

HEY ANNIE

PILOT

ONE HOUR

By

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UNPRODUCED

TEASER

WIDE TO REVEAL

The smashing cacophony of frantic tension reigns from the start, as distant sounds of a car screeching is heard.

INTERCUT WITH

Zoom in to reveal...VICTOR, who is speeding towards the market entrance. He is running away from something.. or someone

VICTOR

(Panting hard)

"Aaah, aaah, aaah, aaaaaaaah!"

DIFFERENT SHOT

The sharpening image of a red Saloon car cuts across the landscape making sharp turns, scattering people and spraying red dirt.

INSIDE THE CAR

The DRIVER clings to the steering wheel. In split second, we can see his anxious face. He is wearing a red scarf around his neck, breathing fast as he curtails through the dust.

BACK

Howls of the massive boom of people haggling for goods can be heard.

INT. MARKET PLACE

First nothing.. then, light appear in a distance. Victor's image fills the frame as he beats the red saloon car to the market. Loud screech as the saloon car makes a huge turn and stop - swirling dust. One MAN kicks the hind door open and jump out. Followed by another. The vehicle stays at the entrance as the two men enter the market.

OVERHEAD SHOT

As the chase continues, Victor slows down to check his pursuers. Briefly, he lowers his shoulders to bend at a middle aged woman

vendor as if buying something from her. The woman vendor gets his full attention.

WOMAN VENDOR

(Slightly chuckles)

"How can I serve you young man?"

VICTOR

(Shrugs)

"Um... uh...never mind"

He takes strides towards another vendor, leaving the first one puzzled and with a disgusted look.

FIRST VENDOR

(A little bit concerned)

"You okay son?"

Victor isn't listening. Instead, he is busy checking his back, when one of the men comes into contact and slings a finger across his neck as if to indicate that he will slit his throat once they catch him. There is a sizeable crowd ahead of him, who are not running but looking up for the inevitable to happen. Quickly, Victor turns and breaks inside them...while shaking his head lightly.

VICTOR

(Quietly to himself)

"Who are these guys? And why are they after me?"

Able to distance himself from the chasing party, his eyes strays back and notice the two men walking distance behind. Squirming deeper, he makes another sharp turn into the crowd. A second too late, as it seems, the two men are left standing after he loses them. A moment, and..

FIRST MAN

(To the second man)

"Looks like we've lost him... What now?"

SECOND MAN

(Electric)

"We separate"

The two men go in opposite directions.

RESUME.

Victor, walking further down crosses two busy lanes, desperate to lose his markers in the midst of matatus that are honking crazily at the main bus stop. Taking full advantage of the rush, he plunges into the traffic before it thins down, branching off quickly and taking the small opportunity to slump his hands down on his knees in search for breath. A painful twinge forms in his rib. He touches his chest, and then gasps in a cursing whisper

VICTOR

"Damn!"

CONTINUED

Except for the first man, the second is obviously capital trouble. He is taller than his partner; ice-cold, bad-ass personified, and is dressed in shiny black leather gangster-like shorts and a dark tacked polo shirt. Instead of following Victor head on, he has taken a vantage position inside the market. From his right hand hangs a neatly folded overcoat which he is seen bargaining for from a coat seller. A gold cap tooth is visible as he speaks.

SECOND MAN

"How much?"

COAT SELLER

(Undistracted)

"Four fifty"

The second man nods, before paying for the coat in folded cash notes and stepping a side to resume watch, his busy eyes staring across.

Affordable overcoats, affordable overcoats, the coat seller continues to attract buyers who surrounds him to take a look, obscuring the second's man clear view. In measured steps, he moves to a better clearing, bumping his head on the shoulder of the buyers who have now nestled around the coat seller, and.. it is his movements that facilitate his location on Victor, who is seen standing at the edge of a pavement of a narrow lane. Immediately, he plunges into the crowd towards him, and within seconds, is standing almost facing him right in the middle of the short lane. A sizeable number of people stand between him and his target. Pretending as if he has been shoved aside, he ghosts between, at the same time dropping the flowing overcoat that is neatly folded in his right hand, concealing a white syringe which he digs right into Victor's neck, injecting him with a clear fluid, before we...

DISSOLVE TO

There is an uncomfortable silence as both face each other without speaking. It takes a while for Victor to realize that he has been drugged by the second man after he forces his way past him. Instinctively, he clutches his neck while pointing at him to stop. Groans as Victor's efforts to run after the man who has drugged him get hampered by the small crowd that is pressing him from all sides. Massaging the spot on the neck where pain has formed, he is pushed back and forth as the odd sensation in his head is followed by blurred vision. Suddenly, the street ahead of him starts heaving up and down until he can no longer see. He staggers, while clutching at anything in front of him, including the people who have no clue of what is happening

METERS AHEAD

The second man runs down two alleys to where the chasing car is parked, before yelling at the driver

SECOND MAN

"We need to move"

DRIVER

(Equally anxious)

"So this is it?"

The second man nods at the driver, who breathes in, before finding space between two buses and driving off. He then leans out of the window after noticing the first man, who is still wandering in the market.

DRIVER

"Sir! Quickly!"

The first man runs and enters the car. A second later, the driver speeds the car off, pitching forward through the traffic as directed by the second man to where Victor is crawling, screeching in time within seconds of crushing his head. The hind doors swing open and the two men who have been involved in the snatch storm out. They drop their arms and get hold of Victor, seizing him, before bundling him inside the vehicle while pushing in after him. The car starts and drives away.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

Light slowly invades in, undulating to the muffled sound of the high impounding silence. Inside the dull room, the unconscious body of Victor enters the frame. First, we see the back of his head, before he is jolted back to life by blood curdling yells that emanates from the other room. He looks down at something, and as an anxious mood floats in every second of the minute, we follow his gaze. From the image, we notice a long chain that is hooked to a round metal that is cemented to the middle of the floor and hooked to his waistline. Silence, as Victor rises from the floor. The long chain that is hooked to his waist is long enough for him to move around the small room. Slowly, he stands up, and begins to walk towards the door. No words can be heard. Music fills the soundtrack as he walks to the door and turn the knob to the right. The door is tightly locked, as evidenced by the clicking sound that follows after he turns it clockwise, then anti clockwise - twice. Slowly recognizing, he moves round the room, as the yelling in the other room intensifies.

MALE VOICE

Eventually, JOACHIM is going to kill him.

VICTOR

(With a quizzical expression on his face)

Kill... Kill who?

From the window, the sun is still hot. The streaming sunlight falls in as Victor, barefoot, moves with the hooked chain towards the only window in the room and pop outside. Looking outside, he notices a sloppy path leading past the dark leaved trees. Wet moist from the wind blowing over the leafy trees reaches him. The beauty that spread out before him makes him feel trapped already, as the long chain that is tied to his waist reminds him that there is no way that he is stepping outside.

VICTOR

(Pinching himself on the wrist)

Wake up Wake up..

The sound of chains chimes at every time that he moves, making the unimaginable to him very very real. Camera moves to his eyes, tuning us in. We can see around the yard the way that he sees is it. Further down the end past the trees, the sound of running water extend away, explaining the misty vapor that keeps blowing through the trees to his face. It then diminishes as Victor fades back in, urging himself..

VICTOR

(Knitting his brow)

I got to get out a here... If I can unshackle myself, that path will probably get me away.

Voice trailing away as he shovels the chains aside with his hands, he begins to look through it for a weak link. Ching... the chains chimes as he bends his head down, eyes focused on the chain, slowly searching through it pensively. He then stops to glance at some point on the chain..

VICTOR

(Mind whirling)

There! There is the tiny opening! With enough pull, I can break it.

Camera follows, finding the exact point where rust has eaten away a small bit of the chain. Then back to Victor, who clambers up, and give it a mighty pull while 'aaaaaing' at the top of his voice. But the chain does not give in. Badly winded; he drops down on his knees with a grunt, before forcing himself up, legs astride the metallic chain - puffing and pulling as a stabbing pain shoot on the right side of his limb, a twinge that he ignores as he continue pulling, slumping down on his knees again in search for breath, before pulling and pulling until he hears what's he thinks is a cracking sound. Mouth wide open panting

like a steam engine, he smiles for the first time, while weaving on his feet, past exhausted. Heart racing, he pulls the chain with his hands and begin a frantic search for the point where he had heard it break. Pause, as he glances at the rusty part. The small opening is same as before. Intact. Not even an inch has moved. Dazed, at a loss, and in empty desolation, he sits down on the rough floor devastated, not knowing what to do, how to feel, or how to cope, when camera drift towards the door. A creaking sound, as the door is pushed from the other side.

IN THE SILENCE

Victor flinches back and stares in horror as three men enter the room in slow motion. Beat...

FADEOUT

FADE IN

INT. DULL ROOM

Tight on Victor, he swings his legs off the floor and sits up tense as hell. There is an uncomfortable silence, partly because it takes no time for him to recognize two of the cronies from the market. It takes little while for him to realize who the boss here is: the third man; also referred to as JOACHIM, who had given the order earlier on for him to be captured. He is the first one to speak.

JOACHIM

"They said they heard you breaking something. I told them that it was probably nothing. But they insisted. And I couldn't stop them"

PULL BACK

Victor stares at Joachim, vulnerable, backing up, numb at his hulking character, old scarred face, and the manner in which he speaks with a flinty hardness in his eyes that exhibit 'The God-Father's' Teflon presence. He is dark skinned, pushing fifty, but fit as hell, with his impressive muscles underlining his menacing, brooding and commanding nature.

VICTOR

(Calling at him gently)

"Who are you?"

JOACHIM

(Pointing at Victor)

"I am a born thug who has been associated with the mysterious disappearances of people who have crossed me in one way ... or the other!!"

A shot of Victor's eyes growing wide. Not to say that he has no enemies, but one of Joachim's caliber drives him into other conclusions because despite the fact that he has never seen the man before in his life, conspiring to kidnap him only stakes things as outrageously wild. He dips his head to keep his eyes away from Joachim, and is every bit as clueless as it seems in what it is that he wants. He does not understand when Joachim hails his jacket at one of the crony who catches it mid-air, before starting towards him with an angry stare that is the closest thing to an actual thought... or warning.

JOACHIM

"Where is she!"

Victor looks at Joachim without question. He moves an inch back, searching at his face while trying to make sense of it as he thrice yells at him with rapid rage.

JOACHIM

"Where is she! Where is she! Where is she!"

And as Victor cowers at the face of his captor, guessing a whole lot of what he is talking about, scared down to his own socks that his mind screams to a near snapping point, something blurred flashed before his eyes, followed by a crunching sound as his nose breaks. Due to the shock, it takes him a better part of a minute to register that he has been hit in the face. Pain is followed by watered eyes as fresh blood trickles on his

chest, with the sight of his own blood making him to start whining, while making sounds of pain like a small puppy. His mind goes numb with both shock and agony as he tries to reason why Joachim is attacking him with fury, and cannot withstand anymore pain as he begins to cry, while whimpering like a caned child. Vision obscured by the tears, other than the thump, he cannot not see the second fist coming, followed by another crunching sound as his head snap back. His knees give in under him ready for a free fall that Joachim prevents by jerking him up, before landing the third fist which connects directly with his mouth, this time forcing him to reel back and fall down on his stomach. He is in one big throb of pain, and is no longer trying to comprehend the reason for his beating because he is pretty scared that Joachim is going to beat him to death. Vaguely, he tries to get hold of himself, body pressed to the floor, breathing hard. Joachim pauses to see how he feels about what he has just done. In truth, he doesn't feel much of anything as he nudges Victor with his feet... arms akimbo... furious.

JOACHIM

"Incase you forget, the fun of beating you up hasn't escaped me yet because truly, I am a man who likes to hurt, to draw blood and to torment. You either tell me what I need to know or I will beat you into a pulp... right here! Right now!"

With the kind of threats, Victor thinks of saying something, but then stops, angering Joachim further, who calls at one of his men to bring him a chair with an expression on his face that reads playing time is over... which he puts in front of Victor's face, before pinching him on the right ear, forcing him to face up

JOACHIM:

(Stone cold)

"W-H-E-R-E... I... S-H-E...?"

Though Victor does not know what Joachim is talking about, he is desperate to say something that will probably avert or delay another punch from landing. At the moment, he knows that he has to do one thing and one thing only: say something

VICTOR

(Swallowing hard)

"I I ..."

He tries to speak, and then clump shut for the lack of words. Joachim considers him for a second, then snaps

JOACHIM

(Angrily)

"Am sorry I didn't hear you clearly... you what?
Though, I will begin again. Where is she!"

Like a lion, his hard voice is enough to narrow Victor's eyes as he desperately tries to think, knowing that he will suffer more broken skulls if he doesn't.

VICTOR

"I didn't do it"

He says, before stopping midway to think carefully, knowing that he will land into more trouble suppose Joachim think that he is cooking things up. Slowly, he sits up on the floor, and after a solitary pause, he begins to flash his mind back.

FADE OUT

ACT 2

FLASH BACK

We hold in black, listening to Victor's voice speaking

VICTOR

"On that fateful night, I had received about a thousand shillings from my friend BEBE for a debt that he had owed me, and had therefore decided to go to town to buy myself a few things that I needed. By the time I had finished my shopping I had spent close to two hundred shillings, and still had the remaining balance to spend, and had therefore headed to the FIRST BAR & RESTAURANT to buy myself some MBUZI CHOMA"

FADE FROM BLACK

EXT. DAY

Endless road busy afternoon blazing blue skies moving clouds empty as far as the eyes can see. In fact, there is nothing moving... nothing to disturb the silence, until a speck appears far away.

CLOSE UP

The speck becomes a person, the only thing moving as far as the horizon in concerned

REVEALING

Victor, heart pounding faster than his moving feet is shielding his eyes against the sun looking ahead. The sign of a lively weekend is written all over his face. Sweaty, he seems drawn towards the nice escapades waiting for him.

PULL OUT

A small town radiates outwards as he approaches. Looking a little bit disorganized, vehicles spill out of the parking lots onto the road, hemmed in tight. Quickening his steps, his jubilant face is continuously looking at everything around him...

cars, people, stray dogs, with a kind of mood that makes the surrounding look brighter even in the eerily noise. He stops to view a scrawled signboard that is flapping idly at the entrance of the First Bar & Restaurant, where the smell of roast meat makes his stomach to rumble. Feeling his belly, he walks straight away to the butchery section. In the hot kitchen, on top of the black greasy charcoal JIKO are large chunks of meat roasting, with the grease spattering into the fire, causing flames to erupt which the meat roaster, a muscled young man douses by spraying water over the charcoal. Literally drooling, he points to the roaster, indicating a fat encased hunch that has roasted to maddening brown.

VICTOR

"Half a kilo from this one"

The roaster, using the sharp knife in his hand that he is using to pierce and turn the roasting meat in order to release the heat pressurized liquid inside, pushes it into the middle of one of the pieces, and deftly lift it off the grill on to a chopping board. Placing the blade at the center, he slices it in half, before returning the other half back on the grill and chopping the rest into small pieces, adding some KACHUMBARI on the side as compliments and then stepping aside for Victor, who proceeds to attack it with zeal, while licking his fingers and lips again and again until he finishes, before hungrily looking at the other piece on the grill. The roaster after watching him closely prompts him.

ROASTER

"Want the other piece?"

Victor shakes his head gruntingly, tearing himself away from the temptation before he can spend more money on the delicious meat. He then proceeds to pay the roaster with a five hundred shillings note.

VICTOR

"If only I had more money, I could have gone to the bar section and drain a few bottles"

ROASTER

(Handing him his change back)

"You're damn right, beer here is too expensive. Victor doesn't looking vaguely consoled"

VICTOR

"Either way, I'll still have some for the weekend because I know of a place"

ROASTER

(Subtly amused)

"QUINN'S den? That's what I'm talking. Two glasses and you're down for the night"

VICTOR

"I know, right?"

He turns and walks away ... his intentions clear.

CUT TO

INT. THE DULL ROOM

Victor drifts, looking around at the three warily who are keenly listening as he recounts what he thinks will get him off their hook. Joachim is reclined back on a chair. His men stand tall behind... watching.

VICTOR

"With my provisions inside my small paper bag, I had left the First Bar & Restaurant and headed to Quinn's den, intending to take two glasses of her potent Busaa drink then head home. But before I was through with the first glass, a group of friends including Bebe had arrived... and soon... the party was on. At round ten at night, all my friends had left together, leaving me alone at

the den looking happy, boisterous, and very drunk."

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. BUSAA DEN - NIGHT

Quinn, the emaciated little woman who owns the Busaa den is seen talking to Victor plodding him to leave for it is getting too late. Victor ignores her, and then smiles a wan smile at her wrinkled face as she tries to pull him up with her thin hands that are covered with numerous veins, probably as a result of too much drinking and less eating.

QUINN

"I need to end business for the day. Come finish your drink inside. Thugs might be waylaying you outside"

Without saying a word, Victor lingers there. Off the look of muted shock on his face, he staggers along while following Quinn through the dark to a mud house that is erected to the far end, away from her area of business. The door is opened by her young daughter; IRENE.

IRENE

(Meeting their eyes)

"Welcome in"

Inside the single roomed house is a curtained off area in front of two beds. The rest of the space is filled with neatly arranged stools. A cooking stove sits on one side, next to a plastic bowl that is well arranged with nicely placed utensils, all clean. Overall, it looks neat and inviting. Quinn disappears behind the old curtain and emerges with a jug full of Busaa, before filling a new glass from the rack which she hands Victor, who is sitting opposite her... studying her

VICTOR

"At forty years of age, it is probably the harsh times that has made you look older"

Quinn absorbs that, the corner of her lips curling slightly. Victor fakes surprise

VICTOR

"Wait, something unsettling in that?"

Quinn takes a long drag, then nods

QUINN

"You can say that...anyone can tell that my seemingly advanced age is an illusion created by hard living"

Attesting to her diminishing beauty, Victor turns to her daughter Irene, who is probably in her puberty and smells of a fragrance of some cheap but strong perfume. He can't help but notice the resemblance

VICTOR

"Better believe it. You used to be beautiful
His eyes never leave Irene, staring at her appreciatively, before passing the empty glass to Quinn and volunteering to buy her one"

VICTOR

"Drink on my behalf"

Quinn thanks him first, and then disappears behind the curtain and fills two glasses, one of which she hands him. They toss to "themselves" and then bring the glasses to their mouth gulping half of it down, before belching carelessly and gulping the remainder. Unsure if it will knock Victor down because of the way that his body responds afterwards, Quinn is left gnawing at her lips.

QUINN:

(Contemplative)

"Need some more?"

Instead of responding, Victor falls down, collapsing behind the stool... passed out

DISSOLVE TO

INT: QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Half asleep, Irene swings off her legs and then pulls an old plastic tin at the foot of her bed which she uses to relieve herself in. Putting it on the floor, she squats down. Moments after, she searches for her panties and thrust one leg through. The foot goes through a large hole on the side seam. Pulling it back, she puts it in the right place, and is about to put the other foot through when a man burst in the house. Partially visible, the man shoots his arm through and grabs her, pulling her out roughly.

MAN

"Come on back here, girl"

IRENE

(Protesting)

"Let go off me... Mother... Mother... Mother!"

She tries to tries to resist by calling for her mother who is passed on the other bed.

MAN

"It's not your fault that she is passed out. She like it to it happens otherwise she wouldn't do be doing it"

The partially visible man takes Irene behind the one roomed house, forcing her clothes off her body as she makes a puny effort to resist.

MAN

(Groaning with pleasure)

"If you please me, I will take care of you. I'll even go as far as giving you some money just for doing this little bit"

True to the fact, Irene is a beautiful girl. At fourteen years of age, she has developed almost into a woman. This she knows because it has happened to other girls who live in the shacks with their mothers. Or, it is her lucky day because, the man has promised to give her money. Fighting both fright and mesmerize, she tries to be brave as different thoughts crosses her mind. The man pulls her to the ground. A little gasps escapes her afterwards as she tries to stay still, her mouth set hard for the man who finishes and collapse against her, before pulling his pants and disappearing into the darkness, leaving her motionless on the ground... and in one big ache.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

INT. DULL ROOM

VICTOR

"It was exactly two hours after meeting with Bebe the next day as I was sipping a cup of tea which my mother had prepared that I received the most damaging news"

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. DAY

A flash of daylight as the front door opens, briefly letting sunlight into the room. Bebe steps in and start walking towards Victor who immediately sizes up from the bed and stop sipping from his cup. Bebe pauses to look at him. He seems exasperated and in chaos the moment he begins to talk. Victor, tense and quiet is busy trying to figure out what he is saying.

BEBE

(Eyeing something else across the window)

I don't have long. I'm leaving before they get here"

They trade looks, hearts pounding as Victor tries to calm things down

VICTOR

"Wow, wow, wow... Easy now. Easy"

BEBE

(Moving towards the window)

"Don't tell me to calm down because you my friend are a dead man"

Victor has no clue on what is going on.

VICTOR

"What? Who?"

BEBE

(Pointing him below the belt)

"I overheard those women talking about arresting you up and chopping off your manhood because of what you did to Quinn's daughter"

VICTOR

(Barely breathing)

"You mean Irene?"

Bebe throws his head back, unsure of what to process after noticing something about Victor.

BEBE

"You say you even know her name? How do you know her name... who saw you with her... did you go home after we left? Did you do it to her?"

It is time for Victor stop cold, not because of what Bebe has just said, but because he has finally cracked what is going on.

BEBE

(As if begging a child)

"Tell me you didn't sleep at Quinn's after we left...please"

There is no response from Victor. Long pause as he waits... and doesn't say a thing for a while. He stays that way, before breaking off...

VICTOR

"I was there... just for the night... though I don't seem to rem ... but please don't get me wrong, I..."

Bebe considers him for a while studying him like he's from planet Mars. Suppressing his anger, he stares at him blankly, then evenly...

BEBE

"This thing is far more serious than I supposed. Did you manage to see who else was there? Anyone..."

VICTOR

(Chastened)

I was dead drunk

BEBE

(Rhetorically)

"Great man ... as if that will cut it. Those women will lynch you once they catch you. I suggest that you run because somehow, no matter how unfair it is for you to be burdened by their acquisitions, the damage has already been done

because Quinn has already told them that it was you who spent the night at her place”

VICTOR

(Shell shocked)

“Did they believe her?”

BEBE

(Grudgingly)

“What do you think? You seem to be missing the whole point here my friend. The rumors about you raping the girl are probably doing rounds right now, and yet, here you are... still standing. Run Victor. Run because it's too big a risk for you not to. You don't know what those angry women will do next?”

More silence as both pause to gauge their interests. While Victor is thinking about clearing his name first, Bebe is already calculating how to swing if for him. He continues to stare at him, bewildered as he tries to imagine for a minute. Silence...then

VICTOR

“But...”

Hearing nothing, Bebe losing his patience looks up at Victor agitated, before laying everything down for him..

BEBE

(Crystal clear)

“Have you been listening to me? I was there when the sympathetic women stormed inside Quinn's house one by one and sat beside Irene, whom they said had been lying in bed for half the day,

groaning at every time that she turned due to the weakness that spread in her pelvis"

TIME CUT

And we can see Irene leaning on a woman's face; tears falling down as she continues to be consoled.

BACK TO

VICTOR

(Solemnly)

"Jesus Christ"

BEBE

"That's what they said too before summoning for Quinn from her Busaa den who went rushing in after hearing about her daughter's sufferings"

Victor is not listening. Instead, he is looking at the mistake that had led to the other

VICTOR

"There had been no time for remonstrations for her. Someone else had to take the blame and not her..."

BEBE

"Can you blame her? You became the perfect scapegoat the moment you slept at her house"

VICTOR

"But how could she do this to me when she knew that we spent the night together exchanging glasses until I had passed out. I mean, she could be the one who had left the door open for the perverted intruder after going to relieve herself outside... Right?"

He looks up at Bebe for back up who to say the least is subdued by his lack of reasoning

BEBE

(Serious as a heart attack)

"Your brain must be tethered man...otherwise you haven't been listening to what I have just told you. Apparently, you were the only man who spent the night at that house when it happened, so, any godgamn retard with half a brain would place you as the prime suspect... that is unless Quinn miraculously grew a magic stick that night..."

Baffled, Victor has no time to respond to Bebe's cynic fact

BEBE

"The angry women immediately after getting your name from Quinn began to put the conditions which had led Irene's misfortunes right. Do you know what they did?"

Victor nods just for the sake

BEBE

"They started to overturn drums, spilling all the content inside... including the dozens of jars that we were waiting outside before agreeing to pay you a visit. It's quite dangerous for you think that you can clean the rapist's mess. I went back home yesterday, thirsty as hell man"

Off the long pregnant silence, Victor reigns back in shock. Cold fear slams inside him, as all the color in his face drains out.

FADE OUT

CUT TO

INT. THE DULL ROOM

VICTOR

"From a tender age, I had grown up fearing mobs. I never liked to deal with crowds, as any gathering, with a bad intention; no matter how small it was, normally made I freeze"

TIME CUT

A vague picture of angry women flashes on the screen

VICTOR

"There and then, I knew that I had to hide until the day when the rape rumors would subside. But since the astounding news had left me dreading to lay my hands on a drink, I took a different route towards the river, where the CHANGAA distillers were preparing the illegal drink, knowing that I had to avoid Quinn's den at all cost"

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BUSHES

Close ten minutes, Victor walks until he reaches the small river that is surrounded by large trees and flat glassy areas. He then crosses the small bridge run and takes another footpath on the other side that leads him further down until he emerges to a small clearing with less growth, probably due to the influx of activities that are going on. He then switches to another footpath to the right, which takes him back to an open bank where he stands and waits for someone to emerge from the thick bushes. Suddenly, a man appears from behind, unnerving him for he did not see him approach. Turning quickly, he gets his sight on SUFFO, who is standing a few feet away, watching him with reddish eyes caused by the thick welt of smoke that is originating from where the drums are boiling.

VICTOR

(Startled)

"I didn't hear you come so close"

SUFFO

"And I didn't intend to frighten you... what do you want?"

Hastily, Victor performs the universal sign for drink with his hands. He does not have the whole day"

SUFFO

"Come on then, let's do this"

In a rush to serve his customer, Suffo brushes roughly to some bush shelter, where he cups two fingers in his mouth and whistle shrilly. In the same bushes yields another man, who comes out clutching a 3ltr JIK bottle full of the clear drink and a plastic cup. Sitting down on a smooth rock, Victor takes the glass of changaa and brings it down his throat, feeling it burn its way down his stomach. The instant smell of the strong liquor fills the whole area as he signals at Suffo's man to pour him another. After the third glass, he stands up and starts to walk away, smiling all the way because no one has mentioned to him anything about the rape rumors. As he walks, nothing matters to him anymore as he senses a steamy feeling filling his body. He is walking the same way that he had come, and is about to jet out of the bushes towards the main road when...

REVERSE ANGLE

A rowdy mob walks past him. Not just a few men and women but a dozen of them, forcing Victor to step back and then peep out at the mob that is growing at every minute surging forward. In panic, he watches what is happening in disbelief as the mob marches forth and makes a turn to the small path that leads to his mother's house, making him to duck back in the bush in horror. Hot blood shoots in his head, sobering him right away. He stares away, tortured by the thought of the large crowd knocking at his mother's door. Clamping both hands over his mouth, his mind is in turmoil as he stands up and sees the mob

turn back after missing him at home. He does not have time to think as he forces himself to the ground and scramble away in terror, going deeper into the bushes, trying to get as far away as possible. A sudden quack from a crow stops his heart for a second as his situation continues to become intolerable. Forward is his only means of escape. Like a giant spider, he keeps crawling like, before pushing back to his feet, unsteady, spent, and hopeless, dreading any notion that anyone might be of help to him. Like his friend had said, there was no way that he could afford to get caught.

CUT TO

INT. THE DULL ROOM

Calm resumes Victor the moment he finishes giving Joachim his story. Pushed to the brink, he looks up at Joachim who has been listening all along without moving. Eyes blinking quickly, he is pleading for mercy. Pensive silence, as Joachim looks at his two cronies who look back at him. He then rise from his seat, slowly moving towards Victor, before speaking in a smooth but surprisingly commanding tone that instantly seeks everyone's attention.

JOACHIM

"The girl that they claimed you defiled, what was her name?"

VICTOR

(Mumbling)

"Irene"

Joachim only eyes him

JOACHIM

"Well, I didn't bring you here because of her; I brought you here because of ANNIE!"

... Beat ...

Before Victor can reply with a question alike, the bulk figure of Joachim quickly accelerate towards him. His first thought is to turn and run - an idea that he immediately drops after realizing that he is still chained. He stands rooted as Joachim comes and stops very close to him; so close that their bodies almost touch. His mouth open to say something, but Joachim interrupts him.

JOACHIM

"I am going to teach you a very good lesson about how not to waste my freaking time"

Suddenly, Victor is none too comfortable. He is wondering what else he needs to say when... Bang! He feels it again, the excruciating pain, and cannot stand another beating as he begins to negotiate... surprised

VICTOR

"If you hit me again, I will die.

But Joachim doesn't think so. He jerks him by the collar, before landing a second blow that makes Victor to double up and vomit on his hands and shirt as he takes a hasty step back... pissed

JOACHIM

(Gnarling)

"You puked on me you idiot ... now am I going to smell like..."

Whacks, he rams his right into Victor's abdomen, making him to retch again and again while holding his tummy. More mess splatter on Joachim's trousers, forcing him into mad rage. The best that Victor can do is to try and bolt towards the corner with the chain, rearing, falling, screaming and kicking as Joachim leaps at him, pulling him back before leaping him into the air dropping him cold on the floor. Victor doesn't have time to be horrified. Only a terrified scream after the thud as his immobile body stretch on the floor, wind knocked out. Joachim,

Arms akimbo, stands over his body, nudging him with his foot. There is no movement... or sound. Crouching besides it, he pinches Victor's nostrils shut with his left hand, with the right clamping over his mouth before waiting. Seconds, and Victor thrashes his feet, twitching his head up in search for air. The two cronies sigh with deep relief, but not Joachim, who lifts Victor by the shirt, and then like a mad man start to rip it to shreds while making panting sounds as a result of the anger that he is feeling. Resting his eyes on Joachim, Victor lets him, his sadness growing even heavier because he doesn't know what Joachim will do with the next attack which is bound to be launched. Resolutely, he stands up, and Joachim let him this time. Turning away, he starts to walk towards the window, half naked, dragging the shackles with him. A few steps away, he coughs, before bending over and spitting a reddish gob on the floor. Throwing his left foot over it, he walks towards the window. Joachim doest follow him. Another cough which he suppressed wells up, his mind interrupted by the sight of Joachim who is standing away watching. He bows his head down and taps his chest with his chin, while making sounds like those of a frightened puppy deep in his throat, before stopping to survey Joachim, knowing that he has to give him whatever it is that he is asking for.

END OF PILOT