

CHECK-POINT

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FADE IN.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY. ESTABLISH

An inner city route, it's late afternoon so traffic is light, people are still at work.

Down the road, a police Hilux is parked beside the road. One police man is at the wheel. The others lounge around on the road stopping random cars.

A fresh faced officer, glances through the papers of a Corolla that is parked to the side. Satisfied, he hands the papers back and waves the vehicle on.

INT. JEEP. DAY

JIDE, middle-aged, successful looking, is at the wheel. Riding shotgun is Oge, dressed in all black casual clothes, pretty, sporting a bruise on her face and a fresh black eye. There is an uneasy tension between them.

Jide spots the check point ahead. Lets up on the throttle.

OGE  
Why are we slowing down?

JIDE  
(uneasily) Police checkpoint, just up ahead.

OGE  
Police?!

JIDE  
It's nothing. They don't usually disturb vehicles like this.

Oge grunts, pulls down the sun visor, eyes her face in the mirror. Tenderly touches the livid bruise. Winces.

JIDE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

Oge looks at him questioningly. Jide glances at her, looks away. We see his left fist is raw.

JIDE (CONT'D)  
For hitting you. I... I didn't mean to.

OGE  
(scoffs) Yes, you did.

Jide slows to a stop behind the line of vehicles getting through the checkpoint. The line crawls forward.

Just when it seems they are going to get through without incident, the young policeman we saw earlier eyes the jeep, waves them to the side.

Jide horns, the policeman frowns, waves to the side, hoisting his weapon threateningly. Jide curses, pulls to the side of the road.

JIDE  
Probably just wants some money.

Jide pats himself down. Eyes Oge.

JIDE (CONT'D)  
I... must have dropped my wallet  
when you...  
do you have any spare change?

Oge stares at Jide like she can't believe him. She shakes her head, reaches into a pocket and produces a small cell phone.

Before she can dial, Jide suddenly reaches across and grabs her hand, eyes wide, suddenly panicked.

JIDE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

OGE  
Get your fucking hands off me!

Jide withdraws, hands raised in a placating manner, he is sweating bullets. The policeman is almost at the window.

JIDE  
You don't have to call anybody  
okay? I can handle this.  
Just... don't do anything or say  
anything...please.

Oge glares at him for a beat. Then she pockets the phone, opens the glove compartment, retrieves a cap and big, dark shades. She puts them on and stares straight ahead.

Jide wipes off his sweat hurriedly as the officer knocks on the window and gestures for him to wind it down. Jide complies.

JIDE (CONT'D)  
Ahh, officer. Good day. How work?

The policeman doesn't respond, just eyes him then proceeds to pore over the interior of the vehicle, glancing curiously at Oge who is looking away...

POLICEMAN  
Oga, open your boot.

JIDE  
There is nothing in the boot,  
officer...

The policeman just stares till Jide complies.

Jide watches nervously as the policeman walks to the back to look in the trunk. Satisfied, he shuts the boot and returns to the window.

JIDE (CONT'D)  
Officer, I am actually in a hurry  
so if that will be all...

POLICEMAN  
Where your particulars?

JIDE  
(startled) W... What?

POLICEMAN  
I want to see your particulars,  
oga.

Jide keeps the smile on his face with some effort. He leans over to retrieve the papers from the glove box. Oge shifts to accommodate him.

The policeman catches sight of Oge's face. He frowns. Jide straightens, hands over the particulars.

The policeman flips through, sees everything is in order, he hands the documents back.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Madam, good afternoon o.

Oge doesn't reply, just looks straight ahead. The policeman's frown deepens. He leans closer to the window.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Madam, wetin do your face?

JIDE  
Officer, please i really don't have  
this time...

POLICEMAN  
(abruptly) na Madam i dey talk to.  
You want make i bring you come  
down??

JIDE  
No sir, i'm sorry.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
(cocks his gun) In fact, come  
down. Come down!

JIDE (CONT'D)  
Ahhh... officer, it hasn't gotten  
to that level now. Please, it  
hasn't gotten to that level...

The policeman attempts to open the door...

OGE  
Officer! Officer!!

The policeman stops, stares at Oge as if confused that she  
can speak.

OGE (CONT'D)  
(smiling) Na accident. I had an  
accident. I fell... hit my face. My  
husband here just picked me from  
the hospital.

The officer doesn't look like he believes a word.

POLICEMAN  
You sure?

OGE  
I'm perfectly fine sir, thank you.  
Can we go now, please?

The officer stares at her for a loaded minute...

Then he sighs and takes a step back, shooting Jide a  
disgusted look.

POLICEMAN  
Carry on. Drive careful.

JIDE  
(profusely) Thank you  
officer.  
Thank you.

OGE  
Thank you sir.

The officer watches as the jeep drives away, he shakes his head, turns to flag down another vehicle.

INT. JEEP. CONTINUOUS

Jide drives in silence, clenching the steering wheel convulsively. Oge starts chuckling, it spirals into full blown laughter. Jide's face spasms with anger but he holds his tongue.

Oge unbuckles her seatbelt, leans across and caresses Jide's face, shoulders. Kisses his cheek. Bites his ear.

OGE  
(purring) my husband... you are  
such a terrible liar...

Jide doesn't react, just stares straight ahead.

OGE (CONT'D)  
Still... you did good. Good boys  
get rewarded...

The cellphone begins to ring, Oge digs it out of her pocket. Jide eyes her like a man eyes a deadly cobra. She sticks out her tongue playfully at him.

OGE (CONT'D)  
Hello? Shakur? We dey road dey  
come. What? No, no problem.  
He's cooperating. Ehnn. I think he  
needs small incentive... Okay. Put  
them on...

Oge leans towards Jide, her face suddenly twisted in a malicious grin. She puts the phone on speaker.

OGE (CONT'D)  
(smirking) Oya, here's your reward  
for being a good boy...

We hear some static, some movement on the other end. Sounds of someone crying.

A single tear runs down Jide's cheek, as we hear...

WOMAN  
Jide! Oh my God, Jide!

CHILD  
Daddy! Daddy!!

CUT TO BLACK