

ONE PEOPLE

written by

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However much there's still a difference in language.
We're still one People and children of MAMA AFRICA

FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY (SOMEWHERE IN UGANDA)

VIEW ON a yellow BUS exiting. ZOOM CLOSE to FIND two UGANDAN guys, MUSA (mid 20s, naughty and full of pride) with JONES, a twenty eight year-old kind and gentle man. Both waiting for their shuttle. They're later joined by a KENYAN GUY, in his early thirties with dark oval glasses and a suitcase in one hand.

KENYAN GUY
(in Swahili)
Greetings, I'm new in Uganda. Could you please help me?

MUSA
(giggles)
What the hell? Can't you speak English?

JONES
(furious)
Cut the crop Musa. Is this how you want be treated when you go to any other East African country, huh?

ON MUSA, silent. Disappointed in himself.

JONES (CONT'D)
So treat others, the way you want to be treated.
(turns to the Kenyan guy)
Where are you exactly heading?

KENYAN GUY
(in Swahili)
To the East African Conference.

JONES
Oh. That's makes the three of us.

MUSA
(in Swahili)
Hey brother.

All eyes on MUSA. Their shuttle arrives, they board and we--

FADE OUT.