

EXT. VILLAGE RWANDA - DAY

The sun shines brightly over a picturesque Rwandan village, nestled amidst lush green hills and vibrant landscapes. The air is filled with the sounds of laughter and chatter, as children play football with joyful abandon.

AJARA (V.O)

My name is Ajara. I am a girl from a small village in Rwanda, but I have big dreams. I dream of becoming a professional football player, of gracing the world stage and inspiring others with my skills and determination.

A group of women are gathered under a large baobab tree, pounding sombe (a traditional Rwandan dish made from dried cassava leaves). They work in unison, their rhythmic pounding echoing through the village.

AJARA (V.O)

I love my village. It is a place of beauty and simplicity, where life revolves around the rhythms of nature and the warmth of community.

People are busy harvesting crops from their fields, their hands moving with practiced ease. The fields are a patchwork of vibrant colors, the green of the crops contrasting with the red of the soil.

AJARA (V.O)

But I also know that there is a world beyond my village, a world of endless possibilities waiting to be explored. I want to use my talent to make a difference, to show the world that girls from small villages can achieve great things.

A pregnant woman, her belly swollen with life, walks gracefully through the village, carrying two young children on her back. Her face is etched with tiredness, but her eyes sparkle with love and determination.

AJARA (V.O)

I am inspired by the women in my village, their strength, resilience, and unwavering love for their families. They are my role models, guiding me on my journey to success.

An elderly woman sits under the shade of a mango tree, sipping on a gourd of banana wine. Her face is weathered by time, but her eyes twinkle with wisdom and contentment

AJARA (V.O)

I cherish the wisdom of our elders,  
their stories and traditions that have  
been passed down through generations.  
They are the keepers of our heritage,  
reminding us of our roots and our place  
in the world

Ajara, her face beaming with joy, joins the children playing football. She weaves through the defenders with dazzling agility, her laughter echoing through the village

AJARA (V.O)

Football is my passion, my escape from  
the everyday challenges of life. It is  
on the football field that I feel truly  
alive, that I can express my dreams and  
aspirations without fear or judgment

As the sun begins to set, casting a warm glow over the village, Ajara and her friends gather around the campfire, sharing stories and laughter. The air is filled with the sounds of music and dance, as the villagers celebrate the simple joys of life.

AJARA (V.O)

"My village is my home, my heart, and my  
inspiration. It is here that I learned  
the values of hard work, perseverance,  
and the importance of community. It is  
here that I discovered my passion for  
football and my dream of becoming a  
professional player

Ajara stands alone on a hilltop, overlooking her village, her eyes filled with determination.

AJARA (V.O)

I know that the road to success will not  
be easy. There will be obstacles and  
challenges along the way. But I am not  
afraid. I am Ajara, and I have a dream.  
And I will not rest until I make that  
dream a reality."

EXT. VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY

AJARA is playing with her friends on the left side of the village church. She is laughing and running around, having the time of her life. Suddenly, AJARA's stepmother, MARYA comes walking towards her. MARYA is looking angry and she is walking very fast.

MARYA  
 (shouting)  
 Ajara! You need to go to the field and  
 harvest tomatoes right now

AJARA  
 (Looking up at MARYA with sad  
 eyes)  
 Can I please play for just a little bit  
 longer?

MARYA  
 (Shaking her head)  
 No, you need to go right now. I have a  
 lot of other things for you to do today.

AJARA  
 (Sighing)  
 okay

AJARA gets up and Mariya gives her a basket and go to the way  
 acrossing to the swamp. She is feeling very sad. She wishes that  
 she could just stay and play with her friends

EXT. TOMATO FIELDS - DAY

AJARA, is harvesting tomatoes with her best friend, JAMILA, and  
 two boys, ALEX and JEREMIAH. The sun is shining brightly, and  
 the air is filled with the sweet smell of tomatoes. Ajara is  
 laughing and chatting with the boys, but Jamila is quiet and  
 withdrawn.

ALEX  
 Ajara, you're really good at this.

AJARA  
 Thanks, Alex. I've been practicing.

JAMILA  
 I bet you could be a professional  
 football player if you wanted to.

AJARA  
 That's my dream..

JAMILA  
 (Glaring at Ajara)  
 Ajara, you know I don't think that's a  
 very realistic dream.

AJARA  
 Why not?

JAMILA  
 Because girls can't play professional  
 football. It's a man's sport

Alex and Jeremiah smiling

ALEX

I don't know about that. I've seen some girls who can play pretty well.

JEREMIAH

Yeah, but they're not as good as the guys

AJARA

I don't see why not. I think I could be just as good as any of the boys.

JAMILA

(Frustrated)

You're just being naive, Ajara. You'll never make it to the pros.

AJARA

(Determined)

We'll see about that

Ajara goes back to harvesting tomatoes. Jamila watches her for a moment, then storms off.

ALEX

What's wrong with her?

JEREMIAH

I don't know. She's always been like that.

ALEX

I don't understand why she doesn't support Ajara's dream.

JEREMIAH

I guess she's just jealous.

ALEX

Jealous of what?

JEREMIAH

Of Ajara's talent. And her confidence.

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX

I feel bad for Ajara.

JEREMIAH

Me too. But I don't think there's anything we can do to change Jamila's mind.

Alex and Jeremiah go back to harvesting tomatoes. Ajara is still working hard, but she can't shake the feeling that Jamila is disappointed in her.

EXT. VILLAGE PATH - DAY

CHIKO walks along a dusty village path, the weight of a basket of tomatoes causing him to hunch slightly. He wipes sweat from his brow as he rounds a bend and spots his old friend MANO sitting beneath a mango tree.

CHIKO

Mano! What a surprise! Haven't seen you in ages.

Mano smiles up at him, a mischievous glint in his eye.

MANO

Just enjoying the shade and watching the world go by, Chiko. How's the family?

CHIKO

Good, good. Ajara's growing like a weed. Can you believe she's already 10

MANO

Time flies, doesn't it? I remember when she was just a little girl, running around barefoot and causing mischief.

CHIKO

Speaking of which, you wouldn't believe what she wants to do these days. She wants to play football!

Mano's eyebrows rise in surprise.

MANO

Football? Are you serious?

CHIKO

Dead serious! She's always kicking a ball around with the other kids. She's even talking about joining the boys' team.

MANO

Hmm, interesting. I always knew that girl had a fire in her belly.

CHIKO

I don't know, Mano. Football for a girl? It doesn't seem right

MANO

Why not? Don't tell me you're still

stuck in the old ways, Chiko. Times are changing. Who says girls can't play football?

CHIKO  
I don't know, it just doesn't seem... ladylike.

MANO  
(Chuckles)  
Ladylike? Chiko, your daughter is strong, determined, and has a talent for the game. Why hold her. Let her chase her dreams.

CHIKO  
(Hesitates)  
I suppose you're right. Maybe I'm being too old-fashioned

MANO  
Maybe so. Besides, who knows? Maybe one day she'll be playing for the national team, making your village proud.

Chiko smiles, a flicker of excitement lighting his eyes.

CHIKO  
Now that would be something, wouldn't it?

MANO  
Indeed it would. Now, come on, let's sit down and chat a while. I have some stories to tell you.

The two friends settle under the shade of the mango tree, their conversation flowing as easily as the afternoon breeze. As the sun begins to dip below the horizon, casting long shadows across the path, Chiko leaves with a renewed sense of hope and a newfound respect for his daughter's dream

INT. NYOGWE BAR- DAY

Four women gather around the village well, their brightly colored cloths a vibrant splash against the sun-baked earth. MAMITA (40ages), a woman whose eyes hold the wisdom of many seasons, fills her clay pot with water. ROSE (30ages), her laughter as bright as her floral dress, leans against the well's edge. MAGADAREN (50ages), a stout woman with a quiet strength, balances her pot on her hip. And finally, MARYA , Ajara's stepmother, joins them, her face creased with worry.

ROSE  
(Smiling)

Marya, what troubles your heart today?  
You look like you've swallowed a sour  
lemon

MARYA

(Sighing)

It's Ajara, that girl is giving me  
nothing but headaches. All she thinks  
about is playing football with those  
boys!

MAMITA

(Raising her eyebrows)

Football? That's a strange thing for a  
girl to be interested in.

MARYA

It's not just an interest, Mamita. She's  
obsessed! She spends all her time  
kicking a ball around, ignoring her  
chores, and neglecting her studies. I  
don't know what to do with her

MAGADAREN

(Chuckling)

Maybe she has a talent for it? Have you  
seen her play?

MARYA

(Scoffs)

Talent? For what? To become a rough and  
tumble boy? I don't want that for her. I  
want her to be a lady, someone who knows  
how to keep a house and cook a proper  
meal.

ROSE

(Shrugs)

Times are changing, Marya. Maybe it's  
time we let our daughters dream a little  
bigger. Who knows, maybe Ajara could be  
the first female football player from  
our village!

MARYA

(Shaking her head)

I don't believe in such foolishness. A  
woman's place is in the home, not on the  
field with a bunch of boys.

MAMITA

(Placing a hand on Marya's  
shoulder)

Perhaps you should talk to Ajara, Marya.  
Listen to her dreams, understand her  
passion. You might be surprised at what

8

you find.

Marya hesitates, her initial resistance slowly giving way to a flicker of curiosity.

MARYA

(Softly)

Maybe you're right. Maybe I should try to understand her.

ROSE

(Smiling)

That's the spirit, Marya. And who knows, maybe you'll discover a hidden talent in your own daughter.

The women fall silent, their reflections mirrored in the still water of the well. The sun climbs higher in the sky, casting a warm glow over the scene. In the distance, the sound of children's laughter echoes, a reminder of the dreams and aspirations that fill the hearts of the young.

EXT. VILLAGE PATH - DAY

Ajara, her legs covered in dust, trudges down the village path, carrying a large water jug. Sweat beads on her forehead, and her hair sticks to her face. She's exhausted but determined, fueled by the thought of a refreshing drink after a grueling football practice.

Suddenly, a bicycle bell rings out, startling her. She looks up to see Joseph, a young man known for his carefree spirit and loud laughter, riding towards her. He slows down, his eyes widening humorously.

JOSEPH

Ajara, what have you gotten yourself into? You look like you've been rolling in the dirt!

Ajara tries to hide her dusty legs behind the water jug, a blush creeping up her cheeks

AJARA

(Embarrassed)

I was just, uh... playing football.

Joseph throws his head back and laughs, a sound that echoes through the quiet village.

JOSEPH

Football? You? I never thought I'd see the day! Is this some new fashion trend I'm unaware of?

AJARA



(Scowling)  
It's not a fashion trend, Joseph! It's  
my passion.

JOSEPH  
(Wiping a tear from his eye)  
Oh, Ajara, you always did have a wild  
spirit. But seriously, don't you get  
tired of chasing that ball around?

AJARA  
(Holding her head high)  
No, I don't. It's what I love to do.

JOSEPH  
(Shaking his head)  
Well, I admire your determination. Just  
remember, there's a whole world out  
there besides that football field.

AJARA  
(Smiling confidently)  
And I plan to see it all, Joseph. On my  
own terms.

JOSEPH  
I have no doubt you will, Ajara. Just be  
careful not to lose yourself in the dust  
and mud.

Joseph winks at her and pedals away, his laughter trailing behind him. Ajara watches him go, a determined glint in her eyes. The dust on her legs may be a reminder of her hard work, but it's also a badge of honor, a symbol of her defiance against societal expectations. She may be a girl playing football in a world that doesn't understand, but she won't let anyone dim her passion or stand in her way.

Ajara continues her journey, the water jug heavy in her hands, but her heart filled with a fire that no amount of dust or laughter can extinguish

INT. JAMILA'S HUT - DAY

Jamila sits on a woven mat, picking at the fibers with a frown. Her mother, FATIMA (40ages), a woman with gentle eyes and a kind smile, watches her with concern.

FATIMA  
Jamila, what troubles you today? You've  
been lost in your thoughts all morning.

Jamila hesitates for a moment, then looks up at her mother with uncertainty

JAMILA

Mama, I've been thinking about Baba...  
William.

Fatima's smile fades slightly.

FATIMA

Ah, William. A complicated man, that one.

JAMILA

He loved so many women, Mama. How could he do that?

FATIMA

(Sighing)

William was a man of many passions, Jamila. He loved the freedom of life, the joy of new experiences. Sometimes, those passions led him astray.

JAMILA

But Mama, how could he just leave us? How could he abandon us like that?

FATIMA

(Taking Jamila's hand)

The heart is a fickle thing, Jamila. It follows its own path, regardless of reason or consequence. Your father loved you, Jamila, in his own way. But there were some things he could not control.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps approaching the hut draws their attention. Chiko, Jamila's stepfather, enters, his face etched with worry

CHIKO

Fatima, Jamila, have you seen Ajara? She hasn't returned from fetchin' water yet, and the sun is setting.

Fatima and Jamila exchange quick glances.

FATIMA

No, Chiko, we haven't seen her. But I'm sure she's just running late. She'll be back soon.

Chiko nods, but the worry in his eyes remains. He excuses himself and leaves the hut, his footsteps fading into the distance.

Jamila and Fatima fall silent again, the weight of their separate anxieties hanging heavy in the air. They know that Chiko is right to be concerned. Ajara's frequent disappearances to play football have become a source of tension in the household.

JAMILA

Mama, do you think Ajara will ever give up football?

FATIMA

Only time will tell, Jamila. But one thing is certain, her passion is strong. We can try to guide her, to encourage her to make wise decisions, but ultimately, she must choose her own path.

Jamila looks out the window, watching the shadows lengthen across the village. A single tear rolls down her cheek, a silent expression of the conflicting emotions she feels towards her sister and her father. She knows that life is rarely simple, that there are no easy answers, and that sometimes the only thing we can do is accept the complexities and uncertainties that lie before us.

EXT. VILLAGE HUT - EVENING

The sun dips below the horizon, casting long shadows across the village. Ajara emerges from the dusty path, her legs aching from hours of football practice. She walks towards her home, a sense of dread settling in her stomach as she sees her stepmother, MARYA (30s), standing impatiently at the entrance.

MARYA

(Shouting)

Ajara! Where have you been all this time? Do you know how worried I've been?

Ajara flinches at the harshness of Marya's voice. She hangs her head low, avoiding her stepmother's angry gaze

AJARA

(Mumbling)

I was at football practice, Mama.

Marya's eyes narrow.

MARYA

Football practice again? Don't you have any sense of responsibility? This house doesn't run itself, you know!

Ajara opens her mouth to reply, but Marya doesn't give her a chance. She raises her hand, ready to strike.

Suddenly, CHIKO , steps out of the hut, his face etched with anger.

CHIKO

Marya! What do you think you're doing?

Marya lowers her hand, but her anger remains simmering beneath the surface.

MARYA

She's late, Chiko. And she's always playing this ridiculous game. It's getting out of hand!

CHIKO

(Calmly but firmly)

This is not how we solve things, Marya. We talk, like civilized people.

He turns to Ajara, his voice softening.

CHIKO

Ajara, come here.

Ajara hesitantly approaches her father, her eyes downcast.

CHIKO

(Gently lifting her chin)

Look at me, Ajara. I know you love this football, but you also have responsibilities at home. We need to find a balance.

AJARA

(Nodding)

I know, Papa. I'm trying.

CHIKO

I know you are, Ajara. But we need to communicate. Tell me about your practice, about your dreams. Let me understand your passion

Ajara, surprised by her father's unexpected support, looks up at him with gratitude

AJARA

I... I dream of playing for the national team, Papa. One day, I want to make you proud.

Chiko smiles, a genuine warmth reaching his eyes

CHIKO

You already make me proud, Ajara. Now, let's go inside and have dinner. We can

talk more then.

He places a hand on her shoulder and leads her into the hut, leaving Marya standing alone in the fading light. She watches them go, a flicker of doubt crossing her face.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

The afternoon sun casts a warm glow over the bustling village square. Jamila sits beneath a large mango tree, surrounded by a group of boys: Alex, Jeremiah, and a new boy, Samuel. They laugh and share stories, their voices weaving a tapestry of youthful energy against the backdrop of the vibrant village life.

Suddenly, Ajara bursts onto the scene, her hair windblown and a mischievous glint in her eyes.

AJARA

Hey everyone! What are you all laughing about?

ALEX

Just some silly stories, Ajara. Come join us!

Ajara smiles and sits down beside Jamila, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

AJARA

I just saw the funniest thing! There was this man walking down the street, talking to himself, and he kept tripping over his own feet. It was hilarious!

JAMILA

(Raising an eyebrow)  
Sounds like you just saw the village madman, Ajara. He's been wandering around here for weeks, muttering nonsense to himself.

AJARA

(Shrugging)  
Madman or not, he was funny! I even tried to talk to him, but he just stared at me with these wide, crazy eyes and mumbled something about the moon being made of cheese

The boys burst into laughter, their voices echoing through the square. Ajara joins in, her infectious laughter filling the air.

ALEX

The moon being made of cheese? That's a new one!

JEREMIAH

I wonder what other crazy stories he has to tell. Maybe we should go find him and hear some more.

SAMUEL

(Grinning)

I'm in! Let's go on a mad-man adventure!

AJARA

(Rolling her eyes)

Boys are such easily amused creatures.

Despite her words, Jamila can't help but smile. The carefree laughter and sense of adventure are contagious, reminding her of the simple joys of childhood

AJARA

(Jumping up to her feet)

Come on, Jamila! Don't be such a party pooper. Let's have some fun!

Ajara grabs Jamila's hand and pulls her up, urging her to join the boys. Jamila hesitates for a moment, then lets out a playful sigh and allows herself to be swept away by the tide of youthful enthusiasm.

As they set off towards the unknown, their laughter mingles with the sounds of the village, creating a symphony of joy and hope. The sun continues its journey across the sky, casting its golden rays over a village full of life, where even the stories of a madman can inspire laughter and adventure.

EXT. TOMATO FIELD - DAY

The sun beats down relentlessly on the sprawling tomato field. Chiko (50s), his face weathered and worn, works alongside his fellow villagers, their hands moving in a rhythmic dance as they harvest the plump red fruits. Laughter and conversation fill the air, punctuated by the occasional clinking of baskets and the squelch of mud under their feet.

Sweat drips from Chiko's forehead, soaking his worn straw hat. He takes a moment to wipe his brow, his eyes scanning the vast field. A deep sense of pride fills his chest as he surveys the fruits of his labor, a testament to his hard work and dedication.

Suddenly, Chiko stumbles, his legs wobbling alarmingly. His vision blurs, and the vibrant colors of the field seem to fade away. He gasps for air, a tightness constricting his chest.

CHIKO

(Whispering)

help

Before he can say another word, his knees buckle and he crumples to the ground, his body limp and unresponsive.

WORKER 1

Chiko! What's the matter?

The other workers rush to his side, their faces etched with concern. They quickly assess the situation, realizing that Chiko has fainted.

WORKER 2

Get some water! And someone go fetch the village healer!

Panic starts to rise among the workers. Chiko is the heart and soul of their community, a pillar of strength and resilience. The thought of him being ill is a terrifying prospect.

As they tend to Chiko, the once lively field falls silent, the only sounds the anxious murmurs of the workers and the distant chirping of birds. The sun continues its relentless march across the sky, casting long shadows across the scene, a stark reminder of the fragility of life and the uncertainty of the future.

EXT. VILLAGE PATH - DAY

Ajara races down the dusty path, her heart pounding in her chest. Tears stream down her face, blurring her vision. Beside her, Jamila runs just as fast, her own fear etched upon her features.

AJARA

(Sobbing)

Papa... is he... is he going to be okay?

Jamila places a comforting hand on Ajara's shoulder, struggling to find the right words.

JAMILA

I don't know, Ajara. But we'll be strong for him. We'll stay by his side, no matter what.

They continue their frantic journey, the setting sun painting the sky in hues of orange and purple. The once vibrant village square now seems eerily quiet, the news of Chiko's collapse having spread like wildfire.

As they reach to hut mamita, rushes out, her eyes wide with worry.

MAMITA

Ajara! Jamila! Where have you been? What happened?

Ajara collapses into Mamita's arms, her tears flowing freely.

AJARA

(Through sobs)

Papa... he fainted in the field. We... we don't know if he'll be okay.

Mamita's face pales. She hugs Ajara tightly, a silent prayer escaping her lips.

MAMITA

(Whispering)

He will be okay, Ajara. He has to be.

They stand there for a moment, clinging to each other for support. The world around them seems to fade away, leaving only the raw emotions of fear and uncertainty.

Suddenly, a figure emerges from the shadows. It's the village healer, his weathered face etched with a stoic calm.

EMASOM

(gently)

Ajara? I have come to see Chiko.

Ajara lifts her head, a glimmer of hope flickering in her eyes.

AJARA

Please, healer, you have to help him.

You have to make him better.

The healer nods silently and enters the hut. Ajara, Jamila and Mamita stand outside, their eyes glued to the closed door, waiting with bated breath for any news.

INT. MARIYA'S HUT - NIGHT

Sunlight streams through the open doorway of Mariya's hut, illuminating the worn mats and clay walls. Maimouna, the traditional doctor, sits on a stool facing Mariya, who is wringing her hands anxiously.

MARIYA

(voice filled with worry)

Doctor Maimouna, I don't understand. Why did Ajara's father faint in the field of tomatoes? He's never had any problems before.

MAIMOUNA

(her face etched with concern)

I'm still trying to understand that myself, Mariya. The herbs I gave him should have helped, but they seem to have had the opposite effect.

MARIYA



But he was fine before he went into the field! He was excited about the harvest, about bringing home food for our family.

MAIMOUNA

There could be many reasons for his fainting spell, Mariya. It could be stress, exhaustion, or even something more serious. We need to be careful.

MARIYA

(tears welling up in her eyes)  
Oh, Maimouna, I'm so worried about him. What if he's seriously ill?

MAIMOUNA

(placing a reassuring hand on Mariya's arm)

Don't worry, Mariya. We'll get to the bottom of this. I'll need to ask some questions about Ajara's father, his health history, and any recent events that may have caused him stress.

MARIYA

(nodding)  
Of course, ask anything you need to know. I just want to help him get better.

MAIMOUNA

(gently)  
I understand, Mariya. And I'm here to help in any way I can

Maimouna spends the next hour questioning Mariya about Ajara's father. She learns that he has been working long hours in the fields lately, trying to provide for his family. She also learns that he has been struggling with a cough and fatigue in recent weeks.

MAIMOUNA

(to herself)  
This could explain it. Overwork and exhaustion can weaken the body, making it more susceptible to illness.

MARIYA

(eager to know)  
So, what do we do now, Doctor Maimouna?

MAIMOUNA

First, we need to rest Ajara's father. He needs time to recover his strength. I

will also need to prepare a new concoction of herbs to help him fight off any illness that may be lurking within him.

MARIYA

(grateful)

Thank you, Maimouna. I don't know what I would do without you.

MAIMOUNA

(smiling warmly)

We're in this together, Mariya. We'll get Ajara's father back on his feet in no time

As the sun begins to set, casting long shadows across the land, Mariya and Maimouna continue to tend to Ajara's father. They are both determined to see him recover, and they have faith that their combined efforts will lead him back to health.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Sunlight streams through stained glass windows, casting vibrant colors onto the worn stone floor. The air is filled with the scent of incense and the soft murmur of prayers. Ajara kneels on a wooden bench, her head bowed in devotion. Tears stream down her face as she prays for the recovery of her father.

AJARA

(whispering)

Dear God, please watch over my father.  
Give him strength and help him heal.  
Please don't take him away from me.

Suddenly, a gentle hand rests on her shoulder. Ajara looks up to see Padre Meleciollo, the kind and wise priest of the church, standing beside her. His eyes are filled with compassion, and his face is etched with concern.

PADRE MELECIOLLO

(softly)

Ajara, my child, your faith is strong.  
God hears your prayers.

AJARA

(voice choked with emotion)

But Padre, is it enough? My father is so sick, and I'm so afraid of losing him.

PADRE MELECIOLLO

(kneeling beside her)

Fear is natural, Ajara. But remember, our faith is not measured by our lack of fear, but by our trust in God's love and mercy. He has a plan for all of us, even

when we don't understand it.

AJARA

(looking up at him, a glimmer of hope in her eyes)

Do you really believe that, Padre?

PADRE MELECIOLLO

(nodding) With all my heart, Ajara. God has a purpose for your father's life, just as He has a purpose for yours. Trust in Him, continue to pray, and never lose faith.

Just then, Ajara's stepmother enters the church, his face pale and drawn. she sees Ajara and Padre Meleciollo kneeling together and walks towards them, a weary smile on his lips.

MARYA

(weakly)

Ajara, my dear daughter. I see you haven't forgotten your prayers.

AJARA

(rushing to his side)

Father! You're awake! I was so worried about you.

MARYA

(placing a hand on her head)

Don't worry, my child. I'm here now. And I will be okay.

PADRE MELECIOLLO

(smiling)

You have a strong daughter by your side, Ajara's father. And with faith and love, you will overcome this challenge.

MARYA

(looking at Ajara, his eyes filled with love and pride)

I know I will, Padre. With her by my side, I can face anything.

The three of them kneel together in prayer, their voices blending in a harmonious plea for strength and healing. As they pray, a sense of peace descends upon them, a feeling that they are not alone in their struggle. They have faith in God and each other, and that is all that truly matters.

INT.HUT.DAY

Sunlight streams through the doorway, illuminating the dusty

interior of the hut. chiko, weakened by his illness, struggles to rise from his mat on the floor. He groans in pain as he attempts to stand, his legs trembling beneath him.

CHIKO

(weakly)

I... I need to get some air.

MAMITA

(kneeling beside him)

Be careful, Ajara. You're still not strong enough to be on your feet for long.

CHIKO

(determination in his voice)

I need to try, Mamita. I can't stay cooped up in this hut forever.

He pushes himself to his feet, Mamita supporting him with a strong arm. They take a tentative step towards the doorway, chiko leaning heavily on Mamita for support.

Suddenly, Mariya, chiko's wife, enters the hut. Her face contorts in anger as she sees her husband on his feet.

MARIYA

(shrieking)

What do you think you're doing? You're still sick! You could collapse and die!

CHIKO

(wincing at her harsh tone)

I just need some fresh air, Mariya. I'll be careful.

MARIYA

(glaring at Mamita)

And why are you helping him? Don't you have any work to do?

MAMITA

(standing tall)

I'm helping your husband because he needs it, Mariya. And I'm happy to do it.

MARIYA

(snarling)

You should know your place, Mamita. You're a friend, not a family member. You have no right to touch my husband.

Chiko, who has been watching from the corner of the room, growls low in her throat. She steps between Ajara's father and Mariya, her posture protective.

MARIYA

(startled by Chiko's growl)  
What is this? Are you going to sic your  
mutt on me now?

MAMITA

(calmly but firmly)  
Chiko is just protecting her family,  
Mariya. Just as I am.

AJARA'S FATHER

(placing a hand on Mamita's arm)  
Please, Mariya. Let's not fight. I  
just want some fresh air.

Mariya stares at them for a long moment, her anger slowly  
dissipating. She sighs and steps aside.

MARIYA

(muttering) Fine. Go. But be  
careful. And don't expect me to  
come looking for you if you  
collapse.

chiko silently and, with Mamita's help, steps out into the  
sunlight. Chiko walks beside them, her tail wagging cautiously.

As they walk, chiko leans heavily on Mamita, his body weak but  
his spirit unbroken. He knows that he has a long road to  
recovery, but he is determined to walk it, step by step, with  
the support of the two women who love him most.

EXT.VILLAGE FIELD - DAY

The sun beats down on a dusty field, kicking up a fine layer of  
red soil as barefoot children chase after a worn leather ball.  
Laughter and excited shouts fill the air as boys and girls from  
two neighboring villages mix and mingle, their differences  
forgotten in the joy of the game.

Ajara, her dark braids bouncing with each stride, weaves between  
the larger boys, her eyes fixed on the ball. She is the only  
girl on the field, but her determination and skill are  
undeniable. She cuts through the defense with agility and speed,  
leaving her opponents in her dust.

The ball soars through the air, finding Ajara's foot at the  
perfect moment. She traps it with her chest, controls it with  
her thigh, and then unleashing a powerful kick that sends the  
ball sailing into the net. The crowd erupts in cheers, boys and  
girls alike celebrating the goal.

This is not the first time Ajara has outshone her male  
counterparts on the field. Her natural athleticism and  
unwavering spirit make her a formidable opponent. Today, she is  
on fire, scoring three goals in the first half alone, leaving  
the other team scrambling to catch up.

Among the crowd, Ajara's friends watch with pride. They have witnessed her talent countless times, but each victory brings a new wave of admiration. They know that Ajara is destined for more than just village games, that her skill has the potential to take her far beyond the dusty fields of their childhood.

As the sun dips towards the horizon, casting long shadows across the field, the final whistle blows. Ajara's team emerges victorious, their spirits high and their faces beaming with joy. Ajara, surrounded by her teammates, holds the makeshift trophy above her head, a symbol of her achievement and a testament to her unwavering determination.

The boys, initially hesitant to play with a girl, are now full of respect for Ajara's talent. They have witnessed firsthand the power of her game, and they know that she is a force to be reckoned with. As they walk back to their village, they share stories of Ajara's remarkable play, their voices filled with admiration and a hint of awe.

Ajara's journey has just begun. On the dusty field, she has found more than just a game; she has found a place to belong, a way to express herself, and a glimpse of the extraordinary future that awaits her. As she walks towards the setting sun, the cheers of her friends and the memory of her victory spur her on, fueling her dreams and reminding her that anything is possible.

EXT.VILLAGE PATH-DAY

The air hangs warm and dusty as Ajara walks home after the game, a smile still lingering on her lips. The victory is fresh in her mind, the cheers of her teammates echoing in her ears. She kicks the worn leather ball along the path, her heart filled with a sense of accomplishment.

Suddenly, she sees Jamila, her face etched with disapproval, standing in the shade of a baobab tree.

AJARA

(excitedly)

Jemila! You won't believe it! I scored three goals today! We won the match!

Jemila's frown deepens. She folds her arms across her chest and avoids Ajara's gaze.

JAMILA

(scoffs)

I don't know why you waste your time with that silly game. It's not proper for girls to be running around like that.

AJARA

(confused)

But it's fun, Jemila! And I'm good at it!

JAMILA

(shaking her head)

It's not about being good, Ajara. It's about being a lady. And ladies don't play football.

AJARA

(disheartened)

But what about the boys? They all play. And they even cheered for me today.

JAMILA

(harshly)

Those boys don't know any better. They're just children. But you, Ajara, you should be setting an example. You should be learning to cook and clean, not chasing after a ball like a wild animal.

AJARA

(tears welling up in her eyes)

But I love playing football, Jemila. It makes me feel happy and free.

JAMILA

(sighs)

Ajara, you're just being stubborn. You'll understand one day when you're older. Now come on, let's go home. There's work to be done.

Jamila turns and walks away, leaving Ajara standing alone in the path. The ball lies forgotten at her feet, a silent witness to the conflict between her passion and the expectations of her society.

Ajara's heart aches with disappointment. The joy of victory has been replaced by a gnawing sense of doubt. She loves her friend, but Jemila's words have planted a seed of insecurity within her. Now, she must decide whether to follow her heart and continue playing the game she loves, or succumb to the expectations of her friend and society. The path ahead is unclear, but one thing is certain: Ajara's journey has just begun.

INT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

Ajara stumbles along the dusty path, her head down, kicking the worn leather ball aimlessly. The memory of Jemila's words plays on a loop in her mind, each syllable like a stinging barb.

AJARA

((whispering to herself))

She's right. I shouldn't be playing football. It's not ladylike. I should be learning to cook and clean, preparing myself to be a wife.

But another voice echoes inside her, a voice filled with defiance and passion.

AJARA

(fiercely)

But I love playing! It's the only time I feel truly alive, free and strong. I don't care what Jemila says. I won't let her take that away from me.

The two voices clash within her, creating a storm of confusion and doubt. Ajara clutches her head, trying to silence the inner turmoil. Images of her triumphant moment on the field flash before her eyes, followed by Jemila's disapproving frown.

AJARA

((desperately))

What am I supposed to do? Should I give up football? Is it really wrong to be different, to follow my own path?

She stops in her tracks, gazing at the vast landscape stretching before her. The setting sun paints the sky in hues of orange and crimson, reflecting the fire burning within Ajara's heart.

AJARA

((with newfound resolve))

No. I won't let anyone dictate my happiness. Football is a part of me, just as much as cooking and cleaning are. I can be both a lady and a footballer. I won't conform to anyone's expectations. I'll forge my own path, even if it means walking alone.

She takes a deep breath, her shoulders squaring back with newfound determination. The ball at her feet is no longer an object of shame, but a symbol of her perseverance.

AJARA

(smiling)

One day, Jemila will understand. And even if she doesn't, it won't matter. I'll be playing football, living my dreams, and proving to myself that anything is possible.

Ajara continues on her journey, the weight of doubt lifted from her shoulders. The path ahead may be challenging, but she is no longer afraid. She has found her voice, her strength, and her determination. And with each step forward, she leaves behind the



whispers of doubt and embraces the exhilarating freedom of being true to herself.

EXT.VILLAGE-DAY

Sunlight bathes the dusty village square in a golden glow, casting long shadows from the surrounding buildings. Children chase each other, their laughter echoing through the air. Ajara and Jemila walk side-by-side, their faces turned towards the rising sun.

Suddenly, a young boy named Kante bursts into the square, his face flushed with excitement. He holds a stack of brightly colored flyers in his hand, his eyes shining with anticipation.

AJARA  
(calling out)  
Kante! What's all the excitement?

Kante stops and turns, beaming at Ajara and Jamila.

KANTE  
(breathlessly)  
Guess what? There's a football tournament happening soon! It's for all the villages in the sector!

AJARA  
(eyes widening)  
A football tournament? That's amazing!

JAMILA  
(raising an eyebrow)  
A football tournament? Are you serious, Kante?

KANTE  
(nodding vigorously)  
Yes! And the best part is, anyone can join! Boys and girls, young and old. You just need to get a team together and register before the deadline.

AJARA  
(enthusiasized)  
Jamila, can you believe it? This is our chance to prove ourselves!

JAMILA  
(pursing her lips)  
I don't know, Ajara. A village tournament? That sounds...unsophisticated.

AJARA  
(pleading)

Please, Jamila! This could be so much fun! We could show everyone what we can do.

KANTE

(holding out a flyer to Ajara)  
Here, take a look. It has all the details about the tournament, including the dates, the registration process, and even the rules.

Ajara takes the flyer and scans it eagerly. Her heart pounds with excitement as she reads the information. This is the opportunity she has been waiting for, a chance to showcase her talent and compete against other players from across the sector.

JAMILA

(hesitantly)  
Well, I suppose it could be...interesting.

Ajara smiles, a spark of hope igniting in her eyes. Maybe, just maybe, she can convince Jamila to join her on this journey.

The flyer becomes a symbol of possibilities for Ajara. It represents a chance to break free from societal expectations and embrace her passion for football. As she and Jemila discuss the tournament, the seed of hope grows stronger within Ajara, fueled by the possibility of overcoming limitations and achieving their dreams. This new challenge may be their stepping stone to a brighter future, filled with the joy of competition and the camaraderie of teammates united by their love for the game

INT.WORKSHOP-DAY

Sunlight streams through the dusty windows of Joseph's workshop, illuminating the cluttered space filled with tools and wood shavings. Ajara and Jemila stand before Joseph, their faces filled with anticipation. They have come to him seeking advice about the upcoming football tournament.

AJARA

(excitedly)  
Joseph, you won't believe it! There's going to be a football tournament for all the villages in the sector!

JOSEPH

(chuckling)  
A football tournament, eh? Sounds like fun for the boys.

AJARA

(her smile faltering)  
It's not just for boys, Joseph. Anyone can join! We want to form a team and

participate.

JOSEPH

(raising an eyebrow) You girls?  
Playing football? Now that's  
something I haven't seen before.

JAMILA

(crossing her arms)  
We're serious, Joseph. We've been  
practicing for months, and we think we  
have a good chance of winning.

JOSEPH

(shaking his head)  
Winning? Don't get your hopes up, girls.  
Football is a man's game. You're just  
wasting your time.

AJARA

(hurt by his words)  
But why can't we play? We love football  
just as much as the boys do!

JOSEPH

(sighing)  
It's not about love, Ajara. It's about  
strength, skill, and endurance. Things  
that girls just don't have.

JAMILA

(eyes blazing)  
How dare you say that! We're strong and  
skilled, and we'll prove you wrong.  
We'll win the tournament and show  
everyone that girls can play football  
just as well as boys, if not better.

JOSEPH

(scoffs)  
Big talk, Jemila. But words are cheap.  
Let's see you walk the walk.

AJARA

(eyes filled with determination)  
We will, Joseph. We will prove you  
wrong. And when we win the  
tournament, we'll come back here  
and show you just what girls are  
capable of.

Jamila and Ajara turn and walk out of the workshop, their heads held high. They are determined to prove Joseph wrong, not just for themselves, but for all the girls who doubt their abilities. The journey ahead may be challenging, but they are fueled by their passion and their unwavering belief in themselves.

Joseph's words sting, but they only serve to strengthen Ajara

and Jamila's resolve. They are not deterred by his doubts, but rather motivated by his underestimation. The tournament becomes a symbol of their defiance against societal norms and a testament to their unwavering belief in the power of their dreams. Their journey to prove themselves is just beginning, and with each step forward, they inspire others to challenge expectations and chase their passions, regardless of gender or societal constraints.

EXT.MARKET SQUARE - DAY

The air hums with the buzz of activity as villagers gather in the market square. News of the upcoming football tournament has reached every corner of the village, and excitement hangs heavy in the air. Groups huddle together, discussing the competition, speculating about their chances of victory.

In the midst of this fervor, Doctor Maimouna walks by, her face etched with a knowing smile. She stops and greets a group of women, her eyes twinkling with a mischievous glint.

MAIMOUNA

(teasingly)

Well, ladies, I hear you're all planning to become football champions!

The women laugh, their faces a mixture of amusement and disbelief.

WOMAN 1

(waving her hand dismissively)

Don't be silly, Maimouna. We're just simple villagers. We wouldn't stand a chance against the bigger villages.

WOMAN 2

(shaking her head)

Besides, who would play for us? We have no skilled players, just children and mothers.

Maimouna's smile widens. She leans closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

MAIMOUNA

(mysteriously)

Don't be so quick to doubt yourselves, ladies. I had a dream last night, a dream filled with hope and victory. And in that dream, I saw our village, our very own village, lifting the tournament trophy!

The women stare at her, a flicker of doubt giving way to a spark of curiosity.

WOMAN 3  
 (eyes widening)  
 A dream, you say?

MAIMOUNA  
 (nodding confidently)  
 Yes, a dream that whispered of strength  
 and potential, a dream that told me our  
 time has come to shine. We have the  
 spirit, the determination, and yes, even  
 the players. All we need is faith and  
 the courage to believe in ourselves.

Maimouna's words hang in the air, challenging the women's doubts  
 and igniting a flicker of hope within them. They look at each  
 other, a silent understanding passing between them.

WOMAN 1  
 (a hesitant smile playing on her  
 lips)  
 Perhaps...perhaps Maimouna is right.  
 Maybe we do have what it takes.

WOMAN 2  
 (eyes lit with newfound  
 determination)  
 I say we give it a try! What do we have  
 to lose?

WOMAN 3  
 (raising her fist in the air)  
 For the village! For victory!

The women cheer, their voices echoing through the market square.  
 Maimouna's dream has sparked a flame, uniting the women in their  
 pursuit of a seemingly impossible goal. They may not have the  
 best players or the most resources, but they have something far  
 more powerful: the unwavering spirit of a village united in its  
 quest for glory.

The laughter that once filled the air has been replaced by the  
 roar of determination. Maimouna's dream becomes a rallying cry,  
 a testament to the power of belief and the strength of  
 community. This simple village, once dismissed as insignificant,  
 is now poised to challenge the status quo and rewrite its own  
 destiny. Their journey to victory may be fraught with obstacles,  
 but they are armed with faith, courage, and the unwavering  
 support of their village. They will face each challenge head-on,  
 proving to themselves and the world that even the most  
 improbable dreams can be achieved, one step at a time

EXT. SCHOOLYARD-DAY

Sunlight filters through the leaves of towering mango trees,  
 casting dappled shadows on the dusty schoolyard. Ajara and  
 Jemila, their faces illuminated by the warm glow, sit together

on a worn wooden bench. The air is filled with the distant sounds of children playing and teachers' voices echoing from the classrooms.

Ajara, chin resting on her hand, gazes thoughtfully at the vibrant scene before her. Her mind drifts away, lost in a daydream fueled by the upcoming football tournament. Images of her scoring goals, her teammates cheering, and the trophy raised high above her head dance in her imagination.

JAMILA

(nudging Ajara gently)  
Earth to Ajara! You seem miles away.  
What's on your mind?

AJARA

(smiling dreamily)  
Just thinking about the tournament. Can you believe it's only a few weeks away?

JAMILA

(a hint of nervousness in her voice)  
I know, it's getting closer every day.  
I'm starting to feel the pressure.

AJARA

(placing a reassuring hand on Jemila's arm)  
Don't worry, Jemila. We'll be fine.  
We've been practicing hard, and we have a great team.

JAMILA

(sighing)  
I just wish we had more players. We're already outnumbered by the other teams.

AJARA

(a mischievous glint in her eyes)  
Who says we don't have enough players? Have you spoken to Maimouna yet?

JAMILA

(surprised)  
Maimouna? What does she have to do with it?

AJARA

(lowering her voice to a conspiratorial whisper)  
She told me she's been training a secret team of women! They're all older, but they're strong and experienced. They could be just what we need.

JAMILA

(eyes widening)

A secret team of women? That's incredible! But why haven't we heard about them before?

AJARA

(shrugging)

Maimouna says she wanted to keep them a surprise until the tournament. She wants to show everyone that age is just a number and that women can play football just as well as men.

JAMILA

(a smile spreading across her face)

This is amazing, Ajara! Maimouna is a genius!

AJARA

(nodding excitedly)

I know, right? We need to talk to her as soon as possible. She can introduce us to her team and we can start training together.

JAMILA

(standing up, her voice filled with determination)

Let's do it! We're not just playing for ourselves anymore, Ajara. We're playing for our village, for the women, and for Maimouna's dream. We're going to show everyone what we're made of.

Ajara and Jemila join hands, their eyes locked in a shared resolve. The sun casts long shadows on the schoolyard, but their hearts are filled with the warmth of hope and the unwavering conviction that they will achieve the impossible. They are no longer just two girls with a dream; they are the torchbearers of a village united, ready to rewrite their destiny on the football field.

Ajara and Jemila's conversation marks a turning point in their journey. The discovery of Maimouna's secret team adds a new dimension to their preparations, injecting their efforts with renewed energy and excitement. The tournament now represents more than just a competition; it becomes a symbol of female empowerment, a platform to challenge societal norms and prove that talent and determination can overcome any obstacle. With Maimouna's wisdom and the support of their village, Ajara and Jemila embark on the final leg of their journey, ready to face their opponents and claim their rightful place as champions.

EXT.HILLTOP-NIGHT

Ajara stands at the crest of a sun-drenched hill, gazing down at the sprawling village nestled below. The vibrant tapestry of houses and winding paths unfolds before her, bathed in the warm glow of the afternoon sun. Smoke rises from thatched roofs, children's laughter echoes in the air, and the scent of cooking fires mingles with the sweet fragrance of mango trees.

A sense of both calm and excitement washes over Ajara. Her village, once a familiar and comforting haven, now feels charged with anticipation. It is the source of her strength, the foundation of her dreams, and the stage for her upcoming challenge.

AJARA

(voice filled with emotion)

My beautiful village, how I adore you.  
You have nurtured me, protected me, and  
given me wings to fly. And now, I stand  
here, on the edge of my greatest  
adventure, ready to bring glory to your  
name.

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, inhaling the scent of her homeland. Images of cheering crowds, triumphant victories, and the joy of her village flash through her mind.

AJARA

(determinedly)

I will not let you down. I will play  
with all my heart, with all my soul. I  
will show the world what our village is  
made of, what we are capable of. And  
when I raise that trophy high, it will  
be for you, my beloved village, a  
testament to your unyielding spirit and  
unwavering support.

A smile lights up Ajara's face as she turns and continues on her journey. The path ahead may be challenging, the competition fierce, but she carries within her the unwavering love and support of her village. She is no longer just a girl with a dream; she is an embodiment of her community's hopes and aspirations. And with each step she takes, she writes the next chapter in the village's history, a story of courage, resilience, and the triumph of the human spirit.

This moment of reflection marks Ajara's transition from hopeful dreamer to determined champion. As she looks down at her village, she is no longer just a small part of a larger landscape; she is the village itself, its heart and soul. This realization fuels her passion and strengthens her resolve, transforming her journey into a quest for collective glory. With her village's spirit as her guide, Ajara is ready to face the



world, knowing that she carries the hopes and dreams of an entire community on her shoulders.

EXT. FARMLAND-DAY

Sunlight dapples the lush farmland, casting shimmering shadows on the tall grass. Jamila stands beside her mother, Fatima, their eyes fixed on three cows grazing peacefully in the distance. The rhythmic clanging of bells and the gentle breeze rustling the leaves provide a calming backdrop to their conversation.

JAMILA

(her voice tinged with worry)  
Mama, I'm worried about Ajara. The tournament is only a week away, and she's pushing herself too hard.

FATIMA

(pats Jamila's hand reassuringly)  
I know, child. I see the way she trains, how she pours her heart and soul into every practice. It's admirable, but I fear she may exhaust herself before the big day.

JAMILA

(sighs)  
I've tried to talk to her, to tell her to pace herself, but she won't listen. She's determined to prove herself, to show everyone that she can play despite her age.

FATIMA

(a knowing smile gracing her lips)  
Ah, Ajara. She's always been a stubborn one, ever since she was a little girl. But that's also what makes her so special. She has a fire in her spirit, a determination that few possess.

JAMILA

(worried)  
But Mama, she's still young! These other teams, they have older, more experienced players. What if she gets injured? What if she fails?

FATIMA

(her eyes filled with wisdom)  
Jamila, life is about taking risks, about facing challenges. And sometimes, the greatest victories come after the hardest battles. Ajara may be young, but she has the heart of a lion. She will

not back down, and she will not be defeated.

JAMILA

(a glimmer of hope flickering in her eyes)

You truly believe that?

FATIMA

(nodding firmly)

I do. Ajara is destined for great things, Jamila. And this tournament, it's just the beginning. She will inspire others, she will break down barriers, and she will show the world that age is just a number, that the power of spirit can overcome any obstacle.

Jamila looks out at the vast farmland, her heart filled with a newfound sense of pride and optimism. The sun dips lower on the horizon, casting long shadows over the land. It is a time of transition, a moment of reflection and preparation for the challenges that lie ahead. But as Jamila stands beside her mother, she knows that Ajara is not alone. She carries the love and support of her family, her village, and the unwavering belief of those who trust in her potential. And with that knowledge, she faces the future with a newfound confidence, knowing that her friend's journey is a testament to the power of dreams and the unwavering human spirit.

INT.HUT-DAY

Sunlight streams through the doorway of Ajara's humble hut, illuminating the dusty interior. Ajara sits on the woven mat, her face glowing with excitement. Chiko, her father, sits beside her, his face etched with concern.

AJARA

(bouncing with enthusiasm)

Papa, can you believe it? The tournament is tomorrow! I'm so excited to play!

Chiko forces a smile, his heart heavy with worry. He knows Ajara's talent and passion, but he also knows the harsh reality of their village's customs.

CHIKO

(hesitantly)

Ajara, my dear, I'm happy that you're excited. But...I'm not sure if you should participate in the tournament.

Ajara's smile falters. She looks up at her father, her eyes wide with confusion.

AJARA

(confused)

But why, Papa? I've been training so hard. I'm ready to play.

CHIKO

(lowering his voice)

Ajara, you're still very young. You haven't even turned twelve yet. The other players will be much older and stronger than you.

AJARA

(protesting)

But I'm fast, and I'm skilled. I can beat them!

CHIKO

(shaking his head)

It's not just about physical strength, Ajara. It's about experience and resilience. You're not ready for this kind of competition.

Ajara's shoulders slump. The disappointment in her eyes is mirrored by Chiko's own sorrow. He sees the fire in his daughter's eyes, the unwavering determination that makes her so special. He hates to be the one to crush her dreams.

CHIKO

(placing a comforting hand on her shoulder)

Ajara, there will be other tournaments. You have plenty of time to prove yourself. But for now, focus on your studies and helping your mother around the house.

Ajara nods silently, tears welling up in her eyes. She understands her father's concerns, but her heart aches with the desire to play.

In the corner of the hut, Mariya, Ajara's stepmother, watches the scene unfold with a cruel smile playing on her lips. She despises Ajara and enjoys seeing her suffer. She believes Ajara is nothing but a useless burden and takes pleasure in seeing her dreams crushed.

Despite the disappointment, Ajara doesn't give up. The fire of her passion burns bright within her. She knows that she may not be able to play in this tournament, but she will not let her dreams be extinguished. She will continue to train, to hone her skills, and to wait for the day when she can finally take her place on the field and prove her doubters wrong

EXT.FOOTBALL FIELD-DAY

Ajara sits alone on the sun-baked football field, tears streaming down her face. The echoes of laughter and bouncing balls from the nearby practice session pierce her heart. She desperately wants to join them, to feel the rush of adrenaline, the joy of the game. But her father's words echo in her mind, crushing her dreams like a fragile butterfly underfoot.

Suddenly, a gentle hand rests on her shoulder. Ajara looks up to see Maimouna, her eyes filled with warmth and understanding.

MAIMOUNA

(softly)

Ajara, what's wrong? Why are you crying?

Ajara's voice trembles as she recounts her conversation with her father, her hopes dashed against the rock of tradition.

AJARA

(sniffling)

He won't let me play in the tournament.

He says I'm too young.

Maimouna listens patiently, her eyes blazing with anger at the injustice. She sees Ajara's talent, her passion, and the unfairness of her situation.

MAIMOUNA

(firmly)

Don't you worry, Ajara. I will talk to your father. I will tell him about your talent, your dedication, and your love for the game. He will understand.

AJARA

(eyes wide with hope)

Do you really think so?

MAIMOUNA

(smiling)

I know so. And even if he doesn't change his mind, there's another way. A way for you to play and show everyone what you're capable of.

Intrigued, Ajara leans closer. Maimouna lowers her voice and whispers in Ajara's ear, her words filled with excitement and a hint of secrecy.

MAIMOUNA

(conspiratorially)

I have a secret team, Ajara. A team of women who love football, just like you. We train in secret, away from prying eyes. We are strong, we are skilled, and we will not be silenced. Would you like to join us?

Ajara's eyes widen in surprise. The thought of playing on a team with other women, of defying the expectations of society, fills her with a sense of empowerment. A spark of defiance ignites within her, replacing her sadness with newfound determination.

AJARA

(a resolute smile gracing her  
lips)

Yes, Maimouna. I would love to join your  
team.

Maimouna's smile widens. In that moment, a bond is forged between them. A bond of shared passion, defiance, and the unwavering belief in the power of dreams. As the sun sets over the field, casting long shadows across the land, they stand together, ready to face the challenges ahead, not as individuals, but as a united force, ready to rewrite the rules of the game and prove that even the most impossible dreams can be achieved

TO BE CONTINUED.....