

ONCE UPON A TIME IN NOLLYWOOD

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PAUL'S LOUNGE. DAY.

We open up inside a large house with extravagant furniture. We see PAUL (35), an athletic blonde man with silky smooth hair. He's angrily ranting as a group of REMOVAL MEN (40-50) move the furniture out of his house.

PAUL
Hey, be careful with that. One of those cushions is worth more than the house you grew up in.

MICK
What do you care? None of it's yours anymore anyway.

He corners the man who made this comment, MICK (41), a fat balding man who looks older than his years.

PAUL
I will bounce back from this, you watch me.

MICK
Look mate, I don't really care, I don't care about what happened, or why it happened. I'm just here to do my job.

PAUL
Yeah, your shitty minimum wage job. I have a house, potential, and contacts, what do you have?

MICK
A couch?

PAUL
Get the fuck out of my house.

Mick is currently backed against a wall, Pauls arms on either side of him blocking him from exiting.

MICK
I'm trying.

PAUL
Oh, of course.

Paul lets him go then goes out of the room. He comes back in with a bottle of whiskey and sits on a wooden box, drinking as the workers move around him. He starts talking to nobody in particular.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Never get married, boys. Me and her were married for four years and now she suddenly gets half my business? I've worked hard every day for this company since my dad gave it to me. That's the trouble with this world, a man can work hard his entire life only to have some coloured trans lesbian come and get everything he's worked for on a diversity hire.

The workers look awkwardly at each other as they pack the last of the stuff away and walk out the room. Paul notices nobody else is in the room, he gets his phone out and messages someone.

INT. PAUL'S LOUNGE. NIGHT.

The room now has a mismatch selection of chairs set around the wooden box. On the chairs sits Paul, and a group of similar-looking men; ROB (34), a short-haired man with a faraway look in his eyes, and JACOB (35), a man with a gaunt face.

ROB

So why did she get so much of your money?

PAUL

I had a choice, a one-off payment or a continuous monthly payment. I went with this so I can rebuild.

ROB

How are you going to do that without a job?

PAUL

I didn't think that far ahead, okay?

JACOB

Do you have a plan?

PAUL

I have a plan but I need money to enact those plans. If I was a minority I'd be able to get a government grant, but because I'm a straight white male nobody will give me anything and I have to make do on my own with no help from anybody.

JACOB

You going to be okay for bills?

PAUL

Yeah my dad's paying for all of those. Car, house, all of that is paid up for by him. But if I want a holiday or anything I have to pay for it myself.

He lights a cigarette.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Fucking bullshit.

JACOB

At least the divorce is final.

PAUL

True, I wish I never brought her to this country. She never even had to work, she could just sit around all day occasionally cleaning and cooking for me. Ungrateful bitch. I wish I could steal it all back from her.

ROB

Then why don't you?

PAUL

It's all in bank accounts. And it's not as though I can rob a bank is it? You seen the security they all have?

Jacob gets a look on his face like he's mulling over a thousand ideas.

ROB

What are you thinking?

JACOB

Well you can't steal from a bank because of all the security, so why not go to a bank without the security?

PAUL

But all the banks in this country have high security.

JACOB

Who said it had to be this country?

PAUL

So you're saying we spend thousands on flights so that we can get a few hundred? That doesn't seem to make much sense.

JACOB

No, I'm saying we spend a few hundred and completely clean out a few places, in like a world tour.

PAUL

So we need a country with money but terrible technology?

JACOB

Exactly.

PAUL

Where are we going to find a place like that?

JACOB

Where did you say your wife, sorry, ex-wife is from again?

Paul smiles.

PAUL

Nigeria. I like this plan. We get money, I get revenge.

ROB

It's possible I'm being stupid here but-

JACOB

With you I'd say it's a certainty.

ROB

But aren't those countries all poor? It's why Bono has to raise money for them all the time.

JACOB

No no, the majority of the people are poor. But there is money there.

ROB

The Bono money.

JACOB

Exactly. The Bono money. It has to go somewhere. And if there's money, there's banks.

ROB

If it was that easy wouldn't someone have already stolen it?

PAUL

Not necessarily. Those people are so backwards they'd believe you if you told them there's some magic voodoo God punishing them if they steal money.

It's at this point the camera first shows that behind Paul there is a crucifix and a painting of Jesus.

JACOB

So we go through the towns and hit as many banks as possible before leaving. We'll be the only white people in the country so we'll have to take some disguises.

ROB

We could-

JACOB

We're not blacking up.

ROB

Okay.

PAUL

We really doing this?

Jacob holds his phone up.

JACOB

Already booked the flights.

INT. PLANE. NIGHT.

The boys are all seated on a spacious plane. The plane is stationery but they all have drinks in their hands already as other people wander on. The three are all sitting next to each other in a row of four, with one empty seat on the end. A YOUNG BLACK WOMAN (19) in a suit is walking down the aisles checking the numbers above the seat. She stops near the group.

PAUL

Hi, what time is the take off?

YBW

I think it's due to take off at half past.

PAUL

You think? You think? Why don't you know? That's the trouble with you people. You lack that good British work ethic.

YBW

Mother fucker I'm from York.

PAUL

Don't swear at me!

She looks at the numbers above the seat and sighs in frustration.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Yeah that's right, we're platinum club members. So why don't you work on your apology before I have you fired.

YBW

How?

She puts her bag in luggage compartment and sits down on the seat next to them. Jacob and Rob laugh to themselves as Paul looks in front of himself trying not to look at YBW.

PAUL

You're not a flight attendant?

YBW

No I'm not.

PAUL

Well why didn't you say anything before I made a fool of myself?

YBW
 Because I wasn't alive when you
 learned to speak.

An awkward silence overhangs the group.

PAUL
 I'm gonna just put headphones on.

YBW
 (confused)
 Why are you telling me this?

PAUL
 Because...I don't know.

He puts headphones on, the headphones aren't plugged into anything.

EXT. LAGOS AIRPORT. DAY.

The group step out of the airport, looking slightly embarrassed.

ROB
 We can not have that happen again.

PAUL
 It won't, I arranged to meet
 someone here. He should be here
 soon.

A young, smartly dressed man approaches the group, this is BOLA GEORGE (21).

BOLA
 Good evening gentleman, how may I
 help you?

PAUL
 I think we're supposed to meet you
 here.

BOLA
 I think not. I'm not meeting
 anybody here, who are you supposed
 to meet?

PAUL
 Lafayette.

Bola gets a look of disgust on his face.

BOLA
The American.

PAUL
Yeah, we thought would be useful to have a guide.

BOLA
I've met this man, he's never been here before in his life.

PAUL
I thought he might know something because of, well, you know, he's black, so he can help us in this country.

BOLA
Nigeria is not America.

A large McDonalds turns it's golden arches light on.

BOLA (CONT'D)
Nevertheless I know where he is. I shall help you.

INT. BAR. DAY.

The group enter the bar. Everyone there is silently drinking in their own groups with the exception of one man, an obnoxious obese man who's talking drunken shit to everyone who will try not to listen. It slowly dawns on the group that this is the man who is supposed to help them in this town, this is LAFAYETTE (50). Paul turns to Jacob.

PAUL
Where did you say this guy came from again?

JACOB
Craigslislist.

PAUL
How much are we paying him?

JACOB
Expenses. So basically the flight.

ROB
So what are we getting out of this?

JACOB
A fall guy

PAUL

Smart.

The group approaches him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Lafayette?

LAFAYETTE

My boys! Glad to finally meet you.

He looks at Jacob.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

Don't I know you from somewhere?

JACOB

So you can help us?

LAFAYETTE

Sure thing.

PAUL

And you don't want payment?

LAFAYETTE

I need paying, but not money.

PAUL

I'm not sucking your dick.

LAFAYETTE

Nah man, not that. I have ambitions you know? So I do this for you, you do something for me.

JACOB

What's that?

LAFAYETTE

Listen to my mix tape. I'm going to be a famous rapper when I grow up.

The lights get brought up slightly, exposing all the wrinkles on his weathered face as it struggles for breath from the effort of speaking. The group back away from him slightly and start talking among themselves.

ROB

We sure about this?

JACOB

Yeah, this guy can manage it.

PAUL

Have you seen him? Judging by the mess on his jeans he can't even manage to get up to go to the bathroom.

The other two notice a wet patch around the guys crotch as he drunkenly stands up and starts shouting as Bola walks into the room.

BOLA

How are you guys finding it?

Lafayette drunkenly approaches Bola.

LAFAYETTE

Do you speak English? Sprechen ze English?

Bola looks towards Jacob and points at Lafayette.

BOLA

Is he, what's the word, mentally retarded?

LAFAYETTE

I'm an American!

BOLA

Oh, I understand.

Lafayette lunges towards Bola but is stopped by a gunshot, a bullet wound appears in his head and he collapses onto the floor into a quickly developing pool of his own blood.

ROB

What happened?

A large man is stood near the bar, a gun in his hand. This is VICTOR (32).

ROB (CONT'D)

Why did you do that?

VICTOR

This is how we deal with drunken assholes like him.

The group are shocked.

JACOB

Well it's definitely effective.

Victor shoves a mop into Jacobs' hand.

JACOB (CONT'D)
What's this for?

VICTOR
You caused him to be here, you
clean up the mess.

Jacob starts to protest but then glances at Victor's gun.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
It is the way of the jungle.

JACOB
I'll do it.

The group leaves, except Jacob.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Paul and Rob are walking down the street.

PAUL
What do we do now? He was our fall
guy.

He notices something.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Shit, hide.

Paul hides behind a corner, Rob does not. Standing still to try to see what Paul noticed. It's YBW with a bag of luggage walking into a hotel.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(o/c)
Has she gone?

ROB
Yes.

Paul comes back round the corner.

ROB (CONT'D)
Why are you scared of her?

PAUL
I'm not scared, I just don't want
to see her again. But back to the
point. We only need to hit two
banks, then bribe our way across
the border to Algiers. We'll be
back home in a few hours.

He hears laughter, turns to see Bola.

BOLA

It will take more than a few hours
my friend.

PAUL

How much more?

BOLA

If you drive solidly without
stopping, you're looking at about
sixty four hours.

PAUL

That's almost three days!

BOLA

Almost. Best of luck.

Bola walks away.

PAUL

Okay that really fucking
complicates things. You said it
wasn't that far.

ROB

It's not, I looked at a map, it's
only that far.

He indicates "close together" using his fingers.

ROB (CONT'D)

Look.

He gets his phone out and shows it to Paul.

ROB (CONT'D)

See, we're only there. Nigeria.

PAUL

That's Niger. We're down there.

ROB

Oh. Yeah you're right that does
complicate things.

PAUL

We'll be fine as long as we don't
hit any more complications.

They go round a corner.

EXT. BANK. DAY.

Rob and Paul approach the bank and are surprised to see numerous armed guards at the entrance.

PAUL
Fuck me that's harder than I
thought.

ROB
That's what she said.

PAUL
Shut up, Rob. Seriously, what the
hell is happening here?

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'll find out.

Paul walks towards a large SECURITY GUARD (31).

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hey, what's happened?

SECURITY GUARD
What's it to you, white boy?

PAUL
I....I received an email from a
member of the royal family saying
he'll give me a million dollars if
I gave him two thousand. So I
thought I'd just come here to
collect it.

The security guard laughs.

SECURITY GUARD
You got scammed.

PAUL
It certainly does seem like that,
doesn't it?

SECURITY GUARD
How can you be so stupid?

PAUL
I guess I'm just an idiot. So yeah,
what happened?

SECURITY GUARD

Some American was drunk last night talking about how he was going to rob this bank, so we've increased security on all banks in the area.

Paul gets a worried look on his face.

PAUL

That's.....that's definitely the smart thing to do. Well done.

Paul walks away. Rob walks up to him.

ROB

What happened?

PAUL

Cunt-ass Lafayette. I should bring him back to life so I can kill him again.

At this point Jacob walks up.

ROB

Bad news.

JACOB

The American ruined everything?

ROB

How did you know?

JACOB

Victor told me.

PAUL

Who's Victor?

JACOB

The guy from the bar.

PAUL

How did you do that?

JACOB

It's what I do.

INT. BAR. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

We see the end of the scene from before. Paul and Rob walk out of the building. Bola looks at Jacob, who nods.

Bola follows out the door. A dangerous tension hangs in the air, broken by sudden laughter by everybody in the room.

JACOB
"way of the jungle"? You
motherfucker you nearly made me
break character there.

VICTOR
They have any suspicion yet?

JACOB
Not a clue, they still think this
is their idea.

Victor looks at the corpse of Lafayette.

VICTOR
How did he know you?

JACOB
Oh, I arrested him on child
pornography charges, they never
stuck though. It was a while ago so
I hoped he wouldn't recognise me.

VICTOR
His involvement in this was not an
accident was it?

JACOB
Well, two birds, one stone. I
needed a body, I thought he'd be
able to provide a purpose for the
first time in his life.

VICTOR
So what will happen now?

JACOB
Well right about now they'll be at
the first bank.

MONTAGE

We get a narrated montage (think of the Luis scenes in Ant-Man, so anybody talking will have Jacob's voice overlying them).

JACOB (CONT'D)
(v/o)
They'll be at the bank and will see
the increased security. They'll be
like-

JACOB (CONT'D)
(as Paul)
Oh no, what do we do?

JACOB (CONT'D)
(v/o)
They'll also have actually figured out that it will take longer than expected to get back home. At which point, we come along. And I bring you. We suggest our plan, and see if they go along with it.

MONTAGE ENDS

We're back in the bar. We see Victor looking concerned.

VICTOR
I'm not sure, are we certain he'll be stupid enough to take the bait? Surely even he will realise something is up and not agree to it?

EXT. BANK. DAY.

The group are all back together, standing in front of the bank.

PAUL
That's genius! We have to do that.

EXT. BANK. DAY.

It's a different day. Paul, Jacob, and Rob are there, clad in balaclavas.

PAUL
Lets get this over and done with.

JACOB
The quicker we get out the quicker we can get away, and it increases our chances of confusing them and the police getting reliable witnesses.

ROB
And it's fucking hot under these masks.

PAUL
Did our guy do it?

JACOB
You mean, did he wear similar
clothes and stand by the entrance
of the bank? Yes, he did. It wasn't
exactly complicated was it?

The group approach the bank, weapons drawn.

INT. BANK. DAY.

The group walk in. They look eyes with Victor who is standing
in the building wearing a suit. Nobody else pays attention to
them.

PAUL
(nervously)
Erm, hello?

ROB
(whispering)
They're not paying attention to us,
what do we do?

PAUL
(whispering)
I don't know, this isn't exactly my
area of expertise.

ROB
(whispering)
It looks much simpler in the
movies.

JACOB
(whispering)
Why are we whispering?

PAUL
(whispering)
Because we don't want them to
notice us.

JACOB
(whispering)
Yes, yes we do.

PAUL
(whispering)
Oh yeah. Let's do this.

At this point a LOCAL WOMAN (51) spots them and starts shouting, causing everyone to look at the group.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(to Rob and Jacob)
Let's do this.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Any of you fucking pricks move and
I'll execute every mother fucking
last one of you!

Victor stands up and starts shepherding people away from the front.

JACOB
Really? Quoting Quentin? If you
develop a distractingly obvious
foot fetish I'm leaving now.

INT. BANK OFFICE. DAY.

Victor leads a group of frightened guests towards a back office. He meets a BANK MANAGER (40)

BANK MANAGER
What is going on here?

VICTOR
There's an armed robbery. We need
to get these people somewhere safe
and bulletproof.

BANK MANAGER
The only place like that would be a
vault, but we can't go in there.

VICTOR
The contents of the vault will all
be covered by insurance, so the
worst thing that could happen would
be someone's premiums go up. . But
if we don't go in there, people
will die. What would you rather
happen? And keep in mind you're
answering in front of your
customers.

BANK MANAGER
(defeated)
Let's go to the vault.

INT. BANK VAULT. DAY.

The bank manager enters a code and lets everybody in. A computerised voice lets them know they have five seconds before an alarm goes off. The manager puts a code into a keypad near a door, the code is accepted. Everyone settles down, albeit slightly nervously.

VICTOR
So, the door bomb proof?

BANK MANAGER
Of course. Nothing gets through that without us opening the door, and we're not opening the door.

We see the passing of time go by, everyone sits there bored. A YOUNG WOMAN (17) speaks up.

YOUNG WOMAN
Is it just me who REALLY needs a piss?

Everyone nods in agreement.

VICTOR
It's been a while, I think we're safe.

He puts a code in.

BANK MANAGER
How did you know that?

VICTOR
I saw you put it in, and the code was 1234. Not complicated.

The door opens and Victor goes to walk away but gets pushed aside by Jacob, Rob, and Paul bursting in. Jacob holds a gun to the head of the manager.

JACOB
Where are the most valuable boxes?

BANK MANAGER
Why should I tell you?

JACOB
Fine, I'll let five people in this group go as a show of good faith, then you tell me.

Jacob points randomly at five people, one of whom is wearing a bright blue shawl.

JACOB (CONT'D)

You five, go.

They stand up and leave the room, the person in the shawl stumbles and falls near Pauls feet. He helps her up and she goes on her way. Paul looks towards Jacob.

PAUL

What did you do that for? Now they're going to tell the police.

Jacob presses the gun against the managers head.

JACOB

Then he better tell us quick.

Sirens are heard from outside.

PAUL

Oh fuck this.

He shoots into some of the security boxes, opening the lock. He shoves the contents of a few of them into a bag and then the group runs out.

INT/EXT. ROAD. DAY.

Paul, Rob, and Jacob pile into a large car. Sitting in the drivers seat is Bola.

BOLA

Hello. How are you gentlemen today?

PAUL

Drive!

BOLA

Okay.

He drives away from approaching police cars as they stop outside the bank. Out of the window of the car we see the police running into the bank, weapons drawn, not noticing the car. The guys get a relieved look on their face. The car pulls around the back of the bank and Victor climbs in.

JACOB

So, what do we have?

Paul opens up his catch.

PAUL
Boys, we've hit the fucking
jackpot. Jewels, actual fucking
jewels.

Bola looks in the rear-view mirror.

BOLA
Let me take a look of those.

Paul uneasily hands one over. Bola looks at it as he drives, then starts laughing before throwing it out the window. The guys panic.

PAUL
Hey, what the hell? That's our
money.

BOLA
Gentlemen, if I knew you were that
in that much trouble I gladly would
have given you the money.

The guys look confused.

ROB
How do you mean?

BOLA
They are, how do you say, costume?

PAUL
They're not real?

BOLA
They're as real as a seven-hundred
Naira banknote.

ROB
And that's?

JACOB
That's very fake.

Jacob takes the bag and unloads the fake jewels out of the car window.

PAUL
Wait, not so fast. How do you know
they're fake?

Bola laughs.

BOLA
That's kind of my specialty.

Bola gets his phone out, scrolls through it then hands it to Paul.

PAUL
Why have you got a picture of you standing alongside child miners?

BOLA
They're my employees. That's my mine. One of them. I have them in Ebonyi, Kaduna, I used to have one in Edo but trouble started. I give them gbosa for head and it calmed down but I did not like where it was heading.

PAUL
What do you get from there?

BOLA
What do you normally find in gold mines?

JACOB
Dead miners?

BOLA
Gold. And that never happens. We clear the bodies out and return them to their families at the earliest opportunities.

PAUL
So you're saying you own gold?

BOLA
Not all, but a lot of it.

Paul starts whispering to Jacob. Bola catches his eye.

BOLA (CONT'D)
Don't even think about it.

PAUL
(unconvincingly)
We weren't.

ROB
Where are we going by the way?

PAUL
We're going to our hideout.
The.....wait we checked out of
hotel this morning.

JACOB
Yes, so there wouldn't be police
waiting for us when we got back.

PAUL
Then where are we going now?

JACOB
The next one.

ROB
Aren't we spreading them out?

JACOB
The aim is, hit them fast and all
at once, so while the police are at
one location, we'll already be at
the next one.

BOLA
(to Rob)
That reminds me, check under your
seat.

Rob looks under his seat and pulls out a bag. Victor gets out
of the car and walks up to another bank.

EXT. OTHER BANK. DAY.

This bank looks a bit more sophisticated than the next one.
Victor walks up to a GUARD(25) and punches him hard in the
face, knocking him out. The BANK CLERK (21) hits a button and
a loud alarm goes off as Victor drags the guard to the door.

INT/EXT. OTHER BANK. DAY.

ROB
What did he do that for?

JACOB
Wait for it.

They watch as smoke seems to billow out of the building.

PAUL
Security fog system?

JACOB
You can't steal what you can't see.

ROB
Then how do we see?

Jacob opens the bag and pulls out three gas masks.

ROB (CONT'D)
What are these for?

JACOB
To stop you getting COVID, what the fuck do you think they're for?

He grabs a mask and puts it on, Paul and Rob follow suit as they get out of the car and stroll towards the building, the door attempting to automatically close but being blocked by the body of the guard.

CUT TO:

EXT. OTHER BANK. DAY.

The four run out of the bank and into the car which pulls away quickly.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Rob, Jacob, Bola, and Paul are seated in chairs in a luxurious hotel room. Everyone looks miserable, except Bola who is admiring the furniture.

BOLA
I need to get one of these chairs,
very comfortable.

ROB
Will you please shut up? We had four heists today, and we have nothing to show for it. Fake jewels, baby photos, copies of identity papers, and the equivalent of five hundred quid. This was a complete waste of time, and I'm fed up with this dickhead sitting there with a smile on his face as we suffer.

BOLA

Do you want me to stop smiling? If you want me to stop smiling, I will stop smiling.

Bola gets a very intense and serious look on his face. The jolly nature of the Bola we've known has completely gone, to be replaced with the look of somebody who has gone through hell, and sent many others there. He stares intensely at Rob then silently takes a silver pocketwatch out of his pocket. His eyes never leave Rob as he talks.

BOLA (CONT'D)

This was given to Sir Frederick Lugard by King George the fifth to celebrate his becoming Governor-General in 1914.

PAUL

How did you get it?

BOLA

That's not important, what is important is that I have it. One similar to this was recently sold for fifteen thousand pounds. I will give this to one of you

ROB

Which one?

BOLA

To whoever grabs the opportunity.

Bola goes into his suitcase and gets out a machete. He lays it on the table. Paul and Jacob share an uneasy glance.

ROB

Come on guys, you don't want to do this.

Paul and Jacob slowly edge towards it, both hoping that the other won't notice.

PAUL

No, of course not mate. You're safe.

JACOB

Yeah, completely.

BOLA
Gentleman, at least one of you will
be leaving with this, now decide
which one it is.

ROB
So I could?

BOLA
If you wish.

Rob quickly grabs the machete and swings it towards Paul,
missing his head by inches.

PAUL
What the fuck?

ROB
Look, I need that money.

PAUL
So do we, but we're not going to
kill you because of it.

ROB
Then you don't really need it, do
you?

Rob swings the machete again, it misses, getting stuck in the
wall. As he tries to pull it out, he slips, hitting his head
on a nearby table. Paul looks at Jacob knowingly then nods
his head. Jacob walks over to Rob and grabs him by the head,
he throws him against the table, pinning him down over it
face down as Paul grabs the machete. We see Bola, no emotion
in his eyes as he watches the scene unfold in front of him.
We don't see what happens, we just hear it, a spine-chilling
scream followed by a dull thud and then complete silence.

BOLA
Congratulations, it's all yours.

He gives the watch to Paul then walks to the door, he turns
towards the room.

BOLA (CONT'D)
And clean this shit up, the maids
don't get paid to clean stuff like
this.

PAUL
(to himself)
Well they're cleaners, so they kind
of do.

Bola walks back into the room and goes face to face with Paul. Bola smiles as Paul tries to hide his fear, not very well.

BOLA

Farewell.

Bola turns and walks out the room, leaving the blood-soaked chaos in his wake. Paul and Jacob stare at each other in disbelief and fear, then look at the body of Rob.

PAUL

Jacob?

JACOB

Yeah, mate?

PAUL

I'm scared.

JACOB

Me too.

PAUL

I don't think you get it. I started a fight with an Irish bare-knuckle boxer in a pub. He beat the shit out of me and it's the worst pain I've ever been in. After the fight I continued mouthing off and one of his mates pulled a gun on me. In that second I felt certain I was going to die. I am more scared now, in this empty room, than I was then.

JACOB

Trust me, I get it. We'll leave as soon as we can. We'll go get our stuff and-

PAUL

I don't want my stuff. I don't want the money, all I want is to go home.

Jacob puts a reassuring hand on Paul's shoulder.

JACOB

Alright, let's go.

They leave the room.

EXT. MARKET. DAY.

The two are walking through a crowded market square full of stalls selling cheap wares. Paul is holding the pocketwatch.

PAUL

So, we sell this, then use the money to get the first flight home? I don't care what class, or how many stopovers, we leave as soon as we can, deal?

JACOB

Deal. Quick question though, do you have any idea how to sell something like this?

PAUL

How do you mean?

JACOB

Well how do you think he got hold of it? It's probably stolen, so how do we sell it without alerting suspicion?

Paul stops.

PAUL

Fuuuuuuuck. I hate this fucking country.

People start murmuring and staring at Paul, Jacob gets his phone out.

JACOB

Come on, it's not that bad.

PAUL

Yes, yes it is that bad. This country turns EVERYTHING to shit, no wonder every good footballer they have leaves.

JACOB

Seriously man, quiet.

PAUL

No, I'm not being quiet. Ever since I've stepped foot in this country my life has turned to shit. It's like the entire country is built on an ancient Indian burial ground.

JACOB
Life hasn't been shit since we
arrived.

PAUL
You're right actually, it's started
going wrong before then.

JACOB
The divorce?

PAUL
No, the plane journey. I've been on
a losing streak ever since that
bitch-

He stops talking as his eyes catch sight of something in the distance. We follow his gaze and see he is looking at YBW who gets out of a car that's just parked nearby. A look of undeniable hatred is on the face of Paul as he glares at her.

JACOB
You okay?

PAUL
I'm going to kill her.

JACOB
What?

Paul screams and runs towards YBW who panics and gets back in her car. He opens the door and tries to pull her out of the vehicle but is unsuccessful. She slams the door on his arms a few times until he lets go. The doors are firmly shut and locked. He smashes his arm against the window and we hear the sound of breaking, but not of glass, of bone.

PAUL
Fuuuuuck.

She goes to drive off but he jumps on the front of her car as it drives away.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

We see the car driving down road, Paul still on the hood. YBW looks at road signs and takes erratic turns as he clings to the front.

EXT. IKEJA BRIDGE. DAY.

The car crashes into a yellow van parked under a bridge. A crowd of people watch as Paul climbs off the vehicle and grabs a brick, throwing it through the window and grabbing YBW, pulling her out of the vehicle. He punches her in the face repeatedly whilst swearing at her. The lights of police cars can be seen behind him as we hear someone shouting.

POLICE 1

Police, put your hands up.

We see a group of police officers, all with their guns pointed at Paul. One of them moves towards him.

POLICE 1 (CONT'D)

Step away.

YBW looks up at the police, blood covering her face but a slight smile appears.

YBW

Help, he tried to rob me.

PAUL

No I didn't, I was just-

YBW

Check his pockets.

The police do so, and pull out a womans purse.

PAUL

What, that's not mine.

YBW

No, it's mine. That's the point.

PAUL

But how did?

Jacob pulls up and gets out of his car, he runs towards Paul.

JACOB

Hey man, what's happened?

Some of the officers begin to search Jacob's car.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, I borrowed your car if that's okay.

PAUL

That's not my-

The police smash open the trunk of the car and money spills out onto the floor. They pick up some of the notes and check them.

POLICE 2

It's the same as the ones reported missing from the bank earlier.

PAUL

I swear that cars not mine.

One of the officers goes into the glove compartment and pulls out some registration details.

POLICE 1

Then why are you registered as the owner?

PAUL

We booked a car but it never turned up. I swear I don't know-

He pauses as a look of realisation appears on his face.

INT. AIRPORT. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

Jacob, Paul, and Rob are at the airport printing out their tickets at a screen.

PAUL

Wait, why has it printed out four?

JACOB

(feigning confusion)
Stupid machine. I'll go throw this one out.

He walks towards a bin, subtly handing the spare ticket to YBW who is sat on a chair nearby.

INT. PLANE. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK)

The three are on the plane from earlier. We see YBW on the plane near the front.

JACOB

(to Paul)
What time's we taking off?

He points at YBW.

JACOB (CONT'D)
See if she knows.

INT. BANK VAULT. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

We get a better look at the scene from earlier and see that YBW is the woman in the blue shawl. As the chaos unfolds in the vault, YBW is picking the locks of vaults unseen by the others.

EXT. MARKET. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

We see a scene from earlier, Paul and Jacob standing near each other. We see Paul holding a purse and sliding it into Pauls pocket.

EXT. IKEJA BRIDGE. DAY.

Paul stares at Jacob, hate in his eyes. He runs towards him and knocks him onto the floor. As they fight Jacob gets his arm around Pauls neck and whispers in his ear.

JACOB
At every step you made the wrong
choice, you could have backed out
at anytime, I made sure of it. This
is ALL on you, and your stupidity
and hatred.

The police come and drag Paul away as Jacob and YBW move near each other and start talking.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

Paul is sitting in a small room as police guard the door. In walks a SERGEANT MAJOR (41) carrying a file.

SERGEANT MAJOR
Now, you're in a lot of trouble
here.

Paul gets a slightly smug look on his face.

PAUL
How about I make a donation to your
favourite charity? If you catch my
drift.

SERGEANT MAJOR
What were you thinking of?

Paul gets the pocketwatch out of his jacket and hands it over.

PAUL
That is-

SERGEANT MAJOR
Cheap shit.

PAUL
What? No it's a historical artefact. It's worth-

SERGEANT MAJOR
Almost nothing. They-re bulk-produced and sold in street markets. See.

The sergeant uncovers window and is met by a STREET PEDDLER (17) holding a group of identical watches up to the window.

STREET PEDDLER
You want? You buy?

SERGEANT MAJOR
Fuck off.

He slams the window shut on the peddler.

PAUL
So you're saying I've got nothing?

SERGEANT MAJOR
Afraid so.

PAUL
Bola!

SERGEANT MAJOR
Wait, you got this from Bola?

PAUL
Yeah.

SERGEANT MAJOR
Okay, get out. If he finds out you were here he might think you're selling us information. That's not good for either of us.

PAUL
(confused)
I can go?

SERGEANT MAJOR

Quickly. Here's some money for a flight, it won't be much but we can't have you here.

He hands some money over to Paul, who rushes out.

INT. PLANE. NIGHT.

Paul is on a plane in mid-flight. He's browsing news sites and catches a glimpse of his face on the news.

INT. NEWSROOM. DAY. (TELEVISION)

A suited NEWSREADER (29) is sat in front of an image of Paul's face, next to an image of Lafayette.

NEWSREADER

The body was found by police after they received an anonymous tip. Early reports are that the victim was contacted by the accused online a few weeks ago, although we do not yet know what for.

The newsreader puts her finger to her ear.

NEWSREADER (CONT'D)

Reports just in that the suspect has been located and is flying back to Heathrow where he will be met by police upon landing.

INT. PLANE. NIGHT.

Paul is looking around the plane nervously, desperately hoping for an escape he knows he can't find.

INT. PLANE. NIGHT.

YBW and Jacob are sat watching the same news report, smiling.

JACOB

Perfect. Well, almost.

YBW

I'm sorry about Bola, but trust me, we had to have him involved.

(MORE)

YBW (CONT'D)

If he found out we were doing something like that on his territory he'd be really annoyed.

JACOB

More so than-

YBW

Yes, trust me. You would not like to see him angry.

JACOB

I think I already have.

YBW

No, you have not.

Jacob looks panicked.

YBW (CONT'D)

And you're going home. So you never will.

JACOB

I'll drink to that.

He yawns.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Later. It's been a stressful week.

He shuts his eyes to go to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

The closing credits start to fade in. Just before they're fully visible:

BOLA

Thank you Miss.

CUT TO:

Jacob opens his eyes and see's Bola talking to an air hostess. Bola turns round and their eyes lock.