

I Fall In Love With Hitman

Written by

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INT. SMALL COZY RESTAURANT - DAY

Warm sunlight filters through large glass windows. Soft romantic music plays in the background. The gentle clink of cups and cutlery fills the air.

LAYLA (27) Beautiful. Soft features. But her eyes carry the weight of three failed relationships.

A cup of coffee sits in front of her. Across from her... an empty chair.

She smiles. A perfectly crafted smile. Completely fake.

She checks her watch.

LAYLA
(under her breath,
sarcastic)
Where are you, for heaven's sake?

She takes a sip. The bitterness is stronger than the coffee.

Her eyes wander.

At a nearby table - A young man holds a girl's hand, whispering into her ear. She giggles shyly and rests her head on his shoulder.

Close on Layla's face. She says nothing.

But her eyes reveal everything.

Jealousy. A flicker of resentment. A quiet bitterness.

She swallows it all.

Her phone vibrates on the table.

She freezes for a moment. A fragile smile returns.

She opens the message.

ON SCREEN:

"Sorry, I can't make it."

Silence.

Her smile doesn't disappear... It transforms.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(a soft, bitter laugh)
Of course... you can't.

She places the phone down slowly. Takes a long sip.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
The perfect man doesn't arrive
late...
The perfect man doesn't apologize
by text.

She opens her handbag. Takes out a small notebook.

On the cover, handwritten:

"To the Man Who Will Never Come."

She writes:

"Relationship number four. Another elegant failure."

She closes the notebook.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - SAME TIME

A black car parked quietly.

Inside... a man.

Still. Calm. Emotionless.

His eye behind a sniper scope aimed at the restaurant window.

Through the lens - Layla, sitting alone.

His finger rests near the trigger.

He studies her.

THE MAN
(low, detached)
Perfect... a new target.

Silence.

He watches as she suddenly laughs at nothing... Then quickly
wipes away a tear before anyone notices.

Something shifts in his expression. Just for a second.

His finger doesn't pull the trigger.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
(softer, almost curious)
Why did you smile...?

The camera holds on his eye inside the scope.

INT. LAYLA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small, intimate bedroom.

Soft fairy lights hang above a wooden bookshelf filled with novels. Stacks of romantic books on the nightstand. A mug that says: "Love Always Wins." A framed quote on the wall:

"Somewhere, someone is looking for someone like you."

The bed is neatly made but lived-in – pillows slightly chaotic, as if they've absorbed tears before.

LAYLA lies on her stomach, legs gently swinging in the air, reading a romance novel.

A bedside lamp casts warm golden light over her face.

She reads dramatically.

LAYLA
(reading from the book)
"And when he looked into her eyes,
he knew she was the one."

She pauses.

Rolls her eyes.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Of course he knew. Men in books
always know.

She flips the page.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(mockingly romantic)
"I would cross oceans for you."

She snorts softly.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
You couldn't even cross the street
for coffee this afternoon.

She stares at the ceiling.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Maybe I'm the problem.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(answers herself,
sarcastic)
Oh please. If loving too much is a
crime, then I deserve a life
sentence.

She closes the book gently.

Turns off the lamp.

Darkness.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(softly, into the dark)
Good night, Layla. Tomorrow... an old
failure is waiting for you.

Silence.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Cold.

Concrete walls. Metal shelves. A single hanging bulb flickers faintly.

No decorations. No warmth. Just order. Precision.

Weapons laid out neatly on a metal table. Documents stacked in clean lines.

ADAM (early 30s) sits on a chair. Still. Controlled. Smoking.

Smoke curls upward into the dim light.

His face is expressionless - almost carved from stone.

On the table in front of him: A brown file.

He opens it.

Inside - Layla's photo.

Smiling.

Alive.

He studies it.

Close on the file.

TARGET PROFILE

Name: Layla Hassan Age: 27 Occupation: Bookstore & Publishing
Assistant Status: Single Threat Level: Pending evaluation
Requested Action: Termination Client: Anonymous

Adam flips to the next page.

Surveillance photos. Coffee shop. Bus stop. Her apartment
entrance.

He exhales smoke slowly.

ADAM
(low, detached)
This should be easy.

He taps the photo with two fingers.

ADAM (CONT'D)
No security. No political ties. No
criminal record.

He pauses.

His eyes narrow slightly.

ADAM (CONT'D)
So why you?

He flips another page.

A sealed envelope marked:

"Reason: Confidential – Payment doubled upon completion."

He stares at it.

Silence.

A flicker of something in his eyes.

A memory flashes – A younger girl laughing. Gunshot sound.
Blood.

Back to present.

His jaw tightens.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(cold again)
I don't pull the trigger without a
reason.

He crushes the cigarette in an ashtray.

Takes Layla's photo.

Studies her smile.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Let's see if you deserve to die.

The hanging bulb flickers.

INT. LAYLA'S BOOKSTORE - DAY

A small, charming independent bookstore.

Warm wooden shelves line the walls. Two small round tables with chairs near the window. A soft instrumental track plays in the background.

A few CUSTOMERS browse quietly.

At one table - A GIRL (18), headphones on, reading in complete silence, completely immersed.

Near the front counter - A glass partition separating the cashier area from the customers. Behind it stands LAYLA.

The cash register. A small vase of white flowers. Stacks of newly arrived novels.

Layla organizes books, occasionally glancing at the door out of habit.

The bell above the door rings.

She looks up.

ADAM enters.

Elegant. Minimalist black suit. No tie. Effortlessly composed.

He pauses for half a second, scanning the store.

His eyes are observant. Measuring.

Then he walks directly toward the fiction section.

Layla freezes.

Her breath subtly catches.

LAYLA

Oh... wow.

She stares.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

He's... dangerously attractive.

Adam runs his fingers along the spines of books, pretending to browse.

Without turning around—

ADAM

Thank you, Miss Layla.

Layla jolts.

LAYLA

Did I say that out loud?!

Adam picks a book calmly.

ADAM

Two people, two streets away, just heard you.

Beat.

He finally turns to look at her.

Their eyes meet.

Silence stretches.

Layla forgets how to breathe.

LAYLA (V.O.)

Should I go talk to him?

Beat.

LAYLA (V.O.)

No. Absolutely not. I failed with normal men. This one is clearly out of my league.

She quickly looks down at a receipt, pretending to be busy.

Adam watches her. A subtle, almost invisible smile forms.

He walks toward the counter.

Stops in front of her.

Close. But not too close.

ADAM
I'm looking for a book.

LAYLA
(professional tone)
Of course. What kind?

ADAM
Romance.

She blinks.

LAYLA
Romance?

ADAM
The kind where the girl doesn't
know she's about to change
someone's entire life.

She studies him carefully.

LAYLA
That's... very specific.

ADAM
I prefer specific.

He slides a book onto the counter.

Layla's eyes widen.

It's her favorite novel.

The exact edition she always recommends.

LAYLA
That's my favorite book.

A beat.

Adam tilts his head slightly.

ADAM
Is it?

He already knew.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What do you like about it?

She lights up slightly.

LAYLA

Because the hero thinks he's
broken. And she proves he's still
human.

Silence.

Something shifts behind Adam's eyes.

ADAM

And does she succeed?

LAYLA

In books... always.

Beat.

ADAM

Interesting.

He studies her face carefully.

Not like a man admiring a woman.

Like a man analyzing a decision.

ADAM (V.O.)

No arrogance. No manipulation
pattern. No visible threat.

He looks at her smile.

ADAM (V.O.)

So why does someone want you dead?

LAYLA

Would you like me to wrap it?

ADAM

No. I'll need it soon.

Their fingers almost touch as she hands him the book.

Electric silence.

The 18-year-old girl at the table glances up, sensing
something unusual.

Adam takes the book.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'll see you again, Miss Layla.

LAYLA
You don't even know my last name.

ADAM
I will.

He turns and walks toward the exit.

The bell rings.

Door closes.

Layla stands still.

LAYLA
What just happened...?

Outside, through the window Adam pauses for a second.

Looks at the book in his hand.

ADAM
(under his breath)
This won't be easy.

He walks away.

INT. BOOKSTORE - LATE AFTERNOON

The store is quieter now. Sunset light spills across the shelves in a soft amber glow.

Layla arranges books behind the counter.

The bell above the door rings.

She doesn't look up immediately... but a small smile forms before she confirms who it is.

LAYLA
We're still open.

ADAM (O.S.)
Good. I was hoping you were.

She looks up.

It's him.

This time without the suit. A simple white shirt, sleeves rolled up. A black watch. Clean. Controlled.

More human... somehow more dangerous.

LAYLA
Back so soon?

ADAM
I read fast.

He lifts the novel he bought.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I had questions.

LAYLA
About the story?

ADAM
About the girl.

Beat.

A faint warmth touches her cheeks.

LAYLA
She believes she can fix him.

ADAM
And can she?

LAYLA
That depends. Does he want to be
fixed?

Silence.

He studies her directly.

ADAM
What if he doesn't think he's
broken?

LAYLA
Then he's either lying... or he
hasn't met the right person yet.

He observes every micro-expression.

ADAM (V.O.)
No fear response. Steady eye
contact. No manipulation in tone.

He steps a little closer.

ADAM
Do you believe people deserve
second chances?

LAYLA
Everyone does.

ADAM
Even killers?

She laughs softly, assuming it's a joke.

LAYLA
Only in fiction.

He doesn't laugh.

A heavy pause.

Then—

ADAM
Good answer.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOOKSTORE - EVENING

Layla locks up the store.

Adam is leaning casually near the sidewalk.

LAYLA
Are you stalking me?

ADAM
Not professionally.

She laughs despite herself.

LAYLA
That wasn't reassuring.

ADAM
Yesterday you said the perfect man
doesn't apologize by text.

She freezes.

LAYLA
I did not say that out loud.

ADAM
You whisper louder than you think.

She studies him carefully.

LAYLA
Why are you really here?

Beat.

ADAM
To see if you're real.

LAYLA
Excuse me?

ADAM
Most people perform. You don't.

Silence.

LAYLA
That's because I'm tired of
auditions.

He steps slightly closer.

ADAM
And if someone dangerous walked
into your life?

LAYLA
I'd probably offer him coffee.

ADAM
Even if he could ruin you?

LAYLA
I've been ruined before. I
survived.

Something shifts in his eyes.

ADAM (V.O.)
She doesn't see the cliff. She
walks toward it smiling.

INT. SMALL CAFE - NIGHT

They sit across from each other.

Adam watches every detail.

ADAM
What's your biggest fear?

LAYLA
Being forgotten.

ADAM
Not dying?

LAYLA
No. Dying is quick. Being invisible
is slower.

He pauses.

ADAM
If someone offered you a love that
could destroy you...

LAYLA
I'd still take it.

ADAM
Why?

LAYLA
Because safe love is boring. And
I'm tired of boring.

A long silence.

ADAM (V.O.)
She would choose me... even if she
knew.

For the first time – something inside him hesitates.

ADAM
You shouldn't trust strangers.

LAYLA
I don't.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
But I don't think you're a
stranger.

He swallows slightly.

ADAM (V.O.)
This is becoming a problem.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Layla and Adam walk side by side after leaving the café.

LAYLA
You still haven't told me what you
do.

ADAM
I solve problems.

LAYLA
That sounds either impressive... or
illegal.

ADAM
It depends who's asking.

She smiles.

Suddenly A RED DOT appears briefly on Layla's chest.

Adam notices it instantly.

His expression changes.

Time slows.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Don't move.

Before she can react He grabs her waist and pulls her down
violently.

A GUNSHOT.

The café window behind them shatters.

People scream.

Chaos.

Adam shields her body with his.

He looks up – spots the shooter on a rooftop across the
street.

Cold. Focused.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Stay down.

He moves fast. Too fast.

He grabs a fallen metal tray from outside the café, throws it
toward the shooter's angle – distraction.

Another shot.

Adam drags Layla behind a parked car.

He pulls a concealed gun from inside his jacket.

Layla freezes.

LAYLA

Adam...?

He doesn't answer.

Two precise shots.

Silence.

The figure on the rooftop collapses.

Sirens begin faintly in the distance.

Adam stands slowly.

Checks Layla.

ADAM

Are you hurt?

She shakes her head, trembling.

LAYLA

You... you just-

She can't finish.

He scans the street.

Then His phone vibrates.

PRIVATE NUMBER.

He answers. Calm.

VOICE (V.O.)

You were not assigned to intervene.

Adam's jaw tightens.

VOICE (V.O.)

Complete your mission. Or you
become the replacement target.

Layla tries to get closer, shaken.

LAYLA

Who is it? What's happening?

Adam turns away slightly.

ADAM
I will complete the mission.

Beat.

His eyes harden.

ADAM (CONT'D)
But not tonight.

Gunshot sound from across the street – not at Layla.

Adam reacts instantly.

The wounded assassin tries to rise again.

Adam fires once more.

Clean. Final.

Silence.

He lowers the gun.

Call ends.

Layla suddenly rushes toward him.

She throws herself into his arms.

LAYLA
You saved me...

She clings to him tightly.

For a second – he doesn't move.

Then slowly... his arms wrap around her.

Carefully.

Almost unfamiliar with the gesture.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
I don't know what's happening... but
you were there.

She pulls back slightly.

Her face inches from his.

LAYLA (SOFT) (CONT'D)
I feel like I should kiss you... if
that wouldn't be strange.

Adam actually laughs. A low, rare sound.

ADAM
It would be strange.

She studies him.

LAYLA
You're shaking.

ADAM
I'm not.

LAYLA
Your hand is.

He looks at his hand.. still slightly tense from adrenaline.

He gently places it on her arm.

ADAM
Let's walk.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They walk slowly under streetlights.

She glances down at his hand resting on her arm.

LAYLA
Don't you think you moved a little
fast?

ADAM
No.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I'm moving very slowly.

She smiles nervously.

LAYLA
Slowly? You just killed someone.

ADAM
That part wasn't about you.

LAYLA
That's not comforting.

He looks at her sideways.

ADAM
You're not afraid of me.

LAYLA
Should I be?

Beat.

ADAM
Probably.

She stops walking.

He stops too.

LAYLA
Then why am I not?

He studies her.

ADAM
Because you think you see something
good in me.

She steps closer.

LAYLA
I don't think. I know.

Silence between them.

Tension. Heat. Danger.

ADAM
You don't know anything about me.

LAYLA
Then tell me something true.

Long pause.

ADAM
I don't usually miss.

She smiles faintly.

LAYLA
Good. Then don't miss this.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
I like you.

He exhales slowly.

ADAM
That makes this complicated.

LAYLA
I've always liked complicated.

He looks at her... longer this time.

For the first time – he isn't evaluating a target.

He's fighting himself.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Streetlights flicker over moving traffic.

Layla suddenly grabs Adam's hand.

LAYLA
Come on!

She pulls him across the street – laughing.

Cars HONK loudly.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Hurry before I kill you!

ADAM
That's concerning.

She runs faster.

A car brakes sharply.

Adam suddenly lifts her effortlessly in his arms and runs the rest of the way.

LAYLA
You didn't have to carry me!

ADAM
I prefer efficiency.

He sets her down on the sidewalk.

She's breathless. Glowing.

ADAM (DRY) (CONT'D)
Do you know how to handle a gun?

LAYLA
No.

ADAM
A knife?

LAYLA
Also no.

He stops walking.

Serious now.

ADAM
What about explosives?

She steps closer, playful.

LAYLA
I don't need explosives to blow up
that cold heart and claim it.

Silence.

Their eyes lock.

Traffic noise fades slightly.

Cars continue HONKING behind them – they're still half-standing near the edge of the road, causing confusion.

Adam looks at her lips.

Slowly.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
I think this is the right moment to
kiss me.

He raises an eyebrow.

ADAM
According to traffic timing or your
heart?

LAYLA
Both.

She moves closer.

Their foreheads almost touch.

Just as their lips are about to meet—

A CAR ENGINE behind them REVVS aggressively.

Adam's expression changes instantly.

Instinct.

He pushes Layla aside gently but firmly.

ADAM

Get down.

The first car in the lane – dark tinted windows – hasn't moved despite the green light.

Driver staring straight ahead.

Too still.

Adam sees the subtle movement inside.

A weapon rising.

Gunshot.

The bullet hits a street sign beside them.

People scream.

Chaos erupts.

Adam draws his gun in one fluid motion.

He fires precisely at the windshield – controlled shots.

The glass shatters.

Driver wounded in the shoulder – not killed.

The car swerves and crashes lightly into a pole.

Adam grabs Layla and pulls her behind a concrete divider.

LAYLA

What is happening?!

He checks the vehicle.

The driver tries to reach for something under the seat.

Adam fires one more precise shot – disabling the hand.

Silence.

Sirens begin in the distance.

Adam stands.

Breathing steady.

Controlled.

He walks to the damaged car.

Pulls the door open.

Inside – a MAN with an earpiece.

Adam leans closer.

ADAM
Who sent you?

The man smirks weakly.

ASSASSIN
You hesitated.

Adam's eyes darken.

ASSASSIN (CONT'D)
Finish the job... or you're next.

The man reaches for something hidden –

Adam fires.

Clean.

Final.

He closes the door.

Layla stands frozen.

LAYLA
Adam... who are you?

He looks at her.

So many answers he cannot give.

ADAM
Someone who doesn't miss.

She walks toward him slowly.

Still shaking.

But not stepping away.

LAYLA
You could have left.

ADAM
I don't leave things unfinished.

Beat.

LAYLA
Am I... a thing?

He steps closer.

Lower voice.

ADAM
No.

Silence.

Cars slowly reroute around the chaos.

Streetlights flicker.

She touches his chest lightly.

LAYLA
My heart is racing.

ADAM
That's adrenaline.

LAYLA
No. That's you.

He stares at her lips again.

This time slower.

More dangerous.

ADAM
This is not safe.

LAYLA
I don't want safe.

She steps in.

Their lips finally meet.

Not soft.

Not rushed.

Intense. Conflicted. Charged.

Sirens grow louder.

He pulls back first.

ADAM
We have to go.

LAYLA
Is this the part where you
disappear mysteriously?

ADAM
Not yet.

He takes her hand again.

This time tighter.

They walk into the night as police lights flash in the
distance.

EXT. QUIET STREET - NIGHT

The street is calmer now.

Apartment lights shimmer above them.

Layla walks beside him. This time she isn't holding his hand...
but she's very close.

LAYLA
You never panic.

ADAM
I do.

LAYLA
When?

ADAM
When people ask too many questions.

She smiles lightly.

LAYLA
That sounds like experience
speaking.

ADAM
It is.

Beat.

LAYLA
So... where did you learn to shoot
like that?

ADAM
Summer camp.

LAYLA
That wasn't funny.

ADAM
It wasn't a joke.

She studies him carefully.

LAYLA
You move like someone who's been
trained.

ADAM
Everyone is trained by something.

LAYLA
By what were you trained?

He glances at her.

ADAM
Disappointment.

Silence.

She slows her steps slightly.

LAYLA
That sounds personal.

ADAM
Everything is personal.

She tilts her head.

LAYLA
Did someone hurt you?

Beat.

He stops walking.

She almost bumps into him.

ADAM
You're digging.

LAYLA
I'm curious.

ADAM
Curiosity is dangerous.

LAYLA
So are you.

He looks at her – longer this time.

ADAM
You're not afraid of that word.

LAYLA
I've dated worse.

He almost smiles.

Almost.

They resume walking.

EXT. IN FRONT OF LAYLA'S BUILDING – NIGHT

They stop at the entrance gate.

Soft yellow light from inside the lobby.

Silence stretches.

LAYLA
Do you live alone?

ADAM
Yes.

LAYLA
Family?

Beat.

He looks away briefly.

ADAM
Not anymore.

She notices the shift. Subtle. But real.

LAYLA
I'm sorry.

ADAM
Don't be.

LAYLA
I want to understand you.

ADAM
Why?

LAYLA
Because you don't let anyone in.

Beat.

ADAM
And you think you can?

LAYLA
I don't think.

She steps closer.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
I feel.

Silence.

She looks straight into his eyes.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Who hurt you, Adam?

His jaw tightens.

For a second – the cold mask almost cracks.

ADAM
That's enough.

LAYLA
It doesn't have to be.

She reaches up slightly – almost touching his face.

LAYLA (SOFT) (CONT'D)
I'm not your enemy.

He looks at her lips.

Something shifts.

Suddenly He pulls her gently but decisively toward him.

A quick, unexpected kiss.

Soft... but intense.

Not long.

Just enough to silence her.

He pulls back before she fully processes it.

ADAM

I'll see you around.

He turns immediately.

Walks away without looking back.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Stay inside tonight.

She stands frozen.

Processing.

Hand slowly touching her lips.

LAYLA

What just happened...?

He continues walking into the dark.

She watches him disappear at the end of the street.

LAYLA (TO HERSELF) (CONT'D)

Wow...

Beat.

A slow smile forms.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

He's good at kissing..

She pauses.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

...as good as he is at killing.

She exhales.

Turns toward the building entrance.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Layla... you have a new mission.

She presses the door code.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Break that ice... even if it kills
you.

She enters.

Door closes.

INT. LAYLA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Soft morning light slips through the curtains.

Layla opens her eyes slowly. For a moment, she just stares at
the ceiling.

A faint smile appears.

LAYLA
(softly)
Time to work.

She stretches, then sits up.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She splashes cold water on her face.

Looks at herself in the mirror.

LAYLA
Maybe he'll visit again.

She smirks at her own reflection.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Or maybe I'll have to chase him.

She dries her face and walks out casually.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She freezes.

The room is silent.

Too silent.

Three bodies lie scattered across the floor.

Blood. Controlled. Precise.

One assassin is pinned upright against the door – a knife driven through his coat, anchoring him in place.

A note is pinned to his forehead.

Layla blinks.

Slowly steps forward.

She pulls the note.

It reads:

Hello, you annoying woman. Sorry about the mess. Some unfinished business. I hope you're not mad. I took the shop key. You'll find me there.

Silence.

She looks around again.

Her breathing shifts – not panic.

Calculation.

She steps toward one of the bodies.

Examines the wound.

Clean.

Single entry.

Instant kill.

Her fingers lightly trace the air near the wound – not touching.

LAYLA

You didn't even wake me..

She looks at the man pinned to the door.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

How many of you thought you could take him?

She slowly turns in place, absorbing the scene.

Shock flickers in her eyes.

Then something else.

Admiration.

A small laugh escapes her.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Unfinished business...

She looks down at one of the weapons dropped on the floor.

Kneels.

Studies it.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
They weren't amateurs.

Her eyes shift.

Processing something deeper.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
You were protecting me...

Beat.

She stands.

Looks at the blood again.

Then at the note.

Her expression softens.

Then sharpens again.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
You broke into my apartment.

Killed three men. Left me a note...

She tilts her head slightly.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
...and took my shop key.

A slow smile spreads.

Half disbelief.

Half fascination.

LAYLA (WHISPERS) (CONT'D)
You're unbelievable.

She walks toward the window.

Looks outside.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
What are you, Adam?

Beat.

Her eyes darken slightly – intrigue replacing confusion.

LAYLA (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
And why do I like it?

She looks back at the bodies.

No fear.

Only curiosity.

Only heat.

She grabs her jacket.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Alright.

Determined.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Let's see what kind of unfinished
business you have.

She steps over one of the bodies without hesitation.

The camera lingers on the note in her hand.

INT. LAYLA'S SHOP - AFTERNOON

Bell above the door rings.

Layla enters.

She stops.

Adam sits near the window, reading a book calmly.

Across from him – two attractive women.

One leans too close. The other laughs loudly.

WOMAN #1
So you're here every day?

No answer.

Adam turns a page.

WOMAN #2
You don't talk much, do you?

ADAM
I do.

When necessary.

They giggle.

Woman #1 touches his arm.

Layla watches.

Her smile fades – slowly.

She walks behind the counter.

Drops her keys.

A little louder than necessary.

Adam does not look up.

Woman #2 leans closer.

WOMAN #2
Are you dangerous?

Adam finally looks at her.

Calm. Empty.

ADAM
Only when interrupted.

Layla's fingers tighten around a glass cup.

Crack.

A small fracture line appears in the glass.

The women laugh again.

Woman #1 traces a finger lightly over Adam's shoulder.

That's when Layla moves.

Slow. Controlled.

She walks toward them with a soft smile.

LAYLA
Is he bothering you?

The women glance at her.

WOMAN #1
Not at all. We were just getting to
know him.

LAYLA
How unfortunate.

Beat.

Woman #2 smirks.

WOMAN #2
Who are you? His sister?

Silence.

Layla's smile disappears.

In one swift motion She grabs Woman #2 by the wrist.

Twists.

The woman gasps.

Chair crashes backward.

WOMAN #2 (CONT'D)
What the-?!

Layla pushes her against the table.

Not screaming.

Not emotional.

Cold.

LAYLA
You don't touch what isn't yours.

The other woman tries to intervene.

Layla shoves her hard enough that she stumbles.

Customers stare.

Tension explodes.

And then A firm hand wraps around Layla's wrist.

Strong.

Controlled.

Adam.

ADAM

That's enough.

She tries to pull free.

He doesn't tighten painfully... But she cannot move.

She looks at him.

Fire in her eyes.

LAYLA

Let go.

He leans closer.

Low voice.

For her only.

ADAM

You're shaking.

She freezes.

Because he's right.

He releases her wrist slowly.

The two women scramble away, terrified.

Door slams as they leave.

Silence fills the shop.

Layla turns to him.

Breathing heavy.

LAYLA

They were flirting with you.

ADAM

I noticed.

LAYLA
And you did nothing.

ADAM
Correct.

Beat.

LAYLA
Why?

He closes the book.

Looks at her fully.

ADAM
Because I don't respond to noise.

Silence.

Her anger shifts... into something else.

He steps closer.

Very close.

ADAM (CONT'D)
But you do.

She swallows.

He studies her like a puzzle.

ADAM (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
You don't get jealous.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You get territorial.

Her eyes widen slightly.

He tilts his head.

Almost impressed.

ADAM (CONT'D)
That's not love, Layla.

A pause.

ADAM (LOWER) (CONT'D)
That's instinct.

She whispers...

LAYLA
Maybe I don't mind that.

For the first time A shadowed smile touches his lips.

ADAM
I know.

He picks up his book.

Walks past her.

Stops at the door.

Without turning-

ADAM (CONT'D)
Next time...

Try using words before violence.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Or I won't stop you.

The door closes behind him.

Layla stands alone.

Processing.

Slowly... A dangerous smile appears.

LAYLA (WHISPERS TO HERSELF)
He wasn't surprised.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
What do you know about me, Adam?

Camera lingers on her expression.

Not guilt.

Not regret.

Curiosity.

And hunger.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A hard knock at the door.

Then another. Louder.

Adam looks toward the door, calm as ever.

He opens it.

Layla stands there.

Hair slightly messy. Eyes glossy.

A little drunk.

And behind her A wounded man.

She's dragging him by the collar.

His left leg bleeds heavily.

A kitchen knife is embedded in his thigh.

He groans weakly.

Adam's expression doesn't change.

He just looks at her.

Then at the man.

Then back at her.

ADAM

You missed the artery.

Layla smirks lazily.

LAYLA

I wasn't aiming for it.

She drags the man inside and kicks the door shut with her heel.

The injured assassin collapses to the floor.

Adam steps aside, giving her space.

Observing.

Always observing.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(slurring slightly)
You think you're dangerous?

She points at him with the knife still in her hand.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
I am too.

The man on the floor tries to crawl.

Layla presses her heel onto his wounded leg.

He screams.

Adam watches her closely now.

Not shocked.

Not angry.

Measuring.

ADAM
You've been drinking.

LAYLA
Maybe.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Maybe I was bored.

She crouches beside the wounded man.

Grabs his jaw roughly.

LAYLA (TO THE MAN) (CONT'D)
Who sent you?

The man shakes his head weakly.

Adam leans against the wall.

Calm voice.

ADAM
He won't talk like that.

Layla glances at him.

A flash of irritation.

LAYLA

I didn't ask for help.

She pulls the knife out slowly.

The man screams louder.

Blood spills.

She presses the blade lightly against his throat.

Her voice softens.

Dangerously soft.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Tell me.

Silence.

The man whispers something.

Adam's eyes narrow slightly.

ADAM

What did he say?

Layla looks at Adam.

A strange smile forms.

LAYLA

He thought I was the weak one.

She laughs quietly.

Almost childlike.

Then suddenly—

She slams the knife into the man's chest.

Clean. Precise.

Silence.

The body goes still.

Adam does not move.

He studies her.

Blood on her hands.

Breathing heavy.

She looks up at him.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Are you impressed?

Long pause.

Adam walks toward her.

Stops inches away.

He looks at the dead man.

Then at her grip on the knife.

ADAM
You were shaking earlier.

She stiffens.

LAYLA
I'm not shaking now.

He gently takes the knife from her hand.

Not forcefully.

Just controlled.

Their fingers brush.

ADAM
No.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Now you're proving something.

She steps closer.

Challenging.

LAYLA
Maybe I'm proving I can survive in
your world.

ADAM
This isn't my world.

He lowers his voice.

ADAM (CONT'D)
It's a graveyard.

Silence.

Her expression shifts.

Less drunk now.

More aware.

LAYLA
Then why are you still alive?

He looks at her for a long moment.

ADAM
Because I don't enjoy it.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You did.

That hits her.

She steps back slightly.

Anger flickers.

LAYLA
You don't know me.

He steps closer again.

Close enough to feel her breath.

ADAM
I'm starting to.

Silence.

Heavy.

Electric.

LAYLA
You didn't stop me.

ADAM
No.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I wanted to see how far you'd go.

Her eyes widen slightly.

That lands.

LAYLA
And?

He looks at the body.

Then at her.

ADAM
Far enough.

Silence fills the room.

Not fear.

Not romance.

Recognition.

Two predators acknowledging each other.

She whispers—

LAYLA
You're not the only monster in this
city.

He leans in slightly.

Almost a kiss.

But not quite.

ADAM
I never thought I was.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Layla struggles fiercely, kicking and hitting him

LAYLA
Let me go! I can walk myself!

Adam holds her firmly, carrying her across the room.

ADAM
No. You're drunk.

LAYLA
(driving fists at him)
I killed a man! Show some respect!

He ignores her blows, walking with careful precision. He gently sets her down in the bathtub.

ADAM
Sit. You need to calm down.

Layla crosses her arms, glaring at him.

LAYLA
I hate you. You're not attractive.

Adam looks away, avoiding her gaze.

ADAM
I know. Maybe I am... but I hate you too.

Layla laughs bitterly, shaking her head.

LAYLA
You're impossible.

Adam steps out of the bathroom, closing the door partially behind him.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Where are you going? Don't leave me! Not polite to leave a lady naked and alone!

Adam's voice from the other side of the door is calm but teasing.

ADAM
I'm getting you clothes. You're too drunk to think straight.

Layla stands in the tub, swaying slightly, muttering to herself.

LAYLA (TO HERSELF)
He's really insufferable... and yet... so damn attractive.

She smirks softly, her anger mixing with fascination.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll just... sleep with him.

She sits back in the bathtub, watching the door, conflicted, a dangerous smile on her lips.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam stands by a drawer, pulling out a clean shirt and sweatpants.

He exhales slowly.

Composes himself.

Then walks back toward the bathroom.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens slightly.

Layla is sitting in the empty bathtub now, knees pulled close.

Less aggressive.

More vulnerable.

But her eyes are still sharp.

Adam keeps his gaze disciplined, handing the clothes toward her without looking directly at her.

ADAM
Put these on.

She doesn't take them immediately.

LAYLA
Are you afraid to look at me?

ADAM
No.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I'm choosing not to.

She studies him.

That answer affects her more than she expected.

She slowly stands, a little unsteady.

Steps out of the tub.

Walks closer.

He keeps his eyes on the wall behind her.

LAYLA
You carried me like I was fragile.

ADAM
You weren't fragile.

LAYLA
Then what was I?

A pause.

He finally looks at her – but only at her face.

ADAM
Out of control.

That hits.

She takes the clothes from his hands.

Their fingers brush again.

Electric.

LAYLA
You didn't stop me.

ADAM
No.

LAYLA
Why?

He holds her gaze now.

Unflinching.

ADAM
Because I needed to know if you'd
regret it.

Silence.

Her breathing slows.

LAYLA
And?

ADAM

You don't.

She smiles faintly.

Not proud.

Not ashamed.

Just honest.

LAYLA

No.

A long pause.

He steps back toward the door.

ADAM

Get dressed.

He turns to leave.

Suddenly She grabs his wrist.

Not violently.

Not playfully.

Just... real.

LAYLA

Don't leave.

He stops.

Doesn't turn around yet.

ADAM

You said you hated me.

LAYLA

I do.

Beat.

LAYLA (SOFTER) (CONT'D)

I just don't want to be alone right
now.

That's the first true vulnerability.

He turns slowly.

Looks at her – really looks at her.

No sarcasm. No dominance.

Just quiet understanding.

ADAM

I'll be in the other room.

She releases his wrist reluctantly.

He walks out.

Door left slightly open.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Adam stands still, staring at nothing.

Processing.

In the bathroom, we hear soft fabric moving.

Then silence.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Layla finishes dressing in his oversized shirt.

She looks at herself in the mirror.

Smirks faintly.

LAYLA (TO HERSELF)

He's really unbearable.

Beat.

A softer tone.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

...And dangerously attractive.

She tilts her head.

Eyes darkening with intent.

LAYLA (WHISPERS) (CONT'D)

I'm going to ruin him.

She walks toward the door.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adam hears her footsteps.

Doesn't turn.

She stops behind him.

Close.

Very close.

LAYLA

Are you always this controlled?

ADAM

Yes.

She steps around him so he has to face her.

Wearing his shirt.

Barefoot.

Still slightly unsteady.

LAYLA

That sounds exhausting.

He looks down at her.

Measured.

Careful.

ADAM

It keeps people alive.

Beat.

She leans closer.

Not kissing him.

Just testing the distance.

LAYLA

Maybe I don't want to be kept safe.

Silence.

His jaw tightens slightly.

ADAM

That's not something you get to
choose.

Their eyes lock.

Heavy.

Breath close.

But he doesn't kiss her.

He steps back first.

Control.

Always control.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Sleep.

She watches him walk away.

A slow smile forms.

Not defeated.

Not rejected.

Intrigued.

LAYLA (TO HERSELF)

He didn't kiss me.

Beat.

Her smile grows sharper.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Good.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The apartment is silent.

Layla is asleep on the couch, wearing his shirt.

Adam stands near the window.

Watching the city lights.

Still.

Too still.
His jaw tightens.
He closes his eyes.
For a second—
Her voice echoes in his head.
"Don't leave."
His hand presses against the glass.
Harder than necessary.
A crack.
Small.
Almost invisible.
He looks at his reflection.
For the first time—
Uncertain.

ADAM
(whispers to himself)
This is a mistake.

He turns toward her.
She shifts slightly in her sleep.
Soft.
Unarmed.
Dangerous in a different way.
His expression softens.
Just a little.
Then His phone vibrates.
He looks at the screen.
Unknown number.
He answers.

Silence.

Then a distorted voice.

VOICE (V.O.)
You're getting distracted.

Adam doesn't react.

ADAM
You're watching.

VOICE (V.O.)
Always.

CUT TO

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Dark room.

Multiple screens.

Camera feeds.

One screen shows Adam's apartment building entrance.

Another - a blurred image of Layla entering earlier.

Men in shadows.

Observing.

VOICE
She's close to you now.

ADAM (V.O.)
That's temporary.

VOICE
Nothing is temporary.

Beat.

VOICE (CONT'D)
If she becomes leverage... we
eliminate the leverage.

Silence.

A dangerous silence.

ADAM (V.O.)
You touch her and this organization
won't survive the week.

The men exchange glances.

Not fear.

Calculation.

The line disconnects.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Adam lowers the phone.

Something has shifted.

The crack is no longer emotional.

It's strategic.

He walks to the couch.

Layla stirs.

Opens one eye.

LAYLA
You talk in your sleep.

ADAM
You're not asleep.

LAYLA
No.

She sits up slowly.

Studies him.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Who were you threatening?

ADAM
No one important.

She smirks.

LAYLA
Liar.

He crouches slightly in front of her.

Serious now.

No teasing.

ADAM
Listen to me carefully.

Her smile fades.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You don't follow me.

You don't ask about my past. You don't interfere in what I do.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
And if someone approaches you because of me – you walk away.

Her eyes narrow.

LAYLA
That sounds like a rule.

ADAM
It is.

Silence.

She stands.

Steps closer.

Very close.

LAYLA
I don't follow rules.

He doesn't move.

ADAM
This isn't optional.

She pokes his chest lightly.

Provoking.

LAYLA
You don't get to decide what I can handle.

ADAM

Yes. I do.

That lands hard.

She laughs softly.

But her eyes betray something deeper.

LAYLA

You're scared.

He doesn't answer.

That's answer enough.

She leans closer.

Lower voice.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

You're not scared for you.

Beat.

LAYLA (WHISPERS) (CONT'D)

You're scared for me.

Silence.

He looks away first.

A mistake.

She notices.

She steps around him.

Circling slightly.

Playful now.

Dangerous.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

You set rules when you care.

He turns to face her again.

Controlled.

But thinner now.

ADAM
This isn't about care.

LAYLA
Sure.

She moves closer again.

Almost chest to chest.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Then look at me and say you don't
care.

He does.

Looks straight into her eyes.

Long pause.

Heavy.

His voice lowers.

ADAM
You're becoming a weakness.

There it is.

The crack.

Her teasing stops.

For half a second – she softens.

Then she hides it.

Smiles again.

LAYLA
Maybe I like that.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Maybe I like being the thing you
can't control.

He exhales slowly.

Measured.

ADAM
This isn't a game.

She tilts her head.

Soft now.

Almost vulnerable again.

LAYLA
It is for me.

Beat.

A whisper.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Because if I don't make it a game...
I might admit I care too much.

Silence.

That lands between them like a loaded weapon.

He steps back slightly.

Regains distance.

ADAM
Go back to sleep.

She watches him walk away.

This time she doesn't chase him.

She just smiles faintly.

LAYLA (TO HERSELF)
You're already losing.

CUT TO

Adam standing alone in the kitchen.

Hands gripping the counter.

Tight.

Controlled.

But barely.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - MORNING

Adam is getting dressed.

Quiet. Focused.

Layla watches him from the kitchen doorway.

ADAM
You're staying here.

LAYLA
You're not my handler.

He looks at her.

A warning look.

ADAM
Today you listen.

Beat.

She raises her hands mockingly.

LAYLA
Fine.

He doesn't believe her.

He leaves.

Door shuts.

Silence.

Three seconds pass.

Layla grabs her jacket.

A different expression now.

Cold.

Precise.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
You don't fight alone.

She leaves.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Adam walks with measured pace.

Unaware.

Across the street A man in a gray coat watches him.

Earpiece.

Calm posture.

Not an assassin.

A messenger.

He speaks quietly into his mic.

MESSENGER

Target in motion. Proceeding to
phase two.

Behind him Unseen.

Layla watches.

From reflection in a shop window.

Her eyes narrow.

She noticed the pattern.

The distance.

The tracking rhythm.

She doesn't look at Adam.

She studies the messenger.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The messenger steps into an alley to take a call.

Adam continues walking ahead.

Layla slips into the alley behind the man.

Silent.

Controlled breathing.

He finishes the call.

Turns She's already there.

MESSENGER

You're not the target.

LAYLA

I know.

He reaches slowly inside his coat—

Too slow.

She kicks his knee.

Hard.

He collapses.

Before he can react—

She slams him against the wall.

Hand over his mouth.

Knife at his throat.

Kitchen knife again.

But steadier this time.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

(low whisper)

Who sent you?

He smirks.

MESSENGER

You think killing me changes
anything?

She presses the blade slightly.

Draws blood.

LAYLA

No.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

But it changes today.

He studies her.

Calculates.

MESSENGER

You're leverage.

Her eyes flicker.

Not fear.

Recognition.

LAYLA

Not anymore.

He suddenly tries to elbow her.

She anticipates.

Steps aside.

Drives the blade cleanly into his neck.

Precise.

Efficient.

No hesitation.

He collapses.

She lowers him gently to the ground.

Breathing steady.

Not shaking this time.

She kneels.

Searches his coat.

Finds a small device.

Tracker.

She stares at it.

Realization.

It wasn't Adam being tracked.

It was her.

Her face darkens.

LAYLA (WHISPERS) (CONT'D)

You were watching me.

She crushes the device under her heel.

Wipes the blade.

Stands.

Adjusts her jacket.

Calm again.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Adam is still walking.

He pauses slightly.

A subtle instinct.

He looks around.

Feels something.

But sees nothing.

Layla emerges from another street corner.

Casual.

Relaxed.

She approaches him from behind.

LAYLA
You walk too slow.

He looks at her.

Annoyed.

Relieved.

He hides it.

ADAM
You didn't listen.

LAYLA
No.

Beat.

She smiles lightly.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
You need supervision.

He studies her face.

Something different.

Calmer.

Colder.

ADAM
What did you do?

She tilts her head innocently.

LAYLA
Nothing.

He keeps looking at her.

Long.

Measuring.

But there's no blood.

No evidence.

No tremor.

She learned.

He exhales slowly.

ADAM
This ends badly.

She steps closer.

Soft voice.

LAYLA
Not if I'm standing next to you.

He turns away.

But something inside him shifts again.

Because now She's not the weakness.

She's becoming the partner.

Behind them In a parked car Another pair of eyes watches.

Reports quietly.

SECOND WATCHER (INTO MIC)
Messenger lost.

The girl is active.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Wind moving through the city.

Adam stands near the edge.

Layla steps out from the stairwell door.

She's serious.

No teasing tonight.

LAYLA
How long?

He doesn't turn.

ADAM
How long what?

She throws something at his feet.

A crushed tracking device.

It slides near his boots.

He looks down.

Then at her.

Silence.

LAYLA
How long have they been watching
me?

He exhales slowly.

No more pretending.

ADAM
Since they realized you matter.

Her jaw tightens.

LAYLA
So I'm leverage.

ADAM

You were.

She steps closer.

Anger controlled.

LAYLA

They followed me today.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

I handled it.

His eyes sharpen.

ADAM

What did you do?

LAYLA

What you would've done.

Silence.

He studies her.

He knows.

He doesn't ask again.

ADAM

You disobeyed me.

LAYLA

I'm not yours to command.

She steps closer.

Lower voice.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

And I won't stand behind you while
they circle us.

Wind rises.

Heavy tension.

Suddenly A red laser dot appears on Adam's chest.

Then another.

Then one on Layla.

Adam moves instantly.

Grabs her.

Pushes her down.

Gunshots explode.

Concrete chips fly.

Sniper positions.

ADAM

Stay down!

More shots.

Adam pulls his gun.

Fires back with terrifying precision.

One sniper drops.

Another retreats.

Footsteps from stairwell Two armed men rush through.

Adam turns Shoots one.

The second grabs Layla She elbows him hard.

But he overpowers her.

ASSAILANT

Alive!

Adam's expression changes.

Cold.

Terrifying.

He shoots the man in the knee.

Then in the shoulder.

Precise.

The man collapses screaming.

Adam walks toward him.

Emotionless.

ADAM
Who ordered it?

The man laughs weakly.

ASSAILANT
She's worth more alive.

Adam doesn't hesitate.

Shoots him.

Silence returns.

Wind only.

Layla stands frozen.

Breathing hard.

She looks at him differently now.

Not fear.

Recognition.

He turns to her.

Checks her face.

Her arms.

Her pulse.

Hands slightly shaking – not from fear.

From adrenaline.

ADAM
You're coming with me.

He grabs her hand.

This time she doesn't resist.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - LATER

Door slams shut.

Locks engaged.

Adam checks windows.

Layla watches him.

Something inside her has shifted.

He finally turns to her.

ADAM
They want you alive.

LAYLA
Because of you.

ADAM
Yes.

Silence.

She walks toward him slowly.

No teasing.

No games.

LAYLA
You could've let them take me.

He looks at her like she insulted him.

ADAM
No.

Beat.

She steps closer.

Voice softer now.

Real.

LAYLA
You didn't hesitate.

He doesn't answer.

Because he didn't.

She studies his face.

His hands still tense from the fight.

She gently touches his fingers.

He freezes.

LAYLA (WHISPERS) (CONT'D)
You were scared.

He pulls his hand slightly away.

ADAM
I was calculating.

She shakes her head.

Small smile.

Eyes shining now.

Not playful.

Not dark.

Open.

LAYLA
No.

Beat.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
You were terrified.

Silence.

He doesn't deny it this time.

And that's enough.

Her breath trembles slightly.

LAYLA (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
I've never had anyone fight like
that for me.

A tear almost forms.

She stops it.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
You don't run from death.

Beat.

She steps even closer.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
But you run from this.

Her hand rests lightly on his chest.

Right over his heart.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(barely above a whisper)
I'm not afraid anymore.

Long silence.

He looks down at her hand.

Then into her eyes.

And for the first time He doesn't step back.

She leans in slowly.

This kiss is different.

Not provocative.

Not testing.

It's surrender.

She melts into him.

He hesitates Just one second Then he kisses her back.

Not dominant.

Not restrained.

Real.

When they part She looks at him like she's made a decision.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
I love you.

Silence.

Heavy.

Dangerous words.

He doesn't say it back.

But he cups her face gently.

Forehead against hers.

ADAM

Then this gets worse.

She smiles softly.

Fearless now.

LAYLA

Good.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The air is thick.

After the kiss. After the confession.

Layla walks through the apartment slowly.

Still processing.

Still overwhelmed.

Adam watches her carefully.

Too carefully.

She stops near a bookshelf.

Something catches her eye.

A framed photograph.

She picks it up.

Her smile fades.

It's Adam.

Years younger.

Standing beside a woman.

Beautiful. Soft. Intimate.

His arm around her.

Not casual.

Personal.

Layla's fingers tighten around the frame.

LAYLA
Who is she?

Adam stiffens.

Silence.

He walks toward her slowly.

ADAM
Put that down.

Wrong answer.

Her eyes darken.

LAYLA
Who is she?

No teasing now.

No softness.

ADAM
That was a long time ago.

That was.

Her voice cracks slightly – anger masking hurt.

LAYLA
You told me you had no one.

ADAM
I don't.

She laughs bitterly.

LAYLA
Really? Because you look very alive
in this picture.

He exhales sharply.

He knows where this is going.

ADAM
You don't know what you're looking
at.

LAYLA
Then explain it!

Silence.

He doesn't.

And that silence ignites her.

She steps back.

Slowly.

Pulls a gun from the back of her waistband.

Points it at him.

Her hands are steady.

But her eyes aren't.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Was I just... convenient?

Adam doesn't move.

Doesn't reach for his weapon.

Doesn't flinch.

ADAM
No.

Her voice trembles now.

LAYLA
Was she your wife?

Beat.

He answers.

Quiet.

ADAM
Yes.

The word hits like a gunshot.

Her breath stutters.

LAYLA
You never told me.

ADAM
Because she's dead.

Silence.

The room shifts.

Layla doesn't lower the gun.

But her expression changes.

Confusion. Hurt. Rage. Jealousy.

LAYLA
And I'm what? Replacement?

ADAM
No.

She steps closer.

Gun still raised.

Tears threatening now.

LAYLA
You said I was a weakness.

ADAM
You are.

Her voice breaks.

LAYLA
Then why does it feel like I'm the
only one bleeding here?

He finally steps toward her.

Slow.

Deliberate.

Gun still pointed at his chest.

ADAM
She died because of this life.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Because of me.

Her breathing falters.

He keeps walking until the barrel touches his chest.

Right over his heart.

He doesn't look at the gun.

Only at her.

ADAM (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
I pushed you away because I already
buried one woman I loved.

Silence.

The word hangs between them.

Loved.

She freezes.

The gun trembles slightly now.

He swallows.

And for the first time He lets it show.

Raw.

Unprotected.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I love you.

The room goes still.

Her eyes widen.

He continues.

ADAM (CONT'D)
And that terrifies me more than any
bullet in this city.

Tears fall from her eyes now.

She didn't expect this.

Not like this.

Her voice is barely a whisper.

LAYLA
You don't get to love me and lie to
me.

ADAM
I didn't lie.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I survived.

Silence.

The gun lowers slowly.

Her hand drops to her side.

She steps forward.

Collapses into him.

Hits his chest weakly with her fist.

LAYLA
I thought I was just... another
chapter.

He wraps his arms around her.

Tightly.

Protectively.

ADAM
You're not a chapter.

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You're the last thing I have left.

She grips his shirt.

Holding on like she might fall.

LAYLA (SOFTLY)
Then don't shut me out.

He rests his forehead against hers.

ADAM
Then don't point guns at me.

A faint, tearful laugh escapes her.

The tension breaks.

But not completely.

Layla's eyes shine with a mischievous, dangerous spark.
She slowly walks toward Adam.
Step by step...Until there is no space left between them.
Her voice is soft... provocative.

LAYLA
Do you want the gun?

She lifts the pistol slightly between them.
Adam doesn't move.
His expression remains calm.
Cold.

ADAM
Thank you.

A beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Now give it to me... gently.

Layla smirks.
Suddenly she pulls the gun away from his hand before he can take it.
Her eyes glitter with playful cruelty.

LAYLA
Or what?

She tilts her head.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Will you torture me to death?

She steps even closer, challenging him.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Or will you be a man... and take it
from me however you can?

Adam studies her for a moment.
He understands exactly what she's doing.
A slow smile appears on his lips.

Without warning He grabs both her wrists.

Turns her.

Pins her gently but firmly against the wall.

The gun remains trapped between their hands.

She can't escape.

Their faces are now inches apart.

His voice lowers.

ADAM

If you want to die...

He leans closer.

His breath almost touching her lips.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You're choosing a very strange way
to ask.

Layla's eyes burn with excitement.

LAYLA

If dying means spending one
romantic night with you...

She raises an eyebrow.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

And finally seeing what you can do
besides killing people...

She shrugs lightly.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Then I'm ready to die.

Adam watches her for a long second.

Then He kisses her.

Quick.

Unexpected.

Electric.

Before she can react, he pulls back.

ADAM
I can arrange that.

Layla laughs softly.

Dangerously.

She presses her forehead against his.

LAYLA
You're all talk.

His hand slides gently along the wall beside her head.

Trapping her there.

ADAM
You're all trouble.

She lifts the gun slightly between them again.

Still teasing him with it.

LAYLA
Then prove me wrong.

Silence fills the room.

Heavy.

Charged.

Adam slowly removes the gun from her hand this time.

Effortlessly.

He places it on the table behind them without looking.

His eyes never leave hers.

ADAM
Careful what you challenge, Layla.

Her smile widens.

Soft.

Fearless.

LAYLA
Careful what you fall in love with,
Adam.

Layla's back is against the wall.

Adam stands close, one hand beside her head, trapping her between him and the wall.

Their faces inches apart.

The room is quiet.

Their breathing is the only sound.

Layla smiles mischievously.

LAYLA Careful what you fall in love with, Adam.

He studies her eyes for a moment.

Then He leans in.

Their lips meet.

The kiss begins slow Careful... Almost hesitant.

Layla pulls him closer by his shirt.

The tension between them finally breaks.

But suddenly

CRASH!

The window explodes.

Glass shatters across the room.

Adam instantly pulls Layla down to the floor.

Bullets tear through the wall above them.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

What the hell—

ADAM

Stay down!

More gunfire.

Adam rolls behind the couch, pulling Layla with him.

Three masked gunmen burst through the shattered window.

Armed.

Fast.

Professional.

GUNMAN

Alive!

Adam reaches under the table Grabs the pistol Layla dropped earlier.

He fires twice.

Two clean shots.

One attacker falls instantly.

The second dives behind the kitchen counter.

The third charges forward toward Layla.

Layla reacts instinctively She grabs a broken glass bottle from the floor and slashes at him.

The man stumbles.

Adam shoots him in the shoulder.

He collapses.

The last attacker fires wildly from the kitchen.

Bullets tear through cabinets.

Adam moves fast.

Low.

Silent.

He appears behind the counter A single shot.

The gunman drops.

Silence fills the apartment.

Broken glass everywhere.

Smoke.

Heavy breathing.

Layla slowly stands.

Her hair messy.

Eyes wide.

Adrenaline still rushing.

She looks at Adam.

LAYLA

So...

She gestures toward the bodies on the floor.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Is this part of the romantic evening?

Adam checks the window carefully.

Still alert.

ADAM

No.

He looks at her.

Serious.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This is the beginning of the war.

Layla studies the fallen attackers.

Then looks back at him.

A slow smile spreads across her face.

Not fear.

Excitement.

LAYLA

Good.

She steps closer to him again.

Almost the same distance as before.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Because you still owe me that kiss.

Adam stares at her for a moment.

Half disbelief.

Half admiration.

Then he shakes his head slightly.

A small smile forming.

They stand there breathing the same air.

Neither willing to step back.

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INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

A dark room.

Walls covered with surveillance screens.

One screen shows Adam's apartment building, police lights flashing below. Another screen shows the shattered window.

Several operatives stand silently.

A man sits at the head of a long table.

His face remains mostly hidden in shadow.

An operative enters quickly.

OPERATIVE
Team Three is down.

Silence.

The man behind the desk does not react.

OPERATIVE (CONT'D)
All of them.

A long pause.

Then The man finally speaks.

His voice calm.. but chilling.

DIRECTOR
Adam?

OPERATIVE
Yes.

Beat.

OPERATIVE (CONT'D)
And the girl fought back.

The Director leans slightly forward.

Interested.

DIRECTOR
The girl is evolving faster than
expected.

Another operative shifts uneasily.

SECOND OPERATIVE
Should we eliminate her?

The Director slowly shakes his head.

DIRECTOR
No.

Beat.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Now she's valuable.

The room grows quiet.

The Director presses a button on the table.

A new file appears on the central screen.

A single name:

KAI

The operatives immediately exchange uneasy glances.

OPERATIVE
Sir... Kai hasn't been deployed in
years.

A faint smile appears on the Director's lips.

DIRECTOR
Exactly.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE TRAINING FACILITY - NIGHT

Snow-covered mountains.

Cold wind.

In the middle of a training yard stands a man.

Blindfolded.

Holding a blade.

Several armed fighters circle him.

They attack at once.

In seconds One drops.

Then another.

Then another.

Precise. Silent. Brutal.

The blindfold falls.

We finally see his face.

Calm.

Emotionless.

Deadly.

A phone rings on a nearby table.

He walks over and answers.

KAI

Yes.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ORGANIZATION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The Director speaks calmly.

DIRECTOR

We have a problem.

KAI

Adam.

The Director smiles faintly.

DIRECTOR

You remember him.

KAI
He trained me.

Silence.

DIRECTOR
Then you know how dangerous he is.

KAI
Yes.

Beat.

KAI (CONT'D)
That's why you called me.

The Director leans back.

DIRECTOR
Bring me the girl alive.

A pause.

Kai looks at the bodies lying around him.

KAI
And Adam?

The Director answers without hesitation.

Cold.

DIRECTOR
Break him.

Kai hangs up.

He picks up a photograph from the table.

It shows Adam and Layla outside the bookstore.

His eyes narrow slightly.

For the first time—

A hint of excitement.

KAI

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His eyes narrow slightly.

For the first time—

A hint of excitement.

KAI
(whispers)
Hello... teacher.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rain falls over the empty streets.

A black car stops quietly near the bookstore.

The door opens.

Kai steps out.

Calm. Focused. Dangerous.

He looks up at the bookstore sign.

Across the street—

Layla locks the bookstore door.

She freezes.

Something feels wrong.

Kai watches her silently.

Like a predator studying prey.

He speaks softly into a small earpiece.

KAI
Target located.

Layla senses someone watching.

She slowly turns.

Their eyes meet.

For a moment—

Silence.

Kai studies her.

Curious.

KAI (CONT'D)
You must be Layla.

Layla doesn't answer.

Her hand slowly moves toward her bag.

Where Adam secretly taught her to keep a gun.

Kai smiles slightly.

KAI (CONT'D)
Good.

Beat.

KAI (CONT'D)
He's already teaching you.

Layla raises the gun.

Points it at him.

Steady.

LAYLA
Who are you?

Kai steps forward.

Completely calm.

KAI
Someone who knows Adam better than
you do.

Layla fires.

Kai moves instantly.

The bullet hits the car behind him.

He closes the distance fast—

Grabs her wrist.

Twists the gun away.

Disarms her in seconds.

She struggles—

He pins her against the wall.

KAI (CONT'D)
You're slower than I expected.

Layla spits in his face.

LAYLA
You talk too much.

Kai wipes his face slowly.

Then suddenly—

Headlights flash across the street.

A motorcycle engine roars.

Adam arrives.

He jumps off the bike—

Gun already raised.

ADAM
Let her go.

Kai smiles.

Almost pleased.

KAI
Teacher.

Adam's expression hardens.

ADAM
Kai.

Layla looks between them.

Confused.

LAYLA
You know him?

Kai pushes Layla aside and steps forward.

Now the two men face each other.

Master and student.

KAI
You trained me.

Beat.

KAI (CONT'D)
You made me what I am.

Adam's voice is cold.

ADAM
And now I'm going to stop you.

Kai laughs quietly.

KAI
You're weaker now.

He glances at Layla.

KAI (CONT'D)
Because you love her.

A tense silence.

Then—

Kai attacks.

The fight explodes.

Fast.

Brutal.

Professional.

Knives.

Guns.

Hand-to-hand combat.

Layla watches—

But this time she doesn't freeze.

She remembers Adam's lessons.

She grabs the fallen gun.

Kai is about to stab Adam—

Layla fires.

The bullet hits Kai's shoulder.

He stumbles.

Adam doesn't hesitate.

He disarms him and throws him against the car.

Gun to his head.

Silence.

Rain falling.

Kai smiles through the pain.

KAI (CONT'D)
You didn't win.

Beat.

KAI (CONT'D)
You just started a war.

Adam pulls the trigger.

Gunshot echoes through the street.

Kai falls.

Dead.

Layla stares.

Breathing heavily.

Adam looks at her.

Something has changed.

She didn't hesitate.

He walks toward her slowly.

ADAM
How do you feel?

Layla looks at the gun in her hand.

Then at Kai's body.

Then at Adam.

A slow smile appears.

Not innocent anymore.

LAYLA
Alive.

Adam studies her.

Then nods slightly.

ADAM
Good.

Beat.

He extends his hand to her.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Because from now on...

His voice lowers.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You're not running from this world.

She takes his hand.

Firm.

Fearless.

LAYLA
I'm not running.

She looks him straight in the eyes.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
I'm walking into it with you.

Sirens echo in the distance.

Police approaching.

Adam grabs her hand.

They run toward the motorcycle.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The motorcycle races through the empty highway.

Layla holds Adam tightly.

Wind in their faces.

Freedom.

Danger.

Everything at once.

She leans closer to him.

LAYLA
So... what now?

Adam smiles slightly.

The first real smile.

ADAM
Now...

Beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
We disappear.

The motorcycle vanishes into the darkness.

FINAL SHOT
Somewhere far away.

Months later.

A new city.

A news broadcast plays in a bar:

"Several high-profile assassinations across Europe...
Authorities believe the same two suspects are responsible."

Outside—

Adam and Layla walk through the crowd.

Unknown.

Untouchable.

Partners.

She looks at him.

LAYLA

You still owe me that romantic
night.

Adam smirks.

ADAM

We'll schedule it between
assassinations.

They disappear into the night.

FADE OUT.