

THE ISLAND BETWEEN US

imad chelloufi
Original Script

Written by: Imad Chelloufi

Genre: Drama/Romance

Contact: imadchelloufi@gmail.com |

+213552838845

1. INT.LONDON HEATHROW AIRPORT - MORNING

The noise of passengers fills the air—announcements over the speakers, children running, suitcases being dragged.

The camera follows the steps of an elegant woman walking briskly through the airport.

Evelyn (early 30s, brown hair tied back, wearing a long coat and practical shoes, holding her passport and boarding pass, her expression tense yet determined).

She suddenly stops, staring toward the boarding gate.

Her eyes widen in shock as they land on Richard, her ex-husband, standing in the boarding line.

She freezes, looks at him in disbelief, then quickly turns away, flustered.

EVELYN
(whispering, barely
believing)
Richard? No... impossible.

She takes a step back, glances at her ticket, then back at the man, shaking her head firmly.

EVELYN
(With sudden resolve)
No. I can't endure seven hours with
him on that plane.

She quickly heads to the ticket counter, speaking to the agent in a low but firm voice.

EVELYN
I need to cancel my flight... now.
Are there any private flights
available? Anything... a small plane,
a helicopter, even a hot air
balloon!

2. INT.PRIVATE FLIGHTS OFFICE / AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Evelyn sits in a leather chair, holding a cup of coffee, her eyes darting between the information screen and her passport. A tall Algerian young man—Yacine—enters, carrying a small backpack, his demeanor calm but stern.

TICKET AGENT
(Smiling)
Mr. Merbah, the plane is ready.
We'll depart in an hour.

EVELYN
 (Suddenly standing)
 You're going to New Jersey, right?!

YACINE
 (Gives her a puzzled look,
 his voice low and steady)
 Yes. Alone.

EVELYN
 I was on a commercial flight...
 Something came up, and I need to
 get there by any means. Can I come
 with you?

YACINE
 (Raises an eyebrow,
 hesitant)
 I don't think that's appropriate.
 It's a private flight... and only one
 seat.

EVELYN
 (Insistent, stepping
 closer)
 I'm light, barely any luggage... and
 I know how to handle tough
 situations.

YACINE
 (Studies her for a few
 silent seconds, then
 exhales)
 Fine... but you're on your own. I
 won't be responsible for you.

EVELYN
 (Smirks faintly in
 victory)
 And I don't want you to be.

3. EXT. ON THE WAY TO THE AIRCRAFT HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

Evelyn carries two small bags in her hands, walking steadily
 behind Yacine, who strides ahead without looking back.

The air is cold, thick with the scent of gasoline and fuel.

Yacine remains silent, neither glancing back nor speaking.

Evelyn tries to break the ice, studying him before speaking.

EVELYN
 (Cautiously)
 ..The weather seems bad today.
 Have you flown much in small planes
 like this?

YACINE
(coldly)
I've flown enough.

EVELYN
(Lightly smiling)
I think private flights have a different charm. Especially in moments like these.

YACINE
(Even colder)
We agreed you'd come with me, not become friends.
I'm not the talkative type.

Evelyn looks at him for a moment, then mutters under her breath, barely audible:

EVELYN
(Under her breath,
disdainful)
What an ass.

Their footsteps continue in silence.

Evelyn approaches a sleek silver plane, just large enough for two passengers and the pilot. The compact aircraft has short wings, a wide front windshield, and a small side door.

Yacine stands beside it, watching her with an unreadable expression.

The pilot—a man in his forties with a friendly demeanor—approaches, extending a hand to Yacine.

PILOT
As-salāmu 'alaykum, Yacine.

YACINE
Wa 'alaykum as-salām.

PILOT
Ready? We'll be in New Jersey in the blink of an eye.

YACINE
I know. I've always felt safer with you than on commercial flights.

The pilot turns to Evelyn, studying her with interest before offering his hand.

PILOT
Oh, what do we have here?

He shakes her hand.

PILOT

Hello, miss. Yacine didn't tell me
he was bringing company.

He glances back at Yacine with a teasing smirk.

PILOT

Why didn't you mention you were
bringing your girlfriend?

YACINE

(Coldly)

It's just a long story. And for the
record, she's not my girlfriend.

(Bluntly, without filter)

And he's not my type.

Yacine quickly climbs into the plane.

YACINE

Let's go. We've wasted enough time.

Evelyn glares after him, then turns to the pilot, forcing
down her irritation.

EVELYN

I'm Evelyn. And please excuse his
rudeness—it's not his fault. He was
raised by wolves and never learned
basic manners.

The pilot chuckles lightly as he climbs into the cockpit.

PILOT

You don't know him or what he's
been through. That's why he plays
the tough guy.
Anyway, hop in, miss.

4. INT. SMALL PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

The small plane begins taxiing down the runway. Yacine sits
in the front passenger seat, pulls out his phone, calmly puts
on headphones, and starts playing music.

Behind him, Evelyn sits in the back seat, opens a book, and
begins reading.

TITLE OF THE NOVEL: "The Lost Heartbeat"

Evelyn immerses herself in the story, occasionally closing
her eyes before returning to the pages.

5. EXT. SKY - AFTER TAKEOFF

The plane soars above white clouds, the sky a clear blue, the sun bright on the horizon.

6. INT. PLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Silence fills the cabin—only the faint sound of music accompanies the flight.

The plane continues its steady flight. Sunlight streams through the small windows, the atmosphere still quiet.

Yacine wears his headphones, completely immersed in his music, eyes closed - lost in another world.

The PILOT glances back at him.

PILOT
(raising his voice
slightly)
Yacine?... Yacine!

No response.

PILOT
(looking at the
instruments, then turning
back worried)
Yacine, for God's sake!

Evelyn, who had been trying to focus on reading her novel "The Lost Heartbeat," sighs in frustration and suddenly closes the book.

EVELYN
(muttering angrily)
Damn it... I can't concentrate with
this racket.

She reaches out and hits Yacine's shoulder with her book - a light but firm tap.

Yacine suddenly removes his headphones, turning to her angrily.

YACINE
If you do that again, I'll throw
you out of this plane.

EVELYN
(returning to her book
without looking at him)
You're truly vile... you know that?

YACINE
(coolly putting his
headphones back on)
Yes, I know... now leave me alone.

EVELYN
(calmly while reading)
Your friend needs you.

YACINE
(sighs)
Yes, brother, what is it?

The PILOT suddenly laughs loudly, his laughter filling the cockpit.

PILOT
(as if laughing in the
face of death)
I don't know why... but I have a
feeling we're going to die today!

YACINE
(smirking sarcastically,
removing one earpiece)
It's a beautiful day to die, isn't
it?

EVELYN
(looking at them with
genuine shock)
You're insane... absolutely insane!

She quietly returns to her book.

EVELYN
(muttering)
A flight with my ex-husband was
less chaotic than this nonsense...

YACINE
(calmly, putting his
headphones back on)
No one forced you to come with me,
remember that.

7. INT. SMALL PLANE - NIGHT

The sky is dark outside the small windows, stars twinkling quietly above the clouds. Inside, dim lighting. The hum of the engine is the only music filling the space.

Evelyn sleeps, leaning slightly to one side, her hands clutching the book. Her head bobs gently with the plane's vibrations.

Yacine sits in silence, watching her for a few seconds. Then, quietly, he opens his small bag, pulls out a thin blanket, and drapes it over her carefully—without waking her.

He moves to the cockpit, where the Pilot sits with his hands on the controls, watching the sky.

YACINE

(softly)

How are you holding up?

PILOT

(without looking at him)

We'll make it.

YACINE

(calmly)

Haven't you learned yet? Marriage is about sticking to one woman, no more.

PILOT

(with a sideways smirk)

I know... but I love adventures. I love exploring new... caves, if you catch my drift.

YACINE

(mildly irritated)

Stop. That's disgusting.

PILOT

(still teasing)

And you? Doesn't your religion encourage early marriage? Especially since it doesn't allow sex outside of it?

YACINE

(returning to his seat
calmly)

You fly the plane... and I'll fly my life.

PILOT

(chuckling under his
breath)

You'll get married... mark my words.
(then turning to him)
I bet you'll marry in America.

YACINE

(closing his eyes,
whispering)

I thought you said you felt like we were going to die?

PILOT
(with mocking confidence)
I feel both... and you'll see my
instincts are never wrong.

YACINE
(smirking as he relaxes)
Exactly... and that's what I hate
most about you.
(He closes his eyes.)

YACINE
Now... let me sleep.

8. INT. SMALL PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Silence fills the air... The plane glides above the clouds,
dim lighting inside. Evelyn remains asleep while Yacine
closes his eyes, headphones on, head tilted back.

SUDDENLY—

SOUND FX

HOWLING WIND
WHOOOOSH...

A slight tremor shakes the plane.

The Pilot raises an eyebrow, glancing at the control panel.

PILOT
(muttering to himself)
What the...? This wasn't in the
forecast...

Another faint shake. Evelyn jolts awake, eyes snapping open.
She looks out the window—dark clouds swirling closer.

EVELYN
(alarmed)
Yacine... Yacine, do you feel that?

Yacine opens his eyes slowly, removing his headphones.

YACINE
(calm, detached)
Just turbulence... Normal.

EVELYN
(scanning the sky)
Normal?! Look outside—it looks like
the sky is boiling!

PILOT
(calling from the front)
Tighten your seatbelts!

EVELYN
(tense)
What's happening?!

PILOT
(raised voice)
Sudden storm—unstable air. We're
trying to go around it, but... it's
not that easy.

The cabin lights flicker off, then back on.

A violent jolt rocks the plane. Evelyn lets out an
involuntary scream. Yacine calmly tightens his seatbelt.

YACINE
(dryly)
Beautiful day to die, isn't it?

EVELYN
(furious)
You're insane! How can you be so
calm?!

YACINE
(staring ahead)
When you know death well, it's just
a... persistent acquaintance.

PILOT
(yelling)
BRACE YOURSELVES! We're entering
the storm's core—!

With his last word, the plane plunges violently into a thick
cloud. Visibility vanishes.

SOUND FX

LIGHTNING CRACKS—THUNDER BOOMS—WIND
SCREAMS
KRRRAAASH! ... BOOM!

Lights strobe. The control panel BLARES warnings.

PILOT
(shouting, gripping the
yoke)
Partial control loss—we're
descending fast!

EVELYN
(screaming)
OH GOD!

YACINE
 (clenching his seat, eyes
 shut)
 Allāhumma sallim...
 (God, protect us...)

9. EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The plane spirals downward through the storm, heading toward the shadowy outline of a mysterious, tree-covered island.

10. EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Howling winds... Thunder rumbles... The plane shakes violently like never before.

ANGLE ON: LEFT WING

A terrible metallic SCREECH--

BOOM!

The wing tears off, spinning through the air before crashing into dense trees below.

11. INT. PLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Emergency alarms BLARE! Red lights FLASH as electronic warnings SCREAM from the control panel!

PILOT
 (yelling)
 We lost a wing! We're going down!!
 Grab something!

EVELYN
 (screaming)
 We're going to die! We're going to
 die!!!

YACINE
 (firmly, moving toward
 pilot)
 Head for the ocean, fast!

PILOT
 (struggling with controls)
 We're over the island! Either we
 ditch in the sea... or crash on
 land!

YACINE
 (securing his bag strap)
 The sea then!

EVELYN
(sobbing and screaming)
I'm going to die!!!

YACINE
(steadily)
You won't die... I'm with you.

EVELYN
(tearful sarcasm)
Really? Are you my guardian angel?!

YACINE
(with a wicked smile)
Something much better.

He moves toward her, reaches out... and sweeps her into his arms like a bride!

EVELYN
(struggling violently)
Let me go! You'll throw me from the plane! You're insane!

YACINE
(unnervingly calm)
Relax... just trust me.

EVELYN
(screaming, pounding his chest)
You're the last person I'd trust!!

PILOT
(shouting from cockpit)
Brace! Three... two...

The tilting plane plummets toward the ocean... dangerously close to the tree-lined shore.

PILOT
(screeching)
Now, Yacine!!!

YACINE
(kicks open the door, wind HOWLING in, looks out then back to Evelyn)
Ready?

EVELYN
(screaming, hitting him)
No! Nooooo!!!

YACINE
(with a mad laugh)
Oh, this is fun!

Yacine LEAPS from the plane with Evelyn, both falling toward the sea through screaming winds.

EVELYN (IN FREE FALL)
(screaming)
If I die... I'll kill you!!!

Their bodies fall like two dots against the stormy sky as the plane continues crashing toward land behind them.

12. EXT. ISLAND SHORELINE - CONTINUOUS

BOOM!!!

The plane SMASHES into island trees. Flames ERUPT as debris SCATTERS.

Yacine surfaces first, gasping... then Evelyn emerges, sputtering and slapping water at him.

EVELYN
(furious)
I was going to die!! Have you lost your mind?!

YACINE
(laughing while catching breath)
But we didn't... did we?

Seeing Burning wreckage on the island... as they swim away in the now relatively calm sea.

13. EXT. BEACH - MORNING

The first light of dawn filters through the clouds. Gentle waves lap against the shore.

Yacine swims steadily toward the beach, an easy smile on his face as if this were nothing more than a morning dip.

YACINE
(playfully)
Come on, Evelyn! Race you to shore!

EVELYN
(gasping between strokes)
Wait-! Are you serious?! Even now you want to compete?!

YACINE
(laughing)
Better than drowning, don't you think?

Behind him, Evelyn struggles to keep up—exhausted, hair plastered to her face, breath ragged—but determined.

14. EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

White sand. Yacine reaches shore first, collapsing onto the beach with a laugh.

YACINE
(stretching out)
Ahhh... Solid ground. Never
appreciated it more.

Evelyn stumbles ashore after him, dropping to her knees beside him.

EVELYN
(disbelieving)
Are you— Are you joking?! We just
survived a plane crash!

YACINE
(grinning at her)
Exactly why I'm laughing! Cheated
certain death—doesn't that deserve
a little celebration?

EVELYN
(studying him)
You're... not normal. Smiling like
we're on vacation.

YACINE
(glancing at the distant
wreckage, then back at
her)
Honestly? Best flight I've ever
had.

EVELYN
(flat)
You're insane.

YACINE
(wicked smirk)
Maybe. Or maybe life's only worth
living with a little madness.

Evelyn stands, brushing sand off her clothes with sharp, irritated motions.

EVELYN
Had I known I'd be stranded with
you, I'd have taken my chances with
the sharks.

YACINE
(laughing, stretching out
on the sand)
Now she says it—after I saved her.

EVELYN
(storming off)
I never asked to be saved!

YACINE
(calling after her)
Yet here you are—alive. Least I
deserve is a little "thank you."

Evelyn stops. Turns. A long exhale.

EVELYN
(dry)
"Thank you."

YACINE
(arms spread in victory)
Ha! Progress.

The smoldering wreckage in the distance.

revealing the deserted beach, the unknown jungle beyond.

Only the sound of waves... and ominous quiet.

15. EXT. BEACH - DAY

Thin wisps of smoke curl from the plane wreckage.

Small flames flicker near charred wooden debris. Silence
hangs heavy, broken only by distant waves.

Yacine rises from the sand and approaches Evelyn, who remains
seated, catching her breath. He extends a hand with a genuine
smile.

YACINE
(softly)
Come on... up.

Evelyn places her hand in his, slowly standing.

She studies him.

EVELYN
What happened to you?
Where's that cold bastard I met at
the airport?

Yacine holds her gaze, silent. Then he turns and walks toward
the wreckage.

16. EXT. WRECKAGE SITE - CONTINUOUS

Yacine sits near the fire, stretching his hands toward the warmth. His face is calm, unreadable.

Evelyn scans their surroundings—jungle on one side, endless ocean on the other.

EVELYN
(calling out, impatient)
Yacine!
What now?!
How do we survive this?!

YACINE
(without looking up)
Come... sit.
Warm yourself.

EVELYN
(disbelieving)
Are you serious?!

YACINE
(meets her eyes with a
faint smile, then returns
to the fire)
Learn to live in the moment.
Tomorrow is another story.

A beat. Evelyn hesitates, then exhales sharply and sits beside him. She stares into the flames in silence. Yacine hands her a small piece of wood.

YACINE
(quietly)
Like this. It'll keep the fire
going.

EVELYN
(low, watching the flames)
I never imagined my first day in
America... would be on a deserted
island.

YACINE
(wry smile)
Yes.
Welcome to the real America.

Silence stretches—just the crackle of fire. Then, a lingering glance between them.

17. EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

Yacine walks ahead, pushing aside thick foliage with a wooden stick.

Evelyn follows cautiously, her eyes darting nervously between the trees.

Birds chirp overhead, leaves crunch underfoot - the air hangs heavy with humidity.

EVELYN

(scanning the dense
greenery)

This place is creeping me out...
Nothing but trees and strange
noises.

YACINE

(deadpan, without turning)

If you hear someone call your
name... don't answer.

EVELYN

(freezing mid-step)

Are you joking right now?!

YACINE

(chuckling as he walks)

Maybe... maybe not.

EVELYN

(hurrying to catch up)

You're insufferable, you know that?

YACINE

(smirking)

At least I'm not screaming every
five minutes.

EVELYN

(exhaling sharply)

Let's recap: plane crash, near-
death experience, deserted
island... and you.

YACINE

(glancing back with a
grin)

I'm the worst part of your day?

EVELYN

(a reluctant smile tugging
at her lips)

Who knows... maybe not the absolute
worst.

Yacine suddenly stops, his body tensing as he stares into the undergrowth.

EVELYN

(nervous whisper)

What is it?

YACINE
(kneeling, examining the
ground)
Footprints...
Something - or someone - passed
through here recently.

EVELYN
(peering over his
shoulder)
Human?

YACINE
(standing slowly)
Possibly... or something else.

EVELYN
(muttering)
Fantastic... deserted island
monsters. What next?

YACINE
(calm, methodical)
We scout the area... build
shelter... then figure a way out.

EVELYN
(studying him)
You talk like you've done this
before...

YACINE
(flat, matter-of-fact)
I'm good at running from things...
life, people, myself.

EVELYN
(softer now)
And I... run toward loneliness.
Wanted a fresh start... just not
like this.

Yacine looks at her - really looks - seeing the
vulnerability beneath her sharp edges.

YACINE
(quiet realization)
Maybe... this is the start we
needed. Not the one we planned.

EVELYN
(raising an eyebrow)
Was that... wisdom? From you?

Yacine holds back a branch, letting her pass first - an
uncharacteristic gesture.

YACINE
 (mock-serious)
 I'll try to be less of an
 asshole... occasionally.

EVELYN
 (passing him with a smirk)
 Don't strain yourself.

The trees grow denser, shadows lengthen. The birds suddenly
 fall silent. A strange rustling comes from nearby bushes.

She freezes mid-step, eyes widening in terror.

EVELYN
 (whispering tremulously)
 Y-Yacine... look!

From the undergrowth emerges a massive wildcat - golden eyes
 gleaming, gray striped fur, fangs bared. It advances slowly,
 emitting a low growl.

EVELYN
 (screams and clutches
 Yacine's arm, hiding
 behind him)
 I'm going to die here! This is a
 nightmare!

YACINE
 (studying the animal with
 a maddeningly calm smile)
 Wow... cute!
 Maybe I should keep it... call it
 "Shirshar."

EVELYN
 (gapes at him, then smacks
 his arm)
 Are you insane?! That's not a
 housecat!

YACINE
 (grinning)
 I like wild animals... remind me of
 people I know.

The wildcat ROARS louder, pacing faster now - preparing to
 attack.

EVELYN
 (panicked)
 Now what?! It's going to eat us!

YACINE
 (gently pushing her behind
 him)
 I've got this.

EVELYN
 (stunned)
 You're serious? What are you gonna
 do - talk to it?!

With fluid motion, Yacine pulls a machete from behind his
 back - the blade glints ominously.

YACINE
 Nope... but I'm fluent in the only
 language I grew up with:
 Street rules.

EVELYN
 (stammering)
 Wh-where did you get that?!

YACINE
 (twirling the machete
 expertly)
 You Americans have guns... we
 Algerians have blades.

EVELYN
 (horrified fascination)
 And your government lets you carry
 that?!

YACINE
 (barking a laugh)
 Joking? If police caught me -
 minimum 20 years prison.

EVELYN
 (shrieking)
 H-how did you get it through
 airport security?!

YACINE
 (winking)
 My pilot friend hid it in the plane
 before I even arrived...
 We don't go through security - we
 know how to bypass.

The wildcat SNARLS ferociously - Yacine tenses, blade ready.

Evelyn's terrified, Yacine's eerily calm - as the wildcat
 LEAPS

The wildcat SNARLS and LEAPS at Yacine in a blur of claws and
 fangs. He shoves Evelyn aside with a roar

YACINE
 RUN!!

She stumbles back, scrambling behind a tree - hands
 trembling as she peers through the foliage

EVELYN
 (voice breaking)
 NOOO! YACINE LOOK OUT!

He backpedals smoothly - eyes locked on the beast, machete glinting in his right hand.

The cat SWIPES - he ducks left, blade flashing to deflect claws.

The beast POUNDS the ground where he stood seconds ago.

The cat attacks again. Yacine rolls through the dirt, springs up - breathing steady, analyzing its movements.

EVELYN
 (screaming from cover)
 FIGHT IT! DON'T LET IT TOUCH YOU!
 PLEASE!!

YACINE
 (grinning without looking
 at her)
 Relax... won't let it scratch this
 handsome face.
 (spins away from another
 lunge)
 I make my living off this mug!

EVELYN
 (sobbing/laughing)
 You're insane even in a fight!

The cat makes a final LEAP at Yacine's chest - but he twists like liquid, slipping beneath it. In one motion, he vaults onto the beast's back - left hand fisting its fur, right hand -

YACINE
 (gritted whisper)
 Goodnight, "Shirshar."

The machete PLUNGES into the base of the cat's skull.

A choked GURGLE- then THUD as it collapses lifeless.

Silence. Evelyn emerges, shaking.

EVELYN
 (whispering)
 Did... did you just...?

YACINE
 (wiping the blade on
 grass, panting)
 Yeah. Don't worry - it died before
 I started sharing feelings.

EVELYN
(approaching slowly,
awestruck)
You're... nothing like I expected.

YACINE
(clutching chest
dramatically)
Ah... that hurts worse than the
claws.

EVELYN
(laughing through tears)
Idiot.

Yacine stands tall, bloody machete in hand, the beast's
corpse behind him.

Evelyn steps closer - the space between them charged with
something new.

Evelyn approaches Yacine slowly, eyes shimmering with
gratitude. She hesitates for a beat, then reaches to embrace
him

YACINE
(catches her wrists gently
but firmly)
Don't... don't do that.

EVELYN
(frozen)
I just wanted... to thank you.

YACINE
(eyes darkening)
Please... don't touch me. I don't
like being touched by women.

EVELYN
(raising an eyebrow)
What, are you... gay?

YACINE
(barking a humorless
laugh)
No.
(a heavy pause)
It's... a long story. Painful one.
Let's keep moving.

He turns away abruptly. Evelyn stares at his back, then at
the dead beast.

EVELYN
What about... that?

YACINE
 (without looking back)
 Leave it. Unless you want "angry
 cat" for dinner.

EVELYN
 (half-laughing)
 Wait... can we actually eat it?

YACINE
 (stoic)
 Predator meat's toxic. I'll get you
 something better.

18. EXT. JUNGLE PATH - NIGHTFALL

Yacine leads, testing the ground with a stick. Evelyn follows silently - exhausted, hands scraped, hair wild. After a long trek, Yacine pushes aside foliage—revealing a well-camouflaged cave.

YACINE
 (quiet triumph)
 Found it.

19. INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The space is surprisingly spacious - smooth natural walls, flat stones for seating.

Ceiling high enough to stand with slight hunch. Yacine lights a small fire with gathered twigs.

YACINE
 Home for tonight... maybe a few
 more.

EVELYN
 (collapsing onto a stone)
 "Home"? No roof, no door...

YACINE
 (smirking)
 But safe. Beautiful in a primal
 way.
 (poking the fire)
 Beats a five-star hotel in a storm.

Evelyn laughs despite herself. The fire crackles between them.

EVELYN
 Strange how I'm laughing after
 today...

YACINE
(staring into flames)
Sometimes... laughter's the only
thing keeping us alive.

A quiet moment. Evelyn studies his fire-lit profile.

EVELYN
Seems I'll discover more about you
than I bargained for.

YACINE
(flat)
Might not like what you find.

EVELYN
(softly)
Why don't we just... live the
moment?

Yacine says nothing. But a ghost of a smile flickers in the
firelight.

Evelyn slowly lies down on the ground beside him, resting her
head gently on a flat stone near Yacine.

EVELYN
(softly)
You mind?

YACINE
(without turning, voice
low)
As long as you don't try to hug me
again... no objection.

EVELYN
(chuckling, eyes closed)
Don't worry... watching you wrestle
a wildcat killed any attraction.

YACINE
(poking the fire, amused)
Strangest compliment I've ever
gotten.

A comfortable silence. The fire crackles.

EVELYN
(sleepy whisper)
Do you really think we'll make
it...?

YACINE
(after a beat)
You breathed today despite
everything... that's survival.
Tomorrow?... We'll do it again.

EVELYN
 (deep breath)
 Tomorrow... a new story.
 (Pause. Even softer:)
 Thank you... Yacine.

YACINE
 (quietly)
 Goodnight, nuisance.

EVELYN
 (sleepy smile)
 And you... noble savage.

She drifts off. The firelight dances on their faces.

Yacine staring into the flames, expression unreadable... then slowly lying back, closing his eyes.

20. INT. CAVE - MORNING

Golden sunlight creeps through the cave opening, caressing Evelyn's sleeping face.

She stirs, stretches her arm behind her—finds empty space.

Her eyes fly open. She sits up abruptly, scanning the cave. Bags lie scattered as if rifled through.

EVELYN
 (voice trembling)
 Yacine?... YACINE!

She scrambles up, checking every corner. Stumbles outside—
 CRACK! Dry twigs snap underfoot as she spins wildly.

EVELYN
 (louder, fraying)
 This isn't funny! Where—

Rustling in the bushes. Yacine emerges—shouldering a wild boar, fresh scratches on his arms, grinning like a conqueror.

EVELYN
 (hand to chest)
 Jesus Christ! A pig?!

YACINE
 (drops the boar with a
 THUD)
 Breakfast.
 (spreads arms)
 Miss me? Or just the scent of
 adventure on me?

Evelyn marches over—SMACKS his backside hard.

YACINE

(jumping)

Ow! First affectionate touch and
it's my ass?

(mock-offended)

Such romance, Evelyn!

EVELYN

(laughing despite herself)

You're insane. Certifiably.

YACINE

(kneeling to build fire)

But insane comes with breakfast.

(grabs a stick like a
microphone)

"Good morning from Hell's Kitchen!
Today's special: Boar à la
Survival, with a side of near-death
experience!"

EVELYN

(perching on a rock)

I'll write a memoir. Your chapter:
"The Caveman Who Saved Me."

YACINE

(sparking flint)

Add: "Excellent backside-smacker."

Their laughter fades. A beat. He meets her gaze—softer now.

YACINE

But... your caveman, yes?

Evelyn looks away, cheeks pink. The fire crackles to life
between them.

The fire crackles softly.

Evelyn sits cross-legged, tearing into roasted boar meat.

Her eyes flicker occasionally toward Yacine, who remains at
the cave entrance, watching the jungle.

EVELYN

(mouth full)

Not eating? You carried this beast
like Rambo and cooked it like a
chef.

YACINE

(without turning)

Ate earlier. Don't worry.

Evelyn cuts a juicy piece, extends it toward him with a
playful smile.

EVELYN
Come on. Just taste—it's amazing.

YACINE
(raising a hand)
Can't. It's haram.

EVELYN
(freezing mid-bite)
Haram?

YACINE
(meeting her gaze)
Pork's forbidden in my faith. Even
starving, I'd choose berries.

Evelyn slowly sets the meat down.

EVELYN
Then... neither will I.

YACINE
(firm)
Eat. Your body needs it.

EVELYN
(pushing the plate away)
Doesn't feel right.

YACINE
(standing, dusting his
hands)
Want fairness? Next time, you carry
the boar.

He strides out. Evelyn glares at his retreating back.

EVELYN
(muttering)
Stubborn...

After a beat, she creeps after him.

21. EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Yacine crouches by a berry bush, plucking fruit with
practiced fingers. Evelyn hides behind a tree, observing.

Moonlight etches his profile—calm, focused, moving with the
quiet certainty of a predator.

He pops a berry in his mouth, unaware of her gaze.

His Adam's apple bobs as he swallows. A scar gleams on his
collarbone. The jungle hums around him like he belongs to it.

EVELYN
(whispering to herself)
This isn't just survival...
(a soft smile)
You're infuriatingly beautiful.

She slips back into the shadows, leaving him to his berries.

22. INT. CAVE - AFTERNOON

The fire's dying embers cast flickering shadows on the cavern walls. Yacine enters quietly, a small pouch in hand, settling beside Evelyn who stares into the flames.

He produces a weathered metal cigarette case - the last one. The click of the lighter echoes in the silence.

YACINE
(exhaling smoke)
Don't judge. Last one. I promised
myself I'd quit.

EVELYN
(watching the smoke curl)
We're shipwrecked. I think you're
allowed one vice.

YACINE
(bitter chuckle)
What kind of luxury is this?

A comfortable silence. Evelyn studies his profile - the way the firelight catches the scar above his brow.

EVELYN
(softly)
Who are you, Yacine? One moment
ice, the next... someone I can't
look away from.

The cigarette glows as he takes a long drag. When he speaks, his voice is gravel wrapped in velvet.

YACINE
Ten years old. They came at dawn.
(ash falls like gray snow)
No faces. Just guns. Screams. My
sister's slippers... one stayed on.

Evelyn's breath catches. The fire pops.

YACINE
I learned young - strike first or
get struck. Laugh loudest so they
don't hear you shaking.

EVELYN
 (reaching without
 touching)
 That's why you're all stone walls
 and sharp edges...

YACINE
 (stubbing out the
 cigarette)
 Stone doesn't bleed.

Their eyes meet - and for once, he doesn't look away.
 Something fragile passes between them.

YACINE
 (quieter)
 Not cruel, Evelyn. Just... shaped
 by cruel hands.

Her fingers brush his - tentative. He doesn't pull away.

EVELYN
 You're not alone now.

YACINE
 (lightening)
 Enough ghosts. Your turn - what's
 the story behind those city-girl
 eyes?

EVELYN
 (smiling into the dark)
 Let's just say... I thought I was
 unbreakable until a plane crash and
 a walking contradiction proved me
 wrong.

The fire whispers secrets as their shoulders touch - just
 barely.

YACINE
 Tomorrow we follow the river.
 (a promise)
 I'll take you somewhere the past
 can't reach.

EVELYN
 (softly daring)
 And after? Will the walls come back
 up?

YACINE
 (holding her gaze)
 With you there... maybe they don't
 have to.

Yacine moves with silent grace onto a broad stone slab,
 leaning on one arm as he gazes into the distance.

Slowly, he turns to where Evelyn stands apart - her gaze never having left him.

YACINE
(a whisper of a smile in
his voice)
Come here.

She exhales as if she'd been waiting for this exact word.

A soft smile (no teeth) as she crosses the distance. Arrives. Pauses. Then sits between his legs, her back against his chest - close enough to feel his heartbeat.

YACINE
(lips near her ear)
Thought you'd keep watching from
afar.

EVELYN
(half-whisper)
Thought you preferred distance.

His arms circle her waist - tentative at first, then sure. She covers his hands with hers, eyes fluttering shut at the warmth.

EVELYN
(wondering)
Strange... this feels like
remembering.

YACINE
(chin resting on her
shoulder)
And yet we're strangers.

EVELYN
(turning just enough to
catch his scent -
gunpowder and sage)
Maybe we don't need to know more.
Maybe this is enough.

His hands tighten slightly. She feels the steady thud of his heart against her spine.

YACINE
(against her hair)
Some things... don't need words.

EVELYN
(melding into him)
Just silence that speaks... and
touch that doesn't lie.

Long moment suspended - only their breathing, only the wind. Yacine bows his head, forehead pressed to her shoulder.

Evelyn tilts back into him. No declarations made. None needed.

23. INT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Yacine stretches, rolling his shoulders before planting hands on hips.

YACINE
(covering a yawn)
Time for my... morning
constitutional.

EVELYN
(arching an eyebrow)
Same. Come with me.

Yacine freezes mid-stretch. Slowly turns.

YACINE
(deadpan)
You want me to... what now?

EVELYN
(gesturing toward dense
foliage)
Not to hold my hand - just stand
guard like a big scary Algerian
scarecrow.

YACINE
(muttering)
Allah give me strength...

louder, turning his back decisively

YACINE
I'm facing east. Counting clouds.
Very occupied.

Rustling as Evelyn disappears behind kapok trees. A beat.

EVELYN
(playful sing-song)
Peeking?

YACINE
(clapping hands over eyes
dramatically)
My eyeballs are on vacation!

A monkey screeches nearby. Yacine tenses but doesn't turn.

YACINE
(through gritted teeth)
Hurry up before something eats us
both.

More rustling. Evelyn emerges adjusting her clothes.

EVELYN
(smirking)
Your turn. Want me to sing so you
don't feel alone?

YACINE
(already marching toward
bushes)
I'd rather wrestle the boar again.

24. EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn leans against a tree trunk, arms crossed over her chest, scanning the surroundings with mild tension.

YACINE
(standing near a cluster
of trees, looking at her)
"My turn now... Keep a good watch,
and if you see anything moving,
scream... or run. The arrangements
don't matter."

EVELYN
(with a sarcastic smile)
"Don't worry, I'll act like a
professional guard... Just don't
take your time contemplating
nature."

YACINE
(laughing as he steps away
slightly)
"What I'm doing isn't
contemplation... It's instinct.
Can't be rushed."

EVELYN
(looking in his direction
without approaching)
"Do you need background music? Or
do you prefer complete silence?"

YACINE
(calling out slightly
louder from behind the
trees)
"Your silence is terrifying enough,
thanks... Give me two minutes, and
I'll return a hero."

EVELYN
 (laughs, then suddenly
 looks around seriously)
 "Oh... wait... I heard
 something..."

YACINE
 (in a flustered yet
 playful tone)
 "Don't joke! This isn't the time
 for panic!"

EVELYN
 (laughs loudly)
 "Just kidding... but hurry up. I'm
 not comfortable with these tall
 trees—it feels like something's
 watching us."

YACINE
 (returns, brushing his
 hands as if he's
 accomplished something)
 "Mission accomplished... Now I need
 a reward."

EVELYN
 (raising an eyebrow with a
 smile)
 "A reward? For what? For
 successfully answering nature's
 call?"

YACINE
 (teasing)
 "Yes! In the middle of the
 wilderness, under pressure, and
 guarded by a nervous European
 woman. That's an achievement worth
 honoring!"

The sky bleeds crimson and gold. Warm breeze caresses their
 faces as Yacine and Evelyn sit atop a flat boulder
 overlooking the jungle canopy. Only birdsong breaks the
 silence.

YACINE
 (side-eyeing her with a
 roguish grin)
 "Never thought you'd last this long
 in the wild... You looked like a
 spoiled New York cat lady."

EVELYN
 (smirking)
 "And you looked like a cold-blooded
 killer... or a fugitive."

YACINE
 (barking a laugh)
 "Maybe I was. You wouldn't believe
 the charges I racked up as a kid."

EVELYN
 (leaning in)
 "Really? Like what?"

In one fluid motion, Yacine sweeps her onto his lap - her legs straddling his waist as she grips his shoulders for balance.

YACINE
 (eyes dancing)
 "First offense? Stealing girls'
 hearts in school."

EVELYN
 (laughing breathlessly)
 "That's quite the confession...
 Still practicing?"

YACINE
 (winking)
 "Trying to quit... But the habit's
 strong."

Their laughter fades. A charged silence. Evelyn's fingers tighten on his shoulders.

EVELYN
 (soft, earnest)
 "So now what?...
 Will you kiss me?"

Yacine freezes. A flush creeps up his neck. Gently, he lifts her off him and stands abruptly.

YACINE
 (scrubbing his face)
 "I... need air. Or the opposite."

He retreats toward the cave without meeting her eyes. Evelyn watches him go, then sinks onto the rock with a dazed smile.

EVELYN
 (whispering to the sunset)
 "Did he just... blush?"
 (a quiet laugh)
 "God help me... Maybe I'm the one
 who's doomed."

25. INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The whisper of wind through leaves seeps into the cavern. The dying fire paints flickering shadows across their faces.

Yacine lies on his side, propped on his pack, staring at the stone ceiling. Evelyn sits nearby, wrapped in a tattered blanket, warming her hands over the embers while stealing glances at him.

EVELYN
(soft, almost to herself)
"Strange...
I don't miss my bed. Or hot
showers. Not even my phone."

Yacine turns his head slightly but stays silent.

EVELYN
(continuing, voice tinged
with irony)
"Everything I thought was
essential... vanished when that
plane crashed."

A log cracks in the fire. She draws her knees closer.

EVELYN
"But there's something else...
Despite all this terror, I feel...
peace."

YACINE
(still staring upward)
"Maybe because we're not chasing
anything now.
No careers. No fame. No fake
relationships.
Just fire... and night sounds."

Evelyn scoots closer, the blanket rustling.

EVELYN
"And you...
Even when you're silent, your
presence is..."
(traces a pattern in the
dirt)
"Solid."

YACINE
(abruptly sitting up)
"Don't bet on that solidity,
Evelyn.
I'm not the staying kind."

She reaches across the space between them - hesitates - then covers his hand with hers.

EVELYN
"I'm not asking you to stay.
Just... don't vanish."

Their eyes lock. The fire pops.

EVELYN
(whispering)
"There's goodness in you.
Don't tell me it's dead - I see it
right now."

Yacine's jaw clenches. He looks away as if burned.

YACINE
"Don't play with fire you can't
control."

Evelyn lies down beside him - close but not touching -
staring at the same patch of ceiling.

EVELYN
(smiling at the shadows)
"I'll wait...
Until you say it in your own way."

Long silence. Then-

YACINE
(so quiet it might be the
wind)
"Maybe...
Maybe I'm not alone anymore."

26. INT. CAVE - MORNING

The golden light of dawn spills through the cave opening,
painting delicate patterns on the stone floor.

The fire has long since burned out.

Distant birdsong mingles with the gentle morning breeze.

Slow pan reveals Evelyn curled atop Yacine, her head resting
on his chest.

A thin gray blanket drapes over them, his arm wrapped
protectively around her back in unconscious embrace.

Evelyn's eyes flutter open.

She blinks sleep away, then lifts her head carefully so as
not to wake him.

EVELYN
(whispering, tracing his
peaceful features with her
gaze)
"What a vision... Even asleep, you
look like you're guarding the
world."

She leans down slowly.

Places one tender, burning kiss on his lips - warm enough to convey everything she can't say aloud, light enough not to rouse him.

EVELYN

(breath against his skin)

"Don't disappear again... Not from my sight. Not from here."

presses a hand to her own chest

She extricates herself with infinite care, wrapping the blanket around her shoulders.

Approaches his pack with quiet steps. Retrieves the cigarette case.

27. EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE -- CONTINUOUS

Evelyn perches on a sun-warmed boulder. The match flares.

She inhales deeply, exhales a slow plume of smoke toward the horizon.

Zoom to Her face in morning light - lips still tingling from the kiss, eyes turbulent with unspoken conflict.

A quiet war between newfound joy and bone-deep fear.

The wind carries away her sigh as she tilts her head back, eyes closing.

With each measured breath, she tries to exhale the emotions tightening her chest.

28. INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Golden light floods the cave, dancing across the rumpled blanket still spread on the stone floor.

Yacine stirs, blinking awake.

He scans the empty space beside him with a sleepy smirk.

YACINE

(scratching his stubble)

"Where's that nuisance run off to now? Can't even let a man sleep in..."

He rises, stretches with a yawn that cracks his shoulders, and rummages through his pack for the cigarettes. Finds the case. Opens it. Pauses.

YACINE
 (muttering)
 "Lighter's gone. Of course."

Notices the last ember in the firepit.

With practiced patience, he coaxes his cigarette to life from the dying coal. Inhales deeply as if kissing an old lover.

YACINE
 (exhaling smoke toward the
 cave ceiling)
 "Missed you, Baby..."
 (winks at the cigarette)
 "And yes, I know you missed me
 too."

29. EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE -- CONTINUOUS

Evelyn sits wrapped in her blanket on a sun-warmed boulder, the morning breeze playing with loose strands of her hair.

A trail of smoke rises from her fingers.

Quiet footsteps approach.

Yacine wordlessly settles beside her.

Their smoke mingles in the air before she finally turns.

EVELYN
 (sleepy smile)
 "Finally awake, sleepyhead."

YACINE
 (staring ahead)
 "Was enjoying the peace without
 you... Strangely, it got boring
 fast."

Her quiet laughter dances with the wind. A comfortable silence settles.

EVELYN
 "None of this... has anything to do
 with this place. Or the crash. Or
 being stranded."

Yacine turns, his gaze unexpectedly tender.

YACINE
 "And you... are no ordinary woman."

Evelyn's breath catches. He studies her through the smoke before continuing, each word deliberate:

YACINE

"You're...
too clever for my peace,
too strong for my pride,
too beautiful for my safety,
and too honest... for my survival."

Evelyn's lips part in silent wonder. Then she leans in, pressing a kiss to his stubbled cheek that lingers just a heartbeat too long.

EVELYN

(whispering against his
skin)
"Thank you..."
(pulling back with daring
in her eyes)
"But mark my words - I'll have that
kiss from your lips. Even if it
kills me."

The air is crisp, the sky dotted with light clouds... Yacine looks at Evelyn and smiles simply... then suddenly stands and moves toward her.

YACINE

(with a light laugh)
"What do you say... we liven up
this morning a little?"

EVELYN

(smiling in confusion)
"What do you mean, you madman?"

Yacine bends down, scoops her up effortlessly over his shoulder, and spins her around as they both laugh—her laughter ringing out as she clings to him for balance.

EVELYN

(between giggles)
"Put me down! Put me down, you
brute!"

YACINE

(laughing loudly)
"Not until you admit you're happy!"

EVELYN

(laughing)
"I'm happy! Very happy! Now put me
down, you lunatic!"

He sets her down gently—both breathless from laughter—when suddenly, a raindrop falls. Then another.

Then the sky opens up in a downpour.

EVELYN
 (gasping, laughing as she
 covers her head)
 "Oh God! Rain?! Now?!"

She ducks behind him, gripping his shirt, shivering from the cold.

EVELYN
 (softly)
 "Let me hide behind you... the rain
 chills my heart."

Yacine pauses... then slowly turns to face her.

His eyes hold something different now.

YACINE
 (voice low, unexpectedly
 warm)
 "Will you...give me the honor of
 dancing in the rain?"

Evelyn stares at him, eyes wide, heart racing.

EVELYN
 (smiling shyly)
 "Do you even know how to dance,
 Yacine?"

YACINE
 (whispering)
 "I don't know how to do anything...
 but with you, everything seems
 possible."

He takes her hand slowly, spins her gently—they dance in the rain, their steps simple, unpolished, but full of feeling.

Then he pulls her closer, lifting her hand to his neck, cradling her face in his hands.

YACINE
 (voice breaking, sincere)
 "Evelyn...I love you."

Evelyn freezes.

Stares at him, heart pounding. Stammers. Gasps. Then whispers, as if speaking to herself, unsure if he can even hear:

EVELYN
 (barely audible)
 "I'm sorry... I can't be with you."

Yacine stops.

A terrible silence stretches between them. His eyes dim. He lets go of her hand without a word, turns...

and walks away, steps heavy...

30. EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Evelyn stands alone in the rain. Her eyes well up. Her lips tremble.

Then she whispers to herself, voice nearly breaking

EVELYN

"You idiot...You've been waiting
for this moment... for those
words... since you set foot here.
And now he says them...And you...
You ruined everything."

She looks into the distance where Yacine disappeared...

EVELYN

(whispering, shattered)

All I ever wanted was for him to
say he loved me.

She sinks to the wet ground, covering her face with her hands as the rain continues to pour...

31. INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Evelyn sits near the smoldering fire, nervously twirling a small stick.

Her eyes dart repeatedly to the cave entrance. Yacine's pack remains untouched where he left it.

EVELYN

(whispers to herself)

"Maybe he just... needed space.
That's all."

(stands abruptly, pacing)

"Stubborn Yacine... Arrogant
Yacine..."

(freezes, voice dropping)

"But... Yacine never leaves his
pack behind."

She exits the cave, scans the tree line, then returns to sit on a rock, arms wrapped around her knees.

FADE TO BLACK.

32. FADE IN

33. EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - NIGHT (DAY 2)

Evelyn jerks awake on the cave floor.

Her hand gropes empty space beside her. Rainwater seeps in through cracks.

EVELYN

(hoarse)

"Why isn't he back?"

(grabs her head)

"Is he hurt? Lost? Or just... can't stand to look at me?"

She scrambles to his pack, digs through it—pulls out a worn shirt. Clutches it to her chest.

EVELYN

(voice breaking)

"It was perfect..."

And I ruined it with one stupid sentence—"

(mimicking herself
bitterly)

"'I can't be with you'? What kind of idiot says that?!"

She buries her face in the fabric. Only the sound of rain answers.

FADE TO BLACK.

34. FADE IN

35. EXT. ROCKY OUTLOOK - DAY (DAY 3)

Evelyn perches on wet stones, eyes swollen. An unlit cigarette dangles from her fingers as she stares at nothing.

EVELYN

(raw whisper)

"If you're dead... I'll never forgive myself.

If you come back...

I'll never let you leave."

She drifts to Yacine's last firepit. Kneels, fingers brushing cold ash.

EVELYN

(eyes closed)

"It was warm... like you.

Please... just bring him home.

Even if he hates me—just let him be
alive."

36. EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE -- CONTINUOUS

A tranquil blue sky. Birdsong returns. Evelyn sits listlessly outside the cave, eyes weary, mechanically smoking. Suddenly—

YACINE (O.S.)

(warm, teasing)

"I knew you'd be mad if I was
late... But I never imagined your
anger could break my heart like
this."

Evelyn freezes. Stands slowly. Turns toward the voice—

EVELYN

(whispering)

"Oh God... Yacine?"

She SPRINTS toward him—sees him approaching confidently, dragging a makeshift branch sled loaded with fresh fish, a partially roasted gazelle, and tropical fruits.

EVELYN

(pounding his chest,
laughing/crying)

"You idiot! Where were you?! I
thought you—"

She CRUSHES him in a hug. The sled topples. Food scatters. She doesn't care.

EVELYN

(muffled against his
chest)

"I didn't mean it... Don't leave me
again..."

YACINE

(cradling her head)

"Shhh... I'm here. Not going
anywhere."

(pulls back to wipe her
tears)

"Even if you kick me out."

EVELYN

(sniffles, gesturing to
sled)

"You... hunted all this?"

YACINE
(grinning)
"Our supplies ran out. And I'd
rather cook fish than my own
heart."

She laughs through tears, helping gather spilled fruit. Their
fingers brush.

37. INT. CAVE - LATER

The cave smells of sizzling fish. Firelight dances as they
eat in comfortable silence. Evelyn studies him.

EVELYN
(softly)
"Why no woman in your life? No
lover... no wife?"

Yacine sets down his food. Considers.

YACINE
"Never looked."
(beat)
"My world had no room for love.
Just survival."
(rubs thumb over old scar)
"After my family... I stopped
believing I could love. Or be
loved."

EVELYN
(reaching across)
"That's not true. You love
deeply... You just forgot how it
feels to share a life."

Their eyes lock. The fire pops.

YACINE
(quiet wonder)
"Maybe I'm remembering... with
you."
(Evelyn's breath catches—)

EVELYN
(whispering)
"Me too. I don't know why... but I
only feel safe when you're near."

38. EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

Golden light bathes the landscape as Yacine extends his hand
toward Evelyn, who still carries traces of their morning
laughter.

YACINE

(softly)

"Come with me... I want to show you something."

EVELYN

(curious)

"Now? Where? You didn't say anything—"

YACINE

(covering her eyes with his hands)

"Just close your eyes... and trust me."

She hesitates, then smiles and obeys, her small hand disappearing in his calloused palm.

EVELYN

(muffled laughter)

"If you throw me off a cliff, I'll haunt you from the grave!"

YACINE

(chuckling as he guides her)

"Relax... I wouldn't waste a woman who curses so elegantly."

39. EXT. WATERFALL CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Yacine removes his hands. Evelyn blinks open her eyes

EVELYN

(gasping)

"Yacine... you did this? All of this?"

Before them: A secret paradise. A babbling stream feeds a crystalline pool. Two rough-hewn chairs face each other across a vine-woven table piled with wild cherries, grapes, and sunset-colored berries.

YACINE

(shrugging)

"Those three days I was gone... I needed to apologize to a woman who'd decapitate me then weep over my corpse."

EVELYN

(laughing through tears)

"You're ridiculous... beautifully ridiculous."

40. EXT. MAKESHIFT DINING AREA - NIGHT

They share berries under emerging stars. Evelyn feeds him a cherry; he reciprocates. Their laughter carries over the water.

EVELYN
(playfully slapping his
hand)
"Stop stealing my side!"

YACINE
(mock-serious)
"War is coming... and you'll lose."

Their mirth fades into comfortable silence. Fingers intertwine beneath the table.

EVELYN
(softly)
"Yacine... if we survive this
madness..."
(cheeks flushing)
"Will you come live with me? Be...
mine?"

A beat. He studies the waterfall before answering with a rogue's grin

YACINE
"On one condition..."

EVELYN
(leaning in)
"Which is?"

YACINE
"No sex. No touching. Just debating
Russian poetry in the rain."

Her laughter rings out—until he captures her lips in a cherry-sweet kiss. When they part

EVELYN
(breathless)
"And if I want more?"

YACINE
(nipping her earlobe)
"Then we'll... discuss
practically."

She rests her head on his shoulder.

His cigarette smoke curls toward the stars as the camera pulls back—framing their entwined silhouettes against the infinite sky.

The sky stretches above them like a celestial canvas, the full moon casting silver light over the cascading water.

Evelyn's hair dances in the breeze as she buries her face against Yacine's shoulder. He feels her warm breath on his neck and swallows hard before speaking.

YACINE

(voice rough)

"Evelyn... I haven't let anyone
this close... not in a long time."

She pulls back slightly to study his face

EVELYN

(softly)

"Why? What happened?"

His gaze drifts to the waterfall. A muscle jumps in his jaw.

YACINE

"Everyone I've ever loved... left."

(bitter smile)

"Sometimes I think I'm cursed.
Everyone who gets close... breaks."

Evelyn cups his cheek, her thumb brushing the scar under his eye

EVELYN

"I'm not afraid of you. Not broken
by you."

(leans closer)

"Only afraid of one thing...
watching you walk away again."

His defenses crumble. Raw want flashes in his eyes as he rasps

YACINE

"I don't... I can't hurt you—"

EVELYN

(pressing fingers to his
lips)

"Then don't speak."

She kneels before him, framing his face with trembling hands

EVELYN

"Look at me. Really look."

(voice breaking)

"I fell in love with your chaos.
Your silence. Everything you hide
behind those tired eyes."

Yacine's breath catches. Evelyn rests her forehead against his—

EVELYN
 (whispering)
 "No promises. No words..."
 (lips brushing his cheek)
 "Just... stay."

His hand tangles in her hair as he pulls her into an embrace—not passion, but bone-deep need.

Two survivors clinging to warmth after lifetimes of cold.

YACINE
 (against her hair)
 "Didn't know... coming back to life
 started with holding someone."

41. EXT. EXT. MAKESHIFT DINING AREA - - LATER

Evelyn rests her head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat.

His arm wraps possessively around her waist.

No words needed—just the waterfall's song and the quiet certainty of two broken pieces fitting together.

42. EXT. MAKESHIFT DINING AREA - MORNING

Evelyn sleeping peacefully on Yassin's chest in a warm den lined with blankets and dry leaves.

She sleeps deeply while Yassin gazes at the sky through the branches, then looks at her face and smiles quietly.

YASSIN
 (whispering)
 "Hmm... Even in your sleep you stir
 chaos within me."

He carefully slips out from under her without waking her.

Stands up, stretches his arms, takes a deep breath, then mutters to himself.

YASSIN
 "Bath time... before she wakes up
 and starts bullying me."

He heads to the nearby river, removes his shirt and pants, remaining in modest shorts, then enters the cold water and splashes his face.

Suddenly, he hears footsteps behind him.

EVELYN
(softly, yawning)
"That's not fair... You get to
enjoy the water alone first?"

She appears wearing a long shirt over modest underwear.

Jumps into the water, splashing him while laughing.

YASSIN
(surprised)
"What madness is this? The water's
ice-cold!"

EVELYN
(laughing)
"But refreshing! And this is my
chance for revenge!"

She starts splashing him, and he tries to dodge.

He cautiously approaches and holds her hand, gently guiding her to a small ledge between the rocks, but maintains his distance respectfully.

EVELYN
(calmly)
"Yassin... I know you're afraid...
Not of the water, but of me."

YASSIN
(lowering his eyes)
"I'm not afraid of you... but of
myself if I let go."

EVELYN
(smiling lightly)
"Don't you trust yourself?"

YASSIN
(sincerely)
"I trust that I'm a man with
desires... but I prefer my feelings
to be purer than you think."

A moment of silence.

Evelyn places her hand on his chest without ill intent, just to feel his heartbeat.

EVELYN
"It's beating hard... as if it's
telling me it loves me."

YASSIN
(smiling awkwardly)
"Maybe... but it's still hesitant.
Just like me."

EVELYN
(teasing)
"Then I'll make it confess before
you do!"

She splashes him again, and they laugh together before getting out of the water, each wrapping themselves in a towel.

43. EXT. PATH FROM THE WATERFALL - LATER

They walk side by side under the sunlight, carrying their clothes over their arms.

EVELYN
(teasing)
"You look handsome even when
soaked... No wonder you're afraid
for yourself."

YASSIN
(laughing)
"And you... look like you stepped
out of a shampoo ad."

EVELYN
(looking at him)
"If you kiss me now, I promise I
won't ask for more... Just one
small kiss, for everything I feel."

YASSIN
(stopping, looking into
her eyes)
"If only you knew how much I want
to... but I don't want this path to
lead to regret."

EVELYN
(smiling weakly)
"I don't regret sincere love, only
cowardly silence."

44. EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Yassin and Evelyn walk side by side, their footsteps crunching on dry leaves.

The air is mild, filled with the scent of earth and greenery.

Evelyn glances at him with mischief dancing in her eyes.

EVELYN

(teasing)

"You know... I'm still not convinced you're not made of wood. Unaffected, unshaken, barely smiling... What are you? A monk in a cave?"

YASSIN

(smirking)

"Just a man trying to survive a fairy who tempts him around the clock."

She drifts closer, the space between them shrinking.

EVELYN

(lowering her voice)

"Me? Tempting? Impossible... I'm just testing your balance."

(a wicked whisper)

"Seems you're about to fall."

YASSIN

(staring ahead, jaw tight)

"If you knew how hard I'm trying to hold steady... It's not easy."

EVELYN

(breath warm against his ear)

"Who said I want you to hold steady?"

She laughs lightly, darting ahead—then whirls to face him. Grabs his collar.

Their eyes lock. Before he can react, she brushes her lips against the corner of his mouth. He freezes. Stunned.

YASSIN

(voice rough)

"Evelyn... This is dangerous..."

EVELYN

(bold yet sincere)

"I know. But your indifference is worse."

(searching his face)

"Tell me you don't feel this too."

A beat. His chest rises and falls heavily as he takes her hand.

YASSIN

"I feel everything. That's why I fight it... I don't want regrets."

EVELYN
(softly)
"I won't regret this... Not a kiss.
Not a heart that beats for you."

Her palm slides over his chest—thudthudthud—betraying him.

EVELYN
(smirking)
"It's confessing before you do."

Yassin exhales a laugh despite himself.

Their eyes hold—until gently, so gently, he removes her hand from his chest.

YASSIN
"Let's keep walking... Before you
confess too."

He steps back, but his fingers linger against hers for a heartbeat too long.

45. INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The flickering firelight paints dancing shadows across the cave walls as thin tendrils of smoke curl upward.

Yassin and Evelyn sit close to the flames, sharing roasted venison.

The sounds of the night whisper outside while the fire's warmth wraps around them like a blanket.

EVELYN
(gazing into the flames
before turning to Yassin)
"Have you ever thought about the
future? What we'll make of our
lives after all this?"

YASSIN
(chewing slowly, studying
her with quiet intensity)
"Sometimes I think the past chases
me more than the future does. Like
I'm trapped between what I've
lost... and what I'm afraid to
find."

Evelyn exhales shakily, setting aside her meal before resting her head against his chest.

The fire crackles between them.

EVELYN
 (voice barely above a
 whisper)
 "I'm scared, Yassin. That we'll
 lose each other again. That all
 this is just... a beautiful dream."

Yassin leans back against the stone wall, his calloused fingers threading gently through her hair as he pulls her closer.

The firelight catches the gold flecks in his dark eyes.

YASSIN
 (rough with promise)
 "I won't let you go, Evelyn. No
 matter how long the night lasts...
 we'll find the dawn together."

Evelyn's eyes flutter closed as she nestles deeper into his embrace—the first true peace she's known in years.

The fire pops, casting their intertwined shadows high on the cave wall as we pulls back, framing them in this fragile moment of warmth against the vast, indifferent wilderness.

Evelyn lies stretched across Yassin's chest, her body melting into his warmth.

His arms encircle her protectively as his fingers trace absent patterns along her spine.

The fire crackles nearby, casting flickering shadows that dance across the stone walls.

EVELYN
 (voice barely above a
 whisper, trembling
 slightly)
 "Sometimes... my heart feels so
 tired. From all the fear. The
 loneliness. The waiting..."

Yassin's hand stills for a moment before resuming its gentle path through her hair, his touch feather-light.

YASSIN
 (murmuring against her
 temple)
 "You're not alone anymore. However
 hard the past tries to haunt us...
 we'll stay right here. Together."

Evelyn lifts her head slightly, searching his face in the dim light.

His dark eyes reflect the fire's glow, holding galaxies of unspoken promises.

EVELYN

"Do you ever feel afraid? Of the future? That we might... fail?"

A muscle jumps in Yassin's jaw as he cups her cheek, his thumb brushing away an invisible tear.

YASSIN

(voice rough with emotion)
 "The fear is there... but you're what keeps me fighting. Every beat of my heart is yours."

A comfortable silence settles between them, filled only by the fire's whispers and the night's quiet symphony.

Evelyn nestles closer, her ear pressed to his chest where his heartbeat thrums steady and strong.

EVELYN

(breathing him in)
 "I want to be strong for you... Because I believe in us."

Yassin tilts her chin up, his nose brushing hers in the faintest caress.

YASSIN

"You've always been the strong one... Your presence is my strength."

Evelyn exhales, tension leaving her body as she molds herself against him.

a silent vow echoing in the sacred space between them.

The fire dims, but the warmth between their intertwined bodies never fades as they drift into peaceful slumber, ready to face whatever dawn may bring... together.

The fire's embers glow softly as Evelyn lifts her head from Yassin's chest, her fingers lingering on his shirt for a moment before she rises gracefully. She grabs the worn blanket near the fire, shaking it out with a playful smirk.

EVELYN

(teasing, nudging his shoulder)
 "Come on, sleepyhead, let's get you to bed before you turn into a rock."

Yassin groans dramatically but smiles as he pushes himself up, stretching his arms above his head. Just as he takes a step toward their sleeping area

EVELYN
(with a mischievous glint)
"Oops."

She tugs the blanket sharply, sending him tumbling onto the makeshift bed with a surprised laugh.

Before he can react, she drapes herself over his chest, cocooning them both in the blanket.

YASSIN
(amused, wrapping an arm
around her waist)
"Such violence! And here I thought
you were the gentle one."

EVELYN
(nestling closer, her
breath warm against his
neck)
"Turns out you bring out the
troublemaker in me."

A comfortable silence settles.

The cave walls seem to lean in, guarding this fragile moment.

Evelyn traces idle circles on his chest, memorizing the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

EVELYN
(softly)
"You remembered our way of
sleeping."

YASSIN
(pressing a kiss to her
hairline)
"Of course. You're the star that
lights up my darkness."

Her breath hitches.

For a heartbeat, the world narrows to this—his arms, this blanket, the way his voice rumbles through her when he speaks.

EVELYN
(whispering into the dark)
"With you here... there's no fear.
Just this. Just us."

Yassin's hold tightens imperceptibly.

His exhale fans across her forehead as sleep tugs at them both.

YASSIN
((half-asleep already)
("Always.")

her fingers curled into his shirt, his palm splayed protectively against her back—until the fire's last glow surrenders to the night.

After three years

46. EXT. BEACH - DAY

A luxurious yacht sways gently near the shore.

Four impeccably dressed figures disembark - two men in linen shirts and tailored shorts, two women in flowing resort wear. Their laughter carries over the waves.

MAN 1
(stretching)
"This year's party is going to be legendary. Never expected this crowd!"

WOMAN 1
(trailing fingers through the water)
"Of course. Nothing beats all-night dancing..."
(grinning at her companion)
"...and all-morning fucking."

MAN 1
(clinking glasses with Woman 1)
"Darling, we didn't sail here for the scenery."

Their laughter fades as they wander down the beach, unaware of the figures emerging from the treeline.

47. EXT. JUNGLE EDGE - CONTINUOUS

A young couple stumbles through the foliage, their designer clothes snagging on branches.

GIRL
(panting)
"Where's that quiet spot you promised?"

BOY
(wiping sweat)
"Just a bit further - maybe a cave
or..."

48. INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The transformed Evelyn stands silhouetted against the light - hair wilder, body leaner, eyes blazing with feral wisdom.

Behind her, the cave walls bear charcoal drawings of their survival story.

GIRL
(gasping)
"Who... what are you?"

Steel flashes as Yassin materializes from shadows, machete at the boy's throat.

YASSIN
(guttural)
"Turn. Back. Now."

BOY
(hands shaking)
"We have a boat! We can take you—"

EVELYN
(stepping forward)
"Tell me... about the world
outside."

As the strangers babble about cities and news, Evelyn's fingers find Yassin's.

Their calloused palms speak louder than words - this cave holds their soul, but the ocean whispers of new beginnings.

EVELYN
(pressing her forehead to
his)
"Our forever was never meant to be
walls of stone."

YASSIN
(kissing her knuckles)
"With you... even civilization
might be an adventure."

49. EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The sky bleeds gold and crimson as gentle waves kiss the shore.

Yassin and Evelyn emerge from the tree line like figures stepping through time - her windswept hair glowing like embers, his silent strength radiating through every movement.

The partygoers freeze mid-conversation, champagne glasses forgotten.

WOMAN 1

(whispering to her friend,
eyes wide)

"My God... they look like they
walked out of some ancient legend."

The young guide breaks away from the group, jogging toward them with nervous energy.

BOY

(breathless)

"we made it! We sail at dawn - back to civilization!"

Evelyn's fingers tighten around Yassin's as she studies the yacht.

The last sunlight catches the scars on their intertwined hands - a map of their survival.

EVELYN

(soft, just for him)

"Three years... and now this feels
like the real adventure."

Yassin's thumb brushes her knuckles - his version of a smile.

YASSIN

"With you... I'd face a hundred
worlds."

The socialite woman steps forward, designer sandals sinking in the sand.

An awkward silence.

BOY

"Plenty of room on board! Though
uh..."

(eyeing their minimal
belongings)

"...might want to borrow some
clothes?"

Yassin's hand finds the small of Evelyn's back as they turn toward the water.

The waves seem to part for them as they walk to the dinghy, leaving the gawking group behind.

YASSIN
 (quiet intensity)
 "Ready?"

EVELYN
 (stepping into the boat
 first)
 "I've been ready since the day you
 dragged me from that plane wreck."

50. EXT. YACHT DECK - NIGHT

The city lights twinkle in the distance as the yacht cuts through dark waters. Yassin stands at the railing, the borrowed clothes fitting him with an unexpected elegance.

The sea breeze plays with his now-trimmed hair as he stares at the horizon, still processing their return to civilization.

The cabin door creaks open. Evelyn steps out—

EVELYN
 (breathless)
 "My God... Yassin?"

He turns. She moves toward him like a vision—her hair styled into soft waves, a flowing summer dress dancing around her legs.

The moonlight catches the new lightness in her eyes.

YASSIN
 (amused)
 "Who's this? Where's my wild forest girl?"

EVELYN
 (twirling)
 "She's gone. Reborn."
 (steps closer, fingers
 brushing his sleeve)
 "And you... I hardly recognize you.
 Annoyingly handsome."

YASSIN
 (grinning)
 "Annoying? Should I go back to the
 beard and rags?"

EVELYN
 (palm flat on his chest)
 "Try it and suffer."

Their laughter fades into comfortable silence.

The space between them hums with unspoken words.

EVELYN

(softly)

"Remember that first night in the cave? I was shaking... and you were stone."

YASSIN

(whispering)

"And I... was fighting an earthquake."

She rests her head against his shoulder.

His arm wraps around her automatically, as if their bodies remember three years of survival instincts.

EVELYN

(against his collarbone)

"You know what terrifies me now? Waking up tomorrow to find this was all a dream."

Yassin tilts her chin up.

The city lights reflect in his dark eyes—no longer wary, but certain.

YASSIN

"I'm here. Not a shadow in the trees anymore."

(thumb brushing her cheekbone)

"And I'm not leaving... unless it's with you."

Evelyn straightens, meeting his gaze with fierce tenderness.

EVELYN

"If you're mine... be mine completely. More real than anything."

YASSIN

(forehead touching hers)

"I'm yours. Past. Present. Whatever comes next."

They stand entwined—no dramatic kiss, no grand gesture.

Just foreheads pressed together, breathing synchronized, as the yacht carries them toward a future they'll face as they always have: together.

51. EXT. NEWARK PORT - NEW JERSEY - MORNING

The yacht glides silently into the dock.

Morning sun paints the water gold as mist lifts from the city skyline.

Yassin stands at the railing, drinking in the sight of civilization like a man seeing color for the first time.

His first step onto solid ground is unsteady.

Then suddenly—he drops to his knees.

Forehead pressed to the cold concrete, shoulders shaking with silent sobs.

YASSIN
(muffled against the
pavement)
"Alhamdulillah... You never
abandoned me..."

Evelyn approaches quietly.

Her hand on his shoulder isn't pity—it's reverence.

When he rises, wiping his face, she's staring at him like he hung the moon.

EVELYN
"You kept your promise."

YASSIN
(hoarse)
"I didn't save you... You saved
me."

The boy interrupts with a wave toward a waiting SUV, its engine purring.

BOY
(grinning)
"Need a ride, jungle royalty? Where
to, gypsy queen?"

Evelyn doesn't hesitate

EVELYN
"43 Willow Creek. Ten minutes from
here."

Yassin opens the car door with exaggerated gallantry.

YASSIN
(deadpan)
"After you, my rescuer."

Inside the car, Evelyn's head finds its familiar place on his shoulder.

As the SUV merges into morning traffic.

52. INT. THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The city blurs past rain-speckled windows.

Evelyn rests against Yassin's shoulder, her fingers absently tracing patterns on his chest.

He stares at the passing buildings before turning to her with sudden intensity.

His calloused fingers tilt her chin up gently—not for a kiss, but for words that taste like warning

YASSIN
(low, urgent)
"Something's coming... I can feel
it in my bones."

Evelyn's laugh is sunlight through storm clouds

EVELYN
(teasing)
"That crazy pilot really did infect
you with his paranoia."

YASSIN
(smirking despite himself)
"Maybe... but God help me, I miss
the bastard."

Her smile softens.

The SUV hits a pothole, jostling them closer.

EVELYN
(against his collarbone)
"He was annoying... but there was
light in him. Like—"

Yassin kisses her forehead suddenly, reverently.

When he speaks, his voice cracks.

YASSIN
"Whatever happens... don't forget
who carried you through the dark."

Her thumb brushes the scar above his eyebrow—a silent promise.

The car stereo plays some forgettable pop song, but their shared breath writes a sweeter melody.

EVELYN
(whispering)
"You don't live in my memories,
Yassin... You're the blood in my
veins."

His hand covers hers over his heartbeat.

YASSIN

"This heart learned to beat for
you. It doesn't know how to stop."

The GPS announces their approaching destination.

Evelyn sits up, watching familiar streets materialize through
the glass.

EVELYN

(quiet wonder)
"We'll never be who we were before
the crash."

YASSIN

(tracing her jawline)
"We're what happens when fire meets
wilderness."

Her laughter is bright as the sun breaking through clouds.

EVELYN

"Then let's burn together... as
long as the light lasts."

The SUV turns onto Willow Creek.

the house comes into viewr.

53. EXT. WILLOW CREEK HOUSE - DAY

The car rolls to a stop.

Evelyn clutches Yassin's arm as they stare at the familiar
facade—the house frozen in time, ivy crawling up its brick
walls like nature reclaiming a relic.

BOY

(cheerfully)
"Home sweet home! 43 Willow Creek,
right?"

EVELYN

(voice thick)
"Exactly as we left it..."

YASSIN

(squeezing her hand)
"Like it's been holding its
breath."

Evelyn kisses the boy's cheek in thanks.

As his car disappears down the street, they approach the
front door—only for tires to SCREECH behind them.

Three cop cars swarm the curb.

A sleek Mercedes disgorges Richard, her ex-husband, his designer shoes clicking on pavement.

RICHARD
(slow clap)
"Evelyn Carter. Back from the dead."

Evelyn pales. Yassin steps in front of her instinctively.

RICHARD
(to cops)
"Arrest him. Start with drug possession—we'll add terrorism charges later."

Handcuffs SNAP around Yassin's wrists.

He doesn't resist, just locks eyes with Evelyn

YASSIN
(calm, certain)
"Remember who I am."

Evelyn SLAPS Richard hard enough to snap his head back.

Cops pull her away as he wipes blood from his lip, grinning.

RICHARD
(mock-sad)
"Still choosing strays over me, darling?"

Through the cruiser window, Yassin mouths one word

YASSIN
"Wait."

The door slams.

Evelyn stands trembling—not with fear, but volcanic rage.

EVELYN
(deadly quiet)
"You just signed your own ruin, Richard."

54. INT.. WILLOW CREEK HOUSE - EVELYN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight bleeds through half-drawn curtains, painting stripes across a bedroom frozen in time.

Dust motes dance in the air as Evelyn sits slumped on the edge of an antique chaise lounge, her fingers curled around a near-empty beer bottle.

The amber liquid catches the dim light—just like it did in another life, when these walls held laughter instead of ghosts.

She takes a long swig, throat working.

When she speaks, her voice rasps like wind through dead leaves

EVELYN
(to the shadows)
"I came home... but my heart stayed
lost with you."

A bitter laugh escapes her.

She gestures wildly at the pristine room.

EVELYN
(rising, unsteady)
"Is this home? These walls? This
fucking couch?"
(slams the bottle down)
"Or was it only home when your arms
were around me?"

She stumbles toward the bed before recoiling like it's on fire.

Instead, she yanks blankets from the closet, building a nest on the hardwood floor exactly where Yassin used to sleep during her nightmares.

The ritual is precise: Two pillows. The scratchy wool throw he hated.

She curls into it, inhaling deeply

EVELYN
(muffled in fabric)
"Still smells like gunpowder and
stupid courage."

55. INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

A single bulb flickers overhead, casting jagged shadows across the concrete walls.

Yassin lies motionless on the metal cot, gray blanket pulled taut over his still form.

His eyes - wide open - trace cracks in the ceiling like they're constellations.

Suddenly he sits up, running calloused hands down his face.

A beat. Then he slides off the cot, dragging the thin mattress and blanket to the floor.

The ritual is precise - pillow placed just so, blanket folded at the edge.

He lies down stiffly, curling around the pillow like it's something precious.

YASSIN

(muffled against fabric)

"She always slept on the floor when
she couldn't sleep without me...
Now neither can I."

His arms tighten around the pillow.

YASSIN

(whispering to the dark)

"This was your spot... Right here
in the curve of my arm. Counting
fireflies instead of stars."

(bittersweet smile)

"We even laughed about being
hungry."

Footsteps approach.

Officer Elaine appears at the bars, eyebrows raised at the man curled on concrete.

OFFICER ELAINE

"You uh... prefer the floor?"

YASSIN

(eyes still closed)

"The bed's fine. Just not mine."

(presses face into pillow)

"The floor smells like her."

Elaine leans against the bars, suddenly interested.

Yassin's voice takes on a rough tenderness.

YASSIN

"Her name's Evelyn. stuck on an
island God forgot... or maybe
remembered just for us."

(sits up abruptly)

"We slept like this every night -
her head right here—"

(taps over his heart)

"—telling stories till the sun came
up."

Elaine's fingers tighten around her clipboard.

Yassin lies back down, curling around the empty space like a parenthesis waiting to be filled.

YASSIN
(so quiet it hurts)
"Call me crazy... but I can still
feel her here."

OFFICER ELAINE
(softly)
"Love's the only kind of crazy that
makes sense."

She walks away, leaving Yassin clutching the pillow like a lifeline.

YASSIN
(to the darkness)
"Sleep well tonight, Baby... I'm
keeping your side of the floor
warm."

56. INT. POLICE HOLDING CELL - MORNING

Sunlight filters through the high barred window, illuminating dust motes dancing above a simple breakfast tray: toast, boiled eggs, sliced apples, steaming coffee.

Yassin sits cross-legged on the floor, methodically arranging the food—just like he used to do with foraged meals on the island.

Officer Elaine perches on a wooden chair outside the bars, cigarette dangling from her fingers.

The morning light softens her tired eyes.

YASSIN
(mouth full)
"Leave me one. Always smoke after
breakfast."

OFFICER ELAINE
(exhaling)
"Stole a few from your stash
already. Long night."

YASSIN
(grinning)
"Long night guarding a man who
sleeps on concrete? Or being
guarded by your thoughts?"

Elaine's lips twitch.

She watches him demolish the eggs with military precision.

OFFICER ELAINE

OFFICER ELAINE

(suddenly)

"My son's soccer finals are this weekend. Needs a coach. His father won't even..."

trails off, stubs out the cigarette violently

YASSIN

(wiping hands)

"If I weren't in here, I'd make him MVP in two days."

(points to cigarette)

"Played semi-pro before..."

"...bad habits."

Elaine slides a cigarette through the bars, lighting it for him. Their fingers brush—both rough, both hiding stories.

YASSIN

(inhaling deeply)

"Loved a woman who wrecked my dreams better than any addiction."

OFFICER ELAINE

(quietly)

"Know that feeling."

(leans closer)

"Here's the deal. You coach Ramsey this week, I..."

(glances at surveillance

camera, lowers voice)

"...lose your transfer paperwork."

YASSIN

(blows smoke ring)

"First, I see Evelyn. One minute. Then your kid becomes Messi."

OFFICER ELAINE

(snorts)

"You'll stay at my place. Supervised."

(pulls out notepad)

"Her last name?"

YASSIN

(traces the word in

spilled coffee)

"Carter. Evelyn Carter."

Elaine scribbles, then tears out the page—but not before Yassin sees "HUSBAND: RICHARD CARTER - CORRUPTION INVESTIGATION" in her notes.

OFFICER ELAINE
 (standing abruptly)
 "Welcome to your new career,
 Coach."

YASSIN
 (grinding out cigarette)
 "Wait till you see my marriage
 counseling skills."

She barks a real laugh as we pulls back—framing them through the bars like two prisoners trading keys.

57. EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - THE NEXT DAY

The sky is softly grey, and the sun barely peeks through the clouds.

The football field is almost empty, except for two men jogging quietly around the track.

On the grass stands Yacine, wearing a black sports tracksuit with an old club logo, holding a football.

Next to him is Ramzi, a 13-year-old boy wearing goalkeeper gloves.

A short distance away, Elin stands, dressed in a sleek athletic outfit with a light coat over it, observing her son's training with focused eyes.

YACINE
 (shouting with excitement)
 Ramzi! Stay light on your feet... A
 good keeper never stands still.
 Always on the move!

RAMZI
 (eagerly)
 Got it, coach!

Yacine kicks the ball with power toward him. Ramzi blocks it skillfully.

Elin smiles proudly.

OFFICER ELAINE
 (softly, with a warm
 smile)
 He already loves you, you know... Be
 careful. He gets attached fast.

YACINE
 (glancing at the boy, then
 at her)
 Me too... He reminds me of myself.
 Same passion. Same rebellion.

A quiet moment lingers between them.

Then Eileen pulls out her phone and dials.

OFFICER ELAINE
(calmly)
"Time for the truth..."

58. INT.. WILLOW CREEK HOUSE - EVELYN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn is sitting on her bed in a bathrobe, sipping coffee, visibly worried. She answers the call.

EVELYN
(tense)
Hello? Who's this?

59. EXT.FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER ELAINE
It's Officer Elin. I'm calling
about your boyfriend... Yacine.

60. INT.. WILLOW CREEK HOUSE - EVELYN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN
(raising her voice)
Where is he?! Release him! He's
innocent!

61. EXT.FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER ELAINE
Calm down. He's fine... He's with me.
He's training Ramzi right now at
the field.

EVELYN (V.O.)
And the charges? The police?!

ELIN
I made a deal... He's under my
supervision for one week. He trains
Ramzi, and then I'll clear his
name. And to make sure he sticks to
the agreement... he'll be staying at
my house for the week.

A long silence from the other end.

62. INT.. WILLOW CREEK HOUSE - EVELYN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She stands up abruptly, puts her cup down, and starts pacing.

EVELYN
(angrily, voice shaking
with jealousy)
Absolutely not! Sleeping at your
house?!
Either I come and stay with him... or
you cancel the whole thing!

63. EXT.FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Yacine is standing at a distance, calling out to Ramzi again,
unaware of the phone conversation. Elin smiles bitterly.

OFFICER ELAINE
(sarcastically)
Sleeping with him? Wow. Jealous
already and he hasn't even left
jail yet.

EVELYN (V.O.)
(shouting)
I'm not jealous! I just... don't want
him spending the night beside
another woman, no matter what your
intentions are!

OFFICER ELAINE
(sighing)
Listen, Evelyn... I don't want
anything from him. I've got enough
of my own problems.
But if this is the only way to
ensure his freedom, let him finish
the week... that's all.

Silence. Then the sound of Evelyn's heavy breathing.

64. INT.. WILLOW CREEK HOUSE - EVELYN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She sits at the edge of the bed, burying her head in her
hands.

Then softly, with a broken voice:

EVELYN
I'll come tonight... I'm not leaving
him alone.
Either I stay with him... or I take
him with me.

65. EXT.FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Elin smiles faintly, as if she knows she lost the emotional
battle, but gained something else.

OFFICER ELAINE
 (quietly, to herself)
 Come then... and bring your heart.
 Looks like he's been waiting for
 your return since the moment he
 stepped into that cell.

She ends the call, then turns toward Yacine who is smiling as he kicks the ball back to Ramzi.

OFFICER ELAINE
 (to herself)
 Crazy... and in love.

66. EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

We see jumps, sweat, and intense focus.

Yassin stands beside Ramzi, guiding him firmly as the boy executes complex drills with startling precision.

YASSIN
 (firmly)
 "Tighten your muscles—don't rush.
 Focus before speed."

RAMZI
 (panting slightly but
 grinning)
 "Like this?"

He leaps into a flawless maneuver

YASSIN
 (surprised, then smirking)
 "You... nailed it on the first try?
 Looks like I'll be out of a job
 soon."

They share a laugh.

Suddenly, Eileen approaches, watching them with admiration.

OFFICER ELAINE
 (delighted)
 "Am I dreaming? Or did Ramzi become
 a sports prodigy overnight?"

RAMZI
 (grinning proudly)
 "With a coach like Yassin, who
 needs more?"

Before Yassin can respond, a well-dressed man in his thirties carrying a sports bag strides over with confidence.

THE SCOUT

(directly to Yassin)
"You're Yassin, right? National Academy scout. I've been watching Ramzi since you started. This boy has rare talent... I want him at trials next month. The summer competition needs players like him."

YASSIN

(glances at Ramzi, then Eileen, then back to the scout)
"Understood."

Eileen turns to Ramzi, thrilled.

OFFICER ELAINE

(excited)
"Hear that?! Real trials! This could be your chance!"

RAMZI

(nervous)
"But... trials? Competitors? What if I fail?"

Yassin cuts in with a calm smile, stepping forward.

YASSIN

"How about... a deal?"

Silence falls.

Everyone stares at him, intrigued.

YASSIN

(challenging, with a faint smirk)
"I'll give you six attempts to score on me. Three penalties, three long-range kicks. If you score just once... Ramzi's fate is yours to decide. But if I save them all... he joins the team-no trials."

RAMZI

(backing up, looking to Eileen in panic)
"Is... is this even fair?"

OFFICER ELAINE

(whispering)
"He's a former keeper... He might not score at all."

RAMZI
(anxious)
"What if he fails?"

YASSIN
(steady gaze)
"Trust me... I won't let you down."

The scout smiles, then nods.

THE SCOUT
"Interesting. Deal. Let's see."

67. EXT.FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS.

The scout steps up, focuses... and strikes!

First shot: Yassin leaps, deflecting with flair.

Second shot: A one-handed miracle save.

Third shot: He dives to the exact corner at the last second.

Now, the long-range attempts. The scout tenses but steadies himself.

Fourth shot: Yassin springs lightly—another stunning block.

Fifth shot: The ball hits the crossbar; Yassin grins.

Sixth and final shot: Silence... The scout kicks with all his might—Yassin soars like a bird, catching the ball in both hands!

The scout applauds, impressed, and shakes Yassin's hand.

THE SCOUT
(admiring)
"Very good. You win. You could've been using these skills all along, Yassin."

YASSIN
(laughing lightly)
"Yeah, I know... Tell that to my cigarettes."

The scout chuckles, then turns to Ramzi, placing a hand on his shoulder.

THE SCOUT
"See you this summer, kid."

As the scout leaves, Ramzi sprints to Yassin and hugs him tightly.

RAMZI
 (emotional)
 "Thank you... I don't know what to say."

Eileen steps close, embracing Yassin warmly.

OFFICER ELAINE
 (softly)
 "You just gave him a future,
 Yassin... That's unforgettable."

RAMZI
 (teary-eyed, looking at
 Yassin)
 "I love you... Even if I barely know
 you. You feel more like my father
 than that bastard ever did."

68. EXT.ELAINE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS.

The sky is filled with stars.

A tranquil silence blankets the area.

Yassin and EVELYN sit on wooden benches in the front yard, a warm cup of tea between them.

Their fingers are intertwined as they gaze at the sky in loving silence.

EVELYN
 (softly whispering)
 "Do you think any of those stars up
 there are watching us right now?"

YASSIN
 (warmly, looking at her)
 "I think your star is the only one
 in this universe that cares about
 me."

She smiles, resting her head on his shoulder.

69. INT.ELAINE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

A loud scream erupts inside the house.

Eileen stands facing her furious husband, her expression tense but unbroken.

Ramzi crouches in the corner, clutching his toy, crying.

HUSBAND

(yelling, enraged)
 "I'm sick of this nonsense! No one
 in this house respects me!"

OFFICER ELAINE

(sharply)
 "Respect is earned with love... not
 shouting and insults!"

HUSBAND

(advancing violently)
 "Don't you dare raise your voice at
 me again!"

In an instant, Ramzi bolts from the room in tears, bursting through the front door and running toward Yassin in the yard.

RAMZI

(sobbing, clinging to
 Yassin)
 "Please... take him away... I don't
 want Dad to hurt Mom anymore... I
 don't want to cry every day..."

YASSIN

(sad but steady, patting
 his back)
 "I have to do something..."

EVELYN

(rushing after Ramzi,
 shouting)
 "No! Please, Yassin, don't
 interfere! It'll only make things
 worse!"

Yassin rises slowly, takes a deep breath, his eyes burning with suppressed rage.

70. INT.ELAINE HOUSE -LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

He walks toward the house.

Yassin enters. The husband turns, startled, his eyes still blazing with anger.

HUSBAND

(threateningly)
 "Who the hell do you think you are?
 This isn't your business!"

Without warning, Yassin steps forward and delivers a brutal punch to his face.

The husband crashes to the floor.

OFFICER ELAINE
 (from behind, a sly smile
 forming)
 "Hit him again, please... He hasn't
 had enough."

The husband tries to get up, but Yassin plants his foot on his chest, staring down coldly.

YASSIN
 (calm but seething)
 "From today onward... You'll change
 how you treat your wife... and your
 son. And if you ever hurt them
 again... I swear I'll come back... and
 beat you so badly you'll never
 forget."

The husband stays on the ground, panting, not daring to respond.

Yassin glances at Eileen, then walks calmly toward the door.

Ramzi, waiting outside, throws his arms around Yassin in a fierce hug.

Eileen watches them with a grateful smile.

Three months later

71. INT. WEDDING HALL - NEW JERSEY - DAY

The hall is decorated in white and gold, simple yet elegant.

The guests sit quietly while YASSIN and Evelyn stands before a PRIEST dressed in formal robes, smiling as he holds up his book:

PRIEST
 Do you accept this man as your
 husband before God and these
 witnesses?

EVELYN
 (looking into Yassin's
 eyes)
 I do.

PRIEST
 (looking at Yassin)
 And do you accept this woman as
 your wife?

YASSIN
(calm and grateful)
I do.

PRIEST
Then... you may kiss the bride.

Yassin smiles, steps forward, and gently kisses Evelyn's forehead.

Applause fills the hall.

EVELYN
(whispering, placing her
hand on his chest)
Thank you for respecting your
honor, proposing to me according to
Islamic law... and marrying me
according to my faith.

YASSIN
(looking at her lovingly)
It doesn't matter... intention is
what counts. And mine was sincere.
(smirking playfully)
But I didn't believe it... That crazy
feeling turned out to be right.

EVELYN
I know

YASSIN
(surprised)
How did you know? you was asleep.

EVELYN
(laughing)
I was "asleep." Do you expect me to
sleep on a plane with two crazy
people like you?
I just pretended to sleep... and I
saw you cover me. That's when I
knew you were different... despite
all your acting like the bad guy.

YASSIN
(laughing as he takes her
hand)
You really are a devil... a little
wicked.

EVELYN
(kisses him again)
And I wanted to be that wife the
crazy pilot told you about.

72. EXT. OUTSIDE THE WEDDING HALL - NEW JERSEY - DAY

Yassin and Evelyn exit to applause. Ramzi walks behind them, throwing flowers carelessly and laughing.

Among the guests, Eileen , husband appears, kissing her neck and hand respectfully, changed.

OFFICER ELAINE
(whispering to Yassin as
she looks at him)
Thank you...

EVELYN
I don't doubt your decisions... but
don't get involved in other
people's problems again.

YASSIN
(with a sideways smile)
I know... I have my own problems... the
most important is... To keep my queen
happy and safe... until I bury her...
or she buries me.

EVELYN
(rests her head on his
shoulder)
Deal.

73. EXT. BEACH - LATER

Ramzi runs on the sand, throwing flowers into the sea.

Yassin and Evelyn walk barefoot along the shore.

The breeze moves her dress; he places his jacket over her shoulders.

They sit on the rocks, laughing, the sun setting behind them.

YASSIN (V.O.)
In the end... not all stories end in
sorrow... some are born from pain,
but they grow with love... and close
with peace.

CUT TO BLACK.