

THE SEVEN CROSSROADS

A SCREENPLAY BY

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FADE IN:

FLASHBACK. EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The sun blasts down from a bleached-out African sky, bouncing off car rooftops and windscreens with a wicked eye-dazzling flare.

Office buildings, storefronts, vehicles and pedestrians warp and shimmer in the rising heat.

Cars, buses and bikes are locked bumper-to-bumper in a traffic jam.

The noise from two competing record stores mixes with the blasting car horns, merging into pure noise.

A taxi is stuck in the traffic jam.

The taxidriver flips through the pages of a sports paper.

TITLE: KURAMO BAY CITY, WEST AFRICA.

INT/EXT. TAXI - STREET - DAY

FATHER TAIWO JAMES, 32, a Roman Catholic Priest, is seated in the back of the taxi. His face is streaming with sweat and he fans himself with a newspaper.

The Priest turns his head and gazes at a car stuck alongside them in the opposite lane:

A Peugeot saloon: THE DRIVER makes pleading gestures - to a TRAFFIC COP in the front seat beside him.

The cop doesn't seem to be interested and the driver soon stops pleading and gives up.

Father Taiwo turns away, mopping his face with an already-wet hanky.

PRIEST

Driver, is there any quicker way to get to Obadiah Street?

The taxidriver glances at the Priest in the rear-view mirror.

TAXIDRIVER

Another way I know is now a one-way - since last week. Maybe we can chance it. But if Police catch us we can't go free. Maybe you don't like to make them happy.

PRIEST

It depends. If they actually ask then I'd rather give it to the government. But if they say we can go then I could decide to give them something. It depends. Anyway, I don't want you to break the law because of me. It's better to be late.

The taxidriver smiles: the Priest's response convinces him the Priest is really a man of God.

Then suddenly, TWO LOUD EXPLOSIONS blast the air.

The Priest glances sharply at the Peugeot and watches as:

The Peugeot driver jumps out. He fires two shots in the air and runs off down the street.

The hot afternoon is suddenly overwhelmed by panicked screams and cries of alarm.

People in cars immediately scramble out of their cars and either lie on the ground or crawl into the nearest gutter. People on foot generally dash into shop doorways. A group of children run back and forth across the street, completely out of their wits.

The Priest turns back to his taxidriver:

The taxidriver is slumped over the wheel. The dashboard and windscreen are covered in blood.

SOUND OF HARSH BREATHING THRU THE MOUTH.

Father Taiwo leans over the seat. He stares at the injured man. He places a hand on his shoulder and comforts him with a brief prayer (adlib).

PRIEST

Just try and remain still, my brother. I will get you to a hospital.

EXT. STREET - TAXI - DAY

The Priest quickly exits the taxi. He looks left and then right.

The Priest rushes over to the DRIVER of a van right behind the taxi.

PRIEST

Help me. They shot my taxidriver. I need to get him to the nearest hospital. Please help me.

The van driver is crouched down in his seat. He waves the Priest away and bends even lower.

The Priest turns away and glances round:

As far as the eye can see, people are either huddled down in their cars, lying on the ground or crouching low in shop doorways. There's a lot of shrieking and wailing going on.

A WOMAN, about 30 years old, in sunglasses, stands in the doorway of a taxi behind the gunman's Peugeot, calmly watching chaos unfold. She turns round and looks at the Priest. Then she takes off her sunglasses and gives him a hard stare.

For a moment, the Priest stares back - then he snaps out of it and rushes over and taps on the window of an air-conditioned Mercedes.

The driver - an ARMY SERGEANT - is crouched low behind the wheel. A middle-aged EXECUTIVE HOUSEWIFE lies across the backseat.

PRIEST
Officer, Madam, help me.
They shot my driver. He
needs a Doctor. Please
madam. Help me.

The Housewife turns her face away. The Priest hurries off.

INT/EXT. TAXI - STREET - DAY

The Priest returns and kneels beside the injured driver. It's obvious the taxidriver is about to pass on so the Priest begins to offer prayers for the salvation of his soul.

DISSOLVE:

INT/EXT. MOVING CAR - ANOTHER CITY STREET - DAY

Sub-title: Two Years Later...

The Priest is at the wheel of a well-preserved Mercedes 230.

A sticker with the word 'CLERGY' and a large paper Police permit are exhibited on either side of the windscreen.

The Priest's face is beaded with sweat. He looks nervous and troubled. He shakes his head, trying to shake off the unpleasant memory.

MUSIC plays on the car radio.

The Priest mops his face with a large white hanky.

The traffic moves along in fits and spurts.

The music fades and a radio announcer comes on air.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (VO)
This is James Oladele Fadairo,
bringing you a special news
bulletin from Government House.
Over the past five years, gangs
of armed robbers have subjected
the city to an unprecedented
reign of terror. Today, one of
the most notorious gangs will
finally be brought to justice.
Last night, Chief Festus A.

Adeniyi, the State Executive Governor of Kuramo Bay, signed into law death warrants for the execution of the armed robbery gang that calls itself The Seven Crossroads. Execution by Military firing squad will take place at three PM today at Lagoon Beach. In his statement last night, the Governor said that these executions are intended as a deterrent to those who think possessing firearms gives them the right to terrorize our citizens. This is the end of the special news bulletin.

EXT. LAGOON BEACH - DAY

TITLE: LAGOON BEACH.

A holiday paradise... The sun, blue sky and cotton wool clouds... Ocean-going vessels cruising across the bay... Fishing boats and fishing nets... Seashells, footprints in the sand and small foamy waves washing the beach...

DISSOLVE:

EXT. LAGOON BEACH - POLICE CORDON - DAY

ARMED POLICEMEN - mounted on horseback and on foot - patrol the steel barriers holding back the massive crowd that has gathered to witness violent death.

Men, women and schoolchildren jostle for a good view of the Killing Ground.

INT/EXT. MOVING CAR - BEACH ROAD - DAY

Father Taiwo toots the horn of his Mercedes as he drives slowly through the crowds still arriving at the beach. The car comes to a standstill as bodies surge all around it.

Father Taiwo checks his watch and gives a blast on the horn.

A gap opens in the crowd and a cluster of POLICEMEN see the large Police permit on the Priest's windscreen.

The policemen immediately swing into action, threatening people with truncheons and horsewhips, forcing them to give way to the vehicle as they lead it along the road towards the car park.

EXT. BEACH CAR PARK - DAY

The car park is jammed with Police lorries, trucks, jeeps and cars. About fifty officers are gathered, waiting for proceedings to begin.

A Police jeep pulls out of its parking space and passes the Priest's car as it enters the car park.

The Priest parks the car in the space vacated by the jeep - between two police vans. He takes his Bible and exits.

The Priest makes his way across the busy car park towards a group of senior policemen standing round a station wagon.

A short distance away, is the Black Maria Police van holding the condemned robbers.

The area around the Black Maria is thick with officers bearing semi-automatic rifles.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT VIRGIL ALIME, 45, a tall well-built man, steps away from the group of senior officers and moves to intercept the Priest.

Supt. Alime's starched khaki uniform is immaculate and the black Sam Browne belt and pistol holster gleam with polish.

Alime tucks his leather swagger stick under his left arm. The Priest transfers his Bible to his left hand.

PRIEST

I believe you are expecting
me. Father Taiwo James. Saint
Jude's Catholic Parish,
Cardinal Road.

ALIME

Morning, Father. I am
Superintendent Virgil Alime,
Force Headquarters.

They shake hands.

Alime turns to gaze at the Black Maria and then glances at his watch.

ALIME

We are running a bit behind schedule. Waiting for handcuffs. Would you believe?

PRIEST

Handcuffs?

ALIME

Yes. You see, right now the prisoners are only wearing leg shackles. And you know they escaped custody on two occasions previously. So - the bosses are very nervous. And also we have information another gang is planning to start a riot so they can free the prisoners. The situation right now on ground is very difficult. We cannot guarantee your safety.

PRIEST

I am here to take confession and offer the prisoners last rites - if they want it.

ALIME

But father, this is a military execution. Last rites and confession is not part of military protocol.

PRIEST

Yes. But the prisoners are civilians and they were tried in a criminal court.

ALIME

None of them are even Catholics. My Commissioner says there must be no delay.

PRIEST

I am also the Diocesan human rights observer and Governor Adeniyi guaranteed the Bishop that these prisoners rights as human beings will not be violated.

ALIME

OK.

PRIEST

I am only here because the
Bishop instructed me.

ALIME

OK, OK.

The Priest is about to say something more but decides to stay mute.

ALIME

I will call you when we are
ready to start.

Alime turns away smartly.

Priest Taiwo stands there, looking like a lost child. He turns to face the Black Maria:

Policemen surround THE BLACK MARIA.

INT. BLACK MARIA - BEACH - DAY

(The interior of the van is mostly in shadow. The only light source is the row of ventilation grills high up on either side of the van. The small observation window that lets the guards and driver keep an eye on the prisoners is shut).

Clouds and sky, seen through a black ventilation grill...

The seven condemned prisoners known as The Seven Crossroads gang lie shackled together on the floor like caged animals in a traveling zoo. The bloodshot whites of their eyes and their white teeth gleam in the dark like the eyes and teeth of big cats.

Only the sudden restless movements of shackled limbs and the rattle of leg shackles break the tense stillness.

EXT. BEACH CAR PARK - DAY

Priest Taiwo maintains a stoic exterior but it's obvious he is deeply afraid.

A Police jeep arrives and stops short of the Black Maria.

The Priest glances towards Alime and watches him step away from the senior officer's circle and move towards the Black Maria.

The gathered company begins to drift in this direction.

As the Priest hurries through the gathering mass to join Alime he watches the jeep driver count off seven sets of stainless steel handcuffs and passes them to another officer.

Father Taiwo follows the officer bearing the handcuffs as he makes his way through the crowd till they are both up close behind Supt. Alime, almost leaning over his shoulder. Two more officers join the group - making five.

Supt. Alime steps smartly up to the rear of the Black Maria. One of the policemen steps forward with keys.

The policeman unlocks the Black Maria's rear doors and throws them wide open.

(At this point we do not see the inside of the Black Maria)

The 50 gathered Policemen form a loose half-circle around the rear of the van.

Alime turns to the Priest.

The Priest can no longer hide his fear.

ALIME

Priest, you can still leave.
Nobody will know.

The Priest hesitates.

Alime takes some papers from his shirt pocket and shouts into the van:

ALIME

When you hear your name! Step
down with your hands up! Wendy
Ibekwe!

Total silence.

A moment passes.

A LEG CHAIN RATTLES.

The Police officers begin to buzz nervously.

A pair of female feet in open-toed brown sandals appears in the doorway. The ankles are bound with leg shackles...

CAMERA TILTS UP TO REVEAL A 30 year-old woman dressed in a knee-length faded blue jeans skirt and a sleeveless khaki blouse. A leather bag is strapped across her shoulders.

The woman does not have her hands up. She's not defiant and she's not afraid.

The Priest and Alime, surrounded by policemen, all staring.

The Priest's expression changes as he remembers:

FLASHBACK. EXT. PARKED CAR - STREET - DAY

The woman, in sunglasses, stands in the doorway of a taxi. People rush back and forth in the aftermath of the taxidriver shooting.

She turns to face the CAMERA.

The woman takes off her sunglasses and her eyes bore into the CAMERA.

EXT. BEACH - BLACK MARIA - DAY

The Priest stares at the woman. Alime stares at the woman.

The woman stares at the Priest.

Alime turns to look at the Priest.

The Priest flinches under the intensity of the woman's gaze but he cannot look away.

The woman stares at the Priest.

Alime barks at the woman:

ALIME

Is your name not Wendy Ibekwe?

WOMAN

You know me. You know all the boys. We only care to be addressed by our nicknames.

ALIME

The Las Palma baby. Speaking English.

LAS PALMA

Just do your job.

Las Palma steps down from the van. Her bag is snatched away and the handcuffs are jammed on.

Alime and the Priest.

In the BG, the crowd of policemen watches Las Palma.

ALIME

The Las Palma baby.

The two officers drag Las Palma away.

Supt. Alime looks into the van.

ALIME

Marokwe!

MAROKWE, a bearded young man in his 20s, comes shuffling forward. He clutches a Bible to his chest and looks up to the heavens.

MAROKWE

(shouts)

You people are killing an innocent man. My hands are clean. My conscience is clear. As God is my witness.

Two policemen pull him from the van. They snatch the Bible away and cuff him roughly.

The crowd boos and jeers.

Marokwe and the officers EXIT FRAME.

Supt. Alime looks into the Black Maria.

ALIME

Fine Boy Ajasco!

A pair of shoes shined to a high gloss. Leg shackles bind the ankles...

CAMERA TILTS UP TO REVEAL, FINE BOY AJASCO, a tall serene-looking beautiful young man in a clean well-pressed shirt neatly tucked into a pair of smart trousers. He holds a bulging plastic bag. There's an intense faraway look in his eyes. He nods his head slowly like an Agama lizard.

Ajasco leaps to the ground. Two officers snatch the bag away and slam on the cuffs.

Ajasco and the officers exit frame.

Alime looks up into the Black Maria.

ALIME

Papa!

PAPA is a lean old man in his 60s wearing round-framed glasses. He steps down from the van, is handcuffed and led away.

Alime and the Priest.

ALIME

Air Raid!

AIR RAID is a stone-faced man in his 20s, sporting a short haircut. He raises his arms and jumps cleanly down from the van.

Two officers cuff him and lead him away.

Alime watches Air Raid go.

ALIME

(mutters)

He was a good policeman.

(loud)

Field Marshal!

FIELD MARSHAL emerges.

The Priest's expression changes as he recognizes Field Marshal...

FLASHBACK. INT/EXT. CAR - STREET - DAY

Field Marshal pleads with traffic cop.

Field Marshal raises the gun and fires as he opens the door.

Field Marshal leaps out of the car and fires two shots in the air.

BEACH - BLACK MARIA - DAY

The Priest stares at Field Marshal.

Field Marshal waves to the gathering and smiles like a politician at an election rally.

The policemen boo and curse him (adlib). He jumps down from the van and is handcuffed and led away.

Alime and the Priest and the officers massed behind them.

ALIME

Cold Water!

The crowd laughs.

There's no response from inside the Black Maria.

ALIME

Cold Water is asleep.

The police officers laugh nervously.

ALIME

He can sleep when he's dead.

An officer climbs into the van and reports back a moment later.

OFFICER

I tink he is dead, sah.

Alime and the Priest face the officer.

ALIME

Dead?

OFFICER

Yes sah!

ALIME

Are you sure?

The Officer stands at rigid attention.

OFFICER

Yes sah! Can I bring him out?

sah?

Alime plays to the gallery:

ALIME

No sah. Don't bring him out,
sah. Go and call the medics
to come and do their job.

OFFICER

Yes sah!

The officer exits.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BEACH - BLACK MARIA - DAY

A medic and two officers bring Cold water's limp body out
of the van.

They lay him in the sand beside the van.

Alime walks over.

The medic kneeling beside Cold Water's body completes his
examination and nods to Alime, indicating Cold Water is
dead.

Alime reflects for a moment: a firm decision is being made.

He turns to face the remaining prisoners:

Marokwe keeps repeating his litany:

MAROKWE

You people are killing an
innocent man. My hands are
clean. My conscience is clear.
As God is my witness.

Fine Boy Ajasco is still nodding his head. He touches his
hand to his chest and seems to be saying to himself: Is
this me? Is this really me?

The rest of the prisoners remain still and silent.

Supt. Alime turns to the two officers next to the medic.

ALIME

OK. Go and tie Cold Water to
the stake.

The officers exchange looks and do not move.

ALIME

I say tie him to the stake. I
know he is dead. Just do it.
Tie them all to the stakes.
Now.

A medic arrives with a stretcher and they lift Cold Water's
body.

The officers begin to lead the prisoners over to the beach.

*(At this point the prisoners are shackled together like a
chain gang.)*

An ARMY DOCTOR arrives with Doctor's bag and stethoscope.
He shakes hands with Supt. Alime and Priest Taiwo and then
stands aside and watches the prisoners being lead away.

EXT. BEACH - CORRIDOR BETWEEN POLICE CORDONS - DAY

The crowd begins to buzz as the news of Cold Water's death
travels.

A tight group of spectators standing up against the
barrier, speaking pidgin English (to be translated via sub-
titles):

MAN#1

E be like say one robber don
die o. (One robber is already
dead.)

MAN#2

For where? (How come?)

MAN#1

For inside Black Maria now.
(Inside the Black Maria.)

WOMAN#1

Na so e be, na fear catch am.
(He died of fear.)

MAN#3

Na lie, he never die. Na juju.
(He's not dead, it's voodoo.)

MAN#2

Which kin juju?
(I don't believe that.)

MAN#1

Army robbers dem get power o.
(These armed robbers have all
kinds of tricks.)

WOMAN#1

No be small ting.
(It's no joke.)

MAN#1

Dem dey carry am come. E be
like say he don die o. (I
think he's truly dead.)

Cold Water's body is carried by on a stretcher by FOUR
MEDICS.

WOMAN#1

Na faint wey e faint. Na so
person dey die? (No, he's just
fainted.)

MAN#2

Faint? How can he faint? Let
them pour water on him.

The six condemned prisoners shuffle past, surrounded by
over fifty armed policemen and mounted officers.

The crowd explodes into furious noise and movement and
surges forward, desperate to get a good first look at the
prisoners.

The constables at the barrier lay into the crowd with whips
and truncheons.

Alime, Father Taiwo and the Army Doctor make their way
along the corridor between the two sections of the crowd.

Father Taiwo is visibly upset at the violence. Alime and
the Army Doctor seem unaffected.

People are beaten to the ground and trampled underfoot as
the crowd surges away from the truncheons.

In a matter of seconds, the crowd have been driven back ten yards and there's blood in the sand.

The police constables breathe heavily as they move up and down the line, eager for more exercise.

THE KILLING GROUND (STAKES ONE TO SEVEN)

Father Taiwo, Supt Alime and the Army Doctor arrive at the Killing Ground.

The seven heavy wooden stakes lined up against the ocean waves and foaming surf.

Police officers begin to tie the prisoners to the stakes.

It takes four officers to tie Cold Water's body to the stake. Two officers hold Cold Water's body while two bind him to the stake.

PRIEST (OS)

Superintendent, I hope you are not planning to execute a dead man?

ALIME (OS)

No, of course not. The firing squad will be given orders not to shoot.

PRIEST (OS)

Then why tie him to the stake?

ALIME

It's military protocol. He will not be shot.

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF BEACH - DAY

An Army Personnel Vehicle, parked in a clearing surrounded by trees and sparse bush.

Seven assault rifles are stacked in a row along a bench in the rear of the vehicle.

Seven soldiers and their sergeant are gathered under a bamboo canopy. Two are playing cards, one or two are sleeping and the others talk quietly among themselves, smoking cigarettes.

THE KILLING GROUND

The seven prisoners are now bound firmly to the wooden stakes from chest to ankles. The bonds are so tight - ridges of flesh bulge between the ropes.

Superintendent Alime walks along the row of stakes, inspecting the bonds. Then he turns away and walks over to Father Taiwo and the rest of the group.

ALIME

Priest, you can now go and pray for them.

Before the Priest can respond, a uniformed constable arrives.

The constable snaps to attention and gazes at a spot over Alime's shoulder.

CONSTABLE

Sah, de prisoner at number seven want to speak wid de Priest.

Alime gauges the Priest's reaction.

The Priest simply looks puzzled.

ALIME

(To the constable)

Why?

CONSTABLE

I don't know, sah.

ALIME

You didn't ask her why?

CONSTABLE

No, sah. I didn't axe her.

ALIME

Unh-hunh.

Alime waves the constable away.

PRIEST

I think it's all right. If the

Superintendent does not mind?

ALIME

Don't mind her. She can't resist playing these little games.

PRIEST

It's her last wish.

Alime tucks the swagger stick under his arm and clasps his hands behind his back, standing at ease.

ALIME

The stakes are numbered one to seven. Go and start at number one and when it's her turn she can make her last wish.

PRIEST

But her last wish is to speak to me right now.

After a moment, Alime gestures for the Priest to proceed.

MOVING TOWARDS STAKE NUMBER SEVEN

Priest Taiwo wades across the hot sand towards stake number seven. His open-toed sandals keep gathering sand and he pauses once or twice to shake it out.

The crowd and the policemen are now exchanging friendly banter. Press photographers get the crowd and the mounted officers to pose for pictures.

STAKE NUMBER TWO - MAROKWE

Marokwe continues to protest his innocence.

MAROKWE

You people are killing an innocent man. As God is my witness. My hands are clean. My conscience is clear.

STAKE NUMBER SEVEN - LAS PALMA

Priest Taiwo and Las Palma study each other as he approaches.

LAS PALMA
You still don't know me?

The Priest shakes his head.

LAS PALMA
Taiye, it's me. Lara. Lara
Bakare. Saint Paul's.

The words hit the Priest like a slap in the face.

LAS PALMA
Taiye, you are the last
person I expected to see
here today.

PRIEST
You look so different. What
happened to your face?

LAS PALMA
I thought you were just going
to stare at me.

PRIEST
Lara, you look so different.

LAS PALMA
But you know it's me - right?

The Priest nods. His eyes are filled with unasked questions.

LAS PALMA
I changed my name to Wendy
Ibekwe when I decided to form
the gang. And then they
started calling me Las Palma.

(pause)

Almost fifteen years today.
You went and hid yourself in
the seminary and you became a
Priest. A Priest - when you
could have been a lawyer or
even a Doctor.

(pause)

Taiye, when I told you what
happened you said I should
start looking for another

boyfriend. Another boyfriend.

FLASHBACK. EXT. STREET - BUS STOP - DAY

LARA BAKARE, aged 17, standing at the bus stop, looking lost and heart-broken as people flow around her.

(We finally understand why Father Taiwo did not recognize her during previous encounters. As a teenager, she looks much different from the way she looks today.)

BACK TO THE BEACH - STAKE SEVEN

Las Palma stares at the Priest.

LAS PALMA

I still don't understand why you had to go and become a Priest.

PRIEST

Is that what you really want to ask me?

LAS PALMA

Who says I wanted to ask you anything? You still didn't answer my question. Why did you have to go and become a Priest?

PRIEST

I felt the Lord calling me.

LAS PALMA

Ha! Did they teach you that one in the seminary or did you invent that all by yourself? Did God actually tell you he wanted you to become a Priest? Did he speak to you? How do you know it was God? How could you be so sure? Do you think you are a good Priest? Hmmm. Let me tell you a story. It happened about two years ago. Early November. I saw you.

FLASHBACK. INT/EXT. CAR - STREET -DAY

A traffic jam on a city street.

Las Palma sits in the back of a taxi, wearing dark glasses and looking glamorous.

She carefully observes a Peugeot saloon stopped in traffic in front of her taxi.

A traffic cop opens the front passenger door and gets in beside the driver - FIELD MARSHAL.

Las Palma opens the latch on her handbag. We catch a glimpse of an AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

LAS PALMA (VO)

One afternoon, Field Marshal and I were going for a meeting on the Island. Whenever we had to go out like that we never traveled in the same vehicle - for security reasons - we always traveled in convoy. That way if we ran into any problem we could always give each other protection.

BACK TO THE BEACH - STAKE SEVEN

The Priest watches Las Palma, mesmerized.

LAS PALMA

Field Marshal was driving a stolen vehicle and the vehicle licence had expired. If that traffic cop had taken the money Marshal was offering him nothing would have happened that day. But it had to be an honest man. One in a million. But - and this is really funny - that traffic cop is standing right over there. Look at him.

STAKE FOUR - AIR RAID

Air Raid stares straight ahead.

BACK TO STAKE SEVEN - LAS PALMA

The Priest stares at Las Palma.

BACK TO THE STREET - FLASHBACK

From the back of the taxi, Las Palma calmly watches Field Marshal and the traffic cop.

IN SLOW MOTION:

Without warning, Field Marshal raises a handgun. He jerks open the door and fires at the same time. The traffic cop manages to duck down but...

The taxidriver in the opposite lane is hit in the face by the stray bullet. Blood and gore splash the windscreen.

BACK TO SPEED.

Field Marshal lets off two more shots and races away in the ensuing chaos.

Las Palma's taxidriver jumps out of the vehicle and vanishes.

Las Palma steps out of the taxi and stands in the doorway, watching people diving to the ground or running for cover.

BACK TO THE BEACH

Fear on Father Taiwo's face.

BACK TO THE STREET

Las Palma gazes at the taxidriver - slumped over the steering wheel. She watches the Priest lean over the seat and stare down at the injured man and then he leaps out of the taxi, glances round - wild-eyed - and comes running right past Las Palma.

She takes off her sunglasses. And as the Priest runs past their eyes meet.

The shock of recognition flits across Las Palma's features.

She turns to watch the Priest as he flees along the street.

Las Palma turns her attention back to the taxidriver. She walks over.

The man is slumped across the passenger's seat. He is now unconscious.

BACK TO THE BEACH - STAKE SEVEN

Anger on Priest Taiwo's face.

Las Palma watches him coolly.

PRIEST

What did I do? I was afraid.
Everybody was afraid. We ran
for our lives. What did I do?

LAS PALMA

Nothing. You did nothing. You
just ran away. You call
yourself a man of God but you
left him there to die.

Las Palma stares at the Priest.

He lowers his head in shame.

Las Palma stares at him and then her expression softens.

LAS PALMA

Taiye. Taiye, I was so angry
with God for such a long time.
For taking you away from me.
And then I heard they gave you
your own church. And I just
wanted to see you. So I came
to find you - in your church.
It's only then I realized how
much I had changed. You didn't
even know it was me. And you
know what hurt the most? I
could never forget your face
in a hundred million years.

Las Palma shifts her gaze away from the Priest to the crowd.

POLICE CORDON - THE CROWD

A group of secondary schoolgirls in uniform, chattering away...

BACK TO STAKE SEVEN - LAS PALMA

Las Palma turns away from the girls and looks at the Priest.

PRIEST

Lara, tell me what happened?

LAS PALMA

You mean you are curious.

PRIEST

Yes - and what do you want me to tell your mother?

LAS PALMA

You see my mother?

PRIEST

She comes to the Sunday service.

LAS PALMA

Why? Since when? Tell her what? Don't tell anybody anything. Leave my family alone. OK?

PRIEST

OK. I won't tell her anything.

LAS PALMA

Tell her what you want to tell her.

The Priest nods.

LAS PALMA

I went to University. I still remember us planning to go the same university. I got a second class upper in English. Can you believe it? I got a job as a trainee journalist at West Africa Tribune. They treated me like a housegirl because I refused to screw the big boys. Anyway, I was going home from work this day and I stopped at a supermarket to buy my skin

cream...

FLASHBACK. INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

A smartly-dressed LARA BAKARE, now aged 24, walks into the supermarket.

She pauses in the doorway and looks around. She can't see anyone behind the counter or anywhere else in the store.

Lara glances down and sees a man's trousered leg and shoe peeping out from behind a shelf of canned goods.

She looks up and sees a MAN rising from behind the counter with a revolver pointed at her.

He is shaven-headed, dressed in faded military greens and has a bag slung over one shoulder... FIELD MARSHAL.

Lara keeps very still. Field Marshal comes towards her, holding the gun in a single-handed grip.

He stops a short distance away from Lara.

For a moment, she can't tear her eyes away from the revolver. And then she looks up into Field Marshal's face...

They gaze at one another... It seems like an eternity.

Field Marshal lowers his weapon. He takes her by the arm and quickly leads her out of the store.

EXT. CIGARETTE VENDOR - STREET - NIGHT

THE CIGARETTE VENDOR is seated behind a table displaying his merchandise.

A CUSTOMER arrives and buys a few cigarettes and some sweets. The Customer leaves.

A stylish-looking car pulls up beside the cigarette vendor.

Field Marshal and Lara watch from across the street.

They move towards the car.

The driver's window is halfway down.

THE DRIVER is busy searching his pockets for change. The vendor leans in the passenger window with a packet of cigarettes.

Field Marshal and Lara arrive at the driver's side.

Field Marshal points the gun through the window.

The driver freezes. Field Marshal yanks the door open and gestures for the driver to run.

Field Marshal turns to Las Palma and gives her a speculative look.

FIELD MARSHAL

You can drive?

Lara nods and gets in the driver's seat.

Field Marshal gets down on the floor in the back.

The cigarette vendor stares at the car as it vanishes into the night.

INT/EXT. CAR - ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

A random Police checkpoint...

Cars slow to a stop and traffic begins to build-up. Lara pulls up two cars away from the Checkpoint.

Two Policemen armed with sub-machine guns stand on either side of the road at alert.

Two more policemen carrying torchlights search car interiors and boots.

Lara's eyes in the rear-view mirror...

Field Marshal crouched on the floor, gripping the revolver...

A UNIFORMED CONSTABLE appears out of the dark, fiddling with a big torchlight trying to make it work.

The constable waves the car ahead to drive on and flags Lara to stop.

The constable walks over to the driver's side.

CONSTABLE

Good evening, my sister.

LARA

Good evening, my brother.

CONSTABLE

Are you the owner of this vehicle?

LARA

Yes o.

CONSTABLE

Put on your inner light.

Field Marshal pulls back the hammer of the revolver, ready for action.

LARA

Sorry, bros. It's not working.

The constable fiddles with his torchlight but still can't get it to work. He presses his face to the back door window but reflection and the darkness obscure his view.

CONSTABLE

Have you got your driver's licence with you?

LARA

Yes, bros.

CONSTABLE

All your particulars is complete?

LARA

It's complete, bros.

CONSTABLE

What do you carry in your boot?

LARA

My spare tyre and my jack.

CONSTABLE

Are you sure?

LARA

I am sure.

CONSTABLE

OK. Good night, sister.

The constable waves goodbye.

Lara drives off.

Field Marshal sits up. He and Lara exchange a look in the rear-view mirror. Field Marshal can't hide his admiration for her composure under pressure. Lara is simply relieved.

The car disappears in the night traffic.

LAS PALMA (VO)

That is how I met Field
Marshal. A door opened and
I entered. They say everyone
has a hidden side to their
character, waiting to be
discovered.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. LAGOON BEACH - STAKE SEVEN - DAY

Las Palma stares at the Priest. Her glance slides away.

LAS PALMA

Look. The cop in charge is
coming. So, I'm letting you
go for now, Taiwo.

The Priest turns to follow her gaze.

Alime arrives. He looks at them, curiously.

ALIME

Priest, I think you had better
hurry up. The army is about to
order the firing squad.

LAS PALMA

Thanks for letting me talk
to the Priest.

ALIME

You chose the right time to
start behaving like a human
being.

LAS PALMA

(to the Priest)

I'll see you later.

Father Taiwo follows Alime towards stake number one.

ALIME

Do you know her? She
called you by name?

Father Taiwo does not respond.

ALIME

She's playing games with you.
Don't worry, before she dies
she will tell you everything.

The Priest's expression reveals his inner struggle.

PRIEST

It's no secret.

ALIME

It's none of my business. I
just wondered.

PRIEST

It's no secret. She used to
be my girlfriend when we
were in school. In secondary
school.

Alime stops walking and stares at the Priest.

PRIEST

We were only children. It was
a long time ago.

ALIME

Priest, now you have to go.
I can't let you carry on. Not
with this personal involvement.
Please, you have to go now.

PRIEST

You can do what you like but
I'm warning you. Your men
will have to carry me and
I will not go quietly.

After a moment, Alime gives up and starts walking toward stake number one.

STAKE NUMBER ONE - FINE BOY AJASCO

Ajasco's eyes are shut and he is nodding slowly to himself as Priest Taiwo and Superintendent Alime arrive.

ALIME

Pray for this man and let's
move on. You don't have
much time.

Alime's voice startles Ajasco. He opens his eyes and stops nodding and focuses on the Priest and Alime.

PRIEST

Are you a Christian?

AJASCO

Yes, Father.

PRIEST

Do you regret what you did?

AJASCO

I was in the gang. I knew what
I was doing. We did what they
said we did. But you can
pray for me.

Ajasco shuts his eyes again. This time there's a faint smile on his face.

FLASHBACK. EXT. BUS-STOP ON A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

(Everything about this scene is slow. SOUNDS of bird cries in the trees, crickets screeching in the undergrowth, flies buzzing in the sunshine, cars and trucks rattling and rumbling along the bumpy road, etc.)

A straight and dusty road, cutting through the Savanna bush.

A WOMAN bearing a BASKET OF FARM PRODUCE ENTERS FRAME and crosses the road to join a group of travelers seated under a bamboo canopy set well back from the dust of passing traffic.

The woman greets her traveling companions and the women make space for her on a bench (adlib).

Ajasco is at the end of one bench, facing the road. Two men sit beside him: A young man in glasses clutching a travel bag and a middle-aged man wearing a safari suit and carrying a battered briefcase.

An elderly lady and a ten year-old boy are seated on a second bench.

Two women having a quiet but intense conversation (adlib) and the recent arrival are all seated on the third bench.

Ajasco and the two men are drinking palmwine. The women and child have bottles of soft drinks.

A teenage girl enters bearing a small wine keg. She offers refills to the men. The man in the Safari suit accepts. Both Ajasco and the young man in glasses decline.

The girl leaves.

The young man in glasses rises and heads towards the bush, taking his case along.

On the bench beside Ajasco is a battered MEDICAL SAMPLE CASE plastered with colourful stickers advertising patent medicine brands.

Ajasco takes out a white hanky and flicks the ends against his shoes, cleaning off the dust.

Then he takes out his comb and combs and pats his hair back into shape. The comb has a small mirror inlaid and he checks his image in the mirror.

AN APPROACHING BUS BLASTS ITS HORN. The travelers all look up towards the road and start getting their bags ready.

The palmwine seller returns to collect her money.

The young man in glasses returns and pays for his drink.

The palmwine seller leaves with cups on a wooden tray.

The four women and child hurry towards the road as the approaching bus blasts its horn a second time.

Ajasco and the two men beside him watch the women. Ajasco and the men exchange casual glances and keep their seats.

The bus approaches in the distance, shimmering in the heat haze.

The horn sounds a third time.

Ajasco and the men watch the road.

After a moment, the two men rise and move towards the bus. They glance over their shoulders to see why Ajasco has not risen.

Behind them the bus pulls up in a huge cloud of dust. Before they can take another step the dust enclouds them and they are forced to lift their shirttails to cover their noses.

The women passengers fight their way through the dust and begin to board.

Ajasco remains seated, with a hanky draped over his head.

The two men arrive at the bus and take one last look back.

Ajasco finally rises, picks up his case and strolls down to meet the bus.

He gets on board and the bus drives off.

INT/EXT. MOVING BUS - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Ajasco uses his hanky to give his shoes a quick shine and then straightens his tie. He rises to his feet and introduces himself to the passengers.

AJASCO

Ladies and gentlemen, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters. Benny Ajasco is my name and I am a senior sales manager at Goodway Chemists in Kuramo Bay. Three years ago our four-eyed friends in the lab came up with a wonderful new medicine. I won't tell you the name of this medicine right now but when they tested it the result was a miracle. Science! Such a wonderful new medicine. But the bosses at the head office said the medicine is too expensive to manufacture...

(As he warms to his sales pitch passenger cutaways are introduced).

The two women from the bus stop are still deep in conversation. One of them starts paying attention to Ajasco. After a brief moment of irritation, the other woman also starts taking an interest in Ajasco's sales pitch

In the second row, right in front of Ajasco, a woman fumbles in her PURSE - it's LAS PALMA. A teenage boy beside her watches Ajasco with slack-jawed amazement.

Across the aisle, a middle-aged man stares at Ajasco but it's clear his mind is elsewhere. The old man next to him is already smiling at Ajasco's sales pitch.

AJASCO

...But they are businessmen. All they care about is making money. So, they ordered the four-eyes in the lab to make it cheaper and they said to me - they said Ajasco - we need immediate bulk sales to make it profitable...

INT/EXT. MOVING BUS - HIGHWAY - DAY

Wheel of the speeding bus.

The driver at the steering wheel.

The bus rushes in from a distance and vanishes from sight quite quickly.

AJASCO (OS)

I said to them. I have friends, family, brothers and sisters, all over the country. They need a medicine like this. They need some peace in their lives...

INT. MOVING BUS - DAY

Ajasco delivers his sales pitch.

AJASCO

This medicine works like a miracle. I want to take it to

them in the streets and on the buses. I said, if we give people a chance they will support this medicine. I will sell it for you. I am ready to travel from Kootaxute to Kuramo Bay just to bring this medicine to the people and earn an honest living...

The young man wearing GLASSES clutches his BRIEFCASE and gazes out of the window.

AJASCO (OS)

The bosses were very happy. I said to them I am going to sell wholesale quantities and I want to give it to the people at a wholesale price. The bosses were not too happy but what can they do? Can they sell? Only Ajasco knows how to sell.

Ajasco is onto a good flow.

AJASCO

Now, this medicine. This wonderful new medicine that I travel all round the country to bring to you is called Formula H Plus Blood capsules. Sometimes you wake up in the morning with aches and pains...

A tense young mother with her sleeping baby: The young mother listens to Ajasco with wide-eyed wonder.

AJASCO (OS)

Take two Formula H Plus with tea, water, soft drink or anything at all and before you're out of the door it's already gone to war. You women, mothers and sisters. When it's that time of the month. You feel tired and restless. You've got headache and pain. Take just one Formula H Plus three times daily for three days. And before you know it you'll be playing ball with your kids

in the yard, dribbling like
Maradona and scoring goals.

The passengers laugh.

AJASCO

Formula H Plus. Antibiotic,
anti-pyretic, anti-inflammatory,
anti-hypertensive, analgesic.
It relaxes you. It gives you
energy. It cleans your blood
and makes your piss flow like
a river, carrying all the evil
germs away.

Ajasco points to a man who has slept through his entire
sales pitch.

The passengers turn to look.

AJASCO

If that gentleman over there -
the one drooling spit like a
baby - were to take just one
capsule of Formula H Plus...

The sleeping man's neighbour gives him a nudge.

AJASCO (OS)

...He would be ready to do ten
rounds with Iron Mike Tyson
by the time we get to Kuramo
Bay.

The passengers laugh.

The tense young mother with the sleeping baby. (WOMAN#2):

WOMAN#2

Bros, abeg how much now?

AJASCO

Good question my dear sister.
How much indeed. I know you all
know that nothing goes for
nothing in Kuramo Bay. But like
I told you this is wholesale.
In the chemists twenty capsules
will cost you one hundred
shillings. Fifty capsules will
cost you two hundred shillings.
It's daytime robbery. You are

not paying for this medicine.
 You are paying the staff wages,
 the shop rent and the electric
 bill before you get your pills.
 OK. I will tell you my price.
 Fifty capsules of Formula H
 Plus...

The two women who were talking - from the bus stop - listen with all ears.

The young man wearing glasses is now paying attention. He smiles.

The sleeping man is now awake and paying attention.

The tense young woman with the sleeping baby leans forward eagerly.

AJASCO (OS)
 Not two hundred shillings.
 Not seventy shillings,

The passengers gasp in surprise.

AJASCO (OS)
 Not sixty shillings. But half
 that and half that again.
 That's right. Ladies and
 gentlemen. I give you fifty
 capsules of Formula H Plus
 Blood capsules for Fifteen
 shillings. When we reach toll
 gate the government say I
 must charge you extra five
 shillings. State Tax. So -

The passengers: A clamour of voices "My friend", "Over here", "This side", "Come take your money", "Give me two hundred", etc (adlib).

Grinning, Ajasco ducks down and opens his case.

The case is packed to the lid with boxes of Formula H Plus Blood Capsules.

Ajasco grabs two handfuls and moves up the aisle. People reach out with their MONEY. Ajasco takes the money and gives them their CHANGE and their capsules.

Two passengers buy two boxes and immediately wash two pills down with water.

The tense-looking mother swallows several pills without water and even slips one into her baby's mouth.

Ajasco grabs the last few boxes in the case.

The empty case.

DISSOLVE:

INT/EXT. MOVING BUS - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Ajasco collapses into his seat and mops his sweaty forehead.

Ajasco feels a hand on his shoulder.

He turns in his seat and finds himself face-to-face with Las Palma. She gives him an inviting smile.

Las Palma and Ajasco gaze at each another and it's lust at first sight.

EXT. MOVING BUS - HIGHWAY - DAY

The bus approaches at speed and whizzes past. Traffic flows in both directions along the highway.

EXT. HOTEL - STREET - DAY

A taxi pulls up. Las Palma and Ajasco exit and walk into the hotel lobby.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

DUTCH ANGLE

From a position just under the bed frame, we observe part of the bouncing mattress and a silhouette of a semi-naked Las Palma bouncing up and down on top of Ajasco.

DISSOLVE:

Ajasco and Las Palma relax after a ferocious session of lovemaking. Both are filmed with sweat and BREATHING HEAVILY.

The bed looks like a battlefield.

AJASCO (VO)

After sleeping with Las Palma I didn't want to sleep with any other woman again in my life. I later found out she was sleeping with Marokwe, Papa and Field Marshal. When I accused her she said it was so none of us would get jealous. The only ones she never took to bed were Cold Water who was a kid and Air Raid who was close to her like a brother. Las Palma is one kind of a woman. One minute she was an angel. Next minute she was ready to kill.

FADE TO BLACK:

FLASHBACK. EXT. AN OLD MUDBRICK HOUSE - VILLAGE - DAY

An old mud-brick house in a village: Layers of old paint are visible through the cracks in the walls.

Goats and chickens roam freely in and out of the house and the children scream with delight as they play with their homemade toys in the yard.

AJASCO (VO)

I'll never forget the day Field Marshal begged me and Las Palma to follow him to his village to collect a bulletproof vest. Me and Las Palma thought Field Marshal had water in his brain but we were too curious to say no. But when I saw the old man that was making this bulletproof vest I knew that Marshal was truly going to be killed on that day.

A car drives up in a cloud of dust and parks close to the house. Ajasco is at the wheel, Las Palma beside him and Field Marshal in the back.

BABATUNDE, an old man, comes out of the house carrying a tattered leather sack and an ancient Dane gun. He gets into the car.

Watching from the rear-view mirror, Ajasco sees a young woman carrying a baby, watching the car from the old man's doorway.

AJASCO (VO)

Any man having babies at that age just cannot be serious.

The car drives off.

EXT. FOREST - DIRT ROAD - DAY

A dirt road carved through a dense green primary forest.

The car bounces as it dips in and out of potholes.

In the back seat, Babatunde shows Field Marshal the magical bulletproof vest - a sleeveless leather top strung with amulets, brass coins and cowrie shells.

(Babatunde speaks rapidly in a hinterland accent).

FIELD MARSHAL

So, Baba, this is what they call a bulletproof vest?

BABATUNDE

My General, if Baba says it's a bulletproof vest. That is what it is. It's the same thing as the one I made for your General during the civil war. I even testing it on my own son and the boy did not get a single scratch.

Field Marshal laughs.

Fine Boy Ajasco and Las Palma share amused looks.

FIELD MARSHAL

If it's good for the General it is good for me. The General was a very tough guy. You know, during the war whenever we meet

rebel minefields we use -
livestocks - goats and cattle
to blow a path thru the mines.
But during the battle for the
Okilo Oil Refinery we didn't
have any livestock so the
General ordered twenty of our
raw recruit to march into the
minefield.

LAS PALMA

He killed his own men. He
actually did that?

MARSHAL

It was the only way we could
cross the minefield before
they blow the refinery.

Field Marshal pauses for a moment's reflection.

FIELD MARSHAL

That is nothing. You know the
famous battle for Agedor City?
Three thousand enemy killed.
Four enemy planes shot down
and twenty-three oyinbo
mercenaries were captured.

Las Palma nods.

FIELD MARSHAL

Nobody was killed. No enemy
planes were shot down. There
was no battle. The General had
receive information that the
enemy is very strong in Agedor
but they didn't have food to
eat for nine days. So the
General sent messages to the
enemy officers. We gave them
rice and stockfish and they
gave us Agedor City. There
was no battle.

Las Palma gives him a skeptical look.

LAS PALMA

There was no battle? What do you
mean? We saw all the pictures in
the paper. All the stories. How
do you know? Were you there?

FIELD MARSHAL

Lies lies lies. Pictures
tell lies. Only the troops
on the battlefield know there
was no battle for Agedor.

LAS PALMA

But that was the biggest battle
of the war. How can it not be
true?

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

CAMERA AT GROUND LEVEL: The car stops at the edge of the
forest. Doors open, people exit and doors slam.

EXT. FOREST FOOTPATH - DAY

HIGH ANGLE, FROM THE TREES: Babatunde leads, Field
Marshall, Las Palma and Ajasco follow. They proceed to a
natural clearing not far from the road.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST - DAY

Babatunde opens his bag and takes out the bulletproof vest.

Ajasco and Las Palma exchange cynical looks.

BABATUNDE

(to Marshal)

My General, take off your shirt
and wear the vest.

Babatunde chants spells under his breath as he leads Field
Marshal over to a tree (adlib).

Ajasco and Las Palma follow.

Babatunde stands Field Marshal with his back to a big tree.

BABATUNDE

I am now going to test the
vest. This is how we do it. I
will fire one bullet from my
Dane gun. Aimed at the chest.
The bullet will not hit
General but it will hit the
tree behind General. This

is how we know where the
bullet goes.

As he says these words, Babatunde glances round at Field Marshal, Ajasco and Las Palma.

Ajasco and Las Palma look quite concerned.

Babatunde gives Marshal a strong commanding stare.

BABATUNDE

My General, are you ready?

MARSHAL

Baba, I am ready.

Babatunde takes seven or eight paces backwards and raises the Dane gun to his shoulder. He takes aim and pulls back the hammer.

Field Marshal, with his back to the tree.

Ajasco and Las Palma exchange horrified looks.

The Dane gun with Baba's finger on the trigger.

FIELD MARSHAL (OS)

Wait Baba. Wait, wait. Don't shoot. Let me go and bring you a real gun.

Field Marshal runs off in the direction of the car.

Babatunde lays down the gun, reaches into his sack and hands two business cards to Ajasco and Las Palma.

BABATUNDE

My business card. You never know when you will need my services. If you don't want to come to the village - no problem. I will come to Kuramo.

Las Palma and Ajasco examine the card.

AJASCO

A-aah. Baba, you have mobile phone?

Baba reaches into his bag and produces a cell phone.

BABATUNDE

(grins)

This is Thuraya. You think because I am old? I have international client.

AJASCO

Baba, if we like the work you are doing for our friend -

BABATUNDE

Is OK. I will show you.

Field Marshal comes jogging back with a Russian Kalashnikov rifle.

LAS PALMA

The Kalashnikov assault rifle.

FIELD MARSHAL

AK47. No friend, no foe.

(to Babatunde)

Baba, this is the correct type of weapon we should be using. Anybody shoot me with a Dane gun and I will eat them alive.

Field Marshal whacks home the magazine, racks the slide and shows Baba how to switch between different firing modes before releasing the safety and firing a short burst into the trees. Then he hands the rifle to Baba.

Baba fumbles with the weapon till Marshall runs out of patience. Marshal takes it back and offers the weapon to Las Palma.

FIELD MARSHAL

Palma, abeg shoot for us.

Las Palma shakes her head.

Ajasco shakes his head before Field Marshal can ask him.

Field Marshal is exasperated.

LAS PALMA

(to Ajasco)

I think Baba should wear the vest since he invented it. And Field Marshal can fire the rifle. He's a very good

marksman. That's something
he can do very well.

Ajasco nods in agreement.

Babatunde puts on the bulletproof vest, all the while,
mumbling additional spells and incantations (adlib).

Babatunde puts his back to the tree.

Field Marshal takes a few steps backwards and raises the
rifle to his shoulder.

Fine Boy Ajasco shuts his eyes.

Las Palma trembles with anticipation.

Marshall's finger on the trigger.

Babatunde pushes out his chest.

BABATUNDE

The factory can never make
a bullet that will kill me.

Field Marshal fires two shots.

Las Palma's mouth drops open.

Ajasco's eyes remain shut.

Field Marshal lowers the rifle and turns to Las Palma.

FIELD MARSHAL

O ye of little faith.

Las Palma and Ajasco stare in amazement.

Babatunde takes a couple of steps forward and keels over.

Field Marshal spins round.

Babatunde is dead on the ground.

Las Palma spins on her heel and starts walking back to the
car.

Ajasco quickly rummages through the old man's bag. He grabs
the Satellite phone and follows Las Palma.

INT/EXT. MOVING CAR - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Ajasco at the wheel. Marshal in the passenger's seat. Las Palma is in the back seat, making a call with the Satellite Phone (adlib).

AJASCO (VO)

I have never known a man as arrogant, stubborn and ignorant as Field Marshal. I mean - but he was a brilliant operational commander. His plan to kill the Commissioner of Police was simply the best. None of our boys was killed. That is no small thing because Las Palma had written to the Press to tell them we were going to get him. But Marshal said it didn't matter since the Police would never believe the letter. And even if they did he said a good plan is all about the timing and the execution.

EXT. LAGOON BEACH - STAKE ONE - DAY

Ajasco gives the Priest a sweet sad smile.

PRIEST

Have you received Jesus Christ as the Lord and Saviour of your life?

Ajasco shakes his head, no.

PRIEST

Do you accept that Christ died for your sins so that you may have eternal life?

Ajasco nods. The Priest begins a short prayer for the salvation of Ajasco's soul.

AJASCO

Will you help me pass a message to my wife, Sola? Tell her not to abandon the children.

PRIEST

She's your wife?

AJASCO

She's my wife.

PRIEST

I can go and visit her - if
you would like that?

AJASCO

I have a few small things in my
bag. Please help me distribute
them to the people.

The Priest glances down at the bulging plastic bag near
Ajasco's feet.

ALIME

You are crazy. Why would
anybody want to touch
anything from you?

PRIEST

I will make sure they give
it to your wife.

AJASCO

Tell her not to abandon the
children.

Priest Taiwo and Supt. Alime walk on to Stake Number Two.

LAGOON BEACH - STAKE NUMBER TWO - DAY

Marokwe's eyes are shut.

As the Priest and Alime arrive his eyes open and he gives
the Priest a sad smile.

PRIEST

I've come to pray for you.

Marokwe bites his lower lip so hard it bleeds and then he
explodes, shouting:

MAROKWE

Priest, you are killing an
innocent man. My hands are
clean. My conscience is clear.
As God is my witness.

Marokwe lowers his head, temporarily drained of energy.

PRIEST

I know you are a Christian.
But have you been saved?

MAROKWE

Yes, Father. I was saved for
three years but I fell into
temptation.

PRIEST

If you are ready to confess
your sins I think the
Superintendent will allow me
to be alone with you.

As he speaks, the Priest glances at Alime who shakes his
head, no.

MAROKWE

You can pray for me.

The Priest begins to pray. The prayer continues over the
opening of the next scene.

FLASHBACK. INT. SQUATTERS SHACK - DAY

Soft, out-of-focus pinpoints of light make a beautiful
abstract pattern until the image comes into focus and we
discover the light pattern is actually holes in a
delicately rusted Aluminium roofing sheet.

A single shaft of sunlight streams through a hole in the
roof, making a fierce contrast of light and shadow...

Marokwe sits on a low stool in a squalid shack built from
old roofing sheets. He is naked except for a pair of worn
khaki shorts and rubber slippers.

His legs are stretched out before him, covered in scars,
cracked skin and ringworm.

One hand props his drooping skull. The other hand clutches
a worn and tattered Holy Bible. His eyes are shut tight and
he makes a HIGH KEENING NOISE like an animal in great pain.

INT/EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHACK - DAY

Across the road, in the blistering heat, Las Palma stands
watching Marokwe through the open doorway.

She looks elegant and sophisticated but her eyes are full of compassion.

She crosses the street to the shack's doorway and stands, looking down at Marokwe.

INT. A SQUATTERS SHACK - DAY

Marokwe opens his eyes and lifts his head. He is amazed at Las Palma's dazzling beauty.

Las Palma takes a step into the shack and smiles at Marokwe. He gives her a shy smile and lowers his head.

Las Palma turns away and slowly heads back along the busy street.

After a moment, Marokwe lifts his head and sees she is leaving. He glances around grabs his Holy Bible, throws on an old T-shirt and hurries after her.

EXT. SLUM STREETS - DAY

Marokwe follows Las Palma. She does not look back.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Marokwe follows Las Palma out of the slums, along the main road into the city.

Las Palma leads - looking fresh and cool - and Marokwe follows - his face beading with sweat, his T-shirt already sticking to his chest.

EXT. CITY CENTRE - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Las Palma and Marokwe are soon surrounded by high-rise buildings and crowded pavements.

Las Palma enters the steel and glass revolving door of an office building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - FOYER - DAY

Marokwe hesitates outside the revolving door, afraid to enter.

Las Palma beckons him to step inside and helps him out on the other side.

As they walk over to a bank of lifts, Marokwe casts fearful glances all around him. Like he is expecting to be discovered and thrown out at any moment. But nobody apart from Las Palma seems to notice.

INT. LIFT

Marokwe and Las Palma and the lift operator go up to the top floor.

Marokwe panics a little and holds his belly when he feels the sudden shift in Gravity due to the lift's rapid ascent.

Las Palma places a hand on his shoulder.

CORRIDOR AND STAIRS

Las Palma leads Marokwe along a narrow corridor and up two flights of stairs. She stops to open a door that leads out to the roof.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Marokwe refuses to step out on the roof when he realizes how high up they are.

Las Palma smiles indulgently and comes back to take his hand. She leads him to the very edge of the roof which is secured by a waist-high parapet.

Together, they lean over the parapet and gaze down at the entire city laid out below.

Marokwe forgets his fear for a moment. He grins and shakes his head in wonder.

Las Palma spreads her arms and turns slowly, showing him.

MAROKWE (VO)

Luke Chapter Four. Verse
Seven. If thou therefore
wilt worship me, all shall
be thine.

And then, in the blink of an eye, Marokwe finds himself slipping off the edge of the roof.

Marokwe screams. He clings to the wall by his fingertips and screams again.

Las Palma's hand appears and lifts him back up.

He collapses at Las Palma's feet.

When Marokwe gets to his feet he finds himself miraculously transformed:

He is washed and shaved and all his skin ailments are gone. He has a fresh haircut, and a brand new set of clothes on his back, new shoes on his feet.

MAROKWE (VO)

Luke Chapter Four. Verse Ten.
For it is written, He shall
give his angels charge over
thee, to keep thee...

He examines himself and marvels and turns to Las Palma:

She smiles and takes his hand and leads him back towards the roof exit.

Marokwe leaves his Holy Bible behind and follows her.

The door shuts behind them.

EXT. LAGOON BEACH - STAKE TWO - DAY

Marokwe struggles desperately against the ropes. Blood drips down his chin from where he bit his lip and stains his shirt.

MAROKWE

(shouting)

It was like a miracle. Before she came I wanted to die. My woman took my children and go back to her village and I wanted to kill myself. And then she came like an angel from heaven. But it was like Jesus on top of the mountain and she led me into temptation.

ALIME

Calm down.

STAKE FIVE - FIELD MARSHAL

Field Marshal strains against his ropes, trying to get a look at Marokwe.

FIELD MARSHAL
(shouting)

Marokwe, you ungrateful
bastard. Tell them how she
saved your life. Three times
Las Palma saved your life.
You were afraid to live and
now you are afraid to die.

POLICE CORDON - THE CROWD

The crowd boos and jeers Marokwe.

FLASHBACK. INT. FIVE STAR HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Two hard-faced and powerfully built armed police officers
escort Marokwe along the corridor.

Marokwe is in handcuffs.

Marokwe and the two cops stop outside a door.

OFFICER#1
Is this the place?

Marokwe nods.

OFFICER#1
Oya, Knock.

Marokwe knocks.

Las Palma opens the door. She looks like a million dollars.

OFFICER#1
Good afternoon, Madam.
(to Marokwe)
Is this the lady? Do you
know this lady?

Marokwe nods his head.

LAS PALMA

What do you mean? What are you asking him? What's going on?

OFFICER#1

Madam, please. You can see we are Police officers. Allow us to explain ourselves. How do you know this man?

LAS PALMA

He's Elijah. He's my husband's driver.

(to Marokwe)

Elijah what have you done? What happened?

OFFICER#1

Madam, we need you to follow us to the station, now now.

LAS PALMA

The station? Officers please come inside.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The officers and Marokwe follow Las Palma into the room.

LAS PALMA

He is supposed to go and pick my husband from the airport in two hours time. I sent him to buy petrol. What kind of crime can you commit buying petrol?

OFFICER#1

Our DPO ordered me to invite you to the station. Madam, those are my instructions.

LAS PALMA

(to Marokwe)

Elijah, what happened? You can't speak? Ah-aah, did they cut off your tongue?

Marokwe just stands against the wall and stares at the floor.

LAS PALMA

Have they beaten you? Have they mistreated you in anyway? Elijah?

OFFICER#2

Madam, please come with us. Our DPO will explain to you.

LAS PALMA

I am definitely coming.

Las Palma picks up her handbag and glances round the room.

LAS PALMA

OK. Let's go.

OFFICER#2

Madam, I need to check inside your handbag.

LAS PALMA

Why? Did you keep something? What exactly are you looking for?

OFFICER#2

Madam, please. I need to check your bag.

LAS PALMA

What if I say no? What then?
(pause)

OK. Check.

Las Palma holds her bag open and dumps the contents in a chair.

OFFICER#1

Madam, that is OK.

Officer#2 leads the way with Marokwe.

Officer#1 walks beside Las Palma.

They open the door and step outside:

LAS PALMA

Wait. I have to go to the toilet.

While the two officers are still looking at each other searching for a response, Las Palma heads back inside.

The officers lead Marokwe back into the room and shut the door.

Marokwe stands against the wall, staring at the floor.

The two officers stand off to one side, having a whispered conversation (adlib).

INT. TOILET - DAY

The second hand on Las Palma's watch ticks for sixteen seconds exactly... SOUND OF A TOILET FLUSHING.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The toilet door opens.

Las Palma emerges with an automatic pistol in her right hand. Before the officers can move she opens fire at point-blank range.

Both officers are smashed into the wall by the force of the bullets. Their bodies slide to the floor leaving bloody trail marks.

Las Palma's gun hand moves to cover Marokwe.

They stare at each other.

Las Palma walks over and presses the barrel of the smoking gun to his forehead.

Marokwe falls to his knees.

Las Palma stares at him for a moment.

She turns her face away and then takes the gun away.

LAS PALMA

How many of them came?

MAROKWE

Two, two.

LAS PALMA

Just two? That is really crazy.
Who has the key?

Marokwe points to Officer#2.

Las Palma quickly finds the key in the dead officer's pocket and frees Marokwe.

Las Palma grabs her handbag and pushes him towards the door.

The door shuts behind them.

EXT. LAGOON BEACH - STAKE TWO - DAY

Marokwe struggles against the ropes.

ALIME

Don't waste your energy. You shot those policemen in cold blood and now you call yourself innocent. Innocent of what?

MAROKWE

He who is without sin -

Alime laughs.

Marokwe tilts his face to the sky.

MAROKWE

(shouting)

He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone. John chapter eight, verses three to eleven.

Alime glances at the Priest and laughs.

The Priest gives Alime an angry look.

ALIME

(to Priest)

Ah, let's move on. We are just wasting our time.

(to Marokwe)

Animal in human skin.
Beast of no nation.

Marokwe gives Alime a look of intense hatred and spits at him.

The spit fall short in the sand.

Alime strikes Marokwe across the jaw with his swagger stick.

THE CROWD EXPLODES WITH NOISE.

The Priest grabs Alime by the arm.

PRIEST
Superintendent, please!

Supt. Alime lowers his arm.

PRIEST
Calm down.

Blood trickles past Marokwe's lips and dribble down his chin.

Alime walks off.

The crowd noise dies down.

The Priest follows after a moment.

They walk a few yards, out of the prisoners earshot.

PRIEST
You shouldn't hit him.

ALIME
What about all the people
they killed?

PRIEST
But they are going to die.

ALIME
I told you they don't need a
Priest. You are just making
trouble.

PRIEST
He has the right to say a few
last words and he can say what
he likes.

ALIME
You are a troublemaker.
These people don't need your
trouble. You are only

supporting them because your
girlfriend is among them.

Alime walks over to the next stake.

The Priest follows him.

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE BEACH - DAY

Under the shade of a bamboo canopy, the soldiers in the
Firing Squad play cards and smoke cigarettes.

Music plays on a portable radio.

The sergeant stands alone, gazing out to sea.

Foamy waves lap the beach. In the distance, ocean-going
vessels cruise across the bay.

EXT. BEACH - STAKE THREE - PAPA

Papa's shiny baldhead is beaded with sweat and his glasses
glint in the sun.

He wears an eager smile.

He licks his lips and clears his throat as the
Superintendent and the Priest arrive.

ALIME

What can an old man like you
do with money?

PAPA

Yes, I am an old man. But inside,
I feel like twenty.

(to the Priest)

Priest, no need to pray for me.

Papa speaks rapidly and pauses frequently, using his tongue
to wet his lips.

PRIEST

Papa, are you a Christian?

PAPA

Why do you ask?

PRIEST

I want to pray for your soul.

PAPA

What soul? I am a man and I
have lived. No regrets.

PRIEST

No regrets?

PAPA

OK. Only two. One. I let my
son join the gang.

The Priest turns to Alime in disbelief.

Alime points at Cold Water at stake number six.

ALIME

Cold Water was his son. His
only son. What kind of father?

PAPA

I'm glad he is dead so you
bastards can never reach him.
Whatever you do he will never
feel your bullets.

ALIME

Priest, let's move on.

PAPA

(to the Priest)

And. Secondly, I will miss the
gang.

The Priest watches the old man with fascination.

ALIME

Where you are going you can
never miss the gang.

PAPA

Who really knows? You see.

ALIME

Priest, let us move on.

PAPA

In fact, Seven Crossroads was
the best. I know you know that
and I am proud.

ALIME

And what did you do?

PAPA

You don't know anything. I was
just a poor tailor when I met
Las Palma.

FLASHBACK. EXT. SLUM NEIGHBOURHOOD - PAPA'S SHOP - DAY

The shop sign reads: PAPI LOLO BESPOKE TAILOR.

A taxi pulls up outside the tiny shop and Las Palma steps
out.

She looks gorgeous, like an angel from heaven come to
redeem the people of the slums.

She raises her gaze, looking round for a shop sign.

PAPA (VO)

She came to my shop with
different measurements for me
to make some shirts and trousers.

INT. PAPA'S SHOP - DAY

The shop is tiny but there is room enough for two sewing
machines, various unfinished garments and bolts of assorted
cloths. Everything is arranged in a neat and tidy fashion.

Papa is busy at the sewing machine, putting finishing
touches on a shimmering damask cap.

Cold Water is in a corner, sewing buttons on a khaki shirt.

Las Palma enters the shop.

PAPA (VO)

She came back two weeks
later to collect them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PAPA'S SHOP - DAY

Las Palma sits on a rickety chair by the door and examines
the cut and seams of the shirts and trousers.

She hands them - one by one - to Papa who neatly folds them into a bag.

LAS PALMA

Papa, I like your work.

PAPA

Thank you.

LAS PALMA

Is the business making money?

Papa thinks it over. He glances at his son in the corner, sewing buttons, lost in his dreams.

LAS PALMA

Would you give up tailoring?
If you could make more money to support yourself and your son.

PAPA

Are you offering me a job?

Las Palma does not respond.

PAPA

I try and do good work for my customers. So I don't make too much gain. Poor people don't need tailors. They buy Okrika or Made in Taiwan. They used to give me primary school uniforms to sew. But since that lady received home call they no longer bring their jobs to me. I went to the school and the new headmistress, she says I should go home and be sleeping and eating and let my children do the tailoring. If I do that I will die in one month.

Suddenly, Las Palma seems tense and urgent. She rises from the chair.

LAS PALMA

I can give you a job and I guarantee you good money.

Papa thinks it over.

PAPA

I can't just leave the shop. The machines are still worth something and I'm expecting some customers. What about my son?

Las Palma looks over at Papa's son.

LAS PALMA

Is your son always so cool and quiet?

PAPA

He is the best of me.

LAS PALMA

He's as quiet and peaceful as cold water. I think I will like him.

BACK TO THE BEACH - STAKE THREE - PAPA

Papa talks away. Alime and the Priest listen.

PAPA

That was how we met. I moved out of my one room and I got two rooms in a better area. I told Las Palma - if we live together we will operate better. I told the landlord my wife was dead and they are all my children. They all lived with me except Air Raid who lived in the barracks and Ajasco who had his family.

The Priest turns his gaze to Field Marshal who is listening quietly and to Las Palma who is staring straight ahead. It's hard to tell if she is listening.

PAPA

In the beginning, Las Palma was the one feeding us. She was changing counterfeit dollars for one big politician. That was how she made money until we started operating. The boys went out everyday

pretending to go to work to fool the landlord. But all they did was drink and chase women. Las Palma paid the rent and fed all of us. And she never complained. She was good like that. She had a head, a heart and a hand. Almost perfect, but for one thing. She did not know when to stop.

Alime and the Priest glance over at Las Palma.

FIELD MARSHAL

(shouts)

Papa, shut your big mouth.

PAPA

(shouts)

No. Las Palma is the best and I want them to know.

STAKE FIVE - FIELD MARSHAL

Field Marshal boils with rage. He struggles against his bonds and bellows.

FIELD MARSHAL

Judas! Shut your mouth. Let's get on with the show.

STAKE THREE - PAPA

Sweat rolls down Papa's face. His glasses are misted.

The Priest takes out his hanky. He wipes the mist off Papa's glasses and mops the sweat off his face.

Papa gives the Priest a grateful smile and continues talking at a rapid pace.

PAPA

Thank you, Priest.

(shouts to Field Marshal)

Marshal. Marshal, you are only bald because you shave your head. I am bald because I am old. I know many things about you. I know your secrets.

(to the Priest and Alime)

Cop, Priest, you like my stories? I will tell you one more and let you go. This is the story of how that crazy baldhead Marshal escaped from the police and how - during Marshal's escape - Las Palma recruited Air Raid.

Alime and the Priest glance at Air Raid over at stake number four. He stares straight ahead.

PAPA

(to Alime)

Air Raid was a good traffic cop. He never took bribe like you so he was poor. You know why they call him Air Raid? Because he was like a jet fighter. He sees everything and if he targets you there is no escape. Everybody on the road - both commercial drivers and private - they all feared Air Raid. I'm sure you must have been knocked out when you caught him. The whole Police force must have been in shock. Air Raid, a robber? How? Why?

FLASHBACK. EXT. STREET - 3-WAY TRAFFIC JUNCTION - DAY

A traffic jam: Drivers keep revving their engines and honking their horns.

Two traffic policemen in plain khaki uniforms stand in the center of a three-way traffic junction, working hard to keep the traffic moving.

Air Raid stands at the roadside, drinking a sachet of Pure Water.

He takes off his cap and lets water run over his sweaty face and then mops it off with a hanky.

Feeling refreshed, Air Raid's eagle eye soon spots a target: FIELD MARSHAL'S Peugeot saloon.

Air Raid puts on his cap and strolls over.

INT/EXT. CAR - STREET - DAY

Air Raid arrives at the driver's window.

AIR RAID

My friend, why are you not displaying your vehicle licence?

FIELD MARSHAL

Officer, no vex. The thing expired and I am going to collect a new one. That's the place where I'm going now now.

AIR RAID

Show me your driver's licence?

Field Marshal produces the licence from the glove compartment.

There's a glimpse of a handgun in the glove compartment.

Air Raid takes the licence and strolls round the vehicle, checking the tyres, rear lights, etc.

Field Marshal takes this opportunity to slip the gun under his thigh.

Air Raid leans in the front passenger window.

AIR RAID

Where is the vehicle insurance?

FIELD MARSHAL

I'm also going to collect it today, today.

Air Raid opens the passenger door and gets in beside Marshal.

AIR RAID

My friend, drive this vehicle to the station on Akpata Road.

Field Marshal is silent for a moment.

FIELD MARSHAL

Listen, my brother. It's not

easy. You know now.

AIR RAID

I know but still - we have to go.

FIELD MARSHAL

Why can't you give me this small chance? Did I say I'm not going to settle you? I will settle you.

Field Marshal takes some cash from his trousers pocket and without bothering to count tucks it into Air Raid's shirt pocket.

FIELD MARSHAL

Take. Buy petrol for your car.

Air Raid removes the money and places it on the dashboard.

Field Marshal looks offended.

AIR RAID

When we get to the station I'm not going to report this bribe you offered me. So, don't say I didn't try for you.

Drivers blast their horns as the traffic starts moving.

Marshal starts the car and drives on.

FURTHER ALONG THE STREET - DAY

The Peugeot is still stuck in traffic.

Field Marshal gives Air Raid a sidelong glance but Air Raid keeps looking straight ahead.

Field Marshal reaches under his leg in a casual manner. He grabs the gun and whips it out.

Marshal opens the door and steps out. Air Raid ducks instinctively. Marshal fires a single shot.

Field Marshal lets off two more shots as he races away.

People scream and scramble out of their cars.

Air Raid sits with his chin on his chest. The near-death experience appears to have shocked him to the core of his being.

Las Palma arrives at the window beside Air Raid.

Las Palma leans over and whispers to him. She gives him a meaningful look and then turns and walks off.

Air Raid watches her for one long confused moment.

He gets out of the car and follows her. He catches up with Las Palma and walks alongside her.

Las Palma stops and stares into Air Raid's face.

Las Palma stops a cruising taxi. She and Air Raid get into the back.

The taxi drives off.

BACK TO THE BEACH - STAKE FOUR - AIR RAID

Air Raid stares straight ahead.

STAKE THREE - PAPA

Papa cackles with glee.

PAPA

Air Raid followed Las Palma
like a lamb to the slaughter.

ALIME

What do you know? You weren't
even there.

PAPA

Yes. I wasn't there. But I
know.

Alime gives Papa a hateful glance and looks away.

The Priest is dazed. He looks over at Las Palma who's staring straight ahead.

PAPA

You know, she loved that boy like a son and she's only one year older than him. She always kept him away from our operations and he always got equal share. Alime, you people know that Air Raid supplied all our guns and ammunition. But Air Raid never worked in the Armoury and till today he has never named the officers that were supplying him. And was Air Raid not the first to be arrested? When he started building a house in his village. An ordinary traffic policeman. And from a poor family. So, you suspected him. Isn't that how it happened?

Alime gives Papa a look of grudging respect.

Papa laughs.

FIELD MARSHAL

(shouts)

Papa, shut your mouth.

PAPA

Yes. Las Palma is good. Beauty, brains and down to earth. Las Palma is number one. Almost perfect. But Marshal. Marshal is born wicked.

Papa turns to Field Marshal.

PAPA

(shouts)

Marshal! Marshal, remember what you did to Ajasco's little daughter? Marshal!

The Priest and Alime turn to look at Ajasco at Stake One.

STAKE ONE - AJASCO

Ajasco is perfectly still but we can tell he heard Papa because after a moment a tear rolls down his cheek.

STAKE THREE - PAPA

Papa starts coughing and looks at the Priest with pleading eyes.

PAPA

(coughs)

Priest, tell them to give me water.

The Priest looks at Alime.

ALIME

There is no water.

PRIEST

Please.

ALIME

No water.

PRIEST

It's his last wish.

ALIME

His last wish was to tell his last story.

Papa is racked by another fit of coughing.

The Priest and Alime move away.

The Priest looks drained and in a daze.

ANOTHER SECTION OF BEACH - THE FIRING SQUAD - DAY

The glowing end of a Marijuana cigarette. The smoker exhales a big cloud of dense white smoke.

The Firing Squad, squatting in the bushes, wreathed in a cloud of smoke.

STAKE FOUR - AIR RAID

Air Raid's mood is unreadable.

Alime stops the Priest a few steps away from Air Raid and draws him aside.

Alime cannot meet the Priest's gaze.

ALIME

I mean, it's not as if Air Raid killed anyone. He didn't even go on any of the robberies.

PRIEST

He supplied all the guns and ammunition.

ALIME

I'm not saying he's innocent. But this man was a fine police man. I don't know what Las Palma did to this boy. You heard why they call him Air Raid.

Alime looks sad. The Priest studies him.

ALIME

He couldn't even afford to get married. Not to talk of riding a car. Father, we all know Police pay is peanuts. How do you expect us to do this job when there's so much temptation?

Alime looks to the Priest for help: anything to make sense of Air Raid's ruined life.

PRIEST

At times like these it's easy for a good man to turn bad.

The Priest turns to look at Air Raid.

PRIEST

Do you think he will let me pray for him?

ALIME

You can try.

Alime and the Priest walk over to Air Raid.

PRIEST
(to Air Raid)

Do you want me to pray for
you?

Air Raid does not bat an eyelid.

PRIEST
Do you have any last wish?

Air Raid does not respond.

ALIME
Let's move on.

But Superintendent Alime does not move. He just stares at
the ground and digs the toe of his shoe in the sand.

PRIEST
I think we can move on.

The Priest takes Alime by the arm and leads him away.

STAKE FIVE - FIELD MARSHAL

Marshal's large and calloused hands.

He clenches both hands into fists but not before we have
seen that the last two fingers on his right hand are
missing.

The Priest gazes down at Marshal's hands.

FIELD MARSHAL
Priest, stop looking at my
hand.

Field Marshal's bald dome gleams in the sun. His khaki
shirt and trousers are soaked with sweat and plastered to
his skin.

The Priest shifts his gaze to meet Marshal's hard eyes.

MARSHAL
I am sorry for you.

PRIEST
So am I.

Field Marshal laughs silently.

MARSHAL

Show me how you are sorry.

PRIEST

I don't want to argue. I've
just come to pray for you.

MARSHAL

Pray for yourself.

Field Marshal looks to his right.

The Priest follows his gaze.

Fine Boy Ajasco is still nodding to himself.

Marokwe is having a silent period.

Papa and Air Raid are still and silent.

The crowd is silent.

The Priest and Marshal stare at one another.

The Priest's gaze shifts to Marshal's left: to Cold Water's
body at stake six and Las Palma at stake seven.

Field Marshal does not look in this direction. He just
stares steadily at the Priest.

Alime watches Marshal with open hostility.

MARSHAL

(to the Priest)

You were looking at my hand.
You want to know?

The Priest nods.

MARSHAL

I was shot during the war.
I was a platoon leader. One
night, we were out on patrol -
behind the enemy lines. It was
very dark - thick thick bush.
One of our boys fell and
accidentally discharge his
weapon. This allow the enemy
to locate our position. Enemy
troops then killed four of my
boys and mortar shell took two
of my fingers. The boy that

caused this thing did not even get a scratch so I took his weapon and I gave him three between the eyes.

ALIME

And you are proud of that?

Field Marshal ignores Alime. He gazes into the crowd and his thoughts move to other things.

MARSHAL

(to the Priest)

You know, to tell the truth. If not for the old man, the Army payroll job we did at Usele Barracks would have been our last operation.

FLASHBACK. EXT. A BUSH PATH IN THE SAVANNAH WOODLANDS - DAY

It's the harmattan season. The grass and bush are dry and brittle and burnt yellow by the sun.

The gang - in military uniforms - FULLY ARMED - moving along a bush path on foot, in single file. They look hard and battle-weary like a platoon on patrol behind enemy lines. (Air Raid is absent as usual.)

INT/EXT. PEUGEOT STATION WAGON - MOTORWAY - DAY

A car speedometer: 150Km/h and rising.

Cold Water leans back in the driver's seat, relaxed but focused like a professional Rally driver.

In the passenger seat beside Cold Water, Marshal cradles an assault rifle. His gaze is locked on the car's side-view mirror.

In the back, Las Palma grips an automatic pistol. She turns and glances over her shoulder. The road behind them is clear of traffic.

Beside Las Palma, Ajasco also clutches a rifle. His eyes are hooded and it's hard to tell if he's asleep or awake until he raises his gaze and looks out at the roadside bushes speeding by.

Papa stares blindly, dazed like a shellshock victim.

A large bloodstained 'Ghana-must-go' bag stuffed with cash is wedged between Papa's legs.

Marokwe clutches a double-barreled shotgun to his chest. Wedged between his legs, another large bag bursting with cash.

Marokwe's eyes are shut tight. His nostrils flare as he breathes.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

The station wagon approaches at great speed and vanishes quickly into the distance.

After a long pause, A WAILING SIREN growing louder.

Two POLICE PICK-UP TRUCKS with revolving lights race after the station wagon.

The officers onboard are armed with assault rifles and wearing bulletproof vests.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. MOVING CAR - MOTORWAY - DAY

The speeding Station wagon approaches from the distance.

There is neither sight nor sound of Police pursuit.

The car vanishes into the horizon.

INT/EXT. MOVING CAR - MOTORWAY - DAY

(Dir. note: The CAMERA is inside the vehicle throughout this scene. We inter-cut between close-ups of the gang members and their point of view.)

The car comes speeding round a bend in the road and drives straight into a joint Police and Army checkpoint...

(Dir note: All shots from this point are in SLOW MOTION.)

There are two vehicles stopped in front of the approaching station wagon. There are no drivers or passengers in the vehicles...

The station wagon's brakes screech...

On the other side of the road the opposing traffic is stopped behind an oil drum. There are no drivers or passengers in these vehicles either...

Four armed soldiers are standing on either side of the road. As soon as the station wagon comes into view they crouch down on one knee, raise their rifles to their shoulders and proceed to fire.

The gang is caught in a deadly crossfire.

The front and rear windows of the getaway car quickly turn into webs of spidery cracks...

The Seven Crossroads gang returns fire with automatic alacrity.

Gun smoke quickly fills the inside of the car.

There's a lot of shouting, screams of pain and rage. And a fair amount of blood is getting spilled...

Cold Water swerves round the two stationary vehicles in front of him. He sideswipes the oil drum in the center of the road and swings back into lane...

As he fights to control the wheel a water tanker approaches in the wrong lane. The driver is wearing a police uniform...

Cold Water leaves the road completely to get round the tanker.

But he swerves back onto the road too quickly - to avoid a tree stump.

The massive radiator grill of a construction lorry suddenly looms in front of him, filling the screen. The driver is a uniformed policeman...

Cold Water immediately realizes there is nowhere else to go. He jams on the brakes and turns the wheel and the car slides sideways into the front of the lorry with a loud crash...

For a moment, everywhere is silent except for the tinkle of broken glass and the hiss of a burst radiator...

Dust and smoke fill the air...

As the air begins to clear we see that about twenty armed policemen and soldiers surround the vehicle on all sides.

OFFICER

(with loudhailer)

Surrender! Surrender! You will
all die! Drop your weapons
immediately! There is no escape!
No escape!

From inside the vehicle: A cough, a groan, a moan, a
curse...

Cold Water stumbles out of the car with his arms raised.
Blood rips from a cut above his eye.

COLD WATER

Oga Bros, how far?

A policeman steps forward and smashes Cold Water across the
face with the butt of his rifle. Cold Water falls to the
ground.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. HOLDING CELLS - DAY

The Seven Crossroads gang is held in a large windowless
basement converted into a pair of holding cells. (Air Raid
is absent).

Ajasco, Papa and Field Marshal are in one cell.

Las Palma, Marokwe and Cold Water are in the adjacent cell.

Their clothes are torn and bloodstained and most gang
members have sustained bullet injuries.

Field Marshal and Las Palma lean against the cell bars,
engaged in an intense whispered conversation (adlib).

Papa is at the back of the cell, squatted over a tattered
raffia mat, struggling to fit some bits of metal together.

Ajasco stands by the door, keeping watch.

Papa happens to be the only gang member in handcuffs and he
frowns with concentration as he struggles to fit the metal
parts together.

Field Marshal breaks off conversation with Las Palma and glances over at Papa.

FIELD MARSHAL

Papa you are taking too long.
Let Ajasco help you.

Papa finishes assembling the first pistol. It's a two-shot finger pistol and is a very crude but deadly version of a two-shot Derringer.

Papa inserts two shells into the chamber and locks the firing mechanism. The weapon is now ready to fire. He picks up the second half-assembled weapon and carries on making it ready.

BACK TO THE BEACH - STAKE FIVE - FIELD MARSHAL - DAY

Field Marshal looks at Alime.

FIELD MARSHAL

Whenever we were going into operation, Papa would piece two tiny double-shot pistols and wrap them with nylon bag. Papa said we must hide the parts in the anus until we were able to operate without any problem. Ajasco was the only one who refused - he thinks he's a fine boy - but Papa made him do it.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Superintendent Alime and two other senior officers arrive at the cells. Alime bounces a police truncheon off the cell bars to announce his presence.

Field Marshal and Las Palma lean against the cell bars.

The other gang members are on the floor in the back of the cells, watching.

ALIME

Mister and Misses Armed Robbery. We said we should give you the Presidential Suite since we are only keeping you for one night.

OFFICER#1

Tonight's Chef Special.
Chicken Piri-Piri and
American spare ribs.

OFFICER#2

Circular water bed and
on-site Jacuzzi.

ALIME

Tomorrow, we are sending you
to Obasa Maximum Security.
I am sure you have heard -
even if you have not seen.

OFFICER#2

They have specially bred
mosquitoes as big as flies.
When they bite you it's
like injection. And the
rats -

ALIME

The rats can do fifteen
rounds with Mike Tyson.

The officers laugh.

LAS PALMA

At least it's cleaner than
where you live. You and your
wife and your fifteen kids.

Alime takes a step towards the cell bars, threatening with
his truncheon. He points at Field Marshal.

ALIME

You better start learning
how to bend over. It's going
to be your favourite position.

MARSHAL

You get mout' but you no
get sense. What is the thing
your wife first buy when she
go to market?

Marshal turns towards Las Palma.

LAS PALMA & MARSHAL

Ice cream!

Marshal turns back to Alime, laughing

Alime takes a quick step forward. And another step ...

Field Marshal's arm snakes between the bars and grabs Alime by the front of his uniform shirt. Field Marshal has one of Papa's two-shot pistols in his other hand.

Alime breaks free and spins away. Field Marshal takes careful aim.

IN SLOW MOTION:

Alime ducks and grabs Officer#1 and spins him into the path of Field Marshal's bullet.

Officer#1 gets hit and falls down.

Superintendent Alime stands still and raises his hands.

BACK TO SPEED.

Las Palma has Officer#2 covered with her weapon.

FIELD MARSHAL

Come here.

Field Marshal grabs Alime and rams the gun barrel in his eye.

Alime yelps in pain.

ALIME

OK. OK. Take it easy.

Sounds of policemen shouting and boots rushing down the concrete stairs to the basement.

Six Police constables armed with rifles rush into the holding cell area.

All the officers point their rifles at Field Marshal.

FIELD MARSHAL

(to Alime)

Take your choice. We can all die right now.

ALIME

(to the armed constables)

Lay down your weapons. I say lay down your weapons.

The six policemen lay down their weapons.

Las Palma holds the gun to Officer#2's head while Cold Water searches through his pockets and finds the cell keys.

DISSOLVE:

INT. HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Ajasco locks the disarmed constables into one cell.

STAIRCASE

Field Marshal pushes Alime roughly up the stairs. The rest of the gang - now armed with police rifles -are close behind with Officer#2. Ajasco is at the rear.

EXT. LAGOON BEACH - STAKE FIVE - DAY

Field Marshal grins at Alime who looks ready to hit him.

ALIME

Telling the others to shut up. Look at you now. Babbling away like an old woman.

FIELD MARSHAL

You are shameless and gutless.

ALIME

I want to see you smiling when the firing squad arrive.

FIELD MARSHAL

I'm not afraid of them.

ALIME

Big talk. I can see fear in your eyes.

PRIEST

Let me pray for you.

FIELD MARSHAL

You think religion is everything.

Field Marshal looks away to his right towards Air Raid and the others.

Alime watches Field Marshal with a look of deadly hate.

ALIME

You keep looking that way.
What about Las Palma? Don't
you want to take one last
look at your darling before
you die?

FIELD MARSHAL

What did you say?

ALIME

You never look at Las Palma.
Why?

Field Marshal is silent.

The Priest watches Field Marshal.

FIELD MARSHAL

Priest, I'm sure you know I
don't want your prayers.

ALIME

Maybe he wants you to pray
for Las Palma.

Field Marshal looks steadily at Alime.

Alime points his swagger stick at Field Marshal.

ALIME

The Lord High Executioner.
Today is your day.

FIELD MARSHAL

I thought you said he was
delaying the execution.

ALIME

So?

FIELD MARSHAL

So, why not start the show?

ALIME

I know you are afraid.

FIELD MARSHAL

No way.

ALIME

Field Marshal!

The Priest watches the showdown with irresistible fascination.

Field Marshal spits at Alime with great force.

A wad of phlegm hits Alime on the cheek. He whips out his hanky and scrubs at it like it's poison and throws the hanky to the ground.

Field Marshal laughs.

Alime lifts the swagger stick. The Priest grabs his arm.

FIELD MARSHAL

If you hit me with that thing
I will come down and beat you.

PRIEST

Can we move on now,
Superintendent?

Alime shrugs the Priest's arm away.

ALIME

(to the Priest)

Wait, wait, wait. Wait a
minute.

(to Field Marshal)

Field Marshal, just look to
your left.

FIELD MARSHAL

Why?

ALIME

If you can look to your left.
Then I will give you one last
wish. Anything, but your
freedom. Don't worry. I won't
tell a lie in front of the
Priest.

Field Marshal looks to his right.

ALIME

Ah. You don't know your left
from your right. Common
mistake.

FIELD MARSHAL

(his voice shakes)

Why?

Alime steps up in Field Marshal's face.

ALIME

Look to your left.

FIELD MARSHAL

Alime, just go away. Go and
dig a hole and die.

ALIME

I said to your left.

Alime grabs Field Marshal by the ears and tries to force
his head round.

Field Marshal shuts his eyes.

Alime tries to pry open his eyelids.

PRIEST

Superintendent, please.

Alime releases Field Marshal and dismisses the Priest with
an angry gesture.

FIELD MARSHAL

(his voice trembles)

Your father. You are a beggar.

ALIME

Marshal, you are afraid to
look to your left.

FIELD MARSHAL

You can't order me.

ALIME

Who is ordering you? Just
look at your friends on your
left. I want you to look at
Cold Water.

FIELD MARSHAL

Leave me alone.

ALIME

You are not afraid of the firing squad. That is a quick show. But you are afraid to look in the face of death. You know you want to look at your darling Las Palma but you are afraid to see Cold Water.

Field Marshal rests his chin on his chest and shuts his eyes.

ALIME

Because that is what you are going to look like when you are dead. And that is too much for you. Mister I-shoot-to-kill -and-I-kill-for-fun.

Field Marshal stays silent.

The Priest pulls Alime away.

ANOTHER SECTION OF BEACH - DAY

The Firing Squad and their sergeant climb aboard an Army jeep and drive off.

STAKE SIX - COLD WATER - DAY

Cold Water's head is bent to one side and his eyes are shut. His mouth is open and his blackened tongue hangs swollen between his lips.

FADE TO WHITE:

FLASHBACK. EXT. MANGROVE SWAMP - DAY

Mangrove and palm trees have overgrown and strangled a slow-moving river and turned it into a swamp.

In the middle of a man-made clearing, suspended over the water, is a long shack made of Raffia palm using giant tree stumps as a base for a bamboo floor.

A large canoe is tied to a tree stump and a flight of steps leads up to a long veranda where the entire membership of the Seven Crossroads gang are engaged in a little rest and recreation.

It's late afternoon. The sun is low in the sky and the air is suffused with a pink glow.

Sounds of the Swamp: The calls and cries of birds and monkeys in the trees. Fishermen on the river, singing on their way home, etc.

EXT. RAFFIA PALM SHACK - VERANDA - DAY

Cold Water - THE DRIVER - sits on a low wooden stool cleaning spark plugs with a rag dipped in petrol. He glances over at Ajasco and Las Palma, playing a game of checkers, OFF-SCREEN.

The sound of checkers hitting a board.

AJASCO (OS)

You don't know that women can't play draught? Have you ever seen a woman playing draught?

LAS PALMA (OS)

Maybe you are blind.

Ajasco and Las Palma sit facing each other on a raffia mat, playing a game of checkers.

Ajasco makes a swift move across the board. He sweeps up three of Las Palma's pieces and crowns a king.

From the state of the board Las Palma is obviously losing the game.

AJASCO

Ok. You are a man. Show me your balls. Double the bet.

Ajasco produces a bundle of cash and slams it down.

LAS PALMA

You think you can finish me?

AJASCO

I know you are finished. Double the bet.

Las Palma studies the board and then also slams down a bundle of cash.

Cold water smiles and turns to watch: Air Raid and Marokwe, standing in the doorway to the house, talking.

Papa is stretched out on a bench, fast asleep.

Field Marshal sits on a large plastic cooler, drinking beer from the bottle. He drains the bottle in his hand, lobs the empty into the swamp, reaches into the cooler and takes another one.

Marshal cracks the bottle open with his teeth, takes a deep swallow and burps loudly.

AJASCO (OS)

Marshal. All for one and one for all.

MARSHAL

Say what you mean.

AJASCO

All for one and one for all. Didn't they teach you that in the army?

MARSHAL

Say what you mean.

AJASCO

No be only you God like. Share those beers, man.

Marshal considers for a moment and finds himself amenable. He drains the bottle in his hand and reaches into the cooler.

There are six bottles left. Marshal takes one.

MARSHAL

Papa. Take.

Papa wakes up and is pleased.

Marshal cracks the beer open and hands it to Papa.

MARSHAL

Air Raid, Marokwe.

Marshal opens two beers and hands them over. There are three bottles left.

MARSHAL

Cold beer for Cold Water.

There are two bottles left.

MARSHAL

Palma. Take.

Las Palma turns to Field Marshal and accepts a beer.

LAS PALMA

Thank you.

Field Marshal looks into the cooler. There's only one bottle left.

Marshal is about to crack it open but he stops to look around and everyone is holding their bottles - not drinking - just waiting to see if Marshal's generosity will extend to Ajasco.

Ajasco's entire focus is on the board, working out his next move.

Field Marshal lowers the bottle and gives it a thorough shaking.

MARSHAL

Ajasco. One beer for you.
Take.

Ajasco doesn't bother to look up.

AJASCO

Are you sure? I mean - I don't want you to go without your medicine. Don't go and say it's Ajasco's fault when you fall sick.

MARSHAL

My brother, take.

AJASCO

(to Las Palma)

My juju is working on him.

Field Marshal hands the beer to Ajasco.

Ajasco cracks it open with his teeth and beer foam comes jetting out of the bottle like a fire extinguisher and drenches the front of Ajasco's white shirt.

Beer spills onto the checkerboard and a few pieces float away.

Las Palma seizes the opportunity and quickly tips the board over.

LAS PALMA

Sorry, bros. Shall we call it a draw.

Field Marshal leads the clapping and the laughter.

Ajasco plays the good sport and smiles.

Cold Water looks on and just smiles and smiles.

BACK TO THE BEACH - STAKE SIX

Cold Water's sightless eyes.

ALIME (OS)

Priest, we can't wait any longer. I've sent them to fetch the Firing Squad.

The Priest turns away from Cold Water and turns to face Alime.

PRIEST

Are they going to shoot Cold Water?

ALIME

No.

PRIEST

How can you be sure?

ALIME

I am sure.

Alime walks towards stake number seven. The Priest follows.

STAKE SEVEN - LAS PALMA

Las Palma watches the Priest and Superintendent approach.

LAS PALMA

(to Alime)

Alime, I hope you and your family are enjoying all the money we gave you.

ALIME

What money? If you say one more word about my family I will kill you myself. I didn't see your lips dancing when we had you down in the cell.

Alime turns to the Priest.

ALIME

Look at what she did to these men. You've heard their stories. These men are not hardened criminals. If this Satanic witch had not -

PRIEST

Superintendent, I think that's enough.

ALIME

So, what was she like in bed? Can she do it good? If a witch like this doesn't drive a man to Jesus she will drive him to murder. Don't say anything. I know you are still in love with her. And you supposed to be a Priest.

LAS PALMA

Give us a minute. Let me talk to the Priest.

ALIME

Sorry, time is up.

Priest Taiwo glances anxiously at Alime.

LAS PALMA

Alime, come on. Don't be small time all your life. The show is finally about to start.

PRIEST
(to Alime)

Please.

Alime studies the Priest thoughtfully.

ALIME
OK. Only one minute. On
condition that you don't
repeat anything they said.

PRIEST
I promise you.

LAS PALMA
Come on, give us some space.

Alime takes several steps backwards and stands at ease with his swagger stick under his arm and his hands clasped behind his back. He looks away to the crowd.

LAS PALMA
So, now you know everything.
Taiye, you were lucky to get
away from me.

The Priest cannot agree.

LAS PALMA
Oh come on, Taiye. Don't be
fake with me.

The Priest looks at her steadily.

Las Palma looks at the Priest.

The Priest lowers his gaze to the sand and then looks up at Las Palma.

FLASHBACK. INT. RENTED ROOM - DAY

The curtains are drawn and the room is semi-dark.

LARA BAKARE is seventeen and TAIWO JAMES is nineteen.

They lie on the bed, fully-dressed.

Taiwo reaches for Lara's hand. She snatches it away. She turns on her side, away from him, sulking.

LARA

Just leave me alone.

Taiwo rises on his elbow and attempts to console her.

TAIWO

I just don't feel right about doing it. We should wait.

Lara ignores him.

TAIWO

It's not that I don't want to do it. If I didn't something must be seriously wrong with me.

LARA

But you've done it before. So, what's the difference? Once you've done it - you've done it forever.

TAIWO

Yes, I have done it and it was only once and I felt bad about it and so did the girl.

LARA

Was that before, during or after?

Taiwo gives up and flops down on the bed.

TAIWO

Lara, why are you behaving like this? You're not listening to anything I'm saying.

LARA

I just feel strange. Not having done it before. Why do we have to wait until we get married? OK, suppose I don't like it. After you've married me. What happens? Taiye, I'm going to be eighteen next month. It's not natural. And you keep saying it's not as if you don't want

to. If you really did then you would and nothing would stop you. Nothing.

Taiwo reaches for Lara. She eases him off and rises from the bed. She starts straightening her clothes.

She picks up a hand mirror and fusses with her hair.

BACK TO THE BEACH - STAKE SEVEN

Las Palma watches the Priest.

LAS PALMA

I thought I liked Simon. He was our best A levels teacher and he wrote a really fine novel. We all thought he was brilliant. I didn't know a guy like that could still be a bastard.

INT. RENTED ROOM - NIGHT

Lara leans against the door.

Taiwo prowls round the tiny room.

TAIWO

If you truly loved me you would have waited.

LARA

But it was only once, Taiye. Can't you forgive me? I came and told you everything as soon as it happened. I'm being honest with you.

Taiwo flops down on the bed.

TAIWO

Start looking for another boyfriend.

LARA

Taiye, please don't do this to me.

Taiwo sits up and faces Lara.

TAIWO

I'm not doing anything to
you. I'm doing what I want.
Just like you. Not because
of you.

BACK TO BEACH - STAKE SEVEN

Las Palma calmly watches the Priest.

LAS PALMA

When I came out of that Black
Maria and I saw you I thought
God was laughing at me.

PRIEST

It's not too late. You can
still repent your sins.

The Priest looks up and sees Alime approaching, slowly. He
turns back to Las Palma.

LAS PALMA

Taiye, all this time did you
ever think about me?

The Priest nods. He clears his throat but he can't speak.

LAS PALMA

Will you think about me
sometimes? Maybe once in a
while.

The Priest nods again.

Alime comes forward.

ALIME

Time is up.

PRIEST

(to Las Palma)

Do you want me to pray for
you?

Las Palma smiles and shakes her head. She turns to Alime.

LAS PALMA

Alime, double up. And tell
your Firing Squad to shoot
straight.

The Priest watches the condemned robbers being blindfolded
by two police officers.

Alime leads the Priest away.

ALIME

Even the Bible says the wages
of sin is death.

POLICE CORDON - FACING THE KILLING GROUND

The crowd senses the show is about to begin and surges
forward en masse for a good view of the prisoners.

The policemen work themselves into a frenzy, lashing out
with whips and truncheons till the crowd surges away from
the blows.

CORRIDOR B/W POLICE CORDONS LEADING TO KILLING GROUND

A jeep arrives and the Firing Squad step out smartly.

They line up in single file and begin to march. Moving
briskly, shouldering their rifles, knees jerking up and
down, boots pounding the sand.

THE KILLING GROUND (STAKES ONE TO SEVEN)

The Firing Squad line up at a distance from the stakes.

There is silence everywhere.

All the condemned robbers are silent.

Ajasco and Marokwe hold their heads up.

Papa and Marshal rest their chins on their chests.

Air Raid holds his head up and so does Las Palma.

The sergeant shouts an order.

Everywhere is still.

Alime and the Priest are off to one side behind the Firing Squad with the Army doctor.

PRIEST

Are the Firing Squad going to shoot Cold Water?

ALIME

How many times do you have to ask me that question?

PRIEST

There's a sharpshooter in front of him.

Alime shrugs. His expression says it all: he doesn't really care. The Priest looks away, disgusted beyond belief.

Las Palma and her gang, blindfolded and silent.

The Firing Squad sergeant barks an order.

The Firing Squad lift their rifles and take aim.

The Priest gazes at Las Palma.

The Priest's face as the Firing Squad sergeant gives the order to fire.

The Priest flinches as volley after volley of shots is fired.

Silence.

Las Palma's head is slumped to one side. There's a little blood around her mouth.

The Priest walks away with head bowed.

The crowd silently begins to make its way home.

The priest overhears a man in the crowd:

MAN

Man make man wicked.

The priest glances sharply in his direction.

PRIEST (VO)

Man make man wicked. What is the profit in a vulnerable

heart? We cannot destroy our
enemies without killing a
valuable part of ourselves.
That thing within each of us
that keeps dreams alive, that
keeps cynicism at bay. The
greatest expression of human
will is sacrifice - not
violence.

The Priest is soon lost in the crowd.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END

Ade Adepegba. 7th January 2011. kbfilmworks@gmail.com