

The Scumbags of Algeria

written by

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EXT./INT. SUNDERLAND AIRPORT - ARRIVAL - DAY.

SUPER: Sunderland Regional Airport - United Kingdom

A gust of cold wind howls across the small tarmac. The sky is dull grey, heavy with clouds.

Rain has recently passed, leaving the ground slick and reflective. The airport is modest, regional—quiet, almost forgotten.

The airplane door opens.

MOHAMED (30) steps out first. Tall, imposing, wrapped in a long black coat, a cigarette burning lazily between his lips.

His eyes scan the surroundings with the calm menace of a man who's seen too much.

Right behind him, REDHA (28) descends casually, stylish in a fitted leather jacket and designer sunglasses.

He chews gum with the nonchalance of someone who knows he's irresistible—and dangerous.

KHALIL and TAHAR (25) follow—identical twins, compact and wiry. Their movements are quick, precise, almost feline.

They nudge each other with mischievous energy, whispering back and forth.

Last off the plane, FOUAD (18) lingers at the door, arms spread wide as he inhales the cold air like it's freedom. His eyes burn with manic excitement.

FOUAD  
(shouting to the skies)  
I'm here, England! Who wants to  
bleed?

A nearby airport staff member glares at him.

Fouad grins like a lunatic and starts skipping down the stairs.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

The five brothers walk together down the narrow corridor toward passport control. Their footsteps echo.

Cold fluorescent lights flicker overhead. Security cameras follow them.

KHALIL  
(grinning)  
Think they'll strip search us?

TAHAR  
(mock serious)  
I hope so. Haven't been touched in days.

REDHA  
(rolling his eyes)  
Disgusting. The two of you are proof that sin comes in small packages.

FOUAD  
(tilting his head, speaking to no one in particular)  
They should search my brain. That's where the real weapons are.

MOHAMED  
(quietly, without turning)  
Save the noise for later. Eyes forward.

They fall silent for a beat—until Fouad breaks into a soft whistle.

Tahar joins in with a low hum, forming a creepy tune.

REDHA  
(to Mohamed)  
Tell me again why we left Algeria?

MOHAMED  
(flatly)  
Because we ran out of room to bury people.

They approach passport control—two lines open, one officer behind a glass booth looking up with suspicion.

KHALIL  
(whispering)  
Bet you a hundred he asks if we're tourists.

TAHAR  
(smirking)  
Nah, I say he goes straight to "random check."

FOUAD  
 (mocking a British accent)  
 "What brings you to our lovely  
 country, sir?"  
 (normal voice, chuckling)  
 Misery.

Mohamed steps forward first and places his passport on the counter.

The officer scans it, then looks at him.

PASSPORT OFFICER  
 Algeria. Business or pleasure?

MOHAMED  
 (without blinking)  
 Let's say... early retirement.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - MOMENTS LATER.

The five brothers step into the small baggage claim area.  
 Fluorescent lights hum above.

A single belt creaks to life as a few modest suitcases begin to roll out.

The atmosphere is quiet. Outside, rain taps gently against the fogged windows.

Mohamed grabs a rugged black suitcase.  
 Redha pulls a designer travel bag, sleek and flashy.

The twins, Khalil and Tahar, carry matching gym duffels—military style.

Fouad, of course, has nothing.

Instead, he clings to Mohamed's leg, wrapping both arms around it like a child as Mohamed drags his suitcase—and Fouad along the floor.

FOUAD  
 (wailing like a child)  
 I want ice cream! I want vanilla!  
 With strawberry syrup and... and...  
 chocolate knives on top!

MOHAMED  
 (dragging him, deadpan)  
 You're eighteen. Walk or I  
 tranquilize you.

FOUAD  
 (sobbing dramatically)  
 My legs betrayed me! My soul is  
 tired! Only sugar can save me now!

KHALIL  
 (laughing)  
 This is what happens when you raise  
 a psycho on soda and crime novels.

TAHAR  
 (grinning)  
 Nah, this is what happens when Mom  
 drops you as a baby... five times.

REDHA  
 (fixing his hair in a  
 mirror)  
 Can we focus, gentlemen? We've just  
 entered a new kingdom... I say we  
 explore it like kings.

The group walks toward the exit, Mohamed still dragging Fouad  
 behind him.

INT. AIRPORT PARKING - MOMENTS LATER.

Rain falls softly. The brothers load their bags into a black  
 rented van. They slide the doors shut.

Inside, they sit in silence for a few moments as the engine  
 starts.

The windshield wipers squeak to life.

REDHA  
 So... new city, new rules.  
 I want a flat in the city centre.  
 High windows. Classy neighbours.  
 A yoga instructor with daddy issues  
 wouldn't hurt either.

TAHAR  
 I want a dojo. A big one. Mirrors  
 on every wall.  
 Somewhere we can train and maybe...  
 break a few bones for fun.

KHALIL  
 (nodding)  
 And a hidden basement. Soundproof.  
 You know... for conversations.

REDHA  
You mean "interrogations."

KHALIL  
No, no. Just friendly chats... with  
pliers.

MOHAMED  
(lighting a cigarette,  
staring through the  
windshield)  
First, we find a place to stay.  
Quiet. Secure.  
Then we learn who owns this city...  
and how deep their blood runs.

REDHA  
Oh, come on. No killing the first  
week, please.

TAHAR  
Just the second?

REDHA  
Deal.

FOUAD suddenly pops his head up from the floor of the van,  
covered in dirt, eyes wide.

FOUAD  
Do they have pink ice cream here?  
And grenades? Maybe grenade-  
flavoured ice cream?

The rest of them groan.

MOHAMED  
(calmly)  
Someone get him sugar before he  
burns down a church.

The van drives off into the misty city.  
A new life awaits... or maybe, just a new battlefield.

INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT (RAIN FALLING OUTSIDE)

The van glides through the wet, empty roads of Sunderland.  
Rain streaks down the windows.

Inside, the atmosphere is tense—but broken by foolish  
chatter.

FOUAD lies across the backseat, chewing on a lollipop, staring at the ceiling.

FOUAD  
(dreamily)  
I don't think it's such a bad idea,  
actually.

REDHA  
(disgusted)  
Says the man who blew up three  
mosques back in Algeria...

KHALIL  
(snaps, turning to Fouad)  
You lunatic. I swear, if you even  
think about—

Suddenly, the van screeches slightly as MOHAMED slams the brake just enough to make everyone jolt.

His hand shoots out like lightning—

He grabs KHALIL by the neck, yanks the side door wide open, and shoves his upper body halfway out over the moving road.

Rain sprays inside. Wind howls. The van doesn't stop.

TAHAR gasps.

REDHA freezes.

FOUAD sits up, blinking, as if suddenly watching a movie.

KHALIL flails, his face panicked.

MOHAMED's face is stone. Eyes blazing. Cigarette still burning in his lips.

MOHAMED  
(cold, furious)  
You speak to him like that again...  
you speak without thinking again...  
and next time, you won't hang  
halfway. You'll fall. Understand?

KHALIL  
(choking)  
I'm... I'm sorry! Wallah! I didn't  
mean it—he's my brother too!  
Please, Mohamed...

Mohamed pulls him back inside—roughly. Shuts the door.

The van returns to silence, except for the soft sound of Fouad slurping his candy.

Everyone stares at Mohamed. Even Redha lowers his eyes.

Mohamed throws his cigarette out the window.

MOHAMED

(stern, voice low)

There's no difference between you  
in my eyes.

All of you... are my brothers.

Except Fouad.

Everyone looks at Fouad. His eyes widen.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

(voice breaking slightly)

He's not just a brother.

He's the son I never had.

Silence. Heavy.

FOUAD's face collapses.

He starts crying like a child—ugly, loud, ridiculous sobbing.

FOUAD

(sniffling, crawling  
toward Mohamed)

Baba... Baba Mohamed... I love you! I  
love you more than oxygen and C4!

(hugging him tightly)

You're my real dad! My blood dad!

Screw biology!

Mohamed hesitates... then hugs him.

The others exchange glances—surprised. Moved. Even Redha  
smiles faintly.

A beat.

FOUAD (CONT'D)

(still sobbing, then  
suddenly perking up)

I swear... I'll never blow up a  
mosque and church again!

They all groan.

FOUAD (CONT'D)

(grinning through tears)

I'll blow up a cathedral instead.

Everyone bursts into laughter. Even Mohamed lets out a low,  
tired chuckle.



EXT./INT. THE HOUSE - BISHOPWEARMOUTH DISTRICT - NIGHT.

SUPER: Bishopwearmouth District - Sunderland

A grey van pulls up in front of a modest detached house on a quiet, tree-lined street.

The houses here are small but neat, American-style - short front lawns, identical driveways, tiled roofs, and tiny porches with old mailboxes. It feels peaceful. Almost too peaceful.

REDHA  
(stepping out)  
Not bad. Looks like a retired  
serial killer lives here.

KHALIL  
(checking the mailbox)  
Or a librarian with bodies in the  
basement.

TAHAR  
(smirking)  
Or both.

Mohamed exits last, holding a large black duffel bag.

He stands in silence, scanning the house as if evaluating its weaknesses.

MOHAMED  
(quietly)  
Fence too low. One window needs  
bars.  
Neighbours are too close... but it'll  
do.

FOUAD runs onto the front lawn, spinning in the grass like a child.

FOUAD  
Look! It has a door! A real door!  
We're not homeless anymore!

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUES.

The door creaks open.

The inside is small but warm. Beige walls, wooden floors, a brown leather sofa, dusty curtains.

A narrow staircase leads up. The air smells like old tea and forgotten books.

There are three bedrooms upstairs, one small office, a shared bathroom, and a kitchen with faded tiles.

REDHA

(smiling)

Finally... a place with a roof and no bullet holes.

KHALIL

I call the room with the window facing the neighbour's garden.

TAHAR

I want the one near the bathroom. Just in case I get ideas.

REDHA

I'll take the one with the most mirrors.

Everyone starts claiming rooms.

Mohamed places his bag near the living room sofa and quietly sits down.

MOHAMED

(softly)

I'll sleep here. The couch is enough.

The others stop. Exchange looks.

REDHA

Wait. No. You're not sleeping on the couch like some old dog.

KHALIL

You're the boss. The couch is for useless little clowns... like Tahar.

TAHAR

(mock offended)

Excuse me?! I'm a professional clown!

FOUAD

(dramatically falling on his knees)

Father! Master! Legend! You deserve the biggest room... with a throne!

REDHA grabs Mohamed's bag and heads upstairs.

REDHA  
You're taking the master bedroom.  
End of discussion.

KHALIL  
(to Mohamed)  
You fed us, fought for us, killed  
for us...  
At least take a decent mattress.

TAHAR  
(grinning)  
And a working toilet.

Mohamed stares at them all... touched, though he doesn't show it easily.

MOHAMED  
(low voice)  
You're idiots.

FOUAD  
(smiling through tears)  
But we're your idiots.

They all laugh. The tension breaks. For once, they feel... home.

INT. HOUSE - MOHAMED'S ROOM - MOMENT LATER.

A simple room: one bed, one lamp, one window overlooking the quiet street.

Mohamed stands by the window, cigarette in hand.

He watches the others argue downstairs over dinner, voices echoing through the house.

He doesn't smile... but his eyes soften.  
A silent nod of peace.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING.

SUPER: The Next Morning

Sunlight filters in through the old kitchen window.

Birds chirp faintly outside. Inside, Mohamed stands at the stove in a white T-shirt, frying eggs with military precision. He has toast in the oven, tea steeping, and a kettle whistling gently.

The kitchen smells of butter, mint, and fried onions.

The table is set. Four plates, four cups. Napkins folded neatly.

TAHAR, KHALIL, and FOUAD sit around the small wooden table, still half-asleep, hair messy, yawning between bites.

KHALIL

(mouth full)

You made breakfast? What are we—  
normal now?

TAHAR

(smirking)

Next thing you know he's knitting  
sweaters.

FOUAD

(stuffing his mouth with  
eggs)

I'd wear it. If he knits it with  
C4.

MOHAMED

(quiet but firm)

Eat. Don't speak.

They go silent... obedient like schoolboys.

Mohamed places the teapot on the table. He notices the empty seat.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

(looking around)

Where's Redha?

Sudden stillness.

The twins glance at each other. Nobody answers.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

(again, firmer)

I said — where's Redha?

TAHAR takes a slow sip of tea.

KHALIL pretends to butter a second slice of bread he won't eat.

FOUAD freezes mid-bite... then swallows loudly.

A beat.

FOUAD  
(blurting out,  
obliviously)  
He brought a girl last night!

All heads turn toward him Khalil and Tahar in panic.

FOUAD (CONT'D)  
(innocently)  
I heard the door open after I  
passed out in the hallway. I saw  
high heels.  
He said, and I quote:  
"Tonight... she'll taste the pain  
of passion."

TAHAR  
(whispers harshly)  
You little traitor!

KHALIL  
He's gonna kill us all. He's gonna  
start with you.

MOHAMED  
(raising an eyebrow)  
A girl?

He sighs... pinches the bridge of his nose.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)  
(low, annoyed)  
We've been here less than 24 hours.  
We don't even have curtains.

FOUAD  
(cheerfully)  
I covered the window with a towel.  
You're welcome.

MOHAMED  
(muttering)  
I should've left him in Algiers  
with the snakes.

They continue eating in silence.

From upstairs, faint feminine giggling is heard.

The brothers all freeze.

FOUAD  
(smirking proudly)  
See? Told you. Passion and pain.  
Told you.

ZOOM TO: MOHAMED'S FACE

A long, deep inhale. His jaw clenches.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE / LIVING ROOM MORNING.

The sunlight now fills the modest home. Dishes are half-finished, tea still warm. The brothers sit around the table - except Redha.

Suddenly-footsteps on the stairs.

REDHA descends in a white tank top and short silk boxers, whistling.

Behind him, a gorgeous blonde woman, half-dressed, wearing only a long oversized shirt, follows him down with sleepy eyes and a coy smile.

As she reaches the last step, Redha playfully slaps her on the butt.

REDHA  
Last night was unforgettable.  
So is your ass.

She gasps with a giggle and moves in to kiss him.

Suddenly - WHOOSH!

Three knives fly across the room, landing in the wall inches from her face.

REDHA instantly grabs her waist and gently pulls her aside - one blade cuts clean through his shirt, pinning it to the wall behind him.

She screams.

GIRL  
(terrified)  
What the hell was that?! Who are  
you people?!

REDHA brushes her hair back, completely calm.

REDHA  
 My golden one... go upstairs.  
 Put something on.  
 Wait in my room.

GIRL  
 (frantic)  
 What about you?! They're going to  
 kill you!

REDHA  
 (smiling)  
 Kill me? No. Maybe beat me to a  
 bloody pulp...  
 But kill me?  
 Come on. I'm their favourite  
 disaster.

She runs upstairs. The knives still tremble in the wall.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

TAHAR and KHALIL are already on their feet, faces burning  
 with fury.

FOUAD throws a plate to the ground, shattering it.

FOUAD  
 (screaming)  
 She's NAKED! SHE'S NAKED!  
 I SAW HER BOOB!  
 HER LEFT ONE!! IT LOOKED AT ME!!

He leaps onto the table and stomps like a monkey on fire.

FOUAD (CONT'D)  
 I NEED HOLY WATER!! AND THERAPY!!  
 NUNS, BROTHER! IMAM!!

KHALIL grabs Redha by the collar.

TAHAR puts a pistol to his neck.

KHALIL  
 (furious)  
 Are you out of your mind?! Bringing  
 a girl here?!

TAHAR  
 What if she's wired? What if she's  
 a cop?  
 What if she saw anything?

REDHA  
(calm, smirking)  
I made her scream all night. She  
didn't hear a thing.

KHALIL  
This isn't funny, Redha. You're  
risking everything.

Redha raises his hands mockingly, as if surrendering to children.

ANGLE ON MOHAMED

Mohamed sits in silence on a wooden chair in the corner.

A cup of untouched tea before him. His eyes are fixed on Redha. Silent. Dark. Boiling.

TAHAR, KHALIL, and FOUAD look toward Mohamed, waiting.

The pistol remains at Redha's neck.

A long, tense silence.

REDHA, still smirking, breaks it first.

REDHA  
(sarcastic)  
What now?  
Gonna execute me in the kitchen?  
With breakfast still on the table?

he looks around, eyes full of mischief.

REDHA (CONT'D)  
Let me guess... one of you yells "Do  
it!"  
And then Mohamed gives The Nod.

He chuckles — even with the gun pressed against his throat.

REDHA (CONT'D)  
Honestly... if I die here, at least  
I die as I lived:  
Half-naked. And still smug.

Mohamed doesn't move. He just exhales slowly, his jaw tight.

The silence is heavy.

Redha stands with a gun still at his neck.



Khalil and Tahar waiting.  
Mohamed still seated, unmoving... then- He stands. Slowly.

His expression is unreadable.  
He takes one look at his brothers. All of them.

MOHAMED  
(soft but sharp)  
Put the gun down.

Tahar obeys instantly. Khalil releases Redha's shirt.

Redha brushes off his shoulders, still trying to act cool-but  
now sweating.

Mohamed walks slowly to the centre of the room.

He looks at them... one by one.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)  
(voice low, broken)  
I can't do this anymore.  
I tried. I gave everything I had.  
I raised you with what little sense  
I had left...

He looks directly at Redha.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)  
I thought I could change you.  
I thought... we could build something  
real here.  
But I failed.  
(beat)  
I failed to raise you.  
I failed to protect you.  
I failed to change you.  
(voice cracks)  
I've failed. As a brother... as your  
father.

They all freeze. No one dares speak.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)  
I'm leaving.  
Do whatever you want.  
You're all adults now.

He starts walking to the door.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)  
Enjoy your freedom. It's all you  
ever wanted.

He reaches the door, opens it slowly.  
Rain still falling outside. A soft wind enters.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)  
(without turning)  
May Allah protect you.  
Because I won't be here to do it  
anymore.

He closes the door behind him.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Silence.

The sound of the rain outside fills the room.

TAHAR  
(whispers)  
He's serious... he left.

KHALIL  
(to Redha, furious)  
This is your fault.

TAHAR  
You just had to bring a girl! Like  
we're on vacation!

REDHA  
(defensive)  
Oh, so I'm the only one who ever  
screws up, huh?

They start shouting over each other, pushing and blaming. The  
tension explodes.

ANGLE ON FOUAD - SITTING ON THE FLOOR

He hugs Mohamed's empty wooden chair, rocking gently, eyes  
full of tears.

FOUAD  
(whispering to the chair)  
Don't go, Baba... please don't go...

He starts crying harder, pressing his cheek to the seat as if  
it were Mohamed's lap.

FOUAD (CONT'D)  
(broken voice)  
I'll be good. I swear. I'll never  
scream again. I'll eat broccoli.  
(MORE)

FOUAD (CONT'D)  
 I'll stop stabbing things.  
 I'll stop watching people sleep...

He tightens his hug.

FOUAD (CONT'D)  
 (softly, eyes closed)  
 You're all I have, Papa.  
 If you leave me... I'll disappear.  
 I'll turn into dust.

He sniffs.

FOUAD (CONT'D)  
 (still to the chair)  
 I don't care if you hit me. Or yell  
 at me.  
 Just... don't leave me.  
 I'll die without you.

He breaks into sobbing again.

The rest of the brothers fall quiet.

The weight of their guilt sinks in... And no one laughs  
 anymore.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - MOVING CAR

SUPER: Somewhere in Sunderland - 10:47 PM

TAHAR and KHALIL cruise slowly through empty streets, the  
 city bathed in yellow streetlight.

Their old van hums low, passing by shops, closed cafés, and  
 the rare drunk pedestrian.

TAHAR  
 (driving, eyes scanning)  
 Maybe he's in a strip club... or a  
 bar. Getting blackout drunk.

Khalil rolls his eyes and lightly smacks Tahar on the back of  
 the head.

KHALIL  
 Idiot. This isn't Redha we're  
 looking for.  
 Mohamed might not be a saint, but  
 he respects God's rules.

TAHAR  
 (rubbing his head)  
 Yeah, yeah. You're right.  
 Don't tell anyone I said that.

They fall silent as they pass a group of rough-looking men near a corner.

KHALIL  
 (lowering his window slightly)  
 He could be somewhere quiet.  
 Watching. Thinking.  
 That's Mohamed.  
 A storm inside... and silence outside.

TAHAR  
 (sincerely)  
 I just hope he hasn't left the city.

INT. HOUSE - MOHAMED'S ROOM - CONTINUES.

Soft lighting.  
 Fouad lies curled up on Mohamed's bed, arms wrapped tightly around Mohamed's wooden chair as if it were a teddy bear.

His chest rises and falls slowly — he's asleep, but holding the chair like it's the only thing keeping him alive.

REDHA sits at the edge of the bed.

Next to him, EMILY — still wearing an oversized shirt, her blonde hair tied loosely. She's watching Fouad in confusion.

EMILY  
 (whispering)  
 Redha, baby... I get that he's close to your older brother, but...  
 Why is he hugging a chair?

REDHA  
 (quietly, almost sincerely)  
 Because after Mohamed left, he needed something to hold on to.  
 That chair... it's the last thing Mohamed touched before he walked out.

He leans over and kisses her softly on the cheek.

REDHA (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
You never told me your name.

EMILY  
(gently)  
Emily. My name's Emily.

Redha grins as his fingers trace along her neck down to her chest, smooth and shameless.

REDHA  
A beautiful name... for a beautiful owner.

EMILY  
(smirking, playful)  
You're bad.

REDHA  
(leaning closer)  
Are you rich?

EMILY  
(without blinking)  
Yes. Why?

He kisses her lips – slow, seductive.

REDHA  
Then all your businesses... are royal.

EMILY  
(pressing into him)  
He's asleep.  
And I still remember the lesson you taught me last night.

REDHA  
(grinning)  
It would be my honour... to repeat the syllabus.

He lifts her up in his arms as she giggles.

REDHA (CONT'D)  
Come, my queen.

They sneak out of the room, leaving Fouad still clinging to the chair like a child afraid of being left behind.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR / HALLWAY - NIGHT

The front door creaks open.

TAHAR and KHALIL step inside, wet from the drizzle, their jackets damp, faces tired.

TAHAR  
(removing jacket, annoyed)  
Three bloody hours...  
No sign. Not even a shadow.

KHALIL  
(sighs, removing his shoes)  
He's not in the usual places. Not in the alleys. Not near the old docks.  
Nothing.

They pause. The house is oddly quiet – too quiet.

TAHAR  
(suspicious)  
Why is it so quiet?

KHALIL  
(darkly)  
Probably because Redha's finally got what he wants...

They exchange a knowing, disappointed look.

INT. HOUSE - REDHA'S ROOM, - CONTINUES.

The room is dim. Only a single warm lamp glows.

REDHA and EMILY lie under the covers, wrapped in each other's arms.

Their bodies hidden beneath the bedsheets, bare shoulders and kisses exchanged slowly.

EMILY  
(smiling, dreamy)  
You're different from the others I've been with.

REDHA  
(softly)  
I better be.  
I don't date. I haunt.

EMILY  
(playful)  
And yet you kissed me like I was  
the only woman in the world.

REDHA  
That's because... in that moment, you  
were.

He brushes her hair from her face and kisses her again, slow  
and deep.

Their bodies shift beneath the sheets.

She lays her head on his chest.

EMILY  
What are you thinking about?

REDHA  
(gazing at the ceiling)  
About how good you feel.  
And how empty everything else does.

She closes her eyes, smiling.

EMILY  
Then don't let go of me.

REDHA  
I won't.  
Not tonight.

INT. HOUSE - MOHAMED'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER.

TAHAR and KHALIL enter the room.

The bed is empty.

But something's... off.

TAHAR  
(frowning)  
Wait... where's Fouad?

They step forward. The bed is untouched — but the wooden  
chair is sitting perfectly on top of the mattress, where  
Fouad was last seen sleeping.

Pinned to the back of the chair... is a piece of paper,  
handwritten in Arabic.

CLOSE-UP - THE NOTE:

إذا تركتم أبي... أنتم لستم عائلتي"  
 "سأبحث عنه... أو لن أعود أبداً"

(If you abandon my father... you're not my family.  
 I will search for him... or I will never return.)

TAHAR slowly takes the note, his eyes wide.

TAHAR  
 (voice shaking)  
 He's gone...

KHALIL  
 (looking around, stunned)  
 No... no, no. He wouldn't leave  
 alone. He's just a kid.

TAHAR  
 (quiet, scared)  
 Where did he go...?

KHALIL  
 I don't know. But if something  
 happens to him—  
 (voice lowers)  
 Mohamed will never forgive us.

They both stand still, afraid. The note trembles in Tahar's hand.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE MOHAMED'S ROOM - NIGHT

TAHAR pacing like a madman, breathing heavily.

KHALIL stands still, holding the Arabic note from Fouad.

TAHAR  
 (shouting, furious)  
 Where the hell is Redha?! By the  
 Kaaba, I swear to God—!

KHALIL  
 (coldly)  
 He was supposed to guard Fouad.

TAHAR  
 (dark)  
 He's probably with that whore.  
 Playing Romeo on drugs.

KHALIL  
 I'll kill him. Slowly.



TAHAR

Where is he? That pervert would  
screw a cloud if it looked soft  
enough.

KHALIL

He could go all day. And all night.  
Like a demon possessed.

TAHAR

Then let's remind him... who the hell  
the cursed twins are.

KHALIL

I'm right behind you, brother.

TAHAR pulls out a black Glock and cracks his neck like a man  
possessed by the devil.

KHALIL follows, pulling out a silver Beretta 92FS and  
unsheathing a long, sleek razor-edged sword – beautifully  
forged, slightly curved, worn on his back.

INT. HOUSE - REDHA'S ROOM CONTINUOUS

REDHA lies lazily on top of EMILY, shirtless and grinning,  
while she giggles beneath him.

Her hair is wild, the sheets messy. Her fingers trace the  
tattoo on his back.

EMILY

(whispers)  
You're... something else.

REDHA

(softly)  
I've lost everything before, Emily.  
I was alone. Broken. Rotting from  
the inside.

EMILY

(stroking his cheek)  
But you don't seem broken.

REDHA

I was. Until he found me.  
Mohamed.  
He picked me up from the gutter.  
Fed me. Beat sense into me.  
Taught me how to kill like a king  
and walk like a man.

EMILY  
(genuinely)  
You talk about him like he's your  
father.

REDHA  
He's more than that. He's the piece  
of God I never deserved.

She gazes into his eyes. For once, Redha looks almost...  
vulnerable.

EMILY  
I think I like you, Redha.  
Not the charming devil you pretend  
to be...  
But this man underneath.

He smiles slightly. His fingers stroke her lips.

REDHA  
Careful, Emily...  
That kind of talk might make me  
fall for you.

BANG!

The door explodes open with a violent kick.

TAHAR storms in, gun aimed, eyes on fire. KHALIL follows,  
sword gleaming in the low light, gun drawn.

TAHAR  
(screaming)  
GET OFF HER, YOU CURSED DOG!

KHALIL  
We warned you, Redha. Now we show  
you what family really means.

EMILY shrieks in terror, pulling the sheet over her chest,  
crawling back in fear.

REDHA doesn't flinch.

He slowly reaches to the nightstand... and reveals a chrome-  
plated Desert Eagle already aimed at their heads.

REDHA  
(grinning, eyes wild)  
You kick my door while I'm busy  
praying?  
Shame on you.

TAHAR  
This isn't funny, Redha.

KHALIL  
Fouad is gone. You were supposed to guard him.

EMILY  
(crying)  
What is going on?! Are you all criminals?!

REDHA  
(not looking at her)  
Emily, darling.. this is just Tuesday.

He locks eyes with his brothers.

REDHA (CONT'D)  
(calmly)  
You can pull the trigger if you want.  
But make sure the bullet's worth my smile.

They stand off – guns raised, hearts pounding.

The room is silent... except for the sound of Emily softly weeping.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE NIGHT

SUPER: Sunderland - 1:16 AM

The rain has stopped, but the pavement still glistens under dim streetlights.

FOUAD, soaked in a hoodie too big for him, wanders down a narrow, empty street.

His face is wet – from tears or rain, hard to tell.

His lips tremble as he shouts into the night.

FOUAD  
(yelling)  
MOHAMED!!  
MOHAMED, PLEASE COME BACK!  
I'M SORRY!

He stumbles past closed shops, neon flickering in windows, drunk people laughing in the distance.

A dog barks. A siren echoes faintly.

FOUAD (CONT'D)  
(breathless, desperate)  
I'll be good! I'll never bring  
knives to breakfast again!  
I'll listen! I'll eat vegetables!  
JUST PLEASE COME BACK, BABA!!

He crosses a street without looking.

SFX: SCREEECH-THUD!!

A car slams into him.

His small body is lifted, twisted, then crashes hard onto the wet asphalt.  
He doesn't move.

The street falls dead silent.

EXT. SAME STREET - CONTINUES.

Headlights from a second car slowly illuminate the scene.

A luxury black vehicle pulls up beside the body.

The engine hums, sleek and smooth.

The passenger door opens, and from the shadowy interior steps out a mysterious woman:

Tall, elegant, radiant.

Golden-blond hair that cascades in loose waves.

Emerald green eyes that shine like glass under the moon.

Petite frame, dressed in a long black coat and high boots.

Her face is calm, unreadable.

She kneels next to Fouad's motionless body, gently brushes the hair from his face.

No panic. No fear. Almost... affection.

SARAH  
(softly, to herself)  
So... you're the one he spoke  
about.

She lifts him with surprising ease for her size, and carries him to her car.

She places him carefully in the back seat.

Closes the door.

Steps in.

Starts the engine.

The vehicle drives off into the dark city.

EXT. THE BEACH -MORNING.

A vast, quiet stretch of sand and stone under a pale sunrise.

MOHAMED sits alone on an old sofa, its cushions worn but comfortable.

Beside him, a small metal stool holds a steaming mug of coffee, a tin ashtray, and a burning cigarette.

He reads a book silently.

CLOSE-UP - BOOK TITLE:

"How to Be a Good Father and Raise Decent Children."

He turns a page.

Sips coffee.

Inhales smoke.

Silence.

Suddenly - footsteps approach from behind.

A woman in her late 20s, slightly tall, modestly attractive, with a sly smile on her lips, walks up.

BETHANY

(teasing)

You look like a married man.

MOHAMED

(flatly, without looking  
up)

I don't have time for that.

BETHANY

(smirking)

Oh? Then what's with the book?  
Are you a single father?

MOHAMED

(calm, flipping a page)

Just a sinner trying to repent.

BETHANY

Don't you want a family?

MOHAMED

I have a family.  
I just don't have a wife.

BETHANY

What if I told you I can find you  
one — just like you?

MOHAMED

(without emotion)

No thank you.

BETHANY

(leans in)

Give me your number.

MOHAMED

No, no.

She smile fades — suddenly pulls a pistol and presses it to his neck.

BETHANY

Let me rephrase that.  
Give me your phone.

MOHAMED

(still calm, eyes forward)

As you wish.

He slowly hands her the phone... tap her phone number and call herself.

Then leans back and speaks flatly:

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

But be gentle.  
You've got C4 strapped to your ass.

BETHANY freezes.

She looks down at the phone, pauses...

Then glances behind her—eyes wide.

Her hand slowly reaches behind her...

She feels it.

Strapped beneath her coat, at the base of her back... a block of C4.

BETHANY

(shocked)

When...?

I didn't feel it...

MOHAMED lifts his hand — holding a small, silver remote detonator.

MOHAMED

Like I said...

Just a sinner trying to redeem himself.

She exhales, amazed, and hands him back the C4.

BETHANY

(handing it over,  
smirking)

You're an interesting man.

I'll be seeing you again, darling.

She turns and walks off, disappearing into the dust.

MOHAMED sets the C4 beside the ashtray, picks up his cigarette, and takes a drag.

Then opens his book... And keeps reading.

EXT. THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The sand is still.

The smoke from Mohamed's cigarette rises gently into the cold morning air.

Suddenly — his phone rings.

SCREEN:

Incoming Call: Unknown Number

He stares at it for a second, then answers.

MOHAMED

Hello?

A soft, respectful female voice responds.

SARAH (V.O.)

Hello, Mohamed.

MOHAMED

(calmly)

Yes, speaking.

SARAH (V.O.)

It's an honour to finally speak with you.

You're a legend. Truly. Even my father is a fan – and trust me, he doesn't like anyone, especially Algerians.

MOHAMED

(quiet smile)

That life... I left it behind.

SARAH (V.O.)

He always said your legacy reached far beyond Algeria.  
Especially in... darker circles.

MOHAMED

(lighting a cigarette,  
exhaling smoke)

That life ends in only two ways –  
prison... or death.  
Now tell me, what's the real reason  
you called?

A beat. Her tone grows heavy.

SARAH (V.O.)

I wish I didn't have to say this...  
One of your... adopted children has  
been hurt.  
Badly.

Mohamed freezes.

MOHAMED

(narrowing eyes)

Please...  
Don't tell me it's who I'm thinking  
of.



SARAH (V.O.)  
I'm sorry.  
It's the youngest one.

His eyes go wide.

Cigarette falls from his fingers, forgotten.

MOHAMED  
(furious, rising)  
No... If he dies – I'll burn this  
whole city to the ground.

SARAH (V.O.)  
Please.  
Come to me. We'll talk. You need to  
see him.

MOHAMED  
Where?

SARAH (V.O.)  
My father's house.  
You know it... George.

Mohamed squints, instantly recognising the name.

MOHAMED  
The Blind Crow...

SARAH (V.O.)  
(impressed)  
Only a few know that name.  
Only legends.

A pause. Mohamed breathes deeply, rage and sorrow colliding  
in his chest.

MOHAMED  
I'll be there soon.  
My daughter... can I ask you a  
favour?

SARAH (V.O.)  
Of course. You're like a father to  
me too.

MOHAMED  
Bring the others.  
All of them.  
We meet at your place.

SARAH (V.O.)  
Consider it done.

He ends the call.

Picks up his book.

Places it gently on the stool.

Crushes his cigarette under his heel.

Then, in silence – he walks off into the wind.

INT. GEORGE'S VILLA - LARGE PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, decorated in Victorian-gothic style.

Dark green walls, antique furniture, hunting trophies on the walls, a massive chandelier hanging low, and thick carpets muffling every step.

At the center of the room, a modern hospital bed feels like an alien element in this old-world setting.

FOUAD lies unconscious, hooked to oxygen and a set of medical machines that beep softly.

At his bedside stands GEORGE, a tall, elegant British man in his sixties with a scar across his face shaped like an "M".

Next to him stands Sarah, his daughter, hands behind her back, looking at Fouad with a curious glint.

GEORGE  
(quietly)  
Who is this boy?

SARAH  
Just... a surprise. He was hit by a car.

GEORGE  
And you brought him here? Why?

Before she can answer, the door bursts open.

TAHAR and KHALIL charge in, eyes wide the moment they see Fouad.

They draw their pistols in unison.

TAHAR  
(yelling)  
FO-UAD?! What the hell did you do to him?!

KHALIL  
 (furious)  
 I'll kill you! I swear, I'll gut  
 you alive!

GEORGE  
 (calm, cold)  
 Threatening me... without even  
 knowing who I am?

Before things escalate.

REDHA walks in shirtless, carrying EMILY in his arms, kissing  
 her neck as she giggles.

REDHA  
 (to her)  
 You taste better than sin, habibti.

EMILY  
 (laughing)  
 You're the devil, I swear.

He glances at Fouad and suddenly shifts expression – from  
 playful to enraged.

He gently places Emily over his shoulder and draws his  
 pistol.

REDHA  
 (to George)  
 Someone's about to taste pain.

He turns to Sara, grinning.

REDHA (CONT'D)  
 Except you, sugar.  
 Your pain's gonna be... delicious.

Suddenly, Emily SMACKS Redha across the back of the head.

EMILY  
 Do that and I'll tell your daddy  
 Mohamed to hang you.

REDHA  
 (laughing)  
 Relax! I'm joking..

Suddenly George's face changes. His eyes twitch.

GEORGE  
 Wait...  
 "Daddy"...?  
 (MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Who the hell is this Mohamed you're  
all terrified of?

SARAH  
(dead serious)  
The man you always talk about.  
The one you feared in the French  
job.

GEORGE  
(realisation dawning)  
No... The Black Serpent of Algeria?

SARAH  
Yes.  
He's on his way.  
And these are his sons.

George goes pale. His hand reaches instinctively to his scar  
— the M carved into his cheek.

GEORGE  
Oh God...  
You hit his son...  
And kidnapped the rest.

SARAH giggles wildly, spinning in place.

SARA  
I think I'll keep this one.  
He's cute.

GEORGE  
(terrified)  
SARAH.  
What have you done?

She walks toward Fouad, gently stroking his hair.

SARAH  
This one's mine now.  
He sleeps in my room.

George grabs his hair, nearly pulling it out.

GEORGE  
You're insane.  
Absolutely insane.

Suddenly, static crackles through a walkie-talkie on the  
table.

BODYGUARD (V.O.)  
 Sir George! We need backup! There's  
 a figure approaching—  
 HE'S SLAUGHTERING US LIKE SHEEP—!

Silence.

George turns to stone.

GEORGE  
 He's here.

REDHA, still holding Emily, gives her a kiss.

REDHA  
 You're stunning.

EMILY  
 And you're insane.

KHALIL  
 We're dead.

TAHAR  
 Yeah.  
 And he's still flirting..

GEORGE  
 (panicking)  
 What do I do?! What do I do?!

BOOM! DOOR KICKS OPEN!

A body flies across the floor — a dead guard.

MOHAMED steps through the smoke.

He wears a black combat suit, marked on the chest with a  
 silver serpent coiled around a crying baby's mask.

His face is covered in the same eerie crying child mask —  
 white porcelain with a crack under the left eye.

The room goes silent.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 No... No...  
 The Mask of Death.

KHALIL and TAHAR collapse into each other's arms.

KHALIL  
 I love you, brother. I'm not ready to die.

TAHAR  
We're already dead.

REDHA shivers, lowers Emily to the ground, and hides behind her.

REDHA  
I was planning to marry you, I swear.  
But now... I'm gonna die virgin again.

EMILY  
(terrified)  
Who IS he?!

REDHA  
That's our father.  
And older brother.  
Mohamed.

EMILY  
(shaking)  
Why is he wearing a mask?

GEORGE  
Because he only wears it...  
when he's going to kill.

MOHAMED slowly raises his hand.

He speaks with calm, deep, emotionless voice:

MOHAMED  
All of you.  
Face the wall.  
Sit down.  
Hands behind your back.

Without hesitation... they all obey.

Like soldiers.

Like children.

Like sinners facing judgement.

They sit.

They tremble.

Only Fouad remains still – breathing.

The atmosphere is tense.

Silence.

The only sound is the beep of Fouad's heart monitor from the adjacent room.

MOHAMED, still wearing the mask of the crying child and the black serpent suit, stands at the center.

GEORGE trembles, arms raised slightly, trying to speak.

GEORGE  
M-Mohamed... Black Serpent... wait.  
This is all a misunderstanding.  
Please—

BANG!

A single bullet fires from Mohamed's gun — missing George's ear by a whisper.

George falls back, hand to his bleeding earlobe.

MOHAMED  
(calm, cold)  
You know I never miss.

George steps aside silently, swallowing his fear.

GEORGE  
I know.

Mohamed walks toward his sons.

MOHAMED  
Who was in charge of watching him?

TAHAR and KHALIL freeze.

TAHAR  
(panicked)  
It... it was... it was Redha!

KHALIL  
He was with a girl! Ask her! Ask  
his *girlfriend*!

Without turning, Mohamed addresses behind him:

MOHAMED  
My daughter.  
Is that true?

Before EMILY can speak, REDHA interrupts, frustrated.

REDHA  
I'm not his babysitter!

In a flash, Mohamed GRABS REDHA BY THE NECK with one hand and SHOVES the gun barrel into his mouth.

TAHAR and KHALIL crawl under the hospital bed in fear.

MOHAMED  
(deadly quiet)  
You think you've grown enough to  
talk back?

MOHAMED (CONT'D)  
Have you forgotten who killed a  
whole police station because you  
were caught with a joint?

Radha doesn't answer — he just lowers his eyes.

Mohamed pulls the gun out.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)  
The Black Serpent...  
doesn't give second chances.  
Ask the Blind Crow.  
He knows what I am.

GEORGE  
(pained, covering his  
scar)  
Please don't say that name again...  
And yes. It's true.

REDHA  
(desperate)  
I'm sorry. I'll do anything.  
I'll even give up sex! Just Emily,  
only Emily!

EMILY  
(angrily)  
You'd better.

George gestures to her — a subtle warning.  
She changes tone immediately.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I mean...  
You'd better — so we can make your  
big brother proud.

Mohamed lets him go.



MOHAMED

If he wakes up...  
You get a second chance.  
If he dies —  
you follow him.

He turns to the door.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

George... I need a favour.  
(pausing)  
You have 48 hours to find who's  
behind the attack.

He steps close. Deadly serious.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

Or I'll finish what I started in  
France.  
You remember Marseille?

GEORGE

(shaken)  
Of course. Of course. I'll assign  
my best men.  
And... my daughter will help you.

BODYGUARD

Understood, sir.

MOHAMED

We stay here...  
Until I finish this.

GEORGE

Finish what?

Mohamed stops at the doorway.

MOHAMED

I have a feeling...  
The person behind this is another  
*Maurice*.

GEORGE freezes. He goes pale.

GEORGE

You're not thinking of restarting  
that nightmare.

MOHAMED

If I'm right...  
I'll clean this city like I cleaned  
Marseille.

He exits.

GEORGE  
(to a guard)  
Give them rooms.

INT. GEORGE'S VILLA - LARGE PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS  
LATER.

The group disperses. Everyone's rattled.  
Radha is silent, holding Emily tightly.

EMILY  
(concerned)  
Are you okay?

REDHA  
I was almost a corpse...  
With a hard-on.

TAHAR and KHALIL crawl out from under the bed.

KHALIL  
Did we die?

TAHAR  
I think we're ghosts.  
Let's not talk. Maybe he'll forget  
us.

Sarah steps forward, dreamy-eyed.

SARAH  
Oh!  
I forgot to ask him...  
If I can keep the boy!

She dashes off into the hallway.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Daddy Mohamed! Wait!

GEORGE is left alone in the hall, staring into the darkness.

GEORGE  
(to himself)  
I've opened the gates of hell.  
And we're all going to burn.

FADE OUT.