

THE INCISIVE: A coincidence

S1, EPISODE 1:
"No Condition Is Permanent"

Written by

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THE INCISIVE: A coincidence.

"No Condition Is Permanent"

COLD OPEN:

1 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — NIGHT

1

Rain carves the night— sharp, relentless.

A dim, flickering bulb stutters against the dark, revealing—

TUSH (late 20s). Kneeling. Breath shallow. Shirt soaked—
rain, sweat... blood. Hands bound behind his back.

A BOOT steps into frame. Still. Measured.

KHAN (O.S.)

You thought you could take from me?

Tush exhales slow. Spits blood. A defiant smirk.

TUSH

I didn't take. I exposed.

Khan steps forward— his face a phantom in the flickering
dark.

A gun rises. Cold steel presses against Tush's forehead.

Silence. The hammer cocks. Tush doesn't blink.

CUT TO BLACK.

A gunshot. BOOM.

SMASH CUT TO:

2 INT. TUSH'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

2

Tush JERKS upright. Gasping. Rain whispers against the
window. A steady rhythm—

Water from the ceiling hits his skin. Cold. Real.

He touches his forehead. No blood. Just sweat.

From the next room— his mother's cough, sharp. Unrelenting.

He exhales. Eyes locked on the ceiling.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: THE INCISIVE: A Coincidence

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. THICK FOREST JUNGLE — DAWN

3

Mist coils through ancient limbs. The forest breathes.

A battered Boda-Boda leans against a gnarled trunk, dripping. Beyond the tangled green, a restless lake flickers— silver, shifting, alive.

Tush and ABE (female, early 20s) push through the undergrowth. Leaves whisper. Water trickles. Abe's grip tightens around an old knife.

ABE
(whispering)
You sure it's here?

Tush scans the green maze.

TUSH
It has to be.

Abe swats at a bite, hissing under her breath. Tush brushes wet leaves aside. Google Lens: No Network.

ABE
(softly)
Mama needs this herb today...

Tush exhales. Then—

A LOW RUMBLE. Not thunder. Closer.

Thick breath. The undergrowth splits—

A WATER BUFFALO ERUPTS.

Giant Mud-clad. Eyes wild— charging straight at them. Then—

CRACK! A thick branch snaps somewhere deeper in the jungle.

The Buffalo falters. Ears flick. A beat of hesitation.

Tush yanks Abe down. They vanish into the leaves.

The Buffalo's thunder roars past.

Silence. A snort. A sniff.

Tush clamps Abe's mouth.

The Buffalo lingers- listening. A final huff. Then- gone.

Tush and Abe remain, hearts pounding in the hush.

City horns rise like ghosts beneath the hush. Mist becomes smoke. Trees dissolve into glass.

4 EXT. FOREST PATH — DAWN

4

Abe shivers on the boda. Clutches a polythene bag of herbs.

Tush kicks the bike alive. They slip through the jungle's veins- mud, roots, shadows.

Then- dirt road. Wheels jolt.

Then- tarmac. A smooth hiss.

The rustling of leaves becomes... distant chatter.

A crow's call morphs into a blaring horn.

The city looms. Glass and concrete, silent sentinels in the waking light.

5 EXT. BALCONY OVERLOOKING KAMPALA — MORNING

5

Rain mist curls over glass. The city beyond hums with life.

KHAN (late 50s, Indian, wealth draped in silence) stands at the railing, silk robe loose, letting the storm kiss his face. His Wife, BASHA (50s) steps out, wrapping a shawl around herself.

BASHA
It's getting worse.

Khan turns, finally looking at her. He reaches out- gently brushing a raindrop from her cheek.

KHAN
(watching the storm)
It won't last.

A quiet moment between them. Then, with a small smile, she leans into him. He lets her. The storm rages on.

Kampala awakens.

Neon signs flicker. Boda-Bodas swarm like hornets. The city exhales.

A preacher shouts into a megaphone over the hum of a generator.

A VIP convoy slices through the jam- sirens wailing, forcing the city's rhythm to skip a beat.

A FADED BILLBOARD watches over the chaos:

"WELCOME TO UGANDA — The Pearl Of Africa."

A VOICE (V.O.)
(murmurs over the
noise.)
Vexation meets desperation.
Some will have the desire to
assist...
Others, the need to exploit.
(beat)
A similar situation happened to my
mother...
And forced me to do the unexpected.

A pause, fragile.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
This is my story...

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK.

A SUB-TITLE CARD: ...'No Condition Is Permanent'

AFRICAN RHYTHM MUSIC SWELLS.

FADE TO BLACK:

City noise lingers. Horns blur into wind. Sirens dissolve into bird songs. Still fades into rust, chaos into stillness.

FADE IN:

Abe and Tush arrive on the boda-boda.

The sun's first light bleeds across the NEO-COLONIAL HOMESTEAD. Crooked shutters cling to bent hinges.

A rusted VW BEETLE sags into the earth- grass threading through its bones.

A SMALL VEGETABLE GARDEN thrives. Abe heads to the kitchen.

Tush shrugs off his drenched jacket, draping it over the handlebars- water drips. He steps inside.

8 INT. MASIKA'S HOME — KITCHEN — MORNING

8

Smoke coils in the dim light. The sigiri glows. Abe, eyes sharp with urgency, stirs a bubbling concoction in a blackened kettle. Tush stands beside her, still, watchful.

A soft cough from the next room- Masika. Abe doesn't look up.

ABE
(low)
It has to boil.

Tush shifts, looks at the door. Outside, the world stirs awake.

The liquid roils. Abe kills the fire. The flame vanishes, the steam from the kettle dissipates into the air.

9 INT. MASIKA'S HOUSE — BEDROOM — MORNING

9

Light creeps through cracked floorboards- A shaft of gold, a breath of shadow.

A FADED FAMILY PHOTO trembles, teetering on the edge of the bedside table.

MASIKA (50s), worn but unyielding, folds clothes with swift precision. Her fingers pause over a frayed scarf.

A shadow looms in the doorway.

Tush stands, helmet in hand. Silence. Masika's tired smile flickers.

MASIKA
(softly)
Out early again?

Tush shifts, tightens his grip.

TUSH
Just got back... but yeah.

She stares at him, unblinking. Her hands still.

TUSH (cont'd)
You push too hard mama.

Tush looks down, the unspoken weight between them.

MASIKA
Better me than you. Or Abe.

Masika folds the scarf, slow and fragile.

A sudden COUGH. Violent, racking. Tush's eyes darken.

TUSH
(gently)
We brought the herbs, Mama.

Abe hands her a glass. Masika drinks- silent gratitude.

MASIKA
I have to go. The Khans expect
visitors today.

Her FADED KITENGE DRESS whispers as she steps out into the mist. The cough follows her, swallowed by the cold dawn.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. POTHOLED ROAD — MORNING

10

Fog drapes the road, swallowing trees, softening jagged silhouettes.

Tush, swathed in worn bike gear, threads his battered motorcycle through the mist- a ghost in the pale light.

Three SCHOOL CHILDREN cling to him, tiny hands gripping his jacket.

A POT HOLE. Tush swerves. A child clutches his shirt.

CHILD
Uncle! You almost dropped us!

TUSH
Never.

They ride on, laughter rising into the morning air. Tush revs the engine- a loud roar.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

11

The deafening roar of a jack hammer.

Heat warps the air. Dust clings to sweat-soaked backs.

Tush rumbles in- THREE CEMENT BAGS strapped on, a WOBBLING WHEELBARROW tethered to the side.

The bike veers. Workers freeze.

TUSH
(half-panicked)
Easy... easy...

Two PORTERS lunge, catch the wheelbarrow. The bike steadies.

A beat. Laughter.

TUSH (cont'd)
(grinning, wiping
his brow)
A second more, I'd be on the
pavement.

PORTER 1
(chuckling)
You think you're riding a mule?

TUSH
(mock serious)
Next time, I'll train a camel.

Laughter distorts... morphing into the faint hum of an approaching MOTORCYCLE.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. KAMPALA STREETS - DUSK

12

Dying light spills over the city. Market stalls blaze, Boda-Bodas weave through honking chaos. Vendors shout into the restless hum.

Tush leans on his Boda- worn, magnetic.

A wide-eyed TOURIST clutches her bag.

TOURIST
(nervous)
You're sure it's safe?

Tush smirks.

TUSH
With me? Always.

She exhales, nods. He straps his helmet.

TUSH (cont'd)
Let's move before you change your
mind.

She laughs, hops on. The Boda slices through the night. The tourist leans in, caught between thrill and fear.

The city blurs- its danger, its beauty, its heartbeat.

Then- silence.

Towering gates. Paved emptiness.

She swings off, breathless.

TOURIST
That was amazing.

Tush tips his helmet, masking exhaustion.

TUSH
Enjoy Uganda.

She vanishes behind grand gates, shut.

A lone streetlamp flickers on- golden, sterile. Darkness creeps in.

Tush lingers. Then, swallowed by the city's pulse. Then-

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. KAMPALA STREETS — NIGHT

13

Vendors shout. Kids dart over potholes. Afro-beats thrum from roadside speakers.

Tush weaves through it all- jaw tight, eyes distant.

A notification pings on his handlebar-mounted phone:

"INTERVIEW CONFIRMATION: MONDAY, 8:00 AM."

His grip tightens. He exhales, refocusing.

Headlights flickering over restless faces.

The bassline thumps- deep, rhythmic- until it warps.

The beats dissolve into a distant, guttural SHOUT.

14 EXT. SHADOWY ALLEY — NIGHT

14

Another distant SHOUT. Tush slows. Eyes sharp.

MBAJU (late 20s) is pinned by THUGS. A fist lands. He folds.

Tush's grip tightens on the handlebars. No hesitation.

The engine ROARS. The HORN SCREAMS—

Light stabs the alley. Shadows scatter.

MBAJU
(gasping)
Tush! Thank God—

TUSH
Jump on. Now.

Mbaju stumbles onto the bike. TYRES SCREAM— rubber against asphalt.

The city lights blur- a streak, a ghost, gone.

SILENCE. Then- A distant metallic knock.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. GATE — BODA-BODA OWNER'S HOUSE

15

Tush stands at a gated compound, fist tight around cash.

A SHADOW moves. The BOSS emerges- towering presence, eyes like blades.

He snatches the cash, flicks back a few bills. Tush catches them mid-air.

TUSH
(soft)
Boss, at least—

SLAM.

The gate shuts. Tush stares at the crumpled bills. Breath tightens.

Behind him— Mbaju, seething.

MBAJU
(teeth clenched)
You can't let him—

Tush lifts a hand. Silence.

TUSH
(flat)
Not worth it.

They walk away. A beat of silence.

MBAJU
(panting)
Bro, I thought I was done. Those guys weren't playing.

TUSH
(grim)
Kampala's changing. Fast.

He pockets the bills, straddles the bike. The engine growls. Dust swirls.

As they vanish, a tattered flap flutters—

"NO CONDITION IS PERMANENT. KEEP PRAYING."— fade into the night.

A gust of wind. Dust rises. Swallows the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 INT. TAVERN — NIGHT

16

A wisp of cigarette smoke— curling in dim light.

Flickering bulbs. Fading posters. Afro-beat hums beneath bursts of laughter, clinking bottles, the distant whir of Boda-Bodas.

Tush sits rigid, untouched beer in hand. Across from him, Mbaju lounges, swirling his drink, effortless.

MBAJU
(low, knowing)
This life? Crumbs. You deserve a feast.

TUSH
(flat)
Got an interview. Monday.

Mbaju's grin sharpens.

MBAJU
Big moves. What gig?

TUSH
Litigation Assistant.

Mbaju raises his glass, mock toast.

MBAJU
From Boda-Bodas to boardrooms. Don't forget me when you're rich.

Tush's fingers drum the table. Steady. Deliberate.

MBAJU (cont'd)
(leaning in)
There's faster cash than suit-and-tie nonsense.
(beat)
You've got the brains to run this city. Stop playing by the rules.

Tush's hand stills. A flicker in his eyes.

TUSH
Not my style.

Mbaju chuckles, slow, knowing.

MBAJU
Maybe it should be.
(leans back,
swirling drink)
Think about it.

The flicker of a dying bulb- snap- darkness.

Tush stares ahead. The bar hums on. Stretched. Warped.

A bottle tilts. Amber liquid sways—

CUT TO:

17 INT. MASIKA'S HOUSE — GARAGE TURNED COMMON ROOM — DAY

17

Dust swirls in a shaft of light. Cluttered. Stifling. Books, tangled cables, ghosts of ambition.

Abe, hunched over a battered laptop. The cracked screen flickers, its glow trapped in her eyes.

Outside: horns, a vendor's call. Inside: stillness.

She stares. Breath slows.

IMAGINATION: Hands clasp. Opportunity blooms.

REALITY: Doubt tightens. A sharp inhale. Then—resolve.

Fingers hover. A fleeting smile. Click.

A buzz. She stops.

SCREEN: Andre: "You're amazing. Love you."

A small smile—swallowed. Another buzz.

SCREEN: "Wildflower, don't forget to breathe."

A smirk. A breath.

ABE
(muttering)
Andre...

She types: "Thanks. I'll try."

REPLY: "I mean it. See you tonight. No excuses."

A pause. The phone flips—face down.

Back to the dream.

Smile fades. Determination stays.

The golden dust swirls— a slow ballet in the air.

Her exhale disturbs it, scattering ambition into light.

FADE TO:

18 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — EVENING

18

Footsteps echo. Masika glides through cavernous luxury, a PORCELAIN TEAPOT trembling on her tray.

Gilded frames. Forgotten artifacts. The chandelier fractures light into fragile shadows.

She pauses at an imposing door. Breath held. A tremor in her grip. Then— a knock lingers— soft, hesitant.

KHAN (O.S.)

Come in.

A beat.

The door creaks open. Light spills in, swallowing Masika as she steps forward.

The glow fades to shadow.

19 INT. KHAN'S OFFICE — CONTINUOUS

19

Masika steps inside, a steady hand carries a tray. The office looms— towering shelves, heavy drapes.

Khan sits, back turned. Beyond him, city lights flicker.

KHAN

(without looking up,
dismissive)

Put it down.

Masika hesitates. Stands still.

Khan intervenes.

KHAN

Why are you still here?

Masika's throat tightens. Her breath catches.

MASIKA

(low, steady)

Three months. No wages.

KHAN

(scoffs, finally
looking at her)

And? The world owes you nothing,
Masika.

Her fingers tighten around the tray— but she doesn't move.

Khan leans back in his chair. Smirks.

KHAN (CONT'D)
(enjoying this,
slow)
Or do you think it does?

MASIKA
It's been hard. My family—

KHAN
(cutting)
Ah. The ever-difficult family.

Masika stiffens, tray trembles as she lowers it. A spill—
tea blooms across polished mahogany.

KHAN
Now go. Before you're no longer worth
the trouble.

Gathers the tray. A single tear rolls down her cheek—
silent, burning.

Retreats. The door clicks shut. Khan watches the void she
leaves, swirling his glass.

The clink of rosary beads fades into the distant chime of a
grand clock.

20 INT. HALLWAY — CONTINUOUS

20

A golden pendulum swings, precise, indifferent. Time moves.

Masika's footsteps fade into silence. Shoulders bowed. Hands
chapped and raw.

Her fingers find her rosary as she vanishes down the dim
corridor, it swallows her.

CUT TO:

21 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — NIGHT

21

Beads clink between her fingers. A breath. A pause.

Darkness lingers—

Masika clutches her bag, strap biting her palm. She crosses
the dining room— polished mahogany. Her gaze flickers up—
the chandelier's glow— then drops.

Footsteps stretch through the immaculate hallway.

In the sunroom, night bleeds through glass, glass panels reflect her back at herself- small, fading.

Masika hesitates, exhales, breath caught- then moves on.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. KHAN'S MANSION COMPOUND — NIGHT

22

The mansion stands, bathed in artificial light. The PRISTINE LAWN rolls out like velvet.

DOGS bark, restless. SECURITY CAMERAS sweep, silent sentinels. Masika reaches the exit, coughs, hand to chest.

OKELLO
(concerned)
Masika, you alright?

MASIKA
(smiling through it,
soft)
It's nothing, just Kampala air. Good
night

OKELLO
(nodding)
Stay safe, Masika.

The gate groans. Masika steps through, artificial light clings to her like a second skin. Swallowed by the night.

The pristine lawn ripples, unreal.

SMASH CUT TO:

23 EXT. GHETTO NEIGHBORHOOD — NIGHT

23

A ghetto street, the road shifts- asphalt to dust.

POTHLES yawn, pooling stagnant water. GARBAGE sprawls, kicked up by speeding BODA-BODAS.

Children shriek, barefoot through chaos- a world untouched by wealth, yet brimming with life. Masika moves like a ghost.

Her home- a crumbling corner building. She slips inside. The street noise fades, the city hums- distant.

Darkness. The hum of the city distant.

A candle flickers. Shadows stretch along cracked walls.

Abe, back hunched, eyes locked on a flickering laptop screen.

ON SCREEN: Application Submission — 20% Complete.

Fingers hover. Hesitant. Then— FOOTSTEPS outside.

ABE
(under breath)
Finally.

COUGHING sounds faintly at the door. The knob turns.

Masika enters, holding the frame. Her cough sharp.

ABE (cont'd)
(softening))
Mama...

MASIKA
(smiles weakly)
Just dust.

ABE
(stern)
You need to see a doctor.

MASIKA
And pay with what?

She attempts a joke. It lands like a prayer. Fade.

Masika sets the bag down, a soft thud. Hands move— chopping, stirring, measuring. Muscle memory.

Abe appears, hesitant.

ABE
Mama, you don't have to—

MASIKA
(firm)
We eat, Abe. Always.

The knife meets the board- steady, unrelenting.
Abe's exhales, steps forward, arms wrapping her mother.

ABE
(soft)
We'll fix this, Mama. I promise.

Masika stills. The knife trembles- then lowers.

MASIKA
(whisper)
Then start fixing it.

A faint, weary hum rises from her lips- tired, worn- as the night settles around her. Then-

A gust through through the window snuffs the candle.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MASIKA'S HOUSE — VERANDA — NIGHT

26

Tush pulls up on his Boda, water dripping from his jacket.
He steps onto the verandah, shaking off rain.

Darkness grips the verandah. A LONE BULB HUMS- weak, fading.

Abe leans on the railing. Arms crossed. Distant.

Tush sprawls on a worn bench. Foot tapping.

Above, clouds churn, restless. Kampala murmurs- distant traffic, wailing sirens.

TUSH
(soft)
How's the app coming along?

Abe shrugs, avoiding his gaze.

ABE
Uhhh... not much. Taking my time,
'cause really...

TUSH
Really what, Abe?

A beat. Abe exhales a dry laugh, shakes her head.

ABE
What's the rush? No one notices us
anyway.

Tush stands- calm, certain.

TUSH
They will. We'll make them notice.

Abe glances at him-hope flickers. Then-

A jagged BOLT OF LIGHTNING. Thunder detonates. The verandah
shudders. Abe and Tush stand frozen, breath caught-

ABE
(half-shouting)
Inside!

They bolt. The storm unfurls behind them.

27 INT. MASIKA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

27

The door SLAMS. Breathless laughter spills between gasps.
The storm rages beyond thin walls.

28 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

28

Modest. Lived-in. A worn table, a stretched meal.
FAMILY PORTRAITS, AFRICAN LIDDED BASKETS keep silent watch.
Masika ladles stew, her own portion smaller.
Tush notices. Says nothing. They bow their heads, then eat.

ABE
(grinning, mouth
full)
Mama, this stew's a masterpiece! Open
a restaurant, make millions.

Masika chuckles, hands trembling as she sets the spoon down.

MASIKA
Millions? Start me off with ten.

Tush snorts.

TUSH
If we could afford it.

The warmth cools. Abe stiffens.

ABE
Why do you always do that? Kill hope
the moment it breathes?

Tush grips his fork, silent.

Masika exhales, her voice calm but weighted.

MASIKA
Enough, you two. Let's eat in peace.

Abe leans back, shaking her head.

ABE
You don't understand hope, do you?

Tush's eyes flicker.

TUSH
Hope doesn't pay bills, Abe. It's on
Mama and me.

Masika rests her hand on his wrist. The tension softens.

MASIKA
Maybe I'll open a restaurant when I
win the lottery.

A pause.

MASIKA (cont'd)
Life's been unfair, but don't lose
yourself trying to fix it. God
provides.

Abe smirks.

ABE
Better buy a ticket first, Mama.

Laughter. Masika's smile dims, gaze drops to her nearly
empty bowl. Lights flicker, then a low rumble of thunder.

CUT TO:

29 INT. LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

29

Shadows. Rain lashes the windows, relentless.

Masika sinks into the couch, eyelids fluttering.

Tush perches nearby, knee bouncing.

Abe, cross-legged, laptop precariously balanced on her knees, casting pale light on her face.

TUSH
(soft)
Mama's coughing again.

Abe doesn't look up.

ABE
It's the weather.

TUSH
(sharp)
She's not fine.

The words slice the air. Masika stirs.

MASIKA
(disoriented)
What's wrong?

TUSH
Nothing, Mama. Rest.

Masika struggles to sit up, frail hands trembling, gripping the couch arm.

MASIKA
(soft, but firm)
It's never 'nothing' with you two.

She tries to stand. Legs falter. Abe catches her.

ABE
Sit, Mama. Rest. I've got this.

Masika resists, searching her daughter's face, but finally relents, sinking back into the cushions.

MASIKA
(soft, probing)
Got what?

Abe freezes. A glance at Tush. He shakes his head.

ABE
Everything.

Masika exhales, fingers brushing her rosary.

MASIKA
You children are my everything.

The beads slip through her fingers, one by one, – fleeting, fragile.

The cough echoes– like the raspy strum of an old guitar.

30 EXT. RIVERSIDE MARKET – DAY

30

SUPERIMPOSE: SAME TERRACE – HOURS EARLIER

Khan's figure silhouetted by morning mist. A gust lifts his robe as he watches the skyline.

BACK TO PRESENT:

A lone disabled musician strums a battered guitar. Nearby, a ragged man carves a wooden Mountain Gorilla– its detail, exquisite.

Khan, cigar smoldering, strolls with DR. KATO (50s, refined).

KHAN
(a whisper, smooth)
I know who to call... This country
bends when I pull the strings.

He glances back.

KHAN (cont'd)
Palms need greasing? Consider them
oiled.

Dr. Kato listens, wary.

DR.KATO
Are you sure it won't backfire?

Khan leans in.

KHAN (CONT'D)
(quietly commanding)
You'll have what you want. Not if–
when.

Kato nods, hesitant, yet convinced.

Near the musician, Khan flicks a golden coin. It spins, lands in the man's palm.

The ragged man meets his gaze- stunned. Khan puffs his cigar. The guitar string snaps. The river carries away a fallen leaf.

31 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — KITCHEN — DAY

31

Outside rain whispers against the glass window.

Steam coils from a pot. Boiling water hisses. Masika stirs, her movements stiff, mechanical. Her breath comes shallow.

BASHA (O.S.)
(mocking)
Getting slow, old woman?

Masika moves quicker. Her body lags behind her will.

The spoon slips. Clatters. Masika grips the counter. Her vision wavers. Then- darkness. A THUD.

The room stills. Steam curls. Masika lies motionless.

Basha stares.Laughs. Not concerned, biting into an apple. Leaves. The clatter of a falling spoon echoes.

32 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — KITCHEN — DAY

32

Masika lies motionless on the floor. Shallow breaths.

Kamau kneels beside her, checks her pulse.

He dabs her forehead with a damp cloth.

KAMAU
Masika. Please don't die.

Silence, then-

THUNDER RUMBLES. A fly buzzes near her ear, her fingers twitch. Kamau exhales- tense.

Through the large glass window, distant wind picks up...

33 EXT. KHAN'S TERRACE — DAY

33

A glass door slides behind Khan. Silence-

The city sprawls below- serene, oblivious.

Khan exhales a slow ribbon of smoke, the cigar resting easy between his fingers.

A chime. His phone screen glows.

REMINDER NOTICE.

He scans it. A flicker of thought— then nothing. Swipes it away. Locks the screen.

Another chime. A voice note. A voice note. He plays it.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. Khan, this is Dr. Cassandra from
the bank. We've engaged you for a
while now. This is another reminder
notice. Further steps will be taken
soon.

Khan watches the skyline. Unbothered. Deletes the message. Takes another drag. Then—

A breeze lifts his coat. His phone rings— sharper, faster.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CORPORATE OFFICE LOBBY — DAY

34

A breeze whispers through glass. Tush sits stiffly in the waiting area, hands clasped. A clock ticks. Other candidates are called in. He waits. Hours pass.

Finally—

A door creaks. CHINESE LADY appears. Poised. Tailored.

CHINESE LADY
(skeptical)
You're still here?

TUSH
Litigation Assistant. Interview.

She flips through a file. Barely looks up.

CHINESE LADY
(flat)
Position's filled.

The words land like a punch.

TUSH
(low, stiff)
I have waited six hours.

CHINESE LADY
(bland)
Someone with... connections.

Tush's shoulders drop. A bitter smile ghosts his lips, he kicks the floor hard. He rises, adjusts his suit.

He turns. Walks away- measured, precise. At the door, he pauses. One last glance at the office, he exits.

TUSH
(whispering to
himself)
Being Ugandan... is a full-time job.

The sliding doors close behind him.

35 EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT — DAY

35

Tush stands. Still. Distant. Next to his Boda-Boda.

The phone RINGS. He answers.

TUSH
Hello?

A panicked voice— ragged, urgent.

VOICE (O.S.)
It's your mother... she collapsed.

Time fractures. Breath halts.

Then- Tush moves. Fast. To his boda boda.

36 EXT. MASIKA'S HOUSE — COMPOUND — DAY

36

Tush kicks his boda boda to life. The engine growls.

He vanishes into the heavy, expectant mist.

37 EXT. ROAD — DAY

37

Tush's BODA SLICES through the rain.

Water RIPPLES in the potholes.

Lightning FLASHES- a silent, electric heartbeat.

Tush's fingers tighten on the throttle. The ENGINE HOWLS. FAINT SIRENS somewhere in the city.

38 EXT. KHAN'S MANSION — GATE — DAY

38

Man in a suit- Tush pulls up on his Boda-Boda. The engine sputters, dies. His wet jacket clings to him- dripping.

A worn wire lock. Click. Helmet in hand, he strides to the iron gate, rings the bell- sharp like a siren. The gate groans open.

39 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — GATE — CONTINUOUS

39

Rain drizzles, a gate glides shut behind him.

Razor wires crown the walls. Cameras swivel. Guard dogs stir, tongues lolling.

OKELLO (40s), rifle slung, emerges. Sharp eyes scan Tush, then soften.

OKELLO

Eh, Tush! Ng'oli simati leero!

Wabuulira'wa?

(Hey, Tush! so smart today, where have you been?)

Tush nods, tight-lipped.

OKELLO (cont'd)

I heard about your mother... fainting like that in the house.

Tush looks at him, lowers his eyes. Almost dropping a tear.

Okello watches him. A pat-down. Routine.

OKELLO (cont'd)

Go ahead.

Tush hands over his battered helmet to Okello, adjusts his cap. Eyes lingering as Tush walks off.

Gravel crunches beneath his boots. Cameras track him.

Okello watches. A flicker of concern- then, he turns away.

40 INT. KHAN'S MANSION - COMPOUND - DAY

40

Boots echo softly, Tush moves with quiet purpose, head bowed under a worn cap- dripping.

Frayed jacket. Scuffed boots drag against polished stone.

Towering glass windows reflect opulence- paintings, sculptures. Indifferent.

Then- he stops.

Through half-drawn blinds, a cabinet glints.

Stacks of CASH. Gold INGOTS. Shimmer under dim light.

His breath hitches. A flicker- awe, temptation.

Then- he blinks. Steadies. Moves on. Faster now.

A low hum, mechanical, rising.

SMASH CUT TO:

41 INT. KHAN'S MANSION - BACK HALLWAY - DAY

41

Steel groans, a door automatically opens, light floods in. Tush enters, drenched- shoulders hunched.

Marble softens his footsteps. Chandeliers glint- cold, distant stars.

His gaze flicks- gilded walls, intricate carvings. Then-

He pauses at the dining table, eyes lock on a scattered pile of flash drives- tempted, he lingers a beat, then moves on.

42 INT. KHAN'S MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

42

Masika sits slumped in a corner. Kamau kneels beside her, pressing a cup to her lips. She sips. He rises, steps out.

Tush kneels.

MASIKA

(weak)

Did you get the job?

A pause. His eyes darken.

TUSH
Doesn't matter now, Mama.
(soft)
I'm sorry you're not well.

MASIKA
(coughing)
Fatigue. I'll be fine.

He touches her arm. A quiet comfort.

TUSH
I just want you fine.

He lifts the cup, lets her drink.

MASIKA
(small)
So what now?

TUSH
(exhales)
I guess I will ride this Boda-Boda
till the wheels fall off, but I won't
Watch you work yourself into the
ground for people who don't care if
you live or die!

MASIKA
(whispers)
My son, I work because I must.
(beat)
Three months. No pay.

Tush watches her. Jaw tightens.

TUSH
(quiet)
With all the Gold and Cash in here.
(beat)
You deserve better, Mama.

A flicker of fear in her eyes.

MASIKA
(soft)
Who told you?

Tush doesn't answer. He helps her up, wraps her in a firm,
silent embrace. Then- They move toward the door.

A pause.

Tush glances at flash drives on the dining table. Fingers one. Pockets it. Masika doesn't notice.

The door's creak merges with the rising rumble of thunder.

43 EXT. KHAN'S MANSION — FRONT GATE — DAY

43

Storm clouds churn. Engines hum low, patient.

Tush and Masika step beyond the grand gate— each footfall fragile.

Masika stumbles. Her knees give. Tush catches her. A frail weight in his arms.

Her hands— chapped, trembling. He steadies her. Helps her onto his boda boda.

Beyond them, a convoy of SUVs— still, predatory.

SIX OFFICIALS stand in a disciplined row. FAROOT KUMAR (mid-30s, Indian, Chief Loans Officer) in a crisp suit, surgical stare.

FOUR MEN, ONE WOMAN clutch box files— shields against the coming storm.

Okello grips his rifle. Tight. Law enforcement officers advance.

Kumar scans the security, unfazed.

OKELLO
(blocking the
entrance, firm)
No visitors. Mr. Khan isn't expecting
you.

KUMAR
(lifting a thick
folder, voice like
glass)
Orders from above.

The officer beside him cocks a shotgun. Loaded. Inevitable.

KUMAR (CONT'D)
(colder now)
This is a High Court seizure. Front
door— or the hard way?

Okello hesitates. A bead of sweat. A glance at the gate. He touches his radio earpiece- STATIC.

Kumar steps forward. Unhurried. Unmoved.

A second officer draws a revolver. Cocks it. A single shot. Silence breaks. Okello is overpowered.

A gust of cold wind. The iron gates groan. The convoy rolls in- slow, deliberate.

Above, a black bird cuts across the sky.

44 EXT. KHAN'S MANSION — FRONT DOOR — CONTINUOUS

44

A doorbell chime. Crisp. Piercing.

The door swings open.

KAMAU (mid-50s)- measured. Composed.

On the doorstep: DR. CASSANDRA (40s)- poised. Sharp-eyed.

Behind her, five men in pristine suits. Silent. Calculated.

A tableau of power.

KAMAU
(warm, polite)
Good afternoon.

CASSANDRA
(assessing)
Who are you?

A pause. A shift in the air.

KAMAU
(a beat, steady)
Ruben Kamau. A mineralogist.

A flick of her gaze. Calculating.

She flashes her ID.

CASSANDRA
We need to see your boss now.

Kamau steps aside. Graceful. But before he gestures—

They push past him. No hesitation.

Kamau hesitates. A flicker of unease.

The Grand Hallway stretches before them- polished floors, chandeliers casting an unforgiving glow.

Kamau steps aside, trembling- confusion. Fear.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. MBAJU'S BIKE SHED — EVENING

45

A hand-painted crooked sign; 'MBAJU'S BIKE SHED', flutters against the wind. Voices, engines, distant laughter.

Mbaju, shirtless, a spanner clinks. Repairs a motorbike.

Tush strides in, grips on a small paper bag.

TUSH
I just saw gold. Blocks of it.

Mbaju stops. Squints.

MBAJU
Where?

TUSH
Mum's workplace. Khan's.
Bundles of dollars stacked like a throne.

Mbaju exhales, grins.

MBAJU
Yet you walked out broke.

They laugh. Dry. Hollow.

Tush digs into his pocket. A tiny flash disk glints between his fingers.

TUSH
At least I left with this.

Mbaju eyes it. A gust of wind lifts dust off the ground. The laughter dies. The air hums.

BACK TO:

The door yawns open. The room- designed to impress, intimidate. A DARK WOOD DESK.

Framed photographs: Khan with Presidents. CEO's. Dignitaries. Power, frozen in time. It's TENSE.

SIX BANK OFFICIALS sit. At the center- KUMAR.

A THICK FOLDER lands on the desk. Loud thud.

Khan watches. Fingers tighten on the chair's arms. A ghost of a smirk.

KHAN
(measured, masking
unease)
Good morning. I am Devi Khan.

A gesture to BASHA- elegant, distant. Eyes locked on her laptop.

KHAN (cont'd)
My wife, Basha.

She doesn't look up. A mechanical nod.

Her PHONE RINGS. Loud. Obtrusive.

She grabs it, rises, exits. The door clicks shut. Silence.

Khan shifts to AMIR (mid-20s)- casual, defiant.

A whispered exchange. Inaudible. Tense. Then-

KHAN (cont'd)
(low, firm)
Now. Leave.

A beat. Amir holds his ground. Then- stiff nod.

He exits. The door closes. Final.

OFFICIALS exchange glances. Unease flickers.

Khan exhales. Hands unclench. Slowly, he rises.

Khan peeks into the corridor. Sharp. Scanning. Still. Empty.

Satisfied, he slips back inside. The door clicks shut.

A slow, deliberate lock. The KEY vanishes into his pocket. He turns.

KHAN

(smug)

And now- what can I do for you?

A distant clank echoes through the mansion- intrusive, jarring far away.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. MASIKA'S HOME — EVENING

48

Tush's dust-cloaked Boda-Boda leans against a sunbaked wall.

A DISCONNECTION NOTICE flutters in the grip of a WATERMAN (40s), clad in overalls and rubber boots. His wrench rests heavy in his hand.

WATERMAN

(stern)

No payment, no water.

Tush, still in his riding gear, grips on a small medicine paper bag. His voice is raw.

TUSH

(pleading)

One week. My mother is ill.

The WATERMAN kneels- CLANK. wrench bites metal.

WATERMAN

(flat)

Heard that before. Pay now, or it's off.

Tush swallows hard. Eyes flick to the window- a shadowed silhouette behind a curtain. His sister.

TUSH

(softly)

What kind of world is this...

Final clank. The Waterman wipes his hands, shrugs.

WATERMAN

Go pay. Otherwise...

Tush exhales, shoulders sag. The tap- lifeless.

The harsh screech of a door lock echoes through the empty space- cutting through the tension.

BACK TO:

49 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — OFFICE

49

A breath. Heavy. Measured. Khan sinks into his chair. Leather creaks.

Across the room- KUMAR steps forward. Unhurried. Precise.

KUMAR
Faroot Kumar. Senior Loans Officer.

One by one, others follow. Bagyenda. Kule. Wasswa. Nyombi. Last-

CASSANDRA
(steady, unwavering)
Dr. Cassandra Oguti. Bank Manager.

Khan's smirk falters- then returns, forced.

KHAN
And what exactly do you want?

A THICK FOLDER drops onto his desk. The papers inside: judgment, foreclosure, numbers bleeding red.

KUMAR
(flat,
unsympathetic)
Five months overdue. Final notice.

Khan flicks a glance. Unmoved.

KHAN
(dry)
Do I look concerned?

KULE
(sharp)
You should be.

Nyombi slides documents forward- OFFSHORE TRANSACTIONS, FALSIFIED COLLATERAL.

A beat. The documents stare back- cold, inarguable. Khan doesn't have a response.

Cassandra's voice is softer, deadly.

CASSANDRA
Your empire is paper. And we're
holding the match.

Silence. Khan's mask cracks- a flicker. Then, he
straightens.

KHAN
You think I built this empire to be
questioned by clerks?

Cassandra moves to the door. The others follow. She tries
the knob.

Locked. A ripple of tension.

Bagyenda's hand drifts- just a hint of a pistol.

BAGYENDA
(low)
Open it.

A beat. Khan swallows. Unlocks the door.

They file out. Click. The door shuts.

Khan exhales. Stares at the folder. Then- a sweep of his
arm. Papers scatter.

He turns to the window. His reflection stares back.

A click of a distant pen, as the world fades into the hollow
sound of paper scratching.

50 INT. ANNEX — CONTINUOUS

50

Thin walls. Muffled voices.

Kamau, hunched at a small desk. Eavesdropping. His pen
moves, relentless.

A folder label- CRITICAL ACCOUNTS. His jaw tightens.

Ink bleeds into paper. Sound bleeds in: whiskey pouring, ice
trembling.

CUT TO:

51 INT. KHAN'S OFFICE — DUSK

51

Dim light. Khan alone. Slowly spins in his chair.

A glass. A pour. Whiskey swirls.

He lifts it- PAUSES. Ice TREMBLES. A tiny, nervous clink.

His jaw tightens. Breath sharpens.

KHAN
(whispering, to
himself)
Not me. Not like this.

A PHONE RINGS- SHRILL, PIERCING. The screen: BANK LAWYER.

He lets it ring. Lets it die.

Then- SMASH. Whiskey bottle shatters against the wall.

Khan turns from the mess. Silence stretches. The dripping whiskey echoes like a ticking clock.

His eyes fix on the lone photo of him with a past president.

He picks it up. Dust on the frame.

KHAN
(soft)
And still, they forget.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. MBAJU'S BIKE SHADE — DUSK

52

The sun spills gold over rusted metal and patched tarps.

A battered Boda-Boda rattles in. Tush kills the engine, flicks on his siren- brief defiance.

Under a bike, Mbaju's grease-streaked laughter cuts through the din.

MBAJU
(grinning, wiping
grease from his
fingers)
You and that siren. Trying to scare
away poverty?

TUSH
(dry)
Poverty doesn't scare easy.

A scrappy boy slips him a paper bag. Cash. A fist bump.
Gone.

Mbaju leans in, voice lowered.

MBAJU
You got skills. We got an angle. Why
waste time?

Tush doesn't react. Watches kids kick a deflated ball. Their
laughter- weightless. Then-

TUSH
What are you talking about?

MBAJU
(pressing, softer)
We pull the cameras offline. Format
everything at Khan's.

Tush turns. Eyes sharp now.

TUSH
And then?

Mbaju grins. Flicks a lighter. The flame dances.

MBAJU
Then we eat. Or get eaten.

The fire flickers between them. The flame sways- orange glow
becomes phone light.

CUT TO:

53 INT. MASIKA'S HOUSE — KITCHEN — NIGHT

53

Abe stirs a boiling kettle, herbs steeping. She covers it,
the steam fogging her glasses-like Mama taught her. Then-

54 INT. MASIKA'S HOUSE — TUSH'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

54

Tush sits hunched on the bed's edge. Dim glow of his
battered phone flickers against his tense face.

ON SCREEN: JOB OFFER — Position Open. Move to Nairobi. Full
Package.

His thumb hovers over "ACCEPT." Frozen.

A COUGH from Masika's room- ragged, deep.

A rustle - UNPAID BILLS flutter, restless.

Tush exhales, slow. His thumb shifts- DELETE.

The screen dies. Darkness creeps in. His gaze drifts to a worn family photo.

The wind outside HOWLS, Tush looks up at the cracked ceiling- thinking, listening.

The howl stretches, thins- become air conditioning hum.

FADE TO:

55 INT. KHAN'S MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

55

Dim light pools on dark oak. Phone screen glows- names scrolling under Khan's poised finger.

ON SCREEN: Judges. Bankers. Military. Immigration

Khan pours a drink, but his hands tighten. He dials. Clicks to speaker. The voice on the other end pauses.

DIRECTOR KATO (O.S.)
(cold, distant)
If they deny you exit, I'll handle.

Silence. The drink stays untouched.

KHAN
(low, steel beneath
silk)
Understood.

Ice clinks... fades into wind... darkness lifts into light.

56 INT. KHAN'S MANSION - HALLWAY - MORNING

56

Dim light pools on polished marble. Basha stills. Listens. Shadows shift.

Her shawl slips as she moves. Silent. Predatory.

A flicker on the wall. The voices hush.

She rounds the corner.

WHAM—

CUT TO:

57 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — KITCHEN — MORNING

57

Masika wipes the counter, hands trembling.

Basha strides in. Eyes sharp. Silence.

BASHA
(authoritative)
What's not happening here again?

Kamau stiffens. Masika grips her rosary. Turns, voice calm.

MASIKA
Our wages. Four months overdue.

Kamau exhales, barely audible. Basha stops.

BASHA
(indignant)
Unpaid? You dare—

Masika steps forward. Steady. Unshaken.

MASIKA
Yes, I dare. Respect doesn't feed our
families. Patience doesn't pay the
bills.

A shift in Basha's stance. Searching for an escape.

BASHA
(furious)
You insolent—

MASIKA
(cutting in, steady)
We're done waiting. Pay us. Now.

Silence swallows the room.

Basha's jaw tightens. A warning in her gaze

BASHA
Careful, Masika. Push me further, and
you'll be out before sunset.

Masika doesn't flinch.

MASIKA
I know enough to destroy you.

A flicker of fear in Basha's eyes. She exhales sharply, adjusts her shawl, storms out.

Kamau releases a breath.

KAMAU
(soft, awed)
That was... bold.

Masika presses the rosary to her lips.

MASIKA
(quietly)
It had to be.

Kamau lingers, then slips out. Masika stands alone. A whispered prayer.

Beads click softly becoming a clink of glass.

58 INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE — DAY

58

Dim glow. Crystal glasses catch the light. Velvet drapes murmur in the hush of the AC.

Khan, sharp in a tailored suit, leans in—low voice, tight grip on a wine glass.

Across from him, a florid gentleman, wealth in his posture.

KHAN
(low, desperate)
I just need eight million dollars...
A bailout. You know I'm good for it.

Silence. It lingers, thick and slow.

The gentleman studies Khan. A beat.

GENTLEMAN
Khan... I'm sorry i can't help you
now.

He rises. A nod, brief, final. Then he's gone.

Khan exhales, jaw clenched. His hand tightens around his phone. A muttered curse. He drops it. Hard.

The screen shatters- from a shuttered glass... light bleeds into a burning sun.

59 INT. SMALL CITY TAVERN - DAY

59

Heat presses against the windows. A ceiling fan hums

Behind the counter, BASEKA (late 20s, a barista, loud but sharp, a survivor in every way), wipes a glass.

Mbaju and Tush slump onto stools. Drenched in sweat. Worn.

BASEKA
(grinning, arms
wide)
Look at you two- melting like stolen
candles!

Tush flicks him a look. Mbaju grabs a menu, fans himself dramatically.

MBAJU
God should tax this heat.

Baseka snorts. Reaches under the counter. Two cold waters.

BASEKA
(mock serious)
Only if you swear loyalty to Baseka's
revolution.

A thunk. Two dripping bottles land before them.

Tush eyes Baseka. Knows the game. Plays along.

TUSH
(deadpan)
The struggle needs... hydration.

MBAJU
(lifting the bottle
like a toast)
To surviving Kampala's nonsense.

They crack the seals. Drink deep. Baseka leans in, smirking.

BASEKA
(lower now, playful
but sharp)
Speaking of nonsense... what's cooking?

A pause. Tush glances at Mbaju. Mbaju glances back. A silent understanding.

TUSH
(soft, deliberate)
You'll know soon enough.

Baseka raises an eyebrow. Smirks.

BASEKA
(leaning back, arms
crossed)
Sounds illegal. I'm in.

The hum of the fun slows- morphs into distant wind with
through trees. Outside- the city roars, relentless.

60 EXT. MASIKA'S HOME - GARAGE TURNED COMMON ROOM - DUSK 60

Trees whisper. A worn punching bag sways. Tush pounds it-
rapid, relentless. Sweat drips. Breath sharp.

Beyond him, a small vegetable garden.

61 INT. MASIKA'S HOUSE - GARAGE TURNED COMMON ROOM - NIGHT 61

Dim light. The hum of an old CPU.

Tush enters, clenches a brown paper bag- CHEAP MEDICINE.

His mother's cough racks through the walls. The bag trembles
in his grip.

ABE
Tush...?

Tush places the flash drive on the desk.

TUSH
(quiet, final)
Check what's on this.

Abe sits at her laptop. She plugs it in- ENCRYPTION KEYS.
LOGIN COOKIES. CONFIG FILES.

A flicker- numbers shift.

SCREEN: KHAN'S OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS- REAL-TIME WITHDRAWALS.

Abe exhales, measured. Fingers tighten.

ABE
Somebody's running.

Tush halts. Eyes on the screen. Numbers pulsing.
A smirk. Cold. Calculated.

TUSH
Where?

Abe leans in. The trace narrows.

ABE
Cape Town.

Tush exhales slow. Thought racing. The hunt—shifting.

She clicks— EMAIL SENDING: Evidence Attached — URA
Corruption Taskforce.

A LOADING BAR— File Sent. Then—

NOTIFICATION: UNKNOWN DEVICE ATTEMPTED TO ACCESS YOUR
SYSTEM.

Abe stiffens. Breath shortens.

ABE
(whispering)
Shit...

Her head snaps to the window. Tush's Boda-Boda is gone. The
blinking curser morphs into headlights in the rain.

62 EXT. KAMPALA STREETS — NIGHT

62

Tush rides. Rain swallowing him. Drops vanish into his
hoodie.

Neon pools in puddles. Motorcycles slice past— reckless.

His mind drifts— Abe's warning. His mother's voice.

Rain hardens. Knuckles whiten. Breath merges with thunder.

63 EXT. BACK ALLEY — NIGHT

63

Neon dies into shadow. Rain drips from rusted rooftops. A
streetlight flickers.

Tush leans against a crumbling wall, hands deep in his

hoodie. Across from him, Mbaju and a friend crouch over a car, stripping its plates.

Across the street, teen boy- is dragged into a police patrol van. A baton slams against ribs. Screams into the night.

Then-

MBAJU
(without looking up)
We ride or we rot, Tush.

Tush's fingers tighten inside his pocket. A screwdriver presses against his palm.

BASEKA
One turn, one pocket. No faces. No names.

MBAJU
(tosses a gas
lighter at Tush)
Light it up. You want in? Show me.

Tush stares at the Can. The flames from Mbaju's lighter flicker in the dark.

TUSH
(hesitant, voice
low)
This isn't justice. This hunger... it
isn't like Khan's place.

Tush steps forward, hesitant. His shadow falls over the car. His hand loosens.

MBAJU
(grinning, testing
him)
No. But it will be. We just training.

A beat.

The sirens in the distance. Tush takes a slow breath... then flicks the lighter. Flames rise.

64 INT. MASIKA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

64

Dim light. A worn TV flickers, casting restless shadows.

Tush sits rigid, the news droning.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
Reports confirm another corruption
scandal in the Ministry of Defense.
Billions... diverted.

His jaw tightens.

Tush's eyes burn, fixed on the screen.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
New evidence links tycoon Devi Khan...

The name hits like a hammer. Tush switches off the TV. The room swallows the silence. His breath, steady but tight.

He stands. Walks to his bedroom. The static of the TV bleeds into a low rising hum.

65 INT. MASIKA'S HOUSE - TUSH'S BEDROOM - DAWN

65

Tush lifts a scarf. Worn. Faded patterns.

He presses it to his face. Breathes in. Holds.

Outside, laughter fades. The scarf trembles in his grip. He sets it gently back.

Moves to the window. His silhouette darkens into faint light.

66 INT. KHAN'S MANSION - OFFICE - MORNING

66

Sunlight cuts through half-closed blinds. A CLOCK TICKS.

Khan, slumped at his desk, Papers sprawl. A coffee cup, untouched.

CLOSE ON THE DESK: A circled date- TODAY. Below it, in red ink: LOAN DEADLINE.

Across the room, Amir digs through files. Paper rustles.

KHAN
(without looking up)
You've been at that all morning.

AMIR
(calm, pointed)
Making sure it's all set... for when
the bank takes it.

Khan's fingers stop drumming. Jaw tightens.

KHAN
(low, warning)
Watch your tongue.

Amir drops a THICK FOLDER onto the desk.

AMIR
(mocking)
Think they'll wait forever?

Khan stands. Eyes lock.

KHAN
(quiet, sharp)
You don't understand this world. You
think you do, but you're just a boy
playing at being a man.

AMIR
(flat, defiant)
And you're a man who doesn't know
when he's lost.

A tense beat- cut with footsteps lie thunder.

SMASH CUT TO:

67 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — OFFICE

67

Basha in the doorway. Gothic. Rebellious. Arms crossed. Eyes
darting between them.

BASHA
(cutting through the
tension)
What's going on?

Khan adjusts his tie, voice clipped.

KHAN
Nothing that concerns you.

Basha raises an eyebrow. Steps forward. Picks up a STRAY
DOCUMENT. Reads.

BASHA
(soft, almost to
herself)
Ten million dollars. That's a lot of
nothing.

Khan's glare sharpens.

KHAN
(sharply)
Stay out of it, Basha.

She meets his eyes.

BASHA
(flat, dismissive)
I already am.

She places the paper down. Walks out.

SFX: Sandals slap against marble. Unhurried. Echoing.

Khan exhales, hands gripping the desk. Knuckles whiten. His eyes drop to the circled date- an accusation in red ink.

CLOSE ON KHANS FACE: Face hardens, gaze shifts to the window. The city sprawls before him, glimmering in the morning light.

KHAN
(soft, to himself)
No one takes what's mine.

His reflection stares back. City light spills into his eyes, drowns him in cold gold.

68 EXT. BODA-BODA STAGE — DAY

68

Bikes gleam under the sun. Engines idle. A swarm of riders lounge. Banter, Cigarettes. Waiting. Laughter drifting.

Tush leans against his bike, cap pulled low. Still. Listening.

BODA RIDER 1
(excited, in
Luganda, hushed)
Ehh, mwaguwulidde? Omuggaga Khan
amabanja gamutwaala!
(SUBTITLE: "Ehh, have you heard?
Tycoon Khan is drowning in debt!")

A few riders shift closer- curious.

BODA RIDER 2
(nodding, in
Luganda)
Bank'erikumpi okuwamba ebibye byonna.
(MORE)

BODA RIDER 2 (cont'd)
(SUBTITLE: "The bank is about to
seize everything.")

Tush's fingers drum the handlebar—slow, deliberate.

BODA RIDER 1
(lowering his voice,
glancing around)
Waliwo abagamba nti esawayona aduuka
mu ggwanga.
(SUBTITLE: "They say he's planning to
flee.")

A flicker— Tush tilts his head, just barely.

BODA RIDER 2
(firm, in Luganda)
Si lugambo. Nze mutwaalira ebintu.
(SUBTITLE: "Not rumors. I'm his
delivery guy.")

The riders murmur. Tush absorbs every word— detached. Idle
engines blur into storm clouds rolling over glass towers.

69 INT. CORPORATE BANK — CASSANDRA'S OFFICE — DAY

69

A LABEL on the desk reads: MANAGER— Dr. Cassandra Oguti.

A storm rumbles outside. Cassandra watches Khan across her
desk— cool, unreadable.

Khan places a black leather envelope before her.

KHAN
(measured, smooth)
It's not about money. It's about
history.

Cassandra leans back. Taps a nail against her desk.

CASSANDRA
(soft, considering)
And if I take this?

Khan leans in.

KHAN
(whisper, silken
threat beneath)
You get to write how this ends.

A beat. Cassandra slides the envelope back— deliberate.

CASSANDRA
(final, cold)
Your story ended the moment you
walked in.

A flash of lightening- cut to silence drowning in whiskey.

70 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — OFFICE — NIGHT

70

The FORECLOSURE NOTICE glares back at Khan. Red ink bleeds across the page.

His fingers tighten around a whiskey glass. Ice melts into nothing- watered down.

Khan exhales. Shaky. A thin, fragile smirk flickers. He picks a calculator.

Then- smashes it on the desk, buttons scatter.

CRASH. The glass shatters.

His reflection fractures into a thousand broken pieces.

KHAN
(whispering, steel
beneath silk)
They think they've won?

The shards glint- then flicker into a golden frame.

71 INT. KHAN-RIDE PERMITS OFFICE — DAY

71

A FRAMED LICENSE glints. KHAN'S PORTRAIT looms.

Behind a desk, INDIAN CLERK (40s, detached) sorts paperwork.

BODA-BODA RIDERS shift, tense. Tush grips his keys. His voice is calm, but his fingers tighten.

TUSH
(low, tense)
This fee is robbery.

The INDIAN CLERK barely looks up.

INDIAN CLERK
(flat)
Orders from above.

Tush's gaze flicks to Khan's portrait- gold-framed, smug.

TUSH
(low, dangerous)
He ever ride a boda?

No answer. The clerk stamps a form.

INDIAN CLERK
(shrugs)
Khan makes the rules. You pay. Or
starve.

Tush exhales slowly. His grip tightens.

TUSH
(quiet, firm)
He'll answer for this.

He shoves the door open. Riders follow- fists clenched,
voices rising. The Indian Clerk exhales. Uneasy.

Stamp. Paper hits desk. Cut to foot slamming kickstand.

72 EXT. KHAN-RIDE PERMITS OFFICE — CONTINUOUS

72

Tush mounts his Boda Boda, breath sharp.

Behind him- murmurs swell into a roar. Engines snarl. He
revs, vanishes into the streets.

The sound of engines morphs into the purr of luxury wheels.

73 EXT. HIGH-END CITY STREET — DAY

73

A BEAST of a car glides to a stop outside A FOREX BUREAU.

The back door unseals. KHAN steps out- gold chains coiling,
watch flashing.

The DRIVER stays still. Eyes forward. Hands ready.

A BODA-BODA hums up, halts. The RIDER, mid-call, swings off,
swallowed by the crowd.

74 INT. FOREX BUREAU — CONTINUOUS

74

A handshake. A THICK ENVELOPE slides into Khan's grasp. The
FOREX AGENT watches.

Fingers close around cash- cut to fingers tightening on
handlebars.

Khan slides into the car, the envelope settling beside him.

KHAN
Let's move.

The engine hums— CRASH.

A ripple of metal on metal. The BODA slumps. A crushed front panel. A shattered turn signal.

The DRIVER stiffens.

A figure storms toward them, lifts his visor— MBAJU.

Khan steps out. Movement smooth, irritation barely veiled.

MBAJU
You wrecked it. Not mine.

Khan surveys the damage. Unmoved. Slips out a sleek BUSINESS CARD.

KHAN
(smooth)
You'll be compensated

Mbaju hesitates, then takes it.

Khan nods. The transaction complete. He slides back in.

The DRIVER casts Mbaju a brief, apologetic glance before the car leaves.

MBAJU
(murmurs)
Is this the Khan...

Mbaju lingers, card gleams in his grip. Cut to hands prying open a laptop.

Tush bursts into the room. Abe looks up, startled.

ABE
Tush? What—

TUSH
Khan did it again. Permit renewal
prices doubled. I can't renew!

Abe freezes.

ABE
What do we do?

Tush slides her laptop toward her.

TUSH
I need my permit. We break him.

Abe hesitates. Then- her fingers move.

ERROR. ACCESS DENIED.

A curse under her breath. She tries again.

ACCESS GRANTED.

Numbers roll. Permits renew. Millions in auto-renewals
vanish from KhanRide's accounts.

Abe leans back, exhaling.

ABE
(low, rattled)
It's done.

Tush nods. Abe's breath halts, eyes widen- regret sinks in.
Zeroes roll- dissolve into rising sun over glass towers.

77 INT. KHAN'S OFFICE — MORNING

77

An INDIAN MAN trembles.

INDIAN MAN
Sir... someone hacked our system.
Millions lost in renewals-

A GLASS slams against the desk.

KHAN
(voice tight)
Who?

INDIAN MAN
Tech says... an inside job.

A slow exhale. Khan closes his eyes. Then- FURY. The glass
flies across the room- SMASH.

KHAN
Find them.

His fingers tighten around the desk. Falling shards flicker into pixels on a TV screen.

78 INT. KHAN'S MANSION — LIVING ROOM — EVENING

78

A NEWS BROADCAST hums in the background.

TV SCREEN:
BREAKING NEWS: KhanRide Hacked —
Millions Lost. A Suspected Inside
Job.

Khan stares. Silent. He picks up his phone. Dials.

KHAN
(into phone)
I want a name. And I want it now.

A phone call begins- unanswered tone bleeds into silence.

79 EXT. MBAJU'S BIKE SHADE — MORNING

79

The city hums- honks, hurried steps, motorbikes growling.

Mbaju sits still.

His bike shed- rust, wood, barely a shelter. A DAMAGED BIKE leans- shattered backlights, bruised frame.

In his dirt-streaked hands, a FANCY BUSINESS CARD. He flips it. Dials the number.

VOICE
(Automated, Distant)
The number you are calling does not
exist.

A beat. Silence swells. Mbaju dials again.

VOICE (cont'd)
(Automated, Empty)
This number is no longer in service.

His jaw clenches. His knuckles whiten.

A Boda-Boda hums into view- Tush.

TUSH
(grinning, but
reading Mbaju's
face)
No work today?

Mbaju stays still. Eyes on the fake business card.

MBAJU
(low, bitter)
I think I'm in trouble.

Tush steps forward, takes the card. Reads it.

A single name: MR. DEVI KHAN.

Tush's grin vanishes. The city noise dulls.

TUSH
(low, dark
realization)
He's running.

Their eyes lock. A silent understanding.

MBAJU
(teeth clenched,
voice tight)
That bastard played me.

Tush exhales. Thinks fast.

TUSH
(slow, deliberate)
And he's playing everyone.

Their eyes lock. A beat. Then- wind shifts, a storm lurks on the horizon. Cut to a tarp fluttering like a warning flag.

80 EXT. MBAJU'S BIKE SHED — DAY

80

Metallic clatter. Grease-stained hands. A sun-faded tarp sways in the breeze.

Mbaju stands firm. His CLIENT seethes, pointing at the wreck of his battered bike.

A shove. Then another.

Across the alley, a POLICE PATROL TRUCK idles. Two OFFICERS hop out, hands on batons.

They close in.

OFFICER
What's the problem?

Mbaju gestures, pleading. The client barks back. Words tangle.

The cuffs snap. Cold steel.

Mbaju stiffens as they drag him to the truck. The world watches in silence. Dust devours him.

The engine revs. Dust lingers in the light- then fades into shadow.

81 INT. POLICE STATION — DUSK

81

A flickering bulb fights the dark. Shadows twitch on damp, peeling walls.

Near the desk, the CLIENT stands rigid, arms crossed, eyes down- silent judgment.

At the front desk, Tush faces the POLICE OFFICER. The officer flips through a clipboard, indifferent.

TUSH
(low, raw)
Just one minute with him. Please.

The officer doesn't look up.

POLICE OFFICER
Two choices: fix the bike or find the man who broke it. Come back tomorrow with an answer.

Tush's jaw tightens. Eyes flick to Mbaju behind the bars.

TUSH
(soft, desperate)
Please, Officer, I—

Snap. Clipboard slams shut.

POLICE OFFICER
(flat)
Speak the language I understand best.

A beat. Tush exhales, slow. He slips crumpled notes from his back pocket, slides them under the clipboard.

The officer smirks. A glance around- no witnesses. Cash disappears.

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)
(grinning)
Go on. One minute.

Tush moves fast. The clink of keys. A door groans.

82 INT. HOLDING CELL — CONTINUOUS

82

Dim light. Metal bars stretch like ribs. The air is stale.

Mbaju sits on the floor, shirt torn, lip split. A deep bruise shadows his cheekbone.

He lifts his head slowly. Eyes meet Tush's through the bars.

MBAJU
(low, bitter)
They took everything. My bikes, my cash, locked up.

Tush exhales, glancing back at the officer- time ticking.

MBAJU (cont'd)
(steel-edged)
Fix it.

TUSH
I'm trying-

MBAJU
No. Do it.

A heavy silence. Then, a flicker of hesitation.

MBAJU (cont'd)
(quiet, uneasy)
This... this is dangerous, bro.

Tush's eyes narrow.

TUSH
(stern)
So is starving.

A long pause. Mbaju exhales, slow. The last of his doubt.

MBAJU
(low)
Then do it.

His knuckles grip the bars as he leans in, voice a blade.

MBAJU (CONT'D)
You walk through Khan's door like
it's yours. Make it worth something.

Tush stares at him. The words land- heavy, final.

His fists clench. A slow nod. Without another word, he turns, walks away.

Behind bars, Mbaju watches, Tush's fading footsteps echo.

CUT TO BLACK:

SILENCE.

Then- Faint whispers of wind. A distant plane overhead.

83 INT. AIRPORT — CAR PARK — DUSK

83

The indigo sky flickers with early stars. A billboard looms:

WELCOME TO ENTEBBE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

A luxury sedan glides to a stop. The door opens.

Khan steps out- his weathered cowboy hat, the only tell.

He reaches into the back seat, slings a leather bag over his shoulder. Eyes scan the lot.

WIDE SHOT: Sparse. Shadows devour steel.

CLOSE-UP: A slow exhale- satisfaction.

A flick of his hand. The car vanishes into darkness.

Khan adjusts his hat, strides forward, swallowed by the tide of nameless travelers.

The terminal doors yawn open. Swallow him whole.

84 INT. CID HEADQUARTERS — DUSK

84

A hum of fluorescent light. Detective BAGYENDA leans over his desk, phone pressed to his ear. Eyes scanning files- calculating.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
(static-laced,
urgent)
...already at the airport.

A beat. His jaw clenches.

Bagyenda yanks open a drawer, slides a pistol into his holster. He turns to KULE.

BAGYENDA
(low, urgent)
He's there. Now.

KULE
Let's move.

Sirens bleed into the night- morphing into soft rain.

CUT TO:

85 INT. MASIKA'S HOUSE — GARAGE TURNED COMMON ROOM — NIGHT 85

Rain whispers against the tin roof. Inside, a dim glow from Abe's laptop. Her face- tight, unreadable.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: "PROPOSAL REJECTED."

Her fingers tighten. Then- she types. Fast. Encrypted code flickers across the screen.

The door creaks. A shadow. Tush, hood up. Silent.

ABE
(low, flat)
You're doing it.

TUSH
(soft scoff, feigned
ignorance)
Doing what?

She turns the screen.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: Tush's name. A message.

CONTACT (TEXT): Phase one begins tomorrow. Secure the intel. Khan's empire must fall.

Abe's eyes cut through him.

ABE
(measured, quiet)
You think I'm blind?

Tush exhales. A beat. Then—

TUSH
(soft, almost
pleading)
Mama's dying, Abe.

ABE
So you'll die too?

The rain intensifies. A slow, steady drum.

Tush grips his bag. His voice— final.

TUSH
If I do nothing, she dies anyway.

Abe looks away. Tush steps past her. He exits.

ABE (O.S.)
(whispered)
Then don't come back.

Door shuts— cut to glass doors bursting open.

BACK TO:

86 EXT. CID PARKING LOT — NIGHT

86

Glass doors BURST OPEN. Bagyenda and Kule emerge, walking fast— no wasted motion. They reach the SUV.

BAGYENDA
(low, urgent)
Khan is already at the airport.

Kule yanks open the door, throws on his holster.

KULE
(tense)
We move now.

Tires SCREECH. A roaring engine dissolves into low jazz hum.

87 EXT. EXPRESS HIGHWAY — NIGHT

87

The SUV SLICES through traffic.

INSIDE THE SUV- Bagyenda grips the wheel. Kule dials. No answer.

KULE
(tense, frustrated)
Come on, pick up—

BAGYENDA
(cold, sure)
No need. We know where he's going.

88 INT. KATO'S OFFICE — SAME TIME

88

Dim light. A glass of whiskey, untouched.

A phone rings. CID Directorate.

KATO (50s) watches the screen, fingers tapping the armrest.
A slow smile.

KATO
(to himself, amused)
Let them drive.

The phone keeps ringing. He leans back. Buzzing fades.

89 INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL — IMMIGRATION WINDOW — NIGHT

89

Khan slides his passport across the counter.

The officer scans it- expression unreadable.

A muted beep. The screen pulses. His gaze lifts- calm, firm.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Mr. Khan, there's a restriction on
your passport.

A beat.

KHAN
(soft, unwavering)
Can I speak to the Director?

The officer blinks. A flicker of something.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Director?

KHAN
Mr. Kato. Civil Aviation Authority.

A shift. Barely perceptible. A silent gesture- Follow me.
One blink. Then darkness. Then brass.

90 INT. KATO'S OFFICE — NIGHT

90

A brass plaque: DIRECTOR.

The door creaks open. Khan steps in- unhurried, composed.

Across the room, Kato watches, a knowing smile.

A beat. Khan unzips his bag- smooth, deliberate.

A GOLD INGOT glints in dim light. He sets it down. A dull, weighted thud.

Kato studies it. Silence- precise, calculated.

A nod. A handshake. No words.

Kato lifts the phone. A nod through the glass.

The immigration officer stiffens. Then, obeys.

The weight of Gold echoes into chandelier light.

91 INT. VVIP DEPARTURE LOUNGE — NIGHT

91

Muted opulence. Chandeliers glow.

Beyond a glass wall, the runway stretches into twilight.

Khan enters. Calm. Surgical in precision.

His gaze sweeps:

- A businessman, typing frantically.

- A receptionist, lingering too long.

- Two uniformed staff, whispering.

CLOSE-UP ON KHAN: A flicker of suspicion. Gone in an instant.

A VVIP ATTENDANT approaches.

VVIP ATTENDANT
(soft, effortless)
Good to see you again, Khan. You'll
be called shortly.

KHAN
(nods, measured)
Thank you.

His gaze drifts back to the planes beyond him, they taxi.
The glass reflection dissolves into three shadows.

92 EXT. AIRPORT CAR PARK — DUSK 92

Three figures emerge. BAGYENDA. KULE.
Between them- A WOMAN. Electric presence.
They move with purpose. Silent blades.
Ahead, the departure terminal looms. The steps align with
the countdown clock.

93 INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL — FINAL SECURITY CHECKPOINT — NIGHT 93

BADGES UP. No words wasted.
The immigration officer lingers over a passport.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(low, precise)
He's boarding now. Uganda Airlines.
Airbus A330.

A tilt of the head. EMERGENCY DOOR- RUNWAY ACCESS. Kule
turns.

KULE
(firm, decisive)
This is it. Let's go.

The door swings open.
A phone appears. A message typed.
To Director Kato: Wrong flight. DONE.
SEND. A smirk.

Silence wraps the screen- then- jet engines whisper in from
a far like ghosts...

94 EXT. RUNWAY — NIGHT

94

Bagyenda and Kule sprint. Above— engines hum.

An AIRBUS LOOMS. Takeoff lights flicker.

Bagyenda and Kule sprint across the tarmac. They reach the ladder. Glance around. Climb.

The roar of the engines bleed into footsteps...

95 EXT. RUNWAY TARMAC — NIGHT

95

Khan strides toward the private jet. His phone buzzes.

PHONE SCREEN: You can run. But your money can't.

He freezes. A flicker of fear.

KULE (O.S.)
Ground the flight!

The lights in the airport FLICKER. Silence. A power-cut.

Khan exhales. The jet doors close. The engines ROAR as they
LIFT OFF—

BAGYENDA
(low, cold)
He's gone.

KULE
Not for long.

Jet lights vanish into black sky— morph into distant city
lights below...

96 INT. PRIVATE JET — NIGHT

96

The door hisses shut. Khan sinks into a leather seat.

The jet rolls forward. Faster. The tarmac vanishes beneath
the wheels. It lifts. Weightless. Ascending.

INTERCUT: EXT. RUNWAY TARMAC — NIGHT

WIDE SHOT: Khan's jet ascends, its lights a faint pulse in
the abyss.

CLOSE-UP: Bagyenda, Kule— motionless. Shadows of DEFEAT.

The night swallows the last hum of the engines. Silence.

BAGYENDA
(low, bitter)
A private jet...

A slow head shake. Frustration lingers. The hunt continues.

97 INT. PRIVATE JET — MID-FLIGHT — NIGHT

97

Khan adjusts his cuff-links. City lights vanish below.

A BUZZ. His phone.

PHONE SCREEN: You can run. But your money can't.

A flicker of unease. He taps his banking app.

PHONE SCREEN: ACCESS DENIED.

His breath hitches. Another message.

PHONE SCREEN: Welcome to your new life- BROKE.

The cockpit light FLICKERS.

KHAN
(soft, cold)
No...

A long silence. Then—

The Jet TILTS. Khan grips the armrest. The ice in his glass TREMBLES.

A final message.

PHONE SCREEN: We know where you're landing.

The hum of flights fades into the thump of a stamp...

98 INT. POLICE STATION — MORNING

98

A stamp thuds. Ink drying.

Tush signs. The cell door creaks open. Mbaju steps into light. Eyes meet. No words.

Ink dries- smudges into dripping oil on roadside food...

Under an acacia tree, Mbaju devours a Rolex, drinks deep.
Tush fidgets. City chaos hums. Mbaju pauses mid-bite.

MBAJU
(low, resolute)
We'll make Khan pay. All of them.

Tush exhales. A slow, steady nod.

TUSH
While you were locked up, me and Abe
sent our first strike--

Mbaju is surprised.

MBAJU
(curious)
What did you do?

TUSH
(clenched jaw)
Enough! No more running.

A policeman emerges, by passes them. Silence... Then-

TUSH (cont'd)
He's brought enough torment to my
mother and others, now it's time for
the scales to balance.

MBAJU
(gritted teeth, fire
in his gut)
I'm done with poverty. We will take
that fraud down... one way or another.

TUSH
His debts of agony are long overdue
for repayment.

Their eyes lock- TWO MEN, forged in hardship. Their breath
steadies- cut to: slow, shallow inhale in the dark...

Dim light. A slow drip from a leaky pipe. Tush grips the
phone, knuckles white.

Tush exhales, staring at his scarred hands. Then in the mirror. His reflection- fractured.

Suddenly, behind him, Abe's voice- steady.

ABE
Then don't.

A beat. Tush exhales. He turns, picks up his backpack. Walks away, the door closes.

Final click of the door echoes- becomes a distant thunderclap...

101 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — NIGHT

101

Rain slashes through a broken roof. A slow drip... drip... drip.

Tush crouches. Hood up. Switchblade tight in his grip.

Mbaju- a shadow, watching.

BOOTS scrape against wet concrete. A SILHOUETTED MAN steps closer.

CLICK. A gun cocks.

TUSH BOLTS. A FLASH follows him. Then- A GUNSHOT.

He stumbles. Blood spills- dark in the rain.

A CHUCKLE. Smooth. Cruel.

SILHOUETTED MAN
(mocking)
Never saw it coming, did you? Someone
sold you out, kid.

He advances- calm, certain. Then- MBAJU strikes. PETROL cascades across the floor. A MATCH DROPS.

FIRE RIPS THROUGH THE FLOOR. A boundary of raging flames.

The SILHOUETTED MAN stops, caught between heat and prey.

Another GUNSHOT. Then- A STORM OF BULLETS.

Flames consume shadows- light and smoke spiral into black.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.