

MCSNOOT

by

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EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS COUNTRYSIDE DAY

We see Camera zooms in from far out until it reveals a farm yard scene with chickens and other stuff.

Camera moves out and zooms

INTO:

EXT. THE ESTATE OF MCSNOOT DAY

TITLE OVER:

MCSNOOT

LORD EWEN MCSNOOT is late forties and a croquet champion, a real eccentric born to money. He is independently minded, yet open to other points of view. He is a happy bachelor who loves entertaining his motley assortment of friends on a beautiful late summers day such as the one we see.

We see a few people playing croquet

INTERCUT WITH:

Another little group are dancing to trance music. There are colourful people to invent, a nice mix of younger and older people, 18 to 60 years old!

INTERCUT WITH:

MCSNOOT makes a croquet shot and some people applaud, while a small DOG bites at MCSNOOT's heels. When the DOG sees a CAT nearby, it gives chase, and people react to that.

MCSNOOT

Goodness gracious...this splendid game can sometimes evoke the very strongest emotions in even the smallest of beasts.

MCSNOOT walks back to a patio nearby where people are dancing and gets a beer, then sits down next to IRENE, a 25 year old Scottish girl into astrology, and her boyfriend, KARL, 45, an ex Olympic swimmer from East Germany, now running a local pub.

MCSNOOT looks out at his land. He then looks at his friend PETER who is dancing, 43, English, a classic slightly worn down ageing hippy traveller.

MCSNOOT

(musing to himself, to IRENE and KARL)

I must admit that sometimes I wonder what it must be like to be PETER over there, you know just gallavanting all over the world, can't be boring can it?

IRENE

Why in the world would ya want that ya fool....I mean just take a look at dear old PETER. Yes, he may certainly have travelled but then again, don't you think a screw might have been loosened in the process?

MCSNOOT

(smiling)

Hey! Come on, I'm actually very proud of having one or two screws loose.

(making a point to IRENE now)

In fact, if you want the honest truth I would have to say it's made me happier.

MCSNOOT sticks out tongue at IRENE amusingly. There is then a short pregnant pause.

MCSNOOT

(realising)

Anyway guys, how about some karaoke, I'm really in the mood for karaoke, what do ya reckon ?

KARL

Ya. . . Macky, you hef nice idea. We go.

MCSNOOT, IRENE and KARL get up to go inside.

INT. MCNOOT HOUSE LOUNGE / DEN TYPE ROOM DAY

We see little INTERCUT segments of MCSNOOT, IRENE, KARL and OTHER GUESTS singing karaoke with a microphone, knocking back the alcohol. Some of the singing is okay but much is comically awful.

INT. MCNOOT HOUSE TV-LOUNGE NIGHT

A FEW ODD PEOPLE are lounging around. MCSNOOT is lying on a couch enjoying soccer on TV. PETER comes up to MCSNOOT.

PETER

Ewie, I got something for you.

MCSNOOT

(still looking straight at TV,
not at PETER)

So? . . the suspense is killing me. .
. What is it PETER ?

PETER

Well, you know I was in Amsterdam last week. . Well . . I brought back with me some A - Fucking - Mazing weed. You wanna try some ?

MCSNOOT

. . . Ah . . . Ya know I don't do that stuff anymore PETE, I mean to be honest I'm quite batty enough as it is, thank you very much !

PETER takes a joint out of his pocket and lights it, sitting at a nearby chair. MCSNOOT still has his eyes fixed on the soccer on TV. PETER smokes and then passes the joint around. MCSNOOT stands up and goes upstairs As he passes where the joint is, MCSNOOT inhales the smell deeply.

MCSNOOT

(looking back to PETER, etc)

Back in a jiffy, just gonna check my email.

The CAMERA follows MCSNOOT through the passage, where he stops to immerse his nose in some sweet smelling roses. He walks up the stairs and

INTO:

INT. MCNOOT HOUSE UPSTAIRS STUDY NIGHT

MCSNOOT goes to sit down at the computer, and checks his email. He scans the new messages, then opens a message with the heading INVITATION TO PRO-CELEBRITY CROQUET. He opens the email and we see some text from the email.

Dear Lord McSnoot,

You are most cordially invited to join us for the inaugural Pro-Celebrity Croquet Championships, taking place in Cape Town, South Africa, on 12 December.

MCSNOOT reads the message intently and with curiosity, and then withdraws and gazes out the window, musing to himself. He gets up and picks up an inflatable, plastic croquet mallet and points it to the bottom of Africa, on his inflatable, plastic globe of the earth. Then he clobbers the globe with a full blooded whack and follow through.

MCSNOOT

(Singing to tune of Yankee
Doodle)

Cro...quet in Africa, Africa, Africa,
Cro...quet in Africa will make me such
a dandy

The CAMERA follows MCSNOOT as he runs out of STUDY and back down the stairs to rejoin his friends in the TV-LOUNGE. All the time he is still singing.

MCSNOOT

(singing)

Cro...quet in Africa, Africa, Africa,
Cro...quet in Africa will make me such
a dandy

MCSNOOT smells the roses again but much quicker this time. He hurtles

INTO:

INT. MCNOOT HOUSE TV-LOUNGE NIGHT

MCSNOOT

(to everyone in the room)

Guess what, my dearest sweet long lost
munchkins ! Yours truly has just been
invited to a rather unique and special
tournament in Africa !

KARL

But you hef family in Africa, don't
you ?

MCSNOOT

(happily remembering this)
That's right ! My favourite aunty's
down there, the one and only NELLIE, I
mean she's always been begging me to
come over. . . well, she needn't beg
no more, cos come December - I'm
there!

KARL

But didn't you say there was a problem
with ze husband, you know ze husband
ov NELLIE ?

MCSNOOT

(thinking)
Yes, I suppose I'm not exactly in his
good books, but actually that's not
really a problem as it's NELLIE who's
really the one running the show down
there, you know.

IRENE (O.S.)

(shouting)
KARLIE ! It's time fer ya song, come
on now my darling, yer not getting out
of it this time, okay ?

KARL

(conceding to her)
Okay, okay. . . I come now

KARL walks

INTO:

INT. MCNOOT HOUSE LOUNGE / DEN TYPE ROOM NIGHT

IRENE hands KARL the microphone. KARL begins to sing a
comically poor rendition of "*I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE*"
with his thick GERMAN accent. MCSNOOT stands and watches KARL a
little while, then goes up to him, just before the second
verse.

MCSNOOT

Karly, do you mind if I have a quick
go ?

KARL looks a bit bemused, then hands the microphone to MCSNOOT.
MCSNOOT sings his own words to "*GRAPEVINE*".

MCSNOOT

(singing, to the verse)

I bet you never re-a-lized, that I'm
about to go away, to play some cro -
quet, with a zebra and a monkey...etc

We see VARIOUS GUESTS laughing and enjoying MCSNOOTS
performance, over laughter and tittering.

FADEOUT TO BLACK:

CAPTION OVER

THREE MONTHS LATER

EXT. AIRPLANE LANDING AT JOHANNESBURG AIRPORT DAY

INT. JOHANNESBURG AIRPORT CUSTOMS HALL DAY

We see MCSNOOT going through customs. He is wearing
eccentrically colourful clothes. He is asked to stop to be
searched. There are two customs men, one is a stereotypical
Afrikaans BURLY AGENT, about 45 years old, the other a black
QUIRKY AGENT, about 25, they are a comical duo.

BURLY AGENT

(pointing at MCSNOOT's suitcase)
Sorry, could you please open that bag
there, sir ?

MCSNOOT

(irritated)
Okee dokee...if you insist

MCSNOOT zips open his bag. The QUIRKY AGENT removes two croquet
mallets, and looks at the mallets in a bewildered way, then
rubs them trying to determine what they are, as he has no clue.

QUIRKY AGENT

So...sir, what is these things ?

MCSNOOT

My dear friend, do you know croquet,
the great game of. . croquet ?

QUIRKY AGENT

(shaking his head)
No, what is this croquet ?

BURLY AGENT

(looking on, to QUIRKY AGENT)
 No okay, I actually know what these
 things is, it's that game from
 England. . .

(continuing, politely to MCSNOOT)
 No, it's okay sir, you may go , .
 please enjoy your stay here sir .
 (nods head)

MCSNOOT

(walks away pushing luggage)
 Thank you gentlemen.

INTO:

INT. JOHANNESBURG AIRPORT ARRIVALS HALL DAY

MCSNOOT walks into the ARRIVALS HALL and sees AKBHAR holding a sign up with the name LORD MCSNOOT on it. He is AKBHAR, AKBHAR is a driver and employee of the aunt of MCSNOOT, NELLIE. He is Indian, about 60 years old, a very dignified colonially manservant type, quite nervous and eager to please. MCSNOOT approaches AKBHAR.

MCSNOOT

Hi there,
 (pointing to sign with his name
 on)
 That's definitely me, so
 (holding out his hand to shake
 hands, but AKBHAR just bows)
 you are. . .?

AKBHAR

May I say that it is indeed a great
 honour to be finally meeting you sir.
 Your Auntie has told me many
 interesting stories.

MCSNOOT

(suspiciously, then inquiringly)
 Has she then ? . . .And you are ?

AKBHAR

I am AKBHAR sir.

AKBHAR starts walking and pushing MCSNOOT's trolley for him and MCSNOOT follows him. MCSNOOT gets a few odd looks from people on account of his eccentrically colourful clothes.

EXT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG ENTRANCE DAY

We see MCSNOOT and AKBHAR with luggage, walking into the sprawling old mansion of the aunt of MCSNOOT, NELLIE (PERKINS), and her husband, MAJOR (PHILIP) PERKINS. MCSNOOT and AKBHAR are enthusiastically greeted and hounded by two big slobbery dogs, NODDY and BIGGLES. AKBHAR disappears carrying bags through the house.

NELLIE and MAJOR PERKINS are a typically colonial older couple. NELLIE is about 70 years old and quite an energetically feisty woman, a very warm humane and giving person but also a resiliently strong and tough character. MAJOR PERKINS is a retired English army major from World War II, aged about 80, a bit senile and often positively batty, somewhat moody, a bit deaf.

NELLIE is very fond of MCSNOOT but MAJOR PERKINS is somewhat indifferent to him, alienated by his eccentricity.

The PERKINS walk to the entrance to greet MCSNOOT.

The PERKINS are bit surprised by the eccentric clothes of MCSNOOT, but being typically old school English, they are discreet in their surprise.

NELLIE

(goes to MCSNOOT to hug him)

So how is my favourite nephew then?

MCSNOOT

Auntie...it's truly great to see you.

They embrace.

NELLIE

(smiling)

God you know I think the last time I saw you was at your thirty third birthday party in London.

MCSNOOT

Oh yes, if my memory serves me well enough, that was my famous embarrassment at the Savoy, wasn't it ?

The dogs are now barking loudly. MAJOR PERKINS doesn't recognise MCSNOOT.

MAJOR PERKINS
 (concerned by behaviour of dogs,
 and calling them loudly)
 BIGGLES ! NODDY ! Settle down now !
 settle down !

MAJOR PERKINS
 (continuing, looking at NELLIE in
 confusion)
 Party ?. . .What party is that dear?

NELLIE
 (firmly)
 Philip ! Ewen's here.

MAJOR PERKINS
 (still confused)
 Who ?
 (scratches head for while and
 then remembers, looking at
 MCSNOOT)
 Yes. . .yes. . . I do remember yes, ...
 at the Savoy wasn't it ?
 (angrily as he remembers more)
 . . . oh yes...You were the one that
 took his clothes off weren't you ?
 Well afraid to say you left us all
 rather embarrassed...yes rather
 embarrassed I would say, . .
 (remembering more and getting
 angrier)
 and of course **since** that, as far as
 the Savoy is concerned, we are now
 Personae Non Gratae, thanks to you!

A loyal dog of PERKINS perks up it's head to MCSNOOT in
 astonishment. NELLIE is irritated with the attitude of MAJOR
 PERKINS. MCSNOOT looks a bit sheepishly embarrassed.

MCSNOOT
 (making light of things)
 Well yes dear uncle, but in all
 honesty that **was** quite some time ago,
 and well you could say that thankfully
 I'm rather better behaved these days.

MAJOR PERKINS

(determinedly)

But then what about that incident last year in Edinburgh ? We all heard about that you know !

NELLIE

(to MAJOR PERKINS, upset and putting him in his place)

Phi - lip ! Come on dear ! This really is **no** way to welcome an old cherished member of the family, is it ?

MAJOR PERKINS suddenly looks a bit lost and confused, and gets up and shuffles away up the staircase.

NELLIE

(to MCSNOOT)

Sorry my dear boy..look I'm. . .I'm awfully sorry but. . the old man's become rather stropky in his old age.

MCSNOOT

Oh don't you worry aunty, believe me I have no illusions in that I know my reputation in the family's been shot for **quite** some time now.

NELLIE

Oh don't be silly dear. If you want to know the truth , well quite a few of us are really rather fond of you, actually. We know you mean no harm.

MCSNOOT

Thank you aunty.

NELLIE moves across and rings a bell to call her servant. JONAS enters the room. He is a dignified black man, about 65 years old, and has served the family as a butler for many years. He is dressed in the traditional colonial style of a butler, wearing a red sash.

JONAS

Yes madam ?

NELLIE

JONAS, this is my dear nephew, LORD EWEN MCSNOOT.

JONAS

Nice to meet you sir.

NELLIE

(to JONAS)

Could you please show his Lordship to his quarters please JONAS ?

JONAS

Yes madam.

(to MCSNOOT, smiling broadly)

I have been looking very much forward to meeting you sir !

The vibes lighten and NELLIE smiles at this.

NELLIE

(to MCSNOOT, pointing to lawn)

There's a lovely big lawn outside if you'd like to practise your croquet.

MCSNOOT

Great !

MCSNOOT kisses NELLIE on cheek.

MCSNOOT

(continuing)

Thanks for everything Auntey !

JONAS leads MCSNOOT out of the house

INTO:

EXT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG GARDEN DAY

JONAS leads MCSNOOT through the garden to his guest cottage. The CAMERA zooms out from this to a pretty aerial shot of Parktown and it's hill.

INT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG LOUNGE NIGHT

MCSNOOT, NELLIE and MAJOR PERKINS sit in the lounge. MCSNOOT watches an absurd local reality show on TV, of which we see about 10 seconds. NELLIE does her knitting and MAJOR PERKINS is propped in a chair with his head cocked back, snoring. The doorbell rings and the dogs go wild, barking. MAJOR PERKINS sits up abruptly and gets up to try to control the dogs.

MAJOR PERKINS

Come on now BIGGLES ! NODDY !. I'm. .
. . warning you !

MCSNOOT
 (standing up)
 I think that must be my ride.

MCSNOOT walks

INTO:

INT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG ENTRANCE. NIGHT

MCSNOOT opens front door. He looks down at RUSSELL, about 45 years old, a white, short, neurotic, moustached, odd looking and bald or balding man. RUSSELL is the treasurer of the *EAST JOHANNESBURG CROQUET CLUB* and has a thickly course South African accent.

MCSNOOT
 Hi, you must be RUSSELL right ?

RUSSELL nods his head.

MCSNOOT
 (continuing)
 Nice to meet you, I'm EWEN MCSNOOT, at
 yer service.

MCSNOOT and RUSSELL shake hands.

RUSSELL
 (bowing slightly)
 The honour is all mine sir.
 (looking at his watch)
 O-Oh, we had better go, time is a bit
 short.

MCSNOOT
 Sure.

MCSNOOT and RUSSELL walk out, and MCSNOOT turns round to greet NELLIE.

MCSNOOT
 (continuing)
 Toodle ooh NELLIE

NELLIE (O.S.)
 Cheerio dear.

INT. JAPANESE SPORTS CAR OF RUSSELL NIGHT

RUSSELL drives, MCSNOOT sits in passenger seat. MCSNOOT's cellphone with a tartan cover sits on the dashboard.

MCSNOOT

So tell me RUSSELL, how long've you been playing croquet then ?

RUSSELL

Well actually I stopped playing a few years ago. . . I have to be honest with you, I was just drinking too much then, so of course I was bloody useless, you know, I was just embarrassing myself all the time. Ya. .people would just laugh at me **all** the time. But then. .what's interesting is about four months ago the club asked me to be their treasurer. . .I suppose they remembered that I used to work in a bank.

RUSSELLS CAR stops at red traffic light. Suddenly they are being hijacked by four black men with guns and hoods over their faces. It happens very quickly. RUSSELL panics and sprints away down the road. MCSNOOT is shellshocked but just sits down calmly by the side of the road as the hijackers speed off with RUSSELLS CAR.

INT. JAPANESE SPORTS CAR OF RUSSELL NIGHT

We see MCSNOOT's cellphone with a tartan cover, still on the dashboard of the hijacked car, as it speeds away, containing the four hijackers. The phone beeps as it receives a message.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD JOHANNESBURG SUBURB NIGHT

MCSNOOT sits at the side of the road. He feels for his phone in his pockets but can't find it.

MCSNOOT

(ranting to himself in
desperation)

Oh fucking bollocks ! Oh you
brainless excuse for a blind fucking
tourist !

MCSNOOT gets up and resignedly starts to walk towards an area of commercial activity in the distance, where there are lights.

MCSNOOT

(continuing to himself
sarcastically)

Of course you have absolutely **no**
fucking clue where you **are** right now.
. . . and indeed absolutely no fucking
clue at all, where you might be **going**
right now.

INT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG LOUNGE NIGHT

NELLIE and MAJOR PERKINS sit in the lounge. We hear an old
clock going tick tock.

MAJOR PERKINS

(doggedly)

Look NELL, let me tell you something.
The man simply hasn't the first damn
clue on how to conduct himself! And
don't tell me you didn't see that at
the Savoy that night. I mean he made
a downright fool of himself **and** the
family in the process! If you ask me
he's just one of those **soft**, lazy
types who's never done an honest days
work in his entire life !

NELLIE

Oh come on Philip, calm down, calm
down for goodness sakes!

(explaining clearly)

Now look. . .I'm afraid to say that
you're just going to have to put up
with things for a short while, okay? .
. . As it happens, the point is I'm
rather fond of Ewen as you know, and
on top of that it's not exactly every
day that we receive visits from our
faraway relatives.

A pause while MAJOR PERKINS tries to digest this.

NELLIE

In fact I'm rather afraid to say, that
you've conducted yourself rather
badly, don't you think ?

MAJOR PERKINS

(angrily, defencively)

Badly !?. . Badly you say eh !?

The shouting of MAJOR PERKINS rouses the dogs and they start barking.

MAJOR PERKINS

(continuing)

Oh do be quiet! Noddy ! Biggles ! Be quiet, you stupid infernal hounds !

EXT. BAR ENTRANCE JOHANNESBURG NIGHT

MCSNOOT looks up to see a sign in front of a bar: *BAR OF PLENTY*. MCSNOOT enters the bar.

INTO:

INT. BAR OF PLENTY NIGHT

BAR OF PLENTY is a gay bar. As MCSNOOT enters, some people turn their heads to look at him, a non-regular. The bar has a couple of pool tables, and we hear the music of Ella Fitzgerald playing in the background.

MCSNOOT approaches the bar, looking a bit dishevelled and affected by his hijacking experience. Behind the bar is a rather pretty and camp young gay man in a tank top, NIGEL.

NIGEL

Gee looks like you could use a drink hey. . .So what'll it be then sailor ?

MCSNOOT

(wonders to himself)

Ooh. . .I'd say right now a double Chivas Regal would suit me just fine thank you very much.

MCSNOOT sits on a stool at the bar musing to himself and looks at NIGEL. NIGEL gets the drink for MCSNOOT.

MCSNOOT

(continuing)

I'm afraid to say I just had the intense pleasure of going through quite a nasty experience you know.

NIGEL looks startled by this. MCSNOOT registers this.

MCSNOOT

(continuing)

Yup. Turns out some assholes hijacked me and my friend.

MCSNOOT

(continuing, pointing to area of
hijack)

About 2 kilometres down the road that
way.

NIGEL

Oh my God !

MCSNOOT

Yup. And unfortunately my buddy's
reaction was to sprint off down the
road. . . .But I suppose you can't
really blame him. I mean that was just
common sense on his part, wasn't it?
You know, who needs to spend more time
than is really necessary in the
esteemed company of armed psychopaths !
And as for me, the problem is I'm not
actually **from** these parts, so I
haven't a clue where things are, you
know ? Anyway. . .the other problem is
I left my damn phone on the dashboard,

(sarcastically)

which of course only serves to make
things even a touch **more** interesting !

NIGEL

(handing drink to MCSNOOT,
concerned for him)

Oh you poor thing !. . . But anyway,
what may I ask brings you to our fair
country ?

MCSNOOT

Oh, I'm supposed to be playing in a
croquet tournament down in the Cape,
in about five days time from now.

NIGEL

(a bit amused)

Really? To be honest I would never
have believed that people still play
that funny old game.

MCSNOOT

Oh no, my friend you are gravely mistaken, in fact our great, noble game of croquet is still very much enjoyed by people, all over the globe!

We see two older queens sitting together nearby at a table, listening to MCSNOOT and NIGEL's conversation. HOWARD is about 55 years old and camp. MARCO is about 40 years old, Afrikaans, moustached, tall and gangly, has longish hair and is not so camp but he has quite a high pitched, delicate voice.

MCSNOOT sips his drink.

MCSNOOT

So anyway, what's your name ?

NIGEL

Nigel.

MCSNOOT

Hi Nigel. . .

MCSNOOT extends his hand and they shake hands, MCSNOOT's firm hand to NIGEL's rather limp one.

MCSNOOT

(continuing)

I'm Ewen.

NIGEL

Lovely to meet you Ewen, even if it **is** in such tricky circumstances.

MCSNOOT

(wondering again about what to do)

. . .To be quite honest I'm not really sure what to do right now. As it happens I'm staying with my Auntie NELLIE and her husband, in . . .

(thinking)

What's it called again ? Oh yeah, Parktown. . that's it. Do you know where that is ?

NIGEL
 (pointing)
 In that direction.

MCSNOOT
 Anyway, look. . .the problem is I'm
 not sure if I have much of a clue what
 the number is there.
 (tries to think of the number)
 But then again surely I should know
 this. What is it again ? Four, three
 (tries again unsuccessfully, then
 cries out)
 Aaah ! It's useless ! I just have no
 fucking idea.

NIGEL
 Well, don't you maybe know the address
 there ?

MCSNOOT
 No. . .Afraid not, not a fucking clue.

NIGEL
 (after musing it over)
 I've got an idea.

NIGEL goes over to get a phone directory. MCSNOOT sips his
 drink. HOWARD comes over and puts his arm around MCSNOOT.

HOWARD
 Look here my darling, don't you worry,
 we are your friends and we will sort
 this thing out, okay ?

MCSNOOT moves away from the queenly embrace of HOWARD and
 sheepishly looks down to the floor. NIGEL returns to the bar
 with the phone directory.

NIGEL
 Okay, what's the name ?

MCSNOOT
 PERKINS, look for PERKINS in Parktown.

NIGEL looks this up.

NIGEL
 (whispering to himself)
 PERKINS, Parktown. . .Parktown,
 PERKINS. . .Oh no, I'm afraid I can't
 seem to find a PERKINS Parktown. .
 .Shit !

MCSNOOT
 Look...It must be there...I know for a
 fact they've been in that same house
 for over forty years now.

NIGEL hands phone directory to MCSNOOT. MCSNOOT looks in the
 phone directory, but also without success.

MCSNOOT
 (continuing)
 Oh Shit !

HOWARD is somewhat startled by this exclamation. Then there is
 a pregnant pause. MARCO gets up and comes to talk to MCSNOOT
 and holds out his hand to MCSNOOT.

MARCO
 (in his thick Afrikaans accent)
 Hi, I'm MARCO, MARCO de Villiers.

They shake hands.

MCSNOOT
 MCSNOOT, Ewen MCSNOOT, nice to meet
 you.

MARCO
 Look, I couldn't help but hear what
 you was saying. . . I think I have a
 nice idea. You see I'm going to drop
 off my friend HOWARD near Parktown, so
 maybe if you come with we can find
 your place.

MCSNOOT
 Are you sure that's okay ?

MARCO nods head.

MCSNOOT
 (continuing, thankfully)
 Oh thank you so much MARCO, that would
 be just great !

INT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG LOUNGE/ENTRANCE
HALL NIGHT

NELLIE knits. MAJOR PERKINS reads. Clock still goes tick tock.
The phone starts ringing.

MAJOR PERKINS
Alright I'll get it.

MAJOR PERKINS gets up and walks over to the adjoining entrance
hall to answer the phone. He picks up phone.

MAJOR PERKINS
Hello ? PERKINS speaking.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RUSSELL'S LOUNGE NIGHT

RUSSELL is holding the phone, anxiously, in his lounge, in his
home.

RUSSELL
(nervously)
Hi. . .this is RUSSELL here.

MAJOR PERKINS
RUSSELL ?

RUSSELL
Um . . .I'm the guy who picked up his
Lordship tonight. . .Anyway to cut a
long story short, Mr. PERKINS

MAJOR PERKINS
(correcting RUSSELL)
That's **MAJOR** PERKINS

RUSSELL
Oh, sorry sorry, MAJOR...anyway I'm
sorry to say, uh, we were hijacked
and. . . well . . .I'm . . .not too
actually sure where his Lordship is
right now.

MAJOR PERKINS
(angrily)
What !? . .you say you were hijacked ?

NELLIE's is startled to hear the word "hijacked", and looks up
from her knitting.

MAJOR PERKINS
 (continuing)
 Well where is he then ?

RUSSELL
 . . .Um, I'm afraid to say. . .at this
 point in time, I don't have a clear
 idea where his Lordship might actually
 be, but I did manage to borrow a car
 to try and locate his Lordship, but
 regrettably I have been unsuccessful.

NELLIE
 (calling from LOUNGE)
 Philip ? Is there something wrong dear
 ?

MAJOR PERKINS ignores NELLIE and continues talking to RUSSELL.

MAJOR PERKINS
 Look. . Have you tried contacting him
 on his cellular telephone ?

RUSSELL
 (still nervously)
 . . .Well yes, I did think of that but
 (stuttering)
 unfortunately I c, c, can't seem to f,
 f, find the number, sir.

MAJOR PERKINS wonders if NELLIE has a number.

MAJOR PERKINS
 (loudly to NELLIE)
 NELL ! Do we have a cellular number
 for Ewen ?

NELLIE
 (gets up to go look at desk)
 Just wait a sec I'll have a look.

INT. MARCO'S CAR NIGHT

MARCO is driving and MCSNOOT sits in the passenger seat. MARCO
 is frustrated and parks the car at the side of a quiet suburban
 road. They haven't been able to locate the PERKINS residence.
 MCSNOOT has his head in his hands out of frustration.

MARCO

The only idea I can think of now is to maybe drop you off at a hotel for the night, and then you can hopefully sort out things tomorrow.

MCSNOOT

I'm afraid I don't have enough money on me for a hotel...and you know the crazy thing is, not to boast, but I'm actually lucky enough to be rather a wealthy man, but tonight I didn't have any reason to take much cash with me, you know, I was invited to a sort of . . . croquet dinner function thing.

MARCO muses over this difficult situation.

MARCO

Okay. . .then I think the only thing we can do right now is for you to come stay at my spot tonight, and then tomorrow when it's light I'm sure we'll find your place easier.

MCSNOOT

(relieved and thankful)

Wow, thank you ever so much MARCO, because to be frank with you, this **has** been somewhat scary. So , how far away do you live then?

MARCO

(thinking)

Ach, I wouldn't say it's that far, but then again I suppose it's not that close either.

INT. PARKTOWN POLICE STATION NIGHT

We see a clock on the wall. The time is 11 PM. A typically burly Afrikaans policeman answers the phone.

POLICEMAN

Good evening, police, may I help you ?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG LOUNGE/ENTRANCE
HALL NIGHT

MAJOR PERKINS is calling the police and we see NELLIE knitting worriedly in the background.

MAJOR PERKINS

Yes. . good evening officer, sorry to bother you at this late hour, but I'm afraid I have to report somebody who's gone missing, in fact I have been led to believe that he was involved in a hijacking.

POLICEMAN

Yes. . And could you please tell me this person's name?

MAJOR PERKINS

Ewen. .that's
(spelling out name)
E. W. E. N. ...MCSNOOT, that's M. C.
S. N. double O, T.

The POLICEMAN jots this down and incorrectly writes down *MCSNOT*.

MAJOR PERKINS

You see my good man, we're really rather concerned, as Lord MCSNOOT is in fact my wife's nephew, and has only just arrived in the country.

POLICEMAN

Okay sir, could you please hold on, I will try and find out for you.

MAJOR PERKINS

Thank you.

INT. MARCO'S CAR NIGHT

MARCO is driving with MCSNOOT in passenger seat. They are getting near to MARCO's place, in Benoni or similar type of outlying suburb of Johannesburg.

MARCO

Almost there now.

MCSNOOT

So do you live on your own ?

MARCO

Oh no ! I stay with my Ma and my brother for quite a few years now. But you musn't worry, they're very nice people.

EXT. MARCO'S FAMILY HOUSE OUTLYING SUBURB NIGHT

The house is a typically middle class home. The car pulls up and stops in driveway. They get out and walk to the front door. MARCO unlocks door and they enter.

INTO:

INT. MARCO'S FAMILY HOUSE OUTLYING SUBURB LOUNGE NIGHT

The interior of the house is quite tastelessly middle class in terms of the look of the furnishings, and there are some kitschy art pieces around.

MARCO's mother, ELSA sits in the lounge watching TV with her son and MARCO's brother, FRITZ. ELSA is about 60 years old, a traditionally sweet and hospitable Afrikaans woman. FRITZ is about 36 years old, is a boxer, is quite tall and strong and muscular, he wears a tank top. Despite his strength he is gentle by nature. He holds and strokes his beloved chihuahua dog. ELSA and FRITZ look up surprisedly as MARCO and MCSNOOT enter the room.

MARCO

Hello Ma, hello FRITZ. . This is a friend I have brought back with me tonight.

(gesturing to MCSNOOT)

May I present his Lordship Ewen, all the way from Scotland.

The CHIHUAHUA DOG jumps out of FRITZ's lap and runs towards MCSNOOT, barking.

FRITZ

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles, calling his dog)

Jimmy ! Be quiet ! Come on Jimmy be quiet !

The dog runs back to FRITZ. ELSA gets up.

ELSA
 (bowing)
 Our humble apologies your Lordship. You
 see, this dog is not so nicely
 trained.

MCSNOOT seems bemused and a bit amused.

ELSA
 (continuing, pointing to empty
 chair)
 Could you please have a chair, your
 Lordship ?

MCSNOOT
 (going to sit down)
 Oh thank you, and please don't you
 worry about all that Lordship
 nonsense, call me Ewen.

MARCO motions to ELSA and FRITZ.

MARCO
 (to MCSNOOT)
 Ewen. . .this here is my darling
 mother ELSA, and my baby brother
 FRITZ.
 (mock punching)
 He's a boxer.

MCSNOOT
 (jokingly)
 Oh really ? I better be on my best
 behaviour then!

MCSNOOT shakes hands with FRITZ. FRITZ and ELSA share a
 confused look regarding MCSNOOT staying the night. ELSA moves
 towards kitchen then turns round to the others.

ELSA
 Could I get you some tea or coffee,
 Ewen ? Or perhaps something a little
 stronger ?

MCSNOOT
 Thanks, some tea would be fantastic,
 milk and one sugar.

ELSA walks out of the lounge to the kitchen.

MARCO

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles, to
FRITZ)

You'll never believe what this poor
guy's been through.

FRITZ

(in Afrikaans, looking confused)

Yes ? . . . what ?

MARCO

(back in English, so as not to
exclude MCSNOOT)

He was hijacked tonight, some place
near Parktown, and that's why he's
sleeping here tonight, because we
couldn't find the place where he
stays.

FRITZ

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles,
jokingly)

Please try to keep your hands off him
then, MARCO.

MARCO

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles)

Hold your mouth brother, I'm actually
doing a very good deed!

FRITZ

(to MCSNOOT)

Have you been to the cops yet?

MCSNOOT shakes his head to say no.

FRITZ

(continuing)

Well you should, you know, because
maybe they will help you.

MARCO

(to MCSNOOT)

Sure okay, that's a good idea, first
thing tomorrow we go to the cops.

EXT. MARCO'S FAMILY HOUSE OUTLYING SUBURB SUNRISE

INT. MARCO'S FAMILY HOUSE BEDROOM SUNRISE

MCSNOOT sleeps on the fold out bed in the lounge. The CHIHUAHUA DOG licks MCSNOOT's face. MCSNOOT is woken.

MCSNOOT
 (swatting off dog gently)
 Oh come on now. . . sod off !

INT. BOXING GYM DAY

MARCO and MCSNOOT sit by a boxing ring and watch FRITZ boxing in the ring against a black man. MARCO holds the CHIHUAHUA DOG on his lap. MARCO eyes a good looking young man sitting across the room.

MARCO
 (motioning with his head to
 MCSNOOT)
 See that cute guy over there ?

MCSNOOT
 (without interest)
 Suppose so, yeah.

MARCO
 Well. . .what do you think of him ?

MCSNOOT
 What do you mean, what do I think of
 him ?

MARCO
 I mean, do you think he's cute ?

MCSNOOT
 Now MARCO, you know I'm not at all
 that way inclined.

MARCO
 Yes, of course I know, but let's just
 pretend, let's say you **were** that way
 inclined, then what would he do for
 you ?, tell me honestly.

MCSNOOT
 I really can't say because it's too
 hypothetical.
 (pointing to FRITZ)
 Is he almost finished ?

MARCO

God I really hope so, because I must say I've had more than enough boxing for one day.

One of the other boxers, JEFF, walks by and mocks MARCO by acting with a cliché gay limp wrist type gesture, then grins.

MARCO

Oh go fuck yourself JEFF !

INT. ANOTHER JOHANNESBURG POLICE STATION DAY

MCSNOOT stands at the counter. MARCO and FRITZ sit on a waiting bench. FRITZ holds his CHIHUAHUA DOG. ANOTHER POLICEMAN comes to the counter to attend to MCSNOOT. ANOTHER POLICEMAN is black, about 30 years old. He peers at the paper he holds.

ANOTHER POLICEMAN

Yes. . .Mister McSnot.

(sniffs his nose)

I can see here that your friend PERKINS, he has been phoning for you. Yes okay sir, do you maybe have your I.D. with you ?

MCSNOOT

(irritably, unreasonably,
frustrated, sarcastically)

How could I have my FUCKING I.D. on me, you tell me that ? I told you already, I was hijacked ! And so you can believe me, I sure wasn't at some fancy garden party with Queen Lizzie last night, you know.

ANOTHER POLICEMAN

(pointing to cells, upset)

Sir, there is no reason to be so rude like that, okay ? If you want you can go straight here into a cell, right now, okay ?

MCSNOOT

(apologetic)

Okay. . .look I'm very sorry, okay? Please understand I just went through a truly ghastly experience. . . . I guess that's what made me snap.

ANOTHER POLICEMAN

(sighs grudgingly)

Alright.

(pointing at his paper, then
hands paper to MCSNOOT)

Here is the number for PERKINS

(pointing at phone on counter)

If you want you must use that phone.

MCSNOOT

Okay, thanks a lot for your help.

MCSNOOT dials the number.

MCSNOOT

Auntey ! It's me Ewen !

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG LOUNGE/ENTRANCE
HALL DAY

We see NELLIE at home on the phone.

NELLIE

(gasping with relief)

Oh thank goodness ! My dear boy, we
have been absolutely beside ourselves
with worry, where are you?

MCSNOOT

I'm at a police station, quite near
you I believe. Look, what's your
address ? I've got some chums who'll
drop me off.

INT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG LOUNGE/ENTRANCE
HALL DAY

NELLIE opens the front door. The dogs go out. MCSNOOT enters
with MARCO and FRITZ. (FRITZ has left his dog in car).

NELLIE

(embracing MCSNOOT)

Hello my dear, thank goodness you're
okay that's all I can say. Thank
heavens you're still in one piece.

MCSNOOT

Oh my dearest Auntey NELLIE, where
would I be without you ?

MAJOR PERKINS lingers in the background.

MCSNOOT
 (continuing, to MAJOR PERKINS)
 Hello uncle !

MAJOR PERKINS waves bemusedly.

MCSNOOT
 (continuing, to NELLIE)
 Auntey, I'd like you to meet MARCO and
 FRITZ, they've been my guardian angels
 these two.
 (to MARCO and FRITZ)
 Thanks so much guys !

NELLIE
 (nods to MARCO and FRITZ)
 Good day, thank you so much for
 helping my nephew.
 (after moment of reflection)
 Well, do please come in for a lovely
 pot of tea, all of you, so we can
 celebrate Ewen's safe return!

EXT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN PATIO/GARDEN NIGHT

It is the following night. The PERKINS are giving MCSNOOT a farewell party, as MCSNOOT will hit the road the following day. There are about 25 people present, mostly colonial older eccentric types, milling about on the verandah.

We focus in on a group of about 8 people sitting around a table. There is ELSA and MARCO, and FRITZ who talks to FRANCIS, a 70 year old Anglican chaplain. There is also FRANCIS' WIFE, a bit younger than FRANCIS. We also see their daughter, JENNY, about 30 years old, a bit mousey looking, wearing glasses, very intelligent. She is recently broken up from a five year relationship and is a bit vulnerable in a comical way.

FRANCIS
 (responding to something from
 FRITZ)
 Yes, yes. . .Of course I can still
 remember the days of Henry Cooper, a
 bit before your time I suppose.

FRITZ
 Oh ya. . .no you could say I'm more a
 child of the Mike Tyson generation.

FRANCIS

Oh goodness, not **that** animal. . he's not a boxer if you ask me, more like a thug really.

ELSA

(to FRANCIS, motions to FRITZ)
Well reverend, let me tell you something, I have been through **such** trials and tribulations with this one and his fighting. . .When he first started I was a complete bloody wreck, always in a complete state of panic, just lying in bed never being able to sleep. . .And my late husband Kosie, God rest his soul, he used to roll over in bed and say to me: "ELSA, please just let him go !, he is a big boy now" . . .so anyway in the end I did manage to sleep again thank God,
(motions again to FRITZ, smiles)
and this one has been okay God willing, with maybe just one or two frights to keep me on my toes.

JENNY

If you ask me I think boxing's utterly barbaric.

There is an awkward pause, then we see NELLIE leading MCSNOOT towards this table of people, to introduce MCSNOOT to JENNY.

NELLIE

(gesturing to JENNY)
Ewen, this is JENNY
(gesturing to MCSNOOT)
JENNY, may I present to you my legendary nephew, Lord Ewen MCSNOOT.

MCSNOOT

Hi there JENNY, good to meet you.

JENNY

Enchante Monsieur.

NELLIE

(to the whole table group)

JENNY has very kindly agreed to drive Ewen to the coast tomorrow.

(to MCSNOOT)

And of course Ewen, you haven't forgotten, you need to be in Cape Town quite soon for that tournament, don't you ?

MCSNOOT

No haven't forgotten NELLIE, anyhow there's still a few days to explore, on the way down.

NELLIE

(jokingly wagging her finger)

Well I for one know you MCSNOOT, don't you be exploring too much now!

JENNY

Well what I thought was we can stay the first night with my cousin David, in Durban.

FRANCIS

(looking at JENNY with concern)

Oh, yes David. Just be careful my dear, I've been told that boy has a bit of a weakness for the sacred herb as it were.

JENNY

Oh don't you worry daddy it'll be just fine.

FRANCIS

Well all I can say is that I sincerely hope the boy has tried to pull himself together since then.

The CAMERA moves. . .

INTO:

INT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG LOUNGE NIGHT

the lounge. We see MAJOR PERKINS asleep snoring, with his head propped back in an armchair, and a dog beside him, looking up at him.

EXT. JENNY'S CAR FREEWAY DURBAN SUBURBS DAY

It is the following day about 4pm. We see JENNY driving her funny old car, a Mini, Morris Minor, or Beetle. MCSNOOT in passenger seat. They are driving into Durban. We hear the music playing in the car.

EXT. JENNY'S CAR DURBAN SUBURBS DAY

JENNY suddenly stops the car at the side of the road, startling MCSNOOT, who has been dozing. It's very hot.

INT. JENNY'S CAR DAY

MCSNOOT

Easy now JENNY, let's try get there in one piece, okay ?

JENNY slumps onto the steering wheel and covers her head with her arms. She's crying and freaking out. She holds a map.

MCSNOOT

(surprised)

What's the matter JENNY ?

JENNY

(exasperated)

I can't seem to find the damn place!

MCSNOOT

(logically, calmly)

. . .Well for a start let's be calm and logical shall we ? Have you got DAVID's number ?

JENNY nods yes, through wet eyes.

MCSNOOT

So - give him a call, and then I'm sure we'll be there in a flash.

JENNY starts to cry again, MCSNOOT remains confused.

JENNY

(explaining)

Look. . .I'm really sorry but sometimes this just happens to me without warning you know, I suddenly just lose it. I'm not sure if NELLIE told you anything about my Kevin.

MCSNOOT

(shaking his head, softly)

No.

JENNY

Well, I'll tell you. Kevin was my boyfriend for five years. Anyway we recently broke up, so sometimes I seem to find myself getting all emotional and losing control, quite embarrassing really.

MCSNOOT

So how long ago did you break up then ?

JENNY

(thinking)

Oh, about six months ago I suppose.

MCSNOOT

Well I'm sorry to hear that JENNY, of course I had no idea.

A Beat.

MCSNOOT

(continuing, thinking to himself)

Look. . .you want to know what I think? To be perfectly honest I think it would only be for the best if we both landed up having the most outrageously enjoyable time, okay ?

JENNY looks bemused, but suddenly feels more optimistic and looks less depressed.

MCSNOOT

(continuing)

Okay then ?

JENNY

Okay.

JENNY tries hard to crack a little smile.

MCSNOOT

Now shall we call that cousin of
yours, so we might get over there,
like fucking pronto !

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE DURBAN BEREA (SUBURB) FRONT ENT. DAY

The doorbell rings and DAVID comes to open the front door. DAVID is about 21 years old, JENNY's cousin, he is quite good looking, of medium height, a surfer, maybe dreadlocked, a bit of a hippiesh wild child. He is bare waist up and wears beach shorts. We hear reggae music coming from the lounge. JENNY and MCSNOOT stand at entrance as DAVID opens door. JENNY is recovered from her turmoil in the car.

DAVID

(to JENNY)

JEN - NY ! Long time no see hey !

JENNY

(embracing DAVID)

Hello David ! Goodness, I think the
last time I saw you, you were throwing
stones at NELLIE's cats !

(jokingly)

I do hope you're a bit better behaved
these days !

A Beat. DAVID reacts by making a funny face.

JENNY

(continuing, gesturing to
MCSNOOT)

Anyway, this is Ewen, my travelling
partner.

DAVID

(shakes hands with MCSNOOT)

Howzit bud.

(to both of them)

Okay, come in, come in ! Follow me!

MCSNOOT closes the front door and they all walk down the passage. The house is a typically sloppy student digs type. We can still see the remenants of the party the previous night.

DAVID
 (looking back to them as he
 proceeds to lounge)
 Sorry 'bout the mess guys but
 (excitedly)
 Wow did we have a party last night!

INTO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE DURBAN BEREA (SUBURB) LOUNGE DAY

DAVID, JENNY and MCSNOOT enter the lounge. Sitting on the couch are ALFRED and DYLAN. ALFRED is about 50 years old, an old timer hippy with round "Lennon" sunglasses and a tie dye shirt. DYLAN is about 20 years old, has very short hair, and is also bare waist-up and wears beach shorts. He, like DAVID, is also a wildish surfer type. We see an outside door is open leading to a patio with a pool and garden. ALFRED and DYLAN smoke marijuana from a bong or waterpipe.

DYLAN
 (looks up)
 Hi I'm DYLAN
 (pointing to ALFRED)
 And this here is my good buddy ALFRED.
 . . Anyway guys, sorry but I really
 got to go jump in the pool again.

DYLAN runs outside and jumps into the pool. ALFRED looks up inquisitively at MCSNOOT and JENNY.

DAVID
 Okay guys, have a seat.

JENNY, MCSNOOT and DAVID sit.

DAVID
 So, how was the trip then ?

MCSNOOT
 Ah. . .not too bad really. When we
 left Joburg, there was this great big
 thunderstorm which was fun, and what
 else ? . . .

MCSNOOT

(continuing, wondering what else,
and looking at JENNY for
agreement)

Oh yes, we stopped for some superb
synthetic roadside food. . . What
else? - Well of course, for a little
bit of extra drama, we got ourselves
lost here in Durban, but of course,
you know that already don't you, from
JENNY's phone call.

DAVID

(a bit mystified at MCSNOOT's
description)

Well . . .Kif !

(pointing to ALFRED)

Anyway, this here is my mostest
goodest buddy ALFRED. . . believe it
or not Alfie was actually at school
with my old man, but now he's actually
like more a friend of mine.

(grinning)

weird hey ?

(pointing outside to DYLAN)

. . .And that there is DYLAN, also a
very tight buddy of mine! . . . Anyway,
shall we have a swim? Bloody hot today
isn't it ?

MCSNOOT

Well **that** must certainly qualify as
one of the more brilliant thoughts of
the century.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE DURBAN BEREA (SUBURB) POOL AREA DAY

MCSNOOT, DAVID and DYLAN thrash around happily and playfully in
the pool, playing with a beach ball. JENNY has changed to her
swimsuit but sits at an outside table chatting to ALFRED. We
still hear music playing in the lounge. Now a different style
of music, perhaps a ravey dance style.

ALFRED

(responding to JENNY)

Yeah. . . So after a while I found that being a musician was my true path in life, you know ? . . . One Sunday I just got up and said: "I'm not going to go back to work on Monday, hell no ! Because this time I am taking that offer to go on tour with The Animals tribute show.

JENNY

Hmm. . .How interesting.

(thinks a short while)

. .I suppose in a funny way you might say that I've been going through the same sort of thing.

ALFRED

(after pause)

. .What do you mean ?

JENNY

Well, I've recently come out of quite a long relationship, and on top of that my work situation hasn't exactly been the best either.

ALFRED

So what work is it that you do ?

JENNY

Oh this and that. . . At one point I was a secretary, then for a while I tried restoring porcelain at home. . . which was actually going rather well.

JENNY reflects on what she's said.

ALFRED

So what happened ?

JENNY

Well. . . . I'm afraid to say that as my relationship with my boyfriend deteriorated, so did my work. . . And well, unfortunately I stopped promoting my work as well as I ought to have, you see ?

We hear the phone in the lounge ringing. The CAMERA moves to DAVID in the pool.

DAVID
Oh shit, that's the phone isn't it?

MCSNOOT
Yup, no lies there, that's definitely a phone ringing.

DAVID jumps out of the pool and sprints

INTO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE DURBAN BEREA (SUBURB) LOUNGE DAY

The music is quite loud inside the lounge. DAVID picks up the phone to answer.

DAVID
Hello ?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PERKINS MANSION PARKTOWN JOHANNESBURG LOUNGE/ENTRANCE HALL DAY

MAJOR PERKINS holds the phone. He looks confused by the loud music he hears from the other side, and speaks loudly.

MAJOR PERKINS
Good day, this is MAJOR Philip PERKINS here. . . May I speak with Lord MCSNOOT ?

DAVID
(mystified, after short pause)
. . .Uh . .sorry, **who** do you want to speak to ?

MAJOR PERKINS becomes more irritable with the loud music over the line, and also his dogs are now barking near him.

MAJOR PERKINS
(reading number off pad)
Is this 365 2751 ?

DAVID
Ya, that's correct.

MAJOR PERKINS

(even more irritated)

Look. . . my good man would you mind perhaps turning that infernal racket down ? You see I can't hear you very well.

MAJOR PERKINS turns round to his dogs to try quieten them.

MAJOR PERKINS

Noddy ! Biggles ! Do pipe down you infernal hounds !

DAVID goes to turn the music down and returns to phone.

DAVID

Hello ?

MAJOR PERKINS

(responding to quieter music)

Ah that's much better, thank you. So may I enquire once more? Is there by any chance a Lord Ewen MCSNOOT there ?

DAVID

(realising at last)

Oh Ewen ! Oh my God, sorry I had no idea he was a count or whatever. . . . look you just hold on and I'll get him right away, okay ? Just hold the line please.

DAVID turns to the pool and hollers.

DAVID

Ewen ! . . . Phone !

MCSNOOT is now sitting at the table with JENNY and ALFRED. MCSNOOT casually gets up and walks into the lounge to pick up the phone. DAVID goes back outside.

MCSNOOT

Hello ?

MAJOR PERKINS

Good day Ewen, it's your uncle Philip here.

MCSNOOT

Uncle ! How good to hear from you, how are you ?

MAJOR PERKINS

Alright thank you. . . So how was your trip ?

MCSNOOT

Just splendid uncle, it's been splendid, and I would add that dear JENNY has made a splendid travelling companion.

NELLIE taps MAJOR PERKINS so she can talk to MCSNOOT.

MAJOR PERKINS

Anyway, NELLIE would like a word with you of course. But before that could I just say one thing to you my boy, please do try and stay out of trouble, one unfortunate incident is already **quite** enough.

MCSNOOT

Okay Uncle Phil, Please don't you worry now as I shan't be vanishing again any time soon !

NELLIE snatches the phone determinedly from MAJOR PERKINS.

NELLIE

So ? . . How is my favourite nephew then ?

MCSNOOT

Well, just pleased as punch right now Auntey, and how goes it with you ?

NELLIE

Fine, fine thank you ! . . Now look. .
 . .I want you to have a lovely trip .
 . but do please remember not to take too long over it. I'm sure you know you must be in Cape Town by the eleventh, and as I'm sure you know, today is the seventh. . so just be careful, okay?. . . Also when you get there you have to report to the Cape Croquet Club as soon as possible. . .
 .You see I got a phone call this morning from that funny little chap who got hijacked with you, what's his name ?

MCSNOOT
 (smiling to himself)
 Oh, RUSSELL !

NELLIE
 Yes, that's it, RUSSELL. . .Anyway, he
 was just a bit worried you might not
 make it on time. . You know you are
 after all rather a big drawcard in the
 world of croquet, and RUSSELL says
 they're all really looking forward to
 meeting you down there.
 Anyway, please do take good care of
 yourself and JENNY, alright? . . And
 please don't hesitate to phone me if
 you happen to encounter any problems
whatsoever.

MCSNOOT
 I think you're just fabulous, Auntey,
 now you have a great evening, okay?

EXT. ROAD ON KWAZULU SOUTH COAST DAY

The next morning. We see two CARS driving in convoy, South down
 the KWAZULU NATAL coast. The front car is ALFRED's old VW
 "kombi" or "bus", painted with hippy flowers and markings etc.
 ALFRED drives, MCSNOOT sits up front with him, DAVID sits
 behind. Classic rock like CSN plays on the car stereo, ALFRED
 sings along. Behind we see JENNY's car, with JENNY driving, and
 DYLAN in passenger seat, with other music on car stereo.

INT. ALFRED'S VW BUS OR KOMBI DAY

MCSNOOT
 (to ALFRED)
 So you're playing music full time now,
 are you ?

ALFRED

That's right, and I must say it's been a heck of a lot of fun. . . only thing is it cost me my wife and kids. . . yeah. . . one day my old lady just suddenly freaked out. . .said I didn't care about the kids . . that I only care about myself. . stuff like that . . absolute bloody rubbish.

MCSNOOT

So where's the wife and kids now then ?

ALFRED

. . .Oh, you mean my ex-wife now? . .No, they bailed. They went to Australia. . . but thank God the one blessing is her family's got bucks, so I haven't had to fork out too much thankfully . .

(then regretfully)

. . Of course I do miss the kids terribly.

INT. JENNY'S CAR BEHIND ALFRED'S CAR DAY

JENNY

So what's the name of the place we're going to again ?

DYLAN

Coffee Bay. Haven't you ever heard of it ? I reckon you'll dig it, it's a really cool spot. Actually my girl MANDY's there right now with her friend HELEN. . . Also the doobie there's amazing, you gotta check it out !

JENNY is a little rattled by DYLAN's slightly sexist language etc, but hardly shows it. A Beat.

JENNY

What do you mean by doobie ? Do you mean. . grass ?

DYLAN

Yup, whatever you wanna call it, Ganja, sweet mary jane, whatever.

A Beat.

JENNY

I don't know. I have to say I find it all rather depressing really. I mean it seems to me that your lives revolve around the stuff.

DYLAN

(unsure, embarrassed)

Well. . . I don't know about my life re - volving round the stuff. Maybe that's a teenee weenee bit harsh. . . I mean to me it's not really that big of a deal, you know.

JENNY

The only reason I said that is because I can't help noticing that you, DAVID and ALFRED seem to smoke rather a lot don't you think ?

There is a pregnant pause. DYLAN then removes a joint from his pocket.

DYLAN

Hey JENNY, you wanna smoke a joint?

JENNY

(a little sarcastic)

What do you think ?

DYLAN

(misunderstanding her)

. . . Cool ! I knew you'd be alright !

DYLAN lights joint, and JENNY is speechless, and seethingly angry, but she just doesn't know how to react, so she can only continue staring ahead and driving.

INTO:

EXT. ROAD ON KWAZULU SOUTH COAST DAY

The CAMERA withdraws from JENNY's car and we get a beautiful overview of the gorgeous scenery.

EXT. HIPPY CAMPSITE COFFEE BAY TRANSKEI DAY

We see a typical hippy tent area on a field, with a few logs for people to sit on around fire areas, etc. The CAMERA centres on the main area with a small marquee where people sit to eat and talk. A few toddlers run around naked. A few dogs run around. A few people bang on drums. The CAMERA moves to an area of logs around a fire area. DYLAN sits with and is kissing his girlfriend, MANDY. MANDY is a pretty girl, about 17 years old. Standing up near them are MCSNOOT, DAVID and THABO. THABO is a local Xhosa man, about 28 years old, a very sweet, giving, happy and helpful guy. He helps some of the hippies with odd things, and gets a little money in return.

DAVID
 (to DYLAN, who kisses MANDY
 still)
 DYLAN !

DYLAN is startled and looks to DAVID.

DAVID
 (continuing)
 We're going to THABO's spot, okay ?
 We'll check you later.

DYLAN
 Okay bru, have a good one.

We see THABO leading the way on a path through the hills, with MCSNOOT and DAVID following.

EXT. ROCK UP ON HILL COFFEE BAY TRANSKEI DAY

JENNY sits alone on a rock, having hiked some distance into the open, up a hill. She is upset, lost in her own grief and crying. ALFRED comes out from behind another rock and approaches JENNY.

ALFRED
 JENNY ? . . .Are you cool ?

JENNY
 (surprised and startled to see
 him)
 Oh. . .ALFRED.
 (wiping her eyes)
 Oh no please don't worry about me, I'm
 really just fine.

ALFRED
 (unconvinced)
 Are you sure ?

JENNY
 (impatient, suddenly snaps)
 Yes ! Okay I'm sure ! . . . Now would
 you kindly leave me alone please ?!

ALFRED scratches his head, and looks confused and a bit freaked out. Then he wearily trudges off.

EXT. PATHWAY COFFEE BAY TRANSKEI DAY

We see THABO, MCSNOOT and DAVID continuing their walk to THABO's place (kraal), quite strenuous up and down those rolling hills.

DAVID
 (to THABO)
 How far to go is it ?

THABO
 . . .Oh . .not so far now, maybe I
 think about fifteen minutes.

We see a man, 75 metres away, approaching them on the path. He is GUNTER, about 30 years old, a fit German backpacking tourist. He gets to them.

GUNTER
 Hello !

THABO and MCSNOOT greet GUNTER.

DAVID
 (to GUNTER, pointing up hill to
 their destination)
 Have you just come from up there ?

GUNTER
 (smiling)
 Yes. . .I am GUNTER and I am so happy
 to be coming there. . . Because the
 people there are very friendly.

MCSNOOT
 (to GUNTER)
 . . .So you're on vacation then are
 you ?

GUNTER
 (earnestly)
 Yes, I am doing a tour of Africa.

MCSNOOT
 Well keep having a good time, and who
 knows, maybe we'll meet on another of
 life's paths one day.

GUNTER
 (not understanding fully)
 Yes, thank you, it has been good to be
 meeting you. . .

GUNTER moves off in opposite direction from others. Turns round
 to say goodbye.

GUNTER
 Auf wiedesehn !

EXT. HIPPY CAMPSITE COFFEE BAY TRANSKEI LATE AFTERNOON

We see the scene now back at the hippy camp. More people are
 banging on drums now than before, not always with good rhythm.
 One or two toddlers are getting that early evening grumpiness.
 We see a few pots boiling water on fires. ALFRED arrives back
 after his walk, and approaches DYLAN who sits and reads a
 surfing magazine.

ALFRED
 Dylan !

DYLAN looks up from magazine.

DYLAN
 Oh howzit bru.
 (a little confused)
 So where've you been all this time. .
 . .and where's JENNY ?

ALFRED
 Oh I was just having a nice walk, and,
 Ya. . . JENNY
 (sizing up what he saw)
 You know I don't really understand
 what her trip is to be honest, I found
 her sitting on a rock and she was
 really doing her nut . . . Anyway I
 asked her what the problem was, but
 she got all pissed off at me.

DYLAN
 (realising after reflection)
 You know what it is ? She 's been
 coming out of some huge break-up. DAVE
 told me.

ALFRED
 (suddenly flippant)
 Ach, if you ask me, the girl probably
 just needs a good poke.

DYLAN
 (earnestly, taking him seriously)
 Ya. . .I've seen that work, that can
 definitely help a girl relax when
 she's acting too uptight.

EXT. XHOSA KRAAL HILLS TRANSKEI EARLY SUNSET

The CAMERA moves around THABO's XHOSA Kraal. We see children
 playing. . .animals. . .big corn cobs growing, and some big
 marijuana plants. We see a few people of varied ages.

INTO:

INT. HUT XHOSA KRAAL EARLY SUNSET

MCSNOOT and DAVID sit crosslegged inside a hut with THABO and a
 few other locals. They drink home brewed beer, and are getting
 a bit happily tipsy. MCSNOOT and DAVID get up and walk. . .

INTO:

EXT. XHOSA KRAAL HILLS TRANSKEI EARLY SUNSET

. . .Outside, it has got a little dark.

MCSNOOT
 (looking out, to DAVID)
 It's time to go back don't you think ?

DAVID
 (bit dizzy from beer)
 Ya, you probably right, let's move.

MCSNOOT and DAVID poke their heads into the hut to say goodbye.
 They wave and say goodbye to others they see outside as they
 start to walk back.

EXT. ROCK BY OCEAN COFFEE BAY TRANSKEI SUNSET

JENNY sits on a rock by the ocean, deep in contemplation, facing the setting sun, wearing sunglasses. She sits there for contemplation but also because she has become disorientated and can't find her way back to the campsite. A local man approaches. He is SIDNEY, a Xhosa man, about 50 years old, with a face full of character lines. He carries some crayfish he has caught. JENNY doesn't really notice him, she is so deep in her contemplation. Hearing the noise of SIDNEY approaching, she is startled and looks up petrified, assuming she will be attacked. But he just says Hello in Xhosa.

SIDNEY

Sayabonga.

JENNY

(scared, meekly apprehensive)

Hello.

SIDNEY

. . .You must not be scared. I am not going to hurt you.

SIDNEY wonders who this girl is.

JENNY

(relieved as she sees he is friendly)

Oh. . .Thank you . . .My name is Jennifer.

SIDNEY

My name SIDNEY. . .

(pointing)

I stay there, right over there. . . .

. . .And where do you stay ?

JENNY

Joburg.

SIDNEY

. . .Oh yes, the big city, Johannesburg.

A Beat.

JENNY

Could I perhaps ask you a favour, SIDNEY ?

SIDNEY

Yes, what is it ?

JENNY

Well. . .uh, we've only really just actually arrived here today. . . so I'm afraid I don't really know this place too well. . .and well
 (bit embarrassed)
 . .I don't seem to be able to find my way back.

SIDNEY

Back where ?

JENNY

. . Well back to the camp I'm staying in . . . you know, it's a place with quite a few rather scruffy young people.

SIDNEY

Oh yes, those white kids that like to smoke.

JENNY

Yes, yes. . .you see I can't seem to find my way back there, so would you perhaps be able to help ? Of course I'd be more than happy to give you some money as a humble token of my appreciation.

SIDNEY

Of course my friend, come with me, I will show you.

JENNY

Oh SIDNEY, thank you so very much !
 You know it really is so very heartening to know that there still are some decent folk like you around !

EXT. HIPPIY CAMPSITE COFFEE BAY TRANSKEI LATE SUNSET

ALFRED sits with DYLAN on logs around a fire. There are other people around. As night approaches, the camp is in full swing with music, drumming, etc. MCSNOOT and DAVID are arriving back and approach ALFRED and DYLAN.

DYLAN

About fucking time gentlemen ! . . So how was it ?

DAVID
(smilingly, still tipsy)
It was totally cool bru, we even had
some of the locally brewed beer.

DYLAN
You're fucked aren't you ?

DAVID
(smiles)
Ach. . . maybe just a smidgeon. . . But
hey. . . Ewen here actually had twice
as much as me. . . and he's just fine. .
Work that out !

MCSNOOT
(sheepishly)
Well, you see we Scots have been known
to have a talent for handling a little
booze from time to time.

DYLAN
Yeah. . . Like that Scottish guy,
what's his name ? . . He sang that
song, my old man use to sing it to me
when I was a lighty.
(singing)
We are sailing, we are sailing. .

MCSNOOT
Are you referring then to my old pal
Rod Stewart ?

DYLAN
That's it, Rod Stewart, that's the
guy. . . Actually my dad's got a few
LP's of his, very cool.

DYLAN then realises fully what MCSNOOT said.

DYLAN
(continuing)
Wow so you're actually a buddy of Rod
the Mod then ?

MCSNOOT

Well to be honest, our paths haven't crossed for quite some time now, but yeah, Rod and I were drinking buddies back in the seventies. . . Oh, and if it impresses you I also know Jackie Stewart.

DYLAN

What, Jackie Stewart, the lingerie model ?

DAVID

(playfully sarcastic)

Hello Earth to DYLAN. . . Bru let me give you the lowdown about Jackie Stewart. . After she finished modelling lingerie, **she** became a **he**, and then **he**. . became a famous F1 racing driver.

DYLAN

Ah . . fuck off you twat.

MCSNOOT

(suddenly wondering, to DYLAN)

So where's JENNY then ?

DYLAN

(flatly)

. . .Oh. . . JENNY

(nodding towards ALFRED)

You'll have to ask the old geyser there.

ALFRED

(having heard MCSNOOT's question)

Well all I can say is I was out walking a couple hours ago and I bumped into her, and well, she was not a happy baby at all, and uh. . to cut a long story short, we're still expecting her.

MCSNOOT

(exasperated)

Ah for crying out aloud, where the hell is she then!

MCSNOOT is worried and sits down resignedly. The others in their hippily stoned state are less worried and seem to trust that all will be well. MANDY arrives with her friend HELEN, and they sit with the group. HELEN is a very pretty girl, about 30 years old, she is bisexual. After a short while, DAVID lights up a big joint.

MCSNOOT

(uptightly, to the group)

My good friends, surely this is hardly the time to be lighting up ! Are you just not aware that right now a rather vulnerable young lady's life may very well depend on us ?

The others don't really react to MCSNOOT much, they are getting mellow passing round the joint. MCSNOOT is exasperated by this. He resignedly goes to sit down with them, putting his head in his hands.

MCSNOOT

(wearily, sarcastically)

Okay . . .okay, you win. . .I give up. Let's just pretend then that she never existed, I'm sure that's for the best.

HELEN

(to MCSNOOT, in a very dreamy, hippy manner)

You need to learn to just **trust**. .
.And go with the flow, if you want to soothe your soul.

A Beat. ALFRED takes a drag of the joint. MCSNOOT looks up at ALFRED. ALFRED holds joint out to MCSNOOT.

ALFRED

Look . . .bud. . .Have a bit of this, I think it'll help calm you down a bit.

MCSNOOT

(wondering to himself)

God, how many years has it been since I did **that** stuff ?

(giving in)

Ah - what the fuck !

MCSNOOT reaches out to take joint from ALFRED, and has a few drags. A Beat or two.

MANDY
 (to MCSNOOT)
 You feel better now don't you ?

MCSNOOT
 (resignedly)
 . . . Yup, I suppose so. .

MCSNOOT smiles a bit through his worriedness. The CAMERA moves to the border of the campsite, where a path begins. We first see SIDNEY approaching. The group sees SIDNEY for a few moments carrying his crayfish, wondering who he is, and then behind him, JENNY comes into view and approaches the group. MCSNOOT leaps up towards her.

MCSNOOT
 (relieved)
 JENNY ! Thank God you're okay ! We've been worried sick here wondering where you've been.

JENNY
 (tired, but relieved, to everyone)
 I'm so sorry everybody, but I managed to get myself lost, and I'm just an extremely lucky girl because
 (motions to SIDNEY)
This here is my friend SIDNEY

Everyone acknowledges SIDNEY and he them.

JENNY
 (continuing, emotionally)
 Without whom I probably wouldn't have made it back tonight.

JENNY becomes a bit tearful and emotional and looks to SIDNEY.

JENNY
 (continuing, to SIDNEY)
 SIDNEY, I really don't know how to thank you except to say, thank you ever so much for being my guardian angel tonight.

SIDNEY

It is only a pleasure to be helping you, JENNY.

(thinking to himself)

. . . but it is late now so now I go home.

(holds out some crayfish to the group)

Would you like this crayfish? I give you good price, only ten rand for each.

MCSNOOT goes away to fetch something from a tent, and soon returns, walking up to SIDNEY. MCSNOOT holds out 500 rand (about 80 dollars) to give to SIDNEY.

MCSNOOT

Here you are my friend. . .I would say that this five hundred rand here is the **very** least you deserve for being such a good man, **and** for being a guardian angel to my friend JENNY in her time of need.

Like most locals, SIDNEY is poor. SIDNEY takes the money, and cannot believe his luck, a huge grin takes over his face.

SIDNEY

(bowing his head)

Thank you my friend, you are a good man.

SIDNEY walks off.

JENNY

Bye SIDNEY.

SIDNEY looks back and waves goodbye.

EXT. HIPPIY CAMPSITE COFFEE BAY TRANSKEI NIGHT

It is now after dinner. A bottle of sherry is passed around, joints too, as usual. The whole group sits by the fire on logs. (MCSNOOT, JENNY, ALFRED, DAVID, DYLAN, MANDY, HELEN). Suddenly out of nowhere, JENNY starts crying. DAVID, sitting next to JENNY puts his arm around her to try to comfort her. HELEN sits on the other side of JENNY.

DAVID

(sympathetically)

Ah, JENNY, come on now. . You know sometimes you just gotta move on, that's just the nature of life. Sometimes things are finishing, and then other times they just starting.

JENNY

(freaking out a bit)

How can you understand DAVID ?

(looking at everyone)

I mean how can **any** of you understand what I've been going through, when you don't actually know the facts, but oh - you are so very quick to judge me, aren't you?

(to DAVID)

. . Don't you know the truth, DAVID?

DAVID

. . . What do you mean ? . . . The truth about what ?

JENNY

. . . The truth about Kevin.

DAVID

Kevin ?

DYLAN

Who's Kevin ?

JENNY

(to DAVID, forcefully,
emotionally)

Kevin ! My ex! . . Well it turns out that **Kevin** was having an affair through most of our relationship! . .and you know what ? This wasn't any normal affair! . . . Turns out he was having it off the whole time, with a guy ! . .

(tearfully, more freaked out)

. . . . Now you tell me - why is it then, that I still love the guy ? . . . I mean all that time, someone was giving it to him up the derriere !

Everyone reacts to this. A Beat.

DAVID

But JENNY. Isn't it six months since
you guys broke up ?

HELEN, sitting on other side of JENNY, looks inquisitively at
JENNY, and holds out a joint to her. HELEN is attracted to
JENNY.

HELEN

. . .JENNY, why don't you have a
little bit of this babe ? . . .
Believe me honey, I promise it'll
soothe you. .

(looking at her lustfully)

. . .And to be honest, you could
really use some good soothing right
now.

Some of the others smile at this. JENNY, in her haze of grief,
looks suspiciously at HELEN. JENNY waits a moment, and then
takes the joint, has a few drags and then hands it back to
HELEN.

MCSNOOT

(changing the subject, to ALFRED)

ALFRED, Could you perhaps draw me that
map for tomorrow, cos I reckon it'd be
in our best interests to hit the road
as early as possible.

ALFRED

Sure. . let me just get some pen and
paper.

ALFRED gets up to go get pen and paper.

EXT. HIPPIY CAMPSITE COFFEE BAY TRANSKEI NIGHT

Half and hour has passed. The CAMERA moves around a bit to show
various hippies banging on their drums, and we hear the distant
sound of waves. The CAMERA moves to JENNY and HELEN. JENNY
looks blissful, HELEN is trying to seduce her.

HELEN

So princess. . .how you feeling ?

JENNY

(smiling thinly)

. . . Well yes, I suppose I have to
admit it. . but I am doing much
better, thank you.

HELEN slowly makes a move on JENNY. HELEN kisses JENNY. JENNY doesn't really know how to react, having never kissed a woman before. On the one hand she is repelled, on the other hand she really appreciates some intimacy after her problems. Finally JENNY just gives in, and decides to enjoy it. We see some reaction from the others.

INT. JENNY'S CAR DIRT FARM ROAD EASTERN CAPE DAY

JENNY is driving with MCSNOOT in passenger seat. It is about 4pm the next day, another hot day. It is the 9th December and they need to be in Cape Town by the 11th. JENNY has quite a blissful look, after having a good sexual release the previous night. MCSNOOT dozes. The car pulls up at a farm gate, somewhere in the Eastern Cape region inland.

MCSNOOT wakes, and gets out the car to open the gate. JENNY drives through, then MCSNOOT closes the gate and gets back in car. They drive a little longer, then arrive and stop at a farmhouse.

EXT. HOPKINS FARMHOUSE ENTRANCE DAY

This is the farm of REVEREND STANLEY HOPKINS, an associate and friend of JENNY's father. HOPKINS is about 63 years old, a bit camp in manner, and wears glasses. HOPKINS lives with his mother, DAISY. DAISY is about 86 years old, and somewhat senile, a decent lady but with a very strong, stubborn character.

As the car arrives, dogs bark, and this brings DAISY out of the house, with REVEREND HOPKINS following her. He cradles a bible in both hands.

HOPKINS
(to DAISY)
That's them mum.

DAISY
. . how wonderful !

JENNY and MCSNOOT get out of car and walk towards HOPKINS and DAISY.

JENNY
Hello Reverend !

HOPKINS
(kissing JENNY's cheek)
JENNY my dear. It's so lovely to see you again. . . . Goodness, it's been a while hasn't it ?

(motions to DAISY)
 Of course you remember my mother,
 DAISY ?

JENNY
 (smiles)
 Yes of course I do ! Hello Mrs
 Hopkins.

DAISY
 (a bit unsure and dazed in the
 heat)
 Hello my dear.

JENNY
 (motions to MCSNOOT)
 May I introduce to you my good friend
 Ewen, all the way from bonnie
 Scotland, by courtesy of our darling
 NELLIE.

MCSNOOT
 (to HOPKINS and DAISY)
 Good day to you both. Ewen MCSNOOT, at
 yer service.

HOPKINS
 (a bit confused, musing)
 . . . MCSNOOT. . . hmm, can't say I've
 ever heard that name.

MCSNOOT
 (slightly sheepishly)
 . . . Ah yes it is rather unusual . .
 . but well you see it all goes back to
 some rather fascinating family
 history, you might say.

HOPKINS
 Hmm. . . I must say that does sound
 most interesting. . . Well I shall
 look forward to hearing about that
 over dinner. . . But for now, let's
 get ourselves out of this dreadful
 heat and take your things inside,
 shall we ?

DAISY
 (slightly flustered)
 . . Yes. . It is awfully hot today
 isn't it ?

EXT. HOPKINS FARMHOUSE NIGHT

We see a beautiful full moon, and the beautiful area outside around the farmhouse. We hear a night sound like crickets or frogs. The CAMERA moves

INTO;

INT. HOPKINS FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM NIGHT

HOPKINS, DAISY, MCSNOOT and JENNY sit around the dining table, having dinner. We hear the tick tock of the old wall clock. They eat silently for a moment.

JENNY

So. . . Reverend ?

HOPKINS

Do call me Stanley dear.

JENNY

(smiles)

. . sorry. . Stanley. . um, wha, . . what are you up to these days, are you still at the same church ?

HOPKINS

(smiles back)

Yes yes. . . remember nothing ever seems to change particularly fast out here.

MCSNOOT

(after short pause)

Well that's probably not such a bad thing is it ?

HOPKINS

(to MCSNOOT)

Yes, I'd say so, and of course there are naturally all the **other** benefits that one gets from living out of town.

HOPKINS glances at DAISY and remembers that she would rather be in town. DAISY looks suddenly upset and gives HOPKINS a strange look.

HOPKINS

(continuing)

Of course, there **are** sometimes certain things that one might well miss, being stuck out here in the middle of nowhere.

DAISY

(to MCSNOOT and JENNY, adamantly)
 You know we were supposed to move to
 East London last year.
 (frustrated)
 In fact he promised me.

HOPKINS

(shaking head no, being firm)
 No no no mother ! Now you know very
 well that I did no such thing at all!

DAISY

(to HOPKINS, angrily)
 Yes you did ! . . . And you think that
 just because I'm an old lady, that
 that means you can push me around at
 your own leisure, however you see fit
 !

HOPKINS

(whispering to MCSNOOT and JENNY)
 . . . Look please just ignore her.

DAISY

I heard that !
 (to HOPKINS)
 You just think I'm gaga, don't you?

A beat or two. HOPKINS is a bit upset, then smiles a bit on
 reflection, in trying to lighten the mood.

HOPKINS

(to MCSNOOT and JENNY)
 You see. . . Mom is absolutely
 passionate about the game of bowls. .
 . and uh well, there was actually a
 chance for me last year to transfer to
 East London. . .and of course Mom
 could have played her bowls there. .
 .but unfortunately in the end, it just
 didn't work out.

DAISY
 (angrily)
 Didn't work out ?
 (to MCSNOOT and JENNY)
 I promise you that Stanley is simply
 not telling you the whole story !

HOPKINS
 (to DAISY)
 Look Mom, in light of the fact that we
 have guests with us, may we discuss
 this later ?

A beat. DAISY averts her eyes downwards.

JENNY
 (to HOPKINS)
 Speaking of games, Ewen here is
 actually a champion croquet player.

HOPKINS
 Really ?

MCSNOOT
 Yes, guilty as charged I'm afraid.

HOPKINS
 Hmm how very interesting.
 (to MCSNOOT)
 You know, believe it or not, I played
 croquet when I was a young boy in
 Singapore. . on a field not at all far
 from the legendary Raffles hotel.
 (reflecting with amusement)
 Now that's going back a few years!

EXT. HOPKINS FARMHOUSE GARDEN DAY

The next morning. 10th December. MCSNOOT practices croquet on the lawn. A dog keeps running after and fetching MCSNOOT's ball. Huddled under a tree away from the house are a few local black men, who giggle at the site of croquet, never having seen such a thing.

EXT. ROAD LITTLE KAROO TOWARDS OUDTSHOORN DAY

We see JENNY's car driving along the road towards Oudtshoorn, with pretty scenery.

INT. JENNY'S CAR ROAD LITTLE KAROO DAY

It is about 2pm. It's very hot. MCSNOOT drives the car, JENNY in passenger seat. Suddenly we hear a strange noise from the car, the engine stops and soon after the car is driven to a halt at the side of the road.

MCSNOOT
(frustrated)
Oh for crying out aloud !

JENNY
(tentatively)
. . .Try starting it again.

MCSNOOT tries to start the engine, the car starts and then quickly stalls again.

MCSNOOT
Has this happened before ?

JENNY
(wondering)
. . . No, don't think so.

A beat or two.

JENNY
(with faith, reassuringly)
Look Ewen, I promise we are **going** to those croquet championships, come hell or highwater, okay ?

MCSNOOT
(with an idea)
Okay, why don't you get your phone, and then we can see if maybe someone'll give us a tow.

JENNY takes her phone out of the glove compartment but is suddenly shocked as she remembers forgetting to charge it.

JENNY
Oh bugger !

MCSNOOT
Oh bugger what ?

JENNY
. . . Bugger that in my most deepest wisdom I've forgotten to charge the damn thing !

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD LITTLE KAROO DAY

About half an hour has passed. MCSNOOT sits in the shade by a tree, wearing sunglasses. JENNY sits in the car reading a book. JENNY has gradually started to get out of her sadness, and is slowly taking to MCSNOOT. An old farm type pick up truck comes to halt next to them. It's driver looks to them from his window. He is HERMAN VAN TONDER, about 30 years old, from an Afrikaans farming family, a very simple country type, typically big, wide and strong. MCSNOOT looks up at him.

HERMAN

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles)

Have you got a problem with the car?

MCSNOOT

(gesturing, a bit resigned and sarcastic)

Sorry mate, never **did** get the hang of Dutch that well.

HERMAN

You got a problem with the car ?

MCSNOOT

(suddenly perking up from his resignation)

Oh hi ! Yes. . yes we certainly **do** have a problem with the car.. . Would it perhaps be okay if we borrowed yer phone? , I'd be more than happy to pay you for it.

HERMAN

(bit confused, shakes head no)

No sorry, no phone in the car.

(pointing to his farm)

The phone is there by the farm.

JENNY gets out of the car and approaches. An odd pause.

HERMAN

(continuing)

Look, I actually fix cars for money.

. so maybe I can help you.

HERMAN gets out of his truck and walks over to them.

HERMAN

Could you open up the engine please?

JENNY goes to car to pull hood lever.

HERMAN
 (to MCSNOOT)
 So what's the problem ?

MCSNOOT
 The old girl doesn't want to start. At least she starts and then just stops immediately.

HERMAN
 (confused, scratches head)
 Hmm. . . That's weird, I don't know if I ever heard of that.

HERMAN opens the car hood and looks around the engine for a few moments. JENNY looks concerned, MCSNOOT wearily resigned.

HERMAN
 I think the best thing we can do now is for me to give you a tow to the farm. . .You see all my tools is there.

MCSNOOT
 (to HERMAN)
 How long do you think it'll take to fix ? . . .You see the thing is, we're meant to be in Cape Town by tomorrow at the very latest.

HERMAN
 (trying to be convincing)
 Ach, I don't think it's such a big thing. . . And please you musn't worry , my prices is very reasonable.
 (motioning around him)
 I service many cars in this area.

JENNY
 (to HERMAN)
 You see um . . .sorry what's your name ?

HERMAN
 . .HERMAN, HERMAN VAN TONDER is my name.

JENNY

(extends out hand)

HERMAN. . . Hi ! Look, I'd just like to say it really is terribly kind of you to stop for us.. . I'm JENNY

(points at MCSNOOT)

and this here is Lord Ewen MCSNOOT, all the way from **sunny** Scotland.

JENNY and MCSNOOT smile a bit over that joke.

HERMAN

(bowing to MCSNOOT)

Your Lordship, may I say it is really truly a great honour to be meeting you. . .And it would only be my greatest honour to invite you and Miss. . .

(thinks of her name)

JENNY. . . to my humble farm.

EXT. FRONT OF VAN TONDER FARMHOUSE DAY

We see HERMAN's truck arriving, towing JENNY's car. MCSNOOT and JENNY sit up front in truck with HERMAN driving. The truck stops near the house. HERMAN, MCSNOOT and JENNY get out of the truck. Sitting on the verandah is OUMA SARIE, HERMAN's grandmother, about 85 years old. OUMA SARIE knits or reads and looks up at them as they approach, wondering who on earth the two strangers are, walking behind HERMAN. There is a cat or two around the verandah.

HERMAN

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles, to OUMA SARIE)

Granny, you won't believe it but today I have been lucky enough to meet a real British Lord !

OUMA SARIE

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles)

The British are the enemy, my child.

HERMAN looks back sheepishly at MCSNOOT and JENNY.

HERMAN

JENNY, your Lordship, I want you to please come and meet a very special lady. . This is my Ouma, SARIE.

MCSNOOT

How do you do ?

OUMA SARIE bows her head without feeling. HERMAN leads MCSNOOT and JENNY

INTO;

INT. VAN TONDER FARMHOUSE LOUNGE DAY

In the lounge they find HETTIE VAN TONDER. HETTIE is HERMAN's sister, about 25 years old and elegant. She loves theatre and musicals, and has her heart set on being a star. She is singing along to a Liza Minnelli CD, her Afrikaans accent conspicuous, and she looks into the mirror, making choreographical movements to the music. HETTIE only realises they are there after a few moments. She turns around to them in surprise.

HETTIE

Hallo ?

HERMAN

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles)

Hello Sis, I want you to meet JENNY
and Lord MCSNOOT, from Scotland.

HETTIE is overwhelmed, and does her best to curtsy.

HETTIE

This is really a big honour to meet
you both, your Lord and Ladyship.

HETTIE sprints off to the kitchen to fetch her mother, SUNETTE. SUNETTE is the mother of HERMAN and HETTIE. She is about 55 years old.

HETTIE (O.S.)

(in Afrikaans)

Mom. . .come quickly !

A few moments later, SUNETTE enters with HETTIE at her side. SUNETTE is a bit angry with HERMAN, and confronts him, despite the presence of the new guests.

SUNETTE

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles, to
HERMAN)

So where have you been, don't you know
I've been waiting more than an hour
for you ?

HERMAN

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles)
 Mom. . please forgive me, his Lordship
 and Ladyship here had a problem with
 their car, so I've towed it here to
 fix. . You see, they have to be in
 Cape Town tomorrow.

SUNETTE

(a slight smile breaks into her
 face, to MCSNOOT and JENNY)
 Ah . . .then may I most humbly say
 that you are both most welcome to stay
 with us tonight. . I am SUNETTE, the
 mother of HERMAN, and it would be only
 an honour for us to have you with us.
 Please won't you take a seat ?

Everyone finds a seat.

MCSNOOT

Thank you SUNETTE, that is very kind
 of you. Please let me introduce
 myself. I'm Ewen MCSNOOT
 (gestures to JENNY)
 and this here is JENNY. . who
 (winking at JENNY)
 incidentally is not my wife. . No
 Jenny is just a good family friend who
 has been crazy and game enough to lead
 us both on a deliciously wild goose
 chase, through this beautiful land of
 yours.

HERMAN, SUNETTE and HETTIE don't quite fully understand what
 he's said.

SUNETTE

(looking at her watch, to guests)
 Look sorry, my most humble apologies
 but I've got to go make a call now to
 my husband, KOOS. . you'll meet him
 later, the love of my life that one. .
 .Also you will meet my other son,
 BRUNO, who should be getting back from
 school soon.

SUNETTE gets up and leaves room.

HETTIE

(to JENNY)

So JENNY. . .you not actually from
England then, are you ?

JENNY

No, I live up in Joburg.

HETTIE

(to MCSNOOT and JENNY, excitedly)

Could I offer you both some tea ?

JENNY

Lovely, thank you.

HETTIE gets up and goes to kitchen. MCSNOOT looks at HERMAN
wanting to ask him something, then sides up to him.

MCSNOOT

Er, I hate to be pushy but. . .you see
we have this deadline. . .we're meant
to make the Cape tomorrow, so could
you perhaps have a look at the car as
soon as possible ?

(with a smile)

I really am more than happy to pay you
extra, if necessary.

HERMAN is at first slightly confused by this, trying to take in
what he's said, then he smiles innocently.

HERMAN

(confidently, to be reassuring)

You sir must have no worries. . no
worries at all, sir.

(getting up)

I'm going now straight away to get my
tools !

INT. VAN TONDER FARMHOUSE KITCHEN SUNSET

HETTIE and SUNETTE prepare dinner.

INTO:

INT. VAN TONDER FARMHOUSE LOUNGE SUNSET

MCSNOOT and JENNY (with cat on her lap), are freshly bathed and clean, in clean clothes, and have drinks, and sit in the lounge with KOOS, the husband of SUNETTE. KOOS is about 60 years old, a bit short yet strong and stocky, and sunburned. He is avidly watching South Africa playing England in a cricket match on TV, he is tipsy on brandy and coke, and smoking a cigarette. OUMA SARIE sits in a corner knitting, looking up at the game from time to time. We hear the heavy metal music of Black Sabbath from behind the closed door of BRUNO's bedroom. BRUNO is the youngest child of KOOS and SUNETTE. He is 16 years old and is the black sheep, the rebel, preferring to stay in his room with heavy metal music playing.

KOOS is a bit irritated with the music, gets up and approaches BRUNO's door, which adjoins the lounge. MCSNOOT, JENNY and OUMA SARIE watch KOOS. KOOS knocks on the door.

KOOS
(in Afrikaans, with subtitles, to
BRUNO's door, loudly)
Please could you stop that noise for
just half an hour ?

There is no reaction.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VAN TONDER FARMHOUSE BRUNO'S ROOM SUNSETE

BRUNO lies on his bed, paging through a porn magazine.

KOOS
(in Afrikaans, with subtitles,
continuing, loudly, at BRUNO's
door)
Look BRUNO, we are entertaining some
very special visitors here tonight,
also son, the game's on, don't you
want to watch the game ?

There is still no reaction. KOOS decides not to make a scene and hopes his words got through. He resignedly returns to his seat and continues drinking and watching the game. A Beat. The music continues, then suddenly gets very loud, and then just as suddenly switches off.

KOOS

(shaking his head, to MCSNOOT and JENNY)

You know. . .We just don't have a clue what to do with this boy.

MCSNOOT

Well I'll say one thing, at least his taste in heavy metal isn't too bad.

OUMA SARIE

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles, to KOOS)

Have you forgotten KOOS, that you're the one who gave him that music ?

MCSNOOT

(to KOOS)

What did she say ?

KOOS

(sheepishly)

Ya, no . . . what OUMA is saying is that it's actually me who gave my son this music.

MCSNOOT and JENNY bit amused by this.

JENNY

Well. . .nothing to be ashamed of, is it KOOS ? I mean music can be a lovely thing can't it ? , but one just has to show some respect when there's other people around.

KOOS

Ya, that's it, exactly, you hit the nail on the head !

KOOS reacts to something happening in the game on TV.

MCSNOOT

Well I for one have to admit that I happened to recognise that music, it having been an integral part of my wild student years up at St. Andrews.

KOOS

(to MCSNOOT)

What, so you like this Black Sabbath
then do you ?

OUMA SARIE

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles)

The devil's music.

KOOS

(in Afrikaans, with subtitles, to
OUMA SARIE)

Oh, Mom !

MCSNOOT

Well if you really want to know the
truth, I used to hang out with one of
Sabbath's roadies, a guy called Greg.
. . Anyway. .

(reflecting)

wow, that takes me right back to those
crazy days, back in the Seventies.

OUMA SARIE looks suspiciously at MCSNOOT.

MCSNOOT

(continuing, remembering)

Yup, old Gregg sometimes used to get
me backstage, and we'd hang out with
Ozzy and the boys. . .

(telling a white lie)

And I promise you it was all nothing
but good, clean fun !

KOOS

(to MCSNOOT)

Tell me, have you seen this strange
program on the TV, with Ozzy now ? You
know just at home with his family,
doing all the normal things. . .
Weird, hey ?

JENNY

Oh yes, I quite enjoy that sometimes,
but I suppose it all depends on how
much you like reality TV, doesn't it ?

MCSNOOT

Well JENNY, I'd say **you've** banged the nail on the head there because **this** trip is turning out to be more and more like a reality TV show, with every day that passes, wouldn't you say ?

JENNY chuckles. KOOS is into the game again. HERMAN suddenly enters and looks warily at MCSNOOT. MCSNOOT and JENNY look up to him nervously. HERMAN stands near them, nervously fumbling for the right words.

MCSNOOT

(to HERMAN)

. . So what's the news then ?

HERMAN

(to MCSNOOT)

. . . Is it **your** car, sir ?

JENNY

No, no, she's mine, so what's the prognosis ?

HERMAN

(expelling breath)

I would say that for now it's not looking so nice. You see the car is needing quite a big job. . . . And I'm sorry, I just don't have the right tools for that.

A beat or two, while MCSNOOT and JENNY take this in.

MCSNOOT

(resignedly)

Okey dokey. . .So we're certainly not going to be making Cape Town by tomorrow then, are we ?

HERMAN

(shaking head slowly)

Well definitely not in **that** car, sir.

MCSNOOT

Oh shit !

OUMA SARIE is startled in disgust at his language. HERMAN goes to get a drink.

JENNY

Please don't worry Ewen, I'm going to ring NELLIE right now. I'm sure she'll think of something.

JENNY leaves to try call NELLIE.

MCSNOOT

(mumbling to himself)

Why why, you moron, do you **always** have to cut everything so bloody fine ?

HERMAN sits down and watches game on TV. KOOS still watches the game. OUMA SARIE looks scathingly at MCSNOOT.

OUMA SARIE

(to MCSNOOT)

So my granddaughter tells me you are going to Cape Town tomorrow to play in a cricket match. Is that correct ?

MCSNOOT

(charmingly)

Oh no, no - actually it's a special croquet tournament.

OUMA SARIE looks confused. MCSNOOT gets up.

MCSNOOT

(continuing)

Just wait a sec, let me show you.

MCSNOOT goes to his room, and returns with a croquet mallet, showing it to OUMA SARIE, then returns to his seat.

MCSNOOT

(continuing, holding mallet)

You see ? **This** is a croquet mallet.

OUMA SARIE

Yes, I think I have seen that before, but I'm sure that in the wrong hands that thing could become an extremely dangerous weapon, you know.

INT. VAN TONDER FARMHOUSE SPARE BEDROOM NIGHT

JENNY sits on the bed, holding her cellphone which is plugged in the wall to charge. She calls NELLIE.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FRANKENBURGER ESTATE SOMERSET WEST (40 KM FROM CAPE TOWN)
 PATIO AREA NIGHT

NELLIE sits at a table with MAJOR PERKINS and their hosts, a wealthy, tanned and elegant older German couple, HANS and LILY FRANKENBURGER, a little younger than the PERKINS. They are hosting the PERKINS on their wine estate. MAJOR PERKINS sits diagonally across the table from NELLIE. NELLIE's cellphone rings, and she picks it up.

NELLIE

Hello ?

JENNY

Hi NELLIE, it's JENNY here.

NELLIE

(relieved)

JENNY ! How are you my dear ? **Where**
 are you ?

JENNY

Well, right now we're on a farm near
 Oudtshoorn, do you know where that is
 ?

NELLIE

Yes. . . I think so.

JENNY

Look anyway, I'm happy to say that
 everything's been going just fine, but
 unfortunately today we suddenly ran
 into a little hitch in that, my
 faithful old car gave up her ghost,
 can you believe it?

NELLIE

(shocked)

But you're supposed to be **here** very
 soon aren't you ? . .I mean it's
 Ewen's **thing** tomorrow isn't it ?

JENNY

(surprised, thinking NELLIE was
 still in Joburg)

. .What ? Are you **there** already?
 Where are you NELLIE ?

NELLIE

We're at the FRANKENBURGER's, remember them, HANS and LILY.

(acknowledging to FRANKENBURGERS)

Well they've been most awfully kind to host us at short notice, so yes we're already on site as it were.

JENNY

Oh wow, yes I remember that lovely place. I'm sure I went there once as a child.

(remembering business at hand)

But look . . . to fill you in, I think Ewen's got to be at the club by five tomorrow. . . shall I get him on the phone for you ?

NELLIE

Oh please do, and JENNY dear, please don't you worry a bit, I promise you we shall make a plan, come hell or highwater!

JENNY takes phone off charger, and walks

INTO:

INT. VAN TONDER FARMHOUSE LOUNGE NIGHT

JENNY hands phone to MCSNOOT.

JENNY

(to MCSNOOT)

It's your aunty.

MCSNOOT

(happily, into phone)

Aunty !

JENNY sits down.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FRANKENBURGER ESTATE SOMERSET WEST (40 KM FROM CAPE TOWN)
 PATIO AREA NIGHT

NELLIE

Hello my dear, look, let's try and
 sort this out shall we? JENNY's just
 filled me in on all the gory details.

NELLIE muses a few seconds, wondering what to do.

NELLIE

(continuing)

Okay, this is rather a tough one, but
 I think I might just have an idea.

NELLIE looks at MAJOR PERKINS, who is chatting to the
 FRANKENBURGERS. She speaks quietly as she doesn't want MAJOR
 PERKINS to hear her plan, as he might try to veto it.

NELLIE

(quietly)

Though I think I'm going to have to do
 this on the sly from the MAJOR.

MCSNOOT

(flippantly)

Well what's the plan then, Stan ?

NELLIE

Well, you see, we're actually in the
 Cape already.

MCSNOOT

Oh, so you're not actually in Joburg
 anymore then ?

NELLIE

No, if you want to know the truth, . .
 . .well it was meant to be a surprise,
 us being here.

MCSNOOT

Well it **is** a surprise, a most lovely
 surprise, thank you Auntey!

NELLIE

Good, good, I'm happy to hear it. .

NELLIE

(continued, very quietly, so as
not to be heard by MAJOR PERKINS)

Okay, I think I've got an idea. I'm
going to send AKBHAR to get you in the
Rolls. . . Philip probably wouldn't
like it, so that's why I need to be
quiet speaking to you.

MAJOR PERKINS does hear NELLIE saying "Philip", from the other
side of the table.

MAJOR PERKINS

(to NELLIE)

What's that dear ?

NELLIE

(to MAJOR PERKINS, firmly)

I'm on the phone with Ewen dear.

(to MCSNOOT)

So where are you ?

MCSNOOT

I believe we're somewhere near
Oudtshoorn, the place where the
ostriches come from, apparently.

NELLIE

(to herself)

Oudtshoorn. . . How far away is that
?. .Hmmm. . .

(to HANS)

HANS, how far is Oudtshoorn from here
?

HANS

(musing a little to himself)

I would say maybe around five hours.

NELLIE gets up and walks a little way away to be out of earshot
of MAJOR PERKINS.

NELLIE

(in phone again, to MCSNOOT,
excitedly)

Okay, splendid ! HANS says it's about five hours. . .So here forthwith is the plan Stan. . .If you can accurately tell me where you are, then I can have AKBHAR dispatched and on the road to you pronto. . .In fact I think he would rather enjoy the assignment, one thing about dear old AKBHAR is that he's always game for a brand new adventure !

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD WESTERN CAPE NIGHT

It is 3 am. We see an old classic sixties Rolls Royce driving on a country road towards Cape Town. We hear the song "*I heard it through the grapevine*", which is playing on the car's stereo.

INTO:

INT. ROLLS ROYCE COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT

We still hear the same song playing on the car stereo. AKBHAR is driving. MCSNOOT sits in the passenger seat. JENNY is curled up asleep on the back seat.

MCSNOOT

(responding to music)

What a great tune !

AKBHAR

(earnestly)

Oh yes, a true classic in every way! .
. Even my grandson is liking that
tune.

MCSNOOT sings along to the tune. A beat or two. AKBHAR suddenly remembers something he's forgotten.

AKBHAR

Oh before I forget, your Lordship, I have forgotten to tell you something Mrs PERKINS has been asking me to tell you.

MCSNOOT

Please call me Ewen.

AKBHAR

Okay, sorry, Ewen. .

(motions to glove compartment)

If you open the cubby hole there, you will find a phone. Mrs PERKINS has in fact asked me to tell you that **that** phone is there only for the express purpose of your phoning home, if necessary. And in fact, Mrs. PERKINS has been programming your home phone number in for you.

MCSNOOT

(amazed)

Ah NELLIE, you really are a marvel, aren't you ?

(musing to himself, to AKBHAR)

What time is it ?

AKBHAR

(looking at dashboard clock, which shows almost 3 AM)

. . Almost 3am, sir.

MCSNOOT

(musing to himself)

Oh well. . shouldn't necessarily be too late to phone home then. . . I suppose there's only **one** way of finding out.

AKBHAR

You mean it is only 1 o'clock in Scotland, when you are taking the time difference into consideration?

MCSNOOT

Exactly, Mon bon ami.

MCSNOOT presses button on phone to call home.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SCOTLAND MCNOOT HOUSE LOUNGE / DEN TYPE ROOM NIGHT

There is a pretty wild party going on at MCSNOOT's place in Scotland, with loud music. We see a phone ringing for a while. People are dancing and running around, partying, kissing, etc. After 20 seconds, a PARTY GIRL answers the phone. PARTY GIRL is about 19 years old and Scottish.

PARTY GIRL

Hello ?

MCSNOOT

(battling the loud music at other
end)

Hello there, it's me, Ewen MCSNOOT
here.

PARTY GIRL

Mc who ?

MCSNOOT

MCSNOOT. . .look, is KARL there
perhaps ?

PARTY GIRL

(battling loud music)

. . .What ? I can't hear you, could
you speak up please ?

MCSNOOT now has to shout down the phone, which makes AKBHAR
jolt up, and wakes up JENNY.

MCSNOOT

(shouting)

Is **KARL** there ?

PARTY GIRL goes to fetch KARL, who moves into:

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MCNOOT HOUSE TV-LOUNGE NIGHT

KARL picks up a phone in this quieter room. He is happily
drunk.

KARL

Hello, KARL here.

MCSNOOT

KARL ! It's me, Ewen !

KARL

Ah ! Ewen ! . . How are you ?

(smiling)

I sink you can hear vee are heffing
quite a good party here tonight.

MCSNOOT

Good, **great** actually. . .but just try
not to break anything, okay ?

KARL

Of course, you must please not worry my friend because if I am here, then everything is going just fine. . .And so, ver are you now ?

MCSNOOT

We're on the road to Cape Town. Look, anyway, you enjoy yourself, okay, and I'll see you in about a week.

KARL

Okay Ewen, great ! Please be enjoying yourself there with all the animals in Africa. Bye bye !

MCSNOOT

Adios amigo.

MCSNOOT hangs up the phone and puts it down.

JENNY

(now awoken)

Who was that ?

MCSNOOT

. . .Oh I was just phoning home .
.sounds like they're having a
seriously grand time there.

(wondering to himself)

I just hope they're not drinking too
much of the good stuff !

EXT. ROLLS ROYCE ON COUNTRY ROADS TO CAPE TOWN SUNRISE

We see various cuts of the Rolls Royce making it's way on different stretches of road, in the light of a beautiful sunrise, with beautiful scenery, i.e. Cape mountains, etc. Logically this is the Grabouw area. Nice atmospheric music and or song.

EXT. REST STOP BY ROAD TOP SIR LOWRYS PASS EARLY MORNING

The Rolls Royce comes to a halt at the Rest Stop, with a beautiful view of Table Mountain and other mountains around. A baboon comes towards the side of the car, and MCSNOOT and AKBHAR see it. JENNY doesn't see it because she just gazes straight ahead at the scenery.

JENNY

Isn't it lovely ?

MCSNOOT

(looks at JENNY, smiles)
It's a bit scary if you ask me.

JENNY looks confused, AKBHAR intervenes.

AKBHAR

(to JENNY, points at baboon)
It is in fact to that creature over there that his Lordship refers, Miss JENNY.

JENNY

(sees baboon, taken aback, smiles)
Oh my word, it's a baboon !

AKBHAR

I believe it would be for the best that we all stay inside the car. Also, I think please be keeping your windows shut, you know these baboons have been known to be quite dangerous, in fact you know sometimes they can even kill you !

MCSNOOT

Okay, well let's move on then. Not too far to go now is it ?

AKBHAR

No, I would say just one more half hour.

MCSNOOT

Okay, shall we go wake up the Aunty and Uncle then ?

INT. CAPE CROQUET CLUB OFFICE DAY

It is about 5pm. We are in the office of the Cape Croquet Club, in Rondebosch or a similar type of genteel suburb in Cape Town. Behind the registration counter or table sits AUGUSTUS (or AUGGY) SMITH, secretary of the Cape Croquet Club, about 48 years old, a fat, cheerful man. MCSNOOT enters, AUGUSTUS looks up at him.

AUGUSTUS

(smiling broadly)
Your Lordship ! . .Welcome, welcome, welcome! Hello there, I'm AUGUSTUS Smith.

AUGUSTUS offers hand, and they shake hands.

AUGUSTUS
 (enthusiastically)
 May I wish you a **most** hearty welcome,
 your Lordship !

MCSNOOT
 Thanks a lot, and believe me, the
 pleasure's all mine.

A beautiful, sexy, leggy blond model enters, DINKY VAN SCHALKWYK. MCSNOOT admires her, then smiles to himself.

MCSNOOT
 (softly, to himself)
 Yes. . .I would indeed have to say
 that the pleasure is **all** mine.

DINKY
 (to AUGUSTUS)
 Hi, I'm DINKY VAN SCHALKWYK - here for
 the Pro-Celebrity tournament ?

AUGUSTUS puts on his glasses and looks through his list.

AUGUSTUS
 (looking up at her)
 Oh yes, VAN SCHALKWYK.
 (winking at DINKY)
 Lovely to have you with us DINKY.

AUGUSTUS puts list on counter with a pen, and points to position on list.

AUGUSTUS
 Would you just sign here please ?

DINKY fills in info and signs. While she is doing this, AUGUSTUS playfully raises his eyebrows to MCSNOOT in an embarrassed reaction to DINKY's sexiness. MCSNOOTS reacts by nodding his head knowingly and raises his eyebrows back to AUGUSTUS. DINKY hasn't noticed, just looks back at AUGUSTUS.

AUGUSTUS
 (looking at his watch, to DINKY)
 So you 'll be joining us for the
pre-tournament festivities, will you ?

EXT. CROQUET FIELD CAPE CROQUET CLUB DAY

It is the next day, the day of the Pro-Celebrity Croquet Championships. We see a pastiche of various cuts of the day's action. Quite a decent, enthusiastic crowd is watching, including NELLIE and JENNY. It is a beautiful warm summers day. A cat stalks in the grass. An appropriately nice song accompanies all this. We see MCSNOOT and DINKY, and various other varied celebrities trying their hand at croquet. This can be amusing, as they conspire to mess up easy shots, etc. We see MCSNOOT giving one or two celebrities advice on how to play their shots well. This sequence should have a nice, light touch, and be funny.

INT. CAPE CROQUET CLUB CLUBHOUSE NIGHT

It is the after match ceremony and party, in the clubhouse. We see a variety of people, celebrities, etc, sitting at different round tables. MCSNOOT sits at a table with NELLIE, JENNY and RUSSELL (Joburg croquet rep.), and a few others. AUGUSTUS goes up to the podium to speak. He clinks his glass with a spoon for quiet. The noise decreases. Then he speaks into the microphone.

AUGUSTUS

Quiet please.

Crowd pipes down.

AUGUSTUS

(continuing)

Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to thank you all very much for being here today, and making today - the wonderful success that it's been.

(pauses to think)

Anyway . .without further delay,
(motioning to MCSNOOT)

May I proudly present to you our pro-winner for today, and he's here **all** the way from Scotland,

(joking)

His excellency, I mean his **Lordship** -
Ewen MCSNOOT !

Lots of applause. MCSNOOT gets up and walks to the podium, there shakes hands with AUGUSTUS, who presents MCSNOOT with a trophy cup. MCSNOOT goes to the microphone to speak. AUGUSTUS sits down at a table. MCSNOOT lets out a breath of relief and self mockingly wipes his brow from perspiration.

MCSNOOT

(into mic to crowd)

Phew ! - And I promise you that's not just because of the sweat and the heat ! No, no my friends, you could say that to **get** here I've had to be prepared to shed a little sweat. Or you could put it differently by saying that I've found myself caught up in somewhat of a wild goose chase, let me think. .

(thinks to himself)

by way of . .Joburg - Durban, then there was the Wild Coast, And then where else ? - Oh yes there were also a couple of country farms.

(getting to point)

Anyhow - to cut a long story short, so as to stop you good people from falling asleep, all that matters is that I made it here and so have been lucky enough to have had the privelege of being so well **entertained**, by all of you good folk.

(holds out hand to indicate

AUGUSTUS)

AUGGY - thank you so much for your most warm and benign hospitality and

(indicating NELLIE)

Of course, I must thank my most dear Auntey NELLIE.

(to NELLIE)

because I'm sure that without you, NELLIE, I would probably **still** be on that farm somewhere near Oudtshoorn.

Some titters and amusement from crowd. MCSNOOT holds up his trophy to show crowd.

MCSNOOT

(continuing)

Anyway - thanks again everybody, do please drive safe, and good night.

Applause. MCSNOOT walks back to his table, gets a kiss on the cheek from NELLIE, then JENNY, and then sits down.

NELLIE
 (raising glass to toast)
 To Ewen !

Everyone at the table responds by toasting "To Ewen", and they sip their glasses.

MCSNOOT
 (to NELLIE)
 So where's Philip then ?

NELLIE
 (resignedly)
 Oh, sorry chum - but I'm afraid to say the MAJOR got into one of his awful sulks this morning - can you believe it, but Philip refuses to forgive poor HANS for World War Two. . .
 (doggedly, firmly)
 I mean really ! - **dear** HANS and LILY have been nothing but the most charming of hosts to us. . . And yet Philip just insists on moping around all day, I mean it's awfully embarrassing, don't you think ?

There is a pregnant pause, whereby no one knows what to say.

RUSSELL
 (to NELLIE)
 That's a difficult one isn't it, Mrs. PERKINS ? I mean how can we young people **ever** understand what it was like to live through World War Two ?

NELLIE
 Yes - point taken, but don't you think one ought to try and move on, after sixty years ?

RUSSELL
 (bit confused)
 . . .Ya. . .Suppose so
 (conceding, nods head)
 One must indeed forgive and move on.

NELLIE

Anyway, RUSSELL, may I just say while I'm thinking of it, that you are **more** than welcome, if you are free, to have lunch with us tomorrow. You see our hosts the FRANKENBURGER's are giving a little lunch party.

EXT. FRANKENBURGER ESTATE SOM.WEST PATIO/POOL AREA DAY

We see the nice relaxed outdoor lunch party in progress at the FRANKENBURGER's estate, by the pool. From the estate, beautiful mountain scenery is visible. MCSNOOT and JENNY lie on their stomachs, on towels, side by side at the pool, chatting. LOUISA BURTON, daughter of FRANKENBURGER's, plays in the pool with her two children, boy 7 years old and a girl 5 years old. LOUISA is about 30 years old, very pretty. A little way from the pool is a main outside table where the others sit and chat over coffee and liquers. Siting at this table we see HANS and LILY FRANKENBURGER, and NELLIE and MAJOR PERKINS, and RUSSELL and JEFF BURTON. JEFF BURTON is married to LOUISA BURTON. JEFF is about 32 years old, tall and well built. He is a famous South African rugby star. He is quite handsome, and has a nice, easy demeanour, but is not too bright. There are also a few other assorted guests, friends of the FRANKENBURGERS, mostly German. We hear relaxed classical music playing in the background.

HANS

(to JEFF)

So - JEFF - how vas your tour in Europe ?

JEFF

. . Ach - so-so I suppose.

HANS

Vat happened again ? You beat the English but lost to the French, is that correct ?

RUSSELL

(interrupting, to HANS)

Actually I'm afraid to say they lost both those games, but

(to JEFF)

you beat the Irish, didn't you ?

JEFF

Ya - that's right.

RUSSELL

(in awe somewhat of JEFF, to
JEFF)

I must say, it's really quite an honour to meet you because I've always been quite the rugby fan, actually my old man was the one that instilled that in me. He was really a **huge** fan !

HANS

(to RUSSELL)

- So, hef you played rugby then ?

RUSSELL

(smiles embarrssed)

Well, if you can call being in the under sixteen E team at school playing rugby, then yes I have but

(motions to JEFF)

I could never pretend I'm in the league of our friend JEFF here.

An awkward pause as JEFF doesn't know how to react to RUSSELL. RUSSELL is slightly irritating.

RUSSELL

(to JEFF, earnestly)

So JEFF, how long is it now that you've been playing for South Africa ?

JEFF

I dunno, I suppose about eight years, give or take a few months.

RUSSELL

(to HANS and LILY)

Wow, you must both be very proud of your son-in-law I would think, aren't you ?

LILY

Well - I must be honest I know nothing about this sport rugby. All I know is that JEFF - well he has been such a good husband for my baby girl.

(to JEFF)

Really JEFF, you have been very good to us all.

JEFF

(sheepishly)

Aw - Mrs Frankie, you are **too** nice!

MAJOR PERKINS turns his head to one side and looks at LILY a bit suspiciously. CAMERA moves back down to the pool, where we see MCSNOOT and JENNY, still lying by the pool on their towels, stomachs down, side by side. They have become closer to each other, and are getting close to becoming romantic. They look up at the mountains.

MCSNOOT

I must say, despite all the little hiccups, I'm really so glad I came over here. . . I mean, for one thing, if I hadn't come, I'd probably never have had the chance to meet you. .
.And also,

(nods head towards mountains)

Just take a look at the majesty of those mountains there, quite enough to take yer breath away, don't you think ?

JENNY

(suddenly has idea)

I've got an idea. If you like mountains so much, why don't we climb up Table Mountain tomorrow ? Would you like that ?

EXT. TABLE MOUNTAIN CAPE TOWN PLATTEKLIP PATH DAY

The next day. We see MCSNOOT and JENNY climbing Table Mountain on the main Plattekclip route. There are of course a few other people walking up. It is a cooler day. Background music a nice song, perhaps "*Climb every mountain*" from *The Sound of Music*. A few cuts, showing them getting further and further up. By their body language, we see a gentle, playful flirting between them. JENNY is like a different person to who she was earlier on the trip. About two thirds of the way up, they stop and sit down for a rest, drinking water from plastic bottles.

MCSNOOT

Can you just imagine those intrepid Dutch explorers, when they first set eyes on this place, in the mid seventeenth century ? . . I mean - have you been to Holland ?

JENNY

No.

MCSNOOT

Well I'd say you couldn't find a more different topography if you tried. You see Holland is

(makes horizontal hand gesture)
as flat as a pancake. . . So I'd say that seeing this great mountain here for the first time must have really blown their minds.

EXT. TOP OF TABLE MOUNTAIN DAY

The CAMERA zooms from far out, to reveal two people sitting side by side on a rock, on top of Table Mountain. As the CAMERA zooms in even more, we realise that we are seeing MCSNOOT and JENNY, and they are kissing, they have finally succumbed to each other's charms. Nice music to accompany this. They stop kissing and MCSNOOT looks to JENNY.

MCSNOOT

(thinking aloud)

JENNY, JENNY, JENNY, JENNY . . . You know we've never really discussed it, but actually I'm rather a wealthy guy you know ?

JENNY

(innocently)

I suppose I sort of guessed that, but I don't really think about it, if you know what I mean. I mean I swear to God that is **not** the reason I'm attracted to you.

MCSNOOT

(sincerely)

I know that, and **that's** one of the things that's impressed me so much about you, you know ?. . . I mean, you'd be **amazed** at how shallow so many people turn out to be, and the attention I sometimes get from people, just because they know I'm a Lord with oodles of money. I mean what a load of **crap**, you'd think we were still living in the age of feudalism, with people thinking that way.

JENNY nods her head in agreement, while MCSNOOT continues his little diatribe.

MCSNOOT

You see, on the one hand, of course, it's an **amazing** fucking privelege to **have** the prestige, and to **have** all the wealth, but on the other hand this makes it often very hard for me to know **who** my real friends are, you know, **who** I can trust etcetera. . . . And you see, the problem is **also** I've just never really been that much of a great knee-jerk-type game player, if you know what I mean. . . .

A beat or two, as JENNY tries to take all this in. MCSNOOT now muses over something in his mind.

MCSNOOT

(continuing)

Anyway. . . you know what? I've been thinking it would be a really positive move for me to get a place here, you know, and stay for a while, see how it goes. . . . Because for some time now I've had the strongest feeling that I could really use a change, because my life back home, to be frankly honest has really just become a day to day routine.

EXT. MCNOOT'S HOUSE BISHOPSCOURT CAPE TOWN LAWN DAY

MCSNOOT has bought a house in Bishopscourt (or similar) in Cape Town. The CAMERA zooms in, from a ways out, to show the gorgeous scnery around the area.

CAPTION OVER:

ONE MONTH LATER

Then the CAMERA zooms into the back garden of MCSNOOTS new house. This scene mirrors the first scene of the movie, in a way. There is a party in progress. Many people are present. KARL and IRENE (from opening scene) are there, also AUGUSTUS SMITH of the Cape Croquet Club. MCSNOOT has decided to teach croquet to some underpriveleged kids from the townships. We see him helping them with their shots, they are invited to this party. JENNY sits on the verandah, chatting to someone. A live band plays, African grooves, like good Angolan kwassa kwassa. People dance, and there is a bit of that same feeling of mayhem from the opening scene.

The camera zooms out, again revealing beautiful scenery.

CAPTION OVER:

THE END

