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DISSERTATION

MASTER OF ARTS - CREATIVE WRITING

FILM SCRIPT:

THE TRUMPET PLAYER

by

LINDY WILSON

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# **THE TRUMPET PLAYER**

**by**

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EXT. STREET. LATE AFTERNOON

An army boot pushes down hard on the starter of a vintage motor-cycle.

Sound of the engine bursting into life. Cycle and rider move out into a stream of cars in Hillbrow, Johannesburg. They weave through taxis, buses and cars, gracefully, like sailing; the combination of speed and dexterity, man and machine are one. Traffic-light turns red right at the very top of the steep hill that drops down into town. The man halts, curses.

At that moment a young woman dashes off the pavement towards him. She waves and shouts.

ANNIK

Uncle Macek!

Helmetted, he doesn't hear. Without pausing, she runs right in front of him, grabs his huge, leather-gloved hands on the handle-bars, laughs

ANNIK

Uncle Macek! I caught you !

UNCLE MACEK

Annik!.....

The light turns green.

Jump on. I'm late.  
(in Polish)

ANNIK swings her leg over the passenger seat, her short, neat skirt lifts to reveal the full length of her long legs. She is supple and quick. They take off. She clings to him, catching her breath in excitement, laughing out loud as they plummet down the steep hill.

UNCLE MACEK

(shouting in a strong Polish accent)

I'm late for a funeral. An old comrade.  
They're in a mad, stupid hurry to bury him!

All traffic lights are green. He runs through several before he has to stop. Pulls off his helmet. Very short, thick, grey hair reveals a man of indefinable age, with high, hollowed cheek bones. He looks at her quiscially through blue-grey eyes, his face lean and lined, intelligent and alert.

UNCLE MACEK

OK, hop off now. Whatever it is  
will have to wait until tomorrow.

ANNIK

Can't I come with you? ....Please.

UNCLE MACEK  
(handing her his helmet)

Your father will kill me!

They arrive at a huge graveyard. ANNIK slides off. UNCLE MACEK simultaneously steps down as he steadies the bike. He is slim and sinuous. He takes a bag out of one of the side pockets. Without so much as a glance in her direction, he strides rapidly towards a crowd gathered at the graveside. ANNIK runs after him, pulling at the leather strap under her chin to release the helmet.

Solitary, bent trees blow in a dusty wind amidst hundreds of graves - a stark, leached place. A large group of mourners in the distance. The ground is densely covered with humps and lumps of earth, broken by regular rows of grey, granite-smooth tombstones: an infinite variety of death's domain, rich and poor.

The crowd strains to listen as a Rabbi conducts the last rites. MACEK pushes right through to the front, ANNIK close behind him. Her eyes settle on the open grave. Coffin open. Not the normal practice. Serene and beautiful in death she sees an old man, his hair still thickly grey, dressed for the last time in a dark, tailored suit, white shirt and tie, shining shoes. Glimpse of a gold ring on a hand folded across his body.

Jewish dignitaries in yamulkas stand next to smartly tailored wives in black. Scratches score expensive high-heeled shoes as feet seek to balance on the rough earth. Scattered amongst the sombre Western-style black clothes are brilliant saris - bright jewels of colour; and the ringed, black-lined wide eyes of children.

ANNIK recognises ZUBEIDA. Their eyes meet. Exchange of surprise.

ANNIK bows her head to the prayer and stares down at UNCLE MACEK's helmet in her hands.

The prayer ends. JACK NTULI, trumpeter, plays a haunting solo. Tears well up in ANNIK's eyes. Yet she does not even know this man.

The coffin lid closes. A young man throws a painted canvas over it, a kaross of African brightness. The Rabbi reacts with surprise. The dead man's wife places a bunch of white roses on top of it, like a wedding bouquet.

UNCLE MACEK steps forward, his small accordion in his hand. He plays and sings the Nasionale. One very strong, male voice accompanies him. The coffin is lifted by the pall-bearers and lowered into the grave. People throw in single flowers and clods of earth. ANNIK slips in behind ZUBEIDA. She dips her hand into the rough red earth.

ANNIK

Who is he?

ZUBEIDA

Don't you know?

ANNIK

No I came with Uncle Macek.

ZUBEIDA  
(surprised)

Is Macek your uncle?

ANNIK nods as the JAZZAFRICA Band drowns them in an MK military song. Black voices sing this in beautiful unison as the Winter sun sets on the crowd slowly dispersing.

INT. ZUBEIDA NAIDOO'S FAMILY HOME.

Buzz from a line of people filing into the Naidoo's large spacious living room. A huge picture of pilgrims praying at Mecca dominates. Moslem men have already settled into corners, drinking tea, reaching for samoosas and India's sweet delicacies.

Rapidly, a feast is underway as an interminable line of people greet, reclaim old acquaintances, stream in slowly through the door.

ZUBEIDA's mother ushers in the immediate family of the deceased.

ZUBEIDA, wipes her hand quickly on a cloth and joins her mother to greet them

ZUBEIDA

Zubeida Naidoo

DECEASED WIFE

Monique le Fevre

MRS. NAIDOO

We're honoured.  
Come. Here is your table.

She ushers them to a special table heavy with food

MRS. NAIDOO

All Kosher!

Apprehension and slight disbelief on the faces of the smartest Jewish women, whilst Zubeida explains.

ZUBEIDA

This one's spicy.  
Try the milder curry.

The family picks at this and that, but elsewhere others are hungry and the food magnificent. No alcohol. Hands reach for vermilion coloured cold-drinks set on a separate table. Some withdraw without taking it.

ZUBEIDA's mother offers MACEK a glass of this. He laughs and pats his pocket.

ZUBEIDA's MOTHER

Don't let Abdullah see you !

MACEK introduces ANNIK

My niece Annik Kieslowska  
Mrs. Naidoo.

MRS NAIDOO

Well, where have you been hiding her?  
You're always so secretive, Macek!

UNCLE MACEK

I've kept her...what do the English say...  
inside my slipper?

MRS. NAIDOO

Come and eat my child. Do you like curry?  
Zubeida...!

ANNIK

I know Zubeida.

MRS. NAIDOO

Ah Well, you know us already!  
I'll never keep up!

Members of the JAZZAFRICA Band push their way through to the table.

JIMBA

Old Mosey was a fucking good guy

JACK

Where did you hang out with him, Jimba?

JIMBA

At a jam or two.  
He liked jazz, man!  
And he could drink vodka....AND drive!

JACK whispers into Zubeida's ear.

JACK

D'you think you'll make it?

ZUBEIDA

I have to go to the shop first,  
Not even funerals allow us to close the shop!

ZUBEIDA greets MACEK with a kiss.

ZUBEIDA

Are you Poles all related?

UNCLE MACEK

Practically!

Aside to Jack

JIMBA

Jack, does she also eat that red stuff?

JACK

What!

JIMBA

Do you kiss her...I mean what does it taste like?

JACK

Jimba, you're a bloody racist, man.

JIMBA

No, look, Rafik's my friend. He chews that shit, man. Says it's better than grass. And her mother. I've seen her too.

ZUBEIDA hands plates of delectable food to UNCLE MACEK and OUPA, JAZZAFRICA's band-leader. She introduces the band to ANNIK.

ZUBEIDA

Annik, meet the Band:  
OUPA, JACK, JIMBA...

They touch hands formally.

Where's Vuyisa?

JIMBA shrugs

JIMBA

VUYISA...he hates parties.

ZUBEIDA

That's my brother, RAFIK

Across the room RAFIK talks to his aunts. Striking, sensuous, in his early 30s, his dark hair styled to perfection, RAFIK carries a tray of Indian sweetmeats. He has already slipped out of his funeral attire into a silk kurta. He holds the tray aloft, which, every now and then, he gracefully curls down in a single movement to offer a delicacy to his relatives.

RAFIK's very versatile. Plays piano, flute, sitar..

RAFIK catches her eye and comes across.

ZUBEIDA

My girlfriend, Annik. We're at Varsity.

RAFIK smiles an exquisite smile and greets the graceful greeting of India, both hand together and a slight bow.

RAFIK

Come to the Club tonight.  
Zubeida will bring you.

ANNIK

Thanks.

OUPA speaks to MACEK.

OUPA

You knew Mosey ..... a long time?

UNCLE MACEK

A very long time.

OUPA

From over there?

UNCLE MACEK

Yes. I was only fifteen and he was twenty-five. He got me to France when I was on the run. The family was forced to leave. Luckily I spoke French. We worked together and took terrible risks!

Sometimes just to go and listen to jazz in Paris - right under the noses of the Nazis.

OUPA

Ja, he was a major supporter of the Band.

UNCLE MACEK

He loved jazz.  
And he became rich!

OUPA

It wasn't only that.  
You know he gave me a large sum once,  
without asking questions.  
He was different....

UNCLE MACEK

Yes. He was a Jew.  
He could smell out facism without trying.

INT. CAR - NIGHT, LATER

JACK, ANNIK and ZUBEIDA are squashed into the front seat of MR. NAIDOO's Mercedes. ZUBEIDA drives. She addresses ANNIK

ZUBEIDA

It's because of you that  
We got the car!

JACK in the middle. His hand is in constant touch with the back of her neck, caressing it under her dark hair as she drives. They laugh.

ZUBEIDA turns off the road through a narrow alleyway to the back of some apartments. There are a couple of dead cars in a parking lot.

JACK jumps out and runs up some back stairs.

ZUBEIDA

Annik, I don't quite know how to put this.

ANNIK laughs, understanding.

ZUBEIDA

My parents ....they don't know....they'd never agree.

ANNIK

I can imagine...Where are we, anyway?

ZUBEIDA

This is MANDLA's place. Jack often stays here.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK turns the key in the lock. As he opens the door, a young man, STEVE, holds him up at gun-point; ZAKES has an AK-47 rifle on the table.

STEVE

Christ, Jack, you gave us a fright!

JACK

And you bloody gave me one!

He turns on his heel and re-locks the door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

JACK

No good. People. Let's get out of here!

ZUBEIDA

Shit! Who?

She starts up the engine. The car slides out of the yard.

ANNIK

I know. We can go to Uncle Macek's flat.  
He's out and I've got a key.

INT. OLD BUILDING. LATER

They climb stairs of ramshackled building. The lower part is clearly a brothel.

ANNIK

This building's seen better days but Uncle Macek refuses to leave.

EXT. APARTMENT. SAME TIME

ANNIK fiddles with a key on a bunch. She opens the door.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME

They enter a large and spacious room. A tall antique desk/bookcase dominates the space, table and some chairs in the centre. It is neat and tidy, the shelves above packed to the limit with papers and books; locked. Along the length of one entire wall is a wide shelf, neatly stacked with records.

JACK moves towards the shelf: Coltrane, Modern Jazz Quartet, Ellington, Miles Davis... he reads as he lifts one record cover up after another.

JACK

You're uncle's a jazz freak.

ANNIK

Yes.

JACK

Shit! This is incredible. Doesn't he know about CDs?

ANNIK

He likes records and, anyway, he collected them a long time ago.

JACK

Where'd he get them for God's sake?

ANNIK

Paris....all over.  
I know every one of them.  
It was our secret.

EXT. ZOO. AFTERNOON

The young Uncle Macek holds the hand of the young ANNIK, about 5 years old. She looks attentively at a huge old lion behind bars. Their eyes meet. She stares into them: deep brown/yellow pools of weariness. Then she turns and looks straight into her Uncle's. Something similar. Years of experience.

ANNIK

Where do YOU live Uncle Macek?

UNCLE MACEK

In a CONCRETE jungle!

ANNIK

With lions?

UNCLE MACEK

No, people.

ANNIK

People in a jungle! Oh, please take me there.

Child's magical, fairytale view of the high skysrise buildings of Hillbrow.

(The remembered images blur into the skyline of New York, the picture on the record cover which JACK holds in his hands)

INT. UNCLE MACEK'S FLAT - NIGHT

ANNIK puts on MACEK's Polish accent.

ANNIK

You want to hear something?

JACK nods enthusiastically.

ANNIK  
(same accent)

Shut your eyes. And guess.

ANNIK picks out a record from the shelf and moves over to the turntable. She takes it out very carefully, holds it with thumb on the edge and third finger in the centre. She wipes it carefully and places it on a modern turntable. A trumpeter plays.

JACK  
(eyes still shut)

Dizzy Gillespie.

ANNIK

Wrong.

JACK  
(in American accent)

It's Brownie?

ANNIK

Right. Clifford Brown.

JACK

He's a legend with Oupa. I just guessed.

(He listens and then says in the same American accent)

They tell me he started worryin' players like Dizzy and Miles. Took them away.

ANNIK laughs.

ANNIK

Who told you that?!

I can tell all these musicians apart with my eyes shut!

That was early Clifford Brown

ANNIK whips off the record and plays the game.

JACK

Chet Baker!

ANNIK

Good!

JACK  
(In American accent)

Chet, plays nice, plays nice, man. Him and Jerry Mulligan play nice - for white boys they play great, you know. But you know who taught them?

ANNIK, laughing, shakes her head

JACK

Miles, Miles the best!

ANNIK

Is that so? Miles Davis!  
You've been in America, then?

JACK

No, I'm imitating Oupa. He was there.  
But mainly he was a kid in Sophiatown.  
They all spoke like that!

ANNIK

(Still laughing)

So whites can't play jazz?!

JACK

No man! no soul! From N'Orlins to New York to Jo'burg city! Jazz is black!

ZUBEIDA

Jack.....

JACK remembers the woman he loves.

ANNIK  
(pats the sofa)

This pulls out.

I'll be back in a couple of hours.  
Unless I crash your father's Mercedes, Zubeida,  
in which case I could be late!

INT. JAZZ CLUB - LATE NIGHT

JACK enters as the JAZZAFRICA band is warming up.

JIMBA

Who knows where you've been!

ZUBEIDA and ANNIK walk into the spotlight over the floor. People look up. They are a striking contrast to one another: ANNIK, fair, slight, neat, her hair falling in a sheet just between ear and shoulder; ZUBEIDA, tall, dark skin glowing, body moving with the ancient grace of India, removes her jacket, reveals a bare midriff.

ANNIK's eyes identify the Band members and her eyes rest on VUYISA, the unknown.

He seems to play the rhythm instinctively, thoughts elsewhere. Nervous, his eyes dart about. He makes quick glances around the room. But as the music hots up and he turns into it, wholly into his drums. Shouts of approval cut the air.

The clientele is a mix of casually dressed people with a smattering of intellectuals and students, earnestly engaged in every word. ANNIK has never seen a place like this. A bunch of noisy actors from a local theatre burst into the room. She looks straight into the face of someone in drag. He/she leers at her, eye to eye, blows her a kiss.

ANNIK moves off to the bar where ZUBEIDA is chatting but she is drawn back by the sound of the drum solo. Lights dim over the tables. A single light pinpoints VUYISA's performance. She stands on tip-toe.

There is anger in this player. But, suddenly, when he changes to the talking drums, he seems to speak to himself in exclusive secrecy - in his own secret, soft language.

Everyone stops talking to listen. The sound ends in a whisper. Loud clapping. ANNIK joins in vehemently. The lights go up.

ZUBEIDA is over at the bar. The clock above the barman reads 11.30. A man sitting right in front of ANNIK slips off the barstool, two drinks in hand. He pushes rudely past her, obliging her to fall back against those pressing from the back. She is just about to say something when she looks straight into his icy blue eyes. Something chilling passes through her and she stops. She draws back and pushes her way out of the claustrophobia. He is walking rapidly through the tables to join a woman at the far corner.

ZUBEIDA is suddenly back at her side.

ZUBEIDA

Follow me.

INT. JAZZCLUB AT TABLE - SAME TIME

The Band's table is half full of its followers, mainly women. Some empty chairs are shoved back, coats thrown over them. They greet ZUBEIDA

ZUBEIDA

This is ANNIK, everybody.

But ANNIK is whisked away by a young man she recognises, who asks her to dance. She grimaces to ZUBEIDA, who, laughingly gestures her away.

ANNIK steps onto the crowded floor. Dancers engulf her.

INT. JAZZ CLUB, ANOTHER TABLE - SAME TIME

A serrated knife cuts into a thick, rare steak and the man with blue eyes takes his first bite. The Club door opens. The man eating the steak looks up through enquiring icy blue eyes at his companion. He has his back to the door but his companion, a woman, can watch every entry in the reflection of a long wall mirror. She touches the hand on the knife.

He turns right around. Pretends to call the waiter.

A tall black man turns full-face towards the mirror, laughing at the 'bouncer' who jokingly frisks him. They mouth something

THE BOUNCER

No A-Ks? - OK!

The man at the table, a security policeman, opens his jacket fractionally and, while glancing at his watch, bends towards a tiny microphone attached to his inner pocket.

SECURITY POLICEMAN

11.45pm Mandla Sipamla.

The music changes rhythm.

MANDLA SIPAMLA strolls confidently into the club. People look up. They always do. There's something about him. Some kind of clarity. It isn't only in his face but in his whole bearing. He walks directly towards ZUBEIDA, is a flow of ease, relaxation. People nod to him and greet him. He responds. Students nudge one another, look knowing. He briefly scans the room with a professional eye.

ZUBEIDA watches MANDLA approach - a quiet, knowing smile on her face.

On the dance-floor a young black man has his eye on ANNIK. As the music begins again, he cuts across her partner - asks her to dance. She is a bit taken aback but, more out of courtesy than desire, she complies.

The music is exciting and he urges her to imitate him, which she does, stiffly politely. Her partner watches, distanced, from the edge. Then, shrugs and moves off.

MANDLA squeezes the shoulders of a woman friend who has her back to him, who has not seen him yet. She looks round. Her eyes light up. He gives a loud, infectious laugh but keeps moving, moving.

The policeman sees where he is headed.

As MANDLA reaches ZUBEIDA's table, he greets everyone with hands and touches. Then lifts ZUBEIDA's long dark hair, and lets it run through his fingers. He takes a long look at her.

ZUBEIDA

Well, this is a surprise!

MANDLA sits down, laughing. Without a word he picks up the half-burnt cigarette from the ash-tray, taps off the ash, and takes a draw.

MANDLA

Yes, I surprise myself!  
I just got in from PE.  
I knew I'd find you here.

He turns to look at the band

MANDLA

I see boetie's playing well!

MANDLA's and RAFIK's eyes greet warmly.

MANDLA scans the other players. As they rest on VUYISA, the drummer, an important but different, urgent, signal passes between them. A warning.

MANDLA's eyes then run on past the band and scan the room. He notes the security policeman tucking into ice-cream.

A rhythmic clapping and shouting distracts him. On the dance-floor a widening circle of dancers have stopped to watch. ANNIK's dance partner has found a more than excellent pupil. ANNIK is concentrating carefully on his ever-more-complex steps and body and imitates with surprising versatility. He

is thrilled and excited. Shouts of approval and encouragement now accompany them as he cork-screws down into the patha-patha and she follows.

RAFIK uses his flute like a penny-whistle and takes up the rhythm of the kwela, nostalgic sound of the 60s, haunting and compelling. The young man, cork-screwing down again now pretends to touch her body all the way down. Without actually touching it, he emphasises its shapeliness: hips, breasts, as he goes. Laughter. She retaliates and imitates with a sudden, surprising humour. More laughter. The two make a striking pair: he, very dark, loose and wholly at ease, dances and improvises and demonstrates. She, very fair and slim imitates with a neatness and uncannily perfect precision. It's not African. It's something else, something as enticing, that reveals itself. A kind of innocence.

A lovely careless sight for these troubled times.

MANDLA is absorbed.

Loud applause accompanies their finale. ANNIK, laughing and breathless, bows formally to her partner, imitating her Polish father.

ANNIK

Wonderful! Thank you!

OUPA introduces the band.

OUPA

RAFIK NAIDOO on keyboards  
(Claps. Rafik, gives an elegant wave)  
JIMBA MAYEKISO (check if Zulu) on guitar  
(Jimba, stands somewhat clumsily to his feet)  
VUYISA VUMANI on drums  
(speaks on the talking drum). Loud applause  
JACK NTULI on trumpet.  
(smiles warmly and nods his head)

Everyone moves off stage. JACK and JIMBA to the bar, where women - some from Zubeida's table - surround them; RAFIK to some elegant friends; OUPA joins a couple who look like possible promoters.

MANDLA

You know her?

ZUBEIDA

She's coming right towards you!

ANNIK makes her way back to ZUBEIDA's table. VUYISA, left alone for a moment behind his drums, tries to catch MANDLA's

eye again but fails, his eyes being on ANNIK.

ZUBEIDA

ANNIK, this is MANDLA. He's hardly ever around so don't get too well acquainted.

MANDLA

I'm impressed!

ANNIK

(still very animated and flushed)

Very unlike me! I was completely carried away!

MANDLA

Mmm... I noticed.

He indicates she should sit down and calls a waiter.

MANDLA

A drink for the lady. What do you want?

ANNIK

Something soft. I'm dying of thirst!

MANDLA reaches across to the next table and takes a jug of water

MANDLA

Water?

So this dancing is unlike you?

ANNIK

Absolutely. I've never been in a place like this before. It's wonderful.

MANDLA

Mmm... well, what are you usually like then?

ANNIK

(Very thirsty, talking between gulps)

Oh inhibited, you know, rather serious!

MANDLA

What could someone like you be serious about?

ANNIK

Oh, music, life... I can be quite earnest!

And you, what do you do that makes you never around?

MANDLA

I travel a lot...

ANNIK

Are you a salesman?

MANDLA throws back his head and laughs one of his raucous, highly infectious laughs. Several people turn round and smile.

VUYISA, not smiling at all, suddenly stands at MANDLA's elbow. He taps him impatiently on the shoulder. MANDLA takes one look at his face.

MANDLA

Excuse me a second.  
Don't go away.

MANDLA gets up. VUYISA, without a word, turns his back and moves off towards the bar. MANDLA follows. The security policeman sees them.

They duck under the staircase out of sight. The security policewoman slips across the room and up the stairs and into the 'Ladies'.

ZUBEIDA

See, I told you he wouldn't stay long!

ANNIK

But who is he?

ANNIK can just see the reflection of MANDLA in the long mirror. The women at ZUBEIDA's table titter and laugh but keep their distance.

MANDLA and VUYISA converse swiftly. MANDLA's mood and demeanour change completely. VUYISA, very intense and taut, quickly and quietly gives his message

VUYISA

Harry left today.

MANDLA

What!

VUYISA

Things got very hot. I can't talk now.

He looks around. Sees the security policeman amongst the mirrored crowd from his perspective. Sees his companion's empty chair.

VUYISA

He left a 'present' ... I'm afraid they had to leave it at your place.

MANDLA

What!  
Why the hell did they do that?

VUYISA

Mandla, it was the only place.

MANDLA

Bad news.

The policewoman comes out at the top of the stairs. They are mirrored in her sight but she is hidden. She takes out a cigarette.

VUYISA

It's a pity you turned up right now.

MANDLA

Thanks very much!

VUYISA

No, man, I'm really pleased to see you...!

Sounds of band tuning up. VUYISA starts to move.

VUYISA

By the way, Jack knows. He saw them by chance.

He gestures that it was a pity.

More, louder sounds.

VUYISA

I must go.

VUYISA

I'll be home about two - as soon as we can wrap this up - if you need me.

MANDLA

OK.

MANDLA walks over to the Bar, orders a whiskey and drinks it down in one. He observes the security policewoman joining her companion.

INT. JAZZCLUB - ZUBEIDA'S TABLE

ANNIK

Bad news?

MANDLA

No, no. Just a friend of ours in a spot of trouble. I'll have to leave quite soon. Come, let's dance.

INT. JAZZCLUB - LATER

The music is quiet, soft. MANDLA automatically holds ANNIK close. She resists. He is a little puzzled. She's not sure of herself. He strokes her hair. Lovely hair. She pulls back, chats.

ANNIK

Well, so why do you travel?

MANDLA

Politics, net-working!

The band begins the introduction to HUGH MASEKELA'S composition POLINA

ANNIK

So I mustn't ask you what you do?

MANDLA

Yes, of course you can ask me anything you like.

ANNIK is awkward with herself.

ANNIK

Well, I don't know much about political net-working..

At that moment the POLINA horn solo breaks in. ANNIK stops suddenly, trips over his foot. He grabs her.

ANNIK

Oh, sorry...

But she is wholly caught by Jack's horn solo. She moves towards the front, pulling Mandla by the hand. At the edge of the floor she listens, absolutely entranced. He, in turn, watches her total concentration, entranced.

MANDLA

You like it?

She looks at him now, with the same intensity

ANNIK

I just had this idea.  
You see, I play the trumpet...but classical...  
I really want to play jazz!  
I know I do.

MANDLA wants to take hold of this passionate intensity, feel and experience it. He gently pulls her back onto the floor.

MANDLA

Jack's good, very good.

They dance, close, under the spell of this music. She has relaxed. The music bonds them; a release, an easy intimacy. Strangely quickly, it is as if nobody else on earth is there, just the music and their movement within it. They both need it, this letting go.

MANDLA glances the clock (12.20) and gently steers ANNIK, still dancing, in the direction of the exit door. As they pause on the edge of the floor, the security policeman slips out of the Club.

MANDLA

I have to go but I'll see you tomorrow.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Sounds of a late summer night; then, quite close, sudden and violent, is the opening scream of an ambulance starting up and heading towards its urgent destination.

MANDLA takes out a small notebook.

Address?

She writes.

MANDLA  
(squinting under the street light)  
Hai.....what's this?

ANNIK  
(looks over his shoulder and laughs)

It's a seven, a European seven.  
486 1527

MANDLA  
This is South Africa, man....  
Tomorrow, I'll be there. Promise.

He leaves quickly. A headlight blinds her and then picks up the security policeman sitting in his car nearby.

As ANNIK turns, a man comes out and vomits onto the pavement.

2. EXT. DAY - JOHANNESBURG NORTHERN SUBURB - LATE SUMMER  
AFTERNOON

A small scooter bounces through the shadows of trees. VUYISA is in front and MANDLA on the back - too big for the pillion.

The wheels bulge and bounce. Bundles of the evening paper are stowed in built-in containers underneath MANDLA's thighs.

Every now and again he reaches awkwardly, takes one out and throws it. He misses each time. They laugh.

VUYISA  
Hai man!

VUYISA puts his hand out for the next one.

MANDLA  
Nai man! I'm enjoying this!

MANDLA misses again. Steering dextrously with one hand VUYISA keeps his other hand out. MANDLA gives him one. VUYISA deftly throws the newspaper over the next fence. They are both laughing.

VUYISA  
It's an art form, man!

He rides up to the next gate - gold-embossed, iron, automatic. A huge rotweiler snarls and barks as he throws.

The next one he throws over a high wall with a notice saying 'Armed Response'.

Three dogs bark and career down a fence as he nears the next gate and throws.

VUYISA turns the scooter back to collect the missed ones. As he gets off close to the gate and picks one up to stick it into a letterbox, a Doberman jumps at his hand and snarls at him.

VUYISA

Fucking dogs! I hate them.  
That's why you can't afford to miss!

EXT. PAVEMENT - SAME TIME

VUYISA and MANDLA collapse onto the grassy verge of a wide sidewalk in the shady coolness of plane trees. Lie on their backs. We hear the 'plock' of tennis, the laughter and splashing of people in a swimming-pool. VUYISA looks through the fence.

VUYISA

You can't even get a fucking drink  
from a garden tap anymore.  
Christ who's country is this anyway?!

MANDLA

Ours.

VUYISA

I'm not so sure anymore. Everyone's  
being forced to leave.

MANDLA

By the way (gestures the gun)  
I buried it.

VUYISA

Don't tell me where. I don't want to know.  
You should go back to PE tonight.

MANDLA

Well, possibly. It could be safer to stay  
around here!

He gestures the shady street and laughs.

VUYISA

Ai, Mandla, you and women.  
Where's that address?

MANDLA tears a scrap of paper out of his pocket notebook and hands it over. VUYISA takes it but he is distracted by someone in the house across the road.

VUYISA

She looks a lot older

MANDLA

Who?

VUYISA

Mrs. Ratcliffe

EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

A woman is looking through the old iron-latticed window of the kitchen opposite while he continues to speak.

VUYISA  
(v/o)

Sometimes I'd be allowed to spend the night with her....

MANDLA looks quizzical, puzzled.

My mother, she worked for that woman for 20 years.

He continues to speak as MRS RATCLIFFE moves away from the window and comes out onto the stoep in her slippers. The surface is polished Cobra red. An old swing sofa, upholstered long ago, dominates, in front of the red-brick wall. Small, grey and insignificant, Mrs. Ratcliffe waters her ferns, planted in regular pots along the edge. A brick path leads to the gate.

VUYISA  
(v/o)

We never saw her much.  
Only Sundays.

MANDLA

I wanted to make the funeral but I wasn't here.

(Mrs. Ratcliffe sits down on the swinging sofa and swings)

VUYISA

She gave me the reference for this job.  
And my mother's so-called pension.  
It's a ridiculous amount.  
After she brought up all those Ratcliffe boys.

EXT. PAVEMENT - SAME TIME

MANDLA

In the army, I presume?

VUYISA

Probably.

MANDLA

Why do these kids brought up by our mothers find it so easy to kill us?

VUYISA

(imitating Mrs. Ratcliffe)

'I know you are responsible, Vuyisa. I couldn't do this for you if you weren't. I've gone to a great deal of trouble to get you this good job.'

MANDLA throws back his head and gives one of his deep-throated, infectious laughs. Mrs. R looks up.

Still laughing, they scramble onto their scooter and buzz off.

EXT. ANNIK'S HOUSE. SAME AFTERNOON

They arrive at an old farmhouse gate between two white pillars. It is locked with a padlock on a chain. A curved, gravel driveway leads inwards. The house is out of sight.

MANDLA gets off the back of the scooter.

VUYISA

God knows what you're up to my broer!

MANDLA

Don't worry about it, my china.  
No electric fence and no dogs. A good sign.

He climbs onto the gate and waves. VUYISA rides off shaking his head. MANDLA jumps onto the gravel; crunch. He hears music.

It's SAVUKA's The Crossing. He follows the sound.

INT. ANNIK'S ROOM ABOVE 'SERVANTS' QUARTERS - SAME TIME

ANNIK, barefoot, stands with her back to us on a large mattress on the floor. Every now and then she dips her finger into paint and continues to outline an African pattern onto the wall. She joins in the Zulu chorus of The Crossing each time it comes round: Siyayeza, siyayeza.....

MANDLA climbs quietly up the last couple of outside stairs and looks through the window at her.

She is in a long shirt over jeans, cool.

EXT. ANNIK'S ROOM - SAME TIME

MANDLA stands stockstill on the little platform at the wide-open door, watching.

INT. ANNIK'S ROOM - SAME TIME

ANNIK face is in deep concentration as she works, punctuated by her singing.

MANDLA's cap, perfectly targetted, gives her a tremendous fright as it lands just short of her painting hand. She turns in terror but he gives one of his loud, totally infectious laughs.

ANNIK

Mandla!

He bounces down on the bed next to her.

ANNIK  
(now embarrassed)

You're the last person...what are you doing..  
I certainly never expected you to come.

MANDLA

I said I would.

ANNIK

You crept up on me.

MANDLA

I wanted to catch you being earnest...  
and I did!

He laughs again.

ANNIK

My God, did you just walk in?

MANDLA

I could have stolen the lot!

ANNIK

I should be more careful. I forgot  
I sent all the servants off yesterday.

MANDLA finds this word uncomfortable but says nothing.

ANNIK

There's absolutely nothing for them to do.

MANDLA

So you're alone?

ANNIK

Yes, it's incredible. My parents are in Poland.  
I'm moving out here, away from the house.

MANDLA

I thought 'Annik' was Polish. What's your  
surname?

ANNIK

KIESLOWSKA. It's my father's first time back  
to Poland since he was 15!

MANDLA

I suppose he left as the Russians advanced.

ANNIK

(surprised)

How do you know that?

MANDLA shrugs and grins.

ANNIK

His parents literally locked the old family  
house and walked away.

All my grandfather took were his pipes.

MANDLA

Strange to go back now, huh?  
Walesa and SOLIDAROSC  
(pronounces the correct Polish) and all that.

ANNIK

You know a lot about Poland?

MANDLA  
(shrugs)

Poland, Czechoslovakia, South Africa:  
all similar.... authoritarian, even  
totalitarian.

ANNIK

You sound like Uncle Macek  
My father is terribly anti-Communist.

MANDLA

Sure, he would be.

MANDLA puts his finger into the clay and continues the design.

Curiously that particular God didn't fail us.

He looks at the wall.

But, now, what is this?

ANNIK  
(embarrassed)

My headboard.

MANDLA dabs her lightly on both cheeks with his clay finger.

ANNIK  
Hey!

She grabs a paintbrush out of a glass of water and tries to  
paint his face.

But he grabs it out of her hand and paints hers. She falls  
over backwards onto the bed and shouts and laughs as she  
struggles but he is, playfully, the stronger. As he holds  
her down gently but firmly on her back, he paints her  
forehead, over her nose, lips, down her neck and on downwards  
into the V of her light shirt. Here he reaches the barrier of  
her open-necked shirt so he delicately lifts the light, loose  
shirt from the bottom end, and, follows his brushline  
underneath it, painting right down to her exposed belly, which  
he kisses. Then, abandoning the brush, he moves back. He  
wants to kiss her gently on the mouth but she looks straight  
into his eyes.

MANDLA

May I?

She stops struggling and responds deeply and exploratively, her hands reach out and touch him. Then he rolls her on top of him and looks at her, put his hands onto her breasts under her shirt and rolls back on top of her, pulling out his shirt. At that moment the telephone rings at his elbow in a loud, jarring tone. He looks up.

ANNIK

Leave it!

He turns back to her, kisses her, but it persists and persists in its ringing. He reluctantly rolls over onto his back and picks up the phone and hands it to her

ANNIK

Hello? (Crackle of public phone) Who?  
Mandla? Hold on.

MANDLA

Me? Hello.

VUYISA'S VOICE

Mandla! Quick, get out of there. They're after you. Your place is ransacked. You know where to go!

MANDLA quickly puts down the phone. His face registers shock.

MANDLA

My God I must go....

In a swift movement he rights his clothes, reaches for his cap on the ground, heads for the outside door, where he pauses

MANDLA

Is there another way out?

ANNIK

Dishevelled, distraught

Yes, through there. The maid's room.  
What's happen.....?

In a pace or two, MANDLA strides across the room - opens the door - looks back for an instant. ANNIK is caught in deep confusion and dismay; her flimsy, transparent shirt is open and revealing, her face bewildered.

MANDLA

I'll phone you.....

4. INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A tape-recorder plays back the sound of the previous love-scene. It is the laughing and protesting part. ANNIK sits on a small chair in the middle of the stark cell - hands tied behind her back to the chair. Still barefoot and in the same clothes she was wearing, a naked light bulb hangs over her head. The sound from the love scene now stills to excited breathing and tender mumbling.

The security policeman - the same man who was in the jazz Club - washes his hands - takes up a clean, white towel to dry them. He then carefully, rolls up his white shirt sleeves as he walks towards her. The telephone rings on the tape and ANNIK hears her voice saying 'leave it'. The policeman watches her, then walks past her and switches off the tape-recorder just as MANDLA's voice says "I'll phone you..".

He lights a cigarette.

POLICEMAN

Was it good?

No answer.

Was it worth it?

No answer.

He loosens his tie.

Your black boyfriend. Where is he?

No answer. He walks round her back, circles her like an animal with its prey, taunting. He throws his burning cigarette onto the floor, deliberately close to her bare feet. Smoke spirals upwards - pushes his face up close to hers. She recoils.

Where is he?

No answer.

He unties his tie. He walks menacingly towards her, roughly gags her with it.

We can keep you here as long as we like.

He walks out. She struggles to get loose, in vain. The cigarette burns at her feet.

EXT. LARGE FURNITURE VAN - NIGHT

A large furniture van roars past a huge signboard on the road: Gaberones/BOTSWANA.

INT. FURNITURE VAN - NIGHT

MANDLA and JACK are inside the rocking, fast-moving van. They struggle to put on overalls bearing the name of the van:

VANGUARD FURNISHER REMOVALS. MANDLA looks out of the window.

He sees the lights of Johannesburg diminish into the distance.

Two COMRADES, STEVE and ZAKES sit on the blanket-softened floor between chests-of drawers and chairs.

STEVE

Where is it?

MANDLA

Emmarentia Lake.

6. ANNIK'S SHOWER - AFTERNOON

Water pours down ANNIK's body. She washes and rewashes from her neck down to her feet and toes. Then she holds her face up, letting the soothing water run over her closed eyes and down through her hair. SAVUKA's The Crossing plays. She does not join in the chorus.

Dissolve to following scene.

7. EXT. BUSH, BOTSWANA - EARLY MORNING

Montage of birds on a thorn tree. Large herd of cattle on a wide landscape. White ibis on the back of one of the beasts. Barbed wire on a fence. Music ends. Sound of a shot rings out.

MANDLA's face in deep concentration as he takes aim. He pulls the trigger again. A second shot rings out. He hits his target perfectly for a second time. It's a camouflaged, military practising arena in the Botswana thornbush. Two bulls-eyes MANDLA straightens up and laughs his irrepressible laugh at the look on MOKOENA's face. MOKOENA, small, squat, a trained guerilla soldier with quick gestures is dressed in camouflage drag. He shakes his head and laughs wryly, in disbelief.

MOKOENA

So you've never used a gun before!

(MANDLA laughs again)

MANDLA

No, but I have targetted lots of rabbits in the Ciskei with catapults.

MOKOENA

Fucking good.

MANDLA

I've always steered clear of these.

MANDLA hands the gun back to MOKOENA

MANDLA

I'd rather face the enemy talking -  
for as long as possible.

MOKOENA

It didn't work for me.

MANDLA

We're all human no matter who we are. We can talk.

MOKOENA

Forget it. It's no good with these fucking bastards. They shoot first.

MANDLA

Once, when I was under arrest I hit a policeman right back when he hit me across the face.

MOKOENA

And then?

MANDLA

He was so stunned that it gave me time to explain that I was perfectly willing to discuss any problems with anyone but if he hit me, I'd hit back.

MOKOENA

Sounds like an eye for an eye to me.

MANDLA takes the gun back from MOKOENA.

MANDLA

Hey Jack...

JACK lies under the only tree in the landscape, playing his mouth-organ, watching.

MANDLA

You want a go?

JACK

No thanks.

MANDLA laughs quietly and hands the gun back. Mouth-organ resumes.

MANDLA

No takers!

A rabbit or ground pheasant suddenly breaks across the land. Quick as a flash MOKOENA lifts the gun and kills it instantly. The mouth-organ stops. JACK's face registers the death. He is far from home. The three of them are spread out against the stark landscape as MOKOENA picks up the bird, ties its feet, throws it over his shoulder, turns back.

The sound of the trumpet playing Albinoni's Concerto in D Minor, Opus 7, No 6 takes us into

INT. KIESLOWSKI HOME - NIGHT

ANNIK plays the trumpet beautifully. As she hands over to the strings, she glances at her mother, ELZBIETA, who leads the trio on the violin. Her mother's familiar, long, manicured left hand plays the notes on the strings, her right hand flowing rhythmically with the bow, dipping and rising, from a flexible but controlled wrist. ELZBIETA at her happiest, playing with her children to her guests, her thick hair elegantly coiffeured into lovely layers, with the light, varnished wood of the instrument under her chin.

MARK, ANNIK's brother, plays the cello. He is formally dressed in dark pants and a white shirt. The audience experiences a quality and confidence of European excellence, as good as any local public performance. ANNIK repeats the theme and then hears the distracting buzz of her father's voice. Her eyes seek him out, scanning through the guests scattered about the room on comfortable chairs, sofas, cushions on the floor. They rest on JAN KIESLOWSKI, still at the abandoned dinner table. His voice has risen in excitement as he talks intently, in Polish, to his elder brother, MACEK. Apart from the family look, they are strikingly different in every way, dress, demeanour, physical presence, the one slim and fit, the other roundly comfortable.

JAN  
(in Polish)

Just two weeks ago, Macek, I stood there  
in the old orchard (laughs). I climbed our  
tree.

A moment of intimacy between the brothers but JAN senses his  
daughter's gaze on him, catches her eye, puts his finger to  
his lips to silence himself and obediently listens to the trio  
rounding up the finale.

JAN and MACEK clap. Others join.

MACEK

And father's house?

JAN

Shakes his head

Awful. They'd turned it into a school or  
something. I didn't even go in.

ANNIK moves over to join them but sensing the intensity, helps  
a domestic 'servant', in white uniform, to clear the table.

JAN

But the orchard.....even your Communists  
didn't ruin the orchard.

ANNIK bends over and kisses her father.

ANNIK

Papa!

MACEK gets up to go.

INT. ANNIK'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT - LATER

ANNIK stands at her open window, trumpet in hand, her one foot  
up on the window-seat. She listens to a recording of HUGH  
MASEKELA's POLINA, the music she had danced to with MANDLA.

Down in the garden she sees her mother cutting roses. She  
lifts her trumpet to the night and plays the vivid theme.

ANNIK is concentrating so hard that she does not see her  
mother climb up the outside stairs. ELZBIETA watches her a  
moment, notices the remains of a weal on her wrist. ANNIK  
ends.

ELZBIETA

Goodness, darling, what was that?

ANNIK

A piece of music I heard the other day.

ELZBIETA

Very soulful.

ANNIK

It's African jazz.

ELZBIETA

Is it? So different.

She takes her daughter's wrist

ANNIK

I love it.

ELZBIETA

No, I mean this.

ANNIK

A rope. A horse I caught the other day...

EXT. ALEXANDRA TOWNSHIP - DAY

ZUBEIDA drives slowly down a narrow, bumpy road in the dense township where a million people populate one square mile.

INT. ZUBEIDA'S CAR - SAME TIME

Through the open window ANNIK's eye tracks the density of the houses, with sudden vistas down narrow streets. The place is alive with people, donkeys, school-children playing, vendors, street-barbers. Graffiti indicates troubled times.

ZUBEIDA

This place isn't always as calm as this.  
Sometimes it's incredibly dangerous.

ZUBEIDA slows down, squints through the windscreen

ZUBEIDA

I always have to feel my way here.  
OK, there's the house. There's Oupa!

As ANNIK gets out, trumpet in hand, VUYISA hurries out of the door of OUPA's house. He brushes past ANNIK without a word and hails ZUBEIDA for a lift to town.

EXT. OUPA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

OUPA watches ANNIK approach.

OUPA

Ah, is this ANNIK? Come in.

INT. OUPA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

ANNIK enters through the small door into OUPA's calm sitting-room.

The contrast to the world outside is striking. A room of ingeniously well-organised space. The piano is central. Grass sleeping-mats cover the floor and line the walls to help deaden sound. The grass is fired bright with posters of international and local concerts. Ashtrays on the floor, candles and paraffin lamps: signs of people gone, instruments: finger-marimbas & a couple of skin drums; low wooden, simple African stools. ANNIK and her trumpet fall onto a comfortable bed.

OUPA empties two large ashtrays into a bin. A fridge dominates that side of the room. Photographs, notes and letters swarm over it. OUPA takes cold water from the fridge.

OUPA

Drink?

ANNIK

No thanks.

As he slams the fridge door a post-card jumps off. ANNIK picks it up. Picasso stands with his hands flat up against a window-pane, looking through the glass.

OUPA is not very interested in this encounter with ANNIK but she is ZUBEIDA's friend and he's patient.

OUPA

OK, play something for me.

ANNIK opens up her trumpet self-consciously and takes it out. She hesitates. OUPA gestures her to play.

ANNIK

I can't play jazz.

OUPA

ZUBEIDA said so.

ANNIK

What should I play?

OUPA

Anything.

ANNIK plays the Adagio from the Albinoni Concerto. Nervous at the beginning, she settles down. The sound become pure and clear, challenging the atmosphere of the room. OUPA's face shows surprise and pleasure. He sits absolutely still, concentrating. She finishes. He claps.

OUPA

Why come to me?!

You should be auditing for the Symphony!

ANNIK blushes a little.

ANNIK

It's not jazz.

OUPA

It sure isn't!

Their language is music. OUPA goes to his piano. He plays a basic theme. He nods. She plays it. He improvises a little. She holds the theme. A smile lights up OUPA's face. They continue until she finds a rhythm and repeats it. OUPA smiles a recognition.

INT. VUYISA'S SINGLE ROOM, TOWNSHIP - AFTERNOON

VUYISA watches STEVE start to draw the inside of a car door without its lining. ZAKES hovers at the door.

STEVE

Bloody Emmarentia Lake

VUYISA

Don't tell me

VUYISA switches on the radio.

STEVE

Check this out.

He has drawn an AK-47 rifle fitting snugly into the lining  
VUYISA whistles.

STEVE

See, it fits perfectly.  
Screw this down very hard (demonstrates)

VUYISA

Mmm.

STEVE

We need your help (points to drawing)

VUYISA

Shit, Steve. I thought we agreed.

STEVE

We really need you.

VUYISA gets up and lights a single paraffin stove on the floor  
and places a kettle on it. Pulls out a pot of cold stew and  
pap.

VUYISA

Taking Jack was a bad mistake.

STEVE

We had no option. Jack's a musician, man.  
He'd tell them everything if he was arrested.

VUYISA

It's a disaster for the band.

VUYISA takes three enamel plates and goes outside.

EXT. TOWNSHIP - AFTERNOON.

VUYISA washes the three plates at an outside tap and throws  
the water into the dust. He hears the radio

NEWSCASTER

v/o

The South African Defence Force raided  
ANC bases in Gaberones, Botswana today. Twenty-  
five people are reported dead. The SADF had no  
casualties.....

STEVE and ZAKES rush out.

VUYISA

The bastards!

STEVE

I'll check on Mandla and Jack.

They are running off. VUYISA calls after them.

VUYISA

I'll do it.

INT. OUPA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

OUPA

Here, use Jack's trumpet.  
Who knows when he'll be back.

OUPA moves over to the piano.

ANNIK takes out JACK's trumpet. Under it, at the bottom of the case, is a photograph of JACK with his young son.

OUPA

The Blues is the ABC of jazz.  
It's a pattern - twelve bars.

He goes to the piano and plays as he talks

It's like:  
one chord for two bars, it's the four-chord  
for 2 bars, one chord again for 4 bars,  
then the four-chord again for two bars,  
then there's a five-chord and then you're back  
to the top and so you keep repeating it.

He does so.

OUPA

Try!

She does. He plays with her.

OUPA

Good. Now you improvise to the tones of the  
chords.

We're in C. If it's the one chord in C,  
you play the scale of C.

He does and continues to play as he speaks

From C to C.

When you come to the four-chord, you play  
the scale of F - from F to F.  
You have to flat the 5th.

He looks at her

OK play the basic and I will improvise.

They play. The phone rings in another room. OUPA ignores  
it. Eventually it stops.

The sound of their practice continues over the following  
scenes.

INT. ANNIK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

The phone rings and rings and rings.

Dissolve to another phone,

INT. MACEK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Macek picks up the ringing phone.

UNCLE MACEK

Macek.

MANDLA

Tell everybody we're OK.  
God knows how Jack survived.  
Miraculously.  
He hid under the bed.

They killed everybody else in the house.  
A mother and young child.

Tell Zubeida .....

The phone cuts off. The music dies.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - STREET IN GABERONES

MANDLA tries to get a dialling tone. No luck. He leaves the  
booth.

EXT. PAVEMENT, GABERONES - AFTERNOON

JACK sits disconsolately on the pavement in the dust.

JACK

Tell Zubeida I love her....

MANDLA

Sorry it cut out before I could ask for your trumpet.

He takes out his mouth-organ. Chucks it on the ground.

MANDLA

Christ Mandla I need my trumpet, man.

INT. OUPA'S HOUSE: MORNING

OUPA demonstrates the AABA jazz pattern to ANNIK on the piano. He talks it through as he plays.

OUPA

Play the chords on the piano first. (She does)  
Right.  
You'll need to do that a lot on the piano.  
It gives you the sort of cast-iron base you need.  
OUPA now plays the melody.

There, you heard the melody. 8 bars, repeat.  
Now I'll play only chords and you play the melody.

She does.

Right. Now play the melody twice and then I will call 'bridge', then try to improvise, play around in whatever way you like.

OUPA plays, ANNIK plays

OUPA

Bridge! (ANNIK tries to improvise a bit).  
Yes, yes.

But she fades half way and doubles up laughing!

Meantime VUYISA has entered, silently, unnoticed, and is standing at the door. She sees him and stops, disconcerted.

OUPA

Vuyisa, give us a beat.

VUYISA

Protests

Oupa....

OUPA

Just for a moment.

VUYISA picks up some sticks and gives a thumping drum-beat.  
OUPA plays again, ANNIK too.

OUPA

Bridge! (ANNIK improvises quite well and  
returns to the melody)  
Good, man goooooood!

ANNIK senses VUYISA's impatience to talk to OUPA and hurries  
out.

VUYISA

Why are bothering so much with this girl  
Oupa?

OUPA

She's got talent.

INT. MARQUEE - WEDDING RECEPTION - NIGHT

A newly married bride and groom take the floor for the first  
waltz, applauded by guests. JAZZAFRICA plays Strauss. Among  
the others who now join in the waltz are ANNIK and her father,  
JAN. His dancing is formal, polished. He leads with  
precision and a practised confidence; she is neat and  
perfectly in unison with him.

OUPA smiles. Their eyes meet as he plays his sax. His eyes  
smile. She is embarrassed.

The sudden strange sound of an African drum beating out the  
waltz rhythm distracts the dancers. OUPA thoroughly  
disapproves but VUYISA refuses to catch his eye as he thumps  
out the 'one-two-three' rhythm on the skin drum between his  
legs. Nothing could be more ridiculous. VUYISA plays as if  
in a trance. Oblivious to his surroundings. Guests are  
disconcerted, the younger ones giggle. As suddenly, VUYISA  
stops, calmly picks up his brushes and the conventional sound  
resumes as OUPA winds up the waltz.

Shrill voice of the bride coming towards the Band.

BRIDE

Can you play that Choo Choo piece?  
What's it called?

Bride pulls groom across to the front of the band.

OUPA

Chattangooga Choo Choo?

ANNIK watches from the edge.

BRIDE

No, no not that. It's African.  
About a train. I heard it in London.  
What's his name? Hugh somebody.  
ANNIK.....you know.  
Come here man!

ANNIK doesn't budge

What's that African train song called?

ANNIK doesn't move.

ANNIK  
(very quietly)

You mean STIMELA...the coal train.  
Hugh Masekela...

BRIDE  
(to the band)

Oh ja, STIMELA,  
Do you know it?

OUPA

Yes, of course.

BRIDE

(to her groom)  
It's brilliant Rory.  
I heard it in London at one of those huge  
protest concerts.  
I can't remember what they were protesting  
about but the song was fantastic.

(to Oupa)

Please play it for us.

OUPA

We can't. We don't have a horn to do it.

BRIDE  
(sulkily)

Oh no. Why not?

VUYISA rolls his drums. The couple move off.

The band goes for a smoke outside the marquee.

EXT - MARQUEE - NIGHT

They move under a light

VUYISA  
(imitating the bride)

'I can't remember what they were protesting about. But the song was fantastic.'

(laughter from the band)

RAFIK

Why didn't you tell her you played at that concert, Oupa?

OUPA shrugs.

VUYISA  
(still imitating, addressing OUPA )

'Oh did you really? How interesting.  
And you say the song's about the coalminers?  
My Daddy works for the gold-mines!'

RAFIK twirls around like woman ends with an arm in the air thick with gold bracelets. Also imitates.

RAFIK

Want a gold bracelet?

Unnoticed, ANNIK observes the band, hears everything they say, aware of its distain.

The pyramid of the wedding cake, held high, goes past.

VUYISA

Oupa, I refuse, I absolutely bloody refuse to go through this shit again ever in my life. I don't care how many bucks. I can't stand it. The sheer ignorance!

INT. MARQUEE - NIGHT

THE BRIDE, her BRIDEGROOM's hand over hers, holds the knife, poised to cut the cake. Everybody's waiting for the band to punctuate the moment, but they are self-absorbed.

EXT.MARQUEE - NIGHT

OUPA

VUYISA, there's nothing new about ignorance on the one hand and bucks on the other.

Somebody rolls Vuyisa's drums inside the marquee. They look up.

Oh my God, the fucking cake!

INT. MARQUEE - NIGHT

The Band hurries into place. Awkward moment of a jangled cake-song.

ANNIK collects her things together, leaves. ELZBIETA watches her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ANNIK runs frantically through the dense and dangerous streets of Hillbrow. She witnesses a violent mugging, screams and runs right across the road. Screeching of brakes and harsh sounds of rough hooters.

EXT. BAKKIE - NIGHT

JACK is alone in a bakkie in the wide veld, afraid. He peers out at the night.

EXT. RIVER BED - NIGHT

There is enough moon to see two figures moving swiftly down a dry river bank.

EXT. BAKKIE - NIGHT

JACK opens his window tentatively. The night is suddenly filled with the mournful, high-pitched sound of a hyena. It chills him. He can't decide what to do.

Suddenly he opens the door. The other two are now far away down the river but he gets out and runs towards them, falling, picking himself up again.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ANNIK is running down a dark alley. She enters a building. Stops short at the throng around a brothel on the ground floor.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

MANDLA and MOKOENA crawl up the bank, hidden behind a bush. A farmhouse, not very far away, blinks its cheerful lights at them. A dog barks.

Breathless, JACK suddenly flings himself down next to MANDLA, who gets a tremendous fright. MOKOENA lifts his gun.

JACK

Mandla, sorry man, but you're not leaving me alone in that bakkie.

The dog barks again. They freeze.

INT. MACEK'S FLAT - NIGHT

MACEK, dressed for bed, is at his desk looking at the photograph of a man about his age. He picks up a letter.

V/O

My dear Macek (in Czech accent),

I was so surprised to receive a letter from South Africa. Can you imagine my amazement to find it was from you! I have read it again and again. I doubted you were still alive. All these years I have held my last image of you as you left the flat in Prague on that morning of May 17th 1942. Within ten minutes after you went out the back way, they rang the front door-bell very violently.

Of course I did not go to open it but it was soon forced and five Gestapo rushed into the flat. I was immediately handcuffed and the whole place was turned upside down. They found nothing. I was taken to Gestapo head-quarters in Prague. They interrogated me for a month. In the end I couldn't remember anything about anybody at all. I was sent to Wehrmacht. I thought they'd also got you. And then, later, I feared you might be dead because they shot many prisoners of war who had tried to escape like us.

I expect you heard that they shot the whole family - even that lovely child. I loved that child. I still can't get that out of my mind.

MACEK gets up and paces the room.

V/O

I discovered that their name was Milosz ...

Loud knocking on the door. MACEK gets a bad fright. He reaches for a sharp knife, concealed in his dressing-gown, swiftly, in one movement. More loud knocking. He goes to the door and looks through his one-way eye-hole.

ANNIK, still dressed for the wedding, looking wild and disheveled, knocks again frantically.

He opens the door, angry.

UNCLE MACEK

Annik! What on earth.....

ANNIK

I just....there was nowhere else to go.

UNCLE MACEK  
(unusually ruffled)

But what has happened?

She is wildly distraught. Bursts into tears. Falls into his arms like a child.

ANNIK

I don't belong to their world.  
I hate it. I hate them.

UNCLE MACEK slowly closes the door. He holds her. He strokes her hair as he did when she was a child.

EXT. BOTSWANA FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

MANDLA, MOKOENA and JACK lie flat under garden bushes very close to the house. MOKOENA's hand is full of blood. His fingers close over a large chunk of meat. Suddenly, shockingly, in a burst of light, the back-door opens, cracking the silence. A large dog, now barking furiously, bounds out, careering directly towards them.

MANDLA's hand automatically claps over JACK's mouth next to him. MOKOENA deftly throws the meat into the shadowy bushes near them. The dog defects, growls over its find.

The farmer, silhouetted in the door-light, peers into the darkness, through eyes used to scanning the horizon. The dog growls, eating. A woman appears at the top window, looking through the pane. The three are absolutely silent and still. The back door shuts. Upstairs the curtains close.

MANDLA

Jack, you stay here, OK?

JACK

OK, OK...

MANDLA

We're just going to talk to them.  
We won't use the guns. They're just for  
our protection. OK?

JACK

OK.

INT. ELZBIETA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME, NIGHT

ELZBIETA wakes. Looks at her watch. 3 am. Her husband, JAN,  
is snoring slightly. She turns him over and then hears the  
faint sound of the trumpet.

INT. ANNIK'S ROOM - NIGHT

ANNIK is trying to play a section of Miles Davis. She stops  
and puts on the tape to listen. Picks up the photograph of  
JACK and his son, which is still in his trumpet. Props the  
photograph up while she listens to the music. When the  
phrase finishes, she pushes REWIND, picks up her trumpet,  
pushes PLAY and tries to play in sync with the recorded music.  
Not good.

JACK and his son watch and listen from the photograph.

Dissolve to

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

JACK's intent face turns towards the dog.

The dog is squirming in agony. JACK sweet-talks to it. Clicks  
his fingers quietly. Moves towards it on his belly. The dog  
looks at him through wild, frightened, dying eyes. JACK's  
face is also deeply anguished. He touches its head gently,  
its ears. It gives a terrible last shudder.

JACK

Oh no, no.

The dog's last, fixed stare of agony and confusion.

INT. KIESLOWSKI HOME

ANNIK plays jazz chords on the piano - again and again, repeat  
and repeat. MRS. KIESLOWSKA comes to the door.

MRS. K.

Can't you stop that! Please!

But ANNIK, oblivious, plays on. Hands repeat the chords

Dissolve to

INT. NAIDOO HOUSE: SITTING ROOM - AFTERNOON

RAFIK's hands play the same chords on his own piano.

RAFIK

The piano holds everything.  
Or, alternatively, it can be the bass

He plays the earthy bass chords on the piano, chords that the bass player would play.

OK let's go.

ANNIK plays the trumpet. Her performance is greatly improved. Exciting.

INT. HALL NAIDOO HOUSE - AFTERNOON - SAME TIME

As the two play together. ZUBEIDA comes in through the front door of the flat into the entrance hall.

The answering machine on the telephone is blinking at her silently. She turns up the volume, blocks off one ear and listens to the message.

JACK'S VOICE

ZUBEIDA....RAFIK.. Oh Jesus, why aren't you there?!

Clicks off. ZUBEIDA runs the tape back and listens to his voice again.

ZUBEIDA

Jack .....

The front door opens. OUPA, JIMBA and VUYISA enter. Chorus of greetings (check phrases)

Heyta heyтата

ZUBEIDA scarcely responds

ZUBEIDA

Hetata majita

VUYISA moves on to where he can hear piano/trumpet. JIMBA hugs her then touches the red dot on her forehead affectionately

JIMBA

I like it.

ZUBEIDA laughs. OUPA hugs her too.

OUPA

Thank God we could come here.  
Alex. is on fire.

ZUBEIDA

Will it ever stop?

Then she turns to the answering machine.

Listen....

She replays the answering machine, JACK's short message.

JIMBA

Jack's missing his trumpet.

The sound of his trumpet played by ANNIK gains momentum as VUYISA opens the door. ZUBEIDA picks up keys and leaves.

INT. NAIDOO HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - SAME TIME

VUYISA listens critically to ANNIK accompanied by RAFIK.

VUYISA

OK let's see what you can do without the piano.

ANNIK is taken aback.

VUYISA

Come on, without the piano.

But ANNIK thwarts his taunt and instead plays what she has now mastered, the solo theme of POLINA. It's impressive but classical.

OUPA and JIMBA enter. As she finishes, JIMBA claps

JIMBA

Fucking good!  
A woman playing a piece written for a woman.  
Polina!

VUYISA

Polina was a township woman, ma lightie.

Everybody laughs but ANNIK turns away.

EXT. NAIDOO SHOP - AFTERNOON.

Sacks of Indian aromatic spices: turmeric, red chilli, jeera are piled in pyramids of colour on either side of the door; dried beans, lentils, rice. Fresh fruit and vegetables add more colours and textures; garlic, fresh ginger in great chunks lie next to fresh green coriander, carefully set in little water bowls.

UNCLE MACEK arrives on his motor-bike, parks and locks it.

INT. NAIDOO SHOP - AFTERNOON

Enter UNCLE MACEK. ZUBEIDA is cashing up for a customer. The shop is full. He signals that he'll wait, picks up the local Muslim paper and glances at it. Not a language he knows. Puts it down. ZUBEIDA is soon at his side.

UNCLE MACEK

Five samoosas please.

He glances round.

JACK and MANDLA are safe.  
MANDLA phoned.

ZUBEIDA kisses him on both cheeks and wraps the samoosas.

ZUBEIDA

The Band's at the house.  
There are riots in Alex today.  
Just for a change!

INT. NAIDOO'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The Band is in full swing. It's ANNIK's turn to improvise. They play the lead up; VUYISA shouts

VUYISA

Bridge, bridge.....!

ANNIK fumbles it. VUYISA grimaces and shakes his head.

OUPA

Let her do it alone Vuyisa!

They go again. She does it pretty well. OUPA improvises next on the sax with Vuyisa on drums. UNCLE MACEK steps into the doorway, listens. He slowly shakes his head. As they end, he addresses VUYISA.

UNCLE MACEK

You know Vuyisa, you've got a good beat but you don't play those brushes quite well - not like Max Roach. You ever heard Max Roach?

VUYISA is completely silenced for a moment.

Brushes are very subtle....  
It's not just the beat. It's like - you heard Connie Kay and the Modern Jazz Quartet?  
You hit them too hard. They're not just a ...  
Come to my place Sunday I'll play you Max Roach.

JIMBA laughs and taunts Vuyisa.

JIMBA

Hey Vuyisa, man, you ever heard of fucking Max Roach?

VUYISA

Have you?

(imitating MACEK's Polish accent)  
Where's this uncle coming from, man? He comes from the fucking Volga River! This is Africa man!

UNCLE MACEK laughs.

UNCLE MACEK

Come Sunday. I'll play you the real thing.

INT. NAIDOO SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

ANNIK watches ZUBEIDA lock the door at the end of the day

ANNIK

He hates me.

ZUBEIDA

Agh he's always testing everyone.  
Vuyisa's complicated. He's got many agendas.  
He doesn't trust anybody. He's cynical.

ANNIK

He just doesn't want me to play.  
And then I can't!

ZUBEIDA suddenly crumples up in pain and sadness

ANNIK

Zubeida!

ZUBEIDA

Jack's never going to come back.....

EXT. STREET. ALEX

OUPA and VUYISA walk through a scorched-out Alexandra Township, feeling their way. Some houses are burnt. Litter lies across the street. A kombie is on fire half way down the street. The atmosphere is tense.

VUYISA

I know her sort.  
She was at that Country Club fiasco.  
And you saw her flirting with Mandla.  
What is she after, man?

Gun-shot. They run for cover. Move out again.

OUPA

Look she's got potential.  
That's all I care about.

I've asked her to play with us at the Vodka Festival.

VUYISA stops dead.

VUYISA

Oupa! That woman!  
I don't believe this  
She's so tight, man.  
She doesn't have the 'funk', you know, no soul.

OUPA

She's a good horn player and we need one.

ANNIK, packing, looks at the clothes in her wardrobe. She holds up one thing after another and discards them. Puts only jeans and a smart leather jacket into the case.

INT - KOMBIE - LATE AFTERNOON

OUPA and ANNIK are up-front, OUPA driving. They are running smoothly through rolling foothills. ANNIK glimpses a Durban signboard: a couple of hundred kilometers still to go.

She half-turns to look through the closed partition separating them from the back of the kombie. RAFIK is asleep. Absolutely relaxed, dressed in loose Indian clothes, his long-limbed body is a picture of stillness.

By contrast VUYISA, beer-can in hand, sits on the edge of his seat talking intensely to JIMBA, who, in turn, is laid-back, patiently listening, alternately sipping his beer and puffing gently on his pipe.

INT. BACK OF COMBIE - LATE AFTERNOON

VUYISA

Fucking woman! Why did he have to bring her?

JIMBA

She's got class, man! You don't you like that?

VUYISA

Look at her, sucking up to the old man. Thinks he's back in New York or some fancy place.

JIMBA

You know the way you're concentrating on her, I think you've got the hots for her?!

VUYISA

Shit, Jimba!

INT - FRONT OF COMBIE - LATE MORNING

OUPA sees VUYISA's angry face in the mirror.

OUPA

Vuyisa's mother was killed a couple of months ago. She was shot in the crossfire.

ANNIK

That's terrible. I thought something was eating him.

OUPA

It was one Sunday - coming home from Church.

ANNIK

Why? Who did it?

OUPA

Who knows? Could have been the police - could have been their lackeys. Nobody will ever know. Or care. Too many die. She was unlucky.

(ANNIK is very thoughtful)

INT. BACK OF COMBIE - MORNING

VUYISA

My mother worked for this type. I know them. I've been in their fucking kitchens all my life. Unspoken rules.

JIMBA has rolled him a zoll

JIMBA

Don't worry, man, Jack'll be back soon. Have some grass, man, and relax. Home brew!

He laughs. VUYISA takes some.

RAFIK

Only the best.

JIMBA

Durban's the great market-place.

EXT. JAZZAFRICA COMBIE - LATE AFTERNOON

At that moment the kombie is weaving its way through beautiful foothills, its trailer following obediently. Even from this distance it is possible to make out the words JAZZAFRICA painted on its side.

INT. COMBIE - BACK - SAME TIME

VUYISA  
(in Xhosa)

We want to pee!

The kombie finds a safe place, slows and stops. JIMBA and VUYISA get out noisily. OUPA gets out and slams the door. RAFIK stirs, gets up and stretches at the open sliding door. He sits for a moment on the step of the kombie, taking his time. A sharp wind suddenly lifts his light kurta (long shirt) and blows under it. He pushes it down, slips to the ground and moves off slowly, following the others into the rapidly approaching darkness.

INT. FRONT OF COMBIE - LATE AFTERNOON

ANNIK is left to herself. Except for the sound of the four men peeing some way off behind the kombie, there is a silence. Inside the cabin it is quiet, private and isolated. She switches on the light and takes out a mirror and lipstick. Applies some. Switches off. A sudden flash of lightning lights up the front cabin and the whole landscape. As she turns to look, she is startled to see VUYISA's face pressed up against her window, watching her. He moves quickly away and she hears only his voice

VUYISA

Oupa, you take a break. I'll drive.

OUPA  
(opens ANNIK's door)

You OK here?

ANNIK

Fine.

OUPA

I think I'll take a nap.

INT. BACK OF COMBIE - LATE AFTERNOON

OUPA looks through the closed partition as Vuyisa drives on. He sees silent heads in front. He settles down.

INT. FRONT OF COMBIE - LATE AFTERNOON

Lightning flashes onto VUYISA's face. ANNIK steals a glimpse at this young man, sitting so close to her. His face is very tight, very taut, and filled with a detached determination. VUYISA wears a long-sleeved shirt with a casual Trade-Union T-shirt under it. It is bright against his neck. His hands are firm and confident, holding the steering wheel with a strength and surety.

VUYISA rolls up the shirt-sleeve of his right arm but leaves the other long.

VUYISA

So, why didn't you just fly to Durban?

ANNIK

ANNIK  
(defensive)

I wanted to get to know you.

VUYISA

Get to know us!

Jazz isn't just hanging out with black boys,  
you know.

ANNIK doesn't answer.

VUYISA

Did you tell your mother?

VUYISA takes out a cigarette and pushes the lighter in.

Silence.

The lighter pops out and he lights up his cigarette.

VUYISA

Did you tell her she that we're going to play at the  
Union Rally?

(no answer)

This is political week-end. Durban's the only place  
not under the State of Emergency.

VUYISA takes several draws on his cigarette. ANNIK feels  
awkward, ignorant.

VUYISA

Oupa didn't tell you?

ANNIK

No.

VUYISA

Naughty of him!

The first hard rain hits the windscreen. VUYISA turns on the  
wipers. There is thunder and lightning. The storm is close.  
It pours with rain. The wipers struggle. Vuyisa peers into  
the deluge ahead of him. It is hard to see.

ANNIK

Was it you who warned Mandla on the telephone?

A thunderclap/the noise of the rain thudding the windscreen/  
wet wheels on the road.

VUYISA

What?

At that moment VUYISA sees the whirring and flashing lights of  
a road block up ahead through the pouring rain. He peers into  
the windscreen.

ANNIK

Where is Mandla?

VUYISA

Christ. A bloody road-block.

He pushes the gear down a lever and slows; he bangs on the  
glass partition and points.

Up-front, through the windscreen-wipers he sees a massive  
roadblock. He crawls. There are at least five police cars  
flashing lights. Another, a large van full of police  
reservists. Red tail-lights trail in front of them. Everyone  
slowing, like fish moving in. Some cars turn around, sent  
back the way they have come. They stop.

A powerful torchlight suddenly blinds VUYISA and ANNIK as it  
lights up the entire front cabin.

EXT. BAKKIE - NIGHT

It is absolutely pelting rain as the wipers flash back and  
forth, revealing their clear faces through the glass in the  
torch-light, then blurring them as rain pours down.

INT. BAKKIE CAB - NIGHT

A large policeman in protective raincoat and hat, off which  
water runs like an umbrella, is at the window.

POLICEMAN

Open up.

VUYISA winds down the window. Policeman leans in, dripping.

What have we here?  
Where are you two going?

VUYISA

Durban.

POLICEMAN

Nobody's going to Durban.

VUYISA

Why not? Durban's not under the State of  
Emergency.

POLICEMAN

Ja, but you're not in Durban.

OUPA

(through the open partition.)

OK, Vuyisa, let me handle this.

EXT. COMBIE - NIGHT

OUPA opens the side door of the kombie. Rain pours in for a moment as he gets out and slams it shut. In his city cap and coat, he puts up his hand in a useless attempt to stave off the pouring rain. It's pelting. The policeman opens the driver's door of the kombie.

Everything happens very fast.

POLICEMAN  
(to Vuyisa)

Get out.

OUPA  
(arrives)

Look here, sargent...

INT. FRONT SEAT OF COMBIE - NIGHT (from ANNİK'S POV)

VUYISA  
(unlocking his seatbelt, whispers quickly to Annik)

Stay where you are. Don't move.

POLICEMAN  
(Again to Vuyisa)

Out. We have orders to search.

VUYISA steps into pouring rain. Immediately drenched to the skin, the message of his T-shirt clinging to his body reveals itself through his shirt: Forward to People's Power.

OUPA  
(unprotected in the pouring rain)

Look, we're a Jazz band going to a jazz festival...

POLICEMAN

Ja, The People's Power jazz band?  
I've heard that one before!

OUPA

We're going to the VODKA National Jazz Festival in Durban.

POLICEMAN

Nobody's going nowhere.  
We have orders to search.

He slams the door shut. ANNIK winds up the window. The sound of the confusion, the pouring rain, the cursing and boots are muffled. She is alone in the cabin - both safe and trapped at the same time, alone in a sort of vacuum. Crash of the sliding door open. She watches through the open partition. Torches lick around the interior of the van, hold still, harshly, on RAFIK - JIMBA, blinding them for a moment.

POLICEMAN

Out, out, out.

JIMBA, startled, immediately turns up the collar of his jacket and moves out, backwards, hunched against the rain. RAFIK, retains a stillness, picks up a light blanket, throws it around himself expertly. He reaches for his umbrella and unfurls it just as he steps out into the rain so that not a drop falls on him.

POLICEMAN

Do you have any guns? We're looking for guns.

RAFIK

Of course not.

ANNIK sees OUPA standing at the sliding door watching, helpless. Inside, two policeman open up personal baggage. In quick, destructive gestures they empty everything out. In a trice it is chaos as the screech of the metal detector discovers the first musical instrument: OUPA's saxophone.

OUPA

Don't touch that.

POLICEMAN

Search that case! Look for dagga. They always hide it in those things.

OUPA shoves past, grovelling his way forward into the van on hands and knees. He takes out his instrument lovingly and holds it, precious as a baby. They shove him roughly to one side, scour the case, pull off the lining.

OUPA

I once saw a lynching in Alabama.

VUYISA

They don't mess about there. Just string people up.

OUPA

What's wrong with you people?  
Why not just take a rope and hang us like they do in Mississippi?

POLICEMAN

(into walkie-talkie)

Sersant, daar's 'n verdomde kaffir hier!  
Hy praat Mississippi/Amerikaanse kak.

VUYISA

Ja, or some of that Hitler shit.  
Why don't you put us in gas ovens?

An idling police-car turns menacingly around and swerves up to the scene.

JIMBA humours a very young conscript soldier standing over him.

JIMBA

You want to grow up and be like these guys, these sersants, huh?

Soldier shifts uncomfortably

JIMBA

My baas, my basie, my klein baas  
You got some matches? Jy's 'n goeie basie.

SOLDIER

You spoke when you're speaking to, hey!

The Sargent sits in his car. Shouts at OUPA.

SARGEANT  
(to OUPA)

Hey you! Come here. Come to this car here.

Sees he's an older man.

Do you drink coffee? You want some coffee?

OUPA just looks at him.

Where'd you come with all this Mississippi stuff? You been there? You been to Amerika?

OUPA says nothing.

SARGENT  
(confidentially)

Tell me. I want to know. Tell me properly, how's the white people there?

The rain pours down onto OUPA. No answer.

SARGENT

...you see we're very good to you.  
We don't hang you.

OUPA under this breath

OUPA

You just fuck with us.

SARGENT

What? what.....?

INT. COMBIE - NIGHT

Crash of the driver's door closing as the POLICEMAN gets into the front seat with his detector.

POLICEMAN  
(to Annik)

What are you doing with these people eh?  
Shees....you Jo'burg girls. Next minute you'll tell me you're also playing in this band.

He has the same gaze as the Interrogator. ANNIK turns away, looks through her window, straight into the anxious eyes of VUYISA glued to the glass. He retreats into the darkness. The policeman starts to rip open the inner lining of the driver's door.

ANNIK

Stop that!

But he moves over to ANNIK's side.

POLICEMAN

Get your seat back.

ANNIK reaches for the door-handle but the policeman already has her pinned. He looks at her as he bends down to adjust the lever himself and shoves the seat back roughly.

Now he leans right across her, screw-driver in hand, and starts to unscrew the lining. His body is closely against hers; too close; oppressively close. She recoils but there's nowhere to go. He sits up, deliberately bumps her breast with his hand as he does so, grins.

ANNIK

Get away.

What the hell do you think you're doing?

He puts his face right up close to hers.

She tries to push him away with one hand, the other reaching for the door-handle. He doesn't move. Grins.

ANNIK

Get away. Don't touch me.

Let me out.

He gives a little laugh, returns to his work, trapping her in. She panics. Screams.

EXT. COMBIE - SAME TIME

VUYISA opens the kombie door from outside. The policeman loses his balance. ANNIK pushes him away with all her might and squirms out from underneath into the pouring rain, VUYISA helping her. Breathless she finds her feet. She and VUYISA lean against the inside of the open door. Rain pours down both of them. The policeman pulls himself up. ANNIK screams at him.

ANNIK

Who do you think you are, you b..b..bastard?

POLICEMAN

We've got orders lady.

ANNIK

Fuck your orders. You're molesting me.  
My father will have you charged.

POLICEMAN

All right. All right, lady....

ANNIK

Where's your commanding officer?  
My father's a big man in Johannesburg  
He knows many lawyers...judges.  
He dines with the Attorney General.

The Sargent is losing patience with OUPA.

SARGENT

OK, play then.  
Play us that Louis Armstrong stuff.  
You play - I'll let you go.

Angry, he suddenly gets out of the car, menacingly, in full police gear. Boots hit the mud, hand on his gun. An umbrella swirls open to protect him as do several other policemen and a bunch of young conscripted soldiers surround the scene. Hands touch weapons.

SARGENT

Play.

The scene is very tense. There's no messing with this.

JIMBA

Give it to them Oupa.

OUPA plays the Blues.

SARGENT

Ag nee man, speel mos marabi.

OUPA plays marabi.

SARGENT

Dans! dans!

OUPA shuffles. At that moment ANNIK, drenched and bedraggled, strides up, furious.

ANNIK

Are you in charge here?

The sargent looks at her pityingly. She looks, horrified, at OUPA's performance

Do you know that this old man is an international musician. How dare you humiliate him.

SARGENT

Wie's die?

At that moment the Naidoo's huge Mercedes arrives and swings its lights onto the scene. It is followed by more cars. Headlights brilliantly light up the scene blinding authority. Four stunningly dressed Johannesburg women step out of the Mercedes, ZUBEIDA in the lead.

JIMBA

Whew.....

RAFIK

Here's our lawyer.....

The other car doors open. More high-heels step into the mud. Several huge Union men. There isn't much more to be said.

INT. FRONT OF COMBIE - A LITTLE LATER

OUPA drives. He is still drenched wet. His face is set and closed. It's dead. ANNIK sits mute, in a kind of shocked silence, staring ahead.

There is only night and darkness outside and the sound of the wipers against the relentless rain.

INT. BACK OF KOMBIE - SAME TIME

VUYISA, naked but for his underpants, winds himself up in a blanket. JIMBA's soaking coat hangs on its tag on some hook at the back window. He takes a metal eating plate out of his bag and puts it under the dripping coat. There is just this plaintive sound of the drip and the quieter swoosh of the wheels. He strips off his shirt, throws it into a far corner and starts to remove his drenched trousers.

VUYISA wipes the trumpet and puts it into its case. RAFIK, already changed into a soft track suit, refolds and packs his jumbled clothes back into a long Indian zip bag. He straightens the pages of his squashed book: A SUITABLE BOY.

ANNIK and OUPA stare ahead into the night. It is still raining hard. The windscreen wipers flop back and forth, back and forth

LATER

RAFIK, lies full-length on his comfortable mattress. Takes a long, deep draw at a joint - passes it to Jimba.

RAFIK

Jimba, your dagga plants are the best, man.  
Must be that Transkei soil.

JIMBA

Ja. We're going to make some bucks  
this week-end.

JIMBA opens his second guitar box, takes out the instrument. This guitar is, in fact, merely a box, which opens. The inside is stacked with dagga. He pats it. RAFIK shakes his head in mock sorrow.

VUYISA  
(imitating)

'Search that case. They always hide the stuff  
in those things!'

They all laugh for the first time. JIMBA takes a drag or two, passes the joint on to VUYISA and glimpses ANNIK's distraught face through the glass

JIMBA

Better pass this on to your girlfriend.

VUYISA leans over and shuts the glass partition with a sharp click. ANNIK turns. Her face has a startled, sleepless look, pale and tense. Their eyes meet.

But VUYISA falls back into the softness, takes a drag, closes his eyes.

JIMBA starts to play the guitar introduction to EARTHBIRD by Abdullah Ibrahim. RAFIK takes up the flute part. JIMBA starts the chant.

VUYISA

Ah Abdullah.....Allah akbar

The smoke hovers over them. EARTHBIRD carries them.

INT. FRONT OF COMBIE - SAME TIME

Very tense, tight-faced, ANNIK stares at the windscreen wipers rhythmic thrust against the relentless rain.

ANNIK

Oupa, I insulted you. I'm sorry.  
I.....

OUPA's immobile face stares ahead.

ANNIK

I couldn't stand it. I just couldn't stand  
it...making you dance...

OUPA still looks ahead. His age is evident. His patience. His experience. The windscreen wipers wipe clean. Torrential rain blurs the glass. They wipe and wipe, uselessly at the torrent of rain. OUPA's face is also full of pain. ANNIK breaks into uncontrollable sobs.

ANNIK

That revolting man all over me.....

She sobs.

ANNIK

They did that to me before.

She is sobbing, holding her stomach and rocking in humiliation

Called me a whore  
They interrogated me just after Mandla left.  
They wouldn't even let me change.

Sobbing and sobbing, she puts her hands over her head as if to hide somewhere.

I never told anybody.  
I hate them.

After a while OUPA reaches out with his left hand and places it solidly, reassuringly on her back; strokes her gently.

OUPA

The first time is the hardest.

INT. BACK OF COMBIE - NIGHT

VUYISA, eyes closed, misses it all.

EXT. KOMBIE - NIGHT

Outside a new moon breaks out of the cloud over the lovely hills of Kwa-Zulu Natal as the kombie disappears towards the horizon. The storm is passed. EARTHBIRD carries its bundle into the night.

INT. SHEBEEN: BAR - NIGHT

The Shebeen is completely packed out. The carloads of the Band followers spill into the place. ZUBEIDA and her women enter. Whistles as local guys, excitedly start hitting onto the city women. RAFIK is amused, alternately supporting, encouraging. He rolls his zoll dextrously. Willing hands reach out. He marks up a paper under his match-box.

ANNIK's face light up as she sees ZUBEIDA, who greets her, vivacious and warm. They are all laughing about the roadblock. RAFIK offers ANNIK a zoll. She smiles, takes an experimental draw and gives it back.

RAFIK

That won't do you much good.  
Have another.

He hands it back. ANNIK takes one more draw, a proper one. ZUBEIDA takes it from her and gives it back to her brother without a word.

RAFIK

My sister's incorruptable.  
Can I get you a Coke, Zubeida?

LOCAL MAN

(to Annik about RAFIK)

Is he your boyfriend?

She shakes her head, laughing.

I love you. You from Egoli?

ANNIK is beginning to experience the relaxing effects of her zoll.

ANNIK

What?

Laughter.

WOMAN

Joburg. EGoli, place of gold.

ANNIK

Heytata majita!

Everyone laughs at the township language and chorus a reply.

INT. SHEBEEN: DOOR - SAME TIME

STEVE comes to the door. His eyes meet VUYISA's and he makes his way towards him at the packed Bar.

INT. SHEBEEN: BAR - SAME TIME

OUPA and JIMBA sit at the Bar, drinking whiskey. JIMBA is chatting up several women. Bunches of local men in Union shirts drink huge mugfuls of local beer. THE BARMAN talks to OUPA.

BARMAN  
(in Zulu)

Oupa, we need music, man.

OUPA

OK, OK

He touches his full glass to indicate 'soon'.

All we have here are funerals.

OUPA

Same in Alex.

BARMAN

Waves at his clientele.

Some of them will be dead by Monday.

Faces, faces. Who will they be?

RAFIK has joined them at the Bar. OUPA downs his glass.

OUPA

Jimba, Rafik...  
Let's play for this gentleman.

INT. SHEBEEN - LATER

JIMBA and VUYISA play a duo (after Malombo): earthy and powerful. Buzz ceases slowly and everyone is focussed. Locals respond to the sound. ANNIK suddenly, without warning steps forward and improvises with them. Somehow it works. JIMBA smiles and they both respond to her. She is very relaxed, sexy, rich.

LOCAL

Yo, yo yo, l'umlungu.

JO'BURG WOMAN

I can see why Mandla hit on her?

ANOTHER WOMAN  
(nods)

OK, OK....

ANNIK moves back. The whole band swings it. People get up to dance. Others move with the beat hardly containing themselves in their chairs. A man in the audience pulls out his talking drums. He joins the band. Another produces his congas. A wonderful, local, rooted, very, very exciting drum trio. Everybody stands up. It's incredible.

A boy steps forward with his local flute/penny-whistle. He imitates Spokes Mashyane, dances as he plays. Haunting, haunting kwela sound. The band provides the back-up. The audience cannot sit still. Chairs shoved out of the way. All bodies dancing, one or two on tables. Not enough room.

The spirit is up and running. A very different atmosphere from the opening, sophisticated, urban jazzclub in Johannesburg. This is rooted and spontaneous. The band responds, takes it back.

ANNIK plays as if she has always been there. She never felt like this before: on fire. Everyone is on fire. It's electric. The chanting dancers are mainly workers, lots of them local men in Union shirts, men in clothes from the local factories. There are people from all over the country, many city women, women, from up country and other cities, all letting go of the tension that is their every-day life.

OUPA

Bridge!

ANNIK improvises. This time it's her solo.

A LOCAL MAN

Tombi Enkomo!

Several men take up the chant 'Tombi Enkomo'. When she finishes, four local men pick her up and put her on their shoulders and dance with her, trumpet in the air. Shouts and whistles! Laughter!

She is sported round the room to the chant of 'TOMBI ENKOMO'.

The Band comes to a finale. People pour over to the Bar.

ANNIK is put down on a table

LOCAL HERO

How many cows?

ANNIK  
(laughs)

At least 25

LOCAL HERO

No, no, I mean it. I'm serious

ANNIK

You'll have to ask my father

LOCAL HERO

Where's your father?

ANNIK

eGoli.

LOCAL HERO

You give me address?

He puts his arms around her. ANNIK feels his hot body and excited breath. He is wholly animated with drink and dancing. She gently pushes him off, laughing.

ANNIK

Not yet!

But he puts his arm around her waist. Another semi-inebriated man starts to claim her.

SECOND LOCAL HERO

Hai this is my girl, man.  
I inspired her!

ANNIK

May I have a drink! Coke!

Someone shouts at the Bar. He touches her hair, lifts it in good-humoured fashion. They play with her and laugh. It is light-hearted but on the verge of harassment. For them this competing is arousing. The local hero, a little drunk, pushes the others away a bit roughly.

The local hero puts his arm around her shoulders to claim her. ANNIK looks round a little frantically and her eyes momentarily meet VUYISA's, pleading for an instant. He turns away.

ANNIK's eyes scan the room, getting desperate. JIMBA, at the bar, surrounded by laughter, has his back to her.

RAFIK enters from outside. He immediately sees her predicament and is instantly at her side.

RAFIK

I see you've got yourself a local man?!  
(speaks Zulu to the man)  
She's got a big boyfriend in eGoli.  
You'd better watch out!

LOCAL HERO

I have many cows.

RAFIK

For her, at least a hundred.  
She's expensive!

RAFIK  
(to Annik)

You OK?

ANNIK

Yes, but I'm deadbeat.

RAFIK

Let's go.

They press on through the door. ANNIK nearly falls over someone pushing his drunken way into the shebeen.

EXT. KOMBIE - NIGHT

RAFIK walks her to the kombie. He gives her the keys.

RAFIK

I'm sorry, Zubeida had to go but  
you'll be fine here.  
I'm just checking out some friends.

ANNIK

Thanks, Rafik.

RAFIK

See you later. At my cousin's.

She leans her whole body against the kombie. It is comforting and solid and her only home right now. She is hot and exhausted.

Sounds of the African night. Crickets dominate. Her relief is intense.

She puts her head back. Looks up. The moon is still there and a million stars. A slight breeze runs over her face and hair. It is cool, refreshing.

Her eyes follow the skyline down to the horizon. Rough, tin chimneys above corrugated iron roofs are silhouetted on the edge of a huge township. Surreal in the moonlight, the township stretches down below her, street after street of corrugated iron shacks, bent chimneys. It seems as endless as the stars, the one falling into the other. A dog barks in the distance - then only the sounds of the night again.

In this ringing 'quietness' she hugs herself, owning her body once more. Looks around - sees a water tap. Looks around again. Nobody is here.

She washes the sweat off her face under the running water. Looks around again. Nobody. She grows bolder. Crouching down low she takes off her shirt. Her head upside-down, cool, running water pours through her hair. She moves closer so that it is on the back of her neck and flows over her shoulders and down through her breasts. Incredible.

She stands up, throws back her wet hair, picks up her shirt and ties it over her breasts. Back at the kombie, she pulls open the sliding door and climbs in; clicks the lock.

INT. KOMBIE - NIGHT

It is silent and intimate; neat and tidy.

From her sausage-like khaki canvas travelling bag she takes out a white towel and dries her hair. She pulls out her sleeping bag, climbs in, pulls it right up over her head. Her feet, inside, relish the softness. She's exhausted and falls asleep instantly.

INT. KOMBIE - LATER

The light of a torch runs cursorily along the windows of the kombie. It does not pick up the outline of ANNIK's body, snugly lost deep down in her sleeping bag among the mattresses and bags. A key turns very quietly in the lock of the front passenger seat. ANNIK doesn't stir.

The door opens and a shadowy figure gets in. A torch lights up only the inner door and hands start to unscrew the screws of the lining very carefully. The light suddenly slides as the torch slips, drops with a thud and goes out. It is pitch dark.

VOICE

Shit!

ANNIK wakes up. Sounds of scuffling in the front seat. She stays dead still with her head inside her sleeping bag, looks up, remembers where she is.

A sound of car keys falling onto something metallic.

VOICE

Jesus!

The others coming back? She puts her head out and is just about to open the glass partition when she freezes. Torchlight reveals the inner lining of the passenger-seat door half removed. Somebody, his back to her, sits on the front seat, unscrewing the rest of it. The torchlight, held through the window, reveals only hands, hands working deftly, professionally. ANNIK pulls herself up to watch, mesmerised and fearful at the same moment.

The lining comes away - an AK-47 rifle, neatly stowed. She instinctively slides back into her sleeping-bag, heart beating wildly - creeps up again.

The door opens and the rifle is exchanged for the torch. In that instant the torch glimpses the faces of STEVE, outside, receiving the gun, and VUYISA inside. The torch switches out. There is a dark silence for a second or two.

VUYISA switches on his torch, now held between his knees. STEVE has gone. Rapidly, efficiently, he starts to repair the lining of the door.

ANNIK's fear and disbelief now give way to rage. Not quite aware of what she is doing, ANNIK opens the partition, violently, giving VUYISA the fright of his life.

ANNIK

What on earth is going on Vuyisa?

VUYISA's whole body in shock. He turns the torch onto her. In her impetuous action she has forgotten she has no top on. The torch lights up her face, her finely boned shoulders and her neat, firm young breasts.

ANNIK

Endangering all of our lives.  
How could you do that to Oupa?

VUYISA

Keep out of this. And for Christ's sake stop  
protecting Oupa. Anyway he knows.

ANNIK

I don't believe you.

VUYISA

Why do you think he performed for them?

ANNIK

But what if they'd found the gun?  
Where would we all be now?

VUYISA

Well, who is 'we', baby?  
You said you wanted to be one of us.

ANNIK

Well why didn't you tell me then?  
You bloody well used me but you didn't tell me.

VUYISA lowers the torch. He continues to screw up the lining  
as fast as he can. Once again we can only see his hands. They  
are still shaking from the shock and, now, he fumbles.

ANNIK

You wanted my white skin to save you and your  
gun.

VUYISA turns his torch onto her face. The light is like an  
interrogator's light, scanning her face, blinding her. She  
puts her hand up to ward it off.

VUYISA

You know nothing about what's really going on  
in this country.

ANNIK

Take that bloody torch out of my eyes.  
(Swears in Polish)

VUYISA turns away, says nothing. He quickly finishes his job. switches out the torch, gets out and slams the door. He says through the back window of the kombie.

VUYISA

We're not just playing jazz you know.  
If you want to know us, you'll have to roll  
with our punches.

37. INT. REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

ANNIK doesn't want to look at VUYISA but she does occasionally take a glimpse. His face is solemn, closed.

The band is finishing a rehearsal (possibly SEKUNJALO by Masekela). Two local musicians: RICHARD (on congas) and MAZISI (on talking drums) have joined for the concert. OUPA is very pleased.

OUPA

Thanks, thanks...  
Sounds very good all of you.

OUPA beams at the two new guys.

Thanks Richard!

Richard smiles.

OUPA

Mazisi!

OUPA embraces MAZISI, who slaps his back warmly.

Everybody packs up. VUYISA is still, doesn't move. He seems preoccupied and appears sulky and sullen.

RICHARD

Old Ritz at 8.00 OUPA?

OUPA

Sure. We're playing at 9.

RICHARD

See you guys.

MAZISI

Can I grab a lift?

RICHARD and MAZISI leave together. Everybody gets ready to move but VUYISA hasn't begun even to pack his drums. He still sits absolutely still.

OUPA

You got a problem Vuyisa?

VUYISA  
(mumbles)

Jack's dead.

Everybody looks up.

OUPA

What did you say?

VUYISA

Jack Ntuli's dead. I heard this morning.

There is a stunned and painful silence. Tears surface in Vuyisa's eyes.

VUYISA

He was shot on the border.  
Alone in a bakkie.

VUYISA, to stop himself crying, now starts to pack his drums.

VUYISA

I fucking well told them to be careful with Jack.

VUYISA is now crying silently. ANNIK sees his face from the side. Tears stream down it. He turns his back to everyone. Everything in her begins to shift and stir.

She glimpses the others: JIMBA, RAFIK, OUPA.

ANNIK reaches for the photograph of Jack and his son from her case. She again looks at JACK, trumpet in his hand, the other on his son's head. She looks at it, puts in her pocket.

RAFIK now sits on the floor, absolutely still in the lotus position, his eyes far-off, trance-like.

OUPA moves to the window. He looks out, sees nothing.

This is no place for her.

She takes his trumpet and moves off, away, to the far end of the room, out through the door. Outside she raises the trumpet to her lips. She plays POLINA, the theme that had captivated her in the Jazz Club, the only time she heard Jack play. She plays like Jack.

It is a requiem.

The music carries into the following scene.

EXT. GARDEN NAIDOO RELATION'S HOUSE: DURBAN - MORNING

ZUBEIDA is carrying one of her baby nephews on her hip in the large garden. She picks a frangipani, smells its white and yellow perfume and puts it under his nose. He wrinkles it, squirms to be let down. Slim brown legs carry him running into the house, laughing. ZUBEIDA smiles to herself and turns and sees ANNIK, trumpet still in her hand, entering the garden.

They embrace warmly.

ANNIK

Hold onto me.  
I've got something to tell you.

and she whispers the terrible news into her ear. ZUBEIDA pulls away, distraught, and runs into the house.

INT. HOUSE: STAIRCASE - SAME TIME

ZUBEIDA runs up the stairs, into her room. Slams the door.

INT. HOUSE: BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Alone, ZUBEIDA's overwhelming grief.

The sound of POLINA begins again and continues over the following scene.

38. EXT. NEAR VAN STADEN'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

A wide shot of the wild landscape along the river, searching. It picks up a couple of small distant farms, steadies.

Within the same scene, at a great distance, a bakkie slows as it arrives at an old, iron-and-wire farm gate. Its trailing dust holds still in the air behind it. Not a breath of wind, not a cloud in the sky. But the camera moves on, still searching, and picks up a high outcrop of rocks and trees not far from the gate. It holds still.

At a distance it is difficult to make out that in the shadow of the rocks are two figures - camouflaged into their tapestry and the tapestry of the land. Coming closer, however, they become distinct, faces and clothes perfectly imitating the colours and rhythm reflected in the rock and lichen and thorn trees. Their faces painted, MOKOENA and MANDLA stand stock-still.

One eye closed, MANDLA looks into the barrel of a gun.

Peering down the 'sights' it is easy to pick out THE FARMER, who now opens the gate.

The music ends. Its silence is filled with one gunshot only.

THE FARMER falls to the ground, dead, in front of his gate and his bakkie.

Guinea-fowls mark the moment in a cry and a short flight.

MANDLA turns towards MOKOENA, eyes search the other's eyes. MANDLA gestures an eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth.

INT. HOUSE: OUTSIDE ZUBEIDA'S BEDROOM DOOR

JACK's photograph sitting in a bunch of frangipani.

39. INT. HOTEL RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

Light, which sparkles, shifts and changes in a forest of twinkling pieces of glass. A huge, old-fashioned, Victorian chandelier graces the centre of the ceiling in the original ballroom of the old Ritz Hotel.

Mirrors on the wall reveal JAZZAFRICA moving onto a slightly raised platform at one end of a splendid wooden floor, created a hundred years ago by shipping moguls. A loud buzz of conversation and laughter dominates the long, rectangular, candle-lit tables; some daring outfits. A bright banner, declaring the VODKA JAZZ FESTIVAL, runs across the front of the slightly set-apart, judges' table.

A duo begins between JUMBA and VUYISA: the GUITAR and the drum, old friends. Then ANNIK steps forward. She looks completely different. Her hair is cropped very short. It emphasises the quality of her cheek-bones and the lovely shape of her head. She wears Indian-designed clothes, a silk kurta over pantaloons, tight at the calf and ankle; sandals on her feet. These clothes are tailored to suit her neat figure brilliantly. The whole band is decked-out.

As the trumpet hits the scene people stop eating, listen and watch. The three play the music they discovered in the Bar. They have worked it into a new sound. It's powerful. Applause.

Each instrument takes its turn until the band draws the piece to a grand finale.

Thunderous applause. Standing ovation. The Band responds. ANNIK bows and smiles professionally.

VUYISA watches her. She turns to smile and thank him. He bows to the audience.

JIMBA

She's onto you man!

VUYISA grimaces.

JIMBA

That chick's getting close....

EXT. COMBIE, JOHANNESBURG - LATE AFTERNOON

Luggage and instruments are piled outside the kombie. It is the end of the journey. ANNIK embraces OUPA.

She waves to the others.

ANNIK

Come JIMBA, let's go. Alex is on my way.

She puts her canvas bag and trumpet into her car. JIMBA has several packages full of new purchases. They pack them all in. Start pulling out.

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

ANNIK

You must have a huge family!

JIMBA

Yes. Many wives: Zulu wife; Tswana wife. Venda wife....they live in different places!

ANNIK

Goodness Jimba. Don't you get muddled!

JIMBA

Laughs.

I love that..'goodness Jimba'... Wives, sisters, you know! There's this new one I just met now. I promised to cook for her. And I've bought her some dresses. You are very welcome too. Come on Sunday with Rafik or Vuyisa.

ANNIK

Thanks. I'll ask Rafik. Vuyisa wouldn't be seen dead with me!

JIMBA

Ahh. He has a problem with your accent or something. I love it: 'goodness Jimba' or 'actually Jimba'....

ANNIK

Maybe it's because I'm a woman!

JIMBA shakes his head.

They are crossing over the dual carriageway

JIMBA

I'm going to make a huge meal (Zulu word).  
Sadza...

JIMBA  
(indicates the way)

Left here.

ANNIK

Yes, I know this place.

They are in the industrial zone, just about to enter  
Alexandra Township.

JIMBA

ZULU food. Only I'll spice some for RAFIK.  
Just drop me here. This is fine.

Everything is calm and peaceful. The suburb is deserted.

ANNIK

How will you carry all that clobber?!  
I'll take you to the butcher's shop.

JIMBA

No, don't. I wouldn't go in .....

But she turns right into the main street.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, they are confronted by a chain of  
angry youth, arms linked, chanting. They are advancing  
towards them, blocking the entire road.

ANNIK slams on the brake. She and JIMBA lurch forward. They  
peer through the windscreen.

JIMBA

Oh my God!

Right down the road behind them, at regular intervals across  
the road, motor-car tyres are on fire. Everything is  
happening very fast, as it does. People are running and cars  
have vanished. People carry rough banners: LIBERATION BEFORE  
EDUCATION.

Out of nowhere another line of tyres rolls into place just  
behind the chanting human chain, now only some metres away.

JIMBA

I'll talk to them.

He reaches for the door-handle.

But ANNIK's face shows only terror. Before JIMBA can move she slams her gear into reverse and turns around to back the car.

As she does so, a brick hits the back window, which shatters. The brick lands with a thud. Glass splinters onto the back-seat.

Unidentifiable, angry young faces from out of nowhere are already at the back window. JIMBA is at a loss.

Now smoke and flames swirl and dance as faces peer menacingly close through the front windscreen. Smoke cuts out the setting sun. The eerie firelight contorts this chanting army surrounding the car into the grotesque - demons out of hell.

ANNIK desperately pulls the gear back into neutral - glimpses JIMBA, hand still on the door-handle. Looks forward - a pair of eyes masked in a balaclava dominates her windscreen.

Another brick crashes through her right window, hits her with violent force. Her foot slips off the brake, her hand off the wheel.

EXT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

The car swerves out of control, driverless, towards the line of tyres. The crowd runs after it. It hits the curb close to the line of burning tyres. Immobile, the engine still runs.

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

ANNIK and JIMBA are entwined in a heap. ANNIK grabs the steering-wheel, pulls herself back, reaching for the gear. Before she can a hand with a brick in it comes through the broken window and hits her viciously on the right side of her head.

EXT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

JIMBA's door is forced open. A knife cuts the seat-belt. Arms pull him out, swing him viciously to his feet.

The car is surrounded, submerged in bodies - bees covering a honeypot. Flames light the scene. Then the wind blows smoke and everything disappears for a moment in a shroud.

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

ANNIK's terrified face is lit up in the fire-light for an instant. She stares, paralysed. Blood streams through her right hand, which she holds up to her injured head.

Faces stare angrily through the windscreen - T-shirts are pulled up over noses & mouths against the stench of burning rubber.

Through the broken car window a hand unlocks ANNIK's door from the inside. The door opens. More hands grab her roughly by the right arm and pull her violently out, backwards, onto the road. She tries to fend off the fall with her left arm but they are too rough and she hits the ground on her back with a thump, her left arm, jolting - crunching in pain.

She is on her back, helpless and vulnerable. She sees a ring of indistinguishable faces, masked or covered to keep the smoke at bay. They are everywhere. Above and around her, they shout, taunt and dance - like a surreal dream - faces, fire and smoke. One of them holds a tyre. She stares, horrified.

At that moment a young boy of about eight slips through the line in front of it. Their eyes meet. He is not masked, his body fearless, defying protection; his face clear, young, animated.

Someone kicks her hard in the left rib. Crying out with pain, she rolls instinctively away to her right, her hands and body immediately foetal. But, swiftly, someone pulls her left arm, already injured, back and cracks the elbow hard against the tarmac. People kneel on her hands, either side. She yells and writhes in pain. Someone grabs her legs. Another takes out a knife. Terrified, she shouts.

ANNIK

No, no, no

In one swift gesture someone removes the doek from around his head and stuffs her mouth; takes off his belt. His trousers slither to the ground but he just steps out of them and whips the belt down across her stomach.

Police sirens and the rumble of casspirs cut into the din. People look up, several start to move. The man with the knife, stabs ANNIK, pulls out the knife and runs.

Within seconds nobody is there. Only ANNIK, crumpled up, dead-still.

JIMBA, stunned and injured on the ground, is the last person to scuttle for cover. The close sounds of the police sirens awaken some deep instinct in him; rouse his semi-consciousness. He opens confused eyes, manages to stagger into one of the narrow lanes. Gunshots crack out.

INT. TOWNSHIP HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Someone opens the door and JIMBA falls into the two-roomed house. The door shuts swiftly behind him. Someone turns him over, applies water to his wounded head. But, he pushes them away and joins young children looking through a tiny window.

ANNIK's body, inert, lies in the road close to the line of burning tyres. Police encircle her. Their powerful headlamps and roving coloured roof-lights illuminate the scene. The sound of an ambulance approaching.

INT. TAXI-COMBIE - EVENING

JIMBA, injured, clothes awry, sits inside a kombie-taxi, looking out.

The sun is setting in violent oranges in the West.

EXT - VUYISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

It is already dark when JIMBA thumps on the door. It opens immediately.

VUYISA

Heytata majita!  
Hey what's happened, man?

He pulls him inside.

JIMBA  
(not budging)

They fucking killed her. Right in front of me.

VUYISA

Killed who?

JIMBA enters wearily

INT. VUYISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JIMBA

Annik. They've fucking killed her.

VUYISA

Annik? What do you mean?  
Who has killed her?

JIMBA

The crowd...

VUYISA

What are you saying, man?

JIMBA

When the police put her in the ambulance I'm sure she was dead.

VUYISA

(The horrible truth begins to dawn)

Who did it? Not our people?

JIMBA

We just turned that first corner near the butchery...

VUYISA

Into Alex. Thixo Jimba, you've lived there all your fucking life and you couldn't tell...

JIMBA feels weak. He sits down on the bed. He feels giddy and looks as though he will faint.

VUYISA

Which hospital?

JIMBA slumps over onto his side, completely exhausted.

VUYISA

Jimba, Jimba, come on man. She may still be alive.

JIMBA

I can't. I can't.

JIMBA passes out. VUYISA looks at him silently. Then he gently lifts his feet up onto the bed, covers him with a blanket, muttering to himself.

VUYISA

How could I have forgotten?  
It's a fucking war!

He picks up his coat and goes out into the night.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Smart hospital in the white suburbs.

VUYISA hovers for a moment. Then walks boldly in.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - NIGHT

VUYISA walks straight up to the woman at Reception.

WOMAN BEHIND THE DESK

Yes?

VUYISA

I am looking for a woman who was injured in Alexandra Township.

WOMAN BEHIND THE DESK

Aren't you in the wrong section?

VUYISA

No. She's white. Her name's ANNIK.

WOMAN BEHIND DESK

Surname?

VUYISA doesn't know it.

VUYISA

It's difficult....

WOMAN BEHIND THE DESK

Only next of kin. Sorry.

VUYISA

Look, she's a very good friend of mine. I want to know if she's alive?

WOMAN BEHIND THE DESK

You don't even know her surname! Sorry. Anyway, it's a police case.

The woman moves off to attend to something else.

VUYISA

Thixo!

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

VUYISA comes out of the door - takes a few steps. Looks down the building. Like a skollie (thief). Moves towards the workers' entrance. He looks through the window and sees the kitchen, cooks, activity. Glass goes soft.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE INTENSIVE-CARE WARD

Glass goes from soft to sharp. Dressed as a cleaner, VUYISA looks through another glass-partition into the Intensive-Care Ward. He sees ANNIK set up with drips and tubes.

Two others come up to the glass: a man and a woman - faces distraught, wrapped in pain. JAN KIESLOWSKI - ELZBIETA at his side - looks up at him. Uncomfortable, VUYISA moves on.

EXT. KIESLOWSKI HOME - MORNING

VUYISA opens the gate to deliver the newspaper. Looks up and sees the family at breakfast. Stops. Loses courage. Puts it neatly into the letterbox.

INT - KIESLOWSKI HOME - MORNING

ANNIK's parents are having breakfast. Mrs. K is picking at things on the table but is not eating anything. She is deeply restless; tears keep refilling in her eyes as she silently wipes them away. Mr. K. eats cereal. A servant brings in his cooked eggs and bacon on a tray, removes his cereal bowl. Hands him the newspaper. Before Mr. K. has a chance to open it, the telephone rings.

MRS. KIESLOWSKI

You answer. I can't speak.

As he walks over to answer the phone, she takes the newspaper and opens it. Huge headline: WOMAN BATTERED IN TOWNSHIP. ANNIK KIESLOWSKA FIGHTS FOR HER LIFE and a recent, professional, black and white portrait of ANNIK.

MR. KIESLOWSKI  
(V/O)

Oupa who?  
She was playing in your jazzband?  
But we knew nothing about that!

Mrs. K. looks up from the newspaper.

MR. K.

No, I don't think so. Not now. My wife is too upset. This afternoon. You'll have a lot of explaining to do.

Mr. K. puts down the telephone.

That was a man called Oupa M-a-k....  
- an impossible surname...  
Annik played in his jazzband in Durban over the week-end.

The phone rings again.

MR. K.

I'm not going to answer.

It doesn't stop.

He does answer.

MR. K.

Thank you, Olaf. No we're still in the dark. Yes, we've got a lawyer... Very kind, thank you.

He puts down the telephone.

MRS. K.

Who is this Oupa person? Is he an Afrikaner?

MR. K.

No. He's black.

The phone rings again. Mrs. K. fearful - terribly distraught.

MRS K.  
(in Polish)

For God's' sake pull it out!

Mr. K. picks it up.

MR. K.  
(in Polish)

Macek.  
Aren't you in Prague? You've returned.  
Oupa?! Yes, he just phoned me. Who is he?

What! You say you introduced her to him.

MR K. puts down the phone.

MR. K.

I don't believe this.

MRS. K.

Macek! I always said that Communist would lead her astray.

INT. HOSPITAL INTENSIVE-CARE WARD - DAY

Through the glass ANNIK, motionless, lies in the Intensive-Care Ward.

INT. VUYISA'S ROOM - DAY

VUYISA, motionless, lies on his bed smoking.

INT. OUPA'S HOUSE, TOWNSHIP - NIGHT

OUPA and other older men and women hold a silent vigil by candlelight.

INT. HOSPITAL INTENSIVE-CARE WARD - NIGHT

ANNIK, motionless, lies in the same position. Her parents watch her face for a sign. MRS. K. starts crying.

INT - VUYISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

VUYISA, still in the same position. A candle has been lit; cigarette stubs in an ashtray. Someone knocks on the door.

VUYISA  
(in Xhosa)

Not now.

EXT. KIESLOWSKI HOME - DAY

OUPA opens the gate and walks up to the front door. JAN KIESLOWSKI opens it.

OUPA  
I'm Oupa Makiwane

MR. K.

Come in.

OUPA enters.

INT. KIESLOWSKI HOME - DAY

ELZBIETA KIESLOWSKA is standing nervously knocking an unlit cigarette on the mantelpiece. OUPA enters. She leaves the cigarette and greets him with her accustomed social grace. Mr. K. gestures him to sit down. She rings a little tinkling bell. A domestic servant brings in the tea, formally set out, and puts it down. JAN and ELSBIETA KIESLOWSKI and OUPA are all seated around it.

MRS. K.

Would you like milk?

OUPA

Yes, please. Two sugars.

Mrs. K. pours out the tea. There is a silence as she hands OUPA a cup and then the sugarbowl to help himself.

MRS. K.

So you're the music teacher ANNIK was telling me about.

OUPA

I've been teaching her for nearly a year.

MR. K.

You said she played in your band?

OUPA

Yes, the JAZZAFRICA Band.  
I teach on the side - people with talent.

Annik found me. She's good.

MRS. K

I heard her play a very sad piece you taught her.

OUPA

You sure gave her a sound classical foundation.  
She learnt to improvise quite quickly.

MRS. K.

I know nothing about jazz but I expect it's rather like tennis and squash. If you play squash you ruin your tennis.

Awkward pause.

MR. K.

I have only one question, Mr. Ma..

OUPA

Call me Oupa. Everybody does.

MR. K.

What was my daughter doing in a township?

OUPA

She insisted on taking our guitarist right in.

MR. K.

The paper says the place was alright.

OUPA

Things flare up very suddenly in the township.

MR. K.

It is highly irresponsible to allow my girl into a township.

OUPA

I have taught her in my house there many times.

We're terribly shocked, Mr. Kieslowski.

The people are praying for her.

MR. K. moves off. He collects his pipe, taps it out, refills it with tobacco.

MR. K.

She's still unconscious.

Mrs. K. begins to sob. Mr. K. moves over to comfort his wife. OUPA tactfully gets up.

OUPA

I would like to see her if possible.

MR. K.

Impossible. We have only just been allowed in ourselves.

OUPA moves courteously towards the door. There he addresses them both in a very quiet manner.

OUPA

I believe she'd want me to come.

INT. INTENSIVE-CARE ROOM - EVENING

ANNIK lies absolutely still, unconscious. OUPA sits and looks at her. He sums up her injuries: right arm is broken; head bandaged; the right side had the blow. Both arms bruised but her face, apart from a nasty scratch on her forehead, looks strangely calm - a stitch or two on her lower lip.

There is absolutely not movement, no flicker of life beyond that infinitesimal movement of breathing. Deeper than sleep.

OUPA puts his hand right into ANNIK's limp left hand and holds it. The nursing sister, watchful, begins moving in order to stop him but pauses when he talks out loud

OUPA

Annik. It's Oupa here. It's time to come back to us. We miss you and we need you.

You promised me you wouldn't disappear. You promised me, daughter of Africa.

He gently strokes her forehead and hair. Smiles. Then leaves. A soft drum is playing.

INT. VUYISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vuyisa plays his traditional small drum very gently as if listening to it rather than it obeying him. His hand moves, stroking it very slowly and deliberately. The sound is strange and touching. It carries over into

INT - INTENSIVE CARE ROOM HOSPITAL - NIGHT

ANNIK stirs a fraction. The drums play on. She opens her eyes, as if from a deep sleep.

ANNIK

Where's Oupa?

The sister gets up quickly but, as she does so, ANNIK's eyes close again.

INT. VUYISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vuyisa seems to move into his stride, expanding the sounds of the drums, more loudly and urgently. The sound spills over into

INT. INTENSIVE-CARE ROOM HOSPITAL - NIGHT

ANNIK's eyes open, close again. We go close, close, close - dissolve into a blurring of images. She is in a struggle to regain consciousness. The sound of Vuyisa's drums coincides with the deep menacing sound of a huge tidal sea, crashing on rocks. This sound dominates and takes over.

Hands cling to slippery sea-rock. One moves forward to grasp the next hold on the rock. ANNIK, on her knees, clinging to the rock looks to her left.

A huge wave rises above her, dips momentarily, then breaks up on rock just short of her, missing her by inches as it froths and bursts sending up a sheet of spray. She turns her head away, protectively. The spray descends and drenches her.

Her hands cling, knuckles white, as water pours over them. She's on the brink of letting go.

Now, yet another vast wave moves in relentlessly towards her.

She sees only water towering above her as it starts to curl and break. Its weight pours down on her as she experiences being swept up by an enormous power, a deluge of churning sea, salt and sand. She is choking, drowning, coughing, crying.

In her dream it is terror and fear of losing her life. In reality she chokes herself back to consciousness, waking up being violently sick, her body heaving and heaving, but vomiting nothing.

The nursing sister rushes to her side. As she does so, she automatically pushes the red button for the doctor. ANNIK moves so violently, her body heaving, that she breaks the tapes holding the drip. She struggles and fights with the tight bed-sheet and blankets, holding her down.

In an instant a doctor arrives and takes over. In one movement he sits down on the bed and puts his arms under ANNIK's, takes hold of her whole body and holds her close like a frightened child. (The sister sees to the drips) The doctor speaks very calmly to her.

DOCTOR

You had a very very bad accident;  
a very bad shock.  
You've been injured but everything is all  
right.

She sobs and sobs, clinging to him. Her broken arm, in plaster, is awkwardly accommodated. Her hair has grown beyond its cut, an unkempt length. The sister automatically prepares a syringe. She gently coaxes her clinging, unplastered arm towards her, finds a vein.

The needle goes into the soft flesh as she gives her a shot. From the back ANNIK's body relaxes. The doctor gently disintangles her from his embrace; helps her to lie down. She looks up him through tear-stained eyes.

ANNIK

I'm safe.

INT. VUYISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vuyisa's hands rest, still, on the drum.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING - SOME TIME LATER

The Sister removes the last of the drips.

SISTER

Well that gets rid of that!  
Today you're going to stand on your own  
two feet.

She turns to the table and hands her a soft bag.

Your mother left this.

ANNIK opens the bag with her good hand and takes out her Walkman. There are her tapes as well. She picks them out: Bach, Vivaldi, Schubert... She chooses the Albinoni she knows so well.

The Sister helps her put everything together. She places the ear-phones on Annik's head. The trumpet of the Baroque fills the air.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MIDDAY

The music is drowned by the sound of a scooter, which turns into the entrance to the hospital. VUYISA rides in and heads for a tree, where he parks it, and jumps off. He removes his helmet, takes his small skin drum out of his carrier, ties it to his belt under his loose, African shirt and walks towards the back entrance of the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - MIDDAY

VUYISA, dressed in the uniform of a orderly (porter), pushes a bed past the windows of the hospital towards a notice saying PHYSIOTHERAPIST.

He hesitates at the door - looks through the glass partition. He sees ANNIK walk very unsteadily across the room, the physiotherapist (a woman) at her side. She moves slowly and painfully. VUYISA, deeply shocked, turns away. These are ANNIK's first steps, somehow intimate; her right arm is still in plaster. He turns back. Exhausted, she takes a long time attempting to sit down again in her wheel chair.

VUYISA is so absorbed in watching her do this that he doesn't notice that a doctor is trying to get past him and his bed. The doctor (the one who attended to ANNIK when she regained consciousness) taps him on the shoulder. VUYISA quickly pushes the bed on its way. The doctor gives him a curious look as he opens the door and enters the room.

VUYISA closets the bed into its allotted place in the corridor. The door of the physiotherapist's room opens. ANNIK is wheeled out by the physiotherapist. She sees VUYISA. She calls.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

Take this patient to Ward 11.

VUYISA

Yes, doctor.

ANNIK does not even look up, let alone recognise VUYISA.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD CORRIDOR - MIDDAY

INT. HOSPITAL LIFT

VUYISA

Annik. It's me. Vuyisa

She is startled. He removes his uniform.

ANNIK

Don't.....  
What do you want?  
What are you doing here?

The lift stops. VUYISA pushes her out.

VUYISA

I want to see you.

A Sister jostles out into the corridor and sees VUYISA pushing ANNIK in her wheel-chair towards Ward 11.

SISTER

Who are you?

VUYISA

The physiotherapist asked me to bring her back.

The Sister walks alongside them. She gives him a suspicious look.

SISTER

Wait here.

The sister wheels ANNIK into the room and shuts the door.

She comes out

SISTER

You've got ten minutes. It's not visiting hours. You shouldn't be here.

INT. ANNIK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MIDDAY

VUYISA sits at ANNIK's bedside. There is a tense silence, finally broken

VUYISA

Jimba said you were dead.

ANNIK

He's right. Everything died.

VUYISA

Thank God you are alive.

ANNIK

You warned me.

VUYISA

No I didn't. That's the trouble. Not about Alex. We were all high.

ANNIK

No, you warned me about how it was impossible to get to know you.

Long silence.

ANNIK

You can't stand me, can you?

VUYISA

I couldn't stand other people like you.....  
And I've asked myself a thousand times why we ever allowed you to take Jimba that day.

ANNIK

I just wanted to play well.  
I've never felt more free -playing with you and Oupa and...all of you. (tears)

ANNIK

And Durban.

VUYISA reaches across to touch her but she draws as far away as possible.

ANNIK

What is it about me that you hate so much.  
I want you to tell me.

VUYISA

Nothing. I hated something else.  
It's a long story.

VUYISA reaches for his small skin drum, unties it off his belt. It is thonged and indented at the waist.

He walks round the bed to the other side, where her injured arm slumps in its plaster. He lifts it very gently with one hand and places the drum directly under her imprisoned hand with the other. It sits there, mute, while he still supports her elbow.

With his other hand he lifts each finger up, gently, one by one. They drop back, one by one, useless and helpless.

VUYISA

It'll be better when the plaster comes off.

He gently draws the drum back to place it under his support of her elbow, puts a pillow under her hand.

I always take this with me wherever I go.  
Sometimes I use it as a head-rest when I'm travelling. My father gave it to me.

I want you to have it.

ANNIK's eyes are pools of tears.

She looks at her dead hand on the drum.

ANNIK

It's all the little bones...

VUYISA now takes her whole, damaged hand and places it into his own, his palm uppermost. He takes a good look at it and starts to stroke the fingers a little.

VUYISA

They will recover.  
Doctors have to be cautious.

At that moment the Sister comes bustling in.

SISTER

OK time's up. You've had more than 10 minutes..

Vuyisa does not move. Annik continues to cry.

SISTER

What are you doing to her!  
You really can't come here if you make her cry.

MRS. KIESLOWSKA looks through the glass, elegant, isolated and excluded, having witnessed a profound glimpse of her child.

At the door she and VUYISA cross paths. He stands aside to let her through.

He puts out his hand.

VUYISA

I'm Vuyisa Vumani. I play in the band  
with Annik.

Mrs. K. ignores his hand. She nods and moves in past him.

Sister, is just anyone allowed to come in here  
at any time?  
I thought there were strict visiting hours?

INT. HOSPITAL ANNIK'S PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

A cool breeze catches at the curtains, swells their softness.

Lights are low. A white-faced clock tells it is just past midnight. ANNIK is wide awake. Her eyes scan the shadows, which shift across the window. They fall on the little drum Vuyisa has left. She reaches over with her good arm and pulls it onto the bed next to her. She runs her hand over its taut animal skin.

She heaves herself up into a sitting position. Opens the fist of her good hand and slowly rolls out her stiff five fingers over its skin. It responds firmly. Now she pulls the pillows under the elbow of her plastered arm and places the drum under her plastered hand. Just as Vuyisa has done, she picks up each finger gently and lets it drop. Then she turns her hand over and strokes each finger, remembering his touch.

She looks down at her hand on the skin drum. Looks at them very closely. Tears well. They blur.

LATER.

Same hand sharpens into view. It is now freed of the plaster. She taps on the drum. Four out of five fingers function strongly. The middle one is stiff and uncooperative. Her hand closes into a fist and she tries to make a sound as she rolls the fingers out from smallest to the full hand - three times. Taps again: the middle one is a little better. Dissolve to

INT. ANNIK'S OWN ROOM - LATER, MIDDAY

Still close-up on the same drum, the fingers roll firmly out. The five tap equally. Another hand (Vuyisa's) moves over hers, gently removes it and rolls out a firm sound. She retries. Good. The new hand takes its turn and starts up a rhythm.

VUYISA

Your turn.

Annik plays. Vuyisa plays faster. She imitates. They repeat for a while, seriously. Then, sick of it, she hands him the drum.

VUYISA

It's much better.

ANNIK

You're much more patient than I am.

He laughs and starts to play a beautiful quiet rhythm. While he plays

VUYISA

This is a sound from Lesotho. It usually has a concertina with it.

Plays more.

My father bought this drum from a Sotho miner for me.

ANNIK strokes the outside of the drum as he plays.

ANNIK

When did he give it to you?

VUYISA

(laughs) Long ago. The only time my mother and I visited him on the mine.

He finishes playing.

I was very small.  
The men made a huge fuss of me.  
There were thousands of them from all over  
Africa.

He takes her right hand and lifts it to his lips in the perfect imitation of her father, which he'd seen on the dance floor at the Country Club.

VUYISA

They made a fuss of my mother too!

He imitates her father

Until next time (in Polish)

ANNIK laughs. VUYISA leaves.

ANNIK gets out of bed and opens JACK's trumpet. She looks at it. She lifts it out and places her damaged fingers on the three frets, holding it on her lap. She raises it and blows. Rough sounds as her fingers fumble with a scale - weak. She tries again and yet again until it sounds a little better. It's a tremendous effort. Exhausted, she collapses back onto her bed. She curls up in despair, foetal, clenching her hands. Tears gather and fall into the pillow.

Slowly she takes hold of herself again and unwinds her clenched fingers, deliberately, turning anguish into exercise. She sits up, clenches and unclenches them again and again.

She goes over to her tape recorder and puts on the recorded version of POLINA (the music she danced to with Mandla so long ago; the music she played when Jack died). Picks up her trumpet, ready to come in at the right moment - manages a few bars. Then she stops from the sheer effort, goes to the window and listens to the music. And the music plays on over the following scene.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

VUYISA is on his scooter delivering the newspapers. He throws one of them. In slow motion it flies out of his hand, over a fence, opens itself up in mid-air and, with the same deliberate speed, lands with a gentle thud and a sprinkling of dust.

VUYISA rides his bike as if dancing down the street. He encounters the same dogs, high walls, electric gates, but his mood is jocular and he laughs off the Rotweilers and Dobermans and the little yapping dogs who tear after him down the fences, teasing them with his newspapers, and then chucking them over the relevant fences.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

OUPA and ANNIK are improvising the national anthem, Nkosi Sikelele iAfrica, on trumpet and sax. Oupa stops and Annik continues.

OUPA

Not bad!

ANNIK puts down her trumpet and hugs OUPA.

EXT. OUPA'S KOMBIE - DAY

Oupa's kombie runs through the shady streets of Johannesburg, filled to the brim with Annik's possessions. Bits of furniture in the trailer. Inside the cabin the shadows of the summer leaves and the sunshine dapple the windscreen, casting different light and shade on the faces of ANNIK and VUYISA. The radio is on at low volume. Hot jazz. Hot weather.

They turn out of the coolness of the trees into a busy main street. Vuyisa rolls down his window, rolls up his right shirt sleeve only, leaving the other one down. ANNIK laughs enquiringly at him.

ANNIK

You did that before...

VUYISA

What?

ANNIK

Just your right sleeve! Why do you do that?

VUYISA doesn't answer. He turns up the volume.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The kombie bumps onto the grass verge of the pavement. ZUBEIDA runs out of the house. ANNIK already has her door open and ZUBEIDA embraces her.

ZUBEIDA

We beat you to it and came last night.  
My dear brother made himself available.

RAFIK appears in their midst, impeccable as ever.

RAFIK

She kept me here all night, fixing things up.  
I've only just had a chance to shower.

ZUBEIDA

Nonsense!

RAFIK

Clean at last,  
I've transformed myself into the cook and  
I'm delegating all manual labour to you Vuyisa  
... and Jimba, Things haven't changed around  
here!

JIMBA stands at the gate, beer in hand, grinning.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

They all begin to unload. RAFIK, with a flourish carries in a delicate lampshade, puts it down in a large empty room with one sofa in it and a carpet rolled out in front of it. The TV set is on all the time. More exciting footage continues. As they unpack each one stops occasionally to watch. RAFIK heads for a gas cooker with two rings. He throws in a mixture of garlic and ginger, which sizzles delectably. A perfect Indian meal is under way with all its chopping and delicate timing of each spice. The others empty the kombie and trailer. JIMBA and VUYISA carry Annik's bed into her room. She follows. They leave. She shuts the door. She sits on the bed and looks around her. A moment of silence and reflection.

RAFIK

OK stop whatever you're doing. Nobody  
can keep an Indian meal waiting!

He hands out several dishes, chapatis, roti. ANNIK washes her hands, beers are split open and taken too.

RAFIK

This way....

They follow.

EXT. GARDEN - AFTERNOON

In the midst of a once carefully tended garden now run wild, lying like a jewel in the uncut grass, RAFIK has laid out a beautiful bright Indian cloth, splattered with cushions to sit on.

RAFIK

This is my gift to the household.

ZUBEIDA and ANNIK put down their dishes on the grass and hug and kiss him. He pretends to protest, saving his dishes by holding them high.

People fall silent whilst the superb meal gets under way, eaten with fingers in the Indian/African tradition. As the eaters become replete, plates are abandoned and they reach for pillows and lie comfortably sprawled, relaxing into the warmth of the afternoon: a bird's eye-view of what looks like perfection in the wild garden.

RAFIK is the first one to stir. He looks lazily at his watch. He leans over to his sister

RAFIK

Zubeida, we must go.  
Auntie will never forgive us if we miss the wedding altogether.

ZUBEIDA

Wakes up.

All those sweets we'll have to eat!

The others start to stir.

JIMBA

Takes a look at VUYISA and ANNIK, senses he should leave

I'll take that lift if I may.

RAFIK

Sure, but we must leave as soon as this lady has changed. No South African farewells.

ANNIK

Coffee?

RAFIK

Good idea. A quick cup on the way out.

ANNIK

Vuyisa?

VUYISA

Ja, thanks.

He starts to get up.

ANNIK

No, don't move. I'll bring it here.

LATER

ANNIK carries out two cups. Vuyisa has fallen asleep again. She looks at VUYISA. Sees a beautiful young man. Smiles at his odd shirt sleeves: the one up, the one down.

She unbuttons her shirt, takes it off. Feels the summer on bare arms in a sleeveless T-shirt. Kicks off her sandals and stretches her bare legs out in the sun. She sips her coffee.

VUYISA senses her presence and opens his eyes. She is looking straight at him. She turns and hands him his coffee. VUYISA lifts his head onto his elbow.

VUYISA

Thanks.

She sits down in the Indian lotus position.

ANNIK

Rafik does this for hours...

(She tries to perfect it)

VUYISA

He's a Hindu!

ANNIK

No, they're Muslims.

VUYISA

Well, you know what I mean.

VUYISA puts down his cup.

ANNIK

The sun feels wonderful.

VUYISA looks at her and starts to roll up his other shirt-sleeve. His arm is indented with scars. She has her answer.

VUYISA

I remember the impact of those bullets  
in my back before I was hit by the teargas.  
I passed clean out.

He runs his hand over the scars. There is one deep one.

VUYISA

Someone got this arm at close range; they wanted to kill me.

He puts his hands behind his head and lies back on the cushion, stretched full-length, closes his eyes. ANNIK does not know how to respond. VUYISA opens his eyes.

VUYISA

This is a great place.  
One day I suppose I'll move too...but not yet.

ANNIK

I never did discover exactly where you live?  
Is it near Oupa?

VUYISA

No. East Rand: Thokoza

ANNIK

Is that where you were hit?

VUYISA

Yes and they also killed my mother there.

ANNIK

I'll have to go back into the townships one of these days. They'll have to blindfold me as I enter.....

VUYISA

You'll come and visit me one of these days and you won't be able to refuse!

He laughs lazily, lies back, closes his eyes again.

ANNIK

Vuyisa...

VUYISA  
(Eyes shut)

Mmmm.

ANNIK

May I see what they did to your back?

He opens his eyes and looks at her for quite a while, not moving. She is not sure whether she has offended him.

He undoes a couple of buttons of his shirt and pulls it over his head and rolls over onto his stomach. His back is peppered with scars, one or two very deep ones.

ANNIK kneels down beside him.

She hesitates and then gently touches his back with her fingers.

Silence for a while. Then he speaks into the pillow.

VUYISA

There was this wonderful doctor, Rubeiro.  
He saved me - saved all of us.

But they assassinated him.

ANNIK stoops to kiss his back but restrains herself.

ANNIK

Forgive me. I understood nothing.

Vuyisa turns slowly over; gathers her into his arms. They hold one another closely. The afternoon sun pours down on them, releases them.

VUYISA

Annik....I was wrong about you.

INT. VUYISA'S ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Vuyisa sees a light burning in his room as he unlocks his front door. MANDLA, completely relaxed and casually dressed, sits on his bed reading.

VUYISA

Mandla!

They embrace.

MANDLA

You hadn't even hidden the key in another place, for God's sake!

VUYISA

It's been a long time

VUYISA

Ja, man.

MANDLA

It's a life time since you had me taken out!

VUYISA reaches for some beers. He breaks them open and hands one to MANDLA.

Before MANDLA drinks, he strips, washes his naked body in hot water off the stove in the candlelight.

VUYISA

So, how were the women out there?

MANDLA

I met this tracker.  
She was there the first time I had to kill a man.

VUYISA

In the end I had to run the guns.  
Can't say I wasn't afraid.  
But, luckily, I was angry.  
Ja, anger carried me. I was terribly angry.

Both men are silent, reflecting.

MANDLA

Jack's death changed me... changed my life.

VUYISA

Mine too.  
Let's drink to Jack.

VUYISA/MANDLA

Jack.

INT. JAZZCLUB - NIGHT

JAZZAFRICA is in full spate playing a very new number. The whole band is there. ANNIK plays trumpet. The place is packed. Some very well-known people sit at the tables or at the Bar, UNCLE MACEK among them with ZUBEIDA and the other women. The clock registers the late hour.

ANNIK, not playing, recognises MANDLA, strikingly straight and tall. She watches him make his way across this same room he did so long ago. VUYISA watches her watching him. MANDLA's tallness is now militarily upright. It is clear he has rank.

OUPA tries to catch ANNIK's attention to take her cue but her eyes are elsewhere, watching, fascinated. RAFIK repeats his solo. Many people recognise MANDLA, stand up and greet him with deference.

OUPA tries again to catch ANNIK's attention. JIMBA, next to her, prods her. She quickly responds and they all wind up the piece.

The Band starts the intro. to POLINA. ANNIK takes up the solo. The sound is good.

The door of the Club opens. The real HUGH MASEKELA enters. In the midst of greeting the BOUNCER he hears his own music. He listens for a moment. He takes out his trumpet. He starts to play with ANNIK. Her eyes register surprise but she plays on. Nobody can see him. Heads turn towards this echo coming from somewhere. HUGH enters, playing. Cheers and stamping and people rise to their feet.

He keeps walking and playing until he stands right next to her. Then ANNIK stops playing and HUGH plays on.

ANNIK steps down, joins ZUBEIDA and hugs UNCLE MACEK, excited, animated, thrilled.

MANDLA watches her. She is as entrancing as she was years ago when she listened to JACK play this piece for the first time. He recognises her. Smiles to himself and starts to make his way over to her. The music ends. Thunderous applause, stamping, standing ovation. He stops to clap.

HUGH bows, laughing, full of pleasure.

Shouts of "STIMELA".

MANDLA moves through the crowded room towards ANNIK.

HUGH looks for ANNIK and beckons to her.

MANDLA is just about to reach her table. She does not see him.

HUGH beckons again. She climbs back onto the platform. HUGH hands her her trumpet. Cheers from the floor. ANNIK shy.

HUGH

They want 'STIMELA'.  
Let's go!

The Band begins the intro. When the beginning of the trumpet part should start HUGH invites ANNIK to play with him. Then he calls out the words and she plays on:

HUGH

There's a train that comes from Mocambique, Angola, Zimbabwe, Malawi, Botswana, Namibia, Lesotho, Swaziland and the whole hinterland of South Africa. This train carries on it the young men and old men conscripted to come to work on contract in the gold mines of Johannesburg and its surrounding metropoli. Deep deep deep down in the belly of the earth where they are digging and drilling for that mighty evasive stone, or when they dish that mishmashmush food into their iron plates with an iron shovel or when they hear that chuchu train steaming and a-puffing on that far horizon they always curse the coal train that brought them to Johannesburg...STIMELA.

HUGH joins ANNIK on trumpet. They play together.

UNCLE MACEK suddenly slumps forward onto the table. ANNIK, oblivious of this, plays on. People attend to him, a doctor, MANDLA and others pick him up and carry him across the room. ANNIK suddenly realises it is UNCLE MACEK. She abandons the music and catches up with him at the door. He looks at her, smiles. He cannot speak. He is dying.

EXT. STREET - JOHANNESBURG - AFTERNOON

Foot hard down on UNCLE MACEK's motor-cycle. Bursts into life. ANNIK rides it through the traffic in Hillbrow, down the steep hill to the Catholic Cathedral. She takes her trumpet out of one of the bags.

CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL MID-MORNING

The organ plays Bach. UNCLE MACEK's coffin lies surrounded by candles. ANNIK lights one and add it to the glow. She sits down next to her parents. Her father greets her in Polish. The Service commences.

PREACHER

In the Name of the Father and of the  
Son and of the Holy Ghost, AMEN

The Cathedral is packed with people: JAZZAFRICA, old Comrades, MANDLA, MOKOENA, the Naidoo family, prostitutes from UNCLE MACEK's building, smart business associates of the family, the bouncer from the jazzclub, women from the roadblock; street people from Hillbrow; a complete mix.

ANNIK now stands next to the black choir. The choir begins a hymn, voices blending, rising and falling. She begins to play her trumpet, weaves a theme interacting with them in a kind of

post-modern style with the voices. A completely new sound. As bearers pick up the coffin and begin its slow progression down the aisle, ANNIK plays on.

CREDITS

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