

ONE WAY OUT
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A group of six skilled robbers—two beautiful ladies and four guys—come together for the perfect heist. Each member plays a crucial role: Belinda, a beauty goddess specialised in distraction with her beauty; Olivia, an expert in information digging; Jason AKA Speed, their expert getaway driver; Tony AKA Sniper, his nick name speaks for itself, an ex-commando who was fired unjustly; Alex, the master minder for the heist due to some medical bills he had to pay for his wife; and Kevin, a genius hacker who controls the digital world. They together executed a high-stake robbery, stealing millions that would change their lives.

However, before they can divide the money and vanish into the night, disaster strikes. Tony, who was in charge of carrying the stolen cash in a contain, is suddenly arrested by the police. Unbeknownst to the group, the authorities decide to keep his capture a secret, hoping to lure out the rest of the crew and the money. The remaining members, unaware of Tony's fate, start to believe he ran off with the money, betraying them.

OPEN ON:

Three months after the "HEIST"

INT: TOTURE ROOM-- MAXMUM PRIZON:NIGHT

The dim, flickering light overhead cast shadows across the cold as it swang like a pendulum, concrete room. In the centre sat Tony, bound to a metal chair, wrist tied tightly behind him. Blood trickled from his split lip, and his left eye was swollen shut. His shirt once pristine, was now soaked in sweat and stained with crimson. Every breath he took came out ragged, yet his gaze remained defiant.

Sergeant Brooks, a hulking figure with a cruel smirk, loomed over him, breathing heavily from exertion. His knuckles were raw from the repeated beatings he'd dealt. To the side, Captain Harris stood with his arms crossed, a sharp, calculated expression on his face, his patience wearing thin.

SERGEANT BROOKS

Look at me...! You're one tough nut, Tony.

Brooks growled, wiping the sweat from his brow. He leaned in, his face inches from Tony's.

SERGEANT BROOKS
But everyone's got a breaking
point. It's just a matter of time.

Tony's head hung low, his chest rising and falling in painful rhythm. Then, slowly, he lifted his head, his one good eye locking onto Brook's.

SNIPER
Water.

He croaked, his voice barely audible. Brooks sneered, looking back at Captain Harris, who gave a small nod. The sergeant picked up a nearby bottle of water from the table, uncapped it, and held it in front of Tony's face.

SERGEANT BROOKS
You want some water, huh?

Brooks taunted, tipping the bottle slightly as if to let Tony get a sip. At the last second, Brooks tilted the bottle down, spilling the cool liquid onto the cold floor, the sound echoing in the room.

Tony's one eye followed the water as it splashed uselessly on the ground. His lips cracked in a dry, humoreless smile.

SNIPER
Guess not.

He muttered, barely holding back a groan of pain. Brooks grinned sadistically as he stood back up.

SERGEANT BROOKS
(mockingly)
See, I told you. Just a matter of
time.

Captain Harris, watching the scene unfold, let out a deep sigh of frustration. He walked closer, circling Tony slowly like a predator assessing its prey.

CAPTAIN HARRIS
I don't think you understood
me, Tony.

His voice cold and measured.

CAPTAIN HARRIS
When I told you earlier, you're in
a very bad position.

Tony remained silent, his chest heaving with effort. His bruised body trembled, but his eye-sharp, defiant-met Harris' gaze unwaveringly.

CAPTAIN HARRIS
You think you are some kind of
hero?

His voice growing harder.

CAPTAIN HARRIS
Keeping your mouth shut while your
so-called rat friends hide in their
little hoes and run free with all
that money?

Tony chuckled softly, his laughter weak but filled with defiance.

SNIPER
You...have no idea...what you're up
against.

He rasped, spitting blood onto the floor.

SNIPER
You're waisting your time.

Brooks clenched his fists, taking a step forward, but Harris raised a hand, stopping him.

CAPTAIN HARRIS
Enough.

His voice calm but with an edge of menance.

CAPTAIN HARRIS
You think this ends well for you?
You think your friend are out there
waiting to rescue you?

Tony's silence was his only response. He wasn't going to give them what they wanted. Harris crouched down to meet Tony's eye, his expression dead serious.

CAPTAIN HARRIS
You're in a world of hurt, Tony.
And it's only goig to get worse.
Sooner or later you'll talk. They
all do.

Tony looked up, his swollen face a mask of defiance.

SNIPER
I guess you'll just have to keep
waiting.

The room fell into tense silence. Brooks glared, his fists itching to strike again, but Harris signald for him to stand down.

CAPTAIN HARRIS
Let him stew for a bit.

Talking while walking towards the door

CAPTAIN HARRIS
We'll break him soon enough.

As they exited the room, the door slammed shut, leaving Tony alone, tied to the chair, bloodied but unbroken-for now. The sound of dripping water echoed through the room, mocking him, but Tony remained still, his resolve intact.

EXT:ALEX' HOUSE:DAY

The early morning sun bathed the countryside in a soft golden light. Alex's house sat on the outskirts of town, a cozy, modest home surrounded by open fields and trees swaying gently in the breeze. The kitchen windows overlooked a small garden, where the distance sound of birds filled the air.

Inside, Alex stood at the stove, flipping pancakes and humming to himself. He had already laid out plates, mugs, and a glass of juice for his daughter Amanda (12 years old), who was getting ready for her first day at school. The smell of breakfast filled the air-a comforting mix of freshly brewed coffee, sizzling butter, and maple syrup.

Just then. Amanda walked in, dressed in her crispy new uniform. Her long hair was neatly brushed, her shoes polished to a shine. Alex, caught off guard, turned to see her and froze for a moment, a smile spreading across his face.

ALEX
Wow, you look amazing, princess.

Amanda grinned shyly, adjusting the hem of her uniform

AMANDA
Really?

Alex setting the last pancake on the plate.

ALEX
Really, you look all grown up
princess.

They sat down at the small table in the kitchen, with Amanda eagerly reaching for her fork. As they started eating, Amanda's eyes wandered towards the window, catching something unusual. She squinted, her brow furrowing as she spotted a shadow moving near the side of the house.

AMANDA
Dad....I think there's someone
outsi...

Door bell rang, echoing through the quiet house. Alex stood up, wiping his hands on a dish towel.

ALEX
 (suspicious)
 Who could it be? Wait here let me
 check.

Alex goes to attend to the door only to find its olivia.... Olivia in her 30s, brown eyes and a pretty face too is a persistant information digger. Soft hearted but tough like a lioness. Olivia always carried an air of intensity about her. Today, however, she seemed more agent than usual. She glanced around nervously, lowering her voice.

ALEX
 You...what in the name of God
 brings u here early this morning.

OLIVIA
 I have important information.

Olivia sees herself inside the house leaving Alex behind her. She bumps into Amanda' death stare...she breaks the tention with a hi...Amanda does not really like Olivia because she thinks Olivia is after her dad. And Amanda just recently lost her mum.

OLIVIA
 (clears throat)to Amanda
 Hi....

Amanda ignores Olivia and leaves for the car.

AMANDA
 Dad I'm late, we have to go.

Alex scraches his fourhead

ALEX
 (to olivia softly)
 um, am gonna have to call you. And
 uh, am sorry about my daughter's
 behaviour, she is having a rough
 time at the moment.

Olivia definately not happy with Amanda's energy towards her

OLIVIA
 (sadly)
 Yeah.....I will be at the cafe, I
 will wait there.

They both walk out the house.

INT: PRESIDENT'S OFFICE:DAY

The grand office of the president sat on the top floor of the nation's most secured building, overlooking the

sprawling city below. Inside, the decor screamed power-rich mahogany furniture, thick carpets, and polished marble floors. Behind the massive oak desk, large windows offered a panoramic view of the cityscape, but today, President Ward was too furious to enjoy it.

Pacing around the room, his face red with anger, President Ward, a man in his 50s, known for being corny and opportunistic, wasn't just angry—he was furious. Dressed in a perfect tailored suit, his combed-back silver hair did nothing to soften the venom in his voice as he shouted at the Defence Minister, a pudgy, nervous man with bulging belly, who was sitting nervously in one of the visitors chairs.

The minister, visibly sweating, twisted his hands, terrified of losing his job. The tension in the room was thick.

PRESIDENT WARD

What do you mean he won't talk?

President Ward barked, his voice echoing through the spacious room. His fists clenched and unclenched as he stopped pacing, glaring down at the minister. The Defence Minister swallowed hard, shifting uncomfortably in his chair.

DEFENCE MINISTER

Captain Harris says...he's the
hardest nut that won't crack.

The minister stammered, his voice wavering. President Ward's eyes flashed with a dangerous glint as he leaned closer, his voice dripping with contempt.

PRESIDENT WARD

Hard nut, you say? Or maybe I've
got the wrong people doing a simple
job. Do you love your job,
Minister?

His tone was biting, laced with threat.

PRESIDENT WARD

Tell me, what's so hard about
making a rat squeak?

The minister's round face flushed red as he shook his head, trying to calm his furious boss.

DEFENCE MINISTER

(stammering)

I-I know exactly what to do, Mr President. Intelligence is working on something that might lead us to the money. Those bastards left no footprints to track, but there might be some loopholes that will get us somewhere.

president Ward stopped pacing, his gaze locked on the minister, assessing him. Slowly, the anger faded from his face, replaced by a calculating look.

PRESIDENT WARD
Hmm...loopholes, you say?

The president walked over to a glass decanter on the side table, grabbing the whiskey bottle and pouring himself a glass. He downed the first glass in one swift motion, exhaling as the burn of the liquor hit him. Then poured another, this time placing it on the desk, untouched.

Calmer now, President Ward adjusted his suit, straightened his jacket before walking over to the large window behind his desk. The city sprawled out beneath him like a kingdom, and as he stood there, staring out, a sense of control seemed to return. The view from the top floor always gave him a thrill, a reminder of the power he held.

Just then, the door to the office swung open with a rush. The governor, looking flustered and out of breath, hurried inside, his suit slightly wrinkled from his frantic arrival.

The President turned, his eyes narrowing slightly, and a slow, sarcastic smile spread across his face.

PRESIDENT WARD
Keeping the president
waiting...hmm?

The governor froze, his nervousness plain as a day.

GOVERNOR
An accident happened and I...

PRESIDENT WARD
And?

The president asked, drawing out the word in a way that made the governor's face drain of color.

GOVERNOR
I got stuck in traffic.

The governor stammered, trying to excuse his lateness. For a moment, the room was silent, then President Ward suddenly broke into loud, exaggerated laughter, the sound filling the office. The governor and the minister quickly joined in, though their laughter was far more nervous.

PRESIDENT WARD
Relax, my friend.

President Ward said, finally calming down, patting the governor on the back.

PRESIDENT WARD
Why are you so scared of me, hmm?
You're lucky I'm in a good mood
now. If you'd come in here a few
minutes earlier...

He paused for effect, his grin widening.

PRESIDENT WARD
I would've been mad at you. But
that's not the case anymore, is it?

The governor let out a small sigh of relief, doing a quick sighn of the cross over his chest. President Ward motioned to the Defence Minister.

PRESIDENT WARD
The minister here tells me
Intelligence has some kind of lead
on the money, or something like
that.

The governor, still rattled, nodded eagerly.

GOVERNOR
That's...good news. Some light at
last.

He managed to say, his voice shaky. President Ward looked back out at the city, his mind already working through the next steps.

PRESIDENT WARD
Let's hope that lead comes through.

He muttered, swirling his whiskey in the glass as the the other two men exchanged uneasy glances behind him.

CNT SCENE

The laughter had faded, leaving the room thick with tension once more. President Ward turned back from the window, his gaze hard as he looked at both the Defence Minister and the Governor, who still sat nervously in their chairs.

PRESIDENT WARD
We can't lose this money, this
isn't some petty cash we can sweep
under the rug and move on from.
This is serious cash-the kind of
money people kill over. We can't
turn a blind eye to this anymore.

The Defence Minister gulped, nodding quickly, and the Governor shifted uncomfortably, clearly dreading where the conversation was heading. President Ward began pacing again, his hands clasped behind his back.

PRESIDENT WARD
We're running out of time.

He continued, his voice lowering into a growl.

PRESIDENT WARD
If we don't get that money back
soon, we'll have far bigger
problems than making some stubborn
rats squeak.

He paused, glancing meaningfully at the twoo men.

PRESIDENT WARD
You both know who I'm talking
about.

The Governor and the Defence Minister exchanged nervous glances, neither daring to speak. They knew exactly what the president meant—the Jamaican naughtorious drug dealer, a man who had done some of Ward's dirtiest work in the past for president Ward to be voted into power. In return, the president had promised him large sums of money, protection, and power. But now, with the stolen money gone, the promises were slipping through their fingers.

PRESIDENT WARD
If we don't deliver what I
promised, questions will be asked
and we running out of excuses.

Ward hissed

PRESIDENT WARD
And when that happens, trust
me—none of us are going to like how
sour things will quickly turn. He
has so much evidence that can
complicate us, cause I aint going
down alone if that were the case,
trust me. So we need to be on our
A-game, gentlemen. We have to get
ahead of this before he...

Before the President could finish, the phone on his desk rang sharply, cutting through the tense air. He stopped pacing, his eyes narrowing in irratation. He walked over to his desk, picking up the phone.

PRESIDENT WARD
Yes?

He answered, his tone curt

SECRETARY
Sir, we have a call for you.

His secretary's voice crackled through the speaker. President Ward frowned.

PRESIDENT WARD
Who's on the call?

He asked, already impatient.

SECRETARY
He didn't state his name.

The secretary replied, sounding slightly confused.

SECRETARY
But he says he's a close
friend...and he has a Jamaican
accent.

President Ward froze for a split second, his eyes widening ever so slightly. He glanced at the Governor and the Defence Minister, who sat still as statues.

PRESIDENT WARD
Talk of the devil.

He muttered under his breath

SECRETARY
Sir? Did you say something?

The secretary asked, not quiet catching his words. The president straightened up, his face returning to his usual mask of calm control.

PRESIDENT WARD
Connect him to my phone.

He said, his voice steely. There was a brief pause, and then the line clicked. President Ward, now alone with the call, leaned back in his chair, adjusting his suit jacket, his expression tight as he prepared for the conversation.

He heard a low chuckle on the other end of the line, the unmistakable accent carring through.

KINGSTON/RAZOR
Mr president...with all due
respect, I think you are testing my
patience. I did my part of the
deal, and your desire was
fulfilled. What happened to my
promise, Mr president?

EXT:TOWN CENTER, THE CAFE:DAY

The camera pans from outside the cafe, catching a glimps of Olivia through the large glass window. She sits at a table alone, her fingers resting on her phone as if waiting for something-anything. Her eyes are distant, lost in deep thought. The sound of the cafe around her are muffled as if

she's in a world of her own.

A waiter approaches cautiously, noticing her distraction.

WAITER
Excuse me...miss?

Olivia doesn't respond. She's too deep in her thoughts, staring blankly at her phone. The waiter hesitates for a moment before gently waving a hand in front of her face.

WAITER
(with a polite smile)
Miss?

Startled, Olivia blinks and looks up, shaking herself out of her trance.

OLIVIA
Yes...what? Oh, sorry, did you say
something?

The waiter chuckles softly at her flustered response.

WAITER
Can I get you anything?

OLIVIA
Oh, yes, please. I'll have coffee.

WAITER
Sugar?

OLIVIA
No sugar.

The waiter nods and walks away, leaving Olivia alone again. She goes right back to staring at her phone, tapping it impatiently as if waiting for a call or a message that refuses to come. Her thoughts seem heavy, the tension palpable in her expression.

A few moments later, the door to the cafe swings open, and Alex walks in. He glances around, spotting Olivia near the window, and strides over.

ALEX
(with a smile)
There you are.

Olivia looks up from her phone, her mood lifting slightly as Alex approaches.

OLIVIA
Finally! I almost gave up on
waiting for you.

Alex pulls out a chair and sits down across from her.

ALEX

What's this important information
that had you knocking on my door at
the crack of dawn?

Olivia leans in, lowering her voice slightly as she speaks.

OLIVIA

I found him.

Alex frowns, confused

ALEX

Found who?

OLIVIA

Sniper. They have him.

Alex's confusion deepens, his brow furrowing.

ALEX

They have him? Who has him?

OLIVIA

(grimly)

The police

A moment of silence passes between them as Alex processes the revelation.

ALEX

And the money?

OLIVIA

I dont think they got to him while he still had the money. If they did, they wouldn't be detaining him in secret like this. It means He secured the money somewhere before they arrested him.

Alex exhales, relief washing over him.

ALEX

I knew it. I knew he couldn't have betrayed us. Deep down, I just knew it.

Olivia nods, her expression serious.

OLIVIA

Yes. But we need to bring the gang back together. We have to find a way to help Sniper before it's too late.

Alex leans back in his chair, a heavy sigh escaping him. The weight of her words hangs over him, but he hesitates.

ALEX
How do I tell you this...?

He paused, gathering his thoughts.

ALEX
Listen, Olivia, I'm all my daughter has left. The last thing I want is for her to be alone in this world. This...this is a risky mission, moreover, she just recently lost her mum. I can't afford to risk my daughter's life.

Olivia's face falls, disappointment evident in her eyes.

OLIVIA
I understand, but Sniper needs us. If the police haven't come after us yet, it's because He's playing by the rules, keeping his mouth shut for us. Hoping we can do something for him.

Alex shakes his head, his expression pained but resolute.

ALEX
I made my decision the day I lost my wife. My daughter is young, and she needs me. I'm sorry, but you'll have to do this without me.

Olivia stares at him in disbelief.

OLIVIA
Wow... I can't believe it's you saying this right now. What changed, Alex? This was your idea! You got us all involved, and now you're just...stepping back?

Alex lowers his head, guilt flickering across his face.

ALEX
Things change, Olivia. Everything I did then... It was to help pay for my wife's medical bills. But now, I have no reason to go back to that life.

Olivia looks away, clearly frustrated but understanding the gravity of his decision.

OLIVIA
I respect your decision, Alex. I'll inform the others...if I manage to get them all back together. And... Good luck with your daughter.

Alex stands up, looking around the cafe as Olivia's words about Sniper sink in. But he says nothing more. He gives Olivia one last, conflicted look before heading towards the door, leaving her sitting alone at the table.

As he exits, Olivia takes a deep breath, picking up her phone again. She stares at it for a long moment before finally dialing a number. The phone rings as she waits, her face steeling with determination.

Ext:Street Racing Spot:NIGHT

The camera opens wide, capturing the high-energy atmosphere of a street racing spot. Flashy sports cars zoom around, their engines roaring, while loud hip-hop blares in the background. The scene is whirlwind of motion-cars, people, and neon lights reflecting off the polished exteriors of the vehicles.

Jason Aka Speed leans against a beat-up car, scanning the scene. In his early 30s, Jason is a badass driver, but lately, his luck has run out. Broke and deep in dept, he needs a win to pay off his bills and get back on top. But today, no one will lend him a car to race. His reputation for winning has taken a hit after a series of losses, and now, he's stuck. Desperate, his eyes dart around the lot, looking for a solution.

Suddenly, a yellow Porche 718 Cayman rolls into view, the sleek car gliding smoothly through the crowd. Jason's jaw drops at the sight of it—one of his favourite sports cars. It pulls up besides, and the door opens. A beautiful young woman, Alice, steps out. She looks like a supermodel—rich, elegant, and way out of his league. Her confident strut turns heads as she walks towards Jason.

SPEED
(in disbelief)
Damn, what a beautiful yellow
beast. Wait, this your car?

ALICE
(with a playful smile)
Yeah, my dad got it for me on my
26th birthday.

Jason can't help but stare, his envy barely hidden. He wishes he had a dad who could buy him a car of his dreams. Just as he's about to figure out his next move, Kelly, the street race organizer, steps into the scene. He's a gambler who cares only about people with money. Kelly and Jason go way back, but Kelly has little respect for Jason now that he's broke.