

DOUBLE ROULETTE

Written By  
Mike Felix

mikefelix744@gmail.com  
+254721895275

INT. MASILA RESIDENCE, MARK'S ROOM - EVENING

Neatly arranged room. Almost dark. Eerie silence. Then-  
Snappy clicking sounds.

Illuminated by the glow of a computer screen is MARK MASILA (21), shut out from the world and knows more about cyberspace than the actual living space he occupies.

His kind look with an infective smile disguises the toxic egomania and taciturnity buried deep within his psyche.

Mark in a hoodie, wearing glasses, headphones firmly held in his ears, is sitting in front of a table at the corner of the room.

This side of the room and the tabletop is filled with a marvel of modern technological equipment.

He is so engrossed on the computer that he can't even hear the mosquito buzzing close by.

He is thumping on the keyboard endlessly as indistinct lines of computer codes slowly stream through the computer screen.

He momentarily pauses as his index finger dangles over the keyboard.

He presses the ENTER key. Removes the headphones from his ears and hangs it around his neck.

He looks closely at the lines of code now rapidly streaming through the computer screen as several command prompt windows open and close consecutively.

**CLOSE ON** the computer screen reading "Phone call in progress; Rerouting to 020 4452 987"

A phone starts to RING. Mark opens a drawer and removes a ringing cordless telephone. He answers the phone.

MARK

Hello, IT department, Jeremy speaking.

MAN (V.O.)

Hello, Jeremy, my computer has been hanging all day and now I can't even access the internet. Can you fix it?

MARK

Yeah, I can fix it but I'm going to need your help.

Mark starts typing on his keyboard as he holds on to the phone with his shoulder.

MAN (V.O.)  
Okay, what should I do?

Mark's computer screen goes dark and suddenly, a cursor throbs at the upper left corner of the screen.

MARK  
Press the WINDOWS and the R key simultaneously on your keyboard.

MAN (V.O.)  
Done. Now what?

MARK  
Now type 'cmd' and press enter.

MAN (V.O.)  
Whoa! Something's happened, half of my screen just turned black. Is that bad?

MARK  
No, that's good. That's a command prompt window; just type 'ipconfig' and read out the number that corresponds to IPv4 address section on the information on the screen.

MAN (V.O.)  
Okay, just a moment

Beat

MAN (V.O.)  
Got it.

MARK  
What's the number?

MAN (V.O.)  
192.128.0.75

Mark writes the IP address on a sticky note and sticks it on the computer screen.

MAN (V.O.)  
Now what?

MARK  
Now go to your control panel and click on remote access then click allow remote assistance connections to this computer.

MAN (V.O.)  
Done.

He then starts typing on his computer.

MARK

Whoa! Sir, I've you been clicking on some discredited links lately.

MAN (V.O.)

No, why?

MARK

I'm getting multiple alerts of a malware infestation on your browser.

MAN (V.O.)

Is that bad?

MARK

Yes, it's really bad. This thing is tunneling through the system like a rodent and it's spreading fast. It's almost at the main control.

Mark is still typing fast.

MARK

Oh my God! How did I not see this?

MAN (V.O.)

How long is this going to take?

MARK

It's going to take me some time so I'm going to have to call you back and please don't shut down your computer.

MAN (V.O.)

Don't...

Mark hangs up the phone, puts it back on the drawer and broadly smiles.

The bedroom door suddenly budes open. The light switch flips.

Mark pushes the chair backwards, drops the mouse and almost falls from the chair. He turns back to look at the door.

Standing right outside the door is MRS. MASILA ROSE (45), brilliant, delightful and sweet looking. She is Mark's loving mom and the perfect epiphany of a genius mind. She enters.

Mark sighs. He rages out.

MARK

MOM! Don't you ever knock?

MRS. MASILA

Is this your house?

Mark shakes his head.

MRS. MASILA  
Then don't ever remind me to knock  
unless I'm in your own house.

MARK  
Okay. What do you want?

MRS. MASILA  
Dinner's ready. Your dad is waiting  
downstairs.

MARK  
Okay, I'll be there in a minute.

Mark sighs once more, picks up the mouse from the floor and goes back to working on his computer.

MRS. MASILA  
Did you hear me saying your dad is  
waiting?

MARK  
Yeah and I said was coming just  
give me a second.

MRS. MASILA  
What are you doing?

Mark turns. He looks at her. He grins.

MARK  
Nothing.

She walks towards Mark.

MRS. MASILA  
Don't tell me you are messing  
around with the computer again? Are  
you hacking something?

MARK  
NO.

MRS. MASILA  
You know your dad is not going to  
like that?

MARK  
I just told you, it's nothing. Stop  
worrying too much.

She leans in. She takes a closer look at Mark's computer.

She nods. She understands it all. Then--

She points out at the computer screen.

MRS. MASILA  
What's this?

MARK  
It's not what it looks like.

MRS. MASILA  
Yeah, it looks like you're committing a crime again and your dad and I will not bail you out this time.

MARK  
It's not like I'm holding a gun on someone's head.

MRS. MASILA  
It doesn't matter 'cause a crime is a crime and one day your 'not so dangerous hacking' is going to hurt you or someone you care about.

MARK  
You're saying it like I'm a gangster or something.

MRS. MASILA  
Mark, you may not be a gangster or a leader of an organized crime organization but you have to understand that hacking is just as dangerous as any other criminal activity.

Mark sighs. He throws a tantrum.

MARK  
Believe it or not mum, I'm just trying to help.

MRS. MASILA  
Help how?

MARK  
It's this guy. He's a corrupt officer at the lands commission, and he stole from an orphanage.

MRS. MASILA  
How?

MARK  
He promised to get them a title deed for their land upon payment of a 'procession fee' and even after receiving the payment twice he didn't deliver as promised.

MRS. MASILA  
So how does that concern you?

MARK  
I was just trying to retrieve the money and give it back to the orphanage.

Mrs. Masila smiles and Mark smiles back looking all vulnerable.

MRS. MASILA  
Mmmh... All right, what kind of security are you applying?

MARK  
Symmetrical key algorithm

MRS. MASILA  
Which one?

MARK  
Advanced Encryption Standard.

MRS. MASILA  
That's good. So how are you fairing on so far?

MARK  
I have his IP address, so I'm trying to send an IP packet to his computer but I can't quite figure out a way to get the MAC address which I also need.

MRS. MASILA  
Have you tried using a cached ARP table to look through the network for any existing records of the MAC address using the IP address that you have?

MARK  
Yes and it didn't work.

MRS. MASILA  
Okay, do it again.

MARK  
But I told you, it didn't work.

MRS. MASILA  
Just do it again maybe you messed up the search parameters and maybe that's why the cache didn't produce any result.

Mark starts typing on his computer. He then stops, looks at his mom and shakes his head.

**CLOSE ON** the computer screen now reading "ARP request not working".

MRS. MASILA  
Okay, give me the keyboard.

MARK  
Are you sure?

MRS. MASILA  
I said, give me the keyboard.

Mark stands up from the chair.

Mrs. Masila cracks his knuckles. She sits on the chair.

Click. Click. Click

She punches on different keys on the keyboard with all his ten fingers. She's a pro. She's fast. Faster than Mark.

Mark leans in to have a look.

**CLOSE ON** the computer screen now reading "ENTERING ARP 546" as reams of data constantly flow on it.

MARK  
What are you doing?

MRS. MASILA  
I'm sending a broadcast ARP request to the broadcast MAC address which...

MARK  
...addresses every network adapter on the local network. That's smart, how did I not think of that.

**CLOSE ON** the computer screen which now reads "ARP REQUEST RECEIVED. MAC ADDRESS REQUESTED: 20:26:81:f6:cf:14."

MARK  
It worked. We are geniuses.

They high five.

MRS. MASILA  
No. I'm the genius, you're smart yes but you're not yet at the level of my genius.

MARK  
Wow, mom. Way to cheer on your only child.



MRS. MASILA

First, you're not my only child and second this is wrong, it's completely criminal. You can't keep doing this and I can't believe you reeled me in. Shame on you Mark!

She stands from the chair and heads towards the door.

MARK

I didn't reel you in, you offered to help all on your own.

MRS. MASILA

And I'm ashamed of that and you should be ashamed of yourself too.

Mark sighs then sits on the chair.

MARK

Hey mom, does dad hate me for being like this?

MRS. MASILA

Oh no, your dad just has a different way of showing his love. It maybe strict but trust me it's all for the best.

MARK

Okay. Thanks mom.

MRS. MASILA

Your dad is waiting for us downstairs at the dinner table, let's go.

MARK

I'll just finish up and come down in a sec.

MRS. MASILA

Okay, don't take long. And Mark, nobody can ever find out about this, especially your dad. He won't understand and he won't like it.

MARK

Sure mom, your secrets are my secrets.

Mrs. Masila exits as Mark continues typing on his computer

Mark continues working on his computer. Windows of streaming reams of data pop up on his computer screen.

INT. MASILA RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting at the helm of the dinner table is MR. MASILA JOHNSON (50). He is strict, smart and looks very terrifying.

With a no nonsense intimidating face he looks at his wrist watch.

He shakes his head and pulls the chair backwards. He's ready to stand and rage out. Then--

Mark enters. He takes a seat at the dining table right across from his mom.

They self-serve the food and start to eat in awkward silence.

Mr. Masila's eyes scout the room. He glares at Mark then smiles. Mark smiles back vaguely.

MR. MASILA

So, what were you guys doing upstairs?

MARK

Nothing much Just chatting.

Mr. Masila turns to Mrs. Masila. He notices that she is silently tapping on the table with the fingers of her left hand.

MR. MASILA

Why are you doing that?

Mrs. Masila stops tapping his fingers in fear.

MRS. MASILA

It's nothing.

MR. MASILA

It's not nothing; you always do that when you're just from using a computer.

MRS. MASILA

I don't know what you're talking about.

MR. MASILA

I thought you said Mark was taking a shower but his hair is not wet, and he doesn't even look fresh at all.

MARK

Come on dad, mom and I were just having a chat. Is that so bad?

MR. MASILA

You know, sometimes you guys lie to me thinking that I'm that gullible and this is not one those times 'cause I know you two were hacking.

MR. MASILA

It's so sad that the only person who was honest with me in this house is not here anymore.

MARK

Is this about Jackie? Again? She's gone, dad. We haven't heard from her in five years, I think it's time we assume that she's not coming back.

Mr. Masila sighs and turns to Mrs. Masila.

MR. MASILA

And I can't believe you were helping him commit a crime. Shame on you Rose! Shame on you both!

MRS. MASILA

Calm down John, Mark was just using his gift to make the world a better place and I think we should be proud of him.

MR. MASILA

Proud? Of a criminal? Is that how you misguide our son?

MARK

She wasn't misguiding me.

Mr. Masila lushes out.

MR. MASILA

SHUT UP BOY! You will speak only when spoken to.

Mark retreats in fear.

MR. MASILA

Why can't you be more like your sister? She was respectful, obedient and always honest.

MARK

I can't be more like someone who left without saying goodbye, someone who's been gone for five years. You know why? Because I'm still here.

MR. MASILA

Your sister didn't leave, she went to live her own life and I thought by now you would've matured up and did the same, but no, you're still here, depending on your parents like a six month old baby.

Mark pouts. He looks away and drops his spoon hard on the plate.

MARK

Can I be excused; I'm supposed to go somewhere.

MR. MASILA

Are you coming back?

MARK

Yes.

MR. MASILA

So when will you be going for good?

MARK

Mom?!

Mr. Masila shakes his head as Mrs. Masila allows Mark to leave the table.

Mark stands up from his chair. Mr. Masila rages out.

MR. MASILA

I didn't say you could leave the table.

Mr. Masila starts coughing copiously and Mark pauses. Mrs. Masila hands him a glass of water as she lightly pats him on the back. Mr. Masila drinks it in one gulp.

MRS. MASILA

Calm down John. This rage is not good for your health.

Mr. Masila calms down as Mark walks away.

MR. MASILA

I'm calm Rose. I'm calm. Do you know why? Because I know I can beat 50 scholars with one fact but I can't beat one idiot with 50 facts.

MARK (O.S.)  
Mom? Could you please tell dad that  
I'm not an idiot?

MRS. MASILA  
Just go where you were going Mark.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

An exhausted man named KEVIN is driving the car.  
Silently sitting on the back seat is a casually dressed Mark.  
Next to him is TONY (25), a well-built yuppie man who is  
always in a tailored business suit.  
The car slides on a driveway and halts.

KEVIN  
This is your stop and thank you for  
riding with Zoom Drive, please  
don't forget to rate us on our app.  
Mark and Tony detach the seat belts. They exit the car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The car drives away.  
Tony looks at Mark as they walk towards a house.

TONY  
Hey bro, what's wrong? You've been  
awfully quiet on the drive here. I  
know that's normal for you but  
today it's off the charts.

MARK  
It's my dad.

TONY  
Yeah, daddy issues, been there.

MARK  
Did your dad ever call you an idiot  
too?

TONY  
No, my dad loved me. He would never  
call me an idiot.

Tony knocks on the door. They're ushered in.

INT. OWIRO'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Elegant residence; stunning yet sophisticated.

The party has just started. It's an anniversary party. Over a dozen party guests conventionally dressed in suits are mingling with each other.

Mark and Tony walk through the party. They greet the guests.

Mark, being the odd one out glances around, feeling absolutely extrinsic.

As Mark and Tony continue walking, they're stopped by JACKSON OWIRO (62), the host of the party. Owiro is a charming fellow with an agile mind.

Owiro with an elated face shakes Tony's hand. He doesn't notice Mark who's lurking behind Tony maintaining the least eye contact with anyone trying to catch a glimpse of him.

OWIRO

Tony, you made it.

TONY

Are you kidding, I couldn't miss your big anniversary party.

They laugh.

OWIRO

I can't believe I've been with the firm for 15 years and what a tremendous journey it has been.

TONY

Congratulations boss.

OWIRO

No, you're the one who is supposed to be congratulated; youngest lawyer to join the firm, the youngest senior partner and all this accomplished in under a year, it's incredible!

TONY

It's nothing.

OWIRO

It's not anything. I wish I was you when I was your age. You're going to do great things and you should be proud of your achievements.

Tony smiles broadly.

Mark now pulls in next to him.

OWIRO  
(To Mark)  
And you must be...

TONY  
Oh... this is my friend Mark, the  
one I've been telling you about.

Owiro shakes Mark's hand exhaustively. He almost pulls it  
from its socket.

OWIRO  
The computer genius? Nice to meet  
you, Mark.

MARK  
It's nice to meet you too, sir.  
Firm grip.

OWIRO  
Thank you, you should work on yours  
and please call me Jack.

Mark nods.

OWIRO  
So, Mark, what school do you go to?

MARK  
I don't go school.

OWIRO  
Oh... so what do you do?

MARK  
Nothing.

TONY  
(Chuckles)  
He's still figuring out his life.

OWIRO  
Oh... Good... Good...  
(To Tony)  
Hey Tony, can I speak to you for a  
moment?

TONY  
Yes boss.

Owiro shakes Mark's hands, now in a refined way.

OWIRO  
Mark, I have a feeling that this  
may not be our last encounter but  
good luck with your life.

Owiro starts to walk away with Tony right on his heels. Mark pulls Tony back.

MARK

I thought you said this was a party.

TONY

Yes. It's an office party for my boss' 15th anniversary with the firm. Isn't it beautiful?

MARK

No. Not even by an inch. I feel like I'm in an unpleasant episode of *Suits*.

Tony smiles at Mark.

TONY

You know what, just keep mingling with the other guests, chat'em up, get to know them, trust me it'll be good for you.

MARK

Mingling? Chat'em up? It's like you don't know me.

TONY

Just do you bro but don't forget to have at least some fun.

Mark sulks. He shakes his head and stares down to the ground.

Mark lifts his head. He looks around and sees the door to the study room open.

Mark hurriedly heads to the study room. He gets in and loosely locks the door behind him.

INT. OWIRO'S RESIDENCE, STUDY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wall-to-wall bookshelves enclave the generic office set up.

Mark scouts out the room. He reaches to a bookshelf, grabs an enormous book, and takes a seat and starts reading the book.

Mark is slouching. He's smiling.

He raises his right hand and touches his neck.

He starts to look around fidgety. Then--

He hears a sweet soft whisper behind him. Right in his ears.



SOPHIE

What are you reading?

Mark leaps out from the chair. The enormous book flies from his feeble hands. It lands on the table and knocks down the table lamp.

He turns around. Standing right in front of him is a smiling SOPHIE (19).

Sophie is brilliant, chatty, very friendly but with an extreme case of knowing it all; the perfect embodiment of a walking talking Google.

SOPHIE

Ouch! My uncle is not going like that?

Mark picks up the broken lamp pieces. He tries to reassemble them but to no avail.

MARK

You almost gave me a heart attack. Next time knock or something.

SOPHIE

Nope. I can't do that. I live here and this is my uncle's private study room. So what are you doing here?

Mark murmurs inaudibly.

SOPHIE

What?

MARK

Nothing.

SOPHIE

Anyway, I'm Sophie.

Sophie stretches out his hand to greet Mark. Mark shakes her hand.

MARK

I'm Mark.

SOPHIE

I know. Mark Masila, a computer genius with an IQ of 174. Your mom Mrs. Masila Rose is the first African woman to get a PhD in Computer Science and your dad Mr. Masila is a professor of advanced mathematics and a glorified accountant.

Mark just looks at her. He's shocked.

MARK

How do you know that?

SOPHIE

I know things, it's a gift and a curse. Some people think I'm weird.

Mark smiles.

MARK

Yeah, pretty weird but I like weird.

Sophie smiles back.

SOPHIE

But it was actually pretty easy, your family is very famous. I know everything about them except your sister by the way where did she go?

Mark suddenly frowns.

MARK

Why would you ask that? Did somebody send you?

SOPHIE

No. Nobody sent me.

MARK

There's nothing to tell about my sister and I don't want to talk about it.

SOPHIE

Oh. I'm so sorry. I didn't.

MARK

Don't be sorry, it's pathetic and I don't like it.

Sophie frowns.

Mark calmly goes back to reading the huge book.

SOPHIE

Okay. So is the party boring or are you just anti-social?

MARK

I'm not anti-social; I just choose to be alone because I hate spending time with stupid people.

SOPHIE

You do know that almost everybody at this party is a lawyer including my uncle, right?

MARK

And I rest my case.

Sophie looks at him with an angry stare. She chuckles.

SOPHIE

Wow. I was so wrong about you, you're no genius. You're just an obnoxious little boy trying to prove to everybody around him and himself that he's ready to be a man; a typical feature of a narcissist in the making.

Sophie walks out from the room looking sullen.

Mark looks confused.

MARK

What did I do?

INT. MASILA RESIDENCE, OFFICE - NIGHT

Mark passes his dad's office. He notices the lights on. He enters.

Mr. Masila, wearing glasses, is sitting on a desk going through some documents. He looks up and sees Mark coming in.

MARK

Dad? Why are you still awake?

MR. MASILA

I'm just catching up on some work stuff. Come, have a seat.

Mark walks towards the desk, sits and his dad gazes at him penetratingly.

Mark starts to scratch his head in an impish manner.

MARK

I'd like to apologize for my behavior during dinner, it was childish of me to speak to you like that and about the hacking, I did it for a good purpose and I would do it again in a heartbeat but nevertheless I'm so sorry.

MR. MASILA

Don't worry son, your mother explained to me what you were doing and I actually thought it was the right thing to do and I want you to know that I'm proud of you.

MARK

Really?

MR. MASILA

Yes.

MARK

But.

MR. MASILA

But you have to understand that there's right way of doing things, the kind that follows a system called law and order.

MARK

Come on dad, we both know that the system in this country is as useless as tissue paper after it has achieved its intended purpose.

MR. MASILA

I know but you also have to understand that it's our belief in the system that'll make it change for the better of us.

Mark subtly grins.

MARK

Now that's just being too naive.

MR. MASILA

No. It's called hope.

Mark yawns.

MARK

I'm so tired. Good night, dad.

MR. MASILA

Good night, son.

Mark starts to walk away.

MR. MASILA

Hey son?

Mark turns around.

MR. MASILA

I don't want you to think that I'm mean to you or something like that. I just want you to know that freedom comes from understanding boundaries and contemplating on the need for independence and once you get that, you'll be set for life.

Mark nods and smiles.

MARK

Thanks dad.

He exits as his dad continues going through the documents.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAWN

In the verdant exurbia of the city of Nairobi a brisk evening wind whistles. Light rain begins to fall as sirens are wailing from a distance.

In a well paved alleyway a police cruiser with red and blue lights flickering from a distance eclipses.

The cruiser is closely followed by a black Subaru with government plates and two unmarked vans.

After a short distance the convoy of vehicles comes to a screeching halt. Their blazing headlights floodlight on the gates of an exquisite mansion.

Oblivious neighbors are looking in from afar. They look shocked and confused.

Police officers clad in SWAT uniforms, equipped with tactical gears and armed with M-16s pour out of the two vans.

TWO DETECTIVES wearing dark suits covered with fitting trench coats step out of the Subaru; they have police badges hanging from their necks, like military dog tags.

Detective One leads the SWAT team towards the gate and they knock vehemently.

EXT. MASILA RESIDENCE, FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

THE GATEKEEPER (50), a gray-haired man wearing a calf-length raincoat paces through the damp pavement as he heads to the gate.

He opens the gate and finds the SWAT team in position pointing their M16 rifles towards him.

Before Detective One could utter a word The Gatekeeper bolts down towards the front door shrieking in distress.

A frenzy chase on foot begins. The SWAT team leader catches up with him, tackles him, ties him up with a zip tie and gags him to prevent him from shrieking further.

With the drizzling acting as a sound buffer, two members of the SWAT team carrying a battering ram walk towards the front door of the one-storey mansion.

They use the battering ram to break open the front door as the SWAT team prepares to breach the mansion.

INT. MASILA RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT team pours into the mansion with rifles ready.

The Two Detectives lead them upstairs. As they climb the stairs, a drilling sound is heard from afar.

They land on a fairly wide hallway and they reposition themselves ready to breach.

They halt in front of the master bedroom. They try to open the door but it's locked and just like before they use the battering ram to knock down the bedroom door.

INT. MASILA RESIDENCE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter the bedroom pointing their rifles towards the occupants; Mark's parents. They look sweaty, drowsy, aghast and a little bit unscrewed.

Mr. Masila is holding a handheld drilling machine while Mrs. Masila is carrying a laptop computer over a bucket of water.

They seem to have been expecting this visit from the authorities.

The bedroom is in a chaotic state and several computer parts and torn pieces of paper are spread across the bed. Three hard drives with holes through them are spread on the floor.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Drop whatever you're holding, get on your knees and put your hands where I can see them.

They comply as Detective One rushes to remove the laptop from the bucket before it's soaked in water while the SWAT team leader kicks the drilling machine away from Mr. Masila.

Detective one dangles the dripping laptop in their faces. He grabs a pair of gloves from his coat, puts them on, picks the hard drives from the floor and puts them in an evidence bag.

Detective One cuffs them.

MR. MASILA

So, they sent you? How ironic.

DETECTIVE ONE

It's not irony; it's more like a destiny thing.

Mr. Masila grins.

MR. MASILA

You don't see it. I got you out of jail and now you're taking me to one. If that isn't the greatest irony of all time then I don't know what it is.

DETECTIVE ONE

I told you, it's destiny.

MR. MASILA

Nah, it's not destiny.

Detective One pulls them up and places them on the bed.

MRS. MASILA

Shut up John.

DETECTIVE ONE

Yes John, listen to your wife shut up but it's too late for that. Isn't it?

MR. MASILA

You of all people should know that it's never too late.

DETECTIVE ONE

I know, but for you it's actually too late. I mean, you were given an out. You were given a chance to start anew but you had to throw it all away. So, are you happy seeing the people you lifted from the ground trying to bury you so deep in it that you won't even recognize yourself.

MR. MASILA

As a matter of fact I am and I know you are too. 'Because you and I both know the lengths we're willing to take to protect our family.

Detective One frowns.

DETECTIVE ONE

Enough chit chat John.

MR. MASILA

Just one more thing. Tell me why?  
You owe me that much.

DETECTIVE ONE

No I don't. I never owed you  
anything and I never will. You did  
this to yourself; don't forget it  
when you're rotting in prison.

Detective One then pulls them up from the bed.

DETECTIVE ONE

Mr. and Mrs. Masila, you are both  
under arrest for embezzlement,  
money laundering and cyber fraud.  
You have...

Before he could finish Mark walks in yawning. He still looks  
sleepy.

MARK

What is going on?

The SWAT team points their rifles at him as the SWAT Team  
Leader ties him with a zip tie. Mark tries to vainly resist.

MR. MASILA

Leave him alone, he's just a child.  
He didn't do anything.

DETECTIVE ONE

We are not here for him; he'll be  
released when he cools off

MR. MASILA

Then why is he tied up if he's not  
under arrest.

DETECTIVE ONE

Because he is being too aggressive.

MR. MASILA

George, please don't do this. Don't  
make it personal; leave my son out  
of this.

DETECTIVE ONE

We are way past personal, John. You  
should have kept your mouth shut  
when you were given the chance.

MARK

Dad? What's going on?

MR. MASILA

Don't worry son. Just relax.  
Everything is going to be fine.



Detective One rolls his eyes and looks at Mr. Masila repulsively. He then leads Mark and his parents downstairs as the SWAT team follows them close by.

INT. MASILA RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark and his parents are sitting on the couch in the living room which is now filled with police officers from The Special Crimes Unit. They're still tied up; literally.

Tony walks in. He walks straight to Detective One.

Mark looks in as they have a heated argument. Tony looks feisty.

Detective One shakes his head. He stares down to the ground and then glares at Mark and his parents.

Tony and Detective One walks towards Mark and his parents. Detective One pulls Mark up, turns him around and cuts off the zip tie from Mark's hands.

Mark rubs his wrists then he shakes Tony's hands.

MARK

Can you please tell me what's going on? My parents won't even talk to me.

Tony looks at Mark's parents. They look away.

TONY

Your parents are under arrest. It's nothing serious though, I just need to go to court and start working on their bail hearing.

MARK

What have they been arrested for?

Tony looks at Mark's parents once again. They shake their heads. Mark notices.

MARK

Hey, stop looking at them. Look at me. I want to know why?

TONY

It's just some fraud allegations and embezzlement charges.

MARK

(to his parents)

Is it true?

Mark's parents sulk. They shake their heads. They have tears in their eyes. They whimper.

Mark reaches out for their hands. They embrace.

MARK

Don't worry. It's going to be fine.  
Tony and I are going to do  
everything we can to get you out.  
(to Tony)

Right?

Tony nods lightly as Detective One takes Mark's parents as he leads them outside.

EXT. MASILA RESIDENCE, FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Mark, standing at the door with Tony right beside him looks out as Detective One puts his parents in the Subaru, locks the car doors.

The Subaru veers off and leaves the mansion.

Through the wide open gate, Mark sees the Subaru trying to get past the gaggle of journalists and photographers. Some of them are even trying to get through to the mansion.

Two police officers close the gate shut as Mark and Tony go inside the house.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is packed to the brim with journalists, photographers and onlookers.

Sporadic flashes from cameras and indistinct babbles epitomize the courtroom.

The courtroom then becomes silent at the drop of a dime.

Slowly, The JUDGE (65), female, grey hair and visible stretch marks, walks in from a backdoor behind the bench.

SERGEANT AT ARMS

All rise.

Everybody in the courtroom rises from their seat.

The Judge takes her seat at the bench and signals everybody to do the same.

She eyes around and stops at the defense table where Tony, Mark and his parents are calmly seated.

She adjusts her microphone, puts on her glasses and shuffles some papers in her hands. She reads from them.

JUDGE

There's a difference between working hard, working smart and working dirty. And carrying too many books in your bag pack doesn't mean you're a performer.

Soft laughter.

JUDGE

Why would I say this? Well, the defendants here Mr. and Mrs. Masila didn't work hard, couldn't work smart but they opted to work dirty and the comprehensive evidence brought to this court shows all the shady lengths they went through to satisfy their unquenchable greed for wealth and power. All while thinking they would never get caught and even when they got caught they devised mischievous ways to compromise and paralyze the judicial process. They desperately wanted to make sure they go unpunished but I'm happy. I am happy because in the long run justice prevailed and the judicial system remained unscathed.

(MORE)

JUDGE

This dark mix of greed, corruption, ignorance and arrogance is inexplicable and to serve as an example to those who may wish to follow in the footsteps of the two defendants I hereby issue the sentencing as follows.

A short beat.

JUDGE

Mr. John Masila for the charges brought to you before this court and for which you were found guilty, I sentence you to twenty years in prison and Mrs. Rose Masila for the charges brought to you before this court and for which you were found guilty, I sentence you to fifteen years in prison

The court gasps. Mark's parents cringe and stare down to the ground in silence. Mark frowns; we almost expect him to cry.

JUDGE

Lastly, I further declare all properties owned by the defendants as proceeds of crime and as such the said properties are to be forfeited to the government and handed over to the Asset Recovery Agency. This case is now closed but the defendants have up to a month to file an appeal. This court is adjourned.

The Judge lightly hits the gavel and walks out.

Mark hugs his parents one last time as Tony looks on.

MARK

I'm sorry mom and dad, we did everything we could.

MRS. MASILA

Don't worry, Mark, everything's going to be fine.

MR. MASILA

It's not over yet.

MARK

What do you mean?

MR. MASILA

You have to find your sister; she has all the answers we need. She's the one who can help us prove our innocence.

MARK

Not again. Dad, Jackie is gone I don't think she's ever coming back.

MR. MASILA

Hey, look at me, she's not gone. She's out there and if there's anyone who can track her down, it's you. I want you to find her. Please son, do it for me, do it for your mom.

MRS. MASILA

Mark, for once just do what your father tells you. Find your sister. Promise you'll find her.

Two bailiffs approach and take Mark's parents away.

MARK

I promise. I'll find Jackie.

Mark looks as his parents are being dragged away.

MR. MASILA

Good, Tony will help you?

Mark turns and looks at Tony. Tony nods.

TONY

I'm sorry bro. I did everything I could.

MARK

I know. It's okay. Come on, let's go home.

Mark and Tony exit the courtroom.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

We slowly move through the chic apartment.

Tony is resting on the couch watching TV as he munches on a bowl of popcorns.

Mark walks in. Dead eyed. He stares at Tony who still hasn't noticed his presence.

He shakes his head then joins Tony on the couch.

Tony lifts the remote and pauses the TV. He smirks.

MARK

Why aren't you at work?

TONY

It's Saturday. You know that. Right?

MARK

Saturday? Already? How long have I been in the zone?

TONY

Three days.

MARK

Three. Riveting.

Tony offers Mark the popcorns. Mark declines. Tony goes on to eat the popcorns.

TONY

So, did you find her?

MARK

No. I've tried everything. I've scoured through all social media platforms. I even hacked into government database and I still couldn't find her.

Tony spits the popcorn from his mouth.

TONY

You did what?!

MARK

What's weird is that even her mobile subscriber information from before she went missing are non-existent. It's like someone scrubbed him off from the face of the internet.

TONY

Just wait. Did you just say you hacked a government database?

MARK

Yes.

TONY

Here? At my apartment?

MARK

Yes.

TONY

Why would you do that?

MARK

Don't worry, I was extremely careful.

TONY

Are you sure? Because I don't want the cops to storm my house when they track you down.

MARK

Stop worrying too much. What about you, what did you find?

TONY

I'm sorry, I tried everything I could and it was dead ends all through.

Mark sighs and in a clueless manner he looks up to the ceiling.

TONY

But I went through your parents' case again and I found some things that didn't add up.

MARK

Like what?

TONY

Do you remember that detective who arrested them?

MARK

How could I forget?

TONY

It's like before the arrest he didn't even exist. He wasn't even a cop and after your parents' case was closed, he vanished.

Mark clicks his tongue then with a fake grimace he glares dead at Tony's eyes.

MARK

So how is that going to help me find my sister?

TONY

I thought it would be relevant.

MARK

Tony, you lost that case and even if you keep going through it over and over again, it won't change a thing. I think you should move on from the case.

TONY

And I think you should cool off. Relax. Take some time off from your computers. Live a little bit and go hang out with some of your friends.

MARK

I don't have friends.

TONY

And why is that?

MARK

Because it's a lot of baggage.

TONY

What about me?

MARK

You're the exception.

TONY  
What about a date?

MARK  
I've never been to one.

TONY  
Are you serious?

MARK  
I'm always serious.

TONY  
Not even a dating app.

MARK  
I am not that desperate.

TONY  
What if I get you one?

MARK  
I just said I'm not that desperate.

TONY  
I know but the way your life is going, one day you'll wake up and you're in your mid 30's, all by yourself regretting on how you missed out on enjoying yourself when you had the chance. You're still young, go out there and do things that will make your life worth living.

MARK  
I'm happy with my life as it is.

TONY  
Have you ever wondered how things would be if you just shake things up?

MARK  
I'm fine and I don't need to shake things up.

TONY  
Okay, what do you do on your free time?

MARK  
I code.

TONY  
What about when you're not free.



MARK  
I also code.

TONY  
So what other interests do you have  
apart from computers?

MARK  
It's not about my interests, it's  
about my objectives and right now  
my main objective is to find my  
sister with which you were supposed  
to help me but now it looks like  
you're just trying to distract me.

TONY  
Now I see it.

MARK  
See what?

TONY  
This is about Kisumu, right?

Mark is stunned and with his eyes wide open-

MARK  
Did you just bring that up? You  
know we never talk about what  
happened in Kisumu.

Tony smiles.

TONY  
You know how tragedy plus time  
equals comedy.

MARK  
It's still a tragedy to me and you  
should stop talking about it.

TONY  
If I stop, will you go to the date  
I'm about to set up for you.

Mark sighs and grins.

MARK  
You know what, why not.

TONY  
So, will you go on the date?

MARK  
I thought I made that clear. I'm  
ready to shake things up.

TONY  
That's my boy.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK  
I am not your boy.

TONY  
Markie?

MARK  
Nobody calls me that.

TONY  
But your sister used to.

MARK  
Yeah, and I didn't like it so cut  
it out.

(beat)  
So who's this girl you're setting  
me up with?

TONY  
It's a blind date, you'll find out  
at the right moment.

MARK  
Okay. What should I do? What will I  
say? I can't believe you roped me  
into going on a date with a girl I  
don't even know. What if she  
doesn't like me? What if I don't  
like her?

TONY  
Stop worrying too much. I'm going  
to give you some tips so listen  
carefully.

Mark nods.

TONY  
Dating tip 1, don't be you.

MARK  
Don't be me? What's wrong with me?

TONY  
Where should I start... you're  
rude, irritating and wildly  
annoying.

MARK  
No I'm not.

TONY  
Another tip, don't be boring and  
that means no computer stuff  
whatsoever.

MARK  
But...

TONY  
No buts too. Dating tip 3, if you  
can't answer a question in the  
nicest way possible just give out a  
compliment.

MARK  
That's actually pretty good advice.

TONY  
Another important tip, make  
conversation, don't go there and  
act like your lips have been glued  
to each other.

Mark stands and starts to walk away.

TONY  
Hey, where are you going I'm not  
yet done. I still have some  
important tips to give to you.

MARK (O.S.)  
I'm going to my room to get ready  
and I don't want any more of your  
tips, they're just mean.

TONY  
I'm not mean.

Tony pauses and with a low tone.

TONY  
Am I mean?

He restarts the TV and continues watching it as he continues  
to munch on the popcorns.

EXT. DELUXE RESTAURANT - EVENING

A cab pulls up in front of the fancy restaurant. Mark steps  
out the cab.

He looks like he went all out for this date 'cause he's  
wearing a tailored black tux with a bow tie; think of James  
Bond but younger, way less cooler and completely African.

He removes his glasses from the side pockets of his coat and  
puts them on.

He looks through the glass wall and sees tables full of SMARTLY DRESSED CUSTOMERS.

He heads into the restaurant.

INT. DELUXE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Mark looks around. A waiter points him to his table.

He walks towards the table. Through Mark's eyes, we only see the back of the head of the person occupying the table Mark is headed to.

He reaches the table smiling. He turns around to take a glimpse at the occupant revealing - SOPHIE.

SOPHIE  
Mark?

MARK  
Sophie?

A tense beat.

Stunned. Tongue-tied. Mark almost turns around and leaves.

SOPHIE  
Yes, it's me. Please have a seat.

Mark smiles, pulls a chair and sits. He starts to fidget. He then tries to loosen his bow tie as he wipes his shiny forehead.

SOPHIE  
First time?

Mark nods.

SOPHIE  
Me too. Water?

Mark nods.

SOPHIE  
Are you sure you don't want  
martini, shaken not stirred?

They smile.

Sophie signals the waiter who brings Mark a glass of water.

Mark chugs the water.

SOPHIE  
Nice suit.

Mark smiles.

MARK

Thank you. You look nice too.

SOPHIE

Thanks.

Sophie picks the menu.

SOPHIE

So, what are you having?

Mark fidgets.

MARK

I'm sorry.

Sophie grimaces.

SOPHIE

For what? Being late? Don't worry, we're Africans, we have our own time.

MARK

No, not that.

SOPHIE

So, you're not sorry for being late.

MARK

No, I'm sorry for that too but I was actually sorry for being mean to you the first time we met, it wasn't cool of me.

SOPHIE

It's no big deal. I actually forgot what you said as soon as I stepped out of that room.

MARK

Really.

SOPHIE

Yes, I don't dwell on the past you shouldn't either. I'm famished. Should we order?

MARK

Yeah sure.

The waiter comes to their table and takes their order.

INT. DELUXE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Mark and Sophie are on dessert. They look elated.

MARK

So, law school. Why?

SOPHIE

What do you think?

Mark smiles then glares at Sophie.

MARK

Most people become lawyers for the money and some do so thinking that they could change things... that they could fix the broken system... I see, you're the latter... You know that's impossible, right?

SOPHIE

The greatest achievements are the ones pulled off from impossible undertakings.

MARK

Wow, that's deep. Who said that?

SOPHIE

I just did.

MARK

My dad used to be like that. He used to think he could fix the system but now look at him...the system he so wanted to fix just gave him the middle finger.

Mark laughs softly.

MARK

You should have seen his face when the judge rapped her gavel and said he was guilty. It was monumental.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry.

MARK

No, there's nothing to be sorry about. He used to say it was hope but I think he was just being too naive.

SOPHIE

Mmmh...What about you?

MARK

Me? I'm more like a tinkerer so I'd rather burn it all down than try to fix something I didn't break.

SOPHIE

Then what?

MARK

Then I build it up all by myself.

SOPHIE

What about the people?

MARK

What people? These people? They don't know what they want or what they need. I mean look at them... they're all on their phones, completely unaware of what's happening around them. What they really need is someone to show them what's right and what's wrong?

SOPHIE

And you'll be the perfect man for that kind of job.

MARK

I guess... so.

Sheila smirks and rolls his eyes.

MARK

Why did you do that?

SOPHIE

Do what?

MARK

That thing you did with your eyes...and...that grin.

SOPHIE

I didn't do anything. I just want to know, why you always think you're better than everyone else.

MARK

I don't think I'm better than everyone else. I just think I can give more...that I can be more and that with all the chaos around us I can make something out of it. Is that so wrong?

Sophie scoffs. Awkward silence.

SOPHIE

I think I'm going to go. I have that ethics test tomorrow and I need to prepare.

MARK

Oh, ethics test. I'd wish you good luck but I know you'll ace it. You're brilliant and you're going to do great.

SOPHIE

Thank you.

MARK

Just one more thing.

SOPHIE

What?

MARK

I just want to thank you. I really enjoyed spending time and having dinner with you and I was thinking maybe we could do it, again?

Suddenly, Sophie gets all serious. Then she reaches for Mark hands but Mark withdraws. She looks at him then looks down at the table.

SOPHIE

I'm flattered Mark but I'm going to have to say no.

MARK

No? Why?

SOPHIE

Don't take this personally but it's not me, it's you.

MARK

Me? Why? How?

SOPHIE

Well, I noticed that there are only two things that you love the most in this world and nothing will ever rival your love for these two things.

MARK

What things?

SOPHIE

Computers and yourself.

Mark sighs, retreats and leans on the chair. He tries to say something but he sulks.

They stand up.



SOPHIE

Mark, I want you to know that I also enjoyed spending time with you but you have to understand that life is not all about bits, bytes and you, it's about forming real human connections and I don't think you're ready for that. Good night Mark and good luck.

Mark fake smiles. They hug but it's not a subtle hug as we'd expect. It's so awkward that almost everybody in the restaurant turns to have a look.

Sophie leaves with her head looking down at the floor.

Mark slowly sits, removes his phone and starts scrolling.

EXT. THE STREETS OF NAIROBI - NIGHT

Mark, still in his tux, is strolling down the streets.

The business district is packed with people striding to get back home from their jobs. However, Mark does not seem to care, he struts along like he owns the place.

Mark inherently looks in his rear view. A police cruiser slowly passes by.

Its windows roll down when it's next to Mark and a police officer gazes at Mark then he talks into his radio.

Mark turns and looks at the police car, his eyes lock with the police officer. Mark paces forward. The police car then drives up and past him.

Mark looks at the police car drive away thinking it's going to return but it doesn't return.

Mark sighs and looks around him once and then twice, all while bumping into unaware passersby. For the third time he looks at his rear view and notices someone is tailing him.

Mark tries to shake the tail and outrun him but to no avail.

He thoughtlessly uses the crosswalk, the car horns, his heartbeat and footsteps sync.

He almost reaches the other side when he bumps into the police car that drove past him. He falls flat on the crosswalk.

Clueless passersby are looking in by the roadside.

Two police officers exit the car and pick him up. They cuff him and throw him to the back of the car.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Mark has spent the night in lockup. He looks sleepy.

He is teensy-weensy compared to the Godzilla looking bullhead crooks behind these bars with him. They have been teasing and tormenting him viciously the whole night.

Mark is blinking profusely and we almost expect him to sleep but before he could get a tiny shuteye, a police officer approaches.

He reaches Mark's cell and start dragging his baton through the bars on the cells back and forth. He then dislodges a bunch of keys from his waist.

He uses one of the keys to open Mark's cell. He whisks Mark, cuffs him and walks him out of the cell.

MARK

Where are you taking me?

POLICE OFFICER

To your lawyer.

MARK

My lawyer? I didn't call my lawyer.

POLICE OFFICER

I don't care.

The police officer walks Mark up to an empty interrogation room. He removes Mark's cuffs, pushes him in and locks the door from outside.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark is sitting in on a metallic chair in the middle of the room. He is looking at someone off-screen.

MARK

You're not my lawyer. Who are you?

JAVAN MUTISO (42), well dressed, confident and very serious walks and stands right in front of Mark.

JAVAN

I'm Javan Mutiso.

MARK

What do you want?

JAVAN

I'm here on behalf of my benefactor who is willing to help you with your unfortunate arrest.

MARK

I don't need anybody's help.

JAVAN

Yes you do. You're being charged with a serious crime of hacking into a government database and taking it down. My benefactor can make it all go away but only if you.

Javan pauses and hands Mark a phone.

JAVAN

Answer his call when he calls you on this phone.

Mark takes the phone, looks at it then looks at Javan and gives him back the phone.

MARK

I just said I don't need anybody's help.

JAVAN

He thought you'd say that and so he told me to tell you he had something better to offer you.

MARK

And just out of curiosity what might that be?

JAVAN

I believe it has something to do with your sister, Jacklyn.

Mark sulks. He looks up.

JAVAN

I'd also like to remind you that this offer is time limited.

A long beat.

JAVAN

So are you going to listen to what my benefactor has to say or are you following your parents to jail?

Javan hands Mark the phone again. Mark hesitates. He starts to rub his forehead.

Before Javan takes the phone back, Mark reaches out and grabs it from his hands.

JAVAN

Good choice. Make sure you answer the phone when he calls.

MARK

What does he want?

JAVAN

I'm just a messenger and what he wants is his business, not mine.

Javan walks to the door. He knocks twice.

MARK

What kind of lawyer did you say you were again?

JAVAN

I didn't say I was a lawyer.

The door budes open and Javan starts to walk out.

MARK

So are you some kind of fixer?

Javan turns around, scoffs then leaves.

Mark is left examining the phone. He does this for a while and when it seems like he's satisfied he stands up and leaves.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark is pacing around the room. He stops and looks at the phone laying face down on the couch.

He picks it up, unlocks it and scrolls through the call logs.

He clicks his tongue then throws the phone back to the couch and continues pacing.

Tony walks in.

TONY

Hey, you're back. How did it go?

MARK

I don't want to talk about it.

TONY

So, that bad.

Tony sits.

MARK

Why are you not at work? Again?

TONY  
It's Sunday.

Mark sighs. He sits and picks the phone.

MARK  
I just had the longest night of my life.

TONY  
What happened?

MARK  
I was arrested last night after the date then bailed out by this weird creepy dude who gave me this phone.

TONY  
Wait, what?

The phone starts to ring. Mark stares at it.

MARK  
I don't have time to explain but you'll catch on.

Mark timidly answers the phone.

MARK  
Hello, who's this?

The deep coarse voice on the phone belongs to MR. BERK.

MR. BERK (V.O.)  
My name is Mr. Berk short Berkley and I need your help.

MARK  
And why do you think I'll be willing to help somebody I don't even know.

MR. BERK (V.O.)  
Because I can help you too. I know you're obsessed with finding your sister, freeing your parents and getting to the truth. I can give you all that and all you have to do is give me what I want.

Mark sighs. He sullenly looks at Tony then looks away.

MARK  
I don't have what you want. I don't even know what you want.

MR. BERK (V.O.)  
But you can get it for me.

MARK

Why me?

MR. BERK (V.O.)

Because you're gifted with computers and if half of what I've heard about you is true then the task I'm about to bestow on you will be as easy as pie.

MARK

What if I say no?

MR. BERK (V.O.)

Then the police officers in that car packed right across from your friend's house will whisk you and take you straight to jail. After they rough you up a little bit for wasting my time.

MARK

There is no car parked there.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

Look again and look closely.

Mark runs to the window. He looks around and sees a black car with tinted windows parked right across from Tony's apartment.

The car windows roll down and A ROUGH LOOKING MAN in shades waves at Mark.

Mark goes back and sits on the couch. A confused Tony walks to the window to see what Mark was looking at.

He sees the car drive away slowly then he whispers.

TONY

Whose car was that?

MARK

Shush!

Tony sits.

TONY

Don't shush me; you know I don't like that.

MARK

Why would they arrest me? I didn't do anything wrong.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

You violated The Computer Misuse and Cybercrimes Act No. 5 of 2018. You also breached the right to privacy by obtaining that mobile subscriber information illegally. Should I go on?

MARK

No. I'll get you what you want but you have to tell me where my sister is first.

Mr. Berk cackles over the phone.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

I know you have this thing with your ego that's telling you have the upper but I'm the one calling the shots here. So I'll tell you where your sister is and even give you evidence that proves your parents were framed but only after you get me what I want.

Mark sighs.

MARK

Ok, what do you want?

MR. BERK (V.O.)

I want you to hack into Seraphic Bank and get me a file.

MARK

I think you're mistaken banks don't keep files they keep money.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

I know that but this bank is different. It's special and the file you're going to get me is important and many lives depend on you getting it for me.

MARK

Where specifically is this file located in the bank?

MR. BERK (V.O.)

It's not actually a file, it's more of a collection of files known as The Stylet Directory and it's stored at the bank manager's computer. So all you have to do is hack into the bank's network and gain access to that computer.

MARK

Seraphic Bank has the most advanced security systems in Sub-Saharan Africa. Their network is the most solid network in Africa; I know this 'cause I took part in designing it.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

And that's why you're the perfect man for the job.

MARK

It's impossible. I couldn't hack that network even I wanted to. I designed it specifically to keep people like me outside.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

You designed that system when you were like fifteen years old but now you're older, smarter and a bit wiser; I know you'll find a way around it somehow.

MARK

I guess I could but what if something goes wrong.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

If that happens, run. Run like you've never ran before. Run like *Usain Bolt*, a lion and a tiger are chasing you all at once.

MARK

Run? Why?

MR. BERK (V.O.)

Because the bank manager, the one you're going to steal from, is a maniac. He's a total psychopath. He will hunt you down like his life depends on it and when he finds you he'll kill you. So the best advice I could give you is, don't get stupid and most importantly don't get caught.

MARK

Why do you want this Stylet Directory so bad?

MR. BERK (V.O.)

I just told you, a lot of lives depend on it. Yours included.



MARK

I don't know if I can do this.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

This is no time to chicken out on me. If you can't do it for yourself then for once in your life do it for your parents, they're too old to be rotting in prison.

MARK

I'll need some time.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

I'm sorry to be the bearer of the bad news but time isn't a luxury you can afford. The main reason why nobody has ever attempted to steal The Stylet Directory is because it's juggled between different secure networks after every 48 hours, it lands on The Seraphic Bank's network in the next two hours and by the time I hang up this phone you'll have less than 50 hours to make your move so I'll advise you to get to work.

Mark sighs. He runs his hand through his head. He looks at Tony. Tony shakes his head.

MARK

I'll try my best.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

No, don't try your best, do your best and if you betray me, I swear on the gods of the African Savannah I will go to the darkest, deepest, hottest part of hell and I'll book a special room for you and when you die and go there, you'll wish you were dead long before you even heard of my name.

MARK

Just make sure you keep your word and I'll keep mine.

MR. BERK (V.O.)

I'm a man of my words it's you that I don't trust and if you're thinking of betraying me just know that my friends in the car outside will be keeping tabs on you. Have a good day.

Mr. Berk hangs up the phone. Mark and Tony are looking at each other. Tongue-tied and confused.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Inside a weird looking half dark office, a silhouette figure appears on the wall.

The door opens. Javan walks in.

He walks and stands behind a man sitting in front of a huge piano, it's Mr. Berk but his face is not seen. He hands the phone through his shoulders to Javan.

Javan goes through the phone.

JAVAN

How did it go, Mr. Berk?

They laugh.

MR. BERK

I can't believe he actually believed my name was Mr. Berk.  
(chuckles)

I'm like 50 years old why would I be called Berkley, a millennial's name.

He sighs and tries to play a tune on the piano. The tune is off. It's pitchy. He rages out and pummels his hands on the keys in the piano.

MR. BERK

You know, for a genius that kid is the dumbest one I've ever met.

JAVAN

I don't think he'll get it. Many people have tried stealing The Stylet Directory, what makes him so special.

Mr. Berk plays the tune again. This time round he gets it right.

MR. BERK

That kid is special in so many ways. Ways that you and I can't begin to comprehend.

JAVAN

I think we should've...

Mr. Berk stops playing the tune.

MR. BERK

I don't pay you think, Javan.

He continues playing.

MR. MASILA

You can leave.

Javan walks out of the office as Mr. Berk (his face still not yet seen) continues playing the piano.

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Mark is sitting on a table at the cafe sipping tea.

The cafe is half empty and the few people present are evenly spread.

A customer, MONICA (30), smartly dressed, enters the cafe. She heads to the counter and orders.

Mark glances at her. Monica turns and almost sees him.

She takes his order and walks to empty table. She sits and starts going through her phone.

Mark looks at his wrist watch. Then he looks at the table Monica is sitting on.

He shakes his head, stands up and heads to Monica's table.

He reaches then smiles at her.

MARK

Hello. Hi, are you Monica?

Monica raises her head and sees Mark. He smiles back

MONICA

Yes I am and I'm not buying whatever you're selling.

MARK

I'm Mark and I'm not selling anything. I was just asking if I could have a minute of your time.

MONICA

I'm having the longest day of my life and I don't think I can spare to chat with a stranger.

She goes back to scrolling on her phone.

MARK

It's about your boss, Mr. Massawe.

She gets intrigued.

MONICA

What about him?

MARK

I know what she did to you and I need your help to take him down.

Monica stands and prepares to leave.

MONICA

Stay away from me and just an advice, stay away from anything related to my boss, you're still a kid find something else worth your time and age.

MARK

What he did to you was wrong but what he if he's doing to other women, wouldn't you want to stop him. I know you speak out because of the NDA you signed but I can expose him and all I need is a little help from you.

Monica sulks. She sits.

Mark sits too.

MARK

So will you help me?

MONICA

I remember that day like it just happened.

Monica stares down at the table. Silent. She has tears in her eyes. She weeps.

MONICA

One minute I was alone and the next minute he was there, standing right behind me, touching me. At first I thought he was drunk so I tried to push him away but he got physical. He was too strong I couldn't stop him. I just couldn't.

Mark hands her and handkerchief. Monica declines.

MARK

It's new.

She takes the handkerchief and uses it to wipe the tears off her eyes.

MARK

I'm sorry.

MONICA

Don't feel sorry for me; feel sorry for yourself because you don't know the kind of man you're trying to cross.

MARK

I know this may be hard for you but I desperately need your help. So will help me?

She looks at Mark. He looks away.

MONICA

I'll help you as long as what you are about to do doesn't jeopardize my safety.

MARK

I promise. It'll never be traced back to you.

MONICA

Just tell me what you want.

Mark hands him a USB stick and small box that looks like a modem.

MONICA

What do I do these?

MARK

Just plug them in on his computer.

MONICA

That's it?

MARK

Yes, that's it.

Monica looks at her phone.

MONICA

My break is over, I need to go back.

Monica starts to leave.

MONICA

Do I plug them in now or what?

MARK

No, not now. I'll text you when I'm ready.

Monica hurriedly exits the cafe.

Mark walks back to his table and continues sipping his tea.

EXT. THE JUICEBOX - DAY

A car pulls up beside an archaic rusty abandoned factory in a secluded surrounding.

Mark gets out of the car. He looks up and sees a tipped over sign reading 'JUICEBOX'.

The car drives away.

Mark walks towards an old steel door. Mark knocks and he looks up on a CCTV camera mounted on top of the door.

INT. THE JUICEBOX - CONTINUOUS

**CLOSE ON** a live feed of the door's CCTV camera on a computer screen. Mark is looking up at the CCTV camera and without a sound he mouths the word "Open".

A hand reaches out and presses a red button.

EXT. THE JUICEBOX - CONTINUOUS

The door buzzes. Mark opens it and gets in.

INT. THE JUICEBOX - CONTINUOUS

The interior of The Juicebox is extraordinarily retrofitted to look like a modern computer operations base with a stack of servers on one end and computer monitors on the other end.

At the far end of the room where entangled wires lead to is a computer working space with five conjoined computer screens.

Gordy (19), a timid teenager and geeky looking runs up to Mark.

MARK

Is everything ready?

GORDY

I did everything I could with the short notice but the mainframe is still a little bit jumbled up from our previous hack.

MARK

MARK

That was a week ago you are supposed to do constant maintenance on the servers. What the hell Gordy. What have you been doing the whole week? You know what, I don't care. What's the efficiency at?

GORDY

94%

MARK

We need at least 98% for this to work. Can I trust you to get it there?

Gordy hesitates.

MARK

Well, can you?

GORDY

Yes.

MARK

Then go.

Gordy walks away and heads to the computer working space.

MARK

And speed up, our window is closing.

GORDY

I'm on it.

Mark gets his phone out. He starts typing on it.

**CLOSE ON** the phone where Mark has just sent a text to Monica reading 'Plug them in'. The text goes through.

Mark smiles, goes and takes a seat next to Gordy who is typing vehemently on the keyboard as streams of data fill the computer screens.

INT. SERAPHIC BANK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A jittery looking Monica is sitting on a secretary's desk in front of an office with a sign on the door that reads: "MR. Bernard Masawe - BANK MANAGER".

She looks at her phone in his hand.

**CLOSE ON** her phone. It's the text Mark sent.

She goes through her purse and gets the USB stick and the modem that Mark gave her.

She heads into the office.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Bernard Masawe (50), a well-dressed, undaunted and terrifying man rides in an elevator.

He is standing in the elevator alone holding an exquisite cane.

The elevator door opens. An office worker who is so engrossed in a folder in his hands walks in. He bumps into Bernard and drops his folder.

He squats to pick them and in a displeased manner he lifts his head ready to blurt out the most disgusting derision he can think of but his eyes lock with Bernard's piercing grim eyes.

He almost insults him before he realizes it's his boss who starts grunting at him.

In terror he pulls back. He gulps his saliva loudly.

He steps out of the elevator and meekly walks away as the elevator close on Bernard gazing at him with disgust.

Beat. The elevator doors open.

INT. SERAPHIC BANK BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Bernard steps out of the elevator. He walks towards his office.

He is limping and uses the cane to give him extra support. He crosses the walkway and heads into his office.

The OFFICE WORKERS he passes pave way for him. Some of them turn back dashing to where they're coming from.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bernard walks in to find Monica in his office. The office's interior decor is blissful.

A well-furnished table stands at the center of the office. Across from the table is a beautiful office chair overlooking a huge glass window.

BERNARD

What are you doing in my office?

Monica smiles nervously and points at a pile of documents on the table.



MONICA

I brought those documents you were supposed to sign. They're on the table there.

Bernard walks to the chair, whirls it around and takes a seat. He goes through the documents.

Monica is standing by. She's fidgeting.

BERNARD

Is there something else?

MONICA

No.

BERNARD

Then go away!

Monica turns to leave.

BERNARD

WAIT!

The sound of Monica's pulsating heart crescendos. She freezes.

BERNARD

You look so jumpy. Why?

Monica turns around. She stammers.

MONICA

Me? Jumpy? No I'm not jumpy?

Bernard looks up and sees Monica. She's sweaty.

BERNARD

You know what, I don't care. Just pour me a glass of water first and get out of my office.

Monica turns back and grabs a bottle of water from a mini fridge at the corner of the office. She sets a glass on the table and starts to pour the water.

Bernard stretches his neck to have a look at Monica's behind. He is amused with what he sees. He smiles and nods.

Monica notices Bernard's perverse behavior and sulks. She hands him the glass of water and leaves.

Bernard drinks the water leisurely.

INT. THE JUICEBOX - MOMENTS LATER

Mark and Gordy are still working on the computers.

Mark's phone rings. He picks it up.

A stammering voice is barely heard from Mark's phone.

It's Monica.

MARK

(on the phone)

Just breathe and relax, everything is going as planned; there's nothing to worry about.

Beat.

MARK

It won't take long. You know what just leave the office for a while and get some air. I'll text you when we're done and don't call me on this phone until I say it's safe.

Mark hangs up the phone. He goes back to his seat and starts typing on his computer.

MARK

Where are we?

GORDY

I've already initiated the connection. Just a few seconds and we'll be in the bank's network.

Mark smiles.

MARK

What about our efficiency?

GORDY

I managed to pull it up to 96%.

MARK

It's not perfect but it'll do. Make sure it doesn't drop.

Gordy nods.

Mark looks up to the computer screens filled with flowing streams of data.

GORDY

That's it. We're in.

Mark clenches his fists and shakes them in jubilation.

MARK

That's perfect. I'll try to get around the labyrinth of firewalls I helped set up as you inject the rootkit.

Loud deep breaths. It's Gordy. Mark turns and looks at him.

MARK

Hey, what's wrong?

Gordy smiles.

GORDY

I've never been this excited in my entire life.

MARK

Focus Gordy! This is not the time to get juiced up on adrenaline.

GORDY

Of course. I'm focused

They continue hacking.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SERAPHIC BANK BUILDING, IT DEPARTMENT - DAY

DANIEL (40), a scrawny man wearing a business suit is seated in front of his computer in an open office set up. He has dozed off.

He is surrounded by a dozen youthful IT experts also working on their computers. He looks older, bone-tired and a little bit apathetic compared to his millennial colleagues.

His workstation is overlooking a humongous monitor. Behind the monitor is a sealed glass wall encasing the mainframe room. The mainframe room is filled with stacks of servers.

Beeping sounds. It's coming from Daniel's computer. It wakes him.

He thumps on his keyboard. He's trying to stop the beeping.

His annoyed colleagues turn and start looking at him. He shyly looks back at them feeling sorry for them and probably for himself.

He goes back to working on his computer. He manages to stop the beeping and starts typing on his computer. He's typing fast.

After a few keystrokes, he freezes. His eyes widen. His mouth opens wide.

**CLOSE ON** Daniel's computer screen where indistinct lines of codes are slowly streaming on it.

One after the other the streaming lines of code turn red. Then, they all turn red.

Daniel is thumping on the ENTER key on his keyboard, producing irritating click sounds. Whatever he's trying to do it's not working.

He stands up from his chair. He trips himself and falls on the floor in an embarrassing manner.

His colleagues cover their mouths to hide their silent laughs.

He shakes it off and starts walking on the corridors between the working stations. He is wearing a pair of trousers two sizes too big for him (probably why he tripped himself).

Daniel heads into an office with the sign on the door that reads: "FRED BAHATI - ICT DIRECTOR".

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door nudges open. Daniel enters.

FRED BAHATI (30), a muscular, squat, uppity looking man who treats himself like a deity, is sitting on his chair working on his computer.

Fred exchanges a disgusting look with Daniel.

FRED

What do you want?

DANIEL

I'm sorry for barging in but we have an emergency.

FRED

What's the emergency?

DANIEL

We have a breach.

Daniel looks furious and more disgusted than before. He rages out.

FRED

What do you mean a breach?

DANIEL

I mean we've been hacked.

FRED

How exactly did that happen?

Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL  
I don't know.

Fred stands up from his chair and starts to exit the office.

FRED  
Let's go!

They both exit the office.

INT. SERAPHIC BANK BUILDING, IT DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Fred is walking towards Daniel's desk. Daniel is right on his heels.

Everybody is staring at them.

FRED  
Stop walking so close to me!

Daniel pauses and stops walking.

FRED  
Now you're too far.

Daniel picks up his pace. They reach his work station.

Daniel sits. Fred leans to his computer.

FRED  
Show me!

Daniel carefully sits and starts typing on his computer. He points out at the lines of code streaming on his computer screen.

FRED  
Whoa! That's dense... What's he doing?

DANIEL  
Who?

FRED  
Who do you think...? The Hacker!

DANIEL  
He seems to be doing nothing.

FRED  
No, in cyberspace, nothing always seems as it looks like. Pull it up on the monitor.

DANIEL

On it.

FRED

Can you shut him down?

DANIEL

I've tried but I can't.

Fred shakes his head in disbelief.

FRED

Honestly Dan, you're pathetic. I don't know what would make an old man like you want to become a programmer.

Daniel turns and looks at him.

DANIEL

I'm not a programmer. I'm a software engineer.

FRED

Do I look like I care?

Daniel shakes his head.

FRED

Then pull up the code on the monitor.

The humongous monitor lights up with the display of the code.

FRED

Listen up everyone,

Daniel's colleagues turn and look up to Fred.

FRED

We've had a cyber-intrusion. As of now the hacker is just lurking around the network. So, this is how we're going to do it, the guys on my right start working on a way to shut him down and the guys on my left find a trace on him. Get to work.

Everyone starts typing on their computers endlessly.

FRED

This is time sensitive. The more this hacker hangs around our network the more havoc he'll be able to wreck.

Meanwhile--

INT. THE JUICEBOX - DAY

Mark and Gordy are still hacking.

GORDY

Uh oh... we have a problem.

MARK

What?

GORDY

We've been made.

MARK

I thought you had that handled with the rootkit.

GORDY

I was doing well until the rootkit triggered a fail-safe protocol. I can't get around it.

MARK

Okay, give me your keyboard.

Gordy turns and looks at Mark confused.

GORDY

Are you sure you can get past them? It's pretty advanced

MARK

Of course I can, I designed them, when I was fifteen years old.

They exchange keyboards.

GORDY

What am I doing now?

MARK

Just work on finding that port.

Mark strains. He's looking at the computer screen in front of Gordy while Gordy is looking at the computer screen in front of Mark.

Mark sighs. He looks uncomfortable.

MARK

You know what, let's just exchange sitting positions.

Gordy nods.

Mark slides his chair to Gordy's side and Gordy does the same. They continue hacking.

Beat.

MARK  
Hey, look at this.

Gordy leans in to see what Mark is trying to show him.

Gordy stares at the lines of code streaming on Mark's computer in disbelief.

GORDY  
Is that LISP?

MARK  
Yeah, I mean who codes like this in the 21st century.

GORDY  
It's actually a pretty advanced.

Mark smiles as he continues typing.

MARK  
I know, my mom taught it to me.

GORDY  
I'm so...

MARK  
Done.

GORDY  
Wait, you're already past the protocol.

MARK  
All of them. What about you?

Gordy goes back to hacking.

GORDY  
I've found the port you were looking for. Beginning download right now.

MARK  
You haven't started downloading. You're too slow. Come back to your seat.

They exchange sitting positions once again.

They continue hacking.



INT. SERAPHIC BANK BUILDING, IT DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The IT department is still working on a way to stop Mark's hack and track him down.

FRED

Dan, can you pull up the security feed for the main banking hall?

Daniel's computer screen lights up with images.

**CLOSE ON** the live feed of the main banking hall security cameras on Daniel's computer screen. Some customers are sitting on the foyer glued to their phones while some are being served by the tellers.

Fred turns and stares at the humongous monitor. He holds his chin as he examines the streaming lines of code.

DANIEL

I've got something.

Fred whirls around, pulls a chair and sits next to Daniel.

FRED

What you got? Wait are you using LISP?

DANIEL

Yeah.

FRED

No wonder we got hacked. From now on can you start using programming languages from this century?

DANIEL

Despite what you may think LISP is actually very advanced and not easily comprehensive. It actually...

FRED

I'm going to stop you right there 'cause there's no chance in hell you're going to make LISP sound cool to someone my age. Just show me what you got.

DANIEL

(mumbling)

We're basically the same age.

FRED

What did you just say?

DANIEL

I was saying that I've narrowed down the intrusion to the terminal in Mr. Masawe's office. Boss, it seems like we're being attacked from the inside.

FRED

Pull up the security feed for Mr. Masawe's office.

**CLOSE ON** the live feed of Bernard's office camera on the computer screen. Bernard is drinking water and signing some documents on his desk.

DANIEL

He's not even on his computer.

FRED

Pull up that terminal's activity.

Fred stands. He goes back to examining the code on the monitor.

FRED

Look at this.

Fred stops typing and looks at the monitor.

FRED

Do you see it?

DANIEL

See what?

FRED

Oh... I forgot, you're too old you can't see a thing.

Suddenly psychedelic jumbled letters float in front of the monitor; we are seeing what's on Daniel's mind through his eyes.

The letters rearrange themselves to form the word 'B-L-A-C-K-H-O-U-D-I-N-I'.

Daniel is looking at Fred. His face is full of confusion.

Fred notices. He looks back at him and smiles.

FRED

There's a pattern. Just look at the code diagonally, twelve letters keep repeating themselves. It's the hacker's signature.

Daniel looks at the monitor more closely

DANIEL

I see it. Bl...ack...hood...ini.

FRED

Yes that's it.

(to everyone)

Does anyone here know a hacker who goes by the name black hoodini?

Daniel and his colleagues shake their heads.

Then, BETH (22), casually dressed, raises his hand from behind her computer.

BETH

I do.

FRED

Who was that?

Beth stands. All eyes turn on her.

FRED

Okay, go on.

BETH

Black Houdini is a legend in the dark web. Nobody has ever seen him face to face but he's good like really good. There's even a rumor that he hacked The Pentagon.

FRED

The US Pentagon.

Fred laughs.

FRED

That's impossible.

BETH

That's what people said until he did it again and he live streamed it. They also say that when he hacks your system one minute is there and the next one he's gone. It's like, magic.

Fred turns to the monitor.

FRED

No it's not magic, he's using a rootkit. A very advanced one. It's like...

BETH

Magic?

Fred turns to Beth. He lashes out.

FRED  
Sit down Beth!  
(to Daniel)  
Where is the terminal activity you  
were pulling up?

Daniel goes back to typing. Then, a set of images flash through his computer screen.

DANIEL  
Here it is.

FRED  
What's he doing?

DANIEL  
It seems like he's downloading a  
file from Mr. Masawe's computer. A  
very large file.

FRED  
What's the file's name?

DANIEL  
*THE STYLET DIRECTORY*

FRED  
Shit!

Fred turns around and unplugs the cables from Daniel's computer. He looks antsy and terrified.

Daniel's computer shuts down.

DANIEL  
What the...

FRED  
Shit! Shit! Shit!

He goes onto the next computer. He unplugs the cables too.

FRED  
(to everyone)  
Unplug your network cables right  
now.

The IT team just looks at him confused.

FRED  
NOW!

They jump out of their seats and unplug their cables.

Fred hurries towards the mainframe room. He swipes a key card through the glass door.

The door opens. He gets in. Daniel and his colleagues are still looking at him confused as ever.

Through the glass Fred is seen typing on a computer.

After a few keystrokes the humongous monitor, all the computers, telephones and the stack of servers in the server room power down.

Fred walks out of the mainframe room. He closes the door behind him.

He stands in front of the monitor. Hands akimbo. He shakes his head. He looks down.

DANIEL  
What just happened?

With fury written all over his face, Fred turns and looks at Daniel. He sighs.

FRED  
(to everyone)  
The system will reboot in a few minutes, when it does start working on security patches and re-examine our security protocols, make sure they're steady.  
(to Daniel)  
I want a detailed report of everything that has just transpired in my desk by close of business.

DANIEL  
What is going on?

FRED  
Just do what I said.  
(to everyone)  
If any of you want keep their jobs, don't utter a word of this to anyone, not even the police.

DANIEL  
Wait what?

Fred trots out.

INT. THE JUICEBOX - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Gordy are still hacking.

**CLOSE ON** Mark's computer screen showing download in progress, 99% done.

Then, all the computer screens are filled with: 'connection terminated'.

Mark and Gordy stop typing on his keyboard.

MARK

Oh no, what just happened?

GORDY

I think we've been kicked out.

MARK

How?

GORDY

The entire system just went offline. I think they just shut it down. Did you finish the download?

Mark checks his computer. He sighs.

MARK

Thank God. I got everything except the decryption key.

GORDY

I could start working on decrypting the files

MARK

Yeah, you do that as I try to figure out a way to activate the self-destruct on the key logger and the modem.

GORDY

Should we exchange sitting positions?

Mark nods. They exchange sitting positions.

Beat.

MARK

Gordy, did you modify the self-destruct code?

GORDY

I just tweaked it a little bit.

MARK

How so?

GORDY

I modified it such that when the self-destruct is done, the computer will be wiped down.

MARK

This will not just wipe one computer; it's going to crush down the entire bank system.

GORDY

What? No... That part of the code was only supposed to wipe only one computer. I was meticulous.

MARK

No you were not meticulous! Your code was so sloppy and extremely careless. You risked us all and if I hadn't noticed it you would have botched everything we did to make sure this hack isn't traced back to us. You literally used my Black Houdini signature.

GORDY

Well...

MARK

Well what?

GORDY

I used your signature in all my code. I thought that's what you wanted.

Mark stops typing.

MARK

Now, why would I that?

Mark exchanges an annoyed look with Gordy. He clicks his tongue.

He stands up. Then he nervously walks to the end with the stack of servers.

He flips a switch. The servers and the computers power down.

GORDY

What are you doing?

MARK

I'm shutting everything down before we get tracked.

GORDY

But I wasn't done decrypting the files.

MARK

The files won't matter if we get caught.

(beat)

I need you to find a safe place and lie low for a while; I'll get in touch when everything clears out.

GORDY

Okay.

Gordy is still seated. Relaxed. Mark looks at him.

GORDY

Right now?

MARK

Yes, right now.

Gordy packs his things and leaves.

Mark sits down. He stares at the computer screen.

He removes his phone. He looks at it for a while. Then he puts it back.

He walks out. When he reaches the door, he flips the main switch lever. Everything powers down.

Mark exits.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernard is sitting on his chair.

He clicks his tongue. Then thumps on his keyboard trying to get his computer to work.

BERNARD

I hate computers.

He rages out. Unplucks the keyboard and throws it across the office.

A knock.

BERNARD

Come in.

Fred enters. Panting and soaked in his sweat.

BERNARD

Fred, what do you want?

Fred catches his breath.



FRED  
We have a problem.

BERNARD  
What's the problem?

FRED  
Someone hacked our system.

BERNARD  
What did you just say?

FRED  
(stuttering)  
Someone hacked our system.

Bernard grabs the glass of water from his table slowly.

He lifts it to his mouth but he even takes a sip he SMASHES it on the floor.

He takes a deep breath.

BERNARD  
Is that why my computer is not working?

FRED  
Yes, I shut down the entire system.

BERNARD  
How long till we're up and running again?

FRED  
A few minutes. I already have my guys working on it?

BERNARD  
How much was stolen?

FRED  
Not a cent

Bernard sighs.

BERNARD  
That's good news, right?

FRED  
Yeah, but it gets worse.

BERNARD  
How worse?

FRED  
They stole it.

BERNARD  
Stole what?

FRED  
The Stylet Directory.

BERNARD  
WHAT?!

Bernard's eyes widen. They're filled with immeasurable rage and fury.

He grabs his cane and SMACKS the computer monitor with it.

The computer monitor flies across the room like a baseball during a home run.

The flying computer monitor almost hits Fred, who ducks before impact.

It lands across the office BREAKING into pieces.

Bernard turns and points his cane at Fred. Fred retreats.

BERNARD  
You said that was impossible. You said our system was the most secure system in Africa.

FRED  
Yes, it was. I mean, it still is but the hacker was formidable, he took advantage of an unseen loophole in our system.

BERNARD  
Formidable? That's how you're explaining your ineptitude.

Bernard sniffs around.

BERNARD  
What's that smell?

Fred starts sniffing too. He smells something too.

FRED  
I don't know.

BERNARD  
Is something burning?

FRED  
I think the burning smell is coming from your CPU.

BERNARD  
What the hell is a CPU?

FRED

The computer box thingy under you table.

Bernard looks under his table. He unplugs the USB stick Monica plugged in from the CPU.

The USB stick is hot. It burns his hand. He drops it on the table.

BERNARD

What's this?

Fred picks a pen from the table and uses it to examine the USB stick.

FRED

If my guess is correct, it's a key logger.

Bernard just looks at him.

FRED

It's what the hacker used it to obtained your login credentials and break into our systems.

BERNARD

I've never seen that thing before. How did it even get in here?

FRED

For it to be plugged in, someone must have had physical access to your computer...

BERNARD

MONICA! Bloody Monica.

FRED

Monica? Your secretary?

BERNARD

Yes, her. She was in my office before I came in. I knew something was off with her; she looked more jumpy than usual.

(shouting)

MONICA? MONICA! MONICA!

(to Fred)

Can you go check if she's at her desk?

FRED

I passed by her desk while coming to see you, she wasn't there.

Fred looks at Bernard. He's met with a terrifying look.

FRED

Okay, I'll go check.

Fred heads out of the office.

Bernard is left in the office. He is causing all kinds of chaos using his cane. He is BREAKING stuff and throwing folders across the office.

Fred returns to the office. He is shaken on the sudden chaotic state of the office.

A rabid looking Bernard turns to him. Fred keeps his distance.

BERNARD

Where is she?

FRED

(stuttering)

She's not there. She's gone. Her desk has been cleared out.

BERNARD

Call security; tell them to put the building on lockdown. I want her found right now.

FRED

I already called them.

BERNARD

And?

FRED

They said that she left the building a few minutes ago.

Bernard lifts his office chair. He hurls it across the room. It lands on a coat rack breaking it in half.

BERNARD

Do you know what The Regency would do if they find out that I lost their most prized tool of power and control?

Fred shakes his head.

BERNARD

Would you like to know?

Once more Fred shakes his head.

BERNARD

Me too. So I want you to go out there, find Monica, find whoever put her up to this and get The Stylet Directory back before it's too late for both of us. Do you understand?

Fred nods.

BERNARD

I asked you a question Fred. Do you understand?

FRED

Yes sir.

BERNARD

I sure hope so, I sure do and if you're not able to retrieve The Stylet Directory by dawn tomorrow you'll be as dead as a fish out of water. Now GO!

Fred starts heading out.

BERNARD

Fred?

Fred turns back when he's almost halfway through the door.

Bernard fake smiles at him.

BERNARD

In case you're wondering if that was a threat, it isn't.

His fake smile now turns into a genuine scowl.

BERNARD

It's a fu\*\*ing promise.

Fred leaves the office. He's trembling. He looks petrified. His heartbeat is heard slamming through his chest.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Mark enters. It's dark.

He creeps through the living room.

The switch to a table lamp flips. Lights on. Tony is sitting on the couch.

They exchange a profound look. Mark smiles but Tony doesn't look thrilled.

TONY

Mark, where have you been?

Mark sighs. He sits.

MARK

I've been busy.

TONY

Busy? Doing what?

(beat)

Hacking that bank.

MARK

Yes I was and I was also minding my own business.

TONY

Do you know that bank's managing director?

(beat)

His name is Bernard Masawe. I had a case against him once. He had beaten his mistress to a pulp. He never showed up to court, not even once and he ended up winning the case. To him it was a simple domestic violence case that can be solved by bribing the judge but to me it was my first case to ever get a death threat. Just imagine what he'll do when he finds out you've hacked his bank.

Mark laughs.

MARK

He'll never find out and at least I found a way to get my parents out of jail.

TONY

How?

MARK

I can't exactly say, just trust me.

TONY

But that's just it I don't trust you because ever since you got that call, you've been different and now you're hiding things from me. I know you've crossed lines before but hacking a bank? That's one line I never thought you would think of crossing.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Do you know what happens to white collar criminals when they get shipped to jail.

MARK

I don't have to know that because I'll never get caught.

TONY

Getting caught is the least of your problems. I mean, look at you, have you even eaten properly for the past two days or even taken a shower.

Mark clicks his tongue. He stands up.

MARK

What are you? My mom?

TONY

No I'm not your mom but this is my house and you've overstayed your welcome.

MARK

What does that mean?

TONY

It means that I'm going out and don't be here when I come back.

MARK

Tony? I thought we were friends. You told me I was the brother you never had.

TONY

We're friends and you're still that brother I never had but believe it or not I'm doing this because I care about you.

Tony leaves.

EXT. TONY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tony walks to the driveway. He stops next to his car.

He gets his phone out and dials a number.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Did he get it?

TONY  
I think so.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Are you sure?

TONY  
Yes I am.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
If I know Markie so well, he will not give it willingly so how do you plan to get it from him.

TONY  
I kicked him out of the just like you said. I know he'll come back looking for my help and when he does I'll use that to my advantage and get The Stylet Directory from him.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Okay but remember we only need a copy, destroy the original if you can.

TONY  
Sure babe. Good night. I love you.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
I love you too babe.

Tony hangs up the phone.

He gets in his car and the car drives away.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark is sitting on the couch.

He gets the phone Javan gave him out and dials a number.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Javan walks in the office holding a buzzing phone.

Through the shadows on the wall he is seen handing the phone to a silhouette figure of Mr. Berk.

Mr. Berk answers the phone.

MARK  
I got it.



MR. BERK

I'm sending you a meeting point,  
bring the directory there tomorrow  
at six o'clock.

MARK

No, I have the upper hand now. I  
set the terms.

Mr. Berk laughs lightly.

MR. BERK

Let me remind you something Mark,  
you have no room to make demands.  
The Stylet Directory is useless to  
you without the decryption key, I  
could let you keep it but then, you  
won't find your sister and you'll  
be joining your parents in jail.

MARK

I decrypted it. It took me seconds  
because the decryption key is  
actually my birthday, in reverse  
which makes me think my mom  
compiled The Stylet Directory. I've  
gone through it, I've seen what The  
Regency is capable of and after I  
hand this Stylet Directory to the  
authorities and get my parents out  
I'm going to take them down.

MR. BERK

If you've gone through The Stylet  
Directory then you know that The  
Regency won't let you do that.  
They'll even kill if they have to.  
If you want you to take them down,  
I can help you.

MARK

I can't trust you. You lied to me  
once and I'm sure you'll do it  
again so, I don't need your help.

MR. BERK

What about your sister? Don't you  
want to know where she is? Who she  
is?

MARK

My sister? I don't care about her,  
I never did and she can rot in hell  
or wherever she is.

Mark hangs up the phone.

Gradually the silhouette figure segues to a clear image...revealing... Mr. Berk's face.

It's JACKSON OWIRO, Tony's boss and Sophie's uncle.

He hands the phone to Javan.

JAVAN  
What happened?

OWIRO (MR. BERK)  
That boy has betrayed us.

JAVAN  
So what do we do now?

OWIRO  
I don't know. I still need to think.

Owiro is too tired. He sits. He is upset.

JAVAN  
I knew it!

OWIRO  
Get out!

Javan walks out leaving Owiro pondering to himself.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Knock, knock.

Mark heads to the door.

MARK  
Hey, I'm sorry for...

He opens the door.

It's Fred. He and two thugs are standing right outside the door.

He aims his gun at Mark.

Mark turns and starts running towards the couch.

Fred catches up with him. He uses the back of his gun to hit Mark at the back of the head.

Mark falls on the floor. He is writhing and whimpering in pain.

Fred holsters his gun.

Mark tries to stand up. He doesn't find his footing. He slips.

Fred squats. He lifts Mark's face. He looks at him. He narrows his eyes and smiles.

He punches him on the face. Mark blacks out.

FRED  
Take him to the car.

The two thugs carry Mark outside.

Fred walks to the kitchen. He picks an apple from a basket and takes a huge bite from it.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

It's rusty two-storey building with degenerated stone walls. Some are even collapsing in on themselves.

A sleek car pulls up next to another car parked nearby.

The driver and another muscular THUG exit the car. They open the passenger's car door.

Bernard steps out of the car holding cane.

The thug escorts him towards the building while the driver is left standing by the car.

Bernard passes a huge sign reading 'NO TRESPASSING- Property of Seraphic Investment Group'

He reaches the building's entrance, where he meets Fred with his thugs waiting for him.

BERNARD  
Did you retrieve my property back?

FRED  
Not yet, but we're making real progress.

BERNARD  
What kind of progress?

FRED  
We nabbed the kid who hacked into your computer and stole it.

BERNARD  
Did you just say kid?

FRED  
More like a teenager.

BERNARD

So you let a teenage kid break into our system that you said was the most secure system in the Africa.

FRED

The kid is a genius. He has broken into systems much more secure than ours and the only way he managed to find a way around our system's firewalls is because he helped set them up.

BERNARD

What?

FRED

It's Mark Masila, sir. He's the one who hacked us.

WHOP! Bernard strikes Fred with his walking cane.

BERNARD

Get out of my way!

They head inside.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The building is filled with lots of crates piled up on one another. Some open. Some sealed.

The open crates are full of military grade weapons - guns and grenades.

Next to the open crates is a Rocket-Propelled Grenade and a launcher.

Bernard and Fred walk in.

Mark is tied to a chair. Semi-conscious. Face covered in blood.

Thugs carrying semi-automatic weapons are hovering around.

Bernard crouches to take a closer look at Mark's face.

BERNARD

Oh my God, it's really him.

Bernard stands up. He looks at Fred.

BERNARD

Did you do this time?

FRED

Yes.

BERNARD

Why?

FRED

I was trying to get him to talk but he was adamant.

Bernard starts to laugh. It's maniacal.

BERNARD

Adamant? That's your excuse?

(beat)

Do you know what The Grand Regent would do if she finds out you tortured him?

Fred shakes his head.

BERNARD

She will skin us alive and roast us like barbecue meat. Do you want to be barbecue meat Fred?

Fred shakes his head once again.

BERNARD

Me too. So why did torture him?

Bernard starts swinging his cane as he limps towards Fred.

Fred retreats. He stutters--

FRED

I thought...

Bernard keeps coming. He pulls in closer and closer. He corners Fred to a wall.

BERNARD

Guess what? You thought wrong.

Bernard strikes him once. He strikes him again. And again. He increases his speed.

Fred tries to block. He can't. He falls on the floor.

Bernard swings his cane like a golf club. He whacks him over and over again. He enjoys it. It's quick. It's passionate. It's brutal. It's painful. It's delightful.

He stops. He walks away.

The thugs are just standing by. They try to look away.

Fred's body moves slowly. He writhes.

Bernard turns back. Swings his cane like a golf club.

He whacks Fred, again. Everywhere. The stomach. The legs. The face.

Fred's blood splatters from his body. It's gruesome. It's messy. It's ugly. It's both fast and slow.

Bernard stops. He's covered in blood.

He looks at Mark. Their eyes lock. Mark blacks out.

BERNARD

Wow! That felt great!

Bernard walks away from Fred's pulped body.

Fred gasps for breath. His desperate eyes shut slowly.

Bernard looks at his suit now covered in blood.

BERNARD

Get me a fresh suit from my car and get him out of here.

One of the thugs head outside as two thugs pick Fred's body and carry it outside.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Mark wakes up. He's still tied to the chair with another empty chair in front of him. His bruised face is cleaned up.

The thugs are still around.

Bernard in a fresh suit. He is standing right at the door. He smiles remorsefully.

BERNARD

Look who's awake!

He limps toward Mark as he drags his cane.

BERNARD

Are you ok there buddy? You gave us quite a scare.

Now he's right in front of Mark.

He pulls a chair and sits facing Mark.

Mark tries with all his might to break free. It's futile.

Bernard looks at him. He studies him.

BERNARD

You can't break out of those. Not with the small energy you're left with. Do you want something to eat?

Mark just looks at him. He winces

BERNARD

So I guess that's a no?

MARK

You killed the short fatty.

BERNARD

Who? Fred? Unfortunately, I didn't kill him, just a few months in the hospital and he'll be fine.

(referring to his cane)

Me and baby here are so disappointed.

Mark gaze at him. Bernard stares back at him. It's piercing.

Mark looks down.

MARK

What do you want?

Bernard sighs.

BERNARD

What do I want?

(beat)

A few years back I was having the time of my life in the most beautiful city in Africa; Casablanca. I always thought I'd retire there some day but I'm too old for that life now. Anyway, it must've been the late 80's or the early 90's, I can't quite remember but you didn't exist yet and not even the thought of you conception had been conceived. So, it's the dead of the night and I'm out enjoying myself with my friends from overseas. There was Ahmed from Dubai, Mr. Ford from England and Lee from Japan, or China I'm not really sure, it was a long time ago. So, we're having a blast. Partying, dancing, drinking, fornicating.

Bernard pauses. He reminisces. He smiles.

BERNARD

Boy, that was the party not this silly hangouts you millenials have.

(MORE)

## BERNARD (CONT'D)

So after a series of uncouth endeavors, Lee tells us to sit at the bar then he starts to look around. It was his signature sinister look and when he did it, I knew somebody was about to get hurt. So I'm starting to feel a little bit vulnerable. He stares at me then pulls out a six chamber revolver and slams it on the table. We almost flew away from that table, it was terrifying but then he tells us he just wants us to play a game he learnt in Russia. He said it was simple game and there's nothing to be scared about. The game was called *Double Roulette*. So, he spins the revolver on the table to pick a player. It picks me and then he starts explaining how the game is played. So the game goes like this; two bullets are put in adjacent chambers of the six chamber revolver. I was to spin the chamber, point it to your head and shoot. If it's a blank I survive. Since it was double roulette, I had to fire the gun one more time. However, I have to choose whether or not to spin the chamber before my second shot. And with every shot I survived, I get a million dollars from Lee. I took that gun like a champ, pointed it to my head and fired it once, then again, then I spun it and shot it again. Three times, and I survived. That second, that moment, was the luckiest of my life. Until it wasn't. Suddenly Lee just went nuts, he wanted to find out if he was as lucky as me. So he grabbed the gun from my hand, pointed it to his head and fired it. Then, BANG! The next thing I know Lee's brain were in my ears, my mouth, it was everywhere. Lee died. He died before giving me my three million dollars. I remember that day I cried like a baby.

Bernard sighs.

BERNARD

What do I want?  
(MORE)



BERNARD (CONT'D)

(beat)

I want my three million dollars.  
And The Stylet Directory. The one  
that you stole from me.

MARK

I'm sorry, am I supposed to be  
scared of that story.

Bernard laughs. The usual maniacal laugh. Then--  
He frowns.

BERNARD

No. You're supposed to be terrified  
'cause if you don't tell me where  
The Stylet Directory is and who  
sent you to mess with me, I'm  
getting my gun out and we're  
playing *DOUBLE ROULETTE* right here,  
right now.

MARK

I'm not going to play that stupid  
game with you.

BERNARD

Well, not yet. We have to bring in  
an example so that you see how the  
game is played.

MARK

What?

BERNARD

(to the thug)  
Bring her in.

The thug heads out.

MARK

Bring who?

BERNARD

You'll see. It's a surprise.

The thug returns dragging a woman with him. Her hair covers  
her face. She's tied up. Her mouth is gagged.

The thug throws her on the floor next to Bernard. He falls  
with a thud.

Bernard pulls her up and puts her in a kneeling position. He  
sensually lifts his hair revealing...Monica.

She's bruised. She's in pain. She's crying. Then--

Bernard removes a revolver from his coat.

He opens the chamber. It's fully loaded. He empties it. Then puts back two bullets on two adjacent chambers.

He points it to Monica's head.

Mark is scuffling with the ropes trying to break himself free. It's not working.

MARK

No, please don't do this. She had nothing to do with this. Please don't.

BERNARD

I don't have to. I won't have to if you just tell me who sent you and give me The Stylet Directory. I want it and I want it bad.

MARK

I don't know what you're talking about. I swear.

BERNARD

Wrong answer.

He fires the gun.

CLICK! It's a blank.

Bernard clicks his tongue in disappointment.

Mark whimpers.

MARK

Please, just let her go.

BERNARD

That, is up to you. Where is it?

MARK

I don't know.

BERNARD

Wrong answer. Again.

He spins the chambers. He fires it. Then--

BANG! The bullet prods its way through Monica's head causing a chasmal hole through the left side of his face. It's awful. It's horrifying. It's gross.

Her dead body falls on the floor like a bag of potatoes as blood slowly leaks out from her head.

BERNARD

Awwww! She was a fine woman.

Mark breaks down in tears. It pains him.

He stares into the wide open eyes of Monica's dead body.

BERNARD

(to the thugs)

Get her out of here.

A gag on her mouth, wide open dead eyes, almost half of the face blown off and her head semi-floating in a pool of blood, the thugs carry Monica's slain body away.

MARK

Why would you that? She didn't do anything wrong.

BERNARD

She betrayed me. After all the things I did for her.

MARK

You psycho!

Bernard leans in closer to Mark. Then to Mark's ears, he whispers.

BERNARD

Oh I'm psycho yes but you're next in the game.

He pulls back. He opens the revolver's chamber. One bullet left. He puts one more bullet on the adjacent chamber.

He points it at Mark's head.

BERNARD

So, are you going to give me what I want or are you willing to try your own luck.

Mark whimpers. He closes his eyes.

Bernard smiles as he slowly pulls trigger. Then--

CLICK! Another blank.

He spins the chambers. Then, points it back at Mark's head.

Mark blinks hard then opens his eyes.

MARK

Okay. I'll give it back.

BERNARD

I want it here and now.

MARK

I can only take you to the servers  
where I stashed it.

BERNARD

Who sent you to steal it?

MARK

He called himself Mr. Berk. I never  
met him face to face. I only met  
with his patsy.

Bernard removes a handkerchief from his coat. He starts  
wiping Mark's teary face.

Mark pulls away. He tries to turn his face the other way.

BERNARD

Stay still. I'm trying to help  
here. A man's tears should never be  
seen in public but you're not a  
man, you're just a boy. You can cry  
all you want, of course nobody  
cares, but I do.

MARK

You're crazy.

BERNARD

I've been called worse.  
(beat)  
So, did you open the files?

MARK

No.

BERNARD

Don't lie to me. I hate liars.

MARK

Of course I decrypted the files.  
It's what I do.

BERNARD

Then you understand.

MARK

Understand what?

BERNARD

That it's not personal it's just  
business.

MARK

No, it got personal when you framed my parents and if you don't kill me now I'll come for you, I'll come for your stupid Regency and you'll never see it coming and when I'm done you'll wish you never met me.

Bernard stands. He smiles. He's impressed. He claps.

BERNARD

Wow! That was sublime. I'd never expect anything less from a Masila. You're a legacy.

MARK

What do you mean?

BERNARD

You don't know?

MARK

Know what?

BERNARD

That your parents are the founders of The Regency.

MARK

No. No. That's not true. You're lying.

BERNARD

I've been many things in my life but a liar isn't one of them. I could tell you the whole story but I sincerely don't have the time.

(to the thugs)

Untie him, we're leaving.

The thugs untie Mark.

Bernard starts to walk away.

MARK

No, I'm going anywhere until you tell me everything. Tell me the truth right now or you're not getting The Stylet Directory back.

BERNARD

The truth is not mine to tell you but I can tell you that I'm running out of patience and if you continue playing this childish games of yours I will kill you then I'll hunt down your friend Tony and kill him then I'll walk straight to prison and cut your dad into a million pieces. So are you going to take me to The Stylet Directory or should I start sharpening my knives?

Mark sulks.

BERNARD

That's what I thought.

They exit.

I/E. CAR - DAY

A car and a pickup truck packed with about a dozen armed men are following each other closely. They're speeding through a dusty road leaving a cloud of dust behind them.

In the leading car, Tony is sitting on the driver's seat and next to him is a rough looking man holding an AK47. On the passengers' seat are three other men. Also armed.

Tony steps on it.

TONY

(on earpiece)  
I found him.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Where?

TONY

At Old Man Ben's warehouse.

WOMAN (V.O.)

The one he stashes his weapons.

TONY

Yes, what should I do?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Get Markie out safe.

TONY

What about Old Man Ben and his men?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Kill'em all. He's burnt anyways.

TONY

How much time do we have?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Not much. The Chief and his squad will be at the warehouse in fifteen minutes, so be quick?

TONY

I have to go.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Ok, but make sure you get my brother out of there alive and you too, don't die.

TONY

Ok. I love you.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I love you too.

The cars speed through the dusty road.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

The sun is blazing hot.

Mark and Bernard are walking towards Bernard's car. Three Thugs follow them close by.

The driver is standing next to the car. He opens the doors.

Two other thugs are left standing in front of the building.

Mark is blinking. He's struggling to see.

Bernard turns and looks at Mark's bruised, tired and horrified face.

As they walk.

BERNARD

I must say I'm impressed by how you're holding on. Frankly, I did not believe half the things I was told about you but I came and saw with my own eyes. You've far exceeded my expectations.

MARK

I don't care.

BERNARD

I'm serious. If you weren't so uptight you could've been a great addition to The Regency.

MARK

I'd rather take a hot pan and slam it to my face.

BERNARD

You know, The Regency is not as bad as you think. Ever since your parents' founded it, there's never been this much peace in the criminal underworld. The Regency has curtailed the chaos, brought peace and maintained order, not even the government could do that.

The driver ushers Bernard and Mark into the car.

One of the Thugs sits at the front seat next to the driver.

The other two thugs take the other car.

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The driver starts the car ready to drive off.

DRIVER

Where to sir?

Bernard turns to Mark.

Mark sighs.

MARK

Just drive to the main road, then take the highway to Industrial Area.

BERNARD

Perfect. Let's go.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Bernard's car starts to drive away.

It's almost exiting the vicinity of the building. Then, a car speeds right in front of them.

It's Tony's car.

Tony's car and the pick up truck comes to a SHRILLING halt.

Bernard's car SCREECHES to a halt and SLAMS to reverse, heading back to the building's entrance.

The armed gunmen in Tony's car are hanging out the passenger window aiming their guns at Bernard's car.



They exit the cars. Guns ready.

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car halts. There's nowhere to go.

BERNARD  
What's going on?

DRIVER  
I think it's an ambush.

Mark starts to laugh.

BERNARD  
What did you do?

MARK  
You thought you had me where you wanted but I told you, you'll never see it coming. You thought you had won this game but what you didn't know is that I started playing long before you even joined.

BERNARD  
You were stalling all along. That's why you endured the torture, you knew someone was going to come for you.

MARK  
No I didn't but I expected it.

BERNARD  
But how?

MARK  
When I decrypted The Stylet Directory, almost half it was evidence against your crimes. I took that half and set up my contingency plan, just in case you came knocking at my door. By now, pictures of you, the people you've killed and the guns you've been selling to terrorists are all over the internet. By now, you've gone viral Old Man Ben.

BERNARD  
No. The Regency will protect me.

MARK

Are you that naive old man Ben? If they betrayed my parents who founded them, what makes you think they'll protect a psychopath like you. And by the way I knew the revolver was empty when you're pointing it at my head.

Bernard smiles.

BERNARD

I'm genuinely impressed. I would've killed you but I couldn't, even right now I can but I don't want to. You're the most brilliant person I've ever met but when we get out of here alive I want you to tell your sister exactly what you told me. Tell her I'm coming for her and she will never see it coming.

MARK

What does my sister have to do with all this?

BERNARD

She has everything to do with all this 'cause your sister Jacklyne Masila is the Gran...

A GUNSHOT rings out. The bullet plunges its way through the car's windscreen.

It PRODS into the driver's forehead. He dies instantly.

BEEP! The driver's head with blood slowly leaking out of it drops dead on the car horn producing a loud and uncomfortable honk.

Mark and Bernard duck down in the back seat.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Bernard's thugs exit their cars. They return fire.

They head to open the back seat door for Bernard.

The armed gunman from Tony's car SPRAYS Bernard's car with bullets shattering the windscreen into a million pieces.

Mark and Bernard exit the car.

Tony is ducking down behind the steering wheel.

Bernard ducks down behind the car door to take cover from the flying bullets. He's holding Mark's arm.

SMASH! The side mirror and the car's windows shatter as the flying bullets strike them.

Bernard's thugs fire their guns nonstop at the armed gunmen accompanying Tony.

Bernard retreats back to the building. He drags Mark along with him.

BERNARD

Come here you little piece of shit!

Mark struggles to break free. It's in vain.

MARK

Let me go you psychopath.

One of Bernard's thugs comes out from behind the car where he was taking cover shooting his gun aimlessly.

One of the armed gunmen BLASTS bullets through him. It shreds him in into pieces.

His body sluggishly drops on the floor in agonizing pain.

Another thug jumps out of the car and starts PUMPING lead into one of the armed men. He gets him.

The remaining armed men take cover.

The thug walks over the body and notices that it's still clinging on to life.

The dying man is choking on his own blood. The thug then aims his gun and shoots him on the head, right between the eyes.

More of Bernard's thugs exit the building carrying their weapons. They pass Bernard still dragging Mark with him. He grabs a weapon from one of them.

BERNARD

KILL THEM!

The armed men and Bernard's thugs start taking pot shots at each other.

In the midst of all the turmoil Mark manages to break free from Bernard's grip. He runs away from him.

Bernard turns, aims his gun and starts shooting at Mark. He misses.

Sand flies besides Mark's feet as he tries to evade the flying bullets.

Mark jumps over a concrete barricade to take cover but before he lands on the other side, he gets SHOT.

Bernard scurries into the building.

TONY

MAAAARK!

Tony dashes to Mark's position. He ducks through the crossfire like a soldier in battle.

Blood streaming on the ground. He reaches and finds Mark lying on the ground face down.

TONY

Mark? Please don't be dead.

MARK

What took you so long?

TONY

Phew! Thank God. I don't know what I would've said to J..

MARK

To who?

Tony ignores the question. He helps Mark up and puts him in a sitting position.

PING! A bullet REBOUNDS off the concrete barricade where Mark and Tony are taking cover. It narrowly misses Tony.

At the building's window. It's Bernard. With an automatic rifle. He sprays the concrete barricade with bullets, showering Mark and Tony with sand grains.

CLICK!..CLICK!..He runs out of bullets.

BERNARD

Stupid guns! Let me go get something better.

He heads into the building.

The bullets momentarily stop flying towards Mark and Tony and they embrace.

Tony presses him hard.

MARK

(grunting in pain)

Ouch! You want to finish the job.

Mark has been shot in the arm.

TONY

Oh shit! You've been shot.

Mark looks at his arm. It's a bullet hole right through. There's another one in his shoulder.

MARK

Yeah, I can see that.

TONY

It's not that bad. It's just a flesh wound just put some pressure on it.

Mark uses his other arm to put pressure on the wound.

MARK

Easy for you to say when you're not the one with a holes through your body.

TONY

Stop whining. It's just in the arms and shoulder.

Mark and Tony exchange a look.

MARK

Thank you for coming to my rescue.

TONY

Yeah, don't sweat it.

MARK

I'm sorry.

TONY

Say what?

MARK

I'm sorry for always being a self-centered jerk, I've always been and I've always taken you for granted. I don't deserve a good friend like you.

TONY

I'm sorry too.

MARK

It's okay. You were right though I should've thought of the consequences before doing what I did. And now because of me Monica is dead

TONY

Monica is dead?

MARK

Old man Ben killed him.

TONY  
I'm sorry.

MARK  
Wait...how did you find me?

TONY  
I can't really say.

MARK  
What does that mean?

Bernard's thugs are overwhelmed. They retreat back to the building.

They shoot at the concrete barricade where Mark and Tony are taking cover. Mark and Tony cower.

One of them is shot by the armed men that Tony came with. He drops down dead.

BANG! BANG! BANG! They continue firing at each other as they head into the building.

MARK  
And who are these guys?

TONY  
Have I ever told about how I have friends in low places?

MARK  
NO!

TONY  
Well, I went to ask them for help but they refused.

MARK  
THEN Who are these guys!

TONY  
They're police officers.

MARK  
You went to the police?!

TONY  
No. As of now they're not the police, they're hired gunmen.

MARK  
You paid them.

Mark's eyes begin to fade. He's on the brink of blacking out.

Tony looks at Mark's arm that was shot. It's covered in blood.

TONY

You're losing a lot of blood. I have to get you to the hospital right now.

MARK

No wait.

TONY

There's no time. If you don't get medical attention right now, you'll not make it.

Tony rushes to his car

Chassis full of bullet holes. Shattered windscreen. Tony gets in his car.

Tony tried to get the car started. An unpleasant GRINDING sound from the engine as smoke rises from its hood. It's not starting.

Mark peeks out from his cover to see Bernard on the same he was in before. He's holding an RPG. He aims at Tony's car.

BERNARD

Now this is more like.

MARK

TOOOOOOONNNNY!

Mark takes a deep breath. He gathers all the reserve strength he has left and dauntlessly scampers towards Tony's car to try and save him.

BERNARD

Fire in the hole!

BOOM! A MAMMOTH EXPLOSION rips through Tony's car as the remaining windows are shattered into a million pieces.

Tony's car is then engulfed in a huge FIREBALL.

The explosion hurls Mark away. He drops down to the ground with a THUD as rubbles of the car rain down around him.

Sheets of flames eat through the skeletal remains of Tony's car.

Bernard is at the window. He's laughing. Same maniacal laugh but terrifying. His teeth could be seen from January all through to December.

He heads back to the building.

Mark is lying on the ground. It's a world of chaos around him.

Sounds gunfire are echoing.

He whines. He tries to cover his ears from the AWFUL RINGING SOUND caused by the blast.

He writhes on the ground. He tries to move a muscle. He can't.

Police sirens are wailing from a distance. It sounds closer and closer as time lapses.

A fire brigade, an ambulance and about half a dozen police cars with red and blue lights come to a screeching halt almost next to Tony's flaming car.

Mark lifts his head. He takes a peek.

Over a dozen police officers headed towards him. One of the police officers checks on him.

POLICE OFFICER

Are you okay.

The police officer signals the EMT's from the ambulance.

The EMT's run towards Mark. They put him on a stretcher.

More police rush through smoke and debris as they head into the building where a frenzy gun battle is still in session.

Mark is rushed to the ambulance. He's weak. He's frail. He's been hurt. He's in pain everywhere.

On his bruised face a stream of tear flows from his half open half closed black eye right through to his cheeks.

He's loaded into the ambulance. The ambulance drives away.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Mark, shades on is wearing a dark suit. One hand on a sling and the other one in his pocket. He is gazing at a freshly dug grave at his feet. He is alone.

The grave reads TONY BARAKA, BELOVED SON AND FRIEND INDEED; 1997 - 2020.

He removes his shades. He's downhearted.

He clenches his fists trying to hold back the avalanche of tears welled up in her eyes.

He looks around and sees a blurry feminine figure, dressed in black attire approaching. It becomes clearer and clearer, footstep after footstep.



It's JACKIE (27), a beautiful young lady with a robust sense of fashion. Her face looks like it has experienced ordeals twice her age. She's strong. She's bossy.

JACKIE

Hello Markie. Nowadays you're wearing suits?

Mark doesn't look surprised at all.

MARK

Hello Jackie or should I say The Grand Regent. What took you so long?

Jackie smiles. She's amused.

JACKIE

I must have forgotten how smart you are.

TWO MEN in suits approach Mark from behind. They flank him.

JACKIE

Let's have chat. Shall we?

MARK

You know what, why not.

They walk to a bench. They sit.

JACKIE

So, how have you been little brother?

MARK

Let's cut the pleasantries and niceties and just tell me what you want big siz?

JACKIE

I must say having power looks good on you.

MARK

What do you want?

JACKIE

I want it and I'm not asking.

MARK

Want what?

JACKIE

The Stylet Directory.

MARK

A few months ago you and your merry band of criminals calling yourself The Regency didn't even know it exists and now you're so desperate to have it that you had to come out your hiding hole.

JACKIE

I know you're upset about mom and dad but they knew what they what they were getting into when they founded The Regency. If it weren't for me they'd be dead. Believe or not I did my best to protect them.

MARK

I'm not upset about that, I'm upset that my friend got killed and it's entirely your fault.

JACKIE

My fault? This all happened because of you, because you meddled with things you weren't supposed to. You think I don't blame myself for Tony's death? I do but I blame you the most.

She sniffles.

Mark looks at her. He feels sorry for her.

MARK

How long?

JACKIE

What?

MARK

How long were you and Tony a thing?

JACKIE

Two years.

Mark grins.

MARK

So all this time he knew who you are, where you are and he didn't tell me.

JACKIE

He wouldn't have even if he wanted to. I loved him but he loved me more.

MARK

You took my parents, you took my friend and led him to his death, you have taken everything for me. So, I'm going to say this once and I'm not asking...

JACKIE

They're our parents and Tony was more than a friend to me

MARK

You have 24 hours to disband The Regency or I'm coming for you, all of you.

Jackie laughs.

JACKIE

Markie, this no time to grow a pair. The Regency will kill you and I can't protect you anymore.

MARK

I think we're done here.

Mark stands.

JACKIE

If you think I'm letting you get out of here without giving me The Stylet Directory then you're dreaming.

MARK

So, I've you finally decided to finish what you started in Kisumu.

JACKIE

I thought you never talk about Kisumu.

MARK

I still don't.

Mark starts to walk away. The two men with Jackie stop him.

JACKIE

Markie, please, don't make this hard on both of us. Just give me The Stylet Directory.

MARK

You're going to let me go right now.

JACKIE

Or what?

MARK

Or you and your Regency go viral,  
just like your partner Old Man Ben.

JACKIE

You think we're afraid of that.

MARK

I know you're not.

Jackie stands. She's pissed.

JACKIE

What did you do?

MARK

You know all those offshore  
accounts and cryptocurrency wallets  
you and your Regency have, I  
cleaned out everything.

JACKIE

You are joking, right?

MARK

You've known me almost my whole  
life so when did you ever see me  
joking?

JACKIE

They'll come for you, they'll kill  
you.

Mark approaches Jackie. He hugs her. Then he whispers in her  
ear.

MARK

Tell them to come and when they do  
I want you to lift your hand, count  
your fingers, one through five,  
'cause that's the number of steps  
I'll be ahead of you and your  
crooked friends. You have 24 hours  
and whatever happens next will be  
on you.

Mark walks away.

MARK (V.O.)

Every story has death and tragedy  
and no story is linear. It may be  
at the end or the beginning but my  
story is different. To some people  
my story has ended but to me my  
story, has just started.

The two men try to stop him from leaving. Jackie stops them.

I/E. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jackie walks towards a car. Her two bodyguards follow her close by.

She gets in on the back seat.

She sighs. She hits her head repeatedly on the front seat.

She looks at her side. It's TONY. Alive and well but half the face burned.

TONY

So, how was my grave?

JACKIE

It was okay.

TONY

Then what's wrong?

JACKIE

It's Markie, he's different.

TONY

Different how?

JACKIE

He just declared war on me and The Regency.

TONY

He did what?

JACKIE

He has given me 24 hours to disband The Regency and he just cleaned out the offshore accounts. He has all our assets.

TONY

So, I'm guessing he didn't give you The Stylet Directory.

JACKIE

What do you think, Tony?

TONY

Calm down babe. May be I should go talk to him, he'll listen to me.

JACKIE

No you can't do that. For our plan to work we need him to believe you're dead.

TONY

So what are we going to do?

Soft tense beat.

JACKIE

I think it's time we pay my parents  
a visit.

The car drives away.

INT. PRISON, VISITING AREA - DAY

A prison door buzzes open.

Bernard, wearing striped black and white prison uniform,  
walks through.

He heads to table. Someone wearing a hoodie is seated at the  
table is headed to.

The lowers hood down revealing - GORDY.

BERNARD

Did you get it?

Gordy smiles.

GORDY

Yes I did.

BERNARD

Is it secure?

GORDY

I gave it my best shot.

Bernard smiles back.

BERNARD

The Regency won't know what hit  
them until it's too late. What  
about Mark?

GORDY

I took care of it.

BERNARD

Took care of it, how?

GORDY

I destroyed his servers and burned  
down that Juice factory just like  
you asked.

BERNARD

Any backups?

GORDY

I don't think so.

Bernard laughs. The usual maniacal laugh.

OVER BLACK:

BERNARD (O.S.)

They'll be celebrating my downfall  
but what they don't know is that,  
Old Man Ben is coming back for his  
vengeance.

FADE OUT: