

Criminal Cop : Played like a 🗿

written by

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"A man's enemies will be the members of his own household."

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. PRISON CELL - DAY**

AKIN, early-40s, rugged with a thick beard and swollen eyes, lies on the cold, hard floor. His clothes are tattered and stained with drops of blood. He slowly regains consciousness, blinking through blurred vision. He groans as he pushes himself up, disoriented, his face a reflection of the harsh reality he has endured.

From a distance, a PRISON WARDER approaches. The warder, stern and unemotional, unlocks the cell door.

PRISON WARDER  
(gruffly)  
You've got a visitor.

AKIN stands, still shaky, and follows the warder down the dimly lit corridor.

**INT. PRISON VISITOR'S AREA - DAY**

AKIN is led to the visitor's counter. Seated on the other side is DONALD, early 40s, AKIN's friend since police college days. Clean-shaven and in a neatly pressed police uniform, DONALD looks at AKIN with concern as AKIN takes a seat across from him.

DONALD  
(softly)  
"I'm glad to see you again, AKIN.  
How are you holding up?"

AKIN forces a faint smile, trying to mask his pain.

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

DONALD notices the fresh bruises on AKIN's face, his heart sinking.

DONALD  
(hesitant)  
"They did this to you, didn't they?  
Those prison criminals who have no  
humanity left in them did this to  
you, right?"

AKIN shrugs, indifferent, as if he no longer cares.

AKIN

(bitterly)

"What does it matter? I'm one of them now. A criminal. Why should I care about what happens to me? After all, no one believes me. The whole thing still feels like a nightmare to me, even after 10 years. 10 years behind these prison walls..."

DONALD's expression darkens, but he pushes on.

DONALD

"Believe me, Akin, I'm truly sorry for everything you're going through. I've been trying so hard to prove your innocence, but right now, things have become even more complicated. I've been pulled away from your case and don't have the chance to investigate it closely anymore.

*(pauses briefly)*

"Maybe I shouldn't be saying this, but there's a new gang in town—Sleek. They're terrorizing the streets, selling drugs to kids, especially the children of politicians and celebrities. I've been on their trail, but nothing's come through yet. I know if it were you, you'd have taken them down by now..

AKIN chuckles darkly, cutting him off.

AKIN

(coldly)

"Save it, Donald. I'm done hearing about drugs or any of that stuff. Being in this prison has been torture—not just because I'm locked up, but because of why I'm here. My wife, Donald. If I were convicted of anything else, I could stomach it. But to be rotting here for ten years, accused of murdering my own wife... and I don't remember a single thing connected to it? That's the hell I'm living in.

(MORE)

AKIN (CONT'D)

"I've hit my head against these walls, injured myself trying to remember something—anything. But it's just a blackout, all of it. How is that possible after all this time?"

DONALD sits back, defeated, but he can't let go.

DONALD

"I'm sorry for your situation, man. You know I'll always believe in your innocence, even if no one else does. But please, take it easy on yourself. Life goes on, Akin. At least... think about your step-mother. She still has you."

AKIN

(Akin meets his gaze for a moment, a flicker of emotion in his eyes, but then hardens.)

"Thanks, but the day this sentence ends—four years from now—I'm going after whoever did this to me and my wife."

Akin turns and walks back to his cell without another word.

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY**

As AKIN walks back, he's suddenly ambushed by a group of FOUR PRISONERS from behind. They attack viciously, fists flying.

PRISONER 1

"This is for that bank robbery operation you ruined for me and my fellow boys 13 years ago! I will make sure that this prison becomes so unbearable for you. I promise you're going to die here with no one coming to rescue or save you from me and my boys."

AKIN fights back, but he's outnumbered. The prisoners beat him down, fueled by years of hatred.

CUT TO:

**INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) - 2 YEARS AGO**

AKIN is ambushed by a group of TEN PRISONERS. They're armed with broken bottles and knives. The cell doors have been left unlocked, thanks to bribed WARDERS.

AKIN fights for his life as he was already prepared and suspected about what was going to happen that night.. It's a bloody, brutal battle, but AKIN is a skilled fighter. He takes them down, one by one, despite the severe injuries he sustains.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - PRESENT DAY**

AKIN lies on the floor, beaten, but alive. The four prisoners are dragged away by the warders, who arrived too late to stop the attack.

AKIN slowly pushes himself up, blood dripping from his face. He stares ahead, his expression hardening.

**SUPERIMPOSE: "TEN YEARS AGO"****INT. CROWDED STREET OF LAGOS - DAY**

Akin sprints ahead, leading a team of POLICE OFFICERS in pursuit of a CRIMINAL who darts through the bustling streets. Akin's face is set with determination.

AKIN  
(yelling)  
Stop! Stop!

He raises his gun and fires a warning shot into the air. The crowd scatters in panic.

CRIMINAL  
(glances over his  
shoulder, fear in his  
eyes)

The criminal veers sharply, disappearing into an UNFINISHED BUILDING. Akin doesn't hesitate, signaling to his team.

AKIN  
(commanding)  
Spread out! We can't let him  
escape!

**INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Concrete pillars and steel beams create a maze of shadows. The team moves cautiously, weapons drawn, eyes scanning every dark corner.

Akin leads the search, his footsteps echoing in the silence. He stops suddenly, hearing a faint sound.

AKIN  
 (whispering into his  
 radio)  
 I've got movement near the back  
 exit. Be ready.

The team converges, tightening the net. Akin spots the criminal trying to slip out. He raises his weapon, eyes locked on his target.

AKIN (CONT'D)  
 (calm, focused)  
 It's over. Hands where I can see  
 them.

The criminal freezes, knowing he's been caught. He slowly raises his hands in surrender.

OFFICER 2  
 (Smiling)  
 "That's number 100, boss. You  
 deserve an award for catching the  
 bad guys."

AKIN  
 (Breathing heavily, nods)  
 "I'm just trying to do my job well,  
 and you guys did well too. Let's  
 get him out of here."

**EXT. LAGOS STREETS - DAY**

The criminal is escorted out of the building, surrounded by officers. The onlookers murmur among themselves, clearly recognizing AKIN, who is a well-known figure for catching criminals.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 This marked the 100th criminal AKIN  
 had successfully apprehended.  
 (MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
His reputation for catching criminals was legendary, and his name struck fear into the hearts of those living on the wrong side of the law.

**INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Akin stands before a large map of Lagos, dotted with red pins. His team is gathered around him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Akin was often assigned to the most dangerous operations, whether it was breaking into a cartel's stronghold or taking down human traffickers. His record was impeccable—he always delivered results.

Flashbacks of AKIN in action: raiding a cartel's hideout, rescuing trafficked victims, disarming a bomb.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But his success had also made him a target. Assassins and killers had tried to take his life on several occasions, but each attempt ended in failure. Akin seemed untouchable.

Flashback: Akin narrowly escapes an explosion, fends off attackers in a dark alley, and disarms a gunman.

**INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Akin and his team huddle around a table, planning their next move. Blueprints, photos, and documents are spread out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
One of Akin's most significant achievements was dismantling a notorious cartel known as the One-Eyed Cartel. Rumors swirled that the cartel had deep connections with high-ranking government officials, making them almost untouchable. But Akin, undeterred by the danger, spent six months meticulously planning and executing a takedown that brought the cartel to its knees.

**INT. CARTEL COMPOUND - NIGHT**

The team moves through the shadows, approaching the heavily fortified compound. They breach the gates silently, weapons ready.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The final confrontation with SPARK, the cartel's feared leader, was intense. AKIN led the charge, his team following closely behind.

Gunfire erupts as the team storms the compound. AKIN moves with precision, taking down guards with ease. He finally comes face-to-face with SPARK.

SPARK

(Sneering)

"Do you think you can take me down? Do you think this is over? This fight isn't over until *I* say so. You might think you've won now, but you don't know what's coming for you. Write today down—what's coming to swallow you up is *bigger*."

AKIN

(Steely-eyed)

"Shut up, Spark. Your empire is destroyed, and you'll rot in jail."

Akin lunges forward, disarming Spark in a swift motion. He forces him to the ground, slapping cuffs on him with authority.

**EXT. LAGOS STREETS - NIGHT**

Spark is led out of the compound in handcuffs, surrounded by officers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The dismantling of the ONE-EYED CARTEL marked a turning point in Lagos' battle against crime, and AKIN's name became even more revered. But as he stood over SPARK, AKIN couldn't help but wonder about the next challenge that lay ahead—knowing that in his line of work, peace was always fleeting.



**INT. COURTROOM - FEW DAYS LATER**

The courtroom is packed as the judge delivers the sentence. SPARK, the notorious cartel boss, stands emotionless as the verdict is read.

JUDGE

SPARK, for your crimes, you are sentenced to 20 years in prison.

The room erupts in murmurs. SPARK smirks, a glint of satisfaction in his eyes as he's handcuffed and led away. Among the spectators, AKIN stands rigid, his eyes narrowing.

**INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY**

The door slams open as AKIN storms into the judge's office, his face a mixture of anger and disbelief.

AKIN

(Demanding)

Twenty years? That's it? That man deserved the death penalty!

JUDGE

(Defensive)

Inspector, the sentence is within the legal framework. The evidence leveled against him wasn't solid enough to warrant a dead sentence. There was nothing more I could do.

AKIN

(Furious)

Nothing more? That man has ruined countless lives, and you let him off with 20 years? We both know he deserved worse!

JUDGE

(Sharply)

Inspector Akin, you need to understand—

AKIN

(Cutting him off)

I understand perfectly. This isn't justice—it's corruption! Spark's connections protected him, didn't they? They bought him his freedom, didn't they?

The judge shifts uncomfortably but remains silent.

AKIN (CONT'D)

(Cont'd, seething)

This is why people lose faith in the law. Because the powerful always find a way to dodge real punishment. I have been following up with spark for years now. All of is criminal records are all detailed and presented in the court, but you ruined it all..

The judge finally meets Akin's gaze, weary but resolute.

JUDGE

(Somberly)

"We have to work within the confines of the system, Akin. You know that. Believe me, if not for your great work as an officer that I admire... I would charge you for disrespecting the authority of the court."

Akin glares at the judge for a moment, then takes a deep breath, struggling to contain his frustration. He turns to leave.

AKIN

(Tense, determined)

Then I'll keep fighting. Because someone has to.

Akin exits the office, slamming the door behind him.

#### **EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY**

Akin stands at the top of the steps, his face set in determination. He looks out over the city, the weight of his mission heavy on his shoulders.

#### **INT. AKIN'S HOME - EVENING**

Akin steps through the front door, exhausted from the intense operation he and his team had just completed. The house is quiet, but the tension is palpable.

AKIN

(Softly)

I'm home.

His words are met with silence. AKIN closes the door behind him, removing his shoes and setting down his bag. As he moves further into the house, he's greeted by ANITA, his wife 30s, who stands in the doorway to the living room. Her face is a mix of anger and worry.

ANITA

(Furious)

Why do you take on all the criminal cases in this city by yourself, Akin? You're not the only police officer out there!

Akin stops in his tracks, the weight of her words hitting him hard. He looks at her, his expression solemn.

ANITA (CONT'D)

(Voice breaking)

You're always doing too much, and what has the society ever given back to you?

Akin stands in silence, unable to meet her gaze. The frustration in Anita's voice is something he's heard before, but tonight, it cuts deeper. He takes a breath, collecting his thoughts.

AKIN

(Calm but resolute)

I don't care about rewards or recognition, Anita. Since the day I put on this uniform, I swore to do justice and to rid this city of crime, no matter the cost.

Anita's anger starts to melt away, replaced by tears. She looks at Akin, her emotions a mixture of sorrow and fear.

ANITA

(Sobbing)

But what about us, Akin? What about your family?

Akin moves closer, wrapping his arms around her. She cries into his chest, and he holds her tightly.

AKIN

(Gently)

I need you to keep supporting me, Anita. I can't do this without you.

Anita pulls back slightly, looking up at him with tear-filled eyes.

ANITA

(Sniffles)

Gloria's been sick, Akin. She's had a fever for days... and she's been asking for you. She misses her father.

Akin's heart sinks. The weight of his responsibilities at work is now compounded by the guilt of neglecting his family. He holds Anita closer, his resolve beginning to waver.

AKIN

(Whispering)

I'm sorry, Anita. I'll be here for both of you. I promise.

The two stand there in the quiet of their home, the intensity of the moment giving way to a fragile understanding.

**INT. AKIN'S HOME - EVENING (CONT)**

Akin holds Anita close as she cries into his chest. As she pulls away slightly, her expression shifts from anger to a deep sadness. She looks up at Akin, her voice soft but filled with emotion.

ANITA

(Softly)

I know why you're like this, Akin. I understand..

Akin's gaze drops, the memories of his past flickering across his face. Anita continues, her voice trembling as she recalls the story that has haunted their lives.

ANITA (CONT'D)

(Reflecting)

It's that incident... from 20 years ago, isn't it? The one you told me about.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK - EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (20 YEARS AGO)**

A rickety vehicle filled with ten young passengers, including a young Akin, drives along a quiet country road. The teens are laughing, carefree. Suddenly, another car pulls up alongside them. The atmosphere shifts in an instant.

Gunfire erupts. The sounds are deafening. Young Akin's eyes widen in horror as his friends around him fall, one by one.

The camera focuses on Akin's face, frozen in shock as blood splatters around him.

YOUNG AKIN  
(In shock, trembling)  
No...

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK - EXT. GRAVEYARD - FEW DAYS AFTER THE ATTACK**

Young Akin stands at the graves of his nine friends. His parents stand beside him, their hands on his shoulders for support, but the boy's pain is palpable. He stares at the freshly turned earth, tears streaming down his face.

YOUNG AKIN (CONT'D)  
(Weeping)  
Why did this happen...?

The camera lingers on Akin's tear-streaked face, capturing the moment the seed of his relentless pursuit of justice was planted. The grief and anger mix, deepening the resolve in his young eyes.

CUT BACK:

**INT. AKIN'S HOME - EVENING (PRESENT DAY)**

Akin pulls away from the flashback, his eyes meeting Anita's. The weight of those memories sits heavily between them. Anita wipes her tears, her voice steady now, filled with understanding.

ANITA  
That's why you fight so hard. You couldn't save them then, but now... now you're making sure it never happens again.

Akin nods slowly, his expression one of pain but also determination.

AKIN  
(Quietly)  
I couldn't protect them, Anita. But I can protect this city. I can stop others from feeling that same pain.

Anita reaches up, gently touching Akin's face, her anger dissolved into compassion.

ANITA

(Softly)

Just promise me... promise me you  
won't lose yourself in the fight.

Akin closes his eyes, leaning into her touch. When he opens them again, his voice is firm.

AKIN

I promise.

The camera pans out, leaving the couple standing in the quiet of their home, united in the understanding of a shared past and the hope for a safer future.

**INT. GLORIA'S ROOM - EVENING**

Akin stands in the dimly lit bedroom, staring at his daughter, Gloria, who lies in bed, feverish and weak. Anita stands beside him, her expression filled with concern.

ANITA

(Softly)

She's been asking for you, Akin.  
She refused to eat and talk to me,  
insisting that she wants to see her  
father.

Akin's eyes linger on Gloria, a mix of guilt and sorrow on his face. His mind drifts back to his childhood, to a memory that has haunted him for years.

**FLASHBACK - INT. POLICE QUARTERS - DAY (20 YEARS AGO)**

The young Akin clings to his father's legs, officer Desmond 40s, tears streaming down his face as he looks up at his father, who is clad in his police uniform. The room is tense, filled with the hushed murmur of investigation details.

YOUNG AKIN

(Begging)

Daddy, you have to find them.  
Please, find the people who did  
this to my friends. My friends did  
nothing to deserve the painful  
death.

Akin's father, a man of unwavering integrity, kneels down to his son, his face a mask of determination and sorrow.

DESMOND

(Comforting)

I promise you, Akin.

(MORE)

DESMOND (CONT'D)

We're doing everything we can. They won't get away with this. I have been putting in a lot of work and investigation concerning this. I have found out that a man named SPARK is the one behind the death of your friends.. I will definitely make him pay for what he did..

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK - INT. COURTROOM - JUDGEMENT DAY**

DESMOND stands in the courtroom, presenting evidence against the criminals linked to the One-Eyed Cartel. The judge listens intently, but the atmosphere is heavy with frustration.

JUDGE

(Disappointed)

The evidence presented is not sufficient to warrant a death sentence. The defendants are hereby sentenced to four years in prison.

Akin's father clenches his fists, a look of defeat crossing his face. A young Akin watches from the sidelines, tears streaming down his face as justice slips away.

YOUNG AKIN

(Angrily)

He deserves a death penalty!

Spark, seated across from Akin and his father, smiles smugly. The courtroom feels heavy with tension as both Akin and his father sit defeated, their shoulders slumped in the face of the unjust ruling.

CUT BACK:

**INT. GLORIA'S ROOM - EVENING (PRESENT DAY)**

Akin's gaze returns to Gloria, his face etched with pain and resolve. Anita watches him, understanding the inner conflict he faces.

ANITA

(Tenderly)

You've done so much for this city, Akin. But don't let it cost you your family. Always remember that family comes first.

Akin nods slowly, the weight of his past and present colliding within him. He gently places a hand on Gloria's forehead, his voice barely a whisper.

AKIN  
(Softly)  
I'm here, Gloria. I'm here.

He turns to Anita, his eyes filled with determination and love.

AKIN (CONT'D)  
(Firmly)  
I'll keep fighting, Anita. For them... and for us.

Anita nods, taking his hand as they stand together, facing the dual burdens of their lives: Akin's relentless quest for justice and the need to be present for their family.

The camera pulls back, showing the family united in their quiet resolve, the future uncertain but their bond unbreakable.

**INT. COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Akin knocks on the door of the Commissioner's office.

COMMISSIONER LAWAL  
"Come in."

Akin enters, giving a respectful nod. Commissioner Lawal, a man in his 50s with a seasoned and pragmatic demeanor, gestures for him to sit. As Akin takes a seat, Lawal studies his face, noticing the anger simmering in Akin's expression.

AKIN  
(Angrily)  
I can't believe Spark only got 20 years! After everything he's done, he should be facing the death penalty!

COMMISSIONER LAWAL  
(Sighing)  
I understand your frustration, AKIN. But we're bound by the law. If it were up to me, I'd have taken matters into my own hands. But we have to follow the legal process.  
(MORE)



COMMISSIONER LAWAL (CONT'D)

If you remember, I and your father, DESMOND, were the ones who took up the case against SPARK back then, and he got all the necessary evidence against him. But to our greatest surprise, SPARK was given 4 years in prison, and out of those 4 years, he spent almost 2 years in the hospital, claiming he had heart issues after submitting fake medical history to the government.

AKIN

(Frustrated)

I understand all that you said, sir. I remember that day just like it was yesterday, standing with my parents at my friend's grave. I still don't understand why they had to die. It's painful, not just for me, but for everyone out there seeking true justice and still not getting it because of a man who's enjoying the benefits of a corrupt government.

COMMISSIONER LAWAL

(Trying to calm Akin)

I get it. Believe me, I do. But sometimes, there's nothing more we can do within the confines of the law. Akin, we can only continue to strive and fight hard. I believe that one day, we will get the true justice that we all desire.

Akin, visibly agitated, turns and storms out of the office.

**EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON**

Akin exits the building, still fuming. He is greeted by his old friend, DONALD, who notices his mood immediately.

DONALD

(Supportive)

Hey, you look like you could use a drink. Let's go grab one.

**INT. BAR - EVENING**

Akin and Donald sit at a table, beers in hand. Donald is trying to lift Akin's spirits.

DONALD

(Praising)

You've done amazing things, AKIN. News of your great work is flying all over the city. You're more like a celebrity police officer now. But don't forget your family needs you more. They're worried about you. ANITA called me a few days ago, telling me how concerned she is, and she also mentioned your daughter's health. You really need to take things easy, man.

AKIN

(Smiling)

I understand you DONALD, I've been thinking of visiting my step-mom this weekend. It'll be the fifth year since my Dad passed away. I'll take Anita and Gloria with me.

DONALD

(Nods)

That sounds like a good idea. Family time is important.

AKIN

What about you? How have you been holding up with your latest transfer? I heard is pretty busy at your end too..

DONALD

(Smiling)

Not really.. At least it can't be compared to your own task and schedules. Everything is definitely going on well, I just need to take things slowly and hope for a better transfer in the future..

#### **INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Akin, Anita, and Gloria arrive at Jessica's house. Jessica, in her early 60s, stands at the door, her warm smile betraying a mixture of nostalgia and relief. Akin's stepmother, who has been a maternal figure to him since he lost his mother at a young age, embraces them all. The family shares a heartfelt reunion, their laughter filling the air as they catch up.

Later, the group heads to the family cemetery, where they visit Akin's father's grave. The moment is both tender and melancholic—Akin stands solemnly by the gravestone, his eyes reflecting a mix of memories and longing. Gloria and Anita offer quiet support, the day filled with bittersweet emotions as they remember the past and honor Akin's father.

**INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

As evening falls, they gather around the table for dinner, sharing stories and laughter. Later, after dinner, Jessica pulls Akin aside for a private conversation.

JESSICA

(Gently)

"Every time I see you on television, all I see is your father's spirit shining through you."

Akin smiles, touched. Jessica continues.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

"After your mother passed—God rest her soul—what first drew me to your father was his zeal, his dedication to making this city and nation a better place. And I'm so proud, Akin, because you've already surpassed his achievements. But remember, no matter how hard you try, no place will ever be free of criminals. You can only do your best; you can't fix everything."

Jessica places a hand on Akin's shoulder, her voice soft with concern.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

"I understand your pain, losing friends at such a young age and not finding the justice you deserved. I know what it feels like to be denied true justice. But family should always come first, Akin. Don't forget Gloria's condition. She misses you and asks about you often. She loves you deeply. Try not to be too far away from her... Your child is your legacy, not just the criminals you bring down."

Akin takes a deep breath, absorbing her words. He nods, his eyes filled with gratitude.

AKIN

"I've been thinking about this for some time, mother. And now, hearing you say it... I'm more convinced than ever. I need to focus on my family. I promised Anita and Gloria that things would change, and I'm going to keep that promise."

Akin hugs Jessica, moved by her words. His phone rings, breaking the moment.

**INT. JESSICA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

AKIN (CONT'D)

*(Shocked)*

"What? Spark escaped from prison?"

*(Pauses, listening)*

"Okay, I'm out of the city now, but I'll be there tomorrow morning."

He drops the call, his expression tense. He glances at Jessica, who looks worried.

AKIN (CONT'D)

"Mom, I need to go tomorrow to handle this."

JESSICA

*(Furious)*

"Akin, you promised to stay four days. You can't just leave tomorrow! How do you expect Anita and Gloria to accept this?"

AKIN

*(Sighing)*

"I understand, Mom, but this is Spark we're talking about. I have to find out what went wrong."

JESSICA

"And what will you tell Anita and Gloria now? That you're leaving them again?"

Akin falls silent, struggling with his decision.

AKIN  
 "I'll explain it to them."

**INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - ANITA AND GLORIA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Akin enters the dimly lit room, finding both Anita and Gloria in bed. Gloria is fast asleep, while Anita lies awake beside her, her eyes shadowed with worry. Akin approaches and sits gently beside her.

ANITA  
*(Looking at him)*  
 "I already know what you're going to say. I overheard your conversation with Mom."

AKIN  
*(Hurt)*  
 "So, you're leaving us again? After all your promises?"

Akin looks down, pained.

AKIN (CONT'D)  
 "Please, Anita, just give me one last pardon. Spark has caused me so much pain... you know I've dedicated my life to putting him behind bars. Hearing that he's escaped—it's something I just can't ignore."

ANITA  
*(Softly)*  
 "Okay, Akin. But when will you be back?"

AKIN  
 "As soon as possible, my love. I won't waste any time."

Anita sighs, visibly disappointed but understanding.

ANITA  
 "And what about Gloria? What are you going to tell her?"

AKIN  
 "We'll explain it to her together. I'll make it right, I promise."

**EXT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Akin rushes out of the house and heads to his car, his face tense. Just as he opens the car door, GLORIA runs after him, her small voice calling out desperately.

GLORIA  
"Daddy, don't go!"

Akin freezes, glancing back with sadness in his eyes. At the front door, ANITA and JESSICA watch, worry etched across their faces as Gloria reaches the car. Akin sits inside, visibly pained, watching his daughter's outstretched hands and tearful eyes through the window.

After a moment, Anita walks over and gently lifts Gloria, pulling her back from the car.

ANITA  
(Softly, to Gloria)  
"Come on, sweetheart, let's go inside."

Akin hesitates, his heart breaking as he sees his daughter reaching out for him. With a final look, he starts the engine and drives off. Anita and Gloria rush after him, calling his name, their voices filled with desperation.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING**

Akin drives back into the city, his mind focused on Spark. Suddenly, two cars speed towards him from across the road. Bullets fly through the air, shattering his car windows.

AKIN  
(Panicked, ducking)  
Damn it!

He maneuvers the car desperately, trying to evade the gunfire as the scene cuts to black.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER**

Akin's car is caught in a deadly chase. He slams his foot on the accelerator, swerving and zigzagging to evade the attackers. Gunfire cracks through the air, and Akin fires back from his car.

AKIN  
(Shouting, gritting his teeth)  
Damn it, they're closing in!

The car jolts with each bullet impact, and Akin maneuvers aggressively, trying to shake off his pursuers.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - WOODEN BARRIER - CONTINUOUS**

In a sudden, brutal twist of fate, Akin's car skids uncontrollably and slams into a wooden barrier. The vehicle flips and rolls over violently, metal crunching and glass shattering.

**EXT. HIGHWAY CAR ACCIDENT - CONTINUOUS**

Akin is thrown around inside the wreckage, his face bloodied and his body wracked with pain. As the car finally comes to a stop, he struggles to free himself.

AKIN  
(Groaning, struggling)  
I need to move... need to get  
out...

He manages to crawl out of the overturned car, stumbling and dragging himself despite the intense pain.

**EXT. UNKNOWN WOODS - CONTINUOUS**

Akin sees a group of armed men approaching and forces himself to his feet. He begins running toward the dense woods, ignoring the agony.

ARMED MEN  
(Shouting)  
There he is! Don't let him get  
away!

Akin dives into the woods, the foliage providing temporary cover. The chase continues, with Akin's heart pounding as he navigates through the dense forest.

**EXT. UNKNOWN WOODS - LATER**

Akin finally stops, crouching low among the trees. His breath comes in ragged gasps as he listens intently, scanning for any sign of pursuit. He notices three armed men in the distance, their guns held ready. Blood stains his shirt and forehead, and he wipes away sweat as he watches them silently, keeping still. One of the men leans toward the others and whispers, "Let's get out of here." They nod and move in unison, slipping out of the woods and heading to their car. Akin remains hidden, watching as they drive off into the distance.

**EXT. UNKNOWN WOODS - EDGE OF THE ROAD**

After a few moments, he slowly emerges from his hiding place, eyes wary. Questions race through his mind.

AKIN  
*(Muttering to himself)*  
 "Who are these people? How did they know where I'd be?"

As he trudges out of the woods, a sudden thought stops him cold.

AKIN (CONT'D)  
*(Realizing)*  
 "My family... oh God. I need to make sure they're safe."

He reaches the edge of the road, a quiet stretch of highway with barely any traffic. After a tense wait, he manages to flag down a cab. Once inside, he frantically dials his wife's number, but there's no answer. His heartbeat quickens. He tries Jessica's number—still no response. Anxiety twists in his gut.

AKIN (CONT'D)  
*(To himself, panicked)*  
 "God Please... please let them be okay."

AKIN (CONT'D)  
*(To the driver)*  
 "Can you go any faster?"

CAB DRIVER  
 "I'll do my best, sir, but I can't go over the speed limit."

Minutes later, the cab pulls up in front of Jessica's house. The front door stands wide open, swaying slightly in the breeze. Akin's face goes pale as he steps out of the cab, a sinking feeling gnawing at him as he approaches the house.

AKIN  
*(Whispering, horrified)*  
 No... no, this can't be happening...

He approaches the open door, the chill of dread sinking deeper with each step.



**INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Akin approaches the open door cautiously, his pulse racing. The house is eerily quiet.

AKIN  
(Shouting)  
Anita! Mom!

No response. Akin moves through the empty rooms, desperation etched on his face. He pushes open door after door, finding only silence and emptiness.

AKIN (CONT'D)  
(Muttering to himself)  
No... this can't be happening... He tried calling again, but no response.

He steps outside, frustration mounting. A little boy runs up to him.

LITTLE BOY  
(Out of breath)  
"Gloria was rushed to the hospital a few hours ago. I was playing with her when she suddenly collapsed.."

Akin's face reflects a mix of relief and urgency.

AKIN  
(Grateful)  
"Thank you. Please, what is the address? I need to get to the hospital now."

**INT. HOSPITAL - LATER**

Akin arrives at the hospital, his clothes stained with blood and a cut on his forehead. He sees Anita and his mother in the waiting area, their faces full of worry. They're shocked to see him.

ANITA  
(Concerned)  
Akin! What happened? You're hurt...

AKIN  
(Frantic)  
How is Gloria?

JESSICA

(Soothingly)

She's stable, but she needs to stay here for a few days. Her asthma is worsening. The doctor is taking care of her. I am perfectly sure that everything will be alright.

As Anita and his mother help Akin sit down, he suddenly collapses to the floor. Panic ensues as they call for medical assistance.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HOURS LATER**

Akin slowly regains consciousness, his eyes fluttering open. He takes a deep breath, feeling the dull ache of his freshly stitched wounds. The sterile hospital room is quiet, with faint beeps from the nearby monitor.

As his vision clears, he sees ANITA and JESSICA sitting by his bedside. Anita's hand grips his tightly, her eyes brimming with relief and worry. Jessica watches him with a mother's care, her expression softening as she sees him awake.

AKIN

(Weakly)

Gloria? Is she okay?

ANITA

(Supportive)

She's stable. They're monitoring her closely. The doctor said she'll need a few days here for check-ups and care.

Akin exhales deeply, the weight of the day's events catching up to him.

ANITA (CONT'D)

(Voice trembling)

"I was so scared seeing you like that, Akin. What actually happened? You looked... you looked terrible."

JESSICA

"I was scared too. What on earth happened, son?"

AKIN

(Takes a deep breath,  
wincing slightly)

(MORE)

AKIN (CONT'D)

"On my way to the station, a car came out of nowhere. They started shooting at me..."

*(Anita and Jessica gasp, exchanging fearful looks as they listen intently.)*

AKIN (CONT'D)

"After a while, they managed to force my car off the road, and it flipped over. I barely got out and escaped into the woods. I still don't know how they managed to track me."

JESSICA

*(Relieved, but anxious)*

"Thank God you're alive, Akin."

*(She pauses, then speaks with a quiet intensity.)*

"Now you see why I've been urging you to step back from chasing these criminals. They won't just stop at you, Akin. Sooner or later, they could come after us... your family."

*(Anita remains silent, but her sad expression speaks volumes as she watches Akin, torn between worry and love.)*

AKIN

*(Tired)*

I'm sorry... I didn't mean to abandon you guys again... The fair of spark escape was something I couldn't afford to bear. I am deeply sorry.. I understand that I have said the word sorry countless times, but Please forgive me..

JESSICA

*(Calmly)*

"We're all here now, Akin. Focus on getting better and being there for Gloria."

*(Akin's phone rings. He glances at the screen, seeing it's Donald.)*

AKIN

"That's Donald. Let me take this."

*(He answers the call, his voice sounding tired.)*

AKIN (CONT'D)

"Hey, Donald."

DONALD

*(Concerned)*

"Akin, man! I heard you were coming to the station. Are you around now?"

AKIN

*(Weakly)*

"I won't be coming, Donald. I ran into... some trouble on the way."

*(Donald pauses, then responds, worry evident in his voice.)*

DONALD

"My God, Akin! What happened? You sound terrible."

AKIN

"I was ambushed—some car came out of nowhere, started shooting. I barely escaped."

DONALD

*(Sounding alarmed)*

"Unbelievable. How could they know your movements like that? Maybe they were tracking you somehow... or maybe they've been watching you since you left with Anita and Gloria to visit your stepmother. They could have planted a tracker in your car or something."

*(Donald's voice softens with concern.)*

"Hang in there, Akin. I'll come by soon to check on you."

*(Akin nods, though visibly weary, as he ends the call and looks back at Jessica and Anita, who watch him with worry.)*

AKIN

Thanks Man..

Akin cut the call..

**INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ALARM - CONTINUOUS**

An emergency alarm blares, signaling a critical situation in room 69. Room 69 happens to be Gloria's room. Panic spreads as Anita and Akin's mother rush toward the noise, with Akin trailing behind.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 69 - CONTINUOUS**

Doctors and nurses are frantically working on Gloria, who is in cardiac arrest. Anita is distraught, screaming.

ANITA  
(Screaming)  
How could this happen? She was fine  
just a few hours ago!

Akin watches, his heart aching as he silently prays. He notices a man in a doctor's uniform passing by, who seems familiar.

AKIN  
(To himself)  
Wait a minute...

Realizing the man was from a previous raid on Spark's house, Akin bolts after him.

**EXT. HOSPITAL TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS**

*Akin, still injured but determined, pursues the man down the deserted tunnel. Finally, the man stops, and Akin halts a few paces behind, his breath heavy, his face a mix of anger and suspicion.*

AKIN (CONT'D)  
(Breathing hard)  
"I know you. I remember your face...  
the day I raided Spark's hideout. I  
shot you in the arm as you ran.  
Now, tell me—what are you doing  
here? I know what guys like you are  
after. You're here to kill."

*(Akin's voice trembles with anger as he steps closer, his face hardening.)*

AKIN (CONT'D)  
"What did you do to my daughter?"

*The man stands silently, his expression cold and unyielding, provoking Akin's fury.*

AKIN (CONT'D)  
(Shouting)  
"What the hell did you do to  
Gloria, you bastard?"

*The man remains silent, his eyes locked defiantly with Akin's. A moment later, they launch into a brutal fistfight.*

*Despite his injuries, Akin gains the upper hand, pinning the man to the ground as he tries to force answers out of him.*

AKIN (CONT'D)  
 (Growling, desperate)  
 "Tell me what you did!"

*But before the man can speak, another figure emerges from the shadows and strikes Akin hard with a piece of wood. Akin collapses, unconscious, as the two men quickly flee the scene, leaving him lying alone in the deserted tunnel.*

**EXT. HOSPITAL TUNNEL - NIGHT**

*Akin's eyes flutter open. He winces, his hand instinctively reaching for the back of his head where the blow landed. Dazed, he blinks, trying to piece together what happened. Fragmented memories of the fight flood back to him—the man's face, his own desperate questions, the unexpected attack.*

*Akin pushes himself up, his body still aching. He stumbles, steadying himself against the tunnel wall as his mind sharpens with one urgent thought: Gloria.*

AKIN  
 (**Muttering to himself**)  
 "Gloria... I need to get back."

*Ignoring his pain, Akin forces himself to his feet and breaks into a jog, determination overriding his injuries. He moves faster as he nears the hospital entrance, anxiety building with each step.*

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

*Jessica sits by Gloria's empty bed, her face etched with grief. Akin enters the room, his face pale and desperate. Jessica turns to him, her eyes filled with tears.*

JESSICA  
 (Voice breaking,  
 tearfully)  
 "Where were you, Akin...? Where were you when she needed you? Gloria is gone... she's gone."

*Akin's face crumbles as the weight of her words sinks in. His body goes numb, his breaths shallow. Jessica looks away, her sorrow turning to anguish.*

*Akin, struggling with grief, looks to Jessica and Anita.*

AKIN

*(Tearfully)*

"I saw one of Spark's men here... He must have done this to Gloria!"

*Anita's face hardens, her grief twisting into fury as she processes his words.*

ANITA

*(Angrily, with rising intensity)*

"So, at the end of it all, my little girl died... because of you? Because of your obsession with those criminals?"

*Akin tries to reach out to her, but she steps back, her voice trembling with anger and sorrow.*

ANITA (CONT'D)

*(In tears, escalating)*

"Gloria died because of you! I begged you to leave this life behind, but you wouldn't listen!"

*In a sudden burst of rage, Anita grabs a scalpel from a nearby tray and lunges at Akin, stabbing him close to the chest.*

ANITA (CONT'D)

*(Screaming)*

"Die! Go to Gloria and apologize! You promised to protect us!"

*Akin gasps in pain, clutching his wound, while Jessica screams and rushes forward. Jessica grabs Anita's wrist, wrenching the scalpel from her hand, then slaps her, her own voice choked with emotion.*

JESSICA

*(Firmly, yet tearful)*

"Stop it, Anita! Killing him won't bring Gloria back! It won't solve anything."

*Medical staff rush into the room, quickly moving Akin onto a stretcher. Jessica holds Anita back as she sobs, watching helplessly as they wheel Akin away.*

This version captures the raw emotion, highlighting Anita's breakdown and Jessica's attempts to hold the family together in a deeply tragic moment.

**INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - LATER**

*Akin lies on the operating table, surrounded by doctors and nurses preparing him for surgery. His breathing is shallow, his eyes fluttering as the anesthesia starts to take effect.*

*Just before he loses consciousness, a single thought anchors him.*

AKIN  
(Weakly, to himself)

"I need... security footage... prove Spark's involvement... for Gloria..."

*The anesthesia fully takes hold, and his eyes close, his face set in determination even in unconsciousness.*

*The medical team begins the delicate surgery, while Akin's last thought lingers, setting his mind on justice for his daughter.*

THREE WEEKS LATER...

**EXT. BURIAL SITE - DAY**

Akin and Anita stand side by side, watching their daughter Gloria being laid to rest. Anita's tears flow uncontrollably as Akin, struggling with his own grief, holds her close. The weight of their loss is palpable.

**INT. AKIN'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Anita comes home with a divorce letter, shattering Akin's fragile hope. She explains that being with him would only remind her of Gloria's death. Akin, desperate, tries to convince her to stay, promising to leave his job and start anew. Anita remains resolute.

ANITA  
(Coldly)  
"You can never quit, so don't deceive yourself. Even if you do, there is no coming back between us. I've already made up my mind. You had enough time to change things while Gloria was still alive. Now, you quitting doesn't concern me anymore."

*She places a stack of papers on the table.*



AKIN

*(Firmly)*

"Please, sign these by tomorrow morning."

*Akin reaches out, desperation in his eyes.*

AKIN (CONT'D)

*(With sadness)*

"Please, Anita... I beg you, don't leave me like this. You know you're my strength. I need you now more than ever."

*Anita's face contorts with sorrow as a tear slips down her cheek. She hesitates, then turns and walks toward her room door opened it, entered and shutting the door quietly behind her. Akin is left alone, staring at the closed door, the weight of his choices pressing heavily on him.*

**INT. AKIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

*Akin, overwhelmed by the turmoil, turns to alcohol. Drunk and disoriented, he staggers through the house while Anita weeps alone in their room.*

**INT. AKIN'S HOUSE - MORNING**

*Akin slowly regains consciousness. His body aches as he stirs on the cold floor. His eyes snap open in horror as he sees the blood-stained floor around him. His hand is gripping a gun. Panic floods his chest as he looks to his side and sees Anita lying lifeless on the ground. Her body is motionless, the room eerily silent except for the pounding of his heartbeat in his ears. Confusion and shock paralyze him as he struggles to piece together what happened.*

AKIN

*(Whispering in disbelief)*

"No... no, no, no... What happened?  
Anita... no, please!"

*He scrambles toward her, his hands shaking as he attempts to revive her, but there's no response. His breath quickens, fear overwhelming him. His mind races, but nothing makes sense. How did this happen?*

**INT. AKIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

*Before Akin can make sense of the situation, the sound of sirens pierces through the panic in his mind. Flashing lights reflect through the windows as police cars pull up outside.*

The door bursts open, and a group of officers rush in, guns drawn. Akin, trembling, stands up slowly, still clutching the gun in his hand.

OFFICER 1

*(Shouting)*

"Drop the weapon! Now!"

The officer approaches swiftly, forcing Akin to the ground, handcuffing him as he struggles to comprehend what is happening. He opens his mouth to speak but is too overwhelmed to form a coherent sentence.

OFFICER 2

*(Looking at the scene)*

"It's him... Looks like the scene's set. We have to take him in."

AKIN

*(Desperate, voice shaky)*

"I didn't do it... I swear... I didn't... What's happening?"

The officers ignore his pleas as they escort him out of the house. Akin is dragged through the doorway, his eyes wide with shock and confusion.

#### **INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

The police station is abuzz with activity as detectives and officers continue their investigation into the tragic events. Donald, having heard the devastating news about Akin, rushes into the station, his face etched with concern. He pushes through the crowd, determination in his stride as he makes his way to Akin's holding cell.

DONALD

*(Urgently, to the officer at the desk)*

"I need to speak to Akin. Now."

The officer nods grimly, leading Donald to Akin's cell. As Donald approaches, Akin looks up, his face weary, his eyes filled with confusion and sorrow.

DONALD (CONT'D)

*(Softly, sitting next to Akin)*

"Akin... I can't believe this. You didn't do this, did you? You've got to tell me what happened."

Akin's eyes are hollow as he shakes his head, his hands shaking slightly.

AKIN

*(Desperate)*

"I don't remember, Donald. I... I don't know. I woke up... there was blood. Anita... She's gone, and I don't know how it happened. I would never—"

*Donald clenches his fists in frustration, his voice full of anger but tempered with concern.*

DONALD

"You don't remember? That's the problem, Akin! The gun, the divorce papers... Everything's pointing to you. The police think you killed her in a rage over the divorce. You have to remember *something* to fight back. We can't just let them railroad you like this."

*Akin's expression falters. He wants to believe that he can somehow prove his innocence, but the mounting evidence is too overwhelming.*

#### **INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

*The investigation is in full swing, and the officers are piecing together the evidence. The gun found at the scene is carefully analyzed, and it is determined that Akin's fingerprints are all over it. The divorce papers, signed and dated, become further damning evidence. Akin's inability to remember the events of the previous night only strengthens the theory that he acted in a violent rage.*

*As the detectives confer, Donald stands off to the side, his face tight with frustration. He watches the investigation unfold but feels helpless as the walls close in on his friend.*

#### **INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

*The courtroom is tense, filled with people eager to hear the outcome of the trial. Akin sits at the defense table, his hands clasped tightly in front of him. His face is drawn and exhausted. Beside him, Jessica weeps quietly, her heart broken for the son she can no longer recognize. Donald, standing at the back of the courtroom with a few sympathetic officers, watches with concern, his face a mixture of sadness and helplessness.*

*The prosecution rises, presenting the case. They bring forward the evidence: the signed divorce papers, Akin's fingerprints on the gun, the fact that he was seen at the scene of the crime. The lawyer paints a picture of a man driven to murder by personal frustration, a man who, in a fit of rage, took his wife's life.*

PROSECUTOR

*(Confidently)*

"The evidence is clear. The defendant was not only found at the scene but also in possession of the weapon used to end his wife's life. The divorce papers suggest a troubled marriage, and the defendant's memory lapse only confirms the extent of his emotional instability that night. This is a man who killed in cold blood."

*Akin's defense attorney stands, but their voice trembles with uncertainty.*

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

*(Weakly)*

"Your Honor, my client is innocent. He... he doesn't remember what happened, but we cannot simply... assume guilt based on his inability to recall the events. He's a respected officer, a man who has served this community well. We ask for a fair judgment."

*But the prosecution's case is strong, and Akin's defense seems to fall short. The jury watches intently, weighing the evidence presented. Finally, the judge speaks.*

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

*The room is heavy with silence as the judge stands, ready to pass down the verdict. Akin's heart pounds in his chest, his entire body tense with anticipation.*

JUDGE

*(Deliberately, after a long pause)*

"Considering the defendant's state of intoxication at the time of the incident, along with the evidence presented, I find it appropriate to show leniency in this case.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

you have been convicted of the death of your wife, Anita. However, due to your prior good character and the significant achievements you've made throughout your career, I am sentencing you to 14 years in prison."

*The words hit Akin like a freight train. His world comes crashing down around him, and he struggles to hold back tears. His mother sobs uncontrollably beside him, her cries echoing in the courtroom.*

*Donald stands in the back of the room, his face filled with sadness. Some of the officers look on, their expressions torn between duty and sympathy for the man they once respected.*

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

*As Akin is led out of the courtroom in handcuffs, his thoughts are a chaotic whirlwind. The world outside has changed, and the man who once fought for justice now finds himself trapped in a prison of his own making. The sound of his mother's sobs and the sorrowful looks from those around him are all he can hear as he's led away.*

*Jessica, unable to hold herself together any longer, breaks down in tears, her body wracked with grief. The officers look away, their eyes filled with empathy for Akin, knowing that his fall from grace is one of the greatest tragedies they've seen in their careers.*

*And so, as the door to the courtroom closes behind him, Akin's fate is sealed.*

**INT. PRISON - DAY**

*Akin is led into the prison, handcuffed and defeated. The harsh clanging of the metal doors echoes through the facility as the prison guards shove him forward. He's no longer the proud officer, the man of authority he once was. Now, he's just another inmate, a prisoner to the system.*

*As Akin walks through the prison yard, the other inmates take notice. Whispers of his past swirl through the air, and some shout his name in derision.*

INMATE 1

(Shouting)

"I WILL KILL YOU, DEATH OFFICER!"

INMATE 2  
(Mocking)

"Welcome to hell, officer. Welcome to death row!"

*Akin's face tightens, and his gaze hardens, but the weight of the insults and threats barely reaches him. His hands shake from the weight of the handcuffs and the weight of his situation. This is a harsh new world—one he never imagined he'd have to face.*

**INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

*The cold, damp prison cell is a stark contrast to the life Akin once knew. A small cot with a thin mattress is all he has for comfort. A small, barred window lets in minimal light, but it's not enough to break through the darkness surrounding him. He sits on the edge of the cot, his elbows on his knees, his hands buried in his face. His thoughts are consumed with the loss of his wife and daughter. He can't remember much of that fateful night, but the agony of what happened is enough to crush him.*

*His mind drifts back to the memories of Anita's cold body and the empty, lifeless gaze of Gloria. His chest tightens, and he swallows hard, as if he's trying to bury the grief that constantly threatens to overtake him.*

*But despite the overwhelming despair, there's a spark of defiance in Akin. His anger grows as the pieces of the night begin to fade in and out of his mind. He knows he was framed, that something is horribly wrong. Akin refuses to let the world define him by his past actions. He won't allow his name to be tarnished by a crime he didn't commit. He will find the truth, no matter the cost.*

**INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY**

*Jessica, Akin's stepmother, sits across from him, her face streaked with tears. Her eyes are filled with sorrow, but there's also a glimmer of love. Akin, lean and unkempt, looks every bit the broken man he has become. The weight of his guilt hangs heavily on him, and the depth of his shame makes it hard for him to maintain eye contact for long.*

*There's a thick glass partition between them, a constant reminder of the distance and separation that has come between them. Despite this, they both long for connection, and the moment feels suffocating in its emotional intensity.*

AKIN  
(Murmuring, with deep  
regret)  
(MORE)

AKIN (CONT'D)

"I'm sorry, Mom. I'm sorry for everything. But you have to believe me, I can't harm my wife, let alone kill her. You know how much I love her."

*Jessica's sobs intensify, her hands pressed flat against the glass, as if trying to reach him. The glass barrier only seems to deepen her sorrow, as she can't physically touch him, can't hold him. Her voice trembles, her grief overwhelming.*

JESSICA

*(Sobbing, voice breaking)*

"You don't need to say anything, son. I just want my son back. I miss having you around all the time. Every day, I pray to God to vindicate you. This sorrow is too unbearable for me. I've lost almost all my family. I can't lose you too, Akin."

*Her words strike Akin like a blow, and his heart aches. He wants so desperately to comfort her, to make everything right, but he feels helpless in the face of her pain.*

AKIN

*(Softly, barely audible)*

"I'll fight, Mom. I'll fight to clear my name. I promise."

*The sound of the warden's voice interrupts the moment.*

WARDEN

*(Shouting from the door)*

"Time's up!"

*Jessica stands slowly, her face clouded with sorrow but still carrying a glimmer of hope. She presses her hand against the glass once more, as if trying to feel his presence, before she turns and walks away. Akin watches her go, his heart breaking all over again.*

**INT. PRISON - GENERAL LABOR AREA - DAY**

Akin performs his chores among other inmates. His routine is abruptly disrupted when he notices a glint of metal reflected in a nearby window. His instincts kick in, and he dives to the side just as a gunshot rings out. The sound of gunfire sends the prison into chaos. Definitely some of the prisoners might have paid the warden to get a gun for them from the outside, in other to end is life.

**INT. PRISON - GENERAL LABOR AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Akin scrambles for cover, narrowly avoiding the bullets as the would-be assassin continues to fire. Inmates scatter, some taking advantage of the confusion to cause further mayhem. Prison guards rush in, apprehending the shooter before he can finish the job.

**INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

Akin, visibly shaken but alive, returns to his cell. The attempted assassination has made it clear that his life is in constant danger. The prison, once a place of relative safety, now feels like a cage of threats and enemies.

**INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY**

Donald, Akin's loyal friend, visits him regularly. He brings news from the outside world and tries to offer support. During one visit, Donald speaks with urgency.

DONALD

(Concerned)

I've been trying to dig up anything on Spark. He's been out of the spotlight, but he's still pulling strings. He's got deep connections—more than we ever knew. Most of the police officers I'm working with have refused to follow up on the case of Spark because they're scared for their lives. Some even gossip among themselves that they don't want to end up like you. I'm sorry for saying this, Akin. You know men like you in the force are scarce to come by.

AKIN

(Focused)

I understand you, Donald, but it's only you who can help my situation. I know Spark is behind what happened to me. I need you to please find out every piece of information that can help me bring him down. I can't let him win.



DONALD

(Focused)

I assure you, I will continue to  
work hard and not relent.  
Akin went back to his cell...

CUT BACK:

**INT. PRISON - GENERAL LABOR AREA, BACK TO PRESENT, 10 YEARS  
LATER - DAY**

The usual noise of the prison labor area is interrupted by a sudden collapse. Akin, struggling to keep up with the rigorous demands of his daily prison chores, falls to the ground. His body is trembling, and his face is pale. The other inmates stand back, watching in shock as Akin's condition worsens.

INMATE 1

(Alarmed)

Oi! Somebody help him!

The warden in charge, alerted by the commotion, rushes over to Akin, kneeling beside him.

WARDEN

(Shouting to other  
officers)

Get the medical team! Now!

The officers quickly pick up Akin and carry him toward the prison medical facility. A tense silence fills the air as they hurry down the corridors.

**INT. PRISON MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY**

Akin is placed on a bed in the medical facility. Dr. Ijeoma, a calm yet concerned medical professional, examines Akin closely. She checks his pulse, takes his blood pressure, and runs a few basic tests, but her face shows clear concern.

DR. IJEOMA

(Seriously)

This isn't good... his condition is  
quite severe.

She turns to the warden who is standing nearby, watching anxiously.

DR. IJEOMA (CONT'D)

(With urgency)

We need to move him to a bigger  
hospital.

(MORE)

DR. IJEOMA (CONT'D)

This requires more thorough testing and immediate attention. His symptoms suggest a serious heart condition—possibly Coronary Artery Disease. But more test is needed to be sure of it. We can't risk waiting any longer.

The ambulance is called, and within moments, it arrives. Akin is swiftly loaded into the ambulance and rushed out of the facility.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Akin is rushed through the emergency department, hooked up to various machines for monitoring. Several doctors and nurses are in and out of the room, running tests, checking his vitals, and performing various diagnostic procedures. After several hours of testing, Dr. Akintoye, the attending physician, steps outside to call the prison medical administrator.

DR. AKINTOYE

(On the phone, gravely)

Yes, this is Dr. Akintoye. I've just finished reviewing the tests. The patient, Akin, has been diagnosed with Coronary Artery Disease (CAD). It's quite advanced, and if left unchecked, it could lead to further complications. I recommend that he be restricted from hard labor immediately and undergo constant monitoring once he's back in the prison clinic. He'll need rest and more intensive care to manage this.

**INT. PRISON CLINIC - DAY (A FEW DAYS LATER)**

Akin is wheeled back into the prison after being discharged from the hospital. His face is gaunt, pale, and weary, and he looks exhausted as he is placed back in the prison clinic under strict medical supervision. The warden and several guards ensure that Akin remains on a restricted schedule, no longer permitted to partake in the hard labor he once did.

WARDEN

(Looking at Akin)

You're off duty for now, Akin. Rest up. The doctor wants you to take it easy. We'll keep an eye on you.

Akin nods weakly, grateful yet troubled by his health status.

**INT. PRISON CLINIC - NIGHT**

Akin lies on a thin bed in the dimly lit clinic room. The rhythmic sound of a ticking clock echoes in the otherwise quiet space. His breathing is slow, but he tries to find comfort in the stillness, contemplating his life behind bars.

Suddenly, the door creaks open, and Inmate 45, a menacing figure with a sharp gaze, enters the room. He's one of the more dangerous inmates in the prison. His presence alone makes the atmosphere heavy.

Akin, startled, tries to sit up, but he's weak, his left arm still wrapped in a bandage from the stabbing incident earlier.

INMATE 45

(Snarling)

I've been waiting for this. I promised my friend I would end your life before you leave this place. You're not going to walk out of here, not after what you did.

Akin's heart races as he struggles to push himself off the bed, trying to hold the bleeding arm.

AKIN

(Gritting his teeth)

I don't know your damn friend. I never hurt anyone you care about.

INMATE 45

(Sneering)

You don't have to know him. You've caught so many people, you can hardly remember them all, can you?

With a sudden movement, Inmate 45 lunges at Akin, but the guards, alerted by Akin's struggle, burst into the room and quickly subdue the attacker.

GUARD 1

(Shouting)

(Get off him! Now!)

The guards pull Inmate 45 away from Akin, forcing him to the ground. They restrain him and take him out of the room.

Akin, bleeding from the fresh stab wound, is left lying there. His breath is shallow, his body trembling, but he's alive. The medical staff quickly arrive and begin treating his wound.

As the pain from the wound intensifies, Akin's mind races. He's not only battling his health issues but now he's being targeted by others who hold grudges from his past. But one thing is clear: Akin won't give up. His fight for survival continues.

**EXT. PRISON GATES - DAY (4 YEARS LATER)**

The massive gates of the prison creak open with a deep, ominous sound. The sunlight is harsh, blinding Akin momentarily as he steps into the world outside. Akin, now in his late 40s, walks slowly, his gait weakened, his body frail. His face, weathered with age and hardship, reflects the toll of 14 long years spent behind bars. His hands tremble slightly as he clutches a medical report—a symbol of the harsh reality he faces, both physically and mentally.

Akin pauses for a moment at the threshold of the prison, taking a long, lingering look at the gates closing behind him. The freedom he's gained feels bittersweet, the weight of everything he's lost still hanging over him. The faint sound of prison life fades as he steps into the world beyond.

DONALD

(smiling warmly)

Welcome back, Akin. It's been too long.

AKIN

(forced smile, distracted)

Yeah, too long.

They embrace, but Akin's mind is clearly elsewhere. Donald pulls back, studying his friend's distant expression.

DONALD

(gesturing to the world)

A lot's changed, you know?  
Technology, the city...  
everything's different now. Look  
man I know you are disappointed  
that I couldn't secure anything on  
spark, but the truth is no one  
wants anything to do with sparks  
case anymore. The file case of  
spark has been abandoned for a long  
time now, because other crime keeps  
coming up in the city, and we need  
to attend to it. I am sorry man.

AKIN

(sighing)

I clearly understand you, and I won't blame you for it. At least I'm out now. I'll definitely do things my own way. First of all, I'm not going back to the city, Donald. I'm going to stay with my mother for some time... She's the only one I have left, and she's very old now. The last time she visited me, she was looking so weak. So I need to spend some time with her. I'll also visit Gloria and Anita's graves. It's been 14 years now, and I have no idea of what really happened that day. Maybe now that I'm out, I'll be able to find some clues.

DONALD

(raising an eyebrow,  
concerned)

By the way, Akin... it seems you're hiding something from me. You're not looking okay. I understand the 14 years you've been in here is taking its toll, but you don't look okay health-wise.

AKIN

(quickly, brushing it off)

Don't worry, my friend, I'll be fine.

DONALD

(softly, unconvinced)

Okay.

Donald's concern is written all over his face, but he doesn't push the matter further. Instead, he nods understandingly and gets into the car. Akin follows suit, his face etched with exhaustion, both physical and emotional. The engine hums as they pull away from the prison gates, the weight of their shared history hanging between them.

As the car drives off, Akin gazes out the window, lost in thought. The passing landscape seems unfamiliar, though he knows he should be feeling liberated. Instead, he feels like an outsider in his own life. The quiet hum of the road beneath them is the only sound as they head toward the uncertain future.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Akin kneels at the graves of GLORIA and ANITA, his heart heavy. He reaches out, tracing the names on the tombstones with trembling fingers.

AKIN  
 (choked with emotion)  
 I'm so sorry... it's all my  
 fault...

Tears stream down his face as he collapses onto the graves, his body wracked with sobs. Eventually, his grief exhausts him, and he falls asleep there, the earth beneath him cold and unforgiving.

**INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Akin enters Jessica's modest home. She's aged significantly, but her eyes light up when she sees him. They embrace tightly, the years of separation melting away in that moment.

JESSICA  
 (emotional)  
 "My son... I've waited so long for this day. I thought I was going to eventually die without seeing you again. I am sorry that I couldn't come to check up on you anymore. I have become so weak now, compared to how strong I was before."

AKIN  
 (softly)  
 "Please, don't blame yourself. I am out now. I am happy to be with you again, mother."

They both embrace each other. Akin's face shows the deep sorrow and relief of being back with his mother after so many years. They sit back down at the dinner table, sharing a quiet meal together. Akin, however, is distant, his mind still at the cemetery.

As Jessica gets up to fetch more food from the kitchen, Akin notices her phone vibrating on the table. Out of curiosity, he picks it up and reads the message on the screen.

TEXT MESSAGE ON PHONE  
*"You've had enough fun, Jessica.  
 Spark has issued that we end Akin's  
 life tonight."*

Akin's eyes widen in shock. Jessica enters, carrying a large bowl of food. She notices the phone in Akin's hand and the horrified look on his face.

AKIN

(showing the phone)

"Mom... what's this? What is this strange message on your phone? What is all this about Spark and ending my life tonight? I... don't understand what's going on..."

Jessica glances at the message, her face hardening. She places the bowl down with cold, unsettling calm. She looks directly into Akin's eyes.

JESSICA

(with chilling finality)

"You're dying tonight."

Akin's face twists in confusion and alarm.

AKIN

(confused, alarmed)

"What? I... I don't understand, Mom. Did someone threaten you?"

Jessica calmly sits down, her eerie composure unsettling Akin even more.

JESSICA

(sitting down, eerily composed)

"Since you're dying today, there's no reason to hide the truth from you anymore."

AKIN

(bewildered, rising panic)

"What are you talking about, mother?"

Her expression hardens. Her voice drops, steady and cold, as she responds.

JESSICA

(raising her voice)

"Don't call me your mother."

Akin recoils, struck by her words.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(continuing, intense, bitter)

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

"I am not your mother. I'm only your stepmother, and you're the kind of stepson I never wished for."

Akin stands frozen, unable to respond, his heart racing. He whispers, trying to process the crushing revelation.

AKIN

(whispering)

"What...?"

JESSICA

(intense, bitter)

"After all you've done, you think you can just go on with your life? After killing my only son, your brother Richard? No, Akin. I have never loved you. I'm surprised you thought I did, especially after everything that happened."

Akin's eyes well up with tears, his mind unable to comprehend the cruelty in her words.

AKIN

(tears welling up)

"You've been the only mother I've known since my real mother died when I was ten. I saw you as my mother, not just my stepmother. You always comforted me, and attended to my needs."

JESSICA

(laughing bitterly)

"What do you know about love?"

She laughs, bitter and venomous.

"I am not your mother, so why should I love you? The only person I ever loved was my son, the one I gave birth to. But you, Akin, you took him away from me..."

Akin's mind reels with confusion.

AKIN

(sobbing)

"How? How did I take him from you?"

JESSICA

(voice rising with anger)

"You took everything, Akin!"

(MORE)



JESSICA (CONT'D)

You both needed kidney transplants.  
I wanted to save my son, but my  
kidney wasn't compatible. Your  
father's was. I begged him to save  
Richard first, but he chose you!  
Richard became a second choice  
because of you!"

FLASHBACK - TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

The scene opens in a brightly lit hospital room, sterile and cold. The rhythmic beeping of heart monitors echoes through the space. AKIN and RICHARD, two boys in their early teens, lie in separate hospital beds, pale and frail, their breaths labored. IV drips hang beside them, their weak bodies connected to a tangle of tubes and machines.

DESMOND, stands beside his sons, his face etched with worry. Beside him is JESSICA, Akin's stepmother, her eyes red and swollen from crying. A DOCTOR, wearing a white coat and a serious expression, stands at the foot of the beds, holding a chart.

DOCTOR KENT

(grave, urgent)

Mr. Desmond, Mrs. Jessica, we have  
a critical situation. Both Akin and  
Richard are in renal failure. They  
both need kidney transplants  
immediately.

Jessica's hands fly to her mouth, stifling a sob. Desmond grips the bed rail tightly, his knuckles white. He looks from Akin to Richard, his heart torn in two.

JESSICA

(fragile, voice trembling)

Is there... is there no other way?  
Can't we wait for another donor?

DOCTOR KENT

(shaking his head, firm)

We've checked the donor registry.  
There's no time to wait. Mr.  
Desmond, your tests show that  
you're a match for both boys.  
You're their only hope, but you can  
only give one of them your kidney  
for now, while we wait for another  
donor.

Jessica's knees almost give way, and Desmond catches her, holding her up. She turns to him, her eyes wide and pleading, her hands clutching his shirt as if her life depends on it.

JESSICA

(pleading, desperate)

Desmond, please... Richard is my only son. Please, save him first. I beg you!

Desmond looks at her, his heart breaking, but his gaze shifts to Akin, his firstborn, who lies unconscious, struggling for breath. He closes his eyes for a moment, as if praying for strength, then opens them, filled with determination and sorrow.

DESMOND

(softly, yet resolute)

Jessica... I love Richard too and you know that, but Akin... Akin is my son too. I have to save him first. I have to.

Jessica pulls back, her eyes wide with shock and betrayal. Her tears spill over as she shakes her head, refusing to accept what she's hearing.

JESSICA

(voice breaking, almost whispering)

But... but what about Richard? What if... what if we can't find a donor in time?

Desmond takes her hands, his voice filled with guilt and pain.

DESMOND

(urgent, almost pleading)

I've already contacted every hospital, every donor registry. We will find a kidney for Richard. But Akin... Akin needs me now.

Jessica's expression hardens, her grief transforming into cold fury. She pulls her hands away, her voice trembling with anger.

JESSICA

(cold, devastated)

You're choosing him over my son.  
You're choosing to let Richard die.

DESMOND  
 (shattered, whispering)  
 I'm not choosing, Jessica... I'm  
 just trying to save them both.

The doctor, sensing the unbearable tension, speaks up, his voice gentle yet firm.

DOCTOR KENT  
 (softly)  
 Mr. Desmond, we need to move  
 forward. Time is critical.

Desmond nods slowly, his eyes filled with regret. He turns to Jessica, his voice barely above a whisper.

DESMOND  
 (broken)  
 I'm so sorry, Jessica. I have to do  
 this.

Jessica steps back, her face twisted in grief and anger. She turns away, unable to look at him as the reality of the situation sets in.

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER THAT DAY**

The operation has now finally started as Desmond is moved into the operating room to donate one of his kidneys for his son, Akin. As the operation is ongoing, Jessica sits across the hall, staring blankly at the wall. Her face is devoid of emotion, her hands clenched into fists on her lap, nails digging into her palms, drawing blood. The tension between them is palpable, an unspoken blame hanging in the air.

After several hours, the operation is now over. Desmond opens his eyes, but Jessica is nowhere around him. The only person he sees is the nurse beside him, who goes to inform the doctor that Desmond is awake. The doctor approaches.

DOCTOR KENT  
 (carefully)  
 The surgery went well. Akin is  
 stable, and the transplant was  
 successful.

Desmond exhales a breath of relief, a wave of calm washing over him. But his joy is hollow, tainted by the knowledge of what this success might cost.

DESMOND  
 (hoarse, urgent)  
 And Richard? Did we find a donor?

The doctor's face darkens, and he shakes his head slowly, the weight of the news heavy in his expression.

DOCTOR

(sadly)

We're still looking, but... time is running out. We're doing everything we can, but it's not looking good.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

The hospital room is dim, the only light coming from the machines that blink and beep softly. Richard lies motionless in his bed, his chest barely rising and falling. His skin is pale, almost translucent, and his eyes are closed, as if he's already slipping away. Desmond stands beside him, his face a mask of grief.

Jessica sits on the edge of the bed, holding Richard's hand, her tears falling onto the crisp white sheets. Her sobs are quiet, the sound of a mother's heartbreak as she watches her son slip away. Desmond reaches out to touch her shoulder, but she pulls away sharply, her voice a mixture of sorrow and venom.

JESSICA

(whispering, venomous)

You did this... You and Akin took him away from me.

Desmond's hand drops to his side, his face crumpling as her words cut through him like a knife. He steps back, unable to find any words that could make this right. The beeping of Richard's heart monitor slows, the sound becoming erratic. Jessica clings to Richard's hand, her body shaking with sobs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(screaming, broken)

No! Richard, please, don't leave me! Please!

The monitor lets out a long, final beep as the line on the screen goes flat. Jessica collapses onto Richard's chest, her cries echoing in the silent room. Desmond watches, tears streaming down his face, his heart breaking as he realizes the full cost of his decision.

The scene fades to black, the sound of Jessica's cries lingering, a haunting reminder of a choice that will forever haunt Desmond.

**INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY**

Akin stands frozen, the weight of his Jessica's revelation still settling in. His eyes are wide with disbelief and confusion. Jessica, his stepmother, stares at him coldly, her face a mixture of satisfaction and bitterness.

AKIN

(struggling to comprehend,  
voice shaking)

How does this story have anything  
to do with me? Father made the  
choice, not me.

Jessica's expression hardens, her eyes narrowing with years of pent-up resentment.

JESSICA

(voice laced with venom)

Don't you see, Akin? It has  
everything to do with you. If you  
hadn't been there, if you hadn't  
needed that kidney, Richard would  
still be alive. Your father chose  
you over my son. And because of  
that choice, Richard died.

Akin recoils as if struck, his eyes filling with tears. He stares at Jessica, trying to make sense of the anger and blame she's directing at him.

AKIN

(pleading, anguished)

But I was just a child... I didn't  
ask for any of this. I didn't want  
Richard to die! I loved my brother  
too...

Jessica's face twists with rage, her voice rising as she steps closer to Akin.

JESSICA

(angry, cold)

Love? What do you know about love?  
Your existence took away the only  
person I ever truly loved. And for  
that, you deserve to die.

Akin stumbles back, his heart pounding, the realization of her hatred hitting him like a freight train. He's been carrying guilt for his family's death, but this... this is something entirely different. His voice is barely a whisper as he speaks.

AKIN

(broken, desperate)

"I've lived with the guilt of losing my family for 14 years... but I never knew... I never knew you hated me this much. You should have killed me then, if that would have eased your grudge."

The room falls silent, the tension thick as both Akin and his stepmother confront the painful truth of their shared past. Akin's eyes, once filled with shock, now burn with a mix of fear and sorrow as the reality of the situation sinks in.

JESSICA

(crying, voice trembling)

Killing you wouldn't solve my misery, but punishing you slowly for your father's sins will help relieve my pain to some extent.

Jessica's tears flow freely as she continues, her voice a mix of anguish and bitterness. Akin's face is a mask of disbelief and hurt, his eyes wide as he absorbs her words.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

After losing Richard, your father tried to comfort me, but he couldn't. Every day I saw you waking up, you reminded me of Richard. You reminded me of how you took him away from me. My son didn't have enough time to dream and become what he wanted to be. Your father never gave him a chance. While you went to police school and became a prominent figure, my only child Richard rotted in the graveyard.

Akin's eyes are filled with tears, his anger and sadness intertwined. Jessica's words cut deep, each accusation a fresh wound.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(speaking through her tears)

"One evening, while I was at Richard's grave, two little kids named Anita and Donald—you're surprised to hear their names, right? They were there too, at the

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

graveyard, looking so sad and dejected, just like me, because they had just lost their parents at that time too. They saw me crying, but said nothing, since they are soaked in their own sadness too. Then a man named Spark approached me. Yes, Spark—the drug lord you've pursued all your life. He consoled me after I told him my story and promised to avenge me. At that time, Anita and Donald were adopted by Spark into his so-called foundation—a front for laundering money for politicians back then."

Jessica's expression shifts from anger to a twisted satisfaction as she recounts the past.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(weeping and smiling)

Spark sent his men to assassinate you during your excursion with friends to the village resort. But you survived, but at the same time, I was relieved since you lost all your friends, and I said to myself that I can create a very sad story with your life, which is better than killing you. So, I told Spark that instead of killing you, I wanted you to live a sorrowful life. I wanted to play with your life like a pawn. Just like how Richard's life was played like a pawn.

*(laughing, almost maniacally)*

So at that time, Spark sent Donald to the police college to get close to you, and become friends with you, then Anita, your love, *(she laughs)* was also sent to you to be there for you and win you over. So can you now see the script I have made from your life, Akin? Even the child that you thought was yours, Gloria, she wasn't yours. She belongs to Donald, your friend. Isn't the payback better than death? I can't withstand your happiness, Akin, while I am unhappy.

Akin's face turns from sorrow to rage, his body trembling with fury. The words cut deeper than anything he has ever felt before. His entire world feels like it's crumbling around him. The betrayal is unbearable.

AKIN  
 (enraged, voice shaking)  
 How could you? How could you do  
 this to me?

Jessica struggles against Akin's grip, her eyes wide with both fear and determination. Through her gasps, she continues.

AKIN (CONT'D)  
 (barely above a whisper)  
 No... No, that can't be true...

Jessica's expression softens, a cruel smile curling her lips.

JESSICA  
 (coldly)  
 It is true, Akin. Your whole life  
 has been a lie, and now you'll pay  
 the final price which is death.  
 Spark men will soon be here. Your  
 doomed tonight.

As the reality of Jessica's words hits him, Akin releases her, stepping back with a mix of rage and devastation. The sound of approaching footsteps grows louder, and the realization dawns that his time is running out. Jessica looks at him with a mixture of triumph and pity, knowing that the final act of her revenge is about to unfold.

AKIN  
 (barely holding back  
 tears)  
 On the day Gloria died, I saw one  
 of Spark's men in the hospital. Did  
 you also killed Gloria?

JESSICA  
 (voice cold)  
 I know nothing about Gloria's  
 death. Maybe you will need to ask  
 Spark about that, but it is sad  
 that you won't be able to ask  
 him...

As the conversation unfolds, five men dressed in black, holding pistols, approach the house. One of the men, leading the group, speaks in a low voice.



## LEADING GUNMAN

We have to kill both of them inside the house. That is the order from Spark. Hope that's understood?

The men all respond affirmatively.

## GUNMEN

*(in unison)*  
Yes, understood.

Cut back to Akin and Jessica.

## JESSICA

Do you know another shocking truth about Anita?

Akin focuses on her, tense. Before she can continue, the door is suddenly kicked open, and gunshots explode through the walls.

The deafening sound of bullets fills the room as Jessica is struck multiple times. She collapses, her blood staining the floor, while Akin is hit in the right arm. He dives for cover, his heart racing.

The gunfire rages on, but after a moment, the shooting stops. The assassins enter the house, guns drawn.

Akin, still recovering, springs into action, using his training in combat. A brutal fight ensues, furniture and walls being torn apart as Akin takes down all but one of the assassins. During the struggle, he unmask his opponent, revealing it to be Donald.

## AKIN

*(shocked and breathless)*  
Donald? You?

Donald, his face a mix of defiance and resignation, responds with a dark grin. He attacks Akin, and they engage in a brutal fistfight. The room is filled with the sounds of their struggle.

After a grueling fight, Akin overpowers Donald, pinning him to the ground. He pummels Donald with several punches before pulling out a knife and stabbing him. Donald lies on the floor, bleeding and incapacitated.

Akin grabs Donald by the collar, his eyes blazing with anger and pain.

AKIN (CONT'D)

(snarling)

Is it true, everything she said? Is it true that you know Spark, and that you are the father of Gloria? Is it all true?

Donald, blood dripping from his nose, manages a weak, sinister smile.

DONALD

(barely audible)

"So, you've finally discovered the whole game? Your brain has finally caught up with the situation? Congratulations, my friend."

Akin's hands tremble.

AKIN

(angry, confused)

Why me, Donald? What did I do to you? How do you even sleep at night?

DONALD

(smirking, unfazed)

Come off it, man. You see, everything started with your evil stepmother. Anita and I never wanted to be part of this, but we had no choice. We were just pawns in Spark's hands. Since we had no one to look up to, Spark turned us into his messengers. He assured us that once we carried out this mission effectively, he'd give Anita and me a good life. And again, if we refused, you of all people know that Spark would definitely end our lives.

*(Donald's eyes harden as he speaks)*

DONALD (CONT'D)

We should've ended you long ago, but you're one tough guy. When Gloria died, Anita was tired of being with you. After all, she never loved you. She only loved me. So I had to disguise her death.

*(Akin is shocked, his eyes wide with disbelief.)*

AKIN  
*(stammering)*  
 What... do you mean?

DONALD  
*(laughing darkly)*  
 Oh, Jessica didn't tell you that  
 Anita's alive?

*(Donald laughs again, enjoying the revelation.)*

DONALD (CONT'D)  
 You see, I was already inside  
 Anita's room. After your drink was  
 drugged, and you went into a  
 blackout, I came out of her room  
 and orchestrated everything. Made  
 it all look real. From the divorce  
 papers to the gun, to the fake  
 blood and all that stunt - that was  
 me. And besides, it was easy to  
 quickly conclude your case. Spark  
 owns all the cops, including that  
 stupid commissioner you called your  
 father's friend. All those police  
 you saw there that day? Every  
 single one of them, including the  
 judge - they all work for Spark,  
 Akin.

Akin's face contorts with fury and despair as Donald reveals the details of his manipulation. Donald's taunts only fuel Akin's rage. He continues to beat Donald, whose condition worsens with every blow.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
*(voice weakening)*  
 Anita and I now have a nine-year-  
 old son.

Akin's voice is filled with malice as he tries to extract as much suffering as possible from Donald. As Donald's dying breath continues to spew out his cruel truths, Akin's face is a mixture of profound regret and sorrow. Overwhelmed by grief and rage, he retrieves a gun from a nearby drawer.

AKIN  
*(voice trembling, filled  
 with despair)*  
 Enough.

With a grim finality, Akin aims the gun at Donald's head. The room is silent, save for the sound of Donald's labored breathing.

Akin's finger pulls the trigger, and the gunshot echoes through the house. Donald's head jerks back, and his body goes limp. The room falls silent once more, the weight of Akin's actions sinking in. He stands over Donald's lifeless body, his own body trembling with the aftermath of the violence and betrayal he has endured.

The scene is chaotic, a brutal testament to the web of deceit and violence that has consumed Akin's life. As Akin stands alone, the destruction around him reflects the ruin of everything he once held dear.

The room is in disarray after the brutal fight. Akin, panting heavily, stands over Donald's lifeless body. Donald's phone starts beeping with a new message. Akin, driven by curiosity and the need for answers, reaches into Donald's pocket and pulls out the phone.

He uses Donald's fingerprint to unlock the phone, revealing a new message on the screen. It's from a contact named Spark.

MESSAGE FROM SPARK

"Have you completed the assignment?"

Akin's eyes narrow as he reads the message. He quickly realizes that the "assignment" refers to the assassination attempt on his life. With urgency, Akin replies with a simple "Yes."

Moments later, another message pops up from Spark.

MESSAGE FROM SPARK (CONT'D)

"Come to the hideout."

*(Akin's heart races as he stares at the message, trying to decipher what hideout Spark could be referring to. Thoughts swirl in his mind as he wonders how he can find this so-called hideout.)*

*(Before he can ponder further, another message arrives, lighting up his phone. This time, it's from Anita. Just seeing her name brings a fresh sting—a painful reminder of her deep betrayal.)*

MESSAGE FROM ANITA

"When will you return to Ghana? We miss you. Our son misses you."

Accompanying the message is a voice recording from a young boy.

## VOICE RECORDING

"Daddy, I miss you and can't wait  
to see you again. Byeee..."

The recording is heart-wrenching. Akin collapses to the floor, overwhelmed by grief and rage. Tears stream down his face as he imagines the boy could have been his own.

## AKIN

(shouting in pain)

No... No...

Akin's mind is racing, struggling to process the betrayal and the pain. Just then, another message arrives from Spark.

## MESSAGE FROM SPARK

"Forget the hideout. Meet me at the  
Kanni water village."

Akin's eyes widen. He recalls the village of Kanni—the site of his first police mission where he led a raid against one of Spark's cartel bases. The revelation that Spark is there surprises him.

## AKIN

(to himself)

Kanni... I am coming for you.

Determined to end this once and for all, Akin starts to devise a plan. He gathers all the bodies, along with Donald and Jessica, dragging them into one room. He sets the house ablaze, ensuring that when the police arrive, they won't be able to identify the remains.

As the flames begin to engulf the house, neighbors start to notice the smoke and flames. They quickly call the police, and a crowd gathers around the burning building. Amid the chaos, Akin quietly slips away.

**EXT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The house is now fully engulfed in flames. Police sirens wail in the distance as the crowd watches the inferno. Akin, hidden among the shadows, watches the scene unfold before disappearing into the night.

**EXT. VIPER'S HIDEOUT - DAY**

Akin, carrying a determined expression, walks through a desolate village towards the notorious hideout of the Vipers.

He knows this place well, having encountered it during his years as a law enforcement officer. The hideout is known for harboring those with a deep grudge against him.

He raises his hands, signaling that he means no harm as he approaches the hideout. The Vipers, a notorious gang, recognize him immediately but are taken aback by his presence.

**VIPER'S HIDEOUT - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

The Vipers, with grim expressions, restrain Akin and take him to their leader, Viper. After a tense wait, Viper enters the room, his demeanor a mix of curiosity and suspicion.

VIPER

(eyeing Akin)

"So, Legendary AKIN, what brings you here? Are you surrendering, or are you just playing tricks? I noticed that only you came alone. My men spotted you as soon as you entered this terrain. What are you planning?"

AKIN

(calmly)

I'm not here to bring you down, Viper. I'm here to destroy Spark. I need weapons—guns, explosives—anything that will help me get rid of him.

Viper raises an eyebrow, intrigued and surprised.

VIPER

(skeptical)

Why go after Spark alone? We run similar operations as him too. What's your stake in this? Or are you planning on destroying spark and then coming back for me?

AKIN

(earnestly)

My vendetta with Spark is personal. He's the one who ruined my life and family. I honestly have no business with you Viper. I can't rest until I've avenged them.

Viper considers Akin's words, weighing the situation. After a moment, he nods in understanding.

VIPER

(sighing)

Alright, I'll support you with the ammunition you need. I'll even send some of my men with you.

AKIN

(firmly)

No, this is my fight. I only need weapons, and also a boat to get me to Spark's hideout.

Viper, seeing the determination in Akin's eyes, agrees and makes arrangements. His men help Akin load the weapons onto the boat.

VIPER

(grinning)

Good luck, Akin. I'll be watching from afar. If you succeed, it'll make my life easier. Spark's been a thorn in my side for too long.

Once equipped, Akin sets off on the boat, heading towards Spark's hideout.

**EXT. KANNI VILLAGE, SPARK'S HIDEOUT - EVENING**

Akin arrives at the secluded hideout, blending into the cover of surrounding bushes and trees. He disembarks quietly, taking careful steps as he moves towards the hideout. The area is heavily guarded with armed men patrolling.

Hiding in the bushes, Akin observes the surroundings. His heart races as he spots a car pulling up to the hideout. Out of the vehicle step several high-profile figures, including the commissioner of police and other government officials.

Seeing these trusted societal figures involved in criminal activities fuels Akin's anger and determination. He had long suspected the commissioner of corruption, but seeing it confirmed stings deeply.

Akin clenches his fists, preparing himself for the final confrontation. He knows that this mission is more than just personal vengeance—it's about exposing and dismantling the corruption that has been festering for years.

As he steadies himself, Akin moves forward with calculated precision, ready to bring Spark to justice and end the reign of deceit and violence that has plagued his life.

Akin moves silently through the darkness, his steps barely making a sound as he approaches the hideout. His silenced pistol in hand, he methodically takes out a few of the guards positioned around the perimeter. Each guard falls without a sound, their bodies slumping to the ground.

He carefully plants explosives at strategic points around the hideout. His goal is to disrupt the operation, create chaos, and ensure that their coordination is shattered.

In the hideout, Spark emerges from his room, surrounded by several women who cater to his whims. He looks frustrated and weary. Spark expresses his growing dissatisfaction with hiding away for fifteen years, yearning for freedom and a chance to enjoy life.

SPARK

(angry)

I'm tired of this life in the shadows! I want to move freely, live my life without fear. I've been cooped up here for fifteen years!

COMMISSIONER LAVAL

(trying to placate)

"We're working on it, Spark. You have our assurances that things are in motion. The evidence AKIN provided against you years ago is damning, but we're manipulating the news and discrediting the accusations. Soon, the public will believe you're innocent. We have to do things slowly, so as not to destroy the little trust we've built so far with the public."

SPARK

(agitated)

That's what you all keep saying, but don't forget who got you where you are. My hands are stained with blood for you—your enemies, your rivals. I did the dirty work.

The twenty years they gave me? I've already done fifteen. I can't wait another five, not in this cage.

COMMISSIONER LAVAL

(calmly)

Spark, take it easy. The evidence was airtight—a live video showing you shooting a man dead.

(MORE)



## COMMISSIONER LAVAL (CONT'D)

But we made sure you didn't get the death penalty. Twenty years was a compromise, and look around—your life here is better than most. You have guards, comforts, and people looking out for you. At least show some appreciation for that.

## GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

(reassuringly)

We're doing everything possible. With some political maneuvering, we'll have you out by the end of the year. Just like what the commissioner says, you just have to be patient.. We will continue to provide you with all the necessary things you need to make your life more easier.. We have also made some several contact with the other politicians who are indebted to you to stand up for you too.

Spark, relieved and happy, begins to relax. Just then, the explosives Akin planted detonate with a series of violent blasts. The shockwaves rip through the hideout, sending debris flying and throwing everyone into a state of panic.

As chaos erupts, Akin moves quickly, destroying all the vehicles and boats in the hideout area to prevent any escape. He engages the remaining guards in a fierce gunfight. Bullets fly, and explosions light up the night sky.

From a distance, Spark and the officials watch in horror as the situation deteriorates. Realizing their vulnerability, they panic. They all saw Akin causing havoc from distance understand that if Akin survives, their secrets will be exposed. They need to eliminate him quickly to protect their illicit operations.

## GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

(panicking)

"This is a disaster! SPARK, you promised us protection! How come AKIN is still alive? You told us that you had sent your men to eliminate him. What is going to happen to us right now? SPARK, you have to fix this mess right now!!!!"

SPARK

(angry)

"Calm down! My men will handle this. I'll take care of AKIN myself! I will, once and for all, kill him by myself."

With that, Spark storms off, grabbing a gun and additional explosives. His fury is palpable as he heads out to confront Akin directly.

Akin, spotting Spark in the chaos, intensifies his efforts. He pushes forward with determination, aiming to bring Spark to justice. But Spark is prepared. He hurls explosives towards Akin, creating a massive fireball that forces Akin to dive into the water to escape the intense flames.

As the smoke clears, Spark and his men momentarily lose sight of Akin. Spark, believing they have finally defeated their adversary, laughs triumphantly with his gang. The eerie calm that follows is deceptive, as the fight is far from over.

The scene is filled with tension as Akin, now submerged in the water, prepares for his next move. The battle for justice and revenge continues, with the stakes higher than ever.

As the gang began to regroup, Akin struck back, hurling explosives among them, killing several and then ferociously opening fire on the rest. He wiped out most of the gang members in the hideout and pursued Spark. Akin has now gotten held of Spark, with spark having no where to run to.

SPARK (CONT'D)

(laughing)

At long last, my greatest enemy. I never thought you'd make it through those 14 years in prison. The kind of determination you must have had to survive, I wonder what drove you so fiercely?

AKIN

(breathing heavily)

The determination that kept me going... was the lives of my friends you took from me. The drive that pushed me forward came from the miserable existence you and Jessica forced on me—the twisted plans, the endless manipulation.

Spark's laughter grows more intense.

SPARK

(taunting)

So, you heard the whole story?  
Isn't it crazy? At first, I  
questioned who was more wicked, me  
or Jessica. Jessica, she's a  
different breed of devil. I call  
her my slow poison.

SPARK (CONT'D)

(coldly)

I never had any interest in you,  
Akin, until Jessica came to me for  
help. Even after that, I wanted to  
let you be, but you became a mad  
dog of an officer, messing with my  
operations and leading us here. Do  
you remember that night when you  
raided my turf? I warned you then—  
you'd regret crossing me. Seems I  
was right all along.

Akin's anger boils over. He drops his empty gun and charges at Spark. They engage in a brutal fistfight, exchanging powerful blows amidst the smoke and chaos. Each punch lands with a sense of vengeance and years of pent-up frustration.

The fight is relentless. Akin uses his combat skills, honed from years of police work and survival, while Spark relies on his cunning and raw strength. They clash fiercely, neither willing to give up.

SPARK (CONT'D)

(grunting with effort)

I won't let you have an easy death.  
I've come too far to let you ruin  
everything now!

The intense battle continues, both men pushing themselves to their limits. Akin's fury and desire for justice drive him, while Spark's determination to protect his empire fuels his resistance.

As the fight escalates, the surroundings are bathed in flames and destruction, mirroring the ferocity of their confrontation. Each man knows that only one of them will leave this battle alive.

Finally, with a surge of strength and resolve, Akin overpowers Spark. He lands a decisive blow, leaving Spark wounded and weakened.

Spark, barely conscious, looks up at Akin with a mix of hatred and grudging respect.

SPARK (CONT'D)

(weakly)

You've won this round, Akin... But tell me, how does it feel to live a life played like a pawn? A wife and child that were never yours, a friend and a mother who were nothing but deceivers. Even your fellow officers—none of them ever had your back. What a miserable life, man.

Akin, his face set with grim determination, looks down at Spark. He chose not to grant him an easy death. He tied Spark to a stake and burned him alive, ensuring he suffered for all the pain he had caused over the years. The fight is over, but the scars of the past will linger. Akin stands over his fallen enemy, knowing that justice has been served, but the cost has been immense. Akin, covered in soot and blood from the previous fight, approaches the cabin where the commissioner and government officials are hiding. Their faces reflect terror as they realize what's coming.

COMMISSIONER LAWAL

(pleading)

Please, Akin, you don't have to do this! Spark threatened us—our families—if we moved against him!

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL #1

(voice trembling)

We were powerless. We had no choice!

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL #2

(desperate)

We tried to find a way, but Spark's hold was too strong!

COMMISSIONER LAWAL

(pleading)

Please, Akin, remember I am like a father to you. I have helped you on several occasions. Please cover up for me this time around.

Akin's gaze is filled with deep disappointment and anger. He shakes his head, the weight of betrayal heavy on his shoulders.

AKIN

(somberly)

"You betrayed the trust of the people you were supposed to protect. You allowed corruption to thrive, all while pretending to uphold justice. MR. COMMISSIONER, you ganged up against me by framing me for the murder of my wife, and you call yourself a father figure?"

The commissioner, shaking and speechless, can only watch in fear as Akin raises his gun. Without another word, Akin shoots them all in quick succession. The cabin is filled with the sounds of gunshots and the final cries of the officials.

As the bodies fall, the distant sound of approaching boats grows louder. Akin quickly scans the area and sees several boats approaching the hideout. Realizing that Spark's reinforcements are on their way, Akin starts to flee.

**EXT. KANNI WOODS - NIGHT**

The night is filled with chaos as Akin races through the woods, the sounds of gunfire and explosions echoing behind him. Suddenly, the gunfire intensifies as Spark's reinforcements open fire on Akin. He dodges and weaves through the trees, trying to evade the bullets.

Just when it seems like he might be overwhelmed, another group of men appears, firing back at Spark's reinforcements. Akin looks over in surprise to see that it's the Viper gang, arriving in force.

VIPER

(stepping off a boat)

Akin, over here!

Akin, exhausted and relieved, makes his way to Viper. Viper, with a commanding presence, orders his men to take control of the situation.

VIPER (CONT'D)

(looking at Akin)

We'll handle the rest. You look like you've been through hell. One of my men will get you out of here.

Akin, bloodied and exhausted, nods gratefully. He watches as Viper's gang battles against Spark's reinforcements, quickly taking charge of the situation.

VIPER'S MAN  
 (approaching Akin)  
 Come on, let's get you out of here.

Akin follows the Viper's man in a boat, and they drive away from the chaos. As the hideout and the surrounding area are consumed by the battle, Akin looks back one last time, knowing that the fight is finally coming to an end.

The scene fades as the forest recedes into the night, and Akin's boat drives towards safety, leaving behind the destruction of the corrupt empire and the final remnants of Spark's reign of terror.

**INT. ANITA'S HOUSE - GHANA - FEW DAYS LATER**

Anita sits by the window, her gaze lost in the distance. The room is cluttered with toys and a sense of unease. Her young son plays nearby, oblivious to the tension surrounding them. The news on the TV shows ongoing coverage of the recent events in Nigeria.

NEWS ANCHOR  
 (on TV)  
 Reports continue to emerge about the devastating attacks and the numerous deaths linked to Spark's criminal network. Authorities are still working to piece together the full extent of the corruption exposed.

Anita's hand trembles as she clutches a picture of Donald. Her eyes are filled with worry and regret.

**EXT. BEACH HOUSE - GHANA - DAY**

Anita and her son enjoy a brief respite at the beach. The sun casts a warm glow over the sand, but Anita's mind is troubled. She watches her son play, a smile on his face, but her own expression is one of deep concern.

ANITA  
 (to herself)  
 Please, let him be okay.

She keeps glancing at her phone, hoping for any news from Donald. The silence is deafening. Several days have now passed without hearing from Donald. Anita has begun to accept within herself that Donald is likely dead already.

Anita heads inside to grab some food, leaving her son outside. As she approaches the door with a plate in hand, she freezes in shock upon seeing Akin standing before her. The plate clatters to the floor.

ANITA (CONT'D)  
(voice trembling)  
Akin... How-how are you here?

Akin, his face etched with a mix of anger and sadness, confronts Anita. His presence disrupts the facade of normalcy Anita had tried to build.

AKIN  
(coldly)  
I've come for answers, Anita. You thought you could escape the consequences of your actions?

Anita, panic-stricken, starts to back away, her fear palpable. Her desperate pleas echo through the room.

ANITA  
(pleading)  
Please, Akin, listen to me.  
Everything I did was under Spark  
and Donald's orders. I never wanted  
this. I'm so sorry.

AKIN  
(voice shaking)  
The betrayal was more than just  
orders, Anita. It shattered my  
life, my trust, and left me in  
pieces. The pain and destruction  
you caused can't be undone.

Anita's sobs intensify as she backs away further, her fear growing. Her young son enters the room, sensing the tension. Seeing the innocent child, Akin's resolve wavers.

AKIN (CONT'D)  
(struggling)  
I could end it all here, Anita. But  
this child... he deserves a chance  
at a different life.

Moved by the sight of the child, Akin lowers his gun, his emotions overwhelming him. He takes a deep breath and holsters the weapon.

AKIN (CONT'D)

(firmly)

Instead of taking your life, I'll  
make sure you face justice. You'll  
answer for what you've done.

Anita's relief is evident as she collapses in tears, thanking Akin profusely. Akin turns and exits the house, making contact with authorities to report Anita's location.

**EXT. GHANA - AIRPORT - DAY**

Anita is seen being escorted through the airport, surrounded by law enforcement. Her expression is a mix of fear and resignation as she is escorted onto a plane bound for Nigeria.

**INT. COURTROOM - NIGERIA - FEW DAYS LATER**

In Nigeria, Anita faces trial. The courtroom is filled with reporters and citizens reacting to the evidence presented against her. Akin's proof of Anita's crimes is displayed prominently.

PROSECUTOR

(to the court)

Anita's actions not only led to the  
wrongful imprisonment of an  
innocent man but also contributed  
to the corruption that plagued our  
nation. Justice must be served.

Anita's demeanor is one of despair as she listens to the charges. The court proceedings are intense, reflecting the gravity of her actions.

JUDGE

(to Anita)

You are found guilty on all counts.  
The court sentences you to 25 years  
imprisonment, and your actions will  
be held accountable in accordance  
with the law.

Anita, her head bowed in shame, mutters her plea. The gavel bangs, marking the beginning of her legal repercussions.

**INT. PRISON CELL - DAY**

Anita lies on the cold, hard floor of her prison cell, lost in thought.



The sound of footsteps approaching echoes through the corridor. The cell door creaks open, and the WARDEN steps inside.

WARDEN  
You have a visitor.

Anita, surprised, slowly rises to her feet. She follows the Warden down the stark hallway to the visiting area. When she enters, she sees Akin sitting at one of the tables, waiting for her. Her emotions are a whirlwind of joy, sadness, and guilt.

**INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY**

Anita approaches Akin cautiously and sits down across from him. She can't help but notice how tired and unwell he looks.

ANITA  
(softly)  
Akin... how is my son? Is he okay?

AKIN  
(comfortingly)  
He's safe, Anita. A good family is taking care of him. You don't need to worry about him.

Anita breathes a sigh of relief, but her concern for Akin quickly takes over.

ANITA  
(studying him)  
You don't look well... Are you okay?

Akin smiles faintly, brushing off her concern.

AKIN  
I'm fine, Anita. Don't worry about me.

There's a heavy pause, the weight of their shared history pressing down on both of them.

ANITA  
(voice trembling)  
I know that no apology can undo what I did to you... I'm so grateful you didn't kill me. Your mercy has given me a second chance, even if it's within these walls. I'll try to atone for my sins here.

Akin listens, his expression softening as she speaks. He nods thoughtfully before responding.

AKIN

I heard your story from Donald...  
how Spark adopted you and forced  
you into that life. But you still  
had a choice. You could have chosen  
a different path.

Anita looks down, her guilt overwhelming her.

AKIN (CONT'D)

But I've made peace with it all. I  
don't dwell on the past anymore.  
I've forgiven you, Anita. I hold no  
grudges.

Anita's eyes well up with tears, and she can't hold back her emotions any longer.

ANITA

(tearfully)

Thank you, Akin... Thank you so  
much.

The two sit in silence for a moment, the tension between them easing slightly. The Warden then steps forward, signaling the end of the visit. Anita stands up slowly, giving Akin one last, grateful look before being escorted back to her cell.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The next day, Akin visits his father's grave, the cemetery quiet and peaceful. He kneels beside the grave, placing a bouquet of flowers gently on the grass. As he sits there, he closes his eyes, a serene smile forming on his face, as if finding some solace in the moment.

After a few moments, Akin's body suddenly stiffens. He clutches his chest, gasping for breath as the pain from his health issues overwhelms him. With a final, labored breath, he collapses beside his father's grave, his body finally giving in to the disease. The scene fades, leaving behind the peaceful image of Akin at rest, having found his own kind of closure.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Akin's eyes flutter open, and he finds himself lying in a hospital bed. His vision is blurry, and he struggles to make sense of his surroundings. As he drifts in and

out of consciousness, he notices the faint outline of a kind stranger who must have found him and brought him here.

Later that evening, Akin's eyes open again, this time to see military and paramilitary officials standing solemnly beside his bed. Confused, Akin tries to gather his thoughts, unsure of what is happening.

AKIN  
(weakly)  
What's going on?

Before he can fully comprehend the situation, the PRESIDENT of the country steps forward. The President gently grasps Akin's hand, preventing him from attempting to stand or salute.

PRESIDENT  
(softly)  
Rest, Akin. All charges against you have been cleared. Your service and sacrifices for this country have not gone unnoticed. We owe you a debt of gratitude.

Akin stares at the President, a mix of emotions washing over him—joy, relief, and disbelief. For the first time, his dedication and the hardships he endured are being recognized. As he lies there, the President awards him a rare and special promotion, an honor that few receive. The ceremony is broadcast live on television, making Akin the talk of the nation once again.

#### **INT. PRISON YARD - DAY**

Meanwhile, Anita is working in the prison yard. A small television set in the corner catches her eye, broadcasting the event. She sees Akin being honored and pauses, tears welling up in her eyes. A bittersweet smile forms on her face as she watches, feeling a strange sense of peace knowing that Akin has found some measure of happiness.

#### **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

The room is quiet now, the President and other officials having left. Akin lies back in his bed, his body weak but his heart full. He closes his eyes, drifting into a peaceful sleep. In his dreams, he sees himself in full uniform, standing beside his father. They exchange proud smiles and salute each other with a deep sense of respect and love.

As the dream fades, the heart rate monitor beside Akin emits a long, steady beep. The line on the monitor flatlines, signaling that Akin has passed away peacefully, his journey finally complete.

**FADE OUT**