

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

"B.U.L.L.E.T"

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A black screen. A TITLE CARD appears:

"The real journey to peace is  
acceptance of what and what-not you  
can control"

Joshua Idowu Daramola.

FADE IN:

EXT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

The floor is empty. The building, quiet.

INT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

THE MAIN OFFICE

A bottle of Hennessy rests on the desk. Music plays softly  
from a speaker nearby.

A male figure sits at the desk, facing the window. An empty  
glass cup in hand.

The phone rings. Awakening him. A sigh and, he answers it.

CHIDI

This is Chidi.

He turns around with a cigarette dangling from between his  
lips. He is CHIDI-early sixties, hard eyes, soft smile,  
father figure and obvious owner of this establishment.

OLWOOKERE (O.S.)

(strong Yoruba accent)

I hear you've struck my son.

CHIDI

(sighs)

Yes sir... I did.

OLWOOKERE (O.S.)

Might I ask why?

CHIDI

Because he stole Bisi Umaru's car?

OLOWOOKERE (O.S.)  
Bullet?

CHIDI  
Yes.

Silence.

OLOWOOKERE (O.S.)  
(long beat)  
Oh.

CHIDI  
And Olowookere?

OLOWOOKERE (O.S.)  
Yes?

CHIDI  
Your son killed his wife.

OLOWOOKERE (O.S.)  
(a long beat, then)  
Good night, Chidi.

**Click** - the line goes dead.

Chidi refills his drink... and chuckles with a shake of his head.

CHIDI  
(in Ibo, subtitled)  
When you step on the tail of a lion.  
It's either you kill it or it kills  
you. There's no running.  
(takes a sip of his  
drink, in English)  
Absolutely no running.

INT. BROWN DOOR FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE OVER ACTION... OCTOBER 21, 2000.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The club looks like a large unemptied trash-can.

The boxing ring is quite small, this helps to ensure there's constant battle in it.

The lights overhead have barely enough wattage to see who is fighting.

In the ring are two lightweights, One fair skinned the other dark skinned. The fair skinned boxer is BISI UMARU LOBA-LOBA EMEKA TAFAWA (BULLET)-20, baby face, dreaded hair falling from his head and swaying sideways as he dances around the ring.

Bisi fights in a plodding, machine-like style and taunts his with words.

BISI  
How far?  
          (beat)  
You don tire?

The DARK-SKINNED FIGHTER, about the same age. Thick tribal marks on his cheeks. Hausa...

...he dances and bangs combinations ending in an upper-cut, none of which touches Bisi. Doesn't even cause him to blink. He dodges them all. Waiting for the right time to strike as we SWITCH to..

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Bisi Umaru, along with other comrades. Rifles hanging around their shoulders. Dressed in their soldier uniforms, crawling on the earth beneath a close to the ground net.

Bisi comes out first from the other end. Stands up and runs a few meters up ahead...

...He puts a knee to the ground. Others do the same on getting to the red rope tied around two trees.

They fire at a distant on-paper diagram of the upper part of the human body. A portrait.

INT. BROWN DOOR FIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The people at the ringside sit on plastic chairs and clamor for blood... They lean out of their seats and shout at the fighters; "Kill am, Punch am". In the thick smoke they resemble specters. Everyone is hustling bets... The action is even heavier few meters away from the spectators. A rugged looking LADY yells for the BET-MAN to cover her two thousand Naira bet.

**RING. RING.** The Bell rings and the fighters return to their corner... From the crowd, someone throws a beer can into the ring.

The Dark-skinned fighter spits blood in a bucket and sneers across the ring at Bisi Umaru. Mouths "I'll Kill you". Displays the said words with his thumb to neck.

DARK-SKINNED FIGHTER  
(to cornerman, in  
Hausa; subtitled)  
He's annoying me. I want to kill him.

At Bisi Umaru's corner he is being assisted by two CORNERMEN...

CORNERMAN 1 removes his mouthguard, and Bisi Umaru immediately flashes a smile. CORNERMAN 2 is irritated by it.

CORNERMAN 2  
(yells)  
Is this a joke to you?!

BISI  
What did I do?

CORNERMAN 2  
Nothing! That's what you did wrong.  
NO-THING.

CORNERMAN 1  
(cutting in)  
Just throw some punches. Give this  
fools some action... Word on the  
street is that you're good "boy"...  
prove it.

**Ring. Ring.** The bell goes off again.

Bisi Umaru makes the sign of the cross. Picks up a Tesbil, kisses it and mouths "Insha Allah"

The fighters engage in battle.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The soldiers move closer to their papers to see their results.

Bisi has a few rounds to the forehead and others to the chest of his diagram...

...A smile plays on his lips. He looks to his left at EBUKA-same age as Bisi, shaved beards.

EBUKA

(sighs)

Bisi. Looks like you'll have to teach me how to aim o.

BISI

If I do. You'll owe me one?

Ebuka hesitates...then gives a nod in response.

INT. BROWN DOOR FIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The other fighter grabs Bisi Umaru in a clinch and purposely butts him... The butt opens a bleeding cut on the corner of Bisi's eye.

Bisi gets furious over the foul... Drives a flurry into his opponent's body... Dodges a weak punch from his opponent and returns the gesture with an uppercut to his jaws... The fighter's body gets unconscious. He staggers a few steps back and drops to the floor. Still.

The fans cheer "Bisi" as they go about collecting their won bets. The referee does not bother to even count the fighter out, as the medical team in overall white come to drag him under the ropes where he is placed on a stretcher.

Two new fighters enter the ring. Bisi slips on his tattered underwear(Singlet).

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And the winner is Bisi Umaru Loba-Loba Emeka Tafawa. Aka "BULLET".

Bisi Umaru climbs out of the ring and bums a lit cigarette from a spectator... Continues down the aisle as the fighter on the stretcher passes behind him.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (cont'd)

Next is a six rounder between local lightweights.

**Ring Ring.** The bell rings and the next fight has already begun. Bisi fades into darkness at the rear exit of the club.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. THE UMARU HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

SUPER: JANUARY 14, 2021.

A big, quaint, multiple bedrooms duplex. A classic. Its' low fence separates it from the next building.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A well-appointed bedroom, dimly lit by the rays coming in through the windows.

Beneath the blankets, a body shifts at the ongoing murmurs in the bedroom.

CHINEDU (O.S.)  
(Thick Ibo accent)  
Where did your husband keep the money?

LINDA (O.S.)  
Please, I'm telling you the truth. We don't keep money at home.

On the bed, beneath the blankets, a body shifts at the ongoing murmurs in the bedroom.

It's been 20 years since we've seen Bisi Umaru. Now in his forties, and has grown a beard. Beat... he shuffles to his side, switches on the lamp, and raises his head up to see a masked man standing above him...

...Before he can even blink, the masked man shoots directly at him.

BISI'S POV:

Across the room, his wife LINDA UMARU-20s is on her knees, crawling towards her husband's body. Bisi's eyes close shut.

DARKNESS.

Then.. **Bang Bang**. The sound of a gun goes off.

..**Thump**.. Linda body drops to the floor.

A long beat, then,

BISI'S POV:

His eyes open once again. It's blur this time.

Standing above his wife's still body are two hefty men... then, an elegant thin-looking man, well in his late twenties. Trimmed beard and a cute face to match it, approaches them. He is MUBARAQ OLOWOOKERE, the son of a business goon. Quite confident in his manner of speech and approach.

MUBARAQ

I told you not to shoot.

(Sighs)

Since there's no money, we'll take the Benz I saw downstairs and sell it.

He turns his back to Bisi's view.

MUBARAQ (cont'd)

This way I can prove to my father that I am worthy.

He leaves. One after the other, the two hefty men follow him.

Again Bisi's eyes closes shut.

EXT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - MOMENTS LATER

The workers are rounding off for the night.

A few of them head out of the establishment as a shiny black Mercedes roars in.

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Perched behind the wheel, Mubaraq smiles to himself...beside him is one the hefty men, CHINEDU-mid thirties, tall, muscle man. And in the back seat is...

BASHIR, Same age and physique as Chinedu.

INT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes roars once again as it halts into an empty space.

Mubaraq and his men pour out of the vehicle, laughing.

MUBARAQ

Guy. This car is fast.



BASHIR  
Fucking fast.

MUBARAQ  
-I'm going to keep this for me.  
(to one of the  
leaving mechanics)  
Hey, Where's Chidi?

The mechanic points at a door, it opens and in comes Chidi, looking elegant as always... a Cigar palmed between his lips. He takes a drag and puffs light smoke into the air.

Everyone is at ease as Chidi draws closer... he rubs a finger on the beauty(car).

CHIDI  
Where'd you get this one?

MUBARAQ  
From one rich man like that.

CHIDI  
I see.

Chidi opens the door, and slips right into the car.

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

He helps himself to the driver's seat, places his hands on the steering... inhales deeply, then exhales.

CHIDI  
How much do you want for it?

MUBARAQ  
Chidi Chidi, this one is not for sale, it's here for a total do-over and some new papers.

CHIDI  
(tuts)  
Too bad...just too bad.

INT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

Chidi steps out of the vehicle.

CHIDI  
Alright..."so" where are the old papers?

Mubaraq signals to Chinedu, he scampers to the passenger's side, gets into the car and shuffles through the drawer... returns to hand them all to Chidi.

Chidi collects them and walks off.

MUBARAQ  
When should I come for it?!

Chidi pauses in his movement... turns around... his eyes stare wildly at the papers, then at Mubaraq and his crew.

CHIDI  
BISI?

MUBARAQ  
What?

CHIDI  
THE FUCKING MERCEDES BELONGS TO BISI  
UMARU.

MUBARAQ  
Ehn ehn, and so?. Just tell me when I  
should come for the new papers and  
paint job done-

CHIDI  
(cuts him)  
-Never!. Take that car and leave  
here.

MUBARAQ  
You can't do that. My family owns  
you, and you'll do whatever I say.

CHIDI  
What?

MUBARAQ  
You heard me.

CHIDI  
(sighs)  
Did you at least kill him?

MUBARAQ  
Yes. Chinedu shot him straight in the  
heart.

Chidi looks at Chinedu...he gives a nod in response...then back at Mubaraq.

CHIDI

I'm still not comfortable with this.  
I mean, it's Bisi... even God could  
try killing him, and he'll fail.

(scoffs)

The only person that can kill Bisi is  
Bisi, when he's tired of living.

Mubaraq reaches out to the gun at his back... cocks it and  
puts it to Chidi's forehead.

MUBARAQ

Fix the car up or die.

Chidi stares deep into Mubaraq's eyes...daring him to take  
the shot.

A long beat...

Silence.

Chidi takes a long drag of his Cigar, and blows it into his  
face.

Mubaraq recoils... lowers the gun, and signals his men to  
come along.

They all get into the car and zoom off... leaving Chidi  
alone.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A beat. A groan and Bisi wakes up, his gun-wounded shoulder  
as stopped bleeding. His body however is covered in dry  
blood.

He struggles over to his wife's still body. Drags it and  
places it on his laps. He pulls himself up into a sitting  
position against the bed-stand, cradles his wife's head...  
and begins to cry.

A long beat.. His face gets still, stoic... then slowly  
tenses up.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A soft alarm sounds. Bisi rolls up off the bed... stares out  
of the window for a little while before peeling off the  
bandage from his left shoulder, unveiling a stitched arm  
with little blood clots around its surface.

He drops the bandage into a bin and walks into the bathroom.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bisi takes a long shower.

He unfolds a shaving stick. Stares at it for a moment... and begins to shave.

FLASHBACK!

INT. THE UMARU HOME - NIGHT

We see: Mubaraq's cute face as his voice ECHOES around the room.

MUBARAQ  
I told you not to shoot.

BACK TO:

INT. THE UMARU HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Bisi Umaru. Still shaving, his eyes unblinking, his movements precise. A flick of his wrist and he cuts himself... not minding it... he begins to shave the other side.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru gets dressed. The outfit is: black tailored pants, red shirt, Designer shoes, and designer glasses.

The look suits him. Quite intimidating.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bisi caresses a gun, and scans the bullet casing to check if it's loaded... he then slips it behind him.

Opens the fridge and takes out a soft drink... downs a bit of it's content... slams the bottle on the kitchen table and heads out.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru pauses at the door, looks to his side...stares at a framed image of his wife, smiling.

He lowers his head with a sigh, massages his brows, lost in thought.

A beat.

He raises his head... the change which has washed over him is complete... he's smiling.

EXT. ROAD - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The all but popular Lagos traffic. Stalling both man and cars in their movements.

INT. TAXI RIDE - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru. Seated at the owner's corner... stares out the window... unblinking.

EXT. A CITYSCAPE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The Taxi ride carrying Bisi Umaru stops just outside the Automotive.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER gazes at his phone, then at Bisi.

DRIVER

Oga, your money na six-five.

Bisi reaches out to his pocket... brings out crispy one thousand Naira notes, and hands it all to the driver...

BISI

Keep the change.

DRIVER

Thank you sir-

...He unlocks the door and steps out.

DRIVER (cont'd)  
-God go bless you.

EXT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru looks to both sides before making his way into the compound... his movements, Model-like.

INT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

Chidi's group of talented mechanics are busy at their posts... Bisi Umaru walks in, greets no one... he just heads on straight into the main office.

THE MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He walks into the office to find Chidi with a cigar dangling from between his lips, arranging the last of the pawns to the chess board on his desk, a bottle of Hennessy and two empty glasses rests nearby, almost like Chidi was expecting someone.

CHIDI  
(Slow to speak)  
Bisi Umaru Loba-Loba Emeka-

BISI  
-Tafawa.

They laugh, and shake hands in a way unique to them.

Bisi perches on the couch across-

Chidi, who flips over the glasses and pours two drinks.

Bisi Umaru accepts a glass and downs the content in a heartbeat... he slams the glass on the table... getting Chidi a bit jumpy.

CHIDI  
Your car was here. Now, word on the street is that it's at Leo's garage, the one close to the abandoned train site. You can't miss it.

Chidi pours Bisi another drink which he downs in the same instance as the first... then slams the cup to the table. Again.

BISI

Thank you.

Bisi leaves, but hesitates at the door and takes a few slow steps toward Chidi.

BISI (cont'd)

(a long beat, then)

Chidi.

CHIDI

Yes?

BISI

They killed Linda.

Chidi's eyes widen in shock.

Bisi Umaru turns to leave again.

CHIDI

His father is a dangerous man.

BISI

(to himself)

We'll see about that.

And with that, Bisi leaves.

Chidi drowns into his seat and finally takes his first cup of drink in a single shot, then unwinds the cap of the bottle and drinks directly from it... He looks to the heavens as he does the sign of the cross on himself, then whispers "Thank you lord"... continues with the Hennessy.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Bisi steps out of a car... walks across the street... waves at a pair of high-heeled prostitutes and they wave back.

He walks up to BLESSING aka Candy-late 20s. A plus-sized, average class hooker.

CANDY

Bullet Bullet. Long time no see.

BISI

(smiles)

Na one girl tie me down with ring.

CANDY

Princess been tell us...

She sizes him up from head to toe.

CANDY (cont'd)  
...see as you fresh.

BISI  
Thank you. Where she dey?

CANDY  
She dey inside, for VIP side.

Bisi reaches into his pocket and hands her a hundred dollar bill...

BISI  
Thank you.

...turns and heads for the club.

CANDY (O.S.)  
Bullet Bullet. Baba for the girls  
dem.

Bisi Umaru smiles at Candy's hailing gestures as he enters the club.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The club is quite busy. The DJ is mixing up songs, hit after hit.

Bisi enters into the cloudy room... He walks past a bunch of people smoking and tuning it up with a drink.

He sights PRINCESS-late 20s. An Igbo, stunning high-class hooker. She's having drinks with two gentlemen, and a few other sexy hookers.

They're all having a laugh.

a beat and...

...Princess looks to her side to recognise Bisi Umaru... pauses... then, she excuses herself from the table.

She grabs her unexpected guest; Bisi Umaru by his hand and drags him to outside.



EXT. CLUBHOUSE - BEHIND THE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

She looks above her shoulders to make sure no one would be able to hear their conversation or even see them.

PRINCESS

(in Ibo)

What are you doing here? Or you don't know you're wanted.

BISI

Wait. Wanted?

PRINCESS

(nods)

I hear it's from the top.

BISI

Legal top, or...

PRINCESS

It's Chief Olowookere.

BISI

The billionaire?

PRINCESS

Yes-

Bisi sighs.

PRINCESS (cont'd)

-what did you do?

A smile plays at the side of Bisi Umaru's face.

BISI

It's not what I did... it's what I'll do, he's scared of.

PRINCESS

(in Ibo, subtitled)

And that would be?

BISI

(in Ibo, subtitled)

Killing his son to avenge Linda's death.

Princess mouth forms an "oh".

PRINCESS

He killed Linda?

Bisi Umaru is lost in thought... The sound of the bullet piercing through his wife's chest ECHOES... A tear forms at the edge of his eye.

PRINCESS (O.S.)

Bisi?

Shoves him by the shoulder.

PRINCESS

Bisi?!

BISI

Yeah?

PRINCESS

I know this would sound lame, but  
I'll say it regardless

(a beat)

Why don't you leave the country and  
stick to your promise?

BISI

I wish I could... but I can't.

PRINCESS

Yes you can. This is what she would  
have wanted.

BISI

(loud)

Don't say that. Don't you ever say  
that.

(lower)

You or any other person don't know  
what she would have wanted... and  
she's not even here to say what she  
would have wanted. You know why?

Princess tries responding but gets interrupted.

BISI (cont'd)

Because Olowookere's son took her.

(voice breaks)

I... I wasn't able to protect her.  
Stupid me was sleeping when she  
needed me the most... I was sleeping.

Princess understands his pain, and in a bid not to anger him even more, she stays silent and watches him leave.

Before turning at the rear, he fist bumps the wall in anger...then disappears at the corner.

A long beat...

...Princess sighs and heads back into the club.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru enters. Defeated. In tears. He helps himself to a seat... picks up the sound system's remote, then plays a tune, "BIBANKE" by Asa...

ASA

*I wake up... I see you, as you leave.*

...as the beautiful sounds fill the room, Bisi falls back reminiscing old times before falling asleep.

EXT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A resplendent home in one of the city's wealthiest neighborhoods... filled with a dozen of men in black, armed up and trigger-ready.

A random car pulls up to the compound.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - STUDY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A MAN sits on a black-leather chair, behind a desk in a well-appointed room. A small library of books is at the corner.

OLOWOOKERE (O.S.)

Good night, Chidi.

He spins the chair around, revealing the business tycoon, Mubaraq's father. He is CHIEF OLOWOOKERE, a man well in his 60s, quite attractive... he grabs his cigar from a nearby stash and lights it up.

The door unlocks and in comes Mubaraq... he leaves the door wide open, and strides furiously to a seat across his father.

MUBARAQ

You need to talk to Chidi... Imagine, I was out there trying to prove I could be rugged. That I could be a son you'd be proud of. So I gave a car to Chidi to clear out and respray.

(MORE)

MUBARAQ (cont'd)

But do you know what he did?... He looked at me, dead in the eye and told me to get out.

(a beat)

Me. Mubaraq Olowookere. Your son... Maybe we should remind him of who we are, cos it seems age is making him forget.

Olowookere maintains his chill posture, and minds his cigar.

OLWOOKERE

Do you know who owns the car you stole?

MUBARAQ

(Yells)

Fuck the owner. Fuc...

OLWOOKERE

(cuts him. edgy, in Yoruba; subtitled)

Fuck the owner? Do you have the slightest idea of...

Trying not to lose his cool, Olowookere groans... bows and uses his other hand to rub his temples. He raises his head back up.

OLWOOKERE (cont'd)

Bisi Umaru Loba-Loba Emeka Tafawa.

(Sighs)

He's Yoruba, Ibo and Hausa all at the same time.

(beat)

He's a Christian, a Muslim, and a Traditional Worshiper too... He ran away from his orphanage at the age of 10, lied about his age to join the military, and because of his body features... he got accepted.

EXT. LEO'S GARAGE - DAY

A roadside mechanic workshop. A Few cars stall around in need of repairs. No personality to speak of...

OLWOOKERE (V.O.)

The best at everything. He topped every task, from long range to short range shooting. Hell he was the best at deploying and disarming a bomb...

Then...**Roar**...Bisi Umaru's Mercedes roars to life...Head lights on.

OLOWOOKERE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
...funny thing is...

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Perched at the driver's seat, his two hands on the steering wheel...

...Bisi Umaru takes a moment to breath it in: he's missed his car...although it appears dirty.

OLOWOOKERE (V.O.)  
No one knows his birth name. Major General Yussuf Tekashi coined all the names he got at the barracks into Bullet and everyone called him that ever since...

EXT. LEO'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes roars again, and pulls out of the mechanic workshop... as it draws away to the road it passes by multiple dead bodies of mechanics and fighters...

...They all tried to stop Bisi Umaru but met the same fate. DEATH.

OLOWOOKERE (V.O.)  
...before then, it was just the boy without a name.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bisi opens drawer after drawer and pulls out guns, ammunition... then, he deposits them into one of the two bags lying on the kitchen counter.

OLOWOOKERE (V.O.)  
He grew so popular in his barrack, even started teaching other soldiers in his zone how to aim and shoot. Ah, Bisi Umaru.

Bisi picks up a pistol... grabs a handkerchief from his back pocket. Keeps his entire focus on the pistol as he cleans it...pulls back the cartridge lever. Satisfied, he closes it back up.

LOWOOKERE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He was used by top politicians as an  
assassin... Rumor out there has it  
that he killed over six hundred...

Bisi Umaru tosses the pistol into the bag, and zips it up...  
then, he drags the other empty bag closer...turns to empty  
the top cabinet...a smile plays at both corners of his lips.

In the cabinet are different kinds of sharp objects, hanging  
or lying around. Ranging from: Knives; both short and long  
ones. Screwdrivers, and a silver shiny pen.

He puts them into the bag, one after the other and takes the  
pen out last...admires it for a long beat, then he puts it  
into his breast pocket.

                  LOWOOKERE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
...and most of them died not by his  
gun but a sharp object. Be it blade,  
knife or his silver pen.

                  (beat)

Bisi Umaru never feared anything or  
anyone. Defeat or ridicule. His only  
fear is losing the ones he holds  
dear, but that didn't happen until  
much later when he got married,  
making his wife a dear one...

Bisi Umaru straps both bags to his shoulders and heads out.

INT. LOWOOKERE'S MANSION - NIGHT

Olowookere is no longer his cool self... his cigar burns in  
its stash beside him... his face looks worried.

                  LOWOOKERE  
...Some say she was his dearest. And  
you Mubaraq, you killed his dearest.

                  (sighs)

I'm going to ask you this once.

                  (a beat)

What in the world possessed you?...

Olowookere gets up and storms out of the room... Mubaraq  
sits still in his chair, fear lingering on in his heart.

                  LOWOOKERE (O.S.)  
                  (In Yoruba, subtitled)  
...Oh Allah, what possessed this  
boy... Pray to Allah, boy. Fucking  
pray.

EXT. ROAD - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Bisi Umaru's Mercedes races on the tarred, lonely road.

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Bisi's face is stoic.

Silent.

He just drives all night long.

EXT./INT. GYM - DAY

Out front, a crowd of young Men vibe to a tune. Two muscle-flexers lean against the entrance.

They gaze at the Mercedes that roars to a halt at the front of the gym... out comes Bisi Umaru, dressed in his gym outfit... a few of the young men recognise him and hails "Bullet", he greets them all before going in.

The gym is filled with both men and women. The MEASURED beat of IRON CLINGING back to their stands and the constant WHIRLING around of the THREAD MILL makes the room come alive, like it was a mindless piece of machinery.

As Bisi Umaru walks through the gym, many body builders present yell their greetings while the ladies pause to wave... amid them is Princess, She smiles and gives him a nod... Bisi Umaru responds in line.

Bisi Umaru passes another young, skinny BENCH-LIFTER struggling to lift...

BENCH LIFTER

(Gasps)

Please...help.

...Bisi Umaru reaches out with a hand and places it above the weight, grips it and pretends to want to help him, instead he pushes it down and leaves...

...While everyone else laughs, the skinny Bench-lifter tosses the weight to his side and leaves the gym.

BEGIN INTERCUTS:

At the Bench-press, Bisi Umaru exhales heavily as he lowers his hands, carrying a 30kg weight...his face is stoic.

On a seat, he sways his hands, carrying dumbbells across his chest.

Back at the Bench-press Bisi's face is flushed with emotions: Anger. He lifts the 30kg weight.

On the thread-mill, he bows his head, studying his feet as they hit the mill one after the other.

He lifts the dumbbells one after the other to his shoulder's length.

Back at the Thread-mill, he raises up his face, revealing a smile at the corner of his lips... it fades away and soon morphs into a grin then an angry one.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Olowookere is seated on an antique chair in his well-appointed living room... he's on a call.

OLOWOOKERE

A hundred million "dollars" and you're set for life, Mr Umaru.

BISI (O.S.)

Your offer is quite tempting Alhaji, sadly it won't bring back my wife.

OLOWOOKERE

Exactly why you should take it. She's dead and gone, Mr Umaru. Forget her, take the money, get yourself another girl to settle down with... Maybe this time she'll get pregnant and give you a child of your own. What do you say Mr Umaru.

Silence...

OLOWOOKERE (cont'd)

Hello... Mr Umaru?

BISI (O.S.)

Good night Olowookere.

**Click.** The call ends.

OLOWOOKERE

(Furious)

Mr Umaru! Umaru, you dare not end the call on me. You dare-





Bisi Umaru sits alone under a shade and stares at the blissful sight of the ocean in its great entirety...he smiles to himself, and enjoys his soft drink.

OLWOOKERE (O.S.)

Bisi. Umaru. Loba-Loba. Emeka.  
Tafawa.

The smile fades away. Olowookere helps himself to a seat across Bisi, blocking his view of the ocean.

Bisi Umaru takes to his drink again.

BISI

To appreciate the enjoyments of  
living at times, one must first have  
felt what it is to die.

OLWOOKERE

Hmm, with age comes wisdom.

They share a slight laugh.

BISI

I couldn't agree more-

Regarding Olowookere's bodyguards...

BISI (cont'd)

-Are they necessary?

(Shrugs)

It's not you I plan on killing.

OLWOOKERE

That is where you're wrong, my  
friend. Killing my son... my only  
son, is like killing me.

BISI

I'm glad you pointed it out  
Olowookere. I'm glad you did.

Olowookere realises his mistake. Retracts.

Bisi Umaru knows he understand. He smiles.

OLWOOKERE

Come on Bisi...

(in Yoruba; subtitled)

For the sake of Allah

(English)

What will it take for you to back  
down?

BISI  
Your son's head.

OLWOOKERE  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
So you won't stop till you get what  
you want, right?

BISI  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
He didn't stop till he got what he  
wanted...

Bisi Umaru downs the last of his drink in a gulp, then  
stands up to leave.

BISI (cont'd)  
...Why should I?

Silent.

Bisi fixes his shades to where they belong.

BISI (cont'd)  
Have a good day, Olowookere.

And with that Bisi Umaru leaves.

Olowookere waves a waiter down.

OLWOOKERE  
Waiter! Get me a drink, strong drink.

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Bisi Umaru jams to a tune from the speakers of his car.

EXT. THE UMARU HOME - CONTINUOUS

Oddly Quiet. Bisi's car slows down its pace...

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

...he senses something's not right...He squints and leans  
forward to see-

EXT. THE UMARU HOME - CONTINUOUS

-a man crouching behind one of the oddly parked cars...Bisi Umaru pulls his car to reverse and tries screeching away from the scene as, the GUNMAN behind the car stands up and fires a round at the car.

The car halts in movement...

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

...Bisi Umaru plays dead, drawing in the gunman with this little act.

BISI  
(to himself)  
Get closer now. Come see if the  
danger man is dead.

EXT. THE UMARU HOME - CONTINUOUS

The Gunman soon gets close enough for Bisi to shove the door at him. **Slam...** The door hits his genital making him drop his gun.

Bisi Umaru steps out his car...picks up the gun and slams the bottom to the Gunman's head. He drops to the floor in an instant.

Bisi walks into his house.

Flashes of ammunition lights and sounds going off are SEEN and HEARD through the windows coming from different angles of the house.

After a few rounds. It becomes silent.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dimly lit by light-rays coming from other angles of the house...we see Bisi Umaru on his knees, soaked in blood. And struggling to get up...

...He looks down at his bleeding abdomen and places a hand over it, in a bid to stop the bleeding.

While groaning in pain, a pistol meets with the back of his head.

A GUNMAN. In all black. Face masked-up, rubs the gun from the back of Bisi Umaru's head to his forehead. Then uses the gun's tip to tap his kneeling hostage twice on his forehead.

GUNMAN

Bisi Umaru.

Bisi's face is flushed. He's lost a lot of blood. Blood pours out his mouth as he speaks.

BISI

You probably feel god-like now.

GUNMAN

Honestly? Yeah. In fact...

The gunman brings out his phone.

GUNMAN (cont'd)

...Let me take a before and after picture of you.

**Snap... Snap...** Takes two quick pictures with flash on... pockets back the phone.

GUNMAN (cont'd)

Do you even have the slightest idea of how much is on your head?

Silent. Bisi groans, and then smiles.

GUNMAN (O.S.)

Half a million dollars. Half a million dollars, Bisi. Even you wouldn't say no to it... "So" prepare to meet Allah.

(a beat)

or God. That's if they're different anyways.

The Gunman places the gun well on Bisi Umaru's forehead. Pulls back the pin in preparation to fire.

BISI UMARU'S PERSPECTIVE:

Bisi Umaru closes his eyes, accepting his fate. Then **Pow...a** gun fires away.

EBUKA (V.O.)

Bisi... Bisi?

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru is still on his knees. Arms spread wide and eyes closed shut, waiting on his "supposed" fate.

In front of him is the injured body of the Gunman... crawling away from him when...

...EBUKA, Bisi Umaru's ex-comrade. Now well in his forties. Solid. He approaches the crawling Gunman... stands above him and fires at him again. His body drops in that instant. Dead.

Bisi turns his head from side to side without opening his eyes. Wondering.

EBUKA

Bisi?

Ebuka taps him on the shoulder.

EBUKA (cont'd)

Bisi Umaru.

(in Ibo, subtitled)

Ogini?(What is it) Open your eyes now.

Bisi finally opens his eyes and smiles at the sight of Ebuka.

Ebuka helps Bisi to a nearby couch.

BISI

I owe you one now I guess.

EBUKA

No you don't. I just settled my score with you.

BISI

Does that mean you'll kill me now?

EBUKA

The offer wasn't that tempting.

They laugh... Bisi Umaru struggles with his. Coughs.

EBUKA (cont'd)

Take it easy man. Let me reach out to Doctor Tade.

Bisi faces the other-side, groaning in pain.

EBUKA (cont'd)  
(into his phone)  
Hello Doctor Tade, how are you doing?

INT. THE UMARU HOME - LIVING ROOM - EARLY DAY

BISI UMARU'S PERSPECTIVE!!!

A blur view of two figures. One male in a white overall. The other is female.

It gets clearer and we see the man in overall. He is DOCTOR TADE-late 50s. Bald. Recommended glasses...He hands Bisi Umaru's medications to Princess.

DOCTOR TADE  
Make sure he takes his drugs.

PRINCESS  
Definitely

Bisi Umaru Groans, and tries sitting down.

DOCTOR TADE  
And the lion roars back to life.

BISI  
(laughs)  
Tade my good friend.

DOCTOR TADE  
OLD, good friend.

Bisi scans the area for the pile of dead bodies hovering in and about the night before.

BISI  
(To Princess)  
You took care of the bodies?

PRINCESS  
Ebuka did.

BISI  
Hmm. I guess I owe the lad one now.

DOCTOR TADE  
"Yes" You do.

Doctor Tade heads out.

Bisi Umaru moves his gaze to Princess, who seemingly looks worried.

BISI  
Come on. You should smile.

PRINCESS  
Don't you think you should stop this?  
Olowookere is a very powerful man.

BISI  
(Chuckles)  
What do they call me?

PRINCESS  
BULLET

BISI  
And what is it used for?

PRINCESS  
Bullet-

BISI  
(cuts her)  
-"What" is it used for?

PRINCESS  
(sighs)  
To kill.

BISI  
And you're telling me to stop? Come  
on, you should know better by now.

PRINCESS  
I do. It's just... Is this what she  
would have wanted?

Bisi Umaru looks away.

BISI  
She's not here to say what she would  
have wanted or not, is she?

Silent.

Regret in his eyes. Sad. A tear forms and drops from his  
eyes.



A DREAM!

INT. THE UMARU HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dimly lit room, good enough for romance. A love tune plays in the background. Slow. Enticing.

The couple; Linda and her husband, Bisi are having a romantic moment.

Bisi leans in for a kiss, they go at it for a moment, and soon start ripping clothes off their bodies.

The bed-stand CREAKS at the movement going on up top.

We HEAR female groans of pleasure and laughter in the b.g.

BACK TO:

INT. THE UMARU HOME - DAY

Bisi Umaru jumps up. Alert. All sweaty on his bed.

Good old days. He smiles to himself...

BISI  
Ogbachoko one get me sha.

He grabs his medication off the lamp-stand and chews on a couple of tablets without water, then gets off the bed to start preparing for the day.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bisi Umaru emerges in, fully dressed in black power suit. Designer shoes. Smelling like money.

He's peels out a blueprint of The Taofeek's Mansion and spreads it over the kitchen counter.

He finds it useless... squeezes it and tosses it in the bin's direction.

Brings out his phone and dials.

BISI  
(into his phone)  
Hello Chidi.

CHIDI (O.S.)  
Mr Emeka Tafawa. How may I help you  
today?

BISI  
How about a drink at the bar.

CHIDI (O.S.)  
It's 9o'clock in the morning for  
Christ sakes, Mr Emeka.

BISI  
When as that ever stopped you?

CHIDI (O.S.)  
(Sighs)  
Fuck.

INT. BAR - DAY

The ever bustling, glitz and glamoured well-packaged Lagos  
bar. Filled with customers of different class or rather  
social-strata.

A BARTENDER brings beer to Bisi Umaru and Chidi who sit at  
the bar. Chidi clearly wishes he were elsewhere.

CHIDI  
So...How are you doing?

Bisi Umaru faces Chidi with his half flushed face.

BISI  
Do I look okay to you? huh. Look at  
me. Do I look "okay" to you?  
Olowookere's son took my only  
happiness, my joy, my heart. My  
darling wife  
(Clenches his fist.  
Takes a gulp of his  
beer. Satisfactory  
sigh)  
Everyday that bastard lives and  
breathes on this earth, gets me  
angry... Very angry.

CHIDI  
You're going to have to let this-

BISI  
-Don't complete that statement  
Chidi...

(MORE)

BISI (cont'd)  
Complete it and I'll add you to the  
list of bodies I'll be dropping.

Chidi knows Bisi Umaru too well, too well to know he doesn't  
make empty threats...he gulps the rest of his sentence down.

BISI (cont'd)  
I feel empty this days Chidi.

FLASH!

INT. THE UMARU HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An ashtray lies on the table...a couple of burnt cigarettes  
lie in it...

BISI (V.O.)  
I smoke too much...

INT. THE UMARU HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Bisi Umaru holds up a vodka bottle...puts it to his mouth  
and downs the content like a thirsty man.

BISI (V.O.)  
...I drink too much.

BACK TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

BISI  
My chest is sore. I've got weird  
aches, possible lumps, rashes, maybe  
they're a condition, or a network of  
conditions. One of these days all  
this illness will probably just hold  
hands, light up and kill me.  
(Sighs)  
But I'll be damned if I let that  
happen before I have Mubaraq's head  
packaged in a box and shipped through  
DHL to his father.

Chidi sees the pain in his eyes...but doesn't try addressing  
it. So he switches...

CHIDI  
Mr Emeka... Why am I here?

BISI

I need you to tell me where he's  
hidden his son.

Chidi's mouth hangs open.

EXT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The compound is swarmed with men in suit. Armed to the  
teeth.

Olowookere arrives with his entourage...he doesn't wait for  
anyone to open the door for him...does so himself and storms  
into his home.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Mubaraq and his goons: Chinedu and Bashir, are seated on a  
couch, discussing.

Olowookere storms in.

OLOWOOKERE

Mubaraq! Mubaraq!

They all get up, alert at Olowookere's voice.

ALL

Sir?

Olowookere stares at his son's goons...then turns his stern  
gaze to his son.

OLOWOOKERE

Do you remember the safe house I took  
you to when you were young?

MUBARAQ

The house that you-

OLOWOOKERE

-Simple question begets simple  
answer,

(in Yoruba; subtitled)

you good for nothing son. Do you  
remember or not!

MUBARAQ

(in Yoruba; subtitled)

I do sir.

OLWOOKERE

Good. You and your boys will go there, RIGHT NOW. You will live there till I confirm Bullet's death.

Silent... The mention of Bullet puts fear in Mubaraq.

Olowookere stares at his son. Gives him a look. Walks closer to his face and speaks directly into it.

OLWOOKERE (cont'd)

Didn't you hear the part where I said right now?

Mubaraq's goons; Bashir and Chinedu scuffle as they head for the door. Leaving.

OLWOOKERE (cont'd)

(yells)

I'll send down more security to you. Under no circumstance should you or anyone who knows about your whereabouts step outside the compound. Do you understand?

MUBARAQ

Yes sir.

Mubaraq heads on after his goons. Olowookere folds his hands behind him. Paces in thought for a long beat.

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

One hand to the wheel. The other at his chin. Bisi Umaru ponders on what Chidi told him.

Chidi's voice FADES up or down, depending on when we're hearing Bisi Umaru's deep sighs (Long vibrating exhales).

CHIDI (V.O.)

...I can't pinpoint where exactly...

A sigh.

CHIDI (V.O.) (cont'd)

They hid there when Olowookere ran for the governor's seat...

Another sigh.

CHIDI  
...Um, um. Safe house. Yes. The safe house. That's what he called it. Just never told me the location.

Another deep breathe...**Ring. Ring.** His phone's sound FADES UP, cutting the moment.

BISI  
(Into the phone)  
Hello Princess.

INT. SUPERMARKET - PAYMENT COUNTER - NIGHT

Princess stalls at the end of a queue, waiting to pay for the goods she bought.

She's on a call with Bisi Umaru.

PRINCESS  
(into her phone)  
Hey Bisi. Um, I have a man here who looks like one of Mubaraq's bouncers.

BISI (O.S.)  
And how do you know his bouncers?

PRINCESS  
Chidi sent a picture to the group.

BISI (O.S.)  
Of course he did.

PRINCESS  
Yeah...Chill a bit.

**Click...**the call ends.

About a meter away from Princess is the built figure of Chinedu.

He takes to his turn at the payment counter.

Princess takes a quick shot of the side of his face and sends it to Bisi. A series of text follows...

SERIES OF TEXT

Bullet: He's the one. Follow him but be careful.

Princess: I will. Bye.

END OF TEXT

She looks up and sees Chinedu heading out. Princess tries to follow him, but gets halted at the exit by the SECURITY MAN.

SECURITY MAN  
Ma, where's your receipt?

PRINCESS  
Oh, sorry...Here.

She hands the basket of unpaid goods to the Security man before heading on with her chase.

She's struggles to catch up in her heels.

**Ring.Ring.** Caller ID reads "BULLET" as she bumps into a man; Chinedu. She collapses into his arm after seeing his face.

INT. A CLINIC - LATER

A worried-looking Chinedu stands beside the DOCTOR as he examines Princess's eye with a small flashlight.

Princess wakes... And tries using her hands to block the light flickering into her eyes.

CHINEDU  
(in Ibo; subtitled)  
Thank God o

She sits up.

CHINEDU (cont'd)  
Thank you doctor.

DOCTOR  
I'm just doing my job

The Doctor heads out.

Chinedu moves closer to Princess.

CHINEDU  
(in Ibo; subtitled)  
If fine girl like you can faint, what  
should we ugly people then do? ehn?  
(in English)  
How are you?

PRINCESS

(in Ibo; subtitled)

You ugly people should be there to catch us when we do...So, we "don't" fall and make the pretty face "ugly"

Surprised. He shoots her a look.

CHINEDU

(in Ibo; subtitled)

Are you Ibo?

PRINCESS

No, I'm Yoruba. But I grew up in Onitsha.

A beat.

She stretches out her hand.

PRINCESS (cont'd)

Princess.

They shake hands.

CHINEDU

Chinedu. My friends call me Chi.

She switches up, and starts flirting with him.

PRINCESS

Okay Chi, "Or" I've not gotten to the friend zone yet?

CHINEDU

I don't think I want you to stay in that zone for too long.

He moves closer to her. Just inches apart from each-others lips...Princess slides her phone across Chinedu's lips.

PRINCESS

Then you should give me your number so we get to know each other better.

Bullet's CALLER ID shows up as he gets the phone to input his number. He turns the screen her way as he shoots her a questioning look.

CHINEDU

Bullet?



Princess maintains her calm. Doesn't make any sudden or suspicious flip.

PRINCESS  
Yeah. I sell them...  
(at his questioning  
look)  
...The drink? Well they're just  
calling to ask how many I'll be  
buying. Don't worry I'll call them  
later.

With his interest more in the lady. He lets go of all suspicion.

CHINEDU  
Oh, Okay.

He inputs his digits and hands her back the phone. He stares at his wrist-watch, and begins to fidget

CHINEDU (cont'd)  
I hope you feel better now eh?-

PRINCESS  
Yeah I am.

CHINEDU  
-cos I really need to leave now.

PRINCESS  
Oh, no problem. I'll call you?

CHINEDU  
I'll count on that.

And with that he's gone.

Princess cuts with the act, and dials Bisi Umaru.

PRINCESS  
(into the phone)  
Your plan is to get me killed abi?

BISI (O.S.)  
Why would I want that for you?

PRINCESS  
Hmm. Well I've gotten his number.

BISI (O.S.)  
And what should I do with that?

PRINCESS

It's not for you to do anything with.  
It's for moi (me).

BISI (O.S.)

You're really smart. Just be careful.

PRINCESS

I'm a big girl. I can take care of  
myself.

She ends the call. Arranges herself. Then takes her leave.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Princess. All dolled up, is having a laugh with Chinedu over drinks.

INT. SAME SCENE - ANOTHER DAY

Another seat...different outfits. Lovely dinner.

They're having a swell moment.

PRINCESS

How about we go back to your place.  
So, I can show you what the "art"  
behind my clothes look like. Hmm?

Chinedu clearly wishes he could accept the offer. Takes her hand in his.

CHINEDU

Babe. I honestly wish I could take  
you home right now but, I cant.

PRINCESS

Why?... I'm not pretty enough to be  
seen with you?

CHINEDU

Of course you are. It's just... my  
whole family is around... they came  
for a meeting.

PRINCESS

(beat)

Oh.

CHINEDU

Yeah, sorry... Let me make it up to you by taking you to this nice hotel in Victoria Island. Huh?

PRINCESS

Ebonylife Hotels?

CHINEDU

(in Ibo; subtitled)

I see you've got taste.

PRINCESS

(in Ibo; subtitled)

The good life is not placed there for only the one percent in the society.

CHINEDU

I see.

PRINCESS

A girl's gotta live, you know. But sadly I'll have to decline the offer.

CHINEDU

Why?

PRINCESS

I don't plan on horse-riding my man at some strange place where my moans would be heard by strangers.

CHINEDU

(Chuckles)

You're crazy.

PRINCESS

I know.

CHINEDU

I'll talk to my people and see how I can hasten their meetings, okay?

Princess raises her glass...in for a toast.

PRINCESS

Amen to having your house to ourselves.

He clings his glass to hers.

CHINEDU

Amen to that.

INT. A CLUB - NIGHT

Ever bubbling. Ever busy Lagos night club.

A single bar is available to the dozen or so patrons who lounge about smoking, laughing, and talking as servers wander the floor, offering a variety of appetizers.

Beyond the lobby, however, is a security station -replete with a METAL DETECTOR- in front of the staircase which we follow as we OVERHEAR the deafening music coming from the top floor.

TOP-FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

At the top floor we move to the single bar where we see: two glasses getting filled up with a fizzling drink.

Princess picks up the drinks, wiggles her way through the crowd of dancing people, and hands Chinedu a drink at the VIP section.

PRINCESS

Here you go.

CHINEDU

Thanks.

(takes a sip of his  
drink)

You seem quite popular here.

PRINCESS

Yeah. My dad owns the club.

CHINEDU

Oh, Whao. You're rich.

PRINCESS

Tell me about it.

She takes a sip of her drink, and gazes at Chinedu over the glass. Stern.

CHINEDU

I have to use the men's...

(downs his drink in a  
beat)

...I'll be back in a jiffy.

He excuses himself, and heads for the toilet.

A few steps away from his table, and he walks by Bisi Umaru.

INT. A CLUB - CONTINUOUS

TOP-FLOOR

Bisi Umaru is seated opposite the men's toilet... his face-cap shades half his face from onlookers.

He signals at Princess. And they both head in the toilet's direction.

As they approach it, Bisi Umaru pulls out his belt and walks in quick, leaving Princess to act as a block to whoever approaches the toilet.

Beat...

She stumbles over nothing and falls into the arms of a MAN approaching the toilet.

PRINCESS

(chokes)

Please... Help me to a chair.

He helps her to a nearby seat.

MAN

Sorry... Sorry.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chinedu dries his hands at the dryer. He doesn't see Bisi Umaru approaching him at the speed of light.

When he finally does through the mirror, it's too late.

He turns, shocked out of his wits.

CHINEDU

Bul-

Bisi Umaru jabs his sentence with a quick blow to his throat. Chinedu chokes. The pain is excruciating.

Bisi Umaru doesn't stop there, he walks behind Chinedu, places his belt around his neck, nudges him forward with his leg, and leaves it behind him while pulling hard at the belt. Chinedu chokes, face completely flushed.

BISI

I have just one question for you...  
Where is Mubaraq?

Chinedu's struggles for air. His eyes go full red, and almost like they would pop-off their sockets.

CHINEDU  
(struggles)  
Fuck you.

BISI  
(Chuckles)  
Wrong answer.

Bisi Umaru pulls harder on the belt.

Beat...

He jabs a quick blow to Chinedu's head.

Chinedu passes out, and Bisi Umaru pulls away his belt before heading out of the toilet.

CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Still adjusting his belt around his trousers. Bisi signals to the acting Princess, and heads out of the club.

Princess immediately gets out of act.

PRINCESS  
Thank you sir. You're such a nice man.

The man smiles to himself as she leaves.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Princess walks a few meters away from the club and gets into Bisi Umaru's car.

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Princess slams the door behind her.

PRINCESS  
So?

BISI  
So now, we wait.

PRINCESS

(sighs)

I just hope you didn't kill him.

He shoots her a look.

PRINCESS (cont'd)

What? You've changed your ways in recent times.

Bisi fancies the steering wheel. Sighs.

BISI

I know.

PRINCESS

So? Did you kill...

BISI

(cuts her)

No I didn't. I just shook him up a bit...

REAR-VIEW MIRROR'S PERSPECTIVE

Bisi Umaru sees Chinedu walk out of the club coughing, and clutching to his throat. He walks to his jeep, gets in and drives off.

BISI (cont'd)

...and now... the guard will have to go report the imminent danger to his master. The very man I've been searching for.

Bisi Umaru smiles, starts his car, and tails Chinedu. Leaving quite some distance between them.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S SAFE HOUSE - LATER

SUPER: SAFE HOUSE.

Mubaraq and Bashir are playing chess on the couch.

Beat...

...Chinedu barges in, causing a frenzy. His face and neck still not in their best shape. He coughs as he speaks.

CHINEDU

We... we need to leave here now.

MUBARAQ  
Why? Your plaything broke your heart?

They both laugh at him.

CHINEDU  
She's working with Bullet.

FLASHBACK!

INT. A CLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chinedu lies still, storing whatever energy he's got left. His head turns the door's way and he sees Bisi Umaru signal to Princess just outside the bathroom.

Eventually the door slams shut as she picks herself to follow Bisi Umaru.

SLAM BACK TO:

PRESENT!

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mubaraq gets up. He shivers in fear.

Chinedu rides on with his narration.

CHINEDU  
And then when I recovered, I ran straight to this place to tell-

MUBARAQ  
(cuts him)  
-shut the fuck up!  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
This bastard has ruined my life. Chi,  
do you know what you have done?  
(breaks)  
Do you have the slightest idea of  
what you have done?

Chinedu stares at him, not understanding what he means.

Mubaraq gets his phone and dials his father.



MUBARAQ (cont'd)  
(into his phone. in  
Yoruba; subtitled)  
Hello Alhaji. I think Mr Umaru knows  
where-

From outside the house, LOUD round of bullets cut short his conversation.

Mubaraq gasps, stills in shock, and drops his phone to the floor.

Bashir grabs him and exits using another way, while Chinedu helps himself up and drags along with them.

More shots are heard in the compound, and they all soon end.

Long beat. And Bisi Umaru walks in using the front door.

OLWOOKERE (O.S.)  
Mubaraq... Mubaraq what is happening?

Bisi picks up the phone.

BISI  
(into the phone)  
I am happening.

OLWOOKERE (O.S.)  
(in Yoruba)  
Chei Allah.

BISI  
Nah, not Allah. Just Bisi.

OLWOOKERE (O.S.)  
Bul... Bullet please.

BISI  
There's no need of you begging me, my  
fight is with your son, and not you.  
Olowookere, I'll give you the advice  
you gave me. Sit back, relax and get  
another woman pregnant. But this  
time, train the child better.

(beat)  
As a courtesy to an old friend, I'll  
deliver your ex-son's head to you in  
a package after he's answered my  
question.

OLOWOOKERE  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
Don't be heartless Mr Umaru. Please.

BISI  
You know, you insult my reputation.  
Of all places to put your safe house,  
you keep it in a rich neighborhood,  
where there are no Ghetto soldiers to  
stop me.

Bisi scoffs and tosses the phone to the couch.

OLOWOOKERE  
Mr umaru, please we can settle this  
amicably. Please... Mr Umaru? Mr  
Umaru?

Bisi is gone.

EXT. OLOWOOKERE'S SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The compound is filled with dead security men. They all  
tried stopping Bisi and met the same fate.

GATE - CONTINUOUS

Chinedu manages to pull away the dead body hovering on the  
gate. He's about to open the gates when a bullet bounces off  
it. Chinedu runs out of the compound.

INT./EXT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Bashir is at the wheel, but Mubaraq notices Bisi Umaru  
through the rear-view mirror, and tries running off. It's  
too late, Bisi slams his head to the window pane as he steps  
out of the vehicle. Knocking him out.

Bashir raises his hands to the air.

BISI  
(to Bashir)  
Good. My fight is not with you. So I  
suggest you don't do anything rash.

Bisi Umaru bends to pick Mubaraq's body.

EXT. OLOWOOKERE'S SAFE HOUSE - ROAD - MEANWHILE

While running for his dear life, Chinedu notices Bisi Umaru's Mercedes parked idly by.

Cautioned. Calculated. He approaches it.

Beat...

...The door opens, almost hitting him. He dodges it and sees Princess inside. She tries closing back the door, but it's too late. Chinedu grabs it, knocks her unconscious and gets into the car.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

In a flash, Bashir tries reaching for his gun.

Pow. A bullet drills a hole in his face, pushing him against the window pane.

A beat.

Bisi Umaru's tosses his still smoking gun into the car.

BISI  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
I warned you but, you didn't listen.

He picks up Mubaraq's unconscious body, hangs him on his shoulder, and heads out.

EXT. OLOWOOKERE'S SAFE HOUSE - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru steps out of the compound to find his car missing. He heads back in and re-emerges from the compound in Mubaraq's Jeep.

EXT. OLOW CONSTRUCTION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

An unassuming tall building perched on the corner of a busy street in the Lagos Central Business District.

OLOWOOKERE (V.O.)  
You're sure she works with him?



He walks straight into another room.

A DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru flicks on the center yellow light, revealing a torture room. An iron chair sits at the center of the room across a table handling all sorts of sharp contents used for torturing.

INTERCUTS: He strips the unconscious man down to his underwear. Places him on the center chair. Handcuffs his hands behind the chair. Fixes one leg after the other on the inside of the chair's stand, taping them that way. Final shot: He grabs a candle stick already fixed inside a mug, and places it beneath the chair.

**Ring..Ring..**A video call request, from Olowookere appears on screen.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - DARKROOM - NIGHT

A replica of Bisi Umaru's torture room. No torture table in sight, and more men present.

Beneath the yellow flickering bulb is the sweaty, tired, over-tortured bodies of both Princess and Chidi, tied up to single chairs.

Olowookere sits right across them, having a video chat with Bisi Umaru.

OLOWOOKERE

I see you have my son.

BISI

Just as you have my friend.

OLOWOOKERE

(Laughs)

That's where you're wrong, Mr Umaru... I have your friends.

He changes the view of his camera to reveal his hostages -- Chidi and Princess.

INT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru grabs a packet of cigarette, and a lighter from a nearby shelf before perching on a couch.

BISI

I see.

OLWOOKERE

I begged you Mr Umaru, but as it is. Things have gotten personal. In fact, I'll be making you mini-god over one of your friends. You'll have to choose.

BISI

Choose?

OLWOOKERE

Yes. You'll have to choose who lives and who dies... Then whoever is lucky to still be alive will be used as a trade for my son.

BISI

(Smiles)

Do you play chess, Olowookere.

OLWOOKERE

What has that got to do with anything.

BISI

Do you?

OLWOOKERE

No I don't.

BISI

Too bad. Cos now, you have me at check. Check, that I can divert into a "Mate".

OLWOOKERE

I don't play chess Mr Umaru, so I don't understand what it is you're saying.

BISI

I know.

(...)

I know.

OLWOOKERE

Well... you have ten seconds to decide or we decide for you.

Bisi Umaru takes mind to his cigarette. Falls back into the couch in a more relaxing manner.

The ten seconds fly by.

OLOWOOKERE (cont'd)  
Well your time is up.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

DARK ROOM

Olowookere signals to his Chief security. The Chief security brings out his gun from behind him, aims it at the unblinking, unwavering Chidi... he fires away. Killing Chidi.

INT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Unmoved by this Bisi Umaru drops his phone to the table. pits his head against the couch, facing the roof, and takes mind to his cigarette.

OLOWOOKERE (O.S.)  
Two hours Mr Umaru. Beneath the usual  
bridge, I'm sure you remember it.

The call ends.

Still unmoved by the situation, He takes another drag of his cigarette.

INT. CHIDI'S AUTOMOTIVE - LATER

Two men; Bisi Umaru and Ebuka walk into the garage in black fitted suits.

They approach an old modeled car.

EBUKA  
Are you sure about this?

BISI  
(smiles)  
Are we ever?

They head for the booth.

Bisi Umaru gets into it, leaving Ebuka to shut the lid over him.

He gets into the car, and drives off the establishment.

EXT. MEETUP LOCATION - NIGHT

Olowookere's men -- Chief security and another man -- step out of their vehicle and head towards the arriving vehicle.

The two cars face each other from a distance with their headlights illuminating the area.

With no words being said to each other. They exchange vehicles and leave the meeting point.

INT. CAR - ROAD - NIGHT

Olowookere's Chief security is perched behind the wheel, driving back home. He clearly feels accomplished.

A call comes in and the other Security personnel picks up.

SECURITY P.  
Hello Alhaji... Alright sir.  
(To the Chief  
Security, in Yoruba;  
subtitled)  
Alhaji said we should check for sure  
if it's his son we're bringing back  
home.

INT. ROAD - NIGHT

The car pulls up to the side of the road. The two men step out of the vehicle and head straight for the booth.

As the keys flick to open the booth. The lid flies open with force, knocking both men beneath their chins. Followed by two quick gunshots fired at both men.

The weaker man drops in an instant... while the Chief security struggles with his bleeding chest. Falls to his knees and looks up...

...Bisi Umaru places the gun against his forehead.

BISI  
You chose the wrong team bro.



CHIEF SECURITY

Fuck-

He fires away, killing the Chief Security in that instant.

Bisi Umaru gets into the car. Roars it to life and zooms off.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - NIGHT

A DARK ROOM

The room still in it's earlier position...Chidi's body still on the chair. Lifeless.

On the other hand, Princess's seat is EMPTY.

The sounds of gunshots are heard off-screen over Olowookere's phone.

He gets up from his seat. Scared out of wits.

OLOWOOKERE

(to all)

LET'S GO.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A car's headlights shine from a distance.

The roar rises. And suddenly it's upon us. Then it zooms past view.

INT. CAR - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru stares into the dark night whilst driving. His face expression, stoic.

**Ring..Ring..**His phone rings, breaking the moment.

He picks up and puts it on speaker.

BISI

(into the phone)

So?

EXT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ebuka walks to the booth of the car and unlocks it to reveal - Princess - all tied up. A tape is placed over her mouth.

She sees Ebuka's familiar face. Beams up. Hope in her eyes...

EBUKA  
(Into his phone)  
The car is empty, Bullet...no sign of  
Princess here.

...but it soon disappears and fear replaces it.

BISI (O.S.)  
Fuck!

**Click...**The call ends.

Ebuka gives a mischievous smile at the tied-up lady.

Terrified. Princess gazes on as the lid closes over her again.

EXT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ebuka walks into directly into Bisi's apartment.

INT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

With strides so confident. He heads for the dark room.

DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He finds Mubaraq all tied up. Tired. Strained. Sweaty... He rushes to his side to help him off the chair.

MUBARAQ  
Who are you?

EBUKA  
Today... You can call me Jesus.

EXT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ebuka drives away from the compound.

EXT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

GUARD

File out, and stay alert.

He gets into one of the intimidating black jeeps lined together. They zoom out of the compound.

EXT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The last of the cars exit the compound...

...A long beat.

Bisi runs in. Timed. dodging behind the nearest car to him.

He raises his head a bit, and sees a GUARD on the other-side. Bisi Umaru makes quick and precise movement towards him... slides across the bonnet of a car and, kicks the guard at the side of his face.

Bisi Umaru stands right above the guard's body and knocks him across his face with his shoe.

Bisi Umaru continues towards the mansion, eliminating any and every threat as quietly as possible.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

KITCHEN

A GUARD strolls into the kitchen and heads to the fridge. He hums a tune while searching through the fridge.

Bisi Umaru comes out of hiding...slams the fridge's door on the unsuspecting guard's head.

**Thump...**

He repeats it

**Thump...**

Again. For a third time.

**Thump...**then he keeps it clenched, holding the guard's head between for a long beat... before letting go and allowing the lifeless body to slip to the floor.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - SAME-TIME

Overlooking the kitchen door. A guard overhears the last slam and approaches the kitchen.

He steps into the kitchen...

...and offscreen two rounds of bullet go off, One to his chest, the other straight at his forehead. Pinning him to the wall.

The Guard's body slides down against the wall. Lifeless.

a beat...

Another guard puts his back to the wall. And approaches the kitchen as quietly as possible. Trigger ready.

INT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

KITCHEN

Bisi Umaru grabs a fry pan, and pits his back to the wall.

Beat...

The guard's outstretched hands, clinching unto his gun show first. Bisi sights it, and knocks the gun from his hands with the fry pan.

GUARD

Fuck!

The two get into combat mode, trying to hurt each other.

The guard roars, and drives a fist into Bisi Umaru's side, breaking ribs. He follows through with a wild left, but Bisi slaps it aside.

The Guard forwards another punch which Bisi dodges, sending the guard's fist into the wall behind him.

The Guard howls in pain and grabs Bisi by the neck, choking the life out of him. And as consciousness begins to leave Bisi's body...

...he manages to butt the Guard between his thighs with his knee.

The Guard holds unto his balls, releasing his hostage. Bisi takes to this chance.

And kicks out his knee, moves behind him, and wraps his arms around the Guard's neck. Choking the air out of him.

BISI  
Where is Princess?

GUARD  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
I don't know. God bears me witness.

It's clear he's lying. Bisi reaches for his silver pen at his back pocket with his free hand. Takes a stab at the guard's shoulder.

BISI  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
Where is Princess.

GUARD  
Bros I don answer-

Another stab to his shoulder. Every stab is met with a loud cry.

GUARD (cont'd)  
She's in the exchange car... Your...  
your friend Ebuka.

BISI  
What about him?

GUARD  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
He...he...

Another stab.

GUARD (cont'd)  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
He works for Alhaji!

A long beat.

Life begins to fade from the Guard's body.

BISI  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
Thank you.

He stabs the Guard by the neck and leaves the pen in there before pushing the lifeless body down.

OFFSCREEN a gun fires away, grazing Bisi by his shoulder.

Quickly Bisi takes cover behind the kitchen counter as blood begins to seep out from his arm, soaking his clothes.

At the door is Candy.

She slowly heads to where he's hidden and finds him MISSING.

Shocked and scared out of her mind, Candy looks over her shoulders as she runs out of the house.

CANDY  
(in Ibo; subtitled)  
I'm dead.

EXT. OLOWOOKERE'S MANSION - LATER

The gate still very much open... Bisi Umaru staggers out in his blood stained clothes towards the exchange car.

INT. CAR - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He enters into the car and locks the door behind him. He rips his shirt off his body, and ties it around his shoulder to stop further blood loss.

A long sigh.

EXT. CAR - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car ignites and roars away.

EXT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING - THE NEXT DAY

Bisi steps out of the vehicle without a shirt on, and struggles towards the building.

INT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

LIVING ROOM

Bisi emerges into the apartment with his arm wrapped in a blood soaked underwear, looking like a total mess. He staggers into the darkroom.

DARKROOM - CONTINUOUS

It is empty. There's a piece of writing placed on the single chair available.

He picks it up. Reads it... unable to keep his cool, he launches the chair with a kick.

And with that he leaves.

INT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - LATER

LIVING ROOM

Bisi Umaru grabs a bottle of alcohol, and sits on the couch nearby. He pours the liquor above his injury and groan in pain.

From the table nearby, he picks up his ringing phone.

BISI  
(into his phone)  
What a shame Olowookere  
(Edgy)  
What a fucking shame

OLWOOKERE (O.S.)  
I told you to take the money Mr Umaru... You should have.

BISI  
So you bribed my inner circle to work with you.

OLWOOKERE  
Don't take this too personal.  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
You were the wise man who told me the real journey to peace is accepting what and what-not one can control.  
(in English)  
I have money and therefore, can control your friends... You my friend, have only yourself. "So" you can control nothing... Good morning Mr Umaru. I hope you find peace.

The call ends.

He walks over to the bar area to grab a pack of cigarette... tries to ignite it but to no avail... He tosses the lighter away. Angrily.

He storms into the kitchen...

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...and rampages through every drawer and cabinet for a lighter.

When that doesn't come through. He goes over to the gas-cooker. Ignites it. Then with it, he ignites his cigarette.

Relieved and relaxed, he folds into a heap, and takes utmost mind to his cigarette.

EXT. OLV CONSTRUCTION HEADQUARTERS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

OLWOOKERE (V.O.)

...I have arranged for a jet to take Mubaraq to Australia, Friday night...

INT. OLV CONSTRUCTION HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

No personality to speak of. Then we see the notable faces of people once tagged friends to Bisi Umaru; from Ebuka to Candy. Both in tight-fitting clothes. Killer look.

They're seated next to Mubaraq. A change of clothes on him. His face still recovering from the phase he encountered with Bisi Umaru.

Across them is Olowookere. Bisi Umaru's new found enemy.

OLWOOKERE

Candy. You will accompany my son, just in case anything funny happens. Okay?

MUBARAQ

Yes sir.

Olowookere throws something his son's way... Mubaraq dodges it.



OLWOOKERE

I wasn't talking to you... I will never be talking to you. You good for nothing son.

(in Yoruba)

You bring me sorrow... Bringing the lion to my doorstep. Putting our family. My family, on the run.

CANDY

Alhaji, please calm down.

Olowookere sighs and falls back into his chair.

OLWOOKERE

Candy just let him follow you.

Ad with that, they (Mubaraq, Candy and Ebuka) leave.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

The cleric's voice is heard over the mosque's speakers, calling out to both God and Man.

INT. MOSQUE - CONTINUOUS

The voice is still heard coming from outside.

Amid the DEVOTED praying we see: Bisi Umaru raising his head, and mouthing words of prayer in his Muslim wear(Jalamia). He pits his head back to the floor.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A bright sunny day.

A couple of cars are parked in and around the church's compound.

PASTOR (V.O.)

And it says: Adah and Zillah, hear my voice; Wives of Lamech, listen to my speech.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The church is filled with all kinds of BELIEVERS, both young and old; male and female.

We SCAN through the elegant looking congregation...

PASTOR (O.C.)  
For I have killed a man for wounding  
me, even a young man for hurting me.

...Then at the last row. Seated not too far from the exit.  
Bisi Umaru in a black power suit, mouths the passage along  
with the Pastor.

BOTH  
If Cain shall be avenged seven fold,  
then Lamech seventy-seven fold.

Bisi Umaru smiles to himself.

PASTOR (O.C.)  
...Let's share the grace

The Pastor's voice FADES down as the congregation hums after  
him.

ALL  
The grace of our Lord, Jesus  
Christ...

EXT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Bisi Umaru unlocks his new car, same model as the old one,  
different color.

He unlocks the door and is about to fall in when a familiar  
voice beckons.

PASTOR (O.S.)  
Mr Emeka.

It is the PASTOR-60s, In his religious robe. An Ibo man.

Bisi Umaru turns around, forcing a smile.

BISI  
Afternoon Pastor.

PASTOR  
(in Ibo; subtitled)  
Don't patronize me Mr Emeka. You only  
come to church when you want to,  
wait... why did you come to church?

BISI  
(Hesitates)  
Mubaraq Taofeek.

PASTOR  
The billionaire's son?

Bisi Umaru gives a nod in response.

PASTOR (cont'd)  
(Sighs)  
Since no man alive can change your  
mind. I'll be praying for you, Mr  
Emeka.

BISI  
Thank you pastor.

Bisi gets into his car, roars it to life and exits the  
Church's compound, leaving the pastor.

A sigh... The pastor shakes his head in pity and also  
leaves.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The whistling wind. Forces the Palm trees to sway in  
whatever direction it pleases.

We set down to see an HERBALIST-50ish. Shiny head. He's  
Yoruba, and in an awkward-looking open shrine.

He pulls off the head of a chicken...then sways it round the  
kneeling Bisi Umaru. He half naked, except for the red robe  
tied around his waist. The blood of the chicken flows on his  
body.

The herbalist chants while at it.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Bisi and the herbalist are in the middle of a  
conversation...

HERBALIST  
(in Yoruba, subtitled)  
Always giving to the deity but never  
receiving.

BISI  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
I'll ask for something someday. It's  
just not the time for it yet.

HERBALIST  
(in Yoruba; Subtitled)  
Always repeating the same answer  
(beat)  
Loba-Loba, Ifa's child. Your soul  
looks troubled. But if you won't  
tell...I won't ask.

BISI  
Baba.

HERBALIST  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
It's true. You're not easily swayed  
off things you set your mind to.  
Either ways, I pray you find peace.

He smiles and takes a bow.

BISI  
(in Yoruba; subtitled)  
Thank you Baba.

Bisi stands up and leaves.

INT. EXQUISITE BAR - NIGHT

The vague sound of other customers having a conversation  
over their drinks crowd the air.

A SWOLLEN BROWN ENVELOPE sits over the counter as A  
BARTENDER fills up a cup with whiskey for Bisi Umaru, who  
sits at the bar.

Bisi Umaru looks to the entrance of the bar and sees the  
approaching figure of a plus-sized LADY covered in a  
hoodie...she looks over her shoulders as she goes to sit  
beside Bisi at the bar.

BARTENDER  
(to Demilade)  
What would you like to have ma'am?

DEMILADE  
Beer, any kind please.

Bartender walks off to fetch her order.

She pulls back the hoodie a bit to reveal her stunning face. She is DEMILADE-20s. pretty face. Olowookere's Personal assistant.

BISI

Humor me.

DEMILADE

Money first. Then I'll talk.

BISI

My bad.

He slides over the BROWN ENVELOPE to her...She scans the content in it for a beat then slips it into her hoodie's pocket and safeguards it with her hand.

Her beer arrives...She gulps down an unhealthy content from the bottle.

DEMILADE

(Clears her throat)

So this morning...

FLASHBACK!

EXT. OLOW CONSTRUCTION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

ANTEROOM

Demilade goes about arranging some set of files at her desk before heading into Olowookere's office...

At the door she adjusts her outfit...gives a slight knock and enters into the office

DEMILADE (V.O.)

...Something really odd happened...

OLWOOKERE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Our notable faces as earlier seen seated side by side ranging from: Ebuka to Candy. Both in tight-fitting clothes. Killer looks precisely...seated next to Mubaraq. His face still recovering from Bisi Umaru's torture.

And across them is Olowookere. On a call.

DEMILADE (V.O.)

His son came to the office. I mean,  
he never shows up. But today, he did.

Olowookere's voice FADES up.

OLWOOKERE

...Friday night?...hmm. Okay, that  
can work.

**Click...**The call ends.

OLWOOKERE (cont'd)

(To Demilade)

It's good you're here. I need you to  
cancel my schedule from next-week. I  
have urgent family issues to deal  
with and, would not be around to  
attend to any. Do you understand?

DEMILADE

Yes sir.

(In regards to the  
documents in her  
hand)

Sir...This are the documents you sent  
for earlier.

OLWOOKERE

Shred them.

A few papers fall off her hands.

She goes about picking them in a haste.

DEMILADE

Sir?

OLWOOKERE

As earlier stated.

DEMILADE

Oh okay sir. I'm sorry sir.

Olowookere. Rubs his temples, obviously exhausted from a  
lot.

OLWOOKERE

(to Candy)

So...I have arranged for a jet to  
take Mubaraq to Australia Friday  
night...

His voice FADES down as we get back to--

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Demilade is finishing her story.

DEMILADE  
...The details for the flight will  
get in, latest tomorrow.

BISI  
You have my mail. Forward it to me.

DEMILADE  
Not so fast Mr Bisi, Bullet. Whatever  
your name is uncle. Another  
information. Another money.

BISI  
(Smiles)  
I understand you. Send me your  
account and, I'll wire you a million.

DEMILADE  
Two..Million.

BISI  
(A long beat)  
Are you sending the account number or  
not?

DEMILADE  
Ah, sorry o. Ye rich people.

She reaches into her pocket. Withdraws her phone and clicks  
on a few buttons.

DEMILADE (cont'd)  
I've sent it.

Bisi Umaru...reacts to his phone also for a long beat...then  
stares dead into her eyes.

BEEP... her phones beeps. She reads it.

DEMILADE (cont'd)  
(With a grin)  
I've seen it.

Bisi Umaru stretches out a hand...

BISI  
I'll expect you to keep to your word.

...She shakes it.

DEMILADE  
Can I ask? What do you need it for.

BISI  
Shhh. We agreed. No questions  
asked...remember?

DEMILADE  
(reacts)  
Okay. I'll send you the mail  
tomorrow.

BISI  
(A beat)  
Goodnight Demilade.

And with that...Bisi Umaru exits the building.

Now richer than when she came in...Demilade does a little  
celebration dance. Stops, scans the room for any onlookers,  
there's none. She smiles to herself.

DEMILADE  
Barman!

The barman approaches her.

DEMILADE (cont'd)  
Bring me your most expensive wine.  
Tonight calls for celebration.

BARTENDER  
Alright ma'am

The bartender turns to leave.

DEMILADE  
Wait. You guys don't sell peppersoup  
of the catfish kind?

BARTENDER  
We do ma'am. I'll place in a order  
for you...Will that be all?

DEMILADE  
(Shrugs)  
Ehn...for now.



Bartender leaves to get her order.

Demilade finishes the rest of her beer and slams the bottle to the table. She hums Timaya's tune "I can't kill myself".

DEMILADE (cont'd)  
(to herself)  
This life I can't kill myself o. I  
can't kill myself o.

The bartender brings in the wine.

She grabs her phone to make a call.

DEMILADE (cont'd)  
(into the phone)  
Hello Happiness. My babe, Maga don  
pay  
(beat)  
You too dey ask question, just come  
meet me...

INT. A DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Princess sits in the chair beneath the yellow bulb: Her ankles, wrists, mouth and eyes are bound by tape.

...Behind her are Bisi Umaru's frenemies; Candy and Ebuka.

Olowookere and his son storms into the room and halts in front of Princess

Olowookere signals Ebuka to take off both the blindfold and tape off her face.

Princess winces out of pain and the brutal sensation of light. She sets her struggling gaze on Olowookere.

OLWOOKERE  
Do you have any information about  
Bullet that you can use to trade for  
your life?

Silent.

She chuckles, coughs, cackles, coughs then goes at the laugh heartily.

OLWOOKERE (cont'd)  
(Edgy)  
What is funny?

PRINCESS

The fact that your once boy-toy can scare you.

OLWOOKERE

(still edgy)

So I take it you have nothing to trade.

PRINCESS

(confident)

I have an advice to trade

(beat)

Let me go. So, he doesn't come after you.

OLWOOKERE

(Smiles. a beat)

I have a surprise for you

Both Candy and Ebuka come out of the shadows behind her. Revealing their faces to her.

Princess chuckles once again.

PRINCESS

No wonder he works alone.

(eyes Candy)

He's drawn his friends close

(eyes Ebuka)

and enemies closer.

OLWOOKERE

(to Ebuka)

Kill her and deposit the body to Bullet's house.

EBUKA

Yes sir.

OLWOOKERE

Um, Ebuka. I hope Bullet never suspected anything at the trade?

EBUKA

Not even the slightest.

OLWOOKERE

Good. Very good.

And with that Olowookere and his son head out.

CANDY  
Ebuka, please let me have the  
pleasure.

Reluctant at first, then he gives in later. Right after  
shooting her a stern look.

He heads out...

...At the door.

EBUKA  
I'll be right outside.

CANDY  
That's fine by me.

He closes the door behind him...

Candy gets out of act...gets behind Princess and unties her.

PRINCESS  
(jokes)  
Nollywood should give you an award as  
the best actress of all time.

CANDY  
(laughs)  
You're the crazy one here.

PRINCESS  
It paid off, didn't it?

They hug.

CANDY  
(whispers)  
It did. it did-

Candy cleans the tear welling up at the side of her eyes as  
soon as they disengage from their hug.

CANDY (cont'd)  
-Though I have one small problem.

Princess shoots her a questioning look.

CANDY (cont'd)  
I shot Bullet in the arm for  
Olowookere's camera to see.

Beat.

PRINCESS  
Oh.

CANDY  
Yeah.

PRINCESS  
Don't worry. I'll help with that.

A sigh.

A beat.

PRINCESS (cont'd)  
How do we get out of here now?

Candy brings out two guns from behind her...hands one over to Princess.

CANDY  
Here...I hope you know how to use it though.

Princess cocks the gun to reply Candy...aims at the door but doesn't fire away.

CANDY (cont'd)  
(jokes)  
Calm down Tiger. Be calming down.

**SLOW MOTION...**

In a flash...Ebuka opens the door...fires two rounds of bullets at Princess: One to her chest, and the other to her forehead.

He turns to shoot Candy - misses - She charges towards him, Bumps him into the wall, then makes her way out of the room.

**BACK TO SCENE...**

Ebuka moves closer to where Princess dead body lies...he picks it up and leaves.

**EXT. THE UMARU HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT**

A jeep pulls up at the house. Ebuka comes out of it and walks to the passenger's seat to pull Princess's body. He hangs it over his shoulders and heads for the house.

INT. THE UMARU HOME - CONTINUOUS

The SOUNDS of the key unlocking the front door are heard.

Emeka emerges into the dark house. Flicks on the light and stills in shock. Bisi Umaru is seated right at the center table, smoking a cigarette and pointing a gun at Ebuka.

A long beat...

Bisi throws away the cigarette.

BISI  
(smiles)  
Come on. Admit I'm good at giving surprises.

EBUKA  
(Under his breath.  
edgy)  
Candy!

BISI  
What'd you say?

EBUKA  
I said Candy.

BISI  
Pretty little thing...asked for forgiveness from I and the Lord almighty.  
(a beat)  
You should too but I must warn. Her I forgave. You my friend.  
(sighs)  
That's not on the table for you.

Bisi Umaru grins at him.

Long beat...

Ebuka cleans up the nervous sweat building up on his face.

EBUKA  
Why don't you let us handle this as men, Huh? Or you're scared I box better now?

He drops Princess body to the floor...

Bisi Umaru unloads his gun's cartridge and drops it all to the table.

...Then he folds his fingers up, ready to box. Huffing and puffing like a tired dog.

Bisi Umaru gets up off the table, hides his hands behind him and approaches the fight-ready Ebuka.

Bisi gets close enough to fight, but instead of boxing, he reveals his hands once more and brings out another gun... Emeka is stunned at the gun's sight.

BISI  
Say cheese ex familia.

Bisi Umaru fires away, hitting Ebuka on his lower belly-

-Ebuka cliches on to his bleeding belly, and staggers all the way back to the wall, gasping for air and slipping down to a sitting position against the wall.

Bisi Umaru squats, keeping the distance between them beyond arms reach.

BISI (cont'd)  
I was practically your teacher in camp Ebuka. And I must say, I'm not impressed.

Ebuka is pale, blood is pumping out of him, his are already grey.

BISI (cont'd)  
I told you to live by the boys scout code. BE PREPARED, but no. Instead you forgot to carry your gun with you.  
(tuts. shakes his head)  
Disappointing.

Bisi Umaru gets on his feet. Paces from left to right both hands clenched behind him.

BISI (cont'd)  
(To himself)  
I mean. Who brings their fists to a gun fight?  
(Points at Ebuka)  
This guy.

Squats back.

BISI (cont'd)  
You think you're that smart?...Do you  
even know when you gave yourself up?

Still no answer from Ebuka.

BISI (cont'd)  
It's from the moment you showed up  
and told me the offer a "billionaire"  
offered you was not enough.  
(Laughs)  
Ebuka...You're Ibo. Your whole life  
circles around money.  
(beats)  
You know what? I owe you one. Sooo.

Bisi Umaru reaches into his back pocket to grab his phone.

BISI (cont'd)  
(Into his phone)  
Hello Doctor Tade. Can you come by  
the house tonight?  
(beat)  
Oh no, not for me, for a friend.  
(beat)  
Alright then, I'll be -  
Sorry - He'll be expecting you.

He ends the call and fixes his phone back to where it  
emerged from.

He looks at Ebuka, desperation in his eyes. Ebuka claws at  
his bleeding stomach as he spits out blood, struggling to  
stay alive

BISI (cont'd)  
(to Ebuka)  
All you need do now is pray there's  
no traffic, so the good Doctor can  
get here in thirty.

Bisi Umaru stands up.

A beat.

BISI (cont'd)  
And Ebuka...stay strong.

Bisi Umaru walks over to where Princess's body is...picks it  
up and heads out.

A long beat as we keep FOCUS on the closed door...

...It soon opens up, and Doctor Tade runs to help Ebuka out. There's blood on Ebuka's lips. His breathing has become laboured.

EBUKA  
Am I dying?

Beat.

DOCTOR TADE  
Yes, I think you are.

EBUKA  
Can you help me?

DOCTOR TADE  
I didn't know it was this serious.

Ebuka mouths an "oh".

EBUKA  
Can you tell Bullet I'm sorry.

DOCTOR TADE  
I'll pass your message on.

EBUKA  
Thank....thank...

He stops. He is no longer breathing.

Without the lines of worry or agony on his face Ebuka looks quite young.

Doctor tade reaches for his phone to make a call.

DOCTOR TADE  
(into the phone)  
Hello Mr Umaru, the usual clean up?

BISI (O.S.)  
The usual and a befitting burial, he was a dear friend.

DOCTOR TADE  
Okay sir.

**Click...**The call ends. FOCUS on the gun and its catridges lying on the table.

EXT. A HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - EVENING



INT. A HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

KITCHEN

Cutting vegetables with a large knife, the HOTEL COOK slides them onto the face of an open omelette simmering in the pan. As she folds the egg over onto itself, presses it...holds for a beat, then slips the omelette onto a plate. Doesn't hesitate as she covers it up with another plate and heads on out to the--

CORRIDOR

Down the free walkway she passes a giggling couple really going for it. Pressed up against the wall. Kissing. They slip into a nearby room.

The Hotel Cook finally gets to a door...halts and knocks.

A long beat.

Chinedu opens the door, letting in the cook.

INT. A HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

MUBARAQ'S ROOM

Lodged in one of the hotel's finest suites.

The Cook places the egg on the table and heads out after getting tipped from Chinedu.

Chinedu pulls out a whole bread from the corner of the table.

As we scan the room, we see Mubaraq laid back on the bed, smoking herbs, staring into the ceiling.

INT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - MEANWHILE

A half-eaten meal is scattered upon a tray on the bed, the bottle of wine half-empty. Beside it, a small clasped-in set of different shiny knives lie open.

Sitting at the desk, Bisi Umaru cleans a knife. A week beard on his chin. Dressed in a green overall for cleaners...He gets of the desk, slips the knife in with the rest on the bed. Then turns the light off on his way out.

BACK TO:

BACK TO:

INT. A HOTEL - EVENING

MUBARAQ'S ROOM

Mubaraq scuffles to his side to pick up his vibrating phone...lifts the phone, and worries at the sight of his father's caller I.D.

Chinedu busies himself with food over at the corner.

MUBARAQ (O.C.)  
(in Hausa, subtitled)  
Evening, Alhaji.

OLWOOKERE (O.S.)  
(in Hausa, subtitled)  
I've sent two men to come escort you to the airport and all the way to Australia. They will return once you've landed safe.

MUBARAQ  
(irritated. in Hausa, subtitled)  
Papa. Please stop treating me like some kid.

OLWOOKERE  
(in Hausa, subtitled)  
I wouldn't have to, if you didn't go and wake death up. Now tell that good for nothing bodyguard of yours to pack your things and move along.

**Click.** He ends the call...the door opens almost immediately with a bang OFFSCREEN causing Chinedu to fall off his seat.

MUBARAQ  
(sighs)  
Chi boy pack the bags. It's time to move.

Mubaraq gathers himself off the bed. While Chinedu moves to get their bags.

INT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

ANTEROOM

A rather bland anteroom. No personality to speak of. A MAN sits alone at his desk, scanning a document on his laptop.

We HEAR approaching footsteps...The said man at the desk raises his head at the figure standing in front of him.

MAN AT DESK

How can I help you?

BISI (O.S.)

I'm the new cleaner. I was told the Pilot's toilet is clogged. Please can you direct me there?

MAN AT DESK

(sizes him up. hisses)

It's right there

(points him a direction)

BISI (O.S.)

(Leaves)

Thank you.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Quiet, lonely road. The Roaring sounds of an approaching vehicle. It soon sets upon us and zooms off. Leaving behind its dust trails.

INT. CAR - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

There are four men in the car: the two MEN sent by Olowookere take the front seats while, Mubaraq and Chinedu perch at the back.

The driver stares intently at the fidgeting Mubaraq through the rear mirror.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls up the curb and the four men pour out of the vehicle.

INT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

Eight feets. All wearing expensive designer shoes, and making the famous "kokokaka" sound.

The four men walk towards the man at the desk.

MAN AT DESK

How can-

MUBARAQ

(cuts him)

Mubaraq Taofeek.

The receptionist mouths an "oh", then clicks on his laptop for a moment.

MAN AT DESK

Your jet is ready sir. It's on Tarmac 2.

MUBARAQ

Thank you.

They turn to leave.

MAN AT DESK

(clears throat)

Anything for your boy sir.

MUBARAQ

Chinedu.

Chinedu dips his hand into his pocket and hands a bundle of one thousand naira notes to the Man.

MAN AT DESK

Thank you sir. I'll get the pilot immediately.

While the four men head for the jet, the receptionist runs to get the pilot.

INT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

PILOT'S DRESSING ROOM

The small, well arranged locker-room has no one else in sight apart from a PILOT who's almost done getting into his uniform.

OFFSCREEN the door creaks open.

MAN AT DESK (O.S.)  
The passengers are ready for you  
sirs.

BISI (O.S.)  
Be there in a minute.

The receptionist leaves just as he came.

The Pilot finishes tying off his shoes...gets his cap and heads for the door, passing by two tied-up unconscious men. They're the PILOTS.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

Chinedu's pops open a bottle of champagne...

The two men: Chinedu and Mubaraq vibe in a celebratory mood.

...He fills up two glasses and hands the bottle to one of the bodyguards Olowookere offered.

Mubaraq gets a drink-filled glass from Chinedu and raises it up high for a toast.

MUBARAQ  
To escaping death.

Chinedu clings his cup to Mubaraq's.

They both down their glass's contents in a rush.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

TARMAC

The figure of a single Pilot approaches the jet...goes up the flight of stairs and into the jet.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

The pilot adjusts his cap well enough, covering up his face from total recognition.

BISI  
I'm sorry for the delay.

They pay him no mind.

COCKPIT

The said Pilot is Bisi Umaru. He takes off the uniform, revealing a black tight fitting cloth beneath.

He pulls out his sets of knives and puts it on the chair... Peels out two handy ones.

A deep sigh.

He speaks into the microphone.

BISI  
(into the microphone)  
We're sorry for the delay. The co-pilot will be joining us soon.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

The four men are deep into a conversation. Laughing heartily.

MUBARAQ  
...Walai, this life no balance.

Downs the last of his drink.

MUBARAQ (cont'd)  
I need to urinate.

He excuses himself and staggers on to the toilet.

COCKPIT

Bisi Umaru's face is still... unmoving...

And then, he snaps; Soon his hands gnarls into a fist... his face in excruciating, utter, and complete anger.

Roaring with rage as he punches the arm of the chair, then he storms out of the cockpit.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

Bisi Umaru charges at one of the bodyguards and cuts clean through his neck...

Chinedu tries reaching for a weapon but his seat belt pulls him back, restricting his movements...He fumbles with it in a haste but gets no result.

...Then he slashes the second guard's fingers as he tries to shoot at Bisi. The Guard yells in pain as Bisi punches him dead in the face, knocking him out of consciousness.

TOILET - SAME TIME

Drunk from too much booze...Mubaraq hums a tune as he goes about his man business. He cleans up after his little business.

He stills in shock as he opens the door to find Chinedu in a kneeling position, holding his neck as blood seeps out of it. Behind him is Bisi Umaru welding the murder weapon; a knife.

Chinedu drops to the floor, pulling himself towards the cockpit.

Bisi drops his knives to the floor.

BISI

(to Mubaraq)

I want you to have a fair chance at survival. All you have to do by the way is land a punch on my face

(beat)

and I'll leave you be...My word, my bond.

Bisi takes a few steps backward into the jet, beckoning on Mubaraq with a hand while pitting the other behind him.

Mubaraq almost trips off Chinedu's body.

The two bodyguards lay dead in their seats.

Mubaraq lifts his fists up, ready for some action or not.

MUBARAQ

(sobs)

Please...Chinedu killed her, I didn't order him to, I swear.

BISI

I believe you. That's why I'm giving you this fair chance...now don't make this boring. Throw a punch, let's see what you've got.

Mubaraq stays a good distance from Bisi and throws a lazy jab in front of Bisi. Bisi watches his sore boxing display.

Mubaraq throws in another lazy jab. This time Bisi catches his fist in his hand. He throws in another, and Bisi catches it too in his other hand then kicks out his knee, forcing him to the floor.

Bisi Umaru twists both arms behind Mubaraq who growls in pain.

MUBARAQ  
(crying)  
Please.

BISI  
Ever wonder why God is called  
merciful? Well that's because he  
forgives. I don't.

Bisi wraps his arms around Mubaraq's neck, choking him.

MUBARAQ  
(Chokes)  
Please

BISI  
(edgy)  
Why did you do it, why?! You could  
have just robbed us and left in  
peace, why?  
(sobs)  
My Linda. My life. My wife and  
expectant mother  
(sniffles)  
See why I can't forgive you? See?...  
You did not only kill my wife  
Mubaraq. You killed my child.

With a cry derived far more from anger than pain, Bisi SNAPS his neck.

Bisi yells and slams the body to the floor - in the b.g. we HEAR thunder rumbling.

Bisi kneels next to Mubaraq's dead body and starts sobbing.



INT. BISI UMARU NEW APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

BATHROOM

With both hands to the wall, like a suspect surrendering to the police. Bisi Umaru takes a long silent shower.

BEDROOM

Bisi Umaru comes in, having finished bathing.

He walks to his small desk where a vodka lies, half filled...and like clockwork, he lifts the bottle, takes a bit, lowers it, waits patiently, lifts, takes another bit, lowers...lifts again, this time pouring down his throat an unhealthy dose.

PASTOR (V.O.)  
From dust we emerged. And dust shall  
we return to...

EXT. BURIAL GROUND - DAY

A huge portrait of Bisi Umaru's wife; Linda, hang on a tripod-like stand, in front of a concrete made grave. It reads "LINDA UMARU. 1990 - 2021. Rest in Glory".

PASTOR (V.O.)  
...May the souls of our sisters.  
Sister Linda Umaru and...

Move onto the next grave site...having the same view as Linda's grave just with Princess's smiling picture on the hanging portrait. It reads "Olusegun Princess. 1989 - 2021. Rest in Glory.

PASTOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
...sister Princess Olusegun both rest  
in peace. Amen.

Then we see the small crowd of people in black outfits, crying, talking, silent, leaving. Then two notables faces among them; Bisi Umaru and Candy.

Candy taps Bisi Umaru on his shoulder. Hugs him and takes her leave. Leaving him to stare at his dead wife's picture.

A long beat...

He leaves too, reaching into his pocket and Bringing out Mubaraq's phone.

INT. ANOTHER SAFE-HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Another tagged safe-house belonging to the Taofeeks. Swarming with bodyguards of different sizes. All armed to the teeth.

Olowookere sits on an expensive couch smoking his cigar when a call comes in, ONSCREEN it reads "MUBARAQ". Olowookere smiles to himself as he picks up.

OLOWOOKERE

(in Hausa, subtitled)

How are you doing my son. Hope the flight was not too stressful?

A SPLIT-SCREEN of events as they unfold at both sides.

BISI

(A long beat, then)

How can it be stressful if he never flew?

Olowookere bolts upright, his breath stuck in his throat, eyes widen in shock.

On the other side, Bisi Umaru pauses in his movement. Smiles.

BISI (cont'd)

As for my wife Olowookere, she's been avenged. As for Princess, well...

(in Hausa, subtitled)

...I'll suggest you make peace with Allah, Olowookere...

(in Ibo, subtitled)

...for the Devil you know...

(in Yoruba, subtitled)

...shall see you soon.

The line goes dead. So does the SPLIT-SCREEN.

INT. ANOTHER SAFE-HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A long beat... and Olowookere lowers the phone from his ear, staring into blank space... a solitary tear rolling down his cheeks as he carefully sits on the chair to sob.

EXT. BURIAL GROUND - DAY

Bisi Umaru gets into his car.

INT. BISI'S MERCEDES - BURIAL GROUND - CONTINUOUS

-and he closes the door behind him.

Bisi Umaru takes a moment to breathe it in: He's been through a lot.

He ignites the car, roaring it to life, the exhaust pipe belching black smoke.

EXT. BURIAL GROUND - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle pulls out of view, pattering down the road

The sky above is bright. Glorious.

THE END.