

The Scumbags of Algeria Episode 01:
Exile

Written by

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EXT. SUNDERLAND REGIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER: Sunderland Regional Airport - United Kingdom

A gust of cold wind sweeps across the small tarmac. The sky hangs low and grey, heavy with rain-soaked clouds. The ground glistens - slick, reflective.

The airport is modest. Regional. Quiet. Almost forgotten.

The aircraft door CREAKS open.

MOHAMED (30) steps out first. Tall. Imposing. Wrapped in a long black coat. A cigarette burns lazily between his lips.

His eyes scan the surroundings - calm, unreadable... dangerous.

Behind him comes REDHA (28). Stylish. Fitted leather jacket. Designer sunglasses. Chewing gum like he owns the runway.

Next - KHALIL and TAHAR (25). Identical twins. Compact. Wiry. Precise in their movements. They nudge each other, whispering, restless energy between them.

Last off the plane -FOUAD (18).

He lingers at the doorway.

Arms spread wide.

He inhales the cold air like it's oxygen after drowning.

His eyes burn with manic excitement.

FOUAD
(shouting to the sky)
Im here, England!
Who wants to bleed?

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Fouad leans toward the glass, mocking a British accent.

FOUAD
(posh accent)
"What brings you to our lovely
country, sir?"

He drops the accent. Smirks.

FOUAD (CONT'D)
Misery.

Mohamed steps forward. Places his passport down.

The OFFICER scans it. Looks up.

PASSPORT OFFICER
Algeria. Business or pleasure?

MOHAMED
(without blinking)
Let's call it... early retirement.

The officer studies him a second too long.

Stamp.

They move on.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - MOMENTS LATER

A single conveyor belt rattles to life.

Rain taps against fogged windows.

Mohamed lifts a rugged black suitcase.

Redha pulls a sleek designer travel bag.

Khalil and Tahar carry matching military-style duffels.

Fouad carries nothing.

Instead He suddenly wraps both arms around Mohamed's leg.

Mohamed keeps walking.

Dragging him.

FOUAD
(wailing theatrically)
I want ice cream! Vanilla!
Strawberry syrup- And chocolate
knives on top!

MOHAMED
(deadpan, still walking)
You're eighteen. Walk. Or I sedate
you.

FOUAD
(dramatic sob)
My legs betrayed me.
My soul is tired.
Only sugar can save me.

KHALIL

(laughing)

This is what happens when you raise
a psycho on soda and crime novels.

TAHAR

No. This is what happens when
Mother drops you...repeatedly.

Redha checks his reflection in a metal panel.

REDHA

Gentlemen.
We've entered a new kingdom.
Let's behave like royalty.

They head for the exit.

Fouad still being dragged.

REDHA (CONT'D)

New city. New rules. I want a flat
in the city centre. Tall windows.
Elegant neighbours. A yoga
instructor with daddy issues
wouldn't hurt.

TAHAR

I want a dojo. Big. Mirrors
everywhere. Somewhere we can train...
and occasionally break bones.

KHALIL

And a basement. Soundproof.

REDHA

You mean interrogations.

KHALIL

No. Friendly conversations.
With pliers.

Mohamed lights a cigarette. Stares ahead.

MOHAMED

First- we find somewhere quiet.
Secure.
Then we learn who owns this city.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

And how deep their blood runs.

REDHA

No killing the first week. Please.

TAHAR
Just the second?

REDHA
Deal.

Fouad suddenly pops up from the van floor. Dirt on his face.
Eyes wide.

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

Groans.

MOHAMED
Someone give him sugar before he
burns down a cathedral.

The van drives into the mist.

INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

Rain streaks across the glass.

The city lights blur.

Fouad lies across the backseat, licking a lollipop.

FOUAD
(dreamy)
I don't think it's such a bad idea.

REDHA
(cold)
Says the man who nearly started a
religious war.

Khalil turns sharply toward Fouad.

KHALIL
You ever even think about..
I swear....

The van JERKS slightly.

Mohamed brakes just enough.

Everything shifts.

In one brutal motion-

Mohamed grabs Khalil by the throat.

Slides the side door open.

Rain explodes into the van.

Wind ROARS.

He shoves Khalil halfway out.

The van keeps moving.

Tahar freezes.

Redha goes pale.

Fouad sits up slowly.

Watching.

Khalil struggles, terrified.

Mohamed's face is stone.

Cigarette still burning.

MOHAMED

(quiet. lethal.)

You speak to him like that again...

You speak without thinking again...

He pushes Khalil further out.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

Next time- I let go.

KHALIL

(choking)

I'm sorry! Wallah- I didn't mean it

He's my brother too..

Beat.

Mohamed pulls him back inside.

SLAMS the door shut.

Silence.

Only the rain.

And Fouad slurping his candy.

FOUAD
(softly)
Vanilla would fix this.

Everyone stares at MOHAMED.

Even REDHA lowers his eyes.

Mohamed flicks his cigarette out the window.

MOHAMED
(low, steady)
There's no difference between you.
You're all my brothers.

A beat.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)
(voice softens)
Except Fouad.

All eyes turn to FOUAD.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)
He's not just my brother. He's the
son I never had.

Silence.

Heavy.

Fouad's face crumbles. He starts crying – loud, dramatic,
completely unfiltered.

FOUAD
(sniffling, crawling
toward him)
Baba... Baba Mohamed... I love you. I
love you more than oxygen.

He hugs him tightly.

FOUAD (CONT'D)
You're my real father. Forget
biology.

Mohamed hesitates... then wraps an arm around him.

The others exchange surprised looks.

Even Redha smiles.

A beat.

FOUAD (CONT'D)
 (suddenly serious)
 I swear... I'm done with explosives.
 I'll try... therapy.

Everyone groans.

FOUAD (CONT'D)
 (grinning)
 Or at least smaller explosions.

They burst into laughter.

Even Mohamed lets out a tired chuckle.

EXT. HOUSE - BISHOPWEARMOUTH DISTRICT - SUNDERLAND - NIGHT

SUPER: Bishopwearmouth District - Sunderland

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

Small lawns. Identical driveways. Tiled roofs.

Peaceful.

Almost too peaceful.

REDHA steps out.

REDHA
 Not bad. Looks like a retired
 serial killer lives here.

KHALIL
 (checking mailbox)
 Or a librarian with secrets.

TAHAR
 Same thing.

Mohamed exits last, carrying a large black duffel bag.

He studies the house like a strategist studying a battlefield.

MOHAMED
 (quietly)
 Fence is low. Windows need
 reinforcement. Neighbours are
 close.

A beat.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)
But it'll do.

Fouad runs onto the lawn, spinning like a child.

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

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door creaks open.

Small but warm.

Beige walls. Wooden floors.

A worn leather sofa.

Dusty curtains.

A narrow staircase leads upstairs.

REDHA smiles.

REDHA
Finally. A place without bullet
holes.

KHALIL
I'm taking the room with the garden
view.

TAHAR
I want the one near the bathroom.
For strategic reasons.

REDHA
I want mirrors. Lots of mirrors.

They argue playfully.

Mohamed sets his bag beside the sofa.

MOHAMED
(quietly)
I'll sleep here. The couch is fine.

They stop.

REDHA
No. You're not sleeping on a couch.

KHALIL

You carried us this far. You're taking the master bedroom.

TAHAR

With a functioning mattress. We insist.

Fouad drops to his knees dramatically.

FOUAD

Father. Leader. Legend. You deserve a throne.

Redha grabs Mohamed's bag and heads upstairs.

REDHA

It's settled.

Mohamed looks at them.

Soft. Almost vulnerable.

MOHAMED

You're idiots.

FOUAD

But we're your idiots.

They laugh.

For the first time They feel home.

INT. MOHAMED'S ROOM - LATER

Simple room.

One bed.

One lamp.

One window overlooking the quiet street.

Mohamed stands by the window, cigarette in hand.

Downstairs, the others argue over dinner.

Their voices echo through the house.

He watches their reflection in the glass.

For a brief second His hands look stained.

Then the reflection shifts.

Gone.

Only silence.

He exhales.

Peace... for now.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

SUPER: The Next Morning

Sunlight filters through the old kitchen window.

Birds chirp faintly outside.

Inside, MOHAMED stands at the stove in a white T-shirt, frying eggs with surgical precision.

Toast warms in the oven.

Tea steeps.

The kettle hums softly.

The table is set perfectly.

Four plates. Four cups. Napkins folded.

TAHAR, KHALIL, and FOUAD sit half-asleep, hair messy, chewing slowly.

KHALIL

(mouth full)

You made breakfast? What are we -
normal now?

TAHAR

Careful. Next thing you know he'll
start gardening.

FOUAD

I'd help. As long as we plant
explosives.

MOHAMED

(without looking at them)

Eat. Don't speak.

They immediately fall silent.

He places the teapot on the table.

Notices an empty chair.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)
Where's Redha?

Stillness.

The brothers avoid eye contact.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)
(firmer)
I asked a question.

Fouad freezes mid-bite.

A beat.

FOUAD
(blurting)
He brought someone home.

All heads turn to him.

FOUAD (CONT'D)
High heels. Late. I heard...
enthusiasm.

Tahar closes his eyes.

TAHAR
You talk too much.

KHALIL
We're dead.

Mohamed exhales slowly.

MOHAMED
We've been here less than twenty-
four hours. We don't even have
curtains.

FOUAD
I used a towel. For modesty.

Mohamed rubs his temple.

From upstairs Soft laughter.

The brothers freeze.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Footsteps descend.

REDHA appears - relaxed, confident, wearing a tank top and boxers.

Behind him, a blonde woman in an oversized shirt, bare legs visible, amused and sleepy.

Redha whispers something in her ear.

She laughs.

Suddenly -WHOOSH.

Three knives slam into the wall inches from them.

The woman screams.

Redha calmly pulls her behind him.

One blade pins the edge of his shirt to the wall.

GIRL
(terrified)
What is wrong with you people?!

REDHA
(calmly)
It's just family breakfast.

He turns to her gently.

REDHA (CONT'D)
Go upstairs. Lock the door. I'll handle this.

GIRL
They're going to kill you!

REDHA
(smiling)
Kill me? No. Humiliate me?
Absolutely.

She runs upstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tahar and Khalil are already on their feet.

Fouad throws a plate to the ground.

FOUAD
She's half-naked! I saw things! I
wasn't emotionally prepared!

He jumps onto the table dramatically.

FOUAD (CONT'D)
I need holy water. Or therapy. Or
both.

Khalil grabs Redha by the collar.

Tahar presses a pistol to his neck.

KHALIL
Are you insane?

TAHAR
What if she talks? What if she saw
something?

REDHA
She saw nothing. I made sure of it.

KHALIL
This isn't a joke.

Redha raises his hands in mock surrender.

ANGLE ON MOHAMED

He sits in the corner.

Untouched tea in front of him.

Silent.

Watching.

Boiling beneath the surface.

The others look to him.

Waiting.

Redha smirks.

REDHA
What now? Execution before noon?

A long silence.

REDHA (CONT'D)
At least let me finish breakfast
first.

Mohamed exhales slowly.

His jaw tightens.

Still silent.

And that silence is far more dangerous than the gun.

Khalil and Tahar wait.

Mohamed still seated.

Unmoving.

Then He stands.

Slowly.

His expression unreadable.

He looks at each of his brothers.

One by one.

MOHAMED
(quiet, sharp)
Put the gun down.

Tahar obeys immediately.

Khalil releases Redha.

Redha adjusts his shirt, trying to stay smug but there's
sweat on his temple now.

Mohamed steps into the center of the room.

Silence.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)
(low)
I didn't bring you here for this.

A beat.

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I thought distance would change us.

He looks at Redha.

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I was wrong.

Silence grows heavier.

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'm tired.

That lands harder than anything else.

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You want freedom? You have it.

He walks toward the door.

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'm done deciding for you.

He opens the door.

Rain outside.

Cold air rushes in.

Without turning—

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
May God protect you.

He steps out.

The door closes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Silence.

Only rain.

TAHAR
(whispers)
He's not coming back.

KHALIL
(to Redha)
This is on you.

REDHA
Don't pin this on me.

TAHAR
We had one rule.

Voices rise.

Blame.

Anger.

ANGLE ON FOUAD

Sitting on the floor.

He stares at Mohamed's empty chair.

Slowly He crawls to it.

Wraps his arms around it.

FOUAD
(soft)
Baba...

He presses his forehead to the wood.

FOUAD (CONT'D)
I'll be good. I swear.

A tear falls.

FOUAD (CONT'D)
Don't leave me alone.

The room slowly goes quiet.

No one laughs now.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - MOVING CAR

SUPER: Sunderland - 10:47 PM

The van moves through empty streets.

Streetlights reflect on wet asphalt.

TAHAR
Maybe he's at a bar.

Khalil smacks him lightly.

KHALIL
That's Redha. Not him.

A beat.

KHALIL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
He's walking somewhere. Thinking.

TAHAR
That's worse.

INT. HOUSE - MOHAMED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Soft light from a bedside lamp.

FOUAD lies curled on the bed, arms wrapped tightly around Mohamed's wooden chair like a lifeline.

He's asleep.

But gripping it.

As if letting go would mean disappearing.

REDHA sits at the edge of the bed.

Next to him, EMILY - oversized shirt, hair loosely tied - watching in confusion.

EMILY
(whispering)
I don't understand.
Why is he holding a chair?

REDHA
(quiet, sincere)
Because its the last thing Mohamed touched, before he walked out.

A beat.

REDHA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
He thinks if he holds it long enough...maybe he won't leave for good.

Emily softens.

Redha leans and kisses her cheek gently.

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

EMILY
Emily.

He smiles.

REDHA
Beautiful.

He studies her.

REDHA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Are you dangerous?

She smirks.

EMILY
Very.

REDHA
Good.
I don't trust harmless people.

She leans in and kisses him.

Soft.

Intimate.

Not explicit

EMILY
He's asleep.

REDHA
(low grin)
Then we shouldn't waste the quiet.

He lifts her gently.

They leave the room.

Fouad remains - holding the chair like a child clinging to a ghost.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

The front door opens.

TAHAR and KHALIL enter, wet from drizzle.

Exhausted.

TAHAR
Three hours. Nothing.

KHALIL
Not at the docks. Not near the old
alleys.
Nowhere.

They pause.

The house is too quiet.

TAHAR
Why is it this quiet?

KHALIL
(dark)
Because Redha finally found peace.

INT. HOUSE - REDHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dim lamp light.

Redha and Emily under covers.

Bare shoulders.

Soft whispers.

EMILY

You don't seem like your brothers.

REDHA
I'm worse.
I just smile more.

She laughs quietly.

EMILY
What are you thinking?

REDHA
That everything feels loud.
Except this.

She rests her head on his chest.

EMILY
Then stay here.

REDHA
For tonight.

INT. HOUSE - MOHAMED'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tahar and Khalil enter.

The bed Empty.

The wooden chair sits upright in the center of the mattress.

Perfectly placed.

Pinned to it A folded note.

Tahar removes it slowly.

CLOSE ON NOTE (Arabic):

إذا تركتم أ بي... فلا ستم عائلتي. سأبحث عنه "

" . وإن لم أ جده... فلن أ عود

(If you abandon my father... you are not my family. I will search for him. If I don't find him... I won't return.)

Silence.

Khalil's face drains of color.

TAHAR

(whispers)

He left.

A beat.

KHALIL

No.

(realization)

He went after him.

The weight hits.

Two brothers gone.

And the house feels colder.

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

Tahar paces like a caged animal.

Breathing hard.

Khalil stands still, holding Fouad's note.

The paper trembles.

TAHAR
(furious whisper)
Where is Redha?

KHALIL
(cold)
He was supposed to watch him.

TAHAR
And instead he...

He stops himself.

Jaw tight.

KHALIL
If Fouad gets hurt...

A dangerous silence.

Tahar pulls out his Glock.

Checks the chamber.

TAHAR
Let's go remind him what
responsibility means.

Khalil draws his Beretta.

No theatrics.

Just intent.

They move.

INT. HOUSE - REDHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dim light.

Redha and Emily in bed under covers.

Close.

Intimate.

Not explicit.

EMILY
You're not what I expected.

REDHA
Nobody ever is.

EMILY
You talk about Mohamed like he
saved you.

A beat.

For once, Redha doesn't smile.

REDHA
He did.

REDHA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I was nothing. He gave me a name.

Soft knock.

The door SLAMS open.

Tahar storms in. Gun raised.

Khalil behind him.

TAHAR
Get up.

Emily screams, pulling the sheet tighter.

KHALIL
Fouad is gone.

Silence.

That hits harder than the guns.

Redha slowly sits up.

The smile fades.

REDHA
What?

TAHAR
He left a note.
He went after Mohamed.

Redha swings his legs off the bed.

Now fully alert.

REDHA
How long?

KHALIL
Long enough.

Emily looks between them, terrified.

EMILY
What is happening? Who are you
people?

REDHA
(without looking at her)
Family.

He stands.

The room fills with tension.

No one lowers their weapon.

EXT. SUNDERLAND STREET - NIGHT

SUPER: Sunderland - 1:16 AM

Rain-soaked pavement.

Streetlights flicker.

Fouad walks alone.

Oversized hoodie.

Face wet.

FOUAD
(shouting)
Mohamed!

His voice cracks.

FOUAD (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry!
I'll listen!

He steps into the street Headlights.

SCREECH.

Impact.

His body hits the asphalt.

Still.

Silence.

EXT. SAME STREET - CONTINUOUS

A second car pulls up.

Black. Elegant. Expensive.

The engine hums.

The passenger door opens.

A woman steps out.

Tall. Composed. Controlled.

SARAH.

She kneels beside Fouad.

Touches his face gently.

Almost... familiar.

SARAH
(soft)
So you're the one.

She studies him.

No panic.

Only calculation.

She looks toward the darkness of the street.

Then back at him.

Decision made.

She signals to someone inside the car.

And they lift him carefully.

The door shuts.

The car drives away.

Leaving nothing but wet pavement.

And silence.

EXT. THE BEACH - MORNING

A pale sunrise.

The sea is quiet.

An old sofa sits alone on the sand.

MOHAMED reads.

Beside him: Coffee. Ashtray. Smoke rising slowly.

CLOSE ON BOOK TITLE:

How to Be a Good Father and Raise Decent Children.

He turns a page.

Footsteps approach.

He doesn't look up.

BETHANY (late 20s) stops behind him.

BETHANY

You look like a married man.

MOHAMED

(calm)

I'm not.

BETHANY

Then what's with the book?
Practicing?

MOHAMED

Preparing.

She walks around and studies him.

BETHANY

Don't you get lonely?

MOHAMED

I don't have time for loneliness.

A beat.

She smiles.

Then She presses a pistol to the back of his neck.

Smooth.

Professional.

BETHANY

Let's not waste time.
Your phone.

Mohamed slowly closes the book.

Still calm.

MOHAMED

Of course.

He hands it over.

She dials herself.

While she does.

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You're standing on the wrong side.

She frowns.

BETHANY

Excuse me?

He gestures subtly toward the sand near her right heel.

She glances down.

Half-buried in the sand A small black device.

With a blinking red light.

Her breath catches.

She slowly steps back.

MOHAMED

Remote trigger.
Pressure sensitive.

He casually lifts a small remote from beside his coffee.

Not flashy.

Real.

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I like my mornings quiet.

A long stare.

She lowers the gun.

Half amused. Half impressed.

BETHANY
You came prepared.

MOHAMED
I always do.

She hands back the phone.

BETHANY
I'll call you.

MOHAMED
I know.

She walks away.

Mohamed waits until she's far.

Then casually nudges the "device" with his shoe.

It flips over.

Revealing Just a fishing beacon with a blinking light.

No explosives.

He exhales smoke.

Opens his book again.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Phone rings.

UNKNOWN NUMBER.

He answers.

MOHAMED
Yes.

SARAH (V.O.)
It's an honour to finally speak to
you.

Her tone is refined. Controlled.

SARAH (V.O.)
My father admires you. Even if he
pretends otherwise.

MOHAMED
That world is behind me.

SARAH (V.O.)
Is it?

Silence.

Then Her tone shifts.

SARAH (V.O.)
One of your boys has been hurt.

Everything stops.

The wind.

The sea.

His breath.

MOHAMED
(quiet)
Which one?

A pause.

SARAH (V.O.)
The youngest.

The cigarette slips from his fingers.

Not dramatic.

Just heavy.

MOHAMED
Is he alive?

SARAH (V.O.)
For now.

That hits harder than any scream.

MOHAMED
Where?

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

Mohamed's eyes sharpen.

MOHAMED
The Blind Crow.

Silence.

SARAH (V.O.)
I was told only legends remember
that name.

MOHAMED
I'll be there.

A breath.

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Bring the others.

SARAH (V.O.)
Already done.

Call ends.

INT. GEORGE'S VILLA - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Victorian shadows.

Green walls. Animal heads. Heavy silence.

A hospital bed in the center.

FOUAD lies unconscious. Oxygen mask. Slow beeping machines.

GEORGE stands beside the bed.

SARAH watches quietly.

GEORGE
Who is he?

SARAH
A complication.

GEORGE
You don't bring complications into
my house.

Before she answers The doors BURST open.

TAHAR and KHALIL rush in.

They freeze when they see Fouad.

TAHAR
 (barely breathing)
 Fouad...

They draw their pistols.

KHALIL
 If he dies—

GEORGE
 (cold, unafraid)
 Then you'll shoot an old man in his
 own home?

The tension is suffocating.

REDHA enters.

This time fully dressed. No comedy. No chaos.

He sees Fouad.

Something inside him cracks.

REDHA
 Who touched him?

Sarah tilts her head.

SARAH
 He walked into the street. We saved
 him.

TAHAR
 You expect us to believe that?

George notices something.

GEORGE
 Wait.

He studies them.

GEORGE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Who do you belong to?

Silence.

Sarah answers.

SARAH
 Mohamed.

George goes still.

GEORGE
Which Mohamed?

SARAH
The one from Marseille.

A long beat.

Color drains from George's face.

GEORGE
The Black Serpent...

No one laughs. No one moves.

Static crackles from a radio.

BODYGUARD (V.O.)
Sir- someone's approaching-

Gunshots in the distance.

Then silence.

George slowly turns toward the door.

GEORGE
That didn't sound like police.

Another body hits the hallway floor outside.

No explosion.

No theatrics.

Just footsteps.

Measured.

Heavy.

The door creaks open.

MOHAMED steps in.

No mask.

No symbol.

Just blood on his sleeve.

Calm eyes.

The room shrinks around him.

No one speaks.

He looks at Fouad.

Walks to the bed.

Touches his son's hand.

Soft.

MOHAMED

(quiet)

I told you not to run.

The brothers lower their guns instantly.

George cannot look away.

GEORGE

(whispers)

I thought you were dead.

MOHAMED

You hoped.

A long silence.

MOHAMED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Who hit him?

No shouting.

No threats.

Just inevitability.

Sarah steps forward.

Not afraid.

Curious.

SARAH

We should talk.

Mohamed finally looks at her.

For the first time"

Interest.

Mohamed stands at the center.

He raises one hand.

MOHAMED

(calm)

Face the wall. Sit. Hands behind
your back.

No hesitation.

They obey.

Even George.

Only Fouad remains in bed.

The monitor beeps steadily.

Mohamed walks slowly in a circle behind them.

Measured steps.

GEORGE

(trembling)

Mohamed... this is a
misunderstanding—

BANG.

A single shot.

The bullet shatters a glass frame beside George's head.

Not him.

A warning.

MOHAMED

I don't misunderstand.

George closes his mouth.

Silence returns.

Mohamed stops behind his sons.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

Who was responsible?

No one answers.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

I asked once.

TAHAR
(barely breathing)
Redha.

KHALIL
He wasn't watching him.

Redha closes his eyes.

Mohamed moves in front of him.

Doesn't touch him.

Doesn't shout.

Just stands close enough to feel.

MOHAMED
Is that true?

REDHA
(quiet)
Yes.

A beat.

MOHAMED
Why?

REDHA
I thought he was safe.

Mohamed tilts his head slightly.

MOHAMED
You don't think. You verify.

The weight of disappointment is heavier than violence.

Redha lowers his head.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)
Do you remember Marseille?

No one breathes.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)
I buried twenty men because one of
you made a mistake.

He steps back.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)
I won't do it again.

He turns toward Fouad.

Walks to the bed.

Places a hand gently on his chest.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

If he wakes up... you earn your place
back.

A pause.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

If he doesn't... you won't need to
fear me.

That line lands like a death sentence.

He finally removes the mask.

Calm eyes.

Human. Scarred.

He looks at George.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

Forty-eight hours. Find who hit
him.

GEORGE

(quickly)

You have my word.

MOHAMED

Your word means nothing. Results
do.

He moves toward the exit.

Stops.

Without turning

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

If this is another Maurice... I won't
stop at one city.

George goes pale.

GEORGE

You can't reopen that war.

MOHAMED

Watch me.

He exits.

Door closes softly.

Silence.

No one jokes.

No one breathes.

Sarah watches the door with fascination.

SARAH

(whispering)

He really did change...

George stares at the broken glass.

GEORGE

(to himself)

No.

He didn't.

FADE OUT.