

THE BASTARD AMONG US

Action, Comedy, Crime, Drama, Thriller
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Born to Be Bastards

EPISODE 01- SEASON 01

FADE IN

1. INT.PRISON / NIGHT

The narrow hallways are dark and damp.

The bare concrete walls are covered with a thin layer of moisture.

Flickering fluorescent lights cast eerie shadows as the sound of jangling keys echoes.

2. INT.PRISON CORRIDOR / NIGHT

A security guard stands at the entrance of the corridor, scanning the area with sharp eyes.

He begins to walk confidently toward one of the cells.

Behind him, four other guards follow in a disciplined manner.

LEAD SECURITY GUARD
Let's make sure everything's in
order. No trouble tonight.

The other guards nod in agreement and follow him.

They pass cell after cell, checking doors and locks.

The sound of jangling keys echoes through the corridor, adding to the tense atmosphere.

They stop at a cell. Inside, HOSSAM (30s, tattered clothes) sits on his bunk, eyes burning with quiet rage.

LEAD SECURITY GUARD
(muttering)
If anything happens, we're here to
maintain order.

They approach a particular cell, the lead guard stops in front of it and peers inside. The inmate sits on his bed, looking at the guard with unease.

LEAD SECURITY GUARD
Is everything alright here?

HOSSAM
(quietly)
Yes, everything's fine.

The lead guard looks around for a moment, then nods in approval and continues on his way. The guards follow in their orderly steps, leaving the inmate's cell behind.

3. INT. HOSSAM'S CELL - NIGHT

INMATE (O.S.)
Hey, Arab. Heard you're out tomorrow. What's the plan?

HOSSAM
(sarcastic)
First, I'll breathe real air. Then visit an old friend.

INMATE 2 (O.S.)
The one who put you here?

HOSSAM
(grins)
Oh, he'll love my surprise.

INMATE 3 (O.S.)
(curiously tone)
A surprise? What's that?

HOSSAM
Let's just say it's a reward for getting me in here, It's worth the wait

INMATE 4
(chuckling softly)
What a great way to get back at him! I'd love to see his face when he sees you

HOSSAM
(laughing)
I promise you, it will be an unforgettable moment And I'll make sure to enjoy every second of it.

INMATE
(seriously tone)
Are you sure about this? Isn't it dangerous?

HOSSAM
(confidently)
Danger? I've lived in danger my whole life.
Nothing new there. Now, it's time to reap what I've sown.

The cell is cramped and dark. The windows are barred and a single dim light offers little illumination.

The camera zooms in on Hossam, a man in his mid-thirties, sitting on the floor against the wall.

He's dressed in tattered prison clothes and looks exhausted.

His angry face is fixed on the wall opposite him, eyes burning with malice.

He smokes a cigarette with a ravenous intensity, each puff filling the cell with smoke.

staring intensely at the wall, taking a deep drag from the cigarette, then exhaling forcefully.

HOSSAM

(whispering furiously)

Damn everything. Everything in my life has turned into betrayal. Every breath I exhale, every bit of smoke I blow out, is part of this hatred.

The camera captures the details of Hossam's face, the malice clearly etched in his features.

He tries to quell his anger through smoking, but his frantic puffs leave no room for calm.

HOSSAM

(breathing heavily, then)

(glaring at the ceiling)

Everyone here wished me harm. Here I am, locked in this cell, but there's still a part of me that hasn't broken. I still have things to say.

The cigarette burns out as smoke swirls around Hossam's face while he continues to glare at the wall, his eyes filled with anger and a thirst for revenge.

HOSSAM

(to himself)

I'll see you tomorrow, God willing, my old friend.

4. INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is in an old neighborhood, looking disheveled and dimly lit.

The furniture is worn and aged, with peeling walls and creaky wooden floors. In the middle of the room, a large wooden table is covered in a chaotic array of chemical equipment.

There are small bags of white powder, scales, glassware, empty containers, and plastic cylinders.

The strong smell of chemicals permeates the air.

A drug lab in disarray. GEORGE (blonde, scruffy beard) watches his nervous assistants pack cocaine.

His light beard is scruffy, and he exudes a menacing aura.

He is sitting on one of the chairs, watching his assistants intently.

GEORGE
(low, threatening)
Midnight delivery. Screw up, and
it's your heads.

The assistants, one tall and thin, the other short and visibly anxious, work diligently.

The first is packing cocaine into bags while the second mixes heroin in the glassware.

ASSISTANT 1
(looking nervously at
George)
George, you sure we have enough?
The last batch was a bit short.

GEORGE
(eyeing him sharply)
Of course, we have enough.
If you think otherwise, you're
welcome to test the product
yourself.

ASSISTANT 2
(interjecting quickly))
Look, George, we'll have it ready
on time but What about Hossam?

GEORGE
(with a maniacal grin)
Hossam, yes. He's a old friend and
we need to deal with.
But for now, our priority is this
shipment. Make sure everything is
perfect, or it'll be your heads on
the line.

George looks at his watch, then grabs a bag and starts arranging piles of cocaine with meticulous attention, surrounded by the smoke rising from the chemicals.

ASSISTANT 1
(worriedly)
Are you sure he'll come through

with the payment? I've heard he's been having trouble.

GEORGE
(angrily)
Don't worry about Hossam, Just make sure this deal goes off without a hitch. Midnight, or else.

We slowly pulls away from George and his team working frantically.

The lights in the apartment fade gradually, focusing on the clock ticking towards midnight.

5. INT. GOLDEN HORN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant features an expansive hall elegantly decorated with dim lighting that reflects off the gleam of candles on each table.

The ceiling is adorned with sparkling crystal chandeliers, and the furniture exudes luxury with dark brown leather chairs and glossy rosewood tables.

Classical music gently plays from speakers, adding a touch of sophistication to the atmosphere.

Waitstaff are dressed in elegant attire, moving comfortably among patrons who converse quietly. Large glass windows offer a stunning view of the city skyline at night.

A family of four is seated at a table near the window.

The mother and father are seated in the center, with the children at either end. The waitress, Sarah, approaches with a bright smile.

SARAH
(carrying a notepad and writing quickly)
Good evening! Are you ready to order or do you need a bit more time?

FATHER
Good evening. We need a bit more time, but we can start with the wine list.

SARAH
Certainly, we have a wonderful selection of French wines. Do you prefer red or white?

MOTHER

We'd like to try something special.
What do you recommend?

SARAH

The Château Margaux pairs perfectly
with our steak tartare.

FATHER

We'll go with the 'Château
Margaux,' thank you.

SARAH

Excellent choice, I'll bring that
right away. Would you like any
assistance with your meal
selections?

MOTHER

Yes, please. What's the house
specialty?

SARAH

I highly recommend the 'Steak
Tartare,' it's our signature dish
and one of the best we offer. If
you're in the mood for something
lighter, the 'Smoked Salmon with
Lemon Sauce' is a great option.

FATHER

We'll have the Steak Tartare and
also the Salmon.

SARAH

Great choice! I'll get that
started for you. If you need
anything else, please let me know.

MOTHER

Thank you, Sarah.

Sarah smiles and gracefully moves away towards the kitchen,
while the family continues their conversation and enjoys the
elegant ambiance of the restaurant.

Suddenly, muffled screams come from the restroom.

6. INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

The restroom is pristine and elegant, with walls covered in
glossy white tiles and marble around the sinks.

Bright lights accentuate the modern toilets, adding a
refreshing ambiance to the space.

The stalls are separated by frosted glass partitions, offering privacy while maintaining an open feel.

The air is filled with the scent of soap and a faint fragrance.

A man in a formal suit, named "Alex," stands at the urinal, using the restroom. He looks slightly puzzled as he glances around.

Suddenly, he starts to hear unusual noises coming from one of the stalls, with muffled whispers mixed with faint sounds.

ALEX
(talking to himself)
What are these sounds? It seems
something strange is going on here.

Alex steps towards the stall from which the noises are coming, tilting his head slightly to listen more clearly.

ALEX
At least, take her to a hotel, you
cheap skate. But here? In the
restroom?

Alex steps back slightly from the stall, shaking his head with a look of disapproval, then exits the restroom with a disgruntled expression, ignoring the surroundings.

we see Agatha, a tall, blonde woman with a strikingly attractive figure and a captivating presence.

She adjusts her elegant pants and fixes her clothing with grace after having sex.

AGATHA
(speaking softly while
applying makeup)
I need to make sure everything is
in place.

The young man standing in a nearby stall, wearing only underwear, looks astonished.

THE YOUNG MAN
Agatha, you are stunning beyond
words. Your beauty... it's
unbelievable.

AGATHA
(smiling sarcastically)
without looking at him)
Thank you, but you mean nothing to
me.

Suddenly, Agatha pulls a gun from her handbag and shoots the young man without warning.

The young man screaming in pain, then falling to the floor.

YOUNG MAN
(gasping)
Why...?

Agatha calmly putting the gun back in her handbag and continuing with her makeup.

AGATHA
(smirks)
Just a bastard bitch doing bastard things.

After finishing her makeup, Agatha exits the restroom in a seductive manner.

Another young man enters the restroom, screams upon seeing the body.

SECOND YOUNG MAN
Oh my God!
What happened here?

Agatha from outside the restroom, responds calmly but with sarcasm.

AGATHA (O.S.)
Be quiet, I just broke up with him.

SECOND YOUNG MAN
(relieved, speaking softly)
Thank God, I'm not your boyfriend.

Agatha replying from outside the restroom, with a light laugh

AGATHA (O.S.)
In your dreams.

7. EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

The landfill is a haunting scene. Silence hangs heavy in the air, broken only by the distant cawing of crows flying over the scattered piles of garbage.

The atmosphere is stifling, filled with the stench of rot and decay.

Rusty metal scraps and plastic bags flutter in the wind.

Amid this chaos, MOKHTAR and SAID, twin brothers in their mid-twenties, short in stature, walk with a dark grin.

Their eyes gleam with indescribable madness as they carry a stolen black gun execution-style.

They approach two gang members tied to a wooden cross.

Their words are drenched in delusion and insanity.

MOKHTAR

(laughing maniacally)

Said, do you see this? We are the kings now!

Ah, how I love this place! The trash is our kingdom, and the crows... they are our army!

SAID

(mocking voice)

Oh yes, Mokhtar, but don't forget! We're the crazy rulers too!

No, no... we're the psychiatrists, healing these wretched souls!

MOKHTAR

(pointing at the tied men)

Look at them! Like crushed bugs on the board of fate. What should we do with them?

SAID

(tilting his head madly)

Hmm... let's take their souls, eat their laughter, then hang it on the wall like old pictures!

MOKHTAR

(holding his gun, smiling wickedly)

Oh, Said, you're a genius. But... what if we shoot their shadows instead? Let's play 'who screams first'!

SAID

(laughing hysterically)

Yes, yes! Let's kill their fear before we kill them. Maybe then we can turn them into stars in the sky of this filthy dump!

Mokhtar steps forward heavily, while Said watches and laughs uncontrollably.

Every step they take radiates absurdity, and their words grow more deranged with each passing moment.

The two men are tied to the wooden cross. MOKHTAR and SAID stand before them, holding a gun.

GANG MEMBER 1

(defiant)

No matter what you do, the Blind Panther Gang will never fall!

MOKHTAR

(mocking)

The Blind Panther? How about we call him the 'Deaf Panther' instead?

SAID

(curious)

I thought they meant the same thing!

Mokhtar stands theatrically in front of his brother, acting like a university professor, while said listens intently.

MOKHTAR

(loudly)

The words deaf and blind are derived from the Global Dictionary of Microscopic Languages, written by the great author and scientist, Mikhail!

SAID

(impressed))

Wow! How did you know that?

MOKHTAR steps forward, a devilish grin on his face.

MOKHTAR

(calmly)

Because I killed him after he finished writing it.

SAID

(shocked)

Why, brother?

MOKHTAR

(casually)

He refused to put a period at the end of the book, and we all know that without a period, it's not considered a book.

GANG MEMBER 2

(shouting in fear)

Oh my God, you're insane!

MOKHTAR, without hesitation, shoots the man in the legs.

The man screaming through the pain.

MOKHTAR
(yelling in fury)
How dare you interrupt Dr.
Mokhtar Yazidi, specialist in
civilized madness?!

MOKHTAR unloads a barrage of bullets into the man, screaming
at the top of his lungs.

MOKHTAR
(shouting)
I believe in experimental science!

SAID's face is painted with rage and dissatisfaction.

He suddenly charges at the second gang member, pulling out a
sharp knife and stabbing him with wild, brutal force.

His facial expressions scream insanity as he yells while
stabbing.

SAID
(shouting)
Never interrupt a man of science

As the gang member breathes his last breath, SAID exhales,
taking a deep breath, and then smiles, calmer now.

SAID
(relaxed)
Ah, it works well... It feels good
to stab someone. You feel... at
ease.

MOKHTAR approaches SAID, placing a hand on his shoulder,
speaking calmly.

MOKHTAR
(jokingly)
I'm glad you're feeling better. But
maybe we should leave now, before
this offer ends.

SAID laughs, embracing MOKHTAR. They both jump excitedly as
they start walking away.

SAID
(enthusiastically)
Can you believe the offer we got?
Are we ready for it?

MOKHTAR
(laughing)
Of course! But I have a
question... If someone loses their
ear, can they still smell?

SAID
(surprised)
Smell? Without an ear? That's a
genius question!

They laugh together, jumping around as they disappear into the distance.

The camera pans slowly to reveal a massive mansion, surrounded by towering walls.

Luxury cars are lined up in front of the grand entrance, signaling wealth and power.

Bodyguards in black suits and sunglasses stand by the cars, scanning the area with vigilant eyes. The front garden is expansive, adorned with tall trees and grand stone statues that stand like silent sentinels.

At the corners of the walls and on the rooftops, snipers are strategically positioned, their rifles aimed at the horizon, their eyes missing nothing. The atmosphere is thick with tension and caution.

8. EXT.MANSION ROOFTOP - DAY.

The first sniper speaks calmly through his earpiece, watching the scene from his high vantage point.

SNIPER 1
(into earpiece)
All clear...Everyone's in position.
Anything suspicious?

9. EXT.ANOTHER MANSION ROOFTOP - DAY.

SNIPER 2
(calmly)
Very good, I see no threats
either.

10. EXT.MANSION ROOFTOP - DAY.

SNIPER 1
(slightly anxious)
Jackie... Jackie, where are you?

There's no immediate response from Jackie. Something seems off.

SNIPER 1
(repeats)
Jackie! Do you copy?
Suddenly, strange noises come
through the earpiece.

SNIPER 1
starts to feel confused.

JACKIE (V.O.)
(distant, muffled voice)
Uh...Ah... Yeah... I'm... uh...
busy.

SNIPER 1
(shocked)
Busy? What the hell are you doing?
We're on a mission!

Jackie's voice becomes clearer, and the situation begins to dawn on SNIPER 1.

JACKIE (V.O.)
(embarrassed)
Let's just say... I'm in a...
private session.

SNIPER 1 tries to keep his composure, but the shock is undeniable.

SNIPER 1
(angrily)
Jackie... we're on surveillance.
Drop...whatever you're doing right
now!

JACKIE (V.O.)
(nervously)
Uh... just two minutes...
two minutes, I swear, and I'm done!

SNIPER 1
(exploding)
Two minutes?We're in the middle of
a security op! Shut it down now!

11. INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

We see GERARD's opulent office, a testament to his power and authority. The room is adorned in dark colors and luxurious furnishings.

GERARD's large, polished wooden desk is the centerpiece.

Behind it, an elegant trophy cabinet displays an array of trophies and medals, showcasing his significant achievements.

Two personal bodyguards stand near the entrance, dressed in formal suits with earpieces, reflecting the seriousness and vigilance required in this high-stakes environment.

The room is softly lit, adding an air of mystery.

The camera focuses on a wall-mounted board, which features a neatly arranged set of photos: Hossam, Agatha, Mokhtar, Said, and George.

The arrangement of the photos indicates their importance to Gerard.

GERARD, a man in his forties, sits behind his large desk with an air of calm authority. Dressed in a sharp suit, he exudes power and control.

He casually smokes a cigarette, the smoke curling gently into the air, while sipping coffee from a small cup.

His face shows intense concentration and seriousness, as if he is planning a major move in the world of illicit business.

GERARD

(talking to bodyguards)

(calmly)

Have you seen Celia, or is she still playing chess with herself?

BODYGUARD

(respectfully)

She's finished with the chess and she is on her way to you.

GERARD

(thoughtfully)

I haven't figured out what to do with her. She needs a partner and a way out of her solitude because I won't always be there for her.

BODYGUARD

With all due respect, I'm not worried about her.

She just wants to live in the moment, which is actually a good thing. Most people either refuse to let go of the past or fear the future, but they always forget the present and the moment.

Gerard smiles, his expression reflecting a blend of approval and contemplation.

GERARD

(smiling)

Mm, that's well said, "It seems like Celia's words.

BODYGUARD

(honestly)

Yes, sir. I had to listen to her talk one day, and honestly, I learned a lot from her.

Gerard's smile widens, and he seems to appreciate the guard's perspective and insight.

Sfx: A gentle knock on the door.

CELIA (O.S.)
May I come in?

GERARD
Of course, come in, my daughter.

CELIA opens the door and enters slowly.

She is a short, 19-year-old girl, reasonably attractive, wearing glasses.

She presents a dossier to her crime-lord father.

Her steps are quiet as she approaches the desk with calm confidence.

CELIA walks up to the desk and smiles politely at GERARD, who looks at her with anticipation.

CELIA
(smiling)
Hello, Dad.

GERARD
(smiling)
Hello, my daughter.
Did you defeat yourself in the chess game?

CELIA
(light laughter)
Oh, no, she didn't have a chance to defeat me.

GERARD
(serious)
Alright, what have you done about the upcoming deal?
It's going to bring us 50 million dollars soon.

CELIA
(confidently)
I've selected five people who I think are the most suitable for the task. We can start preparing now.

CELIA moves towards the board with the photos of Hossam and points to them, smiling at her father.

CELIA
(smiling)
These are the people I've chosen.

I believe they will be useful for the deal.

CELIA stands next to the board with photos and points to Hossam's picture as she starts to talk about him.

CELIA

First, Hossam Belkacem.
He's a former Algerian army soldier, specializing in martial arts and weaponry. He has an incredible ability for precision and sniping.

GERARD

(curious)
Just like me?

CELIA

(politely laughing)
No, Dad, not like you. He's a natural killer.
He was expelled from the Algerian army for killing ten of his comrades and a general. Only two fingers were found for each person, no bodies.

GERARD

(astonished)
Why did he kill them?

CELIA

Accounts vary, but the closest story to the truth is that the general ordered the soldiers to wake him up for training. Every time a soldier came to wake him, he killed them.
Eventually, the general himself came in and found a massacre in the room.
It turned out he wanted to sleep, but as soon as they woke him, he stabbed the general with a pencil in the neck until he died, then went back to sleep.

GERARD

(laughing)
I can't believe it. You brought a madman.

CELIA

(smiling)
Believe me, you'll see the madness when you meet the twins. As for him, he's just a ruthless person

with principles.

CELIA continues her discussion as she points to the next picture on the board.

CELIA

Secondly, Agatha. Known as the Flaming Viper and a sex-bomb. She's notorious for forming relationships with young men, then killing them and cutting off their genitalia if they don't...

(in low voice)

You get what I mean.

(strong tone)

She has killed around 200 young men in the last two months. She has a talent for manipulating individuals' emotions and seducing them, and she's skilled in combat and knife use. There's nothing particularly remarkable about her, but it's best to avoid her or not be alone with her.

(looking to bodyguards)

Have you all heard me, guys?

The personal bodyguards nod in agreement, appearing serious.

GERARD

(laughing)

If i get close to her, your mother will kill both of us .

CELIA

(calmly)

Don't worry, it's just a matter of handling her carefully. We need to be cautious, but we shouldn't be in a position where we have to confront her directly.

CELIA points to the third picture on the board, featuring George.

CELIA

Third, George the Irishman. A university professor and a wellknown writer in the UK. But he has a strange hobby—working on illegal and forbidden projects. He was arrested in Ireland after they discovered he was selling cocaine to students and assaulting female professors and girls. When they asked him why, he said he wanted to know what it felt like to be a bad

person. Don't let his good looks and calm nature fool you, he's like a tiger—he'll strike when you turn your back or when he doesn't like you.

GERARD

Interesting. They are all crazy

CELIA smiles widely as she points to the picture of the twins on the board.

CELIA

Finally, but not least, the twins—rejected by hell itself. Muslim scholars and imams have declared their blood permissible to spill. They are insane in every sense of the word, literally. They kill for fun and games. Dad, have you heard about what happened to the Blind Panther gang?

GERARD

Yes, the whole gang was killed in one night, and a message was found on Sheebo's corpse 'We've taken two hostages. When you wake up from your death, pay the ransom to get them back.

CELIA chuckles softly.

CELIA

Yes, Dad, that was their work.

GERARD

(astonished)

My God, my daughter. Families are now afraid of them.

CELIA

Yes, Dad. I barely managed to convince them to work with us after they decided to wipe out Johnny and Tony's family because they differed by just the letters 'J' and 'T.

GERARD

(proud)

Well done, my daughter. You've brought us the best people.

CELIA

(happily)

Thank you, Dad. I'm glad you're proud of me.

GERARD

I'm always proud of you. Call them
and bring them here so I can
explain the plan.

CELIA

Right away, Dad.

CELIA runs out of the room joyfully, leaving the room quiet.

GERARD lights a cigarette and sips his coffee in complete
silence.

FADE TO BLACK.