

MOJO

Pilot Episode 101

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1 EXT. BURGERSDORP, CORRECTIONAL CENTRE, ENTRANCE -- DAY 1

The building is a large bleak complex of face-brick and cement that is built outside of town, in the middle of nowhere. Only the large sign that announces "*Welcome to Burgersdorp Correctional Services*" gives a hint as to what lies beyond the high walls.

YANGA (28) and HARRY(32) walk out menacingly through the vehicle entrance. They are on a mission as they walk diagonally across the middle of the road, seemingly oblivious to the police car trying to enter the complex.

The car hoots as it drives around them.

The brothers quickly reach the only car parked outside the gates. A white VW Polo with a taxi sign on the roof.

Leaning on the bonnet, with a large scowl on his face, sucking on a large home-rolled zol is a large man... JOEY (22).

When the brothers get to the car they stop, blocking any chance of Joey escaping. They say nothing. He looks at them and blows a large billowing breath of smoke into the air.

Yanga snatches the zol from his mouth and takes a long draw while looking at Joey intensely. He slowly & deliberately blows smoke in Joeys' face...

Suddenly they all break into laughter and the tension is broken.

HARRY

Keys

Joey flips the car keys into the air. Yanga catches them and gets into the drivers seat as Harry and Joey give each other a high five before they also get into the car. (Joey in the back seat.)

The wheels of the car spin wildly forming a formidable dust cloud before the brake is released and the car screeches off down the dirt road.

2 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA LODGE, PATIO -- DAY 2

The early morning sun lights up the patio, where four tables are set for breakfast under the thatched eaves of the Lodges' main building.

They overlook a typical Karoo landscape with watering-hole where some Zebra and Springbok are quenching their thirst.

Sitting next to each other at one of the tables are ELLEN (64) and her husband FANIE (66).

ELLEN
I hope I get a quality ram for a good price today.

FANIE
You'll be fine Bokkie... you've bought Merino at an auction before, and you taught me about the five T's. Teeth, toes, tossle...

ELLEN
... torso and testicles!

They both laugh

FANIE
You've got this Bokkie. You've been doing it for years.

3 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, SWARTWATER, AUCTION -- DAY

3

ELLEN and NATHI are inspecting a ram in the sheep pens before the auction starts. Nathi is holding a catalogue and pen, while Ellen is manhandling the Ram as she inspects its' wool.

NATHI
This is a good one.

ELLEN
What lot is this?

NATHI
Lot 324

ELLEN
Reserve price?

NATHI
R60 000.00

ELLEN
That's a lot.... but the wool looks good. Give conformation three ticks.

Nathi puts three ticks behind the word "conformation" which he has written on the catalogue next to a photo of the ram in Lot 324.

NATHI
You sure he's not too old Mevrouw?
(MORE)

NATHI (CONT'D)

We need him to improve the flock
for many years to come. Check his
teeth.

ELLEN

You check his teeth!

They both laugh.

MOJO (52), who is wearing new white Nike sneakers freshly covered in manure is suddenly standing next to Nathi and taking photos of Ellen and the Ram with his mobile phone.

NATHI

Hey! What you doing?

MOJO

Oh. Sorry. I'm Mojo.

NATHI

So what. Do I know you?

MOJO

I'm a journalist. I'm doing a
story on the auction, and this is
the top Ram on auction here today.
A lot of farmers are after this
one!

ELLEN

Mojo! Is that your actual name...
or do they call you that because
you're a mobile journalist?

4 EXT. USA, ARKANSAS, UREKA SPRINGS -- DAY 4

Road into town. We can see the sign that says "*Welcome to Ureka Springs, Arkansas: Population 2074*"

5 INT. USA, ARKANSAS, UREKA SPRINGS, HOME STUDIO -- DAY 5

The walls are draped with colourful blankets and in the middle of the small room is a table which is covered with the Confederate Flag. On the table, (on the flag,) are two microphones in stands and a small mixing desk.

Sitting on one side of the table, wearing a "*Make America Great Again*" T-Shirt is AMY Fletcher (28) aka Poppie. She exudes oodles of confidence behind the mic as she interviews this weeks guest JIM (55). He is wearing a T-shirt that proudly declares; "*2019 National Convention of The National Rifle Association*" (NRA).

AMY

Thank you for sharing the fascinating story of your hunting trip to South Africa... I always thought that it was too dangerous to go there because of the high crime rate.

JIM

We felt totally safe while we were there and maybe one day if you're lucky, you'll also get to experience the Karoo and shoot a white Springbok.

AMY FLETCHER

That's it for this week, catch me next week for another podcast, when I'll be talking to Governor Hutchingson about his rapid rise through the ranks of the Republican party.

She drops the faders for their microphones and hits a button on the mixing desk and it plays her unique "out-link jingle". She stops recording.

AMY FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Thanks Jim.

JIM

You must go to South Africa. Do a story on hunting these white springbok. It's beautiful in the middle of the Karoo - there's no crime there.

AMY FLETCHER

Jim... what about the farm murders?

JIM

That's not gonna happen. We were there for a month and I didn't even hear of one.

AMY

I'll look into it.

6 **EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, BRONVILLE TOWNSHIP, PIG-WHISTLE TAVERN -- DAY**

6

Situated on the corner of a busy intersection, The Pig-Whistle Tavern is not nearly as fancy as its' name.

YANGA, HARRY and JOEY are sitting on plastic chairs in a semi-circle at their favourite spot under a large umbrella.

From where they are sitting, they can see both up and down both streets.

They each have a glass of beer in their hand, and there are a number empty Lion Larger quart bottles standing at the legs of each chair.

JOEY

OK I'm ready. What do I have to do?

YANGA

You can't expect to sommer become a member of "The Brothers" just because you're our friend.

HARRY

Nooo, that's not how it works, my friend.

JOEY

But I always do stuff for you guys. I even fetched you from lock up.

YANGA

That was a start mos. But you need to do something genuine to become a brother.

JOEY

Tell me, already.

Harry and Yanga look at each other - they have no idea.

HARRY

You must a steal a ... um..

YANGA

... a sheep!

JOEY

A sheep!?? Serious?

YANGA

Ja. We'll have a braai... for everybody to share.

JOEY

Where'm I gonna find a sheep?

HARRY

We'll find the sheep - you've just gotta steal it.

JOEY

But what if we get caught?

7 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA LODGE, DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT 7

A white Nissan 1400 bakkie drives down a dirt double-track road past the Lodge building.

Not far down the road, the headlights go out and the engine is cut. The bakkie continues to silently free-wheel towards the farmyard outbuildings.

8 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMYARD, DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT 8

YANGA is driving and JOEY, dressed in black, is on the seat next to him. Between them is a black backpack.

Joey is anxious and his leg is is bouncing up and down. Irritated, Yanga tightly grabs Joeys' knee and stops the bouncing.

JOEY

Eina!

YANGA

Chill bru.

The bakkie slows to a halt...

YANGA (CONT'D)

You know what to do. Don't fuck it up!

Joey grabs his backpack, puts on a black balaclava (without pulling it over his face) and jumps out.

9 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMYARD, DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT 9

The bakkie pulls away leaving JOEY standing alone.

He quickly takes cover in the long grass on the verge of the road.

He scans the farmyard buildings, "checking the lay of the land" and "if the coast is clear". There is one main barn, and a few smaller buildings all surrounding a kraal filled with sheep... but he has to cross a big open space to get there.

He resolutely pulls the balaclava over his face, takes a deep breath, jumps over the fence and runs towards the kraal.

10 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMYARD, SHEEP KRAAL -- NIGHT 10

As JOEY gets close to the kraal, FANIE suddenly walks out of an outbuilding in front of him towards the sheep in the kraal.

Joey changes direction just in time, and dives behind the building Fanie has just walked out of.

Fanie stops and looks back at the building...

Joey is lying in sheep shit making himself as small as possible against the base of the wall.

Fanie sees nothing unusual and continues towards the kraal where he fills the water trough before leaving.

Joey crawls into the building...

11 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMYARD, OUTBUILDING STABLE --11 NIGHT

... and through a metal fence. To his surprise JOEY finds himself face-to-face with a sheep. (Only it's not a sheep it's the prize Ram!)

While keeping eye contact, he slowly takes the backpack off his back, takes out a nylon rope, unwinds it and gently loops the end over the Rams head.

JOEY

Gotja!

12 INT. JOHANNESBURG, ESSIES' OFFICE -- DAY

12

It's a small office, just enough space for one desk and two chairs. There are piles of files on the desk and a Jar of brightly coloured jelly-beans breaks the dull monotone colour scheme of the room.

ESSIE (60) is sitting at her desk chain smoking. She firmly highlights sections of the document that she is reading with a red marker. Suddenly she is overcome by a coughing fit. When it subsides she takes another long drag on her cigarette and continues reading.

She is wearing reading glasses on an ornate chain, and there is a Gucci leather bag hung over the back of her chair. Her outfit blends into the dreariness of the office.

The door is open, and MOJO knocks as he walks in. He is bursting with pride... and excited.

ESSIE

Why're you wasting my time with images that are out of focus?

Mojo is caught by surprise

ESSIE (CONT'D)

... and you recorded the clips without sound! What the Fuck!!!

MOJO is flustered and confused.

MOJO

B... but, but... they were all in focus.

ESSIE

Bullshit! If they were in focus then they'd be in focus now. You've got to make a proper attempt to get this right or you're out!

MOJO

But I've been taking lessons...

ESSIE

Oi vey! Clearly you can't teach an old dog new tricks!

13 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARM, CEMENT DAM -- DAY 13

The early morning Karoo heat is shimmering over the arid landscape.

A Grey Toyota Hilux Doublecab is throwing up a cloud of dust, as it drives towards a cement farm dam.

The windmill is silent and at the water trough there are three white Springbok.

14 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARM, CEMENT DAM, DOUBLECAB -- 14 DAY

ELLEN is driving and FANIE biting into a large bacon and egg sandwich.

The silence is deafening, until Ellen can no longer contain herself!

ELLEN

What the fuck were you thinking?

FANIE

I told you I didn't leave the gate open.

ELLEN

And I didn't make you a bacon & egg sandwich... but here you are eating one!

FANIE

Bokkie, let's just find the Ram. I don't want to be arguing with you all day. If I did leave the gate open I'm sorry... BUT I didn't!

ELLEN

... and I didn't buy the best Marino
Ram at the auction yesterday, but
here we are driving around the
farm looking for R98 000.00 on
legs!!!

15 INT. USA, ATLANTA AIRPORT, INTERNATIONAL DEPARTURES -- DAY 15

A busy hub with people walking in every direction.

At the check-in counter AMY and MCKINNON Zeus Osman (30)
are waiting for their boarding passes.

They are an unlikely looking couple. Amy is in a stylish
grey track-suit, her long blonde hair is loose and flowing.
McKinnon on the other hand, has dreadlocks bursting out of
a green, yellow and red crocheted hair-net. He clings to
a Sony video camera and a large hold-all bag.

The CHECK-IN ATTENDANT hands them their boarding passes...

CHECK-IN ATTENDANT

Enjoy the flight to South Africa.

AMY

Thank you.

They walk towards a group of family who are waiting to say
goodbye.

ANNA Fletcher(58), a typical flamboyant southern belle,
envelopes her daughter in a bear-hug. Her two youngest
children, ADAM (24) and ANNE (18) are embarrassed by the
public display of affection.

McKinnon stands a few feet away watching the performance.

Amy finally escapes the arms of her mother...

ANNA

I can't believe that you're so
calm. Didn't you see the news
this morning? An American citizen
was robbed and raped in Cairo.
Make sure you keep yourself covered
up and unattractive.

AMY

Mother that's fake news! It could
happen anywhere.

MCKINNON

Don't worry Mrs Fletcher... I'll
take care of her. She'll be safe
with me.

AMY

Mom, there's no need to worry,
look at your face... cheer up...
put a smile on your dial! I've
taken all the necessary precautions
in case of emergency: US embassy's
phone number, your number, dad's...
Also, I'm in good hands, Mckinnon
is with me. Everything will be
alright. Give me a hug mom.

They embrace.

**16 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, BRONVILLE TOWNSHIP, THE YIKA HOUSE -- 16
DAY**

The simple matchbox house is surrounded by neatly swept sand.

There's a party atmosphere and music is blaring from a boom-box.

In the middle of the yard is a medium size fire, and over the fire is a home-made spit with a large sheep (including the head) cooking. A BOY (10) is standing at one end of the contraption with an egg timer, and very three minutes as the grains of sand run out, he turns it over and then turns the sheep one quarter of a revolution. He can only just manage the weight.

The spit is clearly the centre of attraction as it is surrounded by a group of about 10 ROWDY YOUNG MEN drinking and chatting.

Standing amongst the revellers and making the best of their newly acquired celebrity status, are HARRY, YANGA and JOEY.

The festive atmosphere has attracted the attention of the neighbourhood children who are lined up in the road at the fence to the property watching the spectacle.

**17 INT. JOHANNESBURG, COSMO CITY, MOJO'S HOME, KITCHEN -- 17
NIGHT**

The kitchen is modest, clean and homely.

MOJO, KUNDI and CHIFARO are sitting at the kitchen table and MARTHA is serving dinner.

Chifaro and Kundi are listening to their parent's banter whilst simultaneously watching the television in the living room behind their father.

Martha serves out helpings of Pap, Spinach, Carrots and stew for everyone.

There is one unoccupied chair and empty clean plate opposite Martha.

The atmosphere is relaxed.

MOJO

I received an e-mail from Mashudu today.

MARTHA

How is your oldest child?

MOJO

Struggling with the snow in London. Us Africans weren't made for the cold weather of the UK!

KUNDI

I wish we got snow here in Jozi.

CIFARO

It has never snowed here in my whole life.

MARTHA

Best he sticks it out there. As a family we've made a lot of sacrifices to get him there.

MOJO

Apparently Deloitte has provided all the South African staff with special boots and a heavy duty rain coat. He said he'd WhatsApp us some photos.

MARTHA

This is going to be a long year without him here.

MOJO

This internship with Deloitte is a great opportunity for him Ma. Especially with unemployment so high amongst the youth here.

MARTHA

Mrs Mabuse told me that his other friends are struggling to find work.

MOJO

But still I miss him, three years is a long time to be separated from your family.

18 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE -- DAY

18

ELLEN and FANIE are entertaining their friends TOLLIE(48) and SARRIE(38) in their garden.

The men are standing around a braai, and the women sitting in wire garden chairs around a wire garden table. The ambiance is joyful and everybody is having a good time.

Ellen has a photo of her grandchildren that she shows to Sarrie

ELLEN

I had a long chat this morning with Suzanne and Andre in New York. The grandchildren are growing so fast.

SARRIE

They're adorable.

TOLLIE

How many are there now?

FANIE

Three. Two boys and a girl.

TOLLIE

What already! Your kids are breeding like bloody rabbits!

SARRIE

Can't be cheap to have three kids over there

ELLEN

Andre is getting paid really well by Ernst & Young over there, and they'll have saved dollars when they come back next year...

Fanie is in charge of the meat on the braai.

FANIE

These chops look good, right?

TOLLIE

They're perfect. Take them off.

FANIE

I just hope that we're not eating our missing ram...

ELLEN

That is not funny Fanie.

TOLLIE

Oh I forget to tell you. Johnny,
our foremen, told me that he saw a
sheep on a spit yesterday in the
township.

ELLEN

Shit!

SARRIE

Language.

ELLEN

Sorry Sarrie. Does he know who it
was Tollie?

TOLLIE

He said something about some
brothers...

FANIE

The Yika brothers. Yanga and Harry.
They must've been released from
jail.

ELLEN

That's bad news!

FANIE

They're bad news!

**19 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, BRONVILLE TOWNSHIP, GRAVEL ROAD -- 19
DAY**

It's a quiet afternoon and a silhouetted figure weaves his
way towards us down the dusty dirt road.

As the figure gets closer we see that JOEY is carrying a
heavy something in a black plastic bag. It's awkward and
the weight in one hand could be responsible for the weaving.

**20 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, BRONVILLE TOWNSHIP, PHILANDER HOUSE --20
DAY**

The house is an old apartheid style matchbox home.

SARAH (20) and MIKE (30) are sitting on wire garden chairs
at a wire garden table under a tree. NICOLE (8) is finishing
setting the table for dinner.

MRS PHILANDER (50), a petite and still attractive woman,
exits the kitchen door in a grey dress and a black apron.
She is carrying a large pot of pap and a small pot of
steaming gray which she puts down on the table.

MIKE
Pap an Gravy again!

MRS PHILANDER
Be thankful child... some people
have nothing.

MIKE
Just it'd be nice to have some
meat once in a while...

Mrs Philander puts her hands on her hips as she sees JOEY stagger into the yard through the small steel gate from the street.

MRS PHILANDER
En nou! What's in the bag?

Joey stands there swaying slightly...

MRS PHILANDER (CONT'D)
Jy's dronk.

JOEY
Hi Ma. No hello? Where is the love?

MRS PHILANDER
So what's in the bag?

Joey walks to his mother and hands her the plastic bag

JOEY
Look and see.

She opens it and looks inside...

MRS PHILANDER
Ribbetjies! And there's so much.
(suspiciously)
It's cooked. Where'd you get it?

Sarah grabs the bag and plonks it onto the table next to the gravy pot. Mike looks to the heavens - his prayers have been answered.

MIKE
Thanks God... Joey.

JOEY
I used some of my pay from work
Ma.

Sarah starts serving the ribs onto their plates alongside their helping of pap and gravy.

MRS PHILANDER
This looks like 500 bucks worth.
Your piece jobs don't pay that
much.

They are about to start eating when...

MRS PHILANDER (CONT'D)
Stop! What about grace?

JOEY
It's a treat for the family Ma.

MRS PHILANDER
I hope you didn't steal this.

She sits at the table, and composes herself.

MRS PHILANDER (CONT'D)
Close your eyes.

They all close their eyes wherever they are...

MRS PHILANDER (CONT'D)
Dear Lord. Please bless this food,
and especially the meat that has
appeared on our table like manna
from Heaven. And protect us from
evil... especially Joey. Amen.

They open their eyes and start eating.

Joey has a big grin on his face as he watches his family
eat.

21 EXT. JOHANNESBURG, BREE STREET, TAXI RANK -- DAY

21

It's a quiet patch, but Toyota Quantum taxis are still
coming and going. A regular stream of commuters are dropped
off and new ones collected.

The air is filled with hooting, loud music and the sound
of vendors encouraging potential customers to buy their
goods. Music from Ukozi FM is blaring from a nearby taxi.

A GOGO pushes her way through the commuters towards a
concrete table, where two men are seated drinking beer.
She is carrying two large plates, one with Skop & the other
piled high with pap.

Bra JABU (54) is in police uniform & SIMPIWE (45) looks out
of place in his stylish outfit and Italian shoes. They
have a clear view of the entire taxi rank.

As Gogo approaches them, they rub their hands with excitement and when she places the food on the table, they dig in.

JABU
Siyabonga Gogo.

GOGO
Fifty please

SIMPIWE
Our bank is right behind you.

Gogo turns to find MOJO behind her.

MOJO
If I'm paying then I'm eating!

He gives her R50.00 and she happily moves off.

MOJO (CONT'D)
I'm not made of money guys. I've got other responsibilities to pay for... This is the last time.

They both laugh. The music on the radio finishes...

UKOZI FM PRESENTER
Iskhathi!
(It's time!)
The final match between Kazier Chiefs and Sundown's in Cape Town, this Saturday! Don't miss it! Up next... Samthin Soweto by Akulaleki.

The music starts playing and the friends hungrily dig in.

SIMPHIWE
Gents! Lets go to Cape Town.

MOJO
Just for one day?

SIMPIWE
No. For the whole weekend.

JABU
Haw! Always impulsive. Have you got imali?

MOJO
We don't want you borrowing money from us again.

JABU

But I'm off duty on Monday so I'm
up for it.

SIMPHIWE

Mojo? Uthini mchana. It'll be
like we were twenty again... party
time!

MOJO

No guys. I have got a family to
feed and support.

SIMPHIWE

Come on! No more than three grand
each.

MOJO

Phiwe and its hard... look at it
from my perspective... Chifaro at
University, the bond, my car, daily
expenses, Marthas' make-up... and
now I've got to pay to learn to
focus my phone!

JABU

What?

SIMPIWE

What?

MOJO

I'm now the cameraman AND the
journalist!

SIMPIWE

So you're getting paid double.

MOJO

I wish! Double the work... I'm
now a "Mobile Journalist" I have
to do interviews on my cellphone.
New technology. New job
description.

JABU

Old Mojo! Ag shame!

SIMPIWE

Show us.

Mojo takes out his cellphone and focusses on Bra Jabu

MOJO

Okay. So Jabu...What exclusive
leads have you got for me today?

JABU

Remember the Malii garage Murder?
They've solved the case. But keep
it under wraps for now. You are
the only one that knows.

**22 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, BRONVILLE TOWNSHIP, PHILANDER HOUSE, 22
LOUNGE -- NIGHT**

The lounge is modest but pristine. The two sofas and a coffee table are bathed in soft light. The television set in a cabinet is on with the sound down, but no-one is watching it.

Seated on a sofa is JOEY and an angry MRS PHILANDER is pacing the tiny room. She gesticulates furiously as she speaks to her son.

MRS PHILANDER

...after everything this family
has gone through, you go and do
something like this! How could
you! Honestly! How could you!

JOEY

But Ma...

MRS PHILANDER

But ma what? Ma what? What! Haven't
we suffered enough! I told you if
you mix with jailbirds you start
behaving like they do. How dare
you bring their food into my house!
Where'd they get the sheep?
Probably stole it.

JOEY

I'm sorry Ma.

MRS PHILANDER

It's too late for sorry! The truth
has escaped!

She looks at her son who looks distraught on the sofa and softens a little. She sits next to him and takes his hand looking into his eyes.

MRS PHILANDER (CONT'D)

We may be poor my child... But
we're not thieves!

23 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, CBD, MAIN STREET -- DAY 23

A busy street for a small town.

STREET VENDORS, SECURITY GUARDS and PEDESTRIANS all mingle and spill off the pavement into the street, where there is very little traffic.

A Game Viewing Toyota Landcruiser (with Impala Lodge branding,) is parked in the street outside the Grand Hotel. ELLEN is busy loading suitcases and bags into the back as her guests, POPPIE, MCKINNON and THABO climb aboard.

As Ellen walks around to the drivers seat, she sees HARRY and YANGA crossing the street in front of the vehicle.

She stops, frozen in her tracks. Then she can't contain her anger and shouts at them...

ELLEN

Hey, you two!

Harry and Yanga, instinctively know she's talking to them. They stop walking. The pedestrians clear from between them and suddenly they are looking down the street at each other like two gun fighters facing off in a wild west film.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm talking to you two.

HARRY

Don't you yell at me like that,
I'm not your puppy.

ELLEN

I heard about the spit braai you
had on the weekend.

YANGA

We don't know what you are talking
about.

ELLEN

Where'd you get the sheep?

Yanga clicks his tongue and looks away, really annoyed by what Ellen is saying.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

...or was it a Ram? My Ram.

HARRY

We know nothing about your Ram.

YANGA

We are also not thieves. How can
you accuse us without no proof.

ELLEN
You think I'm a complete fool
don't you.

They look at each other, and then back at her...

 HARRY YANGA
Yes Yes

They turn their back to her and walk away leaving Ellen standing furiously watching them go.

24 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, POLICE STATION -- DAY 24

It's a hot day and there are heat waves on the tar road.

A police van is driving into the police station as ELLEN, POPPIE, MCKINNON and THABO pull into a parking spot outside the Police Station in the Toyota Landcruiser.

Ellen hops out with a piece of paper in her hand and quickly walks towards reception.

25 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, POLICE STATION, RECEPTION -- DAY 25

Behind the counter are SERGEANT RANGWAGA and CAPTAIN DE KOK.

SERGEANT RANGWAGA stands up as ELLEN barges into the room.

ELLEN
I'm here to open a case of theft
against the Yika brothers. They
stole my ram!

CAPTAIN DE KOK
More Mevrou Swiegers.

ELLEN
Hullo Santie.

CAPTAIN DE KOK
Take a statement Sarge.

ELLEN
No need. I've already typed one up
at the hotel and printed it. Just
needs to be stamped and signed.

ELLEN hands her statement to the Sergeant

SERGEANT RANGWAGA
No, I write the statements. You
can't do my job.

ELLEN

I'm trying to speed up the process.
So you have two options; One...waste
time and copy this statement onto
your form in pen, or two... stamp
this statement. What's it going to
be?

The Sergeant looks at the Captain who nods approval. He stamps and signs her piece of paper, then staples it to a blank SAPS form.

CAPTAIN DE KOK

Laat ek sien.

The Sarge hands the form to the Captain who starts reading. He hands Ellen a scrap of paper with some numbers on it.

SERGEANT RANGWAGA

Here's your case number for
insurance...

CAPTAIN DE KOK

You say here that Harry and Yanga
Yika stole your ram. Do you have
proof?

ELLEN

Circumstantial evidence. Two days
after it went missing my foreman
Nathi discovered that they had a
spit braai. They don't have the
money to buy a whole sheep!

CAPTAIN DE KOK

I'll need to speak to Nathi. Yo!
You say it was worth R98 000.00.

SERGEANT RANGWAGA

Expensive braai!

ELLEN

It was a stud Ram I just bought it
on auction. I have the paperwork
from the auction and you have the
stock-theft report that I
submitted... but clearly you haven't
even read it, let alone started
investigating what happened to
it!!!

26 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, CBD, MAIN STREET, BANK -- DAY

26

There is not much foot-traffic outside the bank. The Impala Lodge Landcruiser is parked in the street.

ELLEN and FANIE are leaning against the bonnet enjoying the sun. THABO is sitting in a back seat.

AMY and McKINNON walk out of the bank. McKinnon hops on the back of the landcruiser with Thabo as AMY walks up to Ellen with a wad of cash in her hand.

FANIE
Whoa! Not here...

Fanie tries to block sight of the transaction with his body. But it's too late as she counts in thousands and hands over wads of notes to Ellen.

AMY
One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven
twelve, thirteen, fourteen and
fifteen.

Ellen stuff it into pockets as quickly as she can...

ELLEN
Thank you. We weren't expecting
cash right now.

AMY
I'll pay for the hunt tomorrow
when we know what we're going to
shoot.

FANIE
Could we maybe do that with a bank
transfer? Please.

AMY
Oh. Sure. We'll have to find
connectivity though...

ELLEN
You have that in your room at the
lodge.

Fanie turns Ellen and guides her away from Amy who climbs up onto the vehicle

AMY
Wow. I didn't think...

FANIE
(to Ellen)
Best you deposit that quickly love.
No telling who saw what just went
down.

27 EXT. JOHANNESBURG, BREE STREET, TAXI RANK -- DAY

27

MOJO is sitting with JABU and SIMPIWE at their favourite concrete table. There are containers of half eaten pap, beef steaks and half finished bottles of beer on the table.

JABU is out of uniform, dressed sharply and wearing his Kappa branded peek cap (ala Samuel L. Jackson) backwards. SIMPIWE is in a Superga branded track-suit and sneakers.

It's a quiet time of the day.

SIMPIWE

What's the deadline for your report?

JABU

In an hour.

SIMPIWE

You haven't even started... when you gonna do the research? You'll never make it!

JABU

I've been in this game a long time. I know how to make up figures that will make boss-man happy. I'll just tweak last years figures and I'll have a complete report.

SIMPIWE

What's so special about farm murders that they need their own stats?

MOJO

Why are farm murders singled out? They're not more important than any other murders? Or are they?

SIMPIWE

Don't the other murders count?

JABU

All I know is that my boss's instructions are very clear... "Produce statistics about farm murders."

SIMPIWE

Hey Mo... maybe you should investigate. See if you can work out why they're so special.

LT PEARSON
So, tell me where you got the sheep
for your spit braai on Saturday?

YANGA
What's with all the questions?

LT PEARSON
We've had a complaint.

HARRY
From who?

YANGA
About us?

SGT NAIDOO
Ellen Swiegers had her prize Ram
stolen on Friday night, and you
had a sheep on the spit the next
day!?

YANGA
Bitch!

Lt Pearson gives Sgt Naidoo a dirty look, and stands up.

LT PEARSON
This isn't finished... don't leave
town.

The brothers sit back trying to look nonchalant but saying
nothing as Sgt Naidoo follows Lt Pearson as she leaves.

As soon as the officers are out of earshot...

HARRY
Fuck!

YANGA
Where the fuck's Joey?

HARRY
There's hundreds of sheep on that
farm and he stole her prize ram!!!

YANGA
And now she's pointing her stupid
fucking fat fingers at us just
because we are from prison. We
need to teach that bitch a lesson.

HARRY
One she'll never forget.

YANGA
She's got people at the farm
tonight. That means she's got cash
(MORE)

YANGA (CONT'D)
too. Let's give her a proper reason
to cry.

They laugh and click their beer bottles in celebration of their cleverness.

29 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA LODGE, BOMA -- NIGHT 29

Arranged around the edge of the boma are tables with African print table cloths on them. Each has a flower display featuring an African spear.

One of the tables has a carvery of meat; Impala, Kudu, Chicken, Beef, Lamb and Warthog. A CHEF is busily getting ready to carve the meat.

There is also a buffet table covered in an array of salads, rice, pap, corn bread and gravy.

A table on the other side of the boma has a BARMAN ready to serve a selection of traditional and craft beer, wine, cold drinks and juices.

In the middle of the boma, a large fire is blazing and sitting around it on canvas chairs with traditional African drums between their legs are ELLEN, FANIE, THABO, MCKINNON and AMY. They are trying to play along with the traditional ZULU DRUMMER, (dressed only in cow tails on his upper arms and below the knees, with a skin patch to cover his private parts,) who is dancing around in front of them as he drums.

The dinner guests are trying to match the drum beats, echoing whatever the Zulu Drummer does. McKinnon is not very good and lags behind...

ELLEN
Keep up with him...

MCKINNON
Yes I'm trying to.

They laugh as he tries unsuccessfully

MCKINNON (CONT'D)
I think you're the ones that have
no rhythm. Watch my moves.

McKinnon drums a solo to his own tune resulting in musical chaos. They are all having a good time. Thabo ululates loudly as the Zulu Drummer finishes and takes a bow. They all clap enthusiastically.

FANIE

Ja man. What a great way to start off the evening, but all that drumming has got me hungry. Guys dish up some food and fill up your drinks.

They all get up and go over to the tables

AMY

My goodness look at all this meat. Which one is the Impala?

ELLEN

You should try it, it tastes great.

AMY

I can't wait.

Amy takes a slice in her fingers and tastes it

AMY (CONT'D)

You're right Ellen, this meat is yummy. Try some Thabo.

THABO

No thanks. I'm a vegetarian.

AMY

What!!!

FANIE

I don't believe it. An African man that doesn't eat meat!

MCKINNON

I'm not vegetarian. When do we get to taste the meat of the white springbok?

FANIE

When Amy shoots one.

ELLEN

The white springbok tastes just like the common Springbok. The skin colour doesn't make a difference.

THABO

I thought we were shooting with cameras not with guns!

AMY

We're doing both.

30 INT. JOHANNESBURG, ESSIES' OFFICE -- DAY

30

ESSIE is sitting on her chair and opposite her is MOJO.

The desk is covered in files and on one corner old newspapers are piled up on top of each other.

ESSIE

No ways Mojo. It's not a good idea. We'll lose audience share.

MOJO

It'll be a good piece of reporting. I'll make sure it's right up there with my best work. It's a hot topic right now.

ESSIE

Farm murders? Only the right wing whites and farmers care.

MOJO

You'd think... but just because no one seems to be interested in covering those stories, doesn't mean that the murders are not happening. And they affect the whole community not just the boere!

ESSIE

I know, I know... But we're not Farmers Weekly. Do you have no idea of who our readership is? They're not interested.

MOJO

Give it a try and see. The public has the right to know. You didn't lose all your readers from the last farming story I did.

ESSIE

Yeah, but that was a fashion piece about the origin of wool.

MOJO

Seriously! Don't over-think it. I've done the research, and I'll start putting something together.

ESSIE

(reluctantly)
Okay.

Mojo smiles broadly, a sense of victory.

31 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, VELDT -- NIGHT

31

Three silhouettes (HARRY, YANGA and JOEY) are approaching the house through the veld. They freeze as they spot the three large Rottweilers ahead of them behind an electric fence.

The dogs are actively smelling the air in their direction.

Harry reaches into his backpack and opens a container filled with large raw steaks. He holds the open container towards them and they smell more vigorously.

Slowly Harry advances towards them.

One starts growling menacingly. It sets the other two off.

Harry is undeterred as he takes out a large steak.

HARRY

Easy boys... I've got one for each
of you.

The meat has the dogs attention as he moves closer and stops a few feet away from them.

He places the three steaks evenly spaced on the ground in front of them.

JOEY

(to Yanga)
What's he doing?

YANGA

Watch and learn.

When they have each focused on their own piece he quickly feeds each of them and they gobble down the meat in no time.

JOEY

Now what?

YANGA

We wait. It won't be long.

The dogs are already looking unsteady on their feet.

Harry takes a large pair of wire cutter out of his backpack, as Yanga and Joey join him.

HARRY

Only a few more seconds

As the dogs start passing out he cuts a large hole in the fence.

The dogs have all dropped to the ground by the time he's done.

YANGA

Let's go get our money!

32 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT

32

HARRY, YANGA and JOEY stealthily cross the lawn as they approach the house in single file.

They pause and crouch behind a tree in the garden and watch and wait. From where they are they can see an open window on the ground floor where the lace curtains are billowing in the breeze.

After observing for a few moments, they one at a time, led by Harry, sprint the short distance across the lawn to the open window. They stand still and upright with their backs against the wall of the house next to it.

Just as Harry moves to push through the curtain, there's a sound from inside the house. Harry hits the dirt, and the window is shut from the inside.

Harry stands up on the other side of the window and signals to the others to join him. As Yanga and Joey proceed to crawl beneath the window the lights in the room are switched off.

They continue sliding along with their backs to the wall until they arrive at next window. It too is slightly ajar and the curtains are drawn. They stop momentarily to listen for any signs of life before Harry bravely sneaks a look inside.

It's the lounge, and it's empty.

Harry opens the window carefully, and signals for Joey to kneel so that he can step up onto his back and climb through the window.

Once Harry is out of sight, Yanga steps onto Joeys' back to climb through the window, but before he can, a pair of hands reach out and close the window.

Yanga drops to the ground.

YANGA

Shit!!!

JOEY

What?

YANGA
They've closed the window.

The lights go out in the room.

JOEY
Now what?

The window is carefully opened and Harry sticks his head out.

HARRY
That was close. What are you waiting for? Get in here.

33 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, MAIN BEDROOM -- NIGHT 33

The bedroom is large and rustic. The King-sized double bed dominates the space and the room is lit by the two bedside lamps.

ELLEN is sitting at the dressing-table mirror removing the last of her make-up.

FANIE is kneeling at the side of his bed reading his Bible.

FANIE
Amen.

He closes the Bible puts it on the bedside table and gets into bed.

ELLEN
What was tonights reading about?

FANIE
A traveller who is stripped, beaten, and left half dead alongside the road.

ELLEN
Oh. The parable of the good Samaritan.

FANIE
Correct.

Ellen joins Fanie in bed. They both switch off their bedside lamps and the room goes dark.

FANIE (CONT'D)
Love you. Good night..

ELLEN
Love you too...

The room is dark and quiet...

The bedroom door slowly opens and a sliver of light gently enters the room, followed by the silhouette of three pairs of feet.

We can just see the shadow figures move, one to each side of the bed, one stays at the door.

Suddenly the main bedroom light goes on!

HARRY is standing above Fanie, JOEY is standing above Ellen, and YANGA is walking towards the bottom of the bed from the light switch, 9mm pistol in hand.

They are all wearing balaclavas (so they can't be identified).

Ellen and Fanie sit up surprised!

ELLEN (CONT'D)
How did you get in?

HARRY
Shut the fuck up!

FANIE
What do you want?

Harry hits Fanie across the head

HARRY
Are you deaf? I said shut up!!!

YANGA
Where's the money?

ELLEN
You can take anything you want, we don't have money.

YANGA
You think I'm stupid?

ELLEN
Yes. Are you deaf? I said we don't have any.

YANGA
Wrong answer!!!

Yanga gives Joey a look as if to say hit her.

HARRY
Joey?!

Joey gets the message and slaps Ellen on the side of her head.

YANGA

She still has a bad attitude...
Even now.

HARRY

You need to change your ways.

YANGA

You can't teach an old dog new
tricks

FANIE

What do you want?

YANGA

We want the money your guests
brought into town today...

JOEY

And we're not leaving without it.

34 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 34

ELLEN has her hands tied behind her back, and her feet tied together... with cable ties. Her mouth is covered with gaffer tape. She is sitting on the floor trying to wiggle free, but the plastic is cutting into her flesh and there is already blood dripping onto the floor.

YANGA bursts in.

YANGA

You'd better cooperate now, if you
want to stay alive...Where is the
money?

She doesn't even try to answer coz her mouth is covered in tape.

YANGA (CONT'D)

Speak bitch!

Ellen makes an attempt to talk through the tape.

Yanga rips the tape off her mouth and she yelps in pain!

ELLEN

I don't carry bags of money with
me. We deposited it into the bank
this afternoon.

YANGA
No you didn't! We were watching
you.

ELLEN
No I did. If you were watching...
it was immediately after I argued
with those two fools...

He backhand slaps her and she falls over onto her side.

YANGA
I'm not a fool. You're lying to
me!

The ring on Yanga's hand has cut Ellen's face and blood
starts spurting out!

35 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, LOUNGE -- NIGHT 35

FANIE is lying face down on the floor. His hands are cable
tied behind his back.

HARRY is becoming more and more impatient, he's pacing up
and down nervously.

JOEY on the other hand, has raided the liquor cabinet, and
is enjoying a large glass of Johnny Walker Blue as he
relaxes on the couch...

FANIE
I'm begging you. Please. Take
whatever you want in the house and
just leave...please.

HARRY
Shut up!

Harry grabs the gaffer tape and tapes Fanie's mouth shut.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm the one doing the talking, not
you...UNDERSTAND? You ... you
listen.

JOEY
You have new guests from overseas
and you got paid by them. So,
where's the money?

Harry kicks Fanie, who curls up in a ball.

HARRY
Come on speak up. Where's the
money?

JOEY
This isn't working

HARRY
I've got an idea. Watch him.

Harry leaves the lounge.

36 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, BATHROOM -- NIGHT 36

ELLEN is lying in a pool of her own blood. The cut on her face does not want to stop bleeding and blood is dripping onto the floor. YANGA is squatting so that his face is uncomfortably close to hers.

ELLEN
Take my rings. The silver in the lounge is worth a a lot of money... but we don't have cash!

YANGA
If you can't tell me where the cash is there's no point in you yapping.

Yanga grabs the tape and tries to tape her mouth shut. She resists...

ELLEN
No! Don't...

Yanga slaps her, this time she passes out and he tapes her mouth shut in silence.

37 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, STOREROOM -- NIGHT 37

The room is dimly lit. On one wall, above a wooden bench, is an array of tools. Each in it's place.

HARRY walks over and reaches out to take a pair of long-nose pliers, as he does so, a screwdriver falls and hits a blowtorch on the bench. The sound echoes loudly.

Harry's eyes light up as looks down and sees the blowtorch. He puts the pliers back in their place, and picks the blowtorch up with a broad smile on his face.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out his lighter and fires it up. The flame burns a bright orange and he adjusts it until it's a translucent blue.

38 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, MAIN BEDROOM -- NIGHT 38

YANGA is going through Fanie's trousers, which are hung over the chair.

He pulls out his wallet, but there is only R100.00 in notes.

 YANGA
 You must be fucken kidding! Where
 is the rest of it?

Yanga storms out of the room.

39 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, LOUNGE -- NIGHT 39

JOEY is on his third shot of Johnny Walker Blue, and FANIE is curled up in a ball shivering and crying softly through the gaffer tape.

YANGA and HARRY enter the room at the same time from different doors.

Yanga kicks Fanie.

 YANGA
 Where the fuck is the money?

He sees the blowtorch in Harry's hand...

 YANGA (CONT'D)
 Stop fucking around. Put that
 thing down and start helping

 HARRY
 I am helping. Watch this.

He dramatically fires up the blowtorch.

Fanie's eyes widen with fear!

 HARRY (CONT'D)
 Look at what I got here meneer.

He threateningly moves closer to Fanie with the flame.

Yanga snatches the blowtorch away from Harry...

 YANGA
 But it's not for you. If you don't
 speak I think we'll rearrange the
 flesh on your wife's face!

He turns and walks out the way he came. Harry pulls the tape from Fanie's face roughly

 HARRY
 Anything to say?

 FANIE
 I'll talk.
 (MORE)

FANIE (CONT'D)
(shouts))
I'll tell you where the money is.
Just don't hurt her!

40 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, BATHROOM -- NIGHT 40

ELLEN is still lying in a pool of her own blood, but she is conscious again.

YANGA casually walks in with the flaming blowtorch.

He sits down on the toilet and starts warming up the pool of blood. It starts bubbling and she lifts her face as it gets hot.

YANGA
(very relaxed)
Don't worry my dear... this isn't
for you. It's to rearrange the
flesh on your husbands face...

He gets up to go as Ellen starts to struggle violently.

He stops at the door - blowtorch in his hand.

YANGA (CONT'D)
... unless you want to tell us
where the money is?

Ellen nods violently and tries to say "Yes" through the tape

ELLEN
Yugh. Yugh!

Yanga leans down and rips half the tape from her face... it hangs from her one cheek.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
(begging)
I told you we don't have any.
It's all in the bank! Please take
whatever you want Yanga, but we
don't have any money.

Yanga freezes at the mention of his name. Ellen goes quiet - realising that she's given away that she knows who he is.

He deliberately places the blowtorch on the ground next to her and slowly takes his balaclava off.

They look at each other in silence.

Suddenly he slaps her... violently.

YANGA

Bitch!

She falls back.

He reaches over to the waste bin which is melting from the heat of the blowtorch, grabs the plastic bag lining, and rolls it into a ball, before shoving it into Ellen's mouth.

He uses the tape hanging from her cheek to keep it in place.

41 INT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, LOUNGE -- NIGHT 41

JOEY has raided the fridge and is now eating a drumstick watching HARRY interrogate Fanie.

HARRY

So your idea of telling me where the money is, is to say; "It's in the bank!"?

FANIE

But it's the truth. My wife deposited it this afternoon.

YANGA enters with his balaclava back on and the blowtorch flaming...

YANGA

We've wasted a lot of time and we still haven't gotten anywhere.

HARRY

Now you're gonna regret not talking sooner.

Yanga puts the blazing blow torch to Fanie's thigh and he jumps away as best he can.

YANGA

Talk you fucker!!!

FANIE

Eina! Asseblief stop it.

YANGA

Tell us what we want to know and I'll stop.

Joey is frozen... half eaten drumstick in his hand, eyes wide open as he watches the brutality taking place before him.

Harry holds Fanie down and Yanga focuses the blowtorch on Fanie's thigh again - first his hair is set on fire. In a

flash of flame it's gone... and then his flesh sizzles and smokes.

FANIE

Aaaagh!! Shit! Asseblief. I've already told you we don't have money in the house. Take my bank card. My pin is 8201

YANGA

Why should I believe you?

He focuses the blowtorch on his other thigh...

FANIE

Fok! It's true.

Another flash of flame as the hair here catches fire.

FANIE (CONT'D)

Aaagh! Take the caaaard!

HARRY

We not taking any chances. You're coming with us.

Yanga switches off the blowtorch and puts it down...

YANGA

OK. Bring him. Joey fetch the missus from upstairs.

Joey hasn't moved

YANGA (CONT'D)

Let's go!

Joey drops the drumstick and runs out.

42 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, IMPALA FARMHOUSE, CARPORT -- NIGHT 42

A Grey Toyota Hilux Doublecab is parked under a shade netting carport.

The quiet buzz of the veldt, and the chirping of the crickets is disturbed by the sound of the Double Cab starting. The lights go on, and it reverses to the back door of the house.

HARRY pushes FANIE out the door. He stumbles into the side of the Double Cab and falls to the ground.

Harry picks him up by the scruff of his neck, opens the back door and pushes him in, slamming the door shut.

YANGA
Where the fuck's Joey?

HARRY
I'll get him

Before he gets to the door, JOEY is there with ELLEN slung over his shoulder. There is blood everywhere!

YANGA
Fuck Joey! There's too much blood.
Put her in the back.

He throws her limp body into the back of the bakkie. Harry and Joey both get into the double cab (Joey in the front) and Yanga does a wheel-spin as he pulls away.

43 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, FARM ROAD T-JUNCTION -- NIGHT 43

The Grey Toyota Hilux Doublecab approaches the T-Junction between the dirt farm road and the National tar road too fast.

The Double Cab takes the turn at speed without stopping.

44 EXT. KAROO, RICHMOND, NATIONAL ROAD -- NIGHT 44

The Grey Toyota Hilux Doublecab slows and pulls over. The lights stay on, the engine keeps running, three doors open and YANGA, HARRY and JOEY get out. They walk around to the veld and standing next to each other, start to pee. Steam rises in the cold air off the warm urine.

HARRY
Do you think he's given us the
right PIN number?

JOEY
Yip. He was shitting himself!

YANGA
Well if he lied he's dead!

Without the three noticing, the back door of the Double Cab slowly opens and FANIE slips out.

His feet make a noise on the gravel and the three turn towards him... spraying each other with urine as they turn!

YANGA (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Fanie makes a run for it into the veld.

The three are zipping up as they run towards where Fanie disappeared into the darkness.

Yanga shout out after Fanie as he returns to the bakkie and drags ELLEN from the back.

YANGA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
If you don't come back your wife
is dead!

Yanga holds her up with one hand as he pulls out the 9mm Pistol and points it at Ellens' head.

YANGA (CONT'D)
(shouts)
I'm not gonna ask twice!

Fanie appears out of the darkness.

FANIE
I'm sorry. It was just instinct.

Yanga shoots. The bullet hits the ground near his feet.

FANIE (CONT'D)
Don't shoot!

YANGA
What's that PIN number again?

FANIE
8201

YANGA
Joey?

JOEY
Yes?

YANGA
Is it right?

JOEY
Yes. 8201 - it's the same.

Yanga pushes Ellen into the culvert next to the road and she rolls down the embankment.

FANIE
Noooo!

Yanga shoots Fanie. He falls backwards into the culvert.