

Original Title
(Jamaican Patois: Title: Wi Nuh Trust Dem)

English Title: We Dont Trust Them

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REPRODUCED WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE WRITER.

Manu is seen being shot. He falls to the ground, dead.

MANU (V.O.)

I died, but my story doesn't end there. My son, Queku, is still alive. He's the only one who can avenge my death.

FADE TO:

INT. QUEKU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Queku (early 20s, black) sits alone in a dimly lit apartment. He stares at a worn photograph of his family - his father Manu, his mother Caroline, and his younger brothers. His face is a mixture of sadness, anger, and determination.

QUEKU

(V.O., Reflective)

It all started with the day I realized that our family was trapped in a cycle of struggle and despair.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NIGERIAN STREET - DAY

Young Queku (12 years old) watches helplessly as his mother, Caroline, pleads with debt collectors outside their modest home. She clutches a stack of unpaid bills, her face etched with worry.

CAROLINE

(Desperate, pleading)

Please, give us more time. I promise we'll find a way to pay.

DEBT COLLECTOR

(Dismissive)

We've given you enough time, lady. Pay up or face the consequences.

Caroline's eyes fill with tears as she watches the debt collectors leave, her spirit crushed.

QUEKU

(V.O.)

I couldn't bear to see my mother suffer, to see her struggle to put food on the table.

INT. QUEKU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Queku's apartment is small and modestly furnished. He looks at a stack of unpaid bills on the table, a constant reminder of his struggles.

QUEKU

(V.O.)

I knew I had to do something,
anything to change our
circumstances.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NIGERIAN STREET - DAY

Queku, now a teenager, observes a group of older boys who seem to have money and power. They flaunt their lifestyles and talk about the opportunities that lie beyond the borders of their neighborhood.

QUEKU

(V.O.)

I saw those boys living a life
that seemed beyond reach for
people like us.

INT. QUEKU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Queku clenches his fists, his eyes determined.

QUEKU

(V.O.)

I wanted to give my family a
chance at a better life, away
from the poverty and struggle.

Queku picks up a crumpled piece of paper - an advertisement for opportunities abroad.

QUEKU (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

That's when I heard about
opportunities overseas, a chance
for a fresh start.

Queku gazes at the photograph of his family once again, his resolve stronger than ever.

QUEKU (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Leaving is my only option.

(MORE)

QUEKU (CONT'D)
For my family's sake, and to
break free from the cycle of
poverty and despair.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT - PRESENT

The air is thick with smoke and the scent of cheap perfume. Ska, a middle-aged man with a hardened expression, stands in a dimly lit room surrounded by scantily clad women. His cold eyes scan the room, his presence exuding power.

SKA
(To a woman)
You know the rules, sweetheart.
Keep the clients satisfied.

WOMAN
(Nervously)
Yes, Ska.

Ska walks through the brothel, his fingers trailing along the furnishings. He stops by a young woman named Adela, who sits on a velvet-covered couch.

SKA
(Leaning in)
You new here, Adela?

ADELA
(Nervously)
Yes, Ska. Just arrived a few days
ago.

Ska's lips curl into a sinister smile.

SKA
(Whispering)
Welcome to my world, darling.
You'll find that it's full of
opportunities... and
consequences.

INT. SKA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ska enters a more private area of the brothel. Skarlet, his cunning partner, is counting stacks of money.

SKARLET
Our profits are higher than ever,
Ska. Those girls from are
bringing in a fortune.

SKA
(Grimly)
Human trafficking pays well. The world is hungry for flesh and fantasies.

Skarlet smirks, her eyes reflecting a shared understanding of their twisted empire.

SKARLET
And the police? Are they still under our thumb?

SKA
(Laughing)
As long as our money keeps flowing into their pockets, they'll stay blind to our activities.

INT. SHANTI TOWN - NIGHT

Ska walks through the dark and narrow alleyways of Shanti Town. His presence is met with fearful glances from the residents, a stark reminder of the grip he holds over the community.

INT. SKA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ska sits behind a massive wooden desk, surrounded by maps and documents. A surveillance screen displays various areas of the city.

SKA
(To a henchman)
The girls from are our most valuable assets. Keep an eye on them.

HENCHMAN
Yes, Ska.

Ska leans back in his chair, his eyes fixed on the screen.

SKA
(Reflecting)
Power is all about control, my friend. And I control everything in this city.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ska and Skarlet step into a lavish nightclub. The music is pounding, and the dance floor is packed with people.

Ska's presence is felt, as if the very air is charged with his aura.

SKARLET

(Leaning in)

Everyone here knows who you are.
Fear and desire, Ska. That's your domain.

SKA

(Chuckles)

Indeed, Skarlet. Fear and desire rule them all.

As Ska and Skarlet disappear into the crowd, the nightclub pulsates with a sense of both excitement and unease.

FADE OUT

INT. SKA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ska stands by the floor-to-ceiling windows, gazing down at the city's twinkling lights. His cold, calculating eyes betray no emotion.

SKA

(To SKARLET)

Shanti Town is my kingdom. Every inch of it belongs to me.

Skarlet, always one step behind him, nods in agreement.

SKARLET

And Europe?

Ska turns to face her, a wicked smile playing on his lips.

SKA

Europe is my playground, Mickey is my man. I've expanded my operations, and every brothel, every smuggled girl, every dirty secret is a pawn in my hands.

Skarlet smirks, recognizing the brilliance of Ska's strategic mind.

SKARLET

What about Manu?

Ska's smile fades, replaced by a hardened expression.

SKA

Manu was our greatest asset until he turned against us. But he won't escape my grasp.

INT. SKA'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

Ska walks through the dimly lit corridors, his presence commanding respect and fear. He approaches a young woman, Lucia, who nervously fixes her dress.

SKA
(Smiling coldly)
Lucia, darling, you've been quite the popular choice lately.

LUCIA
(Stammering)
I... I'm just doing my job, Ska.

Ska chuckles, a sound devoid of genuine amusement.

SKA
Of course, my dear. And remember, loyalty brings rewards.

INT. SECRET MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Ska sits at a table, surrounded by his most trusted henchmen. Maps of the city and ledgers are spread out before them.

SKA
(Looking around)
Our grip on Shanti Town is solid, but we need to diversify. We'll expand our operations to other neighborhoods, each with its own vices to exploit.

HENCHMAN
(Excited)
More territories mean more profit.

SKA
(Leaning in)
And more power. We'll have our hands in every shadow, controlling not just the flesh trade but also drugs, gambling, and protection rackets.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR - NIGHT

Ska stands before a wall adorned with photographs of influential individuals. He uses red strings to connect the pictures, creating a web of connections.

SKA
 (To SKARLET)
 Information is power, my dear.
 Knowing the secrets of the
 powerful puts them in our
 pockets.

Skarlet watches, impressed by the meticulous planning that has gone into creating this network.

SKARLET
 What about those who oppose us?

Ska's eyes gleam with a sinister resolve.

SKA
 (Whispering)
 They'll disappear without a
 trace. Our reputation as the
 unseen hand will strike terror
 into their hearts.

INT. SKA'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

Ska walks into a private room where two men, clients, await him. They quickly stand, intimidated by his presence.

MAN #1
 (Stuttering)
 W-We're had a deal, Ska.

SKA
 (Smiling darkly)
 You've shown loyalty, and loyalty
 deserves a reward.

Ska motions to a hidden doorway, revealing a secret room. The room is filled with lavish gifts, women, and opulent indulgences.

SKA (CONT'D)
 (With authority)
 Enjoy, gentlemen. But remember,
 loyalty to me is non-negotiable.

As the men enter the room, Ska's smile fades, and his eyes reflect a predator's hunger for control.

INT. SKA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ska stands before a wall covered with monitors displaying live feeds from his various operations. His fingers dance over the controls, an orchestrator of vice.

SKA
(To himself)
I control the shadows, the
desires, the fears. I am Ska, and
my empire will reign supreme.

Ska's eyes burn with a combination of ambition,
ruthlessness, and a desire for dominance that knows no
bounds.

FADE OUT.

INT. SHANTI TOWN - NIGHT

The narrow alleyways are shrouded in darkness, illuminated
only by the occasional flicker of dim streetlights. Ska,
dressed in a tailored suit that contrasts sharply with the
surroundings, moves with purpose.

SKA
(To a TRAFFICKER)
Prepare a shipment. We need fresh
faces for the brothels in Europe.

TRAFFICKER
(Nods)
Yes, Ska.

Ska's eyes glint with a mix of determination and
malevolence as he heads toward a hidden door.

INT. SECRET WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ska enters a secret warehouse, a hub of his human
trafficking operations. Rows of cages line the walls,
containing frightened young women from Nigeria. Their eyes
bear the marks of trauma, their hopes crushed by the cruel
hands of fate.

SKA
(To a TRAFFICKER)
How many do we have for the next
shipment?

TRAFFICKER
(Counting)
We've got twenty this time, Ska.
All young, all eager to escape
their circumstances.

Ska's lips curl into a chilling smile as he walks past the
cages, his eyes assessing the merchandise.

SKA

(To a TRAFFICKER)

Keep them docile, but don't break their spirit entirely. That way, they'll fetch a higher price.

TRAFFICKER

(With a nod)

Understood, Ska.

INT. SHANTI TOWN - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Ska stands with a confident demeanor as the trafficker, now holding a clipboard, approaches him.

TRAFFICKER

(Reading)

We've got Adeola, Chika, Kemi... and many more.

Ska's gaze lingers on the list of names, his indifference to their suffering palpable.

SKA

(Holding out a hand)

The list. I need to ensure they meet our standards.

The trafficker hands the clipboard to Ska, who scans it with a calculated eye.

SKA (CONT'D)

(With approval)

Very well. Prepare them for transport.

INT. SECRET WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The captive women are led out of their handcuffs, their expressions a mix of resignation and fear. Ska watches as they are lined up for inspection.

SKA

(To TRAFFICKER)

Ensure they're properly groomed and presentable. We want them to fetch top Euro.

TRAFFICKER

(Nods)

Of course, Ska.

Ska walks down the line, his hands grazing the arms of the women, a sinister caress that symbolizes his ownership.

SKA

(To a TRAFFICKER)

And don't forget the forged documents. We need to make sure they're "willing volunteers."

TRAFFICKER

(With a grim smile)

Our clients don't care about the details, Ska.

INT. SHANTI TOWN - NIGHT

Ska stands near a parked van, his eyes fixed on the women who are being loaded into the vehicle, their futures sealed with each step.

SKA

(To TRAFFICKER)

Once they're in Europe, make sure they're placed in the right establishments. We can't afford any mistakes.

TRAFFICKER

(With a nod)

Understood, Ska.

As the van's engine roars to life, Ska's gaze remains fixed on the vehicle, a chilling testament to his cold and calculated method of acquiring girls for his prostitution operation.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The corridor is dimly lit, casting eerie shadows. Queku, a young black man in his early 20s, moves stealthily through the hallway. He clutches a pistol tightly in his trembling hand. His pulse quickens, sweat beads on his forehead, and he wipes his palms on his jeans. A sense of desperation weighs heavily on him.

Queku peers cautiously from behind an open door. He sees movement down the corridor and quickly withdraws, his heart racing.

He reaches into his chest pocket, retrieving a worn rosary. Queku holds it close, his lips moving in silent prayer.

QUEKU
 (Whispering)
 Holy Jesus... Mary... Help me.
 No... Jehovah... God, please.

Footsteps echo softly, growing louder. Queku's eyes widen, and his breath catches in his throat.

QUEKU (CONT'D)
 (Anxious)
 Oh, holy Mary, Mother of Jesus.

Gunshots echo, two quick shots that ring out. Queku's eyes widen in shock, and his body jerks as the bullets find their mark. He stumbles, collapsing to the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MANU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LAGOS, NIGERIA. 5 DAYS EARLIER.

The lights are on, the TV set is also on. Manu, a black man in his 40s, sits on a black leather chair beside the TV. A cigar rests in his left hand, while his right holds a cup of beer.

MANU
 (Shouting)
 Goal...!!!

He raises his hands and exclaims in joy.

MANU (CONT'D)
 Oh! Oh! No, no, that could have
 been a decisive goal. Screw up!!!

He takes a puff of his cigar.

MANU (CONT'D)
 Come on, boys! Let's seal this.

A knock at the door interrupts him. Manu ignores it, but the knocking continues.

MANU (CONT'D)
 (Shouting)
 Don't you have a TV in your
 house?

QUEKU (O.S)
 It's me.

MANU
 You? Who?

Manu rushes up and quickly heads through an inner door. He returns promptly with a pistol, approaching the door cautiously. The door opens, revealing Queku. Manu hides the pistol.

MANU (CONT'D)
Hey!

QUEKU
Hey!

Queku enters, and Manu follows. There's a moment of silence. Queku looks around, noticing photos of two young boys with a cake and a beautiful woman in her 30s displayed behind the TV.

QUEKU (CONT'D)
(Expectantly)
So, this is your family?

Manu doesn't reply.

QUEKU (CONT'D)
At least, I get to know the real children.

MANU
You don't understand.

QUEKU
No need. May I see them?

MANU
What about Caroline?

QUEKU
Mom died two years ago.

MANU
(Pityingly)
I'm sorry.

Queku takes a brown envelope from his pocket.

QUEKU
I am leaving the country, and I need you to sign this.

He takes a sheet of paper from the envelope and hands it to Manu.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEKKI-ESTATE 2, ROAD - NIGHT

Dark clouds gather overhead, and the air is heavy. Shops are closed, and there's little movement.

A white JEEP appears in the distance and stops at the junction of Lekki-Estate 2.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

A hand uses a small flashlight to illuminate a map. Liam, a white man in his late 30s, sits in the driver's seat. He studies the map and suddenly halts.

INT. MANU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Queku hands the sheet back to Manu, who places it in the envelope.

QUEKU
I have to leave now.

MANU
You have money?

QUEKU
I'm OK.

MANU
Who are you going with?

QUEKU
Do you know anyone?

EXT. LEKKI-ESTATE 2, ROAD - NIGHT

Liam exits the car, looking around eagerly.

INT. MANU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Queku and Manu remain silent. Eventually, Manu breaks the silence.

MANU
You know what, son? Not everything was my fault. Your mother was stubborn too. I warned her, but she wouldn't listen.

Queku remains quiet, then finally speaks.

MANU (CONT'D)
I have one thing to show you.

Manu goes inside and returns with a gold wristwatch.

QUEKU
What's that?

MANU

This can make you anything.

QUEKU

Anything?

MANU

Want money? Sell it. Power? Use it. Ladies? Wear it.

QUEKU

No! Mom warned me against you.

MANU

Don't be as stubborn as Caroline. This thing can make you wealthy. True wealth.

QUEKU

Why are you giving it to me?

MANU

To show you I'm not all bad.

QUEKU

You signed my papers. That's enough to prove it.

MANU

You really don't want it? Alright, but remember, it's one of a kind.

QUEKU

I have to go. You might never see me again.

MANU

It's okay. Be a good boy. You sure you don't want this?

QUEKU

I'm leaving.

They hug.

EXT. NEAR MANU'S ENTRANCE DOOR - NIGHT

Liam approaches Manu's residence. He draws a pistol from his back and avoids Queku, who is leaving Manu at the door. Manu retreats inside. Few moments later remembers he forgot his keys and rushes back to find Manu's lifeless body in a pool of blood. Manu has been shot. Queku also notices that the gold watch is missing. Queku shouts.

QUEKU

Help!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MICKY'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

Three young girls in their 20s stand in a line.

Amina stands nervously in front of Micky. He eyes her up and down, assessing her worth.

MICKY

You're lucky, girl. This job will provide for your family well.

Amina forces a smile, hiding her discomfort.

AMINA

(Whispering to herself)
I must be strong.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Queku and Liam stand together. Liam wears a black suit, while Queku sports a red polo shirt and blue jeans.

LIAM

This is your day, boy. Remember, don't panic.

The elevator stops, and the door opens. They step out, and the door closes. Queku glances back nervously.

Liam taps Queku's shoulder to get his attention.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(CONT'D)
Who are you?

Queku becomes anxious.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(CONT'D)
Who are you, dog?

QUEKU

I am the point man.

LIAM

And what is your mission?

QUEKU

To eliminate the target, sir.

LIAM
 (Aloud)
 What is your mission?

QUEKU
 To eliminate the enemy, sir!

LIAM
 (CONT'D)
 You have a choice to make. Forget the past. From today, you're not going back there, and Ghana is in the past. Or do you still want to run from the police? The worst they can do is deport you.

Liam continues to question Queku.

LIAM (CONT'D)
 Know that your name Queku is no more. What's your new name?

QUEKU
 (Pointing at himself)
 Scorpion. My new name is Scorpion.

LIAM
 Good. Now let's head inside.

INT. MICKY'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

Two men armed with guns guard the entrance. Liam nods at them, and they open the door, eyeing Queku suspiciously. Queku and Liam approach Micky.

MICKY
 (With a smile)
 Only the Saint smells like a pig.

LIAM
 (Smiling)
 And the pigs like Don.

Micky chuckles.

MICKY
 Welcome, bro.

Micky and Liam hugs.

MICKY (CONT'D)
 And what about your property?
 Does it still bark?

LIAM
Oh, that? It's probably in hell
by now.

MICKY
(Surprised)
Did you really kill him too?

LIAM
I didn't. I just gave him the gun
to end himself. He couldn't bear
it.

MICKY
Bad guy! That's my Saint. And
wouldn't you care for a seat?

Micky points to a chair next to him. Liam sits.

MICKY (CONT'D)
Now, what do we have here?

Micky glances at Queku.

LIAM
This is Scorpion. He's taking his
place.

MICKY
He's black too? Does he have
skills?

LIAM
He learns quickly. Some time and
easy tasks will make him capable.

MICKY
(To Queku)
Can you handle guns?

LIAM
He can learn that too.

Micky stands up, looking disappointed.

MICKY
(To Liam)
Tell him to leave us.

Liam signals Queku to move away. Queku walks over to where
the girls are.

FADE TO:

INT. SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

Adjoa, a young girl in her late teens, fetches water from the village well. She carries the heavy bucket on her head and smiles as she greets the other villagers.

ADJOA

Hello, Mama Esi! Good day!

MAMA Esi, an older woman, smiles warmly.

MAMA NANA

Good day, Adjoa. Such a hard worker you are!

Adjoa continues her journey through the village, her eyes catching sight of a bright poster on a tree. The poster advertises opportunities for work abroad.

ADJOA

(Whispering)

Maybe this is my chance...

FADE TO:

INT. MODEST HOME - NIGHT

Amina, a young girl around 17, sits with her mother at the dining table. They share a simple meal

MOTHER

Amina, I heard about a job opportunity in the city. They say it pays well.

AMINA

(Excited)

Really, Mama? I want to help you and Baba. I want to make you proud.

Mother looks at Amina with a mixture of pride and sadness.

MOTHER

You already make us proud, my dear. But if you want to go, promise me you'll stay safe.

AMINA

I promise, Mama.

END OF FLASHBACK

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MICKY'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

MICKY

We need an expert, not a jackass
who needs to learn the trade.

LIAM

He has potential.

MICKY

You know how much the last one
cost us? You know what he took
away? You should know, he hurt
you too.

LIAM

He was experienced, and he
disrupted our plans. But this is
different. He's very
inexperienced, which means he
knows nothing.

MICKY

We provided everything you needed
to bring in a professional, not
someone who needs to be taught.
Can he kill? Or did you use up
the cash?

LIAM

He won't disappoint. I promise.

A pause follows.

MICKY

Your words. Call him over. Let's
start with him.

INT. DIMLY LIT BROTHEL - NIGHT

Adjoa, Amina and the other girls with Ska arrives at Micky,
but her excitement quickly fades as she realizes the grim
reality. They're handed skimpy clothing and pushed into a
room with a BED, a CHAIR, and a MIRROR.

INT. MARYLAND HOTEL, ROOM 3 - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: 10 MINS BEFORE THE PRESENT TIME.

A black schoolbag and money are on the bed. Micky speaks on
the phone, turning his back to Queku.

Queku holds a pistol, looking nervous. Micky ends the call
and faces Queku, handing him the schoolbag.

MICKY

You'll find a mask and the target's picture in there.

Queku remains motionless, and Micky continues.

MICKY (CONT'D)

You don't need to panic. There won't be any police involved. Just eliminate and leave. Liam will be in touch with the target. All you have to do is enter and shoot on sight. Understand? Shoot on sight.

QUEKU

(Cautiously)
Understood, sir.

MICKY

Your reward is in there as well. Now go.

Queku leaves immediately.

CUT TO:

INT. SKAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Micky and Ska sits behind a lavish desk cluttered with papers and monitors. They watch the news report about the recent death of Manu. The news segment includes a picture of Manu, along with a brief mention of his son, Queku.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

Local authorities have identified the victim of last night's shooting as Manu Osei. He leaves behind a son, Queku Osei, who has yet to comment on the incident.

MICKY

(Quietly)
So, Manu's gone. And his son's out there.

SKA

(Chuckling)
Yeah, but we don't have to worry about that anymore.

MICKY

(Studying Queku's picture)
You sure about that, Ska?

SKA

Trust me, Micky. He's just a kid.
No threat to us.

MICKY

(Quietly)

Manu... So, you've resurfaced,
haven't you?

MICKY (CONT'D)

(To himself)

You are gone, Manu. And now, your
son thinks he can take me down.

Micky taps his fingers on the desk, contemplating his next move.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. MARYLAND HOTEL, ROOM 23 - NIGHT

The room is tidy, and music plays. Euros are spread across the table. Liam and DR. Elsa, a middle-aged white woman, sit in the room.

Liam laughs heartily, smoking a cigar. DR. Elsa sits beside him, looking worried.

DR. ELSA

I mean it. I won't do these kinds
of jobs anymore. I'm tired of
everything.

LIAM

(Laughing)

Don't worry, this might be the
last one, I promise. Here's your
payment.

DR. ELSA

It's not funny at all. I'm a
doctor, and I swore to save
lives, not take them.

LIAM

I promise, last time. Final, the
end.

Liam laughs, and suddenly, Queku bursts into the room, silently pointing a gun.

QUEKU

(Firmly)

Get your faces down... both of
you. Now.

Liam and DR. Elsa drop to the floor.

LIAM
 (Desperate)
 Please, don't shoot. Take the
 money, please.

Queku notices a gold wristwatch on Liam's hand, similar to
 the one Manu had.

QUEKU
 If you look up, I'll shoot.

QUEKU (CONT'D)
 Dad! Liam killed him... Oh, my
 God, what have I done?

FADE TO:

INT. MANU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Manu (40s, black), sits in a chair, smoking a cigar. He is
 looking at a picture of himself with Micky (30s, white).

MANU (V.O.)
 I used to be a henchman for
 Micky. I did his dirty work, and
 he paid me well. But then, one
 day, I decided to quit. I
 couldn't take it anymore.

CUT TO
 FLASHBACK

Manu is seen carrying out a hit for Micky. He is ruthless
 and efficient.

MANU (V.O.)
 I thought I could just walk away,
 but Micky didn't let me. He sent
 his men after me. They killed my
 wife and children.

CUT BACK TO
 PRESENT

Manu is still looking at the picture. He is filled with
 sadness and regret.

MANU (V.O.)
 I had to go into hiding. I
 changed my name and my
 appearance. I tried to start a
 new life, but it was never the
 same.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. MARYLAND HOTEL, ROOM 23 - NIGHT

Queku is still pointing the gun at Liam and DR. Elsa. He is struggling to control his emotions.

Queku shoots Liam twice and then runs out of the room. his expression tense and conflicted. He pockets the gold wristwatch he took from Liam's hand, a reminder of the past and he takes a deep breath, his mind racing with the weight of his actions.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Queku arrives at the abandoned warehouse, his footsteps echoing through the empty space. He's on edge, his senses heightened by the events of the night. He takes another deep breath and enters the warehouse, the sounds of his footsteps reverberating.

Micky emerges from the shadows, gun in hand, just as Queku enters. Micky's anger and determination are palpable as he shouts after Queku.

MICKY
(Shouting)
Stop right there!

Queku races through the corridor, desperation giving him speed. Micky gives chase, his footsteps echoing behind him.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BEHIND DOOR

Queku hides behind a door, gripping a Rosary and a pistol. He hears Micky approaching and readies himself.

Micky's footsteps grow louder, and suddenly, gunshots ring out. He quickly drops to the ground and extends his hands above his head, pretending to surrender.

QUEKU
(Pleading)
Please, don't kill me.

Micky, gun pointed at Queku, approaches cautiously, his guard still up.

MICKY
I told you not to panic. There
won't be any police. Can you
stand up?

Queku remains on the ground, playing the part.

MICKY (CONT'D)
Have you finished? Get up!

Queku gets up, his body trembling with a mix of fear and adrenaline.

QUEKU
(Stammering)
C-cleared, sir.

Micky lowers his gun slightly, believing that Queku has succumbed to his authority.

MICKY
Let's go then.

Micky motions for Queku to walk ahead, and they start moving forward.

However, as they walk, Queku quickly assesses the situation. He sees an opportunity and winks subtly behind his back.

Queku's quick thinking pays off. He draws his own gun and fires three shots at Micky, who stumbles back, blood spilling from his wounds.

Micky collapses to the ground, his grip on his gun loosening.

QUEKU
(Sarcastically)
Bitches!!!

Queku stands over Micky, his expression a mix of triumph and relief.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Queku stands in the dimly lit warehouse, his face a mix of anger and frustration. In front of him, five religious leaders sit bound to chairs, each representing a different faith. There's a Priest, a Rabbi, an Imam, a Guru, and a Spiritual Healer. Queku paces before them.

QUEKU
(With a bitter smile)
You know, I used to believe that God would protect the innocent, that He would save my father. But look where that got him.

The religious leaders exchange uneasy glances, unsure of how to respond.

QUEKU (CONT'D)
 (Pointing at the Priest)
 You, who preach about divine
 intervention, tell me why God let
 my father die.

PRIEST
 (With compassion)
 My child, we cannot always
 understand the ways of God.
 Sometimes, suffering is part of a
 greater plan.

Queku's anger flares.

QUEKU
 (Pointing at the Rabbi)
 And you, you teach about God's
 covenant and protection. Why
 wasn't your covenant strong
 enough to protect my family?

RABBI
 (Gently)
 God's ways are mysterious, my
 son. Our faith is tested, and it
 is in times of trial that we must
 find strength.

Queku clenches his fists, visibly struggling with his
 emotions.

QUEKU
 (Now pointing at the
 Imam)
 You claim that Allah is merciful
 and all-powerful. So why did He
 allow my father to be killed?

IMAM
 (Respectfully)
 Allah's wisdom is beyond our
 understanding. He tests us to
 strengthen our faith and to
 remind us of our dependence on
 Him.

Queku's frustration grows.

QUEKU
 (Pointing at the Guru)
 And you, who speaks of
 enlightenment and inner peace,
 why couldn't your teachings
 prevent my family's tragedy?

GURU

(Calmly)

We are all on a journey, my friend. Sometimes the path is treacherous, but it is through challenges that we find enlightenment.

Queku's voice trembles with suppressed anger.

QUEKU

(Finally pointing at the Spiritual Healer)

And you, you claim to channel divine energies and heal the sick. Why couldn't you heal my father?

SPIRITUAL HEALER

(With empathy)

I offer guidance and energy, but I am only an instrument. The universe has its plan, and we must accept it.

Queku's eyes narrow, and he stands before them, his anger simmering.

QUEKU

You see, I've lost faith in your teachings, in your God. So here's what's going to happen: I want you to pray. Pray to the very God you've preached about, the God who supposedly saves people from danger.

The religious leaders exchange worried glances, sensing the seriousness of the situation.

QUEKU (CONT'D)

(Pointing around the room)

I want each of you to pray, beg your God to save you from me. I want to witness firsthand whether your faith has any real power.

The religious leaders share a solemn moment, realizing the gravity of Queku's demand.

QUEKU (CONT'D)

(With a dark smile)

If your God can truly save you from danger, then maybe... just maybe, there's a glimmer of truth left in these beliefs.

The leaders bow their heads, preparing to pray.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

The religious leaders have finished their prayers. Queku stands before them, his face a mixture of skepticism and longing.

QUEKU
(Sarcastically)
Well, did you feel the presence
of your God? Did you sense His
divine protection?

The leaders exchange looks, their faces a mix of uncertainty.

QUEKU (CONT'D)
(With resignation)
I didn't think so. It's all empty
words, isn't it? Just comforting
tales to cling to when life
becomes unbearable.

The religious leaders remain silent, humbled by Queku's words.

QUEKU (CONT'D)
(Putting away his
weapon)
You can go. You've prayed, and
I've learned something tonight.
I've learned that if there is a
God, He won't save us from our
troubles. We're on our own.

The leaders slowly rise from their chairs, still processing the ordeal they've just endured. Queku watches them leave, his heart heavy with disillusionment.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SKA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The rain pours outside, drumming on the dilapidated roof of the office. Skar and Skarlet stand facing each other, their expressions a mix of exhaustion and realization. The dim light casts long shadows across the room.

SKAR
(voice weary)
It's finally catching up to us,
Skarlet.

SKARLET
(looking down)
Yeah, all those choices... they
led us here.

They both hear sirens in the distance, growing louder.

SKAR
(glancing towards the
sound)
Time's running out.

Skarlet looks up at him, a flicker of determination in her eyes.

SKARLET
We can't escape our past, Skar. But
we can choose how it defines us.

Skar nods, a sense of agreement passing between them.

SKAR
You've got a chance, Skarlet.
Don't let it go to waste.

They share a bittersweet smile as the sirens draw nearer.

SKARLET
And what about you, Skar?

SKAR
It's time to face the
consequences.

SKARLET
Goodbye, Skar.

Skar looks at Skarlet and he takes a deep breath, bracing himself for what's to come.

SKAR
(whispering)
Power... control... it was all I
ever wanted.

They hear the sound of police cars screeching to a halt outside. Skarlet reaches out, and they hug briefly.

SKARLET
(to herself)
I'm sorry, Skar.

Skarlet shoots Skar, then turns and walks out of the office, just as the police burst in.

FADE OUT.