

ONE WAY OUT  
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by  
FREDRICK M. CHILUFYA

123/456-7890  
no.such@thing.com

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WRITTEN BY

FREDRICK CHILUFYA

CREATED BY:

FREDRICK CHILUFYA

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 container, 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: TORTURE ROOM-- MAXIMUM PRISON: 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 menace.

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 distant 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 footsteps 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  
sign 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 two 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 naughtorous 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 irritation. 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 Jamican  
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 quite 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 carrying 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 glimpse 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 detainig 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 debt, 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.