

Territorial Pissings

Written by
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In loving memory of 1991.

1 INT. DARKROOM

1

A distorted cellphone ringing echoes in the dark as if vaguely in the distance. The ringing elapses momentarily, sounding out in repetition before announcing an automated voice mailbox system. A wave of commotion starts with the recorded message as if the recording was in a crowded room bustling with activity. Inaudible voices and static.

JABZ (VOICEMAIL SYSTEM)

Yo. You missed me. Let me know what's up and where you're at and I'll get at you soonest. Stay based.

The beep of the monotonous message indicator sounds and the recognizably devastated voice of a teenage girl, EMILY, is heard as she tears up at the microphone trying to communicate her desperation through an evident veil of sad hysteria.

EMILY

Hey... Ummm... It's me again. Been trying to call you all morning... ummm...

EMILY's voice breaks, releasing a slight sob that muffles the microphone of the cellphone for a moment before she takes a large breath to compose herself.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I really just need to see you for a bit I think... Feeling really tired of everything all of a sudden, I can't fucking breathe or sleep or eat much. They got me on these pills now and my mom's researching all these clinics online... talking about how maybe this isn't a good environment for me anymore, "Oh you create these problems for yourself that don't exist" and whatever. So... I'm feeling really ummm... I'm feeling really fucked up and umm... yeah... I just don't know what the fuck would be the thing to do. Remember when we talked about how... how... how it must be to drift above everything. Just be... far up looking down and umm.... Air moving and... light...

EMILY inhales deeply, momentarily exhaling into the phone, creating an immediate flood of audio dissonance that intrudes like the sound of a wave crashing in a storm. She's quiet for a while as the sound of a bowl and glass meeting a desk is audible in the background.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Suppose you're busy or sleeping or out or whatever so... If you get this call me if you want or don't... your call. But yeah... if not then... Yeah... see you around... alright bye.

The phone disconnects and the dialing tone rings unattended in the distance.

FADE IN:

2

ESTABLISHER - EXT. JOHANNESBURG CITY - DAYBREAK

2

The city of Johannesburg emerges out of the darkness like a slowly-developing photograph revealing a lost and uninhabited land. The Nelson Mandela Bridge appears at dawn, static with no street traffic aside from the odd foot commuter wandering the streets lost, with no home to go to as the rest of the city sleeps. The derelict inner city a ghost town, its concrete stained by chemicals and trash drifting around or clumped up in trash cans and unattended gutters.

JABZ (V.O.)

This is what Johannesburg looked like on June 26th, 2015. It doesn't look like much and it appears so cause it isn't. Suppose it might be hard to figure now, but it used to be real real nice around here, maybe not in a lot of ways but the photographs used to look a lot better than this. Every now and again you'll hear some older folk say something like "Man... Hillbrow. When I was your age that was where it was at man, all the girls there... pretty, standing outside the clubs at night. Men were men. Sophiatown and the sound of Jazz sitting on the night like new perfume.... Woah man... this place was alive. Johannesburg in the 80's must have been a sight.

Abandoned buildings of previous 1950's glamour appear broken and undressed, windows shattered completely through, no mark up on their dreary faces. The Buildings, home to no-one important. Figures moving within the broken frames as the morning traffic lights below change to no audience.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They'll say things like, "It never used to be like this". What good's that doing anyone now. All our lives it's looked really shitty.

(MORE)

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 No-one from our side of town ever
 wants to go there and it's no
 wonder. Joburg's shit.

In the city begins another morning, silent before the influx,
 as aged homeless Zulu men sleep down-and-out on the pavements
 near street gutters on cardboard boxes.

3

ESTABLISHER - EXT. SANDTON - DAYBREAK

3

Sandton, the jewel of the northern suburbs appears
 triumphant, the absolute vision of a western metropolis in
 rest. A seemingly violent contrast in comparison to its
 borders now being revealed.

JABZ (V.O.)
 This is the northern suburbs. Me
 and my friends live here... I
 suppose somewhere that counts for
 something and things have been
 pretty good since they did away
 with that Apartheid shit so that's
 a good one to mention for the
 undecided tourist.

Store fronts display sleek new European sports cars
 glimmering in high metallic glow under the luminance of
 fluorescent light fixtures. Each an exotic colour that seems
 alien in their African home. Store fronts all peering onto
 the vacant spotless streets as garbage collectors empty waste
 bins. Seen here: the height of modern decadence. The northern
 Johannesburg visage like a photograph of an unknown dynasty.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In... I think it was grade four...
 ummm. In grade four I remember this
 teacher got everyone involved in
 this compulsory raffle drive...
 Think it was for this
 underprivileged school somewhere in
 like an ultra fucked up part of
 Africa. They show you these
 pictures and the kids look hungry
 and look like they really wanna
 learn so you go out and you take
 these tickets home... You're
 selling these tickets, selling
 these tickets, selling these
 tickets. And you're making a
 fucking killing cause they make
 sure the tickets are real cheap. A
 week or so into it, it's you and
 like a mess ton of loose change and
 you're a rich as fuck kid.

Outside the malls, service trucks pull up as young men
 offload foreign produce, televisions and items of economy.

In front of the sleek new train station, buses start their daily commotion as the bus lights and city signs light up awaiting their queues.

Nearby, streets of high walls and guarded residential security complexes stand as patrol cars make their route. Each home as if a military bunker in their fancied isolation from the neighbouring homes or streets. The homes like impenetrable veils of bricks all coloured differently, some dressed in a crown of electric and barred fencing.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I mean you're this kid who knows
shit about anything with a handful
of these sad pictures of black kids
you've never met in your life and
you're trying to get your sales
done right?

4

ESTABLISHER - EXT. JOHANNESBURG CITY - DAYBREAK

4

In the city. Rows of non-commissioned trains lie unanimated in a guarded yard where two young guards kick a ball in-between the carts, exclaiming in African tongue.

The taxi ranks start to sound, growing ever more hysterical as commuters make their way into the crowded and vibrant terminals, alive with side vendors selling home-produced snacks, the blood from sidewalk butchers spilling onto the tarnished streets.

JABZ (V.O.)

So on the last day we're all sat
down with our tins of coins and
ticket stubs and sat next to me...
Man I'll never shake this one.
Sitting next to me is this kid
Gerald, and this kid man... He
looks at the teacher with this
overwhelming conviction about him
and he's like, he says to her...

The city begins to elevate into an excitable and chaotic cosmopolitan image, distinctly African and distinctly apocalyptic all in the same.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"My folks say it's not good to give
money to people who haven't worked
an honest day's job in their
lives... Nothing is free in life
and we shouldn't be responsible for
everyone."

5 ESTABLISHER - INT. SANDTON - MORNING - SUBURBAN BOYS' ROOM 5

A vacant and ultra picturesque suburban road is seen, perfectly manicured lawns lining the sidewalk one after the next, one home in particular proudly displaying an official city notice proclaiming it the best lawn of 2015. In the interior of the room a pair of suburban boys, 8 years old, lie asleep in a bedroom littered with toys, discarded dirtied clothes and empty candy wrappers. They lie asleep in tranquil slumber as a domestic helper hums old African melodies, tentatively collecting the clothes from the floor.

6 ESTABLISHER - EXT. JOHANNESBURG CITY - DAYBREAK 6

In the city, A mother sits on a street corner in Braamfontein, her two kids lie asleep on her lap dreaming away the city.

JABZ (V.O.)

Now... The only reason I bring that up is 'cause I think that could sum up how most people think in my city... about most things in one way or another. People don't really wanna help each other out. That simple.

The woman shakes a tin to a beat as if entranced in the hypnotic, tragically sombre pace of the city accelerating around her. The family unit cuddling tightly for warmth not provided by the cold city morning.

FADE TO BLACK.

7 EXT. EMILY'S PARENTS' NORTHERN SUBURBAN MANSION - MORNING 7

A Sandton mansion, EMILY's parents' home, is seen from behind the high brink walls guarding it. Two elderly black men appear in blue working overalls in the garden as they manicure beds of roses and hedges with an almost clinical attention, talking about the local football league in Zulu. The dew left from generic watering systems rests on the roses, now illuminated by the sun like diamonds. A fourth man is seen in the driveway of the home's decorated main entrance as he collects large groups of dead leaves falling from the trees above the home's driveway.

8 INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' NORTHERN SUBURBAN MANSION - MORNING 8

The grand entrance hall of the decadent home houses high art, family photographs and a grand piano that is being polished by a young African woman, no older than 23. Vacant halls lead to vacant rooms manicured to a bleached white uniformity that appears almost un-welcoming and impersonal as if rooms in a home living magazine editorial.

Two middle-aged African women make a bed in the master bedroom and gossip like giddy schoolchildren.

HOUSEKEEPER #1

(isiZulu/English)

Ay, This girl. 6 Months now she's just at home sleeping all day. Doesn't go to school. Doesn't want to work. Can't help her mother to pick up her sister.. Nothing Nothing Nothing... nothing everyday. Just sitting on the computer. How must a young girl live that? And also one with a money, a big big house. But she wants to sleep?

HOUSEKEEPER #2

(isiZulu/English)

You know the madam, She doesn't want to look after kids. That's the true story. White people don't have the same culture where a mother must watch her daughter, help her to grow. Make sure she's alright in the world. Young girls can do nonsense cause their young you see? But when there's no father or no mother. How must she know?

HOUSEKEEPER #1

(isiZulu/English)

I just can't understand the way their thinking. Where's this girls father? See this divorce thing. There can be nothing like that for us. Now her dad's with a young women in Europe. Sho... The best way is to just clean and keep quite here. Me... I don't understand.

The two women nod in agreement.

HOUSEKEEPER #1 (CONT'D)

(isiZulu/English)

Ay, Thandi, did you see Big Brother last night... Yooh my friend, Can't believe it. The television is making my eyes burn.

Two sets of gates are seen as a sleek, freshly polished luxury car pulls up towards the home.

The gates open, the main first and the second only opening once the first's motors automatically bring it to a close. The car enters the yard sounding muffled classical music from the tinted glass interior as its wheels creep up the driveway. The car stations itself in front of the entrance of the home briefly before a middle-aged white female, EMILY's mother DEBRA, exits the vehicle dressed in a fine pressed black suit, her neck adorned with foreign pearls. She opens the boot of the car as EMILY's little sister, aged 5, exits the back seat of the car typing at a game on her cellphone while DEBRA attempts to carry grocery bags into the home.

10 INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' NORTHERN SUBURBAN MANSION - EMILY'S 10 ROOM

An uninspired and strangely uniform teenage girl's room, EMILY's room, is seen as a television in the room's corner plays a memorial broadcast of the June 16th uprising on a domestic news channel. Images of the uprising's vivid brutality assault the otherwise hyper sensible environment. Violent apartheid riot scenes of school kids - attacked by wild police dogs as the smoke emissions of tear gas shroud the street, creating an almost apocalyptic sense of discord - disturb the otherwise tranquil setting. Pictured on this screen in her room is a different South Africa, and a notably different time than this.

TELEVISION REPORTER

It was routine at the now dilapidated building, which once housed the Izimbali Secondary School in the township of Soweto that both pupils and faculty alike would congregate in the hall that shared the school's gymnasium and primary classrooms for a recital of the Lord's Prayer before the school day began. But on one chilly June morning in Johannesburg, 1969, a prayer was substituted for a song... A hope for freedom sang through turbulent decades in a nation separated and still separating further... This morning sang another song... A song for hope. For a time other than now, where a better life would be optional. Decades later... We remember Soweto.

A half-eaten and slightly matured apple sits next to a hardening bowl of oats and an empty mug.

EMILY is seen as she attaches a home movie camera to a tripod near a window that peers down onto the garden below where the play of children in the home next door creates the soundtrack to suburban bliss. EMILY appears in a white silk dressing gown as she turns the video camera on and positions it out the window, adjusting the perspective. She sits down at her computer to plug in the camera's feed before typing away briefly and starting a live stream. She begins to talk directly to the camera shifting its positioning to address her seating. Photographs of EMILY, JABZ and other friends decorate a dressing table. The photographs speak of a cheerful youth, portraits one after the next issuing a remembrance of racially integrated teens straight out of a postcard campaign of the perfect South African democracy.

No hint of trauma, no hits of prejudice.

EMILY

My name is Emily, I'm 19 years old.
I live in Johannesburg, South
Africa and... and I think it's
really important that everyone
knows...

The vacant corridor outside her bedroom is visited,
disturbing her intimate testimonial.

11 INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' NORTHERN SUBURBAN MANSION - KITCHEN 11

DEBRA crashes through the kitchen door wielding hands full of grocery bags as she talks on the cellphone pressed to her shoulder by her neck.

DEBRA

No Lionel, I specifically said
before we even came close to
signing on this thing that HBR
would not get ourselves anywhere
near the account unless what was
agreed on in terms of dates was
ours to waiver and set... No, no no
no.... Lionel... Listen here.

She hints at one of the African domestic helpers for assistance in the gaps on her phone call. EMILY's sister digs through the grocery bags for an ice-cream attempting to get Debra's attention.

12 EXT. EMILY'S PARENTS' NORTHERN SUBURBAN MANSION - GARDEN. 12

EMILY walks out the home's back exit and to the rear garden of the lavish home... barefoot and in a state of calculated determination. She walks towards an aged oak tree in the bottom of the garden with a skipping rope in hand as the sound of lawn movers and kids swimming in the distance plays on.

She stands on top of a set of pantry stairs discarded near the children's jungle gym adjacent to the tree. She throws the thick cotton rope over the arm of the oak tree before beginning to tie a noose. EMILY places the noose around her neck, exhaling in final delirium. She glances around the garden, gazing at leaves above rustling in the breeze, then further there into oblivion.

13 INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' NORTHERN SUBURBAN MANSION - KITCHEN 13

EMILY's little sister drops her ice-cream inside the kitchen of the home. Her mother tries to address the situation scolding her as the African ladies panic, scooping the fast-melting cookie dough ice-cream off the polished marble floor. EMILY's figure appears in the window as she stands on a chair, noose as neck tie. She jumps off the chair and begins to hang in the background. Her figure swinging out the window of the kitchen as the commotion distracts the attention of the women.

14 INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' NORTHERN SUBURBAN MANSION-EMILY'S ROOM

Issued from the home video camera in EMILY's room, the image of two of the men working in the garden appears on the computer screen as they drop their utensils and run to help. The first of the men attempts to liberate EMILY's lifeless corpse from the tree as the other yells for assistance in Zulu. The memorial programming is still being issued on a neighbouring television.

(Audio: The South African national anthem is heard in a frustrated and sonically indecisive whistle)

CUT TO:

15 STILL FRAME MONTAGE OF THE JUNE 16TH UPRISING 15

JABZ (V.O.)

On the 16th of June 2013, Emily turned out the lights and set her mother's house on fire.

16 MONTAGE 16

A montage of EMILY's ultra sterile and uninspired suburban room elapses before the violent terror on the television is investigated.

JABZ (V.O.)

Suburban South Africa broadcasts violent memorial images that somehow seemed to be disconnected from the new national consciousness. Burning on the screens like something out of a hypnotic 60's B movie, horrors that play out in repetition as if a violent carnival on parade... A statement to what was lost... Re-issuing reminders not since remembered.

CUT BACK TO:

17 STILL FRAME MONTAGE OF THE JUNE 16TH UPRISING 17

Still frames of black youths attacked by dogs in the streets of Soweto, 1976. Single bricks thrust by pedestrian youths as army tanks move in.

JABZ (V.O.)

Black high school students mowed down by high calibre assault rifles in the streets of Soweto... 1976. Outside it was summer and the kids should have been swimming instead of dying. Cool sprinklers and pretty ...

18 SUPER 8 SEQUENCE - EXT. SOWETO PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL 18

A set of outdoor swimming pools in Soweto are envisioned as the kids swim in masses and eat ice-cream under the beating sun.

JABZ (V.O.)

...girls at the public pools... diving boards vacant somewhere nice. 25 cent citrus ice-cream sticks & Bees gathering over the scent of sweet rather than flies over the stench of young meat. Somewhere else on this day kids like Hector should have been... Anywhere else really, It wouldn't matter.

19 EXT. EMILY'S PARENTS' NORTHERN SUBURBAN MANSION - GARDEN 19

EMILY's torso is seen as one of the Zulu gardeners cuts her wool skipping rope with a set of garden shears.

JABZ (V.O.)

For a while now everyone's been trying to figure it out... millions of questions everyone's asking like "Why would she do that and why in that way" or whatever. You ask me it was the 125 channels and nothing to watch that took her. And why June 16th... I don't know man... maybe the violent history of the day got into her head or something like maybe she identified with it for some reason or maybe it's like that thing people say about making a statement. I figure that kids are just fucked up and there's nothing no-one can do for them after a while.

CUT TO:

20 TITLES 20

21 EXT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - BATH- MORNING 21

JABZ lies completely submerged under the water of his bath. He floats in his private oblivion in an almost fetal tranquility as the sound of muffled laughs are heard leaking from the garden below. On the basin counter, a cellphone rings. The phone's dial screen reveals an incoming call from SEPTEMBER.

INT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME- STUDY-MORNING

JABZ's parents are seen as in the study of their grand home as they read newspapers on opposite ends of the table whilst drinking coffee along side grapefruit halves. His mother reads about a recent political scandal that has be pursued by the press.

JABZ MOM

(isiZulu/English)

These politicians... Every two days now there's a new article about Zuma or Malema. Scandal, Scandal, Scandal. Nkandla... now this one is being crazy those are making an alliance, these two want to... want to fight. It's a totally totally different type of politics. It's like these guys are trying to entertain not running a country.

Jabz's father releases and defeatist dramatic sigh.

JABZ FATHER

My love... It is what it is. You can't expect everyone to be Mandela. There was one... one Mandela is even lucky. Politics is politics. Politicians are politicians. Not everyone is trying to do the right thing all the time. Can't be easy.

22

EXT. NORTHERN SUBURBAN PARK - MORNING

22

A 21 year old black youth, SEPTEMBER, sits on a hillside above a suburban dog park with a group of alternative African youths who passionately argue about wealthy relatives and debate various prospects... getting rich young in the family business most notably. Below, groups of women run as dog walkers enjoy the tranquility of the supremely picturesque space. The kids pass around a joint of marijuana as they bicker.

ALTERNATIVE BLACK MALE #1

(isiZulu)

The thing you niggas have to understand is things don't just work one way in this world. There's ways to play these things undercover... understand? Sneak attacks. Just 'cause everyone wants you to take the long way doesn't mean there ain't other ways to get to the same place, understand? I'm not a long route taker, me. In this world it's about connections, nothing more nothing less.

The group of kids laugh hysterically at the sheer nonsense of his arguments, one girl coughing on her smoke.

ALTERNATIVE BLACK FEMALE #1

(isiZulu)

Baby... what the fuck are you going on about now? Long road, short road? You niggas these days think that there's always a special angle... get rich yesterday schemes that no-one knows how to work but you.

ALTERNATIVE BLACK MALE #1

I don't know why you guys are worrying about me. It's fine. You do you and I'll stress about me. I'm just talking the facts here.

(MORE)

ALTERNATIVE BLACK MALE #1 (CONT'D)

You want to go to school for 20 years and then make coffee for the guy who makes coffee for the guy who makes coffee... that's your stories. Me, I'm not wasting time here... calling my uncles directly. You'll see me pulling up to the bridge in some other Maserati just now and you'll all be crying. I'm telling you we out here to get tenders. No time to be poor.

23 EXT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING 23

JABZ remains in his state of underwater limbo for as long as he can sustain.

CUT TO:

24 SUPER 8 SEQUENCE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS 24

A montage of super 8 memories of Emily in hyperspeed

BACK TO:

25 EXT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING 25

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)

Hey... You there?

JABZ's eyes open as if waking from a nightmare. He dramatically sits up in his bath and begins to gasp for air noticing the sound of the phone at the same time. He composes himself momentarily before getting a towel and exiting the bath. He answers the phone, drying himself off with a neighboring towel

JABZ

(into phone)

Yo. What's good man?

26 EXT. NORTHERN SUBURBAN PARK - MORNING 26

SEPTEMBER lies in the lap of one of the girls in the park.

SEPTEMBER

(into phone)

Ayyyy, this guy? Where the fuck have you been.

(MORE)

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

Been trying to call you the past
two days, my nigga. You fall off or
what?

CUT TO:

27

SUPER 8 SEQUENCE - SCHOOL BLEACHERS

27

Super 8 footage of SEPTEMBER sitting on the bleachers of a high school basketball court wearing thick-rimmed sunglasses, a couple of fake gold chains and an oversized white vest as he talks to a girl. A group of boys wrestle for the ball on the ageing, sun-cracked court.

JABZ (V.O.)

This is my best friend right here,
no doubts. Xolani September,
everyone just calls him September
since this time in grade 7 'cause
none of the the kids could
pronounce the "X" in his name right
and everyone thought September was
the illest name anyway... Girls
think he's exotic or something.

Still frames of SEPTEMBER drunk and blacking out in a graffiti-riddled, dirty bathroom stall.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

People talk a lot of shit about
September, they say "Ah the kid's
constantly wilding, these kids with
political parents." And I think
they should all shut the fuck up
cause they don't know this kid.
Yeah sure he's got his bullshit
like anyone else but he's got a
real good heart in his chest. We
go way back to like when we were
little as hell.

SEPTEMBER and JABZ's history together elapses in the Hi8 visuals.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's my dad's house when we were
maybe 3 or so. That's prep school.
The cricket team in grade 5 and
that's last year when he broke his
leg getting drunk at Tanya's place.
The boy's conflicted but he's
alright enough if you ask me.

28 EXT. JABZ'S PARENTS SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING 28

JABZ walks into the living room of the family home treading foot marks on the polished floor in absence of thought.

JABZ
(into phone)
I'm around man. Been trying to keep on a lay low. Over at my ma's place taking it easy as hell.

29 EXT. NORTHERN SUBURBAN PARK - MORNING 29

SEPTEMBER is seen as he walks through the park. A group of middle-class and slightly overweight white ladies in tight black exercise spandex run past. Their less desirable attributes shaking with the thrust of every step.

SEPTEMBER
(into phone)
Nikki's been hollering, Tali been trying to get at you, that girl Rafi was on some "Hey you're friends with Jabz right?" Looking at me with eyes tryna tell me that if I was you she would fuck and you're holding your moms fucking hand? Are you fucking joking? Thought you where pulling through to the bridge last night?

SEPTEMBER looks back at the group of runners in admiration of their figures now tightened by the sweat-drenched cloth. Their unspectacular tone coloured underwear visible through the gaps in the fabric.

JABZ (PHONE V.O.)
Na man, I ain't about that life right now. Been trying to fall back from that whole scene for a while... Just chill out. Figure out what's up this year you know? Gotta get back studying or something.

SEPTEMBER
(into phone)
But on the real that Rafi girl fucking loves you man. I don't understand how you...

SEPTEMBER sighs in defeat, understanding he's on a futile course trying to communicate his point.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)
Makes no fucking sense... That chick's fucking insane though.
(MORE)

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

She used to date Matty Harford back
in high school...

30 INT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING 30

JABZ walks into the kitchen where a portrait of his family sits on the wall like a trophy to the dream won. He opens a fridge near the pantry decorated with Christmas cards and takes out menus. He looks into the fridge before slamming it shut again.

JABZ

(into phone)

Who junkie Matt Harford?

SEPTEMBER (PHONE V.O.)

And story there is that apparently that motherfucker got her messing with all kinds of shit. Kid got all strung out on heroin and shit in first year. Had to go to rehab and shit for a really long time and whatever.

31 INT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING 31

JABZ makes himself a cup of tea.

(into phone)

Man... that's fucked up.

32 EXT. NORTHERN SUBURBAN PARK - MORNING 32

SEPTEMBER goes to sit near the dam towards the face of the park. He sits and watches the rowers as they push through the water in unison, throws a stone at group of ducks congregating by the dam bed.

SEPTEMBER

(into phone)

True shit. But like apparently when she was out there she got like super horny cause heroin kills your sex drive or some shit and she was doing smack with matty since she was like 14 and so she didn't get normal sex hormones girls get. So like now it's like 5 years build up or some shit and she just has to like... fuck....

JABZ (PHONE V.O.)

What you mean has to?

SEPTEMBER

(into phone)

Or she goes mental and needs the heroin... Fuck I don't know how that shit works. Was just versing with Bogosi and he was trying to explain the science but like... I fucking don't know. That kid took biology and shit.

33 EXT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING 33

JABZ walks up the stairs of the home.

JABZ

(into phone)

Speak of... You getting faded or what's the deal?

34 EXT. NORTHERN SUBURBAN PARK - MORNING 34

SEPTEMBER

(into phone)

We over at the dam... You got any dollar? I'm fucked up broke these days, G. My dad's been giving me the cut off since the car incident...

35 INT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - JABZ ROOM-MORNING 35

JABZ enters his bedroom and opens a cupboard. Old beer bottles clink as he digs through. His room's walls covered with various magazine covers, evidently a purposeful protest to the pristine nature of the decadent family home.

JABZ

(into phone)

You're fucking stupid as fuck for that one though. Constantly wilding the fuck out acting like a god dam fucking idiot, it's a miracle your father hasn't sent your ass off to Natal to live in the country with your uncles... raise cattle, kill cattle shit. I mean, it's gonna happen eventually the way you act like you come from the streets, fronting like you don't have a mother that loves you and shit.

36 EXT. NORTHERN SUBURBAN PARK - MORNING 36

SEPTEMBER sits on the bench admiring the dam as he smokes a cigarette.

SEPTEMBER
 (into phone)
 Yeah, yeah I fucking hate myself...
 You got any cash or what are we
 doing?

37 EXT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING 37

JABZ stares out the window of his bedroom. He watches a bird make a nest.

JABZ
 (into phone)
 I'll organise...

38 INT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME- JABZ'S PARENTS' ROOM 38

JABZ is seen as he enters the home's master bedroom. He walks over to the walk-in closet that houses various suits and formal shoes with a commitment to uniformity reminiscent of military mentalities. He looks under piles of T-shirts, inspecting the row of jackets for lost change and discarded bills. He walks into the main area of the bedroom and proceeds to the bedside table that mirrors the one on the other side of the bed. Both made in a pair and both housing pairs of the same items. JABZ looks through the contents of a wallet on one side of the bed near a family portrait taken during a vacation. He takes the bills within, hesitating before returning two of the bills to create the appearance of the wallet being undisturbed.

39 INT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - MAIN HALL 39

As he makes his way down the staircase towards the garage, JABZ runs into his parents, now sweat-drenched from their play and laughing like high school lovers as they hold each other, fondling each other in a playful stupor. JABZ makes his way to the entrance in a rush, attempting to avoid confrontation.

JABZ'S FATHER
 Where you running off to now?

JABZ reduces the pace of his exit slightly, attempting to make his movement seem less purposeful.

JABZ
 I'm going out.

JABZ'S FATHER

And what? Now you forgot how to greet people, huh?

JABZ

Jesus, I didn't see you... calm down.

JABZ'S FATHER

Always got an answer. Why is it that you can never just interact without making it an unpleasant experience, huh?

JABZ'S FATHER (CONT'D)

(isiZulu)

Your problem is... You want to live life any way you want. But you wouldn't know how to feed yourself if your mother didn't protect you from having to go out into the real world and earn a living. I can tell you one thing now... things are gonna get very very different in this house.

JABZ

Listen to your wife.

JABZ's mother rubs his father's back affectionately in a calming fashion in an attempt to dismantle the situation.

JABZ'S MOM

You two put it to rest for one second... please. As a favour to me.

JABZ makes his way into the garage picking up a set of car keys on the mantel piece on his way out. His mother starts gesturing for his father's body to exit the room.

JABZ'S MOM (CONT'D)

Leave him...

JABZ'S FATHER

(isiZulu)

No... Leave him for what now? He acts like he can just do whatever the hell he wants here man. He comes and leaves as he wants when he wants and then anyone asks a question and?

JABZ'S FATHER pauses momentarily, glancing angrily at his wife in desperation.

JABZ'S FATHER (CONT'D)

No No No. It can't just work like that. We not working for a kid here. How much money must we spend trying to make one person just normal, huh?

JABZ'S MOM

Just... let it go. What's the point in you two fighting about the same things every day, huh? Jabulani wants his space, just give it to him.

40 EXT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - GARAGE EXTERIOR 40

The exterior of the home's garage is seen as the sound of a car's ignition from within is muffled by the wooden door. Loud rock 'n roll music becomes audible as the door opens, revealing a jet black jaguar that pulls off without delay as if caged.

41 INT. FILM STUDIO 41

The interior of a television studio is seen as camera lights are rigged up to metal bases and gear crates roll in along the floor. The silhouettes of film producers and directors appear vaguely in the distance as chatter is heard.

A television crew prepares to start a series of interviews relating to the suicide of EMILY in an attempt to investigate young suicides in South Africa and the reasons behind the suicide's public nature. A camera is set up and positioned as a young white girl (22), NIKKI, is seen, an assistant attaching a microphone to her collar.

A clapper board reads "What's Left After Suicide: Dying for Freedom, Take 1, Nikki Interview. June 20, 2015". The camera begins to roll and a voice from behind the camera begins to explain the context of the tapings.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

Okay, So... Nikki before we start we think it's very important you understand that the point of this is not to push you to where you don't wanna go. So if at any point you're feeling uncomfortable please don't feel scared to say so and we will move right on to the next question. Is that alright with you?

NIKKI appears slightly uncomfortable as she shrugs in agreement.

NIKKI

Sure.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

Alright then... I think we might be ready to start...

NIKKI sits fixed in the chair fiddling with the edges of her floral dress, playing with her nails to disperse her evident nerves.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Did you know Emily well?

NIKKI

Yeah... We where friends. Soo...
Umm... We would hang out often. But not close in like a speaking about her family or like... What she was feeling about things or Her as... her. We where friends like most friends. Girls, doing stupid things.... ummm...

NIKKI pauses momentarily in contemplation.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Sorry, I haven't done anything like this before. Where must I... Do I look at you or...

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

No no that's alright... You can look at me like we're just having a conversation. Just... Take a moment and go when you're comfortable. Try give as much as you can and if you have nothing that's alright too.

A moment elapses. The slate moves in to mark the next take.

NIKKI

Yeah, I knew her as well as anyone else in our group did or could have known her. We've been... we'd been in the same year since the start of school and everything. Me, her and Tanya hang out a lot at parties on the weekend and whenever but other than that... Now seems I didn't know so much about her... don't think any of us really did. Like really really actually... maybe Jabz. But... fuck... ummm. Yeah no, I wish I knew her... a lot better than just goofing... I definitely thought I did.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR
So you weren't intimate...

42 INT. TRAVIS AND NIKKI'S LOFT APARTMENT- MORNING

42

CUT TO:BLACK
NIKKI and Travis's apartment is completely dark as the two lovers talk.

NIKKI
You think it's cool if I borrow the car for the for a bit?

TRAVIS sits on the windowsill topless as he opens the blinds of the apartment's windows leaking rays of light through the veil. Johannesburg city appears in the distance from the view out of a high rise studio apartment block. He smokes a cigarette as he muses over the dilapidated city center and it's activity.

TRAVIS
Depends, you filling it up?

From the view of the street below Old African women walk with tubs of corn on their heads, seemingly void of direction as they call for clients as cars and taxi traffic move by.

NIKKI
Yeah, I'm pretty sure I've got a hundred or one fifty I could throw in.

TRAVIS
Where you going?

Nikki is seen in the bathroom covered in a black rob as she brushes her teeth.

NIKKI
Gotta go see my ma... Christ she's been acting super fucking weird the past couple of weeks. Talking like super desperate all the time.

She spits out the tooth paste and rinses her mouth out whilst looking for a brush to comb her hair with.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
Giving me this massive guilt trip of " Ohhhhh you never wanna come home anymore. I'm in this house all day and night alone now. Your brothers never wanna come over. You're out in the city doing Gods know what."

Nikki exhales in frustration as she makes her way to the kitchen.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

So I'm going to breakfast with her quick... I have to go and show her she's loved by someone...

She starts washing some dishes in the sink.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I reckon in her case it would be less of a fucking bother to not be around anymore... As fucked up as that is to say about someone. Like I love my her but really now.

TRAVIS

How you figure that?

TRAVIS puts out his cigarette and sits on the bed, stretching in fatigue. Inside the apartment, books heap on the dressers, clothes lay discarded on chair tops and hang idle on the floor. Sentimental noisy rock is faintly audible from a small portable record player plugged into a socket in the kitchen, sharing the same space as the kettle and a molding loaf of brown bread. TRAVIS digs through a pile of close near the bedside and pulls out a T-shirt to wear.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You're moms just at that age you know. Everything's just moving on, you guys are getting older... mothers get that way. She spent her whole life cooking for you guys, you know.

Travis checks his cellphone which sits on the dresser table.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Don't think that means she's got a death wish. Just wants you to come over once in a while.

NIKKI

But what's is gonna make her happy though. Like at this point. Robs been at out the house since I was in high school. Tony's married now, lives in fucking... Cape Town... like...

TRAVIS

Yeah I don't know...

NIKKI puts toast in the toaster, lighting a cigarette on it. Empty bottles of red wine sit fashioned into candle holders that lie in strategically positioned spaces in the room.

Poster prints of tragic rock 'n roll icons from the 80's (Ian Curtis, Steven Morrissey, Rozz Williams) decorate the walls alongside a large hand-painted Smiths sign on the white wall above the bed.

NIKKI

I'm convinced people have a time in the world, you know?

TRAVIS

Yeah? And what time is that?

Nikki butters her bread. She walks over to the bed and sit up in it resting on travis's lap eating her toast.

NIKKI

Like my mom, right. She's been wasting away since my dad died. Not in the way anyone that didn't know her would notice, but slowly over time... just becoming less her. Less magical, less interested in the world. She hardly wants to go out or make herself pretty anymore and it's 'cause he's gone. I wonder... If she knew that my dad was that time in the world for her and afterward nothing would matter as much maybe she would have gone when he went, saved herself the all sadness and heartaches.

TRAVIS

I reckon most people don't really ever see... or... look at it that way... ever. When shit's really sour and you just lost your job or whatever. Then people kinda for the first time look at life and death and there's something to consider. Most people though... People are optimistic.

NIKKI

What?

TRAVIS

Everyone believes good shit's gonna happen eventually. Which isn't the worst thing. Otherwise people would loss you're jobs and jump out the window.

On the streets below, the world passes by at a reduced pace as if slowing down to isolate the two entirely. Two men talk to a girl against a wall on the sidewalk below as the cars idle past. Nikki makes attempt to remove the crumbs from the bedsheets.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 People couldn't live like that
 'cause life would be too short.

NIKKI
 Yeah sure, But a lot more honest.

TRAVIS seems apprehensive to respond.

TRAVIS
 You mean like... you think she
 thought about it like that?

NIKKI
 Well, I wonder if she thought like
 that. Think she wanted everyone to
 know that things aren't like they
 should be. Fucking Live stream you
 know... Brutal. 10 million people
 saw that. She didn't want it to be
 nothing. It means something, right?

TRAVIS
 Just sad kid.

CUT TO:

43 VIDEO CAMERA- EXT. KID'S PARTY

43

A 5 year old kid's birthday party. EMILY, is seen from the perspective of someone filming on an old home movie camera, The images of an ethnically diverse youth playing and having fun is apparent as if intentionally made so by the photographer. Kids run and play in the sprinkling system on a lawn at the edge of the patio where parents drink.

JABZ (V.O.)
 The world was a real special place
 when we were little..
 91,92,93,94,95,96,97,98... Her
 house, more empty spaces around it.
 They hadn't built the new city
 then. Really beautiful time...
 There was a bigger love floating
 around. The country was so new and
 so was life... for us atleast.
 Everyone seemed so full of
 sentiment and like so full of "Ah!
 What are you, come here, let me
 kiss you." And it was great.

The kids sit around a play set table and eat hotdogs.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Could have been the rainbow hazing
 though...

(MORE)

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The possibility the whole country saw for the good life after the end of terror. I don't know. When great stuff happens it gets people believing they could be whatever they always knew they were supposed to be. But that never lasts... People just go back to going backwards eventually and things turn to shit.

The adults sit at the table drinking wine and laughing amongst themselves in a playful and youth-stricken fashion.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

With us suppose it was like we watched everything get less hopeful for everyone. Growing up is traumatic sometimes.

44

INT. MATTY'S APARTMENT - MIDDAY

44

The interior courtyard of an old and ill-maintained apartment block is seen. Clothes hang from the fire escape made of old rusted metal and fading licks of black paint. MATTY, Aged 30, is seen sitting on a stained couch in his apartment in nothing but underwear and a dirty vest as a haze of cigarette smoke and marijuana fills his cluttered apartment. Drugs, take-aways, cocaine-stained train cards and old mold-riddled cups cover his living room table. MATTY opens his mail with a dirty knife. He reads a formal document of eviction becoming more agitated immediately.

PUNK FEMALE

But what's fucking happened with you guys? I mean you're together then you're not, together, not, you're on, off, on...

A girl is seen in the kitchen as she grabs a six pack of beer off the counter and walks into the living room where the group of punks sit amongst a cluster of clothes, empty beer bottles and miscellaneous objects. Two heavily tattooed girls sit on a two-seater couch cutting lines of cocaine on an old CD case. A mixed group are seen trying to figure out how to plug in a video game as a Zulu gospel music video appears on the television screen issued from a public network.

MATTY.

(Afrikaans)

Na, It's fucking done man.

PUNK FEMALE

But why? You guys always have a million fucking complaints about every single girl you fuck. She's crazy, She's fucking needy or..

(MORE)

PUNK FEMALE (CONT'D)

Or she's sucked every dick thrown at her.

MATTY

Na...She's proper proper fucked, what am I supposed to say, huh? She's just like... I don't know man... fucked... She's completely fucked. I really wish she wasn't like that but... she is.

The two girls do the coke and pass it to MATTY. He takes a line.

PUNK FEMALE

What's the story?... Come on.

MATTY passes the coke.

MATTY

It's...

He pauses contemplatively, clearing his nose as the coke kicks in.

MATTY (CONT'D)

It's the same shit. Same story with all these young girls. She's hanging here a while, everything's great. Great chick, nice energy. Gives me a story about her hard life. So... I'm a nice guy tell her she's welcome to stay as long as she needs until she figures tuff out. Couple days in she's fighting with her mother... Which you know, that I understand, her mom's similarly fucked. I mean she's fucking zoned every time I've seen her. Hyped the fuck up on those prescription pills, you check. Like the first night she moves in we doing some heavy drinking and she's telling me these stories of when she was little and her mom being depressed the whole fucking time... telling her dad she was gonna kill herself and shit... She tells me one night the doctors come and take her mom to this looney house, pumped the bitch full of pills and what not now she a fucking fiend on that shit man.

PUNK MALE #1

Everyone's got shit with their parents dude. Can't say she's the first one to have like...

MATTY

Her old man doesn't know what the fuck's going on... it's hard to figure out if he's like... dumb as fuck or just like... or blind. He gives her cash... not talking change, I'm talking like... like about 7,5/8k a week, just because. She's got a petrol card, credit cards, Woolworths card. And then he's pretty much out of town all year round... So everyone's just over there at his house, basically fucking the life out of this lil girl week after week after week and her old man's funding it.

PUNK GIRL.

Yeah but are you listening to what we saying, though? You guys where having the best time till about 5 days ago.

PUNK MALE #2

Last time we where here you where saying you fucking loved her and shit.

MATTY

I'm too fucking old to understand this parents drama thing. My folks have been buried long ago. So sometimes I think " Hey maybe it's just something you don't know" But the thing is that she's taking it out on me.

He pauses as one of the kids passes him a cigarette.

FEMALE PUNK

Just wait for shit to blow over is all man. Everything will be chilled. You love that bitch don't even pretend.

Old VHS video games are seen on a neighboring television with a plant on its top. Three punks sit around the television playing in an intoxicated and aggressively competitive manner. The one removes the other's remote control and a playful but intensely aggressive fight breaks out between the two as the third laughs.

MATTY

You guys forget... I'm from a different generation to you guys. So this whole slit wrist, larney girl thing I don't get. The whole thing pisses me off.

(MORE)

MATTY (CONT'D)

I don't have time to be pampering daddy's sweetheart 'cause her best friend won't talk to her for a fucking day. There's far too much murder and bullshit happening down the fucking road to spend time nursing little girls' for some pussy, forget it.

MATTY walks over to the kitchen where his phone rings. He searches the cupboard and the sink of the apocalyptic kitchen before finding his phone in a pantry. He answers.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Yo.

45 EXT. SANDTON MINI MALL - MIDDAY

45

JABZ and SEPTEMBER enter the parking lot of a small suburban mall complex. They park the car and exit the vehicle.

SEPTEMBER

So what's the flex?

JABZ

Aight, So remember after Emily's thing, when my folks were wilding out super fierce and sent me to that Crescent place?

SEPTEMBER

Yeah.

The boys cross the parking lot as the morning commotion intensifies.

JABZ

So yeah, they put you up in this fancy ass, like... like fuck off cosy, hospital room with a small lounge, little coffee shop, flat screens... chandeliers just, just fucking glimmering at you like "whaaaaaaa". You just see these doctors, make some shitty crafts and wild out on these pills... keeping elevated. Real real high. That place was real nice.

SEPTEMBER

I never get that shit Tanya was in one of those spots too and she came out bugging out on tranqs... fucking falling asleep in classes and shit.

JABZ

Truest shit, man. It's like a vacation make you wish more nigga's hung themselves. Got these pills on script.

SEPTEMBER

Sounds like I might have to get involved.... Yeah fuck.

SEPTEMBER exhales dramatically.

JABZ

Sounds like.

46

INT. SANDTON PHARMACY - MIDDAY

46

The boys enter the pharmacy and make their way to the back, SEPTEMBER lingering behind at a reduced pace as he stares at the rows of over-the-counter pharmaceuticals and female sanitation products in bewilderment. JABZ makes his way to the back of the pharmacy where he talks with the pharmacist. SEPTEMBER approaches a rack of prescription glasses and cheap U.V. protecting sunglasses. He tries on the glasses admiring himself in the small mirror provided.

SEPTEMBER

Yoooooooo. Shit it's this nigga.
Black Selena Gomez, What the fuck?

Jabz speaks to the pharamsist.

PHARAMACIST

Mr. Mthetwa... How can we help you Sir?

JABZ

Just wanna fill my Ativan script.
And get 15 Zopidem.

PHARAMACIST

No more luck with that sleep, huh?

JABZ

No such, Sir. Just up 10 hours
looking at the ceiling all night.

The PHARMACIST investigates his computers.

PHARAMACIST

Oh that's no good my man. Let me
just... see her... Ah. Here you
are. One second . How's you're old
man.

The PHARMACIST goes to the back on the medical counter. JABZ reads panthlets.

SEPTEMBER changes glasses.

SEPTEMBER

You're face is actually completely disrespectful. You're like... Like Dark skinned Pistorius. Negro Christian Bale, perhaps.

SEPTEMBER laughs indulging his own humour. JABZ is seen as he walks down the aisle in the direction of the cashier carrying a plastic holder of medication. He pauses to look through a row of muscle pain relaxants investigating the chemical makeup.

JABZ

Codeine... codeine.

He examines a particular box.

JABZ (CONT'D)

Codeine.

A neighboring security guard - a young, more rural Zulu man - witnesses his suspicious behavior from a panoramic mirror as the boys make their way out the store, the security guard at the pharmacy's entrance stops them in desire of a search.

SECURITY GAURD

(isiZulu)

What's that in your pocket there?

JABZ

What's what?

SECURITY GAURD

(isiZulu)

Come here... I said what's in your pockets.

SEPTEMBER appears alarmed at the accusation as JABZ takes the offensive position immediately.

SEPTEMBER

Wooh... wooh... wooh.

SECURITY GAURD

Ma bra... can I just quickly search you then. If there's nothing it's fine. But I must do my job understand?

JABZ laughs.

JABZ

Ay, guy... Do you think I came here to steal? I have money my man.

(MORE)

JABZ (CONT'D)

My family's been coming here, ten years now you wanna come playing like I'm a fucking... what? Huh?

The pharmacist notices the commotion and makes an inquiry.

PHARAMACIST

Themba, What's the problem there?

SECURITY GAURD

No boss, There's no problem here. Just want to search these boys here before exit.

PHARAMACIST

No no, thanks fine, Themba. Don't you remember Jabulani... Mr. Mthembo's son.

SECURITY GAURD

Yes... Sorry boss. Just trying to keep everything shap. This place must be one hundred percent, you see?

PHARAMACIST

Yes thanks, Themba.

SEPTEMBER puts on his recently purchased sunglasses.

JABZ

You must listen... listen to your boss.

The security guard appears frustrated as the boys exit. The boys walk across the parking towards the car.

SEPTEMBER

I can't fucking stand that shit. It's that fuck class noise. You got these hard life, hard ass, kasi niggas getting fucked up every time they see these young niggas, you and me. Doing next level, they sad... wanna cry. Ahhhhhh. Then they wanna hate and I'm busy like.

The boys pause. SEPTEMBER gets comically sensitive.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

I'm like... My nigga... My nigga... please. Let me just ball. I was fucking born to... I was fucking born to ball. All fucking day. 24 hours, I mean. It's not easy. It's not easy. I have to maintain my bitches, maintain my swag... I have to... I have to maintain this...

(MORE)

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)
 every fucking day. And these bitter
 hating ass niggas wanna stick me
 for my paper. They won't let me
 be... The hate, my god. We're all
 black out here. No need for no one
 to be Kafferizing the situation.

The boys burst out laughing.

JABZ
 Dude... Kafferizing?

SEPTEMBER
 I just made Kaffer a verb, what the
 fuck? People got jobs but whose
 really working?

JABZ removes a box of pills from his pocket in victorious
 display. The two boys are silent. SEPTEMBER at a loss for
 words as they continue walking to the car.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)
 Don't you have medical aid?

JABZ
 Yeah... but fuck those guys.

47 INT. JABZ'S CAR - MIDDAY

47

JABZ and SEPTEMBER enter the vehicle. SEPTEMBER puts on the
 air condition unit as JABZ opens the blister pack of codeine
 pills. He begins to examine the indications before popping a
 handful of pills and swallowing them.

SEPTEMBER
 How many of those things you
 taking?

JABZ
 8 or... 10.

SEPTEMBER takes pills from the remaining pack.

SEPTEMBER
 I'm not gonna freak out or anything
 right.

JABZ reads from the medical indications.

JABZ
 Na man, says you can take like four
 of these an hour. So that's like a
 guideline... right? So easily
 double that should still be
 alright. It's just codeine type
 shit. One time I took a fucking
 pack of these things.

(MORE)

JABZ (CONT'D)

Blacked out on the couch for
like... like six hours... Crazy
Night.

SEPTEMBER

Yo man... can't you die from that
shit?

JABZ reads further.

JABZ

Yeah... shit. Respiratory failure.
Huh... man that's crazy they sell
this shit over the counter like
that. Fuck... Yeah you can
definitely... You can definitely
die if you took too many of these
things.

48

EXT. SUBURBAN SKATEPARK/DOG PARK - MIDDAY

48

A small and relatively intimate middle suburban park is
pictured as a procession of elderly women jog on a field.
Elderly men walk their dogs as housewives play tennis on the
pristine local courts, laughing hysterically at each fault,
intoxicated on activity and wine. Near the library a group of
young African housekeepers gossip near the children's jungle
gyms as they watch over white babies of their employers.

HOUSEKEEPER #1

(isiZulu)

My new boss... Miss Margret. Ah see
made me a nice nice house at the
back of the house. My friend, you
thing I'm joking. Kitchen, two
plate stove, fridge... DSTV... ah,
she even put a television. I'm
telling you it's the best house
I've ever worked for. No children
in the house to cook for every
night. I can just work and relax.
Watching MTV my friend. Music
Television.

HOUSEKEEPER #2

(Zulu/English)

That show is Satanic. You see that
Rhianna? Black girls in America I
can't understand. It's like there's
not black people there. She comes
on Television in front of the whole
whole world without any clothes.
Just a small cloth covering her
vagina and breasts? Sho, this thing
is crazy. You won't find me
watching this thing. I can't.

In the park's parking lot skaters ride a local half pipe as rock 'n roll bleeds out the boot of a car two kids sit drinking cheap beers on.

Two girls, TONI and MANTE, 21 years old, sit near the base of the ramp watching the Zulu skaters trying to out-trick each other under the shade of large oak trees. TONI tells MANTE about her mother's new boyfriend.

TONI

So my mom's been dating this guy for like 3 weeks and already this motherfucker's trying to act like he's my dad or some shit. So, Tsepho and I have been dating for long as hell and everything's been kool, right? Me and him been going since the start.

MANTE

Too true, you guys been at it since we meet... wait when did we start kicking shit?

TONI

5 years my nigga that's crazy as hell.

The two start laughing.

TONI (CONT'D)

So 5 years me and Tsepho be going and it's super easy. My mom's been fucking this guy like four months now... I'm just hanging at the house, simply living it up for once in my life. He walks in and sits me down, like sitting real close trying maintain eye contact like he's here to fuck me, which is fucking creepy right? Then he says to me "Toni... now I know you're from a different generation to us and there'll always be things we won't understand... That being said you're killing your mom dating that kaffer rap boy.

MANTE

Jesus... Tsepho can't rap though. That's pretty much the first fucking time anyone would...

TONI looks out across the lawn at the joggers and dog walkers in an interval of contemplation that disrupts her reality briefly.

TONI

It's fucking bullshit man... I'm
not about to spend another 20 years
of my life living with those
backward ass...

A fight between two skateboarders breaks out on the ramp
distracting the two girls, immediately exchanging
contemplations for genuine excitement.

49 EXT. SUBURBAN SKATEPARK/DOG PARK - MIDDAY - PARKING LOT 49

In the parking lot of the park two lovers, TANYA and BOGOSI,
aged 23 sit kissing passionately under the shade of the tree
in TANYA's car. The two appear as if in a world of their own
as the music blaring from a neighbouring boot soundtracks
their moment of unadulterated sexuality. BOGOSI attempts to
slip his hand up her skirt in the heat of the passionate
moment. TANYA laughs playfully as he places his hand back on
her waist. The yells of the neighbouring kids and metal
crashes on the skate ramp distract the intimacy of the
moment. BOGOSI's movements become more passionate as he tries
to put his hands under her shirt.

TANYA

Babe... Can we... do you mind if
we kinda take it easy? Slow things
down a second?

BOGOSI recognizes her discomfort and exchanges forwarded
sexual advances to a concerned intimacy.

BOGOSI

Baby... we can take it as slow as
you need to...

He holds her face, pulling her hair back over her ears in a
comforting ritual.

BOGOSI (CONT'D)

I'm not... Like I don't wanna get
you feeling like you have to do
anything you know.

TANYA averts eye contact as she plays with his shirt. Staring
at the buttons in daze.

BOGOSI (CONT'D)

Hey...

Bogosi lifts her chin up.

BOGOSI (CONT'D)

Look at me.

TANYA looks into his eyes with a timid glance.

BOGOSI (CONT'D)

I fucking love you, you know that right?

TANYA

Yeah... I know.

The lovers kiss soft and true.

BOGOSI

I'm not trying to do anything fucked up.

He moves his hands down her waist running it up her thigh and slowly up her skirt. TANYA's phone starts ringing in the car's glove compartment. She panics, undoing her safety belt in a frenzy. She sits in the driver's seat and asks BOGOSI to get the phone out. The screen reveals an incoming call from her mother.

TANYA

Holy fuck.

BOGOSI

What...

TANYA

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

She removes her keys from the car's ignition before exiting the car in a frantic attempt to find a quiet environment to answer the phone so as not to give away her location. She walks around the back of the scout hall where four old Anglo-Saxon men play chess and talk about the old South Africa of obedience and respect.

OLD MAN #1

Bloody, racket these kids make all day. Can't buy you a minute of silence.

OLD MAN #2

Tell you Nigel, There's no sense of respect or authority left in this country anymore. My day, kids were seen... That's it. Nothing more. Now they're left to cause nonsense and run havoc all over bloody town. The streets are dirty, graffiti everywhere... drugs. I've lived in Greenside maybe about 30 odd years now, Nig. 30 flippin years, no bullshit. Past 5 years... I've watched this whole community turn into a flipping nightclub.

(MORE)

OLD MAN #2 (CONT'D)

And now home owners, who might I add have owned homes in the area since half these kids were twinkles in their mummies eyes, are made to feel like what? Bloody aliens? It's a joke, problem is it's not funny but what can you do, ey?

OLD MAN #1

Bloody racket. They wanted change... now everything's changed.

50 INT. SUBURBAN SKATEPARK/DOG PARK - MIDDAY - PUBLIC RESTROOM 50

TANYA walks into a bathroom and answers her phone, almost immediately arguing with her mother in Afrikaans about her whereabouts.

TANYA

(Afrikaans)

Ma... Yes. Remember last night.
Ma... I can't hear you, the line's not good. Ma... Remember last night I told you I was going to the market with Nikki? So her mom's taking us in an hour and we having lunch... at Tasha's. Where you?... Ah that sounds nice. Are you with Stacy? Tell her I said hi. Umm, I'll be home around six or so... Yeah. No ma I promise I'm not gonna drink, I have the my car... Yeah I filled the tank this morning.

TANYA walks over to a nearby standing set of mirrors and examines the redness of her eyes in her reflection.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Ma.... Ma?

51 EXT. SUBURBAN SKATEPARK/DOG PARK - MIDDAY - PUBLIC TOILETS 51

A group of black skaters, 16 years old, stand outside the entrance of a public toilet near a set of rust-stricken kids swings. They pass a joint of marijuana around as two suburban white boys greet them and buy marijuana before leaving swiftly. The boys talk about suburban white boys in their absence.

BLACK SKATER #1

(isiZulu)

So then these white boys pull in and you know they wanna start kak... there's six of them, there's 12 of us...

(MORE)

BLACK SKATER #1 (CONT'D)

Everyone's just chilled, drinking, girls dancing there in the corner. So in come these okes from I don't know where... you know exactly the kind of faggots I'm talking about. Hair slicked back like a fucking chick, lips glossy, It's so cold it looks like it's about to snow in Johannesburg but this poes is wearing a fucking vest at a rooftop bar. He's been at the gym "all bloody year chana... check boet?". Stupid fucking Polo's... like white people don't know they make other fucking cars. NOS, FUCKING TUUUUUURBO charged engine, gum chewing 24 hours straight, glasses at night. Telling you these motherfuckers make cologne stink.

The boys interject each other as they try maintain a hardened thug exterior

BLACK SKATER #2

You know what, ne? Let them do them. My problem is these motherfuckers walk around Joburg like they own it. It's that White sense of "We're better" than anyone else, you see? They learn that shit from birth. Day one. They're getting it in their dumb fuck heads somewhere along the way that Johannesburg belongs to them. Blocking the streets with their "Boet, we taking Jozi back" bicycle clubs. The whole city stops. You see a nigga cross the road when it's gone green in Sandton and he's running. And then they complain about "Now the browns are taking all the jobs." Tell Uncle Steven to sell the fucking Porsche, I'm not gonna cry for you. I have no time for them... sorry.

The boys start laughing.

52

INT. FILM STUDIO

52

The intimate interior of the film studio is seen once more as TANYA sits in front of a camera, the documented interviews progressing.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

Were there times that you can remember...

(MORE)

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

If you think back now that Emily behaved in a... ummm... a manner that might have been... self destructive or indicate a suicidal sensibility?

TANYA

It's hard to say if someone was acting weird when no-one was really paying any attention. We live in sandton you know. Everything's nice... I don't know how to explain it. It's like At church once... There was this girl that used to come to the sermons, sunday school and everything. Everyone was saying how nice she was and how good her faith was. The girl no other girl likes cause she prefect. Never ever made any mistakes. So... Last year she overdosed on some drugs and everyone was sooooo shocked. Everyone was looking at what they wanted to see. who doesn't do that, you know? No-one looks at anyone properly until something happens.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

You think no-one cared about Emily or that no one saw what was happening?

TANYA

Not saying that, just that people don't really care about what's happening to the guy next door.c Cause everyone's living their own lives. Most people want to eat Woolthorths and be left alone... Most people don't have her those demons.

TANYA takes a moment of contemplation.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

Why do you think that is Tanya?

TANYA

The world is very sick now. I guess, if people get hurt and they don't have any faith, that kind of person can feel like no one gets it and no one's gonna help them and they kill themselves. Which isn't true cause there's always another way... Dying like that... it hurts other people too.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR
 You and Emily where friends though,
 right?

TANYA
 Yes.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR
 Do you think suicide is a sin?

The camera rolls on as she sits.

53 INT. JABZ'S CAR - MIDDAY

53

JABZ and SEPTEMBER appear as they drive through a Jacaranda-shaded street in the northern suburbs listening to college radio as SEPTEMBER mixes a concoction of whiskey and soda in the passenger seat. JABZ looks into the distance watching the passers-by as the car motions forward.

(cut audio to: Telephone
 call flashback)

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)
 Sometimes I think... people get
 lonely 'cause of how the world
 works. You look at a kid, yeah and
 there's nothing there but love you
 know what I mean.

JABZ gazes further, absently, into the distance as if
 entering some kind of trance.

CUT TO:

54 SUPER 8 SEQUENCE - STREET

54

Super 8 video of EMILY walking down the street in school
 uniform with NIKKI and TANYA laughing as if seen from the
 perspective of a follower

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)
 But something happens to people and
 then they forget how to give like
 that. That's the saddest thing in
 the world.

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)
 How do people stay happy then. Not
 everyone's miserable. Most people
 aren't too....

CUT TO:

55 SUPER 8 SEQUENCE - OVERLOOKING CITY

55

Super 8 footage of EMILY at sunset looking over the city as her hair blows in the wind. She turns to the camera and smiles.

SEPTEMBER (V.O.)

Ay yo... Jabza... yo nigga.

56 INT. JABZ'S CAR - MIDDAY

56

JABZ is seen as he is woken by the hooting of the streets they drive on. The music blaring in the interior of the car and the car cruises through the suburbs. SEPTEMBER sits in the passenger seat pouring a half jack of rum into a cola bottle rambling on about a sexual encounter.

SEPTEMBER

So this girl's flaming out on me man... I'm talking on some fucking Charlize Theron tip, right. Girl, rolls in smelling like fucking coco butter and shit, She's got this mad pretty ass. Lips you only kissed in a dream, son. So I'm like wilding the fuck out for a minute on some "Shit, son you must be in fucking heaven or some shit this girl's like inter-dimensional, like. I'm falling in love. So whatever right. I'm flexing with this mami like a couple weeks, we on that text, she dropping me mad inboxes. It's fucking insane with the whatsapps. bloop, bloop, bloop. 3 minutes ago, 1 minute ago, 15 seconds ago. Hearts, smiley faces and shit. I'm mean you know me my nigga I'm not one to jump off but I'm thinking "September, this might be the girl." Like it's that serious.

So we start kicking it casual. After a while I'm fucking her right. 'Cause that's what I'm tryna do. One night, I drive her back her way and she sees a car in the driveway and looks at me like "Oh shit", I'm like "What's up.. We cool or what?" Home girl gets at me on some "Yo man, think it's better if you just drop me at the corner or some shit, my dad's back and... He's not like proper racist or nothing he's just old school, you know.

(MORE)

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

And she's telling me this in some super laid back kinda matter-of-fact way. Which is what pisses me off. I can't stand that shit. If the nigga was lacing up 90's platforms... call him old fashioned. If the man's a racist call it.

JABZ

Na man, See that's where I don't fucking get you. Always some black guilt shit all fucking day when the fact is, you got ask what you fucking girls from Pretoria for like you don't know what fucking country you're in? What did you think was gonna happen?

The boys' car pulls up at an intersection in Sandton. The black metals of the car now baking in the heat as a homeless man is escorting a man with one leg through the aisle in-between the lanes of cars as the one-legged man sings and shakes a tin mug of coins in a plea for money. The other man carries a sign that reads "I don't believe in crime, please spare change, Good bless Africa" that dangles from his neck on a strap of string and duct tape. JABZ lowers his car windows to let cool air in as the two homeless men approach. He gives the men a bunch of coins he had discarded in the car's cup holder as SEPTEMBER looks at him blankly as if in total surprise.

JABZ (CONT'D)

Life's fucked up man. People really don't give a fuuuuuuck. It's like... you ever wonder how people like in these crazy cars with like all this money feel like pissed off when a guy with nothing asks for a coin.

SEPTEMBER

Everyone's got a hustle man. You talking about this nigga? Your problem is you think everyone's got this hard card. "Oh life is so hard, my mom used to beat me". The fact is people will just as easily slit your throat for a phone as they would shake your fucking hand and, best believe, niggas are all out here looking out for themselves trying to get fed, get rich, maybe get some pussy on the side. And these motherfuckers? Please... Every last one a hustler.

(MORE)

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

Wave a 100 note trust me
motherfuckers will start growing
limbs... fast as fuck. And it ain't
even nigga's fault. This used to be
Africa.

JABZ looks evidently bothered by SEPTEMBER's reasonings and
need to voice them.

JABZ

So what's the mission?

SEPTEMBER takes a large swing of the alcohol concoction. He
bangs on the dashboard as the alcohol burns and a wave of
excitement rushes through his body.

SEPTEMBER

This nigga wants to get fucked up.
Oh shit... oh shit.

57

EXT. ABANDONED SUBURBAN PARK - NOON.

57

A desolate abandoned children's playground is seen. TRAVIS is
seen standing/swinging on a swing. He jumps off and walks
over to a merry-go-round where NIKKI is lying watching the
clouds in the sky pass by. He lies down next to her. They
rock the merry-go-round from side to side while NIKKI smokes
a hand rolled cigarette.

NIKKI

Trav....

TRAVIS

Yeah...

NIKKI

You ever wonder where we go when we
die?

TRAVIS

I try not to think about it much if
I'm honest.

NIKKI takes a large drag of her cigarette, shutting her eyes
as the smoke enters her chest in comforting ritual.

NIKKI

I just gotta believe there is
something more out there...
Something boundlessly beautiful
somewhere hidden just over that
mark in the sky that eyes stop
seeing...

The two squint as they look at the sky.

TRAVIS

Where?

NIKKI points.

NIKKI

There... It's like... It's like sometimes I feel there's this truthful thing inside of me that doesn't seem to recognise this life... the fucking... the fucking no-end towns, no-end jobs, middle-class suburban shitsville... I mean surely that can't be the end of everything we know. Like we die and we're just... dead. All the heart we put in just useless... From nowhere to nothing with no clues in between. Life is too personalized to be so impersonal, if you read what I'm getting at.

TRAVIS

Yeah, well I suppose...

A silence elapses.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You scared of dying?

NIKKI

I don't know... Sometimes I feel really excited by the idea. Like... like death is this vacation we all get to go on together in the end... like a forever vacation you don't have to come home from.

TRAVIS

Well That's fucking grim....

Travis exhales deeply as he turns to study the expression in Nikki's eyes before looking back at sky.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You got a smoke?

NIKKI

Yeah...

NIKKI passes TRAVIS burning cigarette.

TRAVIS

And the other times?

She rubs her lips with her thumb as if she's lost in contemplation.

NIKKI

Sometimes I grasp for a moment the full extent of what it actually means to die. Kinda linking myself to this like... wide ass fucking nothing. Disappearing from myself. Love, desires, dreams, thoughts... even fears... gone. I can see my funeral... A eulogy with my name in it... see this boxy... wood... kinda varnished coffin with this cold lifeless nothing that looks like me in it. Everybody arrives but I'm not home anymore. And I think... I... I don't think I know it makes me wanna cry. Cry a bit for myself and a bit for my friends, suppose.

TRAVIS

I kinda... try push that to the back of my mind and not spend too much time on it. I think... I'm talking for the most part. I think, we are all kinda not supposed to really understand what's happening to us. We're really supposed to care about all these things that don't matter. Leave home for university. Become something, grow old, move back to Sandton... I really fucking hate how uninspired everyone has kinda drawn out my life to be.

The two are quiet momentarily as they watch the clouds pass by.

NIKKI

I'm scared.

TRAVIS

I don't wanna live like life isn't important anymore

NIKKI

I don't really wanna die, Trav.

The two lovers hold hands as they journey out of the city in their minds.

FADE TO BLACK.

The camera rolls in the studio interview. SEPTEMBER sits as the synthetic cinema light beats down on his face.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR
You comfortable, September?

SEPTEMBER smiles as he confidently adjusts his purposely oversized plaid shirt.

SEPTEMBER
Yeah man, ask me anything you wanna know... Anything.

Chatter is heard in the background as if from behind the camera as the shot setup is being adjusted.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)
No-one's gonna believe this shit...
You guys gonna make me famous? I'm
gonna be a straight movie star or
what?

There's momentary mumbling in response off camera.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)
They pay you guys a lot, huh... You
guys get a lot? Ah, I beat they do.
Let me direct my mother fucking
self right now.

The clapper board claps take two.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR
Do you think there are a lot of
depressed suburban kids in
Johannesburg?

SEPTEMBER contemplates momentarily.

SEPTEMBER
I don't know if it's that kids are
just really depressed or if it's
like most kids... like... ummm... a
lot of kids in our group of friends
and stuff just never really had
anyone who really gave a shit. This
Emily girl thing right. Like I went
to parties with that girl and she
would get totally fucking wasted
and like fuck some dude or make a
scene or whatever and then, Monday
she's in school like nothing
happened.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR
Her parents didn't notice?

SEPTEMBER
Who gave a fuck is all I'm saying?
Man... we all got our own shit.
Fuck.

(MORE)

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

These are hard questions for the wrong nigga.
We just doing dumb kid shit man.
Having funny. Some people can't handle.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

You ever considered suicide?

SEPTEMBER

What killing myself?

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

Yeah?

SEPTEMBER

Shit... I've never ever ever ever thought of killing this nigga.
white people are fucking crazy...
doing shit that makes nooooo sense.

59

EXT. SCRAP YARD - AFTERNOON

59

Two Zulu girls in adapted/personalised school uniforms, THANDEKA and NOSIPHO, are seen as they walk through an old scrap yard. The one girl holds a cigarette behind her ear.

(isiZulu)

THANDEKA

So did it like... hurt?

NOSIPHO

Yeah kinda I suppose. Well in the start at least.

THANDEKA

What you mean?

NOSIPHO

Well it would... It kinda wouldn't go in at the beginning.

THANDEKA

What did you do?

NOSIPHO

He just kept at it until it was in, I don't know... Jesus Thandi. It's not anything too scientific or complex or anything.

THANDEKA pulls the cigarette from behind NOSIPHO's ear.

THANDEKA

Just asking... fuck... Relax.

NOSIPHO

It was pretty sore, I suppose. But nothing like the stories you hear about or anything... Kinda like... bearable I guess... And also it's like...

THANDEKA

What...

NOSIPHO

It you know.

NOSIPHO gestures timidly, subtly implying that the boy had a large penis. A momentary silence elapses.

THANDEKA

Just felt pretty sensitive the next day. But otherwise... It was more kinda... Being... Like the intimacy with him that was kinda fucked up and emotional.

The girls find a scrap to sit on and light the cigarette.

NOSIPHO

You speak to your mom or anything...

THANDEKA

Na.

NOSIPHO

But your mom seems pretty cool with shit for the most part.

THANDEKA

Yeah I suppose....

THANDEKA takes a drag from the cigarette.

NOSIPHO

I guess I wanna tell her...

THANDEKA

Buuuut?

NOSIPHO

It seems like the timing's kinda fucked. She's been a wreck since my dad got remarried and what not. Not to mention the whole "sister getting kicked out of uni" thing.

NOSIPHO takes the cigarette back.

THANDEKA

Sooooooooo.... What you gonna do?

NOSIPHO

God, I'm not pregnant or anything... Sooooo nothing. There's nothing to do. Had to happen eventually.

THANDEKA

Still kinda hard to wrap my mind around... You and Dill... like... there... fucking. What the fuck actually?

NOSIPHO

Well think it's best to get it over with before school ends. Don't wanna be the virgin in first year... That's fucking weak.

THANDEKA

I suppose... Think for me there's just like... ummmm

NOSIPHO

What?

THANDEKA

No-one to do it with that I don't hate myself already for thinking it with.

NOSIPHO

Don't get what the big fuss is... sex... Isn't romantic.

60 EXT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - MIDDAY

60

The sleepily Jewish suburb of Glenhazel passes in a pace that seems even more reduced than that of the rest of the northern suburbs. Long-haired brunette school girls pass in knee length skirts, conversing with the Yiddish boys in thick rimmed top hats and hair curls. Old ladies converse outside of a kosher bakery, small corner cafes decorate the streets.

CUT TO:

61 INT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS HOME - RAFI'S BEDROOM
SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE

RAFI and TALI are seen in their matching bikinis as they jump on the bed in RAFI's bedroom, their hair flowing in the air with each descent.

(The offbeat monotonic pop music of THE SPACELADY plays in the audio foreground)

JABZ (V.O.)

Rafi and Tali love their pussies. They fuck boys 'cause they love to and 'cause it gets them off, far off where they wanna be. They aren't pressured by circumstance. They're not trying to fit in. You won't find them crying and jerking, drunk behind a shed at a party, Na. I love these girls cause they're the baddest bitches I know. Real deal shit. And they love me... well... Like I said they love me 'cause they love their pussies and cause these girls like Tali & Rafi love to fuck & get far out wavy.

62 INT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME - RAFI'S BEDROOM

Three 21 year old girls, TALI, LAUREN and RAFI, are in the bedroom of a modest middle-class home listening to hip hop on college radio as they wax their legs. TALI and RAFI appear in matching polka dot bikinis as RAFI applies a thick layer of wax onto TALI's right leg. The television plays infomercials that LAUREN absently gazes at.

(SOUTH AFRICAN ENGLISH
WITH HEBREW SUBTITLES)

RAFI

Alright... One, two, three

She rips the waxed strip from TALI's leg, chewing on a stick of chewing gum.

TALI

Yahsis... you gonna rip half my bloody leg off. Calm the f down with that. Have you ever actually done this before? Like I don't wanna be a bitch but like do you know what the fuck you're even doing right now?

RAFI

My God... you such a fucking baby. It's not my fault you got manly legs. Do you even know what a shave is. Is this the first time you've had a shave in your whole life.

Tali examines her legs.

TALI

I'm not the one who loves fucking these jungle book boys. Look...

(MORE)

TALI (CONT'D)

It's bleeding now. Pulled off my
half my god dam skin.

RAFI

OMG that's so racist. I... I can't
Actually believe I'm friends with
you.

LAUREN listens in while keeping her gaze fixed on the
television.

LAUREN

Yeah, Tal that's so wrong.

TALI

Don't look at me like I'm crazy...
You're parents would freeeeeek out
completely.

RAFI

Shut up no they wouldn't

TALI

Is it? I would love to see you
bring one of your boys to Shabbas
next friday.

RAFI

Well maybe I will.

TALI

You're so delusional my god. Ronnie
would fuck him up. Immediately...
do you even know that? Like have
you really thought about that
seriously now.

She rubs the leg and gives it a slap.

RAFI

Smoother than the day you where
born.

TALI

Ya but it's flippin sore now.

RAFI

Shut uuuuuuuuuup.

She shows TALI her own reflection in a small hand-held vanity
mirror.

RAFI (CONT'D)

You're a sexy bitch hey? The boys
are fucked.

She picks up a brush and starts combing Tali's hair as Tali
admires herself.

TALI
Yaaaa. Whatever.

A cellphone starts to ring on a neighboring side table. RAFI gets up and runs over to the phone. A text message from SEPTEMBER appears on the screen.

SEPTEMBER (TEXT MESSAGE)
Yo... What you broads getting up to later? Wanna pull through, Greenside ways and get faded? Or we pull through your side... either way. Xx

LAUREN
Who's it?

RAFI
September... wants to know what we getting up to later.

TALI
What's the story there anyway? Saw you two outside the bridge last night... looking in each other's eyes. Acting like nobody can see you. Gosh, get a fucking room.

63

EXT. MELVILLE STREET CORNER - MIDDAY

63

Somewhere else in the suburbs, the black chariot that drives JABZ and SEPTEMBER pulls up alongside a liquor store in Melville adjacent to MATTY's suburban drug den. The boys spill out of the car, evidently intoxicated and more jovial now. SEPTEMBER dons designer sunglasses as he trips on the sidewalk on his way out of the car.

(cut audio to: Telephone
call flashback)

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)
You ever felt like the world was too fucked up?

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)
People are fucked up. The world gets fucked because of it. People... People couldn't be bothered with each other anymore.

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)
You think I'm fucked up?

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)
Yeah... Probably. If you're not then you could become fucked... At any time.

(MORE)

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O) (CONT'D)
 Not 'cause you're a bad person,
 because you're human. And people
 can be shit.

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)
 I don't know about that one.

64 INT. MELVILLE LIQUOR STORE - MIDDAY

64

Two young boys stand out side the liquor store front. On a
 cellphone looking at a video on their phones.

LIQUOR STORE BOY #1
 This shit is fucking crazy man.

LIQUOR STORE BOY #2
 Dude I don't even wanna see that
 shit man.

LIQUOR STORE BOY #1
 For me it's... It's just so wild
 that you can download someone dying
 on Pirate bay... and that's totally
 legal. You can't even download
 blueprint 3 these days.

The first boy laughs in shock.

LIQUOR STORE BOY #1 (CONT'D)
 Oh my God that's so nuts.

The second boy gets uncomfortable and pushes the boy in an
 attempt to get the image out of his view.

LIQUOR STORE BOY #2
 Dude turn that shit off, man. Fuck.
 Come on.

JABS and SEPTEMBER walk past as they enter a corner liquor
 store talking over each other in a passionately drunken
 delirium.

LIQUOR STORE BOY #1
 My man... I didn't put this shit
 online. That bitch was fucked for
 real. Yoooooooh.

INT. MELVILLE LIQUOR STORE - MIDDAY

SEPTEMBER
 You registered for first year?

JABZ
 Na, man fuck that. I'm not trying
 to be starting with that shit yet.
 (MORE)

JABZ (CONT'D)

My parents are on my ass. Like my old man's always like... what you gonna do, what are your plans. Been trying to tell that motherfucker to step the fuck off me. Can't fucking breathe. But no... every fucking day. "Jabz do this, do that... what's wrong with you?" It's like do something else with your time man... Get a hobby or some shit.

JABZ looks through the aisles of bottles. A group of rowdy white male youths walk in, evidently intoxicated in a jovial sing song.

SEPTEMBER

I read you, man. My mom's mad bugging out these days. She's freaking out about this degree shit on the daily. I don't wanna fucking study shit. Education can suck my dick. Straight up. Out here trying to be rich and alright man...

The group of white males make their way to the aisle JABZ and SEPTEMBER walk.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

(mockingly)

Ma's like "You know what happens to black kids in this world without an education? Hey?" Shit, I gotta start rapping or some shit... telling you shit's depressing.

JABZ kneels down to grab a bottle of whiskey from the bottom shelf as one of the rowdy boys talks to a friend, backing down the aisle in reverse. He eventually bumps into JABZ as he stands up, breaking the bottle on the floor. JABZ instantly becomes evidently aggressive as if he had been violated.

JABZ

Ay... what the fuck do you think you're fucking doing man.

ROWDY BOY #1

Hey... I'm sorry my brother.

JABZ

I'm not your fucking brother. Do I look like I'm related to you, boet?

SEPTEMBER appears uncomfortable at the sight of a confrontational situation. He pulls JABZ by the arms as if to drag him away from the situation.

SEPTEMBER

Chill man... Just take it easy.

ROWDY BOY #1

Listen chana, I apologized. What else must I do, hey?

JABZ

Ay man... fuck you.... Fuck you.
Fuck you.

The remaining rowdy boys hear the commotion and begin to make their way down the aisle.

ROWDY BOY #2

Is there a problem here, gents?

ROWDY BOY #1

There's no issue here. My man, let's just get some dop and carry on with our lives. You need to calm down my man.

JABZ

Don't fucking tell me to calm down.

SEPTEMBER appears increasingly anxious as the group of white athletic boys gather. He pleads for JABZ to withdraw.

SEPTEMBER

What the fuck's wrong with you man. Let's go. Calm yourself the fuck down.

ROWDY BOY #2

If your friend's got a fucking problem I'll sort it out for him, quick quick.

JABZ

What the fuck you say, man? You don't know me. Don't act like you know.

At the till in the front of the store, the cashier notices the increasingly heated interaction in the store's rear-view mirror.

CASHIER

Hey. Hey.... Hey. If you chicks back there wanna hold each other's hands, go do it at home. Take your bullshit outside, please. Thank you.

ROWDY BOY #1

Let's just fuck off.

The boys begin to dissipate.

65 EXT. MELVILLE STREET - AFTERNOON

65

The boys exit the liquor store, a black bag filled with bottles in tow. SEPTEMBER looks overcome with relief after the near-physical dispute. JABZ appears more overrun with angst than moments before.

SEPTEMBER

Dude... You gotta relax for real.

JABZ is silent as he tries to calm himself down. The boys reach the entrance of a building that evidently lacked refurbishing since the days of the old regime. The building, proud and regal decades ago, was abandoned by wealthy interest at the start of the new South Africa as the conservative money bet against the chance of ethnic harmony under a shared room. The boys look up at the building.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

Shit son.

JABZ

You sure this is Matty's new spot? Didn't that kid used to live with his mom at the condo set up at the Michael Angelo?

SEPTEMBER

Man, you know these junkie type white kids like fronting like they don't have a home. This is his Grans old haise. The Nigga's still living.

JABZ

And a butler.

The boys approach the multi-unit intercom system as JABZ looks for MATTY's name on the dial. He buzzes the intercom sounding the monotonic dial tone.

66 SUPER 8 SEQUENCE - MATTY HOUSE - NIGHT

66

Super 8 of MATTY in a white dressing gown slow dancing with two girls in white underwear in a passionate drug induced frenzy. Old time big band love ditties echo in the distance as the group dance in his living room. The two girls hold MATTY between the two of them as he collapses in a heroin sink. He laughs as he drools as he laughs and the girls prop him up for a another dance.

JABZ (V.O.)

Matty never felt a day of love in his whole entire life.

(MORE)

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I could never figure it out...
underneath all the show time
reality he's a super beautiful boy.
And you'd think all beautiful boys
would be loved. Matty's one of the
older kids but he's really young in
his soul still and all the young
kids dig him.

A topless girl is seen sitting on a single seater couch on
the edge of the darkness, smoking. MATTY dives into her,
kissing her passionately as the other girls dance and kiss in
intimate learning.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I could never really figure,
clearly at least... I could never
figure out if Matty sells drugs
'cause he needs the money or if
Matty sells drugs 'cause he needs
the love drug lifestyles are about.
Apparently in his final year
Harford got picked up for dealing
pot. They through him out and his
parents did the same. Ever since,
Matt just seems to be having a good
time. It's Matty you know... Matty
sells drugs.

67 INT. MATTY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

67

MATTY is seen in his apartment as he staggers towards the
intercom in a white wedding dress. His hairy muscular chest
intruding over the dress' frame. He walks into the kitchen
momentarily, standing confused in its centre before walking
towards the front door and picking up the intercom.

MATTY

Yo.

68 EXT. MELVILLE STREET - AFTERNOON

68

SEPTEMBER

Matty matt. It's those kids.

MATTY.

Ahhh... The wrong boys. Come up.

He buzzes the entrance gate open.

69 EXT. MATTY'S APARTMENT - COURTYARD

69

Through the courtyard the frenzied boys move in a slight
stagger.

Past the barbed wired gate and into the back of an uninspired, sterile courtyard that houses a set of washing lines covered with the patterned cotton undergarments of the ladies that live there and the cheap white work shirts of the lower middle-class men living with the ladies.

JABZ

I tell you this much my nigga...
The world's fucking crazy.
Everywhere... One day... one day
everyone's gonna turn on each other
like fucking savages. And more and
more I'm deciding like fuck
everyone. They get what's got.

SEPTEMBER looks at JABZ in bewilderment.

SEPTEMBER

What? Dude what are you even
talking about? You're make less and
less fucking sense everytime you
open your fucking mouth. You need
to chill with that satanic shit on
the real.

The boys travel down the corridor and into MATTY's apartment where the punks play video games on a small television and listen to old DIY GBH records on the vinyl record player. Two punks sit on a one seat sofa kissing passionately in cocaine-fueled sexual euphoria. MATTY, covered with homemade punk tattoos throws his arms around the boys in excitement and welcomes them in.

MATTY

Baby boys. Come in here for the
real thing, huh?

He rubs JABZ's head, affectionately kissing it in adoration.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Where in the fuck you been. It's
been time, brother. What's your
story... Wait wait. Come sit the
fuck down, sit sit the whole
squad's around.

SEPTEMBER and MATTY make their way into the living room as JABZ makes his way to the bathroom.

MATTY (CONT'D)

Well?

JABZ

Matty... let me use your bathroom
real quick.

MATTY sits on the couch making himself comfortable.

MATTY

Go for it.

In the bathroom JABZ wets his face trying to gain a sense of composure and silence from the atmosphere and excitement of the day. He locks the door and sits on the toilet cover with his head in-between his legs as if in a debilitating fatigue.

70

INT. FILM STUDIO

70

In the studio the camera rolls, JABZ sits centre stage in a white formal shirt and thin black tie. He is paused, suspended in a profound state of contemplation as the studio lights beat down on him.

JABZ

I don't...

He pauses once more and takes a deep breath.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

Do you know why Emily might have wanted to die?

JABZ looks at the figures behind the camera in a daze as if overwhelmed by the directness of the question... He pauses momentarily as his eyes well up.

JABZ

It's hard to... Figure. Don't think anyone knows that besides her.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR

But you must have thought about it to some level... In you're, In you're opinion why do you think she did it in that manner... I mean to put her death out in the world like that is a pretty big statement to make. It's a kinda unusual thing... Even in the context of a suicide.

Jabz is moved to silence.

INTERVIEW DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Why do you think she live streamed her death?

Jabz pauses speechless... looking at the ground in a daze before looking up.

JABZ

Immortality...

He looks to the interviewer

JABZ (CONT'D)
 She can't die now.

71 INT. MATTY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

71

There's a knocking on the door of the bathroom that wakes JABZ out of his contemplation. He exits the bathroom as a young punk walks in. He walks into the stuffy unkempt living room where SEPTEMBER is the room's focus as he relives a blow job flashback with the groups of punks. The intoxicated kids listen in child-like anticipation as if it's a story read by a play school teacher.

SEPTEMBER
 (flashback sequence)
 Sooo.. So I rock up at the broad's pad, like... what was it... Wednesday midday? Tuesday... So Tuesday I pull up totally thinking the chick called me over to get the media studies research shit off her hard drive. So like... the shit's loading and I'm sitting on her bed just flipping through some magazines you know... kicking it real easy, no doubt. Aight... So she comes and sits on the bed on some "what you doing" tip. And I'm like nothing bitch I'm just here tryna read and shit...

A girl pours rum into a couple of glasses as JABZ sits down and drinks... taking a line of cocaine and descending into oblivion.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)
 Anyway, so we talking, talking a lil' and shit's getting pretty in-depth and she asks me, she's like you ever been with a white girl before? So I'm like "God Damn what the fuck is this shit?" But I'm playing it too easy, like it's time to get it in for sure. So I'm on some cool shit, gotta tell her what she wants to hear so I'm like... Na but I'd like to. So I'm looking like... deep as fuck into her eyes...

CUT TO:

72 INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

72

Close up of SEPTEMBER and THE GIRL's eyes in flashback

SEPTEMBER (V.O.)

She's looking into mine getting all lost and shit. And like I'm feeling... like... like... either some real beautiful, transcendently poetic shit, the stuff of fucking novels is about to happen or some like fucked up depraved shit's about to go down. It's power, passion and it's flowing either way. I don't know if I'm like having a moment or or... or ... Like my fucking dick's gonna explode. I mean it's anyone's game. So we start getting at it.

CUT TO:

SEPTEMBER and THE GIRL making out on the bed. legs and dirty sneakers hanging off the bed.

SEPTEMBER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I'm about ready to go deep. Then I realize I don't have a dome. So I ask her if she's got anything and she's on some "Na, but I'm on the pill." So for sure I'm like "NAAAAAAAA" ... I have this, this vision... the home pregnancy test, girl's gotta piss on a stick, tells me it's mine, her AWB boeremag pop's hunting my ass down, gotta drop outta uni, gotta get some shit job packing meat at Checkers there by Emmerentia... Naaa. I ain't about that life.

CUT TO:

An exploration of THE GIRL's middle suburban bedroom that houses photographs of her parents and family unit, a miniature teddy bear collection and a wall of equestrian awards and certificates.

SEPTEMBER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I'm laying on her bed, she's rubbing my dick and whatever. Next thing I know she's giving me head. Now I'm looking around her room right... and I'm getting super tripped out. I'm tryna figure out where the fuck I am, who is this chick actually? What are the moments in my life that have led me to this... now, and just when I'm kinda getting a scope on the situation ... It's over.

(MORE)

SEPTEMBER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I'm feeling all disorientated maybe
 a bit emotional and shit and she's
 just there looking at me...

CUT TO:

A crufix hangs on a wall over a dressing table where a
 photograph of the girl and her father sit. Their reflection
 is seen in the dresser mirror as JABZ lies lifeless on the
 bed.

SEPTEMBER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She's busy looking at me like
 There's nothing there behind her
 eyes... mad glazed, distant, like
 something just broke. Like... maybe
 I broke her, Shit.

CUT TO:

The girl looks blankly as semen runs down her face.

73 INT. MATTY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

73

SEPTEMBER looks evidently affected by the story's ending
 although his bravado disguises it with laughter as he drinks
 from a cup of whiskey. JABZ looks anxious.

JABZ
 Ay... man what's the situation with
 these girls.

74 EXT. MATTY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

74

The boys exit MATTY'S apartment slamming the metal security
 doors shut. JABZ begins to walk off in a slight stupor as
 SEPTEMBER hangs behind, out of breath and checking his pulse
 for inconsistencies.

SEPTEMBER
 Yo... hold up.

JABZ doubles back in concern.

JABZ
 What's up?

SEPTEMBER breaks a light sweat as he breathes in deep.

SEPTEMBER
 I don't know man... feeling fucking
 weird. My fucking stomach. It's
 like I can't breathe or someone's
 sitting on my chest. Shit man...

JABZ
 Ay, man... take it easy. You're
 freaking out. You alright.

SEPTEMBER
 Think I'm having a heart attack.

JABZ laughs and begins to walk away.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)
 Wait... check my pulse.

JABZ places his fingers on SEPTEMBER's neck to investigate
 his pulse. He pauses momentarily.

JABZ
 Shit man...

SEPTEMBER
 What?

JABZ
 Man this is like... pffft.

SEPTEMBER
 Too fast?

JABZ looks in SEPTEMBER's eyes with a concerned sincerity.

JABZ
 You're fucked.

SEPTEMBER
 Don't fucking say that.

JABZ grabs SEPTEMBER's neck with his arm and pulling it to
 rest on his chest in a forceful playfulness. The boys walk
 joined down the hallway falling and laughing.

JABZ
 You good my nigga.

75

EXT. SANDTON - AFTERNOON

75

Sandton is seen as if from a car window, the passenger
 looking out at the world fleeting past. A cricket field,
 where boys in white uniforms and red caps play, passes by in
 a blur. The queues of Africans gathering once more awaiting
 the taxi to the city as the day ends. Groups of young
 uniformed school boys and girls laugh on the sidewalks as
 they make their way to the bus stop. The clouds gathering
 overhead in preparation of a needed cleansing.

76

EXT. YEOVILLE KOPPIE - LATE AFTERNOON

76

The silhouette of Zulu Zionist Christians congregate on the hilltop. The city lies far off in the distance as the group of women, adorned in white robes, stomp their feet on the earth and sing.

JABZ

There is a different Johannesburg.
One that lets all the rays in.
Warmer. Still kiss the bosoms of
Africa with arms out to the sun.
There is the land my heart gets its
beat in, it feels like living.
Somewhere in the gravel is the
womb. In the womb birthing, is the
great hope of our wayward time.
Hidden under the mini malls of
Rissik and those along Jan Smuts
Avenue.

A choral ancestral melody plays like a symphony.

JABZ (CONT'D)

This is the photograph of
Johannesburg that shows the soul of
the world.

77

EXT. NORTHERN SUBURBAN PARK - SUNSET

77

In the park the sun is starting to set, the tennis courts have cleared and the skater boys are looking for somewhere to go. The crew sit in the park with a group of girls. The group drink large bottles of cheap beer out of the bottle as some pass around a joint of marijuana. The kids laugh hysterically as the drugs and liquor act on them. A couple within the group start kissing as if they've just fallen in the absolute crippling love. TANYA lies in BOGOSI's lap. A group of middle-aged women train in the background as two male joggers run the park.

SKATER #1

I'm telling you, in 50 years time
there's not gonna be no ID's, no
passports, no fucking countries all
that shit's gonna be on a server on
the internet. The world's gonna use
one fucking currency.

BOGOSI

Yeah but like who's actually gonna
maintain all this shit?

SKATER #1

Whoever's maintaining the internet
now my nigga.

The group of kids laugh.

SKATER #2

Wait... is there like one dude that manages the internet?

BOGOSI

Jesus you guys... I'm way too high to be getting wrapped up with this shit, on the real.

TANYA sits up.

TANYA

Could you imagine though if everything was one thing or one country or whatever. How fucking great that would be for everyone.

BOGOSI

Ah, don't listen to this guy, baby. These guys didn't finish school.

TANYA

I'm not talking about the internet. I'm saying just in general, if something like that could exist. No wars, who would fight who? Where? On facebook? No first world and third world. Wouldn't be the worst thing.

SKATER #3

Man that would be ill... You could just go anywhere you wanted cause there wouldn't be any border bullshit. No South Africa or Paris or new york.

BOGOSI

You guys live in a fantasy land.

The kids laugh, TANYA takes a drag of the marijuana and retreats back into the solitude of BOGOSI's lap.

CUT TO:

78

HI8 SEQUENCE - PARK

78

Super 8 footage of a group of friends as they sit drinking in the park.

JABZ (V.O.)

This moment is everything. It's the best it gets for a while so this moment is really special. Right now... Here...

(MORE)

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 there's no fear, no going home, no
 going anywhere at all. This is the
 picture I have of my friends when I
 think about them. It's just them...
 no Johannesburg or closer-reaching
 future that seems more uncertain
 now than it did ever before. No,
 This is a silent space in the world
 where everything is as it is and
 that's how it should be always. No-
 one's running anywhere and nobody's
 crying 'cause it's beautiful out
 and at this speed we might live
 forever.

CUT TO:

79

HI8 SEQUENCE - EMILY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

79

A HI8 home video of EMILY's 5th birthday party. Her father films as groups of kids and their parents arrive at their family home. A more modest home than earlier explored. In the hallway, a technicolour stack of giftwrapped boxes decorated in fine-bowed ribbons - others with a bow of synthetic silver and gold - sit unopened.

Outside, the adults sit drinking wine and laughing at a table on the patio. Various friends of the family pose for the film camera as the kids are entertained by a clown performance on the lawn. Kids chase each other and laugh. One girl is seen as she cries. The adults dance and talk amongst themselves

JABZ (V.O.)
 She probably could have done with a
 couple more big moments. Everyone
 needs them from time to time,
 suppose they tell us that things
 can be real beautiful sometimes.
 And that's important 'cause
 sometimes things don't feel like
 that.

A colourful homemade banner above the entrance reads "Happy Birthday Emily" as a cake in the shape of a crown is brought out as the sparklers decorating the top emit bursts of spontaneous light. The crowd of guests gather round EMILY as the cake approaches. EMILY begins to cry hysterically as the crowd claps and sings and the sparklers fade out and the film fades.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 This moment is the best in the
 world. Many more like it...

80

EXT. NORTHERN SUBURBAN PARK - SUNSET

80

The group sit seduced by the merits of euphoric intoxication.
A skater boy lights a cigarette.

SKATER #1

The internet can get super fucked
though. This kid told me he was on
that chat roulette shit and...

BOGOSI

The fuck is chat roulette.

SKATER #2

It's this shit where you just chat
to whoever comes up.

BOGOSI

So like anyone in the world.

SKATER #1

Yeah.

SKATER #2

Sometimes it's just like niggas
just wanking on camera and shit.
Shit's like proper crazy

The crowd of kids gasp in amusement.

SKATER #1

So like this kid right, he tells me
he was online when that chick Emily
hung herself and shit.

SKATER #3

That shit's fucking crazy as hell
man. What he do?

TANYA looks notably less jovial.

81

INT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME - SUNSET

81

JABZ is seen submerged in the pool, floating with a vague
distance before the dramatic entrance of TALI and RAFI.

JABZ and the girls submerge once more now swimming freely.
Gliding in underwater in a liberated state.

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)

Sometimes I think about dying and
it's good.

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)

Yeah?

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
 Yeah. 'Cause I'm just floating. I'm
 floating nowhere near any place I
 know. I'm floating over everything.
 It's like I'm moving and moving
 somewhere off the earth and it's
 beautiful there. The brightest
 colour spectrum you ever saw and
 I'm floating in the wave of it.

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
 You think it ever stops?

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
 I don't know. I don't think so.
 That's always how far I get into
 imagining it. But when you die the
 first moment's forever. So I think
 the trick is to die happy so you're
 light. Light enough for the
 floating. If you can get off the
 earth then I think... you'll be
 alright. You could go anywhere.
 Places you thought you never knew
 far off in a plant somewhere that
 you arrive at and your soul's like
 "I been here before, I know this"

INT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME-WINE CELLAR -
 SUNSET

SEPTEMBER and Lauren are seen as they enter the underground
 wine cellar of Rafi's house.

SEPTEMBER
 Man... This is crazy. Jesus.

LAUREN walks over to the wine rack and starts investigating
 as SEPTEMBER takes a seat on the mahogany bench before laying
 down.

LAUREN
 Right?

SEPTEMBER
 How do you just have this in your
 house?

LAUREN pulls out a bottle of wine and sets glasses on the
 table.

LAUREN
 You know Rafi's family.

SEPTEMBER
 No I don't know Rafi's family.

She being to open the bottle. SEPTEMBER makes himself comfortable running his hands on the wood.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

I'd literally kill to live like this... Proper take someones life and give noooo fuck. See chilling on beaches. Flexing in my fucking cellar. God dayum.

LAUREN laughs.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

I'm serious. If someone was like, if someone said kill that motherfucker and you'll be rich forever. Dude I'd do it no joke. I wouldn't even think twice.

Lauren pushes in the bottle cap with the end of a knife spilling the liquor on the floor. She starts pouring the the wine into the glasses.

LAUREN

Do you know how insane that is. You telling me you'd seriously consider killing someone for money.

SEPTEMBER

Well... enough money.

LAUREN

For what though?

SEPTEMBER

Enough money to be cool for life. You got money... Do whatever. Go where, buy whatever. Nooooo stress. I don't buy this whole you don't need money shit. Bullshit... That's fucking bullshit. Poor people are not fucking happy. Poor people are poor. People like too... too ummm... over complicate things.

LAUREN Starts drinking. SEPTEMBER sits up.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

Listen to me... hey.

LAUREN

No I'm listening.

SEPTEMBER

No you're not. I'm trying to educate you and you're not paying attention. People like tooooo worry about all kinds of shit.

(MORE)

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

Chasing this trying to find like...
their fucking spirit or like their
hearts passion. But life... life is
simple. Chase the money. Love,
Friendships. Rich people have lots
of friends. And girls...

SEPTEMBER gulps his glass.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

Or boys....

LAUREN

Yeah but you can't just be rich for
a living. You actually have to
like... Do work or come up with
like facebook. You can't just be a
billionaire.

SEPTEMBER

Yeah... but there's always loop
holes.

LAUREN

What loop holes? What does that
even mean.

SEPTEMBER

Just get shit done.

LAUREN

Yeah but how?

SEPTEMBER sighs.

SEPTEMBER

I don't know... That's why I'm
broke and drunk. You know Rafi's
Family.

LAUREN

You ever think of having like a
your own family?

SEPTEMBER

Like a wife and shit... with kids?

LAUREN

Yeah?

September contemplates and drinks...

SEPTEMBER

I don't know. That's a completely
different story. People are weird
man... people will switch you up.
My families shit though so fuck.

(MORE)

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

Like I hate what my dad's all about
but like I'm probably exactly like
him so like whatever you know.

82

EXT. JOHANNESBURG - AFTERNOON/EARLY EVENING

82

Johannesburg begins to fall asleep. The large omnidirectional motorways connecting the city to the northern suburbs now littered with stationary cars.

Taxi ranks bustle with an alarming magnetism as the daytime security guards, store tellers and other Africans who make the daily commute to Sandton make their way to the central city or the neighbouring townships. On the sidewalks of the sleepy suburbs now empty.

Time elapses and the empty city centre appears as if abandoned.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

What a sad city.

NIKKI (V.O.)

What you mean?

TRAVIS (V.O.)

It's like the clock hit five and all of a sudden everyone realised there was nothing worth waiting around for. I guess this is a city that no-one loves.

NIKKI (V.O.)

I gotta get out of here. See something new for a while. A seaside town maybe, get up every morning and ride my bike down to the shore.

TRAVIS

Every city in the world is like Johannesburg. People moving in space trying not to get bothered and that's the worst part 'cause that just gets everyone acting really shitty to each other.

The desolate city appears stagnant with nothing but the sound of the odd lonely foot commuter walking the streets aimlessly.

NIKKI (V.O.)

What happened to everyone...
Everything used to be so exciting.

A rain storm falls over Johannesburg, cars drive through the

streets one by one. On a street corner a young Zulu couple stand in front of a store front talking under rain cover. The highways, now vacant, stand out like bizarre architecture. In the suburbs, a couple cross the road with cover from a large golf umbrella en route to a restaurant.

83 INT. KITCHNERS CAVERY BAR - NIGHT

83

The environment is in a chaotic frenzy of excitement as masses of alternative youths pile up, forcing themselves into the small bar built under a 60's Afrikaans inn, Kitchners Carvery. The music flares on the small dance floor as a local Zulu art rapper (OKMALUMKOOKAT) performs Zulu rap to the energetic mixed ethnic audience of intoxicated and rowdy kids.

TANYA, BOGOSI and a group of skaters sit at a table drinking. The crowd look energised as their conversation is drowned out by the speakers' blaring.

A couple stand at the entrance whispering sweeter nothings and swaying to the music under the illumination of cheap disco light.

SKATER #1

Ay man, Let's get another bucket here.

The kid gestures at the waiter as TANYA chugs the remainder of her beer.

BOGOSI

You guys see Jabz around? Swear that nigga's been straight ghosting these days.

TANYA

Ring September, Baby.

BOGOSI

Aight. I've been trying to get him since last week. Ever since that nigga came back he's been on some weird shit.

BOGOSI walks to the entrance of the club as he dials SEPTEMBER's mobile.

84 INT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME - LOUNGE

84

JABZ, SEPTEMBER and the girls retreat into the main home, laughing as they run through the empty hallways in their underwear chasing each other as children do, trying not to slip on the gloss polished marble floor.

85 INT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME - KITCHEN 85

JABZ and the girls retreat into the main home, laughing as they run through the empty hallways in their underwear chasing each other as children do, trying not to slip on the gloss polished marble floor. JABZ and the girls stand in the kitchen laughing as they rummage through the fridge's content.

RAFI
You guys hungry?

TALI
I'm alright.

JABZ
Yeah, no I'm totally cool.

RAFI looks through the frozen section of the fridge while TALI starts opening a bottle of wine.

JABZ (CONT'D)
You guys keen to get fucked up?

JABZ digs through a pile of clothes. The girls approach.

RAFI
What kind of fucked up?

86 INT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME - LOUNGE 86

The group of kids are seen cutting lines of cocaine and drinking. Jabz lights the fire in the fire place silhouetting the scene with fire light.

JABZ (V.O.)
All drugs ask of you is to take them. And all we're asking in return is for them to make you happy. Fair deal. Drugs are the most dependable thing I know, there rest does what it wants. People take all kinds of stuff for depression and stress and anxiety. Never made sense to me why people didn't do blow instead.

The group consume line after line laughing and spilling wine. JABZ seems noticeable jovial. He does a line and lies in Rafi's lap sipping whiskey from his glass in a distinguished fashion as his still-wet underwear dries in the fire heat. She stokes his hair like a mother does a child.

JABZ (CONT'D)
No, I'm fucking serious. Like in...
like 300 years ago or whatever.
This was a...
(MORE)

JABZ (CONT'D)
 The whole of Joburg, South Africa
 was a fucking African Kingdom.

The kids laugh. Lauren makes herself comfortable resting on Jabz chest.

JABZ (CONT'D)
 No buildings, nothing. Just space
 and tribes, huts and shit... Just
 ... land, long long bare land and
 all that good shit. People had
 large families and like 10 wives,
 but it was all cool cause everyone
 loved each other. Really.

TALI
 How could you know that everyone
 loved each other.

RAFI
 Jesus, Tal it's a story.

TALI
 But I wanna know? God... Defensive.

JABZ
 I don't... I just picture it like
 that. People are so fucking lost
 cause the worlds separating
 everyone faster and faster.
 Everyone's got to clever to love
 real all of a sudden. Living in
 towers... floating. what the fuck
 happened to the earth. Like the
 sand.

The kids are slight... RAFI laughs and all the kinds start laughing.

JABZ (CONT'D)
 I'm fucking high...

RAFI and TALI start gently stroking JABZ's hair and chest as he begins to fall asleep. RAFI kisses his chest.

87 INT. KITCHNERS CAVERY BAR - NIGHT

87

As the festivity of the moment grows, the bar is filled to an uncomfortable capacity. TANYA is lean't up against BOGOSI as he gets up and makes his way to the dance floor. Intoxicated, TANYA loses her balance momentarily before sitting up. She tries to compose herself momentarily, noting BOGOSI's absence. A couple sit beside her on the vacant settee and talk amongst themselves.

Disorientated by the shifting environment and the chaotic nature of the atmosphere, TANYA gets up.

She walks about the venue from room to room in search of her friends, pushing her way through the crowd. She begins to hyperventilate growing increasingly overwhelmed by the dense, smoke-filled air. The atmospheric lights pulsate in rhythmic coherence as the bass-heavy melody shakes at the walls.

In the rare unisex bathrooms, she runs for a vacant cubicle vomiting in the toilet. In the neighbouring stall a heavily intoxicated girl is being sexually taken advantage of.

DRUNK GIRL

Tony... no.

DRUNK BOY

Come on... just relax.

DRUNK GIRL

Fucking stop it, man.

TANYA, pauses and acknowledges the situation.

DRUNK GIRL (CONT'D)

Tony... Tony no...no....no

DRUNK BOY

Relax.

Tanya notices the injustice happening in the neighboring cubicle and pulls herself together momentarily. She wipes the vomit from her mouth and makes her way to confront the situation in the stall. Tanya knock on the bathroom door of the store in an attempt to disrupt the abuse.

TANYA

Hey... you alright? Hey...

DRUNK GIRL

Fuck off.

Shocked by the response and her unsuccessful attempts to act as guardian, TANYA makes her way to the exit at an excitable pace seeking liberation from her circumstance. At the exit the security guards grow suspicious of her sudden speedy exit and hold her back from her departure.

SECURITY

You... relax. What's your problem here, huh?

TANYA

Don't fucking touch me.

AUDIO CUT TO:
SILENCE

She breaks through their influence. BOGOSI stands outside talking. TANYA walks into the rain-heavy and traffic delirium.

Cabs hoot as they try and make their way around her, TANYA now sobbing in the street centre hysterically, her image silhouetted by the headlights of the street traffic as the rain beats down on the town.

BOGOSI runs into the street attempting to protect her from the cars passing by. Crippled by liquor intoxication and overwhelming sadness, TANYA attempts to fight off his advances until she backs down entirely, collapsing into his arms. The audio is completely drained making the image completely silent.

The distorted white noise bleed of a phone line is audible

BOGOSI (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)

You okay?

TANYA (TELEPHONE CALL V.O)

She was my best friend. I mean best friends are supposed to stick together... forever, no matter what. What am I supposed to do now? She didn't take me with her, even though we have the most fun when we're together and she knows that. So no everything's different. But it all looks the same... That's the worst bit.

BOGOSI (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)

I love you... so everything's gonna work out alright, okay?

The two lean against a car parked along the side of the busy road.

TANYA (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)

What happens if we just stay sad forever?

The static of the phone sounds out with a response.

88

INT. MATTY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

88

MATTY is seen water-drenched as he sits on the couch of his now vacant apartment. His shoulders are adorned with a towel as he lights a cigarette and drinks a cup of coffee. He looks evidently smaller in boisterous bravado.

ANONYMOUS VOICE

What happened?

MATTY sighs temporarily dragging his cigarette to calm his nerves.

MATTY.

Ah man, you're asking the wrong guy here. I was just here. Everything was chilling, everyone Laying low. No stress. I mean, Yeah maybe we were partying a bit. But nothing serious.

He pauses momentarily in remembrance as he exhales.

MATTY. (CONT'D)

Max comes over and he's with these queer kids right... Now I don't know these kids but I'm cool... I'm a nice guy. These kids are welcome. Kids come and hang out here, I'm never like tryna putting restrictions man. I'm all love.

ANONYMOUS VOICE

And?

MATTY.

Man... shit I don't really know. How... I don't know?

CUT TO:
FLASHBACK
SEQUENCE

89

INT. MATTY'S APARTMENT - EARLY NIGHT - FLASHBACK

89

MATTY is seen as he sits on the couch of his apartment falling asleep as the three punks talk amongst themselves and the two lovers continue to make out on an old single seat couch. A female's screaming is heard from the kitchen. MATTY and the group appear at attention and make their way to the kitchen of MATTY's apartment, MATTY tripping as he gets up.

MATTY, leading the gang, walks into the kitchen to discover the lifeless body of a black alternative youth on the floor as the boy sweats profusely and trembles. The boy's boyfriend screams in alarm.

ZULU BOYFRIEND

(isiZulu)

God please, no no no... Please lord help him. Help him.

MATTY is alarmed at the sight of the boy.

MATTY.

Jesus... what the fuck?

ALTERNATIVE BLACK MALE #1

Matty. What the you wanna do here man?

MATTY enters a state of panic and confusion.

MATTY.

Ah god man, fuck man, fuck. You check if he's breathing?

PUNK FEMALE

Call the fucking ambulance.

MATTY.

What the fuck you mean call the ambulance?

PUNK FEMALE

This kid's gonna fucking die.

MATTY.

Just give me a second.

PUNK MALE

Matt man I really think...

MATTY.

Just shut the fuck up. Just everyone calm down let me think.

PUNK FEMALE

Matthew, this isn't a fucking game. Call the fucking ambulance.

MATTY.

Listen you little shit... Don't fuck with me here okay.

MATTY composes himself and signals at the male punk for assistance.

MATTY. (CONT'D)

Grab his legs.

And the males lift his overdosed body and make their way to the exit of the house as the boy's boyfriend exclaims as he cries in a powerless sob.

ZULU BOYFRIEND

You guys are fucked up. What the fuck you think you're doing. Leave him and call the fucking ambulance Oh my god.... Ahhhh.

The boys bring the body to the door.

MATTY.

Open the fucking door.

ZULU BOYFRIEND

I'm calling the police.

MATTY.
Motherfucker, you call anyone.

PUNK MALE
What you gonna do hey, Matty?

MATTY kicks the door in aggravation.

MATTY.
Open the fucking door.

90 EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 90

A beat-up modern mid-sized car pulls up in front of an empty suburban road. MATTY and one of the boys gets out pulling the overdosed boy out of the rear of the car. They place the body . The overdosed kid's ZULU BOYFRIEND exits the car in a frenzied attempt to call for help. The two boys restrain him and they all get back in the car.

91 INT. MATTY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT 91

MATTY sits lost in a state of veiled trauma as he comes to the realization that perhaps the party is over.

ANONYMOUS VOICE
So... the kid living or what?

MATTY sits silent and smokes his cigarette purposefully as if to distract himself from the circumstances.

MATTY.
Told you man... I didn't know that kid.

93 INT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME - LOUNGE 93

The fire begins to die out in the living room as JABZ, TALII and RAFI lie asleep. On a nearby standing table, an alarm on JABZ's phone sounds. He begins to wake up slowly. He gets up to make his way to silence the alarm. RAFI wakes up in a haze.

RAFI
What the fuck... Hey.

JABZ
Need to get goin'.

RAFI
Why don't you just stay over?

Tali begins to wake up?

TALI
What's the story now?

94 INT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME - PARENTS' BEDROOM 94

He enters the room where SEPTEMBER lies sleeping.

JABZ
September... September...

SEPTEMBER
Yeah...

JABZ
We gotta kick off... My parents are gonna put on the house alarm in a bit.

SEPTEMBER groans in defiance. The rustling of the sheets disturbing the otherwise silent atmosphere.

95 EXT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME 95

JABZ approaches the car at a reduced speed, SEPTEMBER follows with a bottle of wine, closing the house door behind him. JABZ opens the car. He puts keys to the ignition before realizing the gas tank is drained.

JABZ
Ah shit...

SEPTEMBER
What?

JABZ
Fucking gas...

SEPTEMBER
Ah man... I'm going back to sleep.

JABZ
Let's just call a cab.

EXT. JEWISH SUBURBIA - RAFI'S PARENTS' HOME

The boys approach the gate of the home where september boosts Jabz over the gate.

JABZ and SEPTEMBER enter the back seat of a derelict taxi cab. A Congolese man drives, altering the sensibility of the now-delicate atmosphere with the blaring of high pace pop melodies from the unknown Africa. The driver turns down the volume to speak.

DRIVER

Where you going. Ay... close the door properly.

SEPTEMBER

It's closed...

DRIVER

There's a door open.

All three of the men in the car open and shut their door in uniform. The car engine starts, choking at first before taking off.

SEPTEMBER

Ah my man... you got anything else in this thing?

DRIVER

What ?

SEPTEMBER

Music...

The cab driver switches out the tape starting anew. A triumphant Zulu gospel melody sounds through the car. JABZ looks at the city, lost in thought once more as the motionless world movies by him. He contemplates as the lights of the city and those emitted by large stationary advertisements illuminate the cab's interior for moments that dissipate into darkness. The car drives past the suburbs momentarily before the driver starts to ramble to SEPTEMBER about the upcoming elections.

DRIVER

The thing you must understand with Zuma is that he doesn't give a shit about the people. He must have a house that's the size of the whole of Sandton for one man but the people there in the squatter camps? Who must feed them, where must they live now? Where must their kids find bread? You see my man this thing with elections isn't too too simple, understand?

SEPTEMBER nods away grunting in agreement attempting to silence the driver's rant.

JABZ watches the city lights in a daze as the car passes an intersection in the wealthy suburb where a group of thick-framed African prostitutes await clients. A Land Rover with a middle-aged white man pulls up next to the group as the cab drives by.

CUT TO:

97 PROSTITUTE DREAM SEQUENCE

97

A series of Polaroid still frame photographs chronologically portrays the sexual encounter between an aged white man and an African prostitute as if a fleeting daydream in JABZ's consciousness.

PHOTOGRAPH ONE:

The prostitute and the man sit in the car at the intersection, talking - illuminated by nothing other than the car's interior lighting.

JABZ (V.O)

She gets it. The car's so warm.
It's so cold outside. Now they're
speaking and he's making her a
deal.

PHOTOGRAPH TWO:

The pair as photographed as they walk the cheap carpeted hallway of a dive motel. The prostitute walks ahead as the man walks delayed, hanging his head as if avoiding being identified.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They walk apart. This photograph
isn't romantic. People in romantic
photographs walk together close and
hold each other by the hand, skin
to skin. Skin to skin in the
hallway cause they wanna fuck.

PHOTOGRAPH THREE:

The prostitute removes her underwear and dances in the motel mirror. The man sits on the bed and removes his shoes.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She shows him the pussy.

PHOTOGRAPH FOUR:

A wallet as seen on a dressing table near a bottle of prescription medication, condoms and a wad of 200 notes.

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This world is crazy.

98 INT. TAXI CAB - LATE NIGHT

98

The cab rolls onward, SEPTEMBER and the DRIVER still arguing in the muffled foreground as JABZ sits thinking.

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
Alright...

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
Yeah it's getting late.

A yawning is heard in the audio that mimics one taken by JABZ in real-time.

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
I should be getting to bed.

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
Me too.

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
It's really good speaking... You know just... talking.

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
Yeah, anytime?

EMILY (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
Alright...

The two laugh momentarily as the silences between words grow.

EMILY (CONT'D)
See you around...

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
Ya... Bye.

99 EXT. PARKTOWN CONVENIENCE STORE - EARLY EVENING.

99

The taxi cab pulls up outside the entrance of a corner convenience store that positions itself as the nearest equal distance between JABZ's and SEPTEMBER's parents' homes, two streets apart.

The boys pay the cab fare and exit the vehicle, SEPTEMBER tripping over the curb on the way out. The boys stand on the corner momentarily sharing a cigarette and a drink. JABZ puts a cigarette in his mouth and gestures for SEPTEMBER to light it.

JABZ
You got a light?

SEPTEMBER checks his pockets.

SEPTEMBER
Yeah, yeah.

He lights the cigarette and opens the bottle of wine, wrapping it in his jacket before drinking from it.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)
So... what's been going on with you man?

JABZ
What you mean?

SEPTEMBER
I don't know man you seem kinda off your game lately.

JABZ
Yeah?

JABZ starts drinking. The two sit on the pavement.

JABZ (CONT'D)
I don't know what it is man. Just seems lately I've been feeling pretty displaced. Kinda like I have nowhere I gotta be or anything. Things are changing man. Feeling pretty fucking useless all the time.

SEPTEMBER
For real?

JABZ
Yeah.

SEPTEMBER
I feel you son. Shit's not the same as it was in high school, you know. At the end of school everyone was talking about how they were gonna be this or move there or do that and after graduation... everything just... Seems like all this hype, hype, hype and like ummm... I don't know... This energy that was hanging around last year ain't there anymore. Shit's dead.

JABZ
Everythings breathing down my throat all of a sudden. Parents... They want answers to shit and most of time I'm like... what in the fuck man. What in the fuck.

(MORE)

JABZ (CONT'D)

What you gonna do with your life.
 What are your plans, as if I have
 any. Everywhere I turn seems fucked
 up. like I'm headed the wrong way
 and more pressure's building up...

SEPTEMBER takes the cigarette and exchanges it for more swigs
 from the bottle that JABZ indulges in.

SEPTEMBER

Man... I fucking hate this city
 man. Honest to God...

JABZ

Sometimes I feel like
 Johannesburg's trying to kill me...

A moment of silence elapses. SEPTEMBER points to the North
 with a bottle in his hand...

SEPTEMBER

Born there.

SEPTEMBER points to the South.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)

Buried there... Na man fuck that,
 not me. Ten years from now that's
 me sitting in Hollywood with seven
 model bitches. That will be that
 and everyone would be hitting me up
 like every week missing my ass but
 fuck it I'm never coming back after
 that man. "September come back,
 Melville needs you." and I'll be
 like "Nope fuck all you guys".
 Dreams are the fucking plans I need
 right now.

The two boys stand on the corner in silence.

JABZ (V.O.)

This is the suburbs with the sound
 turned off so you can really see
 it. Shapes, lines, shapes, lines...
 Somewhere in between them a
 photograph of me and my best friend
 September on a corner. This is one
 of my favorite photographs cause
 this is us after 14 years together,
 trying to figure it all out. I love
 him like he loves me. And even
 though we never speak much about
 what we feel. I know he gets it.
 It's like sometimes you can just
 feel someone even though the words
 don't come out.

(MORE)

JABZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That's the most beautiful kinda
 love sometimes and we stuck right
 there in this picture.

The boys laugh and embrace before SEPTEMBER breaks.

SEPTEMBER
 Alright...

JABZ
 Alright....

JABZ embraces SEPTEMBER once more. In a more desperate
 fashion.

JABZ (CONT'D)
 Alright...

SEPTEMBER
 Jesus...

SEPTEMBER begins to walk away. JABZ stands on the corner
 momentarily in a final thought.

SEPTEMBER (CONT'D)
 Go home motherfucker.

JABZ laughs before composing himself, walking back home.

FADE TO BLACK.

100 EXT. JOHANNESBURG CITY - MORNING

100

The city of Johannesburg a still-developing photograph
 emerging slowly out of the darkness once more. The Nelson
 Mandela Bridge appears static with no street traffic aside
 from the odd foot commuter wandering the streets lost, still
 nowhere to go. The once-great bustling motorways connecting
 the city, vacant.

Over the bridge and to the north. The security cars patrol
 till the dawn break, the crackling of the electric fencing
 charges preventively pulsing. A pair of women jog past and
 the sound of an ice-cream truck plays on the air of the
 morning.

101 INT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

101

INT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

JABZ is seen in his bedroom as he stares out the window
 watching the trees rustling in the leaves. The sound of the
 ice-cream truck disappears further and further as the wind
 scores the atmosphere.

The exterior of JABZ parents home is seen as they arrive home. They carry grocery bags as they walking into the home talking to each other and laughing. AS Jabz mother opens the door She drops the bags and begins screaming hysterically as JABZ body is hanging from the stair case. Jabz father pulls her back and closes the door. The screams are heard from behind the door.

JABZ (V.O.)

On June 26, 2015. I went where she went. And most people blamed her for it, they said "If he had never met her or if she hadn't done that. He would have never got it in his head to do the same". My dad said that a lot of the time I was just crazy. He couldn't deal with it really. Think somewhere in his heart he felt like he failed me and he probably did. But I knew he loved me anyway so that's okay. Nevermind the details.

CUT TO:

103 CUT AWAYS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

103

The kids are comforting each other in their own respective groupings.

JABZ (V.O.)

Think the worst thing about it is leaving my friends behind. They were the best thing about living cause they saw me and no-one had to. So that felt special to me everyday. I never wanted to break their hearts, their hearts all so broken already.

104 EXT. SANDTON - MORNING

104

The northern suburbs are seen through the passenger seat.

JABZ (V.O.)

We all just wanna be free and sometimes the freedoms given ain't freedoms enough. Had a lot of time to think about Emily's death over the years, now nearly as long to contemplate my own.

105 INT. JABZ'S PARENTS' SUBURBAN HOME - JABZ'S ROOM 105
JABZ's hanging legs are revisited.

JABZ (V.O.)
And at the end of it all it could
be Johannesburg, or Washington or
anywhere. Sometimes things fall
apart without you noticing and then
before you know it, there's nothing
there. You can ask the same million
questions. But sometimes when kids
are fucked up -

CUT TO:

106 BLACK 106

JABZ (V.O.)
There's just nothing you can do for
them.

A distorted cellphone ringing is heard in the audio
foreground, echoing in the darkness.

107 INT. SEPTEMBER'S PARENTS' HOME - SWIMMING POOL 107
SEPTEMBER'S body crashes through the surface of the water
where he recoils into a fetal state, lost in the sanctuary of
his own oblivion.

JABZ (TELEPHONE CALL V.O.)
Hello?

FIN

*