

Amazing Grace

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EXT. KABALE - DAY

A bustling town in the heart of Africa. Exuberant, crowded, chaotic, congested.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A large scale building project. Two smartly-dressed MANAGERS watch the WORKERS lay the foundations.

Between the Managers, a brown envelope exchanges hands.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, WATER HOLE - DAY

Flies and mosquitoes hover in the air. A stray dog laps up the water. Cattle defecate on the muddy bank.

Nearby, 30 year-old BACIA, collects water in a jug.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

The sun beats down. Bacia carries the jug along the dusty road.

EXT. MUD HUT - DAY

Bacia stoops to enter her impoverished home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A dimly lit communal living space.

Bacia pours the water into a cup and offers it to her daughter KISSA. The sickly 4 year-old holds the cup and sips the water.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A medical centre on the back streets of Kabale.

NASICHE (V.O.)
No. How can you do that?

INT. HOSPITAL, MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY

NASICHE, aged 28, slumps in a chair. Frustrated, committed and passionate, she has a natural beauty and forceful presence.

NASICHE

Have you seen the problems,
the patients? We need more -

TABAN (O.S.)
Nasiche. Please.

TABAN, aged 44, rests his arms on the desk. Weary, pragmatic, he shakes his head.

TABAN
It's out of my hands, EFFA has
cut the budget.

NASICHE
The Americans? Why? It doesn't
make sense.

TABAN
They're investing in new
projects. It's a change of
policy, a different approach.

NASICHE
But that's crazy.

Angry, dejected, Nasiche rises to her feet.

NASICHE
People are dying, here, now.

TABAN
I'm sorry. Really.

NASICHE

Yes? And when they need drugs,
surgery or a clean bed...

Nasiche opens the door and glares at Taban.

NASICHE

What do I say? How do I help
them?

Taban sighs and slumps back in his chair. Nasiche scowls
and shakes her head.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY.

PATIENTS of all ages congregate in the room. Some sit on
wooden benches, others slump on the floor.

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

A clock, a wooden cross and a picture of the Virgin Mary
adorn the wall.

One by one, Nasiche examines a stream of patients.

MOSES, aged 14, suffers from malnutrition.

EPHRAIM, aged 48, suffers from skin lesions.

The clock ticks by.

SALEH, aged 54, suffers from the eye disease Trachoma.

CHRISTINE, aged 27, suffers from TB.

Nasiche sits behind her desk and fills out a form.

ROBERT, aged 17, perches on the edge of a chair. Shocked,
dumbfounded, he struggles to control his emotions.

NASICHE (O.S.)

Remember, it's not a death
sentence.

Sympathetic, Nasiche rests a hand on Robert's arm.

NASICHE

The test may be positive, but
your health is good and we
have options.

ROBERT

Drugs?

Nasiche grimaces.

NASICHE

Yes, there are recommended
treatments, but also long-term
side effects. It's your
decision, but some people -

ROBERT

No.

Desperate, afraid, Robert shakes his head,

ROBERT

Please, I know what this
means. I need anti-
retrovirals, AZT's.

NASICHE

Uh-uh.

A shadow falls on Nasiche's face, but she remains
positive.

NASICHE

It's a lifetime commitment and
we'll need to find need the
right combination. But
whatever you decide, we'll do
everything we can to help.

Robert nods his heads in gratitude. Resigned to his
decision, Nasiche fills out a prescription.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY.

The final few patients sit and wait. Robert exits the consultation room and a NURSE enters.

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Nasiche looks up from her desk. The Nurse stands in the doorway.

NURSE

Doctor, there's a girl in
reception. Could you..?

Exhausted, Nasiche nods her head.

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Kissa lies on a couch. Nasiche conducts an examination and the frail girl shivers and sweats.

NASICHE

OK. That's good. You're a
little star, Kissa.

Gentle and caring, Nasiche extracts a smile from Kissa.

Nearby, her mother Bacia looks concerned.

Nasiche finishes the tests and nods to the Nurse. Saddened, she conceals the truth from Kissa and ushers Bacia across the room.

From the bed, Kissa watches the two women talk.

In the background, Nasiche and Bacia's voices are hushed, but the words 'malaria' and 'severe' stand out.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

An ornate cross dominates the altar. Candles flutter in the breeze.

Amongst the rows of empty seats, Nasiche kneels and prays.

Unburdened, she makes the sign of the cross. Comforted, she smiles and rises to her feet.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Nasiche exits the church accompanied by a MOTHER and her two CHILDREN.

Happy, relaxed, Nasiche and the woman exchange farewells.

FATHER LUTALO, aged 47, approaches in the opposite direction. Dignified but friendly, he greets Nasiche.

LUTALO

Nasiche. It's good to see you.

NASICHE

Father.

LUTALO

You're looking tired. Busy at the hospital, umm?

Respectful, Nasiche nods.

LUTALO

But your mother is well?

NASICHE

Fine, her usual self.

LUTALO

And Akiki? We've not seen your brother in sometime.

NASICHE

No. He's away.

Evasive, Nasiche struggles for the right words.

NASICHE

Living in Kampala. Teaching.

LUTALO

Yes, it's the way of the world. Young people leave their homes, their families... And such dedication is to be admired, but at what cost I wonder?

Father Lutalo and Nasiche exchange a knowing smile.

LUTALO

Ummm. Don't forget, give your mother my respects.

Father Lutalo nods farewell and enters the church.

Nasiche steps back and crosses the road.

EXT. STREET - DAY

On the walls posters advertise candidates for an election. The most prominent reads: OKELLO - SERVING THE PEOPLE, PROTECTING THE FUTURE.

Nasiche ignores the slogans and approaches a scooter.

Rwwwoaar!

A pick-up truck thunders down the highway. Emblazoned on its side is the name and logo of REISEN INTERNATIONAL.

Nasiche recoils and the vehicle misses her by inches. Shaken, she stares at the driver.

At the wheel Nasiche glimpses a white man of European descent.

The truck leaves a trail of dust in its wake.

Nasiche scowls. Incensed, she kick-starts the scooter.

EXT. KABALE, HIGH STREET - DAY

On the scooter, Nasiche weaves through the traffic.

Chaos and disorder. A mishmash of vehicles and vibrant faces. Nasiche and scooter are lost amongst the crowds.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - DAY/NIGHT

Dusk. The sun sets on the horizon.

Nasiche rides into a quiet, residential part of town.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The scooter sits outside a small detached house.

INT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nasiche sets the evening meal down on the table.

Her mother MASANI, aged 47, takes a seat. Combining affection with malice, she frowns when she sees the stew.

MASANI

It's no wonder you're still single. After work, a good Christian man expects a proper dinner.

Nasiche ignores her mother's insensitive comments. Unperturbed, Masani continues to advise her daughter.

MASANI

You'll see... Mrs Kimuli, her daughters are married and already four grandchildren.

NASICHE

Mother, please.

MASANI

When she's old and frail her family will support her. But me? I'll die a lonely -

NASICHE

Enough!

Wounded, Masani sniffs and swallows her food.

NASICHE

I'm sorry. I don't mean to be rude, I've had a tough day.

MASANI

Really, that job is all you care about.

NASICHE

No, it's the people. And when they don't listen, when they refuse to help themselves...

MASANI

What?

Reticent, Nasiche rests a hand on Masani's arm.

NASICHE

Nothing. The foods getting cold. We'll talk later, ummm?

Mother and daughter exchange a terse smile.

As Nasiche resumes her meal, Masani gives her a suspicious look.

NEWSREADER (ON RADIO)

Fuelled by private consumption and public expenditure...

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Tired, thoughtful, Nasiche relaxes on a bench.

On her lap, a book lays open. In the background, a news report crackles on the radio.

NEWSREADER (ON RADIO)
Uganda's economy has recovered
from recent setbacks and is
set to expand by almost seven
percent. Meanwhile, long term
forecasts show...

KIGONGO (O.S.)
Hey! Nasiche.

Out on the road, high-spirited neighbours pass by. NAJJA
and KIGONGO, both in their mid-20's, wave to Nasiche.

NAJJA
Whaja doin' tonight?

KIGONGO
There's a party at Joseph's,
you coming?

Nasiche smiles and shakes her head.

NASICHE
Najja, you know I've got work
tomorrow.

NAJJA
Arrr... C'mon baby. I see it
in those beautiful eyes, why
you teasing me, huh?

Nasiche laughs at Najja's bold approach.

NAJJA
You an' me together, I'm
dreaming 'bout that day.

NASICHE
That's the problem. Your
dream... It's my nightmare.

Kigongo laughs. Najja blushes and steps back.

NAJJA
Arrr... Y'treat me cruel
woman, cruel.

Najja and Kigongo wave farewell and amble away.
Contented, Nasiche closes her book and heads inside.

NEWSREADER (ON RADIO)

With local government
elections only weeks away,
claims of corruption, bribery
and intimidation...

INT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Nasiche enters the room.

NEWSREADER (ON RADIO)

Have created a hostile
environment. Candidates from
all parties face a difficult -

Click.

Nasiche turns off the radio and sets the book on a table.

The door to the kitchen is ajar and a beam of light
shines on the floor.

Curious, Nasiche crosses the room and grabs the handle.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nasiche stands in the doorway. Unnerved she scans the
room.

Cupboard doors are agape, jars of food lie exposed and
the back door sits open.

Thud.

From the rear garden, a sudden crash. Startled, Nasiche
flinches.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

Nasiche steps forward. Nervous, she shines a torch into the dark corners of the garden.

In the shadows, a figure darts through the foliage. Nasiche glances left to right.

NASICHE

Hey! Stop!

Thud. Crash.

Noises in the dark.

The torch flashes over the rear wall. Caught in the spotlight, a figure lies crumpled on the ground.

WEMUSA, aged 21, scrambles forward. Unnerved, he stuffs a red folder into a backpack and stares at Nasiche.

Nasiche shines the torch in the intruders face.

NASICHE

Who are you? What do you want?

Wemusa shields his eyes and clambers to his feet.

Behind Nasiche, a hand reaches out. Gently, it touches her shoulder.

Startled, Nasiche spins round.

NASICHE

Huh!

A gasp of horror. A moment of recognition.

Bewildered, Nasiche shakes her head.

AKIKI, aged 22, sidesteps Nasiche. Proud, compassionate, he embraces Wemusa.

Nasiche passes the torch over the two men. Defiant, Akiki returns her gaze.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Akiki and Wemusa sit at the table. In silence, they devour a hastily prepared meal.

Nasiche pours herself a drink. Disconcerted, she takes a seat opposite Akiki and Wemusa.

NASICHE

Akiki, I -

AKIKI

Thanks -

Nasiche and Akiki speak at the same time. For a brief moment, there's a pause in hostilities.

Nasiche sips her drink and glances across the room towards a bedroom door. Akiki follows her gaze

AKIKI

How is she?

Nasiche bites her lip. Akiki's voice is hushed.

AKIKI

It's been so hard. I meant to write, to call, but...

NASICHE

And that makes it alright, huh?

Akiki winces. Sympathetic, Wemusa rests a hand on his partners arm.

WEMUSA

Please, you don't understand.

Nasiche glares at Wemusa. Akiki attempts to keep the peace.

AKIKI

Travelling at night, sleeping rough. Since we left Kampala it's not been easy.

NASICHE

What about work? You can't -

AKIKI

Nasiche, the school won't let me teach. I had my picture in the paper.

For the first time, Nasiche notices the cuts on Akiki's face and the scars on Wemusa's arms.

WEMUSA

Friends and neighbours, they turned against us.

AKIKI

We were threatened, attacked, beaten up.

NASICHE

But the way you live...

Emotions go up a level. The conversation becomes heated.

NASICHE

It's a sin. You should be punished, you -

AKIKI

Why? What have I done that's so wrong? So terrible?

NASICHE

Everything! The Bible says -

AKIKI

But you know me, better than anyone. I thought -

MASANI (O.S.)

Nasiche!

From her room, Masani cries out. Alarmed, panic-stricken, Nasiche, Akiki and Wemusa reel back.

MASANI (O.S.)

Who's there? Is that you?

NASICHE

Yes. Sorry.

Akiki and Wemusa grab their belongings. Nasiche rises to her feet and fumbles for a response

NASICHE

It's the radio. It's off now,
go back to sleep, ummm.

Nasiche listens for another sound, but everything is quiet.

Relieved, she turns back to the table. The room is empty and the outside door wide open.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

Wemusa grips his backpack and climbs over the wall. Akiki rests his foot on a ledge and prepares to follow.

NASICHE (O.S.)

Akiki. Wait.

Akiki glances over his shoulder. Nasiche stands three metres away. Concerned, she steps forward.

NASICHE

Don't leave. Not like this.

Akiki mocks Nasiche with a derisive laugh.

AKIKI

You're not listening, I don't
have a choice.

NASICHE

But what will you do, where
can you go?

AKIKI

I've friends in Kikungiri.
It's OK for a few days but
after that... I don't know.

NASICHE

But you'd leave the country?
It means that much?

Akiki nods and allows his guard to drop.

AKIKI

You know, it's been good to
see you. I've missed your
smile.

Nasiche blushes and reaches out.

Oblivious, Akiki turns his back.

In one movement, he scrambles over the wall and
disappears into the night.

Nasiche chokes back her tears. Troubled, she caresses the
silver cross that hangs from her neck.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE - DAY

Daybreak. The morning sun peeks over the rooftops.

Nasiche starts her scooter and heads down the road.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - DAY

A jeep, belonging to GIDEON SECURITY, sits parked at the
roadside. Nearby, two private security OFFICERS, question
a local RESIDENT.

Unconcerned, Nasiche continues on her journey.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, WATER HOLE - DAY

Mosquitoes hover over the pond. A SHEPHERD watches his goats.

Nasiche passes by on her scooter.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Isolated farms and villages lie scattered in the hills. Lush vegetation glistens in the light.

Nasiche rides the scooter through the undulating landscape.

EXT. GRACE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, GROUNDS - DAY

Nasiche steers the scooter into the compound.

Uncertain, she parks the bike, grabs her medical bag and scans the area.

A school building, animal enclosures and various outhouses sit close by. The foundations of an abandoned project lie sunken in the ground.

KATO (O.S.)

Hey there!

Nasiche looks over her shoulder.

KATO, aged 37, carries a tool box across the field. His smile is warm and Nasiche feels at ease.

KATO

You need some help?

NASICHE

Ummmm, I'm trying to find Grace Children's Village, but I think I'm lost.

KATO

No, you're here. Everything you see, it's all part of the project.

NASICHE

Really? This is amazing.

Impressed, Nasiche takes in the surrounding area.

KATO

Uh-uh, it's all about education and a self-sufficient, sustainable future.

Kato points towards the farm buildings.

KATO

Three years ago we created the farm, so people could learn new skills. Then we built two classrooms, to give local children a start in life.

Nasiche nods her head. To her right, she notices the trenches, where work has been abandoned.

KATO

That's the next project. Three more classrooms for older pupils.

NASICHE

Impressive.

Kato grins. In the background. A woman and young boy walk down the hill.

KATO

We're getting there. Money's a problem. But this is a long-term project, we're not giving up.

NASICHE

No, I'm sure -

Nasiche and Kato hear footsteps and turn round.

AMON, aged 5, looks at Nasiche with wide-eyed wonder.

AMON

Are you the doctor?

NASICHE

That's right. And what's your
name, hmmm?

Embarrassed, Amon hides behind his teachers skirt.

REGINA, aged 31, laughs and rubs the boys head.

REGINA

Don't be shy now.

Regina turns to Nasiche and extends her hand.

REGINA

Hello, I'm Regina. Welcome to
Grace Children's Village.

Nasiche nods and returns the warm greeting.

INT. GRACE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, CLASSROOM - DAY

White washed walls, small wooden desks and the hum of
voices.

A group of young CHILDREN in school uniform line-up on
one side of the room. Some are nervous, others excited,
curious and high-spirited.

Regina and the other TEACHERS supervise the inquisitive
infants.

Nasiche sits at the head of the class.

One by one, she examines the children. Conscientious in her work, she enjoys their playful, inquisitive spirit.

MAGOMU squirms at the stethoscope's cold touch.

REBECCA struggles to control a fit of giggles.

JESSICA suffers from a bad cough.

NAMONO stands on his head.

ABBO hides her face and peers between her fingers.

ZESIRO pirouettes on the spot.

OGWAMBI pulls a funny, contorted face.

GEORGE sulks on the floor.

BABI jumps high in the air.

EXT. GRACE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, GROUNDS - DAY

Teachers and children congregate outside the school.

Nasiche shakes Regina's hand and exchanges farewells.

Amon fidgets at Regina's side. Affectionate, Nasiche bends down and shakes the little boy's hand. Elated, Amon beams with pride.

Buoyant, lifted by her experience, Nasiche heads downhill.

In the background, the school children wave goodbye.

Nasiche approaches her scooter.

Across the compound, she notices a pick-up truck parked outside a hut.

Curious, she steps forward and recognizes the Reisen International logo.

EXT. STOREROOM - DAY

Kato and an unknown white man lug boxes of medical supplies into the hut.

When they return, an irate Nasiche ambushes them.

Kato greets Nasiche with a smile and grabs another box.

DANIEL, aged 31, shuts the tailgate. Bold, confident, he pauses to admire the strange woman.

DANIEL

Hi there. Y'new right? I would have remembered -

NASICHE

It's your truck? You're the driver, right?

DANIEL

Yeah, I'm busy now, but if y'wanna take a ride?

NASICHE

No!

Nasiche vents her anger.

NASICHE

I want to cross the road and walk on the path, without some stupid idiot running me -

DANIEL

Hey! I'm sorry. What I did, whatever it was? But c'mon...

Daniel ignores the criticism. With a beguiling smile, he passes in front of Nasiche and opens the driver's door.

DANIEL

I made an impression, an' it brought us together, right?

NASICHE

What? No...

Daniel laughs and starts the engine. Shocked by his impudence, Nasiche stumbles over her words.

NASICHE

No way. You...

The truck pulls away. Daniel leans out the window. A broad grin and a friendly wave.

Frustrated, Nasiche scowls and shakes her head.

KATO (O.S.)

Huh-huh. Love him or hate him...

Kato appears at Nasiche's side.

KATO

Daniel's one of a kind.

NASICHE

Yeah? And what's he doing here? You've no money but you buy supplies from Reisen?

Kato laughs.

KATO

It's an unofficial donation.

NASICHE

Sorry, I don't..?

KATO

When he can, Daniel helps out. Drugs, equipment, provisions. Reisen are a big company, they make huge profits. No one misses the odd box or two.

NASICHE

And he does that?

KATO

Uh-uh. For us and a few others.

NASICHE

Hmmm.

Thoughtful, Nasiche looks into the distance.

Down the hill, a dust cloud billows behind Daniel's truck.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Nasiche's scooter sits outside the medical centre.

INT. HOSPITAL, WARD - DAY

Nasiche tours the wards. One by one, she checks on her patients.

Young CHILDREN, middle-aged MEN, old WOMEN. An occasional ray of hope but for the majority the outlook is bleak.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - DAY

A crowded ward with basic facilities. Metal beds, sickly children, ashen faces.

Kissa lies in her bed. Determined, she fights the fever and forces a smile.

Nasiche examines Kissa thoroughly. To the naked eye, the symptoms appear stable.

NASICHE

OK. You're really brave. A real fighter, ummm?

The signs are positive. Nasiche smiles at the girl and nods to the attending Nurse.

INT. STOCKROOM - DAY

A pile of boxes, rows of half-empty shelves and a temperature control fridge.

Najja sits at his desk. The door opens and he looks up from his paperwork.

NAJJA
Hey, my girl...

Nasiche enters and greets Najja with a smile.

NAJJA
Good t'see ya.

NASICHE
Yeah, how was the party?

NAJJA
S'OK. But no one had your
class, your style.

Nasiche laughs.

NASICHE
Right.

Nasiche turns and scans the stockroom. Najja joins her and gestures at the empty shelves.

NAJJA
Y'see? Things are not good.
Th'way it's going, I dunno.

Despondent, Nasiche sighs and shakes her head.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Nasiche strides down the passageway.

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY

Nasiche knocks and barges into the room.

NASICHE

Listen. We have to - Oh.

Unnerved, Nasiche stops in her tracks.

Across the room, Taban stands by his desk. To his right, CAPTAIN OKELLO, aged 45, sits in a chair.

TABAN

Nasiche. Good, you're here.

NASICHE

I'm sorry. I didn't -

TABAN

This is Captain Okello, head of Gideon Security.

Captain Okello rises to his feet. An imposing figure, he greets Nasiche with a brief nod of the head.

Puzzled, Nasiche stares at Okello.

NASICHE

You're the politician? The one in the papers?

OKELLO

An informed citizen, hmmm. Can I count on your vote?

Nasiche smiles. Taban ushers her into the room.

TABAN

The captain wants to ask you some questions, regarding your brother.

NASICHE

OK, but...

TABAN

Don't worry, it's nothing serious.

Taban nods to Okello and exits the room. Wary, Nasiche turns to the captain.

NASICHE

I'm not sure what I can tell you.

Okello nods benignly and indicates the chair.

OKELLO

Please.

Nasiche perches on the edge of the seat.

NASICHE

Akiki lives in Kampala. The last time I saw him, it must have been Christmas.

OKELLO

Fine. This is just a routine investigation.

Okello smiles and leans against the desk.

OKELLO

Gideon Security is not officially attached to the police. But in certain cases, where our expertise is valued, we are honoured to provide assistance.

Nasiche squirms. Okello rises to his full height. His smile fades, his expression darkens.

OKELLO

And I'm sure you feel the same. We all want what's best for our country, umm?

NASICHE

Yes. Of course, I -

OKELLO

Were you aware that Akiki has been plotting against the government and creating unrest with extremist propaganda?

Perturbed, Nasiche swallows hard.

NASICHE

No... No, I -

OKELLO

Terrorism. Treason. Subversion. At the first sign, the threat must be extinguished, destroyed.

Nasiche winces. Satisfied with result, Okello relaxes.

OKELLO

But as a doctor you value the sanctity of life. You know these people are disgusting, perverted. And if you see your brother, if he contacts you in any way...

Nasiche struggles with her emotions. Okello stares deep into her eyes.

OKELLO

Do the right thing. Rise above family loyalty, put your country first.

EXT. WASHROOM - DAY

Nasiche splashes water on her face.

Shaken, distressed, she stares into the mirror. For comfort, she caresses her silver cross.

Behind Nasiche, a Nurse enters the toilet.

Nasiche pulls herself together. She tidies her hair, nods to the Nurse and exits the room.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Outpatients sit on the benches. At a hatch, Robert collects his drugs from a PHARMACIST.

Nasiche crosses the floor and heads towards the exit. Annoyed, she catches sight of Robert and bites her lip.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

On the scooter, Nasiche pulls up outside the church.

INT. CHURCH, HALL - DAY

Nasiche stands at the back of the hall. Agitated, she scans the altar and the pews.

LUTALO (O.S.)
Remember, God hates sin, but
loves the sinner.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

Father Lutalo conducts a seminar with a group of STUDENTS.

LUTALO
As we learn in Luke 6,
chapters 36-37; "Be merciful
just as your Father is
merciful. Do not judge and you
will not be judged. Do not
condemn and you will not be
condemned. Forgive and you
will be forgiven."

INT. HALL - DAY

Anxious, Nasiche watches Father Lutalo through a glass partition.

The session finishes and the students rise to their feet.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

Father Lutalo bids farewell to his protégés and spots Nasiche through the window.

INT. HALL - DAY

Hesitant, Nasiche smiles.

EXT. CHURCH, GROUNDS - DAY

A grove of trees. Nasiche and Father Lutalo walk along a shaded path.

LUTALO

Yes, it's a difficult situation. But coming to me, you did the right thing.

Reassured, Nasiche nods her head.

LUTALO

I remember Akiki as a gentle loving boy. And now, the way the western Devil has corrupted an innocent child, it is sad indeed.

NASICHE

Father, could you..? I mean...

LUTALO

Yes?

NASICHE

He respects you. If you talked to him, showed him God's love, his mercy, I'm sure it would help.

Father Lutalo sees the desperation in Nasiche's eyes and hears the emotion in her voice.

LUTALO

Yes, yes.

NASICHE

Please. He has friends in Kikungiri. I don't know their name, but...

LUTALO

Leave it with me. We'll make enquires and God be willing, we can reclaim your brothers soul.

NASICHE

Thank you. This means so much.

Grateful, relieved, Nasiche smiles and pays her respects.

LUTALO

Bless you child. Your family remain in our prayers.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Election posters flutter in the breeze.

Nasiche ignores Okello's ominous image. Upbeat and positive, she approaches her scooter.

Beep-di-beep-beep.

Nasiche answers her mobile phone.

NASICHE

Yes? Hello?

Nasiche listens intently to the message. Her mood darkens. She shuts her eyes and sighs in despair.

INT. HOSPITAL, PEDIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Kissa lies in her bed. Gripped with fever, her legs protrude at awkward angles.

Nasiche takes the young girl's temperature and examines her eyes. Oblivious, Kissa's expression is pained and her gaze unfocused.

Nasiche checks the drugs cabinet.

She stares at the empty shelves. Frustrated, tearful, she turns back to Kissa and buries her head in her hands.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE, BEDSIT - NIGHT

A bare, unwashed room.

A red folder, assorted documents and numerous photographs lie scattered on the bed.

Wemusa perches on the mattress and examines the paperwork.

Akiki enters the room. Stripped to the waist, towel in hand, he admires Wemusa.

Thud! Clang!

From outside, strange noises shatter the silence.

Startled, Wemusa snatches at the documents. Alarmed, Akiki crosses the room and peers through the blind.

Through the window, Akiki scans the street. Disturbed, he conceals his distress and forces a smile.

AKIKI

It's OK.

Akiki turns back to Wemusa.

AKIKI

Just some legless drunk.

Relieved, Wemusa drops the papers on the bed.

Passionate, Akiki wraps his arms around his lover and pulls him close.

EXT. KABALE - DAY

Dawn.

INT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight peeks through the curtains. Nasiche lies in her bed. Thoughtful, resolute, she stares at the ceiling.

EXT. KABALE - DAY

The streets burst into life. A vibrant mishmash of vehicles and pedestrians.

A lorry, with the Reisen International logo on its side, trundles along the road.

EXT. REISEN INTERNATIONAL, DEPOT - DAY

A large modern warehouse owned by Reisen International. Crates, trucks and assorted WORKERS occupy the yard.

INT. REISEN INTERNATIONAL, OFFICE - DAY

At his desk, Daniel relaxes in a chair.

Opposite him, sits LAWRENCE TUVILLY, aged 58. Distinguished, affable and silver-haired, he helps himself to a scotch.

LAWRENCE

Is it too early or too late?

DANIEL

Can you be both at the same
time?

LAWRENCE

Not in my world, Danny boy.
Cheers.

Lawrence tips his glass to Daniel. Daniel nods.

DANIEL

Anytime Lawrence. You up for
the game? Friday as usual?

LAWRENCE

Not this week. The big guns
are flying in from the states
an' I've gotta keep 'em sweet.

DANIEL

Right, the project. What's the
big secret?

LAWRENCE

Timing. Like comedy.
Everyone's got a fuckin' ego,
an' things are on a knife
edge.

DANIEL

But this is your legacy. What
you've done with the Charities
Commission, I thought -

LAWRENCE

Yeah, join the club. It's
taken years, doin' twenty-four
hour shifts, tryin' t'make a
difference.

Lawrence deposits the empty glass and lurches to his
feet.

LAWRENCE

An' now we finally have a
chance, some dumb bureaucrat's
fuckin' me in the ass.

Daniel laughs. Lawrence reaches for the door handle.

LAWRENCE

Anyway, it's bullshit. It'll
all blow over.

DANIEL

Like a hurricane, huh?

LAWRENCE

With me in charge, you -
Hello.

Nasiche stands in the doorway.

Surprised, Lawrence raises an eyebrow and Daniel leaps to
his feet.

Undaunted, Nasiche purses her lips and stares them down.

IMAGE. TELEVISION SCREEN

Bustling street. Day. Captain Okello charms the public
and woos the voters.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A popular bistro. A television sits in the corner.
CUSTOMERS watch the images of Captain Okello.

Away from the hubbub, Nasiche and Daniel occupy a table.

NASICHE

Of course, poverty's the real
issue.

Nasiche's anger rises to the surface.

NASICHE

Clean water, condoms,
sanitation, mosquito nets...
People don't need cutting edge
medicine, but basic everyday
things.

DANIEL

So? Let's save the world
tomorrow.

Insensitive, Daniel attempts to lighten the mood.

DANIEL

We'll skip work. Grab a drink,
some food and -

Nasiche grimaces. Irritated, she slides a scrap of paper
across the table.

Daniel examines the list of drugs. Playful, mischievous,
he exaggerates his reaction.

DANIEL

Uh-uh. Right... OK.

NASICHE

I don't want to beg. At Grace
Children's Village, the
manager -

DANIEL

Kato.

NASICHE

Ummm, he said sometimes you
help him out.

Daniel nods.

DANIEL

It's hit and miss, I can't
promise anything.

NASICHE

But we're desperate. They've cut our budget, stopped our supplies.

DANIEL

I understand. Believe me, but I'm just one guy.

NASICHE

I know. It's not your problem. But if you can do anything? Please.

Aggrieved, Nasiche grabs her bag and heads for the door.

Rattled, Daniel calls after her.

DANIEL

Wait. It's OK.

At the entrance, Nasiche looks back at Daniel. A brief smile and she exits the cafe.

INT. REISEN INTERNATIONAL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dark, silent and deserted.

Daniel appears in a doorway. He checks the coast is clear and emerges with a trolley laden with boxes.

Daniel pushes the truck along the passageway and around a corner.

A beam of light hits Daniel in the face. Surprised, he shields his eyes and jolts back.

Two metres away, a security GUARD lowers his torch and shakes his head.

Daniel smiles. He removes a bundle of cash from his pocket and offers it to the Guard.

The Guard nods. He takes the money, treats Daniel like an old friend and waves him away.

EXT. HOSPITAL, REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Daniel's truck sits in a dark, isolated spot.

INT. HOSPITAL, PEDIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Weak, listless, Kissa lies in her bed.

Nasiche injects a serum into the young girls arm. She swabs the entry point and forces a smile.

Daniel watches from a distance. In his arms he holds a box, stamped with the Reisen logo.

Nasiche looks over her shoulder and nods. Daniel breathes a sigh of relief and steps away.

INT. STOCKROOM - DAY

Najja makes a note and checks the supplies.

Daniel lugs his box into the room.

DANIEL

Here, where do you want this?

NAJJA

I got it, man.

Najja takes the box and disappears down an aisle.

Daniel turns to go. On Najja's desk, amongst the papers and files, something catches his eye.

Daniel rifles through a stack of invoices. The one stamped with the EFFA logo peaks his interest.

Cautious, Daniel stuffs the invoice in his pocket and exits the room.

EXT. HOSPITAL, REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Daniel crosses the yard towards his truck.

He opens the door and spots Nasiche ten metres away.

Nasiche slumps on a concrete step. Weary, she drinks a coffee and rests her head on her hands.

DANIEL

How is she?

Nasiche flinches.

NASICHE

What?

DANIEL

Sorry. The girl?

Nasiche regains her composure.

NASICHE

Stable. The signs are positive
but we'll know more tomorrow.

DANIEL

OK. That's good news.

Daniel glances at his truck.

DANIEL

Do y'wanna lift? Somewhere?
Anywhere?

NASICHE

No, but tell me, where does
the money go?

Agitated, Nasiche finishes her drink and rises to her feet.

NASICHE

The politicians, the NGO's,
they never ask us what we
want? What we need?

DANIEL

That's the same everywhere.
Uganda, Africa, it's no
different.

Doubtful, Nasiche throws the plastic cup in a bin.

DANIEL

And good things are happening,
projects like Grace Children's
Village, new clinics, AIDS
research.

NASICHE

Yes, but do the maths. Most
people die of malaria, TB,
pneumonia... This hysteria,
it's turned our priorities
upside down.

DANIEL

Maybe, but y'can't ignore -

NASICHE

Daniel, I'm a doctor and I'm
HIV positive. I'm aware of the
dangers, the risks and the
side-effects, so don't -

Nasiche notices Daniel's stunned expression.

NASICHE

What?

DANIEL

Shit. I didn't know, I...

Nasiche's anger ebbs away. She regrets her rash
confession and Daniel expresses his concern.

DANIEL

But you're OK? You're taking
the anti-retrovirals, right?

Nasiche pauses for thought.

DANIEL

Nasiche?

Evasive, Nasiche pushes past Daniel. Playful, she heads towards the truck.

NASICHE

C'mon. Y'gonna give me that ride?

Bewildered, Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL

Yes boss, you're in charge.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Daniel's truck crawls along a neglected road.

DANIEL (O.S.)

This slow enough for you?

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The atmosphere is warm and friendly. Daniel sits behind the wheel. Nasiche relaxes in the passenger seat.

NASICHE

Don't change the subject.

DANIEL

Yeah, but mystery, intrigue, it makes life exciting.

NASICHE

And you don't need to know everything about everybody?

DANIEL

No.

NASICHE

But now you know my secret.

Daniel grins and takes a right turn.

DANIEL

Yeah, you ever been to England? Grey skies, small minds an' brain-dead celebrities. Some people love it, I found it suffocating.

NASICHE

End of story?

DANIEL

Uh-uh. The guy you met at my office, Lawrence. He hooked me up with Reisen an' I got the job out here.

NASICHE

And whatta y'think? You happy?

DANIEL

Shit. Y'know... Nowhere's perfect.

Daniel looks over at the huge Chinese Oil plant in the distance.

DANIEL

Perhaps that's why so many Chinese are coming here too. A million in just a decade. Perhaps this place just brings happiness. And if you want to start something - and be the master of you own happiness...

Daniel glances at Nasiche as she ponders this. Daniel smiles.

DANIEL

Well, it's not the United States, is it, for them anyway. I was teaching

English in Qinghai, a remote region of north-west China; early nineties ...way back after having just left Uni, and I met these three brothers; Bu, Chu, and Fu. Each of them desperate to get to the US illegally because of the PRC's restrictions.

Nasiche listens intently as Daniel continues.

DANIEL

Anyway, they made it...all them, as some bunch of coolies to San Francisco and they started a restaurant. But they decided to change their names to become more American. Bu changed his name to Buck, Chu changed his name to Chuck...and Fu...well...

Nasiche stares curiously at Daniel.

DANIEL

He eventually returned home.

Nasiche looks on bewildered. Daniel smiles. They both burst into laughter.

Something on the road ahead catches Daniel's eye.

DANIEL

Hey... Y'see that?

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Screech.

Brakes squeal. Daniel's truck judders to a halt.

The road ahead is blocked by abandoned vehicles and a mass of people.

An angry din and the clamour of voices.

A posse of MEN pass the truck. Volatile, enraged, they surge down the road.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Confused, Daniel shakes his head. Troubled, Nasiche scans the street.

DANIEL

Th'hell's going on?

NASICHE

Wait. What road is this?

DANIEL

I dunno. It's a short cut to -
Huh?

Nasiche leaps out of the truck.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Determined, Nasiche heads towards the crowd.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Daniel leans forward. Concerned, his eyes dart from side to side.

DANIEL

Nasiche! Hey!

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Tension. Panic. Confusion.

Nasiche pushes her way through the crowd. In the chaos, she loses her footing and stumbles forward.

Five metres ahead, the crowd parts.

In the clearing, a frenzied mob huddle together. Brandishing clubs and wearing Gideon Security uniforms, they lash out.

At the mobs feet, a lifeless figure slumps in a heap.

Eeeoooooww!

In the background, a police siren wails.

The attackers retreat. Pumped with adrenaline, they flee down the road and lose themselves in the maze of buildings.

Dazed, Nasiche steps forward. On her face an expression of recognition, then revulsion.

Wemusa lies prostrate on the ground. A twisted contorted body and a bruised blood-stained face.

Nasiche reels back. Shaken she staggers through the crowd. To her right, something catches her eye.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Captain Okello stands on a vantage point overlooking the street. Resolute, unmoved, he observes the chaos.

Father Lutalo appears at Okello's side. From a distance, Nasiche is unsure if the priest is angry, concerned or upset.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Unnerved, Nasiche freezes. Doubts, thoughts and questions flash through her mind.

AKIKI (O.S.)

Nasiche?

Nasiche barely registers the voice.

AKIKI (O.S.)
Nasiche! You OK?

Nasiche spins round. Anxious, Akiki stares at the crowd.

AKIKI
It's crazy. What's happening?

NASICHE
Oh God.

Nasiche shakes her head. Distressed, she grabs Akiki's shoulder and drags him up the road.

NASICHE
C'mon! Let's go.

AKIKI
Where? What are you -

NASICHE
Later! Trust me, OK.

Nasiche and Akiki force their way through the crowd

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

At his truck, Daniel frets and worries. In the distance, two figures attract his attention.

Nasiche and Akiki bustle along the road. Five metres from the truck, Akiki hesitates.

AKIKI
Wait! Wemusa. He's down there.
I've got to -

NASICHE
No! You can't.

AKIKI
But if they find him, if they
-

NASICHE

Please.

DANIEL (O.S.)

Nasiche!

NASICHE

Yes? What?

Nasiche turns to Daniel and follows his gaze.

Across the road, two security OFFICERS point towards the truck.

Afraid, Nasiche turns to Akiki.

In the distance, Akiki disappears into the crowd.

Nasiche gives chase. Concerned, Daniel grabs her arm.

DANIEL

Don't! It's not safe.

NASICHE

No! They killed him.

DANIEL

Who? What?

NASICHE

Akiki's friend. You didn't see.. He doesn't know!

DANIEL

Jesus.

Torn by her emotions, Nasiche spins round. Fraught, Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL

Nasiche, it's too late. We'll come back, OK?
Insistent, Daniel pulls Nasiche towards the truck.

DANIEL

C'mon.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Daniel shuts the door and fumbles for the keys.

Thud!

A fist strikes the vehicles bonnet.

Nasiche and Daniel peer through the front window.

Outside, the two officers brandish their weapons and block the road.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Wemusa's blank, lifeless eyes stare up at the sky. A compassionate OLD MAN throws a blanket over the body.

Nearby, Akiki stands in the shadows. Distraught, he trembles and fights back the tears.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE, BEDSIT - NIGHT

Clothes, books and personal belongings litter the bed.

Desperate, Akiki rifles through the assorted jumble. Relieved, he grabs a red folder and stuffs it into Wemusa's old backpack.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A door creaks open. Akiki peers through the narrow gap.

Anxious, he grips the backpack. Wary, he scurries down the corridor.

Akiki disappears around the far corner.

Oblivious, two security OFFICERS approach in the opposite direction.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

One officer searches the back of Daniel's truck. The other watches Nasiche and Daniel like a hawk.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Nasiche and Daniel sit upright in their seats. Sweat glistens on their brows. Tension fills the air.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

The first officer jumps down from the tailgate. Disgruntled, he turns to the other and shakes his head.

The second officer scowls. Annoyed, he waves Daniel away.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Daniel turns the ignition and stalls the engine. Nervous, he exchanges a glance with Nasiche and tries again.

Wrrrooomm.

The engine bursts to life.

Nasiche sighs with relief. Daniel shoves the truck into first gear and turns the wheel.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Daniel executes a tight three-point turn and steers the truck away from the disturbance.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A narrow, dimly lit passageway. Akiki keeps to the shadows. Breathless, he slinks through the squalid backstreet.

The alley opens out onto a road. Akiki pauses at the entrance and surveys the area.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Daniel idles along the road. Nasiche perches on her seat. Alert, they scour the neighbourhood for signs of Akiki.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Akiki sneaks along the path. Cautious, he avoids other PEDESTRIANS and shields his face from passing vehicles.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Desperation grips Nasiche. Over her shoulder, out the corner of her eye, something attracts her attention.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Screech!

Daniel's truck executes an emergency stop.

Akiki lowers his gaze and scurries along the pavement.

NASICHE (O.S.)

Akiki!

Akiki flinches. Nervous eyes glance across the road.

Ten metres away, Nasiche exits the truck. Frantic, she beckons Akiki forward.

Akiki hesitates. On guard, he double-checks the street.

Nasiche moves closer. A passing car avoids a collision.

NASICHE

C'mon! Now!

Akiki grimaces and darts across the road. Nasiche bundles him into the truck and Daniel steps on the gas.

The truck pulls away and disappears into the night.

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - NIGHT

A small estate. Medium-sized utilitarian bungalows.

Daniel's truck pulls up outside a residential building.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Daniel kills the engine. He breathes deep and turns to Nasiche and Akiki.

Shell-shocked, the two siblings struggle to focus. Cautious, Daniel raises a finger to his lips.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daniel exits the truck. Alert, he approaches a bungalow.

Daniel unlocks the door. He checks the coast is clear, and nods his head.

Nasiche and Akiki stumble out of the truck. Daniel ushers them inside and shuts the door.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Daniel fills the kettle and hits the switch.

In the background, brief snippets of conversation. Angry, emotional voices rise and fall.

AKIKI (O.S.)

No. You're lying...

NASICHE (O.S.)

I'm sorry...

AKIKI (O.S.)

Why? What happened?

Daniel grabs three mugs from the cupboard and glances over his shoulder.

Through the open door, he sees Nasiche and Akiki. Troubled, the older sister tries to pacify her younger brother.

NASICHE

You don't know.

AKIKI

He wouldn't... Not without me.

NASICHE

How? I couldn't...
The kettle boils. Daniel pours the water into the mugs. In the background, disturbed voices snap back and forth.

AKIKI (O.S.)

No! That's it.

NASICHE (O.S.)

Please.

AKIKI (O.S.)

You! No! Get away.

INT. LOUNGE-DINER - NIGHT

Daniel enters the room. Coffee mugs in hand, he attempts a reassuring smile.

Akiki ignores Daniel. Tormented, he slumps in a chair.

Thud!

In the background, the front door slams shut.

Daniel looks for Nasiche. He sets the mugs down on a table and rushes outside.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daniel bursts through the door. Desperate, he searches the grounds.

No sign. No sound. No movement.

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - NIGHT

Daniel jogs down the road and through the trees.

DANIEL
Nasiche... Nasiche.

In the background, a mournful whimpering cry.

Daniel spins round.

In the shadows, a figure slumps against a large tree trunk. Hesitant, Daniel steps forward.

DANIEL
Are you OK?

Nasiche flinches. Agitated, she turns and staggers away.

DANIEL
Wait. Where y'going?

NASICHE
It's all my fault. I'm
responsible.

DANIEL
That's crazy. Whatta y'talkin'
about?

Daniel grips Nasiche's arm and attempts to comfort her.

DANIEL

Akiki can stay with me, OK.
But you've gotta give him
time. What happened... The
shock... It's hard to take.

NASICHE

You don't understand. It was
me.

Nasiche gasps for breath. Rigid with fear, she fights
back the tears.

NASICHE

I told Father Lutalo. He told
them. And they... I... I
killed him.

DANIEL

No. You trusted him. Y'didn't
know -

NASICHE

But Akiki, he came to me for
help and I turned him away.

Nasiche pushes Daniel aside.

NASICHE

I had hate in my heart and
stabbed my brother in the
back.

Nasiche stumbles onto the road. Stunned, Daniel lurches
after her.

DANIEL

Nasiche. Wait! You can't...

Nasiche waves a dismissive hand. Without turning, she
shakes her head and disappears into the night.

Daniel shudders. Lost, alone, he watches Nasiche depart.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE, LOUNGE-DINER - NIGHT

Subdued, Daniel enters the room. Sombre, Akiki looks up from the sofa.

DANIEL

OK? There's a bed in the spare room.

Daniel tilts his head towards a door.

DANIEL

Bathrooms down the hall and...

Akiki forces a smile. Awkward, Daniel crosses the room.

DANIEL

If you want food, or anything, just help yourself. I'll be here. Call me if, y'know...

AKIKI

Thank you.

DANIEL

Yeah. No problem.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Semi-darkness. Daniel sits at a desk in front of a PC. The glow from the screen accentuates his features.

Daniel retrieves the stolen invoice from his pocket. He unfolds the crumpled paper and types EFFA into his computer

IMAGE. COMPUTER SCREEN

EFFA's website appears on screen.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daniel clicks the mouse and rattles the keyboard.

IMAGE. COMPUTER SCREEN

Pages of information from EFFA's website flash before Daniel's eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daniel leans closer to the screen.

IMAGE. COMPUTER SCREEN

A new page reveals the trustees of EFFA. Names on the list include JOHN ARCUDI, LARA VAUGHAN, PETER SNEJBJERG, BJARNE HANSEN, KAREN ABBOTT, WARREN ELLIS and DUSTIN NGUYEN.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daniel pauses and takes a drink of scotch. Revitalised, his fingers flash over the keyboard.

IMAGE. COMPUTER SCREEN

Information about Reisen International appears on screen.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daniel curses under his breath.

DANIEL
Password? Shit... C'mon.

IMAGE. COMPUTER SCREEN

More pages. More details.

A new page reveals Reisen's board of directors. Names on the list include DAVID GABRIEL, JOHN ARCUDI, JUAN VLASCO, PETER SNEJBJERG, DUSTIN NGUYEN and ELENA SEGOVIA.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daniel runs a finger over the list. Shaken by the duplication of names, he downs the last of the scotch.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Bleak and blurry-eyed, Nasiche stares up at the church. The impressive building casts a hypnotic spell.

Nasiche fumbles with the cross around her neck and struggles to control her emotions.

Overhead, a cloud obscures the moon.

Nasiche turns and trudges down the road. On the ground, the silver cross lies in the dirt.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A heavy downpour. Rain bounces off the tarmac.

INT. TOILET, CUBICLE - DAY

Robert crouches over the toilet and retches into the basin.

ROBERT
Urrgghhhhh. Urhh.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Robert emerges from the toilet. Pallid, feverish, he wipes his mouth and heads for the exit.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Robert takes a seat amongst the other patients. Oblivious, Nasiche consults with the medical STAFF.

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Dazed, distracted, Nasiche proceeds through the hospital.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - DAY

Kissa lies in bed. Her condition is stable and the fever under control.

Nasiche perches on the mattress. Relieved, she smiles at the young girl and grips her hand.

A door opens at the far side of the ward. Nasiche looks up. Surprised, she spots Father Lutalo in the entrance.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Father Lutalo shakes the water from his umbrella. Indignant, aggrieved, Nasiche closes the door.

LUTALO

I wanted you to know, as soon
as I had news.

NASICHE

Yes?

LUTALO

There was an incident, a young
man was killed resisting
arrest.

NASICHE

That wasn't Akiki?

LUTALO

No. But there is a connection
and your brother is wanted for
questioning. Have you heard
from him? Is there anywhere
else he might be staying?

Nasiche overcomes her fears and shifts to the offensive.

NASICHE

And if I knew, if I told you?

LUTALO

I'm sorry?

NASICHE

You promised. You said you'd speak to him.

LUTALO

Yes. And I will when -

NASICHE

Liar!

Shocked, Father Lutalo recoils. Enraged, Nasiche twitches and shakes.

NASICHE

I trusted you. And they killed him, an innocent boy.

LUTALO

Enough! Your brother, these people...

Father Lutalo loses his temper. Nasiche stands her ground.

LUTALO

Their actions are vile, inhuman, they desecrate the most holy of God's laws.

NASICHE

No! God is merciful, God is just.

LUTALO

Child, you dare to -

NASICHE

Love the sinner!

LUTALO

What?

NASICHE

And hate the sin. That's what
you said.

LUTALO

No! No, I...

Father Lutalo stumbles over his words.

Nasiche sneers with contempt and heads for the door.

LUTALO

Wait! Nasiche. Your faith,
don't turn your back.

Resolute, Nasiche pauses in the doorway.

NASICHE

I'm sorry. But your God, the
white mans God, it's not mine.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - DAY

Nasiche strides through the door. Lost in thought, she
takes a medical chart from a nurse and approaches a
patient.

In the doorway, Father Lutalo seethes with fury.

EXT. KABALE - NIGHT

Dusk. The sun dips below the horizon.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nasiche parks her scooter in a concealed spot.

Vigilant, she walks to the front door. Nervous, she rings
the bell.

No answer. No reply. Nasiche sighs and steps away.

At the window, fingers poke through the blind. Cautious, Akiki peers through a small gap.

Nasiche catches her breath and forces a smile.

NASICHE (O.S.)

I know I was wrong.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE, LOUNGE-DINER - NIGHT

Akiki slumps on the sofa and stares at his feet. Restless, Nasiche paces the floor.

NASICHE

Everything... What I did, what they told me, what I believed.

AKIKI

Please. I can't -

Akiki rises to his feet. Nasiche blocks his path.

NASICHE

Wait, it's no excuse. I didn't listen. You tried to explain and...

Nasiche fights back the tears.

NASICHE

It's hard. You're my little brother. And what happened to Wemusa... I know what he meant to you.

Akiki looks up. Nasiche grips his hand and seeks forgiveness.

AKIKI

I miss him. So much. I...

Distressed, Akiki rests his head on Nasiche's shoulder.

Nasiche takes her brother in her arms and soothes his pain.

Click.

The door opens. Laden with bags, Daniel enters the room.

DANIEL

Shit. I'm sorry, I...

Nasiche and Akiki remain huddled together. Nasiche peers over her brothers shoulder.

Sympathetic, Daniel grimaces. Relieved, Nasiche smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pots and pans lie in the sink. Daniel grabs a couple of beers from the fridge.

INT. LOUNGE-DINER - NIGHT

Nasiche and Akiki relax in their chairs. Dirty plates and half-empty glasses litter the table.

Daniel enters and hands one of the beers to Akiki. He offers the other to Nasiche but she declines.

DANIEL

Y'keeping out of sight? It should be OK, but y'don't wanna attract attention.

Akiki nods his head.

AKIKI

Yes, thank you.

NASICHE

But long-term, we need a solution. Something, somewhere.

AKIKI

Rwanda.

NASICHE

What?

AKIKI

Huh-huh. That was the plan. We talked about it, but Wemusa... He never...

The words stick in Akiki's throat.

Ashamed, Nasiche averts her gaze. Concerned, Daniel leans forward.

DANIEL

Y'know, I'm no expert, but is that the best option?

AKIKI

Uhh... In Africa it's not easy. Like your Jekyll and Hyde, people are kind and friendly but when they swallow the poison -

DANIEL

You get the monster.

Akiki nods.

AKIKI

And the church, the papers...

DANIEL

The politicians.

AKIKI

Yes, they're spreading the virus, infecting the system.

Downcast, Daniel and Akiki drink their beer.

AKIKI

But the things you take for granted, the life, the freedom... That's all Wemusa and I wanted.

Nasiche looks up. Impressed by Daniel's rapport with Akiki, her attitude softens and her respect grows.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Nasiche exits the bathroom. Across the hall, Daniel appears at his bedroom door.

DANIEL

Hey, can I show you something?

Nasiche smirks and raises an eyebrow.

NASICHE

Yes, but I've just had dinner, so don't upset my stomach.

Daniel grins. Nasiche breezes into the room.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daniel sits at a desk in front of a PC. Curious, Nasiche leans over his shoulder.

DANIEL

Y'see? It's all there.

IMAGE. COMPUTER SCREEN

Various web pages flash up. Detailed information about EFFA and Reisen.

DANIEL (O.S.)

The cuts, the change in
policy, it's all connected to
Reisen.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nasiche stares at the PC. Daniel pours himself a scotch.

DANIEL

The use Uganda as a base, to
do the research an' develop
the next generation of drugs.

NASICHE

And if there's an epidemic?

DANIEL

That means more funding, more
government support.

NASICHE

But the charities, the NGO's,
they're not stupid.

DANIEL

Then we're talkin' bribery,
corruption.

NASICHE

Yeah, you can't accuse people,
not without evidence, proof.

DANIEL

Look at the contracts. Y'wanna
know where the money goes?

Nasiche nods her head. Daniel downs his drink.

DANIEL

It's like the Roman Empire,
but with that kinda power they
sit at home, dictate policy
and strip-mine a country.

NASICHE

And the people in the middle,
the patients at the hospital,
what happens to them? Don't
they count?

Creek.

The door opens. Light floods the room.

Nasiche and Daniel turn round. Akiki stands in the doorway. Silent, reproachful, he returns their gaze.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daniel escorts Nasiche to her scooter.

NASICHE

And now? Whatta you gonna do?

DANIEL

About Reisen an' my job?

Nasiche grimaces. Daniel shrugs.

DANIEL

Fuck knows. I'll speak to
Lawrence. He has contacts, he
must know something.

NASICHE

Just be careful.

The concern in Nasiche's voice catches Daniel by surprise.

NASICHE

You saw what happened, the
trouble Akiki's in.

DANIEL

Yeah, Rwanda. Whatta y'think?
Into th'fire?

NASICHE

What choice does he have?
People here, they're trying to
kill him and...

Nasiche fights back the tears.

Daniel rests a hand on her troubled shoulders.

DANIEL

Hey, it's OK. We'll work it
out.

Distressed, in need of comfort, Nasiche buries her head
in Daniel's chest.

Daniel holds Nasiche tight. The mood shifts and changes.

Through tear-stained eyes Nasiche gazes at Daniel.

A faint smile crosses Daniel's lips. Nasiche kisses him
gently on the mouth.

A slight pause. A moments hesitation. Two pairs of eyes
lock together.

Nasiche embraces Daniel. An intense, passionate,
heartfelt kiss.

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - NIGHT

Nasiche pushes her scooter out into the road. Relaxed,
Daniel walks at her side.

Nasiche climbs on the seat and starts the engine. Elated
but embarrassed, she smiles at Daniel.

Daniel returns the smile. Excited but bemused, he watches
Nasiche ride away.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - NIGHT

Nasiche rides through a quiet, residential part of town.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Nasiche turns a corner.

Screech.

Nasiche executes an emergency stop. Anxious, she stares at the road ahead.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A jeep, belonging to GIDEON SECURITY, sits outside Nasiche's home. A DRIVER slouches behind the wheel.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Perturbed, Nasiche scans the area. To her right, she spots a narrow alley and steers the scooter towards it.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Nasiche avoids the potholes and zigzags down the dirt track.

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

Nasiche kills the engine. She hides the scooter in the bushes and sneaks through the undergrowth.

In the darkness, Nasiche spots a familiar wall. Cautious, she steps closer and peers over the top.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

Light from the dining room illuminates the garden. Inside the house, two dark figures appear in the distance.

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

Concealed in the shadows, Nasiche adjusts her position for a better view.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

The figures move closer to the window. The light catches their features.

Nasiche's mother Masani, stands on the left. At her side is Captain Okello, the head of Gideon Security.

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

Nasiche recoils.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

Masani and Okello appear relaxed in each others company. Contented, they enjoy a drink and share a joke.

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

Troubled, disconcerted, Nasiche stares in horror.

Click. Creak.

From behind, the snap of a twig and the patter of footsteps.

Nasiche glances over her shoulder.

A swarm of hands grab Nasiche. Powerful, relentless, they drag her to the ground.

NASICHE

Uhh. Ugh! Urrrgh!

Nasiche struggles to free herself. Arms flail, feet kick out.

Thud!

A truncheon smacks into Nasiche's skull. Concussed, she collapses in a heap.

The world spins round. Everything turns black.

INT. PRISON, CELL - NIGHT

Darkness.

Scratches. Scrapes. Painful gasps, shallow breaths.

Out of the void, the world comes into focus.

Nasiche lies prostrate on the concrete floor.

Dazed, she touches the back of her head and winces. Afraid, she adjusts her eyes to the dank, gloomy surroundings.

Click.

A peephole in the door slides open. A sullen GUARD stares into the room.

Nasiche closes her eyes and grits her teeth.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Thwack! Crack!

A hand smacks Nasiche hard on the face. Another slaps the back of her head.

Nasiche cries and whimpers. Her features are swollen, her face bruised, her lip cut.

OKELLO (O.S.)
You didn't answer the
question.

Nasiche gathers her senses. Bound to a chair, she lifts her head and examines the room.

Two security GUARDS prowl the office. The first towers overhead, the second lurks in the background.

OKELLO (O.S.)

Do you want me to repeat myself?

Nasiche follows the direction of the voice.

Behind a desk, Captain Okello relaxes in a chair. Calm voice, piercing gaze, malevolent attitude.

OKELLO

Hmmm? Skulking in the shadows, spying on your mother... A good woman. Did she tell you I knew your father?

Nasiche reels at the news. Okello smiles at the memory.

OKELLO

We served together in the Congo War, and I know he would be proud of your achievements.

Sympathetic, Okello smiles.

OKELLO

But this... Your behaviour, it shames the family, dishonours his memory.

Thwack!

A guard punches Nasiche in the face. Blood trickles from her nose.

Unconcerned, Okello rises from his seat.

OKELLO

Your brother is a violent, dangerous criminal, a threat to our country. And yet you protect him.

Okello sneers in disgust. Nasiche shakes her head.
Through the pain, she splutters and sobs.

NASICHE

I don't know... I don't, I
don't.

OKELLO

But if you have nothing to
hide, why lie? An innocent
person would not act this way.
Believe me, I've dealt with
rapists, murderers,
terrorists...

Okello grabs Nasiche by the chin and stares into her
eyes.

OKELLO

And truly, deep in your soul,
you want to confess.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Thud!

The cell door slams shut.

Nasiche falls to her knees. Tired, tearful, distraught,
she collapses against the door.

INT. CELL - DAY

A tray of food lies on the floor. Ravenous, Nasiche
shoves the gruel into her mouth.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Eyes peer through the peephole. Tormented, Nasiche curls
up in the foetal position.

INT. CELL - DAY

Distressed, Nasiche urinates in a bucket.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Prostrate, Nasiche turns, writhes and twitches.

INT. CELL - DAY

Nasiche scrambles to her knees. She bows, clasps her hands together and silently mumbles a prayer.

Tears stain Nasiche's face. Her voice quavers and the words stick in her throat.

Defeated, Nasiche pulls her hands apart. Dejected, she clenches her fists.

Tap. Click.

The bolt is removed and the cell door thrown open. Light floods the room.

Nasiche gasps. Nervous, she blinks and looks up.

Two guards loom in the doorway. Silent and ominous.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The guards escort Nasiche down a passageway. Dishevelled, wracked with pain, she struggles to maintain her footing.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

An ASSISTANT hands Nasiche her shoes and jacket. Hesitant, Nasiche takes them and looks to the guards.

GUARD

Put them on. You're being released.

Life flickers into Nasiche's eyes. Relieved, she fumbles with her jacket and squeezes into the shoes.

OKELLO (O.S.)

So this is goodbye.

Unnerved, Nasiche spins round.

Captain Okello blocks the exit. An affable smile fails to conceal a menacing tone.

OKELLO

For the moment, anyway. But
remember, wherever you are,
wherever you go...

Okello invades Nasiche's personal space. Nasiche flinches.

OKELLO

Our eyes will be on you, and
God will make his judgment.

EXT. GIDEON SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A secure, fortified compound.

Large hoardings advertise Okello's election campaign. The slogan reads: OKELLO - SERVING THE PEOPLE, PROTECTING THE FUTURE.

A guard unbolts the front gate. Nasiche limps through the exit and onto the street.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

Lawrence Tuvilly stands beside a top of the range 4x4. Agitated, preoccupied, he talks into a mobile phone.

LAWRENCE

C'mon, you believe that shit?
It's a smear campaign. Those
assholes wanna scupper the

deal, an' they'll do anything
to -

In the distance, something catches Lawrence's eye.

LAWRENCE

Hey! Nasiche!

Nasiche stops in her tracks. She shields her eyes from the sun and peers across the road.

Lawrence pockets the mobile and approaches the fragile young woman.

Wary, Nasiche takes a step back.

LAWRENCE

It's Lawrence. Remember,
Daniel's friend.

NASICHE

From the Charities Commission?

LAWRENCE

Right.

Concerned, Lawrence smiles and sets Nasiche's mind at rest.

LAWRENCE

He asked me to help. When you went missing, the guy's been worried sick.

NASICHE

I didn't know. I...

LAWRENCE

It's OK.
Lawrence nods his head and ushers Nasiche towards the 4x4.

LAWRENCE

C'mon, we need to get you to a doctor.

NASICHE

No. I'm fine, really.

LAWRENCE

Bullshit.

Lawrence grabs a bottle of water from his car and hands it to Nasiche.

LAWRENCE

Those bastards worked you over, an' now you're tryin' to be a hero?

Nasiche smiles. Thirsty, she drinks half the water. The rest, she tips in her hand and washes over her head.

Wrooom.

Lawrence starts the engine. Refreshed, Nasiche climbs into the passenger seat.

NASICHE

Lawrence...

INT. 4X4 - DAY

Lawrence checks the mirror. Nasiche straps herself in.

NASICHE

I'm a doctor. I'll self-medicate. Just take me to Daniel's, OK.

LAWRENCE

Shit, I ain't gonna argue. A beautiful girl like you...

Lawrence grins and pulls out into the road.

LAWRENCE

Baby, I'd go t'hell an' back.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

The 4x4 picks up speed and merges into the traffic.

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - DAY

The 4x4 pulls into the estate.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY

The 4x4 parks outside Daniel's house.

Lawrence waits by the vehicle. Frustrated, he tries a number on his mobile but can't get a signal.

Tap. Tap.

Nasiche knocks on the door. Disappointed, she peers through the window but the blinds are drawn.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Anything?

Nasiche shakes her head and walks back to the 4x4.

NASICHE

What about his office?

LAWRENCE

There's no answer. But it's not far, if you want..?

Troubled, Nasiche smiles and nods.

NASICHE

Please.

EXT. REISEN INTERNATIONAL, DEPOT - DAY

The 4x4 sits in the yard.

INT. REISEN INTERNATIONAL, OFFICE - DAY

Nasiche and Lawrence barge through the door. A security Guard trails in their wake.

GUARD

Stop! No. You can't...

Nasiche and Lawrence ignore the Guard's orders. She searches Daniel's desk, he checks the phone for messages.

Defeated, subdued, they turn to each other.

NASICHE

No. Nothing.

LAWRENCE

Shit.

NASICHE

He was worried about his job.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, but this ain't like him.

INT. 4X4 - DAY

Out the window, a suburban landscape flashes by.

Nasiche slumps in her seat and stares into space. Lawrence turns the wheel and checks his mobile.

LAWRENCE

No good. Can't even get a signal.

Distracted, Nasiche barely registers the information. Sympathetic, Lawrence takes pity on his passenger.

LAWRENCE

Look, we'll find him. He's probably in some bar, out of his head on -

NASICHE

No. It's more than...

Nasiche examines Lawrence. Desperate for help, she decides to trust him.

NASICHE

It's my brother, Akiki. He's in trouble. Daniel was taking care of him and now... I don't know. If Daniel's missing, where's Akiki? What's happened?

Lawrence grimaces. Troubled, he hits the brakes and the 4x4 slows to a stop.

LAWRENCE

Look. I've got contacts, I'll make enquiries, OK.

Lawrence removes a card from his pocket.

LAWRENCE

You can reach me on this number. An' if you hear anything call me, day or night.

NASICHE

Thank you. On my own, I don't know what I would have done.

Nasiche forces a smiles and reaches for the door handle. Lawrence attempts to be positive.

LAWRENCE

And don't worry, Daniel's a great guy. Your brother will be fine.

Nasiche nods and closes the door behind her.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The 4x4 pulls away. Nasiche clutches Lawrence's card and watches the vehicle depart.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - DAY

On guard, eyes peeled, Nasiche opens the door and steps inside.

INT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Nasiche stands in the shower. A torrent of water washes over her bruised, aching body.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Nasiche sits at the table. Hungry, she devours a large plate of food.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Nasiche examines her face in the mirror. Dejected, she applies cream to various cuts and contusions.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Nasiche throws a backpack onto the bed. Inside, she crams essential items and treasured possessions.

EXT. NASICHE'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Nasiche locks the door. Refreshed, backpack on her shoulder, she heads for the road.

Five metres away, Masani approaches the house.

Nasiche spots her mother and freezes. Tension fills the air.

Nasiche bites her lip and suppresses her anger. Masani hides her concern beneath an ill-tempered tirade.

MASANI

Nasiche, where have you been?
I was so worried. And look at
you. Your face...

Nasiche bottles up her emotions. Masani snoops and pries.

MASANI

Was it an accident? Who did
this? Who..?

Masani reaches out.

Dismissive, Nasiche brushes her mother away. Incensed, she reaches boiling point.

NASICHE

No!

MASANI

What? Please.

NASICHE

It's over! Stay away from me.

MASANI

But... I don't understand.

Nasiche shakes her head and turns away.

Alarmed, Masani notices the backpack.

MASANI

Where are you going? What have
I done? You treat your mother
like this?

Resolute, purposeful, Nasiche strides away.

Masani's tortured cries fade into the background.

MASANI

Stop! Nasiche! This is your
family... Your home!

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - DAY

Nasiche rides the scooter into town. The backpack rests
on her shoulders and tears fill her eyes.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A busy day at the medical centre.

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Nasiche navigates her way down a crowded passageway.
Amongst the patient, she spots a sickly Robert.

NASICHE

Robert? How is the treatment?

Dispirited, Robert grimaces.

NASICHE

You come and see me, right. We
need to talk about -

TABAN (O.S.)

Nasiche!

Nasiche collects her thoughts and turns round.

Taban notices Nasiche's injuries but is unconcerned.
Irritated, he grabs her shoulder and ushers her down the
corridor.

TABAN

Where have you been? What's
going on?

NASICHE

Nothing. Really, I -

TABAN

I've had a phone call. And I'm
told you're HIV positive?

Nasiche flinches. Taban seethes with rage.

TABAN

Is that right? How long have
you -

NASICHE

No! I do my job and I'm the
best you've got. So don't
treat me like -

Nasiche catches her breath. Incensed, she shakes her head
and walks away.

TABAN

Wait! You can't just -

NASICHE

Sorry. I'm late and there's
work to do.

Resolute, Nasiche exits through the nearest door.

INT. HOSPITAL, PEDIATRIC WARD - DAY

A row of beds, each occupied by a frail infirm CHILD.

One by one, Nasiche passes them by. Some children receive
a friendly smile, others an encouraging nod of the head.

Nasiche reaches the end of the ward. In front of her, a
young BOY lies asleep in his bed.

Nasiche reels back.

Shaken, she rushes through the ward. Anxious, she double-
checks every bed, every child.

NASICHE

No. No...

NURSE (O.S.)
Doctor?

A Nurse blocks Nasiche's path.

NURSE
What's wrong? Are you -

NASICHE
Kissa? The girl in bed
twelve... Where? What..?

The Nurse grimaces and shakes her head.

NURSE
I'm sorry. Yesterday, she had
a relapse. There was nothing
we could -

NASICHE
No! Not her... No.

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY

The door bursts open. Nasiche charges down the
passageway.

EXT. HOSPITAL, REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Thud! Crash!

Hysterical, Nasiche thumps a door and kicks a rubbish
bin.

NASICHE
Ugh! Uhhhh.

Distraught, she slumps down on a concrete step.

Hopeless. Tearful. Abandoned.

In the distance, two figures appear.

Najja, the storeman, points to Nasiche. The other man crosses the yard towards the doctor.

Nasiche hears footsteps and glances up. A look of recognition crosses her face.

Kato, the manager from Grace Children's Village, stands three metres away. Respectful, he greets Nasiche.

KATO

I'm sorry. I understand it's difficult. I don't mean to disturb you.

Nasiche dries her eyes and stumbles to her feet.

KATO

We met -

NASICHE

Yes, at Grace Children's Village.

Kato nods. Cautious, he glances over his shoulder and removes a scrap of paper from his pocket.

KATO

Here. It's from a friend.

Nasiche takes the note and unfolds the paper. A subtle change in mood, a glimmer of a smile.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - DAY/NIGHT

Dusk. The sun dips below the horizon.

On her scooter, Nasiche heads for the countryside.

Unseen by Nasiche, an unmarked vehicle sits at the side of the road.

INT. JEEP - DAY/NIGHT

An OFFICER in a Gideon Security jacket sits in the driver's seat. He starts the engine and pulls out into the road.

EXT. SUBURBS, ROAD - DAY/NIGHT

The jeep takes the same direction as Nasiche's scooter.

INT. JEEP - DAY/NIGHT

The Officer relays information into his mobile phone.

OFFICER

Yes. ID confirmed. She's heading south, out of town.

INT. GIDEON SECURITY HEADQUARTERS, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A junior ASSISTANT scurries down the passageway. He reaches a door, adjusts his uniform and knocks politely.

Tap. Tap.

INT. OKELLO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wary, the assistant enters the large, ornate room.

ASSISTANT

Excuse me sir. I...

Okello sits behind his desk. Omnipotent, he puts down his drink and glares at the intruder.

OKELLO

Yes?

ASSISTANT

The doctor, she's been spotted. There's an officer in pursuit.

Okello ponders the information.

OKELLO

Good. Tell them to keep their distance. Nothing stupid and no rash moves.

The assistant bows and exits the room. Satisfied, Okello reaches for his drink and turns to his right.

OKELLO

I'm impressed. A simple mistake might have cost us the election, but it seems your plan is working.

Lawrence Tuvilly relaxes in a leather armchair. Scotch in hand, he receives Okello's compliment with a wry smile.

LAWRENCE

Huh-huh... Hook, line and sinker.

EXT. GRACE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, GROUNDS - NIGHT

Quiet. Deserted. The complex lies shrouded in darkness.

Nasiche enters the compound. Alert, she parks the scooter in a concealed spot and heads for the school.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

No sign of life. Nasiche knocks on the door and peers through the windows.

EXT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

Frustrated, Nasiche checks the storeroom and assorted buildings.

Hidden under some plastic sheeting Nasiche spots Daniel's truck. Intrigued, she takes a closer look.

Scrape. Thud.

In the background, a faint noise disturbs the silence.

Alarmed, Nasiche spins round. A beam of light shines directly in her face.

Nasiche reels back.

DANIEL (O.S.)

Nasiche?

Nasiche shields her eyes and recovers her senses. Daniel lowers the torch and steps forward.

DANIEL

You're alive. Thank God.

NASICHE

Yeah...

Daniel takes Nasiche in his arms. Relieved, overcome with emotion, she falls into his warm comforting embrace.

NASICHE

You thought you'd got rid of me, huh?

Daniel grins. Nasiche fights back the tears.

NASICHE

Akiki. Is he..? Tell me.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Footsteps in the dark. Nasiche follows Daniel down the side of the building and along a narrow passageway.

Click.

A key turns in a lock.

Daniel opens the door. From inside, a faint light flickers and glows.

Eager, expectant, Nasiche steps inside.

INT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Nasiche adjusts her eyes to the gloom. Old furniture, a mattress and a camp bed occupy the makeshift space.

From an alcove at the other side of the room, a figure emerges.

Candlelight accentuates Akiki's features. Surprised by Nasiche's sudden appearance, he gasps with delight.

Nasiche trembles with joy and embraces her brother.

Over Akiki's shoulder, Nasiche locks eyes with Daniel. A grateful nod, a tender loving smile.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Sunrise. The world wakes to a new day.

EXT. GRACE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, GROUNDS - DAY

A FARMHAND feeds the pigs.

Cheerful WOMEN pick fresh crops.

A group of WORKERS erect a fence.

Excited pupils arrive at the school.

INT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Nasiche washes her face in a bowl. Rested, recuperated, the bruises have faded and the cuts healed.

Click.

The outside door opens.

Akiki enters the room with a mug of coffee.

Nasiche dries her hands and exchanges a smile with her brother.

AKIKI

Here.

Akiki sets the mug down on a small table.

AKIKI

Sleep well? You're looking better.

NASICHE

Thanks, a good nights sleep always helps.

Akiki nods and turns to go. Nasiche catches his eye.

NASICHE

Wait. About Rwanda, y'know if you stay here they'll hunt you down, you won't be safe anywhere.

AKIKI

Ummm, it's funny, that's what I told Wemusa.

A wave of sadness sweeps over Akiki.

AKIKI

Y'know he never wanted to leave. He loved Uganda, the people, everything.

NASICHE

But it's not giving up, it's staying alive. That's more important.

AKIKI

Yeah? And when there's no one left to fight, what happens then?

Akiki glances at the floor. The red folder pokes out of Wemusa's backpack.

AKIKI

If they get away with murder,
who can you trust? How can you
stop -
In the background, whoops,
cheers and loud shouts.
Baffled, intrigued, Nasiche
and Akiki pause for thought.

EXT. GRACE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, GROUNDS - DAY

Laughter and boisterous shouts echo across the compound.

On a small makeshift pitch, a group of children enjoy a game of football. The action is frenzied, the enthusiasm infectious.

Daniel and Kato appear on opposing teams. Like whirling dervishes, the youngsters chase the aging unfit adults.

At the edge of the pitch, teachers, parents and children cheer on the players.

Nasiche and Akiki weave through the crowd.

The sight of Daniel amidst the swarm of children brings a smile to Nasiche's face.

Regina, the teacher from the school, waves to Nasiche.

On the pitch, Nasiche spots Amon, the young boy she met earlier.

Amon lunges forward. The ball spins high in the air and lands at Nasiche's feet.

Daniel jogs over. Breathless, excited, he smiles at Nasiche and nods at the ball.

DANIEL

C'mon then.

NASICHE

What?

DANIEL

Show us what you've got.

NASICHE

No. I've never...

Around Nasiche, the children cheer loudly.

Riled by Daniel's challenge, Nasiche grits her teeth and kicks the ball.

Whack. Thud.

The ball thunders into Daniel's groin.

DANIEL

Owww!

Daniel doubles up and collapses on the ground.

DANIEL

Jesus. You...

The assembled crowd breaks out in spontaneous laughter.

Afflicted, Daniel shakes his head and stares at Nasiche.

Embarrassed, Nasiche tries in vain to conceal her amusement.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

An isolated spot with a panoramic view. Side by side, Nasiche and Daniel stroll along the path.

Flirtatious smiles. Amorous glances. Close bodily contact.

Nasiche pauses at the edge of the cliff.

Daniel holds back and admires her graceful poise.

NASICHE

The view... It's really
beautiful.

DANIEL

From where I'm standing... Oh
yeah.

Perplexed, Nasiche glances over her shoulder. Besotted,
Daniel peers into her eyes.

Nasiche averts her gaze. Daniel smiles and steps closer.

Nasiche grabs Daniel and pulls him into her embrace.

A passionate kiss. Stirred, aroused, inflamed.

In the heat of the moment, Nasiche tenses up.

NASICHE

Daniel, you need to know...

DANIEL

What? Is this a deal-breaker?

Alarmed, Nasiche shakes her head and pulls away.

NASICHE

I'm HIV positive.

DANIEL

It's OK, I understand.

NASICHE

And drug free. No anti-
retrovirals, no AZT's,
nothing.

Stunned, Daniel reels at the news.

DANIEL

Jesus. You're a doctor, how
can you -

NASICHE

Please, this is my decision.
Everything I've seen, the
patients that've died...

Adamant, Nasiche explains her position and stresses her
point.

NASICHE

The link to AIDS is not
conclusive. And the HIV drugs,
they're so strong, so
powerful, they do more harm
than good.

Uncertain, Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL

But playing God, with peoples
lives?

NASICHE

No, this is me. It's what I
do, what I believe.

Nasiche rests a hand on Daniel's shoulder. Concerned, she
seeks support and approval.

NASICHE

And I need you to be strong,
to trust me.

DANIEL

Shit.

Unsure, Daniel fumbles for the right words.

DANIEL

That's a leap of faith. And
I've never been good with
relationships and commitment.

NASICHE

It's your choice. And you know...

Disappointed, Nasiche forces a smile.

NASICHE

Maybe I'm crazy and it's all part of some sick death wish?

DANIEL

It had crossed my mind.

NASICHE

Yeah...

Nasiche laughs. Daniel reaches out. Hands and fingers lock together.

NASICHE

So keep a safe distance and admire the view. But if you want something more, something real?

Nasiche looks deep into Daniel's eyes.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Dusk. The sun dips below the horizon. A flock of birds take flight.

EXT. GRACE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, GROUNDS - NIGHT

Tranquil. Deserted. Candlelight flickers in a small window.

INT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

A golden blur of naked flesh. Gentle hands, soft caresses, tender kisses.

Nasiche and Daniel, together as one. Limbs shift and part. Bodies rise and fall.

A candle flutters in the breeze. Sweat glistens on bare skin.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Dawn. The sun rises over the verdant landscape.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

Two vehicles enter the dense, jungle terrain. Kato's jeep leads the way, Daniel's truck brings up the rear.

From inside, Nasiche, Daniel and Akiki admire the lush scenery.

EXT. JUNGLE, TRAIL - DAY

Dense foliage and a narrow passageway.

Kato leads Nasiche, Daniel and Akiki through the trees and bushes. Eager, excited, they scan the area.

NASICHE
Akiki was right.

DANIEL
Seriously?

NASICHE
The world's gone crazy.

Kato and Akiki go on ahead. Nasiche and Daniel stop in their tracks.

NASICHE
Here we are, but any moment we
could be arrested, killed,
kidnapped.

DANIEL

Just enjoy it while you can.

NASICHE

Right...

Nasiche laughs and pushes Daniel away.

NASICHE

You really are as stupid as
you -

DANIEL

Hey!

NASICHE

Mad dogs and Englishmen,
that's all I'm -

DANIEL

You -

Daniel grabs Nasiche around the waist. Feigned shock.
Screams of laughter.

Nasiche and Daniel spin round and stagger back.

Nasiche braces herself against a tree.

Daniel holds her tight. A gentle caress and a tender
kiss.

Behind Daniel, a hand reaches out and grabs his shoulder.

Daniel flinches and spins round.

Irritated, Kato raises a finger to his lips.

KATO

Shhhh.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Lush, green vegetation.

A band of gorillas relaxes in the shade. Contented, the adults munch on leaves while their offspring play in the grass.

Nasiche, Daniel, Akiki and Kato observe the primates.

Hidden in the dense foliage, their faces are full of wonder and delight.

A female adult picks nits from her hair. The silverback rolls and tumbles with the infants.

Nasiche and Daniel huddle together. She grips his arm, he kisses her cheek.

Kato retreats into the bushes. Silently, he beckons the others to follow.

Nasiche and Daniel obey Kato's unspoken instructions.

Transfixed by the gorillas, Akiki hesitates.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Nasiche notices her brothers absence and goes back for him.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Nasiche rests a hand on Akiki's arm. Lost in thought, he smiles and speaks in a hushed voice.

AKIKI

You see the balance, the
harmony, they're at one with
nature?

The young gorillas scamper about. The older ones sprawl on the grass.

Sympathetic, Nasiche nods.

NASICHE

Wemusa would have liked it here.

AKIKI

Ummm... If we watch, if we listen, we might learn something. Except we're all so blind, stupid and selfish.

Akiki grimaces. Tearful, he turns away.

Nasiche glances at the gorillas for a final time and follows her brother.

At the edge of the clearing, Akiki pauses and looks back.

AKIKI

That night, back at Daniel's house, I heard you talking.

NASICHE

When? You know it's not serious, he's just -

AKIKI

No, you don't understand.

Conflicted, Akiki swallows hard.

AKIKI

Wemusa was at EFFA, he worked as a volunteer. It wasn't for long, but he had access to files, confidential reports.

NASICHE

What?

Overcome, Akiki wipes the tears from his eyes.

Stunned, Nasiche presses him for more information.

NASICHE

Akiki?

AKIKI

I think that's what got him killed. He was going to talk to the press, expose the corruption.

NASICHE

How? Without proof, they wouldn't -

AKIKI

He made copies, took photographs. It's all in a folder back at the village.

NASICHE

Is this true?

Akiki nods.

AKIKI

It's right there. Everything you need.

NASICHE

Why didn't you tell me? I could have helped, I -

AKIKI

You! Don't you remember? I was a sinner, I deserved to be punished.

NASICHE

No. Oh God. I'm sorry. I'm so...

Akiki touches his sisters arm. Nasiche looks into his eyes.

A gentle embrace. A moment of forgiveness. A sense of regret.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The jungle recedes into the distance.

Kato's jeep and Daniel's truck turn off the dirt track and onto the main highway.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - DAY

Daniel in the driver's seat. Nasiche by his side. Akiki in the rear.

The mood is sombre but positive. Daniel rests a hand on Nasiche's back. She nods and glances over her shoulder.

Akiki stares at the passing scenery. Contented, he notices Nasiche and returns her smile.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The jeep and the truck trundle along the dusty road.

EXT. GRACE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, GROUNDS - DAY/NIGHT

Dusk. The sun dips towards the horizon.

Kato's jeep and Daniel's truck pull into the compound.

An eerie silence lays over the school and the surrounding buildings.

No sound. No movement. No sign of life.

Kato and Daniel exit their vehicles. Nasiche and Akiki follow behind.

Perplexed, they scan the area. To the left, something catches Nasiche's eye.

Lawrence Tuvilly emerges from behind the outhouse. With a wry smile, he nods to Daniel.

Unnerved, Daniel steps forward.

DANIEL

Jesus Lawrence, whatta
y'doing? You shoulda called.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, but you went AWOL, Danny
boy.

Daniel notices the red folder in Lawrence's hand.

LAWRENCE

An' now th'shit has hit the
fan.

Behind Lawrence, another figure steps out of the shadows.

Confused, Daniel shakes his head. Behind him, Nasiche and
Akiki recoil.

Captain Okello surveys the scene. Stern, confident, he
turns to his right and nods his head.

Armed guards rush into the compound.

Aggressive but disciplined, they form a circle around
Nasiche, Daniel and the others.

Disturbed, Daniel looks to Nasiche.

Terrified, Nasiche shields Akiki.

Desperate, Akiki glances at the truck.

Angry, Kato approaches Okello.

KATO

I'm sorry, I'm the manager
here. What's going on?

Okello dismisses Kato with a sneer.

KATO

You're not the police. What
authority do you -

Thwack.

A rifle butt smashes into Kato's skull.

KATO

Ugh!

Kato falls to the ground. Ominous, Okello steps forward.

OKELLO

That's enough. No more games.
Take them to -

Akiki frees himself from Nasiche's grasp. Frantic, he bolts for Daniel's truck.

Two guards aim their weapons and prepare to shoot.

NASICHE

Noooo!

Nasiche hurls herself at the men. Heads turn. Bodies collide. Limbs flail.

Bang! Bang!

Shots ring out. One bullet hits the ground. Another strikes the truck.

Akiki leaps into the driver's seat. Panic-stricken, he starts the engine and rams it into first gear.

Nasiche lashes out. The guards struggle to subdue her.

NASICHE

Uhg! Urrrr.

Bang! Bang!

Bullets ricochet off the truck.

Daniel rushes to help.

DANIEL

Nasiche!

A guard jams a rifle in Daniel's face and halts his progress.

The truck accelerates away. At full speed it bursts through the cordon and bounces down the road.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Blasts of gunfire.

Some guards pursue the truck. Others look to Okello and await his orders.

Okello raises his arm. Lawrence intervenes.

LAWRENCE

Captain.

OKELLO

What? This isn't the time for

-

LAWRENCE

Listen, we've got what we came for.

Lawrence holds up the red folder. Nasiche and Daniel stare in horror.

LAWRENCE

Without this, the boy's nothing. Think of the project, the election... We don't need the aggravation.

Okello controls his emotions and ponders his options.

The guards remain on standby.

Nasiche and Daniel realise the truth and recognise Lawrence for who he really is.

NASICHE

You! You did it.

DANIEL

Lawrence! Jesus. What -

NASICHE

Bastard!

Nasiche lunges at Lawrence. Two guards grab the enraged doctor and restrain her.

NASICHE

Ugh! Ughhh.

Annoyed, Lawrence turns on Daniel.

LAWRENCE

Get a grip. No one's the bad guy here. We all want what's best for the country. And Reisen and the others, we use them as much as they use us.

DANIEL

How? By takin' a cut an' linin' your pocket?

Lawrence laughs.

LAWRENCE

Fuckin' ingrate. I'm not the hypocrite. It's you that's been stealing drugs an' playin' Robin Hood.

DANIEL

What?

LAWRENCE

Y'think I didn't know?

DANIEL

That's different.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, y'just like me, but I'm not afraid of compromise or gettin' my hands dirty. That's the job. I earn my money. And you need to wise up, grow some balls an' deal with the world as it really is.

NASICHE (O.S.)

Liar!

Lawrence turns to Nasiche. She seethes with rage and struggles against the guards.

NASICHE

You've been here years and what have you done? You think things are getting better? Huh? You're crazy!

Offended, Lawrence sneers at Nasiche and turns to Daniel.

LAWRENCE

Danny boy, I'm doing you a favour here. Tell your woman t'shut the fuck up or -

Nasiche breaks free. Furious, she surges forward.

NASICHE

Arrrgh!

Thud. Thwack.

Nasiche punches Lawrence hard in the face.

LAWRENCE

Ugh!

Stunned, the older man reels back.

The red folder drops to the ground. Files and documents flutter in the breeze.

Okello grabs Nasiche's arm. With malicious intent, he twists it back.

NASICHE

Owww!

Smack.

Okello smashes Nasiche in the face.

Concussed, Nasiche falls like a stone. Concerned, Daniel rushes to her side.

DANIEL

No! Nasiche!

The guards level their weapons at Nasiche and Daniel.

Okello exerts his authority. Determined, powerful, he takes charge of the situation.

OKELLO

You people, your small
minds... This is Uganda's
future, and if sacrifices have
to be made -

NASICHE (O.S.)

But murder?

Nasiche gathers her senses. Enraged, she spits blood from her mouth and glares at Okello

NASICHE

What will your God say, when
he looks you in the eye?

Silence descends.

NASICHE

When he makes his judgement,
will you be forgiven? Huh?

Riled, a nervous tic develops in the corner of Okello's mouth.

Nasiche vents her fury.

NASICHE

You tell me! Tell me!

Fingers on the trigger, the guards hesitate.

Unsettled, Lawrence tends to his bruised face.

Dazed, Kato scrambles to his feet.

United, Nasiche and Daniel brace themselves for the next attack.

Overhead, the dying sun turns the sky blood red.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Dawn. The first rays of sunshine hit the lush vegetation.

A mournful lament echoes through the hills and valleys. A sole female voice sings a sad poignant hymn.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The foundations for a hi-tech development project.

WORKERS put the finishing touches to a large sign. The familiar logo of Reisen International dominates the hoarding.

Lawrence nods his approval and crosses the compound. At a vantage point he joins a number of well-dressed DIGNITARIES.

Lawrence glad-hands the visitors. Smug, proud and affable, he shows-off the site.

EXT. GIDEON SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Political rally. Lively and boisterous.

A triumphant Okello basks in the glory. Jubilant supporters celebrate his victory.

The faces of Masani and Taban appear amongst the crowd.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, WATER HOLE - DAY

Flies and mosquitoes buzz about.

A young MOTHER fills a water jug. Nearby, two sickly impoverished CHILDREN pick at their scabs.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Kissa's funeral. Locals from the village gather to pay their respects. A female GUEST sings a haunted requiem.

Father Lutalo leads the prayers. Kissa's mother Bacia, grieves for her lost daughter.

Amongst the mourners, Nasiche wipes a tear from her eye.

Father Lutalo concludes his sermon. The gathering disperses.

Nasiche embraces Bacia. Saddened, she consoles the wretched, pitiful woman.

Nasiche stares at the grave one final time. She turns to leave and crosses paths with Father Lutalo.

Gracious, Father Lutalo greets Nasiche with an air of conciliation.

Boldly, Nasiche blanks the priest and brushes straight by him.

Nasiche strides away from the funeral. Lutalo and the mourners fade into the background.

At the exit, Nasiche pauses and reaches into her pocket. Anxious, she lifts the mobile phone to her ear. Relieved, a smile flickers across her lips.

EXT. RWANDA BORDER CROSSING - DAY

A hub of activity. Congested roads, crowded pavements.

A sign reads 'RWANDA. PASSPORT CONTROL'. GUARDS check the visas. TRAVELLERS struggle with their luggage. STREET HAWKERS sell their wares.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Nasiche emerges through the throng of people. Alert, she scans the street and spots Daniel's truck on the roadside.

AKIKI (O.S.)

You made it.

A smile lights up Nasiche's face.

Akiki steps out of the shadows. He removes a baseball cap and holds out his hand.

AKIKI

Here.

Nasiche takes the car keys from her brother.

AKIKI

Tell Daniel I'm grateful. It's running fine but with the bullet holes the bodywork needs attention.

Nasiche laughs. Elated, she takes Akiki in her arms. Anxious, she glances at the checkpoint.

NASICHE

You OK? You sure it won't be a problem?

Akiki nods and reaches into his pocket.

AKIKI

Passport, visa, everything's
in order. But don't forget,
I'll be coming back, so -

NASICHE

I know. When it's safe. I'll
be here.

Nasiche chokes back her tears. Akiki grips her hand.

AKIKI

Shauri ya Mangu

Akiki steps back. He puts on a brave face, bites his lip
and waves farewell.

Distressed, Nasiche barely moves.

Akiki grows distant and disappears into the crowd.

Nasiche raises her hand and unclenches her fist. A silver
cross rests in her palm.

EXT. GRACE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, GROUNDS - DAY

Work resumes on the three new classrooms. A vibrant,
lively atmosphere.

VOLUNTEERS from the local community assist with the
construction. Men, women and children carry rocks and lay
the foundations.

Kato organises the workforce. Nearby, Daniel tosses a
large rock into a trench.

Nasiche looks on the scene with satisfaction and pride.

NASICHE

Enjoying yourself?

Weary, Daniel wipes the sweat from his brow.

DANIEL

Uh-uh... Fresh air, exercise
and look... Now my calluses
have calluses of their own.

Nasiche laughs.

NASICHE

Doctors orders, it's good for
you.

DANIEL

Yeah, remind me on my death
bed.

Daniel rests an arm on Nasiche's shoulder. She kisses him
on the cheek.

DANIEL

Ummm, that new?

Nasiche's hand goes to the silver cross around her neck.
Awkward, self-conscious, she smiles.

NASICHE

I decided, it's my faith, my
religion. I won't let them
destroy it.

DANIEL

OK. Tough girl, huh?

Nasiche smiles. Daniel tugs her arm and steps back.

DANIEL

C'mon, that's just what we
need.

NASICHE

Yeah, I can see why...

Playfully, Nasiche nudges Daniel in the arm.

NASICHE

What do they feed you in
England?

DANIEL

The usual. Snips an' snails
an' puppy dogs tails.

Nasiche laughs. Together, they join the other workers.

NASICHE

Little boys, you're so greedy.

DANIEL

An' little girls?

NASICHE

We keep on, keeping on.

Nasiche and Daniel exchange a smile. Together, they throw
a large boulder into the trench.

THE END

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