

DEAD TOWN

Fantasy - Horror - Romance

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1. EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

Night has fallen. The sky is as dark as ink, with the moon barely visible behind thick clouds. The air is cold, carrying with it the damp smell of trees and rocks.

The forest is dense, tangled with branches that seem to reach out like claws, ready to grab anyone who dares pass.

There's no sound except the distant howling of wolves and the occasional hoot of an unseen owl. Darkness covers everything, revealing only a narrow, root-covered path under dim moonlight.

SUDDENLY, a MAN in his late twenties bursts out of the trees, sprinting full-speed.

He's breathing heavily, voice caught in his throat. His clothes are torn, shirt stained with blood. He looks over his shoulder in fear. Panic fills his eyes.

MAN
(trembling)
What... what is that thing?
Impossible! That's no human...
Not even an animal!

He gasps for air, glancing around. His hand trembles as it presses over a bloody wound on his chest.

MAN
It was so close... how did I get
away?
No way I'm stopping. It can't catch
me.

He keeps running.

2. EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT - LATER

The wind picks up. Trees sway ominously.

A MAN stands still in the clearing, staring up at the sky. Suddenly, a massive CREATURE appears, bat-like in size, but with crocodile eyes and lion-like fangs. It lets out a thunderous roar and lands heavily before the man.

MAN
(trying to be brave)
I won't run again. I've spent my
life running.
This time... I face my fate.

He takes a deep breath, locking eyes with the monster.

The creature opens its claws, grabs the man, lifts him into the sky. The man struggles but is powerless.

The beast opens its jaw and BITES OFF the man's head in one clean snap.

His headless body dangles from its claws as it flies into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN

3. INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A modest room. White walls. Scattered sheets. Clothes tossed on the floor. Gentle sunlight slips through half-closed curtains.

A couple sleeps peacefully. The WIFE rests her head on her HUSBAND's chest. His arm is wrapped around her.

Suddenly—an alarm clock rings. It's soft, not loud enough to wake them. After a few moments:

WIFE
(groggy, whispering)
Turn it off... it's Saturday
morning...

JOE rises from bed. Tall, muscular, dressed only in black boxers. He kisses his sleeping wife's forehead.

JOE
(calmly)
Time to get to work... now where
did I leave my pants?

He finds them and dresses. The WIFE wakes, pulling the covers to herself.

WIFE
(smiling sleepily)
That was... the most romantic
night. You still got it.

JOE
(chuckling)
Haven't lost my touch.

He buttons his military shirt, holsters his gun, and kisses her forehead.

JOE
See you later.

He exits.

4. INT. HALLWAY / STAIRCASE - MORNING

Joe descends the stairs. We follow him into the spacious LIVING ROOM.

JACKIE, his five-year-old son, sits cross-legged in front of the TV watching cartoons.

The room is warmly lit. Brown couch. Wooden table. TV mounted on the wall. Kitchen visible beyond the open space.

JOE
(smiling)
What are you watching, little man?

JACKIE
(without looking)
Ninjas!

Joe chuckles and heads toward the kitchen.

5. INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Joe prepares breakfast. Eggs boil. Bacon sizzles. He pours milk into a glass, sets it next to a simple plate.

He sits, eating slowly while watching Jackie through the open kitchen door. Peaceful.

Then—his phone rings.

JOE
(low voice)
Yes? Jenny?

JENNY (O.S.)
Joe, we need you at the station.
Now. Bodies... murdered.

JOE
(shocked)
How? When?

JENNY (O.S.)
An hour ago. Workers found them.
You need to come.

Joe checks the clock.

JOE
I'll be there in minutes.

He grabs his coat, turns to Jackie.

JOE
(softly)
See you later, buddy. Be good.

JACKIE
 (focused on TV)
 Bye, Dad!

Joe exits the house quickly.

6. INT. SMALL POLICE STATION - MORNING

A small, slightly oppressive police station. Three desks occupy the main room. Weak natural light filters through small windows.

JOE'S desk: Larger, with neatly stacked files and family photos. A sturdy brown leather chair hints at his military background. An antique gun is mounted behind him.

JENNY'S desk: Smaller. Tidy. A laptop sits open beside a half-empty coffee cup and scattered sticky notes.

KHALED'S desk: Cluttered. Cigarette butts, an old mug, and loose papers. KHALED leans back, relaxed, smoking, feet up.

JENNY paces nervously, her ponytail swaying with every step. Petite, sharp-eyed. Clearly stressed.

JENNY
 (frustrated)
 How can you be so calm? There are
 dead bodies downstairs!
 And you're just... smoking?

KHALED exhales smoke slowly, eyes calm.

KHALED
 (with a slight smile)
 I've seen worse. This town doesn't
 surprise me anymore.

JENNY
 (grabbing her head)
 Worse?! Every two weeks, bodies
 dumped the same way...
 It's a pattern, Khaled! A curse!

Khaled sips his coffee casually.

KHALED
 You're new here, Jenny. This town
 hides secrets deep underground.
 Those bodies? Just the beginning.

JENNY
 A curse? What are you even talking
 about?

He places his cigarette down and meets her eyes, expression unreadable.

KHALED
 I've lived here longer than you.
 There are things you won't
 understand
 -not in ten years. There's a
 darkness moving. This... isn't just
 murder.

Jenny slows her pacing. A flicker of genuine concern in her face.

JENNY
 You're serious.

KHALED
 (calm, cryptic)
 Belief isn't a choice here. You'll
 see soon enough.

He leans forward slightly.

KHALED
 There's a saying in my religion. A
 prophetic tradition:
 "There are things Allah left
 unspoken-out of mercy. So don't
 seek them."

Beat. He smiles coldly.

KHALED
 (provocative)
 So Jenny... stop knocking on the
 devil's door.
 One day, that door will crash down
 on you.

Jenny stares at him, stunned.

JENNY
 (angrily)
 You're insane! Don't you get it?
 You're not my boyfriend, Khaled!

Khaled smirks, unfazed.

KHALED
 (calmly)
 I had a girlfriend once. She left.
 You'll never take her place.

He exhales smoke slowly, gaze distant, voice lowering.

KHALED
 It's better this way... staying
 alone.
 Everyone who gets close to me
 suffers.

But believe me, Jenny – their time
is up.
Vargas has woken from his slumber,
and his cursed army
will rise again... just like
before. In this dead town.

Jenny stiffens, rage burning in her eyes.

JENNY
(furious)
Go to hell!

She storms out, her footsteps echoing through the station.

Khaled watches her go, a faint smile tugging at his lips. He
takes another drag from his cigarette, almost amused.

KHALED
(to himself)
I do love being right about these
things.

7. INT. SMALL POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The room is silent. Smoke hangs in the air. JOE rushes in,
scanning for Jenny – but she's gone. Only KHALED sits there,
calm and unmoving, cigarette between his fingers.

Joe storms toward him, fury in his eyes.

KHALED
(coldly)
Rough night, I assume?

JOE
(snapping)
Shut up! No matter how hard you
play the cold devil,
you're still that boy who fell in
love... and had his heart broken.

Khaled takes a slow drag, exhales smoke through his nose,
smirking.

KHALED
(icy)
Look who's talking – Joe, the
womanizer,
tamed by a kindergarten teacher.

(He leans back, smirk widening.)

KHALED
And for the record... my heart
didn't break.
You know that. You can't deny it.

Joe SLAMS his hand on Khaled's desk, pointing a finger at him.

JOE
(furious)
She wasn't supposed to know! No one was!

KHALED
(calmly)
Brave choice. But tell me, genius – when they see them flying over town, or when Vargas brings the fog, what will you say?

Joe falters, silent. He can't answer. His anger shifts into frustration.

JOE
(quietly)
This is all your fault.

KHALED
(steady)
And what was I supposed to do? Let her die?
Pretend I didn't see anything?

JOE
(pressing)
That's not what I meant! I know your faith tells you to help the weak, to do good... but why did you have to fall in love with her? There aren't enough girls here?

Khaled twirls a pencil between his fingers, silent for a long beat. Finally, he speaks, voice quiet.

JOE
(tentatively)
Khaled... do you think we're racist?
Do you think we hate Arabs? Hate Muslims?

Khaled freezes, stunned, staring at Joe as if he's crossed a line.

KHALED
(low, conflicted)
I fell in love with her the first time I met her in the Arab East... but I carried guilt ever since.

JOE
 (stammering)
 What... what are you talking about?
 I thought you met her here, for the
 first time...

Khaled smirks bitterly.

KHALED
 No... I met her in the deserts of
 Dubai. And when I learned
 the truth – how dangerous she was
 to me, to us – I left her.
 Since then, she's been chasing me
 everywhere I go.
 Turning cities into graveyards...
 Tangier, Ghardaïa,
 Tripoli... and now, here.

JOE
 (blurting)
 What about Jenny?

Joe slumps into a chair, forcing a nervous smile. The door opens. JENNY enters, chewing gum, curious. She stops, eyes narrowing.

JENNY
 (confused)
 What's going on? What do you mean,
 "What about Jenny"?

Joe springs up, scrambling to cover.

JOE
 (awkward, forced)
 Oh, Jenny! Thanks for your help
 yesterday.
 You were amazing, as always. I
 couldn't have done it without you.

Jenny steps closer, suspicious, frowning.

JENNY
 (sharply)
 Joe, don't change the subject.
 What's really happening?

Khaled leans back, cold and manipulative, a sly smile forming.

KHALED
 (mocking)
 This madman wants me to forget my
 girlfriend...
 and try with you? I'd rather die
 alone than—

Jenny cuts him off, stepping forward in fury.

JENNY

(furious)

You talk about me like I'm just an option?
How dare you?!

Khaled stays cool, twisting the knife.

KHALED

(calmly)

Nothing personal, Jenny. But you don't exactly have what it takes to be someone's girlfriend.

JENNY

(snapping)

Oh really? Just like every man – playing games, thinking you can sweet-talk your way out of anything!

Khaled steps closer, locking eyes with her. He lifts his hand, gently brushing her hair.

KHALED

(soft, smiling faintly)

You always look beautiful... especially when you're angry.

Joe and Jenny freeze in stunned silence. Khaled walks past them, heading toward the basement, whistling a chilling tune. His figure disappears into the shadows.

Joe shifts uncomfortably, desperate to cut the tension.

JOE

(dryly)

So... how's your boyfriend?

Jenny SLAPS Joe hard – the sound echoes in the room.

JENNY

(furious)

This was your idea, wasn't it?!
You know he's insane and loves playing with people's emotions!
And you know damn well I've been single for four years!

She storms out, heading after Khaled toward the basement.

8. INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe follows quickly – then the ground SHUDDERS. A deafening CRASH. The station wall EXPLODES inward as a towering, monstrous CREATURE bursts through.

A massive stone slab crashes onto Joe's leg, pinning him. He SCREAMS in agony.

JOE
(screaming)
Jenny! Help me! I can't move!

Jenny arrives, throwing herself at the stone, straining to lift it.

JENNY
(shouting)
Joe, I'm here! I'll get you out!

Before she can free him – the CREATURE grabs her in one clawed hand, lifting her effortlessly. Jenny screams, thrashing.

With terrifying force, it SLAMS her against the wall. She collapses, unconscious.

The creature turns its glowing eyes toward Joe.

CREATURE
(deep, guttural)
Where is he?

JOE
(in pain, panicked)
Who? I... I don't know what you mean!

The creature presses its massive foot harder against Joe's trapped leg.

He HOWLS.

CREATURE
(snarling)
Where... is... he?

JOE
(screaming)
The basement! He's in the basement!

The monster releases Joe and stomps toward the basement entrance. Each step shakes the floor. Walls crack. Furniture collapses. Papers and debris swirl in the air.

At the basement door, it raises a massive foot and SLAMS it down – the floor shatters. The creature drops into the darkness below.

CUT TO JOE, still pinned, writhing in pain.

JOE
 (weakly)
 Jenny... come on... help me...
 Khaled's in danger!

Jenny stirs, slowly regaining consciousness. Blood on her forehead. She forces herself to stand.

JENNY
 (weakly)
 What happened? Oh, Joe... I'm
 coming.

Joe writhes, screaming again.

JOE
 (yelling)
 Hurry, Jenny! Hurry!

Jenny runs toward him, determination on her face.

JENNY
 (shouting)
 I'm coming, Joe!

9. INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A dark, damp hellhole. Walls covered in mold and dried blood. The smell of death suffocates the air.

Bodies lie scattered, grotesque and mutilated – some headless, others missing limbs. Blood stains mark the floor.

In one shadowy corner, the CREATURE crouches, feasting on a corpse. The sound of flesh tearing and bones cracking fills the silence.

From the shadows, a soft, eerie voice whispers.

MARSHA (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 You've always been on my mind,
 Khaled.
 I never left you. Did you miss me?

Khaled's back remains to the camera. His voice is low, almost mournful.

KHALED
 Marsha... I was wrong. But I've
 changed.
 I'm not the man you loved. No one
 understands me like you do.

MARSHA (O.S.)
(gently)
You've always been in my thoughts.
How could I forget you? You know
I've always loved you.

The creature continues gnawing on its victim in the background, the wet sound of flesh tearing filling the air.

KHALED
(deep, resonant)
Do you really think there's still a
chance for us?
Everything has changed. This city
will fall,
and I am no longer a part of it.

MARSHA (O.S.)
(emotional whisper)
We're not finished, Khaled. I'd do
anything for you.
I've always loved you – even from
afar.
You know I understand you better
than anyone.

Joe limps into frame, pale and sweating from pain, leaning heavily against the basement wall.

Jenny steps closer, voice full of worry.

JENNY
(concerned)
Khaled... is everything okay?

Khaled doesn't respond. His gaze stays fixed on the shadowy corner. His silence is deafening.

The camera slowly pushes toward Khaled's tense profile.

Suddenly, Marsha's voice BOOMS from the darkness.

MARSHA (O.S.)
(shouting)
Stay away from Khaled! He's mine
alone!

Jenny's expression twists – anger, heartbreak, jealousy. She taps her foot nervously, fighting for words.

Joe steps forward, laying a gentle hand on her shoulder.

JOE
(softly)
Khaled's fine. Let's go... we can
clean this up before the news
spreads.

Marsha's voice cuts through, icy and threatening.

MARSHA (O.S.)

You'd better. My presence is what
keeps this town safe.
If I'm ever separated from him...
I'll destroy it.
I'll turn it into a dead town –
just like every place
Khaled tried to hide from me.

Joe takes Jenny's hand, his tone calm but firm.

JOE

(gently)

This is for the best, Jenny. We
should go.
Let's leave them... for now.

Jenny's face crumples. Tears well. She takes a few slow steps back, never looking away from Khaled.

Then – with sudden resolve – she **SHOVES** Joe aside and runs forward, throwing her arms around Khaled from behind.

JENNY

(soft, trembling)

No... I won't leave him. I won't
give up that easily.

Joe's face twists with rage. He draws his gun, pointing it at Jenny.

JOE

(furious)

You whore! Who do you think you
are?!
Weren't you the one who hated him?
How many times did you fight?
Have you forgotten all of that?!

Jenny's tears stream, but she clings tighter to Khaled, refusing to let go.

JOE

(menacing)

If Marsha speaks her curse, you'll
be the first I kill.

From the shadows, Marsha's voice slithers like poison.

MARSHA (O.S.)

Why wait, Joe? Do it now.
Spare me the trouble of destroying
this filthy town.

She laughs – a chilling, playful sound.

MARSHA (O.S.)

Do it, and I'll make you one of the richest men here.

Joe's expression darkens. Greed and anger war inside him. Then, his decision is made. He raises the gun to Jenny's head.

JOE

(cold)

No one will ever know. This is what you deserve.

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JOE

(cold)

No one will ever know. This is what you deserve.

Jenny trembles but doesn't let go of Khaled.

JENNY
(soft, defiant)
No... I won't leave him.

Joe steps closer, finger tightening on the trigger.

JOE
(whispering)
Goodbye. I never loved you.

In that instant, Khaled's hand rises – slow, deliberate. Joe FREEZES mid-step, suspended in the air, eyes wide with terror. His body jerks as if invisible strings are pulling him.

Without turning, Khaled flicks his fingers. Joe is hurled across the room, SLAMMING against the walls – once, twice, three times – like a ragdoll, the impacts shaking the entire basement.

Jenny gasps but still clings to Khaled. Silence falls.

Slowly, Khaled turns toward Joe. The camera lingers on his face as his transformation begins: his eyes GLOW BLOOD-RED, his frame grows taller, muscles bulging unnaturally. When he speaks, his voice is no longer human.

KHALED
(deep, menacing)
Did you think you could harm us?
Now you'll see who we truly are.

A tense beat. Marsha's voice cuts through, suddenly shaken.

MARSHA (O.S.)
Damn... I forgot about him.

Then her tone turns dark, playful.

MARSHA (O.S.)
I have to go now. See you soon, my
love.

Her presence fades, leaving the basement eerily quiet.

Khaled releases Joe, letting him collapse in a heap. His face is bruised, his breath ragged. Khaled steps closer, every footstep echoing with quiet menace.

Jenny is still clinging to him, her tears soaking his shirt.

KHALED
(low, threatening)
If you ever come near her again...
I'll send you to the underworld
before you blink.

Joe swallows hard, too shaken to reply.

The silence is heavy – then Khaled’s voice returns to normal, calm but cold. The camera lingers on Jenny’s face as she presses her head to Khaled’s chest, her breathing uneven.

KHALED
(coldly)
Why are you hugging me? I told you
– my love is precious.

Jenny looks up, meeting his cold, signature smile. Her face tightens with frustration. She shoves him back, but he barely moves.

JENNY
(bitterly)
My beautiful moment has passed...

Khaled grins, almost teasing her pain.

KHALED
(smirking)
I told you, Jenny – we were never
meant for each other.

Jenny’s eyes flash. Her anger and heartbreak mix into a single defiant burst.

JENNY
(snapping)
Go fuck yourself.

Joe, still struggling to stand, lets out a pained laugh.

JOE
(dryly)
The old Khaled is back, huh?

10. EXT. THE TOWN - MORNING

A peaceful morning washes over the small town just outside the big city. The contrast to last night’s chaos is striking.

Single-story houses line the narrow streets, their faded paint and weathered rooftops telling stories of quiet years.

Small gardens bloom with care, a sign of the residents’ love for their homes.

A few cars hum softly along the road. Life moves at a slow, comforting pace.

11. EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A WOMAN in her mid-40s carries a shopping bag. She stops to greet an ELDERLY MAN sitting on a bench, tipping his hat.

WOMAN
 (smiling)
 Morning, Mr. Roberts. How's your
 garden this week?

ROBERTS
 (grinning)
 Ah, the tomatoes are finally coming
 in. Can't wait to make some sauce.

12. EXT. PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside a parked car, a YOUNG COUPLE argue playfully with the windows rolled down. The GIRL laughs, swatting at her BOYFRIEND.

GIRL
 (teasing)
 You really think you can get out of
 taking me to dinner that easily?

BOYFRIEND
 (defeated)
 Alright, alright! You win. Italian
 tonight.

13. EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Two TEENAGERS ride bicycles down the street, laughing as they weave around parked cars. The camera follows them before gliding toward a local grocery store.

14. INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

An ELDERLY WOMAN chats with the STORE CLERK, who's restocking shelves.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 Do you have any fresh milk today,
 dear?

STORE CLERK
 (nodding)
 Just came in this morning, Mrs.
 Green. I'll grab a bottle for you.

15. EXT. OUTSIDE GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

A MAN walks his DOG, nodding to a NEIGHBOUR sweeping his porch. They share a warm smile and wave.

The camera pulls back, capturing the calm rhythm of life - warm, simple, unhurried. A town that seems untouched by last night's horrors.

16. INT. SMALL DINER - AFTERNOON

A cozy diner with wooden tables, worn-in chairs, and the warm aroma of fresh coffee. The gentle clinking of spoons against porcelain cups creates a peaceful background hum.

SARAH, a friendly waitress in her twenties, moves gracefully between tables, balancing a tray of steaming cups.

SARAH
(smiling)
Anything else you need?

CUSTOMER
Yes, another cup of coffee, please.

Sarah nods and heads toward the counter. The diner is alive with quiet chatter, light meals being eaten, and coffee being sipped.

ANGLE ON THE LAST TABLE

Joe and Jenny sit across from each other. The tension between them is palpable.

Joe devours a hamburger, his movements aggressive, while Jenny stirs her cappuccino absentmindedly, lost in thought.

JENNY
(hesitant)
I've been thinking a lot about Khaled... and his relationship with Marsha.
How dare that woman threaten to curse this town?

Joe chews hard, swallows, then leans forward.

JOE
(serious)
It's not just a threat, Jenny.
Marsha isn't normal.
That woman... she has powers you can't even begin to understand.

Jenny's eyes narrow. She points her finger at him accusingly.

JENNY
(sharp)
Just like you, Joe? When you tried to kill me?

Joe exhales heavily, guilt flickering across his face.

JOE
(quietly)
That was in the past, Jenny. I've already paid the price.

Khaled didn't leave a single bone
unbroken...
my ribs are still cracked.

A moment of silence hangs between them before Jenny speaks,
her voice soft and full of conflict.

JENNY
(whispering)
Sometimes I wonder... maybe I'm
wrong about Khaled.
What if I wanted to ask him out?
What if...

Joe cuts her off sharply.

JOE
(serious)
It's too late, Jenny. If you want
to be by his side,
do it now. Marsha's coming, and her
curse isn't a joke.
At least... if something bad
happens, you could die in his arms.

Jenny rolls her eyes, biting back her anger.

JENNY
(mocking)
Wow. Thanks for the pep talk,
asshole.

Joe just grins, resuming his hamburger like nothing happened.

The diner door swings open. Khaled enters.

The atmosphere changes immediately. Some customers lower
their heads, avoiding eye contact – fearful. Others, who
don't know his true nature, greet him casually. Khaled
answers with polite but distant replies.

CUSTOMER #1
Hey Khaled, haven't seen you in a
while. How've you been?

KHALED
(faint smile)
Just passing through. Busy as
always.

CUSTOMER #2
You still working at that old
factory? Heard they might shut it
down.

KHALED
(shaking his head)
No. I left that place a while ago.
I'm working with Joe now.

Khaled heads to the counter where SARAH, the waitress, is wiping it down. She gives him a flirty smile, leaning forward.

SARAH
(playful)
Well, aren't you a handsome stranger? You must be new around here.

KHALED
(smiling)
Not really. I've been around – just not easy to spot.

SARAH
(grinning)
Maybe you just need someone to show you around, huh?
How about a cup of coffee... on the house?

Khaled hesitates, then nods slightly.

KHALED
Sure. I'll take you up on that.

Jenny, lost in thought, stares out the window – until Joe leans in, teasing.

JOE
(taunting)
Your precious Khaled... the one you love and hate?
He's the reason we might all die.
Look at him.

Jenny snaps her head toward Joe, furious.

JENNY
(snapping)
Screw you, Joe. This isn't funny!

JOE
(grinning)
Look at the waitress. She's stealing him right from under your nose.

Jenny's eyes widen. She SLAMS her cup down, stands, and storms toward the counter.

Without hesitation, she SLAPS Sarah hard across the face.

JENNY
(shouting)
You bitch! He has a girlfriend!

Sarah freezes, hand to her cheek, stunned. Khaled watches silently, eyebrow raised. Jenny leans in close to him, whispering fiercely.

JENNY
(urgent)
Tell them you have a girlfriend –
or I swear I'll expose your little
secret about that teddy bear
you sleep with.

Khaled's expression hardens, a flicker of embarrassment flashing in his eyes. He glances around, clearly weighing his next move.

The other customers watch curiously. The diner grows quiet. Khaled steps closer to Jenny, locking eyes with her.

Then – without warning – he PULLS HER CLOSE and KISSES HER. The kiss is bold, unexpected, and filled with both passion and challenge.

Jenny freezes, stunned, as Khaled calmly brushes her hair back. Without even looking at her, he turns toward Joe.

KHALED
(teasing)
Yeah. I have a girlfriend. And
she's a bit crazy.

Jenny's jealousy boils over. Her anger flares. She storms toward Joe, shoving him so hard he tumbles from his chair.

Jenny takes his seat, glaring at Khaled with blazing eyes.

JENNY
(furious)
You enjoy this, don't you? Playing
with my feelings?
You think you can get away with it?
Then choose now, Khaled.
Is it Marsha – or me? Because I
won't be your second choice.

Khaled smirks, clearly enjoying her fire. He moves closer, his hand running through her hair.

KHALED
(playful)
Do you really think I'd choose so
easily?
What makes you think I'd ever leave
you?

He gently cups her chin, his voice dropping to a low, teasing murmur.

KHALED
(softly)
You love the jealousy and the drama
too much.
And you know you're enjoying every
moment.

Jenny finally reaches her breaking point. She grabs Khaled by the shirt, pulling him close.

JENNY
(threatening)
Don't play with me, Khaled.

Khaled's grin widens. He leans in and kisses her again – this time slower, more deliberate – leaving her stunned and breathless.

He pulls back, laughing softly, eyes fixed on her.

KHALED
(playful, calm)
Ah... I love making you angry.
I swear, Jenny – I'm more addicted
to this feeling than I am to
smoking.

Jenny just stares at him, caught between rage and desire.

Khaled casually raises his voice toward the counter.

KHALED
(calling out)
Ma'am, can I get a coffee to go,
please?

Jenny steps in, refusing to let him take control.

JENNY
(snapping)
I'll bring it. Just don't move.

She turns toward Joe, who is still sprawled on the floor, and nudges him with her foot.

JENNY
(annoyed, but playful)
Get up. You're embarrassing us.

Joe groans, slowly pushing himself up as Jenny heads toward the counter. Under her breath, she mutters:

JENNY
 (to herself)
 Pathetic. I don't know how your
 wife ever put up with you.

Joe sits upright, rubbing his head. He glances at Khaled, who is still watching Jenny intently.

JOE
 (curious)
 So... are you going to tell her the
 truth?
 Or just leave it all to fate?

KHALED
 (thoughtful)
 When the time is right. But let her
 enjoy this.
 I love seeing her happy

Joe leans in closer, voice dropping.

JOE
 (serious)
 You know those creatures are
 showing up again.
 The fog Marsha brought is creeping
 into the forest.
 It's heading for the city.

Khaled's eyes narrow.

KHALED
 (warning)
 Don't tell Jenny.

Just then, Jenny returns with the coffee, smiling brightly. She sets the cups down and playfully shoves Joe aside.

JENNY
 (mocking)
 Move over, or I'll break your arm!

Joe scoots over reluctantly. Jenny sits beside Khaled, resting her chin in her hands, studying him.

JENNY
 (smirking)
 So... what were you doing in the
 dark woods?

Khaled smirks, calm as ever.

KHALED
 (coolly)
 Oh, you know... enjoying the
 scenery.

Jenny narrows her eyes.

JENNY
(pressing)
Scenery? Come on, Khaled. You must
have seen something.

Khaled chuckles softly, unfazed.

KHALED
(playful)
Just the usual. Shadows,
whispers...nothing you'd want to
know about.

Jenny leans closer, teasing.

JENNY
(teasing)
Are you sure it wasn't Marsha? I'd
love to hear the details.

Khaled raises a brow, still composed.

KHALED
(smirking)
And why would you think that?

JENNY
(innocent grin)
Just a hunch. You do seem to enjoy
her company.

Khaled's smile falters briefly, then returns.

KHALED
(lightly)
Maybe the fog is hiding more than
shadows.

Jenny leans back, crossing her arms, suspicious.

JENNY
(challenging)
So you're not going to admit it?
That you were with her?

Khaled shakes his head, amused.

KHALED
(teasing)
Why admit to something that isn't
true?
Besides, I like keeping you
guessing.

Jenny huffs, though a grin escapes her.

JENNY
 (grinning)
 One day, Khaled... you'll have to
 come clean.

Their playful, tension-filled banter continues as Joe watches, half-amused and half-worried – sensing that something darker is coming.

17. EXT. OUTSIDE THE SMALL DINER - AFTERNOON

A thick fog rolls in, swallowing the streets and shrouding the area in an eerie haze.

Then – a sudden, violent RUSH of wings. A swarm of grotesque CREATURES bursts from the shadows, their bat-like wings cutting through the air. Their glowing crocodile eyes and lionlike fangs glint in the fog.

Panic erupts.

CROWD MEMBER 1
 (terrified)
 What on earth are those things?!

CROWD MEMBER 2
 (shaking)
 I don't know – but they look
 dangerous!

CROWD MEMBER 3
 (pointing)
 Look at their eyes! They're
 watching us!

CROWD MEMBER 4
 (trembling)
 Why are they coming out now?! What
 do they want?

CROWD MEMBER 5
 (screaming)
 Get inside! Now!

The crowd surges toward the diner, shoving one another in a desperate bid for safety.

CROWD MEMBER 2
 (frantic)
 I can't believe this is happening!
 What's going on in this town?!

The creatures swoop lower, their eerie screeches echoing across the street, shaking the townsfolk to their core.

CROWD MEMBER 3
(panicking)
They're getting closer!

18. INT. SMALL DINER - CONTINUOUS

Inside, chaos brews. Khaled sits alone in a corner, perfectly calm, a cigarette between his fingers. Smoke rises lazily toward the ceiling.

He lifts his coffee cup, takes a slow sip, and murmurs to himself:

KHALED
(softly)
It has begun.

Joe and Jenny hurry to the window, faces pale, staring at the nightmarish scene outside.

Khaled doesn't move, doesn't flinch - his calm is unnerving.

19. EXT. OUTSIDE THE SMALL DINER - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Jenny step cautiously outside, guns in hand. Overhead, the sky swarms with creatures.

JOE
(stunned)
What the hell is happening? Did you see that?

JENNY
(urgent)
We need to do something - we can't just stand here!

Joe chambers a round, hands trembling.

JOE
(hesitant)
Do we shoot? What if they're stronger than we think?

JENNY
(resolute)
We have to be ready for anything. We can't let the city fall into chaos.

A distant, guttural ROAR echoes through the fog - closer this time. Jenny and Joe freeze.

Suddenly, one of the creatures dives at Joe with a piercing screech. He and Jenny sprint back inside, SLAMMING the door shut.

JOE
(breathless)
That was too close!

Jenny peers through the window, wide-eyed.

JENNY
(panicked)
There must be more of them out
there... what do we do now?

Joe grips his gun tightly.

JOE
(grim)
We make a plan. We won't let them
reach the city.

Jenny bites her lip, fear creeping in.

JENNY
(whispering)
Feels like everything's slipping
out of control...

The camera pans back to Khaled, still sitting, still calm.
The smoke from his cigarette curls upward.

KHALED
(quietly, almost to
himself)
What a beautiful sight.

FADE OUT.