

TITLE: LOOT ON SHOW

FADE IN:

EXT. THE BRITISH MUSEUM - DAY

The front of the British Museum is moderately busy with a few tourists bustling in and out of the building. The view of the building looks imposing and powerful. ZOOM OUT to reveal a group of Ghanaian men protesting near the entrance of the museum. At the front of the crowd are two men, ADJO and KOFI. They are both wearing shirts made of kente cloth and black pants; Adjo has short black hair while Kofi has longer hair and a goatee. All of them look weary, angered and are holding picket signs with slogans; ADJO is also sternly staring down the museum while holding a megaphone.

ADJO
(angered, rhythmically)
The land of Kumasi, a drum came from!

MEN (IN UNISON)
THE LAND OF KUMASI, A DRUM CAME FROM!

KOFI
(loud, rhythmically)
Return the land of Kumasi the drum!

MEN (IN UNISON)
RETURN THE LAND OF KUMASI THE DRUM!

PAN TO a teenage boy, NEVADA MILLER, entering the museum - he passes by the men repeating their chant and meagrely frowns before going through the gate. He has combed blonde hair and is wearing a white T-shirt under a navy jacket with the British Museum logo embroidered on it, jeans and Nike trainers.

CUT TO:

INT. STAFF ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Nevada goes through the staff entrance of the museum and taps a blue card on a machine to pass through a turnstile that lets him in. He glances at the security guard EDWARD, half-asleep in a booth on his left, as he goes through the turnstile.

NEVADA
(grim)

Good morning, Ed.

EDWARD

(sleepy)

Huh? Oh. Morning, Nevada.

INT. STAFF AREA - CONTINUOUS

Nevada exits an elevator and walks through a corridor towards a door at its end. The door reads 'CURATOR'S OFFICE'. Nevada enters the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CURATOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

There are many historical objects on shelves around the office. There is a big window on the left of the door and in front of it is a desk where a suited man, MICHAEL PYRE, is talking to someone on the phone. He has combed brown hair and a slightly pale face. He notices Nevada walk in and momentarily waves him towards a seat.

MICHAEL

(annoyed)

Look, get it sorted, I don't have time for archival work. Okay? -- Cheers, bye.

Michael puts down the phone and looks to Nevada who's patiently sitting on a divan on the right of the desk.

MICHAEL

Nevada, remember to knock next time. Fortunately, that wasn't an important call.

NEVADA

Alright, sorry Michael.

MICHAEL

(miffed)

You know you don't have to call me Michael now, right?

NEVADA

I know, it's a personal choice.

MICHAEL

What's with your attitude this morning? -- Is this about those

protestors again?

NEVADA

(frustrated)

They've been outside for the past 4 days! You told me that you would help them so why are they still here?

MICHAEL

Look, Michael, I know I said I would but I've got a lot going on at the moment. Rather than me responding, they would be better off contacting the museum directly with their qualms instead of disrupting the peace. In the end, stunts like these only happen to seek attention.

NEVADA

I'm not an idiot, Michael, I've heard things about this place's *history*. Attention-seeking or not, what they're saying is probably true. Why do I even bother with you? I'm only here for Mom's sake at this point.

There's a momentary silence between the two. Michael sighs and gets up to sit next to Nevada. He tries to put his hand on Nevada's shoulder but Nevada instinctively moves back.

MICHAEL

(empathetic)

Nevada, I know that it's been difficult adjusting to living in London and you might villainise me for being responsible for moving on such short notice. But your mum has sent you here over the summer so that we can bond and get to know each other which involves a *two-way* understanding. So while I understand the source of your anger, please take to heart that I'm busy and don't normally have time to deal with situations like this. Okay?

Nevada looks up at Michael with fury in his eyes.

NEVADA

(stern)

I'm tired hearing shit like this from

you. Look, I'm just going to get to work. I'd rather do that than have to try and reason with you.

Nevada gets up, straightens his jacket and leaves.

NEVADA (CONT'D)
Bye, *Michael*.

He slams the door, leaving a miffed but emotionally hurt Michael.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM ENTRANCE - DAY

It's later in the day and the British Museum is now packed with tourists looking to get a free break from the weather outside that's hotter than usual. Nevada is at a kiosk next to museum employee KAREEM, selling guides and maps. Nevada pauses, using a map to fan himself and looks out of a window near him. He notices the group outside leaving the premises and freezes for a moment.

NEVADA
(mumbling)
He doesn't have time but I do.

Nevada puts his map down and taps Kareem to get his attention.

NEVADA
(chipper)
Hey Kareem, you don't mind if I go on lunch break?

KAREEM
(jovial)
And leave me to all these maps to me? -- Kidding! Yeah, you can head out. See ya!

Nevada dashes out of the museum and looks for Adjo and Kofi who are just exiting the courtyard. He sprints towards them.

NEVADA
(panting)
Excuse me, sir! Hold on!