

NIGER DELTA

Inspired by True Events

By

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SUPER:

*Earth provides enough to satisfy every man's need,
not every man's greed.*

- Gandhi

EXT. NIGERIA - DAY

We travel over the tree covered peaks of the Niger Delta. As the tranquility of the scene is absorbed, humming from a soft, child-like voice fades in...

EXT. NIGER DELTA - JUNGLE

A family of Shriill monkeys leisure in tree tops as we pan down through to the undergrowth, alive with vegetation.

Shafts of sunlight pierce the dank underlay as we progress through the terrain, all the while the soft humming sooth over us...

A rust-ridden sign that's barely visible under the devouring vegetation: *GLOBAL FUELS - RESTRICTED ACCESS.*

The humming now engulfs the cacophony of jungle noises.

The foliage opens up to a clearing of vegetation death. Bare hard earth, soil cracked and dry. A vast contrast to the greenery moments ago.

In the center of the clearing stands an active gas flare that hisses a raging flame skyward. A small, native GIRL (5), sits cross-legged beside the eroded pipeline.

Though we cannot see her face, we notice that the girl's clothes are tattered and her hair disheveled. She has an equally worn doll under her arm.

The girl grinds a crayon over the copper framework, sketching various shapes while humming the melody.

We pan around to see her face. Smooth skin, button nose. All the features of an adorable little girl with one exception. Both eyes are clouded with a thick, white mist.

NIGER DELTA

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Surging pedestrians battle congested traffic. Soothing over the hustle and bustle of city life is the classical music of MOZART.

The drifting crowds flux together as a bus door opens. People spill out. Among them EVA HARRIS (35), pale complexion and wafer-thin figure.

Eva moves with the pedestrians, headphones plugged into her ears, muting out the city noise.

The world around her is sedated by the peaceful melody as she approaches Lenox Hill hospital, a ten story establishment located on Manhattan's upper East side.

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Eva walks through a hallway of nurses, doctors and patients. She focuses ahead, plugged into her music.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Eva is seated opposite Chief of Medicine and Eva's boss FRANK THOMPSON (46) who eats bacon and eggs.

FRANK

If you need a good lawyer, my
guy's an animal. He'll fight
for the ice cubes in the fridge.

Frank eats.

FRANK

See, with divorce it's not
about who's right and wrong,
but who you have in your corner.

EVA

I'm fine.

FRANK

Suit yourself. So the reason I
asked for you is because I've
been inundated with calls from
Washington. They're requesting aid
workers for the conflict in Nigeria.

Frank eats.

FRANK

Now, I've tried to explain our limited resources but as far as the government's concerned, the Nigerian oil trade is a welcome alternative to the Middle East. They'll do whatever it takes to keep alliances strong.

EVA

So send an intern.

FRANK

I tried. The board wants someone with experience. And unlike the others, you've just come from a three week vacation.

EVA

Excuse me?

FRANK

Hear me out -

EVA

- It was three weeks of divorce papers. There was no vacation.

FRANK

It's for five days. After that, our obligation's fulfilled and you're on the next flight home.

A beat.

EVA

Wait, are you trying to send me to a war zone, Frank?

FRANK

The United Nations have control over all relief zones. You'll be in a green zone the entire time. A safe zone.

EVA

I'm safe here. I also have a twelve year old daughter.

FRANK

And I understand that but the decision's been made.

Frank tosses a manila folder on his desk.

FRANK

I know this is a lot to process and I apologize. It was out of our hands.

EVA

I'm in no condition to be doing this, Frank. Not now.

FRANK

Eva --

EVA

-- No.

FRANK

Then there's not much I can do for you.

Eva stares at Frank, a mutual understanding before Eva stands and walks out of the office, leaving her boss and the folder.

INT. EVA'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Quiet. Subdued. Eva and her daughter, CLAIRE HARRIS (12) sit by the kitchen bench, surrounded by moving boxes. They eat pizza. Claire drinks a Coke. Eva finishes a glass of wine.

CLAIRE

So where is this place?

EVA

Africa. A place called Nigeria.

Claire sighs.

EVA

It's only for a few days.

CLAIRE

You know what? Fuck'em. There's other hospitals.

EVA

Claire.

CLAIRE

Men are like jobs, mom. There's heaps out there. Besides, I'm not unpacking everything myself.

EVA

I didn't say that. Besides, you're too young to be by yourself.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

An awkward silence. Claire's eyes widen - a light bulb moment. She bolts from the kitchen. Eva take chase.

EVA

He wants to see you. What was I suppose to do?

CLAIRE

I'm not staying with him!

EVA

He's your father.

CLAIRE

Who cheated on you!

EVA

Claire, just stop.

CLAIRE

I'm almost thirteen. I can look after myself!

EVA

I know you can sweetheart but this is a new place. We haven't even had the locks changed.

Claire turns.

CLAIRE

You know she's living with him? They're like practically married. And last time I was there, I even heard them screwing.

These words hit Eva.

CLAIRE

I'm not going, okay? And you can tell him I said that!

Eva chases her daughter who arrives at her bedroom where she enters and slams the poster-covered door in Eva's face.

EVA

Claire, open up.

A beat.

EVA

Honey, we need to --

-- Hip-hop music blares from behind the door, cutting Eva off. The weary mother rests her head on the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wine in hand. Glasses on. Mozart plays. Eva hunches over the coffee table, studying the contents of the manila folder. Medical reports, photos and newspaper clippings:

"Gas Flares Continue In Delta". An insert picture shows oil tycoon, CHARLES PRESTON (51). Sunglasses, double chin.

Eva turns to snapshots of the indigenous, each has a white mist clouding their eyes. Attached is a newsprint that reads: *"Gas flaring linked to cataracts"*.

Meanwhile, Mozart continues to play, music so delicate it's almost sad, in theme with the graphic images.

Eva takes off her glasses, rubs her eyes. She reaches for her wine glass. Empty. She takes a bottle. Refills.

She returns to the pictures to see a native girl with giant boils along her back. The child is a similar age to Claire.

Eva looks to the next photo...

A native woman in a hospital bed. Her body a mess of tubes and bloodied bandages.

Eva sweeps aside the files and rubs her forehead. She takes a sip of wine and eases back into the sofa. She closes her eyes, absorbing the drifting chords that sedate the room.

She raises her left hand and stares at her wedding band.

LATER THAT NIGHT - LIVING ROOM

Eyes swollen, Claire walks the corridor, following the sound of classical music. She enters to see Eva asleep on the sofa, wedding ring on the table.

Claire covers her mother with a blanket before taking off her glasses. She puts the glasses on the table when she notices the graphic photos of poverty and death.

Claire absorbs this as the sound of a 747 commercial jet engine fades into the silence as we transition into...

EXT. NIGERIA - LAGOS AIRPORT

A series of shots showing Lagos airport, Nigeria. The planes, traffic controllers. The mass of people.

INT. NIGERIA - LAGOS AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAWN

Customs Officers idly watch arriving passengers progress through the gates. Among the mass of indigenous is Eva.

EXT. NIGERIA - LAGOS AIRPORT - STREET - DAWN

She exits the terminal to be confronted with Lagos city. Over nine million people compacted together.

She shoulders her way to the taxi bay and enters a rust-ridden cab.

EXT. NIGERIA - NIGER DELTA - MORNING

A luscious green landscape. We travel over valleys and mountains. The tranquility of the region etched through a maze of creeks and swamps that cut the terrain.

We pan down into a valley where a narrow dirt road guides the taxi to its destination. Dust spirals behind the vehicle as it accelerates with authority.

INT/EXT. TAXI - ROAD (TRAVELING) - DAY

A black hand shifts through the gears. Behind the wheel, a Nigerian DRIVER (43), balding, clenches a cigarette between his teeth. Bad African music plays from the radio.

Eva sits in the back, taking in the scenery. Along the side of the road stands a bullet-ridden *Global Fuels* sign.

Just beyond the tree-line, she notices a singular flame soaring twenty feet in height. She presses her face up against the window, intrigued.

The taxi rolls down a hill, bumping over pot holes. A family of antelope watch the intrusion. Eva returns the stare.

EXT. NIGERIA - NIGER DELTA - ECOMOG RELIEF CAMP

The jungle growth gives way to a fenced perimeter that houses tents and old buildings. A safe zone for foreign journalists and aid workers. The taxi stops.

Eva opens the door and slowly steps out, absorbing her primal surroundings, clearly out of her comfort zone.

INT. ECOMOG RELIEF CAMP - BUILDING - ROOM - DAY

A room that overlooks the compound's entrance. Observing Eva is Sergeant SETH HARPER (30), a stern faced man with light stubble and piercing blue eyes.

SGT. HARPER
Boss, you're gonna wanna
see this.

Barbells and weight bench. Lieutenant MICHAEL HAWKINS (44) is flat on his back, pumping iron, pushing himself to a new standard of perfection. He drops his barbell into the uprights with a heavy CLANK and sits up.

A shirtless man who despite his age, still exhibits a body built for combat. Hawkins approaches and peers down at Eva.

SGT. HARPER
Looks like someone fell
down the rabbit hole.

Hawkins stares down at Eva.

LT. HAWKINS
Gather up the crew.

EXT. ECOMOG RELIEF CAMP - SECURITY GATE - DAY

Eva approaches the camp where two UN PAKISTAN GUARDS stand patrol, men dressed in blue berets and Peacekeeper armbands.

They watch with curiosity as Eva approaches, assortment of documents in hand.

Hawkins arrives. His chiseled body shows battle scars and smudged tattoos. He speaks in native dialect to the guards who step aside and leave him with this mysterious woman.

EVA
My name is Eva Harris. I'm here
for the aid worker position.

She hands over the documents, noticing the lieutenant's physique and scarring.

LT. HAWKINS
Doctor?

EVA
Nurse.

Hawkins studies Eva, cold and penetrating. She feels his interrogating gaze before...

LT. HAWKINS
We have rules here, Miss Harris
and I expect those rules to be
followed --

EVA
-- I --

LT. HAWKINS
-- First rule. Do not interrupt.
Stay in the compound unless
otherwise advised. There is to
be no unauthorized video or audio
recording. No sex of any kind. No
drug use. No religious artifacts.
What about bug spray?

EVA
Excuse me?

LT. HAWKINS
Bug spray. Insect repellent.
It's a necessity in these parts.

EVA
I didn't think --

LT. HAWKINS
-- Then I suggest you borrow
some. I also suggest you lose the
diamond. Our neighbors in Sierra
Leone wouldn't appreciate it.

She looks at her wedding ring.

LT. HAWKINS
Your first assignment is
in fifteen hundred hours. A
protest, oil refinery. It's
going to be hostile so do as
we say and you'll be fine.

Eva is taken back by all this.

LT. HAWKINS
Questions?

Overwhelmed, Eva shakes her head.

LT. HAWKINS
Good. Then get yourself
inside, have some chow.
Briefing's in ten.

Hawkins hands back the paperwork, turns and strides off
while nodding approval to the Pakistani guards who
activate the security gate. Eva is left speechless.

EXT. ECOMOG RELIEF CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Eva walks into camp and instantly feels eyes on her. Aid workers and journalists watch with curiosity. She passes a queue of journalists who wait outside a guarded building.

Opposite is a tent-like canopy where more people gather. Eva enters as eyes follow her to the breakfast line.

She bypasses the fly-ridden dairy and meat and takes a prepackaged salad. She moves to a vacant table and takes out her cell phone, scanning for a signal.

WILLIAM

Won't get a signal out here
lass, and we only got one
SAT-phone, so expect a wait.

Standing over her is WILLIAM HARDIE (46), a grubby Irishman with a heavy beard, receding hairline and wicked smile.

WILLIAM

William Hardie. National
Geographic.

EVA

Eva Harris. Lenox Hill hospital.

WILLIAM

An aid worker. When did you drop?

EVA

A few hours ago.

WILLIAM

Lemme guess. A red eye from
Iraq? Syria? Jordan?

EVA

Excuse me?

WILLIAM

Christ. A first timer. You're
in for a surprise. What do
you think of the Delta?

EVA

Different.

WILLIAM

That's one word for it.

William sits opposite Eva.

WILLIAM

I come back and forth. More
so lately cause of all the
shite and all. You see the
flarin' on your way here?

EVA

Flaring?

WILLIAM

Fire pissin' up from the pits
of hell?

EVA

I don't --

WILLIAM

-- They're gas flares. Used to
burn off gas. Illegal in most
countries. Locals call it poison
fire. Destroys everything. Food,
animals, people's eyeballs.

EVA

So why not just stop it?

WILLIAM

(chuckles)

You really have no idea, do
you? Flarin' is like an old
Irish hooker, lass. Nasty
but cheap. See over there?

William points to the long queue of journalists who wait
outside the opposing building under soldier supervision.

WILLIAM

Obasanjo's holding interviews.

EVA

The Nigerian President?

WILLIAM

Trying to stop the flarin' he is.
But it ain't no walk in the park,
lass. There's money involved. Dirty
money. Man's got a dangerous job.
Has enemies he doesn't even know
about. Enemies in his own party.
See, his problem ain't no gas
flares or oil. It's his own people.

Eva digs her fork into her salad when she sees a dead fly in
the dressing. She stares at it, pushes the bowl to the side.

EVA

Is there anywhere I could get
some clean water?

WILLIAM

UNICEF delivered a few crates
yesterday. But you have to be
fast. Water is like gold here.
Or in our situation, oil. I
could ask around.

EVA

That would be great.

WILLIAM

Anything for a first timer.
I bet you're thinkin' why
you ever did this.

William stands and turns.

EVA

By no choice of my own.

William stops, turns back.

WILLIAM

What do you mean?

EVA

Seeing as though you asked. My
country has problems of its own.
Gun control. Homelessness... My
daughter. But instead I'm here,
involved in a war I don't belong in.

Williams ponders this.

WILLIAM

Couldn't agree with you more, lass.

Eva raises an eyebrow.

WILLIAM

I'm serious. The heat. The fear.
The smell of a decomposing child.
The sounds of gunfire. And for
what? For oil? For our cars?

William leans toward Eva.

WILLIAM

But who drives those cars,
lass? Hmmm? Think about it.

William leans back. Eva thinks.

Lieutenant Hawkins enters the canopy, clapping his hands. His presence demands attention as he yells...

LT. HAWKINS
Attention please! Those of you covering the Qua Iboe protest need to listen up.

We notice three more soldiers: Sergeant Seth Harper, Private DANNY SMITH (25) and Sergeant MALCOLM JONES (36).

LT. HAWKINS
Once we enter the Que Iboe region we'll be in extremely hostile territory. It's expected over a thousand natives will be in attendance, with the majority being intoxicated and pissed off.

Hawkins refers to a series of geographical pictures that are pinned to an old chalk board.

LT. HAWKINS
Now, a green zone has been sanctioned sixty yards from the terminal. We'll infiltrate along the outskirts where you'll have twenty minutes tops. Any time over you're left behind.

Hawkins holds up a bottle of water.

LT. HAWKINS
Temperature's also expected to reach record highs so keep hydrated. That's three bottles per person. It's also mandatory you all wear one of these.

Hawkins holds up a bulky black Kevlar vest.

LT. HAWKINS
Our presence on ground will be considered sensitive at best. So do as we say and you'll come out of this just fine. Any questions?

Silence...

LT. HAWKINS
Good. Extract out in five.

Everyone moves. Eva watches.

INT. BUILDING - TOILET CUBICAL

An place of filth and grime. Faded graffiti offers sex and drugs. Eva is knelt beside a toilet bowl, throwing up.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

Are you okay?

She turns to see Nigerian President OLUSEGUN OBASANJO (58), standing at the cubical entrance with two guards.

A charismatic man, the President has soft eyes and gentle smile. He wears his traditional Kaftan attire.

EVA

This is the women's bathroom.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

Actually, it is the men's.
You did not see the urinals?

Obasanjo disappears further into the bathroom. Eva wipes her chin, flushes and exits the cubical.

The guards keep a respectful distance as Obasanjo uses a urinal. Eva doesn't know whether to stay or go.

She heads toward a series of faucets where she regards herself in a cracked mirror. She turns a corroded tap-head to wash her hands. Brown water trickles out.

Obasanjo joins her by the sink where a guard pours clean bottled water over his hands. Eva watches, gathering courage.

EVA

My prayers are with your country,
Sir. I hope things improve for you.

Obasanjo looks at Eva's reflection through the cracked mirror. He takes the bottled water from his guard and turns to her, holding the bottle over the sink.

Eva holds out her hands as Obasanjo pours clean water, washing her fingers.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

Corruption is a disease that must
be washed from my nation. It must
be cleaned from Nigeria. Enjoy
your time in my country, madam.

Eva is speechless. President Obasanjo hands the empty bottle to his guard, smiles and exits.

EXT. PRESS BUS - MIDDAY

Sergeant Harper uses strips of red tape to form a "Red Cross" on the side of the bus.

INT. PRESS BUS - CONTINUOUS

Overcrowded and hot. Eva sits in the aisle seat beside William. Both adjust their bulky kevlar vests.

Eva struggles before noticing Hawkins and his team boarding. She studies Hawkins. His face and body tanned from excessive exposure to the African sun.

The engine coughs to life, bus jolting forward. Hawkins and his comrades stand in the aisle, gripping the top hand rails, scanning the outside terrain.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - JUNGLE TRAIL - LATER

The sun beams down as the bus travels through the open terrain. Lush green pastures and deep blue skies.

INT. PRESS BUS (TRAVELING)

Eva looks out the window, headphones plugged into her ears. Lieutenant Hawkins stands in the aisle beside her. His customized M16 dangles from his shoulder, inches from Eva.

EVA

Excuse me.

Hawkins turns.

EVA

Do you mind? I'm not particularly fond of a gun in my face.

Hawkins just stares at her, deep and penetrating. Uncomfortable, she leans into William with a whisper.

EVA

Switch seats with me.

William looks up at the Lieutenant with caution. William stands, allowing Eva to wriggle her way to the window seat.

WILLIAM

Glorious day for a protest.

Hawkins stares.

EXT/INT. PRESS BUS (TRAVELING) - LATER

Everyone is tired and stiff from the journey. Eva takes two pills and stares at a photo of Claire and herself. The snapshot shows Claire and Eva embraced.

She puts the photo in her bag and adjust the volume on her ipod. Mozart fades in. Eva rests her head on the window and watches the passing terrain, immersed in the drifting melody.

Her eyes blink heavily as the world around her slows in tune with the music. Slowly emerging from the corner of her vision is a NATIVE MAN (27), running beside the bus.

Eva sits up to see another HALF DOZEN MEN (18-40) run behind him. Mozart's ripped from her ears as Hawkins yells.

LT. HAWKINS

Three minutes!

Eva's face grows with apprehension as more indigenous run alongside the bus. Journalists and aid workers prepare.

EVA

Three minutes till what?

WILLIAM

It's show time, lass. Get ready. This is gonna be fast.

EXT. QUA IBOE TERMINAL - DAY

An extensive oil facility. Surrounding it, a protest develops where native communities collide with the Nigerian military.

INT. PRESS BUS (TRAVELING)

The bus slowly crawls through the protestors as Natives slap the windows. Rocks and sticks thrown. Eva recoils.

LT. HAWKINS

Look directly ahead! No eye contact! Do not make eye contact!

INT/EXT. QUA IBOE TERMINAL - DAY

The bus stops along the fringe of the protest. Journalists and aid workers race to their feet, collecting their things.

LT. HAWKINS

Let's go! Let's go! Twenty minutes tops! Twenty minutes!

Eva follows William out the bus where a makeshift relief zone has been constructed with aid workers already there.

LT. HAWKINS

I want a tight, four corner
perimeter! Let's go!

As journalists begin their coverage, Eva and the other aid workers tend to those injured. Eva's first patient is a NATIVE MAN (45), who has a gash across the forehead.

Meanwhile, deep in the protest, rubbish is thrown at the Nigerian military who defend themselves with Perspex shields. A native woman thrusts a sign that reads: *Our land! Our Life!*

WILLIAM

Due to the civil unrest,
evacuations have been sanctioned
to all foreign workers within the
major oil networks.

Gangs of intimidating men roam the protest, wielding machetes and bottles of spirits. They follow a native MAN with tattoos and muscular torso. This is DOKUBO.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

Including Global Fuels CEO Charles
Preston, whom the locals have
labeled 'The curse of Nigeria'.

Emerging from the terminal with a military escort is *Global Fuels* executive Charles Preston. By his side, JERRY CLIFFORD (36), a scrawny, jittery associate.

The Nigerian military form a laager around Preston and Clifford. Back to back, their rifles lock on every angle with both men protected inside.

Nigerian military rush Preston and Clifford through the angry mob. Rotten fruit thrown, slapping against their *Armani* suits.

It's chaotic, crazy stuff. A protestor manages to throw a canister of crude oil, turning Preston black.

The military guide the two toward an armored SUV when without warning, Dokubo shoulders through, leveling a pistol - *POP! POP! POP!*

Bullets rake across the military with Preston and Clifford cowering in the middle. Everyone drops.

Protestors flee...

Nigerian soldiers return fire while shoving the two oil tycoons into the SUV. The vehicle speeds off.

A surging tide of protestors rush the relief zone, forcing Hawkins to shove journalists and aid workers onto the bus.

LT. HAWKINS

On the bus! Get on the bus!

But Eva and others are caught up with the protestors, drifting away in a surging tide of indigenous.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The engine roars. Hawkins stays low in the aisle as windows shatter.

LT. HAWKINS

Go! Go! Go!

The old Frankenstein of a bus roars to life...

EXT. NIGER DELTA - JUNGLE

Eva and William run with the crowd into the tree lining. Native women and children are trampled as gunfire fuels desperation.

Eva struggles. Bumped and shouldered by the swelling mass. Rebel men exchange fire with the pursuing military.

INT. PRESS BUS (TRAVELING)

The bus speeds through the chaos, bouncing and rattling. Sgt. Harper behind the wheel, horn blaring under his fist. Hawkins notices vacant seats.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - JUNGLE

Eva and William run through thorn bushes that slow their escape. Flailing with both arms, they rip holes through dense foliage. Villagers drop one by one around them.

They scurry down an embankment, bullets WHIZZING past. *SMACK!* A bullet cartwheels Williams down the slope.

Eva continues, approaching a wall of mangroves that align a river bank. She sprints full steam ahead, slamming through.

She breaks past and plummets into the murky river, swimming frantically with other villagers. The military arrive.

We look over the density of trees as automatic gunfire echoes through the atmosphere. A flock of birds burst skyward...

EXT/INT. PRESS BUS (TRAVELING)

The bus drives along an isolated dirt track. Hawkins slumps in an aisle seat. Everyone expressionless. Some cry silently while others stare blankly.

INT. SUV (TRAVELING)

A Nigerian soldier drives. Preston in the passenger seat, washing his face of oil. Clifford rides in the back, clicking away on a laptop computer.

CLIFFORD

The sooner we leave this hell hole, the better.

PRESTON

I spoke with Ajani. We're getting copter transfers from now on.

CLIFFORD

Who'd we have to pay-off for that?

Clifford turns to the driver.

CLIFFORD

You mind turning up the air conditioning? Make colder?

Clifford mimics turning a knob with his hand. The driver is non-responsive.

CLIFFORD

We also need to reevaluate security for Tuesday. The French are getting cold feet and threatening to pull out.

PRESTON

Then let us hope they didn't see today's events.

The SUV passes a gas flare before approaching a security gate flanked with over half a dozen Nigerian soldiers.

EXT. KA OIL REFINERY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Large complexes with dominant cooling towers. An endless field of drilling rigs and pumpjacks surround the facility. The refinery is in the last stages of completion.

The SUV slows to a stop beside a trailer. Preston scrubs his suit while stepping from the vehicle.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Air conditioned. Luxurious. A large plasma television dominates the wall. Playing on the flat screen is a news report on the protest.

Watching from behind his desk is Governor of Rivers State AJANI SUKIEMAN (42). His solid frame squeezed in an old military uniform. Light stubble defines his strong jawline.

Ajani and three of his gun-toting guards watch the television while eating platters of high quality cuisine.

Preston enters, the remnants of the oil still visible on his suit. He takes a seat opposite Ajani, scrubbing at the stain.

PRESTON

My colleagues and I are growing impatient with your people, Governor. They forget how much money we've invested into this country.

The Governor remains transfixed on the TV, finding humor at a replay of Preston's 'oil shower'.

GOV. AJANI

Relax, Mister Preston. I will buy you a new suit.

PRESTON

It's not about the suit. What you need is social order. I said the same thing to the Saudis and now their profits have doubled.

GOV. AJANI

You must understand Nigeria. She has many problems. Even more than your desert friends.

PRESTON

Problems or not. In two days we open the largest oil refinery in Africa. The world is watching, Ajani. Control your people.

Ajani glares.

GOV. AJANI

I was a five star general, Mister Preston. A leader in the civil war. I know how to control my people.

PRESTON

Well, the Western world disagrees. In fact, they're scared shitless. Some are even threatening to boycott us.

GOV. AJANI

And go where? The Middle East? The ones who fly into your buildings?

PRESTON

It's --

GOV. AJANI

-- Face it, Mister Preston. Even the poor black man is favored over those Arab terrorists.

PRESTON

I'm just saying, we're on a gold mine, and it doesn't look good when your president is on TV like that.

GOV. AJANI

He is not my president. He is an im-be-cile. A coward who has never bled nor killed for this country.

PRESTON

Which is why you make over double his salary. You don't want to fill his shoes, Ajani. They're too tight. Just get him smiling for the cameras.

Ajani smiles.

GOV. AJANI

Like one of your many movie stars yes? Tell me, when are you going to bring me a nice American woman? Black, white. It is irrelevant.

PRESTON

After this refinery opens there will be so much money, I'll bring you whatever you want. Now, if you'll excuse me. I have to convince the French of our stability.

Preston turns and begins to walk out when:

GOV. AJANI

Do not worry, Mister Preston.
We will make each other happy.
Tonight we will have a party. A
big celebration just for you, yes?

PRESTON

No more parties, Ajani.

GOV. AJANI

But life in Nigeria is
always a party!

But Preston says nothing, exiting the luxurious trailer, leaving Ajani and his guards.

EXT. ECOMOG RELIEF CAMP - DAY

An eerie silence engulfs the camp as aid workers tend to injured journalists. Hawkins and his team sit beside the bus. The Lieutenant soaks his head with a bottle of water.

LT. HAWKINS

What's the count?

SGT. HARPER

Three missing, Sir.

SGT. JONES

What the fuck happened?

PVT. SMITH

Bunch of trigger happy
cowboys is what happened.

LT. HAWKINS

Get command on the horn. I
want a recon team on-sight.

SGT. HARPER

We goin' after them, boss?

LT. HAWKINS

No one gets left behind.

SGT. JONES

Sir, this was unclaimed.

Jones tosses Hawkins a handbag. What was once a fashionable accessory is now stained with blood and dirt.

Hawkins opens the bag, pulling out the photo of Eva and Claire. The Lieutenant studies the snapshot, focusing on Eva.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - NIGER RIVER - DAY

Nature at its most tranquil. The Niger river passes along the tropical terrain before we see the aftermath of the massacre. Corpses drift with the current in an eerie state of silence.

Among the dead, Eva clings to a chunk of drift wood. The only survivor, she's carried along with the lifeless convoy. Her eyes transfixed and unmoving.

Voices fade in from up the river. Eva blinks back into awareness and peers ahead to see NATIVE VILLAGERS in knee deep water, gathering the corpses.

She slips off the drift wood and swims to land, crawling up an embankment, gripping fistfuls of mud.

From nowhere, large, black hands come down, gripping Eva's clothing. She screams while being dragged up the incline.

Kicking and punching, Eva spins around to see native villagers closing in.

One villager is Dokubo.

Eva crawls against a tree. ANAYA (55), a native witch-doctor, separates from her people and slowly approaches. Her left eye completely white.

ANAYA

Shhh. It be okay, woman.

EVA

Who are you?! What do you want?!

Anaya goes to touch the side of Eva's face. But Eva swipes her hand away. Dokubo and his men draw their guns.

ANAYA

What be your name?

Eva looks past Anaya at the children who watch from their mothers' grips. A vast contrast from the intimidating gun-wielding men who stand beside them. Eva un-clips her bracelet.

EVA

Leave me alone. Here, just take it and go!

She tosses it at Anaya. A child runs in to take it but Anaya picks it up and looks back at Eva with sincerity.

HOURS LATER

The Niger Delta region, flourishing with overgrown vegetation. Birds congregate in tree tops as we pan down to see the Ogoni villagers trekking through the terrain. Eva in the middle.

They proceed along a dirt track. Ogoni men tow a rusted steel cart with deflated wheels that is filled with corpses. The jungle's growth gives way to a village, nestled among trees.

EXT. OGONI VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sickness, pollution and poverty. Shacks are constructed from scrap metal, some bearing the faded *Global Fuels* logo. A weathered church on timber foundations dominates the village.

Two guard-towers are built into trees that grow along the outskirts of the village. Inside, native men supervise.

Children play with clumps of dirt and scrap metal. They notice Eva and rush to her. Eva recoils as they marvel at her jewelry.

Eva continues through the village to notice an old man propped against a tin shack, body rib-thin from starvation.

They arrive at a mangrove creek which cuts through the village, oil coating the water's surface. Rotting fish and tattered fishing nets along the embankment.

ANAYA

Our land choking on devil's blood.

Eva scans her surroundings. Anaya scoops her weathered hand into the river, oil trickles through her fingers.

ANAYA

It be from the devil. It curses
our village. Curses our people.

Eva stares at the sludge. She notices a child's plastic bike half submerged in an oil pool. Anaya grips Eva's clothing, guiding her from the creek.

Children follow as they approach a black clearing of vegetation death. Leafless trees, black grass.

ANAYA

Devil bleeds under earth. His
blood rise into land and water.

Beyond the blackened patch of earth, a large ditch holds the rotting corpses of goats and dogs. Eva hyperventilates. Sweating, she hunches over, unable to take anymore.

Meanwhile, Anaya takes Eva's hand and places the silver bracelet back in her palm.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Seductive Western music engulfs the lavish palace as over two dozen gorgeous bikini-clad women socialize, drink and dance. On the other side of the room Preston and Clifford enter.

The oil tycoons move through the majestic sexuality and join CHRISTIAN CARTER (35), a handsome American with long sleeved shirt, tie. A sense of arrogance in his demeanor.

CLIFFORD

Some party.

CARTER

What do you expect? He's the self proclaimed playboy of Africa.

PRESTON

Probably the reason one in four are infected with AIDS.

CARTER

Have a drink.

GOV. AJANI

Yes! We must drink. Gentlemen, help yourself to anyone or anything you may desire.

Ajani walks over with two barely legal women.

CLIFFORD

Does that include your oil?

GOV. AJANI

That comes at a price.

PRESTON

The French pulled out, Ajani. As predicted, the recent reports of corruption scared them away.

GOV. AJANI

They will return. With war in the Middle East, foreign oil prices will only increase.

PRESTON

That's not the point.

GOV. AJANI

You are right, Mister Preston. Come, I will show you what the point is. Please, come.

Ajani shrugs the women off who in-turn approach Clifford and Carter. Ajani takes Preston by the arm, guiding him away.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT

A dull, stale basement. Dripping oil. Rats. Filth. Ajani and Preston enter where TWO MEN are stripped and tied to chairs. Military soldiers beat them with copper piping.

The prisoners plead for mercy. One of the soldiers raises his copper pipe and swings... *SMACK!!* Teeth shatter. Blood spills. Preston flinches, obviously not used to this.

He finds comfort in his ever present cigarettes, drawing back the rich tobacco. Ajani sees this. A cunning smile emerges.

GOV. AJANI

These men tried to kill you. This is how you say? Interrogation.

PRESTON

Interrogation? How can they speak with broken jaws?

GOV. AJANI

Destroy one man and others will notice. This is social order.

The prisoner spits out blood.

GOV. AJANI

In my country we have a saying. To make Nigeria one is a task that must be done.

Preston gives Ajani a disturbed look. However, the Governor remains transfixed by the brutal attacks.

INT. OGONI VILLAGE - SICK BAY - DUSK

A makeshift shade-cloth shelters the dying. Flies hover a VILLAGE BOY (9) while his MOTHER (41), weeps over his frail body. Eva and Anaya watch, holding back the tears.

ABDU ABOTO (65), a Nigerian priest, reads the last rites in native tongue. The boy struggles for breath.

The mother embraces her son's limp body. Anaya begins to smear two lines of ash onto the surrounding people's faces.

She approaches Eva, pressing her index finger along her cheeks, black ash staining her flawless skin.

ANAYA

This is to scare the evil spirits, so that his soul may find God.

The stench of death everywhere as Eva watches Aboto read the Bible. Tears spill from her eyes.

EXT. NIGERIA - OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGE - NIGHT

An active gas flare. Up close, it's unlike anything we've seen before. The raging fire breathes a stinging hiss. Eva and Anaya watch the flame, two children by their sides.

ANAYA

It kills my people. Kills babies
inside the women. A evil curse.

Eva approaches the pipe and spiraling flame, studying the rawness of it. She notices children's artwork scribbled on the copper piping. She stands and turns back to Anaya.

ANAYA

It be a curse from the devil,
miss Eva. He cursed us.

EVA

Why are you showing me this?

ANAYA

You must know.

EVA

I'm just a nurse. An aid
worker. I told you that.

ANAYA

You must know.

EVA

But I... I can't help.
There's nothing I can do.

A beat.

ANAYA

Many years ago soldiers came into
our village. They were shooting.
My husband tried to stop them.
He tried to protect me and our
children. He was just one man.

Anaya gives a weak smile. Her beaded necklaces and tribal earrings belie her lined face and sad, dark eyes.

She walks away, guiding the children with her. Eva is left alone, tears spill from her eyes.

ON MOON:

A bank of clouds pass the full moon as the raging gas flare burns into the night sky.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - CLIFF TOP - NIGHT

Advancing down a cliff, Hawkins and his squad notice the flame in the distance. Hawkins stops, drinks from his hip flask and stares at the fire.

Harper, Smith and Jones wait. Automatic rifles gripped, camouflage on. Hawkins leads the group through the night.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - OGONI VILLAGE - MORNING

Light rain showers down as Eva walks through the village, children following. She approaches the church and walks up the three step entrance.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

A candle lit room. Tranquil. Father Aboto guides the chalice to the mouths of the gathered Nigerian men and women.

FATHER ABOTO
Blood of Christ, keep you in
eternal light.

Each member of the congregation exits, passing Eva and the children through the aisle. Eva approaches the altar.

FATHER ABOTO
The children seem fond of you.

EVA
They're fond of my jewelry.

FATHER ABOTO
It is more than that. You have a
way with them. An innocence that
is rare in this place.

EVA
You've been here a long time.

FATHER ABOTO
God is needed most where evil
dwells. Nigeria is a beautiful
country, but holds many demons.

EVA
You mean the devil's blood.

FATHER ABOTO
Ah, you've spoken with Anaya.
She calls it devil's blood. A
perfect name for it, I think.

EVA

Is that what happened to her eye?

FATHER ABOTO

Our gas flares hold many toxins.
They attack our skin and lungs.
In some cases, even our eyes.

EVA

You know, there are resources
available. The church, red cross.

FATHER ABOTO

The little money that is approved
is usually taken by our leaders.
They get very rich that way.

EVA

They can't do that.

FATHER ABOTO

But they do. You must understand
this is a different place to your
world.

A beat.

FATHER ABOTO

Village whispers tell me you're
returning to the city. Come, I
will bless you on your journey.

Aboto sprinkles holy water over Eva's head while reciting a
prayer. He finishes by signing the cross on her forehead.

FATHER ABOTO

There is one other thing...
for protection.

Aboto waves the children from the church before shuffling
through an old suitcase. He stands and offers Eva an object
wrapped in what was once white linen.

FATHER ABOTO

... Please, take this.

Eva unravels the object, revealing it to be an old rusted
revolver with taped-up grips. Mouth agape. She looks at Aboto.

FATHER ABOTO

Even angels have swords.

Eva looks at the pistol. The rusted metal lies nestled
in her tender palms as Father Aboto walks off.

EXT. OGONI VILLAGE - MIDDAY

Light rain continues as the villagers gather around Eva. Anaya places a necklace of flowers and exotic plants around her slender neck and smiles warmly.

ANAYA

You be apart of us, miss
Eva. Do not forget this.

EVA

Thank you, Anaya. Thank
you for everything.

They embrace as two children, no older than five, shoulder through and grab Eva's leg.

ANAYA

You love your daughter, Miss
Eva. Love and kiss her.

EVA

I will. And I'll do what I can
to help, Anaya. I will try to
help. Thank you again.

Eva notices Dokubo and six of his men walk into the jungle, rifles strapped over shoulders.

She looks back at the group of villagers who return to their huts. Anaya, Aboto and a few children remain. Eva gives them a nod, eyes watering before she leaves...

EXT. NIGER DELTA - JUNGLE

A green tree snake stretches across a branch as Eva walks with Dokubo and his men through the dense jungle.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The native children are seen playing through the windows as father Aboto cleans the pews with an old rag. He moves along to the next pew and notices...

... The old rusted revolver wrapped in dirty white linen.

The Priest takes the gun, absorbing Eva's rejection of the weapon. Suddenly, mechanical roars emanates from outside. Aboto peers out the window.

EXT. OGONI VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Children scatter in all directions as SUV's and trucks roar into the village with authority. A soldier rakes his AK47 skyward, firing recklessly into the air.

Ajani and Preston step from an SUV. Preston removes his sunglasses while expanding an umbrella overhead. Nigerian soldiers leap from trucks and gather villagers at gunpoint.

Men are separated from their families and shoved into trucks. Those who resist are met with savage beatings. Preston flinches as women beg incoherently and scream.

GOV. AJANI

Gather them up! Gather!
Gather! Gather! Quickly!

A man is dragged along the dirt as his wife falls to her knees, clutching Ajani's leg, begging for mercy. Ajani kicks her aside and paces back and forth.

GOV. AJANI

We are here in the name of
justice! You have assaulted my
men! Any assault on my men,
is the same as assaulting our
President himself!

Ajani paces, taunting the women and children. Military soldiers surround them, rifles raised.

GOV. AJANI

Look at you! You live like pigs!
An embarrassment to my homeland!
An embarrassment to mother Nigeria!

Ajani drags a NATIVE WOMAN (44) from the crowd and jams a revolver against her head.

Preston's had enough. Unable to watch any further, he strides back to the SUV, behind his sunglasses.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

In his luxury vehicle, Preston increases the volume on the radio, muting the commotion outside.

He takes out his cigarettes while adjusting the rear view mirror, observing Ajani's ruthlessness indirectly.

EXT. OGONI VILLAGE

Ajani presses the revolver against the woman's head while yelling abuse at the cowering villagers.

GOV. AJANI

-- You are a disgrace to the advancement of Nigeria! Pitiful fools! The white man is laughing at us! Laughing at you peasants!

Ajani pushes the woman to the dirt and fires two shots. The villagers scream, mothers covering their children's eyes.

GOV. AJANI

To make Nigeria one is a task that must be --

-- Dokubo and his men charge from the jungle, guns blazing. Military soldiers are raked with gunfire.

Everyone runs.

Soldiers retaliate, gunning down fleeing villagers. Ajani charges back into his SUV.

PRESTON

Are you crazy?! What the hell are you thinking?!

Ajani in the passenger seat, Preston in the back. A soldier keys the ignition as the engine roars to life. The SUV speeds away, leaving the fire-fight behind.

Bullets zap everywhere. Dokubo is fearless, gunning down soldiers.

Meanwhile, Anaya tries to outrun a hail of bullets. *SMACK!* One rips through her upper back!

She stumbles on all fours, behind a pile of tires, scrap metal and rubbish.

Eva runs from the jungle to her aid, embracing Anaya who lies in her arms. Anaya stares at her hands, shocked by the blood as Eva desperately applies pressure.

EVA

It's going to be okay. Just hold on! Okay, hold on!

But Anaya panics, whimpering in pain as screams and gunfire surround the two women.

Father Aboto fires the old revolver courageously, shooting a soldier in the chest. In return, a flurry of bullets rip through the old priest.

EXT. OGONI VILLAGE - OUTSKIRTS

Watching from the crest of a nearby hill is Hawkins and his squad. The Lieutenant stares blankly as he absorbs the raw brutality of the battle.

SGT. HARPER
That's government military.

SGT. JONES
Why the fuck would government
military be doing this?

Hawkins peers down as soldiers rake gunfire through women and children. The Lieutenant screws a silencer to his 9mm.

LT. HAWKINS
Bravo right flank. North West.
Edge of clearing. Wait for my
go. Alpha on me.

SGT. JONES
Sir, they're official soldiers.

Hawkins says nothing.

SGT. JONES
We're not authorized to be here.

Hawkins and Jones lock glares.

MOMENTS LATER

Hawkins leads the squad, progressing down to the village, separating into pairs. Weapons to shoulders, sights-aligned. Quick and Agile.

Hawkins and Smith move through the outskirts, sidling along a hut when a native woman hurries past from around a corner. A Nigerian soldier chases, running into Hawkins' .9mm - *PFFT!*

Hawkins and Smith follow the sound of screams inside a village hut. They cover the entrance. Hawkins assents with a nod.

They charge in...

INT. VILLAGE HUT - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Stale. Hawkins and Smith proceed inside, prepared for anything. The overhead scrap metal amplifies the light rainfall outside as aggressive murmurs fade in.

They advance further to witness a military SOLDIER raping a native WOMAN. Her TWO CHILDREN (3-7), huddled in the corner. Hawkins rips the soldier off - *PFFT! PFFT!*

The mother scurries to her children. Clothes torn. Hair disheveled. Smith tries to reassure them over the gunfire outside. Hawkins, however, has no time for such compassion.

LT. HAWKINS

Private.

Smith scrounges up a nearby blanket, covering the woman's partial nudity as she embraces her children.

EXT. OGONI VILLAGE

Harper and Jones move along the outskirts, approaching the rear structure of the church. They notice the foundations holding slightly above the ground.

They worm their way under, noticing a family cowering in the shadows. They progress, witnessing the massacre through a small crevasse between soil and timber.

The perfect ambush spot.

Harper takes his M16 and aims through the narrow opening, using the crevasse as if it were the lip of a trench. Jones follows suit, scanning through his magnified lens.

SGT. HARPER

Blue sight on left. Red on right.

They fire in unison, killing two soldiers quickly and silently. Harper shifts his aim... *PFFT!* Another kill. Jones follows suit... *PFFT! PFFT!* Death count climbing.

Screams emanate from above, drawing Harper and Jones's attention. They peer up toward the timbered floorboards.

INT. CHURCH

Villagers seek refuge, cowering behind the altar and timber pews. FOUR NIGERIAN SOLDIERS charge through, raking everything with gunfire - *RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!*

Bullets rip through everything, the altar, the pews, the people. Silence. The soldiers jam clips into their rifles.

Back at the entrance, Harper and Jones have emerged. Harper takes out a STUN GRENADE and tosses it down the aisle...

The grenade rolls along the floorboards, alerting the soldiers who look directly at the device.

KA-BANG!! The grenade emits a blinding flash. An ear busting sound. The soldiers are stunned. Senses scrambled.

Harper and Jones charge in, pistols raised. With accuracy, they ambush the soldiers who fall in quick succession.

EXT. OGONI VILLAGE

Eva and Anaya stay low behind the rubble. Eva wipes the rain from Anaya's face.

ANAYA
God be crying.

EVA
No! Anaya!

Anaya's eyes close. Eva's hysterical, surrounding noises she become distorted. Hawkins and Smith arrive.

LT. HAWKINS
You hurt?!

But Hawkins voice is muffled.

LT. HAWKINS
Are you hurt?!!

She shakes her head.

More gunfire bombards the rubble, causing fragments of metal to ricochet. Smith returns fire. Hawkins activates his earpiece (*known as a BONE MIC*).

LT. HAWKINS
(into mic)
Alpha twelve, be advised package
is secure. Extract West into tree
lining. Say again, extract West!

ON HARPER & JONES:

Harper and Jones take cover behind the scorched remnants of an overturned vehicle. Bullets hammer the charred frame.

SGT. HARPER
(into mic)
Copy that! West into tree
lining!

He turns to Jones.

SGT. HARPER
We're extracting outta --

-- Jones is not there. Just a bloodstained mark that streaks down the vehicle. Harper follows the streak to notice Jones's corpse below.

ON HAWKINS & SMITH:

Meanwhile at the rubble, Hawkins, Smith and Eva are taking heavy firepower of their own. Hawkins tries to make sense of Harper through his earpiece.

LT. HAWKINS
 (into mic)
 Take a breath and calm down,
 Sergeant! Can you move him?!

ON HARPER

With great strength, Harper manages to prop Jones's limp body over his shoulders. Blood trickling over Harper's face.

ON HAWKINS & SMITH:

Hawkins and Smith continue to return fire as Eva cowers in the fetal position.

LT. HAWKINS
 (into mic)
 Continue West into tree lining!
 We'll rendezvous with you there!
 Be advised, hostiles will --

-- Bullet rips through Smith's head.

LT. HAWKINS
 Smith!

Hawkins scurries over to Smith. Bullets hammer the rubble. Hawkins drags his comrade closer behind cover.

ON HARPER:

Harper squats behind the vehicle, Jones' body slung over his shoulder. The sergeant listens into his mic...

SGT. HARPER
 (into mic)
 Say again, Bravo two five!
 Can't copy! Over!

Nothing - Just static...

With no choice, Harper carries Jones out from cover. SMACK!
 A bullet rips through his knee, snapping it awkwardly.

In agony, Harper fires at advancing militants with one hand, covering Jones with the other. Soldiers charge in. A line of bullets rip across Harper's torso.

ON HAWKINS:

Bullets bombarding. Eva cowering. Hawkins tries to stop the blood flow from Smith's head but there's just too much. He takes his radio with his bloodied hand.

LT. HAWKINS
 (into mic)
 Alpha twelve, what's your
 position?!... Alpha twelve
 come in, can you hear me?!

No reply.

Hawkins turns to Eva, bullets and hot metal ricocheting all around her. He grips her arm.

LT. HAWKINS
 Move!

Hawkins yanks Eva to her feet as they run behind a series of huts. Hawkins fires at military, dropping them with precision.

They run through open terrain and dense tree lining, fighting against foliage. They run until the sound of gunfire fades.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Eva crumples to the ground. At wits end, she breaks down and sinks her head into her hands. Hawkins activates his mic.

LT. HAWKINS
 (into mic)
 Alpha twelve, do you copy?

He curses under breath.

LT. HAWKINS
 Stay here.

EVA
 No, wait!

LT. HAWKINS
 Stay here!

EVA
 Just wait!

Hawkins turns and heads back to the village. Eva scurries on all fours, gripping his boot. Hawkins shakes her off and hurries to the sound of gunfire.

EXT. OGANI VILLAGE

He darts from cover, scanning every possible ambush point. By now only a few gunshots are heard. Corpses everywhere.

LT. HAWKINS
(into mic)
Alpha Twelve, do you copy? Alpha
Twelve, what is your position?

He moves with stealth, eyes wired, .9mm pistol gripped. He approaches three soldiers who stalk a thatched hut.

PFFT! One down. PFFT!-PFFT! Two more. Just beyond layers of sheet metal, Hawkins notices Harper sprawled in the dirt.

LT. HAWKINS
Sergeant!

He darts from cover and drops beside Harper and Jones. Hawkins checks vital signs. Face tense. It's not until he hears the soft click of an automatic weapon that he turns.

A Nigerian soldier.

Ten feet away. Body bloodied, the soldier can barely keep upright as he tries to steady his rifle. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

The gun thrusts back, knocking the soldier off balance. Gunfire rakes skyward. Hawkins takes the opportunity - *PFFT!*

A bullet rips through the soldier's forehead, leaving a button of red carnage. He falls, revealing Eva behind him.

Hawkins looks around, absorbing everything. The bodies. The destruction. The gathering crows. The eerie aftermath.

Villagers edge out from shadows, some searching for loved ones. The sound of automatic fire now replaced with weeping mothers, children and fathers.

LATER - MIDDAY

Dozens of crows have descended, squabbling and pecking. Hawkins drapes an old mud-splattered tarp over his comrades, struggling with his emotions.

Approaching from behind is Dokubo. His body coated with blood and dirt. A machete protrudes from his pants.

DOKUBO
Why are you in my village?

Dokubo moves in, circling Hawkins like a caged lion.

But Hawkins remains silent, even as Dokubo pulls a large machete from his pants, eyes dilated with aggression.

DOKUBO
I ask question.

Hawkins says nothing. Dokubo races forward and grips his neck, hovering the blade inches from Hawkins' face.

DOKUBO
You want to die, white
devil?

But the Lieutenant doesn't move.

By now the surviving villagers surround the confrontation. Dokubo notices the audience and steps back, releasing Hawkins who walks toward the church.

INT. CHURCH

Arched windows shattered. Blood streaks the aisle. Bullet holes everywhere. Eva sits in a pew with half a dozen natives. A village BOY (4), sits next to her.

Hawkins enters, boots crunching over bullet casings and splintered timber. As he approaches, the child scatters off. Hawkins takes his place beside Eva.

LT. HAWKINS
A recon team will be on
sight asap. We have over
three clicks to command base.

EVA
In English, please.

LT. HAWKINS
We leave shortly.

Eva softly whispers.

EVA
Their village is destroyed.
They have nothing.

LT. HAWKINS
Not my responsibility.

Eva looks at the weeping mothers. The spiritless children. Her face contorted with guilt as she turns back to Hawkins.

Eva's eyes begin to water as she stares at the large bullet-ridden crucifix that hangs above what's left of the altar.

EVA
We can't leave them.

LT. HAWKINS
Not my responsibility.
You are my responsibility.

EVA
Didn't you just see --

LT. HAWKINS
-- I saw. I saw my men die
for my orders. I'm taking
you back to base.

He waits for a response but Eva says nothing. Eva stands and paces back through the blood-slicked aisle.

EXT. CHURCH - PORCH (CONTINUOUS)

She exits the church and stops by what she sees... Growing rows of corpses align the village. The recent carnage palpable in the piles of dead.

Dokubo and his men add more bodies to the heap. Women. Children. Babies... Anaya. Eva stares, mouth agape. Hawkins approaches from behind and grips her by the arm.

LT. HAWKINS
This is not your place.

He yanks her back inside as Dokubo watches before resuming his task of piling the fresh corpses.

EXT. LAGOS - IKOYI HIGHWAY - DAY

The intense African sun beams down over a congested Nigerian highway. We notice the mud-splattered military trucks from the Ogoni massacre driving in a convoy.

PRESTON (O.S.)
You said we were going for soil
tests! You said no one would get
hurt! I didn't sign up for this!

We pan in on the SUV that Ajani and Preston occupy...

INT/EXT. SUV

A Nigerian soldier drives. Ajani rides shotgun, Preston in the back, yelling his face to a reddish pink.

PRESTON

We can't buy outta this! You hear me? Not a fucking genocide! It's too much! It's too fucking much!

Ajani stares ahead.

PRESTON

I won't do business like this! I can't! You hear me?! I don't care how much it pays! I don't want it!

The SUV stops.

PRESTON

What now?

Ajani gets out and walks around to Preston's door. He opens it and drags the oil tycoon onto the bitumen.

GOV. AJANI

You must learn the advantages of silence, Mister Preston.

Cars roaring past, horns blaring. All so dangerously close. Ajani takes out his gold plated .9mm pistol.

GOV. AJANI

Look around you. What do you see? Do you see a nation built from the ground up? Do you see everything we have worked for?!

PRESTON

Okay, okay! I'm sorry!

GOV. AJANI

You are not sorry mister Preston, you are scared. You must not confuse the two, yes?

PRESTON

I'm sorry. I'm just sorry!

GOV. AJANI

You must look at the good, Mister Preston. Not the bad. You must look at the money, not the blood.

Cars speed past, horns blaring but Ajani doesn't care. He kneels down and taps the .9mm on Preston's sweaty forehead.

GOV. AJANI

You must understand that if you go, I will find you. I will rip out your heart and I will eat it. I will dig a hole so deep that no one will find you. A big, fat hole, just for you, yes?

Preston nods.

GOV. AJANI

To make Nigeria one is a task that must be done.

Ajani stands, hops back in the SUV and takes off, leaving Preston on the highway.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The church is empty but for Eva who sits in a bullet-ridden pew. Her eyes swollen red. She's been crying as she rakes her hair back when Hawkins approaches.

He tosses a pre-packed meal sealed in a plastic foiled retort pouch. It lands on Eva's lap.

EVA

What happens when we get back?

LT. HAWKINS

You don't have to worry about that.

EVA

What about these people?

LT. HAWKINS

Don't have to worry about that either.

EVA

We all saw it, Lieutenant. We're all witnesses. It was genocide.

LT. HAWKINS

And the same thing happened in a Benin village a week ago. Next day it was in Byei.

EVA

That doesn't make it right.
These people need us.

LT. HAWKINS

You've been here, what? Two days?
Two days and you're an expert?

EVA

I'm just trying to help.

LT. HAWKINS

This place doesn't need your
help. It can't help itself.

EVA

I didn't mean --

LT. HAWKINS

-- You didn't mean anything.
Cause you know nothing. You're
just a God damn tourist.

Static is heard through Hawkins' BONE MIC before a voice
breaks through: *"This is eagle one. ETA in 5 minutes, over"*.

LT. HAWKINS

(into mic)
Copy that, Eagle One. In
position. Over.

Hawkins walks toward the exit.

EVA

I didn't mean to offend you.

LT. HAWKINS

The world would rather have
cheaper oil than stop this.
Change that, you change this.

He walks out, leaving Eva to absorb the statement.

EXT. OGONI VILLAGE

Hawkins exits the church and heads toward the village
outskirts. Eva exits shortly after, passing the
natives digging with bare hands and makeshift shovels.

Eva follows Hawkins, eyes never leaving the mass grave.
A jagged hole beside the piles of dead.

Native men, women and children dig, clawing into the earth.
Women cry, children struggle, men despondent.

Hawkins continues toward the outskirts where a jeep arrives, "UNITED NATIONS" stenciled onto the side panels. The jeep rolls to a stop as Hawkins approaches two UN OFFICERS.

LT. HAWKINS
I got three KIA's under the
tarp. Make it quick.

The officers nod and make their way toward the tarp. Hawkins turns to Eva and opens the jeep's rear door.

LT. HAWKINS
Get in.

But Eva turns back toward the mass grave site.

LT. HAWKINS
Now.

In two minds, her face contorts with emotion. She looks at Hawkins who stares back coldly. Eva paces back.

LT. HAWKINS
Eva.

But she keeps going. Fueled by emotion, she paces over to the villages and jumps down into the jagged hole where she drops to all fours and helps dig.

Everyone freezes as Eva claws at the dirt with bare hands. Clawing with passion and determination. Hawkins watches Eva before catching Dokubo's glare.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - DAY

The African sun scorches over a cascading landscape covered with dense greenery. The overgrowth seems impenetrable but for a single track that cuts through. The jeep drives past.

INT. JEEP

In the back seat, Eva leans her head on the window, absorbing the scenery that flashes by. Her eyes begin to drift shut. Hawkins sits beside her.

EXT. GULLY - DAY

Enclosed by distant mountains. The jeep drives past a raging gas flare that hisses out a flame.

EXT. SHALLOW CREEK - AFTERNOON

The jeep splashes through a shallow creek. Above the vehicle, a family of shrill monkeys leap from branch to branch, angered by the intrusion.

INT. JEEP

Eva is asleep on the back seat, head pressed against the window. In her unconscious state, she turns her stiff body and rests her head on Hawkins' shoulder.

The Lieutenant looks down at the sleeping face, caked with dirt. His hardened demeanor uneasy in the moment.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - DUSK

The African sun lowers on the horizon as city high-rises become visible. The jeep speeds toward them.

INT. JEEP - MIDNIGHT

Eva's head still slumped on Hawkins' shoulder. The Lieutenant scans out the window to see street-lights and buildings flash by. They're entering a large city.

The jeep comes to a stop outside a security gate which opens. American flags hang from each side of the gate.

Even at midnight, the enclosure is alive with activity. Spotlights beam over military and vehicles. The jeep rolls to a stop as Hawkins nudges Eva awake.

EVA

Where are we?

LT. HAWKINS

The embassy. They'll look after you. Take you home.

Soldiers open the rear doors. Eva takes one of their hands and begins to step out when...

LT. HAWKINS

Wait.

Hawkins shuffles through his pocket before handing Eva a photo. She stares at the image of Claire and herself.

LT. HAWKINS

I took it from your bag,
to help identify you.

Eva's eyes never leave the photo as Hawkins exits the jeep and walks off with escorting soldiers.

INT. LAGOS - UNITED STATES EMBASSY - INTERVIEW ROOM

Hawkins sits alone and isolated in a small room. Harsh fluorescent lighting beams from above. Hawkins turns to see his reflection in the observation glass.

Entering the room is Christian Carter...

CARTER

My apologies for the room. We have to make do with little here. I'm sure you understand.

Hawkins says nothing.

CARTER

Christian Carter. Foreign Affairs Minister. Good to see --

LT. HAWKINS

-- My team is dead.

CARTER

We'll get to that soon. But first I need to ask a few questions.

LT. HAWKINS

My team... is dead.

CARTER

I've been looking through your transcripts. Not once was there an order assigning you to the Delta.

LT. HAWKINS

The order was affirmed by me. We had to locate and extract missing -

CARTER

-- So you took it upon yourself to initiate orders? Without authorization?

LT. HAWKINS

Based on the situation I felt it necessary. Those foreigners were our responsibility.

CARTER

Your responsibility is to the United Nations. Do you realize you infringed on international law? An infringement which resulted in the deaths of hundreds of people?

LT. HAWKINS
Their military were killing
civilians. We saw it. It was
a God damn massacre!

CARTER
It was an authorized operation
which targeted known terrorists.

LT. HAWKINS
When did children become
terrorists?

CARTER
Collateral damage, lieutenant.
Unfortunate but happens. You of
all people should know that.

LT. HAWKINS
I know what I saw. It was
mass murder!

CARTER
Your actions have not only
led to the deaths of allied
soldiers but strained ties
with their government.

LT. HAWKINS
What? Fuck that! Our men are
dead! Do you understand me?!
They're fucking dead!

CARTER
And that's on your shoulders! We
will not investigate our allies
because you broke protocol!

Hawkins snaps over the table and grips Carter,
pulling him by the tie and onto the ground.

LT. HAWKINS
You fuck!

Guards charge and restrain Hawkins. Carter gets to his
feet. Hair disheveled, Hawkins manhandled on the ground.

Carter gets his bearings, adjusts his tie and hair before
turning to a nearby guard.

CARTER
Where's the woman?

INT. JEEP

We're back in the United Nations jeep but this time, Eva and Hawkins have black garbage bags over their heads in the rear seat, hands duct-taped in front of them.

Their plastic masks crinkles and contorts with each breath as the jeep bounces through the rugged terrain.

Eva's hands shake before Hawkins' large, rough hands move across and gently rest over Eva's.

The jeep skids to a stop.

Two overweight soldiers exit from the front of the jeep, open the rear doors and yank Hawkins and Eva out.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - JUNGLE

We're in the middle of nowhere, encased by greenery. We hear Eva murmuring behind her mask, unable to scream or talk as she and Hawkins are forced toward...

A large, dominate OIL RIG.

Nestled deep in the jungle. Eva struggles against the soldiers while Hawkins is submissive.

They pass old storage tanks and cobweb-covered machinery. Eva and Hawkins are roughly forced up a stairwell, Eva pleading for mercy.

EXT. OIL RIG - DAWN

The bags are ripped off their heads. Eva squints from the morning light to see birds fly from surrounding hand rails. We're on just one of the many oil rigs in Nigeria.

Eva and Hawkins are forced toward a large platform. An oval heliport where...

Governor Ajani and Charles Preston are eating a smorgasbord of seafood.

Eva weakly looks up and sees Preston who quickly breaks eye contact. The governor stands with a smile.

GOV. AJANI

Good morning my Western friends!
Welcome to paradise, yes?! Where
the sunshine is always brightest!

Hawkins and Eva are forced to their knees in front of Ajani. The Governor sits back down and refers to his surroundings.

GOV. AJANI

Beautiful isn't it? Your countrymen say 'God bless America' but perhaps it is Nigeria who is truly blessed.

Hawkins glares.

GOV. AJANI

Did you know this complex generates over two hundred million a year? Much more than your White House, yes?

LT. HAWKINS

People will come looking for us. There'll be an investigation.

GOV. AJANI

Investigation by who? Your American brothers? They have more important things to worry about. Like their greed.

Ajani drinks.

GOV. AJANI

You see, the world believes what I tell them. And right now, you are a very evil man. A traitor to the Western World.

Hawkins simply glares up at his tormentor, with the only weapon he has left, the contempt of his cold stare.

EVA

Just let us go.

GOV. AJANI

Go where? Back to the white world? Back to your homeland of greed? No, you are better off here. You are better off in Nigeria.

EVA

Please. Just stop. I want to go home. I have a little girl.

Ajani considers Eva with a curious tilt of the head. He then walks around the table, toward Eva where he stands over her.

Eva looks up with tear-filled eyes as Ajani gently caresses her soft, wet cheek.

GOV. AJANI
 Poor, poor, poor American woman.
 So scared. So weak. But mother
 Nigeria can be kind, yes?

Eva nods.

GOV. AJANI
 Perhaps her kindness can shine
 upon your beauty.

Eva nods.

GOV. AJANI
 Yes, yes, yes. Only in Nigeria
 does a white woman say yes to
 the black man.

The gun-totting guards all chuckle. Ajani takes a moment,
 then DROPS HIS PANTS, belt buckle CLANKING on the cement.

GOV. AJANI
 Yes.

Hawkins tries to stand but guards's simultaneously aim their
 rifles at the lieutenant. Eva slightly cries. Ajani smiles.

GOV. AJANI
 Look at it.

Eva quivers.

GOV. AJANI
 Look at it. And put it in
 your mouth.

Ajani violently yanks Eva's hair. She screams. Preston
 gets to his feet and begins to walk off the heliport.

GOV. AJANI
 And just where do you think
 you are going, mister Preston?

PRESTON
 I'm not staying for this.

GOV. AJANI
 (laughs)
 Mister Preston is bored! But wait!
 I have a surprise just for you,
 my fat friend! It is time to show
 your commitment to mother Nigeria.

A guard presses a .9mm pistol into Preston's chest. Preston
 absorbs the gun. Ajani worms his pants up and walks back.

GOV. AJANI

This is what you want, is it not? This is social order.

PRESTON

You kept them alive to test my loyalty?

GOV. AJANI

To make Nigeria one is a task that must be done.

PRESTON

This is not my job. I'm a businessman.

GOV. AJANI

This is business.

PRESTON

This is murder.

GOV. AJANI

This is how you say, a *business proposal* then yes? If you do not kill these traitors, you die.

Ajani starts eating, dribbling crab juice down his chin. Preston glances at a gun-totting guard.

Preston dry swallows and after a moment, turns to look at Hawkins and Eva kneeling execution-style.

The oil tycoon looks down at the gun in his trembling hands, sweat sprouting on his forehead.

He slowly stands and raises the .9mm at the pair. Knuckles white. Hand trembling. Trigger finger tense...

BANG!

Birds scatter as a bullet rips past Hawkins' head. Ajani chuckles at the miss. Hawkins doesn't flinch.

Ajani stands, maneuvers behind Preston and intimately moulds his hands over Preston's, steadying the aim.

GOV. AJANI

You must concentrate, Mister Preston. See? Like this...

EVA

Oh God, please don't! I have a little girl!

Preston wills himself to pull the trigger, building up his rage. Hawkins stares down the barrel, awaiting his death.

BANG! A bullet smacks Hawkins' in the chest as all life goes from the lieutenant and he collapses.

Eva screams.

Ajani chuckles and applauds as Preston drops the firearm and slumps in his seat.

AJANI
Very good Mister Preston.
This is when you say bravo,
yes? Bravo! Bravo Mister Preston!

Preston says nothing.

AJANI
Bravo, Mister Preston.
Now pick up the gun.

Preston looks up at Eva...

She cries with Hawkins' corpse sprawled beside her, flies already exploring his body.

Preston remains slumped in his seat as Ajani kneels down, collects the gun and places it on the tycoon's lap.

AJANI
One more to go, Mister
Preston. Now rise.

Preston slowly stands as Eva quivers.

Ajani molds his strong, black hands over Preston's, leveling the aim at Eva.

EVA
Please, don't do this.

Moments of tension endure when Preston lowers the gun, turning to Ajani.

PRESTON
No.

AJANI
No?

Preston shakes his head then releases the gun as it drops to the floor with a CLANK. Ajani absorbs this...

He eyes a guard and gives a consenting nod. The guard approaches Preston when...

.... Everyone freezes. Silence endures before the faint staccato BEAT of HELICOPTER BLADES fade into the atmosphere.

PRESTON
What... what is that?

GOV. AJANI
Quiet.

PRESTON
What's happening?

Panic strikes the platform as Ajani barks orders in native dialect. Soldiers drag Hawkins and Eva into the complex.

Ajani disperses of the seafood, tables and chairs, throwing it all off the heliport in a frantic display. Birds scatter.

PRESTON
What?! What is it?!

GOV. AJANI
Hide! Get out of sight!

Preston hurries inside the oil rig as Ajani looks into the distant horizon at an approaching helicopter.

MOMENTS LATER

Polished black shoes step onto the oil rig platform. They're President Obasanjo's shoes. He's arrived by helicopter with a small entourage of guards following.

GOV. AJANI
President Obasanjo, it is an honour. Unexpected but an honour.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO
What is your business here?

GOV. AJANI
Inspections, Sir. It is merely safety procedures on these rigs.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO
Much oil is being stolen off my rigs. Many say by my own people.

GOV. AJANI
They are mistaken, Sir. It is the rebel groups. They steal, sell and buy weapons to use on our soldiers.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

We have much to discuss, Governor.
Like your actions in Qua Iboe.
Actions that turned into bloodshed.

GOV. AJANI

They were trying to assassinate
our foreigners. We were trying to -

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

-- You were trying to disgrace me.
This is no civil war, Governor.
We have rules here. I have rules.

GOV. AJANI

My apologies, Sir. My interests
are for mother Nigeria only --

-- CRUNCH!

Everyone stops. Obasanjo lifts his shoe to see a red,
hollow lobster shell. He bends down and picks it up by
the antennae. He turns to Ajani.

INT. OIL RIG

Meanwhile, Eva is held at gunpoint by the two soldiers
in the internal structure of the complex. They're
surrounded by machinery, grease pools and pipelines.

Hawkins' corpse is sprawled beside them as the two
soldiers talk in native dialect.

One of the two soldiers turns to Eva and steps
intimately close before LICKING her face.

The second soldier moves in when...

-- With incredible speed, Hawkins springs to his
feet and wraps his hand restraints around one of the
soldier's neck, snapping it instantly.

The second soldier spins, leveling his automatic
rifle at Hawkins, about to fire when...

... Preston emerges from nowhere, jamming
the .9mm pistol against the soldier's head.

Everyone freezes.

But Preston can't pull the trigger as Hawkins delivers
a devastating right hand across the soldier's chin.

The soldier drops as silence endures. Preston, Hawkins and
Eva exchange glances. Confused, Eva is about to speak when
Hawkins reveals a kevlar vest under his shirt...

EXT. OIL RIG PLATFORM

Ajani walks shoulder to shoulder with the President and his trailing entourage.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO
With the new refinery opening,
the world will be watching. We
can not afford to look incompetent.

GOV. AJANI
I understand, Sir.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO
I hope you do. I hope you
understand how important
this is for the future of our
people. I hope you understand
that we can have no violence.
No bloodshed, Governor.

GOV. AJANI
Sometimes it is required to
keep order, Sir. We must be
strong against the rebels or
they will make fools of us.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO
It is not the rebels who I fear
are embarrassing me.

INT. JEEP

Preston drives through the rugged terrain with
Hawkins and Eva in the back seat.

EVA
Thank you. For what you did.

PRESTON
We're not out of this yet.

LT. HAWKINS
Why did you call them?

PRESTON
I'm a businessman. Not a
murderer. Ajani's been acting
crazy lately. Well, crazier
than usual. This new refinery
is putting everyone on edge.

The jeep bounces over the terrain.

EVA

So what do we do now?

PRESTON

Can't go inland. Ajani would have set up road blocks. There's a place on the outskirts where I'm meeting someone. We can trust him.

LT. HAWKINS

We can't trust anyone.

PRESTON

This person's different. He's a good friend. Known him for years. We can trust him.

LT. HAWKINS

Where?

PRESTON

Kaiama.

LT. HAWKINS

Kaiama?

EVA

What's Kaiama?

LT. HAWKINS

A place we're not going. Not even soldiers enter Kaiama.

PRESTON

We need seclusion. Look, I have just as much riding on this as you now.

The jeep speeds through the jungle.

LT. HAWKINS

Billion dollar oil tycoons don't meet in a place like that unless they're hiding something.

PRESTON

You're right. We are hiding something, lieutenant. And you're going to want it.

Preston keeps steering as Hawkins and Eva exchange looks in the rear seat.

AN HOUR LATER

The terrain has leveled out as silence fills the jeep, Eva staring blankly out the window.

EVA

How long have you worked here?

PRESTON

Huh?

EVA

Working here. How long have you been working here?

PRESTON

A little over fourteen months. Before that it was Kuwait. Then Iran. Wherever the money was.

EVA

And now here.

PRESTON

Nigeria's opening the largest oil facility in Africa tomorrow. The world will be watching. Soon this country will be the wealthiest in Africa.

EVA

And yet over eighty percent still live in poverty. How do you explain that?

PRESTON

I don't dictate where the money goes. I just provide it.

Eva scoffs.

PRESTON

What? You think this is my fault? It's the same in the Middle East. Countries like this get a free pass. Why do you think Saddam stayed in power so long? Having oil is like having the keys to the world.

EVA

Try telling its citizens that. Their shanty towns are on the most prized real estate on the planet yet they live on a dollar a day with a billion dollar resource at their feet.

A beat...

LT. HAWKINS
Charles, you need to tell
me what the hell's in Kaiama.

PRESTON
I don't need to do anything.

LT. HAWKINS
What are you hiding there?

PRESTON
Jesus. Will you just trust
me? Please.

EVA
Why won't you tell us?

PRESTON
Because I don't have too.
Because if we get caught,
you have nothing to tell when
your finger nails are being
ripped off. Now, I'm sorry. But
you'll just have to wait and see.

Hawkins and Eva exchange looks.

INT/EXT. JEEP/NIGER DELTA - STEEP SLOPE - AFTERNOON

The sun beats down as the jeep slows along the dirt
track.

They jeep progresses up a mountain which overlooks an
endless valley where the town of Kaiama is. The jeep
stops as the trio stare at the civilization of shanty
neighborhoods.

EVA
That's it, isn't it?

LT. HAWKINS
Keep your head down.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - KAIAMA TOWN

A place of poverty. Hookers. Beggars. Stall fronts at
every corner. The trio exit the jeep, with their dirty
attire and Caucasian appearance any attempts to remain
undetected are impossible.

INT. SLUM HOTEL - RECEPTION

Preston leads Eva and Hawkins past the reception desk where a grubby hotel PORTER (38), receives oral sex off one of the many Kaiama prostitutes.

INT. SLUM HOTEL - HALLWAY

A dank hall. The trio move cautiously. A man is lying on the floor, looking up, helpless, with dead eyes.

Sex sounds and baby cries emanate from one of the many rooms. Preston leads, Hawkins and Eva eye each other.

EVA

Tell me again why we're here?

Preston ignores her and keeps walking through the corridor, passing a whacked out mother on the floor.

Eva stops.

Hawkins grabs her by the arm and forces her ahead as they follow the oil tycoon through this gritty world.

They pass more rubbish until Preston arrives outside door 132. Preston takes a moment...

Hawkins notices that the oil tycoon's hand is trembling as he gathers his composure in front of the door.

LT. HAWKINS

Something wrong?

PRESTON

Nothing.

Preston thinks.

PRESTON

Just let me do all the talking, okay? He's Jumpy. Suffers from anxiety.

LT. HAWKINS

Well this just gets better and better.

Hawkins eyes Eva while taking out his .9mm. Preston opens the door....

INT. SLUM HOTEL - ROOM 130 - CONTINUOUS

The trio enter to be immediately met with the seductive music of *Lady in Red* by Chris DeBurgh. Rose petals lead into the living room where Clifford pours red wine.

Clifford is unaware of their presence until he turns around as Hawkins whips out his .9mm.

PRESTON

No!

But Hawkins remains locked on Clifford.

PRESTON

Lieutenant, for God sakes
put the gun down.

CLIFFORD

Jesus. Charles?

PRESTON

It's okay, Jerry. They're
with me. Lieutenant, please.

LT. HAWKINS

We need a private jet.

CLIFFORD

What?

PRESTON

We need to leave the
country, Jerry. Tonight.

CLIFFORD

I... I don't understand.
Why do you want leave?

Hawkins steps forward, gun aimed.

PRESTON

Jesus Christ, Lieutenant.
This isn't necessary!

LT. HAWKINS

Can you get us outta here
or not?

CLIFFORD

With the new refinery opening
tomorrow security is on
high alert. Every airport in
Nigeria is being monitored.

LT. HAWKINS

What about Cameroon? Libya?
There must be an air strip
around here.

CLIFFORD

All monitored.

LT. HAWKINS

Then you're of no use to us.

PRESTON

No!

CLIFFORD

Wait...! There is something! I
know people. Powerful people.

LT. HAWKINS

Keep talking.

CLIFFORD

Every Ambassador in the Western
world will be at the ceremony.
They can help you.

LT. HAWKINS

As you can see by the gun, we
don't trust anyone else.

CLIFFORD

They're clean. Those outside
this country have no idea what's
happening here.

Hawkins looks at Charles who nods.

CLIFFORD

Just let me make a few calls.
You can be out of here in a
few hours.

LT. HAWKINS

You have fifteen minutes.

Hawkins lowers his gun and holsters it. Eva is taken aback
by the seductive surroundings of music and rose pedals.

EXT. KAIAMA TOWN - AFTERNOON

Local children play a game of soccer in the street, their
smiles and laughter a vast contrast to the world around them.

INT. SLUM HOTEL - ROOM 130

Preston types on a laptop computer beside a briefcase. Eva and Hawkins watch Jerry pace along the balcony, talking into his cell. The dividing glass door mutes his voice.

PRESTON

You didn't have to put a gun
to his face. We can trust him.

Hawkins says nothing, his cold eyes remain locked on Clifford pacing the balcony.

PRESTON

And if you still don't believe
me, then perhaps you would like
to open his briefcase.

EVA

What's in the briefcase?

PRESTON

You wanted to know why we
needed seclusion.

Eva eyes Hawkins before approaching the table. She stands over the briefcase, clicks it open to reveal...

... A sixty page document. Eva takes it in her hands and flicks through the many pages as Hawkins approaches.

PRESTON

What you see is billions of
dollars in corruption. Off
shore bank accounts. Cell
phone numbers. Not even the
Western world can ignore that.

LT. HAWKINS

Where did you --

PRESTON

-- I'm a businessman. If Ajani
ever tried to kill us, this
would be our lifeline. Our
insurance policy. There's only
ever two copies. That, and this.

Preston refers to his laptop. Eva is mesmerized by all this, mouth agape as she looks at the document and laptop.

EVA

This is... This is amazing.

Eva flicks through more pages.

EVA

So what you're saying is that we can expose this right now? Spam it to every inbox on the planet?

PRESTON

No. We mail a copy to a holding address. If we get caught, we exchange the address for our lives. It's called leverage.

EVA

But we can fix this right now. This is the answer. Do you know what this will do?

PRESTON

It could save our lives.

EVA

It will save this country.

PRESTON

Not before us.

EVA

I can't believe I'm hearing this.

PRESTON

Look, if you don't like it, you're free to go. No one's forcing you to stay.

EVA

Michael?

PRESTON

Do you know what they'll do if they catch us? They'll torture us. I've seen it.

EVA

Those people out there are being tortured everyday. I've seen it.

PRESTON

And we will help them.

EVA

You have the chance to rewrite all of it. With a click of a button.

Obviously pissed, Preston stands and walks over to the balcony where Jerry Clifford waits.

EXT. ROOM 132 - BALCONY - NIGHT

Preston walks onto the balcony, sliding the glass door shut. He approaches Clifford who looks out over the sleepy town, smoking a cigarette.

PRESTON

Thought you were going to quit?

CLIFFORD

We have a face to face in three hours. Foreign Minister of England.

PRESTON

(Touches his shoulder)
Thank you.

CLIFFORD

What are you going to do? Reveal decades of bribes and corruption? That was us, Charles. That means we go to jail.

PRESTON

That's not going to happen.

CLIFFORD

How? By going clean?

PRESTON

You need to trust me. It's going to be okay. When have I let you down?

CLIFFORD

Right now. Right now you are. Everything is perfect --

PRESTON

-- People are dying. Innocent people. I've seen it. There's a lot more going on than just bribes.

CLIFFORD

Of course there is. But that's not our problem. Our problem is to get the oil, remember? To supply a demand.

PRESTON

It's not that simple anymore.

Clifford sniggers and shakes his head. He brushes past Preston, back into the apartment.

EXT. KAIAMA TOWN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The soccer game has finished as children and adults sleep on the dirt road and gutter. The once raging fires in the drum barrels slowly die as stray dogs wander.

EXT. SLUM HOTEL - LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Hawkins and Eva sit at the table. Eva drinks a diet coke while Hawkins slices and eats an apple. In the background, Preston looks out the window.

EVA

You know, I used to think this place was full of savages. That we had no business being here.

LT. HAWKINS

Maybe you're right.

EVA

You don't believe that.

LT. HAWKINS

I don't know what to believe anymore.

EVA

My daughter still has a mother because of you. Believe that.

LT. HAWKINS

You did that yourself, Eva. You're stronger than you think.

A beat. Then:

EVA

I meant what I said. About wishing I'd met you earlier.

LT. HAWKINS

Earlier?

EVA

Before you lost faith in the world.

Hawkins silences, cutting and eating the fruit with his knife. Eva and Preston wait a beat before:

LT. HAWKINS

I remember one assignment.
We were in Pakistan. There was
a spike in children martyrs.
You know what they are?

EVA

Suicide bombers.

LT. HAWKINS

Kids would walk into a crowded
place and explode. Blast radius
would kill hundreds if not
thousands. In the regiment we
call them baby bombs.

Hawkins stabs at a piece of apple, eats it.

LT. HAWKINS

So anyway, we caught this
one insurgent just off Karachi.
And during the interrogation
he told us that these kids had
no idea what was happening.
Rebel men would take them off
the street and drug them. While
they were unconscious they would
force miniature explosives down
their throats. About half the
size of your index finger.

EVA

They put bombs in them?

LT. HAWKINS

They'd set the kids lose,
track'em and once in a
populated area....

EVA

Jesus.

LT. HAWKINS

It's not the world I've lost
faith in. Just the people in it.

She absorbs his words as Hawkins continues eating
the apple, stabbing the sliced pieces.

PRESTON

It's time.

Clearly uncomfortable, Preston walks from the window and
exits through the door, leaving Hawkins and Eva in silence.

INT. SLUM HOTEL - ROOM 132 - BEDROOM

Dull lighting sets the tone as Clifford drinks red wine while looking out his window. Preston enters to see the opened bottle with cork opener on the table.

CLIFFORD

Remember when you told me that only the strong survive, Charles? That we are no different to the animal kingdom. And that we were the lions.

PRESTON

That was a long time ago.

CLIFFORD

I keep thinking you're going to say this was all a test. And everything goes back to normal.

PRESTON

What we were doing was not normal. It was wrong, Jerry. I was wrong.

CLIFFORD

You were wrong? I'm a millionaire because of you. You've given me a life I could only dream of.

Clifford's eyes never leave the window which looks out over a seedy alley. He takes a sip of wine.

CLIFFORD

And that's why I can't let you do that, Charles. Not now. Not after everything we've done.

Clifford finishes his wine.

CLIFFORD

Just stay with me, Charles. This will all be over soon.

Clifford steps aside to refill his glass. Preston approaches the window to see military soldiers.

PRESTON

What have you done?

CLIFFORD

They're only after the soldier and girl.

Preston hurries past Clifford who grips his arm. The two oil tycoons lock eyes. Preston tries to jerk away.

With his free hand, Preston swings a punch across Clifford's face. *SMACK!* He falls, giving Preston a path to the door.

Clifford grabs his ankle, pulling him to the ground. The two wrestle on the floor, knocking over the table with wine, cork opener and rose petals.

It's clumsy, desperate stuff. Clifford locks Preston into a headlock.

PRESTON

Help!!

Clifford claws Preston's face, trying to cover his mouth. Preston bites his fingers.

Clifford grabs the cork opener and *SLAMS IT IN PRESTON'S NECK!* A moment of shock as Preston chokes on his blood.

He tries to pull the cork opener from his neck, but his blood makes it too slippery. The shock and realization stun him.

In his last moments, Preston understands everything: the betrayal, the hopelessness of his cause.

Suddenly, the door swings open, revealing Eva and Hawkins. They see the blood. Preston. Cork opener in neck. But before they can react, the sound of military soldiers is heard in the hallway.

INT. ROOM - 132 - LIVING ROOM

They sprint back through the apartment and onto the balcony with desperation.

She pulls him to the fire escape but suddenly stops and looks back at the laptop computer, document next to it.

Eva runs back...

She grabs the document as Nigerian soldiers burst in, gunfire shredding the room.

EXT. ROOM 132 - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Barefoot, Eva and Hawkins run down the fire escape. They start to drop down with speed.

INT. ROOM 132

The soldiers sweep through the room, rifles raised. Ajani enters last and notices the laptop computer on the table.

INT. KAIAMA STREET - NIGHT

Hawkins and Eva drop off the fire escape and run down the street of Kaiama. Bullets shower down from their balcony.

Stripped of everything now, they run hand-in-hand under the street lights. They slam through homeless people, burning drum barrels and rubbish.

INT. SLUM HOTEL - ROOM 132

Clifford sits on the floor, looking out through his balcony. He holds Preston's corpse as red and blue police lights flicker across the darkness.

INT. KAIAMA TOWN - NIGHT

Hawkins and Eva sprint down the street as a 4x4 Chevy pick-up approaches from the opposite direction. Hawkins veers onto the road, blocking the truck's path, raising the .9mm.

LT. HAWKINS

Outta the truck!

The Nigerian driver opens the door. Hawkins rips him from his seat. Bullets smash the windscreen.

Eva climbs into the passenger seat, tosses the document on the dashboard. Hawkins behind the wheel. *VROOOM!* The truck speeds through the street.

LT. HAWKINS

Get down!

It's a bone-jarring ride. At that speed the truck's hard to control, side swiping storefronts and drum barrels, sending rubbish, fruit and burning debris everywhere.

Two police cars take chase, sirens wailing. Hawkins races through the gears and rips around a corner onto a dirt road that veers out of town.

The police cars stay on their tail, cross driving and firing simultaneously. Eva looks over her shoulder.

Hawkins does his best to return fire while driving. But it's too difficult. Even for him. The chase continues down an endless stretch of road.

The side mirror shatters as bullets rip through the driver's side door. Hawkins steers sharply, swaying back and forth as he tries to regain control.

EVA

Straight, go straight!

With one hand on the wheel, Hawkins uses his other hand to push out the shattered windscreen.

LT. HAWKINS

Take the wheel!

EVA

What?!

LT. HAWKINS

Do it!

Eva shuffles over and takes the wheel as Hawkins climbs onto the truck's bonnet.

EVA

Michael!

In an incredible act, Hawkins leap-frogs over the roof of the truck while firing. *THUMP!* He lands on the rear tray, hiding behind the steel guard rail.

One of the police cars veers hard right and rolls violently. The remaining car increases in speed, staying on their tail.

Eva tries to steer when she notices the document on the bonnet. She reaches out but it's too far. She leans over the steering wheel, extending her body, fingers stretched.

Truck swaying...

Hawkins rag-dolled in the back. Sliding up to his head is the bloodied corpse of a MONKEY. Hawkins looks around to notice...

A rack of stringed animals attached to the surrounding railing bar. Rabbits. Monkeys. Hawkins grabs the monkey and hurls it over the guard tray...

SPLAT! It hits the police windshield, causing the car to sway erratically. Hawkins raises the .9mm slightly above the guard railing. *BANG! BANG! BANG! - CLICK!*

Meanwhile, Eva is sprawled over the hood. Steering wheel unattended. With the tips of her fingers, she manages to just grip the document and draw it in.

She grips the document tightly, climbing back behind the wheel, bullets zapping past, smashing windows, ripping through metal.

She checks her rear view mirror, bullets ripping into the truck, Hawkins laying low.

Eva takes a deep breath and stamps her foot on the brakes. Tires scream as the truck shimmies.

At that speed the police car can't possibly stop and slams into the back of the truck. Its upper structure completely decapitated by the truck's rear tray.

Then an eerie silence...

Hawkins regains his bearings and crawls through the rear window and onto the passenger seat. Eva sits, stunned.

LT. HAWKINS
Where did you learn to
drive like that?

EVA
Are they okay?

LT. HAWKINS
Wanna go back and ask?

Eva keys the ignition. The engine stalls a beat before catching *VROOOM!* She grabs the gearshift, throws it in drive and leaves the carnage behind.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - DAWN

Rainfall showers the jungle. Shards of morning light pierce the clouds. A narrow track worms through the terrain as the truck travels across the horizon, splashing over puddles.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK

The speedometer holds steady at 55 m.p.h. Muslim prayer beads dangle from the rearview mirror. Eva behind the wheel. She looks at a large fold-out map on her lap.

Hawkins is asleep in the passenger seat. A heavy bump wakes him abruptly. He rubs his stiff eyes, looking out the window.

LT. HAWKINS
How long have I been out?

Hawkins adjusts his stiff body, rubbing his eyes. Eva looks troubled, uneasy behind the wheel.

EVA
I think we're heading into
Cameroon. These maps look
the same.

LT. HAWKINS
Cameroon's south. We're
heading north.

Eva sighs.

EVA
Those soldiers. I killed
them didn't I?

LT. HAWKINS
This looks more like Warri.

EVA
Micheal.

LT. HAWKINS
The collision killed them.

EVA
You know what I mean.

LT. HAWKINS
It'll fade. Right now we need
to find out where we are.

EVA
I can't just turn off like you.
Normal people can't do that.

He says nothing.

EVA
I just don't know what to feel.

LT. HAWKINS
You're feeling what you should.

EVA
Do you remember your first time?

He says nothing.

EVA
I'm sorry. You don't have to
answer that.

And Hawkins doesn't as he rests his head on the window
pillar and moments of silence pass until, finally...

LT. HAWKINS

He was a young general. An Iraqi. Took me three weeks to track him down. After I pulled the trigger, I couldn't eat, sleep. Then after a few more you just get used to it.

EVA

Do you have family?

LT. HAWKINS

I had a wife once. She needed a husband not a soldier. And I was naive to think I could be both. What about you?

A beat.

EVA

He left for a younger, enhanced version of me so there's not much to say.

LT. HAWKINS

So why keep the ring?

EVA

Guess I was naive too. Wasn't till I came here that I realized there's more important things than an asshole with a mid life crisis.

A beat.

LT. HAWKINS

We need to find where we are.

EVA

Right. There's more maps in the compartment but they all look the same.

Eva leans over and pops the glove compartment open. Both search through papers and Muslim prayer books until Hawkins glances up ahead.

LT. HAWKINS

Eva!

A CHILD stands in the middle of the dirt track, right in her path! Eva jerks the steering wheel causing the truck to veer sharply, narrowly missing the child.

The truck flips. Glass shatters, metal twists until it eventually tumbles to a stop...

All sound disappears. An eerie stillness remains. Eva sprawled a few feet from the wreck and wakes from her unconscious state, blood dripping down her face.

Her attention is drawn to the surrounding terrain where movement sweeps through the trees.

More sound. More movement. Voices. Eva turns to see the overturned truck with no sign of Hawkins.

At that moment, a young rebel soldier who's no older than nine, walks onto the dirt track. Then another. And another.

Pretty soon children of all ages enter the dirt track, rifles gripped, every step cautious.

The children get to work, scourging through the wreck. Eva tries to crawl away when the sound of an automatic rifle freezes her in her tracks.

She turns to see a young BOY who's no older than ten, aiming a heavy, rust-ridden AK47 at her...

EXT. NIGER DELTA - DAY

Light rainfall spits as shards of morning light pierce clouds. A narrow track worms through the terrain as the rebel convoy trek through.

A wooden crate is towed along, containing the night's catch of dead animals and rodents. Hawkins and Eva walk alongside the fly-ridden crate, wrists bounded.

EXT. REBEL CAMP - DAY

An assortment of tents are assembled beside a creek. Piles of rubbish strewn everywhere. Rebels converse, drink and smoke as a boom-box plays urban rap music.

The convoy arrives. All eyes are transfixed on Hawkins and Eva who are forced to their knees. Rebels surround, drinking and jeering in native dialect.

Their incessant yelling and derisive remarks intimidating. A REBEL with sore, peeling lips rushes to Hawkins and barks in an animalistic, barbaric manner.

It's alcohol fueled mayhem as rebels pour crude oil into an iron pot which balances over a campfire.

Meanwhile, another rebel no older than fourteen, charges in and grips Hawkins' chin, studying his face. He spits on Hawkins before returning to the surrounding mob.

LT. HAWKINS

You need to think about something else. Take your mind away from here.

Eva looks at Hawkins. The rebel with peeling, sore lips returns. His long fingers gripping Hawkins' head, shaking it.

REBEL

You kill our future, evil white demon. Killed by greed of white flesh! Evil white demon!!!

Roars of approval.

REBEL

Is this be what you want? This be what you need, white demon?

EVA

Please, stop.

The rebel walks to Eva and kneels down to her level. He examines her body with his hands, causing a roar of approval from the surrounding mob.

Eva closes her eyes, trying to ignore the feeling of his touch. Clearly excited, the rebel grabs Eva by the cheeks and thrusts forward, locking his lips over hers.

His sore infested mouth oozing over Eva's. The surrounding mob cheer with sexual aggression. Hawkins knows he must act.

LT. HAWKINS

You animal! Pig! Fuck you!

But the rebel keeps going, enjoying the moment. Hawkins screws up his mouth and spits on the rebel who jolts upright. Silence sweeps over the crowd...

The iron pot is carried over, boiling to the surface with scalding crude oil. The rebel walks over to it, kneels down and digs a spoon into the steaming, black sludge.

He raises the silverware to the crowd who roar again with approval. With extreme balance, the rebel ever-so-slightly moves opposite Hawkins, steadying the loaded spoon.

Moments of silence endures... Everyone waits anxiously...

With a quick thrust, the rebel flicks the spoon toward Hawkins. Searing hot oil splashes across his face and neck. Hawkins bites his lip. Eva quivers.

The camp roars with approval. The rebel jumps around hysterically, almost ape like. He hurries back to the pot and digs the utensil back in, scooping up more oil.

LT. HAWKINS

Don't scream. It's what they want.

The rebel returns, balancing the spoon directly opposite Eva. She quivers as she tenses her body in anticipation.

Once again, the camp silences...

The rebel takes aim -- One, two, three! Oil flicks onto Eva's cheek. She grunts in agony, refusing to scream.

The rebel flicks again as a searing blob of oil lands on Eva's ear. She shakes her head from side to side, screaming as the oil scalds her earlobe.

Through the chaos, a plastic funnel is thrown into the clearing. The rebel holds it up for the camp to see. The camp erupts in approval. Hawkins mouth goes agape in shock.

LT. HAWKINS

No! No! Wait! Just wait a minute!

The shock and realization stun Eva. Rebels move in and grip Hawkins' face, shoving the plastic funnel into his mouth. He tries to shake it out but their grip is too strong.

EVA

Jesus! No! Please! WAIT!!!

More rebels carry the pot of boiling oil beside the funnel, careful not spill any. Hawkins thrusts his body like a madman but more rebels pin him down.

They line the pot and funnel side by side, tilting the pot as crude oil slowly runs toward the funnel.

DOKUBO (O.S.)

Stop!

Everyone does. Dokubo walks through the mob. A foot taller and clearly in charge, he kneels down opposite Hawkins and Eva, staring at them as moments of silence endure...

DOKUBO

We meet again, white warriors.

Hawkins stares back at the rebel warlord, breathing hard. The two warriors face to face again.

INT. TENT

Simple settings. A folding table with chairs. In the corner is a tattered mattress. A dog sleeps in the corner. Hawkins is pushed into the tent and gingerly gets to his feet.

He staggers over to a table covered with topographical maps and newspaper clippings of oil and political articles. Dokubo enters with two guards at either side of him.

DOKUBO

Lieutenant Michael Hawkins.

Hawkins turns as Dokubo walks to his desk. An ensemble of firearms, knives and animal skulls line his leather belt.

DOKUBO

Please, sit.

Hawkins slumps into a seat as Dokubo sits behind the cluttered table of newspapers and maps.

DOKUBO

It seems you are a wanted man.

Dokubo tosses the newspaper on the table. Hawkins looks down at the front page image to see a picture of himself.

DOKUBO

We have much in common you and I.

Dokubo smiles at Hawkins while taking out a large foil of dense marijuana. He rolls the joint.

DOKUBO

Do you know why we fight?

No answer.

DOKUBO

We fight because the gov-a-ment do not own these lands. We do. We own the lands. We own the oil. They cannot just come into our homes and take what is ours. That makes them thieves, Lieutenant. Criminals, you understand this?

No answer.

DOKUBO

If you kill gov-a-ment soldiers then you are considered an ally. White or black, it is irrelevant.

Dokubo ignites the joint, takes a hit and blows smoke skyward.

LT. HAWKINS

You have many allies. President Obasanjo is one of them.

DOKUBO

Obasanjo is a good man but he is weak. He needs our strength. But what about you? What do you fight for, Lieutenant?

LT. HAWKINS

I'm a soldier for the United Nations peace keeping core.

DOKUBO

Peace? There has been no peace in Nigeria. Not since God cursed us with oil. Do you even know what's happening in Nigeria? Today we give birth to the biggest oil refinery in Africa. The Western world is very excited.

Dokubo takes another huge hit of the joint, taking a moment to relish it's effects before blowing smoke skyward.

DOKUBO

But we have a plan. You see, today our revolution will invade the refinery. Today we will show the world of our injustices and my people's suffering will end.

LT. HAWKINS

Good luck with that.

Dokubo laughs.

DOKUBO

You will do more than just wish us luck, Lieutenant. You will accompany me as my personal advisor. If my people die it will be because of you. If we succeed, it will be a great victory. You will be Nigeria's great white hero.

LT. HAWKINS

This isn't my war.

DOKUBO

You are American. It was always your war.

Dokubo smiles at Hawkins, smoke from his cigarette waffling past his dark face, almost majestically.

EXT. MEND REBEL CAMP - LATER

Dokubo leads Hawkins out of the tent and through the camp. Meanwhile, Eva watches while bounded to a truck's tow bar. Children are gathered around her in curiosity.

DOKUBO

As you can see, we do not have much. My men are peasants and farmers with no military training. But they have anger. Hate. Many have lost their families in this war. But I have more coming from the Tandjile Pass. Many more.

They pass an old native man, body rib-thin from starvation. He tries to clean his ancient rifle.

DOKUBO

They will look up to you. As a white man you have much knowledge about war. You will bring hope.

Hawkins follows Dokubo toward a group of rebels who socialize with alcohol and opium. Dokubo takes an old rifle from a REBEL SOLDIER who's no older than twelve.

DOKUBO

Our weapons are old and broken. Our friends in Sierra Leone have no pride in their merchandise.

Dokubo tosses the rifle at Hawkins.

DOKUBO

What do you think? It is old but you can fix it, yes?

Hawkins briefly glances at the weapon before tossing the rifle back to Dokubo.

LT. HAWKINS

Primer's rusted. Gears stripped. Not like it matters.

DOKUBO

Why?

LT. HAWKINS

Because we're all going to die. Every last one of us.

The group of rebels absorb the statement, Dokubo speechless. Hawkins walks off toward Eva...

LATER - DAY

Rebels of all ages surround Dokubo who stands over a topographical map. To his right stands Hawkins and Eva.

DOKUBO

(refers to map)

They be patrolling from the land and sky. But we will move quickly. Take them by surprise. We will enter through here and ambush their guards here. Once we take over the entrance we invade full force into the ceremony.

As Dokubo continues, Hawkins studies the many faces around him. Old, young, inexperienced and terrified.

DOKUBO

We have low ammunition, so shoot carefully. Aim for the head. Once inside our --

LT. HAWKINS

-- No.

Dokubo, clearly not used to having his actions questioned, turns toward Hawkins who takes the document from Eva before holding it up for all to see.

LT. HAWKINS

You see this? This is our greatest weapon against them. Our greatest chance for success. This can prove their corruption, their greed, their murder. This will prove everything.

DOKUBO

What is that? Where did you get it?

LT. HAWKINS

From a man called Charles Preston. A man who sacrificed his life for us to have this. A man who you once called "the curse of Nigeria".

REBEL

He is a liar!

LT. HAWKINS

Then shoot me. Shoot us both.

Everyone is focused on Hawkins as he approaches the table and jumps up, elevating himself, looking over the camp.

LT. HAWKINS

I am no different to any of you.
I have lost those close to me in
this war and I have been betrayed
by my own country in this war.
And like you, I want this war to
end. But that will not happen if
we fight with guns and violence.

DOKUBO

No guns?

LT. HAWKINS

Any signs of weaponry or violence
will incite a hostile reaction.
We'll be slaughtered.

REBEL

This is madness! We will be
slaughtered with no guns!

LT. HAWKINS

Not with the media there.
Remember the world's watching.
Women and children will do
more damage than your guns.

DOKUBO

What do you expect us to
do with no guns?

A beat.

LT. HAWKINS

March with me. All of you.
Side by side. I want you to
march with me inside the refinery.

He holds up the document.

LT. HAWKINS

We must get this into the right
hands. But we need people. We need
to gather as many people as we can.
You want my help, then that's it.

REBELS

Madness!

LT. HAWKINS

Don't you see? This is our chance!
This is our time! Will you raise
for it?! Raise for your future?!

Hawkins and Dokubo locks eyes.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - PORT HARCOURT - DAY

From above, a large community of tin roofs are constructed alongside piles of waste. In the not too distant horizon, a city of skyscrapers and buildings set the backdrop.

EXT. SHACK HOME

A wafer-thin Nigerian man is scrubbing tattered clothes in a bucket of water. His battered Nokia phone rings. He wipes his hands and answers.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - LAGOS

A group of teenagers play cricket in a clearing just off the city outskirts. They're bare-footed, dressed in little more than rags but they're also wiry-skinny and fast.

One teenager is fielding when his cell phone rings, he shuffles in his pocket, takes it out and answers.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - LAGOS - STREET

An old Toyota tray-back is fully loaded with the teenage cricket players. The vehicle is ridiculously overcrowded as it speeds through the Nigerian streets.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - JUNGLE

An isolated dirt road cuts through a valley as vehicle after vehicle speeds along. Each car overcrowded with men, women and children. A convoy charging forward.

EXT. REBEL CAMP - DAY

The camp has tripled in size as another overloaded truck rolls in. Hawkins and Eva sit on the outskirts. Eva now wears Hawkins' bullet proof vest as she notices the natives shoving green leaves in their clothing.

EVA

What are they doing?

LT. HAWKINS

It's from a rare plant in the jungle. They believe it will offer them protection.

EVA

Like a good luck charm?

LT. HAWKINS

Something like that.

Eva studies the people then takes out the document and looks down at it. Blood, oil and dirt stain the front page.

EVA

It feels like I have the whole country in my hands.

LT. HAWKINS

Just stay close. You'll be fine.

EVA

You should take it. Please, it's better off with you --

LT. HAWKINS

-- It stays with you. It will keep you alive. As long as you have it, these people will make sure you're safe. They have too, their future depends on it.

EVA

But what about you?

LT. HAWKINS

I haven't died yet. What makes you think I'm going to today?

Hawkins gives her a slight smile, a tender moment between the two before Hawkins takes the document and firmly shoves it behind Eva's kevlar vest, pressing it against her chest.

REBEL CAMP - LATER THAT DAY

A crowd has gathered around Eva and Hawkins who stand in the middle of the camp. Rebels work on their face and clothing as they're transformed into rebel warriors.

Charcoal is smeared down their faces. Red fabric tied around their arms, securing green leaves into their clothing.

During their transformation, Hawkins notices some rebel men wearing custom-made masks with the eyes and mouth cut out.

LT. HAWKINS

Take off the masks. We want them to see our faces.

And with that, the rebel men begin to take off their masks, one by one, exposing their painted faces underneath.

Meanwhile, Dokubo watches this all from a distance. The rebel leader wears military cargo pants with thick white paint smeared across his face and chest.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - K4 OIL REFINERY

A military helicopter passes over a series of mountains and valleys to approach the large oil refinery.

ENGLISH REPORTER (V.O.)

As the doors for the K4 oil refinery open, so too does the future of the Nigerian people. We're live from the Niger Delta, where an historical event unfolds.

The helicopter flies over the new complex.

ENGLISH REPORTER (V.O.)

This enormous complex is one of the largest oil refineries in the Northern Hemisphere and the largest in Africa. With a daily capacity of over 500,000 barrels, Nigeria's economic future looks secure.

Arriving under heavy security are political representatives. Foreign Affairs Ministers. Ambassadors. Investors. Coming from all parts of the globe.

ENGLISH REPORTER (V.O.)

The ceremony has attracted global attention in the political world, as Africa is fast being noticed as an alternative to the Middle East.

Media photograph the dignitaries as they arrive. We see the ENGLISH REPORTER (38), tall, slender.

ENGLISH REPORTER

The attendance is an encouraging sign for Nigeria, who has recently been plagued with allegations of wide spread violence and corruption.

Ajani converses with the Ambassador of France. Jerry Clifford, who now has a bandage around his hand talks with Christian Carter. All smiles and handshakes.

Gaining attention is a limousine that approaches with two miniature Nigerian flags attached to the hood.

ENGLISH REPORTER

I think the Nigerian President is arriving... Yes, yes, it is he! President Obasanjo has just arrived!

The media surge forward as the limousine rolls to a stop. The swarm of media are forced back while security opens the rear door, allowing the man of the moment to step out.

Wearing his traditional Kaftan attire, President Obasanjo is escorted along the velvet ropes and ceremonial carpet, through the refinery gates and into the complex.

He walks through new tanks and pipes and around polished cooling towers, veering toward the ceremonial area. There, authorized media and politicians are seated and waiting.

They all stand in unison, applauding Obasanjo as he makes his way to the staged area. Also on stage are Ajani, Clifford and Carter who sit at each side of the podium. Obasanjo looks out over the crowd, microphone ready...

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

Good afternoon and welcome to this historical day. A day of great importance to my homeland. A day of great pride and joy --

EXT. NIGER DELTA - NORTHERN OUTSKIRTS OF REFINERY

Meanwhile, hidden under the density of trees are over four hundred rebel villagers. Men, women and children of all shapes and sizes with no weapons in sight.

Along the frontline are Dokubo, Hawkins and Eva who stare ahead at the refinery which is a few hundred feet away. Their faces marked for the occasional. They're ready.

DOKUBO

I have seen this day in my dreams. Perhaps it is God's will. The white and black man fighting side by side.

Dokubo chuckles.

DOKUBO

I believe this will be our finest victory, Lieutenant.

Obasanjo's speech echoes in the valley. Eva presses her hand against her chest and closes her eyes.

LT. HAWKINS

If anything happens don't stop. You keep moving forward, okay?

EVA

I won't leave you.

LT. HAWKINS

You have too. You were right, Eva. You're carrying with you the hopes of the this country. Don't stop for anything.

EXT. K4 OIL REFINERY - CEREMONY

Deep inside the refinery grounds, Obasanjo addresses the world leaders from behind the podium. Security keep a watchful eye, automatic rifles gripped.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

-- The time for action is at hand.
This new complex will provide a
stable future for generations to
come. Schools for our children.
Hospitals for our sick --

EXT. NIGER DELTA - NORTHERN OUTSKIRTS OF REFINERY

The villagers wait, nerves on edge. Eva looks at the surrounding children. Some only infants who nestle under their mother's arm. Dokubo turns to Hawkins. They lock eyes.

LT. HAWKINS

Together.

The warlord nods before striding out into open space, leading his mass of men, women and children toward the refinery grounds, most barefoot and tattered.

Hawkins and Eva march along the front line with Dokubo. Two Caucasians in a surging tide of indigenous. A triumphant display of defiance and courage.

But it's not long before the staccato beat of helicopter blades engulfs the clear blue sky.

LT. HAWKINS

Here we go.

Eva squints up to see the military helicopter advancing. Below it, an army of soldiers approaching on foot. Eva grips Hawkins' hand. But still, they march forward.

EXT. K4 OIL REFINERY - CEREMONY

Obasanjo speaks into his microphone. Seated to his right, Ajani looks up at the sky through his sunglasses, Clifford and Carter beside him.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

I stand here today in defiance
of poverty and corruption to
celebrate our rebirth. To
celebrate our new beginning!

Ajani notices surrounding security speaking into their ear-pieces. The Governor takes off his sunglasses, curious.

EXT. OUTSIDE REFINERY GROUNDS

The helicopter circles overhead as the villagers progress forward, undeterred by the advancing military who are now sprinting toward them, rifles gripped.

LT. HAWKINS

Hands up! Link them! Link hands!!

And with that, the villagers begin to raise their hands, one by one, linking them, still keeping pace in their stride.

The soldiers close in and begin barking orders in native dialect. Their guns raised point blank at the villagers who slow to a snail's pace, hands raised, defiant.

EVA

We have no weapons! No weapons!

The soldiers are forced to edge back while thrusting their rifles at the villagers, jeering them to stop.

But the villagers keep moving forward. Slowly but surely. An inspiring sight. By now the media outside the refinery have taken notice and begin recording the event.

LT. HAWKINS

Don't stop! Keep moving!

And they do. Men, women and children, hands raised. Moving forward, defiant at the guns pointed at them, walking with passion and --

- BANG! A village woman drops from a single bullet to the chest. Everyone stops. The soldier responsible aims again, barking orders with authority.

LT. HAWKINS

Wait!

But it's too much. A village man breaks the line and attacks the soldier causing a chain reaction of chaos. Villagers break up and run in all directions. Guns firing.

EXT. K4 OIL REFINERY - CEREMONY AREA

The sounds of gunfire become dominant inside the ceremony. Political representatives use their cell phones anxiously. President Obasanjo struggles through his speech.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

I am proud... I'm proud to not only be the President of my homeland but also a spokesman for humanity. A spokesman for peace!

EXT. OUTSIDE REFINERY GROUNDS

Women and children flee. Some attempt to attack soldiers with their bare hands. The fierce struggle escalates into bedlam as hundreds of protestors and military do battle.

The military helicopter opens fire from above with two soldiers in the rear bay. One by one, they shoot below. Hawkins and Eva in the middle of it all, running.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO (V.O.)

Today I see a future enlightened by a new era of leadership. A government that fights for the good of its people and not the good of its wealth!

A frantic mother searches for her child. A native man is shot through the chest. Children scream and cry.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO (V.O.)

For peace and justice. Today we are truly blessed. As today, Nigeria leads the world to a better future, a gift presented by God himself!

Bloodshed, terror and death engulf the area as Hawkins and Eva sprint through it all. Dokubo and his men follow, protecting them from all angles. Some shot in the process.

A soldier lines up Eva and Hawkins with his rifle, trigger finger tense. Suddenly, Dokubo charges in like a bull, flattening the soldier to an unconscious heap.

The helicopter hovers over Dokubo, riflemen aiming through their high powered scopes - BANG! Dokubo is hit in the chest.

The warrior staggers, but refuses to acknowledge the gravity of the wound. He looks skyward at the helicopter and ROARS a triumphant war cry until BANG! Another shot finishes him off.

Hawkins and Eva continue towards the refinery. Hand-in-hand, they run through the chaos. Staying as low as possible.

EXT. K4 OIL REFINERY - CEREMONY AREA

Obasanjo tries to speak over the gunfire and chaos outside. But it's too much. No one's listening. Political leaders speak into their cell phones, cowering and scared.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

As leaders we must unite... and we must instill peace into our nations. We must build a better... tomorrow for future generations --

Obasanjo turns to Ajani and gives him an unimpressed glare before continuing back to his speech.

EXT. OIL REFINERY - FRONT ENTRANCE (RIOT)

The once green valley is now a bloodied battlefield. Hawkins and Eva advance closer to the refinery grounds where they become more noticeable through the thinning melee.

They approach a 20ft chain-link fence topped with razor barbed wire. A blockade before the complex.

Hawkins speeds up and slams into the mesh fencing. He kicks along the wiring which interconnects with a support pole.

A section of mesh breaks free. Hawkins hooks his fingers and with great strength rips open a small section.

LT. HAWKINS

Go!

Eva squeezes through, followed by Hawkins. They run toward the buildings and cooling tanks, completely alone now.

The copter veers above. Rifles aimed. *TWAK!* A bullet rips through Hawkins' back. He crashes to the ground.

EVA

Michael!

Eva drops beside him, slapping his face, trying to get a response. Obasanjo's speech heard in the background.

EVA

Please! Get up, Michael!

But Hawkins doesn't respond. Eva looks ahead to see the ceremonial carpet leading around the cooling towers.

The helicopter hovers high above, guns ready. Eva looks back into Hawkins' lifeless eyes, cradling his face when *TWAK!* She crashes down beside him.

The two lay motionless. Eva blinks back into awareness. Her body covered in blood. She manages to crawl over Hawkins.

EVA

Michael.

Eva looks into his eyes, hoping for a flicker, a miracle, anything. She slumps down beside him, peering up at the sun.

EXT. K4 OIL REFINERY - CEREMONY AREA

Obasanjo speaks.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

The human soul is powerful.
Beautiful. And today my people's
souls shine bright in Nigeria.

BACK IN THE REFINERY:

Eva sits up, soaked in blood. With brute strength, she grips Hawkins' clothing and begins to drag him further inside. Her face distorted with concentrated effort.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO (V.O.)
 So we rise today with a full
 heart. For what is right. For
 our humanity! For our peace!

She slips and falls. But keeps pulling. She stumbles and falls. But keeps crawling. Heaving. Straining. Bleeding.

EXT. K4 OIL REFINERY - CEREMONY AREA

Obasanjo is still struggling behind the microphone. Still addressing a panicked audience.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO
 For Nigeria! For the world!

EXT. OIL REFINERY - FRONT ENTRANCE

And still, Eva crawls with all her might. She's bleeding, she's tiring, but still, she crawls.

EXT. OIL REFINERY - CEREMONY AREA

Ajani stares ahead with a blank expression as President Obasanjo does his best to continue.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO
 And with this comes responsibility.
 We must take this responsibility
 with knowledge.

EXT. OIL REFINERY - FRONT ENTRANCE

And still, Eva crawls...

PRESIDENT OBASANJO (V.O.)
 With courage and strength.
 With compassion and justice!

EXT. OIL REFINERY - CEREMONY

Obasanjo continues...

PRESIDENT OBASANJO
 We must take this responsibility
 and understand that --

-- Obasanjo freezes. He sees something behind the audience. Two bloodied figures moving closer. Pulling and crawling. Falling and struggling.

The audience follows Obasanjo's locked gaze to Eva and Hawkins. Ajani can't believe it. Soldiers form an impenetrable defense, raising their rifles in unison.

But Eva keeps crawling. Keeps dragging Hawkins. Bordering unconsciousness, she keeps moving forward.

Everyone watches in utter astonishment. Carter and Clifford panic as Ajani hurries to the blockade of soldiers.

GOV. AJANI

Shoot them! Protect the President!

President Obasanjo yells into the microphone.

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

Do not fire! No fire!

Obasanjo shoulders through the world leaders as the soldiers lower their rifles. Ajani barks authority of his own, trying to overturn the President's orders.

GOV. AJANI

It is for your protection.
We must open fire!

The world leaders step back with caution. Soldiers raise their rifles again, trigger fingers ready.

But still, Eva crawls...

Obasanjo hurries toward the couple as media begin taking pictures and recording. The world really is watching.

Obasanjo drops by Eva, supporting her weak body. Meanwhile, Ajani and Jerry share concerned eye contact. In a desperate bid the Governor rushes toward Obasanjo.

GOV. AJANI

Sir, they are not worthy of
mercy. They're criminals! Rebels!

PRESIDENT OBASANJO

Get him out of here!

Bodyguards grab Ajani who struggles, barking authority like a madman. He's forced to the ground under a pile of security.

Eva's eyes roll back as she lies in Obasanjo's arms, her blood staining his white robe.

She manages to rip out the document from beneath her kevlar vest. It's torn, covered in blood. Obasanjo looks at it with confusion. Eva nods. He takes it and stares at the pages.

Soldiers and officials arrive to help. Through the commotion, Eva's hand slightly moves to grip Hawkins' fingers. She's fading out as she looks up into the scorching sun. A blinding brightness takes over...

ON SOUND:

Bagpipes (Amazing Grace) as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON - CEMETERY - DAY

We pan across a series of white headstones stretched across a beautifully maintained landscape, fresh flowers rest on each gravestone. A burial site for soldiers.

A small gathering of military officials pay their respects as half a dozen soldiers fire their rifles skyward to salute the fallen. Bagpipe players continue as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS

The bloodied document rests beside a computer as United States and Nigerian Federal agents absorb the data flashing up on the cinematic screen.

TITLE:

Prior to 1999, the World Bank estimated that past Nigerian leaders stole over 300 billion dollars from their homeland.

EXT. WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE - DAY

We're on the middle of an airstrip where Nigerian soldiers are kneeling in long rows while other indigenous and Western soldiers cuff their hands behind their back.

We pan up to reveal the actual line of corrupt soldiers staggering. An endless line running down the airstrip.

TITLE:

In 2003 a special police force unit investigated the Government's corruption and crimes against humanity. During the investigation over 280 convictions were sanctioned including Western leaders.

EXT. NATIONAL EMBASSY

In handcuffs, Jerry Clifford and Christian Carter are arrested and escorted through a dense crowd of journalists, cameramen and police officers.

INT. BENIN PRISON

Now in prison clothes, Ajani is escorted through a dank jail block. He passes cells crowded with savage inmates who bark, yell and spit, eagerly awaiting Ajani's arrival.

TITLE:

17 hours into his incarceration, Ex Governor of Rivers State, Ajani Sukieman was found dead in his jail cell. He had twenty one stab wounds to his head, face and neck.

EXT. NIGER DELTA - DUSK

Native children play soccer in their shanty town, laughing and smiling as they chase the ball.

TITLE:

As of 2018, over seventy percent of the Nigerian population live in poverty. Many living on as little as a dollar a day while on the most wealthiest land on the planet.... Their war for oil continues.

EXT. WASHINGTON - CEMETERY - DAY

We're back at the funeral. Everyone has gone besides a man, standing alone. It's Hawkins, staring at his comrades headstones. The sound of bagpipes continue when...

From behind, Eva gingerly approaches with daughter Claire, a slight limp in her walk. Hawkins turns and sees the Harris family advancing. He smiles.

TITLE:

Lieutenant Micheal Hawkins resigned shortly after returning to his homeland. He and Eva married the following year and currently reside on a farm in Tennessee... They have three children.