

# DIFFERENT STROKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS

Written by

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## CHARACTERS

1. Anna (Protagonist)
2. Victor (Protagonist's husband)
3. Cynthia (Protagonist's best friend)
4. Timi (Victor's best friend)
5. Layi (Antagonist)
6. Timothy (Protagonist's Father)
7. Lydia (Protagonist's Mother)
8. Young Anna (young Protagonist's)
9. Therapist (therapist)

## LOCATIONS

### ANNA'S APARTMENT

Interior:

1. Living room
2. Bedroom
3. Kitchen

Exterior:

1. Front door

### TIMI'S APARTMENT

Interior:

1. Bedroom

### Q.T PRIVATE LOUNGE

Interior:

1. Private lounge

Timothy (29) beats Lydia (24) mercilessly. From punches to slaps, he alternates with finesse, unmoved by her wails and scream.

YOUNG ANNA (12) peeps through the slightly opened door, rooted in confusion.

After a moment of intense beating, Timothy halts, hand suspended in the air, breathing heavy. He glares at Lydia with juuuuust a little bit of remorse.

He heads for the door and flings it open. Seeing poor Young Anna standing, his remorse deepens. The moment hangs like a noose, then he scurries off.

Lydia catches sight of Anna and swiftly wipes her face. Young Anna makes for her mother and helps her. Lydia burst into tears.

YOUNG ANNA

Why does daddy beat you everytime you argue.

Lydia flusters, scrambling for a response. She forces a smile.

LYDIA

It's a gesture of love. He loves me, that is why he beats me?

She holds Young Anna tightly in her embrace and slowly sobs.

1 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

2

VICTOR (Mid-30s) storms down the stairs in singlet and boxers; his expression a mix of confusion and irritation. He mutters angrily, venting and ranting.

ANNA(Early 30s) descends the stairs calmly, confidently gazing at Victor without breaking contact, bearing a belt and baton.

Victor mutters under breath upon sighting Anna.

Taking the last step down:

ANNA

Follow me upstairs now and finish what you started.

Victor frowns.

VICTOR  
Follow you where?

ANNA  
So asking my lawfully wedded husband  
to satisfy me is now a crime?

VICTOR  
If it is satisfying you, that I can  
do. Which one is belt and baton that  
you're bringing into play?

ANNA  
Am I complaining?  
(gesturing)  
Victor, I want you to man-handle me.  
Squeeze every juice in my body and  
chew me anyhow. Then, you can spit me  
out.

Victor glances in utter disbelief.

VICTOR  
What is this for God's sake? Why  
would I man-handle my wife. When it's  
not like she stole something.

ANNA  
Should I steal? Probably by then you  
would do my bidding.

Victor fumbles with his words, gazing at his wife like she's  
some stranger.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(dramatic)  
Victor, you don't love me.

VICTOR  
What does love have to do with this?

ANNA  
If you love me, you would beat me.

VICTOR  
How can I... What kind... Babe stop  
this now. I don't like how you're  
behaving.

Anna bolts toward Victor, and he jerks back, scrambling to  
the other side of the room.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Babe you're taking this too far.

She pursues him, her movements swift and determined, closing the gap but Victor dodges her advance with a quick sidestep, spins and then races up the stairs. Anna follows.

2 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

3

Anna watches TV and eats snacks. Victor descends the stairs, strides over to Anna and kisses her cheek--

VICTOR  
Good Morning babe.

Anna is unfazed by the gesture. She continues watching the TV.

Victor lingers in the silence for a beat, glaring at Anna. Until...

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Babe?

Still no response from Anna.

Victor attempts to poke Anna and she jerks back angrily.

ANNA  
Victor, I'm begging you in the name  
of God. Don't touch me.

VICTOR  
Why are you being hostile? Have I  
done anything wrong?

Anna jolts up angrily.

ANNA  
Are you seriously asking me that  
after everything you did?

Victor sighs deeply, calming his nerves so as not fuel the already flaming fire.

VICTOR  
Are we still discussing last night?

Anna folds her arms and stays irresponsive, fuming and muttering under breath.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Ok, I'm sorry.

Anna calms a bit. Victor wraps his hands over her waist, gazing deeply. Anna, avoids contact, still feigning anger.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I apologize if I offended you. You  
know I would never bring myself to  
hurt you.

Anna turns her gaze to Victor, glaring innocently like she  
didn't just flare up.

ANNA  
I understand your concern, but I'm  
not complaining.  
(beat)  
It is what I want.

Victor contemplates. Exhales sharply, resigned.

VICTOR  
I'll think about it.

Anna stays irresponsive, struggling to conceal a smile.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I said I would think about it.

Anna finally let's out a shy smile.

ANNA  
Promise?

VICTOR  
Yes.

Victor tickles Anna and they share a laugh. They kiss,  
closed lips.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm running late.

ANNA  
Ok Hunnie. Take care.

Victor exits the room. Anna lingers, smiling.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Now you're talking.

3 INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE - DAY

4

Assorted meat and wine rests on the table. Anna gulps a  
glass of wine. A tense conversation is ongoing with CYNTHIA  
(Early 30s) expressing shock.

CYNTHIA

Anna!

ANNA

(unfazed)

What?

CYNTHIA

Cut this man some slack.

Drops the glass...

ANNA

Not until he does what I want.

Cynthia stares in utter disbelief, frozen for a moment unblinking, struggling to process.

Then...

CYNTHIA

Why would you even ask such a thing from him?

With an attitude...

ANNA

There is a reason my name is Anna and not Snow white. I'm no Disney princess so why all the needless formalities. Abegi.

CYNTHIA JUST STARES.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(gesturing)

I need someone that would touch me in ungodly ways. Hold my body and worship it. Flicker me in delicate places that makes my legs vibrate till I can't feel them anymore.

CYNTHIA

ANNA!

Anna pours herself more wine while Cynthia grapples with her words, struggling to process it. Anna sips wine, unmoved.

ANNA

You don't know anything.

CYNTHIA

You're playing a dangerous game.

Anna shrugs it off.

4 INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

5

Victor is engrossed in some paperwork as TIMI (Mid-30s) slides in. He pauses, standing at the door observing Victor, hand still on the doorknob.

Timi slowly shuts the door, gaze fixed on Victor who seems to be unmoved by his entrance.

He opens it again and slowly shuts it, trying to get Victor's attention. This time harder.

Victor raises his gaze and exhales sharply.

VICTOR

What is it this early morning?

TIMI

Eh ehn. That's the man I know.

He proceeds to sit gallantly opposite Victor.

TIMI (CONT'D)

I came in here without knocking and you didn't even flinch. The Victor I know would have been complaining up and down. Gba. Gba. Gba.

VICTOR

So you do it on purpose?

Timi hisses.

TIMI

What happened to you? Why the long face?

Victor sighs heavily and recoils into the chair.

VICTOR

It's Anna.

Timi doesn't seem too fazed, he flashes a smile.

TIMI

What did she do this time?

VICTOR

It's the same thing she has been doing.



Timi bursts into a hysteric laughter. Victor keeps a straight face, visibly provoked.

TIMI  
My guy, you too dey dull and I dey  
always tell you.

VICTOR  
So you expect me to beat my wife all  
in the name of making love to her?

TIMI  
Women aren't meant to be treated with  
care. Haven't you heard the quote  
"nice guys finish last"?

Victor grapples with that.

VICTOR  
But... It's my wife we're talking  
about.

TIMI  
My wife knows me.  
(gesturing)  
In the bedroom. WHAM. The kitchen.  
WHAM. The toilet, WHAM. Even the  
office. WHAM.

Victor's eye widen with surprise...

VICTOR  
You mean you sleep with Cynthia  
inside the office?

TIMI  
Keep on treating your wife like egg.  
Let those boys catch her. They would  
help you fry her.

Victor digests that, grappling with Timi's words.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
It's not a big deal, bro. She  
personally asked for this thing. Give  
it to her.

Victor's gaze drift as he struggles to accept the advice.

Timi sits properly.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
Ok fine. If you don't want to go  
deep, you can use the tip of belt.

Victor sighs and shakes his head. Timi sees this and smiles wide.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
I'm teaching you something that would  
work you're squeezing face.

5 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

6

Anna dusts the chair, arranges the pillow and tidies the room. She gazes at the pillow for a beat, then picks it up.

She slams it on her face gently, and then harder, giving a sly chuckle.

When...

Her phone beeps. She checks it and it's a text from:

LAYI: Hello stranger.

Anna drops the pillow. Sits and ponders. Her gaze fixed on the screen with growing curiosity.

She attempts to text back but pauses, ponders and then flings it in the couch.

6 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

7

The door creaks open. Victor wearily makes his way in, stress evident in his posture. He drops some set of keys on the center table and makes for the stairs.

7 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

Anna sits on the bed and uses her phone. Victor lumbers in. Anna wears a loud smile.

ANNA  
babe!

She jolts up and falls into Victor's arms who forces a smile.

VICTOR  
How are you?

ANNA  
I'm fine, now that you're here. How  
was your day?

VICTOR  
It was... It was good. But stressful.

ANNA  
Aww. I missed you.

She plants a kiss on his lips, but Victor doesn't reciprocate. Anna retracts.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(stern)  
What happened now? I said I missed you.

Victor's shoulders droops in silent defeat, followed by a heavy sigh, unwilling to argue.

VICTOR  
Ok.

He kisses her and they rhythmically sway to the bed, body moving in sync until they drop on the bed.

8 INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY

9

Victor dismounts Anna, both covered in sheets, panting heavily as though 250 pounds of muscle mass has just been lifted off his shoulders.

Anna on the other hand is unmoved, staring blankly at the ceiling.

VICTOR  
That was... Phew.  
(turns to Anna)  
How did I do?

Anna forces a smile and pats him.

ANNA  
You did good.

Victor rolls over with a loud grin and settles into a restful sleep.

Anna immediately frowns. Her face is stone, staring at the ceiling. It hangs for a beat, then...

Her phone beeps. She grabs it from the bedside drawer and checks it. A message from:

LAYI: I know you can see my message. Can we meet?

...hovers above the screen.

Anna places the phone on her chest and exhales slowly.

9 INT. TIMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

10

A laptop is placed on Timi's laps, and he clicks away, eyes fixed on the screen.

Cynthia emerges from the bathroom, dressed in pyjamas and falls on the bed. She shoots Timi an emotionless gaze for a beat. Timi notices the stare.

TIMI

What?

CYNTHIA

Why are you working on your laptop by this time of the day when you should be beating your wife?

Timi's mind scrambles. Lost in a fog of confusion. He squints at Cynthia for a moment, tries and fails to understand her perspective.

TIMI

Where is this coming from?

With an attitude...

CYNTHIA

Wasn't that what you told your friend? To be beating his wife.

Timi shuts his eyes and exhales, frustration etched on his face, while Cynthia watches, bracing for the fallout of the fire she just set.

Timi opens his eye, steadies his breath...

TIMI

How did you hear that?

CYNTHIA

I spoke with Victor and he said you urged him to give in to Anna's absurd cravings and even backed it up by telling him that we do make love anywhere we find ourselves.

TIMI

Don't we make love anywhere we find ourselves?

CYNTHIA  
(outraged)  
How can you compare that with a man  
laying hands on his wife?!

TIMI  
Different strokes for different  
folks.

Cynthia opens her mouth wide in disbelief - he didn't just  
say this!

CYNTHIA  
So, what you're saying is that you  
can raise your hands to beat me?

TIMI  
I never said that.  
(beat)  
Moreover, you haven't asked me to.

CYNTHIA  
Ahh.

Timi chuckles, breaking the tension.

TIMI  
Look, let's not let their marriage  
disrupt ours. Let them handle  
themselves however they see fit and  
we do ours.

CYNTHIA  
Timi, you're a bad friend.

TIMI  
Thank you.

Timi sets the laptop down on the bedside drawer and moves  
toward Cynthia, his gaze intense.

Cynthia fights to hide a smile, excitement flickering in her  
eyes.

CYNTHIA  
What happened?

Timi growls. Cynthia chuckles. He grabs her like a predator  
holds prey and Cynthia burst into laughter.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone o. I'm not in the  
mood.

10 INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE - DAY

11

Cynthia and Anna are engaged in an interesting conversation, sharing a laugh.

Anna pulls herself together...

ANNA

A person who doesn't know you would think you're an Ijebu girl.

CYNTHIA

Where is the money? How can you call clothe of two-fifty thousand naira to celebrate a wedding we're not even sure is going to last.

Anna exclaims, placing her hand on her mouth.

ANNA

How can you say that?!

CYNTHIA

Would you say you don't know Femi is a deadbeat?

ANNA

Can you say that in Sam's presence?

CYNTHIA

I'm not one to talk behind a person's back and cower in their front.

(beats her chest)

I would say it with my full chest.

Anna laughs hard. Then her phone beeps...

She gazes at the screen curiously and blushes.

Cynthia extends her neck trying to peep at Anna's phone. She clears her throat...

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

What is making my friend blush?

ANNA

You like amebo.

(beat)

It's Layi.

Silence. Cynthia ponders for a beat. Her eyes filled with questions.

CYNTHIA  
Which Layi?

ANNA  
How many Layi do you know?

CYNTHIA  
The same Layi we know?

ANNA  
Yes.

CYNTHIA  
(with an attitude)  
That Layi?

ANNA  
What else do you want me to say?

Silence. Cynthia shoots Anna a deep gaze, piercing her soul.

CYNTHIA  
You two have started talking?

ANNA  
He has been blowing my phone with  
texts, but I haven't texted back.

CYNTHIA  
(stern)  
Good!

Anna shrugs it off. She buries her face into her screen once more and blushes...

Cynthia snatches the phone from her hand and drops it by her side.

ANNA  
Hey! Why did you do that?

CYNTHIA  
In case you're having second  
thoughts.

Anna exhales sharply - she is having second thoughts!

11 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

12

Victor scrolls through his phone as Anna steps in. A bag over arm and her phone on the other.

ANNA

Babe. You're home early?

VICTOR

Yes. I didn't have much to do at the office and there was no point lingering, so I came home.

ANNA

Oh, really?

Strides over to the bed and sits, dropping her bag on the floor, letting out a sigh of relief.

VICTOR

I didn't want to disturb you. I knew you would be hanging out with Cynthia.

ANNA

Yes. We were discussing some girl stuff.

VICTOR

Hope you had fun?

ANNA

Hm hnm.

(lively)

What have you been doing since you got back?

VICTOR

Nothing much. I have been inside all day.

Anna bites her lips, gazing seductively.

ANNA

Exactly how I want it.

The humour leaps over Victor's head. He grapples with understanding her point.

And finally...

VICTOR

I don't get you?

Anna's smile dissolves to disappointment. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath... exhales. Opens her eyes.

ANNA

Nevermind.



VICTOR

What happened now. Talk to me.

Snaps at Victor...

ANNA

I said don't bother!

Victor tries to wrap his head around this sudden hostility.

Anna jolts up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm going to have some water.

She bolts out, leaving Victor dazed, lost in the weeds.

VICTOR

(to himself)

Did I say anything wrong?

12 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

13

While Anna sips water from a cup... Her phone beeps. She picks it up and checks the screen.

Hovering above the phone:

A PHONE TEXT:

LAYI: Your last drop on IG was fire. I don beat Johnny tire.

...Coupled with a naughty emoji.

Anna blushes. She looks up for a moment and contemplates. She makes up her mind and types.

ANNA: Please spare Johnny. The snap wasn't all that.

Anna bites her lower lips, anticipating a reply.

LAYI: Are you kidding me! For a second I thought you was Athena, gurl!!!

Anna blushes hard. Her hard girl walls crumble. Now she's interested...

ANNA: The flattery. Thank you though.

LAYI: You are ALWAYS WELCOME.

Followed by.

LAYI: I'll really love to meet. If our daddy would allow...

Anna scoffs. She bites her lips hard, struggling to decide. Until finally...

ANNA: Friday. Ten A.M?

LAYI: It's a date.

...With a grin emoji.

Anna exhales sharply, shows slight regret and quickly bottles it all up.

13 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

14

Victor worries as Anna steps in. He leans forward apologetically.

VICTOR

I'm so--

Anna shuts him up with a brief kiss and happily hops to her side of the bed, sinking into a peaceful sleep.

Victor wears a confused look. It hangs for a beat.

14 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

15

Anna sits on the bed taking the room in. LAYI (Mid-30s) steps in wearing a sheepish grin. He bears a bottle of Hennessy and two wine glasses in hand.

LAYI

Sorry for keeping you waiting. You know how these low budget hotels can be.

Anna responds with a smiles.

He drops beside her, throwing privacy and courtesy out the window.

He attempts to open to the Hennessy and then...

ANNA

You brought two glasses?

Layi pauses for a moment, confused.

LAYI  
 (slowly)  
 Yes.

ANNA  
 I don't drink anymore.

Layi pauses for a beat and then bursts into laughter.

Anna wears a straight look. He notices and pulls himself together.

LAYI  
 You're serious?

ANNA  
 Why do you seem surprised.

Layi takes that in stride, not wanting to persist.

LAYI  
 (sarcastically)  
 Hm. Ok o. What would you take?  
 Caprison? Bobo?

Anna swats his shoulder and he bursts into another hilarious laughter.

ANNA  
 You're not serious.

15 INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

16

Victor rests his back on the chair, staring blankly at the ceiling as Timi strides in. An opened letter rests on his desk.

TIMI  
 Why your face can be like this? You  
 don give woman belle?  
 (beat)  
 Why I dey even talk that one. I know  
 say you no get the mind.

He sits on the chair opposite Victor. Victor stays irresponsible through all these, then...

He slams the table.

VICTOR  
 Why me!

TIMI  
Why not you?

Victor wears a surprised look - clearly not expecting Timi's response.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
Didn't I warn you? You carry woman  
for head like say na only you get  
wife. You lose focus now, dem run you  
suspension, you con dey shout "why  
you." You for break table make your  
offense gather body make dem sack  
you.

Victor opens his mouth wide.

VICTOR  
How can you say that?

TIMI  
My bro. You're lucky you got served a  
suspension. If to say na me, I for  
hand you sack letter. You mixed  
pleasure with business now.

Victor's jaw drops again.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
See, you go drink beer make I sponse  
you? I still get small change for  
hand.

Victor accepts his fate.

VICTOR  
E no suppose dey go like that o.

TIMI  
You go come abi you no go come?

They both rise to their feet.

VICTOR  
Na my own come today, your own fit  
show tomorrow.

TIMI  
E no fit come. I no dey carry woman  
for head so wetin go make me lose  
focus?

VICTOR  
I don hear you.

BACK TO SCENE:

17 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

17

Anna is laughing really hard. An interesting conversation is ongoing. Layi holds holds the bottle of Hennessy in hand, well deep into it.

LAYI

I had to punch the idiot. He thought I was one Omo butter that he can do anyhow. Man doesn't know that I grew up in Ikorodu.

Anna pulls herself together...

ANNA

You are a full time thug.

LAYI

That I don't deny.

They share a laugh. Anna pats Layi's shoulder playfully and they lock eyes for a beat. A tense silence. Anna breaks contact and lowers her gaze.

ANNA

You shouldn't gaze like that at a married woman.

LAYI

Why does she have to be so tempting.

Anna chuckles, trying and failing to comport herself.

ANNA

Stop.

Layi wears a straight face...

LAYI

I'm serious. I've been struggling to focus ever since you arrived, bearing thoughts the heaven wouldn't forgive.

Anna slowly calms, picking an invisible dirt in her fingers.

ANNA

You doused the flame of whatever fire we had burning years ago. Or do you need a reminder?

LAYI

That was then. I'm talking about now.

He holds Anna and she jerks back. An awkward silence.

LAYI (CONT'D)

Anna, I still love you. Deeply.

Anna isn't playing anymore...

ANNA

Let's throw the fact that I have a husband outside the window.

LAYI

Anna I really love you. I know I messed up but I'm here now, reformed.

He leans forward to kiss her but she pushes him back.

ANNA

Layi stop it.

Layi jolts up.

LAYI

Cut the crap. I KNOW YOU... If you're the Anna that I once knew, no man is your Mr. Right except me.

An awkward silence.

ANNA

I think I should go.

She rises and makes for the door. Layi aggressively pulls her by the hand. Anna groans, wearing a furious look.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Get your hands your hands off me!

Layi holds her tighter and she struggles with him. He clumsily pushes her against the wall and she hits her head.

She groans in pain, shocked by the act and Layi wears a regretful look.

LAYI

I'm so-

Anna plants a kiss on his lips. Pulls back and locks eyes with him for a moment. Layi flashes a Malicious grin.

LAYI (CONT'D)

Now that's the woman I remember.

They kiss passionately, tongue and teeth, belly to belly, going all in.

18 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18

Victor buries his back into the sofa, deep in thoughts as Anna saunters in. Anna observes her husband for a beat, genuinely concerned.

ANNA

Why the long face?

VICTOR

(hisses)

I got suspended.

ANNA

Ah ahn.

(sits beside him)

Why?

VICTOR

They blamed it on lack of focus. Said I should take some time off.

ANNA

That is cruel. I'm so sorry, babe.

VICTOR

It's fine. What can I do.

A short beat. Anna leaps forward, attempting to kiss Victor. Victor pushes her back, irritably.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

What is the meaning of this?

ANNA

I'm trying to kiss you now.

...Boldly and confidently. Not seeing any flaw in her words.

Victor is star-struck. Confused as hell!

VICTOR

Didn't you hear everything I just narrated?

ANNA

I heard.

(beat)

But that shouldn't stop us from  
making love now.

VICTOR JUST STARES. Squints at Anna like "What kind of demon  
is this?"

Anna tries her luck once more with the kiss, leaning forward  
and pouting her lips, but Victor pushes her back  
aggressively, disgust written over his face.

VICTOR

Stop this madness!

Anna moans... Bites her lips... LEANS FORWARD AGAIN.

Victor jolts up angrily and moves to another couch, staring  
at the beast hiding in his wife's skin.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You have a problem!

ANNA

You're exhausting!

She storms up the stairs in a cloud of anger, stomping her  
feet to send a message. Victor is left bewildered, grappling  
with the situation.

19 INT. BEDROOM - LATER

19

Anna lay restless while Victor is in a deep sleep. Anna  
turns from side to side under the sheets, a mix of need and  
frustration in her eyes.

She reaches over and gently nudges Victor, hoping for a  
response. Victor stirs slightly, shrugs her hand off, and  
rolls away, slipping back into sleep.

Anna throws her hands up in the air, lying back on her  
pillow, eyes fixed on the ceiling, unfulfilled.

After a moment, she reaches for him again, but this time,  
Victor sighs and sits up, rubbing his eyes. Without a word,  
he swings his legs over the bed and stands, heading out  
toward the living room.

ANNA

Victor?



Anna watches him go, her face shadowed with disappointment as she sinks back into the empty bed. She winces and slams her hands on the bed.

20 INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

20

Victor is fast asleep on the couch. Anna saunters down the stairs, catches sight of him and scoffs, glaring with disgust. She proceeds to the kitchen...

A short beat and then...

Anna arrives with a pot and lid and... CLANG. CLANG. CLANG. She slams the pot and lid together, rousing Victor from sleep.

Victor sighs heavily, summoning every ounce of home training in him not to react.

Anna hisses and stares him down resentfully.

ANNA

You haven't seen anything.

She scurries into the kitchen.

21 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

21

VICTOR (ON CALL)

Mama, I don't know what to do. I'm tired.

(listens)

Anna isn't making things easy and it's frustrating.

(listens)

She is not the same Anna you once knew.

Speak of the devil. Anna steps in. Halts for a moment and takes Victor in. Then swipes his phone, ends the call and drops it on the counter.

VICTOR

What did you do that for?

Anna stays irresponsive. Victor flames like fire, he's not letting the disrespect slide...

VICTOR (CONT'D)

This is getting out of hand. I've been patient enough but you keep pushing me.

ANNA  
If you're not patient, what would you  
do?

Anna hits Victor on the chest, provoking him.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Do your worse!

Anna hits him on the chest again. Again. And again.

Then...

Victor raises his hands and stops halfway to her cheeks,  
hovering in mid-air, trapped between fury and restraint.

Anna stands in anticipation, waiting for what she has always  
wanted. Victor lowers his hands, steadies his breathing and  
walks away. While he leaves:

ANNA (CONT'D)  
You're a fucking coward!

22 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

22

Anna and Layi are lost in a conversation. Layi is laughing  
really hard.

ANNA  
It was so annoying. He just stood  
there asking "did you cum"? Yes. To  
wrong fucking house.

Layi bursts into a more hysteric laughter. Anna joins him.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
It wasn't funny. I don't even know  
how I ended up with him.

Layi pulls himself together, activating the chivalry and  
sweet tongued chakra.

LAYI  
You have me to blame for that.

Anna smiles warmly.

ANNA  
One day, we were Jack and Rose, and  
suddenly an iceberg swiped you away  
from me.

LAYI

Don't say it like that.

Something strikes Anna's mind...

ANNA

I didn't even ask. How did it go with Maria?

Layi Flusters, trembling as his eyes darts, avoiding contact with Anna. Almost as if there's a skeleton in his cupboard.

LAYI

Uhm... I...

Anna's phone rings, saving Layi.

ANNA

Sorry.

She grabs the phone from her bag and picks the call. She listens for a moment.

ANNA (CONT'D) (ON CALL)

I'll be there shortly.

Ends the call. Exhales.

LAYI

Is everything alright?

ANNA

I have to go.

LAYI

So soon?

ANNA

It's urgent.

LAYI

(grinning)

We haven't even done anything.

Anna grins and shakes her head.

ANNA

Not today. I have to go.

Layi draws Anna closer and she playfully resists--

LAYI

Come here jare.

Anna giggles, not holding back her excitement.

Then...

Onto the bed.

23 INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE - DAY

23

Cynthia slowly sobs. She blows her nose into a tissue and dumps it into a bag as Anna strides in.

ANNA

I came as fast as I could.

She settles on the chair. Tears permeates Cynthia's.

CYNTHIA

I caught him with another woman on  
our matrimonial bed.

Cynthia breaks into tears. Anna expresses genuine shock. You would think she hasn't just committed the same crime.

ANNA

Oh my God. I'm so sorry, babe. Why  
would Timi do such a thing?

CYNTHIA

I hate him! Men are dogs. I want to  
kill myself.

ANNA

Don't talk like that now, babe.

Cynthia cries more.

24 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

24

Victor and Timi sit opposite each other. There is an ongoing tense discussion between the two.

VICTOR

What you did was terrible. I'm  
ashamed to call you my friend.

TIMI

It was an accident. You know how  
tempting Lisa can be.

VICTOR

I have no idea because I don't even  
bother to look. But you!

Timi tries to speak but swallows it, wallowing in regret.

Victor stares, his face dim with empathy. He lets out a deep sigh.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I would speak with Cynthia on your  
behalf.

Timi's face light up like wildfire. Relief to his worry.

TIMI  
Thank you so much.

VICTOR  
It's alright.

25 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

25

The door creaks open and Anna walks in. She catches sight of Victor and frowns.

She valiantly makes for the stairs and Victor pulls her back.

VICTOR  
I'm ready.

...Helpless and somber.

Anna basks in her moment of superiority. She contemplates for a beat, smiling.

Finally, with an attitude...

ANNA  
Ready for what?

VICTOR  
I'm ready to...  
(gulps hard)  
...man-handle you.

ANNA  
Are you sure?

VICTOR  
Yes, I am.

ANNA  
Ok then. Meet me upstairs.

Anna ascends the stairs joyfully and Victor lingers in shame.

26 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

Anna settles on the bed smiling seductively at Victor who stands adjacent her, bearing a belt, contemplating the decision he's about to make.

He strikes the whip forward then pulls it back before it hits Anna. He tries again and does the same.

Anna is losing her patience.

ANNA

Oya now.

Victor tries one more time and stops again, unable to strike his wife.

Anna scoffs, pushes him to the side and makes for the door.

VICTOR

Where are you going?

ANNA

Anywhere but here.

She flings the door open and slams it.

27 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

27

Layi scrolls through his phone as a knock rocks the door.

LAYI

Who is it?

ANNA

It's me Anna.

Layi leaps for joy. He pulls himself together so as not to appear too desperate. He opens the door.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Hi.

Like prince charming standing in front of Cinderella, with vigor and pounds worth of balls--

LAYI

Hey.

ANNA  
May I come in?

LAYI  
(gesturing)  
Please.

She enters and Layi shuts the door. Anna settles on the bed looking helpless and lost.

LAYI (CONT'D)  
What brings you by at this hour of the night?

ANNA  
I just needed a place to stay.

LAYI  
Did you quarrel with-

ANNA  
Can we just fuck?

Layi flashes a malicious grin. Smiling in "E gbewa." He rubs palms and jumps on the bed.

28 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 28

TITLE: 11:02

Victor paces, checks his watch and sighs. He dials Anna but gets no response.

29 INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME 29

Anna lays on bed semi-clad, gazing hungrily as Layi stands adjacent, with a belt, mouth watering like a Pitbull.

ANNA  
Come to mama.

30 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 30

TITLE: 00:12

Victor dozes off on the couch. He rouses from sleep, checks the time and paces.

31 INT. TIMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

31

Timi kneels in front of Cynthia who sits on bed, heartbroken. She sheds a tear, maybe two. She sniffs, trying to hold back tears and then she breaks down. Tears streaming down her face.

CYNTHIA

After everything we've been through.  
I can't believe you would do such a  
thing.

TIMI

I have no excuse for my behavior... I  
didn't mean to hurt you.

CYNTHIA

But you did! You're my everything,  
yet you slept with another woman on  
our matrimonial bed.

Cynthia's eyes permeate with tear. Timi stares at her for a short beat, seeing the damage he has done.

TIMI

What I did is unforgivable. Please  
don't let my mistake ruin everything  
we've built. Let me make it up to  
you.

Cynthia pulls herself together.

CYNTHIA

Ok. I've forgiven you.

Timi's face lights up.

TIMI

Really?

Cynthia nods. Timi rises and bolts to her side.

TIMI (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

CYNTHIA

Promise you won't hurt me like that  
anymore?

TIMI

I swear. I won't do it again. I'm  
sorry.



He pulls Cynthia closer and they hug. He then plants a kiss on her hair.

TIMI (CONT'D)

Thank you.

32 INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE - DAY

32

Cynthia and Anna sit over two glasses of wine. They are in the middle of a conversation...

CYNTHIA

I honestly doubt if you're human at all.

ANNA

And you the Mrs. nice woman, didn't your husband later cheat on you?

CYNTHIA

You have no right to use that as leverage. What you did is unspeakable.

ANNA

You would learn. As for me o, I'm not going back to that house.

CYNTHIA

So where would you stay?

ANNA

Layi's place of course.

CYNTHIA

Have you forgotten everything this guy did to you? He beat you nearly into coma and left you for dead, while he eloped with Maria!

Anna shrugs it off.

ANNA

People change Cynthia. He is a reformed man and I like him like that.

CYNTHIA

Anna!

ANNA

Yes?

CYNTHIA

Anna?

ANNA

I'm responding.

She sips wine, unmoved, while Cynthia is contorted in revulsion, reeling from the sheer audacity.

CYNTHIA

How can you be so callous. Your husband has been calling my phone, worried about you and I don't even know what to tell him.

ANNA

Tell him you haven't seen me.

CYNTHIA

You want me to lie?

ANNA

Isn't that what friends do.

Cynthia places her hands on her face and shakes her head...

CYNTHIA

Eh, God.

33 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

33

Timi and Victor, are in the middle of a conversation.

TIMI

I warned you to give this woman what she wants but you refused, playing the Saint Victor card. Now look what happened.

VICTOR

You don't expect me to beat my wife now. Do you beat yours?

TIMI

Cynthia is different from Anna. What Anna wants is also different from what Cynthia wants. She wants beating, give it to her then.

VICTOR

Look how you're talking as if it's a goat we're talking about. My wife!

Timi hisses.

TIMI

My guy wise up. Na something wey men  
dey use money find, na hin your wife  
dey flash for your eye.

Victor grapples with Timi's words, pondering on the advice.

VICTOR

Your wife that does everything you  
want, didn't you still cheat on her?

TIMI

Cynthia and I know how we handle  
ourselves. Besides, you don't see her  
leaving me. Do you?

A short beat.

VICTOR

See, let's leave that aside. How far  
with the MD? Has he said anything?

Timi's mood shifts.

TIMI

He said he has reviewed your mail.

VICTOR

And?

TIMI

That was all he said?

Victor recoils into the couch with worry etched on his face.

TIMI (CONT'D)

Better don't give yourself high blood  
pressure.

34 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

34

Anna and Layi lay off each other, both panting heavily.

LAYI

That... That was electrifying.

Trying to catch her breath...

ANNA

What was that thing you did with your  
tongue?

Layi grins, pleased with himself.

LAYI

Oh, that.

ANNA

Yes. It was... Magical.

Layi flashes a smile, feeling proud of himself.

LAYI

I'll be right back.

He jolts up and Anna pats his back before he dashes into the bathroom.

Anna relaxes on the bed semi clad, wrapped in duvet, smiling as though she has seen the Messiah. Her shirt, bag and jeans lay on another end of the room.

Layi's phone beeps. She pays no attention, then it beeps again. She grabs the phone from the bedside drawer and checks the screen.

Her smile transitions to terror, with growing concern.

A TEXT:

BJ: I know you're in a hurry to fly out, but for now you're a priority on the popo's heat map, so lay low.

And...

BJ: You sef fuck up. Wetin make you sef smash vase for Maria head!

...hovers over the screen"

Anna's face widen in shock, concentrating on the screen, trembling.

Her gaze darts towards the bathroom, then back to the phone with growing concern.

Layi swings in, with a towel over his neck.

LAYI (CONT'D)

Hope I didn't keep you-

ANNA

Layi did you kill Maria?

Silence. Anna's question is a bomb drop. A flash of panic crosses Layi's face. His eyes darts to the phone, then back at Anna. He makes to speak but his voice trails off.

LAYI (CONT'D)  
It... It was an accident.

Anna places her palms on her face, simmering in regret.

ANNA  
(to herself)  
Cynthia warned me and I didn't  
listen.

She drops the phone and jolts up, picks her things and dresses up.

LAYI  
Hold on now, let me explain.

Anna buttons her shirt and makes for the door.

Layi jumps in front of her.

LAYI (CONT'D)  
Where do you think you're going?

ANNA  
Layi, please step aside.

With more authority and less remorse.

LAYI  
Where are you going?

Anna tries to force her way out but Layi overpowers her and flings her on the bed. Anna let's out a painful groan.

LAYI (CONT'D)  
Yes I did it. So what?

ANNA  
You killed Maria!  
(beat)  
I will not be mixed up in your crap  
once again.

Layi hisses, picks his phone from the bed, scrolls through it and shows Anna ungodly pictures of them. Anna expresses shock. Almost teary.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Layi!

LAYI

I have several copies of this, so think twice before opening your big mouth.

ANNA

This is not fair.

LAYI

Life isn't fair.

ANNA

Please just let me go. I won't tell anyone.

LAYI

Go where? I'm not done with you.

Layi attempts to mount Anna and she resists.

ANNA

Get off me.

Layi swings a deafening slap to her left cheek, forcefully pins her down and finally resorts to more violent approaches, unfazed by her screams and groans.

35 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

35

Victor lays on the sofa, deep in thoughts as Anna drags herself into the house, lips busted, shoulders slumped, weighed down by fatigue.

Victor springs up upon seeing his wife. He hurries over to hug her affectionately. She softly groans, still feeling the pain from Layi "MAN-HANDLING" her.

Victor wears a concerned look as he inspects her face.

VICTOR

How did this happen?

ANNA

It was an accident.

VICTOR

Accident!

ANNA

Yes. It's nothing to worry about. I just need to shower and rest.

Victor burns with curiosity and concern, but he chooses not to persist.

Anna throttles up the stairs leaving Victor in the weeds.

36 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

36

Anna's eyes are vacant and troubled as her thoughts swirl like a vortex, while Victor sleeps soundly beside her.

Victor rolls over and wakes.

VICTOR

(groggy)

Babe? Why aren't you sleeping?

Anna's mind is empty, scrambling for words but finding none.

ANNA

Uhm...

She lets out a nervous smile.

VICTOR

Try getting some sleep, ok?

Anna nods. Victor rolls over into a peaceful sleep.

Her phone beeps, she checks it and it's a text from:

LAYI: today was fun

...with a kiss emoji.

She frowns, throws her hands up in frustration and slumps back onto the pillow, letting out a dismayed sigh.

37 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

37

Victor moves swiftly down the stairs, dressed in cooperate, struggling to knot his tie. He bears a black office bag.

He picks his car keys from the table and...

Anna emerges from the kitchen wearing a loud smile with her busted lip, almost healed. She extends a hug and they collide passionately. Then a brief kiss follows.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Hm. You look lively.

ANNA

Hm hnm.

Anna wraps her arms around his neck, gazing romantically almost as if he were a different man. That "where have you been my whole life" type of stare. Victor chuckles.

VICTOR

What?

With deeper meaning than revealed:

ANNA

Nothing... So. Your first day back at work.

VICTOR

I'm so excited.

Anna let's out a genuine smile.

ANNA

I'm happy for you.

VICTOR

Thank you.

(a short beat)

I should be on my way.

ANNA

Just wait a moment. Let me pack your breakfast.

Victor stays emotionless. A mixture of wonder, confusion and concern etched on his face.

VICTOR

You made breakfast?

ANNA

Hm hnm. Let me go get it.

She slides away, leaving Victor bewildered.

38 INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE - DAY

38

Anna wears a worried look. Cynthia looks concerned.

CYNTHIA

Why are you just telling me this? I warned you several times to stay away from Layi but you refused, pursuing your predilections.

(MORE)



CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Now look what you've gotten yourself into.

ANNA  
It's not my fault. I just wanted someone that would love me the way I want.

CYNTHIA  
That is why you turned yourself to a punching bag, Anna? I can't even believe you went back to LAYI. After everything he did. Or have you forgotten?

ANNA  
I wasn't thinking straight.

CYNTHIA  
You weren't thinking at all. LAYI of all people!

ANNA  
What are we going to do?

CYNTHIA  
I don't know o. You have a loving husband willing to go to the moon and back for you, yet you chose to mess it all up.

Anna is regretful. She bursts into tears and whimpers. Cynthia shows no empathy at first. But then, she slowly pities.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
It's ok. Don't cry.

ANNA  
I don't know what to do.

CYNTHIA  
We'll figure something out. Stop crying.

She reaches into her purse and hands Anna a tissue.

Anna collects it and blows her nose.

ANNA  
Thank you.

CYNTHIA  
It's fine. What kind of mess has this  
girl gotten into?

39 INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

39

Victor unpacks his breakfast dished in a flask from a  
leather bag as Timi steps in.

VICTOR  
How far now, guy?

TIMI  
Back from the dead.

Victor wears a confused look.

VICTOR  
What kind of expression is that?

Timi settles on the visitors chair, hyped up on adrenaline.

TIMI  
Forget that one.  
(notices the flask)  
What is this?

VICTOR  
What does it look like?

TIMI  
When did you start cooking?

VICTOR  
What made you assume that I cooked  
it?

Silence. Timi gazes at Victor suspiciously.

TIMI  
Who did?

VICTOR  
Don't I have a wife?

Silence. Timi wraps his head around Victor's words,  
struggling to believe.

TIMI  
You mean Anna prepared this?

Victor nods.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
The Anna I know?

VICTOR  
Yes. The Anna you know.

TIMI  
Why?

VICTOR  
What kind of question is that? My wife made me breakfast and you're asking "why."

TIMI  
I'm surprised she did. You know say una get issue for ground. Before that sef, she doesn't extend this kind of gestures.

VICTOR  
Well... I can't say I wasn't also surprised. She has been strangely nice to me recently.

TIMI  
Did you do what she asked you to do?

VICTOR  
You know I would never do it. I guess it's God at work.

Timi squints.

TIMI  
Right...

Victor opens the flask and breathes in the aroma of the food while Timi just stares, grappling with the situation.

40 INT. TIMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

40

Cynthia is engrossed with her phone, giggling as the door creaks open and Timi wearily makes in.

CYNTHIA  
Babe!

She wears a loud smile and swoops into her knight in shining armor's arms affectionately. He let's out a tired smile and hugs her.

TIMI  
How are you?

CYNTHIA  
I'm fine like wine. How was work?

TIMI  
It was also fine.

CYNTHIA  
What did you bring for me?

She leans forward slightly, hands clasped. Locks eyes on Timi expectantly.

TIMI  
Ayy, I forgot. I was too stressed to even park and get anything.

Cynthia's face falls like a dropped soufflé. Her excitement turns to dust. She pouts her lips, making a sobbing face.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
Don't be like that. Ok, I'll double it tomorrow.

CYNTHIA  
Promise?

TIMI  
Yes.

Cynthia let's out a malicious smile and hops back to the bed.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
Na wa for you o.

41 INT. TIMI'S BEDROOM - LATER

41

Cynthia scrolls through her phone. Timi steps in from the bathroom, now changed into a comfy top and boxers short. He falls onto the bed and gazes at his wife.

Cynthia notices him and blushes.

TIMI  
How did I get so lucky?

CYNTHIA  
Try not to ruin the luck by sleeping with other women and coming home to your wife empty handed.

Timi sighs heavily. He shrugs it off.

TIMI

Victor even resumed work today.

CYNTHIA

Really?

TIMI

Yes... Something disturbing happened.  
He brought food to work. Said HIS  
WIFE prepared it.

CYNTHIA

What is unusual about that?

TIMI

Come on. Don't you know your friend?

An awkward silence. Cynthia's unease palpable as she wears a nervous smile.

CYNTHIA

Erm... People change.

Timi scoffs. He is not buying that.

TIMI

Did anything unusual happen to her?

Cynthia flusters, her pulse racing, growing anxious. She scratches her neck, scrambling for words.

TIMI

Cynthia?

CYNTHIA

(absent mindedly)

Hnm?

TIMI

I asked a question now.

CYNTHIA

Uhm... She... No. Nothing unusual at all.

Followed by a nervous smile.

TIMI

Ok then. I guess it's God, like Victor said.

CYNTHIA  
 (grinned teeth)  
 Yes. Hallelujah.

Timi rolls onto his belly into a deep slumber, while Cynthia inaudibly panics.

42 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

42

Anna and Victor lay side by side on the bed, their faces inches apart, smiling warmly at each other.

The soft glow of the bedside lamp cast a golden light on their gentle features.

We reveal Anna's phone laying on the drawer, ringing, with "LAYI" boldly written on it.

VICTOR  
 Your phone is ringing.

Anna is lost in the moment.

ANNA  
 Don't bother. Let's just stay like this.

They share a smile.

43 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

43

Anna stands at the sink doing the dishes. Victor sneaks up behind her and wraps his arms around her waist, his lips brushed behind her ears. She lets out a warm smile.

VICTOR  
 (whispering)  
 I miss this. What happened to us?

Anna gulps hard, her smile dwindling by the second transitioning to worry.

Victor's hold tightens. His breathe tickling her ear and she chuckles.

ANNA  
 Stop.

VICTOR  
 I won't leave until you undress me.

Anna's worry dissolves into laughter.

ANNA  
I'm pretty sure that wasn't what the scriptures said.

VICTOR  
Go into the world and multiply.

ANNA  
Eh, God.

They share a laugh.

44 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

44

Anna tidies the room as Cynthia walks in.

CYNTHIA  
Hey babe!

ANNA  
We put a door at the entrance for a reason.

CYNTHIA  
(shrugs)  
Abeg.

She gazes around the room marveling, then finally sits.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
You're talking this your newfound good wife persona seriously.

ANNA  
I love my husband.

CYNTHIA  
I thought Layi was the only one that gets you?

The mention of "Layi" sends a gust of somberness into Anna's heart. She frowns, lets out a heavy sigh and sits.

ANNA  
Let's not discuss him, please.

CYNTHIA  
Really? What about his threats?

Anna scrambles for a response, growing more tense and concerned.

ANNA  
 He hasn't made any sudden move.  
 Though he keeps blowing up my phone.  
 My husband is beginning to suspect.  
 I'm just tired.

CYNTHIA  
 Maybe you should tell him?

ANNA  
 Tell him what! No, I cant.

CYNTHIA  
 Honesty is always the way to go. He  
 might forgive you.

ANNA  
 What if he doesn't?

CYNTHIA  
 I'm hopeful that he will. At least I  
 forgave mine.

ANNA  
 Women have a forgiving heart. Men...  
 Let's just bury that idea.

CYNTHIA  
 So what do you plan on doing?

Anna ponders. Recoils and sinks into the chair, letting out  
 a deep sigh.

45 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

45

Layi paces. Dials Anna, waits a moment and scoffs. He tries  
 again but gets no response.

LAYI  
 (to the screen)  
 You're cutting my calls abi? No  
 wahala.

He flings the phone on the bed and mutters angrily.

46 EXT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

46

Happy Victor alights the car with a shopping bag in hand.

He wears a joyful smile, his heart swelling with excitement  
 and gratitude, then proceeds into the house.



47 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47

He steps in and takes a deep breath, savoring the moment

We hear the sound of plates clinking and utensils rattling.

He grins loud, drops the bag on the table, whistles a happy tone and makes for the kitchen.

48 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

48

Anna stands at the sink, scrubbing the remnant from the plates. Her focus is intent, lost in the chore.

Victor stands by the door, smiling in 4K, taking his wife in with pride and affection. He hugs her suddenly.

ANNA  
(startled)  
Victor. You scared me.

She makes a full turn and Victor notices a bruise on her cheek and his smile dissolves to a frown.

While he focuses on it:

ANNA (CONT'D)  
When did you arrive? How was work?

Victor answers none, places his hands on her cheek to get a closer look.

Anna is ill-at-ease, thousand words crossing her mind, contemplating what to respond for when Victor begins his inquisition.

Until finally...

VICTOR  
How did this happen?

Anna fumbles with her words. Fidgets a bit but manages to conceal her anxiety.

ANNA  
It was... It was an accident.

VICTOR  
An accident again?

Anna stammers.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
You keep coming home with these  
bruises and I'm starting to get  
worried.

He waits for a punchline. Serving her back-to-back. Anna fidgets. She clearly didn't prepare enough for Detective Victor.

And...

She fakes a concussion and Victor swoops in to grab her before she falls.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
What's the matter?

ANNA  
I don't know. I fell light-headed.

As genuine as care can be...

VICTOR  
Probably you should take some time  
off these chores. We can get a maid  
to ease the burden.

ANNA  
No. No. I just need some rest.

VICTOR  
Are you sure?

Anna nods.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Ok then. Let's get you inside.

Victor sweeps her off her feet into his arms like a baby and carts her away.

Mrs. Liar liar pants on fire just stares at Victor and heaves a sigh of relief.

49 INT. BEDROOM - LATER

49

Anna lays on bed engrossed with her phone while Victor is in a deep slumber.

A text pops up on her phone:

LAYI: I'm glad you decided to come. Tomorrow?

Anna exhales sharply and swipes it off her screen.

A short beat. Her phone rings and she puts in on vibration. The fall persists again and again.

Anna rises and stealthily makes for the door. She slowly creeps out of the room.

AT THE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Anna picks the call, wearing a frown.

ANNA  
(hushed)  
Why are you calling me by this time  
for God's sake?

LAYI (V.O)  
I said I should hear you voice before  
sleeping. Besides, you ignored my  
text.

Anna sighs heavily.

ANNA  
Now you've heard it.

LAYI (V.O)  
Wait. Wait. Wait... I love you.

Anna gives no response.

LAYI (V.O) (CONT'D)  
I said I love you?

Anna contemplates, let's out that breath she's been holding.

ANNA  
(grin teethed)  
I... I love... I love too.

She ends the call and places her hands over face. Worries for a moment and creepily slides in.

50 INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

50

Victor and Timi sits opposite each other, laughing over an existing conversation.

TIMI  
You resume work last week, then  
promote you this week. Guy, which  
soap you use baff?

Victor chuckles.

VICTOR  
No be soap my brother. An happy man  
does a happy job.

TIMI  
Hmm. Deep. How is our sister at home?

Victor blushes a bit, ponders on those words as though he  
has an image in front of him.

VICTOR  
She is... perfect.

TIMI  
(teasingly)  
Hope that's not a blush I'm seeing?

VICTOR  
Leave me, let me enjoy.

They share a laugh.

TIMI  
I'm so happy for you man.

VICTOR  
I'm a lucky man.  
(beat)  
Same as you. If you don't screw up  
again.

Timi recoils into the chair.

TIMI  
Na you know.

VICTOR  
Na only you go see woman wey get big  
behind.

TIMI  
E don do you now.

Victor laughs at that, intently provoking Timi.

VICTOR  
Our anniversary is even coming up in  
three days time and I want it to be a  
surprise.

TIMI  
What's the plan?

VICTOR  
 Nothing, really. I briefed Cynthia  
 and she suggested we meet at Q.T  
 Lounge tomorrow to discuss.  
 (beat)  
 You're free to join us if you're not  
 too busy with... Lisa.

Timi wears a straight face.

Victor swell with laughter, struggling to keep it together.  
 His eyes sparkling with mirth. Until finally... He bursts  
 into laughter.

Timi's eyes narrow with a frown, shooting Victor a  
 disdainful glance.

TIMI  
 Wetin dey make you cry now?

Victor's laughter doesn't stop...

51 INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE - DAY

51

Victor and Timi sit opposite Cynthia and converse over  
 glasses of wine and stewed meat.

CYNTHIA  
 (gesturing)  
 How about this. Red carpet. Music  
 band. Fireworks and... Yeah. A pool  
 party. Everything is romantic in a  
 pool party.

Through all these, Victor and Timi exchange glances, wanting  
 to cut in but not daring enough to interrupt Cynthia.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 (to Victor)  
 What do you think?

Victor glances at Timi who avoids contact and gulps a glass  
 of wine.

Victor scrambles for words, not wanting to disappoint  
 Cynthia. Cynthia gazes excitedly, eyes dilating, clasping  
 her hands like a kid awaits candy.

VICTOR  
 Those ideas are fantastic. But... Can  
 we plan something simple yet exotic?

CYNTHIA  
 Nonsense! It's your wife we're  
 talking about.  
 (to Timi)  
 What do you think?

Timi chokes on his drink.

TIMI  
 Maybe a trip to Paris.

An awkward silence. Cynthia squints at him, sensing the sarcasm. He attempts to pick meat from the food tray regardless and Cynthia smacks his hand.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
 Ow! What did you do that for?

Victor chuckles, breaking the tension.

VICTOR  
 (to Cynthia)  
 Your idea is nice, but if we could  
 tone it down juuuuust a little bit.

Cynthia let's out a discontented sigh. She glances at Timi and smacks his shoulder. This time harder.

TIMI (CONT'D)  
 Ow! I didn't even say anything.

Cynthia scoffs. Victor laughs out loud and consoles Timi.

52 INT. LAYI'S APARTMENT - DAY

52

Layi and Anna have just finished having sex. Anna stares blankly at the ceiling while Layi seems to be having a good time, panting and smiling.

With little confidence and authority--

ANNA  
 This has to stop.

Layi turns to her, with a sly smirk. He hisses and strides to the bathroom.

Anna bursts into tears, covering her eyes shamefully.

53 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LATER

53

Anna lays on bed deep in thoughts as Victor steps in holding a bouquet of flowers behind him. She turns to him and cracks a weak smile, then sits upright.

Victor gaze affectionately with pure - undiluted love and a loud smile and Anna chuckles.

He strides over to her, slowly reveals the flowers and hands it to her. Anna covers her face, a blush painted all over it. She collects it and smells it...

ANNA

Thank you.

Gazing deeply without breaking contact...

VICTOR

You're welcome.

ANNA

How was the day's work?

VICTOR

It was good. Thought about you all through.

Anna let's out a warm blush and Victor extends his hands wide for Anna to take it. She drops the flowers, takes his hands and he kisses it, laying emphasis on the sound of the kiss.

Anna chuckles.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Do you remember our wedding night?

Anna let's out a coy smile with a seductive gaze...

ANNA

How could I forget.

Victor chuckles.

VICTOR

Not that.

They both laugh warmly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

The promise I made?

ANNA

Come Fire or even ice. Day or night.  
My affection will forever burn  
bright. Mind, body, spirit I entrust  
in thy hands. So keep them safe.

While Anna quotes the words, her smile slowly dwindles almost as if she can see her scandal right in front of her eyes.

VICTOR

That hasn't changed. No matter what  
happens, I'll always be by your side.

Anna bottles it all up and let's out a weak smile.

Breaking the tension...

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Let me go and freshen up, I'll be  
right back.

He kisses her hands MULTIPLE TIMES until Anna chuckles. Then he slides into the bathroom.

ANNA

Naughty boy.

Anna exhales sharply, lost in thoughts.

54 INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

54

Victor packs up some documents into a bag in a hurry. Timi slides in, halfway through the door.

TIMI

What are you still doing?

VICTOR

Just give me a few minutes.

TIMI

Hurry up. Cynthia said they would  
soon leave... Is your client still  
coming?

VICTOR

Yes. We would pick him up by the  
junction.

TIMI

Oya. Oya.



55 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

55

The door creaks open. Anna and Cynthia makes into the house and...

TIMI AND VICTOR

Surprise!

Anna and Cynthia jerk back, startled. Their shock slowly transitions into fear and then terror as Layi stands amidst Timi and Victor; holding a balloon, gazing confidently with vigor.

Bottles and glasses of wine rests on the glass table and little decorations hang around the room, preaching out "simple but exotic."

Anna and Cynthia exchange glances. An awkward silence engulfs the atmosphere. Timi and Victor are rooted in confusion.

Then...

LAYI

Surprise!

He laughs out loud and... POP. He pops the Balloon, wearing a malicious grin.

56 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

56

Anna and Cynthia worry and contemplate.

CYNTHIA

What are we going to do?

ANNA

I have no idea.

CYNTHIA

This must be his revenge for ignoring him.

Anna wears a guilty look. Cynthia notices and squints at her.

ANNA

(reluctantly)

I didn't stop seeing him.

CYNTHIA

What!

Anna swiftly covers Cynthia's mouth.

ANNA  
Keep it down.

CYNTHIA  
(hushed)  
Why would you do such a thing!

ANNA  
The threats were getting too much. I  
felt if I did what he wanted, he  
would back off my marriage.  
(beat)  
Guess I was wrong.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
You can't keep feeding a beast meat  
and expect it not to crave meat. This  
is bad. This is really bad.

Cynthia panics.

ANNA  
Let's just go. If he wanted to sell  
me out, he wouldn't go through the  
stress of coming into my house.

CYNTHIA  
(paranoid)  
It's dangerous. Let's just stay here  
where it's safe.

Anna strides away and Cynthia attempts to pull her back...

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
Anna! Anna!

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

57

Anna and Cynthia step in as Victor, Layi and Timi are in a conversation.

Victor catches sight of Anna and springs to meet her.

Cynthia slowly creeps to where Timi is seated. Timi gestures to her curiously but she responds with a nervous smile, then a disdainful glare at Layi who sits alone opposite them, smiling and flashing a smile.

VICTOR  
Is everything alright? You had me worried.

ANNA  
It's nothing.

VICTOR  
Is it the party? Is it too much?

ANNA  
No. It was really thoughtful of you.

VICTOR  
Are you sure?

Anna nods. Victor heaves a sigh of relief.

ANNA  
(pointing at Layi)  
How did you know him?

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Oh. He is a new client from work. He donated a sum to our company and the M.D asked me to impress him.

ANNA  
Oh.

Victor senses her uneasiness.

VICTOR  
Are you sure you're ok?

ANNA  
Don't worry about me. I'm fine.

Victor smiles warmly. He walks her to the main area, picks two glasses of wine, hands one to Anna and keeps the other for himself. He clears his throat and everyone rises.

The atmosphere is warm and the tension reduced. Anna and Cynthia, almost forgetting the terror in their midst, Layi.

VICTOR  
A toast to my dear wife. We've had our ups and downs but that has never made my love for her waiver. Not a bit.

THE AUDIENCE  
Aww!

They all laugh warmly. Victor's gaze pierces through Anna's soul, as affectionate as can be...

VICTOR

I love you more than a person should  
love another human. Happy  
Anniversary.

Anna blushes.

ANNA

Happy Anniversary baby.

They gaze at each other passionately for a moment, then lock lips, all in, beyond just French.

The crowd erupts with a joyful cry. They laugh.

While clapping happily...

CYNTHIA

(to Timi)

That's how you charm a woman. Learn.

Timi responds with a tired and uncomfortable look.

He picks a bottle of Champagne and pops it. They erupt again and he fills everyone's glasses. They felicitate.

Layi takes a deep gulp, savors the taste and shakes his head.

LAYI

This is lovely.

Victor and Timi laugh. Anna and Cynthia exchange glances and wince.

LATER

The party is ongoing. Cynthia and Timi are having the best time of their life. Victor and Anna are entwined in a romantic discuss.

The big bad monster on the other hand glares at Anna like wolf scouts prey. He grabs his phone and types a text.

Anna's phone beeps and she checks it. Her smile dilutes to a frown. She looks over at Layi with disgust and he winks. She shrugs it off and continues with Victor.

Layi texts again and Anna's phone beeps. She ignores it this time.

Layi goes all in and blows her phone with texts. Victor shows concern but she assures him it's nothing. She excuses her self and strides to the kitchen.

58 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

58

Anna places her hands over her head, worrying as Layi steps in and tries to hug her. Anna shoves his hands away.

ANNA

Are you crazy or what?

Though vexed, Anna tries to maintain a hushed voice.

Layi is relaxed, smiling at his prey, almost as if he's being intentionally provocative.

LAYI

Calm down now babe.

She looks out the door and back at Layi.

ANNA

We had a fucking deal! My home is off limits.

LAYI

True.

(beat)

But I was missing you.

Anna places her hands on her head and worries.

ANNA

Dear God.

LAYI

You don't need all these. Just give me what I want and we'll call it a day.

ANNA

Give you what?

LAYI

Didn't you see the text.

Helpless and vulnerable...

ANNA

Layi, why are you doing this to me? I've given you everything still you keep making life hard for me.

LAYI  
Life itself is hard. We just need to  
find ways to EASE THE STRESS.

He ends it by seductively biting his lips.

Anna ponders for a moment, makes up her mind.

ANNA  
You know what. Let's postpone it till  
tomorrow.

Layi wears a frown...

LAYI  
Is that a joke?

ANNA  
Please now, we're in my matrimonial  
home.

LAYI  
And that's supposed to mean  
something? Ogbeni turn you back jare.

He forcefully drags Anna closer.

ANNA  
Please now. Ok, wait. Let's do it  
outside the house. Excuse yourself  
and I'll come meet you.

Layi ponders on that.

LAYI  
Are you sure?

ANNA  
Yes.

LAYI  
If you don't come, there would be  
problem o.

ANNA  
I said I would come.

LAYI  
No wahala.

Layi saunters off.

Anna worries and squirms .

59 INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

59

Layi is engrossed with his phone, scrolling through snaps of women in bikini as Anna bursts in with rage and fury, boiling a hundred degrees Celsius.

Layi wears a smile, feigning ignorance as though he doesn't understand the Adam of her anger.

LAYI

Hunnie. How are you?

ANNA

Save me the crap! What was that stunt you pulled yesterday?

Layi smiles even harder, almost as if he's trying to provoke Anna.

LAYI

Look. I know you're angry. Let me order stir fry and we'll talk about it.

ANNA

Stir fry my ass! Do you have the slightest idea what could have happened if we had been caught?

LAYI

But we weren't, just relax.

ANNA

You're a monster!

Layi jolts up trying to match Anna's energy.

LAYI

Ogbeni calm down joor! I needed you and I beckoned. So what? I'll do it again if I like.

ANNA

Have you no shame, Layi?

LAYI

Your back is too big for me to have shame.

ANNA

You're pathetic! Now listen good. Me and you we're done.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)  
If it's the pictures, you can leak it  
for all I care. Screw you!

Anna turns to leave. Layi pulls her back forcefully.

LAYI  
Come back here.

ANNA  
Get your hands off me.

The two struggle for a while and Layi flings her to the bed.

Anna attempts to get up but he pushes her back, in a bid to mount her and remove his trousers.

Anna throws a straight kick into Layi's AREA and he groans painfully. She seizes this opportunity and sprints for the door.

Out of nowhere, Layi pulls her, swings her a jab and a straight right. POW. POW. One to the ribs and the other to the neck, hitting like a dump truck. Her head tilts back, slamming the door. BAM. then her body follows. Bam.

Anna's face crumples, a mix of pain and an emotion she's still trying to figure out. But before she does, she DRIPS LIKE WATER AND COLLAPSES.

The rage in Layi's eyes slowly dissolves, though still egotistic. Emotionally spent.

LAYI  
You better stand up! All these  
pretence won't work.

He stands over her and glances for a moment. Pokes her and she doesn't respond. His eyes widen in fear and his ego drops.

LAYI (CONT'D)  
Anna?

No response. He crouches beside her with growing concern.

LAYI (CONT'D)  
Anna? I'm just playing with you.

Wiggles her but she doesn't respond.

LAYI (CONT'D)  
Ok, you can go home now. I promise to  
never show up again.



No response.

Layi places his hands on his head, runs Helter skelter and makes for the wardrobe.

He dumps his clothes on the bed and grabs a travel bag from inside the wardrobe. He shuffles them into the travel bag, zips it and makes for the door.

He shoots Anna one last glance, wallowing in regret.

LAYI (CONT'D)

Anna?

No response. He dashes out.

60 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - LATER

60

Cynthia stands beside Anna who lays unconscious, bandage over head; squeezing her hand tightly, whispering a silent prayer.

Victor and Timi bolts in, bathed in sweat. Worry etched on their faces.

Victor catches sight of his dear wife and falters, color draining from his face.

VICTOR

How did this happen?

Cynthia sobs and chokes on her words, struggling to respond.

Victor dashes to his wife and gazes pitifully.

TIMI

(to Cynthia)

What happened?

Cynthia takes a breath and gathers her words.

CYNTHIA

I... I got a call from a hotel-

Victor turns to Cynthia and Timi's gaze deepens.

VICTOR

A hotel! How did she get to a hotel?

Cynthia hesitates.

TIMI

Cynthia!

And then she bursts it out...

CYNTHIA

She's been seeing her ex for a while now.

Victor's face contorts in anguish and rage as he absorbs this revelation. Timi just stands bewildered.

TIMI

How could you keep this from us!

Victor's fists clench. He shoves Anna's hands away and rises angrily. Timi steps forward towards Cynthia, a dark look on his face.

CYNTHIA

I didn't know what to do. I tried to warn her, but she wouldn't listen. He started threatening her... He even showed up at the house during the anniversary.

Victor ponders for a moment and cuts her off upon mentioning "anniversary..."

VICTOR

Did you just say he came over to the anniversary?

Even though Cynthia isn't holding back, she realizes she might have just shared too much. Her gaze drops and she sobers up a bit.

CYNTHIA

The contract was a front. It was all a part of Layi's scheme to pressurize Anna into submission.

TIMI

Cynthia! All these happened and you didn't think to inform me.

She bursts into tears again...

CYNTHIA

I didn't know what to do.

TIMI

Where is that Layi now?

CYNTHIA  
While trying to escape, the security  
guards caught him and handed him to  
the authorities.

Victor's jaw tightens, his eyes filled with a mix of pain  
and fury.

He bolts up from beside Anna with disgust and strikes the  
wall with a closed fist, almost knocking it down. He lets  
out a loud hurtful scream.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

TIMI  
You're unbelievable!

61 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

61

Victor sinks into the sofa grief-stricken. The weight of  
Cynthia's revelations pressing down on him.

Rage simmers just beneath the surface, but there's also a  
deep, profound sadness, a sense of betrayal that goes beyond  
words.

He sighs deeply and closes his eyes, breathing heavily,  
trying to suppress the whirlwind of emotions. He wants to  
lash out, to make sense of everything.

62 INT. TIMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

62

Cynthia sits on the edge of the bed, eyes cast downward,  
lost in thought.

She looks toward the door as Timi emerges from the bathroom.  
She opens her mouth to speak, but Timi avoids her gaze.

He slides into bed, pulling the duvet over himself,  
carefully keeping a gap between them.

His body language speaks volumes - an invisible wall has  
settled between them, solid and unyielding.

She pokes him and he immediately rises and storm out.

Cynthia turns away, sinking into quiet regret and guilt.

63 INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

63

Victor is busy with some paperwork. He glances through some documents on his desk as Victor slides in.

He raises his gaze, smiles and buried it back into the documents.

VICTOR

Timi-Timi. How far now.

TIMI

I dey o.

Timi takes a seat opposite him.

TIMI (CONT'D)

This one that you're just happy.

VICTOR

Should I be sad?

Timi cracks a nervous smile. He ponders for a moment, wanting to speak until finally...

TIMI

When last did you visit Your wife?

Victor halts for a moment, face still on the document. He resumes working.

VICTOR

Which wife?

Timi chooses his words wisely, reluctant to speak...

TIMI

Anna...

VICTOR

Which Anna?

TIMI

Baba, Stop playing games with me.

Silence. Victor drops the documents and raises his gaze.

VICTOR

About a week ago.

TIMI

Ah! I know she messed up but that's extreme now.

Victor's eyes widen with fury.

VICTOR

Oh. So now you have a line? Moreover, when did you start caring about women?

TIMI

Look. All the same, she is your wife. Even I cheated on my wife and she forgave me.

VICTOR

What Anna wants is different from what Cynthia wants. Those were your exact words. Remember?

Timi wears a guilty look.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

As my friend, I came to you several time and told you my wife was going rogue but you insisted it was nothing. Always advising me to be ruthless. Now I'm being ruthless.

Victor buries his head back into work. Timi makes to speak, scrambling for words.

TIMI

So what do you intend to do?

As cold as can be...

VICTOR

Nothing.

Timi wears a guilty look, knowing he's in no position to rebuke Victor. Victor resumes work and until...

Victor raise his gaze.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You think if he didn't threaten her, she wouldn't have persisted with her affairs? I still used my own fuel to bring that idiot into my house, and my dear wife had the guts to sleep with him.

TIMI

But... you can't just leave her all alone in the hospital.

As cold as can be...

VICTOR

She has a family. She also has a friend.

TIMI

Bro, this is unlike you.

Victor doesn't respond. He focuses more in work, intentionally ignoring Timi.

64 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

64

Several pots and plates lie on the counter, scattered. Victor neatly arranges them.

He holds a pot, attempts to cover it with a lid and then CLANG. The lid hits the pot.

He pause for a moment - the sound strikes a memory and he smiles. He recoils, resting on the counter and ponders.

65 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

65

Cynthia sits beside Anna, tears permeating her eyes as Victor enters.

Cynthia jolts up and welcomes Victor with a warm smile.

CYNTHIA

Victor. You came.

VICTOR

How is she?

CYNTHIA

Critical.

Victor exhales sharply and sits by Anna, gazing pitifully.

His fingers lace through hers, holding on as if his touch alone could pull her back to consciousness.

VICTOR

(to Anna)

I need you to be strong for me, ok?

He leans in closer, his gaze unwavering, filled with profound love. He kisses her hand and squeezes it tightly.

66 INT. TIMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

66

Cynthia sulks. Timi slides in, gazes pitifully for a beat, then proceeds to sit by her. Cynthia bursts into tears.

CYNTHIA

I was only trying to protect her.

TIMI

I know. I'm sorry I kept a distance.

They hug affectionately. Cynthia cries more.

67 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

67

Victor slumps in his chair, eyes fixed on the ceiling, his face hollow with grief. The silence of the ward presses down on him.

Anna remains motionless beside him, her breathing steady yet distant.

Anna's eyelids flutter, and she slowly opens her eyes, weakly taking in the room around her.

Victor's heart leaps as he notices, his face lighting up with relief and disbelief.

He springs to her side...

VICTOR

Babe!

He hugs her tightly and she bursts into tears.

ANNA

I'm so sorry.

VICTOR

It's ok. Please don't cry. I'm just glad you're awake.

68 INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

68

The room is calm and warmly lit, filled with soft, neutral colors.

Anna sits across from a THERAPIST (Mid-30s), her hands clasped tightly in her laps. Victor sits beside her, listening intently, concern etched on his face.

Anna takes a shaky breath, her gaze downcast, struggling to find the words.

THERAPIST

When did it start?

Anna gazes at the therapist, her eyes filled with vulnerability.

ANNA

It goes back to when I was a kid. My dad... he used to beat my mom. And she would always tell me it was because he loved her. That if a man loved you, he'd... he'd hurt you.

Victor's face shifts in realization, a mixture of sorrow and empathy as he listens.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(tears up)

I grew up thinking that was normal. That maybe, that's what love is supposed to feel like. Intense, chaotic... painful. And now, I don't know how to separate it.

She breaks into tears. The therapist nods supportively, offering a tissue as Anna dabs her eyes.

Victor reaches over, his hand covering hers.

VICTOR

(affectionately)

You don't have to carry that burden anymore. We'll work through it, together.

Anna looks at him and nods, her eyes filled with relief and gratitude. She lets out a deep breath, feeling the weight lift just a little.

Victor leans over, and they share a tender embrace.

FADE OUT.

THE END.