

603028

## **The Last Threads of the Souk**

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUK MARKET - EARLY MORNING

The scent of cumin and cardamom clings to the air. Narrow market streets wind between stalls, the hum of early vendors setting up for the day filling the space.

UNDER A SPICE STALL AWNING

LEILA (mid-30s), meticulous and composed, adjusts the scarves stacked in neat piles on her wooden table. The morning sun bleeds through dusty glass overhead, casting a golden glow on silk and cotton folds. She smooths one out, her fingers tracing the fabric as if taming something wild.

LEILA

(to herself)

The lunch crowd will come. They always do.

Across the way—

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

A small, well-worn bakery, alive with the scent of freshly baked bread.

YOUSSEF (40s), sleeves rolled up, kneads dough with practiced hands. His movements are steady, deliberate—press, fold, press again. A rhythm learned from his father, who had learned from his own.

603028

YOUSSEF

(muttering)

Fewer loaves today? Or the same?

He glances at the empty counter. The market has changed. His father never had to think this way.

EXT. END OF THE SOUK - CONTINUOUS

HAKIM (60s), weathered but steadfast, sets up his newspaper stand. The edges of the papers flutter in the breeze. The headlines feel like eulogies for a world that once was.

Hakim pauses, looking around. The souk used to be alive with music. Poets would sit on low stools, reciting verses over tea. Now, people pass by, eyes down, in a hurry to nowhere.

HAKIM

(softly, to himself)

Do they even read anymore?

He adjusts the newspapers anyway, willing the stories to matter again.

EXT. SOUK MARKET - MIDDAY

The crowd has arrived, but the pulse of the market is different.

Leila watches a tourist glance at her scarves, hesitate, then walk away. She presses her lips together and keeps folding.

Youssef hands a fresh loaf to a regular customer. Their smile is faint, but the warmth of bread lingers between them.

603028

Hakim watches as a young boy reaches for a newspaper. A flicker of hope—someone still wants to read.

The souk is changing. But they are still here. And sometimes, that is enough.

FADE OUT.