

# GET THAT GOLD

by

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**EXT. BUSHVELD - MORNING**

The horizon slices a giant, yellow SUN shimmering through HEAT HAZE as it rises up from the dry, African BUSHVELD.

A VULTURE CRIES O.S..

A fat, WHITE-BACKED VULTURE lands on a ZEBRA CARCASS that an even fatter VULTURE has his head already buried in. The two birds begin bickering over the rotting flesh in a chubby showcase of wing-flapping and beak-snapping--

\*BANG\* A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT O.S. and the vultures launch into the air unscathed as the zebra's rib cage EXPLODES.

SMALL MAN

Fuckit!

A small MAN (Cape Malay, 20s) stands holding a huge, chrome REVOLVER, smoke curling out the barrel. This is POEG: gaunt but with a tweaker's energy levels. He has a LAZY LEFT EYE and speaks with a twangy, CAPE MALAY ACCENT.

Standing next to him is NUGGET, a colossal MAN (Black, 30s) consisting entirely of muscle, vein and sinew.

**NOTE:** This is an AFRICAN story and so the majority of the players in the film will be Black. The reader may assume this for all character descriptions going forward unless otherwise informed.

Nugget extends an open hand to POEG. He speaks with a thick, NIGERIAN PIDGIN ACCENT.

NUGGET

Fifty.

POEG

They moved!

NUGGET

You da one move. Can't hold dat bazooka-- told ya need smaller.

(beat)

Fifty.

POEG

(waving gun about)

You think I can't handle this?

A small SHADOW darts over them as a VULTURE CRIES O.S. Nugget doesn't respond, just points up at the sky.

Poeg reluctantly pulls a crumpled BANK NOTE from out his pocket and smacks it into Nugget's palm.

POEG  
 (points gun up at birds)  
 A hundred says I blow one of those  
 chubby *dooses* right out the sky...

Nugget's laugh sounds like an idling Harley.

GUN'S POV:  
 OVER THE SIGHTS OF THE REVOLVER, like a first-person shooter, we see the vultures circling above... The gun TILTS DOWN and we see a black PICKUP TRUCK in the distance hurtling towards us on a dirt road.

POEG  
 (lowers the gun)  
 Chips, here's the boss.

The pickup's TIRES LOCK, kicking up dust.

The door SLAMS SHUT, revealing the BIG BELLY of a MAN.

A tall, bald, heavy MAN (60s) stands before Nugget and Poeg. This is SIKOBELA. People call him 'Siko' for short but never to his face.

SIKOBELA  
 What's the story?

Poeg and Nugget gauge who has the balls to speak first.

SIKOBELA  
 What? Where's he?

**EXT. BUSHVELD - CLEARING - MORNING**

The three walk towards a battered SEDAN parked in a clearing in the bushveld. BULLET HOLES pock the top of the boot.

Nugget puts his arm out in front of Sikobela--

NUGGET  
 Wait, wait-- e don do, Boss.

SIKOBELA  
 One of you fucks better tell me  
 what the hell is going--

\*BANG\* A BULLET exits the car's boot from the inside.

Nugget and Poeg duck behind a small tree as the bullet WHISTLES past.

Sikobela stands fast, looking at them for an explanation.

NUGGET

Poeg no frisk.

POEG

Fuck you, Nugget! I did frisk him!  
(to Sikobela)

I promise, Boss, I frisked him. I don't know how he got a gun-- I even tied his hands!

SIKOBELA

With that fucking rope?

POEG

No, no Boss! I know you hate the fuckin' rope-- I used the new cable ties, just like you said you wanted! Tell him, Nugget!

NUGGET

(shakes head)

No rope.

\*BANG\* Another bullet blows through the boot and hits a spot of dirt not a foot away from Sikobela.

Siko sighs, contemplating the spot... then on second thought walks over and joins the other two behind the tree.

The CAR ROCKS as the MAN IN THE BOOT thrashes about.

MAN IN BOOT (O.S.)

(muffled)

Who's out there?! I can hear you talking! Go away!

SIKOBELA

It's Sikobela!

The car stops rocking.

MAN IN BOOT (O.S.)

(to himself)

Sikobela? Shit...

(shouts)

Don't come any closer! I'll shoot!  
I'm not stupid!



NUGGET

Oubaas? You put 'im in boot wit  
M16?

POEG

No, man! M15...

MAN IN BOOT (O.S.)

Hey! I'm not stupid! Don't let me  
out-- just go away!

SIKOBELA

We can't just leave you in there,  
you're in the middle of the bush!  
We'll let you out so we can talk--

MAN IN BOOT (O.S.)

You guys grab me and tie me up just  
to talk?! I was doing nothing!

POEG

Hey! Fuckin' liar! You think we  
just go around kidnapping ugly  
bastards for nothing?! You were  
jacking cars on our side of town!

MAN IN BOOT (O.S.)

That was my car!

POEG

You think we stupid?!

MAN IN BOOT (O.S.)

I'm not stupid!

SIKOBELA

(to Poeg)

Shut up.

(to man in boot)

Just relax! You say you not stupid,  
but then how did you land up here,  
eh, stupid?!

MAN IN BOOT (O.S.)

I'm not-- I did nothing!

SIKOBELA

Stop talking shit! You have guns--  
what you think we have out here,  
bows and arrows?! Bullets can go  
through just as easy from this  
side!

Siko calms himself.

SIKOBELA

I don't want to fucking shoot you,  
so tell us who sent you to jack  
cars on my side of town?

MAN IN BOOT (O.S.)

No one! I was alone--

POEG

Liar!

SIKOBELA

(to Poeg)

Shut the fuck up.

(to man in boot)

What's your name?

MAN IN BOOT (O.S.)

Lameck.

SIKOBELA

Okay, Lameck, are you telling me  
that one of Lucky's guys is stupid  
enough to go behind his back and  
steal cars on my side?

LAMECK (O.S.)

I'm not stupid. He said it would--

SIKOBELA

He? Lucky said?

LAMECK (O.S.)

No, it wasn't Lucky!

SIKOBELA

It was Lucky!

LAMECK (O.S.)

No! Lucky doesn't know-- shit!

(relinquishes)

It was Kemba, okay? Kemba told me.

SIKOBELA

(to his guys)

Kemba? Who's that?

NUGGET

He Lucky new Number Two.

POEG

Oh ja, he's that guy with the  
fucked-up eye.

Nugget looks at Poeg. Poeg looks back at him, his lazy eye rolling around in his head like a marble in a bath tub.

POEG

What?

SIKOBELA

(back to Lameck)

You telling me Lucky didn't know?  
You two were working alone?

LAMECK (O.S.)

Kemba said Lucky would kill us if  
he found out...

(reluctant, but)

Kemba's making a move-- he wants to  
start shit up between you and  
Lucky.

Sikobela and the other two share an excited look.

SIKOBELA

Don't worry about that now... Lucky  
won't find out if you just do what  
I say, okay? We'll let you out--

LAMECK (O.S.)

I'm not getting out.

(beat)

Please go away.

Sikobela sits back and lets out a frustrated sigh.

POEG

What you wanna do, Boss?

Siko takes a black CHEROOT from out his pocket and lights it with a box of MATCHES. He considers the lit match...

SIKOBELA

You ever hunt for honey, like  
inside a dead tree?

POEG

Oh, ja. You get a small kid to go  
kick the tree--

(swats dramatically at air)

--and then he runs away screaming,  
taking the bees with him.

Nugget and Siko stare at Poeg, dumbfounded.

POEG

What?



Siko shakes his head and tosses the matchbox to Poeg.

SIKOBELA  
You smoke them out, idiot.

Poeg ponders the matches... then grins.

**TIME CUT:**

Poeg runs, ducking low to the side of the car.

He kneels down next to the fuel cap and unties the RED BANDANNA from around his neck. He feeds it down into the petrol tank...

LAMECK (O.S.)  
Hey, what's going on out there?!

Poeg STRIKES a match and LIGHTS the end of the bandanna. He hightails it back to the anthill.

A small FLAME licks out the fuel tank.

LAMECK (O.S.)  
What's that smell?!

Sikobela stands up from behind the anthill.

SIKOBELA  
Hey, Lameck! You want out now?!

LAMECK (O.S.)  
Let me out here-- let me out! You guys are fucking crazy!

The three men laugh.

SIKOBELA  
(to poeg)  
Okay, go let him--

\*BOOM\* the car EXPLODES INTO A GIANT FIREBALL. The doors, and boot FLY OFF THEIR HINGES.

They all dive back behind the anthill.

POEG  
Whoa!

They slowly stand and take a moment.

POEG  
Yirrie. I thought that only happened in the flicks.

NUGGET  
Lucky no gon like dis...

SIKOBELA  
Lucky's got bigger problems. His  
own guys are making moves against  
him.

POEG  
Shit-- lookit!

Lameck has climbed out the boot and is running around  
ENGULFED IN FLAMES. His hands are TIED in front of him.

POEG  
(pointing)  
Ha! See? Cable ties!

Sikobela calmly takes the giant REVOLVER from out Poeg's  
belt. He points it at the Human Torch and FIRES--

\*BANG\* LAMECK'S HEAD EXPLODES in a fiery ball of brain,  
blood and brimstone. His body DROPS to the ground.

SIKOBELA  
(at gun)  
Aren't you a bit small for this?

He tosses it back to Poeg who juggles it about like a hot  
potato.

SIKOBELA  
Get everyone. I want to hit Lucky  
back tomorrow. And put that  
headless prick out-- drop him off  
where that Kemba guy can find him.

Siko turns and walks away. Behind him the BUSHVELD BURNS  
WITH FLAMES HIGH AS HOUSES.

It's epic.

SIKOBELA  
It's time shit got interesting  
'round here.

**INT. EMPTY PRISON CELL - DAY**

A COCKROACH pops its head up into shot, antennae twitching.

We can hear sounds of a THIRD-WORLD PRISON O.S.

The roach scurries up a FILTHY WALL, crossing over RUDE PHRASES and LEWD DOODLES etched crudely into the crumbling plaster and peeling paint.

As the CAMERA FOLLOWS THE BUG, the OPENING TITLES reveal themselves...

One-by-one the bug leads us over the names of producers, financiers and other awesome people who gave the movie money SCRATCHED into the wall alongside the curse words and x-rated hieroglyphs...

As the roach crawls towards the FILM'S TITLE--

\*BAM\* a hardback BOOK squashes the bug flat, withholding the movie's name from us.

The book's title is: *Kisasi!*

A MAN (44) is standing in a prison cell (back to us) leaning on a rickety CRUTCH. Most of his right leg is missing, the pant leg tied in a knot below the knee.

**NOTE:** This is the HERO of our story and as we never learn his name, he'll be referred to as **PROTAGGY** for the purposes of this script. Also, his face will be hidden until we make a big deal about seeing him for the first time.

What little there is in the cell has been packed-up into a single, tattered CARDBOARD BOX.

Protaggy lifts the book up and eyes the roach-mess on its cover. Damn. He liked that book.

He scrapes the late bug off on the bunk and places the hardback into the box among other BOOKS with glimpsed titles like: *Legendary Locomotives of the Transvaal Gold Rush* and *Prospecting the Dark Continent*.

We HEAR a WHISTLE O.S.. Protaggy swings around to see:

A MAN (early 20s) standing at the entrance to the cell. This is BROWN EYE and he's underfed and malnourished: like someone stole his lunch one day as a kid and has been stealing it every day since. His nose is stuck in a worn-out COMIC BOOK. He's caked in DUST and DIRT.

Brown Eye walks off again, eyes glued to the comic.

BROWN EYE  
Scales needs you.

**INT. SCALES' PRISON CELL - DAY**

CLOSE ON A RUSTY NEEDLE dipping into a broken BALLPOINT PEN and finishing a SMILEY FACE TATTOO on a BONY KNEE.

The knee's owner, a skinny MAN (mixed-race, 37) in just his UNDERWEAR, watches on with admiration. His light skin can barely be made out through the circuitry of other hand-drawn TATTOOS laced over his entire body. This is SCALES.

The cluttered cell around him says he's been here a while.

Scales speaks with a heavy, AFRIKAANS ACCENT.

SCALES

Jirrie, Wifey. That's pretty.

A LADY with a short, black BOB and tattered DRESS is holding the needle. She looks up and smiles (front teeth missing) and her STUBBLE and ADAM'S APPLE immediately negate the aforementioned pronouns. This dude is WIFEY.

SCALES

(to someone O.S.)

Hey, Mouse! Don't you think this is pretty?

MOUSE is standing on guard at the entrance to Scales' cell. He's pretty much the biggest MAN you've ever seen-- even the lens battles to fully compose him in frame. He never speaks.

Mouse nods with approval.

SCALES

(to his knee)

Now it's always happy...

Brown Eye and Protaggy squeeze past Mouse into the cell. Scales eyes them, but says to Wifey:

SCALES

Bugger off.

Wifey quickly gathers his kit up and hops to his feet.

Brown Eye slumps down on the bottom bunk, still reading.

SCALES

(to Wifey)

Hey!

Wifey stops dead in his tracks, gripped by fear...

...Scales turns his head and taps the side of his face.

Wifey scurries back over and kisses Scales on the cheek before running off again, giggling like a schoolgirl.

SCALES

Mouse, please ask Mr. Brown Eye if he would like a fuckin' chocolate for his pillow...

Mouse doesn't follow. Neither does Brown Eye.

BROWN EYE

A what?

SCALES

A fuckin' chocolate. For your fuckin' pillow.

(at Brown Eye's posture)  
'Cause you obs think this is a hotel.

Brown Eye's still clueless but now nervous to boot...

Scales flips from nice guy to flat-out-psycho in a nanosecond.

SCALES

Get your dusty gat off my bed!

Brown Eye gets up and mopes out the cell.

SCALES

Mouse, please relieve Mr. Brown Eye of his reading privileges.

Mouse yanks the comic out Brown Eye's hand.

BROWN EYE

Hey--

SCALES

Eh? 'scuse me? What the fuck are you doing here anyway-- why aren't you digging my tunnel?

BROWN EYE

But, Scales, it's my break...

SCALES

I'll break your fuckin' face! Now go back and dig!

Brown Eye darts out the cell. Scales snaps back to nice guy.

SCALES  
 (to Protaggy)  
 Well check out Mister Blister over  
 here-- it's the free man.  
 (points to ground)  
 Come over here put your bum down.

Protaggy drops his crutch and sits cross-legged (as best an amputee can) on the floor opposite Scales.

AND WE SEE OUR HERO'S FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME:  
 Expressionless, cold-- totally forgettable if not for eyes  
 so intense they could start veld fires.

SCALES  
 So... What's it like to be out?

PROTAGGY  
 I'm still in.

SCALES  
 Don't be clever. When you leave  
 this arvie all us poeses will still  
 be stuck in here, so try look a  
 little happier, 'kay?  
 (to Mouse)  
 Hey, Mouse! How much longer you  
 got?

Mouse, now also lost in the comic, looks up. He starts to  
 count on his fingers... but then stops abruptly and shrugs.

SCALES  
 Ha! He doesn't even know! And me?  
 They'll only let me out here a  
 hundred years after I'm dead in the  
 fuckin' ground!  
 (back to Mouse)  
 But that's okay, hey, Mouse! 'Cause  
 we're organising our own release!

Scales makes digging gestures, bopping up-and-down.

SCALES  
 (singing)  
*Diggity-dig-dig-- Diggity-dig-dig--*

Mouse gyrates along with his own little digging dance.

PROTAGGY  
 Can we get to the point?

SCALES

Yissus. Oke gets let free and now  
he's all rude.

Mouse steps closer: a Rottweiler awaiting an attack command.

Scales lifts a hand to Mouse in remonstratation.

SCALES

C'mon... Don't ruin your g'bye  
party. Don't you want your prezzie?

Scales reaches behind his back and pulls out a small GIFT  
crudely wrapped in a page torn out a PORN MAG.

SCALES

(puts gift away)  
Uh uh-- that's for juss-now.  
Business first. Put out your hands.

Scales pops a CIGARETTE in his mouth and lights it. He puts  
on a barely-held-together-with-ductape pair of SPECTACLES.

He grabs a tattered BOOK from the shelf behind him and  
riffles through the pages. The dust cover reads: *Secrets of  
Palmistry Revealed*.

Protaggy is perturbed by the site of Scales reading. He  
didn't know he even could.

SCALES

Fuck me, this oke's deaf.  
(hand cupped around mouth)  
Put! Your! Fuckin!' Hands! Out!  
Yissus!

Protaggy reluctantly obeys. Scales stares down at his palms  
intensely, scanning the pages of the book simultaneously...

PROTAGGY

What is this?

SCALES

You don't think I'm going to send  
you out there without knowing  
what's going to happen to you, huh?  
(then)  
No. So please shut-the-fuck-up and  
let me read your fortune, thank you  
very much.

More with the palm-staring, more with the book-scanning...

SCALES  
 (points to the right palm)  
 Ah, now, see this is your future...  
 (points to the left palm)  
 ...and this is your past.

Protaggy looks down at his left palm.

SCALES  
 See the problem here? It's smooth;  
 no fuckin' lines. Know what that  
 means?

Scales holds his gaze... pausing for effect...

SCALES  
 Means this is the one you wank  
 with! Sies!

Scales bursts out laughing followed by Mouse an awkward beat later. It doesn't look like Mouse got it, but he laughs along regardless.

SCALES  
 (serious again)  
 Okay, 'nuff sillies now. Let's see  
 here...  
 (reading)  
 'The subject will be going on a  
 long journey...'  
 Shit, I could have told you that.

Back to the book, back to the palm.

SCALES  
 'The subject will have great riches  
 within their grasp...'  
 Now we fuckin' getting somewhere...

Scales frowns at the book.

SCALES  
 Uh oh. Says here you gonna die.  
 (beat)  
 That's kak.

They both stare at each other for an awkward moment.

SCALES  
 Guess none of the other stuff  
 matters then, huh?

Scales laughs again followed by Mouse a beat later.



Scales tosses the book away and removes his specs.

SCALES  
(clapping)  
Yippee! Prezzie time!

He tosses the present onto Protaggy's lap.

SCALES  
That's everything you'll need.

Protaggy unwraps it and pulls out a STATUETTE OF AN ANTELOPE carved out of green soap. It has a huge, ERECT PENIS.

PROTAGGY  
This a buck?

SCALES  
Fuck me. You really are deaf.

We see WORDS and a badly drawn MAP scrawled on the inside of the porn paper.

PROTAGGY  
Everything I'll need?

SCALES  
(thinks about it)  
No, wait--

Scales slides his hand down the front of his jocks and brings up a small object.

SCALES  
That's all you'll need, but this--  
(lifts up object)  
--is everything.

Scales presents a large, GOLD COIN. It's old and weathered with the profile of a bald, bearded MAN on it. Like many things in this film, it looks homemade.

Protaggy carefully takes it from Scales. It's faint golden hue GLIMMERS across Protaggy's face as he stares at it.

PROTAGGY  
You trust me with it?

SCALES  
*Trust?* Ha! I don't need fuckin' trust...  
(points at coin)  
This is the furthest that thing has ever been away from me.

When I first got here, I would swallow it in every morning and then kak it back out again the next day. Every day the same: kak it out, swallow it in, kak it out, swallow it in. I did that for two fuckin' years until I was running this place... That thing is a part of me. Nothing is more important to me than that little coin. Nothing. And that's why I don't need trust. Because you know its story. Because you know what will happen if it doesn't come back.

(cracks a smile)

Along with all its little brothers and sisters.

Protaggy eyes the coin.

SCALES

Hey, I ever tell you why people like happy endings?

Protaggy shakes his head.

SCALES

It's a story my mommy used to tell me when I was little. She was a very clever lady, my ma, back before the tit cancer got her...

(reminiscent sigh)

Shame, man. She used to say that long ago, when we were still like baboons, people couldn't do shit. All the other animals, they had speed, sharp teeth, poison-- shit to help them eat each other up. But us, we had fuck-all. Except this:

(taps finger to temple)

We were clever poeses... Because we could track. We could pick up a rock--

(slams fist into hand)

Bliksem a buck on the head, and as it ran away, we could track it. Follow the blood drops... sniff its shit... And as we followed that dying buck...

(points to statue)

It would tell us a story. The first story ever told. And at the end of the story: a dead fuckin' buck. A happy ending.

And that's why, today, when we're told a story that doesn't end well, we fuckin' flip. We can't handle it. Because our brains don't like it when the buck gets away-- it's not how the story's s'posed to end.

(leans forward)

Me also. I don't like unhappy endings. I fuckin' hate them. They make me mad. You ever saw me mad?

Protaggy nods.

SCALES

Was I nice to be around?

Protaggy shakes his head.

SCALES

So, when you out there in the world, tracking your prey, remember that, and you'll be jus' fine.

Protaggy starts to get up but Scales stops him--

SCALES

Hey-- you forgetting something?

PROTAGGY

I'm not kissing you.

SCALES

You break my fuckin' heart, but I meant the other thing. Say it again.

PROTAGGY

(rehearsed)

Find the town.

SCALES

(points to map)

Find the town.

PROTAGGY

Kill the men.

SCALES

As many as you can...

PROTAGGY

Get the gold.

SCALES

Get that mother-fuckin' gold.

Another awkward pause.

SCALES

Good. Great. And we'll meet up at the fort in two weeks. Now... Let's pray.

Mouse and Protaggy look at Scales like he's grown two heads.

Scales straightens his back and tenderly takes Protaggy's hands in his. Protaggy tries not to squirm.

Scales lifts his head up, eyes closed...

The moment holds... awkward AF... until--

Scales lets out a tiny grunt of laughter.

Protaggy realises he's been had and yanks his hands away.

Scales laughs, proud of his gag. Mouse doesn't miss his cue this time and guffaws along with his boss.

SCALES

Jokes!

(points to Heaven)

That cunt doesn't take calls from here! Now get the fuck out...

Protaggy gets up off the floor.

Scales leans back out the light and into the shadows.

SCALES

...and go get my happy ending.

**INT. PRISON DEPARTURES COUNTER - DAY**

A red LIGHT above a prison door FLASHES with a loud \*BUZZ\*.

An old WALLET, a battered CIGARETTE LIGHTER and a pair of COWBOY BOOTS are tossed down on a counter top. There's a BEAT... and a PROSTHETIC LEG joins them.

Protaggy's arms ENTER FRAME and gather the items up.

The door \*BUZZES\* again.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ABANDONED GOLD MINE - DAY**

A MOSQUITO buzzes down onto the neck of a diminutive, skinny MAN (60s).

\*SPLAT\* the man pancakes the bug with lightning speed.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(American accent)  
The demo model is here somewhere...

The man turns, his face hard, grimaced. He looks like a 5' Morgan Freeman who dropped the acting gig to pursue being angry full time. This is LUCKY.

Lucky's standing in the middle of an abandoned GOLD MINE surrounded by a legion of ARMED MEN-- his men. A derelict MINE SHAFT LIFT looms over them.

They're all watching the back of a big TRUCK filled with CRATES. The voice is coming from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Ah! Here's the son'vabitch!

From the dark interior of the truck plops out an ARMS DEALER: a small, overweight MAN (African American, 40s) half-melted from the African heat. He's holding a giant MACHINE GUN that looks like a prop out *Universal Soldier*.

ARMS DEALER  
This here's the shit-- get yo'self  
a piece o'dat!

The ARMS DEALER hands it over to Lucky, who tests its weight. Lucky's guys move in, oohing and aahing.

The Arms Dealer takes out a BROCHURE from his pocket and begins performing like a B-list rapper's hypeman:

ARMS DEALER (VOICE)  
(reading)  
*Congratulations on your choice of one of the word's finest high powered, semi-automatic rifles... With more than fifty accessories and drastically reduced weight and kick impact, the D2 slash 58-- A.K.A. Thunderfoot-- is not only precise but devastating to boot, with an average entry cavity of three inches per round--*

Lucky puts his hand, halting the Arms Dealer.

LUCKY

Three inches? How big's that? We do centimeters...

The Arms Dealer lowers the brochure and thinks about it. He makes a fist, looking at it.

ARMS DEALER

Um... 'Bout like this?

Lucky and his guys are impressed.

In the distance we see a CAR approaching. An extremely tall HENCHMAN (20s) near Lucky named TWO STOREYS sees it too.

TWO STOREYS

Boss Lucky, look-- Kemba.

Lucky sees the car. He hands the gun off to Two Storeys and walks off to meet it.

The car parks and a tall, thin MAN, (28), gets out. This is KEMBA: an evil-looking, 6' Afro-Leprechaun with a CATARACTAL RIGHT EYE in the middle of a 6" SCAR. He's loaded for bear.

Lucky approaches the car and then halts dramatically, bringing his hand to his nose.

LUCKY

Christ! What's that smell?!

Kemba opens the car boot and SMOKE BILLOWS OUT. Inside is the chargrilled, HEADLESS CORPSE of poor old Lameck. Lucky has a gander into the boot...

LUCKY

The fuck's that?

KEMBA

Lameck.

LUCKY

The fuck's Lameck?

KEMBA

One of ours. Siko's guys got him.

LUCKY

Is this that fuck you said was jacking cars on the other side of town?

KEMBA

He was a good worker--

LUCKY  
(points at smoking corpse)  
Then why's he all crispy?

Some of the other guys have gathered closer. One of them snorts out a laugh at Lucky's comment.

KEMBA  
Its not funny.

LUCKY SWATS A BACKHAND THROUGH KEMBA'S FACE.

Kemba hits the ground. Everyone falls silent.

Lucky pounces on Kemba's back and yanks his head back. He grabs handfuls of dirt and scoops them into Kemba's mouth.

LUCKY  
You want funny?!

He packs Kemba's mouth to capacity and then clamps it shut. Kemba's better judgment keeps him from struggling back.

Lucky turns to the other guys, prompting them. They begin laughing mockingly at Kemba.

Kemba can't hold much longer... and just before his eyes pop out his head, Lucky releases his grip and gets up off him.

Kemba coughs and rolls around on the ground, gasping for air and puking up muddy clods.

LUCKY  
Get up.

Kemba does. Lucky points at the boot again.

LUCKY  
Did you make this?

Kemba shakes his head.

LUCKY  
So your guys are running around town stealing Siko's cars and fucking up my life and you know nothing?

KEMBA  
It was just Lameck. He was jacking alone.

LUCKY

You sure? Because it looks like  
your right hand is up here having a  
fucking party--  
(waves right hand)  
--while your left hand is down here  
pissing all over town!

Lucky is graphically dancing around with his right hand waving about in the air while his left holds an invisible penis in a mock-urinating gesture. The others laugh again.

As Kemba looks up at Lucky's right hand, LUCKY BRINGS IT DOWN HARD ACROSS HIS FACE.

LUCKY

Sort this shit out.  
(points to the boot)  
Make sure this fuck was working  
alone and then you better find out  
where and when Siko's going to hit  
us back. This is just the excuse he  
needs to start shit up--

Lucky stops himself and looks at Lameck. He has a thought...

LUCKY

Hold on--

He walks over to Two Storeys and grabs the big-ass gun.

Lucky strides back over to the car, picking up a MAGAZINE from atop a crate nearby and snapping it into the gun--

--HE FIRES A BURST OF ROUNDS INTO THE DEAD BODY.

He lifts the smoking rifle up and looks at the corpse.

LUCKY

Hey, fat boy!

The Arms Dealer peeps out from behind a tree.

Lucky gestures for him to come over.

The Arms Dealer waddles over and joins them at the boot.

LUCKY

Is that three 'inches'?

The Arms Dealer looks nervously at the bullet-ridden corpse. He shrugs.

Lucky makes a fist and shakes it suggestively.



LUCKY

Why don't you measure?

The Arms Dealer swallows hard. He makes a fist...

Lucky nods towards the corpse...

The Arms Dealer hesitates... then winces as he sticks his fist into one of the bullet holes.

LUCKY

Deeper...

The Arms Dealer closes his eyes and pushes deeper, squishing his fist around. He dry-heaves.

Lucky grabs the Arms Dealer by the forearm and inspects his fist: it's only covered two-thirds in BLOOD.

LUCKY

That looks like only two inches?

The Arms Dealer swallows hard. He nods.

LUCKY

That's, what? Thirty-percent less then advertised? Yes?

Again with the nodding.

LUCKY

Make it thirty-five?

ARMS DEALER

(quick to agree)

Yes... thirty-five... sho' thing.

Lucky grabs the Arms Dealer's bloody hand and shakes it.

LUCKY

Deal.  
(to his men)  
Unload!

He tosses the gun back over to Two Storeys and turns to Kemba. He wipes his BLOODY HAND off on Kemba's shirt...

LUCKY

If at the end of all of this I find out that you were involved, do yourself a favour:

He cranes his neck up and whispers into Kemba's ear:

LUCKY  
Run the fuck away.

From inside the boot we see Lucky walk off as Kemba--  
--SLAMS THE BOOT SHUT.

**SNAP TO BLACK.**

**EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY**

SPARKS FLY AS THE WHEELS OF A MOVING STEAM TRAIN LOCK.

A half-smoked CIGARETTE BUTT lies in the dirt on the train platform. The COWBOY BOOTS from earlier-- now with feet in them-- exit the train and stop in front of the butt.

Protaggy picks up the butt, blows the dust off, and pops it in his mouth. He jots something down in a small NOTEBOOK. He pockets the notebook and looks up:

In the distance is a TOWN. It looks like a living, breathing organism-- an organism crawling with parasites. It is a blight on the wild, lush, AFRICAN LANDSCAPE surrounding it.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hey! Come back here!

Protaggy is almost run over by an overweight TRAIN CONDUCTOR (50s) running past. He's yelling up to the top of the train.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (VOICE)  
You kids get down!

Running along the top of the train are three BOYS (tweens), hopping between the cars with gymnastic precision.

Protaggy watches, intrigued.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Psst! Hey, boss...

Protaggy looks down: hiding between two of the train's cars is another BOY (8).

BOY (VOICE)  
He gone?

Protaggy checks... nods.

The boy jumps nimbly up onto the platform and is followed by two other BOYS (7 & 9).

These three street urchins have the self-anointed names of SPIDER-MAN, BATMAN and SUPERMAN. Superman has been talking up until this point.

PROTAGGY  
(to Spider-Man)  
What you guys doing there, boy?

SUPERMAN (BOY)  
Hey! His name isn't boy-- he's Spider-Man, best train surfer in the whole world!

Spider-Man crosses his arms and tilts his head back, proud.

PROTAGGY  
Spider-Man?

SUPERMAN  
(points in turn)  
Spider-Man, Batman, Superman. We the best, ask anyone.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (O.S.)  
Hey!

The Train Conductor is running back towards them.

SUPERMAN  
Shit-- chips!

The superheroes shuffle behind Protaggy for cover.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR  
You kids! I'm going to beat the black off you then call the cops!

The Train Conductor tries to grab one of the boys but they duck out of reach behind PROTAGGY.

PROTAGGY  
(to conductor)  
Whoa, whoa-- what you doing?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR  
These shits think they can surf my train and get me fired!

SPIDER-MAN  
It's not your train, Fatty!

The boys laugh out loud, emoting.

The Conductor makes a go at them but Protaggy bars his way.

PROTAGGY

You made a mistake-- these guys are with me.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR

You think I don't know these kids? They here everyday on the trains--

He puts his arms out à la tightrope walker and bobs up and down dramatically.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR

They ride on the top like they're flying and then wham! They get squashed and I get into trouble!

The three boys are insulted at the insinuation that they're anything but the best surfers around.

PROTAGGY

Not these boys. They with me. Now go away, Fatty.

The boys laugh again.

Just before the conductor's eyes erupt from his head, the TRAIN'S HORN BLOWS O.S. calling him back to his shitty job.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR

(to boys)

I don't know who this guy is but I'll be seeing you shits again: lying flat on the tracks like your dead friends!

The conductor mock-charges forward and the boys flinch. He turns and walks off in a huff.

Superman lifts his hand up to Protaggy for a high five.

SUPERMAN

My man!

Protaggy lifts his hand up and the kid smacks it.

SPIDER-MAN

(after conductor)

Bye fatty!

PROTAGGY

I'm not your man, you owe me-- Tell me where this is.

Protaggy takes out the PORNO PAGE with the MAP on it.

The boys' eyes widen at the glimpses of female anatomy.

SUPERMAN

Yo!

PROTAGGY

Keep your eyes on the writing--  
where's that address?

SPIDER-MAN

Ha! Don't you know he can't read?!

Superman SWATS Spider-Man across the ear.

Batman stares closely at the words and mutters the only thing he'll ever say in the film:

BATMAN

Moses.

SUPERMAN

You want Moses? Psh, everyone in  
town knows Moses. He lives over  
there--

Superman points out to the left side of town.

SPIDER-MAN

(lifts up porno page)  
Can we keep this?

Protaggy looks in the direction and takes back the paper.

SUPERMAN

Aw come on, don't be a cunt.

Protaggy is stunned by the strong language. He mock-charges towards them just like the Conductor.

PROTAGGY

Go! Voetsek!

They dart off.

PROTAGGY

Go home to your mothers!

As they run away, Superman turns and holds up a WALLET.

SUPERMAN

Hey stupid! Our mothers are dead!

Protaggy feels his pocket: the little shits have jacked him.

SUPERMAN

We are home!

The three boys laugh and disappear around a corner.

Protaggy curses, snubs out the smoke, heads into town.

**INT. MOSES' FLAT - DAY**

CLOSE ON a cheap inflatable GLOBE OF THE EARTH spinning around, the bright colours of the continents blurred into a windy swirl.

A FINGER darts towards the globe and stops it dead on the big, brown continent of AFRICA.

Two MEN sit on a tattered couch. These miscreants are SIPHO 1 and SIPHO 2 and balance wobbly on the social scale between street peddlers and out-right tramps. Siphos 2 is holding a half-inflated globe and blowing furiously into its valve. A dozen inflated globes lie all around.

The finger's owner is MOSES (38), and this is his flat. He's a portly guy with a face deceptively younger than it is. A BEANIE balances with gravity-defiance atop his head.

Behind him the small flat is packed almost to the ceiling with half-opened boxes spewing out an array of tacky merch ranging from umbrellas to teddy-bears.

Siphos 1 leans in closer and squints at the globe.

MOSES

What's wrong with it?

SIPHO 1

Spelt wrong?

MOSES

It's not spelt wrong. Read it.

Siphos 2 stops blowing, now interested in what's going on.

SIPHO 1

Rho... Rhode...

MOSES

Rhodesia. It says Rhodesia.

SIPHO 1

What's Rhodesia?

MOSES

Exactly.

The Siphos don't get it.

MOSES

It's not called that anymore! This is old! It hasn't been called Rhodesia for a long time-- it's *Zimbabwe*.

SIPHO 1

How long?

MOSES

The hell must I know? Just long, okay. It's wrong. Just like Siam is wrong...

(pointing all over globe)

Just like Ceylon is wrong. Just like--

SIPHO 2

It's upside down?

MOSES

It's not fucking upside down! It's just old and wrong!

(calms himself)

Okay... so, what do you do?

The Siphos couldn't have less of an idea.

MOSES

(violently spins globe)

You spin!

Sipho 1 nods his head as a look of understanding fills his face. Sipho 2 goes back to blowing his world up.

MOSES

You spin so that they can't see it's old-- you spin so they think they're buying a new one.

Moses throws the globe and Sipho 1 catches it. Sipho 1 looks down at the globe and then at the one Sipho 2 is inflating.

SIPHO 1

How, Moses! This one is also wrong!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LANDING OUTSIDE MOSES' FRONT DOOR - DAY**

Protaggy is about to knock on a door when The Siphos spill out it carrying a bunch of inflatable globes. Another is flung out at them from inside.

MOSES (O.S.)  
Voetsek!

Moses exits the flat and yells after them.

MOSES  
And don't bring any back! You don't  
sell it, you buy it!  
(sees Protaggy)  
Who the fuck are you?

PROTAGGY  
Moses?

MOSES  
That's me. Not you. Who you?

Protaggy pulls out the soapy BUCK STATUETTE.

Moses' eyes pop. He grabs the buck, pulls Protaggy inside.

MOSES  
You nuts or something? Get in--

**INT. MOSES' FLAT - DAY**

Protaggy enters the flat and stops to survey it. Moses closes the door and stands accusatory in front of him.

MOSES  
(gestures to statuette)  
You make this?

Protaggy is looking around the room curiously...

MOSES  
Hey! Look at me! You make this?

PROTAGGY  
You know I didn't.

MOSES  
(sees statuette's erect  
penis)  
Perv-- always with the big dicks.  
You working for him?



PROTAGGY

Kind of...  
 (looks around flat)  
 Is this a shop?

MOSES

(looks around flat)  
 Kind of...

Moses reaches up into his beanie and pulls out a CIGARETTE. He pats down his pocket, searching for a light--

--PROTAGGY'S HAND APPEARS WITH FREAKISHLY SWIFT SPEED, HOLDING HIS LIT LIGHTER OUT.

Moses tries to hide that he's impressed but doesn't do so very well. He lights the smoke.

PROTAGGY

Am I in the wrong place?

MOSES

(long drag, shrugs)  
 Dunno. Let's see...

MOSES SLAMS THE STATUETTE ONTO THE TABLE TOP AND SHATTERS IT INTO A HUNDRED LITTLE SOAPY PIECES. He lifts up a thick, rolled up WAD OF CASH that was concealed in the middle.

He blows off some of the soapy residue and bobs the wad up and down, gauging its weight.

Moses smiles like an overzealous concierge.

MOSES

Feels like you in exactly the right place.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOSES' BASEMENT - DAY**

A sliver of light cuts through darkness to reveal a rickety wooden staircase leading to a small basement packed with boxes of more merch. Stuffed against the back wall is a dusty COT with a rolled-up mattress atop it.

Moses walks halfway down the stairs, Protaggy in tow.

MOSES

(points)  
 Sleep.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BUSHVELD OUTSIDE MOSES'S PLACE - DAY**

An OUTHOUSE that looks more like a singles mixer for TSETSE FLIES juts askew out the veld on the outskirts of town.

A MANGY BROWN HYENA exits it, licking its lips.

We CRASH ZOOM past the outhouse to see Moses and Protaggy at a window overlooking the veld.

MOSES  
(points)  
Shit.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOSES' FLAT - DAY**

Protaggy watches on as Moses upends a GOLF BAG and a pathetic arsenal of busted old HANDGUNS tumbles out onto the floor along with a bent GOLF CLUB.

MOSES  
(points)  
Shoot.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MOSES' YARD - DAY**

\*BANG\* A tin can perched atop a rusty fence gets BLOWN AWAY.

MOSES  
Nice shot.

Protaggy is standing in the middle of the backyard behind Moses' spot. It looks like a place Old Rusted Shit goes to get away from it all. Next to him is the golf bag of guns. He's holding a smoking PISTOL: a rusted ČZ vz 38.

Behind him Moses is standing holding a golf club with an unlit JOINT hanging out his mouth.

PROTAGGY  
I wasn't aiming for that one.  
(frowns at gun)  
You need to take better care of  
your things.

Moses drops a golf ball and takes aim. Protaggy is shooting towards the veld, Moses is teeing up straight at the town.

MOSES

Don't blame the hammer if you can't  
hit the nail...

Protaggy lifts another gun up: a LeMat REVOLVER. As he takes aim and pulls the trigger, the shaft SNAPS forward off its rail and the magazine FALLS OUT. He turns to look at Moses.

MOSES

The maintenance plan is extra.

(beat)

And be lucky I have any guns--  
they're hard to come by in this  
town if you're not employed.

PROTAGGY

Employed?

MOSES

The guys who work for the bosses.

PROTAGGY

Bosses?

\*SWAT\* Moses sends a golf ball into town. There's a pause... before a faint CRASH followed by distant CURSING O.S.

MOSES

So what is Scales planning?

Protaggy looks up from rummaging through the guns to dart Moses a suspicious look.

MOSES

What? You don't trust me?

PROTAGGY

No plan. Just passing through.

MOSES

(guffaws)

A tourist! Ha! Whatever, cowboy.  
You and your silly boots aren't  
fooling anyone.

Protaggy lifts up another REVOLVER: a Ruger Super Blackhawk.

Moses lights the joint... drags it... pokes it at Protaggy.

MOSES

Want?

PROTAGGY FIRES THE REVOLVER AND \*BANG\*BANG\*BANG\* THREE CANS HOP UP INTO THE AIR.

MOSES

You learn to shoot like that in jail?

Protaggy dismantles the revolver piece-by-piece.

PROTAGGY

You sure we can make all this noise?

MOSES

Gunshots are the town's crickets, they put the babies to sleep.  
(points to veld)  
Just keep shooting that way.

Moses drops another ball and swats it into the town.

Protaggy blows hard down the gun's chamber.

PROTAGGY

What about the law?

MOSES

What? Cops? They get worried if they don't hear gunshots. Means people aren't earning their handouts.

PROTAGGY

So I can do what I want around here?

MOSES

No. The law is useless, but there are people in charge.

PROTAGGY

People? The bosses?

MOSES

(smiling)  
Just passing through, huh? You know what you are? You're like this watch--

Moses reveals a small DIGITAL WATCH on his wrist.

MOSES

Know what this stupid piece of cheap, Chinese shit does every morning? Every morning this thing beeps when the sun comes up. And there's no way for me to turn it off-- it drives me crazy! Now, why the hell would anyone need to know that the sun's up, when all they have to do is look out the stupid window, huh? It's fucking obvious! That's you-- you think you're all mysterious as shit but you're just like this stupid watch: obvious.

Protaggy reassembles the pistol...

PROTAGGY

You could just take it off.

Moses tees up another ball, pondering...

MOSES

Then how will I know the time?  
(beat)  
This town is very complicated-- trust me, the less you know the better-- and I'm not going to give you the fucking tour.

Protaggy holds up the pistol.

PROTAGGY

This one.

He grabs a long hunting KNIFE in a sheath from the arsenal.

PROTAGGY

And this.

He sticks the gun in his belt, the knife down his boot.

MOSES

Sold. Anything else?

PROTAGGY

Yes. Give me the tour.

**EXT. TOWN SIDEWALK - FOOD CART - DAY**

CLOSE ON A LIVE CHICKEN pulled onto a big, bloody chopping block. A PANGA COMES DOWN AND LOPS ITS HEAD CLEAN OFF.

Moses and Protaggy are in the center of town having a meal at a FOOD CART. A big, sweaty CHINESE WOMAN (60s) is in the cart doing unspeakable things to dead chickens.

Around them are some VAGABONDS and street RIFFRAFF that seem to make up the general populace of the town. Some are poised close in hopes that scraps might fall off the table.

Protaggy eyes a BUM nearby sharing a scrap of discarded food with a BABOON. The baboon inspects the food and tosses it aside, deeming it inedible. The bum disagrees and, dusting it off, pops it in his mouth.

Moses is almost done devouring an entire chicken. He swigs from a QUART OF BLACK RABBIT BEER... then \*BELCHES\*.

Protaggy watches on with equal parts awe and disgust.

Moses notices and pokes a half-eaten thigh his way.

MOSES

Want?

PROTAGGY

Maybe I better before there's no more chicken left in town...

Moses picks up the half-eaten chicken carcass and DUMPS it in the middle of the table.

MOSES

Okay, Mr. Question Mark, let me tell you all about this little town of ours....

Moses arranges other CONDIMENTS around the chicken to form a sort of diorama. He brings his finger down into the middle of the carcass.

MOSES

We are here...

**CUE IMPRESSIVE VISUAL SEQUENCE.**

WE SHOOT BACKWARDS UP TOWARDS THE SKY TO SHOW THE TABLE.

SUDDENLY the town starts to form in PERFECT DETAIL on the table top in-and-around THE CHICKEN CARCASS: a wing forms a road, the rib cage forms a building, etc. Even some of the nearby condiments represent some sort of landmark in the little Chicken Carcass Town.

WE SHOOT BACK DOWN INTO THE CARCASS TOWN AND LOOK BACK UP:  
The GIANT FIGURES of Moses and Protaggy sit staring down at  
the small town like deities on high.

MOSES (V.O.)  
There is a line that divides this  
town in two...

The Giant Moses Finger cuts through the middle of the Tiny  
Carcass Town as a SUPERED 2D RED LINE appears behind it.

MOSES (V.O.)  
Well, actually it's the old river  
bed that a flood made long ago.

WE MOVE ALONG THE DRY, CRACKED RIVER BED.

PROTAGGY (V.O.)  
There was a flood here?

MOSES  
Almost washed the whole town away!

Moses tips his quart over, SPILLING the last bit of beer  
over the little town.

MOSES  
(flood sound)  
Pggggh!

INSIDE THE LITTLE TOWN, we see PEOPLE turn and look, faces  
aghast, as a WALL OF BEER RISES BEFORE THEM--

MOSES  
But that's a different story...  
Since then, the town has been  
divided into two parts: North and  
South. Better known as Dead View...

Back in the town, the wall of water's gone.

We see the North side of the town that faces the CEMETERY on  
the hill above it.

MOSES (V.O.)  
And The Fountain...

WE FLY ACROSS TOWN onto an old, dried-up FOUNTAIN in the  
middle of a CROSSROADS.

Moses lifts up the SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS.

MOSES

And both sides are ruled by rival  
bosses:

He places the salt and pepper shakers down on either side of his little condiment town. From the town looking up, the giant shakers cast huge shadows and \*CRACK\* the earth as they land like giant, earth-invading spaceships.

We see SIKOBELA walking through the town in the shadow of the GIANT SALT SHAKER as the god-like Moses and Protaggy watch him. He's eating from a giant packet of DAY-GLO ORANGE CHEESE CURLS.

MOSES (V.O.)

The Fountain is controlled by  
Sikobela...

We ZOOM AWAY from Siko and shoot across the river bed to DEAD VIEW and see LUCKY standing on his balcony overlooking the town, the GIANT PEPPER SHAKER looming next to him.

MOSES (V.O.)

...and Dead View by Lucky.

WE SPLIT SCREEN LUCKY AND SIKO SIDE BY SIDE.

PROTAGGY (V.O.)

Rivals? They're at war?

MOSES (V.O.)

Constantly. But they have rules...

**EXT. FOUNTAIN ALLY - DAY**

MOSES (V.O.)

The town's split between them. Siko  
handles girls, cars and drugs...

A greasy MAN (40s) pulls up in a white SEDAN to a young PROSTITUTE on the side of the road. He smiles widely.

The Prostitute leans into the window and draws a small LADY PISTOL on him. She smiles back.

**INT. SIKOBELA'S CHOP-SHOP - DAY**

We see Sikobela walking into his CHOP-SHOP where TEAMS OF GUYS are assembling, dismantling and painting a variety of CARS. TWO GUYS are busy taping small BAGS OF BROWN POWDER inside the SPARE WHEEL of a knock-off TOYOTA HILUX.



Poeg is nearby, handing CASH over to the Young Prostitute. A FOOT SOLDIER walks past, carrying the Greasy Man, gagged and hogtied (with cable ties), over his shoulder.

Behind him a COUPLE OF GUYS approach the white sedan with a BLOW TORCH and an ANGLE GRINDER--

--SPARKS FLY.

**INT. LUCKY'S CASINO - DAY**

MOSES (V.O.)  
And Lucky handles gambling and guns.

Lucky walks through his smoky, dim CASINO amongst GAMBLERS placing bets and drinking the memory of their losses away.

WE MOVE THROUGH THE CASINO towards an ARMED MAN guarding a door at the back of the room. He's eating a BANANA.

WE MOVE THROUGH THE DOOR INTO:

**INT. LUCKY'S ARMS WAREHOUSE - DAY**

A large CRATE gets lifted up by a FORKLIFT and stacked on top of another CRATE in a warehouse full of many, many more CRATES. The forklift DRIVER is eating a BANANA.

TWO WORKERS are packing BANANA BUNCHES into another crate to conceal UZIS underneath. Guess what they're both eating.

**END OF SUPER-COOL VISUAL SEQUENCE.**

**EXT. STREET CART - DAY**

MOSES  
And together they supply all the nearby towns... You can't shoot, fuck, or drive anything in this region that didn't come from the bosses.

PROTAGGY  
And this works?

MOSES  
Only for Siko and Lucky. Everyone else just works for them-- whether they like it or not.

Moses picks at the chicken bones, contemplating...

MOSES

They only put enough money back  
into the town to keep it alive so  
they can feed off it. Everyone  
works for them-- and those that  
don't pick a side end up like that.

He gestures to some of the poor souls lurking nearby.

Protaggy picks up on Moses' mood shift. It's a sore subject.

PROTAGGY

And you? You're on neither side--  
how do you operate?

MOSES

Well, there's sides... and then  
there's margins. That's where I  
live. Lucky and Siko both get cuts  
of what I make.

Protaggy sips his quart and looks over the makeshift town  
laid out on the table...

Moses looks off to a group of DESPERATE SOULS watching them.  
He smiles, nodding for them to come over.

With a flash they run up and start gobbling away at the  
carcass. Moses smiles and picks up one of the smaller  
homeless CHILDREN and hops him up and down on his knee.

MOSES

So, now that I've told you about  
our little town, what do you want  
to do next?

Protaggy turns from the Little Chicken Town and looks over  
the real one. It's not much of an improvement.

He eyes a SMALL BOY in an alleyway nearby... He and the  
boy's eyes meet and hold for a moment...

SOMEBODY PASSES THROUGH FRAME ACROSS THE BOY AND HE CHANGES:

He is now a different SKINNY BOY, 9, staring straight at  
Protaggy. He is leaning on a crutch, his right leg missing.

A LAMENTING ADAGIO BEGINS TO PLAY...

EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED:

The sound is MUTED, people move in SLOW MOTION.

It's like we've been transported into an old, faded memory. The boy on the crutch stares at us with PROTAGGY'S EYES--

Protaggy stares back, locked away inside his thoughts...

MOSES (V.O.)

I said, what you going to do next?

AND WE'RE BACK TO NORMAL. Creepy crutch boy is gone.

Protaggy recovers, snubbing the memory out like a cig.

PROTAGGY

Introduce myself.

**INT. DEAD VIEW SHEBEEN - DAY**

TWO DICE FLY THROUGH THE AIR and land on a worn wooden floor. They come up SIX and ONE. Around the dice on the floor are notes of CRUMPLED-UP MONEY.

TWO MEN are crouched down next to the dice. They are JERRY (20s) and TEBS (20s). We recognise them from the quarry as members of Lucky's crew. Tebs punches the air and shouts out, Jerry looks dismayed. They both have quarts of Black Rabbit beer.

JERRY

No no no-- double it. Throw again.

TEBS

Fine by me, you wanna be crazy.

Another MAN (20s), ZAMA, is standing in front of an old VINYL JUKEBOX, forcefully poking buttons and occasionally punching and kicking it. He can't get it to play.

The shebeen they're in is a dark, dingy hole that most likely wouldn't have a roof over it if the owner wasn't so particular about his booze being rained on. There are some other PATRONS scattered around, but they know better and keep to the shadows, away from Lucky's raucous crew.

Kemba is sitting at a table nearby with his feet up, picking angrily at the label of his empty quart. He's plastered.

KEMBA

You know Lameck had a kid?

TEBS

Shit, who doesn't?

KEMBA LOBS HIS QUART BOTTLE AT TEBS--

--It connects him on the side of the head with a dull \*THUD\* before landing unbroken to the ground.

TEBS  
(rubbing head)  
Hey! What the fuck the hell!

KEMBA  
You show some respect for the dead!

JERRY  
Jesus, Kemba, what's the big deal?

ZAMA  
Lameck got himself killed-- the stupid shit knew the rules.

KEMBA  
Rules! Fucking rules! Everyone has to follow the rules around here except for those two old bastards.

JERRY  
Sho! What you gonna do about it, eh, Kemba? You gonna go start a war with your little knife?

Zama laughs out loud while still abusing the jukebox.

Kemba flies up and TIPS OVER THE TABLE. The three men duck from the flying bottles.

He snarls at them and walks off.

KEMBA  
Lameck was the only one who had balls around here to try do his own thing... I need another drink.

ZAMA  
Good idea, Mud Mouth! Get me a glass of sand!

The three of them laugh, mimicking Kemba coughing up clods.

Kemba looks back, mentally adding to his shitlist. He stumbles up to the bar and sits down on one of the stools.

Sitting at the bar near him is Protaggy, sipping neat WHISKEY from a dirty, chipped glass.

KEMBA  
(to barman)  
Lofty! 'nother Bunny!

LOFTY, the BARMAN, is a bald, elderly gent (70s) with a nervous disposition. He opens the rusty fridge behind him to get another quart out. It's loaded with Black Rabbit Beer-- it seems to be the only thing folks drink around here.

Kemba turns and double-takes at Protaggy. He looks down at his boots and scoffs.

KEMBA

Hey! Look at this guy's boots!

Kemba comically hops his stool over to Protaggy...

KEMBA

Hey, why you have on such silly shoes, huh? You a cowboy or something?

Protaggy ignores him and takes another sip. Lofty pops the lid off a full quart and puts it down in front of Kemba.

KEMBA

Hey!

Kemba SWATS the glass out of Protaggy's hand, sending it flying across the room. The action also upends his own quart but Lofty doesn't miss a beat: he quickly pops the lid off a new one and places it down.

Protaggy looks at his empty hand.

KEMBA

I don't know you... Where'd you come from?

Protaggy says nothing, just points at the door.

KEMBA

(not amused)

I'd be very nice to me if I was you. I'm in a bad mood today.

PROTAGGY

You ever in a good one?

Quick as a whip, Kemba draws a huge HUNTING KNIFE.

KEMBA

I gut a man from head to toe like a Kudu, it usually puts a huge fucking smile on my face. You feel like making me happy?

PROTAGGY

When people talk like that, it helps if they have a gun drawn, not a bread knife.

KEMBA

I don't like guns. I think it's rude to take a man's life and not look him in the eye...

IN THE BLADE'S REFLECTION:

The knife's blade is SHINY LIKE A MIRROR and Protaggy eyes himself reflected back at himself...

PROTAGGY

I think it's rude when people don't brush their teeth.

(nods to the quart bottle)

Why don't you do me a favour and swap that for some peppermint schnapps.

Kemba's whole body is clenched up, his knuckles pulled taught around the sinister blade's handle. He's drunk, angry, and now this asshole is busting his balls...

KEMBA

You know, I'm starting to like those stupid boots. Think I'm going to take them for myself... You can keep the feet I leave inside.

PROTAGGY

No thanks. I like my boots...

UNDER THE TABLE WE SEE PROTAGGY SLOWLY UNSHEATHE THE LONG BLADED KNIFE FROM OUT HIS BOOT...

PROTAGGY

They're where I keep my knife--

>>THUNK<<

The blade PIERCES the bottom of the bar top and SHOOTS CLEAN through Kemba's right hand that was resting on top.

Kemba looks at his hand and then at Protaggy. He looks like he wants to scream but is too surprised to manage it.

Jerry, Zama and Tebs turn to look towards the bar. It takes them a moment to catch wise...

PROTAGGY MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING:

He swiftly KICKS THE STOOL out from under Kemba, DROPPING HIM TO THE FLOOR.

Kemba's right hand neatly SPLITS DOWN THE MIDDLE as his weight pulls it along the knife's blade.

PROTAGGY LEAPS OVER THE BAR TOP.

Kemba LANDS WITH A THUD on the floor and SCREAMS OUT LOUD as he sees his hand: it's split almost to his wrist, a Vulcan Salute gone too far.

Zama, Tebs and Jerry DRAW THEIR GUNS.

The bystanders DUCK AND FLEE.

The three men form a 'V' formation and START FIRING.

The glass shelves full of bottles SHATTER from the gunfire.

Protaggy huddles behind the bar as glass and booze rain down on him. There's a DUSTY OLD FIRE EXTINGUISHER nearby...

A rogue bullet ricochets off the bar and \*DINGS\* the juke box. It starts up Femi Kuti's 'Beng Beng Beng' mid chorus. The track will play O.S. through the whole scene.

Kemba cradles his hand and crawls away from the bar.

From the top, we see ZAMA, TEBS and JERRY through a SPINNING CEILING FAN. They all run out of ammo at the same time.

Zama and Jerry lift either side of Tebs' COAT to reveal a BANDOLIER with dozens of FULL AMMO MAGAZINES clipped to it. All three grab clips and start reloading.

Protaggy pulls out his gun and holds it firmly. He springs up and points it at the three guys as--

--THEY OPEN FIRE BACK.

Protaggy winces as BULLETS fly past him. One of them CONNECTS with his REVOLVER and--

--HIS GUN GETS SHOT OUT HIS HAND.

Protaggy hits the floor again. He shakes the pain out his hand and looks to his left: next to him Lofty is crouched, hyperventilating, clutching a SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN.

Protaggy looks up: IN THE CRACKED MIRROR ABOVE HIM he can see the reflection of the ceiling fan directly above Tebs.

Zama, Jerry and Tebs are reloading ... but are interrupted--

--by a BOTTLE OF BOURBON flying through the air from behind the bar...

The bottle HITS THE CEILING FAN AND SHATTERS, sending GLASS and BOURBON raining down on Tebs.

Tebs shakes and swats at himself.

TEBS  
(spitting out bourbon)  
What the fuck the hell!

From behind the bar a LIT LIGHTER FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR...

IT HITS TEBS AND HE INSTANTLY BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Flaming Tebs falls to the ground, screaming and rolling around frantically.

ZAMA  
Tebs!

Zama grabs a TABLE CLOTH from a table nearby and heads towards Tebs--

Jerry stops him.

JERRY  
What you doing?! That's plastic!

Zama looks down at the plastic table cloth...

\*BANG\* A GUNSHOT IS HEARD O.S.

Jerry and Zama turn and look around confused... Then click.

JERRY  
The clips!

Protaggy DUCKS flat and covers his head.

Jerry JUMPS for cover behind the tipped-over TABLE.

Zama TURNS around too late to see:

LIKE POPCORN:  
TEBS TURNS INTO A HUMAN GATTLING GUN AS HUNDREDS OF BULLETS EJECT FROM OFF HIS BANDOLIER AND SHRED THE SHEBEEN APART.

ZAMA GETS SHOT to pieces and hits the ground, DEAD.

JERRY CROUCHES as low as he can, bullets whistling past.

PROTAGGY AND LOFTY DUCK as debris falls down about them.



KEMBA SQUEEZES behind the Jukebox.

THE LAST BULLET \*POPS\*

And then it's calm.

Jerry peeps around the table. Tebs is quietly BURNING away nearby, quite dead.

Suddenly the OLD DUSTY FIRE EXTINGUISHER FLIES THROUGH THE AIR from behind the bar...

...and lands next to Jerry. He grabs it.

Jerry opens the extinguisher up and SPRAYS a TORRENT OF WHITE POWDER all over Tebs, dousing-out the flames.

JERRY

Hey! Deadman! You like fire?! Come out now or I'll burn this fucking place down with you in it!

A WHISTLE is heard O.S. and JERRY turns towards the BAR--

--CRASH-ZOOM IN ON PROTAGGY:

Lying on the ground, his torso sticking half-out from behind the bar. He's pointing Lofty's SHOTGUN directly at the extinguisher.

JERRY

(looks down)

No, wait--

PROTAGGY PULLS THE TRIGGER.

**CUT TO:**

**INT./EXT. NUGGET'S CAR - DAY**

\*POP\* A BUBBLE OF GUM BURSTS, leaving shredded remnants all over Poeg's mouth.

Poeg and Nugget are sitting in a parked car staking-out the shebeen about half a block away. In the back of the car are TWO GUYS (ZOLA & SAMSON, 20s), both armed to the teeth.

The Siphos walk down the side of the road towards the car carrying inflatable globes.

Sipho 1 pokes a globe into the driver's window where Nugget is sitting and SPINS the globe as fast as he can.

SIPHO 1  
Ma-gents! Fifty Bucks!

Nugget turns his head slowly and blankly clocks the globe stuck in his face. Poeg leans over him.

POEG  
Fuggoff!

SIPHO 1  
Five Bucks.

Poeg pulls out his giant gun and points it in Siphos 1's face. The Siphos scatter.

POEG  
Fuckin' street rats...

Poeg unwraps a piece of gum and tosses it into his mouth to join its friend. He reads the FUN ANIMAL FACTS PRINTED on the inside of the wrapper.

POEG  
(toddlers read better)  
*'Did you know the crocodile will  
leave its prey to decompose before  
eating it?'*

NUGGET  
I no know you read.

POEG  
*'Did you know that a cow can't walk  
down stairs?'*

NUGGET  
Lies.

Poeg gestures matter-of-factly to the wrapper.

NUGGET  
The paper say, so is true?

Poeg crumples up the paper and throws it out the window.

NUGGET  
How fuck cow get up stairs?

The both turn and stare out their respective windows. Poeg lets out a heavy sigh and checks his big, faux-gold WATCH.

POEG  
We should go in.

NUGGET

Longer.

POEG

I think we should go in.

NUGGET

Wait longer.

POEG

Why? We know there are only four fuckers in there-- six, max.

NUGGET

Longer wait, drunker fuckers get. Wait longer.

POEG

(to himself)

Well, I think we should go in.

Nugget points towards the shebeen with a be-my-guest gesture. Poeg frowns and folds his arms like a sulky tween.

SUDDENLY A BARRAGE OF GUNSHOTS ARE HEARD O.S.

POEG

Whoa! Wassat?

NUGGET

Maybe dey just fucking around...

POEG

Fucking around?! It sounds like they killing each other in there!

NUGGET

Freebie for us.

It goes quiet again...

POEG

Okay. Now we go in.

NUGGET

No. Longer.

POEG

Okay, now you're just fucking--

\*ZING\* A SINGLE BULLET FLIES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, STRIKING ZOLA IN THE BACKSEAT BETWEEN THE EYES.

Poeg and Nugget look at the HOLE... then each other...

NUGGET

Down.

A HAIL OF BULLETS EJECT FROM THE SHEBEEN.

Poeg makes himself small on the floor as Nugget tipples out the car, taking cover behind it.

All over the street PEOPLE dash and run, evading the bullets. One VAGABOND isn't as lucky and gets SHOT TO BITS.

Samson in the backseat gets SHOT UP and dies where he sits.

THE LAST BULLET \*POPS\*

And then it's calm.

Poeg slowly gets up... Nugget slowly gets up... They both look towards the shebeen.

POEG

You still want to wait?

\*BOOM\* IN THE REFLECTION OF THE WINDSHIELD WE SEE THE SHEBEEN BLOW UP IN A CLOUD OF WHITE SMOKE.

Poeg's eyes widen. Nugget watches with stoicism.

NUGGET

You still want go in?

**INT. THE DEAD VIEW SHEBEEN - DAY**

WHITE SMOKE EVERYWHERE.

The atmosphere thins out and we slowly start to make out the wrecked interior of the shebeen.

Kemba is still hiding behind the jukebox, covered in white residue and clutching his injured hand.

The jukebox is stuck. *Beng...Beng...Beng...*

Protaggy steps through the wall of white smoke towards Kemba... He stops near the smoking, charred Tebs and bends down to retrieve his lighter. He wipes it on his shirt.

Kemba backs up against the wall.

KEMBA

You... you have any idea... who you're fucking with?

Protaggy walks calmly up to Kemba, still holding the shotgun. He SNAPS it open, EJECTING the SMOKING SHELLS.

PROTAGGY

No. Let's go find out.

He kneels down and hands Kemba the unloaded weapon.

PROTAGGY

Take me to your leader.

**INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Kemba is sitting at a small table swigging BOURBON from the bottle while a scrawny DOCTOR (80s?) stitches up his hand.

Lucky is sitting behind his desk, contemplatively pivoting side-to-side in his chair...

Protaggy is seated in front of Lucky's desk, still covered in WHITE RESIDUE.

He looks around the office. It's what you'd get if Ernest Hemingway was an interior decorator: all around are displayed WEAPONS, from ancient PISTOLS to MUSKETS to SHOTGUNS-- an old WWI HOWITZER CANNON sits in the corner.

Lucky inhales to say something and then stops himself with a confused look.

LUCKY

Wait, they're burnt or blown up?

KEMBA

Both.

LUCKY

(to Protaggy)

Can't you just shoot someone like a normal person?

PROTAGGY

I'm a little rusty.

Kemba turns and grabs an ornate REVOLVER from off the wall. He points it at Protaggy's head. The doctor tries to keep stitching but the movement is making it tough.

KEMBA

Hey, asshole! You just killed three of my friends! Stop talking like a man who thinks he's walking out here alive!

Lucky watches on with amusement.

Protaggy calmly looks down the revolver's barrel...

PROTAGGY  
That's a nice gun.  
(then)  
Can I have it? Mine broke--

KEMBA PISTOL WHIPS PROTAGGY THROUGH THE FACE.

LUCKY  
(grinning)  
Easy, Kemba...

Protaggy brings his hand up to the mean GASH that's appeared on his forehead, his eyes swimming...

KEMBA  
This guy's working for Siko! This  
is payback for Lameck!

PROTAGGY  
(clutching head)  
Who's Siko?

Kemba is about to hit him again but Lucky intervenes.

LUCKY  
Kemba, back off.  
(to Protaggy)  
You'll have to excuse Kemba for  
being so grumpy, you're not the  
first guy to cook one of his  
friends this week.  
(then)  
And I also think I've wasted enough  
time on you. What exactly is it you  
want?

Protaggy leans forward and fingers through the ASHTRAY on Lucky's desk. He holds up a half-smoked CIGARETTE BUTT.

Protaggy looks at Lucky with a silent gesture. *You mind?*

Lucky smiles and shakes his head. *Not at all.*

Protaggy puts it in his mouth and takes out his lighter... He tries to get a flame out but it won't light.

Lucky tosses a box of MATCHES his way.

LUCKY  
Want me to light it for you?

Protaggy looks at him for a frozen moment-- his one hand held up to the bloody gash on his head-- and then with the other hand, picks out a match and nimbly FLICKS THE BOX AROUND, IGNITING IT. It's a pretty impressive trick.

He lights the cigarette butt and takes a drag.

Lucky's smile widens. The verdict's out: he likes this dude.

PROTAGGY

I want you to stay out my way.

Lucky's smile drops.

Protaggy fishes something out his pocket. He stands up.

He lifts up Scales' GOLD COIN and with a nimble FLICK of the finger, sets it SPINNING on the table top in front of Lucky.

PROTAGGY

I want to go wherever and do  
whatever in this town-- and you and  
your thugs are going to back off.

Lucky watches the coin spin, a realisation forming on his face...

PROTAGGY

I'll be back soon with details.

Protaggy SLAMS his hand down onto the coin.

Lucky is frozen, tears of rage welling up in his eyes.

PROTAGGY

Don't fuck this up.

Protaggy pockets the coin again, snubs the cigarette out in the Ashtray and turns to leave. Kemba stands to stop him.

KEMBA

Boss?

Protaggy pushes past Kemba.

LUCKY

(barely audible)  
Leave him.

Protaggy opens the door. Kemba is dumbfounded.

KEMBA

Boss--

LUCKY  
Let him go!

Protaggy's gone.

AND LUCKY \*ROARS\*.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LUCKY'S CASINO - DAY**

Protaggy steps out the backdoor into an alley behind the casino. He notices another CIG BUTT on the ground...

As he kneels down, TWO SHADOWS cast over him. He looks up:

Nugget and Poeg look back down at him.

Protaggy gets up and looks the two men up and down...

PROTAGGY  
(to Nugget)  
You're a big one.  
(then)  
You leave any of your mother's cunt  
behind you?

Nugget's stoic expression flinches.

Poeg stifles a laugh and Nugget darts him a stern look.

Protaggy braces himself as--

PROTAGGY'S P.O.V.:  
--NUGGET PUNCHES HIS LIGHTS OUT.

**SNAP TO BLACK.**

**INT. CAR WASH STOREROOM - DAY**

PROTAGGY'S P.O.V.:  
THE PICTURE BLURS BACK INTO FOCUS to see Sikobela sitting on the edge of a desk staring at us. In the room around him are shelves filled with CAR WASH CLEANING PRODUCTS. Nugget and Poeg are standing against one of the walls.

Protaggy is sitting in front of Siko. He blinks back into consciousness and brings his hand up to his SMASHED NOSE...

Sikobela's eyeing Protaggy like a painting he knows has some deeper meaning but can't figure out what the heck it is.

SIKOBELA  
Why you still alive?



PROTAGGY

What?

SIKOBELA

You just walked out of Lucky's  
after taking out his guys...

Protaggy shakes his head with confusion...

SIKOBELA

You walked out. You weren't carried  
out in many little bags. How?

PROTAGGY

Self defense.

POEG

He's talking shit. Lofty says he  
started the whole thing.

SIKOBELA

That true?

Protaggy shrugs.

SIKOBELA

You just maybe walk into a place  
and decide you need to star in your  
own action movie?

PROTAGGY

They didn't like my boots.

Everyone takes a moment and looks down at his boots...

SIKOBELA

I don't like your stupid boots. You  
going to blow me up now, cowboy?

PROTAGGY

I think I got it out my system.

SIKOBELA

Okay, wise-man, no more jokes.

(points at Nugget)

The only reason Nugget over there  
hasn't ripped your arms off is  
because you've managed to impress  
me... But first impressions fuck  
off fast so you better tell me  
quick what Lucky offered you so I  
don't have to shoot two people this  
week.

PROTAGGY  
 Didn't offer me anything.

SIKOBELA  
 Bullshit. He either offered you a  
 job or you paid him off. And by  
 looking at you and your stupid  
 boots, I know you couldn't pay off  
 a hobo.

Protaggy stares at Sikobela for a silent moment, the sneaky  
 cogs in his mind spinning away... He moves slowly forward  
 and digs around in the ASHTRAY on the desk.

PROTAGGY  
 A job.

SIKOBELA  
 He wants you to work for him?

PROTAGGY  
 He wants me to work for him.

Protaggy finds a suitable butt and pops it in his mouth.

SIKOBELA  
 He tell you about me?

PROTAGGY  
 (shakes head)  
 He just said he'd send for me.

Protaggy makes a motion towards his jacket pocket...

Nugget & Poeg JOLT upright and make for their guns.

SIKOBELA  
 Whoa there-- what you doing?

PROTAGGY  
 (points to butt)  
 Matches.

SIKOBELA  
 Wait--  
 (turns to his guys)  
 Did someone frisk him?

Nugget points a finger at Poeg. Poeg lifts his hand.

POEG  
 Ja. No worries-- he's clean, Boss.

SIKOBELA  
 I've seen how you frisk-- this guy  
 could have a fucking bazooka on  
 him. Do it again.

Poeg rolls his eyes and walks over to Protaggy.

SIKOBELA  
 (to Protaggy)  
 I'm sorry about this, but if I  
 don't take the time to teach them  
 they'll never learn.

POEG  
 (to Protaggy)  
 Up.

Protaggy stands up and lifts his arms as Poeg pats him down.  
 He gets down to Protaggy's lower-right leg and frowns.

POEG  
 His leg feels weird...

Poeg lifts up Protaggy's pant leg to reveal his FAKE LIMB.

SIKOBELA  
 You frisk someone and don't see  
 they're a cripple?

Poeg stares gobsmacked at the prosthetic leg.

SIKOBELA  
 Check those stupid boots.

Poeg removes the boot and fingers around on the inside. His  
 expression changes as he feels something...

...he pulls out the GOLD COIN.

POEG  
 Whoa. Is this real?

Sikobela SHOOTS UP, snatching the coin out his hand. He  
 looks at it closely.

Sikobela pauses in thought... and then like a cut elastic  
 band, SNAPS AND SWINGS HIS ELBOW THROUGH PROTAGGY'S FACE.

Protaggy HITS THE FLOOR, BLOOD SPRAYING from his nose.

Sikobela folds the coin in his fist, pulls Protaggy up by  
 his shirt, and PUNCHES HIM SQUARE ON THE NOSE.

More BLOOD gushes from Protaggy's face.

SIKOBELA  
Where the fuck did you get this?!

PROTAGGY  
(barely audible)  
It's mine...

ANOTHER PUNCH.

SIKOBELA  
Where?!

PROTAGGY  
...stole it.

Sikobela's rage subsides slightly. He shoves Protaggy down to the ground and stands up, panting for air...

SIKOBELA  
From who?!

PROTAGGY  
Lucky... from Lucky. He had it on his desk.  
(beat)  
I lifted it.

SIKOBELA  
His desk?

He leans over Protaggy and lifts up the bloody coin.

SIKOBELA  
On his fucking desk?!

Sikobela staggers over to the other side of the room, fixated on the coin. He pulls a HANDKERCHIEF out his pocket and cleans the blood off it.

SIKOBELA  
Help him up.

Nugget and Poeg take an armpit each and lift Protaggy back onto the chair.

Sikobela walks over to Protaggy and tosses him the handkerchief. Protaggy takes it and holds it to his nose.

Poeg and Nugget exchange a glance in silent hope that later one will tell the other what the hell just happened.

SIKOBELA  
You got a place to stay?

Protaggy looks at the hanky and raises an eyebrow at how much blood there is. He holds it back to his nose. He nods.

Sikobela stands, fishing a FULL MONEY CLIP from his pocket.

SIKOBELA  
 (points to Nugget & Poeg)  
 They'll pick you up in the morning.

Sikobela tosses the clip into Protaggy's lap.

SIKOBELA  
 That's your first wages. You work  
 for me now.

Nugget and Poeg help Protaggy up and the three exit, leaving Sikobela alone, rubbing the pain out his left hook.

Just as they're out of Siko's earshot, Protaggy asks:

PROTAGGY  
 (to Nugget)  
 Think I can ask for my coin back?

**EXT. WIDE SHOT OF TOWN - DUSK**

The red setting SUN leaks its last rays into the dusty air.

**INT. MOSES' FLAT - DUSK**

A hand dips a BLOODY RAG into an even bloodier BOWL OF WATER and wrings it out.

Moses dabs Protaggy's wrecked face with the rag. Protaggy is smoking, trying to wriggle his nose back into place.

MOSES  
 You know, if I knew you wanted to  
 make friends I could have just  
 thrown you a party.

Protaggy flinches as the rag touches his face.

MOSES  
 Oh, I'm sorry-- would the little  
 baby prefer to go to the hospital?

PROTAGGY  
 There's a hospital here?

MOSES

Sure. It's the place you walk into,  
get Aids, then walk back out of.

Moses dabs back at the wound. Protaggy behaves this time.

MOSES

So now that you've pissed on every  
tree in town, can you please tell  
me what else I can expect to be  
coming my way?

PROTAGGY

You scared of something?

MOSES

You bet I am. I used to work for  
Siko-- I know what those fucks are  
capable of.

PROTAGGY

You worked for Siko? What happened?

MOSES

(at Protaggy's face)  
I came home too many times looking  
like this.

PROTAGGY

And he just let you leave?

MOSES

Of course not. I paid him to leave.  
And then I paid Lucky too, just to  
be sure.

PROTAGGY

And now they let you sell all this  
stuff?

MOSES

Some of it. I let them know just  
enough to keep them off my back.

Moses is done dabbing. He brings up a tattered tin of  
PLASTERS. He peels one open and slaps it on the gash on  
Protaggy's forehead. It barely covers it.

MOSES

There. Moses makes it all better.

Protaggy can't see it, but the plaster is branded with  
CARTOON CHARACTERS.

MOSES

So now that I put you back together again, you going to tell me what your plan is?

(leans back/lights joint)

No man's an island, cowboy... Moses is here to help.

Protaggy considers this... then decides to open up.

PROTAGGY

You got a truck?

MOSES

(gestures to merch)

All this stuff didn't get here by camel.

PROTAGGY

Is it fast?

Moses shrugs.

PROTAGGY

Good. In the morning, I'm going to need you to find me some superheroes.

MOSES

Superheroes? What the fu--

(stops himself)

Nevermind-- but just tell me one thing: what exactly did you say to the bosses?

PROTAGGY

Nothing. I reminded them of someone.

MOSES

Who?

Protaggy turns to the window and watches the last slivers of sunlight slash across the dusk sky.

PROTAGGY

Themselves.

He snubs the cigarette out.

**EXT. SIKOBELA'S CARWASH - COURTYARD - NIGHT**

A POKER prods RED HOT COALS, ejecting SPARKS into the night.

SOME OF SIKO'S GUYS are sitting around a FIRE drinking bunnies and shooting the shit. Poeg and Nugget are present.

A YOUNG MAN (20s) sits staring into the fire with a questioning look on his face. This is PILLS, one of Sikobela's lower-rung minions. Pills is about 5'6" and has a Mandrax problem. Or solution.

PILLS

It was gold?

POEG

Big as my fist. Looked old also.

**INT. LUCKY'S CASINO - BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

A YOUNG MAN picks up a POKER CHIP and brings it up to his face. This is MOTO (20s), one of Lucky's underlings. He has TIRE TREADS shaved (badly) into the side of his hair.

MOTO

Like this?

He's with FOUR OF LUCKY'S GUYS (all 20s) sitting around a POKER TABLE. Kemba looks up from his cards at the chip.

KEMBA

Bigger.

Another young MAN, named CHUBBY (for obvious reasons), leans back and lets out a long whistle.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN CARWASH AND CASINO:****CARWASH:**

Yet another YOUNG GUY, PHILEMON (20s)-- who looks like an anorexic Bob Marley-- pipes up:

PHILEMON

Why would he get mad over a coin?

POEG

You mad. When last did you see any real gold 'round here? The ground was sucked dry of it long ago. Shit, I'd fuck you up for some.



**CASINO:**

MOTO

And the boss just let him go?  
Because he showed him a gold coin?

Kemba shakes his head, looking down at his bandaged hand...

KEMBA

(places bet)

Guy kills his men and he just lets  
him walk away...

JOHN, a scrawny TEEN who should really be at home, minding to his mother, sees the bet.

JOHN

You think the boss knows this guy?  
Like from before?

KEMBA

Not the guy. He knows the coin.

The others look up and stare at Kemba, questioning.

**CARWASH:**

PHILEMON

But Poeg, Boss is already rich... I  
don't get it...

POEG

You don't need to get shit. The  
Boss is the Boss and he can do what  
he wants. He sees something he  
likes-- he steals it.

NUGGET

He no steal nuttin'.

The other guys turn and look at Nugget.

NUGGET

Dat his coin.

**CASINO:**

MOTO

Lucky's seen it before?

KEMBA

It's Lucky's coin.

**CARWASH:**

PILLS

But Poeg said it came from Lucky's desk.

POEG

(to Nugget)

Fuck... You mean?

(revelation)

Shit.

**CASINO:**

JOHN

Shit. Ja, I heard this story. But that wasn't real, was it? That was just, like... whatsit... a myth? It was other guys--

MOTO

What story?

**CARWASH:**

Pills and Philemon are watching Nugget like kids being told a story around a campfire.

NUGGET

Dis town... it was no like dis long 'go...

**CASINO:**

WE TRACK IN ON KEMBA...

KEMBA

You guys better listen up-- this affects all of us. Things are about to blow up in this town and we're right in the middle. We need to be ready.

**CARWASH:**

WE TRACK IN ON NUGGET...

NUGGET

Back in old days...

WE MOVE THROUGH THE FIRE AS THE FLAMES ENGULF US.

NUGGET (V.O.)

Siko and Lucky were brudders.

**EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE ORPHANAGE - NIGHT (RAINING) - FLASHBACK**

We cut to a FLASHBACK SEQUENCE with HEAVY FILM GRAIN and a high-contrast BLACK-AND-WHITE treatment.

A bolt of LIGHTNING illuminates the world through the DRIVING RAIN to reveal a battered, two-story BUILDING. A dilapidated sign on the facade reads: ORPHANAGE.

KEMBA (V.O.)

Long before any of you were born,  
this town was a different place...

**INT. ORPHANAGE - NIGHT (RAINING) - FLASHBACK**

We see the back of a tall, wiry, MAN (white, 50s) standing in a room with paint peeling off the walls. He hunches over and lights a thin, black CIGARETTE with an ORNATE LIGHTER.

NUGGET (V.O.)

Ruled by only one man.

The man turns and smiles as smoke cascades out his nose and mouth. The BALD HEAD, the MANICURED BEARD, the BLACK SUIT-- this guy looks like Anton LaVey on hunger strike.

NUGGET (V.O.)

De Captain

KEMBA (V.O.)

The Captain

THE CAPTAIN wraps his fist tightly around his lighter--

--AND PUNCHES A WOMAN THROUGH THE FACE.

The WOMAN-- skinny, 50s-- falls to the ground, holding her face. She whimpers as she crawls towards a SMALL CABINET against the wall a few feet away...

The Captain walks slowly at the same pace as her crawl, watching her silently while taking long drags of his cig...

NUGGET (V.O.)

De Captain was most bad-bad, evil  
bastard...

The Captain walks past an open doorway where a SMALL GROUP OF ORPHANS stand silhouetted against the flickering lamp-light, watching the scene, huddled together...

KEMBA (V.O.)

They say he got his name because he  
was the closest thing to a pirate  
on dry land.

The woman reaches the cabinet and retrieves a small REVOLVER. She swings it towards The Captain, but--

--he SLAPS it out of her hand and STOMPS her in the face.

NUGGET (V.O.)  
Like pirate, he love gold.

The Captain takes a small VELVET POUCH from out the cabinet.

Out the sack he lifts some GOLD JEWELRY and smiles, a faint golden gleam dancing across his face...

**NOTE:** Every time we see GOLD in the flashback sequence, it cuts through the black & white like yellow lightning in a storm cloud.

KEMBA (V.O.)  
He took everything. Money...  
lives... all he could until the  
entire town was his and no one  
could stand in his way...

A KNIFE FLASHES IN THE DARK AND SLASHES THE CAPTAIN'S THIGH.

The Captain \*SCREAMS\* the cigarette out his mouth and drops to one knee, gripping his leg.

From out the shadows behind him steps a small BOY (8) with a bald head and a stocky build. He's holding a bloody KNIFE.

NUGGET (V.O.)  
...'cept two little boy.

The Captain glares at the boy and makes for the GUN in his breast pocket-- but stops dead as he sees:

Another BOY (8), standing over him, holding the woman's revolver. He's shorter and skinnier than the other and holds the gun steady, calm, trained between The Captain's eyes.

KEMBA (V.O.)  
But evil knows itself when it sees  
it...

The Captain locks eyes with the small boy, holding him in his sights. The boy stares back coldly as his accomplice enters frame and stands next to him.

A smile cuts across The Captain's face like a wet wound.

THE CAPTAIN'S POV:

The two boys-- LITTLE SIKOBELA and LITTLE LUCKY-- stand side-by-side, Little Siko with the knife and Little Lucky with the outstretched pistol pointed at us.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**EXT. FIELD - DAY - FLASHBACK - 10 YEARS LATER**

Standing in the same position, the two boys are now on the verge of being men. SIKOBELA stands with his arms folded (no knife now), and LUCKY PULLS THE TRIGGER of his BIGGER GUN--

\*BANG\*

A MAN kneels on the ground, a large HOLE in his forehead oozing BLOOD and SMOKE. He squints at the hole for a moment... and then he topples to the floor. There's a HUGE KNIFE sticking out his back.

NUGGET (V.O.)

Captain took dem boys and made dem bad men like 'im...

A pair of evil-looking BLACK BOOTS walk up next to the dead man. AS WE TRAVEL UP THE LEGS, we see an OLDER CAPTAIN smiling down at the corpse like a Hyena. He slips another slender black cigarette into his mouth.

KEMBA (V.O.)

And together the three of them brought misery down on this town.

The Captain lifts up his lighter and--

\*FOOM\* A FLAME LICKS OUT THE TOP, ENGULFING THE ENTIRE WORLD IN FIRE.

**A WORLD OF FLAMES:**

Backlit by PURE FIRE, the SILHOUETTED FIGURES OF THE TWO BOYS stand up into frame, back-to-back. They lift up GIANT TOMMY GUNS and FIRE as SHELLS EJECT from the weapons, RAINING DOWN IN SLOW MOTION.

THE TWO FIGURES MORPH INTO THE GIANT HEAD OF THE CAPTAIN.

NUGGET (V.O.)

Siko and Lucky kill all Captain enemies....

THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD LAUGHS AS FLAMES ENGULF IT.

KEMBA (V.O.)

And with no one to stand up to him,  
the Captain preyed on the town  
until there was nothing left in it  
at all.

**INT. BANK - DAY (RAINING) - FLASHBACK - 5 YEARS LATER**

IT'S RAINING.

A MAN is kneeling on the floor of a bank, panting with fear as he keeps his shaky hands clasped behind his head in surrender. On the ground around him lie the BLOODIED BODIES of others not as compliant.

You can HEAR the repetitive \*CLANK\*CLANK\*CLANK\* OF METAL SMACKING METAL O.S.

The Captain paces in front of the man, playfully WHISTLING along to the beat of the CLANKS.

The Captain pauses... and suddenly clocks the kneeling man as if cued by a sixth sense.

WE MOVE INTO THE MAN'S FACE and hone in on a single GOLD TOOTH peeping out his quivering maw.

In the manager's office, LUCKY is brandishing a SHOTGUN as SIKOBELA SWINGS A SLEDGEHAMMER against the dial on an old combination SAFE.

Sikobela is about to bring his hammer down again when a MAN'S \*SCREAM\* RINGS OUT O.S. and stops him midway. Lucky turns and meets his gaze. They share a weary look.

The Captain is smiling down at a bloody GOLD TOOTH in his palm. His other hand holds a bloody SWITCH BLADE.

NUGGET (V.O.)

De Captain was crazy son-of-bitch...

**EXT. THE CAPTAIN'S SHED - NIGHT (RAINING) - FLASHBACK**

STORM CLOUDS RUMBLE IN THE NIGHT SKY.

KEMBA (V.O.)

His lust for gold was out of control...

A door opens from BLACK to reveal the Captain.

From a distance we see him carefully look around and then disappear inside a small SHED carrying a LEATHER POUCH.

Sikobela and Lucky watch silently from the shadows nearby.

The Captain appears again at the shed door moments later, empty-handed. He locks the door and slinks off.

**INT. THE CAPTAIN'S SHED - NIGHT (RAINING) - FLASHBACK**

The door of the shed flies open to reveal Sikobela holding a CROWBAR and Lucky carrying a PARAFFIN LAMP.

The lamp light pierces the dusty, crypt-stale air inside the shed: it's empty except for the outline of a TRAPDOOR in the middle of the wooden floor.

KEMBA (V.O.)  
He was starting to lose his mind.

**INT. THE CAPTAIN'S CAVE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

The two men descend down a decaying, wooden staircase, lead by the light of the lamp...

KEMBA (V.O.)  
His obsession with gold had started  
to affect business...

They look around the dank, dark CAVE. Lucky's mouth drops open slightly in wonder. Siko rubs his head in disbelief.

In the cramped space is a **SMALL PILE OF GOLD** consisting of jewelry, teeth, pocket watches and any other trinkets one can imagine made of the precious metal.

Behind it is a small wood-fired FORGE charred black and at this moment, unlit. Solidified **DROPLETS OF GOLD** trail to-and-from the forge and line small, blackened SMITHING TOOLS and crudely-carved MOLDS.

In the shadows, at the back of the room, is a large CHEST. A dim, **GOLDEN GLOW** leaks out from its inside...

Siko and Lucky walk over and open it:

It's full of **GOLD COINS**.

Lucky picks up a **GOLD COIN** and holds it to the light, Siko steps up next to him.

On the face is the profile of the Captain, proud and permanent: a self-anointed monarch.

**EXT. SIKOBELA'S CARWASH COURTYARD - NIGHT**

Pill's expression lights up with realisation.

PILLS  
Just like the boss's coin!

Everyone yells at him, annoyed at the interruption.

**INT. THE CAPTAIN'S SHED - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

KEMBA (V.O.)  
Why was he making them? Who the  
fuck knows.... Maybe he was just  
crazy with power.

Lucky holds up a coin, both men looking up at it...

NUGGET (V.O.)  
Dey take only one coin. Come back  
for rest after dey deal with De  
Captain...

THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD ON THE GOLD COIN FILLS THE FRAME AND--

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**INT. CATHOUSE - FILTHY ROOM - NIGHT (RAINING) - FLASHBACK**

--the Captain throws his head back, teeth clenched in  
ecstasy, as LIGHTNING from outside illuminates his face.

The person he's on top of-- a freckled GIRL (mixed-race, 18)  
-- jerks back-and-forth from the Captain's thrusts.

The BUTT OF A GUN comes down HARD on the side of the  
Captain's head.

He FALLS to the ground and crumples up against the wall like  
a spider blown off its web.

The girl SCREAMS and covers her naked form with the sheets.

The Captain turns to see:

The SILHOUETTED FIGURES OF HIS HENCHMEN looking down at him.

The Captain stands...



The two men lift their arms, both brandishing HAND GUNS...

The Captain SPITS at them violently, grinning like a suicide bomber. HE LAUGHS LIKE A MADMAN.

**INT. BACK ROOM AT LUCKY'S PLACE - NIGHT**

Kemba takes a sip of beer...

The others are silent as mutes, staring at him to please, please tell them what happened next...

KEMBA  
Well what the fuck do you think  
happened next?

**INT. CATHOUSE - FILTHY ROOM - NIGHT (RAINING) - FLASHBACK**

LUCKY AND SIKO OPEN FIRE.

THE CAPTAIN'S NAKED BODY IS SHREDED BY THE BULLETS.

The gunfire stops and The Captain falls to the floor like the toppled statue of an overthrown despot.

The two men lower their guns. The smoke from the barrels settles around them... There is a moment of peace before--

--they see the Freckled Girl standing with a PISTOL trained on them. She stands tall, fierce and TOTALLY NUDE. This isn't a scared little girl, THIS IS A PISSED-OFF VIRAGO.

Siko and Lucky regard her with surprise for a moment... and then Lucky reaches into his pocket, the other hand outstretched to the girl in assurance that he means no harm.

He removes the GOLD COIN and tosses it at her...

...she SNATCHES it out the air.

She eyes the GOLD COIN, mesmerized by it...

The two men back out the room, their shadows passing over The Captain's dead body as they do.

The BULLET HOLES in the wall light the corpse with thin SHAFTS OF LIGHT.

We HEAR the Captain's GHOSTLY LAUGH echo O.S.

**INT. THE CAPTAIN'S CAVE - DAY - FLASHBACK**

NUGGET (V.O.)  
But Lucky has last laugh...

Lucky enters The Captain's treasure room and freezes in shock. Behind him, Siko is coming down the rickety staircase with some EMPTY SACKS. He stops midway and looks around:

THE ROOM IS EMPTY.

Sikobela immediately darts to the small chest--

--EMPTY.

Lucky drops his head in defeat... and then raises it back up in slow realisation.

KEMBA (V.O.)  
There was only one person who could  
have taken the gold...

Sikobela is throwing things around the room in a vain search. He stops suddenly. He's realised the same thing.

He turns to see Lucky with a gun trained on him.

NUGGET (V.O.)	KEMBA (V.O.)
Lucky had betrayed him.	Siko had betrayed him.

Sikobela looks down at the gun and then back up at his two-timing friend... He shakes his head, disappointed...

Lucky drops the gun slowly... giving over to doubt...

And that's all the opportunity Siko needs: HE SWATS THE GUN OUT LUCKY'S HAND AND SUCKER PUNCHES HIM.

The lamp FALLS out Lucky's hand to the floor.

Lucky tumbles back and his ex-partner is immediately on him-- but not before Lucky lands a PUNCH ACROSS SIKO'S CHIN.

WE DRIFT AWAY from them and into the dim, dying FLAME inside the lamp on the ground. On the wall behind it, the two men's shadows toil and tumble to the floor...

AND THEN THE LIGHT DIES OUT.

**INT. LUCKY'S CASINO - BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

Kemba rubs his tired eyes.

MOTO  
And then? Who won?

KEMBA  
No one. Everyone lost.

JOHN  
Not everyone. Siko has had the gold  
all this time.

Kemba's twirling a poker chip in his hand, contemplating.

KEMBA  
Or that's what someone wants Lucky  
to think.

**EXT. SIKOBELA'S CARWASH - COURTYARD - NIGHT**

Nugget drains the last of his quart and tosses it into the  
fire. The others all sit wide-eyed, staring at him.

PILLS  
What happened next?

NUGGET  
Dis...  
(gestures all around)  
Dey split town. Enemies since den.

POEG  
Humph. Children's stories... How  
come you know so much?

NUGGET  
Gran-mama tell me stories about de  
Captain to scare me as little  
boy...

PILLS  
Shit. So Lucky had the gold all  
this time... And now Siko has the  
proof...

Nugget nods.

PILLS  
And now...

NUGGET  
War.

**EXT. LUCKY'S BALCONY - NIGHT**

Lucky is standing on his balcony looking over the town. He's focused on a LIGHT BURNING IN A WINDOW overlooking the Fountain. He looks like he could spit venom.

**INT. SIKOBELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Siko is standing at his window staring out from the other side of town. He looks down at the GOLD COIN in his hand and clenches his big, sweaty fist around it. He looks up...

...and we see that he is not looking back towards Lucky as one would expect: he's looking out into the DESERT beyond town. More specifically, he's looking at the dilapidated OLD BRIDGE on the town's edge that futilely hangs over the dry river bed, once joining the two parts of town.

SIKO PUNCHES THE WALL and turns away from the window, unable to cope with whatever memory is tormenting him so.

As he leaves, WE MOVE DOWN from the window and see Protaggy standing silently in the shadows below, smoking. He's been watching Siko...

Protaggy turns and looks out at the bridge...

**EXT. OLD BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Protaggy approaches the bridge with a FLASHLIGHT...

The BEAM OF LIGHT illuminates the bridge: the force that ripped through it must've been incredible to destroy it so.

He sees something:

Below the bridge, jutting out a SMALL CLIFF on the edge of town is an OUTLET PIPE like the opening to a sewer system.

Protaggy swings down into the outlet pipe. He shines the flashlight into its depths:

It disappears into the dark, running under the town for who-knows how far... He looks behind him at:

The VAST MOONLIT DESERT beyond where the river would have flowed out for miles and miles to end up who-knows-where...

He holds a pensive pause... then disappears down the tunnel.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. WIDE SHOT OF TOWN - SUNRISE**

The town looks as shitty at SUNRISE as it did at sunset.

With MOSES' ENTRANCE in the f.g. we see protaggy exit out the front and head down the stairs...

**INT./EXT. NUGGET'S CAR - STREET BELOW MOSES' FLAT - MORNING**

Nugget and Poeg are sitting in the same car again-- the BULLET HOLE still present in the windshield. Whoever tried to clean the blood off the back seat did so poorly.

Poeg is in a POLICE OFFICER'S UNIFORM. It's far too big for him: he looks like a child going to a costume party in his dad's clothes.

Poeg yawns just as Protaggy climbs into the backseat. Nugget eyes Protaggy in the rear-view mirror.

NUGGET

Look-- Mister One-Shot...

POEG

One-Shot? Who the fuck you talking about?

NUGGET

Everyone calls dis guy now. One-Shot. Take out Kemba's crew, blow up shebeen -- only fire one shot.

POEG

Bullshit.

He turns to face Protaggy in the back seat.

POEG

That true?

Protaggy shrugs.

POEG

Phff! One-Shot... Dumbest name I ever heard.

Nugget takes out a SHITTY REVOLVER from the cubbyhole and hands it to Protaggy.

NUGGET

Here your new girlfriend.

POEG

Wait--

Poeg grabs the gun and pops open the cylinder.

POEG

Guess you won't be needing the  
other five...

He empties all the bullets bar one from out the gun and  
tosses them out the window. He hands it back to Protaggy.

POEG

Welcome to the gang, One-Shot.

The car PEELS OUT to the sound of Poeg and Nugget laughing.

**EXT. LONE TREE PASS - DAY**

On the side of the road, just outside of town, a POLICE VAN  
sits parked next to the only TREE for miles.

There are THREE MEN sitting in its shade, two of which are  
in just their UNDERWEAR. They're both overweight so it's not  
the prettiest of sights. The third is Pills. He, like Poeg,  
is wearing a POLICE UNIFORM far too big for him-- he can  
barely see out from under the GIANT HAT.

On the ground in front of them is a small piece of cardboard  
with some MONEY crumpled on it. Pills throws down a PAIR OF  
DICE. He watches the result of the roll and then smacks his  
forehead in response to his bad luck. The TWO SEMI-NUDE  
POLICEMEN laugh and separate the money between them.

Nugget's car pulls up. Protaggy and Poeg hop out the car.

The car pulls away. Protaggy and Poeg walk towards the tree.

Pills sees them and stands, hiking up his huge pants.

Poeg and Pills pull out their GUNS and start loading them.

PROTAGGY

What we doing?

POEG

We are going to fuckin' rob  
somebody. You are going to stay out  
our fuckin' way.

Pills sees something O.S. and points.

PILLS

Poeg...

Poeg looks up: off in the distance a CAR IS APPROACHING.

Poeg holsters his gun and steps out into the road.

POEG

Bounce those piggies-- then you two  
hide nicely back there.

Pills opens the van's back and ushers the pudgy cops in.

Pills and Protaggy kneel down behind the van.

PROTAGGY

Who we robbing?

PILLS

Lucky... He's bringing in a new  
girl today.

PROTAGGY

That's not good?

PILLS

No. Siko handles all the girls in  
town. Lucky's trying to take the  
business.

PROTAGGY

We're kidnapping a girl?

PILLS

(indignant)

No!

(beat)

We're stealing a whore.

**INT./EXT. MOVING CAR - ROAD TOWARDS TOWN - DAY**

Inside the car are JOHN and MOTO. On the back seat behind them is a GIRL (17) in garish makeup and a bad weave. She's sucking on a LOLLIPOP (we'll adopt that as her name) and looking totally bored with, like, everything.

Moto, who's driving, leans forward and peers ahead...

MOTO

The hell's this?

The other two passengers look forward curiously...

**EXT. LONE TREE PASS - DAY**

Poeg steps into the road, flagging the car down.

It stops in front of him. He draws his HAND CANNON and points it at them.

Both men inside the car go for their guns--

PILLS (O.S.)  
(sad trombone)  
*Whap, whap, whaaaaap!*

John and Moto turn to see Pills standing at their window pointing his gun at them. Lollipop \*YELPS\*.

Poeg appears at the other window and gestures for their guns. They oblige.

Poeg eyes the girl through the windscreen. He waves.

POEG  
Hello, my pretty!

Lollipop crosses her arms and sighs, twirling the sucker around in her mouth. She's even bored of this now...

From Protaggy's vantage:  
We watch John and Moto get out and step into the road, hands behind their heads. Pills holsters his gun and pats them down. Poeg is pointing and barking frisking advice at him.

Protaggy lights a smoke. He leans on the bonnet of the cop car and watches, amused.

Back at the stick-up:

POEG  
What you think?

PILLS  
Fifty bucks on the skinny one.

The other two men look worried.

POEG  
You're on.  
(to the men)  
Okay, Chinas! Last one to that tree  
over there is a vrot tomato!

The two men look around... There isn't a tree over there.



JOHN  
Wait-- what tree?

POEG  
Ready!

Poeg cocks his gun.

POEG  
Steady!

He points the gun at their feet.

POEG  
Fuckin' go!

The ground between the two men ERUPTS as Poeg and Pills's GUNS LET RIP. John and Moto dart off into the bush.

Poeg and Pills keep firing, laughing. The other two men run in zigzags, LITTLE DUST CLOUDS POPPING UP about them.

Back with Protaggy, he turns his attention away from the Special Olympics and notices:

In the car, Lollipop is climbing over the front seat towards the steering wheel...

Protaggy puts two fingers in his mouth and \*WHISTLES\*.

Poeg and Pills stop their laughing/shooting and turn around.

Protaggy points at the car.

POEG  
(sees girl)  
*Ma se poes...*

Lollipop starts the car. She sticks her hand out the window and FLICKS THEM THE Vs.

Poeg and Pills run towards the car as it pulls off, leaving them in a DUST CLOUD.

Protaggy calmly gets up and strolls into the road...

Poeg and Pills run furiously after the car...

Lollipop laughs like a maniac as she wields the steering wheel and watches them in the rearview mirror. She stops laughing as she looks out the front windshield:

Protaggy is standing in the middle of the road with his gun drawn. He comically closes one eye... aims... then \*FIRES\*--

--\*BANG\* THE BULLET HITS THE SWEET SPOT IN THE BONNET AND THE AIRBAG EXPLODES IN LOLLIPOP'S FACE.

THE CAR SWERVES OFF THE ROAD AND HITS THE TREE.

Pills and Poeg stop next to Protaggy, panting. Protaggy takes a drag of his cigarette and hands Poeg his empty gun.

PROTAGGY  
I need another bullet.

He walks off whistling, hands in pockets.

WE HEAR the PRE-LAP of a man laughing...

**INT. SIKOBELA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Sikobela is laughing hysterically.

Pills and Poeg are standing with Lollipop between them. Her nose is swollen, both eyes BLACK-AND-BLUE. Still managed to keep hold of her sucker though.

Nugget is cleaning his nails with a matchstick and chuckling to himself. Protaggy is next to him, looking bored.

SIKOBELA  
You guys are like those silly  
clowns with the water guns!  
(points at Protaggy)  
Maybe I should just give this  
motherfucker a pointy stick, and he  
can do all your jobs!

Nugget looks up: it's what a brick wall looks like when it's offended.

SIKOBELA  
Ha! One-Shot-- that's a good name!  
I like that!

Poeg glares at Pills like he's about to take a flame thrower to him. Pills has no idea why Poeg is looking at him like that.

SIKOBELA  
Now why don't you girls get the  
fuck out of here and go braid each  
others hair...

Everyone gets up to leave. Siko turns to Protaggy.

SIKOBELA

(points to girl)

And you take her to the cathouse--  
one of these dumb-dumbs will just  
lose her...

(thinks)

And don't rape her-- she's still a  
virgin. Lucky was going to auction  
her cherry off to some high-  
rollers-- Thinks he can move in on  
my business! He's going to be so  
cross!

Protaggy takes the girl by the arm and leads her towards the  
door to the soundtrack of the big man's GUFFAWS.

A \*KNOCK\* O.S.

**INT. LUCKY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Kemba opens the door. Behind him are nearly ALL OF LUCKY'S  
GUYS loading RIFLES and donning BULLETPROOF JACKETS as if  
they're about to stage a coup on a small country. Kemba's  
eyes widen as if he's seen The Christ Risen:

In the doorway is Protaggy holding Lollipop by the arm.

Kemba tries to fumble for the gun at his side.

QUICK AS LIGHTNING, Protaggy's gun's in Kemba's face.

PROTAGGY

Take it easy-- I come in peace.

LUCKY (O.S.)

Kemba!

Lucky is at the stairs outside his office, overlooking them.

Kemba turns to look up at him and reluctantly takes his hand  
away from his gun. Protaggy holsters his weapon.

LUCKY

Take the girl.

Lucky turns and walks into his office. Following his cue,  
Protaggy walks into the warehouse and gently nudges Lollipop  
towards Kemba. The other men stand frozen, just watching.

Kemba looks at Lollipop: she takes the sucker out her mouth  
and offers it to him sarcastically.

**INT. LUCKY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Protaggy enters the office. Lucky STICKS A GUN IN HIS FACE.

LUCKY  
Are you his son?

Protaggy's unfazed. Behind him Kemba walks through the door.

LUCKY  
You don't look like him....

Protaggy slowly raises his hands.

PROTAGGY  
I'm not his son.

LUCKY  
But the son sent you, yes? That's  
where you got the coin?

PROTAGGY  
The coin you gave his mother.

Lucky drops the gun.

LUCKY  
You're working for him.

PROTAGGY  
He thinks so.

LUCKY  
So what do you want then?

PROTAGGY  
Same as you. Sikobela's gold.

LUCKY  
(points the gun again)  
Don't call it that!

Kemba steps a bit back, not sure of how to read the situation. Protaggy stands his ground.

LUCKY  
(calmer now)  
Siko has it? All of it?

Protaggy nods.

LUCKY  
How you sure?

PROTAGGY  
Because I know where he keeps it.

LUCKY  
So why don't you just take it?

PROTAGGY  
I can't do it alone.

LUCKY  
Why don't I just beat the gold's  
location out of you?

PROTAGGY  
Do I look like the kind of man you  
can beat shit out of?

Lucky lowers his gun and sits down on his huge, ebony desk.

LUCKY  
That fat bastard... All this time--  
all this fucking time!  
(gathers himself)  
Okay. You have a deal.  
So where does he keep the gold?  
It's not in town... I know, I've  
looked under every mother-fucking  
rock for miles.

Protaggy fingers around for a decent butt in the ashtray.

PROTAGGY  
No, not in town. But it does pass  
through here once a week.

Protaggy finds a suitable butt and lights it.

PROTAGGY  
Quarter-past-nine, every Tuesday  
morning...

Lucky and Kemba shoot a look at one another. Lucky clicks.

LUCKY  
What? A fucking train? Which one?

Protaggy sits casually on the OLD CANNON in the corner.

PROTAGGY  
Postal Service.

LUCKY

But the Postal Service train...  
it's mostly full of letters. Only a  
couple of cars are used for  
passengers. How the fuck could Siko  
hide the gold on it?

Protaggy pulls out the SMALL NOTEBOOK from his pocket. He  
flips through the pages.

PROTAGGY

Postal Service owns the train, but  
they didn't build it. It was built  
by a mining tycoon long ago:

(reads)

'Thomas Rhodes the Third'.  
Like most mining tycoons back  
before, Mr. Rhodes would get  
robbed. Often. So he built hidden  
compartments all over that train so  
he could safely cart gold ore from  
his mines down to the coast. And  
that's just what Siko's using the  
train for.

LUCKY

And just how do you propose we get  
aboard the train? One of its cars  
is run by the military-- it's a  
permanent barracks filled with  
guns, explosives and bored soldiers  
just dying for some shooting  
practice. You'd need a fucking tank  
to take it out. Tell me, Mr. Train  
Robber, do you have a fucking tank?

Protaggy smiles as WE MOVE DOWN AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE DARK  
BARREL OF THE CANNON.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY**

A STEAM TRAIN bursts out a dark TUNNEL into daylight.

A PICKUP carrying Kemba and FOUR OF LUCKY'S GUYS race down  
towards the train from the ROAD atop the tunnel. They're all  
armed and ducking behind make-shift, THICK SHEETS OF IRON  
welded to the sides of the truck. Moto is driving.

**INT. MOVING TRAIN - ARMORY CAR - DAY**

Inside the train car, SIX SOLDIERS in uniform see the pickup and spring into action. One of them pops open a GUN CAGE and hands out RIFLES.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN INSIDE THE ARMORY CAR & TRAIN TRACKS:**

As the truck pulls up to the side of the train, the car's HATCHES open up and the soldiers OPEN FIRE.

Lucky's guys duck as BULLETS SPARK off the side of the iron sheets, which do well at providing cover.

The soldiers shut their hatches and reload. Lucky's guys FIRE BACK but the hatches are as impenetrable.

ANOTHER PICKUP TRUCK-- iron plates welded to the opposite side-- drives up to the other side of the ARMORY CAR.

Protaggy is on the back with Lucky and John. Next to them is a LARGE OBJECT UNDER A CANVAS TARP. Chubby is driving.

A SMALL, SWEATY SOLDIER sees the other pickup.

SMALL SWEATY SOLDIER

The other side!

Half the soldiers turn and run to the other side.

As they open the hatches and point their guns out--

--Lucky flings the tarp off to reveal THE OLD CANNON.

John picks up a 105mm SHELL from a PILE OF SHELLS rattling around next to the cannon. He loads it...

The Small Sweaty Soldier sees the cannon and realises what's about to happen.

SMALL SWEATY GUARD

Aw, come o--

Lucky PULLS THE LANYARD at the back of the cannon and--

--\*BOOM\* THE MISSILE RIPS THROUGH THE ARMORY CAR AND EXITS OUT THE OTHER SIDE.

The guys on the other truck DUCK as the projectile narrowly misses their heads as SMOKE PLUMES AND DEBRIS RAINS DOWN.

One of them looks up and eyes Protaggy and the other pickup through the GIANT HOLES blasted through either side of the armory car. Protaggy waves.

The guys in the other truck unclasp LATCHES and the iron sheets FALL DOWN and \*CLANK\* perpendicularly to the side of the truck like gangplanks on a pirate ship.

They spring off them and into the hole in the armory car.

Inside the armory car the SMOKE IS SETTling. The SMALL SWEATY SOLDIER coughs and pushes a BIGGER SOLDIER'S BODY from off him. He seems to be the only one left alive... He stops coughing when he sees the GUN in his face.

Kemba stands over him, smirking.

KEMBA

Toot toot.

Protaggy-- who has unlatched the gangplanks on his truck-- JUMPS THROUGH THE OTHER HOLE. Lucky follows behind him.

LUCKY

Which way?

Protaggy points towards the front of the car.

PROTAGGY

Two cars up-- private compartment  
seventy-nine.

Kemba SHOVES the Small Sweaty Soldier out of the hole--  
--THE SOLDIER HITS THE GROUND IN A PUFF OF DUST.

LUCKY

(to Kemba)

Stay here and take guard.

KEMBA

Guard what? It's a fucking hole!

Lucky has patience only a Rottweiler trainer can grasp.

LUCKY

Stay here and guard the fucking  
hole or I'll push you out it.

He turns and follows Protaggy forward through the train.

Kemba snaps contempt onto his face and takes a seat on one of the FATTER DEAD SOLDIERS. He guards the hole.

**INT. MOVING TRAIN - PRIVATE COMPARTMENT 79 - DAY**

Protaggy and Lucky enter a private compartment.



Inside the compartment, a LITTLE OLD FANCY MAN is sitting reading a NEWSPAPER. He sees Lucky's gun and immediately pulls his CARPETBAG up tightly to his chest.

LUCKY

Really? You think we're here for  
your handbag?

The Little Old Fancy Man looks a little hurt.

Protaggy scans the compartment's interior... In front of the man is a TABLE against the window with an INLAID CHESS BOARD on it with CHESS PIECES.

**EXT. MOVING TRAIN - ROOF - DAY**

On the top of the train, BATMAN, SUPERMAN AND SPIDER-MAN POP THEIR HEADS UP FROM BETWEEN TWO CARS.

They climb up onto the roof and move nimbly across the train, hopping between the cars with acrobatic flair.

**INT. MOVING TRAIN - ARMORY CAR - DAY**

Kemba is sitting on the fat dead soldier, picking his fingernails with his KNIFE.

Behind him Spider-Man's head peeps in from the SMALL OPEN HATCH in the roof of the car...

**ON TOP OF THE MOVING TRAIN:**

Batman and Superman are carefully holding Spider-Man's ankles as they slowly lower him down...

Spider-Man grabs hold of a railing and flips right-side up and lands silent like a kitten inside the car...

...Kemba's oblivious.

Spider-Man tip-toes through the car behind Kemba. As he passes a seemingly DEAD SOLDIER, the soldier \*MOANS\*...

Kemba turns his head, thinking he's heard something...

Spider-Man KICKS the soldier's side. It shuts him up.

Kemba goes back to his personal grooming.

Spider-Man gets to the end of the car and unlocks a big, BOLTED DOOR.

Behind the door, we see an ARSENAL ranging from DYNAMITE to AUTOMATIC RIFLES to GRENADES.

Spider-Man eyes the weaponry exhales a whistle...

**INT./EXT. MOVING TRAIN - BACK PLATFORM - DAY**

Spider-Man exits the door at the back of the train and steps out onto the platform.

On the track is a SMALL FLATBED TRUCK keeping pace behind the train carrying the Siphos. Moses is driving.

Spider-Man smiles and waves at Moses.

Moses shakes his head with a *How the fuck'd I get roped into this?* look on his face.

**INT. MOVING TRAIN - PRIVATE COMPARTMENT 79 - DAY**

Protaggy stands over the CHESSBOARD. He picks up one of the PIECES and turns it over. It has a SMALL PEG on its base... On the board are SMALL HOLES that the pieces fit into to keep them from falling over on the shaky train.

Protaggy checks his NOTEBOOK, arranging the pieces on the board. The Little Old Fancy Man and Lucky look on...

Protaggy clears the board of all but 15 pieces, arranging them according to a DIAGRAM in his notebook. As he puts the last piece-- the WHITE KING-- into place, a \*CLICK\* IS HEARD and the TABLE TOP POPS UP.

Protaggy carefully lifts up the TABLE TOP and looks down...

Lucky and the Little Old Fancy Man peer in...

Hidden under the table top is an OLD SAFE.

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY**

On the pickup with the cannon, John pulls loose a BIG HOOK on the end of a THICK CABLE from a WINCH.

The truck pulls up to a train window Lucky is hanging out. John SWINGS the hook through the air...

...LUCKY CATCHES IT.

**INT. PRIVATE COMPARTMENT 79 - DAY**

Lucky fastens the hook and cable onto the window frame.

Lucky gives a thumbs up out the window.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN INSIDE & OUTSIDE TRAIN:**

John smacks the top of the roof to signal Chubby.

The truck veers away from the train as the cable snaps taut and YANKS THE ENTIRE WINDOW OUT.

The Pickup returns to the window, now HOLE.

Lucky and Protaggy PUSH THE SAFE OUT THE HOLE...

...IT LANDS ON THE BACK OF THE PICKUP, ALMOST FLIPPING THE VEHICLE OVER WITH ITS WEIGHT.

Kemba pops his head into the compartment.

KEMBA

Boss. Siko's here.

**OUTSIDE THE TRAIN:**

Lucky's guys on the back of the other pickup truck frantically FIRE THEIR WEAPONS behind them. One of them takes a BULLET IN THE NECK AND FALLS OVER THE SIDE.

Behind them in hot pursuit are THREE OTHER TRUCKS. The front one is a FLATBED TRUCK filled with POEG, NUGGET and SIKO'S GUYS, all ARMED and FIRING BACK. Inside the truck, Siko drives while hanging out the window, FIRING AN UZI.

**IN THE TRAIN:**

Lucky, Kemba and Protaggy step into the armory car. Lucky is carrying the Little Old Fancy Man's CARPETBAG. The truck with the safe pulls up next to the hole.

Lucky jumps onto the back of the truck and shouts back:

LUCKY

You two stay here and give cover! I want them to think we're still on board for as long as we can!

The truck PULLS AWAY. Protaggy turns to Kemba.

PROTAGGY

Hand me one of those rifles...

Kemba walks over to the rack and picks up a RIFLE. He steps back to Protaggy...

...AND POINTS THE RIFLE AT HIM.

Protaggy eyes the barrel of the rifle nervously.

KEMBA  
Don't worry, I'm not going to shoot  
you.

KEMBA \*SOCKS\* HIM THROUGH THE FACE WITH THE RIFLE BUTT.

**SNAP TO BLACK.**

**EXT. SALT FLATS - DAY**

WE FADE UP ON TWO TIRE TRACKS in the dry, white ground leading off into the distance... At the end of the tracks is a parked BLACK CAR. The only thing around for as far as the eye can see is HEAT HAZE. A FIGURE exits the car.

The boot flips open to reveal a HOGTIED Protaggy. He blinks, blasted by the blinding white sunlight.

Kemba is standing over him.

KEMBA  
Peekaboo.

Kemba yanks Protaggy out and \*THUDS\* him down onto the chalky ground. He cuts protaggy free with his knife.

As Protaggy rises, slowly, Kemba backs away and draws his GUN. He whips out a pair of SUNGLASSES and puts them on.

KEMBA  
(up at sun)  
Wowie. Gonna be a scorcher.

Kemba screws the top off a WATER CANTEEN and takes a long sip, the liquid running messily down his chest... He wipes his mouth and pours the remaining water out onto the ground.

KEMBA  
Hey you know how the leopard got  
his spots?

Protaggy doesn't answer.

KEMBA

No? You see, long ago the leopard had no spots at all, he was plain and white-- like a lion. Being white isn't an issue for lions because they hunt together, but leopard, the leopard hunts alone. So he had a problem. Being all white, the leopard could be seen a mile away, so that meant that leopards back then couldn't hunt. They were scavengers, eating only what other animals left behind...

(beat)

Scraps.

Protaggy knows he's being toyed with. He looks around for an escape plan... There isn't one.

KEMBA

So Leopard one day had enough of this and went to see the wisest of all the animals: Baboon.

(putting on a bad voice)

'Please, Baboon,' Leopard pleaded. 'You must help me. No longer can I eat dead and rotting flesh-- my stomach yearns for the red, pumping blood of alive things.'

Protaggy frowns at Kemba's bad performance.

KEMBA

(even worse voice)

'Ah, Leopard my friend,' said Baboon. 'How would you like to eat some alive, baby warthogs? Not far from here is a watering hole where the baby warthogs like to play in the cool mud. And if you go down to this watering hole and wait in the long reeds, soon one of the little warthogs will get stuck, and then, then you can gobble it up!' So, Leopard went down to the waterhole and you know what he found? Four baby warthogs playing in the mud, just like Baboon said! Now, if it's one thing that Leopard knew, it was patience...

Kemba inhales, looking up at the sun, a dramatic respite...

KEMBA

And he was prepared to wait in the reeds for as long as it took until one of the baby warthogs got stuck in the mud.

But, just like any cat in the cool shade on a hot day-- what do you think happened?

Protaggy stares blankly at him before realising the question isn't rhetorical.

PROTAGGY

He fell asleep.

KEMBA

Hey! I thought you said you hadn't heard this story before? Yes, he fell asleep! And you know what those cheeky little warthogs did while Leopard was sleeping? They ran all up and down Leopard's beautiful, clean white coat with their filthy little hooves! And when Leopard woke up, he was covered with stupid little spots and all the animals at the waterhole were laughing at him...

(demeanor turns)

Can you imagine how humiliating that must have been?

(looks at bandaged hand)

And so, from that day on, Leopard's beautiful white coat was forever marked with those small, dirty hoof prints from the cheeky little warthogs...

Kemba lifts the gun up to meet Protaggy's eyes.

KEMBA

But, you see, by marking Leopard's pelt, those cheeky little warthogs had finally given Leopard what he had always needed... They had camouflaged him. And what did the Leopard do with his new spots? He used them to kill all those little fucking warthogs and everyone else who laughed at him that day-- even that cunt Baboon.

(big finish)

And that... is how the Leopard got his spots!

Protaggy looks nervously at the gun.

KEMBA  
Lesson of the story? Be careful who  
you humiliate...  
(beat)  
Because one day they'll come back  
and eat you the fuck up.

KEMBA SHOOTS PROTAGGY IN HIS RIGHT SHIN.

PROTAGGY HITS THE GROUND AND EXPLODES WITH PAINFUL CRIES.

Kemba holsters his gun.

KEMBA  
You know that people in town are  
calling you One-Shot?  
(beat)  
I like that name.

FROM A DISTANCE we watch through the HEAT-HAZE as Protaggy writhes on the ground. Kemba starts the car and drives off.

THE CAMERA TILTS UP AND THE SUN BURNS THE FRAME TO WHITE.

**TIME CUT:**

We DISSOLVE UP and see from a distance the lifeless shape of Protaggy's body lying on the hot desert ground.

Protaggy sits up and exhales slowly... He should be in agonising pain, but he's cool, calm...

He winces down at his leg: just below his knee is a GAPING HOLE, the rest of his leg bent off at an impossible angle-- NO BLOOD AT ALL.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE, we see him struggle at his leg for a moment while he unties something... Then brings up into view his PROSTHETIC LIMB, shattered in two.

He sighs, then TOSSES the useless limb to one side.

He props himself up onto his good leg...

Protaggy hops clumsily for a few steps... balances out... then hops off, following the tire tracks.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. OCEAN OF DUNES - SUNSET**

WE TRACK OVER FOOTPRINTS (well, just one footprint) in the white sand between the tire tracks and TILT UP to see the small figure of Protaggy making his way up a HUGE SAND DUNE in the distance.

Protaggy catches his breath at the top. He looks down:

The tire tracks have disappeared, blown over by the wind.

He looks up:

A WHOLE LOT OF NOTHING FOR AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

He takes a deep breathe... and hops down the side of the dune towards the SETTING SUN.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BUSH OUTSIDE PRISON - NIGHT**

An overweight and underpaid NIGHT GUARD (male, 40s) patrols the perimeter fence surrounding a PRISON, lazily shining his FLASHLIGHT over the ground in front of him.

A faint \*SCRATCHING\* IS HEARD O.S. and the guard stops.

The SOUND IS HEARD AGAIN O.S. this time louder. The guard looks around... *Is it coming from the ground?*

Grunting, the guard drops his fat form onto all fours and puts his ear to the ground like some half-baked Navaho... The SCRATCHING grows LOUDER and LOUDER until--

--LIKE A B-GRADE ZOMBIE FLICK: A HAND SHOOTS OUT THE GROUND NEAR HIS FACE, CLUTCHING AT THE NIGHT AIR.

The guard jumps up with a \*YELP\*.

The ground around the hand gives way and falls in as a HUGE FIGURE slowly rises from out of the earth...

The figure-- covered in dirt-- looks at the guard.

The guard \*YELPS\* again and turns to run but the thing in the hole GRABS HIM BY THE ANKLE AND DRAGS HIM BACK--

With a muffled grunt, the figure SNAPS THE GUARD'S NECK.

The figure drops the guard's body, climbs out the hole and shakes the dust from off him. A bit cleaner now, we can better identify him: it's MOUSE.



Mouse reaches back down and drags a big black DUFFEL BAG from out the hole. He unzips it to reveal SCALES huddled up inside of it like a baby in the caul.

Scales gets up and pats the little bit of dust off himself. He sees the dead guard on the ground.

SCALES

Jirrie, Mouse! You're out for thirty seconds and you've already offed an oke!

Mouse casts his eyes down and frowns like an admonished dog.

SCALES

You better watch out-- it's that kinda kak that got you thrown into there in the first place.

THE GUARD \*MOANS\* O.S.

SCALES

Hey, lookie-lookie...

Scales kneels down and eyes the guard.

SCALES

Ag, shame, Mouse-- he's not even dead. Think you just paralysed him or something...

The guard stares up helplessly at Scales.

SCALES

Ouch... that can't be *lekker*.

Scales gently pets the guard on the head.

SCALES

Shh, shh. It's okay...

Scales draws a long, thin SHANK from out the duffel bag.

SCALES

Ol' Scales is gonna make it all better.

Mouse flinches as WE HEAR WET TEARING AND GURGLING O.S.

Scales stands and cleans the blade on Mouse's shirt.

SCALES  
 I wouldn't stress about it,  
 Mouse... Don't think they can peg  
 that one on you.  
 (idea)  
 Oh, wait a seccie--

Scales kneels back down and rifles through the guard's pockets. He finds a pack of CIGARETTES.

SCALES  
 Ha! Check it!

He pops one in his mouth. Mouse lights it for him.

SCALES  
 You know what's funny, Mouse? I was  
 thinking, just as I got out that  
 hole, I was thinking: who do I have  
 to kill to get a fuckin' cigarette  
 'round here!

Scales laughs. Mouse doesn't get it, but laughs regardless.

**EXT. THE DESERT - DAY**

THE SUN IS RISING.

A DUNG BEETLE rolls a BIG BALL OF SHIT across the dry, cracked ground. A weathered, old HAND picks the ball of shit up and shakes loose the bug.

AN OLD SAN BUSHMAN lifts the ball of shit above his head and squeezes it in his fist... A small DROP OF BROWN LIQUID trickles out and rolls down his thumb onto his tongue.

He discards the drained doodie and wipes his mouth. Something catches his eye and he turns to see:

Protaggy standing behind him, barely balancing on his one leg. He's ashen, weak, desiccated. He FALLS OVER.

BUSHMAN  
 (in Khoehoe:)  
 Sinar hxb nâ tsîn ge n-pa ge sx an!  
 (subtitled:)  
 Fuck me!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE CAPTAIN'S CAVE - SCARY-ASS DREAM**

Protaggy jolts awake, frantic, panting. He looks about:

He's in The Captains cave. The FORGE is lit. Shadows dance on the walls. It's spooky AF.

PROTAGGY'S POV:

We look around the creepy cave... and then turns back--

--and suddenly A YOUNG BOY IS STANDING OVER US.

It's the same boy from the alley, the one on the crutch with Protaggy's eyes. He looks at us... and SCREAMS: not a little boy scream, a scream straight out a Japanese Horror flick.

THE BOY VOMITS UP GOLD COINS--

**INT. BUSHMAN'S HUT - DAY**

--Protaggy jerks awake again, sweating and out of breath.

He's in a SIMPLE HUT with walls of dried, caked mud.

The Old Bushman enters the hut. He mumbles something to Protaggy. Protaggy stares back, not understanding.

The Bushman goes over to the corner of the room and picks up a LONG STICK with a Y shape at one end. He points to Protaggy's stump, mumbles again, and gives him the stick.

**EXT. BUSHMEN VILLAGE - DAY**

Protaggy hops out the hut into the glaring daylight, the stick under his armpit used as a crutch. He looks around:

In the COMMUNITY OF BUSHMEN are some WOMEN in a group grinding roots on rocks while some CHILDREN sit playing.

The Old Bushman is the only adult man around.

A GIRL smiles and waves at him. He waves back awkwardly.

A tiny BOY runs up to him and hands him a hollowed out calabash with a hole on the top. Protaggy takes it and peeps inside, suspicious... then takes a long swig.

He wipes the water off his mouth and hands the calabash back to the kid. The kid chuckles and darts off.

Protaggy stares at the scene: it's peaceful and serene, almost Utopian. It's uncomfortable for him.

The Old Bushman appears leading a HORSE (a Namid Desert) with a SMALL SACK OF SUPPLIES tied to it. He mumbles at Protaggy and points out to the Desert.

Protaggy tries to follow... The Bushman mumbles again and then points at the SETTING SUN... and then down to Protaggy's shadow. Protaggy clicks.

PROTAGGY

West...

The Bushman mumbles something again and then slowly draws a diagonal line from the sun down to the horizon.

PROTAGGY

South.

(beat)

The town is South-West. Got it.

The Bushman smiles and hands him the horse's reins.

Protaggy starts mounting the horse... but then stops.

He turns and looks at the KIDS playing nearby-- he thinks he sees something... but, no, it can't be...

He continues mounting... and then stops again.

He pauses in thought and then hops over to the kids.

He leans down and pries one of the SMALL BOY'S hands open to see what he's playing with:

Inside the boy's mitt is a GOLD COIN.

Protaggy gestures to the coin. The kid hands it over.

PROTAGGY

Where did you get this?

The kid looks confused for a second and then clicks... He points out to the desert.

The Old Bushman walks over. Protaggy shows him the coin.

PROTAGGY

Can you show me where this came from?

**EXT. DRY DESERT LAKE - DAY**

The Old Bushman walks up a sandbank overlooking an old, DRIED UP LAKE. Protaggy hobbles up beside him.

Protaggy jumps down onto the flat, cracked surface of the lake and looks around:

He sees a SMALL, ROUND OBJECT stuck in the dry ground and picks it up...

It's caked with clay. He spits on it, rubs the filth off...

The profile of THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD peeps through.

Protaggy looks over the lake...

It's BIG.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROAD INTO TOWN - MORNING**

Superman sticks a GUN out the window of a BURNT-OUT CAR and pulls the trigger twice with a blank \*CLICK\*CLICK\*.

SUPERMAN

Bang! Bang! Eat shit and die!

Spider-Man and Batman clutch their chests and fall to the ground, feigning death with dramatic flair.

SPIDER-MAN

Ah! You got me! Fuck your mother up her dead cunt!

Spider-Man miraculously comes back to life and squints off into the distance. He points.

SPIDER-MAN

Hey, checkit--

The other two get up and look: in the distance is a FIGURE ON A HORSE moseying on slowly into town...

Protaggy trots into town and surveys it:

It's deserted: shops closed, windows boarded up. There's BULLET HOLES and FIRE DAMAGE everywhere. On a stoop, TWO UNDERTAKERS are shoving THREE CORPSES into ONE COFFIN.

Protaggy stops the horse near the burnt-out car.

SPIDER-MAN

We thought you were dead. Where you been?

PROTAGGY  
 Holiday. What happened here?

SUPERMAN  
 You don't know? Holy shit, it's a  
 fucking war! Everyone is hiding--  
 Siko and Lucky have been, like,  
 (clicking with the gun)  
 Bang, bang, banging all over town!

PROTAGGY  
 You guys get off the train okay?

SUPERMAN  
 Psh. You fucking joking? Easiest  
 job in the world.  
 (beat)  
 You still gonna pay us?

LOLLIPOP (O.S.)  
 Hey!

The boys on the ground jump up. Superman tries to hide the  
 gun behind his back. Lollipop walks up to the three boys and  
 puts her hand out. She looks much better now without the  
 garish makeup and weave. Still has a sucker though.

LOLLIPOP  
 Gimme.

Superman reluctantly hands over the pistol. She takes it and  
 FLICKS him in the middle of his forehead.

SUPERMAN  
 (rubbing forehead)  
 Ow! The fuck?!

She points her sucker like a principal's yardstick.

LOLLIPOP  
 (lifts gun up)  
 I ever see you boys even look at  
 one of these things again--  
 (wiggles her pinky)  
 I'll chop off your pee-pees!

The boys all grab their crotches in unison, flinching.

LOLLIPOP  
 Understand?

Nod, nod and nod.

LOLLIPOP  
Now get your bums inside.

They scamper off.

PROTAGGY  
Hey!

The boys stop and turn. Protaggy takes out a GOLD COIN and tosses it at Superman...

...he catches it.

PROTAGGY  
We're quits-- Stay off those trains, okay?

SPIDER-MAN  
Hey! Gimme!

The three boys start FIGHTING OVER THE GOLD COIN.

Lollipop runs over and pries them apart.

LOLLIPOP  
Hey! Give that!

She takes the coin from them.

SUPERMAN  
Hey! That's ours!

LOLLIPOP  
(to Protaggy)  
Here!

Lollipop throws the coin back at Protaggy. He catches it, almost falling off the horse.

LOLLIPOP  
We don't want your fucking poison!  
(points at boys)  
You want them to grow up fighting your fight? It'll never fucking end with you lot! And take this too!

She hurls the gun at him. He catches it, almost falling again.

LOLLIPOP  
Now go and get yourself killed with the other men so you can all get out our way!

She turns and walks off, scooting the boys ahead of her.

Protaggy holsters the gun, looking a little sheepish. He begins to trot back off into town...

Lollipop stops in thought, turns, and yells after him.

LOLLIPOP

Hey! Where'd your leg go?!

**EXT. OUTSIDE MOSES' FRONT DOOR - DAY**

Moses opens his front door holding a HUNTING RIFLE. Behind him the Siphos are also brandishing GUNS. All about are TOWNSFOLK taking refuge in Moses' place.

Protaggy stands in front of them balancing on the crutch with the SACKS OF GOLD.

Moses stands aside as Protaggy scoots past him.

MOSES

Hey, where'd your leg go?

**INT. MOSES' FLAT - DAY**

Moses rummages around inside a cardboard box...

MOSES

So you had no leg all this time?

Protaggy is thirstily downing water from a jug.

PROTAGGY

I have a leg. It's lying bust in the desert.

Moses thinks about it... then shrugs. He lifts the box.

MOSES

How'd you lose it?

PROTAGGY

Got shot as a kid.

MOSES

Fuck me. Who the hell shoots a kid?

PROTAGGY

Wrong place, wrong time.



MOSES

Well you're in the right place now.

He turns the box over and A BUNCH OF PROSTHETIC LIMBS FALL OUT ONTO THE FLOOR.

PROTAGGY

Is there anything you don't sell?

MOSES

Live animals. Don't ship well.

Moses slumps down and starts to roll a joint. He looks over at the sacks of gold in the corner of the room.

MOSES

That what I think it is?

Protaggy grabs a limb and tries it on. He nods.

MOSES

(long whistle)

No wonder shit's so crazy 'round here.

PROTAGGY

Things been bad?

MOSES

Hmph. Understatement.

PROTAGGY

Tell me.

Moses sits back, exhales, and pulls a TENSE FACE.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Moses is driving the truck, trying to keep pace with the train. He's pulling the EXACT SAME TENSE FACE.

The Superheroes are on the back of the truck watching, amused, as Sipho 1 stands on the bonnet and Sipho 2 hands him A CRATE from the back of the train. On the back of the truck is an ARSENAL of WEAPONS and EXPLOSIVES.

Sipho 2 brings up the crate: it has 'DYNAMITE' stenciled on the side. Sipho 1 takes it slowly from him--

--WE HEAR \*GUNSHOTS\* O.S. and they nearly drop the crate.

They all turn to see:

Lucky and John on the pickup with the safe racing past.

MOSES (V.O.)  
Lucky was off with the safe...

Siko and his crew pull up next to Lucky's pickup.

Lucky lifts up a THUNDERFOOT RIFLE and FIRES at them.

MOSES (V.O.)  
When Siko rocked up.

Siko yanks on the wheel and \*RAMS\* his car into Lucky's.

Lucky almost tipples off, but manages to hold on. John doesn't and FALLS OFF THE SIDE.

Lucky SHOOTS OUT THE BACK TIRE OF SIKO'S CAR.

The tire \*EXPLODES\*, sending Siko swerving out of control.

Just before Siko veers off, he sends another \*BURST\* of bullets from his Uzi into Lucky's truck's cabin.

CHUBBY AND JOHN GET SHOT UP.

Lucky peers down into the cabin and then looks up to see:

THE EDGE OF A CLIFF.

Lucky jumps...

IN SLOW MOTION the truck ramps off the side of the cliff and plummets towards the canyon floor below...

\*BOOM\* The truck hits the ground and EXPLODES ON IMPACT.

And yes, I know that cars don't actually do that in real life, but it's a fucking movie and it just looks so much cooler when they do.

Siko and his crew stop at the edge of the cliff and get out their cars...

Further down the canyon, Lucky is hanging off the cliff edge. He slowly pulls himself back up, panting...

THE AIR FILLS WITH THOUSANDS OF FLUTTERING BUTTERFLIES.

As the men all stand and watch, MONEY FALLS FROM THE SKY AROUND THEM.

MOSES (V.O.)  
It was full of money... Old money.

Siko picks up one of the MONEY NOTES and looks at it.

Lucky gets back up to his feet, filthy and scratched up. He snatches one of the notes from out the air.

ECU ON THE NOTE: It has the sour face of an old BEARDED GUY on it... wrong guy, though.

MOSES (V.O.)  
Worthless.

Siko looks at the money and then turns to see:

Lucky staring back at him. You could describe him as angry. You could also describe the ocean as damp.

**INT. MOSES' PLACE - DAY**

MOSES  
One thing I can't figure out-- how did Siko know about the train?

PROTAGGY  
I think I know.

**TIME CUT:**

**INT. SIKOBELA'S CHOP-SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK**

A KNOCK O.S.

Poeg opens the door. Behind him are nearly ALL OF SIKO'S GUYS loading RIFLES and donning BULLETPROOF JACKETS as if they're about to stage a coup on a small country. Poeg's eyes widen as if he's seen The Christ Risen:

In the doorway is Kemba holding Lollipop by the arm.

She throws her arms up comically in frustration.

**TIME CUT:**

**INT. MOSES' PLACE - DAY**

MOSES  
Great. And now I can't walk outside without getting shot.

PROTAGGY  
Any winners yet?

MOSES  
Everyone's losing. Badly. Not many people are left in town and whoever sticks around gets forcefully recruited by whoever needs their ranks replenished... Looks like neither side is going to be happy until the whole town is leveled.

PROTAGGY  
How many men left standing?

MOSES  
Hardly any... Siko and Lucky can't have more than ten, maybe fifteen guys a piece.

Protaggy stands up, trying out the new limb. It fits fine.

PROTAGGY  
You get enough stuff off the train?

MOSES  
Enough? My basement has enough weapons and explosives to give Germany a boner. And I'd like to get that dynamite out of here as soon as I can-- that stuff could level the whole town...

PROTAGGY  
(walks off)  
Load it all back on the truck. We got a lot to do tonight...

Moses throws his hands up as Protaggy calls back:

PROTAGGY (O.S.)  
And spades! We need spades!

#### **INT. SIKO'S FORTRESS - NIGHT**

Siko is asleep, snoring, surrounded by his CREW sleeping in heaps around the room, all clutching WEAPONS. The windows are all BOARDED UP.

FLICKERING FIRELIGHT from outside slowly fills the room.

Siko snorts awake. He gets up and goes to the window... He peers out through the gap between two boards.

SIKOBELA

Son-of-a... Hey! Wake the fuck up!

Nugget jumps up. Poeg sits up, hugging his big gun like a teddy bear. Everyone goes to Siko at the window...

SIKOBELA

Guess who's not dead.

POEG

What the fuck's he doing?

Through the window we see Protaggy STANDING IN A RING OF FIRE down in the middle of the road holding a LIT TORCH in one hand and a SMALL SACK in the other. He's caked in DUST.

**INT. LUCKY'S FORTRESS - NIGHT**

Lucky marches out his room in his underwear.

LUCKY

Where's he?

Kemba and the rest of Lucky's guys are all standing at the window, GUNS drawn. Lucky walks over and peers down at Protaggy standing in the center of town.

LUCKY

(to Kemba)

You said he died on the train.

Kemba stares down at Protaggy in disbelief.

**EXT. CROSSROADS IN CENTER OF TOWN - NIGHT**

Protaggy looks between both sides of the town... then lifts up the small sack...

**INTERCUT BETWEEN THE THREE SCENES:**

**AT SIKO'S:**

Siko is dressing and loading his gun at the same time.

SIKOBELA

You guy's give cover-- I'm going down there.

**AT LUCKY'S:**

Lucky is staring suspiciously at Kemba. Kemba scowls.

KEMBA

Fuck him, I'm ending this now--

Kemba walks over to a gun rack and takes out a BIG RIFLE. He aims it out the window and pops the cover off its SCOPE.

LUCKY

Wait...

**ON PROTAGGY:**

Protaggy reaches into the small sack and brings out a HANDFUL OF GOLD COINS.

**AT SIKO'S:**

Siko starts to CONVULSE WITH RAGE.

**ON PROTAGGY:**

Protaggy lights a cigarette with the torch and takes a deep drag... He DROPS THE TORCH and walks away as--

--THE GROUND CATCHES ALIGHT.

**AT SIKO'S:**

Everyone is arming themselves as Siko yells out orders.

SIKOBELA

Get every man and every gun you can find! That asshole thinks he can bait me like a fucking animal-- I'll show him just how hard I bite!

**AT LUCKY'S:**

Everyone stares out of the window in silence.

KEMBA

It's a trap.

Lucky stares out the window as the flames burn in his eyes.

LUCKY

Does it matter?

**ON PROTAGGY:**

As he walks away in SLOW MOTION like a bad-ass, we see the BURNING LETTERS that the torch has set ablaze on the ground:

The O he was standing in is joined by an F, an R and a T. They spell out:

**FORT**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE OLD FORT - DAWN**

The sun is about to creep over the horizon behind the RUINS OF AN OLD FORT perched atop a high CLIFF. The TOWN can be seen off in the distance below.

**EXT. THE OLD FORT - DAWN**

The fort is nothing but RUINS, overgrown with thick brush and weeds with a few vestiges of its former self like doors, barrels and other detritus lying about, rotting.

A WHITE KERCHIEF AT THE END OF A STICK pops up from behind an old, stone wall and waves about. Pills' head follows the flag up and looks around nervously. He climbs over the wall and slinks towards the middle of the fort.

Pills takes another few cautious steps and then turns to look back at the wall:

Siko, Nugget and Poeg peep over the wall. Siko motions with his hand to keep going forward.

Pills takes another step forward and \*BANG\*--

--A BULLET STRIKES THE GROUND IN FRONT OF HIM.

Lucky has his gun aimed over a wall on the other side of the fort with Kemba and the REST OF HIS GUYS. There's smoke curling out the barrel and a playful smile on his face.

SIKOBELA

Hey! What the fuck, Lucky! Don't you see his little flag!

Pills is waving the little flag around frantically.

SIKOBELA

Fuck this--

Siko climbs over the wall and walks towards the middle of the fort. He grabs the flag from Pills and tosses it away.

SIKOBELA

Lucky! You want to shoot-- shoot me, you coward!

LUCKY

(stands up)

You think I need a stupid gun to take you on?

Siko starts walking towards Lucky...

SIKOBELA  
Always a big talker! Get your old  
ass out here!

Lucky jumps over the wall and start RUNNING at siko...

Siko starts RUNNING...

The two enemies COLLIDE-- Siko starts a PUNCH but Lucky  
JUMPS up and tackles Siko above his center of gravity--

--the two men FALL TO THE GROUND.

It's messy: the two toil in the dust, clawing and scratching  
like feral alley cats.

Everyone else is uneasy, not sure what the fuck to do...

Poeg is about to get up, his giant gun drawn-- but Nugget  
pulls him back down, shaking his head.

NUGGET  
Uh-uh. Let dem.

Lucky and Siko separate for a moment and Lucky takes the  
opportunity to TOSS SAND in Siko's face.

Siko SPRINGS up with a yelp, spitting out sand and clawing  
at his eyes.

SIKOBELA  
Argh! Always with the dirty tricks!

Siko runs at Lucky--

Lucky rolls on his stomach, about to push himself up, but--

Siko lands with his full weight on Lucky's back.

Siko starts grabbing handfuls of dirt and shoving them into  
Lucky's mouth.

SIKOBELA  
Remember this, huh?! Remember  
this?! Well look who's bigger now!

All of a sudden Siko stops, noticing something on the  
ground...

SIKOBELA  
The fuck...?

He gets up, looking down...



Lucky gets up, spitting...

Siko points at the ground:

SIKOBELA

Check it--

FROM ABOVE we can see them both standing on a huge 'X' painted messily with WHITE PAINT on the ground.

Nugget and Poeg look on curiously...

Kemba and Lucky's guys watch from behind their wall...

Lucky turns back to his guys.

LUCKY

Hey, Kemba! Find me something to dig with!

Siko draws his gun and holds it to the back of Lucky's head.

SIKOBELA

Whoa, whoa-- you crazy?

AND EVERYONE RESPONDS:

Siko's guys all DRAW GUNS.

Lucky's guys all DRAW GUNS.

The whole fort comes to life as MEN AND THEIR GUNS appear out every nook and cranny, all aiming at whoever they see in their sights first.

Lucky slowly turns to face Siko.

SIKOBELA

One of my guys digs too.

Lucky looks at the 'X' and frowns... He concedes with a nod.

**TIME CUT:**

Pills and Poeg are digging in a hole where the 'X' used to be with STAVES from an old, bust-up barrel.

Lucky and Siko are standing watching them with some other guys. No one is comfortable with the situation and they all scan the fort, constantly on guard.

SIKOBELA

So. How you been? Business good?

Lucky looks at him like he's grown two heads.

SIKOBELA  
What? We can't talk now?

LUCKY  
You think this changes shit? There  
isn't a fucking time machine down  
there-- it's not going to reset  
forty years!

SIKOBELA  
(sulky)  
Doesn't mean we can't talk...

The moment is awkward... Siko changes the subject.

SIKOBELA  
You think it's really down there?  
Think he'll just hand it over?

LUCKY  
I'm thinking that he's not after  
the gold... Why else put on this  
show?

They both ponder over the statement... and then both  
cautiously step off a bit away from the hole, just in case.

Everyone else around them notices and follows their cue.

Pills looks up from the hole at them and looks confused. He  
shakes it off and goes back to digging.

\*BEEP\*BEEP\*

A PIERCING, ELECTRONIC BEEPING SOUND IS HEARD O.S.

\*BEEP\*BEEP\*

The ALARM echoes through the fort and bounces off the walls,  
making it impossible to tell where it's coming from...

\*BEEP\*BEEP\*

Everyone looks around, tense and confused...

\*BEEP\*BEEP\*

Lucky exchanges glances with Siko...

**EXT. LEDGE OVERLOOKING FORT - SUNRISE**

Moses is lying down on a ledge overlooking the fort with a HUNTING RIFLE aimed down at the other men.

\*BEEP\*BEEP\*

He panics, fumbling at his WATCH as it bleats out the alarm.

\*BEEP\*BE--

--He turns it off. He holds his breathe and closes his eyes, hoping his position hasn't been given away.

**DOWN IN THE FORT:**

Everyone is more confused now that the alarm has ceased.

Poeg looks over at Nugget, questioning. Nugget shrugs.

**BACK ON THE LEDGE:**

Moses carefully peeps over the edge: he's in the clear. He looks at the SUNRISE on the horizon.

MOSES

(at watch)

Stupid cheap, Chinese shit...

**DOWN IN THE HOLE:**

Pills hits something with a loud \*THUNK\*

Everyone's attention on the phantom alarm breaks and they all step closer to the hole to see what he's hit.

Pills gets down on his knees... He gently wipes away the dirt to reveal the top of a WOODEN CHEST.

SIKOBELA

Bring it up.

(thinks)

Slowly.

Pills and Poeg gently lift the chest up and place it next to the hole. Siko and Lucky stare down at it. There's a BIG LOCK keeping it shut.

LUCKY

(to Siko)

Open it.

SIKOBELA

Uh uh. You fucking open it.

POEG

Lemme--

He draws his gun and BREAKS THE LOCK OPEN WITH THE BUTT.

Everyone winces and takes a few steps back.

POEG  
(to himself)  
Chicken shits...

He opens the chest...

His eyes widen as a faint, GOLDEN LIGHT FILLS HIS FACE.

POEG  
Holy shit.

He turns around... his hands full of dirty, GOLD COINS.

Siko and Lucky move in quick and pick up a coin each.  
They're both speechless.

Poeg digs deep in the coins and frowns.

POEG  
Watzis? There's something else in  
here...

He lifts up a STICK OF DYNAMITE.

Lucky realises what is about to happen and GRABS A GUY next  
to him as a shield.

Siko HITS the ground.

Nugget BOLTS towards Poeg.

NUGGET  
Poeg! Down! Down!

**BACK UP TOP THE LEDGE:**  
MOSES TAKES AIM...

MOSES  
Now get the fuck outta my town.

AND FIRES.

THE BULLET HITS THE CHEST.

\*BOOM\*

Poeg disintegrates in a cloud of FIRE, SMOKE and GOLD COINS.

Nugget's body gets TORN APART BY FLYING COINS.

Some guys nearby FLY OFF THEIR FEET.

Siko keeps low as the COINS FLY OVER HIM.

The guy Lucky is shielded behind gets TORN TO SHREDS. They both hit the ground.

A cloud of smoke hangs over the fort as GOLD COINS RAIN DOWN IN SLOW MOTION WITH PRETTY LITTLE \*TINKLING\* SOUNDS...

It's actually quite beautiful.

Lucky coughs and looks up from under the body atop him:

Through the smoke-- IN SUPER SLOW-MO-- Protaggy walks into view with an AUTOMATIC RIFLE drawn. He has TWO PISTOLS on his sides and a BANDOLIER of GRENADES slung across him.

LUCKY

No--

PROTAGGY OPENS FIRE.

One of Siko's guy's HEAD EXPLODES into a crimson mist.

Two of Lucky's guys get BRAND NEW HOLES in their chests.

Siko gets up and runs away, SHOOTING over his shoulder.

Two guys take cover behind an OLD BARREL.

**FROM ABOVE:**

We can see that the barrel is FULL OF DYNAMITE...

Oh, and there are a LOT of barrels around.

Protaggy sees them at the barrel and FIRES--

--His bullet HITS the barrel and it \*EXPLODES\*, sending BODY PARTS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

Protaggy SHOOTS another old barrel.

IT EXPLODES.

**THROUGH MOSES' RIFLE SCOPE:**

We can see Protaggy shooting. The rifle EMPTIES and he tosses it aside and draws BOTH PISTOLS from his sides.

The SCOPE MOVES over to see a HIDDEN GUY about to fire on Protaggy while he's drawing new guns...

\*Bang\* Moses takes him out.

**BACK IN THE FORT:**

Lucky coughs and looks up from under the body atop him:

Kemba's trying to exit through a hole in the fort's rampart.

LUCKY

Kemba! Get back here!

Kemba looks at him... shrugs... and then runs away. Just like he was told.

Lucky doesn't appreciate the callback.

LUCKY

Rat fuck!

Siko gets up and makes a run for a wall nearby--

--Protaggy eyes Siko and FIRES AT HIM.

The bullet HITS THE WALL, shattering debris into Siko's eye. He drops his gun.

LUCKY

Ahrgh!

Siko cups his bleeding eye and crawls away...

PROTAGGY FINISHES UP:

--ANOTHER BARREL explodes.

--ANOTHER GUY eats lead.

--PROTAGGY TOSSES A GRENADE, taking out a group of guys.

AND MOSES CLEANS UP THE REST:

--\*BANG\*

--\*BOOM\*

AND THEN IT'S ALL QUIET...

Through the smoke, we see Siko cupping his bloody eye and coughing as he tries to crawl along the ground.

Siko stops crawling as he hits a PAIR OF COWBOY BOOTS.

He looks up to see Protaggy with his gun pointing down at him. Protaggy takes a cig from out his breast pocket...

He then whips out the box of matches and nimbly ignites a match with one hand in that cool way he does, the gun in his other hand still trained on Siko.

Siko sighs and flips over supine, exhausted. He starts LAUGHING.

SIKOBELA

You know...

(at Protaggy's leg)

I should've known who you were when  
I saw that leg...

Siko notices one of the coins nearby and picks it up.

SIKOBELA

Fucking take it. You won.

He tosses it at Protaggy... Protaggy ignores the coin as it bounces off him and falls back to the ground.

PROTAGGY

That's not the one I need.

He kneels down and fishes the GOLD COIN-- Scales' coin-- from out of Siko's breast pocket.

SIKOBELA

Happy now? You got your revenge...  
you got the gold... You got us. You  
done yet?

Protaggy contemplates the statement with a drag...

Siko slowly makes for a PISTOL lying on the ground nearby.

PROTAGGY

I'm only half done.

Siko moves like lightning: he grips the pistol and swings it at Protaggy--

--PROTAGGY SHOOTS SIKO BETWEEN THE EYES.

Protaggy gives the dead boss one last look... and then walks over to the DEAD GUY that Lucky was lying under.

He turns the body over: Lucky's gone.

**EXT. CLEARING OUTSIDE FORT - DAY**

Kemba skulks next to a PARKED CAR outside the fort.

He quietly opens the front door and gets in.

He fires up the ignition and smiles. He puts it into gear and then looks up:

Moses is in front of the car with his rifle aimed at him.

**EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY**

Lucky is clinging to the side of the CLIFF FACE like a cockroach on a wall. He tries to shimmy across the small ledge he's standing on, but--

--SLIPS and almost heads south. He just manages to save himself by grabbing onto a rock above his head.

The small stones he knocks loose fall to the ground below... It's really high up. The TOWN can be seen in the distance.

A \*WHISTLE\* IS HEARD O.S. and Lucky looks up:

At the top of the cliff, a few meters up, Protaggy is standing, looking down at him.

Lucky curses under his breathe.

Coming up the hill to Protaggy is Moses with his rifle at Kemba's back. Kemba has his hands clutched behind his head.

MOSES

Hey. What's going on?

Protaggy gestures down the cliff with a nod. Moses peeks over the edge and sees Lucky.

MOSES

Sho. That's high as fuck.

Protaggy looks at Kemba.

MOSES

Handsome over here was trying to make a run for it.

KEMBA

(to Protaggy)

How the fuck aren't you dead?

Protaggy lifts his pant leg up to reveal his FAKE LEG.

Kemba's face shows a little bit of surprise and then a whole lot of hate.



A WOLF \*WHISTLE\* IS HEARD O.S. echoing from out the fort.

They all turn to see:

SCALES

Whoeee!

Scales and Mouse are walking up the hill from the fort.

SCALES

You okes really now how to throw a  
fuckin' welcome party!

He walks up to Protaggy and gives him a big hug. It makes Protaggy uncomfortable.

SCALES

You sure don't disappoint, guy...  
There are so many dead okes down  
there I couldn't even count!

(sees Moses)

You Moses? Who's toeses smell like  
roses?

Moses nods... this guy makes him nervous.

Scales stands back and looks around.

SCALES

So what we doing? Checking out the  
view?

Protaggy points down the cliff face. Scales looks down.

SCALES

Ha! Who's that?!

PROTAGGY

Lucky.

SCALES

*Lucky*, huh? Well, not so much  
today...

(shouts down)

Hey, Lucky! Where you going,  
china?! Party's up here!

(slaps his happy knee)

Ha!

Siko looks up and shouts:

LUCKY

Who's that ugly fuck?!

Scales is taken aback.

SCALES  
Yissus, that's rude...

Scales turns his head in profile, pointing at his ugly mug.

SCALES  
What's the matter, you not you  
recognise me?

As scales laughs, Lucky takes a closer look... and his eyes widen with realisation.

DRAMATIC MUSIC SWELLS.

We CRASH-ZOOM into Scales' laughing face as it TURNS GOLD and DISSOLVES INTO THE CAPTAIN'S FACE ON THE GOLD COIN.

Also, this is the moment where the more-observant audience members might notice that the Captain and Scales have BEEN PLAYED BY THE SAME ACTOR.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOVING TRAIN - DAY - FLASHBACK**

WE TRACK BACK to reveal the Freckled Girl-- the Captain's mistress-- sitting on a TRAIN with packed bags.

She holds up the GOLD COIN and looks at it with a determined, calculating scowl.

As she stares at it WE MOVE DOWN to her stomach...

...AND MOVE INSIDE HER TO SEE SCALES AS A FETUS, CURLED UP IN HER WOMB, LAUGHING EVILLY.

THE MUSIC CUTS.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY**

Lucky looks like he's just had a stroke.

LUCKY  
No... not possible...

SCALES  
Hey, be happy it's just me and not  
my ma-- I'm the nice one.

(a bit sad)  
 Shame, she really wanted to be here  
 for this, but... you know... tit  
 cancer and everything...

He turns to Protaggy, hand out.

SCALES

Gimme.

Protaggy fishes out the OG COIN from his pocket and tosses  
 it at Scales. Scales catches it.

SCALES

Ha! There you are, my little  
 skattebol...

(holds up coin)

She gave this to me just before she  
 died, Lucky! She told me all about  
 you and your boyfriend... how you  
 killed my daddy... stole his  
 gold... She made me swear to get  
 revenge on you okes-- swear to  
 shove it down your fuckin' throat!  
 Sorry I'm so late-- I was a little  
 naughty and got stuck in the chook  
 for a bit...

(sighs)

I really wish you could've met my  
 ma-- she was a real firecracker.

(thinks)

But don't worry, you'll see her  
 jus'now!

He turns back to Protaggy.

SCALES

You figured it out then? Which one  
 was it? Which one took the gold?

PROTAGGY

Neither. It was given away.

Kemba and Moses both have surprised looks on their faces.

Below, Lucky scowls...

SCALES

Given away?

PROTAGGY

Call it wealth distribution.

(points up)

With the help of some rain.

Moses clicks.

MOSES  
The flood.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE TOWN - NIGHT (RAINING) - FLASHBACK**

RAIN BEATS RELENTLESSLY DOWN ON THE TOWN.

AT STREET LEVEL, we see a DELUGE OF WATER wash down the center of town and pour down the STORM DRAINS...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE CAPTAIN'S SHED - NIGHT (RAINING) - FLASHBACK**

Young Siko and Lucky exit the Captain's shed, looking around to make sure they haven't been spotted before disappearing off into the night.

From the shadows nearby, the Captain watches on, lighting a black cigarillo and grinning mischievously.

PROTAGGY (V.O.)  
It was the Captain. It was *always*  
about him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Protaggy walks down the TUNNEL running under the town, lead by the BEAM OF LIGHT from the flashlight in his hand.

He stops at a SMALL TRICKLE OF WATER running down from the ceiling. He looks up:

Above him the BEAM OF LIGHT illuminates the source of the water: A METAL GRATE.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. THE CAPTAIN'S CAVE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

THE CAMERA MOVES UP FROM PROTAGGY THROUGH THE GRATE and enters the Captain's Cave.

As we float up, Protaggy disappears and the picture turns to BLACK AND WHITE, TRANSPORTING US BACK THROUGH TIME...

...THE CAMERA TILTS UP AND DOCKS TO SEE:

The Captain dragging the chest of GOLD COINS towards the grate.

PROTAGGY (V.O.)  
He didn't make those coins for himself...

From above, we see him tip the chest over and empty the coins into the RUSHING DELUGE BELOW.

From below, we see the Captain laugh as he pours coins right into the lens.

PROTAGGY (V.O.)  
It was his gift to the world.

**EXT. OLD BRIDGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

WATER AND GOLD COINS BURST OUT THE DRAIN PIPE.

THE CAMERA JIBS UP INTO THE NIGHT SKY TO WATCH THE WATER FLOW TOWARDS THE DARK DESERT BEYOND.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY**

Lucky stares out at the desert, memories aflame in his skull, hot tears of rage rolling down his cheeks...

He takes a GOLD COIN from out his pocket and grips it hard, hands trembling.

Back up top the cliff, everyone else stands in silence, contemplating the revelation.

SCALES  
Fuck me... my daddy was a crazy son of a bitch. And it was just lying out there in the *bundus* this whole time? And you just stumbled over it?  
(skeptical)  
Not a fuckin' chance-- I don't believe it. How come you know so much?

LUCKY (O.S.)  
Because he was there!

Back below, Lucky is now LAUGHING with revelation.

LUCKY  
Don't you see?! He was there-- he's  
the boy!

**SNAP TO BLACK.**

WE HEAR A BARRAGE OF GUNSHOTS.

**FADE UP TO:**

**INT. CATHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

We're back in the BLACK-AND-WHITE FLASHBACK WORLD.

THE FAMILIAR, LAMENTING ADAGIO BEGINS TO PLAY...

A SMALL BOY of 6 is in agonising pain, trying to crawl  
across a hallway floor...

A BLAST OF LIGHTNING reveals his right leg: DESTROYED BELOW  
THE KNEE BY A GUNSHOT WOUND.

Young Siko and Young Lucky enter the hallway from the room  
next door, holstering their weapons.

They move towards each other... and HUG, relief and  
affection washing over them... Who we're seeing here are not  
the characters we met in the last flashbacks-- these guys  
are LOVING BROTHERS.

They notice the boy and the moment is gone.

The boy lifts a hand out, pleading towards them...

Siko and Lucky look into the room the boy crawled out of:

In the room is a DEAD WOMAN propped-up in a bed. The WALL  
she's up against is RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES, light  
piercing through-- the other side of the wall the Captain  
was executed in front of.

A SINGLE BULLET has exited the woman's body through her LEFT  
BREAST and out the DEAD BABY that was SUCKLING ON HER.

Siko and Lucky look in the room... then back to the boy...

...and then Siko and Lucky walk away.

As their SHADOWS MOVE OVER the boy, we see HIS FACE REFLECTED IN THE POOL OF BLOOD HE'S LYING IN: the pain twists and turns on his face, transforming into HATE.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY**

Lucky is motionless... eyes glazed over...

LUCKY  
(sotto voce)  
He's the boy... he's the boy...

Back up top, Moses, Kemba and Mouse are staring at Protaggy.

Protaggy is expressionless.

Scales walks up closer to Protaggy, his face surveying him like some newly discovered, alien life-form.

SCALES  
You were there?

Protaggy doesn't answer.

SCALES  
But... In prison...  
(getting mad)  
I fuckin' hired you!

Everyone else has guessed what's going on long before Scales.

SCALES  
Oh... I see. You were in there to  
get to me.  
(beat)  
Who the fuck sends himself to  
prison?

PROTAGGY  
I needed your coin.

Scales steps even closer to Protaggy.

SCALES  
Yirrie, oke. You got some fuckin'  
issues.

The tension in the group is mounting:

Moses is trying to take this all in with one eye on Kemba...

Kemba is amused... and just waiting for someone to drop their guard...

Below, Lucky is trying to get down the cliff, but any further descent isn't possible...

SCALES

So, that was the plan all along, eh? Trick us all into getting the gold for yourself? What's next, wipe us all out?

PROTAGGY

No. The gold is yours.

(beat)

But you take it and leave.

SCALES

Leave?

PROTAGGY

The town is done... It can't take any more. Take the gold and go.

SCALES

You think I care about that fuckin' gold?

(points at town)

That's the real gold! The town-- *my* town! My daddy's town!

He gets up in Protaggy's face.

SCALES

I'm going to fuckin' bleed it and squeeze the life out of it-- I'm not going anywhere!

(turns to Mouse)

Mouse, pass me my gun--

WE HEAR A CLICK O.S. and Scales turns to see Protaggy pointing a gun at him.

Mouse moves forward but Moses swings his rifle towards him.

MOSES

Whoa, easy there, big guy.

PROTAGGY

Like I said: take the gold and go.

SCALES

(spits the words)

No.



Moses needs to deal with Mouse before Kemba tries anything:

MOSES  
Don't think about it-- just drop  
the gun and run.

Mouse looks over at Scales...

SCALES  
Mouse? Whatcha doing, china?

Mouse TOSSES the gun into a bush and RUNS OFF.

SCALES  
Mouse! You *poes*!

Scales kicks the ground in anger. He turns to Protaggy.

SCALES  
And what?! I leave and you get the  
town?! Fuck you!  
(points to town)  
That town is mine! And the gold--  
It's all fuckin' mine!

Protaggy reminds him of the gun pointed at his face.

PROTAGGY  
Last chance.

SCALES  
Argh!

Scales kicks up dust. Spits. He paces back-and-forth like a caged cat. If he had hair he'd be pulling it out.

Moses nervously tries to keep his gun trained on Kemba but is unsure if it shouldn't be pointed at Scales instead.

Protaggy stays steadfast with the gun pointed at Scales.

Scales looks down at the coin in his hand.

SCALES  
Mister tricky-tricky thinks he's so  
fuckin' clever...  
(looks up)  
Chips!

HE THROWS THE GOLD COIN AT PROTAGGY.

IT HITS PROTAGGY ON THE FOREHEAD.

AND SCALES IS ON HIM: THE TWO MEN FALL TO THE FLOOR.

PROTAGGY'S GUN GOES FLYING. SCALES PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE.  
AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

Protaggy whips himself up and rolls on top of Scales--

--but before he can throw a punch, Scales DIGS HIS TEETH  
INTO PROTAGGY'S FOREARM.

Protaggy \*SCREAMS\*.

He PUNCHES Scales in the face, releasing the bite.

Protaggy cradles his bleeding forearm.

And Scales is on top of him again.

SCALES STARTS TO STRANGLE PROTAGGY.

Moses doesn't know what to do. Kemba watches the spectacle  
with a grin on his face.

MOSES  
Hey! Get off him!

Protaggy's hands scramble around for purchase on Scales or a  
gun or whatever he can find lying around...

Siko, still clinging to the cliff, tries to peer up and see  
what's going on.

Scales laughs as he grips down harder around Protaggy's  
throat. Protaggy's eyes start to roll back in his head.

Protaggy's hand finally finds something on the ground:  
THE GOLD COIN.

HE GRIPS IT--

--AND SHOVES IT DOWN SCALES' THROAT.

Scales hops up: a look of surprise on his face.

He tries to cough, but can't... he grabs at his throat with  
both hands...

Protaggy gets up, slowly, coughing down air.

Moses and Kemba watch as Scales flails around desperately.

...and then begins to TURN BLUE.

Scales tries to punch himself in the chest as a kind of self inflicted Heimlich Maneuver. It doesn't work.

He throws himself on his back--

--that doesn't work either.

He thrashes and kicks around violently on the ground as his eyes bulge bigger and his face turns bluer.

He slowly, with every last bit of energy, gets back up on his feet... He looks about desperately for help...

But there is none. The others just watch.

SCALES LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS AND TIPPLES OVER THE CLIFF EDGE.

Lucky leans out as far out as he can to get a better look...

**LUCKY'S P.O.V.:**

Scale's body hurtles towards Lucky from above and--

--KNOCKS HIM OFF THE CLIFF.

FROM A DISTANCE WE CAN SEE THE TWO FIGURES FALL AS WE HEAR LUCKY CRY OUT FAINTLY.

\*THUD\* THEY HIT THE HARD DESERT FLOOR WITH A BLOODY SPLAT.

Protaggy walks up to the edge of the cliff and looks down:

AT A TANGLED MESS OF DEAD ANTAGGYS.

He looks back up, out at the town below...

He sighs, exhausted... It's finally over.

MOSES (O.S.)

Ah, fuck...

Moses falls to his knees with A KNIFE STICKING OUT HIS SIDE.... then slumps over to the ground.

Protaggy runs over and kneels down beside him.

He looks up to see Kemba running off in the distance.

MOSES

(coughs up blood)

Ow-- that's sore.

Protaggy looks him up and down.

PROTAGGY

Hold still. I'm going to pull it out--

MOSES

No! Are you crazy?! Leave it fucking in!

(looks at knife)

It's cool... think it's plugging me up. I'll keep...

Kemba's getting away... Protaggy lifts his gun and cocks it.

PROTAGGY

Okay-- hold tight. I'll be right back.

MOSES

(grabs his arm)

Wait-- what the fuck you doing, man? You serious?

Protaggy looks down, confused.

MOSES

Stop, just stop. Let him go. It's over...

Protaggy watches as Kemba gets further away.

MOSES

Hey-- down here.

Protaggy looks down at Moses.

MOSES

Just let it end. He doesn't matter.

Protaggy looks off at the SUN RISING OVER THE TOWN...

He uncocks his gun... nods.

Protaggy puts his hand out and Moses clasps it tightly.

MOSES

Good. Now help me the fuck up and get me to the hospital. Slowly.

Protaggy helps him up and the two limp off together.

MOSES

Fuck me. You were just going to leave me here with a knife in my side? Yo-- we got some people-skills to teach you, man...

The two friends chuckle.

**EXT. FORT - DAY**

Back in the fort, Mouse is running around, frantically trying to pick up as many coins as he can carry.

He looks over and sees:

On the ground, a coin nearby is wedged under a BARREL.

He runs over and tries to push the barrel over...

It's too heavy so he starts rocking it...

...back...

...and forth...

...until it tips over--

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BUSHVELD BELOW CLIFF - DAY**

Kemba darts through the bush away from the cliff.

\*BOOM\* An explosion is heard O.S. as SMOKE and FIRE rise up from the fort atop the cliff in the distance behind him.

He stops dead in his tracks, looking back...

Suddenly we hear a FAINT RINGING SOUND O.S growing louder and louder until:

A GOLD COIN flies out the sky and beans Kemba square between the eyes.

KEMBA

Ah!

Kemba reels back, rubbing his forehead.

He notices the coin, picks it up.

He looks down at it confused... but then cracks a grin, realising.

He starts to laugh.

His laughter ECHOES out across the peaceful bushveld and then subsides as he smiles, chuffed with his new, long-overdue luck.

WE HEAR LOUD \*PURRING\* O.S.

He turns around to see:

A LEOPARD.

Kemba isn't grinning anymore.

The Leopard looks at him curiously, tilting its head...

Kemba sweats... He takes a step back...

AND THE LEOPARD POUNCES.

**SNAP TO BLACK.**

'Asinimali' by Tumi & The Volume kicks in hard, loud.

TITLE CARD:

**GET THAT GOLD**

**END.**