

WALL OF FIRE

Pilot. "The Wall of Fire." Scene One.

A sample page to demonstrate voice, not a script commitment. Three pages. Standalone. Honest on the register.

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHERN UGANDAN BUSH. NIGHT.

A candle of flame. Thin. Vertical. Tall as a person.

It burns against black. It is the only light in the frame.
Hold on it. Hold.

A CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.), singing in Acholi. Soft. A lullaby.

The flame goes out.

INT. MUD-BRICK HUT, NORTHERN UGANDA. NIGHT.

Darkness. A child's hand lights a kerosene lamp. The room appears in warm yellow. A WOMAN, fifties, American, kneels by a cot. Her name, we will learn, is CAROLE. She is not the focus.

On the cot: a five-year-old BOY, eyes closed. Sweating. Carole hums along with a teenage GIRL sitting cross-legged on the floor. The girl is singing the lullaby.

Carole presses a wet cloth to the boy's forehead.

CAROLE
(murmured)
Fever's coming down.

The girl keeps singing. Outside, a dog barks and stops.

A shadow passes the window.

We do not see it. Carole does not see it. The girl keeps singing.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUD-BRICK HUT. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

A MAN stands outside the window. Twenties. Lean. Broad at the shoulders. He holds a black semi-automatic pistol loosely at his side.

This is OKELO. The man the episode will be about.

He is not afraid. His face is unreadable. He has been here before. Six times before. Seven times before. He does not remember.

He looks at the window. Through it, faintly, we can see Carole's silhouette moving over the cot.

Okelo raises the pistol. Two-handed. His finger slides into the trigger guard.

He steadies. He exhales. He

His finger does not move.

CLOSE on the finger. White on the trigger. Not pulling.

CLOSE on his face. Not fear. Something else.

He lowers the pistol. Slowly. He backs away from the window.

EXT. DIRT ROAD. MOMENTS LATER.

Okelo walks. He is calm. He is furious. He is neither. The pistol is back in his waistband. He does not look at it.

A MOTORCYCLE idles fifty meters ahead. On the seat: AKIM, older, fifties, face painted with a thin white ash in lines that trace the bones of his cheeks. Witch doctor

lines, but not a witch doctor. Something higher than that.

Akim watches Okelo approach. Akim does not move.

AKIM

Again.

OKELO

Again.

AKIM

You saw her.

OKELO

I saw her.

Akim studies him. Okelo's jaw tightens.

AKIM

What was around her this time.

A beat. Okelo does not want to say it. He says it.

OKELO

Fire. Still fire. A wall of it.

Tall as a man. Thin as a candle.

I could not see her through it.

Akim is silent for a long moment. Then he slides off the motorcycle. Walks to Okelo. Stops one foot away.

AKIM

Your daughter is three months old.

Okelo does not answer.

AKIM

Do you understand me.

OKELO

I understand.

AKIM

Go back tomorrow.

Akim turns. Gets back on the motorcycle. Kicks it to life.

AKIM (CONT'D)

If there is fire around her
tomorrow, there will not be a
daughter the next day.

The motorcycle pulls away. Okelo watches it go.

The dust settles.

Okelo pulls the pistol from his waistband. Holds it up.
Looks at the barrel.

In the polished metal, a thin reflected flame.

It is not there when he holds the pistol to the side. It
is there when he holds it up.

He lowers the pistol. Flame gone.

He raises it. Flame there.

He stares.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD (paper white on ink black):

WALL OF FIRE

A beat.

SMALLER, below:

EPISODE 1
THE WALL OF FIRE

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN.

Why this cold open

Opens with the title metaphor literal. The first image of the series is the wall of fire. Not narrated. Not explained. Just held on screen until the audience leans in.

The protagonist of the hour is not who the audience expects. The cold open introduces Carole, then pulls the camera outside the window, then reveals Okelo. It is his story, not hers. The show's whole thesis in four minutes.

Akim appears second. His face is painted. His authority over Okelo is total. We establish the real antagonist of the pilot before the first commercial break.

Pistol + flame = hook. The last image of the cold open is the same image as the show's key art. The card Stephanie hands out at ICFF. The title card. One visual carries the series.

What this excerpt is not

It is not a pilot commitment. It is not a negotiated scene. It is a proof of voice, written to demonstrate to a serious producer that the show has a tone before any script exists. One page in a pitch packet. Meant to be read in ninety seconds.

Only Jesus.