

King of the Jews

(Draft Three)

by
Elimihe Osezuah

Elose Plus Media Ltd
18 Esomo Close off Toyin Street, Ikeja Lagos
WWW.eloseplusmedia.tv.
Email: business@eloseplusmedia.tv
+234 8058773827, 8023512752

INT A TASTEFULLY FURNISHED, SPACIOUS ROOM NIGHT

Standing tall in an all grey pants and sleeveless round necked top is perfect body Vivienne. She is on phone. Behind her seated cross legged in shades of pink pants and top is a tall lady. Her long hair has strands of pink. She is fully absolved in the ongoing discussion.

VIVIENNE

Cap, I think we've all we need to move in on him...

MALE VOICE OOV

He's in your territory

VIVIENNE

May i copy that as...

MALE VOICE OOV

I need to know your plan. It's to be a clean job.

VIVIENNE

I do clean, Cap.

CUT TO:

INT. POWER MAN'S LIVING ROOM IN SOFT FOCUS NIGHT

Open on tight close up of Capone's mouth and hand on phone.

CAPONE

So far...Viv, the Council is not pleased with Lagos...your inheritance from Benin sucks. We overlook Benin on the ground of youthful exuberance and weakness, but 15 years after you and your man still exhibit that weakness...

CUT TO:

INT A TASTEFULLY FURNISHED, SPACIOUS ROOM NIGHT

An awkward silence prevails briefly.

MALE VOICE OOV
So, what're you telling me,
honey?

Vivienne makes a revolting face, but keeps her voice calm
and grave

VIVIENNE
Cap, we'll show you we have
outgrown...

CUT TO:

INT. POWER MAN'S LIVING ROOM IN SOFT FOCUS NIGHT

TCU: Capone's face showing fire.

MALE VOICE OOV
There's no 'we' here...

VIVIENNE OOV
Capone...I can't do this all
alone...you know I don't own the
resources all to myself. At some
point, the boss will know and I'd
have betrayed him to his
knowledge...

MALE VOICE OOV
The Council forbids you! He must
be kept out of it. So far he's a
failure; you're the only reason
Lagos remains independent.

CUT TO:

INT A TASTEFULLY FURNISHED, SPACIOUS ROOM NIGHT

VIVIENNE
What if he finds out...somehow,
Cap?

Another round of silence.

MALE VOICE OOV
Then he'll be judged by the way
he handles it. Then there'd be no
mercy if he fails. Viv, you're
Lagos, not him. Always identify
with that.

She grows a bit nervous and uncomfortable.

VIVIENNE

Cap, I have watched this beast
for 14 months now...he's even
about to beat us to a major
business. He cant beat me twice,
Cap, help me! I watch him prosper
and build his own empire while I
groan in the injustice he has
caused me all these years.

Silence. Vivienne takes her face to Pinkie for once and
finds that the other lady has her eyes on her
sympathetically.

MALE VOICE OOV

My little girl! I feel your pain,
but revenge in a civilised
environment takes time to cook.

She bows her head with tears flowering her eyes.

MALE VOICE OOV (CONT'D)

What do you have on him?

VIVIENNE

(smiling with pleasure
beneath her tears)
You'd love my plan, cap, I assure
you.

MALE VOICE OOV

I hope you're not counting on
Alero?

At the sound of Alero, her smile broadens

VIVIENNE OOV

You'll be pleased with what I
have Cap.

Pinkie smiles back to Vivienne in an encouraging way
tapping her dainty fingers on her lap, nodding her head

CUT TO:

INT. POWER MAN'S LIVING ROOM IN SOFT FOCUS

NIGHT

MALE VOICE OOV

Ok then, let's get this done once
and for all!

CUT TO:

INT A TASTEFULLY FURNISHED, SPACIOUS ROOM NIGHT

Vivienne's smile bursts into a giggle and turns to Pinkie clutching the phone with both hands.

VIVIENNE

Thank you, my Capone, thank you.

She kisses the handset as she says that. Pinkie rises to her feet satisfied for her boss and friend.

Vivienne ends the call and turns an action ready face to Pinkie.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Let's do this...let's show Abuja
that Lagos is not such a
pushover.

She glides in an admixture of modeling and military pump towards the window. She pushes the curtains aside and soaks in the light from the window. She sighs with deep pleasure and sniffs the air

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Your blood smells so sweet,
boyfriend...can't have enough of
it!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.

AN OPEN FIELD

EVENING

The training pitch is a gale of rushing feet, tackles, kicks, flying bodies and falling youth. Osita blows the whistle for cessation of hostilities. All stops and turns to the coach who stands hands in his track suit whistle dropping from his cute mouth.

As the players file up to him, he turns around with

OSITA

Game over. See you Saturday.
Everyone.

Some of the players can see that the coach is not pleased, but he cannot be bothered now. They file past him towards the exit when he stops one of them.

OSITA (CONT'D)

You wait.

The fellow a young man in his late teen obeys with mixed feelings. He turns to his colleagues who already have a not-so-curious eyes on him. He looks away from them when the coach pronounces the death sentence

OSITA (CONT'D)

300 frog jumps, 300 press up, 300 push ups, 300 duck walks, 300 sit ups, starting now with 20 laps round this pitch. That's what you owe me, Ahmed. Now!

AHMED

Coach!

Osita poises to take off

OSITA

If I start first, you double the debt...

Not willing to have that, Ahmed tears past Osita who follows apace.

Long shot from behind them as the evening gives way to night as Osita joins Ahmed in all the exercises.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT.

A BEAUTIFUL DINING ROOM

NIGHT

A tastefully furnished, spacious upper middle class home. A stunningly beautiful young lady in her mid twenties dressed in a one-piece loose dress is speaking on phone while taking a tray of food towards the dining.

ALERO

You're not going to expect me to share diner with you today, are you, lover boy?

OSITA'S VOICE OOV
(voice out of breath)
Come on, babe, it's not that
late!

She raises her face to the wall clock

ALERO
(makes a knowing face)
You're knocking yourself out
again, huh...anyway, It's almost
8pm, I shouldn't be eating this
late, honey!

OSITA'S VOICE OOV
So? One day of eating late won't
make a cow out of you na!

She rolls her eyes with that expression of this-guy-won't-kill me

ALERO
Where're you...still making a god
out of those lazy mortals of
yours?

Then the line suddenly goes quiet.

CUT TO:

EXT

AN OPEN FIELD

NIGHT

All sweaty, face towards a cream coloured sedan parked ahead, Osita takes a sharp turn of his face towards his right where it seems to him a shadow swifts past him he sees nothing.

Alero's voice is calling out

ALERO OOV
Helloooo, hellooo, lover boy; you
still there...Hellooo

Ahmed is also joining Osita in the search for the phantom.
Then the two faces meet.

OSITA
Sorry, lark, I could've sworn I
was still talking to you. Hang up
now, I'm putting on my
seatbelt...you know the rules

ALERO OOV
Yea, no calls on wheels. Come
home to me soon, baby boy.

OSITA

You bet I'm flying down

ALERO OOV

Yea

Activating the keyless opening to the cream coloured sedan, he head beckons Ahmed to hop in.

OSITA

Let's go share a late diner.

The clearly battered Ahmed slumps in with not a trace of cheer on his face. His eyes fall on his ringing phone with the name Ife on its screen

Noticing his sullen mood and the name on the screen, he makes one attempt at cheering the young man up

OSITA (CONT'D)

My Alero is a better cook than your Ife, you know.

Feeling drawn out unexpectedly, Ahmed takes an amused face to Osita, chuckles really tickled

AHMED

In your mind, coach!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN OUTSIDE GROUND FLOOR OF AN UPSCALE EATERY DAY

Osita is seated over coffee with a lady client and her male subordinate explaining a point to her rapt attention. He is clearly making constant reference to his tablet while the male subordinate is taking notes on his own tablet. The lady is the rich young A class type in her late twenties.

A sedan car drives to a slow motion parallel to the scene from across the road just as an attendant comes to them with a POS machine, Osita fetches his own card from his wallet and swipes it. The ritual is done and she tears a printout for him and leaves. Osita uses a glass to hold it down on the table. The back window of the car lowers itself and instead of a face, a gun eases itself to view as on cue, Osita turns towards the direction and his eyes hit the gun. He goes into action on yet another instinctive prompt. The table goes up, the lady and guy are going down as Osita sweeps them down with one arm while the other arm holds the table to the hale of bullets coming from the car.

People scamper all over, creating a milee.

LADY CLIENT
(wailingly)
Oh, my God!

Looking away from the badly rattled lady, Osita looks towards the direction her eyes are glued and through the available space from the table and sees the meanest guy he has set his eyes on in recent times out of the car gun levelled to his leg and heading towards them in cool air. The two passenger doors of the car are opened and Osita can see that there are two occupants now.

He turns to the whimpering clients with his shaky hands moving up and down as if saying-calm-down-boss-I'll take this. The lady only shrinks the more.

The gun hand of the approaching guy goes up and he can see him from that low angle as he towers below the evening sky and the muzzle of the gun gradually going up towards him.

Before the trigger can be squeezed the lady sees Osita move, her eyes follow him what she sees next is the gun flying off the guy's hand to right of her view as Osita's right leg moves like an over sped magic and next with his right hand to his jaw sends the guy going higher up in the sky with blood drawing a jagged line from the guy's mouth.

Osita does not wait for the man to land on his back when he dives at him with a flying punch to the man's neck. He rolls over towards the table, picks it just when the second guy in the car seeing the development dashes out towards the scene from the car. Osita does not wait for him to take a fourth step when he flings Pepsi bottle at him, but the guy blows the bottle away with his leg and menacingly heads at him his gun on the ready but Osita flings himself up, lifts the metal table using it as a shield, he runs towards the fellow who has begun to fire point blank at him. They meet half way and Osita lets the table go at him, side steps the mean guy and manipulates both space, time and object and the mean guy lands on his back terribly. Osita will not wait for him to fully land before banging his leg on his heart region, holds it down and twists it before letting go. Then he hears the sound of a car engine roaring, he turns to the other two and barks out

OSITA
Inside! Run!

Too overpowered to sustain themselves on their groggy legs, they rise and with both arms and legs scampering towards the eatery. While the car now guns itself towards them almost bypassing Osita who has flung himself out of its way.

They barely make it into the building and misses the car ramming them by whiskers. The car stops inches away from the wall of the building.

The car reverses as the driver reads Osita's movement with his mirrors. Osita jumps onto a table and scales over the car. The car stops again making a turn just enough for Osita to find space to push in a hard blow on the neck of the driver. Osita thinks he hears a neck bone break.

He does not wait for the outcome of his blow on the driver as he runs towards the clients are taking refuge inside the eatery. Then he stops, looks back and sees their tablets on the floor. He runs towards it, picks them up and heads towards them. He does not see the POS printout on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT A POOL SIDE A CLASS HOME NIGHT

A rather suave looking male seated on a pool side chair in pure white linen two piece slimfit, longsleeved buba and shokoto keeps a cool pair of eyes on the three battered men, one of whom is wearing a fresh pop on his neck. They are all badly out of shape clearly in dire need of a bed rest. He has a mocking smile serrating his thin handsome lips now.

An exquisitely shaped lady in an aquamarine one piece swim suit steps out of the pool. Using a snow white towel to dry herself, she walks in her elegant height to join the cool looking slender man.

BOSS
Vivienne, your hunters got
bruised by a dove.

Then lowering his voice to her as he pulls her closer by her upper arm hisses menacingly

BOSS (CONT'D)
And why am I not in the know of
this hit?

The lady reaches for the cigarette pack on the table and fishes one out.

VIVIENNE
Sent you a chat about it on bb,
but got no response from you. Cap
commands it.

The guy promptly places a flaming lighter beneath it as he weighs the message

BOSS

(voice still low)

I get to know about a hit in my
territory via chats?

Satisfied that she's had enough fire, she puffs and exhales
some smoke into the air.

VIVIENNE

He set it all up via surveillance
and orders the hit said must be
done within the hour...so I ran
for it and informed you, but you
didn't respond... I called you
didn't pick, check your phone, my
love.

She kisses him on the mouth, nose, neck and forehead

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

You know our rating in the
Council...didn't want to fail
again...

BOSS

(piqued by the word
'fail again')

'Fail again'? Besides Osita, what
else is my failure since?

VIVIENNE

Osita is everything to the
Council here, boss...and if you'd
picked your calls or responded to
my chats...

BOSS

Now you hang this failure on my
neck, right?

She turns a sorry look to him

BOSS (CONT'D)

Now attend to your hunters and
get out of my sight.

Then and then only does she allow her vixenish eyes rest on
the sad trio.

The men buckle at her sight. Then with a sharp scoff she
throws her face towards the man beside her. The man's smile
broadens at the inscrutable look on the lady's face. She
quickly wipes off a rising scowl and then rises, heads
towards the opposite direction of the standing men. She
stops after a few steps and returns and all the way to the
standing trio.

Face close to the driver, face really close as if to touch his lips with hers, but the fellow cannot only see the angst in those eyes, but her heat is 'searing into his soul from the verbless proximity as she sniffs all over his face

VIVIENNE

I smell something below death all over you.

She turns away clearly immersed in red rage

BOSS

They say the dove now has a bodyguard.

She scoffs at that without looking at anyone of them, not even the boss.

VIVIENNE

Bring me Aminatu's corpse before I breakfast or the dead is better than you all

The men heave a sigh of relief at that.

Then she stops and turns half towards them with her angled head tingling with a new thought

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

And...the bodyguard...I want him alive.

That shakes the battered men. One of them looks towards the driver with the POP on his neck and then something hits him. He recollects...

SWISHPAN TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. AN OUTSIDE GROUND FLOOR OF AN UPSCALE EATERY DAY

Osita is swiping his card on the POS debit machine and the service guy gives him a print out which Osita places on the desk using a glass cup to hold it down.

SWISHPAN TO:

EXT

A POOL SIDE A CLASS HOME

NIGHT

The guy's eyes speeds towards the just disappeared Vivienne. The Boss just keeps his eyes on him as senses something odd about him.

BOSS

What now, you've something to say?

MEAN GUY

Boss, we might need some help from on high...

BOSS

Meaning?

MEAN GUY

We can get the bodyguard through the POS print out. But that would need...

BOSS

(smiling and nodding at the mean guy)

You just might maintain first team shirt, man! So show me the print out...

Then the three exchange glances the driver just can't move his neck, though. The boss looks away from one to the others as his smile fades

BOSS (CONT'D)

So?

MEAN GUY

I'll hunt for it pronto if you let me...

BOSS

Get the fuck outta here and find it!

The three men pack themselves out of his presence. Then it dawns on him that he has another issue to deal with. He rises and barks after the exit point of Vivienne he heads towards it.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Viv, you owe some explanations!

CUT TO:

INT. OSITA'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Alero is treating Osita's bruised knuckles and elbows with worry inscribed on her cool face

ALERO

How can you condescend so low
fighting a bus conductor! That's
beneath you, Osita!

She sounds really disappointed.

OSITA

I didn't see it coming...the
moment I stepped out of the car
following the accident, he came
at me...what do I do, pose for
the blow? A man has to defend
himself

She nods looking into his eyes as if seeing a completely
different image in him. Her mouth hangs open with
incredulity.

OSITA (CONT'D)

What?

Shaking it off, Alero replies

ALERO

Nothing.

But Osita thinks he sees her almost swooning. She rises and
heads out of the living room.

He keeps his eyes on her exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT INTERIOR OF A BANKING HALL NIGHT

One of the mean guys is standing over a lady whose fingers
are working on the system and pinned to the desk with her
well-manicured fingers is a POS print out.

After a few minutes, the lady heaving a sigh turns the
computer screen to the guy so that he sees the full image,
name and address of Osita. He enters the info in his palm
top after taking a snap shot of the screen. When he
finishes, he grabs the POS machine and heads out

The lady makes to speak to him as she does not seem to
understand what is going on.

IT LADY

Erm...are you going to tell me
what's happening ?

MEAN GUY

Go ask your boss.

He heads to the exit and as he pulls the door open he hears her again

IT LADY

Are you not taking me back home?

MEAN GUY

Go fuck yourself, bitch!

The lady gasps with shock. The door slams on her face

CUT TO:

INT

AN A CLASS POSH BEDROOM

DAY

The boss rises from his bed thrilled at what just hits his screen. He wipes his eyes to be sure of it. Then he balls over and flings himself off the bed overly excited laughing and jumping all over the place.

The lady Vivienne slowly rouses from her sleep in her silken nightie and turns to him worried.

When he notices her, he crawls onto her and showers her face with kisses.

She stops him regally and slowly pushes his face off. Then Makes him that 'are-you-going-to-tell-me-what face

BOSS

The bodyguard...the
bodyguard...the bodyguard is..is
O-S-i-t-a C-h-i-n-e-d-u-m O-b-u-m-
n-e-m-e

The lady wakens clearly and then pours a half charming face at him with the air of convince-me-you-are-not-gone-gaga. To answer her, he shoves the screen of his palm-piece to her face.

Then she rises to a sitting posture taking the phone and looking at the face.

VIVIENNE

What's this all about?

BOSS

The POS print out leads this far.
You mean Osita is a common
bodyguard now? What a waste of
resources!

She looks away from him and back at the face. She takes a well-done face to him and soon loses interest again. She drops the phone and lowers her head onto her pillow.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Well...I see now why Cap wants
the hit faster than normal. So
Osita, we find you at last!

She rolls over to him and holds him close and tight as she feels old, buried emotions welling up inside of him.

VIVIENNE
Can you now forgive my haste and
not taking permission from you,
hun?

That shoots him to a quick. He turns to her sharply

BOSS
So...you knew it was him all
these while?

Silence.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Vivienne you knew the bodyguard
was Osita?

VIVIENNE
(a thin smile on her
lovely mouth)
I...did...

BOSS
(stupefied)
Huh?

VIVIENNE
Babe, we need stamina for a good
breakfast, please, relax.

He does not move. He goes madder

BOSS
Tell, me, my lady, for how long
have you known about this guy?

VIVIENNE
It was the Council's business.
There's little I can tell you.
Can't we just keep business out
of our lives?

He looks away sad and heavy.

BOSS

Business has halted our lives

She rests a teary face on a fluffy pillow and blinks as the tears pour out of her eyes.

He taps her up.

BOSS (CONT'D)

We need to plan this operation well... Let me know your thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT A WELL MANICURED LAGOS CITY STREET DAY

It is very early in the morning. Alero is jogging along the pavement. She looks every inch fit and swift as she jogs past a police van parked at the intersection. One of the officers behind the wheel waves to her with harmless admiration, she returns it cheerfully without stopping.

CUT TO:

INT A POSH BEDROOM DAY

The light of the new day cuts through the blinds into the room and directly into his eyes, he moves a fluffy pillow to cover his face. Then as if that were not enough, he rolls over reaching out for a partner that is not there. Feeling for her severally and not seeing her, he opens his eyes and finds only her metallic silk night dress lying on the bed.

OSITA

Oh, boy!

He looks to the clock by the bed and sees that it's 4.15am

He rises from the bed, rolls onto the floor and begins to do his stretches, but...

The burst open with that urgency he rises on one powerful arm to his feet, but a flying weight crashes him against the wall and pins him down. He makes a move to recover himself, but something cold and sharp finds itself on his neck.

OSITA (CONT'D)

What do you want?

The assailant relaxes briefly seeing that he has capitulated, but that is the leverage Osita needs. The moment he feels the direction of the assailant's body parts and knife in relation to his body, Osita goes up like a surging ocean wave and the assailant finds himself flying off his body and crashing against the window by the bed. Rolling over the bed like a cat, Osita heads for the door when a form emanates from nowhere before him, Osita now in action mode pours a mad hook to the man's throat and he sees his both legs going off the floor and flying further off his path. He turns in one swift move to crash the first assailant who has risen and come after him with a mean-looking knife back into the room with a deadly stop-kick. The knife flies off his hand as he makes a hard contact with the wall. The knife takes a small chip off the wall and drops.

Then from behind him he hears the chiller: the cork of several guns.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT AN UPPER MIDDLE CLASS ESTATE STREET DAY

The lady Alero is jogging towards her house when an estate security van drives past her few feet from her gate. She turns to it with the mildest interest and continues her jogging. Something like a pink ribbon flashes across her eyes from the passenger window and she throws a second look to it, but a loud noise emanates from the tyre of the car carrying red mud stepping on an inflated pure water sachet. This distracted her from the smiling pink braided female face she thinks she knows. She turns into her compound and strangely finds the gate open. She heads for the security house and finds it empty. She shrugs it off and goes inside, now walking.

ALERO

Sanusi, who did you open the gate
for?

She does not wait for an answer as she goes right into the house. Heading straight for the fridge in the kitchen, she takes a cold bottle of water and downs it slowly. Then she inclines her head and a broad smile cuts through her face. She leaves some quantity in her bottle and hiding it behind her, she heads out of the kitchen.

As she enters the room, she pulls it out from behind her back ready to unleash it when she finds the bed empty. She nods and heads towards the bathroom...but then, she realises that her night dress is on the floor. She goes for it and neatly folding it, puts it in the wardrobe.

ALERO (CONT'D)

Where're you, baby boy, I'm back

Silence.

She heads out of the room as she begins to lose the naughty air. Few minutes later, she heads back into the room looking a bit disturbed now. She sits on the bed, her head on her hand thinking deep. Her eyes go to the shoes he had polished the previous evening and then the shirt and pants with a matching tie he hung on the wardrobe door with the snow white briefs folded on the hanger. She throws her face to the bedside stool and there she sees his car and office keys as well as his wrist watch...but the phones are not there. Then she allows her eyes run a thoughtful look around. She stops. She rises. And slowly heads to the wall beside the bed where a nasty chip shows itself to her. She traces the spot down to the sparkling tiled floor, but sees nothing. She looks further down from the wall and sees the paint and sand piece. She picks it and places it against the chip and it nearly fits. She at this point is alarmed and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT OUTSIDE THE INTERLOCKING POAVEMENT EXTERIOR DAY

Alero runs right into the opened security house. The gate is still opened.

ALERO

Sanus....

She finds the room empty. She dashes into the toilet, she finds it empty. She flings his wardrobe open again he cannot find anyone. She bolts out now really worked up and sweating. Tears in her voice, she screams out

ALERO (CONT'D)

S-a-n-u-s-i

Then she sees something that finally stops her: fresh tyre marks with red earths on their interlocking pavement inside the compound and out of the compound. She runs round the compound searching everywhere as she calls out

ALERO (CONT'D)

S-a-n-u-s-i

Now she has tears running down her face as she notices his car and hers untouched in the compound. She gets back to the entrance to the apartment, drops on her butts and hands to her face she convulses briefly with a sob and then shaking it off she dashes back into the house.

CUT TO:

INT A MODERN OFFICE ENVIRONMENT DAY

Fading past Alero in a blur is an open plan office environment with young and happy workers at their desks. Some are having a small group meetings in their cubicles, some are chit-chatting, others are engrossed in their works. Some just wave to her as she breezes past them scarcely responding. She heads towards a door marked CEO.

She pushes it open and there is a secretary's office. The lady notices her mood as she steps in. She smiles her a familiar toothy smile.

ALERO
(pointing to the closed
door before her)
Is he in there, please?

The other lady shakes her head and takes her face to the wall clock and then at her phone on the desk. She shakes her head

ALERO OOV
You mean he's not been in today?

She nods affirmative.

ALERO OOV (CONT'D)
Has he called you to say...

SECRETARY
No!

She rises at the expression coming across from the other lady to her.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Alero! Is anything the matter?

She looks away from the lady trying to keep tears from her eyes and then looks down shaking her head.

ALERO
Have you tried calling him today?

The other lady shakes her head on the negative.

Alero nods and then keeps quiet for a while thinking deep

SECRETARY
Should I be worried, Alero?

ALERO

What was the last conversation
you had with him...I mean the
last time you saw him, please?

The other lady looks Alero all over and then leads her to a
sette close by.

SECRETARY

Oh, Alero, you look boiled and
rattled. Please, sit...sit down.

Alero allows her to lead her to the settee. Her world seems
to be falling apart.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Can I be honest with you, please?
It's really not your business
what discussion I'd with my boss.

Alero nods and looks at the other lady in the eyes and the
other holds her own. Then when Alero seems to slowly waken
to a thought, the other lady lowers her face.

ALERO

(shoots herself to her
feet)

I guess it would be unacceptable
for me to take a look at his
diary?

The other lady realises she has to stylishly block the path
leading towards the CEO's office.

SECRETARY

What would you be expecting to
find, please? Maybe I can help
you with it if it's possible.

Alero walks closer and closer to her until she is braced
against her desk, her lips almost touching hers.

ALERO

I've not set my eyes on my
fiancee since 4am today... and
you...it's 10am, he's not been at
work today and you've not heard
from him and you've not called
his phone? Did he tell you he was
coming in late today?

SECRETARY

Do I call the police in?

She looks at her askance and walks out of the place
disgusted. Then on arriving at the open office, she sees
all the staff standing and face to the TV in the hall.

She ignores them momentarily and then stops when a middle aged guy rushes at her.

KAYODE

Alero...Alero...glad to see
you...this is running me
mad...it's crazy...She was our
prospect!

She continues her slashing strides without responding.

KAYODE (CONT'D)

I honestly don't believe he did
it.

She has taken three more steps when it registers. She stops
and then sound bytes from the TV pierce into her hearing

NEWSCASTER

However according to the Force
Public Relations Officer...

Dissenting voices of staff.

KAYODE

Hey! Hey!! Hey!!!

All falls silent as they just notice her presence for the
first time.

Alero heads closer to the screen with groggy feet

NEWSCASTER

There's a pointer to the fact
that the killing might remotely
be connected to a business deal
gone sour. Details about the
murder remains sketchy.

On the screen all the while is the face of Osita placed
side by side the face of the lady client from the previous
scene with graphics screaming

Young CEO Murders Socialite-Police.

Soon the image of the crime scene with blood stains all
over as medics stretcher a covered body away hits the
screen.

Alero's face goes ashen and sagged. She is trying to piece
the whole thing together without any clue.

Far from behind her, the secretary having had enough of the
scene silently shuts everyone out of her world.

Alero, unaware of the hot tears rolling down her cheeks
slowly crumbles, but the waiting arms of Kayode, the man
that first approaches her come in handy.

She promptly recovers from the man's arms and thanking him for the help and apologising at the same time, she heads out.

He rushes after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF A POLICE STATION DAY

Alero walks out of the building and sits on the pavement head bowed in her hands sobbing. An officer comes to the pavement stands behind her for a while feeling for her

POLICE OFFICER
Madam, the IPO will be back at
the station towards evening then
you can see the suspect.

She is not listening; her head flings itself up her hand and then she rises and turning fully to face the officer. Wagging an index finger not in a threat or accusation fashion, but in a realisation sort of way. Then she turns around still weighing the possibility in her mind.

The injured arm and knuckles flash across her mind. She stops again and cools down. She raises a weakened face marred by fear to the officer. Then she recalls the phone on the bed stool at home. She also recalls the gate house still empty.

She reaches for her phone and dials a number marked SANUSI. The phone rings until it wears off.

Possessed by a sudden sense of urgency, she turns back to the officer

ALERO
So you're saying I can't see the
suspect all because the IPO is
absent?

POLICE OFFICER
You need to register your
interest in the case to him, not
me, I'm just the desk Sergeant

Alero weighs that for a while and then asks

ALERO
And...The Area Commander?

POLICE OFFICER
I already told you, she's not...

ALERO

Oh, yea, 'not on seat'!

The urgency rises fast to a frenzy in her so she dashes towards her car...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT

AN OPEN FIELD

DAY

The players, with one of them holding a newspaper with a screaming headline about the 'murder', are seated together in the middle of the pitch all depressed and silent. Ahmed turns his teary eyes away and thinks he sees someone at the edge of the pitch watching them with miffed expression. He wipes his arm across his face and looks again and finds that he is not being deceived.

Alero begins to walk towards them.

All the boys turn to Alero following the last cue from Ahmed. They promptly look away from her except Ahmed who now rises, but the look of silent protest from one of them who poses as the leader roots him to the spot.

Alero covers the space between them and stops, looking from one face to the other she keeps her emotions under in check.

CAPTAIN

Auntie, you get any thing to tell us?

Alero looks away holding back her emotions.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I... I...

(sighs in deep pain)

Me nor even understand this life sef!

He rises with angst slamming the ball on the earth and ignoring it travel up and wild off. Alero keeps her teary eyes after the ball.

FOOTBALLER

Capo, easy, na!

Captain turns wildly to the lanky colleague and bursts out

CAPTAIN

Wetin be 'easy na' you see me sey
I carry weapon? Nor be question I ask?

Ahmed rises, but it is the Footballer that replies

FOOTBALLER

I nor like the way you dey voke
for dis matter, cool temper na!

The footballer also rises to match the captain height for height, rage for rage. Ahmed looks away from the two and faces Alero

AHMED

(to Alero tears in his
eyes)
Auntie, do you think coach did
this?

She looks from the raging two and rests a cool, sad face on Ahmed. She shakes her head inscrutably

FOOTBALLER 1

Aunty, coach nor suppose knack us
for ground like dis at all.

He is very overwhelmed with pains.

Alero looks from one to the other not so sure how to respond.

CAPTAIN

Coach pick me from the street sey
make I use my life well, promise
sey I go turn star.

His rage is controlled now as he charges at Alero rolling out his displeasure.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Coach give me hope and make me
kill myself every day, morning
and night for this field and
now...

One other player rises

FOOTBALLER 2

Coach fall our hand nor be small.

Alero, containing her tears perfectly turns to them

ALERO

Coach come house by 7 o'clock
yesterday night. We sleep
together. This morning before 4
o'clock I leave am for bed go
jog. I come back for 6 o'clock
and meet sey coach don disappear.

All stops and listens to her as she narrates on. She stops briefly and looks from one to the other and then continues

ALERO (CONT'D)

I meet sey the gate open, I nor see the gateman. Till now I neva still see the gateman. I enta house, coach cloth wey im iron for ground to take go work, im shoes wey im polish last night, im tie, and phone everything dey ground for house. I see sign wey show sey struggle happen for the room. Sharp cut dey for wall. I meet all the door for house open and I see tyre mark of motor for compound, but our motor dey compound nobody even start dem so wetin happen to coach? Una dey here dey form nonsense!

All is silent.

ALERO

If you tink sey your coach kill person as police and the media dey talk, then shame on all of una. Coach suppose leave una as im see una before!

She turns and walks away in anger.

Everyone watches her leave

Ahmed's mind begins to work fast. Captain gasps with rising shock. He struggles to a sitting posture. One player runs after Alero and catches up with her just as she gets to her car.

FOOTBALLER 3

Aunty, wetin you want make I do?

Alero does not raise a face to him, she inserts the key in the ignition and starts the car. Then she begins to strap on her belt

FOOTBALLER 3 (CONT'D)

Aunty, I nor join dem tink sey coach do dis thing...I know coach wella.

She looks up to him and pursing her lips in deep thought smiles a teary one at him.

ALERO

This is not your fight, my dear. Nor worry, just pray for us.

She drives off with that. He looks away from her as the car disappears in the distance and then turns his face to the others. Now, captain is seated on the floor eyes on the grass. Ahmed is pacing, the others are arguing among themselves.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT

AN A CLASS SAUNA

NIGHT

The place is all white from wall to wall. Three ladies are lying face down while some well built guys are massaging them. Vivienne being one of them cranes her neck to look at Alero who rises from the massage pallet and heads for the warmer closet.

VIVIENNE

You mean between the time you went jogging and returning, he was out of the house?

LADY 1

The guy is a jerk! Sneaking out to commit murder and leaving his fiancée in gloom!

LADY 2

All men are jerks, jare! How can you explain it, a young man who has everything going on well for him...I'm really sorry, 'Lerie; you've to move on

ALERO

I really don't care what happens to him, I was stupid to have been worried over him. Men are just not worth it.

It is as if Alero hears a snuffle from Vivienne. Then steps into the warmer as the masseur turns it on and closes it behind her.

Vivienne takes a mean look towards her exit and turning to the other two she asks

VIVIENNE

You know...I never met this guy?

One of the ladies turns to her with shock

LADY 2

And...you and 'lerie're friends?

Lowering her voice more she intones

VIVIENNE

I wouldn't exactly say,
'friends'. She was once a staff
at Fidecom, before she left for
the banks. Nowadays we merely
work out together in the estate
we share and meet here at the
sauna. We never discussed private
matters.

The other lady finds her mouth and eyes widening with wonder

LADY 1

Ha! I've seen you more with Alero
than I've been with you and
you're not...

Swishpan to the interior of the warmer: Alero is in a tranquil state as the fog envelopes her, intimate scenes with Osita in the bedroom, kitchen and bathroom all flash through her mind and she lets out a soft passionate purr as she seems to be enjoying in the present flesh. The door soon pull open and she jerks out of the pleasant reverie as the muscled guy indicates to her that it is time to step out. She nods and holding the snow white towel to her body, she steps out as Vivienne goes past her with some mischievous smile on her lips and heads inside.

VIVIENNE

Don't worry, hun; you'd be fine,
you'll see.

She nods absentmindedly to it and heads straight for the dressing room.

Then one of the other ladies is having an intimate eye contact with her masseur as he massages her thighs while she lay face up. The guy's hands are asking deep intimate questions down her oil smooth thighs.

The other lady has risen and is being led towards another steamer.

Alero fully dressed in her grey pants suit heads for the exit when something stops her on her track: a pink braided hair crosses her lane ahead of her. The pink face turns a lavished smile towards her as she turns around, she sees only the intimate massage pair now the masseur has positioned himself between the lady's thighs and is massaging her hips and butts while she locks her legs round his waist, her eyes still inside his.

When she looks back to the pink head, the pink head chuckles with a doll type of laugh.

PINKHEAD

Are you ok, ma'm?

Then another flash passes Alero's eyes, the pink braid she saw in the estate security van. She shakes it off

PINKHEAD (CONT'D)

Ma'm...are you...

Alero wakes up to the moment with a slow start

ALERO

Oh, yea, I am. Hi, do I know you from somewhere, please?

The pink head gives a demure laugh

PINKHEAD

Haba, madam, salsa club na!

Then again a whisp of recollection flashes across her head, it is the pinkhead dancing with a guy whom she thinks familiar.

ALERO

Salsa club! Ok..ok...you...

The Pinkhead bears her searing orbs on her delicately

ALERO (CONT'D)

Well, ok, pleased to meet you, ma'm, my name is...

PINKHEAD

Alero Aruoture.

Alero checks herself and hands off her hand which she had initially stretched out for a handshake.

The Pinkhead's eyes narrow down

ALERO

(returning the hand for
a proper handshake)

You must really know me! Forgive me, I've a poor memory.

So saying after the handshake she heads out of the place. At the door she turns again to look at the Pinkhead a closer look at her full legs hidden behind a tight body tracing jean pants seems to reveal a slight, hardly perceptible bulge as it journeys towards the ankle. She notices the bulge is not same on the other leg. Then the estate security van flashes past her mind again. She decides to approach Pinkhead again

ALERO (CONT'D)

Forgive me, ma'm...do you work
with the Okusaga Estate security?

Then Pinkhead stops dead briefly. Her sharp little eyes close in briefly and slowly opens up. Alero thinks she sees her swallow a hard lump then, but the dazzling smile from the lady is disarming

PINKHEAD

Of course not! I told you I'm a
dancer, the Salsa club!

Thinking it over she finds the answer unconvincing and decides to push a bit more howbeit civilly

ALERO

I didn't know that cos I too am a
member of the salsa club, but
then...

PINKHEAD

Yea, you're also a bank
lawyer...I know, but some of us
stick to just one love, you know.

Alero nods and runs her eyes over her expensive outfits, jewelry and wristwatch and when their faces meet again, Alero flashes her a sweet smile and she returns it at her best.

When Alero turns away for good, Pinkhead's face goes cold and dark. She turns around and whips her phone from her bag with a sense of urgency

DISSOLVE TO:

INT AN UNDERWORLD OFFICE ENVIRONMENT NIGHT

Vivienne in her usual calm and controlled manner is seated opposite the Boss who is taking the head of the table. Pinkhead and Mean Guy are seating some spaces from Vivienne.

BOSS

You think she suspects you, how
ridiculous! Whatever gives you
that idea?

Pinkhead looks away, this time her smiles are gone. She looks worried and at the same time rearing for action.

Weighing the situation carefully, Vivienne turns a slim smile to Boss

VIVIENNE

What do you think would make Pink believe she suspects her?

The Boss looks into Vivienne's cold eyes and blurts out

BOSS

Oh, come on, people, there wasn't supposed to be suspicion coming out of this! It was supposed to have been a clean and smart operation, wasn't it so, Dele?

Mean Guy promptly responds

MEAN GUY

Yes, it was boss.

He turns to the ladies and throws out his hands

BOSS

See? No room for suspicions! The police believes everything they saw, the caller was authentic and our trace was totally removed. Did you not say she now hates him and that she has decided to forget she ever met him?

Vivienne nods in acquiescence.

BOSS (CONT'D)

See what I mean? Case dismissed!

He rises.

Nobody moves or shares in his sentiment. Then he looks around at the three.

MEAN GUY

Boss...

Mean Guy rises with deference throwing Vivienne a brief glance, he continues

MEAN GUY (CONT'D)

May I suggest we kept a tab on her for a while?

The Boss takes his eyes to Vivienne who holds his eyes with her cold eyes.

BOSS

She's your friend, Vivienne, if you think it necessary, handle it your own way. I want no hounds lurking around her.

(MORE)

BOSS (CONT'D)

I'd not give her reason to
strengthen her suspicion.

She nods and then turning to Pinkhead, he adds

BOSS (CONT'D)

You, stay away from her.

He sits back and dismisses everyone but Vivienne.

As they leave, and shut the door behind them, Vivienne
speaks up

VIVIENNE

You shouldn't have allowed Pink
to go with the crew. She's a give
away any day by her unique hair
and all that...

BOSS

Where's this coming from? She's
the sharpest shooter and fighter
we have on the crew. We couldn't
have risked that operation
failing knowing the type of
target we were closing on add
that to the flattering image we
have in Abuja!

Vivienne keeps quiet, looking straight into his eyes with
that look of you-don't-know-what's-coming-do-you?

BOSS (CONT'D)

What've you got?

VIVIENNE

Pink strongly believes what she's
telling. She's not flimsy. She
tried hiding from her in the van
when she saw her jogging home,
but she believes she saw her
hair. And their last meeting was
a pointer to this fact.

The Boss goes silent and sinks into his swivel chair, eyes
inside Vivienne's.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

So?

BOSS

I don't want her liquidated

VIVIENNE

And she's ma friend, you know.

The boss rises from the chair

BOSS

All this secret about Osita kept from me is just messy... You even knew her all these years and never met her man or even seen their pictures in these days of Facebook and Blackberry!

VIVIENNE

Stop it, child! Be a man on this as you always are!

Total silence. Face on-to-face.

BOSS

I'm not your child, Viv! Give me some respect here, damn it!

The charge does not sway the lady. She bows her head

VIVIENNE

Ok, I'm sorry. There was no way I could link it all. I never knew her with any man...Yes we're friends on Facebook and BB contacts...Osita is nowhere in her life there, nor any man serious. I even thought she was a lesbian; she never spoke about any man, she disdains any man that approaches her and she doesn't look like someone starved of sex.

He turns a searching look to her and then something about her makes him believe her. He nods.

BOSS

Ok. Apology accepted.

He paces for awhile.

BOSS (CONT'D)

But...what can she do? She's just a hot piece of cake missing the tooth that munches her. You said it yourself that she's moving on past him.

VIVIENNE

I didn't quite trust her then. After her contact with Pink, I think she's beginning to think that her man may after all be innocent.

BOSS

But she can't prove a thing...and
who'll listen to her? Ha, Osita,
after all these years, you
strayed into my trap! Nothing's
freeing you

VIVIENNE

(sniffing the air
mischievously)

Well, we have him now, don't
we...I smell a marriage, don't
you?

BOSS

I think you coiled it all
together real well, taking out a
new enemy and framing an old one
with it. Pretty smart. I think
marriage is at last here...Have I
not missed the feel of your body
deep down!

They are kissing and scrubbing each other's body hungrily
as they speak.

VIVIENNE

(afraid they might end
up having sex, she
sighs and chirps in)

But you should have trusted the
hunters to deliver on the
job...there was no need sending
Pink with them. I'm
afraid...really afraid.

The Boss turns a questioning look to her, as they both
slowly disengage from each other. The boss walks towards
the window shaking his head, not convinced where her fear
is coming from.

BOSS

So what next? All we need is
Osita dead, why don't we despatch
his soul in detention now,
tonight? That'll make marriage
possible, won't it?

VIVIENNE

(stunned with the man's
desperation)

Cap wants nothing outside the
script. We'll have to speak to
him...carry him along.

Smiling wryly to himself, he nods

BOSS

The story keeps expanding. Now I see there was a proposal to the Council from my Lagos and it wasn't sent by me!

He bangs the desk with ire. She looks away pained.

BOSS (CONT'D)

I don't like cliff hangers, Vivienne. It's either we're one or we split...

She rushes to him, hugs him and sobs on his shoulder

VIVIENNE

Don't...don't...please, don't say that.

She holds his face close to hers, she kisses him over and over...He just stands immobile not responding.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

We will overcome this trying time together...you'll see...don't please don't let anyone come between us...I will never ever keep anything from you to your own harm...and...I'm not parting from you. I live and die with you.

Looking deep and moved into her depthless eyes, he turns away overcome.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM NIGHT

Alero is seated face-to-face with Osita who is in a white round necked T-shirt and a pair of boxers. The IPO is standing by the door eyes on the embattled young Chief Executive and her fiancée turned counsel.

Osita and Alero are speaking with the lowest tone they can afford as they hold hands all the while.

OSITA

Can you handle this? Let my company lawyers handle this... you've your job to do.

Alero smiling with tears in her eyes raises his hands to her lips and let it stay

ALERO
You smell police cell already,
baby boy.

He smiles back his eyes clear and strong

OSITA
Isn't it a great smell!

They both chuckle and laugh despite themselves.

ALERO
If you told me the truth about
the injuries on you that night,
maybe we would have escaped this.

Silence.

OSITA
You mean Miss Oyofa is dead? Just
like that?

Looking away and chewing on something really bitter she allows her tears to flow freely. Osita does not notice her new inspiration. So still looking away, she speaks out

ALERO
Osita...

He comes out of his painful reverie and presses her hands

ALERO
Sa...Sanusi...

He looks at her deeply with anticipation

ALERO (CONT'D)
He's...been missing...since the
day...of your abduction.

The IPO whose interest has been on the situation straightens up. Alero throws herself up letting his hands go, turns full faced and hotly to the IPO

ALERO (CONT'D)
And I've reported the matter to
you, officer and instead of
investigating it...you're being
partisan!

The taller officer bears his force down verblessly at her, but she's not intimidated.

ALERO (CONT'D)
Is it so hard to follow this
lead? Someone is missing,
officer!

Still processing the shocker, Osita keeps his eyes on Alero shivering now.

She joins him again at the desk.

ALERO (CONT'D)
Whoever took you took Sanusi,
too. I met the gate wide open...

The IPO bends over, and pulls a chair closer to the two all calm and in control speaks up

IPO
Who's Sanusi?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT AN ULTRA MODERN SHOPPING MALL DAY

It's a cool evening. Alero, Vivienne and her two other lady friends are coming out of a shop with their bags fully loaded. At a corner far behind is someone who could have been Pinkhead in shape and height except that she is all decked out in blue jeans, blue shirt and a blue facecap. She does not even look at the four divas as they head out chatting happily.

Unknown to her, some movement is apace criss-crossing around the scene. A young man posing at a corner with an Iphone steps out and manages some sharp shots of the ladies and begins to retreat backwards

VIVIENNE
Hey! Hey!! Hey!!!

She throws a sharp glance backwards towards the lady in blue and of course she has been alerted by the first 'hey!'. Before Alero can know it, a blue streak flashes past her, but the boy put on his best race and bolts out of the mall looking left and right he sees other youth around moving on innocently. One particular youth heads his direction in his sagging jeans and jacket. He runs past him and at that time the youth drops his hand into his jacket pocket while he tears on. The lady in Blue will not be fooled, making as if she were still tearing after the miling youth, she catches the youth with her left hand and brings him down on his back with the full force that plucks him off his feet.

The four ladies who just hop out of the mall into the open gasp with shock at the new turn. She digs her hand into his jacket pocket, but another youth rushes in at her and gives her a football kick on her face the face cap flies off as she falls on her back and the iphone still clutched in her hand comes to full view. Another youth steps on the hand, squeeze tight, she let go the grip and as he bends to pick the phone, the lady in blue actually Pinkhead as her cap has fallen off works her feet expertly like a pair of scissors and cuts the youth down. But the youth picks the phone, rolls on the floor and finding his feet, he finds himself face to face with Pinkhead who brings him down with a harsh kick. The other fallen youth crashes against Pinkhead from behind so that she drops, but falling Pinkhead is not a victory score, she brings the two youth down in one twirling move on the floor. The Iphone holding youth looks up and finds that the one that took the shot earlier is back, he throws it toward him, he catches it mid-air and that is all anyone can see of him. Abandoning the others, Pinkhead follows, jumping over a car that stands between her and the racing youth.

The four ladies just stand mouth agape. Only one begins to do some piecing of facts especially when the Pinkhead resurfaces following the fallen face cap. Vivienne promptly turns a face to Alero

ALERO

What was that all about?

LADY 1

The rascal took our shots and bolted, just like that!

LADY 2

It's no big deal, let him be...but come on, V, you nor tell us sey your pinky girlie na your bodyguard o

Taking a mean face from Alero, Vivienne heads out without saying a word

LADY 2 (CONT'D)

What's wrong with her!

Referring to the angst possessed Vivienne as she strides off ahead of them

ALERO

Some of us just don't like being surprised.

She too walks away.

Lady 1 looks at Alero and scoffing turns to Lady 2

LADY 1
Orishirishi!

The youth all disappear in no time.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SAME WELL-PAVED ESTATE DAY

A building beside Vivienne's mansion. The boss is walking towards his car as his driver and assistant opens the door for him, but a camera lens, a real long lens picks as much shots it can of him without anyone noticing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM NIGHT

Alero is showing some images on her iphone to Osita. The IPO is listening in on their conversation. When Osita sees Vivienne and Boss, he almost bolts to his feet. The IPO goes closer to them. Alero looks up to him with shock at the suddenness.

Osita, in spite of his handcuffs and ankle cuffs begins to pace with angry recollection. For once tears well up in his eyes.

ALERO
You know them?

He does not talk. He keeps pacing and shaking his head, biting his lower lips.

ALERO (CONT'D)
Come on, baby boy; talk to me!

The IPO takes the iphone from Alero and looks at the pictures.

OSITA
Do I know them? Ha, those two are little far from cannibals, of course I know them!

The IPO and Alero exchange glances.

IPO

And...what do you know about
them? Who're they?

Then he rushes back to his seat, looking into Alero's eyes

OSITA

How did you get hold of these
images and what led you to it?

Alero, shutting her eyes bursts out

ALERO

Honey, I am doing my job, if only
you'd help me out here! I need
help, darling, help me!

IPO

Good question. What led you to
these images and how did they
connect with this case?

Alero weighs herself backwards, looks at the IPO, shakes
her head and with eyes narrowing and angst exploding inside
her head she lashes back

ALERO

Whoever said anything about
connection with this case,
Superintendent? This is supposed
to be a private conversation
between me and my client, will
you give me some space, please,
or don't I have the attorney-
client privilege...

IPO holds out truce hands and rises.

IPO

My bad!

He exits with

IPO (CONT'D)

You've twenty minutes more.

As he leaves, Osita sits and holding her hands again,
looking into her eyes, he continues...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK INT. A HOSTEL ROOM NIGHT

OSITA'S VOICE OOV

That guy is Fidelis Aimaku. I knew him as an underworld prince at school. The lady is no doubt Vivienne Fashola she was the lady who stepped down for me in the race for student Union Government Presidency

Osita's voice is heard oov with image of a much younger Osita in a late 90's outfit basically a jeans and Tshirt with peculiar haircut. The room has a suede two seater sofa, a small bar to the left and one seater chair of the same upholstery. A round centre table finished out with a Formica top sits in the middle and on this table is a giant bottle of imported spirit and a hand gun.

ALERO OOV

Ooh, so you'd a deal with them then...you were one of them?

Young Osita is seated on one of the single chairs with a younger version of Boss sitting with a rather teenish version of Vivienne in a super mini one piece dress clutching herself onto him. To his right is a muscled up fellow taking the last chair in the room.

OSITA'S VOICE OOV

Fidelis was the most powerful cult leader on campus and was also a very brilliant politician and student...in fact he was a scholar through his school years.

Boss sits trailing a cool face on Osita.

BOSS

You see this chic, Osy, boy?

He is rubbing young Vivienne's tigh delicately.

Osita nods

BOSS (CONT'D)

You speak when I require responses from you. I say, do you see this chic, Jew boy!

Vivienne chuckles at the obviously fearless dude facing them

As Osita raises his face to look at young Vivienne and move his tender lips, she thinks she would love to feel those lips against her intimately

YOUNG OSITA

Yes, I do see her...

The macho man barks at him

MACHO

Boss, motherfucker, you answer
'boss' when you talk to the don,
jew boy!

Making as if to hit him, but the Boss stops him with a
flick of his fingers.

YOUNG OSITA

Yes, boss, I do see her, and
she's lovely to behold.

Vivienne stands up and balling her fists shouts at him

VIVIENNE

Thanks, but no thanks, jew boy,
nobody asks for your opinion
about my looks, damn it!

All is silent, with the Boss smiling to himself, eyes on
the floor as she heads for the bar and fetching three
glasses, she returns and this time sits on Boss' right thigh
giving young Osita a how-dare-you look.

BOSS

I need you to step down for my
chic here. I promise to give you
all you'll ever need in this
school and years after
graduation. My word.

Slapping his chest. The others in the room thunder

ALL

Word!

Young Osita looks round and then rests his eyes on the
adorable face of the shapely teenish lady. He sizes her up
well and then turns back to the Boss, shaking his head.

YOUNG OSITA

It doesn't sound right.

VIVIENNE

What doesn't sound right, my
boobs or my thighs?

YOUNG OSITA

I wouldn't know if they make any
sound, but me stepping down for
you is an aberration.

VIVIENNE

What's that supposed to mean,
sexy boy?

YOUNG OSITA

Osita is the rave of the campus,
I've all the interest groups
sponsoring my campaign, even the
authorities encourage me. Why
should I step down for a no-
puller like Vivian? What reason
would I give my constituencies?
There's honour involved here,
Boss.

VIVIENNE

You're so full of shit!

She is really livid now.

The Boss wraps his arms round her tender breasts and hugs
her planting a kiss on her nape. She slowly simmers and
relaxes.

Osita is becoming uncomfortable with the silence and the
romance between the two. He looks away.

BOSS

You come to my enclave and not
only reject my offer, but also
cast aspersions on my queen?

YOUNG OSITA

I apologise for any...

The Boss stops him.

He rises to his feet with Vivienne rising with him. He
bends and picks up the bottle of imported spirit. He bursts
it open.

BOSS

Do you take alcohol, jew boy?

Osita nods and quickly realises he needs to speak

YOUNG OSITA

Yes, boss.

BOSS

Vivienne has credentials,
intimidating credentials. She's
the Donna of the Pink Pants, in
year two as you may recall, she
won the Miss University Pageant,
from her first year she's been
the scholar of her classes.

(MORE)

BOSS (CONT'D)

She's from a financially established home and her reign as Queen was scandal free. Above all she's an orator, you yourself have seen the way she moves the crowd when she speaks at rallies.

He pauses to pour some of the spirit into the three glasses.

BOSS (CONT'D)

The Presidency would have been an easy pluck for her had you not come on the scene. If you should step down, I promise you half a million Naira in cash here and now.

Macho drops cellophane bag of raw cash on the table.

BOSS (CONT'D)

I also promise you fifty thousand naira monthly pay until you graduate. Once she's sworn in, I'll give you a fairly used full option, American spec, extremely low mileage BMW car. After school, I guarantee you a job in any sector of the economy of your choice.

Silence.

Osita weighs all the options and a slight, but bitter smile crosses his lips. He looks up to the Boss

YOUNG OSITA

Where's all this money and influence coming from? Is the Student Union Government Presidency worth all of these?

BOSS

You're so naive...power is worth more than any cash in any vault. Power makes money. As for the source...these offers are not from Fidelis Aimaku; they're from distinguished interests beyond your wildest imaginations, Jew boy. There are powers without that control affairs within here. You don't know them and you can never ever know them. They will mess up your presidency should you win against their will.

Osita rises

YOUNG OSITA

I'm willing to take my chances,
boss.

He stretches out his hand to him, looking into his eyes

YOUNG OSITA (CONT'D)

No deal, boss, and I thank you
for flattering me with the
conclusion that I can beat your
queen at this election.

The Boss looks away from his outstretched hand and turns to
Vivienne who stands with something like awe for the
opponent building in her. The others are enervated.

BOSS

(smiling softly at him
eyes locked in his)
You dare to run against me!

YOUNG OSITA

I've no choice, boss.

The Boss picks the glass he has poured for him and hands it
to him. He takes it and the Boss raises his glass, Vivienne
picks and raises her own glass too. Osita is looking into
the glass.

BOSS

I knew you won't give in. You're
a man of honour, I guess that's
what gives you the crowd and may
earn you the presidency. But win
it, you can't survive in there
without me. Let's drink to a
heart of honour.

He lifts his glass and they clink them. Osita drinks while
the other two drink too. Vivienne's eyes are on him all the
while with something akin to lust.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PRESENT: THE POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM NIGHT

ALERO

So, you didn't give in...you won
the Presidency from what I
already know and you did so very
well.

Laughing, Osita rises from his seat and rests his back and
head against the wall eyes into space.

OSITA

It wasn't that simple.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK INT.

A CAMPUS ROOM

NIGHT

Young Osita is reading in his room when he hears a bang on his door. He turns to the door rattled, we see as much as five heavy bolts on it and on its mouth is a key which is now jiggling from the unceasing bangs. Following the bang later is a gun blast very very close by. Then he hears scampering foot steps.

OSITA'S VOICE OOV

I'd rival cults who had their own
candidates hounding my life. I
got death threats from everywhere
every now and then.

He comes out later and sees no one, but on the door is graffito written in red:

STEP DOWN NOW JEW, OR DIE.

On the foot of the door, he sees a dead chicken whose blood must have been used for the writing.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT.

A CAMPUS COMMON ROOM

NIGHT

Young Osita is reading in the midst of other students with some boys unknown to him forming a ring around him. He opens a book and to his chagrin, he finds a dead lizard inside with a note plastered on its back

YOU DIE TONIGHT, JEW!

He looks around him and just then three fellows in mask barge into the scene brandishing machetes and head towards him. He rises to face the scene, but before he can make a move, one of the guys ringed round him brings out gun and fires their leader through his shoulder. They beat a fast retreat dragging their wounded with them.

And then five guys rise to their feet and picking him by the scruff of his neck, Young Osita acts fast, he manipulates the grip and dislocates the guy's arm, while he sends the gun brandishing guy who makes to charge at him, flying across desks with the other students in the hall taking off like a herd of frightened cattle. Using the one whose arm he just dislocated as leverage, he manipulates space and timing and disappears into the dark.

We see him running on the campus street

OSITA'S VOICE OOV

I knew I was going to be
president if only I persevered
for the moment. I'd a mission to
fulfil as President, and the
whole campaign experience was
giving me a clue on how to deal
with the dirtiest of all the
whole situations: I set out to
kill cultism on that campus and
make our campus safe for students
to read, have fun and create. I
wasn't going to give up and I
wasn't going to let them kill me
either.

He tears into another hall where there were many students. Feeling a bit more safe there he walks in and everyone who sees him rises and begins to clap and hail him. Then suddenly the chant:

STUDENTS

Presido! Presido!! Presido!!!

Rends the air

Then another chant follows and gets to a frenzy

STUDENTS (CONT'D)

Speech! Speech!! Speech!!!

He nods and raising his hands, he quietens them.

YOUNG OSITA

I salute your courage, Fellow
Nigerian students...

General Ovation

YOUNG OSITA (CONT'D)

We've come this far to making our
campuses free of gang violence
again.

(MORE)

YOUNG OSITA (CONT'D)

Next week, Should I get your mandate to pilot the affairs of the student Union Government of this great Institution, I will immediately set in motion plans to rid this school of the menace of cultism so that every square inch of our campuses would be the dwelling place of peace and tranquility.

Thunderous ovation.

YOUNG OSITA (CONT'D)

Besides that, I will fight to ensure that the missing results and unceremonious hikes in cost of living on campus would be things of the past. I promise and vow with my blood that our libraries would be stocked with contemporary books for you and those who come after us to study. Lecturers coming out with unresearched and selfishness inspired handouts would either be stopped or be hounded out of our campuses. I swear!!!

The whole place explodes with students jumping and shouting. He calms them down

YOUNG OSITA (CONT'D)

How about new hostels and the maintenance of the existing ones? How about lecture materials, haven't our teachers suffered enough screaming on top of their voices in jam packed lecture halls without ventilation in their efforts to teach us? Haven't they and we suffered enough

STUDENTS

Yeeeeesssssss!

YOUNG OSITA

Yessssss!!!!!!

STUDENTS

Yeeeeeeeeessssssssss!!!!!!

YOUNG OSITA

What am I going to do about that?
 Bros, sis, I swear by the God who
 made me that I will build one
 state-of-the-arts hostel each for
 the ladies and the guys before I
 leave this school, I swear by the
 father who begot me that our
 hostel environments would be
 livable and I will make sure no
 one pays a kobo more than
 advertised prices, which would be
 lower, though!

The students lose it at this point and carry him sky high
 chanting

STUDENTS

You don win! You don win!! You
 don Win!!!

In the crowd we see some guys standing out watching the
 entire scene biding their time. One student decides to take
 advantage of the crowd stomping for a cloaked attack, he
 heads into the crowd a knife handle showing from his belt.

As he approaches the centre of the crowd where young Osita
 is being thrown up, another hand grabs him by the neck with
 the other hand on his knife handle, dragging him out he
 smashes him against the wall. Then he gives signal to one
 of the guys standing out and watching, that one pulls out a
 hand gun heads outside and let go a volley that catches a
 matchete hiding cultist in the shadows, He dfires down
 three more of them before the fleeing and screaming
 students begin to erupt all over the place seeking safety.

HIT GUY

Go, go, go...we've got the
 President, go all!

Everyone begins to scamper for the door. Some are flying
 out the windows

Looking and recognising the same guys he had just fought
 off in the other hall, he sags with frustration.

HIT GUY (CONT'D)

Not what you think Mr. President,
 we're not against you.

YOUNG OSITA

I don't know you!

HIT GUY

There's someone who knows you...

Many knife hands with machetes pour into the hall.

YOUNG OSITA

No firing! I don't need your
help, cult man!

He picks a piece of plank and charges at the knived hands. Then he realises that the plank is an encumbrance, he drops it and poses for the first set of attackers. As a talented and powerful fighter, he knocks four down and out.

The gun hands standing aside and watching him move.

One knived and machete handler throws a knife and a machete at Osita, he evades them and running at the guy climbs him with both legs catching him by the neck and wheeling him round he bangs an elbow hook on his chest and the guy sags. One of the gun hands puts his gun aside and throwing a straight punch to the face of one of the knived hands, he slams him against a desk top and picking his knife, he drives it through his palm onto the desk top. When Osita sees the act, he finds a space and tears into the night.

As he runs again on the campus street and arrives at a T junction, a car screeches to a halt in front of him and back tracking, he tries to avoid it, but another car screeches to a halt behind him. He has only one option go left, but a shadowing figure stands out from the lights.

YOUNG OSITA (CONT'D)

Good, a fantastic escape, Osita!

VOICE

Step into the car, Osy; we're for
you.

He can not believe he just hears a female voice.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK INT. AN OFF CAMPUS ROOM

NIGHT

It is the room that is very familiar to Young Osita. Four personalities are seated in front of him. Boss, Big Mike and, Ehi and young Vivienne. As Young Osita sees them, he begins to laugh.

OSITA'S VOICE OOV

I always knew Big Mike was a
cultist, and that his cult was a
highly respected confraternity,
which did no evil to no one for
he was highly respected by the
administration.

(MORE)

OSITA'S VOICE OOV (CONT'D)

Big Mike was the top dog of that group, but he was out of school and running a respectable business in Abuja, but to see him come to town that night showed that my matter had become a very serious one among the dons within and without. Vivienne, I'd been told was heading the Pink Pants, a ruthless female confraternity which fought for the rights of all female students on campus. Their major targets being teachers who extorted sex from hapless female students for marks and sundry other nefarious acts. Ehi was the current head of the confraternity Big Mike left behind on campus so his presence was logical. I could understand why, Big Mike's confraternity would want to help me, for Big Mike had been a big brother to me, I'd helped edit their monthly campus magazine for free since year one without taking credit for it. So they owed me, though I didn't go to them when I wanted to run. I could however not understand why Vivienne, my opponent and Fidelis, the Boss would want to help me. It was Big Mike who spoke

BIG MIKE

I hear you need help, buddy.

YOUNG OSITA

A glass of cold water would just do, bro.

Ehi nods his head at a guy standing by and he disappears.

BIG MIKE

You look awful, buddy.

YOUNG OSITA

I guess it comes with the new territory, bro.

The guy returns with cold water in a rather large glass with citrus cut into it, it looks really classy. Young Osita nods with wonder at the guy looking away from the glass

YOUNG OSITA (CONT'D)

You're just on point, buddy!
Thanks.

The guy winks 'no-sweats 'at him and leaves for his post.

BIG MIKE

I understand you've already met
every head here.

Taking a break from his drink, Young Osita nods vigorously
to that.

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)

Good. I think Fidelis has a
proposition for you.

He looks at the smiling face of the impeccably handsome
Adonis rising and stepping closer to him

BOSS

You've been some trouble to some
people I know these past weeks,
young Jew.

YOUNG OSITA

You know what, you never told me
the cult you head, though you
introduced lovely Vivienne to me
as the donna of the Pink
Pants....

BOSS

Talking about the Donna, she is
no longer your opponent. As you
can see, the Pink Pants brought
you here to safety.

Looking around, Osita can see like five ladies all dressed
in pink looking more like sexy dolls than killers. Then he
sees another section of men looking hardy and strong, he
recognises one of them as the one who stabbed someone's
hand to the desk and another as the one who addresses him
as not being against him. For the first time he sees a
common symbol on their midnight blue sweat shirts: a Red
Bow.

BOSS (CONT'D)

The Red Bow, my humble
organisation, has been the one
protecting you since from the
jackals who are bent on taking
your life. And you've not even
said, 'thank you' I even hear you
attacked them twice this night.

YOUNG OSITA

You know what, when I become
President, I'm going to hound and
disarm you all.

BOSS

We pray you survive this night
first.

YOUNG OSITA

I always survive, that's what I
do.

The boss spins round and begins to clap facing Big Mike who
sits calm and silent pouring his charm on the young Osita

BOSS

My Don Big Mike, your protege
positively stuns me...every time.
He's not only got honour, he's
got pluck. If that isn't a born
leader, I don't know who else is.

BIG MIKE

Thank you, Don Fidelis. I will
always remember that.

He turns back to young Osita

BOSS

Vivienne will speak my mind to
you.

He heads to his seat while Vivienne rises and does not
bother to move from the spot the other leaders are

VIVIENNE

I've decided to step down in the
Presidential race for you, Osita.
You will go ahead and win the
elections and be my President.

Silence.

Young Osita is dwelling deep on the development

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

My respectable organisation, The
Pink Pants will protect you,
ensure that the votes are not
rigged and that you're sworn in
as President of the Students
Union in two weeks' time.

YOUNG OSITA

But...?

All eyes switch from Vivienne to young Osita who is waiting
for the catch.

VIVIENNE

What?

YOUNG OSITA

The catch, what's the catch?

VIVIENNE

I'm sure you know, my dear fine boy, you're not in a position to negotiate here?

YOUNG OSITA

If not, then why're we here?

VIVIENNE

You need the most powerful organisations on campus to protect you. That's why we're all here. We all need to agree that you deserve protection.

YOUNG OSITA

Thank you. Thank you very very much.

BOSS

But...you must accept the following: sharing of 25% of annual students union dues between the Pink Pants and the Red Bow. The appointment of Vivienne as chairman of the fund raising committee of the hostel construction fund, and my humble self as chairman of the libraries resuscitation committee. The disarming of campus confraternities will be headed by a man I shall name and you shall hand the entire matter over to him. These are not negotiable.

A moment of silence goes by. Big Mike keeps his eyes on the young embattled man.

YOUNG OSITA

Deal.

Everyone is stunned at the ease with which the conclusion is reached. Big Mike looks at him with a start again. Even Boss turns around to face him, not believing his ears. Vivienne fixes a hard stare at him.

BOSS

Excuse me?

YOUNG OSITA

All four conditions accepted.

Boss looks to Big Mike who returns his look. Then he also turns to Vivienne, who has begun to believe she has had a deal out of him. She steps off her seat and heads towards him with one of his girls walking from her far right to meet him at a triangular path making where she meets with Osita. She reaches out her hand and the lady promptly places a knife in it.

She takes the knife and hands it to him.

BOSS

You will now seal this deal with
your blood in trust.

Vivienne unstraps the lace on her top and bares what Osita thinks is the purest pair of breasts in the world. She takes off the top completely facing Osita, her eyes feeling-void into his.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You will do same, Osita.

Without waiting, Osita takes off his shirt already drenched in sweat.

Then to his surprise, Vivienne aims the point of the knife at his chest and stabs superficially. Blood pumps out and the lady hands the hilt of the knife to him while her other hand damns the flow of blood from reaching his waist. The blood collates on the crook of her hand.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You will stab her on the breast
just as she has stabbed you,
Osita

Osita now knows that there is no room for play, he collects the knife and barely pounces it on the side of her left breast so that blood spurts out.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Good, now you will literally
bathe in each other's blood.

He may not understand it, but he believes the woman, looking so pure, will guide him. She moves his hand to damn her flowing blood at a point between her breast and waist. The pure blood collect in his hands. Then she let his hand go and weighs her body onto him and scooping the blood that has flowed into the crook of her hand, she rubs it on her breasts, her entire trunk down to her waist. Her eyes asks him to do same. He reaches out for her flowing blood and rubs it all over his trunk down to his own waist. She closes herself onto him in a tight embrace. He holds her firm across her back and those gathered begin to thump their feet.

Turning to Boss, Big Mike rises

BIG MIKE

Now, it's done; the boy is in
your keeps. Make no mistakes,
don.

He heads out

Ehi turns to Boss and whispers

EHIS

Take that as a warning, don, the
strains of this night must not be
in vain.

He follows his boss and their aides take the rear.

Boss watches them go and turns to the spectacle.

BOSS

You both spend what is left of
the night together as blood
mates. Excuse me.

He steps out. The Pink Pants only remain.

Vivienne refrains from the embrace, looking into the tired
Osita's eyes, with passion burning in hers, she says

VIVIENNE

Please, come with me, you need
some rest.

She pulls him away and the Pink Pants' five follow behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PRESENT: THE POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM NIGHT

Alero is stung with many feelings: jealousy, anger, dread,
fear, everything. She raves around the room. Just then, the
IPO enters again.

IPO

Time up

ALERO

Go, fuck yourself, bastard! I'm
getting onto something here, man!

The IPO stops shocked at the rage and the tension in the room.

Alero dashes at Osita, grabs him by the scruff of his neck, pins him against the wall, tears in her eyes she demands

ALERO (CONT'D)

You bathed in her blood, laid her afterwards, and you did not fulfill your own side of the bargain, isn't it?

He is so shocked at the change of mood of his lady that he stands transfixed. Then he takes his eyes away.

OSITA

I didn't and still don't believe in all those dogshit they called ritual. I'm still alive, menh, I neva die!

ALERO

The blood covenant...

He shouts at her

OSITA

Oh the fuck! Blood is blood...it's nothing but light congealed, your blood is not more yours than it is mine or his.

(indicates the IPO)

Society separates us, but if there's anywhere we all are one and indivisible, it is in blood. It has no other character than life-sustaining. Blood doesn't give life and so it cannot ruin, take, or condition life. That department belongs to God Almighty. God Gives life, the living conditions his own life, nothing else has power here. Those who frighten with blood oath and curses only fool themselves and all with crass ignorance.

She looks at him with angst in her eyes and slaps him across the face once, twice, thrice and then barks at him

ALERO

Now, you're going to die! Can't you see? They set all of these up and man, they did a damn good job of it!

She crumbles onto the floor and weeps out her guts.

The IPO looks from the weeping lady to the tear-flowered eyed Osita and then weighs the situation carefully

IPO

At what point do I get to be let
into this story?

Alero rises from the floor with a sense of slow sudden recollection. All that flashes through her mind is the pink strands of hair. She looks around her and shoots out of the room.

The IPO goes glum and Osita tries to stop her for clarification, but she is too sleek and fast to be stopped.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT A WELL-PAVED ESTATE STREET NIGHT

A youth, Ahmed walks up the street with ear phones plugged into his ears and holding an iphone as he sways to the music no one else hears but he.

Meanwhile inside the house, top floor window of the house, someone looks out to the street slightly pulling the curtains aside.

Meanwhile also a red car is parked on the edge of the street two houses away from the curtain drawn house. Looking with a pair of binoculars the lady behind the wheel sees the other lady as she pulls the blind on that upper floor window and speaks onto her mouthpiece

ALERO

Ahmed, you've been detected; slow
down. Put Cap on standby.
Meanwhile I need more deliberate
assault from you now.

The youth turns towards the window and stops briefly and decides to raise his phone for a shot...

CUT TO:

INT. AN A CLASS LIVING ROOM NIGHT

The voices of Vivienne and Boss are ringing over the head of Pinkhead who is surveying the environment outside.

VIVIENNE

She's become a serious issue and I want her under locks. The cheek on her, playing me so close and soft! I'll kill her..who does she think she is in this country?

BOSS

You're really sure she's behind the lads?

VIVIENNE

Before nko!

BOSS

But to what end would she be needing your pix?

VIVIENNE

(grinds her teeth
impatiently that Boss
can't get it)
She'll show...

The agitated voice of Pinkhead stops her and him.

PINKHEAD

Rashie, please come, come, that's the photo boy...he's here!

Mean Guy rises like a cat and clears the space between him and the Pinkhead and soon stands behind her watching the youth take snap shots of them at the window.

Vivienne dashes to the window closely followed by Boss.

VIVIENNE

Ha, what're you guys doing,
posing for his snapshots?

Really piqued, Boss shakes his head as he walks back to the middle of the posh living room.

BOSS

This is...ha! Guys, get the loon!

Vivienne throws a scathing look to him as the other two dash towards the exit and then returns to the youth who is now approaching their gate and holding out his cell phone closer to their window.

VIVIENNE

Wait...is the boy a suicide, or something? Wait, guys!

The two stop and the Boss raises a questioning gaze to her.

She has her thinking cap on...

MEAN GUY

Boss, he mustn't escape.

She turns to the mean guy with a soft smile playing on her lips

VIVIENNE

Do you now command me, Rasheed?

The burly man bows his head reverently and makes to blurt out some apologies, but she cuts him off

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Oh, get out!

She looks out the window again, now the youth is walking back ready to leave.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Go, get him now.

The two dash out for good, fully relieved. Then she turns to the Boss

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

This isn't looking right...what do we have on cctv? There can only be one person behind this

She heads out of the living room into an adjoining room

CUT TO:

EXT. A WELL-PAVED ESTATE STREET NIGHT

Alero keeps her position inside the car and speaking on her mouth piece

ALERO
Stop talking, Ahmed, you might be
being watched on cctv. Just find
a place to hide until the gate
opens and you know what to do.

CUT TO:

INT CCTV VIEWING ROOM NIGHT

On the screen Ahmed is looking at the window and raising his phone to snap.

VIVIENNE
Show me the street, looks like
he's listening to someone...
look, look, he has an earpiece
on! Someone must be...
there...somewhere...

We see a clear wide shot of the street and it is empty except for one or two passers-by and car driving past and in that shot, a red car drives past behind, the youth as he steps backwards as he sees the gate opening. The youth dashes off, Vivienne steps backwards and screams

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Bring me the mad boy!

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL PAVED ESTATE STREET NIGHT

As the first foot steps out of the gate, Ahmed jumps backwards and right inside the car, Alero is looking from the inner mirror at the scene

Mean Guy comes out first and all the height and bulk strikes Ahmed with terror

AHMED

Boy, na to bale o!

Pinkhead dashes past Mean Guy and heads at Ahmed

AHMED (CONT'D)

Your fada!

He takes off without looking back.

Pinkhead steps up the race and mean guy follows

MEAN GUY

Step aside, I got him.

PINKHEAD

Don't shoot!

MEAN GUY

Step aside now, I...

Ahmed begins to run in zigzag motion. Just then the red car comes back on reverse, gunning past the racing Ahmed and narrowly missing knocking him off as he zigzags his way up the street, four guys pour in from an adjoining street and rain solid stones at the chasers.

Pinkhead and Mean guy are disillusioned by the rain of stones. They stop and turn around not minding the reversing red car. The door swings open and picks Pinkhead off her feet as too fast for Mean Guy's scream of...

MEAN GUY (CONT'D)

Watch it, Pink!

Alero comes out of the car ignoring Pinkhead for the moment as she knows she has got her real well for a moment, she runs full speed at Mean Guy and the guy momentarily loses it...

Alero goes up in the air even to the surprise of the guys who stand watching stones hanging in their hands.

Alero rains irate back thrust kick hits Mean Guy full force on the chest and floors him, but he rises swiftly like a wild cat, but something in his chest cannot allow him move.

On landing, she turns to Pinkhead who is sitting up now and beginning to gain her orientation, but she catches her on the scruff of her neck and slams her head against the back fender of the red car and jabs her a mean match down kick on both of her inner thighs before whirling her round and dashing her a straight punch to her face.

Mean Guy rises, puts his unco-operating chest in check and dashes at Alero.

The guys' mouths wide open and thinking what to do to help her from the big man, because she is not looking his way.

Before their shouts of 'He's coming!' Can register, Alero lets pinkhead drop from her grip, twists in the air and lands a deadly kick on Mean guy's head and he resists the urge to drop down. She drops a thrust kick from the ball of her foot on his chest and he lands on his butt. She jumps in the air with both legs at him, but the man manages a quick recovery and packs her to the side. She lands, but rolls on the earth like a wild cat and runs at him again, he side steps her kick and then she continues her run towards the rising Pinkhead and lands more kicks and blows on her so that she buckles and caves in. When the Mean guy gets to her, a simple high held thrust kick sends him dropping headlong backwards.

The guys think the deed is done and rush at the Mean Guy. Alero packs Pinkhead into the car, two guys run into the car from either doors while Ahmed jumps into the front passenger door.

In the car, the two guys bring out chords and begin to bind the battered Pinkhead hands and feet as Alero drives off really sweating and looking out of this world with unexpended rage. She looks back from driving and drops a straight punch to Pinkhead as she raises her head. The two guys sway backwards with shock and wonder. They all exchange glances of disbelief.

A van drives in to join the other guys on the street and in a moment, tied-up Mean Guy is bundled in and the van drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. AN A CLASS LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Vivienne steps out of the adjoining room with rage.

Then she swings round to face Boss as he follows quietly, thoughtfully apace apparently unfazed.

VIVIENNE

What's taking them so long...they
better not come here saying they
lost the brat!

The Boss shakes his head and takes a phone to his ear.

BOSS

Send me the hounds now.

He drops the phone and walks out of the scene action poised.

Vivienne nods with satisfaction and heads for the window.
From up there the street is calm and clear.

CUT TO:

INT POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM NIGHT

Osita turns to the IPO who's pacing the room

OSITA
Could I please make a phone call,
Superintendent, sir

The IPO throws him a brief sharp look and continues pacing,
thinking, engrossed.

OSITA (CONT'D)
Sir, I need this call. Just this
call, officer

The IPO looks at him again, looks behind him and then back
at him, raises an eye brow, nods

IPO
You need your phone?

OSITA
You know my phone never made it
here with me, officer

Then he raises a recollection brow and nods pursing his
lips. Then as if suddenly aware of something, he turns back
to him

IPO
So...whose phone are you thinking
of using, mine?

OSITA
Suing to your benign grace, boss.

Then the officer charges at him behind the desk and lands
his hands on the desk with a loud bang and screaming into
his face

IPO
If you think you can inspire
confusion in me with your
barefaced lies and manipulation,
Mr CEO turn murderer, you're a
fat arsed joker!

He simmers, studies his unperturbed face and then drops in
quietly and suppressedly

IPO (CONT'D)

Somewhere in the General Hospital morgue, a lady, a philanthropist, a good woman, lies dead and a good segment of this country mourns her...all evidence to her murder point at you, sir. So tell me, what call are you making? You have your lawyer working round the clock to prove you're innocent, you've just acquired some friends in the media drumming how too good you are to be a killer...what exactly do...

Osita bangs the desk matching him ire for ire.

OSITA

I don't give a half a penny for your misguided conclusion about me, but one thing is clear, I am innocent until the contrary is proved. So in the name of the Law of the Federal Republic of Nigeria, get me a phone to make this call, Officer, and I want it NOW!

The IPO, shivering with rage, regards him over from one eye to the other then he pulls off. Buries his head in his hands, turns around and dipping his hand in his pocket, he fishes out a handset and without looking at him, hands it to Osita.

Osita reaches for the handset and mutters a thank you

IPO

Make that damn call before I change my mind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF OSITA'S HOUSE NIGHT

A mini van is parked in front of the house from across the street.

The house is in pitch darkness.

VOICE OOV

There's no soul in this house,
boss....negative, boss.
Affirmative, boss; I've sent two
hounds in for site assessment.
Copy, boss.

CUT TO:

INT A HOSPITAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT NIGHT

A nurse just takes some reading on a man lying on the bed with all sorts of gadgets on his body. A big plaster is on his chest and his head is bandaged his eyes are shut. The machine is beeping away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE COMPLEX. DAY

Alero is seated on a wooden chair chin on her knees, tears rolling down her cheeks as she shuts her eyes and steels herself against the muffled screams coming from behind her. She is at the same time scrolling through two Samsung hand sets, dialing some suspicious numbers from them on her phone.

Two rusty bathtubs are at separate corners each filled with water and the naked forms of Mean Guy and Pinkhead. Captain is in charge here. He has been using needles on the gaged and chained Mean Guy while Footballer is busy using a pair of pliers on the finger nails of Pinkhead. He has taken out three nails so far.

Footballer 2 is watching with bottled angst from his position while Ahmed buries his head between his legs. He rises

FOOTBALLER 2

Dem nor wan' talk still, abi?

He rises to his feet and calls outside the window

FOOTBALLER 2 (CONT'D)

On the gen now!

He bends down and reaches for two electric wires and using his teeth to strip them of coating, heads towards Mean guy's location really angry

FOOTBALLER 2 (CONT'D)

Leave the fool...the big fool for me, na to fry your prick with electric remain as you nor wan' behave like person...

He gets to Mean Guy and...

FOOTBALLER 2 (CONT'D)

Animal!

Slaps him across the face.

Mean guy lets out a low laugh and shakes his now knuckled head

FOOTBALLER 2 (CONT'D)

I gree, laugh, me ready to mud you slow slow, stupid dog!

He jams his leg on his massive chest. The Mean guy recoils with deep pain

Then he turns to Pink head.

FOOTBALLER 2 (CONT'D)

That one, she never see nada, I go show you wetin be strong head...na to roast that your punani alive today.

The sound of generator comes on. Alero's heart skips a bit as she hears Footballer 2's next line

FOOTBALLER 2 (CONT'D)

Bros, abeg collect razor shave that bitch head, na today?

Alero jumps off her seat

ALERO

No, no, no! Abeg, abeg, hold...just give me one last chance

FOOTBALLER 1

Aunty leave dis ting, dis people
na die-hard, dem nor deserve
mercy..dem wan' die, but we go
show dem wetin pass die, na
today?

Alero is begging.

ALERO

Abeg...I get one last card to
play. Just off the gen. I mean
am.

Captain drops the live cable with frustration.

CAPTAIN

Ooooh! See, I sey make we nor
bring this aunty come here, una
nor...see, see, Nosa, na you dey
cause all dis nonsense o!

Captain is directing his angst at Footballer 2 who seems to
be the tormentor in chief

Footballer 2 pauses to think briefly. Then raises his face
to Alero.

FOOTBALLER 2

So, wetin you get for mind now?

She shows him two handsets.

He does not understand the drift so he looks away from them
and looks back to her face

FOOTBALLER 2 (CONT'D)

Two Samsung phone, so what?

ALERO

Nooo! Look the screens

He obeys after making sure he is convinced that she is
alright.

Then both screens show a particular number.

ALERO (CONT'D)

Watch this..

She scrolls to call history and shows that both phones have
called a particular number marked SUPA PAWN 1 more than ten
times in the last few days.

ALERO (CONT'D)

These people don dey call this
number since thy kingdom come.

He looks at her again without any awakening

Then she reaches for her own phone and dials the number the name that shows is different from the SUPA PAWN 1 and reads Sade D.A

CAPTAIN
(who has since joined in
the asseement)
Na wetin...abi na who be dat?

ALERO
Wait

She dials the number from one of the pink pearl cased Samsung and puts it on speakers for them all to hear.

The phone rings for a while and stops. It redials the number automatically while they all wait.

Pink begins to struggle super humanly.

Looking at her, footballer 2 instructs footballer 1

FOOTBALLER 2
Daze that bitch.

One blow from the eager fellow makes her pass out.

Then there comes a low voice from the other end.

FEMALE VOICE
Pink, how far?

Alero, with a handkerchief over her mouth speaks with soft low whisper.

ALERO
Meet me at KFC Allen in 10
minutes...

FEMALE VOICE
What's that, why're you...

ALERO
The police...you must move
now...KFC, Allen in less than 10
minutes, they've got...

She ends the call.

CAPTAIN
Na who be dat?

Swinging into action, she orders

ALERO
You come with me

Dragging Captain with her.

ALERO (CONT'D)
Ahmed, let's hit it...this is
looking big!

The others watch the three speed off. Mean guy is too
delirious to know what is going on.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION DAY

The IPO is just coming out of his car when his phone rings.
He looks at the screen and it reads OSITA COUNSEL. He picks
the call

ALERO OOV
This is looking big, KFC in 8
minutes, officer, come
effectively accompanied, no
police car, Sir.

He listens and then the line goes off.

He stops moving and looking at the piece and after a brief
hesitation, he dashes into the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF KFC ALLEN AVENUE DAY

From the upper floor see through glass wall, Ahmed stands
looking at the road making sure the wall blocks him from
external view below. Seated facing Captain is Alero not
really able to concentrate on her bottle of Pepsi and
French fries with chicken. Captain is looking at Alero
with veiled discontent.

ALERO
Eat your food nau

Captain looks away.

Just then, Ahmed jumps with a start.

Alero follows with a start to her feet and stretching her
neck towards the glass wall

AHMED
Oh, boy eeee!

She dashes towards him and then she freezes.

Captain decides to reluctantly join them.

Across the road, stepping out of a small car is SECRETARY. She applies the lock and carefully crosses the road towards KFC.

Alero almost loses herself in tears. The phone on her hand rings and then Captain and Ahmed sees Secretary placing the phone onto her ear

ALERO
(in a whisper)
Upstairs and please stop calling
me...I can see you!

They all see her drop the phone in her bag and walks fast until she disappears beneath them.

At the head of the stairs, two plain clothed policemen cross Secretary's path as she finishes the stairs. She looks at them with disapproval. One of them flashes his ID

OFFICER 1
Madam, you're under
arrest...you've the right to
remain silent....

She attends to the phone ringing in her bag as she picks it, the other officer taps her gently and draws her attention to Alero who waves the phone to her. Her face goes cold and dark. Then she goes into her bag with the handset...the other officer is still reading her rights to her

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
You have a right to a lawyer...

The officer grabs her other free hand for cuffing...but before they know it in a flash, a line of red cross their eyes and before they can recover, Secretary gasps for air as blood pour down her neck from her throat.

Alero's eyes fly open with horror and the IPO dashes at the scene with a mournful sigh

IPO
God, no!

They all watch Secretary go down arms spread out as the blood stained knife falls from her hand.

The IPO fetches a snow white kerchief from his pocket and dives for the slashed throat screaming

IPO

Don't just stand there, call for
an ambulance...hurry!

The two youth just stand there stunned.

IPO

(CONT'D)

(speaking to the gasping
Secretary now in his
arms coughing blood)
You didn't have to do this,
lady... we could have
helped...stay with...no, no don't
close those eyes...look..look at
me....Nooooo!!! O p e n t h o s e
e y e s...

Alero looses her grip on the phone and it drops while she
goes down backwards. It takes Captain's alertness to stop
her from crashing on to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE COMPLEX. DAY

Mean Guy has used the moment of respite to recollect his
energy and raises his head towards the direction of
Pinkhead who is hanging on a tough cord that ties her both
hands to a roofing beam on the warehouse completely naked
but for her under panty and bra. She seems to have passed
out as her fully stretched, well-shaped and toned body
sways from side to side.

MEAN GUY

That lady's dying any minute from
now and I'm just wondering how
you're going to handle that...

Footballer 2 turns round in blind rage and uses the sharp
knife in his hand to slash him three times across his naked
chest. Mean Guy lets out a loud piercing scream that is
muffled by the gag

FOOTBALLER 2

I say, shut up!

Livid and coiling and recoiling as he screams at him

FOOTBALLER 2 (CONT'D)

You tink sey I care! una wey I go cut to small small pieces scatter around Lagos for dog to chop na im dey talk? Shuo! Una know wetin una don do me with dis wicked action wey una carry against my coach? Anh? Anh?

Burying the tip of the knife in his chin meaning to push it all in as tears well up in his eyes

FOOTBALLER 2 (CONT'D)

Coach na the only God wey I know...the only one wey see good thing for inside me and promise to turn me to star. The only person wey know sey me and my mama and plenty broda and sista suppose chop, pay rent, wear cloth and go school...

Footballer 1 and 3 go for the naked wire really resolved to end the matter

FOOTBALLER 3

Omon menh, na electric go kill una o! Una touch the very wrong person...see we neva start o, afta una don mud, that una house wey una for plan the wickedness go roast to ashes...ah, see me, I swear!

Footballer 1 seeks clearance from footballer 2

FOOTBALLER 1

Nosman, what na...make we light the gen!

Footballer 2 is dripping and sobbing as he locks the knife point in Mean Guy's jaw and blood begins to course down the bright blade. Mean Guy decides not to humour him with a scream and just maintains silent sniffs of pain.

CUT TO:

EXT

LAGOS STREET AROUND IKEJA

DAY

Alero is hanging her head on the wall of the car, tears rilling down her face. Ahmed is shaken and stunned with his eyes in a state of shock only Captain has the presence of mind as he drives the car down the street.

Ahmed is so overtaken that he can hear the voice of coach pouring into his ears and soon, fades to the past

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK EXT. SOCCER PITCH DAY

The last tackle brings Ahmed down and ends his brilliant runs at goal. The blast of the whistle from the coach stops it all.

OSITA

You expect any ref to award you a penalty for that? Man, you dropped like a mushroom! Skills without brawn and grit takes you nowhere!

He picks the ball and signals them all to group round him. They all obey

OSITA (CONT'D)

Football is about power, speed, skill and cunning. You've to have a good heart to merge all of these and be a well liked star. I hate cheats and none of my stars will be a cheat on the game. Play fair, win the ball fair, score fair and win fair. Yes, capitalise on the opponent's weakness, but don't insult or abuse him. RESPECT. What did I say?

ALL

RESPECT!

OSITA

Again!

ALL

RESPECT

OSITA

RESPECT!

Silence.

He looks around the group and singles out three

OSITA (CONT'D)

Ahmed, Nosa, Chigbue...you have not played fair. You have skills, speed and power, but lack respect.

(MORE)

OSITA (CONT'D)

You three owe me some deaths and die, you must tonight. The rest of you, it was a pleasurable day at training, guys, see you morrow same time.

The three frown with fatigue informed frustration.

Looking around, the captain takes Osita aside and whispers

CAPTAIN

Coach...today na 28, some us dey complain sey...

OSITA

Oh, ok...

He turns around and makes it a general announcement

OSITA (CONT'D)

Guys, I apologise I didn't inform you before now...your allowances have been paid into your bank accounts since yesterday afternoon. No more cash... now remember, it's a cashless Lagos. Let me say...smile to the bank tomorrow morning.

All is full of smiles and they begin to hail him, but he cuts it off promptly. He traps the ball which he lets drop from his hands now looking sober

OSITA (CONT'D)

Guys, this isn't about me, credit goes to you who accept to leave your past behind and face your everyday in the name of your future. And looking at everyone of you...I mean right in your eye balls, I see stars, victors and models of heroism. The world will soon celebrate you. This I know too well. Just keep believing and keep trying, have faith in yourself and God Almighty will come to your party soon.

All begin to clap, while someone starts one of the club's psyche songs and they all begin to sing it, Osita cheerfully joins them

ALL

I'm happy. I'm happy. I'm happy and I have a happy God.. Sooo God come to my party.

(MORE)

ALL (CONT'D)

LORD God, come to my partyyyy,
LORD Come to my party...my table
is garnished with joy....

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PRESENT EXT INSIDE THE CAR DAY

Ahmed is singing the song in tears

AHMED

I'm happy. I'm happy. I'm happy
and I have a happy God...Sooo God
Come to my party, LORD God Come
to my party...my table is
garnished with joy...

The other two do not mind him; they're lost in their
sorrow. Across Alero's mind eye, the slashing of the throat
with blood forming a flying scarf between secretary and the
arresting police officers jerks her to the present.

ALERO

How did they let it happen?

No one is listening to her. Ahmed is singing gloomily at
the back of the car, while captain is half concentrating on
the road with tears in his eyes. So no one is conscious of
the car that parks ahead of them watching them from the
side mirror. As hey drive past, the IPO instructs the
driver to follow with just two cars between them.

CUT TO:

THE SAME IKEJA STREET, LAGOS DAY

IPO is watching the car ahead of him make a u-turn.
Convinced they are clear, his driver makes the turn too. He
is busy with serious thought. On his hands are the two
Samsung phones which he is trying to figure out

IPO

How in God's chance did they get
these?

He keeps thinking

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK EXT. FRONT OF ALLEN KFC DAY

The IPO is standing with a thoroughly overpowered Alero who is sobbing profusely as she hands the phones over.

IPO
You still haven't told me how you
laid hands on these.

Trying to hold herself together, Alero replies

ALERO
I'm just doing my job, officer...

IPO
Yes, I see that...but, I need
specifics; what did you do to...

Just then, Alero lets out a loud gasp.

The IPO looks behind him and then he sees medics carrying on a stretcher the body of Secretary now covered with white cloth strapped on the stretcher.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PRESENT EXT INSIDE THE CAR DAY

The IPO shakes it off and then quickly instructs.

IPO
Stop...stop...stop!

The car in front is negotiating a turn into an obscure turn he seems to know so well.

He and his driver watch the car disappear into the place.

CUT TO:

INT AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE COMPLEX. DAY

Footballer 1 approaches the somewhat limp body of Pinkhead just when the door opens and Alero and the other two enter. The light from the opened door alerts them and they swing back and just then, Pinkhead swings her long legs in the air aiming at the unsuspecting Footballer 1's neck...he misses because the entering Alero lets out a loud cry as she points and makes to run towards Footballer 1.

ALERO
C-h-i-g-b-u-e!!!!

Footballer one moves his body off the mark by the reflex action following the sudden shout and her pointing. But the second move takes him almost missing him by the cap of his head and he goes down. It is the combined(chained) heels of her legs that land on his crown.

Now, Pinkhead is all activities with her swings moving her legs up to her chained hands on the beam coiled like a worm ready for a fling off.

Footballer 2 picks a long pole and poises with angst to javelin it at her, but Alero stops the journey with fast and timely swing of her round house kick sending the javelin wide off and narrowly missing Mean Guy.

Enraged by the abortion, Footballer 2 raves at Alero

FOOTBALLER 2

Why???

Alero grabbing him by the shoulders and shaking him vigorously with the guy not able to contain his rage and still not able to sate it on her, he just keeps a hot and sweaty face on Alero as she taps and shakes him

ALERO

We've seen enough blood for one day. I beg you, chill, chill...relax...

The youth calms down and takes his face to Footballer 1 who is being attended to by the other three. He notices that the fellow has his neck positioned awkwardly. Alero throws her face too to him and then...

ALERO (CONT'D)

Oh, my God, we have to take him to the hospital now.

The door bursts open again and two plain clothed officers crouch in guns on the ready

OFFICER 1

Police!

Alero turns and her eyes meet the IPO's who just strolls in shaking his head sobered up and stunned.

The boys drop their weapons of torture and take their faces to Alero.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT AN A CLASS LIVING ROOM DAY

The Boss is unable to contain himself with perplexity.

Vivienne is making several phone calls and raving around with three men in black and four ladies in pink pants and black tops standing sentry around the place. All is cold and charged, but silent.

She turns to Boss who is in a calculating mood.

VIVIENNE

We need to tear that house apart now.

Boss rises with a prance to no one in particular

BOSS

To what end, crass vengeance? I need Pink and Rasheed out of trouble...but how?

VIVIENNE

I knew it that that imp was some trap last night, I just couldn't figure it out.

BOSS

I thought you said she was just a Salsa dancer and your jogging mate?

VIVIENNE

And bank lawyer, too!

BOSS

So how...

Then the thought returns for the nth time to him

BOSS (CONT'D)

Or is she working with the police?

VIVIENNE

But with what? The police would work with facts

BOSS

Do they not now have it?

VIVIENNE

Aaarrrrggghhhhh! If I catch that slut!

Studying her closely, some fear shakes him up

BOSS

At this point, you stay out. Now,
it's my war. Lay low.

She throws him a protesting face, but he has not finished

BOSS (CONT'D)

You take the next flight out of
the country; I'll tell you when
to return.

VIVIENNE

You can't do that!

The Boss turns her next line to a man in suit far away

BOSS

Lawrence, see to it that the
Donna catches the next plane out
of the country...girls, you've a
trip to make.

The girls in pink pants turn to Vivienne for ratification.

Vivienne rushes at Boss desperation in her body

VIVIENNE

I can't. Please, Fidelis.

The Boss, looks endearingly into her eyes, stroke her cheek
with the back of his hands, shaking his head, he runs his
hand down her full shiney hair top to her nape and then
plants a kiss on her lips.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Please, don't make me leave. I
promised you I'll kill him...the
only man that stands between us
and marriage all these years. I
will fulfil my promise and now is
the time.

BOSS

I know. But this war is getting
too personal with you.

VIVIENNE

It is my war!

BOSS

You fight a war with strategy,
not emotions, Viv, you fight a
war with a definite, impersonal
purpose, not blind rage and
vengeance.

VIVIENNE

You think I've not been
calculating since I happened on
him over 14 months ago?

The Boss smiles mirthlessly squinting into her eyes,
holding back the rage

BOSS

And you thought it comely to hide
this from me.

VIVIENNE

It was beyond my control...

Stamping his foot, the boss screams at her

BOSS

Damn it! You tell me anything
first, never to head office,
never! This is more personal for
us...you and me.

She simmers and he walks away towards the same window of
the previous night.

BOSS (CONT'D)

We shouldn't have gone after that
kid; we were too engrossed in our
piqued pride to read the danger.
Now we pay.

VIVIENNE

What if Rasheed and Pink are
compromised?

BOSS

The fifth columnist?

He weighs it briefly and then concludes

BOSS (CONT'D)

No, not them both. Something is
however definitely wrong. We go
up a notch higher and you, my
love...you have an urgent flight
to catch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT POLICE CELL DAY

Footballer 1 (a POP on his neck), 2, 3, Ahmed with some other inmates are closed in the dark cell

CUT TO:

INT POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM DAY/EARLY EVENING

In cuffs are Pinkhead (face, nose and hands bandaged), Mean Guy (face, chest, hands bandaged), Alero and across the room from them is Osita seated on a chair, back to Osita is IPO eyes really looking tired and under intense self control for as it seems, he is in a mood to burst heads.

MEAN GUY
(looking like he really
needs medical attention
speaks with superhuman
effort)
I've no idea...

IPO
You will tell me something, or
you'd need a mortician in a
moment! Do you hear me!

Pinkhead is resting her head against the wall still sweating and bleeding from tiny cuts on her head and face, hands and neck. Her three fingers are bandgaged

PINKHEAD
Just go ahead and do what you've
to...we've nothing to say to you.

IPO turns under immense self control to Alero. He regards her with surprise, anger, admiration and then disbelief.

ALERO
Officer, I've enough evidence to
convince the court that my client
is innocent of the charges and to
prove that...

IPO
What you need is a lawyer,
because I'm taking you down on
abduction and assault occasioning
grievous bodily harm. I will hit
you really hard, girlfriend. You
of all people should know that
this act of your is an affront on
the justice system. I'll make you
pay.

Alero pushes her face closer to him and speaks into his face without blinking, locking her eyes into his

ALERO

Read my lips, Officer: I did what you were not willing to do, I brought you all the facts you now have, do you think I really care if I go to jail for this as long as my client is exonerated? As long as these vermin are locked out of society? Give me your best shot, sir.

He sits back on his chair and indicates the sheets of paper and pen in front of her.

ALERO (CONT'D)

(taking a sad look at the two)

Meanwhile your prisoners require hospitalisation.

IPO

Thank you, kind hearted maimer! Your statement, please...I want everything. And I'll be detaining you...and yes, they'll be hospitalised.

He swirls round to face the silent Osita.

IPO (CONT'D)

I guess you'd be needing another lawyer, bro.

Osita nods his head

OSITA

What must I do to free my boys; they don't need this at this stage of their lives; they're undergoing rehabilitation, sir. And one of them should be on a hospital bed now

IPO

What did our ancestors say? You grow long incisors, you grow enough lips to cover them...I really don't care.

He rises to exit the room

OSITA

A human society is not built on law and punishment;
(MORE)

OSITA (CONT'D)
grace and mercy go a long way in
reformation and peace.

The IPO stops at the door and does not turn

OSITA (CONT'D)
Those boys have been through
things and football is the only
thing that links them to God now,
please don't let them return to
basic state, I beg you

IPO
You're actually making a case for
that fiancée of yours, aren't
you?

OSITA
I'm certain that these people

Indicating Pinkhead and Mean Guy.

OSITA (CONT'D)
Only need me dead. Please don't
give them more than they deserve.

The officer heads out of the room while Alero continues her
statement writing

CUT TO:

INT A POSH OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

Boss is on phone as a powerful voice is speaking with an
air of authority to him. All he does is pace with bowed
head and intoning acquiescence now and then.

CAPONE OOV
Evidence before me shows the
enemy may be getting off the
hook. The police are being
provided with ample evidence to
turn the table round.

BOSS
Yes, Master, his fiancée has been
working...

CAPONE OOV
And this fiancée was really
within your reach for months
and...you know what, Fidelis, I
can't stand incompetence. This
same incompetence made him
graduate and go off our radar for
years!

BOSS

Master...

CAPONE OOV

This same incompetence keeps you
a bachelor all these years,
living with a woman you can't
marry until this enemy who had
the balls to enter her besides
you and abuse the ritual is dead.

That hurts deeply

BOSS

I've this...

CAPONE OOV

This same incompetence has taken
this case off your hand. You're
unsuited. So pull back your
hounds, send Vivienne over here
and... tonight, we take the enemy
out for good. Case closed.

BOSS

We can't fight the police,
master.

CAPONE OOV

The police fights for us.

Click goes the line.

He stands eyes towards the beautiful skyline of Lagos
business world.

BOSS

What a gale!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.

POLICE STATION

DAY

Two police vans drive into the station and begin to
evacuate some men in handcuffs and herd them towards the
building. There are eight of them

At the counter, they begin to release them from their hand
and leg cuffs and the desk sergeant asking to have their
names put down is overridden by the leader of the raid team
a superintendent of police

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

These are dead men; nobody's
coming to look for them.

DESK SERGEANT

But madam, we want record...

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Boys, drop them in the cell.

DESK SERGEANT

And their cloth nkor, dem go enta cell like...

Police SUPERINTENDENT takes a mean look to her and she goes immediately rock stiff in salute.

Just then, IPO steps out of the interrogation room. He stops at the sight of the mean looking men being led into the cell.

He does not however see when one of the plain-clothed officers slips what looks like a key into the hand of one of the mean looking suspects. In fact nobody sees it.

The IPO seeks out the superintendent, an elegantly built lady in jeans pants, T shirt and jacket.

IPO

Babes, na wetin dey, who be these demons?

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

My broda na wa o! These na robbery gang wey we just hunt down.

She whispers into his ears

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

Orders from above sey this must be snuff off operation as dem get big backbone.

IPO

So no court for them?

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

No court, my broda.

IPO

When?

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Left to Commissioner

Terror strikes IPO hard, but then on a second look he notices that there is no injury or bruises on any of the men.

The other superior officer keeps her eyes on the IPO and reads all his misgivings

IPO
I get small boys inside dat cell
o.

Frowning, the lady officer enquires non-chalantly

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT
If dem small wetin put dem inside
there? Abeg, joor!

She heads into the interrogation room. And then looking around and seeing nobody, she turns back to IPO

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
I think sey you dey work inside
here before.

The IPO shakes his head. Then he heads to the cell grill

IPO
Look here you, wild dogs, I
have...

Then he changes his mind for the better.

IPO (CONT'D)
Osita

OSITA
Sir!

IPO
Get your boys and you to this
side of the cell now.

He obeys reluctantly, herding his two footballers to one side.

IPO (CONT'D)
Now the rest of you, look at
these people carefully.

The mean guys look amongst themselves with defiant wonder

The IPO charges the grill with venom.

IPO (CONT'D)
I say, look at them, damn it!

Then leisurely one of them raises his eyes to him

GANG LEADER
What do you want from us,
officer?

He walks slowly, cracking his fingers in balled fists and neck, eyes into the IPO's

IPO

I don't want you looking at them,
not to talk of touching or
talking to them. Do you
understand me!

GANG LEADER

Turning his massive neck towards Osita and his boys and at that point, the IPO's strong hand catches him by the neck and makes to slam his face against the iron grill with force, but the other man's reflexes work wonder as his hand comes between his face and the iron grill while the other hand sends a straight punch at the IPO's face, but the latter's reflexes also helps him evade the blow and with his other hand he locks the stray arm against the grill. The two men hold in with full power and force, sizing up each other for that moment of kill.

His seven surge forward towards the officer, and Osita moves in keeping them off with one effortless positioning between them and the other two

The other, the lady officer drives a thrust kick to the groin of the offending villain so that the force crumbles him. When the IPO lets go of his grips on him, he drops on his knees.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Stand down, you brutes!

They maintain their cool, but keep daring eyes on both officers.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

You've been warned; stay away
from his suspects!

She turns to the IPO

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

Wetin concern you concern them
sef?

IPO

They're my suspects.

He walks away.

The other officer keeps a cool wondering eyes after him. Then she hears a commotion and then sees IPO stop midway as some uniformed men try to prevent a bandaged man from approaching into the station office at the counter.

IPO (CONT'D)

Hey, hey hey, stop it, will you now!

The man with a huge bandage on his head, chest and arm limping visibly turns to face the IPO, his eyes are swollen and barely able to have them open.

IPO (CONT'D)

What do you want and who are you, man?

WOUNDED MAN

My name is Wale Sokan, I want to see the Area Commander here. It's a matter of life and death

IPO

I see. So what exactly is this life-and-death matter you want to see her over?

WOUNDED MAN

It's none of your business, sir. Take me to the Area Commander now, or I'll remain standing here

The IPO looks him round and makes that face as the man totters and moving from one bad leg to the other. He can not see the wounds on both legs on account of the pants the injured man is wearing

IPO

From the look of it, you look like you can stand forever!

WOUNDED MAN

Thanks for the flattery.

The other Superintendent enters head first whistling.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

What did you say your name was, sir?

WOUNDED MAN

Wale Sokan, ma'm.

Then she takes a can't-you-get-it face to the IPO.

The IPO then takes a situation weighing face to the wounded man and then back to his female colleague.

Then she whispers into his ears

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

P.A to Aminatu Oyofe...slain...

IPO

Shut up!

That is more from shocked realisation than an attack.

IPO (CONT'D)

You don't...

The lady counterpart makes a confirmation face to him and then everything changes.

IPO (CONT'D)

Mr. Sokan, you come with me now.

The wounded man takes a situational hit at that and then looks between the female officer and the IPO he catches a blank. Then the female officer gives him the nudge of follow-him-his-your-man type.

The wounded man takes in some deep breaths and wobbles after the fast departing IPO

The female officer gives a deep sigh and turning to the desk sergeant, asks

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

What a day! Erm...madam dey office so?

The desk sergeant replies with a stiff salute

DESK SERGEANT

Yes, sir!

The lady turns to leave. Then she stops when one corporal says respectfully after her

CORPORAL

Madam, your boys dey here since o.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Folow me, corporal

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION DAY

A hospital ambulance pulls up at the police station compound and two medics with a stretcher speed out of it and followed by a well composed young man that looks every inch a caregiver follows apace

Some policemen are surprised by the urgency of the team. The Police Superintendent who is handing some bank notes to the Corporal is stopped by the development. She lets the money drop from her hand while the Corporal does not immediately see the notes float downwards. When the money does not seem to make contact with his outstretched hand, he looks down at the hand and finding it empty looks down further and sees them drop between them. He bends to promptly pick them up and as he does that he sees the lady's feet walking out of frame before his crouching form.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

The IPO is face to face with the wounded man who is proving stubborn

IPO

You don't need the AC, I'm the one you need..that name you mentioned has something to do with my case.

WOUNDED MAN

I don't think so, officer. I need someone I can trust.

Looking at him all over as the man begins to weaken

IPO

You should be on a hospital bed, man!

The Superintendent enters in haste

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Yes, you should be, sir...Your entire hospital is here at this station right now as I speak. You must leave now.

WOUNDED MAN

Aah!

He is deeply suffering.

The IPO rises to give him a hand.

He shuns the hand and begins to cry. The other two step back and watch him. Confused.

The man stops crying, now looking like death he stuns them.

WOUNDED MAN (CONT'D)
You've the wrong man in cell for
my boss' murder.

The two exchange shocked glances again and then like one person, turn back to him

IPO
I'd want to hear all you know
written down, but you've to be
alive...

The caregiver finds his way into the room carrying an aura of power and respect.

DOCTOR
It's my duty to keep him alive,
sir, madam...

IPO
Who're you?

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT
He's the doctor...

DOCTOR
He's my patient...he escaped...

IPO
I want his statement, before you
can have him, doctor

The doctor is stunned.

DOCTOR
This man just came out of
multiple operation sessions...

IPO
He lives to tell a life saving
story, doctor!

DOCTOR
Do you see that chest? a bullet
traveled through that mass and
came out the other side. You see
his head? A bullet grazed through
it! He was lucky...

IPO
Doctor, I'll take his statement
then you can have him

Too livid for immediate words, the doctor looks from one officer to the other and then to the patient who is fast fading and then back to the IPO

DOCTOR
I must speak to your superiors
now.

Without waiting, the IPO calls out in a manner that tells the doctor that he is through with him

IPO
Sergeant, take the doctor to the
AC now!

He sits before the fading man and shaking him up gently pleads

IPO
Brave brother, I need you to be
strong now. Can you write...

WOUNDED MAN
Bros, I be go school o!

The IPO rolls his eyes at the joke

IPO
You know what I mean...

WOUNDED MAN
Then don't waste my limited time
and get me something to do it
with!

The IPO drags a drawer open and fetches out a sheaf of paper with the police logo on them. He adds a biro to it. The man sits up to write, while the sergeant is tugging gently at the livid doctor to let them go.

DOCTOR
I swear it, by God who made me,
I'll sue this station to its
knees should anything happen to
my patient!

The superintendent gently coaxes the angry doctor to follow the sergeant while she takes the rear behind them.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK INT.

It is a spacious living room with a dining room at the far end and a clean set of white leather settees and frosted glass centre table with white frames in the middle. A glass and white bar is at the other end of the space and before this bar is an array of three units of two seater settees also white. The floor is glass metallic and gleamy from proper polish.

Aminatu, wearing her pure cream bathrobe and a shower cap just finishes kissing Wale who is fully dressed in his cotton white shirt and grey pants with his jacket resting on one of the four high stools by the bar one of which he is sitting on. Amintu returns from her toe height for the kiss to her flat feet and tapping him romantically on the cheek excuses herself.

Wale finds himself emotional by letting her go. Their hands linger on each other's hand for a brief while before she successfully tears herself away and heads for the room inside of which can be partially seen from Wale's stool. As she goes in, she takes an I-won't-be-long look to him before she finally disappears. Just then, the door bursts open from the outside.

The first thing Wale sees is a sprawling man. He jumps to his feet and immediately goes for the alarm butting, but a bullet grazes his head and shatters some bottles on the shelf. The shock and terror rather than the bullet force brings him down.

Pinkhead appears still holding the gun out at him. Behind her is Mean Guy tearing in just at the same time as Aminatu runs out of the room screaming out Wale's name. At that point the reflexes takes the best of Pinkhead who lets fly some bullets right into her breasts while Mean Guy drops at point blank range one or two into her head.

Wale turns her head towards the direction of the falling and blood drenched Aminatu and lets out a loud cry, but Pinkhead squeezes the trigger at him directly at his chest. That wears him out completely, but Pinkhead will not have enough of that, lets more bullets free themselves into him as she turns towards the sprawling man in bed clothes. Always wearing a transparent hand gloves, more like surgical gloves, she carries the bloody Aminatu's body towards the powerless man, and runs her blood stained fingers across his face leaving some nail marks there.

Mean Guy, also wearing same gloves, removes the cuffs on both wrists and ankles of the sprawling and hardly conscious man, plants his own gun in his hand while Pinkhead smashes a stool on the sprawling man's side head. She makes sure Aminatu's blood stained hands are placed on either sides of the stool's base before she breaks it.

The Mean Guy carries Aminatu and places her a good distance from the sprawling man who now manifests as Osita is now bleeding from the stool blow.

Two ladies with guns enter the bedroom and one can hear them throwing things all over the place. Then they soon return with a cheque book and a seal in their hands. Pinkhead collects them and places them carelessly on the wide space between Osita and the fast dead Aminatu.

IPO OOV

Why would these people want Ms Oyoyo, your... boss dead?

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PRESENT

The IPO is locking his eyes in those of the wounded man as his question strikes home.

WOUNDED MAN

Aminatu..Ms Oyoyo is...was a global brand consultant to Sulter and Bronner, a new FMCG marketing company that just opened shops in Nigeria. They need an agency to handle their communications in all of Africa. Having chosen Nigeria as a base, they decided that Nigeria should drive their communication hence the need for a Nigerian agency. Fidecom did very well, but they could not measure up to the class of Visualedge Incorporated...

The IPO stops him for clarifications

IPO

What's Fidecom and Visualedge doing here?

WOUNDED MAN

Fidecom is Fidelis Aimaku's company run by Vivienne, while Visualedge belongs to Osita Obumneme. However, the CEO of Fidecom, Vivienne believes that Ms Oyoyo owed her a lot following their days at the University. She weighed on her to use their relationship for leverage but, Ms Oyoyo is...was a strict professional, she was moving to recommend Visualedge Inc when this all happened.

Confused and needing clarification in many areas, the IPO shifts on his seat.

IPO

Would you be in a position to say why Vivienne would think Ms Oyoyo owes her...?

WOUNDED MAN

Well...Ms Oyoyo was Miss University, a crown Vivienne once wore three years before Ms Oyoyo came into school...unlike Vivienne, Ms Oyoyo led a rather high profile life on campus and she was always getting into trouble and...

IPO

Of course, big mama came running to help all the time...

The wounded man nods.

Still not fully relieved, the IPO's face clouds over as he pursues another palpable line of questioning

IPO

(CONT'D)

Help me out here, please...would this killing not be a pure waste and risk to the company...or was there something there for them?

The wounded man shifts awkwardly on his seat...

Then the IPO seems to have got a lead. He bears his eyes directly on him.

IPO

If you've come this far, friend better to go all the way

He begins to shed tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK INT.

It is an interior of a posh cafe. In an exclusive corner, Alero and Vivienne are seated directly opposite Wale, the wounded man then not wounded, rather he is well spruced out in a two piece navy blue suit and a snow white shirt. At a far corner, Pinkhead is seated over a cup of coffee chatting hilariously with another young equally highly sexually inspiring lady. She throws her face from time-to-time their way

Wale feels rather a bit uncomfortable and harassed

ALERO

It's simple, Wale; we give you 15% of every gross value of the campaign we run, or if we are on retainership, we pay you 8% of our monthly retainership...just swing the business to Fidecom.

WALE (WOUNDED MAN)

(picking himself up to leave in protest)

I can't help you, ladies...

Alero's hand lands on his and soothes it.

ALERO

Calm down...you think we don't know all that?

He stops and looks long into Alero's alluring eyes. Then he turns to the quiet Vivienne

ALERO (CONT'D)

Please, kindly sit, Wale.

VIVIENNE

You'll soon see that the decision on which of us gets the contract will fall to you. You're not just the assistant to Ms Oyofa, you're also....should I say, someone who has her soft sides in his hands. When you present her documented decision to the board, they'll have no reason to doubt its authenticity.

Now he's very very afraid.

ALERO

You've no reason to imagine anything evil in your heart, handsome;

(MORE)

ALERO (CONT'D)

all will be well with your lover.
You just accept our proposition
and no harm will come near you or
her.

Now sweating, Wale, the wounded man, blubbers

WALE

What's this!

VIVIENNE

There're strong interest in this
business, your lover...sorry, you
boss, has benefitted this far
from them and she's now meaning
to stand on her own and these
powerful interests. The carpet
will go off under her feet and
you'll stand in her stead. Are
you strong enough to be relied
on, or are you weak enough to...

Alero cuts in

ALERO

In case you're wondering how well
we mean towards you, here...

She places a thick A4 envelop in front of him.

Wale's eyes go to it and his tension drops a notch.

VIVIENNE

A token to seal this deal. Once
we get this business, more will
come and when business resumes
your cuts will come as we earn.

Wale eyes the envelop suspiciously

ALERO

We may not have done much
yet...I'm pretty sure two million
Naira is a good start, handsome.

He looks up to Alero as if she just answers his question.
He nods.

VIVIENNE

So...can we make some contact on
this?

She rises from her seat and places her lips so close for a
kiss and reluctantly, slowly, Wale rises and their lips
lock. Alero spans Vivienne on her butts after it seems
like an eternity of kissing

ALERO

Ah-ah, the thing never do!

Vivienne sits back with a glint of pleasure in her eyes
when she turns to Alero

VIVIENNE

there's this unnaturally distant and mean look in
Vivienne's eyes

Babes, you know how serious this
is na.

A shudder runs through Alero's body. She knows very well.

ALERO

Well...

Vivienne nods with face turned to the confused Wale

VIVIENNE

I'm willing to go the whole hug,
hoping nothing will go the
contrary. Wale, will it?

Though not so sure he knows what they mean, he shakes his
head

ALERO

So...Wale, we're together on this
for the life of this business?

Wale nods affirmatively.

Vivienne explodes her most charming side to the amazement
of Alero

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PRESENT: THE POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

The IPO is now more confused than ever

IPO

Who sent you here?

The IPO is at this point sure the wounded man is out to no good.

The wounded man raises his face with shock.

IPO

(CONT'D)

You heard me, spill!

The man is still confused at the question.

IPO

You will...

The superintendent enters again.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Jay, AC wants the man released...

Then the doctor enters

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

To the good doctor immediately.

The IPO rises in protest.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

That's an order, officer!

The IPO turns askance to his female colleague who promptly adds

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

Order from above...

The IPO storms out of the place, taking the written statement with him.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

I'm coming with some men with you. This man is prime witness in this matter...

The IPO returns and is more livid than before

IPO

Ooh, so you're also taking over
the case?

Unfazed, the lady colleague replies

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT
Helping out, bro., just helping a
brother in distress...

The IPO squares up to her with immense self-control

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
Since when did we begin to fight
ourselves, bro. Please chill.
When this is over...

The doctor turns to him with the look of can-I-get-my-
patient-now-mr.-tough-guy?

IPO

Get lost with your discreditable
witness. The fellow is a crazy
liar!

DOCTOR
I know him as a patient and
there's nothing discreditable
about his wounds.

The other officer just perches by the door frame and smiles
over it all as her colleague watches the doctor and the
patient leave.

The female superintendent chants inspecting her clean
finger nails, as she herself leaves

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT
There's a gale gathering.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT AN OPULENT OFFICE WITH MUCH SPACE NIGHT

A tall big man in all black is standing over a map on the
huge brightly polished mahogany desk. On the other side of
the huge desk is a man in his fifties dressed in top
quality African fabric with simple embroidery. He is taking
in all the explanations from the big man. On either sides
of the man are two silent men who seem to be more
interested in action than strategy.

Seated far away from the proceeding are Vivienne and Boss who maintain silent interest in the goings on.

CAPONE

You're sure we have this under wraps in three minutes?

HITMAN

I swear it, Capone. It's going to be a super surprise.

CAPONE

And our men within, have given the all-clear?

HITMAN

Anything from 11pm is a gift, they advise, Capone.

The man weighs it a long time and then looking up to the big man, he gives a nod

CAPONE

Go, hit it. I'll take the heat that follows. Remember, I want no prisoners. However...

They all look up to him

CAPONE (CONT'D)

Minimise police officers' casualties to barest minimum...must be bare necessity. I want no fatalities there that way I can manage any spill.

HITMAN

Yes, Capone, we dissolve the two while a separate unit will get our two from the hospital in five minutes, Capone..

The man looks deep into space with a feeling of pain as he recounts

CAPONE

Alero was such an asset, when she left for the bank, I knew we were losing her and now she dares to stand in our way. A jew is a jew however much you favour him or her!

He throws that reproaching face to Vivienne and then back to the big man, he concludes as he sinks back into his swivel chair

CAPONE (CONT'D)

Alero must die. Osita is not even an issue, kill him beyond recognition and let's see who asks.

Boss is not comfortable with the whole thing. He clears his throat to speak most carefully

BOSS

My Capone...

The man waits a while before he gives him audience

CAPONE

Yes, Fidelis...

BOSS

(shifting on his chair)

I understand there's no room for me to protest being kept out in the dark about the Osita mission all these months, I know also that it would be foolish of me to register any displeasure of not being aware of Alero as our agent. Vivienne kept all well from me, yet to be unsuited in matters in my territory may be unacceptable, but to send a gale against the police is... better reconsidered. I beg you.

The man rises to his feet and then we realise he's almost a cripple. He supports himself with a fancy walking stick. His face is so cool and he walks towards Boss. Stops close, and asks him to rise to his feet, which he slowly does. Vivienne is pleading with the man with her eyes, but the man ignores her.

The three other men in the room maintain calm silence. The big man who is clearly the one taking over Boss' post turns to Boss and wags his head at him as if to say you-should-not-have-gone-there

The man uses his finger to up Boss' chin with his eyes inside his.

CAPONE

This is an empire built on action and sound judgment. Those who came before me allowed me free reins because they saw in me what I cannot see in you now, Fidelis.

(MORE)

CAPONE (CONT'D)

You need intelligence, daring and focus here...now, the last one, 'Focus' is where the real problem lies with you. Tell me, you had this boy for two academic years...he was sworn in as President in year three, flouted all the agreements he signed with his own blood, agreements consummated with the body of your betrothed and what did you do? As a matter of fact, he sent all the brotherhoods on campus into hiding working with the authorities. You almost lost your wretched life in the gale of attacks from government on our assets on campus. What did you do? The pants had him once or twice, you stopped them. I even decreed: "Fidelis, you must not fuck that girl until Osita dies" what did you do!

Boss frowns with superhuman self-control

BOSS

And I've not fucked her since then!

CAPONE

And he graduated and disappeared into thin air!

BOSS

Felling a serving SUG President would've been infernal on us all. The authorities would have hunted us into our very holes. We'd to negotiate some of our jailed assets and I needed leverage, so I spared his life for that. My Capone, I saved many lives by sparing his. It was the best I could do.

CAPONE

And your best was a failure!

The man looks around to his men and then back at Boss

CAPONE (CONT'D)

Look here, you all...look at him...This is the shape of failure and disaster in the brotherhood.

(MORE)

CAPONE (CONT'D)

He acts with sentiments and
thinks he is a leader. What do we
do to our enemies at all costs?

ALL

We flatten them into the soil!

CAPONE

We are...

ALL

Intolerant of weakness!

CAPONE

We...

ALL

Control the Forces of Profit and
Loss!

CAPONE

No one...

ALL

Rules and we Follow!

CAPONE

Because...

ALL

We Rule, we Rule; we Reign, we
Reign!

The man lowers his head in a brief moment of suffering
silence.

CAPONE

In you, son, all of these sleep
in dust and ashes...yet you want
to bear rule?

VIVIENNE

Capone, Fidelis' only fault is
Osita and he did it to save
lives...

The man turns a cold face to her

CAPONE

Are you so happy not to have had
a fuck in 15 years, child?

Vivienne is shell-shocked and stunned to silence. The
others look away feeling the blow for her.

Then the man looks away from Vivienne and faces boss with a
sneer

CAPONE (CONT'D)

Or maybe...

Then the man is stopped by the direct eye contact Boss makes with him

BOSS

I don't abuse oaths, Capone.

CAPONE

Good. Your sense of honour is the only thing keeping you standing here.

BOSS

I will not yield my territory...

CAPONE

Stand down, boy!

BOSS

I spilt my blood and did things dark and gruesome to get here, I won't yield!

CAPONE

Stand down!

BOSS

I have done everything, denied everything to ensure this...

CAPONE

Stand down now!

Bringing him down with a harsh blow.

A gasp escapes Vivienne's suffering throat. She starts to her feet, angry.

Facing the other men, the man orders

CAPONE (CONT'D)

He came down by force, keep him there by force...

BOSS

(recovering)

You don't need it, I quit!

He rises and heads out.

CAPONE

Oh, yes, I do.

The crack of some guns stops Boss. Vivienne's eyes narrow down with mounting rage

VIVIENNE

Capone...this is...

The man raises his hand and in seconds Boss is dancing to a gale of bullets. Vivienne loses it, she first makes a run for Boss, but realises that the hits are beyond saving, then she screams and catches the falling body of Boss.

The rain stops. Stunned and harassed as she locks her beaten face on him, Vivienne listens to the last blubbering of the blood soaked mouth and orifices of the man she has always loved and revered.

BOSS

It's...a Useless life here. Flee
if you can.

Then his head drops on her tigh, dead.

She loses the power to sob. She rises to her elegant, resolved feet, she turns her back to boss and with one clean move she sweeps the Capone off his bad feet. The man lands with a bad landing. All is shocked and taken unawares by the move. Before they can swarm on her, before she can savour the deadly score, she hears the sound of a sword leaving its sheath. When she turns around, the sword flies right into her throat. Eyes wide with shock and disbelief. The blood has begun to spurt and skirt out of her throat in full force. The others stand and watch with a feeling of sad loss, holding their guns and not needing their uses.

The man rises with help from his men he disdains and walks up to her, hold her close, not minding being stained by her spurting blood. Mouth to her ear as she raises her paling hands up to his shoulder, now the look in those eyes are not one of hate, or vengeance but of surprise mixed with apology and compassion, he pours out his disgust on her.

CAPONE

I knew from day one that you and
him will go down in one worthless
sweep. Safe journey to hell,
vixen.

He pulls the sword out of her throat and leaves her to crash onto the floor.

He looks at the wiggling body and sneering, hisses

CAPONE (CONT'D)

Sad waste!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE

POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

NIGHT.

The IPO and the female Superintendent are bearing down on a confident Alero. There is palpable disgust on the other lady's face. The IPO takes his face really close to her and shoots.

IPO

Why do you choose to destroy
Osita?

She is not expecting this. She stops blank for a while and then turns a smirking face to him. Turning away to a spot beside her, a thin smile slits her charming face and she nods

ALERO

It's looking good here. Now
there's someone starting to think
Osita might be innocent after
all.

The lady officer is just too mad to stand the situation.
She barges in howbeit coolly

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

You really didn't have any qualms
working against your own fiancée
from the position of trust, did
you? The fee must've been really
huge.

Alero sizes the female officer in sharp mufti up and down
and chuckles really amused.

ALERO

You look really hot, babe;
shouldn't you rather be a model,
or an actress...or a pole dancer?
Think about it.

The lady officer charges at her, intent to do bodily harm to her, but Alero rises like a shot bullet to confront her, but the IPO brings Alero back to her seat with full force and with the other arm stays the other lady off.

IPO

Both of you, be decent about
this.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Pole dance, you say? Pole dance!

The IPO is having a hard time cooling her down.

IPO

Duty, officer, duty!

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Then let her answer the questions!

ALERO

I'm expecting the questions. Ask me one

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

You sure do think you're tough, babe!

Alero looks away from her with angst and sits, knocking her clasped hands on the table top.

IPO

You're Vivienne's friend and partner, true or false.

ALERO

(without looking up)

Vivienne is a lovely young lady I've known all my campus and graduate life. I met her during registration, I was stranded and she helped me out, she was then in her final year...we became friends, officer and we never parted even after she left school.

The two officers exchange glances

IPO

What is your relationship with Fidecom Global Limited?

Alero smiles to herself without looking up. She shakes her head as the smile broadens.

IPO

(CONT'D)

Alero, please.

ALERO

Wow! Someone has decided to work!

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

(sings, rolling her eyes)

There she goes again!

ALERO

I was legal consultant to Fidecom
before I joined the bank.

IPO

You never really left, did you?

ALERO

I left clean.

IPO

Should I include that in your
statement?

ALERO

Are you now writing my statement
for me, officer?

IPO

Just taking a mental note, that's
all.

They regard each other closely straight in the eyes.

ALERO

I left clean.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

As a Pink Pant, aren't you
supposed to be a life loyalist to
the cause...

Without turning, she answers

ALERO

Tell that babe to lay off me. I
never was a Pink Pant.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

It's on record that...

ALERO

I was only a martial arts
instructor at the school's
Taekwondo Club...

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

And many of the Pink Pants
trained under you.

ALERO

(still not regarding
her)

(MORE)

ALERO (CONT'D)

I can't recall any of my athletes coming in pink pants. There were guys and gals at the club and I was just one out of five other WTF certified instructors at the school.

IPO

And...Ms Oyoyo...

She rises from her seat and makes to walk away, but the lady officer clutches her by the shoulder and forces her to her seat.

IPO

And Wale Soka.

Alero shaking her head ruefully.

ALERO

I...got news from a credible source that Ms Oyoyo and Osita were doing things...then one day Vivienne told me about a business deal that was passing from Fidecom to Visualedge and that she needed my help to win it. I asked how, she then informed me that Ms Oyoyo was the consultant calling the shots, that she believed this Ms Oyoyo was having an affair with the CEO of Visualedge(Osita) my fiancée, hence her decision to pass the verdict in his favour.

IPO

And you wanted your fiancée to lose out in the business simply because of that?

Tears running down her eyes now. She does not say a word.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

And...agreed that the best way out was for her to die and get her assistant to make the decision that'll ensure your relationship is intact...

ALERO

Who're you by the way, bitch!
Number one, I didnt know then
that Vivienne knew I'd anything
to do with Osita, she just wanted
my leverage to swing the deal her
way through Ms Oyoyo's corrupt
assistant, Wale.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Hmmm, and you say you're friends,
liar!

ALERO

(shuts her eyes with
mammoth self-control)
I keep my privacy private

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

Secrets. Secrets. S c r e t s. So
tell me, hun, what now are you
keeping secret from us?

ALERO

(rises slowly to meet
face-to-face with)
If you want the truth, you will
open your heart to untainted
facts, jerk!

She does not need to rise on this she does not need to look
at her, she just turns her teary face to the side r really
angry

IPO

Stop it, woman, you're addressing
an officer of the Law!

Still maintaining her posture while the lady officer is
watching her with a scowl, Alero speaks

ALERO

I don't care! Ask her to respect
other people's dignity and
honour!

Still calm and scowling, the lady officer throws in another
salvo

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

What's dignity in a fiancée who
plays her man from the inside in
favour of his competition? What's
the dignity in a woman who lies
with a cool sincere-looking face
to sugar over her deadliness?

Alero smiles weakly and shakes her head ruefully.

The lady officer comes round to face her bending to her eye level searching for something in her eyes.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

What happened to your gateman,
Sanusi? You want to tell some
lies about that too?

The IPO keeps his eyes on Alero waiting for a cue.

Alero turns away from her and sits back resting her head on her hand and then it happens...

A loud gun shot tears the place apart.

The officers turn their faces towards the door and then turns to each other. The lady officer takes her wristwatch to her face...Before they can recover from that rude shock, footsteps pour onto the corridor.

The two officers reach for their belts and pull out their handguns

CUT TO:

INT

POLICE CELL

NIGHT

The huge locks on the cell gate drop like one. Already all of the men hurled earlier into the cell have risen to positions, flat against the walls.

Osita packs his boys behind him defensively. Just then a crack of fire cuts into the cell tearing a hole on the wall to Osita's left.

OSITA

Down all! Down...flat

A gun from the interrogation room brings one of the surging men in black down. Without waiting, one of the surging attackers pull out a grenade and throws into the interrogation room and makes a run towards the cell and to the surprise of Captain, all the new prisoners pull guns out of their body parts and falling into places, return fire to the surging men who are most unsuspecting drop being hollowed all over by the inmates' bullets.

By now a ring is formed round Osita and his boys. Osita's eyes pop out and his boys are wondering what is going on. While Osita is troubled by the loud explosion in the interrogation room, one of the men announce

INMATE

Guy, chill, we're here for you;
we knew they were coming.

The footballers are stunned the more. They take their faces to Osita, who is beginning now to think...

He then remembers something. He dashes out of the cell before anyone can define his move.

CUT TO:

INT

POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

NIGHT

The whole place is in cinders and smoke. From the door, Osita tears in and begins to scream out

OSITA

Alero! Alero!! Alero!!!

Then he sees a pile of rubble and imagines three people hurdled together, flat on the floor in an adjoining room. He dashes in and heads for them...and then a new round of firing resumes.

OSITA (CONT'D)

Ah, dem nor dey finish!

He's torn between the bodies and the action point outside. He dashes for the door and then back to the bodies as he hears a low squeal

OSITA (CONT'D)

Alero!

But it's the police superintendent lady who comes up all blistered and dusty.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT

(slurry-speeched, drowsy
and eyes turning to her
far left)

Ah, you made it, big boy...

There on the floor is a handgun flung off.

Osita is concentrating on her, not aware of the crawling motion behind him.

She sways downwards towards it and picks it up, aims it at him...

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

Go down, big bo...

She squeezes the trigger while Osita drops down on his side.

Behind him a groan comes up when he turns, he realises that the aim was not him. A crawling armed man who was aiming at him gets the bullet in his skull and expires slowly.

He turns with stunned expression of gratitude to her. She signals to him with her index and longest finger across her eyes

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

I..don't want you out of my
sigh..

Osita sees fresh blood running down her sooty neck and instantly, she crumbles in a heap as her knees buckle underneath her.

He rushes at her, placing her head on his thighs feels for the pulse and he sighs with relief. Then he gently lays her down flat out as he dashes again for the couple under the rubble of broken pieces of chairs, tables, asbestos ceilings, ceiling fans, sheets of paper and files out of which the other officer snaked to view earlier. He scatters the whole rubble and checks carefully for the bodies, a head pops up with a moan.

The gun battle outside sounds like a distant blur to his ears as his eyes pick up the still body of Alero underneath the rising IPO. Around her throat is a generous line of blood. He darts backwards tear soaked and trembling, he falls on his butts.

The IPO rises slowly to his side and fixes his eyes on the still lady on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT

FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION

NIGHT

At the entrance, an inmate just gets slammed against the wall by a fire from one of the intruders, but the intruder is immediately cut off by a fire from another inmate. The whole scene outside is a swell of smoke from the firing.

An inmate down flat but with his gun still on the ready is reaching out for a colleague who is flat on his back. Then he sees something beside the flat down colleague. It is his index finger working steadily from side to side. The inmate heaves a sigh of relief. And let his leg go. Then he hears a voice

INMATE 2

Bros, watch the truck to my
right...be like sey three of dem
dey there.

INMATE 1

I know, but you dey alright?

INMATE 2

No worry na one small needle
touch my shoulder. I hear sey
wetin nor kill me go make me
strong.

The other fellow nods with a short mirthless laugh.

INMATE 2 (CONT'D)

Bros, I hope sey Osita dey balm
sha, cos man nor fit suffer dis
kain fire for nothing o

INMATE 1

Chill. Searchlight dey on the
king of the jews.

At that point, the wounded inmate sees a movement from the front fender of the car...it is a man crouching out gun on the ready. The other inmate makes to move...the wounded one INMATE 2 cautions him indicating a shadow that falls to the wall behind the crouching attacker.

INMATE 2

The bush rat get cover, nor move.

Before he can finish his line a fire cracks from the interior of the police window bringing down the shadow maker leaving the croucher a ready target for INMATE 1 to cut down without hesitation.

Then all goes silent.

All the inmates remain on their spots, not bulging.

Osita comes out with a crouch, eyes surveying everywhere and all he sees are men on the ground.

Close by one of the inmates who caught a bullet at the door mouth then, actually the leader without moving calls out.

GANG LEADER

Bro, step back behind the wall,
please. We have this all covered.

OSITA

Who're you, guys?

From behind him he hears a voice hard and firm

IPO

We'll find out soon enough if we
don't die.

When Osita turns to him, he finds him with a state of the
art weapon. Without waiting for the words to land, he adds

IPO

(CONT'D)

Attacking my station was a stupid
option to these friends of yours.

He removes some louvre blades from a window and eases
himself out of it and descends into the darkness.

The silence and lack of motion outside is unnerving.

From outside police sirens rent the air coming closer.

CUT TO:

INT THE INTERROGATION ROOM NIGHT

A tall and huge human pillar moves swiftly into the
interrogation room. He is the Capone's hit man, leader of
the attack. He looks around the rubbles and clearly does
not look satisfied. He holds a mean handgun leveled to his
outer right thigh.

Surprisingly, the bodies of the two women are no longer
where they were earlier.

The man takes a good look around the place and draws a
blank as light from the next compound throws illumination
into the blasted room. Still he sees nothing. Then a
puzzled look wrings his face.

As he raises his head to look behind him, there is a blast
and a blackout. The big man goes down slowly and lands with
a heavy thud in front of the gun pointing female Police
Superintendent. The bullet goes right through his hind
brain.

Still tottering, she hazards her way towards the totally
blown out window and there laid against the wall is Alero
still unconscious.

CUT TO:

EXT FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION NIGHT

The gunshot from inside startles the men outside.

Osita dashes back inside. With a wall scraping run. At the same time the blazing head lamps of arriving police vans burn up the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM DAY.

Osita is seated with his head bowed in a very down state. The IPO is now a bit calm with him.

Then a big man walks in dressed in all white top and pants also on his feet are two white palm slippers.

Upon seeing him, Osita rises with shock and surprise.

The man looks him in the eyes smiling softly. Even the IPO rises with deference for the dignified man.

He shakes the IPO's reverently offered handshakes and gently slaps him on his back.

BIG MIKE

Your country will remember you
superintendent Alozie for this. I
will make sure of that.

The IPO bows his head reverently.

Then the man turns to Osita who is still shocked at the sight of the man he has always revered from campus days.

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)

What, you called me into this
nasty fray.

He begins to nod his head with tears budding in his eyes

OSITA

I don't know what has become of
Alero.

The man replies curtly

BIG MIKE

Your boys are home, clean and
safe.

Then Osita bows with gratitude

OSITA

Thank you, Big Mike.

Then not satisfied he has reached him deep enough, he regards him closely

BIG MIKE
Have you lost your faith?

Wiping his eyes, he shakes his head to the contrary.

Big Mike turns to the IPO

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)
What next, my good friend?

IPO

It's all done, Ambassador. Your
man is a free man.

BIG MIKE
Then, what're you doing sitting
here?

Osita indicates the sheets of paper on the desk

IPO

Signing the release documents,
Ambassador.

The man Big Mike heads out of the room.

Just then Capone in handcuffs is brought in by two
uniformed police officers. Behind them is a plain clothed
officer.

When he sees him Osita turns a cursory face to the limping
man supported by a fancy walking stick and continues his
signing.

The IPO seeing the man instructs the plain clothed officer
to dump the man on a seat beside Osita. He obeys

IPO
(CONT'D)
Do you know this man, Osita?

Osita looks at the man thoroughly and then back to the IPO

OSITA
Should I have any reason to know
him?

He turns back to the IPO while Capone fixes him a scornful
look

The IPO looks away with a sad smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION DAY

Walking side by side Big Mike. Big Mike is explaining a point to Osita while they head towards two cars parked ahead

BIG MIKE

When you agreed to those conditions, seventeen years ago, I knew you'd be needing my services again some day, but it took seventeen whole years to happen.

OSITA

You believed I was not going to honour them?

The big man smiles

BIG MIKE

You fooled everyone of them, but not me. Tell me, did you know why Fidelis didn't kill you on those occasions he got you through his pants?

Osita shakes his head

Big Mike shakes his hand and shoves him towards his own car while he heads towards a four wheeler which has two well built men in suits waiting.

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)

Go, rest...this may not all be over yet. We've to think of who holds their empire together now...the Red Bow and the Pink Pants will still come after you.

Osita is shocked and then he turns to ask the obvious

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)

Your girlfriend and her eternal lover are both dead. Saw that man they brought in just now in cuffs?

Osita nods gingerly

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)

Their capone, he slew them.

He bows his head in reverent pain.

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)

You're a good man, King of the
Jews. It's good to have a good
mind. Pitying your doomed enemies
is evidence of your love for God.

The big man turns fully away.

As he approaches his own car, Osita stops. A middle aged
man steps out of the driver's seat of the car smiling and
bowing reverently to Osita.

Osita withdraws from him and turns towards Big Mike who
then turns to him smiling with a wink.

When Osita turns to face the young man, the man bows with
reverence again

OSITA

Sanusi!

SANUSI

(without any northern
accent)

My name is Lasaki Momoh, Mr.
President

Osita turns and sees three of his footballers standing. He
looks back to Sanusi and the man Big Mike who waves to
them.

SANUSI (CONT'D)

When I was overpowered, I did
what I was instructed to do:
alert the headquarters...hope I
didn't come too late? But my
partners were always on the
ground to help

He indicates the three footballers.

He looks like he's going to drop.

SANUSI (CONT'D)

You?

To the three footballers and Sanusi. He turns to Big Mike's
car driving off.

CAPTAIN

Sir, it's all well, sometimes the
helpless strangers you save are
your guardian angels. Deep
respect, Mr. President.

NOSA

We appreciate you, sir.

Ahmed just nods his head smiling lavishly to the man

AHMED

You're the greatest mind I've
ever met, Mr. President, we'll
always be around.

SANUSI

(adds endearingly)
We'll do better next time, sir.

They hug him warmly and refraining, they walk away together
while Sanusi holds the door out for him, Osita with tears
in his eyes watch the boys go.

OSITA

Will I see... see you at the
pitch?

They turn to him and Ahmed answers

NOSA

For wetin nau, you wan' kill
person with exercise?

Knocking him on the head, Captain responds

CAPTAIN

Some day, Mr President...some day
soon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AN OPEN FIELD. DAY

It is a cool evening. The footballers are gathered round
the coach after he blows the whistle to stop the match.
Captain, Ahmed and Nosa are not present this time.

He begins to explain a point to them when Chigbue(still in
his POP) makes a turn of the head.

Osita slams the ball gently on his head and indicates to
him to look at him and listen to him. Footballer 1 is
smiling and looks away again, then another joins and so
many others until all follow. He is last to do so and far
at the edge of the pitch is a lady with legs and right arm
in POP and head in bandage.

The ball drops from the coach's hand and far at the players
make a run for her, it is Alero smiling and shedding tears
at the same time.

FADE TO BLACK.

(CONT'D)

