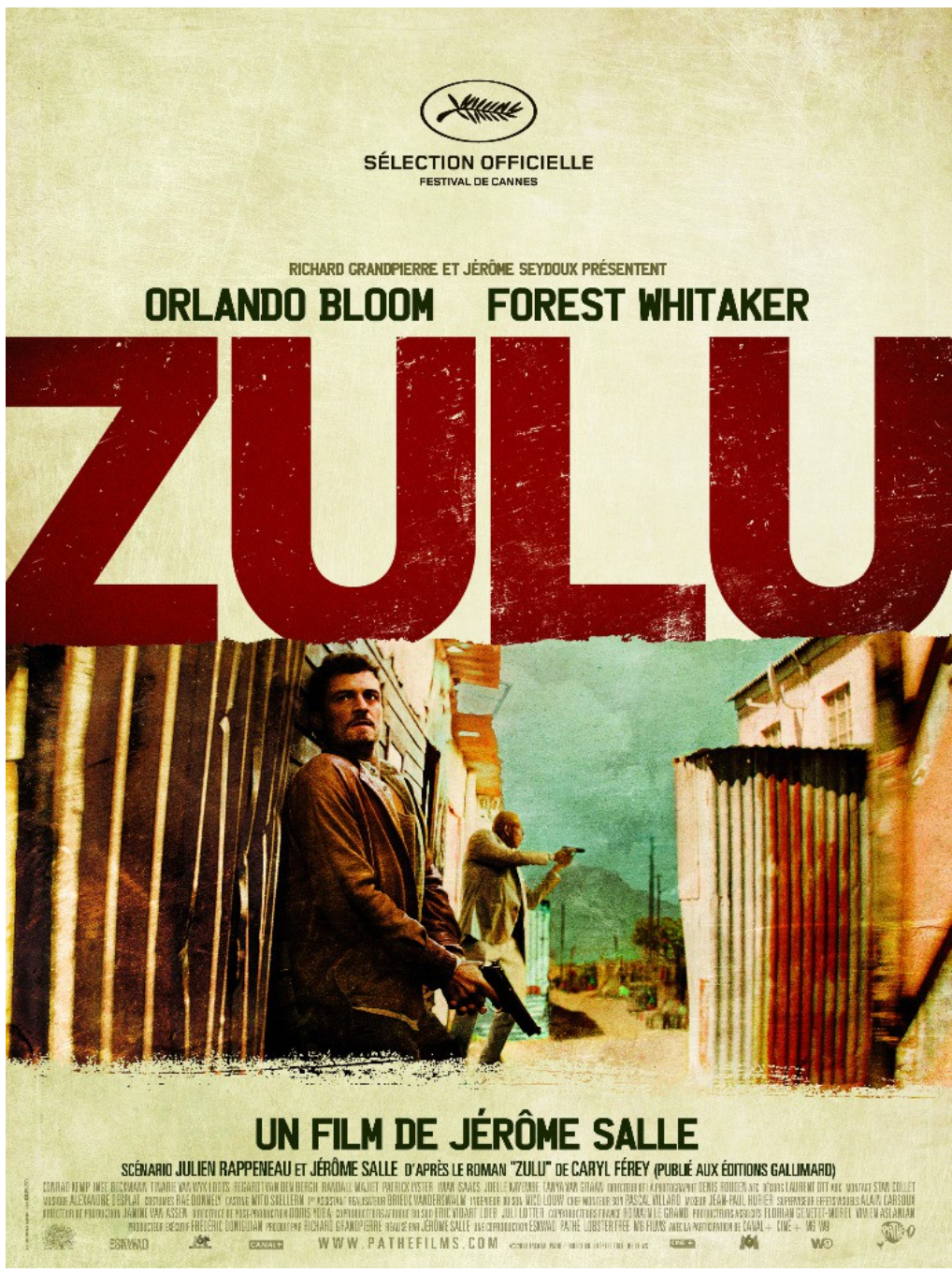


LA SCÉNARIOTHÈQUE DES
LA Lecteurs
Anonymes.



Un scénario de Julien Rappeneau & Jérôme Salle

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ZULU

Screenplay by Julien Rappeneau
and Jérôme Salle

Based on the novel by Caryl Férey

A film by Jérôme Salle

September 21 2012

"Forgiveness liberates the soul. It removes fear
That is why it is such a powerful weapon."

Nelson Mandela

1 INT. KWAZULU-NATAL TOWNSHIP / ALI'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

CU on a ten-year-old black child, **Ali Sokhela**. His face is pressed up to the window.

ALI
(frightened)

Baba...
Daddy...

Outside, some twenty men in a state of frenzy throw a thirty-year-old black man to the ground. They hit him, insult him, screaming "This is what we do with scum like you!" "All you ANC shits will die!" "We're gonna fry him like a pig!"

KWAZULU-NATAL - SOUTH AFRICA - 1978

A tire is put around the man's neck. The men throw a lit lighter at him. The tire bursts into flames. Screams of pain blend in with the torturers' screams of joy.

Still pressed up to the window, Ali's face is lit by the flames. Suddenly a hooded man appears right in front of him, on the other side of the window.

Terrified, Ali jumps back. He rushes for the door. Just as he reaches it, two hands try to grab him. He barely escapes.

2 EXT. KWAZULU-NATAL TOWNSHIP - NIGHT 2

In only his underpants, Ali runs as fast as he can. We hear dogs barking as they chase after him.

CU on his feet pounding against the dirt. CU on his face.

3 INT. ALI'S APARTMENT - DAWN 3

CU on a 45-year-old black man running. CU on his running shoes upon on a treadmill. The humming of an electric motor, the irregular rhythm of shoes against rubber. Ali is no longer a child, but he still runs, staring into space.

Opposite him, a picture window looks out over the modern downtown area of Cape Town. Dawn is breaking.

CAPE TOWN - SOUTH AFRICA - 2012

Behind Ali, we make out a perfectly tidy and soberly decorated apartment. On the wall, a flat screen broadcasts a commercial celebrating the Rainbow Nation.

4 EXT/INT. ALI'S CAR - DAY 4

A. A comfortable sedan leaves the downtown area with its modern high rises. *

B. CU on Ali behind the wheel. The car exits the expressway. *

C. Ali's car enters a rundown district: small rickety houses. Disturbing faces. *

5 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 5

Ali's car pulls up in front of a brick building surrounded by high wire fencing. He gets out and crosses the road.

6 INT. POLICE STATION / CORRIDOR - DAY 6

Ali walks next to lieutenant **Adams** (45), in uniform.

ADAMS
(mulling it over)
Kids... Kids...

He stops makes a half-turn and shouts:

ADAMS (CONT'D)
Jacob!

A policeman (30) pokes his head through a door.

ADAMS (CONT'D)
Kids going missing... Around
Khayelitsha...

Jacob shrugs his shoulders helplessly:

JACOB
People come and go over there you
know...

Ali's phone rings.

ALI
(to Adams, firm)
Check it out anyhow.

He answers his phone:

ALI (CONT'D)
Hi Dan.
(suddenly concentrated)
Where's that?

7 EXT. DAN'S HOME - DAY 7

A young white man, **Dan** (35), opens the front door of his residential middle-class house. Despite his suit, he doesn't look his age.

DAN
 (into the phone)
 At the Botanical Gardens... I'll drop
 the kids off at school and be right
 over...
 (shouting)
 Tom! Gary!

Two young children, five and seven, make their appearance,
 schoolbags on their backs. Tom wears a Spiderman outfit.

DAN (CONT'D)
 (to Spiderman)
 Hey! Are you kidding me? Go back and
 put on some real clothes...

He grabs Tom by the arm and pulls him back inside.

TOM
 Mommy would've let me!

7A INT. POLICE STATION / CORRIDOR - DAY

7A *

ALI
 Did you get a hold of Brian?

DAN (O.S.)
 (helpless)
 I've left several messages.

*

8 INT. BRIAN'S HOME / BEDROOM - DAY

8

The camera zooms in to a sleeping white man: **Brian** (36). Face
 unshaven, hair unkempt. He has a weary look to him.

A noise in the house. Like an object falling.

Brian just barely forces himself awake. He glances over at the
 other side of the bed: a pretty young woman is asleep. Brian
 sits up.

He grabs a bottle of pills and an open beer can from his bedside
 table. He pops two or three pills, chases them with the warm
 beer and winces at the taste.

Another noise in the house, a creaking sound. CU on Brian,
 startled.

*

9 INT. BRIAN'S HOME / LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - DAY

9

Brian tiptoes quietly down the stairs, naked. We discover a
 messy living room. Clothes scattered over the floor.

Another noise. Through the cracked-open kitchen door, he makes
 out someone moving about.

Noiselessly, he picks up a shirt lying on the floor and finds what he was looking for: his holster. Relieved, he recovers his arm.

Brian inches towards the kitchen. Now he can see the person - who's wearing a cap - more clearly. He's climbed up onto a stool. He opens a cupboard, pulls out a metal box. Inside are a few bills.

Brian releases the safety catch of his gun with his thumb. He leaps forward and kicks the stool out from under the man, who falls to the ground. Brian immobilizes him with a brutal armlock, his gun to his neck.

DAVID

Let me go for Christ's sake!

Brian gets up at once, releasing the mysterious figure, who turns out to be a young white kid barely out of his teens: **David** (17). Brian relaxes his hold.

BRIAN

(sarcastic)

Nice of you to drop by... It's been a while.

*

David gets up. He points at his father's gun.

DAVID

You're a fucking lunatic...

BRIAN

(setting his weapon down)

It's not loaded. What are you doing here?

David picks up the few bills that fell to the floor.

DAVID

(referring to the money)

This is it?

Brian grabs his pants off the floor and puts them on.

*

BRIAN

The rest is stashed in the Caiman Islands...

DAVID

Is that where we have to go to get your child support?

BRIAN

Your mom's not exactly out on the street.

*

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

She has a new boyfriend, doesn't she?
And dentures are a big business!

*

Brian pulls his phone out of his pocket. CU on the screen: seven missed calls.

*

DAVID

(provoking)

Oh, so *he's* my dad now? And how am I supposed to pay for a flat?

BRIAN

(surprised)

A flat?

DAVID

Marjorie and I are moving in together.

BRIAN

(who?)

Marjorie?

(stunned)

Fuck David, you only seventeen!

*

DAVID

So what?

BRIAN

Why don't you come live here! You know... I got the house for you!

*

*

DAVID

Too much traffic around here.

David walks off. On his way, he picks up a pair of girl's panties lying on the armrest of the couch.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you at least know this one's name?

BRIAN

(provocative)

I know she's got a nice ass!

David throws the panties to the ground and shakes his head in dismay.

DAVID

I stopped by Grandpa's tomb. What's it gonna take for you to get around to putting a name on his headstone?

BRIAN

Get out!

DAVID
Go wash your dick, asshole.

Brian goes over to David. Slaps him hard across the face. David, humiliated, glares at him. He walks out, slamming the door. *
Brian is alone, miserable.

12 EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - DAY

12

The magnificent Botanical Gardens at the foot of Table Mountain. In the midst of the thick vegetation, Ali is climbing a steep hill at a good pace. Behind him, a small group of men - some in uniforms - struggle to keep up. Dan is one of them.

We come around the corner of a thicket of small trees in this idyllic landscape and discover a group of policemen busy searching for clues. A black man in a white coat comes over to him: Themba. He shakes Ali's hand, and then Dan's when he joins them, out of breath.

THEMBA
(to Dan)
You're working in the field now?

DAN
I needed a change of scenery.

THEMBA
You'll get your money's worth.

Ali goes over to a body covered with a plastic sheet. He puts on the pair of latex gloves that someone holds out to him.

ALI
How old?

THEMBA
About twenty... She died at around 2:00 a.m. Multiple wounds. No bullets.

ALI
Stabbing?

THEMBA
(shakes his head no)
Someone beat her to death with their fists...

Ali stares at him in disbelief. By way of explanation, Themba pulls back the plastic sheet.

CU on Ali's face. He stiffens. The victim's face is a gaping wound. Neither the eyes nor the nose are recognizable, only a hole where the mouth had once been. Open, as if screaming for help one last time.

A long silence. The men remain frozen before this vision of horror. Dan looks away, as if searching for fresh air.

ALI

Rape?

THEMBA

Sexual intercourse... I'll tell you later if it was rape.

Ali gently covers the body again and stands up straight. Themba holds a bag out to him. Inside is a small laminated card.

THEMBA (CONT'D)

This is all we found on her, a video club membership card.

Ali examines the card through the plastic bag. He reads:

ALI

Judith Botha...

DAN

I'll get Janet working on it.

ALI

Janet?

DAN

The new girl... The one who's...
(ill at ease)
A little...

THEMBA

(implacable)

Fat.

13 EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS / PARKING LOT - DAY

13

A rattling old car pulls up on the parking lot in the middle of the police vehicles. An ambulance drives off. It's all over. Everyone is packing up.

Brian gets out of his car. He goes over to Ali and Dan.

BRIAN

Hello, Your Highness.

ALI

You look like hell.

Brian and Ali exchange looks. Signs of irritation but friendship too. *

*

BRIAN

I'm happy to see you too.

Ali gets into his car and drives off.

14 INT. NEWLAND STADIUM / CORRIDOR - DAY 14

An employee guides Brian and Dan down the long corridor that leads to the playing field.

DAN
Of course she's keeping her spirits
up... She's tougher than she looks.

BRIAN
What about the kids?

DAN
I don't think they really understand.
When Tom looks at his mother's hair, he
says, "Mommy's leaves are falling."

At the end of the corridor, daylight. Blinding.

15 EXT. NEWLAND STADIUM - DAY 15

Dan and Brian come onto the field. The bleachers are empty. Out on the grass, some twenty players listen to the instructions of a giant in sweats, **Nils Botha** (45), who wears the club's cap. A dozen feet away from Dan and Brian, another giant in a suit: **Stewart Weitz** (45) is giving an interview in front of a camera and a pretty female journalist. *

DAN
(pointing to Stewart Weitz)
He's aged since the World Cup...

But Brian rather check out the buttocks of the journalist. *

Following the employee, Nils Botha comes to them? *

BRIAN
I'll let you do the talking.

Dan tenses.

DAN
(displaying his badge)
Nils Botha?

The man nods.

DAN (CONT'D)
Hello, sir. I'm Detective Dan Fletcher
from the Serious and Violent Crime
Unit. And this is Detective Brian
Epkeen.

NILS BOTHA
What's going on?

DAN
Do you know where your daughter Judith is?

NILS BOTHA
At home I'd imagine.

DAN
She's not at her apartment. And her cell phone doesn't answer.

The trainer understands that something serious has happened.

DAN (CONT'D)
Could you please give us Judith's description? Her height... and weight...

NILS BOTHA
Uh... Five foot five... What the hell is going on here?

Dan, uneasy, searches for his words.

Stewart Weitz has finished his interview. He comes over. *

STEWART WEITZ
Something wrong, Nils?

NILS BOTHA
What is going on?

BRIAN
(without hesitating)
We found the body of a young woman in the Botanical Gardens. The body hasn't been identified yet but she had a video club membership card on her, in the name of Judith Botha.

Nils Botha's face falls apart. Stewart Weitz goes white.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Do you know what your daughter did last night?

Stewart squeezes Botha's shoulder tight with his big paw.

Dan's cell phone rings. It's Janet. He steps aside to answer.

NILS BOTHA
Judith and Nicole were studying for their mid-term exams.

BRIAN

Nicole?

STEWART WEITZ

My daughter. Judith and Nicole are close friends.

Dan comes back with a sheepish expression.

DAN

We just reached Judith.

Immense relief for Botha. His eyes well with tears. Stewart Weitz smiles at him, relieved as well.

DAN (CONT'D)

She was at the beach with her boyfriend, her phone was switched off. She...

(short beat)

She lent her video club card to her girlfriend Nicole yesterday.

Botha looks at his friend. Destiny has just come crashing down on Stewart Weitz.

16A EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

16A

Establishing shot.

17 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - DAY

17

Dan stands close to the door. Ali sits opposite **Judith** (18), very close to her. The young girl's eyes are red from crying.

ALI

You've got to help me Judith...

She turns around, uneasy, glancing at her father, Nils Botha, who is waiting outside.

*
*

JUDITH

Yes, we'd done it before... Nicole would tell her parents she was spending the night at my place to study... But in fact she'd go out.

*

ALI

Do you know where? Or with who?

She shakes her head no.

JUDITH

We weren't seeing much of each other lately.

Janet (25), a plump, young mixed-race woman, opens the door and hands Dan a glass of water. He thanks her with a glance. She smiles shyly.

ALI

You attended the same university?

JUDITH

Yeah... But she'd sort of stopped coming to school... I mean not entirely, but you know...

Dan hands Judith the glass.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

In the last few months, something changed. Like she wasn't the same person. I can't explain why, but...

ALI

Had she met someone?

JUDITH

I don't know. She'd become kind of evasive.

Judith tries to hold back a sob, but she is overwhelmed with grief. She covers her face with her hands.

21 EXT. HOSPITAL EXIT - DAY

21

Dan gets out of his car and strides over to a young white woman who is visibly waiting for him. **Claire** (34), wearing a skirt, wan features, a beret on her head and an overnight bag in her hand. They hug and kiss, intensely, with passion.

DAN

I'm sorry... I'm late... How are you?

CLAIRE

Better than you. You look like you've seen a ghost babe.

DAN

I'll tell you about it.

He takes her bag and they head over to the car.

DAN (CONT'D)

Ready to face a party organized by two little monsters?

CLAIRE

And how!

DAN
I should warn you... They baked that
god-awful yogurt cake of theirs...

CLAIRE
(feigning terror)
Heavens no!

22 INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

22

Dan gets in behind the wheel. Claire sees a hatbox sitting on
the backseat.

CLAIRE
Oh, he remembered!

Dan smiles. She pulls a wig out of the box.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Blonde?

DAN
Oh, so I'm not allowed to have any
fantasies anymore?

She laughs.

CLAIRE
Turn around...

He obeys. She takes off her beret. Adjusts the platinum blond
bob on her bald head and looks in the rearview mirror.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Ta da!

He looks at her and smiles, in love.

23 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JOSEPHINA'S HOUSE - DAY

23

Ali drives through a sprawling township. Colorful dwellings
fabricated from odds and ends stretch endlessly across the white
sand. Corrugated iron roofs glimmer in the sunlight as far as
the eye can see.

Ali drives past a row of corrugated iron shacks and turns into a
street lined with little brick and mortar houses. He parks.
Children are playing soccer.

24 INT. JOSEPHINA'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM / BEDROOM - DAY

24

He knocks at the door.

ALI
It's me.

JOSEPHINA (O.S.)
I'm here. Come in!

He enters the sparsely furnished house and finds two black women: **Josephina** (65), seated on a couch, and a nurse, **Myriam**, who finishes giving her an injection.

ALI
What happened?

JOSEPHINA
Everything's fine!

MYRIAM
A drop in blood pressure. Nothing too serious.

JOSEPHINA
I was handing out clothes with the other ladies around Khayelitsha. I got a bit flushed. It happens.

ALI
You work too hard, Mom.

JOSEPHINA
Did you know that another child has disappeared? Have you gone to see Adams?

ALI
They haven't noticed anything suspect.

JOSEPHINA
Naturally. No one gives a damn about these children.

ALI
(tender and weary)
Mother...

25 EXT. JOSEPHINA'S HOUSE - DAY

25

On the threshold of the door, Ali looks for some money in his wallet. Obviously smitten, Myriam can't take her eyes off him.

MYRIAM
You're all she talks about, you know...

Ali hands the money to Myriam.

ALI
(cold)
Thank you.

Myriam leaves. Ali turns around and finds his mother standing there.

JOSEPHINA

Did you see how she was looking at you?
She's beautiful, isn't she?

ALI

Mother, please stop it.

JOSEPHINA

(temporarily beat)

Chicken and dumplings, how does that sound?

26 EXT/INT. ALI'S CAR - NIGHT

26

Ali drives through the township. He is listening to the radio.

JOURNALIST (O.S.)

...Former Springbok and World Cup hero, Stewart Weitz called a press conference late this afternoon where he said that violent crime is turning South Africa into just another failed African State with delusions to the contrary...

STEWART WEITZ (O.S.)

Some kind of twisted beast raped and murdered my daughter. If the police in this country are incapable of protecting their fellow citizens...

Ali switches the radio off. Suddenly something catches his attention. He stops the car.

27 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

27

The car parks alongside a vacant lot next to a makeshift shack. An **old man** is sitting outside. Several feet away, a young kid, barely twelve years old, is getting pummeled by another kid the same age. Ali races towards them.

ALI

Hey!

The fight continues. Ali rushes up and grabs the aggressive kid. He pulls him away from his victim, who is curled up on the ground.

ALI (CONT'D)

Hey what the hell are you doing?

The kid stands up straight and looks Ali in the eye. He wears an over-sized Star Wars T-shirt. His eyes are bloodshot and mad with fury.

STAR WARS KID
Let go! Let go of me, you fuck!

Despite their difference in size, the kid pounces on Ali, scratching and biting like a wild animal. Ali pushes him away and sends him flying to the ground. The kid gets to his feet. He looks at Ali, half-crazed. He seems to hesitate, but in the end flees into the dark night.

All that remains are several streaks of blood on the ground and a small wad of gold metallic paper that catches Ali's eye. He picks it up and looks around. The old man points a finger in one direction. Ali sees the other kid in the distance, running towards an abandoned work site. He chases after him.

ALI
Wait!

The child turns around, terrified, before diving into a cement sewage pipe. Ali peers inside, trying to see him, with no success.

ALI (CONT'D)
Come out boy! I just want to make sure
you're ok!

No answer. Ali walks off. He opens the little wad of metallic paper and finds several crystals inside. Drugs. Tik.

28 INT/EXT. BRIAN'S CAR - DAY 28

His car window down, Brian drives through Bishopscourt. Luxurious villas surrounded by gates and cameras. Security company signs threaten intruders with "armed interventions."

Brian dials a number on his cell phone. Ringing. Then a voicemail message:

DAVID (O.S.)
This is David. I'm not here. Beep.

Brian hesitates. Then hangs up without leaving a message.

29 EXT. STEWART WEITZ'S VILLA / GATES - DAY 29

The car pulls up in front of a high, wide gate. The outer walls of the estate are topped with grim-looking electric wires. A CCTV camera is watching. The door opens, as if by magic.

30 INT. STEWART WEITZ'S VILLA - DAY 30 *

An employee opens the door. We see Brian getting out of his car. *
He walks in the house. Standing at the top of the stairs, *
Stewart Weitz is waiting for him. *

STEWART WEITZ
You're late.

*
*

31 INT. STEWART WEITZ'S VILLA / NICOLE'S ROOM - DAY 31

CU of a picture: Nicole and her father, smiling. Brian puts back the picture. He looks around: the typical bedroom of a teenager from a well-to-do family who is slightly nostalgic for her childhood.

Stewart Weitz stands in the middle of the room. He observes the detective.

STEWART WEITZ
(angry)
What exactly do you hope to find?

BRIAN
Where I come from we call it "a lead."

An employee enters the room and hands Brian a cup of coffee. He thanks him with a smile and drinks it.

STEWART WEITZ
My dogter was verkrag en vermoor deur n siek onnosele breinlose dier waaraan daar hoegenaamd nie n tekort is in hierdie land nie. Jy gaan niks hierbinne vind wat jou met jou ondersoek gaan help nie.
My daughter was raped and murdered by a sick mindless animal of which there is no shortage in this benighted country. You won't find anything in here that will help you with your investigation.

BRIAN
Ja... but we don't know that your daughter was raped --

*

STEWART WEITZ
(cutting him off)
Nicole was a virgin.

Brian can't help making a face.

STEWART WEITZ (CONT'D)
We're strict Adventists. My daughter is a serious young woman.

BRIAN
(ironic)
My parents were also religious...
Helluva strict.
(beat)
(MORE)

*
*

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Nicole used her best friend as an alibi. She must've been afraid to tell you the truth.

STEWART WEITZ

Excuse me?

BRIAN

Ja, afraid of how you'd react if you found out she was hanging out with kids from the wrong side of the tracks... Black and coloured kids specifically.

*

STEWART WEITZ

Look here... Did you come to my home to call me a racist or to find the bastard who killed my daughter?

Brian ignores him and starts to search the room. Drawers, closets, etc. Stewart Weitz follows him with his eyes, furious to see the cop's hands rummaging through his daughter's panties.

Brian looks at the brand new laptop on the desk. Below, there's an old PC tower, obviously useless. He takes a Swiss army knife out of his pocket and unscrews the left panel of the tower.

Inside, he finds a plastic bag. Brian empties the contents of the bag onto the desk. Stewart Weitz comes over and discovers condoms, lubricating gel and a sex toy. His eyes well up with tears.

33 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / FRONT HALL - DAY

33

Ali walks through the front hall with **Kruger**, a white man of around sixty.

KRUGER

Tik? That's a township drug. We're dealing with a rich kid. It doesn't compute.

ALI

But it does: the medical examiner found ephedrine and ammoniac in her bloodstream. It all suggests she was shooting tik.

34 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / KRUGER'S OFFICE - DAY

34

They enter Kruger's office.

KRUGER

Is it possible that someone drugged her to abuse her?

ALI

She had sexual intercourse but she wasn't raped. Our main priority is to find her partner.

KRUGER

He's our killer. Or he'd've come forward by now.

ALI

It could be he just sold her the tik and doesn't want any trouble. In any case, we're looking for him.

KRUGER

What about a DNA sample ?

Ali grimaces.

ALI

Nothing usable...

Kruger's ASSISTANT pokes her head through the door.

ASSISTANT

Have you spoken to the Attorney General?

KRUGER

(to his assistant)

Three times!

(to Ali)

Nicole Weitz's father called him complaining about the cop who showed up at his place this morning.

ALI

Brian is a first rate detective. I trust him.

KRUGER

He's a mess.

35 EXT. BRIAN'S CAR / RICK'S VILLA - DAY

35

Brian get out of his car, parked in a residential neighborhood. He walks towards the gate of a beautiful villa. Through the picture window, he sees a pretty white woman doing her gym routine. It's **Ruby** (38).

Brian rings the doorbell. Ruby looks at Brian through the window. She's surprised and not particularly pleased to see him.

36 EXT. RICK'S VILLA - DAY

36

The large gate opens. Brian walks in. Ruby comes to meet him.

BRIAN
(nod)
Ruby.

*

RUBY
(surly)
What are you doing here?

BRIAN
I was just in the neighborhood for work
and...

*

RUBY
They haven't fired you yet?

Brian ignores the nasty remark. He looks around.

BRIAN
Lovely place you got. You must be
happy...

Brian points to a kitsch sculpture in the garden.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(ironic)
I love that. Was that Rick who chose
it? His name's Rick, isn't it?

*

RUBY
Fuck off, Brian. What do you want?

BRIAN
Is David here?

RUBY
He's at his girlfriend's.

BRIAN
Margaret...

RUBY
Marjorie. He's studying... For his
finals... Tomorrow.

Brian pretends that he knows. It doesn't work.

BRIAN
He dropped by to see me yesterday.

*

RUBY
(ironic)
I heard.

BRIAN
He wants to get his own flat... I was
thinking...

RUBY
 Since when have you been more
 interested in David than in your cock?

BRIAN
 (caustic)
 Since he started having cute
 girlfriends. *

(beat)
 Look, I thought maybe we could go 50-50
 on it? *

RUBY
 Fuck off! Why don't you start by paying
 me the child support you owe me!

BRIAN
 I'm broke. Your dentist for the rich
 and famous can't you help out? *

RUBY
 Rick is not going to pay for your son!

BRIAN
 Just tell him it's the price to pay for
 balling you! If I recall, yo were not
 bad in the sack. *

Ruby shakes her head in consternation. Brian lowers his eyes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Can't we just talk normally?

RUBY
 You're not normal.

BRIAN
 I can change...

RUBY
 You?

An Aston Martin races up the driveway of the estate and parks in front of the villa. A man of around forty, **Rick**, gets out. Nice clothes, good hair cut, manicured hands.

RICK
 (dry tone)
 Is that your car down there?

RUBY
 Rick, please meet Brian.

RICK
 The famous Brian...

He kisses Ruby on the lips, squeezing her waist.

RICK (CONT'D)
 How are you, baby?
 (then to Brian)
 Want to come in for a drink?

RUBY
 No. Brian was just leaving, he has things to do.

RICK
 (sarcastic)
 What a pity. But we understand. A murder every half-an-hour... You've got your work cut out for you!

BRIAN
 (keeping his calm)
 Have a lekker day. *

He waves at Ruby and leaves.

37 EXT. DAN'S HOME - SUNSET

37

The little garden at Dan and Claire's place. Claire sets one last dish on the table and goes back into the house, an empty tray in her hand. She walks past Ali, who is busy with the barbecue, and Brian, who's playing rough with the two boys.

CLAIRE
 Please spare me a run to the Emergency Room before bedtime!

She runs into Dan as he comes out of the house with several bottles in his hands. They kiss lovingly along the way.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 All these boys... So violent!

DAN
 (ironic)
 Next time Brian can bring one of his lady friends around.

Claire rolls her eyes. Certainly not!

CLAIRE
 What about Ali? When is he going to introduce us to his girlfriend?

Dan shrugs his shoulders. No way of knowing.

38 EXT. DAN'S HOME - NIGHT

38

The four friends have finished dinner. Several bottles of wine have been opened. Brian rolls a joint. Dan is holding Claire's hand.

BRIAN

He called me a mess?

DAN

And what did you say?

ALI

I lied... I said he's not a total fuck-up.

BRIAN

Kruger's right, I'm a mess.

*

CLAIRE

As if Kruger's one to talk...?

DAN

God, don't start again, Claire...

CLAIRE

Must I remind you about Unit C10? Wasn't he a part of that during Apartheid?

ALI

It was Kruger who appointed me captain, you know.

CLAIRE

Fantastic! But how many black men did he kill on the Vlakplaas ranch? Or torture? Don't tell me he wasn't one of those thugs...

DAN

He was part of a system.

CLAIRE

And that makes him the perfect candidate for the position of commanding officer?

ALI

(wearily)

We decided that we had to live together. The past is the past. Can't we just play some cards or something now?

DAN
Kruger was amnestied. Pardoned.

CLAIRE
Of course he was amnestied. Kruger! And all the other murderers and thieves! It's so easy! You appear before a misguided farce of a commission... You confess to every evil deed you've done and bam! All's forgiven! Just like that. Instant absolution. It's patently absurd.

DAN
A slight exaggeration, don't you think?

Claire takes the joint out of Brian's hands and takes a drag.

BRIAN
We were too easy on all those pricks...

Ali and Brian exchange glances. Ali knows that Brian is thinking of someone other than Kruger.

CLAIRE
They got away clean. Free as fucking birds. More prosperous than ever. Like nothing ever happened.

ALI
And you would have preferred what? Retribution? More deaths!

CLAIRE
Not retribution, Ali! Justice! I would have preferred justice!

DAN
Claire! If there's anyone at this table who could possibly want to take revenge, it's Ali! But it so happens that he has the strength and intelligence to forgive!

The argument hits home.

39 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DAN'S HOME - NIGHT

39

Brian gets into his car. Through the open car window, he waves at Dan and Ali, who have walked him outside.

DAN
Not even one last beer?

BRIAN
 Sorry, Can't keep your snitches
 waiting. *

ALI
 (amused)
 A blond? Or a brunette? Both?

BRIAN
 Tell you tomorrow. *

Brian drives off with a smile. Ali's Smartphone beeps.

ALI
 (checking his emails)
 It's the list of expenses charged to
 Nicole Weitz's credit card over the
 past month...

Dan reads over his shoulder.

DAN
 Petrol... Restaurants... Clothes...
 Nightclub...

40 INT. SUNDANCE - NIGHT

40

The club is jam-packed, the music loud. Ali elbows his way over to the bar. He sits down across from a **barmaid**. He shows her his police badge and a photo.

ALI
 Have you ever seen this girl?

The barmaid thinks, chomping on her chewing gum.

BARMAID
 That's the girl who was killed, right?
 Yeah, I saw her in the papers.

At that moment, a **second barmaid** walks past. Seeing the photo, she says:

BARMAID TWO
 Is that the one they found in the
 Botanical Gardens?

ALI
 She came here several times. She was
 here last Friday. The night she died.

BARMAID TWO
 (to Barmaid one, triumphant)
 What did I tell you!
 (to Ali)
 (MORE)

BARMAID TWO (CONT'D)

I saw her! I knew it was her! She was talking to Zina.

ALI

Zina?

Suddenly the lights go out. The room is pitch-dark.

BARMAID ONE

The girl in the show...

She points to a stage covered with glowing embers of charcoal. Tam-tams make the floor vibrate.

Ali moves closer, pushing through the customers. The rhythm of the drums grows more and more intense.

A black female dancer bursts on stage. This is **Zina** (32), glistening skin, beautiful, sensual, almost bewitching.

Hypnotized, Ali cannot take his eyes off her. He examines every part of her vibrating body. Zina dances barefoot on the smoking embers, as if in a trance.

41 INT. SUNDANCE / BACKSTAGE / ZINA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 41

Ali turns down a narrow corridor. Right turn. He runs into a musician.

ALI

Zina?

The man waves him on in the same direction. Another long narrow corridor. At the far end is a light. A small doorway leads to a dressing room.

Ali goes over to the doorway. He knocks. Zina, still in her stage costume, opens up.

ALI (CONT'D)

(pulling out his badge)

Captain Ali Sokhela... Serious and Violent Crime Unit.

She looks him over from head to toe.

ZINA

A pity.

Ali enters, following her. He takes out the photo of Nicole.

ALI

Do you recognize her?

She looks at the picture.

ZINA

I didn't smash her head in if that's what you came to ask.

ALI

You were seen talking to her.

Provocative, Zina starts taking off her stage costume. Zina is now bare-breasted. Ali looks away uneasily.

ALI (CONT'D)

I'll wait for you outside.

But Zina starts to talk, as if to stop him from leaving:

ZINA

Last Wednesday. She came up to me after the performance. We had a drink together.

Ali stays put.

ALI

Was she with anyone?

ZINA

She came alone. But she didn't leave alone. I spent the night with her.

(beat)

They're overprotected kids... One day or another they want to experiment with new things.

Zina is now in underwear.

ALI

And you? What were you looking for?

ZINA

Me?

(she smiles)

I like men. Around forty. Preferably black. But I won't say no to a little treat from time to time.

Zina gets dressed.

ALI

That night, did she seem to be in her normal state?

ZINA

What do you call a normal state when you're making love?

ALI

We found traces of tik in Nicole's blood.

ZINA

That night she was clean. All she drank was a love potion I made for her from plants, from iboga... Would you like to try?

ALI

In another life perhaps.

The musician sticks his head around the corridor.

MUSICIAN

We're off, Zina!

ZINA

I'm coming.

She takes her handbag.

ALI

(pointing to Zina's bare feet)
You're going out like that?

ZINA

Do you have any other silly questions to ask me?

ALI

(in Zulu)
Sinjalo thina maZulu...

She smiles, amused, and translate:

ZINA

That's the way we Zulus are...

42 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SUNDANCE - NIGHT

42

Ali and Zina come out the back entrance of the bar. She's still barefoot. The musicians jump into an old van. She stops.

ZINA

Nicole came to see me at the club again. Friday night...

ALI

The night she died.

ZINA

She wanted to buy a phial of love potion from me.

(MORE)

ZINA (CONT'D)

She'd loved the effects. And that night, she wanted to party with some guy.

ALI

Who?

ZINA

I vaguely gathered that he dealt drugs. And that his name was Stan. That's all I know.

ALI

Stan...

ZINA

I didn't think you really looked like a cop.

MUSICIAN (OFF)

Zina !

*
*
*

Reluctant, she walks away. Still barefoot.

46 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MAIA'S HOME - NIGHT 46

Other than a distant projector, there's no public street lighting in this part of the township. Ali parks in front of a red shack, faded from the sun.

He knocks four times on the door, like a code. A black woman in a nightdress opens up: **Maia** (30), frail features. She smiles:

47 INT. MAIA'S HOME - NIGHT 47

A single, sparsely furnished room. Maia lies down on the bed. On her belly.

Ali -without his jacket- sits down next to her. He caresses her body, lifting up her nightdress. Ali's face displays nothing but concentration. *

The young woman is breathing heavily. She moans and lets out a muffled cry. Her body relaxes. Ali delicately pulls her nightdress down over her buttocks.

Ali gets ups. He takes a couple of bills out of his wallet and sets them on the table. She goes over to him.

MAIA

Why don't you ever sleep over?

ALI

Because I don't sleep. Good night.

Ali exits and disappears into the dark night.

48 INT. BRIAN'S HOME / LIVING ROOM - DAY 48

The doorbell rings in one continuous sound. Brian, wearing boxer shorts, goes to the door with a heavy step. He opens up and sees Ali, who at last takes his finger off the bell.

ALI
You have five minutes.

BRIAN
(not very enthusiastic)
You really need me? *

ALI
Five minutes.

49 INT. BRIAN'S HOME / BEDROOM - DAY 49

Brian pulls his pants on. In the bed, a white girl opens a sleepy eye. A **cute girl**, around twenty.

CUTE GIRL
(half-asleep)
What're you doing?

BRIAN
The keys are on the kitchen table. Just chuck 'em in the flowerpot on your way out...

49A EXT/INT. BRIAN'S HOME / ALI'S CAR 49A

Brian walks to Ali's car. He sits in the backseat, scowling.

BRIAN
What's for breakfast?

Ali starts the car.

50 EXT/INT. ALI'S CAR - DAY 50

Dan studies a piece of paper with a map drawn on it: a florescent yellow itinerary, with various times.

DAN
According to the list of calls made from her cell phone, Nicole went to Muizenberg Beach after leaving the club...

ALI
A lot of dealing goes on over there.

DAN
The Stan that the dancer mentioned to you... Didn't you say he dealt?

ALI
 She might have come by to pick him up
 before going to her "party" in the
 Botanical Gardens...

Brian grabs the map.

BRIAN
 Who made the pretty drawing?

DAN
 Janet e-mailed it to me this morning.

BRIAN
 Have you ever noticed that you're the
 one Janet always calls?

DAN
 This was e-mail.

BRIAN
 I think she wants your body.

DAN
 It's just that between a full-time
 sport fucker, a humorless workaholic,
 and me, she chose the nice guy.

BRIAN
 Nah. She's in love. It's obvious.

*

51 EXT. MUIZENBERG BEACH / PARKING LOT - DAY 51

Ali parks in the parking lot, which is virtually empty at this
 early morning hour. The three men get out.

52 EXT. MUIZENBERG BEACH - DAY 52

Ali, Brian and Dan walk along the beach, past the colorful beach
 huts. Several rare swimmers. Brian drags several steps behind
 Ali and Dan, not particularly thrilled about this morning
 stroll.

Several hundred yards further down, the swimmers give way to
 fishermen. After that, no one. Except a few Coloreds hanging
 around with nothing to do. The three men show Nicole's photo to
 everyone they come across. To no avail.

A few hundred yards more and the beach becomes deserted. Music
 wafts over to them now and again, carried by the gusts of wind.
 Reggae.

In the distance, half a dozen Coloreds drink beer in the shade
 of an old straw beach hut. A girl is dancing.

And further still, a curl of gray smoke indicates activity on the other side of the dunes.

Brian watches the girl who's dancing. He suddenly seems to wake up. He takes out Nicole's photo.

BRIAN
I'll check it out...

Brian walks off. Ali and Dan continue on straight ahead. On the other side of the dunes, they discover a worm-eaten beach hut. Two **thugs**, barely twenty years old, with caps on their heads are barbecuing chicken and drinking beer. They are dead stoned. Bloodshot eyes, teeth rotted from drugs.

ALI
We're looking for a guy named Stan.

THUG 1
Don't know him.

Dan looks around, uneasy. They can no longer see the straw beach hut that Brian went over to. He hears the music in the distance.

ALI
Never heard of him?

THUG 2
Stan? No, we don't know a person by dis name.

Ali pulls out the photo of Nicole.

ALI
How about her?

53 EXT. STRAW BEACH HUT - DAY

53

Brian goes over to the handful of guys swaying to the music as they ogle the dancing **girl**. One man is sitting on an icebox. It's the "**barman**." He is talking to an older **guy with tattoos** (30) covering his body. He is drinking a beer.

BRIAN
(to the barman)
I'll have one too.

*

With his beer in his hand, Brian goes over to the girl. He checks out her cleavage, her light brown legs.

GIRL
Hey there...

BRIAN
Hey...

She presses up against him, teasing.

GIRL
Want to get me one too?

Brian motions to the "barman."

GIRL (CONT'D)
What are you doing around here?

BRIAN
I'm looking for a guy... Name's Stan...

The girl frowns. Nope, doesn't ring a bell.

54 EXT. MUIZENBERG BEACH - DAY

54

Ali is now standing by the wood hut.

ALI
We believe that this Stan is a tik
dealer.

THUG 1
Like we just told you, we don't know a
person by dis name.

ALI
There's been a murder. It would be best
for everyone if we could talk to him.

Ali gently pushes the worm-eaten door of the hut. He discovers a pair of night vision binoculars, powerful walkie-talkies and two submachine guns. New or almost. The stuff doesn't fit in with the place, or with these guys.

Thug 1 jumps to his feet. Dan, nervous, pulls out his gun.

DAN
Don't move!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Nai! Sit nee jou gun!
Put down your gun fucker!

Two other guys have appeared behind Dan. One of them shoves a gun against Dan's neck. The guy is wearing a **yellow T-shirt**. The Brazilian soccer team's T-shirt. The other is a **guy with a limp**.

Ali places his hand on his gun.

YELLOW T-SHIRT
(to Ali)
Sit nee jou gun, djy Frans! Djy! Jou ma
se poes!
*Put down your gun pussy! Hey! I'm talking to
you pussy!*

(MORE)

YELLOW T-SHIRT (CONT'D)

(to Dan)

Sit nee jou gun!
Throw your gun down!

Dan obeys without hesitating. His gun drops into the sand.

Thug 1 pulls an arm out of a charcoal bag. He immediately aims his at Ali.

The guy with a limp comes over to Ali. He pulls out a switchblade. Thwack! The blade glistens. His eyes are bloodshot from drugs. He rips Ali's gun out of his hands and slips it into his own belt.

YELLOW T-SHIRT (CONT'D)

Wat wil julle dala julle naies?
What What do you fuckers wanna try?

ALI

We're looking into the murder of a young girl in the Botanical Gardens.

YELLOW T-SHIRT

Ha? Wat wil julle nogal dala?
Huh? What do you wanna try?

Yellow T-shirt hits Dan, forcing him to his knees in the sand. Dan's lips tremble, he's having difficulty breathing. He looks at Ali. Like a child imploring his father.

YELLOW T-SHIRT (CONT'D)

Is djy bang, my broe? Moenie bang
issie, man. Is djy dan n poes?
*Are you afraid? Don't be afraid, man. Are you
a pussy or something?*

ALI

Calm down, boys. We...

GUY WITH A LIMP

Hou jou bek, kaffe!
Shut up nigger!

Thug 1 pins Ali up against the hut. Gun shoved into his cheek. The guy with a limp sticks his face into Ali's.

ALI

We're police... Don't be stupid.

The guy with a limp smiles. THWACK! His knife digs into the door of the hut right behind Ali's head. Ali stifles a scream: the blade has nailed his ear to the door!

GUY WITH A LIMP

Ek het jou dan gewys djy moet jou bek
hou!
I told you to shut the fuck up!

55 EXT. AROUND STRAW BEACH HUT - DAY 55

Brian and the girl stand slightly off to one side. Pressed up against him, she gazes at him as if he were simply gorgeous.

GIRL
So you're a cop...

BRIAN
Sometimes...

*

She laughs.

56 EXT. MUIZENBERG BEACH - DAY 56

Yellow T-shirt kicks Dan, who is now on all fours in the sand.

YELLOW T-SHIRT
Kyk die bang nai!
Look at the white chicken!

Thug 2 pulls out a machete and comes over.

THUG 2
(to Yellow T-shirt)
Which piece do you want?

Ali, helpless, looks desperately in the direction of the straw beach hut.

57 EXT. AROUND STRAW BEACH HUT - DAY 57

Brian and the girl are still fooling around together.

GIRL
Why am I the one you're questioning?

BRIAN
'Cause you seem like an honest girl.

She places one hand on his chest. Slowly moves down.

GIRL
Do I still seem like an honest girl
now?

Her hand moves further down. She caresses his buttocks. Without warning, her hand yanks the gun out of Brian's holster. She takes two steps back, aiming the arm at him.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Hands on your head! Move it!

Brian doesn't move. The guy with tattoos appears behind the girl.

GIRL (CONT'D)
 (to the guy with tattoos)
 The asshole won't listen.

The guy with tattoos goes over to Brian, threatening. He pulls out a gun.

GUY WITH TATTOOS
 Put your filthy cop's face on the ground.

Suddenly Brian pulls out a small whip. The leather arm slashes the cheek of the guy with tattoos who drops his gun and falls to the ground. Brian hits him a second time, leaving him in a daze, his face covered with blood.

The girl pulls the trigger. Click! Click! The cartridge clip is empty. With one blow to her wrist, Brian disarms the girl. She screams in pain. He finishes her off with a straight punch to the chin.

58 EXT. MUIZENBERG BEACH - DAY 58

Dan is still on the ground. Thug 2 is hysterical.

THUG 2
 Hie nai os 'ie gattas. Vestaan julle nou?
Around here we fuck the police! Understand?

Ali, his ear covered with blood, watches the scene, helpless.

ALI
 Don't be stupid...

THUG 1
 Djy! Hou jou bek het ek jou gewys.
Shut the fuck up! Didn't you hear me the first time?

The guy with a limp and Yellow T-shirt laugh too.

YELLOW T-SHIRT
 Kap sy hand af my broe. Hy wil han sy hanne vi jou lig.
If he wants to raise his hands to you then you must chop them off.

Dan looks at his torturers, tears in his eyes. Suddenly, Thug 2 brings the machete down on Dan: his hand is severed at the wrist.

59 EXT. AROUND STRAW BEACH HUT - DAY 59

Brian is loading his gun. He hears a scream of pain.

60 EXT. MUIZENBERG BEACH - DAY

60

Dan looks at his hand in disbelief. Ali struggles to free himself. Impossible. There's a knife in his ear and a gun to his cheek.

The machete rises in the air again. Comes crashing down against Dan's neck. No more screams. Dan collapses to the ground. Thug 2 shouts and laughs. Blood on his face.

The machete rises into the air again. Bang! A gunshot. Thug 2 is hit in the leg. Brian races down the dune, slipping and sliding, firing his weapon.

Thug 1 relaxes his pressure on Ali, who instantly reacts. He tears the knife out of the door, freeing himself.

Thug 1 takes off running. Bang! One of Brian's bullets mows him down.

Ali races over to Dan.

The guy with a limp fires in Brian's direction. But he has no experience and it shows. His bullets land in the sand around Brian who continues racing down the dune.

Bang! Guy with a limp collapses in turn.

Thug 2 raises his hands in the air. He begs Brian. Brian glances over at Dan, who is lying in his own blood. Ali is leaning over him, talking on his phone. Brian aims his gun at the Thug 2. Ali looks at Brian: don't !

Brian shoots Thug 2. Dead.

61 EXT. DUNES / MUIZENBERG BEACH - DAY

61

The tattooed guy and the girl dive into a car and roar off across the dunes. Several yards further down, they stop to pick up Yellow T-shirt.

62 EXT. MUIZENBERG BEACH - DAY

62

A stretcher carrying Dan is placed onboard a helicopter. Brian gets onboard last.

The copter flies off. Ali remains alone on the beach. The only man still standing amidst the carnage.

64 EXT. TOWNSHIP CHURCH - DAY

64

A church bordering a public open space where kids are playing soccer. The **minister** walks next to **Sonia** (25). The young black woman carries a bag filled with vegetables. Her telephone rings. She answers.

GUY WITH TATTOOS (OFF)

Sonia is ek.
Hey, little sis...

SONIA

Stan ?

(to the minister)

Sorry ek is nou wee by pastor.
I'll be right there.

She stops. The minister walks toward the church.

65 INT. STAN'S HIDING PLACE - DAY

65

In a shack built with any old means, the guy with tattoos -Stan-
phone glued to his ear, hyper, shoves several belongings into a
bag.

(CROSS-CUT SEQUENCE WITH SONIA)

SONIA

Stan? Wat het julle nou wee gemaak?
Stan? What's...

STAN

Doen net wat ek vi jou se. Ek gan vi
jou wee bel. Vestaan djy?
*Listen to me, little sis... If anyone asks
about me, you tell 'em you don't know where I
am. You got it? I'm splitting!*

SONIA

But...

STAN

I gotta lay low for a while!

SONIA

Wat van die goed hie byrie hys?
What do I do with the others?

STAN

Doen djy net jou wek soes djy altyd
maak. Hiempies sal sog lat djy betaal
wod. Ek moet nou march. Ek sal jou wee
bel. Bye.
*You do like usual. The pigs... They'll pay
you, don't worry. Goodbye, little sis!*

He hangs up. Without wasting a second, he pushes aside two big
crates filled with odds and ends at the rear of the hut. He
starts digging the earth up with his hands. A small metal box
soon appears. He opens it and pulls out a wad of bills.

THUG WITH DREADLOCKS (O.S.)

Where you think you're going?

Stan stands up, terrified. At the entrance to the hut, are three unpleasant-looking thugs. One of them has **dreadlocks**. They are all armed.

THUG WITH DREADLOCKS (CONT'D)
 Cat wil met jou kala...
Cat wants to see you.

He smiles sadistically.

66 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / FRONT HALL - DAY 66

CU of a telephone glued to Ali's ear. A bandage over his earlobe reminds us of what happened.

ALI
 (into the phone)
 The guys at the beach... They were not
 just a gang of drugged-up gangsters.

His face strained and impenetrable, Ali walks through the front hall.

ALI (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 They had brand-new weapons, walkie-talkies and night vision goggles. They were organized. As if they were protecting something.

KRUGER (O.S.)
 What the hell were they doing in that godforsaken place with all that stuff?

67 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - DAY 67

Mug shots of criminals flick past on a computer. Ali studies each one for a brief instant, concentrated. A policeman enters his office carrying a plastic bag. He sets it down on the desk.

POLICEMAN
 We found this at the beach hut.

Ali finds some fifty small gold wads inside. He recognizes the wrapping. He pulls out the little wad that fell out of the kid's pocket back at the vacant lot. The same.

Ali opens one up. Inside: tik. His telephone rings. Brian's name flashes on the screen. Ali answers. Listens for several seconds. Then hangs up.

68 INT. HOSPITAL / CORRIDOR - DAY 68

Brian, off to one side in a corridor, hangs up. Haggard. OFF SCREEN, we hear Claire scream.

The frail Claire lies on the floor, ravaged by grief. She screams and pushes away the nurse who tries to comfort her. Brian leans over her, takes her in his arms. She pounds his chest in rage. Pushes him away. Brian moves back. A second nurse comes over to help. Then a young woman who resembles Claire. Her sister. She takes Claire out, trying to calm her down. Brian is alone now, useless.

70 INT/EXT. ALI'S CAR - NIGHT 70

Ali drives through the streets of Cape Town, a blank look on his face.

71 INT. SUNDANCE - NIGHT 71

Ali stands in a dark corner of the bar, off to the side. He doesn't take his eyes off Zina, who is on stage with her musicians. Music. The embers. Her bare feet. The same number as last night. The same sensuality.

Zina sees Ali in the crowd. Now she dances for him. Several seconds later, she looks over at him again. He's gone.

72 EXT. STRAW BEACH HUT - NIGHT 72

Music comes out of the ghetto blaster. Brian is alone in front of the beach hut, sitting on the sand. A beer in his hand.

He swallows a few more pills. He drinks again and again. And finally collapses, dead drunk, face down in the sand.

At this point, he sees an apparition a few metres from him: Ruby. She approaches slowly. She smiles. She outlines a few dance steps. Brian gets up and walks towards her. He stops.

He is alone, standing in the middle of the beach.

73 EXT. TOWNSHIP - NIGHT 73

Helicopter shot. Ali drives through the township.

74 EXT. MAIA'S HOME - NIGHT 74

Ali knocks four times in accordance with the ritual. Maia, in a short nightdress, opens the door. She'd been sleeping.

MAIA

I was not waiting for you tonight...

*
*

75 INT. MAIA'S HOME - NIGHT 75

Ali's hand slides over Maia's shining oiled skin. Her thighs, her buttocks. Maia, naked, arches her back. Her breathing quickens.

Suddenly Ali stops. He gets up, grabs a towel and wipes his hands. She looks at him, uncomprehending. He holds out her nightdress. She gets up and slips it on. Ali grabs his jacket. Sets several bills on the table.

ALI
That was the last time.

Maia doesn't understand. Or doesn't want to understand.

ALI (CONT'D)
I'm not coming back, Maia.

MAIA
What did I do wrong?

ALI
We had an agreement. Now you are free.

MAIA
But I don't want... I don't want to be free!

ALI
I'll continue helping you...

MAIA
Have you met someone else? You have!
You've met someone else! A real woman?

ALI
Stop it.

MAIA
What does she have that's better than me? Tell me!

ALI
Be quiet.

MAIA
Do you fuck her?

ALI
(furious)
Shut up!

MAIA
DO YOU AT LEAST FUCK HER!?

Ali hits the wall in a rage.

ALI
SHUT UP!

Maia stands there, paralyzed, in tears. He pulls another wad of bills out of his pocket, everything he has on him. He sets it on the table with the other bills. He walks out. Without a word.

Dogs bark in the distance.

76 EXT. KWAZULU-NATAL TOWNSHIP - NIGHT

76 *

FLASHBACK

We return to Ali, age ten, running through the township, terrified. Suddenly a German shepherd catches him with one bound. Ali is pinned to the ground. The animal latches onto the child with its fangs and won't let go. Ali screams in pain. Tries to free himself. Impossible.

Three uniformed policemen with a second dog on a leash come running up. The dog is barking furiously.

One of the three policemen shouts an order at the dog that has Ali between his teeth. As he does, he grabs the animal by the collar and jerks it back.

Ali remains on the ground, doubled up with pain. One policeman looks at Ali's bloody crotch.

POLICEMAN
(to his colleagues)
Hy't hom gekry waar dit seermaak
He got him where it hurts.

Ali spits on the policeman. The man steps forward and kicks Ali in the crotch several times.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
You'll never be a man, little Zulu. You
hear me! You'll never be a man!

77 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL INSTITUTE / HALLWAY - DAY

77

Brian slams his hand against the coffee machine. Themba comes up behind Brian.

THEMBA
(with compassion)
How are you?

Brian replies with a grunt. He slams the machine again. Themba calmly presses a button. A plastic goblet drops down and brown liquid pours out.

Themba takes a small package with gold paper wrapping from his pocket and shows it to Brian.

THEMBA (CONT'D)

This is the same drug that Nicole Weitz took on the night of her death.

78 INT. MEDICO-LEGAL INSTITUTE / STAIRWELL / CORRIDOR - DAY 78

Themba and Brian walk down a long corridor. Brian has his coffee in hands.

THEMBA

It's exactly the same synthetic methamphetamine cocktail. But when I did further analyses, I discovered it had been coupled with an unknown molecule...

BRIAN

(sarcastic)

You mean you don't know every molecule that exists?

THEMBA

You can't imagine what's been invented since LSD! Pharmaceutical companies are all desperately searching for new molecules that affect the brain. Resistance to fear, to pain, to fatigue, suppression of traumatic memories...

BRIAN

I'd buy that.

Themba gives Brian a sideways glance. He knows that Brian is hooked on medication.

THEMBA

Except that most of them remain on the shelves. Too many side effects.

79 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 79

Inside a cage, rats race in circles in every which direction. Pure anarchy. Some are copulating. Confusion and chaos reign. Brian frowns.

THEMBA

These rats inhaled the drug only a short while ago. Basically, after a flash that lasts two or three minutes, couples and hierarchical social structure go down the drain.

The room in which two lab technicians are working contains various cages. Themba takes Brian over to another cage.

THEMBA (CONT'D)
Phase two is not quite as pretty.

In this new cage, rats wander around looking dazed.

THEMBA (CONT'D)
Apathy, loss of sensorial bearings and asocial, even paranoid behavior... But now look what happens when you increase the dosage.

Brian leans over the neighboring cage. He discovers some ten corpses: gnawed-away paws, torn muzzles, coats scratched raw, heads half-ripped off... Several survivors wander around, half-crazed.

THEMBA (CONT'D)
Hysteria and extreme aggressiveness, suicidal impulses for some...

BRIAN
And when human beings take this shit...? What kind of reaction do you get?

THEMBA
Same thing. It all depends on the dose administered.

Brian watches one rat gnawing at a corpse.

BRIAN
What about Nicole Weitz?

THEMBA
Considering the quantity she took, God only knows: she was off the charts.

80 INT/EXT. ADAMS'S TRUCK / CAPE FLATS - DAY

80

Adams sits next to Ali. The car turns off the main road and into the maze of narrow streets in the Cape Flats. *

ADAMS
(nervous) *
It's getting worse and worse here.

In effect, the district is hostile and shabby-looking. Contrary to the township, small, ramshackle buildings block the view of the horizon.

ADAMS (CONT'D)
Cat and his gang took control of the whole area about two or three years ago...

(MORE)

ADAMS (CONT'D)

I have a hard time believing anyone was dealing on Muizenberg beach without him knowing about it.

81 EXT. MARABI - DAY 81

The car pulls up in front of a clandestine bar. Music blaring out of bad loudspeakers out front. Mean-looking dudes are hanging around. Many are stoned, all are tattooed. They stare at Adams and Ali as they get out of their car. *

82 INT. MARABI - DAY 82

The room is filled with men who work diligently at getting drunk on the nasty house beer. Those who have any remaining lucidity follow Adams and Ali with their eyes. Especially Ali. The tall black man in a too-elegant suit.

The "**shebeen queen**", the boss, is behind the bar.

SHEBEEN QUEEN

Been a while since we seen you round here...

(motioning to Ali)

Who's your good-looking friend?

ADAMS

We want to talk to Cat.

SHEBEEN QUEEN

Not here.

Without warning, Ali leans forwards and grabs the woman's wrist, firmly. She grimaces in pain.

ALI

(firm)

A friendly discussion.

SHEBEEN QUEEN

I told you, he's not here...

ALI

Dink djy ek is jou kaffir? Ek's nie jou kaffir nie!

Don't mess with me like some nigger!

The shebeen queen glances uneasily over at a doorway closed off with a curtain. Ali releases her. Followed by Adams, he heads over to the door. A gangster steps forward to block his way. Ali grabs him roughly and shoves him inside.

83 INT. MARABI / BACKROOM - DAY 83

The room is dark. We make out Cat, lying on a mattress next to a naked girl.

The bodyguard struggles in Ali's grip. Two other men enter the room, coming to his rescue. Cat stops them:

CAT

Los, los...

Ok... Leave him alone.

Cat gets up. His body and face are covered with tattoos. His long fingernails are filed to a sharp point.

ADAMS

(on edge)

This is Captain Sokhela from the
Serious and Violent Crime Unit...

CAT

I'm the Serious and Violent Crime unit
around here!

Cat's men laugh at the joke.

ALI

I came to talk. But I can come back
accompanied.

(threatening)

And then it won't be to talk.

Cat sizes up Ali.

CAT

What's your problem boss? Tell me.

ALI

A new gang on Muizenberg beach... Some
new product... Rubbish laced with tik.
One of them is a boy called Stan.

CAT

We only sell ganja, boss.

ALI

One of my men was killed.

CAT

We don't kill anyone here. Not even the
police, boss.

Ali pulls out photos of the faces of the corpses on the beach. They've been retouched to make them look more "alive."

CAT (CONT'D)

Never seen those ugly faces.

Ali grabs hold of Cat.

ALI

I thought your gang controlled these areas? You've got guys dealing on your territory and you know nothing about it?

CAT

We don't sell tik. That is what I know. It's bad for business. It attracts negativity and trouble. That's for the Nigerians, tik.

ALI

I hope you're telling me the truth.

CAT

Never seen those ugly faces, brother.

84 EXT. TOWNSHIP / HANGAR - DAY

84

A minivan with tinted windows reaches an out-of-the-way part of the township where we see an isolated hangar.

Two men stand near a light-colored 4WD. The first one is tall, has a sturdy build, a canvas shirt and sunglasses perched on his nose: **De Beer** (50). The other one, who climbs out of the back, is the same style, only younger: **Jon**. De Beer goes over to Cat.

Cat, a joint dangling from his lips, gets out of the minivan.

DE BEER

You don't know how to keep your men in line, son. The junk... I told you it was only for the kids in the townships. No one else!

They walk towards the hangar door.

CAT

(pointing to the hangar)

Stan... That little prick tried to double-cross me. With the house just here and the beach just there, that was the fuck-up. He saw these white chicks and figured they were an easy mark.

*

DE BEER

You don't know how to keep your men in line son. That is your problem.

Cat knocks on the door of the hangar. One of the three thugs who came for Stan earlier opens the door.

85 INT. HANGAR - DAY

85

They make their way over to a dark part of the disused, dusty building. His face marked by the various tortures he has endured, Stan is wrapped from neck to foot in insulation tape. He stands upright in an old industrial steel drum. The thug with dreadlocks is watching over him.

THUG WITH DREADLOCKS
(greet's Cat)
Salut umdoda pagamisa virrie fotcha.
Greetings to the man. We see you.

CAT
Salut my masekin.
Greetings, my mother's child.

Fear on Stan's face. Cat smiles sadistically.

CAT (CONT'D)
Moenie soe bang issie broe'tjie. Djy
kan nog nooit soe bang-bang deurie
liewe gan nie.
*Don't be so afraid, little brother. You cannot
possibly go through life so afraid.*

Cat nod to Dreadlocks. He tears the tape from Stan's mouth.

CAT (CONT'D)
Sien djy die boer hie? Wys vi hom alles
wat djy vi my gewyset.
*You see my friend here? You're gonna tell him
everything you told me.*

De Beer comes over. Cat steps aside and lights another joint.

DE BEER
The cops on the beach, what did they
want?

Stan answers but it's inaudible.

DE BEER (CONT'D)
(loud)
What?

STAN
(louder)
They were looking for me.

DE BEER
Because of the drugs?

STAN
Because of the girl.

De Beer's face tenses.

DE BEER
What girl?

Stan doesn't answer. De Beer hits him.

STAN
(sobbing)
The white girl. The rugby player's
daughter.

DE BEER
The girl from the Botanical Gardens?
You knew her?

Almost unconscious, Stan doesn't answer. Cat comes over. He
stabs his burning joint into one of Stan's wounds. Stan screams
in pain.

STAN
Sy't by my tik gekoep. En ek het ha
genai.
*I sold her some dope on the beach. We slept
together.*

DE BEER
Why did you kill her you stupid...

STAN
(half-crying)
Sy't djas in ha kop geraak, man! Sy was
befok in ha kop my broe. Waavoo sal ek
soe lieg?
*She went out of her mind that night, shit! She
was fucking crazy!*

DE BEER
What did you take? Tik?

STAN
Sy't te fokken veel geroek...
Too much... She took too much...

86 EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - NIGHT

86

FLASHBACK

A brief shot of Nicole Weitz inhaling tik next to Stan. They
both look stoned.

87 INT. HANGAR - DAY

87

STAN
Sy wil geroeket, toe roek os. Toe nai
os. But toe begin sy an my te slaan en
my te krap. But like violent. Sy was
befok man.
She wanted to get high... Have some fun...
(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

We started to fuck, but then she started hitting me, shit. Clawing me. She was fucking crazy!

88 EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - NIGHT 88

FLASHBACK

Several short shots of Nicole, mega-aggressive. Transformed under the influence of the drug. She hits and claws at Stan.

89 INT. HANGAR - DAY 89

STAN

*Wat sy my eies gryp en seemaak toe raak ek mos self van my kop af.
She crushed my balls and I lost it...*

90 EXT. BOTANICAL GARDEN - NIGHT 90

FLASHBACK

Stan slugs the young woman in the face with incredible violence. She falls backwards. He starts beating her.

91 INT. HANGAR - DAY 91

Stan is overcome by nausea. He vomits. De Beer steps back, disgusted.

DE BEER

Fucking kaffer.

92 EXT. HANGAR - DAY 92

In front of the hangar, Cat sucks on his joint with Dreadlocks. He watches De Beer phoning off to one side. The white man nods, as if listening to instructions.

De Beer hangs up and comes back over to Cat. Cat points to the phone he's still holding in his hand.

CAT

Who was that?

DE BEER

(showing the phone)

The man who pays you. None of your business.

(beat)

We've got to clean the beach house.

CAT

(looking at the hangar)

What about the son-of-a-bitch in there?

*

*

*

DE BEER
 (looking at Cat)
 Keep him alive for now. We may need
 him.

93 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

93

A sprawling Cape Town cemetery. Gravestones for as far as the eye can see. Brian walks down a shady alley. Some fifty feet behind him, we see his parked car. Brian walks past a row of graves. We see engraved names, more or less worn with time. He stops at one gravestone which is smooth. No name.

94 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

94

Ali is sitting on the steps outside. Several people in dark clothes wait in front of the funeral home a dozen feet away. Ali sees Brian's car drive up. Brian gets out and comes over to Ali.

ALI
 You're almost on time.

BRIAN
 It happens.

Brian looks over at the small gathering in front of the funeral home.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Kruger isn't here?

ALI
 Claire doesn't want anyone from the
 police department.

BRIAN
 Did you tell Kruger I was slow-dancing
 with some chick while you guys were
 getting chopped up? *

ALI
 I was in charge of the operation. I'm
 the one who agreed to let Dan
 investigate with us.

BRIAN
 Don't play the baas with me hey! *

ALI
 There she is.

Claire gets out of a car driven by her sister. She is with her two children.

Ali and Brian get to their feet. Claire sees them. She asks her sister to watch the children while she comes over to the two men alone. They each take her in their arms. She remains stiff and distant. She holds back her tears in order to speak as clearly as possible.

CLAIRE

I wish to thank both of you for the support you gave us when I fell ill. And for everything you did for Dan at that time... But I do not want help from you anymore. Of any sort. Do you understand?

(beat)

And I'd rather you didn't attend the cremation ceremony.

Brian starts to open his mouth. She breaks in:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know. You're sorry.

She leaves them standing there and goes over to the funeral home to join her family and friends. The two men look at each other, wounded.

ALI

She needs time...

BRIAN

(not convinced)

Some things aren't easy to forgive...

Ali looks at Brian. He knows exactly what he's referring to.

ALI

Let's hope Claire isn't as pig-headed as you are.

95 EXT. FUNERAL HOME / PARKING LOT - DAY

95

As they head over to their cars, a modest car pulls up and parks. Janet gets out, dressed in black. She walks at a quick pace so as not to be late.

BRIAN

Don't wear yourself out, Janet.

ALI

Dan's wife doesn't want anyone from the department.

Janet's face clouds over in disappointment.

JANET

I'll stay for a while anyhow. I'll keep my distance.

ALI

As you like...

The two men continue on their way. They turn around when they hear:

JANET

Captain!

(timid)

I took the liberty of checking out a few things on the Internet...

ALI

(curious)

Yes?

JANET

Around the hut where Dan was... There's nothing except one isolated house. About half a mile away. It's the only home in the area. I tried to find out who lives there. No one. It was sold eight months ago. The real estate agency that handled the sale never saw the owners. The transaction was carried out through a shell corporation! The money was transferred from an offshore account in the Caiman Islands.

(beat)

If you want, I can try and find out who's behind this.

Silence. The two men look at each other, impressed.

ALI

(to Janet)

How would you like to join my team?

Janet's smile is answer enough.

BRIAN

Congratulations, Janet. I hope you don't mind an insomniac Zulu calling you at all hours of the night to dispense justice in the rainbow nation.

*

Brian walks along the windy beach alone. He walks past the straw beach hut, then the wood hut. He continues on for a couple hundred yards, until he finally sees the house Janet spoke of.

Closed shutters, wire fencing all around, and a sign saying:
PRIVATE PROPERTY.

Brian climbs over the fence without a second thought, though not without difficulty. He has barely set his foot down on the other side when:

TARA (O.S.)
Did you lose something?

He looks up and sees a pretty young white woman of around thirty, **Tara**. She is riding a feisty-looking horse that's drenched in sweat.

BRIAN
Let's just say I'm looking... *

TARA
(amused)
For what?

BRIAN
If I knew, I wouldn't be looking...
(beat)
You come riding around here often?

TARA
Every morning.

BRIAN
He looks nervous. *

TARA
You like horses?

Brian shrugs, switches gears.

BRIAN
Hey -- you know who lives here?

She shakes her head no.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Have you ever seen anyone here?

TARA
Are you a policeman?

BRIAN
Depends whose asking. *

He pulls out his badge.

TARA
I saw a 4WD here once...

BRIAN

When?

TARA

About ten days ago.

The horse, nervous, tugs on the bit and prances around in a circle.

BRIAN

What kind?

TARA

The big kind... Dark...

BRIAN

If I showed you photos, would you recognize the model?

TARA

I could always try.

BRIAN

Four o'clock this afternoon. Police headquarters. Detective Brian Epkeen. *

TARA

(impish)

Is that an order?

BRIAN

An invitation.

TARA

Then I'll be there.

She gallops off, throwing him one last devastating smile.

He follows her with his eyes for a moment. Then he heads over to the house. He walks around to the rear and stops at the back door. He takes a small crowbar out of his pocket and forces a shutter.

Brian takes out his gun, loads it, and then cautiously opens the shutter. Suddenly, a dark shape bursts forth and knocks into him. He jumps backwards.

The sound of flapping wings: a bird had been locked inside. It flies out with a plaintive cry.

BRIAN

(to himself)

Bloody bird... *

97 INT. MUIZENBERG HOUSE - DAY 97

The house is pitch-dark. All of the rooms are empty. He takes the stairs down to the basement.

97A INT. MUIZENBERG HOUSE / BASEMENT - DAY 97A

He finds another door. He opens it: a large tiled room. Also empty. And clean. On the floor, a big bleach container lies on its side.

He inspects the room very thoroughly. Suddenly he kneels down. Tugs on a little piece of paper sticking out from under the skirting board. A little piece of gold paper.

98 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY 98

Ali walks over to the vacant lot where he had torn the two kids apart. He finds the old man sitting in front of his hut.

ALI

Hello. Do you remember me?

Ali shows him his badge. The old man nods.

ALI (CONT'D)

I'm looking for the kids who were fighting here the other day. You wouldn't have any idea where I could...?

The old man shakes his head no.

ALI (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He walks off.

OLD MAN

The kid who went in there never came back out.

Ali turns back. The old man is pointing at the cement pipe the kid had escaped into.

99 EXT. AREA AROUND CEMENT PIPE - DAY 99

Ali kneels down in front of the cement pipe into which the kid had disappeared. He shines a flashlight inside. The beam of light illuminates the pipe walls before fading into darkness.

100 INT. CEMENT PIPE - DAY 100

Ali squeezes into the pipe. Several yards further down, he makes out an inert shape. *

He approaches the form and shines his flashlight at it. His face freezes when he discovers the dead kid. Around him is a pool of dried blood. In his right hand, the child still holds the pocketknife he used to slit his wrists.

Ali rummages through the pockets of the kid's shorts. He pulls out a photo of him younger, with a woman we presume is his mother. He finds a dispensary card. A name: Simon M'celi.

101 EXT. AREA AROUND CEMENT PIPE - DAY 101

Ali comes back out of the cement pipe. In a daze. He takes a gulp of fresh air.

102 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - DAY 102

Tara is wearing a tight-fitting T-shirt and more than tight-fitting jeans. She sits on the desk, only inches away from Brian in his chair. He flips through photos of 4WDs on his computer screen.

TARA

No... It was a big thing, high on the wheels... and very ugly.

The photos continue to flick past.

TARA (CONT'D)

No... No... No... Hmm... No... Have you noticed? There are only men driving in these photos... No... No... There, that's it! A...

(reading the caption)

Dodge Ram...

*

BRIAN

You sure?

*

TARA

I have very good eyes...

BRIAN

What color?

TARA

Green!

BRIAN

The four by four ?

*

TARA

Oh! Black...

BRIAN

Anything else?

TARA
 Uh... No, it was too far away! I'm
 sorry.
 (glancing at her watch)
 I have to run!

She jumps off the table. He gets up to walk her out.

BRIAN
 You available if we need you...

*

She smiles and pauses before walking out the door.

TARA
 Of course.

BRIAN
 (with a grin)
 How about tonight?

*

103 INT. DISPENSARY WAITING AREA - DAY 103

Ali rapidly walks through the packed hall where the patients are waiting. Lots of children.

104 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE / DISPENSARY - DAY 104

CU of the dispensary card bearing the photo of Simon M'celi.

DOCTOR
 That's it. I saw this child several
 times.

The black man holding it is looking through a file cabinet. He is a **doctor**, as indicated by his white coat. He pulls out a file and goes over to Ali who is sitting in front of the desk.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 It's appalling... Twelve years old...
 Suicide? Are you sure?

ALI
 We think it's a possible side effect...
 Some new junk that's circulating in the
 area.

DOCTOR
 (glancing at his file)
 The last time I saw him, I didn't make
 a note that he was on drugs.

ALI
 When I ran into him, he was with
 another kid his age.

DOCTOR
Simon belonged to a gang of street kids who hung out around Khayelitsha. But I haven't seen them in a while... as if they'd vanished.

Ali's interest is immediately aroused.

ALI
Did you tell the police?

DOCTOR
Tell them what?

ALI
That kids are disappearing.

DOCTOR
Don't take it personally, Captain... But the police couldn't possibly care less about those street children. And I'm being kind when I say that.

ALI
Would you happen to have medical files for the rest of them?

105 INT. (A & B) COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

105

(A) A religious hymn sung by the congregation's women's choir rings out. Ali enters the room. He smiles when he sees his mother singing with the choir. Josephina, her forehead drenched in sweat, sings with all her heart. She notices Ali.

(B) The performance is over. The church room is starting to empty. Ali and his mother stand off to the side.

JOSEPHINA
You look awful! Try to sleep a little.

ALI
Those kids who are disappearing, I'm going to look into it myself.

She caresses his cheek.

JOSEPHINA
My Ali.

Ali pulls out photocopies of the medical files.

ALI
If you or your girlfriends happen to see any of them...

JOSEPHINA
(taking the photocopies)

Ok.

ALI
I'm only asking you to mention it to
people, not to run all over the
township.

JOSEPHINA
Why don't you just say it to my face:
I'm sick and old.

ALI
(tenderly)
You're sick and old.

106 INT. BAR - NIGHT

106

De Beer is sitting by himself at the bar. With his canvas shirt and his beer, he looks out of place in these quite elegant surroundings.

A stylish white man (55) appears. The waiters greet him respectfully: he's a regular. He walks through the room and sits beside De Beer. Cold, intelligent face. This is Joost **Opperman**.

DE BEER
Hoe was die trip?
Did you have a good trip?

OPPERMAN
Verskriklik. My vlug was vyf ure laat.
Die lughawe in Zurich was toe onder die
sneeu. Maar nietemin. Dit was die
moeite werd hulle is baie
geïnteresseerd
*Atrocious. The flight was five hours late. The Zurich
airport was snowed in. But it was worthwhile, they're
very interested.*

OPPERMAN (CONT'D)
(to the waiter)
n'glas Shiraz.

DE BEER
Hoeveel?
How much?

Opperman opens and closes his hands four times, indicating the figure "40". De Beer is blown away.

OPPERMAN
Sodra die containers in Zurich aankom.
As soon as the trunks reach Zurich.

DE BEER

Ons sal moet vinnig wees lemand op die
op huis afgekom. n Speurder.

*We have to move fast. One of the cops found the
house...*

OPPERMAN

Het julle van alles ontslae geraak?

Did you clean everything?

De Beer nods. Of course.

OPPERMAN (CONT'D)

In twee dae sal alles verby wees.

In two or three days everything will be over.

(thinking for a second)

Ons kan intussen die polisie iets gee
om hulself mee besig te hou.

In the meantime, we'll give the cops a bone to chew.

107 INT. ALI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

107

In the semidarkness, Ali is running on his treadmill. Opposite him, the city lights. Someone rings the doorbell. Ali, surprised, presses a button. The treadmill slows.

Ali walks to the door, looks through the spy hole. He is suddenly uptight. Hesitant. It rings again.

ZINA (O.S.)

I hear you in there.

Ali opens the door. Eyes twinkling, Zina is beautiful and sexy. She looks at Ali, sweaty.

ZINA (CONT'D)

No running away this time, Captain
Sokhela.

ALI

Who gave you my address?

ZINA

(provocative)

I followed you.

(beat)

Can I get off the doormat?

Ali stands aside. She enters the lounge, still in semi-darkness. Uneasy, Ali switches the light on. She looks around her.

ZINA (CONT'D)

Functional. Remote. Anonymous.

She turns to face him:

ZINA (CONT'D)
Secret... Complex...

ALI
(chilly)
Do you have something to tell me ?

She comes close to him.

ZINA
I go back on tour at the end of the
week...

She's now very close, just a few centimeters away. She hits the light switch. Semi-darkness again. Ali doesn't move. She presses against him. He doesn't react, uneasy.

She takes a step back. Keeping her eyes on him, she lets her dress slide to the ground. Ali is paralyzed.

ZINA (CONT'D)
(gently)
Relax.

Zina presses her naked body against him. She kisses him sensually on the lips. Ali still doesn't move. She takes his hand, presses it against her buttocks. She strokes his chest gently, then slides her hand lower.

Suddenly, he shoves her away -- almost violently. Quickly, he picks up her dress, gives it to her, then pushes her towards the front door.

ALI
Go away! Now !

He opens the door and kicks her out. She turns around. One last look. She's lost, incredulous, sad.

ZINA
Why ?

For a flash she's vulnerable: she could have loved this man.

ALI
Go away.

Unmoved, he shuts the door. CU on Ali.

*

Brian is making fried eggs. Tara hungrily devours a slice of ham standing up.

TARA
Epkeen... That's not an Afrikaner
name...

BRIAN
Ja no, my father was a state prosecutor
during Apartheid. A member of the
National Party... Religious... You
know... Hard core. So I took my mom's
name when I turned 17.

*
*
*
*

He comes over to Tara's plate with the frying pan.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
How many you want?

*

TARA
Three!
(greedily)
You made me hungry.

She kisses him. Brian puts the frying pan down and takes her in
his arms.

112A EXT. MAIA'S HOME - NIGHT

112A

Ali parks his car in front of Maia's home.

He knocks four times in accordance with the ritual. Maia, in her
short nightdress, opens the door. She smiles, surprised, so
happy. He doesn't smile but he walks in. She shuts the door.

113 INT. BRIAN'S HOME / BEDROOM - DAY

113

A cell phone rings. After a long moment, Brian's hand sets down
on it. Not fully awake, he grabs it clumsily. The phone falls to
the floor.

BRIAN
Shit...

He sits up but the phone has gone silent. He glances over at the
other side of the bed: no one. The bedroom door opens softly,
quietly. Tara appears in her underwear. She realizes that Brian
is awake.

TARA
Sleep well?

Without waiting for an answer, she grabs her dress.

TARA (CONT'D)
I have to run! I completely forgot,
it's my turn to drop the kids off at
the nanny's.

Brian stares at her. The phone rings again. Brian picks it up.

BRIAN
I thought you didn't have kids? *

TARA
I don't! My boyfriend does.

She kisses him tenderly but hastily. And she's gone. Glum, Brian looks at his phone. It's Ali.

114 EXT. LLANDUDNO BEACH - DAY

114

A little beach surrounded by shiny boulders polished by the sea. Pure paradise. Luxurious villas on the hillside overlook the beach.

Brian makes his way through a crowd of curious onlookers and journalists, roughly pushing them aside. Uniformed policemen block off the far end of the beach. They let Brian past.

The criminal investigation team, recognizable by their white coats, has taken over this end of the beach. Brian goes over to a small group, from which Ali's tall figure stands out.

BRIAN
(to Ali)
I know, I know, I know, I look like shit. *

He looks down at the sand. A body is lying in it, arms stretched out in a cross. A young white woman, torn shirt, disfigured face. Themba is leaning over her.

ALI
Kate Montgomery. A jogger found her this morning at 6:30 a.m. *

BRIAN
You couldn't introduce me to a girl whose alive for a change? *

ALI
She lives in one of the houses up there with her father Tony...

BRIAN
Tony Montgomery... The singer?

ALI
We haven't been able to reach him yet.

BRIAN
Another student?

ALI
 (shakes his head no)
 Wardrobe assistant on movies.

Ali and Brian go over to the corpse. They kneel down next to Themba.

THEMBA
 At first glance it looks like we might
 have a pattern: the method's the same
 as it was for Nicole Weitz.

With a pair of tweezers, Themba points to the clump of hair in the victim's clenched fist.

THEMBA (CONT'D)
 She put up a struggle.

He pulls one hair out.

ALI
 I want DNA results today.

THEMBA
 I'll do my best.
 (beat)
 But there's a twist...

Themba pulls the young woman's shirt up. Fresh scarifications on her skin seem to form words.

THEMBA (CONT'D)
 B... z... k...

Ali slowly decrypts:

ALI
 "Bazokhala..." It's a Zulu war cry.
 (translating)
 We will kill you.

115 INT. TONY MONTGOMERY'S VILLA / OFFICE - DAY

115

The place is decorated with gold discs, posters and other trinkets that testify to the glory of **Tony** Montgomery. A television is switched on with the sound off. A journalist faces the camera. Behind her, the beach with policemen bustling about.

Tony Montgomery, around fifty, tanned, is huddled up on the sofa in a daze. Brian sits opposite him, jotting down notes in an old notebook.

TONY
 I told her it wasn't prudent...

BRIAN

Did she go running on this beach every morning?

TONY

She was a healthy, athletic girl. Perfectly normal. She had a good head on her shoulders.

BRIAN

That's what Nicole Weitz's father said too.

Tony looks at Brian without understanding.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

We think it could be the same killer.

Tony begins to cry, inconsolable.

TONY

My baby... My little baby...

116 EXT. TONY MONTGOMERY'S VILLA - DAY 116

Brian, his face tense, exits the luxurious villa. As he walks over to his car, he pulls out his phone.

Some 150 feet away, two white men are watching him from inside their car: one of them is Jon, the man we saw with De Beer at the hangar. He's with a similar-looking crony who has a **shaved head**.

117 INT/EXT. BRIAN'S CAR - DAY 117

Brian gets into his car, his phone pressed to his ear. Ringing, then a voicemail:

DAVID (O.S.)

This is David. I'm not here. Beep.

Brian hangs up, annoyed. He drives off. De Beer's men follow him.

118 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - DAY 118

Ali and Janet go over to a policeman sitting behind a computer.

JANET

It's a 99.9% match with the DNA of the hair found in the victim's hand...

On the screen: a suspect's photo and file. We recognize Stan.

POLICEMAN

Stan Kwalana. 32 years old. Drug dealing... Robbery with violence...

ALI

Zulu?

POLICEMAN

It says here that he's coloured but his surname is certainly Zulu. His dad was probably Zulu and his mom Coloured. I'm guessing.

119 EXT. RICK'S VILLA / POOL - DAY

119

Brian goes over to a deck chair upon which Ruby, wearing a bathing suit, dozes while she tans. He stares at her.

BRIAN

Ruby.

She opens her eyes and covers herself with her pareo, ill at ease.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(nodding at her breasts)

I used to be on intimate terms with both of them, you know.

RUBY

(sarcastic)

You happened to be in the area? Is that it?

Brian pulls out his police badge.

BRIAN

I'm in charge of investigating Kate Montgomery's death.

Ruby doesn't understand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

She recently worked as a stylist on a video. And your name was in the credits as production assistant.

*

RUBY

Yeah, three months ago. And?

BRIAN

I'm trying to piece together her personality profile.

RUBY
You're full of shit! And I'm the one
you come to see?

BRIAN
Her death doesn't touch you.

RUBY
I barely knew the girl.

BRIAN
(taking out his notebook)
Ruby -- Would you please just answer my
questions? *

RUBY
(sighing)
Go ahead, Detective.

BRIAN
(official tone)
When did you see Kate for the last
time?

RUBY
That's enough, Brian. This is
ridiculous.

BRIAN
To the best of your knowledge, was she
taking drugs? *

RUBY
How on earth would I know!?

BRIAN
Drugs and showbiz? Not exactly oil and
water, is it?

RUBY
I don't work in showbiz.

BRIAN
But with your "dentist to the stars,"
surely you must be invited to
scintillating dinner parties with TV
newscasters, maybe even top models...

RUBY
You're not getting any better with
age !

BRIAN
For someone who claimed they hated
vulgarity !

Furious, Ruby gets up and wraps her pareo around her. She storms off.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Did David pass his exam?

RUBY
Call him and find out!

BRIAN
He won't answer my calls.

She turns around at last.

RUBY
Top of his class.

Brian smiles, proud.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Don't look so proud, Inspector
Whatever. It was no thanks to you.

BRIAN
Is there anything else you might tell
me about Kate Montgomery, miss?

RUBY
Mrs... Rick and I are getting married.

Brian's face stiffens. He walks towards her, challenging.

BRIAN
You'll never learn, will you?

Ruby gives him a look: "Learn what exactly."

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You're still going for guys who fuck
around. He'll screw you round too you
know...

*
*

Furious, Ruby throws herself at him, hurling abuse. Brian wards off her blows and pushes her away. She slips and falls into the pool.

RICK (O.S.)
Hey!

Brian turns around and sees Rick racing over to him.

RICK (CONT'D)
Who do you think you are, asshole?

BRIAN
 (falsely cool)
 Hi there Ricky boy!

Brian slugs him twice. Rick falls backwards and joins Ruby in the pool. Brian storms off.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Go fuck yourselves! All of you!

120 EXT. RICK'S VILLA - DAY 120

Still watched from afar by Jon and his colleague, Brian exits the estate. His cell phone rings. He answers.

ALI (O.S.)
 Where are you?

BRIAN
 With some complete fucking assholes.
 Why?

121 INT/EXT. ALI'S CAR - DAY 121

Ali gets into his car, phone to his ear, in a hurry.

ALI
 Someone sent us a present.

122 INT. POLICE STATION / ADAMS' OFFICE - DAY 122

Adams sets an icebox on his desk. Ali and Brian stand facing him. Several other policemen are crammed into the room. Adams opens the icebox and pulls out a transparent plastic bag.

ADAMS
 Found in the trash containers of the
 police station.

Despite the folds in the plastic, we make out a dark massive bulk about the size of a bowling ball. Adams delicately opens the bag. A head streaked with blood appears: Stan.

BRIAN
 Well. We've found Stan.

Ali comes closer to the head and sees the fresh scarifications on the face.

ALI
 Claw marks...

123 EXT. CAPE FLATS - DAY 123

A convoy of four vehicles speeds through the Cape Flats. Three police cars plus Ali's.

124 INT/EXT. ALI'S CAR - DAY

124

Ali is behind the wheel, Brian next to him.

BRIAN

Don't you think it's a little too good
to be true? His head delivered to us...
On a silver platter?

*
*

ALI

(nodding)

I know. I checked Stan's file. Turns
out he was illiterate. Couldn't even
write his own name.

BRIAN

And he got his kicks writing on girls'
corpses...

125 EXT. MARABI - DAY

125

The convoy pulls up in front of the shebeen. Adams' men leap out of the cars: seven men in combat uniforms, bulletproof vests and pump-action shotguns, aimed to fire.

Ali, Brian, Adams and five other men enter the shebeen. Two policemen remain posted outside, their fingers on their triggers.

126 INT. MARABI - DAY

126

The shebeen queen grimaces where she sees the armed troop enter.

SHEBEEN QUEEN

(furious)

You're not going to...

ALI

Get out of the way!

The little group heads inside the shebeen.

A few guys drinking beer. Three drunk girls dancing. Cat and two of his men are playing pool. It's Cat turn. His back is facing the door.

CAT

You didn't like my present?

(turning around, to Ali)

I read in the papers what he did to
your pal on the beach...

Two more thugs enter the room through a back door. The two groups -policemen and thugs- are facing each other. Tension.

ALI
Don't tell me you can read.

CAT
I got girls who learned for me.

Glance at a **coloured girl**.

BRIAN
(to the girl)
You must know a lot when it comes to literature, huh?

COLOURED GIRL
I even got the Holy Bible written on my ass!

ALI
Where'd you find him?

CAT
He was trying to sell his product on a corner... One of mine. Fucking Nigerians...

ALI
What about the others? The rest of the gang?

Suddenly without warning, the windows shatter. Bursts of machine gun fire. A hail of bullets. One of Cat's men is down. The force of the fire propels one policeman against the wall.

Caught in the gunfire, the clients who are too stoned to react topple over one by one. Those who make it to the door are picked off at the exit.

129 EXT. MARABI - DAY

129

From the back of a Toyota pick-up, two men and a woman spray the shebeen with automatic arms. We recognize Yellow T-shirt and the girl from the straw beach hut.

130 INT. MARABI - DAY

130

The thin walls explode under the shower of bullets.

Brian and Ali, lying on the floor, crawl towards each other. Brian loads his gun. Ali points with his finger to the door at the rear.

Cat screams orders. His men start to get organized and retaliate. Same for the policemen still alive. They all shoot in the same direction.

Brian and Ali crawl over to the rear door.

131 EXT. MARABI - DAY 131

In the back of the pick-up truck, the girl collapses, shot in the head. Yellow T-shirt shouts at the driver to take off.

132 EXT. MARABI / PASSAGE - DAY 132

Ali enters a very narrow passage between two buildings. He rushes to the right. It leads to the square and he discovers the corpses and the wreck of the police car. In the distance, a pick-up disappears turning right.

Brian comes out in turn. Ali signals to him:

ALI
The other side!

Brian, leaves to the left followed by Ali from afar. The moment it emerges to the outside, the pickup tumbles flush with the buildings. The mirror shatters on a wall corner. Brian is thrown backwards. He falls to the ground, stunned. Ali rushes towards him.

BRIAN
(in shock)
It's okay... It's okay...

Ali resumes his course and emerges into a street. The truck zigzagging away. It hits a small house into which it plunges.

Ali advances with gun drawn. Suddenly, yellow T-shirt jumps out of the car, Kalashnikov in hand.

Ali gives chase.

Brian in turn enters the street. He goes over to the pick-up truck, his weapon aimed. He gives it a rapid once-over. He sees two corpses. One of them is the girl.

Ali chases after Yellow T-shirt. The kid has an AK-47. Without stopping, he fires in bursts to cover his flight. Which does not prevent Ali from slowly gaining ground.

Yellow T-shirt and Ali race through the tiny impoverished alleyways of the township.

Ali arrives in a larger street with more people. He stops. Looks around. Where's Yellow T-shirt ? Suddenly, a burst of machine gun-fire.

Ali turns and points his weapon in this direction. Some 50 meters away, Yellow T-shirt is collapsing. Dead.

A car loaded with armed men comes speeding around a corner, straight towards Yellow T-shirt. On board are Cat and his men, armed.

Cat's car drives past Yellow T-shirt's body. Cat empties his gun into the corpse and drive off.

Still standing there, Ali lowers his right arm. Blood flows down his hand which is still gripping the gun.

136 INT. HOSPITAL / LOBBY - NIGHT 136

Brian comes over to greet Josephina. He smiles at her, takes her by the arm to guide her.

BRIAN
He's fine. He's fine.

Josephina exhales with relief. Thanks him with a smile.

137 INT. HOSPITAL / OBSERVATION WARD / CORRIDOR - NIGHT 137

Josephina enters the room. Ali lies there, unconscious.

Through the window, Brian sees Josephina take her son's hand and sit down next to him.

138 INT/EXT. BRIAN'S CAR / STREET OF CAPE TOWN - NIGHT 138

Brian in the driver's seat of his car, parked in a lively district. He waits, drinking a beer.

He sees David walking down the street, arm in arm with a pretty blond girl, **Marjorie**. They laugh, happy.

Brian gets out of his car...

139 EXT. STREET OF CAPE TOWN - NIGHT 139

...and finds himself face to face with David, surprised, and his girlfriend.

BRIAN
Hi.

DAVID
What the hell are you doing here?

Brian smiles at the young girl.

BRIAN
Marjorie? Brian. The father of...

MARJORIE
Good evening, sir.

DAVID
How did you find out where...

BRIAN
 (stating the obvious)
 I'm a cop.
 (uneasy)
 I heard about your exams... I just
 wanted to congratulate you... Are you
 going to celebrate? *

MARJORIE
 I sure hope so!

Marjorie points to a bar.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)
 (to David)
 How about if I wait for you inside?
 (to Brian)
 Goodbye, sir.

She walks off. Brian follows her with his eyes.

BRIAN
 Good manners... She seems nice. *

DAVID
 Mom said you came round to hassle her.
 Are you jealous? Is that it?

BRIAN
 (mocking)
 Of what? Sleeping with the Denture
 King? I don't think so...

DAVID
 Leave Mom alone. You've hurt her enough
 as it is.

Brian, angry, takes a step towards his son.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (provoking)
 You gonna beat me up?

Brian exhales. Silence. He pulls a check out of his pocket.

BRIAN
 For the deposit. On your flat. And for
 being a shit father. *

Brian slips the check into his son's jacket and, though his son is surprised, he remains cold and distant. Silence. Brian realizes that he can't hope for more. He quickly gets back into his car and drives off. *

140 INT. BRIAN'S CAR - NIGHT 140

Glum, Brian listens to the radio as he drives.

JOURNALIST (O.S.)

...The man who killed Nicole Weitz and Kate Montgomery has been positively identified by his DNA. Stan Kwalana was a known drug dealer and, as far as we know, did not belong to any extremist political organization.

141 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 141

Brian heads over to the building in front of which Kruger is giving an interview to a few journalists.

KRUGER

...I wish to stress the fact that our police force did a remarkable job...

As Brian walks past, the two men exchange a brief hostile look.

142 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - NIGHT 142

Brian takes a drink of water from the fountain and swallows a couple of pills. He heads over to one of the few desks occupied at this time of the night. Janet looks up from her computer.

BRIAN

Couple days' rest - he'll be on his feet. *

(nodding at the computer)

Find anything?

JANET

There are only two four by four of this type in the area. One belongs to a 77-year-old collector who never takes it out of his garage... The other belongs to a private security company... "DPS"...

Back from his interview, Kruger walks across the open-space area. He calls out to Brian along the way:

KRUGER

Come with me. I need to talk to you.

BRIAN

Soon as I'm finished here. *

(to Janet)

Did you verify whether the company has a home security contract for the beach house?

KRUGER
Haven't you heard the investigation is
over!

Brian turns to face Kruger.

BRIAN
Doesn't it bother you that your killer
was illiterate? *

KRUGER
Should it?

The police who are present follow this quarrel.

BRIAN
How would Stan have written "we will
kill you"?

KRUGER
The girl had his hair in her hand! We
have his DNA!

BRIAN
Could've been staged! *

KRUGER
Aren't you happy to have done a good
job, Epkeen? For once!

Brian conspicuously turns his back on him and addresses Janet.

BRIAN
Does the company have a home security
contract for the beach house?

JANET
I don't know yet...

KRUGER
(interrupting Janet)
I forbid you to answer him.
(to Brian)
Rick Van der Westhuizen filed charges
against you, Epkeen. He didn't
appreciate his little dip in the pool.
So while waiting to appear in court,
I'm suspending you. In other words, get
out! Now!

Brian lunges at Kruger. The two men have a serious go at one
another. The other policemen rush over to pull them apart.

Kruger gets to his feet. Firmly held by two colleagues, Brian is
dragged towards the exit. He shouts:

BRIAN
 You're a shit, Kruger! A nasty fucking
 piece of shit!

143 EXT. BRIAN'S HOME - DAY

143

Janet rings the doorbell. Several times. No answer. She takes her cell phone and presses "redial."

A telephone rings inside the house. She tries to open the door. It's locked.

She walks around the back. Looks in through the windows. She makes out Brian lying on the couch. Without hesitating, Janet smashes the sash window, clears the glass away from the lock, and pushes it open. She slips inside the house.

144 INT. BRIAN'S HOME / LIVING ROOM - DAY

144

Brian is sleeping, fully dressed. Janet shakes him, timidly at first...

JANET
 Detective...

Then harder.

JANET (CONT'D)
 Detective!

In the end, she slaps him. At last he opens his eyes. He visibly has a migraine.

BRIAN
 Hi Janet.

JANET
 (in a hurry)
 I checked up on the security company...

BRIAN
 Wait a second, wait a second...

He sits up with difficulty and runs his hands over his face.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Ok, I'm listening.

JANET
 DPS, the security company... Officially there's no contract for the beach house. But I took the liberty of hacking into DPS's computer system...
 (very excited)
 (MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

Over the past six months, the offshore company that owns the house paid over three million rand to DPS!

BRIAN

That's enough to monitor a whole tract of houses. *

JANET

In DPS's customer file, there's a South African cell phone number listed for the offshore company...

145 INT. BRIAN'S HOME / LIVING ROOM - DAY

145

Janet is sitting at the table in front of a laptop computer. With one eye on the screen, Brian pours them a cup of coffee.

JANET

Dr. Joost Opperman. The phone number belongs to him.

Janet scrolls down through photos of Opperman on the screen. In civilian clothing, a doctor's white coat. Younger too, in uniform.

BRIAN

What kind of doctor is he?

JANET

Strictly research... A genius in molecular chemistry if I understood correctly.

BRIAN

Opperman... The name rings a bell.

Brian has an idea. He Googles the words: "Opperman Project Coast."

JANET

"Project Coast?"

BRIAN

You never heard of it?
(you too young)
Oh ja... *

*
*

The results appear on the screen.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Shit, that's it. The bastard was part of Project Coast.

Naturally curious, Janet clicks on links and skims over pages while Brian explains:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Nasty stuff... A secret project...
Scientists and doctors were instructed
by the regime to develop chemical
weapons... Viruses... Anything they
could come up with to prevent Blacks
from increasing in number.

*

JANET

(pointing to her screen)

Opperman testified before the Truth and
Reconciliation Commission.

She clicks on a link. A YouTube video appears. It's Opperman's
hearing. Several "judges" are interrogating him.

OPPERMAN

The government gave us carte blanche.

146 INT. TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION COMMISSION - DAY

146

A large room set up like a court hearing room.

OPPERMAN

We were a group of about 200
scientists. Our mission was to develop
what you might call an "ethnic bomb."

COMMISSION MEMBER (O.S.)

Could you be more specific?

OPPERMAN

A chemical weapon... A molecule capable
of decimating the black population.

(beat)

But I was just following the chain of
command. These orders came from the top
and it wasn't my place to question
them.

147 INT. BRIAN'S HOME / LIVING ROOM - DAY

147

End of the video. Janet clicks on another link.

JANET

Opperman was amnestied by the
commission.

148 INT. HANGAR - DAY

148

In the corner of the hangar where Stan had been held hostage,
Cat is talking with De Beer. Strained atmosphere.

DE BEER

You're coming with us. It'll do you
good to lie low for a while.

CAT
 (pointing his claws)
 Don't fuck with me! Don't forget, my
 friend, I have a backup plan. So don't
 try to...

De Beer grabs his arm brutally, stares at him.

DE BEER
 Keep it down.

At the other end of the hangar, by the door, Dreadlocks and
 another thug seen here previously, smoke a joint.

DE BEER (CONT'D)
 The cops are all keyed up because of
 this shit. We're not taking any more
 risks.

CAT
 And if I don't come?

DE BEER
 You can kiss your money goodbye.

Cat realizes he's not kidding. He sighs, resigning himself to
 leaving with them. De Beer lowers his voice.

DE BEER (CONT'D)
 In the meantime, I need you to clean
 up. Thoroughly. And don't forget the
 girl with the pigs...

De Beer glances over at Dreadlocks and his pal. Cat has got his
 drift.

CAT
 (sadistic smile)
 I love cleaning up.

149 EXT/INT. HANGAR / DE BEER'S 4WD - DAY

149

De Beer heads over to his car where one of his men is waiting
 for him. Screams ring out from inside the hangar. Screams of
 pain.

DE BEER
 (to himself)
 Fokken psycho.....

151 INT. HOSPITAL / ALI'S ROOM - DAY

151

Brian and Janet are with Ali, who is sitting on a hospital bed,
 an IV drip in his arm. He's wearing a T-shirt and sports pants.

ALI

So the two dead girls are just the tip
of the iceberg...

BRIAN

Ja, right. Opperman developed a
molecule that makes people go crazy and
disguised it in the form of tik. He
used Cat's gang to dump it on on street
kids in the township...

*

*

JANET

(skeptical)

What about the whites who took the
stuff? Starting with Nicole Weitz. It
doesn't make sense.

ALI

That probably wasn't part of the plan.
The beach house was their lab. Stan's
gang was watching over it. And they
sold dope on the side to the white kids
who came to the beach.

BRIAN

Opperman and his gang of racist
motherfuckers wanted to knock off as
many black kids as they could with this
poison.

*

ALI

(to Janet)

Where is this Dr. Opperman?

JANET

He left the country after being
amnestied by the Commission. It's as if
he vanished into thin air.

(beat)

But I can try to trace his bank
accounts...

Ali looks at Janet. She has his ok.

BRIAN

My friend Kruger isn't going to like
this.

ALI

That's why we're not going to tell him.

Ali pulls out his IV drip, throws off his sheets, and gets to
his feet with a grimace.

BRIAN

I seem to recall you had an operation
last night.

Ali grabs his clothes.

ALI

Go and check out the security company.

BRIAN

Hey... You... Back into bed --

*

ALI

We need proof. Something solid.

BRIAN

What the fuck are you doing?

ALI

I'm going to pay Cat a visit.

152 EXT. HOSPITAL / PARKING LOT - DAY 152

Ali, Brian and Janet return to their respective cars. Before opening the door of his wreck, Brian looks back, worried, at Ali, who is walking along with a grimace. Ali smiles at him, reassuring, and then gets into his car.

153 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ZONE - DAY 153

Brian's car reaches an industrial zone with hangars. He pulls up about a hundred feet from a building with a sign: "DPS."

154 INT/EXT. BRIAN'S CAR / DPS BUILDING - DAY 154

Brian takes a pair of binoculars out of his glove compartment and observes the building:

Barred windows, CCTV cameras... The building is well protected. Back to the main entrance. Two employees arrive. They open the door with a magnetic card.

155 EXT/INT. ALI'S CAR - DAY 155

Ali drives across town. His phone rings. He answers.

JOSEPHINA (O.S.)

(worried)

Are you alright? Feeling better?

156 EXT. TOWNSHIP / TAXI STATION - DAY 156

Josephina is phoning from the township "taxi" station.

(CROSS-CUT SEQUENCE WITH ALI)

ALI
I'm tough you know.

JOSEPHINA
(mistrustful)
What's that noise?

ALI
(lying but reassuring)
They just opened the window in my room.

JOSEPHINA
Be careful of...

ALI
...Drafts! Yes, I know.

JOSEPHINA
You know Mahimbo, my girlfriend from
the congregation? She thinks she saw
one of your kids about a week ago.

ALI
Where?

JOSEPHINA
Over near the Lengezi church. There's a
girl over there... The minister's
maid... She organizes a soup kitchen
for the neighborhood poor every Friday
night. I thought I'd go see her. Maybe
she's been in contact with these
kids...

ALI
Don't wear yourself out, Mother.

The minivan arrives. Josephina climbs on.

JOSEPHINA
I'm tough you know!

157 EXT. BRIAN'S CAR / DPS BUILDING - DAY

157

Brian gets out of his car and walks towards the DPS building.
Next to the main building is a hangar. Through the gate, we make
out vehicles.

The gate opens. A DPS car drives out of the hangar. Brian
quickly walks inside while the gate closes again. A CCTV camera
is watching him.

158 INT. DPS HANGAR - DAY 158

Parked inside, are three cars embossed with the DPS logo. A little further off, Brian sees what he's looking for in the dark room: the Dodge Ram. His phone rings. *

BRIAN
(low voice)
Ja... Ja... Ja Jann... *

159 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - DAY 159

Janet, on the phone, is in front of a computer. On the screen, we see a photo of De Beer.

JANET
Guess who was in charge of logistics for Project Coast? A young officer by the name of Frank De Beer...

160 INT. DPS HANGAR - DAY 160

JANET (O.S.)
Who is now the owner of the DPS security company!

DE BEER (O.S.)
Looking for something?

Brian turns around and sees De Beer walking towards him, a nasty snarl on his face. Several steps behind him, we see Jon, billy club and gun in his belt.

BRIAN
(into the phone)
Thanks, Janet.

Brian hangs up and pulls his police badge out.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Is this vehicle yours?

DE BEER
It belongs to the company.

BRIAN
Are you the owner? Mister...?

DE BEER
De Beer. Yes I am. Why?

BRIAN
Do you use it often?

DE BEER

We use it for our rounds. I asked you why?

BRIAN

And I'm asking you to change your tone of voice.

Hateful face-to-face.

DE BEER

This is a security agency... not a tourist information center.

BRIAN

I'm investigating a car accident... A four by four like yours was involved in a hit-and-run... *

De Beer doesn't flinch at this lie.

DE BEER

(impossible) *

I'm the only one who uses it.

Brian goes over to the Dodge. It is spotless. *

BRIAN

Have you cleaned it recently?

DE BEER

Is that against the law?

BRIAN

Can I take a look? *

De Beer pulls a key out of his pocket. Presses the remote control car lock. The lights blink. Brian opens the door. Within seconds he inspects the car interior. Glove compartment, under the carpet. The vehicle is spic-and-span, both inside and out.

Brian goes back over to De Beer.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(falsely friendly) *

Thank you for co-operation. It's good to know there are still honest citizens like yourself in his crime-ridden mess of a country.

DE BEER

Get out of here.

Ali sits across from Adams.

ADAMS
(terrified)
Go back to the shebeen?

ALI
(firm)
I want to bring Cat in for questioning.

Adams would rather laugh at this preposterous idea.

ADAMS
You want us to get killed? Last time
wasn't enough for you?

ALI
Round up your men, Adams.

Adams shows him the newspaper headlines announcing the end of the investigation into the double murder and the death of the guilty party: Stan.

ADAMS
Haven't you heard? Go get some rest.

Ali looks at Adams. He won't get anywhere. He slowly gets to his feet, grimacing with pain, and leaves the office.

162 INT/EXT. BRIAN'S CAR / STREETS OF CAPE TOWN - DAY 162

Brian drives along, glancing constantly into his rearview mirror. He's spotted a car following him.

Despite the traffic, he suddenly makes a half turn. The cars, coming from the opposite side slam on their brakes, honking, but Brian makes it across. His pursuers, caught unawares by this maneuver, are stuck on the other side.

Brian steps on the gas, checks his rearview mirror to make sure he's no longer being tailed.

163 EXT. POLICE STATION / ALI'S CAR 163

Ali walks to his car. His phone rings. We make out Brian's voice on the other end.

ALI
(into the phone)
Yes... (...) Who are they? (...) Did
you lose them? (...) Alone?... No!
(...) Don't take any risks...

164 INT/EXT. BRIAN'S CAR - DAY 164

Brian spins a U-turn.

BRIAN

Don't forget... you're talking to a man
who's suspended anyhow...

165 EXT. TOWNSHIP CHURCH - DAY 165

The minivan drives away, leaving Josephina alone. The area around the Lengezi church is almost deserted. Josephina hesitates, looking for her way.

166 EXT/INT. SONIA'S PLACE - DAY 166

Josephina goes over to a little house next to the church. She knocks on the cracked-open door.

JOSEPHINA

Is anyone home?

No answer. Josephina enters.

JOSEPHINA (CONT'D)

Miss?

A big cooking pot of soup is bubbling on the old stove. Josephina sees a shape on the floor. She goes over and discovers, horrified, Sonia's body, her mouth full of blood.

CAT (O.S.)

What're you doing here, Big Mamma?

Josephina turns around. Cat is behind her.

167 INT/EXT. ALI'S CAR - EVENING 167

The sun sets over the sea. Ali switches on his headlights. He turns into the Cape Flats district.

168 EXT. DPS BUILDING - EVENING 168

A **fat guy** leaves the building. He's in civvies, but still wears his DPS cap. He climbs in his car and drive off. *

169 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ZONE - EVENING 169

The fat guy drives through the deserted zone. He stops at a traffic light. Boom! A car behind has just hit his rear bumper at low speed. *

Angry, the fat guy gets out and inspects his bumper. At that moment, he feels a gun in the back of his neck. *

BRIAN

Get back in your car. Quick.

Brian's face is covered by a balaclava. The fat man obeys.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Both hands on the steering wheel. Leave the door open.

Brian presses a cotton compress to the fat man's nose and he passes out. Brian pulls off his hood. He searches the fat man and finds his wallet. He takes out a magnetic card with the DPS logo.

170 EXT. MARABI - NIGHT 170

Ali parks next to the shebeen and gets out of his car. The shattered windows and bullet-riddled façade testify to the shoot-out the day before. Otherwise all is calm. No music, no customers this time. Only a couple of guys hanging out who give him mean looks.

He opens the door to the shebeen.

171 INT. MARABI - NIGHT 171

Ali enters. The place is a mess but empty. He pulls his gun out of his holster and cautiously enters Cat's backroom.

172 INT. MARABI / BACKROOM - NIGHT 172

The room is pitch-dark.

A car drives past in the street, music blasting. Its headlights briefly light up the room, giving Ali time to discover four dead bodies on the floor. He pulls out a small flashlight and goes over to them. It's Cat's men. All of their mouths are filled with blood.

173 EXT. DPS BUILDING - NIGHT 173

Brian goes over to the entrance. He has put his balaclava back on, but he now wears the DPS cap as well. From a distance, his outline looks almost normal.

He swipes his card. The door opens.

174 INT. DPS BUILDING / RECEPTION - NIGHT 174

No one at reception. To the right, the video surveillance room. The night watchman has his back to the door, eyes riveted to his screens.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

You're early, Dave...

Bam! Brian's billy club crashes down on him. The man slumps to the floor. Brian soaks a cotton compress and sticks it under the watchman's nose.

A woman screams. She stands in the doorway with two cups of coffee in her hands. Brian rushes over to her and presses the cotton to her nose. He holds her as she falls to the ground.

175 INT. DPS BUILDING - NIGHT 175

Brian inspects the upstairs offices. With a crowbar, he opens the metal cupboards. Precise, rapid gestures. Administrative papers, coffee machine, porno pictures. Nothing of interest.

176 INT. MARABI / BACKROOM - NIGHT 176

Ali empties a plastic bag. Crumpled-up clothes fall to the ground. With his foot, he spreads them out to get a better look. Nothing.

177 INT. DPS BUILDING - NIGHT 177

The biggest office is De Beer's. Photos of him - often from his army days - hang on the wall. In one corner of the room, two large metal trunks catch his eye. Two big labels have been stuck on the lids.

The addressee is: "COVENCE LABORATORIES, Klugstrasse, Zurich, Switzerland."

Brian opens one. Bingo! Inside, dozens of test tubes are carefully packed and labeled with incomprehensible codes. Brian takes one out. It contains blood.

He opens the second trunk. This time, he finds dozens of doses of powder, these too labeled. And several doses wrapped in gold paper. And a hard disk.

Sound of voices. Brian looks out the window. A patrol is back. *
Three men.

Brian slips two packets of powder and a tube of blood into his pocket and shuts the trunks. He exits, taking the hard disk with him.

178 INT. DPS OFFICES / RECEPTION - NIGHT 178

The three men enter, chatting easily.

Brian is only several feet away. He turns into a corridor.

Brian speeds up the pace. He pushes one door. Toilets. An impasse. Another door. Another corridor. A rear entrance. Magnetic card. Red light. Second try. Red light.

He hears the men's exclamations. They have just discovered the receptionist and the guard on the floor.

Brian advances further down the corridor and arrives in...

178A INT. DPS OFFICES / WAREHOUSE / HANGAR - NIGHT 178A

...a warehouse plunged into darkness. He walks fast and silent. Suddenly, a few inches from him, a dog emerges, fangs bared, and BARKS. Three German Sheperds, kept in cages, join in: a cacophony of BARKING echoes through the space.

Brian runs. He arrives in the hangar where the vehicles are parked. A door. He hears the DPS guys a few feet away. Magnetic card again. Green light !

179 EXT. DPS BUILDING - NIGHT 179

Brian quickly walks away. He rips off his balaclava. He face is red and sweating, his hair plastered to his head.

180 INT/EXT. BRIAN'S CAR - NIGHT 180

Nervous, Brian gets into his car and drives off. He looks in the rearview mirror. No one. He exhales.

Close shot of Brian's car driving away. And an over-shoulder shot of a DPS CCTV camera.

181 INT. MARABI / BACKROOM - NIGHT 181

Ali looks around. He has turned the room upside down. From the look on his face, we gather there's nothing of interest. Ali grabs his jacket off the back of a chair, ready to leave.

Suddenly he hears a noise in the other room. Ali unsheathes his gun and creeps forward. He pushes the curtain aside and finds himself face to face with...

182 INT. MARABI - NIGHT 182

...the shebeen queen. She's pouring herself a beer. Bloodshot eyes. She's stoned to death. She can barely stand up.

SHEBEEN QUEEN

Well if it isn't the good-looking
dude...

Ali goes over to her.

ALI

Where's Cat?

The shebeen queen makes a sign: flown away! She points to the backroom with a snigger.

SHEBEEN QUEEN

He cleaned up shop before leaving. We
won't be seeing him around...

She sticks out her tongue out, making a sign like someone slicing it off.

SHEBEEN QUEEN (CONT'D)

Didn't you see? He can rest in peace...
They won't talk!

ALI

What about you?

SHEBEEN QUEEN

I'm no fool! I know that lunatic. I hid out.

(provocative)

Besides, he knows I'll never talk...

Ali moves closer to her.

ALI

You know where he is.

SHEBEEN QUEEN

(hard)

Ek's toggie bang vi n kaffe soes jou
nie...Jou suit is te mooi.

*I'm not scared of a nigger like you... Your
suit is too fancy.*

(laughing)

Wil djy my nie miskien rape 'ie?
You feel like raping me?

Face to face. Ali hesitates. His phone rings. CU on his screen: *
Adams.

ALI

(into the telephone)

Hello? (...)

(suddenly interested)

What's the address? (...) I'm on my
way.

Ali hangs up. He pulls out his handcuffs.

183 EXT. MARABI - NIGHT

183

Under the hostile gaze of the locals, Ali pushes the handcuffed shebeen queen over to his car. He shoves her into the back, climbs in behind the wheel and speeds off.

184 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - NIGHT

184

At his desk, Brian hooks up the hard disk. Dozens of files. Hundreds of documents. He opens them haphazardly. They contain diagrams, dates, and incomprehensible pharmacological data.

One folder is filled with audio files. Brian opens one. It is Opperman's voice, recorded with a Dictaphone in the flat tone so characteristic of medical reports:

OPPERMAN (O.S.)
 Dr. Joost Opperman, February 21, 2010:
 Research on a MAO molecule... An
 intracellular molecule that modulates
 synaptic concentration...

Brian clicks on the next file in the list.

OPPERMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Dr. Joost Opperman, February 8, 2010:
 Phase 1 of the MAO clinical trial...

Another file.

OPPERMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Dr. Joost Opperman, February 23,
 2010... A decrease in activity of the
 serotonin and noradrenalin circuits...

185 INT. JANET'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

185

A small basement studio apartment filled with computer equipment. Half-empty pizza boxes lie around. Janet and a homely young white **Geek** sit facing their screens.

On one of the screens, photos of Opperman. On the other, lists of codes. The Geek is busy on the keyboard.

GEEK
 Opperman has been receiving regular
 bank transfers for months... Like a
 salary... 58,285 dollars...

JANET
 But who's paying him?

GEEK
 Two seconds!

186 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - NIGHT

186

Brian opens a beer and clicks on another file.

OPPERMAN (O.S.)
 Dr. Joost Opperman, March 7, 2010...

187 INT. MUIZENBERG HOUSE / BASEMENT - DAY

187

FLASHBACK

The basement has been set up as a laboratory.

OPPERMAN

In order to find the proper dosage to avoid side effects, we developed a clinical protocol to be tested on humans...

Wearing a white coat, Opperman goes over to a black child of around twelve who is sitting down, obviously stoned on tik. He sticks the needle in the child's arm and takes a blood sample.

188 EXT. MUIZENBERG HOUSE - NIGHT 188

FLASHBACK

Watched by De Beer, two DPS employees load the bodies of two adolescents into the back of their 4WD.

189 INT. JANET'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 189

The Geek is concentrated. His hands fly over the keyboard.

GEEK

I'm getting warmer...

OPPERMAN (O.S.)

Dr. Opperman, March 15, 2010... After a long period of trial and error...

190 INT. MUIZENBERG HOUSE / BASEMENT - DAY 190

FLASHBACK

Two children fight violently. Three DPS employees thrash them with billyclubs to separate them.

OPPERMAN (O.S.)

...due to suicidal reactions or abnormally aggressive behavior --

191 INT. JANET'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 191

A name appears on the screen: "COVENCE PHARMACEUTICALS."

GEEK

Bingo...

OPPERMAN (O.S.)

...we are able to affirm today that the tests are conclusive.

Janet copies and pastes the name of COVENCE into a search engine. A page appears. A pharmaceutical company whose motto is: "For a healthier world."

OPPERMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 This molecule will enable us to develop
 a new drug that will revolutionize
 healthcare...

192 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - NIGHT 192

Brian takes another gulp of beer.

OPPERMAN (O.S.)
 ...a new drug that will treat all forms
 of depression with no side effects.
 This drug has the makings of a
 blockbuster.

193 INT/EXT. ALI'S CAR / TOWNSHIP CHURCH - NIGHT 193

Ali parks his car not far from a church comprised of shacks.
 Several police cars are already there. A number of men in
 uniforms keep curious onlookers away.

194 EXT. TOWNSHIP CHURCH - NIGHT 194

Ali gets out of his car. He leaves the shebeen queen in the
 backseat. Adams comes over to meet him.

ALI
 What church is this?

ADAMS
 Lengezi...

When he hears this, Ali tenses. Adams takes him over to a patch
 of land behind a little house next to the church. They walk past
 the minister who is surrounded by policemen.

They head over to the pigsty from which the animals have been
 taken out. By the light of a large projector, policemen are
 digging up the earth. The smell is unbearable. Adams covers his
 mouth with a handkerchief.

They reach the pigsty. Children's bones have been piled up. We
 make out small skulls. And shreds of clothing.

POLICEMAN AT GRAVE
 It's a mass grave. Only children and
 teenagers... The bodies were eaten by
 the pigs. Filthy beasts...

Ali, his expression impenetrable, goes over to the torn bits of
 clothing. His eye is drawn by something he recognizes. He takes
 a pencil out of his pocket, uses the tip to lift a piece of T-
 shirt: a Star Wars T-shirt.

ALI
 How did you find it?

POLICEMAN AT GRAVE
 (pointing to the little house)
 The minister found his maid murdered.
 With another woman.

195 INT. SONIA'S PLACE - NIGHT 195

Ali rushes into the house. Police are looking for evidence. He goes over to the two bodies which have been covered with white sheets.

Ali pulls back the first sheet and discovers Sonia's body. Her mouth is filled with blood. He lifts up the second sheet. There, before his eyes, he sees his mother's dead face, her mouth full of blood too. Ali can't breathe.

196 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - NIGHT 196

Brian clicks on a file. His cell phone rings. He answers.

RUBY (O.S.)
 (very nervous)

Brian!

BRIAN

Ruby?

RUBY (O.S.)
 You have to come at once! Who are these
 guys...

She is interrupted. The telephone changes hands.

BRIAN

Ruby!

DE BEER (O.S.)
 Listen to me, Detective Harregat. Get
 over to your ex-wife's place on the
 double, with the hard disk and
 everything else you stole from my
 office. If you're not here in 20
 minutes, I'll start having fun with
 her. She's got a nice ass.

BRIAN

You piece of shit, if you...

Click. He has hung up. Brian hits the table with his fist:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Fucker!

197 EXT. TOWNSHIP CHURCH - NIGHT 197

In a state of shock, Ali rushes over to his car while Adams watches, helpless. He opens the back door. The ceiling light goes on. Adams sees Ali slide into the backseat next to the shebeen queen. He looks like he wants to kill her. The ceiling light goes off. Adams holds back his men, who want to intervene.

198 INT. ALI'S CAR - NIGHT 198

Ali closes his hand around the shebeen queen's neck. He tightens his grip. The look in his eyes leaves no doubt. He is prepared to kill her. She struggles, suffocating, but Ali does not release his hold. He leans over and whispers in her ear, making every word stand out clearly:

ALI
Where... is... Cat?

199 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / FRONT HALL - NIGHT 199

Brian walks rapidly towards the exit, his phone to his ear.

BRIAN
Ali, call me back for fuck's sake!

200 EXT/INT. ALI'S CAR - NIGHT 200

Ali drives along the expressway, eyes cold and hard. The shebeen queen is no longer in the backseat.

201 EXT. RICK'S VILLA - NIGHT 201

Brian races up the driveway in his car, past two parked 4WDs. He screeches to a stop and jumps out. The window blinds are lowered. The front door is cracked open. He goes inside.

202 INT. RICK'S VILLA - NIGHT 202

The second he crosses the threshold, Jon steps forward and points a gun at his face.

JON
On your knees. Hands on your head!

The crony with the shaved head, whom we saw earlier in the car, is there too, along with De Beer.

DE BEER
Search him!

Jon obeys. He searches Brian's pockets and takes out the small whip, his gun, the hard disk and his cell phone. De Beer throws his phone to the ground after removing the battery. He recovers the arm and the hard disk.

Brian lets them do it. A couple of dozen feet away, he sees Ruby and Rick, seated on the couch, tense faces. Shaved head watches them, gun in hand. Ruby glares at Brian. He gives her a sheepish smile.

De Beer sticks the hard disk in Brian's face.

DE BEER (CONT'D)
Did you make a copy?

Brian doesn't reply. De Beer hits him violently in the ribs. Brian collapses to the ground. De Beer kicks him in the face with his ranger boots.

DE BEER (CONT'D)
Talk ! I'm listening!

BRIAN
I didn't have time Dammit... You called
me... *

De Beer isn't convinced. He kicks Brian, again and again. Extreme violence.

RUBY (O.S.)
Are you crazy!

DE BEER
(striking)
DID YOU MAKE A COPY ?

Brian passes out.

203 INT. RICK'S VILLA - DAWN

203

Black. Voices that we recognize after a while:

RUBY (O.S.)
You guys are sick!

RICK (O.S.)
Ruby, be quiet! Please!

Brian's POV as he opens his eyes. He is lying on the floor, his hands tied behind his back. Still seated on the couch, Ruby is looking at him. This time she smiles at him, worried. He tries to smile back but can only manage a grimace. He tries to speak but nothing comes out. Tries to breathe. That's all he can try to do. He's still suffocating.

DE BEER (O.S.)
What's the use of having a gun if it's
not loaded?

Brian looks up and sees De Beer standing over him, loading Brian's own revolver.

RICK
(terrified)
You're going to kill us, aren't you?

De Beer snaps the cylinder shut without answering.

RICK (CONT'D)
We have nothing to do with all this.
He's her ex-husband, but we never see
him! He's an asshole! I'm sure we could
find an agreement... I've got money.
Lots of money.

Interested, De Beer kneels down to Rick's level.

DE BEER
What are you suggesting?

RICK
How much do you want? How much? Tell me
your price. I'm begging you.

DE BEER
Two million rands. For you.
(nodding at Ruby)
I still need her.

Rick looks at Ruby.

RICK
Come on... Maybe we can find a
solution? Three million for the two of
us? Four?

DE BEER
It's not negotiable. Two million.
(pointing at Rick)
And I let you go.

Rick hesitates.

RUBY
Don't leave me, Rick.

RICK
Why did you have to hook up with a guy
like that? Look what's happening to us
because of him! This is your fault!
Shit!

RUBY
You wimp.

RICK
I don't want to die for your asshole
cop, Ruby.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
 (to De Beer)
 Let me go to my computer. I'll transfer
 the money right away.

De Beer cuts his ties.

RICK (CONT'D)
 (to Ruby)
 It'll be ok.

RUBY
 (incredulous, under her breath)
 Mother fucker...

Rick gets to his feet and heads over to his computer.

RICK
 (obsequious, servile)
 You can do everything from your
 computer now. It's amazingly
 efficient...

De Beer aims Brian's gun and fires. Rick falls to the ground.
 Dead. Ruby screams.

204 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / ARMS STORAGE ROOM - DAY 204

Ali signs a document at the window of the arms storage room at
 police headquarters. He hands it to the policeman on duty on the
 other side.

POLICEMAN ON DUTY
 Thank you.

The policeman grabs a case which he sets down on the counter.
 Ali opens it, looks at the pump-action shotgun and ammunition
 packed inside. He closes the case.

205 INT. RICK'S VILLA / SPA - DAY 205

A small empty room with a Jacuzzi. The French window looks out
 onto the sprawling garden and the swimming pool.

Ruby and Brian lie on the floor, face to face, ankles tied with
 thick masking tape.

RUBY
 Christ, who are these animals!

BRIAN
 We've got to get out of here.

RUBY
 (terrified but ironic)
 Right! Lead the way.

Brian tries to undo his ties but the tape won't give.

205A INT. RICK'S VILLA - DAY

205A

De Beer and Jon stand near the front door. Shaved head waits outside. Jon puts a pair of gloves on.

DE BEER

Beat the girl before bumping her off.
We want them to think it was a fit of
jealousy.

He holds Brian's revolver out to Jon.

DE BEER (CONT'D)

I'll take care of the trunks. We'll
meet at the airfield.

207 INT. RICK'S VILLA - DAY

207

BRIAN

How far is the next house? *

RUBY

Few hundred meters. *

BRIAN

They didn't tie your ankles. You could
make it.

RUBY

Oh yeah? And to get out, I just
teleport myself?

BRIAN

I'll take care of the window.

RUBY

How?

BRIAN

Have you forgotten how hardheaded I am?

RUBY

Smash the window with your head?
(dripping irony)
Genius.

BRIAN

It's rock 'n' roll, baby!

RUBY

You really aren't getting any better
with age.

They look at each other with a mixture of anguish and tenderness. Suddenly Brian kisses her passionately on the lips.

RUBY (CONT'D)
If anyone had ever told me we would die together...

Brian smiles, then, despite his bound ankles and wrists, he gets up and throws his full weight at the window. It breaks into a million pieces. Brian falls heavily to the ground amidst the glass debris.

RUBY (CONT'D)
(worried)
Brian? Brian!

BRIAN
(in a daze)
Run! Run for fuck's sake!

*

Just as Ruby starts to climb out the window, Jon rushes in.

JON
Where are you going!

He grabs Ruby and starts hitting her. Hard. Once, twice, three times. Now Ruby collapses to the ground in a daze.

Jon grabs Brian him and roughly shoves him back in the house. He starts hitting him in turn. Brian lets him, inert.

Then suddenly, Brian's hands appear from behind his back. He strikes at Jon's neck. Blood gushes. Jon collapses, dead.

Brian cuts the tape that is still around his ankles with the piece of broken glass he still has in his hand. Then he rushes over and takes Ruby in his arms.

BRIAN
(gently)
It's all over... It's all over...

He holds her tight, caressing her hair. They are both covered with blood, wounded and unrecognizable.

208 EXT. TWIN-ENGINE PLANE - DAY 208

The Twin-engine aircraft is flying. Through the window, CU on Ali.

209 INT. RICK'S VILLA - DAY 209

CU on Brian phoning with the cordless house phone.

BRIAN

Klaasens road at Bishopscourt (...)
 Don't forget an ambulance, Jann (...)
 You know where Ali is?

*
 *

210 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / DETECTIVES' OFFICE - DAY 210

JANET

He's been unreachable all morning...
 The last time I talked to him was in
 the middle of the night... He wanted
 some information about a ranch in
 Namibia...

211 EXT. NAMIBIA AIRFIELD - DAY 211

An airfield in the middle of nowhere. A sign indicates:
 "Namibia." Ali climbs down from a little twin-engine plane, a
 canvas bag in his hand.

212 EXT. NAMIB DESERT - DAY 212

The desert for as far as the eye can see. On the road, a 4WD
 whips past at high speed. Ali is behind the wheel. Stony-faced.
 A GPS on the windshield indicates the direction.

The miles go by. The asphalt road turns into a dirt road.

213 EXT. NAMIB DESERT / ALI'S 4WD - DAY 213

Ali slows down and pulls over on the side of the dirt road. He
 gets out of the car, the canvas bag in his hand.

214 EXT. NAMIB DESERT - DAY 214

Ali walks several yards up a small slope. Stops when he reaches
 the top.

Some three hundred feet away is a group of ochre-colored, one-
 story buildings.

Ali pulls a pair of binoculars out of his jacket. He lies down
 on the summit of the slope and observes the ranch through his
 binoculars.

ALI'S POV: The ranch is calm. Three men in canvas clothing talk
 on the verandah while drinking beer. Amongst them is the guy
 with a shaved head. Ali sweeps his gaze over the ranch. Suddenly
 he makes out a figure moving behind a window: Cat. Ali lowers
 his binoculars. He found what he was looking for.

215 EXT. NAMIB DESERT - NIGHT 215

Night has fallen over the ranch. Two or three windows are lit,
 along with a projector that illuminates the surrounding area.

Ali opens the canvas bag. He pulls out the case from the arm's warehouse. He opens it up. The weapon is there.

Out in the dunes, His attention is drawn by the sound of an engine in the distance. A mile or two away, he makes out the headlights of a car driving towards him on the road.

The car is now only a couple of hundred feet away. He loses sight of it behind the dune. But now the engine slows down and stops. A car door slams.

On his guard, Ali quickly loads one bullet into his shotgun. He takes several steps forward and finds himself face to face with Brian, who is also walking up the dune.

BRIAN

Hello, Your Highness...

Ali lowers his arm.

ALI

You look worse than usual...

Brian's face is covered with bruises.

BRIAN

I'll tell you about it later.

ALI

What are you doing here?

BRIAN

I spoke to Janet...

*

Brian looks at the ranch in the distance under the moonlight. He points to Ali's binoculars which are sticking out of his packet.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

May I?

Without waiting for an answer, Brian takes them. Now he too sweeps his gaze across the ranch. Brian lowers the binoculars.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

We have everything we need to lock them up. All of them.

Ali kneels down and opens the case again. He carefully begins to load his shotgun.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Ali, are you listening to me? This
won't bring them back to life! Dan!
Your mother! All the others... This
won't bring them back! Fuck Ali, do you
hear me? Not this way man! Not you!

*

*

Ali has finished loading his arm.

ALI
 Don't you dare give me lessons... I
 know the shit by heart. I've been
 reciting it for forty years!

Brian rips the gun out of his hands. Ali leaps to his feet.

ALI (CONT'D)
 Give that back to me, Brian

Ali stretches his arm out to grab the weapon. Brian steps back. Ali swings his fist and slugs his friend. Brian totters, tries to grab onto Ali, but Ali knocks him out cold with another blow. Brian slumps to the ground, in a daze.

With one last look back at Brian, who is knocked out cold on the ground, Ali starts walking towards the ranch.

216 EXT. OPPERMAN'S RANCH - NIGHT 216

Ali approaches the building from the rear. When he is only several feet away, he hears the sound of water trickling.

To the right, we see the outline of a man's back. He's peeing against a wall: shaved head. He turns around zipping his pants up and discovers Ali. In the dark, he doesn't recognize him and doesn't see his gun.

SHAVED HEAD
 (surprised)
 What are you doing here you dirty
 kaffer?

Ali just aims his gun and fires. Twice. Shaved head falls to the ground. Dead. Ali walks toward the house.

217 INT. OPPERMAN'S RANCH - NIGHT 217

Ali enters a long corridor. A man in boxer shorts bursts out in front of him. He shoots him down without hesitating and reloads. Ali continues moving forward, like an avenger phantom. Another door. Another man. Another shoot. Ali opens every door. Empty. Empty. Another door. A kitchen. Two men, hidden behind a table fire. Bang ! Bang ! Ali's shot gun replies. Two more deads.

217A INT. OPPERMAN'S RANCH / CAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 217A

He enters a bedroom. A shirt on the ground catches his eye: it's Cat. The bathroom door is cracked open. A light is on inside.

Ali kicks the door open. Cat is soaking in the bathtub, a joint in his mouth, stoned. He smiles at Ali.

CAT

You're not gonna shoot me, brother. The asshole is that white guy... Believe me, brother, that guy is the devil in person!

Suddenly, an arm appears in Cat's hand. Too late. Ali pulls the trigger. Bang! The bullet hits Cat in the chest. He falls back into the bathtub with a spray of water.

The sound of a car engine. Through the window Ali sees Opperman behind the wheel of a 4WD.

A man comes up behind Ali, ready to shoot. Bang! The man falls to the ground. Brian has just appeared on the scene. It's he who shot the man. The two men exchange a brief look.

Bursts of gun fire. Brian crawls over to the corner of the door and retaliates with a salvo of bullets. Meanwhile Ali smashes the window with his rifle butt and runs outside.

218 EXT. OPPERMAN'S RANCH - NIGHT 218

The sound of a car engine. Ali runs. Only yards away, he sees Opperman driving past, escaping behind the wheel of a 4WD.

Ali looks around. No other vehicles. He runs after the 4WD, which has turned onto the dirt road.

Ali shoulders his weapon and fires. One of the rear lights explodes and then fades. The 4WD drives off the road in an attempt to make it around a small hill where it can hide.

Ali continues shooting. The second rear light goes out. Ali shoots one last time. No more ammunition.

The 4WD disappears behind the hill but we hear the car engine sputter to a stop. Ali throws his now useless weapon to the ground and runs over to the dirt road. Hampered by his wound, he cannot run very fast.

219 INT. OPPERMAN'S RANCH / CAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 219

Stuck in the bedroom, Brian shoots back the last remaining adversary who is still alive on the ranch. Around the corner of the door, he snatches a glimpse of his face: De Beer.

220 EXT. NAMIB DESERT - NIGHT 220

Ali reaches the 4WD. Empty. He looks around, out of breath. He sees Opperman running away. He is already far away, very far away. Without hesitating, Ali takes off in his pursuit.

221 INT. OPPERMAN'S RANCH / CAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 221

Brian retaliates once more. He fires. Bang! The breech remains open. No more bullets.

BRIAN
(between his teeth)
Fuck...

222 EXT. NAMIB DESERT - NIGHT 222

Teeth clenched, Ali walks as fast as he can in the sand. He doesn't take his eyes off Opperman's outline, more than six hundred feet away.

223 INT. OPPERMAN'S RANCH / CAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 223

Brian, crouching, rides out another volley of gunfire, unable to retaliate. De Beer stops shooting at last. Silence. Brian looks around. On the floor is the body of the man who tried to kill Ali. Revolver still in hand.

The footsteps are close. Brian throws himself on the corpse and rolls behind it just as his enemy enters the room, shooting.

Brian grabs the dead man's hand and fires. Hand in hand with the corpse. De Beer falls to the ground with a scream.

Brian rushes over to him. De Beer, wounded, gropes for his gun on the floor. Brian kicks it out of reach. He aims his gun at De Beer, ready to fire. He hesitates. De Beer holds his breath. Brian lowers his gun. He slips a pair of handcuffs on De Beer.

224 EXT. NAMIB DESERT - DAWN 224

Lit by the sun rising behind the dunes, we see Opperman's outline. Ali is now only some three hundred feet away. He advances in the sand, mechanically, staring ahead. His wound has opened. He is bleeding.

The wind blows the sand, wiping out the trail of the two men who are alone in the immensity of the desert.

225 EXT. NAMIB DESERT - DAY 225

The sun is now high in the sky. The heat is suffocating. Ali is dripping with blood and sweat. Opperman is now only a hundred feet ahead of him. Ali makes out his face, his red, parched skin.

Opperman panics. He manages to speed up the pace and climb to the summit of a dune, some three hundred feet high. Ali follows him. The two men climb in the sand, pushing themselves to the limit. Ali gains ground, inch by inch.

At the top of the dune, Opperman falls and topples down the slope. Ali accelerates. He hurtles down the slope with large strides, sinking into the sand like in powder snow.

Opperman gets up. The sand sticks to his sweaty face. He sets off again. The distance between the two men is now only about thirty feet.

They reach the foot of the dune. A big white sand basin. Like an oven. Opperman's mouth is open, he's suffocating. Ali makes one last effort. Only another three feet. He throws himself forward and pins Opperman to the ground. Opperman holds out his two hands in a sign of surrender.

OPPERMAN

Please no... Please, don't... Please...
Forgive me.

But Ali raises his fist above his head and strikes. Using every ounce of remaining strength, he hits Opperman. His fist is blood red. Opperman is no longer struggling. He is inert. A piece of meat that Ali continues pounding on. He puts his weight, his rage, his hatred into it. Until his strength gives way. He can no longer move his arm. He can't do anything at all. He is beat.

Opperman lies inert. Disfigured. Dead no doubt. Ali slowly gets up. He can barely stand on his feet. He looks around.

Sand dunes. A tree trunk that's been dead for years. Desert for as far as the eye can see. And the unrelenting sun. CU on Ali, face streaming with sweat, mouth open.

226 EXT. NAMIB DESERT - DAY 226

An army helicopter flies over the dunes.

227 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 227

Brian is inside, a headset on his ears. He peers down at the desert through the wide-open side door.

Suddenly he sees a tiny black spot in the distance, in the middle of a stretch of white sand. Brian shows the copilot.

228 EXT. NAMIB DESERT - DAY 228

The helicopter dips and swerves to the right.

229 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 229

Brian does not take his eyes off the spot. The helicopter flies down into the basin. Brian pulls off his headset. The second the landing skids hit the ground he leaps out.

He makes his way over to the black shape, a dozen feet away. Sand flies all around him, kicked up by the spinning helicopter blades.

Brian find Opperman's corpse, his face charred by the sun.

He looks around. Ali is there, some fifty feet away, leaning against a dead tree trunk. Brian rushes over. Ali doesn't move. He seems to be looking at Brian. A blank look. Brian slows down. He kneels down next to his friend. Ali is dead. Brian takes his friend's face in his hands. Hugs him tight.

230 EXT. NAMIBIA AIRFIELD - DAY 230

A small airfield in the middle of the desert. Men in ranger uniforms load Ali's coffin onto the small twin-engine propeller craft. The aircraft takes off.

231 INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY 231

CU of a piece of paper. Brian writes "ALI SOKHELA" and then two dates: "1966 - 2012." He hands it to an **Employee** in a dark suit. The employee indicates the tombstones on display in the shop. The simplest possible. One that's still blank. Brian consents with a nod.

He exits the funeral home.

232 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY 232

Brian stops on the threshold of the door. He turns back.

233 INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY 233

The employee looks up at Brian, surprised to see him back so fast.

BRIAN

I'd like to have a second headstone
engraved as well.

*

EMPLOYEE

Someone else died?

BRIAN

A few years ago. It's taken me a while
to get round to it.

CU of a piece of paper. Brian writes "WILLEM Van Rensburg"

234 EXT. TARMAC / AIRPORT - DAY 234

Barely any clouds in the blue sky. In the distance, we hear an airplane engine, almost imperceptible.

Brian looks up at the blue sky, shielding his eyes from the sun with his hand. He points out a little dot to Janet, who is next to him on the edge of the landing strip.

JANET

There it is.

Without taking his eyes off the dot, Brian walks out onto the strip. The dot gradually turns into a twin-engine aircraft.

The sound of another engine, a car engine this time, draws Brian's attention. A small car pulls up alongside. Ruby gets out. She still bears traces of her nightmare experience. She looks at Brian and smiles. Surprised and moved, he smiles back.

Ruby comes over and stands by his side. Without a word, she slips her hand into his. He squeezes it. Tight.

THE END