

YAHOO BOY

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INT. OREGON - FUNERAL HOME - CASKET SALES ROOM - DAY

Rows of CASKETS. Pinewood. Glossy white with gold trim. Obsidian black.

The sales room is tastefully decorated with curtained walls and plants. Costco for the deceased.

MADGE BUTTERFIELD (late-50s and eccentric; over-bleached hair, ample cleavage, owl-shaped glasses and a permanently stretched smile) walks past the caskets, deliberating.

The SALES CLERK, (40's, sallow) follows a few steps behind.

MADGE

(nods)

Do you take credit cards?

SALES CLERK

Yes ma'am.

Madge runs her fingers over a pink lacquer casket with silver satin interior, a glimmer in her eye.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)

Excellent choice.

The hint of tears in Madge's eyes.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)

Do you know the approximate height and weight of the deceased?

MADGE

It's for me.

The Sales Clerk is taken aback. Madge's cell phone rings. She answers it.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Honey, stop yelling. I can hear your eyes bulging. I'll be there as soon as I can.

A flicker of curiosity and confusion from the Clerk.

Madge clicks off the phone and turns back to the sales clerk.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I got in?

SALES CLERK

In... the casket?

MADGE

Kind of like a test drive?

Moments later, Madge is in the casket, eyes closed.

EXT. BUTTERFIELD FURNITURE STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

A floral van is parked in front of the store.

A young DELIVERY GUY is unloading a variety of funeral flower arrangements; daffodils, lilies, carnations, a wreath...

Madge pulls up in a bright yellow Kia car, she leaps out, and races over to catch up with the Delivery Guy.

MADGE

I think those are for me.

Arms full of arrangements, he follows Madge into the store.

INT. BUTTERFIELD FURNITURE STORE - CONTINUOUS

It's more like a warehouse than a store. Different modules of home furnishing; everything circa 1980's.

A few CUSTOMERS mill around, but business is far from booming; 'SALE' and 'DISCOUNT' signs cover the store.

Madge heads to the back office, the Delivery Guy trailing.

CONRAD BUTTERFIELD (30s, tall, hunched shoulders, incredulous and intense, wearing an off-the-rack grey suit) strides over.

CONRAD

Mother! Where have you been?

Conrad notices the flowers for the first time.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

What's all this?

MADGE

Samples. For my funeral.

Conrad rolls his eyes, exhales; he's tired of hearing about this. The Delivery Guy frowns; what?

CONRAD

We can't afford flowers.

Conrad leads his mom aside. She brushes crumbs from Conrad's tie. He swats her hand away.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

They are here.

He nods across to the window, looks into the office; a female I.R.S. AGENT in a floral dress and blazer waits impatiently, papers on her lap.

MADGE

How does she seem?

CONRAD

She hasn't used the word 'fraud' yet at least. We got talking about table tennis.

MADGE

(squeezes his hand)

Leave it to me.

Madge marches over to the office. Conrad sighs, weary and signs the flower invoice.

INT. BUTTERFIELD FURNITURE STORE - OFFICE - DAY

Madge enters, and immediately takes charge of the situation, shakes the I.R.S Agent's hand a little too vigorously.

MADGE

Madge Butterfield. I'm the owner.

I.R.S. AGENT

Darlene Davis, IRS --

MADGE

Chilly in here, don't you think?

The Agent goes to speak, but Madge, a force of nature, steamrolls her. Madge scurries around the office, grabs two old SPACE-HEATERS.

Madge positions the heaters at their feet, drops to her hands. She glances back at Conrad who talks to the delivery guy. Coast is clear. She plugs the heaters into the socket.

MADGE (CONT'D)

I try not to have these on. They eat through electricity.

I.R.S. AGENT

Ms Butterfield, your accounts --

Madge takes a seat behind the desk, tries to get comfy.

MADGE

Did Conrad offer you anything?

The I.R.S. Agent glances out of the office, and exchanges a small smile with Conrad; a hint of connection.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Tea? Coffee? Doctor Pepper?

I.R.S. AGENT

I only need your accounts.

Madge takes out an unruly stack of ledgers from the filing cabinet and plops them in front of the I.R.S. Agent.

EXT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A two-story house, wood shingles in need of some urgent TLC; brown, the color of the pinewood trees that surround it.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - MADGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A TV blares the local news.

The room is in disarray; the closets have been emptied onto the bed and into boxes. Madge sorts through her outfits.

She wears a bibbed ruffled shirt and pleated skirt. She looks in the mirror, makes an exaggerated pose and takes a selfie.

Madge turns her attention to the TV; a newscast about a meteorite. A police officer speaks at a podium to press.

POLICE OFFICER

...keep your head down on December
22, 2032. That's when an asteroid
may strike our planet...

The news footage switches to an astroid in space.

There's a letter open on the bed, with a medical centre heading. She picks it up, momentarily heavy, and wads it up.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Conrad, wears short-shorts, practices table tennis with an auto-ball hitter. POP! THWACK! POP! He hits methodically.

Madge enters in a sequin dress and head wrap, sets a cardboard box of clothes on the floor. She twirls.

Conrad glances sideways, unimpressed. He keeps playing. Madge holds up two sparkly handbags.

MADGE

Which one do you like better?

Conrad hits the ball harder. His arm swings back and knocks over a stack of ragged cardboard boxes.

Madge stomps her foot, continues to hold out the handbags.

MADGE (CONT'D)

The coffin lining is called 'silver bells.' I want to accessorize.

Conrad drops his paddle abruptly, exasperated. A few balls fly off of the table.

CONRAD

You're not dying, mother! You're not even sick. It's in your head!

Madge tightens her grip on the handbags, offended.

Conrad picks up his paddle and returns to hitting the balls.

MADGE

An astroid is headed towards earth.

Conrad ignores her, just keeps on hitting balls.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Did you hear what I said? Conrad!

Madge stretches her arm out and intercepts the balls. They fly off the table.

CONRAD

Don't be stupid.

MADGE

An astroid is going to hit earth.

Conrad throws down his paddle, turns off the auto-player and storms out.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Where are you going now?

Alone, Madge picks up a box, stacks it on top of a tower of boxes and sighs.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - MADGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room looks as if a hurricane blew through. Madge snuggles in bed under a pile of clothes from her earlier try-on session, lit up by her laptop screen.

Madge sips scotch and nibbles on a Milky Way. She shuffles through selfies of her modeling outfits - evening wear, jeans and a button down, a suit...each less fashionable and more outrageous than the last.

Madge finally settles on a pleather leopard print mini-skirt and a mid-drift blouse. She POSTS THE PHOTO ON FACEBOOK and waits...

No likes. Nothing. Zilch.

Madge closes her laptop, reaches for a photo of a balding man in his 50's where there's a pile of candy wrappers, a stack of antacids and a blood sugar tester.

She kisses the photo.

MADGE
Night-night, Walter.

Madge downs a sleeping pill. Lights out.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - MADGE'S BEDROOM - 3AM

Hours later. Mouth agape, Madge lightly snores.

Conrad bursts into the room, eyes wide with panic.

CONRAD
Mother! Get up!

He shakes her hard until she stirs. She looks at him, confused, her dream fading. Then:

CONRAD (CONT'D)
The store's on fire!

Madge fumbles for her eyeglasses and sits up, the room - and gravity of Conrad's words - come into focus.

EXT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - FRONT DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

It's drizzling. Conrad darts out of the house followed by Madge, who struggles to find an armhole in her raincoat.

Conrad stops dead in his tracks. His Lexus tires are slashed.

CONRAD
That son of a bitch -

MADGE
Who?

CONRAD
Martin at the table tennis club. I
beat him. This is his revenge.

Madge climbs into *her* car. Conrad pushes her aside, and gets behind the wheel.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
I'll kill the bastard.

INT. MADGE'S CAR - KIA - NIGHT

The fire comes into view as Madge and Conrad approach the store. Frozen expressions of shock and gloom on their faces.

EXT. BUTTERFIELD FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT

The store is in flames, furniture burning within. It's a major fire, half of the store already completely destroyed.

It's surrounded by firetrucks, FIREFIGHTERS training their hoses onto the blaze.

Madge and Conrad look on in shock. A POLICE OFFICER takes their statements.

MADGE
Thirty five years up in smoke.

CONRAD
My father started the business on a
loan. Left it to us jointly.

POLICE OFFICER
Are you up to code?

Madge, transfixed by the fire, wanders towards it.

CONRAD
- Mother!

Conrad grabs Madge by the arm, pulls her back.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
What on earth are you doing!?

Madge looks right through Conrad's rattled and sweaty face.

Conrad leads Madge to a safe distance. Madge, indifferent, stares back into the blaze.

EXT. BUTTERFIELD FURNITURE STORE - MORNING

The store is a pile of ash. Everything is gone. A FIRE CHIEF pokes around the ruins, making notes.

Aside from one cop car and a single fire crew preparing to depart, the engines have left.

Madge and Conrad sit on a charcoaled couch, shellshocked, covered in soot from the fire. They've lost everything.

MADGE
I wrote a eulogy for you to read at
my funeral.

He looks at her as if she's insane.

She digs in her purse, takes out a piece of paper and hands it to Conrad.

MADGE (CONT'D)
It would help me to hear it now.

She puts a desperate hand on his arm.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Please, Conrad.

Conrad huffs then reads.

CONRAD
"It's never easy to say goodbye to
someone -- "

Tears well in Madge's eyes.

Conrad starts to crumple the paper but thinks better of it. He folds it and puts it in his pocket.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
How are we going to live, now?

MADGE
(pats Conrad's hand)
Don't worry honey. Mother's on it.

The Fire Chief approaches, he holds a metal box.

FIRE CHIEF

Early stages, but from what I can eyeball, the burn patterns trace to a single origin site.

(holds up his box)

These samples will be telling.
We'll need a deposition. Insurance companies are sticklers for that.

Madge gets up and roams into the debris.

EXT. BUTTERFIELD FURNITURE STORE - DEBRIS - DAY

Madge stumbles upon the remains of her funeral flowers. She picks up a scorched flower and sticks it in her hair.

She takes out her phone, clicks a selfie, a tight smile on her face with the carnage in the background and posts it.

She glances at Conrad and the Fire Chief who are deep in conversation, then scrolls through her feed, examines her selfie photos from the night before.

A couple of likes and a comment from her friend 'Lottie' - complimenting the photo in which she wears a leopard print mini-skirt, 'you're on fire!'

She likes the comment and a friend request pops up.

It's from CHUCK JACKSON, (50's) handsome, army fatigues.

Madge looks around at the pile of rubble, then back at her phone. Chuck's a virile dude, lots of muscles. She presses 'accept' and stares at the phone. Nothing.

EXT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Conrad's car, the tires still flat, is parked out front. The light from inside the kitchen glows warm.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Madge, covered in soot, strips down to her underwear and shoves her filthy clothes into the washing machine.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Madge steps into the shower. The soot runs down her face and body, pooling around the drain.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - MADGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Madge exits the bathroom in a pink bathrobe. She dries her hair with a matching towel.

She slumps onto the bed, staring at the floor.

She picks up her phone and uploads PICTURES FROM THE FIRE onto facebook.

A MESSAGE POPS UP from Chuck.

ON SCREEN:

CHUCK: *What happened, hun?* 🔥

Madge blows soot colored snot into a tissue.

MADGE: 😞

Madge freezes, then continues:

MADGE: *...where r u from?*

CHUCK: *Top secret*

CHUCK: *lol I'm on a peacekeeping mission in Yemen*

MADGE: *How old r u?*

CHUCK: *53. U?*

MADGE TYPES '59', catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror - saggy jowls, a roll around her waist. She DELETES and instead types:

MADGE: *39*

Madge falls back onto the bed, holds the phone to her chest and closes her eyes. After a deep breath she TYPES.

MADGE: *So ur military?*

CHUCK: *sergeant. Born in Germany but moved to Texas when I was 10*

Madge smiles; she needs this connection.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

There are two stacks of ledgers with lots of red numbers spread out over the table. Next to the pile is the 'Oregonian Times'. The headline reads: BUTTERFIELD FURNITURE BLAZE.

Madge packs old pots and pans into a cardboard box. She stops, taps out a message on her phone with her spare hand.

MADGE: *my son thinks I'm stupid.*

CHUCK: *sons say stupid things. He doesn't mean it.*

Madge smiles.

MADGE: *wait til we get the insurance payout.*

CHUCK: ?

MADGE: *from the fire*

CHUCK: *Ka-ching! In the meantime, I got something that will cheer u up.*

Conrad enters, carries his paddle case, and wears matching shorts and windbreaker. He plucks a burnt pot from the box.

CONRAD
Garage sale?

MADGE
Donating to Goodwill.

Madge flips over her phone. Conrad eyes the ledgers.

CONRAD
What's all this?

Conrad inspects the piles, alarmed.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Duplicates?

He eyes her with suspicion, then turns away.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
If there's anything you need to
tell me, I won't be mad...

Madge makes a face, *no way.*

There's someone at the backdoor. LOTTIE; 59, smoker's rasp, Madge's bestie.

LOTTIE
Knock knock.

She enters carrying a bottle of cheap red wine. She pats Conrad on the back.

CONRAD
Hey, Lottie.

Lottie gives Madge a much needed bear hug.

LOTTIE
I'm sorry, dear.

Lottie notices the box.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)
Going somewhere?

MADGE
Goodwill. Help yourself.

CONRAD
Can I borrow your car?

Madge hands Conrad the keys.

MADGE
Headed to the ping pong club?

Lottie knows her way around the kitchen. She uncorks wine and fills two glasses to the brim.

CONRAD
Table tennis club. With Darlene.

LOTTIE
Connie, do you have a lady friend?

MADGE
(recoils)
She's our IRS Agent.

CONRAD
She likes table tennis.

MADGE
Isn't that slightly unethical?

CONRAD
You're one to talk.
(eyes the ledgers)
Anyway, it's purely social.

Madge throws up her hands in defeat. Conrad turns to leave. Then, pointedly:

MADGE

I have a new friend too by the way.

Conrad raises an eyebrow. Lottie chokes on the red wine.

MADGE (CONT'D)

He's a soldier. In the army.

Lottie gasps.

MADGE (CONT'D)

We met on Facebook.

Conrad can't get out of the room fast enough.

EXT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Conrad slides into Madge's car and inserts the keys in the ignition. A sour look washes over his face.

CONRAD

Ew.

He reaches under his bum and extracts a chewed snickers bar.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The china cabinet is decorated with porcelain cats and pictures of Madge, Conrad and Walter. Madge, a spry young thing, is beaming in her wedding photo, veil complete.

Madge and Lottie, huddle on a worn, velvet couch, sip wine and pour over Madge's phone. Lottie whistles. Madge smiles.

INSERT SCREEN

Chuck pictures, each more wholesome than the last.

Chuck at the gym; Chuck with his nine-year-old son and a golden retriever; Chuck Boating; Chuck in army fatigues. In all, his smile is dazzling.

Madge's phone BEEPS and she snaps out of it.

MADGE

That's him!

LOTTIE

He has your phone number?!

Lottie reads Chuck's WhatsApp messages out loud.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)
 "This'll put a smile on your face."

ON SCREEN:

CHUCK: got fast way for u to make back money u lost in the fire - CRYPTO!!

Lottie grabs the phone from Madge and clicks it off.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)
 It's a scam! These types target people like you.

MADGE
 You think he's out of my league.

LOTTIE
 (retracts)
 I shouldn't be such a cynic.

Lottie pats Madge on the arm, but Madge is elsewhere.

MADGE
 You shouldn't. Especially, if I can make money on this crypto thing.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Madge propped up by a pillow, glasses at the end of her nose, types away on her laptop.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN:

Madge TYPES 'www.cryptobite.com' into a browser.

The TAB OPENS to a colorful page with slogans: BUY & SELL CRYPTO! TRUST US!

Madge sips scotch, pops an antacid and CLICKS sign up.

Madge finishes entering her DETAILS and moves the cursor to the TRANSFER TAB.

She transfers \$2,000 FROM HER BANK ACCOUNT and exhales.

EXT, MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Morning sunlight bounces off of Conrad's car; tires deflated.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Madge seated at the dining room table; lace table cloth and a vase of fake tulips. Her laptop is open. She bobs to music; *Calm Down* by Selena Gomez.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN:

CRYPTOBITES WEBSITE. A GRAPH shows a sharp incline in PROFITS.

Conrad enters and she immediately snaps the computer shut.

CONRAD
What's that music?

MADGE
Chuck sent it. *Calm Down*. Selena Gomez.

He sniffs around, wary.

MADGE (CONT'D)
How was your date last night?

CONRAD
I got into a fight with Martin.
(off her look)
The one who slashed my tires. I accused him of starting the fire. He denied it. Started screaming at me.

Then:

CONRAD (CONT'D)
There may have been some light... physical contact --

MADGE
I was thinking the tires could've been the Mason boys. Remember when they toilet-papered the house?

The doorbell RINGS.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Madge opens the door; a DELIVERY MAN hands her a heart-shaped helium balloon and a box a chocolates.

Conrad peers out to watch.

Madge closes the door, checks an attached note, and grins.

MADGE

They're from my friend.

Conrad rolls his eyes, walks off. Madge frowns, and follows.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

More stacks of boxes; barely enough room for table tennis. Each box is labeled: ornaments, kitchenware...

Conrad practices table tennis with the auto-ball hitter. THWACK. He attacks the balls, bumps into the boxes.

Madge storms in, heart balloon in tow.

CONRAD

MOTHER. Please. I'm busy.

MADGE

Don't roll your eyes. I just made over two thousand dollars.

CONRAD

Have you become a prostitute?

MADGE

Chuck showed me how to invest in crypto. I've doubled my money.

She flashes her phone at him. Conrad misses a ball. Conrad makes a face; *are you crazy?*

CONRAD

Have you seen any of this 'profit'?

Conrad misses another ball, backs into a stack of boxes. A bowling ball rolls out.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Look what you made me to do!

Conrad kicks a box.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

When are you going to get rid of all this? It's cramping my game.

MADGE

Whenever the time feels right.

Madge storms off.

CONRAD
How about now?!

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - MADGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Madge, snuggles under a comforter, texts with Chuck and makes her way through the box of chocolates.

The TV drones in the b.g. - a NEWSCASTER stands at the center of the burned down store's rubble.

NEWSCASTER
...the fire engulfed the
Butterfield furniture store, a
local institution...

TEXT MESSAGES:

MADGE: *just one video-chat?*

CHUCK: *can't, love. Not from the base.*

MADGE: 😞

Madge glances at the TV - news footage of the burnt furniture store. She sniffles.

MADGE: *Have u ever done something bad?*

CHUCK: *What do u mean?*

MADGE: *Can you keep a secret?*

CHUCK: *I got u.*

Madge turns off the TV and then continues -

MADGE: *I burned down the store.*

MADGE: *I did it for the insurance money. So I can leave Conrad a nest egg.*

CHUCK: *Nest egg???*

MADGE: *For after I'm gone. I'm so ashamed.*

CHUCK: *Don't feel bad, u did it for a good reason.*

MADGE: *U don't think I'm horrible?*

CHUCK: *I'll tell u a secret...sometimes I do things...I wish I didn't do.*

MADGE: *Like what?*

CHUCK: *Ur a good woman. I like u.*

MADGE: *Really, u think so?*

CHUCK: *I've got some time off in a couple of weeks, wanna vacation together?*

MADGE: 😊

Madge pops the last chocolate into her mouth. Heaven.

INT. WILLAMETTE VALLEY BANK - DAY

Madge, upbeat, sits in front of a skeptical BANK OFFICER (60's), who scans his computer screen.

BANK OFFICER
You want to liquidate your full
IRA. That's almost \$70,000...

MADGE
Is there a penalty fee?

BANK OFFICER
Not at your age.

Madge holds the officer's gaze: Yes, she's old. So is he.

BANK OFFICER (CONT'D)
Mrs Butterfield -
(takes off glasses)
- Madge. It's none of my business
but... Walter and I used to bowl.
This is *all* of your retirement.

MADGE
I'm well aware of that.

He continues on, despite his better judgement.

INT. WILLAMETTE VALLEY BANK PARKING LOT - MADGE'S CAR - DAY

Madge's phone is open to the Cryptobite Site. She bites her lip in anticipation.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN - CRYPTOBITE SITE

Madge enters \$69,987 into the TRANSFER TAB and clicks TRANSFER.

Madge puts down her phone and exhales, smiles ear to ear.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Conrad trails Madge. She takes an apple from the fridge.

CONRAD

We're broke and you're going away?
This guy could chop you to pieces.

MADGE

He finds me "captivating."

Madge bites into the apple. She grimaces as she swallows.

CONRAD

Is that why you're eating fruit?

MADGE

I have to get into shape.

CONRAD

It's going to take more than the
occasional apple --

Madge hurts. Conrad feels bad.

MADGE

You know sometimes you're just like
your father.

CONRAD

Wait. I'm sorry --

MADGE

You'll be sorry when I'm dead!

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Conrad follows after Madge as she makes for the stairs.

CONRAD

I'm just worried he's using you.

MADGE

It's alright for you. You have
someone now.

CONRAD

I'm not seeing Darlene anymore. She
had an ethical epiphany.

Madge clenches her jaw, indignant.

MADGE
Okay. I'll ask him.

Madge pulls out her phone, sends Chuck a message:

MADGE: Are u 4 real? my son wants to know

Single check. No reply.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Maybe he's out of data again.

They wait. No response. A knife through Madge's heart.

CONRAD
You can do better. I mean, look at
you. You're a catch.

MADGE
You think so?

Conrad nods. She hugs him.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Madge and Conrad stand over a tombstone: Walter Butterfield.
Madge pops an antacid into her mouth.

She digs into her handbag and places a package of Lorna Doone
cookies on the tombstone.

MADGE
Happy Anniversary, sweetheart.

They both stare at the tombstone, contemplative.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Don't be mad that I pawned my
wedding ring.

CONRAD
You did *what*?

MADGE
My money's tied up in crypto and
Chuck needed a phone card.

CONRAD
TIED UP? *Everything*?

Conrad spins around, ready to explode. Madge flinches expecting the worse.

MADGE

It's an investment for your future,
after I'm -

POLICE SIRENS. They turn to see what the commotion is about and discover two POLICE OFFICERS headed their way.

Madge freezes. She scans the grounds, as if planning a runner.

OFFICER

Conrad Butterfield?

On Madge, *what?*

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Do you know a Martin Cooper?

Conrad lets out a big sigh; he'd been expecting this.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Sir, Mr Cooper claims that you hit
him repeatedly on the head with a
table tennis paddle.

CONRAD

Twice is not repeatedly.

The Officers slap a pair of cuffs on Conrad.

OFFICER

Conrad Butterfield, you are under
arrest for assault.

MADGE

Connie... No!

She watches, helpless, as he's bundled into the police car.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - MADGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Madge sits up in bed, eyes puffy from crying.

The laptop is open, she logs onto the crypto site.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

Graphs and numbers...

She keeps clicking the keyboard and with each click becomes more frustrated; she is locked out of her account.

She grabs her phone, and leaves a voice note for Chuck.

MADGE

Please talk to me. My son is in trouble. I just need money. I'm begging you. He's all I have.

She sends the message; it stays on 'single check.' Madge throws her phone across the room, frustrated.

INT. STATE FARM INSURANCE AGENCY - OFFICE - DAY

An AGENT, female (50's), caked on make up, smiles at Madge, who sits on the edge of her chair, clasping her handbag.

The agent pushes two color photos across the desk. Madge examines the photos; charred metal boxes. She shakes her head, confused.

AGENT

Portable heaters.

Madge's expression drops.

AGENT (CONT'D)

The coverage is only payable if the fire is deemed accidental.

MADGE

Impossible. I unplugged them before lockup.

Stonewall. The agent hands Madge a claim form stamped DENIED.

AGENT

The claim is void.

INT. MADGE'S CAR - STATE FARM PARKING LOT - DAY

Madge, fighting tears slams the door shut. She lets out a primal scream.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Madge dumps a pile of jewelry and silverware on the counter.

The SALES CLERK (male, 60's) takes out a magnifying lens and inspects.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Conrad, sports two-day's worth of facial hair, and looks disheveled, emerges from the jail.

He's a little boy all over again and welcomes Madge's hug.

INT. MADGE'S CAR - KIA - DAY

Madge takes one hand off the steering wheel and ruffles Conrad's hair. She's grateful to have him back.

They stop at a traffic light. Madge's phone lights up, Chuck.

Madge lunges for her phone and gets to it first. The texting is fast and furious.

Conrad shakes his head.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN:

CHUCK: *Hello my queen*

MADGE: *Where have U been?*

CHUCK: *Combat yesterday. Relax, I'm good and so are ur funds*

MADGE: *Facetime?*

CHUCK: *I can't from base, u know that*

The light turns red. Conrad snatches the phone.

CONRAD
Mother! Drive!

Madge wrestles the phone back, types one last word -

MADGE: *LIAR!*

Victorious, Madge puts her foot on the gas and turns up the volume on the radio, *I'm So Excited*, by the Pointer Sisters. Madge sings along, nudges Conrad, who chimes in with the chorus.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Madge and Lottie sit at the kitchen table with a half-empty bottle of wine.

Chuck's pictures are on Madge's computer screen. Lottie scrolls across the screen.

LOTTIE

My grandson said you drag and drop
the images onto here.

Madge dumps a bunch of Chuck's profile pictures into the
website and clicks the curser.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

Now we gotta wait.

They clink wine glasses and stare at loading icon, a spinning
wheel. Finally a name pops up.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

Danny Lovitt. Colorado Springs.

All of Danny Lovitt's photos match those of Chuck's.

MADGE

Bastard.

LOTTIE

We should let this guy know his
identity is stolen.

Madge guzzles her glass of wine in one go.

Just then, Madge's phone BUZZES. It's Chuck. She lunges for
her phone but Lottie stops her and jots down Chuck's WhatsApp
phone number, first. Madge snatches back the phone.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN:

CHUCK: *Guess what, I got u a prezie 2 say sorry*

MADGE: *I want to Facetime*

CHUCK: *Baby u know I can't -*

Lottie mouths something, tries to get Madge's attention.

MADGE

He can't hear you, Lottie.

LOTTIE

...He's in Nigeria.

Madge types, her thumbs pressing with unnecessary force.

MADGE: **HOW'S NIGERIA TODAY?!**

Madge throws down her phone and high-five's Lottie.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Madge leans against the bar, sways to the music and sips a gin and tonic.

She checks her phone.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN - a slew of messages from Chuck: **'I miss u baby ...let me explain...give me 1 more chance...'**

Madge shoves her phone into her clutch.

She surveys the dance floor where a sea of older PATRONS dance to disco music.

Madge wades through the dance floor finding a place between several couples.

She dances alone, knocking back drinks; the night blurs.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Madge, in the shower, sings 'I will Survive', slurs her words. Her voice is hoarse.

She starts to heave and lunges out of the shower. Draped over the toilet, she vomits.

Sprawled on the floor, naked, Madge grabs her cell phone from the counter and opens Chuck's WhatsApp messages.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still far from sober, Madge sits at her bureau with her computer open on a VIDEO CALL.

On the screen is a West African man (28). He's baby-faced, with a swagger and he knows it. This is TUNDE ODUTOLA; the real Chuck. It's daytime in Nigeria and he's at an outdoor cafe. MUSIC and VOICES drone in the background.

TUNDE

Would you have been interested if
you knew I was poor and black?

Madge hesitates. It's a good point.

MADGE

I'm not a racist.

She squints at the screen.

MADGE (CONT'D)
How old are you... Tunde?

TUNDE
How old are you?

They both realize they've been lying about their ages.

MADGE
How do you do it to people?

TUNDE
I disconnect. With you it's different.

MADGE
Yeah, then give me my money.

TUNDE
If you invest a little more - then you'll be elite status. Elites get their money back first, but I need another twenty-five grand.

Madge's eyes are about to pop out of her head.

MADGE
I don't have that kind of money.

TUNDE
Aren't you expecting an, uh an insurance claim kind of payout?

Madge grabs the denied insurance form from the bureau. She decides to play along.

MADGE
That's going to take time. Could be days, even weeks.

TUNDE
We got time baby.

Madge is breathing hard. It's clear the scam is on.

Tunde laughs - he's getting somewhere. Madge laughs too, no way she's falling for this again.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
If I could come to America -

MADGE
What's stopping you?

TUNDE
Impossible to get a visa.

MADGE
Then I'll visit you. You can show me around Nigeria.

TUNDE
I work long hours.

MADGE
I can entertain myself.

Madge hesitates then goes for it.

MADGE (CONT'D)
When I get my *big* payout, I can invest a little more in crypto.

Tunde thinks this over. The wheels are turning.

TUNDE
(grins)
Yeah. Okay.

Madge smiles back at Tunde, satisfied he took the bait.

The song, *Calm Down*, Tunde sent to her blaring in the background at the cafe. Madge nods to the beat of the music.

She picks up her laptop and sways to the music, as if dancing with Tunde. Madge twirls and falls onto the bed.

INT. MADGE AND CONRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Conrad stands over Madge as she struggles down the stairs with a heavy suitcase, an American flag sticker on it.

CONRAD
What if he kidnaps you?

She hesitates, and squeezes Conrad's arm. Then, sincerely:

MADGE
I just want to live again!

Conrad winces, a pang of empathy.

CONRAD
Do you have any idea what you're going to do when you get there?

MADGE

I'm going to follow the money.

CONRAD

How are you even paying for this?

MADGE

Lottie loaned me. I'll pay her back when I recoup my crypto funds.

CONRAD

I can't come rescue you when it all goes wrong. I can't skip bail.

MADGE

Nothing bad's gonna happen.

Conrad fears the worst, but full of love for his mom.

EXT. MURTALA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY

A BOEING 767 touches down on the runway.

EXT. MURTALA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PICKUP AREA - DAY

Madge rolls her suitcase out into a sea of people, scans the crowd, out of her depth.

It's stuffy, signs plastered everywhere. Taxi drivers are hustling for rides. Chaos.

She spots Tunde and his best friend, DAVO (30s, craggy, disinterested), heading her way.

Tunde carries a bouquet of floppy-stemmed flowers and stops just short of Madge.

They look at one another, a loaded moment.

TUNDE

This is Davo, my friend.

Davo slaps Tunde on the back, ribbing him, laughing.

DAVO

(in Pidgin)
She's old, man.

TUNDE

Shut up.
(to Madge in English)
He says I'm a lucky guy.

Tunde hands Madge the flowers and sweeps her into his arms, squashes the flowers between them.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Welcome to Nigeria, my queen!

Madge hugs him back, but it's tentative.

EXT. TOYOTA CAR - DRIVING - DAY

A white car that gleams from a recent car wash, drives out from the city. It approaches a long, busy bridge that extends over the water, connecting Lagos to the mainland.

The air is thick, the smog casts a yellow hue on everything.

Street vendors dot the side of the road. People take their chances crossing the busy traffic. It's mayhem.

INT. TOYOTA CAR - DAY

Afro-beats play on the radio.

Davo drives the car. The seat covers are leopard print. Air-conditioner blasts cold air.

Tunde sits shotgun and Madge rides in the back. She bites her lips and looks nervous.

TUNDE

...This is the Babangida Bridge,
the longest in Nigeria.

Outside the window, lorry trucks pass by, filled with workers, beat up cars, traffic galore.

Madge rolls down her window for air.

A floating neighborhood slum stretches out in the distance - barely space between buildings to see the water.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

That's Makoko.

(proud)

It's the largest floating slum in
the world. "The Venice of Nigeria."

Madge looks out, overwhelmed.

Madge hears a CLANKING NOISE. She glances back and sees that the trunk is open.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Relax. Nothing's going to fall out.

Tunde points out in the distance to a cluster of buildings.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Over there is the university where
I take classes.

MADGE

You're a university student?

Tunde smiles.

TUNDE

Computer Science. You sound
surprised.

MADGE

On the contrary, I'm happy. You'll
have no problem paying me back.

Tunde and Davo exchange a glance.

The car stops; traffic comes to a standstill.

Tunde leans out, and buys a packet of deep fried dough from a
STREET VENDOR.

TUNDE

It's called 'chin-chin.' Try it.

MADGE

I'm good. Thanks.

Tunde shrugs, takes a big bite of the chin-chin and laughs.

Madge pops an antacid tablet.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Cars whiz past on the adjacent road. There's a mini-mart
attached to the gas station with barren shelves.

Madge looks out from the car; everything seems so sun-washed.
It's a long way from Portland.

Davo stands outside, pumps gas, keeps one eye on his phone.

INT. TOYOTA CAR - CONTINUOUS

A fly lands on the windshield.

Madge glances at the road and spots a LANKY TEENAGER crossing traffic and carrying her suitcase.

MADGE

Hey!

Madge tries to get out of the car but the door is locked.

Tunde exits the gas station mart, carries bottles of water and counts a few bills in his hand.

Madge calls out to him.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Hey, that kid...! He took my suitcase!

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME TIME

Tunde looks up. He sprints after the teenager, but is cut off by traffic.

The teenager disappears along with Madge's suitcase. Tunde curses.

He returns to the car, breathless and sweaty. He looks at Madge apologetically.

MADGE

My whole life is in there.

Tunde shrugs. Madge is beet-red with anger.

TUNDE

Tomorrow we go to the market and replace everything. Super cheap.

He hands her a piece of coconut candy.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Coconut. You'll like it.

Madge folds her arms, and sits back, fumes, frustrated. She shoves the candy into her mouth and sputters.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

A three-star hotel that yearns for a facelift.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Madge gives the CLERK her credit card while Tunde and Davo stand on the side, glued to their phones.

She is trying to control her irritation.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Madge enters, looks around; nothing special, but it'll do.

Tunde follows Madge inside. She sits on the bed. Tunde leans down to kiss her.

MADGE

I want my money.

Tunde laughs and sits down next to her.

MADGE (CONT'D)

What's funny?

He touches her hand, runs his fingers over the wrinkles and continues his seduction.

TUNDE

Your money is gone.

Madge flinches, takes her hand away.

MADGE

What do you mean 'gone?'

TUNDE

As soon as a client invests, it's wired to my boss and my boss' boss.

I just get a finders fee.

(changes the topic)

Anyways, you're gonna be 'rolling in dough.' About that-

Tunde's phone buzzes and he stops to message someone.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

- Excuse me.

Madge closes her eyes, curses silently.

MADGE

It was a long flight.

TUNDE

I can keep you company...

MADGE

Thanks but no thanks.

Reluctance from Tunde to leave. But... he kisses her again on the cheek, a tease.

He heads to the door, smiles back at her, and heads off.

Once he's gone, Madge rushes over and double-locks it. She rests her head against the door, eyes closed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Madge, dressed in her underwear, stares out the dirty window at the traffic below, lit by a couple of street lights. A constant thrum of noise and energy.

She holds up her phone, Facetiming Conrad.

MADGE

...I watched that romantic comedy, the one with Piranka whatshername, then took a sleeping pill --

CONRAD

Still haven't heard boo from the insurance company.

MADGE

Give them time.

CONRAD

Plus, my court date is in one month. When are you coming back?

MADGE

As soon as I'm done here. I'm sorry I left you with all these crises.

Conrad nods. Then:

CONRAD

What's he like?

MADGE

Too early to say.

Madge hack-coughs and takes a sip of water.

CONRAD

Planes are a chock-a-block of germs.

Madge transfixed by the view. A FULL FIGURED WOMAN, decked out in a tight-fitting dress, enters the hotel. There's a glint of excitement in Madge's voice.

MADGE

This place is insane.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Madge exits the elevator and meets Tunde, who's cleaned up nicely in a button down shirt, sleeves rolled up.

TUNDE

Today we have fun.

Madge wears yesterday's clothes and is in no mood for games.

The Clerk nods a greeting at Madge, beckons her over.

RECEPTIONIST

Madam.

Tunde fidgets with his phone and watches anxiously as Madge talks with the clerk.

Madge returns, deflated.

TUNDE

Everything okay?

MADGE

My credit card was declined. I gave him a different one.

TUNDE

That's what I love about America.
Everyone has lots of credit cards.

Madge, eyes him with suspicion.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Tunde leads Madge through a dizzying landscape of vendors selling everything from catfish to clothes.

Madge browses a clothes store, picking out a new wardrobe - nylon underwear and bra, nightie, dresses, pants and a t-shirt with a teddy bear on it.

Throughout, Tunde is distracted by messages on his phone.

MADGE

How many women are you scamming?

TUNDE

Not a lot. Ten, twelve.

Madge drops the clothes in her hands and stares at Tunde.

MADGE

So I'm just a number?

Tunde laughs and picks up the clothes.

TUNDE

It's not like that.

Madge puts on her new sun hat and marches forward. Tunde races to catch up with her.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

I got my mother, my little brother,
and my uh, sister y'know...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

On the beach, solicitors hawk jewelry, toys, cold drinks...

Madge wears her new sundress. She lifts her face to the sun.
It feels good.

TUNDE

Sexy mama.

Despite herself, she feels flattered. Madge takes in the view, the waves crashing against the sand.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

It looks inviting but it's got a
nasty undertow. Takes more lives
than can be counted.

MADGE

But look at all the swimmers.

TUNDE

We Nigerians live for the day.

Madge smiles. She likes this philosophy.

EXT. BEACH SHACK - DAY

A wooden structure, a couple of tables, a make-shift kitchen and an awesome view of the ocean.

Madge and Tunde work their way through a giant bowl of clams.

TUNDE

Don't eat the ones that are closed -
they're bad.

Madge sucks the meat from an open clam and chokes.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

(passes her a beer)
Drink.

MADGE

A tickle in my throat.

TUNDE

Garlic and saltwater. Works like
magic.

She nods, takes another clam and BURPS. Tunde is distracted by his phone. Madge sighs.

MADGE

You're never off that thing.

TUNDE

I can't afford to let my boss down.

Madge eats a clam, sullen.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

If I lived in the USA, I would
start my own business, like Donald
Trump.

MADGE

I want to meet him.

TUNDE

Donald Trump?

MADGE

Your boss. I need my money, Tunde.
The IRS is on my back. If I don't
cough up the cash what will happen
to my son - ?

- she's cut off; Afro-Beats plays over the speakers.

Tunde coaxes Madge onto the makeshift dance floor.

At first Madge is reserved, but - in spite of herself - the music carries her away. They lose themselves in the music.

They cause a lot of attention from the PATRONS who seem to be amused at the couple's enthusiasm and Madge's lack of rhythm.

A GUY pushes Tunde aside so he can have a go with Madge.

The two men tussle and talk in PIDGIN.

GUY
She your grandma?

TUNDE
Mind your own business.

Madge sits down and the guy goes away.

MADGE
What was that all about?

Tunde signals for the check.

TUNDE
When a local sees another local dancing with a foreigner, especially a white woman, they make certain assumptions.

The WAITRESS brings the tab. Madge reaches for it. But Tunde grabs it first.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
It's on me.

Madge is taken aback by his act of generosity.

EXT. BANANA ISLAND - STREETS/MOTORCYCLE TAXI - NIGHT

It's a balmy evening.

On the back of the motorcycle taxi, Madge holds on to Tunde, a serene look on her face. She smiles as they pass a bunch of SCHOOL KIDS playing soccer. She *likes* Nigeria.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tunde and Madge enter the hotel room. Madge lays her new clothes over a chair.

Tunde stands around, hands in pocket; *what's next?*

TUNDE
Did you have fun today?

MADGE
With the guy who scammed me out of
all of my savings?

Madge looks away, painfully sad, lonely and lost.

TUNDE
You enjoyed talking to me before.

MADGE
You were pretending to be somebody
else.

TUNDE
We can keep pretending.

MADGE
(laughs)
This isn't a vacation, Tunde.

He flashes her his winning smile. She studies him.

MADGE (CONT'D)
What's in it for you?

TUNDE
I like you.

She closes her eyes, shakes her head, takes a breath. When she opens them she has made a decision; to keep pretending.

Madge reaches into her handbag and produces a mini-American flag. She gives it to Tunde.

MADGE
I was saving this for you. I don't
even know why I brought it.

He smiles at the flag, waves it, genuinely pleased.

TUNDE
Someday.

Madge can't help but be charmed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams in through the curtains.

Madge wakes up first. She and Tunde are asleep on top of the covers, fully clothed.

Madge pinches the skin on his forearm and it snaps back into place. She tests hers and it's not so elastic.

She looks at Tunde's skin; dark and unblemished, traces the contours of his muscles with her eyes.

Tunde's eyes open slowly. He grins at her.

MADGE

Your skin is beautiful.

TUNDE

You like chocolate.

Madge blushes but remains mesmerized.

MADGE

I used to have such great skin. Now it's like owning a house that's been taken by dry rot. You tackle one patch, then five more appear.

She drifts off.

TUNDE

I think you're beautiful.

She snorts a laugh.

MADGE

You're full of shit, Tunde.

She gets up, and walks to the bathroom.

TUNDE

It's true! I like a natural mature woman! Very sexy.

INT. HOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

Madge takes a shower.

Moments later, she wipes condensation from the mirror. She looks at her reflection in the mirror.

The lighting is not favorable but there's something in the realness that's attractive.

Her face, lived-in, natural, authentic.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tunde talks on his phone with his boss.

TUNDE

Uh huh. Yes, sir. I understand.

Madge exits the bathroom in a bathrobe. Tunde ends the call.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Good news. The boss agreed to meet you.

MADGE

You asked him? Anyone would think you've got a guilty conscience.

TUNDE

Just, please, don't make trouble for me.

Madge throws her arms around Tunde.

MADGE

Thank you!

Tunde's taken aback by Madge's burst of affection.

EXT. SHOMOLU NEIGHBORHOOD - BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

A two story weathered house with a phone store on the ground.

Tunde guides Madge up the rusty fire-escape to the second floor. She stops to catch her breath.

TUNDE

Watch your step.

They reach the door, Tunde turns to Madge.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

The romance clients I can do on my own. All I need is this.

He holds up his phone.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

But the crypto, moving large amounts of money, my boss does all that. You got me?

Madge nods, a look of determination on her face.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

I'm the captain, though. Boss gives me special assignments.

MADGE

Oh yeah.

TUNDE

(puffs out chest)

I'm not just good looking, I got brains too.

Madge laughs, genuinely.

INT. SHOMOLU NEIGHBORHOOD - BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

A small room. SIX YAHOO BOYS type on computers.

Madge and Tunde sit on an overstuffed leather couch. Tunde is nervous, but Madge remains resolute.

The BOSS, (40's) weathered, overweight and fierce, pulls back the blinds and checks the view. No police below. He crosses to the coffee pot.

BOSS

You came at the right time of year.
We have two seasons here. The dry
season and the wet season.

The boss pours coffee for Madge into a mug with a picture of the Statue of Liberty on it.

BOSS (CONT'D)

So, what is this about?

MADGE

I need my money back.

The boss laughs so hard, his belly shakes.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Don't you feel bad about taking
innocent people's money? People who
need that money for survival.

Tunde cringes. The boss laughs even harder. He decides to give Madge an education.

BOSS

Look around you. This is survival.

The Yahoo Boys stop typing and look at the Boss.

Madge looks at the Yahoo Boys and then their screens; photos of men - an army dude like Chuck, a chiseled guy kite-surfing, one in an Armani suit, another in a chef's hat...

BOSS (CONT'D)

Nigeria is rich with resources, but who benefits? The foreigners. You are the original scammers.

(claps hands)

Back to work.

The Yahoo Boys start typing again.

MADGE

You ever think you might be exploiting these men?

The Boss chuckles. Tunde gives Madge a look - be careful.

BOSS

If I don't take care of my boys, how will they make it in the world?

Madge looks to Tunde for support.

BOSS (CONT'D)

That fine vehicle that Tunde drives. Know who gave it to him?

MADGE

But whose name is on the register?

Bull's eye. Evilness flickers in the Boss' eyes. Then, just as quickly-

The Boss teases her.

BOSS

You like this black man?

Madge stares back at the Boss, her anger swelling.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Why else would a woman fly to meet a poor Yahoo Boy.

Madge says nothing, jaw clenched.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You want money, I'll give you a job. You'd make a good scammer.

MADGE

I don't want a job.

BOSS
Then I cannot help you.

EXT. SHOMOLU NEIGHBORHOOD - BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Madge hyperventilates, looks out over the flat landscape; houses, cars and people.

MADGE
I'm not going to get it back am I?

TUNDE
We'll think of something.

Tunde takes her hand, tries to sooth her.

MADGE
Seriously, why are you helping me?

TUNDE
You came all this way for me -

MADGE
For the money.

TUNDE
(changes subject)
How did you know? That the Boss'
name is on the registration?

MADGE
Lucky guess. He's using you.

TUNDE
We're all using each other.

They take each other in, sobered by the truth.

EXT. KETU NEIGHBORHOOD - HANGOUT - NIGHT

NEIGHBORHOOD PEOPLE drink beer and talk. Afro-beats plays from a boom-box.

Madge and Tunde crouch under a canopy, a couple of beers into their conversation.

MADGE
What is a 'Yahoo Boy' anyway?

Tunde laughs.

TUNDE

It comes from the early days. You won a million dollars and all you gotta do is advance \$250 to release the funds. Scammers used Yahoo accounts then. The name stuck.

MADGE

You make it sound like a legit profession.

TUNDE

It's hard work. Sometimes the money runs dry.

MADGE

What do you do then?

TUNDE

Pray. Go to a witchdoctor.

MADGE

A witchdoctor makes money for you?

TUNDE

Some Yahoos even sacrifice humans and make BIG money.

She looks at him, shocked.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Not me. That's Yahoo Plus Plus. I just ask the witchdoctor to make a kind of spell. The money flows.

Madge takes a sip of beer and grimaces.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

I used a witchdoctor to scam you.

MADGE

Oh yeah?

TUNDE

And it worked.

Madge gives Tunde the evil eye.

MADGE

Maybe he can undo the spell.

Madge laughs, hopeless, but Tunde considers it.

EXT. ILAJE NEIGHBORHOOD - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The pathway is narrow, congested with PEOPLE.

Voices emerge from the darkness. Rats skitter at their feet. Madge flinches at the rats and looming shadows.

MADGE
Do they bite?

TUNDE
Not unless they like you.

Madge holds onto Tunde's arm as he leads her towards the WITCHDOCTOR'S HUT -

- a simple one-story building, little more than a shack, in front of which a number of PEOPLE are milling around.

Madge puts on a bold face, tries to control her fear.

As they get closer all EYES are on Madge.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
Just remember to show him respect.

A WOMAN, dressed in a t-shirt and shorts, waves them in.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
Whatever you do, do not leave until
the witchdoctor tells us to go.

Madge nods and follows him into the hut.

INT. WITCHDOCTOR'S HUT - NIGHT

The room is no larger than a walk-in closet.

Pictures of a family are tacked to the wall - this is somebody's home.

Madge and Tunde sit cross-legged on a mat in front of a WITCHDOCTOR, 50's, more the look of a has-been football player than a spiritual guru.

He opens the lid to a clay cooking pot filled with blood.

He tosses claws and shells onto the mat and asks Madge to point at one of his hands each time.

WITCHDOCTOR
Which hand - right or left?
(tosses)
(MORE)

WITCHDOCTOR (CONT'D)

Which hand?
 (tosses)
 Which hand?

The witchdoctor studies the spray of claws and shells, dispelling insight.

WITCHDOCTOR (CONT'D)

You are the same. A mirror.

Madge glances sideways. Tunde hangs on every word.

WITCHDOCTOR (CONT'D)

You want the money you lost back?

Madge nods. The Witchdoctor talks in PIDGIN. Tunde translates.

TUNDE

We will need to sacrifice a goat.
 He will also need a pair of your
 panties.

MADGE

I'm sorry?

TUNDE

And he wants an additional 30,000
 Naira.

Madge scoots back, reeling, *what?*

The witchdoctor tosses a few more shells.

WITCHDOCTOR

(motions to throat)
 You got blockage here.

Madge mirrors his gesture, clearing her throat.

The walls feel like they're closing in on her; smells, the darkness, the stifling air...a baby CRIES in the distance.

Madge leaps up, hyperventilating, and runs outside.

Tunde sags, throws down a few bills, and follows.

EXT. WITCHDOCTOR'S HUT - NIGHT

Madge bursts into the open air, gasps for breath.

Tunde rushes over to her, angry and scared. He grabs her arm, a little too harshly.

TUNDE

You disrespected the witchdoctor -
that will only make more bad luck!

She looks at him, shocked. He releases his grip.

MADGE

Everyone here is just trying to
take my money!

TUNDE

I told you not to leave.

A CROWD gathers as they bicker.

MADGE

Sacrificing a goat and letting him
sniff my panties is not going to
get my money back!

Madge rubs her arm where Tunde grabbed it.

TUNDE

I'm sorry.

Madge walks off. Tunde follows.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

MADGE

As far away from this hellforsaken
place as possible!

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Lottie and Madge are mid-Facetime. Madge empties her clothes
from the closet and tosses them into a pile on the bed.

MADGE

I hate it here! And I hate that
man! You and Connie were right. I
should never have --

She screams with frustration.

LOTTIE

Maybe you should scam him. See how
he likes it!

Madge's eyes light up, an idea forming.

MADGE

That's it. That's exactly what I'm going to do!

Lottie's one step behind.

LOTTIE

Madge, this Tunde character's a pro.

Madge on a roll, pacing, the ideas flood into her head.

MADGE

No no - this is perfect. You'll be the bait!

LOTTIE

Excuse me?

MADGE

Lonely widow, the whole bit. You play along on his romancing BS and when he tries to get you to open your wallet, we'll notify the authorities.

LOTTIE

I don't have money to gamble.

MADGE

You won't spend a thing. We'll set up a Fake facebook account. Call you something like 'Karen'.

LOTTIE

What do you get out of this?

MADGE

Revenge. Maybe my money back when they trace it. At least we'll shut them down so they can't do this to anyone else!

LOTTIE

I haven't seen you this excited in a long time.

MADGE

Are you in?

LOTTIE

Alright. I'm in. But I get to choose the name. I wanna be Sandra.

MADGE

Sandra?

LOTTIE

Sandra Gonzales.

MADGE

Okay then, Sandra Gonzales.

Madge high-fives the phone screen.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Tunde and Davo wait for Madge as she exits the elevator. Tunde sheepishly rolls over a beat up suitcase.

TUNDE

Good morning.

He hands her the suitcase.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

This is for you.

MADGE

Change of plans. I'm going to stay and help you.

TUNDE

Help me what?

MADGE

Your boss said I'd make a good scammer. Let's see.

Tunde looks at her suspiciously.

MADGE (CONT'D)

I can't go home empty-handed. I need to make some money.

Tunde cracks a smile, nods. Then he takes out a cigarette.

MADGE (CONT'D)

You told me you were a non-smoker.

TUNDE

That was Chuck.

Tunde places the unlit cigarette in his mouth.

INT. TOYOTA CAR - THE MAINLAND - DAY

Madge sits in the back seat, her head pushed forward between Davo and Tunde, who sit up front.

TUNDE

Scamming takes time. It's like fishing. Waiting for a bite. You didn't fall in love with me overnight.

Madge explodes with indignation.

MADGE

I did not fall in love with you.

TUNDE

I'm saying you have to be patient cultivate the clients, build trust. You were one of the quicker ones.

Madge bristles; how desperate must she have been?

TUNDE (CONT'D)

It can be weeks, months sometimes before we ask for money.

MADGE

And where do I stay?

Tunde whistles, shakes his head and thinks this over.

TUNDE

I can hook you up.

MADGE

Why would you do that?

TUNDE

I caught feelings for you.

Madge falls back in her seat. She's not buying it.

EXT. BARIGA NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Toyota careens into a dirt side-street and parks next to the water where a slew of wooden boats are docked.

Rows of single-story houses with different colored tin roofs.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY

Tunde gets out of the car.

TUNDE
Wait here.

Madge jiggles the door handle.

MADGE
I want to go with you.

TUNDE
No. Not arguing about this.

Madge pouts, but can see there's no debating it. She watches Tunde as a BOY, about 9 or 10 years old, bounds over to him with a smile! OPE, Tunde's brother.

OPE
Tunde!

Tunde picks up the boy and puts him on his shoulders.

MADGE
Who's that?

DAVO
His little brother.

Davo nods, offers Madge a piece of gum.

She watches Tunde and Ope disappear down a footpath.

DAVO (CONT'D)
There's some places you can't go. A white woman with a black man.

MADGE
When I look at him I just see a man.

DAVO
'Cause you white and get the luxury of being colorblind. When he sees you he sees white. He has to.

On Madge, considering this.

INT. BARIGA NEIGHBORHOOD - TUNDE'S MOTHER'S HOME - DAY

The apartment is two crowded rooms, chock-full of furniture, a television and cooking pots.

Tunde's mother, ROSE - a large set woman - swats flies.

ROSE
Foreigners are trouble, son.

TUNDE
She's different. She's gonna help
me get to America.

ROSE
She tell you that?

TUNDE
She's a good person. I'll be able
to earn real money. Send it back to
you and Ope.

ROSE
Uh huh.

TUNDE
She's expecting a big insurance
payout, too.

Rose glances out of the window. Ope practices moves with a
football.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
If I play my cards right -

She puts a bowl of stew in front of Tunde.

ROSE
You too skinny. You been taking
care of yourself?

TUNDE
Yeah, ma.

Rose takes a long hard look at Tunde.

ROSE
You actually like this woman?

TUNDE
Yes. I mean no. I don't know. I
don't *not* like her.

Rose clucks.

ROSE
You can't go bringing feelings into
your work.

On Tunde, avoiding her gaze.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Ope! Food.

Ope looks up from the deck, comes inside. Tunde swats him playfully on the back.

EXT. BARIGA NEIGHBORHOOD - TUNDE'S MOTHER'S HOME - DAY

Tunde returns to the car, cranes his neck through the open window, deflated. Madge sits in the back, arms folded.

Tunde grins at a protesting Davo, *please*. They talk in Pidgin.

DAVO

No way, brother. She'd skin me alive if I brought another chick into the house.

TUNDE

Tough bitch.

DAVO

You're calling *my* woman a tough bitch!?

TUNDE

What's the option?

Tunde and Davo give each other a look; *one final option*.

Tunde slumps; this is going to be a hard sell. Madge leans forward.

MADGE

Would you two speak in English?

TUNDE

Sorry.

DAVO

Sorry.

EXT. SADE'S APARTMENT - HAIR SALON - DAY

The building is in need of a slap of paint. There's a hair salon on the ground floor. WOMEN CUSTOMERS mill outside gossiping.

Davos and Madge wait inside the parked car.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Tunde straddles a stool, talking to SADE (20's - wears her beauty like armor) as she braids a customer's hair.

They have an easy chemistry.

TUNDE

Please, you'd be doing me a solid,
doing *us* a solid...

Sade clucks. She doesn't like the idea.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

She can help around the house.
Sweep the floors.

He gives her puppy-dog eyes. She relents but stays tough.

SADE

Only because I'm nice. But she
ain't staying forever.

EXT. SADE'S APARTMENT - HAIR SALON - DAY

Tunde retrieves the suitcase he gave Madge from the broken trunk as Madge and Davo exit the car.

The women customers fall silent as they enter the building.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Sade continues braiding the customer's hair as Tunde parades Madge through the salon, heads for the connecting apartment.

TUNDE

Madge, this is Sade. My sister.

MADGE

Thank you for having me, Sade.

A curt nod. This is not going to be a 'roommates made in heaven' situation.

INT. SADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There's a dining table and a desk with an old computer on it. The walls are tacked with pictures of musicians.

Madge's things are neatly unpacked on the couch.

Tunde and Madge stuck to their phones, surf the web and fish for a target.

TUNDE

Facebook, Instagram, Tinder - all fair game. Say 'hi' to as many women as you can find. Older the better. They're more desperate.

Madge gives Tunde a dirty look, but he doesn't react; this is just work to him.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

After someone takes the bait and I work my mojo, you jump in for a Zoom and reassure them crypto is a legit investment.

Madge glances over at Tunde's phone. Her jaw drops. He has PHOTOS OF WOMEN in various compromising and vulgar poses.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

It's not what you think.

MADGE

Then what -

TUNDE

Men pay more. Especially for sex-talk. So sometimes I'm Cheryl instead of Chuck.

Madge shakes her head, returns to her phone. A moment later -

MADGE

What about this one? Sandra Gonzales. Widow, enjoys long walks on the beach and a glass of wine in front of an open fire. She's desperate alright.

Tunde snatches the phone from Madge - PHOTOS of LOTTIE on an account for 'Sandra Gonzales' -

- to Madge's surprise, several of the photos are sexy poses; cleavage, flashing some thigh. Lottie has gone to town.

TUNDE

Yeah. She's perfect.

MADGE

Isn't she just?

Sade enters, looking exhausted.

TUNDE
How about you make us some chop?

Sade shoots Tunde daggers.

MADGE
Let me help.

Sade whips around and picks up a cooking pot. She bangs around. The message is clear: No thanks!

TUNDE
Damn. That was quick. She wrote back already.

Tunde gets a response, from the lonely widow! Tunde starts typing. Madge reads along.

MADGE
"Great pics, hun... WOW ."

Moment of truth. Tunde and Madge stare at each other.

MADGE (CONT'D)
That's what you wrote to me.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Right, right. It's just work.

And then... the electricity goes out - total darkness.

SADE
Tunde!

Tunde leaps to attention. Sade hands him a kerosene lamp.

Madge watches them; something is off. She can see there's a closeness there that implies something more than siblings. She tests the water.

MADGE
So, you live with your sister?
Doesn't it cramp your style?

Sade rolls her eyes and continues cooking.

TUNDE
Nigerian families are tight-knit,
we all up in each other's business.
(lights lamp)
Here we go.

INT. SADE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Madge wakes up on the sofa and glances over at the bed where Sade is still sleeping.

She crosses to the window and looks out into the morning sunshine, hazy with dust from the street.

Tunde enters, dressed and carrying a backpack.

He checks to make sure Sade isn't looking, leans in and kisses Madge on the neck. She pulls away.

MADGE

Where are you going?

TUNDE

I've got class today.

MADGE

I'll come with you.

Tunde gives her a look as if she's crazy. Madge looks over to Sade.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Your sister doesn't want me around.
I don't think she likes me much.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

The campus is sprawled out over several city blocks.

Madge sits in front of a cement building that's painted creamy yellow and brown, watching the world go by -

- hordes of STUDENTS just living their lives, chasing dreams.

A PROFESSOR(50-ish, a warm face) spots Madge, and approaches.

PROFESSOR

Can I help you?

MADGE

Oh. I'm just waiting for one of the students. Tunde Odutola.

PROFESSOR

(knowingly)
Ah. Tunde Odutola. He's bright.

MADGE

You know him?

PROFESSOR
I teach him. Femi Adebisi.

Femi offers Madge his hand. They shake.

MADGE
Madge Butterfield.

FEMI
Tunde your Yahoo Boy?

Madge looks alarmed, how'd he guess?

FEMI (CONT'D)
It's okay. They all do it.
Unemployment is at 48%.

Then,

FEMI (CONT'D)
All these young folk, they have
dreams. Just like your young folk.
Only this is not the United States
of America.

MADGE
(wheels turning)
I came to fight for what is mine.

FEMI
Go home, Madge. Tunde will scam you
out of your last nickel if he gets
the chance.

Femi heads inside, leaving Madge with her thoughts.

INT. SHOMOLU NEIGHBORHOOD - BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

The quiet is punctuated by fingers on keyboards - several
Yahoo boys work together.

Madge sits at Tunde's side as he types on the computer. He
uses a paper printed script; a 'playbook' approximately 20
worn pages, to juggle several clients simultaneously.

TUNDE
All I have to do is cut and paste.

MADGE
(reads script)
"Ever since you entered my life,
I've been flying on Cloud 9 and I
have not come down yet..."

She looks at Tunde, pointedly.

MADGE (CONT'D)
So far so familiar.

TUNDE
(closes the playbook)
When this runs out, I ask ChatGPT.

MADGE
I was sexting with a computer?

Tunde takes a sip of water. He's in the Yahoo Boy zone of concentration.

Tunde nods to the computer screen; SANDRA'S profile just became active.

TUNDE
Lonely widow is back online.

Tunde quickly types. Madge reads along.

INSERT ON SCREEN:

CHUCK: *Good morning my queen.*

SANDRA: *Good morning my king.*

CHUCK: *I've had you in my fantasies ...*

Madge bristles.

SANDRA: *Tell me everything. I'm wet just thinking about it --*

Madge slams the playbook on the keyboard and ends the chat.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
Hey!

Madge looks at him, impassively.

MADGE
Mosquito.

BOSS (O.S.)
Tunde.

The Boss sorts stacks of counterfeit U.S. hundred-dollar bills, beckons Tunde over to him. Madge watches as they speak in hushed tones.

The Boss gives Madge a toothy smile, sending chills down her spine. Tunde returns. He puts a hand on Madge's thigh.

TUNDE

The boss wants you to Zoom with a crypto customer.

MADGE

Me?

TUNDE

You know, to give them a nudge, confidence to pull the lever.

Madge bites her lip, this feels wrong.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

He's gonna give you half a cut if the guy catches.

Madge stares at Tunde, backed into a corner.

LATER:

Madge sits in front of the computer, Zooms with an ELDERLY MAN hunched over on the screen.

He wears a bulky hearing aid and has a kindly face. Tugs on Madge's heartstrings.

ELDERLY MAN

What'd you say, dear?

The elderly man fiddles with his hearing aid.

MADGE

(raises her voice)

I said you'll see profit really REALLY quickly.

ELDERLY MAN

Oh, good. My wife needs special care. Paralyzed in the legs.

Madge looks sideways at Tunde who is silently egging her on. The Boss peers up from his newspaper. He nods, approvingly.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

I just want her to be well looked after in her final years.

Madge can't take it any longer.

She ends the call and darts out the door.

EXT. SHOMOLU NEIGHBORHOOD - BOSS' OFFICE - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Madge vomits over the side of the railing. Tunde pulls her hair back.

TUNDE

Think of your son. The store, the taxes. How else do you fix it all?

Tunde rubs Madge's back while she catches her breath.

MADGE

That man trusted me.

TUNDE

Yes, because you're white like him.

Madge adjusts her glasses.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

That job was going to happen with or without you.

MADGE

That doesn't make me feel better, Tunde. This place is -- it preys on vulnerable people.

TUNDE

And your country don't?

Madge has no words. Tunde wipes a bit of spit from Madge's face with his shirt.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Come on. We've got work to do.

He takes Madge's hand and leads her back into the office.

INT. SHOMOLU NEIGHBORHOOD - BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

The Yahoo Boys applaud when Madge returns. She glares at the Boss, ashamed to have any involvement with this.

The Boss jerks his head, summoning Tunde over to him.

Madge stares at her phone while they speak in hushed tones.

The boss paints the counterfeit bills black with tar paint.

Tunde shakes his head but the boss is persistent. Finally, Tunde comes back over to Madge, not meeting her eye.

TUNDE

I'm taking a road trip for the boss, tonight. Do you want to come?

Madge looks at the boss and then at Tunde, something's up.

MADGE

Is it for business or pleasure?

Tunde glances at the Boss who eggs him on.

TUNDE

Both.

MADGE

Bullshit.

The boss smiles at Madge.

BOSS

There's money in it for you.

Madge looks at the defaced money.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Real money.

Madge thinks it over.

INT. SADE'S APARTMENT - ROOF - NIGHT

The city lights sparkle below. The darkness is punctuated by dogs barking, cars, voices...

A stray cat rubs against Madges shin; she Facetimes Lottie.

MADGE

You're coming on a bit strong.

Lottie snickers.

LOTTIE

He's *VERY* good with the sex talk...

Lottie sighs wistfully, twirls a finger through her hair. Madge bristles, changes the subject.

MADGE

Did you speak to the FTC?

LOTTIE

(nods)

They weren't happy that you've taken this into your own hands, but once he introduces the crypto they'll step in.

A pang of something from Madge. Guilt? She mops her brow.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

You feel okay? You look-

MADGE

(mops her brow)

- I'm fine.

LOTTIE

Have you gone soft on scamming the piece of trash?

MADGE

(quietly)

He's not trash.

LOTTIE

Madge, seriously -- ?

MADGE

If you met him, you'd understand.

Lottie lost for words - and then notices the time.

LOTTIE

Shit! Pilates class starts in thirty and I'm still wearing yesterday's undies. Just -- be careful. We're doing the right thing here.

MADGE

I know.

LOTTIE

Love you, friend.

MADGE

Love you too.

Call over. Lottie's gone. Madge scrolls through her messages.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN:

Conrad: Been working on taxes with Darlene. Not looking good. Possible jail time.

Madge stares into the black abyss listening to the sounds of the night, thinking. She takes a hard look at her phone.

Madge sends VOICE NOTES to Conrad as she pets the cat.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Hi honey. Got your message. Jail time for not paying a few thousands in federal taxes? I'll find a solution. I won't let it happen.

(starts to hang up,
changes mind)

It's me by the way.

(looks at the phone)

Your mother.

Madge ends the voice note and starts another.

MADGE (CONT'D)

It's me again. I miss you.

She puts down the phone. Tunde joins her.

TUNDE

You don't have to come if you don't want to. I'll tell the boss that you changed your --

MADGE

I'm coming.

INT. TOYOTA CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The windows are rolled down for air and the scenery is a blur of lights and buildings. Tunde drives, wearing an Agbada robe. Madge in the passenger seat.

TUNDE

It's called 'black money.'

He reaches into the back for a suitcase.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Open it.

Madge opens the suitcase; there's stacks of the black money the Boss was painting.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

That's five-hundred thousand dollars.

MADGE

In counterfeit bills.

TUNDE

Exactly. The guy we're meeting
gonna give us \$50,000 for that.

MADGE

Sounds too good to be true.

TUNDE

The \$50,000 is for a special
solution to remove the dye.

MADGE

Never knew commercial cleaning
fluid was so expensive.

Tunde laughs.

TUNDE

After I demonstrate with a sample,
you go out to the car and get the
rest of the solution.

Tunde glances over at Madge. She gets it.

MADGE

That's why the boss wants me here.
For credibility.

Tunde nods.

TUNDE

I tried to talk him out of it.

Madge stays on point.

MADGE

Can't the guy see the bills are
fake?

TUNDE

Slight of hand. He chooses a random
bill.

He momentarily takes his hands off the wheel to demonstrate.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

I switch out the fake for real and
back again before he walks away.

Madge shakes her head and closes the suitcase.

INT. HOTEL NEAR THE AIRPORT - SUITE - NIGHT

The suite is like it was trapped in amber, 1960's vibe. The bed, the table, the couch are all coffee colored.

Midway through the scam, Tunde and Madge are seated opposite an American BUSINESSMAN - 50's, Hawaiian shirt, tanned, gleaming teeth.

The businessman selects a blackened hundred dollar bill from the suitcase filled with more just like it.

TUNDE

Feel free to count it.

BUSINESSMAN

You must need to get rid of this cash real bad.

TUNDE

Let's just say where this money comes from it can't go back.

The Businessman laughs and hands Tunde the blackened bill. Tunde discreetly signals Madge. Madge walks to the minibar.

MADGE

I need a drink. Anyone else?

It only takes a second to distract the businessman. Tunde exchanges the fake blackened bill for a real blackened one.

BUSINESSMAN

Sure. Where are you from?

MADGE

Salem, Oregon.

BUSINESSMAN

The Ducks! My favorite team.

MADGE

No way!

BUSINESSMAN

My granddaughter is studying agriculture at Oregon State.

The businessman takes out his phone and shows a picture of his pretty granddaughter.

MADGE

She's gonna break some hearts.

Madge takes a deep breath, fighting off the guilt. He's a nice guy. Tunde clears his throat. Break it up.

When the Businessman turns back around, Tunde is dipping the bill in a small tub of cleaning solution.

Within seconds the black filmy tar washes away and a clean one-hundred dollar bill appears. Like magic.

He hands the cleaned bill to the Businessman who holds it up in the air to check its authenticity.

BUSINESSMAN

(whistles)

How much did you say the chemicals cost?

TUNDE

\$50,000.

The Businessman pulls a briefcase from the closet and opens it. Inside are 500 one-hundred dollar bills.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Madge, can you go and get the rest of the cleaning solution please?

This is Madge's clue to leave... but she's stalling.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Madge?

Madge snaps out of it, nods.

Madge leaves. The Businessman jumps up giddy with excitement and takes some nuts from the snack bar.

BUSINESSMAN

Nuts?

EXT. HOTEL NEAR THE AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot is dark save a few street lights.

Madge fiddles with the keys, her hands shaking, until she's finally able to open the driver's door. She stretches over the seat into the back and heaves a cardboard box forward.

She stops to catch her breath and examine the box. She pulls back the tape. Inside there are plastic trays and canisters filled with yellowish-clear fluid.

She panics, tries to control her breathing, examines one of the canisters, then puts it back.

She takes one of Tunde's cigarettes from the front dash and lights up. Exhales.

She glances over at the hotel that is lit up like a Christmas tree. Something doesn't feel right. She takes out her phone and calls Lottie. RING RING.

 LOTTIE (O.S.)
Hey, girlfriend --

 MADGE
I can't go through with it.

 LOTTIE (O.S.)
Through with what?

 MADGE
(babbling)
We're at this hotel with the nicest
guy, his granddaughter goes to
Oregon state --

The lights of TWO POLICE CARS approach the hotel.

 LOTTIE (O.S.)
Okay, breathe. Listen to me. Madge,
are you listening?

As she watches the police cars coming closer, THREE MORE join them, switching on their lights.

Madge cuts the call, and immediately calls Tunde - but it rings, and rings --

The cars are getting closer. Madge throws down her phone, turns on the ignition -

- as Tunde bursts out of the hotel, carrying two cases - the suitcase with the fake money, and the briefcase with the \$50,000. He's running towards her - fast.

He slows, just for a moment, upon seeing the police cars approaching - picks up speed.

He throws himself into the passenger seat of the car.

 TUNDE
Go! Goddamnit, GO.

Madge hits the gas.

The car takes off down the street.

She glances in the mirror as the OFFICERS enter the hotel.

INT. TOYOTA CAR - STREET - NIGHT

Madge's foot is heavy on the gas pedal. Tunde is laughing.

TUNDE

Like a pro!

Tunde opens the briefcase and admires the money inside. Sweat drips down his face; he's possessed. Madge has never seen this side of Tunde before. It's frightening.

MADGE

How did you know about the police?

TUNDE

The old guy went to the bathroom, so I looked out the window to see what was taking you so long and-

MADGE

That poor sweet man, he-

TUNDE

Sweet my ass. That guy was an undercover cop.

MADGE

My heart is racing -

They stop at a light, Madge takes a deep drag of the cigarette.

TUNDE

You smoke?

MADGE

Quit. Three months ago. My doctor insisted.

Tunde nods, realizes they both have secrets.

Fired up, Tunde leans over and goes in for a kiss; stops short. They take each other in.

Then, as if on cue, both crack up. A genuine moment of friendship emerges.

Tunde slaps Madge on the back.

TUNDE
Keep driving.

Madge steps on the accelerator and they take off! Bonnie and Clyde. Tunde tosses the money in the air; it rains down.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
We did it!

Tunde stuffs bills into a paper bag.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
Our share of the profits.

Madge starts to feel the rush. She drives faster.

MADGE
Come to America.

TUNDE
What?

MADGE
Marry me.

Tunde's jaw drops.

MADGE (CONT'D)
It makes sense. You can get a proper job in computers.

Tunde stares at Madge, *is she for real*.

MADGE (CONT'D)
I know it's insane, but you'll have a better life than all this.

TUNDE
Yes. Tomorrow I'll drop the crypto bomb on lonely widow and we'll start planning our life together.

A flash of panic on Madge's face. What has she just done?

INT. BARIGA NEIGHBORHOOD - TUNDE'S MOTHER'S HOME - DAY

Tunde's mother and Sade sit across from Tunde and Madge. Ope bounces a rubber ball against the wall.

The couple just announced the news - *they're getting married*. Rose fuming, immovable. Sade about to explode. Rose and Tunde talk in Pidgin.

ROSE
She's too old to marry you.

TUNDE
Ma --

Udeme's rubber ball lands in Madge's lap. He retrieves it.

ROSE
Ope, go outside, NOW.
(back to topic)
She can't have any more babies.

Madge and Rose lock eyes. Two mothers. An understanding.

Sade silent, glares at Tunde. He turns to Madge.

TUNDE
Tell them about the woman who had
someone else carry her baby.

Madge opens her mouth but no words come out.

Rose shakes her head. The wedding announcement is a bust.
Tunde slumps.

EXT. BARIGA NEIGHBORHOOD - TUNDE'S MOTHER'S HOME - DAY

Tunde, Madge, and Sade exit the building. Ope is bouncing his ball off the wall. Tunde is mad. He kicks dust in the air.

MADGE
...maybe your mother needs time...
I don't even know how I'm going to
explain this to Conrad --

Sade looks at Madge, softening for the first time.

TUNDE
This would benefit everyone!

Tunde glances at Sade.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
Everyone.

MADGE
Sit down. You're all worked up.

Tunde plops down on a plastic stool. Ope joins him.

Sade gives Tunde a look - a hint of compassion, a softening.

MADGE (CONT'D)

She's only looking out for you.

TUNDE

I just want to help them.

Sade watches. He's in a state.

SADE

You getting married isn't the worst idea in the world.

Tunde looks up at her.

On Madge's face, *this is really happening.*

INT. AMERICAN CONSULATE - DAY

A typical government office. Drab. Lines of PEOPLE holding folders and papers, waiting to speak to OFFICIALS.

Madge and Tunde stand in line for the K-1 VISA. It's almost their turn. Tunde shuffles the papers in his hand.

Madge and Tunde step forward to the counter.

TUNDE

We're here to apply for a K-1 VISA.

The official motions with her fingers. Madge passes the papers under the plexiglass.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Madge Facetimes with Conrad. She clears her throat.

CONRAD

Tickle in your throat?

MADGE

Something like that.

CONRAD

I got a new job. Manager at the sawmill.

MADGE

That's amazing, honey!

CONRAD

It's not amazing money, but it's better than nothing.

And then Darlene pops onto the screen, throws her arms around Conrad.

DARLENE

Hi Madge.

Madge taken aback - exchanges a look with a sheepish Conrad.

MADGE

Darlene. Hi. Good to see Connie has some company...

Darlene laughs, slaps Conrad's arm, playfully.

DARLENE

You never told me she calls you Connie.

CONRAD

Because it's embarrassing.

DARLENE

No need to be embarrassed, Connie.

CONRAD

Darlene's helping us fix a payment plan with the IRS. I'll explain when you're back.

MADGE

Thank you. I thought we could maybe turn the place into something else. Like a hair salon.

Madge fans herself. She's sweating. She coughs again.

CONRAD

You still have that cough?

MADGE

It's nothing. Muggy here.

CONRAD

So when will you be home? Why don't you just leave now?

MADGE

I've a few things still to do here.

Conrad nods, knowing not to question her further.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Sade finishes a CLIENT's hair. Madge watches from the apartment. She enters and sweeps. Sade hands her a dustpan.

SADE
Would you like me to cut your hair?
Just give it a trim?

Madge lights up.

MADGE
I don't want to be a bother.

CUT TO:

Madge sits at Sade's cutting station, a plastic tarp around her neck as Sade cuts her hair.

MADGE (CONT'D)
My hair used to be straight. But
once menopause hit it went frizzy.

SADE
I prefer a little kink.

Sade combs and trims. Madge makes a confession.

MADGE
I know you're not Tunde's sister.

Sade stops, takes this in and then continues cutting.

MADGE (CONT'D)
It takes a liar to spot a lie.

SADE
Why ask him to marry you then?

MADGE
I see how desperate he is to take
care of the people he loves.

Madge stares at the hair clippings floating to the floor.

MADGE (CONT'D)
I don't know if Tunde told you, but
my business burnt down.

Madge looks at herself in the mirror, impassive, as she admits the truth - to both Sade and herself.

MADGE (CONT'D)

I did it to collect the insurance money. But our claim was denied and now we have no store and no money. The store was supposed to be Conrad's nest-egg, after I'm gone.

SADE

Your son's a grown ass man. He can look after himself.

MADGE

Conrad has never really landed at anything; a girlfriend, a job other than the store. He needs me. Someday, when you're a mother, you'll understand.

Sade stops cutting. She places her hands on Madge's shoulders, comforting her.

SADE

Would you like bangs?

MADGE

What do you think?

SADE

A fresh start.

Sade cuts the bangs.

Tunde enters and fox whistles at Madge.

TUNDE

Looking fine.

He winks at Sade.

Madge sits up straight, basking in the compliment.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Let's go out and celebrate.
(to Sade)
You coming?

A surprised smile breaks across Sade's face. Tunde teasingly slaps her on the tummy.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

What have you been eating lately, woman? Getting chubby.

MADGE
Never tell a woman she's chubby.

SADE
It beats fat.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Madge, Sade, Davo, and Tunde shoot pool. Madge's a shark. She sinks another ball.

DAVO
Where'd you learn to play pool like this?

MADGE
Another life.

DAVO
You hear that, Tunde, Madge here had another life.

It's Sade's turn. She gives Madge a run for her money. She sinks one ball. Then another.

TUNDE
(to Sade)
You sure you don't want a beer?

Sade shakes her head. Madge makes mental note.

MADGE
You guys ever send those letters that says you won the lottery and a million bucks is yours if you just pay a nominal fee?

TUNDE
The 419 scam was before our time.

DAVO
Now, the sugar-daddy one. That works like a charm.

TUNDE
We gain the client's trust -

DAVO
"Fattening the pig."

TUNDE
And then go in for the kill.

DAVO
 "Butchering the pig."

Madge flashes Tunde a dirty look.

MADGE
 Don't you boys have a conscience?

TUNDE
 Consciously making money.

Madge wins! She sees Sade slip out to the toilet.

MADGE
 (voice cracks)
 And that's how it's done, boys.

INT. BAR - TOILET - NIGHT

Madge splashes cold water on her face. Fluorescent lights cast an unflattering green hue. Sade comes out of the stall.

SADE
 Drink too much?

Madge nods. Her voice is hoarse.

MADGE
 I'm okay.

SADE
 What happened to your voice?

Madge tries to make light of it.

MADGE
 Too much talking.
 (looks at Sade's stomach)
 Does he know?

Sade looks away.

MADGE (CONT'D)
 I don't have to marry him if you
 don't want me to.

SADE
 It's better for me, for the baby,
 if Tunde goes to America, right?

MADGE
 I want you to be happy. That's all.

SADE

Funny, I thought we were happy.

Madge absorbs the weight of Sade's words.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Music THUMPS from inside the club. CLUB GOERS linger outside.

Madge stands off, Facetiming with Lottie.

LOTTIE

What's happened to you?

MADGE

You have to call the whole thing off, Lot. Please.

LOTTIE

The wheels are in motion now. Why didn't you stop me sooner?

MADGE

I've seen how things are here - and -- I don't know. *It feels real.* Just try. Please.

(takes a breath)

I asked Tunde to marry me.

Lottie's jaw drops.

MADGE (CONT'D)

This is my chance to do something, make a difference in someone's life-

LOTTIE

The dude stole all your money and *you want to help him?*

MADGE

I know it's crazy but -

LOTTIE

I'll speak to the FTC, but --

Lottie leans into the camera for a better look.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

Are you at a nightclub?

Tunde exits the club.

MADGE

I got to go.

Madge shoves her phone into her pocket.

Tunde hands Madge her drink.

TUNDE

Are you mad about the pig
butchering?

MADGE

No. I don't know --

TUNDE

I tell myself it's just business.
That the good outweighs the bad.
But sometimes it gets to me. So, I
tell myself those people aren't
real. But then I met you -

Tunde's choked up. He means every word. Sade and Davo exit
the club, laughing, breaking the mood.

DAVO

We thought you two ditched us.

Tunde snaps out of it.

TUNDE

Never.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

A two-story cement building. Students linger outside.

Madge sits on the steps scrolling her phone, waiting for
Tunde to finish class. She pops an antacid and winces.

FEMI (O.S.)

Madge?

Madge looks up. It's the professor.

FEMI (CONT'D)

Still here?

Madge forces a smile. She croaks the words out.

MADGE

We're getting married.

FEMI

You think you really know what's
best for that boy?

Madge shrugs.

FEMI (CONT'D)

We have a name for people like you -
'white savior.' End up doing more
harm than good.

This hits home.

FEMI (CONT'D)

This boy is not like others. You
dangle a carrot and he goes for it.
(adjusts his briefcase)
When he does something to piss you
off, which he will do and you take
that carrot away, it'll break him.
He's not as tough as he acts.

Madge lets this sink in.

Tunde exits the building, proudly waving a paper.

TUNDE

Ninety-two percent on my test.

FEMI

(pats Tunde's back)
Well done.
(takes Madge's hand)
Take care.

Madge watches Femi walk away. He turns back, smiles and
enters the building. A spark.

Tunde pokes Madge, *snap out it.*

TUNDE

We got one shot.

INT. CONSULATE OFFICE - DAY

A big wooden desk separating Madge and Tunde from the
IMMIGRATION OFFICER. The officer takes notes as they answer
his questions. Madge speaks in a half-whisper.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

(to Tunde)
Where was your first date?

MADGE

Online -

TUNDE

We went to the beach. We ate clams,
then we danced together.

Tunde squeezes Madge's hand.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Which one of you proposed marriage?

MADGE

I did.

TUNDE

Me.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

She did.

The officer looks up from his glasses, makes a few scribbles.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

When do you plan on getting
married?

Madge stares straight ahead, flustered. Tunde squeezes her
hand, *talk*. But she can't. He jumps in.

TUNDE

As soon as we get to the US.

EXT. CONSULATE - DAY

Tunde strides out of the building, carrying a folder of
papers. He spins around and looks at Madge, angry.

TUNDE

You almost blew it in there!

She turns to face him, looks him straight in the eye.

MADGE

Why are we getting married?

TUNDE

What? Why? You asked!

MADGE

You're happy here.

Madge kicks a stone over the curb. She's stubborn.

TUNDE

Madge what are you getting at?

Madge stares straight through Tunde and puts her hand out for a motorbike taxi.

MADGE

I don't want to do it anymore.

TUNDE

Too late-

Madge loses patience.

MADGE

I'm just using you to make myself feel better.

This stings. Pay back time.

TUNDE

I'm just using you to get some of that insurance money.

MADGE

(chuckles)

What money? The claim was denied.

TUNDE

Denied? So *you get nothing?*

MADGE

Zilch.

Madge purses her lips.

TUNDE

You lied.

MADGE

Would you have wanted to meet me if I were old and broke?

Tunde opens his mouth but no words come out. She has a point.

MADGE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't have let you have any of it anyway. You're nothing but a two-bit scammer.

Tunde's ready to blow a gasket.

TUNDE

Yeah, well this two-bit scammer's just using your OLD FAT ASS as a ticket to America.

He regrets the words as soon as they fly out of his mouth.
The color drains from Madge's face.

MADGE
You deserve what's coming.

TUNDE
Why, what's coming?

A motorbike taxi pulls over. Madge gets on, leaving Tunde behind, calling after her.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
Madge! What's coming!?

EXT. MOTORCYCLE TAXI - DAY

Madge on the back of a taxi, her face grim, oblivious to the scenery whizzing past.

EXT. SADE'S APARTMENT - ROOF - NIGHT

Madge reclines on a broken sun chair as she Facetimes with Lottie and the FTC OFFICIAL (male, 40's wearing a black tie).

FTC OFFICIAL
We can't do anything while you're there, but when you arrive at PDX we'll be waiting.

LOTTIE
Now, no more cold feet alright, honey?

MADGE
Alrighty. No more cold feet.

Madge mindlessly pets a stray cat. This is bad. Lottie looks at her with compassion.

TUNDE (O.S.)
Madge!

She looks off. Tunde's waving a travel brochure in the air. Madge quickly shuts her phone.

TUNDE (CONT'D)
I found cheap flights to America!

Madge takes the brochure; glossy photos of America. The dream: smiling faces, bucolic countryside, sky-scrapers.

MADGE
We need to talk.

TUNDE
Don't be down about our fight. It's
normal. Lovers say things they
don't mean when they're pissed off.

He kisses Madge on the cheek. Madge conflicted, freezes.

MADGE
Tunde -

Just then, Tunde's phone buzzes.

Embroided in a texting battle, Tunde steps to the side. Madge brushes past him.

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Madge exits, strides past the WOMEN loitering outside. She hails a motorbike taxi.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Madge wanders around the university campus, passes students and buildings, searches, until she spots Femi exiting a building.

FEMI
Back so soon?

The look on Madge's face says everything - she needs to talk.

EXT. LAGOS LAGOON - DAY

Madge and Femi walk along the shaded pathway of the water. Femi pushes a bicycle.

MADGE
He's using me too.

FEMI
Are you surprised?

MADGE
No, I suppose not.

They pass TWO GUYS fishing in the Lagoon. Madge nods. Femi speaks to them in Pidgin.

FEMI
Catching anything?

GUY ONE
Are you?

They laugh. Back to Madge in English.

FEMI
I used to ride my bike along here
when I was a kid. I had a unicycle.

FEMI (CONT'D)
Really?

MADGE
I was the only kid in my
neighborhood who could ride it.
(clears throat)
One time I decided to run away. My
parents found me peddling down the
highway with my knapsack. I peddled
so fast I fell over.

There's a brewing attraction.

MADGE (CONT'D)
I barely remember being young.
Walter and I were almost married
for 40 years before he passed away.

FEMI
I only got 17 years with my wife.
It was a good 17 years though. Four
kids, three grandkids.

Madge smiles.

MADGE
Mine wasn't a bad, but not a great
either. I had dreams. Wanted to own
a import shop, the kind with
trinkets from around the world, but
we only ever left the country once
to go to Mexico for our 15th
anniversary. Instead we had a
furniture store, everything made in
USA. It's what Walter wanted.

FEMI
What do you want?

MADGE
I want my son to be okay.

FEMI
You're a good mother.

Femi and Madge lock eyes.

MADGE
I'm dying.

Then:

MADGE (CONT'D)
The doctor gave me two months and
I'm already starting my third.

Madge takes a couple of steps and then hesitates.

MADGE (CONT'D)
Yet I feel more alive than ever.

FEMI
There's an old African proverb
'when death finds you, may it find
you alive.'

An impulse hits Madge. She kisses Femi. Short but deliberate.

MADGE
Sorry. I shouldn't have.

FEMI
On the contrary --

Madge kisses him again. Afterwards Madge is glowing.

Femi wraps his arms around Madge's shoulders. They walk along
the water in silence.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Madge sits pensively, watches Sade bleach a customer's hair.

SADE
We use the same bleaching products
you use on your hair. Only
difference is it needs to stay on a
bit longer. Not too long or it will
damage the hair. After we oil.

Madge nods, absent-mindedly. Sade notices Madge distracted.

SADE (CONT'D)
 (to customer)
 I'll set the timer for 15 minutes.

Sade comes over to Madge, beckons her to a supply closet.

MADGE
 I've done something terrible.

SADE
 Worse than burning down your
 business?

MADGE
 I haven't exactly been up front
 with Tunde.

Sade's eyes grow wide.

SADE
 So you have to talk to him.

MADGE
 So do you?

Sade looks down.

The TIMER RINGS -

- as Tunde enters carrying a bouquet of flowers, looking
 hangdog. He sticks one in Sade's hair and sets the rest in
 front of Madge. He waits.

MADGE (CONT'D)
 Tunde --

TUNDE
 I know 'we need to talk.'

Madge and Sade share a secret glance. Sade nods at Madge - go
 on.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Madge wears a sarong and swimsuit, wide-brimmed hat, relaxes
 on a sun lounger.

She looks over at a family - mum and dad play on the sand
 with their young son.

Tunde stands over her, and holds out his hand.

MADGE

So, listen --

TUNDE

Can't we just enjoy the sunshine
for a minute?

Madge caves and takes Tunde's hand.

He leads her down to the sea, and out into the water.

Tunde drags Madge into the water for a swim.

He holds her as she floats on her back. Tunde touches a mole
on her chest.

MADGE

Sunspots.

TUNDE

They're beautiful.

MADGE

You're still full of it.

TUNDE

They're your war medals.

MADGE

Sometimes it feels like it.

Madge plunges her head into the water and comes up for air.
She swims away from him.

Tunde watches Madge swim further out. Just her, the sea and
the sky.

Satisfied she's safe, Tunde turns back.

One stroke after the other, Madge swims towards the horizon
until she's breathless and gasping for air.

Madge treads water, looking back at the shore. The sounds of
the city distant now.

She sees the family and their son again. So far away.

She's back at it again - swimming even further out, pushing
herself beyond her own limit.

And then something grabs her from under the water.

The undertow.

Madge pulled under.

She resurfaces.

Back down again, struggles to catch her breath. She's panics, flails -

- can't even get the words out to call for help.

Back on the beach, Tunde digs his hands into the sand. It feels good.

He looks up and out at the horizon - but cannot see Madge. Immediate concern.

He stands, looks out - and then he sees her, flailing.

He runs as fast as he can back into the water -

- and throws himself forward, cuts through the surf.

Madge drowning.

Tunde pumps his arms.

Madge's lungs filling with water.

Everything going black.

And then Tunde's face appears through the waves. He has her.

MOMENTS LATER:

Tunde carries Madge out of the water, and lays her gently onto the sand. She coughs, splutters, catches her breath.

He looks at her; a frown and a smile.

TUNDE

Stupid woman. If I didn't know
better I'd swear you tried to take
your own life.

She looks up at him and touches his face.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

You're my queen.

A moment of lucidity, sits up -

MADGE

You can't come to America.

Tunde's not catching on.

MADGE (CONT'D)

If you do, you'll be arrested.

Beads of water drip from Tunde's face as he absorbs the gravity of Madge's words.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Tunde storms in, Madge at his heels, crosses to the apartment.

Sade cuts a CLIENT'S hair, glances sideways into the apartment at Madge and Tunde who are having it out.

INT. SADE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tunde rummages through the closet. Madge sits nearby - she looks sick.

MADGE

Tunde, let me explain.

TUNDE

You've been leading me on!

MADGE

You do understand the irony, right?

TUNDE

You were just using me.

MADGE

You stole my entire life savings!

Tunde finds what he's looking for. It's Madge's suitcase - the one that was stolen on the way from the airport.

MADGE (CONT'D)

My suitcase!

TUNDE

Get packing!

Madge looks from the suitcase to Tunde and then back again -

MADGE

It was you.

TUNDE

Yup.

Tunde unzips the suitcase and shoves it at Madge. It's empty.

MADGE

My stuff?

TUNDE

Sold it all.

(returns to his rant)

...I was going to work, send money
back to my mom, and --

MADGE

Tunde. Ever think why Sade is
getting chubby?

He looks over at Sade *and* her swollen belly. BOOM.

TUNDE

No.

He races into the salon.

Madge watches as he and Sade exchange words -

- then, Tunde embraces Sade, holds her tight.

Madge dumps her clothes into the suitcase, zips it shut and
wheels it out of the room - unsteady on her feet, sweating.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Tunde eyes Madge as she rolls her suitcase straight out the
door. Sade swats Tunde on the bum, urging him to follow.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Madge dodges traffic and PEOPLE as she drags her suitcase
along side of the road. She's panting and dripping sweat.

Tunde's Toyota pulls up next to her, keeping her pace. She
glances over at Tunde and then fixes her sightline forward.

TUNDE

Get in. GET IN.

Madge feels the sun beating down on her and stops.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Please, get in.

Madge heaves her suitcase into the backseat.

INT. TUNDE'S CAR - DAY

Madge slides in next to the suitcase.

MADGE

Take me to the airport.

Tunde catches Madge's solemn face in the rear-view mirror.

TUNDE

As you please.

EXT. MURTALA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The white Toyota careens into the curb.

INT. TOYOTA - TUNDE'S CAR - DROP OFF ZONE - DAY

Tunde keeps his hands on the wheel, willing Madge to get out.

Madge shoves her suitcase out of the car and turns back to Tunde, flat.

MADGE

Goodbye then.

Tunde peels out.

INT. MURTALA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CHECK-IN COUNTER - DAY

Madge steps up to the ATTENDANT and places her passport on the counter.

INT. TUNDE'S CAR - TOYOTA - DAY

Tunde looks at a crumpled paper bag on the seat next to him. The airport exit sign comes into view. He makes a decision, swerves into the U-turn lane and returns to the airport.

INT. MURTALA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - NIGHT

Madge prepares to head through to the departures lounge. She doubles over with a hacking cough - realization that she's getting sick; a look of fear.

She makes her way to the desk, shows her ticket to the OFFICER -

TUNDE (O.S.)

Madge!

Madge spins around. Tunde holds out the paper bag.

Madge peeks inside the bag, there's rolls of money fastened with rubber-bands.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Your share of the profit.

Dubious, Madge shoves the bag back at Tunde.

MADGE

What's the scam?

Tunde tries a new tactic.

TUNDE

Take it for your son.

Madge caves. She stuffs the bag into her handbag and turns to go. Tunde grabs her arm.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

You don't look so good.

MADGE

I'm old, remember?

TUNDE

Come on.

MADGE

I'm tired. Going to sleep it off on the plane.

(takes a breath)

I'm sorry.

TUNDE

For what?

MADGE

Things didn't go as we planned.

Tunde's face screws up.

TUNDE

What's that? Ewww.

He motions to Madge's face. Madge, alarmed,

MADGE

What? What's wrong?

TUNDE

There's something on -

Tunde leans in for a closer look. Snap. He kisses Madge on the cheek.

TUNDE (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

(shakes head)

Still gullible.

Tunde watches as Madge exits into the lounge.

INT. PORTLAND AIRPORT - DAY

A CROWD of family, friends and chauffeurs gather outside customs waiting to greet their loved ones.

Conrad holds Darlene's hand and searches the crowd.

Madge emerges through the arrival doors, shuffles along, pale as a white sheet.

CONRAD

Mother?

The excitement turns to concern, he races to meet Madge -

She bends over to catch her breath.

MADGE

I'm fine.

Conrad looks back at Darlene; help.

Madge smiles feebly and hands Conrad the paper bag filled with money. Mission accomplished, Madge collapses onto the floor.

CONRAD

Mother? Mother? Help!

Conrad drops to his knees, puts Madge's head in his lap. The sounds of the airport drown out Conrad's plea for help.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Mother, wake up.

He looks up at the crowd of people gathering around them, hoping that it's just a bad dream.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Madge in bed, hooked up to an IV, wired into a heart monitor.

Conrad sits beside her, holds her hand.

Her lips are dried and cracked. He takes the Vaseline from the bedside table and dabs some on the corners of her mouth. Madge opens her eyes.

CONRAD

Hey, mom.

MADGE

You called me mom. Things must be bad.

Then, a look of impossible sadness from Conrad.

CONRAD

Why didn't you tell me?

MADGE

I did.

CONRAD

I thought it was all in your head.

MADGE

It was, at first. Then I went for my annual medical and - surprise! Stage three Esophageal cancer. Stage four now.

CONRAD

You should've stayed here for treatment --

MADGE

Pumping me full of expensive drugs would only delay the inevitable.

CONRAD

I'm so sorry.

MADGE

Don't be. It has been an adventure.

She touches his face.

MADGE (CONT'D)

Sorry for being such a shit mother.

CONRAD
Sorry for being a shit son.

MADGE
You're not.

CONRAD
Neither are you.

They look at one another, compassion.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Well, now you're back we can use
that sack of money you brought home
for your treatment, and --

MADGE
I don't want treatment.

Conrad opens his mouth in protest --

MADGE (CONT'D)
There's something I haven't told
you.

Madge looks away, guilty

MADGE (CONT'D)
Listen to me -- the fire --

Conrad cuts her off; he knows what she's about to say.

CONRAD
I don't give a rat's ass what the
insurance company says, it was
nobody's fault, mom. You understand
me? *Nobody's fault.*

She nods, understands, full of love.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark.

Madge, sweaty and pale, gingerly rolls over on her side and
checks the clock - 3:11 AM; jet-lag. She picks up her phone,
there's a PHOTO of Tunde and Sade, who's ready to pop, all
smiles.

Madge doesn't have the strength or energy to write a message.

MADGE: ♥

She hobbles over to the window, bringing her IV with her. She scrolls the social media feed on her phone.

INSERT TEXT and PHOTO

FEMI: *Carpe Diem.*

A selfie of Madge and Femi at the Lagos Lagoon, all smiles.

Madge stares out, admires the moonlit view of the city. She places her hand on the window, as if saying goodbye.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A small funeral chapel, more wood, rose-color carpet and undecorated chalk walls but a menagerie of fresh flowers: azaleas, daffodils, tulips and orchids.

The pews are mostly empty save about a dozen people. Lottie, sobs, sits at the front near the pink lacquer open basket.

Inside Madge, perfectly made up is dressed in a chiffon cheetah dress and holding a book of poems by Robert Frost.

Conrad stands at the podium next to the FUNERAL DIRECTOR reading Madge's eulogy.

CONRAD

"It's never easy to say goodbye to someone..."

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

The Boss is on his phone; the Yahoo Boys tapping away.

And then the door is KICKED open.

ARMED OFFICERS swarm in, machine guns pointed at everyone. One of the officers is the UNDERCOVER COP/American Businessman, from the black money raid.

UNDERCOVER COP/PENTECOSTAL MINISTER

Don't move!

The Boss and the Yahoo Boys put their hands up in the air.

CONRAD (V.O.)

"When that person is gone there's a hole in our hearts..."

INTERCUT FUNERAL/NIGERIA

FUNERAL HOME -

Conrad folds the crumpled piece of paper with Madge's handwritten eulogy.

CONRAD

"...reminding us that it's important..."

Something's caught Conrad's attention.

He looks over at Darlene, who gives him a sad, supportive, smile, puts down the eulogy script and speaks from the heart.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

My mother was unique. She was complicated, stubborn, relentless.

BOSS' OFFICE -

One of the Yahoo Boys tries to delete his computer screen and instantly all guns are aimed at him.

Seizing the moment, the boss lunges for the back door and an officer tackles him to the floor.

CONRAD (V.O.)

Nobody could say that she was perfect, but she understood something that most of us forget -

FUNERAL HOME -

Conrad clears his throat, choking back tears..

CONRAD

- to grab life by the balls and hold on tight until the end.

OUTSIDE THE BOSS' OFFICE -

The building is surrounded by police cars.

Tunde lurks across the street, keeps out of sight.

He watches as the Yahoo Boy workers and the Boss are led out in cuffs.

FUNERAL HOME -

Conrad lets his words hang in the air for a moment.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

She had so much love to give. I'm
proud to have been her son.

Frank Sinatra's *My Way* starts to play on the speakers.

On Madge's corpse peacefully resting in her coffin, the
corners of her mouth unmistakably upturned.

EXT. GOODWILL - DAY

Conrad unloads Madge's boxes from his car. He sweeps up an
armload and heads for the donation receptacle. A sequin dress
falls out. He picks it up and smiles.

CAMERA FLOATING upward, leaving Goodwill, across the empty
furniture store lot, past Madge and Conrad's home...

EXT. LAGOS - MAINLAND - CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

...FLOATING across the city, speckled with lights, and buzz
of cars, DESCENDING on a CEMENT BUILDING, a flat roof.

SOUND of NEWBORN CRYING.

INT. NIGERIAN MATERNITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sade sits up in bed, cradles her newborn daughter. Tunde
embraces them both. They look down -

- at the baby's scrunched-up face as she wails.

TUNDE

We need a name.

Then, panicked:

SADE

I'm not calling her Madge.

FADE OUT