

"FEBRUARY"

A screenplay for a feature film

Draft 1 by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. LEKKI-EPE EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 1

An expensive grey SUV is roughly parked inches away from a white commercial two-storey building. The vehicle is COMPLETELY wrecked -- with a shattered windscreen, broken headlights, minor dents and scratches to the doors, deflated tyres, and a bonnet RIPPED open, revealing a running engine oozing out thick black fumes. The air-bags are blown open.

Screen Caption: FEBRUARY 14, 2016 11:01 PM

A Couple, whose faces aren't revealed to the Screen, lay MOTIONLESS in the car, covered in their own blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. LAGOS ISLAND - SERIES OF ESTABLISHING SHOTS 2

A) King's College with students in sparkling-white uniform, loitering about the veranda.

B) Catholic Mission Street with private vehicles and yellow commercial tricycles prying speedily along the neatly tarred road.

C) The French Gothic style architecture of the Holy Cross Cathedral with a few worshippers praying before the grotto.

D) The ever-busy Lagos City Hall.

E) The multi-level parking lot of Saint Nicholas Hospital.

3 EXT. ST. NICHOLAS HOSPITAL - MORNING - ESTABLISHING 3

Establishing shot of St. Nicholas House -- a white fourteen-storey mixed-use high-rise building. The private hospital spans the first five floors of the commercial building.

Screen Caption: FEBRUARY 15, 2016 11:32 AM (PRESENT DAY)

Screen Caption: ST. NICHOLAS HOSPITAL, LAGOS-ISLAND

Private vehicles, commercial tricycles, and YELLOW cabs with BLACK horizontal stripes painted across their sides, pry SPEEDILY and dangerously along the busy Campbell Street, linking to the main entrance of the building.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

You may need to come back later,
sir. The patient is stable and
responding to treatment, but she
isn't awake yet.

FEMI (O.S.)

Don't worry I will wait.

An EMPTY white ambulance, completely buried in the faint shadow of the tall building, is PARKED on the tarred road of the Street, and very close to the entrance of the outpatient clinic on the ground floor. Female nurses in clean uniform are outside the building, heading for the entrance, chitchatting with one another and laughing.

There's a large blue signboard just above the main entrance, which reads: "ST. NICHOLAS HOSPITAL".

4 INT. RECEPTION HALL, ST. NICHOLAS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS 4

A NEAT, ORDERLY and somewhat QUIET king-size room.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

It may take several hours.

FEMI (O.S.)

It's alright, I've got all day.
Just don't forget to let me
know when she's awake.

An old lady, finely-wrinkled, probably in her mid-70s, completely grey-haired, wearing an old-fashion eye glasses with a black plastic frame and thick large lenses, is being pushed across the Screen, on a wheel chair, by a young female NURSE, who's neatly dressed in a sparkling-clean white uniform.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Okay, sir. Please do have a seat.

We arrive at a dashinglly-handsome gentleman, definitely in his early-30s, NEATLY dressed in a clean Nigeria Police uniform, blue shirt and black trouser, essentially decorated. The three red 'V's on his short sleeves indicate that the young chap is a SERGEANT in the Nigeria Police Force.

The Officer is RESTLESSLY seated on one of the many benches where families of patients are IMPATIENTLY waiting -- some of them are in GRIEF, others are in TEARS, but many of them are overwhelmed with ANXIETY, without any verbal interaction with anyone.

On one of the benches is a gentleman on a blue shirt and a grey trouser, swiping the screen of a sleek tablet, with his eyes glued to the screen. Next to him is an exhausted lady dressed in a native purple attire, dozing off. Behind them is a robust woman dressed in Ankara, speaking to herself in despair.

There is a vending machine at one corner of the room filled with wrapped foods and bottled drinks. Next to the vending machine is a bronze sculpture of the Late Nigerian gynecologist, obstetrician, and federal health minister, Moses Majekodunmi -- the founder of the hospital. In front of the rows of benches is a beautifully lit mini-grocery store with an equally beautiful female store attendant reading a stripped copy of Chinua Achebe's *Things Fall Apart*, while wearing an enchanting smile.

5 EXT. IKOYI - SERIES OF ESTABLISHING SHOTS 5

- A) The head office of the National Drug Law Enforcement Agency.
- B) The white and brown two-storey building of the Lagos Preparatory School.
- C) The empty premises of the Church of The Assumption, Falomo.
- D) The quiet atmosphere of St. Georges Boys & Girls School.
- E) The eight-storey high-rise mixed-use Mulliner Towers.

6 EXT. NIGERIA POLICE STATION - SAME TIME - ESTABLISHING 6

Establishing shot of the Nigeria Police station at Awolowo Road, Ikoyi-Lagos -- a grey one-storey building, with the usual Police blue, yellow, and green stripes painted across its length, within a reasonably spacious compound. The compound walls are painted SAME colors. Police Officers in uniform are littered all over the interlocked compound - in bulletproof, dressed in camouflage, mostly with weapons in one arm, walking slowly in groups, chitchatting with one another, or standing put, dialoguing with civilians.

Screen Caption: THE NIGERIA POLICE STATION, IKOYI-LAGOS

A blue Police METRO PATROL van is PARKED in front of the station and along the TARRED road, with its engine STILL running. Two officers are in the van - one on the driver's seat, and the other seated on one of the two long benches in the back of the van, dressed in a mobile Police uniform, with an AK-47 rifle in his possession. They seem to be patiently waiting, maliciously, for someone to arrive, or for something to happen.

Just behind the patrol van is a private blue truck with impounded motorcycles jam-packed in its carriage. There was a signboard that strictly prohibited loitering, hawking and parking.

7 INT. INCIDENT ROOM, NIGERIA POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

7

A mini-size room with a small desk at one corner, and rough piles of paperback files defacing the top. The chair behind the desk is empty. Behind the counter are two junior Officers NEATLY dressed in complete black Police uniform. A CORPORAL with two red 'V's attached to his sleeves, and a SERGEANT with three. The Corporal's name-tag reads: "KUNLE ADEYEMO", while that of the Sergeant reads: "TEGA OGBEGBO".

TEGA, physically unimpressive, rugged, not handsome, not ugly -- just plain. Rebellious, rude, and out-spoken, in his mid-30s.

KUNLE, gentle-faced, late-20s.

Far behind the Officers is a ratty dentition cell, with HALF-NAKED men standing barefoot, oozing foul odor, FUTILELY squeezing their faces through the narrow spaces between the vertical rusty bars that jails them.

PRISONER #1

(to the Officers)

Chair, how long I go dey here?

TEGA

(without turning to
the Prisoner)

Until person come bail you
out. Meanwhile I no wan hear
fem for there.

(to Kunle)

Where Femi dey?

Kunle is scribbling on an A4 paper, lifting words from another document. He is LEFT-HANDED.

KUNLE (still

scribbling)

I don't know.

Indistinct conversations between the prisoners are being heard.

TEGA

(hisses; re: Femi)

Oga give others better partner.
My own na waka waka.

(to Kunle)

Abeg, you get credit for phone
make I use am call Femo?

KUNLE

(curtly)

I don't.

TEGA

You no go ever get, in Jesus'
Name. (bows his head quickly)
Amen!

Tega's cursing halts Kunle's writing. Kunle pauses, slowly looks away from the paper, and glances at Tega disapprovingly.

KUNLE

(vexed)

You asked me a question and I
answered. So why are you
cursing me?

TEGA

(angrily)

If you talk for there again I go
sand you. E be like say you no
sabi your mate for here again.

Kunle reverts to his routine without any further utterance. Tega dips his hand into his trouser pocket and pulls out an OLD-FASHION phone. He fiddles with the stiff keypads for a bit before raising the phone to his ear.

BACK TO:

8 INT. RECEPTION HALL, ST. NICHOLAS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS 8

A phone call comes through, as the Officer's phone is INDISTINCTLY heard ringing. CLOSE ON a white plastic name-tag pinned to his uniform, just above his left breast pocket, which reads: "FEMI KOLAWOLE".

FEMI appears to be ABSENT-MINDED, staring at the STRAIGHT face of the Hospital RECEPTIONIST, with his face wrinkled by a FROWN, hoping that shortly it would be time to gain entry to interview one of the patients currently receiving treatment at the hospital.

The Receptionist fails to make any VISUAL contact with Femi. She is comfortably seated behind a busy desk, chewing gum, and ROUTINELY stroking the keys of the keyboard, while PERPETUALLY staring into the bright Computer monitor in front of her.

FEMI

(to himself; re:
Receptionist)

Who give this kin' woman job for
hospital? How person go dey chew
gum for work? I sure say she no
even go school finish. Person know
person na wetin full this country.

9 INT. INCIDENT ROOM, NIGERIA POLICE STATION - SAME TIME 9

Tega is IMPATIENTLY listening to the dialing tune of his phone.

TEGA
(restless; re: Femi)
O boy, pick up.

BACK TO:

10 INT. RECEPTION HALL, ST. NICHOLAS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS 10

Femi's attention is finally brought to his ringing phone as he feels a mild vibration within his right trouser pocket. He whines:

FEMI
Na who me and am dey share
phone? (sighs)
Who dey always reduce the volume
of this my phone sef?

He dips his right hand into his trouser pocket and reveals his phone, which is still indistinctly playing his ring-tone.

FEMI (CONT'D)
(sighs louder; re: Tega)
This wahala boy again.

Close on the phone's screen, which reads: "TEGA IS CALLING...". Femi forcefully pushes down the GREEN answer button with his thumb, and steadily raises the phone up to his right ear.

FEMI (CONT'D)
(greet in Yoruba)
Bawo ni.

Screen Translation:
Hello.

His attention is now completely drawn away from the Receptionist, who takes a quick glance at him.

TEGA (O.S.)
(telephone voice)
Some people come station today
dey fin' you. E be like say them
landlord wan pursue them commot
house.

FEMI
(aggressively)
No mind those yeye peopl. Them
no dey ever talk true for them
miserable life.
(MORE)

FEMI (CONT'D)

Their landlord don give them six months, say make them fin' money pay their house rent or make them pack them load commot him house. Them just dey fin' free house for Lagos so.

Femi appears COMPLETELY soaked in the phone conversation.

TEGA (O.S.)

(telephone voice)

If na so, make them pack them things commot. Shu!

FEMI (over-

confidently)

No wahala. When I reach station, I go carry you and Kunle go pack them things throway. Their village never full.

11 INT. INCIDENT ROOM, NIGERIA POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS 11

Tega lifts his left hand up, close to his face, and glances quickly at the face of his brown leather wristwatch TIGHTLY fastened around his wrist. Close on the face of his wristwatch. The time is 12:03pm.

TEGA

Where you dey so? Twelve don knock already.

FEMI (O.S.)

(telephone voice)

I dey for that hospital.

TEGA

Yes! yes!! yes!!! I don remember. You don see the woman wey get accident?

BACK TO:

12 INT. RECEPTION HALL, ST. NICHOLAS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS 12

Femi's attention is brought back to the Receptionist before him. His eyes are LOCKED on her every move, as she stared hard into the blinding monitor before her.

FEMI

(hisses)

Them say she dey fine, but she never wake. I just dey wait make she wake, make she tell me how everything take happen.

Femi pauses for a while, listening to Tega via the phone, before bidding farewell:

FEMI (CONT'D)

Later.

13 INT. INCIDENT ROOM, NIGERIA POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS 13

Tega is now buried in the shadow of someone off-camera -- standing before him, across the counter.

TEGA

Later.

Tega lowers his phone, stares ahead at the phone's screen, and disconnect the call with his thumb. He looks on to Kunle, rolls his eyes at him, and sighs.

TEGA (CONT'D)

(to Kunle)

God pass you. I don use my
bonus airtime call finish.

Kunle is still writing. He doesn't make any visual contact with Tega.

BACK TO:

14 INT. RECEPTION HALL, ST. NICHOLAS HOSPITAL - SAME TIME 14

Femi lowers his phone, and stares at its screen until the call is disconnected. He sighs HEAVILY as he drops his head down in exhaustion, staring at the nicely-finished floor of the hall, with his phone still in the FIRM grip of his right hand.

15 INT. INCIDENT ROOM, NIGERIA POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS 15

Tega looks on to someone off-camera.

TEGA

(smiles)

What can I do for you, sir?

COMPLAINANT

(O.S.) (in a voice
laced with panic)

I was just robbed, and the
robbers carted away with my car
and my money.

Tega's smile instantaneously fades away.

TEGA

(in a serious tone)

How much, and what's your
car model, sir?

Now we see who Tega is talking to: A HUGE good-looking man,
mid-50s, dressed in an EXPENSIVE-LOOKING white Yoruba attire.

COMPLAINANT

Two point five million naira, and
a two thousand and fifteen Range
Rover.

TEGA

(exclaims in Urhobo)

Oghene!

Screen Translation:

God!

DISSOLVE TO: