

WHITE MARKET TRADER

SCREENPLAY BY MOHAMED ZAINELAABDIN IBRAHIM (Adapted from the novel "White Market Trader")

FADE IN:

EXT. URBAN LANDSCAPE - DAWN

The first light of day illuminates a sprawling metropolis.

Skyscrapers pierce the sky, their surfaces reflecting the nascent sun. The city stirs, a silent hum of awakening activity.

NARRATION (V.O.) A wise and wealthy man once said, "Your most unhappy customers are your greatest source of learning." This statement may seem simple, but it was the spark that ignited one of the most controversial projects in financial history.

VISUALS shift to dynamic, abstract graphics of global stock market movements, lines rising and falling with intense speed.

Figures flash across the screen: billions, trillions.

NARRATION (V.O.) The "White Marketer," a name that became a symbol of influence and wealth, succeeded in completely changing the concept of global trading. Through a skillfully implemented idea, this man established an economic empire that sent his company's stock price racing toward astronomical figures, reshaping the principles of the global stock market and revolutionizing the science of buying, selling, and marketing.

Cut to: FAST-PACED MONTAGE of financial news headlines, articles, and television reports. The words "White Market" are prominent, appearing in various languages.

NARRATION (V.O.) The "White Market" company has been the focus of global attention since its inception. It was the fastest-growing company in the market and the most controversial among major investors.

A split screen: on one side, images of thriving global stock exchanges. On the other, images of crowded, bustling markets in developing nations.

NARRATION (V.O.) Today, the owner of this amazing success faces serious charges before the New York International Court of

Justice for manipulating stock markets and exchanges in eleven of the world's most powerful economies: the United States, the United Kingdom, China, Japan, Hong Kong, South Korea, Germany, Canada, Spain, Switzerland, and India. In addition to other lawsuits filed by a group of major Fortune 500 companies.

Close up on a world map, highlighting the listed countries.

NARRATION (V.O.) However, what is truly astonishing is that this "trader," whose ideas could hardly have stemmed from such humble backgrounds, is of African-Arab descent, raised in Sudan, a country classified as a Third World country.

A subtle, brief image of a dusty, vibrant street in Sudan.

NARRATION (V.O.) How did this man achieve such great success? How could the world's economies find themselves on the brink of collapse because of a single move by a man who was merely a merchant from a distant country?

The abstract financial graphics return, more chaotic now, suggesting instability.

NARRATION (V.O.) This is what we will discover in this story, which will delve into the dramatic and commercial details that forged this empire. I will not tell you here the story of the inventor of the smartphone, or the author of the theory of relativity, who changed the course of physics, or the richest man in the world. Rather, I will tell you about a man who realized that the most powerful business values can come from the most challenging times, and that the greatest ideas can be generated from customer failures. This is what led the international press to eagerly cover his story, placing him on the list of the 100 most influential people in the world.

The camera slowly PANS over a montage of magazine covers and newspaper front pages, featuring HASHEM.

NARRATION (V.O.) Let me not bore you with more, dear reader. As we progress through this story, you'll find yourself wondering: Is he just a lucky trader? Or is there something greater behind his success? Today, he's about to stand trial, where he'll face charges, and a story that redefines the meaning of money and influence begins.

FADE TO BLACK.

END SCENE

Part (1)

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL COURT - DAY (2025)

Four sleek, black SUVs, sirens wailing faintly, speed towards the formidable New York International Court building. A massive crowd, a vibrant tapestry of ages and nationalities, surges around the entrance. CAMERAS flash, PHOTOGRAPHERS jostle for position, their lenses eager to capture the moment. The air vibrates with a palpable tension, a mixture of anticipation and raw emotion.

The vehicles screech to a halt. Security personnel in dark suits swarm the main entrance, creating a narrow path.

A tall, dark-skinned man with short black hair, clad in a brown leather coat, jeans, and dark sunglasses, emerges from the lead SUV. The crowd ERUPTS - a cacophony of SCREAMS and APPLAUSE. Cameras click frantically, capturing the tense faces in the throng.

The man remains unshaken, seemingly oblivious to the chaos. His stride is steady as he moves towards the courthouse door.

Suddenly, he stops. His gaze fixes on a lone figure in the crowd, a man holding a handmade sign: "You made me rich at 60... Thank you."

The man, HASHEM (40s), offers a long, unreadable look, then resumes his determined walk into the building.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is packed. Every seat is taken.

HASHEM sits in the front row, his back to us. His heart POUNDS. He turns slightly.

Behind him, a few rows back, sits LAMAR (30s), her eyes a mixture of longing and deep concern.

HASHEM

(Quietly, emotionally)

Lamar, how are you? How is Hania?

LAMAR

(Tears in her eyes)

We're fine, and we love you, Hashem.

Hashem offers a silent smile, then raises his hand, kisses his fingers, and points them towards her - a private message from his world. He turns back, facing forward, awaiting the start of the hearing.

DAVID (40s), Hashem's attorney, leans in.

DAVID

(Quiet, firm)

Are you ready?

David reaches out and clasps Hashem's right hand. Hashem looks at the lawyer, the touch triggering a rush of memories, old events from his hometown in Sudan. He doesn't respond, letting the memories consume him.

FLASHBACK - EXT. ARAB MARKET - DAY (EARLIER)

The ARAB MARKET is a whirlwind of activity. It's around 2:00 PM. Streets overflow with pedestrians of all ages. STUDENTS wander between shops. MERCHANTS loudly display their wares in window displays. The fragrant aromas of food waft from restaurants, teeming with visitors.

Clothing, phone, and fabric shops vie for attention, drawing customers from every direction. Large BUSES and MINIBUSES lumber through the congestion, their engines roaring, mingling with the din of smaller cars trying to squeeze through. Exhaust fumes hang heavy in the air, but the market never stops. Everyone is busy, the shouts of vendors and the shuffle of footsteps intensifying with each passing moment.

Young HASHEM (20s), wearing casual jeans and a simple t-shirt, stands at one of the crowded corners. A small bag, containing

his exchanged money, is tucked under his arm. His eyes dart, scanning everyone who passes.

HASHEM

(Low voice, but audible over the din)

Exchange, exchange, exchange!

His words echo incessantly. He tries to attract customers looking to buy or sell dollars. Though people mill around him, his focus is solely on potential foreign currency traders. He understands the market, instinctively knowing who needs dollars and who wants to sell.

Suddenly, a strong hand GRABS his wrist. Before Hashem can react, he turns to face a man in casual clothes. The man's face is hard, his eyes burning with anger.

MAN

(Sharp, authoritative voice)

I've got you, you son of a dog, trading dollars!

The man tugs Hashem's hand. Hashem sags, terror seeping into his heart as the man's grip tightens. Black market currency trading is taboo, with severe punishments - imprisonment or asset confiscation. After South Sudan's secession, authorities imposed strict laws, making foreign currency extremely scarce. The Sudanese economy is deteriorating, forcing many to the black market. Banks are short on foreign currency, making the black market the only option.

A powerful surge jolts through Hashem's body. He doesn't think, reacting instinctively, pulling free from the man's grasp. He runs, breath catching in his throat, through the dense crowd.

The SECURITY GUARD, the man who grabbed him, pursues.

Hashem's heart POUNDS, his feet THUMPING frantically. He weaves through narrow alleys between shops.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Stop! Don't run!

But Hashem doesn't stop. His feet carry him faster than ever, his mind fixated on finding a hiding spot. He ducks into a

crowded restaurant, quickly seating himself at a corner table, trying to disappear. He watches through the window, waiting for the guard to lose sight of him.

Minutes crawl by. Hashem feels the tension ease. He calmly rises and exits the restaurant, heading directly for the bus station. He boards an almost full bus, clinging to the door, waiting for it to depart.

As the bus pulls away, a sense of relief washes over him, but he knows his troubles aren't over. His life has irrevocably changed; he's entered a world from which there's no easy escape.

INT. HASHEM'S HOME - DAY

Hashem enters his modest home. His mother, AMANI (50s), waits for him. Her face is etched with worry as she sees his dark expression.

AMANI

How are you, Hashem? Why did you come so early today?

Hashem doesn't answer. He walks straight to his room. He opens the door and closes it behind him, his eyes distant, lost in thought.

His younger sister, RASHA (teens), notices his nervousness.

RASHA

What's wrong, brother?

Hashem ignores her. He enters his room and closes the door. He collapses onto his bed, grabs his small bag, full of money, and begins to ponder what just happened. He thinks about everything he's been through and the direction his life is taking. He closes his eyes. Tears fall. He sobs quietly.

FLASHBACK - INT. AL-QALAM SCHOOL - DAY (OLDER)

A younger, sensitive HASHEM (15) stands beside his father, PROFESSOR MUHAMMAD AL-HAJJ, a mathematics teacher at Al-Qalam School. Hashem's love for his father is palpable.

NARRATION (HASHEM - V.O.) My father was my role model. Strict and organized, always guiding me, educating me from a young age.

His greatest wish was to see me in university, to rejoice in my success, to achieve what he never had.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Professor Muhammad Al-Hajj lies in a hospital bed, weakened by a sudden illness. Hashem (18), now finished high school and awaiting university results, sits by his side.

NARRATION (HASHEM - V.O.) Then, he was gone. The world changed around me. But I resolved to fulfill his dream.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF THE FUTURE - CLASSROOM - DAY (LATER)

Hashem attends a Computer Engineering lecture. He loves computers and video games. He's intelligent, especially in mathematics, like his father.

NARRATION (HASHEM - V.O.) Years passed. I graduated, but life wasn't easy. Two years I searched for a job, like many others, in a struggling economy. But I wouldn't sit idle. My father's words echoed: "He who does not accumulate from little cannot accumulate from much."

EXT. ARAB MARKET - DAY (VARIOUS SCENES)

Hashem hustles. He buys mobile phones wholesale and sells them. He trades textiles and clothing. He brokers real estate and cars. His profits are modest, nowhere near his ambition.

EXT. STREET - DAY (LATER)

Hashem walks home, tired. He encounters TARIK (50s), a local merchant.

TARIK

How are you, Hashem? And how is your family?

HASHEM

Thank God, we're all fine.

TARIK

Are you studying or working now?

HASHEM

I graduated two years ago. I'm currently working in free trade until I find a suitable job.

Tarik sighs sadly.

TARIK

This is the state of the country, my son. It's all closed to everyone. Things are very difficult. Why don't you come and work for me? You're very intelligent, and you can help me with my work. You'll earn good profits that will help you improve your situation.

Hashem dislikes Tarik. He's known as a black market currency dealer, someone his father warned him against. Tarik is believed dishonest, willing to betray anyone for money. But Hashem is desperate. His expenses exceed his income. He's dissatisfied.

HASHEM

How can I work for you if I have no knowledge of currency trading? Isn't it known that this trade is dangerous and can lead to imprisonment?

Tarik smiles, confident.

TARIK

These are just rumors, my son. Don't pay attention to them. Believe me, within a week you'll learn the trade and make good profits. I am ready to be your guide.

Tarik pulls a card from his pocket, hands it to Hashem.

TARIK

This is my card. Come tomorrow to my office in the Arab Market.

Hashem returns home, keeping the encounter secret from his mother, knowing she'd object.

INT. TARIK'S OFFICE, ARAB MARKET - DAY

The next day. Hashem enters Tarik's crowded office. Tarik takes his hand, gives him a small bag.

TARIK

In this bag is \$3,000. This business is simple. You just have to find people who want to buy or sell dollars. Now go with Azzam.

Tarik points to a man sitting opposite him. AZZAM.

TARIK

Azzam will be with you. He will guide you to potential customers.

Azzam stands.

AZZAM

Come on, we're running out of time and we might lose a lot of customers.

Hashem nods, a faint smile spreading across his face. His first "real opportunity." A chance for a fresh start.

NARRATION (HASHEM - V.O.) What I didn't know then was that I was entering a dangerous world. Tarik was just a tool for major black market traders. It wasn't just money exchange; it was a network directly harming the economy. Tarik, Azzam, even I, were unaware of the distortion in exchange rates. Black market rates differed radically from official ones, causing volatility, making it hard to predict currency value. It undermined central bank monetary policy, their efforts useless against illegal activities. Worse, it caused inflation, making imported goods expensive, eroding purchasing power, harming stability. This black market activity led to loss of confidence in local currency, hoarding of foreign currencies, capital flight. It distorted the economy, favoring those with access to foreign currency, hindering long-term growth. All this was absent from my mind. I had no idea I was spiraling into economic collapse. It would take a long time to learn the truth, to discover the extent of the damage.

INT. HASHEM'S ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Hashem holds an old, yellowed photo of his father. He grips it tightly, as if it connects him to a lost world. His face is etched with fatigue, tears stream down.

He wipes his tears.

HASHEM

(Whispering to himself)

I miss you, Dad. I need you. Guide me, Dad, because I've lost my way.

Five years have passed since Hashem entered the black market. At first, profits were dazzling, money flowed quickly. He even enrolled in university for a Master's in Business Administration, a distant dream fulfilled. But over time, he realized the risks and the negative impact on his country's economy. He hadn't known his work was distorting the economy, undermining the local currency.

He's had close calls, narrowly escaping imprisonment multiple times. Once, he dropped his money bag in traffic, escaping at the last moment. He lives in constant anxiety, fearing arrest.

His mother, Amani, watches him with concern. She disapproves of his work.

AMANI

(V.O.)

Provisions are in God's hands, and God is the Rich. Don't let yourself go down this dark path. Look for an honest source of livelihood, and don't risk your future.

But Hashem was stubborn. He believed life favored those who seized opportunities. He was oblivious to the dark path he was on.

Tonight is different. Sitting in his darkened room, he feels God has protected him from the law. Deep down, he knows it's time to leave this dark trade.

EXT. TARIK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hashem, carrying all the money he's accumulated over the years, walks towards Tarik's office. His heart POUNDS, but his eyes are filled with determination.

INT. TARIK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hashem enters. Tarik is there.

HASHEM

I came to close this chapter of my life.

He hands the money to Tarik.

HASHEM

I will never work with you again. I have decided to leave this job.

Tarik looks surprised but says nothing. Hashem leaves.

INT. HASHEM'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hashem enters. Amani is waiting in the kitchen. Her eyes are shining with concern, but she quickly notices a change in his face.

AMANI

What happened? Are you okay?

HASHEM

(Calm smile)

Yes, Mom, I am fine. I have decided to leave this job.

Amani is overjoyed. She hugs him warmly.

AMANI

Thank God. May God grant you success, my son. You will have a noble and blessed livelihood, God willing.

As Amani repeats her prayers, Hashem feels a new sense of comfort, one he hasn't felt in years. This is a new beginning, a path away from darkness, towards inner peace and noble success.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

The BAILIFF's voice BOOMS.

BAILIFF

Everyone stand!

Judge Janet enters. Hashem quickly straightens in his seat.

HASHEM

I'm ready, David.

Everyone sits. Judge Janet settles into her seat. A moment of silence. Janet arranges her papers.

Hashem looks at Lamar. She is his solace. His eyes then catch sight of his friends: KAMEL (30s), MALEK (30s), HASSAN (30s), and PROFESSOR IBRAHIM (60s). He looks at them all, smiles, and sits back, feeling renewed strength, filling his heart with confidence.

Judge Janet opens the first session. She explains the charges against Hashem: manipulating the global stock market in eleven countries. He is charged as chairman and founder of White Market. Each defendant country has legal representatives. A prosecution committee, representing over 40 major international companies, accuses White Market of significant economic damage.

The hearing begins. Lawyers present their charges, focusing on White Market. Hashem remains silent. Attorney David and his team speak in defense.

But then, Hashem hears the year "2013." Memories flood back - a year of significant transformations.

FLASHBACK - EXT. DUBAI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (2013)

Hashem, Kamel, and Malek, excited, step off a plane in Dubai. Hassan meets them. Hashem left the black market at the start of that year. Hassan persuaded them to come to Dubai, the "capital of opportunity."

They've been close school friends since Future University. Hashem studied computer engineering, Kamel computer science, Malek and Hassan computer systems. A strong, inseparable bond. Deep family ties.

Each has saved money to help them stay until they find jobs.

On the flight, Kamel spoke.

KAMEL

(Smiling)

God willing, we will succeed on this trip. The situation in Sudan has become very difficult.

KAMEL

What is your dream, Hashem?

HASHEM

(Smiling)

I want to work and get married.

Kamel laughs.

KAMEL

Do you want a career or marriage? Choose one, man.

Hashem laughs. Malek, sitting next to him, listens.

MALEK

Are you thinking about getting married at this age? I think I'll have to be engaged at least ten times before I start thinking about marriage.

Malek glances at the flight attendants.

MALEK

Can't you see how beautiful this is? One woman in my life won't be enough for me. I want a piece of each of them in my heart.

They continue talking and laughing throughout the flight.

INT. HASSAN'S APARTMENT, DUBAI - NIGHT

Hassan has rented an apartment for them. The friends are impressed by Dubai's modern architecture, wide streets, and vibrant energy. They talk endlessly about the endless opportunities.

INT. RESTAURANT, DUBAI - NIGHT

Over dinner, they enjoy a relaxed conversation about their hopes. The conversation shifts to jobs in Dubai.

HASHEM

(Curiously)

What are the job opportunities here in Dubai? How can I start looking for a suitable job?

Hassan smiles reassuringly.

HASSAN

Dubai is a city full of opportunities, Hashem. Everything here is digital; applying for jobs is online. All you have to do is register on recruitment websites and major companies, and you'll find plenty of opportunities.

HASSAN

I personally got my job here this way, and I've benefited greatly from the online networks that connect major companies with talented young people.

Hassan explains his work at a securities trading company.

HASSAN

My company specializes in online trading of stocks, currencies, and commodities. What we do is simply help our clients take advantage of opportunities available in global financial markets. We search for new clients who want to invest their money in global stock markets, and we present them with suitable opportunities in global stocks, commodities, or foreign currencies.

Hashem listens intently. With his MBA background, he's familiar with basic concepts of accounting, commerce, economics, and marketing. Hassan's talk about online trading particularly interests him.

HASSAN

I simply search for new clients and present them with suitable opportunities. After that, the company gives us a monthly bonus based on the size of the investments we bring in.

HASHEM

But, Hassan, aren't these investments subject to significant risks that could expose their owners to losses?

HASSAN

(Confidently)

Yes, Hashem. Every trade carries some risk, but our company employs financial analysts with extensive experience in reading financial markets. We constantly monitor the markets and study

price movements, which helps us provide clients with accurate information to increase their chances of success.

Hashem considers entering this field.

HASHEM

How much money do I need to start investing?

HASSAN

You can start with \$100, or any amount above that. The amount isn't as important as getting started and learning.

Hashem has saved \$4,000 for the trip. Hearing this, he decides to start immediately. He takes \$3,000 from his bag.

HASHEM

I want to invest in the stock market, but I don't know anything about this business.

HASSAN

(Enthusiastically)

Leave the money with you, my friend, and don't worry. You can come with me to the company tomorrow, and I will schedule an appointment with a financial analyst to explain the investment process in full. After that, you will be able to make your decision.

The friends talk, laugh, and joke for hours, then go to bed.

INT. TRADING COMPANY OFFICE, DUBAI - DAY

The next morning, Hashem goes with Hassan to the company. He meets a FINANCIAL ANALYST.

ANALYST

The idea is simple, Hashem. You buy a stock when its price is low, wait until it rises, and then sell it to profit from the difference.

HASHEM

How do I decide which companies, commodities, or currencies to invest in? And what are the risks I'm exposed to?

ANALYST

(Confident)

That's my job, Hashem. We study the markets thoroughly, and I'll provide you with a list of potential investments along with a comprehensive financial analysis of the companies, commodities, and markets. We'll provide you with our forecasts based on an analysis of price movements for at least six months.

HASHEM

How much should I invest?

ANALYST

You can start with \$3,000, which is a reasonable amount.

HASHEM

Okay, no problem. I'll start with that.

ANALYST

Okay, don't worry. We work with clients who invest millions.

Trust us. You can now go to Hassan to complete the account opening process in our system. After that, I'll email you the financial analysis as soon as possible.

Hashem goes to Hassan, tells him what happened. Hassan begins the account opening process, explaining the electronic trading platform. After reviewing the financial report, Hashem begins investing.

HASSAN

You can now go home; everything is done. Start your journey in this new field.

Hashem leaves the office, extremely happy. A huge step.
Something great beginning to take shape.

EXT. CAFÉ OVERLOOKING BURJ KHALIFA, DUBAI - DAY

Hashem decides to go to a café overlooking the Burj Khalifa. He feels the city offers limitless opportunities.

He takes a taxi. Amazed by Dubai's beauty and cleanliness, he gazes at its gleaming buildings and diverse shops. He is deeply

impressed. As he approaches the Burj Khalifa, he feels at the heart of a city brimming with modernity.

He arrives at the café. The place exudes a foreign feel, reflecting Dubai's astonishing luxury. Hashem sits in a quiet spot, holding his hot coffee. He sips it, inhaling the faint scent of a cigarette.

He stares wide-eyed at the majestic Burj Khalifa, seemingly touching the sky. The tower shimmers in the bright sunlight, reflecting off the surrounding buildings.

Hashem has a childhood habit: counting building floors or repetitive geometric shapes. He finds solace in these mental games, like counting his steps, to improve concentration. Now, new feelings stir within him. He thinks about how his life will change for the better in this new place, while he continues to gaze at the Burj Khalifa, as if the tower reflects his growing ambitions.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS, DUBAI - DAY (8 MONTHS LATER)

Eight months later. Hashem is fully immersed in global stock market investing. Profits and losses fluctuate, but he's abandoned job searching for now. This period is full of challenges, fostering growth and learning. Losses are sometimes devastating, but he believes they are part of the experience.

He's deeply immersed, not content with just trading. He revisits basics of investing, accounting, and stock market laws. He constantly reads global economic newspapers, watches financial news, analyzing stock movements, understanding market dynamics. He builds comprehensive files on companies and commodities he trades, becoming an expert.

He's earned \$100,000. But he feels this is just the beginning. His friends, Kamel, Malek, and Hassan, now seek his investment advice.

While Hashem invests, his friends pursue different careers. Kamel is a programmer at a software company. Malek works in AI software. Hassan remains at the trading firm, rising through the ranks. Hashem dedicates himself to this risky, fluctuating world.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL, DUBAI - DAY

One day, Browse the internet, Hashem sees an announcement for an open conference by SOFT in Dubai. Soft is a prominent software company, highly traded on the global stock exchange. Hashem decides to attend.

Soft's CEO (O.S.) explains new products and future vision. One statement captivates Hashem: "Your most unhappy customers are your greatest source of learning."

Hashem ponders this statement for hours after the conference. The CEO's words fill his mind. He ignores his friends' dinner invitation, preoccupied with the phrase.

He's happy with his freelance stock market work, feeling he's found his path. Yet, he constantly feels insecure, fearing market fluctuations. These threaten his investments, causing anxiety.

Recently, he invested in a global mining company with African branches. The price was initially good, but shares plummeted when operations halted due to political instability. He lost money, making him sad and unhappy. Loss always aches, but he now realizes he should learn from it.

He keeps remembering the CEO's phrase.

HASHEM

(Whispering)

The white market.

The words shine in his mind, illuminating his path in the dark world of trading. He feels this phrase is the key to understanding his professional life.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

David continues to deny charges against White Market. He asserts the company was a model of transparency and integrity for ten years, its reputation and quality widely appreciated by clients.

He adds that Hashem, Lamar, and board members dealt with all official bodies, including central banks and financial markets, with complete credibility and transparency since the company's inception in 2014.

As David speaks, Hashem is lost in thought, remembering Lamar.
His wife, the mother of his only daughter, Hania.

FLASHBACK - INT. TRADING FIRM OFFICE, DUBAI - DAY (2013)

Lamar (20s) works as an accountant at a trading firm Hashem uses. She calls him for profit transfers or new investments.

From the first time he saw her, an unconventional connection. Breathtakingly beautiful, African-Moroccan descent, enchanting wheat-colored skin, long black hair. Her voice captivates him. Every visit, he stares into her eyes as she speaks, until she notices.

He often tells his friends about his admiration, complaining he doesn't know how to get her attention. Malek is luckier with women.

One day, Hashem and Malek decide to go to Lamar's company after she calls for a meeting.

INT. MEETING ROOM, TRADING FIRM - DAY

Hashem and Malek sit. Lamar enters.

MALEK

(Smiling)

So you're the Lamar that Hashem talks about all the time.

Hashem is surprised, but Lamar smiles cheerfully.

LAMAR

Thank God he reminds me. Hashem is a man of few words by nature.

HASHEM

(Trying to hide his shyness)

I am indeed a man of few words, but it's your beauty that's the reason, not my nature.

Lamar smiles, blushing. Hashem feels something unexpected tug at his heart.

MALEK

(Jokingly)

Can we have a cup of coffee?

Hashem continues his meeting with Lamar. He and Malek return home. All the way, Malek laughs at Hashem's embarrassing behavior.

INT. HASSAN'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - MORNING (A FEW DAYS LATER)

A few days later. Malek sits on the balcony, lights a cigarette, calls Lamar.

MALEK

(Smiling)

How are you, Lamar?

LAMAR

Thank God.

HASHEM (O.S.)

(Takes the phone)

May I speak to you informally? I like you, Lamar.

Silence on the line.

LAMAR

(Calm voice)

Yes, please.

Hashem's heart pounds.

HASHEM

Would you believe me if I told you that I think about you most of the time?

Their communication continues. Their relationship develops over months. Hashem feels he's found his other half. One day, he proposes. Lamar happily agrees. It's the happiest day of his life, coinciding with New Year's celebration - a new phase.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Attorney David finishes speaking. He glances at the jury, then sits next to Hashem. The room is filled with tension.

Prosecution Attorney KEVIN (40s) stands before the bench.

KEVIN

The first witness in this case is Mr. Mackenzie, Chairman and Governor of the Central Bank. We ask the witness to come forward.

Silence. All eyes turn to MR. MACKENZIE (60s), who enters with firm steps, wearing a luxurious formal suit. His face is serious, reflecting great responsibility. He stands before the bench, takes the oath.

Kevin begins questioning.

KEVIN

What is your opinion that White Market harmed the financial market and caused huge losses to the global economy? Do you believe that the company's recent marketing led to a severe recession in more than 11 countries, which prompted the authorities to suspend its main system?

A harsh question. The situation is threatening for Hashem. He looks at Mr. Mackenzie, feeling the weight of Kevin's words.

As Mackenzie prepares to answer, a number flashes in Hashem's mind: "\$2 trillion." This is the amount central banks made from direct and indirect investments via White Market's platform throughout the schemes that led to the crisis.

Hashem feels a mix of relief and anger. The numbers illustrate the economic damage, but also remind him of his platform's success.

Hashem smiles faintly, a smile filled with flooding memories. He recalls the moment White Market's idea first came to him, sitting in his Dubai office, looking at numbers, feeling something missing in the market. The market lacked transparency, opportunities limited for small investors. The idea of an innovative trading platform formed. He knew it could change the financial world. He didn't know it would lead to a massive legal battle, affecting the entire financial system.

Hashem looks at Mackenzie, who answers Kevin's questions. The answer isn't what he expected. Mackenzie blames White Market for

market turmoil, its platform a major factor in currency manipulation. Shutting down the system was necessary for stability.

But in Hashem's heart, he knows White Market succeeded hugely, a victim of uncontrollable fluctuations. As he listens to the evidence, the thought that has haunted him for years remains: "Was this just the beginning? Did everyone have to pay the price for this idea?"

INT. HASSAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

HASHEM

(Low voice)

The white market.

Hashem quickly leaves his room and heads to the living room, where Kamel, Malek, and Hassan are watching TV. He stands in front of the screen.

HASHEM

(Enthusiastically)

A crazy idea has come to my mind, my friends.

They look at him in surprise, then astonishment. Overconfidence in his eyes. Hashem is brimming with enthusiasm. His friends don't know what to expect.

Hashem pauses, grabs the TV remote, mutes the TV. He returns to stand before them, energetic and thoughtful.

HASHEM

(Excitedly)

Imagine it with me. The company, the product, the stock price, the merchant...

He waves his hands in imaginary circles, indicating each concept.

HASHEM

I'll give an example. Let's assume the company is a car company, for example, and the product is the car, and what is the company's stock price?

HASSAN

(Wondering)

It's the price of the car!

Hashem nods.

HASHEM

Let's assume the company's stock price is its 'speed.'

He points to Hassan.

HASHEM

The higher the quality of the product, like the speed of the car, the higher the company's profits and the higher its market value.

HASSAN

Not necessarily. There are companies with high-quality products but weak market value as a result of their poor performance or weak operational policies.

HASHEM

Yes, Hassan, you're right. But let's assume the ideal situation for a company, one where all the factors for success are met. In reality, supply and demand in the market directly control the overall performance of the stock market.

Hashem continues, drawing imaginary circles.

HASHEM

Let's take a simple example. The more demand there is for a company's stock, the higher its price. The more supply there is, the lower the value of the stock. This is the basic principle of supply and demand.

He speaks more enthusiastically.

HASHEM

When demand for a stock increases, for example, investors may expect the price to rise as a result of the increased demand. This increased demand leads to a higher price due to the limited supply. Conversely, if there is a fear of a decline in the company's financial performance or strong competition, demand for the stock may decrease, leading to a decrease in its price.

He waves his hands.

HASHEM

Now, let's see how we can influence this process. Can we develop a system that has a direct impact on supply? What if we focused on increasing demand in an innovative way?

HASHEM

Let's assume that the first circle represents demand, and the second circle represents supply. Central banks and their economic policies significantly influence supply more than demand. Companies, on the other hand, influence demand more than supply.

Hashem pauses, looks at his friends.

HASHEM

What if we developed an electronic exchange system that significantly impacts supply and focuses on positively influencing demand?

He smiles, explaining his innovative idea.

HASHEM

We can build a company that has a real impact on the markets. We have Kamel and Malek in software and artificial intelligence, and you, Hassan, are an expert in marketing and sales, and Lamar is a financial expert. What do you think?

He notices their confusion.

HASHEM

Imagine a room with one open window...

He points to Hassan.

HASHEM

And you, Hassan, are standing outside this room, a few meters away, your gaze directed toward that open window. In that room are many pieces of furniture and belongings that you cannot clearly see from where you are. Now, suppose that at some point a spark ignites inside the room without your knowledge, because you are outside.

MALEK

We will know when we see smoke coming out of the open window.

KAMEL

Or when we approach the window and see what's happening inside the room.

HASHEM

Exactly! Then you start taking the necessary measures to extinguish the fire and limit its damage. This is exactly what happens in the market. All the companies are inside that room, and the trader only sees what's happening in the market from his position.

HASHEM

Risks in the market come from every direction. But if we can improve our ability to predict the market and influence supply and demand, we will reduce the risks and achieve stable profits.

HASHEM

(Smiling, noticing their absorption)

I don't want to take too long. We can continue the conversation tomorrow. What do you think?

Everyone nods.

HASHEM

Okay, how about we meet tomorrow and I'll invite Lamar to join us.

They agree. Hashem calls Lamar.

INT. HASSAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY (NEXT DAY)

The friends gather, brainstorming. Lamar has heard about Hashem's idea for an electronic trading company with a sophisticated system. Everyone offers insights.

Hashem explains the system's development. The platform will be advanced, changing how financial markets trade.

HASHEM

What's unique about this system will be the internal trading network feature that will allow investors to trade with each other.

The team gets excited. The platform will include a unique internal trading network, allowing investors to sell financial portfolios to each other. Algorithms will govern the network, allowing local investors to trade, enhancing market communication.

HASHEM

The system will enable experts to manage their internal portfolios, sharing with the company the profit margins due for each internal trade. However, the idea is not simply to display the shares. The shares must appear at prices lower than the actual value on the stock exchange, and this will benefit investors.

HASHEM

Also, the network's algorithms will determine the profit margins due to the relevant economic authorities, such as regulatory bodies or central banks, for each internal trade.

The idea takes shape. Everyone is excited. Company profits will come from direct commissions, operational membership, and investor communication services.

LAMAR

(Seriously)

To officially operate a stock market trading system and open it to the public, we will need to meet several legal and regulatory requirements. These requirements may vary depending on the jurisdiction in which we will operate.

LAMAR

For example, we will need to register with regulatory bodies such as the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Financial Conduct Authority. We will also need to establish a legal business entity such as a limited liability company. This will provide legal protection for us and create a separate entity for the trading system.

LAMAR

We will also need to fully disclose our trading strategy, explaining the factors associated with potential risks and returns, through a disclosure document such as a prospectus or offering memorandum.

LAMAR

The most important thing is to have a robust risk management plan to minimize potential losses for investors and protect their capital. This plan could include setting trade limits, implementing stop-loss orders, and diversifying investments.

Lamar looks at her friends, cautious.

LAMAR

It's not easy. We will need a significant amount of capital to set up this system and establish the company. There are also many legal and financial requirements to consider. I don't know, it sounds complicated.

Silence. It seems overwhelming.

KAMEL

We can purchase a trading system with the known basics and then modify and improve the programming to suit our own requirements. There's no need to reinvent the wheel; we can start from the basics.

Malek smiles.

MALEK

Yes, that's an excellent idea. I can program and improve this system, as well as add artificial intelligence algorithms that

will help manage portfolios, trades, and control the trading network between investors.

HASHEM

(Elated)

Yes, that's exactly what we need. Artificial intelligence will be pivotal in improving the system's performance and achieving our desired goals.

Everyone feels the idea is achievable, despite obstacles. They begin to agree on how to address challenges.

HASSAN

My friends, I know a professor who specializes in economics and financial markets. What do you think if we set up an appointment with him? We can get his advice on our project, and then we can decide what to do.

Everyone agrees. Hassan contacts Professor Ibrahim, who welcomes the idea and schedules a meeting.

INT. PROFESSOR IBRAHIM'S OFFICE - DAY

The team meets Professor Ibrahim in a private office. Hashem explains the entire idea, focusing on the system.

Ibrahim listens carefully.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

Your idea is nice, but it remains just an idea on paper unless you have tangible results—real results—for the trading system you explained to me.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

Let me first explain how the relationship between financial market changes and major economic indicators such as inflation, deflation, and recession is complex and multifaceted. These changes affect each other through several channels.

Ibrahim looks at the team.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

When stock prices rise, people feel richer, which leads to increased consumer spending. This, in turn, can stimulate demand-driven inflation. Conversely, if stock prices fall sharply, this leads to a decline in household wealth and consumer confidence, causing a decline in spending and potential deflationary pressures.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

Moreover, stock market changes can affect firms' cost of capital. When stock prices are high, firms can easily raise capital from the equity markets, increasing investment and economic activity. However, if stocks decline sharply, firms' ability to raise capital may be reduced, reinforcing deflationary pressures.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

Changes in the stock market can also be indicators of economic contraction. When there are sharp declines in the market, this may signal investor concerns about the future health of the economy, such as slowing growth or declining corporate profits. If market declines persist or are severe enough, this can lead to a decline in investor confidence, negatively impacting spending and investment, leading to a recession.

Ibrahim pauses.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

But during periods of economic expansion, rising stock prices can boost positive sentiment and create a pivotal cycle of increased consumer and investment spending, contributing to economic growth.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

(Serious tone)

But you have to be careful. There is a very important point that you must carefully consider when designing your trading strategy: 'stock overvaluation.'

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

Overvaluation occurs when a stock exceeds its intrinsic value based on factors such as earnings, assets, and growth potential.

This can occur due to speculation, market sentiment, or even irrational exuberance among investors.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

When stock prices become excessively inflated, it can lead to many negative effects on the economy, the most serious of which are asset bubbles. A stock's price may rise beyond its intrinsic value, and when these bubbles burst, they can cause a severe economic contraction, as happened with the dot-com bubble in the early 2000s or the housing market crash in 2008.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

In addition, overvaluation can lead to capital misallocation, where resources are directed to unsustainable or low-feasibility projects, hindering long-term economic growth.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

Excessive pricing can also create a false sense of wealth among investors and consumers, leading to increased spending and investment.

But when the bubble bursts, this wealth evaporates, leading to lower consumer spending, reduced investment, and possibly a recession.

Ibrahim looks at the team.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

If overpricing continues, regulatory interventions may be imposed on the market to prevent manipulation and protect investors. However, these interventions may also disrupt market dynamics and investor confidence in the short term.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

In general, while overpricing may initially create the illusion of prosperity, it often leads to negative consequences for the economy in the long term.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

My advice to you, young people, if you are going to establish this company, you should focus on its success factors such as market value, revenue, profits, influence, and global reach. We

are in an age of speed and access to information anytime, anywhere. Therefore, I advise you to make the most of modern technology. Technology will be your differentiator from other companies.

INT. NEW YORK FINANCIAL JOURNAL OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

MARY (30s), office manager, tries repeatedly to contact CARLOS (50s), a prominent financial reporter. He enters his office, hears her calling. He heads to her desk. She points to her computer screen.

CARLOS

What's wrong, Mary?

Carlos approaches. He sees White Market's index rising dramatically on the screen. Unbelievable values. He takes Mary's seat and spends the rest of the day studying White Market's financial statements, gathering information.

His confusion grows. It's an electronic trading company, not a well-known software, smart device, or energy giant.

Carlos is an expert in financial journalism, acclaimed for his accurate analyses. What he sees astonishes him. White Market is a small company, only six years old.

He can't believe it. He studies every detail of their website, watches introductory videos explaining trading strategies. Soon, he opens an account. Within minutes, he receives notifications from millions of investors who follow him - fans of his column or appearances on financial news.

Thanks to the internal trading feature, Carlos makes huge profits from his followers' investments, as future profit percentages are transferred from those who interact with his account. He also receives numerous trading requests from groups and investors worldwide, competing to include him in their joint portfolios.

Amazed by the platform, he gathers more information. He learns White Market was founded by Hashem and his friends in Dubai, expanded significantly, and moved its headquarters to New York City earlier this year. Hashem is CEO. His wife, Lamar, Kamel,

Malek, Hassan, and Professor Ibrahim are board members. Hashem married Lamar, had their daughter Hania, then moved to New York.

Over six years, Hashem and his friends faced challenges and achieved success, determined to revolutionize electronic trading. Their innovation earned them a solid reputation and large client base.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

More than two hours have passed. Judge Janet announces a half-hour recess.

Hashem remains seated, eyes fixed on Lamar's ring, feeling it between his fingers. His mind returns to their tenth wedding anniversary, the happiest moment of his life.

FLASHBACK - INT. FANCY RESTAURANT, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Hashem, Lamar, and Hania celebrate. Hashem drives his armored car, a departure from his usual habit of traveling with his bodyguard. He changed his security after persistent audio threats and a recent mafia assassination attempt, making him fear for his family's safety.

They sit at a table overlooking the beautiful New York City. Hashem pulls out two identically shaped boxes, presents them to his wife and daughter, kissing each on the hand. A special moment of happiness, hard-won.

INT. ARMORED CAR - NIGHT

After dinner, in the car on the way home, Lamar notices a different route.

LAMAR

Why are we going this way?

HASHEM

(Calmly)

We have a visit to make.

Hashem calls Attorney David.

HASHEM

We're here.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

They arrive. David greets them at the elevator. Hashem takes his hand.

HASHEM

Are you ready?

DAVID

Yes, Hashem, all the paperwork is ready.

They enter the office and sit at the conference table. David hands Hashem papers to sign. Lamar receives them next. She pauses.

LAMAR

What are these papers, Hashem?

HASHEM

(Calmly)

My dear, they're just precautionary papers.

Lamar is unconvinced.

LAMAR

Explain it to me, Hashem.

HASHEM

(Looks at David)

Explain it to her, please.

Hashem is always straightforward with Lamar.

DAVID

(Deep breath)

Mrs. Lamar, this is Hashem's will. He instructs that all of his assets and shares in the company go to you and your daughter, Hania, in the event of any harm to him. He also added to your existing share in the company, and he also instructed Hashem's mother and sister to bequeath a fortune. In the event that harm

befalls all of you, his annual profit shares will go to three charitable organizations designated by Hashem himself, and these shares will be distributed equally.

HASHEM

Come on, dear, sign the papers and let's go.

Lamar carefully takes the papers, signs them, hands them to Hashem. He signs. They leave the office, get into the car, and head home.

INT. HASHEM'S HOME - NIGHT

They arrive home. Hashem kisses his wife and daughter before entering his office, closing the door. Silence. More than just signing papers - securing his family's future, protecting his legacy.

INT. HASHEM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hashem sits behind his desk, takes a deep drag on a cigarette. Lights are dim. Only light is from his laptop screen. He exhales smoke, turns on his computer.

His devices require complex security. He looks at the computer's front-facing camera. Audio notification from his phone. A prompt appears: enter ID code. He quickly enters it. Another screen: scan his face with the phone's camera. He does. Repeats with laptop camera. Daily routines. This security keeps his information safe.

He turns on the White Market system, browses financial reports on market activity and the trading network.

WhiteMarket achieved unprecedented success. In its tenth year, it captured 50% of the market share. This success is due to unique features: smart applications, advanced security, making it one of the safest. The portfolio management system is notable, allowing easy client relationship management, ensuring excellent performance for new investors. The system optimizes novice traders' performance, ensuring safe investments and effective risk management. It generates regular profits, yet spends huge sums on R&D.

He remembers the Anti-Money Laundering Department he oversees.

This department plays a vital role, collaborating with government agencies to uncover suspicious funds and money laundering companies worldwide. White Market is the "white ghost" for mafias.

But with success comes anxiety. Their responsibility is more than just profit. Many see them as targets for global mafias and predators. Things aren't easy. They must consider personal and family safety, and company stability.

That night, after hours on the computer, Hashem sends a message to the projects department. A difficult decision, but unavoidable: implementing the "white bubble" plan in eleven countries over eleven days. Part of their strategy to limit mafia influence, but risky. He takes a deep breath and sends the message, certain this step marks a new, challenging chapter for White Market.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

The half hour recess passes quickly. Judge Janet resumes the session. She asks Kevin to continue. He summons Hashem to the cross-examination stand. Hashem calmly takes his seat.

KEVIN

Tell us about the 'White Bubble' plan. How did you implement this plan?

HASHEM

(Slight smile)

It's a marketing plan aimed at bringing together the largest number of investors and stimulating trading on our network platform. 'White Market' opened portfolios for all participants from around the world to participate in this event, with the goal of achieving the largest number of trades in 11 countries.

HASHEM

That's a brief explanation of the plan. I hope I've answered your question.

The jury looks at Hashem. He looks back at Kevin. Hashem's reaction is direct and forceful. Kevin seems to miss the

simplicity. These countries and their financial market representatives sued White Market, accusing them of market manipulation, leading to the platform's temporary suspension.

KEVIN

But isn't this plan completely different from the company's usual policies, which have been approved by the financial markets in those countries?

HASHEM

(Confidently)

Yes, it is a new plan that was carefully studied and approved by White Market's board of directors.

Kevin persists.

KEVIN

So, since it is new, why didn't White Market seek the necessary approval from the relevant authorities before implementing it? And why didn't they submit the required paperwork and documents to disclose the platform's trading strategy before implementing the plan?

Hashem pauses.

HASHEM

We really haven't changed the system's core policy. Our online platform and merchant network are geographically linked to the financial markets of the investors' countries. When the investor is at any geographical point, they see the network available only to that point. As for the plan, we didn't see the need to share its details, especially since we invested heavily in research and development, and our goal was to maintain confidentiality to avoid competition.

HASHEM

The confidentiality was part of the surprise element for our customers. We wanted to introduce a new product to coincide with the end of the last quarter of the fiscal year.

KEVIN

How much did you make from this campaign?

HASHEM

(Confidently)

We made billions of dollars compared to our expenses on this campaign. The event was 11 days long, but the planning and coordination took us years. The company chartered most of the flights heading to those countries for the duration of the event, in addition to the hotel reservations and facilities we provided, to ensure that prices were not excessive in the market.

HASHEM

The company developed a comprehensive marketing plan that helped make this event a success. We generated huge profits and paid all our dues.

Kevin turns to a representative of a telecom company, one of the plaintiffs.

KEVIN

But are you a trading company, or a telecom company? It's clear that the company generated huge profits from the internal communications feature available on your online platform during those days.

HASHEM

White Market's system is completely secure, and we do not allow any commercial communication between investors except through our own communications application on the platform, as this violates our privacy policies. We have an internal system for communication between traders, whether via voice or email. However, we also have partnerships and agreements with telecom companies regarding internet service. Our company has always been committed to paying all its dues.

Hashem continues to defend his company, knowing that companies are harmed by White Market's success and influence. During those eleven days, the company established a new marketing practice that changed investors' thinking.

HASHEM

(Firmly)

The company was keen on confidentiality, and Hassan personally oversaw the selection of our partners and suppliers. We know that the prosecution is trying to destroy White Market's reputation, but I am confident that we are on the right track.

Judge Janet notes ambiguity. Hashem's opponents raise questions that could harm the company further. With each answer, the judge senses the case isn't clear-cut. She adjourns the hearing, scheduling a second.

FADE OUT.

(End of Part 1)

PART (2):

WHITE MARKET TRADER

SCREENPLAY BY MOHAMED ZAINELAABDIN IBRAHIM (Adapted from the novel "White Market Trader")

INT. HASHEM'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - DAY (LATER)

The name "White Market" is everywhere - newspapers, financial news. It's a household name in global financial markets, its credibility soaring. A sixteen-year-old is more likely to be trading on White Market than playing video games or on social media. White Market has revolutionized electronic trading, attracting young people to a new way of handling money.

The company atmosphere is vibrant. White Market offers attractive salaries and bonuses, plus 8% of annual profits distributed as additional bonuses. This incentivizes employees, driving efficiency.

In its tenth year, White Market floated 30% of its shares, later raising it to 60% due to tremendous success. The company generates huge profits, revolutionizing financial markets.

White Market's success is largely due to the intelligent algorithms designed by Kamel and Malek. They even live on company premises, managing infrastructure daily, tirelessly

improving the system. Recently, the company invested heavily in quantitative statistics and AI research. It developed its investor network, introducing collective investment and mutual portfolios that expire after an investment, allowing direct profit and loss sharing.

Professor Ibrahim serves as the economic advisor. Attorney David is legal counsel. Their expertise guides the company through volatile markets.

Lamar is a driving force behind many successes. She played a major role in attracting big investors, notably ROBERT JOHNSON, the world's largest stock market investor, owner of a major financial institution. Lamar convinced him to buy a 5% stake, a significant financial boost. She also attracted many other successful investors.

Customer service is a huge focus, making White Market an inspiration for emerging companies. Hashem and his friends form a solid team, never disagreeing without eventually uniting. Their team spirit overcomes all challenges.

But as the company grows, Hashem's responsibilities multiply daily, as do his influence and connections. He travels frequently, putting pressure on Lamar to care for Hania. Balancing work and family becomes harder, yet Hashem strives for success in both.

INT. HASHEM'S TEMPORARY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

After the first court session, Hashem returns to the house assigned to him - more a prison than a sanctuary. He's under house arrest, barred from communication. Phone calls and social media are blocked. Attorney David is his only allowed visitor.

Hashem and David enter. The door closes behind them, leaving security personnel at the entrance. The atmosphere is tense. Hashem is fully aware of the danger. He takes a deep breath.

HASHEM

What's going on, David? What's all this fuss about? Why is everyone accusing us?

DAVID

(Calmly, but concerned)

Hashem, trust me, we will get through this ordeal. But the situation is bigger than we imagined. You are being targeted by powerful parties, and the matter goes beyond the case itself.

There are forces driving these accusations.

Hashem looks at David, his eyes filled with worry and confusion. Time is crucial. This is a battle bigger than a legal trial.

HASHEM

(Low voice, controlling emotions)

Okay, David, you have to be ready when I give you the signal. We have to be prepared for all eventualities.

Hashem's words are a mixture of caution and certainty. Every step is crucial. He needs time alone to think, to plan carefully. He knows the house is under surveillance, every conversation recorded. He asks David to leave.

HASHEM

(Pointing to the door)

I think you should go now, David. I'll need some time to think. We'll see you soon.

David looks at him, understands.

DAVID

(Whispering)

Stay strong. We'll find a way out of this.

David leaves. Hashem stands, lights a cigarette, thinking.

Things are moving fast. He's battling forces threatening everything he and his friends built. He closes his eyes, trying to clear his mind. He must act intelligently. The case is much bigger than a trial.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

News and newspapers are abuzz with the White Market case. News channels cover every detail. Even journalist Carlos, hosted by a news channel, speaks on the first day of the hearing.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Carlos stands before cameras, speaking in a deep, confident voice.

CARLOS

The press blackout surrounding this case has become unjustified. No one knows the full truth about what is happening in court. Unfortunately, journalists and photographers have been barred from entering the courtroom due to the sensitivity of the case, which has created a climate of uncertainty. This blackout only exacerbates the gossip and leads to the spread of rumors. Only relevant individuals have been allowed into the courtroom in an effort to preserve the course of justice.

CARLOS

(Confident)

I'm not saying the press should interfere in the course of justice, but transparency is required here. The world must know what's happening inside this courtroom. A case of this magnitude requires that information be made available to the public so they can better understand the situation.

Carlos is in a delicate position. Known for his precise analyses, he knows viewers expect thorough explanation. Cameras record his every word. When he speaks of the case, eyes are eager for White Market's future.

Concluding the interview.

CARLOS

(Casually)

But ultimately, we have to wait and see what the upcoming hearings will bring. This is more than just a legal trial. There are many parties seeking to undermine the company and destroy its reputation, and this further complicates the case.

His remarks leave a strong impression. Everyone wonders: is this blackout just legal, or is something bigger hidden? What next steps will determine White Market's fate?

INT. HASHEM'S TEMPORARY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hashem can't sleep. Thoughts race. Anxiety fills him. In the last third of the night, he gets up. To the kitchen, makes coffee, lights a cigarette. He sits in the living room, leaning back. Smoke billows. The room is quiet.

Suddenly, he hears the front door open. Hashem puts his cigarette in the ashtray, grabs his coffee cup. He walks towards the door at the end of the corridor. He stops.

Two men stand meters away, contemplating in silence, their eyes serious. Then five more men enter. Elderly, stern expressions, full of power and influence.

FIRST MAN

(Firm voice)

Leave us alone and go now.

The two men by the door step back. The five men sit, as if the room was prepared for this meeting. Hashem's eyes sweep over them. He feels anxious.

HASHEM

Who are you? What do you want?

FIRST MAN

We came to talk. Let's sit down and settle this.

They all sit. Hashem is suspicious. He feels watched, every move, every word. He doesn't know what's next.

Silence. Then one of them speaks.

THIRD MAN

We're the ones who brought the charges and filed this case against you. I think that should be clear by now.

THIRD MAN

(Low voice, angry)

Your company has incurred huge losses for us. How did you make all this profit in 11 days? It doesn't seem logical.

Hashem looks at the third man. A shiver. Questions keep coming. Every word can open a door to greater trouble.

HASHEM

(Trying to maintain composure)

I made legitimate profits. I didn't steal, I didn't loot. I work honorably.

FOURTH MAN

(Sardonic smile)

You say you made legitimate profits? Don't talk to me about honor, Hashem. You manipulated our financial markets and transferred your investors to our countries. You executed massive financial transactions in a short period of time. Do you realize that your company has destroyed our markets? You're not a global phenomenon to make all this money.

FIFTH MAN

(Calm but defiant voice)

I personally facilitated all the plane reservations for your company for 11 days. You know what that means? You made close to \$20 billion!

Hashem is silent. Heart racing. Trying to remember everything, every company decision. He doesn't know they know everything.

HASHEM

(Controlling emotions)

Everything I earned was legitimate. We paid all our company's dues.

The first man looks at Hashem.

FIRST MAN

(Mysterious tone)

What would you like to earn if you were to donate your money to charitable organizations? What is your goal in life?

Hashem breathes slowly. Words play in his mind. Crucial moment. He remains calm.

HASHEM

My goal is to live happily with my wife and daughter, and to ensure they have a decent and safe life. I want to leave a positive impact on this world, nothing more.

SECOND MAN

(Skeptical)

Do you think this is an honorable way? Are you truly honorable?

HASHEM

(Confident, despite tension)

Thank God, yes, I am honorable.

The third man steps forward.

THIRD MAN

If you had to choose between your wife and daughter on one side, and your money on the other, which would you choose?

A shocking question. Hashem doesn't hesitate.

HASHEM

My wife and daughter, of course.

FOURTH MAN

(Faint smile)

If we leave you, will you continue this way of doing business in our countries?

HASHEM

(Firmly)

No, I won't do it again. I don't want to hurt anyone.

The five men look at each other. One speaks low.

ONE OF THEM

Let's vote.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

New York, a global financial hub, home to major banks and companies. Its strategic location on the Atlantic makes it a

central point for international trade. Wall Street, with its stock exchanges and financial institutions, is a key landmark. The New York Stock Exchange is one of the world's largest by trading volume, facilitating securities and asset trading through a vast network of investors.

Despite its bright financial image, New York has a dark, hidden side. Illegal organizations operate on the fringes, outside the law. They use violence, intimidation, and corruption for drug, human, prostitution, and organ trafficking. They use violence and extortion to control individuals and businesses, generating illicit funds. They consolidate control through cyber-hacking and fraud to steal data for blackmail or black market sale. They smuggle illicit goods like stolen weapons and jewelry. Most effectively, they launder money through complex financial networks, making it appear legitimate. These networks use violence, intimidation, kidnapping, and extortion.

They also influence politics, launching pressure and intimidation campaigns to sway decisions in their favor, strengthening their control over black markets, weapons, and drugs. This way, they control local and international economies in parallel, infiltrating every market corner for illegal profits. This dark image contrasts with New York's financial capital status, where global economic forces operate illegally, secretly.

INT. HASHEM'S TEMPORARY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The five men look at each other. One of them, OWEN (50s), the first man who spoke, looks directly at Hashem.

OWEN

Let's vote.

Hashem doesn't fully understand. He thinks they are just powerful men. The truth is far more complex. These five are not just powerful figures; they are the leaders of the world's largest and most dangerous criminal organization, operating an illegal network across countries.

Owen is the world's largest arms smuggler, responsible for weapons, jewelry, antiquities, and stolen goods. His network

spans from the Middle East to South America, flooding markets with weapons used in wars and terrorism.

GEORGE (50s), the second man, controls the judiciary and police, using intimidation, blackmail, and bribery to corrupt officials. George is the mastermind behind illegal political operations, wielding immense power to influence policy and legislative decisions.

FABIAN (50s), the third man, is the organization's treasurer, managing finances, collecting and laundering funds, and overseeing accounts and shell companies. Fabian ensures dirty money appears legitimate, controlling financial institutions handling it.

MARIO (50s), the fourth man, controls commercial markets, running illegal activities like organ and drug trafficking, gambling, nightclubs, and brothels. He has a strong hand in the black market and influences companies, hotels, and global markets.

Finally, WALTER (50s), the fifth man, is directly responsible for murders, physical violence, intimidation, and torture. He commands a network of men for assassinations and extortion globally.

As Hashem sits, he believes he's in a normal meeting with influential businessmen. In reality, he's at the center of a villainous network targeting White Market for their own purposes.

Unknown to Hashem, the organization plans to take over his company, especially after failed hacking attempts. White Market uses advanced security systems connected to central banks and judicial institutions, tracking suspicious funds. After all failures, they decided to directly pressure Hashem.

Mario learned of the company's increased flight and hotel bookings, using this to pressure Hashem. George arranged for high-ranking officials worldwide to pressure him legally. The five men decide to sign their ruling: control the company at any cost. Hashem is their primary target.

The men unanimously vote: kidnap Hashem. Walter and his men immediately execute the plan, taking Hashem to a secret house.

Hashem is in shock, unaware of what's happening or who these dangerous leaders are.

A police officer, Andrew, is complicit. George bribed Andrew, the police chief monitoring Hashem, facilitating his kidnapping and hiding him. Hashem is now in their grip, unaware of the organization's plans to take over his company. All he knows is his life has changed completely; he's a target in a conflict far greater than he imagined.

INT. NYPD PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Carlos rushes to the NYPD press conference on the White Market case. Journalists and news outlets fill the room, eagerly awaiting Chief Andrew's revelations. Carlos takes a front-row seat.

Chief Andrew stands before cameras, delivering a press release.

CHIEF ANDREW

Today, we announce that Hashem has escaped from his house arrest, where he assaulted the officers who were on duty monitoring him. The incident occurred late last night, and we have made every effort to ensure the situation did not escalate, but we are now facing a very complex case.

The news hits Carlos like a thunderbolt. Stronger than he anticipated. He knows Hashem as loyal and ambitious, never imagining him involved in such an act. He met Hashem at charity events, witnessed his kindness. Hashem told him he was a fan of New York Financial. They discussed economics and markets, developing mutual respect and friendship. Carlos trusts Hashem deeply.

Carlos can't believe the news. Something strange is behind this. Hashem wouldn't do this intentionally. Carlos is deeply concerned, unable to sit idly by. He calls Lamar.

CARLOS

(Concerned voice)

Hello, Lamar, this is Carlos... Is what we heard at the conference true? Has Hashem fled?

LAMAR

(Affected tone)

Yes... I can't believe what's happening. We're in shock. I never imagined Hashem would make this decision, especially after everything that's happened. He always felt that everything would be fine, that things would end soon.

Carlos worries for Lamar and Hania. He feels there's more to this escape. Hashem might be in a much bigger game.

CARLOS

(Eagerly)

Do you have any idea where he is?

LAMAR

(Hesitantly, gathering thoughts)

No, I don't know where he is right now. But I'm very worried about him. This isn't the Hashem we know.

CARLOS

(Gently, offering support)

I'm here for you and Hashem. We'll figure out what happened. Let me know if there's anything I can do to help you.

Lamar hangs up. Carlos remains, reflecting on these sudden, radically changing events. Not just a journalist covering a case, he's personally involved. This case is much bigger than he imagined.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (LATER)

News of Hashem's escape dominates headlines. Police intensify search. Authorities warn citizens to report any information, stressing immediate notification.

Judge Janet convenes the second session, postponed due to Hashem's escape. Moments after it begins, Kevin offers David a settlement.

KEVIN

We are offering the White Market defense a settlement, whereby they can pay \$1 billion in compensation to their opponents. In

exchange, the case will be dropped and the company's online platform will be restored.

The offer surprises the defense team, but they know it might be the quickest solution to mitigate losses from the temporary platform outage. David and his team consult with the board. Heated discussion. The amount is huge, but it may be the best option given incurred losses and reputational damage.

After lengthy discussions, they accept. White Market's board meets, announces acceptance of the settlement to limit damage and resume operations.

First step: Lamar is appointed new CEO. Everyone agrees, given her leadership skills and commitment during the crisis.

During these difficult times, they know things will never return to normal. But with this decision, there's hope to overcome the crisis and restore market confidence.

INT. ABANDONED ROOM - DAY

Hashem remains in the room where he's held. Days feel like lifetimes. Anxiety. Why was he kidnapped? How did they breach security? Now in the hands of dangerous gangsters. He must be careful.

On the day White Market announces its platform reopening, the five leaders sit with Hashem.

GEORGE

(Serious look)

The court and the police have declared you a fugitive, and you are now being pursued by all authorities. The prosecution has also made an offer to settle the case with your company, whereby White Market will pay us \$1 billion in exchange for dropping the case and reopening the platform.

WALTER

(Grim smile)

This is exactly what we've been working for. Everyone works for us. You must listen to our words and do them to the letter, or we will kill you and your family.

Hashem's heart freezes. Fear creeps deep. A pang in his chest. Not mere threats. He's in an inescapable battle. If he resists, worse situation. He looks at the five men.

HASHEM

(Trembling but strong)

Leave my family alone. What do you want from me?

FABIAN

(Calmer, twiddling fingers)

We want to use the White Market platform to launder our money. You will help us. We have tried several times to hack your system, but our hacking experts have been unsuccessful. Therefore, we need you to include the accounts of new investors in the system who work for us. Most importantly, add them to the green list, which will grant us security clearance and allow us to legally transfer our money through financial institutions.

MARIO

(Catching breath)

We are aware of all financial markets and companies. But we want you to facilitate our investments and ensure they are not monitored. We don't want anything to be discovered.

Mario's words strike Hashem like a thunderbolt. Complete control of White Market, and thus of the organization's illicit economy. Personal disaster for him and his family. But he's trapped. Situation more complicated.

Hashem knows how to deal with crises from his years in the stock market. He must act quickly but carefully. He thinks of a way out.

HASHEM

(Calmly, suppressing emotions)

Okay, I'll cooperate with you to fulfill all your demands, but you must guarantee that you'll leave me and my family alone.

WALTER

(Smiling, consistent with threats)

If you cooperate with us, I'll leave you and your family alone.

HASHEM

(Trying to lighten mood)

You should know that my wife Lamar and I are responsible for auditing the accounts, their activities, and managing their portfolios on the exchange. The process of adding accounts to the green list requires passing through several security stages. Therefore, I must go to Lamar, explain your demands, and implement them, because I won't be able to do it alone.

GEORGE

(Sharply)

The authorities are now searching for you, and your home is being monitored, as are all your communications.

HASHEM

(Focused)

Just let me go. I'll figure it out.

Owen, stern.

OWEN

You only have 24 hours. Ronnie and Max will be sent with you to ensure you do as we've asked. But if you try to deceive us, we'll kill you and your family.

Owen's words weigh heavily. Time is limited. Turn the tide or lose everything. He decides to be cautious and rational. Failure would be fatal.

INT. CAR - DAY

Hashem sits in the backseat with RONNIE and MAX, heading to Hashem's house. Time is betting against him. Stress increases. The drive is long, his mind racing. This is the decisive moment. He tries to focus, but the threats are limitless.

HASHEM

I want to make a phone call so I can meet my wife.

Ronnie, holding his gun, passes the phone without hesitation.

RONNIE

Here you go, but make sure there's no mistake.

Hashem takes the phone, dials. Anxiety grows. Carlos's voice comes over the line.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Hashem? Where are you? Why did you run away? The police are looking for you everywhere. Are you okay?

HASHEM

(Quickly, reassuring Carlos without revealing danger)

Listen, Carlos, I don't have time. I need you to go to my house and meet Lamar. Tell her I want to meet her, and you need to bring my computer.

He pauses.

HASHEM

(Sternly)

Can you arrange for us to meet at your house? But the police shouldn't notice her leaving, so no one can track her. Can you do that? It's very important to me.

Carlos senses Hashem's concern.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Okay, buddy, I'll do it.

HASHEM

Okay, I'll head over to your house and wait there.

Hashem hangs up. Carlos heads to Hashem's house immediately. He meets Lamar, tells her what happened, emphasizes speed. He leaves, gets in his car. He notices a surveillance vehicle monitoring Hashem's house.

Lamar's anxiety creeps in. Situation is dangerous. Race against time. She and Hania move quickly, using the back door, slipping through neighbors. They get into Carlos's car waiting on the other side of the block.

Hashem, Ronnie, and Max wait near Carlos's house. Carlos's car arrives. Lamar and Hania are with him.

HASHEM

(Calmly, to Ronnie)

They've arrived. I'll go now and do what you asked.

MAX

(Hand on gun)

We'll go with you, Ronnie and I.

HASHEM

No need. Give me a few hours, and I'll do what you asked. As soon as I'm done, I'll come back to you. You can watch from where you are.

Ronnie and Max refuse to stay in the car. They enter the house with Hashem despite his attempts to calm them. They know this mission is the most difficult.

INT. CARLOS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hashem meets Lamar and Hania. He embraces them tenderly. But something bigger drives him now. He tells Lamar everything the organization demands. 24 hours.

Hashem and Lamar sit in Carlos's office. Carlos sits across from Hania. Ronnie and Max watch closely. Hashem begins entering accounts into the system. Lamar notices something odd. Hashem did something strange while entering accounts. She silently accepts.

After Hashem finishes, he asks her to add the accounts to the green list. Lamar follows procedures, carefully reviewing, completing each step.

LAMAR

I'm done. Now we have to wait for final approval.

Hashem noticed something: a message window on his desktop. He quickly takes it and puts it in his pocket without Ronnie or Max seeing. He knows that once the accounts are on the green list, there's no turning back. The organization will legally invest.

Hashem is aware this is crucial. If things go their way, they might kill them all.

An hour later, a notification: account verification complete. Lamar confirms, realizing things are irreversible.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Hashem is in the car with Ronnie and Max. His heart pounds. Fear and anxiety. Situation complex. One thought: survival.

The car drives on an unpaved road. Hashem is tense. The thought of being killed by these men lingers. More pressure, more determination to escape.

HASHEM

(To Ronnie)

I need to make a phone call. I have to get in touch with Lamar.

Ronnie passes the phone without hesitation.

RONNIE

Quick, and don't let them suspect you.

Hashem takes the phone, calls. Carlos answers quickly.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Hashem! Where are you? Why did you run away? Why aren't you answering my calls? The police are looking for you everywhere!

HASHEM

(Quickly, controlling emotions)

Listen, Carlos, I don't have time. I want you to go to my house and meet Lamar. Tell her I need to meet her immediately, and she must bring my computer with her.

HASHEM

But you must make sure the police are not watching. Don't let her out unless it's safe.

Carlos senses Hashem's anxiety.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Okay, I'll do as you say.

HASHEM

Okay, I'll be on my way. Call me when you arrive.

Hashem hangs up. Carlos heads to Hashem's house. Hashem considers his next steps, observing. Time is fleeting.

Carlos arrives at Hashem's house, meets Lamar. Tells her everything. He leaves quickly with Lamar, heading to another location for monitoring. Lamar and Hania quickly get into Carlos's prepared car. Difficult moments. Hashem has no time.

Hashem, watched by Ronnie and Max, quickly completes his mission. Despite pressure, he focuses on escape. The moment he sees Ronnie holding his gun and Max steering the car away from the city, he knows the decisive moment has come. Act now or lose the opportunity.

Suddenly, Hashem pulls out a hidden knife. Violently, he stabs Ronnie twice. Ronnie fires two bullets, hitting Hashem, but he survives. Hashem doesn't stop. He grabs the knife, knocks Ronnie down, and quickly stabs him in the neck.

As Max reaches for his weapon, he fires two shots at Hashem, missing. Hashem rushes him. Fierce struggle. Max falls. Max tries to resist, but he's too injured. Hashem grabs Max's neck with both hands, strangling him. Max screams, trying to free himself. Hashem tightens his grip until Max goes limp.

Max is dead. Hashem returns to the car, removes Ronnie's body. Severe shoulder pain, but escape is paramount. Hashem takes Ronnie's phone, starts the car, heads toward the city.

Approaching Carlos's house, he calls him.

HASHEM

It's me, Hashem. I'm outside. Come quickly, I'm hurt.

Carlos runs out. Sees Hashem covered in blood. Lamar rushes in fear. They get him out of the car. Pain is clear, he groans.

HASHEM

(Weakly, breathing heavily)

We can't stay here. We have to go. Where is Hania? We're in danger. We have to leave now.

Carlos quickly drives away. Hashem loses consciousness, leaving them in charge.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hashem lies on the couch, eyes closed, suffering from his wound. Pain ripples through him. His mind is tense, anxious. Every new step could be decisive.

Lamar sits beside him, tense, monitoring. Carlos walks around, watching for threats.

Mary enters.

MARY

Dr. Jane has arrived.

DR. JANE (40s) quickly treats Hashem's wounds, removes the two bullets, stitches him. Hashem remains semi-conscious for three days. Lamar cares for him, stroking his forehead, supporting him.

Carlos asks Hashem several times to go to the hospital. Hashem vehemently refuses. Police will search for him. Going to hospital exposes him.

Finally, Hashem suggests Carlos secretly meet Judge Janet to explain, revealing police involvement. Carlos leaves immediately for Janet's office. He recounts the house meeting details, presents the list of accounts Hashem collected from the criminal organization.

Janet listens carefully. She asks him to bring FBI Agent GARY (40s) to her to plan next steps.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They arrive at Mary's house. Atmosphere tense. Hashem seems weak but firm. Janet listens. Gary follows closely, analyzing every word.

HASHEM

I was under house arrest, under police surveillance, and then they kidnapped me. This criminal organization has significant control over everything around us. They threaten not only my life, but also the lives of my family. Circumstances forced me to cooperate with them, but I implemented a plan to protect my company from within the system. I activated blockchain technology on their accounts, which allows us to track all their money movements.

GARY

(Surprised)

So, you're able to track all their financial transactions and monitor the organization's network?

HASHEM

(Confident, despite pain)

Yes, we have the ability to track everything, but we need the help of Malik, Kamel, and Ibrahim. We all participated in developing this technology. This organization doesn't belong to us, but it's connected to everything in this underworld.

Janet turns to Gary, pondering.

JANET

If we catch those representing the organization's accounts now, we won't be able to trap them in their biggest trap, which is to discover the identity of their true leaders. This organization clearly has significant influence in various places, and it won't be easy to track them down. But if we monitor them on the platform, we might be able to monitor their financial movements and control their positions. What do you think?

GARY

(Thoughtfully)

I agree, Your Honor. We won't be able to deliver a decisive blow to them unless we can trace their every move and open up their financial dealings.

Janet looks at Hashem and Lamar.

JANET

(Firmly)

Then we'll protect Hashem and his family. We need a completely secret team to work on following all the organization's leads. We'll move forward with the investigation, but we'll keep an eye on their steps. There's no room for error in this case.

She turns to Gary.

JANET

Move Hashem and his family to a secure location and continue the investigation in complete secrecy. This organization must go all the way.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

6 PM. New York Financial Magazine Headquarters. Carlos is leaving his office, walking to his car in the parking lot. He doesn't know this night will be different.

Suddenly, four men emerge from the shadows, quick and forceful. Carlos has no time to think. They grab him, cover his face, snatch his phone. He's forced into a car, hands cuffed.

CARLOS

(Hoarse, confused whisper)

What's happening?! Who are you?

One man slams the door. The car speeds away from the magazine building.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION (ABANDONED BUILDING) - NIGHT

Carlos is forced out of the car, pushed into an abandoned building. It's pitch black. Walter waits. The gang leader, who's been trying to reach Hashem for days.

WALTER

(Cold smile)

We finally got you.

Carlos is tied to a chair, hands and feet bound.

CARLOS

Who are you? And what do you want?

He struggles against the restraints. One gang member punches him hard, repeatedly.

GANG MEMBER

(Firmly)

Shut up!

Walter watches impassively. After silence, he goes to a table with medical tools and medications, prepares something.

WALTER

You won't feel any pain now, don't worry. But there will be a lot of things you'll feel shortly. You won't know how it happened, but you will know why.

Walter injects Carlos with a powerful anesthetic. Carlos trembles, vision blurs. Walter is not in a hurry. He returns to the table, takes a cocktail of strange drugs. He injects Carlos again. Carlos's body sinks into complete muscle paralysis. He loses consciousness. Walter sits, watching. He orders his men to attach electrodes to Carlos.

Carlos's phone rings from a pocket on the table. Walter picks it up with cold hands. Unknown number. He answers.

WALTER

(Harshly)

Who's calling?

Hashem's voice, composed.

HASHEM (O.S.)

This is Hashem. I want to speak to Carlos.

WALTER

(Deadly calm)

He's here, and if you want him to stay alive, you must tell me where you are.

HASHEM (O.S.)

I'm at the door of the police headquarters now, and I'm going to turn myself in. But know this: if anything happens to him, I'll tell the police everything. I'll reveal everything, from the green list to the accounts I've added to your platform. That will be the end of your game.

Walter is silent, an invisible smile.

WALTER

You're threatening me here? I guess you still don't understand who we are, but as you can see, this isn't a threat. This is an order.

Hashem ends the call, stands still. Walter turns to Carlos.

WALTER

The game is over, my friend.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The room is freezing cold, heavy silence. Bright lights focus on Hashem, controlling his mind, dictating his path to this crucial moment. He sits, handcuffed. Eyes searching for an exit, solutions.

An hour later, Chief Andrew enters, sits nervously. He asks investigators to leave. The room is empty except for them. Hashem looks at Andrew cautiously, eyes full of questions. He controls his breathing, appearing steady despite stress.

HASHEM

(Calm but confident tone)

Arrange a meeting for me with your leader.

Andrew forces a smile.

ANDREW

(Harshly)

You really think you're smart?

Hashem is silent. His style.

Suddenly, Attorney David enters, asks Andrew to leave. Andrew leaves with a mocking look. David closes the door, sits, his expression concerned.

DAVID

(Concerned voice)

Where have you been? We were worried about you. And where is Lamar and your daughter? Why did you run away, Hashem? We lost the case.

Hashem slowly raises his head, eyes shining with strange determination.

HASHEM

Listen to me, David. Get me out of this mess. The important thing now is for you to tell Hassan, Kamel, Malek, and Professor Ibrahim to get ready. We'll announce the event we agreed upon as soon as I'm released from custody. Tell them to begin the necessary preparations.

David looks confused, but senses seriousness. Hashem has a solid plan. He tries to calm him.

DAVID

Okay, I'll do it. But for now, be quiet, Hashem. Let me do my job to get you out first.

Hashem is silent. He knows his moment to speak is pivotal, but he must trust David now. David leaves to handle legal proceedings. Hashem thinks about next steps. Every step leads to his ultimate goal. Confronting Andrew and authorities will be harder. But his plan isn't just escape. It's to bring down everyone who tried to control his company. A new battle. Time is not on his side.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL - DAY (10 DAYS LATER)

Hashem is held for ten days. A court, presided over by Judge Janet, finds him guilty of fleeing justice. Ultimately, the court releases him on \$10 million bail. His health improves.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

On release day, Hashem walks out, accompanied by David. A crowd of journalists and onlookers surrounds him. Media cameras focus. Questions about the case, his disappearance.

Hashem pauses, composes himself. He looks confidently into the camera.

HASHEM

Listen to me carefully. Let's forget about the case and what happened. Now I have something very important to announce, and I want to tell you that the announcement was delayed because of this case.

HASHEM

(Enthusiastically)

I announce to you today that White Market will launch its new digital currency within 24 hours. We have named this digital currency 'White Coin,' and we have established the necessary infrastructure for it, in addition to developing its blockchain technology.

Hashem takes a deep breath.

HASHEM

We have set a specific ceiling for the available coins, which is only fifty million coins. We have also developed smart contracts to facilitate the issuance, trading, and control of supply. Within 24 hours, White Coin will be available to investors, with large initial offerings to raise capital, in addition to offering it as a commodity for multiple uses.

HASHEM

White Coin is a decentralized digital currency, meaning it allows users to transact directly without the need for traditional intermediaries such as banks. We have extensive applications for it on our electronic trading platform.

HASHEM

In the first week of its launch, WhiteMarket will offer a range of rewards to WhiteCoin users. Our goal is to reach a high

market value and offer innovative solutions that will attract the attention of investors around the world.

Hashem concludes his speech. He quickly heads to his car, ignoring reporters. He gets in with his bodyguard, asks the driver to go straight to Lamar and Hania.

Inside the car, Hashem feels the weight of the moment. This announcement isn't just financial; it's a new phase for him and his company.

INT. HASHEM'S TEMPORARY SECURE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hashem arrives. Lamar and Hania wait. He enters, hugs Lamar, as if the past days were a nightmare. He approaches Hania, reassured by her sight.

HASHEM

How are you? Thank God you're safe.

LAMAR

Fine, thank God. Everyone in the office is waiting for you. Hassan, Kamel, Malek, and Professor Ibrahim are there.

HASHEM

(Cautiously)

I want you to call Carlos. Check on his condition. I want to go to him now.

LAMAR

Don't worry, Carlos is fine. He's home, and his health is good. Agent Gary's plan was successful, and Hania and I were able to return home safely. I've tightened security here.

HASHEM

Thank God.

Moments later, Hashem meets his friends in the office. Their worried faces soften into small smiles of relief. They sit around him, eyes full of questions.

Hashem recounts the entire story: kidnapping to surrender. He explains the criminal organization's pressure, forcing him to add accounts to White Market's green list.

HASHEM

To protect our platform, I decided to activate the blockchain feature on those accounts. It was still being tested, but I activated it on the organization's accounts to track transactions.

Everyone is shocked. Fears for the company's security grow.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

(Calm but concerned voice)

This organization appears to be very dangerous in its attempt to launder its money through our platform. If they continue with this scheme, it will lead to a disaster for the credibility of our platform and our operational policy.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

We created the Green List as a high-level service for individual investors or large institutional investors, who can invest in stocks of any size without being subject to review by official bodies. But this has now become a weakness. If the organization continues to control these accounts, it will be able to acquire large stakes in companies without any legal restrictions.

LAMAR

(Sadly, checking tablet)

I've been monitoring the money transfers. There's a huge flow of money coming in from all over the world. The organization will be able to cover the minimum savings required for investment portfolios, and after that, it will be difficult for us to stop them.

Lamar projects the display onto the large screen, showing negative impact on profits and revenues.

LAMAR

The damage caused by the case recently will be painful for us.
We now need to make our Whitecoin launch a success to restore
investor confidence.

HASHEM

But we have a bigger problem than that, gentlemen. The
organization you're dealing with is much more powerful than we
imagine. I've spoken with Judge Janet and Gary from the FBI, but
the problem is they have little information about the
organization.

HASSAN

Now we're in a difficult situation. The company has lost a lot,
and the organization almost took Hashem's life. I think the case
may be beyond our capabilities. We should let the legal
authorities handle it.

MALEK

But if we don't stop them now, they'll continue to pressure us.
Who can guarantee they won't retake control of us in the future?

KAMEL

(Calmly)

All those accounts are on the blockchain, which means all their
future transactions and investments can be traced. Perhaps it's
better to leave that to the authorities and focus on launching
Whitecoin to minimize the damage.

A housekeeper enters, tells Lamar maintenance workers have
arrived. Lamar goes out, returns with Gary, dressed as a
maintenance worker.

GARY

I've coordinated a secret plan to monitor the movements of this
organization. We know they have strong influence everywhere, but
we can monitor without being noticed. We have a plan to get
Hashem out of this dangerous situation.

Gary shows a picture of Walter, the organization's leader.

GARY

This is Walter. He's one of the main leaders in the organization, and we now know that everything points to Andrew's involvement as well.

GARY

We devised a plan to get Hashem to contact the police, and that worked. Now we know the organization doesn't know anything about the covert investigations. With Judge Janet, we were able to secure Hashem's release.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

But what about the suspicious funds that made it onto the green list? As you know, investment immunity prevents us from pursuing them.

GARY

Don't worry. We're monitoring the funds closely. Judge Janet insisted that we focus on establishing the true source of the funds. Initial investigations reveal Walter's involvement in criminal corruption. But we need to prove three stages of the organization's activity before we can do anything.

GARY

We need to prove how the illicit funds were deposited into the financial system, how they disguised their source, and finally, how they laundered the money through mergers or acquisitions.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

What can we do to help you?

GARY

(Firmly)

For now, we need to wait for communications, but we'll follow every step closely. And I want Hashim to go with me now.

HASHEM

Okay, we'll leave now. But we must be careful.

Hashem rides with Gary to the next destination. Everyone knows a bigger battle lies ahead.

INT. FBI SPECIAL OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Hashem and Gary enter the FBI building, head to the Special Operations Center. Gary's team waits. The office is equipped with massive electronic equipment, giant screens, modern technology. Hashem is stunned. His attention drawn to Walter's image on a screen.

GARY

Welcome, Hashem, to the Special Operations Center.

He points to the team.

GARY

This is the task force that tracks the criminal organization.

GARY

I want to introduce you to Mark, the expert and specialist in research and development in our unit.

MARK (30s) shakes Hashem's hand.

MARK

It's an honor to meet you, Mr. Hashem.

HASHEM

Thank you. It's an honor to meet you, too.

GARY

We don't know when or how the organization will contact you, Hashem. It will be difficult to track the organization without them revealing our investigation if we tighten security around you. However, we expect some contact between you and the organization, and we are counting on you meeting with them. Therefore, we want to ensure your safety in implementing our plan first. We are certain that all your communications are being monitored, so we fear that if we track your phone, it could leave an electronic footprint that could reveal our identity. Therefore, we have developed a backup plan.

Gary points to Mark.

GARY

Mark, can you explain the virtual tracking program to Hashem?

MARK

Please, please, come with me.

They go to a large room. In the center, a chair connected to electronic and medical equipment. Electronic arms and monitors. Hashem realizes it's an automated medical robot. At the end, a control room with devices and a glass partition overlooking the operating room.

Mark gives Hashem and Gary virtual reality goggles. He puts on his own.

MARK

(Voice command)

Brown, please explain the virtual tracking technology.

A hologram of a man appears, composed of zeroes and ones - binary language. BROWN.

BROWN

Hello, I'm Brown. Virtual tracking is a modern technical program that relies on neurotechnology and reading and analyzing the brain's neural activity. We use functional neuroimaging to indirectly image brain activity by monitoring blood flow in different brain regions, which helps us understand neural activity.

Brown's body, especially the brain, reflects a clear visual during the explanation. Hashem understands easily.

Brown continues, sits in the medical chair. Devices function. Electronic screen displays brain images. Chair adjusts. Electronic arms move.

BROWN

In this technology, we use neuromorphic chips. This technology involves integrating an advanced electronic chip with neural tissue. The goal is to read neural signals for vision, hearing, and movement, and even learn neural patterns, commands, and subconscious thoughts. This chip has its own navigation system and contains memory, sensors, and a nano-battery. After

integrating the electronic chip with the cerebral cortex, it can store all electrical and chemical signals and measurements of neurons with high accuracy.

This technology uses Brown's AI and neural data analysis system, a future development of ancient tracking methods. It uses methods to identify tracks and paths by comparing neural readings of sounds, smells, and visuals. These are recorded in the chip. It has a navigation system with sensors and motion balance for directions, recording acceleration and rotation in X, Y, Z directions. This data is transmitted to an external processor connected to the central Braun system to analyze results from the brain. Using the central Braun system connected to satellites, all paths can be determined and possibilities analyzed. This is virtual tracking. Modern devices simulate electroencephalography, reading stimuli, directions, and choices, identifying directional patterns. This technology uses behavioral patterns like animals and insects, such as responses to hunting, feeding, communication, searching, and direction.

Virtual tracking adopts human behavioral patterns in communication, organization, orientation, navigation, and environmental influences, including cooperation, hunting, group work, reproduction, and movement. The Braun system has a private communications network on undetectable frequencies, not linked to known methods or direct satellites. Electronic chips are connected to the central Braun system at the FBI R&D Center.

MARK

Thank you, Brown. That's enough.

He asks everyone to remove their VR headsets.

MARK

Mr. Hashim, we want to implant this chip in your brain so we can track and reach this organization.

GARY

This technology, Hashim, is very modern and advanced, and we believe it will aid our investigation into this organization. The entire team, including myself, has implanted this neurochip, and we are all connected to the central Braun system.

GARY

We assume that we will not be able to know or locate you if you are kidnapped again or a meeting is arranged for you with the organization's leaders.

GARY

We also assume that this organization may dispose of your phone or any electronic device that can be tracked.

As I explained previously, if we were to directly follow you or approach you in public, it could undermine our investigation and the case as a whole.

GARY

Even if we were to follow you with public communications and cameras, we could expose ourselves because it would leave an electronic footprint that could be detected by all police and judicial authorities.

GARY

So we want you to be connected to the Braun system because it operates on undetectable frequencies.

GARY

It's not connected to known communication methods, not even direct satellites.

GARY

The chip transmits all neurological findings to the central Braun system, which analyzes them and shares the information with the team connected to the system.

GARY

We want you to cooperate with the organization normally, and rest assured that we will be close enough to you that we don't reveal our cooperation or surveillance.

HASHEM

(Anxiously)

Is this procedure dangerous?

MARK

(Reassuring smile)

No, it's very safe, and it's been tested on team members. You'll train on it, it'll become part of you, and you'll get used to it.

GARY

We want to make sure there's no room for doubt about your cooperation. When you meet with the organization, you'll be connected to our system at all times, and we'll be able to track your movements with precision.

HASHEM

(Standing)

Okay, let's get started. I'm ready.

During the implantation, the team works efficiently. The operation is swift. Gary takes Hashem to the car, asks him to remain calm.

GARY

Remember, the goal here is to reach the organization's leaders. Don't arouse their suspicions.

Upon arriving at Hashem's house, Gary says:

GARY

Stay here safely. We'll monitor the situation from afar.

INT. HASHEM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Hashem wakes to Hania's voice, gently shaking him.

HANIA

Come on, Dad, wake up. Mom said we're all going out today!

Hashem smiles, opens his eyes, plays with her, laughing, as he does every morning. Suddenly, he remembers the important event today. He sits up quickly.

HASHEM

You're right, it's time to get ready.

Moments later, Lamar enters.

LAMAR

Come on, Hashem, we need to get ready. The cryptocurrency launch event will start in two hours, and we need to be in the conference room with the rest of the team.

EXT. GARDEN CITY HOTEL, NEW YORK - DAY

They quickly leave, get in the car, head to the Garden City Hotel in downtown New York. The conference room is filled with anticipation and excitement.

INT. GARDEN CITY HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

They arrive, head to the front seats. All eyes on them.

The show begins. HASSAN enters to exciting music, takes the stage. Audience applauds.

HASSAN

Today we celebrate the launch of Whitecoin, the new digital currency that reflects the future we aspire to. The currency is decentralized and relies on blockchain technology to secure transactions, with complete control over the creation of new units. We do not rely on any central authority such as banks or governments. We rely on a global network integrated with the latest technologies, including artificial intelligence.

MALEK enters.

MALEK

We don't stop there. We have established Whitecoin mining farms around the world, equipped with the latest energy-efficient ASICS mining hardware. They also feature advanced cooling systems that include air, water, and oil to ensure maximum efficiency. These farms are connected to the internet 24/7.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM enters.

PROFESSOR IBRAHIM

Cryptocurrencies are constantly on the rise and have become one of the most attractive topics in global financial markets. Investors can buy and sell cryptocurrencies 24/7, ensuring high

liquidity. Cryptocurrencies also protect wealth from inflation, as they have a maximum supply limit. Therefore, many governments, such as China, have begun considering launching their own digital currency. At WhiteMarket, we offer you a unique opportunity: you can use WhiteCoin for margin trading in stock markets and integrate it into diversified investment portfolios.

KAMEL reviews WhiteMarket's technological advancements.

KAMEL

The company has also invested in quantum computing. This technology, which relies on quantum physics, enables us to perform more complex calculations faster and more efficiently. We use qubits instead of traditional bits, allowing us to process data faster. This technology is also used in our artificial intelligence to improve platform performance.

Lamar takes the stage to thunderous applause.

LAMAR

We are here today to move forward. Whitecoin is the currency that will make a difference and represents a promising future for investors. We know that this market requires innovative solutions. Therefore, Whitecoin offers you a unique opportunity in the field of digital currencies and wealth preservation. This is the right time to invest in our currency, and we are confident that Whitecoin will be a cornerstone of the digital future.

The countdown clock begins. Everyone anticipates. Tension and excitement. As countdown ends, Whitecoin launches. Trading opens. Buying increases rapidly. Festive atmosphere.

A grand closing ceremony begins, lights shining, music filling the air as Whitecoin officially starts trading. A major success.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A grand celebration for Whitecoin. Many prominent figures: journalists, media, entrepreneurs. Lively, exciting atmosphere, bright lights, upbeat music. International singing stars perform.

Lamar chats with investors. Her eyes focus on Hashem, dancing happily with Hania. Hania laughs, enjoys every moment. Hashem balances joy and relief. This moment is a return to normal life.

Suddenly, Lamar notices something strange. Hashem has stopped dancing, watching someone across the hall. It's Andrew, standing in the far corner, looking directly at Hashem. Andrew gestures for Hashem to follow him outside.

Hashem quickly takes Lamar's hand.

HASHEM

(Cautiously)

I'll be gone for a while. If I'm late, you and Hania can go home and don't worry.

LAMAR

(Questioning)

Where are you going? The party isn't over yet.

HASHEM

(Slight smile)

Don't worry, there's something I have to do.

Hashem walks quickly to Andrew. Approaches him with a firm face.

HASHEM

How do you feel about being out of detention?

ANDREW

(Slight smile, confident)

What matters to me is what happens next, Hashem.

HASHEM

(Sharply)

Listen to me, you bastard. You know full well that your men kidnapped me and are claiming I ran away. Be sure of one thing: I won't let you near my family. Is that clear?

Andrew gets a little angry.

ANDREW

(Threatening tone)

Everyone works for us, Hashem. Keep your distance. You don't know what we can do.

HASHEM

(Calmly and forcefully)

I don't work for anyone for no reason. Tell your superiors that I know everything, including the transfer of funds to investment accounts to activate them. If you want to continue, you need me. I can ask the authorities to freeze them or re-examine them.

HASHEM

(Firmly)

And I want to meet with your leader to discuss my share of money laundering.

A beautiful, elegant woman in her thirties approaches, interrupting.

WOMAN

Hello, Mr. Hashem.

She looks at Andrew, motions him away. Hashem looks at her, surprised.

HASHEM

Who are you?

MONICA

(Politely)

I'm Monica, and I'm here because you requested a meeting with us.

MONICA

(Smiling)

Let me first congratulate you on the launch of White Coin. It seems White Market is used to surprises. Can you come with me? Mr. Fabian is waiting for us and wants to talk to you.

Hashem feels anticipation but decides to meet Fabian. He leaves the hall with Monica, heads to a waiting limousine. He sits in the backseat with Monica. On the way, she asks for his phone.

Monica takes the phone, gives it to her guard.

MONICA

(Calmly)

Get rid of it.

She takes out a small device, scans Hashem's body, ensuring no communication devices. She asks the driver to move. As the car speeds through New York, Hashem has no idea where they're taking him. He feels something strange. The coming days hold even greater surprises.

INT. FBI SPECIAL OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Gary is in the surveillance room, watching closely. His regular glasses are advanced tools, powered by his eye scan. He watches Hashem. The moment he anticipated has arrived. The organization is about to contact him.

The moment he sees Hashem meet Andrew, Gary feels anxious. Hashem's nervous indicators spike, heart rate increases.

GARY

(To himself)

No, no... this isn't the time.

He watches data screens displaying Hashem's actions in real time. Hashem calms with Monica's entrance. Hashem's nervous state improves. Gary breathes a sigh of relief, but is alert. He tells his team to watch from a distance.

Every move Hashem makes is monitored by devices and analyzed by Brown. Moment after moment, the team follows Hashem's car.

GARY

(Firmly)

Brown, show us Hashem's trajectory now.

The screen shows converging, zigzagging lines on a satellite map. The map reacts unconventionally. When the car turns right, Gary knows it's a turning point. The real test: can Hashem be surveilled without being noticed?

As the car passes a speeding ambulance, Brown's data increases, representing that crucial moment, picking up invisible signals across time and space. Defining moment for Gary.

GARY

Brown, transaction analysis and updates.

BROWN (V.O.)

Done!

Assessing all possibilities from the previous trajectory. Instant analysis. Only a quarter of an hour between the team and target. All eyes on the intersection of trajectory and destination. Gary watches his screen, team ready.

GARY

Brown, activate the mass communication system. Prepare to infiltrate. This operation will be under complete surveillance.

Teams move in perfect coordination, leaving no trace. Like ghosts, dodging cameras and personnel. Steps calculated, every angle known. But any misstep could betray them.

They arrive at Fabian's office, where Hashem is meeting him. The moment they've waited for. Gary is on edge. Any misstep ruins everything. He activates recording. Fabian speaks freely. Gary knows it's time to gather evidence. He breathes quietly. Every movement crucial.

Suddenly, he feels something strange. "Does Hashem feel watched?" Crucial. Any suspicion ruins everything. Meeting ends. Gary orders withdrawal. Heart still pounding. Not over. Hashem still monitored. One question: Will he give up everything easily, or be key to solving this mystery?

Evidence gathered. Team took first steps. Threats more apparent.

INT. FABIAN'S LUXURY HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Hashem and Monica enter Fabian's luxurious house. Vast trees, artificial lakes, slow-flowing artificial waterfall in the pool.

Ornate fountains. A lavish castle. Hashem notices numerous statues, paintings, ancient artifacts. Like a museum. Reflects Fabian's ambition.

They stop at the office door. Monica asks Hashem to enter alone.

Hashem enters. Fabian sits behind a large desk, filled with screens displaying massive financial transactions and accounts. All indicate the organization's vast size and influence. Fabian immersed, turns to Hashem.

FABIAN

(Cold smile)

Here we meet again, Hashim.

HASHEM

Yes, but this time things will be different.

Hashem stands, places hands on desk.

HASHEM

If you want to launder your money through my platform, it must be done according to my terms.

FABIAN

(Raising eyebrows)

And what are your terms?

Hashem smiles faintly, takes a cigarette, lights it, exhales smoke. Sits back. Time stops.

HASHEM

First, you must return the money you took, in addition to compensating me for the losses my company has suffered because of this case.

FABIAN

(Invisible smile)

And what will your fee percentage be in this transaction?

HASHEM

(Confident, watching Fabian's reaction)

My percentage will be 20% of the money laundering operations.

Fabian smiles coldly, looks at Hashem sharply.

FABIAN

20%?

He raises an eyebrow, mocking. He gets up, goes to the window overlooking the garden. Stands, contemplating. Hashem waits.

Silence. Fabian returns to his desk.

FABIAN

We'll only give you \$1 billion, but as for the percentage, we'll give you 5%.

Hashem looks steadily at Fabian, smiles slightly.

HASHEM

(Calm but firm voice, observing Fabian)

One and a half billion dollars, and 10%.

FABIAN

Is this your last offer?

HASHEM

Yes, but this offer includes additional guarantees. I will guarantee acquisitions across the joint investment portfolios of all the accounts we've included on the green list, in addition to the investment immunity I'll provide you.

Fabian studies Hashem's words, smiles again, a half-smile.

FABIAN

You're very serious, aren't you?

HASHEM

Take your time and think it through. You won't regret it.

Hashem stands, walks to the door. He leaves. Fabian sits, contemplating the offer. Room tense. Hashem leaves safely for home.

As Monica walks Hashem to his car, she knows her decision in moments could change everything.

INT. SECRET MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Dim lighting. Faint red light casts shadows on a large, circular table. Room almost devoid of decor, except for mysterious elements. Heavy footsteps echo through narrow hallways where armed guards stand.

The door opens. MONICA enters first, steady steps. Smart dark suit, blonde hair pulled back. Eyes scan carefully. She walks to the table, sits quietly. From her bag, a tablet.

Fabian enters behind her, black file on table. Then George and Owen. Finally, Mario, who lights a cigar before taking his usual seat. Walter is last. He pauses at the door, surveys everyone, walks slowly to his chair, sits heavily, asserting control.

Silence. Monica begins.

MONICA

(Quiet but audible voice)

We have a new file on the table... I think everyone knows what we're going to talk about.

Tablet screen opens, showing Hashem's picture and White Market financial reports.

MONICA

Fabian, you have the floor.

FABIAN

(Looking at Walter, then group)

Hashem wants 1.5 billion and 10% of our business. He's securing acquisition deals through the joint portfolios of all our accounts he's added to the green list. He'll shield our businesses from any suspicions linking them together and provide us with investment immunity.

OWEN

(Very coldly)

He wants to be an official partner? That's ridiculous.

Monica rises quietly, goes to a glass cabinet. Pulls out fine rum and crystal glasses. Returns to table, pours for leaders: Walter, Mario, George, Owen, Fabian. As she pours, she speaks low, firm.

MONICA

We don't turn down opportunities when they come our way, and we don't make fools of ourselves when it comes to control.

She pauses, places bottle on table, sits. Raises her glass, mysterious smile.

MONICA

Let's think of this differently. We don't have to reject Hashem's offer outright; we have to take advantage of it gradually until we are the ones actually in control of White Market. And when the time comes... we'll make him disappear.

She looks at Walter, who sips from his glass without changing expression.

MARIO

(Muttering, watching purchases in his glass)

You mean we tame him first... then get rid of him?

MONICA

(Calmly)

Exactly. We let him think he's leading the game, while we make the rules.

MARIO

(Quietly, blowing smoke)

He's not just asking for money. He's asking to enter our trading network. And this isn't just a financial request; it's a tactical move.

WALTER

(Icily calm)

Before we decide, let's look at the whole thing. Hashem has something we don't: investor trust and advanced financial technology.

MONICA

Then we have to play smart. We can have him working for us without him even realizing it.

Fabian puts hand on table, looking at Walter.

FABIAN

This isn't just a businessman. He's a chess player, and we have to decide whether he's a pawn to use, or a threat to be eliminated.

Walter gives George a sharp look.

WALTER

George, no one plays with the authorities without your approval, right? Do you see a real threat here?

GEORGE

(Slightly hesitant)

If done smartly, we might be able to control him, but if he decides to rebel, we could be exposed.

MARIO

It's not just about money. If we give him what he wants, it means he's officially a partner in our operations. Are we prepared to give him that kind of power?

MONICA

That won't happen if we perfect our plan by controlling White Market.

GEORGE

(Thoughtfully)

And what guarantee do we have that he won't reveal our plan?

MONICA

(Smiles faintly, crosses legs)

Let's just say... we have a very close eye watching him.
She's silent, a chilling hint. Her gaze glides over everyone,
revealing nothing more. Everyone notices, no one asks.

OWEN

(Skeptical)

And can we trust that eye?

Monica sips, places glass quietly. Turns to Owen, repeats low,
weighty.

MONICA

Since when did I miscalculate?

Everyone exchanges glances. Some thinking, others realizing
Monica knows more.

WALTER

(Deeply calm)

So... we accept his offer, but on our terms.

MONICA

Exactly, and we'll start small... we'll make him think he's won,
when in fact he's walked into our net.

Fabian looks at Monica, eyes narrowing, trying to understand her
game. He nods. Everyone else does too.

INT. CARLOS'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Warm furnishings, half-closed curtains let in dim sunlight.
Calm, comfortable. Side table with tea, medications. Carlos sits
on sofa, leaning forward, tired but improving.

Gentle knock. Familiar voice.

HASHEM

(Faint smile)

Carlos, may I come in?

Carlos, despite fatigue, smiles slightly, opens door.

CARLOS

Of course, Hashem. I don't have guards at the door.

Hashem enters, small bag. Places it on table. Sits opposite
Carlos. Watches him.

HASHEM

(Quiet, regretful tone)

How are you feeling now, my friend?

Carlos laughs lightly, despite weakness. Points to bag.

CARLOS

What do you have there? Don't tell me you brought other files
while I was in this state!

Hashem smiles, pulls small box from bag. Chocolates.

HASHEM

I brought you something real this time. I heard that chocolate
helps improve the mood of adults, not just children.

Carlos takes chocolate, considers it, shakes head.

CARLOS

You know how to please a broken person.

Hashem leans forward, sighs, serious.

HASHEM

I'm sorry, my friend... I know that everything that happened
wasn't fair. You weren't supposed to be dragged into this mess,
nor should you bear this burden. If it were up to me, I would
have prevented it.

Carlos looks at him, shakes head, trying to reassure.

CARLOS

Don't be so hard on yourself, Hashem. You were there when I
needed you. You protected me... and that's more than I could ask
for.

Silence. Hashem attempts to break it with a light smile.

HASHEM

Well, that doesn't mean you've been given a permanent break. You need to recover quickly, we have games to watch.

Carlos laughs slightly, grateful for the joke.

CARLOS

Don't worry, I'll be fine, but only if you promise me one thing.

HASHEM

What is it?

Carlos looks at him, serious.

CARLOS

To get out of this game before it breaks you.

Silence. Hashem's expression lingers. Faint smile. No clear answer.

HASHEM

We'll see, Carlos... we'll see.

Silence. Hint of hesitation. Both know this isn't just a game. Consequences could be greater.

EXT. SIDE STREET, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Hashem's black SUV speeds from Carlos's house. Headlights illuminate the empty road. Hashem grips the steering wheel, eyes on the road, lost in thought - Carlos's words, recent stressful developments.

Suddenly, a car behind flashes headlights repeatedly, overtakes him, blocks the road. Hashem stops quickly, holds breath, grips steering wheel. Nerves calm as he sees who stands outside the front window. It's Gary.

GARY

(Calmly, firmly)

You have to come with me. We have important business.

Hashem sighs deeply, looks at Gary, turns off engine, gets out. He gets in next to Gary in his armored black SUV. As they speed off, Gary talks.

HASHEM

I was expecting a phone call, not a mid-road ambush. You could have sent a coded message instead of this dramatic display.

GARY

Nothing is left to chance. We need to talk away from any unwanted ears.

HASHEM

What's new?

GARY

We need to expand our operations within the organization and gather accurate information about the organization's interaction with the White Market platform. Your meeting with Fabian and setting your terms was good. Let's see what their response will be and whether our plan will succeed.

Gary issues a voice command.

GARY

Brown, activate the holographic display and the virtual tracking scheme of the team's network.

A digital screen appears on the car's dashboard. Windshield displays complex data, tracking FBI team movements, analyzing actions in real-time.

GARY

(To Hashem)

Braun isn't just an information system; it's an extension of your mind. Braun doesn't rely solely on data; it reads your neural signals, reacts to your thought patterns, and analyzes your surroundings to give you unprecedented tactical insight.

HASHEM

(Hesitantly)

And how do I use it?

Gary smiles, wearing a sophisticated earpiece.

GARY

This will force you to communicate directly with the team.

He hands Hashem another pair of glasses.

GARY

And this one gives you an enhanced digital view of your station,
but you'll need hands-on training.

They arrive at a remote building, an old warehouse that is
modern inside. A small team works on huge screens. A trainer
waits.

GARY

Let's start with the basics. Before you can use Braun's system
and digital infiltration, you need to learn how to protect
yourself physically.

Hashem is led to a physical training hall. A burly TRAINER holds
a fighting stick.

TRAINER

We won't just teach you how to fight. We'll also teach you how
to read your opponent before he moves. How to notice his
subtlest signals, how to take advantage of his hesitations, and
how to attack before he realizes you've detected him.

GARY

The Braun chip implanted in your brain, the watch, and the
digital glasses will make you an exceptional person and enhance
your abilities.

Gary smiles at Hashem, steps back.

GARY

Enjoy your first lesson, Hashem.

HASHEM

(Lightly)

So, you're going to make me a human machine?

GARY

(Quietly)

No, we're going to make you an unpredictable opponent.

The trainer steps forward. A screen behind him displays real-time kinematic data for every move. Braun analyzes his fighting patterns. Hashem's smart lenses show potential weaknesses.

Battle begins.

After several rounds, Hashem pants, wipes sweat. Trainer smiles faintly.

TRAINER

(Seriously)

Now that you understand the importance of reading your opponent, it's time to move on to something more serious... weapons.

The trainer points to a metal door. It opens, revealing a training area with moving targets, narrow corridors, simulating combat. Hashem and Gary enter. A table with weapons: pistols, assault rifles.

GARY

You're a businessman, not a soldier. But the world you've entered is unforgiving. You need to know how to defend yourself and how to use weapons effectively without becoming a target.

HASHEM

(Deep breath, looking at weapons)

I never imagined I'd get this far.

GARY

Don't be afraid, we have something that will speed up the process. Just focus on the voice in your head. Braun is your tactical assistant. It helps you learn quickly by analyzing your neural data and adjusting your response in real time.

A moving digital target appears. Hashem looks. A faint blue flash in his glasses. A calm voice in his head. He grabs a gun, aims.

BROWN (V.O.)

Biometric analysis... match. Neurological response pattern ready.

Hashem feels a slight vibration. His mind processes differently.

TRAINER

Let's adjust your grip by 12%. Your balance is excellent... Prepare to fire.

A humanoid silhouette appears, moves rapidly, simulating attack. Hashem pulls trigger. Bullet hits target. Everyone raises an eyebrow.

TRAINER

(Weak smile)

Faster than I expected.

GARY

This is just the beginning. Brown is analyzing your neurological data and guiding you in real time. The more you practice, the faster you'll respond.

Training continues. Hashem moves from pistols to rifles, from stationary to moving shots. Performance improves unnaturally fast.

TRAINER

(Looking at Gary)

If I didn't know, I'd say he's been a pro for years.

Gary looks at Hashem, commands Brown to give neural data analysis.

BROWN (V.O.)

Neural data analysis... 85% response rate.

Hours pass. Hashem sits on a metal bench, wiping sweat. Gary stands, staring. Coach observes silently.

GARY

You're improving quickly, but using a weapon isn't always the best option. Sometimes you don't have a gun, you don't have a knife, but you always have something that could be a weapon.

Gary points to a table with random items: pen, old cell phone, leather belt, car key, empty metal drink can.

GARY

Which of these could be weapons?

Hashem looks, picks up car key.

HASHEM

The key can be used as a stabbing weapon, if I squeeze it between my fingers and strike a sensitive area like the neck or eye.

GARY

(Smiling)

True, but it's not the only option.

Gary picks up the pen, grips it, lunges, mock-striking the trainer, who retreats.

GARY

The pen can easily pierce skin, and if you press it against the appropriate nerve, you can momentarily immobilize your opponent.

Hashem grabs the pen, considers it, holds it like Gary.

HASHEM

I've never thought of it like that before.

GARY

Fighting isn't just about who has the bigger weapon, it's about who thinks faster. Now, try using something else.

Hashem looks around, picks up empty can, crushes it, creating a sharp edge.

HASHEM

(Confident smile)

If I have nothing else, it can be used as a makeshift slashing weapon.

GARY

(Laughs)

Exactly. Creative thinking is what separates survivors from victims. But you have to think faster.

The instructor steps forward, lifts a leather belt, wraps it tightly around his hand, raises it.

TRAINER

The belt can be a weapon of control. You can choke an opponent, bind his hands, or even use it as a whip to inflict sudden pain.

Hashem watches, takes off his belt, mimics movement, trying a mid-air strike.

GARY

Now, let's put what you've learned to the test. Let's say you're in a room with no weapons, and someone wants to attack you. What would you do?

Hashem breathes deep, looks around, quickly picks up the pen, moves as if to attack.

GARY

(Smiles)

Not bad, but you still need more intuitive speed. Get ready, we're going to make the training more challenging.

Series of practical exercises begins. Hashem faces different situations, each time finding and using an unconventional weapon. Faster, more focused, more attuned to Braun, more aware. Movements initially slow, now deeply connected to surroundings.

After combat training, Hashem sits in the control room with Gary. New phase of training.

GARY

You're thinking fast right now and using everything as a weapon,
but in your next mission, the goal won't be to fight, but to
gather evidence.

Gary points to Hashem's stylish black glasses.

GARY

These black glasses you're wearing look like any other pair of
glasses, but try pressing the side of them.

Hashem presses. A small digital interface appears on the right
lens.

GARY

These glasses are smart, connected directly to Braun's system,
to help you document everything without anyone noticing.

Gary smiles.

GARY

As you can see, the little icons will show you information about
the people you see, like height, approximate weight, and heart
rate.

GARY

Braun analyzes every person you see, determining their
psychological state based on their facial expressions and pulse
rate. Braun will also analyze your neural reading of the people
you see. He can also tag targets and photograph everything in
high resolution without attracting attention.

A small red dot appears on the lens on Gary's chest, with text:
"Target identified, Name: Gary Steve, Status: Calm - Normal
Pulse Rate."

HASHEM

(Surprised)

That's amazing! I can see this data in real time?

GARY

Not only that, Braun can also analyze audio, identify keywords, and filter out ambient noise, allowing you to record conversations even when you're far away.

Gary approaches the table, picks up a phone, simulates a conversation.

GARY

(Low voice)

We'll be moving the shipment tomorrow at midnight.

On the lens, text: "Shipment Moving - Analysis: Suspicious Trade."

HASHEM

(Excited)

It can even read conversations?

GARY

(Smiling)

This will help you know who's lying and who's telling the truth, but it doesn't work on its own. You have to be vigilant and know how to use it.

Gary presses the side of glasses to stop recording. Display turns off, plays in background.

GARY

Now we're going to try something practical. I'll enter the room with another person, and you'll have to film us without us noticing, and identify the most important target in the conversation.

Gary leaves. Returns a minute later with the trainer, speaking low.

GARY

(Normal voice)

You told me the goods were ready?

TRAINER

Yes, they'll be shipped tonight.

Hashem looks through glasses, focuses on trainer. Info appears: "Possible target, unknown, analysis: voice tension - probability of lying: 40%." Hashem touches side of glasses, starts recording, moves head slightly for different angle, stops recording unnoticed.

Conversation ends. He takes off glasses, looks at Gary confidently.

HASHEM

I recorded everything, and according to Braun, the trainer was nervous, as if he was hiding something.

GARY

(Smiling with satisfaction)

Exactly. That's the kind of intelligence we need from you. Hashem finishes evidence collection practice. Places glasses on table, still amazed.

HASHEM

This technology is incredible, but what if it falls into the wrong hands?

Gary smiles, picks up glasses, holds them to his face, tries to put them on. They don't display data.

GARY

(Quietly)

These glasses only work with you.

HASHEM

How?

GARY

Braun's system is programmed based on your iris print. Even if anyone else tries to use them, it won't work.

He points to a tiny sensor on the side of glasses.

GARY

This sensor scans your iris when you wear the glasses. If the pattern doesn't match your neural data from the chip implanted in your brain, the glasses don't work and display anything.

HASHEM

(Smiling)

So, even if they're stolen, no one can turn them on.

GARY

Exactly. And it's not just the glasses. Even the headset you wear is tied to your voice pattern and no one else can use it.

HASHEM

(Joking)

This makes me feel like I'm in a spy movie.

GARY

These aren't movies, Hashem. This is your life now, and you have to be prepared for anything.

GARY

That's enough for today. Let's go now. We'll stay in touch.

Hashem returns home, thinking, feeling the weight of responsibility.

**INT. WHITE MARKET HEADQUARTERS - FINANCIAL ANALYSIS DEPARTMENT -
DAY**

Quiet corner of luxurious office. ELENA (30s), elegant, new employee, blue eyes on screen, pretending to calculate. Smart business suit, brown hair pulled back, sharp features. Something mysterious about her. She possesses effortless beauty, eyes gleam with intelligence, confidence.

Screen filled with financial data. Every number a story, every transaction investor behavior. She sees things others don't. Nimble fingers scroll rapidly, noticing things, raising eyebrow slightly, tapping keyboard, searching deeper records. Nothing appears. Technical error? Impossible. If not...

She turns head slightly towards corridor. HASSAN, marketing director, head of relations and sales, board member, passes. She smiles slightly, stands, coffee cup in hand, walks towards him with measured steps.

ELENA

(Soft voice)

Good morning, Mr. Hassan... You seem to be working hard as usual.

Hassan pauses, spontaneous smile. Shakes head, sighs.

HASSAN

(Jokingly)

Work never ends around here, especially with White Market expanding.

Elena feigns interest, head tilted.

ELENA

That's right, I heard there are some huge deals coming up. You must be busy dealing with major investors.

HASSAN

(Slight pride)

That's right. We're working on developing the company's investment network. Everything has to be perfect.

Elena smiles, sips coffee, leans in slightly, sharing a secret.

ELENA

(Whispering)

I just wonder how a company like White Market can maintain such rapid growth? I mean, the huge sums of money, the rapid investments, the multiple markets... you must have amazing skills to handle all of that.

HASSAN

(Smiling confidently)

It's all about strategy and the right communications. We know how to navigate, how to gain investor confidence.

Elena shakes head, studying his reaction, gently places hand on his shoulder, whispers with mysterious smile.

ELENA

You seem like a pro at keeping things under control... Maybe we can have dinner someday. I'd love to hear more about you.

She quietly leaves. Hassan is puzzled, watches her walk away, wondering her true intentions.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Abandoned. Dim lighting. Car sounds echo. Air thick with oil, gasoline. Danger, secrecy. George arrives first, stands by black car, lights cigarette, inhales, watches entrance keenly.

Minutes pass. Another car arrives, stops meters away. SAMUEL, formal coat, gets out. Steps tense, trying to be composed.

GEORGE

(Calm but threatening tone)

You're late, Samuel. I don't like waiting.

SAMUEL

(Nervously)

I'm a political and busy man, George. I don't meet you because I enjoy it.

George smiles sarcastically, exhales slowly, approaches Samuel. Looks at him sharply.

GEORGE

But we both know this meeting wasn't your choice.

SAMUEL

(Soft sigh)

Let's get to the point. What do you want?

GEORGE

A very simple plan, but it requires a little... flexibility from
you.

George throws a file on the car hood in front of Samuel. Samuel
opens it cautiously, eyes moving between papers and photos.
Tension on his face.

GEORGE

(More pointed tone)

This company we were talking about, we need to take full control
of it. And you're the one who's going to pass the necessary
approvals under the table.

SAMUEL

(Looking up from file)

That's impossible. There's oversight, and the board won't let a
deal like this go through easily.

George leans forward, light pressure on Samuel's shoulder.

GEORGE

You're a smart man. Don't try to play the honest man with me.
You owe us, and it's time to pay up.

Samuel's tension rises. Swallows slowly, removes George's hand.

SAMUEL

(Low, agitated voice)

And if you refuse?

George smiles slowly, pulls out phone, plays video. Short clip
of Samuel in suspicious position in luxurious room with
suspicious characters.

GEORGE

Then your professional life, your personal life... will be up in
the air.

Samuel silent, eyes moving between phone and George. He's
trapped.

SAMUEL

(Heavy sigh, resigned)

What exactly do you need from me?

GEORGE

(Smiling triumphantly, flicking ash)

We're going to acquire the company in the coming weeks. We're working on it. You'll make sure that the paperwork for this company, the upcoming deal, and the approvals go smoothly through the board. In return, we'll help you rise in the future. We'll make your problems go away.

SAMUEL

(Low voice)

I hope you keep your promise, George.

GEORGE

(Hand on Samuel's shoulder, fake friendly)

You're a friend of ours, Samuel. Just don't make us change our minds.

George walks away, gets in car. Samuel stands, looking at file, heavy to carry. He knows no escape.

FADE OUT.

(End of Part 2)

Part (3):

WHITE MARKET TRADER

SCREENPLAY BY MOHAMED ZAINELAABDIN IBRAHIM (Adapted from the novel "White Market Trader")

INT. HASHEM'S LUXURY HOME, NEW YORK - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The atmosphere is warm and calm. Hashem sits comfortably on the couch. Lamar is beside him, stroking Hania's hair, who is engrossed in her toys and dolls. The television plays a light program, but Hashem's mind is distracted, preoccupied with the recent stressful days.

LAMAR

How was your visit with Carlos today?

Hashem looks at her with a faint smile.

HASHEM

I checked on him. He's improving, but he still needs rest.

Lamar sighs in relief.

LAMAR

Good. I was worried about him after everything he's been through.

She looks at him with searching eyes.

LAMAR

But you don't seem comfortable. Did something else happen?

Hashem raises an eyebrow.

HASHEM

(Calmly)

Nothing important, just a long day.

Lamar isn't entirely convinced, but chooses not to press. Hashem gently takes her hand.

HASHEM

(Calm voice)

I'm fine, don't worry.

Before she can answer, Hashem's phone RINGS. He quickly looks at the screen. It's MONICA.

HASHEM

Hello.

Her voice comes through, clear and firm.

MONICA (O.S.)

Hashem, I need to see you immediately, at the Monarch Cafe. It's urgent.

Hashem quickly looks at his watch.

HASHEM

Okay, I'll be there soon.

He hangs up, looks at Lamar, who watches him intently.

HASHEM

(Getting up)

I have to go. I have an urgent meeting.

Lamar puts her hand on his arm, anxiously.

LAMAR

With the organization, right?

Hashem pauses.

HASHEM

Nothing to worry about.

But Lamar isn't reassured. She squeezes his hand.

LAMAR

Hashem, I'm worried about you. You're playing with dangerous people. What if...

Hashem gently places his hand on her cheek, interrupting.

HASHEM

I know what to do, and I promise I'll be careful.

Worry remains in her eyes.

LAMAR

(Low voice)

Just... come back safely.

Hashem smiles reassuringly, puts on his coat, heads for the door. Before he leaves, he turns to look at Lamar and Hania, who watch him innocently.

HASHEM

(Smiling)

Don't worry, I'll be back soon.

He goes out to face another night in a merciless world.

INT. MONARCH CAFÉ - NIGHT

Luxurious Monarch Café, overlooking a tranquil river. Hashem sits at a secluded table. He sips his coffee, observing carefully. Serene atmosphere, dim light reflecting off the water, soft sounds.

Moments later, Monica appears. Elegant black coat, blonde hair flowing. Distinguished and confident presence.

MONICA

(Cold smile)

I see you're relaxed, Hashem. I hope you're in the mood to talk about work.

Hashem puts his cup aside sharply, looking at her through his smart glasses. He touches the side of the glasses to record the conversation and analyze Monica's personality. His mind works rapidly, analyzing every movement and word.

HASHEM

(Quietly)

I'm here to listen.

Hashem sits quietly, watching Monica intently. She isn't ordinary. No emotion in her words, but something mysterious in her eyes.

MONICA

(Sitting opposite, legs crossed, distinctive confidence)

The leaders have agreed to your terms. One and a half billion, and 10% of our investment operations, in exchange for guaranteeing us the acquisitions we plan within the platform's investment ecosystem.

Hashem remains silent for moments, looking at her blankly. He intends to continue playing with his mind. He leans forward slightly, watching every movement in her eyes.

HASHEM

(Quietly, leaning forward slightly)

The first acquisition?

Monica smiles slyly, as if activating her game.

MONICA

(Enigmatic smile)

The military industries company Siderex.

Hashem raises a small eyebrow, interested, but remains calm, showing no surprise. His vocal analysis indicates Monica's sincerity. He remains silent.

HASHEM

(Thoughtfully)

Why this particular company?

Monica smiles more mysteriously, controlling the conversation.

MONICA

(Smiling mysteriously)

You'll find out soon. Tomorrow, you'll meet with Fabian and the others.

Monica stands up, places a small piece of paper on the table, leaves without looking back. Hashem watches her with a calm smile, picks up the paper. He slowly opens it. Address and time of meeting.

Meeting over, but Hashem's questions aren't. "Side Rex" is the starting point. He must be sure of every step.

INT. ORGANIZATION'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter, Fabian, Owen, Mario, and George gather around a round table. Dim lighting, heavy curtains closed. Seriousness and

secrecy. Atmosphere tense. Everyone knows the importance of this moment.

Walter taps fingers, brow furrowed.

WALTER

(Calm but firm voice)

George, give us an update.

GEORGE

(Deep breath, confident)

Samuel is in our hands. He will work to push through the arms deal for Siderex. In a short while, we'll be ready to ship.

Owen, watching closely, raises eyebrow, leans forward.

OWEN

(Quietly)

That's good. But what's most important now is the party receiving the shipment. I'm the one managing the communication channels with the African side, and we've secured their commitment. Once we get final approval from the government, everything will fall into place.

Mario watches carefully, eyes on Owen, skeptical.

MARIO

(Challengingly, observing Owen)

Do you trust them? I mean, you know these deals usually bring unpleasant surprises.

OWEN

(Slight smile, tapping fingers confidently)

The parties I'm dealing with aren't looking for trouble. They have a clear interest, and they need the arms shipment more than we need to sell them. It's just a matter of time.

Walter looks at everyone, eyes focused on faces, searching. He speaks sharply.

WALTER

(Calm but firm voice)

That's good. But what about Hashem? Will we inform him of the details, or keep him in the dark until the right moment?

Fabian, observing quietly, responds slowly, weighing words.

FABIAN

(Quietly)

We only tell him what we want him to know. We give him the sense that he's a true partner, but without revealing all the cards to him.

WALTER

(Decisive voice)

I see. But we must be careful. George, oversee the acquisition of Side Rex and ensure that we control it without attracting attention.

Walter looks at Owen, sharply.

WALTER

Any glitch or leak of information will make us a target for intelligence. You understand what that means.

OWEN

(Calm confidence)

I understand completely. I'll sort things out from my side, and there will be no loopholes.

Owen looks at George, serious.

OWEN

Make sure the prohibited arms deal goes through, and I'll carefully oversee its shipment to the African side.

GEORGE

(Deep voice, agreeing)

You'll get what you need.

Everyone watches the slow progression, knowing these moments could be decisive.

INT. LUXURIOUS BLACK LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Middle of the night. City under dim streetlights. Limousine parked on a side street, out of sight. Elena sits quietly by the window, taking in city lights reflected in dark glass. Opposite, Monica, legs crossed, smoking thin cigar, watching Elena intently.

MONICA

(Quietly)

What's new?

Elena pulls out small phone, fiddles, displays encrypted data.

ELENA

The information is encrypted regarding all the accounts you asked me to monitor. There are also projects under development at the company that are not easily accessible. Information about them is tightly locked away, and even the public financial system doesn't reflect their true movements.

Monica raises eyebrow, exhales smoke slowly.

MONICA

Who can access them?

ELENA

Only upper management... even the directors can't see the full details. Any new investment or project is recorded under protected permission levels that no one can easily hack.

Monica purses lips, thinks, leans forward, gaze sharpening.

MONICA

And did you find anything interesting?

Elena smiles lightly, runs fingers over phone screen, hands it to Monica.

ELENA

A project called White Cluster... There's no public record of it, but it's linked to financial transactions. It's like the company is gearing up for something big.

Monica takes phone, stares at data, looks up at Elena.

MONICA

And can it be hacked?

Elena laughs lightly, leans back.

ELENA

The system is designed so that even if you gain access, you can't see the full picture. Each section is linked to an independent security system, and any unauthorized attempt results in an automatic shutdown.

Monica takes deep drag, thinks, smiles slowly.

MONICA

Then we need a different approach.

She turns to Elena, gaze deepening.

MONICA

I want you to find out everything... not just the White Bloc project, but all the hidden secrets at White Market, how the money moves, what they're planning, any weakness that could be exploited.

Elena considers, nods slowly.

ELENA

That would be dangerous.

Monica gives cold smile, looking at Elena with defiance and confidence.

MONICA

That's why I chose you.

Elena's voice lowers, more serious, but composed.

ELENA

I need time... and maybe some tools.

Monica leans forward, hands her a metal card.

MONICA

Consider everything yours, just bring me the answers.

Elena holds card, examines it, puts in pocket.

ELENA

(Quietly)

Looks like the game just got a lot more exciting.

Monica laughs lightly as car moves into darkness, carrying beginnings of plan to crack White Market's biggest secrets.

INT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dim lighting, rare artwork on walls. Glass table. Security is tight. Guards watch every move. Hashem sits on a luxurious chair. Opposite, Fabian, cold expression, fixed smile. George stands against wall, watching silently, exhaling smoke.

FABIAN

(Quietly, watching Hashem)

I didn't think you were the type to impose your conditions, but you piqued my interest.

HASHEM

(Faint smile as he touches smart glasses to activate)

Everything has a price, and I think you understand the value of what you get.

GEORGE

(Looking at Hashem carefully)

We know more than you realize, and that's why we're here.

Monica touches screen, asks Hashem.

MONICA

To which account do you want us to transfer the money?

Hashem reaches into pocket, takes out small paper, hands it to Monica.

HASHEM

To this account.

Monica prepares transfer. Details appear. She checks, looks at Fabian, waiting for final sign.

MONICA

Everything's ready. Just one final touch, and the transfer will be done.

Fabian looks at Hashem, gives slight nod. Monica presses screen. Moments later, successful transfer notification. Hashem's phone buzzes with receipt. He checks, puts phone away.

HASHEM

(Quietly, looking at Fabian, then George)

It seems to be going as it should.

FABIAN

(Lowers voice, more serious)

So far, yes. But let me make something clear to you, Hashem. We don't believe in coincidences, nor in invisible guarantees.

HASHEM

(Looking steadily)

Neither do I.

GEORGE

(Diplomatic smile)

We know you're successful in the investment field. We want you to acquire the majority stake in Siderex Military Industries as soon as possible.

HASHEM

(Very coldly)

Okay, consider it a done deal, but why this particular company?

GEORGE

(Confident)

Let's say we have an investment opportunity that's highly beneficial to all of us. But we want to ensure full coverage of the process without any mistakes.

HASHEM

(Smiling)

It seems we speak the same language. Okay, I'll start planning the acquisition.

FABIAN

It has to happen as quickly as possible.

HASHEM

(Looking at Fabian confidently)

Of course, rest assured.

After the meeting, Hashem drives back. Gary's car appears beside him, beckoning.

GARY (O.S.)

(From secure headset channel)

Follow me, usual location... now.

Hashem drives behind Gary, heading to the training site. They arrive, enter.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - TRAINING SITE - NIGHT

GARY

(Calm but serious voice)

What do you have?

HASHEM

(Holding his glasses)

It's all recorded here.

Gary issues a voice command.

GARY

Brown, download the evidence and analyze the audio and video.

HASHEM

They've agreed to all the terms, and their first move will be on Siderex. They want to take it over.

GARY

(Looking at Hashem, then large screen displaying meeting tape and analysis)

Why this particular company? We need to find a way to collect evidence without them noticing.

Gary continues with a voice command.

GARY

Activate tracking on both Fabian and George.

GARY

(Looking at Hashem)

If we don't cover this operation and do what they ask, we won't be able to catch them... Hashim, do what they ask and take over Siderex without arousing suspicion.

HASHEM

Okay, I'll add their accounts and make the transfers so we can secretly track the financial flows without any tampering being discovered.

GARY

Okay, the team and I will do the work to find out the real reason behind their takeover of Siderex. We need to know what they're up to.

GARY

(Looking at Hashem)

Be prepared. Things are starting to get dangerous.

Hashem gives Gary a deep look, then heads to his car, ready to play his part.

INT. WHITE MARKET HEADQUARTERS - LAMAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Sunlight filters through glass windows. Lamar sits at her desk, leafing through documents. Hassan sits opposite, discussing sales performance and customer trends.

Outside, Elena stands, calm, confident. Knocks gently, enters.

ELENA

(Polite but confident voice)

Sorry to interrupt, but there's something urgent I've noticed that I think is worth discussing.

Lamar looks up. Hassan turns with interest.

LAMAR

What's up, Elena?

Elena walks in quietly, holding a tablet, stands near the desk. She ensures Hassan is in her line of sight without looking directly at him.

ELENA

I've noticed some unusual movements in client accounts, specifically some duplicate transactions between a few new investors.

Lamar raises eyebrows. Hassan looks at Elena's screen.

HASSAN

(Inquiring)

What do you mean by unusual movements?

Elena leans closer, tilts screen, explains.

ELENA

Usually, when new clients join the platform, their movements begin gradually, testing the system and investing in a balanced manner. But there's a small group of new accounts that have made a series of strangely rapid and intense transfers to each other over just a few days.

Hassan narrows eyes, looks at numbers, analyzes.

HASSAN

But the accounts you mention aren't familiar to me.

LAMAR

This sounds like an attempt to manipulate liquidity.

Elena nods, as if expecting this.

ELENA

Exactly. Most of these accounts aren't linked to our main clients, but what's interesting is that they were all established through agents affiliated with us, not through traditional registration.

HASSAN

(More interested)

And who are the agents?

Elena leans forward slightly, lowers voice.

ELENA

This is the exciting part... some of them are our top brokers and others are new to the company, but they have a high percentage of closed deals in a short period of time.

Hassan and Lamar exchange glances. Hassan returns to Elena, obvious interest.

HASSAN

This is something worth investigating. Do you think there's intentional manipulation?

Elena smiles mysteriously, leaving door open.

ELENA

I don't want to jump to conclusions, but I thought it was worth bringing to your attention, especially since you're in charge of client relations, Mr. Hassan.

Hassan senses Elena's intelligent, confident interaction. Not ordinary employee, but deep thinker, impressive analyst.

HASSAN

(Smiling lightly)

Good observation, Elena. Perhaps we should discuss this further.
I think we can work together to understand what's going on here.

Elena looks at him, considering his reaction, then smiles
lightly.

ELENA

Of course, Mr. Hassan. I'd be happy to help you.

Her plan worked. Hassan is interested. Just the beginning.

INT. HASHEM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Midnight. Hashem's home. Hashem's office. Lights dim, atmosphere
tense. Hashem has been here since morning, eyes on computer
screens. Several open windows display account data, investment
deals. Intertwined financial transaction symbols, complex web of
deception. He spent hours restructuring organization's accounts,
concealing money laundering traces through deals and
investments. Finally, as part of deal, he cleanly acquired
Siderex. But every move is secretly recorded for Gary's team.
Hashem places hand on forehead, exhausted. Knows this is just
beginning.

Office door opens slowly.

LAMAR

(Low, worried voice)

You haven't left this office since morning.

Hashem doesn't lift eyes, but smiles faintly.

HASHEM

I was busy... there was a lot of work.

Lamar folds arms, looks at screens. Immediately realizes what
he's doing.

LAMAR

So... you completed what they asked?

Hashem turns slowly to her, noticing worried expression.

HASHEM

(Quietly)

Yes. The accounts are perfectly closed, nothing ties them to each other or to the organization, everything looks normal in the market, and we acquired Siderex.

Lamar sits on edge of desk, gripping wrist tightly.

LAMAR

Siderex, the Military Industries Corporation! Hashem? You're officially inside the organization's closed circle. It's no longer just financial manipulation or fake investments. You're now playing with them on a different level.

Hashem leans back, considering her words.

HASHEM

I've been inside the organization since they filed the case against our firm, but the difference now is that I'm pulling the strings, not the other way around.

LAMAR

(Nervously)

Are you sure about that? They're not just a bunch of corrupt businessmen; they're criminals willing to take down anyone they think is a threat. And you're...getting closer to becoming a threat.

Hashem smiles, not of relief, but of understanding gravity, unsought challenges.

HASHEM

That's exactly what we want, isn't it? To make them trust me more...until the right moment.

Lamar lowers gaze, taking in situation, then looks at him.

LAMAR

I trust you, but I'm scared for you. You're playing with fire, Hashem, and if you're not careful, you could burn up before you can bring them down.

LAMAR

Are you sure Gary can protect you if they discover the truth?

Hashem is silent, sends coded report to Fabian detailing investment status and Siderex acquisition. He rises, approaches Lamar, takes her hand.

HASHEM

(Low but steady voice)

I know the risks, and I know what I'm doing. We're close to exposing them, but we have to see it through.

Lamar sighs, worry in her eyes. She knows stopping Hashem isn't an option.

LAMAR

Just... don't make me lose you.

Hashem gently runs hand over her face.

HASHEM

(Confident whisper)

It won't happen.

But deep down... he knows things will get more dangerous. The organization won't stay idle.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Near New York suburbs. Middle of the night. Cold wind through shattered windows, muffled echo. Dim space. In dark corner, Gary creeps lightly. Black tactical suit, modern technology. Small earpiece connected to Braun. Beside him, ETHAN moves silently, wrist device displaying encrypted signals, monitoring inside. Through smart glasses, they watch George and Samuel standing in middle of warehouse, cautiously exchanging words.

BROWN (V.O.)

(Quiet voice into Gary's earpiece)

The other individual has been identified as Samuel, a political officer.

Brown displays Samuel's full file.

BROWN (V.O.)

The noise level is appropriate. There's no chance of detecting you. Recording begins.

Gary signs Ethan to stay still. Gary moves closer, hidden behind crates. He clearly sees George and Samuel's tense expressions.

SAMUEL

(Nervous whisper)

Approved. The decision was approved at the highest levels. George's eyebrows rise slightly, half-smile. Deep drag on cigar.

GEORGE

(Quietly)

Good... when will the announcement be made?

SAMUEL

Tomorrow morning, 8:00. The statement will be passed through official channels, and there will be no opposition. Siderex will be awarded the contract to supply prohibited weapons to Africa.

GEORGE

(Calmly and confidently)

And that means our partners will be satisfied.

SAMUEL

I don't want to know the details. Just do what you promised. You know we're taking a big risk to get this deal through.

GEORGE

(Confidently)

As long as everything goes according to plan, there's nothing to worry about. Everyone benefits. And you're no exception.

Samuel nods slowly.

Gary audio-records the conversation, unnoticed.

GARY

(Quietly but firmly)

This is more than we could have dreamed. Now we have evidence
that links them directly.

He returns to original position, whispers to Ethan.

GARY

We have audio and video... everything is captured.

Gary and Ethan slowly back away, through shadows, towards side
exit. At the door, Gary pauses, looks at George and Samuel. End
of a chess game.

Before he leaves, he whispers to himself.

GARY

(Quietly)

Now everything changes.

He silently exits, leaving behind a conversation that will turn
the tables. A flash in Gary's glasses.

BROWN (V.O.)

The data has been saved and analyzed.

INT. WHITE MARKET HEADQUARTERS - LAMAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Quiet atmosphere. Everyone works. Lamar sits at her desk. She
looks up, spots Elena near Hassan's desk through the glass.

Elena leans slightly, unusual smile. Lamar questions. Hassan
chuckles softly. Elena's hand on his desk, a little too close.
Hassan isn't usually so relaxed. Elena, professional, seems to
go beyond official business. Something is off, Lamar isn't sure.

ELENA

(Soft, seductive voice)

You're always the last one to leave the office... It's not fair,
Hassan. I bet you don't even get enough sleep.

Hassan smiles lightly, hiding tension.

HASSAN

(Sarcastically)

Sleep is a luxury, and running a company like White Market requires sacrifice.

Elena moves slowly, as if she knows every detail. Sits on desk edge, leg swinging. Watches Hassan with bright green eyes.

ELENA

But even geniuses need a helping hand... Maybe it's time you trusted someone.

She places hand gently on his wrist. Looks directly into his eyes. He doesn't pull away. One step from control. She remembers something. Takes small memory stick from pocket, places on table. Smiles.

ELENA

This contains some accounting tools I use in my projects. It might help you speed up processes. Try it, you have nothing to lose.

Hassan looks at device, then her. He doesn't doubt her.

HASSAN

(Confidently)

Okay, I'll try it.

He takes device, plugs it into computer. Invisible software runs, copying encrypted login and password, sending to Elena's device, nothing appearing on screen.

Lamar walks to Hassan's office. Doesn't want to appear curious, but wants clues. As she approaches, notices Elena fiddling with her ring, distracting Hassan.

LAMAR

(Calm but firm voice)

Hassan, do you have a minute?

Hassan turns immediately, as if awakened. Elena steps back, maintains forced smile.

HASSAN

Of course, Lamar, what's up?

Lamar glances at Elena.

LAMAR

I need to discuss some matters regarding this month's new accounts.

Elena unbothered, glances at Lamar, smiles at Hassan.

ELENA

We'll continue our conversation later.

She turns, quietly leaves. Lamar doesn't speak immediately, watches Hassan, then asks indirectly.

LAMAR

How long have you and Elena been talking so comfortably?

HASSAN

(Laughing lightly)

Nothing out of the ordinary, just a coworker.

Lamar's instincts tell her there's more.

INT. ELENA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Late after work. Elena returns to her office. Ensures everyone left. Turns on computer. Enters Hassan's stolen data. System opens doors she couldn't access before.

ELENA

(Faint smile)

Now let's see what White Market is hiding.

She browses company servers, opening sections she didn't know existed, until an encrypted file: "White Block Project - Internal Development." She pauses, clicks.

Eyes widen. She reads: "The new system uses blockchain technology to ensure complete transparency within the platform. No transaction can be modified or deleted after it's executed, meaning there's no room for money laundering or concealing its

origins. The project is in its final stages and will be live soon."

She catches her breath. All organization accounts added to platform using this technology. This is extremely serious. Organization won't be happy.

ELENA

(Trembling)

If we don't stop this... we're done for.

Quickly closes file. Takes USB drive from pocket, copies essential data. Logs out of Hassan's account, erases traces. Takes phone, calls Monica.

INT. OUT-OF-THE-WAY CAFÉ - NIGHT

Elena sits at a side table, watching cautiously. Monica appears, sits across.

MONICA

What's wrong?

ELENA

I found something in the system... White Market is developing an internal blockchain system that will make all financial transactions completely transparent and tamper-proof. No one can modify or erase the data. I also found that all of the organization's accounts are listed and have this technology enabled.

MONICA

(Nervously)

If that's true... time is not on our side. We must act quickly.

Monica takes phone, sends short message, looks at Elena with sharp eyes.

MONICA

The organization won't let this happen. We must find a way to stop it.

Elena places storage unit on table.

ELENA

Everything is here.

INT. SECRET MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

White Bloc Project file displayed on screen. Monica explains impact.

MARIO

This is nonsense. All our financial transactions within White Market are exposed and unchangeable. We won't be able to hide our money.

WALTER

(Angrily)

This is unacceptable. Hashem is manipulating us.

MONICA

We have a small window. We can hack the system, but we need to do more. We need to completely deactivate the blockchain on all our accounts.

MARIO

We can infiltrate the database and disable it, but we'll need direct access to the underlying system.

WALTER

Then execute the attack immediately. As for Hashim, leave him to me. I'll teach him a lesson.

Mario quickly leaves, reappears with LUIS (30s), the cyber expert.

MARIO

How long does it take to hack the system?

LUIS

If we have an entry point, we can destabilize the system. But to completely disable it, we'll need a plan.

MONICA

(Smiling confidently, extending storage unit)

We already have an entry point.

INT. OFFICIAL CONFERENCE ROOM, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Packed with journalists, officials, businessmen. Giant screens display logos. Cameras ready. Podium. Official GOVERNMENT SPOKESPERSON behind microphone. Prominent figures beside him.

SPOKESPERSON

Today, we are pleased to announce a strategic arms supply agreement to support our allies in Africa, ensuring stability and strengthening security partnerships.

In background, Samuel stands out of sight, confident smile. Sips coffee, glances at George. Nods, confirming plan.

As announcements continue, Siderex shares rise suddenly, as George predicted. Market figures show unprecedented rise after investors learn of arms supply and hint of major deals.

In back corner, Gary, formal suit, looks like ordinary journalist. Watches carefully. Scrutinizes Samuel and George, connecting events, confirming suspicions.

GARY

(To himself)

Samuel and George are behind this scheme. The organization is preparing to take over the military market and concealing its operations under an official cover.

Gary's phone vibrates. Confidential notification from Braun. Real-time report on Siderex trading volume, showing accounts that bought largest shares before official announcement, covered up by Hashem. Gary realizes time is running out. Organization nearing success. He and Hashem must work from within.

Conference ends. Samuel and George leave confidently. Gary quietly leaves behind them, sending voice message through Braun to team: intensify surveillance on George and Samuel. Not over yet. Beginning of decisive confrontation.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Filled with screens, external servers. Luis sits, headphones, fingers moving rapidly over keyboard. Data flows. Cryptographic numbers change. He infiltrates White Market's main system. Mario behind him, monitoring, smoking, faint smile as Siderex stock rises.

MARIO

(Calmly but firmly)

You need to disable all tracking and monitoring on all accounts.
We don't want them to link anything to us.

Luis shakes head, eyes on screens.

LUIS

Don't worry, thanks to the storage unit Monica set up, we have full access and a high level of privileges. We're inside the system now.

Screen shows White Market interface, secret projects. Luis opens new window, targets blockchain. Navigates codes, surprised.

LUIS

Oh my God... this isn't just any surveillance system. It's a digital fortress. Any transaction that passes through it becomes impossible to forge or hide.

Mario laughs sarcastically.

MARIO

And that's exactly what we don't want. The organization can't function if its transactions are exposed like this.

Luis enters complex commands, encrypted codes, trying to disable system undetected. Warning appears.

SYSTEM WARNING

WARNING: Unauthorized attempt to breach the system.

LUIS

(Suddenly concerned)

Damn... the system is detecting the breach.

MARIO

(Nervously)

Don't let them find out.

Luis runs decoy programs, identifying White Market vulnerabilities. Watches updates pop up at high speed, fingers flicking through complex commands. Race against time. Every second, tension increases. Harder to stay in system without leaving trace.

INT. KAMEL'S OFFICE, WHITE MARKET HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Kamel wakes to sharp digital alarm from computer. Sleepy eyes narrow. Successive warning messages: "Security alert: Abnormal activity in the blockchain database." "Unauthorized attempts to change the underlying data structure, possible compromise!"

Kamel wipes face. These are no ordinary alerts. Quickly to keyboard, opens White Market cybersecurity control panel. Fingers move rapidly, determining source. Data flow: hundreds of new investment transactions, not there minutes ago. Digital wallets modified, incompatible with blockchain. Vulnerability in data center server, hackers inside.

KAMEL

(Low, worried voice)

This is impossible... How did they bypass the encryption?!

He opens real-time tracking, tries to isolate, stop attack. Something strange... Internal username with high-level privileges made changes!

KAMEL

(Low, worried voice)

That means someone inside is behind this.

Kamel looks at screen, sees Hassan's privileges appear. Suddenly, new message.

SYSTEM MESSAGE

You have been forcibly logged out of the system. Your administrative privileges are disabled.

Kamel stares, astonished. Tries to re-login. Fails. Kicked out.

KAMEL

(Stunned)

Impossible... How did they know my account?!

Sweat drips. Situation serious. He grabs phone, opens backup cybersecurity app. Connection down. No choice but to go to company. Puts on coat, leaves, gets in car, drives. Unlocks phone, calls Malek.

KAMEL

(Angry and worried)

Lamar, there's been a breach in White Market's system. I'm at the company's entrance, trying to get in, but my permissions have been completely disabled... Lamar, I need you immediately. Something is wrong. The attackers are targeting and manipulating the blockchain system.

LAMAR (O.S.)

(Worried)

I'm on my way.

Kamel arrives at White Market. Swipes security card. System refuses. "Your permissions are suspended. Please contact management." Heartbeat quickens. Attackers control entry? He calls Lamar.

KAMEL

(Angry and worried)

Lamar, there's been a breach in White Market's system. I'm at the company's entrance, trying to get in, but my permissions have been completely disabled... Lamar, I need you immediately. Something is wrong. The attackers are targeting and manipulating the blockchain system.

LAMAR (O.S.)

I'm on my way.

Lamar and Malek later arrive. They gain access to Kamel's office. Room lit by screens, data flows. Kamel and Malek attempt to gain control of breach. Lamar looks at screen, reads details, identifies accounts.

LAMAR

(Surprised)

These are the criminal organization's accounts!

KAMEL

That's what we're trying to figure out. It looks like Hassan's credentials were used to access them.

LAMAR

Hassan couldn't have done that. There must be a mistake.

KAMEL

It looks like his account was hacked or someone is using his data without his knowledge.

LAMAR

Elena... is the only one who's been close to him recently. We need to investigate. Can you stop this breach and try to regain control of the system?

KAMEL

I'm working on it... don't worry.

KAMEL

(Staring at screen, rapidly typing)

This attack is not ordinary... They're not just trying to hack the accounts, but to change their entire structure.

MALEK

(Following data, grim face)

They're trying to redirect activity, like rewriting the transaction history in the blockchain... If they succeed, we'll lose track of the accounts forever.

LAMAR

(Worried, clasping hands)

Can they do that?!

KAMEL

(Suppressed anger)

If we don't stop them now, yes.

INT. LUIS'S DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Mario sits with Luis. Luis watches system changes.

MARIO

(Very calmly, sipping coffee)

Make sure everything related to the accounts is changed.

LUIS

(Concentrating, rapidly typing code)

We're restructuring the transaction history, changing the encryption paths... Give me a few minutes and we'll be completely invisible.

INT. KAMEL'S OFFICE, WHITE MARKET HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Everyone stares at screens. Malek scrutinizes, eyes narrow.

MALEK

(Angrily)

I found the loophole! They're using key swapping in the network nodes... but we can stop it if we reverse the encryption on the last recorded transaction before the change.

KAMEL

(Sudden enthusiasm)

Brilliant idea! But we have to act quickly, or the system will collapse under the pressure of the changes.

LAMAR

(Confident)

Do it, we won't let them succeed.

Kamel and Malek implement. New codes appear. Cybersecurity indicators gradually turn green.

INT. LUIS'S DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly, a glitch. Progress stops. System rejects changes.

LUIS

(Anxiously, nervously banging keyboard)

There's resistance! They're reversing the changes before they take hold! They've kicked me out of the system.

Mario throws down coffee cup, eyes angry.

INT. KAMEL'S OFFICE, WHITE MARKET HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Malek and Kamel breathe sigh of relief. Faint smile on Lamar's face.

KAMEL

They failed.

MALEK

(Closes eyes, then opens with sideways smile)

Yes... but they won't stop here.

LAMAR

(Seriously, crossing arms)

We have to be prepared.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Connected to Brown's system. Gary sits in front of screens, streaming data, real-time analysis. Nautical map displays commercial vessels in Atlantic. Brown combs communications, intelligence reports for weapon shipment info.

BROWN (V.O.)

(Calm digital voice)

Data analysis underway... A potential personnel point has been identified in the industrial port south of the city. Verifying shipment date.

GARY

(Nervously)

Brown, we need the name of the vessel and the exact departure time.

Moments of silence. Screens flash data. Analysis results.

BROWN (V.O.)

Warning... The vessel 'Black Tide' left port 45 minutes ago.
Destination: Unknown point in international waters.

GARY

(Angrily)

Damn, they moved faster than we expected...

BROWN (V.O.)

The ship's path is being tracked based on satellite signals.
Speed, expected destination, and arrival estimates have been
determined. In 7-10 days, speed 25 knots.

Gary straightens. Critical moment. Must act quickly before ship
disappears into international waters.

GARY

(To team)

We have confirmation. The cargo has already departed. Get ready.
We're conducting a maritime intercept.

INT. ORGANIZATION'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Atmosphere tense. Walter sits, angry, watching screen. Mario
stands, hands nervous.

MARIO

(Suppressed anger)

We can't retrieve the records or re-encrypt the transactions.

WALTER

(Angrily)

Then we need another solution.

Walter waves hand sarcastically, hinting at something beyond technical.

WALTER

It's time to end Hashem.

GEORGE

(Confident)

The shipment is now on its way to Africa.

WALTER

(Dry voice)

I want him to pay for manipulating us. His family will be the beginning.

Grim looks between Mario and George. Not just a threat. Beginning of new phase in war against Hashem.

INT. HASHEM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

House completely quiet. Lights dim. Surveillance cameras display blurry images. Suddenly, power goes out. Lights out for seconds, then back on. Hashem was asleep. Wakes to phone sound. Unlocks it. Red warning from Brown.

BROWN (V.O.)

Armed intrusion, threat level: Professional killer.

Hashem quickly puts on headset and smart glasses.

BROWN (V.O.)

(Precise, mechanical voice)

Armed intrusion, abnormal movements in the south corridor, suggestion: arm immediately.

Hashem quickly stands, pulls gun from drawer, moves silently toward Hania's room. Sees thermal image of killer approaching her.

BROWN (V.O.)

(Tactical calm)

The target is approaching, 8 meters away... 5 meters... 3 meters...

At right moment, Hashem quickly ducks, hides behind wall, lunges at ASSASSIN with powerful blow to neck. Assassin skillfully dodges, circles, strikes with knife, grazing Hashem's arm, causing him to drop gun.

Hashem regains balance, remembers Gary's training. Uses close-quarters, blocks attack, lightning maneuver, pushes against wall. Takes knife, lands punch to face, then another. Assassin blocks. Hashem quickly grabs knife from ground, plunges into assassin's shoulder.

Assassin screams, but doesn't give up. Draws weapon, fires at Hashem. Brown warns.

BROWN (V.O.)

Quick dodge - left.

Hashem ducks left. Bullet hits wall. Hashem quickly picks up gun, fires single shot to assassin's head. Assassin falls motionless.

Hania breathes heavily, exits room, terrified.

HANIA

(Trembling)

Dad...

HASHEM

(Trying to calm her, hugs her quickly)

Don't be afraid...

Suddenly, he hears a voice. Quickly takes Hania into her room, closes door. Hashem heads toward stairs. Sees rapidly moving shadow. Second ASSASSIN at top, silenced, weapon pointed at Hashem.

BROWN (V.O.)

There's a 30% chance of survival if you don't move immediately.

Before assassin pulls trigger, Hashem throws himself to side of stairs, rolls to ground. Bullet whizzes past. He regains balance, fires shot, hits killer's knee. Killer falls. Hashem wastes no time. Approaches him, punching until unconscious.

Silence. Hashem breathes deep. Turns to Hania's room, opens door. Hania looks with tearful eyes. He hugs her.

HANIA

(Trembling voice)

Dad... I'm scared.

Hashem hugs her, calming her. Catches breath. Carries Hania downstairs to garage. Opens car door, places Hania in passenger seat. Gets behind wheel, fastens Hania's seatbelt, starts engine. Presses garage door remote. It opens. He speeds off.

Before street ends, he sees in side mirror two cars, no license plates, catching up.

BROWN (V.O.)

Warning, two aggressive vehicles approaching quickly. Analysis: Attempted forcible stop.

Hashem presses gas. Hurtles through narrow streets. Lights dance. Gunfire. Bullets pierce rear window! Hania screams. Hashem grips wheel. First car approaches, tries to ram. Hashem notices movement in side window. Gunman sticks out, aims.

BROWN (V.O.)

Suggested course of action, a quick evasion maneuver.

Hashem brakes, turns wheel furiously. First car overtakes. Next moment, he hits gas, slams into back of first car. It loses balance, collides with parked car.

Second car in pursuit. Road leads to Brooklyn Bridge. Almost empty at this hour. Better chance for gang. Second car approaches, driver tries to push Hashem's car to barrier. Hashem steers hard, rear wheels slip, sharp spin. Regains control. Sees one militant in second car, grenade launcher.

BROWN (V.O.)

Great danger, immediate maneuver!

Without thinking, Hashem hits gas. Car rockets forward. Enemy pulls trigger. Grenade explodes behind them. Hashem miraculously escapes. Fire rages behind. Bridge clear. Hashem must end chase. Spots narrow exit into alley.

HASHEM

Brown, quickly analyze the distance and escape routes.

Brown displays diagram on Hashem's smart glasses: possible routes.

BROWN (V.O.)

(Calm, robotic voice)

The car is 7 meters away. The lane ahead is open for 500 meters, then a maintenance area on the right. You can use it.

HASHEM

Exactly what I needed.

Hashem presses accelerator. Car speeds. Armed man in second car prepares to fire again. Instead of forward, Hashem swerves sharply right, to maintenance area Brown pointed out. Second car tries to keep up. Driver surprised by low concrete barrier.

ARMED MAN

(Shocked, shouting)

Swerve!

Too late. Black car slams into barrier, flips violently, spins, crashes to side of road. Smoke.

Hashem looks in side mirror, sees flames. Takes deep breath. Turns to Hania, trembling.

HASHEM

(Low but strong voice)

It's over.

Hashem continues. Calls Lamar. She's at company headquarters with Kamel and Malek.

HASHEM

Okay, we're on our way.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Under cover of darkness, speedboats race towards a massive ship.

Unaware its fate is changing. Through smart glasses, Gary follows ship's live data from Braun, showing guard positions and crew.

GARY

(Gesturing to launch)

Get ready. We'll execute quickly.

Out at sea, aboard the "Black Tide." Heavily armed organization members inspect containers. Unaware. On horizon, radar-invisible black boats approach. Gary's team, tactical suits.

GARY

(Tactical calm)

Braun, give us a thermal image of the ship's guard deployment.

3D heat map appears on smart glasses lenses, showing armed personnel positions.

GARY

(Calmly)

Deploy to three points... We'll take the bridge first.

Gary and team infiltrate ship via magnetic hooks. Silently ascend to deck. Storm command room, forcing crew to stop.

GARY

(Firm voice)

This is an official FBI operation! Drop your weapons immediately!

One organization member tries to resist. Before he can fire, a team member fires taser. Incapacitated. After arresting armed individuals, team opens containers. Massive arsenal of advanced, prohibited weapons.

GARY

(Through headset to team and FBI control room)

The ship is under control. The cargo is in our hands. The organization took a major hit tonight.

As ship is secured, another team of federal agents moves to Samuel's residence. Agents quickly enter. Samuel surprised.

AGENT

(Firm voice)

Samuel, you're under arrest for abusing your position and engaging in illegal arms trafficking.

Samuel shocked. Before he speaks, agent pulls out official arrest warrant. It's over for him.

Meanwhile, George is partying at a private political club. Sipping, smoking, smiling. Suddenly, federal agents enter.

ETHAN

(Gary's assistant)

The game's over, George.

He approaches George.

ETHAN

We have photos, recordings, and evidence that convicts you on everything.

George tries to stay calm.

GEORGE

(Sarcastic smile)

You have nothing against me.

Ethan pulls out a tablet, shows video from Hashem's smart glasses: George meeting organization members. Shows scene of his involvement with Samuel. George's eyes widen in shock. He realizes it's over. Calmly surrenders. Agents handcuff him, lead him out.

INT. LUXURY CAR - NIGHT

Black luxury car drives quietly through city streets. Dim lights dance on windows. Hashem, Hania, and Lamar in backseat. Driver heads to city center. None feel safe.

Lamar sighs, looks out window, then turns to Hashem.

LAMAR

Do you think changing our location will be enough? The organization won't stop easily.

Hashem doesn't respond directly. Looks at phone screen, then raises head.

HASHEM

We have to be careful. Gary and his team are working to protect us.

Soft beep in Hashem's ear. Smart speaker connected to Braun. Special notification. Gary's voice.

GARY (V.O.)

Hashem, can you hear me?

Hashem shifts slightly.

HASHEM

(Low voice)

I can hear you. What's new?

GARY (V.O.)

We have good news and bad news.

Serious tone.

GARY (V.O.)

George, one of the organization's top leaders, and Samuel, the corrupt politician who was covering up their operations, have been arrested. Judge Janet will be leading the investigation, and she takes orders from no one. This is a major blow to them.

Hashem feels relief. But he's not foolish. If good news, something to cloud it.

HASHEM

And the bad news?

Gary silent for a moment. Sharper voice.

GARY (V.O.)

This is just the beginning, Hashem. George's arrest will throw the organization into disarray, but it won't give up easily. There will be a backlash, and we'll be at the center of the storm.

GARY (V.O.)

Watch your every move and don't trust anyone. We'll talk soon about the next steps.

Car turns toward hotel. Hashem and family will be safe. But Hashem knows safety won't last. Organization won't let George's downfall go unpunished.

INT. JUDGE JANET'S OFFICE - DAY

Judge Janet sits behind tidy desk. Flicking through FBI files. Eyes focused on every detail. She opens video recordings: organization members involved in illegal operations. More convinced of corruption.

Finishes viewing. Places glasses on table. Looks at assistant, silently watching, ready.

JANET

(Firmly)

We will bring them all to justice. This case will be the beginning of the dismantling of the entire organization.

Calmly, she signs legal orders, paving way for largest trial in criminal organization's history. Trial will reveal secrets, unseen details. No escape. Ahead, the decisive legal battle.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END