

# Fakt Cheqers

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**1 EXT. JOHANNESBURG, FAKT CHEQUERS OFFICE -- DAY 1**

2017 Pritchard Street. A busy Johannesburg street. Morning traffic buzzes past in front of an old run-down art Deco building. The pavement is filled with street traders and a few pedestrians walking briskly by. A cacophony of taxi horns fill the air.

Percival "PERCY" Kravets (60) pulls into an empty parking place in front of the building in a black old Jaguar Mk10.

He steps out of the car, street-smart and dressed in a well fitted shirt sporting a cravat. On one wrist is a loosely fitting large gold watch, on the other a thick chain gold bracelet.

He puffs on a cherry flavoured cigar as he stands and looks at the number on the building above the door.

**2 INT. JOHANNESBURG, 2017 PRITCHARD STREET, 3RD FLOOR LANDING -- DAY 2**

The landing is bleak and cold, except for a splendid rubber plant in a large pot.

The lift doors open.

PERCY steps out and screws his eyes at the signage on the nearest door - *Maverick's Fact Checking Agency*. Below that - *We leave no stone unturned!*

**3 INT. FAKT CHEQUERS OFFICE -- DAY 3**

PERCY is greeted by a compact office space housed in the corner of a large empty floor of a refurbished department store. Behind the desks which are loosely clumped together near the door, oblique to the door, is a large ops-board with various case information on it.

HEDWIG Katz-Jacobs (63) is smoking at her meticulously kept desk. On her forehead are pointy glasses attached to a beaded chain which fits snugly around the back of her neck. She glances up at Percy, but makes no attempt to greet him before going back to her work.

MILLY van der Poole (45), (our undercover boss,) doesn't notice Percy as he stands behind her admiring her butt. She is dressed conservatively in pumps and a skirt that falls below the knee, but beneath the plain veneer lurks a drop dead gorgeous businesswoman.

She is making photocopies on an photocopy machine one at a time and hums along to the drone of the photocopier.

PERCY moves forward and roughly places a hand on each shoulder, startling her and stopping her from turning.

He whispers into her ear...

PERCY  
Morning Millicent.

She breaks free and turns to face him.

MILLY  
Excuse me! What are you doing  
here?

PERCY  
Is that how you greet an old friend,  
ha?

MILLY  
What do you want Mr Kravats?  
(softly)  
I'm at work!

PERCY  
Call me Percy... please. You look  
good. Much like my Great Aunt  
Petunia... but good for you.

MILLY  
I have work to do.  
(softly)  
You shouldn't be here.

PERCY  
You know she died of gout, the  
poor woman. Too much kovbasa and  
cabbage. Where is Mr Maverick?

MILLY  
Who?

PERCY  
This is Maverick's office, no? It  
says so outside.

MILLY  
What's it to you?

PERCY  
I don't like not being paid on  
time!  
(softer)  
I'll get my money from your boss  
and you can sort it out with him.

MILLY  
He's hardly ever here. And, he  
only takes meetings with potential  
(MORE)

MILLY (CONT'D)  
clients. He's in Tokyo for the  
next four weeks.

Percy grabs Milly's wrist and threateningly moves the hot  
end of his cigar towards her skin...

PERCY  
Don't make me hurt you.

Unsure of what's going on, QUINTUS Nkosi (24) - a lanky,  
fashionably-dressed flamboyant character minces across  
from his desk.

Percy spins around, letting go of Milly's wrist when he  
hears his deep and mellow voice as he approaches..

QUINTUS  
Good day Sir.

PERCY  
You people always dress so well.

QUINTUS  
Sorry to disturb "you people". I  
was just wondering if you have  
those copies of the Baker case  
file for me Milly?

Percy grabs the papers from Milly's hand and gives them to  
Quintus...

PERCY  
Is this what you're looking for?

QUINTUS  
Great. Thanks.

Quintus returns to his desk.

PERCY  
For the last time..

MILLY  
(softly)  
I'm trying my best.

PERCY  
I want my money.

Percy turns to leave but stops at the door and announces

PERCY (CONT'D)  
Remember it's an extra ten percent  
for every week you're late.

4 **EXT. GRAAFF REINET -- DAY**

4

TITLES OVER MONTAGE:

An aerial short of the Karoo landscape.

Children run down a tarred road towards the Dutch Reformed Church - Groot Kerk in Church Street, dressed in their Sunday best. One is carrying a bible.

A group of mountain bikers ride down a rough trail. We have a series of close up shots of the wheels of the bikes accompanied by the sounds of the bikers breathing heavily.

Sheep grazing at the base of a cement dam that is being fed water by an old windmill.

We see a group of Zion Christian Church worshippers, resplendent in their blue and white gowns, singing and dancing in circular rhythmic pattern next to a river.

A couple sitting looking out over the Valley of Desolation. We catch a snippet of their laughter. A "blue" butterfly lands on a Karoo flower.

END OF MONTAGE

5 **EXT. GRAAFF REINET, FARM ONE, VELDT -- DAY**

5

The sun beats down on an arid Karoo landscape. It is dry and hot.

JAKES, MO and JILL are walking through the Karoo shrub holding butterfly nets and plastic lunch boxes...

Jakes - Jacobus Jacobs (60)- is a giant of a man with a pair of Bi-focals on his forehead. He is wearing long khaki shorts and a bright floral shirt with a pair of old police boots.

Mo - Xholiswa Mahlaba (24) - is a sexy, confident young lady dressed in up-market cargo pants and a white T-Shirt. She wears a stylish pair of Rayban sunglasses.

JILL (35) is wearing khaki slacks and shirt, with a Dept Agriculture & Forestry Emblem on the pocket. She also wears a Khaki floppy hat.

Mo is lagging behind Jakes and Jill because she keeps stopping to take selfies. She's out of breath from continuously having to catch up, and sweat courses down her face. There is a camera strapped around her neck and unflattering wet sweat marks on her T-shirt.

MO

Please somebody tell me that this  
is about to come to an end. Please  
Lord have mercy... just one blue  
butterfly!

JAKES

Come on, put some woema in it, Mo.  
Patience is a virtue...

Jill smiles as she checks under the leaves of a Gazania  
shrub for signs of a butterfly cocoon.

MO

Why didn't we drive here? What's  
the use hiring a four by four if  
we can't go bundu bashing in it?

JILL

This, Ma'am, is a very delicate  
environment. Four by fours are  
very very destructive.

Mo rolls her eyes.

MO

Jakes how about a piggy back skat.

Jakes finds this hilarious, he roars with laughter.

JAKES

What about my back? What will my  
wife say when she hears that I  
threw my back with you on top.

MO

Eeeuw. Jakes don't say that.  
That's just so wrong.

JAKES

That came out wrong, didn't it.

He looks at Jill for confirmation.

JILL

It did.

Jakes tries to placate Mo.

JAKES

Didn't mean it like that. Sorry.  
Why are you stressing about a bit  
of sweat and exertion? You'd pay  
a lot of money at the gym for this.

MO

It is not the same. There's air-conditioning... a spa... a water cooler... and a salad bar. BIG difference.

Mo breaks off a branch from a Gazania shrub and looks at the under-side of the leaves on it...

MO (CONT'D)

What did you say we were looking for again, Jill?

JILL

Cocoons... and please don't break off the branches!

Jill scans the shrubs, picking up a sample here and there and putting them into small sample bottles.

JAKES

We've been at this for 6 hours now, and not found anything Jill. Seems like there's is no proof of the of the presence of the "Brenton Blue" being here?

JILL

This is the last breeding ground of this butterfly. It is crucial that this area is protected. I'll find you proof!

MO

I need a break. I'm going back to the car.

JAKES

Go for it. I'll do all the work I'm used to it.

Jill squeals with delight...

JILL

Hey, I've got it! This is definite proof.

She holds up a cocoon for all to see.

**6 EXT. GRAAFF REINET, CHURCH SQUARE, KAROO KITCHEN -- DAY 6**

The Karoo Kitchen is a quaint cottage style restaurant on the outside of Church Square. Snugly nestled in the shadow of the church it is popular with tourists and out-of-towners.

7 INT. GRAAFF REINET, CHURCH SQUARE, KAROO KITCHEN -- DAY 7

Inside, the eatery is quaint and filled with trinkets. The colourful original paintings on the wall are for sale, and it is surprising how many neatly set antique looking tables and chairs have been squeezed into the small space.

JAPAN (38) dressed in an Armani suite and DIGGER (58) in an open necked shirt and jacket are at the tail end of their lunch.

DIGGER

So you got it mate? It's crucial as the BEE partner to ensure that quality local non-skilled labour is recruited.

Japan is not too interested in the discussion. He eyes the salad he'd been forced to order earlier with distaste.

JAPAN

Ja, I got you man. Did we have to come here? I wish we had gone to that good ol' fashion fish and chips joint on the edge of town. I need something to line my stomach. Last night was hectic.

DIGGER

Where's your sense of adventure? Vegies aren't that bad. Look at me, I'm abso-fucking-lutely enjoying the stuff.

JAPAN

Yeah, who would have guessed that "The Karoo Kitchen" wouldn't serve meat. Where the hell's the bill? That's what I hate about these non-Jozi places.

His rant is interrupted by MONIQUE, middle-aged and Bohemian, who arrives at the table with the bill in a woven grass plate. She also has two take away coffees in "eco-paper cups".

MONIQUE

Gentlemen. Your coffee and your bill.

DIGGER

You got it Jap? I still only have Aussie dollars on me.



JAPAN

Yeah, yeah. I got it. It's an  
expense anyway!

MONIQUE

So how was your meal?

DIGGER

(lying)  
Great.

JAPAN

(also lying)  
Oh, yeah. Amazing.

As Japan takes out his wallet and starts counting notes,  
Digger scrutinises the ecologically friendly cups.

DIGGER

Wow, take a gander at that. Pretty  
expensive stuff, these tree hugger  
cups. Back home, the backwaters  
don't have these. They still use  
good ol' fashioned cheap styro  
cups.

Monique takes the bait...

MONIQUE

Styrofoam? Do you know how dangerous  
styrofoam is to the environment.

DIGGER

Whachu talkin' about? Styro only  
keeps the coffee warm and doesn't  
burn your hands.

MONIQUE

It only destroys the environment.

Japan tries to play peacemaker.

JAPAN

It can't be that bad.

MONIQUE

It's worse! It doesn't biodegrade  
at all and it ensures that we will  
leave the earth in a much worse  
condition than we found it in.

DIGGER

But Madam...

MONIQUE

Don't madam me, Sir. Does this look like a brothel? No it doesn't so don't call me madam. Let me tell you something; we don't inherit the earth. We borrow it from our children. You people slay me. Only when the last tree has died and the last river is poisoned and the last fish is caught in your gill nets will you realise that we cannot eat money.

8 EXT. MTHATHA, MTHATHA STADIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

8

A Pop-concert in full swing. Despite the stadium being only 50% full, the crowd is rocking.

Fronting the band (DRUMMER, GUITARIST, KEYBOARD PLAYER and BASS PLAYER,) is a good looking, dynamic lady, dancing and singing with an energy reminiscent of the late Brenda Fassie. She's sexy, sassy, dressed in revealing clothing ala Rihanna and has the audience eating out of her hands as she goes through her routine. This is QUEENIE, the people's pop star, delivering her hit single "Love you to Death".

In the wings LETTIE is standing and watching appreciably, gently tapping along in time with the music.

Queenie briefly looks in her direction and gives her a sexy wink.

Lettie smiles appreciably and blows her a kiss back.

A young woman - TINA - masculine and dressed in roadie attire, sidles up next to Lettie.

TINA

She's amazing.

LETTIE

In more ways than one.

TINA

Ja she's bloody hot! Wish she wasn't married. I wouldn't mind mowing some of that lawn. I heard she's married, but I don't see a husband anywhere.

LETTIE

He's very possessive. I'd stay clear if I was you!

Queenie and the band hit the last chord and the song finishes.

Queenie raises her arms up in superstar fashion, holding the pose for a few beats before she breaks into a bow.

The crowd goes berserk shouting and cheering.

Lettie and Tina also applaud lovingly.

**9 INT. MTHATHA, MTHATHA STADIUM, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 9**

QUEENIE and LETTIE are sitting entwined together on a couch.

The TOUR MANAGER pops their head around the door.

TOUR MANAGER

Great show Queenie. I've already been harassed by Ronnie Mitchell about payment.

QUEENIE

He wants to know what the takings are, doesn't he?

TOUR MANAGER

It's funny you should say that.

QUEENIE

Can you believe the bloody leech, I've just come off stage and the first message I get is about his money.

LETTIE

Forget about money for a while.

QUEENIE

We've got bills to pay honey.

LETTIE

And I've come all this way to spend a few hours with you and we won't be seeing each other for another week. Give me sometime will you.

QUEENIE

Did you like the show?

LETTIE

Are you kidding? Of course I liked it. I loved it. You are so hot on stage.

QUEENIE

Your mind belongs in the gutter.  
I'm talking about the music.

LETTIE

Oh that? Yes that's also hot.

They both giggle look at each other. This is total love.

We think they are going to kiss but as Lettie leans forward Queenie sees TINA arrive in the doorway, and suddenly avoids the kiss and just embraces her, looking at Tina over Lettie's shoulder.

LETTIE (CONT'D)

I love you.

QUEENIE

Me too.

Tina turns and walks off embarrassed.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a minute.

She breaks from the clinch...

LETTIE

I've been waiting for you all night.

QUEENIE

I just need to sort something out.

Queenie grabs a bottle of tequila from her bag and leaves...

**10 INT. MTHATHA, MTHATHA STADIUM, BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT 10**

There are a number of gear boxes standing around with the lids open and gear lying about, ready to be packed.

TINA is rolling up cables as QUEENIE enters her space, a bottle of tequila in her hand.

Tina looks up and smiles sheepishly at her.

QUEENIE

I believe you want to join the  
tour.

TINA

I'll do anything to get out of  
Mthatha.

QUEENIE

Anything? Mmh...

Queenie sidles up to her, offering her Tequila.

Tina takes the bottle and takes a long gulp, before handing the bottle back, expecting Queenie to take a swig as well.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

I'd love to but I can't. Pilots' rules; twenty-four hours between the bottle and the throttle. Where did we find you Tina?

TINA

Here in Mthatha. When I heard you were coming on tour I volunteered to do stage work for your show and your Stage Manager gave me a job.

QUEENIE

And now I believe you want to join the tour. Why?

There's clearly sexual tension between them.

TINA

I want to work with you. To be near you...

She stops. Flirting...

QUEENIE

Go on.

TINA

I'm a huge fan, always have been. I just want to be a part of your tour... And your life?

QUEENIE

Well I'm sure I can arrange that. Both in fact, but it'll cost. You'll need to do what it takes to please me. I'm demanding... And the price of anything is the amount of life you're willing to exchange for it.

TINA

I'm in!

QUEENIE

Good. Have another swig and you're on the tour.

Tina battles to hide her joy.

She takes a huge gulp again and hands the bottle back.  
This time she gags a little and gasps for breath a bit.

Queenie laughs.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

You're going to have to master the  
art of drinking Tequila if you are  
on my tour you sexy little thing.

11 EXT. MTHATHA, MTHATHA AIRPORT, APRON - NIGHT

11

There are eight boxes of gear on the tarmac next to the  
393 Cessna Crusader.

CREW directed by the TOUR MANAGER are loading the plane,  
whilst the DRUMMER, GUITARIST, KEYBOARD PLAYER and BASS  
PLAYER are standing next to the plane.

TOUR MANAGER

Seventeen down, eight to go.

A sedan pulls up to the apron...

GUITARIST

Hopefully the audiences pick up in  
George. Queenie deserves to be  
making some cash out of it too,  
not just covering our fees.

QUEENIE gets out of the sedan, bag in hand. LETTIE also  
gets out.

LETTIE

I'm going to miss you darling.

QUEENIE

I'll miss you too. But we'll be  
together again, soon.

She hands a bottle of Tequila that she fishes out of her  
bag to the band. The Guitarist takes it gleefully..

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Drink up guys and get on the plane.  
I'm just going to say good bye  
properly to this lovely lady and  
we'll be off.

GUITARIST

Want us to leave some for you?

QUEENIE

Are you mad? I'm the pilot  
remember. If I drink that stuff  
we'll all die.

She turns to Lettie who is quite clingy.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

It's only a week and you'll join  
us in Cape Town.

LETTIE

Seven days is a long time.  
Especially when there are so many  
other gorgeous girls out to take  
my girl away from me.

QUEENIE

You're being paranoid.

LETTIE

What about Tina?

Queenie finds this funny.

QUEENIE

You aren't suspecting me and her  
are you? No chance... she's just  
some kid who wants to be a roadie.

LETTIE

I bet you say that to all the girls.

They both laugh and embrace. It is a caring and loving  
embrace.

A quick peck on the cheek from Queenie...

QUEENIE

I've gotta do my per-flight check...  
I'll call you when I land in George.

**12 EXT. JOHANNESBURG, BEDFORDVIEW, HAWLEY ROAD -- DAY 12**

A quite restaurant boulevard. HOB-NOBBERS sit under umbrella  
shade outside various trendy restaurants. They sip coffee  
and cocktails.

Café du Paree sits lodged between the Bedfordview Butcher's  
and Andiccio's Pizzeria. Shabby exterior.

**13 INT. JOHANNESBURG, BEDFORDVIEW, HAWLEY ROAD, CAFE DU PAREE -13  
DAY**

A few tables are occupied by GROUPS OF OLD MEN. They are  
playing cards or dominoes and talking animatedly in Italian  
and Portuguese.

OLD MAN 1 & OLD MAN 2 are playing backgammon...the banter  
is good natured.

OLD MAN 1  
(In Italian)  
Hah! Beat that!

OLD MAN 2  
(In Hungarian)  
You're cheating again you old  
fucker!

OLD MAN 1  
I'm gonna kick yer arse...just  
like the World Cup in 1957.

PERCY enters from the street and shouts for attention...

PERCY  
Jeffery!

JEFFERY, a waiter, runs from the kitchen when he hears his boss shout.

JEFFERY  
Hi, Boss. Your table is ready. The usual?

PERCY  
No, I'm feeling lucky today. Bring me four Pierogies, and one Pasties de Nata for Nicole. Vodka, two fingers.

JEFFERY  
Nicole will be joining us, Sir?

PERCY  
No, don't be stupid. I'll take it home for her.

JEFFERY  
Yes Boss.

Jeffery leaves as Percy sits at his table and extracts the racing insert section from inside *The Citizen* newspaper that is on the table. He checks his watch...

PERCY  
Jeffery. Turn up the TV. My race is starting.

On his way to the kitchen Jeffery turns up the volume on the TV and flicks the channel to horse racing.

A commotion is heard from the door, where a waiter is refusing to identify the owner.

JAPAN is not patient.



JAPAN

Where's Mr Kravets. I demand to  
see him. Now.

Percy ignores the altercation and watches as the race  
starts. He shouts at his horse with excitement.

PERCY

Run, you bastard. Run!

Annoyed at the ongoing disturbance he whistles loudly.

JAPAN

I know he's here. I just don't  
know which of these bloody  
pensioners is him!

PERCY

Shut up!!!

Japan has pushed his way past the waiter to Percy's table.  
He dwarfs him.

JAPAN

Mr Kravets? It's a pleasure to  
finally make your acquaintance.

PERCY

Do not sit. Can't you see I'm  
busy!

Percy keeps watching the race on the TV...

PERCY (CONT'D)

Go *High Roller*!

JAPAN

My name is Japan Nkosi.

PERCY

Japan? Like the island with all  
the little Asian people?

He cackles as his own joke.

JAPAN

You can call me Mr Nkosi.

PERCY

What do you want here?

JAPAN

I have a business proposal for  
you, Mr Kravets.

For the first time Percy turns and takes a good look at Japan. (He's not Asian or little.)

PERCY

I don't do business with men who  
have no respect.

He turns back to the TV but the race is over. Now he's pissed!

PERCY (CONT'D)

Fuck! You barge in and make me  
miss my race. Get outta my cafe!

Japan sits.

PERCY (CONT'D)

(In Ukranian)

Don't you understand English?

JAPAN

I can offer you a very lucrative  
deal.

PERCY

Who the fuck are you?

JAPAN

All you need to know Mr Kravets...  
is that I need someone with your  
skills.

He's got Percy's attention now...

JAPAN (CONT'D)

I hear you have friends in high  
places.

PERCY

What's in it for me?

Japan takes out a pen, snatches the Horse Racing Insert from Percy's hands and writes down a figure. Percy looks at it.

Jeffery arrives with the Pierogies and vodka.

Percy downs the vodka.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Two vodkas this time please Jeffery.

14 EXT. GRAAFF REINET, CHURCH SQUARE -- DAY

14

It is a lazy Sunday afternoon. THEMBINKOSI Kolisi(45) and KATERINA Botha (28) leisurely walk down the street as they suck on popsicles.

A group of CHILDREN come running down the street nearly knocking Katerina over.

KATERINA

Oops.

THEMBINKOSI

Hey you boys be careful. What's wrong with you. These kids.

They scamper away, their laughter filling the air. Katerina laughs.

KATERINA

Let them go. They're just kids.

THEMBINKOSI

Just kids? That's how they start, the next thing they'll be teenagers spinning cars around the Grotekerk. Bloody little thugs.

This amuses Katerina.

She sits on the wall of the Dutch Reformed Church, taking in the tranquillity.

She takes a deep breath and exhales.

KATERINA

Ah! This is the life. What more can one ask for. Peace and quite.

A distant rumble starts very quietly under the dialogue that follows - the volume increases as the source gets closer...

KATERINA (CONT'D)

The only drama is the youthful antics of kids who are destined to be spinning cars down this street trying not to get caught ten years from now. Until then, peace, perfect peace.

THEMBINKOSI

Ja. Peace. You do know that it doesn't just fall out of the heavens don't you?

KATERINA

That's why we have our knights in  
shinning armour. They will ride  
their trusted steeds and save  
the..[.. day]

Their conversation is now drowned out by the deafening  
volume of the ever increasing rumble.

Now they see it for the first time... Approaching them is  
the awkward, slow moving convoy responsible... flat-bed  
trucks with at least 3 containers on them, 4 x graders and  
2 x TLBs, interspersed with a few bakkies.

The vehicles are all branded with the black, green and red  
colours of Zebra Oil.

Open mouthed, both Katerina and Thembankosi watch the parade  
as as it crawls around the Church Square, damaging the  
road as it goes.

The leading bakkie stops just outside the Karoo Kitchen  
bringing the entire convoy to a silent standstill. MONIQUE,  
two WAITERS and a FEW PATRONS have come out to see what  
the noise is all about and watch the show.

A PASSENGER disembarks from the bakkie and talks to Monique,  
who points in the direction of the Aberdeen Road.

KATERINA (CONT'D)

What's going on?

THEMBINKOSI

Looks like they're asking for  
directions.

Katerina looks at one of the trucks stuck in front of them,  
the DRIVER is absent mindedly sucking on a cigarette while  
tapping along to a mbaqanga song on his steering wheel.

KATERINA

Where you headed?

DRIVER

Fourie Farm. Do you know where it  
is?

THEMBINKOSI

Ja, fifteen ks out of town.

The driver chortles.

DRIVER

Please tell the genius supervisor  
up ahead.

KATERINA

What are you doing at the Fourie Farm.

He shrugs...

DRIVER

No fracking idea. All I do is to move this horse.

Thembinkosi and Katerina look at each other.

Before they can engage with the driver further, a horn sounds and the first truck starts moving again. The driver winks at them...

DRIVER (CONT'D)

See you soon....

The convoy drives off, leaving Thembinkosi and Katerina gobsmacked.

**15 EXT. GRAAFF REINET, FOURIE FARM, ZEBRA SITE OFFICE -- DAY 15**

THE CONVOY arrives at the Fourie Farm and starts unpacking.

**16 INT. GRAAFF REINET, THE KAROO KITCHEN -- DAY 16**

THEMBINKOSI and KATERINA walk in and nod "Hi" to MONIQUE.

KATERINA

He did say fracking didn't he?

THEMBINKOSI

Hundred percent.

KATERINA

They shouldn't be fracking yet.

MONIQUE

It's wrong. Didn't the court say they couldn't start working yet?

JAPAN and DIGGER are seated in earnest conversation...

JAPAN

I can't understand why people in this town are so opposed to making money. It's just plain counter intuitive.

DIGGER

Hey don't ask me mate. This is your neck of the woods.

(MORE)

DIGGER (CONT'D)

Where I come from, you tell a bloke  
he's gonna make some money, he  
says "Thank you mate".

JAPAN

What we need to do is bypass the  
bunny-huggers and stir up the  
locals. Get them on our side...  
show them that everybody will make  
money.

DIGGER

We're creating jobs.

JAPAN

Even for the hookers.

DIGGER

Maybe the locals can convince the  
bunny-huggers to drop the court  
case. If that goes away I can go  
home to Canberra.

17 INT. GRAAFF REINET, COMMUNITY HALL -- DAY

17

The hall is packed to the rafters, KHAKI CLAD FARMERS rub  
shoulders with FARM WORKERS and a few LOCAL BUSINESSMAN  
types.

On stage is a table with PASTOR JK ZONDO, PAPERFUS,  
COUNCILLOR DLOMO, GERALD and THEMBINKOSI seated behind it.  
KATERINA is standing to the side watching them speak.

Pastor Zondo (50) wearing a "dog collar", holding his Bible  
...

PASTOR ZONDO

We have to do something about  
this... we always pray at the river,  
but on Sunday we couldn't get there  
because the oil company has build  
a fence cutting off our path.

Papenfus (36) dressed in track-suit...

PAPERFUS

Our mountain bike routes have been  
decimated. We've seen a 40% drop  
in bookings from out-of-towners.

Councillor Themba Dlomo in a dark suit...

COUNCILOR DLOMO

While one takes into consideration the importance of investment into the local economy it is important to ensure that the infrastructure is maintained. We in the city council have noted with distress that the roads have already deteriorated since the oil company rolled into town...

Thembinkosi in two-toned khaki...

THEMBINKOSI

I'm really worried about what's going to happen to our water. We can't afford to irrigate with contaminated water. Everyone has something to lose. We can't win this fight as individuals, but if we to fight together we have a chance!

A fired up Katerina takes over and makes an impassioned plea.

KATERINA

If we don't do something about this no one will. We need more than your support... we also need your money!

Murmurs of support & agreement from the crowd, except from TONY NAIDOO who stands and has his say...

TONY NAIDOO

No way! You not getting my money or my support! Many of us will benefit from this. There's gonna be jobs. It's gonna stimulate the economy... I've already doubled the turnover at the supermarket over this last weekend.

Murmurs of support & agreement from the crowd.

MONIQUE - also in the crowd - shouts...

MONIQUE

It's short term money! They'll rape the land and leave, and we'll be left to live with the consequences!

Shebeen queen GERTIE is also in the crowd...

GERTIE

Hamba man! You're just jealous  
'coz none of these people will go  
to your shop. These are our  
people... they'll be drinking and  
spending at my place!

Laughter & shouts of support from the back...

**18 EXT. MOUNTAINS OUTSIDE GEORGE -- NIGHT 18**

Establishing shot of the Cessna flying over mountainous terrain.

**19 INT. MOUNTAINS OUTSIDE GEORGE, CESSNA -- NIGHT 19**

QUEENIE is piloting the aircraft.

The The GUITARIST, DRUMMER, KEYBOARD PLAYER and BASS PLAYER are fast asleep.

She takes her cell phone from her pocket and types: "LOVE YOU LOTS - SEE YOU SOON." She presses send and securely zips her phone back into the pocket of her flying jacket.

She unbuckles her seat belt and props some cushions around the joystick. The plane is heading straight for the mountain.

She gets up and goes toward the back of the plane making certain not to wake anyone...

**20 EXT. MOUNTAINS OUTSIDE GEORGE -- NIGHT 20**

The plane flies straight into a cliff and explodes into thousands of pieces.

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ONE**

**21 EXT. MOUNTAINS OUTSIDE GEORGE, CRASH SITE -- DAY 21**

The ground slopes up towards the bottom of a cliff. There are a lot of trees and scrub covering the area. It's inhospitable terrain. There are bits of wreckage strewn around. A SEARCH & RESCUE OFFICIAL is taking photos.

An overweight, out of breath and perspiring SEAN (26) arrives, carrying a sling bag with a file and a camera. He surveys the scene for a few beats, then waives over one of the uniformed rescue personnel, CALVIN (22).

CALVIN

Sorry sir this is a crash site.  
Unfortunately I have to ask you to  
leave.



SEAN

Sean Samuels. Civil Aviation  
Authority investigations unit.  
Where can I find Calvin Rautenbach?

Calvin smiles and extends his hand.

CALVIN

Sorry about that, I didn't realise.  
I'm Calvin. You look like you could  
use a rest. Want to sit down and  
have a drink before you start.

Sean sits down on the ground and takes the file out of his  
sling bag.

SEAN

Coffee, two milk and sugar please.

Calvin laughs as he pulls out his water bottle.

CALVIN

Water is the best I have to offer.

Sean declines, unimpressed. He looks around surveying the  
area for a while.

SEAN

Bloody pilots. They drive me mad.

CALVIN

I don't think he did it on purpose.

SEAN

She. It was a woman driver. No  
flight plan, flying below 3000  
feet. You haven't found a black  
box or transponder have you?

CALVIN

Not yet, but we will...

SEAN

... Probably didn't have one. It's  
not law to have one on a private  
plane. Let me know if you find  
one. Survivors?

CALVIN

Only body parts and bits of plane  
and luggage. Looks like 5 pax, but  
who knows?

SEAN

Well if you find anything interesting let me know. From my side though, it's looks straight forward. Flying too low and hit the mountain. She was a musician who'd just finished a show. Probably stoned or pissed.

Calvin is unimpressed with Sean's comments.

CALVIN

Well, we'll collect the body parts and try and collate. Once the families have ID'd them you can arrange for a toxicology test.

SEAN

I'm not gonna bother with that. The paperwork's not worth it. Drunk or sober it's pilot error! That's all I need to state in the report.

**22 EXT. GRAAFF REINET, FOURIE FARM, ZEBRA SITE OFFICE -- DAY 22**

There is a 2.4M security fence around the Zebra Site Office. It is topped with barbed wire.

Outside, led by MONIQUE, the PROTESTERS carry signs reading, "No Fracking in the Karoo," "Frack off!" and "Bye-bye Butterflies".

A car pushes it's way through the angry crowd towards the gate. They bang the sides and roof of the car. The driver is petrified...

A few private security guards in riot gear open the gate, whilst preventing the crowd from entering. They allow the car in before chaining the gate closed again.

Standing near the gate, safe from the protesters, are a nervous DIGGER and calm JAPAN.

DIGGER

You sure they won't start chucking spears at us, mate.

JAPAN

Not this crowd. I've led some real protesters, these guys are amateurs.

KATHERINA and MONIQUE are in the crowd. Monique recognises Japan and Digger and stares daggers at them.

MONIQUE  
I knew it! Those styrofoam  
bastards.

KATERINA  
What?

MONIQUE  
Those two. They ate at the Kitchen,  
pretending to be all civilised. I  
should have poisoned them.

**23 INT. FAKT CHEQUERS OFFICE -- DAY**

**23**

MILLY is in a heated conversation with HEDWIG in the  
reception area. Milly is keeping calm.

HEDWIG  
Is this you... or did you actually  
ask the boss?

MILLY  
It's Mr Maverick's decision Hedi.  
Don't shoot the messenger.

HEDWIG  
Well when he eventually shows up  
at work one day, tell him I want a  
word with him.

Hedwig storms off towards her desk - angry. As she does so  
she almost sends a timid, distraught LETTIE (who is on her  
way in) flying.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)  
Bloody hell! Look where you are  
going!

Lettie is rattled as Hedwig disappears.

MILLY  
Sorry about that, she's having a  
bad day. Can I help you?

LETTIE  
I'm Lettie. I'm looking for...

MILLY  
... Oh yes. We spoke on the phone.  
I'm Milly. Let's have a seat.

She leads Lettie over to a small meeting table and chairs

MILLY (CONT'D)  
You said you wanted us to look  
into an accident report.

LETTIE

Yes. It's a CAA report. It's wrong.

MILLY

And you know this because..?

LETTIE

I just know it's wrong.

Milly smiles politely.

MILLY

From our experience CAA reports are very thorough. So unless you have something more than a feeling... I'd advise you to leave it at as is.

Lettie spots Milly's wedding band.

LETTIE

If it was your dead husband accused of something totally out of character, wouldn't you want to make sure?

Milly pauses before answering.

MILLY

You're right. But you need to give me more than a feeling.

LETTIE

There's a strict procedure that pilots follow. A routine. Queenie never deviated from it. Not in ten years, and she wouldn't have on that night either. Even though she didn't need to file a flight plan, she always did one... so she knew where the mountain was... and how high it was... I'm know!

MILLY

Is this Queenie Ledwaba? The singer?

Lettie nods. Almost in tears.

MILLY (CONT'D)

The accident happened two days ago... that's quick.

LETTIE

Yes. And they say she was flying too low.

(MORE)

LETTIE (CONT'D)  
Her plane wasn't fitted with a  
flight recorder. How do they know?

MILLY  
That's interesting. Do you have a  
copy of the report?

24 INT. GRAAFF REINET, CHURCH SQUARE, KAROO KITCHEN -- DAY 24

JAPAN and DIGGER are seated at a table when they are  
confronted by MONIQUE. She points at the door.

MONIQUE  
Out!

DIGGER  
Wha?

MONIQUE  
Out scum. Both of you. Your sort  
is not welcome here.

DIGGER  
What's your problem? We just want  
lunch.

JAPAN  
Do you know who I am?

MONIQUE  
Yes, I do. You are scum. Now  
out!

25 INT. ESTHER'S PORCH -- NIGHT 25

The porch is vibrantly decorated with scatter cushions and  
throws in varying hues of royal blue and orange. Home décor  
magazines are stacked neatly in a chalk-painted bookcase.  
Bamboo blinds cover large bay windows and a large patterned  
lampshade lights the area from the corner.

MILLY and ESTER (35) (Milly's younger dowdy sister,) are  
sitting at the coffee table.

Ester lays out a plate of perfectly arranged finger  
sandwiches and serves tea from a porcelain teapot.

MILLY  
I don't suppose you have anything  
stronger than tea?

ESTER  
Hard day at work?

MILLY  
I guess you could call it that.  
Look, I have a huge favour to ask.

ESTER  
Shoot.

MILLY  
I promise I will pay you back as  
soon as I can. I just need a little  
wiggle room to get all my ducks in  
a row.

ESTER  
Slow down, Mills. What's going on?

MILLY  
It's difficult to explain.

ESTER  
Try me.

Milly takes a deep breath, slows down and starts again.

MILLY  
I need to borrow... say ten grand.

Esther is a little surprised...

MILLY (CONT'D)  
It's for the business.

ESTER  
Gee, sis. That's a lot. What is  
it for?

MILLY  
You know, odds and ends. Salaries,  
water and lights, the mundane stuff.  
It's just a cash flow problem.

ESTER  
I see.

MILLY  
I wouldn't ask if I wasn't  
desperate.

ESTER  
Alright, you know I trust you.  
I'll pull it from my bond and  
transfer it tomorrow.

MILLY  
Thanks sis.

ESTER

But remember, if you don't pay  
your tame loan-shark back on time,  
you'll end up owing me forever!

Milly is uncomfortable...

ESTER (CONT'D)

I'm teasing. What I mean is I'm  
glad you came to me. You can never  
be too careful about who you get  
into bed with when borrowing money.

**26 INT. ESTHER'S PORCH -- DAY**

**26**

The porch looks decidedly stark in the morning light.

Impatient, MILLY knocks rapidly on the door a few times  
before it's answered.

ESTER is rubbing the sleep from her eyes as she opens the  
door in her pyjamas. She's grumpy.

ESTER

Do you have any flippin' idea how  
early it is?

MILLY

I had to talk to you before work.

ESTER

Coffee first.

Ester turns and disappears into the house.

**27 INT. ESTER'S KITCHEN -- DAY**

**27**

ESTER enters followed a few seconds later by MILLY. Before  
Milly even gets to sit down, Ester has switched the coffee  
machine on and retrieved two mugs from a cupboard which  
are placed on the table. She scoops two generous spoons  
of sugar into each mug as Milly sits at the kitchen table.

Milly is anxious as Ester takes a carton of milk from the  
fridge and places it next to the mugs. Finally she turns  
and looks straight at her sister.

ESTER

So, what's up?

MILLY

I didn't sleep a wink. I can't  
take your money without telling  
you the truth.

ESTER

Sounds ominous.

MILLY

This is serious Ester.

ESTER

Ok, go ahead. I'm all ears.

MILLY

I've never told anyone, but I had to borrow R100 000.00 from a loan shark, when I screwed up Mavericks defence and needed a properly qualified legal team to sort out my incompetence.

ESTER

Oh Milly... You should have told me. I could've helped!

MILLY

After things went pear shaped, Trevor... remember him? My old boss.

Ester nods as she sits down opposite Milly

MILLY (CONT'D)

Trevor approached me about doing some fact checking work for him. I'd built up a lot of debt. So I agreed. But I had to use Maverick's life insurance money to start the business.

Ester takes Milly's hands in hers...

MILLY (CONT'D)

We haven't exactly been pulling in cash-loaded clients... and that shark is unrelenting. He wants his interest payments on time and regular.

ESTER

Fuck Milly!

MILLY

The ten grand is to keep him off my back for a short while... but only till my cash flow problem is solved. I'm sorry for keeping all this from you.

The coffee machine interrupts the moment...



28 EXT. MOUNTAINS OUTSIDE GEORGE, CRASH SITE -- DAY

28

The mountains are majestic, the air clear and the birds chirping, interrupted only by the sound of MO and JAKES who are sorting through the remnants of the wreckage - most of which has been removed already.

Mo has her i-Pad in her hand and refers to her notes as she speaks...

MO

She radio'd the control tower to say there was inclement weather. They said they couldn't pick her up on the radar, and she told that was because she was flying at 2500 feet. Then they lost contact. Shortly after that she must have hit the cliff.

JAKES

What was the weather report for that night?

MO

George Air traffic control was surprised. They didn't know anything about bad weather. But it is an escarpment and weather patterns are irregular and sporadic, and they can change quickly. It's possible that the airport's met office didn't pick it up.

JAKES

What did the Oudtshoorn met office say? Did you check with them?

MO

They don't have one. Airport's too small.

JAKES

How high is this mountain?

MO

The Outeniquas are on average 1500 meters high.

JAKES

So if she was flying at 3000 feet, which is... 914 meters and some change, makes sense that she was too low and hit the cliff.

MO

So then it makes sense that it's  
pilot error.

JAKES

But why would she be flying so  
low?

MO

To avoid the schlepp of filling in  
a flight plan. Apparently it's  
common practice for pilots in light  
aircraft to do that.

JAKES

But if she told air traffic she  
was at 2500 feet, wouldn't they  
have told her to go higher?

MO

Apparently they did, but it was  
either too late or she didn't  
listen. This report's right. Come  
on, let's go.

JAKES

I still feel something's not right.

MO

Oh no! It's that gut feel thing of  
yours again?

He ignores her side swipe and looks around, picking up  
small pieces of metal wreckage... clearly looking for a  
clue that will tell them more.

JAKES

No sign of a fire, or that anything  
was faulty?

MO

Not in the report, and from what I  
see here in front of us... there's  
nothing that suggests there was a  
fire.

He finds a dirty piece of glass with the remnants of the  
tequila bottle label on it.

JAKES

Is there a toxicology report?

Mo Laughs at his implication.

MO

That looks like it's been here for years... probably chucked off the top of the cliff by hikers.

JAKES

Could be, but my gut feel is that the widow is right. "... *no stone unturned.*" I want autopsies done... and a toxicology report!

29 INT. HIGH COURT PRETORIA -- DAY

29

A gavel comes down - the sound drowning everything in the Court Room.

ARTHUR GUSH (68) who is wearing a gown over his tweed, three piece suite and a bow tie, is caught by surprise by JUDGE DU TOIT. So is JAPAN NKOSI who is sitting in the gallery behind JOHN HOGG, also in his gown.

ARTHUR GUSH

But My Lord..

JUDGE DU TOIT

No but's, Mr Gush, Your argument is wasting this courts time. Totally invalid and you know it. We can't stop this development on such a spurious argument.

The Judge is interrupted by John Hogg (60).

JOHN HOGG

Your Lordship...

JUDGE DU TOIT

Mr Hogg. Are you about to complicate this day even further?

JOHN HOGG

Certainly not, My Lord. Just to say that we will file the additional paperwork requested by the court before the day is over.

Arthur Gush and NTSJOBODI, who has been sitting silently beside him all this time, glance at each other puzzled.

JOHN HOGG (CONT'D)

With that in mind might I suggest that the court give a final ruling and allow my client to proceed with their business.

ARTHUR GUSH

My Lord I have no knowledge of additional paperwork. It would really be inappropriate for the court to...

Gush is interrupted by Ntshobodi frantically gesturing at him.

ARTHUR GUSH (CONT'D)

Apologies your Lordship...

The Judge all but rolls his eyes.

Gush engages in a hushed conversation with his partner and faces the magistrate triumphantly.

ARTHUR GUSH (CONT'D)

My Lord profound apologies. It seems we do indeed have the said documentation.

(sheepish)

It seems to have escaped my memory.

JUDGE DU TOIT

Is that it Mr Gush?

ARTHUR GUSH

M'Lord as I said, the documentation is indeed in our possession but we do seem to be missing one crucial document.

Hogg, the Judge and Japan look at Gush, expectantly as he cherishes the moment.

JUDGE DU TOIT

Well get on with it then.

ARTHUR GUSH

If you check your bundles you will note that there is no documentation detailing how the community was consulted.

JOHN HOGG

I protest M'Lord

ARTHUR GUSH

As your Lordship and my learned colleague knows, comprehensive community consultation is the key to the granting of any licence when engaging in mining activity.

The Judge irritated stares at Hogg.

JUDGE DU TOIT

Mr Hogg?

Hogg, in a panic goes through his papers. Finally with a sheepish grin faces the Judge.

JOHN HOGG

Well, your Lordship we do seem to not to have the documentation in our bundle... but I assure you, we do have it.

JUDGE DU TOIT

(sarcastic)

Of course you do, Mr Hogg. And because I trust you so much, I'll give you an opportunity to furnish us with the documentation when we meet again.

JOHN HOGG

Thank you My Lord.

JUDGE DU TOIT

Well Mr Gush, fortune seems to be in your favour. If you can prove that your 'learned colleague' has somehow 'forgotten' a step in the licensing process, you might just stand a chance.

30 INT. ZEBRA OIL OFFICES, SANDTON, BOARDROOM -- DAY

30

The atmosphere is tense as JAPAN and DIGGER face off a group of AUSTRALIAN EXECUTIVES. They are lead by KENNY MOODLEY (35) a South African ex-pat.

KENNY MOODLEY

Guys, this shit is not working. Why are we still meeting? Every day the crew sits around idle, I lose money. Japan? What's the problem my man?

JAPAN

You know what the problem is Mr Moodley.

Kenny interrupts him.

KENNY MOODLEY

Kenny Jap.

JAPAN

This court case is just delaying tactics Kenny. We actually can start working.

KENNY MOODLEY

We can? I thought that the court said otherwise.

JAPAN

Let me tell you about your old country; We've got laws from here to Timbuktu... But zero enforcement. Let's start the preparation work - no fracking yet - but we'll be ready to go live as soon as we win the court case.

KENNY MOODLEY

That sounds good. So what are we waiting for Digger? Get to it!

**31 INT. FAKT CHEQUERS OFFICE -- DAY**

**31**

MILLY is sitting at her desk, typing furiously.

PERCY barges into the office and heads for Milly, a determined look on his face.

QUINTUS jumps up from his desk to block and greet Percy.

HEDWIG pays no attention to them.

Milly still head down...

QUINTUS

Good morning Sir. Nice to see you again.

PERCY

Hello fruit-cake. Millicent!

Milly stops typing and looks up.

Percy pushes past Quintus and purposefully walks up to her desk. Her expression is one of utter despondence.

MILLY

What do you want now?

The others are watching closely.

PERCY

I am here for my meeting with Mr Maverick.

Milly stands up. They are now in each others faces...  
confrontational.

MILLY  
I told you, he is not available.  
(under her breath)  
I've paid you.

PERCY  
You are a terrible liar.

MILLY  
Go away.

Less confrontational

PERCY  
Come now. I need your help.

MILLY  
Excuse me?

PERCY  
I have work for you. I want your  
people to do some digging for me.

MILLY  
No. We're not archaeologists...  
And anyway Mr Maverick only takes  
on reputable clients.

Percy is in control of his rising temper. He puts a hand  
on her shoulder and speaks softly so that only she can  
hear...

PERCY  
You will listen to me!

Quintus is struggling to hear what Percy is saying, but is  
ready to step in if necessary.

It's gone too quiet and Hedwig looks up from her work.

Milly recovers from the moment of silence and tries to  
show that she has the situation under control.

MILLY  
Certainly Mr Kravets... please  
sit. Now what is it that we can  
do for you?

PERCY  
Japan Nkosi. Find out who he is.  
What he does. What he's worth.  
Everything! I'm looking for dirt.  
(MORE)

PERCY (CONT'D)

The more dirt you can find for me  
the better.

MILLY

I'm going to need more information  
than that.

PERCY

All I have is his name. That should  
be enough. Use Google! I surely  
don't need to tell you that I expect  
results asap. And I want Fruit  
Loops on it!

MILLY

Fruit loops cost extra.

Percy looks at the others who are all watching the  
conversation. He indicates Quintus with a nod of his head.

PERCY

Put "Fruit Loops" on it. I have  
lots of money...

Then he leans in and very softly..

PERCY (CONT'D)

... unlike you!

**COMMERCIAL BREAK TWO**

**32 EXT. GRAAFF REINET, FOURIE FARM, ZEBRA SITE OFFICE -- 32**  
**SUNRISE**

The picketers camp outside the site office has grown in  
into a semi permanent presence. A few tents are scattered  
around a central fire.

PICKETER 1 & PICKETER 2 stretch as step out of their tents.

A kettle is boiling over the open fire, and a WOMAN brews  
some tea while a YOUNG MAN walks briskly towards a makeshift  
kitchen carrying a bucket of water. It is all peaceful.

Unexpectedly the early morning peace is broken by the sound  
of a bulldozer starting up.

Surprised Picketers look up to see a bulldozer starting to  
clear the veld next next to the Site Office.

PICKETER 1

What are they doing?



PICKETER 2

I thought the court said they  
couldn't.

PICKETER 1

The bastards. I better call  
Monique.

She gets on the phone and starts dialing furiously.

**33 INT. FAKT CHEQUERS OFFICE -- DAY**

**33**

MO and JAKES enter carrying their overnight bags. They're  
deep in discussion as they walk in.

MO

Everything that the tower has on  
record has been verified. The CAA  
did their job and the facts are  
correct.

JAKES

Alright genius, let me make it  
simple for you; Three men go out  
on the town. One drinks brandy and  
water, the other, vodka and water  
and the third whiskey and water.  
They all get drunk and the next  
morning they have a headache.

MO

So?

JAKES

So by deduction, water makes you  
drunk and gives you a headache.

MO

That's ridiculous. It's obviously  
the alcohol.

They've stopped at HEDWIG's desk and Jakes puts down his  
bag. She gives them a slight smile.

HEDWIG

I've been trying to get hold of  
you two.

Without acknowledgment he gives her a peck on the cheek.

JAKES

Until you've done a thorough test,  
you can't just say whether it was  
alcohol.

(MORE)

JAKES (CONT'D)

It could have been the water, or the alcohol, or both... or even something else. You've got be thorough and verify every aspect... and look for alternatives. "*No stone unturned!*"

MO

Hedwig your husband's been driving me mad the entire trip.

Hedwig is not particularly interested in this.

HEDWIG

I tried to call you.

MO

Sorry my phones still on flight mode.

JAKES

My gut feel still says the report is missing something.

MO

Your gut feel? Your flippin' gut feel! This is about facts not your stomach. How do you cope with him?

HEDWIG

I ask myself that over and over and over.

JAKES

Why where you trying to phone us?

HEDWIG

I checked Queenie's cell phone records.

JAKES

Yeah we know. She sent a message to her love just before she crashed.

HEDWIG

And afterwards too.

Mo and Jakes immediately stop their argument.

MO & JAKES

What?!!

HEDWIG

I ran a check on her phone's IMEI number. Someone must have it - it was used two hours after the crash.

MO

She used her phone two hours after the crash?

HEDWIG

I'm not saying she used it... but the device was used.

MO

It wouldn't have stood up to that crash.

JAKES

Maybe it wasn't in the crash.

**34 EXT. GRAAFF REINET, FOURIE FARM, ZEBRA SITE OFFICE -- DAY 34**

The PICKETERS are starting to panic as they shout at the WORKERS who are preparing to drill a hole.

A line of SECURITY GUARDS in riot gear stand between the two. There are too few of the protesters to worry the guards, and anyway the fence is also between them.

PICKETER 1 is recording everything with her cellphone.

A drill starts.

Howls of protest from the Picketers.

**35 INT. FAKT CHEQUERS OFFICE -- DAY 35**

QUINTUS is sitting at his desk, scouring over the hand-written notes and referencing the article he has up on the computer screen.

MILLY is on her way home and stops off at Quintus' desk on her way out.

MILLY

Time to go home to your wife and kids. This case will still be there in the morning.

QUINTUS

With three kids under the age of six waiting for me, I'm not in that much of a rush.

MILLY

What have you got so far?

QUINTUS

Japan's been implicated in a number of scandals at municipal level, but never outrightly accused or found guilty of anything. He seems to be the guy behind the corrupt guy if you know what I mean.

MILLY

There must be someone willing to spill the beans.

QUINTUS

I've got one more Councillor left on the East Rand to chat to in the morning.

MILLY

Good work. Now close up and go home. Check out the councillor first thing in the morning and then send the report to me. Percy will have to be patient.

36    **EXT. GERMISTON EAST INFORMAL SETTLEMENT, MACHABA HOME --    36**  
**DAY**

We are looking at one of many corrugated iron dwellings in very overcrowded conditions.

37    **INT. GERMISTON EAST INFORMAL SETTLEMENT, MACHABA HOME --    37**  
**DAY**

A modest but neat abode which boasts a single light-bulb hanging from the cracked ceiling. A bed, raised on bricks, is tucked away behind a curtain in one corner and a small table in the other boasts a small primus stove with a pot on it, and three mugs next to a half finished loaf of bread.

EVANS, a small man with kind eyes and a broad smile, sits on a crate at a small round table with QUINTUS. There are hand written notes in front of them.

EVANS

Japan Nkosi arrived and promised us new brick toilets, and we all believed him. Even me. Soon as he got the tender, he dropped off a few plastic ones and claimed that was all the municipality paid him for. It's all here... many tenders and little to no delivery. Some of the info dates back five or six years. I'm not sure if it is all relevant for your case.

QUINTUS

At this stage everything is relevant  
councillor.

EVANS

Corruption is everywhere. Exposing  
Nkosi's fraudulent promises will  
help set our community free. He  
runs around here like he owns the  
place, and the people.

QUINTUS

On what authority?

EVANS

He has someone on the inside.  
Lying bastard. He's a dishonest  
thug.

38 INT. GRAAFF REINET, GUSH AND NTSJOBODI OFFICES -- DAY

38

ARTHUR GUSH and NTSJOBODI face an agitated MONIQUE,  
THEMBINKOSI, KATERINA and GERALD.

ARTHUR GUSH

Okay, calm down guys. Screaming  
and shouting is not going to help  
us. We need to look at this  
dispassionately.

GERALD

But can they do that? Just ignore  
the court and continue fracking.

ARTHUR GUSH

If they are, they are certainly in  
contempt of court.

MONIQUE

Well they fucking are. Look at  
this.

She shows them pictures of the Zebra Site Office working  
activity on her I-Pad.

ARTHUR GUSH

Well, with this evidence we can go  
back to court to apply for an urgent  
interdict for them to stop.

GERALD

What are you waiting for?

ARTHUR GUSH

Err... That brings us to a very  
urgent and rather sensitive matter.

They all stare at him puzzled.

ARTHUR GUSH (CONT'D)

A high court application requires  
funds and I'm afraid the money  
deposited into our trust account  
has been depleted.

39     **BEDFORDVIEW, HAWLEY ROAD, CAFE DU PAREE -- DAY**

39

A few tables are occupied by the usual groups of OLD MEN.  
They are playing cards or dominoes and talking animatedly  
in European languages.

PERCY is silently playing dominoes with CURTISS (82) when  
JAPAN sits down next to him. Curtiss smiles at him. Percy  
says nothing.

JAPAN

We need to talk.

Percy plays

PERCY

You're not happy with my work?

JAPAN

Your work is very good... so far.  
But I have a more pressing problem.

PERCY

What?

Curtiss plays.

Japan is uncomfortable about the presence of Curtiss

JAPAN

Er... can we have some privacy?

PERCY

Don't worry about Curtiss.

Percy plays.

PERCY (CONT'D)

He can't speak a word of English.  
Can you old man?

Curtiss makes his move with no reaction to the question  
whatsoever.

Japan considers this while Percy plays another domino.

Percy looks at Japan questioningly...

JAPAN

Someone is digging into my affairs  
and I need to know who!

40 INT. GRAAFF REINET, THE KAROO KITCHEN -- DAY

40

A burdened KATERINA, MONIQUE, THEMBINKOSI and GERALD are seated around a table drinking coffee and eating scones...

THEMBINKOSI

Come on guys, we cant' just throw  
in the towel. There's got to be a  
way out.

KATERINA

I don't know. What can we do? I  
absolutely understand that *Ntshobodi*  
& *Gush* can't go on working for us  
without funds. These things do  
take cash.

(going for light)

Gerald, any inheritance from your  
Ouma that we can tap into?

Gerald is mildly amused.

GERALD

No such luck. She was broke when  
she died!

THEMBINKOSI

Mine's still alive but I don't  
think her SASSA grant will be enough  
to cover payment of a lawyers'  
coffee bill.

KATERINA

At church on Sunday I saw the  
collection plate doing the rounds  
and I thought of dipping into that.

Chuckles all around except Thembinkosi.

THEMBINKOSI

Hey, there's an idea.

MONIQUE

What steal money from the church?

THEMBINKOSI

No. Pass the collection plate.  
Why don't we push everyone to  
contribute towards the legal fees.

GERALD

That just might work.

THEMBINKOSI

Of course it will work. It will  
be killing two birds with one stone.  
We get money for the case and we  
get people to act as one - unite  
this community.

GERALD

Except for the few stick-in-the-  
muds. Tony Naidoo and Shebeen  
Queen Gertie won't contribute - we  
know that - but there are enough  
others that care about the  
environment.

MONIQUE

So what do we do? Go home to  
house.

KATERINA

That'll take too long. We get  
them to come to us.

GERALD

Another town hall meeting, mense.

41 INT. MORTUARY -- DAY

41

It's a regular morgue, except there is tear jerking country  
music playing from the speakers in the corner near the  
computer on the desk.

All five stainless steel slabs have bodies with a white  
sheet draped over them.

HAMBRIDGE (43), has a clipboard and is walking from slab  
to slab making notes. He's an odd looking character. His  
hair is greased flat with a side parting and he has a pencil  
moustache. He's wearing a white OK Bazaars shirt with a  
tie and a white coat. He walks with a pronounced limp and  
speaks to himself in a strong Afrikaans accent as he goes  
about his business.

HAMBRIDGE

Okay so that's, Dhlamini, that's  
Shange and this is Mentoor.

He ticks off the names on the clipboard. Then he lifts up  
the sheet of another and looks at the body for a while.

HAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Mmm, not too bad. Out of ten, I'd  
give her one. This must be ...  
Queenie... Hang-on, there's no  
tattoo?... Maybe this isn't her  
arm then.



He puts the clipboard down and looks confused.

HAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

So whose arm is it? All the others  
look like they match...

Hambridge is seriously involved in his reconstruction  
process.

HLUBI (O.S.)

Are you ready for me Hambridge?

HAMBRIDGE

Almost sir. I'll be done in a few  
seconds.

HLUBI (O.S.)

Well hurry up. I've got a bus to  
catch.

Hambridge looks at his watch, confused.

HAMBRIDGE

Okay well I think you can start  
with those two, I just need to  
complete the jigsaw puzzle with  
these other three's armies.

HLUBI's a dwarf - we only see him because he moves away  
from behind the table.

HLUBI

Where's my ladder.

HAMBRIDGE

Sorry boss.

Hambridge dashes across to fetch the short steps in the  
corner. Then he places them next to the first corpse and  
Hlubi alights.

Hambridge pulls the sheet down and as he does so Hlubi's  
cellphone bleeps.

HLUBI

Scalpel?

HAMBRIDGE

Scalpel?... Shit! I'll get it.

As Hambridge dashes off again, Hlubi reads the message on  
the phone.

HLUBI

Never mind!

(MORE)

HLUBI (CONT'D)

This is from the messenger of the court. Which one's the drummer?

HAMBRIDGE

Don't know Sir. Why?

HLUBI

Post-mortem's been called off... just in time too. Drummer's husband has complained. Must be a cultural thing...

Hambridge arrives with the scalpel.

HAMBRIDGE

Nee Bliksem! I've just spent a day and half solving the puzzle of putting these okes back together again.

HLUBI

Never mind Humpty Dumpty. At least there's no chopping up to do. Start with the make-up so they look nice for the relatives. I've got a bus to catch.

Hlubi exits. Hambridge is mortified. He Looks at the corpses - distraught.

HAMBRIDGE

Jammer mense, but that's now how it is.

**COMMERCIAL BREAK THREE**

**42 INT. COURTROOM -- DAY**

**42**

Court is in session.

On the bench JUDGE WATT is studying the magistrate's ruling. He looks up thinks a bit and then speaks.

JUDGE WATT

... Hmm... Firstly, I see no problem with the magistrate's ruling, and secondly, what makes this application urgent?

ADVOCATE PRINGLE, counsel for the insurance company rises

ADVOCATE PRINGLE

Your honour, there is a large payment due to one of the bereaved  
(MORE)

ADVOCATE PRINGLE (CONT'D)

and before my client pays out,  
they need to know the exact cause  
of death, as is stipulated in the  
policy.

ADVOCATE SEPUMA, counsel for the Drummer's Husband rises.

ADVOCATE SEPUMA

My learned colleague's trying to  
save money. This is about the  
dignity of the dead. And their  
family deserves to have the corpse  
treated with respect and in  
accordance with their culture and  
their rights. The bodies are in  
pieces, and there is no certainty  
that they can even tell which part  
belongs to which body! It's  
ludicrous and a waste of time and  
money.

JUDGE WATT

Point taken. Counsellor?

ADVOCATE PRINGLE

Money doesn't enter this equation...

The argument starts to become more intense, bordering on  
aggressive.

ADVOCATE SEPUMA

...He's just contradicted himself,  
Your Honour.

ADVOCATE PRINGLE

No your honour. All we need is  
confirmation of the facts. My  
client is more than happy to pay  
out, as long as the cause of death  
is within the parameters of the  
policy... and we have reason to  
believe otherwise.

JUDGE WATT

The plane crashed into a mountain.  
That seems like an accident to me.  
Why is the CAA report not good  
enough for your client?

ADVOCATE PRINGLE

The policy in question is ceded to  
the spouse of the pilot. The CAA  
report points to pilot error. The  
questions we pose is what error

(MORE)

ADVOCATE PRINGLE (CONT'D)

did she make, and why and how did this experienced pilot make such an error? There are reports that the band were drinking at the airport. We request a full autopsy - including a toxicology report - for all the victims.

ADVOCATE SEPUMA

And how will the coroner know which body parts to examine?

ADVOCATE PRINGLE

That is in the hands of the morticians your honour. Apparently they have had some success in reconstructing the body parts and your client is welcome to send an independent expert to observe and assist.

ADVOCATE SEPUMA

I doubt my client would agree to that, but irrespective, the families need to bury their dead.

JUDGE WATT

I agree with both of you. You both have reasonable requests. I'm overturning the original ruling. You, have 48 hours to complete your autopsy; but only on Ms Queenie Ledwaba. You may also draw blood from the others for your toxicology reports.

ADVOCATE PRINGLE

That's not what I meant.

JUDGE WATT

Be thankful for what you got. After that all the burials can go ahead.

43 EXT. GRAAFF REINET, CHURCH SQUARE -- DAY

43

KATERINA and THEMBINKOSI are giving out flyers.

Printed in black and white, they read: SAVE OUR KAROO.  
TOWN HALL MEETING. TONIGHT 7 PM SHARP

A YOUNG WOMAN walks by Thembinkosi and smiles as she takes a flyer.

THEMBINKOSI  
Tonight, neh my sister? We need  
you. Bring your friends too.

She takes the flyer and reads it as she walks away.

Elsewhere on Church Square Katerina is talking to a GROUP  
OF WOMEN in Afrikaans.

KATERINA  
(English Subtitles)  
Aseblief Tannie, en bring Oom  
Hendrik. Sonder julle help sal  
ons alles verloor..

Thembinkosi talks to a group of SCHOOL CHILDREN.

THEMBINKOSI  
Tell you mother and father to come.

Thembinkosi gives a flyer to a YOUNG MAN and they do a hip  
three point handshake and followed by a shoulder bump.

Katerina jokes with a GROUP OF YOUNG MEN.

KATERINA  
If you come I'll let you buy me a  
beer.

They start scrambling for flyers.

**44 INT. FAKT CHEQUERS OFFICE -- DAY**

**44**

MO & JAKES are walking into the office.

MO  
I still think gut feel is overrated.  
Science. Facts. That's what it's  
all about.

JAKES  
But when you don't have all the  
facts, that's when gut feel comes  
into it.

HEDWIG is on the phone. She looks up and spots the two  
and gestures, trying to get there attention.

MO  
One hunch does not make an  
investigation.

Jakes catches Hedi's eye and heads over to his wife. Mo in  
tow.

JAKES

But without it you might not get to the bottom of the truth. It's an extra tool.

HEDWIG

Thanks so much Kagiso. I'll be in touch.

She hangs up.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

I've got bad news and good news.

MO

Start with the good.

HEDWIG

Queenie's phone has now been used three times. The first you know about; when a new simcard was inserted soon after the accident. A second time at an ATM in Oudshoorn, to an instant cash number from a Namibian Bank, and just now again at Buffelskloof in the Klein Karoo.

MO

Do you have transcripts?

HEDWIG

It's an iPhone, and Apple doesn't share encryption codes. All the service provider can give is where and when the phone was used and who they contacted.

JAKES

Where was the simcard bought?

HEDWIG

Mthatha. RICA'd to Tina Nqakula.

MO

The missing stage hand. Seems like she stole our dead friend's phone. What does your gut say now Jakes?

JAKES

Possible... but not probable!

Mo pulls a face at him.

**45 INT. GRAAFF REINET, COMMUNITY HALL -- NIGHT**

**45**

The hall is half full with TOWNSFOLK, KHAKI CLAD FARMERS and some FARM WORKERS. PASTOR JK ZONDO, PAPENFUS, COUNCILLOR DLOMO, GERALD, KATERINA and THEMBINKOSI are also there.

Monique is alone on stage.

MONIQUE

So in conclusion, we need your money. Any amount will do.

From the audience Pastor Zondo is the first to show his support.

PASTOR ZONDO

Our congregation will sell a few cows and donate the money from the sale to you. What's the use of our cows if they don't have a place to graze?

The hall breaks out in applause.

GERALD

A cheque of ten thousand rand from my farm. ... and I challenge every other farmer to match it!

Applause.

Monique, Katerina and Thembinkosi glance at each other triumphantly. Thembinkosi gives them a 'thumbs up'.

**46 EXT. BUFFELSKLOOF ROAD -- DAY**

**46**

JAKES and MO are driving through the Klien Karoo in a small hire car.

MO (V.O.)

We don't have proof that she drew the cash. Just that the phone was used.

The vehicle stops at a gate.

**47 INT. BUFFELSKLOOF ROAD, SMALL HIRE CAR -- DAY**

**47**

Neither MO or JAKES makes an effort to get out.

JAKES

Well, we're at a dead end now.

MO

What's happened to your gut feel?

JAKES

It says to continue, you must open  
the gate.

It takes Mo a beat to comprehend.

MO

Why must it be me. Why can't you  
open the gate?

JAKES

Driver's prerogative.

MO

Argh! Is this a black thing?

JAKES

White driver privilege. Now open  
up before Tina gives us the slip.

48     **EXT. BUFFELSKLOOF GUEST HOUSE, GATE -- DAY**

48

MO gets out and opens the gate and JAKES drives through.

As the back wheels pass her he accelerates quickly. The  
wheels spin kicking up dust over her. She's not impressed.

Laughing Jakes drives up the short distance to the building  
and gets out.

Mo has to walk and is even less impressed when she gets  
there.

MO

My hair. I've just spent fifteen  
hundred rand on treatments. I'm  
gonna get you for this.

As she walks closer charming MILA, the guest house owner,  
has come out to meet and greet them. She displays true  
Klein Karoo hospitality and friendliness.

MILA

(English Subtitles)

Dagse mense. Kamer vir twee?  
Julle's seker ook baie dors en  
honger. Ek kry sommer die kok om  
iets vir julle vinnig aanteslaan.

JAKES

(English Subtitles)

Middag Mevrou. Dankie, maar ons  
is eintlik net op soek na 'n bietjie  
hulp.



MILA  
(English Subtitles)  
Nou maar kom in. Tee, Koffie,  
koeldrank of iets 'n bietjie  
sterker?

They follow her onto the stoep

MO  
Ma'am we're investigating a missing  
person and we believe she might be  
staying here.

MILA  
First my dear, you and your husband  
come inside. I haff hot Koffee and  
some very lekker koeksusters and  
melktert. Ambrose will carry your  
bags inside... and then I'll see  
how we can help.

She turns and walks in. Jakes and Mo look at each other.  
They speak to each other, sotto voce.

MO  
This is going to be a long  
afternoon.

JAKES  
Is that your gut feel?

49 INT. FAKT CHEQUERS OFFICE -- DAY

49

HEDWIG slaps a file onto Milly's desk.

HEDWIG  
Seems the CAA report was slapdash.

MILLY looks bemused by the suddenness of Hedwig's appearance  
and statement.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)  
The post mortem results show tequila  
in the blood stream of all five  
victims.

MILLY  
So they were drunk?

HEDWIG  
They also show cyanide!

MILLY  
So they were murdered?

HEDWIG

Seemingly correct. But something's very odd. Relatives supplied a DNA sample for each of them so that they could ID the corpses. Queenie's was not one of the five.

MILLY

She's alive?

An excited QUINTUS interrupts them.

QUINTUS

I've just had a chat with Mo and Jakes. Tina was not at the guest house but a lady fitting Queenie's description left about an hour before they got there. Paid with cash. No forwarding address. Going by the name of Amanda Reichstadt. Travelling on a Namibian passport.

HEDWIG

Makes sense.

Quintus is confused.

MILLY

Who's the fifth corpse then?

HEDWIG

Tina Nqakula: The missing stage hand.

QUINTUS

What? So she didn't buy the simcard for Queenie's phone...

HEDWIG

And... that phone was used to draw ten grand from the account of the real Amanda Reichstadt.

Quintus has put two and two together...

QUINTUS

Wow!

MILLY

This was a carefully planned operation.

HEDWIG

As long as she uses her phone we can track her.

MILLY  
But only if and when.

QUINTUS  
Social media. It's far quicker.

The two women look quizzically at him.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)  
I'll create a 'Where in the World  
is Queenie?' competition page on  
Facebook. Someone will spot her.

HEDWIG  
Oh please. This is not a movie.

QUINTUS  
Social media; instant worldwide  
reach. You can relax, I'll track  
her down.

He goes off to his desk.

HEDWIG  
I am now taking the rest of the  
day off!

50 INT. BUFFELSKLOOF ROAD, SMALL HIRE CAR -- DAY

50

JAKES is behind the wheel and MO, who has an i-Pad on her  
lap is filling him in.

MO  
Queenie and Lettie met twelve years  
ago when Queenie was doing an  
officers course at the Infantry  
School in Oudtshoorn. Lettie was  
the Commandant's secretary.

JAKES  
So she's a soldier?

MO  
Queenie was.

JAKES  
And part of her training was sky-  
diving?

MO  
That's how she developed her love  
for flying. Soon after she became  
an officer she transferred to the  
Air Force in the Western Cape and  
trained as a pilot.

JAKES  
So she can fly, sky dive, has  
survival skills and knew the area...

51 INT. GUSH AND NTSHOBODI OFFICES -- DAY

51

An anxious MONIQUE has come to have a meeting with ARTHUR GUSH

ARTHUR GUSH  
Hey, where's the rest of the  
musketeers? They've turned you  
into the lone ranger.

MONIQUE  
Working. These are farmers, they  
don't have time to be gallivanting  
around town. Farms need tending  
to.

Arthur Gush feels chastised.

ARTHUR GUSH  
Of course.

MONIQUE  
So we're back in business.

ARTHUR GUSH  
The cost of going to the high court  
is astronomical. How'd the  
collection go?

MONIQUE  
We managed to collect R75 000.00

Arthur Gush looks disappointed

MONIQUE (CONT'D)  
What?

ARTHUR GUSH  
While it is quite admirable for  
the community to donate that much,  
I'm afraid it's not nearly enough.

52 EXT. KAROO ROAD, LAY-BY -- DAY

52

MO is sitting at the picnic table with her i-Pad.

Jakes is standing a little further off with his back to  
Mo. Clearly having a pee.

Jakes is speaking over his shoulder.

JAKES  
So where is she now?

MO  
What's your gut feel say?

JAKES  
It's empty right now.

MO  
Hmph! That's a first.

JAKES  
What you doing on that i-Pad?

MO  
According to Facebook she's been spotted in... Prince Albert, Carnarvon, Leeuw Gamka, Loxton... Where the hell are all these places? Beaufort West... I know that's on the N1. She's probably heading back to Gauteng.

JAKES  
No ways. Prince Albert - Leeuw Gamka - Beaufort West - Loxton - Carnarvon... That's the route from here to Upington.

MO  
And that's close to the Namibian border. She's going to skip the country.

Jakes looks at her quizically.

MO (CONT'D)  
Women's intuition.

**53 EXT. NAKOP BORDER POST -- DAY 53**

There are a few vehicles, but it's not busy.

**54 INT. NAKOP BORDER POST, ADMIN BUILDING -- DAY 54**

QUEENIE enters the border post with her passport in hand.

On the counter is a transistor radio. It is playing Queenie's hit "Love you to Death".

She smiles and hands her passport to the CUSTOMS OFFICIAL who is mouthing the words along with the song.

He looks at her then at the passport before calling out to another customs official, THABO

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL  
Thabo check this out... She looks  
like Queenie Ledwaba hey?

He looks across, not really interested.

THABO  
Ja. You're right.

QUEENIE  
I'm not with you?

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL  
Queenie Ledwaba. The one on the  
radio now. She got killed in a  
plane crash a few days ago.

QUEENIE  
I don't know her. Is her music  
available in Namibia.

Queenie's cell phone rings. She looks at it, but doesn't  
answer.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL  
Go ahead. Answer it.

JAKES and MO take their place in the cue for the counter  
behind her. Mo has her phone at her ear.

Queenie dismisses her call.

QUEENIE  
No. It's a wrong number. I'm not  
expecting any calls.

JAKES  
Amanda Reichtstadt?

Queenie spins around. Answers tentatively.

QUEENIE  
Yes

The Customs official interjects.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL  
I'm sorry Ma'am the scanner is  
rejecting your passport.

Queenie panics, she wants to run, but the exit doors are  
now covered by TWO POLICEMAN.

QUEENIE  
That's impossible. How..? Do I  
know you?

MO

You don't Queenie... But we know  
you.

JAKES

She's all yours boys...

The policemen cuff Queenie and walk her out.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

I had a feeling that was her!

Jakes and Mo look at each other and laugh.

**55 INT. JOHANNESBURG, BEDFORDVIEW, HAWLEY ROAD, CAFE DU PAREE -55  
NIGHT**

The Cafe is closed, but PERCY and MILLY sit at a table  
near the back out sight of any prying eyes that may look  
in from the street. Percy is quietly menacing. Milly  
visibly nervous.

PERCY

So for two times in a row you can't  
pay me on time. Do you not learn?!

MILLY

I learn. But my client can't pay  
me. All I'm doing is asking for a  
short extension. Please?

PERCY

Extensions are expensive. Why  
can't your client pay?

Milly is slow to answer and the penny drops

PERCY (CONT'D)

Your client?

Quickly recovering...

MILLY

Mavrick's client actually - the  
Queenie Ledwaba story. We solved  
the case, but unfortunately that  
meant that Lettie lost her insurance  
payout and so has no money to pay  
us. That means Maverick's staff  
will only be paid next week at  
month-end...

PERCY

You need some help? Someone to  
lean on her a little maybe?

MILLY

No. Thank you. But no. Just an extension please. 48 hours.

Percy silently considers the request

MILLY (CONT'D)

I do have some advance news for you on the Japan case. Maybe we can trade that as a down payment?

56 INT. FAKT CHEQUERS OFFICE -- DAY

56

MILLY is standing at the Ops-board when QUINTUS arrives at work. She's been there a while, and the board has a detailed time-line of corruption committed by Japan drawn on it.

QUINTUS

You been here all night?

MILLY

I started reading your report and couldn't sleep. This should be a movie. It's a rags to riches story with more corruption than you could imagine was possible.

QUINTUS

He's into everything. A finger in every pie so to speak.

MILLY

Only he's moved on to gourmet casseroles!

HEDWIG arrives with her hands full of packets

QUINTUS

What you got there?

HEDWIG

Breakfast

QUINTUS

Good thinking. Thanks.

Hedwig pauses to look at the board as Quintus takes a packet from her.

HEDWIG

What's that all about?

MILLY

Japan Nkosi.



Quintus takes a pie out of the packet

QUINTUS

And pies!

Hedwig recognises the name.

HEDWIG

Ah. The Zebra BEE partner.

MILLY

No. The guy we're looking into for  
Mr Kravats.

Hedwig and Quintus look at each other then back at Milly

HEDWIG & QUINTUS

How many Japan Nkosi's do you think  
there are?

**END EPISODE ONE**