

THE BASTRED AMOUNG US SHADOWS Episode 02
SHADOWS OF BETRAYAL

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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FADE IN

INT. CELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A room of calculated perfection.

White walls with soft grey accents. Everything aligned.
Everything intentional.

A small modern bed dressed in pale pink – untouched, almost ceremonial. Cushions arranged with surgical precision.

A dark wooden wardrobe. On top: perfumes and beauty products, positioned like trophies.

Across the room, a sleek glass-and-metal desk holds an expensive computer. Files and books stacked with geometric accuracy. No dust. No chaos.

In the center a chessboard. Two chairs facing each other.

Mid-game.

A strategy waiting to be finished.

A large mirror reflects the entire room, doubling the order... and the silence.

This is not just a bedroom.

It's a controlled mind.

Celia sits on the edge of her perfectly made bed, a romance novel open in her hands.

She reads.

But not really.

Her eyes stop moving across the lines.

Silence.

She closes the book gently – too gently – and places it beside her.

Beat.

She leans back, staring at the ceiling.

The perfection of the room surrounds her... but offers no comfort.

A quiet sigh escapes her.

Heavy. Familiar.

Her gaze drifts toward the empty chair beside the chessboard.

Two chairs.

One untouched.

She swallows.

CELIA
 (softly, almost ashamed)
 Will I ever be chosen... the way they
 choose each other in these stories?

Beat.

CELIA
 Or am I just good at planning...and
 not at being loved?

Silence again.

The mirror reflects her – alone in a room built for two.

Celia stares at the ceiling.

A flicker of doubt crosses her face.

CELIA
 (whispers to herself)
 I'm scared I'll spend my whole life
 waiting...for someone who's never
 coming.

She closes her eyes.

A knock at the door.

JULIA (O.S.)
 Sweetheart? Are you asleep?

Celia straightens slightly.

CELIA
 No, Mum. Come in.

The door opens.

Julia (35). Strong posture. Controlled presence. The quiet aura of someone who has survived battlefields – literal or not.

She steps inside with calm confidence.

One glance at Celia.

She knows.

Julia sits beside her, placing a steady hand on her daughter's shoulder.

JULIA
What's going on in that brilliant
head of yours?

Celia forces a smile.

Too quick. Too rehearsed.

CELIA
I'm fine.

Julia studies her.

JULIA
Celia...
(soft, but firm)
Your eyes don't lie.

Silence settles between them.

CELIA
(voice trembling)
Really, Mum... I'm okay.

Julia doesn't move her hand.

She studies her daughter.

JULIA
Celia...you don't have to be strong
with me.

A beat.

CELIA
It's just—what if I'm not meant for
that kind of love?

Julia smiles faintly.

JULIA
When I was your age...I thought I was
unlovable.

Celia looks up – surprised.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I was carrying too much.
Doing things I'm not proud of.

(beat) Then I met your father.

Her tone softens.

JULIA (CONT'D)
He didn't chase me.
He saw me.

Silence.

CELIA
Do you think someone will see me
like that?

Julia brushes a strand of hair from her daughter's face.

JULIA
The right person doesn't arrive
when you're desperate.

They arrive when you stop hiding.

That lands.

Celia absorbs it.

We don't resolve her loneliness – we just quiet it.

CELIA
(voice trembling)
Really, Mum... I'm okay.

Julia doesn't move her hand.

She studies her daughter.

JULIA
Celia...you don't have to be strong
with me.

A beat.

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It's just, what if I'm not meant for
that kind of love?

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Celia loos up – surprised.

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Silence.

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INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Controlled chaos.

Phones ringing. Keyboards clacking. Officers moving fast.

A wall covered in crime scene photos and a city map marked
 with red pins.

The doors swing open.

Inspector JONATHAN (early 40s). Tall. Sharp. Controlled.

He walks through the station – people straighten slightly as
 he passes.

JONATHAN
 How are we on the Johnson case?

YOUNG OFFICER
We found something new, sir.
Forensics is running it now.

Jonathan nods once.

He keeps moving.

He sees everything.

INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The door SLAMS open.

JONATHAN
Where is the warrant for Gerard
Johnson?!

Silence.

OFFICER SAM
Sir... the file..

Jonathan steps forward.

JONATHAN
What about the file?

SAM swallows.

OFFICER SAM
It's been... altered.

Jonathan freezes.

Dangerous calm.

JONATHAN
Altered... by who?

INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Papers scatter across the desk. Jonathan slams his fist, his
anger echoing through the office.

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

OFFICER SAM
(low, fearful)
Sir... it's bigger than we thought.

The evidence... destroyed.

The witnesses... silenced.

Jonathan freezes. The weight of the words sinks in. This isn't just a case. Gerard Johnson wields power beyond the law.

JONATHAN
(low, determined)
He can destroy everything...but I
won't let him get away with it.

He paces the room, fists clenched, mind racing.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
I'll find a way...I'll expose the
truth. No matter what it takes.

Silence. Officers watch, tense. Jonathan's footsteps echo through the room.

The door opens.

ADAM, mid-20s, striking, dressed in a tailored Italian suit, enters. Confidence radiates from him.

ADAM
(calm, charismatic)
Inspector Jonathan?

Jonathan looks up, sizing him up.

OFFICER
He's in his office.

Jonathan's voice rises, authoritative.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
Come in, kid.

Adam steps inside, walking confidently toward the desk.

ADAM
Hello. I'm Adam Smith. I have
information about Gerard... and what
he's planning.
This is your chance to stop him.

JONATHAN
(surprised, cautious)
And what do you want in return?

Adam steps closer, eyes piercing.

ADAM
 (calm, slight smile)
 Something simple... a girl who means
 a lot to me. Just her and me,
 alone.

Jonathan smirks, sarcastic.

JONATHAN
 You think we're a dating service?

ADAM
 (laughs lightly)
 No. She's my sister. Don't look
 disgusted.

Jonathan blinks, confused.

JONATHAN
 Your sister? Why not just call her?

ADAM
 (sighs)
 It's complicated.
 My sources say she's working with
 Gerard.
 And my father... he's furious.
 He sent me to bring her home.
 Otherwise... he'll buy the city, turn
 it into a giant nightclub, or
 destroy it.

Jonathan raises an eyebrow, trying to process this.

JONATHAN
 (mocking)
 Did I hear that right? Your father...
 Joseph Stalin's brother?

ADAM
 (serious)
 Is this a joke? My father is part
 of an organization that controls
 the world—except North Africa.
 There's someone there we don't mess
 with.

Jonathan pauses. Then gestures for Adam to sit.

JONATHAN
 Sit. Tell me everything.
 I'll get your sister back.

Adam smiles, relieved, closing the door behind him.

The camera pulls away, leaving them talking behind closed doors. The tension suggests this conversation will change everything.

EXT. OPEN-AIR CAFÉ - DAY

A cozy café on a busy street. Walls adorned with local art and folk designs.

EXT. OPEN-AIR CAFÉ - DAY

Tables line the sidewalk under umbrellas. The aroma of fresh coffee mixes with the hum of passing cars and chatter of pedestrians.

A young waiter (17) moves swiftly between tables, delivering drinks with a calm smile.

CAMERA PANS to a corner table:

AGATHA, poised and mysterious. Next to her: HOUSSAM, leather jacket, cigarette in hand, eyes cold and distant. GEORGE, old friend, sits beside them. Across the table: twins MOKHTAR and SAID, laughing over their drinks.

Houssam quietly sips his strong Moroccan coffee, exhaling smoke, detached. Agatha watches him, intrigued.

AGATHA

You're different from them,
Houssam...there's something... special.
I can't explain it.

Houssam doesn't look up. Another sip.

HOUSSAM

We're all different, Agatha.

Agatha leans in, eyes gleaming with mischief.

AGATHA

I see something in you... something
no one else has.
Why don't we talk... personally?

Houssam exhales slowly, still staring at his cup.

HOUSSAM

(calm, indifferent)
There's nothing personal to
discuss.

Agatha gently places her hand on his.

AGATHA
(soft, sighing)
I usually succeed with boys... but
this is the first time I've failed
with a man.

Houssam finally meets her gaze, eyes distant and sad.

HOUSSAM
(low, quiet)
My heart died when she left.

Agatha withdraws her hand, defeated. Silence falls. Ambient café noise returns.

GEORGE
(grumbling)
Where the hell is she?

MOKHTAR
(laughing maniacally)
Your sister?

SAID
(grinning)
Good one!
(to George, mock-serious)
Where is your sister?

GEORGE
(irritated)
Fine... where is my sister?

SAID
(laughing hysterically)
She's in my pocket!

Mokhtar and Said laugh uncontrollably. Agatha and George exchange bewildered looks.

AGATHA
Are they always like this?

GEORGE
(shaking his head)
Always... I'll never understand it.

Houssam sips his coffee, eyes fixed on the twins.

HOUSSAM
 (low, serious)
 If you knew their story... you'd cry
 tears of blood.
 Don't judge a book by its cover.

Silence. Mokhtar and Said continue their unrestrained laughter.

MOKHTAR
 (to George, mischievous)
 I have another one.

The group sits at a corner table.

Houssam glares at Mokhtar, his look sharp, commanding.

HOUSSAM
 Mokhtar, enough.

The twins lower their eyes.

MOKHTAR & SAID
 (in unison, soft)
 Sorry, Houssam.

SAID
 Why did our parents leave us?
 Was it because of us... or because of
 who we are?

The mood turns heavy. Mokhtar and Said's eyes glisten with unshed tears. Agatha and George exchange concerned looks.

AGATHA
 (whispering)
 I'm so sorry...

GEORGE
 No one deserves that.

MOKHTAR
 We were left alone... struggling.
 Trying to find our place.
 The pain never really goes away.

SAID
 We've learned to cope... but the
 scars remain.

GEORGE
 Remember... you're not alone anymore.
 We're here.

They share a moment of silent solidarity.

Suddenly, Houssam SLAMS the table, startling everyone.

HOUSSAM

Really? Waiting for an Oscar? Or
feeling sorry for yourselves?

GEORGE

(smiling, dry)
Rumors are true... Houssam Belkacem
lost his wife and daughter.
You're colder than the iceberg that
sank the Titanic.

AGATHA

(sharp)
What's wrong with you?
If we're Bastards, you're their
king.

Mokhtar and Said stand, approaching Houssam. They embrace him tightly, crying.

MOKHTAR

You've always been like a father to
us.

SAID

(teasing through tears)
Are you paying for the drinks, or
what?

Everyone laughs, except Houssam, who remains cold.

HOUSSAM

Yes. If I don't, who will?

The café door opens. CELIA enters, radiant. Heads turn; whistles echo. She approaches Agatha.

AGATHA

(teasing)
Dragging someone into bed tonight?

GEORGE

(sarcastic)
Better not... or they'll be
transferred to the eternal bed in
the grave.

MOKHTAR

Hey there, beautiful! Come to your
daddy!

Said jumps in, playful.

SAID
Can I get your number?

CELIA
(smiling)
You mean my phone number?

Said leaps, acting silly, performing mock Kung Fu moves.

SAID
Don't touch the hair!

MOKHTAR
Hair's off-limits!

Celia laughs, light and innocent. Houssam ignores her, smoking slowly.

CELIA
What do you think, Mr. Houssam?

HOUSSAM
(cold)
I'm happy for you.

CELIA
(angry, masking hurt)
You really enjoy playing the cold-
hearted man...

Houssam exhales, finally meeting her gaze.

HOUSSAM
(calm)
I had my chance. Fell in love.
Married.
Wife and daughter... gone.
Look for love elsewhere.

CELIA
(defiant)
As if I'd ever fall for someone as
cold as you. Allah has a place for
people like you in Hell.

Houssam smiles, provocative, silent.

A young man approaches Celia, slaps her backside.

YOUNG MAN
(mocking)
Nice ass!

In an instant, Houssam grabs him, flips him over the table, and STABS him with a sugar spoon.

HOUSSAM

I'll see you in Hell, scumbag.

Everyone gasps. Agatha is shocked.

AGATHA

What the hell was that?!

MOKHTAR

How did you do that... with a sugar spoon?

Houssam lights his cigarette, calm, collected.

HOUSSAM

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

The group sits frozen, eyes on Houssam.

HOUSSAM (CONT'D)

I remember a man in Algeria...
thought he was untouchable.
They hired me to take him out.
I snuck in at night. He didn't hear
a thing. Three seconds... he was
gone.

The group listens, barely breathing.

HOUSSAM (CONT'D)

Then a drug lord in North Africa.
Took me two months to track him.
Sitting with his guards... I killed
four before putting the knife in
his heart. No chance.

Mokhtar smirks, coldly.

MOKHTAR

Not all your stories are
impressive.
Remember that family? The one you
didn't even want...

Everyone turns to Mokhtar, stunned.

MOKHTAR (CONT'D)

All dead. Even the baby. Their
screams... still echo.

Silence. Shock. Disbelief. Houssam says nothing, staring ahead. The tension is palpable.

Celia steps closer, cautiously touching his shoulder.

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

Houssam freezes, his face a mask of suppressed anger and sorrow.

He turns slowly toward Mokhtar. His gaze is hard. Foreboding.

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

Houssam walks steadily, scanning the café, then disappears into the crowd.

The group remains stunned. Moments of silence.

AGATHA
(astonished)
Did he really kill that family?

MOKHTAR
(anxious)
Yes... all of them. I'm a dead man
now.

Celia steps in, calm, trying to reassure.

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

SAID
(grim)
You don't know him.
If he doesn't kill you... he'll leave
his mark.
So you remember your life is now...
his.

The group grows tense, preparing to leave. The street sounds fade, leaving only the echo of fear and unspoken threats.

They exit the café, their footsteps as they try to cross the street.

Suddenly, the sound of a gunshot echoes from an unknown direction. In a split second, Mokhtar collapses to the ground, his body crumbling as blood flows from his wound.

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

CELIA
(shocked)
Mokhtar?!

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

EXT. STREET - DAY.

Celia stands in the middle of street, her face pale with fear. Her eyes dart in every direction, searching for help.

Her hands tremble as she fumbles to hold her phone and call an ambulance, but fear paralyzes her movements.

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

Near of celia , Said stands anxiously, looking around with a worried expression.

He approaches her, speaking with barely contained anger.

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

Suddenly, another gunshot echoes. This time, the bullet hits Said in the shoulder.

He groans, slowly collapsing to the ground, but before he passes out, he speaks faintly:

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

George quickly runs to Mokhtar, who's lying on the ground.

He grabs his exhausted body and drags him with difficulty behind a nearby garba ge truck, trying to find some cover.

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

On the other side, Agatha crouches near Said, struggling to pull his heavy body toward the same truck.

She looks around in terror, searching for the sniper or any safe shelter.

AGATHA

(frantic)

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

She finally reaches the truck and hides with George behind it.

Everyone sits, tense, their breaths quick, while the sniper remains hidden .

Their eyes scan the area, but no one knows what to do or where to hide any longer.

CUT TO BLACK.