SONGS OF SOLOMON

Written by

BOSTON FLAMEZ

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We're walking SLOWLY through the corridor a regular hotel. As we move past each door, we HEAR different muffled sounds - TV, music, a couple arguing.

We take a turn and stop at a door that says "715"

Title Card: SONGS OF SOLOMON

INT. ROOM 715 - CONTINUOUS

A dimly lit room lacking any personality. We hear a clock ticking. We PUSH IN from the door SLOWLY, moving towards the bathroom.

As we move, we HEAR a toilet flush and the toilet door opens. A man comes out cleaning his face with a towel. He's REVEREND SOLOMON - late 30's. Solomon walks and stops just before the wardrobe as the camera MEETS him and rests in a MEDIUM SHOT.

He looks to his right - a clock on the wall reads "7:15." A reverend's robe lies on the bed beside a travelling bag.

He sighs and looks to his left - a laptop sits open on the room desk. Beside the laptop is a Bible, an eye glass and a car key. A couple of missionary pamphlets are stacked up beside the desk's reading lamb.

Solomon walks and sits facing the laptop. He puts on his eye glass.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - We see the screen's reflection in his eye glass. He's on Facebook.

CLOSE UP - His index finger clicking and scrolling.

Solomon scrolls and pops open a video with some scantily dressed ladies on the thumbnail. He tries to close the pop up but it begins to play immediately. We watch the video jingle with him.

TV MAN
"Asokoro Angels: Discreet, Royal, Premium, and only reserved for those in high society with everything to lose. Whatever your preference is, our Angels preferences. Shh, that's right, its just me and you.
(MORE)

TV MAN (CONT'D)
Call the number on your screen and get taken to heaven...”

Solomon SMAHSES the laptop close. He stands up and moves away from the desk. Temptation, temptation.

He removes the towel still hanging on his neck and throws it on the bed. He paces back and forth looking at the computer, scratching his head.

He sits on the edge of the bed and covers his face with his hands, muttering prayers under his breath we cannot understand.

He stands up suddenly and stares at the computer. He RUSHES to the desk and opens the laptop. The phone number of Asokoro Angels floats on the screen. He picks up his phone and dials in the digits. Phone rings.

A beat. The line connects and Solomon SWALLOWS.

The receiver on the line sounds very animated and jumpy.

SOLOMON
Hello-

RECEIVER
An angelic evening to you. For enquiries about Asokoro Angels, press one. For complaints and refunds, press two. To request an Angel, press 3.

Solomon drops the phone from his ear and presses “3.”

RECEIVER (CONT'D)
You will now be connected to our front desk. Remember! Shh, its just me and you.

The line beeps. Solomon winces and scratches his head. He looks around the room.

The line reconnects. An actual man this time.

PHONE MAN
Asokoro Angels, good evening. What’s your order?

SOLOMON
Umm, good evening. I uhh,...

The camera PULLS AWAY from him as his voice trails off and the camera rests in a corner of the room. He continues speaking but we can't make out the words.

Solomon ends the call. We go behind him as he walks to the bathroom but the camera PANS away and steadies on the laptop screen. The phone number continues to blink. The last three digits of the numbers are 715.

A knock on the door. Another knock.

The camera pans right and we move SLOWLY towards the door. Solomon MEETS US and ENTERS the frame. He's now dressed up.

He pauses and straightens his shirt before opening the door.

Outside the door is KIKI, 28, sexy. She's dressed seductively with a briefcase beside her. An "ASOKORO ANGELS" name tag is on her chest.

KIKI
Hello.

SOLOMON
Hi.

KIKI
Are you Back2Sender17?

Solomon nods.

Kiki opens the briefcase and brings out a scanner. She places it on his forehead until it beeps. She then nods at him. Solomon gestures for her to enter and she does. He closes the door.

SOLOMON
Please, feel free. What is your name?

KIKI
Call me Kiki.

He nods.

Solomon stands beside the bed and watches Kiki as she unlocks her briefcase and brings out a pen and paper. She writes something and hands it over to Solomon.

KIKI (CONT'D)
If you would sign the contract.

SOLOMON
Sure.

Solomon collects the paper and signs it. He hands it back to her and she places it delicately on the briefcase.

Kiki then brings out a bulletproof vest and hands it over to Solomon. He begins to put it on immediately.

She watches Solomon struggle to put the vest on.

KIKI
Do you need help?

SOLOMON
I'm fine, thank you.

Kiki smiles courtly.

Solomon finally wears the vest.

KIKI
Are you ready?

He nods.

Kiki reaches back into her briefcase and brings out a pistol. She points the gun at the Reverend.

They look each other in the eyes and Solomon nods.

She steadies her hand and then-

BANG!

CUT TO BLACK:

A BEAT

From Black,

KIKI (O.S.)
Sir! sir! Please answer me! Sir!

INT. ROOM 715 - CONTINUOUS

As we HEAR Kiki trying to wake Solomon, ANGLE ON the wall clock. It reads "8:20."

ANGLE ON the briefcase lying peacefully on the desk, then CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - Solomon jerks back to life with a wicked smile on his face. His eyes searches the room and finds Kiki. She sighs and gets up.

Kiki proceeds to start packing. She places the gun back in the briefcase and starts to arrange the papers when she's stopped by the reverend.

SOLOMON
C'mon Kiki, we're not done yet.

KIKI
(Puzzled)
What?

SOLOMON
C'mon now. Just one more round. There's still time.

KIKI
Look I'm sorry but my job here is done.

She tries to remove the vest but he refuses.

SOLOMON
Please now, just one more round. I beg you.

KIKI
Excuse me sir, but you signed the contract. It clearly says one round with one shot. I'm done here.
(She stretches her hand)
Please remove the vest.

Solomon looks at her sympathetically. He looks dejected.

SOLOMON
Please Kiki, please. Look, I'll pay you extra. Straight to your pocket.

He lifts his suit and brings a Naira note out from a pocket. Kiki just stares at him.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Here, this is one hundred thousand Naira. Please.

Kiki looks at the money. She rolls her eyes and snatches it from his hand.

KIKI
Just one more round. Nothing else.

SOLOMON
Yes. Thank you.

Kiki sighs and goes back to her briefcase. She pulls the gun out and Solomon protests again.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Put that back. I want you to use mine.

KIKI
What?

He starts moving to the wardrobe.

SOLOMON
We'll use mine this time.

KIKI
Sir, are you out of your mind?

But Solomon reaches into the wardrobe and brings out another pistol.

SOLOMON
Here, please use this.

But Kiki refuses. Solomon removes the bulletproof vest and throws it away. Kiki starts moving away from him as he brings the gun to her.

KIKI
Sir, you must be out of your mind! Please get away from me with that.

Solomon follows and catches her. He takes her right hand and tries to force the gun into it. Kiki continues to protest.

KIKI (CONT'D)
You must be out of your mind if you think I'm using that gun. Didn't you see the contract you signed? There were terms and conditions!

But Solomon still protests. Man's horny as fuck.

Kiki squeezes her pocket and brings out the cash Solomon gave to her. She throws it at him.

KIKI (CONT'D)
You can have your money back, sir! I'm not doing again!

But Solomon has already grabbed her. She twists and turns as Solomon tries to force her to collect the weapon. Their struggle pushes them towards the desk and the camera goes BEHIND them.

SLOWLY PULL OUT of the room as they struggle.

We’re now outside the room, directly looking at the door labelled “ROOM 715.” We can still hear them tussle.

A Beat.

And then suddenly a BANG!

The room goes silent.

Flash words: “FOR THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.”

Roll credit.