank you for introducing me to the wonders of Nasuha's massage. I feel rejuvenated and refreshed since I've started visiting the Paradise Spa.

LADY LARA

(smiling)

I'm delighted that you enjoy the experience, Your Highness. I personally think that Nasuha truly possesses a gift for healing and relaxation.

PRINCESS CLARA

Indeed, she does. I shall make it a point to visit the Paradise Spa more often to benefit from her fantastic works. And I must also take better care of my body and nourish it as she does.

LADY LARA

(Encouragingly)

A wise decision, Your Highness. Taking care of oneself is crucial for a leader like you, who carries the weight of the kingdom on her shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS OUTLAW HEADQUARTER - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

ALERON, the notorious 40 years old leader of the outlaw gang, stands tall and imposing amidst the rugged landscape of the mountain hideout.

His cold eyes fixate on CANE, the shrewd Gomorrah merchant, 60, who nervously helps Aleron's men unload crates of food and arm supplies consisting of swords, arrows, bowstrings and spears from a CART.

The wind rustles through the caves, adding an eerie ambiance to the rugged landscape. Aleron walks near the entrance, his formidable figure silhouetted against the fading daylight.

On the highest hill overlooking the outlaw's hideout, two of Aleron's archers stand vigilant, their eyes scanning the surrounding terrain for any sign of trouble as if they are the first line of defense, ensuring the safety of their leader and the gang.

ALERON

(deep, commanding
voice)

Cane, have you brought everything we need?

CANE

(nervously, but trying
to maintain a facade
of confidence)

Y-yes, my esteemed patron. I've brought the finest food and the arm supplies you requested. Everything is here. I've brought something of great interest to you as well.

ALERON

(glancing at the
supplies)

Go on, Cane. What's this great news you speak of?

CANE

(whispers looking
around)

Princess Clara and other wealthy aristocrats have been visiting the Paradise Spa, quite frequently. This Saturday is a particularly auspicious day, as Princess Clara herself is scheduled to be there.

ALERON

(smiling maliciously
revealing the cut on
the left side of his
cheek)

Continue, Cane. I'm listening.

CANE

If you and your men were to strike at the Paradise Spa on Saturday, while Princess Clara and her entourage are occupied, you could seize a fortune in jewelry and precious items.

ALERON

Hmm, you may have just provided me with an opportunity too good to pass up. But what do you seek in return, Cane? Your commission, I assume?

CANE

You know me well, Aleron. Yes, a commission for my information would be more than fair.

ALERON

You, rich miser!

(MORE)

ALERON (CONT'D)

Even at the age of 60, you can't think of anything other than making more money. You do realize that when we die, our accumulated wealth is of no use to us. There are no pockets in a coffin or shroud.

CANE

Ah, but I plan to enjoy my wealth while I'm still alive, Aleron. It's all about living in the lap of luxury while one can.

ALERON

(shaking his head
viciously)

Very well, Cane. Your information is valuable, and if all goes as planned, you shall have your commission.

CANE

In that case, the Paradise Spa will be at your mercy this Saturday. You can change the paradise of those pampered and spoiled women into hell.

ALERON

(chuckling darkly)

It's also a chance to strike fear into the hearts of the rich and powerful. We shall show them that even in their most protected capital city, no one is beyond our reach.

A beat. Aleron contemplates and continues.

ALERON (CONT'D)

By the way, Cane, it's been thirteen years since I last saw Princess Clara, back when she was just a minor girl. I fear I won't recognize her.

CANE

I've given you the accurate information, my friend. Your mission is to find Princess Clara and recognize her among the crowd. I won't jeopardize my safety by joining your attack on the Spa.

ALERON

Very well, Cane. I'll find her and fulfill our mission.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARADISE SPA - GARDEN - DAY

The sun shines down on the lush garden of the Spa, creating a picturesque scene. Maria stands confidently, her bow drawn and arrow poised, as Nasuha (Adam) and Madam Hannah, the Spa Manager watch in anticipation.

MADAM HANNAH

Alright, Maria, let's see what you've got. Aim for that apple hanging on the tree over there.

Maria takes a deep breath, focusing her gaze on the distant apple. With precision and grace, she releases the arrow, and it soars through the air, slicing the apple clean in half. The manager's eyes widen in astonishment.

MADAM HANNAH (CONT'D)

Incredible! That was an amazing shot, Maria! You have remarkable archery skills.

NASUHA (ADAM)

Told you she's talented! Maria's accuracy is unparalleled.

MARIA

(smiling)

Archery has been a passion of mine for a long time. I'm glad I could showcase my skills.

MADAM HANNAH

(enthusiastically)

You've more than impressed me, Maria. Your abilities are exactly what we need for our security team here at the Paradise Spa. Welcome aboard!

MARIA

Thank you so much! I'm thrilled to be a part of the security team and contribute to the safety of this great Spa.

The manager extends her hand, and Maria shakes it warmly.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAYFIELD, VICINITY OF PARADISE SPA - DAY

A caravan of around 60 horses with four camels arrive at the vicinity of the Paradise Spa.

They quickly set up a LARGE TENT, unload a couple of sacks from their horses and camels revealing concealed weapons such as SWORDS, SPEARS, and BOWSTRINGS - hidden within the grain-filled sacks.

As the camera zooms in, we see Aleron dismounts from his horse. His deputy, MOAB, 35, long black hair and dark skin, holds the reins, ready to follow his leader's every command.

ALERON
(getting into the
tent)
Is everything going smoothly?

MOAB
Yes, sir. And our loyal men are
waiting for your command.

INT. TENT - DAY

ALERON
Good. Just wait for Cane to come and
confirm the presence of the princess
in the Spa. Once we have that
confirmation, we strike.

MOAB
So, where is that greedy old man?

At this time, Cane enters the tent.

ALERON
Ah, name the devil and there he is!

All the bandits burst into laughter.

CANE
(breathless)
The peacock is in the garden, Aleron.

ALERON
(smirks)
Perfect. Then it's time to march.

The bandits cheer, their excitement reaching a crescendo. Aleron steps outside the tent into hayfield.

EXT. HAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Aleron, raises his sword high, signaling the beginning of their assault.

ALERON
 (voice booming)
 Today, we claim the Spa and all its
 treasures! Onward, my brothers, to
 victory!

EXT. VICINITY OF PARADISE SPA - DAY

Aleron and his men charge toward the Paradise Spa on horseback, their determination evident in their eyes.

As they approach, the bandit archers expertly target a couple of security guards, taking them down from a distance. Chaos erupts and panic ensues.

Aleron and Moab, lead the charge, swords in hand, cutting through any resistance that dares cross their path. Their swords are swift and deadly, each stroke a calculated move to seize control.

CUT TO:

INT. PARADISE SPA - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Inside the Spa, amidst the ambiance of luxury, a bleeding security guard stumbles through the entrance, injured and desperate. He approaches Madam Hannah, and grasps her arm weakly.

BLEEDING GUARD
 (moaning)
 We've been attacked... Aleron's gang...

MADAM HANNAH
 (frightened)
 Aleron? No! Let me inform the
 princess. Her safety is crucial.

INT. PARADISE SPA - MASSAGE ROOM #1

Nasuha (Adam) diligently tends to Princess Clara's massage when he hears consecutive knocking on the door, followed by a hurried female voice.

HURRIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Nasuha! It's me, Madam Hannah. Open
 the door!

Nasuha (Adam) opens the door, eyes locking onto Madam Hannah, who stands at the threshold, anxiety etched on her face.

MADAM HANNAH
 Nasuha, hide the princess. Aleron's
 gang is about to breach the spa.

Princess Clara's eyes widen, fear coursing through her veins.

NASUHA

(assuring)

Your Highness, don't panic. Just wrap these clean towels around yourself. It's crucial not to reveal your identity.

Princess Clara hastily wraps two large towels securely around her. They exit the massage room.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Nasuha and the Princess move swiftly. As they pass a wounded guard in the reception area, Nasuha takes his sword, nodding to the injured man in gratitude. They stride and reach the door to the aromatic oil storage room.

INT. DOOR OF AROMATIC OIL STORAGE ROOM -

NASUHA

(opening the door)

Please, Your Highness, get in.

Princess Clara enters the room, and Nasuha follows suit.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Maria and Madam Hanna climb a flight of stairs quickly until they reach a locked iron door.

Madam Hannah, her hands shaking, approaches a bunch of keys. She desperately attempts to unlock the door.

MARIA

Madam Hannah, open the door, please.
I need to go to the roof.

Madam Hannah hands Maria the key bundle, her fingers trembling.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(sorting through the keys)

Which one?

MADAM HANNAH

(pointing to a large key)

This one.

Maria inserts the key into the lock, her movements swift and determined. She turns the key, and the door to the roof creaks open. Without wasting a moment, she pushes the door ajar, revealing the day sky and the open air beyond.

MARIA

(looking at Madam
Hannah)

Come with me. Close the door from
outside and let me do my job.

INT. ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Maria steps out onto the roof, bowstring taut in her hand, quiver of arrows at her side. She scans the scene below, her eyes locking onto the chaos unfolding in the vicinity of the Spa.

MARIA

(determined)

Time to even the odds.

She notches an arrow, her focus unwavering. Spotting one of Aleron's men on horseback, she pulls back the bowstring with practiced ease.

The arrow is released, soaring through the air, finding its mark with deadly precision. The outlaw on horseback is struck, his body slumping as he falls from his steed.

Maria's second shot is also a success, her aim true as the rooftop offers her a vantage point over the chaotic scene below.

Maria expertly shoots arrows at Aleron's men. However, the sheer number of bandits, coupled with their archers' retaliatory shots, forces her to reevaluate her strategy.

The situation takes a dire turn as Maria spots a horde of outlaws breaking through the spa's gate. The guards are overwhelmed, and the sense of urgency intensifies.

Maria sprints to the opposite side of the roof, heading for the back garden.

MADAM HANNAH

(trembling)

Where are you going? Don't leave me
here!

Maria turns to Madam Hannah, a mixture of concern and resolve in her eyes.

MARIA

I have to call for help. Is there a police headquarters nearby?

Madame Hannah nods, fear still evident in her expression.

MADAM HANNAH

(voice shaking)

Yes, there's a police station ten minutes away.

MARIA

I need to reach that police station. Stay here and stay safe. I promise I'll return with help.

MADAM HANNAH

(teary-eyed)

Please be careful. Hurry back.

EXT. ROOFTOP EDGE - DAY

Maria nods standing at the edge of the rooftop.

With a deep breath, she leaps into action. She jumps from the rooftop, her form elegant and determined.

Maria lands lithely on the balcony of the back garden, her grip secure on the railing. Her eyes narrow as she assesses the situation below, gauging the quickest route to the ground.

Without hesitation, she swings herself off the balcony, her fingers finding purchase on one of the building's sturdy foundation pillars. She moves with the fluidity of a cat, her descent deliberate and agile.

With a controlled skid, Maria reaches the ground, her boots touching the earth soundlessly.

INTERCUT MARIA / ALERON & HIS MEN

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Maria dashes through a field of tall corn, her breath quickening as she moves. The golden sunlight filters through the leaves, casting dappled shadows on the ground.

INT. PARADISE SPA - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Inside the spa, chaos ensues as Aleron and his henchmen break through the entrance, overpowering the remaining guards who retreat, allowing Aleron and his men to advance towards the reception area.

EXT. END OF CORNFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Maria emerges from the cornfield and finds herself beneath a towering stone wall, a barrier that separates her from the unknown.

EXT. STONE WALL - DAY

Undeterred, she swiftly starts to climb, her fingers finding crevices and footholds with practiced ease.

With a final exertion, Maria hoists herself up and over the wall, landing gracefully on the other side in a tranquil ALLEY.

INT. PARADISE SPA - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Aleron strides confidently into the reception hall, his eyes scanning the luxurious surroundings.

ALERON

(grinning)

Gather 'round, my loyal men! Today, we claim our prize. Search every nook and cranny of this opulent den, leave no stone unturned. This hall is our command center. Gather all the women here - guests, aristocrats, anyone with a hint of value. We'll make this spa our own kingdom. And remember, the one who brings me the Princess will be rewarded handsomely.

MOAB

(leaning in, whispering
to Aleron)

Boss, if I happen to find the Princess, how about a little extra reward? I'm sure you know my 'strongest weakness.'

ALERON

(chuckles)

Ah, Moab, my loyal deputy! I thought women were not your strongest weakness, and you like beautiful young boys as a gay.

MOAB

(smirking)

Variety is the spice of life, boss. So, I was thinking if I secure the Princess, in return, I get to choose one of the fine women from this spa. A little companionship, you know?

ALERON

(laughing)

Moab, my friend, you drive a hard bargain. But, I like your style. Alright, if you find the Princess, you can take your pick. But that's not all - choose a couple more for our headquarters. We'll have both romance and a handsome ransom.

MOAB

(smiling)

Deal, Boss. Let the hunt become an adventure.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Continuing her run, Maria encounters a man in his late 40s riding a horse. She quickly readies her weapon and points it at the man.

MARIA

I need that horse. So, would you mind dismounting it?

Seeing a sharp arrow pointed at him, the man gets off the horse. Maria, holding the rein, takes control.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Now tell me, how do I get to the police station?

THE MAN

(pointing with his
right hand in the
opposite direction)

Strange. I mean, unbelievable. First time in my life I see a thief, who robs people asking for the address of the Police Station.

Maria, undeterred, mounts the horse.

MARIA

(looking back to the
man)

Come on foot and get your horse from the police station.

She sets out towards her destination, leaving the puzzled man behind.

CUT TO:

INT. AROMATIC OIL STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Nasuha (Adam) and Princess Clara hide behind stacks of aromatic oil barrels, their breaths held, as two of Aleron's henchmen enter the dimly lit room. The larger henchman turns to his companion.

LARGER HENCHMAN

(gruffly)

You check from the right, and I'll go to the left.

The henchman who heads to the right suddenly finds Nasuha emerging in front of him.

HENCHMAN

(sword in hand)

Where is the Princess?

NASUHA

(hiding his sword behind his back with both hands)

She's behind me. Go and get her.

As the henchman approaches Princess Clara, Nasuha (Adam) swiftly yields, striking the henchman hard on the shoulder.

The henchman stumbles, grabbing onto a trolley of aromatic oil that breaks, producing noise. The other henchman turns back, calling out:

HENCHMAN

YOSHEA! Are you alright?

The surviving henchman rushes toward his injured cohort but encounters Nasuha with a sword in hand. Nasuha grins.

NASUHA (ADAM)

Looking for the princess?

HENCHMAN

(alarmed)

Who are you?

NASUHA

(smiling)

I'm just a massager, but if you want the princess, you've got to reach that side.

The henchman attacks, and the clash of steel against steel begins. Nasuha (Adam) skillfully outmaneuvers the outlaw, eventually overpowering him with a lethal strike.

Nasuha swiftly hides both bodies in the corner of the room, ensuring their presence remains concealed.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Maria bursts through the entrance of the police station. She scans the room, her eyes landing on an officer sitting behind a desk, engrossed in paperwork.

MARIA

Excuse me, officer. We need help at the Paradise Spa. Aleron, the bandit leader, and his men have attacked. Princess Clara and other ladies are there. They're in danger.

The officer's brows furrow as he processes the information.

OFFICER

Can you provide any more details?
How many attackers are there?

MARIA

I saw at least 50 of them, possibly more. I managed to escape to get help.

The officer nods, his demeanor professional and focused.

OFFICER

(urgent & loud)
Constable David!

The door swings open, revealing a young man in a crisp police uniform. Constable David salutes smartly.

CONSTABLE DAVID

(respectfully)
Sir!

OFFICER

(imperatively)
Inform all constables and officers to prepare their arms and horses in the next five minutes. We have an emergency situation. Speed is of the essence.

CONSTABLE DAVID

(saluting)
Right away, sir!

Constable David rushes out of the room to carry out his orders. The police officer swiftly pens a few sentences on a piece of paper, his movements efficient and purposeful. He folds the paper meticulously and then turns to Maria.

OFFICER

Let's go, young lady.

Maria nods, following him as they exit the office.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTER'S VERANDA - DAY

The sun shines over the police headquarters' VERANDA. Maria and the police officer step outside.

The police officer moves towards a sturdy cage that stands in one corner of the veranda. Within the cage, a few pigeons flutter about.

The officer opens the small door of the cage, the hinges creaking softly. He reaches in and carefully selects one of the carrier pigeons, his fingers handling the bird gently.

Maria watches closely as the police officer attaches a small capsule with a screw-on cap to the pigeon's leg. Inside the capsule is the folded paper containing his urgent message.

The police officer's movements are methodical as he secures the capsule in place. Once satisfied, he releases the pigeon from his grasp, allowing it to take flight.

The pigeon soars into the sky, its wings catching the sunlight as it disappears into the horizon.

MARIA

(impressed)

That's an ingenious way to send messages quickly.

The police officer nods, his focus already shifting back to the task at hand.

OFFICER

In situations like these, every moment counts. Reinforcements will be on their way soon.

Maria acknowledges his words with a nod.

POLICE OFFICER

(ready)

Now, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. SPA'S CORRIDORS - DAY

Tension fills the air as Aleron's henchmen spread throughout the corridors, forcefully kicking open doors to various rooms within the spa.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two young ladies, a client and a uniformed staff member, desperately hold the locked door against constant kicks from outside. Despite their efforts, the wooden door finally breaks, and its number 3 mark falls to the floor amid other debris. In a moment, two of Aleron's men enter.

THE STAFF

(shouting)

Leave us alone.

But the men forcefully drag the ladies out of the massage room.

INT. CORRIDOR -

A somewhat skinny, mustached henchman in his early 30s struggles to push open the door of Massage Room 7.

An athletic, tall outlaw appears behind him, pulling his cohort backward.

ATHLETIC TALL HENCHMAN

(sarcastically)

You're as feeble as they come. Weaker than a woman.

He kicks the door open and enters the room.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM 7 - CONTINUOUS

The henchman searches the room, grabbing two terrified women by their hair in the right corner.

ATHLETIC TALL HENCHMAN

(pulling the women
outside and handing
them to his frail
friend)

Take them to the boss in the reception hall. I'll check a few more places.

The frail, mustached henchman unsheathes his sword, threatening the women.

MOUSTACHED HENCHMAN

Move quickly.

(MORE)

MOUSTACHED HENCHMAN (CONT'D)

If you attempt to escape, I'll end
you right here.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ROAD - SPA PREMISES - DAY

An arrow slices through the air, finding its mark in the
throat of one of Aleron's guards stationed on the main road.

Widen to reveal a Police Archer, bowstring in hand and quiver
slung over his shoulder, takes cover behind a tree. His
actions, calculated, precise.

As the other outlaw rushes to investigate, CONSTABLE DAVID
emerges stealthily from behind, delivering a powerful blow
to the thief's right hand.

CONSTABLE DAVID

(firmly)

This hand must be severed to quell
the rising insecurity and fear in
this city.

CUT TO:

INT. MASSAGE ROOM 2 -

Moab, Aleron's deputy, breaks into the dimly-lit Massage
Room 2. His eyes scan the room.

He reaches the bed. Lifts the edge of the BEDSHEET. His eyes
widen in surprise and triumph. There, huddled and trembling,
is Lady Lara, her presence discovered.

MOAB

(smirking)

Well, well. What do we have here?

Lady Lara's breathing is shallow, her body trembling
uncontrollably. Moab's tone is dripping with menace as he
takes a step closer to her.

MOAB (CONT'D)

(mocking)

Fancy hiding under a massage bed, my
lady? Quite the ingenious hiding
spot.

Lady Lara's voice trembles as she speaks, a mixture of fear
and defiance in her words.

LADY LARA
(struggling)
You won't get away with this. The
authorities will find you.

Moab's laughter fills the room, his confidence unwavering.

MOAB
(chuckling)
Oh, my dear, we've handled any
potential interference. Your rescue
won't be arriving. We have men
stationed on the roads leading to
the Spa.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

Moab brings Lady Lara, who looks disheveled and terrified,
to the reception hall. Aleron's attention is drawn to the
scene.

ALERON
(smirking)
Look at this. What do we stumble
upon? A little mouse trying to hide,
huh?

MOAB
(proudly)
She was under the massage bed in
room number 2, Boss. Though not the
princess, I thought she might be a
valuable hostage.

ALERON
(patting his man's
shoulder)
She sure is, my boy. Now, wait a
moment. I think I have seen her
somewhere.

Aleron contemplates, scratching the back of his head with
his right hand.

ALERON (CONT'D)
I think I've seen her in court a few
years back during one of my trials.
She could be a judge or court clerk.
She is pretty and young and worthy
of romance and ransom.

Lady Lara's eyes widen in fear as Aleron's words sink in.

ALERON (CONT'D)
(raising his voice)
But you still haven't found the
Princess. She must be cowering
somewhere in this luxurious rat hole.

He scans the hall, his gaze intense and calculating.

ALERON (CONT'D)
(to his men)
You heard me, boys. So go and find
her. I give you another fifteen
minutes. Then we'll leave this place.

Among Aleron's eight henchmen in the Reception Hall, another five scatter to search for the Princess.

CUT TO:

INT. AROMATIC OIL STORAGE ROOM - DAY

The door of the Aromatic Oil Storage Room is forcefully kicked open, banging against the wall as a menacing henchman storms in, his eyes scanning the space with a mix of anticipation and malice.

Behind one of the rows of shelves, Princess Clara sits, peering and watching the movements of the bad guy. Her face etched with fear. The dim light casts long shadows on the walls, creating an atmosphere of tension.

The henchman, embeds his sword, into a shelf. Bottles of aromatic oils clatter to the ground.

As he moves towards Princess Clara's hiding spot, his footsteps echo ominously. But, Nasuha (Adam) emerges from the side, his sword flashing in the dim light.

The blade slices through the air and connects with the henchman's neck, a clean and swift strike. Blood splatters, and the henchman's body crumples to the ground.

Princess Clara watches in astonishment and relief as Nasuha holds the lifeless body by the legs, dragging it to the end of the room behind a shelf of aromatic oil.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP DOOR - DAY

Madam Hanna, leaning against the rooftop door, is suddenly thrust two steps away by a hard strike. As she looks back in awe, constant, strong strikes on the door continue unabated until it breaks apart.

Two henchmen leap onto the rooftop, the first one holding a SLEDGEHAMMER.

Madam Hanna runs toward the edge of the roof, but the henchman, throwing his Sledgehammer, catches her. With ill intent, he pulls Madam Hanna into an embrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREE - CONTINUOUS

Maria sits confidently on a thick tree branch extending over the spa's garden wall. Her bow pulled. Her gaze locks onto the outlaw assaulting Madam Hanna atop the roof.

Maria releases the arrow. It hurtles through the air and strikes the back of the outlaw's head, shattering his grip on Madam Hanna.

Using his right hand to pull the arrow out of his head, the outlaw collapses on the rooftop.

His companion, stationed at the rooftop broken door reaches for his sword, charging towards Madam Hanna with murderous intent.

Maria strikes another arrow piercing the bad guy's rib.

Maria signals to the policemen gathered below the tree.

MARIA

(shouting)

Cleared. Now it's time to march.

They begin their ascent, racing towards the rooftop.

EXT. TOP OF WALL -

Maria defies gravity, running up the wall and leaping onto the rooftop.

A couple of police officers and constables who have climbed the tree, follow suit.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

MADAM HANNAH

(recovering)

You returned...

MARIA

(with reassuring nod)

Yes, as I promised.

CUT TO:

INT. AROMATIC OIL STORAGE ROOM - SPA - DAY

Nasuha (Adam) cautiously cracks open the door of the storage room, peering out to ensure the coast is clear. Through the narrow opening, he spots a henchman approaching.

Nasuha closes the door, but it's kicked open, and the henchman gets in.

THE HENCHMAN

(sword in hand)

Don't move and tell me where the princess is.

NASUAH

(pretending to be frightened)

I'm just a humble masseuse. I can give you a clue about the princess if you spare my life.

THE HENCHMAN

OK. You have my word.

NASUHA

The Princess was in Massage room #1. But before you broke into the Spa, they took her out through the rooftop. You know there's a staircase in the corner of the reception hall leading up there.

THE HENCHMAN

Let's go and report this to my boss in the Reception Hall.

NASUHA

(twinkling and making suggestive moves)

Don't be too hasty, my dear. They say haste is the way of the devil. If you're in the mood for something... special, I'm ready to give you.

The henchman's desire is palpable, his restraint waning as he's drawn towards Nasuha.

HENCHMAN

(advancing towards Nasuha)

But there's no bed.

NASUHA

(with a coy smile)

In times of crisis, darling, we have
to consider creative alternatives.

Nasuha (Adam) picks up a couple of towels from a nearby shelf, unfolding them with a flick of his wrist. He spreads them out on the floor, forming makeshift cushioning.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(teasing)

Sir, please make yourself comfortable.
Lie down on these towels, and I'll
begin my... special treatment.

The henchman still sword in hand, lies down, his anticipation growing.

Nasuha (Adam) starts by unbuttoning the henchman's jacket and shirt, his touch calculated and deliberate.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Now, just close your eyes. I may get
a little shy during the most crucial
part of my job.

The henchman closes his eyes as he anticipates Nasuha's touch. Unbeknownst to him, Nasuha's hand reaches for a glass vial of aromatic oil.

Just as the henchman begins to feel the gentle caress of Nasuha's (Adam's) hand on his lower abdomen, Nasuha's other hand moves swiftly, smashing the VIAL on the henchman's forehead.

The vial shatters, releasing its contents. The henchman's eyes roll back, and he goes unconscious.

Nasuha stands over the henchman, wiping his hands clean with the towel.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(with a triumphant
smile)

When on duty, forget about beauty.

Nasuha cleans up the mess with the towel. Princess Clara emerges from her hiding spot, kissing Nasuha (Adam) on his cheek spontaneously.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD, SPA PREMISES - DAY

A fierce battle rages on the main road leading to the spa. Scores of ROYAL MOUNT POLICE officers, dressed in their distinctive uniforms, form a disciplined and determined front.

They wield SWORDS, SPEARS, and BOWS and ARROWS, as they confront Aleron's men.

The clash is brutal. Both sides take casualties. The sharp clang of steel against steel reverberates through the air.

Arrows whistle through the sky, finding their marks in the ranks of Aleron's henchmen, causing injuries and death.

A lone Mount Police Officer skillfully parries and strikes down an outlaw.

Another mounted officer strikes an outlaw with his spear, pushing him a few steps backward.

Aleron's outnumbered and overwhelmed men retreat in desperation, their once-confident ranks now filled with fear.

In the distance, Mount Police Archers accurately thin the outlaw ranks with arrows.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Clients and staff of the spa stand in a lengthy line, moving toward the reception counter concealed by a white bedsheet.

Each person takes their turn to remove bracelets, earrings, necklaces and other jewelry and possessions, not only from their bodies but also from their handbags.

ALERON

(addressing the crowd
sternly)

Anyone concealing anything anywhere
will suffer the loss of their dignity,
for I will subject them to the horrors
of my men.

INT. STAIRS - CONNECTING ROOFTOP AND RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Maria stands at the precipice, her bow elegantly drawn. Beside her, the Police Officer readies his sword, flanked by a couple of CONSTABLES who grip their weapons.

Cautiously, one of the constables descends the stairs, but the silence is pierced by the sudden rush of footsteps.

Two of Aleron's men burst forth from the shadows, their intent clear as they rush towards the constable, weapons glinting.

MARIA
(notching an arrow)
Hold!

Maria pulls the bow and releases it. The arrow zeroes in on its target, striking the THUMB of the first approaching outlaw, separating it from the HAND and causing the sword to slip from his grasp.

The dismembered thumb and the sword cascade down the stairs with a resounding clatter.

The injured outlaw crumples to the ground, clutching his maimed HAND in a futile attempt to staunch the bleeding.

THE INJURED OUTLAW
(grimacing in pain)
Ouch! Where did this damn arrow come from?

MARIA
Divine retribution befalls wrongdoers from the unseen hands of God.

The other outlaw halts in his tracks, his eyes wide with shock at the sudden turn of events.

Maria reloads her bow. The police officer and constables keep their guard up.

POLICE OFFICER
Lower your weapons. It's over for you.

The second outlaw eyes Maria with a mix of caution and hostility.

MARIA
One more move, and you'll end up like your friend here.

The remaining outlaw on the stairs suddenly makes a desperate attempt to flee, dashing downward toward the hall.

Maria reacts with swift precision. Her arrow finds its mark, striking the outlaw's leg, abruptly ending his escape and causing him to tumble down the steps, resembling a rolling ball.

THE INJURED MAN
(to Aleron clutching his wounded leg)
Sir! The police have secured the rooftop, rendering our men powerless.

Undeterred, Aleron seizes a leather handbag belonging to a client and shifts his attention to the last two remaining women by the counter. He goes toward them and forcibly removes rings and earrings from their fingers and ears.

Aleron folds the BEDSHEET, meticulously arranging the amassed jewelry seized from the spa clients. He places the folded bedsheet into the handbag.

Equipped with the handbag and his sword, Aleron strides toward the exit, issuing a command to his men.

ALERON

Comrades, let's make our exit.

As he proceeds, one of his injured and apprehensive men stumbles into the spa, his shoulder bleeding.

THE INJURED MAN

Sir, the Royal Mount Police have arrived. Our numbers are greatly surpassed. Many of our comrades are either dead or wounded.

Aleron glances at his injured henchman, concern and annoyance flickering across his face.

Suddenly, Maria's voice cuts through the turmoil.

MARIA

(calm but commanding)

It's over, Aleron. You're left with one choice, unconditional surrender.

ALERON

(Snarling)

You bitch. You'll pay for interfering. I'll make sure of it. My men will have their fun with you before I finish you off myself in the near future.

Aleron signals to his Henchman who holds Lady Lara. The Henchman drags her toward Aleron, a wicked grin on his face.

But before Aleron can use Lady Lara as a shield, Maria's arrow slices through the air once more. The arrow embeds itself in the back of Aleron's hand, causing him to drop his sword.

Aleron's anger boils over as he clutches the arrow-wounded hand. He reaches for a concealed dagger tucked in his leather belt. His eyes flash with malice as he spots an unsuspecting PATRON near him.

In a swift and brutal motion, Aleron lunges forward, plunging the dagger into the Patron's back.

She lets out a piercing scream, her body convulsing with pain.

Aleron kicks her forcefully, sending her tumbling toward the center of the Reception Hall.

ALERON (CONT'D)

(viciously)

Any move against me or my men will
result in the death of more innocent
lives.

Holding Lady Lara as a shield in front of him, with the dagger pointed at her neck, Aleron makes a calculated move toward the exit door.

ALERON (CONT'D)

(gritting his teeth)

Retreat! Everyone fend for themselves.
Meet at our headquarters.

Panic and fear ripple through the hall as he advances, using Lady Lara as a bargaining chip to protect himself.

As Aleron dashes towards the exit, Nasuha's (Adam's) commanding voice echoes through the hall.

NASUHA (O.S.)

Wait.

The camera widens to reveal Nasuha (Adam) stepping out from the shadows, Princess Clara's HANDBAG on his shoulder.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(defiantly)

Hold, Aleron.

Aleron's grip on Lady Lara tightens, his eyes narrowing as he scrutinizes Nasuha.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

I am Princess Clara. Take me as your
hostage instead of this innocent
woman. I know your true aim was to
find and plunder me. Well, here I
am.

Aleron's skepticism lingers, his doubt evident.

ALERON
(challenging)
Prove it. How can we be certain you're
the princess?

Nasuha (Adam) reaches into Princess Clara's handbag, producing a white, ornate crown and an exotic necklace.

NASUHA
(displaying the crown
and the necklace)
These items should be evidence enough.

Aleron's gaze flickers between Nasuha and the jewelry, realization dawning.

ALERON
Why are you wearing the staff uniform?

NASUHA
I needed to conceal myself from you
and your gang. This disguise was my
best chance.

Seeing the crown and necklace that belong to Princess Clara, Aleron's eyes narrow with greed. He orders Nasuha to approach, his voice dripping with malice.

Nasuha (Adam), aware of the situation's urgency, cautiously moves toward Aleron, submitting himself to him.

Aleron holds Nasuha as a human shield, and in exchange, he releases Lady Lara, who steps away from Aleron, eyes filled with fear and gratitude.

With Nasuha (Adam) now in his grasp, Aleron makes his way out of the spa.

EXT. SPA'S FRONT GARDEN - DAY

The battle between the ROYAL MOUNT POLICE and Aleron's henchmen rages on, the clash of steel and cries of combat echoing through the vast front garden of the spa.

Moab, Aleron's deputy, climbs a tree and lies in wait for his prey. As soon as the first Mount Police Officer comes close, he leaps from the tree, landing on him and thrusting his sword into his belly.

They both collapse from the horse onto the green grass, but only Moab rises to his feet.

Moab mounts the horse, riding it closer to his boss.

MOAB
(shouting)
Hey, boss. Let's make a quick exit.

ALERON
(keeping a tight grip
on Nasuha)
We must take this precious hostage
with us. Give me your horse, and
procure another one swiftly.

But, the sharp twang of a bowstring reverberates through the air, and an arrow strikes Moab's LEFT EYE.

MOAB
(cries out in pain)
Ahh! My eye!

He drops his sword, attempting to remove the arrow lodged in his eye.

The camera swiftly moves to the SPA'S ROOFTOP, where Maria stands with her bow drawn, her aim true.

BACK TO THE FRONT GARDEN OF THE SPA - zooming in on the injured Moab, clutching his wounded eye with one hand and holding the reins of the horse with the other.

MOAB (CONT'D)
Sorry, boss! Changed my mind,
recalling your words in the Spa,
that everyone should fend for himself.
You've got to figure out your escape.
When I'm alive, the world is alive.

Moab rides his horse, making a hasty escape and abandoning Aleron.

ALERON
(shouts, boiling mad)
Moab, you bastard. I'll have you
hanged till death.

Nasuha (Adam), capitalizing on the dissension between the two outlaws, extricates himself from Aleron's clutches, wielding the fallen sword of Moab.

In a deft move, Nasuha slices through the leather straps of the jewelry handbag on Aleron's shoulder, causing it to tumble to the ground.

Aleron retaliates, brandishing his dagger, but Nasuha deflects the charge by sidestepping to the left and striking Aleron's LEG with his sword.

Stumbling, Aleron collapses to the ground, clutching his wounded leg.

ALERON (CONT'D)

You know how to use a sword, bitch.

NASUHA (ADAM)

(putting the edge of
his sword at Aleron's
neck)

I am a trained swordfighter. Drop
the dagger, or I'll kill you right
here.

Broke and broken, Aleron reluctantly surrenders, dropping the dagger.

A ROYAL MOUNT POLICE OFFICER arrives at the scene.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(to the Police Officer)

Sir! This is Aleron, the wanted outlaw
and the notorious bandit who has
been spreading terror and insecurity
in our city.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE COURTYARD - DAY

The sun hangs low in the sky, casting a golden hue over the opulent courtyard of the Gomorrah Palace. Lavish banners of rich silk flutter in the gentle breeze, each bearing the royal crest of the kingdom.

A sense of anticipation fills the air as nobles, soldiers, and commoners gather, all awaiting a special ceremony.

In the courtyard's center stands a GRAND STAGE adorned with glistening gems and intricate carvings, framed by majestic columns. A long crimson carpet leads to a magnificent THRONE, upon which Princess Clara sits in resplendent attire.

Princess Clara, rises from her throne. Her gown shimmers like moonlight on a tranquil sea, and her crown sparkles with precious jewels.

She takes a deep breath, her voice carrying throughout the courtyard as she addresses the gathered crowd.

PRINCESS CLARA
(With a dignified
smile)

Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed guests,
and beloved citizens of Gomorrah!
Today is a momentous day. We have
gathered here to honor one of our
own, a true hero who has helped to
capture the notorious Aleron and
most of his bandit gang, ensuring
the safety and security of our
kingdom.

The crowd erupts in cheers and applause.

Princess Clara motions toward Nasuha, standing at the edge
of the stage. Nasuha (Adam) with a modest demeanor, wears
attire befitting his role as a humble female citizen.

PRINCESS CLARA (CONT'D)
Nasuha, please step forward.

Nasuha steps onto the crimson carpet, eyes downcast in
humility.

A well-dressed servant approaches Princess Clara, carrying a
TRAY overflowing with GLITTERING COINS.

PRINCESS CLARA (CONT'D)
Nasuha, it is my privilege to present
you with a reward that has been
preserved for generations, a reward
that honors your exceptional valor
and the unshakable commitment to
protect both your princess and our
kingdom's honor. Today, you shall
receive 500 gold coins, a symbol of
our kingdom's enduring prosperity
and heartfelt gratitude.

The crowd gasps in awe at the mention of such a substantial
reward.

Nasuha (Adam) kneels before the princess in deep gratitude,
then rises and goes toward her.

NASUHA
(taking the prize in
hand)
Your Highness, I... I am deeply
honored and humbled by this generous
gift. I only did what any loyal
citizen of Gomorrah would do.

PRINCESS CLARA

(With sincerity)

Nasuha, your bravery and selflessness
exemplify the spirit of our kingdom.
You remind us all that true heroism
is born from the heart.

The crowd's applause thunder through the courtyard,
celebrating Nasuha's heroism.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Adam, has just finished bathing. He takes a moment to check himself in the mirror, ensuring everything is in order. Scissors, blades, adhesive strips, and straight razors are seen on a SHELF nearby.

Adam finds a few stubborn hairs remaining on his right elbow.

ADAM

(whispering)

Oh no. I've forgotten to clean this.

Reaching for a specialized adhesive strip near the mirror, he applies it to his elbow, a brief twinge of discomfort crossing his face. Without hesitation, he pulls the strip off, removing the unwanted hairs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

In an exotic kitchen, Sarah attends to the simmering stew, enhancing its flavors with a pinch of salt.

SARAH

(moving towards the
kitchen door)

Adam, aren't you done yet? Joseph
has come from Sodom!

ADAM (O.S.)

I'm almost done, Mom!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Adam, his hair still slightly damp, steps into the cozy living room where Sarah and Maria, engage in conversation with Joseph. Tiger, the loyal family dog, sits beside Maria on the floor.

Adam rushes toward Joseph, a grateful smile on his face, embracing him warmly.

ADAM

Joseph, your visit means a lot.

Joseph reciprocates the embrace with a warm smile.

JOSEPH

It's always a pleasure to see you,
Adam.

ADAM

Did you bring Storm along?

JOSEPH

Yes, Adam. He's comfortably settled
in Uncle Job's stable.

ADAM

Perfect. I've made up my mind to
leave Gomorrah. Living in disguise
can't be a lifelong choice.

JOSEPH

No worries, Adam. Uncle Job is setting
out for Hebron in two weeks on a
business trip. It's a substantial
caravan with plenty of merchandise.
We can join him; it's an ideal
opportunity.

Adam's eyes brighten with hope and gratitude.

ADAM

Thank you, Joseph. Your offer means
a lot.

JOSEPH

Oh no, not at all. I want to take
you to safety and fulfill my promise.

ADAM

That's very kind of you. I don't
know how to compensate for your
services.

JOSEPH

Don't even think about it. A friend
in need is a friend indeed.

CUT TO:

INT. MASSAGE ROOM 1 - DAY

SUPER: 10 DAYS LATER

Princess Clara indulges in the luxurious massage bed, adorned in a soft blue bikini. Nasuha (Adam) skillfully applies pressure to her thighs and legs, his practiced hands working their magic.

PRINCESS CLARA
(sighing contentedly)
Nasuha, your hands are truly gifted.
This massage is heavenly.

NASUHA
Thank you, Your Highness. It's an honor to serve you.

PRINCESS CLARA
(whispering)
Nasuha, if only you were a man with these traits and charm. If so, I'd propose to marry you, regardless of what my father or the people may say.

NASUHA
Your Highness, human wishes and dreams often remain just that—dreams.

PRINCESS CLARA
You're right, Nasuha. Anyway, that's enough for today. I must return to the palace for an event. Could you ask Madam Hannah to send my personal maid? I want to bathe, get dressed, and prepare for a banquet honoring a delegation from Jerusalem. Next time, I may call on you for my private sauna.

NASUHA
(offering a respectful curtsy)
Certainly, Your Highness. I'll inform Madam Hannah promptly. Enjoy the banquet, and whenever you need my services, I'll be ready.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Nasuha (Adam) and another masseuse, REBECCA, a young woman in her early 25, sit at a small table in the break room, sipping tea. The atmosphere is relaxed until Madam Hannah enters, her face grave.

MADAM HANNA

(addressing the room)

Good morning, ladies. I regret to inform you that a diamond necklace belonging to the Princess has gone missing from our Spa. The Princess is deeply upset because it was a cherished token from her late grandmother. The necklace, as you know, was saved from the theft attempt by Aleron and his notorious gang. But today, it's gone missing. So, we are conducting a thorough search of the handbags, bodies, and clothes of every staff member and client present in the Spa. I urge everyone to proceed to the Reception Hall immediately. You will be directed to enter Massage Room No. 2, where our security staff and I will conduct the search. I understand the inconvenience, but the reputation of our Spa is at stake.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUILLOTINE SQUARE - DAY

In Nasuha's vivid imagination, her disguised self, now revealed as Adam, is bound to a MASSIVE WOODEN CROSS in a sprawling Guillotine Square, directly in front of the imposing Royal Palace.

A throng of people, a multitude of faces, gather to witness this grim spectacle. They are a sea of judgment, anger, and anticipation.

Stern guards, dressed in authoritative uniforms unshackle Adam's hands from the cross, his restraints falling away. Their grip on him is firm and unyielding as they pull him toward the ominous GUILLOTINE.

A MINISTER, adorned in robes that suggest authority, steps forward. His voice booms across the tense atmosphere.

THE MINISTER

(resolute)

Adam, son of Haron, has been charged with two unforgivable crimes. First, he stands accused of the murder of Herod, the beloved son of our kingdom's mayor in Sodom. Second, he has concealed his true identity and deceitfully infiltrated the Paradise Spa, masquerading as a woman, thereby

(MORE)

THE MINISTER (CONT'D)
violating our sacred sanctuaries.
The royal court has decreed his
sentence: DEATH.

The crowd's reaction is immediate and vehement. They roar with indignation, their anger and disgust palpable.

Adam's head is ruthlessly placed between the cold, unforgiving jaws of the guillotine. The executioner, a figure shrouded in dark secrecy, stands ready to release the blade.

As the blade teeters on the brink of descent, Nasuha's consciousness snaps back to reality by Rebecca's voice, and we CUT TO:

INT. SPA'S BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA
(tapping on Nasuha's
shoulder)
Hey, Nasuha! Where are you? Come on,
get up. Let's go.

Nasuha jolts back to the present, her voice trembling slightly.

NASUHA
You go, Rebecca. I'll join you
shortly. I hate standing in line.

Rebecca nods in acknowledgement, leaving Nasuha alone.

As the crowd moves toward the reception hall, Nasuha takes a moment to collect herself.

With a quiet, fervent whisper, Nasuha begins to say his prayer, seeking God's mercy.

NASUHA (CONT'D)
(hushed prayer)
O Almighty God, if you save me from
this predicament, I'll never come
back to this SPA. O merciful God,
you know that I am innocent, and
what I have done so far was just to
protect my family and fight against
evil and injustice.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

As Nasuha steps into the reception hall, she becomes the center of attention. All eyes fixate on her, their curiosity piqued. Whispers ripple through the staff, and Nasuha can sense the suspicion in the air.

Two staff members, STAFF 1 and STAFF 2, huddle together, their voices hushed.

STAFF 1

(whispering)

I think that Nasuha has stolen the necklace of the Princess since she is her massage giver.

STAFF 2

(whispering)

I don't know. Were she a thief, she would not return our stolen gems and jewelry intact after saving them from Aleron and his gang.

Nasuha, aware of the suspicions swirling around her, maintains her composure. But, the atmosphere takes a sudden turn.

A SPA CLEANER bursts into the hall, holding a dazzling, large DIAMOND NECKLACE high in the air for all to see.

CLEANER

(excited)

I found the necklace! It was hidden under the bench in the dim corner of the Sauna that the princess uses!

A collective cheer erupts from everyone present, and the mood shifts from tension to jubilation.

Madam Hannah and Princess Clara make their way to the hall, their faces filled with relief and gratitude.

MADAM HANNA

(overjoyed)

Thank you, thank you all! And a special thanks to our diligent cleaner. This necklace is of immeasurable value to the princess!

Princess Clara, her eyes glistening with tears of joy, approaches the cleaner and takes the necklace from his hands, holding it close to her heart.

PRINCESS CLARA

(removing a ring from her finger and giving it to the cleaner)

You have my deepest gratitude. This necklace is not just a piece of jewelry; it's a cherished family heirloom. Thank you for finding it!

The spa hall reverberates with applause and a renewed sense of celebration as the crisis is averted, and joy returns to the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The vast desert stretches out endlessly, with low sand hills dotting the arid landscape. Under the relentless sun, a seemingly endless caravan unfolds, comprised of hundreds of camels, horses, mules, and donkeys loaded with merchandise.

Scores of athletic armed men march both at the back and forefront, ensuring the safety of the caravan.

In the midst of this impressive procession, a two-horse carriage clatters along the rugged desert road.

Riding in front of the carriage are Nasuha (Adam), and Joseph. They ride their horses side by side, their faces marked by determination.

Nasuha, mounted on his loyal black stallion named Storm, is accompanied by his faithful dog, Tiger. He speaks to Joseph with a hint of relief in his voice.

NASUHA (ADAM)

Thank God I'm getting out of Sodom and Gomorrah. Though I'm leaving my country behind, sometimes immigration is necessary for humankind.

Joseph, nods in agreement.

JOSEPH

You are right, my friend. When you have no place and value in your country, then you have to go somewhere else. I'm also considering moving to Hebron or Jerusalem soon because homosexuality has been spreading in our country. People no longer hold to the family traditions and getting married with the opposite sex. Charity and helping the poor have become a thing of the past. You know, recently a pious man in Sodom started preaching and inviting people to give charity, fear God, and stop same-sex marriages and homosexuality, but to no avail. I think our country is doomed to destruction.

Nasuha furrows his brow, concerned.

NASUHA

What about the king? Why wouldn't he do anything about it?

Joseph sighs, revealing the grim state of affairs in their homeland.

JOSEPH

The king has become so old. He's merely a veneer on power, a symbolic figure. The king's Crown Prince, SAMUEL, who is openly gay, has been running the country for the last five years.

INT. HORSE CARRIAGE - DAY

Inside the horse carriage, Maria and Sarah respectively, sit opposite LEAH, the young and beautiful 21-year-old daughter of Job, the caravan owner.

A long wooden box under Maria's seat makes some noise as the carriage moves along the rough desert road. Leah's curiosity gets the better of her, and she leans in to inquire.

LEAH

What's so important in that wooden box that you're carrying under your seat, Maria? Why didn't you load it on a camel or mule with the rest of our belongings?

MARIA

(smiling)

I've got my bodyguards in this box.

Leah's eyes widen in surprise and confusion.

LEAH

Your bodyguards in a box? What do you mean by that? My father has hired many men for the protection of us and his merchandise.

MARIA

One should always depend on their own strength, Leah. In this box, I have my bow, arrows, quiver, and protective armor. It's my way of being self-sufficient and ready to protect myself and those I care about.

EXT. VALLEY - LATER

The caravan continues its journey, entering a dry valley signifying the presence of no community.

Nasuha (Adam), Joseph, and Uncle Job, all three armed with swords, their shields securely hanging from the saddles of their horses as they travel side by side. The horse carriage follows closely behind.

Nasuha directs a question to Uncle Job.

NASUHA

Uncle Job, why have you hired those men for the protection of your caravan?

UNCLE JOB

My dear Nasuha, we should always take precautionary measures, especially on a journey as long and treacherous as this one. I've heard from fellow merchants that the remnants of Aleron's gang occasionally attack caravans and passersby along this road. That's why I've hired these men, positioning them at both the front and back of my merchandise for added security.

JOSEPH

Nasuha is also a great fighter Uncle Job. I have trained her and she uses the sword skillfully. She can defeat men of her age effortlessly.

Uncle Job and Nasuha exchange appreciative glances.

As the caravan passes through the valley, an unexpected attack erupts. And a bandit gang descend upon them like a swarm of bees.

The front group of guards spring into action. Swords clash, arrows fly, and battle cries fill the air. They fight valiantly, defending the caravan against the ruthless thieves.

INT. HORSE CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the horse carriage, Sarah, Maria, and Leah are startled by the commotion outside.

SARAH

(concerned)

Why is there a commotion outside?

Maria pulls the curtain aside and peers out the window of the carriage. Her eyes widen in alarm as she spots a group of mounted bandits shouting and descending from a nearby hill. Maria returns to her seat and pulls the wooden box from underneath.

Maria swiftly retrieves her protective armor and helmet. She dons them quickly, ensuring her safety.

She grabs her bowstring and quiver, filling the quiver with as many arrows as it can hold.

Prepared for battle, Maria leaps out of the carriage that has come to a complete stop.

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Taking cover behind the carriage, Maria focuses her gaze. She takes the first arrow from her quiver, pulls her bowstring taut, and aims at a mounted thief racing toward the carriage.

Her trained hand releases the arrow, and it speeds through the air, finding its mark at the chest of the bandit, causing him to collapse from his horse.

Nasuha (Adam) grabs his shield from the saddle of his horse and spurs the steed into action. Riding toward an approaching robber, he reaches the adversary with a swift, precise strike of his sword.

The bandit's head is severed from his body, leaving the headless rider momentarily suspended on the blade before collapsing to the ground.

A WIDE SHOT reveals the chaos unfolding around the CARAVAN, with Joseph, Uncle Job, and his security guards all engaged in fierce combat with the marauding robbers.

Maria's arrows find their marks, taking down a few more bandits, but the odds still seem overwhelming.

Amid the turmoil, two persistent robbers manage to reach the rear of the horse carriage, attempting to climb aboard.

Leah, sensing the immediate danger, takes swift action. She jumps off the carriage, and one of the thieves pursues her, brandishing his sword.

Nasuha (Adam) ever alert, quickly assesses the situation and engages the approaching thief in a fierce sword fight. With expert precision, Nasuha delivers a deadly blow that leaves the bandit critically injured and unable to continue the attack.

Leah, relieved, watches the scene unfold from behind.

LEAH

Vow! She fights like a man.

INT. HORSE CARRIAGE - DAY

One of the robbers opens the door of the horse carriage where Sarah and Tiger, Adam's dog, are sitting. As the robber attempts to get into the carriage, Tiger swiftly leaps onto his face, biting his hand forcing him to drop his sword.

The startled robber tries to fend off the determined dog by using his hands, but in the process, he loses his balance and tumbles backward, falling out of the carriage.

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Tiger persists in confronting the robber. The dog bites him targeting various body parts. Retreating in pain, a strike from Job behind his shoulder causes the robber to collapse.

Tiger swiftly returns to the carriage, positioning himself at the foot of the stairs, resolute and watchful, ready to defend Sarah.

IN A WIDE SHOT, the battle rages on with full intensity as bandits relentlessly press forward, posing a serious threat to the REAR of the CARAVAN, inflicting casualties.

Joseph, engaged in the midst of the battle, momentarily glances towards the back. With swift precision, he thrusts his sword into the belly of a robber in front of him before charging towards the rear of the caravan. There, he skillfully attacks a mounted highwayman, killing him on the spot.

Just when it seems the defenders might be outnumbered, a thunderous sound of hooves signals the arrival of scores of horsemen charging from behind.

They swiftly engage the highwaymen creating a dust-filled battleground turning the tide in favor of Uncle Job's guards.

Panic and chaos spread through the bandits' ranks.

Job watching the spectacle from his location gives a smile of contentment.

UNCLE JOB

(to himself)

My security plan worked well. I think
we've weathered the storm.

NASUHA'S POV: A highwayman with an EYE PATCH over his left eye charges on horseback toward Maria from her blind spot.

Maria, busy shooting at bandits with her bow, remains oblivious to the danger closing in. The highwayman brandishes his sword, poised to strike Maria down.

In a swift and daring maneuver, Nasuha, riding fast, intercepts the highwayman just before he can reach Maria. Their horses collide with a thunderous impact, sending both tumbling to the ground.

A fierce sword fight erupts between them, exchanging a flurry of attacks and defenses.

NASUHA

(Recognizing the bandit)

Moab! You escaped from your attack on the Paradise Spa. I defeated your boss and paved the way for his capture. Now it's your turn.

MOAB

I'm glad we met again so that I end your life for my pleasure, not for avenging my boss because I'm happy for his imprisonment as his surrogate to lead my comrades.

NASUHA

I shall have you arrested. If you resist, I'm gonna kill you right here so that some vultures might feast on your dirty meat and flesh.

MOAB

I admire your self-confidence. But those soft hands are good for a massage, not for using a sword.

NASUHA

If you are a man, let's fight without swords. That way, you will see the power of my hand.

MOAB

(sheathing his sword)

Agreed.

Nasuha (Adam) also puts his sword in its sheath, engaging in intense hand-to-hand combat.

As the battle rages on, Nasuha (Adam's) clothes tear, and the wig falls from his head due to the intensity of the fight. Amid the fray, Adam's true identity is revealed.

Moab, momentarily taken aback by this revelation, becomes even more demoralized.

MOAB (CONT'D)

(With a mix of
astonishment and
acknowledgment)

It dawns on me now - your prowess in
combat is because you're a man.

Moab attacks, and Adam responds with a series of powerful punches, concentrating on Moab's right eye.

ADAM

(punching vigorously)

Indeed, I am a man. My name is Adam,
an ordinary man whose strength has
been underestimated by corrupt
authorities and treacherous
individuals like yourself.

Adam's relentless barrage of punches and kicks drive the bandit to the ground. Overwhelmed and defeated, Moab raises his hand as a sign of surrender.

Adam removes his torn shirt and uses it to tie Moab's hands behind his back, ensuring he can no longer pose a threat.

INTERCUT WITH:

Joseph fiercely engaging with other bandits, bravely killing and wounding them.

Uncle Job and his guards fighting the remaining highwaymen, now outnumbered and demoralized.

Leah, mesmerized by the beauty and handsomeness of Adam, rubs her eyes and looks at him in awe and disbelief.

LEAH

Oh my God. He's actually a man!

MARIA'S POV: A HIGHWAYMAN, mounted on a galloping horse, emerges from behind, aiming his spear for Uncle Job's back. Maria reacts with lightning speed, drawing her bow and taking aim at the charging highwayman.

MARIA releases the arrow. It soars through the air with deadly precision, finding its mark on the CHEEK of the robber. With a gasp, the bandit collapses from his horse, his attack thwarted.

Adam, Joseph, Uncle Job, and the guards continue to fend off the remaining highwaymen, their newfound confidence bolstered by Maria's swift and accurate intervention.

Amid the chaotic battle's climax, a robust and athletic robber on horseback suddenly seizes Leah, gripping her waist tightly with the intent of abducting her.

Adam spurs his loyal horse into a swift and determined charge. Racing towards the bandit's left side, he wields his sword with precision and strikes a powerful blow to the robber's left leg.

The force of Adam's strike sends the robber tumbling, causing him to lose balance and ultimately release Leah, who is left startled but unharmed.

With his assailant now incapacitated, Adam swiftly delivers a decisive, fatal strike with the tip of his sword, ensuring the immediate elimination of the threat.

Adam then shifts his focus to Leah, gently lifting her and holding her face to face in his lap. He ensures Leah's safety by securing her near the carriage.

ADAM

(to Leah)

Just go and stay with my mother in
the carriage.

MARIA'S POV: Maria's eyes narrow as she notices a retreating robber attempting to escape with a camel loaded with Job's merchandise, approximately 70 meters away. She swiftly pulls her bowstring and releases; the arrow finds its mark, bringing down the bandit from the camel.

MARIA

(lowering her bow
with a look of
satisfaction in her
eyes)

That's how we protect what's ours.

UNCLE JOB

Thank you, Maria. You've saved me
and my merchandise.

JOSEPH

(grinning)

That was an impressive shot, Maria.

Seeing their comrades dead and wounded, and their boss captured, the four remaining thieves decide to make a hasty escape. But Job's vigilant guards are in hot pursuit.

While Uncle Job and his men, along with Adam and Joseph, work diligently to reorganize the caravan, the guards led by ABRAHAM, Job's personal bodyguard, a strong man in his early

30s, return with one of the fleeing robbers, his hand securely tied behind his back.

ABRAHAM

Sir, of the four fleeing robbers, two were killed, one escaped, and this one has been captured.

UNCLE JOB

Good job, Mr. Abraham. Keep him with his surrendered leader. We will hand them over to the Hebron authorities. You and Adam will have your rewards, and they will have their fair trial in court.

The caravan, victorious against the highwaymen's ambush, regroupes and continues its journey through the valley.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

In the heart of the desert, beneath a canvas of twinkling stars, Adam sits regally in his silk robe, flanked by MARIA and SARAH. They form a small circle around the campfire, its flames casting a comforting warmth.

Opposite them, Leah, Job's radiant daughter, is seated with her father and Joseph. The crackling campfire illuminates their faces as they share stories and laughter. The night's breeze rustles through a few bushes and plants around them.

UNCLE JOB

(to Joseph)

Now, Joseph, can you please explain why you didn't tell me the truth about Adam?

JOSEPH

(respectfully)

My honorable uncle, I just wanted to protect Adam. His father was tragically killed, their home was set ablaze, and their belongings were unjustly confiscated.

UNCLE JOB

Joseph, considering the gravity of Adam and his family's plight, you did the right thing.

JOSEPH

Thank you, Uncle Job.

UNCLE JOB

Now, being out of the jurisdiction of Gomorrah's corrupt legal system, Adam can start a new life.

LEAH

Absolutely father.

UNCLE JOB

Adam, I have an offer for you. I'd like to make you the manager of my company in Hebron and give you 30% of the profit we make.

ADAM

Uncle Job, that's a generous offer, and I appreciate it. However, there's something I need to make clear from the beginning. I have a deep passion for acting and completing my higher studies, and I'd like to continue pursuing it alongside this opportunity.

UNCLE JOB

Adam, I see no problem with that at all. You're part of the family now, and we want you to be happy and fulfilled in your career.

ADAM

Thank you, Uncle Job. Your understanding means a lot to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF HEBRON - DAY

The sun hangs high in the sky, casting a golden glow over the picturesque outskirts of Hebron. Lush, emerald hills surround the ancient city, their rolling slopes dotted with olive groves and vineyards. The thatched-roof houses, barns, and outbuildings of Hebron gleam like gems nestled within this pastoral landscape.

JOB'S GRAND CARAVAN approaches the outskirts of the city. At the forefront of the caravan, beside Joseph and Job, riding his magnificent black stallion, is Adam, no longer disguised as Nasuha. He is resplendent in a fine silk robe that shimmers like moonlight on a tranquil sea. Flanking him is TIGER, his loyal dog, a majestic creature with a regal bearing.

As the caravan draws closer, the people of Hebron, including young men and women standing near the entrance of their family's well-kept homestead, begin to take notice.

UNCLE JOB
(Boisterously)
Ah, Hebron! We've arrived, my friends!

EXT. CARAVANSARAH I - DAY

Job's CARAVAN, comes to a halt in front of a massive WAREHOUSE at the corner end of the Caravansarahi. The air is filled with the sounds of hooves, the creaking of wagons, and the chatter of traders.

The warehouse stands tall and sturdy, its large doors wide open. Some dust from the journey still hangs in the air as the caravan settles, and merchants and laborers prepare for the unloading process.

Job stands at the entrance of the warehouse, surveying the incoming caravan. Joseph, Adam, and Abraham, Job's trusted bodyguard, are by his side, ready to oversee the unloading.

UNCLE JOB
(getting into the
warehouse)
Here they are. This shipment is crucial for our upcoming deal with the silk and cotton buyer. Let's make sure everything goes smoothly.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The expansive warehouse echoes with the sounds of activity as carts, camels, and wagons are lined up outside, waiting to be unloaded.

UNCLE JOB
Joseph! I need you and Abraham to oversee the unloading of these goods into the storage hangar. Adam and I are taking the ladies to the Hebron Hotel and later heading out to meet one of our trusted buyers.

JOSEPH
Don't worry, Uncle. We've got it covered. The goods will be safe with us.

UNCLE JOB
(nodding)
Good. The buyer is expecting top-quality silk and cotton. Make sure every crate is handled with care.

ABRAHAM

Sir! We've been doing this for years.
Your goods are in safe hands.

UNCLE JOB

The buyer has been loyal to us, and
I don't want anything to jeopardize
that relationship.

JOSEPH

We understand, Uncle Job. You go and
seal the deal. We'll take care of
the rest.

Adam and Uncle Job head toward the warehouse exit, leaving Joseph and Abraham to coordinate the unloading.

EXT. HOTEL PREMISES - MOMENTS LATER

The HEBRON HOTEL stands as a timeless relic of old-world charm on the bustling streets of Hebron. The stone façade exudes an air of history, with intricate carvings and ornate balconies. Above the arched entrance, a wooden sign with "HEBRON HOTEL" carved in elegant script hangs.

As Adam helps the LADIES dismount from their horse-drawn carriage, the hotel staff, dressed in crisp uniforms, emerge from the shadows like graceful choreographers. They approach with a quiet professionalism, their experience evident in the way they seamlessly take charge of the carriage's reins, guiding it away to its designated parking area.

CUT TO:

INT. SILK SHOP - DAY

The shop exudes opulence, with vibrant silks adorning wooden beams, creating a breathtaking tapestry of colors.

Uncle Job and Adam sit across from MOSES, a distinguished wealthy businessman in his early 60s, and a loyal customer of Uncle Job in Hebron.

UNCLE JOB

(to Moses)

My friend, please allow me to
introduce Mr. Adam, my company's
branch manager in Hebron. He is now
part of my family and will oversee
my business affairs in the area.

MOSES

(smiling toward Adam)

Nice to meet you, young man.

(MORE)

MOSES (CONT'D)

I look forward to working with you
to prosper and flourish our companies.

ADAM

Glad to meet you, sir. I can't wait
to explore new horizons in the vast
business and trade universe with
professionals like you.

MOSES

Well said, young man. Well said.

UNCLE JOB

(to Moses)

Mr. Moses, I've brought a substantial
amount of fine silk and cotton. How
much of it would you like to purchase?

MOSES

(smiling)

Mr. Job, you have my word. I'll take
all of your silk and cotton clothing
material. We'll pay you 70% of the
price in advance, and the remaining
30% after six months. It's a fair
deal.

UNCLE JOB

(Extending his hand)

Thank you, Mr. Moses. We have a deal.

They shake hands, sealing the agreement. Uncle Job's face
lights up with a mix of relief and satisfaction.

MOSES

Your goods will grace our finest
patrons' wardrobes, and I have no
doubt they'll sell quickly.

UNCLE JOB

I appreciate your trust, Mr. Moses.
Now, if you'll excuse me, I should
return to the hotel to get some rest.

CUT TO:

INT. HEBRON HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Uncle Job, Adam, Joseph, Maira, Leah, and Sarah are seated
around a well-appointed table in the hotel's restaurant. The
ambiance is cozy, with dimmed lighting and soft music playing
in the background.

UNCLE JOB
(raising his glass)
To a successful day and fruitful
deals!

Everyone raises their glasses, clinking them together, sharing smiles and nods of agreement.

UNCLE JOB (CONT'D)
I can't believe how smoothly
everything went today.

ADAM
(nodding)
Indeed, and Mr. Moses was a true
blessing.

JOSEPH
(enjoying the meal)
The hotel is lovely, and the food is
delicious.

LEAH
I can't wait to explore more of Hebron
tomorrow!

MARIA
It's moments like these that make
our long journeys worthwhile.

UNCLE JOB
(booming voice)
Ladies and gentlemen, I have an
announcement that will surely add to
the joyous atmosphere tonight.

The room falls into a momentary silence, and all eyes are on Uncle Job.

UNCLE JOB (CONT'D)
(smiling)
I am delighted to announce the
engagement of my beloved daughter,
Leah, to Adam!

A collective gasp fills the room, followed by cheers and applause. Uncle Job raises his glass once again.

UNCLE JOB (CONT'D)
To the future Mr. and Mrs. Adam! May
your journey together be filled with
love, laughter, and prosperity!

The room erupts into cheers as Leah blushes. Sarah and Maria rush to hug her.

Joseph, standing on a chair, makes his move towards Maria.

JOSEPH

Maria, my love, would you do me the
honor of becoming my wife?

Maria, looking at her mother for a moment, receives a nod of approval from Sarah. The room watches in anticipation as Maria accepts.

MARIA

Yes, Joseph. I'd be honored.

Cheers and applause fill the room once again. Joseph reaches into his pocket, producing a ring, and places it on Maria's finger.

Sarah, moved by the moment, removes a golden ring from her finger and hands it to Adam.

SARAH

(to Adam)

Go on, put this ring on Leah's finger.
It's a family heirloom.

Adam, with a smile, follows the tradition. The room erupts into joyous cheers once more, AND WE -

FADE TO BLUE.

On the screen, bold lines appear:

ONE YEAR LATER

"Adam completes his higher education and begins working part-time as a professor at the Hebron School of Theater and Drama, teaching acting and theatrical makeup. Joseph, having sold his property in Sodom, returns to Hebron and settles down."

The screen FADES OUT.

The End.