

INT. DINING ROOM OF MANSION - NIGHT

The large room is packed with mostly AFRICAN PEOPLE dressed in their finest clothes - some in traditional garb and others in Western-style suits. A privileged few sit around a large, wooden table. The rest stand, talking noisily and jovially. SERVANTS carry around trays of delicious smoked meats and other regional delicacies. Everyone is smiling, celebrating.

GENERAL MUTOMBO, late 50s, a large, muscular man wearing a military uniform stands, knocking his fork against a dish.

GENERAL MUTOMBO

Welcome to my home. We are here tonight to celebrate the victory of my nephew, the Eeroon Clan, and Allah. The new prime minister of Amhali: Akil Salam Muhammad Eeroon.

The crowd erupts in applause. AKIL, 40s, a tall, thin man wearing square-framed glasses and a black suit stands. He holds up his hand, acknowledging the crowd. His voice is calm and quiet in comparison to his uncle's booming timbre. The audience listens in rapture.

AKIL

Allahu Akbar. Thank you, Ladies and gentlemen, for joining me here tonight. I could not be where I am today without . . .

BUMP.

A loud noise rumbles the house. Mutombo indicates one of his GUARDS go investigate. Akil continues.

AKIL (CONT'D)

I could not be where I am today without your support. Together we will work towards a peaceful, prosperous, god-fearing Amhali.

EXT. FRONT GATE OF COMPLEX - NIGHT

The guard mounts the stairs to the top of the wall surrounding the complex. Two GUNMEN have their machine guns at the ready, aiming downwards.

Below, a CROWD of rowdy, angry people has formed. They yell negative things about Akil, Mutombo, and the Eeroon clan. Some chant cheers in support of a man named Faraji. They taunt the guards and several have begun to get violent, throwing rocks and shaking the gates.