

SCRIPT TITLE

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UBUNTU

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**TEASER**

1 INT. SHACK - EVENING

A young woman is looking at herself in a cracked mirror, putting makeup on. She slowly gets herself done up nice and pretty, before turning around. Exposing two children, one boy, one girl, in the reflection of the mirror. The girl aged about five and the boy three.

WOMAN

Alright, time for bed you guys.

She walks them into a separate room and closes the door. We are left to scan her living room. She is living in a shack for lack of a better term. It's not in the best of shape, but it's clear that she is trying. After about 90 seconds, the door opens, and she returns into view. She grabs her purse and opens the front door locking it behind her.

2 EXT. STREET CORNER - EVENING

The girl walks up to a group of women similar in age and dress.

WOMAN 1

Hey.

(Waves to the group as  
she approaches)

OTHER WOMEN

Hi!

(Excited to see her)

WOMAN 1

Any luck today?

WOMAN 2

Makenna got picked up already. It's  
been dry for the rest of us.

WOMAN 1

(Sighs)

Well, another day, right?

(Walks to the street  
corner and waves at a car  
passing by)

**END TEASER**

3 BLACK SCREEN - WHITE LETTERS READING "IT'S NOT A MATTER OF CHANCE BEFORE CRIME GETS YOU... IT'S A MATTER OF TIME." - UNKNOWN, CAPE TOWN, SA.

4 TITLE SCENE - OPENING SONG

ACT 1

5 EXT. OVERVIEW OF CAPE TOWN - DAY TO EVENING

Birds eye view of the nice half of Cape Town. Shows big buildings, hotels, beaches, etc. Birds eye view of the Cape Flats. Slums, run down shacks, dirt roadways, broken down schools, very few buildings.

NEW ANGLE - STREET TRAFFIC (NICE HALF) (BAD HALF)

Shows nice restaurants, lots of tourists walking around. Mostly rich white people. Nice sports facilities. Big hotels. People having fun on the beach, etc. Now shows the Cape Flats. Poor people and gang members walking around/on each stoop. Almost everyone is black. Drug users, dealers and prostitutes on every corner.

NEW ANGLE - BIRDS EYE VIEW OF CAPE FLATS, ZOOM IN ON MITCHELL'S PLAIN, ZOOM IN ON ROCKLANDS NEIGHBORHOOD, ZOOM IN ON TWO TEENAGERS WALKING

(GIVES A SENSE OF WHERE EXACTLY THIS STORY TAKES PLACE)

NEW ANGLE - STREET VIEW

6 EXT. ROCKLANDS NEIGHBORHOOD, MITCHELL'S PLAIN STREETS - AFTERNOON

Two boys are walking home from school. One of them is very light skinned, almost white, thin but athletic and good looking. The other is dark, short, and stocky, but muscular. Both have backpacks slung over their shoulder.

MUSCULAR BOY

Saw you lookin at Talisa today.

LEAN BOY

Aye she cute bro, what can I say.

MUSCULAR BOY

Then ask her out bra!

(slaps his friend on the chest lightly)

There's a party this Friday man, make a move then.

LEAN BOY

I don't know bro; I don't even think she knows me like that.

MUSCULAR BOY

Shit bra, that don't even matter. Just make the first move.

LEAN BOY

Alright, alright... Talk to me Friday once I've had a few beers in me.

MUSCULAR BOY

Alright. But when it comes time, I'm going to push it.

(Both laugh)

(A beat)

You sad footy's over?

LEAN BOY

Yeah bro. We messed up our last chance to win the cup. Fuckin sucks. Time to graduate though.  
(Sighs)

MUSCULAR BOY

Hey bra, your good enough to keep playing. I've seen you. Go to some tryouts or something. A team will take you.

LEAN BOY

We'll see. I hope so. Otherwise, it's a shit real job like everybody else.

(A beat)

Well... Not everybody. "Now taking center stage, introducing Semente Hande, Mikel Nnadi!"

(Both laugh)

"Weighing in at"

(Gets lightly punched)

MIKEL

Alright that's enough.  
(Both laugh)

LEAN BOY

You're gonna be a famous boxer bro!

MIKEL

That's the dream. Looks possible too.

LEAN BOY

That shit gonna happen. Trust.

MIKEL

Yeah, yeah. Well first, we get this test done tomorrow and then we party.

LEAN BOY

Sounds good bro.

The two boys dap each other up and go their separate ways.

MIKEL

See you tomorrow Junior!  
(Junior waves back)

7 EXT. STREETS OF ROCKLANDS - AFTERNOON

Straight on shot of a kid, dark skin, buzz cut. About 13 years old leaning up against a wall smoking a cigarette. The wall has graffiti reading something, but the kid is blocking too much of it to read. A homeless couple, both white, steps into frame and walks up to the kid.

HOMELESS MAN

Ah Johnny... Good to see you.

JONATHAN

Alright, alright bra... How much you want?

HOMELESS MAN

Four.

JONATHAN

80 rands.

The homeless man digs in his pockets, pulls the money, and hands it to the kid. The kid counts it in seconds and nods them to go across the street. They do. You can see behind them the kid hold four fingers up.

NEW ANGLE - SECOND KID

Another teen also black, has a baby face, is leaning up against the wall across from the first kid. He slides the homeless couple their drugs very slyly. The couple walks off and then the kid crosses the street.

NEW ANGLE - BOTH KIDS

JONATHAN  
We done bra?

KID 2  
Yea bra sold out.

JONATHAN  
Seems early.

KID 2  
Aye, we gettin more customers.  
That's a good thing.  
(A beat)

Jonathan pulls 200 rands out of the backpack and tucks it in his pocket. He pulls another 200 out and hands it to the other kid.

KID 2 (CONT'D)  
Thanks, bra.

Jonathan laughs and tosses the backpack to his friend.

JONATHAN  
Don't be thankin me. You the one  
doing the drop for Adolfo.

KID 2  
(Sighs)  
Aight bra, see you later.

JONATHAN  
(Dabs him up)  
Peace, Noni.

Jonathan walks in the opposite direction, while Noni takes off with the two bags. When they both leave, the graffiti is revealed reading "The name of their gang". (Place holder)

8 INT. JUNIOR'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Junior comes through his front door. His mother is in the kitchen making dinner. His father is sitting in a chair reading. His mother is black, and his father is white. Junior clearly resembles his father more.

JUNIOR  
I'm home!



MOM

How was your day honey?  
(Turns towards him)

JUNIOR

It was alright... The usual, I guess.  
(Sets his backpack down  
and takes a seat at the  
table)

DAD

School good?  
(Peers up from his book)

JUNIOR

Yeah, it was good. Last test of the  
year on Friday though.

MOM

Well, it's important to end the  
year strong. Only a month left!  
Aren't you excited?

JUNIOR

I guess so.  
(Sighs)

DAD

You don't sound too excited.

JUNIOR

I just don't know what I'm going to  
do yet after I graduate is all.

MOM

You don't need to worry about that  
right now. You'll find something.

JUNIOR

By the way, there's a party this  
Friday for the seniors. I won't be  
home til late.

DAD

Alright, just be safe.

JUNIOR

I will, I will.  
(A beat)  
What's for dinner?

MOM

Potjiekos!

JUNIOR  
I love Potjiekos!  
(Jumps up from seat)

DAD  
Me too.  
(Nodding to Junior)

MOM  
I know you guys do. Don't ever say  
I don't feed my boys.  
(Walks over and kisses  
each on forehead.)

DAD  
Alright Junior... Go study for your  
test. We'll call you for dinner.

JUNIOR  
Okay.  
(Grabs backpack and  
leaves the room)

9 INT. ADOLFO'S HOUSE - EVENING

Noni sits at a kitchen table with two men sitting either side of him, each gripping his arm uncomfortably. Both men are black, one is tall with short dreads and the other is short and balding. They watch him intently.

NEW ANGLE - MAN AT SINK

A man stands at the sink of a relatively nice kitchen. Nicer than Junior's house by a lot. The man is black with a goatee and spiked up hair. He is well built but not super muscular. He washes his hands patiently and then begins filling a kettle with water. He almost hums to himself while doing it.

NEW ANGLE - NONI

Noni remains quiet, clear nervousness written across his face.

NEW ANGLE - MAN AT SINK

The man finishes filling the kettle and carries it over to the stove. He puts the kettle down and turns up the flames. It's a moment or two before he speaks.

MAN  
Something you want to tell me?

NONI  
What?

MAN  
I said... Is there something you want  
to tell me?

NONI  
No. Why?  
(Nervously)

MAN  
Listen. This shit gonna be way  
worse for you if you lie to me.  
(Looks back at the  
kettle)  
(A beat)  
You been stealing from me. True, or  
no?

NONI  
(Takes a moment to think)  
True.  
(Quietly)

MAN  
What was that?

NONI  
True.  
(Tear comes down his eye)  
(A beat)  
I'm... I'm sorry Adolfo! It won't  
happen again! I promise!

ADOLFO  
You can never trust an addict.  
(Shakes his head in  
disappointment)  
I've learned that lesson too many  
times.  
(A beat)  
You know how I knew?

NONI  
What?  
(Kettle starts to  
whistle)

Adolfo grabs the kettle and walks over towards Noni.

NONI (CONT'D)  
No! No! Please! It... It won't happen  
again! It... It won't!  
(Crying now)

ADOLFO  
(Laughs)  
(A beat)  
Simon! Obi! Hold him down!

The two men hold Noni down to the table so that one cheek is exposed and the other is pressed up against the table.

NONI  
Adolfo. Please. You don't have to  
do this.

ADOLFO  
Yeah... I kinda do. You see... I can't  
let you off with a just a warning,  
or more of you little fucks will  
think you can get one over on me.  
(Noni cries more)  
(A beat)  
You're a thief Noni. And you're to  
be treated as one. Take your  
punishment. Learn from it.

Noni tries to hold back his tears by closing his eyes and bracing for it. Adolfo carefully pours the boiling water over Noni's cheek, completely burning his skin. Noni screams in pain, like an animal stuck in a trap.

NONI  
AHHHHH! FUCK! HELP!

His skin boils and pops. Once done, Adolfo sets the kettle down and Simon and Obi released him.

NONI (CONT'D)  
Jesus! Fuck!  
(Grips his half-mutilated  
face)  
Fuck you, Adolfo!  
(Adolfo laughs)  
(A beat)

ADOLFO  
I knew cause I put extra tik in  
your pack this time.

NONI  
What?  
(Trying to catch breath)

ADOLFO

I had a suspicion you were stealing from me when you came up light the last few times. Now, this time I gave you a little extra tik. Should mean more money.

(Noni stops coughing and looks up at Adolfo)

My bet is you didn't even look. You just sold the same amount as you have the last few times and were going to take the rest. No change in profits today from last time... But more product.

NONI

I'm... I'm... I'm sorry... I'll never steal from you again.

(A beat)

ADOLFO

You sell the amount I give you. Until there's nothing left. Is that clear?

(A beat)

NONI

Ye- yes.

(Whimpering)

ADOLFO

Now get your ass outta here.

Adolfo shoves Noni hard towards the front door. He falls on the ground and stands up and quickly exits.

10 INT. ROCKLANDS SECONDARY SCHOOL - DAY

A skinny, light skin kid with slicked back brown hair leans up against a locker, calm as can be, headphones in ear. Mikel stands opposing him nose deep in a textbook. After a moment or so Mikel looks up.

MIKEL

Whatcha doin Luan?

LUAN

(Takes headphones out)

What?

MIKEL

(Chuckles)

I said what are you doin?

LUAN  
What do you mean?

MIKEL  
Shouldn't you be studying. Last few minutes to cram before the test.

LUAN  
Nah, I got it all up here.  
(Points to his brain)

MIKEL  
Nah. You just don't care is all.

LUAN  
Well, there's that too.  
(Both laugh)

Junior comes from down the hall and joins them.

JUNIOR  
What's up guys?  
(Dapping each up)

LUAN  
Mikel's trying to get some last-minute studying in and I'm just chillin.

JUNIOR  
That's because you don't care.  
(Pulls out his book)  
Come on Luan. If you know it all so well, I'll quiz you.  
(Flips through some pages)

LUAN  
Alright give me your worst.  
(Excited)

JUNIOR  
One sec, let me find one.

Junior gets distracted as Talisa walks by. His eyes follow her as she walks, and he ignores Luan's request for a question.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, what was that?

LUAN  
I said come on, give me a question.

MIKEL  
He was watching Talisa.  
(Smirks)

JUNIOR  
Shut up bro.  
(Embarrassed)

LUAN  
Oh, so you like Talisa huh?

JUNIOR  
Aye, guys, leave it alone.

LUAN  
Aye bro, she's hot. I ain't  
judging.  
(A beat)

JUNIOR  
(Shakes his head)  
Alright Luan let's get to your  
question.

Just then another student walks down the hall with his group.  
He is much taller and stronger in stature. He is also black.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
Fuckin Sal.  
(Under his breath)

When Sal and his friends reach Junior, he knocks the textbook  
out of Junior's hands.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
What the fuck Sal!  
(Junior and his friends  
all turn towards him)

SAL  
Hey, not my fault you got loose  
hands.  
(Smiles)

JUNIOR  
Just fuck off.

SAL  
Hey Junior. Let me ask you  
something. If your dad's white and  
your mom's black, does that make  
you a Boer or a Kaffir?  
(Sal's friends laugh,  
shocked at what he said)

MIKEL  
Hey, he said fuck off.  
(Bell rings)

SAL  
Hey bra, I belong here. Them two  
Whites belong in Europe.  
(Points out Junior and  
Luan)

MIKEL  
Fuck you, Sal.

SAL  
Whatever bra.

Sal and his posse continue down the hall while Junior picks up his textbook.

MIKEL  
You good bra?  
(Heading into the  
classroom)

JUNIOR  
Yeah, just... Fuck that guy.  
(Walks next to Mikel)

The three of them take a seat at their desk.

11 INT. ADOLFO'S HOUSE - DAY

A group of five men, featuring Adolfo, Simon and Obi are all sitting around on couches and chairs smoking Tik. There are three pipes being passed around, meaning two men are left empty handed at any one time. After a hit, the men would blow huge piles of smoke, filling the room. They would get an initial rush of energy. Members stand up and move around a bit. They act jittery. Followed by a feeling of euphoria. Where they would melt back into the couch or chair.

MAN  
Saw how you did Noni.

ADOLFO  
So, what. The kid's a thief, he  
needed to be taught a lesson.  
(Heats up a pipe)

MAN  
What did he do?



SIMON

He'd been stealin from us.  
(Man looks at Adolfo)

ADOLFO

He'd been stealing Tik.  
(Takes a big drag from  
the pipe)  
(A beat)  
(Blows out a shit ton of  
smoke)  
He knows how it is. He can use. But  
he buys like the rest.  
(The men nod in  
agreement)  
(A beat)

OBI

You see Ray is in Lesotho makin a  
deal?  
(Holds up a phone with a  
news article on it)

The news article's title reads "Raymond Kimathi, Cape Drug  
Lord, travels to Lesotho to set up new drug route to South  
Africa".

SIMON

Let me see that.  
(Obi tosses the phone to  
Simon, and Simon begins  
reading in his head)

ADOLFO

If Ray's outta town, this is the  
best time to hit the (Insert Gang  
Name.) With Ray gone, they'll be  
weak.

MAN

Are you sure? That's gonna be an  
all-out gang war.  
(Heats up a pipe)

ADOLFO

Obi how long is Ray gonna be gone  
for?  
(Simon hands Obi the  
phone back)

OBI  
 (Scrolls through article  
 for a moment)  
 Nothing specific, but it says he  
 left today. You know how these  
 things go. It'll be a week at  
 least.

ADOLFO  
 You see Ekambi...  
 (Looking at the man who  
 asked)  
 Nothing to worry about.  
 (Ekambi nods)

SIMON  
 So what's the plan?  
 (Takes a drag from a  
 pipe)

ADOLFO  
 Me, you and Obi, gonna hit them  
 tonight. After the sun goes down,  
 we break in steal their candy. They  
 won't be able to sell until Ray is  
 back with their new deal... And by  
 then, ain't gonna be any of them  
 left.  
 (Laughs)

SIMON  
 A hundred.  
 (Fist pounds Adolfo)  
 (Obi reluctantly nods)

# 12 EXT. STREETS OF ROCKLANDS - AFTERNOON

Luan walks down the street listening to music through his  
 cheap headphones. We follow him walk for about three blocks.  
 He passes homeless, addicts, prostitutes, shack after shack,  
 etc. The viewer grows a better sense of the neighborhood and  
 the surroundings. He finally arrives at one shack in  
 particular. He knocks on the door four times.

ANONYMOUS VOICE  
 Who is it?!

LUAN  
 It's Luan!  
 (A beat)  
 Come on! Open up!

The door opens, revealing Jonathan on the other side. The two dap each other up.

JONATHAN  
Aye bra, what's good?

LUAN  
Ah, you know. The usual.

JONATHAN  
A hundred.  
(Nodding his head)  
Well come on in.  
(Leads Luan inside)

13 INT. JONATHAN'S SHACK - AFTERNOON

Luan follows Jonathan into the shack and takes a seat on one of the only chairs.

JONATHAN  
So, an eighth?

LUAN  
Ah look at you, you know your customer.  
(Jokingly)

JONATHAN  
Easy when you get the same shit every time.  
(A beat)  
You sure you don't want anything else? Something stronger?

LUAN  
Nah bro, just the weed.  
(Pulls out some rands)

JONATHAN  
Alright, alright. Which one?  
(Holds up two bags of weed)

LUAN  
You tried em? There's a grad party this Friday so I need to stay awake.

JONATHAN  
Ah congratulations. And yeah, you want this one.  
(Tosses Luan the baggie)  
(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

You know, I never would have taken  
you for doin good in school.

LUAN

(Laughs)

I said I'm graduating not that I  
did well.

(Gives Jonathan the  
money)

JONATHAN

(Laughs)

Alright bra, have fun at the party.

LUAN

Be back soon.

Luan leaves the shack, closing the door behind him.

14 EXT. SHACK HOSTING PARTY - NIGHT

Birds eye view of the section of shacks where the party is.  
The one with the party is larger than the surrounding ones.  
Viewer can see a bunch of teenagers all gathered around the  
shack, smoke coming up into the air. If the viewer pays close  
attention, they can see a figure a few blocks off to the side  
standing in an alley. American party music can be heard  
throughout the air.

15 INT. SHACK HOSTING THE PARTY, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mikel is standing in the dining room talking to his  
girlfriend. (Viewer doesn't know that yet.) His girlfriend is  
also short and black like Mikel, but very pretty. In the next  
room, there are a bunch of kids dancing. Loud American hip-  
hop music crowds the scene.

GIRL

We did it Mikel! We're going to  
graduate.

(They kiss)

MIKEL

It's about time. Feels like we've  
been trapped here forever.

GIRL

For real. Not gonna miss this  
place.

Junior enters the room.

JUNIOR  
What's up guys?  
(Daps up Mikel and hugs  
the girl)

GIRL  
Nothing, we were just talking about  
graduation.

JUNIOR  
Ah forget that.

GIRL  
Why?

MIKEL  
He's just worried cause he doesn't  
know what he's gonna do yet.

GIRL  
You're smart. Do whatever you want.

MIKEL  
I said he should continue footy.

JUNIOR  
You can't just do what you want  
when you come from around here. My  
good grades don't mean shit.  
(The girl reluctantly  
nods in agreeance)  
Luan enters the room.

LUAN  
Hey what's good?  
(Obnoxiously loud)  
(Daps Junior and Mikel  
up)

JUNIOR  
What's up Luan?

LUAN  
The beautiful Amahle I see.  
(Gestures to the girl  
with his hands)

AMAHLE  
(Giggles and blushes)  
Thanks Luan.

MIKEL

Aye bra, get your own girlfriend.

(Jokingly)

(They all laugh)

LUAN

Speaking of girls...

(A beat)

Are we getting Junior to talk to

Talisa tonight?

(All look at Junior for  
an answer)

JUNIOR

We'll see bro, we'll see.

(A beat)

How do you guys think you did on  
the test?

MIKEL

Pretty good, I think.

LUAN

Who cares bro. We're at a party.

Let's have fun, not talk about  
tests.

(A beat)

Who wants a drink?

ALL

Me.

(All laugh)

LUAN

Four beers, two hands. I think I  
can do it.

(Walks to the kitchen)

MIKEL

Grab me two!

LUAN

We'll see!

(leaving the room)

Another kid enters the room.

KID

What's up guys?

JUNIOR

Hey Dave.

MIKEL

What's up?

AMAHLE

Thanks for having us over. You  
throw a good party.

JUNIOR

Yeah, thanks.  
(Mikel nods as well)

DAVE

Hey, no problem, you guys enjoy  
yourself.

Luan walks in holding six beers.

LUAN

(Laughs)  
Look three in each hand.  
(A beat)  
Oh, what's up Dave?  
(Passes out the beers)

DAVE

You care if I join you for a drink?

MIKEL

Of course not!  
(Handing him a beer)

16 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

About a four-minute compilation scene of the group drinking  
multiple beers and taking shots. At first with Dave but  
without him eventually. Then another kid comes up.

KID

Aye what's up guys?

JUNIOR

What's good?  
(Daps the kid up)  
(Group head nods to him)

KID

Graduation! You excited?

MIKEL

Yeah, yeah, ready to get out of  
here.

KID

For real...  
(A beat)  
(MORE)

KID (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm looking to play someone  
in Diketo... Anyone interested?

LUAN

Oh, for sure.  
(Jumping out of his  
chair)

KID

We bettin though. That cool?

LUAN

Yeah, it's cool if I take your  
money.  
(Laughs)

KID

(Laughs)  
You guys comin?  
(Addressing the rest of  
the group)  
(The group looks at each  
other and shrugs)

AMAHLE

Why not?  
(Stands from her chair)

The group follows through the kitchen and out the front door  
of the house passing drunk dancing teens along the way

17 EXT. RIGHT OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT

The group follows the kid around to the side of the house.

KID

Alright, gather some stones. One  
big one!  
(Starts looking around  
for stones on the ground)

LUAN

I know how to play.  
(Shrugging off the kids  
comment)  
(Also looks for stones)

JUNIOR

So Eze... You actually any good at  
this game?



EZE

Of course. Why do you think I bet.

(Confident)

(A beat)

Speaking of which, how does ten rands sound Luan?

LUAN

I say we go 15.

EZE

Deal.

Once done gathering all the stones, the group huddles around the ground where they etch two similar sized circles in the sand. The game begins. Eze places his ten stones in the middle of the circle and grips his biggest one in his hand. He tosses it up in the air and begins to frantically move stone after stone from the circle. It lands back on the ground with a plop. He got six stones out of the circle. Four remain.

JUNIOR

Shit Luan. That's gonna be hard to beat.

LUAN

Nah don't worry I got this.

The process repeats this time with Luan. He is able to get all but two stones out of his circle before it touches the ground.

LUAN (CONT'D)

Let's go. Where my money? Where my money?

(Jokingly)

EZE

Damn you good bra.

(Handing him the 15 rands)

Play again?

LUAN

Nah, sorry bro. Once was enough. Leave while you're on top, you know?

(A beat)

(Eze nods)

Now that we out here... You guys tryna smoke?

(MORE)

LUAN (CONT'D)

(Pulls a few joints out  
of his pocket.)

Eze, you welcome to join.

EZE

Nah bra, I'm good on the weed. You  
got any Tik though?

(Group shakes their head)

(A beat)

Never mind, it's all good.

(A beat)

I'll see you guys later.

Eze walks back around from where they came.

LUAN

Well? Do you guys want to smoke?

JUNIOR

Sounds good to me.

AMAHLE

You know I like a toke.

LUAN

Mikel?

MIKEL

Nah, can't. Not with boxing. Just  
drinking for me. But I'll come with  
you guys of course.

(Takes a sip of his beer)

LUAN

Alright I know a good spot.

The group walks a couple blocks away to an alley. During the  
walk there is some conversation.

JUNIOR

So, Luan... How you get so good at  
Diketo?

LUAN

Man, I use to play that shit with  
my dad like all the time as a kid.  
You know before the drugs.

(The group nods but  
doesn't say anything)

JUNIOR

Hey Mikel.

MIKEL

Yeah?

JUNIOR

You got that big boxing match  
coming up right?

MIKEL

Oh yeah.  
(Confidently)

JUNIOR

You ready?

MIKEL

Oh for sure. I'm gonna smoke him.  
(Mikel throws some loose  
drunk punches to the air)  
(The group laughs)  
Hey, I expect you all to be there!

JUNIOR

We will.

LUAN

For sure.

18 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

They arrive to the spot and Luan pulls out the joints again and lights one up. He takes a massive drag and lets it all out in relaxation before laughing and handing the joint to Junior. Out of nowhere Sal can be seen approaching the distance.

JUNIOR

Fuck bro...  
(Under his breath)

LUAN

Here comes trouble.

Sal has now reached the group.

SAL

Hey, if there's anything you  
Dutchies do right it's weed.

LUAN

We're having a good night, Sal.  
Just get lost.

Sal approaches Amahle now.

SAL  
And who might you be?  
(Taking her hand)

AMAHLE  
Get off me!  
(Pulls her hand back)

SAL  
Hey!  
(Grabs her hand strongly  
so that she can't let go)

Mikel punches Sal in the face. But in his drunken state his blow doesn't deal the damage it normally would.

MIKEL  
She said get off her Sal!

JUNIOR  
Just fuck off Sal!

LUAN  
Yeah!

Sal shoves Mikel up against the wall of the alley.

SAL  
You think cause you're a boxer I'm  
afraid of you?

Mikel punches Sal twice more. This time Sal stumbles a few feet backward.

SAL (CONT'D)  
I'm done with you always protecting  
these Kaffir mother fuckers. Who's  
side of apartheid are you on?  
(Pulls out a knife and  
steps towards Mikel)

Sal goes to strike the knife at Mikel, but Luan jumps in front of it. The knife slices down Luan's forearm, spilling blood and veins like spaghetti. Luan falls to the floor screaming in pain, clutching his arm.

LUAN  
Ahhhhh! Fuck!

AMAHLE  
Ahhhh!

JUNIOR  
What the fuck!

Junior tackles Sal backward knocking him to the floor. The bloody knife falls out of his and lands a few feet from him. Junior tries to get a punch in, but in his drunken state, Sal easily reverses the situation and is now on top of Junior. He punches Junior once in the face, giving him a bloody nose. Junior puts his hands up and blocks the following punches. Sal is able to break through eventually and wraps his hands around Junior's neck and begins choking him. Mikel quickly grabs the knife and slides it to Junior on the floor.

MIKEL

Junior!

Junior tries to feel for the knife. Sal gets another punch in. He finally grips the knife and strikes it through Sal's back. Sal Screams.

SAL

Ahhhh!

Sal almost slumps over but catches himself on the ground over Junior. Junior pulls it out and strikes it through once again. This time Sal slumps over on top of Junior. A gurgling sound coming from his throat. Junior shimmies out from under Sal's body. The gurgling sounds fills the air as the life slowly drains from Sal's body.

AMAHLE

Oh my god.  
(Tears rushing down her  
face)

MIKEL

We need a plan and fast.

19 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS SEPARATING ROCKLANDS FROM TAFELSIG - NIGHT

Three dark figures scurry across the railroad tracks quickly, staying low to the ground.

20 EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE, TAFELSIG NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Adolfo, Obi and Simon all stand across the street from a shack slightly separated from the others on the block. Music can be heard quietly coming from the home and a dark silhouette passes the window. Simon has a machine gun slung over his shoulder.

OBI

Didn't think they'd be awake.  
(Whispers)

ADOLFO

It doesn't matter. The plan is the same.

(Simon and Obi both nod)

(A beat)

Alright Simon, light them up.

Simon pulls the machine gun from his shoulder and begins spraying bullets at the house. Screams and shattered glass follow.

ADOLFO (CONT'D)

Now Obi! Now!

Adolfo stands up and sprints across the street, running down one side of the house. Obi does the same to the other side.

21 EXT. BACKDOOR - NIGHT

Adolfo and Obi meet at the back door. The shots from Simon stop ringing out. Both draw their pistols. Adolfo shoots the handle twice with his pistol forcing the door to blow open. They enter.

22 INT. TRAP HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

A man swiftly comes from down the hall but Adolfo headshots him with ease. They enter the kitchen rapidly.

23 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

As they enter the kitchen, they are greeted with the sight of three bodies on the floor, each riddled with bullets from Simon's machine gun. Two more men lay crouched underneath a table. The table has cards and chips spread across it; clear they were playing poker.

ADOLFO

Stand up!

(Gestures them up with his pistol)

The two men stand up from under the table, hands shown, fear written across their faces.

ADOLFO (CONT'D)

Where the candy! Where the money!

Huh?

(Waving his pistol)

The two men remain dead silent. A moment goes by and Adolfo shoots one in the shin. He falls to the ground in agony clutching his leg.

MAN  
Ah! Fuck! Ah!

ADOLFO  
Where the fuck it at!

MAN 2  
Upstairs... Take a left. Bedroom  
closet... Green bag got the rands.  
Red got the drugs.

Adolfo nods to Obi to go check it out. Simon enters the kitchen, gun over his shoulder. Obi heads up the stairs.

24 INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Obi enters the bedroom and heads straight for the closet. He locates the bags with ease and turns to leave when a cap with the FIFA World Cup South Africa 2010 patch caught his eye. He snagged the hat and put it on before leaving the room.

25 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Adolfo calls up to Obi.

ADOLFO  
Got the bags?

OBI  
Yeah, it's all here.  
(Calls down from  
upstairs)

Adolfo laughs then gives Simon a tap on the shoulder. Obi starts coming down the stairs able to witness. Simon pulls out the machine gun and kills the remaining two men. Multiple bullets in each. Obi gets all the way downstairs.

ADOLFO  
(Laughs and grabs Simon's  
shoulder in appreciation)  
Lets get outta here.

Obi remained looking at the bodies for a moment. As Adolfo and Simon went out the back door. Then Adolfo's voice called.

ADOLFO (CONT'D)  
Obi! Let's go!

Obi leaves the room after one more glance at the bodies.

26 INT. JUNIOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Junior lies awake in his bed. The gurgling sound of Sal's last breath play throughout the scene but gets louder as the scene goes on. We see the clock says 3 AM. We zoom in slowly on Junior's wide awake face as the sound gets really loud.

27 INT. AMAHLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mikel hugs Amahle in the spoon position and kisses her on the neck.

MIKEL

Everything's gonna be okay. I got you.

(Grips her tighter)

(A tear runs down her eye)

28 INT. LUAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luan lay in bed watching tv on his phone. His arm has a huge amount of bandages around it. It's clear he saw some form of doctor. He sighs in pain and makes a face like he's in major discomfort. He props his pillow up and sits at a 90-degree angle and continues looking at his phone.

29 INT. ABANDONED SHACK JONATHAN LIVES IN - NIGHT

Noni tosses and turns on the couch before standing up. He clutches his face in pain. He is surrounded by sleeping children. Jonathan being one of them. He quietly tip toes to the bathroom, carefully checking each and every other kid to see if any were awake. No Luck. He enters the bathroom.

30 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Noni looks in the mirror and palms the bad half of his face in the bathroom mirror. He lets out a huge sigh and leaves the room.

31 INT. BIG ROOM - NIGHT

He silently walks around the kids and takes his place back on the couch. He clutches his face one last time.



## 32 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The white homeless couple that was seen buying drugs off Jonathan and Noni is resting their backs against an alleyway wall. They pass a pipe back in forth taking hits.

MAN

Is it my shift or yours?

WOMAN

(Takes a big puff)

I got first.

MAN

Alright.

The man lay back on the floor and began to fall asleep. The woman stays up hitting the pipe, keeping watch.

## 33 INT. ADOLFO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adolfo lets out a big yawn and stretches his arms out. Then he gets into bed. His bed is bigger and more comfortable than any of the rests. He turns around and closes his eyes.

## 34 CLOSING CREDITS - CLOSING SONG