

Help Me Spread Goodness

by
Mark Friedman

Participant Media
9-23-08

*But he says, "Get rid of these dark thoughts,"
And he gets rid of these dark thoughts.
And what could he say,
And what could he do,
That's any better?*

Robert Desnos

FADE IN ON:

A COMPUTER SCREEN. Email, inbox. Various senders and subjects. Only one matters:

Help Me Spread Goodness

JOSEPH (V.O.)

To My Beloved Friend. I am writing you this mail after several internal battles in me, if I am doing the right thing. Though I have not met you before, I believe one has to risk confiding in someone, to succeed sometimes in life.

CUT TO:

A YOUNG AFRICAN MAN'S FACE, looking right at us.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My name is Joseph Otumbo, and it is my pleasure to contact you for a business venture which I intent do establish in your country.

He grins, shit-eating style.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRIBAL CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

DRUMS beat and NAKED WOMEN with huge breasts dance and some animal or person is roasted over a spit. Joseph sits patiently listening to an older man, presumably his FATHER.

JOSEPH (V.O.)

Last year my father placed me in charge of assignment to seek a reliable individual/company who can assist us to invest the sum of \$138,000,000 into a viable and lucrative business.

Joseph nods attentively as Father lectures him and points to BURLAP SACKS OF CASH stacked to the side.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I promised to help him, but before
I secured the reliable, my father
and mother were kidnapped and
killed by unknown gun men who stole
almost all of the money.*

Suddenly there are GUNMEN coming in a Jeep and shooting everyone and grabbing the money and those naked women are running and the roasted animal crashes into the fire--

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*My father's last wish, before he
was kidnapped and killed by unknown
gun men, was I would use the rest
of the money to do something good
for the people who need it.*

Father is held by the gunmen, but still has time to explain this to Joseph, who is holding the remaining sack of money.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*He also said that he regretted that
he was always hostile to people and
only focused on business.*

When Father finishes they start to lead him away, but Father turns back one more time, a lot on his mind--

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And he also said and that there is
more to life than just wanting to
have or make all the money in the
world.*

Joseph nods, taking this wisdom to heart. Father finally tells the gunmen he is finished talking and they can go, so one of them grabs a machete and chops his head off.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (MOS)

Joseph sits across the desk from A DOCTOR in his office. He looks anxious.

JOSEPH (V.O.)
*Now I don't want you to feel sorry
for me, because I believe everyone
will die some day. I know this to
be true because on this day, I have
been diagnosed with Ideopathic
Pulmonary Fibrosis.*

Doctor tells him this, accompanied by a big drawing of LUNGS.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*This is a terminal illness which
 affects the lungs. It has defiled
 all forms of medical treatment, and
 right now I only have about a few
 months to live, according to
 medical experts.*

Joseph tries to ask a question, but is consumed by a HACKING COUGHING FIT. As Joseph continues to cough, the doctor pulls out a large MONTHLY CALENDAR on an easel, trying to pin down Joseph's exact date of death.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY (MOS)

Joseph stands on a stage. He wears a suit but there is an oxygen tank next to him. As flashbulbs POP, he hands a GIANT CHECK to someone.

JOSEPH (V.O.)
*Now that God is about to call me, I
 have decided to give to charity
 organizations, as I want this to be
 one of the last good deeds I do on
 earth. So far I have distributed
 to Algeria--*

And we see an ALGERIAN accept the check, and the others--

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
--Sudan, Bulgaria, and Europe.

For Europe it is a group of people.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Joseph is at a table, trying to write out another giant check. But he is coughing so violently that he cannot hold the giant marker to do it.

JOSEPH (V.O.)
*But my health is failing and there
 is nothing much I can do towards
 achieving this last wish of mine,
 all by myself because of my
 bedridden state in hospital.*

Joseph falls to the ground. DOCTORS and NURSES rush in to revive him. It is very traumatic and exciting.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY COMPANY ABROAD - DAY (MOS)

Basically a bank.

JOSEPH (V.O.)

What I want is to make you the next of kin/beneficiary of the ramining money and thereafter distribute the money to the less privileged and hungry.

A SECURITY COMPANY OFFICIAL carries the burlap sack into the VAULT under heavy guard and with great ceremony.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The total ramining huge cash deposit is \$3,500,000 that I have with a security company abroad.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (MOS)

Joseph is declining. He is hooked up to a respirator and many other tubes. His eyes are wide, and he blinks irregularly and very exaggerated.

JOSEPH (V.O.)

I have set aside 30% for your time, services, and expensives. My beloved friend please if you can perform this task, please do not hesitate to write telling me about your passion to help the less fortunate. Yours sincerely, Joseph Otumb--

He blinks again. REVEAL a NURSE holding a small board with the ALPHABET and pointing to letters. When Joseph blinks, she stops at certain letter and types it onto a LAPTOP:

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

--O.

The nurse hits SEND and we cut:

TO BLACK.

IN BLACKNESS:

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Dear Joseph. Thank you so much for
your email.*

INT. PATRICK'S STUDY - NIGHT

Quiet and dim. We PAN ACROSS the room towards the blue light of the computer screen, hearing the keyboard as we see: framed photos of a SMALL BOY on a FISHING TRIP, a stack of UNOPENED BILLS, a bottle of GLENLIVET, more empty than not...

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I won't take up too much of your
time, as it sounds like you've got
your hands full. With the gunmen
and the money and the cancer and
all.*

At his desk: PATRICK KEMP. Handsome at mid-life but a bit on the ropes, sipping at a scotch that is not his first, staring at the screen pleased with his own wit, intently studying the glow as if all of life's answers will be found there.

But first: he reconsiders.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I'm sorry. That was rude. You've
taken the time to write to me, and
offer me a business venture, and
you deserve better than that. Even
if you're not real. And I get 20
emails just like yours every day.*

Patrick pours some more scotch. Stretches. Looks over at the unopened stack of real mail, and then back at the screen.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But let's not worry about that just
now. If we're going to work
together and do some good in the
world, why don't I tell you a
little about myself?*

CUT TO:

INT. LEXUS SEDAN - DRIVING - DAY (MOS)

Patrick looks good in a suit, Bluetooth headset, listening to Dixie Chicks or some such.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*My name is Patrick Kemp. I'm 40
years old and I live in a place
called Naperville, Illinois. It's
about 30 miles west of Chicago,
right in the middle of America.*

He drives in a residential/suburban area on a nice fall day.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Chicago's really big but Naperville
is still a pretty big place on its
own. The traffic isn't bad and the
schools are pretty good, and they
just opened a second Costco over in
Downer's Grove.*

CUT TO:

INT. COSTCO - DAY (MOS)

Patrick has the big Costco cart.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Do they have Costco in Nigeria,
Joseph? Probably not. It's this
store where you can get anything
you want in, like, enormous
quantities and at a pretty good
price. I mean trash bags,
rugelach, vitamins, or a gallon of
yellow mustard.*

Patrick picks up a MUSTARD-- and sees it is pre-packaged with
a second. He almost drops it.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Wait not just one gallon-- two of
them, wrapped in this fucking
impossible shrink wrap bullshit so
you can't even lift it--*

He's at the REGISTER now arguing with the CHECKOUT GIRL--

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*--and don't even think of going up
to the register with just one,
because the God Damn Costco Nazis
won't let--*

And now he's arguing with a MANAGER, they look beyond them,
where a STOCKBOY is holding up the left-behind gallon of
mustard covered in MANGLED SHRINKWRAP. Patrick is busted.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Anyway that's not the point.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Patrick breezes in. Nodding, saying hello, a people person.
 In his element.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I'm Patrick Kemp, Deputy Manager
 for Financial Planning at First
 Midwestern Bank.*

INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY (MOS)

Not special but a nice view of the parking lot. Across from
 him, a young COUPLE, the wife pregnant, Patrick charming them
 and laying out various financial options.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I deal mostly with first time home
 owners and young investors. I get
 to help people achieve their
 financial dreams, or at least get a
 good head start on them. Kind of
 like you, I guess.*

The couple looks overwhelmed but Patrick expertly tells a
 joke and puts them at ease. They smile, relieved.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Which reminds me, Joseph... how did
 you find me? What made you think I
 might be the kind of person who
 would be receptive to your plans?
 Did you know how much we have in
 common? Not just how we help
 people, but... well...*

LATER Patrick shakes hands and leads them out of the office,
 nodding to his SECRETARY-- another job well done.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I need to be honest with you,
 Joseph. I too have had a bit of a
 setback lately.*

But then Patrick looks up and sees his boss FLEMING (50s, white) shaking hands with JEFFERSON (30s, black) and leading Jefferson out of his office...

CUT TO:

INT. FLEMING'S OFFICE - (LATER THAT) DAY

Patrick shakes hands with Fleming and sits down across from him. Upper-middle management, distracted WASP prick. Golf clubs lean against his shitty corporate black leather couch.

PATRICK (V.O.)

You see, I was up for this promotion. Actually I wasn't "up for it," it was mine. I was moving up from Deputy Manager for FP to Junior Vice President.

Patrick sits down. Nervous. Fleming is laughing into the phone as he finishes up a call.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I would have been supervising several branches instead of managing just one. I'm not going to lie, Joseph. The salary bump was significant. Plus an expense account, a week at the regional office timeshare in Hilton Head--the works, really.

FLEMING

I'm going with Jefferson.

PATRICK

Jefferson?

Fleming squints, trying to put his grand thoughts into words.

FLEMING

You've done great work, don't get me wrong. But it's a different time, Patrick. A different world. Things are moving so fast. And in this fast-paced world, we need someone--

PATRICK

Black?

FLEMING

Bold.

PATRICK

I'm sorry, I didn't mean that.
Tony's a great guy--

FLEMING

Did you know his name's not really
"Tony?" Or "Anthony?" It's
Antoine. He grew up in Belgium.

PATRICK

I didn't know that.

FLEMING

That's because he doesn't talk
about it. But he's so worldly.
He's been all over the world. It's
a kind of multicultural perspective
this company needs right now.

PATRICK

Didn't he move to Pittsburgh when
he was three?

FLEMING

But he goes back. It's in his
blood, Patrick. It's like a
calling for these people.

PATRICK

Belgians?

FLEMING

Jefferson is really gonna help this
company grow. And move forward.
Into the fast different future
world.

Patrick isn't sure how to respond to this.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. They'll be other
positions, you know that. You've
been here long enough.

Fleming is joking but for Patrick it stings. He nods, smiles
politely, gets up to leave the office.

PATRICK (V.O.)

*So instead of me, it was Jefferson
who was "movin on up," as they say.*

(MORE)

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's either funny to you or it's not, Joseph, depending on how much American television from thirty years ago you get in Nigeria.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN SOCCER FIELD - DAY

BOYS in early teens play quasi-competitive soccer as overbearing PARENTS watch from a safe distance.

PATRICK (V.O.)
That was last week, Joseph. But I'm still pretty pissed. I can live without the job, but let's be honest. I was counting on the money.

Patrick sits on the hillside watching, cheering, but distracted.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm not rich by any standard, but I do like nice things. I collect hockey memorabilia, for instance. And I like a good steak or cigar now and then. But there were also some nice things -- big ticket items -- that I wanted, and I can't get them now.

He checks his Blackberry, then ignores it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Can I live without them? Of course. But in my mind I already bought them. It's hard to go back from that. And yes, if you must know, a couple of them I actually did buy. Like my new car. So what am I supposed to do now, return it? And go back to a lesser car? Then people will say "what happened to your new car? Why are you driving that older, not as nice car?" It's humiliating, Joseph.

A dark-haired BOY (10) has the ball, dribbles with some skill, shoots and misses. Patrick's son LIAM.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then there's my son, Liam.

The game ENDS. Liam is with his mother DIANE (40).
Practical and easygoing. Patrick approaches.

DIANE
Hey.

PATRICK
Hey yourself.

She studies him. Maybe she sees the bad news on his face.

DIANE
Everything okay?

PATRICK
Fine.
(to Liam)
You were close on that last one.

LIAM
It wasn't that close.

PATRICK
Really? From my angle you just
barely missed.

Liam looks at him.

LIAM
Come here, Dad.

Patrick leans down. Liam pretends to have a spray bottle in
his hand. He "sprays" Patrick's eyes and cleans them with a
"squeegee."

PATRICK
Wow that's very clever.
(to Diane)
We should send him to mime camp.

LIAM
Not mime camp. Space camp.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*"Space Camp." Joseph, have you
ever heard of "Rocket City Space
Camp?" Trust me, you're much
better off.*

INT. MCDONALDS - DAY

Patrick in a booth across from Liam. Liam speaks
passionately, French Fry in hand.

LIAM

But that's only the first week!
After that you begin actual cockpit
training--

PATRICK

"Actual cockpit training--"

LIAM

On an authentic lunar module!

PATRICK

"Authentic lunar module." Wow.

LIAM

Stop repeating me.

PATRICK

But I want to make sure I
understand and it's all so exciting
and complicated and expensive--

LIAM

Only ten kids get in and I have to
write an essay and get my teachers
to send stuff and we have to send
that video from my science fair
project-- did you know that three
of the astronauts on the last
Shuttle mission are veterans of
RCSC?

PATRICK

There's no live ammunition at this
place, is there?

LIAM

Dad, I'm being serious.

PATRICK

I know.

LIAM

This is my dream. Didn't you say I
should have a dream?

PATRICK

Somebody else said that. I just
repeated it.

LIAM

Wait I have the brochure right
here... this is so awesome...

He pulls it out of his SOCCER SOCK. Patrick is amazed. And as Liam yammers on--

PATRICK (V.O.)
*You don't have kids. And I am
 sorry for you that you never will.
 Because they do drive you nuts, and
 they cost you money... but to hear
 your son's voice, the energy and
 yearning of it all...*

Close on Patrick, pride and delight mixed with sadness as Liam continues to wax rhapsodic--

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - (ANOTHER) DAY

Patrick works at his desk. He looks up and Diane stands in the doorway.

DIANE
 He got in.

PATRICK
 Shit.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I can't let him down, Joseph. I
 just can't.*

He looks up at Diane, ashamed.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Diane I don't have--

DIANE
 I know. I'll tell him.

She starts out.

PATRICK
 Wait-- no. I'll, uh, I mean--

DIANE
 Patrick it's 13,000 dollars. It's fine.

PATRICK
 Okay. But I'll tell him.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick and Liam watch APOLLO 13.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I had him for the whole weekend.
 But I couldn't do it.*

Liam is completely mesmerized. Patrick watches the movie and his son.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*It's what he wants. We should all
 get what we want.*

He takes a big gulp of scotch.

CUT TO:

INT. LIAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Liam asleep. Patrick looks at him.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Maybe you're right, Joseph. Maybe
 you do have to take risks in life.*

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S STUDY - NIGHT

Back where we started, staring at the screen and typing away.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I take this risk, and write you
 back, to help my son have a better
 life. And hopefully I can help you
 too.*

Patrick looks at the clock-- after two AM.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Well I think I've said enough for
 now. And I think at this point I
 need a small favor from you: can
 you convince me this isn't total
 bullshit? Your friend, Patrick
 Kemp.*

He presses SEND.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick is on a date with a DIVORCED WOMAN. It seems to be going okay but not great. His Blackberry BUZZES. He looks at it:

Re: Re: Help Me Spread Goodness

He starts to read, tuning her out:

JOSEPH (V.O.)

Dear Patrick. I have received your message and thank you very much for the detail. You asked how I found you, and it was because of your numerous certificates and awards. I see that two years in a row you have won an award in your state. I hope you win again this year.

She's still talking, he's still reading.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am sorry to hear about your problem with wife, job, camp, mustard, and car. I have seen that car, some of our government ministers drive it. You should most certainly keep it!

He looks up at his date, who wonders why he isn't listening.

PATRICK

Sorry. It's the sitter--

He puts the Blackberry aside and tries to pay attention to her.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - (LATER THAT) NIGHT

Patrick leans against the wall, reading the rest of it.

JOSEPH (V.O.)

I understand that you have some concern about this proposal. This is very normal. It is difficult for us here in Nigeria, for those of us who are honest. There are so many dishonest people. That is why it is better for my charity to be controlled from outside our country.

Patrick looks up and moves away from the sink, letting someone pass.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*If you think about it Mr Patrick,
if this was fraud, why would I send
it from Nigeria? That is not good
for trust. I would sent it from
another country, like South Africa
or London.*

Patrick smiles slightly, amused at the logic but hardly convinced.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I would very much like to speak to
you to answer all of your
questions, but my medical condition
does prevent that. However I am
preparing a portfolio of selected
documents which I will have
delivered to your home or office.
This will give you further
information on the security
company.*

LATER

Patrick is back at the table. Chatting and friendly.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I have retained a barrister to
handle the legal arrangement out of
London England. All that is needed
is a wire transfer of 2000 US
dollars to begin paperwork. At the
below is the account where you
should send monies and also please
send me your account information so
I may accelerate the transfers.*

She's laughing, loving him.

JOSEPH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Please do so as soon as possible to
continue process as my health
continues to not improve. I am so
glad you have replied to me. We
will do great things together.
Your friend Joseph Otumbo.*

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The woman sleeps in Patrick's bed. But he isn't there.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Dear Joseph. Sorry for the delay
 in responding but I just finished
 an important meeting.*

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S STUDY - NIGHT

He's at his computer. Naked.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Thanks for getting back to me but I
 have a lot more questions. I'm
 sure you understand I won't send
 you any money until you send me the
 documents and I have them examined
 by a lawyer. Can you send them
 tomorrow? My fax number is listed
 below.*

He thinks on it, the woman walks past him, naked, towards the kitchen...

LATER

Patrick flipping through the late night channels. There is an infomercial for PEOPLE WITH HARELIPS.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*And will 2000 dollars cover all of
 the legal fees? Based on my
 understanding of inheritance and
 estate planning, the fees may end
 up being much more and I'd rather
 know that now than have a rude
 surprise later. Let me know.
 Thanks. Patrick.*

Patrick is morbidly fascinated by the harelips... and then resumes flipping through a MOTORBOAT CATALOG.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

A BANKING AWARDS BANQUET in progress. Black tie or Midwestern equivalent.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
And the 2008 Spectrum Diversity
Illinois State Financial Services
Planner of the Year Award goes
to... Antoine Jefferson! First
Midwestern Bank!

APPLAUSE! Jefferson moves to the stage, surprised and smiling. They hand him a PLAQUE. Patrick claps politely. Massively faking it.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Joseph. It's been three weeks and
I'm still waiting for your fax.
And I'm not doing anything until I
get it.*

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DUSK (MOS)

Kids out trick-or-treating for Halloween. Patrick at the curb with a few other PARENTS as the kids wander up to the doors on their own.

Liam waves to his dad: dressed as an ASTRONAUT. Another twist of the knife. Patrick waves back.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I thought you were serious. But I
guess I was wrong. I think you
will need to find someone else to
work with. Good luck. Patrick.*

Everyone walks on to the next house. But Patrick is distracted. He stands alone.

FADE OUT.

EXT. PATRICK'S CONDO - DAY

Snow falls outside-- a month has passed. The voice of a MIDDLE-AGED AFRICAN MAN intrudes:

ABACHA (V.O.)
*Dear Patrick Kemp. My name is
Emmanuel Abacha of Ikeja, Lagos
State, Nigeria. I am writing to
you with some sad news.*

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE FUNERAL - NIGERIA - DAY

An enormous procession, weeping mourners, etc.

ABACHA (V.O.)
*Your good friend and my nephew
 Joseph Otumbo was called to the
 Lord ten days ago.*

White doves are released into the blue Nigerian sky as ELTON JOHN plays piano on a stage.

ABACHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*In reviewing his will and testament
 and computer records, I became
 aware of his correspondence with
 you and your role in assisting him
 in the distribution of his
 inheritance. And I apologize that
 he became so unreliable in his
 response. But it also appears that
 he did not hear from you for some
 time, so perhaps you are no longer
 interested in his fate or any good
 works. Regards, Emmanuel Abacha.*

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING - DAY (MOS)

Patrick looks downward, brow knitted in thought as Jefferson makes a presentation.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Mr. Abacha-- Yes. I am still
 interested. It was your nephew who
 stopped writing to me, and I am the
 one who has been doing research on
 the various charities. Are you
 aware of the harelip epidemic, for
 instance?*

He's typing--

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*He was going to send me some
 documents, did he leave them with
 you? Patrick.*

INT. PATRICK'S OFFICE - (NEXT) DAY (MOS)

Patrick arriving in the morning, bundled up from the cold.

ABACHA (V.O.)

Dear Mr. Patrick. I am very happy to move forward with you. I am also aware that you requested some documents from my nephew to confirm the reality of this, and that they were never sent. My secretary has acquired your office fax number and will be sending them shortly.

As he sheds his coat, he stops at his secretary's desk to finish reading the email on his Blackberry.

ABACHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

However I do have some bad news. I am sorry to tell you that upon further inquiry, perhaps due to delirium or pulmonary shortage, my nephew gave you an incorrect amount for the legal fees due to our family barrister in the United Kingdom. The amount due in full is 9,000 British Pounds or approximately 17,000 US dollars.

Patrick looks behind his SECRETARY-- pages are rolling out of the fax machine.

ABACHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know this is more than has been discussed, but I think you will agree that it is still a small amount compared to the larger total you will be receiving.

Patrick smiles slightly, asking her for the pages--

ABACHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Once you have reviewed the documents, please contact me at my office or mobile number listed below and I can answer any final questions you may have.

Patrick waits. LAUGHTER makes him look up-- Jefferson and Fleming, from across the office. Patrick not in on it.

He takes the fax pages into his office and SLAMS the door. The secretary is startled-- and notices the light on her phone turn bright as Patrick picks up an outside line.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S STUDY - DAY

Patrick is home and unshaven, going through several files of financial paperwork. There's a KNOCK at the door. He ignores it as Abacha continues:

ABACHA (V.O.)

If the transaction is still of interest, you can then please initiate payment to the routing numbers which Joseph provided you, as I do not have access to them because they were kept confidential.

The KNOCKING persists. Finally he walks over and opens it. Diane is standing there, bundled up in the snowstorm.

DIANE

I tried to call but you didn't answer.

PATRICK

Oh shit. Was I supposed to shovel--

DIANE

It's not about that.

PATRICK

Is Liam with you?

DIANE

He's at Scott's. Patrick there's something wrong with the bank account.

PATRICK

What do you mean?

DIANE

Can I come in?

She's freezing. He snaps out of it, lets her in.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Patrick finishes stirring milk into a mug of tea. Abacha's words continue to ring:

ABACHA (V.O.)

*Upon receipt of your transfer and
your own bank routing information,
you will receive security passcodes
for the charitable account, plus a
one time lump sum payment of
1,500,000 dollars.*

Patrick walks the mug of tea to Diane.

DIANE

I got the statement on the 529
account. You know, Liam's college
fund--

PATRICK

I know what it is.

DIANE

It's not right. It's off by like
15,000 dollars.

ABACHA (V.O.)

1,500,000 dollars--

PATRICK

You must have read it wrong.

DIANE

I have it right here. I went
online and printed it out.

She hands it to him. He looks at it.

PATRICK

Oh wait. I must have forgotten to
tell you. I moved it.

DIANE

You moved it?

PATRICK

I found a better rate. Vanguard.
It's complicated because we have
rules at First Midwestern about
employees moving money out of the
bank.

DIANE

Oh.

PATRICK

I think the Vanguard statements are quarterly so you won't see it until, um, March or something.

ABACHA (V.O.)

One million five hundred--

Patrick gets up.

PATRICK

You should get home. I don't like you driving in this.

She smiles at him.

DIANE

If only you cared this much when we were married.

He leads her to the door.

PATRICK

Call me when you get home, all right?

She nods. He closes the door. Exhales.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Dear Mr. Abacha. Thank you for speaking with me yesterday. As you suggested, I have thought about what you said and I have come to a decision.

He hurries back to his study.

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am sending the money.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S STUDY - (LATER THAT) NIGHT

It is snowing hard outside. Patrick is at the ELECTRONIC BANKING website of First Midwestern.

PATRICK (V.O.)

With currency exchange rates as of market close on Friday, the total comes to 17,670 US dollars. Per your instructions, it will be wired into the account directly.

The screen asks "CONFIRM?" Patrick confirms without hesitation.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick lies in bed, eyes open, staring at the ceiling.
Excited, nervous. Can't sleep.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*My condolences to you and your
family over your recent tragedies.
But I hope with this news of my
commitment, that there will be good
days ahead for all of us. I look
forward to your confirmation and
continuing your nephew's good
works. Sincerely Patrick Kemp.*

He looks out the window-- the snow has stopped, the sky is
clear and cold. A CRESCENT MOON and shiny stars are visible.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONDO - (ANOTHER) DAY

Patrick shovels his tiny front driveway. He is unshaven. He
shovels with aggression. A NEIGHBOR calls out to him but he
ignores her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick is watching APOLLO 13. He is drinking and brooding.
All the lights are off. The phone rings but he doesn't get
up to answer it. He watches the movie without expression.

INT. POLICE STATION - NAPERVILLE - DAY

Patrick sits across from a DETECTIVE (50s).

DETECTIVE
When did this happen?

PATRICK
A couple of weeks ago.

DETECTIVE
How much did this client of yours
lose?

PATRICK

Not sure exactly. I think it was around 17,670 dollars.

DETECTIVE

Around that.

PATRICK

Yeah.

Detective chuckles.

DETECTIVE

Well. Better him than me.

Patrick gets defensive.

PATRICK

Actually he's a pretty smart guy. I think it was for his son, he was going to space camp. They have an authentic lunar module.

DETECTIVE

Sounds like the son is smarter than his dad.

PATRICK

It was very convincing. There were faxes, and phone numbers in Nigeria and in London, with real people. He spoke to someone. All the questions were answered.

DETECTIVE

Of course they were. It's a con. That's why people fall for it.

PATRICK

Nevertheless-- I just thought I would check to see if there's anything the police could do.

DETECTIVE

It's tough. We don't have jurisdiction, he could go to the FBI maybe, but the odds-- I mean the guy wasn't real.

PATRICK

Well the story wasn't real, but the guy is a real guy--

Detective searches on his desk for a note pad.

DETECTIVE
What's his name?

PATRICK
Emmanuel Abacha.

DETECTIVE
"Emmanuel Abacha?"

PATRICK
Oh I thought you meant-- you mean
the guy who lost the money?

DETECTIVE
Yeah.

PATRICK
I can't really tell you that.

DETECTIVE
Maybe this client should come and
talk to me himself.

PATRICK
I think he's a little embarrassed.

DETECTIVE
Well there's not much I can do if I
don't talk to him.

Patrick nods, resigned.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
He could always go to Nigeria. Get
some answers that way. Get some
justice, Africa-style. Why not?

The Detective amuses himself. Patrick smiles, playing along.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
(yelling to Cop)
Hey Wallace! You're Nigerian,
right?

WALLACE is black but not Nigerian. He looks at the detective
like he is an asshole. The detective turns back to Patrick.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Tell your guy to make a vacation
out of it. If he has any money
left.

They share a chuckle. Patrick exits, and as he turns away he walks with the energy of a brand new bad idea.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Patrick sits down at his computer. He goes to COMPOSE and an empty email window pops up.

He types in Emmanuel Abacha's email address. No subject. And then:

I AM COMING FOR YOU MOTHERFUCKER

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick is pulling things out of the dresser and laying them on the bed next to an open suitcase.

DIANE
You're doing what?

PATRICK
I have to go to Africa for a week.
It's for work. I have to... fix
something.

DIANE
Bullshit. You're taking some
floozy on a cruise ship.

PATRICK
Do you want to see my passport?

DIANE
You have a passport?

PATRICK
Very funny. I got the visa today.
I expedited it.

She's laughing.

DIANE
Really? The "visa for Africa?" Is
that like an all access pass?

PATRICK
You're not helping.

DIANE

What do you want me to do? Where exactly are you going, Patrick?

PATRICK

East Africa.

DIANE

Where in East Africa?

PATRICK

Nigeria.

She's about to speak but he waves her off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I know what you're gonna say. But it's not going to be dangerous.

DIANE

What I was going to say is that it's not in East Africa.

PATRICK

Really?

He scrambles through some papers, there's a map printed on the back of one--

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You're right, look at that. My God, they must have a thousand countries...

DIANE

Are you going by yourself?

PATRICK

Yes.

DIANE

Patrick is this about the money?

PATRICK

No. Well, I mean, everything's about money really, when you think about it...

He walks over to her. Touches her shoulder reassuringly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Don't worry. I'll be careful.
 It'll be just like Club Med when
 you leave the resort. Even though
 we didn't ever really do that.

DIANE
 Because we were scared. You were
 terrified.

PATRICK
 I don't remember it quite like
 that.

DIANE
 Of course you don't. And what
 should I tell your son?

PATRICK
 Like I said. It's for work.

DIANE
 I mean after you're murdered.

She walks out. Patrick contemplates for a moment, then holds
 up a couple of shirts to see which goes better with khakis.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MURTALA INTL AIRPORT - LAGOS, NIGERIA - MORNING

The CUSTOMS AREA is drab, broken tables, a few enthusiastic
 anti-AIDS posters nailed to the walls. It's in desperate
 need of a paint job, or some other social call from the 21st
 century.

Patrick waits to approach PASSPORT CONTROL. He looks
 exhausted. He notices other people simply walking right by
 the counter but has no idea why.

He steps up. The CUSTOMS OFFICER is a bored, beefy man, not
 smiling. Patrick hands over his passport. The officer
 studies his visa form. Skeptical.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
 Tourist visa?

PATRICK
 Yes.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
 You come to visit family?

PATRICK

No, uh--

CUSTOMS OFFICER

We do not have tourist facility
here in Nigeria.

PATRICK

I thought there was a museum, the
tour book says--

Patrick scrambles in his bag, pulling out the tour book, a
sleep mask and a big CASH ENVELOPE falling to the floor, he
scrambles to pick them up.

The customs officer watches, amused. Patrick flips through
the tour book, flustered...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Here. The National Museum.

(reads)

"The most interesting exhibit is
the car of Murtala Mohammed, one of
Nigeria's more popular leaders, a
black limousine in which..."

(realizing)

"...he was assassinated in 1976."

CUSTOMS OFFICER

You come to see that.

PATRICK

Yes. Among other... sites.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

You can pay dash fee here.

PATRICK

"Dash?"

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Yes. To me.

Patrick knows this is bullshit, but he has little choice.

PATRICK

Okay. How much?

CUSTOMS OFFICER

10,000 Naira.

PATRICK

That's like 85 dollars.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
It is a very nice museum.

PATRICK
I haven't changed any money yet.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
You can pay in US dollars, that is no problem.

Patrick nods, gets out his wallet--

CUSTOMS OFFICER (CONT'D)
Then it will be 100 dollars even.

Patrick shakes his head. Hands over a hundred dollar bill. The officer stamps and returns the passport.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (CONT'D)
Welcome to Nigeria.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING

Patrick outside with his suitcases. Everyone else seems to have a car or driver and is quickly hurrying away, but he scans the horizon and seems to be coming up empty.

A couple of GUYS leaning against beat-up sedans take note of this. One hustles up and approaches him. His name is KINGSLEY. 40s, skinny.

KINGSLEY
Taxi?

PATRICK
Someone from the hotel is supposed to meet me.

Patrick takes out his cell phone and a folded hotel invoice, finding the number and trying to make a call.

KINGSLEY
Which hotel?

He can't get the phone to work. Frustrated.

PATRICK
Moorhouse.

KINGSLEY
He just left. I take you.

The humidity is punishing and a thick haze hangs over the landscape. Patrick starts to sweat.

PATRICK
That's okay.

KINGSLEY
I am a driver for the hotel. It is
no problem.

Meanwhile the other guy has taken Patrick's second suitcase and is loading it into a car.

PATRICK
Wait what are you doing--

KINGSLEY
This is taxi.

PATRICK
That's not a taxi.

KINGSLEY
Let's go.

Patrick hesitates but feels himself whisked along the current of events... he follows Kingsley to his car. They get in.

INT. CAR - DAY

A beater PEUGEOT, religious stuff dangling from the mirror. Patrick gets in back. As they speed away he realizes--

PATRICK
Wait! My bag is in the other car!

He looks behind where the other driver is waving at them. Kingsley SLAMS on the brakes and backs 100 feet recklessly to pull up next to it.

The other driver starts YELLING at Kingsley. They look instantly, fiercely angry. Both pulling at the bag. Patrick can't understand anything they are saying:

KINGSLEY
*Abeg come ansa dis question quick
quick!*

OTHER DRIVER
Chai! Dem don chop chance me!

PATRICK
Guys...

A THIRD MAN in some kind of uniform comes over to mediate and calm them.

MAN IN UNIFORM
(to Patrick)
Sorry boss. It be over soon.

PATRICK
What language are they speaking?

MAN IN UNIFORM
English.

Finally it seems settled. Kingsley returns.

KINGSLEY
It is okay. We go now.

PATRICK
Great.

KINGSLEY
We must pay them a reservation fee.

PATRICK
Fine.

He hands over some small bills. Kingsley passes them out the window. They head off to the gate at the end of the airport drive. Another GUARD comes over to them and talks to Kingsley. Another heated discussion.

KINGSLEY
He says we must pay a fine.

PATRICK
Why?

KINGSLEY
Because the road is one way and I went back.

PATRICK
Jesus.

It is taking him ten years just to get out of the airport. Patrick hands over more money. The guard wants more.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Tell him that's it. Let's go.

The guard relents and lifts the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - TRAVELING - DAY

Here is LAGOS-- population 17 million, all of whom seem to be visible to Patrick during this rush hour wild taxi ride.

PATRICK

"Kin-ley?"

KINGSLEY

Kings-ley.

Patrick takes it all in: small vans and yellow buses loading and unloading passengers and cargo under the freeway "flyovers," schoolkids in uniforms dodging cars, motorbikes zipping in between all of them, buzzing like insects.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

Moorhouse very nice. Best hotel,
best quality.

Patrick is barely listening. It is a complete sensory overload in every direction.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

Here is my card.

Kingsley hands him a remarkably professional-looking business card: SUNRISE CAR SERVICE with his name and mobile number.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

I will be the driver for your
entire visit to Lagos, "the city of
excellence." I hope you will enjoy
our country very much.

Kingsley is driving like a LUNATIC. Swerving, honking, slamming on the brakes. He has GEORGE JONES country music blaring on the car radio.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

(singing along)

*If I could find that Lonely Street
where dim lights bring
forgetfulness
where broken dreams and mem'ries
meet...*

Kingsley drives over a dirt median, past market stalls with small kerosene fires cooking breakfast meats, up onto the enormous THIRD MAINLAND BRIDGE, where he comes to a dead stop and joins the queue.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

"Go slow."

PATRICK

How much further?

KINGSLEY

To Moorhouse? Not far. Ikeja.
Six, seven kilometers.

Patrick looks at the traffic. Resigned.

PATRICK

And how long...

KINGSLEY

Two hours.

Kingsley's cell phone RINGS-- "William Tell Overture." He answers and begins to speak, unintelligible.

LATER

they are still up on the bridge, not moving.

PATRICK

What does "dash" mean?

KINGSLEY

Bribe.

Patrick looks out to his left, where miles of SHACKS have been built on stilts out over the water, the water slick and shiny with bobbing oil and planks of rotted lumber.

Meanwhile a parade of VENDORS makes its way between the cars. Men and women, all ages, some children. Expressionless. And selling everything-- bicycle tires, crackers, dictionaries, shaving kits. Patrick doesn't like to look at them.

LATER

They're finally moving. Swooping down off the bridge, the nonstop cityscape of LAGOS ISLAND around them, decrepit skyscrapers or tenement housing ten stories high or huddled low to the ground and everywhere absolute SWARMS OF PEOPLE.

It's wrong to call it humbling-- it's just impactful. And almost indescribable, even for the well-traveled, which Patrick is not.

EXT. MOORHOUSE HOTEL - POOL BAR - NIGHT

A moderately nice hotel by States standards but in Lagos this passes for opulent. The pool bar has a few dozen tables, bad pop music playing, a smattering of customers.

Patrick sits at the bar drinking a beer. He looks worn out, thrown head first into the deep end. He tries again with his cell phone-- no luck.

WOMAN (O.S.)

You need an MTN card.

Patrick turns-- a very attractive and somewhat dressed YOUNG NIGERIAN WOMAN takes the seat next to him.

PATRICK

Pardon me?

WOMAN

An MTN card. That's the network here.

(to bartender)

Chapman's please.

(to Patrick)

Otherwise you pay through the nose. My friend can get you one.

PATRICK

That's okay.

WOMAN

American?

PATRICK

Yes.

WOMAN

My cousin, she lives in New York City. First time in Nigeria?

PATRICK

Yes. That's quite a dress you're wearing.

WOMAN

I know. I wear it to celebrate. Today is a very happy day.

PATRICK
Your birthday?

WOMAN
No. It is the day I meet you.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK
Wow. That's very good. I think my
wife has that dress.

WOMAN
Really? Is she in possession of
your wedding ring as well?

He's tired but he laughs, energized by the banter and
flattery. She gets her drink-- some red fruity concoction.

PATRICK
Can I ask you a question? The
traffic--

WOMAN
Very bad. Always.

PATRICK
And the weather--

WOMAN
Humid and hot. Unless it is rainy
season.

PATRICK
So it's nicer then?

WOMAN
Lagos is built out of the water.
Sea level. When the rain comes,
the water bites back. Roads gone.
Disease. Holes in the ground,
young boys and girls fall into them
and drown.

PATRICK
So it's never really nice here.

WOMAN
What do you mean? Lagos is always
beautiful.

She smiles. Quite lovely, actually. She extends a hand.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I'm Tina Turner.

Patrick is charmed. He shakes her hand.

PATRICK
"Tina Turner." That's an
interesting name.

WOMAN
I bet you will remember it.

PATRICK
Indeed I will.

WOMAN
So if you would tell me your name
and your number, I will decide if
yours is as interesting as mine.

PATRICK
My phone doesn't work.

WOMAN
I meant your room number.

Before Patrick can respond to this delicate, by-the-hour
dance of seduction, ANOTHER WOMAN taps him on the shoulder.

She's white, attractive and sensibly dressed and tan, but
Africa-worker tan, not beach tan. Her name is SERENA CARSON
(30s).

SERENA
Excuse me-- are you Mr. Fontaine?

PATRICK
Yes I am.

SERENA
Serena Carson, from Project BUILD.
Sorry I'm late, we drove in from
Benin City--

PATRICK
I understand. Let's grab a table.
(to Tina Turner)
It's been a pleasure.

Tina Turner gives him a finger wave and smiles as he walks
off with Serena.

SERENA

I appreciate you taking the time to meet with me, I brought copies of the materials you requested plus we have a brand new CD-ROM--

She's businesslike, not desperate. They've moved far enough out of Tina Turner's earshot--

PATRICK

I'm sorry. I'm not Mr. Fontaine.

Serena stops short.

SERENA

You're not?

PATRICK

No. I just wanted to get away from her. The act was wearing thin.

Patrick laughs but Serena isn't as friendly anymore.

SERENA

Her act or yours?

PATRICK

Whoa. Let's start over here.

SERENA

I'm late for a meeting. Excuse me.

She walks away, leaving him. Patrick watches her go, then looks back at Tina Turner, who has already moved on to someone else.

EXT. MOORHOUSE HOTEL - (NEXT) MORNING

Patrick emerges, looking somewhat refreshed. He approaches the BELLMAN.

PATRICK

Excuse me, I need a taxi?

Suddenly Kingsley is up in Patrick's face--

KINGSLEY

Mr. Patrick, good morning suh!

PATRICK

Oh. Uh--

KINGSLEY

Let's go!

As Kingsley leads him to the car, yammering the whole time--

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

I sleep here! In my car, last night! So I would be ready to take you! I told you I would be your driver, yes? You must trust your friend Kingsley!

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - TRAVELING

They are heading out of the gated hotel entrance. Kingsley is still enthusiastic.

KINGSLEY

I get some new music for you, suh. Nigerian music! Fela Kuti!

PATRICK

Wonderful.

He puts in a new cassette, suddenly the car is filled with AFRO-BEAT music.

KINGSLEY

My uncle, he played with Fela. 1973.

But Patrick is studying a piece of paper.

PATRICK

We need to go to Suru-ler-e.

KINGSLEY

Surulere, yes.

PATRICK

42 Masha Road.

KINGSLEY

Very good.

They head off. Patrick has a sheaf of printed-out emails from Abacha-- and this is listed as his office address.

LATER

they are in traffic, not moving. Patrick again taking it in. Kingsley is on his cell phone. He hangs up.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)
My daughter. She is in University.

PATRICK
Ah.

KINGSLEY
Do you have children?

PATRICK
I have one son.

KINGSLEY
Wonderful.

PATRICK
He's an astronaut.

Kingsley looks confused.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
He's going up in space in a rocket.
He's in final training now on the
lunar module.

Kingsley doesn't get it. He looks up ahead.

KINGSLEY
Masha Road. We are here.

CUT TO:

EXT. "TASTEE FRIED CHICKEN" - DAY

Nigeria's knockoff KFC. Kingsley and Patrick stand outside.

KINGSLEY
42 Masha Road. This is it.

PATRICK
It's supposed to be an office
building.

KINGSLEY
It is only an office of chicken.

They just stare at it. Patrick looks like he expected this. People come and go. Many stop to look at Patrick.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)
Are you hungry?

PATRICK
Let's go to the police station.

KINGSLEY
The police?

PATRICK
The nearest station. The local district office, or whatever.

KINGSLEY
I do not understand.

PATRICK
The police. You do have police here, don't you? I need to report a crime. I thought you said you'd take me anywhere.

KINGSLEY
The police cannot help you. This is Lagos. You can only help yourself.

Patrick weighs Kingsley's words.

PATRICK
Take me to the police, or take me back to the Moorhouse and I'll hire a different driver.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - SURULERE - DAY

A run down building, no markings. An unpaved road, more residential and dicey. Kingsley pulls up outside.

KINGSLEY
Here.

Patrick looks at it.

PATRICK
No way.

KINGSLEY
See that? "NPF?" Nigeria Police Force. I wait here.

Patrick again must decide. He sees no one going in or out.

PATRICK
Don't leave.

Patrick gets out. He looks around-- people moving with a purpose, the usual stares, but no one seeming to size him up. It doesn't seem any more or less safe than anywhere else.

INT. POLICE BUILDING - DAY

Patrick peeks his head in.

PATRICK
Hello?

And Kingsley is right but he's wrong-- it used to be a police station. Now all that's left are a few metal desks, an overturned trashcan, a dented file cabinet.

As Patrick takes it in-- he turns at the sound of Kingsley's CAR pulling away. And in the wipe appear four rough-looking YOUNG MEN, bloodshot eyes, hard faces. One is the leader.

LEADER
How now Oyibo!

Patrick instinctively takes a step back.

PATRICK
I was looking for the police...

LEADER
No police here. You need a friend?

PATRICK
Not really.

LEADER
Ah ne fresh fish. Joba be your friend.

The others talk amongst themselves and laugh--

PATRICK
Look I'll give you all my money.
Just take me to the police station.

CUT TO:

INT. ACTUAL POLICE STATION - SURULERE - DAY

The station doesn't look that different from the crummy place where Patrick was before.

Patrick stands across from a baby-faced police CONSTABLE (20). Patrick is dirty and drenched in sweat.

PATRICK
(repeating it)
I'm from America. And I have some
fraudulent activity to report.

He pulls out one of his remaining papers, folded and mashed.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I was told the business was located
at 42 Masha Road, but when I--

CONSTABLE
42 Masha Road? That is Tastee
Fried Chicken.

PATRICK
I know it's Tastee Fried Chicken--

CONSTABLE
Were you served some improper
chicken?

PATRICK
I was told that it was the office
of a lawyer. Emmanuel Abacha.

CONSTABLE
Ah.

Constable smiles.

PATRICK
Why are you "ah"-ing? What does
"ah" mean?

CONSTABLE
You were the victim of 419. Fraud.

PATRICK
Yes!

CONSTABLE
That happened today?

PATRICK

No. Today I was abandoned by my driver and then mugged by a few other guys. They were pretty nice about it, from what I could understand. The fraud was a couple of weeks ago.

CONSTABLE

So you wish to file a report about the mugging or the 419?

LATER

Patrick sits with a SERGEANT as the Constable watches and learns.

SERGEANT

"Abacha" is a very common name in Nigeria. It was also our President's name.

PATRICK

So I guess you can rule one person out.

SERGEANT

He is dead.

PATRICK

Oh.

SERGEANT

Either this person does not exist or he will be impossible to find.

PATRICK

I'd still like to file a report.

SERGEANT

There is a fee to open a file.

PATRICK

I don't have any money.

SERGEANT

Then you can just give me your credit card number.

PATRICK

You don't understand. I was just mugged. I don't have a wallet.

SERGEANT

I see.

Sergeant puts the lid back on his pen that he was writing nothing down with.

PATRICK

Actually I need to call my credit card companies I think. And I have no idea really where I am, and I have no way to get back to the hotel.

Sergeant nods, contemplating this. Patrick starts to laugh. It's all so absurd.

EXT. SURULERE MOTOR PARK - DAY

The crowded and boisterous depot for buses and vans. Patrick has been deposited here by the police, taking the last few steps as he staggers across the Rubicon.

A couple of MEN aggressively pursue him, but he seems to shrug them off.

PATRICK

(asking randomly)

Moorhouse Hotel? To Moorhouse?

People ignore him until--

DRIVER

Moorhouse ya...

A driver leads him to his "DANFO" bus, a small yellow van with seating for a dozen.

INT. DANFO - DRIVING - DAY

The small bus is completely full, speeding through traffic then slamming to a halt. Patrick sits at the window, the only white person. He has a peaceful smile on his face.

As the danfo picks up speed, he leans his head out to feel the breeze, like a dog. Then he leans back in, completely oblivious as another danfo races by which would have cut his head off.

EXT. MOORHOUSE HOTEL - POOL BAR - NIGHT

Tonight there is a FEMALE SINGER and BAND. They are terrible.

Patrick is alone at a small table. He has cleaned up physically, at least. He pushes a french fry through some ketchup. He is in a daze.

Suddenly the power GOES OUT at the entire hotel. A few seconds, then generators kick in and the lights come back. Patrick pushes the french fry for the duration.

He looks up and sees Serena has arrived again at the bar. She is talking on her cell phone. She sees him. He doesn't even smile, just goes back to his food.

This intrigues her. She finishes her call and walks over.

SERENA

You look like hell.

PATRICK

Long day. Are you looking for your man?

SERENA

He's a public relations VP at Chevron. That's why I assumed he was the white guy with the prostitute.

Patrick has to chuckle at this.

SERENA (CONT'D)

Sorry if I was short.

PATRICK

Not a problem.

SERENA

Anyway, he's not coming. Again. His office just called. He's in Port Harcourt and he's been detained. Actually he's been kidnapped, I think. She wasn't clear. May I?

She moves towards a seat.

SERENA (CONT'D)

You look like you need some company. Non-transactional of course.

PATRICK

I'm Patrick Kemp.

SERENA

Serena Carson. I may have said that before, when I thought you were someone else.

PATRICK

Someone important.

SERENA

He's not important. He just has money.

PATRICK

It's all about money, isn't it?

SERENA

And PR. Which his company could use a healthy dose of, considering they're in the process of raping this country.

Patrick just nods. Weary.

SERENA (CONT'D)

What-- you want to argue with that?

PATRICK

I don't know enough to argue. I don't really know anything about this place.

SERENA

Well you know that you don't know. That's something. So what do you do, if you don't mind me asking?

PATRICK

I'm in finance.

SERENA

Me too. Corporate or non-profit?

PATRICK

Much more non-profit than I'd like it to be.

Serena laughs at this, motioning to the waiter. Patrick notes this.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I can't-- I don't really have any money.

SERENA

I was getting your check. I hate this place. How much was that burger, forty dollars?

PATRICK

I don't know. The prices are all in some weird foreign currency.

SERENA

Are you willing to step outside the ex-pat bubble and have an actual Nigerian meal?

PATRICK

Only if you promise I won't have to talk to any actual Nigerians. And I'll need a ride back.

SERENA

You don't have a driver?

PATRICK

I did. But he, uh, lacked courage at a critical moment.

SERENA

You're funny. Let's go.

She gets up. He follows.

INT. "BOGO CHILI" - VICTORIA ISLAND - NIGHT

An upscale boho jazz lounge and restaurant. As good music plays, Serena and Patrick sit at a small table.

PATRICK

So that was it. I sent the money, and of course they disappeared and nothing happened. So I set up this trip because I thought that if I got over here I'd track them down, or the police would help... I don't know. When someone fucks with you like that, you just want to do something. I was just so pissed.

Serena listens, but it's not clear how she feels.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But what the hell was I thinking? How many people live here? 800 gabillion?

SERENA

Almost.

PATRICK

And those kids on the street, the ones who took my money--

SERENA

"Area boys." A Lagos original.

PATRICK

It was so weird. They were organized, but then on drugs I think, but also sort of passive-aggressive--

The power goes out in the bar. Darkness for a moment...

SERENA

It's a shakedown. They don't want to hurt you. But they will of course.

PATRICK

I feel like I've been here a year.

The power comes back on. Patrick is shaking his head.

SERENA

I was in the Peace Corps for four years right out of UT. And we had a saying. "If you go to Asia, you come back a mystic. If you go to Latin America, you come back a revolutionary. And if you go to West Africa... you come back laughing."

Patrick laughs.

PATRICK

Where did you serve?

(thinking)

Is that how they say it, do you "serve" in the Peace Corps?

SERENA

Cambodia. But for the last six I've been here. Ghana, Burkina, Mali. I'm only in Nigeria once a month.

PATRICK
Mali. Madonna has a kid from
there.

SERENA
Actually that was Malawi.

But Patrick is not really listening, still fixated on what
happened to him.

PATRICK
The thing is, he seemed totally
sincere.

SERENA
Who?

PATRICK
Abacha. Even that Joseph Otumbo
person before, the one who died. I
believed them. Maybe I was
blinded. In wanting to help them.

Patrick ponders this.

SERENA
So you're a humanitarian now?

PATRICK
I wouldn't go that far--

SERENA
If he had offered you the money,
and you didn't get a cut, would you
have been so eager to help?

PATRICK
Maybe not. I don't know--

Loud LAUGHTER at the bar. Patrick looks over: a group of
YOUNG NIGERIAN MEN joke with the BARTENDER.

SERENA
What happened to you today, it
totally sucks. But what got you
here-- that's on you.

PATRICK
What are you talking about?

SERENA
There are lots of way to help
people, Patrick.
(MORE)

SERENA (CONT'D)
But there's not always a bag of
money at the end of that rainbow.

PATRICK
If the person helping gets
something out of it, what's wrong
with that?

SERENA
Nothing. But it should be the side
effect. Not the motive.

PATRICK
Why? I like nice things. I want
my son to go to space camp.

SERENA
You really don't get it, do you?
"Space Camp?" No offense, but
Patrick-- what the hell?

PATRICK
They have a lunar module.

SERENA
Of course they do.

They agree to disagree. Patrick motions for another beer.

SERENA (CONT'D)
You should come with me tomorrow.
I want to show you something.

PATRICK
I don't know...

SERENA
Do you know how to say "I don't
know" in Nigerian?

Patrick shakes his head.

SERENA (CONT'D)
"Yes."

Patrick smiles. It's true, he has nothing to do...

SERENA (CONT'D)
I'll pick you up at eight.

PATRICK
Okay. I gotta--

He starts to get up, motions...

SERENA
Behind the bar to the left.

PATRICK
Thanks.

He heads off.

INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT

Patrick finishes at the urinal. As he flushes and moves to the sink, two of the young men from the bar come in.

One has short DREADLOCKS and is muscular. The other is tall and LEAN. They are drunk and laughing.

Patrick gives them a quick look and nod, then resumes washing his hands. They seem friendly enough, entering the bathroom midconversation...

DREADLOCKS
*Why you just de copy copy? E
remain small I for win dat game!*

LEAN MAN
Na na dem dem Otumbo for Biodun...

Patrick freezes as he hears the name. He keeps washing his hands, doesn't look up--

DREADLOCKS
*And then you have to tell her you
are broke. Your oshelengen too
much!*

LEAN MAN
That is a lie--

DREADLOCKS
Credits and a loaf of bread!
(mimicking)
*"If dat girl no take time dey make
yanga, she go chop-beans one day!"*

Dreadlocks is in hysterics and they are both pushing at each other. Patrick looks at them in the mirror. Finally the skinny one -- Otumbo -- is ready to use the sink.

OTUMBO
Excuse me, brother.

Otumbo smiles politely. Patrick snaps out of it, then stumbles out of the washroom.

INT. BOGO CHILI - NIGHT

Patrick returning to the table, looking sort of dazed.

SERENA
You see a ghost in there?

PATRICK
I don't know. How common a name is
"Otumbo?"

SERENA
It's not "Smith." Why?

Otumbo and Dreadlocks have rejoined the other two guys and are about to head out. Patrick hesitates, finishes his beer in one gulp, and then hurries after them to the door.

He taps on Otumbo's shoulder.

PATRICK
Excuse me.

Otumbo turns around, smiling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Did you say your name was "Otumbo?"

OTUMBO
Yes.

PATRICK
Do you know a Joseph Otumbo?

OTUMBO
I am Joseph Otumbo.

PATRICK
Wait-- you're Joseph Otumbo?

OTUMBO
I am Joseph Otumbo. Who are you?

PATRICK
I thought you were dead.

Otumbo chuckles.

OTUMBO
Do I look dead to you?

PATRICK
 You died. You had Ideopathic
 Pulmonary Fibrosis.

None of this seems to mean anything to Otumbo, who is growing impatient.

OTUMBO
 What do you want? My friends, we
 are late for a party.

PATRICK
 I'm Patrick Kemp. From America.

OTUMBO
 I don't know this man.

Now Patrick is irritated.

PATRICK
 This man is me. Patrick. You
 stole from me. You and Abacha--

Now he has Otumbo's attention--

OTUMBO
 Abacha?

PATRICK
 You and Abacha. You stole my
 money.

Otumbo takes off running, out the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Hey!

Patrick squeezes past Otumbo's friends, who have no idea what has happened, and is out the door after him.

EXT. BOGO CHILI - NIGHT

Patrick runs onto the street, sees Otumbo dart to the left; like many areas of Lagos after dark, there is no electricity. So it is pitch black except for an occasional small kerosene fire, or a motorbike headlamp, whizzing by.

Patrick takes a few strides to the left, maybe a block or so, Serena coming out of the bar to look for him--

Then Patrick stops: he's lost sight of Otumbo and is about to turn around when a car HONKS and almost hits him, flashing BRIGHTS but then headlights off as it passes.

With the car brights fading from his eyes, he can see even less than before. He stands in the middle of the street, panting for breath.

PATRICK

Damn it.

Patrick looks down-- a SMALL BOY is standing there, around 9 or 10, hard to see in the dark.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hi.

The boy doesn't answer.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Have you seen a guy running? Black
guy. Black hair...

Patrick laughs to himself.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Goes by the name Blackety
McBlackBlack. Fuck it.

He turns to walk away-- and the boy points. DOWN. Patrick is confused, and then he looks down and sees... the top of Otumbo's head, peeking out of a DITCH.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hey! Get up here!

Otumbo doesn't move.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I see you.

Still nothing. He looks at the boy, who is holding a small piece of concrete for him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(to boy)

Thank you.

Patrick throws the concrete, hitting Otumbo in the back.

Otumbo gets up. Now he is ANGRY. Patrick takes a few steps back, suddenly not sure what he is doing.

OTUMBO

You should not have done that.

PATRICK

Hey. I don't want to hurt you--

OTUMBO

Maybe I want to hurt you.

PATRICK

I just want to find Abacha. Just do that and it's like we never met.

OTUMBO

I don't believe you.

PATRICK

He's the one who actually stole from me. You just, uh, attempted to steal from me. I want Abacha.

Otumbo thinks about this, sizing Patrick up.

OTUMBO

No.

Otumbo starts walking away. Patrick looks back at Bogo Chili, sees Serena talking to a few people out front. He knows he only has a moment.

PATRICK

Look-- I'll give you a cut. Ten percent of whatever I get back.

This gets Otumbo's attention.

OTUMBO

Twenty.

PATRICK

(amazed)

You really think you're in a position to negotiate?

OTUMBO

Yes.

Patrick thinks about it. He realizes Otumbo is actually right.

PATRICK

Fine. Twenty.

OTUMBO

Tomorrow then. One o'clock. I will be here.

PATRICK

Okay. See you here. Tomorrow.

Patrick starts walking back to the club.

EXT. BOGO CHILI - NIGHT

Patrick walks up to Serena. She frowns.

SERENA

When you chase people into the dark... in Lagos sometimes you don't come back.

PATRICK

Sorry. I thought it was him.

Patrick walks back inside the bar. Serena follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. IKEJA NEIGHBORHOOD - (NEXT) MORNING

A residential sidestreet that passes for "middle class" in Lagos-- one story housing with actual brick or concrete walls, private generators powering fans or lights.

But the road is still dusty unpaved gravel, and indoor plumbing is available only here or there.

And here as in everywhere in Lagos, people seem BUSY-- moving through the streets on one form of transport or another, bargaining in business, repairing something.

INT. WOMEN'S MEETING - MORNING

A dozen NIGERIAN women, ranging in age from 20s to 50s, sit in a rough circle in this local meeting room. Serena and Patrick are there as well, standing on the perimeter.

One older woman-- the BOOKKEEPER -- is collecting wads of money and writing it down in an ACCOUNT REGISTER. Some sort of heated conversation is going on with two of the women.

PATRICK

What's going on?

A young woman acting as TRANSLATOR stands next to Patrick.

TRANSLATOR

The one woman has been sick and cannot pay her loan.

(MORE)

TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

So they are figuring out which of the others will make payment for her.

A lot of raised voices but it all seems civil, as if this is how they do it. Patrick watches.

LATER

Patrick and Serena have joined the circle. Serena is an executive and white; they are taking this opportunity to air their grievances.

OLDER WOMAN

[Hausa dialect]

TRANSLATOR

(to Serena)

She says they would like the loans to be bigger.

Serena smiles. She hears this a lot.

SERENA

I'm sure she would.

(to group)

How many of you would like bigger loans?

All but one of the women raise their hands, many muttering and talking as well.

SERENA (CONT'D)

(to young woman)

Well we raise some more money, maybe we can do that. What cycle are you on here? Fourth?

YOUNG WOMAN

Fifth.

Patrick looks at Serena, confused.

SERENA

Each loan is a cycle. The first loan is 1200 Naira, around 100 dollars. They pay that back over three months at 22 percent interest. Then the second cycle starts, a bigger loan.

PATRICK

22? That seems high.

SERENA

(to young woman)

Tell him what you paid the local lender in interest when you try to get money from him.

YOUNG WOMAN

60 percent.

Patrick reacts to this. Surprised.

PATRICK

Where are the men?

He asks Serena, but the bookkeeper answers. As she does, Patrick sneaks a look at his watch-- his other appointment never far from his mind.

BOOKKEEPER

This is a women's lending group.

PATRICK

So men aren't allowed?

BOOKKEEPER

Let them have their own group.

The other women agree, nodding and talking amongst themselves.

EXT. IKEJA STREET - DAY

Withering heat and humidity. They are in a market area, where several of the women run shop stalls, or hair salons, or "chop" stands (restaurants).

SERENA

It's mutually reinforcing. When they start as a group, there's social pressure for each of them not to default.

PATRICK

And what about the men?

SERENA

We don't generally lend to men. It's not a hard and fast rule, but microfinance works better with women. They're better at saving, more likely to work together, and the profit is spent in the home, on nutrition and child care.

(MORE)

SERENA (CONT'D)
So it has an added effect. Not
just raising economic standards
overall, but helping the next
generation directly.

PATRICK
100 dollars at a time.

SERENA
You'd be surprised how far it can
go.

Patrick looks over at the shop stalls. Impressed. But then
he remembers and looks at his watch--

PATRICK
Oh shit. I've got to get back.

SERENA
Why?

PATRICK
I'm meeting the guy from the
Consulate at the Moorhouse. He has
my new credit cards.

SERENA
Which guy from the Consulate?

PATRICK
I can't remember... Turner?
Tanner?

Serena just shrugs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I need a taxi--

SERENA
Komi will take you. I'll get a
ride back.

PATRICK
You sure?

SERENA
No problem.

PATRICK
This was really interesting. Maybe
this is something that my bank
would like to help out with.

SERENA

That would be terrific. I'll call you later at the hotel?

PATRICK

Great.

He smiles at her. She waves to the end of the block, where her driver KOMI (40s) is leaning against the car. Patrick jogs over to the car.

As he reaches the car, he waves and smiles at Serena one last time. Then he turns to Komi, his face serious.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Bogo Chili.

Komi nods. They get in the car.

EXT. BOGO CHILI - DAY

Komi's car pulls up and Patrick hops out. He checks his watch, looks around-- there are black guys around, but Otumbo isn't one of them.

PATRICK

Shit!

He's about to get back in the car when someone WHISTLES. Patrick turns-- Otumbo is on a motorbike at the end of the block. Patrick walks towards the bike as Otumbo motors towards him.

OTUMBO

We have to go now.

PATRICK

What do you mean?

OTUMBO

Abacha. He is playing football at Yaba Stadium. We have to hurry. Get on.

PATRICK

On the bike? No. We'll take my car.

OTUMBO

Okada is faster. You are already late one time.

PATRICK

If anything happens-- I've left
information with the Consulate, and
my bank, and there's the driver,
right over there--

OTUMBO

Don't worry. You will be safe.

Patrick hesitates.

PATRICK

I don't trust you.

OTUMBO

I don't trust you either.

PATRICK

You wouldn't have a helmet I could
borrow--

OTUMBO

Get on.

Patrick gets on the bike, grabs Otumbo around the waist, and
they ride away.

EXT. YABA FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY

Not a stadium, just a dirt field in another residential area.
About a dozen YOUNG MEN are playing, split between two teams.

Otumbo parks his okada and both men get off. They walk to
the edge of the field. Look out at the players.

PATRICK

Which one is Abacha?

OTUMBO

I don't see him.

He takes out his phone and dials. Patrick watches the game
as Otumbo speaks in Pidgin and then hangs up.

OTUMBO (CONT'D)

My friend says he is coming.

PATRICK

When?

OTUMBO

Soon. We will wait.

Otumbo walks over to the edge of the field where there are some overturned plastic tubs. He sits down on one to watch. Patrick has no choice but to follow.

PATRICK
Like five minutes, or an hour...

OTUMBO
We cannot know.

PATRICK
Well we could know, if your friend told you... it's not like a great mystery of the universe or anything...

OTUMBO
Here we are on Niaga time. Not go-go London time.

PATRICK
I'm from America.

Otumbo doesn't answer. Patrick sighs and sits down on a tub. Not comfortable.

LATER

The match is still going. Patrick checks his watch. He is filthy and sweaty again. Otumbo dozes off, then wakes back up. It's a sleepy hot afternoon.

Patrick takes out his cell phone. Gives it another try.

OTUMBO
You need an MTN card.

PATRICK
I know. A prostitute told me that.

OTUMBO
My friend can get you one.

Otumbo yells to one of the PLAYERS. The player turns and runs off towards the neighborhood.

PATRICK
Everyone here has a friend. Or wants to be my friend.

OTUMBO
Nigerians are very friendly people.

Otumbo smiles slightly, for the first time. Patrick has to laugh. He looks at Otumbo, watching the ragged action.

PATRICK
You don't look like what I
pictured.

OTUMBO
Really? Did you think I would have
a spear in my hand?

PATRICK
Well you are from a village, aren't
you?

OTUMBO
I live in Lagos all my life.

PATRICK
You said your father was a tribal
leader.

Otumbo gives him a look.

OTUMBO
Is that what I said? In the
message that I wrote?

PATRICK
You didn't write it?

OTUMBO
We sell our names. 500 Naira.
Then the yahoo boys do what they
want with it.

PATRICK
For five dollars? So then Abacha
might not be real either.

OTUMBO
Oh he is real. He's the "oga."
The boss. You see, that is how it
works here. Everyone has an oga.
Everyone answers to someone.

Patrick nods. He gets this.

OTUMBO (CONT'D)
You have an oga, yes?

PATRICK
 My ex-wife. Capital One. Lexus
 Financial Services. Antoine. That
 prick Fleming. Lots of ogas. Too
 many ogas.

The BOY from the game runs up and has a back and forth in
 pidgin with Otumbo.

OTUMBO
 (re: boy)
 He says 1000 Naira for the SIM
 card.

PATRICK
 Tell him 800.

Otumbo takes some pleasure in Patrick trying to bargain, but
 the boy balks.

OTUMBO
 He says fixed price.

PATRICK
 Tell him 500 after I know that it
 works.

Otumbo starts laughing. The boy tugs on Otumbo's arm.

OTUMBO
 Okay he take 800.

Patrick takes a wad of small bills out of his pocket and
 counts out eight 100 Naira notes. Patrick hands his phone to
 Otumbo, who puts in the new SIM card, hands the phone back to
 Patrick.

OTUMBO (CONT'D)
 Go. Call your girlfriend.

Patrick tries the phone-- it works.

PATRICK
 I'm calling the driver. Abacha
 isn't coming, is he?

OTUMBO
 I am sorry. I get bad information.

Resigned, Patrick hands the phone to him.

PATRICK
 Tell him where we are.

Otumbo nods and speaks Pidgin to the driver. Hangs up and returns the phone to Patrick.

OTUMBO
He is coming.

PATRICK
So you don't write the emails?
You're not a "yahoo boy?"

OTUMBO
I was. But I stopped.

PATRICK
That's good. It's cheating people,
you know.

OTUMBO
Did someone force you to reply?

PATRICK
I was misled.

OTUMBO
Okay. That is how you see it. But
what I see is that there are no
jobs. Even for those of us who
know computers and can write. So
419 is what we do.

Otumbo stands up to go.

OTUMBO (CONT'D)
You have a good job. You don't
need to lie to get ahead.

PATRICK
You don't know anything about me.

OTUMBO
I know you are not a victim. You
are a fool. All those ogas you
have, those are because of you.
Here no one gives us a choice.

PATRICK
You can say no.

OTUMBO
So can you.

It's not anger in Otumbo's voice. It's reality. And it finally has sunk in, at least a little, for Patrick.

OTUMBO (CONT'D)
 Your car is here. Your driver
 followed you. He was two streets
 away this whole time. If I see
 Abacha I will call you.

Otumbo starts to walk away as the car pulls up. Patrick
 calls after him:

PATRICK
 You don't have my number!

Otumbo doesn't look back-- he just holds up a small object.
 Patrick's old SIM card.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DUSK

More go-slow through the city. Patrick looks out the window.
 The poverty, the industriousness, the epic energy of it all.

He starts making eye contact with the sellers walking near
 the car. He no longer looks away.

EXT. MOORHOUSE HOTEL - POOL BAR - NIGHT

Patrick at a small table. On his phone. Tired again.

PATRICK
 (into phone)
 I mean there's some of that... it's
 just a lot of people. And traffic.
 (listens)
 Yeah. Put him on.
 (waits)
 Hey bud. How goes it?

He looks up and sees Serena has come in.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Really? A handwritten letter?
 Which one is he again?

She walks over. He finishes the call and looks up at her as
 she gets to the table.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 My son. He got a letter from John
 Glenn.

SERENA
 Patrick I don't appreciate you
 cutting out on me today.

PATRICK

I'm sorry.

SERENA

Those women thought you were important.

PATRICK

Well I'm sure you clarified that for them after I left.

SERENA

You were with that guy from the street, right?

He rubs his hands over his face, busted.

SERENA (CONT'D)

Patrick you could have been hurt.

PATRICK

He was full of it. My money's gone.

SERENA

Of course it is. What did you think would happen, he'd say he was sorry and write you a check?

PATRICK

I should just go home.

SERENA

(considers)

Actually sometimes they do write a check. Then the check's fake and you're arrested for bank fraud--

PATRICK

Stop.

SERENA

It's just money.

PATRICK

I hate that expression. People only say that if they're totally broke or really rich and it doesn't matter anyway.

Serena just stands there. Then Patrick realizes, he starts to laugh.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
No way. No way! You're fucking
rich! Aren't you?

She grabs his arm.

SERENA
Come on.

PATRICK
No tell me! Is it a trust fund?
Or some kind of inheritance?

SERENA
I have to go to this thing. I need
you to come with me.

She pulls him up but he's still fixated.

PATRICK
Or your dad invented something,
like Teflon or polar fleece... I
want some money... can I have some
polar fleece money?

She's ignoring all of it, leading him out.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

Establishing. Not as nice as it sounds -- a standard boxy
building near the docks -- but the cars outside make up for
it. Benz, Bentley, etc. Valet parked in neat rows.

More cars and people still arriving, young and rich and
dressed accordingly. And all of them black.

Serena and Patrick emerge from her Toyota Camry. The city
amazes Patrick once again -- this time not for its poverty
but for its affluence.

PATRICK
Whose birthday is it again?

SERENA
The oil minister's son. Just
follow my lead and promote my
virtues.

They head inside.

INT. YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

Crowded, loud, a DJ plays AFRO-POP. Patrick holds a beer, standing next to Serena. Talking to a small group of attractive, well-off Nigerians.

PATRICK

So I go out there today and I'm thinking-- it's gonna be amateur hour.

He gulps the beer. But they seem to be listening.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But it's not! These women are serious! Small business makes up over 70 percent of any emerging economy. To empower these women financially, the way BUILD is doing... the effects are cascading, you know? Better health care. Better education. Lower infant mortality rate. Lower crime rate.

This in particular resonates with them. Serena is pleased.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

1000 Naira. That's all it takes.

NIGERIAN WOMAN

(to Serena)

He is quite the salesman for you.

PATRICK

(ignoring and drinking)

I mean look, let me tell you I come from a finance background, the numbers I'm used to playing with are seven digits, eight digits... but it's not just about the numbers. It's about their hearts. These loans give them this opportunity-- I mean, we've all been blessed, right? Am I right?

They nod, that's right, I think--

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But these women have been... un-blessed. They've had the crap just kicked out of them spiritually, the sand kicked in their faces, the sands of Africa--

SERENA

Patrick could you go get me a drink?

He stops mid-sentence.

BAR - LATER

Patrick drinks at the bar. He sees Serena across the room, still with the group, sealing the deal or perhaps clarifying. A BRITISH MAN (30s, white) edges up to him. Friendly enough.

BRITISH MAN

You one of Tully's men?

PATRICK

Me? No.

BRITISH MAN

Oh. Sorry, mate. Perhaps he's come and gone.

Patrick looks confused.

BRITISH MAN (CONT'D)

You're not with Chevron, then?

PATRICK

No.

BRITISH MAN

I just figured. We all have to make the rounds. Dance the Token Minuet. Kiss the rings.

PATRICK

Who do you work for?

BRITISH MAN

Shell. You?

PATRICK

I work for a bank. American.

The man smiles. Takes a sip of scotch.

BRITISH MAN

Well you've come to the right place. This is the next Dubai. Minus the fundamentalist sense of rigor and coherence. Tell that to your bosses.

PATRICK

I will.

The Brit studies the crowd.

BRITISH MAN

Look at them all. Living it up.
Meanwhile it's our pipelines
getting ripped apart, and our
workers getting snatched. But
they're the ones who need a
reckoning.

PATRICK

Why?

BRITISH MAN

Because they're the ones who nick
it! We build a platform offshore,
it costs 8 million. His father
charges us 10. And pockets the
difference.

He points to a YOUNG MAN, surrounded by women, presumably the
birthday boy.

BRITISH MAN (CONT'D)

That's why Dubai is better.
They'll chop your damn hand off.

Patrick smiles. But he has really nothing to say.

BRITISH MAN (CONT'D)

It's a shame, really. We're the
bad guys, right? Gas flares
poisoning the air. Spills
destroying villages.

The man shakes his head.

BRITISH MAN (CONT'D)

Bloody hell. We couldn't save
anyone here even if we wanted to.

This strikes Patrick as odd. But before he can reply or even
think it through, Serena catches his eye across the party,
ready to go.

PATRICK

Have a good night.

The British Man nods as Patrick walks away.

INT. SERENA'S CAR - LATER

They are parked in front of the Moorhouse. Both in the backseat. Looking at each other intently.

SERENA
Thanks again.

PATRICK
Sure.

SERENA
You were good. And dangerously full of shit. You should move here. And run for office.

He's drunk. He tries to kiss her.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Patrick--

PATRICK
It's a stressful situation.

SERENA
What is?

PATRICK
All of this. Has been. In a time of war...

He kisses her neck, but she's laughing.

SERENA
There's no war.

PATRICK
You never know who to trust...

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S HOTEL ROOM - (NEXT) MORNING

Patrick slowly wakes. Head hurting. He looks across the room-- where Serena is in a robe, hair wet. She checks email on her laptop.

PATRICK
What time is it?

SERENA
7:30.

Patrick rolls over.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Komi's on his way over to get me.
Your internet here is brutal.

PATRICK
(muffled)
We could meet for lunch later.

SERENA
Can't. I leave for Accra on
Friday. I'm swamped.

He turns back towards her.

PATRICK
I don't leave for two days.

SERENA
So?

PATRICK
I have nothing to do.

She shuts down her computer and starts packing it up.

SERENA
Paint stores.

PATRICK
Huh?

SERENA
My father. He owned a chain of
paint stores in Arizona and Utah.
Then he sold them. Lots of people
make money in not very interesting
ways.

She slips off the robe and quickly gets dressed.

PATRICK
Ha. I was right. This is easy for
you.

SERENA
Do I look rich to you?

PATRICK
That's the point. You don't have
to.

She's dressed. She sits down on the edge of the bed.

SERENA

You have two days, Patrick. In
Nigeria! Do something.

She gets up off the bed, blows him a kiss and is out the door.

INT. MOORHOUSE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Patrick approaches the female FRONT DESK CLERK. He is holding his Nigeria tour book.

PATRICK

Hello. I was hoping to arrange a
visit to the National Museum.

DESK CLERK

Yes. I am sorry. It is closed
today.

Patrick sighs. That was his plan. He looks around, the lobby is quiet. Then he looks out front... and reacts.

PATRICK

No way.

EXT. MOORHOUSE HOTEL - (MOMENTS) LATER

Patrick is crossing the parking lot towards the edge of the hotel grounds, which are ringed by a high FENCE.

There's lots of people loitering there who can't get past security and into the hotel... and one of them is Otumbo.

PATRICK

What are you doing here?

OTUMBO

I wait for you. To go look for
Abacha.

PATRICK

No. I'm not doing that.

OTUMBO

But you said you want to find him.

PATRICK

We're not going to find him. I
have work to do. It's over.

OTUMBO

Today, we will find him.

PATRICK

Okay, great. Wait right here.

I'll be back in five minutes.

Okay? You happy?

OTUMBO

Yes.

Patrick turns and walks away, irritated. He has no intention of going with Otumbo.

INT. MOORHOUSE HOTEL - POOL BAR - (MOMENTS) LATER

Patrick drinks coffee and reads a newspaper. Talks on a cell phone to his family. Etc.

EXT. FRONT OF MOORHOUSE - LATER

Patrick slides around a pillar, peering out at the front of the hotel. Otumbo is still standing there.

Patrick walks back to the elevator, snickering. What a dope.

INT. PATRICK'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Patrick works on his laptop. He gets up and goes to the window. Otumbo is still standing there. He can't see Patrick at all-- he's looking towards the front of the hotel. Waiting.

LATER

Half-eaten room service lunch on the desk. Patrick goes to the window, knowing what he'll find...

Then he frowns. Otumbo is gone. He's puzzled--

And then he spots him. He's WALKING IN TRAFFIC in front of the hotel, selling... TOILET PLUNGERS.

PATRICK

He's selling toilet plungers.

And Patrick stands there, and he watches. Traffic is heavy now but it still speeds up occasionally and is dangerous, Otumbo weaves between cars, face shiny with sweat.

Patrick is transfixed. Something about this moves him. This young guy who found some plungers and is trying to sell them, doing whatever he can... and still taking an occasional glance back at the hotel, waiting for Patrick to emerge.

EXT. MOORHOUSE HOTEL - DAY

Patrick walks back to the fence. Catches Otumbo's eye. And waves him over.

Otumbo dodges the cars and makes it to him. He seems neither angry nor surprised, handling this seven hour delay with his usual aplomb.

PATRICK

We'll go tomorrow. After lunch. I have to do something in the morning.

OTUMBO

Okay then. Maybe somewhere not as far for me. I will call you.

PATRICK

No problem. Where did you get those plungers?

OTUMBO

From my friend.

Patrick just lets it go. Some things are beyond explanation at this point.

PATRICK

See you tomorrow.

Otumbo nods and starts back towards traffic--

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Wait!

Patrick waves him over. He hands Otumbo some small bills and gestures for the toilet plungers. Otumbo smiles slightly and begins cramming them all through the metal fence posts.

INT. PROJECT BUILD OFFICES - (NEXT) MORNING

Basic and non-profit. Serena is trying to work as Patrick hovers over her desk.

SERENA

This is the guy who stole from you?

PATRICK

Yes. But he waited for me. I made him wait, it was kind of a joke at first... and he got a job, Serena! For the day!

SERENA

They all do that. What else was he going to do? Maybe he's trying to steal from you again.

PATRICK

Oh ho. So who's the cynic now?

SERENA

I am. Because I've been here more than a week.

A CO-WORKER comes in and hands her some papers.

PATRICK

I want you to help me get him a loan. And I know you don't lend to men usually. But I'd look at this as a favor to me.

SERENA

Our loans are small, Patrick.

PATRICK

I know.

SERENA

So what I'm saying is... couldn't you just loan him the money yourself?

PATRICK

No. It has to be legit. If it comes from me, it's just another con.

Serena considers it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Just one meeting.

SERENA

Fine. Call me later.

But she's still troubled.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Patrick what do you really know
about this guy?

PATRICK
He needs help. And I can help him.
Didn't you say I should do
something?

SERENA
(resigned)
Yeah... I just thought you wouldn't
listen.

EXT. "COMPUTER VILLAGE" - IKOYI - DAY

A typical bustling African market, except this one is
completely filled with stalls selling electronics. Each one
with a specialty: televisions, cell phones, stereos.

Patrick walks with Otumbo. It's loud, hot, dirty, there are
hundreds or thousands of people, chatting or bargaining or
yelling or laughing-- you never get used to this many people.

OTUMBO
A loan?

PATRICK
Yes. A small loan. So you can
open a business.

OTUMBO
I don't understand. What kind of
business?

PATRICK
Well that depends on you. What do
you know how to do?

Otumbo doesn't answer. He doesn't look at Patrick, he just
keeps walking.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You know about computers, right?

OTUMBO
So?

PATRICK
So there must be some kind of
computer business you can have.

OTUMBO
Like selling?

PATRICK
Yeah... I don't know. It might be hard because the loans aren't very big...

OTUMBO
How much is the loan?

PATRICK
I think the first one is 1000 Naira.

Otumbo laughs.

OTUMBO
1000 Naira? What kind of business can you open for that?

PATRICK
A chop house, or a market stall.

OTUMBO
Market stall? That is work for a woman.

PATRICK
Maybe you can get more. She wants to meet with you. She is very excited to meet with you.

OTUMBO
Is she pretty?

PATRICK
I don't know. I guess.

OTUMBO
I think you like her.

PATRICK
Just meet with her. And think of a business you'd like to have.

Otumbo thinks about it.

OTUMBO
I can fix radios.

PATRICK

There you go! You can have a repair shop.

OTUMBO

I can show her. When do we meet?

PATRICK

Tomorrow morning. At your home.

OTUMBO

Okay.

They walk on.

OTUMBO (CONT'D)

I do not understand why you are doing this.

PATRICK

Me neither. You're a hard worker. You can do something, I think.

OTUMBO

But what is in it for you?

PATRICK

Nothing.

OTUMBO

That does not make sense.

PATRICK

I know, okay? Stop asking things.

Otumbo smiles, having let down his guard a little.

INT. PATRICK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick stares at the CLOCK RADIO next to his bed. He pulls one of the knobs off. Tugs at the cord a little.

Finally he grabs it, takes it to the BATHROOM, and throws it hard on the ground. And pokes at it with one of the nine toilet plungers lined up next to the shower.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING - (NEXT) MORNING

Patrick and Serena in back, Komi driving up front.

PATRICK

So I figure he can set up a stall in that electronic village place he showed me. Over in Ikoyi. He's a really hard worker. And a nice guy. You'll like him.

Serena nods, half listening. Patrick is holding the broken clock radio. They are stuck in traffic on Third Mainland Bridge.

SERENA

You know where he lives, don't you?

PATRICK

I have the address to meet him...

SERENA

He lives there.

She points to the LAGOON-- the houses built on stilts over the oil-slicked water.

EXT. BRIDGE FLYOVER - DAY

Underneath the bridge: choked with buses, okadas, people. Patrick stands a few feet away from where Komi and Serena exchange a few final words at the parked car. Then she walks over and joins Patrick.

SERENA

Okay. Let's go.

PATRICK

You know where to go?

SERENA

Basically. We'll call him if we get lost. Look, you sure you're up for this?

Patrick nods. But maybe he isn't. They start walking.

EXT. EDGE OF LAGOS LAGOON - DAY

Small boats tied up here, some fishing and bartering going on. Music, heat, people walking around-- that is always everywhere. Serena confidently walks up to an OLDER MAN.

SERENA

Hello. Adogbo Village?

OLDER MAN
Okay. 2000 Naira.

Serena smiles.

SERENA
500.

OLDER MAN
1000 Naira. Best price.

SERENA
Round trip. And you wait for us.

He nods. They step towards a small motorboat.

INT. BOAT - TRAVELING - DAY

It's not far to the stilt village. The water is completely polluted and plumes of smoke rise from the ramshackle housing.

SERENA
Here. I brought these for you.

She hands Patrick some brochures that she has pulled from her messenger bag.

PATRICK
Oh. Thanks.

But he's hardly paying attention. They are approaching the village.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Have you been here before?

SERENA
We don't do much work out here.
It's been awhile. Six months,
maybe.

PATRICK
Is it the same?

SERENA
No. It's bigger.

They arrive at the perimeter and begin navigating the small channels. The boat slows.

This is extreme urban poverty of the most appalling kind, seen only in a handful of megacities in the world.

Ramshackle, canted shacks are made from rough planks of wood, with the occasional piece of corrugated metal humped from the mainland. No electricity, no running water, no city services of any kind.

And there are THOUSANDS of people living here. Patrick sees men fishing, laying racks of freshly caught croaker to smoke over fires or dry in the sun, a classroom with children shouting in English as a teacher points to a chalkboard, a crippled man crab-walking down a gangplank and up a small rise, disappearing from view.

The boat slows as there are other boats now, carrying women selling loaves of bread, or fishermen heading out.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Why don't you call him.

Patrick is mesmerized by it all, he turns and sees a man squatting and taking a shit directly into the water--

SERENA (CONT'D)
Patrick.

He snaps out of it and turns to her.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Call him.

PATRICK
Okay--

Patrick fumbles for his phone. He dials a number.

LATER

the boat has slowed at the foot of one of the shacks. As the older man ties up, Otumbo is waiting for them. He is dressed nicely, in slacks and an open shirt.

OTUMBO
Good morning Mr. Patrick.

PATRICK
Joseph, hey.

He gives Serena a hand and pulls her up onto the walkway. Then Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
This is Serena Carson, from Project
BUILD.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(to Serena)
Serena, this is Joseph Otumbo.

They shake hands.

OTUMBO
This way. It is not far.

Otumbo leads. They follow.

EXT. STILT VILLAGE - DAY

It is all over water, all walking on planks.

SERENA
How long have you lived here?

OTUMBO
In Adogbo? Three years. I come
from my village, Bara.

SERENA
I've been there.

Otumbo doesn't respond.

SERENA (CONT'D)
We have some clients out there.
Are you a Muslim?

OTUMBO
No. Catholic.

Serena nods. They keep walking. Otumbo seems nervous. Patrick is looking all around, a fully functioning neighborhood in the most squalid conditions.

OTUMBO (CONT'D)
We are here. Please come.

Otumbo leads them into a SHACK. No door, just a cutout.

INT. SHACK - DAY

They dip inside. There is very little light and no other people. It is one room, maybe ten by twenty. There are two plastic chairs, a small table, and six mats on the floor.

OTUMBO
Would you like a drink?

SERENA
No, I'm fine. Thank you.

Otumbo looks to Patrick, who smiles politely and shakes his head. He is trying to act casual, but he was not prepared for any of this. Otumbo pulls back the frayed fabric covering the cutout window, bringing in a little more light.

OTUMBO

Please, sit.

Serena sits but Patrick motions for Otumbo to take the other chair. He sits across from Serena while Patrick sort of loiters by the door.

SERENA

Joseph, why don't I start by telling you a little bit about what we do and how we work.

OTUMBO

You were founded in 1992.

SERENA

That's right.

OTUMBO

I went to the internet cafe in Surulere and learned all about your work. I have googled you, Miss Carson.

Otumbo smiles; he can be charming when he wants to be.

SERENA

Patrick tells me you have some skill with computers.

OTUMBO

Yes. But... I do not want to do this type of work. I am more interested--

Suddenly Patrick GASPS in fright. They turn to him--

PATRICK

Sorry. There's someone on the ground!

They look and indeed, in the corner of the room, a YOUNG WOMAN is sleeping.

OTUMBO

[angrily to her in Krio]

YOUNG WOMAN
[sleepy reply in Krio]

As they continue to argue--

PATRICK
Does she live here?

OTUMBO
Yes--

SERENA
It's okay. She can stay.

Serena smiles at the young woman. Otumbo mutters at her one more time then turns his attention back to Serena.

OTUMBO
I am more interested in radio repair. This is what I learned in Bara, and from my friend Legbo here in Computer Village. But now, he is old and his eyes are not so good. This is work that needs good eyes and good fingers. These are the things that I have.

Patrick pulls the broken clock-radio from a plastic bag. He hands it to Otumbo, who sets it down on the table.

Otumbo has a small sack of RANDOM TOOLS. Pliers, a screwdriver, some tape. He empties them on to the table.

He starts to take the radio apart as they watch. At first it seems impressive. Then it starts to become clear he has no idea how to fix it. It's awkward.

PATRICK
Maybe you need to...

His voice trails off. Otumbo is sweating. Frustrated trying to jam two pieces together. It goes on. Humiliating. The young woman wanders over and watches.

YOUNG WOMAN
[Starts to say something in Krio--

Otumbo turns to her and SHOVES HER away, YELLING at her.

SERENA
Hey!

PATRICK
Whoa Joseph--

The whole thing degenerates as the young woman YELLS back, Patrick has to pull Otumbo away from her, Serena leads her outside. Fiasco.

LATER

Patrick stands facing Otumbo in the shack. Neither speaks for a moment. Finally:

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Maybe because of the clock part.
You know, it's a clock and a radio.

Otumbo still doesn't say anything. Won't even look at him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
There's not even any electricity
here. I mean, how would you even
know if you fixed it?

Otumbo looks beyond Patrick, out the doorway. Patrick turns and sees Serena having a conversation with the young woman.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
So tomorrow, if we meet at the
other place--

Patrick turns back to Otumbo, who is holding the broken radio out to him. Patrick takes it from him. This is over.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Serena and Patrick in the back. Patrick with the clock radio on his lap. Patrick stares out the window.

SERENA
Her name is Grace. She's from
Sierra Leone. Their village was
attacked. Her mother raped and
murdered in front of her. Father
hacked to death. She was ten.

Patrick turns back to her.

PATRICK
Who?

SERENA
The girl in the room. She's a
prostitute on Lagos Island.
(MORE)

SERENA (CONT'D)
A dozen men a day. 300 Naira each.
She gets to keep 50.

Patrick rubs his eyes.

PATRICK
I can't take it. I can't look.

SERENA
I can help her.

PATRICK
It's too much. I can't do anymore.

He opens his eyes and turns to Serena. He is crying.
Halting, stuttering gasps.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'm not strong enough.

She grabs his hand. Sympathetic.

SERENA
Oh Patrick. Who gives a fuck about
you?

Patrick is stung. She's done with him as well.

INT. PATRICK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick is packing to leave. He folds his clothes into the
suitcase, and throws the tour book and Serena's brochures in
as well.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - (NEXT) MORNING

Patrick is at the museum. He is looking at the bullet-ridden
car of the assassinated President.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - MORNING

Patrick comes out into the bright sunlight. He sees his TAXI
DRIVER and starts over to the car.

He stops short. Otumbo is standing a few feet away. Patrick
walks over. Wary.

PATRICK
How did you know I was here?

Otumbo is sullen. Guard up once again.

OTUMBO
I found Abacha.

PATRICK

What?

OTUMBO

He is sending out a new format this morning. He will be there all day.

Otumbo hands Patrick a slip of paper with an address written on it. Patrick is confused.

OTUMBO (CONT'D)

It is for yesterday. Because of what you tried.

PATRICK

But it didn't-- it didn't go so well, Joseph.

OTUMBO

No one ever tried. Goodbye.

Otumbo walks to his okada, gets on and rides away. Patrick watches him go. He looks at the slip of paper again, wondering what to do with it.

EXT. SPEEDY INTERNET SHOP - DAY

Another moderate neighborhood-- not like the stilt village. Patrick gets out of the taxi and walks to the glass front door, next to a HAIR SALON. Nervous.

INT. SPEEDY INTERNET SHOP - DAY

There is a front counter with a CLERK (20s), then an L-shaped room behind with rows of old desktop computers and some fans blowing the hot air around.

Patrick peeks into the room. It is empty except for one SMALL BOY at a desk.

Patrick laughs to himself. It's another dead end and the perfect finale. He approaches the clerk, reading a magazine.

PATRICK

Excuse me. Has "Abacha" been around today?

The clerk points in to the room.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But--

The clerk is pointing at the small boy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
That's Abacha?

Patrick turns and takes a few steps into the room. The boy is largely hidden from view, but Patrick can see his legs dangling, too short to reach the floor.

Patrick isn't sure what to do. He takes another step and Abacha looks up. Patrick turns and walks out.

EXT. SPEEDY INTERNET SHOP - (LATER THAT) DAY

Abacha exits the internet cafe. He starts walking down the street. Behind him, Patrick follows in his car at a discreet distance.

After a couple of blocks, Abacha turns into an ALLEY. The car can't fit. Patrick has them pull up, slowly passing the alley.

Patrick looks down the alley and sees Abacha sniffing glue out of a paper bag with a couple of other YOUNG BOYS. They turn and see him, glassy-eyed.

Patrick tells the driver to drive away.

EXT. EDGE OF LAGOS LAGOON - DAY (MOS)

Patrick talking with some men. He speaks with his boat driver from the previous day...

INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Patrick in the taxi, they are driving in SURULERE. They are in traffic, Patrick is checking out the faces of the walking salesmen as they go.

PATRICK
There. Stop.

He rolls down the window. Otumbo is selling DVDs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Hey. Get in the car.

Otumbo pauses briefly. Then he gets in the front seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You didn't tell me Abacha was a
kid.

OTUMBO

You did not ask. Also I did not want you to know you had been tricked by a child.

PATRICK

So he's some master criminal?

OTUMBO

No no. But he is good. He is smart, Abacha.

PATRICK

Then he should be in a school. I drove by a school in that neighborhood, a parochial school--

OTUMBO

So you pay his school fees now?
You want to help him now?

Patrick takes a breath. Game for one last try.

PATRICK

Yes. Yes I do.

OTUMBO

He stole from you.

PATRICK

So did you. I tried to help you, didn't I? Who is his oga?

Otumbo smiles slightly at Patrick using the lingo.

OTUMBO

Abacha owes a lot of money. He comes here illegally, from another country. He has to pay the oga back for transport.

PATRICK

So I will pay the oga.

OTUMBO

You will pay the oga?

PATRICK

Yes! I can get the money.

OTUMBO

That is not possible.

PATRICK

I am doing this. I am leaving tomorrow morning and I am doing this before I leave. Now you can either help me or not, but I'm doing it.

Otumbo has never seen Patrick this intense. And yet Otumbo remains cool, like (almost) always. He turns to the driver:

OTUMBO

Abeg Bar Beach.

The driver looks uncertain.

DRIVER

You code me?

OTUMBO

Chai! Carry and go, broda!

Driver isn't happy but they head off.

EXT. BAR BEACH - DUSK

A little bit of sand and a few chop houses; a lot of contaminated water and mountains of garbage. Somewhat safe during the day and a no-go area at night.

The sun is setting in the haze as Patrick arrives. He walks with Otumbo from the parking area towards the beach. Some AREA BOYS approach and Otumbo talks to them in PIDGIN.

OTUMBO

(to Patrick)

A little dash for them.

Patrick nods, he knows how it works. He pulls out a small clump of Naira and hands it to Otumbo, who pays them. The area boys let them pass.

There are a plastic tables on the beach, but all are empty except for one. The OGA (20s) sits with a few cronies, drinking beer and surrounded by WOMEN who serve them.

Oga is muscular and dark, wearing a cap. Maybe drunk, maybe violent. He is laughing heartily as they approach the table.

PATRICK

Hello.

Patrick stands there for a moment before they acknowledge him. Otumbo stands a few paces behind.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to bother you. But I
want to talk to you about one of
your, uh, workers.

OGA
Who?

PATRICK
Abacha.

OGA
Abacha?

Oga looks confused. One of the CRONIES says something to him
in Pidgin.

OGA (CONT'D)
Ah. "Leke leke."

Now Patrick looks confused.

OGA (CONT'D)
He is a little bird. When he sing
it go many places.

PATRICK
Right. I want him.

OGA
You want to buy Abacha?

PATRICK
It's not like that. I want him to
come work for me.

Oga laughs. A cue for the cronies to laugh as well.

OGA
(to cronies)
Oyibo come to buy a black boy. I
should cut off his *koko* for that.

Patrick waits for them to stop laughing.

PATRICK
He's smart. He's a good worker. I
could use him in my business.

OGA
And what business do you have?

PATRICK
Helping people.

Oga leans back, pondering. Takes a long hit off a joint.

OGA
You say all these good things about
Abacha, how much he is worth to
you... that also makes me think
that he is worth very much to me.

PATRICK
I'll pay whatever you want.

OGA
Dat one na grammar. Abacha is not
for sale.

PATRICK
Name your price.

OGA
You think you can sail across the
ocean and buy us? Those days are
over. Go away now.

Patrick isn't sure what to do.

OGA (CONT'D)
Go. Get off my beach.

Patrick looks back at Otumbo, who doesn't say anything. But
he is looking off at something... Patrick looks in that
direction and sees Abacha playing in the sand near the water.

PATRICK
My God. He's right there.

OGA
So?

PATRICK
Come on. Please. He's just a boy.

Oga doesn't answer. Patrick takes a step towards Abacha--
and one of the cronies stands threateningly and points a GUN
at Patrick.

CRONY
He say to go!

Abacha is so close-- but Patrick is scared now. There is
nothing he can do. He sighs. It's over.

PATRICK
Okay... okay.

He starts to back away--

OTUMBO
(stepping forward)
*Coolu temper! No dey bros
fighting!*

OGA
Eh yah... you dey vex me oh!

They talk in sharp voices-- a typical Nigerian conversation, animated and incomprehensible, maybe angry but possibly not.

PATRICK
What--

But Otumbo holds up his hand as he continues to talk directly to Oga. Finally they're done. Otumbo turns to Patrick.

OTUMBO
It is no problem.

PATRICK
What is no problem?

OTUMBO
Abacha. He is yours.

Patrick smiles. He can't believe it.

PATRICK
What? What did you say?

OTUMBO
He say Abacha can go if another
worker take his place.

Patrick realizes what this means.

PATRICK
You can't do that.

OGA
(to Abacha)
Chai! Leke leke!

OTUMBO
It is already done.

Abacha runs over.

PATRICK
Joseph, no.

OTUMBO
It is best.

PATRICK
(to Oga)
This isn't right.

Oga is suddenly FURIOUS. He leaps up from his chair.

OGA
I am tired of you! I should kill
you both!

He grabs a KNIFE from the table and moves towards Patrick, Otumbo moves to intervene, Patrick stumbles and falls in the sand, but before things can go further there are SIRENS and two POLICE CRUISERS--

CRONY
Senators!

People start to scurry in different directions, and the police are quickly out of the cars chasing after people, it's chaotic and confusing--

Oga grabs Otumbo around the neck, holding the knife to him, backing away--

OTUMBO
(to Patrick)
Go!

Oga pulls Otumbo towards one of the chop shacks and they disappear from sight, the police cautiously advance on it--

Patrick watches this and then Abacha grabs his hand, pulling him away, and Patrick finally reacts, the two of them run towards the car park, beyond the police cruisers.

Patrick takes one last look at the chaos on the beach, he can't see what is going on as two of the police disappear into the chop house, there are GUNSHOTS--

He shoves Abacha into the taxi and they hurry away.

INT. SCHOOL DORMITORY - NIGHT

Two dozen YOUNG NIGERIAN BOYS are in their nightclothes and horsing around. A priest named FATHER JERRY (50s, black) stands at the doorway.

FATHER JERRY
Okay everyone.

The boys quickly move to their bunks and quiet down, bowing their heads.

FATHER JERRY (CONT'D)
Dear Father, accept the prayers and work of this day, and give us the rest that will strengthen us to render more faithful service to you who live and reign forever and ever. Amen.

BOYS
Amen.

FATHER JERRY
See you in the morning.

The lights go off. Father Jerry heads out. Patrick has been standing next to him. He follows.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Patrick walks beside Father Jerry.

FATHER JERRY
The dormitory is two years old. We had a group of Italian missionaries who took it upon themselves to raise the funds.

The priest is obviously pious but also casual.

FATHER JERRY (CONT'D)
There's about two dozen boys here at the moment. Sometimes the parents come back to claim them, so that number can go up or down. But it seems like for everyone that goes home, another one shows up mysteriously at the door.

INT. ANOTHER BUILDING - NIGHT

Father Jerry flips on the light. Fluorescents kick in-- it is a brand new computer lab.

PATRICK
Wow.

FATHER JERRY
Another donation. Does Abacha like computers?

PATRICK
Uh, not really. I think he's afraid of them, actually. He probably shouldn't come in here.

FATHER JERRY
Oh.

PATRICK
I wouldn't even tell him about it.

FATHER JERRY
Okay.

Patrick nods, thinking that's covered. But Father Jerry studies him.

FATHER JERRY (CONT'D)
What's his first name, by the way?

PATRICK
Um...

Patrick laughs nervously.

FATHER JERRY
That's all right--

PATRICK
--Emmanuel. His name is Emmanuel.

Father Jerry smiles.

FATHER JERRY
Emmanuel. "God is with us."

He puts his hand on Patrick's shoulder.

FATHER JERRY (CONT'D)
Thank you for bringing him here, Patrick.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER JERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is dim except for a single desk light. Patrick enters and walks over to a comfy chair, where Abacha is curled up, asleep. Patrick kneels down to him.

PATRICK

Hey.

Abacha wakes and looks up at him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You're going to live here now. And go to school.

Abacha doesn't answer. He's sleepy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

There's lots of other kids. It's gonna be fun. Okay?

Still nothing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I have a son, did you know that? He's your age. Maybe you can meet him someday. I'll have him write to you.

ABACHA

Email?

PATRICK

A letter. Let's go.

Patrick grabs his hand and pulls him up. They walk out of the room together.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Patrick shakes hands with Father Jerry and walks towards his taxi and gets in the backseat.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

From the front seat-- Serena turns around and looks at him.

SERENA

Okay?

PATRICK

Yes.

SERENA

Father Jerry's a good guy.

PATRICK

Thank you for doing this.

SERENA

Hey-- you did this. It's never pretty. But you got something done. In Nigeria that's a miracle.

Patrick is subdued. The driver begins backing out of the courtyard.

SERENA (CONT'D)

When do you leave?

PATRICK

In the morning.

They pull out of the driveway onto the pitch black neighborhood street. Patrick is thinking. Serena senses it.

SERENA

Patrick. Let it go.

Patrick looks at her, surprised she guessed it. He gives her a reassuring nod.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY AVENUE - SURULERE - (NEXT) MORNING

The taxi is parked at the side of the road. Patrick watches all of the street sellers as they walk by. He has been there awhile.

No Otumbo. Patrick checks his watch. Time to go.

PATRICK

(to driver)

Okay.

The driver starts the car and pulls away. They pass a soccer field. Boys are playing. No uniforms, no equipment. Dirt and dust.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DICK'S SPORTING GOODS - DAY

Filled with racks and rows of shiny new sports gear. White people perusing. Climate controlled. We are back in AMERICA.

Patrick and Liam stare at the wall of sneakers. A YOUNG SALESMAN approaches.

SALESMAN
Can I help you?

LATER

Patrick pays at the register. As he waits he looks down at the counter, a cup of PENNIES with a sign:

need one take one

It holds his attention for some reason. Then the charge slip is in front of him and he signs for Liam's shoes.

INT. FOOD COURT - NAPERVILLE MALL - DAY

They're eating pizza.

LIAM
Scott said it wasn't true. But I showed it to him on Wikipedia. "Pluto is not a planet," it says. "It is now considered part of a distinct region called the Kuiper Belt." That shut him up.

PATRICK
Listen buddy. There's something we have to talk about.

Liam is eating, sort of listening.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
And it's probably going to be a little hard for you to understand, but I want you to try.

Liam keeps eating, betraying no concern.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Remember how I always told you to look for the good in people?

LIAM
You never said that.

PATRICK
Maybe not specifically, but in certain situations... the point is I was looking for the good in someone, and I trusted them, and I got in trouble for it.

LIAM
Did you get arrested?

PATRICK
No it's not-- what I'm trying to say is I trusted someone and I had kind of bad motives myself too, that combination...

Liam isn't getting it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
And the money, the money for space camp--

LIAM
I know.

PATRICK
Huh?

LIAM
Mom told me.

PATRICK
Told you what exactly?

LIAM
She said it cost a lot, and that you were gonna pay for some of it, and that Mom and Stephen were gonna pay for the rest.

PATRICK
Stephen?

LIAM
Mom's friend.

PATRICK
Oh. Right.

Now Patrick is the one who is quiet. Processing this new information, trying to cover.

LIAM
He fixes stuff.

PATRICK
Like around the house?

LIAM
No. Like brains, I think.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF DIANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Cold and wintry still in the midwest. Liam runs inside.
Diane faces Patrick at the front door.

PATRICK
He forgot his iPod.

Diane nods. She knows he knows.

DIANE
I was going to tell you--

PATRICK
It's fine. I'm just glad he's
gonna get to go.

He seems sincere about this-- no hint of jealousy.

DIANE
I mean about Stephen.

PATRICK
That's fine too. You deserve it.

He smiles. And he seems sincere about this too-- so now
Diane is suspicious.

DIANE
What happened to you over there?

PATRICK
In East Africa, you mean?

Diane smiles, but she's still waiting for an answer.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I don't know yet.

DIANE
Well, I'd like to hear more about
it, one of these days.

He nods, but doesn't answer. She cares about him. Kisses
him on the cheek as Liam darts back out past them. Patrick
turns and walks away.

INT. PATRICK'S STUDY - (LATER THAT) DAY

Patrick checks his email. The mail downloads... subject headings are the usual collection of Netflix and Amazon and junk and the like...

Then one message where the subject says **Hey There** and the sender says **Serena Carson**. Patrick smiles and doesn't delete, but saves it for later. He scans on. Deletes a bunch, then comes to another one--

Mr Patrick Man With Many Ogas

Under "from" it simply says:

o k

Patrick is intrigued. And as he CLICKS to open the message:

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE - LAGOS - NIGHT

Another internet cafe-- busy this time. All YOUNG MEN at the terminals...

OTUMBO (V.O.)

*Hello Patrick. I am writing you
this letter after a long time of
thinking.*

We end at OTUMBO. Alive and well.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*This is Joseph Otumbo who you met
in Lagos, Nigeria. It is my
pleasure to contact you and I hope
that you do remember our visits
together.*

Otumbo stares at the screen. While others in the room seem to be typing rapidly, he weighs his words carefully.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*I would first like to say that my
name is not Joseph Otumbo. My name
is Obi Kamara. I am 17 years old,
and I have lived in Nigeria for
four years.*

He seems to relax visibly, having typed this. He continues.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Mr. Patrick I am sure you are upset
 that I did not tell you ever my
 real name. Maybe when I tell you
 my story you will understand.*

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - SIERRA LEONE - DAY - PAST

A small but busy place-- huts, a dirt road, people and mules.

OTUMBO (V.O.)
*I was born in Port Loko which is in
 Northern Province of Sierra Leone.
 It is a small village where I lived
 with my mother and father and four
 sisters and two brothers.*

There are families about: children playing soccer, men in groups seeking shade, women collecting firewood and making bread.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I am the oldest child in my family
 and a member of the Temne tribe.*

OBI (age 12) is among the boys who play.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*My mother took care of my sisters
 and brothers and had a small market
 stall. My father raised livestock
 and worked in a mine.*

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE SCHOOL - DAY (MOS)

OBI is in a classroom, seated on the floor with many other BOYS, gazing up at the primitive blackboard.

OTUMBO (V.O.)
*I was a student for many years of
 my life. My goal was to be a
 scientiest or teacher.*

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT LOKO - NIGHT

As the village sleeps, SOLDIERS creep out of the nearby bush and descend.

OTUMBO (V.O.)
*Unfortunately for many years there
 was civil war in my country. The
 war started in 1992 in Freetown our
 capital and lasted for 10 years.*

The soldiers ATTACK. In the darkness it is hard to see,
 there are FLASHES of muzzle fire and SCREAMS.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*When the war come to Port Loko it
 was very terrible. The village was
 raided and women were raped, men
 were killed, children and women had
 arms and legs cut off to mark them.*

NEXT MORNING

the village is quiet, no signs of life. The only sound is
 the crackling of the huts as they burn.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I will not tell you all of the
 things I saw because I do not like
 to think about them or put them
 back into the world.*

CUT TO:

EXT. MAMBIYA CAMP - GUINEA - DAY (PAST)

Thousands of REFUGEES from the civil war have sought shelter
 at this UN camp.

OTUMBO (V.O.)
*All of my family was killed except
 for me, two younger sisters, and
 younger brother. For some time we
 lived in a refugee camp near the
 border in Guinea. We lived in the
 camp for over one year. One of my
 sisters died there of disease.*

Cramped, squalid conditions. Undignified and tragic.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - WALKING - DAY (PAST)

Obi and two YOUNGER SIBLINGS are walking along with others on
 this dirt countryside road. They look hungry and sick.

OTUMBO (V.O.)

Four years ago we left the camp on foot to make it to Nigeria. A year after we arrived in Nigeria we began to live in Adogbo, Lagos State, where you visit me in my home.

RESUME:

INT. INTERNET CAFE - LAGOS - NIGHT

"Otumbo" sits at the terminal. He looks at the clock anxiously, as he can only afford a small chunk of time.

OTUMBO (V.O.)

I hope Patrick when I tell you this you understand a little more of my story. It has been a difficult journey of pain and sorrow. I have not been able to fulfill my dreams, because every day when I work it is only to survive.

CUT TO:

INT. BOGO CHILI - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Patrick and Serena at a table.

OTUMBO (V.O.)

When I meet you in the bar it was a special night for me and my friends, also from Sierra Leone. One of my mates from Port Loko, we had learned a month earlier that he was still alive. We worked hard to save money working at the docks or selling, so each of us could have one drink at the nice bar.

Otumbo and his friends at the bar.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That is what we celebrated when you found us.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Otumbo laughing and talking with his friend while Patrick washes his hands...

OTUMBO (V.O.)
*You say you hear me say "Otumbo."
 Otumbo? I do not say this.*

OTUMBO (CONT'D)
 (to friend)
 Na na dem dem otumokpo for
 Biodun...

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*"Otumokpo." It is a pidgin word.
 It means juju, black magic. This
 is how my friend tease me, the way
 he say for me to get a girl.*

Patrick exits the washroom, having heard what he heard.

INT. BOGO CHILI - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Patrick confronts Otumbo at the door.

OTUMBO (V.O.)
*Then you asked me who I was, and I
 say what I say.*

They talk...

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Mr. Patrick try to understand. A
 white man comes and says a name to
 you. If you say no, I do not know
 this man, then nothing will happen.*

Otumbo runs.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*If you say yes, that is me, then
 maybe something good, maybe
 something bad. You take a risk
 sometimes in life.*

CUT TO:

EXT. BOGO CHILI - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Patrick and Otumbo talking on the street.

OTUMBO (V.O.)

*So I say yes, I am Joseph Otumbo.
Then I run, and you hit me with a
rock, and the other things happen
where I am not sure what to say or
do, because I do not know anything
you are talking about.*

CUT TO:

EXT. YABA FOOTBALL PITCH - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Patrick bargaining for his SIM card.

OTUMBO (V.O.)

*This is not so easy for me,
Patrick. I am guessing a lot of
the time. But I have to try. And
you are a very easy person to talk
to because you are not always
really listening to me. And many
times you are pretending yourself.*

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Otumbo trying to fix the radio.

OTUMBO (V.O.)

*Then you offer me a loan for
business. I was surprised by this
and happy and scared. I do not
have skills for this.*

Serena watches...

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*You tell me it is a woman who will
come. I think that maybe if she
meet my sister Nanday, this will
help Nanday. I make her like
Nanday better than me.*

Otumbo shoves the girl-- his sister NANDAY (15).

LATER

Patrick is saying goodbye to Otumbo after the disastrous meeting. Otumbo has a hard face as Patrick leaves...

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Nanday is friendly, she get along
 with anyone.*

But then Nanday returns, tells Otumbo the good news...

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And the woman help her. She will
 apprentice in a bakery! This I
 cannot believe! None of us believe
 it!*

Otumbo smiles. Nanday hugs him. But Otumbo is still worried.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And still I know. You have not
 found Abacha.*

Gears still turning.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But I know you now, Mr. Patrick.
 So I give you Abacha.*

CUT TO:

INT. SPEEDY INTERNET SHOP - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Two of Otumbo's FRIENDS (we recognize from the bar) roust everyone out of the internet cafe.

OTUMBO (V.O.)
*He was four years old when we leave
 Port Loko.*

Otumbo guides "ABACHA" into the empty room. The boy is so thin and small, drug-addled at age nine, he barely walks in a straight line.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*He cried and cried for his mother
 and father, his brothers and
 sisters. For months he would not
 stop crying!*

Otumbo instructs him. Abacha is distracted, not clear if he understands.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*He becomes a hard boy, an angry
 boy. Nanday and me, we cannot
 control him.*

Abacha wants to go. Otumbo speaks sharply to him. The boy sits at the computer. Otumbo and his friends hurry out.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But it will be a good future for
Bilal now.*

A beat as Otumbo and the others race around the corner... just as Patrick's taxi pulls up out front.

INT. SPEEDY INTERNET SHOP - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Patrick takes a step towards Abacha and he looks up. Patrick quickly leaves. Abacha turns his attention back to the computer monitor-- he is watching a CARTOON.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR BEACH - DUSK [FLASHBACK]

The tense exchange on the beach... and now we recognize that the OGA is Otumbo's dreadlocked friend, the other guys his mates from the bar. It's all an act.

OTUMBO (V.O.)
*So you see Mr Patrick, you come to
Lagos because of one reason.*

Otumbo whisked into the shack, a gun FIRED into the air--

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But because of this many other
things happen to you.*

Patrick runs away with Abacha.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOGO CHILI - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Patrick is looking for Otumbo on the dark street and finds him hiding in the ditch. That small boy hands him a rock. The boy is BILAL.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR BEACH - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Otumbo and his friends hang out on the beach after the exchange.

OTUMBO (V.O.)
Some of these things, I wonder: how can I do this? I am the lowest of the low. And I know for Mr Patrick I must be very convincing. I must find a way for him to see what is the right thing to do.

They are having a beer with the "POLICE"-- who aren't police at all. The uniforms are fake and tossed aside, the cars are borrowed and owners are being paid off and driving them away.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Because it is too late for me, Mr. Patrick. Nanday and Bilal, they are the future. So I figure out a way. In Lagos, there is always a way.

The friends are laughing, celebrating, but Otumbo is distant. He looks back at the city as night falls.

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Mr. Patrick please do not be angry. Sometimes there are things we can not know. But this is something I know. I will do what it takes for my family to survive. And you have saved my family.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE - LAGOS - NIGHT

Otumbo reads what he has written.

OTUMBO (V.O.)
Mr. Patrick, you are a good person.

He hesitates, then types the final line:

OTUMBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Your friend, Obi Kamara.

Otumbo moves the cursor to press SEND. And as he clicks--

THE POWER GOES OUT in the internet cafe.

The room is pitch black. Everyone sits there. A long beat... and then the power kicks in.

Overhead lights flicker to life. And the screens pop on, the machines across the room rebooting--

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S STUDY - DAY

Patrick has opened the email. Blank.

LIAM (O.S.)

Dad!

He stares at the screen. Wonders. Isn't sure what to do...

LIAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dad let's go! It starts in twenty minutes!

And Patrick deletes the email. As he crosses and exits, the broken clock radio sits on his desk, cord dangling onto the floor.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

They're walking towards the car. Liam hurries around to the passenger side but Patrick hasn't unlocked the car.

LIAM

Dad--

But Patrick is squinting up into the sky.

PATRICK

Liam look. The moon, in the daytime.

Indeed, up in the blue sky is a FULL MOON.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Look at that.

It seems to bring Patrick great pleasure. He smiles. Meanwhile Liam rolls his eyes at Astronomy 101.

LIAM

It's always there, Dad.

PATRICK

Are you sure?

LIAM

Yes. Unlock the car.

Patrick takes one last lingering look, then unlocks the car and they both get in.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERNET CAFE - LAGOS - NIGHT

Obi walks out of the internet cafe and onto the dark street. People about, the buzz of the okadas, the hum of generators, the glow of kerosene fires.

He starts walking.

EXT. SCHOOL DORMITORY - NIGHT

Obi walks to the high retaining wall outside the courtyard. Up above he sees the lights of the dormitory, the sounds of the children inside.

The children hush for their evening prayer. He can barely make it out.

He waits. And then-- Bilal appears in one of the upper bunks. He sees Obi down below. An evening ritual. Bilal smiles. Obi smiles back. The lights in the dorm shut off.

Obi turns and walks away.

INT. SCHOOL DORMITORY - NIGHT

Many of the children are fast asleep. Bilal is in his top bunk by the window. Awake.

He looks out to the sky. The city is dark, so lacking in power, that all the stars are visible. Bilal gazes up at the moon, lovely and full, almost close enough for him to touch.

FADE OUT.