

VEHICLE 19

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FOR THE ENTIRE MOVIE WE'RE...

FADE IN:

...INSIDE A VEHICLE. Something big, like a MINIVAN.

And we're moving.

Fast.

Blurred shapes wiping past the side windows. The MINIVAN driving at a crazy speed -- engine roaring -- threading through the traffic.

THROUGH THE CRACKED WINDSHIELD

-- another car barreling straight towards us. And two more behind it. We're on the wrong side of the road.

Swerving now -- hard left, too hard -- missing the oncoming car but hitting the curb -- pedestrians diving out the way.

Correcting now -- back onto the road -- just missing a messenger on a bike.

SIDE ON:

A MAN driving -- dried blood on his forehead -- his face etched in full focus -- jaw clenched, senses heightened by the adrenaline pumping through his veins --

-- pushing the MINIVAN to its max. Whatever this is, its life and death for him.

And here now:

VHUP VHUP VHUP VHUP

THE MAN looking up -- can't see the chopper, it's right overhead

And behind him:

WHA WHA WHA WHA

SIRENS accompanied by screaming tyres as

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

TWO PATROL CARS bursting around the corner in pursuit of the MINIVAN.

THE MAN'S foot flat on the accelerator.

THROUGH THE CRACKED WINDSCREEN

-- two more police cars speeding straight towards him

REARVIEW MIRROR

-- the other PATROL CARS gaining quickly.

THE MINIVAN going as fast as it can -- but not fast enough.

THE MAN gritting his teeth.

PATROLS CARS up ahead, PATROLS CARS behind him, helicopters above. No side streets, no cover. Just a man with no escape rushing headlong into oblivion.

But something catching the man's eye, a glimmer of hope? The MAN slamming his foot down further on the accelerator.

But too fast here, something's going to blow -- about to smash head first into the oncoming PATROL CARS just a few feet away -- just seconds from impact now --

AND LIKE THAT WE CUT...

A BLACK SCREEN

THEN...

A TITLE:

91 minutes earlier...

And then we're back

INSIDE THE MINIVAN

But now it's empty. Parked somewhere. Some open parking lot.

And the windshield not cracked, the MINIVAN like new.

Inside it's still.

The muffled noises of an outside airport heard in the distance: Jet engines roaring, landing gear screeching on the runway, traffic, the buzz of pedestrians on the move outside the terminal building.

But inside the MINIVAN just quiet. That stillness amplified by the car's nondescript, banal interior.

The MINIVAN just sitting there in the open airport parking lot.

A '**Cape Rental** -- *the journey is half the adventure*' sign hanging off the rearview mirror.

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

-- something, a blurred shape -- moving towards us.

Coming into focus now, a man -- MICHAEL WILKS -- walking towards the car. 30's. Stubble. Tired eyes. And his gait heavy -- like some unnamed weight weighing him down.

He's the guy from the opening scene but you'd never know by the broken look he carries with him now.

-- he's got a cellphone between his shoulder and his ear --

MICHAEL (PHONE)

I'm sorry.

No response on the other end of the phone.

MICHAEL (PHONE)

There was a technical fault, we lost our slot on the runway.

A response now. A woman's voice. Some fragility here, emotional.

ANGELICA (O.C.)
Michael, please...please tell me
this isn't a story.

MICHAEL
Angie, listen to me. I'm here,
I'm on my way. OK? I'm driving as
we speak. I can be there in ten
minutes.

A beat. She wants to believe this. Then...

ANGELICA
OK.

MICHAEL
OK. See you then.

ANGELICA
See you then.

MICHAEL Hanging up. Tense. Pinching the bridge of his nose.

MICHAEL looking at the MINIVAN now -- something's not right
here -- looking at the key tag, reading: *VEHICLE 19*.

Looking at the number painted on the parking bay: 19

Giving the immobilizer a tentative push --

KACLICK -- the door in the MINIVAN unlocking.

MICHAEL
Great.

The front door opening -- MICHAEL getting inside.

Looking around at the MINIVAN'S bland interior -- not
happy.

Pulling out his cellphone -- dialling --

RENTAL RECEPTIONIST
Cape Rental. Mandy speaking how
may I help you.

MICHAEL (ON PHONE)
Hi, yeah, it's Michael Wilks...I
was just in a minute ago to pick
up my rental...

RENTAL RECEPTIONIST
Yes, the American. Everything
okay Michael?

MICHAEL(ON PHONE)
No, not really. This is a Minivan
here...I ordered a sedan.

RENTAL RECEPTIONIST
O dear...that power outage,
crashed all the computers...not
surprising there's a glitch or
two. You're vehicle 19 right?

MICHAEL
Yes.

RENTAL RECEPTIONIST
Sorry about that...why don't you
come on back and we'll see if we
can find out what the problem is.
My manager should be back any
time soon...he knows-

MICHAEL
You can't make the change?

RENTAL RECEPTIONIST
I'm not so good with the new
computers, but he shouldn't be
that long?

MICHAEL checking his watch.

MICHAEL
There's no one else there that
can do this?

RENTAL RECEPTIONIST
Um, Neilo once changed my
screensaver let me ask her if-

But MICHAEL impatient -- having to let this go --

MICHAEL
Look, it's OK. I don't really
have time to wait. I'll just take
it.

MICHAEL starting the ignition.

RENTAL RECEPTIONIST
Um, okay but I think you better
just come in so we can at least
make sure the car you have-

MICHAEL cutting her off --

MICHAEL
I'm sorry. We can sort it out
when I get back. I gotta go, I'm
late and I have someone waiting.

RENTAL RECEPTIONIST
But we-

MICHAEL
Sorry, I've got to go.

Click.

Hanging up. Foot on the accelerator. Driving out of there
in hurry.

CUT TO:

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

MICHAEL driving -- map on his lap -- trying to find his
way.

Suddenly --

BAARP!

A car heading straight for him -- honking it's horn.
MICHAEL swerving into the other lane just in time.

IRATE DRIVER(O.S.)
Wrong way asshole!

MICHAEL checking up ahead -- realizing he's been driving on
the wrong side of the road.

MICHAEL.
 (to himself)
 Great. They drive on the left.

Back to the map now -- gotta get on a highway.

MICHAEL looking up at the strange city. No idea where he is.

It's only morning but already it feels like a long day.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

MICHAEL sitting in the middle of bumper to bumper traffic. Terrible traffic. The kind that makes you age.

Reaching for his phone now -- dialing --

MICHAEL
 Hey.

ANGELICA
 Where are you?

MICHAEL
 The traffic is a nightmare. I think there must have been an accident or something.

Again that pause from her.

ANGELICA
 Michael you know I've had to apply weeks in advance to get time off. You know what the security is like here.

Some under-the-surface frustration bubbling over in MICHAEL now.

MICHAEL
 What can I do? It's not my fault. I don't control the airways, the traffic flow. Can't you just wait?

ANGELIC
 Wait? I've been waiting for eighteen months.

MICHAEL

Angie...

ANGELICA

(emotional)

I don't know if I can do this Michael. I start thinking that maybe now that you've got out this could be a fresh start for you, for us...the parole board approves your travel. I start thinking that maybe you can change.

(Crying now)

...but then...the stories...I can't get hurt again, I just can't.

MICHAEL

No, Angie, listen I'm on my way.

ANGELICA

I don't know If I can go through this again.

ANGELICA crying on the other end of the line. And that hitting Michael hard.

MICHAEL

No baby, please don't cry.

ANGELICA

How do I know you're not just going to run again.

MICHAEL

Please. Just wait for me. I'm on my way.

ANGELICA

Have you been drinking again?

MICHAEL

No, no. Please Angie, I'm on my way.

This all striking a raw nerve for her.

A beat. Then,

ANGELICA
Call me, when you get here...if
you get here.

CLICK.

MICHAEL bashing the steering wheel in frustration --

MICHAEL
Damn it!

Looking out now

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

the cars haven't moved an inch. He's not getting out of
here soon.

Just another dose of bum luck in a life not short of bum
luck.

Leaning forward now -- rubbing the bridge of his nose --
having to just suck this up.

He flicks on the radio. Some news channel. Just background
noise to him.

Looking across on the passenger seat now at his bag --
noticing a piece of paper sticking out the sleeve.

Leaning over -- picking it up --

POV

We catch a few words:

...Michael Wilks Parole Board notification...

...permission to leave country DENIED...

MICHAEL staring at the piece of paper. Looking up now at
the traffic ahead now. No end in sight.

MICHAEL exhaling.

Then, up ahead -- a flash of red, a teenage girl in red
dress, walking quickly through the backed-up traffic. And
there's someone behind her, a MUSCULAR MAN, a bad ass
filled with tatoos we'll call MUSCLES, walking behind her.

MICHAEL catching her eye. Seeing something wrong here. Too much make-up, skirt too short, doped-up look in her eyes.

THE GIRL seeing MICHAEL looking at her -- walking towards him now (for help?) -- about to open her mouth -- but MUSCLES grabbing her arm, roughly.

MUSCLES
Get back here skank...make me
walk after you like that.

This doesn't seem right. MICHAEL stepping out the car --

MICHAEL
Hey. What are you doing?

MUSCLES spinning on MICHAEL in an instant --

MUSCLES
You want to mess with me? Huh?

MUSCLES staring at him hard -- daring him to say another word. MICHAEL staring back -- anger rising quickly in him.

MUSCLES
Come get it tough guy.

MICHAEL -- looking like he's about to rush him. But then, suddenly, inexplicably, something switching in him -- backing away now -- getting back in the car.

MUSCLES
Yeah, thought so.

MUSCLES leading the girl back to the other side of the road -- disappearing behind a bus.

MICHAEL sitting inside the car -- just starting straight ahead at the backed up traffic --

MICHAEL
(under his breath)
Stay out of trouble. Stay out of
trouble. Stay out of trouble.

Like some personal survival mantra.

Taking a breath now. Trying not to let this stuff build up inside.

Looking at his watch now. Late, very late.

Seeing the lane next to him creeping a little faster ahead than the one he's in.

Maneuvering the MINIVAN now -- about to cross the lane --

KABLAM!

A CYCLIST crunching into his driver's door -- flipping over the handlebars.

MICHAEL didn't see him coming -- calling out the window --

MICHAEL
Sorry, you OK?

The CYCLIST getting to his feet, bloodied elbows.

CYCLIST
Why the hell don't you watch what
you're doing!

The CYCLIST pulling up his bike.

MICHAEL feeling like an fool -- feeling the eyes of the other commuters stuck in the traffic with nothing better to do than stare.

The CYCLIST getting back on his bike, riding off --

CYCLIST
Idiot.

MICHAEL sitting there. Everything going wrong today.

Up ahead the traffic still jam packed. No-one going anywhere.

Then,

BEEP BEEP

a sound coming from somewhere in the front of the MINIVAN.

MICHAEL taking a beat to register what he's heard.

Sitting up a little now, his eye's on the glove compartment

Leaning forward -- clicking it open. There, inside -- A THIN BLACK CELLPHONE. And it's not his.

MICHAEL intrigued -- taking out the cellphone.

On the screen:

1 unread message

MICHAEL working the keypad -- opening the inbox.

A message:

Make sure. Keep it clean.

MICHAEL. What the hell does that mean?

Turning the phone over in his hands. Hi-end. New.

Back at the key pad now. At the *contacts* page -- nothing.

Incoming calls -- nothing.

Outgoing -- same.

Back to the message again:

Make sure. Keep it clean.

Sent from:

Anonymous.

Peculiar. MICHAEL, no idea what to make of this. Maybe some guy left his phone, who knows. A shrug -- putting the phone on the passenger seat then --

BLARP!

MICHAEL snapping out of nowhere land. Looking up into the

REARVIEW MIRROR

Some IMPATIENT DRIVER, gesticulating wildly for him to get a move on.

MICHAEL looking back

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

The traffic eased up, the road open in front of him.

MICHAEL guiltily putting his foot on the accelerator and opening up the traffic jam behind him.

THROUGH THE SIDE WINDOW

the IMPATIENT DRIVER blazing past, shouting at MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
Easy buddy. You'll get there.

TIMECUT

MICHAEL driving. A *Choc Milk* between his legs, *Candy Bar* in one hand -- chewing a mouthful.

His attention drifting to the radio, some local news:

NEWSREPORTER
...the sudden disappearance of
Rachel Shabangu, one of South
Africa's brightest young National
Prosecution attorneys, missing
since yesterday...

Trying to shift gears now -- dropping the *Candy Bar* --

MICHAEL
(mouth full)
Shipt.

Scratching around for the *Candy Bar* on the floor while still trying to keep his eye on the road.

Having a little difficulty -- it's rolled further under his seat than he thought.

THE MINIVAN drifting a little into the other lane --
MICHAEL correcting.

Leaning further forward now --

CLOSE ON:

His finger scratching under the seat

Suddenly --

SCREEEECH!

MICHAEL jamming on the breaks. The back of the MINIVAN lifting from the sudden stop.

CLOSE ON:

MICHAEL'S FACE. Fear. Eye's wide.

BRLAPP!

A car swerving past him, giving him the finger for the sudden stop.

But MICHAEL frozen -- staring ahead -- barely noticing.

Slowly now...

-- pulling something out from under the seat --

-- there, in his hand --

A BLACK HAND GUN.

MICHAEL looking at it. A silencer attached to the end. Sinister looking. The kind of gun used to kill people.

MICHAEL looking around. Cars driving by, pedestrians, no-one noticing anything out of the ordinary, just another day in the city.

But not here, not in this car.

MICHAEL no idea what to do.

Looking at the phone on the passenger seat. Back to the gun in his hand.

Reading the message again now --

Make sure. Keep it clean.

Something very wrong here.

CUT TO:

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

Some old rubbish dump on the outskirts of the city. The MINIVAN coming to an abrupt halt.

MICHAEL getting out the car. Quickly. Like it's got some contagious disease.

Running his hand through his hair -- staring at the shiny black gun on the seat -- trying to take a moment, get his bearings, figure out what the hell is going on.

Looking around now -- no-one around. Then back at the gun. Can't take his eyes off it .

RING RING

THE BLACK PHONE ringing.

RING RING

MICHAEL scared. These random events seemingly not so random now.

RING RING

What the hell does he do?

RING RING

Slowly walking forward.

The ominous gun. The new black phone. Everything now making him feel on edge.

Reaching out his hand now --

THE RINGING STOPS

MICHAEL. Even more freaked out. His mind reeling.

MICHAEL

OK. Just keep a cool head.
There's probably a perfectly-

His pep talk cut short by --

RING RING

The phone vibrating to life again.

RING RING

MICHAEL can't take the suspense anymore -- leaning in quickly -- picking it up.

Before he can say anything --

VOICE
(Thick South African
accent)
You were meant to acknowledge
receipt of the message.

What?

A beat.

MICHAEL
Who is this?

Silence now on the other end. Not a good silence, the kind
you want to end right away.

MICHAEL
Hello?

Still silence.

MICHAEL
Hello? Who is this? Can somebody
tell me what's going on here?

Another beat. Long. Anxious.

Finally:

VOICE
How did you get this phone?

MICHAEL
It's was in the car, the glove
compartment.
(panicked, talking at hyper speed
here)
The message, there was a message.
I think the rental place, there
was a power cut, think my
booking, or your booking, they
must have-

CLICK.

Whoever this is, they've heard enough.

MICHAEL
Hello! Hello! Are you there?

MICHAEL. Confusion boiling over into anger now -- shouting into the phone.

MICHAEL
WHY IS THERE A GUN IN MY CAR?

MICHAEL fuming. Wanting to smack the phone into a thousand pieces. But holding back. Sucking it in. Like he always does, just sucking it in.

Looking back at the phone now -- working the keypad -- going to *received calls* -- punching in.

But no number, just:

Anonymous.

MICHAEL
Shit.

His eyes back on the gun in the passenger seat. This is not good. This is just the kind of trouble he's desperate to avoid.

Weighing up his options now. It's a short exercise.

MICHAEL scratching in his pocket -- pulling out his own cell phone -- dialing -- waiting --

-- the call clicking over to voice male --

ANGELICA (RECORDING)
'Hey, this is Angie, can't take your call right now, speak after the...

'Beep'

MICHAEL (PHONE)
Angelica, listen I'm sorry. I know I screwed up. But I need your help here...
(sincere)...
I'm in trouble. Please baby, this isn't just another story....
(MORE)

MICHAEL (PHONE) (cont'd)
 you're the only person I know in
 this city I need your help here.
 There's a...

A beat. How the hell do you explain this without it
 sounding like you're making it up.

MICHAEL (PHONE)
 ...please just call me back as
 soon as you get this.

Hanging up.

Slipping the phone back in his pocket.

Looking out the windscreen now at the city's mini skyline --
 a city in a country he barely knows.

Looking back at the gun, the phone.

CUT TO:

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

Some inner city street -- rough end of town, a lawless edge
 to it.

SIDE ON

MICHAEL driving. Brow furrowed. Anxious.

Talking on his phone:

MICHAEL (PHONE)
 Yes...the police station.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
 Which one?

MICHAEL
 I dunno, any one, the closest
 one.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
 (mildly irritated)
 ...closest to what sir?

MICHAEL (PHONE)
 Er...

MICHAEL looking out the side window -- looking for some kind of idea where he is.

MICHAEL (PHONE)
...there's a a market, African
curio's a, er...

OPERATOR
You're in Africa sir, there's one
of those on every corner.

Looking for the street sign.

MICHAEL
..um, er...Plien Street.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Hold on.

MICHAEL holding -- hearing the *tip-tapping* of the
OPERATOR'S fingers on the keyboard.

OPERATOR
Roland St. Police station. Corner
of Roland and Buitenkant.

MICHAEL
Roland st? Any idea how to get
there?

OPERATOR
This is information not a map
service sir.

MICHAEL
Yeah, It just I'm not from here
and-

OPERATOR
Good-bye and thank you for
calling Telkom information.

CLICK. He's not getting any further with her.

TIMECUT

MICHAEL driving aimlessly through the city -- trying to
find Roland or Buitenkant.

It's pretty hopeless.

TIMECUT

MICHAEL still driving around.

Craning his neck to see a street sign on the other side of the road.

Reading:

ROLAND ST.

MICHAEL. Face lighting up.

MICHAEL

Yes.

His first bit of luck today.

The MINIVAN turning down the street now.

There, a block down,

PULL FOCUS

two cop cars parked outside an old rundown building in the near distance.

SIDE ON

MICHAEL turning into a parking space -- turning off the ignition.

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

a YOUNG COP walking down the stairs -- MICHAEL seeing him, then looking down at his denied parole document on the seat next to his bag.

Not sure what to do. A beat.

Then deciding -- leaning out his side window -- about to call out to the cop when --

RING RING

the thin BLACK phone vibrating on the passenger seat.

RING RING

MICHAEL turning to the phone -- looking at it -- knowing it could cut off unless --

MICHAEL

Hello?

VOICE

Hello Michael, my name is
Detective Smith.

The voice friendly now, not like when we first heard it.

But MICHAEL freaked by the mention of the word *detective*.

MICHAEL

(defensive)

I'm right here, outside the
police station, I was coming
in...I had no idea, I didn't know
how-

DETECTIVE SMITH

Relax, it's OK. We figured out
what happened...you're not to
blame here.

Relief.

DETECTIVE SMITH

We're in the middle of a covert
operation at the airport. There
was a mix up, that car was meant
to be picked up by one of our
undercover police officers. We
appreciate that this was just a
random mistake and that you are
merely an innocent party in this.

MICHAEL

Thank God, you got me a bit
freaked out there? The phone, the
gun...man it's like I'm in *Miami*
Vice or something.

DETECTIVE SMITH chuckling.

DETECTIVE SMITH

Yeah, sorry about that. We've got another car for you. We'll send you directions and we can swap it over.

MICHAEL

I'm actually at a police station now...I could just-

DETECTIVE SMITH

No. Just follow the directions and well see you in ten minutes.

MICHAEL

Oh, OK. I'll-

But DETECTIVE SMITH'S already hung up.

MICHAEL hanging up too. A little abrupt end to the call but over all feeling better now, happy this morning from hell is coming to an end.

Laughing to himself now at the absurdity of it all.

MICHAEL

Man, crazy morning.

BEEP BEEP.

The thin black cellphone. The message with directions.

LATER

MICHAEL driving out the city. Not freaked out any more, some old LKJ playing on the local reggae station.

Passing a group of street kids spray painting the side of a an old meat market. Huge mural, crate loads of spray paint.

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

pulling up to a the traffic light.

MICHAEL noticing the headlines on the side of a newspaper stand next to the stop.

NPA'S RACHEL SHABANGU

MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHES.

The light changing. MICHAEL turning his attention back to the road. Pulling off.

TIMECUT

Glancing at the directions on the cellphone -- looking a little lost here.

Looking back at the street name he's just past, reading it aloud --

MICHAEL
Gull st....

-- looking back at the phone again --

MICHAEL
Right on Winton?

Driving a little further, maybe the next one?

Driving past --

MICHAEL
Siddle? This is ridiculous.

MICHAEL blowing out his cheeks. Going to have to double back.

Waiting for a gap in the oncoming traffic. U-turning back up the street.

Looking a little more closely now.

A truck driving by -- the leaves of a tall bush blowing back -- revealing a street sign --

MICHAEL
Winton! Right into Winton.

Turning the MINIVAN down the street now.

MICHAEL happy he's back on track.

(BUT NOW THAT HE'S COMING UP THE OTHER WAY HE SHOULD HAVE TURNED LEFT.)

TIMECUT

MICHAEL navigating down a bumpy dirt road here.

Looking up

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

no buildings in sight for as far as the eye can see, no houses just deserted.

MICHAEL anxious again.

The narrow road getting progressively worse the further he goes.

The MINIVAN bumping up and down. A few big holes in the old road. MICHAEL in danger of getting stuck here.

MICHAEL
(shaking his head)
Can't be right.

Looking back at the directions.

MICHAEL
*'Down Buitenkant for 3 blocks,
left into Gull' okay, done that '
go south and right into Winton'
done that 'travel for three mil-*

MICHAEL realizing his mistake.

MICHAEL
Go south. Aha. So that means left
into Winton.

Putting the MINIVAN in reverse now.

Releasing the clutch --

-- the wheels spinning on the incline. Not catching.

MICHAEL. Foot back on the brake -- the MINIVAN jolting to a stop.

Turning the steering wheel now -- trying another angle --

-- releasing the clutch -- giving it some gas.

But the wheels still spinning.

MICHAEL
Come on , Come on.

No good.

MICHAEL hitting the hand brake again.

Letting the car roll a little further down now -- going to need more of a run up.

MICHAEL
Third time's a charm.

MICHAEL. On the gas, hard -- the engine revving, releasing the clutch -- the wheels spinning -- then catching --

-- the MINIVAN reversing fast -- jumping up over the bump at speed --

-- but a little too fast. The MINIVAN jostling over the bump -- the back seat flapping open --

-- SOMETHING ROLLING OUT FROM THE CARGO AREA ONTO THE BACKSEAT --

MICHAEL catching a glimpse of it in the rearview mirror -- slamming on brakes. His head smacking the windshield.

A small smudge of blood on the glass.

MICHAEL turning around -- seeing --

A WOMAN.

ARMS AND LEGS BOUND. MOUTH GAGGED.

MICHAEL
What the...!

The limp body just lying there awkwardly, half in the back, half in the back seat -- not moving.

MICHAEL
Omygod.

MICHAEL looking outside, no-one around. Just the MINIVAN in the middle of nowhere, MICHAEL, and a DEAD BODY in the back.

But is she dead?

MICHAEL tentatively leaning over the seat. Putting his finger under the nose of the woman to feel for a breath.

Recoiling his finger quickly.

SHE'S NOT DEAD.

MICHAEL tearing off the tape covering her mouth.

SCCAACH!

The BOUND WOMAN stirring now -- slowly -- coming out of some deep funk.

MICHAEL. Watching her consciousness surface from a safe distance.

The BOUND WOMAN'S eyes fluttering open. Trying to focus.

Lifting her hands up to her face -- seeing they're tied up. Looking around now at the interior of minivan. No idea where she is.

Her eyes falling on MICHAEL -- instantly widening in fear -- trying to push herself away from him -- into the back corner.

MICHAEL putting up his hands in a gesture of peace.

MICHAEL

Easy, easy. It wasn't me. I didn't do this.

But the woman clearly in a state of distress here. MICHAEL'S plea of innocence having no effect.

MICHAEL

Who are you?

The BOUND WOMAN slowly opening her mouth -- but nothing coming out.

Trying again --

BOUND WOMAN

Wa...er.

MICHAEL straining to understand.

BOUND WOMAN

Waa...ter.

MICHAEL getting it.

Looking around the front seat now -- no water, only his half-drunk bottle of *ChocMilk*.

Handing it to her.

THE BOUND WOMAN clumsily taking it with her tied hands -- drinking it in big, parched gulps -- finished in a second.

BOUND WOMAN

Food.

MICHAEL

All I've got is this.

Handing her the *Bar One*.

She takes it -- shoving the whole thing in her mouth. Crumbs falling down her shirt.

Some color returning to her face now. More life in her eyes.

MICHAEL

Are you OK?

THE BOUND WOMAN nodding -- but also sensing something about MICHAEL and trying --

BOUND WOMAN

Can you untie me?

A beat from MICHAEL, but how can he say no --

MICHAEL

OK.

Leaning over the seat now, starting to work on the knot.

The BOUND WOMAN looking at him, a peculiar look -- like something not right here, like that this is just too easy.

The first knot undone now. MICHAEL just about finished with the last one -- looking up -- seeing the BOUND WOMAN looking at him-

-- SMASH --

The BOUND WOMAN's forehead crunching into MICHAEL's nose. MICHAEL falling back -- clutching his nose in agony -- blood streaming out.

The BOUND WOMAN fast now -- scrambling to get the final knot undone. But she's misjudged this here. The knot much tighter than she thought.

MICHAEL groggy -- sitting back up. RACHEL frantic at the knot. There, almost undone, about to-

MICHAEL

Sit back!

The BOUND WOMAN seeing the gun in his hand. Not expecting that. Slowing now -- hands off the knot -- sitting back.

MICHAEL wiping the blood away from his nose -- trying to compose himself.

MICHAEL

Jeez, what the hell's wrong with you?

The BOUND WOMAN just looking at him --

MICHAEL

Why'd you do that?

-- seeing his genuine confusion -- realizing something amiss here.

BOUND WOMAN

Who are you?

MICHAEL

This has nothing to do with me. I shouldn't have this car.

THE BOUND WOMAN looking at MICHAEL -- trying to figure out who he is and how he fits into this all.

BOUND WOMAN

Don't play the innocent man here. I don't know how you fit in this but they wouldn't have left this to some random person.

MICHAEL

Look, just sit back.

Some force in his voice. Leaning over now -- retying the knot -- gun pointing at the BOUND WOMAN

Then back at the wheel -- getting the MINIVAN in gear -- anxious to get this over with.

TIME CUT

MICHAEL

Conflicted. Driving. Checking directions.

The Minivan hitting a small pothole -- the GUN on the seat next to him slipping to the floor.(MICHAEL, eyes on the road, not seeing this.)

BOUND WOMAN

Fully alert now. Rubbing her ankles together -- trying to loosen the ropes on her feet. But they're bound tight, too tight.

Looking around -- in the side pocket of the back door an Orange Warning Triangle (the kind you put on the road if you breakdown).

It's not much but maybe the edge just sharp enough for her to try something.

Inching her butt further down the seat -- stretching her feet out. The tips of her shoes just managing to reach the triangle.

Struggling to clasp the point of the triangle between the tips of her shoes. Hard to coordinate -- only an inch of room between her bound ankles.

But somehow managing to get a light grip.

Slowly -- inching the triangle out of the pocket.

The tricky part now -- trying to bring it up to her hands.

The last tip of the triangle sticking on the lip of the pocket. A little more force needed --

-- but too much --

-- the triangle coming out the pocket but slipping out the weak grip between her shoes -- dropping to the floor.

The BOUND WOMAN pursing her lips. Damn!

MICHAEL

turning back to see her.

But she's just lying there now. He can't see her feet and the spilt triangle behind his drivers chair.

MICHAEL

turning back to watch the road.

BOUND WOMAN

eyes drifting back to the triangle on the floor.

And then, seeing something else...something sticking out from under the back of the driver seat lying next to the spilt triangle.

IT'S THE BUTT OF THE HAND GUN.

It slid from under MICHAEL'S seat when he pulled off from the traffic light.

The BOUND WOMAN. Her eyes widening. A look to MICHAEL now. But he's unaware of her discovery.

Back to the gun butt -- just visible in the dark cavity under the chair.

The BOUND WOMAN inching further down the backseat now -- a lot further.

And this is risky. If MICHAEL turns around now he's going to know something is up.

But the BOUND WOMAN with no choice -- lowering her legs to the floor -- stretching them out as far as she can.

But the gun butt just out of reach.

The BOUND WOMAN stretching further. Still just a fraction out of reach.

MICHAEL coming to a stop at a light.

The BOUND WOMAN shifting back up the seat in case he turns around.

The light changing -- MICHAEL accelerating off, on edge.

Quickly now, the BOUND WOMAN inching along the seat -- lowering her legs -- her shoes managing to get a grip of the handle.

Slowly, the tricky part -- trying to lift it up.

Using all her strength -- squeezing her feet together to grasp the gun as tight as she can.

The gun lifting now -- the BOUND WOMAN leaning forward, slowly.

Reaching out her bound hands now towards the gun.

MICHAEL

Driving.

BOUND WOMAN(O.C.)

Turn the car around.

MICHAEL

Look, we're almost there. You can explain whatever you have to to the police.

BOUND WOMAN

I said turn the car around.

MICHAEL

I'm not-

Feeling something cold against his neck.

The color draining from his face. Looking across at the passenger seat. No Gun.

Realizing: 'she's got it!'

MICHAEL

Please, please...I didn't--

BOUND WOMAN

Listen to what I say and you won't get hurt.

MICHAEL

OK. Yes. OK.

BOUND WOMAN

Turn the car around.

MICHAEL turning the steering wheel.

MICHAEL
Please. I have nothing to do with
this.

THE MINIVAN heading back the way it came.

BOUND WOMAN
What is the time?

MICHAEL looking at his watch --

MICHAEL
Eleven seventeen.

MICHAEL going a little faster. The BOUND WOMAN noticing --

BOUND WOMAN
You're driving too fast.

MICHAEL not hearing her.

BOUND WOMAN
Slow down. You're driving too
fast.

But it not that he's not hearing, he's ignoring her.

The BOUND WOMAN pulling the hammer back on the gun.

BOUND WOMAN
I said slow do-

MICHAEL JAMMING ON BRAKES.

The BOUND WOMAN. Bound legs and hands, unable to stop
herself from flying forward --

-- crashing into the seat in front of her.

The gun spilling out her hands -- hitting the front window.

BLAM!

A round firing.

CLOSE ON:

MICHAEL'S FACE. Wide eyes.

A trickle of blood now -- slowly running down the side of his neck.

Everything still.

A waft of gun smoke drifting in the air.

MICHAEL slowly moving his head -- revealing A BULLET HOLE in the drivers seat head rest.

Bringing his hand up to his neck -- looking at his finger -- some blood. Miraculously it's just a graze.

A beat.

The reality of just how close that was sinking in.

A groan now --

the BOUND WOMAN

on the floor between the seats. A cut on her head.

MICHAEL

seeing her. His shock giving way to indignation -- shouting:

MICHAEL
GET BACK ON THE SEAT.

But the BOUND WOMAN calm.

BOUND WOMAN
If you take me there they will
kill me.

MICHAEL
GET BACK. NOW.

MICHAEL shaking his head. Looking for conviction here -- forcing it.

MICHAEL
You almost killed me! You hear
me! Almost shot me in the head!
Now get back and stay down.

BOUND WOMAN
You're in over your head-

MICHAEL
KEEP QUIET! You hear me, enough!
I don't want to hear another
word.

MICHAEL unravelling, the confusion getting to him.

THE BOUND WOMAN settling back, sensing not to push too hard
here. Not yet.

MICHAEL'S attention back to the road. Trying to find his
way. Looking at the street names.

THE MINIVAN weaving through the traffic.

MICHAEL anxious. This is not how-

KABALSH!

-- air rushing into the MINIVAN.

MICHAEL turning, seeing -- the side door kicked open --

-- THE BOUND WOMAN ROLLING OUT THE DOOR --

A car blaring it's horn as it flies by. MICHAEL swerving
back into his lane.

Looking back -- seeing the BOUND WOMAN hanging inches above
the ground rushing below her.

One of the ropes caught on the seatbelt hook keeping her
from tumbling out the MINIVAN

Another car screaming by -- more horns blaring - MICHAEL
trying to keep his eyes in two places at once.

Swerving across the lanes now -- the BOUND WOMAN bashing
against the side of the car.

MICHAEL jamming on brakes -- jumping across the back seat --
grabbing the BOUND WOMAN by the ropes -- pulling her in.

MICHAEL
ARE YOU CRAZY?

Staring at her. Can't believe she just did that.

MICHAEL
Are you out of your mind? You
could have been run ov-

RING RING

THE MICHAEL stopping mid-sentence.

The black phone on the passenger seat ringing.

MICHAEL grabbing it quickly --

MICHAEL
Hello.

DETECTIVE SMITH
You're late Michael Wilks.

The friendly tone from earlier not so friendly now.

MICHAEL
Yes, sorry I had-

DETECTIVE SMITH
I checked your record. Got out of
jail only ten days ago. Broken
your parole conditions by leaving
the country...I imagine to come
and see your ex-wife Angelica
Moore, working at the US Embassy.
Now how do you ever expect to
reconcile with here if you're
just going to end up back in jail
Mr Wilks?

MICHAEL
I'm sorry. I got lost I tried to
call but-

DETECTIVE SMITH
Five minutes.

MICHAEL
There's a woman tied-

But the phone's already dead.

MICHAEL
Damn.

MICHAEL anxious, getting stuck deeper and deeper in a situation that every fibre in his body is telling him is just plain wrong.

Foot on the gas now -- kicking up a gear -- wanting nothing more than to get this over with.

IN THE BACK

THE BOUND WOMAN looking at him, studying him. Then --

BOUND WOMAN

You don't know what's going on do you?

MICHAEL, a look to her in the rear view mirror. But saying nothing -- trying not to engage.

BOUND WOMAN

I heard him on the phone. I think I need to tell you the situation you find yourself in here.

MICHAEL, out of his depth.

But the BOUND WOMAN sensing his bewilderment, using it --

BOUND WOMAN

My name is Rachel Shabangu. I work for the National Prosecuting Attorney in the South African police force. I have recently uncovered information implicating the Chief of Police Ben Rose in various counts of international sex trafficking.

MICHAEL trying not to listen.

RACHEL

The last thing I remember is coming home, opening my front door and then waking up in this minivan with you.

MICHAEL

I don't want to hear any of this.

But inside his confusion feeding on itself, multiplying in his mind.

RACHEL
I have reason to believe I have
been kidnapped to prevent-

MICHAEL
Enough!

RACHEL
-this information coming to
light.

MICHAEL
I said I don't want to hear it.

MICHAEL no idea what to do. If she's lying she's very good at it.

RACHEL
You have to do something.

And this hitting a nerve.

MICHAEL
No! Not me. This has nothing to
do with me! You can tell your
story to the police when we get
there.

And here's the bomb shell...

RACHEL
It's the police who want me dead.

CLOSE ON:

MICHAEL's face, he wasn't expecting that.

And now RACHEL making her case --

RACHEL
I don't know how you got involved
in this but you're involved. And
this is not something you can
pretend doesn't exist.

MICHAEL.
NO!

Trying to block it out. The tension in the MINIVAN rising.
RACHEL applying heavy pressure on him.

RACHEL
This is in your hands-

MICHAEL
STOP IT!

MICHAEL struggling to keep his composure. Both talking over each other. Loud. Tense.

MICHAEL
I can't think! Just shut up! I
can't get in trouble here!

RACHEL
You can't block this-

CUT TO:

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

All quiet now.

MICHAEL

driving. MICHAEL trying to breathe -- to calm down.

RACHEL

in the back. Mouth gagged again now.

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

a deserted inner city road. Up ahead a building.

Closer now, it's an abounded warehouse.

MICHAEL

picking up the phone now -- rereading the directions.

CLOSE ON

PHONE MESSAGE

'...at the warehouse'

The MINIVAN slowing to a crawl.

MICHAEL looking around. The place empty. No-one in sight.

MICHAEL confused. RACHEL looking scared.

The MINIVAN slowing to a halt outside the warehouse.

RACHEL's eyes darting left, right. Real fear here.

RACHEL trying to talk through the gag.

MICHAEL not sure what to do. Desperate to get this over with, anything but this.

A tense beat.

RACHEL wriggling in the back.

MICHAEL getting more anxious -- giving the horn a tentative honk now.

A moment.

Nothing.

MICHAEL feeling like an idiot now, got no idea what's going on.

MICHAEL
Maybe it's the wrong place.
(Leaning forward to the phone)...
let me check -

BLAM!

From out of nowhere -- a shot.

The bullet meant for MICHAEL whizzing over his head as he reached for the phone -- smashing through the front windscreen

MICHAEL
Omygod.

Seeing RACHEL now, shouting at him. MICHAEL ripping off the gag.

RACHEL
GO!

Screaming with all the urgency she can muster. But MICHAEL still in shock.

RACHEL
THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL US. GO GO.

The ferocity of her yell snapping MICHAEL'S brain into gear -- realizing the truth of her statement.

Delayed adrenaline surging up now -- slamming his foot on the gas -- wheels screeching, dust -- the MINIVAN tearing forward --

-- BLAM BLAM BLAM --

The MINIVAN swerving left, right -- dust billowing up in huge clouds from the dusty road.

RACHEL turning back -- seeing --

THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW

a CAR tearing around the side of the warehouse after them.

RACHEL
 THE GUN. I NEED THE GUN!

MICHAEL rushing on a cocktail of panic, adrenaline, fear -- unable to think straight --

BLAM BLAM.

More shots whizzing past.

RACHEL
 THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US. I NEED
 THE GUN!

MICHAEL
 OK. OK.

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

the CAR gaining on them.

RACHEL

frantic, clumsily grabbing the gun --leaning out the window now -- firing back --

BLAM BLAM

The car not expecting that -- swerving abruptly to the side.

RACHEL taking her time now -- aiming.

BLAM

Hitting the front tyre.

Aiming for the other now --

BLAM

But MICHAEL's car swerving at the last moment, RACHEL knocked against the side of the door, the bullet missing by a mile.

And now the unmarked car gaining on them.

RACHEL

FASTER!

MICHAEL

My foot's flat. This is as fast
as it goes.

They're never going to out run them here. The unmarked car coming up quickly -- getting caught up in the dust from the MINIVAN.

RACHEL scanning the horizon.

BLAM BLAM

More shots from the car.

RACHEL ducking back inside the window -- looking up ahead, seeing a BOUNDARY WALL. MICHAEL seeing it too, slowing a little.

RACHEL

NO! DON'T STOP.

MICHAEL

But there's a-

RACHEL

Just keep going! Keep swerving,
kicking up the dust.

MICHAEL, a quick look into the rear view mirror, can just make out the unmarked car in the clouds of dust, speeding up behind them.

MICHAEL looking up ahead, the wall looming. He's got to slow or they're going to smash head first into it.

RACHEL
When I say, hit the brakes,
swerve right. Hard.

MICHAEL
What!?

BLAM!

Another shot. His side mirror smashing to pieces.

RACHEL
Just do it!

MICHAEL pumped -- driving like a mad man.

The other car almost on top of them. And the wall up ahead looming fast, seconds away.

MICHAEL glancing to RACHEL, panicked --

MICHAEL
We're going to crash!

RACHEL
Keep going!

Impossible now, speeding towards a brick wall, the unmarked car right up there. Dust everywhere.

The MINIVAN about to smash full speed into the wall when --

RACHEL
NOW!

MICHAEL jamming on breaks with both feet. RACHEL dropping the gun -- grabbing the steering wheel -- swinging hard right.

Huge clouds of dust rising up from the screeching tyres.

The MINIVAN about to topple over from the sharp turn, too fast, too tight a turn -- the wall rushing up to them --

But the angle of the turn just right, the side of the MINIVAN scraping against the wall -- sparks flying, but no collision.

But there, behind them now, lost in the billowing clouds of dust -- going way way to fast to stop in time --

CRASHHH!

-- the unmarked car smashing headlong into the wall. Air bags deployed, radiator bursting.

The MINIVAN swinging off the wall now, MICHAEL seeing --

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

Someone stumbling out of the crashed car -- firing off a wild shot at the MINIVAN, but too stunned to get a proper aim.

MICHAEL wide-eyed, can't believe what just happened.

MICHAEL

O god, they tried to kill us?

RACHEL

(quickly)

Your ex-wife, at the embassy,
call her, now. They're going to
go try and get her. Whatever
happens she must stay where she
is.

MICHAEL, his eye widening -- realizing just how serious this is getting --

-- quickly taking out his phone now -- dialing -- but just getting --

ANGELICA (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached Angie, you can
speak after the...

'Beep'

MICHAEL

(panic)

Angelica, stay where you are,
there are some people...look,
just...just stay where you are,
I'm coming to get you.

MICHAEL hanging up. RACHEL looking at him.

RACHEL
You can't go there.

MICHAEL looking at her -- everything tense here --

MICHAEL
(full panic)
I've got to get to her.

RACHEL grabbing his arm, looking at him dead in the eyes --

RACHEL
You can't. It's too dangerous
That's exactly where they're
headed. These people will kill
us. She's safe there.

MICHAEL
NO!

RACHEL seeing his conviction -- realizing she can't push
him anymore than she is.

A beat now.

Then MICHAEL, foot on the gas -- fish-tailing it out of
there.

RACHEL looking out the back window -- scanning the cars.

MICHAEL driving hard.

RACHEL
Give me the phone.

MICHAEL giving her a look, trying to read her. Then,
handing it over.

RACHEL
What department at the Embassy?

RACHEL cool, collected, everything MICHAEL isn't at this
stage.

MICHAEL
Diplomatic. Um, er...the
number...it's on the phone.

RACHEL
It's going to be okay. It's US
soil, they can't touch her in
there.

RACHEL dialing.

Someone answering on the cellphone.

RACHEL (PHONE)
Hello, please connect me to
Diplomatic affairs.

A beat. Then another voice on the line.

RACHEL
I need to speak with Angelica
Moore please.

The muffled voice on the other line.

RACHEL
How long ago?

Her tone giving nothing away.

The hanging up.

MICHAEL
What?

He can sense it.

RACHEL
She stepped out a minute ago,
there was someone to see her.

MICHAEL
O God...

MICHAEL'S FACE -- real fear now.

TIME CUT

The MINIVAN swerving in and out of traffic. MICHAEL driving
for his ex-wife's life.

RACHEL
Left at the lights.

Up ahead the lights changing to amber. The MINIVAN'S not going to make it. MICHAEL slowing.

The light changing to red. But RACHEL, screaming at him --

RACHEL

Just go!

MICHAEL having to throw caution to the wind -- slamming his foot down -- closing his eyes --

-- whossh --

flying through the red light, another car from the other side coming through -- the MINIVAN swerving, just missing it.

RACHEL

Up ahead.

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

The US EMBASSY

MICHAEL seeing --

MICHAEL

Angelica!

She's walking towards a man standing next to a black SUV. And we know this is trouble the second we see it.

MICHAEL and RACHEL realizing the danger too.

MICHAEL slamming the horn -- shouting --

MICHAEL

Angelica! No! No! Angelica get back inside.

The door of the SUV opening -- out jumping two other men -- the flash of a gun being drawn.

The MINIVAN flying towards them -- ANGELICA seeing something wrong here. The man lunging for her --

-- BLAM! --

RACHEL firing at them. Screams now -- SECURITY GUARDS from the Embassy drawing their weapons.

The speeding MINIVAN just feet away from the SUV --
ANGELICA diving out the way -- back inside the gates of the
Embassy.

-- KABLASH --

-- the MINIVAN clipping the back of the SUV.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

The men from the SUV firing -- MICHAEL ducking as the
MINIVAN blows past them.

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

MICHAEL seeing ANGELICA being helped up by the Embassy
security guard.

The other men piling into the back of the SUV. The MINIVAN
disappearing around the corner, out of sight.

MICHAEL

She's safe. She got back inside.
She's safe.

MICHAEL looking at RACHEL now --

MICHAEL

Call them, tell them what's going
on, tell them about-

Stopping mid-sentence -- seeing the bullet wound in
RACHEL'S shoulder, the blood pumping out.

MICHAEL

O God, you've been shot.

RACHEL saying nothing.

MICHAEL

You've got to get to a hospital.

RACHEL

No. Just go.

MICHAEL turning left into the flow of traffic.

But looking back at RACHEL now. It looks bad, fatal.

Her hand trying to stop the blood, but it's just pumping
out over her fingers.

MICHAEL out of his depth here.

RACHEL

(weak)

At the lights...turn right...
follow the underground parking
sign.

MICHAEL seeing the sign. The MINIVAN dropping down the
steep driveway to the underground parking levels.

RACHEL

Go down...bottom level.

The MINIVAN twisting down the roundabout -- coming out to
the bottom.

No-one around. Just empty bays.

RACHEL

Find a place...out of sight.

MICHAEL driving to a far corner. Pulling into a bay behind
a pillar.

MICHAEL

You're losing a lot of blood,
you've got to get to a doctor.

RACHEL ignoring him.

RACHEL

Unbutton my blouse.

MICHAEL not sure what's going on.

RACHEL

I can't do it. I have to see the
wound.

MICHAEL fumbling at the buttons now.

RACHEL pale, sweaty -- looking at the wound. It looks bad,
real bad.

RACHEL trying to take off her blood-soaked shirt.

RACHEL

Help me.

MICHAEL gently pulling her arm out the sleeve. Blood everywhere.

RACHEL
Use it to stop the blood.

MICHAEL crumpling up the blouse, pushing down gently on the wound.

Dark red blood seeping through the cream blouse in an instant.

RACHEL
You have to push harder.

MICHAEL tentative -- not wanting to hurt her. But the blood just pouring out.

MICHAEL perspiring now.

RACHEL
(with more energy than
she has)
Do it!

MICHAEL pushing down on the wound.

RACHEL grimacing -- gripping MICHAEL'S other arm.

MICHAEL, scared, clumsy - pushing down but the blood's not stopping.

RACHEL
Harder!

MICHAEL can barely keep it together -- forcing himself to push down harder.

RACHEL gritting her teeth, can barely keep herself from screaming out. Impossible pain.

BUT THE BLOOD'S NOT STOPPING. Just pumping out around the edges.

RACHEL
Not...good...

RACHEL in a bad way, no strength to finish her sentence.

MICHAEL unable to stop the flow of blood. RACHEL seeing this --

RACHEL
(realizing)
I'm not going...to make it.

MICHAEL
No, don't say that.

RACHEL
Too much...blood...

RACHEL fighting off unconsciousness.

RACHEL
Give me...your phone.

MICHAEL giving her the phone.

RACHEL
Video records?

MICHAEL nodding -- leaning over -- pressing a few keys.

MICHAEL
Press that to start and stop.

RACHEL slowly bringing up the phone. Her energy draining fast -- talking into the small camera --

RACHEL (INTO PHONE)
'My name...is Rachel Shabangu.
Today, Friday...seventeen
November...2010. I have been
shot...in the event I do not
survive...this will serve as
testimony...for the prosecution
...

RACHEL struggling, but determined to get this out

RACHEL (INTO PHONE)
On October 12 2010...I uncovered
a sex trafficking ring out of
Johannesburg...and a trail
that... lead back to Police Chief
Ben Rose.

RACHEL barely able to speak. Death creeping in around her.

TIME CUT

RACHEL (INTO PHONE)
...realized how deep not only he,
but several other high ranking
police officers were involved. At
that point I made plans to try
and contact Judge Bud Mzuka but
then found myself...

Stopping now. Exhausted. Nothing left.

TIMECUT

Slowly lifting the phone back to her mouth.

RACHEL
...concludes...my...testimony...
as witnessed...by...

Looking to MICHAEL now.

MICHAEL taking a second to realize what's being ask of him,
then:

MICHAEL
(quickly)
Michael. Michael Wilks.

RACHEL
Michael...Wilks.

Clicking off the recorder on the phone. Her hand flopping
down. Almost nothing left.

RACHEL looking at him now. A terrible look, the look of a
person resigned to death.

MICHAEL can't bear it.

MICHAEL
(desperate)
No, please, don't die...this is
all my fault. I should have
believed you, should have just
done the right thing.

RACHEL
It's...okay...

MICHAEL
I...the police, I couldn't...

MICHAEL trailing off, feeling like shit.

RACHEL some final strength from somewhere now -- pushing the phone into his hand -- curling his fingers around the phone.

Looking at him in the eyes, dead in the eyes. MICHAEL seeing conviction there.

RACHEL
Take this...to...

MICHAEL
Don't die, please dear God don't you die on me.

RACHEL
...courthouse...Judge Muzka...
only clean man...trust no-one
else.

Slipping away now --

MICHAEL
(Urgent)
No!

RACHEL
It...rests on...you...

MICHAEL
I can't.

Knowing there's no way he can do this.

Her last words now --

RACHEL
...up to you...now.

-- last breath --

MICHAEL
NO!

CUT TO:

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Parked next to some overgrown park. Flies buzzing around some dead dog in the bush.

MICHAEL just sitting there in the drivers seat. A ghost. Like some accident victim.

The passenger seat next to him empty except for a dark blood stain and the history of RACHEL'S death hanging in the air.

On the dashboard in front of him a hip flask. MICHAEL just staring at it. Wanting nothing more than to down the thing in a single gulp.

Everything quiet. The minutiae of his pathetic life drifting like a swirling current through his mind.

The demons he's been fighting for so long starting to circle now, sensing victory.

God knows how long he's been sitting like this.

How do you continue from here. *Can you continue from here?*

A beat. An eternity. A man on a precipice.

Going for his only hope now, the only glimmer of light in his bleak world.

Pulling out his phone -- scrolling down his *contacts* to:

ANGELICA

The call connecting --

RING RING

MICHAEL waiting. Patient. Inwardly desperate.

More ringing. Still nothing.

It's going to ring off. His face falling.

ANGELICA

Hi, you have reached...

Just her voice mail. Then,

BEEP

Silence. MICHAEL, what can he say, how do you explain it on a voice message.

CLICK.

He hangs up.

Just sitting there now. Alone. Alone in this godforsaken car.

Alone and broken.

A long beat.

MICHAEL staring out into the future, like a vast ocean, searching, hoping for some beacon of hope, something to cling to, to keep afloat. Anything but to drown in the hopelessness of it all.

But nothing.

Just sitting there.

Nothing left.

Then, from somewhere -

(O.S.)
Get out the car!

MICHAEL not looking up.

At the side of the car now, some skinny kid, covered in jail tats, twitching, high on crack or something -- holding a KNIFE.

CRACKHEAD
I said get out the car and give
me your fucking wallet.

MICHAEL slowly turning, looking at the kid.

MICHAEL
Just go. It's better if you just
go.

The CRACKHEAD pressing the knife to MICHAEL'S throat.

CRACKHEAD

Give me your wallet or I'll stick
you and take it myself.

MICHAEL turning back -- looking out the front window. The
knife still pushed against his neck but you'd be hard
pressed to tell if he gives a damn here.

MICHAEL

Please, just go.

CRACKHEAD

Don't make me-

The gun at his head before he can finish the sentence.

KACLICK. MICHAEL pulling back the hammer.

MICHAEL

(soft)

Take the knife away from my
throat.

The CRACKHEAD going pale, not expecting this by a long
shot. Hand trembling -- taking the knife away --

MICHAEL

Go. This is a chance. Take it.
Just go.

-- starting to run now, run for his life.

MICHAEL putting the gun back on his lap. Looking out the
front window.

His eyes drifting over to the blood patch on the passenger
seat. A grim reminder of RACHEL'S death. Her pointless,
avoidable death.

MICHAEL'S FACE:

Hard. Hardened by every shit turn life's given him, by the
sheer injustice of it all.

Then,

RING RING

THE BLACK PHONE vibrating on the seat next to him.

MICHAEL looking at it.

RING RING

No fear. No nothing.

RING RING

Looking at the ANONYMOUS caller id.

RING RING

MICHAEL leaning over -- pushing 'accept' but not saying anything.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

We just picked up a call to 911
about a dead woman in a parking
garage. The caller sounded
distressed. You feeling any
better now?

DETECTIVE SMITH calm, relaxed, like they're old friends
chatting.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

Death's a funny thing. The
experience can be quite...
enlightening. Especially the
first time you see it. It was
your first time wasn't it
Michael? The first time you
actually saw someone die? Or was
that boy still alive when you got
out the car to see what you'd hit
all those years ago?

MICHAEL wincing, like the words causing him physical pain.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

Never mind.

Beat.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

(an edge here)

So tell me, what else did you
learn from our friend Rachel
Shabangu before she died?

MICHAEL

(emotionless)

You had her killed, in cold blood. Because she was going to testify against Ben Rose. You're a cold-blooded killer.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

Easy there big boy. I'm not the one just out of jail for a hit and run.

MICHAEL

It was an accident. It was dark. I couldn't see him.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

And he wasn't even badly hurt. Pretty harsh sentence if you ask me. You do seem to have a bit of a knack at being in the wrong place at the wrong time, don't you?

He lets the question hang in the air for a beat.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

You know I don't like to normally get my fingers dirty. That's why I didn't just kill her myself. But you see now you've put me in a bit of spot Mr Wilks. So here's the low down, you've busted your parole conditions making you a wanted felon. You're in a city you've never been to before. You have no place to stay, you have no idea how to get around. You have no friends.

Letting him swallow that.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

I have access to the entire police force of this city. I know the car you're in. I know it's color. It's plates.

(MORE)

'DETECTIVE SMITH' (cont'd)

I also have people waiting for your ex-wife to take one step out of that Embassy...one step and she's mine. And may I just add in here what an attractive young lady she is. Feisty too. I've heard some of our clients quite like that. So you see I hold all the cards here. I have the means to squash you...like a bug...under my shoe. And this time, I will happily come and do that myself.

Pausing for effect now, a show of power.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

So it's easy really. Because you see I know you, you need to stay low here, not get involved. And that's good. It's the one thing you got going for you in your miserable little life. You see being a coward is actually going to save you here. So what say you get back on a plane and get the hell out of here.

His condescension eating at MICHAEL.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

Oh...and just in case you need a little help with your decision why don't you turn on your radio.

MICHAEL. A beat.

Doesn't like the sound of this -- slowly flicking on the radio --

NEWSREPORTER

...suspect Michael Wilks, wanted for the murder of Rachel Shabangu. He is armed and dangerous...

The color draining from MICHAEL's face in an instant.

The damning frame job on the radio continuing in the background as he just sits there -- sick to his stomach -- like leaping across a void and in mid-air realizing someone just pushed the other side out of reach.

Doors of hope slamming shut faster than he can comprehend. Impossible now. Knowing he's done for.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
(Callous chuckle)
So what say you make the
enlightened choice huh?

CLOSE ON:

MICHAEL's face. Inexplicable.

Then, slowly something happening to MICHAEL, something 'DETECTIVE SMITH' said triggering a distinct change in MICHAEL'S expression.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
So what it's going be?

MICHAEL looking out into the middle distance. Something shifting.

A cloud slowly twisting high in the strong wind .

Then,

MICHAEL
Cookie boy.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
What?

MICHAEL
My father used to call me that.
Cookie boy. Said I couldn't
handle the pressure, always the
first to crumble. He was a mean
bastard. Even though he's dead, I
can still hear his the sadistic
laugh whenever I made a mistake.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
Tough life huh?

Beat.

MICHAEL
That chuckle of yours, he used to
laugh like that.

DETECTIVE SMITH hearing the change of tone in MICHAEL'S
voice, not liking where this is going.

MICHAEL
Are you also a mean bastard
Detective Smith?

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
(slow, menacing)
Be very, very careful here.

Inexplicably MICHAEL smiling as he realizes --

MICHAEL
You know what's more dangerous
than a mean bastard with too much
power...

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
You're playing with fire.

MICHAEL
...a man who can't take it
anymore.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
I will kill you.

But MICHAEL'S fear, the panic, dissipating now. Some
dormant resolve surfacing through decades of his apathetic
funk.

MICHAEL
You asked me to choose Detective
Smith. OK. I choose,...

And here it comes,

MICHAEL
....I choose...

His own pause now, his own show of power.

MICHAEL
I choose...to hell with you.

CLICK.

MICHAEL hanging up.

Knowing he's just jumped off a cliff here -- crossed a line you don't come back from.

Taking the phone now, pulling off the back -- exposing the insides -- dropping it out the window.

Taking the hip flask -- twisting off the cap -- pouring the liquor out of the window over the phone.

Shaking the last drops out of the bottle. Tossing the empty bottle into the bushes.

No fanfare, no dramatic smash against the ground. Just a final fuck you to his demons.

And like that it's done. Over. Just deciding he's going to stop feeling sorry for himself, going to stop running.

Closing his eyes now -- deep inhale. Summing up whatever it is you need to take the next step.

Turing on the ignition. Pulling out of there.

TIMECUT

MICHAEL. Driving.

Pushing a button on the side of his phone.

RACHEL (V.O.)
*...uncovered a sex trafficking
ring out of Johannesburg...and a
trail...*

MICHAEL hitting the *REW* button.

RACHEL (V.O.)
*... but several other high
ranking police officers were...*

No, not this either, MICHAEL looking for something specific here, going further back --

RACHEL (V.O.)
*...to try and contact Judge Bud
 Mzuka but then found myself...*

Yes. MICHAEL stopping it -- playing it again now --

RACHEL (V.O.)
...Judge Bud Mzuka.

At the keypad now -- dialing -- someone answering.

OPERATOR
 Telkom information, how may I
 help you.

MICHAEL
 I'm looking for the number for
 Judge Bud Mzuka.

OPERATOR
 Hold on let me see if he's
 listed.

MICHAEL taking a chance, driving onto the main street.

OPERATOR
 Here you go, would you like me to
 connect you?

MICHAEL
 Yes , please.

MICHAEL nervous, cars all around him, fully exposed now,
 very risky.

The phone ringing on the other end.

MICHAEL
 Come on.

Still ringing. Then.

JUDGE BUD MZUKA (PHONE)
 Hello...

MICHAEL
 My name is Michael Wi-

He doesn't get to finish because --

JUDGE BUD MZUKA (PHONE)
*'I'm not here at the moment but
 if you...*

MICHAEL
 Damn.

The voice mail 'beeping'.

MICHAEL (PHONE)
 This is Michael Wilks. I have
 Rachel Shabangu's testimony. They
 killed her. They tried to kill
 me. I'm...

MICHAEL pausing here, only now fully grasping what he's
 about to try and do.

MICHAEL (PHONE)
 ...I'm bringing it in...to the
 courthouse.

Hanging up.

No turning back now.

THE MINIVAN coming to a stop at the red light.

MICHAEL sitting there -- tense.

Feeling something now -- looking over at the car next to
 him. A middle-aged woman looking at him. Something wrong
 here, something wrong with the look in her eyes.

She turns now, looking back to one of the shops on the side
 of the street.

MICHAEL turning to see what she's seeing.

Like a blow to the gut now -- seeing the wall of TV's in
 the shop window. And there he his, an insert picture of
 himself looking like a fugitive.

The ticker underneath reading:

American wanted in connection with murder.

A shot of his blue MINIVAN now.

The cold reality of the accusation hitting him hard.

OUT THE SIDE WINDOW

THE FEARFUL WOMAN on the phone now -- panic in her face, talking quickly -- she's made the connection.

MICHAEL. Looking at the red light.

Tense now. Does he go for it?

But then green --

-- tyres squealing -- turning around the corner -- MICHAEL shifting gears -- survival instincts kicking in. Got to get off the main road. Gotta hide.

Driving fast. Too fast. Attracting unwanted attention from the pedestrians.

Slowing a little -- turning up another side street.

Then,

SIRENS.

Close, a block away.

MICHAEL anxious, looking over his shoulder out of the back.

The walls closing in around him. No idea which way to turn.

THE SIRENS LOUDER NOW.

Maybe on the road parallel to him. MICHAEL shifting gears.

MORE SIRENS.

Now from in front too. He's heading straight towards it.

MICHAEL. Eyes darting everywhere. No time to turn the MINIVAN around.

The other patrol car sure to burst out of a side street any second.

The approaching sirens right here now. MICHAEL'S trapped.

Over the rise now -- here comes a patrol car HEADING STRAIGHT FOR MICHAEL.

But just in time, MICHAEL seeing --

-- AN ENCLOSED CAR WASH --

THE MINIVAN bursting into the open mouth of the wash bay

-- *SZHOOOM* --

The PATROL cars flying past, not seeing the MINIVAN.

MICHAEL hitting the red *start* button.

OUT OF THE BACK WINDOW

the Car Wash's canvas 'doors' rolling down -- just as we see the other patrol car screeching around the corner.

The noise of the sirens disappearing into the distance as the blasts of the high pressure hose start up, hitting the side of the MINIVAN, the windows and the roof.

MICHAEL -- looking out the window, knowing the safety this affords him is nothing but a dangerous illusion.

Soap suds slowly running down the frothy windscreen now.

MICHAEL lifting up his phone now -- looking at the wallpaper picture --

-- a PICTURE of him -- younger, happy, no unnamed thing yet weighing down on his shoulders, affecting the ease of this smile. He's with a girl on a beach.

Looking now -- and in his expression you see this means something, maybe the only thing that means anything in the mess that is his life.

MICHAEL dialing --

ANGELICA (V.O.)
Speak after the...

BEEP

MICHAEL
(slow, sincere)
However this turns out, whatever you hear, I just want you to know, I was just trying to do the right thing...trying to make up for every wrong turn I've ever taken.

A painful beat.

MICHAEL

They're going to say things...
about me, these people, they have
the power to say what they want,
and they're going to say I killed
someone...but it's not true.

(needing more here)

And I'm going to have to prove
that to you, to everyone...even
if it kills me. The only way out
of this, the only way back to you
is to clear my name. I have to
this. There's no other way...

Slowing now --

MICHAEL

...there's just no other way.

Pinching the bridge of his nose. This is hard.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry for everything. Please
understand. I love you.

He hangs up.

'Blip'

MICHAEL looking down at his phone. On the illuminated
keypad:

Low battery

Only half a bar left.

The MINIVAN moving forward now. The rollers given a final
rub.

The MINIVAN coming out into the light -- cleansed.

TIMECUT

MICHAEL driving through some back city streets. We recognize these streets, he's been here before when he got lost.

MICHAEL looking left, right -- searching for something.

Up ahead now -- spotting something, there --

-- the young black kids spray painting a mural on the side wall of the old meat market that he saw earlier.

MICHAEL looking behind him -- hyper alert -- everywhere potential danger now.

Pulling up next to the kids. The kids seeing him -- eyeing him out.

MOHAWK KID

What you looking at old man?

Some of the other kids noticing him too now -- stopping spraying -- turning to face the approaching MINIVAN.

MICHAEL

I need your help.

MOHAWK KID

I look like Mother fucking
Theresa too you?

His friends laughing.

MICHAEL

Please.

MOHAW KID

And you expect this help because
of the goodwill overflowing in my
heart. Or am I going to be duly
compensated.

MICHAEL

I can pay.

MOHAWK KID

Good. Marvin clear my
motherfucking schedule for the
day.

More laughs from his boys.

MICHAEL
I need this car sprayed, now.

MOHAWK KID checking out the MINIVAN.

MICHAEL
And I need new number plates.

MOHAWK giving him a look.

MOHAWK
(afrikaans)
Liek vir my Minier is nou diep in
die kak nee?
(Looks like Mr White Man been up
to some illegal shit hasn't he...

Walking around the car -- seeing the bullet hole in the
shattered side mirror.

MOHAWK
(afrikaans)
Mare liek nie so n' skollie nie
(...sure don't look like no
gangster though.)

But MICHAEL urgent here, no time for the ghetto two-step.

MICHAEL
Look I need it done now. I don't
need a pro job, I just need to
change the color, get rid of the
blue, make it white, yellow,
whatever. But I need it done
right now.

MOHAWK
How much?

MICHAEL
Two hundred.

MOHAWK curling up his lip.

MOHAWK
Man, you on crack or something?
You now how much a tin of spray
cost bro?

MICHAEL
Two hundred and my watch, here
please. (taking it off, handing
it over) This is a matter of life
and death.

MOHAWK looking at the watch --

MOHAWK
You get this in a candy packet?

MOHAWK leaning in the window -- looking down at MICHAEL'S
shoes.

Then,

MOHAWK
Your shoes, the watch, two
hundred.

MICHAEL
Fine whatever, just please hurry.

MOHAWK smiling.

MOHAWK
Drive around back.

TIMECUT

The sound of spray cans.

MICHAEL in the front seat. Behind him, through the

BACK WINDOW

MOHAWK'S boys working on the MINIVAN at a clip. Behind them
rows of carcasses hanging on meat hooks. Sheep heads on a
table next to them

MICHAEL

turning now to MOHAWK

MICHAEL
I have to go.

A look from MOHAWK now. Reading something in MICHAEL. A
beat as MOHAWK take's MICHAEL in, then,...

MOHAWK
That look in your eyes, I know
that look.

MICHAEL looking back at him. MOHAWK connecting with
something --

MOHAWK
I had that look...the day I
decided that the next time the
man in the Juvie home hit me I
was going to hit back.

MOHAWK nodding. A kindred spirit.

Then, turning to his boys

MOHAWK
(afrikaans)
Maak klaar. Die man het nog a jol
to gaan.
(Wrap it up. Our mysterious
American man has another pressing
engagement.)

MICHAEL
One more thing, how do I get to
the courthouse.

MOHAWK
It's on Loop, third right. You'll
see the big steps.

TIMECUT

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

the MINIVAN joining the stream of traffic -- slipping
behind a car. A slow car.

MICHAEL anxious to overtake. But cautious too.

The MINIVAN driving past a street side electronics store.
The fire engine red Minivan reflecting back in the glass.

Then;

RING RING

His phone vibrating to life.

MICHAEL

Hello.

VOICE

Is that Michael Wilks.

MICHAEL

Who is this?

JUDGE BUD MZUKA

My name is Judge Mzuka. You called me.

MICHAEL alert, sitting up

MICHAEL

Yes, yes. I have her testimony.
She recorded it...before she died.

A beat. You can just hear the JUDGE'S mind ticking over.
Then --

JUDGE BUD MZUKA

What you have in your possession
is the best chance we're ever
going to have of convicting him.
It's the only chance we've got. I
need that and I need that now.

MICHAEL

I'm on my way, right now, to the
courthouse.

JUDGE BUD MZUKA

No. They will kill on sight.

MICHAEL

They won't know...my car, the
minivan's sprayed, I got new-

JUDGE BUD MZUKA

You don't understand, there's a
shoot on sight order out on you.
There are police everywhere. The
courthouse is the worst place you
could possibly go. That's exactly
where they're expecting you to
go.

MICHAEL
I have to do this, I promised her
I wou-

JUDGE BUD MZUKA
I can come to you, just tell me-

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

MICHAEL NOT SEEING A PATROL CAR PULLING UP BEHIND HIM.

WHOOOP.

MICHAEL looking up, into

THE REARVIEW MIRROR

A COP CAR signalling FOR HIM TO PULL OVER.

MICHAEL'S FACE: and the hits just keep on coming.

Hanging up.

And his heart beating in his mouth now. And we hear it too.

Loud. Booming.

BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP

Through the loudspeaker on the PATROL CAR'S roof

COP
Pull over.

BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP

Beats of perspiration forming on his head. This could be
the end.

BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP

COP
(louder)
I SAID PULL OVER.

THE MINIVAN pulling over.

THE PATROL CAR doing the same a few feet behind him.

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR:

THE COP getting out the car.

BADOOM BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP

MICHAEL wrapping his fingers around the gun -- holding it just below the door.

THE COP

walking over.

MICHAEL

just looking ahead. Swallowing. Pressure building quickly inside the van. Pushing in all around him.

BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP

Faster. Louder.

THE COP

at the window.

COP

Talking on your cell phone while
you're operating a vehicle is
illegal. Are you aware of that?

MICHAEL realizing the COP doesn't know who he is.

MICHAEL

No, I mean yes I'm sorry. It's
just I had an, I mean I was-

COP

May I see your licence please?

BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP

Trouble. Life or death now. He sees the licence and he's done for.

MICHAEL's palms sweating. Unable to move. Hand tightly gripping the concealed gun.

COPS
I need to see your license.

BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP

-- like it's going to explode in his chest. He gives him the license and it's all over.

MICHAEL frozen.

THE COP putting his hand on his pistol.

COP
Get out the car.

BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP BADOOMP

MICHAEL. Flashing through his mind: Can I really shoot a cop?

The COP realizing something is wrong here. The pressure about to burst. Either way this is going to the end bad.

MICHAEL'S hand locked tightly around the gun -- slowly lifting it up to --

(O.S.)
Hey Piglet!

Across the road someone shouting. It's MOHAWK giving the cop the finger and then pointing to a recently spray-painted wall reading:

'your momma sucks ass'

MICHAEL seeing the COPS attention on MOHAWK's distraction -- lowering the gun. The tension rushing out of the MINIVAN as

THE COP

quickly walking back to his car now.

MICHAEL

catching MOHAWK's eye. MOHAWK giving him a wink.

THE REARVIEW MIRROR

the PATROL CAR roaring to life, sirens blaring, blowing past him in pursuit of MOHAWK already hightailing it out of there.

MICHAEL gathering himself now.

Going for his phone -- working the key pad -- calling --

MICHAEL (PHONE)

It's me.

JUDGE BUD MZUKA

What happened?

MICHAEL

A cop, he left. You have to come and get it. They're everywhere. I can't move.

JUDGE BUD MZUKA

I'm going to send someone, tell me where you are?

BLIP

MICHAEL looking at his phone. His BATTERY!

MICHAEL

God no!

JUDGE BUD MZUKA

Hello, Michael can you hear me.

BLIP.

Dying quickly.

JUDGE BUD MZUKA

Where are you?

MICHAEL looking to find the street --

JUDGE BUD MZUKA

(urgent)

I need to know where you are!

-- seeing the street sign --

MICHAEL

I'm on-

BLIP BLIP

MICHAEL

Long St. You hear me? I'm on
Long. Hello, can you hear me?

But the phone dead.

MICHAEL

NO! GODDMANIT. NO!

Quickly now -- leaning over -- scratching around for
something in his bag -- moving around the shirts, boxer
shorts, toiletries.

Can't find what he's looking for -- turning the bag back
over -- unzipping another section -- there, got it --

THE CHARGER

-- ripping the cord out of the bags' sleeve -- plugging in
the one end to the phone --

-- looking for the car lighter port -- there, in the
ashtray --

-- plugging it in now --

BUT THE PHONE NOT CHARGING.

MICHAEL

Come on!

Wiggling the connection now -- a light -- but then gone as
quick as it came.

MICHAEL frantic but nothing coming on the damn faulty
charger -- trying again -- then suddenly --

BADLAM!

Something smashing against his side window --

MICHAEL jumping in fright.

But it's not something -- it's a BUM.

His dirty face pressed up against the window -- wild eyes
staring at MICHAEL -- shouting --

BUM
What doesn't kill ya...

MICHAEL. No idea what he's talking about.

BUM
...only makes you stronger.

MICHAEL looking at the bum -- seeing something in his eyes -- some out-of-place alertness, clarity.

And like that he's gone.

MICHAEL catching a flash of brown in the rearview mirror -- something disappearing around the back of the MINIVAN.

MICHAEL taking a beat. Somehow the bum, acting as a catalyst.

Looking back at the broken charger.

Gritting his teeth now. Throwing the useless phone on the seat.

Turning the MINIVAN back on.

MICHAEL
(resolute)
To hell with it.

He's going in.

MICHAEL ramming the MINIVAN into gear -- a tight U-turn into the other lane -- cars honking, swerving out of the way.

MICHAEL. All determination, plastered on his face with nothing but the sheer force of his will.

Driving like a wild man now -- not giving a shit for the attention he's attracting.

And sure enough --

WHOOP WHOOP

A COP CAR coming up from behind.

A VOICE booming out from the loud speaker on it's roof:

LOUD SPEAKER COP
PULL OVER. SLOW DOWN AND PULL
OVER.

But MICHAEL not slowing. Putting his foot flat on the accelerator.

Blurred shapes wiping past the side window. The MINIVAN driving at a crazy speed -- engine roaring -- threading though the traffic.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

-- a car barrelling straight towards us. And two more behind it. MICHAEL on the wrong side of the road.

Swerving -- hard left, too hard -- missing the oncoming car but hitting the curb -- pedestrians diving out the way.

Correcting now -- back onto the road -- tyres squealing as the vehicle swerving -- just missing a messenger on a bike.

SIDE ON:

MICHAEL. Jaw clenched, senses heighten by the adrenaline pumping through his veins --

-- pushing the MINIVAN to it's maximum. Because this now, this is life and death for him.

And here above:

VHUP VHUP VHUP VHUP

MICHAEL looking up -- can't see the chopper but it's there.

And behind him:

WHA WHA WHA WHA

SIRENS accompanied by screaming tyres as

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

TWO PATROL CARS bursting around the corner in pursuit of the MINIVAN.

MICHAEL'S foot flat on the accelerator.

THE PATROL CARS gaining fast.

MICHAEL swinging left up a narrow alley.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

-- bins flying through the air -- an old bike crunched under the tyres. The MINIVAN screaming up the too-narrow alley. And behind him the two patrol cars. They're just too fast. He can't shake them.

Back on the main street now -- MICHAEL just catching a glimpse of the courthouse down a side street.

Then,

O shit --

THROUGH THE CRACKED WINDSCREEN

-- two more police cars bursting around the corner barrelling straight towards him.

REARVIEW MIRROR

-- the other PATROL CARS gaining quickly.

THE MINIVAN going as fast as it can --

But not fast enough -- the PATROL CARS right on him.

MICHAEL gritting his teeth.

PATROLS CARS up ahead, PATROLS CARS behind him, helicopters above. No side streets, no cover. Just a man with no escape rushing headlong into oblivion.

He's done for here. The courthouse is on the other side of the block. All exits blocked, he'll never get across.

But something catching MICHAEL's eye -- a glimmer of hope? But what, nothing but dead ends all around.

MICHAEL slamming his foot down further on the pedal.

Crazy! Too fast-- about to smash head first into the oncoming PATROL CARS -- seconds from impact --

-- but MICHAEL swerving hard right --

-- impossible angle, the vehicle's two side wheels lifting in the sharp turn --

THE MINIVAN CRASHING THROUGH A SHOP WINDOW -- right into a Supermarket. Glass smashing everywhere.

The PATROL CAR turning too -- but too late, misjudging it -- clipping a low wall -- FLIPPING INTO THE AIR -- -- about to land onto the oncoming traffic --

-- A TRUCK COMING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION --

-- BAMMM! --

-- SMASHING INTO THE PATROL CAR WHILE IT'S FALLING IN MID-AIR

-- knocking it against the far wall before it hits the ground. Like a pinball.

Inside the Supermarket the MINIVAN tearing down one of the aisles. The MINIVAN two inches too big -- bottles of ketchup, mayonnaise, chilli sauce knocking off the shelves -- smashing to the ground.

In the REARVIEW MIRROR

One of the patrol cars somehow held the turn -- still hot in pursuit -- screaming down the aisle next to him --

A POLICEMAN firing across the aisle. Cans of soda exploding on the shelves next to MICHAEL's head.

MICHAEL ducking instinctively.

But here's THE END OF THE AISLE -- the MINIVAN swinging left -- the tires sliding across the smooth floor -- losing control -- CRASHING side on into the huge fridges at the end of the aisle.

The PATROL CAR sliding too -- crashing into the Baby Products aisle. Diapers, baby powder, pacifiers -- raining down onto the car.

MICHAEL's foot flat, but the wheels just spinning -- smoke flooding the place.

A COP getting out the PATROL CAR firing. MICHAEL in trouble -- stuck in a car that won't move.

The COP's bullets tearing through the windows -- whizzing into the headrest of MICHAEL's chair.

MICHAEL -- desperate panic now --

MICHAEL

Come on!

THE COP only a few meters away -- the MINIVAN's tyres somehow gripping --

-- the MINIVAN squealing out of there, up the aisle -- the COP running after him -- emptying his cartridge at the back window.

BLAM BLAM BLAM.

The MINIVAN ramping out the shop window on the other side --

MICHAEL. Looking up ahead, the courthouse!

But behind him now, more trouble --

Two more patrol cars. One coming up towards him in the other lane, another coming up through the alley, sirens blaring.

MICHAEL pushing pushing pushing -- tripping on a cocktail of adrenaline/fear/destiny.

Then --

VHUP VHUP VHUP VHUP

MICHAEL seeing the helicopter now. Seeing it's not POLICE -- it's T1 News. A cameraman half hanging out the door of the chopper -- filming the chase.

Then --

BLEEP

The light on the charger illuminating, somehow the charger working now. But no time to call because --

Up ahead the

COURTHOUSE STEPS

BUT POLICE EVERYWHERE.

And a barricade at the entrance. And after that the road -- a dead end.

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

Three cops cars on his tail now --

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

a flurry of activity. Everyone seeing the MINIVAN tearing towards them.

ABOVE

the relentless VHUP VHUP VHUP of the chopper blades.

LOUDHALIER COP (O.C.)
PULL OVER IMMEDIATELY.

MICHAEL closing fast on the barricade now --

There no way he's making it. Impossible.

Up ahead, amongst the police, PRESS VANS now -- cameras, reporters breaking the story live.

MICHAEL. Speeding headlong into his demise. This is crazy. Just a dead end ahead.

But MICHAEL not slowing --

POLICE jumping out of the security hut at the barricade -- opening fire --

-- BLAM BLAM --

The MINIVAN windscreen shattering -- MICHAEL ducking.

But still his foot down, heading straight for --

-- KABLASH --

-- smashing through the barricade -- swerving -- the MINIVAN sliding --

-- MICHAEL struggling to keep it under control. BUT KEEPING HIS EYE ON SOMETHING --

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

a reporter, mouth agape at the unraveling mayhem.

MICHAEL pulling the sliding MINIVAN to a halt -- an inch in front of the shocked reporter.

THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW

PATROL CARS screeching to a halt. But going too fast for such a sudden stop -- the back of the cars lifting -- swaying from side to side -- smoke everywhere.

MICHAEL throwing open the sliding door -- in an instant, gun in hand, bundling the STARTLED REPORTER into the MINIVAN.

THE MINIVAN surrounded in a flash. Half a dozen gun barrels pointing at him.

MICHAEL using the FRIGHTENED REPORTER as a shield.

MICHAEL

Stay back!

A LIEUTENANT stepping forward -- gun pointing at MICHAEL

LIEUTENANT

Drop your weapon!

MICHAEL

I want judge Mzuka. I want him out here now or I'm pulling the trigger.

LIEUTENANT

We can get you whatever you want. But you're going to have to lay down your weapon and then we can see what we can-

But MICHAEL not messing around here --

-- BLAM --

firing a shot through the roof of the MINIVAN.

The REPORTER buckling from the loud noise inside the MINIVAN. Cops ducking behind there cars.

MICHAEL barley flinching. Just not taking anyone's shit anymore. This is it. Right here right now.

MICHAEL

GET THE JUDGE.

The LIEUTENANT reading the situation in a second. Making the pragmatic decision to:

LIEUTENANT
(to another cop)
Go get Judge Mzuka.

(O.S.)
Hold it.

Someone coming up behind the LIEUTENANT now -- we don't recognize him but we know that voice.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
This man is a fugitive from the law.

LIEUTENANT
Who the hell are you?

'DETECTIVE SMITH' taking out a badge -- showing the LIEUTENANT.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
This is a DT matter. We'll take it from here.

MICHAEL pulling the hammer back on the gun.

MICHAEL
I'll blow his head off.

Inexplicably 'DETECTIVE SMITH' smiling now -- a joyless smirk.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
No you won't.

MICHAEL clenching up.

MICHAEL
Don't push me. You get that judge or someone dies.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
Not going to happen.

A tense beat.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
Haven't you fucked up enough for
one life? Right now you're dead
centre in the crosshairs of at
least two class A snipers. I give
the word and you're dead.

MICHAEL, breaking point here. Way, way out of his depth.

Going for his only security now -- pulling the reporter
close in --

MICHAEL
(to reporter)
That thing on (re: his mic).

The REPORTER trembling --

REPORTER
Yes. Yes.

MICHAEL seeing the REPORTER'S CAMERA MAN at the MEDIA VAN
filming this all as it goes down. Seeing the small monitor
beaming the stand-off inside the MINIVAN live to the world.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
Make no mistake, I will shoot
you.

The LIEUTENANT leaning in --

LIEUTENANT
He's got a hostage you can't just-

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
(without turning around)
Back off.
(to Michael)
On my word.

LIEUTENANT
There are protocols, unless
threatened you have no right to
fire.

'DETECTIVE SMITH' losing patience fast --

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
He's got a gun, aimed to kill
someone. Don't tell me how to do
my job.

MICHAEL sensing the LIEUTENANT may be an ally here -

MICHAEL
(to Lieutenant)
I need the Judge.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
I told you to drop that weapon.

LIEUTENANT
(to Michael)
What's going on?

'DETECTIVE SMITH' spinning on the LIEUTENANT --

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
STAY OUT OF THIS!

MICHAEL
(to the Lieutenant.
Urgent)
I need him.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
I SAID DROP YOUR FUCKING WEAPON!

Everyone shouting at each other now.

MICHAEL
I NEED THE JUDGE NOW.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
(to Lieutenant)
DON'T YOU SAY A WORD.

Helicopters flying low over head. The VHUP VHUP VHUP adding
to the building confusion.

Fingers on triggers. Everyone on edge. Shouting on top of
each other. Panic threatening to flood the scene.

LIEUTENANT
I can't.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

Stay bac--

Stopping mid-sentence -- seeing MICHAEL pulling something out of his jacket -- shouting

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

(re: the thing in
Michael's hand)

Bomb!

But the LIEUTENANT seeing it too, also shouting --

LIEUTENANT

NO!

The LIEUTENANT diving -- trying to stop

'DETECTIVE SMITH'

squeezing the trigger of his gun -- but too late --

-- BLAM --

MICHAEL

falling back -- hit -- blood spreading from his gut.

And like that the speed and sound ramping back to real time with a whoosh --

Pandemonium. People screaming. The deafening, chaotic noise of the chopper blades.

The LIEUTENANT running between MICHAEL and the snipers -- arms waving -- shouting --

LIEUTENANT

Don't fire! Don't fire! Everyone
stand down.

MICHAEL

in his hand, not a bomb but his phone. His thumb on the
'play' switch, and --

-- RACHEL'S TESTIMONY INTO THE REPORTERS MICROPHONE --

beaming it live across the country.

And slowly as the panic subsides -- everyone beginning to realize what they're hearing.

'DETECTIVE SMITH' turning to a rookie cop

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
Cut that feed, turn that off.

The ROOKIE COP not sure what to do.

'DETECTIVE SMITH'
I SAID TURN IT OFF!

LIEUTENANT
(to Rookie cop)
You take orders from me Corporal
Smith. You let this play. And
that's an order.

MICHAEL seeing the Rookie cop back away.

And now MICHAEL's eyes fluttering -- closing.

RACHEL'S damning testimony playing --

RACHEL (V.O.)
...Ben Rose's authorization of
the shipment of thirteen teenage
girls...

-- as we

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Where we started. At the airport parking lot.

THE MINIVAN empty. And clean, like new. Except for a blood stain on the passenger seat.

Although the MINIVAN is empty, the radio is on

RADIO (V.O.)

... Michael Wilk's heroic efforts ensured justice was served when Police Chief Ben Rose and three senior officers in his unit were arrested and sentenced to life imprisonment on the testimony of Rachel Shabangu that he presented to Judge Mzuka in a dramatic showdown outside the courthouse in Cape Town on Monday.

Someone walking over, a guy in a *Cape Rental* overall.

Getting inside the MINIVAN --- pulling off the stained seat cover.

Pulling out a new one -- recovering the seat. While we listen to:

RADIO (V.O.)

Michael Wilks, currently recovering at the Red Cross hospital after a gunshot to the stomach was praised by the Mayor for his bravery, saying, 'Mr. Wilks showed the strength and courage of a hero. Proving today that it really does just take one good man to really make a difference'. His ex-wife Angelica Moore there at his bedside commented...

The *Cape Rental* guy finishing with the seat now. Dusting off some broken glass between the seat.

ANGELICA (O.S.)

(on the brink of tears)

...what it took for him, to risk everything, to clear his name...

(crying now)

...I love him for that, for that courage...

The *Cape Rental* guy flicking off the radio.

Slipping the *Cape Rental* tag over the rearview mirror -- heading back to the workshop on the other side of the lot.

Now just us, alone, inside the empty MINIVAN.

We hold it.

Everything still now inside the non-descript van.

Then, slowly, the camera starting to move. Pulling up through the windscreen. And for the first time now we're outside the Minivan.

The camera moving higher and higher, the Minivan below getting smaller and smaller.

And seeing the other cars in the lot now too, hundreds of them, and the throngs of people -- parking, driving off amongst the huge sea of sparkling vehicles.

Higher and higher we go.

And TITLES now --

Rolling over the huge expanse of the airport parking lot and it's thousands of anonymous vehicles.

Until we

FADE OUT.