

NUNYA

written by

Enara Nsan

Address
Phone
E-mail

1

EXT. BEACH - DAY

1

The beach is nearly empty. Wind whips the waves toward the shore. In the distance, seagulls cry. NGOZI, late 20s, runs toward the waterline, gasping between sobs. She stumbles, drops to her knees, her hands sinking into wet sand. Her shoulders shake.

She tries to breathe, chokes on it. Waves rush up close to her feet, then pull back. Her hair clings to her wet cheeks.

NGOZI
God... God, why?

She looks around like she's searching for something or someone. She grips her sides, doubling over. Then she breaks. The kind of crying that empties everything.

2

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

2

Faint sunlight through blinds. A steady beep-beep-beep from a monitor. NGOZI lies curled on a visitor's chair beside the hospital bed. Her eyes snap open - the rhythm of the machine falters.

She jerks up.

NGOZI
Mummy?

On the bed, MADAM EBELE, mid-60s, pale and small beneath the hospital sheets, begins to tremble. Her eyes roll back. The machine starts beeping faster.

NGOZI (CONT'D)
Mummy?!

She rushes to the door, yanks it open, panicked.

NGOZI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Nurse! Somebody, NURSE!

3

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

3

NGOZI runs barefoot down the cold corridor, voice echoing. Two nurses hurry past her, into the room.

4

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

4

NGOZI sits on a cement bench outside, arms wrapped around herself, shaking. She looks completely hollowed out. Tears streak down her face. Her mouth is open, but no sound comes.

Then, from behind

CHIKE (O.S.)

You killed her.

She looks up. CHIKE, mid-40s, thickset, aggressive energy, walks up. His shirt is half tucked, belt shiny with wear. His eyes are red, but not from grief. Behind him stands AMARA, mid-20s, composed, arms folded like she's already made her judgment.

NGOZI

What?

CHIKE

You heard me.

NGOZI

Don't .. don't do that. Don't put that on me. I told you I didn't have that kind of money. I asked that we all contribute but you said no.. You said no, I should do it.. I tried but I did not have enough.. Y

CHIKE

You're always full of excuses. Always.

NGOZI

Excuses? I was the one here. Every day. Every night. You didn't even check in unless someone called you. I bathed her. Fed her. Slept on that chair for weeks. Don't stand there and act like

CHIKE

Oh please. You want a trophy for doing the bare minimum?

NGOZI

Bare minimum?! Are you out of your mind?

CHIKE scoffs, shakes his head.

CHIKE
You're just like your useless
father.

NGOZI stands now, chest heaving. The mention of her father cuts deep.

NGOZI
Don't talk about my dad.

CHIKE
I'll say what I like. He wasn't
even supposed to be with our
mother. And you, Bastard child,
still clinging to what's not yours.

AMARA puts a hand on CHIKE's arm.

AMARA
Leave her. Let's go.

CHIKE glares at NGOZI one last time.

CHIKE
Don't show your face at the burial.
We don't want you there.

NGOZI
She was my mum too...

CHIKE
She was my mum. Our mum... You? You
were just a mistake she made. Her
biggest regret.

They walk back inside. NGOZI stands there, rooted. Then slowly sits back down on the bench.

5 INT. NGOZI'S FLAT - NIGHT

5

Dim light. The flat is quiet, almost too quiet. NGOZI unlocks the door and steps inside. She closes it quietly behind her, kicks off her shoes, removes her black scarf, she looks exhausted, like she just came from a funeral. As she sinks onto the couch, Her phone rings.

NGOZI
(sighing)
Damn it... Chike. Haven't you done
enough?

She gets up, goes to the fridge, pulls out a bottle of Coke. Opens it, takes a long drink. The phone rings again.

NGOZI (CONT'D)

What now?

She walks back to the couch, grabs her bag, pulls out the phone. The screen reads: UNKNOWN NUMBER. She hesitates, then answers.

NGOZI (CONT'D)

Hello?

Silence. Then

VOICE (O.S.)

Hi... Ngozi?

NGOZI

Who's this?

VOICE (O.S.)

Thank God. I thought I'd lost your number.

NGOZI

You still haven't told me who this is.

VOICE (O.S.)

Right. Laisse-moi juste rafraîchir ta mémoire.

She pauses.

NGOZI

Tavi?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah.

He chuckles softly.

NGOZI

(sitting down, soft)

Tavi... Hi.

TAVI (O.S.)

You still get flustered when I catch you off guard.

NGOZI

I... yeah... I guess.

He laughs again, familiar and warm.