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# The Djinn

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A minor dissertation submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements of the degree of  
**Masters in Film Theory and Practice**

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Institute of Film and New Media

Faculty of the Humanities  
Graduate School of the Humanities  
University of Cape Town  
2002

This work has not been previously submitted in whole, or in part, for the award of any degree. It is my own work. Each significant contribution to, and quotation in this dissertation, from the work, or works of other people has been attributed, and has been cited and referenced.

## The Djinn - Abstract

"The Djinn" is the final film in the series "Bunnychow Memoirs". This series consists of five feature films, three of which I wrote over the course of my Honours and Masters Degrees in English language and Literature and later, Masters in Film Theory and Practice. Two films in the series, namely "Babelgirl" and "Meatfood" were not written by me, but by Zinaid Meeran, but I shall mention them here so as to give a fuller description of the progression of the series.

These films depict South African life within the 'Bunnychow Culture' spanning a period of three decades. The 'Bunnychow World' is a world in which traditional notions of identity are subverted and transcended. Race, ethnicity, gender, sexuality - all are turned on their heads in the realm of the Bunnychow. The films depict the experiences of a motley collection of young Muslims in South Africa, ranging from the early eighties to the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

Each film can and does stand alone, as a distinct entity, but all are linked by the common themes of the characters' identity struggles with race, gender, sexuality and ethnicity within the context of the massive and powerful entity that is Islam. The series is built on a progression and eventual resolution of the main themes, using as a vehicle the changing political, spiritual and social trends during these three decades, and the psychology of growing up of the characters. "P-I-G" is about a child's desire against politicised religious fanaticism. "The Concubine" handles forbidden teenage sexuality. "Babelgirl" (written by Zinaid Meeran) shows the attempted taming of a child's freedom from ethnicity, and a women's tussle with her own feminism. "Meatfood" (also by Zinaid Meeran) resolves the horror of racist alienation and psychological self destruction. Finally, "The Djinn" looks at the reconciliation of religious and personal identity through a magical spiritual freedom. In the case of "The Djinn" the relationship between a human and a djinn, and between the djinn world and the human world, catapults the thematic struggles of the previous films, into an otherworldly context. This process symbolises the ultimate subversion, and the final resolution of the themes.

Moreover the motif of Bonanza Fruiterers, a takeaway specialising in bunnychow, and the brushing up of each of the protagonists with these bunnychows appears in each of the movies. The movies, in other words, are all linked by the same motif, primarily, the urgent, silly, celebrated cultural icon of the Bunnychow. This dish, essential to the South African urban experience, is of course, a half loaf of bread with the insides scooped out and the resulting cavity filled with curry, insanely hot and floating in oil. The ephemeral nature of this motif reflects the corresponding characteristics of the Bunnychow Culture ie diaphanous, subverted, fragmented and deconstructed.

Within the screenplays we consciously transcend culture and ethnicity within the South African context. Perceptions of social groupings and of our individual identities in South Africa have the firm stamp of Apartheid manufacturing on them. The "Bunnychow Culture" represents an affiliation that is free of the narrow biological confines of race, gender and Apartheid. The allegiance of the group in the "Bunnychow" case is rather an embracing of a diverse and dynamic cultural heritage shaped in a specific location, in this case urban Kwa Zulu Natal and Cape Town, and centred around cultural icons consciously chosen because of their desirability, in this case the bunnychow. This diversity and dynamism is the core idea behind the stories of "Bunnychow Memoirs".

The scripts deal with the identity of young Muslim South Africans in a zany, irreverent and complex way that rejects the pedantic and didactic preaching to which conscious political narratives are prone. Each story occurs in a different decade, thus covering over twenty years of South African experience. The characters live out their lives against the ever present but subtle background of the late apartheid era, the transition to democracy, and South Africa in the new century.

The five stories of "Bunnychow Memoirs" occur in what may seem like highly specific cultural contexts, but this is where their universalism lies. By delving into the minute details of dialect, religion, and tradition, the characters represent every single audience member as a complex being within his or her own dynamic cultural context. The audience will be able to relate much more strongly to characters that appear as whole beings, despite their unfamiliarity, than with familiar but empty cardboard cut-outs based on Hollywood (and apartheid) stereotyping. The films are a conscious portrayal of an unfamiliar world. They are narrative fiction, however, therefore the major challenge of the films is to portray the unfamiliar in a clear way without becoming a travelogue.

My concern is to present these ideas in a way that is dramatic and entertaining, but in a way that does not mimic the filtered emptiness of mainstream cinema. Complex and culturally specific ideas can be presented in a way that is appealing and accessible to an audience.

The original soundtracks will be formulated for the movies by local Hip Hop, Drum and Bass and Kwaito musicians. Some Bollywood and Islamic music will also be used. This will give the films not only an attractiveness and glamour that makes marketing easier, but also, and more importantly, an eclecticism that mirrors the overall theme of "Bunnychow Memoirs" which is diversity.

Each of the films is shot in different cinematic styles, often containing elements of caricature of traditional cinematic styles. This reflects the satirical nature of the content. All the films are satirical dark comedies. The language, fashion and entire feel of the films is ultra-hip.

"The Djinn" takes us into the lesser known spirit world of Islam where a disenchanting and alienated young wedding videomaker finds himself in love with a djinn, Laeeqa. She is a spirit from the world situated in a dimension running parallel to our own and populated by beings, the djinns, somewhat similar, but also vastly different to us. Within this doomed but fulfilling relationship the wedding videomaker, Faizel, finds his own Islam and reconciles himself with family and community.

This story will reconcile the issues of the earlier stories, through the main character's formulation of a personal Islam. The influence of the djinn on Faizel is symbolic of a need for exploration into Islam that goes beyond the suffocating structures of ritualised and proscribed Islam.

"The Djinn" essentially contains two stories running parallel that meet and then diverge again. The one story is that of the life of Faizel as it descends into a downward spiral of self destructiveness. The other story is that of the djinn, Laeeqa. Her story will be more of a zany pseudo-documentary where she explains what djinns are to the audience. The material for Laeeqa's explanations are based on the stories of the djinn world as they appear in the original scripture of the Quran, the mythological texts of "The Arabian Nights" and the folkloric perception of djinns as they appear in Islamic proverbs.

The two stories run side by side as the worlds of djinns and humans do. At various stages in his life, Faizel will have encounters with the djinn, Laeeqa. These encounters will increase as their two worlds intertwine. As their relationship increases in intricacy, Faizel will find himself briefly in the djinn's world. Their worlds will then separate and their lives will go on, Faizel changed forever.

The style of "The Djinn" can be described as a fantasy epic. The iconography of Islam from the myths of the Arabian Nights, the simple Durrey rugs of Persia to the huge Dome of the Aya Sophia in Istanbul will combine with the iconography of the gatsby, the *buttonkops*, karaoke joints, Pagad vigilantism and the sweetly irritating recordings of Amina Parker, The Songbird of Cape Town. This will create a vast sweep of the Islamic world that spans centuries as well as dimensions: heaven, earth; our world, the djinn world, tradition and pop-culture. This story depicts Islam in a fresh, young, hip and attractive light.

## **The Djinn – Explication of the screenplay**

The screenplay of "The Djinn" is written in an unconventional style compared to the usual industry-style screenplay. Screenplays usually have very sparse screen directions. "The Djinn", however, contains detailed screen directions. Screenplays usually also contain minimal usage of dialects of English, slang, and the vernacular of the characters involved. In "The Djinn", however, I have freely written in non-standard English dialogue and in places have used languages other than English, such as Fanakalo, Afrikaans and French. I have also, in places, written the English dialogue so that the spelling evokes the accent of the characters. "The Djinn" also contains narration. Narration is not generally seen as unconventional, but I will explain here the purpose of the narration. Finally, I will explain the episodic and allegorical style of the narrative mapping Faizel's development as a character, through the film.

Conventionally, in the film industry, scripts are written by screenwriters who then sell the scripts to production companies or studios. Control over the visual interpretation is wrested from the screenwriter and handed over to the director, who is ultimately controlled by the producers, or studio heads. The "Bunnychow Memoirs" project follows a different method of filming. In the "Bunnychow Memoirs" method there is no distinction between writer and director. The scripts are not being written to be handed over or sold. The reason for this is not because of an arrogance to do with control, but rather to remain true to the subject matter and to the depiction of the "Bunnychow World". Collaboration will occur in the writing and direction of the scripts, seeing as the shooting scripts and direction will be shared by myself and Zinaid Meeran. We will bounce ideas off each other, as well as the creative heads of each technical department, such as art director, cinematographer and editor, as well as the producers. The principle of writing and directing one's own script, however, will remain intact. The "Bunnychow World" that we intend to create is a very specific, and largely unknown, cinematic world, and needs this merged role of writer and director. Consequently the scripts can, and should, be written in a way that differs from the conventional method.

The screen directions in "The Djinn" are often very detailed, and sometimes contain internalised feelings of the characters. The reason for the detailed, often literary nature, of the screen directions, is because these then serve as information to the reader about the "Bunnychow World". The characters that inhabit this world, their hopes and desires, their language, food and lifestyles can all be evoked in a way that is entertaining and informative. The information is part and parcel of the script and then can be used by myself, as well as the production designer, art director, wardrobe, location scouts and cinematographer in bringing this world to life. The more functional screen directions in a conventional script are adequate, where the world that the story occurs in is a well known one. In the case of "Bunnychow Memoirs", however, dry, functional screen directions would be inadequate to evoke the world.

In "The Djinn" such explanations and elaborations, though they are by no means entirely comprehensive, are already contained *within* the script.

The internalised feelings and ideas of the characters contained in the screen directions in "The Djinn" serve a similar informative purpose. These serve as information for the actors, which they will then use in their performances of the characters. The actors will have an idea of the contexts of the characters, and some idea of how they see the world. The cultural specificity of these references is meant to draw the actors deeper into the "Bunnychow World" so that their performances can be richer.

The language in "The Djinn" contains much slang, various dialects of South African English, and some languages other than English. This occurs both in the dialogue and in the screen directions. Language is central to the creation of "The Bunnychow World" and cannot, in any way, be compromised for the sake of film industry convention. "Bunnychow Memoirs" is about the need for freedom of identity, and language is the verbal expression of this need. The language usage in "The Djinn", at times, takes the film into the realm of a foreign language film, rather than an English one. This is most welcome, actually, because in "Bunnychow Memoirs" I try to incorporate the diversity of language in South Africa. A walk down a South African street will hardly offer up any long stretch of standard English, and though a film is certainly not a mirror of reality, but a stylised version of it, in the case of "Bunnychow Memoirs" I intend to use language as an integral part of the style. As inspiration for this possibly hardline view I put forward "The Harder they Come", the Jamaican film which tells the story of a legendary Robin Hood underworld type figure, played by Jimmy Cliff. The film is in English; but almost none of it is understandable to non-Jamaicans, and most of it is subtitled. The sounds of the Jamaican dialect are beautiful, powerful and funny, and I intend to do the same with our South African English. If this means that the audience will be limited to South Africa, then so be it, but I somehow doubt this.

The reason for this diverse usage of language is not to create interest in the audience through exoticisation. In fact exoticisation is specifically what "Bunnychow Memoirs" rejects. Through "Bunnychow Memoirs" the codes, conventions, language and references of an unfamiliar world will be made familiar to the audience. The audience will then be able to relate to the characters and events on a more complex level, making the experience much more fulfilling. Exoticisation results only in greater unfamiliarity at the end of the day, and is eventually used, by the powerful, against the exoticised.

If, through years of exposure to Hollywood cinema, we in South Africa can become intimate with obscure American references and dialects, so too can audiences become familiar with highly culturally specific South African references and dialects. This will take years, but "Bunnychow Memoirs" and others, will be a start. As we in South Africa became intimate with

the Big Mac before we ever ate one, so Americans can know of the Bunnychow, before it reaches their shores. This may seem arrogant, as if Bunnychow Memoirs will solely be responsible for a new cinematic reality. This, however, is not my intention. What I am essentially saying, is that just because a cultural, or linguistic context is unfamiliar to a mainstream audience, this does not mean that it needs to be sanitised so that it will be acceptable to that audience. Rather the cultural context should be made familiar, but in a way that is entertaining and fulfilling.

Most of the non-standard English and non English words will be subtitled. Those that will not be, are either very well known South African words, or are words which are clearly understandable within context. The non English dialogue will be subtitled in the conventional, complete way. For the subtitling of isolated words (slang or vernacular mainly) within English dialogue, I will use the method of subtitling employed in the SABC Television soap opera "Generations", where the word or phrase in question, preceded and followed by ellipses, appears on screen as it is being spoken.

Another technical point needing explanation is the way I have numbered the scenes. The scene numbers generally follow each other consecutively. Where a scene is intercut with another, however, I have numbered the first scene, as, say, "ten", and then numbered the following scene as "eleven" and labelled it "intercut with previous scene". When scene eleven is over, and we return to the original scene, scene "ten" in this case, the original scene is numbered, once again, as "ten", instead of getting the new number "twelve". In this way scenes, that are actually one scene, but are separated by intercutting, are kept together by their numbering, and not unnecessarily given a new number. For me, this gives the numbering of the scenes a better sense of continuity and unity.

The narrator of "The Djinn" is the djinn Laeeqa herself. The narration serves three purposes. The first is to explain the circumstances of Faizel's childhood, so that we understand his feelings of alienation, uselessness and frustration as an adult. The first eighteen pages of the script deal with Faizel's childhood. This amount of time would not have been adequate without the narration, which gives us insight into the motivations of Faizel, and just as importantly, his parents Fats and Nasif.

This brings us to the second purpose of the narration. Laeeqa, being a djinn, and therefore existing on a different timeframe to Faizel, has been observing him throughout his life. It is almost as if she is taking notes, biding her time, until she feels good and ready to make his acquaintance. She and her djinn friends are ladies of leisure, whiling away their time on earth entertaining themselves. This life of leisure is the superficial side of her motivation for choosing Faizel as, in a sense, a plaything. We see Laeeqa and her friends in the opening scene of the film, hanging out amongst Cape Town nightlife. We then go back into Faizel's

past; and this is when Laeeqa's narration begins, as she takes us on this journey. When we arrive back at the present and see Laeeqa again, the narration stops. Laeeqa is now part of the narrative, and though she is still "stalking" Faizel, she is not the omnipresent observer that she was in the first quarter of the narrative. Later, when we discover that Laeeqa has suffered eons of abuse with her previous lover, the demon Khamseen, we can understand the deeper reasons for her choosing the innocent Faizel, a much less powerful being than herself, as a lover.

The third reason for the narration is that Laeeqa serves as a cultural tourguide of the "Bunnychow World". Highly specific cultural references can be explained by her to the audience. She also explains what djinns are to the audience, and being a djinn herself, she is most qualified. The actress that will narrate will have a highly arresting, even intoxicating voice. This will add to the sense of magic, and otherworldliness of the film.

I have described "The Djinn" as an Islamic Sci-Fi epic. In this vein, it is very much an allegorical tale of the coming to manhood of a troubled and stunted hero. The whole film is symbolic of Faizel's inner struggles to free himself from the oppression of his mother, the weight of community, the nagging ritualism of religion, and the debilitations of his own emotional laziness. The various characters represent symbolic obstacles and bridges along this journey.

Laeqa is, of course, the main catalyst in Faizel's development. Faizel wants to be free of the oppression he feels from community and religion. Fats, Faizel's mother, is the main symbol of this oppression. An outright rejection of community and religion would therefore also be a rejection of his mother. Though she rules over him, she is all he has, in terms of family. Nasif, Faizel's father, neglected both him and Fats, preferring to "whore his way around the East" and seek sexual congress with the maid, Dorka. Nasif is the symbol of the root of Faizel's feelings of loneliness. In fact Faizel and Fats are all each other have. He cannot therefore reject community and family, and by extension, mommy, outright. Laeeqa represents a possible solution, in that she lives in many worlds, all by choice. She is a living symbol of Islam (being a djinn), yet she is also a party girl. At the same time she prays (Faizel sees her leaving a mosque, Qur'an in hand). She also takes the fall when Muslims are under attack (Faizel sees her being questioned by the police after a PAGAD bombing). She is a glamorous, and magical version of Islam.

Khamseen is a demon, and the abusive ex-lover of Laeeqa. Precisely because of this, Khamseen is also a catalyst for Faizel's rebirth. Laeeqa seeks out Faizel as a lover because of his harmlessness and innocence, compared to Khamseen. Khamseen's attack on Laeeqa is what spurs Faizel into action. Though he is terrified, he takes up the call to arms in the final battle between djinn and human at the end of the film.

Both Laeeqa and Faizel have their gangs of sidekicks. Faizel has Brintley, and the twins Fagmie and Fagrie. Laeeqa has the djinns Najma, Zeitoen, Lulu and Reyhana. Fagrie and Fagmie represent the eternal losers. If Faizel remains in their company he will stagnate. Brintley may not be the most ambitious person on earth, but he has plans. Faizel is mildly jealous of Brintley and it pushes him to try to achieve, but Brintley is not inspiration enough. He needs more. Laeeqa's djinn friends are the opposite of Faizel's friends. They too are party people, but they are by no means losers. They have chosen to live on earth and to party hard. They symbolise the potential beauty, glamour and spirit of Islam.

The story begins with Faizel at his lowest point, puking in the gutter. This is when Laeeqa first makes herself visible to him (in his adult life). This is the beginning of his transformation. We then go back in time to see how Faizel reached this point in life. We see how he grew up in a rural backwater of Natal, a place completely infested by djinns, but of the fairytale-traditional kind, except for Laeeqa, who appears to him then as well. Faizel, at this point, is a child, and completely governed by his elders. The elders in turn are governed by tradition. At the same time he feels the beginnings of alienation. He is afraid to play outside with the other children because of the djinns that inhabit the spiky lawn. He also feels the resentment his aunts harbour towards his father Nasif, who is Cape Malay and therefore coloured, something quite abhorrent to his aunts.

The family move to Cape Town, to escape the racism of Fats' family. There Nasif begins his philandering and neglect in full force, seeing as he is now on home ground. Fats too, begins to flourish, seeing as Nasif's philandering, though hurtful, gives her space to flourish, amongst the large Muslim community. She becomes a wedding videomaker, which raises her to the position of celebrity. Faizel is left behind by his self absorbed parents. Fats wears him down through her carefully placed insults. He becomes Fats' minion in her wedding video business. Faizel becomes highly skilled at videography, but drowns his frustrations in alcohol, booze and hard partying.

We return, in the narrative, to the opening scene of the film. Faizel is literally in the gutter when Laeeqa appears to him. All the djinns present themselves to him, bombarding him with their presence, as they flash by on their Vespas. Still with the image of Laeeqa in his mind, Faizel journey's to Mayfair, in Johannesburg, with his mother, to spend Eid with their family. The Mayfair scene shows the alienation Faizel feels from family and community. It also shows the potential affection that is still present within that alienation, for family and community. It also has Laeeqa and the djinns turning up in Joburg, which shows that they are omnipresent, creatures of leisure, and that they celebrate Eid in their own way, while still living within the vague confines of tradition. Laeeqa watches Faizel through the kaleidoscope, where he is still trapped in his world.

Faizel returns to Cape Town, and his friends, but their stories of the previous days drinking holds no pleasure for him anymore. He has seen the potential for a new life, in the image of Laeeqa. This is when he sees Laeeqa leaving the mosque, opposite the pavement cafe where he is sitting. She is wearing a headscarf and carrying a Qur'an. This is both intriguing and confusing to Faizel. Could his escape lie both in Islam and outside it?

Later that night he sees Laeeqa again, at a gay bar, once again in her socialite mode. This further confuses him. He bumps into a pornographer, and they agree to meet. Faizel has started making efforts to change, but of course, he is overdoing it. To make the break though, he has to go to extremes.

The next morning Fats presents him with the news that she wants him to meet Amina Parker, "The songbird of Cape Town", with the intention of a possible marriage between them. The weight of community returns, but Fats herself is so possessive of her son that she would rather the meeting fails. She goes through with it for the sake of her public image though. Lucky for all parties concerned, the meeting is a flop.

Faizel goes to meet the pornographer later that day, and at the porno mansion bumps into Khamseen, Laeeqa's demon ex-lover. To top it off, the pornographer of the night before makes a sexual move on Faizel in the jacuzzi, which utterly freaks him out. It is clear that pornography is the wrong route for Faizel. Demons await him there.

Laeqa now begins stalking Faizel in earnest. When he is busy filming the presentation of a bridal bedroom suite, she appears, both lounging in the bed, and inside his camera. He chases her, but she disappears into a cauldron of dhal. Change is coming.

The turning point in Faizel's life begins with the killing of Achmat, the ice-cream man-cum-drug merchant, by PAGAD vigilantes. He is too distraught now to even notice Laeeqa, though she appears to him on a massive billboard advertising Lifebuoy Soap, like a fresh young Muslim housewife.

Faizel discovers Brintley's plans to become a chef. The jealousy that this causes, spurs him on. He decides to film the Coon Carnival on "Tweede Nuwe Jaar" (January second). He is doing well, but sabotages himself by losing his temper and getting into a punch-up with interfering minstrels. His frustrations at his life are welling up into violence against others.

In the next days his friends' fathers are shot. The twins' father is an infamous gangster, who is shot as he leaves the mosque. Brintley's father, who is, ironically, the head of the police unit

When Faizel enters the djinn world, he is now at the mercy of Laeeqa to undergo rigorous spiritual training. She takes him on a long hike through her world, pointing out happenings to him, all explained through proverbs. These various occurrences seem arbitrary, but are specifically meant to show him the way to his freedom and maturity. The value of heritage, the danger of excuses, stupidity and arrogance, and the appreciation of every moment of time he has in life is pointed out to him. Their hike leads them to a deserted rocket ship in the middle of a barren desert. His teaching is over, and he now must take the final step in the journey.

Laeqa and Faizel, after bribing the Russian official with vodka, launch themselves into the pastel neon cosmos. Laeeqa gives Faizel some of her djinn spirit, which he suckles from her breast in the form of a Raspberry Kool-Aid substance, pulsating with her drum and bass heartbeat. Now through his veins runs some of her soul. From the moon they transport themselves magically to heaven by reciting a particular verse of the Qur'an. Laeeqa has always wanted to see the gates of heaven while she is still alive and has chosen Faizel to make this journey with her.

At the gates of heaven Khamseen finally catches up with them. He presents Laeeqa with her friends, trapped inside the icy world of a perspex rave ring. She tries to use her power to prevent her friends from freezing. This weakens her almost to the point of death. Khamseen can see that she would rather die than choose him, and decides to kill her. Faizel is forced to step in. There follows an epic battle of the Arabian Nights kind, where Faizel and Khamseen metamorphose into opposing forces of various kinds, each countering the other with the embodiment of a more powerful creature than the other can muster. When Khamseen turns into a high-hopping desert rat, Faizel turns into a yellow Ferrari, knocking Khamseen down and into a coma. Faizel has finally made the leap of taking his destiny into his own hands. This step has been in defence of another, whom he loves. This is something that his old, emotionally bankrupt and self absorbed self would not have been able to do. Furthermore, he has made this step by becoming as one with the Islamic mythology of the battles between djinns and human princes. He has finally taken on his own Islam and has freed himself.

Khamseen is not dead though, and rises up to make a final attempt on Faizel's life. The angels of heaven have had enough though, and throw the lot; Faizel, Khamseen, Laeeqa and her friends still trapped in the ring, out of heaven. Faizel comes to his senses back on earth, sitting in a barber chair, being shaved by the local barber. He is dressed in spiffy new clothes, and wherever he goes Shirley Bassey's "An All Time High" plays. He is feeling good, and walks home to his mother. Laeeqa is sitting high above him on the crescent moon, singing to her friends, still trapped in the ring. Faizel and Laeeqa's relationship could not last, seeing as they are human and djinn, but it has made him a man.

## The Djinn – Screenplay

**Title:** on black –

*"Through an open door, there will enter djinns"*

- Medieval Arab proverb

### Scene One

**Ext/ Night: Street**

**Subtitle:** Long Street, Cape Town, Summer 2003.

FAIZEL is sitting in the gutter puking mostly tequila and gatsbys. His faithful homey BRINTLEY is rubbing his back. FAGRIE is staring vacantly at a window display. Fagrie's identical twin FAGMIE is spraying the pavement and his own Reeboks with alcohol befouled urine, like a dirty dog. Faizel looks up and sees HER for the first time. Very La Dolce Vita she is; she and her COOL FRIENDS. Dare he admit it, but when they buzz past on their Vespas they are 1960's black and white celluloid. Fellini, live on Long Street. And everything around them is saturated colour. She, perching behind a sultry-eyed Cappucine, looks over her shoulder at him in ultra slow motion. Her chin lifts, one eyelid drifts shut in a languorous wink; a trapdoor slowly concealing the eye of Ra. Jazz tinkles peacefully out of 169 On Long. She swings her head forward again and they zip off at a superhuman speed. Faizel stares, a strand of sick bungee-jumping off his lip. He looks up at the stars.

**Narration:** "That was the first time he had seen a djinn...."

## Scene Two

**Narration:** "NOT SO FAIZEE, remember that night. The Summer of 1983..."

**Int/Night: Kitchen**

**Subtitle:** Northern Natal, 1983.

From the stars we descend over a red corrugated iron roof and, down to ground level, outside the kitchen door. FAIZEL's foot is poised in mid-air on the border between warm friendly kitchen and shiny red cold stoep. The garden and its huge avocado tree lie in the darkness beyond.

**Narration:** "Faizel, like all Muslim children, knew of djinns. Few had seen any. Of course everyone has heard of, shall we say, an Auntie Fozia of Umlaas Farm (that's Big Auntie Fozia, not Small Auntie Fozie of Stanger Manor) who tried to pick dhania after magreb time and was klapped by a djinn who happened to be dossing on the leaves."

*...who tried to pick coriander after sunset and was slapped by a djinn who happened to be sleeping on the leaves.*

**Scene Three** (intercut with previous scene)

**Ext/Day: Stoep**

We see SMALL AUNTIE FOZIE staring blankly, sitting in a rocking chair on the stoep which looks out over a dense garden. She is dressed in her housecoat, with an itchy blanket draped over her legs. Attached to her is a bib, saying "Monday". Her chiffon scarf is bright pink, in direct contrast to her misery.

**Narration:** "She was rendered instantly tatie....AND THAT'S why you were TOLD by your mother not to PICK flowers, or dhania, or kotopears, or ANYTHING after MAGREB."

*... instantly retarded...or coriander, or avacados, or anything after sunset.*

## Scene Two

We return to the scene of Faizel at the kitchen door.

### Int/Night: Kitchen

**Narration:** "Try as you might, you could not find an ulterior motive your mother might have had for saying that to you."

We see Faizel's mother, FATS, slogging away rolling rotis.

**Narration:** "No...If this was not a sly scheme to keep you behaving yourself.

Then...it...must...be...the...truth!"

The wee Faizee is *mal* over the buttery love that only avocados can give. He looks out at the huge fertile avo tree. In the tree is sitting a SOMETHING. ALLAH PAAK! A GIRL. A biggirl, not unfriendly, with her hair in two ponytails as if she was a smallgirl. She smiles. His brain freezes over. She winks slowly. The ice spreads to his jaw. With the frozen grimace he turns to his mother. She is rolling out rotis. Her synthetic chequered kitchen suit is covered in flour. Her nose is itching furiously. To make it even worse, strands of hair tickle her lips. He looks outside again. Suddenly the barefoot creature is strolling absolutely soundlessly through the mealies, running her fingertips over the leaves. Before she can get any closer he slams the stable-door-style-door shut but the two parts have not been latched and the top part remains behind. So fast. So silent. Even closer now, the girl smiles warmly at him. He slams the top part closed.

FATS

Faizee, what the blerry hell you doing?

FAIZEE

Nothing...

The six year old is feeling, besides fright, what later years would show him, were the tinglings of lust.

#### Scene Four

##### Int/Dusk: Lounge

FAIZEL sits all warm and fuzzy in his gown, looking out of the window at KIDS playing cricket in the dusty lawn.

**Narration:** "This had the unintentional side effect of keeping a neurotic kid like Faizel pretty much well behaved and housebound after dark. Besides that biggirl-ghost-djinn-thing he'd seen, what if he tramped about outside, no matter how gingerly and in stokie beclad feet, and squashed countless djinns all asleep on the lawn?"

#### Scene Five

##### Ext/Dusk: "Lawn"

We follow stokie wearing feet as they run over the spiky poky burnt grass, raising dust in the run-up to the KID bowling.

**Narration:** "Lawn, was a word that Faizel's father, Nasif used for those spiky unrelenting bushels poking out of the dust in the front yard of their house, on the border of *die ou Transvaal* and the erstwhile Republic of Natalia."

Thumbelina type FAIRY-DJINNS scatter, half asleep, in the wake of the terrible stokie onslaught. We fly along with the ball. Another KID bashes the ball, which flies through the air. We see FAIZEL watching the game through the window, somewhat envious, but still quite happy to be cosy and indoors. From above we see a third kid positioning himself under the ball. He catches it.

KIDS

Howzeeee!

But the ball falls through his fingers and lands on the head of a Tom Thumb type DJINN, squashing him. Faizel stares from his window like a startled fawn, witness to the brutal but unintentional killing of a djinn.

### Scene Six

**Ext/Day: Toilet**

**Narration:** "That part of the world was awash with djinns. They burst in on aunties busy in the outside long drops..."

The door is opened on a gnarled old GRANNY, whose age-greyed eyes open wide. She screams terribly, her bloomers around her ankles.

### Scene Seven

**Int/Day: Bedroom**

**Narration:** "They distracted holier-than-thou old bahlies at prayer..."

An old BAH LIE in a suit pants that is all shiny from over-ironing, is busy praying. He sports the telltale mark of the obsessive, a purplish blue-ish welt from years of bowing in prayer, on his forehead. As he bows, an IMP parking off on his *musallah* (prayer mat), screams like the Dickens in his ear.

IMP

Hey Uncle. FUUUUUUCCCKKK YOOUUUUUUUU!

### Scene Eight

**Int/Day: Kitchen**

**Narration:** "They stole everyone's hosiery right out of the drawer, so that you had to go about with mismatched socks."

FAIZEL is looking miserable in a green sock and a red sock. His MOTHER is taking off in Fanagalo with the MAID for loosing the washing and dressing her son like a *bululu* (scarecrow).

#### FATS

Ay yay yay yay yay Gladys! Munye sokisi bomvu,  
munye sokisi hlaza! Kwenzenjani? Sometime wena  
enza umfana ka mina faña ka lo bululu! Kamaan, Gladys  
enza muhle. Please.

*One sock red, one sock green! What are you doing. You are making  
my son resemble a scarecrow! Come on Gladys, work nicely.*

#### Scene Nine

##### Int/Day – General Dealer

NASIF is standing behind the counter. Behind him is an impressive bank of shelves loaded with dry goods. We see the comings and goings of the CUSTOMERS through the day in ultra fast motion.

**Narration:** “But Nasif was longing for *die Kaap*. Fats' family felt duty bound to hold up that well loved South African tradition of racism, and give both him and her hell for the fact that he was Malay, Cape Malay, and therefore little better than a *boesman*, a bushy; dare we say, a coloured.”

We return to normal speed just as Nasif takes of his *kufiya* and rubs his *kroes* head. We are treated to an ultra close close-up of his curls.

## Scene Ten

### Int/Afternoon – Lounge

Two old aunties, HAWA and MOMIEN are plonked in armchairs scoffing chillibites and blistering hot chilli sauce. They are busy scandalizing about how Fats is being influenced towards Malay ways by her husband.

HAWA

Now only Mare-lay style curry she know how to cook, now that she married that fahllow. But for what they put raisins an' all in the tarkari .

*Now only Malay style curry ...now that she married that guy...  
raisins an' all in the curry.*

In a low whisper they would get more funky.

MOMIEN

...And sich a curled *baal* they got, they ja, these Mare-lays, jes like a coloured thisthing.

*...And such kinky hair they have, these Malays, just like a coloured thingy.*

## Scene Eleven

### Ext/Day: Front yard of General Dealer Store

**Narration:** "So he chucked up the general dealer's store, packed up Faizel and Fats and drove off to the Cape Flats."

Their Datsun loaded with stuff, including tied onto the roof, the FAMILY take off in a whirl of dust. The two old AUNTIES watch them go. NASIF's hand, the middle finger extended, protrudes from the window.

HAWA

Whatthing?

Hawa, her face contorted with bitterness, inquires this of Momien. They cough miserably from the dust.

### Scene Twelve

**Ext/Day: Highway**

The Datsun speeds past a Caltex petrol station. The CALTEX RABBIT waves cheerfully. FAIZEL, as a response, gives him the finger.

### Scene Thirteen

**Ext/Day: Sir Lowry's Pass**

The Datsun speeds over the pass and heads into an incredible scene of Tea Tray Chic South Africa.

### Scene Fourteen

**Ext/Day: Cape Town**

**Narration:** "Fats was delighted. In a big city with more Muslims she has ever laid her eyes on, she could become a socialite and *skinderbek* of note. Malay *of-te-not*, she could not care less."

*...a socialite and a gossip of note. Malay or not...*

FATS sticks her hand out the window and lets the breeze run over it. She smiles dreamily as they drive past groups of MUSLIM PEOPLE on the streets; shopping, walking home, selling flowers, loafing, talking, playing.

## Scene Fifteen

**Ext/Day: Upper Bo-Kaap**

FATS, dressed in flowing white, almost see-through, chiffon, stands, arms spread expansively in an R Kelly pose, looking out over Cape Town. Below her are the minarets of the Bo-Kaap. She spins round and round, chiffon everywhere, to the syrupy singing voice of Rabia Sayeed "The Nightingale of Cape Town". An orgasmic smile spreads over her face.

## Scene Sixteen

**Int/Day: Jumbo Jet**

**Narration:** "Nasif started another business, importing Islamicwear and Islamic kitschware from various sheikdoms and Turkistans, Baluchistans *en die of daai* -stans."

*...and this and that stans...*

NASIF twirls the ice in his whisky and winks at the Kazak AIR HOSTESS from behind his Ray Ban Aviators. His blowback is impressive and proud. She flashes a stunning smile at him. His smile emerges from under his fat moustache like newly born maggots.

## Scene Seventeen

**Ext/Day: Airport in South East Asia**

NASIF, close behind a bevy of AIR HOSTESSES, emerges, eyes glued to their asses. He then looks up and looks out confidently, still from behind his specs, at the new land to conquer. His loud stripy tie heralds his arrival. The humidity, and his lust, has formed dark patches under his arms. FATS emerges behind him, standing at his elbow, beaming.

**Narration:** "Then one day, accompanying her husband on a trip to a Little Tiger, the budding Paper Tiger bought herself an S-VHS camera."

**Scene Eighteen****Int/Day: Camera Shop**

FATS holds up an S-VHS camera to the light and beams at it like a new born.

SHOPKEEPER

S-VHS, velly good.

**Scene Nineteen****Ext/Day: Street**

**Narration:** "Socialite that she was, that began her career as wedding video maker of the ummah."

*...islamic community.*

In the bleeding colours of S-VHS we see the BRIDE and GROOM laughing and stumbling towards a car. A MALAY CHOIR is serenading them. FATS, her one eye squeezed shut, is busy following the action. She is loving it.

**Scene Twenty****Int/Day: Photo Studio**

FATS takes FAIZEL through a variety of poses in front of a Japanese garden backdrop. He looks miserable through all of them, and she is beaming so broadly that behind that grin she is probably miserable too. When she squeezes him, his expressions are even more pained than usual.

**Narration:** "And Faizel was her gaffer... cable basher... best boy... key grip... runner... P.A ...and son."

### Scene Twenty One

**Ext/Day: Zanzibar Street**

**Narration:** "Nasif whored his way around the Orient."

NASIF slinks down a cobbled street and ducks into a door.

### Scene Twenty Two

**Int/Day: Room**

**Narration:** "He picked up audio cassette distribution deals in the beds of Zanzibari qawali madams..."

The room is a riot of kikois. The gnarled but somehow glamorous old Swahili Qawali superstar, Bibi Amina reaches out to him from her bed, with her spidery fingers.

BIBI AMINA

Nasif? Hujumbo, hujumbo. Come...

*Nasif? how are you, how are you.*

Nasif approaches the mummy in the four poster, draped and mosquito netted, colonial bed. She pulls him to her, kissing him roughly. Her ankle bracelets jangle excitedly. Her music is playing from a tape recorder next to the bed. Tapes clatter to the floor. The madam, The Great Bibi Amina Edrissa, looks down at them from one of her posters.

### Scene Twenty Three

**Int/Day: Room**

The Middle aged and caked-with-base Yoko Ono face of an Indonesian BUSINESSWOMAN, wearing large Yoko Ono sunglasses, sways into our view, and out again, and then back again repeatedly. The face is contorted in dreadful ecstasy. We see that Nasif is somehow curled up (buck naked) at the foot of the hammock, eating the dear lady out.

**Narration:** "He closed bargains in the hammocks of slit-eyed clothing doyennes of downtown Djarkarta."

### **Scene Twenty Four**

**Int/Day: Room**

**Narration:** "He signed doomed I.O.U's in the bed-bug palaces of withered but potent carpet dealers of Tartarstan."

NASIF is signing a document. He is suddenly pushed from behind, resulting in him scrawling over the paper, ink spluttering out of the broken pen. He winces.

We see that what has caused Nasif's accident, while signing the document, is the fact that a wiry old TARTAR, in a waistcoat, rolled up sleeves and an embroidered fez has just entered him from behind. The fellow's snow white carpet-broom moustache tickles Nasif's ears, as he whispers to him in a foreign tongue. In Nasif's Aviator's we see reflections of elaborate carpets. Nasif's lips part, as pain turns to pleasure.

### **Scene Twenty Five**

**Int/Day: Bed-sit**

NASIF and a slim ANGLO-INDIAN with gold teeth and floppy hair are sitting naked on the grimy bed, feeding each other fish and chips. Nasif's hairy bulk is in direct contrast to the smooth coltishness of the Eurasian. In the background, on the turntables, plays "Brimful of Asha on the 45". The sounds of Whitechapel drift through the window.

**Narration:** "He concocted long term contracts in the beds of the bedsits of seductive but greasy half-caste Paki Cockney kitschcrofters of that gem of the East End, Whitechapel."

The kitchcrofter, still naked, slinks up to the dressing Nasif, as he ties his huge samoosa tie. He touches Nasif lightly on the arm and hands him an impressive item of Islamic kitsch. The

gold Arabic words sweep and whirl their way around the miniature light bulb indented, embossed and engraved Kaaba (the holy shrine of Mecca), on a plate of shiny black something, all surrounded by a frame of gold curly cues. He whispers to Nasif.

## ANGLO-INDIAN

A gift luv...

Over and above the batch in the corner, signed, sealed and waiting to be delivered to the Cape Flats, South Africa.

### Scene Twenty Six

**Int/Day: House**

FATS is unpacking NASIF's suitcase, carefully hanging his shirts in the cupboard. In the maid's quarters, Nasif is covering the maid, DORKA.

**Narrator:** "And when Nasif was home he could be found on the mean sponge mattress, known as the double bed, of Dorka the maid. Dorka could be found under him."

All that is visible of Dorka is her *doekie* (headscarf).

### Scene Twenty Seven

**Int/Day: House**

**Narrator:** "So year by year, with each trip to the East, the house filled up with Islamic kitsch and porcelain dogs..."

FAIZEL pulls out a tasselled camel from a box and looks it in the eye. On the turntables, the theme song of "Caravans" plays, while a row of dog ornaments bob their heads in syncopated time to the music.

**Narrator:** "... and cables, monitors and technicalities, as Fats threw herself into nuptial videography..."

FATS is in front of her bank of monitors, standing (from the adrenalin of the edit), fingers on the dials, doing a James Brown slidy move with her feet, grinning at the wedding footage on the screen. "Caravans" reaches a crescendo.

**Narration:** "...and venereal diseases as Nasif brought them home in lieu of gifts."

NASIF dumps his SAA bag at the door of the toilet and rushes in, hopping with the piss. Through the closed door we hear his urine hit the toilet water. He then lets rip with a shrill scream as the piss burns his syphilitic flesh.

## **Scene Twenty Eight**

**Int/Day: Bedroom**

NASIF is lying all gross and sweaty under a thick eiderdown. He grimaces, and then from under the duvet hands DORKA his piss bottle. She leaves the room with the evil blood stained liquid.

**Narration:** "Just before Nasif died, Fats wangled the latest edit system out of him."

FATS shows Nasif where to sign on the cheque, which he does. She waits patiently for him to finish and then snatches at the piece of paper with joy. As she is leaving, Nasif makes a request for jelly, but it falls on deaf ears.

NASIF

Fatima! Jurly please man?

## Scene Twenty Nine

**Int-Ext/Day: House**

**Narration:** "After he died she sjambokked Dorka out of the house.

*...she horsewhipped Dorka...*

The vinyl, tasselled camels, the Khan's golden horde in the pseudo Mogul paintings, the praying Bedouin, his body a tangle of calligraphy, all watch passively as FATS pursues DORKA through the house, laying into her with a sjambok (whip).

FATS

Jou vokken jintoe! Hey? Hey? Wat se jy nou? Huil jy?

Just wait, i'll fuckon make you cry somemore!

*You fuckon whore!...What do you have to say now? Crying?*

They eject out the house and continue down the driveway. FAIZEL watches at the doorway, hubbling in shock.

## Scene Thirty

**Ext/Day: Outside wedding hall**

FATS pulls up to the wedding hall in her new Merc.

**Narration:** "Now that the old syphilitic ball and chain was resting with Munkar and Nakeer, the death's angels, in his grave, Fats could come into her own."

FATS, the kugel videographer, now chubby and Punjabi wearing, gets out of her car. She is wearing sunglasses to protect her eyes from the flashes going off. She waves to her fans. Wee FAIZEL slides unnoticed and uncelebrated, out of the passenger seat, dressed in a bowtie and tails, like a Victorian mourner waif. He is lugging the huge camera case.

### Scene Thirty One

#### Int-Ext/Day-Night-Dawn: Open garage and driveway

FATS is glued to her seat, busy editing. Tape screeches and yaps as she spools back and forth, looking for the crucial shot. FAIZEL is ever present (growing taller and older), carrying equipment here and there, cycling round and round in the driveway, first on a too-small trike, then on a BMX. He gives her a massage, smokes *skelm* around the corner, rewires equipment, and dubs up and down in the driveway to the sounds of hard jungle mixed with screeching tape. He stumbles back drunk in the morning (while she is still glued to her chair), and electrocutes himself with a busted gizmo.

**Narration:** "And on her journey to movie kugeldom would crawl, totter, toddle, pitter, patter, walk, run, stumble drunkenly, dub crazily on the psychedelic whirl of ganja, and collect scars in knife fights, Faizel, her son and production dogsbody."

### Scene Thirty Two

#### Ext/Day: School

**Subtitle:** Livingstone High, Faizel's matriculation, 1995

FAIZEL, FAGRIE, FAGMIE and BRINTLEY stride through the school gates, shoulder to shoulder like the Seven Samurais. Their ties are askew and they are sweaty and grinning with exuberance. As one, they throw their canvas rucksacks into the air.

### Scene Thirty Three

#### Int/Day: Car

FAIZEL is sitting in the passenger seat, feeling excited. Next to him is FATS, carefully wearing him down with her comments.

FATS

Varsity. For what? To chase girls! White girls! Anyway, you wowedn't manage acatemics mah boy.

She delivers this crude tirade in the whitified twang she uses to sound intellectual.

**Narration:** "Her preachings were oblivious of the fact that she had, in fact, sabotaged Faizel's matric by pursuing the brutal wedding-a-day policy of Jun-Dec 1995."

Faizel looks out at the street and bitterly perves a white girl standing on the pavement.

Fats proceeds with her battery, still twanging.

FATS

Essentially, one has to accept one's station in life. Lets face it my boy, you are no intellectual, nor are you talented artistically, remember I got you into the Muslim Brigade.."

**Scene Thirty Four** (intercut with previous scene)

**Ext/Day: Playing field**

We see FAIZEL banging his bass drum out of time, his tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth with concentration.

FATS

...and you couldn't manage batchoo. And the Malay choir?"

...*manage baby*...

**Scene Thirty Five**

**Int/Day: Hall**

Faizel is braying like a donkey amongst the suave fez wearing songbirds

**Scene Thirty Three****Int/Day: Car**

We return to the pair in the car

FATS

But you are good with your hands, remember, as a little boy

you used to make motohs.

*...used to make motors.*

**Scene Thirty Six** (intercut with previous scene)**Int/Day: Kitchen**

A tiny FAIZEL looks up with big eyes and with an outstretched arm presents his buzzing gizmo.

FAIZEL

Maaa, see mah motoh.

*Maaa, look at my motor.*

**Scene Thirty Three****Int/Day: Car**

FATS

You are technically orientated, a whats-her-name, a tradesman,

as such, and yew need a good, solid trade. Videomaking, mah

boy. Security."

FATS has concluded. FAZIEL looks queasy.

## Scene Thirty Seven

Int/Day: Wedding Hall

Subtitle: Rylands, Cape Town, 2003.

**Narration:** "Faizel, has become proficient at wedding video making to the level where he goes through the whole thing in a complete black-out, only regaining consciousness when he arrives back home."

FAIZEL is videoing a miserable but beautiful BRIDE hidden beneath gold and brocade; her eyes outlined seductively with *khol*, and framed by a delicate veil. She gazes laconically into the lens, which goes unnoticed by Faizel's dulled mind or by his bored erogenous zones. FATS' hustlings and bustlings about and naggings and finger waggings in the wedding are somehow re-routed from his sensory organs. He has a kind of aphasia to Fats, while on the job, where she appears blurry. The BRIDEGROOM, pigeon chest bursting with pride and boastfulness enters the hall. Faizel's detached manner is not to be confused with inefficiency. He deftly pans, capturing the so-called glorious entry of the jerk groom. AUNTIES, MOTHERS and GRANNIES fawn over the groom so hectically that they are virtually licking his shoes.

MOTHER

Oh, my son. I'm loosing you now. I'm loosing you...

AUNTY

Oh my lovely baby. Just like my own son you are.

GRANNY

Jes make sure she feeds you nice-nice. I wanna see you looking like a lovely fat rabbit. And making plenty of nice fat grandchildrens.

Faizel yawns and pans down to catch one ass-licking aunty actually taking a lick of the jerk's brogues. The bride waits patiently. Her future lot in life is evident from this moment.

### Scene Thirty Eight

#### Ext/Dusk: Wedding Hall

FAIZEL films the COOK hasty shovelling mutton *ka/ya* (yogurt based curry) by the spadeful out of cauldrons behind the hall

COOK

Ey Sameer, howz it carrying on with the pick-kle  
there.

The ASSISTANT, a drag queen of a creature, wearing a scarf as if he was a muslim aunty, instead of a muslim uncle, is pouring *sambals* and mango *atchar* by the bucketload into serving dishes.

ASSISTANT

Hoeveel? Like so?  
*How much? ...*

COOK

Put, ja, ja, put man, don't fright.

ASSISTANT

Meer?  
*More?*

COOK

Load it.

ASSISTANT

Oraait...

COOK

Send it.

The SERVERS totter off inside with their loads. Faizel follows.

### Scene Thirty Nine

#### Int/Dusk: Wedding Hall

Still bored FAIZEL films the FOLKS chowing as if the devil was after them. To ease his boredom, he roots about in an oily plastic bag of *chevra* and munches away. FATS, under her breath, admonishes him for oiling up the camera, violently mouthing the words to him and flapping her arms like a wounded cape sparrow.

FATS

Hey, Faizel, Faizel...get-your-oi-ly-  
hands-off-the-cam-me-ra.

He shakes his handful of nuts and *slangetjies* (snakes) like a true *mamu* (don) and chucks them into his mouth and munches on.

### Scene Fourty

#### Ext/Evening: Wedding Hall

FAIZEL follows the bridal entourage outside. Confetti flies. The blurry FATS is still directing in his ear. She tugs him in the direction she wants.

FATS

Pan boy, pan. Okay okay, zoom in. Now, slowly,  
zoom out. Track track track.

He hears nothing of her, and as for the suave Malay choir, it may as well have been a host of gobbling turkeys that he was filming.

### **Scene Forty One**

#### **Int/Night: Bedroom**

As soon as he walks through his bedroom door FAIZEL chucks his bag on the bed and quickly skins up a joint and puffs like Thomas the Tanked Up Engine...until he has the munchies big time.

### **Scene Forty Two**

#### **Int/Night: Kitchen**

Then with the munchkin army marching through his body FAIZEL floats into the kitchen. He realises with shock that he has actually floated into the kitchen when his complete body catches up with his see-through image at the fridge. He opens the fridge and hauls out a huge tupperware of biryani, exclaiming with shock again (when his real image once again catches up to the transparent one) that he has actually managed this in his goofed state.

FAIZEL

Muadderr.

*Motherfucker.*

He waits for his conscious mind to catch up with his body and then sneaks back to his room. He then locks the door, and before even sitting, begins shovelling biryani into his mouth, chasing the mouthfuls down with samoosas that he suddenly and delightedly realises he has also caused to abscond from the fridge. The zol is draining his blood of bloodsugar faster than he can replace it. As the essential oils of the wedding fare work hard to replenish his bloods, Faizel falls to his knees, lets the tupperware rest on the carpet, and hogs out of the container like a common pig. After feeding he stumbles to his bed and conks out, managing to scrape one takkie off his foot.

**Narration:** "Faizel was now twenty three and still entrapped by his mother. The delicate wheezy little wide eyed twerp had turned into an angry young Turk."

FAIZEL's eyes flit about as he enters REM sleep.

### Scene Fourty Three

**Int/Night: Room**

FATS is straddling a chair, the wrong way around. FAIZEL is dancing for her in a Santa cap. Fats watches him lasciviously, throwing ten rand notes at him. He is executing the uprook, to the tune of "Woodpeckers from space". He moves into the running man, his butt moving closer to Fats. He slaps at his ass, not quite sure why he is doing this, but powerless to stop it. Giggling, she gives his butt a coy slap and stuffs a few notes into his pocket.

### Scene Fourty Four

**Int/Night: Bedroom**

FAIZEL drools and mumbles. Shadows of cars move across the wall and ceiling. Cats caterwaul.

**Narration:** "So Faizel made wedding videos while his mind hungered to make...what? He scarcely knew, so under the spell of Mommy Dearest, the benevolent dictator, was he."

Crickets chirp. Suddenly FATS bursts into the room. She unhesitatingly flicks on the lights. Without moving a muscle, Faizel cries out like a wounded Neanderthaler, but sleeps on. She roughly wakes him up, letting him now that it is *sehri* time.

FATS

Wake up, Kamaan, kamaan boy!

He farts in shock.

FATS

Make one big effort!...FAIZEL, it's sehri time, come we have to eat.

*...sehri – pre-dawn meal before fasting.*

They have to feed before first light before the day's fasting begins. He gets up stiffly like Frankenstein's Monster.

### Scene Fourty Five

Int/Night: Kitchen

FATS is trotting to and fro, warming fish curry in the micro and roti on the *tawa* (skillet).

FAIZEL, half asleep, muses about Ramadaan around the globe.

FAIZEL

But Mommy, check now, in Cape Town sunset is so late, cos off the time zones and what-what so its hard fasting here, right? In summer especially. Admit it Mommy, compared to Durban, but what now about those Tartar ous in the Arctic Circle; they Muslims too right? And say now Ramadaan falls in that whole month of Midsummer when the sun never sets? Do they then not chow for that whole month?

FATS

Allah knows.

FAIZEL

Kamaan Mommy, it's a relevant question man.

*Come on Mommy...*

FATS

Hey, shut up and eat up. Just now time will be up and you talking-talking.

She stuffs roti and fish curry into his mouth, nearly choking him. He recovers and chews.

They eat in silence.

**Narration:** "Fats was no spiritual, deeply religious person. Rather she was the starkly pragmatic, shrewdly ethnocentric, community obsessed person-in-the-public-eye who wanted her son to enjoy the same fruits. But she was a believer, albeit in a ritualistic way..."

### Scene Fourty Six

**Ext/Day: Mosque**

**Narration:** "...Faizel too was a believer. He believed in the agony and ecstasy of white pipes, which he and his homeys partook of behind the mosque during the Jumah prayer."

*...Friday prayer.*

Rebels with or without a cause they were, FAIZEL and his HOMEBOYS, living for the adrenaline rush of being discovered indulging. They congregate at their spot, slap each others right palms loudly like the homeys they were, then (in the Islamic fashion) grasp the slapped hand gently, almost like a dead hake, and hold it for a few seconds.

FAIZEL

Slaamat Sheik. How you? Slaamat. Slammat.

HOMEBOYS

Alhamdullilah. Lekker...

*God be praised. Sweet...*

They then let go, kiss their right hands and then lightly touch their hearts with the same hand.

## FAIZEL

Is ons oraait vir 'n bietjie masjied maligheid?

*Are we fine for a bit of mosque mania?*

The guys cackle dryly with relish. They take out their paraphernalia: bottlenecks and pills. When lighties, also trying to duck the long sermons, and the debilitating pins and needles they cause, walk in on their sacred mandrax ritual, they are hissed at ferociously.

## HOMEBOYS

Ssssssss. Gaat terug binne. Haraamies.

*Go back inside. Sinners!*

They light up and suck in the white clouds while cheering Mandrax Moenima.

## HOMEBOY

Mandrax Moenima! Here's to you!

**Narration:** "Mandrax Moenima was the famous Tamil Aunty from Cravenby estate who personally smuggled in the pills, hidden deeply in her sari, via the Silk Road: Deccan Heights to Mobeni Heights, Madras to Mannenberg. Direct."

**Scene Forty Seven**

**Ext/Day: Airport**

MANDRAX MOENIMA, pulls out of the airport car lock-up in her Ford XR3, her purple sari top dripping with sweat. She breaths heavily and flicks on the sound system, blasting the Bollywood classic "Disco Divani". She lights a Craven A, breaths out a smoky sigh of relief, and pulls out of the car park, Boeings taking off behind her.

## Scene Fourty Eight

**Int/Night: Garage**

FAIZEL completes the final cut of someone's video of their happy day and pushes his swivel chair forcefully away from the screen. Funky soul squawks bust through his mind. He exits the room. The bride and groom, holding hands and smiling under a shower of confetti watch him go.

## Scene Fourty Nine

**Int/Night: Lounge**

FAIZEL edges past Fats, busy muttering away in Arabic over the Qur'an, hidden in clouds of incense.

FATS

And where are you off to? Come, its Thursday. Sit,  
take one kitaab and read! Just a *sipara* or two.

Come bachtoo, jes read one YaaSeen.

*...take one book and read! Just a chapter or two.*

*Come baby, just read one YaaSeen (chapter Y-S)*

She flaps the *kitaab* (book) at him.

FATS

Hmmm, you know how nice it makes you feel. Peaceful!

Jes try it.

FAIZEL

Ja, all in a beautiful language that you don't understand a word of...I know, it will give you an extra two hundred points of *sawaab* (blessings) to enter heaven...

She merely fixes a glare on him with one eye, the other still racing along the lines of script, her mouth still muttering. We hear her thoughts.

FATS

Got-to-get-those-points-to-en-ter-hea-ven-got-to-get-those  
-points-to-en-ter-hea-ven...

All the while his buddies are hooting outside.

### Scene Fifty

Ext/Night: House

To funky soul squeaks and blasts his HOMEYS, in Brintley's souped up Datsun, receive FAIZEL on the street.

FAIZEL

Howzit ouens!

FAGMIE

Lekker.

FAGRIE

Lekker horny you mean.

FAGMIE

Aggg...

FAIZEL

Myself!

FAGMIE

I feel like vloeking some other outies cherry...

*I feel like hitting on some other dudes girl...*

BRINTLEY

And you feel like a bedondering as well?

*And you feel like a fucking-up as well?*

FAIZEL

Is ja.

*Indeed.*

**Narration:** "Young Shafts they were, black panthers; though no political thoughts entered their restless minds, only the glamour of wearing synthetic leather retro as seen on the big screen. Thank God they left out the black power salutes and left the beret wearing to the maid. Instinctively they knew that such extravagance would not lead to pussy."

They rush towards the clubs.

### **Scene Fifty One**

**Ext/Int/Night: Clubs/Car**

The evening is a split screen of adventure cut in time to a funky soul track. The doorways to Club Lenin, Heatwave, Galaxy, Vibe and the nameless dives of Kuilsriver are the gateways to FAIZEL, FAGRIE, FAGMIE and BRINTLEY's pleasure.

**Narration:** "Boozing hard liquor served as an aperitif to double-dropping Mitsubishis, Ferraris, Pink Champagnes and Purple Hazes, and later candyflipping with Sunflowers, Bartmans, Hoffmans or whatever else the Lysergic Acid doctors of distant San Francisco had concocted."

## Scene Fifty Two

### Int/Night: Galaxy

At the Galaxy the cheesy WEDDING SINGER type in his 80's waistcoat and Blues Brothers sunglasses is bleating out "Reggae Night", accompanied for some misguided reason, by a Kangol-wearing MC HONCHO, rapping and urging the CROWD on.

MC

Hey Ho, Ho Hey.

FAGRIE, stretching out an arm to grasp at an overhead beam so as to keep his lanky frame upright, smiles dreamily into his Bacardi Breezer.

MC

Where my ladies at?

Fagrie waves in response, his peroxide blond tips waving as one with him.

Cut to:-

*Snying* (perving) of the *STUKKIES* follows. FAGMIE challenges any MALES around him, like an insecure stag. First, with subtle looks, but with more booze, blatant carnal propositions follow; when the *stukkies* could be ambushed on the way to the toilet.

FAGMIE

Hi!

GIRL 1

Bye!

He tries again.

FAGMIE

Hello my girl. How you?

GIRL 2

Naar from your bad breath.

*Nauseous from your bad breath.*

He tries once more.

FAGMIE

Hey, don't you go to UCT.

GIRL 3

Ja, but you don't.

The opposing stags sense the intrusion. Shoulder butting and violent personal space intrusions result. Then: pushing and manhandling until FAIZEL enters to punctuate the fray with an almost suicidal headbutt. While this is happening BRINTLEY has been nagging a poor girl for sex through the slurs of *dronkverdiel*.

BRINTLEY

It's just that closeness I'm looking for...Simon...err Simone.

And sure we hardly know each other. Sure. BUT. I feel we can give each other this gift. We can share each others bodies.

Cos the world is a lonely place.

Simone

Well...

Somehow Brintley realises Fagmie's situation and rushes off to assist his homeys.

### Scene Fifty Three

**Ext/Night: Galaxy**

The BOUNCERS, dedicated gentle brutes, eject our furry friends from the venue. Faizel shouts indignantly and on the top of his voice.

FAIZEL

*Moerrrr me, moeerr me!*

*Murder me! Murder me!*

He has to stop shouting because of a punch in the stomach from the bouncer, that causes him to vomit.

### Scene Fifty Four

**Int/Ext/Night: Road/Car**

Then FAIZEL, FAGRIE, FAGMIE and BRINTLEY drive around like maniacs, challenging other motorists at red robots to take on their souped up Datsun. Soon, they fall asleep on the wheel, a hobby of theirs.

**Narration:** "Somehow the angels that look after such fools managed to keep them alive."

**Title:** on black:-

*"When a djinn dies, the angels rejoice"*

- Moroccan Proverb.

## **Scene Fifty Five**

**Ext/Day: Sea**

The sun, burning a hole in the sky, oozes and wriggles as the seawater washes over the djinn LAEEQA's eyes. Arms outstretched, submerged face-up, crucified by the turquoise water, she rises towards the light and slowly surfaces. Water streams off her glowing olive skin. Her hair oozes in all directions, a pulsating black oil slick. The current turns her in a slow arc, leaving behind a gentle wake of steam. Just beyond her elegant beaky nose the horizon tilts to and fro. She looks towards the heavens. Ice-clouds flirt their way around the sun. She stares into the heart of the sky, idly blinking away saltwater from her long lashes. Sky-blue deepens into indigo and purple and back to blue with another blink. In medieval Arabic she whispers to herself the Qur'anic words:-

LAEEQA

*"Thy Lord created man from sounding clay, from mud moulded  
into shape,  
And the djinn race, we hath created before, from the fire of a  
scorching wind"*

The clouds obediently form a potter's wheel topped with a spinning, slowly forming, clayman.  
A burning wind-cloud swirls around the newly born human.

*"Behold! Thy Lord said to the angels: I am about to create man  
from sounding clay,  
From mud moulded into shape;*

*When I have fashioned him and breathed into him  
of My spirit,  
Fall ye down in obeisance unto him."*

The ranks of angel-clouds, sparkling with retinal flashes of light, gather to receive the new creation.

*"So the angels prostrated themselves,  
All of them together;  
Not so the djinn Satan, He refused to be amongst those  
who prostrated themselves."*

The dazzling rainbow-cloud Satan stands proudly, staring at the clayman.

*"God said: 'Oh Iblis, what is your reason for not being  
among those who prostrated themselves?' "*

The Satan-cloud, his face all the beauty of creation: the cutest little boy, the woman at the height of her power, the dazzling old rogue, stands stubbornly before God.

*" 'I am not one to prostrate myself to man,  
Whom thou didst create from sounding clay,  
from mud moulded into shape.' "*

*God said: 'Then get thee out from here; for thou art  
rejected, accursed.*

*And the curse will be with thee till the Day of Judgement.' "*

The angel-clouds evaporate, leaving the banished Iblis, once beloved of God, now free to take with him, as fellow renegades, those of the djinn inclined towards mischief. His rainbow brilliance grows into a magnificent cloud, finally exploding into a million prisms slowly spiralling to earth. They splash into the sea around Laeeqa, throwing up little blasts of steam. She sucks a faltering breath, closes her eyes and drifts on.

## Scene Fifty Six

Int/Morning: House

FATS

You've worked well this week mah boy. Ear w'ah your spending.

Spend it wisely.

FATS would say this every week while pressing a crumpled R200 note into FAIZEL's sweaty paw. FAIZEL stares at the stuff in his hand as if it is crumpled newspaper with dogshit inside.

FATS

Howcome such a sulky face?

FAIZEL

How about paying me a salary, Ma?

FATS

Now just hang on. As you well know, I don't draw a salary myself either. This is totally a profit re-investing family business.

Hey? Hey! Yes Ma, I agree?

FAIZEL

Yes Ma, I agree.

## FATS

Okay, I'm off to the women's circle meeting. The latest  
Tupperware from Dubai, apparently. Ag, but it's all so passe.

She gathers up her bag, sunglasses, cellphone and keys.

I mean can't these ladies get a life. I mean Tupperware! Hello!

I mean white ladies are having strippers and dildo parties and...

She opens the front door.

But anyway they are my clientele so...Be good Faizoo.

Anyway, off Faizel would scamper to his room, the heady thought of all this dough to purchase dwelms filling him with an overwhelming urge to wank. He rubs his hands together in glee at both these carnal thoughts and makes agreeing sounds.

Alright fine. So Cosmo says wanking is healthy, but this lad was an entirely different case. He unzips his pants, pauses and re-zips. He creeps out of his room and makes sure that Mommy really has left. Not wasting a moment, still on the way back to his room, he probes into his pants and already begins the continuous exercising of his organ.

The sun rises to its zenith.

**Scene Fifty Seven**

**Ext/Day: House**

Outside the window the rhythms of life on the Cape Flats march on. CHILDREN come home from school and then trot off to Madressa wrapped in *bhurkhas* (if they are girls) or topped off with *kufiyas* (if they are boys). They march along, little bustling groups of ghosts in their white

robes and colourful *juzdaans* (Qur'an bags). Bevvies of WOMEN bus back in from their jobs in the retail outfits in the city and rush off to prepare dinner before their HUSBANDS arrive back from the sprawling industrial areas of Ndabeni, Maitland and further North into the depths of Epping and Bellville South.

### Scene Fifty Eight

#### Int/Afternoon: Bedroom

Porno mags are littered all around FAIZEL. Music videos, porn videos, arty erotic movies with Beatrice Dalle pouting, are lined up for his usage. The remote control is close at hand to fast forward through boring scenes. His *padkos* (road food) on this little trip is his latest purchase - his very own crack pipe, from which he takes a hit every now and then.

### Scene Fifty Nine

#### Ext/Dusk: House

The sun falls. In the twilight KIDS play cricket on the street on portable pitches that are hastily moved when cars come by. As the sun sets they are called in to eat by their MOTHERS.

### Scene Sixty

#### Int/Night: Bedroom

Police helicopters fly by his window making sure the *bruin-ous* (coloureds) are all snugly asleep in their ghetto beds. He raises an arm with his forefinger rigidly extended, as a greeting to the chopper cops, while expertly wanking on. The moon rises and falls. Still this fellow is at it! He stares in a state of utter infatuation into the pixilated eyes of Pop Nymph Christina Aguilera, bleating out how she likens herself to a "Genie in a bottle". Tugging at his dick he sings along enthusiastically, though badly, with the blonde starlet.

FAIZEL

I'm a genie in a bottle bay-beh...ooh...ooh...will you let me oooooutt...

## Scene Sixty One

Int/Night: Bedroom

By dawn the rocks are running out. OOOH, shit the ice cream van tune...DING-a-Ning Ning-Ning Ning-a-Ning Ning-ning...He loses his concentration and comes into his Tweety sleepshorts.

FAIZEL

Ugggh!

Disgust turns to pride and he raises his eyebrows rather pleased with himself to see that he has shot the load all the way to the back of his pyjamas. But now he has to hurry, so he flings on what garments he can find on to his masturbation wasted frame and rushes outside.

## Scene Sixty Two

Ext/Morning: Street

The *Kwerekwere* behind the wheel of the soft-serve mobile looks up into the rear view mirror and sees FAIZEL hopping and stumbling after him. The ice cream van brakes and reverses; braking again fiercely next to the out of breath Faizee.

ACHMAT.

Heeggh hehhhh, Faizee. Salaam alaikum my young brother.

Ca va? You cool?

FAIZEL

Ag oraaait, but you know what; I'm not welcome in these local jols man. Like a whole persona non grata move, you check. Right of admission, right of admission, its a kak song to hear when you wanna party, man. Checks like I'll have to be missioning to town now.

ACHMAT

Not bad ting dat outie. Not bad ting. Expand your horizons man...

FAIZEL

Ja, town is *kwaai*, *ma' daar's baie witmense daar*. Hulle like nie *vir o's 'ie*.

...*there's lots of white people there. They don't like us.*

ACHMAT

Heh? What foolishness you tahlking man. Dis a new century. New drugs, new music (he has just watched Trainspotting). Get your mind out dis ghetto bra'.

FAIZEL

Is ja. You like a soft-serve philosopher mah man. So what you reckon I should get for my new adventure?

ACHMAT

Ketamine.

FAIZEL

*Nai broe*, I read about that stuff. That's horse poison, *vokkit!*

Achmat laughs throatily.

FAIZEL

What?

ACHMAT

Ho, ho. Well you say horse poison...you know...like rat poison. but for horses. As if like hey man, there be so many horses around here, like infestation man, we gotta get some horse poison and fumigate, ho ho, hmmm.

Tremors of laughter shake him a bit more.

Never mind... Yes man, horse tranquilliser for tranquillity of  
de brain.

FAIZEL

Nie, nie, dis oraait.

*No no, its fine.*

ACHMAT

Trust me, man. I 'ad som' las' night. Beautiful.

FAIZEL

Ne?

ACHMAT

Qur'an kasaam broe.

*I swear on the Qur'an bro'.*

FAIZEL

En n bietjie ganja kanala, bahyi

*A little dope for free please brother.*

ACHMAT

Heeghh Heehhh. Swak broe! Stoff not a free ting man.

Okay, but dis de last bansela. You 'ear?

FAIZEL

And of course for Mommy a Gatti's Jelly Dream and for me...  
a Choc-O-Lina, no, a Big Deal, no, no make it a swirl of that  
brown and white creamy whale fat.

The whale fat oozes out onto the cone.

### Scene Sixty Three

**Int/Evening: Car in parking lot**

FAIZEL: Ketamine pill under the tongue. BRINTLEY: Ketamine pill up his arse the way God intended it. FAGRIE and FAGMIE: no money, no pills. They shrug mournfully.

### Scene Sixty Four

**Ext/Evening: Wembley and street**

Next: a hefty Gatsby from Wembley. As the FOUR walk to their car the ketamine kicks in. FAIZEE finds himself lost inside his gatsby, munching his way out of a vast cosmos of penny polony.

FAGRIE

Gimme the keys man. I think that's the safe option here,  
rather than letting yous Ketamine babies drive.

Faizel replies from inside his Penny Polony world.

FAIZEL

Ja, never mind the fact that you so blerry pissed from that  
tall glass of cane and oros and shwacked from a fat dagga pipe.

They cackle moronically at their irresponsible behaviour.

## Scene Sixty Five

**Ext/Int/Evening: Street and Car**

Snaking their way out of Athlone, through the quiet Friday night streets, FAGRIE suddenly has to apply dead brakes, as one is wont to do in the Kruger Park when a herd of Cape Buffalo trods across the road. Trodding across the road in front of them is a herd of Cape Muslims, silent white ghosts in headscarves, marching for PAGAD, that controversial anti-drug, anti-gangster somewhat vigilante group-organisation-social movement-Jihad. The posters held high against the night sky proclaim clearly that these are enemies of our young friends.

FAGRIE

Eishh. Pagad. (He pronounces Pagad with a guttural G).

They all sink low in their seats. They look at each other shiftily.

FAIZEL

Hey guys, check this. Us ous here in our joy mobile are armed to the teeth with schedule-whatsoever drugs, hard booze...and possibly even lust for white women; definitely in your case Fagmie mah broe.

The others agree, laughing at Fagmie's racialised lust.

FAGMIE

Ja, so? Like the young Malcolm X, what!

FAIZEL

Three of the four of us are Muslims *nogal*. AND Fagrie and Fagmie, yous two are of the Le Fleur dynasty...

BRINTLEY

...your father Moegamat, being a celebrated brigand and narcotics dealer...

FAGRIE

Oh well said, well said. And you BRINTLEY, as chance would have it; you are the son of famous supercop Williams "Eagle" Arendse, a man not favoured by either the PAGAD or the gangster camp.

BRINTLEY

And our Faizel here, is the son of a community icon, and very much in the public eye.

FAIZEL

Duly noted. So ouens do not even show your noses above the dashboard!

They hunker down watching the sight in front of them. The PAGAD herd, placards aloft, tramp softly away into the suburbs. A low whistle from Faizel follows them. When the last PAGAD baby has disappeared into the night, Fagrie wheel-spins the hell out of there.

### **Scene Sixty Six**

**Ext/Int/Evening: Road and Car**

As the FOUR plateau on De Waal drive they are greeted with the land of Canaan, granted to them. Bright Lights, Big City. They quietly contemplate this new chapter of their lives. The puke attacks pass, leaving their minds now fresh to begin tripping in earnest.

## Scene Sixty Seven

### Int/ Night: Clubs

The FOUR hit three or four clubs: Electro, Breakbeat, Speed Garage (*almal daai styles - witmense se kak*) and some nice trashy Bruin-ou house at Plum Crazi, all washed down with fifteen tequilas, a couple of spliffs and various beers later, over and above the Ketamine.

## Scene One (return to scene one)

### Ext/ Night: Street

FAIZEL finds himself puking in the gutter on that balmy night in Long street. The DJINNS appear on their scooters:-

## Scene Sixty Eight

### Ext/ Dawn: Desert

**Subtitle:** Laeeqa: The Morning Star

In the indigo of early morning, the morning star remains hanging over Asia Minor. The massed armies of the Great Khan face off to that of the Egyptian Mameluke. They are a masterpiece of tiny detailed Persian Art: all metal, leather, revelry, gay banners and death. LAEEQA's eyes are indigo-black pits in the morning sky; irises on fire with star light. Her face is morning fog, drifting and reforming. Her misty face looks down with concern at the two armies below her. She leans over and blows a kiss at them. Knights fall asleep on their horses. Horses fall asleep under their knights. Elephants slow down and snooze on their feet. Whole battalions curl up for forty winks. Commanders drift into REM sleep. The morning star twinkles...

## Scene Sixty Nine

### Ext/ Night: Street

... held for a moment by FAIZEL's gaze. Inky streaks of hair blow in the scooterbreeze.

LAEEQA tosses her head away from Faizel's eyes and snakes her arms around the waist of...

## Scene Seventy

**Ext/ Noon: Grassy hill**

**Subtitle: Zaitoen: Olive**

Cicadas. Shimmering heat haze. Fields of grass singed ochre with the heat. An ancient olive tree stands alone on the coast of Moorish Spain. ZAITOEN, the Andalusian djinnee stretches up to grab a bunch of black olives. Her hair, in two big black frizzy beaver tails, bounces on her back as she lunges upwards. Her chunky brass ankle bracelets jangle at her feet, a spiderweb of henna whirls and twirls. She rises off the ground effortlessly, carrying her up to capture the olives. Her feet...

## Scene Seventy One

**Ext/ Night: Street**

... now in battered Adidas takkies, balance the scooter daintily on the tar. ZAITOEN's Andalusian sky blue eyes, with egg yellow sunshine blotches in her irises, gives FAIZEL a harsh once over. Her hennaed fingers wrap around the handle bars and she accelerates, lurching forward, the toes of her takkies dragging for an instant, ankle bracelets singing, beaver tails bouncing underneath her yellow helmet.

## Scene Seventy Two

**Ext/ Noon: Grassy hill**

**Subtitle: Najma: Herb**

Sea and sky merge into a white orb of humidity: the tropical whiteout. NAJMA steps into a steamy jungle clearing. She throws a seed onto the fertile black soil of the Maldives and falls to her knees, her thick braid of glossy black hair flopping over her shoulder. She places her nut brown hands flat on the ground, around the seed. Her eyelids close over her earth brown eyes with the green herb flecks. She trickles a delicate droplet of spit onto the seed. The herb

grows, and she smiles, exposing the gold filled gap between her front teeth. The herb garden springs up all around her, until she is a tangle of tickling green tendrils, calico sarong and many noserings. She giggles into the monsoon wind and...

### **Scene Seventy three**

**Ext/ Night: Street**

...purrs on her scooter, lifting the zol *skuif* to her purple lips and pulling deeply. NAJMA's eyelids narrow over her loamy eyes. She hunches over in a coughing fit, a tiny flame, escaping from her nose.

### **Scene Seventy Four**

**Ext/ Day: Sea**

**Subtitle: Lulu: Pearl**

LULU is perched on a rock on the Somali Coast of the Red Sea. The sun, behind her, lights up her hair into wild honey half-dreads half-afro. Her nose is burnt raw but she doesn't give a shit. From under the clear green water she is a dancing ripple. She dives and jets out of the bubble explosion at an intense speed, hurtling towards the seabed. The fish jewels dart away in surprise. On the Tastee Wheat sand lies an oyster as big as a Volksie. She hauls it open with her tiny tough hands. The pearl sits calmly in its home, unconcerned that it is now going to be stolen. Bubbles escape from Lulu's mouth. Her green eyes, irises shimmering with rainbow alabaster, gaze at the pearl. She lifts it out of its birthplace and heads for the surface. Suddenly an irritable octopus appears. Lulu kicks it effortlessly, bubbles escaping in a triumphant scream. A snapping moray eel darts out of the reef. She *klaps* it with one hand while holding the pearl in the other. She shoots out of the water, flies into the air and...

## **Scene Seventy Five**

### **Ext/ Night: Street**

...lands behind the coughing NAJMA. Saltwater sprays from LULU's hair and onto FAIZEL and his PALS. Lulu and Najma take off behind ZAITOEN and LAEEQA.

## **Scene Seventy Six**

### **Ext/ Night: Harbour**

#### **Subtitle: Reyhana: Scented Flower**

Reyhana, her pointed straw hat jammed on her head, guides her canoe in-between the junks and sampans of the twilight Javanese harbour. Her slant eyes, jet black with creamy lotus petals arranged around her pupils, look about calmly. The water erupts in a deadly fountain of cannon fire in front of her. The Dutch flag, riding high on its masthead above the shorter masts of the sampans, moves through the harbour like a plague. Reyhana paddles on, with an infinite string of water lilies forming in her wake as she heads towards the port, fast falling victim to the flames. She scoops up one of the drifting lilies and...

## **Scene Seventy Seven**

### **Ext/ Night: Street**

... buries her nose into it, curtained off from the world by her razor straight fringe and long, severely straight black hair. She sits cross-legged on top of a car, skateboard lying in her lap. A serene smile spreads across her face. As the djinns pass, she winks at them, leaping into the air, landing without impact and gliding along with them.

They disappear into the weekend traffic watched by the wretched Faizee. He wipes his woes away on his sleeve and returns to his life.

**Title:** on black :-

*" ' Take up this wretch,' he cried to the djinnee, 'and lay him to sleep in the privy' "*

- From Aladdin and the Enchanted Lamp

## **Scene Seventy Eight**

**Int/ Night: Flat**

LAEEQA, dressed in a grotty pink gown made of that synthetic flannel stuff that tends to form creepy little balls all over itself, with a sprawling embroidered mouse on each breast, is busy making popcorn. With abandoned concentration she mumbles verses of the Qur'an to herself.

LAEEQA

*"It has been revealed that a company of djinns listened to the Qur'an."*

She shakes the pot vigorously and listens to the kernels popping, hand cupped theatrically to her ear like a vaudevillian. She nods with satisfaction.

*"They said, 'We have really heard a wonderful recital!'"*

After dumping the popcorn into a huge bowl, salt cellar in one hand, Aromat in the other, she lets rip with both, tossing her head about to the words.

*"There were some foolish ones amongst us,  
Who used to utter extravagant lies against God;"*

Laeqa shuffles off to the lounge in her cow slippers, trying to throw popcorn in a well-timed arc, so that as she moves they will land in her mouth. This is something that not even djinns can manage, as evidenced by the trail of popcorn she leaves behind.

LAEEQA

*"But we do think that no man or spirit should say aught*

*That is untrue against God. True there..."*

She flops onto the sofa and peers at Disney's djinnee from the Alladin story, whirling about, grinning like the overeager beaver he is saying:-

DISNEY GENIE

*"... were persons among mankind who took shelter with,*

*Persons among the djinns, but they increased them in folly."*

After a split second of thought about the remarkable coincidence that the djinnee is continuing the verse she is reciting, she pokes the remote at the TV, killing that blue bufoon instantly. She changes to DSTV's Arabic language ART Africa channel, wriggles into the sofa and gobbles more popcorn. She listens attentively to the NEWSREADER barking out in Arabic:-

### **Scene Seventy Nine**

**Ext/ Day: Heaven**

NEWSREADER

*"And they came to think as we thought,*

*That God would not raise up anyone to judgement."*

LAEEQA watches the Qur'anic verses play themselves out on screen. The LEADER of a group of adventurous DJINNS is being interviewed by a smartly dressed female JOURNALIST in an Iranian style headscarf. He is standing in front of an immense sugarloaf mountain at the centre of a dismal red-earthed plane, atop of which, above cloud level, is a golden castle. ANGELS with helicopter hats are flitting around the minarets, busy with their allotted tasks. The mic is jabbed at the expedition leader. He says:

TEAM LEADER

*"And we pried into the secrets of heaven;  
But we found it filled with stern guards;  
And flaming fires."*

Filmed with a shaky palmcorder, angels wearing rippled leather armour with metal trimmings are standing steadfast at the gates of heaven. Flames rise up in front of the GUARDS, obscuring the picture. The team leader continues:-

TEAM LEADER

*"We used indeed to sit there in hidden stations,  
To steal a hearing;  
But any who listens now will find a flaming fire,  
Watching him in ambush."*

### **Scene Eighty**

**Ext/ Day: Heaven**

The DJINN ADVENTURERS are hidden in heaven's garbage dump: a huge mountain of tricycles, statues, frisbees, the dining car of the Orient Express, a few rolled up magic carpets, the Dallas Cowboys' helmets, the door of Fort Apache, the gold of Fort Knox, the bird of Great Zimbabwe, an English country garden, two dhows, the Dalai Lama's hat, a violin, two cellos, Einstein's notes... Just beyond the dump is an ANGEL SCHOOLMA'AM dressed in an acid orange PVC Punjabi, GI issue glasses slipping down her nose, with her hair piled into a hasty bun. She is reciting the Qur'an to a group of angel primary school learners. Curly mops, fluffy afros and smooth pigtails bob up and down as they listen to her, little wings flapping with the thirst for *dheen* (knowledge).

## SCHOOL MA'AM

*"And as for us, since we have listened,  
To the guidance, we have accepted it,"*

He indicates his fellow adventurers. Their cheeks are blackened with ash. Their eyes are burning swirls of orange, flickering on and off with exhaustion. Their designer expedition clothes are ruined, but they are serene. Or are they just comatose with exhaustion?

## TEAM LEADER

*"And any who believes in his Lord has no fear either,  
Of a short account, or of any injustice."*

**Scene Eighty One**

**Int/ Night: Flat**

## LAEEQA

Hmmm...

She pops a popcorn into her mouth and switches to MTV.

**Scene Eighty Two**

**Int/ Dawn: Bedroom**

## FATS

Faizoo batchoo, namaaz paro!

*Faizoo baby, come pray!*

FATIMA coos to Faizel with bitter cheerfulness. Every morning she rouses FAIZEL for *Fajr* (dawn) prayers, and every morning he refuses. Today is different though because they are planning to leave for Jo'burg to spend Eid with Fat's family in Mayfair.

FATS

We've got to make an early start. Beat the world to the prize  
my boy, the prize being...the world!

Her moronic little adage rings in his brain.

### Scene Eighty Three

**Int/ Dawn: Bathroom**

Busy plumbing out the puke from his body in the bathroom, his leg flapping in spasms of relief and disgust, FAIZEL vaguely hears FATS calling out for him to make sure that he gives the tyres a wash as well, when he washes the car.

FATS

Don' worry about polishing the tires but. That we can do when  
we come back is'n?

FATS seems to be speaking to herself more than to him. He scowls in sarcastic relief that the tyres need not be polished. Toothpaste still dripping from his mouth, he chucks the toothbrush into the cabinet and slams the cabinet door closed, revealing a flash of LAEEQA in the mirror. TCHAAA-TTCHAAAANG crashes the b-grade horror music in his head as he spins around to see. Of course there is nothing there.

### Scene Eighty Four

**Ext/ Dawn: Driveway**

Dawn just breaking, FAIZEL is busy with a slap-dash washing of the car. FATS trots outside, inquiring from him about the *padkos*.

FATS

Whatchoothink, I must make some boiled eggs quickly to put  
in the biryani? I know hahmuchtchoo like boiled eggs Faizee.

FAIZEL

Whatever Ma.

He contemplates spraying her back into the house so that he can continue with this fool's errand of washing a soon-to-be-dirtied car, in peace and quiet.

FATS

Ohhr but I foregot, ah must still tie some mango pickle for us, so when you finished, put the eggs on to boil Faizoo. And don't forget to make us a nice fresh little green salad.

He grunts.

### **Scene Eighty Five**

**Ext/ Day: Highway**

The journey up is lovely, seeing as Faizel has remembered to drop a cap of Acid, turning the summer Karoo into a fairyworld of neon greens and yellows and Fatima into a Jack-in-the-box cum ventriloquist doll cum Dulux rabbit, whose natterings sound vaguely like the twitterings of Jonathan Livingstone Seagull.

### **Scene Eighty Six**

**Int/ Morning: Mosque**

Eid prayers, are on the go. During the sermon FAIZEL finds himself battling with the dreaded attacks of pins and needles.

IMAM

Akeem-us-salah.

*Let us pray.*

Faizel screams soundlessly, and almost falls when they get up to pray.

### Scene Eighty Seven

**Int/ Day: Mosque**

Chowing of sweetmeats laced with elachi and rose water, millions of samoosas and *puri-patha* (yam leaf rolls) and biryani is well on the go.

### Scene Eighty Eight

**Ext/ Day: Zoo Lake**

FAIZEL is now on the shores of the holy Zoo Lake with his cousin NASEEMA. Naseema is shivering with excitement. The YOUNG SLAAM-OUS of Joburg are out and about, promenading around the lake showing off their new Eid clothes. From Diesel to Dolce and Gabbana, they are all there, checking each other out, the girls giggling, the guys acting like they are *mahmoos* (bigshots).

Two young *wit-ous*, a new age birdbrain and a limey trancebaby chick on holiday in South Africa, come ambling by, walking a daschund.

BIRDBRAIN.

Oh yes, it's Eid today.

TRANCEBABY

Eid? Wha's sat again?

The airhead, wanting to seem all clued up and culturally diverse explains:-

BIRDBRAIN

Eid is the yearly pilgrimage that Muslims make to Zoo Lake, where they dress up and circumlocute the lake.

The Limey chick nods, not at all convinced. She thinks to herself...

TRANCEBABY

Uhgnn, I wish it was next week already and the bloomin' Vortex party was over, then I won't never 'av to see this brute an' 'is fucking daschund never again. D'y'know wha' I mean.

NASEEMA

*Slaamleekum* heh-lo.

Naseema sings out the standard greeting of Muslim kugels as her cellphone bleats out a perversion of P. Diddy's "Can't hold me down". She twitters into the phone in her Mayfair accent.

NASEEMA

He what? He's here? You deedn't! Okay bye!

She turns to Faizel.

NASEEMA

Shiraz is here! Where's he! Where's he! Can you check him anywhere?

FAIZEL

I don't know who he is...

NASEEMA

There's he! Hey, don' look! Silly!

A carefully coifed young *slaam-ou*, SHIRAZ, in huge diesel boots and a neon orange astronaut's jacket is standing some distance away, surrounded by other similar young lameys.

So off Faizel and his cousin promenade, to get a closer look, and to make sure that that bitch Ayesha is not making eyes at Shiraz.

## Scene Eighty Nine

**Ext/ Day: Zoo Lake**

In the middle of the lake is a rowboat. Carefully arranged in various languorous positions are the djinns, doing carefully thought out semi-erotic summery things. ZAITOEN is chewing a reed stalk. REYHANA is trailing her hand through the water. NAJMA, her head in LULU's lap, is having her hair played with. LAEEQA, dressed in 1920's Sunday Afternoon Flapper-inspired outfit, is looking at Faizel through toy kaleidoscope binoculars. A myriad of Faizels, surrounded by flashing syrupy coloured lights are ambling along the lake edge. Laeeqa murmurs appreciatively in Arabic.

LAEEQA

Subhanallah. Jameelah...

*Praise God. Beautiful...*

The djinns follow her gaze, Laeeqa standing to get a better look. Zaitoen mischievously rocks the boat, almost tipping Laeeqa over. She squeals and grabs at the edge of the boat. In the kaleidoscope world the many Faizels look up, squinting to see what the commotion is all about.

## Scene Ninety

**Ext/ Day: Milky Lane**

That evening NASEEMA, on the trail of this stud SHIRAZ, but also because it is part of the Teen Eid ritual, coerces Faizel to accompany her to the Milky Lane in Randburg. Young SLAAM-OUS and SLAAM-STUKKIES are milling about, none of them eating ice cream, but all thinking of eating each other. BMW's, Golf Gti's with bee sting aerals and daddies'

Mercedes, many of them with number plates containing the much sought after holy numbers 786, are revving and driving here and there in the car park.

FAIZEL

Okay, you forced me to come here, now how about buying me a cone cuz.

NASEEMA

Whatchuwant? I'll buy, look I got Eidee.

She flashes notes at him.

FAIZEL

Champions man. Okay, I always wanted a ninety nine nutty dipped, but with two flakes. But I never had the cash, ever.

Cut to:-

Faizel, desperately in need of a high, stuffs the ninety-nine nutty-dipped into his mouth whole, flicking away the creamy mess from his fingers. Naseema scowls at him, looking up to check that Shiraz has not seen. Faizel could not be bothered. He is now so *gatvol* that he is glassy eyed.

### **Scene Ninety One**

**Int/ Day: House**

Faizel's aunties are "tying" Eid chows for Fats and him to take back to Cape Town with them. HAWA, the top dog aunty and Fatima's oldest sister, is controlling the operation at a high pitch screech.

HAWA

Hey, deed you tie enough biryani for Faizoo.

Their harassed sister-in-law, SARA, is busy "tying".

HAWA

Hey, but why you putting white rice? You know  
masala only Faizel likes!

Sara looks balefully at the aunty, understandably ignorant of Faizel's likes or dislikes. FAIZEL, tries to save Aunty Sara, her crime being to have dared marry one of the brothers of the seven dwarfs, Faizel's aunts.

FAIZEL

Actually, anything's fine Aunty Hawa.

Under her breath Sara grumbles.

SARA

Nothing is blerry good enough for you...

HAWA

What you said? Hey, just go fetch the taaameric and shut your  
blerrie mouth...

Sarah decides to do a tools-down and walks away mumbling something.

SARA

I donno why I married into this blerry family of seven dwarfs for  
sister-in-laws...

Aunty MOMIEN indicates with a toss of her head that Sara is being defiant.

MOMIEN

Soen! Soen! She's gonna go coax by Dawood.

*Listen! Listen!*

HAWA

What she said?

MOMIEN

She said we are seven du-waarfs. Ja, du-warfs, I think so...

HAWA

Whatthing?

MOMIEN

Ja. Thatthing. Du-warfs.

HAWA

Ohr! Ohr! Just wait i'm gonna go fix her up, fuckon blerry shit!

And as she lumbers after Sara...

HAWA

Ah'll bust her blerrie two front theeths for her...

Faizel looks about the kitchen, slightly at a loss. Finally he takes the biryani (in a five litre ice cream container), makes his *salaams* and walks away.

FAIZEL

Right then, slaamlikum everybody...

Just out the door his decrepit and outcast UNCLE GAF, also a drinking man, as evidenced by his mummified appearance, and something of an ally of Faizel's, grabs him by the sleeve.

GAF

You going back to the Cape now?

Faizel smiles weakly.

GAF

Ja, son, one thing, just remember the Bruin-ous are the main-ous  
and the Char-ous are the maar-ous.

*...Coloureds have the glory, Indians are scrawny...*

He bursts into a cackling, tortured laugh which infects Faizel. The uncle grabs Faizel's hand in his fragile, hungover, mangy paw, giving him an exaggerated double-handed grip.

GAF

Ja, you a membeh, you, Faizel. You a membeh.

*You're a member [a good guy]*

Faizel looks deeper into his uncle's eyes, seeing his pain. FATS suddenly appears and hustles Faizel out, giving her brother-in-law a cold goodbye.

FATS

'Ey these girls! Kamaan Faizel. Gaf...Slaamlikum.

## Scene Ninety Two

**Int/ Day: Car**

The drive back is pretty bleak for FAIZEE. The drug supply has dried up. The Karoo looks pretty normal now. The whole way FATS insists on playing the music of Amina Parker, The Songbird of Cape Town. Her sweet voice cries out religiously inspired songs as they speed past morning, mourning willow trees and snake through the Hex River valley. True, she has a good voice, but after hearing her 24-7, added to this, the fact that Fats' blissful swaying to the music is her way of passively punishing her wayward son, Faizel begins to feel pretty claustrophobic.

Cut to:-

With Table Mountain looming up Faizel sucks in a relieved breath, suddenly feeling trippy just from the vibes. Or is he forcing the feeling?

**Title:** On black :-

*"There must be a djinnie in this cupboard!" exclaimed one of the neighbours.*

*"Let us set fire to it!" cried the mob.*

- The Tale of the Young Woman and Her Five Lovers

### **Scene Ninety Three**

**Ext/ Night: Pavement café**

The PALS are sitting at a pavement table at Mr Pickwicks on Long Street.

FAGMIE.

So ja, I had me first two Redbulls, just to *maar get a bit of energy...*

FAIZEL, tries to sound interested.

FAIZEL

Just to help digest the Labarang chow...

*...Eid chow.*

FAGMIE

Ja, dji wiet mos how it goes my broe...AND THEN,

we started! Eyoh, yoh, yoh, ask him!"

*Yes, you know, after all, how it goes brother...*

Faizel, as instructed, looks to the eager-to-please FAGRIE for confirmation.

FAGRIE

Duidelik my broe.

*Definitely brother.*

## FAGMIE

I think I must have had me a whole-half-a bottle of Smirnoff...  
 AND I don't know how many beers; three, was it three? Ja,  
*ek dink* so, three Bacardi Breezers, about sixteen...no eighteen  
 shots; I don't know what, like Blowjobs, Tequila Slammers, B52's  
*wat-wat-en-wat*. THEN, I said *nai, vokkit*, because I couldn't  
 reach the zone *mos*, so I said to the *ouens* don't *dalah*, we'll  
 go buy us a bottle there by *wats sy naam*, Bradley, ja. That  
*smokkie* there by Page Street man. So I had me a whole  
 Fish Eagle, neat, man, like it was juice, and then...

Fagmie's words fade until his mouth moves soundlessly. Faizel's mind is now free to absorb other input. Leaving Fagmie to yap on, his eyes drift. Directly across the street is The Date Palm Mosque, built 1802. The Esha prayer has just ended and the faithful are trickling out of the mosque. A woman in a white *burkha* steps onto the street. A twinkle of starlight flashes across his retina. Fagmie still yapping on, Faizel keeps his eyes fixed on her. As SHE turns to walk down the street, polyester baby blue *juzdaan* (Qur'an bag) tucked under her arm, he clearly sees that it is the woman on the scooter from the night before. Now, however, she is not Fellini black and white, but grainy and languid, like an arty romantic Tunisian film.

**Scene Ninety Four****Int/ Night: Club**

Later that night the boys find themselves at Bronx, undisputed capital of the Maffie Mile. Sure, there is little perving for straight guys to be had at Bronx, seeing that it is a gay joint, but there is no covert charge, and queens sure know how to party. FAIZEL is shuffling along on the stage, to the jackhammerings of Techo, watching men sticking their tongues down each other's throats. He is carefully trying to avoid eye contact with, but yet still watching in half-horror, half-fascination, the PRETTY BOY on the bar counter. The lad is gyrating in his jocks, pants around his knees, leather cap perched on his head. Faizel's eyes drift towards the people around the bar. Fag-hagging it up, there is that star-eyed woman again, laughing

huskily and hanging on to beautifully fat MOFFIES with razor tongues. Is that not her ENTOURAGE that were with her the other night? Now they are arranged along the bar, like night orchids, amongst the sleaze of Tuesday night Cape Town clubbing, sipping massive cocktails.

A middle aged paunchy guy, with a mullet hairstyle that every mechanic from Germiston dreams of cultivating from birth, touches Faizel on the arm. He is wearing a sleeveless photographer's jacket, a dead give-away that he is a PORNOGRAPHER.

But what does Faizel have to fear from a pornographer? The skin-flick maker ushers Faizel off to the bar for a drink, guiding him with a light touch of his middle finger on Faizel's elbow. BRINTLEY and the TWINS watch as Faizel falls into a deep chat with the man.

FAGMIE

That guy is definitely a pornographer man. Check him.

BRINTLEY

No fully, I saw him on Felicia man. With that chick of his with the buck teeth man...Whats-her-name...

FAGRIE

Oh yis, I know who you mean my broe! Yoh, but she looks weee-ird man! Those huge teeth, and that big hair.

BRINTLEY

From all the fucking. It makes you weird like that.

FAGRIE

Nah. You think.

BRINTLEY

Yis. It's mos stressful.

FAGMIE

But they look like they are having a deep chat there. Maybe

Faizel wants to branch out into blue movies?

The truth of it is that Faizel is feeling the need to branch off into more exciting filmmaking, and here, as luck would have it, is an established, successful, daring, mullet-haired Renaissance Man, extremely interested in getting into business with him.

### Scene Ninety Five

**Int/ Morning: Bedroom**

The next morning, FAIZEL is feeling rather furry from the night's jolling. It being almost eight, and there being many errands to run, FATS feels no qualms about hauling the duvet off the boy. In vain he tries to hide his early morning boner.

FATS

Hey lazy bones. Upsy daisy.

### Scene Ninety Six

**Int/ Morning: Kitchen**

FATS plugs FAIZEL with coffee, and then hits him with the news:

FATS

Zuleikha Parker is coming to visit me at ten...and she's coming with her daughter Amina...

FAIZEL

Amina Parker?

## FATS

Yes, Amina Parker, The Songbird of Cape Town! It is so natural that you two should meet. I mean within our so-called Muslim community's miniature Hollywood, you Faizel, are a celebrity, a bigshot director, virtually the John Singleton of Athlone. And Amina is virtually a Bollywood songstress. Ja, ja, your old mother is with it man!

She gives herself a thumbs up.

You will have so much to talk about.

He had heard she was gorgeous and sure he would like to bone her, but a matchmaking session over samoosas and tea with their mothers? Not.

**Scene Ninety Seven**

**Int/ Morning: House**

But he has no choice in the matter. None of them have. There are social forces at work. The timid girl and her pushy mother, arrive.

FATS

Salaaaaaam Zuleikha. How youuuu?

ZULEIKHA

Al-gam-doe-lil-lah Fatima. And youuuu? Salaam Faizel!

FAIZEL

Salaam Aunty.

take my husband...

The mothers' voices begin to sound sweet to Faizel as sleep approaches. AMINA's be-scarfed face looks like a be-scarfed anaemic little mouse...and he falls asleep...

AMINA (to herself)

Hmmm, cute, good genes. Too much of a flake though.

and he recovers...and falls asleep...and shudders awake. Ah, safe, undiscovered.

### Scene Ninety Eight

Ext/ Morning: House

At the end of the visit, at the doorway, and then in the driveway, everyone is all bubbly with relief, each for their own reasons.

FATS

Well thanks for coming. It was lovely. A break from w...

ZULEKHA

...ork...

FATS

...ork. You know, i'm usually so bu...

ZULEKHA

...busy. Ja, I know how it is.

The guests get into their car.

FATS (to herself)

Good job. I think it's a flop up.

Faizel notices his mother's relief.

FAIZEL (to himself)

Hurry up man! Mrs Parker, don't be sad. You the only winner here; scum like your Faizee here should not be allowed near your little canary.

He gives a firm raised-arm, stiff-handed wave of the type that uncles in driveways perform the world over, synchronising his body with the moving car.

Cut too:-

Fats gives Faizel a list of inane errands to run, and off he goes.

FATS

And make sharp with these things, cos we had a slow start this morning.

## Scene Ninety Nine

**Ext/ Morning: Road**

Hurtling along Klipfontein road FAIZEL passes newspaper headline posters announcing: " Waterfront struck by blast. PAGAD blamed " and "State cracks down on Muslim vigilantes".

## Scene Hundred

**Ext/ Morning: Waterfront**

Entering town FAIZEL slows down for a road-block at the Waterfront. The joint is alive with *boere* (cops) in their yellow Caspers. Alsations, suffering from nerves, are straining on their

leashes and barking their jaws off. He notices a brace of cops, hefty with flak jackets, *vroeteling*, around in an old Toyota, like blue beavers. The occupants of the car are standing around looking patiently frustrated. Faizel almost has a fender bender when he sees that the girl in the baseball cap, Levis and platform takkies is Her...AGAIN.

SHE looks at him for an instant as he drives past. The starlight is dulled with sadness.

FAIZEL

Shit its her again...With her bahlie?

...With her father?

She appears to be with her FATHER. He is a short, wiry, middle-aged *slaam-ou* in a long white *kurta* and a surprisingly hip, leather *kufiya*. His beard is long, wiry and scraggly. He is shaved bald, almost certainly from a recent trip to Mecca. The patchwork, balloonified leather jacket, with a sideways zip effort on it, is further proof that the man is freshly back from Mecca, seeing as these leather jackets usually accompany pilgrims back to South Africa after a shopping spree in the duty-free port of Jeddah.

FAIZEL

Hmmm, the Bahlie is fresh from haj. Got the jacket from Jeddah and the hairstyle too...

The *bahlie*, glances at Faizel. For an instant the man's eyes are a pop-art lollipop twirl of hellfire red and icy white. Faizel looks away quickly and drives on.

## Scene Hundred and One

### Ext/ Morning: Camps Bay

FAIZEL speeds off down the Atlantic Seaboard heading towards Camps Bay, a suburb where any pornographer of good taste would live. REYHANA, ramping off a half-pipe, spots Faizel in mid-air as he drives past. The other DJINNS are sitting around drinking quarts of Black

Label and representing for all the skatechicks out there, djinn or human. Faizel winds his way up into the heart of Camps Bay and stops outside a mansion befitting of a porn star.

## Scene Hundred and Two

**Int/ Morning: Mansion**

And so FAIZEL is ensnared, for a day, by pornographers. At the door he is greeted by a FAMILIAR FACE. He has seen those buck teeth and that magnificent Jersey Girl coif before; in quite a few pornos, actually. She greets him in a thick Benoni accent.

FAMILIAR FACE

Hallo. Hallo. Do come in. We have been expecting you.

She plugs a Martini into his hand and guides him to the balcony. Sitting on a deckchair is the blue MOVIEMAKER. Here and there wannabee porn starlets are draped. The smut-monger grabs Faizel by the hand warmly.

MOVIEMAKER

Howzit mah boy! Welcome, welcome to my pad...Come.

Once again he guides Faizel along with the light touch of his extended middle finger on Faizel's elbow.

MOVIEMAKER

Ja, me and you, I see a good future ahead for us. In terms of the adult industry, and you and me collaborating...this is a first.

They pass by a young brown inner thigh, a furrow of coke lining its way along towards the polka-dot bikini. The porno merchant leans over. He is passed a rolled up two hundred Rand note. Leaning over, he schnarfs in the powder in mid stride. Faizel's mouth waters at the sight

And with your assistance, we can enter the Cape Flats. Now  
that's the real goldmine. Mocca, honey, chocolate covered...

Faizel feels the man's hand creeping in between his legs. His lips are puckered into a kiss.

Faizel speedily exits the Jacuzzi...

### **Scene Hundred and Five**

**Ext/ Morning: Mansion**

...and the house, proudly striding out the door in his boxers, clothes draped around his arm.

Behind FAIZEL the derisive cackles of the poultry of that porno playpen can be heard.

### **Scene Hundred and Six**

**Int/Morning: Bo-Kaap House**

FAIZEL is back at work that afternoon filming the reception of a wedding in the Bo-Kaap. The GROOM is presenting the bridal suite to his in-laws. AUNTIES are bustling around clucking their approval.

AUNTY 1

Nee wat, dis mooi. Goeie quality. Waarvandan het hulle  
dit gekoop?

*No, what, it's pretty. Good quality. From where did they  
buy it?*

AUNTY 2

Zhauns?

AUNTY 1

Zhauns?

AUNTY 2

Nee, ek wietie.

*No, I don't know.*

AUNTY 1

Oh. Nee dis mooi.

*No, it's pretty.*

Lying in the brand new Sealy Posturpedic Queen Sized sleeping machine (a.k.a bed) is THAT GIRL ...again. Dressed in chequered men's pyjamas, she is concentrating hard on doing her nails, her tongue creeping out of the side of her mouth. Faizel pulls away from the eyepiece and peers at the bed.

The severely straight and pristine new bedclothes, with a murmuring aunty fingering them, is all there is to be seen.

AUNTY 1

En die? Ook baie mooi. Nee, die' is van Zhauns;  
nie daai nie.

*And this? Also very pretty. No, this is from Zhauns;  
not that.*

AUNTY 2

Sieker ja.

*Should be, yes.*

He looks back into the viewfinder and there she is again, trapped inside the camera, starry eyes looking about interestedly at the interior of the camera. She turns and looks him straight in the eye. He jerks his head back and looks at the bed again. She is now standing in the doorway, outstretched arm propping her up, the other arm saucily cocked on her hip.

Determined to confront this bewitchment, he strides towards her. She turns and flees, darting down the passage, zigzagging through the people.

Faizel finds himself bumping into stocky little UNCLES and snagging himself on the chiffon scarves of the women. Laeeqa barges right through everyone in her pyjamas, unseen, but leaving behind her a wake of destruction when she runs over the sweetmeat table.

## **Scene Hundred and Seven**

**Ext/Morning: Bo-Kaap House**

Dashing out the front door and leaping on to the cobblestones, LAEEQA bulldozes her way through the CHOIR singing Cape Malay songs. Their voices reach a high falsetto when she penetrates their lungs.

CHOIR

Jy is die mooiste rooOOOSSS IN MY TUINNN...

*You are the loveliest rose in my garden...*

Panting, Laeeqa finds herself in a totally enclosed courtyard with nothing but two huge biryani cauldrons on an open fire. The lid flies off one of them and she disappears into the dhal. FAIZEL arrives a moment later. He looks around, notices the open pot and looks into it. Bubbles pop merrily at the surface.

**Title:** On black :-

*"You have freed me," said the djinnie, "therefore you must die."*

- From One Thousand and One Arabian Nights

### **Scene Hundred and Eight**

#### **Ext Morning: Suburban streets**

FAIZEL, understandably shaken by the previous day's encounters, needs a hit of something bad. He peddles out of his driveway and onto the street on his BMX, hot on the trail of Achmat in his soft-serve mobile, the song of which can be heard in the distance. A beanie is jammed low on his head.

Faizel turns a corner and approaches BRINTLEY, wearing a tiny sunhat, peddling the other way.

FAIZEL

Orale homes, que pasa?

*Howzit homes, what's up?*

He touches one fistful hand lightly to his chest, feeling like he is deep in the barrio of East L.A.

BRINTLEY

Vatos Locos forever.

Brintley answers, giving Faizel the "V. L" sign with his one hand, while with the other hand he grips the handlebars and a packet of bread and milk from the *bahbie* shop.

They pass each other, not another word exchanged, as it should be amongst ultra-cool Chicanos, walking the tightrope of life and death in the ghetto.

The tune getting louder, Faizel turns another corner and spots the ice cream van far down the street. Mightily relieved, he cycles onwards. Suddenly a navy blue Ford Cortina comes screeching up a side road and swerves in front of Achmat. Two FATSOS, shirts stuffed into their too-tight stone-washed jeans, toting shotguns and wearing black and white chequered headscarves, spill out of the car. Faizel stops and watches in terrible fascination as the vigilantes, also imagining themselves to be in East L.A (or East Beirut), pump lead into both ice cream van and ice cream man. The shooters pile back into the car and it takes off, screeching down the quiet roads. The merry soft-serve mobile tune tinkles on as ACHMAT dies at the wheel.

### **Scene Hundred and Nine**

#### **Ext/Night: Adderly street**

FAIZEL and BRINTLEY are walking under the Christmas lights on Adderley Street, which are being switched on, in a progressive tide above the pair. All around them the festivities of the light-switching-on-carnival are in full swing. FATHER CHRISTMAS, in his cotton wool beard, is riding atop a vintage Fire Engine. Standing next to Claus, the KFM DEEJAY is howling over the mic.

#### **KFM DEEJAY**

Please people, we are asking you to donate generously for a new leg for Clarence. Clarence, as we said, who is a street kid; Clarence whose birthday it will be on Christmas day. Let us ensure that Farmer Christma...I mean Farther Christmas will pay Clarence a visit. After all people...

Brintley is wearing a Tupac-style, intricately folded, bandanna. A triangular flap hovers over his left eye, turning him into a mean one-eyed jack. At his side is a fluffy velvet cellphone pouch. Faizel is slightly unsteady from being slightly drunk. Above them, neon angels and stars are lighting up in their wake.

## BRINTLEY

So ja, I been hinting to my Mommy to get me a clay baker for Christmas. It's the best way to roast chicken. You see, you just *maar* put the chicken in the clay baker..."

They pass under a massive billboard advertising Lifebuoy soap. Holding up the bar of soap is a massive picture of LAEEQA, looking like a fresh young Muslim homemaker, grinning with the knowledge of the power of Lifebuoy.

...and then put it in the oven, and it cooks in its own juices man.

Faizel, still facing forward, without even a break in his stride, gives the billboard a quick upward glance and looks away. He is fed up with these hallucinations.

But you must *mos* add your herbs. You know, your thyme, your rosemary...and mint, ja, mint is essential.

Brintley pauses to blow his nose into a delicate blue tissue. Behind them the picture of Laeeqa is not very impressed at being dissed. She looks down at Faizel, her forehead furrowed with rejection.

Rub the skin with 'n bietjie knoffel...

...a little garlic...

**Scene Hundred and Ten****Ext/Night: Streets**

Later that night they are climbing into Faizel's car. The *Kwerekwere*, dressed in a spiffy neon "Car Guard" apron, appears at Faizel's window for his pay. FAIZEL stares at him. The Zairean

CAR GUARD first looks, then also stares back. They stare and stare. The car guard finally breaks into a smile. Faizel still stares.

CAR GUARD

Comment vous me regardez comme ca, mon ami ?

*Why do you look at me so my friend?*

Faizel answers with savage calm.

FAIZEL

Jou ma.

*Your mother.*

BRINTLEY shifts nervously.

Hey, jou ma.

Faizel stretches out his arm and stuffs fifty cents into the car guard's hand. The car guard looks at the fifty cents as if for the first time. Faizel stares at the fellow and then claws the fifty cents out of his hand. The car guard laments.

CAR GUARD

Il y a une probleme? Il est un travail beaucoup necesairre que je fais ici. Il y a beaucoup de criminals dans cette rue.

*Is there a problem. I'm doing a necessary job here. There are many criminals in this street.*

Brintley leans over and addresses the harassed fellow.

BRINTLEY

Il n y a pas une probleme. Mon ami, il bois beaucoup donc il dit

con maintenant. Sorry, man.

*There's no problem. My friend just drinks alot therefore he's talking  
shit now.*

Brintley stretches over and hands the Zairean a five Rand coin. Faizel stares at Brintley for a moment, envious of his broken French.

CAR GUARD

Merci.

*Thank you.*

Faizel, eager to get the last word in, looks back to the car guard.

FAIZEL

Quoi? Quoi ? Ca va?

*What? What? Cool?*

Brintley waves to the car guard and they shoot off.

## **Scene Hundred and Eleven**

**Ext/Dawn: Beach**

Dawn is breaking on Llandudno beach. Brintley and Faizel, wilted butterflies, are winding their way through gaps in the steep vertical rock faces. The erotic smell of fresh seaweed drifts into their noses.

FAIZEL

Mmm, smell that my man. Like young fresh whore fanny.

BRINTLEY

Sis man! You sexist.

They leave the rocks and walk onto the sand and towards the water. Brintley is still explaining his recipe to Faizel.

BRINTLEY

But the real trick behind the clay baker is when you make roast potatoes in it. You check, when the chicken is roasted, you take it out...

They dash up the beach to avoid the rush of foam heading towards them.

...and you put the potatoes into the clay baker, into that same chicken gravy man. And then you put it back in the oven, and then say, a half an hour later, it's done...all crispy...*lekker*.

He kisses his fingers in emphasis.

FAIZEL

So since when could you tjune in French *my broe*.

BRINTLEY

Well, you check, when I finish my cooking course...

FAIZEL

When you start your cooking course!

BRINTLEY

EK't alreeds ge-register my broe. When I finish I plan to go to France ... to learn the classical French style, as a basis for further culinary experimentation later, you check. So I'm learning French part time with this French aunty in Landsdowne.  
...*I've already registered bro*'.

A wave rushes up and wets them to the thighs. Faizel yelps with the shock of the cold water, his mind rushing with envy, *gatvoligheid*, frustrated ambition and confusion.

### Scene Hundred and Twelve

**Ext/Dawn: Bo-Kaap**

**Subtitle:** *Tweede Nuwe Jaar* (January 2)

The Bo Kaap at dawn on the morning of *Tweede Nuwe Jaar* (January 2): minarets, wors-roll stands, aunties in scarves and cloaks, cobblestones and throngs of FESTIVE BO-KAAPENAARS.

### Scene Hundred and Thirteen

**Int/Dawn: Car**

FAIZEL and his cronies are sitting in his mother's car, wedged into a Bo-Kaap side street. Coons pass by the gap behind them, framed by the buildings. FAIZEL is busy cutting a few lines of coke for themselves to get hyped for a heavy day of filming. Faizel wants to capture the images of the Coon Carnival on his mother's mini-DV camera. He schnarfs a fat line for himself and passes the glossy mag and hundred rand note to BRINTLEY next to him.

FAIZEL

I'm sick of filming weddings, you check. I want to film something new, try to get a fresh perspective, sien djy?  
...you see?

FAGRIE

I dunno. Its just a bunch of vokken coons, but if...

FAGMIE snorts and hands over the stuff to FAGRIE.

BRINTLEY

Naai broe, I'm with you. Tweede Nuwe Jaar is a tradition, and our Faizel here, he's been busy filming slaamse traditions since his little lightie days. He's qualified.

FAGMIE

Overqualified, therefore application rejected.

The twins laugh as the coke makes them aggressive.

BRINTLEY

Need help? Sound maybe?

FAIZEL

Thanks broe. I want to travel light though, for access, you check, and get some lekker handhelds and so on.

He spills out of the car, like a special forces diver out of a dinghy, followed by his colleagues.

## Scene Hundred and Fourteen

Ext/Morning: Bo-Kaap

Faizel dives into the throngs. Through the DV camera we see panels of bright yellow, fire-engine red, navy blue, *naartjie* orange and pristine white on the umbrellas and uniforms of the *Klopse* (minstrels). Sunglasses over painted faces laugh into camera; whistles and umbrellas bob up and down. The banners of the *Klopse* teams flash by: Penny Pincher All Stars, Parker's Pit-Stop Swingers and Schotse Kloof Quicksteppers.

## Scene Hundred and Fifteen

**Ext/Day: Green Point**

The Coon Carnival whistles, shuffles and marches its way down Main Road, now sweltering under the Green Point sun. FAIZEL is still pretty coked up and feeling hyped. Straggling COONS, clowning about in the traffic, hats in hand, are begging for money from passing motorists. Too bad for a drunk renegade *KLOPS*, that he approaches Faizel while he is filming.

**KLOPS**

Het djy nie n twee Rand vir my kanala bhayi.

*Don't you have a two Rand for me please brother?*

Faizel and his crowd ignore the minstrel. BRINTLEY gives a shrug.

Hey, don' be like that now brudther.

They ignore him.

Het djy permission gekry om os te film, brudther?

*Did you get permission to film us, brother?*

They ignore him. A FELLOW COON chancer joins him and adds:-

**FELLOW COON**

Wat gat hier aan?

*What's up here?*

The first minstrel mumbles something to his buddy.

KLOPS (mumbled)

Hulle dink dat hulle kan vir ons net film sonder permission...

Is'sie fair nie...

*They think that they can just film us without permission.*

*It's not fair...*

FELLOW COON

Yis, You need to pay us a commission brudther.

FAGRIE is stiffening like a pit-bull. Faizel is filming the parade, but prickling with anger.

The original troublecauser sticks his hand over the lens. Faizel flips. He bashes the coon full in the face with the camera. And punches out at his stumbling body. Before the second *klops* can even re-act, Fagrie, thinking of himself as Van Damme, launches into him with a flying kick. All four kick and jump on the fallen coons. Suddenly they are fallen upon from COONS of various teams, not sparing the usage of umbrellas, shoes and Black Label quarts on the bodies of the foursome.

### **Scene Hundred and Sixteen**

**Ext/Dawn: Field**

**Subtitle:** Deserted field - Lotus River – soon after dawn prayers

MOEGAMAT LE FLEUR, Fagrie and Fagmie's father, is taking a short cut across the field from the mosque after the *Fajr* prayer. He greets a man coming along the pathway. The man mumbles a reply, turns as he passes Moegamat and shoots his brains out. The ASSASSIN walks on, hands stuffed into his tracksuit-top pockets.

## **Scene Hundred and Seventeen**

**Ext/Early Evening: Highway**

**Subtitle:** Athlone Off Ramp -Vanguard Drive.

A car, that had been quite smart a moment ago, is now a smoking bullet riddled coffin standing on the verge of the highway. Another car filled with SHADOWY FIGURES, races away into the distance, exhaust smoke providing a shoddy smoke screen. He, WILLIAMS ARENDSE, once the head of the special unit investigating gangsterism and vigilantism on the Cape Flats, and the father of Brintley, is now a dead thing lying slumped over the steering wheel, bleeding into the upholstery.

## **Scene Hundred and Eighteen**

**Ext/Early Evening: Muslim Cemetary**

FAGRIE and FAGMIE are part of the snake of humanity bearing Moegamat's body aloft towards his grave. We hear the voice of a newsreader.

### **NEWSREADER**

In a bizarre turn of events, key leading figures of two opposing sides in the drug war raging on the Cape Flats were wiped out today.

FAIZEL and BRINTLEY try to join the mass to also have the honour of bearing the body, but merely get a loose grip and are then lost in the fray.

Notorius drug merchant, Moegamat Le Fleur was gunned down in a deserted field in Lotus River early this morning, on his way back from the Seventh Street Mosque. Le Fleur was the link between South African drug cartels, and their Nigerian suppliers. The Seventh Street mosque was allegedly their meeting place.

## Scene Hundred and Nineteen

### Ext/Day: Christian Cemetery

From the coffin's view we see FAIZEL, FAGMIE, FAGRIE and BRINTLEY throwing flowers into the grave, which drift down slowly. The newsreader continues.

#### NEWSREADER

At sunset that same day, Le Fleur's key opponent WILLIAMS ARENDSE, once head of the special unit investigating gangsterism and vigilantism on the Cape Flats was found dead in his bullet riddled car on the verge of Vanguard Drive in Athlone. This leaves a vacuum of leadership of the opposing forces in this war, which experts predict will lead to further instability in this troubled area.

## Scene Hundred and Twenty

### Ext/ Evening: Inner city lot

FAIZEL drives up to the party, looking out for a parking. The newsreader finishes the story. HIP HOP HEADS are drifting through the night towards the entrance of the party. In a dilapidated inner-city lot, between two derelict buildings and a broken barbed wire fence, a Hip Hop *jo!* is happening. Old school Cape Flats Hip Hoppers, representing since the eighties, middle class MTV black consciousness *bruin-ou* types, Punk Rock skateboarding graffiti writers, R and B diva look-alikes and art school Wiggers are crowded together into this concrete niche. They have congregated to watch the battle for the position of best breakdancing crew in the city. The hip hop activist GURU at the mic, dressed in a neat Adidas tracksuit, the power suit of this industry, is opening the proceedings. A slow beat, full of booming bass and interlaid with sampled whoops and sudden squeaks, is being spun on the turntables by the DJ. Next to the guru, the MC is mumbling something into the microphone, shuffling slowly, head down. The guru takes the mike and states plainly:-

#### GURU

Mitchell's Plain.

The crowd replies, arms rising and falling in time to their cries.

CROWD

HO!

GURU

Grassy Park.

CROWD

HO!

GURU

Athlone.

CROWD

HO!

GURU

Rondebosch?

The Wiggers cry out, some of them virtually screaming with over-enthusiasm.

WIGGERS

HO!

GURU

Delft, is djy hier?

*Delft, are you here?*

The Delft contingent is small but vocal.

#### DELFTOIDS

HO!

#### GURU

Kuilsriver, ek wiet djulle's hier!

*Kuilsriver, I know you are here!*

The Kuilsriver posse grin.

#### KUILSRIVERIANS

Ho!

Faizel is leaning, alone, quart in hand, against a school-issue table that serves as the bar, watching the scene. Splotches of bold colour, proud natural-fibre materials and outrageous synthetics, old dreadlocks, baby afros, carefully messy Wigger hairstyles, nose-rings, bull-rings, spray-cans, Harlem chic, retro, millennial, skateboards, slops and fat takkies all hop in relative harmony in front of him. He has just seen his friends through the funerals of their fathers' and is feeling rather receptive to this synergy playing out before him.

One of the LEADING B-BOYS, now a judge in the contest, is silently shaping the crowd into a circle using firm gestures. Then, with exaggerated firm thrusts, he begins sweeping the glass and stones out of the area, clearing it for the B-BOYS.

LAEEQA, dressed in a slim, white, lycra, hooded-dress and white slops, sidles up to the bar and stands next to Faizel. Her fingers, almost covered by the long sleeves, grip the table as she leans against the edge. She crosses her feet carefully in front of her, and looks out at the scene. Faizel plugs a cigarette into his mouth and begins patting his pockets for a light.

Laeqa leans towards him, brushing a stray clump of hair back under her hood. The cigarette

immediately lights up. Faizel pulls in the smoke, nodding a thank you. He blows out the smoke and lets his hand fall, trying not to show too much surprise at the fireless lighting of his cigarette. Still looking straight ahead Faizel finally speaks to her.

FAIZEL

What are you?

Protruding beyond the rim of her hood, her eyelashes blink; once. She turns and looks at him, his profile facing her.

LAEEQA

I'm Laeeqa. Pleased to meet you.

She smiles bravely, her sleeved hand stuck out for a handshake. He gives her hand a quick glance, but just with his eyes, looks back towards the b-boys, then looks back at her. He gingerly takes her hand. She cocks her head at him, keeping the star-light to a minimum. He holds her hand for a millisecond and then withdraws; folding his arms and continuing watching the b-boys. Laeeqa returns her hand to its position on the table's edge and also looks towards the competition.

The floor show part of the contest is on, where each team of breakdancers has four minutes to show off their stuff. *Skraal*, mad creatures they are, each crew almost always blessed with a tiny ten year old kid that must have had flea on one side of his or her family and locust on the other.

Laeqa edges along the table, getting closer to Faizel. Faizel stiffens slightly. Laeeqa steals a quick glance at him. He pretends to relax.

Over the mic, the guru reminds the breakdancers off the rules.

## GURU

One more move, just one more move.

Laeeqa's fingers creep along the table edge like an ivory spider.

The b-boy teams are facing off to each other, pronking about, daring each other to stretch the envelope that bit further and hold off dying of a broken neck for that much longer. One *skollie* from Kraaifontein bounces along on his head, hops back on to his dry-skin suffering stork legs, sneers at the opposing team, and pulls of his Polly Shorts, letting them fall to his knees. The other team cries out in mock outrage.

## OPPOSING TEAM

Whoaa!

He flicks his shorts back on skilfully and jabs his fingers, crooked into some-or-the-other handsign, at them.

Laeeqa has penetrated Faizel's space. He can hear his breathing in his own head; rather ragged and inelegant it sounds. He still looks forward, but he can feel her buzzing, alive, next to him. With her hooded head down she runs her fingers over his.

There is a commotion on the dancefloor. They look up, letting their hands fall to their sides. The guru reprimands the intruders calmly but firmly.

## GURU

Sisters, please clear the dance floor.

An unregistered act has invaded the floor. Faizel and Laeeqa move forward craning their necks to have a look. Laeeqa is hopping to get a better look, using the heavy shouldered

homey in front of her as a support. Faizel sees at once that it is Laeeqa's gang at the centre of the circle. Laeeqa whoops excitedly, hopping now in glee.

#### GURU

Sisters, please clear...

The DJINNS are all wearing hats, caps and beanies low over their faces. Their psychedelic eyes, bright with excitement, flash from under their hats every now and then. Lulu is springing around the circle urging the crowd to give them space.

#### GURU

Oraait, oraait, gaat mah aan...

*Alright, alright, go on...*

The guru concedes, after noting that the crowd is too interested in this renegade act for him to stop anything. He grins in exasperation to the DJ next to him.

REYHANA appears at the DJ's side toting a crate, almost her size, stuffed with records. The DJ looks to the guru who shrugs. The DJ moves aside. Reyhana, baseball cap pulled low over her face, takes up position at the decks. She flips vinyl into the air and slaps it onto the turntables.

The sound of a million bees swarms out of the speakers and around the crowd.

#### SAMPLE

BBbbbBBBZzzzZZzzzz....

Over the speakers we hear the sampled voice of a 1950's newsreader.

## SAMPLE

Citizens, we urge you to stay indoors, keep your windows shut,  
hide your jars of honey. We have been invaded by Bee-girls!

The crowd whoop in approval as the beats bust into their eardrums.

## CROWD

Whoaaa!

The djinns let rip with a floorshow of painstaking simplicity, punctuated with reality bending moments, where they seem to freeze in the air with perfect uniformity. All the crowd can say as they watch these unknown B-girls slowing down and speeding up in mid-air, as if gravity is just a theory to them, is:-

## CROWD

Whoaaa!

The djinns keep it subtle, though. Hip Hop heads would leave that night, not quite able to pinpoint what had been unreal about the show.

Laeeqa looks at Faizel, who is hopping with the crowd. She smiles and leans towards him whispering into his ear.

## LAEeqA

I'm a djinn..

He shouts, not able to hear above the music.

## FAIZEL

What?

Zaitoen and Najma lift Lulu into the air in a cheerleader pyramid-type effort and let her fall. She recovers like a cat thrown into the air and cruises to earth. The guru approves over the mic.

GURU

Whoaho!

Laeqa confesses, virtually screaming into his ear.

LAEEQA

I'm a djinn. The five of us...We'rE ALL DJINNS."

The guru splutters, totally sold by these Bee-girls.

GURU

Whoaaa...

Laeqa whispers into Faizel's ear, grasping the back of his head in her hand.

LAEEQA

We are of fire free of smoke.

Faizel stares at her for a moment and then looks back to the floorshow. He answers calmly.

FAIZEL

Balls.

LAEEQA

Look...

Laeeqa tugs at his sleeve and jerks her head. He looks at the crowd. They have been hopping up and down giving the Hip Hop war cry.

CROWD

Hey Ho, Ho Hey.

Laeqa mouths the cry of the crowd. As she says it, they freeze at the top of their jump.

LAEEQA

Ho.

She whispers.

LAEEQA

Hey.

The crowd are released from their frozen position and levitate to the floor. Faizel looks at the spectacle in fascination. He starts to understand. Laeeqa reaches for his hand.

The floorshow ends and the circle dissolves into a convoluted mass of ecstatic Hip Hoppers pushing and bumping into each other with friendly roughness. The djinn B-girls are lifted onto the shoulders of the crowd. The whole party is convulsing like a living mass of Hip Hop jelly. Unmoving in the centre of it all are Faizel and Laeeqa. Laeeqa is holding Faizel's hands in hers. He is looking into her star-lit eyes, slightly scared and very dizzy with lust and Black Label. They are comfortably suspended a full foot off the ground.

**Title:** On black :-

*"Better to rule djinns than be ruled by angels"*

- Maltese Proverb

### **Scene Hundred and Twenty One**

**Ext/ Day: House**

**Narration:** "There followed a period in Faizel's life where he ran with the djinn posse. This human, this Son of Adam, went out to play with those created from the fire of a scorching wind."

We are treated to the facade of Faizel's house, sunning itself in the early morning suburban morning sun. A scruffy little mutt trots past.

### **Scene Hundred and Twenty Two**

**Int/ Day: House**

The door bell rings until FATS opens it. Standing at the door is a girl, with her hair in two ponytails. Her long tongue is licking at a huge red and white lollipop. She is wearing a navy blue denim pinafore and bowling shoes.

**LAEEQA**

Salaam Auntie. Can Faizee come out to play?

LAEEQA sweetly bats her eyelids at Fats. FAIZEL edges his way past his mother. He mumbles an apology and exits the house.

**FAIZEL**

Sorry Mommy.

Fats is not pleased. She calls out to him, but he is hopping awkwardly away, hand in hand with this skipping girl.

FATS

Faizoo? Where you gooiiing?

### Scene Hundred and Twenty Three

**Ext/ Day: Pier**

LAEEQA and FAIZEL are standing at the East Pier, leaning on the railing. Laeeqa is now suitably dressed in Grace Kelly windswept chic. Her scarf is flapping in Faizel's face. Massive cargo ships, bold blocks of red and green, drift past them.

FAIZEL

Yessis, my broe. That is powerful man! Imagine being out there.

*Geez, bro'.*

He points at the ship heading steadily for the horizon.

### Scene Hundred and Twenty Four

**Ext/ Day: Ship**

For a moment FAIZEL is confused. Then he realises that he is now on the ship that he had just a moment ago been watching. He is now looking towards the pier. The tiny LAEEQA, on the pier, is waving her scarf to him dramatically. Then she is on the ship too, her hands snaking around his waist, grinning mischievously.

LAEEQA

*When danger approaches, sing to it.*

He has little time to mull over her cryptic statement because a Taiwanese roughneck has spotted them and calls out. He approaches, jabbering in Cantonese, a vicious piece of pipe in his hand.

**Scene Hundred and Twenty Five** (intercut with previous scene)

**Int/ Day: Lounge**

The DJINNS are sitting on the floor in front of Laeeqa's old TV. All four have Playstation controls in their hands. On the screen, fuzzy video game versions of Faizel and Laeeqa are looking about woodenly but nervously. Decrepit sailors are crawling out of nooks and crannies on the ship, approaching our Playstation heroes menacingly. The Djinns cheer.

DJINNS

Yallah, yallah!

**Scene Hundred and Twenty Four**

**Ext/ Day: Ship**

FAIZEL looks about in despair at the approaching sailors. The sky has turned into purplish blue pixels. Unlike the scrappy version on Laeeqa's TV, here the sailors are made of the best 3D animation money can buy; all shadows, highlights, depth and saturated colour. Hmmm, better than any pill. The CAPTAIN, wearing Babyface Rayban and sporting rotten teeth, the huge MANCHURIAN with a Genghis Khan ponytail, the wiry BRUCE LEE spinning nanchakus; they are all there. LAEEQA, now in manga chic, complete with shining eyes and wide screaming mouth, background rushing by at great speed, is ready for a fight. Frankly, Faizel is petrified.

**Scene Hundred and Twenty Five** (intercut with previous scene)

**Int/ Day: Lounge**

Back home the DJINNS whoop with excitement, fingers flying on the Playstation controls. Some of them ululate madly. They guide Laeeqa and Faizel over the deck and into the bowels of the ship. Laeeqa, with Faizel in tow, kicks, fists and leaps her way along.

Along their route are bonuses for them that they hop up and zap for extra points: nanchakus of their own, first-aid kits, smuggled whiskey, whores hidden in cabins and hefty spanners.

### **Scene Hundred and Twenty Six**

**Ext/ Day: Ship**

Finally, surrounded, at the helm of the ship, LAEEQA and FAIZEL hop over the edge into a passing row boat.

### **Scene Hundred and Twenty Seven**

**Ext/ Day: Rowboat**

It is the Penny Ferry that the pair has hopped into. The world returns to normal 35mm. The broken toothed old salt at the oars does not seem at all perturbed about the two characters sitting opposite him. Steaming away behind them is the Taiwanese cargo ship, the sailors standing at the rail scowling. FAIZEL is struggling to get his breath back. The PENNY FERRYMAN hands him an asthma pump. Faizel gasps a polite reply.

FAIZEL

Nee dankie.

*No thank you.*

The ferryman shrugs and has himself a hit. Laeeqa explains the events with another proverb.

LAEEQA

*If you play with cats you must bear the scratches.*

She grasps Faizel, with mock aggression, by the front of his shirt. They stare at each other closely, eyes flitting and shining, pupils dilating. Their lips drift closer. Suddenly she pushes him away; but gently. He responds with approval.

FAIZEL

Aaaishh.

They look around at the sights for a moment. Seagulls squawk; the sea broods. Faizel comes down from his adrenaline rush.

FAIZEL

Sjoe, nou's ek honger... Wat vreet julle djinns eintlik? I mean, from what I remember hearing in madressa, it's bones and glass and so on that you eat.

*Now i'm hungry... what do you djinns eat actually?*

Laeqa rolls her eyes.

### **Scene Hundred and Twenty Eight**

**Int/ Day: Fastfood joint**

FAIZEL is sitting at a Formica covered table in Bonanza Fruiterers (the Cape Town branch of that legendary bunny chow den from Sparks Road, Durban) in Mowbray. He looks about him. Traffic is moving along outside, people are bustling about. At the counter a *CHAR-AUNTIE* is handing ZAITOEN something.

Zaitoen places a huge bunny chow on the table in front of them. LAEEQA presents the chow proudly.

LAEEQA

*Roses are scented, but bread keeps us alive.*

Zaitoen whispers an explanation in her cracked Moorish voice.

ZAUTOEN

She means we dig bunny chows.

The djinns laugh at Laeeqa, who gives them a scowl through her mouthful of bunny chow.

LULU

Here, have forr you sahlahd ...very good.

She hands Faizel the little blue packet of evil carrot salad that always comes with bunny chows.

Carrot...very good.

Lulu gestures for him to eat up. Faizel answers, taking the carrot salad gingerly.

FAIZEL

Hosh, mah cuddie.

*Cool, cousin.*

They attack the bunnychow. Oil runs down Faizel's hands. Laeeqa leans over and licks the oil.

DJINNS (sing song)

Oooooooh.

The couple break out in grins. Lust immediately triggers in Faizel an urge to drink.

FAIZEL

I feel like a drink...A Margherita.

## Scene Hundred and Twenty Nine

**Int/Day: Seaside Restaurant**

FAIZEL is sipping a Margherita at a seaside cafe in Veracruz. MARIACHIS are moving from table to table, plucking at their guitars and crooning. The Gulf of Mexico shimmers in front of them. LAEEQA advises him:-

LAEEQA

*If you must eat pig, make sure it's fat (phat).*

She eyes him over her sunglasses, her lips enjoying the word.

**Subtitle:** The word "phat" moves across the screen as Laeeqa's mouth says it.

Faizel looks at his drink to make sure there is no pig splashing about in it. You can never be sure with these djinns. Laeeqa sips delicately at her cocktail and looks out to sea. She looks so stylish, her legs elegantly crossed, her sandal hanging precariously on to her foot. He smiles with realisation. Style. Do it...with style. She glances over her shoulder at him while sipping. He winks at her, punctuating it with a dragging click of his tongue.

**Title:** On black :-

*" 'Now I know there is love between you!' screeched the djinnie, and with four strokes cut off her hands and feet.' "*

- From The Porter and the Three Girls of Baghdad

### **Scene Hundred and Thirty**

**Int/Night: Casino**

FAIZEL and LAEEQA walk into the gaming room of the Grand West Casino. The clatter of money in the slot machines pleasantly assaults their ears. Faizel notes quite a few MUSLIM UNCLES skulking about, busy with their gambling. He hears them whispering feeble excuses in his head.

MUSLIM UNCLES

Ek speel net n bietjie on the slots, bhayi. Niks serious geld 'ie.

*I just play a few slot machines, brother. No serious money.*

He nods his head at them, and they nod back, before scurrying away.

LAEEQA

*If the son of Adam had two rivers running with gold, he would*

*wish for a third.*

Laeqa makes an expansive gesture, enjoying the plushness and glamour of the casino.

Mashallah!

*God's beauty!*

### Scene Hundred and Thirty One

**Int/Night: Casino**

They eye each other across the roulette table. LAEEQA is dressed in a trashy-glamorous Vegas outfit. Lips glistening red, she blows FAIZEL a kiss from over her cards. They are amassing towers of chips, what with Laeeqa's ability to control the roulette ball. The pit-boss is none to pleased, but what can he do.

### Scene Hundred and Thirty Two

**Int/Night: Casino**

They totter drunkenly past the slot machines. LAEEQA points a red fingernail at the machines and they immediately began spouting money. FAIZEL stops to grab some, but she pulls him away in mid-scoop.

### Scene Hundred and Thirty Three

**Ext/Night: Hill**

Standing on the edge of Signal Hill, the city lights are spread out in front of them like a tungsten quilt. LAEEQA reaches into her handbag and throws a wad of money into the air. Thousands of Rands drift away in the breeze. She plunges her hand repeatedly into the bag and flings the money to the four winds. Finally she chucks the bag over the edge as well. She utters a farewell to the departing notes.

LAEEQA

*Money is the dust in the house of the world.*

FAIZEL is not particularly in agreement. He hops about, trying to snatch a few notes out of the breeze. Laeeqa stands tall in her hooker dress, hands on her hips, proudly watching the money drift away.

## Scene Hundred and Thirty Four

**Ext/Night: Street**

Walking along the street, a STREET-KID comes up to them holding his hand out pitifully, his nose streaming with chilled snot. LAEEQA, softly singing a free-flowing Berber dirge to herself, twists her hands about, palm upwards, to indicate to the urchin that she has nothing to give. This is true, since she has just thrown it all off the mountain. FAIZEL glares at her with an I-told-you-so type of look. While she strides on, her singing growing louder, he stops to give the kid a measly coin, dug out of the depths of his pockets. Laeeqa turns and waits for him, arms outstretched, now softly wailing her song.

Cut to:-

They are walking along the street, neon reflecting in the puddles.

FAIZEL

So tell me Laeeqa, where do you live actually?

LAEEQA

*Never show a Bedouin or a rat the door of your house.*

She grabs Faizel's sulky cheek and tugs it playfully.

But you are neither Bedouin nor rat, sweet boy.

Faizel smiles in relief.

Well, wot deed they tell you at the *madressa*?

FAIZEL

Errr...

He laughs at the silliness of it.

Innie jamang, eintlik. So se die oumense.

*In the toilet actually. So say the old people.*

Laeqa gasps theatrically.

LAEEQA

Astagfirullah!

*God's forgiveness!*

### **Scene Hundred and Thirty Five**

**Ext/Night: Soundstage**

A moment later:-

LAEEQA

Does this look like a lavatory to you?

FAIZEL looks about. They have walked into a sunny world. Faizel squints and puts on his sunglasses. On the one side is a huge, slightly greenish, quite seventies, massive printed enlargement of a photograph of palm trees and a cheesy sunset, like one would find in a do-it-yourself music video set. Under their feet is fine white sand, and on their right is a vast, calm tropical ocean. Birds cry peacefully. The water laps cheerfully at the sand. In the distance, in the photograph, is a person in a rowboat.

FAIZEL

So...you live here?

He looks at Laeeqa. She is slightly hazy around the edges, as if she has been superimposed badly against this backdrop.

LAEEQA

Sometimes...Mostly...we live in this leetle apartment of mine in, how do you say it, Tamboefskliff.

FAIZEL

Tamboerskloof?

LAEEQA

Ja, ja, there.

She looks at her toes and scrunches them in the wet sand.

You can com veesit som time.

Beyond them the rowboat in the photograph is closer.

FAIZEL

Is this the djinn world?

The slight echo in his voice adds drama to the moment.

LAEEQA

No. Eet ees a set for a Bollywood movie. A sound-stage. I liked it, so I took it for my own. And zat is why your voice is echoing like zat.

She laughs happily at his frown and strokes his hair. Behind them the rowboat is almost at the shore. Over Faizel's shoulder Laeeqa can see that sitting in the boat is KHAMSEEN, frozen in perpetual rowing motion.

LAEEQA

Come.

She holds out her hand to Faizel. As they walk away sand begins flying into their backs. Faizel yelps with the shock of it. In the photograph Khamseen is standing amongst the palm trees, wearing a cheerful Hawaiian shirt, an unrelenting expression on his face. His eyes are blood red; icy white.

LAEEQA

Faizel, you must go home now. No, you must. Please, just go.

I weel see you. Soon, I promise. Look.

He looks in the direction she indicates. At the kerb is NAJMA on her scooter. Not wanting to ask too many questions of a djinn (a djinn for Christ's sake! Hello? reality check - a djinn) he goes to Najma. Laeeqa waves to him, the sandstorm building up, her hair whipping about madly.

After he is gone Laeeqa turns into the wind. In the photograph Khamseen is staring at her, his face all hardness. A vein in his neck, and one in his forehead, are sticking out. The palm trees are frozen in windswept diagonals. Laeeqa is also frozen in the picture. Her hands, palms up, elbows bent, are held in front of her. Her face is beseeching him, frozen for all eternity. she replies out of unmoving lips.

LAEEQA

*I am sick because of you, yet you visit me in my illness!*

In the photograph Khamseen is now standing in front of Laeeqa. He is pointing his finger at her. On his face is a smug smile.

KHAMSEEN

*There are feathers in your hair, O chicken thief.*

Laeqa's face is covered by her hands. Her hair is frozen, by the photograph, into a wild wind sculpture. The sky is a deep electric blue. She sobs.

LAEEQA

*By you I did flower; by you I shall wither.*

Khamseen is now facing away from Laeeqa.

KHAMSEEN

*For seven seconds, love...*

Now he is kneeling at her feet with his hands clawing the sand. She is standing, looking away. A tear of sparkling star-dust, the only moving thing in the photograph, is running down her cheek.

*... For seven minutes fantasy...*

Khamseen and Laeeqa are now staring each other in the eye.

*... For an eternity: misery.*

His image fades away in the photograph. Laeeqa's image remains staring at the empty space in front of her.

**Title:** On black :-

*"O mighty djinnee, what punishment can I choose for myself?" asked the dervish.*

- From The Tale of the Second Dervish

### **Scene Hundred and Thirty Six**

**Ext/Sunset: Beach**

FAIZEL is sitting on a deserted beach sucking away at a bottle of hard liquor. A lone ICE CREAM MAN stalks past, silhouetted against the setting sun. The vendor spots the *dop* and ambles up to Faizel, making all sorts of slight movements, winks, twitches and smiles, all meaning that he would like a swig. Faizel stares at him and then hands over the grog.

Cut to:-

The sun has set and the sky is awash with purples, lilacs, pinks and orange. Faizel and the ice cream man are watching. Faizel breaks the silence with a lament.

FAIZEL

Ja broe, I won't lie to you, I'm depressed man. Since that day  
I deed'n see her at all. At all! I searched all the spots that she  
used to jes pop up in, like a blerry spoek man. She was everywhere.  
And now, nowhere. Pass the dop.

Faizel drinks deeply.

I'll tell you straight man. I'm blown away by her. She's a weird  
chick man, but that's the thing...I mean, she's always spouting  
these proverbs. Anything that happens, she tjunes a proverb.

ICE CREAM MAN

Proverb?

FAIZEL

Ja. Proverb.

The fellow frowns.

FAIZEL

Ja man, like "A stitch in time saves nine..."

ICE CREAM MAN

Oh ja, a pro-verb. Right right....

The fellow swigs deeply at the thought.

FAIZEL

Ja, so normally if a chick can't give you a straight answer and is always tjuning in proverbs you wanna klap her, right. And not that I would klap a chick, but you get the feeling to... But not her man. She is like a bright bright shining star to me. Serious bra, and I don't usually talk like this. I mean my life was kak my broe. Kak, kak, kak. Suicidally kak. But now, it has skyrocketed to the fantastical. Ha ha. To me...through like this tunnel, you know like a near death *gedagte*, I can check there in the distance, yoh yoh yoh, ESCAPE my broe, and ja, ja...I can say it...LOVE.

Faizel jumps to his feet in excitement and falls again, being pissed out of his mind. The Ice cream man tries to *suip* and avoid the falling Faizel at the same time.

LOVE broe. I could never say the word before. You know like those words that are fuckon impossible to say when you are a lightie, like "sex", or or yessis, "panties", or , oh my God, "penis" and "vagina"...

The Ice Cream man shifts with sudden horniness.

FAIZEL

And LOVE. Man I still can't say it, except sitting here with you my cuzzie.

They look at each other.

Sweet broe. Cheers.

Faizel tilts. The seagulls fly overhead, squawking and shitting.

### **Scene Hundred and Thirty Seven**

**Int/Day: Home**

FATS is busy dusting the edit suite with a feather duster. FAIZEL mooches up to her.

FAIZEL

Mummy, do you know of anyone who could summon up djinns?

She raises the feather duster to whack him, so does the question shock her.

### Scene Hundred and Thirty Eight

**Ext/Late afternoon: Street**

One day FAIZEL goes walking the streets, bottle in hand. He ambles aimlessly, swigging the liquor every now and then.

### Scene Hundred and Thirty Nine

**Int/Late afternoon: Lounge**

FATS is busy praying for him. First she reads the Qur'an. Then she recites a *dua*. Her hands are before her, palms facing heaven.

FATS

Allah-ta-Allah, I dunno what's wrong with my son, but I'm asking you to protect him. I know he is not always a perfect Muslim, but Allah, please protect him from getting involved in the Unseen. Cos we know its there, but we know that we must leave it alone. But, I dunno why, but he is getting involved in it. In the Unseen Allah Paak! I've got a strong feeling about that. Protect him please God...

### Scene Hundred and Forty

**Ext/Early evening: Pool**

FAIZEL, in the meantime, has found himself in front of the public swimming pool. He pauses in front of the gates.

### Scene Hundred and Forty One (intercut with previous scene)

**Int/Early evening: Bedroom**

FATS is walking about Faizel's room with an incense stick. The delicate tendrils of smoke flow around the curtains, escape through the window, and float their way up into the early evening sky, forming a vaguely Laeeqa-like shape.

**Scene Hundred and Forty****Ext/Late afternoon: Pool**

FAIZEL tries the turnstiles at the pool entrance and finds them locked, naturally. The booze is clouding his judgement, you see.

**Scene Hundred and Forty One** (intercut with previous scene)**Int/Ext-Late afternoon: Home**

FATS is now sprinkling holy water around Faizel's room from a brass holy-water-sprinkling-thing. The droplets fly out of the holes, spinning elegantly. Trapped in each bubble, tumbling head over heels, is LAEEQA. The droplets splatter on the bed. As Fats leaves the room, the wet marks turn to Laeeqa-vapour and escape through the window, following the trail left behind by the incense smoke. High above Athlone the vapour and smoke swirl about, growing into a cloud.

**Scene Hundred and Forty****Ext/Early Evening: Pool**

FAIZEL looks up at the fence around the pool. He notices that a massive thunderstorm cloud is forming above him. After contemplating the fence drunkenly, and cloud gazing for a moment, he begins clawing his way up and over.

**Scene Hundred and Forty Two** (intercut with previous scene)**Ext/Early evening: Street**

FATS, in the meantime, is driving to her favourite haunt, a Karaoke joint in Ottery, frequented mostly by Muslim ladies, and serving mini-pizzas instead of booze. She is blasting Bollywood tapes from her expensive sound system, her elbow resting lightly on the edge of the door of her C-class Mercedes.

### Scene Hundred and Forty

#### Ext/Early Evening: Pool

FAIZEL strips to his boxers, kicking his pants off his foot, slightly fed up that it is not responding to his undressing as snappily as he wants.

### Scene Hundred and Forty Three (intercut with previous scene)

#### Ext/Early Evening: Karaoke Joint

FATS is now pulling into the parking lot of *Koh-I-Noor* (The Diamond of Light) Karaoke Palace. The other aunties, wearing *doekies*, some with thin brow-beaten husbands in tow, are also exiting their cars. They wave cheerfully to Fats. Some of the husbands sneak lustful looks at Fats, while still holding hands with their wives; which she enjoys. The thunder above them hastens them to the entrance.

### Scene Hundred and Forty

#### Ext/Early Evening: Pool

FAIZEL sort of falls into the water. He does not drown. He lies underwater letting huge bubbles, lit up by the street lights, float to the surface. Finally he rises and emerges. He rolls onto his back like a drunken walrus and drifts along, marvelling at the upside-down world. The street lights, with confused moths flying downwards, hang from the sky. The water, shimmering with light, is a nostalgic blue mass, which hangs comfortably above him. Below him the thunderstorm cloud rumbles, turning the sky into a crackling indigo-blue. One by one, raindrops begin flying up towards him, battering themselves into oblivion on his face and into the water around him.

### Scene Hundred and Forty Four (intercut with previous scene)

#### Int/Early Evening: Karaoke Joint

FATS, sussing out her competition, is sipping a passion fruit and lemonade and nibbling at a *dahltjie* (chick pea fritter). MRS PARKER is singing Penny Lane. Fats knows that she would make Mrs Parker eat dust.

## Scene Hundred and Forty

### Ext/Early Evening: Pool

From his upside-down position, FAIZEL tilts his head backwards, submerging it again. He almost chokes to see LAEEQA swimming up to him. He surges out off the water, spluttering. Laeeqa also surfaces. True to form, she is wearing a 1920's men's' swimming outfit, complete with swimming cap.

## Scene Hundred and Forty Five (intercut with previous scene)

### Int/Early Evening: Karaoke Joint

The CROWD call for FATS.

CROWD

Fats!

Kamaan man!

Give us a song!

She declines, raising her glass to them in acknowledgement. They virtually begin chanting for her.

Fats! Fats! Fats!

She stands up. They roar.

CROWD

Mashallah!

*God's Beauty!*

## **Scene Hundred and Forty**

### **Ext/Early Evening: Pool**

LAEEQA has cornered FAIZEL against the steps of the shallow end. She slithers up his body and leans over his face, ready to devour him like a sea monster. Rain drops splatter heavily around them.

## **Scene Hundred and Forty Six** (intercut with previous scene)

### **Int/Early Evening: Karaoke Joint**

FATS is on stage, mic held loosely in her hand. She points to a FAN here, waves suavely to another over there. She nods to a third. Then she lets rip with a soul wrenching version of Sheena Easton's "For Your Eyes Only", while footage from that Bond movie plays on a screen to the side of her.

## **Scene Hundred and Forty Seven**

### **Ext/Evening: Pool**

At the pool FAIZEL and LAEEQA are floating next to each other like naked dead things. The level of the water in the pool is much lower, possibly half of what it was before. Faizel, glassy eyed, is staring into the sky. Laeeqa is face down, her hair drifting like seaweed. Thick droplets of rain are falling on them. Faizel blinks rain water out of his eyes.

All around them lightning begins flying upwards slowly. From the grass around the pool, the electricity regroups and glides back up to the sky. The fat rain droplets began gracefully flying off the surface of the water and returning to the clouds. The massive explosion of steam that has used up half the pool water re-appears and then slowly begins consolidating.

## **Scene Hundred and Forty Eight**

### **Int/Evening: Karaoke Joint**

FATS is still belting it out. The thunder and lightning threatens to drown her performance, but she pushes her voice to new heights.

### **Scene Hundred and Forty Nine**

**Ext/Evening: Pool** (reverse action)

FAIZEL and LAEEQA, who had been thrown apart into their floating positions, now come together again in a graceful reverse blast. The steam swirls together and condenses back into water around them. Faizel drifts back from the explosion and settles on to the steps again. Laeeqa slowly drifts from her mid-air position in the steam cloud back on top of Faizel. They are held together in an agonising instant of reverse orgasm.

### **Scene Hundred and Fifty**

**Int/Evening: Karaoke Joint**

FATS croons to the CROWD.

FATS

Onlyyyyy for you, only for youuuuuu...

### **Scene Hundred and Fifty One**

**Ext/Evening: Pool** (reverse action)

The exploding supernova in LAEEQA's eyes comes together again. They are writhing slowly, but in reverse. Her hands splash backwards out of the water as she loses her balance.

FAIZEL swoons away from her. He wrenches the swimming cap back onto her head. They slither back into their swimming outfits. Laeeqa crawls backwards off him and backwards into the water. She begins un-corning him from their position on the steps. They find themselves back in the deeper part of the pool and she disappears back underwater. Faizel splutters and submerges himself in reverse.

### **Scene Hundred and Fifty Two**

**Int/Evening: Karaoke Joint**

Feeling high, FATS is walking amongst the CROWD, shaking hands, singing in close-up to her audience. Lightning is flashing in the windows.

### Scene Hundred and Fifty Three

**Ext/Evening: Pool** (Scene Hundred and Forty in reverse action)

FAIZEL is underwater and staring at LAEEQA disappearing out of nowhere again. He is drifting about again admiring the upside down world watching the thunderstorm cloud reversing its growth. The reversal speeds up. Faizel is underwater, bubbles returning to his mouth. He falls out of the water and is back on dry land, his clothes hopping back on to his body. He is virtually flung back over the fence, checks the turnstiles in reverse and finds himself back at the entrance, staring at the pool wondering if he should sneak in.

### Scene Hundred and Fifty Four

**Int/Evening: Karaoke Joint**

FATS, now standing on the stage, sings the last few notes of her song. The thunder crashes and the CROWD rise as one to give her a standing ovation.

### Scene Hundred and Fifty Five

**Ext/Evening: Mountain top**

FAIZEL and LAEEQA are sitting on a rocky outcrop at Silver Mine nature reserve, looking out at the night scene of Cape Town below them. Faizel is leaning against Laeeqa and they are watching bombs go off all over the city. Pipe bombs, car bombs, hand grenades and Molotov Cocktails all blossom merrily in the orange and red garden below them. The blue and red lights of the insect emergency vehicles scurry here and there. The soft, almost gentle, pops of the explosions mixed with the melody of the sirens, drift up to them.

FAIZEL

You know, those twins I used to hang out with? You remember them?

Laeeqa responds dreamily.

LAEEQA

Mmm...

FAIZEL

Well their father was killed in this shit going on down there.

Now they are chasing the ultimate high. The final frontier...

**Scene Hundred and Fifty Six** (intercut with previous scene)

**Int/Day: house**

FAGRIE and FAGMIE, and a couple of *BERGIES* (homeless people) are lying on the floor of a broken down house. A scruffy METHS DEALER, the occupant of the house, but virtually a *bergie* himself, comes into the room carrying a few bottles of methylated spirits.

METHS DEALER

Spiyaki! The poor man's whiskey! Enjoy!

The Meths dealer hands the bottles over to the addicts, including the twins. They lick their burnt lips in anticipation.

**Scene Hundred and Fifty Five**

**Ext/Evening: Mountain top**

FAIZEL

And my other good buddy, Brintley, his father died in this thing too.

Now he's gotten into this croissant-making *gedagte*. Day and night...

**Scene Hundred and Fifty Seven** (intercut with previous scene)

**Int/Evening: Kitchen**

BRINTLEY is rolling out a vast sheet of croissant pastry. A light dusting of flour coats the entire kitchen.

FAIZEL (voiceover)

He keeps flopping up, but he just *sommer* goes on. It's an obsession man...

Brintley pulls out a tray of twisted croissant-impostors from the oven. He smells the aroma rather too theatrically to hide the pain in his eyes.

### **Scene Hundred and Fifty Five**

**Ext/Evening: Mountain top**

FAIZEL sighs long and hard. LAEEQA considers spouting another proverb but decides to squeeze him tight instead. He yelps with the pain and turns around to kiss her.

LAEEQA

Here, take one of these and call me in the morning.

He closes his eyes and she pops a pill into his mouth, kissing him to send it on its way.

### **Scene Hundred and Fifty Eight**

**Int/Night: Club Toilet**

Later that night they are at a club. FAIZEL steps out of the din and colour, and into the calm of the toilet. In mid-piss the lights cut out completely. The darkness is so complete that the only way he knows he is peeing is from the feeling. He hopes to God he is not swazzing on himself. Where the toilet should have been, he watches in fascination as an image begins forming in the water. It is a red and white optical-art swirl, very pleasing to the brain in the state he is in, fucked from whatever djinn-pill that was that Laeeqa had given him. The swirl separates into two smaller circles. A face grows around the swirls. A beard forms. It is the face of that guy from the pornographer's house and the roadblock!

KHAMSEEN

Salaamaleekum sheikh.

*Greetings sir.*

The creature, sounds rather like an *outie* (homey) from Sydenham. Faizel does all he can to stop himself from screaming.

'Ey, don' piss yourself now outie. Relax. If you wanna fart, then you can fart too. I'm easy, brah.

Faizel keeps pissing into KHAMSEEN's face, making it ripple beautifully. He wants to flee, but a hard piss cannot just be stopped at will.

'Ey, but what kind with you brah? I checked you moving with my cherry these days. Lahkker, carry on, carry on. But ah'll sort you out *ek se*. You check me, I don' dalah at all brah."

*...I don't play bro...*

Khamseen's voice increases in savagery, but his face remains calm, despite the piss hitting him in the eye.

You musn' come with your waarheids over hyere. Ah'll fuck you up me. Whether you bring your tjomies to the paareh...whatever. Ah'll fuck yawl all up. I'm a main-ou me. Arx them there by Sparks Road. They'll tjune you, heh-heh, that ou! You mus' basop for that ou!

*...You musn't come with your ideas here...Whether you bring your buddies to the fight... You must watch out for that guy...*

Faizel finishes at last and virtually falls out of the darkened toilet.

You heared me brah? Ah said ah'll fuck you up but.

**AH'LL FUCK YOU UP!"**

## Scene Hundred and Fifty Nine

**Int/Night: Club Toilet**

Faizel bursts out of that black hole and into the madness of the club. He pushes through the party animals, fear induced puke rising in his chest. LAEEQA takes one look at him and knows. She whispers the name.

LAEEQA

Khamseen.

She grabs him by the hand and rushes outside.

## Scene Hundred and Sixty

**Ext/Night: Club**

FAIZEL sucks in fresh air gratefully.

FAIZEL

Almal die Ibliste is in daai jamang!

*All the devils are in that toilet!*

Her friends join them on the pavement. LAEEQA jabbars to them in Arabic and then hurries off down the street, pulling Faizel along and looking around her cautiously. The DJINNS disperse.

KHAMSEEN exits the club. He is wearing his leather jacket and jazzy leather kufiya, pleated stonewash jeans and battered moccasins. He calmly lights a camel.

DJINNS

Khamseen...Khamseen...

He looks up to find the source of the seductive whispers. As furious as he is, the sight in front of him is worthy of a few minutes of his time. After all, time is on his side. In the building opposite the club, the four djinns are each dancing in a window. They start slowly but reach some moves that almost make him blush, and he has seen his fair share of pole-dancing in his time. He crouches down in the gutter and watches, flicking his ash to the pavement. The ash burns its way through the concrete. Fed up with the show, he gets up and flicks his cigarette at the building. The windows crack and the careful side-lighting is snuffed out. He crosses the road and heads into the building.

### **Scene Hundred and Sixty One**

**Ext/Night: Petrol station**

LAEEQA and FAIZEL find themselves at the BP shop. The video screen, its ads painful to the optic nerve, loom in front of them. Litter begins swirling about gaily. Gusts of sand channel their way around the buildings, stinging the pair on their cheeks. Laeeqa hesitates a moment and then leads Faizel closer to the screen.

LAEEQA

Come...

The lioness in the Old Mutual ad grows in magnification until it is a burst of swirling dots. The pixels grow larger as they approach and eventually separate into green, blue and red pillars. With Laeeqa in the lead, they step into the video screen, edging their way past the pillars and entering the djinn world.

**Title:** On black : –

*"At once the djinnie snatched up Ma'aruf and flew with him between earth and sky, until he set him down in the middle of a waterless desert."*

- From The Tale of Ma'aruf the Cobbler.

### **Scene Hundred and Sixty Two**

**Ext/Day:** Djinn world

The red sun here is bright but the temperature is optimal. The sky is a colour somewhere in-between lilac and turquoise, purple cobweb clouds appearing occasionally. Tasteful swatches of Acid colours have been used in the decor of this landscape. Everything: the plants, the rocks, the trees, the animals, are all rounded and happy, with goofy grins on their faces. FAIZEL laughs, the sound echoing in his head. In fact he feels like he is suffering from waterlogged ears, the way sound undulates here, sometimes echoing, sometimes creeping along and sometimes blurring out inside his head. Merry plump bugs, busy carrying juicy leaves, pause to look at these two new arrivals. New buds uncurl and wave hospitably to the visitors.

FAIZEL

Is it always so happy here? Everything looks so worry-free.

LAEEQA is still feeling a bit nervy.

LAEEQA

*The only worry-free head is that of a scarecrow.*

Faizel laughs at her answer, nodding in understanding. He falls to his knees and brushes his fingers over the astro-turf grass. The blades of grass double over with the ticklishness of it.

LAEEQA

Come...

## Scene Hundred and Sixty Three

Ext/Day: Djinn world

**Title:** over images:-

HERITAGE

They trudge along, FAIZEL's head doing a merry-go-round trying to check everything out.

Two anteater-critters in golfer chic are teeing off in a field somewhere in the middle distance.

FAIZEL

Fore!

Faizel giggles at himself.

LAEEQA

Shhhhh!

At her request he crouches next to her. She pushes the foliage aside for him, to reveal a hedgehog mother busy frying up beetle-bacon and eggs for her brood. The four hedgehoglings are sitting at the table, good-naturedly banging their cutlery on the table, chanting sweetly for figgy pudding.

HEDGEHOGLINGS

Oh give us Fiiiigggy Puuudddinggg, oh give us Figggy.....

Their mother smiles indulgently over her shoulder at them and dishes up their chow.

They squeak their thanks in unison...

## HEDGEHOGLINGS

Bismillah!

*Thanks to God!*

...And attack the food. The proud mother runs her hand over their backs and says to herself, smiling:-

## MOTHER HEDGEHOG

*My, you are all prickly.*

Laeqqa replaces the canopy of greenery over them. Faizel looks at her quizzically, but is now used to this habit of hers of teaching him random abstract stuff. She looks at him earnestly and he bows reverently and barks out his thanks.

## FAIZEL

Hai Sensai.

**Scene Hundred and Sixty Four**

**Ext/Day: Djinn world**

**Title: over images:-**

## EXCUSES

LAEEQA and FAIZEL are balancing on slightly unhelpful rocks as they gingerly try to cross a stream. The rock Faizel is standing on, suddenly ups and rushes away, muttering that it is late for the *Asr salaah* (Afternoon prayer). Faizel splashes into the Pinocchio Pudding stream, relieved to find that it somehow does not stick to him.

After he recovers, Laeeqa silently points out a frog, a toad and a newt sitting on a water-lily. The frog is looking rather sheepish. The toad, sitting at a table, dressed in the robes and

turban of a *qadi* (judge), is glaring at the frog over his quill pen. The newt is croaking something in Medieval Arabic to the toad judge.

LAEEQA

*They asked the frog ' Why did you not speak up.' The frog said  
'My mouth was full of water.'*

### **Scene Hundred and Sixty Five**

**Ext/Day: Djinn world**

**Title:** over images:-

STUPIDITY

LAEEQA and FAIZEL are trudging through a vast desert, the sand of which is bright red, green and yellow Rainbow Crunchies. At first Faizel munches his way through handfuls of them, but eventually he gets sick of it and trudges patiently after Laeeqa. Laeeqa drops a quote...

LAEEQA

*A third of the world is desert locked in the brain of human and djinn.*

...and indicates the sweep of the desert to him.

## Scene Hundred and Sixty Six

Ext/Day: Djinn world

**Title:** over images:-

ARROGANCE

They wade their way through the Rainbow Crunchies, passing a red-brick tower with a pointy mameluke-domed minaret. A chicken, with a strong family resemblance to the logo of a downtown fried-chicken joint, is belting out the *azaan*.

LAEEQA, not even looking up, jabs her finger in a limp-wristed action at the fowl and, panting, manages to quote:-

LAEEQA

*When a chicken gives the call to prayer, slaughter it...*

A small squadron of ducks, all wearing chain-mail and Saracen helmets, shields and swords at the ready, are trotting into the tower to apprehend the renegade chicken.

## Scene Hundred and Sixty Seven

Ext/Day: Djinn world

**Title:** over images:-

TIME

FAIZEL is sick of the Rainbow Crunchie hike. LAEEQA is walking ahead of him, hair tied up, tendrils plastered to her neck with sweat. The sun is shimmering green and yellow, like an over-boiled egg yolk. Faizel stops dead, flapping his arms and sending Crunchies flying.

FAIZEL

Nou, is ek gatvol! Laeeqa, is this ever gonna end?

*Now I'm fed up!*

She turns around and glares at him.

LAEEQA

*When the times you complain of are gone, you will weep for them!*

They hold each other's gaze for a moment. Then she smiles, blows a kiss at him, turns and keeps walking.

University of Cape Town

**Title:** On black : –

*"Likewise did we make for every Messenger an enemy,  
Evil ones among men and djinns,  
Inspiring each other with flowery discourses,  
By way of deception."*

- From The Holy Qur'an.

### **Scene Hundred and Sixty Six**

**Ext/Day:** Djinn world – Mosque roof

The Rainbow Crunchie desert does eventually end. FAIZEL and LAEEQA are now sitting on top of the Agya Sophia Mosque in Medieval Constantinople, eating a doner kebab. Below them, DJINNS and HUMANS are all bustling about. The humans are oblivious of the djinns, beacons of glowing fire amongst those made of clay. She mumbles through a mouthful of pita and mutton, giggling at a private memory.

LAEEQA

*Constantinople is a place where fire takes your goods, plague  
takes your life and women take your wits.*

Faizel has no hope of figuring that one out, so he asks her a little technical question.

FAIZEL

Se gou vir my nou...This here, is it the real Constantinople  
or what?

*Tell me quickly...*

Still chewing she makes an interlocking motion with the fingers of both hands, mumbling something.

FAIZEL

Hey?

LAEEQA

Linked, linked, both worlds are linked...

She grabs at the chow leaking out of her mouth.

FAIZEL

And where do we go next?

She points into the haze of Asia Minor, wiping tzatziki off her mouth.

LAEEQA

There, over there...lies the Silk Road...

He follows her pointing finger into the bustling melee, his brain buzzing so hectically with excitement that he might have fallen off the dome.

### **Scene Hundred and Sixty Nine**

**Ext/Day: Djinn world - market**

After crossing the Bosphorous Straits, FAIZEL and LAEEQA find themselves walking through a market. They pass a camel laden with Persian Durrey rugs. One of the rugs brushes against them and in an instant they are drawn inside it. The carpet laden camel passes a hooded figure, possibly a leper, but with candy swirl eyes. The leper, KHAMSEEN; stops and glares at the camel. He turns and creeps after it.

## Scene Hundred and Seventy

**Ext/Day: Djinn world – Inside Durrey rug**

Embroidered Faizel and Laeeqa icons journey across the fibrous world. Sometimes they ride a proud horse, sometimes a humble donkey, but without stopping and always together. Laeeqa waits for him when he stumbles. Faizel gives her water when she is thirsty. Following them, moving with a stiff crab-like gait is Khamseen, his eyes made of intricate red and white fibres. He stops and asks old matrons if they have seen the lovers. Then he cuts off the heads of the old matrons. He scurries up mountains to see if he can spot them. He never sleeps. In the carpet world, far in the right hand corner of one of the rugs, is an icon of a rocket-shaped, orange and white machine, standing next to a tower...

## Scene Hundred and Seventy One

**Ext/Day: Djinn world – Rocket base**

FAIZEL and LAEEQA emerge from the carpet and stumble up a sand dune. The caravan marches away to distant Peking, and even further as far as djinns are concerned. Khamseen, unaware that Faizel and Laeeqa have hopped off, is carried away with the caravan. Standing unused and rickety, in the middle of a most barren desert in Kazakstan, is a long abandoned Soviet rocket launching pad complete with a redundant, faded orange and white rocket. Far above the rocket are a crescent moon and a lone star. Faizel stares at the rocket in fascination.

FAIZEL

Jislaaik it! 'Tintin on The Moon', mah broe..."

*Jeez!...my bro'.*

He laughs.

## Scene Hundred and Seventy Two

**Int/Day: Djinn world – Rocket base**

In a decrepit office at the bottom of the tower, a forgotten RUSSIAN OFFICIAL, in a uniform that is no longer responding well to careful repair jobs by candlelight, ushers them to a desk. He grunts and mutters facilitative noises and shoves a healthy sheaf of forms under their noses. The official flops back in his mouldy leather chair, burying his nose into a back issue of Pravda (which is actually concealing a copy of Hustler-Soviet Asia). They start writing but eventually Laeeqa throws down her pen in frustration.

## Scene Hundred and Seventy Three

**Ext/Day: Djinn world – Rocket base**

She marches outside, cranks the handle of an old pump until her empty Evian bottle is full, and transforms it into vodka.

## Scene Hundred and Seventy Four

**Ext/Day: Djinn world – Rocket base**

OFFICIAL

Ahh, vodka...

He grins at her, the Evian bottle an inch from his nostrils. He points to his chest gingerly, raising his eyebrows.

LAEEQA

Da, da.

His eyes light up and he reaches for the litre of bliss. She snatches it away and points to the ceiling.

OFFICIAL

No.

He shakes his head. She turns on her heel as if to leave.

OFFICIAL

Err, Madame.

He calls out, in a voice hardly used, beckoning her to wait. He nods slightly. So slightly that he may never have to admit to Moscow that he has agreed to this irregularity. She hands him the bottle. He raises it to his lips, and tilts his head back so fast, that it is a wonder that he does not break his neck, let alone the fact that his cap remains in place.

The couple wave goodbye to him but he merely flaps his hand at them, his eyes wide with joyful shock and his Adam's apple bobbing a cheery Bon Voyage.

### **Scene Hundred and Seventy Five**

**Ext/Day: Djinn world – Rocket**

LAEEQA

Nervous?

LAEEQA and FAIZEL are strapped into their chairs, on their backs, facing the heavens. Faizel is fiddling with the rat eaten straps.

FAIZEL

Uh-uh...

She gazes. He concedes.

FAIZEL

Uh.

A crackling voice begins counting down in Russian over the intercom. A deafening roar begins. Faizel, feeling extremely nervy, looks at Laeeqa. The noise is incredible.

LAEEQA

I love you.

Faizel screams his response over the din.

FAIZEL

Huh?

She mouths the words to him. He still seems not to understand. They look at each other for a moment, but before she can repeat herself, their heads are pushed back against their headrests by the G-force, and they blast off into space.

### **Scene Hundred and Seventy Six**

**Ext/Day: Djinn world – Moon and stars**

FAIZEL is clambering about on the rays of the pastel-neon green, glow-in-the-dark star. Opposite him LAEEQA is sitting on the bottom part of the curve of the crescent moon. Her grubby skirt is hitched up, and her legs, glowing in the star light, are dangling in space. The sky around them is a riot of pink, green, yellow and blue pastel-neon glow-in-the-dark constellations.

FAIZEL

You know, maybe it sounds funny, but ja, well... ek't gedink dat  
dij my janah toe vat!

*...I thought you were taking me to heaven!*

LAEEQA

*How far is it between me and paradise? Lift up your head and  
you shall see.*

She stares up at the heavens. He glances up quickly. She beckons to him.

Come to me...

Holding on to one of the rays of the star, he stretches over. The abyss waits patiently for him to fall to his death, but he reaches the safety of her arms.

FAIZEL

So what's with all these quotes of yours, these proverbs?

LAEEQA

*Proverbs are the beacon of conversation.*

He snaps at her playfully.

FAIZEL

Tjoep!

*Be quiet!*

LAEEQA

It ees a habit I picked op from som-one I knew a lonk time ago...

FAZEL

Was it err...what's his name...

He pokes his thumb into the past. She nods her head slowly.

FAIZEL

You must have really loved him.

LAEEQA

*I put a date in his mouth; he poked me in the eye with a stick.*

*I taught him to swim and he drowned me.*

Faizel swallows dryly, feeling tiny in the face of this vast relationship before him; these conflicts that he still needs to experience, so that he could swallow dryly with hindsight and not with awe. He ventures an answer.

FAIZEL

I'm sorry...

She shakes her head slightly, trying to stifle that rush of past memories that leopard crawl up the back of your neck and well up in your eyes. He hugs her tentatively, pressing his cheek to her heart as he gets the hang of this tenderness business.

He has never noticed it before, but her heartbeat is definitely odd, but something you would expect of a djinn. Intrigued, he presses his head closer. Drum machines of underground Berlin DJs trip over each other. B-52's cruise high above Saigon. Blackfellas are playing didgeridoos on Ayers rock. French ponces are tapping their fencing foils lightly before coming together in a brutal rush. Touché! MPLA MIGs are firing up in hangars outside Luanda. A batch of mad, goofed Trinidadians are bashing steel drums. Jody Foster is being mesmerised by the washing machine throbs of the Contact Aliens. Medieval bells are tolling mournfully while peasants and nobles are pegging off from the Black Death. And Minstrels in Blackface

tap-dance over it all, accompanied by that little shit Judy Garland. It is the best Drum and Bass he has ever heard.

He presses his lips to her breasts as if to gnaw and mumble his way to the source of this sound. Laeeqa leans over him, pushing him slowly to the earth until she is crouched over him, her breasts suspended over his face, her nipples rasping over his stubble. He latches on to a breast, and feeling like both Romulus and Remus, sucks the heartbeat out of her steadily. Dreamily he notes the taste.

FAIZEL

Hmmm, Raspberry Kool-Aid.

The breakbeats seep into his chest, wrapping themselves around his heartbeat, tripping it up, nudging it, warping it until it is forever rhythmically rearranged.

Djinn beats and human beats mingle into a mad orgasmic avalanche until Faizel is lying glassy eyed, breathing heavily. Laeeqa is poised over him, watching him with a starry-eyed glint.

LAEEQA

My heart oozes lov for you like a plastic Shoprite orange squeezer.

He blinks and wonders if a migraine is coming on, seeing as everything has this bluish digital video glow around it when it is transferred to film and blown up to cinema size. Hmmm, he could get used to this. It forms an eerie, yet calming halo around Laeeqa's head.

As Faizel begins to focus, Laeeqa catches his eye. His irises are awash with showers of little blocks of pixilated digital video. She places her hand on his heart noting the altered rhythm with pride. She murmurs approvingly, tapping his chest lightly.

LAEEQA

Djinnbeats... Running now through this Son of Adam ees the fire ov  
a scorching wind.

He blinks, feeling pretty good about that.

And... to tell you the truth, I deed want to go to heaven...with you. Will you  
make this johmey weeth me?

He pauses, wondering why he would want to do something like that, seeing as he was not  
even dead yet. He answers recklessly.

FAIZEL

Yes.

She pulls him so close to her that he can watch the verses of the Qur'an that she is reciting in  
Classical Arabic, play themselves out in her eyes.

LAEEQA

*God Most Gracious!*

*It is He who has taught the Qur'an;*

*He has created man; He has taught him speech;*

*The sun and the moon follow courses exactly computed;*

*And the herbs and the trees- both bow in adoration;*

*It is He who has spread out the Earth for His creatures;*

*Then which of the favours of the Lord will you deny?*

Faizel shuts his eyes, seeing the next verses play themselves out in grainy retinal flashes on  
the backs of his eyelids.

*He has created man from sounding clay like unto pottery,  
And He created djinns from fire free of smoke;  
So which of the favours of your Lord will you deny?"*

### **Scene Hundred and Seventy Seven**

**Ext/Day: Heaven**

LAEEQA's words still ringing in his head, FAIZEL opens his eyes. In Laeeqa's eyes he sees the castle perched high on the massive sugar loaf mountain, in the centre of an eternal plain of red earth. Laeeqa's words rouse him from his state of amazement.

LAEEQA

*To God's Gate!*

### **Scene Hundred and Seventy Eight**

**Ext/Day: Cable Car**

Disguised in funeral shrouds, FAIZEL and LAEEQA catch the cable car going up. An ANGEL, a little kid with deep almond eyes and a pixie hairstyle, wearing a sheer muslin sailor suit, advises them of a few rules.

ANGEL

Alright people. Welcome. Just a few rules. Err... move all the way to the back, yes, thank you. So, please no jostling and vigorous movements. And please wait for the cable car to reach a complete stop before disembarking. I know we are all excited, but... Okay, we go...

The DEAD around him, though they do not look particularly dead, are giving Faizel the utter creeps. He stands close to Laeeqa, shrinking away from the other passengers.

The castle looming before them is a massive world of sheer glory. The ART Africa news report did not capture this splendour at all. The angel-kid presses a button opening the doors, and the dead troop out peacefully.

### **Scene Hundred and Seventy Nine**

**Ext/Day: Heaven's gate**

Standing at the gates are those stoic GUARDS, as LAEEQA had seen on TV. They are not at all like the KID-ANGELS bustling about here and there. These warriors are at least seven feet tall, with wings carefully folded, armour shining, faces hidden behind glistening helmets. To be bounced by them would be a horrible experience. Almost at heaven's gate, Laeeqa stops when she feels a hand on her shoulder. She whips about and looks into the terrible candy eyes of KHAMSEEN.

LAEEQA

How? How deed you kros the screen?

He triumphantly lifts his hand to her face. On his ring finger he is wearing an extravagant perspex rave ring.

KHAMSEEN

Ah made your tjomies do all the graf for me.

*I made your friends work for me.*

Laeqa sucks in a shocked breath.

### **Scene Hundred and Eighty** (intercut with previous scene)

**Int/Day: Ring**

Inside the dome of the ring are ZAITOEN, LULU, REYHANA and NAJMA, trapped in a world of perpetually drifting snowflakes and four plastic flowers. Zaitoen is pacing about, occasionally kicking at the side of the ring. Reyhana is sitting with her chin resting on her

knees, staring at nothing. Lulu is in a deep sleep of depression, nestled amongst the petals of one of the plastic flowers. Najma, leaning against another flower, is mulling the last of her *zol* stash on a copy of "The Big Issue".

### **Scene Hundred and Seventy Nine**

**Ext/Day: Heaven's gate**

LAEEQA holds KHAMSEEN's hand in hers, gazing at her friends, who are now slaves of the ring. She finally tears her eyes away from them and looks up at him. As they watch each others eyes, starlight burning into candy, Khamseen, for an instant, thinks he feels lost love in her grasp. Their hands remain in each other's grip until Laeeqa wrenches the ring off his finger. The candy swirls in Khamseen's eyes stop dead with anger in their perpetual revolution. Laeeqa, staring into the ring, trying to somehow reach her friends, is oblivious of him.

### **Scene Hundred and Eighty** (intercut with previous scene)

**Int/Day: Ring**

The dome of the ring is steaming over with the increasing cold oozing out of Khamseen's mind. ZAITOEN's pacing is now punctuated with frustrated puffs of condensation. REYHANA is hugging her knees to herself tightly. NAJMA is coughing softly and miserably while still mulling her *zol*. LULU is curled up into an alleycat ball, shivering to herself. The snowflakes begin falling in a thick curtain, like the feathers of a million dead peace doves. Zaitoen's sky-and-sun eyes, Najma's jungle-herb eyes, Lulu's alabaster pearls, and Reyhana's lotus blossoms are freezing over into delicate, fatal ice crystals.

### **Scene Hundred and Seventy Nine**

**Ext/Day: Heaven's gate**

KHAMSEEN is well pleased with his mischief. But LAEEQA would not leave matters at that. She would melt the ice, at least, for her friends. Khamseen's energy, however, is far more suited to such antisocial conduct than hers.

**Scene Hundred and Eighty** (intercut with previous scene)**Int/Day: Ring**

The crystals melt around their edges, colour returns to the DJINNS' lips and the snow drift slows...

**Scene Hundred and Seventy Nine****Ext/Day: Heaven's gate**

...but LAEEQA's starlight eyes are dulling. The supernova's are contracting and breaking up into bloodied chiffon streaks of scattered light. KHAMSEEN's candy eyes are stationary and focused on the matter at hand: a victory over Laeeqa.

LAEEQA

You have not changed. It has been eons, but you have not changed.

As usual, anything to geev you a leetle showjump leap of triumph over my

will hey? You misery! Any petty victory so zat you can dance a victorious

jig over each defeat you plan forr me...until I am mash under your mocassins!

So that you can shape me into the mash doll of your liking. Anything to make me cry?

Ees that how you want it?

Khamseen's eyes swirl on.

**Scene Hundred and Eighty** (intercut with previous scene)**Int/Day: Ring**

But the ice is streaming off the plastic flowers, giving them a hopeful glow in the weak spring starlight.

**Scene Hundred and Seventy Nine****Ext/Day: Heaven's gate**

LAEEQA coughs, steam puffing incongruously out of her mouth on this warm day in Heaven.

She is stooped over with the exhaustion and cold, but the mood in the ring is changing.

**Scene Hundred and Eighty** (intercut with previous scene)**Int/Day: Ring**

The DJINNS are gathered together, colour returning to their faces, passing the joint around that Najma had rolled all through the blizzard, wondering what new seasonal change is going to hit them.

**Scene Hundred and Seventy Nine****Ext/Day: Heaven's gate**

As far as KHAMSEEN is concerned, it is now the time for steel. Cold and hard. He draws a fuck-off scimitar from the leg of his stonewash jeans with which to off Laeeqa with. The DEAD pull back in surprise. The guards remain at their posts, as stoic as ever.

Laeeqa has now dropped to her knees with fatigue, her eyes, two empty indescribably heavy black holes. An ice tear hangs from her lashes. The scimitar is raised high above Khamseen's head, only a few savoured moments of drama separate it and Laeeqa's beheading.

FAIZEL, never before having felt qualified to get involved in these djinn quarrels, now steps automatically between Laeeqa and Khamseen. His new heartbeat is trip-hopping in his ears, giving him a bravery that feels unfamiliar, but undeniable, to him. Khamseen grins.

FAIZEL

I see you got a gold tooth cuz.

KHAMSEEN

Ja, from S. D. Pathers of Church Street, Maritzburg. So, you wanna get moered too?

*...murdered too?*

Faizel stares.

## FAIZEL

Hundreds.

*Cool.*

Khamseen has the feeling that he is living in his very own snuff movie. *Lahkker*, he would *moor* them both. His wrist turns and the scimitar falls in a skilled arc.

But it misses taking off Faizel's head, because, true to the battle style of the princes and djinns of the "Arabian Nights", he has transformed. He is now a bear named Paddington, a full two feet shorter than he was before and therefore too short to have been beheaded. The top of his floppy hat has been lopped off though. His now exposed ears waggle in aggravation.

Khamseen blinks to see this human, this son of Adam, pulling djinn moves on him. He grunts in acceptance of the challenge and lets the re-aimed scimitar fall again.

Enter the dragon. Faizel now changes into a Chinese dragon, bright blue, red and black in colour, about the same height as Paddington Bear, but quite a lot more irritable. Irritable enough for a scorching flame to pour out of his mouth and all over the falling scimitar.

The scimitar is reduced to molten steel. Khamseen howls in pain as the metal burns his flesh. The dragon flaps his wings with satisfaction, smoke trickling out of his flaring nostrils. Khamseen's howl raises in tempo and scale as he transmogrifies into the sandstorm of daggers that he is.

### **Scene Hundred and Eighty One**

**Ext/Day: Heaven's sky and desert**

The whirlwind envelops the aggro little dragon and carries it into the sky. They twist high above the red plains of Heaven. LAEEQA is slumped in the dust holding the ring to her heart. The DEAD are shuffling about in slight confusion. The ANGEL GUARDS have not moved a

muscle and are still giving the thousand yard stare. The banners of heaven flutter cheerfully on their turrets. Heaven's castle is now a little hovel, in a little corner of endless red earth far below them.

The dragon has had enough of this crap and changes into a magnum bottle of Moet and Chandon. Twisting and spinning, the foam build up is undeniable. The cork pops and sprays over the sandstorm, consolidating the entire mass of dagger grains into a mess of mud. Gravity pulls the mud groundwards.

The empty bottle does a few flips until it is FAIZEL, dressed in a James bond tux and goggles, bow-tie a bit skew, but otherwise looking quite dashing. He hurtles towards the ground, after the mud cloud, stiffening his body skilfully so that he can catch up.

Faizel shoots past the mud, eager to get back to Laeeqa. Suddenly a massive Roc is upon him. Its talons claw at his backpack, dangerously close to shredding his parachute. It squawks dreadful obscenities into his ear.

KHAMSEEN

You know what's gonna happen now bra? Ahm gonna rape you.

Ja, Ahm gonna fuck you up until an inch of your life and afterwards  
ahm gonna fuck your mother. Ahm gonna tear her fat fuckon arse up  
mah bra. Whatchuthink of that, bitch?

The suave Bond that he is, he merely tugs at his parachute cord in response, enveloping the dreadful bird in bright orange material and nylon tangles.

As one they fall to the ground. Surely they would be mashed. But Faizel bounces harmlessly in the red dust, for he has turned into a pink marshmallow. Khamseen, now a single feather of Roc down, drifts and settles close to him.

The Roc feather changes into a rangy mangy rabid Basenji, a desert dog. It circles the marshmallow, slobber streaming out of its mouth. Faizel turns into a calm Chihuahua named Mini. They circle each other. The Basenji turns into a prehistoric dhole. Mini yaps and turns into an obnoxious gay poodle named Hilary. The dhole is now a dingo, is now a hungry cur, is now a *Boerbul* whose mind is eaten by bilharzia. The poodle is now a super intelligent Jack Russell, is now a loping Malamute, is now a well groomed, very brave, ex-SPCA mutt. The mongrel and the *Boerbul* come together in Discovery Channel slow motion. Spit is flying all over. Sickening growls and screams, that only dogs are capable of, fill the air.

The mutt's jaws are poised over the throat of the *boerbul* about to snap at the jugular, when Khamseen changes into a desert rat; all big ears and powerful hindlegs and tiny neat forelegs. Deceptively cute. Faizel, the mongrel, is put off guard. The malevolent little rat bounds away over the dunes, covering a kilometre easily in a single leap. It hops its way to heaven's gate, so as to get to Laeeqa and the ring. At the rate of knots that it is going, the little shit that it is, it would soon be there.

It bounds high, forming a triumphant silhouette against the desert sun. Way behind it in the orange sky is a tiny but fast approaching dot. It is a single Marine chopper, flying low and hungry.

## **Scene Hundred and Eighty Two**

**Ext/Day: Heaven's Gate**

The rat hops its way back to the scene of the crime. LAEEQA is lying in the dust, the ring an inch from her open hand. The rat looks about cautiously and reaches for the ring with its creepy little paw. The sound of a powerful engine distracts it. It is the unmistakable drone of the engine of an extremely expensive sports car. Sports cars being its weakness, the rat muses on what car it could be.

KHAMSEEN

A '78 Masserati maybe? Nah man, a '98 Ferrari. Ja!

And so it is. It comes roaring brilliant yellow out of the desert, a thick cloud of dust following splendidly in its wake. The rat is transfixed by the sight of such power; power so overwhelming that it could be felt in the *huevos (balls)*. The car is inches away. The rat squeaks:-

#### KHAMSEEN

Swaa-aak.

*Shit (literally – weak).*

And so the Ferrari slams into the rat, knocking it into a coma.

Cut too:-

FAIZEL stands over the rat with a scimitar of his own, breathing heavily with the knowledge that he would now kill.

He feels a light touch on his sword-arm. He looks down at a little nut-brown ANGEL, in a baby-doll dress, standing next to him. Her hair is a black mass of clumps shooting every which way. The big brown eyes under their bushy black eyebrows look at him gently, so powerful that there is no need for aggression. She pries the scimitar out of his claws and in classical Arabic gives them the Qur'anic injunction:-

#### ANGEL

*O ye company of djinns and men!*

*If it be ye can pass beyond the zones,*

*Of the heavens and the earth, pass ye!*

*Not without authority,*

*Shall ye be able to pass!*

KHAMSEEN, in the meantime has recovered somewhat from his coma. He grabs the sword from the angel, who blinks in surprise at the sudden movement, but not at all out of fear. As he jumps up and presses the blade to Faizel's throat the whole fracas is obscured in a total, blinding white-out.

### Scene Hundred and Eighty Three

Int/Late afternoon: Barber shop

BARBER

Ken op n bietjie, dankie Faizee.

*Chin up slightly, thanks Faizee.*

The BARBER scrapes the stubble off FAIZEL's throat with a gleaming jack razor. Faizel, staring at the white ceiling, finds himself mechanically obeying the barber's request.

Daar's sy...khalas!

*There we are...finished!*

He flicks at Faizel with his towel as he gets up. Faizel takes a moment out to have a good feel of his smooth new face. His hair is cut and he is wearing new clothes, hip, but smarter than he has ever been. He purveys himself in the mirror, quite liking this fresh look. The barber helps him into his new jacket, giving him a last flick of the towel.

Err Faizee, waar gaat djy nou? Djy sien...hoekom ek vra,  
jou Ma soek jou. Ne?

*Err Faizee, where you going now? You see...why I ask,  
your mothers looking for you. Not so?*

FAIZEL

O ja, not to worry, that's exactly where I'm going.

## Scene Hundred and Eighty Four

### Ext/Late afternoon: Street

FAIZEL steps onto the street. It is late afternoon. CHILDREN are playing, NEIGHBOURS are *skindering* (gossiping) over their fences and old *BAHLIES* are snoozing on their stoeps. MOTHERS, with curlers in their hair, are taking down washing, keeping a careful eye on babies puking Purity over their bibs. Mutts are trying to savage the POSTMAN. A cab full of *BRASSE* (homies) shoots passed him. "An all time high" that haunting theme song of the Bond classic "Moonraker" is blasting out of the open windows. The *brasse* stare at him from under their hats, not at all sure why they feel like fucking him up. Faizel flicks his eyes coolly at them. Everything seems quite idyllic.

## Scene Hundred and Eighty Five

### Ext/Dusk: Street

Walking home to see his mother, humming the "Moonraker" theme to himself, FAIZEL passes by a deserted field with a twisted excuse-for-a-tree standing on it. Dangling from a branch is a string light-switch with a plastic thingy at the end. Barely glancing at the string, he grasps it calmly and tugs once. The tree lights up against the indigo sky into a profusion of red, yellow, green, purple and blue lights. High above the tree and Faizel is a crescent moon and its accompanying star. Her legs swinging idly off the moon's edge, is the djinn LAEEQA. She is softly wailing a Berber dirge version of "An all time high", stroking the ring on her finger and looking towards Earth.

**The End**

## Acknowledgements for Quotations

Thank you to the following sources for the quotations coming out of Islamic folklore and religious scripture that appeared in this dissertation. These were used as part of the djinn Laeeqa's speech, and as introductions of the separate parts of the screenplay.

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