


CHANGE  (A SINGLE NOTE. A HUNDRED STORIES).

Written by

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FADE IN:

## 1 EXT. LONELY ROAD NEAR WORK POST - DAY

1

A sun-scorched, dusty street. A tall electric fence cuts a dark shadow across three of the Four T's.

CAMERA — **Pan-tilt left:** drifts down to SHOE LEVEL, showing the distance between the three T's — TECH walks a step apart from the other two.

They lean along in black coats, cattle sticks and sweat-soaked head warmers pulled low. CAMERA — **Tracking, Dutch angle:** follows the drag of the last curved cattle stick slanted to an upward direction of the first T's watch.

CLOSE UP: A wristwatch ticking. 11:00 AM.

Sweat drips from TECH'S (Early 20s, hyper-vigilant, wears glasses) forehead onto it's glass frame. Adjusts his coat, tucks in his white shirt like it matters.

TECH

*(frustrated, sighs)*

Two minutes he said. Are you guys not tired? Where Terri dey?

THANKFUL (Mid 20s, street-smart, Yoruba demon) scratches his brows and beards impatiently.

THANKFUL

Let's just head home. Terri don use us catch cruise again.

TIMID (Mid 20s, smart, unpredictable) squats, showing deep frustration, lays both hands on the ground oddly and hits his tummy as it growls.

TIMID

*(to Tech, stammering)*

Y-y-yeah... I think so too. My belle dey do me *gbam-gbam*.

THANKFUL

*(teases Timid)*

Rich man pikin... say it after me *gbim-gbim!*

TECH

*(smiles along)*

Abeg, free the softie. Make we dey move.

The three walk the lonely road by the fence, sticks dragging. Timid's jacket slips off his shoulders as they complain about his broken pidgin and hunger, their voices echoing down the empty street.

**1A INT. CRAMPED ROOM - DAY**

**1A**

The door creaks as they enter their small base. Sticks rest against the wall. TIMID dumps his jacket on a chair, flings the key into a bowl, and collapses on the bed. THANKFUL and TECH hang their jacket on the rack, sink into the tired chairs, the room swallowing their noise.

TECH

*(stretching out, dramatic)*

I'm so damn hungry! If I see one big plate of Jollof, I would finish it with my bare hands.

TIMID

*(cutting in)*

Hungry person no dey use this long grammar.

Thankful bursts out laughing, handshakes Timid for a successful pun on tech.

THANKFUL

No mind am! The kind suffer we don suffer for this street one plate of rice no go even move me.

TECH drifts toward Terri's frame on the wall smiling, lights the incense on the table and places it closer on the frame. TIMID notices, nudges THANKFUL. They both watch, grinning in laughter.

THANKFUL

Bro, your babe go soon come back. No need to drool like that.

TECH

*(snaps back, irritated)*

With all the knowledge you wasted studying public relations, you no still sabi when to joke with person.

TIMID

*(mocking)*

At least him know how to relate for public.

THANKFUL

(pointing at TECH)

You wey graduate criminology with  
3.69, why you no dey work for NSA,  
TSA, DIA? Instead you dey here dey  
suffer bread with small Timid.

They laugh. TECH forces a nod and sits, tight-faced behind his glasses. He grabs a pen and a letterhead stamped with a dollar sign, scribbling under his breath.

TECH

Rice, soap, fuel...  
(Pauses and underlines  
it)  
...Ajé Dollar?

He underlines the word again as a Close up camera view follows the scribble. Timid and Thankful watch, curious.

THANKFUL

See this mumu. Even food never  
sure, you dey dream blood money?

Tech lowers the pen, embarrassed.

TIMID

(Quietly, stammering)

At least... h-him-him get plan. Me, I  
just wan chop, s-s-s-sleep... see my  
girl later.

Continuous Ticks on the wall clock indicating *12:15 PM*. The door creaks open.

TERRI (Late 20s, calm under pressure, with a simmering intensity) walks in. He's holding a car key. The other three look up, startled. The tension grows as the clock ticks.

TIMID

(*Jumps up, stammering*)

T-T-Terri! W-where have you been  
all...all this, while? We waited  
for you f-fo-for-for l-like-like  
hours now!

THANKFUL

(*Eyes the car key  
suspiciously*)

What's that on your hand? Na your  
post key? Dem fire you and you  
carry key come house?

Terri doesn't answer immediately. He holds up the car key, hangs it on the items rack, squats on the wall in deep frustration, taking deep breaths and trying to wear off his coat.

TERRI

You know how i trekked to the third site... far from our post to inspect it one last time...

Terri struggles to rise. Thankful passes him water.

THANKFUL

Pass it to him.

Tech receives the water and hands it to Terri as he drinks and sits full on the floor and he others ready to listen quietly. Terri begins to unravel his dreadful night.

FADE TO: BLACK OUT FLASHBACK TRANSITION

**2 EXT. POST- THIRD SITE - NIGHT (09:30 AM)**

**2**

Terri is on guard duty, a lone figure with a stick in hand listening to **MBM soundtrack**. He turns on the flashlight to confirm the safety of the place, finishes the inspection at front, walks to the back of the post of the third site to take a piss, staring at the right side of the post. A sleek car glows nearby.

GUNSHOTS echo closer, drowning the music. As sounds out from a few streets increasingly moves towards his direction, Terri jerks, fumbling to zip up. Panic seizes him. He leaves his stick, breaks into a run nearby the bushes.

The darkness swallows him whole, his flashlight beam slowly fails, branches snag at his clothes imposing more fear to his situation. He stumbles loosing the earphones, crashes to the ground, phone cracked very bad with only heavy breathing sounds, pitch black while he views the bushes once more finding a white fur. Then, in switch of direction, the light of the sleek car looks closer.

It's his only way out.

He crawls forwards away from the shrubs, running in quick pace to the car like it was always waiting for him.

Terri fumbles the door, yanking it open. As he gets in, he sees a pile of cash worth ₦100,000 and at the top a strange dollar bill wrapped in a clear sealed bag with a strange mark. He reaches for the keys in hurry, turns the ignition; the engine coughs, then dies.

Wearry sounds of footsteps increases by the right, with pace adding more fright, as Terri locks the steering of the car while continuously trying to start. A looks up seeing a white furry clothing closing, immediately hits the brake till the the steering frees out and the engine hums loud.

Checks the transparent sealed bag marked "9" once more while with his left hand on the steering and the right hand on the money. He raises his head slightly to check once slowly, noticing the silence of both the gun shot and the footsteps as he smirks as the noise is been reduced. A 9 mm x-MK 23 pistol gets placed on Terri's head directly by a THUG (Early 30s, hard face), who stands by the window, cowboy stance.

THUG

*(Low, Tensed V.O from afar)*

If you move one inch more... i'd blow your brains... Hands off that money.

Terri freezes, left hand shaking on the gear and right hand paused on air-all hands up. The THUG presses a button on a remote, the doors lock with a click. He leans in the window, voice flat, measured.

THUG

I control this ride, not you. Hold your ears well!... You will keep this car running for hours around town. Find a hideout for the car against One O'clock tomorrow. When it's time,

He steps in more closer, his voice a chilling whisper.

THUG

I will ring the burner phone inside that pigeonhole. Then you'd hear from me.

The Thug hits the frame of the car window that is wound up, leaning more closely, Keeping full eye to eye contact on Terri.

THUG

This car has a tracker. If you try to abandon it, or run away out of town, I would find you quick and won't hesitate to kill you at sight.

Terri nods, his face pale with fear.

THUG

Now drive. If you do this thing  
well, you fit see share.

TERRI

(shaking in fear)

OGA... OGA!! I... I...I need money  
for fuel.

The Thug cocks his gun.

THUG

(Angrily)

You want fuel money? Stay small  
make you see fire...

Terri tries the ignition once more, it roars and immediately  
he floors the gas pedal, the car roars to life. He speeds  
away, leaving the Thug behind.

END OF FLASHBACK WITH CLOCK TRANSITION

**3 INT. BACK IN THE ROOM - PRESENT**

**3**

The three T's crowd the table at Terri, their mouths open in  
shock. Terri tiredly struggling to stand from his position as  
thankful passes him water to take in.

TECH

(Concerned)

Why didn't you call us immediately  
it happened? We would've gone to  
the police straightaway!

TERRI

(Snaps)

Police! What police? They won't  
change anything! And he said the  
car had a tracker! If I go police,  
dem go just catch me after, and I  
go die like that!

THANKFUL

(Leaning forward)

So how long you get to return the  
car? And wetin be your own share?

Checks his watch, time set on 12:35 PM

TERRI

Just few minutes left. I was too  
scared to find out, but..

He breathes out deeply, pulls the dollar from his pocket like it's an egg. He lays it on the table with both hands.

TERRI

*(Empathically)*

this right here, complicates everything. The dollar get strange mark. E no be ordinary. Na *Owo Aje*. Make nobody touch am.

Camera CLOSE on the bill. Fainted, odd sigil pressed into the paper, the ink looks not quite like normal ink. A tiny ripple of doubt runs across TECH's face. Excited as he heads to the table where the money is placed.

TECH

Hold on... that watermark... I can see the US flag pattern. If it's real, we fit take am to bureau de change

Leans more forward and pushes Tech's hand away from the money

THANKFUL

You no get sense? Dem go market us! This money worth pass that one! This dollar wey carry mark fit be more dangerous than the whole ₦100k.

TECH

No! chill, we can take it to the embassy and get more money rather!

In anguish replies in Yoruba, hits Tech on the head.

THANKFUL

This guy!! Tun Sọ Rọ?... rubbish ideas everyday! Make we no reason this guy. Wetin be your own?

Giggles in the background

TIMID

*(laughing in Yoruba)*

Ara dey mī !

TECH

*(Sighs)*

Maybe... maybe the tracker no go work if we drive go far? Like 60 miles...?

Terri looks at his watch again.

TERRI

Guy enough with your BS! Time don  
dey go. I need backup.

Terri picks up the dollar bill, puts on his jacket. Thankful and Timid grab their sticks and knife on the table. They all head out of the room. As the car key is still left dangling in the items rack as Tech comes back to pick it up and throw it to Terri.

JUMP CUT TO: CAR KEY TRACKING TRANSITION

4 INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

4

Terri turns on the ignition. The V8 engine roars to life, a deep, powerful sound. A collective looks and smiles spreads across the faces of the four T's. Terri rolls up the windows, flicks on the AC. A cool breeze fills the car. They all lean back, sighing with relief. Silence, thick, broken only by the steady hum of the engine.

TECH reaches for the radio. THANKFUL slaps his hand away.

THANKFUL

Wetin you dey do? Abeg leave that  
deck! Na your papa car?

TECH

(*Scoffs*)

Na our car?

THANKFUL

This trip no be for play! No be for  
music!

Timid edges closer, whispering to Thankful. In a framed CU, he gestures the sign "6" with his hands.

TIMID

Thankful, I... I-I get plan. We can  
swap the money with fake money. O-  
or-or t-take-take out parts of the  
car to sell, then still go collect  
our share.

Tech, ever watchful, overhears and laughs dryly. **CAMERA PANS** from the two to the seat pouch to a scrapbook, revealing a tiny mic beside the speaker, caught in Timid's frame.

TECH

Timid, hunger don dey scatter your  
brain. You no think say cameras fit  
dey view us?

He laughs bitterly and replies with gestures as hand reaches for the scrapbook on Timid's frame with pan left to Thankful's response in a framed CU.

THANKFUL

Hunger? Camera keh? No be only hunger. Na shame. 24/7, I dey see men dey wear better clothes, dey chop better meat, while we dey beg for crumbs. This car, this money no be just way to escape. Na door...

TECH

*(Interrupts)*

... door to our coffins!  
The man wey own that strange dollar, he own us oh.

Terri finally speaks up. His voice is calm but firm.

TERRI

I saw the man's eyes last night. If we want to live, we decide now: risk everything, or leave the car and walk away breathing.

The car falls silent, the engine humming louder than their thoughts. The burner on Tech's lap buzzes.

THANKFUL

*(Whispering)*

What's the update?

Reads out loud, his voice cold and direct

TECH

"Ako lounge. First seat, blue beret. One o'clock sharp. Come Alone. Come with my MONEY... Any mistake and you die!!"

TERRI

After this turn I go drop una. At least una go dey safe.

THANKFUL

*(Furious)*

Drop who?! You wan carry money run abi? We dey go together.

Terri, with a new air of authority, makes a decision.

TERRI

Enough. Buckle up. We will use  
Timid's money plan. But nobody I  
repeat nobody touches anything  
else. Except the money bag.

Terri slows the car, steering with his knee. He shrugs off  
his jacket, tossing it over Timid in the back, Terri winds up  
the music on the car deck playing "Stanleygray's- Higher"  
soundtrack, at low tune. Timid leans forward, voice weaving  
into the music as he explains his plan.

TIMID

N-n-no..., focus on the car now!  
Gimme knife, Thankful ta-ta-take  
that book cut the papers to this  
money shape. Tech take this too!

THANKFUL rips pages from a book, slicing them into crude  
notes with his knife. TIMID cuts holes in their head warmers,  
rough balaclavas taking shape. TECH slips fake \$50K notes  
into the real bag, repacking the stash. The soundtrack grows  
— Terri jerks the car in sync with the riddim.

DISSOLVE TO: TILT UP FROM SUNLIGHT TO CAR VIEW

**5 EXT. AKO LOUNGE CAR PARK - DAY**

**5**

A sleek car pulls into the car park of a luxurious hotel. A  
wide angled shot shows the four T's. The car engine turns  
off. Terri looks at Tech, who is shakily repackaging the  
money.

TERRI

*(snaps fingers)*

Make the DECOY quickly with that  
tape. A-S-A-P!!!

CLOSE - TECH's hands tremble as he tapes two identical sealed  
bags. He marks one with a tiny "6" symbol, the other with an  
"9" symbol. A small bundle slips from his fingers as he  
shoves it into the DECOY without looking.

TECH

No rush me, i will soon finish!

THANKFUL

why 6 and 9?

TECH

*(dumbfounded smile)*

Delima... Ronaldo 9. R9?

TERRI

For fuck sake!

Terri grabs the **REAL** transparent sealed bag marked 9. He steps out of the car, calm but heavy, and heads alone toward the building.

The three T's follow in different direction, staying out of sight, While Terri heads towards the pool area, the remaining T's place their balaclava's hidden in the side pocket of their pants.

**6 INT. AKO LOUNGE (BAR & POOL SIDE) - DAY**

**6**

Terri walks up to the bar tender and hands him the transparent sealed bag containing the pile of cash, the strange dollar, and the car keys.

TERRI

Blue beret, I don clear everything.  
Where my share?

Teen around 19, Uncertain, Skinny, Loyal

THE BARTENDER

Relax. I need confirmation from my  
boss.

Terri nods, walks toward the poolside alongside The Bartender.

Suddenly, three men in balaclava's close in, sticks in hand.

The FIRST MAN swings, cracking both Terri and the Bartender to the ground.

FIRST MAN IN BALACLAVA

(*direct*)

Nobody shout!... Hand the bag over.  
A-S-A-P!!!

The Bartender tries to stand up, clutching the real bag to his chest. The SECOND MAN grabs at it, pulling him toward the pool.

SECOND MAN IN BALACLAVA

(*mocking*)

Na small boy wan play hero? Drop am  
before I break your hand!

Terri shakes off the hit, blood on his temple. He shoves the FIRST MAN aside, joining the tug-of-war between the Bartender and SECOND MAN.

TERRI  
 (*desperate*)  
 Call your boss! We're being robbed  
 here!

The SECOND MAN pushes Terri one step away from the pool, knees the Bartender hard in the ribs. The boy buckles, crawling weakly toward the pool edge.

SECOND MAN IN BALACLAVA  
 I tell you drop am!

The THIRD MAN finally murmurs, steps forward and kicks the Bartender straight into the pool. The bag slips from his hands—splashing in after him.

Terri seizes his chance. He dives in, arms cutting through the water—

UNDERWATER - SPLIT SHOT

On the left: the REAL bag, heavy with money and marked with "9", sinking deeper.

FIRST MAN at the pool edge, fingers quick oddly. A Close Up: finger palming the sealed dollar from the DECOY bag marked with "6", sliding it into a chest pocket under his shirt.

On the right: TERRI dives in, arms stretched.

He grabs the bag and in the same motion, swaps it with the DECOY, floating up.

WIDE SHOT - bubbles trail around his body, the DECOY drifts upward like bait while the REAL bag stays clutched to Terri's chest.

Terri kicks hard, bursts to the surface, and claws his way out, dripping, the REAL bag secured.

**7 EXT. STREET ACROSS AKO LOUNGE - DAY**

**7**

A montage of the four T's making an escape, giggling with joy. They meet up in a secluded street spot, breathless and laughing.

THANKFUL  
 Make we check the money.

Terri opens the bag, face filled with rage. The real money is mixed with the DECOY money, Tech making the obvious mistake of giving adding more of the REAL money in the DECOY than the REAL marked money bag. They are \$90,000 short of the money inside the transparent sealed bag. The strange dollar is nowhere to be found.

Terri, furious, moves to pounce on Tech, ready as he grabs Tech clothing.

TERRI  
*(Shouting)*  
 ...Package money well! You still mess up everything! No dollar, and na 10k dey here?

TIMID  
 No-no-no! C-c-ca-lm It's M-m-me.

Pulls out the strange dollar bill. Everyone stares in shock.

TIMID  
 I-I-I t-to-took it out earlier.  
 When you were in the water!

TERRI  
 I don't understand? How you commot am?

THANKFUL  
 Give me 10k from the 50k.

TIMID  
*(replying perfectly to Tech)*  
 Rest Chief! My girl works in a restaurant. They accept foreign currencies as payment. We-we-we fit go there, eat, drink and t-talk-talk about am.

The others nod in agreement, excitement rising, bracing timid for his master plan of the dollar he yanked from the transparent sealed bag. TIMID pulls out his phone abruptly to shun the rest T's, palms sweating, dials his girl.

On the phone stuttering.

TIMID  
 H-h-h-ey baby girl. I-I'm heading to-to your work place. Can you reserve a-a-a VIP table for me and my friends?

**8 INT. TIMID'S GIRL RESTAURANT - DAY (WARM LIGHTING) 8**

A beautiful young woman, DANIELLE (Early 20s, anxious, Timid's girlfriend, warm and easy going), stands still around the counter on a detailed upper shot of her conversation on the phone indicating mixed emotions as the phone is pressed to her ear, her eyes flick nervously toward the door.

V.O of Danielle responding with jokes.

DANIELLE

Yeah, a table for four. Okay. Why not make it six, so I can squeeze in me and my siblings?

She smiles anxiously, though her smile betrays tension as she makes a joke Timid on the phone. Two customers exit the restaurant, as the door closes with a lonely stud sound.

JUMP CUT TO: RESTAURANT DOOR TRANSITION

**9 INT. RESTAURANT - VIP TABLE - DAY 9**

The four T's walk into the restaurant and head to the VIP section. Danielle shows them to a table with hand gestures.

A shot from above: the group spreads out, scanning the menu, energy restless displacing power over the 4 T's.

A shot from below: shows Danielle, her presence radiating power over the table.

Sits weirdly and refers to Danielle

THANKFUL

Abeg, serve us drinks first.

Ordering a waiter. Timid hands her the dollar bill.

TIMID

B-b-babe, help us check this money.  
We need to order quick.

DANIELLE

(*smiles*)

Why the rush? Don't worry, I'll attend to you proper. After all, you're my most special customer today.

She leaves with the dollar. Silence at the table. Tech teases, pointing at Terri's wet jacket.

TECH  
*(Laughing)*  
 Chief Terri, na you dey hungry  
 pass!

Moments later from the counter, Danielle returns. In her hands: a POS machine, gift card and a white slip. She sets them down, voice calm but firm.

TERRI  
*(Half smile, stammering)*  
 Wetin be this now? Food don finish  
 abi...?

DANIELLE  
 The food is coming... But the  
 dollar, it converts-to a corporate  
 gift card. I ran it on the machine.  
 Look.

She drops the gift card and the white slip on the table. CAMERA CLOSE on the receipt with it's neat printed text displaying: ₦1,500,000. POS BEEP – silence for 0.6s. The table freezes.

Thankful stammers, trying to confirm it's actual cash.

THANKFUL  
 Wait for real? No whine me.

DANIELLE  
 Yes! The system accepted it. And  
 it's the same symbol but i can  
 check with the manager... he will  
 explain better.

Two of the T's gather closer to Danielle, their heads in a huddle, staring at the amount in disbelief.

A waiter from the right hand side of tech viewing position, delivers drinks to the table, with Tech giving a glaring stare at the waiter's body posture revealing a wide shot showcasing the other part of restaurant as a man stares afar from the table.

Still behind the three comes close to confirm.

TECH  
*(suprised)*  
 What is off? Let me see it? ...  
 wow!

The two out of four T's murmurs in background.

Terri dips his hands into sealed transparent bag below the table, trying to pay with the ₦10,000 left.

TERRI

Close mouth Tech... Danielle! Take this money for the drinks?

She takes the money, stares at the counter and oddly spills the money on the floor, as Terri and Timid try to assist her, Danielle refuses and drops ₦9,500 on the table back with five hundred on the floor.

DANIELLE

Oh No need! Courtesy of the house. Please stay on your sits.

She hesitates, thumb hovering over the POS screen uncannily, then forces a smile and hands the gift card from her apron to Timid.

TECH noticing through flashback of the same marks on the dollar bill as the marks on the gift card given by Danielle.

DISSOLVE TO: V.O TERRI FROM FEW HOURS AGO

**10 INT. BACK IN THE ROOM - TECH'S FLASHBACK 10**

TERRI

This dollar get strange mark on top. Make nobody touch am.

DISSOLVE TO: V.O DANIELLE FROM FEW MINUTES AGO

**11 INT. RESTAURANT - VIP TABLE - TECH'S FLASHBACK 11**

DANIELLE

Yes! I tested it on the machine and it's worth much.

BACK TO: PRESENT DAY RESTAURANT

**12 INT. RESTAURANT - VIP TABLE 12**

TECH

(Teasing toward Timid)  
Timi... Timid, Bro this your girl service today no sit right with me...

Before Timid can reply— a CHAIR SCRAPES across the floor. The sound is sharp, dragging it becomes loud, powerful and close.

The four T's look to the direction of inconvenience. A figure is standing across them. It's the man. He sits balanced as he drops his gun on the table aside, lights, takes one last drag and flicks his burnt cigarette into Timid's drink. The man snatches the gift card from Timid aggressively.

THUG

Let me have this...

TIMID

(softly)

What the hell?

As he drags the money away from Timid, with freight-Terri scotches close as he shoves his balaclava to the edge as it drops in silence to picture the face of the man while stepping on the balaclavas and the five hundred spilled earlier.

The Thug looks to the floor and in direction of Timid, Terri, Tech & Thankful balaclava's.

THUG

(loudly)

Oga fuel! Where is my change?....

The sound of the thug's watch grows as the scene collapses with a view from the sigil displayed on the POS machine.

FADE OUT.

THE END.