

RATED E

BAYELSA BOYS

An Original Short Film

Written

By

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***Second Draft**

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT

A WET NIGHT, past midnight. Puddles fill potholes from an earlier rainstorm.

YENAGOA, BAYELSA - 2004

A slight buzz emanates from the power lines above the low-cost bungalows. Generators HUM. Security lights stay on, revealing the estate grid.

The humble DISEYE home is one among many in the grid.

EXT. DISEYE HOUSE - NIGHT

THREE MEN move through the darkness, slowly, with purpose. All three sport matching BLACK BANDANNAS over their faces. They hug the walls, using the shadows for cover, making their way around to the BACKYARD.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The FIRST MAN, some kind of metal tool in hand, moves to the back SECURITY GATE. The gun-wielding SECOND MAN hurries to his side. The THIRD MAN, also armed, hangs back, standing guard.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A young man's eyes slowly open. JESUS DISEYE, a clean cut thirteen-year-old, focuses on the digital clock next to his bed. The time reads: **2:15AM**.

He stirs -- the hum of the generator frustrates him. He's about to return to sleep when --

A sharp CRUNCHING SOUND grabs his attention.

Jesus gets up amid the darkness. He lifts the window blinds, peering out to the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jesus sees the two masked men open the security gate. The first man drops his tool -- a BOLT CUTTER, having cut the padlock on the gate. Jesus spots the gun in the second man's hand as they go to work, trying to unhook the generator.

INT/EXT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jesus is wide awake now. He bolts out of his room into the adjacent bedroom down the hall. He barges through the door --

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's different from the other room -- sparse, less lived in. Cigarette butts and empty beer bottles litter the floor.

Jesus stares at an empty bed with ruffled sheets. He looks around but there's no one else in the room. His expression says it all: now he's really scared.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus creeps past the open door to the BATHROOM between both bedrooms, sticks his head in. Empty.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He enters the LIVING ROOM, looks every which way, desperate. More SOUNDS from the backyard. Jesus spots silhouettes through the rear window. The two men have unhooked the generator and are lifting it.

Jesus approaches the window, breathing heavily, not sure what to do when --

A HAND grabs him, forcefully dragging him to the floor. Jesus pushes back, and faces his attacker --

COMMANDO, Jesus' older brother, stares back at him. He's a lean, mean 21-year-old. Handsome, in a scary kind of way. He holds his finger to his lips, motioning for Jesus to be silent.

JESUS

I saw two people outside! They were unhooking the generator...

Commando has nothing on but the worn-out jeans he slept in. He raises his other hand to reveal a .45 semi-automatic PISTOL, cocking it slowly.

COMMANDO

Just two?

JESUS

One of them has a gun... I don't know about the other one.

COMMANDO

Their bandannas -- they must be
Judah's boys.

(beat)

Don't move. Stay here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Commando slowly crawls towards the back door. The intensity on his face is alarming. He stops and grabs the interior LOCK, carefully sliding it open. Before he turns the doorknob, he peeks through the rear window blinds.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Commando focuses on the two robbers in the backyard. The first man positions himself, bolt cutters in hand again, ready to cut the chain anchoring the generator to the bars of the gate. The second man encourages him with hand movements.

Commando spots the third man, who carelessly appears out of the shadows to see what's taking his partners so long.

COMMANDO

Three...

Commando stands behind the locked door. The second man has his back to him while the first man wrestles with the chain. Commando sees his chance to act.

A FLASH OF LIGHTENING OVERHEAD -- Commando throws open the door. Startled, the second man wheels around and fires a shot into the front door. Commando ducks, then promptly SHOOTS two bullets into his chest.

The force propels the man backwards.

The first man, stunned by the gunfire, immediately surrenders, dropping the bolt cutter AND the generator on his foot. He SCREAMS in pain.

Commando puts a bullet into his head to shut him up.

Attention turns to man number three, who by now has taken off into the cold wet night. Commando gives chase, firing shots in the fleeing man's direction.

INT. DISEYE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MRS. ELIZABETH DISEYE screams like a banshee in the background. The boys' mother, 50ish, hurries out of her bedroom, fastening her wrapper around her waist.

She's shaken, not able to place the direction of the gunfire. She meets Jesus crouching in the hallway.

JESUS

MOM!

MRS. DISEYE

JESUS! STAY DOWN! JUST STAY DOWN!

They crouch on the floor together, breathing heavily. A moment passes, then --

More GUNFIRE outside. Mrs. Diseye holds Jesus tight as shot after shot ring out, until it returns to the steady hum of generators and the sound of drizzling rain on surfaces.

Jesus helps his mother to her feet. He starts for the back door, wide open to the backyard --

MRS. DISEYE (CONT'D)

Jesus, where are you going?! They might still be more of them outside! Come back here!

The teenager doesn't answer and steadily inches towards the back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

From his point of view, he can see the individual lights come on from the neighbouring houses. The drizzle has turned to rain. THUNDER and LIGHTNING boom and flash overhead.

Jesus still faces forward, peering into the darkness. He sees someone approaching -- it's Commando.

JESUS

Commando!

Mom joins Jesus outside, dumbfounded, hands on her head, as she surveys the crime scene. The two dead robbers bleed out in the rain.

MRS. DISEYE

My god!

The young man halts midway, gun in hand, staring at them. Heavy rain starts to fall, drenching him. Commando catches his mother's eyes. She grabs Jesus closer to her, like a lioness protecting her cub.

MRS. DISEYE (CONT'D)

I knew it... I knew it was you.
What have you done? My son, answer
me, what have you done?! Why do you
continue to bring evil into my
house?!

JESUS

But, the armed robbers --

MRS. DISEYE

They are not armed robbers! They
are all these cult members and
thugs he hangs out with! They are
all heartless assassins!

Elizabeth tightens her grip on the young boy. Commando looks on, looming, like a predator.

MRS. DISEYE (CONT'D)

This is the last time! You're not
entering this house again! You hear
me? YOU'RE NOT STEPPING ONE FOOT IN
THIS HOUSE AGAIN!!!

JESUS

But mom --

COMMANDO

Jesus, it's all right. Mom, if
that's what you want --

MRS. DISEYE

Yes! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!!! I've
had enough... please...

She sobs. Jesus locks his gaze on his brother from a distance. Commando stares back, eyes blistering.

He holsters the gun in his jeans and slowly backs away, savouring one last glance at his loved ones. He turns and runs off into the rain, disappearing in the downpour.

SIRENS blare in the distance --

FADE OUT.

THE BEGINNING...