

"DEADLY ROMANCE"
A Spec Screenplay by
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Adapted from
The Story of Nasuh
in 'The Masnavi' by
Rumi – 13th-Century
Persian Poet & Scholar

WGAE Author Code: 1376703

Draft 1

Date: Feb. 05, 2025

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FADE IN:

EXT. DEAD SEA - DAY

An aerial shot of the expansive Dead Sea, its waters shimmering under the golden sunlight. A surreal, almost otherworldly landscape. Salt crystals clutch the shore like jagged teeth.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Dead Sea. Ten times saltier than the ocean. Nothing lives here... but legends.

CLOSE ON a tourist floating effortlessly, her hat tilted over her face, a cocktail balanced on her stomach.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Today, it's a place to float... and forget.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EIN BOKEK RESORT - DAY

Luxury cabanas line the shore. A masseuse in white linen kneels beside a client, her hands gliding over his shoulders as mineral-rich mud dries on his back.

SUPER: EIN BOKEK RESORT, ISRAEL

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But 4,000 years ago, these waters reflected cities drowned in fire. Sodom. Gomorrah. Places where indulgence became oblivion.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SODOM SPA - DAY (ANCIENT TIMES)

A grand archway, its pillars carved with grapevines and naked figures. Steam rises from stone baths, where clients lounge, their skin glistening with oil.

SUPER: SODOM SPA - FRONTIER OF THE DOOMED CITY - 4000 YEARS AGO

ORKIDA (23), a masseuse in a thin blue wrap, adjusts her CLIENT's (60s, silver-haired) arm.

CLIENT

(murmuring)

You have the hands of a goddess.

ORKIDA
 (firmly moving his
 wrist back into place)
 And you have the spine of a drunkard.
 Lie still.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIROPRACTIC SUITE - DAY

DR. HARON (60s), sleeves rolled up, kneads ARIEL's (55) lower back with practiced pressure.

ARIEL
 (hissing through
 clenched teeth)
 Easy, doc! Adam doesn't maul me like
 this.

DR. HARON
 (grunting as he presses
 into a knot)
 Adam's home-chose acting over a real
 doctor's life.
 (adjusts his grip,
 firmer now)
 And I'm the one fixing fools who
 think they can lift boulders alone.

LILY (22), charming in her crisp blue therapist uniform, stands beside Haron, watching with amusement. She leans in slightly.

LILY
 (smirking)
 Don't mind him. Sons don't become
 their fathers without a little pain.
 (soft chuckle)
 But both of you have magic in those
 hands...

Dr. Haron pauses, his fingers still pressing into Ariel's back, and shoots Lily a glare. Ariel's chuckle turns into a-

CRACK!

-a yelp as Haron presses down, snapping his spine into place.

DR. HARON
 (to Lily, wiping his
 hands on a towel)
 Keep him still.
 (MORE)

DR. HARON (CONT'D)
 (heading for the door)
 Time to deal with Adam.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE BACKYARD - EARLY AFTERNOON

The sun drapes the estate in gold and silver.

ADAM (late 20s, smooth as river-polished stone—his hairless face blurring gender, Semitic features sharp as a Damascus blade) steps behind MARIA (18, wild hyacinth curls, flushed cheeks, a sandstorm in silk).

She grips a bow—tense, unsure.

He adjusts her stance—calm, methodical.

His fingers tilt her chin toward the bronze-tinged light, where a heart-shaped target of bound straw, faded and fraying, waits beneath an olive tree.

ADAM
 Steady. Archery's not force—it's
 rhythm.

TIGER, a wolfhound with ember eyes, watches the bowstring tighten.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 (calm, firm)
 Steady hand. Calm mind. Breathe.

Maria releases. The arrow whistles past the target—buries itself in an oak tree beyond.

She growls and hurls the bow to the grass.

MARIA
 (seething)
 I'll never be good at this!

ADAM
 (arching a brow)
 Would you say that if you'd hit the
 target?

MARIA
 (crossing arms)
 Archery's for men. Everyone says so.

ADAM

(dry)

Tell that to Artemis. Or the Mongol
horsewomen who could shoot backwards.

TIGER drops the arrow at Adam's boots, tail thumping.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(scratching Tiger's
ears)

Loyal beast.

A SERVANT scurries over.

SERVANT

(out of breath)

Your father - the spa - now, sir.

Adam's jaw tightens. He nods to the stables.

ADAM

Saddle Storm.

MARIA

(grabbing his sleeve)

You'll come back?

Adam nocks the arrow, draws, and fires - a bullseye.

ADAM

(handing her the bow)

Miss a hundred times. But never quit.

HOOFBEATS. The servant leads STORM, a BLACK STALLION with a
mane like spilled ink, snorting impatiently.

SERVANT

(bowing)

Your Storm awaits.

SARAH (50s, grace personified, silk shawl fluttering) glides
forward and adjusts Adam's collar.

SARAH

(adjusting his collar)

Must you ride? A mother worries.

Adam swings onto Storm, the horse pivoting like an extension
of his will.

ADAM

(grinning)

Joseph's putting me through sword
drills and cavalry maneuvers. For
the stage... and survival.

Maria suddenly clings to his waist, face buried in his riding cloak.

MARIA
 (voice cracking)
 Swear you'll come home in one piece,
 brother.

Adam kisses her crown, then kicks Storm into a gallop - horse and rider swallowed by the horizon.

Sarah exhales, clutching her shawl.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CHIROPRACTIC SUITE - LATER

Lily digs into Ariel's back, her hands firm.

LILY
 Your "favorite" should be-

The door opens. Adam enters, rolling up his sleeves.

ADAM
 Choosing me? People will talk.

ARIEL
 (face down)
 My wife would kill us both.

LILY
 (mock hurt)
 You never flirt with me!

ADAM
 Lily, don't try to be silly. Duty
 before beauty. Now scoot.

She pouts but exits. Adam pours oil, his hands working Ariel's knots with precision.

ARIEL
 (murmurs, melting
 into the table)
 God... yes...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight seeps through drawn curtains, casting a hazy glow over tangled limbs. HEROD (30s), bare-chested, leans over GIDON (20s), their bodies half-hidden in rumpled silk sheets-

SLAM!

The door bursts open.

ALIZA (25) – striking, windswept beauty, still in her bridal jewelry – stands frozen in the threshold.

ALIZA
(Loud, heartbroken fury)
You married me... as cover?

A beat.

Herod exhales, smooth, unbothered. He drapes a robe over his shoulders.

HEROD
For politics. You knew.

Aliza's breath hitches.

Tears streak her face – but her voice is steel.

She steps forward, closing the space between them, stopping at the edge of the bed – inches from Herod.

ALIZA
(shaking, defiant)
I loved you.

CRACK!

Herod's backhand snaps her sideways. Her pearl earring—his wedding gift—skitters across the carpet.

HEROD
(calm, cold)
Never raise your voice to me.

Beat of trembling silence. Then—

Aliza spins on her heel and bolts, slamming the door behind her. Her sob lingers in the air.

Herod exhales. Straightens his cuffs. Gidon smirks, lazy.

BACK TO:

INT. CHIROPRACTIC SUITE - LATER

Adam's thumbs find every knot in Ariel's feet.

ARIEL
Where'd you learn--?

ADAM
Ephesus. Hush.

He STRETCHES each toe--POP POP POP. Drapes a hot towel over Ariel.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Drink ginger tea. Those knots will rebel.

Ariel's already SNORING. Adam slips out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

Sunlight filters through the trees, casting dappled shadows on the dirt arena. Two young men, clad in protective armor, stand poised to spar.

Joseph (23)—agile, confident, a seasoned swordsman. Opposite him, Adam, our protagonist.

JOSEPH
(smirking)
Alright, Adam, let's see what you've got.

ADAM
(adjusting grip)
Let's focus on technique. No reckless lunging.

They circle, footwork precise. Steel clashes—strike, parry, dodge. Their movements flow like a well-rehearsed dance.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(grinning)
You're faster, Joseph. But don't underestimate my defense.

Joseph counters with a swift parry, unwavering.

JOSEPH
(chuckling)
And you're better at reading me. Impressive.

They push each other—sweat glistening, muscles straining. Each strike a test, each dodge a lesson.

The sun dips lower. A final clash—then, a pause. Helmets come off as they catch their breath.

ADAM
(panting)
That was intense. We're improving.

JOSEPH
(nodding)
Blunted blades don't cut, but they
do teach discipline.

ADAM
(grateful)
Couldn't ask for a better sparring
partner.

JOSEPH
(grinning)
Mutual feelings. Now—again!

They launch back into combat, swords ringing.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(lunging)
Ha! Too slow!

Adam dodges, countering—Joseph sidesteps effortlessly.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Not so fast, my friend.

Joseph unleashes a flurry of strikes. Adam, forced back,
regains footing—blocking expertly.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
You're improving.

ADAM
Still a long way to go before I catch
up to you.

JOSEPH
(smug)
Naturally. I'm the son of a retired
Army General. You? The son of a
chiropractor and a massage therapist.

Their sparring intensifies—the rhythmic clash of metal filling
the air.

ADAM
(panting)
Joseph, you've always been a tough
opponent.

JOSEPH
(grinning)
That's what keeps us sharp.

With a final burst of energy, Adam disarms Joseph—his sword flies across the dirt.

ADAM
(smug)
Got you.

JOSEPH
(laughing)
Well fought. You win this round.

ADAM
I let you inflate your ego—made you drop your guard.

They sheathe their swords, exhausted but satisfied.

Joseph claps Adam's shoulder.

JOSEPH
Keep training. One day, you'll be the best swordsman in the country.

ADAM
(grinning)
Together, my friend. We'll make our mark.

Joseph gestures toward a COTTAGE DOOR.

JOSEPH
Key's under the big vase.

Adam lifts the VASE, revealing the key.

ADAM
(smirking)
Clever hiding spot.

JOSEPH
Gotta keep secrets. Now, let's get inside.

INT. VAST COTTAGE - DAY

Inside, the cottage is a stark contrast to the rigorous training grounds—calm, inviting.

ADAM

(peeling off his protective armor)

Hey, Joseph, coming to the inter-collegiate acting showcase tomorrow? I'm performing.

JOSEPH

Wouldn't miss it. I hear you're pretty good—I can't wait to see you in action.

Adam's smile widens.

ADAM

Your support means a lot.

JOSEPH

I know you'll bring something special to the stage.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. ANCIENT CITY FRUIT MARKET - DAY

The market bustles with life—vendors shouting prices. Buyers haggling over wares. Commuters weaving through the crowd.

A humble cart piled high with apples weaves through the crowd, pushed by a COUPLE (30s). Excitement flickers in their eyes, laced with apprehension.

From the shadows, a WHOLESale MERCHANT—burly, imposing—spots them. His lips curl into a predatory smirk as he steps into their path.

WHOLESale MERCHANT

(smirking)

New faces. You must not know how things work here. If you want to sell, you pay me first.

MALE FARMER

(steady, but wary)

We worked hard for these apples. We just want a fair chance.

FEMALE FARMER

(pleading)

Please, we mean no trouble—just an honest living.

The merchant chuckles, eyes gleaming with amusement.

WHOLESALE MERCHANT

Honesty? That won't get you far. I run this market. Play by my rules—or don't play at all.

The Male Farmer's jaw tightens.

MALE FARMER

We won't be bullied.

The merchant's smile darkens. He snaps his fingers.

From the shadows, thugs emerge—lean, scarred, weapons at their sides.

THUG 1

(low, menacing)

You'll regret this.

THUG 2

(grinning)

No one crosses the merchant and walks away.

WHOLESALE MERCHANT

(mocking)

Still feeling brave?

The Female Farmer steps forward, eyes flashing.

FEMALE FARMER

Your rule ends today.

The merchant's face hardens. He signals—his thugs advance, swords drawn.

But the farmers don't flinch. Instead, their hands move beneath the apples.

Steel FLASHES.

In a heartbeat, they draw hidden swords, meeting the attack with swift precision.

The Male Farmer parries, pushing Thug 1 back. The Female Farmer sidesteps, disarming Thug 2 in a single fluid motion.

The market erupts—gasps, whispers, movement.

The merchant lunges in desperation—only to be disarmed in an instant.

A blade presses against his throat.

FEMALE FARMER (CONT'D)
 (cold, steady)
 Your tyranny ends here.

The crowd stirs. Then—gasps.

With deliberate grace, the Female Farmer sheds her worn cloak. Beneath it—a majestic velvet gown embroidered with gold.

She is the QUEEN.

The Male Farmer follows suit, tossing aside his ragged garments—revealing gleaming royal armor. He is SIR GABRIEL, the Queen's personal guard.

The Wholesale Merchant staggers back.

WHOLESALE MERCHANT
 (stammering)
 Y-Your Majesty... I-I swear, I'll
 change!

The Queen's gaze hardens.

QUEEN
 (icy)
 Empty words won't erase the suffering
 you've caused.

Suddenly, armored figures step forward from the crowd—ROYAL GUARDS, hidden in plain sight, weapons drawn.

The market erupts in whispers.

The HEAD OF MARKET SECURITY pushes through, confused.

HEAD OF MARKET SECURITY
 What's the disturbance?

QUEEN
 (firm, unyielding)
 Negligence is complicity. You will
 answer for it.

Sir Gabriel restrains the corrupt official, locking him in irons.

A beat. Then—an explosion of cheers.

WIDE PULLBACK REVEAL:

The bustling marketplace dissolves into illusion.

We're in an EXOTIC STONE AMPHITHEATER, carved into a cliffside, its curved tiers packed with spectators.

INT. EXOTIC OUTDOOR THEATER - DAY

Ancient stone seating rises in grand tiers, bathed in golden sunlight.

FRONT ROW -

A lavish, jewel-studded couch. Herod, the flamboyant and entitled son of the mayor, lounges in extravagant silk and glittering jewels. His bodyguards stand rigid, eyes scanning.

VIP SECTION -

Among the privileged elite, Joseph watches intently.

FARTHER BACK -

Merchants and traders in patterned cloaks -

BEHIND THEM ON THE LAST ROWS -

Commoners packed shoulder-to-shoulder - farmers in homespun, apprentices on tiptoes - all craning for a glimpse of the stage.

ON STAGE -

The curtain rises once more.

ACTORS and ORGANIZERS step into the light, their faces glowing with elation. They bow-humbled by the ovation.

Then, a dignified figure steps forward-MR. BENYAMIN, late 50s, composed and commanding. The HEAD of Sodom's SCHOOL of ACTING and THEATER.

MR. BENYAMIN

(booming, proud)

Now, I have the honor of inviting
our esteemed guest-Herod, son of our
mayor-to the stage.

A ripple of anticipation.

Herod rises, savoring the attention, and ascends the stage amid applause.

MR. BENYAMIN (CONT'D)

(grinning)

And the award for Best Actor of the
Year goes to...

A pause.

MR. BENYAMIN (CONT'D)

...Adam, for his mesmerizing portrayal
of our beloved Queen!

Thunderous applause.

A stunning young woman steps forward, presenting a small blue statue to Herod. As he shakes hands with Adam, the actor of the night, Herod pauses—captivated.

Adam, radiates charisma. His sharp attire, impeccable posture, and striking features glow under the stage lights.

ADAM

(holding the award)

Ladies and gentlemen, distinguished
guests, fellow actors... tonight is
a moment I will never forget.

He scans the audience, overwhelmed yet composed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

And to you, the audience, your love
and support make storytelling
powerful. This moment is as much
yours as it is mine.

He pauses for a beat, his eyes glistening.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(emotional)

This award is a dream realized. To
the jury who believed in me, to the
cast and crew who poured their souls
into this project—this belongs to
all of us.

Thunderous applause.

He bows deeply, gratitude etched across his face.

As he steps off the stage, well-wishers flood around him, offering congratulations. Adam shakes hands, exchanges smiles, but his eyes are searching—scanning the VIP section.

Then, he spots Joseph.

His face lights up as he pushes through the crowd. Joseph sees him coming, grinning as they embrace.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(grinning)

I couldn't have done it without you,
Joseph.

JOSEPH

(proudly)

You were phenomenal. Everyone's talking about you.

Before Adam can respond, a voice interjects—smooth, confident.

HEROD

(stepping in, smirking)

And rightfully so. That was an exceptional performance, Adam.

ADAM

(humbly)

Thank you, your excellency.

Herod leans in slightly, his voice dripping with intrigue.

HEROD

I'd like to make you an offer. Come work for me—head of my personal staff. Name your price.

Adam exchanges a glance with Joseph, taken aback.

ADAM

(gracious, but firm)

I'm honored, sir. But my priority is finishing my studies. A career will come later.

Herod's smirk lingers, his eyes assessing.

HEROD

Education is important. But so is power. Influence. A chance to rise faster than others.

ADAM

(unwavering)

I appreciate the opportunity, truly. But my path is my own.

For a fleeting moment, Herod's expression tightens. Then, stepping closer, he lowers his voice.

HEROD

You'll reconsider. You have 48 hours.

ADAM

(steadfast, but respectful)

Thank you, sir. But my answer stands.

A flicker of frustration. Then, the facade returns—Herod nods, forcing a smile before striding off, his guards trailing behind.

Joseph watches him go, then turns to Adam, placing a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

JOSEPH
(supportive)
You made the right choice.

ADAM
(nods, resolute)
I know. And nothing will change that.

CUT TO:

EXT. IVY-COVERED COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

A POSTCARD PERFECT AFTERNOON. Ancient oaks whisper. Sunlight dapples the cobblestones.

Adam cuts through the quad—books tucked underarm, footsteps hurried. He passes a CLUSTER OF OAK BENCHES arranged around a historic sundial.

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

A SUDDEN THUNDER OF HOOVES.

The camera WHIPS AROUND—

A BLACK-LACQUERED CARRIAGE RATTLES onto campus, pulled by TWO JET-STALLIONS. Armed outriders flank it, sabers gleaming.

THE CARRIAGE DOOR KICKS OPEN.

Herod steps out—velvet-clad, a viper's smile. His gloved finger POINTS like a rifle sight.

HEROD
(pointing at Adam)
There's our little scholar. Bring him. Unspoiled.

HENCHMAN #1 cracks his knuckles. HENCHMAN #2 draws a SWORD. They advance.

Adam FREEZES. Spine straightening. THE BOOKS HIT THE GRASS.

ADAM
(icy calm)
You lost?

HENCHMAN #2 twirls his sword.

HENCHMAN #2

Herod wants a word. And Herod...
always gets what he wants.

ADAM'S EYES FLICK TO THE CARRIAGE. Herod leans against it,
SMIRKING.

ADAM

Tell your lapdog I don't take meetings
with snakes.

HE TURNS—

WHISTLE OF STEEL! A THROWING KNIFE EMBEDS in the oak beside
his head.

HENCHMEN CHARGE.

ADAM DUCKS—

GRABS a fallen branch, CRACKS it across #1's jaw.

WRENCHES #2's sword free—SPINS it in his grip.

ADAM

(baring teeth)
Try again.

THE DANCE BEGINS:

Adam PARRIES with the sword, steel SCREECHING.

STUDENTS SCATTER from the sundial area, some CHEERING from
behind columns.

A FEMALE PROFESSOR SHIELDS her students behind the oak
benches, eyes wide.

Herod TSKS, nods to TWO BRUTES with SPIKED GAUNTLETS.

They LUNGE. Adam BACKFLIPS over the sundial bench—KICKS it
into their shins. WOOD SPLINTERS.

CROWD GASPS.

Herod STROLLS forward now, rolling up EMBROIDERED SLEEVES.

HEROD

(mock-pitying)
Poor Adam. Did you think books could
protect you?

ADAM

(heaving)

Funny. I was just reading about
parasites.

Herod's SMILE DIES.

THE FINAL CLASH:

Adam FAKES LEFT-SLASHES RIGHT. Herod's SILK SHIRT SHREDS.

Another strike SEVERS Herod's belt. His trousers DROP around
his ankles.

Herod HOPS backward, YANKING up his trousers with both hands.

PALE FLESH GLINTS. The crowd HOWLS at the exposed ass and
spindly legs.

Herod STAGGERS, face purpling.

HEROD

(to henchmen, shrill)

RETREAT!

THEY DRAG HIM into the carriage. WHEELS SPIN MUD across Adam's
shoes.

THE CROWD ERUPTS. A FREAKISH FRESHMAN CHUCKS his apple at
the fleeing carriage.

DISHEVELED and BRUISED, Adam KEEPS THE SWORD, sliding it
through his belt as he gathers his books with his free hand.

FEMALE PROFESSOR steps from behind the bench, adjusting her
spectacles.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

That's detention, Mr. Adam.

Adam gives a tired smirk, clutching his side where a bruise
is already forming.

ADAM

(wincing)

Had to defend more than my honor,
Professor.

(gestures to retreating
carriage)

Turns out I'm not... available for
villainous courtship.

Herod's CARRIAGE DISAPPEARS in a cloud of dust as Adam limps toward home, the stolen sword swinging at his hip.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

A peaceful tea session—Dr. Haron, Sarah and Maria savor the tranquility. CRASH! The door bursts open.

Adam stumbles in, sword sliding through his belt—bruised, disheveled, wild-eyed.

DR. HARON
(springing up)
By heaven's grace—!

He grabs Adam's shoulders, scanning his wounds. Adam's breath comes in ragged gulps.

ADAM
Herod's men... at the campus... I
had no choice—

DR. HARON
(grabbing his medical
bag)
You drew steel?! In Sodom?!

SARAH
(stepping between
them)
Haron—look at him! He defended his
life!

DR. HARON
(rubbing his temples)
The police—we must—

ADAM
(barking a laugh)
The police?! They're Herod's lapdogs!

Heavy silence. Then—

DR. HARON
(softly)
Jerusalem. We leave tonight.

Glass shatters. A flaming torch arcs through the window.

CHAOS.

Dr. Haron snatches the torch, hurls it back outside. Maria already has her bow drawn.

MARIA
 (through gritted teeth)
 We're surrounded.

THUD-THUD-THUD. The door tremors under brutal kicks.

FINAL STRIKE-

BOOM! The door EXPLODES inward-WOODEN SHARDS RAKE across the room-SMASHING a porcelain vase.

Herod STRIDES through the wreckage, his POLISHED BOOTS CRUNCHING over shattered wood.

His men FLOOD in behind him, blades gleaming.

HEROD
 (mockingly)
 Leaving so soon, doctor?

DR. HARON
 (positioning himself
 as shield)
 You'll not touch them.

HEROD
 (laughs)
 Oh, I'll do more than touch.

THE ATTACK COMES SWIFTLY.

Dr. Haron twists a THUG'S wrist--bones CRACK. The sword CLATTERS to the ground. A brutal KICK sends it skittering away.

Adam draws the sword from his belt, fighting with DESPERATE PRECISION--every strike sharp, survival-driven.

CHINA SHATTERS. Porcelain EXPLODES across the floor as furniture SPLINTERS under crashing bodies.

AN ATTACKER SWINGS-

Haron DUCKS. Grabs a BROKEN TABLE LEG. WHAM! Smashes it into the man's ribs. A HOWL of pain.

HEROD (CONT'D)
 (grinning, as MORE
 THUGS enter)
 Impressive. But you're only two...

WIDE SHOT: Haron and Adam stand back-to-back, surrounded.

THUG GRABS Maria's wrist, TWISTING her BOW arm painfully with his unarmed left hand, sword in his right.

THUG
 (licking his lips,
 leaning in)
 You don't need a bow and arrow to
 kill... Your eyelids—sharp as
 arrows—prickle a man's soul. And
 those brows? Curved like deadly bows.
 One glance... and it's over for me.

Adam's BLADE slices air --

THUG'S taunt becomes a WET GURGLE as BLOOD FANS across Maria's
 hand and sleeve.

HIS SWORD CLATTERS to the ground—still clutched in his SEVERED
 HAND.

DR. HARON MOVES.

—DIVES for the fallen weapon—

—SPINS—

—SLASHES the legs out from under a SECOND THUG mid-lunge—

The attacker SCREAMS, collapsing just as his blade would've
 found Adam's BACK.

Adam yanks Maria close, shielding her.

ADAM
 (feral)
 Run. Now.

Maria drags Sarah toward the basement as Adam covers their
 retreat.

INTERCUT:

EXT. STABLE - NIGHT

TIGER launches from the hayloft, sinking fangs into an
 intruder's arm.

TORCHES FLY. Flames race up the dry timbers.

STORM rears, eyes rolling white—Tiger chews through his
 tether.

The stallion KICKS his stall door open, charging into the
 night.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Haron fights back-to-back with Adam. Blood streams from Haron's brow.

DR. HARON
(yelling over clashing
steel)
GO! Protect them!

ADAM
(clutching his father's
arm)
I won't leave you!

DR. HARON
(shoving him toward
the basement)
That's an order!

Their eyes lock—a lifetime in one glance. Adam turns, sprinting for the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Adam's eyes land on the family portrait hanging on the basement wall. He steps forward, gripping the gilded frame, and turns it to the right with a decisive motion.

A hidden door groans open, revealing a dark, narrow tunnel beyond, its depths swallowing the torchlight.

ADAM
(urgent but controlled)
Let's go!

INT. NARROW TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Adam ushers Sarah and Maria through the doorway—his grip firm despite the adrenaline humming through him.

CLICK.

The hidden door SNAPS SHUT behind them, its echo ROLLING through the cavernous dark like a tomb sealing.

TORCHLIGHT FLICKERS across GLISTENING WALLS—moss bleeding green in the unstable glow. The air CLINGS, thick with the METALLIC TANG of wet stone and dust.

THEIR FOOTSTEPS

—SCRAPE on uneven rock —SPLASH through unseen puddles —ECHO into the void ahead.

ABOVE:

The distant CLANG of steel and MUTED SCREAMS seep through the earth—a war raging in another world.

ADAM'S TORCH

—HISSES against dripping water —FLARES as it licks at blackened sconces —REVEALS ancient scratches in the walls. Messages? Warnings?

MARIA

(tense whisper)

This wasn't on the residence plans...

DRAFT HOWLS through the tunnel—the flame GUTTERS—

—DARKNESS—

—LIGHT RETURNS as Adam SHIELDS the torch with his body. Their eyes meet in the unstable glow. No words needed.

THE TUNNEL STRETCHES ON.

ADAM

(breathing heavily,
urging them forward)

This way! Hurry!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Haron parries a Thug's wild slash—steel screeching—when a SHADOW DETACHES from the wall behind him.

Herod strikes like a viper. His blade PUNCTURES Haron's back—a wet thunk of muscle parting.

HEROD

(smirking)

The healer needs healing.

Haron jerks forward, gasping. His sword arm falters—

HARON

(glaring back at Herod)

Stabbing at the back? A coward's move. Not a knight's.

HEROD

(smirking)

No, doc...in love and war, everything is right.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Adam followed by Sarah and Maria reach a small, BOLTED DOOR. He yanks the rusted chain free and heaves the door open—

MOONLIGHT spills in, revealing a dusty barn, its rafters crisscrossed with cobwebs.

Adam shoves aside straw, uncovering a stable where two horses stamp nervously at the sudden light.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Adam whispers to Maria, his voice low but firm.

ADAM

This is our spa's stable. Saddle the horses—quickly.

Maria nods, her face pale but determined. They work swiftly, strapping saddles while Sarah watches the tunnel entrance, her hands trembling.

A soft bark breaks the silence.

Tiger, Adam's loyal wolfhound, pads into the stable, followed by Storm, the black stallion, his coat gleaming in the moonlight.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(stroking Tiger's head)

Good boy. Take Mother and Maria to Joseph's farmcottage.

Tiger lets out a low growl of understanding.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The FRONT THUG sees his chance. A brutal upward thrust—

The blade PUNCHES into Haron's belly, lifting him onto his toes.

A CHOKED GROAN. Blood wells between Haron's fingers as he clutches the embedded sword, knees buckling.

Herod leans in close.

HEROD

This was always the end, Doctor.

With one final effort, Haron lashes out—

A vicious kick to Herod's chest, sending them both crashing to the floor.

Herod rises quickly, furious.

He RUSHES Haron, sword to throat, dragging the blade back-

HEROD (CONT'D)
 (cold, to his men)
 Burn him. Burn this house to the
 ground.

Torches flare to life, flames licking the curtains.

HEROD (CONT'D)
 (exhaling, as he
 strides out)
 Tend to the wounded and get them to
 the palace. We'll finish the hunt
 tomorrow. Move out.

INT. STABLE - CONTINUOUS

Adam steadies the horse as Sarah climbs into the saddle. Maria is already mounted, her knuckles white on the reins.

ADAM
 (to Maria)
 The cottage at the farm's edge-key's
 under the vase. Stay there until I
 come.

MARIA
 (nodding, voice thick)
 Go. Bring father back.

Adam hesitates, then turns to her again.

ADAM
 Your bow and quiver.

Maria hands them over without a word.

Adam slings the quiver across his back, then swings onto storm. With a final glance, he kicks the stallion into a gallop, vanishing into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE PREMISES - NIGHT

The family home is a ruin-skeletal timbers jutting from the embers like ribs of a fallen beast. Smoke coils upward, whispering of the dead.

Storm's hooves skid to a halt, kicking up a swirl of ash.

Adam stares—frozen, hollow—before sliding from the saddle, feet hitting scorched earth.

INT. BURNT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ash billows with each step. The ceiling groans, a dying breath. His boots crush remnants of another life—a child's charred toy, his mother's shattered teacup.

THEN—

A shape.

Twisted. Shrunken. More shadow than flesh. A charcoal sketch of agony curled on blackened tile.

The skull stares—hollow, accusing.

Adam's legs buckle. Knees hit the scorched floor with a dull thud. His voice splinters—half warrior's roar, half child's whimper.

ADAM

(a sound ripped from
his soul)

Fa... Dad, NO—!

A hot wind howls through the corpse of the house, stirring ashes into ghostly shapes.

His trembling fingers find the sword first—warped by heat, hilt fused to skeletal fingers.

He moves toward the kitchen ruin—

CLINK.

A MIRACLE: One UNBROKEN CLAY JAR, still brimming with water, glows amber in the dying light.

Adam CUDDLES THE JAR TO HIS CHEST—precious as covenant—and carries it to where his father's bones smolder in the living space.

He TILTS THE AMPHORA. Water spills over the remains in a LIBATION OF GRIEF. Steam HISSES UPWARDS—his father's last breath mingling with the smoke of Sodom's judgment.

With quiet reverence, he gathers the bones—a rib, a finger joint, the fragile skull—placing each into the jar like sacred relics.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(voice breaking)
I should have died with you.

Moment, held in the stillness. Then—

ADAM (CONT'D)
(steeling)
They'll wish I had.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Storm paws at the earth beneath the lone surviving tree, its branches clawing at the smoke-filled sky.

Using both the edge of his sword and his hands, Adam digs, grief and dirt indistinguishable.

The jar descends. No prayers. No words. Just earth falling on earth.

Adam swings onto Storm in one fluid motion—no saddle, no bridle, just fury and loss entwined. The stallion doesn't wait. They vanish into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAST ESTATE OUTER AREA - NIGHT

The half-moon shreds the clouds, throwing knife-edged shadows across the estate's high walls. Fifty meters from the gate, Adam stands motionless—a statue with a killer's pulse.

Bowstring taut, veins standing on his forearm. Quiver angled for swift draws. Sword sheathed, but the hilt wears fresh scratches.

His gaze tracks upward—calculating.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE WALL - SMALL TOWER - NIGHT

A SENTRY scratches his neck, bored. Moonlight glints off his unbuckled helmet strap.

ADAM'S POV: The guard's exposed throat.

A twang. The arrow punches through soft flesh. The man folds over the rail like a dropped coat.

Adam is already moving.

EXT. ESTATE GATE - NIGHT

Two guards flank the gate, helms glinting.

Adam spurs his horse forward, sword flashing—

One guard's throat opens mid-challenge, his gasp lost to the night.

The second guard barely draws his blade before Adam dismounts, steel already singing. A flick of Adam's wrist—the man staggers, clutching his ribs, sword clattering.

WOUNDED GUARD

(gasping)

Please—I've children—

ADAM

(cold, deliberate)

Live. But call your friend to open the gate.

WOUNDED GUARD

How?

Adam nods to Storm, the black stallion grazing behind him.

ADAM

Tell him to take your watch. Say you're chasing that horse.

The guard swallows, then limps to the gate, Adam's blade a silent threat at his back.

EXT. ESTATE GATE - NIGHT

The guard knocks, voice strained:

WOUNDED GUARD

Asher! Cover me—there's a stallion loose. I'll split the gold with you!

GRUNT, then the gate creaks open—

Adam yanks the wounded guard aside and plunges his sword into Asher's gut. The man chokes, collapses soundlessly.

ADAM

(to the wounded guard)

Run. Pray we don't meet again.

The guard flees. Adam strips Asher's uniform, dons it swiftly, and melts into the estate's shadows.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT

Adam moves through manicured hedges, a shadow in stolen uniform. The mansion's door looms ahead, guarded by torchlight.

EXT. MANSION'S DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Adam's fist hammers wood—three thunderous knocks echo through the estate.

The PEEPHOLE slides open. A bloodshot eye peers out.

GUARD

Who in the nine hells?

Adam tilts his helmet, revealing just enough bloodstained fabric. His voice comes garbled, pained.

ADAM

Ambush... at the gate...

The door creaks open—

SHINK. Adam's sword punches through the guard's throat before he can blink. The man drops soundlessly.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Adam steps over the corpse—

CREAK. A guard freezes mid-step on the staircase, hand flying to his sword.

GUARD

Identify your—

THWIP. Adam's arrow impales his heart mid-sentence. The man cartwheels down marble steps.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Adam glides past gilded portraits, bowstring taut. A guard spins—

THUNK. Arrow erupts through his eye. The man CHOKES, fingernails scraping the fletching.

Adam YANKS him close—bronze blade pressed to pulsing throat.

ADAM

(low, lethal)

Herod. Now.

A trembling finger points. Adam SLASHES—arterial spray paints the wall as the body drops.

Adam's BOOT SPLINTERS the door in one kick—

INT. HEROD'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

—REVEALING:

Herod lurching upright, sweat-slicked chest heaving. Behind him, Gidon scrambles for the sheet—

HEROD
(disbelieving)
You?! The walls—

ADAM
Burn like your flesh will.

Herod snatches a sword from the bedside—

CLASH. Steel screams as Adam drives him backward. Herod's wild swings chip the bedpost, shatter a vase.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Your men died begging.

A flick of Adam's wrist—Herod's forearm spurts crimson. The tyrant staggers, sword clattering.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Meet them.

The blade flashes. Herod's head rolls as his body crumples at Gidon's feet.

Adam flings the lantern. Flames explode across silk sheets.

GIDON
FIRE! FIRE!

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Adam vaults the rail, catching the DOWNPIPE. The mansion roars behind him, windows vomiting flame.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Two guards sprint past—Adam steps into their path.

ADAM
The treasury! Save the gold!

As they divert, he melts into the smoke.

EXT. ESTATE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Adam's whistle splits the air—

HOOFBEATS. Storm charges through the inferno's glow. Adam leaps astride, never breaking stride.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMCOTTAGE - NIGHT

The farmcottage stands under the pale glow of the moon, casting long, eerie shadows.

Adam rides up swiftly, the rhythmic pounding of hooves echoing in the still night.

EXT. COTTAGE DOOR - LATER

Adam dismounts in one fluid motion and knocks urgently on the wooden door.

MARIA (O.S.)

Who is it?

ADAM

(low, urgent)

It's me, Maria. Open the door.

The door creaks open hesitantly.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Adam steps inside and is immediately pulled into a tight embrace by Maria and their mother, Sarah.

MARIA

You're late, brother.

SARAH

Where is your father?

A tense silence follows. Adam's eyes glisten.

ADAM

(voice breaking,
holding them tightly)

Mom... Maria... Dad is gone. The house—it's in ashes. But I avenged him. The mayor's son is dead by my hand.

Maria gasps, covering her mouth. Sarah stares, stunned.

SARAH
What do we do now?

ADAM
I'll send Tiger to fetch Joseph.
He's the only one we can trust. We
must leave this city.

At the mention of his name, Tiger, pads forward, tail wagging slightly. Adam kneels, pressing a hand to the dog's head. He removes his LOCKET and loops it around Tiger's neck.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(low, firm)
Take this to Joseph. Bring him here.
Hurry.

Tiger barks once, understanding, then bolts into the night as Adam cracks the door open.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Tiger races across the open space, navigating obstacles with ease. He reaches the main house and leaps, skillfully scrambling up a downspout to a BALCONY outside Joseph's bedroom.

INT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Tiger plants himself in front of the window and lets out a sharp bark.

INT. JOSEPH'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joseph, sprawled on his grand bed, stirs at the sound. He groggily rises, pushing back the curtain to find Tiger staring at him, the locket glinting in the moonlight.

JOSEPH
(surprised)
Tiger? What's going on?

Tiger lets out a persistent whine, nudging the locket with his paw. Joseph's eyes darken with understanding. He unhooks the locket and examines it.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(softly)
Adam needs me.

Tiger barks in affirmation.

As Joseph begins dressing, his FATHER, retired Army General SHARON (70s), with a neatly trimmed white beard, appears in the doorway.

FATHER

What's going on, Joseph? Whose dog is that?

JOSEPH

(steady, determined)
It's Adam's. He's in trouble. I have to go.

FATHER

(sighing)
Promise me you won't seek more bloodshed.

JOSEPH

(nods)
Only if I have no choice.

His father studies him for a moment before nodding. Joseph straps on his sword and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The dim room flickers with candlelight. Adam, Joseph, Maria, and Sarah sit in quiet contemplation.

ADAM

(grateful)
Joseph, I can't thank you enough. But we can't stay here. The mayor's men will be looking for us.

JOSEPH

(nods)
They'll be relentless. Traveling now is too risky. We must wait until the search dies down.

Adam exhales sharply but nods in reluctant agreement.

ADAM

Then how do we hide?

Joseph smirks slightly, an idea forming.

JOSEPH

You stay here. But not as yourself. You'll disguise yourself as a woman. No one will suspect it.

Adam blinks, taken aback.

ADAM
(disbelieving)
You want me to—?

JOSEPH
(grinning)
You're a fine actor. And it's the
safest way.

Adam looks to his mother and sister. Maria gives an
encouraging nod.

ADAM
(sighs)
If it keeps my family safe... I'll
do it.

JOSEPH
I'll bring what you need. Stay hidden
until then.

ADAM
Thank you, Joseph. Truly.

Joseph stands, heading for the door.

JOSEPH
(smiling)
What are friends for?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Gidon, Herod's partner, sits across from INSPECTOR ALEXANDER,
a stern-faced officer in his 40s.

An artist diligently sketches Adam's likeness based on Gidon's
description.

Footsteps echo in the hallway. The camera shifts to the
entrance as the door swings open.

A heavyset man in his early 50s, impeccably dressed, strides
in, flanked by two armed guards.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER
(standing)
Mayor SHEN, you didn't have to come
in person. A delegate would have
sufficed.

Mayor Shen's face remains stony, his voice unwavering.

MAYOR SHEN

My son's murder is not a matter I can delegate. I will not rest until Herod's killers are brought to justice.

Inspector Alexander nods, acknowledging the gravity of the moment.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER

Understood, Mayor. We've identified the suspect—Adam, Dr. Haron's son, the owner of Sodom Spa.

MAYOR SHEN

(furious)

Adam? That wretched bone-bender's son? How did this happen? I demand swift and severe justice!

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER

(calmly)

The investigation is ongoing. The artist is finalizing the portrait based on witness accounts.

Mayor Shen's patience thins as he fixes his gaze on the artist at work.

MAYOR SHEN

I want that portrait as soon as it's done.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER

Of course, Mayor. I will personally deliver it to you.

MAYOR SHEN

(leaning in)

Has the suspect's home been searched? Leave no stone unturned.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER

Regrettably, Mayor, the suspect's house was set on fire before we could gather evidence.

Mayor Shen's rage boils over.

MAYOR SHEN

Set on fire? How could this happen? Was anything salvaged?

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER

We are investigating the cause.
Despite the destruction, Dr. Haron's
spa remains a viable lead.

MAYOR SHEN

Then search it thoroughly. They might
be hiding there.

INSPECTOR ALEXANDER

Rest assured, Mayor. We will find
them.

CUT TO:

EXT. SODOM CITY BAZAAR - DAY

A crush of bodies under frayed awnings. Fruit split open
under the sun. Perfume smoke coils from braziers. Flies
everywhere.

Joseph shoulders through, head down. Stops cold-

TAP-TAP-TAP—a nail hammered into a post. A FRESH WANTED
POSTER: Adam's face. 2000 GOLD COINS glint in bold ink.

MAN IN A DUSTY CLOAK lingers beside it, scanning the crowd.
Joseph's throat tightens. He ducks into-

INT. LADIES' DRESS STORE - DAY

Silk gleams in dim daylight filtering through high windows.
A BEARDED VENDOR (50s), eyes sharp as a hawk's, licks his
lips as Joseph's coin purse clinks.

VENDOR

(oily smile)

Ah! Shopping for your wife?

Joseph's smile is wooden. Behind the vendor—A MIRROR REFLECTS
the cloaked man slipping inside, silent as shadow.

JOSEPH

Just... browsing.

His fingers tighten on the skirt of a displayed gown—too
fine, too costly. The MANNEQUIN'S BLACK WIG mocks him. The
tag dangles: 75 COINS.

A beat. The cloaked man leans against a rack, watching.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(too loud, abrupt)

Actually—too rich. Enough to buy a
farmer's loyalty.

He's out the door before the vendor's protest leaves his tongue.

EXT. BACK ALLEYS - DUSK

Joseph sprints, vaults a crumbling wall. Presses his back to it—SILENCE. Only the distant bark of a dog.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSEPH'S HOME - FATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A single oil lamp fights the darkness. Joseph's father sits on his cot, polishing a dagger.

The door CREAKS open. Joseph enters, breathing hard.

FATHER
(without looking up)
You smell like fear, boy.

Joseph wipes sweat from his brow. Hesitates.

JOSEPH
Father... I need your counsel.

The old man sets down his dagger. His eyes—sharp as the blade—study his son.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Adam's face is on every post. Two thousand gold for his head. I thought to disguise him as a woman—he played female roles at the academy, and his face...

Father strokes his beard. A long beat.

FATHER
You didn't buy the garments.

Joseph shakes his head.

JOSEPH
Too dangerous. The vendors would remember. The Mayor's spies...

Father stands suddenly, moves to an ornate walnut wardrobe. His gnarled hands open it with ceremony. Inside: A military chest, brass fittings gleaming. He drags it out.

FATHER
Come.

Joseph approaches as the lid lifts.

INSIDE THE CHEST:

Two silk gowns—one silver-blue, barely worn; the other deep red. A set of linen breast bands. Two wigs: one neatly coiled, the other wild and dark. And a small portrait of a young woman, her face frozen in time.

FATHER (CONT'D)
 (inhaling deeply,
 voice thick)
 Her scent... lavender. From our first
 year.

Joseph's fingers hover over the silk, hesitant.

FATHER (CONT'D)
 (abruptly, snapping
 the chest shut)
 Take them. Go.

Joseph bundles the items into a linen sack. At the door—

JOSEPH
 (softly, but full of
 meaning)
 Thank you... Father.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

Joseph ON HORSEBACK, the sack cradled in front. His sword hangs at his side, scabbard wrapped in cloth to mute noise.

The horse moves smooth as shadow through:

A FIELD OF WHEAT— Stalks ripple, parting like water as Joseph passes through.

TOWARD A DISTANT COTTAGE—

CLOSE ON: The sack's contents—a black curl slips free, catching the moonlight. Joseph tucks it back, eyes sharp, scanning the darkness for movement.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

A single candle gutters, its faint light licking the soot-stained walls.

Adam kneels over a dented washbasin, scrubbing dried blood from his knuckles—too hard, as if scraping off his own skin. The water swirls rust-brown.

THUD. The sack hits the packed-earth floor.

JOSEPH
 (cold, expectant)
 Put them on.

Adam upends the sack. Out spills:

- Silk gowns, shimmering like spilled oil.
- Wigs, their tightly coiled curls still glossy.
- Two linen breast bands, limp and empty.

Adam's mouth twitches. Before he can react-

Joseph yanks a cushion from the ragged sofa, rips it open. Cloudy tufts of cotton spill out. He stuffs them into one of the breast bands, packing it roughly.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 (grinning without
 warmth)
 There. Now you'll look the part.

HIS RITUAL:

- Wraps the padded band around his chest, ties it tight until false curves form.
- Pulls the gown over his head—the fabric clinging to his bright, sweat-sheened skin.
- Tugs the wig over his close-cropped hair, the black curls framing his sharp jaw.

Joseph watches, arms crossed, as Adam adjusts the neckline. The cotton padding lifts, softens—almost convincing.

Adam turns to the cracked mirror.

IN THE REFLECTION, a stranger stares back.

The wig's coiled black curls blend seamlessly with his brows; the silk gown flows over his frame like water over stone.

For a breath, it works -

The padding lifts, the neckline drapes, and the mirror shows not Adam, but a woman of twenty-two:

Sharp cheekbones catching the candle's gold.

Lips full as summer figs. Face untouched by time's blade.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY

A uniformed servant drives a TWO-HORSE CARRIAGE along a scenic countryside road.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Adam, disguised as a young woman, sits alongside Joseph. Sarah and Maria sit across from them. Sunlight filters through the windows, casting a warm glow on their faces as they journey on.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

As the carriage nears a checkpoint, city guards signal for it to stop. One of them approaches the driver.

CITY GUARD

(sternly)

Who are you carrying in this carriage?
State your business.

SERVANT DRIVER

(calmly)

Check for yourself, sir. My master,
Joseph, and his family are inside.
We're traveling to Gomorrah.

The guard studies the driver, then nods.

GUARD

(curiously)

Very well. Stay put.

Joseph, impeccably dressed, opens the side door.

JOSEPH

(confidently)

Good morning, sir. I am Joseph, son
of retired Army General Sharon. I am
escorting my mother, sister, and
wife to Gomorrah to visit my uncle,
JOB. He is a significant figure in
the silk and cotton industry,
supplying the royal family with their
finest attire.

The guard peers inside, taking note of the passengers.

GUARD

(respectfully)

Ah, the son of our esteemed general.
An honor to meet you, sir.

Satisfied, the guard signals for the gate to be opened. The carriage moves forward, leaving the checkpoint behind.

EXT. GREEN VALLEY - DAY

The carriage glides smoothly through a breathtaking green valley. Lush fields stretch endlessly, dotted with wildflowers swaying in the breeze.

The sun casts golden hues over the landscape, playing light and shadow across the rolling hills.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

The rhythmic sound of horse hooves fills the air. Adam, disguised, gazes out at the scenery.

ADAM

How much longer, Joseph?

JOSEPH

(smiling)

About two more hours, and we'll reach my uncle's estate in Gomorrah.

Adam turns to Joseph, curiosity in his expression.

ADAM

(pensive)

Joseph, what should I do for a living in this new life? I don't want to be a burden.

JOSEPH

(tenderly)

My friend, my uncle is a wealthy and well-connected man. I will introduce you as my beloved girlfriend, and ask him to find you respectable work and a place to stay.

Adam looks at Joseph, surprise and gratitude flickering in his eyes.

ADAM

You never cease to amaze me, Joseph.

JOSEPH

(softly)

Listen, Adam. To keep you safe, I must tell Uncle Job a small white lie.

ADAM
 (skeptical)
 A white lie? What do you mean?

JOSEPH
 (grinning)
 Trust me. You're a good actor, but remember, I've studied literature and creative writing. Don't worry—I'll guide you every step of the way. We'll get through this together.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE JOB'S ESTATE - DAY

The grandeur of UNCLE JOB's home is undeniable—marble floors, towering columns, and lavish tapestries.

UNCLE JOB (50s, built like a fortress) lounges in his throne-like chair, fingers steepled. Opposite him:

Joseph, poised and confident. Adam as "Nasuha" - back straight, gloved hands folded, every inch the refined lady.

On a plush sofa to the left: Sarah (Adam's mother) and Maria (his sister) sit side by side.

JOSEPH
 (gesturing gracefully)
 Uncle Job, may I present my bride-to-be, Nasuha...
 (turning to the sofa)
 And these radiant ladies are her mother Sarah and sister Maria.

Uncle Job's gaze sweeps over them all, lingering longest on Adam.

UNCLE JOB
 What a splendid family. Welcome.

Nasuha (Adam) dips his chin in a perfectly feminine nod.

NASUHA
 Your generosity humbles us, sir.

Sarah offers a small, gracious smile. Maria's fingers twitch - she's clearly biting back commentary.

UNCLE JOB
 (leaning forward)
 And what brings you to Gomorrah?

Joseph smoothly intercepts.

JOSEPH

Tragedy struck. Nasuha's father
passed, leaving them... vulnerable.
I hoped you might help her find
respectable work.

Silence lingers. Outside, the rustle of leaves and distant
BIRDSONG drift through the open window.

UNCLE JOB

(skeptical)

What skills does she possess?

Joseph's grin turns proud.

JOSEPH

Hands blessed by the gods themselves.
The finest massage therapist in Sodom.

Job's eyebrow arches. He strokes his beard - then smiles,
shark-like.

UNCLE JOB

How fortuitous. I know the owner of
Paradise Spa...

Maria barely suppresses an eye-roll. Sarah discreetly pinches
her wrist.

NASUHA

(clasping hands
gratefully)

I'd be forever in your debt.

Job's gaze holds Nasuha's a beat too long.

UNCLE JOB

(murmuring)

Kindness has no place at Paradise.
Only excellence.

A MAID materializes in the doorway.

MAID

The noon meal awaits, my lord.

UNCLE JOB

(standing)

And my daughter?

MAID

Finalizing her attire, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

A twenty-foot ebony table dominates the room, its surface gleaming under the soft glow of candelabras. Steam rises from gold-rimmed platters bearing exotic delicacies:

Roasted peacock, its gilded feathers still attached.

Towers of pomegranates and figs, glistening with honey.

Spiced lamb, resting on beds of fragrant saffron rice.

JOB settles at the head of the table. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK-

LEAH (21, radiant) enters. Her silk gown whispers across the stone floor—grace incarnate.

JOSEPH
(lighting up)
Dear cousin!

They embrace warmly—years of affection in a single moment. But Leah's eyes quickly flick to the unfamiliar faces.

LEAH
(releasing him, with
a smile)
May I greet our distinguished guests?

JOSEPH
(gesturing)
Leah, meet Nasuha, Sarah, and Maria.

Leah extends her hand—first to Sarah, who accepts it graciously, then to Nasuha (Adam).

Their hands meet. A beat—Leah's eyes narrow, just slightly, at Nasuha's overly firm grip.

MARIA
(suddenly, bright)
What a stunning home you have!

The deflection lands. Leah turns, distracted by the compliment.

She glides to the far end of the table, across from her father.

Everyone settles into their seats.

UNCLE JOB
 (raising a jeweled
 goblet)
 To new beginnings.

Glasses clink. Nasuha subtly mimics the women's delicate, two-fingered grip on their cups.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE SPA - OUTSKIRTS OF GOMORRAH - DAY

SUPER: THREE DAYS LATER

A jewel on the outskirts of Gomorrah, PARADISE SPA rises like a mirage—an oasis of luxury amidst the arid landscape. Its architecture blends ancient grandeur with modern refinement.

Intricate carvings whisper tales of a storied past. A grand archway crowned in gold bears the spa's name in elegant calligraphy.

Lush greenery embraces the building. Fountains murmur, weaving a spell of serenity.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Opulence wraps the space. Golden light spills across polished marble, softening the edges of plush seating. Soothing hues—designed to indulge the senses.

At the heart of it all, MADAM HANNAH reigns over a gleaming wooden reception desk. Early 30s. Striking. Authority wrapped in allure. Her revealing attire speaks of confidence.

The staff moves like silk, tending, whispering, perfecting.

Nearby, Nasuha—Adam in disguise—stands in an immaculate pink uniform. Her eyes drink in the splendor, masking the nerves simmering beneath practiced poise.

NASUHA (ADAM)
 (softly, forcing
 femininity)
 This place... it's breathtaking.

MADAM HANNAH
 (smiles, proud)
 Isn't it? Every inch of Paradise Spa
 is built for indulgence and escape.
 From the moment our guests arrive,
 they are royalty.

NASUHA
 (smiling slightly)
 A sanctuary of luxury and relaxation.

MADAM HANNAH
 And now, Nasuha, you're part of it.
 Your skills, your dedication—they
 will only add to our reputation.
 Welcome to the family.

NASUHA
 (nodding, feigning
 humility)
 Thank you, Madam Hannah. I'm honored.
 I'll give my best.

CLOSE ON: THE NOTICE BOARD

Adam's breath catches. His own face stares back at him.

Beside it—ALERON, a notorious criminal.

His pulse spikes. His face remains steady.

NASUHA (CONT'D)
 (casual, probing)
 Those portraits... unusual for a place
 built for tranquility. Why display
 wanted criminals here?

MADAM HANNAH
 (scoffs, shaking her
 head)
 Aleron's gang raids trade routes,
 terrorizing Gomorrah. The
 other—Adam—killed the mayor's son.
 Home Ministry orders. In case they
 resurface.

Nasuha (Adam) forces a polite nod.

NASUHA
 (concealing tension)
 A wise precaution.

A lingering hush. Then she straightens, adjusting her wig.

NASUHA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 It's the end of our working day. I
 should go—my mother needs help
 packing. We're moving.
 (beat, forced cheer)
 Just a few streets over! Nothing
 grand.

MADAM HANNAH

(chuckles)

Moving up in the world, are we? Good luck with it. See you tomorrow, Nasuha.

NASUHA

(soft smile)

Thank you. Bye for now.

CUT TO:

EXT. COBBLESTONE ROAD - DAY

The sun bakes the ancient stones.

A HORSE-DRAWN COACH, its lacquered wood gleaming, rolls to a stop before:

AN IMPOSING IRON GATE - its black bars twisted into vine patterns, seamlessly set into weathered stone walls that whisper of generations past.

EXT. COACH / IRON GATE - DAY

The coach door creaks open. Joseph steps down, boots crunching gravel. Behind him:

Nasuha (Adam in disguise)—fingers lingering on the doorframe, eyes scanning the estate like a hawk assessing prey.

Maria & Sarah - exchange awed glances. Tiger - the dog's nose twitching at unfamiliar scents.

JOSEPH

(unlocking the gate
with a heavy key)

Welcome to your Gomorrah home.

The iron hinges groan like waking giants as the gate parts, revealing:

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

A flagstone path winds through overgrown lavender bushes. Bees hover lazily between the purple blooms.

CLOSE ON:

Rosemary branches trembling in the breeze. Weather-bleached cedar beams on the pergola, their grain still visible.

A broken incense burner lying in the grass, a few last grains clinging to its rim.

WIDER:

The group passes through, stirring up dried lavender petals that swirl around their ankles. Maria sneezes as pollen fills the air.

NASUHA
 (eyeing the peeling
 shutters)
 Whose house is this?

JOSEPH
 (running a hand along
 the wall)
 Uncle Job's. My father's army posting
 came with... perks.
 (beat, nostalgic)
 That oak by the well? I broke my arm
 falling from it.

EXT. WOODEN DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Joseph selects a tarnished brass key from the ring. The lock
 CLICKS with satisfying precision.

The heavy door CREAKS open—

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A SLIVER OF LIGHT widens across:

Dust-covered furniture draped in yellowed sheets. Faded
 portraits of stern ancestors. A massive stone fireplace,
 cold for years.

Nasuha tugs a corner of the rug - a poof of dust makes
 everyone cough.

NASUHA
 (grinning through
 coughs)
 Found our first chore.

MARIA
 (at the window)
 The garden's gone wild!
 (she parts the curtains -
 sunlight ILLUMINATES
 her face)

JOSEPH
 (opening the back
 door)
 Adventure awaits.

NASUHA

(stopping him with a
look)

No. You've done enough. Go to your
father.

A heavy beat. Joseph nods, fishing out keys.

JOSEPH

(handing them over)

Basement's stocked. And...

(smirking)

I'll bring your horse next visit.

Their handshake lingers - a silent promise.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Uncle Job knows how to reach me.

As Joseph turns to leave, TIGER whines. The dog's ears droop -
he senses the goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. SPA'S STORAGE ROOM - DAY

A SANCTUARY OF SCENTS - Rows of amber glass bottles catch
the light. Nasuha's long fingers test the viscosity of oils,
her movements meticulous as a surgeon.

BEHIND HER:

Two STAFF GIRLS whisper near the linen shelves, their eyes
tracking her every move.

STAFF GIRL 1

(murmuring)

Watch how she touches the bottles...
like they're sacred.

STAFF GIRL 2

(fanning herself)

That's not just skill. That's power.

The door BANGS OPEN. A MASSAGE THERAPIST pants, gripping the
frame.

MASSAGE THERAPIST

Nasuha-Room 2. VIP. Lady Lara.

A beat. Nasuha's hand hovers over the strongest oil. Selects
it.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Madam Hannah taps a manicured nail against the ledger. Her gaze locks onto Nasuha like a hawk.

MADAM HANNAH
 (low, dangerous)
 The Minister's wife. One wrong move
 and we lose everything.

Nasuha doesn't blink.

NASUHA
 She'll leave happier than she came.

charged silence. Then—

MADAM HANNAH
 (smiling sweetly)
 Prove it.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

CANDLELIGHT FLICKERS across Lady Lara's tense shoulders. She lies facedown, nails digging into the table edges.

NASUHA
 (warming oil between
 palms)
 Where does it hurt most, my lady?

LADY LARA
 (muffled)
 Where doesn't it?

Nasuha's thumbs find the knotted muscle along her spine—

LADY LARA
 (sharp inhale)
 Gods—

NASUHA
 (applying pressure)
 Breathe through it.

Her back arches like a drawn bow. A STRANGLED MOAN escapes.

LATER - MASSAGE IN PROGRESS

SWEAT SHIMMERS on Lady Lara's neck. Nasuha's hands work the tension like clay, her breathing synchronized with hers.

LADY LARA
 (gasping)
 How do you—know exactly—

NASUHA
 (quiet intensity)
 The body tells truths the mouth won't.

Her fingers clench the sheet.

POST-MASSAGE

Lady Lara sits up, robe slipping off one shoulder. Her eyes glassy, lips parted.

LADY LARA
 (dazed)
 I haven't felt this... alive in years.

Nasuha's hands, now bare of oils, take up a pristine linen towel. With the reverence of a scribe cleaning sacred texts, she:

DABS the damp hollow of Lady Lara's neck. SWIPES along her spine in one fluid motion. FOLDS the towel to reveal a fresh surface. From her sash, she produces:

A CRYSTAL BOTTLE no larger than a thumb LAVENDER OIL swirling like storm clouds inside

NASUHA
 (presenting it on her
 palm)
 A gift from Paradise.

THE BOTTLE:

CATCHES LIGHT in prismatic flares WARMS instantly against her skin as she takes it.

LADY LARA
 (rolling it between
 fingers)
 Your... special blend?

NASUHA
 (bowing slightly)
 For nights when our doors are closed.
 (beat stepping back)
 Until next time, my lady.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL PALACE, PRINCESS CLARA'S CHAMBER - DAY

PRINCESS CLARA (24, poised, flawless) lounges on a gilded divan, skimming a book under the glow of a crystal chandelier. Her pearl-embroidered gown spills over the cushions like liquid silver.

A MAID in stark white bows at the door.

MAID
Your Grace, Lady Lara requests an
audience.

Clara barely glances up. A subtle nod.

The Maid exits. The door creaks open—Lady Lara sweeps in,
clutching a bouquet of violets. Her grin is conspiratorial.

LADY LARA
(placing the flowers
on Clara's desk)
Your Grace! Paradise Spa has a secret.

Clara's fingers pause on her book. A beat. She shuts it with
a snap.

PRINCESS CLARA
Do enlighten me.

Lara leans in, voice dropping to a whisper.

LADY LARA
Nasuha. Her hands—like alchemy. My
knots vanished. My stress... dissolved.

Clara's spine straightens. She absently rubs her own neck.

PRINCESS CLARA
(cool, but eyes sharp)
How fortunate for you.

Lara smirks, plucks a violet from the bouquet, and twirls
it.

LADY LARA
Shall I book you a session?

Clara's lips curl. She plucks the flower from Lara's fingers.

PRINCESS CLARA
Immediately.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE SPA - DAY

A GRAND CARRIAGE, adorned with the royal crest, rolls to a
stop before the opulent Paradise Spa.

An entourage of royal guards on horseback swiftly dismount
and form a protective perimeter.

The carriage door opens. Princess Clara, elegant in a flowing gown, steps out with Lady Lara at her side, holding her hand. The Guards remain vigilant, scanning the surroundings.

At the spa entrance, Madam Hannah and two staff members stand in crisp uniforms, each holding bouquets of fresh flowers.

EXT. SPA ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

As Princess Clara and her entourage approach, Madam Hannah and her staff bow deeply.

MADAM HANNAH

Welcome, Your Highness. It is an honor to host you at Paradise Spa.

She extends the bouquet. Princess Clara accepts it. Then hands it to Lady Lara without breaking stride.

PRINCESS CLARA

Thank you, Madam Hannah. I've heard much about your spa. I trust it will live up to its reputation.

MADAM HANNAH

(smiling)

I assure you, Your Highness, your expectations will be exceeded.

Madam Hannah leads the way through the grand reception hall.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

The vast hall is lined with spa staff, bowing in synchronized reverence as Princess Clara glides past.

PRINCESS CLARA

(nods, amused)

I hear you have a particularly skilled massage therapist.

MADAM HANNAH

(chuckling)

Indeed, Your Highness. A true artist in the craft.

INT. SPA CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Madam Hannah leads Princess Clara and Lady Lara through a serene corridor. They arrive at a private massage suite.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Madam Hannah steps inside, revealing a luxurious massage table draped in silk.

Soft candlelight flickers, casting a warm glow.

MADAM HANNAH

This suite is reserved exclusively for the Royal Family. I trust you will find it to your liking.

PRINCESS CLARA

(stepping in)

I already do. Now, may I meet this so-called magician of relaxation?

MADAM HANNAH

(smiling, bowing)

At once, Your Highness.

She exits gracefully. Lady Lara moves to assist the Princess in removing her outer layers.

PRINCESS CLARA

(relaxing into the table)

I've been looking forward to this. There's nothing like a skilled massage to soothe the mind and body.

LADY LARA

(smiling)

You deserve it, Your Highness.

A soft knock at the door.

PRINCESS CLARA

Enter, Nasuha.

The door glides open. Nasuha (Adam), dressed immaculately in a pink uniform, steps in, carrying a tray of aromatic oils and fresh towels. She bows with practiced elegance.

NASUHA

It is an honor to serve you today, Your Highness.

She places the tray on a side table. Outside, faint strains of melodic music drift in from unseen musicians.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(gesturing to each glass vial in turn)

For your consideration: jasmine and sandalwood – calming, restorative. Lemongrass and bergamot, to sharpen the senses. And this...

(MORE)

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(lightly taps the
third vial)

Rosemary and lavender, for when the
weight of the world needs melting
away.

PRINCESS CLARA

(thoughtful, then
decisive)

Jasmine and sandalwood.

NASUHA

(smiling, warming the
oil between palms)

An excellent choice.

Nasuha begins the massage, her hands moving with practiced
precision.

PRINCESS CLARA

(sighs, melting into
relaxation)

Your hands carry the strength of a
warrior.

NASUHA

(chuckles)

I grew up on a farm. Hard work was
second nature.

PRINCESS CLARA

Ah. That explains your skill and
endurance. Perhaps I should summon
you to the palace.

NASUHA

Am honored, Your Highness, though I
must say—

(gestures subtly)

—there is something special about
this place.

PRINCESS CLARA

(nods, thoughtful)

The serenity... the warm springs. A
rare escape.

NASUHA

Paradise Spa was built for that very
purpose, Your Highness. A sanctuary
for those who carry great burdens.

PRINCESS CLARA

(smiling)

Speaking of burdens, I must attend a reception tonight. We're hosting a delegation from our neighboring kingdom.

NASUHA

(acknowledging with a nod)

Then allow me to ensure you leave here refreshed.

With a final touch, Nauha runs a warm towel over her back and shoulders, wiping away excess oil. She exhales contentedly.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

Your session is complete, Your Highness.

Princess Clara lingers for a moment before rising with effortless grace.

PRINCESS CLARA

(softly)

Thank you, Nasuha.

NASUHA

(bowing deeply)

Until next time, Your Highness.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE BACKYARD - DAY

A golden sun bathes the yard.

Adam and Sarah sip tea in worn but sturdy chairs—faded embroidery on the cushions.

Maria draws a recurve bow, muscles taut.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

MARIA

(grinning, breathless)

Adam—watch this.

She releases. The arrow THWACKS into a hand-painted target (40m out)—a hair left of dead center.

ADAM
 (whistles low)
 Damn. Another week, you'll split
 arrows.

Maria's smile fades. She runs a thumb over her bowstring.

MARIA
 (quiet)
 If I'd trained sooner... maybe Father—

ADAM
 (cutting her off,
 firm)
 No. We fight with the time we're
 given.

He stands, grips her shoulder—his hands still spa-soft.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 You're not just protecting this
 family. You're rewriting our story.

Maria nods, reloads. A beat, then—

SARAH
 (leaning in, hushed)
 Adam. The spa. It's time to stop.

Adam tenses. Sarah's knuckles whiten around her teacup.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 If they discover you're masquerading
 as a woman—

ADAM
 (flat)
 Gallows. I know.

Sarah grabs his wrist. A mother's plea.

SARAH
 Joseph returns from Sodom next month.
 We leave for Hebron then.

Adam exhales. Over his shoulder—Maria's arrow punches the
 bullseye.

ADAM
 (to Sarah)
 I'll talk to Madam Hannah tomorrow.
 Maria joins security.

Sarah's eyes flick to Maria—now firing three arrows in rapid
 succession. THWACK. THWACK. THWACK.

SARAH
(soft, proud)
God help anyone who crosses her.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL PALACE - PRINCESS CLARA'S CHAMBER - DAY

Morning light filters through stained glass, casting jewel-toned shadows across Princess Clara's face as she reclines on a velvet chaise. Her fingers trace the rim of a gilded teacup, absentminded, lost in thought.

Across from her, Lady Lara watches, unreadable, as she pours more tea. The steam curls between them—a silent question neither chooses to answer.

PRINCESS CLARA
(half-lidded, almost
to herself)
Nasuha's hands... they don't just touch
the body. They speak to it.

Her fingers drift to her neck, pressing where a skilled therapist might find tension. A faint pink mark blooms beneath her touch.

LADY LARA
(setting the teapot
down with quiet
precision)
The commoners whisper about her.
They say she learned from desert
nomads... or demons.

A beat. Clara's fingers still.

Then, a slow, dangerous smile.

PRINCESS CLARA
How fortunate, then, that I am neither
common... nor afraid of demons.

She rises, silk whispering against silk, and moves toward the window. Below, palace guards drill with swords. The clang of steel rings through the morning air.

Behind her, Lady Lara's teacup meets its saucer with the faintest chink.

PRINCESS CLARA (CONT'D)

(exhaling, almost
amused)

By the way, I owe you a debt for
introducing me to Nasuha's magic.
These past weeks at Paradise Spa
have been... transformative.

A beat. Clara's gaze drifts to the window, watching sparrows
flit along the palace walls.

PRINCESS CLARA (CONT'D)

Double her salary. And clear my
schedule every Saturday.

Lady Lara's smile does not reach her eyes.

LADY LARA

As you wish.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS OUTLAW HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

A jagged cliffside fortress looms over the valley. The wind
carves through the rocky caverns.

ALERON, 40, the hardened leader of the outlaw gang, stands
at the center of the encampment, his presence commanding.
His men unload crates from a CART—food and weapons: swords,
arrows, bowstrings, and spears.

CANE, 60, a shrewd merchant from Gomorrah, watches nervously,
wringing his hands as Aleron inspects the shipment. On the
highest ridge, two of Aleron's archers stand vigilant, bows
at the ready.

Aleron steps closer, his shadow stretching across the rugged
ground.

ALERON

You have everything?

CANE

(nods quickly)

The finest food, the weapons you
requested. But more than that—I bring
information. Something you'll find...
profitable.

Aleron's gaze sharpens.

ALERON

Speak.

CANE

Princess Clara and her wealthy companions frequent the Paradise Spa. This Saturday, they'll be there—fewer guards, more exposed.

Aleron smirks, the scar on his cheek twitching.

ALERON

Go on.

CANE

Jewels. Gold. Fortunes ripe for the taking. A single strike could fill your coffers for years.

Aleron studies him, calculating.

ALERON

And what's your cut?

CANE

(chuckles)

You know me, Aleron—I'm a businessman.

Aleron exhales, shaking his head.

ALERON

Even at sixty, greed clings to you like a disease. Remember, Cane—there are no pockets in a shroud.

CANE

Wealth is only useful while we breathe, my friend.

A beat. Aleron nods.

ALERON

Fine. If this works, you'll have your share.

Cane grins, rubbing his hands together.

CANE

Then the Paradise Spa is yours to plunder. Let their luxury turn to ruin.

Aleron's smirk darkens.

ALERON

Not just ruin-fear. They must learn
that even in their golden city, they
are never beyond our reach.

He pauses, something shifting in his expression.

ALERON (CONT'D)

It's been thirteen years since I
last saw Clara. She was a child. I
may not recognize her.

CANE

(scoffs)

I gave you the where and when. Finding
her is your problem.

Aleron's eyes narrow. A slow nod.

ALERON

Then I will find her. And finish
what must be done.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARADISE SPA - GARDEN - DAY

Sunlight filters through lush greenery. A tranquil haven.
Birds chirp softly in the distance.

Maria stands tall, bow drawn. Nearby, Nasuha (Adam) and Madam
Hannah, watch with keen anticipation.

MADAM HANNAH

Alright, Maria. Let's see what you've
got.

(pointing)

The apple on that tree.

Maria inhales deeply, steadying herself. Focused precision.
She draws the bowstring taut, eyes locked on the target.

She exhales smoothly. Releases. The arrow slices through the
apple, cleaving it in two before both halves drop to the
grass.

Madam Hannah's eyes widen.

MADAM HANNAH (CONT'D)

Impressive. Perfect shot.

NASUHA

(grinning)

Told you. Maria doesn't miss.

MARIA

(smiling)

Archery's been my passion for years.
Glad to put it to use.

MADAM HANNAH

(satisfied)

Consider yourself part of the team.
We need sharp eyes on security.

(extends a hand)

Welcome aboard. Just remember—

(offhandedly)

We don't kill the guests. Even when
they deserve it.

Maria shakes her hand, excitement flickering in her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE SPA OUTSKIRTS - DAY

TORNADO OF DUST SPLITS—

REVEALING A CARAVAN:

—SCORES OF HORSES.

—TWO CAMELS.

THEN—

Every beast veers into a freshly HARVESTED WHEATFIELD—then
HALTS MID-STEP.

EXT. HARVESTED WHEATFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Wheat stubble SNAPS beneath sudden stillness. No honest
merchant halts this dead.

WITH BUTCHER'S PRECISION—

SACKS crater the earth - WHUMP.

Camel loads DROP LIKE ANVILS.

A robe tears - DEATH'S WHISPER glints beneath.

EXTREME CLOSE -

A boot heel GRINDS chaff to powder.

WIDE:

Aleron stands statuesque before the spa.

Beside him: MOAB (35) – braids like an executioner's cord.

Left hand STRANGLES the reins. Right hand STROKES the hilt of his SHAMSHIR.

ALERON

(to Moab)

Ready status?

MOAB

(pointing at the sacks)

Steel snores in those bellies.

Men stand on your word.

SACK RIPS –

SUNLIGHT KISSES something not meant for harvest.

ALERON

(thumb pressing blade)

We strike when Cane–

THUNDERING HOOVES.

Cane ERUPTS from the haze of chaff and dust, riding a FROTHING BRUTE.

He FLINGS himself down, SKIDDING to their feet in a storm of dust.

CANE

(gasping)

Peacock's–fucking strutting–in the roses!

ALERON'S CANINES FLASH –

Hyena spotting blood.

THEN–

THE CARAVAN'S SKIN SHREDS–

BANDITS TEAR OPEN SACKS–

AN ARMORY GUSHES OUT:

– SCIMITARS, tuned for neck-harvesting.

– SWORDS, plain and brutal, thirsty for blood.

– SHIELDS, burnished and battered, scarred from older wars.

– RECURVE BOWS, strung with gut-strings.

- QUIVERS, stuffed with black-fletched arrows.
- KUKRIS, boasting notch-bragging rights.

Without a moment of hesitation, BANDITS ARM THEMSELVES to the teeth, some WHISPERING:

WHISPERS (V.O.)
 "Kill the guards first."
 "That Rubi necklace will be mine."
 "I haven't slept with a woman in
 three months..."

Aleron LEAPS onto his warhorse -

SWORD FLASHING like a lightning promise.

ALERON
 (apex predator roar)
 To Paradise—where BOUNTIES, HOURIS,
 and FAIRIES await!

THE HORDE detonates forward—

CUT TO:

EXT. SPA GARDEN PATH - DAY

A postcard of serenity.

Peace. Unbroken. Unaware.

FRUIT, BONSAI, GARDENERS...

THEN -

A black-fletched arrow THWIPS into a gardener's throat.

Calm shatters.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE SPA - GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Bandits ERUPT from foliage.

Weapons SHRED the setting.

Tea, blood, and chaos flood the frame.

Aleron and his men descend like a storm.

FROM THE SHADOWS - Bandit archers draw...

Arrows whistle through the air—

THWACK! THWACK!

Two guards collapse, lifeless.

ALARMS BLARE.

Aleron and Moab lead the charge—swords flashing, carving through resistance with brutal precision.

Panic ripples outward. Gardeners tending flowers and trees scream, scattering in all directions.

INT. PARADISE SPA - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

A bleeding guard staggers in, clutching his side, uniform soaked in crimson. He collapses, gripping Madam Hannah's arm.

BLEEDING GUARD
(pained, gasping)
Aleron... his men... attacking...

MADAM HANNAH
(horrified)
No... I must warn the Princess.

She hurries away.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM #1 - DAY

Soft candlelight flickers.

Princess Clara lies face-down on a plush massage table. Nasuha (Adam) kneads her tense shoulders, movements calm, practiced.

A LOUD, URGENT KNOCK.

MADAM HANNAH (O.S.)
Nasuha! It's me! Open the door!

Nasuha glances at Clara, then unlocks the door.

Madam Hannah bursts in, breathless, fear etched into her face.

MADAM HANNAH (CONT'D)
Aleron's men are here. Hide the Princess.

Princess Clara bolts upright, fear flashing in her eyes.

NASUHA
(calm, urgent)
Your Highness, breathe.
(MORE)

NASUHA (CONT'D)

Wrap yourself in these towels. You
mustn't be recognized.

Trembling, Clara secures two large towels around her body.

Nasuha grips her wrist, leading her out.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

Nasuha and Clara move swiftly.

CLOSE ON: The wounded guard, slumped against the desk, his
breath ragged.

Nasuha kneels, pries a sword from the guard's weak grip.
Their eyes meet—a silent exchange.

Sword in hand, Nasuha leads Clara toward the storage room.

INT. AROMATIC OIL STORAGE ROOM - DOORWAY

Nasuha shoves the door open.

NASUHA

(low, firm)

Your Highness—inside. Now.

Clara slips into the shadows.

Nasuha follows, shutting the door softly behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Maria and Madam Hannah climb a narrow spiral staircase,
footsteps quick and echoing. At the top — a wooden door looms.

Madam Hannah fumbles with a bulky KEYRING, hands trembling.

MARIA

(breathless)

Madam Hannah, please. I need to get
to the roof.

Keys jingle. Her fingers slip.

Frustrated, she thrusts the keyring at Maria.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Which one?

Madam Hannah points without hesitation.

MADAM HANNAH

That one.

Maria jams the key in - click - turns.

The door creaks open, sunlight spilling in, revealing a rooftop with the city stretching beyond.

Maria steps through—then turns back.

MARIA

Come with me. Lock the door behind us.

EXT. SPA ROOFTOP - DAY

A gust of wind whips Maria's hair as she steps onto the ledge. Below—CHAOS. Bandits swarm the once-serene gardens like locusts.

Her BOWSTRING SNAPS TAUT.

MARIA

(cold, focused)
Time to even the odds.

THWIP! Her first arrow PUNCHES THROUGH a bandit's throat—he topples from his horse, DEAD BEFORE HE HITS DIRT.

THWIP! THWIP! Two more arrows. Two more kills. PRECISION. SPEED.

But the horde keeps coming. Arrows now WHIZ PAST HER—one grazes her arm.

She rolls behind a brick chimney cluster, her back pressed against the bricks. Then, sprints across the rooftop—toward the back garden.

MADAM HANNAH (O.S.)

(frantic)
Where are you going? Don't leave me here!

Maria stops. Turns back.

Hannah trembles, fear etched deep.

MARIA

(reassuring, urgent)
I need to get help. Where's the nearest police station?

MADAM HANNAH

(shaky)

15 minutes—maybe less!

MARIA

Stay hidden. I'll come back with
backup.

EXT. ROOFTOP EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Maria stands at the ledge, eyes locked on the back garden.
She breathes in—then leaps.

Lands light on the balcony railing. Scans below.

She grabs a support pillar, swinging down into the spa's
back garden with feline agility.

EXT. PARADISE SPA - BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Boots kiss the ground. Silent. Focused.

INTERCUT:

INT. PARADISE SPA - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Aleron and his henchmen storm through the grand entrance,
slicing through the last defenses.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Maria BURSTS THROUGH STALKS, SWEAT STREAKING HER FACE—

INT. RECEPTION HALL

Aleron strides deeper inside...

EXT. STONE WALL - DAY

A TWENTY-FOOT STONE WALL looms ahead.

NO HESITATION. Maria SCALES IT like a spider, fingers finding
invisible cracks.

ON THE OTHER SIDE—

A narrow alley. She hits the ground running.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

Aleron gestures broadly, voice commanding.

ALERON

(grinning)

Round up everyone. Guests, nobles—anyone worth a coin. This spa is now our throne room. Find the Princess, and you'll be kings.

MOAB

(sidling in)

If I find the Princess... how about a bonus?

ALERON

(amused)

You always have an appetite, Moab. What's the craving today?

MOAB

(smirking)

Victory... with a view. You know my 'strongest weakness' boss.

ALERON

(laughs)

Find her, and you'll have your pick.

MOAB

Then let the hunt begin.

END INTERCUT:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Maria encounters a man in his late 40s riding a horse. She quickly readies her weapon and points it at him.

MARIA

I need that horse. Dismount. Now.

Seeing the arrow pointed at him, the man complies. Maria grabs the reins.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Now, tell me—where's the nearest police station?

THE MAN

(pointing)

Unbelievable a thief robbing a horse and asking for the police station.

Maria mounts the horse, unwavering.

MARIA

You can pick it up there. Now move.

She kicks the horse into a gallop, leaving the puzzled man behind.

CUT TO:

INT. AROMATIC OIL STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Nasuha (Adam) presses Princess Clara deeper into the shadows behind towering oil barrels.

Two silhouettes fill the doorway.

LARGER HENCHMAN
(gruff, to his partner)
You check the right. I'll take the left.

The smaller henchman steps forward—

HENCHMAN
(sword glinting)
Where's the Princess?

Nasuha emerges like smoke, blade hidden behind her back.

NASUHA
(soft, deadly)
Right behind me. Come and get her.

The henchman lunges. Nasuha strikes—

CRASH!

The bandit slams into an oil trolley. Barrels rock dangerously.

SECOND HENCHMAN (O.S.)
(whirling around)
Yoshea! You alright?

Nasuha's sword flashes level with the man's throat.

NASUHA
Looking for the princess?

HENCHMAN
(backpedaling)
Who the hell are you?

NASUHA
(blade humming)
Just a humble masseur.

Steel shrieks. Nasuha disarms him with a twist—

THUNK. The killing stroke is mercifully quiet.

Nasuha drags both bodies behind barrels, their boots leaving dark smears on the stone.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Maria BURSTS through the door, sending papers flying. Her wild eyes lock onto-

CONSTABLE DAVID, mid-belt adjustment, badge glinting.

MARIA
(gasping)
Where's your officer? Now!

CONSTABLE DAVID
(hands up)
Easy! What's-

MARIA
(overriding)
Paradise Spa. Bandits. Fifty armed men. Princess Clara.

David pales.

CUT TO:

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

The INSPECTOR SLAMS his ledger shut.

INSPECTOR
(to David)
Mobilize every man. Horses. Swords.
Five minutes.

CONSTABLE DAVID
(already moving)
Sir!

The Inspector dips his quill, scribbling with furious precision. Folds the note into a tight square.

EXT. POLICE VERANDA - DAY

The pigeon coop RATTLES as the Inspector selects a prime carrier.

Maria watches, chest heaving, as he:

Ties the message to the bird's leg with practiced fingers. Whisper-coaxes it toward the opening. Releases it with a gentle WHOOSH of wings.

The pigeon ARCS over the rooftops, a tiny shadow against the sun.

MARIA
(watching it disappear)
How long until help comes?

The Inspector straps on his sword belt, steel HISSING from its scabbard.

INSPECTOR
Before the blood dries. Mount up.

CUT TO:

INT. SPA'S CORRIDORS - DAY

Doors EXPLODE INWARD one by one as Aleron's men STORM through the halls. Wood SPLINTERS. Hinges SCREAM.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM 3 - CONTINUOUS

CLIENT and SPA ATTENDANT (backs pressed to the door) FLINCH with each kick-

CRACK! The door BURSTS OPEN, its brass number "3" CLATTERING across tile.

Two bandits LOOM in the doorway.

SPA ATTENDANT
(spitting defiance)
Stay back!

They're DRAGGED into the hallway like ragdolls.

INT. SPA CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

WIRY HENCHMAN (mustache quivering) STRAINS against Room 7's door-

TALL HENCHMAN
(snorts)
You're weaker than my grandmother.

ONE KICK. The door SNAPS OFF ITS HINGES.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM 7 - CONTINUOUS

Two women CLUTCH each other in the corner. The tall brute YANKS THEM UP by their hair-

TALL HENCHMAN
 (shoving them forward)
 Take these to Aleron.

The mustached man DRAWS HIS SWORD, edge glinting at their throats.

MUSTACHED HENCHMAN
 Run, and I'll skin you alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

THWIP! An arrow PUNCHES through a bandit's neck.

REVEAL:

The POLICE ARCHER, already nocking another shaft. His partner—
 Constable David SLICES through a BANDIT'S WRIST—severing the hand clean. Blood spurts from the stump, painting the dirt red.

CONSTABLE DAVID
 (cold, unforgiving)
 This hand fed terror. Let the crows
 feast now.

CUT TO:

INT. MASSAGE ROOM 2 - DAY

The door SLAMS OPEN.

Moab bursts in, his eyes scanning the dimly lit space. He strides to the massage table, yanks up the corner of the BEDSHEET—

Lady Lara lies beneath, curled up, trembling. Her eyes meet his—fear and defiance flickering in them.

MOAB
 (smirking)
 Well, well... what do we have here?

Lady Lara gasps, shrinking back. Moab circles the table, voice dripping with mockery.

MOAB (CONT'D)
 A princess under a massage bed?
 Clever. Almost makes me like you.

LADY LARA

(trembling, but defiant)
You won't get away with this. The
authorities—

MOAB

(cuts her off, laughing)
The authorities? Sweetheart, they're
out of the picture. We own every
road out of here.

He reaches down, grabbing her by the arm.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

Moab drags Lady Lara into the hall. She's disheveled,
terrified.

Aleron, seated casually, watches with interest.

ALERON

(mocking)
Look what the dog dragged in. A little
mouse playing hide-and-seek?

MOAB

Room Two, Boss. Not the princess,
but she'll make a great bargaining
chip.

Aleron rises. His smile fades as he studies Lara's face.

ALERON

Wait a minute...

He steps closer, staring at her. A flicker of recognition.

FLASHBACK - INT. COURTROOM - DAY (YEARS AGO)

A younger Aleron, shackled, stands in the accused box,
glaring.

Across the room, a young Lady Lara, seated at the clerk's
desk, records the proceedings.

JUDGE

(slamming gavel)
Three years for robbery and public
disorder. May the law show you mercy
where you showed none.

Guards haul Aleron away.

He locks eyes with Lady Lara—hers are cold, professional.
She turns back to her notes.

BACK TO PRESENT - RECEPTION HALL

Aleron's face hardens. He steps close, a slow, predatory smile forming.

ALERON

The clerk. From the courtroom. You helped lock me away.

LADY LARA

(softly)

That was years ago. I was doing my job.

ALERON

(low, menacing)

And now I'm doing mine.

Moab chuckles. Lara recoils as Aleron turns away.

ALERON (CONT'D)

(louder, commanding)

But the princess... she's still in this palace of rot.

He scans the hall, calculating.

ALERON (CONT'D)

Fifteen minutes. Find her. After that—we torch the place and leave.

His men scatter.

Moab yanks Lara closer, holding tight. She winces, fear blooming as we...

CUT TO:

INT. AROMATIC OIL STORAGE ROOM - DAY

The door SLAMS open. Booted footsteps echo as a HENCHMAN storms in, sword drawn, eyes scanning.

Behind the shelves, Princess Clara hides, breath shallow, heart pounding.

Dim light filters through, casting long, ominous shadows.

The Henchman stabs into the shelf—

CRASH! Bottles SHATTER, oil splashing across the floor.

He advances. Slow. Measured. Deadly.

Just as he nears Clara—

Nasuha steps out, blade flashing—

WHOOSH—THWACK! One swift stroke. His head snaps back.

Blood spatters.

Clara stares, frozen. Nasuha drags the body behind a shelf, tucking it out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP DOOR - DAY

Madam Hanna stands with her back to the metal door, breath steady. Calm before the storm.

BAM!

The door JOLTS—slamming into her spine. She stumbles forward.

CRASH!

A SLEDGEHAMMER EXPLODES through the wood.

Daylight pours in. Two HENCHMEN burst onto the rooftop:

Henchman #1: A bruiser, sledgehammer in hand, breathing heavy.

Henchman #2: Lean, twitchy, eyes gleaming.

Madam Hanna spins—runs.

Henchman #1 hurls the sledgehammer—

CRACK!

It SLAMS into her leg. She drops with a cry.

He's on her in seconds—

BOOM! Clotheslines her across the ribs and drags her up.

EXT. TREE - CONTINUOUS

Maria perches high above on a thick tree branch. Bow drawn, eyes locked.

She exhales. Releases.

FWIP—THUNK!

The arrow buries deep in Henchman #1's skull.

He releases Hanna, staggers, collapses.

Henchman #2 whirls, sword drawn—charging.

ANOTHER ARROW—

THWACK! Straight through his cheek. He spins and drops.

MARIA
(shouting)
Clear! Move now!

Below, POLICEMEN begin to scale the garden wall.

EXT. TOP OF WALL - CONTINUOUS

Maria moves like wind—scaling the wall, vaulting over the edge.

A few policemen scramble behind her, struggling to keep up.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Madam Hanna, breathless, steadies herself.

MADAM HANNA
You came back...

MARIA
(nods)
I promised, didn't I?

CUT TO:

INT. AROMATIC OIL STORAGE ROOM - SPA - DAY

Nasuha (Adam) cracks the door just enough to peek out. A Henchman approaches, sword drawn.

Nasuha shuts the door softly—

BANG! The door blasts open as the Henchman storms in, blade gleaming.

HENCHMAN
(sword raised)
Don't move. Where's the Princess?

NASUHA
(timid, feigning fear)
I'm just a humble masseuse...

But I can help you—spare me, and I'll give you a clue.

HENCHMAN
You have my word.

NASUHA

(gesturing casually)
She was in Massage Room One. But
when you broke in, they moved her.
Through the rooftop.

Staircase is in the corner of the reception hall.

HENCHMAN

(satisfied)
Let's go tell my boss.

NASUHA

(seductively)
Wait, my dear. What's the rush?
They say haste is the devil's work...

But I? I offer something much... sweeter.

The Henchman pauses, eyes narrowing. Interest piqued.

HENCHMAN

(chuckling)
But there's no bed...

NASUHA

(grinning)
In a crisis, darling, we improvise.

Nasuha grabs a few TOWELS, unfurling them with a flourish.
He spreads them out—makeshift bedding.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(teasing, wink)
Lie down. Let me give you... a special
treatment.

The Henchman lowers his sword slightly, then reclines, a
twisted grin on his face.

Nasuha leans in, unbuttoning the Henchman's jacket and shirt.
Every touch—deliberate. Calculated.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(soft, near his ear)
Close your eyes. I'm... shy during
the most intimate parts.

The Henchman closes his eyes, relaxed. Expectant.

Nasuha grabs a small GLASS VIAL of aromatic oil—

SMASH! She shatters it against the Henchman's forehead.

The liquid splashes—his body goes limp, instantly unconscious.

Nasuha steps back, wipes her hands clean with a towel.

NASUHA

Duty calls. But beauty... can wait.

From behind the shelves, Princess Clara emerges. Her eyes brim with relief. She rushes forward and plants a grateful kiss on Nasuha's cheek.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - SPA PREMISES - DAY

The road is a meat grinder of steel and screams.

ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE hold the line—crimson uniforms streaked with mud and blood.

Swords clash. Spears lunge. Arrows whistle.

Each strike lands with wet finality.

YOUNG OFFICER parries—twists—

Impales an outlaw through the ribs.

Nearby, a MOUNTED CONSTABLE drives his spear clean through a raider's collarbone—

Lifts him off the ground, then dumps him like refuse.

ALERON'S MEN falter.

Their line breaks.

Archers rain precision—

Stragglers drop mid-sprint, arrows sprouting from backs and thighs.

The few who survive?

They run—toward the spa. Toward last stands.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RECEPTION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

SILENCE.

Clients and spa staff shuffle forward in a trembling line.

Jewelry clinks onto a white-draped counter—

Rings. Necklaces. Even hairpins.

Each piece surrendered under the cold stares of Aleron's men.

ALERON
 (grabbing a woman's
 wrist, twisting)
 Hidden gems mean hidden pain.

Choose wisely.

SNAP.

A bracelet breaks as he yanks it free.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS - ROOFTOP ACCESS -

Maria stands poised, bow drawn. The police Inspector and two Constables flank her, blades ready.

FOOTSTEPS ECHO.

Two outlaws round the corner-

MARIA'S ARROW SNAPS forward.

THWACK.

The lead outlaw howls, staring at his severed thumb spinning on the steps. His sword clatters away.

THE INJURED OUTLAW
 (grimacing)
 Damn it! Where did that come from?

MARIA (V.O.)
 Justice doesn't announce itself.

The second outlaw freezes-just as her next arrow punches through his THIGH. He tumbles, writhing, down the stairs.

BACK TO RECEPTION HALL:

Aleron stuffs loot into a HANDBAG when the wounded Henchman staggers in, clutching his BLOODIED THIGH.

HENCHMAN
 (gasping)

They've taken the roof-we're finished-

MARIA'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Surrender. Now.

Aleron snarls, seizing Lady Lara as a shield-
THWIP.

An arrow impales his hand. His sword clangs to the floor.

ALERON
(hissing, pulling a
dagger)
Then blood answers blood-!

He STABS a patron in the back. She collapses, screaming.

ALERON (CONT'D)
(blade pressed to Lara's throat,
shouting and shuffling backward)
Any wrong move - she dies next!

A SUDDEN HUSH falls over the room.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

Nasuha steps from the shadows-

Princess Clara's handbag draped across her body like a war banner.

The room freezes. Every eye locks on her.

NASUHA
(projecting across
the silent room)
I'm the Princess. Take me instead.

She opens the handbag slowly.

The CROWN glints-throwing jeweled fire across the walls.

CLOSE ON ALERON'S EYES - greed flares, wild and undeniable.

BEAT. The entire room holds its breath.

ALERON
(extending his bloody
hand)
Come.

Nasuha steps forward, regal and defiant.

Aleron's fingers twitch.

In one sudden move, he SHOVES Lady Lara aside-

She crashes into the counter, gasping.

Aleron grabs Nasuha by the collar, pulling her in—
The dagger pressed to her throat.

ALERON (CONT'D)
(to his men)
We ride! Every man for himself!

Moab and a few surviving THUGS scramble toward the exit, knocking over chairs in their panic.

Aleron drags Nasuha backward toward the exit, the handbag full of jewels bouncing against his hip.

EXT. SPA'S FRONT GARDEN - DAY

The battle rages on. Steel clashes. Men fall.

Moab, perches atop a tree, waiting. A mount Police Officer passes beneath. Moab pounces, sword plunging deep. They collapse together, but only Moab rises.

MOAB
(mounting the dead
officer's horse &
riding close to Aleron)
Boss! Time to go!

ALERON
(holding Nasuha)
Give me your horse. Find another.

A sharp twang. An arrow streaks through the air. Moab jerks back, a shaft embedded in his LEFT EYE.

MOAB
(screaming)
My eye!

He collapses from the horse, clutching his face as blood pours through his fingers.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Maria lowers her bow from the rooftop.

BACK TO:

EXT. SPA'S FRONT GARDEN -

Moab, panicked, scrambles onto his horse.

MOAB (CONT'D)
 (breathless)
 Sorry, boss! Your words—every man
 for himself. Good luck!

He kicks the horse into a gallop, leaving Aleron behind.

ALERON
 (furious)
 Moab, you coward!

Seizing the moment, Nasuha (Adam) twists free, grabbing a nearby dead outlaw's sword.

In one swift motion, she slices the leather straps of Aleron's handbag. The stolen jewelry spills to the ground.

Aleron lunges with his dagger, but Nasuha sidesteps, slashing Aleron's leg. The outlaw crashes to the ground.

ALERON (CONT'D)
 (breathing hard)
 You know how to use a sword, bitch.

NASUHA
 (pressing the blade
 to Aleron's throat)
 Drop the dagger. Or die.

Aleron, defeated, releases the weapon. A ROYAL MOUNT POLICE OFFICER arrives, sword drawn.

NASUHA (CONT'D)
 (to the Officer)
 This is Aleron, the most wanted outlaw
 in the city. Take him.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. GOMORRAH PALACE COURTYARD - GOLDEN HOUR

The last rays of sun gild the spires. SILK BANNERS snap in the breeze, bearing the royal crest.

ON THE GRAND STAGE - a jeweled marvel of carved wood. A CRIMSON CARPET flows to the THRONE, where—

Princess Clara sits in radiant stillness. Her moon-silver gown spills around her. The crown atop her head blazes with firelight.

She RISES. The courtyard FALLS SILENT.

PRINCESS CLARA
 (voice clear,
 commanding)
 Citizens of Gomorrah... today we
 honor courage.

She gestures stage left.

PRINCESS CLARA (CONT'D)
 Nasuha. Step forward.

REVEAL - VVIP SECTION --

Nasuha sits stiffly on a gilded couch. Modest attire. Fists clenched in her lap, eyes down. Jaw set beneath careful makeup.

The crowd parts as a SERVANT approaches--
 --carrying a GOLDEN TRAY, piled high with gleaming coins.

PRINCESS CLARA (CONT'D)
 Two thousand gold. For the hero who
 helped capture Aleron.

BEAT.

Nasuha RISES, puppet-like.

TRACKING - NASUHA'S POV:

The crimson carpet stretches to the throne like a gauntlet.

ON NASUHA - each step deliberate, her grace carefully measured. Hands tremble.

Clara reaches toward the tray--coins shimmering like molten sunlight.

Nasuha KNEELS, nearly buckling. Accepts the tray with shaking hands.

NASUHA
 (softly)
 I only did my duty.

PRINCESS CLARA
 (quiet, close)
 Your modesty does you credit.

The crowd ERUPTS.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON THE MIRROR - Adam's exhausted reflection stares back.

COUNTERTOP LITTERED WITH:

Scissors. Discarded adhesive strips. Piles of tiny hairs. HIS ELBOW in frame. He SLAPS a fresh adhesive strip against the skin. GRIMACES.

YANKS it off with a quick jerk. INHALES SHARPLY through clenched teeth.

WIDER as he repeats the brutal ritual:

LOWER LEGS, veins standing out from tension.

UPPER CHEST, irritated skin visible at the collar.

HIS FACE in the mirror - a silent scream behind his eyes.

ADAM
(muttered)
Missed a spot.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah stirs a boiling pot. Seasoning sizzles.

SARAH
(calling out)
Adam! Joseph's waiting!

ADAM (O.S.)
Almost there!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adam enters, hair damp. Joseph sits with Maria and Sarah. Tiger, the loyal dog lounges nearby.

They EMBRACE.

ADAM
You brought Storm?

JOSEPH
(nods)
Stabled at Uncle Job's.

BEAT. Adam's face HARDENS with decision.

ADAM

We're leaving Gomorrah. This disguise... it's not living.

JOSEPH

Uncle Job departs for Hebron in two weeks. We can join his caravan. It's a safe opportunity.

Hope flickers in Adam's eyes.

ADAM

Thank you, Joseph. I owe you everything.

JOSEPH

Friends don't keep score.

CUT TO:

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

SUPER: 10 DAYS LATER

Princess Clara lounges on a massage bed, clad in a soft blue bikini. Nasuha (Adam) kneads her legs with expert precision.

PRINCESS CLARA

(sighing contentedly)

Nasuha, your hands are magic.

NASUHA

I am honored, Your Highness.

PRINCESS CLARA

(whispering)

If you were a man, I'd propose to you, no matter what my father or the people say.

NASUHA

Some dreams remain dreams, Your Highness.

PRINCESS CLARA

Perhaps... Anyway, that's enough for today. Have Madam Hannah send my maid. I must prepare for the Jerusalem delegation banquet.

NASUHA

(bowing)

Of course, Your Highness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Nasuha and REBECCA, a fellow masseuse, sip tea in the quiet break room. The door swings open—Madam Hannah enters, her expression grave.

MADAM HANNAH

Ladies, a diamond necklace belonging to the Princess has gone missing. A cherished heirloom, once saved from Aleron's gang. A search is being conducted on everyone present at the Spa. Please proceed to the Reception Hall for inspection.

The air turns heavy. Nasuha's grip on her cup tightens.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUILLOTINE SQUARE - DAY (IMAGINATION SEQUENCE)

Nasuha's mind spirals into a dark fantasy—

Adam, his true self, bound to a MASSIVE WOODEN CROSS in the center of the vast Guillotine Square. The imposing ROYAL PALACE looms behind the execution site.

A sea of people—nobles, commoners, soldiers—gather to witness the spectacle. Their faces flicker with judgment, anger, anticipation.

Two STERN GUARDS, clad in official uniforms, unshackle Adam's wrists, only to seize him by the arms and drag him toward the GUILLOTINE.

A MINISTER, robed in crimson and gold, raises a YELLOWED PARCHMENT between trembling fingers.

The ancient PAPYRUS CRACKLES as he unrolls it. A ROYAL WAX SEAL dangles, broken.

The crowd leans forward, silent.

With deliberate slowness, he traces the INK-STAINED LETTERING with one finger, then speaks in a voice that carries across the square:

MINISTER
 (ceremonial, grave)
 By the authority of His Majesty's
 court, this decree bears witness to
 the crimes of Adam, son of Haron.

He pauses, letting the words sink in.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
 First: the MURDER of Herod, beloved
 heir of Sodom -

The crowd GROANS.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
 -struck down in an act of COWARDICE
 and TREACHERY!

He grips the parchment tighter; it TREMBLES in the wind.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
 Second: the DESECRATION of Paradise
 Spa, where this serpent DARE WEAR
 THE SKIN OF A WOMAN, corrupting its
 sacred halls!

A GASP ripples through the nobles. The Minister's voice rises
 to a thunderous climax.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
 Thus, the sentence is DEATH BY THE
 BLADE—may it CLEANSE this kingdom of
 his FILTH!

He CRUSHES THE PARCHMENT in his fist—the crowd ERUPTS.

The HOODED EXECUTIONER positions Adam's head beneath the
 gleaming blade. It trembles, poised for descent—

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SPA'S BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHARP TAP on Nasuha's shoulder. She JOLTS—

Rebecca stares at her, eyebrows raised.

REBECCA
 (teasing, but uneasy)
 You're miles away. What, planning a
 heist?

Nasuha's laugh is too quick, her fingers digging into her
 thighs.

NASUHA

(quiet)

Go ahead. I'll catch up.

Rebecca hesitates, then leaves. Nasuha exhales shakily, voice barely above a whisper.

NASUHA (CONT'D)

(hushed)

O Almighty God, if You deliver me from this predicament, I swear never to return to this Spa. You know I am innocent. Everything I've done was to protect my family and fight against injustice.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

As Nasuha enters, silence descends. All eyes fixate on her.

Two STAFF MEMBERS whisper, their voices laced with suspicion.

STAFF 1

(whispering)

I bet Nasuha stole the Princess's necklace. She's the one who massages her, after all.

STAFF 2

(uncertain)

But she recovered all our stolen jewelry from Aleron's gang. Would a thief return what was already stolen?

Before the tension peaks, a SPA CLEANER bursts in, holding a DAZZLING DIAMOND NECKLACE high.

CLEANER

(excited)

I found it! It was hidden under the bench in the Princess's SAUNA!

A collective sigh of relief washes over the room. Applause breaks out.

Madam Hannah and Princess Clara step forward, gratitude etched on their faces.

MADAM HANNAH

(relieved)

Thank you! And a special thanks to our diligent cleaner. This necklace is beyond priceless.

Tears glisten in Princess Clara's eyes. She cradles the heirloom, then removes a ring from her finger and presses it into the cleaner's palm.

PRINCESS CLARA

This isn't just jewelry—it's my grandmother's legacy. Thank you for restoring it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY (AERIAL SHOT)

Endless golden dunes stretch to the horizon.

A MASSIVE CARAVAN crawls like an ant colony—hundreds of camels, horses, mules, and armed GUARDS casting long shadows.

TIGHT ON: a two-horse carriage rattling over cracked earth.

Ahead, Nasuha (Adam) rides his black stallion, beside Joseph and Uncle Job—faces grim, hands near sword hilts.

Nasuha wipes sweat, gazes back at Sodom's distant skyline.

NASUHA

Thank God we're leaving. Exile's bitter... but necessary.

Joseph adjusts his scimitar, voice low.

JOSEPH

When your homeland rejects you, you find a new one. Hebron. Jerusalem. Anywhere morals haven't rotted.

A beat. Storm's hooves kick up dust.

NASUHA

And the King?

JOSEPH

(snorts)
Withered figurehead. Prince Samuel rules now—
(leans closer)
—and his pockets jingle with bandit gold.

INT. CARRIAGE - MOVING - DAY

Maria and Sarah sit opposite Leah, Job's only daughter. Tiger, Adam's loyal dog, lies curled on the floor.

A wooden box under Maria's seat rattles.

Leah eyes it.

LEAH

Why not strap that to a camel?

Maria's grin is all teeth.

MARIA

Because these bodyguards answer only to me.

She KICKS the box—CLANK of metal inside.

EXT. VALLEY - LATER

Barren cliffs loom. The caravan snakes through the pass—too quiet.

Nasuha scans the rocks.

NASUHA

Uncle, why so many guards?

UNCLE JOB

(grim)

Aleron's wolves still hunt these roads.

JOSEPH

(smirking)

Good thing we brought a lion.

(nods to Nasuha)

She fights like ten men.

THWIP! An ARROW THUNKS into a guard's throat—GURGLING, he collapses.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

BANDITS SWARM from the cliffs—scimitars flashing, war cries echoing.

CHAOS ERUPTS.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah GRABS Leah as ARROWS THUNK into the carriage walls. Maria YANKS open the box—REVEALING ARMOR, A BOW, QUIVER.

MARIA

(strapping on bracers)

Time to earn my pay.

She KICKS the door open—BATTLE RAGES outside.

EXT. VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

BANDIT SCREAMS-

Nasuha (Adam) DRAWS A SWORD - decapitates a bandit mid-charge.
Blood sprays.

Maria ducks behind the carriage - NOCKS AN ARROW - LOOSES!

THWACK! A bandit CLUTCHES HIS EYE, arrow protruding, before
collapsing.

NASUHA (ADAM) YANKS A SHIELD FROM THE SADDLE - SPURS THE
HORSE -

BANDIT CHARGES-

WHAM! Nasuha's SWORD CLEAVES AIR- the bandit's head SPINS
OFF, body slumping from the saddle.

WIDE SHOT: CARNAGE.

The caravan's ENGULFED-Joseph and Uncle Job BATTLE BACK-TO-
BACK, guards falling as BANDITS SWARM.

Maria's ARROWS THUNK into throats, chests-BUT TOO MANY COME.

AT THE CARRIAGE-

A bandit scrambles onto the rear. Leah leaps down-

Thief lunges, sword raised-

Nasuha (Adam) intercepts-

CLANG! CLANG! Their blades SHRIEK. Nasuha TWISTS- a
DEVASTATING STRIKE-

The bandit GAGS, collapsing.

LEAH
(breathless, awed)
She fights like a demon.

INT. HORSE CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN - a BANDIT SNARLS, lunging in-

TIGER SPRINGS, JAWS CLAMPING down on his wrist.

CRACK! The bandit SHRIEKS, dropping his sword-

TIGER YANKS HIM OUT. He SLAMS into the dirt, HOWLING.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

WHAM! Job's CLUB CRUSHES the bandit's skull.

Tiger WHIRLS, LEAPS back onto the carriage steps—TEETH BARED, guarding SARAH.

AROUND HER: CHAOS. Steel RINGS. MEN YELL.

WIDE SHOT - THE BATTLE UNFOLDS

THE BANDITS PRESS HARDER. Caravan guards FALL.

Joseph SPOTS the breach—SPRINTS toward the rear.

BANDIT LUNGES— Joseph's blade PLUNGES into his gut. SPINS—

A HORSEMAN CHARGES— Joseph's sword FLASHES.

THUD. Headless corpse TUMBLES from the saddle.

THUNDER OF HOOVES. JOB'S RESERVES SURGE in, SLAMMING into the bandits.

UNCLE JOB

(grinning)

My security plan worked.

NASUHA'S POV:

A bandit—eye patch, scar—creeps toward Maria, sword raised.

SHE'S BLIND TO HIM.

NASUHA (ADAM) MOVES—

IMPACT. They COLLIDE, CRASHING off horses.

DUEL: Steel SCREAMS. Sparks FLICKER.

NASUHA

Moab. You survived Paradise Spa.

MOAB

(smug, circling his blade)

I'm glad we meet again. This time I kill for pleasure - not for my boss. Thanks to you...I'm his successor now.

NASUHA

(spitting blood)

I'll drag you to Hebron in chains.

(MORE)

NASUHA (CONT'D)

Resist...and the vultures will pick
your bones clean.

MOAB

(laughs, twirling his
scimitars)

Big words! But these hands...

(mocks effeminate
gestures)

...they're for rubbing oil on backs,
not holding steel!

NASUHA

(rolling shoulders)

Swordplay and massage both strengthen
hands.

WITH A SUDDEN FLURRY - Nasuha's strikes become TORRENTIAL.
One brutal slash -

CLANG! Moab's primary sword SPIRALS into the sky.

MOAB

(breathing hard)

If you've got the guts...fight me
barehanded.

NASUHA

(smirks, drops the
sword in hand)

Gladly.

THEY CLASH - fists CRACKING ribs, elbows SMASHING jaws.
Nasuha's wig TEARS loose -

REVEALING ADAM'S FACE.

MOAB

(stumbling back)

You...you're a-

ADAM'S RIGHT CROSS EXPLODES INTO HIS EYE.

ADAM

(grinding teeth)

Adam. Just a man...who breaks corrupt
dogs like you.

MOAB COLLAPSES. Adam RIPS his shirt - BINDS Moab's wrists
with savage tugs.

INTERCUT:

JOSEPH CLEAVING through bandits.

JOB'S GUARDS OVERWHELMING the last holdouts.

LEAH STARING at Adam—LIPS PARTED.

LEAH

Oh my God... He's a man.

SUDDEN— A BANDIT GRABS LEAH—HOISTS her onto his horse!

Adam explodes into motion—

ONE STROKE. The bandit's ARM FLIES OFF.

LEAH SHOVES FREE— hits dirt.

ADAM FINISHES HIM— BLADE SEVERS HIS OTHER ARM. THE BANDIT SCREAMS—

CRACK! Neck SNAPS on rocks.

ADAM HAULS LEAH onto his saddle.

ADAM

Stay. Put.

ACROSS THE FIELD—

MARIA'S EYES LOCK ONTO the last thief—SPURRING Job's prize camel, its saddlebags BULGING with stolen goods.

DRAW. AIM. LOOSE.

THWACK! Arrow PUNCTURES his spine.

MARIA

That's how we protect what's ours.

JOB

Maria... you saved my goods.

JOSEPH

Hell of a shot.

THE BANDITS BREAK— fleeing.

TOO LATE. Job's guards CUT THEM DOWN.

ABRAHAM SHOVES a BOUND BANDIT forward.

ABRAHAM

Two dead. One escaped. This one's yours.

JOB
 Hebron's authorities will handle
 him—you'll be rewarded.

THE CARAVAN REGATHERS— wounded but alive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

An ocean of sand beneath a diamond-scattered sky.

A snapping fire paints dancing shadows across the tents and
 resting camels. The air is rich with the scent of cardamom
 and roasting lamb.

Adam, resplendent in indigo silk, flanked by Maria and Sarah -
 the firelight carving their profiles.

ACROSS THE FLAMES:

Leah, transformed by flickering gold - her laughter tangling
 with Joseph's baritone. Her father sips tea, steam curling
 around his smile.

UNCLE JOB
 (leaning in, eyes
 crinkling)
 Joseph...why hide Adam's truth?

JOSEPH
 (hands spread)
 Honorable Uncle...after his father's
 murder, their home burned to
 ashes—what else could I do?

A shadow crosses Job's face—then melts into a slow nod.

UNCLE JOB
 (grudging approval)
 You planted him where he could grow.

LEAH
 (quiet, intense)
 As he was meant to.

Job turns—the merchant prince reemerging.

UNCLE JOB
 (decisive)
 Adam. Manage my Hebron interests—30%
 profits.

Adam straightens, firelight catching the conflict in his
 eyes.

ADAM
 (careful)
 Your trust humbles me...but the stage
 calls me too.

BEAT. THEN—

UNCLE JOB LAUGHS, the sound booming across the dunes.

UNCLE JOB
 (wiping his eyes)
 Boy, do both! Just don't let my silks
 upstage your costumes.

Adam's smile breaks free—Leah's answering grin shines brighter
 than the fire.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF HEBRON - DAY

A sea of rolling EMERALD HILLS, bathed in golden sunlight.
 Vineyards and ancient olive groves stretch endlessly, their
 leaves shimmering in the breeze.

Job's CARAVAN cuts through the landscape—CAMELS groan, WAGONS
 CREAK, dust swirling in their wake.

Adam rides Storm, his black stallion, silver robe billowing.
 Joseph and uncle Job flank him, silent sentinels. Beside
 them, tiger moves—a warhound's steady gait, eyes watchful.

Ahead—CURIOUS TOWNSFOLK gather, murmuring, eyes wide at the
 spectacle.

Uncle Job throws his arms wide, grinning.

UNCLE JOB
 (laughing)
 Hebron! We've arrived, my friends!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HEBRON - CARAVANSERAI ENTRANCE - DAY

The SUN DIPS LOW, painting the ancient city in FIERY HUES.
 The caravan GRINDS TO A HALT before a MASSIVE STONE
 ARCHWAY—the entrance to a BUSTLING CARAVANSARAI.

Inside—CAMELS BRAY, TRADERS BARTER, the air thick with SPICE
 AND SMOKE.

Job dismounts, dusting off his cloak. Adam and Joseph haul Moab (bloodied, defiant) and his broken cohort off a cart, their rope bindings cutting deep.

Nearby—TWO HEBRON GUARDS (hardened, watchful) stiffen. THEY RECOGNIZE MOAB.

JOB
(booming, for the crowd)
Highwaymen! Cutthroats who prey on
honest traders!

The FIRST GUARD steps forward, lip curling.

HEBRON GUARD #1
(cold)
Moab. Should've known you'd slither
back in chains.

ADAM
(smooth, dangerous
calm)
Better alive than leaving more corpses
on the road.

A beat. The guards exchange a look. A SHARP WHISTLE—MORE SOLDIERS appear, seizing the prisoners.

HEBRON GUARD #2
(to Job)
Commander Elias will want your account
at dawn.

JOSEPH
(exhaling)
After a night's rest, gladly.

The PRISONERS ARE DRAGGED AWAY. The caravan MOVES PAST THE GATES, swallowed by the LAMPLIT CHAOS within.

EXT. CARAVANSARAI - COURTYARD - DAY

A RIOT OF LIFE AND TRADE.

SPICE SACKS EXPLODE in bursts of crimson and gold. COPPER POTS CLANG like battle drums. CAMELS BELLOW, straining under INDIGO-DYED CARGO.

The caravan stops before a MONOLITHIC WAREHOUSE.

Job dismounts, dust settling like a defeated army. His men fall in—Adam, watchful. Joseph, steady. Abraham, a silent titan.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dust motes dance in shafts of sunlight cutting through the high rafters.

Uncle Job slams his palm on a silk crate - the sound cracks like a gunshot. Workers freeze mid-motion.

UNCLE JOB
 (voice like grinding
 stone)
 This shipment is our reputation.
 Mishandle one thread...
 (leaning in)
 ...you answer to me.

The workers scatter like startled birds.

Joseph leans against a stack of CEDARWOOD CRATES, watching the show.

JOSEPH
 (to Abraham, dry)
 Think he's made his point?

Abraham doesn't blink.

ABRAHAM
 (deadpan)
 Needs louder crates.

Before the echo fades - uncle Job is already marching away.

UNCLE JOB
 (calling back)
 Adam! We're expected. These ladies
 won't escort themselves.

They stride past restless CAMELS stomping in their pens - the beasts' impatient GROANS fading into:

EXT. HEBRON HOTEL - DAY

The GRAND HEBRON HOTEL - its ancient limestone facade carved with centuries of stories - towers over the bustling street. Its wooden sign creaks as it sways above the arched entrance.

A HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE rolls to a stop, its wheels kicking up dust.

Adam steps forward and offers his hand to help the LADIES descend - their finely woven LINEN GOWNS flowing in the warm breeze, GOLDEN BELTS glinting at their waists.

HOTEL SERVANTS appear instantly:

One takes the reins with a bow.

Another offers a COPPER EWER and BASIN for hand-washing.

A third lays fresh REED MATS before the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. SILK SHOP - DAY

Silks waterfall from wooden beams—a riot of color.

At a polished table: Uncle Job and Adam face MOSES (60s), a Hebron businessman.

UNCLE JOB

(to Moses)

My friend, allow me to introduce Adam—my company's branch manager in Hebron. He is now family and will oversee my business affairs here.

MOSES

(smiling)

A pleasure, young man. I look forward to prosperous ventures together.

ADAM

The pleasure is mine, sir. I'm eager to explore new opportunities with seasoned professionals like you.

MOSES

Well said, young man.

UNCLE JOB

Mr. Moses, I have brought a substantial stock of fine silk and cotton. How much would you like?

MOSES

(smiling)

Mr. Job, you have my word—I'll take it all. We'll pay 70% upfront, the remaining 30% in six months. A fair deal?

UNCLE JOB

(extends his hand)

A very fair deal.

They shake hands. Uncle Job's face lights up—a mix of relief and satisfaction.

MOSES

Your goods will grace the wardrobes
of our finest patrons. They won't
stay on shelves for long.

UNCLE JOB

I appreciate your trust, Mr. Moses.
Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll return
to the hotel for some rest.

INT. HEBRON HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A warm, inviting ambiance. Soft music. Dimmed lighting. A
well-appointed table where Uncle Job, Adam, Joseph, Leah,
Maria, and Sarah enjoy a celebratory dinner.

UNCLE JOB

(raising his glass)

To a successful day and fruitful
deals!

Everyone clinks glasses, exchanging smiles.

UNCLE JOB (CONT'D)

I can't believe how smoothly
everything went today.

ADAM

(nods)

Indeed, and Mr. Moses was a true
blessing.

JOSEPH

(taking a bite)

This hotel is lovely, and the food
is outstanding.

LEAH

I can't wait to explore more of Hebron
tomorrow!

MARIA

(nods)

It's moments like these that make
long journeys worthwhile.

UNCLE JOB

(booming voice)

Ladies and gentlemen, I have an
announcement that will surely add to
tonight's joy.

The room falls silent. All eyes on Uncle Job.

UNCLE JOB (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I am delighted to announce—the
engagement of my beloved daughter,
Leah, to Adam!

A collective gasp fills the room, followed by cheers and
applause. Uncle Job raises his glass again.

UNCLE JOB (CONT'D)

To the future Mr. and Mrs. Adam! May
your journey together be filled with
love, laughter, and prosperity!

The room erupts into cheers. Leah blushes. Maria and Sarah
embrace her.

Suddenly, Joseph stands on his chair, turning to Maria.

JOSEPH

Maria, my love... would you do me the
honor of becoming my wife?

Maria glances at her mother. Sarah nods approvingly.

The room waits in anticipation.

MARIA

(smiling, teary-eyed)

Yes, Joseph. I'd be honored.

More cheers and applause!

Joseph pulls a ring from his pocket, gently placing it on
Maria's finger.

Sarah, deeply moved, removes a golden ring from her own hand,
offering it to Adam.

SARAH

(to Adam)

Go on. Put this ring on Leah's
finger—it's a family heirloom.

Adam, smiling, follows the tradition. The room erupts into
celebration once more.

Uncle Job, now quieter, turns to Sarah, who sits beside him.
He lifts his glass again, eyes tender.

UNCLE JOB

(softly, sincerely)

Sarah... Life has brought us many
trials—and unexpected blessings.

(MORE)

UNCLE JOB (CONT'D)

Watching our children find love... it reminds me how precious companionship truly is.

SARAH

(gently)

It does. It truly does.

UNCLE JOB

(pauses, his hands resting on the table)

I gave my daughter to your son. And today...

(his voice thickens)

...our families have become one.

(leaning forward)

So if your heart allows it—would you do me the honor...

(a beat)

...of becoming my wife?

A SILENCE so deep the CLINK of distant dishes carries. Every breath held.

All eyes turn to Sarah.

She looks down at her folded hands—then up, meeting Job's gaze. A slow, radiant smile blossoms.

SARAH

(voice trembling just slightly)

Job...

(stronger now)

Yes. It's time our hearts stopped living in the past.

The reaction builds like a wave—

—first a GASP from Leah—

—then ADAM slamming the table in approval—

—before the whole room ERUPTS in applause that shakes the lanterns.

Even the STOIC WAITER by the pillars wipes his eye.

LEAH

(whispering to Maria, squeezing her hand)

About time someone wrote us a proper ending.

SUPERIMPOSE TEXT:

"ONE YEAR LATER"

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

Adam demonstrating stage makeup techniques to ENRAPPED
STUDENTS.

Joseph unrolling blueprints for a Hebron vineyard.

Job and Sarah laughing as they dance at a family feast, their
joined hands raised high.

FADE TO BLACK.

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