



by
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NOTE TO INTERNATIONAL READERS:

NUZ is a South African picture and blatantly taints real life with fabricated characters by mixing cameos of actual celebrities, politicians and public figures with those completely made up.

What follows is a guide to the real South African celebrities mentioned in the script. They're all just a Google search away if curiosity beckons...

Characters not mentioned in this list are completely fictitious and any baring to actual people, alive or dead, should be excused as pure coincidence. Or at least that's the official line when the lawyers come a-knockin'.

It is also important to note that none of the real public figures mentioned in these pages have agreed to be in this story. Yet...

The fake ones however are totes up for it.

LIST OF ACTUAL CELEBRITIES AND PUBLIC FIGURES:

Sandra Prinsloo - Actress
Joey Rasdien - Comedian
Kwesta - Rapper, Producer, Entrepreneur
Nasser Al-Attayah - Toyota Team Gazoo Dakar Driver
DJ Fresh - DJ, Radio Personality
Boity - Social Media Influencer
Jason Goliath - Comedian
Jeannie D - Actress, TV Personality
Karen Zoid - Musician
Patricia Lewis - Musician
Chante Janjies - News Presenter
Mxolisi Kaunda - eThikwini Mayor
Devi Sankaree Govender - Investigative Journalist

BLACK.

WE HEAR THE FOOTFALLS AND PANTING OF SOMEONE RUNNING.

CUT TO:

EXT. DURBAN SUBURB - STREET - DAY

An overweight WOMAN (black, 33) is running down the middle of a street at FULL SPRINT. She's brandishing a CUSTOM DAY-GLO PINK PISTOL. Her name is KEDI.

NOTE: The PINK PISTOL is a 9mm Berretta and the official NUZ weapon issued to contestants with limited rounds before challenges. Contestants are strictly prohibited from using their own firearms in the taping of episodes or exceeding their ammunition allowance.

KEDI

Stop!

(pant)

Get out the car!

THE CAMERA WIDENS OUT TO REVEAL:

Behind her, keeping up with ease, are three RIPPED BEEFCAKES (all male, various races, 20s to 30s) made up predominantly of vein and sinew.

The three gym bunnies all have on identical uniforms of neon orange Air Jordan HIGH-TOPS, KNEE-PADS, black HOT PANTS and so-tight-they-seem-sprayed-on white T-SHIRTS with Kedi's face printed upon, blowing a kiss.

KEDI POINTS THE BERETTA AHEAD OF HER AND *FIRES*.

KEDI

Get out the f&*king car!

NOTE: All expletives in NUZ episodes are *BLEEPED* out. All, that is, with the exception of: shit, holy shit, bullshit, crap, piss, God, tits, dick, bitch, ass, asshole and poes.

Kedi and the Beefcakes reach a WHITE VW POLO stopped at an INTERSECTION.

Kedi opens the front door and pulls out a NERDY GUY (black, 26) by his scruff and sticks the gun in his mug.

KEDI

On the ground! On the f&*king ground!

NERDY GUY

Okay! Okay-- don't shoot!

The Beefcakes stand off to the side, watching.

KEDI
Keys! The f&*king keys!

NERDY GUY
Here! Take them-- here!

He hands her the KEYS. She snatches them up.

She desperately examines the keys... there's a GOLD KEYRING attached.

Kedi turns STRAIGHT TO CAMERA.

KEDI
(screaming with
delight)
Yes! Yes, baby! Gold! It's gold!

She shows us the keyring and the CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON IT:

ECU OF A GOLD KEYRING THAT READS: "NUZ".

Kedi and the Beefcakes all jump about, celebrating giddily.

The Nerdy Guy gets up off the ground, clapping his congratulations.

The Beefcakes heave Kedi up onto their shoulders.

BEEFCAKES ALL TOGETHER
(chanting)
Keeeee-di! Keeeee-di! Keeeee-di!

No one notices that a YOUNG MAN (white, 22) has crept up slyly from behind the Polo and slinked into the front seat.

HE HOT WIRES THE CAR.

Kedi and the Beefcakes all abruptly stop celebrating, turn, and watch as the young man closes the door, FLIPS THEM THE BIRD through the open window, and drives off.

YOUNG MAN
(chanting)
Keeeee-di! Keeeee-di! Keeeee-di!

Kedi watches, crestfallen, speechless... then:

KEDI
(screaming)
Noooooooooooo!

NUZ TV SHOW INTRO:

A TV SHOW IDENT animates onto screen and holds for two seconds: it's a gaudy, bright GRAPHIC depicting illustrated HIGH-END CARS and A PAIR OF BRIGHT PINK BERETTA PISTOLS crossed over each other. It looks like the GTA V logo but without taste or design thinking.

The show is called "**NUZ**".

The logo *EXPLODES* as a STRONG MALE VOICE speaks over picture:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
This... is NUZ!

We see snippets of the past season of NUZ as cameras follow ARMED CONTESTANTS yanking people out of cars, firing PINK PISTOLS into open traffic, joyriding supercars, crashing cars at high-speeds, and various other spectacles involving **HIJACKING**.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Mzansi's number one reality show!

We see a VW GOLF GTI riding in the STREETS of UMLAZI in KWAZULU NATAL. The CAMERA ZOOMS onto its LICENSE PLATE:

"NUZ 26668"

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
At stake: cash... cars...

A GROUP OF GIRLS (mixed races, 20s) in NUZ BRANDED BIKINIS stand around SUPERCARS with PILES OF CASH on their bonnets.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
...and the title... of South Africa's top hijacker!

P.O.V. OF A DRIVER:

A NUZ CONTESTANT sticks a BRIGHT PINK PISTOL in our face and pulls us out the driver's seat of a TOYOTA HILUX.

THE NUZ TV SHOW LOGO BUILDS BACK UP ON SCREEN... THEN *EXPLODES* AGAIN.

EXT. THE NUZ CHOP-SHOP HQ - DAY

ON A GIANT LCD SCREEN we see the last shot of Kedi REPLAYED as she stands in the street, screaming:

KEDI

Nooooooooooooo!

The picture FREEZES FOR A MOMENT before a NUZ LOGO fades up over it.

The camera filming the giant screen TILTS DOWN and docks on:

THE VOICE FROM THE INTRO AND HOST OF NUZ: a MIXED RACE MAN (42) that looks like the result of God getting drunk one night and manifesting the love child of Bear Grylls and Dwayne Johnson. God woke up to the result the next morning and saw that it was good. The host's name is CHESTER HONIBALL.

Standing next to Chester is Kedi. Chester has his hand on her shoulder in consolation as she wipes her eyes with a tissue, having just finished a good cry.

The three Beefcakes are standing behind them, also crying, but not keeping it together nearly as well as Kedi is.

Standing across from Chester and Kedi are FOUR MEN:

POOBIE NAIDOO (Indian, 28): a chubby, immaculately well-kempt 6'2" dude in TRUE RELIGION JEANS and ED HARDY TEE. His signature cricket OAKLEY RADAR EV PATH SUNGLASSES are perched gravity-defyingly on the back of his neck.

NKOSI KWEZI (black, 31): forgivably dismissed as a tsotsi at first glance, Nkosi has an impatient Kimi Raikkonen air to him that makes him always seem as if he's got better shit to do and needs to be somewhere else. He appears to be sponsored top-to-toe by Dickies, from the BUCKET HAT on his head to the ALL STARS on his feet.

SLYZA (black, 24): wiry and with a crack-head's twitchy energy, Slyza's half West African roots (and it's anyone's guess as to which part of West Africa) have clearly beat out his South African half in the battle of looks. Ripped CARL LAGERVELD JEANS, high-top, limited edition YEEZYS, a VERSACE T-SHIRT-- this guy doesn't buy clothes but gets gifted them by marketing departments. Slyza always wears giant VISOR SHADES above a set of pearly whites that could blind Stevie Wonder twice over and is holding a can of MONSTER ENERGY DRINK as per the terms of his contract.

STEFAN ERASMUS (white, 22): short, developmentally arrested, this clean-faced ever-puppy may be 22 but still yelps when slapped with daddy's aftershave. Stefan is care-free, equanimous, and with a hoity poise that comes packaged with his white entitlement. With that been said, he's actually quite a pleasant chap to get along with as he looks down on everyone without discrimination. Just don't call him Stefie.

Also, you will recognise Stefan as the young man who STOLE KEDI'S POLO FROM HER.

They're all standing in an INDUSTRIAL AUTO GARAGE that's been done up like a STUDIO SET. All about are SUPERCARS hoisted up on PLINTHS, suspended V8 ENGINES on shiny silver CHAINS, jagged METAL CUT-OUTS and NEON GRAFFITI adorning shiny VASTRAP WALLS below a GANTRY of STUDIO LIGHTS. It's like the *Top Gear* set after David LaChapelle and Banksy had their way with it.

At the back is a huge LEADERBOARD with 12 FACES on. Nine of the faces have been X-ED OUT WITH NEON PINK SPRAY PAINT.

SAD MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY.

A CREW MEMBER (male, black, late 20s) in black jeans, cap and polo with the word CREW on the back walks up to the leaderboard with a LADDER and a CAN OF SPRAY PAINT.

He erects the ladder, climbs it, gives the spray can a couple of shakes... then xes out Kedi's face with BRIGHT PINK PAINT.

Chester addresses us, straight into camera.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Welcome back. If you're just joining us, we've unfortunately had to say goodbye to Kedi.

(to Kedi)

Kedi, I think I speak for all of us here at NUZ when I say that, from the bottom of our hearts, we're going miss you very much!

He turns his attention to the Beefcakes.

CHESTER HONIBALL

And, yes, your sexy entourage too!

The Beefcakes cry/laugh. One flaps him an "oh, stop" gesture...

CHESTER HONIBALL

And now, Kedi, if you'll direct your attention to the screen, the producers have put together a little tribute video for you.

Above the studio, THE GIANT LCD SCREEN begins playing again.

**DISSOLVE TO
FULL SCREEN:**

KEDI'S TRIBUTE VIDEO:

- Kedi is running in SLO-MO with a BRIGHT PINK BERETTA PISTOL in her hand. She smashes the WINDOW of a FORD RANGER with the butt of the gun and opens the door, dragging out the DRIVER (male, white, 20s) from behind the wheel.

KEDI (V.O.)

All I've ever wanted is to be noticed...

- Kedi is holding the pink pistol and twerking in SLO-MO on a UMHLANGA MAIN BEACH while being egged-on by the three Beefcakes. The shot has been humorously composed and distorted perspectively to make it look like she's grinding down on the OYSTER BOX LIGHTHOUSE in the distance behind her like it's a big... well... you know.

KEDI (V.O.)

To be seen for who I really am...

- Kedi is standing in the NUZ studio again but this time behind a PODIUM with TWO OTHER NUZ CONTESTANTS (we'll get to know them better later). There's a BIG BUZZER in front of each of them.

Chester is on the other side of the studio dressed in a FANCY SUIT, like a game show host, holding FLASH CARDS. Above him on the big screen are three pictures of TIRE TREADS.

Kedi hits her buzzer.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Yes, Kedi.

KEDI

Saab nine-hundred!

CHESTER HONIBALL

Bonus point for year...

KEDI

Nineteen ninety-five!

CHESTER HONIBALL

Correct! Fifteen points!

Kedi laughs with glee. The other two contestants shake their heads, clearly pissed off.

KEDI (V.O.)

You don't have to like me...

- Kedi is driving in a FIAT 500 with the Beefcakes crammed in all around her like a sexy tin of anchovies straight outta a Peter Waters wet dream. They're all gyrating and singing along in SLO-MO.

KEDI (V.O.)
Because I love me!

END OF KEDI TRIBUTE VIDEO.

BACK IN THE STUDIO, Kedi and the Beefcakes wipe away the last of their tears and exit, waving goodbye...

Chester turns his attention back to Slyza, Stefan, Poobie and Nkosi.

They are all standing around a CAR hidden under a NUZ BRANDED COVER parked in the middle of the studio that wasn't there before the tribute video started...

CHESTER HONIBALL
And now... back to the task at hand.

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC PLAYS.

Chester walks up to the car and grabs the cover, pausing for effect...

CHESTER HONIBALL
Gentlemen... behold!

Chester whips off the cover with dramatic flair to reveal:

CHESTER HONIBALL
The two-thousand-and-three Toyota
Prius!

The four guys all collapse, laughing in emoted amusement and jest at the little car. Surrounded by the other vehicles in the studio, the Prius looks like a shoelace in a dildo competition.

CHESTER HONIBALL
Naught to one-hundred in thirteen-
point-four seconds, this four
cylinder, seventy horse-power,
seminal sedan was groundbreaking in
the hybrid engine field...

Chester pauses and waits for the guys to compose themselves... a wry smile creeps onto his face...

CHESTER HONIBALL

But also... notoriously hard to break into.

The guys all stop laughing, look at one another...

CHESTER HONIBALL

Gents, welcome to your final HotWire challenge.

The guys smile and shake their heads incredulously.

From the corner of the studio, TWO PRISON WARDENS (male, black/white, 30s/50s) brandishing SHOTGUNS escort in a CHAINED PRISONER (male, black, 40s) in ORANGE OVERALLS. His face is PIXELATED, concealing his identity.

CHESTER HONIBALL

And the record holder for breaking into the Prius with a time of two-point-seven seconds is one of South Africa's most notorious hijackers... and today's guest judge.

The guards and prisoner stand around the car. The prisoner looks about, amused, excited-- he doesn't seem to get out much.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Over the span of his career, 'Joe' over here hijacked more than three hundred cars, murdered a dozen people, and lead police through a thirty-six hour car chase that ended when the Bugatti Veyron he was in ran out of road and he was finally apprehended on the cliffs of Cape Agulhas.

The four contestants are clearly impressed.

CHESTER HONIBALL

As our show is highly popular in prisons across Mzansi, Joe's name and identity are being kept a secret to protect him from attacks.

(turns to Joe)

Joe, what can you tell us about the Prius?

JOE
 (voice digitally
 altered)
 Eish. It's very hard to get into...
 hard if you are not me.

The four contestants laugh, shake their heads, and feign surprise at Joe's brash accusation that they aren't anything but the best at what they do.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Poobie, you've won the most HotWire
 challenges this season-- how you
 feeling right now?

POOBIE
 Ah... I've never jacked a Prius so I
 don't even know where to start. Why
 would I even want this stupid car?

Again with the giggles from the other contestants.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Stefan? You're looking confident...

STEFAN
 Easy peasy.

Slyza laughs. Stefan holds out his fist and Slyza bumps it with respect.

Nkosi is stone-faced, as always...

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Nkosi? You up to this?

NKOSI
 Let's go already.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 You will each have a chance to try
 break into the Prius and start it.
 The one with the quickest time will
 win an advantage in the finale. And
 guys, as this is the last HotWire...
 (beat)
 ...this will be an elimination
 challenge.

THE MUSIC SWITCHES MOOD TO OVERTLY-DRAMATIC.

CHESTER HONIBALL

That means that whoever has the slowest time getting the Prius started...

(beat)

It'll be the end of the road for them.

(beat)

Leaving the final three to go into the finale.

The LIGHTING IN THE STUDIO CHANGES and a BRIGHT SPOT falls over the Prius.

There's palpable excitement amongst the final four contestants...

CHESTER HONIBALL

Nkosi, you're up first. The rest of you, into the isolation chambers.

Slyza, Stefan and Poobie enter the ISOLATION CHAMBERS nearby that look like blacked-out, sound-proofed phone booths.

NOTE: Phone booths were small, cramped cubicles that housed trash, excrement and public telephones in the olden-days. Ask Siri to Google you a pic.

As they enter, we see them in NIGHT-VISION through small CCTV cameras mounted inside the darkness of the booths.

Nkosi walks up and rolls out his TOOL KIT onto the top of a SHINY SILVER TRAY TABLE near the Prius. Inside are his tools of the trade: lock picks, Slim Jims, remote jammers, etc...

CHESTER HONIBALL

You set, Nkosi?

Nkosi nods, his gaze affixed on his tools...

CHESTER HONIBALL

Your time starts... now.

A DIGITAL STOPWATCH STARTS TICKING OVER ON THE BIG SCREEN.

Nkosi grabs ONE HALF OF A TENNIS BALL (crudely bisected) from his kit and runs up to the Prius.

He pushes the tennis ball half against the keyhole in the front driver's door and starts pumping it like a little plunger...

CHESTER HONIBALL

(to Joe)

Joe, what's Nkosi attempting?

JOE

(amused)

Ha... f\$%king tennis ball...he pumps
the air in and it pushes it up.

Suddenly the little knob on the inside of the car *POPS* up
and Nkosi quickly opens the car door, hopping inside.

He grabs the bottom console under the steering wheel with
both hands and YANKS it open.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Not much finesse there...

Nkosi flicks open a SWISS ARMY KNIFE and cuts two wires
apart.

He HOT WIRES the car and the Prius comes to life.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Time!

The STUDIO LIGHTS FILL BACK UP again and the stopwatch stops
ticking with a time of **00:02:34:12**.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Well done, Nkosi. Your time is two
minutes and thirty-four seconds. Joe,
how did he do?

Joe shoots Nkosi a thumbs up.

NKOSI

(to Joe)

Ngiyabonga, mgani.

INSIDE POOBIE'S BOOTH:

The lights come on. He winces at the brightness.

He exits the booth, blinking, looking up at the clock
inquisitively.

In the b.g. we can see TWO TECHNICIANS exit the Prius,
having just repaired the damage Nkosi inflicted.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Poobie, as you can see, Nkosi has set
a time of two minutes and thirty-four
seconds. You ready for your attempt?

POOBIE

Ready.

CHESTER HONIBALL
Your time starts... now.

The stopwatch resets and the LIGHTING AGAIN CHANGES as Poobie lays out his tools and takes out a medical issue BLOOD PRESSURE MONITOR PUMP.

He walks up to the front door and adeptly inserts it into the gap between the car door and window column.

He starts pumping the monitor up...

He pumps...and pumps...and pumps...

JOE
(sotto voce)
Eish. Too slow...

INSIDE SLYZA'S BOOTH:
Slyza is clearly bored. He's beatboxing unconsciously to himself.

INSIDE STEFAN'S BOOTH:
Stefan yawns.

Outside, with acetic focus, Poobie pumps away...

Slowly, the door starts to lift away from its frame...

Poobie darts back to his tools and fishes out a thin, long, RIGID METAL POLE bent at a diagonal with a hook on one end.

He slides the pole through the gap the pump has resulted and with a satisfying *POP*, hooks the car door open by yanking the inside handle.

Poobie wipes the sweat from his brow and hops into the car.

FROM THE DASH CAM:
We see Poobie DISTORTED THROUGH A FISHEYE LENS as he pastes his face onto the dashboard and sets his hands to work underneath the steering column.

A few seconds pass...

POOBIE
C'mon... c'mon you poes...

THE PRIUS' ENGINE STARTS.

CHESTER HONIBALL
Time!

Poobie hops out and checks the stopwatch above:

It's stopped at **00:03:03:09**.

POOBIE

F*&k!

Poobie spins round in frustration and ruffles his hair, shaking loose his cement-gelled quaff.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Poobie, I'm sorry, Nkosi was faster.

(to Nkosi)

And that means, Nkosi, that you are the first contestant through to the finale. Congratulations.

Nkosi nods, a wry smile on his face-- no surprise to him.

CHESTER HONIBALL

But it's not the end of the road for you just yet, Poobie. If neither Slyza or Stefan can beat your time, you will join Nkosi in the finale.

Poobie settles back down and goes to stand next to Nkosi.

INSIDE STEFAN'S BOOTH:

The lights come on. Stefan shields his eyes.

STEFAN

Eina fok!

Stefan exits the booth, looking around through blinking, bloodshot eyes.

STEFAN

That never gets old...

CHESTER HONIBALL

Stefan, Nkosi has made it through to the finale and Poobie is on the butcher's block... Beat his time of three minutes and three seconds and you'll be through to the finale.

(beat)

You ready?

STEFAN

Just a sec...

Stefan sticks his finger up his nose... picks out a BOOGER and flicks it away.

STEFAN

'Kay I'm ready.

Poobie rolls his eyes.

Joe and Chester laugh.

CHESTER HONIBALL
Your time starts now!

Stefan calmly takes out his CELLPHONE and TAPS OPEN AN APP.

Everyone looks confused...

Stefan calmly taps away at his phone like he's not in a fucking TV show or something...

CHESTER HONIBALL
Um... Stefan... you want to talk us through what you're doing?

STEFAN
(not looking up)
Toyota has an app that helps find lost keys...
(beat)
I have a hacked version of it.

Chester is impressed. Joe even more so.

Suddenly *BEEPING* IS HEARD FAINTLY O.C..

STEFAN
(looking up)
There it is...

He runs backstage. A CAMERAMAN FOLLOWS HIM.

THROUGH THE HANDHELD CAMERA:
Stefan runs backstage past GRIPS, GAFFERS, P.A.s and other CREW MEMBERS at the CRAFT TABLE all very amused to see him.

He finally finds a short, bald MAN (white, 48) in a TOYOTA BRANDED SUIT SHIRT talking to a YOUNG WOMAN (black, 22) in a NUZ BRANDED BIKINI.

The man is looking down amused at the CAR KEY in his hand that's *BEEPING* away.

A TITLE SUPERS OVER THE MAN:

GLEN CROMPTON
VICE PRESIDENT - MARKETING, TOYOTA SOUTH AFRICA

Stefan snatches up the key.

STEFAN

Thanks!

Stefan calmly walks back into the studio, *BEEPS* the Prius open, gets into the front seat, STARTS IT.

The clock stops at **00:01:34:52**.

Chester and Joe clap.

Poobie throws his head back in frustration.

POOBIE

Aw c'mon! How's that allowed?!

Nkosi has his eyebrows popped in surprise, an unsettling spectacle as it's not very often that anything surprises him at all.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Stefan, congratulations, you're through to the finale. Take your place next to Nkosi.

Nkosi steps aside from Poobie as Stefan stands next to him. Poobie is standing to one side, fuming.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Poobie... Slyza is next. If he beats your time, it'll be the end of the road for you.

POOBIE

(hardly audible)
Such bullshit...

INSIDE SLYZA'S BOOTH:

The lights flip on but Slyza doesn't flinch, his eyes protected by his giant visor shades.

He exits the booth, flashing his pearly whites.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Slyza, Stefan has just set a time of--

Slyza ignores Chester, walking right past him and Joe, exiting to backstage...

Chester looks around, confused, trying to get a cue from a producer or someone of what to do... Joe is just watching off camera, amused.

Slyza enters the studio again from backstage carrying a GIANT FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 (to offstage)
 Start the clock, start the clock!

The lights flash on-and-off, the stopwatch resets then starts... then resets again, the camera battles to find Slyza; the studio crew are all a-fluster, unprepared for Slyza's extemporaneous behaviour.

None of this bothers Slyza: he calmly walks up to the Prius, armed with the extinguisher and his creepy grin and--

--SLAMS THE EXTINGUISHER ONTO THE FRONT BONNET.

The bonnet POPS OPEN as the Prius' *ALARM* STARTS BLURTING.

Slyza lifts the bonnet cover and delicately balances it atop the strut.

He WHISTLES TO HIMSELF (barely audible over the alarm) as he RIPS OPEN an electrical panel and YANKS some wires out. SPARKS FLY.

HE TOUCHES TWO OF THE WIRE ENDS TOGETHER--

--THE ALARM CUTS DEAD AND THE PRIUS STARTS.

Chester and Joe look at each other, surprised.

Stefan bursts out laughing.

Nkosi shakes his head like a disapproving gogo.

Poobie is positively apoplectic.

The clock has stopped at **00:00:22:03**.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Slyza, congratulations, you are the final--

POOBIE
 What?! You serious?! That's bullshit-- how is that allowed?!

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Poobie, I'm sorry, but it's the end of the road for--

POOBIE
 (pointing at Chester)
 You shut your stupid mouth, Chester!
 He just *broke* the f*&king car!
 (re Stefan)
 And this little c&*t here with a
 f\$%king *app*?

He turns to Nkosi.

POOBIE
 And what did you use, a f&@king
 tennis ball or something?

Nkosi fishes the tennis ball half from out his pocket and
 twirls it around in his hand.

Slyza and Stefan laugh.

POOBIE
 Oh that's such f*@king bull--

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Poobie, I'm sorry, but you need to
 please leave the studio...

Poobie scowls at Chester and starts marching towards him
 with malignant intent.

POOBIE
 (pointing)
 I'll f&*king make you leave!

Chester doesn't flinch, neither does Joe. The prison guards,
 however-- who are armed, mind you-- both hide behind Joe and
 Chester.

Suddenly from out of nowhere a GIANT SECURITY GUARD (black,
 28) that looks like a roided-out LeBron James with a NUZ
 CREW T-SHIRT on runs out.

Poobie eyes the brute and ducks behind the Prius.

POOBIE
 Oh shit!

The bodyguard begins to chase Poobie around the car. It's
 amusing to all watching-- just toss a bikini in there and it
 could be a *Benny Hill* skit.

The crew member from before enters again with the ladder,
 shaking a spray can...

CHESTER HONIBALL
 (laughing)
 Nkosi, Stefan, Slyza--
 congratulations: you're our final
 three!

ANTHEMIC, UPLIFTING MUSIC PLAYS.

Poobie and the giant are still on their circuit around the Prius...

POOBIE
 This is bullshit! It's racist
 bullshit! You guys just want the
 Indian off the show!

The crew member ascends the ladder and XES OUT POOBIE'S FACE.

The CAMERA CRASH ZOOMS in on Chester's face.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 (to camera)
 Welcome... to the NUZ finale!

NUZ FINALE TITLE SEQUENCE:

NOTE: Throughout the sequence, TITLES of crew members, writers, directors and producers of the NUZ finale appear occasionally.

We see news-style shots of UMLAZI TOWNSHIP aside tourism-skewed shots of DURBAN, KWAZULU NATAL: Bleak scenes of poverty and crime contrast with surfing, bikinis, ice-lollies and shoreline society. Rickshas, tan-lines and frosted-tips juxtaposed with arrests, burst sewer-lines and bodies lying gunshot in the township streets.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
Umlazi, Kwazulu Natal...

We see a VW POLO GTI riding in the STREETS OF UMLAZI. The CAMERA ZOOMS onto its LICENSE PLATE:

"NUZ 26668"

CHESTER HONIBALL
*...home to sun, sea, sugarcane and
 more hijackings than anywhere else in
 South Africa. With one car jacked
 every one minute, Umlazi is not for
 sissies.*

We see snippets of past season of NUZ as the cameras follow ARMED CONTESTANTS yanking people out of cars, firing BRIGHT PINK PISTOLS into open traffic, joyriding supercars, crashing cars at high-speeds, and various other spectacles involving HIJACKING.

NOTE: As we will be seeing shots of them throughout the NUZ Finale Episode, let's take a moment to meet the other EIGHT CONTESTANTS that didn't make the cut. They are:

KEDI MALOPE (black, 33)-- WHO WE'VE ALREADY MET-- is an overweight, overconfident WOMAN with body issues that amount to the total of absolutely fucking zero. Kedi is all sass, sex and not a single sorry. A social media giant and gay icon, Kedi always rolls with an ENTOURAGE OF BEEFCAKE BODYBUILDERS skimpily dressed in her own brand of queer menswear named: *Rainbow Nation™* by Kedi.

LULAMA JOLA (black, 42) is a heavysset, bald POLICE OFFICER who has to supplement his meagre salary with the hijacking of cars. At first, the South African public was adverse to Lulama's participation in NUZ because his occupation gave him an unfair advantage, but the opinion only prevailed until, at a press conference, officer Jola's income was made public. It immediately sparked an overwhelming surge of support for the cop.

JOSHIE COHEN (white, 24) is a good Jewish BOY from Balfour Park, Johannesburg and the youngest of four brothers-- the only brother not to follow in Daddy Cohen's diamond-trading footsteps. Joshie loves fast cars, smokes far too much Indica strain, and is obsessed with pre-2000s hip-hop. Joshie's been known to speed-rap the entirety of The Sugar Hill Gang's *Rapper's Delight* in a fifty-two seconds flat.

PETER MOYO is an illegal ZIMBABWEAN immigrant who sneaked into South Africa in order to enter NUZ. A victim of much xenophobia from viewers, Peter was forced to pull out of the show early after one-too-many death threats. The NUZ production crew promptly hired Peter on as a permanent car washer as no one could quite get their cars too shine as well as he could.

KAREN VENTER (white, 35) is a sickeningly optimistic, oblivious HOUSEWIFE with undiagnosed ADHD. Always sunny, never sulky, Karen communicates with other humans through a series of giggles and grins and can't complete a single sentence without being distracted by passing butterflies.

BRAD DEVINE (Cape Malay, 27) is an emaciated MAN straight outta the Cape Flats who's spent more time inside Pollsmoor Prison than out.

Cold, chaotic and clinically psychopathic, Brad is what you'd get if you spliced the Joker's DNA with Joey Rasdien's and covered the result head-to-toe in jailhouse tats-- tats, that, BTW, have to be painstakingly blurred-out by the NUZ post-production team due to their copyright infringements and/or explicit nature.

EVA 'OUSIE' MAKEBA (black, 42) is a disgruntled domestic worker with a chip on her shoulder the size of a Willard's Salt and Vinegar Crinkle Cut. Never without her signature FLORAL DOEK on her head and matching APRON around her waist, Ousie has a penchant for hijacking C-series Mercs and yanking whatever white madams are behind the wheels out by their entitled, blond pony tails.

RICARDO FERREIRA (white, 52) known affectionately as 'Retrenchment Ric', is a laid-off mining engineer of Portuguese decent from Pretoria West. A victim of Affirmative Action, Rick entered NUZ to feel relevant again, make some cash, and maybe get an opportunity to stick it to the "underqualified, overpaid black bastard that replaced him"-- a phrase famously quoted by him in episode 3.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)

Over the season we've followed twelve contestants as they've hijacked their way down to three: Stefan, Nkosi and Slyza!

We SLO-MO in on Stefan, Nkosi and Slyza one-at-a-time as they stand in various HERO POSES: kneeling with a PINK PISTOL in hand; standing arms crossed with a leg up on a PORSCHE GT3's hood; arms akimbo, overlooking Umlazi from a hilltop.

The sequence finishes with Chester standing on a RIDGE OVERLOOKING UMLAZI, talking straight to camera. The CAMERA (DRONE) SWOOPS OVER HIM and focuses on the Umlazi township behind/below him.

CHESTER HONIBALL

This... is NUZ!

END OF NUZ FINALE TITLE SEQUENCE.

1ST AD BREAK:

KWESTA'S LANGARM SOKKIE JOL 7 CD COMPILATION AD:

Rapper, entrepreneur and producer, KWESTA is standing in a STUDIO with an INFINITY BACKDROP, addressing the camera.

He's speaking fluent (kinda) Afrikaans (SUBBED INTO ENGLISH), clearly reading off CUE CARDS. He's wearing KHAKI SHIRTS, VELD SKOENE and A TWO-TONE FARMER'S SHIRT.

BOEREMUSIEK IS PLAYING OVER PICTURE.

KWESTA

Come and pull in at Kwesta's Langarm
Sokkie Jol!

Kwesta is now standing behind a DJ BOOTH, HEADPHONES on, scratching away on his DECKS. The boeremusiek is TRANSFORMED BY A SICK BEAT, and paired with his SCRATCHING is making the interminable music, dare I say it, kinda hip...

He's playing on stage in a TOWN HALL and in front of him, jiving away, are ELDERLY WHITE AFRIKANERS.

The *oupas* and *oumas* are *langarm-ing* like there's no tomorrow and by the looks of some of them, there won't be.

KWESTA (V.O.)

*Slam out to this season's favourite
jams, hand-picked and mixed by yours
truly!*

The GROUP OF DANCERS opens up to show one particular COUPLE POPPING and LOCKING with the adeptness of a couple of East Londoners, definitely not like a pair of old Plattelanders.

KWESTA (V.O.)

*Don't be caught out at your next
braai without Kwesta's Langarm Sokkie
Jol 7!*

Another OUMA shuffles into the centre of the *ou-toppies* and SPINS on the floor in a BREAK DANCE MOVE before pausing in a pose. The others around her go *nete*.

We see a PACK SHOT of Kwesta's Langarm Sokkie Jol 7 CD JEWEL CASES laid out demonstratively on a RAILWAY SLEEPER as TITLES giving the TRACK LISTING SCROLL UP with fun, hybrid names like "*Die Skapanga Sokkie*" and "*Tsotsi Tjops*".

KWESTA (V.O.)

*Get Kwesta's Langarm Sokkie Jol 7
today!*

CUT TO:

REALITY SHOW PROMO FOR VIGILANTE: PATRIOTS ON PATROL:

TITLES CRASH ONTO SCREEN ONE-AT-A-TIME:

DO
THEY
HAVE
WHAT
IT
TAKES?

BULLET HOLES shatter the titles with GUNSHOT BLAST SFX.

THE TITLES BREAK UP AND FALL AWAY to reveal a MONTAGE of shots making up a PROMO FOR A TV SHOW:

- A WHITE MAN (40s) DRESSED IN KHAKI and brandishing a RIFLE drags a HOG-TIED BLACK MAN (20s) in a BALACLAVA into a POLICE STATION.

- AN INDIAN WOMAN (50s) IN A SARI WRESTLES a HANDBAG away from a BLACK MAN (face pixilated, 20s) on a pavement.

A stern, serious FEMALE VOICE punches in over picture.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
*Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol is
back!*

- We see TWELVE CONTESTANTS facing camera in heroic poses brandishing RIFLES atop a hill overlooking JOHANNESBURG. They all vary in age, race and sex to make a perfect cross-section of the South African population.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
*Twelve of Mzansi's bravest have
travelled to Joburg to compete for
cash, honour and a better South
Africa!*

- It's NIGHTTIME and from a HIDDEN CAMERA we see a BURGLAR from afar climb through an open window in a SUBURBAN HOME.

- The CAMERA PANS to spy an AVERAGE HOUSEWIFE (white, 30s) lying concealed in a BUSH nearby, dressed in FULL CAMO FATIGUES and aiming at the burglar through the SCOPE of a GIANT SNIPER RIFLE. She *FIRES*.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
More action than ever!

- We see a BIG MAN (white, 40s) in FULL KHAKI, panting out of breathe as he sits atop a struggling BLACK TEEN (male, face pixilated) trying to HANDCUFF him. A BIG BLACK ROTTWEILER is violently gnawing at the teen's sneaker.

PANTING WHITE MAN
 (Afrikaans accent)
 The young ones always struggle the
 most!

- A GRANDAD (black, 80s) hangs out the window of a TOYOTA HILUX driving and *FIRING* a PISTOL at another car.
- The SPEEDING CAR in front of him has FOUR ARMED BLACK MALES in it (20s, faces pixilated) two of which are hanging out the rear window FIRING BACK at the grandad.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
*Do these outstanding citizens have
 the courage to take the law into
 their own hands?*

TITLES FLY ONTO SCREEN:

**VIGILANTE:
 PATRIOTS ON PATROL**

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
*Find out on season four of Vigilante:
 Patriots on Patrol!*

END OF 1ST AD BREAK

NUZ TV SHOW IDENT BUILDS... THEN *EXPLODES*

STEFAN'S INTRO:

- We see PREVIOUS MOMENTS of Stefan through NUZ season 6: HIJACKING cars, doing DOUGHNUTS in mall parking lots, RUNNING after a car and *FIRING* a BRIGHT PINK PISTOL at it.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*Stefan burnt bright from the start,
 proving himself amongst much public
 outcry.*

- We cut to Stefan in the NUZ STUDIO standing in front of a table of THREE GUEST JUDGES. They are: NASSER Al-ATTIYAH, DJ FRESH and BOITY. Chester Honiball is sitting with them.

Boity and Nasser are laughing, clearly in the midst of an inside joke. DJ Fresh shakes his head and addresses Stefan.

DJ FRESH
 You don't belong here, white boy!
 Voetsek!

- We see a shot of an OLD WHITE WOMAN walking on a PAVEMENT, wearing a T-SHIRT with Stefan's face printed on it and the words "LET THE WHITE BOY JACK!" under it.

- In the NUZ CHOP-SHOP, Stefan is rained down with SPARKS as he takes an ANGLE GRINDER to a MINI COOPER S GTS.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)

*But through sheer dog-headed
perseverance and his don't-give-no-
crap attitude, Stefan claimed his
place among the NUZ greats.*

- Another guest judge, KWESTA, is standing near Chester in the NUZ CHOP-SHOP. In front of them, Stefan stands next to two other contestants, Kedi and Ricardo. They're all covered in grime, grit, and BLOOD (don't worry, it's not theirs).

KWESTA

You belong here, Stefan, let them
haters hate, but today... you've
proven yourself, bro.

Stefan breaks into tears. Kedi and Ricardo embrace him in a group hug.

THE MUSIC TURNS NOSTALGIC, CHEESY...

- We see SLO-MO, GLAMOUR SHOTS of Stefan walking and driving through the privileged suburb of MORNINGSIDE in Durban. It's very peaceful, very classy, and very white. Pay no attention to the KENNEDY ROAD SQUATTER CAMP just off behind it...

We hear Stefan's VOICE OVER PICTURE:

STEFAN (V.O.)

*I have a right to be here. I have a
right, just like everyone else.*

INT. STEFAN'S PARENTS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

We see Stefan's MOM and DAD sitting on a couch in their OPULENT HOME. The place is dripping with cash, but no taste-- no taste, that is, unless you get your aesthetic kicks from RAILWAY SLEEPERS, FACE BRICK and THATCH ROOFS.

Throughout the scene, a MAID (female, black, 40s) is seen all over the place in the b.g., frantically cleaning as if her life depends on it. Maybe it does.

Stefan's dad, nicknamed "POTJIE", is a bald, bearded, bulk of a MAN who looks like a six-foot dwarf plucked out of Middle-Earth and forced to wear Cape Union Mart chequered short-sleeved shirts and khaki shorts. His hair looks like an angry porcupine and has met many a hairdresser's scissors with equal resistance.

Stefan's mom, TANNIE ANNETJIE, is a proud, glamorous Afrikaans WOMAN who cannot abide the Lord's name in vain, the defacement of Afrikaner monuments, or a crying man. Go ahead and ask her if she's happy with her maid's performance.

NOTE: Potjie speaks English with a heavy AFRIKAANS ACCENT. Tannie Annetjie only speaks in AFRIKAANS (ENGLISH SUBS)-- no one knows if she does so because she refuses to speak English or if she ever bothered learning the language in the first place.

POTJIE

Ever since Stefan was a small little boy, he would just take what he wanted. You couldn't keep a toy car or a sweetie away from the okie.

TANNIE ANNETJIE

When he was in my womb, I could actually feel him absorb his twin brother, as if he knew the world wasn't big enough for the both of them.

INT. STEFAN'S PARENTS' HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Potjie and Tannie Annetjie are walking through their hallway ordained with HANGING PICTURES of Stefan throughout his life. It's a Stef Fest.

They stop at one with the three of them DRESSED UP IN LORD OF THE RINGS COSPLAY in a forest.

TANNIE ANNETJIE

This was us on holiday in New Zealand...

POTJIE

Ja. I was Gimli.

They both chuckle at the memory.

POTJIE

Ja... Can't wait to start our new lives there.

INT. STEFAN'S PARENTS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back on the couch, Potjie and Tannie Annetjie are now joined by Stefan.

STEFAN

I mean, really, what future is there for me here? I'm not black-- how can I get a job? Or a business loan? Or anything?

POTJIE

That's why we off-- we're going to leave and go to New Zealand. Because there are no opportunities for the white man here any more.

TANNIE ANNETJIE

How long must we be persecuted because of the colour of our skin?

STEFAN

I'm a seventh generation boer-- my family's blood is in this soil. I deserve to be on this show-- if they can run around just taking what they want, well then I can too. What, must I wait until I get a f&*king bullet in the head just for my car? No, thanks, I'll rather do the hijacking.

POTJIE

You think we want to leave the country, hey? What else can we do-- there is no future for Stefan here-- and specially his children. My grandchildren. How can a white man who works hard make money here? I'm sorry, but we're going to go where Stefan can prosper.

STEFAN

(to his dad)

Just after I win NUZ.

Potjie laughs at his son and tousles his hair playfully.

STEFAN

(subtitled Afrikaans)

Stop, Pa! I'm on f&*king TV!

EXT. STEFAN'S PARENTS HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The three of them are standing in their driveway admiring the family's collection of cars: A new TOYOTA LAND CRUISER GR, an old LAND CRUISER 79 that looks like a monster truck sponsored by CapeStorm, a PORSCHE CAYENNE TURBO, a MERCEDES BENZ A220 AMG and a 1972 FERRARI DAYTONA.

The Land Cruiser GR is being frantically washed in the b.g. by an OLD GARDENER (male, black, 60s) as if his life depends on it. It most certainly does.

POTJIE
(at the Ferrari)
See here?

He points out a DENT in the side of the sports car.

POTJIE
(amused)
That's when Stefan stole it and took his girlfriend for McDonalds.

STEFAN
(chuckling)
It's left-hand-drive so I had to get out and walk around to order in the drive-through!

POTJIE
He was fourteen!

Father and son laugh and jocularly poke each other.

The CAMERA FINDS Tannie Annetjie's face: not amused.

We here the VOICE of the NUZ PRODUCER O.C. ask:

PRODUCER (O.C.)
(soft, subtitled)
What will you do with the cars in New Zealand?

POTJIE
Oh, we'll sell them here. You don't even need cars there, the public transport actually works. You can catch the bus everywhere.

Stefan stops laughing and turns serious. Him and is mother both pipe up together:

STEFAN
I'm not riding the f&*king
bus.

TANNIE ANNETJIE
(subtitled Afrikaans)
I'm not riding the f@#king
bus.

NUZ INTERSTITIAL LOGO BUILD.

SLYZA'S INTRO CLIP:

INT. SIBAYA - SLYZA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Slyza is sitting in a MONSTER ENERGY DRINK THEMED ALIENWARE GAMING RACING SEAT in front of a 100" LG C1 TV playing GTA V on a PS5. That is, of course, if any of the aforementioned brands are hip to associate themselves with this depraved film.

Slyza's apartment looks like Kevin McCallister's hotel room from *Home Alone 2*: decorated by a child with a stolen credit card rather than an adult trying to construct a comfy home. Everywhere it's TECH PRODUCTS still in BOXES, DESIGNER CLOTHING PACKETS and cases and cases and cases of MONSTER ENERGY DRINK.

Mounted above Slyza's seat is a LARGE CIRCULAR COSMETIC LIGHT and a CAMERA live-streaming him onto the Interwebs.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
Already an established vlogger, Slyza brings his celebrity and vast audience to NUZ in hopes of capturing new fans and furthering his brand.

On his BALCONY, speaking loudly on the phone, is Slyza's agent, right-hand-man, handler and mouthpiece, TONY.

TONY is a gaunt, 32 year-old Cape Malay MAN who most-likely isn't gay but most definitely behaves in a manner to question it. Flamboyant, glitchy and with the attention span of a tweaker, Tony has dedicated his life to his one-and-only client and will (if not already has) kill for him. Also, Tony thinks Ari Gold is a pussy.

TONY
(irate)
No let me tell you something, mister mayor: your town planner can go f\$%k herself.

I don't care if it's technically a cul-de-sac, we're calling it *Slyza Crescent* because it sounds cool, not because it's civically correct. Now either you're on board, or maybe you wake up one morning with a pink pistol up your poes! You choose.

(beat, then totes calm)

Okay.... well, maybe...

(lookS around the room)

How many cases do you want?

INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY - BOARDROOM - DAY

Slyza is sitting in a boardroom in a CORNER OFFICE of a HIGHRISE BUILDING being shown a presentation by a group of overenthusiastic YOUNG WHITE CREATIVES from an advertising agency. They are:

SEAN SAVAGE, 38, male, and a copywriter still clinging on to the ROCKABILLY look like it's making a resurgence. It's not. Sean carries around a small glass jar of expensive, artisanal SKIN MOISTURISER that he rubs on his many, many tattoos every half hour.

BIANCA SERGEANT is 24, female, and would really rather be at home drawing cartoon strips. Her father, however, insisted she get a real job and so, viola: art director she is.

JON TENNANT is 54, overweight, and a dinosaur from the advertising hay-day of thirty years ago when cocaine and cigarettes were included in a commercial's budget. Speaking of which, Jon just quit smoking (again) so let's all please cut him some slack.

Jon is busy presenting a KEYNOTE PRESENTATION onto a projector from his laptop while chewing on LICORICE ROOT.

On the screen are various marketing plans for the Slyza brand post the NUZ finale...

JON TENNANT

So the day after Slyza Wins NUZ, we'll be planning an activation at Gateway Mall where fans can take pics with Slyza and go for joyrides with him...

On the screen, a picture of a T-SHIRT DESIGN appears. On the tee is Slyza holding a PINK PISTOL with the words "NUZ CHAMP SEASON 6" under it.

JON TENNANT

An example of the t-shirts on sale--
and on sale *only* at the activation.
Regardless of Slyza's place in the
finale, we've designed other t-shirts
for the event to--

The SLIDE CHANGES to a T-SHIRT DESIGN with the same pic of
Slyza but with the words "NUZ FINALIST SEASON 6".

TONY

(re screen)

What... what the f\$%k is this?

JON TENNANT

Like I said, in the event of Slyza
not winning, we've--

TONY

Whoa! Are you f&*king kidding me, my
bra? Not winning. Who the f#\$k do you
think you're dealing with, white boy?
If you and your c%^ting agency aren't
behind Slyza one-hundred percent then
what the f@*k are we doing here?
You're trying to sell us f%#king life
jackets and we've burnt all the
f%*king boats, my china.

Tony gets up... coolly walks over to Jon's laptop... picks
it up... TOSSES IT OUT THE WINDOW.

TONY

Get on board... or next time I'll
shove your MacBook up your fanny.

INT./EXT. SLYZA MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- We see Slyza from a previous episode of NUZ brandishing a
PINK PISTOL as he YANKS A SAD F SOLDIER from out a MILITARY
CASSPIR.

TIME CUT:

- Slyza is laughing hysterically as he pulls the Casspir
into the NUZ HQ.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)

*Bombarding his way into the finale,
Slyza has won the SMS voting
competition in nearly every episode,
making him the clear audience
favourite from the start...*

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)

Not much is known about Slyza's history, adding to his enigmatic personality.

TWO LITTLE WHITE BOYS of 9 are standing on a street side talking to camera. They both have on SLYZA T-SHIRTS.

LITTLE WHITE BOY 1

Slyza's the shit. I heard he used to hunt f*#king lions in Zim and sell their balls to the Chinese to make their dicks grow bigger.

LITTLE WHITE BOY 2

Nah-uh, he's not from Zim, he's a Nigo prince. Everyone knows that.

LITTLE WHITE BOY 1

Pfft. Everyone knows he fingered your sister at a Kwesta concert...

LITTLE WHITE BOY 2

(to camera, beaming with pride)

Ja that's totes true, he did finger my sister at a Kwesta concert.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Some MOVIE STARS are standing around on the RED CARPET of a premiere looking pissed off.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)

Making his mark from the start, Slyza's volatile personality and devil-may-care attitude has brought more fans to the NUZ audience than any previous contestant.

The CAMERA PANS to reveal all the PAPARAZZI and FANS going nuts for Slyza and ignoring the movie stars.

Slyza is eating an APPLE, not giving a shit.

INT. SIBAYA, JOHANNESBURG - SLYZA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tony and Slyza are in amongst much SLYZA MERCH addressing the camera. Tony is, Slyza is just standing there, laid-back as ever.

Slyza's so placid (resting heart rate 40bpm) that it's difficult telling him apart from the LIFE SIZE CARDBOARD CUTOUT of himself nearby.

TONY

Once in a generation, a personality as important as Slyza comes along-- someone who influences so many different people, who touches the youth the way he does. The NUZ finale is going to be the most watched thing on South African TV because of Slyza's participation. Slyza is going to win NUZ... and that will be just the beginning.

Slyza lifts his two hands up, making finger guns. He then twists his one hand upside down and slides his forefingers together making an 'S' sign.

SLYZA

Slyza!

Tony deftly follows with his own Slyza sign.

TONY

Slyza!

The two men pause, staring into the lens for a brief moment before Tony looks down at his sign:

TONY

It's a bit hard to do at first but you can see a video on Slyza's YouTube channel showing you how to do it.

(beat)

Hit subscribe.

NUZ INTERSTITIAL LOGO BUILD.

NKOSI'S INTRO CLIP:

EXT. UMLAZI - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

We see various shots of Nkosi walking through UMLAZI, hanging out at SHEBEENS... greeting LOCALS in the streets...

Everywhere he goes he's met by enthusiastic FANS.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*Born and raised in Umlazi, Nkosi has
 his sites set on bringing the NUZ
 trophy home to its rightful place...*

INT. UMLAZI - NKOSI'S SHACK - DAY

Nkosi is sitting in his SHACK addressing the camera. The space is small, sparse; just a BED and make-shift KITCHEN.

NKOSI
 This is my hood. If anyone is going
 to win this thing, it's me.

WE SEE A POLICE MUG SHOT OF A BOY (NKOSI, 8).

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*Spending most of his youth jacking
 cars, Nkosi has been in-and-out of
 prison, spending more of his life
 inside jails than out.*

EXT. STREETS OF UMLAZI - DAY

Nkosi is walking with his BROTHER, PIET through the streets on Umlazi, checking out different cars.

PIET is 17, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed-- he's totally enthralled with the cameras and can't stop clocking the lens, waving occasionally. Where Nkosi is cynical, street-raised and chiselled rough at the edges, his little brother is clean-cut and shiny-new.

Nkosi and Piet aren't just checking out the cars, they're scoping out HUBCAPS.

PIET
 (points at car)
 These?

NKOSI
 (subtitled Zulu)
 Nah. They not worth kak. Plastic.

TIME CUT:

Nkosi and Piet are kneeling next to a car removing its hubcaps.

NKOSI
 We used to do this as kids with our
 dad.

'Specially when there were funerals.
All the cars would line up at the
graveyard together-- like fish in a
barrel.

TIME CUT:

Nkosi and Piet are leaning against the car they've just
lifted the hubcaps off of, pontificating to camera.

NKOSI

Back in '94, when we became
(air quotes)
'free', my father sat me down and
told me how things were really going
to be. He said that while the people
were dancing in the streets, the
reality was that nothing was going to
change. The government were promising
us houses, land, jobs, but my dad
knew that it was all bullshit. Only
those at the top were going to profit
from the new South Africa, not the
guys like us down at the bottom. He
told me that I better start jacking
cars and not think for a second that
any of those fat cats from the
struggle were going to give us
anything. We had to take what was
owed to us.

EXT. NUZ HQ STUDIO - DAY

Nkosi is in a '90s BMW 220i SPINNING in the studio. All the
other contestants cough as the place fills up with SMOKE.

While the car SPINS AROUND, Nkosi hangs precariously out the
window, his feet hooking the steering wheel in the spin.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)

*All business, Nkosi's hard edge and
stand-offish attitude hasn't always
made him the most popular on the show
and has kept him from making many
friends...*

He draws his PINK BERETTA PISTOL and kisses it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

FROM A DISTANCE we see Nkosi brandishing a PINK PISTOL and
pulling a GRANNY (white, 68) from out a KIA SOUL.

As he gets back in the car and pulls off, the Granny runs behind the car, hysterically pleading.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*But his humanity and down-to-earth
 nature has set him apart as an
 outlier this season.*

The Kia stops. Nkosi gets out. He runs to the back door, opening it. He removes a BABY and gives it to the granny.

He gets back in the car and drives off as the granny cradles the baby, crying, waving her thanks to him.

EXT. UMLAZI - GRAVEYARD - DAY

Nkosi and Piet are standing at a GRAVE, holding the HUBCAPS they just lifted.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*Nkosi brings legacy to the sixth
 season of NUZ, his brother Bongani
 Kwezi having won the very first
 season...*

The grave is more like a SHRINE, showing a 3-foot MARBLE STATUE of a guy not unlike Nkosi brandishing a Beretta Pistol. At the base of the statue (instead of flowers) are arranged old, dull HUBCAPS.

Nkosi and Piet kneel down, toss aside the old hubcaps and replace them with the new shiny ones.

They take a moment, remembering their brother... Nkosi puts his hand on his little brother's shoulder.

TIME CUT:

Nkosi and Piet are standing next to their brother's grave addressing the camera.

NKOSI
 In this town, if you don't take, then
 you get taken from.
 (beat)
 I'm going to win NUZ for my brother
 and bring the trophy home to where it
 belongs: here in Umlazi.

PIET
 Nuz massive!

We hear the PRODUCER'S VOICE from O.C. ask:

PRODUCER (O.C.)
How did your brother die?

NKOSI
 Hijack.

PIET
 Hijack.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF 3 FINALISTS:

- Nkosi SMASHES THE WINDOW of a FORD RANGER and yanks the keys from out the ignition. On the keys is hanging a little fob of a TROPHY. He lifts up the tiny trophy and kisses it.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*All three finalists are ripe and
 ready to enter the NUZ finale!*

- Slyza stands on the driver's side of a HUMMER H2 *FIRING* his pink Beretta through the window-- emptying the clip in so doing-- into whoever the unseen, unlucky driver is.

- FROM A DASH-CAM we see Stefan speeding in a NISSAN GT-R through the streets as POLICE LIGHTS flash behind him.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*Stay tuned for a never-before-seen
 experience!*

INT. THE NUZ CHOP-SHOP HQ - DAY

Stefan, Nkosi and Slyza are side-by-side in the NUZ studio.

Chester is opposite them with THREE SWIMSUIT MODELS (females, mixed races, all early 20s) in NUZ BIKINIS holding BRIGHT PINK BRIEFCASES.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Gentlemen, welcome to the NUZ finale.
 To introduce the final challenge, we
 have someone you might recognise...

JASON GOLIATH walks into the studio.

JASON GOLIATH
 Someone finally call the f*#ken
 professionals?

The three contestants laugh.

Jason stands next to Chester.

CHESTER HONIBALL

As you all know, comedian Jason Goliath is a giant motorhead, and so we asked him to be guest judge for the finale.

JASON GOLIATH

You f@\$ken ous might think you're the shit for getting this far, but for the final challenge, you're going to have to grow a whole new set of balls.

CHESTER HONIBALL

The final challenge is simple: you have three days to hijack as many cars as possible. At the end of the seventy-two hours, starting tomorrow, whoever has jacked the most cars, wins.

JASON GOLIATH

And this is where you'll be taking them...

On the BIG SCREEN BEHIND THEM an AERIAL VIEW of an EMPTY PARKING LOT is revealed.

The lot is separated into THREE SECTIONS of empty bays with GIANT GRAFFITIED CARICATURES of Slyza, Nkosi and Stefan's faces painted on the ground.

The three contestants all point and chuckle at their resemblances...

JASON GOLIATH

I painted them myself.

Laughter all around.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Whoever fills the most bays at the end of the three days, will take home the trophy.

Another TWO SWIMSUIT MODELS wheel in a STAINLESS STEEL TROLLEY with a large, GARISH TROPHY on it that looks like it was shat out by a half-demon-half-machine tetradactyl from a *Heavy Metal* movie.

The contestants gape at the trophy, their want for it palpable.

CU on Nkosi, eyeing the trophy with a special kinda yenning-- *this is his brother's trophy.*

JASON GOLIATH
 (feigning blindness)
 Jirrie that thing's shinier then my
 girlfriend's clit ring! Hold on--

He fishes out a pair of SHADES identical to Slyza's and puts them on...

JASON GOLIATH
 Much better!

Even more laughter.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 You guys all know the rules by now...

On cue the three swimsuit models step forward and open their briefcases:

Inside two of the briefcases (all lined with velvet) are PINK BERETTA PISTOLS and THREE MAGAZINE CLIPS each. The third briefcase has in it a PINK UZI with FOUR CLIPS. The word "DAISY" has been handwritten on the side of the Uzi with a GRAPHIC RED LIPSTICK KISS next to it.

CHESTER
 Slyza, because you won the HotWire Challenge, you get to wield Mrs. de Melker for the finale.

Slyza lifts the pink Uzi (AKA "Mrs. de Melker", AKA "Daisy") out and admires it.

Stefan and Nkosi take their pistols and shove the clips into their pockets.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Gentleman... start your--

JASON GOLIATH
 No wait! Can I say it?

They all laugh... Chester nods.

JASON GOLIATH
 Gentlemen... start your engines!

SLYZA IMMEDIATELY COCKS THE UZI AND MARCHES TOWARDS JASON GOLIATH, POINTING THE WEAPON STRAIGHT AT HIS FACE.

SLYZA

Keys.

JASON GOLIATH

(laughing, pointing)

Check this ou! He's already starting!

CHESTER HONIBALL

Uh, Slyza, the seventy-two hours only
start--

Slyza points the Uzi up at the ceiling and *FIRES* OFF A
BURST OF SHOTS.

EVERYONE HITS THE DECK.

Slyza stands over Jason Goliath, Uzi pointed at his head,
the other hand with palm open, asking again:

SLYZA

Keys.

JASON GOLIATH

Here! Jesus, here-- take them!

He tosses Slyza his CAR KEYS.

Slyza looks the keys over and then points the gun back at
the comedian.

SLYZA

What Ford?

JASON GOLIATH

(cowering)

Ah! F&\$k-- don't shoot! Mustang, the
red Mustang!

Slyza calmly walks off, exiting the studio.

EXT. THE NUZ CHOP-SHOP HQ - PARKING LOT - DAY

A CAMERA RUNS SHAKILY, trying to keep up with Slyza as he
enters the parking lot and heads for a RED MUSTANG.

He opens the car and gets in...

INT. THE NUZ CHOP-SHOP HQ - DAY

Everyone watches the AERIAL SHOT OF THE EMPTY PARKING LOT as
a RED MUSTANG pulls into one of the bays in Slyza's section.

CHESTER HONIBALL

(up at screen)

Okay, now, as I was trying to tell Slyza, the seventy-two hours only begin *tomorrow* and so that doesn't count...

(to contestants)

Gents, get some rest, we'll see you in the morning.

(awkward pause)

Again, I repeat, tomorrow morning, when the finale starts.

Still on the floor, Jason Goliath wipes sweat from his brow and checks his heart rate... he removes the now detestable shades from his face and tosses them aside.

JASON GOLIATH

Someone call my f\$%king agent!

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING UMLAZI - DAY

UPBEAT ACTION MUSIC PLAYS.

Chester is standing on a hill overlooking Umlazi addressing the camera:

CHESTER HONIBALL

The rules for the NUZ finale are the same as usual...

A DYNAMIC GRAPHIC CRASHES ONTO SCREEN showing the NUZ BERETTAS and "DAISY" UZI.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)

Only the sanctioned NUZ weapons are allowed with a maximum of fifty rounds per contestant for the standard Berretas and an extra fifty rounds awarded to whoever wields 'Daisy'.

BULLETS CASCADE OVER THE GRAPHIC CREATING A TRANSITION TO:

WE ENTER AN ANIMATED WORLD:

Drawn in the style of "Kodomo", the cutesie and garish subgenre of Manga, the whole next explanatory segment feels just like a Studio Ghibli film with a Mzansi flare.

We see a CONTESTANT: a GENERIC HIJACKER (male, black)-- standing next to a COP CAR, slyly handing a WAD OF CASH over to an OVERWEIGHT COP (male, black).

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
All bribes to authority figures may not exceed one thousand rand per interaction with a limit of three interactions per challenge.

The generic hijacker hands over another WAD OF CASH while high-fiving a JUDGE (white, male, 60s) dressed in a BLACK ROBE and WHITE WIG.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
This includes Police, Metro Cops, SADF, judges, and any government officials in positions to conveniently 'lose' case dockets.

The hijacker hands over yet another WAD OF CASH to a GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL (black, female, 30s) as she hands him a CASE DOCKET in return.

The hijacker laughs maniacally as he sets the case docket ALIGHT with a ZIPPO and it disappears in a *WOOSH* of flame.

We see SHOTS OF VARIOUS CARS.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
Cars are tallied up according to their blue book value. If two or more contestants have the same amount of cars at the end of the seventy-two hours, whoever has the most valuable cars will win.

We see two little figures of HIJACKING SYNDICATE BOSSES (one white, one black, both 50s) with CLIPBOARDS assessing cars.

Two cars appear in between the bosses: a LAMBORGHINI UROS and a KIA PICANTO. A BIG DOLLAR SIGN SUPERS over the Uros with a *CA-CHING* SFX while a sad, *WHAP-WHAP-WHAAA* SFX punctuates a FROWNY FACE EMOJI over the Picanto.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
The value of the vehicles will be determined by hijacking syndicate bosses at their own discretion, taking into regard any damage sustained to vehicles during the challenge as well as collateral damage to public and private property, including loss of life.

A LITTLE ANIMATED CAR RACES THROUGH THE STREET, bumping other cars, driving over PEDESTRIANS and shooting at a COP CAR chasing it.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*Use of fatal force is not advised,
 but the producers of NUZ understand
 that players gotta play...*

The little hijacker pulls a guy out of a car and SHOOTs HIM IN THE HEAD. Little Xes appear over the driver's eyes.

ANIMATION SEQUENCE ENDS.

BACK TO CHESTER:

CHESTER HONIBALL
 And remember to visit NUZtvshow.co.za
 to vote for your favourite
 contestant, follow live streaming
 cams, and experience online-exclusive
 footage...

WE SEE THE NUZ WEBSITE ON A PC SCREEN:

A VIDEO LINK expands and a LIVE LINK to a NIGHT VISION CAMERA watching STEFAN opens up. He's in his bed, fast asleep. There's a STEFWATCH! logo in the top right corner.

BACK TO CHESTER:

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Good luck Nkosi. Good luck Slyza. And
 good luck Stefan. South Africa is
 behind you!

CUT TO:

2ND AD BREAK:

ADVERT FOR EMPOWER CHURCH WITH PASTOR GIEBART:

We're inside a MEGACHURCH, teeming with WORSHIPPERS.

On the stage is PASTOR GIEBART (male, white, 37)-- Pastor "G" affectionately-- who looks like a boy band member spliced with a Carducci spokesman and a little bit of Tony Robbins sprinkled on top. Pastor Giebart is handsome, almost unsettling so, with a 3" quaff of pitch black hair that would embarrasses an umbrellabird. His BESPOKE SUIT is so shiny it seems ablaze under the bright stage lights. NOTE TO DP: Polariser, polariser, polariser.

His audience, however, is ALL BLACK. Not a white face to be seen... Not just that, they're in stark contrast to Pastor G: while he's dripping with wealth, his congregation are clearly unemployed or on the lowest income decile.

A VOICE OVER ARTIST better suited for amateur wrestling at the town hall on a Saturday night SPEAKS OVER PICTURE.

VOICE OVER ARTIST (V.O.)

Feel the power!

Pastor Giebart has his hands on the head of a GRANNY (black, 76) kneeling in front of him. He speaks English into a big, shiny MICROPHONE-- that even Nathaniel would find garish-- with a thick, almost incomprehensible AFRIKAANS ACCENT.

PASTOR GIEBART

Do you accept Jesus into your life as your own personal saviour?!

GRANNY

I do!

THE CROWD GOES BERSERK.

VOICE OVER ARTIST (V.O.)

Join Pastor Giebart at the Empower Church for a experience like no other!

Pastor Giebart is in a JACUZZI on the stage, dunking a heavy MAN (black, 40s) dressed in an even whiter ROBE. Pastor Giebart is in a WHITE SPEEDO with SEQUINNED DETAIL.

VOICE OVER ARTIST (V.O.)

Are you ready for the second coming?

THE POWER TEAM (a group of BODYBUILDERS who display feats of strength in the name of Christ-- no jokes, Google that shit) is on stage. One of them is blowing a HOT WATER BOTTLE up to the size of a weather balloon while another is on his back, BENCH PRESSING PASTOR GIEBART.

VOICE OVER ARTIST (V.O.)

Pastor Giebart is the next generation of leader for a new generation of worshippers!

Pastor Giebart is on stage wearing a BASEBALL CAP backwards above his magnificent do, RAPPING IN TONGUES.

VOICE OVER ARTIST (V.O.)

And his reach knows no bounds!

The PICTURE ZOOMS OUT past the proscenium arch to be enter a YOUTUBE VIDEO PAGE. The video is entitled "WATCH PASTOR G RAP IN TONGUES!!!!!!". It has 72 views.

VOICE OVER ARTIST (V.O.)
*Bringing you closer to The Word from
 any of your devices!*

THE EMPOWER CHURCH LOGO BUILDS ONTO SCREEN above a shot of Pastor Giebart wielding one of his Boeing-blinding smiles.

Below him are FACEBOOK/INSTAGRAM/YOUTUBE LOGOS.

VOICE OVER ARTIST (V.O.)
Hit subscribe!

ADVERT FOR RAINBOW NATION™ BY KEDI CLOTHING:

A BODYBUILDER (male, black, 28) dressed in bright orange Nike Jordan HIGH-TOPS, KNEE-PADS, black HOT PANTS and a T-SHIRT with Kedi's face printed upon it stands in an INFINITE STUDIO SPACE.

He grins a set of Prestik™-white gnashers and flexes his muscles as the CAMERA CRASH ZOOMS in on his T-SHIRT as Kedi's face ANIMATES INTO LIFE and blows us a kiss.

As she smiles, a RAINBOW curls and snakes out from behind her head and fills the screen to TRANSITION TO TITLES:

*Rainbow Nation™
 by Kedi*

We see the PROMENADE on DURBAN BEACH-FRONT as a group of SIX MALE BEEFCAKE BODYBUILDERS stand in a "V" formation facing camera performing SYNCHRONISED AEROBICS MOVES. Those of you 80s kids will recognise the scene as a direct rip-off of the famous SABC morning workout session entitled: "Body Beat". In fact, if we can get the rights, we'll use the same music.

As the tanned, oiled, manically-grinning Beefcakes jiggle away under the Kwazulu Natal sun, the camera focuses in on singular items of their attire as PRICE POINTS TRACK TO THEIR ADORNMENTS.

Kedi's VOICE speaks over the picture:

KEDI (V.O.)
*You too can own a piece of the
 Rainbow Nation™!
 (beat)
 By Kedi!*

We see a pair of gyrating buttocks inside a pair of LEATHER HOTPANTS.

KEDI (V.O.)

*Don't miss out on this this summer's
range inspired by heroes of the
Struggle!*

(beat)

*Walter So-Sexy Sissulu faux-leather
hotpants for only one thousand, one
hundred and ninety-nine rand!*

CLOSE ON the hotpants we can see a smiling PHOTO OF WALTER SISULU plastered on each cheek.

KEDI (V.O.)

*Kedi's signature Bram Fischer Fish
Hook earrings for four hundred and
ninety-nine rand!*

CLOSE ON a sweaty right EARLOBE with a single shiny EARRING shaped like a fish hook with a pendant hanging from it with BRAM FISCHER'S face on.

CUT TO the interior of a LEATHER BAR teeming with YOUNG, FIT, MALE BODIES dancing in SLOW MOTION.

KEDI (V.O.)

*And don't forget about Rainbow
Nation™ by Kedi's evening wear-- fit
for the most strenuous of nights out!*

We focus in on TWO BEEFCAKES (both male, black/white, 30s) KISSING and EMBRACING each other as if they were posing for a Tom of Finland drawing.

TITLES appear on the screen pointing out specific items of ATTIRE on the amorous couple's bodies, tracked to their pulsating movements.

First up is a LEATHER HARNESS, each of the seven straps a different solid colour of the rainbow.

KEDI (V.O.)

*The Rainbow leather harness only five
thousand seven hundred and ninety-
nine rand!*

On the other dude, TITLES AND A PRICE-POINT TRACK to a RAINBOW LEATHER VEST.

KEDI (V.O.)

*The Jo-Jo Vest of Many Colours, two
thousand and ninety-nine-rand!*

CUT TO:

Back on the promenade, the aerobics beefcakes form a HUMAN PYRAMID.

The CAMERA CRASH ZOOMS in on the top-of-the-pyramid beefcake's t-shirt as Kedi's face fills our picture and speaks to us:

KEDI (V.O.)

*Visit us at rnbk.co.za for 20% off
your first online purchase or stop by
our concept store at the V&A
Waterfront!*

TITLE:

*Rainbow Nation™
by Kedi*

END OF 2ND AD BREAK.

THE NUZ LOGO BUILDS ONTO SCREEN AND THEN *EXPLODES*.

INT. STEFAN'S FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Stefan enters the kitchen in just his JOCKS. His hair is a mess and he still has sleep in his eyes.

A TITLE SUPERS OVER THE SCREEN: "**NUZ FINALE DAY 1**"

Tannie Annetjie is cooking up a storm at the stove. Potjie is at the breakfast table reading a NEWSPAPER and eating a FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST that has apparently not left much breakfast over for anyone in England.

POTJIE

There he is! You ready? How you feeling?

Stefan yawns, scratches his belly, shrugs.

Stefan sits down as his mom parks a breakfast far too large for his constitution down in front of him.

Potjie slides over a section of the newspaper to his son.

POTJIE

Here, I saved this for you...

STEFAN
 (eyes paper like
 alien artefact)
 Wassat?

POTJIE
 Junkmail.
 (points to paper)
 See? See how many cars there are? You
 could call them up and then go hijack
 them... Isn't that a way how you can
 do it?

STEFAN
 (scoffs)
 Nah. Not my style.
 (beat)
 I'm just going to steal one of yours.

A wry smile creeps over Stefan's face. *Is he joking?*

Tannie Annetjie walks past, grinning at her son's gag and
 kisses Stefan on the head before walking out the room.

Potjie looks concerned, turns to peep out the window...

OUT THE WINDOW:

We can see the gardener furiously polishing the Ferrari.

Potjie turns and looks at the camera. He frowns.

EXT. SIBAYA - PARKING LOT OUTSIDE SLYZA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A SOUND GUY (NUZ CREW, BLACK, 32) is sitting on a GRIP'S BOX
 in the middle of the parking lot pretending to drive. He has
 his arms out, turning an invisible steering wheel, making
 VROOM-VROOM sounds and wearing a look on his face he's
 taking straight back to fucking HR the second he returns to
 NUZ HQ.

NOTE: Each contestant is followed by FOUR NUZ CREW MEMBERS:
 2x CAMERAMEN/CAMERAWOMEN, 1x SOUND TECHNICIAN, 1x PRODUCER
 and 1x ASSISTANT/RUNNER. All NUZ crew members in the field
 wear BULLET PROOF VESTS with the word CREW printed on them.

SUDDENLY TONY BURSTS INTO FRAME AND STICKS A FINGER GUN INTO
 THE SOUND GUY'S FACE.

TONY
 Out the car, you motherf&*cker! Get
 out the f%king car or I'll shoot you
 in your f%king face!

The sound guy sighs, puts his hands up in a tired attempt at surrender and stands, giving up the grip's box to Tony.

Tony jumps in the 'car' and peels off out of there.

TONY

Vroooooom!

Tony turns and looks at the camera, breaking character.

TONY

You know, something like that...

The CREW MEMBERS around him clap listlessly. The sound guy joins in.

Tony gets up and turns humble at all the praise he's getting.

TONY

Oh, no, no please. It's easy... I've been practising...

PRODUCER (O.C.)

You've never jacked a car yourself?

TONY

Who? Me? No, I've never... but, you know, hopefully one of these days
(crosses fingers)
Slyza will let me do one. He said I could try once. You know, just to get a taste of it.

TONY TURNS PSYCHO AGAIN AND STICKS HIS FINGER GUN UNDER THE CHIN OF THE SOUND GUY STANDING NEXT TO HIM.

TONY

(screaming)

Give me the keys you f*\$k or I'll shove this up your fanny and pull the trigger till it goes cli--

He's interrupted by an audible *AHEM* O.C..

They all turn to see Slyza watching, eating a NAARTJIE.

Tony quickly drops the act and pretends to be dusting the sound guy's shoulder.

Slyza doesn't react, just walks past them and *SPITS* out a pip.

SLYZA

Vamoose.

INT. UMLAZI - NKOSI'S SHACK - DAY

CU ON NKOSI'S FACE. Fast asleep, his countenance serene, at peace, dreaming of wonderfu--

--A HAND ENTERS FRAME AND SLAPS HIM AWAKE.

The CAMERA WHIPS ROUND to find a WOMAN (black, late 20s) sitting on his bed holding a 9-MONTH-OLD BABY.

Her face is PIXELATED. The baby's is not.

This is BONGI and she only speaks in ZULU with ENGLISH SUBS.

BONGI

Wake up, piece of shit!

NKOSI

Shit! Bonggi? What the...

BONGI

Where you been, uh? You think you so f&#king famous now you can just run away?

NKOSI

Bonggi, I'm in the finale, I can't just--

BONGI

You can't what? Take care of your son? Earn money? Everything I do while you go jack cars for the TV?

NKOSI

Aaah, Bonggi--

(points to camera)

Don't embarrass yourself in front of the--

Bonggi explodes up off the bed and throws open Nkosi's duvet, exposing his half-naked body and giving us a quick glimpse of his MORNING WOOD.

Nkosi scrambles to cover himself up again.

NKOSI

Hey!

BONGI

Hey *what?*!

The baby has begun to *CRY*.

BONGI

You think you too famous now to have a son? You go and get all your new TV girlfriends and you leave us alone without any money or food!

NKOSI

Ah, Bongi, it's not like that-- it's... it's like--

BONGI

I'll tell you what it's like!

She shoves the crying baby into his arms and storms out.

BONGI

You rich and famous now, you can watch-- I'm going to the shebeen!

Nkosi tries to get up, grab what clothes he can find lying around, and hold a crying baby all at the same time.

NKOSI

Bongi! Wait! You can't just leave him with me! It's the finale!

EXT. UMLAZI - NKOSI'S SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Bongi storms out, Nkosi in toe, infant in his arms.

NKOSI

(pulling on t-shirt)

Bongi! Bongi, wait!

It's no use, she's off and swallowed up by the labyrinth of shacks.

Nkosi sighs... bounces his crying kid up-and-down on his hip to calm him...

NKOSI

(to himself)

F@\$k.

We hear the PRODUCER'S VOICE from O.C.

PRODUCER (O.C)

What're you going to do?

Nkosi looks down at the kid... it's stopped crying and is softly gurgling away...

NKOSI
I don't know... I'm going to have
to--

But he's interrupted by a FEMALE VOICE from O.C. calling out from a distance away in SUBTITLED ZULU.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
Nkosi! Nkosi where you?!

The CAMERA ZOOMS INTO THE DISTANCE to find a WOMAN not very dissimilar to Bongzi dragging a BOY of about 6 reluctantly by the hand and heading this way.

NKOSI
Eish!
(to camera)
Go-- just go!

Nkosi, the baby, and the camera crew all hotfoot it away from the shack.

DAY ONE INTRO:

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*It's day one of the finale and the
contestants are off to a flying
start!*

- QUICK CUTS of Slyza jacking two cars and parking them in his dedicated space in the NUZ HQ FINALE PARKING LOT.

- QUICK CUTS of Stefan jacking two cars and parking them in his dedicated space in the NUZ HQ FINALE PARKING LOT.

- Nkosi is at a WIMPY trying to feed breakfast to his son next to him in a HIGH CHAIR. The kid doesn't seem to think the DOUBLE CHEESE BURGER his father is trying to shove into his face constitutes an adequate breakfast and is registering his protest. Nkosi is perplexed by his son's reluctance and shrugs at the camera, frowning.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*Who's your favourite? Nkosi, Slyza or
Stefan!*

- As Chester mentions the three contestants, their GRAPHIC EFFIGIES FILL THE SCREEN along with individual SMS NUMBERS.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*Don't forget to SMS your vote through
 before the end of the finale to
 determine the winner of the Audience
 Favourite Award!*

- We see a picture of a TOYOTA SUPRA GR vinyled to within an inch of its life with NUZ logos and the giant words "PROUDLY SPONSORED BY TOYOTA" all over it.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*The winner of the audience favourite
 award will receive a Toyota Supra GR
 proudly sponsored by Toyota!*
 (beat)
*The number of SMSs per user is
 unlimited and SMSs cost ten rand per
 vote! Get voting now!*
 (beat)
And now... back to the NUZ finale!

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Tony is standing in a MALL PARKING LOT addressing the camera. In front of him is a FOLD-OUT TABLE with SLYZA MERCH ranging from T-SHIRTS to COFFEE MUGS. Behind him, Slyza is breaking into a MERC G-CLASS 4x4 with a SLIM JIM.

Tony is holding a Slim Jim just like it: the SLYZA EASY-GLIDE SLIM JIM™.

TONY
 As Slyza is demonstrating behind me,
 the Slyza Easy-Glide Slim Jim is
 superior in build quality, durability
 and comfort in grip. Providing
 keenness of edge, simplicity of
 action-- but greater than these:
 security of manipulation.

We HEAR A MALE VOICE O.C..

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
 Hey, what's going on here?

The camera finds a MAN (black, 40s) in a SUIT walking towards the Merc. The man looks uncannily like Julius Malema. In fact, the makers of this film will do everything in their power to make sure the guy cast looks and is dressed EXACTLY like Julius Malema.

MAN IN SUIT

That's my car! What the f\$%k is he
doing with my car?

Tony looks awkwardly at the camera. Slyza drops the Slim Jim
and looks awkwardly at the camera.

TONY

Um... it's... he's...

MAN IN SUIT

Wait-- is that Slyza?

Slyza and Tony share a look. Tony doesn't waste any time:

TONY

Yes! Yes it is, sir. Would you maybe
like to meet--

MAN IN SUIT

Whooooeee! Slyza!

He runs up and grabs Slyza by the hand, shaking it
vigorously.

MAN IN SUIT

Slyza! Slyza the man!
(to camera)
This for the show?

TONY

Yes, this is for the show. Slyza is
in the NUZ finale.

The producer interrupts from O.C..

PRODUCER (O.C.)

Whoa, wait, you can't tell him
that...

A P.A. (female, black, 20s) runs up with a clipboard and a
pen and hands it to the man in the suit.

MAN IN SUIT

What's this?

PRODUCER (O.C.)

An N.D.A.. We can't tell anyone that
Slyza's in the finale. The other
episodes haven't flighted yet.

The man takes the clipboard and signs enthusiastically.

MAN IN SUIT

Sure! Yes-- of course! I won't tell...

He hands it back to the P.A.. She runs back out of shot with the clipboard.

MAN IN SUIT

Ha! That's great! I knew you'd make it! You're the best hijacker-- here, please, can I?

The man takes his phone out his pocket and gestures to it.

TONY

Oh, I'm sorry but it's two hundred for a selfie.

MAN IN SUIT

Oh. Okay. Sure. Here.

He takes out his WALLET (choked with CASH) and gives a TWO HUNDRED RAND NOTE to Tony.

Tony pops it in his pocket and Slyza and the man pose together while Tony takes the pic. Slyza flashes his signature sign. The Julius Malema lookalike tries to do a version of it himself but proper botches it up.

Tony hands him back his phone.

MAN IN SUIT

(checking phone)

That's great... just great.

(to camera)

Can I *Insta* this?

PRODUCER (O.C.)

Not yet. You have to wait until this flights.

MAN IN SUIT

Oh. Okay. No problem.

The man then turns to camera, his hand on Slyza's shoulder, and starts orating like he's giving a parliamentary address.

MAN IN SUIT

Slyza, a true son of Mzansi, I would just like to say that you are an inspiration to the youth and your hard work is an important example for others to follow. I wish you luck.

He then shakes Slyza by the hand and flashes the camera a giant, shit-eating grin.

There's another awkward moment... then Tony pipes up:

TONY

You know, now that you here, you
could save us some time...

Another awkward moment... the man doesn't quite get what Tony's asking...

Tony gestures towards the car. The man clicks.

MAN IN SUIT

Oh! Oh yes, sure, with pleasure...

He takes out his CAR KEY and tosses it to Slyza.

TIME CUT:

Slyza and Tony pull off in the Merc, leaving the guy in the suit standing, waving at them.

They disappear and the man is left alone, the camera still filming him.

MAN IN SUIT

Ah... What a guy, hey?

PRODUCER (V.O.)

You don't mind that he stole your
car?

MAN IN SUIT

What? The car?

(beat)

Nah... That was already stolen. Can
you guys give me a lift?

CUT TO:

EXT. UMLAZI TOWNSHIP - STREET - DAY

FROM INSIDE A VAN we can see Nkosi across the street from us speaking to TWO POLICE OFFICERS (white/black, male/female, both 30s) at their POLICE CAR.

WE CAN HEAR A BABY CRYING LOUDLY IN THE VAN WITH US O.C..

Nkosi gives the cops a PADDED ENVELOPE and they give him a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER in return.

Nkosi tips his hat in appreciation and jogs back to the car.
The cops get back in their vehicle.

As Nkosi gets back in the van, the producer asks:

PRODUCER (O.C.)
(shouting over baby)
What's that?

NKOSI
(cups hand over ear)
Huh?

PRODUCER (O.C.)
That. The paper-- what did those cops
just give you?

NKOSI
It's the time and place for-- hey
can't you get him to stop?

The CAMERA PANS to see the SOUND GUY (white, 24) with
Nkosi's kid on his knee trying to calm it down to no avail.
All while still trying to wield his BOOMED MIC.

SOUND GUY
Dude. He won't stop-- I dunno what
to-- I'm not a--

NKOSI
Here, let him play with this...

Nkosi takes out his PINK BERETTA, EJECTS THE MAG AND CHAMBER
ROUND AND HANDS IT TO THE BABY.

The baby stops crying and takes the firearm with an
enthusiastic "goo-goo".

NKOSI
Those cops there, they part of the
VIP Protection Unit. You know, the
guys with the flashing lights on the
highways that transport all the
government people? That's them.
(lifts paper)
This is the place for one of their
convoys and time when the security
cops will be on a break. Yo... those
cars are all X7s and Q8s and all
bullet proofed, proper detailed--
they worth tons of money.

Nkosi notices his son and starts laughing.

NKOSI
Ha! Look at him!

The baby has the barrel of the gun in his mouth, sucking it. The Sound Guy holding him shakes his head with disapproval to the camera.

NKOSI
(to baby)
Okay, that's enough-- you're gonna drown it.

He grabs the gun back from the baby, shaking the SPIT off.
CUE TANTRUM.

Nkosi shoves the gun back down his pants as the baby starts raising the roof again.

SOUND GUY
I think he's hungry.

NKOSI
Nah. I know what he wants. He wants to go for a ride, pass here...

CUT TO:

EXT. AFFLUENT SUBURB - STREET OUTSIDE MANSION - DAY

Stefan is in a VAN dressed in OVERALLS and a CAP with a LEXUS LOGOS on it. He's eyeing out a MANSION over the road with high walls and electric fences.

He has a PRINTED-OUT LIST in front of him that he's checking.

STEFAN
(looking around)
This is it-- this should be the place...

We hear the producer O.C. ask:

PRODUCER (O.C.)
What's that list?

STEFAN
This? This is the list my mate at Lexus gave me. It's of all the clients that have received a new Lexus and are still waiting for a tracking device for their car.

Just then a WHITE LEXUS LX600 drives past them and pulls into the mansion's driveway.

STEFAN

Chips-- there it is! That's it!
LX600!

Stefan watches with a smile on his face as the car gets devoured by the big gates and they shut again.

STEFAN

Okay cool. Lets go.

He opens the car door.

TIME CUT:

Stefan is ringing the mansions' INTERCOM.

A MALE VOICE crackles out in AFRIKAANS from the intercom.

MALE VOICE

(English subs)
Hello? Who's there?

Stefan doesn't miss a beat and responds back in perfect Afrikaans.

STEFAN

Morning, sir. Is that--
(quick checks list)
Mister Visagie?

MALE VOICE

Who's this?

STEFAN

Hi sir, we're from Lexus here to
install your new Tracker device.

MALE VOICE

But why didn't you call me and set up
an appointment?

STEFAN

I know, I'm sorry, sir, we were
actually just in the neighbourhood
and thought of getting a jump on
things. If you're not comfortable
with this time we can schedule
another--

MALE VOICE

I can't see you.

STEFAN

I'm sorry-- what was that?

MALE VOICE

Your face. I can't see your face--
move over so the camera can see you.

STEFAN

Oh, okay...

Stefan notices the LITTLE LENS above the intercom and moves over so that it can catch his mug. He waves.

MALE VOICE

It's fine. You can come in.

The intercom *BUZZES* and the gate swings open.

Stefan laughs and shakes his head. He whispers to camera:

STEFAN

(giggling)
He thought I was black.

TIME CUT:

EXT. MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Stefan is walking up the driveway with a TOOLBOX and a CLIPBOARD towards the open garage where the LX is parked.

Stefan notices something and lets out a low whistle...

STEFAN

Sho, okes-- check that out.

He points and the CAMERA PANS to follow his finger:

Near the driveway in front of the mansion is a YOUNG WOMAN (white, 20) tanning in a BIKINI next to a POOL.

We hear the same male voice from the intercom yell at Stefan.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Hey! Up here!

Stefan shakes his head clear of the sunbathing distraction and tries to focus back on the task at hand.

STEFAN

Morning, sir!

The camera finds the young girl again. She's got her SUNGLASSES lifted, looking at Stefan... her interest piqued...

Stefan meets the MAN outside the front door: MISTER VISAGIE. He's big, bulky, not unlike Poitjie, but with his FACE PIXELATED.

Stefan shakes his hand.

The man gestures to the camera crew.

MISTER VISAGIE
What's going on here?

STEFAN
Oh, this is just a random monitoring of my installation. Lexus likes to sometimes film their employees for training purposes. Are you okay with it?

The man shrugs and tosses Stefan his car keys.

MISTER VISAGIE
Don't really care.
(points to garage)
There it is, you can get started.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE NANDO'S - DAY

Nkosi and the crew are in the van again, scoping out a NANDO'S PARKING LOT. The camera is CLOSE ON Nkosi's face so we can't see all of him...

In the parking lot is a CAVALCADE of FOUR BLACK S.U.V.s with FLASHING BLUE-AND-WHITE LIGHTS.

NKOSI
(points)
Check check check-- there.

FOUR COPS get out one of the S.U.V.s and head into the Nando's.

Nkosi draws his pink Beretta, cocks it.

NKOSI
Okay. Let's go.

Nkosi hops out the car and dashes towards one of the BLACK BMW X7s, gun pointing at it.

As he runs, we notice A BLANKET STRAPPED TIGHTLY AROUND HIS TORSO KEEPING HIS INFANT SON STRAPPED TO HIS BACK.

NKOSI

Out! Out the f\$&king car!

The back door of the X7 opens and a POLITICIAN (male, black, 50s) in a suit hops out while trying to pull his pants back up followed by a YOUNG WOMAN (female, black, early 20s) who certainly isn't the guy's wife.

NKOSI

Down! On the ground! Down!

The two obey and lie on the ground.

Nkosi leans down and looks at the guy...

NKOSI

Oh, shit... I know him...

He points at the dude with the gun and smiles at the camera.

NKOSI

(amused)

I voted for him!

Just then the cops rush out the Nando's (holding TAKEAWAY CHICKEN) and run towards Nkosi.

NKOSI

F@\$k!

(to camera)

In! In!

They hop in the X7.

Nkosi takes the kid off his back and hands him to the Sound Guy in the seat behind him.

NKOSI

Take him!

Nkosi jumps in and starts the car.

As he pulls out, we glimpse the chicken cops through the windscreen get left in the dust.

NKOSI

Ha! Look at them!

Nkosi drives and admires the car.

NKOSI
 (long whistle)
 Sho. This is sweet.

He notices something in the car...

NKOSI
 What's that?

He takes up a police-issue, 12 gauge SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN.

NKOSI
 Ha! Check this baby!

The kid in the back seat immediately starts crying and pawing at the gun.

Nkosi hands it to him.

The kid starts gurgling with glee and sucking on the barrel.

NKOSI
 Look at him... he loves it.

CU on the Sound Guy's face looking at camera, unimpressed.

SUDDENLY WE HEAR A LOUD *CRACK*.

Nkosi almost loses control of the wheel, the CAMERA SHAKING as he regains control of the car.

NKOSI
 You guy's feel that? What was that?

SOUND GUY
 Hey, look--

TIME CUT:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

The X7 is parked on the side of the road as Nkosi, the Sound Guy (cradling Nkosi's kid), and the other crew members scrutinize the back of the vehicle.

In the REAR WINDSCREEN is a BULLET-HOLE. It's not through-and-through, but a slight indentation with SPIDERWEB CRACKS leading out from the centre of it....

SOUND GUY
 What is that? Is that a...

Nkosi fingers the centre of the bullet-hole.

NKOSI
 Bullet-hole? But this car is
 bulletproof, it didn't make it
 through...

They all look around cautiously, as if the threat is still
 looming...

Nkosi gestures to the Sound Guy to hand him his kid.

NKOSI
 Gimme the boy. He must go home now-
 play time's over.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Tony and Slyza are riding in the G-Wagon they just liberated
 from from the Julius Malema lookalike.

Tony is talking to camera, but A SONG IS PUMPING ON THE
 RADIO SO LOUD THAT HE HAS TO BE SUBTITLED.

NOTE: The track plays OVER THE ENTIRE SCENE from the car
 stereo.

TONY
 This is the latest co-lab Slyza has
 done with AKA. It's already done a
 million streams on Spotify...

Tony nods his head and sings along to the track but his
 musical adeptness is like that of a *Dr Who* villain's.

TONY
 If you listen closely to the lyrics,
 it's about Slyza's personal
 relationship to--

BOOM

TONY IS INTERRUPTED BY A TIRE BLOWOUT, CAUSING THE CAR TO
 VIOLENTLY JERK ALL OVER THE ROAD.

Slyza manages to barely get control back of the vehicle and
 SKIDS TO A STOP.

Tony looks like he just evacuated himself.

TONY
Whadaf%&k was that?!

TIME CUT:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Tony is looking down at the bottom of the G-Wagon:

ALL THE TIRES ARE SHREDED.

He turns and looks off down the road...

TONY
What the f*&k is that?

Tony is about 30m down the road, looking perplexed and holding a SPIKE STRIP that had been laid across the road.

SLYZA
Spikes...

TONY
Spikes? Who the hell put spikes here?

A LADY'S VOICE chimes in from O.C.

LADY'S VOICE (O.C.)
(sing-song)
Hello?

Tony and Slyza turn to see a LITTLE INDIAN WOMAN (50s) exiting a TOYOTA COROLLA pulled over in front of the G-Wagon. She's short, *really* short-- she looks like she could be cast as a Harfoot in the new *Rings of Power* series if Amazon Studios didn't have something against Asians.

INDIAN WOMAN
Are you guys okay? Can I help?

TONY
(dismissive)
Ag, no-- it's okay, Aunty. We can just--

But she's ignoring him and has already popped her boot, fishing around inside...

INDIAN WOMAN
I've got some tools in here...

TONY
 (irritated)
 No, really, It's fine, Aunty-- we can
 handle this.

He turns to Slyza and throws his hands up in frustration.

SLYZA SEES SOMETHING BEHIND TONY AND DUCKS BEHIND THE CAR.

SLYZA
 Down!

Tony turns to see:

THE LITTLE INDIAN LADY HAS AN AK-47 POINTED STRAIGHT AT
 THEM... AND SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE KNOWS HOW TO USE IT.

SHE *FIRES*

TONY
 Poes!

As BULLETS RAIN DOWN ON THEM, Slyza and Tony get back into
 the G-Wagon.

Tony FLOORS IT.

As the WINDOWS *SMASH* and BULLETS *PIERCE* the car, they
 manage to ride off.

In the SHATTERED REAR WINDOW we can see the little lady,
 hell-bent, firing at them... and then ceases, OUT OF AMMO.

Tony and SLYza speed off as Tony gets his breathe back.
 Slyza looks cool as a cuke.

TONY
 What the f\$%k was that? What the f&%k
 just happened?

EXT. MANSION - GARAGE - DAY

Stefan is working under the hood of the LX in the garage.

I say working, but it's clear he's dicking around, his focus
 more on the girl at the pool than the car...

He peaks over the open bonnet, catches another glimpse of
 her... giggles...

PRODUCER (O.C.)
 What are you doing now?

STEFAN

Oh, the car? Nothing. I'm just pretending-- hey that camera has a zoom, right?

PRODUCER

Ja.

STEFAN

Can you zoom in on her?

Stefan walks over to the camera, watching its ONBOARD MONITOR, as the camera ZOOMS ONTO the girl at the pool in a CU for a moment before ZOOMING BACK OUT AGAIN onto Stefan's grinning face.

STEFAN

Yo. That's quality...
(turns concerned)
How old do you think she is?

MISTER VISAGIE (O.C.)

Hey what's taking so long?

Stefan turns red and picks up the act again as Mister Visagie appears around the corner.

STEFAN

All done.

Stefan closes the bonnet and approaches Mister Visagie.

STEFAN

Sign here for me, please.

Stefan hands him the CLIPBOARD. Mister Visagie signs it and hands it back.

STEFAN

(checking clipboard)
Okay... only thing left now is to test it. I'll just drive it around the block until they pick up the tracker. You should get an SMS while we're out.

MISTER VISAGIE

Okay, I'll go let you out...

Mister Visagie walks into the house while Stefan heads towards the car.

Stefan and the camera crew all hop in the car.

Stefan holds up the CAR KEYS and grins.

STEFAN
 (whispers)
 Anyone want a free Lexus?

He starts the car.

TIME CUT:

INT./EXT. INSIDE LEXUS/SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

Stefan drives up to the closed gate and waits for it to open...

He looks over at the pool again:

The girl is sitting up, smiling at him. She gives a cutsie wave goodbye...

THE GATE OPENS.

Stefan waves back and drives off.

STEFAN
 Sho. That was something else...

He drives a bit down the road...

STEFAN
 Don't see that everyday... No sir.

He shakes his head, smiling... And suddenly he gets an idea.

STEFAN
 Fu@&k it.

HE VIOLENTLY SWINGS THE CAR AROUND.

STEFAN FLOORS IT AND *CRASHES* THE LEXUS THROUGH THE VISAGIE'S GATE.

The girl at the pool jumps up in fright.

Stefan stops dead on the driveway and opens the window.

STEFAN
 (to girl)
 You coming?

She hesitates... looks towards the house...

Mister Visagie rushes out the front door, alerted by the commotion.

MISTER VISAGIE
What the f@*k is going on?!

The girl looks towards Stefan...

STEFAN
Last chance...

The girl SQUEALS WITH DELIGHT and runs towards the car.

Mister Visagie runs towards the girl.

MISTER VISAGIE
Hey! Susan! Get back here!

She jumps into the passenger seat.

GIRL
Hi. I'm Susan.

Stefan offers her his hand.

STEFAN
I'm Stefan.

She shakes it.

SUSAN
(giddy)
I know!

Mister Visagie is almost at them...

MISTER VISAGIE
I'm going to kill you, you little
bastard!

Stefan whips the car into reverse, pulls back onto the road.

As they race off, laughing, we can see a very irate Mister Visagie running after them, growing smaller and smaller in the rear window...

TIME CUT:

Stefan stops the Lexus at a RED TRAFFIC LIGHT.

Him and Susan are hyperventilating from the excitement.

SUSAN

I've never done anything like that before!

STEFAN

Do you want to go back?

SUSAN

Are you kidding? I'm never going back...

(beat)

I'm your problem now.

Stefan blushes. They share a glance. Both giggle.

It's a cute moment...

But, unfortunately, this film DOESN'T DO CUTE.

THE FRONT WINDSCREEN SHATTERS AS STEFAN'S HEAD EXPLODES IN A FLURRY OF BLOOD, BONE AND BRAIN.

SUSAN, COVERED IN STEFAN'S CRANIAL BITS, BEGINS TO *SCREAM*.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS through the now missing front windscreen and focuses on a MAN getting up from a prone position from behind a bush. He's holding a SCOPED HUNTING RIFLE.

Those of you paying attention will recognise him as the BIG GUY IN FULL KHAKI from the *Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol* trailer...

An enthusiastic FEMALE VOICE punches in over picture.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

It's down to just two!

THE PICTURE FREEZES, FOCUSING ON THE MAN AS HE GETS GRAPHICALLY CUT OUT AND THE NAME 'GERT' SUPERS OVER HIM.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Gert!

We see a short, middle-aged INDIAN WOMAN (50s) in a SARI brandishing an AK-47 with her foot on the back of the neck of a HOG-TIED, BLACK MAN IN A BALACLAVA-- the same Indian woman that tried to turn Slyza and Tony into doilies.

THE PICTURE FREEZES, FOCUSING ON THE WOMAN AS SHE GETS GRAPHICALLY CUT OUT AND THE NAME 'PRISHKA' SUPERS OVER HER.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

And Prishka!

We see a MONTAGE of shots of Gert and Prishka from the afore season of *Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol*:

- Gert has on a POLICE BULLET PROOF VEST and is raiding a DRUG DEN with a group of SWAT POLICE.

- Prishka is on the DANCE FLOOR of a busy NIGHTCLUB frisking a SKINNY TEEN (male, white, 19). She extracts A BAG OF PILLS from the teen's jacket and holds it up to show the camera. She shakes her head with grave disappointment.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Welcome to the Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol finale!

THE VIGILANTE: PATRIOTS ON PATROL LOGO BUILDS ONTO SCREEN.

EXT. RANDOM STREET - NIGHT

We meet the *Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol* HOST and the owner of the voice we've become familiar with, JEANNIE D.

Jeannie D is in a LEATHER CATSUIT, standing on a WETTED-DOWN, NONDESCRIPT STREET at night with a PAIR OF COP CARS behind her with their LIGHTS FLASHING. The scene is kinda like the William Shatner host segments from *Rescue 911*.

JEANNIE D
 (to camera)
 After three gruelling months, the contestants from season four of *Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol* have made it to the end of their journey to see who will be crowned the 'patriot with the most pride'.

EXT. GERT'S FARM - DAY

THE MUSIC TURNS SOMBRE and we see SLO-MO shots of Gert on his FARM walking with his MALE ROTTWEILER, "BEES".

JEANNIE D (V.O.)
After Gert's parents were tragically taken from him in a brutal farm attack, the passionate and proud farmer vowed he would never be helpless again...

INT. GERT'S FARM - FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gert and Bees are sitting on a THREE SEATER COUCH holding a picture of two very stern-looking, conservative, ELDERLY AFRIKANERS: his late MA and PA. The photo could be entitled "Afrikaner Gothic" it's so similar to the Grant Wood painting.

Gert speaks in AFRIKAANS with ENGLISH SUBS.

GERT

While I was lying on the ground in a pool of my own blood with my parents lying dead next to me, I made a promise to myself that I would never let that happen to me or any one else ever again.

(beat)

Those men came onto my land and just took what they wanted, and the police and government did nothing to stop them or catch them.

(beat)

But don't worry. We did something about it.

THE CAMERA WIDENS OUT TO SEE THREE YOUNG BLACK MEN'S HEADS MOUNTED ON THE WALL ABOVE HIM LIKE TAXIDERMIC GAME TROPHIES.

GERT

(tickling Bees)

Yes we did, didn't we? We took care of those naughty men! We took care of them properly!

EXT. THE NAIDOO HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Prishka is standing in her driveway, dabbing her teary eyes with a TISSUE.

PRISHKA

It was right here-- this is where it happened...

Prishka looks down at the driveway sullenly and then *HONKS* a violent sneeze into her tissue.

JEANNIE D (V.O.)

Prishka's husband was taken from her in a botched hijacking during the July Unrest in twenty twenty-one right outside their home in Phoenix, Kwazulu Natal, leaving her to raise her three sons alone...

PRISHKA

Paresh was protecting his home and his family inside it. They said it was the looting, but it wasn't. It was hate that killed my husband, not looting. They hate us and always have.

We see the BACK WINDSCREEN of a TOYOTA COROLLA outside Prishka's garage with a PRINTED POSTER of a MIDDLE-AGED INDIAN MAN shot with a SOFT FILTER and bordered with PAINTED MARIGOLDS. The words underneath the picture read: IN LOVING MEMORY OF PARESH NAIDOO 1963 - 2021.

PRISHKA

But it's fine... I hate them too.

(clocks lens)

And I'm going to kill as many of the motherf@#*%s as I can.

TIME CUT:

Prishka is sitting in her car on the passenger side with SURGICAL LATEX GLOVES on. She opens up the cubbyhole and carefully removes a SMALL PACKET OF SAMOSAS.

PRISHKA

My friends calls these "Paresh's Revenge". Potato, peas, corn, chilli... and about three teaspoons on Rattex pellets. I make these for everyone in the neighbourhood. We keep them in the cubbyholes of our cars in case they get stolen...

A disturbing smile creeps over the little housewife's face.

PRISHKA

They might get our cars, but we've left them little presents inside...

EXT. RANDOM STREET - NIGHT

ENERGETIC MUSIC SWELLS.

We're back at Jeannie D.

JEANNIE D

Season four of Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol is bigger than ever with a never-before-seen crossover with our popular sister show, NUZ!

(beat)

Stay tuned for details!

3RD AD BREAK:

HAMBA WENA LIFE INSURANCE AD:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The CAMERA TRACKS over a group of about FORTY BEREAVED PEOPLE attending a FUNERAL.

Next to the OPEN GRAVE, a PREACHER (male, black, 50s) reads a verse from the BIBLE with over-sized solemnity. If you look closely, you'll notice that his bible is upside down...

The CAMERA DOCKS on a MAN (black, 30s) in a LAVENDER SUIT who turns and addresses the lens. He looks uncannily like Desmond Dube, but the producers would like to vehemently point out that he is NOT Desmond Dube.

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN

Funerals... they are part of the human journey that none of us suspect.

He begins to walk past GRIEVING PEOPLE (emoting) under a fold-out SHADE NET as the CAMERA TRACKS with him.

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN

In the inconvenient occurrence of a fatal death, it's moments like this that make us stop and think about what the most important thing in life is...

(beat)

Airtime.

The Desmond Dube-Type man (cannot stress enough about him not being the real Desmond Dube) is now in a FIELD OF TULIPS.

It's a fucking hot day and you can tell his posh purple duds are starting to weigh like a suit of armour.

He's also wincing in the bright SUNLIGHT-- or maybe it's the 8K HMI LAMP three feet away from him that the gaffer has (spitefully) set to spot instead of flood.

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN

And that's why at Hamba Wena we pay out your funeral plan within forty-eight hours of your passing, along with two-hundred Rands worth of free airtime so you can contact your loved-ones...

A small, almost illegible DISCLAIMER appears on the bottom of the screen, barely in title-safe, that can only be read by peregrine falcons:

ALL DEATHS ARE FINAL. CASH PAID OUT ONLY AT CONFIRMATION OF DEATH. CERTIFICATE OF DEATH TO BE FAXED AND FAXED ONLY TO 021 347 3623.

FREE AIRTIME VALID IN OFF-PEAK HOURS ONLY. NO TAKESIES BACKSIES.

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN

Not just that, but depending on your reward status, you could benefit from coupons at any of our partner retailers.

The screen FILLS WITH LOGOS-- far too many-- from PEP STORE to VODACOM to APPLE to MARMITE to GOLD REEF CITY.

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN

And remember, if you don't claim on your death, you will get fifty percent of your premiums back in our No-Death, No-Claim, Cash-Out Bonus.

We see the Desmond Dube dude with an old, old, fucking old LADY (black, 130s?) in a wheelchair as he hands her a BRIEFCASE FULL OF CASH. She takes the money but really doesn't actually know what the hell is going on...

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN

For as little as ninety-nine rand per month, you can help your family deal with your passing without worrying about silly stuff like funerals and phone calls.

ANOTHER DISCLAIMER:

MONTHLY PAYMENT OF R99 WILL CONTINUE TO BE DEBITED FROM YOUR ACCOUNT AFTER YOUR DEATH UNTIL YOU CANCEL IT.

INT. STUDIO MADE TO LOOK LIKE A LIVING ROOM - DAY?

AN INDIAN FAMILY OF THREE is sitting on a couch looking awkwardly at camera. MOM (50s), in the middle, is holding a FRAMED PHOTO of a OBESE MAN who looks like an inflated version of the pimply TEENAGE BOYS (13/16) next to her.

INDIAN MOM

When Cedric passed, only one thing was on all our minds. How we gonna call Uncle Sadesh down in Margate to tell him?

(beat)

With Cedric's Hamba Wena policy, we were sent airtime before the samosa lodged in the back of his throat was even cold...

ALL TOGETHER

Thanks for the airtime, Hamba Wena!

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The Desmond Dube wannabe is back in the graveyard, having finally found some shade.

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN

Important: if you opt for the Hamba Wena Final Fantasy package, all referral passings render more coupons, cash and airtime for your loved ones to enjoy even after your own passing.

The frame fills with a PHONE showing a HAMBWA WENA APP. On the screen, a FINGER taps the "ASSOCIATED DEATHS" TAB and reveals a screen of SIX EMOJI FACES WITH CROSSES FOR EYES. The hand the finger belongs to counts the number of dead faces... then FIST PUMPS.

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN

The more deaths you collect, the better off your beneficiaries will be...

EXT. OPEN GRAVE - DAY

The Desmond Dube guy who is most definitely not Desmond Dube is standing addressing us again as a FAMILY OF MOURNERS gather around a TOMBSTONE COVERED WITH A SILK CLOTH.

A HAMBА WENA EMPLOYEE (30s, black, male) walks up and unveils the tombstone. The employee is wearing shorts, a Hamba Wena golfer and a branded cap. He looks more like a delivery guy than any one even remotely associated with the death care industry.

The family all see the tombstone and clap, muttering approvals to each other.

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN
Your death plan will include:

TITLES POP UP ON SCREEN:

UNVEILING BENEFIT
GROCERY BENEFIT
GRIEF COUNSELOR
COFFIN (HANDLES AT EXTRA COST)

AIRTIME

DESMOND DUBE-TYPE MAN
Don't wait until you're dead. SMS
DEATH PLAN to 47519 today. So your
family can sleep soundly knowing that
you're sleeping soundly.
(beat)
Forever.

HAMBА WENA LOGO AND PHONE NUMBER BIG ON SCREEN.

END OF 3RD AD BREAK

NUZ LOGO BUILDS ONTO SCREEN.

INT. THE NUZ CHOP-SHOP HQ - DAY

SOMBRE MUSIC PLAYS.

Above the studio, on the leaderboard, we see STEFAN'S FACE with an 'X' through it.

Off to the side of the stage, on the BONNET OF A TOYOTA SUPRA GR (the prize for the NUZ Audience Favourite Award), a SHRINE has been constructed to STEFAN: Candles, plushy toys, photographs and flowers cradle a FRAMED PICTURE of the fallen contestant.

Potjie stands solemnly with a weeping Tannie Annetjie as she lights a CANDLE on the shrine with an over-sized BIC BRAAI LIGHTER.

Standing with them, hands on their shoulders, is PASTOR GIEBART who we'll recognize from the Empower Church promo in AD BREAK 2.

As we widen out, we realise that the music is coming from a LIVE BAND: It's KAREN ZOID and PATRICIA LEWIS performing their duet of *The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face*.

Off to the side, Nkosi and Slyza stand with the OTHER NUZ CONTESTANTS as they sway gently together, all holding hands in MATCHING T-SHIRTS that have the same picture of Stefan from the shrine printed on.

Everyone's there except for Poobie... hmm... that's weird...

Poitjie and Tannie Annetjie walk off and exit backstage.

Karen and Patricia wrap up the song and exit with the rest of the band as Chester Honiball walks up to centre stage.

Slyza and Nkosi greet the other contestants with hugs and condolences as the other nine leave them alone on the stage.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Nkosi. Slyza. As I'm sure you are now aware, the NUZ season six finale isn't going to be as easy as you thought...

Jeannie D walks up and joins Chester as Gert and Prishka follow a beat later, standing across from Nkosi and Slyza in a standoff pose.

Gert has Bees with him on the end of a LEASH.

CHESTER HONIBALL

In a surprise twist, and a first-time for South African television, the NUZ finale will cross-over with the *Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol* finale. Nkosi and Slyza will continue to hijack as many cars as possible, and Gert and Prishka will do whatever they can to stop them. Whoever survives with the most cars at the end of the allocated time, will win the NUZ finale.

JEANNIE D

And whoever prevents the most cars from being hijacked between Gert and Prishka will win the *Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol* finale.

(beat)
 With bonus points given for
 fatalities.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Slyza? How you feeling right now?

SLYZA
 No problems. Let's go.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 Nkosi?

NKOSI
 (to Gert)
 That boer over there better keep away
 from me or I'm going to put him in
 the ground.

GERT
 (pointing
 aggressively)
 You better shut your blerrie mouth
 before I let Bees here tear it off
 your face, boy!

BEES STARTS *BARKING* AND GOING NUTS.

NKOSI
 Boy? Why don't I pull my pants down
 and you tell me again if I'm a boy,
 you f&*cking rock spider!

JEANNIE D
 Gert, Nkosi I must remind you that
 the NUZ headquarters as well as any
 of the Vigilante safe houses are
 'Peace Zones'. Any physical
 aggression in these areas will result
 in immediate disqualification.

Gert takes a bit of BILTONG from out his pocket and gives it
 to Bees, calming him down.

GERT
 Good boy, Bees... good boy... You'll
 have your turn soon, just you wait.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 And now, Pastor Giebart will lead us
 in prayer.

Pastor Giebart steps in between Chester and Jeannie and
 takes them both by the hand.

PASTOR GIEBART

Thank you, Chester. Please let's all bow our heads.

Everyone shuts their eyes and bows their heads. Slyza and Nkosi hold hands as do Gert and Prishka. It's clear that EVERYONE is devout and taking the solemn moment seriously.

All, that is, except Tony who can be seen in the background texting away on his phone. Tony hasn't had time to schedule Jesus into his life just yet.

PASTOR GIEBART

Our Holy Father above us... as our brave friends embark on their undertakings, we pray that You will bless them and look down upon them with favour.

(beat)

We ask that You touch us all, Father, with your only Son's light, and through our actions and devotion to You, may we manifest Your majesty for all the world to see.

(beat)

Father we can't know the mystery of Your ways and ask not for understanding but the courage to be steadfast in Your word, and the confidence in action while doing what we know to be right and just.

(beat)

Lord we too ask that You help Potjie and Tannie Annetjie in their time of grief and that Your Grace be with them.

(beat)

We praise you by Your awesome name and through the blood of Your only begotten son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

EVERYONE EXCEPT FOR TONY

Amen.

As everyone lifts their heads again and opens their eyes, the CAMERA FINDS TONY in the b.g., looking about curiously at what he's just witnessed, the little cogs in his head grinding away...

JEANNIE D

Thank you, Pastor Giebart.

(to camera)
 And please catch Pastor Giebart on
 the Empower Church YouTube channel
 where you can view a new sermon every
 Tuesday morning.

As she finishes the last sentence, Pastor Giebart saunters
 behind her until he's in earshot and whispers something to
 her, inaudible to us.

JEANNIE D
 And please remember to subscribe.

CHESTER HONIBALL
 And now, Slyza, Nkosi, you have a
 sixty second head start. Good luck.

Slyza and Nkosi stand for a moment... then look at each
 other, confused... They don't quite understa--

TONY
 Run motherf&*kers, run!

And they do just that.

While Gert and Prishka get issued their AMMUNITION ALLOWANCE
 as per the terms of the *Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol* finale
 rules, SLYZA AND NKOSI HOTFOOT IT OUT OF THE STUDIO.

Chester and Jeannie D stand side-by-side and address the
 camera at the same time.

<p>CHESTER HONIBALL Welcome, to the Nuz and Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol cross-over finale!</p>	<p>JEANNIE D Welcome, to the Nuz and Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol cross-over finale!</p>
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The SCREEN SPLITS THEM APART and SLIDES THEM AWAY as an
 ungodly mash-up of both the TV show's logos EXPLODES ONTO
 SCREEN. It looks like the design teams of both shows had to
 battle it out for screen real estate. The result is a design
 fuster cluck.

NUZ FINALE CATCH-UP MONTAGE:

- We see Slyza pull into the NUZ finale parking lot in a
 FIAT 500 ABARTH.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
*As day one of the finale winds down,
 Slyza slowly increases his lead with
 a total vehicle value of six-point-
 six million rand.*

- We see the parking lot from the AERIAL VIEW to see SEVEN CARS in Slyza's section.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
But Nkosi isn't far behind with the surprise acquisition of a Government issue cavalcade X7 which costs the tax payer three million rand a pop.

- We see the parking lot from the AERIAL VIEW to see FIVE cars in Nkosi's section.

VIGILANTE: PATRIOTS ON PATROL FINALE CATCH-UP MONTAGE:

- Slyza has Daisy drawn and is sneaking up on a VW CAROUSAL, windows TINTED BLACK, parked at an intersection.

He *FIRES* into the driver's window, SHATTERING IT.

He peeps in the window, a confused look on his face...

He pulls out through the window a DEFLATED BLOW UP SEX DOLL that has a remarkable resemblance to himself. It even has on a pair of his signature shades...

SUDDENLY THE BACK DOOR FLIES OPEN AND PRISHKA ERUPTS FROM THE VAN, BRANDISHING A SHOTGUN.

As she starts *FIRING* at Slyza, he bolts, zigging and zagging, quick as a mamba.

Every shot misses him as he sprints off to safety.

JEANNIE D (V.O.)
As the Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol finale heats up, Prishka has had a few close chances at closing Gert's lead.

- Gert is ducked behind a bush, aiming through his rifle.

JEANNIE D (V.O.)
And Gert, also not without obstacles of his own...

GERT
 (to himself)
Wadiefok?

He looks up, clearly upset, as the CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS GAZE to see a PARKING LOT where Nkosi is breaking into a FORD.

NKOSI HAS HIS KID STRAPPED TO HIS BACK AGAIN.

GERT
 (incredulous)
 He's got a f*\$king baby on his back?
 I can't get an aim!

Nkosi gets the Ranger's door open and then turns, waving STRAIGHT AT GERT with a grin on his face.

Gert shakes his head, disappointed...

GERT
 Yirrie. This guy's good...

EXT. RANDOM STREET - NIGHT

Jeannie D is in front of the cop cars addressing us.

JEANNIE D
 And don't forget to visit
 bangbets.co.za, our betting partner,
 to place your stakes!

FULL SCREEN ON BANGBETS.CO.ZA SITE:

We see a MOUSE CURSOR float about on the bangbets.co.za site. On the site's JUMP PAGE we can see the NUZ and VIGILANTE logos.

The cursor *CLICKS* on the Vigilante logo and EFFIGIES OF GERT AND PRISHKA pop up along with their ODDS. Gert is at 8/10 to win while Prishka is at 2/10.

JEANNIE D (V.O.)
*Betting ends at midnight tomorrow.
 Good luck!*

THE GODAWFUL NUZ/VIGILANTE LOGO LOCKS UP ONTO SCREEN.

EXT. GERT'S FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Nkosi is sitting in the back of the CREW VAN with a CELLPHONE and a A5 BOOKLET (VIGILANTE CALLSHEET) in front of him. He's grinning like an impish Puck.

A TITLE SUPERS OVER THE SCREEN: "NUZ FINALE DAY 2"

In the background we can see Gert's home. His brown TOYOTA LAND CRUISER 76 is parked out front.

Nkosi dials a number from the callsheet and holds the phone to his ear. He speaks to the camera crew O.C..

NKOSI

You guys ever see that American show,
The Contenders? It's got some great
ideas in it... Watch this...

There's a pause and then we hear a voice *CRACKLE* faintly
from the phone.

GERT'S VOICE

(from phone)

Wie's daar?

NKOSI

(into phone)

Hey, *boertjie*-- I've put a pipe bomb
under your couch. It's going to go
off if in five... four... three...
two--

GERT ERUPTS FROM THE HOUSE. He runs up to his Toyota and
starts fumbling his keys into the car door.

NKOSI

Ha! Look at him!

Nkosi pokes his pink Beretta out of the window and starts
FIRING AT GERT.

NKOSI

(laughing)

Run, *Gertjie*, run!

Gert drops his keys and runs, ducking into the bushveld.

NKOSI

He's dropped his keys!

He opens the door and runs out towards the Land Cruiser.

NKOSI

Let's go!

The CAMERA SHAKES as the operator wielding it jumps out the
vehicle and runs, following Nkosi.

Nkosi picks up the keys and opens the Toyota. Once in, he
opens the passenger side of the single cab and the CAMERA
GETS IN besides him.

Nkosi-- in a state of elation-- pulls out of the driveway
and speeds down the dirt road, a CLOUD OF DUST billowing out
from behind the car.

NKOSI
Yes! Yes, baby! Ha ha!

EXT. SIDE OF BUSH ROAD - DAY

Nkosi has the Toyota pulled over on the side of the road. The camera is out the car, watching him get out the driver's side. To say he's overjoyed would be an overstatement.

NKOSI
(getting out car)
Yeah! You know, I gotta say, of all the cars I've stolen, this one is the--

HE'S INTERRUPTED BY BEES BARKING AND GROWLING IN HIS FACE. Having been hidden in the back of the pickup, the dog is just inches from Nkosi and almost takes his head off.

NKOSI
Jesus!

Nkosi ducks just in time and barely avoids decapitation as the dog lunges at him.

Nkosi and the camera crew retreat away from the Land Cruiser and watch the very angry dog bark and snarl at them from the back of the pickup. Good training (thank God) seems to have him protectively staying with the car and not jumping off the back.

Nkosi stands, out of breath, watching the dog...

NKOSI
Shit.
(beat)
What am I going to do now?

TIME CUT:

It's clearly later in the day. Nkosi is trying to get to the front door of the Land Cruiser, but every time he gets close, Bees almost takes his head off. The dog is still relentlessly barking and snarling at him.

NKOSI
F#&k. How'm I going to get the car back to HQ?

Nkosi draws his Beretta and points it at the dog.

NKOSI
I'm just going to f&*king shoot it--

THE WHOLE CREW STARTS PROTESTING FROM O.C..

ALL THE CREW
No, stop-- you can't do that!

Nkosi lowers his gun and look about, confused...

NKOSI
What? What's wrong?

PRODUCER (O.C.)
You can't shoot a dog on TV! We'll
get cancelled.

NKOSI
Oh. Shit. Sorry.

Nkosi thinks for a bit... then holsters his weapon and
shouts to O.C.:

NKOSI
Hey, white boy!

The Sound Guy (also part-time babysitter) enters frame, boom
above his head, a "*Who, me?*" look on his face.

NKOSI
Come, come...

Nkosi grabs him and pulls him closer. He takes the boom from
him and tosses it aside.

NKOSI
Put this down.

NOTE: for the rest of the scene the SOUND will be present
closest from where the mic is lying on the ground.

Nkosi pushes the sound guy towards the dog.

NKOSI
Go-- go get that dog off my car.

SOUND GUY
You crazy? He'll kill me!

NKOSI
No he won't-- watch...

Nkosi pushes him closer and the dog starts up again with the
snarling and growling.

Nkosi backs off, leaving the Sound Guy closer to the dog...

THE DOG STOPS BARKING.

NKOSI

Ah! You see? That f\$%king racist dog
won't hurt you-- go get him.

The Sound Guy steps a bit closer... then closer...

Bees starts wagging his tail and panting.

The Sound Guy pats him on the head. Bees licks his hand.

NKOSI

There you go-- best of friends.
(soliloquising)
What kind of a country is this, huh?
Where a dog can judge a man just by
the colour of his--

NKOSI'S PHONE *RINGS*.

He answers it.

NKOSI

Olla.

WE HEAR GERT'S VERY ANGRY VOICE SNARL FROM THE PHONE.

GERT'S VOICE

(shaky)
You bring him back! You bring him
back right right now!

NKOSI

(laughing)
Ha! Hey Gert, are you crying?!

He turns to the camera and points to the phone.

NKOSI

He's crying!

GERT'S VOICE

You piece of shit! You bring him
back!

NKOSI

Oh, ja? And what you going to do if I
don't, huh? Maybe I'll just put a
bullet in your stupid racist dog's
head!

Nkosi darts a look at the camera and shakes his head,
assuring us he won't actually be performing any canicide.

GERT'S VOICE
 You touch that dog and you'll be
 sorry-- check your f&*king messages!

NKOSI
 My what?

Nkosi looks at his phone, confused. We HEAR his phone
 CHIME as he gets a message.

NKOSI
 What the? Who's... who's tha--

And Nkosi loses it.

NKOSI
 No!
 (screams into phone)
 You piece of shit! You leave him
 alone-- you touch him and I'll kill
 you and your f#%king dog!
 (listens)
 Hello?

But Gert has hung up.

Nkosi looks at his phone and bends in two, screaming.

NKOSI
 Argh!

Nkosi calms down... and then shows us his phone:

ON THE PHONE SCREEN:
 We can see a SELFIE of Gert with PIET, Nkosi's brother, TIED
 UP AND GAGGED behind him.

NKOSI
 He's got Piet.
 (soft, defeated)
 He's got my brother.

CATCHUP MONTAGE:

- We see a FREEZE FRAME OF NKOSI BENT OVER, SCREAMING.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)
Intrigue!

- We see Gert trying to SPOON-FEED A TIED-UP PIET some
 BOEREWORS. Piet fights back, SPITTING IT OUT.

JEANNIE D (V.O.)

Drama!

- We see a SPLIT-SCREEN of Slyza on one side, JACKING A CAR and Prishka on the other side, getting dressed, hiding a BANDOLIER OF AMMO under her SARI.

CHESTER HONIBALL (V.O.)

What will happen next? Don't miss the action! Stay tuned!

THE UNBEARABLE NUZ/VIGILANTE LOGO LOCKS UP ON SCREEN.

WE SEE A SMARTPHONE FROM SOMEONE'S P.O.V.

The NUZ/VIGILANTE LOGO is frozen on the screen.

A HAND (male, black) enters frame and SWIPES the logo away to reveal the INSTAGRAM APP.

INSIDE INSTAGRAM STORIES FORMAT:

We're watching SLYZA'S INSTA FEED. He's holding his phone, addressing us directly from the NUZ HQ finale parking lot.

SLYZA

Yo dis Slyza.
(gestures O.C.)
Dis my man, Nkosi...

Nkosi enters the frame and takes the phone from Slyza.

NKOSI

You all saw that boer. He's taken my brother and he's going to kill him if I don't give his dog back...

(simmering)

His dog! This f*\$k thinks our lives are worth less than a dog's? Well we've got news for him: he's not getting his dog back.

(medium heat)

You've messed with the wrong people, Gert-- who do you think mows your lawn, huh? Who cleans your dishes? You think you can push us around? We're going to tear this town apart until we get what we want! You listening? You've brought chaos on this town!

We're going to burn every house down
until we find the one you're hiding
my brother in and then we're going to
come for you!

(boiling)

You think you're safe? You think your
friends are safe? We're coming for
you and we're not going to stop until
we take what is ours!

Nkosi storms off and Slyza takes the phone back. Slyza holds
the phone back up and flashes his signature sign.

SLYZA

Slyza.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUZ HQ STUDIO - FINALE PARKING LOT - DAY

Tony is standing in the NUZ finale parking lot watching
Nkosi and Slyza finish their ad hoc Insta recording in the
distance in front of him.

He's on his phone, checking out data...

TONY

And just like that, boom, another
hundred thousand followers.

He turns and addresses us.

TONY

You know, some people only get about
three, maybe four amazing ideas in
their lives...

He turns, beaming with pride, to watch Nkosi and Slyza hug
and walk off together.

TONY

I get about ten a f\$%king day.

EXT. PHOENIX - FRONT YARD - DAY

Tony and Slyza are crouching behind a BUSH scoping out
PRISHKA'S HOME on the other side of the road.

Slyza is trying to show Tony how to handle Daisy.

SLYZA

(points)

Safety.

(points)

Magazine.

(cocks the gun)

Loaded.

He hands it to Tony. Tony takes it.

TONY

F%&kin' kiff.

Tony spots something.

TONY

Chips. Here she comes...

The camera RACKS FOCUS across the road to see Prishka's Corolla pull into her driveway.

Tony jumps up and starts running across the road, pointing Daisy.

TONY

Out the car, you bitch! Get out the
f*%king car or I'll stick this up
your f%&king--

He slows down... stops yelling... he's noticed something O.C. that's made him lose his bravado...

TONY

Poobie?

The CAMERA PANS OFF HIM to see Prishka getting out the driver's side of the Corolla and POOBIE NAIDOO (yes, the same Poobie from the HotWire challenge) getting out the passenger side holding some WOOLWORTHS PACKETS filled with GROCERIES.

TONY

Ha! Poobie! What the f%&k, ou? What
you doing here?

Poobie sees the cameras and freezes in the headlights.

PRISHKA

Poobie, my boy? What's going on here?
You know these NUZ people?

TONY

(clicks)

Ooooooh sheeet-- that's your *mom*?

Prishka is your mom!

Oh my god this is priceless--

(to O.C.)

Hey! Slyza! Come check this!

Tony laughs as Slyza walks up next to him, giggling too.

TONY

F*&kin' Poobie!

Slyza waves at Poobie. Poobie waves back awkwardly.

TONY

(points Daisy)

Whoa! Stop! Get your hands up, bitch!

Tony has spotted Prishka going for something in her purse...

Prishka freezes, caught in the act.

TONY

Uh-uh, no you don't, you naughty
mommy. Hand's in the air.

Slyza, who's terribly amused by all of this, casually walks up and fishes out a SHINY MAGNUM 355 out Prishka's purse.

TONY

(at the gun)

Yirrie, Aunty! Check the size of that
ou! That thing'll put another poephol
in a ou!

Slyza slides the gun down the front of his pants and heads towards the passenger side of the Corolla.

TONY

Okay, so, looks like you guys got
some shit to talk about so we'll just
get outta your hair...

Tony heads towards the front driver's side of the car and then notices something through the back tinted windows.

TONY

Oh, shit-- these guys are still
here--

He opens the back door and a *Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol* CAMERAMAN and SOUND GUY get out sheepishly, their hands up (as best they can while wielding their equipment).

TONY
 (to his own crew)
 Okay, now you ous can get in.

As they do, the PERSPECTIVE OF THE SCENE CHANGES TO THE VIGILANTE: PATRIOTS ON PATROL CAMERA.

TIME CUT:

Tony, Slyza and their crew PEEL OUT of the driveway in the Corolla.

Tony hangs out the window as he drives.

TONY
 Cheers, Poobie!

He laughs and hits the tar. As they drive off, the camera finds the MEMORIAL to Paresh on the back window.

The CAMERA PANS back to Poobie and his mother. Prishka is shooting daggers at her son while Poobie stares wide-eyed back at us.

INT./EXT. INSIDE CAR/STREETS OF PHOENIX - DAY

Tony is laughing, bubbling over with excitement and jacked-up on adrenaline from his successful(?) hijacking.

Next to him, Slyza is checking out the car: feeling under the seats, checking the visor, opening the middle console...

TONY
 Whoo-eee! What a rush! Yissis that
 was better than a pomp!
 (eyes camera)
 Maybe I'll enter next year, huh?

Slyza opens the CUBBY HOLE and fishes out a PACKET OF SAMOSAS.

TONY
 What's that there?

Slyza takes out a samosa and looks it over.

TONY
 Ha! Samosas? F%&kin' lekker-- gimme!

Tony leans over, fishes one out the packet and takes a big bite.

TONY
To the victor go the spoils!

Slyza shoves an entire samosa in his mouth.

TONY
(shows camera Samosa)
Thank you mama Poobie!

CUT TO:

THAT SILLY-ASS LOGO LOCKS BACK UP ON SCREEN.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - PHOENIX - DAY

ALL WE CAN SEE IS TAR.

We can HEAR a HISSING SOUND accompanied by MOANS O.C..

THE CAMERA GETS PICKED UP:

For a moment we see a NUZ CAMERAMAN (black, 30s) gaze into the lens. He looks a little dazed and has a BLOODY GASH on his forehead.

He picks us up, puts us back on his shoulder, and we see:

PRISHKA'S COROLLA CRASHED INTO A PHONE POLE.

The cameraman shouts, but his VOICE IS FEINT AND FAR AWAY.

CAMERAMAN (O.C.)
Mark! Mark!

In the backseat we see a NUZ SOUND GUY (white, 20s) sit up, holding his mic. He looks dizzy, but not as banged-up as the cameraman.

CAMERAMAN (O.C.)
You okay?

When the sound guy speaks, his voice is full and present (much closer to us) as he is the one holding the mic.

MIKE THE SOUND GUY
Huh?
(touching head)
Ja... Ja I think so...

The camera pans to see the front seats...

CAMERAMAN
Jesus...

The CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to see Slyza and Tony UNCONSCIOUS in the front, resting on their DEPLOYED AIRBAGS. Slyza's face is on its side, sunglasses miraculously still on. Tony is face down into the airbag. Slyza is CAKED IN VOMIT.

CAMERAMAN

F&*k.

The cameraman's HAND ENTERS FRAME and lifts Tony's head up.

SOUND GUY

Are they alive?

AND TONY VOMITS INTO THE LENS.

**GROSS VOMIT
TRANSITION TO:**

INT. SABC NEWS STUDIO - DAY

News presenter CHANTE JANTJIES is standing in front of a GIANT PROJECTION SCREEN reporting the news highlights.

On the screen behind her is the NUZ/VIGILANTE MASHUP LOGO.

CHANTE JANTJIES

Good evening and welcome to the news highlights.

The LOGO on the screen dissolves into a STILL FRAME of NKOSI'S FACE from his broadcast on Slyza's Instagram.

CHANTE JANTJIES

Today reality television clashed with actual reality as a contestant from the ever-controversial TV show 'NUZ' called out a challenge to the public to take to the streets in protest, causing wide spread chaos throughout the TV show's local of Umlazi and the greater Durban area itself...

NOTE: The next few clips shown will be REAL ARCHIVAL NEWS FOOTAGE of RIOTING, LOOTING, VIOLENCE and DESTRUCTION of public and private property that took place in KZN during the infamous South African "Unrest" period in July of 2021.

CHANTE JANTJIES

After the announcement that the NUZ season six finale would be crossing over with the Vigilante: Patriot's On Patrol finale-- another popular reality show-- tension between two contestants of the different shows lead to a kidnapping that sparked polarization of the public's support, dividing audiences into two warring factions.

The screen dissolves to show TWO HEAVY INDIAN MEN in TUXEDOS standing on a RED CARPET holding ARMFULS OF SAFTA TROPHIES.

CHANTE JANTJIES

We tracked down the shows' creators and executive producers, the brothers Morgan Dingle and Adam Thal, currently residing in Dubai, for comment...

INT./EXT. SUPER YACHT/DUBAI HARBOUR - DAY

We see the the EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS and CREATORS of the NUZ and VIGILANTE TV shows: MORGAN DINGLE and ADAM THAL. They're OBESE INDIAN BROTHERS in their 40s, sitting on a SUPER YACHT surrounded by HOOKERS IN BIKINIS, chowing CAVIAR and drinking enough CRISTAL to drown Lil Naz X in. The scene looks like a cross between a Jay Z music video and a heart disease PSA.

MORGAN DINGLE

Look, these are just TV shows, people, just TV shows. How the public relates to them is none of our concern, our job is to just entertain. Look under your feet-- this is a yacht, not a soapbox. We're here to make money, not give social commentary...

ADAM THAL

(mouth full of caviar)
No comment.

INT. SABC NEWS STUDIO - DAY

The picture behind Chante shows a PORTRAIT of the eThikwini mayor, MXOLISI KAUNDA.

CHANTE JANTJIES

eThikwini mayor, Mxolisi Kaunda spoke out about the situation in a press conference, urging the parties responsible to call off the violence and find a way forward for reconciliation...

CUT TO:

EXT. DURBAN CITY HALL STEPS - DAY

We see MXOLISI KAUNDA addressing MEMBERS OF THE PRESS at a podium in front of the DURBAN CITY HALL: a colonialist's architectural wet dream.

MXOLISI KAUNDA

Our main focus now is to rebuild and to restore law and order. I call upon those responsible to find a way to work this out... I hear this nonsense of dogs and brothers... but what I really hear is just anger and fear. Please, my fellow countrymen, abandon this way of violence and destruction and end this conflict...

(beat)

Also, the Loerie Awards will be coming back to Durban this year-- don't forget to buy your tickets now. And remember to book your Ricksha ride in advance-- those guys get busy.

INT. SABC NEWS STUDIO - DAY

The screen behind Chante again shows scenes of chaos and destruction, protesting groups of BLACK PEOPLE, picketing groups of WHITE PEOPLE...

CHANTE JANTJIES

Catch our in-depth special report into the ongoing situation later tonight...

The screen dissolves to show footage we're already familiar with of PASTOR GIEBART PREACHING TO HIS FLOCK.

CHANTE JANTJIES

But first: super church, cult or Holy money-making machine?

We look into the ongoing scandal surrounding Pastor Giebart of the Empower Church and his unorthodox ways. Stay tuned.

GROSS NUZ/VIGILANTE LOGO BUILDS ONTO SCREEN...

...but it's different. Instead of punchy, gaudy and an insult to the eyes and ears, this iteration FADES UP with soft, CONSOLATORY MUSIC playing under it. Underneath the logo are the words: "RECONCILIATION SHOW".

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

Chester and Jeannie D are seated in the middle of a SOUND STAGE dressed formally-- Chester on the left, Jeannie D on the right. Chester is in a THREE-PIECE VELVET SUIT, Jeannie D in an EVENING DRESS. They're both holding CUE CARDS.

The stage they're on is very sparse, but tastefully dressed: there's some simple DRAPING, some HANGING LIGHTS and a GIANT SCREEN showing a beautiful DURBAN SKYLINE at night.

BIG TITLES FADE UP OVER SCREEN:

EARLIER ON...

On a COUCH to Chester's right is seated Nkosi on a couch. Behind him on STOOLS are all the other NUZ contestants except for Slyza and Stefan, obviously. Kedi's Beefcake Entourage is standing off to the side. Poobie's still missing...

On Jeannie D's left is Gert on a couch of his own with all the other VIGILANTE CONTESTANTS on stools behind him.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Good evening, and welcome to a special--

NKOSI

Piece of shit!

NKOSI LAUNCHES OFF HIS COUCH AND LUNGES AT GERT.

GERT'S COUCH FLIPS BACKWARDS AS THE TWO MEN FALL TO THE GROUND, WRESTLING EACH OTHER.

EVERY YELPS, JUMPS UP, TRIES TO PULL THEM APART.

CREW MEMBERS FROM BOTH SHOWS JUMP IN AS WELL.

NKOSI
Give him back! You bastard!

GERT
You first!

CUT TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE - CHANGING ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

THE CAMERA-WORK THROUGHOUT THE SCENE IS TENSE, SHAKY.

Nkosi is seated in his change room, holding an ICE PACK on his head. Kedi's Beefcake entourage is standing over him, keeping him in check.

Chester is at his doorway talking him down.

CHESTER HONIBALL
Easy, Nkosi, easy...

NKOSI
That prick better get my brother back
or I'll sue this f#&king show for
everything its worth!

A similar scene is taking place in Gert's room across the corridor.

Jeannie D is standing at the door addressing Gert while a MEDIC (black, female, 30s) wraps a BANDAGE around his arm.

JEANNIE D
Gert, now, I know you're heated...

GERT
That animal f#\$king bit me!
(to medic)
I hope you have a tetanus shot.

NOTE: Gert pronounces it "tet-anus".

NKOSI (O.C.)
What did you call me?!

Nkosi is behind Jeannie D being held back by the Beefcakes.

GERT
Come! C'mon! Let him go!

GERT LUNGES UP.

THE PICTURE FREEZES ON NKOSI'S SNARLING FACE.

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

We see NKOSI'S FACE FROZEN IN A SNARL ON THE BIG SCREEN behind Chester and Jeannie D.

The scene is the same from moments before except everyone is now a bit DISHEVELLED and ROUGHED UP.

CHESTER HONIBALL

(pointing up at
screen)

Gents... I'm sure you'll agree, this has to stop.

He turns and addresses Nkosi and Gert.

CHESTER HONIBALL

Your actions are not only putting people's lives at risk, but, more importantly, we can't continue with the shows...

(to Nkosi)

Even though, admittedly, you were both acting within the bounds of the NUZ and Vigilante finale rules, in order to prevent further unrest and to ensure we can continue filming the finales, we are going to have to resolve this... Jeannie D, I believe you have something for us?

JEANNIE D

(holds up paper)

I have here a statement from the executive producers...

(reads)

As creators of the NUZ and Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol television shows, we believe that stability needs to be resolved in order to continue filming. We have a pledge to our audiences to entertain and cannot fulfil that promise while this conflict persists. We beseech all parties concerned to put aside differences and to find resolution. In hopes of assuaging heated emotions, we've ask the assistance of a dear friend to help out...

Jeannie D gestures up at the big screen.

JEANNIE D

Gert, Nkosi, please address your attention to the screen...

ON THE SCREEN PASTOR GIEBART APPEARS. He's standing atop a RIDGE that overlooks Umlazi wearing a grin that makes Alan Moore's Joker seem sedated in contrast.

PASTOR GIEBART

Nkosi! Gert! It is I, Pastor Giebart! The time has come for us to end the violence-- to end the conflict-- so that we can get on with the task at hand!

(turns solemn)

I have prayed over it, gentlemen, and I was sent a vision... A vision of this very hill. I believe that it is here that the Lord wants us to be-- it is here that we end this.

(back to manic grin)

Whaddayasay, boys? Tomorrow, twelve o'clock! We meet here, we exchange dog for brother, and we get on with the shows!

Pastor Giebart stands, hands outstretched, smile stretched even further, awaiting a response...

Nkosi and Gert look up, both brandishing sceptical looks on their mugs...

NKOSI

What...? Are we supposed to respon--

But Pastor Giebart interrupts him, jerking everyone in the studio upright as his enthusiastic voice billows out:

PASTOR GIEBART

That's great, guys! I'll see you here tomorrow!

The big screen cuts dead. Pastor G has left the building.

CHESTER HONIBALL

(to camera)

Stay tuned for our dramatic next episode!

GERT

(looks about
perplexed)

But I never even...

JEANNIE D
 Tomorrow! Twelve o'clock! We'll see
 you there!

THERE'S THAT FUCKIN' LOGO AGAIN...

EXT. CLIFF OVERLOOKING UMLAZI - DAY

Everyone has gathered atop a ridge overlooking Umlazi.

We see Nkosi standing next to GERT'S PICKUP. Close by is the Sound Guy holding Bees on a leash. Except it's not a leash: the Sound Guy has LASSOED Bees with his XLR CABLE and attached him (very humanely, I'll note) to the end of his BOOM POLE.

On the opposite side of the ridge, is Gert gripping a CUFFED and GAGGED Piet. Piet looks terrified, dried up TEAR LINES are streaked down his cheeks.

All about are NUZ and VIGILANTE CREW MEMBERS, CAMERAMEN, SECURITY GUARDS... it's hard to tell who's with who.

Bees is overexcited, PANTING and WAGGING at any WHITE PERSON in his vicinity and conversely YAPPING and GROWLING at any BLACK PERSON.

NOTE: Throughout the scene the perspective will flit between both shows' cameras indiscriminately.

Chester and Jeannie D are standing off to the side, addressing everyone.

JEANNIE D
 Gert... Nkosi... it's time.

NKOSI
 (yells to Gert)
 Send him! You send him first!

GERT
 (back at Nkosi)
 Uh-uh! You first! Let Bees go!

Bees goes MENTAL at the sound of his master's voice.

SOUND GUY
 I can't hold him!

NKOSI
 Okay, okay! We do it together!

GERT

On three!
 (beat)
 One!

NKOSI

(to sound guy)
 Get him ready!

BEES IS PULLING TOWARDS GERT, THE SOUND GUY CAN BARELY HOLD HIM...

SOUND GUY

I can't!

GERT

Two!

BEES BREAKS FREE, RUNNING TOWARDS GERT, DRAGGING THE BOOM WITH HIM. THE SOUND GUY FACE PLANTS AS HE'S YANKED FORWARD.

Gert lets go of Piet and gestures to Bees.

GERT

Bees! Hierso! Hierso papa's se hondjie!

PIET BREAKS LOOSE AND RUNS TOWARDS NKOSI.

NKOSI

Oh shit! No!

BEES CHARGES STRAIGHT FOR PIET.

Piet sees the dog and immediately veers in another direction, trying to ZIG-AND-ZAG in evasion of the galloping Cerberus snapping at his heels...

But it's futile: BEES ATTACKS PIET.

NKOSI

No! Piet!

GERT

Nee Bees! Stoude hondjie, Bees!

Bees has Piet on the ground, GNARLING AT HIS LEG.

NKOSI

Hold on, Piet!

Nkosi jumps behind the wheel of Gert's Land Cruiser and FLOORS IT, heading straight for Bees and Piet.

GERT
(running)
Bees!

Nkosi veers towards Bees, calling out the window:

NKOSI
Piet! Out the way!

Piet looks on panicked between the monster devouring his leg and the monster truck heading straight for him.

NKOSI
Say bye-bye, you racist mutt!

AND JUST BEFORE NKOSI MAKES CONTACT:

GERT JUMPS AND LANDS ON HIS STOMACH ON THE BONNET OF THE LAND CRUISER.

NKOSI JERKS THE WHEEL, VEERING THE CAR AWAY, BARELY MISSING BEES AND PIET.

NKOSI HITS THE BREAKS.

A CLOUD OF DUST COVERS THE CAR.

The dust subsides... everyone looks on in suspense...

Gert is still hanging on the bonnet.

Nkosi glares at Gert...

Gert glares at Nkosi...

NKOSI PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN.

THEY BOTH *SCREAM* WITH RAGE.

Nkosi ZAGS the car from side-to-side, trying to shake Gert loose.

But Gert is hanging on for his life and not going anywhere.

THE LAND CRUISER HEADS FOR THE EDGE OF THE RIDGE.

Nkosi notices and HITS THE BREAKS.

But he's too late: THE LAND CRUISER SKIIIIIIIIIDS....

...AND COMES TO A STOP WITH IT'S FRONT HALF DANGLING OVER THE EDGE.

FROM BELOW:

We see the Land Cruiser see-saw on the edge of the Ridge... it's high, very high-- nobody could survive the fall.

Nkosi breathes heavily and looks around...

Gert looks below him...

Nkosi tries to open the car door but as he moves, the car *CREAKS* forward over the edge...

GERT

Don't! Don't move-- we'll fall!

Nkosi freezes and the car *CREAKS* back down again.

Gert pulls himself forward, trying to tip the car backwards...

...but as he moves, the car *CREAKS* forward over the ledge...

NKOSI

Stop! We're falling-- keep still!

Gert does so and *CREAK*, the car balances back out again.

Everyone else rushes to gather around them--

CHESTER HONIBALL

No! No one approach!

Everyone stops and stands back... watching the situation helplessly...

Nkosi and Gert stare at each other, hate and anger replaced by fear...

And there they all freeze... not sure of what to do next.

CUT TO:

CARTE BLANCHE PROMO:

The CARTE BLANCHE LOGO BUILDS ONTO SCREEN along with the show's SYNONYMOUS MUSIC. **NOTE:** *Carte Blanche* is a longstanding investigative journalism show on South African TV akin to *60 Minutes*.

WE HEAR DEVI SANKAREE GOVENDER'S VOICE:

DEVI SANKAREE GOVENDER (V.O.)

Tonight, on Carte Blanche...

We see NKOSI and GERT poised on the LAND CRUISER, still in the same position: Nkosi with both hands on the wheel and Gert hanging on the bonnet. They both look exhausted, more haggard, more facial hair: TIME HAS OBVIOUSLY PASSED.

DEVI SANKAREE GOVENDER (V.O.)

The NUZ season six crossover with its sister show, Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol's cliffhanger ending has still left a bitter taste in many South African's mouths...

We see many SOUTH AFRICANS about the dangling Toyota. Some have PLACARDS that read: "HOW WILL IT END?", while some have on T-SHIRTS that read: "DID MADIBA TEACH US NOTHING?"

Some AFRIKANERS are BRAAING nearby and feeding LAMB CHOPS to Gert with VERY LONG BRAAI TONGS.

Another group of YOUNG BLACK PEOPLE are giving Nkosi something to drink through a VERY LONG STRAW.

Somebody can be seen walking past with a FULL COLOSTOMY BAG.

If you look closely, in the b.g. you'll spot Piet walking with Bees... the best of friends.

DEVI SANKAREE GOVENDER (V.O.)

Part desperate attempt at ratings, part publicity stunt, some believe the over-optimistic attempt to merge two incompatible worlds lead to a catastrophic outcome that nobody seems to want to take responsibility for...

We see Devi Sankaree Govender step into frame with the Land Cruiser behind her as she addresses us, straight to camera:

DEVI SANKAREE GOVENDER

Trumpeted by many of NUZ's critics as Devine Justice for the show's blatant exploitation of our country's most dire and desperate individuals, its flagrant disregard for law, and its gross glamorization of violence, executive producers in response have cancelled further episodes of NUZ and Vigilante: Patriots on Patrol indefinitely...

The group of South Africans are standing around the rear of the rocking Land Cruiser.

They are split into TWO FACTIONS: those on the left in support of Nkosi and those on the right in support of Gert-- plainly put: BLACKS on the left, WHITES on the right.

DEVI SANKAREE GOVENDER

And even though the solution seems to be blindingly obvious, opposing factions and deep-rooted mistrust has prevented progress of any kind, leaving the situation in flux and as volatile as ever.

Both sides are arguing over what the best way to steady the parlous vehicle is. TEAM GERT has a ROPE and is trying to explain to TEAM NKOSI that just by attaching it to the Land Cruiser's tow-bar, they could pull the car back to safety. Team Nkosi disagrees and believes that filling the pickup's back with ROCKS is the correct solution.

It's just rocks and ropes and chaos.

DEVI SANKAREE GOVENDER

Tonight, we delve into the fiasco that caused such a sensational outcome: were the producers idealists, hoping for a merging of ideas that would bare a fruitful future, or were they fooling themselves from the beginning that such an ideal would ever work?

We see Nkosi glare at Gert through the windscreen...

We see Gert glare at Nkosi through the windscreen...

DEVI SANKAREE GOVENDER

We catch up with some of the former contestants to discuss the impact the shows have had on their lives...

CUT TO:

We see footage of Prishka sitting in her living room.

PRISHKA

When I first realised Poobie was on NUZ, I was very upset...

TIME CUT:

We see the same living room with the scene from the NUZ HotWire challenge playing on the TV showing Poobie being chased around the Prius by the beefy security guard.

The CAMERA ZOOMS out to show Poobie being chased around the couch by his angry mother.

TIME CUT:

PRISHKA

It was then that I realised what this country actually needed was a mother. A good mother. And I wasn't being one to my own sons. I knew that no matter how many hijackers I killed, it would never bring our Paresh back. All it was doing was pushing my sons away from me.

The CAMERA WIDENS out to reveal Poobie sitting next to her. He's wearing a boring, button-up shirt and chinos. His magnificent quaff is now spread apart in the middle and pasted flat to his head.

PRISHKA

I'm going to be a better mother from now on. We're all going to be better from now on...

Poobie looks off to the side and mutters to himself, barely audible:

POOBIE

Such bullshit...

CUT TO:

We see a PHOTOSHOPPED STILL OF SLYZA, palms together, looking up to the heavens as RAYS OF LIGHT shine down on him. He's dressed all in white-- even his new VISOR SHADES are white with metallic, mirrored lenses.

DEVI SANKAREE GOVENDER (V.O.)

But first: are you a Slyza-nite? We take an in-depth look into the new spiritual awaking taking South Africa's Christian community by storm....

SOUNDS OF A GIGANTIC CHANTING CROWD PRELAPSES OVER PICTURE.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPOWER CHURCH - SUNDAY MORNING

Pastor Giebart is on stage in front of his FLOCK: FIVE THOUSAND JESUS WARRIORS AND LOYAL TITHERS.

Only difference now is his congregation has diversified to include WHITES, INDIANS, CAPE MALAYS... looks like the whole country's been represented in the audience.

EVERYONE IS ROCKING OUT, lead by the BAND on stage behind Pastor Giebart. The DECAL on their BASS DRUM'S HEAD proclaims their name to be "The Samaritan-Tans".

Pastor G claps along, jamming away.

In the crowd, TWEENS, TODDLERS and OLD-TIMERS alike jig and jive like it's the effing rapture. In one of the aisles, a GRANNY (white, 70s) falls CONVULSING to the floor, too taken by the fullness of the Holy Spirit to bare it any longer.

Paster Giebart shouts into his mic over the band:

PASTOR GIEBART
Ladies and gentleman... Slyza!

He gestures off stage as SLYZA RUNS UP NEXT TO HIM. Slyza has on a T-SHIRT with a CRUCIFIX on it and his own FACE superimposed over it.

The crowd goes nuts and starts chanting *Slyza! Slyza! Slyza!* while raising up his signature hand sign... Except it's on the side now... kinda looks like a cross.

Slyza leans over and, in time to the music, drones:

SLYZA
Slyza... Slyza... Slyza...

He MOONWALKS off the stage.

The crowd goes more nuts. Is it *nutter*? Anyway...

EXT. EMPOWER CHURCH - FRONT COURTYARD - SUNDAY MORNING

Tony is standing alone in the courtyard in front of the Empower Church behind a FOLD-OUT TABLE. On the table are T-SHIRTS, MUGS, KEYRINGS, LANYARDS and other swag with SLYZA'S FACE and CRUCIFIXES adorned all over them.

From the GIANT CHURCH behind him, we can HEAR THE RUMBLE OF THE CROWD and MUSIC from inside. He speaks to camera.

TONY
After our near-death experience, it was clear to me what the next evolution of the Slyza brand would be...

TIME CUT:**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Tony is BANGED UP, in FULL TRACTION, lying in a hospital bed. He's staring out the window meditatively...

Above him, on the wall, hangs a CRUCIFIX.

TONY (V.O.)
*Life isn't about views, hits and
 likes... it's about the followers.*

THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT on Tony to see the bed beside him:

Seated upright is Slyza in a hospital gown eating a small tub of JELLY... And we get to see his face for the first time without the shades...

...and would you look at that: Slyza is so CROSS-EYED he could watch the TV mounted on the wall behind him.

BACK TO TONY AT THE CHURCH.

TONY
 And so we've partnered with Pastor Giebart and the Empower Church to bring people closer to Slyza and, in turn, closer to the Lord.
 (lifts T-Shirt)
 For every new soul who gives their life over to Jesus Christ, a mug, T-shirt and USB flash drive will be bought by the church and part of the proceeds will go to building new Empower brand churches throughout the whole of Africa.
 (beat)
 We believe that this partnership not only helps spread the Light of the Lord but also uplifts the Slyza brand through positive association and conformity.

Tony's sales-pitch demeanour changes... he grins, leaning in closer, confiding in us...

TONY
 And also, I mean, just look at that f#%king parking lot...

The CAMERA PANS to the PARKING LOT to show an OCEAN OF HIGH-END CARS gleaming in the Sunday morning sunshine.

We hear a CAR *HOOT* O.C..

Tony looks, waves.

TONY

Look! There he is now!

THE CAMERA FINDS A WHITE WITH GOLD TRIM MERCEDES BENZ G-WAGON RACING OUT OF THE PARKING LOT. SLYZA IS IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, WAVING AT TONY.

The LICENSE PLATE reads: "PASTOR G".

TONY

Ha! It's like fish in a poeing barrel!

ROLL CREDITS.

END.

ADDITIONAL CONTENT:

In naive hope that this picture finds its way into cinemas one day, a plan will be made to shoot two dummy trailers and sneak them in amongst actual previews to be played before NUZ begins. The ruse will hopefully prime the audience for the absurdity to follow in the feature presentation.

TRAILER #1:

EXT. DURBAN BEACH FRONT - PIER - DAY

A group of INDIAN FISHERMEN (male, various ages) are lined up along the railing of a PIER, fishing in the OCEAN.

We observe them at a distance through a ZOOM LENS in a hidden, CANDID CAMERA STYLE...

A short, pudgy ASIAN MAN dressed as a FISHERMAN walks along the pier dragging a wheeled COOLER BOX. On closer inspection, it doesn't take a special effects genius to notice that he's not Asian at all, but done up with PROSTHETICS and MAKEUP to appear so.

Comical, slapstick MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY OVER PICTURE as a MALE VOICE OVER ARTIST chimes in:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Tshabalala is back!

The "Asian" man begins to liberate fish caught by the fishermen from out their cooler boxes and into his.

As he does so, he calls out in an offensive (think *Breakfast At Tiffany's* offensive) Chinese accent:

ASIAN MAN
Ris one mine! Rese ones or mine! Or
berong to me! Mine fishies! Mine
fishies!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And he's braver than ever!

TIME CUT:

THE FISHERMEN CHASE HIM DOWN THE PIER.

EXT. NONDESCRIPT CITY STREET - DAY

The CAMERA CRASH-ZOOMS in on TSHABALALA ("TSHABS"): a short, stocky, bald MAN (black, 32) as he laughs maniacally at camera and flips us two thumbs up. We recognise him as the imposter who lurked beneath the prosthetics in the previous scene. He's impish, permanently brandishing a mischievously grin and armed with a boyish charm that betrays his actual age.

EXT. KEMPTON PARK WORLD TRADE CENTRE - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Tshabalala is atop a WHITE HORSE. He's done up in WHITE FACE with a LONG GRAY BEARD and dressed in FULL KHAKI with an A.W.B. ARMBAND on his sleeve. The horse isn't wearing anything at all.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*South Africa's favourite prankster is
coming for you!*

TWO BLACK SECURITY GUARDS (male/female, 40s/30s) are trying to stop him from entering the Trade Centre.

Tshabs is calling out in an offensive Afrikaans accent:

TSHABALALA

Laat my in! I haf a right to use de
bafroom!

THE HORSE REARS, THROWING TSHABS OFF ONTO HIS ASS.

EXT. KAROO DESERT - FARM - DAY

Tshabalala climbs out of a METALLIC PURPLE RANGE ROVER SPORT. He's disguised as a FAT CAT POLITICIAN in civvies: Fendi loafers, Gucci belt, Moschino chinos, Lacoste Polo and a Breitling that could choke a Quagga.

He leans over a WIRE FENCE near a SMALL FARMSTEAD and calls out to a WHITE BOER (male, 45) working on a BOREHOLE PUMP.

TSHABALALA

Hey! Are you Meneer van Tonder?

TIME CUT:

Tshabalala is showing a DEED to the boer.

TSHABALALA

(pointing to farm)

See? All of it. This is all mine now.

The boer stares at him. Tshabs stares back. It's awksies.

TSHABALALA

You have a week to get out.

INT. SAXONWOLD MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We see a WHITE FAMILY in a KITCHEN. There's DAD (38), MOM (32), SON (10) and DAUGHTER (7) all seated in a row, TIED WITH CELLPHONE CHARGER CABLES TO DINING ROOM CHAIRS. They are all weeping with fear, pleading for their lives.

Standing over them, taunting the mom in her face with a GUN, is a MAN dressed in black OVERALLS and a BALACLAVA hiding his face.

MAN

(expletives bleeped)

Where's the money, you c\$%t! Tell me
where the money is! I'll f*@king rape
you!

The woman is trying to reply but can't communicate through her hysteria.

The man whips off the the balaclava to reveal himself:

TSHABALALA
It's Tshabalala!

He starts untying the family, laughing and pointing to the cameras hidden from sight.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Hold on to your popcorn!

The family all laugh along uncomfortably while wiping tears of terror/relief from their eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And your righteous indignation!

EXT. KAROO DESERT - FARM - DAY

The boer SLAPS Tshabs through the face, knocking off his fake wig.

TSHABALALA
(breaking character)
Hey! No! It's Tshabalala!

After a quick skirmish, Tshabs manages to grab the boer and point his attention to the hidden camera (our perspective) watching them.

TSHABALALA
See? It's me-- Tshabalala-- you're in my new movie!

The boer sees the camera... then walks calmly over to his PICKUP nearby... and retrieves a SHOTGUN from out the back.

He *COCKS* it and aims it at Tshabalala.

TSHABALALA
Oh f*&k!

Tshabalala runs off holding his ass as THE PICTURE FREEZE FRAMES.

TITLES SUPER OVER PICTURE WITH A CHEESY SHOTGUN SFX BLAST:

OH TSHABS!3: HOME INVASION

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Streaming to your couch this Christmas!

TRAILER #2:**EXT. 1939 - FREE STATE - FARM - HILLTOP - SUNSET**

OVERLY-DRAMATIC BOEREMUSIEK GENTLY FADES UP...

A YOUNG AFRIKAANS COUPLE (girl, guy, both white, early 20s) stand in an embrace. Their names are MARIETJIE and VAN WYK.

NOTE: The entire trailer is in AFRIKAANS with SUBBED ENGLISH.

MARIETJIE

(weepy)

But Van Wyk... When will you be back?

VAN WYK

I don't... I don't know. The war is hard-fought, and they're losing boys by the minute. I might... I might never--

He's interrupted by a VOICE O.C.:

VOICE (O.C.)

Marietjie! Marietjie where are you?!

THE MUSIC CUTS, the mood irreparably broken. Marietjie and Van Wyk both exhale and roll their eyes.

Coming up the hill towards them is KANSIE. He's white, about 21, and severely mentally handicapped. I say *severely* but the truth is that whoever made this film should have reeled in the actor playing Kansie by about two-hundred percent. The result performance makes Sean Penn in *I Am Sam* look like a UCT professor.

Kansie butts his head in between the two love birds, arms flapping, tongue protruding, convulsing in embarrassingly offensive paroxysms.

MARIETJIE

What do you want, Kansie?

KANSIE

Were you two about to kiiiiiiis? Ha!

Kansie EGG FLAPS VAN WYK VIOLENTLY and runs away, laughing.

Van Wyk falls to his knees in pain, cupping his nethers with both hands.

VAN WYK

Argh! Kansie! You son of a bitch!

THE MUSIC SWELLS BACK UP.

PRETENTIOUS CURSIVE WRITING FADES UP OVER BLACK:

'n storie oor kans...

SANDRA PRINSLOO'S VOICE repeats the title:

SANDRA PRINSLOO (V.O.)

A story of chance...

EXT. FARM - PATIO OUTSIDE FARMHOUSE - MORNING

OOM FRIK (male, white, 49) is standing in front of his family presenting the newest member of his workforce, KLEIN JAN (male, black, 22).

Oom Frik's family consists of: Tannie Pop (female, white, 40), Frik Junior (boy, white, 11), Ouma (female, white, 58), Oupa (male, white, 69), and Marietjie who we've already met.

OOM FRIK

Everyone, this is our new farmhand,
Klein Jan...

Marietjie and Klein Jan share a furtive glance: there's immediate chemistry and they quickly break their gaze. Marietjie blushes.

OOM FRIK

Now I know Klein Jan is... *different*.
But that doesn't mean we treat him as
if he isn't one of--

He's interrupted by Kansie RUNNING INTO FRAME, yelling, pointing at Klein Jan:

KANSIE

(sing-song)

Choc-o-laaaaaaate! Choc-o-laaaaate!
Chocolate, chocolate,
chocolaaaaaaaaaaaaate!

Oom Frik chases after Kansie, swatting at him with his hat.

OOM FRIK

Fokof Kansie!

EXT. FARM - HILLTOP - SUNSET

Marietjie is on the same hill her and Van Wyk were on. She's kneeling on the ground, holding a LETTER, weeping.

ANOTHER TITLE:

'n tyd van trede...

SANDRA PRINSLOO (V.O.)
A time of sadness...

Klein Jan runs up and kneels down next to her.

KLEIN JAN
Miss Marietjie, what's the matter?

MARIETJIE
He's dead! Van Wyk was shot dead in France!

Klein Jan begins to cry and grabs Marietjie, holding her tight. Marietjie lies limp in his arms for a moment... then grabs him, hugging him back.

KANSIE ENTERS FRAME and starts slapping lightly at them like he's remonstrating a pair of disobedient dogs.

KANSIE
No! Stop it! Naughty-- very naughty!
No touching! No touching the chocolate!

Klein Jan and Marietjie release their embrace, embarrassed, and recompose themselves.

INT. FARM - BARN - NIGHT

It's RAINING outside. FLASHES OF LIGHTNING illuminate the interior of the barn intermittently.

Marietjie is sitting on a stool, MILKING A COW by LANTERN light. It's hard work, and the heat of the day helped by the humidity has given her a sweaty, sexy sheen.

She stops, wiping her brow... she looks over to the other side of the barn:

Klein Jan is BAILING HAY with his shirt off. He too is sweaty, his flexing muscles all aglow...

He pauses for a respite and looks over at Marietjie...

This time their glance is not furtive at all, their passion too strong to resist...

THE MUSIC SWELLS...

They meet in the middle of the barn, face-to-face...

MARIETJIE AND KLEIN JAN KISS.

Hidden in a dark corner of the barn, Kansie is watching, his eyes popped, his hand down in the dark below his belt, FURIOUSLY PLEASURING HIMSELF.

Kansie loses stride for a moment and KNOCKS OVER A RAKE leaning on the door frame next to him.

THE RAKE FALLS AND KNOCKS THE LANTERN OVER.

THE LANTERN BREAKS AND SETS FIRE TO THE HAY.

EXT. FARM - BARN - NIGHT

All the FARM INHABITANTS (Marietjie and Klein Jan included) are on deck, frantically but futilely trying to put the FLAMING BARN out with BUCKETS OF WATER.

TWO POLICEMEN (both male, white, 30s) appear, walking determinedly, lead by Kansie. Kansie is clothed like a fancy-dress policeman with a comically OVERSIZED POLICE HAT on and a BELT HOLSTER with TWO SHINY PLASTIC CAP GUNS in.

KANSIE

(pointing)

It was the chocolate! Chooooooc-o-late!
Chocolate burnt the barn down! Baaaad
chocky, naughty chocky!

Kansie claps and bounces about ebulliently as the two cops CUFF Klein Jan and drag him off.

Oom Frik holds back a hysterical Marietjie as she pleads after them:

MARIETJIE

Let him go! He didn't do anything!
Klein Jan! Klein Jan!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Klein Jan is black-and-blue, badly BEATEN. He's standing in court, HANDCUFFED, next to his WIGGED AND ROBED ATTORNEY (male, white, 60s) who looks half asleep.

The JUDGE (male, white, 60s), also WIGGED and ROBED, is busy reading out Klein Jan's sentence.

JUDGE
 (Cheshire cat grin)
 Klein Jan, this court sentences you
 to life in prison!

The judge BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER as he slams down his GAVEL.

In the audience, Marietjie cries into Oom Frik's big chest as he consoles her. The other FARM DWELLERS cry dismally around them.

On the other side of the courtroom, SIX PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS (all male, white, 60s) are standing, laughing.

Kansie is among them, dressed in an oversized WIG and ROBE, dancing about comically. He pokes one of the attorneys in his big belly, tickles another, causing them to laugh more.

THE BOEREMUSIEK SWELLS AS WE SEE A FINAL **MONTAGE**:

- Marietjie is standing atop the hill on the farm, cradling Klein Jan's shirt in her arms as she watches the sun set.

SANDRA PRINSLOO (V.O.)
Where love and injustice meet...

- Klein Jan is behind bars in a jail cell, looking up at the night sky.

- Kansie is behind a podium with comical BLACK HORN-RIMMED GLASSES on, a GRAY FEDORA and matching oversized PINSTRIPE SUIT-- those of you boned up on their 40'S Suid Afrikanse Politik Fashion Trends will recognise the garb as D.F. MALAN'S synonymous look. Kansie is flapping his finger, posturing and pacing comically in front of a VAST CROWD with the OLD SOUTH AFRICAN FLAG behind him next to a GIANT BANNER that reads: GEE KANSIE A KANS.

SANDRA PRINSLOO (V.O.)
There's always a chance.

- CU ON KANSIE AS HE WINKS AT US.

THE FILM'S TITLE FADES UP OVER BLACK:

Domkop

SANDRA PRINSLOO (V.O.)
Domkop.
 (beat)
Only in Cinema Nouveau.