

NEIGHBOURS

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY OF LAGOS - MORNING

AERIAL VIEW OF THE CITY SKYLINE

CAMERA descends on a section of the city. The streets are buzzing, hoards of people moving TO and FRO. WE HEAR chants from bus conductors and hawkers peddling their wares. WE SEE Little kids in school uniforms, two mothers with infants saddled on their backs and standing in the middle of the road, is a police officer controlling traffic.

TUNDE (V.O)

This is Lagos, Nigeria's commercial hub, my city. You've heard a lot about us and they're all probably true. What I love the most about my city is it's people, they make the city what it is. Lagos is blessed with people of diverse origins, but I'll tell you about two...

WE SEE a shot of your typical *face me I face you* house, and;

INT. TUNDE'S HOUSE - MORNING

PAN ALONG the one bedroom apartment, not much bigger than a hut. Standing in front of a mirror is TUNDE (20s), bright and quirky young man, knotting his tie, preparing for work.

TUNDE (V.O)

This is me, Tunde, your typical Lasgidi guy. I belong to the class of Lagosians that begin their day at 5am, na we dey cause hold up for third mainland bridge.

Tunde takes one last look at himself, pirouette's, then makes his way out the door.

INT. FRYO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Laying on the bed sound asleep is the loud-mouthed and feisty FRIDAY (20s), sleeping like he has no care in the world.

TUNDE (V.O)

Then there's him, Fryo. Well his name is Friday, but he likes to be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TUNDE (V.O) (cont'd)
called Fryo. These ones dey start
their day when dem want, no plan,
just hustle and vibes.

Fryo turns in his sleep, with a little smile on his face. We
FREEZE FRAME:

TUNDE (V.O)
(scoffs)
Omo las las me no know which one
better, cos na all of us dey paddle
the same boat, no cap.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Standing amongst a band of people awaiting a bus is Tunde,
looking dapper in his starched shirt.

TUNDE (V.O)
You see, one skill almost all
Lagosians have is being able to fly
in and out of a moving bus. The
ability to go from tush to agbero
is a must have because...

After a few minutes of waiting, a bus approaches and just as
it slows down, passengers swarm in. In an attempt to get
into the bus, Tunde pushes the conductor and they get into a
scuffle.

TUNDE (V.O)
Yeah. I know. I just messed up.

BANG! In one quick move the conductor lands a bulls eye on
Tunde's face and he drops to the ground.

PASSENGER
(in yoruba)
Ye! e gba oju e.

INT. FRYO'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Fryo is up. He begins making breakfast, featuring garri,
salt and water. All the while he has a smile on.

TUNDE (V.O)
They always look the happiest,
(hisses)
rubbish.

(CONTINUED)

FRYO
(singing)
*Trouble dey sleep yanga go wake am,
wetin e dey find wahala e dey find
wahala e go get e o*

Fryo picks up his food and steps out to the front yard, he pulls up a bench and get's comfortable. Gleeefully soaking his garri.

We hear FOOTSTEPS in the distance, approaching is LAURA (20s) proud, aloof and aesthetically pleasing. WE FOLLOW her from behind as she trudges across the front yard in SLOW MOTION.

TUNDE (V.O)
Eh! Wahala wahala wahala

Fryo flashes her his semi white teeth, she gives him a tight smile.

FRYO
Laura Laura, come make I give you
breakfast chop.

LAURA
(chuckling)
You wan give me wetin you no get?
Dey play.

FRYO
You say?!

LAURA
No worry. Thank you sha.

She walks away, but it's far from over. He calls her back.

FRYO
Abeg one minute...
(beat)
Thunder fire you! I offer you food
you dey yab me.

LAURA
E be like say you don dey craze.
(spins around)
Just negodu nwa, hot cake. You look
me finish say make I follow you
drink this poor man garri.

(CONTINUED)

FRYO
Hot cake kill you there. Eranko!

LAURA
(clicks tongue)
Shior!

Laura walks off. Fryo still isn't done.

FRYO
(shouting)
Na respect wey you no get. Small
boys don dey give you change, you
come dey buga. Thunder fire your
left yansh. Bastard!

Fryo goes back to drinking his garri.

TUNDE (V.O)
Chai! Sapa you do this one.

INT. BET9JA SHOP - EVENING

A good number of young men are littered around the betting shop. PAN ALONG the floor littered with torn bet slips, guys with contrasting faces of joy and sadness. Standing tall with his almost white teeth unable to remain in their shelves, the most gleeful person in the shop, Fryo. He's on a winning spree.

Walking by on his way from work, Tunde spots Fryo in the shop and walks in. After exchanging pleasantries, Fryo convinces Tunde to join him in playing.

MUSIC SOARS as we go into a;

A STYLISTIC MONTAGE

-- Tunde and Fryo cheer and bump fists. It's their third straight win.

-- Fryo points to another betting option on the monitor, but Tunde is unconvinced.

-- Eagerly looking up at the screens, Tunde celebrates another win whilst Fryo's smile turns upside down.

-- After a couple of losses, Tunde calls it quits, but Fryo is determined to win back his money. At this point, his face already has a permanent scowl.

-- Tunde leaves. Fryo loses again and punches the wall in anger. Fryo is so vexed.

(CONTINUED)

-- SPLASH walks in and makes a beeline for Fryo. Wrong move.

SPLASH
(saliva flying out of his
mouth like a canon ball)
Bro! Hwfa na, how e dey be. You
just dey chop money, give me sure
game na.

-- Fryo shoots him a stern look and rips into splash,
venting all of his anger. The shop goes quiet. Fryo storms
off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUNDE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The room is pitch dark. We hear a KNOCK on the door, Tunde
opens to see Fryo standing with his head down.

TUNDE
Hwfa. I hear wetin happen with
Laura today.

FRYO
(hesitates)
You no just get sense!

TUNDE
I understand.

Fryo hisses and walks away. Tunde shrugs and shuts the door.

TUNDE (V.O)
It is what it is.

FADE OUT: