

THE FEEDING STATION

Adam Neill

1 EXT. TABLE MOUNTAIN. DAWN. 1

Reflected in a blinking, yellow eye the sun rises over the Hottentot Hollandse mountains.

The eye catches a glint of sun off a long-haul airplane floating out of the sky on final approach. Watching it descend the single eye becomes a pair, staring down the canine nose of an alpha-male baboon. He sees the city bowl below to the left and the forested suburban flanks to his right.

He watches. And watches. And watches. As the plane lands.

2 INT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. MORNING 2

A fat, bald man sits heavily on a bench, blankly watching the same plane land. He has been baked by the sun. And too many drugs. And too much sex. With underage prostitutes. Another plane taxis past to its parking tower. He heaves himself to his feet and sets off with his small carry-on bag.

3 EXT. TABLE MOUNTAIN. DAWN. 3

The male baboon sniffs the air and moves off.

4 INT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. MORNING 4

Passengers from the freshly landed flight disgorge along the walkway. Business men in flight-rumpled suits, families with bleary-eyed kids and too much baggage, a couple that look like they might be film stars. Or think they are. A few that are from the same mold as our fat bald man, but still fresh faced. Ready to be fully serviced. And an INDIAN MAN with a small hold-all.

Welcome to Cape Town.

5 TITLES AND MUSIC 5

THE FEEDING STATION

6 INT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING 6

Doctor JOHN DRUMMOND lies awake. He stares out of the window, watching the sky lightening. He's been awake for several hours. Troubled.

Behind him on the bed is a very attractive young woman; YVETTE, a model. Dark chocolate, French and sassy. She stirs slightly in her sleep. She breaks wind. She settles again.

This makes JOHN smile at first but he moves onto the balcony overlooking the city.

7 EXT. PIXIES BAR. EARLY MORNING. 7

A quiet city street. A plain wall with a single door in it. From somewhere the muted sound of rock music. The door blows open and TERRY, white, male, mid-late 20's, falls onto the pavement. The music spills out after him and then cuts off. VANCE, peer, colleague and confidant to TERRY, steps drunkenly over TERRY and starts off down the road, the city lights blinking out across the vista as the sun comes up.

8 EXT. CAMPS BAY BEACH. EARLY MORNING. 8

In the soft dawn light a mixed-age group of ladies are starting their daily yoga routine, led by an impossibly sculptured and handsome young man. A beautiful setting for a morning routine - 'free for those who can afford it, very expensive for those who cannot'.

9 EXT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING 9

JOHN stands on the balcony of his trendy up-market apartment, a tea bag brewing in a cup. He holds his phone, thumbing it nervously. He looks at the ridiculously amazing view out across the city, up at the blush of morning light on the face of table mountain, and eventually at his phone. 1 message. He opens it.

JOHN  
(to himself)  
Jesus.

He looks once more at the mountain and turns back in...

JOHN (cont'd)  
Wow! Fuck! Sorry! You gave me a  
hell of a fright.

YVETTE, wrapped in a bed-throw against the cool, has silently come out onto the balcony behind him.

YVETTE  
You woke me. It's my revenge.

JOHN  
Revenge?

YVETTE  
For leaving me alone.

JOHN  
Coffee?

YVETTE  
What is that?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Tea.

YVETTE

I'd like a tea. But make it properly.

He gets a kiss for encouragement. YVETTE stays on the balcony.

She regards the mountain. Then calls back into the apartment...

YVETTE (cont'd)

Do you believe in God?

JOHN

(from inside)

What?

YVETTE

God. What makes you believe in him?

JOHN

What makes you think I do?

YVETTE

Just now. You said Jesus. Like you needed him.

JOHN

(beat)

Just a word. Thinking about something I need to do.

YVETTE

And last night.

JOHN

Yes?

YVETTE

In your sleep. You were crying. You said God. Please God. A lot.

JOHN comes back out.

JOHN

Oh yeah. Bad dream I guess. What else did I say? Did I say anything else?

YVETTE

No. Just noises. What do you say... mumbles?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
Mumbles. Yeah. Mumbles.  
(a kiss)  
I don't necessarily believe in  
God.

10 EXT. CAMPS BAY BEACH. EARLY MORNING.

10

The morning yoga session has come to an end. IRENE POVITZ and REBECCA PURCELL are part of this exclusive dawn patrol. They approach DANNY, the yoga instructor.

DANNY  
(generally)  
Well done ladies. Looking good  
for your age.

IRENE  
Don't be cheeky young man.

DANNY  
I beg your pardon?

REBECCA  
You ought to say; 'looking good  
for this time of morning.'

IRENE  
Then we won't be insulted. And  
have you replaced.

DANNY  
(laughing)  
It's a very good point. And you  
have my apologies.

REBECCA  
Good. Accepted. Now we wanted a  
word with you. This is Mrs.  
Povitz and I am Mrs. PURCELL.

DANNY  
A pleasure to meet you both. My  
name is Danny.

IRENE  
We know. We hired you.

DANNY  
Oh. I see.

REBECCA  
We are the conveners of the  
group.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Well thank you. I hope you're  
happy?

IRENE

So far yes.

IRENE reaches up and places her hand on DANNY'S arm.  
Squeezing it gently.

REBECCA

Now you may walk us to our cars.

They walk up the beach together.

11 EXT. THE IBIZA CAFE. EARLY MORNING.

11

VANCE and TERRY spill out of a taxi into a chi-chi cafe on  
Camps Bay promenade. Only one or two other patrons at this  
hour, early risers as opposed to the dawn-crawlers that  
are VANCE and TERRY.

TERRY

(sighing from the depths of his  
soul)

FUCK ME!

VANCE

(giggles)

TERRY

That was one fantastic,  
god-awful, singular kind of a  
night my man.

VANCE

(giggles)

TERRY

Hey? What the fuck.

VANCE

I know. (giggles)

TERRY

You got the giggles man?

VANCE

I know.

TERRY

I have got to hand it to that  
bitch. I did not see that shit  
coming at all.

(CONTINUED)

VANCE  
She fucking did it man.

TERRY  
Yeah! To me! To me she did it.

VANCE  
And she hit you.

A glance from TERRY.

VANCE (cont'd)  
(giggles)  
That was a surprise.

TERRY  
Fucking bitch! She slapped me!  
Can you fucking believe it?

A WAITER comes over, menus in hand.

TERRY (cont'd)  
Hey man. Don't worry about those.  
Eggs fried times 2, mushrooms,  
bacon, sausage, hash browns. Lots  
of all that and coffee as quick  
as you can.

VANCE  
Hey dude. Can I have the same but  
no hash browns. Can you see if  
they've got aubergine instead. If  
not then beans. And coffee dude.  
Pronto. Thanks.

The WAITER retreats scribbling the order.

TERRY  
Aubergine?

VANCE  
Banting.

TERRY  
But the plant they call egg?  
Surely not.

VANCE  
Gotta do it man. Gotta have some  
strength to get me through the  
day.

TERRY  
Oh fuck. You've got a rehearsal.

VANCE

Yup.

TERRY

When?

VANCE

Ten. What you got.

TERRY

Nothing. A voice thing at two.  
And a fucking incipient hangover.

VANCE

And a girlfriend to get back.

TERRY

Fuck. That.

12 EXT. CHEAP CHAIN HOTEL. MORNING

12

A taxi pulls up to the port-cochere. An INDIAN MAN in a cheap suit and a tatty hold-all gets out. We recognise him from the disembarking airline passengers. He leans in to pay the fare but...

The taxi driver shakes his head and pulls off.

The INDIAN MAN stands back as the taxi pulls away. He looks around before scuttling into the hotel.

13 INT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S APARTMENT. MORNING

13

Up against the wall by his apartment door JOHN and YVETTE finish a quick, vigorous fuck. YVETTE has caught him as he was about to leave for work and he simply pulls up and buckles his trousers before he reaches to open the door. She pulls him in for a last kiss. His phone rings.

JOHN

(breaking the kiss)

Mmm. Gotta go. Gotta go.

And he's out the door. YVETTE straightens her negligee and, smiling, walks back into the apartment.

14 EXT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR. MORNING.

14

JOHN moves down the corridor, phone tucked into his shoulder, straightens his pants, smells his fingers, looks for his car keys in his man-bag.

JOHN

Yeah? What is it?

(listens)

Alright get Mr. Sims ready. Call Dr. Christensen and have her put

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)  
together a team. I'll be there in  
20 minutes.  
(listens)  
Um no. Let's clear the book until  
3 just to be sure. Ok.

He hangs up. He's into the lift and on his way.

15 INT. VANCE'S DIGS. MORNING.

15

A small Victorian in a terrace of the same. Wooden floors and pressed ceilings. Mildly distressed rather than broken down. Middle-class, young adult digs.

VANCE is showering. Trying to sluice the night's abuses from his body.

As he showers an attractive girl in her late 20's comes in.

VANCE  
Hey.

MONICA  
Hey.

She looks at herself in the mirror. Examines a spot. Takes up a cotton wipe and applies some toner to her face. It's her routine.

MONICA  
You just get in?

VANCE  
Yeah.

MONICA  
Big one.

VANCE  
Super big. Too big.

MONICA  
You working today?

VANCE  
Ten.

MONICA  
Good luck with that.

VANCE  
You?

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

Couple of castings this morning.  
Commercials. Was going to watch a  
movie this afternoon. Keen?

VANCE

All day rehearsal.

MONICA

You won't make it.

VANCE

You might be right.

VANCE finishes showering. Steps out. Reaches around MONICA  
for a towel. Dries off. She stops and watches.

MONICA

You're looking good.

VANCE

Not inside. But thanks.

MONICA

(continuing her makeup)  
No, you do. You should flaunt it  
more.

VANCE

Huh.

Their eyes meet in the mirror. He dries his nuts once more  
and wraps the towel around himself.

VANCE (cont'd)

(exiting)  
Good luck today.

MONICA

Break a leg.

She kisses her lipstick into shape. Regards her look for  
the day. Is satisfied.

16

INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY ROOM. DAY.

16

JOHN, Dr. COLLETTE CHRISTENSEN and a team of interns and  
nurses are working with concentrated speed. They are  
transplanting a heart into a 50 year old man.

COLLETTE

Bleed here. Clamp.

JOHN

Have you all had a look at the  
stitch pattern I'm using?

The interns nod and some look in again.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)  
Why am I using that pattern.

INTERN 1  
The vessels are degraded.

JOHN  
Correct. The level of sclerosis means that they tear easily. Very hard to keep the tissue connected. Especially under pressure.

COLLETTE  
Still getting bleeding here.

JOHN  
Where is it coming from? I'm almost done here.

COLLETTE  
It's somewhere deeper. More now. Suction. Quickly.

JOHN  
Contain it. Move the clamp further down the vessel.

COLLETTE  
Ok that seems to have done it.

JOHN  
There must be a small tear higher up.  
(to interns)  
How can we find it most efficiently?

INTERN 2  
We could move the clamp...

Splat. The interns face is covered in an explosive burst of blood. The heart cavity fills rapidly. The blood pulsing from the vessel JOHN had been working on.

JOHN  
Fuck! Fuck!

COLLETTE  
Clamp the aorta. Stand by more transfusion.

There is a frenzy of activity as all the training kicks in.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
No. No. Ah fuck it!

The blood is starting to overwhelm the cavity.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Turn off the pump.

COLLETTE  
But...

JOHN  
Turn it off. It's done. The tear  
is too big and these vessels are  
all fucked. Turn it OFF! Fuck.

The attending nurse does so. The flow of blood subsides.  
The heart monitor flat-lines. JOHN leans forward. Takes a  
breath.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Sorry Collette. Sorry everyone.  
This was never going to work.

He looks at the bloodbath and then, to the interns...

JOHN (cont'd)  
This patient should not have been  
on this table. But he has at  
least given us that valuable  
lesson. Part of your success as  
surgeons will be to appropriately  
assess your patient before you  
even think about what operation  
they might need.  
(pause)  
What's next?

INTERN 1  
Inform the family.

JOHN  
And.

INTERN 2  
Close the chest?

JOHN  
But not before?

INTERN 3  
Assessing the body for organ  
donation viability.

JOHN  
Good. And encourage the family to  
release the body for harvesting.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)  
Though frankly the shape this guy  
was in...

JOHN stands back from the table. Removes his gloves. Turns and goes to scrub out. COLLETTE and the team cover over the body.

17 INT. PURCELL'S ESTATE AGENTS. DAY.

17

A mid-sized realtors office. Five or so agents working away. Occasional passers-by out side pause to look at the houses pictured in the window.

REBECCA PURCELL sits in a glassed-in managers office. Out of her yoga kit now, she wears expensive but understated office wear. She is talking with one of her agents, KARINE a young, enthusiastic blond.

REBECCA  
And how long is the house going  
to be empty?

KARINE  
Well... I suppose that depends on  
how long it takes for me to sell.  
(giggles)  
But I'm very confident. It's a...

REBECCA  
What I mean is when are they  
moving out?

KARINE  
Oh. Yes. End of this month. Two  
weeks.

REBECCA  
Have they mentioned whether they  
want to do anything to it before  
it goes to market?

KARINE  
No. I mean I can't imagine so.  
It's really in very good  
condition. Pristine really...

REBECCA  
Save the pitch for clients.  
Alright. That seems like  
something we could work with. Let  
them know I'd like to make a time  
to view the property.

KARINE  
Oh. But I've already been to the  
house...

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Karine. A property of this size and quality needs proper handling. You are a lovely girl. And you definitely have potential. But you are in no way experienced enough to make this sale. I will be handling it.

KARINE

Oh.

REBECCA

You may shadow me. And of course you will get the standard finders fee in the event of a sale.

KARINE

Oh. Yes. Thank you.

REBECCA

Have they shown it to any other agents?

KARINE

No. Not that I know. They didn't say.

REBECCA

Alright. Start the paperwork. Bring it to me later for review.

REBECCA picks up the phone, pauses before dialing. It's a signal. KARINE suddenly gets it. Scuttles out.

REBECCA dials. It rings.

REBECCA (cont'd)

Hello darling. I've got one I think. I'm setting up a meeting.

18

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

18

The INDIAN MAN has now unpacked his bag, hung his suit and placed his toiletries on the table. Barely much of anything; shirt, socks, boxers. One of each. Some deodorant, a toothbrush, a bottle of pills. He sits in a vest and underwear staring out as the wind billows the curtains revealing a view across the city bowl to the majesty of Table Mountain. THE INDIAN watches as the cloud spills down its slopes.

19

INT. THEATRE FOYER. DAY.

19

A small group of young performers waits at the foot of some stairs. Standing with them is FRANS, the director. Older than the actors by some way, he's on the cusp of being silver-grey. Handsome certainly, and in good shape, he is chatting confidently and warmly with the group.

VANCE appears at the top of the stairs.

VANCE  
(calling out)  
Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!

He scuttles down the stairs, stopping short of the group, blowing hard.

VANCE (cont'd)  
Sorry. Sorry I'm late.

Some of the group smile wryly, others look less than impressed. FRANS shakes his head, but has a small smile.

FRANS  
Hello Vance. What a quaint cologne you've chosen this morning. Eau de Vin perhaps. Or is it Whiskey?

VANCE  
What? Oh, right.  
(smells himself)  
Is it bad. Sorry. I showered. But I ran here.

FRANS  
That is something at least. I do think that this is my cue to point out how poor a performer one is when debilitated by liquor. Or drugs. Even the day after. I know some of you have a romantic notion of performing that includes a dilettante lifestyle but let me assure you that even the greats were shit performers when they were on the lash.  
(pause, eyes the group)  
Right. Lecture over. Let's punish you with some movement rehearsal first.

There is a general groan from the assembled cast. VANCE looks like he might throw up at the thought. FRANS leads them off into the bowels of the theatre.

20

INT. HOUSE NO.1. DAY

20

An ultra modern open space. A gleaming steel and glass kitchenette overlooks a lounge space populated by Swedish design. Nguni cattle skins softening the bleached oak floor which carries us out onto the balcony overlooking the ocean. A house and view that reeks of wealth, expertly and carefully spent.

MARGARITTE, an attractive 50 something with an global accent, is showing REBECCA the house. Behind REBECCA follows KARINE, juggling phone, folder and attache bag.

MARGARITTE

We bought it for the view. This level we use mostly for casual entertaining. Wine?

MARGARITTE opens the voluminous fridge and pulls out a fresh bottle of chilled white.

MARGARITTE (cont'd)

Had to refit the entire house. Ghastly before.

REBECCA

Please.

She preemptively silences KARINE with a look.

MARGARITTE pours two glasses. They step toward the balcony windows.

REBECCA (cont'd)

Have you had it appraised?

MARGARITTE

No. Teddy doesn't feel it necessary. We know it's value.

REBECCA

So you've settled on a price?

MARGARITTE

Twenty four we think. Would you agree?

REBECCA

Yes. I feel we could look to thirty at the opening. It gives us room for movement.

MARGARITTE

As much?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Yes, I think so. The view of course. And the size. My assistant mentioned the wine cellar as being of particular quality.

MARGARITTE

That bloody room. Cost Ted a million just by itself. And then he realised he wanted to keep most of his collection in France. Would you like to see it?

REBECCA

I would. My late husband was a minor connoisseur of the local market.

They exit. Another look lets KARINE know she need not follow. She stays. Eyes the fridge.

21 INT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S OFFICE. DAY.

21

JOHN'S office in the hospital. A good view of the city and harbour. A desk busy with papers, books and medical magazines. A couple of chairs and a low table, equally messy, are set off to one side. JOHN is sitting in one of these. DR. CHRISTENSEN is pacing.

COLLETTE

Jesus! I'm sorry John. It was an honest mistake.

JOHN

It was a mistake. Full stop. Honesty doesn't enter in to it.

COLLETTE

You told me... one of your first lessons to any interns... is that we all... all of us... make mistakes.

JOHN

I'm not...

COLLETTE

It goes with the territory.

JOHN

Absolutely. And a large part of our job is to prevent, to make sure we don't make mistakes. Sit down for Christs' sake. I feel like I'm lecturing a teenager...

(CONTINUED)

COLLETTE

No. John I'm not understanding why you are so upset by this. This happens.

JOHN

In front of a whole teaching class we let a man bleed out. Worse; we had to let him bleed out. He should not have been on the table and you made the call to put him there...

COLLETTE

John...

JOHN

It was a bad call and a call that should not have been made and now it is my job to administer the appropriate disciplinary action reflecting that.

COLLETTE

So I get a dressing down because of a mistake that you might have made just as easily.

JOHN

That's all it is. A dressing down. And if you'd let me finish then it'd be done already. Jesus. Collette.

He reaches up to take her hand.

COLLETTE

No. Not Collette. Not with this. You want to discipline me you call me Doctor. Are we done Doctor Drummond?

JOHN

(suddenly cold)

Thank you Dr. Christensen. We're done.

She walks out of his office. Pauses at the door. Thinks better of it. Walks on.

JOHN'S phone buzzes on his desk. He picks it up. Looks.

JOHN (cont'd)

Fuck!

Tosses the phone back on the desk. It continues to buzz.

22 INT. HOUSE NO.2. DAY

22

A more modest home. Suburban, pleasant garden, neat. And currently empty.

REBECCA and IRENE walking casually through.

IRENE

It's an emergency call. I told them weeks ago that we had nothing for them. But they went ahead.

REBECCA

It's a complete inconvenience.

IRENE

Not to mention the risk.

REBECCA

Who's the client?

IRENE

Didn't say. But definitely has the money. Paying a premium for the quick service.

REBECCA

Well that's always something.

IRENE

I thought that the utility room would work?

REBECCA

Yes. When?

IRENE

Needs to be Sunday. That's the only time we can get everyone...

REBECCA

That's my show day! Are they mad?

IRENE

I know, I know, but the premium feels worth it. I've told them that they need to be done and gone by twelve.

They have come to a short set of stairs that lead down into a basement utility room. REBECCA opens the door and flicks the light switch. The cold neon light reveals a bare room. On the one side a double sink and in the centre a formica-topped laundry table.

(CONTINUED)

IRENE (cont'd)

Lots of plug points. Enough anyway.

REBECCA

Alright. But they absolutely have to be gone by twelve.

IRENE

I'll let them know.

23

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

23

The morning session has finished. The group of performers are gathering their bags. All are sweating after the movement session. VANCE is slumped against a wall looking absolutely shit. He's pale and soaked in sweat. FRANS finishes talking with the CHOREOGRAPHER then looks across at VANCE...

FRANS

Vance? Are you going to make it?

VANCE

(groans)

uuuh.

FRANS

You need to get some liquid in you. And some food. Did you bring any?

VANCE

No.

FRANS

Not very wise.

(pause)

Alright, come on then.

VANCE

What?

FRANS

I'll get you something at the canteen.

VANCE

No, thanks, I'm fine. I've got...

FRANS

It's not charity. You've got to make it through scene work this afternoon with Charl and I don't want him wasting his time and energy with a sack of hopelessness. Come on.

VANCE doesn't have the energy to argue. He hauls himself upright and follows FRANS out of the rehearsal room.

24

INT. THEATRE CANTEEN. DAY.

24

FRANS and VANCE, carrying trays with plates of food and drinks, find a table. FRANS nods to a couple of other patrons. VANCE is just trying to keep his shit together.

FRANS

(to another patron)

Hello. You well? Good to see you.

(to VANCE, sotto)

That one's a real old queen.

Didn't know it was still alive.

They sit.

FRANS (cont'd)

What did you get?

(looks at VANCE's plate)

Hmmm. Not bad. You could do with less starch but I guess today that'll help soak up your excesses.

VANCE

God. I hope so.

FRANS

You don't mind me saying but you do actually have to start looking after yourself like a grown up.

VANCE

Hmm.

FRANS

You've got talent. You've got great potential. Why do you think I cast you? You'll waste it if you keep hammering it like this. Plus no-one will work with you.

VANCE

Hmm.

They eat silently for a while, then...

FRANS

How are you otherwise? I mean in the real world. Got a girlfriend?

VANCE

No. Not at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

FRANS

Still hanging out with Terrence?

VANCE

Yeah. He's my wingman.

FRANS

Hmm. Part of the problem. He's also too talented for his own good.

(pause)

And where are you staying?

VANCE

Digs. Just up the road, kind of.

FRANS

Ah. Hence the running. With who?

VANCE

Just three of us. Myself, a guy called Mike, and Monica Collins. You remember her?

FRANS

Oh yes! Pretty little thing. You could do worse...

VANCE

Just friends. And digs rules dictate.

FRANS

Ah yes. Digs rules. It must cost a bit. In this area.

VANCE

We get by. Three way split.

FRANS

Hmm.

VANCE

Monica brings home stuff from the restaurant she works at.

FRANS

Ah. Yes. Handy. A 'real' job.

VANCE

Huh!

FRANS

Would you ever do anything on the side?

(CONTINUED)

VANCE

Like what?

FRANS

You know a second income or something.

VANCE

I get by. Do alright, get a commercial now and then, that sees me through. And there's this.

They both laugh a little.

FRANS

If you ever did need a little extra I have a small corporate type thing that I run on the side. Always looking for bodies. Pay's ok too.

VANCE

Huh. Who knew. What kind of stuff is it?

FRANS

Well it's for online stuff mostly. Product usage, demonstration.

VANCE

Telemarketing? Jesus. I'm not sure I'm up for that.

FRANS

No. No. Not sales at all. It's just making promos for the product. The clients do all the other stuff. It's all overseas. Never gets seen here.

VANCE

Yeah. I'm not sure. Like I said I get by. I've got protect my image you know...

They both chuckle at the conceit.

VANCE (cont'd)

Funny, I thought you and Charl were theatre purists.

FRANS

We've also got to live. And besides I need a little extra to help pay for lunch for my actors from time to time...

(CONTINUED)

VANCE

Hmm. Thanks. That food has made me feel considerably better. I owe you.

FRANS

Pleasure. Anytime. Shall we get going. I'm sure Charl will be down there already.

VANCE

Eager beaver.

FRANS

Yes. He is.

They stand and make their way to the exit. Depositing their trays as they go.

25 INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING. 25

THE INDIAN man is still seated in the same position, watching the light fade on the mountain. He stares. Then suddenly he moves. Gets up. Throws what little he has back into his bag and walks out the door.

26 EXT. CHEAP CHAIN HOTEL. EVENING. 26

Bag in hand THE INDIAN exits the hotel onto the street. He looks up and down the street. Hesitates. Makes a choice. Stops, turns and goes the other way.

27 INT. PURCELL'S ESTATE AGENTS. EVENING 27

At her desk REBECCA flicks through a folder of paperwork, occasionally marking it up with a pen. She sips occasionally at a glass of white wine. The rest of the office is dimly lit and empty.

IRENE appears at the door and buzzes. REBECCA gets up and lets her in.

REBECCA

Hello darling. How was the afternoon?

They make their way through to REBECCA'S office.

IRENE

Good. A couple of nice apartments came in. All in the lower CBD.

REBECCA

Oh yes. They should go well. Anything for us?

(CONTINUED)

IRENE

No, not down there. I mean maybe. If one of the more industrial places comes up. But there's not many of those yet.

REBECCA

Well it's a coming area. Soon enough. Wine?

IRENE

Please. I do have someone interested in the Clifton condo...

REBECCA

The new one?

IRENE

Yes.

REBECCA

Have we listed it yet?

IRENE

No. It's not a purchase enquiry.

REBECCA

Ah. Oh good! What piqued their interest?

IRENE

The wine cellar actually. The client is an international art collector.

REBECCA

How interesting. How did he come to us?

IRENE

Through that girl I mentioned to you. The young actress. Met at a gallery opening.

REBECCA

Very interesting. Well done to her. Do we need to give her a something.

IRENE

Yes. I'd like to. If it works out. I'll settle the costs and then we can decide.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Yes. What does the client want exactly?

IRENE

I've not had a full meeting with them as yet but I'm sure it's nothing we haven't handled before.

REBECCA

Alright good. Well set that up and I'll keep the house clear. Let me know if we need to get anything special in, or take out any special insurances.

IRENE

I will.

REBECCA

What are your plans this evening?

IRENE

Nothing in particular. Would you like some company?

REBECCA

It might be nice, yes. You close up. I'll freshen the wine.

IRENE closes the blinds of the agency windows. REBECCA gets a fresh bottle of wine from a small fridge. She opens a locked cupboard and takes out an impressive looking rubber dildo. And an expensive looking silver vibrator wrapped in a chamois cloth. She puts them casually on the desk and opens the wine.

28 INT. VANCE'S DIGS. EVENING.

28

The front door opens revealing VANCE. He looks shattered from his day. He comes in, discarding bags, keys, jacket, shoes as he makes his way to collapse face down on the sofa.

Monica watches, with a wry smile, from the kitchen.

MONICA

'Hi honey, I'm home!'

VANCE

uuuuuuuuuuuh.

MONICA

(laughs)

Really? I think you're exaggerating.

(CONTINUED)

VANCE  
uuuuuuuuuuuuuh.

MONICA  
I could say 'serves you right'...  
and you know what, I think I  
will... 'serves you right'.

Even as she says it she has started prepping a recovery smoothie from some vicious looking green powder.

VANCE  
uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuh uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuh  
uuuuuuuuuuuh. Uuh.

The front door opens again and in steps MIKE. Mid-late 20's, he's slightly nerdy looking; glasses, premature receding hairline, but good looking in his way. Fit; a jogger or a weekend rower maybe. He's into business and 'being an entrepreneur'.

He collects up VANCE'S things as he comes in, can't help himself, and then piles it onto VANCE'S back as he passes the sofa.

MIKE  
Howzit.

MONICA  
Hey Mikey!

MIKE  
(at VANCE)  
Morning Mr. de Niro.

He joins MONICA in the kitchen, gets himself a water and a couple of pieces of fruit.

MONICA  
No. No. Mock not the aspiring actor. He's spent the whole day at rehearsal today.

MIKE  
A whole day at work. Shiver my timbers. Is he dead?

MONICA  
He...

VANCE  
(very muffled in the cushion)  
And dance!

MIKE  
Sorry Mr. De Niro? You wanted  
more Perrier water...

VANCE  
(lifting his head just  
enough)  
And a morning of dance!

He slumps back into the cushions. Monica has come through  
and sits next to him with the finished smoothie.

MONICA  
Here you go. This will see you  
right.

VANCE  
(struggling upright)  
Sweet mother of fuck! What is  
that? It looks like I feel.

MONICA  
Exactly. It's a reciprocal  
smoothie. Looks like you feel and  
fixes it.

VANCE  
Thanks.

He gingerly sips, then drinks it down.

MIKE  
How come he gets the special  
treatment?

MONICA  
Don't be jealous. I'd do the same  
for you.

VANCE  
And I need it.

MONICA  
I'm protecting my assets. One day  
when he's rich and famous I'm  
going to cash in.

MIKE nods ruefully. Says nothing.

VANCE  
(finishing)  
Uuuuuuh. That is surprisingly  
good.

MONICA  
Just wait till you see the colour  
it turns your poop.

VANCE

Woah! Hey! Ladies in the house.

MONICA

You can handle it.

VANCE

I mean't Mike.

MIKE

Huh. Funny. Oh hey listen Monica there's a seminar this evening about small business start ups. You wanna come along? Cocktails and snacks.

MONICA

Um. Thanks Mike. Can't though. Got a reading at The Book Lounge.

MIKE

No sweat. Just thought I'd ask.

MONICA

And I would've. Even just for the cocktails. Thanks.

MIKE

Yeah it's going to be good I think, a couple of guys with some pretty blue ocean ideas ...

The door bell buzzes loudly, stopping him. And keeps buzzing. For a long time.

VANCE

Oh Jesus! It's Terry. Hide me!

MONICA

(going to the door)

No, no, no my fine friend because if he can't find you then one of us will be sacrificed...

MIKE takes his water and fruit and escapes down the corridor.

VANCE

NO! NO! NO!

MONICA opens the door. Sure enough it is TERRY. And he's looking pretty good; shades, open collar shirt, trendy pants and a pair of natty, slightly ostentatious shoes.

TERRY

Hey babes! You're looking good.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

You too handsome. You wanna get hitched?

TERRY

Woah! That's the best put down I've ever heard.

They laugh. TERRY steps in and MONICA closes the door.

29

EXT. CITY STREET. LATE EVENING.

29

THE INDIAN man is walking through the streets of the city. He has no idea where he's going, but he is *going*. Around him the city is transitioning from work day to night life.

He becomes aware of two men, FRANKIE and BOOITJIE. Are they following him? He ducks down a side road to check his instinct. They follow. Oh God! His pace picks up and he hits another busy road. Tourists and locals mix and mingle on a vibey road of cafe's and bars. The Indian looks up, sees the mountain, the only point of reference he has, so he heads in that direction.

The men are still behind him. They've got a little closer. And through the hubbub of the crowd he can hear them making little barking noises. Like a dog pack. Enjoying the hunt.

THE INDIAN man picks up speed, almost running. The crowd thins slightly as he gets near the top end of the street. FRANKIE and BOOITJIE are right on top of him. He gets to an intersection. Hesitates. BOOITJIE barks, almost in his ear. He jumps out into the traffic... BAM!

He's hit and goes down. BOOITJIE and FRANKIE melt into the gathering crowd.

30

INT. HOSPITAL ER RECEPTION. LATE EVENING.

30

JOHN DRUMMOND is standing at the reception counter. It's shift changeover and he's briefing the incoming nurse.

JOHN

So you'll let me know if anything vaguely suitable comes in?

NURSE PATTI

Yes Doctor.

JOHN

And have a look through these, it's copies of the patient specifics, just to make sure you're familiar with the match requirements.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE PATTI

Yes Doctor, I'll have a look now  
while it's still quiet.

As she speaks an ambulance pulls up to the entrance.  
Paramedics hop out and start getting the patient out.

JOHN

You spoke too soon. Is Doctor  
Stephenson on duty?

NURSE PATTI

Yes Doctor, but he's just taken a  
toilet break.

JOHN

I'll step in.

The paramedics have got the patient out and are wheeling  
him in. It's THE INDIAN man. They move him efficiently  
into one of the ER bays. JOHN and NURSE PATTI with them.

PARAMEDIC 1

Nothing too serious. Fracture to  
the right fibula. Hit by a car  
but luckily only caught the  
bumper.

JOHN

And 3..2..1... lift.

They transfer him to the bed. JOHN does an efficient check  
of pupils and pulse.

JOHN (cont'd)

Any sign of internal bleeding?

PARAMEDIC 1

No pain anywhere else. I don't  
think there's any vessel damage.  
A couple of nice grazes.

JOHN

(to man)

You're going to be alright. You  
were lucky.

THE INDIAN man looks blankly at JOHN. Eyes wide.

PARAMEDIC 1

Doesn't seem to speak English.  
Maybe just in deep shock.

JOHN

Huh.

(to man)

You are going to be alright.

(CONTINUED)

(nods and smiles)  
 Alright off to x-ray. Leg and  
 chest and stomach to be sure.

Two JUNIOR NURSES lift the side rails of the bed and wheel  
 him away.

John steps out of the bay and heads for the exit.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 (to NURSE PATTI)  
 Right Nurse, I'm on my way home.  
 Tell Dr. Stephenson...

DR. STEPHENSON  
 (coming in to the ER)  
 That's he's the best damn Doctor  
 in the hospital.

JOHN  
 Evening Paul. Checked one in for  
 you.

DR. STEPHENSON  
 Ah thanks. Just when I thought it  
 had gone quiet.

JOHN  
 Patti will fill you in. I'm off  
 home.

DR. STEPHENSON  
 The life of a celebrated surgeon!  
 Home by 8. Not like the rest of  
 us real doctors.

JOHN  
 (not responding)  
 Good night all.

He exits the ER.

31 EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK. NIGHT.

31

JOHN gets into his car. As he does his phone buzzes. Looks  
 at it. He looks away. The phone buzzes. He looks at it. He  
 looks away...

THE MAN  
 (from the dark of the back  
 seat)  
 You should answer it. It might be  
 important.

JOHN  
 (stone cold scared)  
 Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

In the rear-view mirror JOHN can see only the shadow of THE MAN, never more than barely visible. But he seems to have a misshapen head, maybe a mask. At times the shadow seems almost canine. JOHN knows to never turn around.

THE MAN

Not quite. But close. A little less forgiving.  
(laughs)  
How have you been John?

JOHN

I've been wanting to...  
(silence)  
You've seen my messages?  
(silence)  
I had to get out of town.  
(silence)  
I'm ...

Silence. The shadow of THE MAN is watching JOHN.

THE MAN

John. No need to apologise. I know that you've been busy.

JOHN

Yes...

THE MAN

But don't lie.  
(silence)  
You haven't been out of town. And you don't message.

JOHN

Please.

THE MAN

Shut up John.  
(silence)  
We have a solution for you that we are sure that you will find appropriate.

JOHN

I can't take any more money.

THE MAN

(laughing)  
John! That's funny. We're not going to extend your credit. That would be stupid. We're going to get our money back. In kind. This is what we expect...

(CONTINUED)

JOHN sits mute staring out at the blooded half moon that is cresting the distant mountains. His heartbeat pulses in his ear. THE MAN'S voice is an indistinct growl outlining the plan. Then...

Silence.

JOHN  
You're insane.

Silence.

JOHN (cont'd)  
I'm... I can't. It'll ruin me.

Silence.

JOHN (cont'd)  
I'm not going to do that. I won't. You can just wait. And I'll get you the money. Somehow. But not that.

Silence.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Do you understand?

He looks in the rear-view mirror for confirmation. The back seat is empty. The man is gone.

JOHN (cont'd)  
(spinning around)  
Fuck.

32 INT. VANCE'S DIGS. NIGHT.

32

VANCE, MONICA and TERRY sit in the lounge. MONICA rolls a small joint.

TERRY  
C'mon! It's a Thursday night!  
Let's burn it.

VANCE  
No, dude. Seriously. I am still broken from last night.

TERRY  
Seriously?

VANCE  
I had a whole day at the office today. And half of it rolling around in my own sweat. And then an afternoon with Mr. Chirpy Charl...

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Oy! That is not pretty I'll admit. But surely that's just the reason to head out for a couple of cold ones. Hey? Wash away the fear and loathing.

MONICA

We've got a couple of beers here.

TERRY

What! Why haven't I been offered one..

MONICA

God helps those who help themselves.

MONICA finishes the roll and lights up. TERRY gets 3 beers from the kitchen.

TERRY

(from the kitchen)  
So how was old Cinderella?

VANCE

Charl? Yeah. fine. Keen as a little gay bean.

TERRY

Ooph. All that effort for no return.

VANCE

Yeah. Shame. Actually he's a nice enough guy but...

TERRY

But he's a shit actor. And he's in the lead role. The. Lead. Role... are he and Frans having a thing?

VANCE

Couldn't tell you. Haven't asked.

MONICA

(passing the joint)  
I've heard that.

VANCE

(taking a puff)  
Hmm. Would explain a few things.

MONICA'S phone rings. She looks at the number and moves away to answer.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

Hello.

(listens)

Oh good. Thanks.

(listens)

Really? Oh, wow. Great.

(listens)

Um... what exactly would I be doing?

(listens)

Oh. Ok. Yes, we talked about that. I'd be fine with that.

(listens)

Sure. Sure. I'll be there. Yes. I can find something appropriate.

She hangs up and goes back to join the boys.

VANCE

Work?

MONICA

Kind of. Corporate.

VANCE

Nice. Good money?

MONICA

Hmm? Yes. Yes. Good money.

TERRY

Corporate work. Nice if you can. But not for everyone...

MONICA

Not everyone is raking in the film roles Mr. Smarty Pants. C'mon, lets play some coinage. That was good news worth getting a little loaded over.

TERRY

Yes! That's my girl!

He jumps up to give MONICA a kiss. VANCE stops him.

VANCE

No you don't. Don't ruin my digs mate with your foul lasciviations...

TERRY

(playing the part)

But I must have her flesh to sustain me...

They play wrestle to the floor as MONICA looks on, exhaling a hit from the joint.

33

INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAWN.

33

The ward sisters are completing the shift change over. Files being signed for, special instructions pointed out on the patient board, some laughs. Business as usual.

The night shift goes and the morning shift nurse settles at the Nurses Station with a cup of tea. FRANKIE, dressed as a hospital orderly, comes around the corner.

FRANKIE  
Morning Sister.

SISTER 1  
Good morning.

FRANKIE  
I'm here to collect a patient.  
For scan.

SISTER 1  
Which one?

FRANKIE  
Uh. No name. 's a John Doe. Hit  
by a car.

SISTER 1  
Oh. I've just taken over shift.  
Let me check the files.

As she turns away BOOITJIE also in orderly uniform, sneaks in, crouches below the counter and scuttles into the ward.

SISTER 1 (cont'd)  
(turning back with the  
files)  
Here we go. Let's see.

She goes through the files. In the background BOOITJIE moves from one room to the next, checking patients. At one door he stops, and enters.

SISTER 1 (cont'd)  
(going through files)  
No, that's a female. Female.  
Male, but that's a gall stone.  
Female. Male... yes. John Doe.  
Let me see.  
(opens file to read)  
Indian male? Hit by a car.  
Fracture and some grazes.

FRANKIE  
Ja. Must be the one.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER 1  
He has already had x-rays. Leg,  
chest and abdomen.

FRANKIE  
Ja. It's now a scan. Checking his  
head I guess. Long queue this  
morning. It's why I'm here early.

SISTER 1  
(replacing the other files)  
Alright. Follow me.

34 INT. HOSPITAL WARD ROOM. DAWN.

34

BOOITJIE has just finished injecting THE INDIAN with  
sedative. THE INDIAN looking terrified as he slips into  
his sub-conscious. BOOITJIE hears SISTER 1 and FRANKIE  
approaching.

SISTER 1  
I hope they won't be late with  
breakfast this morning...

BOOITJIE ducks behind the curtain surrounding one of the  
other beds. SISTER 1 and FRANKIE enter.

SISTER 1 (cont'd)  
Here we are. Still sleeping.

BOOITJIE steps silently out of the room as they pass.

FRANKIE  
Oh let's not disturb him Sister.  
He should rest.

SISTER 1  
I'll just wake him to tell him  
where he's going. Otherwise...

FRANKIE  
I'm not sure...

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! BOOITJIE is ringing the reception  
bell.

SISTER 1  
For goodness sake!  
(bustling out)  
Hush! Hush! You'll wake the ward.

She goes out into the ward.

35 INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAWN.

35

At the Nurses Station, BOOITJIE rings the bell. SISTER 1 approaches.

SISTER 1  
Hush! Hush! You there! Hush!

BOOITJIE  
(stops ringing)  
Sorry Sister! I was trying to get  
someones attention.

SISTER 1  
Well you've got it. Moes you  
probably got the attention of the  
whole hospital. Where's your mind  
at?

BOOITJIE  
Sorry Sister...

SISTER 1  
What do you want?

BOOITJIE  
I'm here to help the other  
orderly move a patient. I got  
left behind. Went to the toilet.

SISTER 1  
Well he's just...

FRANKIE pulls up with THE INDIAN in the bed. THE INDIAN is  
out for the count.

FRANKIE  
Apologies Sister. My partner is  
still new on the job. Not fully  
up with all the protocols.

SISTER 1  
Well rule number one is that  
patients need rest not bell  
ringing.

BOOITJIE  
Yes Sister.

FRANKIE  
(pushing the gurney)  
Thank you Sister.

SISTER 1  
Wait! Here. His file.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Thank you Sister.

BOOITJIE latches on to the front of the gurney and they make their exit.

SISTER 1

And I hope you washed your hands!

BOOITJIE

Yes Sister!

36

INT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING

36

JOHN is asleep. On his bedside table a single chocolate rests on top of a small card with a cute picture of some dogs.

He stirs. Wakes. His eyes come into focus on the chocolate and the card. He blinks. Confused. Then suddenly aware. YVETTE is not in the bed next to him.

JOHN

Yvette?

(nothing)

Yvette?

He looks again at the chocolate and the card. Picks up the chocolate. Puts it aside. Picks up the card. Swings his legs out of bed. Flicks the card open. Reads. He exhales a sense of relief. Flicks the card back on the table. Picks up the chocolate and stands.

37

EXT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING

37

JOHN stands on his balcony, cup of tea in hand. He takes a sip. He reaches into the pocket of his dressing gown and takes out the chocolate. He places the tea on the parapet and starts to unwrap the chocolate. He bites through half of it. Chews.

JOHN

Fuck!

A look of horrific realisation.

JOHN (cont'd)

Fuck! No.

He turns and flees back inside, sending the tea, cup and saucer tumbling into space, and smashing on the ground below.

38

INT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING

38

JOHN scrabbles through his bedside table. Doesn't find what he's looking for. Jumps the bed and throws open YVETTE'S bedside table. Searches furiously. Checking any scraps of paper he finds Then BINGO! He comes up with a small sheet of paper, a love note. He climbs back over the bed and grabs up the doggy card. Examines the two, side by side.

JOHN

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. NO! FUCK!

On the card is written 'Gone for an early run. Back later. Enjoy the chocolate.' The love note reads; 'Mon chou, you are my everything. My moon and stars and rising sun. Je t'adore. Y.' The handwriting is completely different.

JOHN, panicked and cursing, grabs his phone and dials. He scoops his underwear off the floor, puts it on with one ear to the phone.

JOHN (cont'd)

Come on! I'm calling for fuck  
sakes! Fuck!

He hangs up. Calls again. All the while dressing as best he can.

Hangs up again. Calls again. Shoes on.

Hangs up. Calls. Grabs keys and wallet. And he's out the door.

39

INT. HOUSE NO.2. BASEMENT. DAY.

39

A bright light reveals itself to be a surgical theatre-lamp. In its glow latex gloved hands and surgical gowned arms are working efficiently at an internal operation. Blood, shiny instruments and white cotton swabs. A sterile bowl stands by. Beyond the lamp there is no other light in the room, the corners dark and apparently empty.

40

INT. THEATRE FOYER. DAY.

40

CHARL - 20 something, toned, good looking in a way but pinched, a meanness in his eye - is standing at one of the tables in the foyer nursing a fresh latte. He is diligently flicking through a mens health/fashion magazine.

FRANS appears at the balcony above and observes CHARL for a lingering moment. Then he descends.

41 INT. VANCE'S DIGS. MORNING.

41

MIKE, fresh and energetic, is heading out. He passes the slightly open door of VANCE'S room. He pauses. Pushes the door softly, revealing VANCE naked on the bed where he has passed out with his pants stuck around his ankles and his shirt still stuck one arm. MIKE stands. Looks.

A phone rings in the lounge. Rings again. Then cuts off. TERRY staggers through with the phone, past MIKE and into VANCE'S room.

TERRY

Hey! Hey! HEY! Poes!

He slaps VANCES bare buttocks hard.

TERRY (cont'd)

Hey!

Another slap.

VANCE

What! What the... FUCK!

TERRY

Rehearsal you fuck. You're late.

MIKE walks away.

VANCE

(coming to)

Fuck! Fuck!

He stands bolt upright. And falls straight over again onto the floor.

VANCE (cont'd)

FUCK!

TERRY

(helping him up)

Come! Up. Shower time you dumb fuck! I told you to set an alarm.

Together they stagger out of the room, VANCE trying to finish the undressing as they do.

42 EXT. PRIVATE CASINO 1. DAY.

42

JOHN hammers on the door of a heritage building in the city - sash windows, slate stoep, dutch gabled entrance, well preserved.

A large man in a tux answers. JOHN nods a greeting and makes to enter. The man stops him. JOHN stands back and tries to blag his way in. No go.

JOHN dials again on his phone and moves swiftly off.

43 INT. HOUSE NO.1. DAY

43

REBECCA is showing the entertainment room to someone. We recognise the voice, but as before we never see a face

REBECCA

As you can see the whole house is beautifully appointed. You could easily entertain 50 or more people up here.

THE MAN

We'll only be using the cellar and the kitchens.

REBECCA

As you wish. The house is yours.

THE MAN

And we will make the arrangement to clean after the event.

REBECCA

I understand. Here are the keys.

She hands over a set of house keys and receives a nondescript briefcase in return.

44 EXT. PRIVATE CASINO 2. DAY.

44

A lift door opens to reveal JOHN. He steps out into the private foyer of a very well appointed casino. He is greeted by an ridiculously attractive hostess but it's clear she's just there to turn him around and send him away. He objects, glances through a glass door, calculating his chances. A large man in an expensive suit meets his glance with cold eyes. JOHN retreats back into the lift.

45 INT. THEATRE REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

45

VANCE and CHARL are standing face to face over a table in the middle of the floor, rehearsing a scene from Sam Shepherd's *True West*.

VANCE

(slamming table)

"It's not somethin' you learn out of a Boy Scout handbook!"

CHARL

"Well how do you learn it then! How're you supposed to learn it!"

(CONTINUED)

VANCE

"Ya just learn it that's all. Ya learn it 'cause ya' have to learn it. You don't *have* to learn it."

CHARL squares VANCE with a look.

CHARL

Is that right?

VANCE

Uh, yeah, I think so.

CHARL

Sounds funny.

VANCE

No it's right. I'll check.

Crosses to the director's table, flicks through an open script. Checks the line.

CHARL

Sorry I didn't mean to doubt you.

VANCE

No worries man. The state I'm in...

CHARL

How do you manage it?

VANCE

What?

CHARL

Your... lifestyle, I guess.

VANCE

I'm not sure I am managing it.

CHARL

But don't you feel ... damaged. By it I mean.

VANCE

Often.

CHARL

So why not stop.

VANCE

(considers)

Because there's fun to be had.

(reference the script)

It's right. Amazingly.

(CONTINUED)

CHARL  
Would you ever have something  
done?

VANCE  
What?

CHARL  
To yourself. Like an operation?

VANCE  
What you mean like a nose job?

CHARL  
Yeah. Or something.

VANCE  
Nah. I'm too much of a sissy when  
it comes to medical shit. Plus I  
think I look ok.

CHARL  
Sure. But everyone could do with  
a touch up.

VANCE  
I guess. You want something  
changed?

CHARL  
I don't know. I've been...

VANCE  
I think if you want something you  
should do all you can to get it.  
Anything.

CHARL  
I want my ears done.

VANCE  
Huh.  
(looks at CHARL'S ears)  
What exactly.

CHARL  
I don't know. Tucked back I  
guess. Do you think they stick  
out?

VANCE  
Can't say that I can notice.  
Maybe.

FRANS comes back in from his toilet break.

(CONTINUED)

FRANS  
 (crossing to his chair)  
 Right. How are we doing?

CHARL  
 (sotto to VANCE)  
 Don't say anything.

FRANS  
 Well? Where are we?

CHARL  
 We were just checking a line.

VANCE looks between them. Then takes his place ready to go again.

46 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. DAY. 46

IRENE drives along a leafy suburban street. She passes an incongruously parked ambulance. Glances at the time. Activates the phone.

IRENE  
 (to phone)  
 Call Rebecca.

The car dials through as IRENE turns a corner and enters the drive way of House No.2.

REBECCA  
 (on phone)  
 Yes?

IRENE  
 There's a small problem...

47 INT. HOUSE NO.2. DAY. 47

KARINE is standing at a small table in the entrance hall of the otherwise empty house. A carafe of water, some glasses and a small stack of flyers laid out for the prospective buyers. Two or three couples are quietly moving through the house; looking, discussing in low murmurs and moving on.

Another couple appears at the entrance.

KARINE  
 Good afternoon. Please come in.

Hands them a flyer.

KARINE (cont'd)  
 Welcome to our showday.

(CONTINUED)

HOUSE HUNTER 1  
Thanks. Do you mind if we...

KARINE  
(giggles)  
Please. That's why we're here.

The couple moves off into the house.

KARINE (cont'd)  
(calls after)  
If you have any questions please  
come back to me.

She looks up as IRENE comes through the entrance.

KARINE (cont'd)  
Hello Irene...

48 EXT. BANK ATM FOYER. DAY. 48

JOHN stands on the pavement outside an ATM foyer. A security guard watches him from inside. JOHN dials a number on his phone. Again. No reply.

JOHN  
AAAAH! Come ON!

He's at a loss.

Fuck it. He goes in to one of the ATMS. Punches his PIN in and draws as much money as he can. Puts in a second card. Draws as much money as he can. Puts in a third card. But this card has 'NO AVAILABLE FUNDS'.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Fuck you.

Takes the card out. Leaves the ATM foyer.

49 INT. HOUSE NO.2. BASEMENT. DAY. 49

We are back in the 'surgery'. A final snip and an organ - the kidney - is removed and placed in the sterile bowl. A small organ transfer cooler box is carried into the circle of light.

50 INT. HOUSE NO.2. DAY. 50

HOUSE HUNTER 1 is looking through the various rooms. He passes a short staircase to a closed door. Stops, goes down the stairs and tries the door. It's locked.

51 INT. HOUSE NO.2. BASEMENT. DAY. 51

The kidney is on the point of transfer when out of the darkness we hear a locked door being tried and then rattled.

Everybody freezes. Including the nurse with the kidney. No-one moves a millimeter. The nurses' hands start to shake a little. Her eyes focused on the organ in the bowl.

52 INT. HOUSE NO.2. DAY. 52

His WIFE appears at the top of the stairs.

WIFE  
What is it?

HOUSE HUNTER 1  
It's locked. Must be a basement or something.

WIFE  
Funny place for it. Some kind of storage perhaps.

HOUSE HUNTER 1  
(tries door again)  
Huh. We'll ask the agent.

53 INT. HOUSE NO.2. BASEMENT. DAY. 53

From the darkness the door is tried one more time and we can hear a brief muffled conversation. Silence. The nurses hand shakes a little more. One of the doctors softly steadies her hand with his. Silence. The doctor lifts his hand. The nurse places the kidney in the box. The eyes are relieved. She lifts the empty bowl away. And it slips from her fingers and falls...

54 INT. HOUSE NO.2. DAY. 54

Just as the THE HOUSE HUNTER and his wife move on there is the the muffled sound of a stainless steel bowl being dropped on a cold stone floor. The couple turn.

IRENE  
(coming through behind them)  
How're you finding it?

They turn back to her.

HOUSE HUNTER 1  
Thank you. Yes. Very nice.

IRENE  
Good. I'm the agent on the property. Did my assistant give you a flyer?

(CONTINUED)

HOUSE HUNTER 1

Is that a basement?

IRENE

Utility Room. The sellers still have some boxes stored down there. So it's locked. Inconvenient, but they'll be clearing it completely this week. Let me show you the patio space. Do you entertain much?

Guides them away.

55 INT. HOUSE NO.1. DAY 55

The expansive kitchen of the house. A CHEF and four assistants are busying themselves preparing a long platter. The centre of the platter is bare, yet to be filled, but the CHEF and the team are creating a sumptuous border of sweet meats and vegetables.

Into the bustle comes THE MAN. The staff do not look up. He moves through, casts his eye over the work, and walks out.

56 INT. HOUSE NO.1. DAY 56

THE MAN moves along the corridor, passing a younger man in smart waiters' uniform carrying a case of wine.

THE MAN enters the wine cellar. It is cool, dark and traditional. Arched vaults of stone surround a central area in which a table is being fastidiously set for 13 by two waiting staff.

THE MAN looks over the table then into one of the vaults. It is full of wine bottles. The young man enters to fill the last space in one of the other vaults.

THE MAN takes 4 bottles from the racks and begins to open them.

On the table behind him his phone buzzes. A message. He picks it up. Looks at it; "I have some money for you.". He smiles. Puts the phone down. Continues to open wine.

57 INT. THEATRE FOYER. DAY. 57

VANCE, CHARL and FRANS have finished for the day.

FRANS

Are either of you planning to see the new Fugard?

(CONTINUED)

CHARL  
I'd like to.

VANCE  
Maybe. Maybe not. It's not my...

FRANS  
What are you doing tonight Charl?

CHARL  
Uh... nothing planned. Probably  
should look at words.

VANCE  
(teases)  
Suck up.

CHARL  
(chuckles)  
Fuck you. You're the one who  
should be...

FRANS  
Why don't you come with me. To  
see the show.

CHARL  
You going tonight?

FRANS  
Yes. Come along. It's only going  
to get harder the further we get  
with our schedule. You'll end up  
missing it.

CHARL  
Uh. Ok. Sure. I'll meet you  
there.

They turn to VANCE.

VANCE  
No. No thanks. Not for me. I'm  
happy to skip it.

VANCE makes to go.

VANCE (cont'd)  
See you both tomorrow.

VANCE heads off up the stairs.

FRANS  
Suit yourself. Oh Vance I did  
want to ask you, I've got some of  
that other work coming in. If  
you're interested.

(CONTINUED)

VANCE

Oh. Yeah. Ok. I'll think about it.

FRANS

Tomorrow then. Bright eyed and bushy tailed!

58 INT. HOUSE NO.2. DAY.

58

The ambulance that IRENE passed in the road is now backed up in the driveway of the house. BOOIJKIE and FRANKIE, now dressed in paramedic outfits, close the doors on a doctor, the two nurses and the patient.

In the doorway of the house REBECCA and IRENE watch on.

FRANKIE and BOOITJIE hop up front of the ambulance, fire it up and head out.

IRENE

(as the gate closes)  
Well that was something.

REBECCA

And a something that cannot happen again.

IRENE

What are you going to do?

REBECCA

I'll have to have words with them. It's very uncomfortable.

IRENE

Yes.

REBECCA

And now of course we've seen the Doctor. It makes it tricky. Less safe.

IRENE

Yes. What do you think they'll do?

REBECCA

I don't know. But at least it got done successfully. You sent Karine home? She suspect anything?

IRENE

No. She was happy to go.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Good.

She takes out her phone and dials.

59 INT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S APARTMENT. EVENING. 59

JOHN is standing on his balcony, the lights coming on across the city. He dials again. Listens.

JOHN

Come on. Please. Please.

60 INT. HOUSE NO.1. EVENING. 60

The 13 guests are now circulating around the cellar. Very well dressed. A single woman. Hands hold glasses of wine. The sound is indistinct; whispers and coughs, growls and murmurs. And the faces of the group are never seen...

61 INT. JOHN DRUMMOND'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 61

JOHN sits on the edge of his bed. His head in his hands. He's holding his phone. He is crying softly.

His phone whistles in his hand, a message. He looks at it. It's an image. It shows the platter that we saw being prepared before but this time the center section is filled. As JOHN pulls out on the picture we see that it is the body of a female, naked, lying on its side, and apparently cooked. The head is missing, the feet and hands removed and it is dressed with vegetables like a fancy roast. Absurd, grotesque, but nonetheless appetising...

JOHN

Jesus fuck.

He is absolutely aghast. Then...

JOHN (cont'd)

Yvette. No. No. No. No...

He breaks down sobbing. The weight of his part in this crushing him. Slowly he gains control of himself to a point where he can look at his phone again. Trying not to see the image again he hits reply on his phone.

62 INT.HOUSE NO.1. NIGHT. 62

A long, slender blade is sharpened efficiently on a steel sharpening rod. Around the table the guests are starting to help themselves to the border pickings. Wine is being drunk. The conversation is lifting; laughter and exclamations emerging like simian grunts.

The knife is brought down to touch one of the breasts, ready for the slice. A phone buzzes. THE MAN'S hand picks up, a single message appears; "Anything you tell me to do." The phone is put down. a glass is raised and the knife slices into the breast.

63 INT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. MORNING 63

As before a long haul jet floats into the clear, bright morning of a Cape Town day. A figure is seated on a chair watching the landing. It's not the fat German this time but THE INDIAN man from the hotel. As the plane in front of him disgorges it's passengers up the ramp, he watches and then slowly, gingerly stands. He holds his small bag in one hand. As he moves off we pick up on one of the tourists, a young handsome man, as he climbs the ramp from the plane. A new arrival with needs to be serviced...

64 CREDITS AND MUSIC 64

Over the view of the city from the mountain. A troop of baboons idling their way across the rocks and fynbos.