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Fractures: an inquiry into the figure of the medical doctor in films set in African conflict zones

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ACROSS THE RIVER

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A screenplay submitted to the Faculty of Humanities,
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in partial fulfilment of the requirements
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NOTE:
English translation is provided for dialogue
that appears in Zulu and Spanish

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1 INT. AARON'S CLINIC - OFFICE -- DAY

CLOSE UP: ALONG A SHELF OF MEDICAL JOURNALS

Leather bound and distinctly lettered in gold: THE JOURNAL OF SOUTH AFRICAN PLASTIC AND RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY.

GRANT ADLER (26), a white guy, maybe not classically good-looking but the intensity in his eyes suggest a deep interest in the world around him. He's casually dressed in cargo pants and T-shirt as he sets down his MOTORBIKE HELMET and GLOVES. An unlikely fit with the wooden-panelled office with its plush Persian carpets and the expensive artworks that adorn the walls.

Grant's attention is drawn to a set of FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS.

A formal GROUP PORTRAIT of young doctors in white coats posed in front of a colonial looking hospital building.

Another shows two surgeons, AARON and HARRY, in their early-30s, in SURGICAL SCRUBS posing in an OPERATING THEATRE.

Grant studies a few more photos of the SURGICAL TEAM at work, before moving over to the next.

Aaron and Harry, a little older now, dressed for cross-country as they pose with PADDLES and a KAYAK between them.

Grant smiles before moving to the row of JOURNALS as his finger traces the years printed on the spine of each book.

2016,2012,2010,2009 and on. Back in time until he stops at the year 1999.

Flipping through the pages, Grant finds the OBITUARIES section. Amongst the few entries, he finds a photograph with the name HARRY ADLER and the dates: 1956 - 1999.

We recognize Harry as one of the men from photos.

The SOUND of the DOOR opening announces the arrival of the other man in the photos. AARON HART (mid-60s), even though he's aged 30 years, he's kept trim and carries himself with the ease of a man secure in his success and achievements.

Aaron nods a greeting to Grant as he crosses to the large wooden desk that squares off one side of the office.

Grant's accent hints at his English upbringing.

GRANT
I've tried everything but they're not even looking at my second and third choices.

AARON
You shouldn't have to go there. Full stop.

GRANT
(frustrated)
Tell me about it.

AARON
You could head back to England.
Your mother would be happy...

Grant glances down at the journal he is still holding open on Harry's picture. He considers this for a moment

GRANT
No. This is where I want to be.

Aaron comes over, noticing the obituary column in the journal.

AARON
It's not going to be easy going back there, Grant.
(beat)
But you know that your father made his own choices. He did what he believed he had to do.

GRANT
It's funny. I've spent years trying to forget about it. And now this...

AARON
Look, Grant, part of what I built here, with your father, is also yours. When the year's done and you've finished your community service, remember, there's always a place for you here.

Grant takes some solace in Aaron's offer as he slides the Journal back into the empty space on the shelf.

CUT TO:

2 INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA -- NIGHT

A STETHOSCOPE hangs from the bookcase piled with MEDICAL REFERENCE books. On one of the shelves is a GLASS BOX which holds a fierce-looking BABOON SPIDER.

The rest of the room is strewn with piles of CLOTHES. BOOKS, A MOUNTAIN BIKE and other personal items add to the chaos as Grant tries to stuff clothes into a DUFFEL BAG.

He grabs a half-empty BEER as he crosses to the glass tank enclosing the spider. He opens the lid. Carefully he slides his hand and coaxes the spider, which seems familiar enough as it crawls gracefully into his hand.

GRANT
Hey blue shoes. You okay?
(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
(beat)
You wanna come with?
(beat)
Be like going home for you. Right.

A KNOCK at the door.

3 INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

The SPIDER still on his hand as Grant heads to the door.

GRANT
Coming, Lebs...

Grant opens the door to reveal ABIGAIL HART (25), a white woman. Abby, as everyone calls her, cuts an eclectic style in the work-wear she has adopted to suit her distinctive look and personality.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Thought it was Lebo.

Seeing the spider, she hesitates.

ABBY
I can say goodbye from here.

GRANT
Her name's Blue Shoes.

ABBY
Her?

Abby glances at Grant, intrigued.

GRANT
From her Latin name *Idiothele mira*.
Means "wonderful" for the blue
markings on the feet.

ABBY
(doubtful)
Wonderful?
(looking closer)
This is the only creepy pet you
have, right?

GRANT
You coming in?

Abby steps inside.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You take her, I'll get drinks.

ABBY
I'll get the drinks.

Grant breaks for the living room.

4 INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Abby enters with the DRINKS, sees the mess.

ABBY
(sarcastic)
Good to see the packing's all under control.

Grant shoots her a look as he takes the BEER she offers.

ABBY (CONT'D)
So you and Lebs are off to that bush hospital?

GRANT
Yah, to my year of bush doctoring.

She raises her glass. They clink bottles.

ABBY
So my dad couldn't help you?

GRANT
(shrugs)
He's keeping me a place for when I get back.

Abby registers this as her attention flits to the spider.

ABBY
Does that thing bite?

GRANT
Lift your hand.

Abby considers this. Then, hesitantly she extends her hand. Grant gently places his hand on hers.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Don't make sudden movements.

Abby closes her eyes. A moment of trust.

GRANT (CONT'D)
She's feeling you. And coming across.

The spider crosses onto Abby's hand.

ABBY
It tickles.

She opens her eyes.

GRANT
Just relax. She can sense your skin temperature.

ABBY
(nervously)
You sure it doesn't bite?

GRANT
Only people I don't like.

She smiles tentatively, relaxing a little more. But then the spider starts to move further up her arm. She tenses.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Hold still.

Slowly, Grant runs his hand along her arm towards the spider. There's something quite sensual about this.

Then Blue Shoes returns to his hand. Both of them sensing some attraction. Then..

ABBY
I guess you'll be working for my dad when this is all over?

Grant nods. Abby considers this and it's clear the moment has passed. Grant crosses to the glass tank and replaces the spider.

AT THE BOOKCASE

Grant locates an old LEATHER DIARY tucked away along with a MAP.

GRANT
I'll show you where we're going.

BACK ON THE COUCH

Grant opens the MAP where an 'X' marks the location.

GRANT (CONT'D)
That's Ingwe Hospital.

Abby leans in.

ABBY
It really is in the middle of nowhere.

GRANT
(disappointed)
Fucking tell me about it.

ABBY
You know what?
(beat)
I think you're lucky.

GRANT
How so?

ABBY
You're going somewhere where your skills as a doctor can really make a difference. It'll be a real experience.

Grant shoots her a look as he inserts the MAP back into the LEATHER DIARY.

GRANT
It's right near the place where my dad died.

Abby reaches for his hand as Grant moves away.

CUT TO:

5 INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA -- MORNING

Clearly some order has been restored to the packing and now Grant is sprawled asleep on the couch.

His eyeballs dart beneath closed lids. His hand clenches involuntarily in a myoclonic jerk.

From outside the SOUND of a car HOOTER repeatedly stabs through the morning light.

Finally it permeates Grant's sleep and he sits up suddenly. He glances at his watch, disoriented.

GRANT
Fuck.

Through bleary-eyes, he reaches for his half-drunk beer and drains it. Then he grabs his DUFFEL BAG, RUCKSACK and hefts his MOUNTAIN BIKE towards the door.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB *bakkie* (pickup truck) with a burnt ORANGE paint job and ALL TERRAIN tyres. The vehicle is all muscle-up and ready to go as the SOUNDS of deep house GQOM ooze from sound system.

Behind the wheel is LEBOGANG MALANGA (27), a black South African in retro-50's glasses, V-Neck jersey and parted hair. Lebo leans impatiently on the HOOTER.

Grant stumbles out of the apartment building balancing his RUCKSACK, DUFFEL BAG and shouldering his MOUNTAIN BIKE.

As Lebo comes around the side of the bakkie.

LEBO
(imitating a voice of authority)
Come on Doctor Adler. You're damn late again!

GRANT
Cut the shit, Lebs and give me a hand.

LEBO
Let's get this party on!

7 EXT. JOHANNESBURG ELEVATED HIGHWAY -- MORNING

MUSIC up...

The TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB with its ORANGE paint job is easy to follow as it cuts through the stream of morning traffic on the four lane freeway circling the downtown area. Grant's MOUNTAIN BIKE strapped to the back.

The morning sun bouncing off the buildings.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 EXT. HIGHWAY - OUTSKIRTS -- LATER

MUSIC continues...

The skyline of Johannesburg receding in the distance as the TOYOTA slips further away from the 'city of gold' and its old MINE DUMPS, bled dry of their precious metal...

Remnants of another time...

DISSOLVE TO:

9 EXT. HIGHWAY - OUTSKIRTS -- LATER

MUSIC continues...

The TOYOTA flies past an expanse of shanty towns and government RDP houses.

10 EXT. RURAL - FARM LAND -- LATER

MUSIC continues...

The TOYOTA has slipped the urban sprawl and open farm lands stretch to the horizon on all sides.

11 INT. TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB -- DAY

Lebo is at the wheel. Grant in the passenger seat.

GRANT
Nice bakkie.

LEBO
(shrugging)
My dad's way of saying sorry he couldn't say goodbye.

GRANT
You didn't see them?

Lebo shakes his head. They drive on in silence for awhile.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Just one thing. You choose the colour?

Lebo shoots him a look.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Just saying, I love the colour. Perfect for an ambulance.

Grant smothers a smile.

LEBO
You could walk?

GRANT
What and delay the start of our year of nothing...

LEBO
After our internship, this'll be a holiday.

GRANT
And holidays always go too fast. Right?

LEBO
That's what I'm saying.

GRANT
You think they're already preparing a song and dance to welcome us?

Lebo winces at the comment as Grant digs in his bag. Brings out the MAP which he unfolds and traces a RED line marking a route on the MAP.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Okay. There's a detour I checked out. It takes us around to the West. Adds about an hour, but it's worth it. Scenic route.

LEBO
Damn tourist.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 EXT. RURAL - BUSHVELD -- DAY

Lebo is still driving as the orange TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB heads down a steep mountain pass.

Far below, the terrain flattens out on either side of a large river that uncoils across the expanse of bushveld in northern Kwa-Zulu Natal.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB -- LATER

Grant sleeps in the passenger seat as Lebo slows down anticipating the end of the TAR ROAD ahead.

He continues on the dirt road as he glances at the GARMIN, but it has lost signal. The road forks ahead.

Lebo fumbles with the MAP, unraveling it as he slows to a stop, and looks around to get his bearings.

A few MINI-BUS TAXIS collect PASSENGERS. A couple of SPAZA SHOPS sell fruit and veggies to the passing trade.

Lebo strains to read an old rusted SIGN. An arrow to the RIGHT shows the direction to town. To the LEFT, the DETOUR route marked on Grant's MAP.

A MINI-BUS TAXI heads off to the RIGHT. Lebo follows.

14 EXT. RICKETY BRIDGE/RIVER CROSSING -- DAY

Grant jolts awake. Disorientated alone in the car. He fumbles for the door and gets out. He realizes the TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB is stopped at an old RICKETY BRIDGE.

Grant clears some shrubs away at the side of the road. Reveals a rusted sign: LUPISI RIVER

Unsettled, Grant heads for the DOUBLE CAB and grabs the MAP and spreads it on the bonnet. He traces their route until he locates their position.

GRANT
(frustrated)
Shit.
(looking around)
Lebo!

No answer.

GRANT (CONT'D)
LEBOGANG!

Spooked, he walks cautiously onto the bridge and peers over the edge. The muddy RIVER swirling away beneath.

The strong current seems to tug at him.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Hey! Lebo!!
(no response)
Where you?

The sound of the WATER drowns him out.

Grant scrambles down the riverbank and finds Lebo sipping on a BEER.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(angry)
What the fuck are we doing here?!

LEBO
Relax, we're almost there.

GRANT
So you ignored the map?

LEBO
What?

GRANT
The detour? The map!

LEBO
I'll get you a beer.

Lebo scrambles up the bank leaving Grant alone.

A PIERCING SCREAM echoes off the surrounding hills.

Grant freezes.

AT THE DOUBLE CAB

Grant runs over to where Lebo is standing. Shaken.

LEBO (CONT'D)
Monster fucking spider. Size of my hand!!

Grant pulls out the COOLER BOX and starts unpacking the drinks.

GRANT
Where is it?

LEBO
I chucked it.

GRANT
Where?!

LEBO
(pointing)
Far as I could, man.

Grant starts searching the long grass on the side of the road.

Finally he finds the PLASTIC CONTAINER. But it's empty. He checks the grass nearby but finds no sign of Blue Shoes. Resigned, he heads back to the car.

LEBO (CONT'D)
You seriously brought your pet spider along?

GRANT
(distressed)
She won't make it in the wild.

LEBO
Nothing's going to mess with a thing that scary.

Grant packs away the COOLER BOX and slides in behind the wheel.

GRANT
(irritated)
We're taking the detour.

Grant gets in behind the wheel and starts the engine. Lebo reluctantly follows. Grant swings the vehicle around and they head off away from the rickety bridge.

15 EXT. ROAD - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE -- DAY

The bushveld encroaches on both sides of the dirt road as the orange TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB, with the MOUNTAIN BIKE on the back, approaches a cross-roads.

16 INT. TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Grant checks out the MAP while trying to get his bearings.

GRANT
This junction isn't even on the map.

LEBO
Lost again with adventure man.

The SOUND of a MOTORBIKE breaks the silence. Lebo turn to see:

A BMW R69S APPROACHING FROM THE SIDE ROAD

Lebo gets out and waves the driver down.

The driver stops and pushes back his helmet to reveal the weather worn face of SIBUSISO SHEZI (60s), a black man, his neatly trimmed beard greying at the edges.

LEBO (CONT'D)
Unjani? [How are you?]

SIBUSISO
Kuhamba kahle konke; wena? [All is good and with you?]

LEBO
Nakimi kunjalo.
Sifuna isibedlela, igama laso yi-I ngwe? [Also well. We're looking for Ingwe Hospital.]

Grant comes around. He nods a greeting to Sibusiso and looks over the bike.

GRANT
Classic bike. R69S. 1959?

Sibusiso acknowledges Grant's interest.

SIBUSISO
Are you the new doctors?

Lebo glances at Grant.

GRANT
You see, what did I say about a welcoming party?

SIBUSISO
I'm Sibusiso. I do the maintenance at the hospital. You can follow me.

Sibusiso kicks the engine into life. The boys get back in the Toyota and they drive off behind Sibusiso.

17 EXT. INGWE HOSPITAL -- AFTERNOON

The Hospital is a box-like double level government structure. Aesthetics being sacrificed for function.

The orange TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB drives into the nearly empty parking area following behind Sibusiso's BMW.

Sibusiso waves as they overtake him and park.

18 EXT. SIBUSISO'S BIKE -- CONTINUOUS

Moving with Sibusiso now as he continues around the back of the hospital to a maintenance entrance. He dismounts and goes inside.

19 INT. INGWE HOSPITAL - MAINTENANCE AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Sibusiso places his HELMET in the LOCKER and then pulls on his WORK OVERALLS. He retrieves his TOOL BAG and grabs a pair of workers GLOVES before closing the locker.

20 INT. INGWE HOSPITAL - STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

Sibusiso climbs the flight of stairs from the maintenance level up to the first level. He pushes open the door and emerges into:

21 INT. CORRIDOR - INGWE HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

The bustle of the hospital itself. A few NURSES hurry past. A PATIENT wheels a DRIP as an ORDERLY pushes a WHEELCHAIR in the other direction.

Sibusiso heads off towards ADMISSIONS.

22 INT. ADMISSIONS AREA - INGWE HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

A long line of PATIENTS crowds into the waiting area. MOTHERS with BABIES, OLD MEN, and more and more CHILDREN who add to the already busy NOISE of the place.

Sibusiso enters and looks around. Over by the entrance he sees:

GRANT AND LEBO

But no-one has noticed them as they take in the crowded waiting area. Lebo throws Grant a look: "no welcome party?"

Sibusiso, heads over to MATRON DLAMINI, a black woman in her late 40s, her authority unquestionable. They share a a few words before the Matron fixes the doctors in her sights. She glances at her watch and then claps her hands loudly and the admissions area instantly falls silent.

Grant is about to speak.

MATRON DLAMINI
(cutting him off)
Enough. Follow me.

Sibusiso smiles as the doctors follow Matron through the double doors leading into the OUTPATIENTS area.

23 INT. INGWE HOSPITAL - OUTPATIENTS -- CONTINUOUS

Where more PATIENTS wait as Matron sweeps past them leading the doctors to a closed door. She knocks and enters.

DR. YASMINA GUERRA, mid-30's, a Shweshwe print dress visible beneath her white LAB COAT. A mop of tight curls are held back in a scarf around her head.

Yasmina continues bandaging a CHILD's arm as the MOTHER watches anxiously.

YASMINA
No more rolling down hills inside the tractor tyres. Okay?

From her accent it's safe to assume Yasmina's from Cuba or somewhere else in Latin America.

She turns to meet the new doctors.

YASMINA (CONT'D)
Dr. Guerra.

Yasmina removes her gloves and shakes Grant's hand.

GRANT
Grant Adler.

LEBO
Dr. Lebogang Malanga

YASMINA
I like your name.

Her dreamy brown eyes are not lost on Lebo.

LEBO
It means 'be thankful'. Where you from?

YASMINA
Havana, Cuba.

LEBO
Come estas?

YASMINA
(surprised)
¡Estoy genial! Es bueno que hables español para que podamos comunicarnos fácilmente. [It's good you speak Spanish so we can communicate easily.]

LEBO
(hesitantly)
Hah... *por favor*? [please]

YASMINA
Ahora tenemos que ponerte a trabajar, los pacientes están esperando. [Now we have to get to work, patients are waiting.]

Lebo's completely lost in the fluent flow of her Spanish.

LEBO
I think I missed those classes.

Grant rolls his eyes.

GRANT
We should probably meet the superintendent.

MATRON DLAMINI
Dr. Guerra is in charge till he gets back.

Grant and Lebo take a moment to digest this.

24 INT. CORRIDOR - INGWE HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Yasmina strides ahead as Lebo and Grant catch up.

They pass a locked door with a THICK CHAIN around the handles.

The sign above reads: OPERATING THEATRE

Yasmina notices the reaction from the new doctors.

YASMINA
Ingwe is a feeder hospital.

LEBO
What about emergencies?

YASMINA
We assess, we stabilize and we refer to Shoza provincial.

GRANT
(laughs)
No stress. We assess. We stabilize. We turf. What did you say about vacation?

Lebo smiles at this.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Hope you remember those protocols for stomach aches, headaches and dressings.

Yasmina shoots Grant a look, trying to gauge his sarcasm.

LEBO
How long have you been here?

YASMINA
Three years with the exchange programme between your Department of Health and the Cuban government.

LEBO
Man. I always wanted to samba in Havana.

YASMINA
We salsa in Cuba. Brazil is samba

Grant stifles a smile as Yasmina throws open the doors to:

25 INT. CONSULTING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

More PATIENTS waiting. They all look at the doctors expectantly. Yasmina pushes a BOX of STERILE gloves into Grant's hands.

YASMINA
(all business)
So okay. Let's get your vacation started.

GRANT
But we just got here?

YASMINA
<u>You</u> want to tell them to go home and come back tomorrow?

Lebo looks over at Grant. They have little option but to break out the GLOVES.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CONSULTING AREA A - DAY

Grant attends a FARM WORKER, 40s, in work overalls, his head caked with blood.

GRANT
(pulling on gloves)
What happened?

FARMWORKER
We were putting up a fence.

Grant checks vitals for signs of concussion. Then he moves to inspect the wound.

GRANT
This will need stitches.

FARMWORKER
Yah, the fence pole fell off the truck and found my head.

27 INT. CONSULTING AREA C - DAY

Lebo checks the pulse of a PERSPIRING WOMAN, who looks pale and sweaty.

PERSPIRING WOMAN
Ngalunywa yinyoka. [I was bitten by a snake.]

LEBO
Uyazi ukuthi nhloboni yenyoka?
[Do you know the kind of snake?]

She shakes her head.

LEBO (CONT'D)
Kulungile Ma. Linda lapha.[It's okay, Ma. Wait here.]

He exits.

28 INT. SUPPLY CABINET - CASUALTY AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Grant grabs supplies. SUTURES, GAUZE, SCALPEL BLADES, SYRINGE and LOCAL ANESTHETIC.

His arms full, he turns to go. Lebo comes over.

LEBO
You see a snake bite chart?

Lebo rifles through the drawers. Yasmina comes over.

Unhooks a LAMINATED SNAKE BITE CHART off the wall and hands it to Lebo. Grant juggles his supplies.

YASMINA
Need a hand?

GRANT
I've got it. Thanks.

Yasmina watches Grant as he walks off.

29 INT. CONSULTING AREA C - DAY

Lebo holds up the CHART showing numerous venomous snakes of South Africa.

LEBO
Iyiphi kulezi Ma? [Which one, Ma?]

The perspiring woman reaches into her bra. Produces a plastic bag. She empties it onto the floor -- two halves of a snake fall onto the ground.

PERSPIRING WOMAN
Yilena. [This one.]

Lebo backs up.

30 INT. CONSULTING AREA A -- MOMENTS LATER

The FARMWORKER's head is shaved. Grant is stitching as Yasmina enters. She watches his progress and seems satisfied by what she sees.

MONTAGE:

USED STERILE GLOVES PILE UP IN THE DISPOSAL BAGS

THE LINE OF PATIENTS MOVES ALONG

DRESSINGS AND USED SYRINGES FOLLOW

THE SUN DROPS BEHIND THE HORIZON

31 INT. CONSULTING AREA B -- DAY

Grant examines an OLDER MAN with a swelling in his belly.

Matron Dlamini assists the consultation as Grant taps the bulge. It resonates like a drum.

MATRON DLAMINI
Sekuyisikhathi esingakanani unjena?
[How long have you been like this?]

OLDER MAN
Kusukela ngokhisimusi.[Since Xmas.]

MATRON DLAMINI
(to Grant)
He's been like this for 2 months.

GRANT
Let's get him on IV fluids while we run some tests.

32 EXT. INGWE HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

The SECURITY LIGHTS come on around the hospital as night closes in.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. DOCTORS' LOUNGE - INGWE HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Lebo drains a cup of TEA as Grant stretches out on a WORN COUCH. They both look exhausted.

LEBO
If I hear another complaint about hotness of the body or painful eyes.

GRANT
One woman said she was hit by a cow. A car, I said, right? No, no she says, it was definitely a cow. Then she asked if I know the difference because, she said, she can definitely tell the difference between a car and a cow.

Lebo smiles at this.

LEBO
I could eat a cow.

Suddenly A LOUD BUZZER pulses as Yasmina rushes in. She punches the intercom button.

YASMINA
Coming now!

CUT TO:

34 INT. CASUALTY AREA -- NIGHT

Pandemonium as ORDERLIES rush in with a GASPING PATIENT. Grant and Lebo are attending. Yasmina watches.

GRANT
Is he choking on something?

Lebo checks the patient's mouth.

LEBO
Burns. Caustic.

GRANT
(to Yasmina)
What did he take?

YASMINA
Unknown. Complained of stomach pain and then fell down in casualty.

GRANT
He's not breathing.

Grant connects the Blood Pressure (BP) monitor.

LEBO
(urgent)
Where's that tracheal tube!

Yasmina nods confirmation to Sister #2 who runs off. They all watch the BP monitor as it continues to fall.

GRANT
BP 78 over 55.

LEBO
We need resuscitation now!

Sister #2 returns with a STOMACH PUMP.

GRANT
(shouting)
That's a stomach pump. Come on. Get me a tracheal tube?!

LEBO
I'll get it.

He rushes off.

GRANT
BP's still dropping. He's going to box it.

Grant starts CPR.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Defib!

Sister #2 rushes off as Lebo returns with the TRACHEAL TUBE.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Too late! Let's get the pads on him.

Sister #2 pushes over the DEFIBRILLATOR trolley. Grant cuts the patient's shirt away.

LEBO
Move away.

Grant backs off as Lebo gets the paddles on patient's chest. Yasmina watches assessing their methods and experience.

GRANT
Go.

Lebo releases the current. The patient convulses. Grant checks for a pulse. Nothing. Yasmina glances at her watch. Marking the time.

Grant continues with CPR. Massaging the patient's heart. One-Two-Three.

Lebo checks for a pulse. Nothing. Grant continues.

One-Two-Three.

Lebo readies the paddles again.

Grant back ups as Lebo releases another charge. The patient convulses. Grant glances at the monitor. There's no pulse and the BP is falling fast.

LEBO
Come on. Come on. Keep pumping.

Grant continues CPR. One-Two-Three. Yasmina looks on.

Again Lebo applies the paddles.

LEBO (CONT'D)
Clear.

He releases the charge. They repeat the routine. But there's no response from the patient.

GRANT
(softly)
He's gone.

Lebo watches as Grant closes the dead man's eyes. Yasmina checks the time.

YASMINA
9:43pm.

She records time of death and then covers the body.

Suddenly, Lebo slams down the pads and walks out. Grant looks over at Yasmina and follows Lebo out.

35 EXT. INGWE HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

INSECTS swarm around the Security lights illuminating the front of the hospital.

Lebo is alone with his thoughts as Grant joins him. Silence.

LEBO
Casualty nurse doesn't know the difference between a tracheal tube and a stomach pump. And the fucking surgical ward is closed.

GRANT
Now you know why I didn't want to come here.
(beat)
This place is a death trap, man.

Lebo's anger rises.

LEBO
So we're supposed to just do a second rate job and that's okay?

GRANT
We saw worse at Bara, but at least there we had the resources to try and do something. This place...
(he shrugs)
It's fucking hopeless.

Grant holds up his hand, but Lebo doesn't respond.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Hey. Come on. We can get through this.
(beat)
If we stick together?

Lebo thinks about this then grabs Grant's hand and pulls him close.

36 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DOCTORS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

The headlights of the TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB illuminate the dirt track. Lebo and Yasmina are up front while Grant sits in the back.

YASMINA
So? How was the first day of your vacation?

No-one responds. A solemn mood as they drive in silence.

YASMINA (CONT'D)
Over here.

The HEADLIGHTS reveal a GATE across the driveway.

Grant clambers out and unhooks the gate so the vehicle can drive through. The MOUNTAIN BIKE still on the back.

The HEADLIGHTS sweep over a low bungalow-style house with whitewashed walls and thatched roof.

37 INT. LOUNGE - DOCTORS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Yasmina leads the way inside. Grant dumps his DUFFEL BAG and looks around. Rustic, sparse but comfortable.

YASMINA
My bedroom's down the passage on the right. There's another room on that side.
(to Grant)
And a spare room at the back of the house.

She heads off to her room. Lebo stretches out on the couch and is almost instantly asleep.

Grant shoulders his DUFFEL BAG and heads off to find his room.

38 INT. GRANT'S ROOM - DOCTORS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Grant flicks on the light to reveal BOXES on the bed. A CHAIR turned up on a SMALL DESK and a BEDSIDE LAMP. A few old PICTURES are stacked against the wall.

He digs out his CELL PHONE and holds it up to get a signal. Nothing. Tossing the phone aside he moves the boxes and sits on the bed which CREEKS ominously under his weight.

GRANT
Can't get any worse.

Then the bedroom lights starts to flicker. Grant watches, defeated, as the power supply dips and then fails.

39 EXT. BUSHVELD -- MORNING

Sunrise over the bushveld. A low mist clings to the valleys.

40 EXT. BUSHVELD - OPEN PLAINS -- MORNING

A MOUNTAIN BIKE is the only moving thing in the vast landscape.

From the dust and sweat streaking Grant's face he's already put some distance on the meter. HEADPHONES on and the music cranked up, he's in his own world.

Ahead the single track reaches a steep drop-off.

Instead of slowing, Grant pumps harder. His momentum taking him clear off the ground and for an instant he is suspended between earth and sky.

And then the bike thumps down onto the dry river bed as Grant lets out a shout of exhilaration.

He pulls out the MAP from his RUCKSACK and traces his position, following the river to the spot marked with an "X".

41 EXT. RIVER CROSSING -- DAY

The sun is higher.

Grant emerges from the river bed peddling hard to gain enough momentum to make it up the gradient. At the top of the river bank he stops.

A rutted old track runs off into the bushveld leading away from the river. In front of him is a large pool of water, nearby a huge Fever Tree, breaking up the otherwise flat landscape, casts some welcome shade.

He leans his bike against the tree and takes in the profound stillness reflected in the glassy surface of the water.

Then a slight movement catches his attention as he notices a BABOON SPIDER, remarkably similar to his pet spider, crawling from a crevice in the tree trunk.

Could it be Blue Shoes? Grant reaches out his hand as the spider senses him. It inches closer.

PLOP! Something splashes in the water. Grant swivels round, but only a ripple from some disturbance below the surface is visible.

At that moment the spider strikes and Grant recoils in pain. BLOOD rising from the bite.

He strips off his BANDANA and wraps his hand.

42 EXT. ROAD - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE -- DAY

The midday sun is beating down.

Grant's helmet hangs over the handlebars as he steers with his good hand but it's tough going over the loose stones which cause the bike to slide around.

Ahead the road reaches a steep descent. Grant stops to catch his breath and tighten the bloody BANDANA. He raises his WATER bottle to drink, but it's empty.

As the sun hammers down relentlessly, Grant descends a hill. Trying to hold his line with one hand, the incline and loose stones send the bike into an uncontrollable slide. He falls hard and without his helmet on, HITS his head on the rocky ground.

He lies there dazed. Unmoving.

Then slowly he reaches up and touches the back of his head. His hand comes away covered in BLOOD.

He reaches for his CELL PHONE, but the screen is CRACKED and without a signal.

43 EXT. EDGE OF TOWN -- DAY

With DRIED BLOOD streaking his neck from the head wound, Grant pushes the bike as he makes his way unsteadily along the road.

He squints ahead at a clump of trees surrounding a few WATER TANKS on a raised platforms. But then nausea overwhelms him and his legs buckle as he falls.

FADE OUT:

44 INT. AFRICAN HUT -- DAY

Out of the DARKNESS swirls the uneven surface of MUD walls before darkness closes in again.

Then a THATCHED roof comes into focus as Grant's eyes struggle to orientate. He looks around registering the stamped DIRT floor covered with GRASS Mats.

Unfamiliar surroundings.

Then the pain hits. He feels his bandaged head and checks his swollen hand. The wound is smothered in OINTMENT and wrapped in DRIED LEAVES.

Sibusiso, the maintenance guy, enters. Grant tries to get a fix on him, but his vision swims in and out of focus and he collapses back on the bed.

Sibusiso holds out a CUP for him to drink. Grant's vision distorts and blurs as BONGIWE(18), Sibusiso's daughter, clears away the water used to clean his wounds.

45 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

A two-bedroom cinder-block unit that has been extended to include an additional room. The corrugated iron roof sports a coat of GREEN paint.

46 INT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- DAY

Bongiwe offers MASHEZI (70) some SOUP to eat, but MaShezi waves her away. The old woman doesn't look well.

Sibusiso enters. He and Bongiwe share a concerned look.

47 EXT. AFRICAN HUT -- LATER

The sun cuts across the thatched hut.

48 INT. AFRICAN HUT -- TIME LAPSE

Grant sleeps for hours as the rays of sunlight advance across the floor of the hut.

49 INT. AFRICAN HUT -- LATER

Eventually the slanting light reaches Grant's face. His eyes dart open.

He gets his bearings and sits up. The nausea has passed.

50 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOMESTEAD -- AFTERNOON

Sibusiso and Bongiwe work side-by-side in the vegetable garden.

She gestures to her father when she sees Grant come out of the hut.

SIBUSISO
(to Bongiwe)
Hamba uyobiza uSimphiwe.[Go and call Simpiwe.]
(to Grant)
My daughter. Bongiwe.

GRANT
Hello.

Bongiwe doesn't respond to Grant as she passes him.

SIBUSISO
How is your head?

Grant moves his neck. He nods that it feels easier.

GRANT
We met at the hospital.

SIBUSISO
The one who likes motor bikes.

Grant nods. He takes out his CELL PHONE and notices the cracked screen. There's no signal.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
Someone will take you back so they can check your head.

CUT TO:

51 INT. CONSULTING AREA A -- DAY

A light flares. Grant's eyeball constricts in response.

Lebo turns off the FLASHLIGHT.

GRANT
All I remember is I blacked out and woke up in a hut. Lucky someone gave me a lift here.

Lebo removes the bandage on Grant's head.

LEBO
Looks like you were luckier than that. Whoever found you may have saved your life. You could still be lying out there with a head wound. Could've ended badly.

He turns his attention to Grant's hand.

LEBO (CONT'D)
And they knew what they were doing. This wound's been cleaned and dressed properly.
(beat)
No sign of cytotoxin damage.

GRANT
It was a non-venomous spider.

LEBO
Well it certainly wasn't tame.

Lebo puts a fresh dressing on the wounds as Yasmina enters.

LEBO (CONT'D)
He's got a mild concussion.

GRANT
I'm fine.

YASMINA
You know how long you've been gone?

Grant looks at Lebo.

LEBO
(concerned)
I tried calling you three times. You've been gone the whole day.

Grant registers his surprise.

YASMINA
Let's get him to X-ray just to be sure.

GRANT
I'm okay.

YASMINA
Then the Superintendent is waiting to see both of you.

52 INT. CORRIDOR - INGWE HOSPITAL -- DAY

DR. CHIPO NGWENYA, a distinguished African man in his mid-50s, fingers a small SILVER CRUCIFIX medallion.

Keeping pace with him are Grant, Lebo and Matron. Grant's DRESSING is visible at the back of his head.

NGWENYA
Dr. Adler, I hope you can put your brain to more useful things during your work here.

GRANT
I'm sorry... I...

NGWENYA
You went adventuring instead of coming to work. We have strict work rosters here and you're expected to show up for 10 hours a day. In at 8am out at 6pm. Weekends we work rotating shifts.

GRANT
It won't happen again.

NGWENYA
Make sure of that. Alternate nights we rotate the 48 hour calls.

GRANT
We noticed the Surgical Ward is locked?

Ngwenya stops.

NGWENYA
For good reason, I assigned all surgical staff to Shoza. That's our closest provincial hospital. You will transfer the cases there.

LEBO
And emergencies?

MATRON DLAMINI
The ambulance takes 2 hours to get here and back. If the roads are flooded, it can take longer.

Grant looks over at Lebo.

NGWENYA
Now let's discuss the case that came in yesterday.

Dr. Ngwenya leads them through a door marked: MORGUE

53 INT. INGWE HOSPITAL - MORGUE -- CONTINUOUS

Dr. Ngwenya tucks his silver crucifix into his pocket before he folds back a sheet covering the corpse. It is the DECEASED PATIENT from the first day.

NGWENYA
You know what these are?

Dr. Ngwenya points to the inner elbow of the deceased.

GRANT
Looks like incision marks for some kind of healing?

NGWENYA
Recent too.

Dr. Ngwenya passes a REPORT to Grant.

GRANT
(from the report)
The deceased's wife said he drank medicine the morning of his admission. She said that her husband visited a prophet whenever he came to town. This was the fifth time he had purchased medicine from him.

NGWENYA
You've had experience with traditional healers?

Grant scans through the rest of the report.

LEBO
I had a few patients at Bara.

NGWENYA
Here 50% or more of our patients are using traditional cures.

LEBO
Why's that a problem?

NGWENYA
When you combine that with the 40% HIV rate amongst pregnant women and the high TB prevalence you've got a potentially lethal problem.

GRANT
And no big surprise that the prophet's medicine isn't going to cure HIV or TB.

NGWENYA
Quite the opposite. Ingredients in these homemade cures can interact with our medication.
(covering the corpse)
The results speak for themselves.

He makes the sign of the cross towards the body.

LEBO
People aren't stupid. If we had better equipment, if the surgical ward was functioning, if our staff was better trained, we'd have better outcomes. And they wouldn't go chasing after miracle cures.

SGT. MAGUBANE (35), a black policewoman, enters the morgue.

NGWENYA
Hello, Sergeant.

She nods a greeting to the others.

SGT. MAGUBANE
We are investigating cases in Lungula, two in Majuba and another confirmed death in Lembe district.

NGWENYA
These are just the cases that we know about because the patients have been admitted to hospitals and clinics in the area.

Grant glances over at a worried Lebo.

LEBO
But there's a difference between real traditional healers and the charlatans who do this.

SGT. MAGUBANE
All we know is that when there's trouble in an area, the people who sell these mixtures are nowhere to be found. Gone.
(beat)
We're investigating these as murder cases.

She holds out a FOLDER for Lebo.

SGT. MAGUBANE (CONT'D)
This will explain more.

GRANT
What're we supposed to do?

NGWENYA
You've got to watch out and be alert. Disorientation, dilated pupils, hallucinations, dehydration. All indications of...

GRANT
But there could be a thousands of causes for those symptoms?

SGT. MAGUBANE
You see anything suspicious you need to report it.

Dr. Ngwenya wheels the CORPSE back to the mortuary fridge as Grant looks over at Lebo.

54 INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE - GRANT'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Grant's hand is neatly BANDAGED and a SMALL DRESSING covers the wound on his head. Grant has the MAP open and is reading through a few NEWSPAPER clippings with headlines: SURGEON DROWNS IN FREAK FLOOD. FATHER DROWNS, SON SURVIVES.

Grant grabs his PHONE he checks for a signal and dials. Abby answers appearing on the video call.

ABBY
Hey.

GRANT
Surprised?

ABBY
Always. How things going there?

GRANT
Kinda of weird. I got bitten by a spider.

ABBY
Probably revenge for keeping that poor thing locked up for so long.

GRANT
No... she escaped.

ABBY
"She" again...

GRANT
Listen, I wanted to ask you a favour.

ABBY
Sure.

GRANT
I want to know if your dad ever went to the place where my father drowned?

ABBY
Why?
(beat)
I mean, why don't you just ask him?

Grant hesitates, then.

GRANT
He'll just warn me not to dig up the past or something...

MIKE (O.S.)
You want some more wine?

ABBY
(to Mike)
Sure. Be right there.

GRANT
Sorry, you with someone?

ABBY
It's okay. It's just Mike.

GRANT
Mike?

ABBY
A friend. Mike.
(beat)
So what did you want me to ask Aaron?

Mike's hand enters the frame and places a glass of WINE beside Abby.

GRANT
Forget it. Sorry.

ABBY
Grant. Wait. What about it?

GRANT
It's nothing.
(beat)
Cheers.

Grant ends the call abruptly and stares at the blank screen for a moment.

Then he reaches for the FOLDER which Sgt. Magubane handed over and begins to leaf through the contents distractedly.

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING shows a PREACHER spraying INSECT POISON in the face of CONGREGANTS.

Another HEADLINE reads: CHLORINE BLEACH USED TO TREAT AUTISM.

This peaks Grant's interest as he opens the TOXICOLOGY REPORT indicating that corrosive compounds were found in the patients who died.

Yet another HEADLINE reads: POLICE INVESTIGATE BOGUS HEALERS.

Grant flips through more reports with mounting concern until his attention settles on his bandaged hand. He unwraps the BANDAGE to inspect the wound.

55 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- MORNING

A MOTORBIKE carrying Grant stops in front of the homestead. Grant pays the DRIVER and approaches Sibusiso's house carrying a BAG of FRUIT.

He knocks and after a short while Bongiwe appears at the door.

GRANT
(holding out the fruit)
For the help yesterday.

Bongiwe closes the door behind her and steps outside.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Is your father here?

BONGIWE
The man who took you to the hospital is Simpiwe Dube. That is who you should thank.

Bongiwe points down the sodden path which winds between thick vegetation. She turns and goes back inside.

Grant is about to knock again, but he decides to follow the path Bongiwe has pointed out.

56 INT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- DAY

Sibusiso holds a BOWL to MaShezi's lips as the old woman drinks. When she has had enough, she pushes the bowl away and lies down.

SIBUSISO
Usalile isipho sakhe? [You refused his gift?]

Bongiwe doesn't reply, busying herself with something.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
Angasisiza.[He could help us.]

Sibusiso looks at his sickly mother, then back to Bongiwe.

BONGIWE
Akanandaba nathi. Izindlela zethu zokwenza izinto.
(beat)
Siyini kuye noma yena uyini kithi? [He does not care about us. Or our ways. What are we to him or him to us?]

SIBUSISO
Uma kungukuthi akazi lutho kungab yingenxa yokungazazi izinto. [If he knows nothing, it is only out of ignorance.]

Bongiwe doesn't respond.

57 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOMESTEAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Grant follows the path as it winds between some trees.

He reaches a clearing in the bush where a traditional BEEHIVE hut is located.

Constructed from bundles of thatch lashed with branches and twine.

GRANT
Hello?

No-one answers.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Simpiwe?
(silence)
Simpiwe Dube. Anyone here?

He moves towards the opening to the hut. He peers into darkness inside.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Hello?

Grant gets out his CELL PHONE. Flicks on the light function. Shining it around.

Grant's POV: A GRASS MAT and a few ANIMAL SKINS on the floor. Some dried PLANTS hang from the thatched structure.

Grant enters.

58 INT. INDUMBA -- DAY

By the cell phone's light he takes in the JARS of crushed MEDICINES neatly arranged on a bench. CANDLES, a METAL BASIN, a PLASTIC JUG and a few other items.

He takes pictures with his phone:

FLASH!

Rows of medicine jars.

FLASH!

A bird wing spread open.

FLASH!

Snake skins.

59 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOMESTEAD -- CONTINUOUS

Sibusiso walks down the pathway. He sees the Beehive hut through the foliage and FLASHES from Grant's phone visible in the doorway.

Sibusiso pauses.

60 INT. INDUMBA -- CONTINUOUS

Grant continues to take pictures:

FLASH!

Mortar and pestle beside a pile of ground ROOTS.

FLASH!

KNOPKERRIE - a ceremonial stick embellished with distinctive patterns of coloured beads and metal studs.

Grant turns for the exit but knocks over a METAL BASIN, sending it CLATTERING.

61 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOMESTEAD -- CONTINUOUS

Sibusiso hears the NOISE and quickens his pace...

62 EXT. INDUMBA -- CONTINUOUS

Grant emerges from the hut, half-blinded by the sunlight.

His eyes take a moment to adjust as he sees Sibusiso facing him.

GRANT
What is this place?

Sibusiso doesn't reply.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You gave me something to drink before I passed out. What was it?

SIBUSISO
Maybe you can learn first and then ask your questions later. Isn't that what a doctor does?

GRANT
(insistent)
What did you give me to drink?

Sibusiso dismisses Grant's impatience.

GRANT (CONT'D)
We had a patient who was poisoned after taking some mixture from a healer.

SIBUSISO
I have read about doctors who play with their patient's lives. You call this malpractice. No?

GRANT
The patient died. The police are investigating a murder.

SIBUSISO
If my medicine causes sickness, my patients know where I live. I can't just run away.
(MORE)

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
(beat)
These fake healers come to town selling their potions and claim it will cure everything. Then people start to get sick because they're taking more and more of it.

The significance of this sinks in for Grant as Sibusiso gestures towards the hut. It's an invitation.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
You are taught to observe first and then make a decision from what you see?

Grant thinks it over. Then instead of taking Sibusiso's offer he holds out the BAG of fruit.

63 EXT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN -- NIGHT

A SECURITY LIGHT shrouded by RAIN.

64 INT. GRANT'S ROOM - DOCTOR'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Outside WIND and RAIN lash the house.

Water cascades across the window casting a dreamlike watery effect across the room. The RAIN drums loudly against the roof of the house.

The bed CREEKS under his weight as Grant turns on the BEDSIDE LIGHT and reaches for HARRY'S DIARY.

He pages past dense handwritten notes, stopping to inspect a pressed PLANT, *mpepho*, he sniffs it before turning the page to a few landscape sketches, some touched up with water colour paint.

He looks at a few sketches of anatomical details: a baboon skull, a human hand, the fine bone structure of bird's wing.

And then he come to a page with a drawing of a KNOPKIERRIE. Something about it triggers his memory as he reaches for his PHONE and flips to the PHOTOS from the *indumba*.

He holds up the photo of KNOPKIERRIE beside the sketch in his father's diary. They appear to be identical. Intrigued, he moves the LIGHT closer and starts to read.

65 INT. DOCTORS' HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

Grant is dressed for work as he fries a few EGGS. Lebo enters wearing casuals and clearly not headed for work.

GRANT
You hungry?

LEBO
Was planning to sleep till lunch, but might as well.

Grant scoops a couple of eggs onto a plate. Lebo grabs a few slices of BREAD and takes a seat in the kitchen.

Harry's diary is open on the table and Lebo notices the SKETCH of the KNOPKERRIE.

LEBO (CONT'D)
You taking art classes now?

Grant closes the diary and moves it away.

GRANT
My dad's.

LEBO
What was he writing about?

GRANT
His diary... about his travels.
(a beat)
Lebo, I'll take your night shift if...

LEBO
No.

GRANT
Come on.

LEBO
I'm sleeping today.

GRANT
I'll put in a word for you with Dr Samba.

Lebo's about to say something as Yasmina enters already dressed for work.

YASMINA
(to Grant)
You ready?

Grant glances at Lebo. Lebo looks over at Yasmina.

LEBO
I'm filling for him.

YASMINA
You want a lift?

LEBO
Great, yah.

Lebo smiles at Grant.

66 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- DAY

The two room cinder block structure with its corrugated iron roof. The neatly swept yard out front.

A few chickens roam around picking for food.

67 INT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

An INYANGA (40s), a Zulu herbalist doctor, examines MaShezi who sits on a GRASS MAT on the floor. The inyanga wears a headband made from the skin of an antelope.

Grant and Sibusiso watch as the inyanga works.

INYANGA
Umama wakho uzothokoza ngale mbuzi futhi umoya wakhe uzophumula ngoxo lo. [Your mother will be happy with that goat and her spirit will rest peacefully.]

MASHEZI
(points to his heart)
Kodwa ubuhlungu busekhona. [But the pain is still here.]

INYANGA
Usawuphuza umuthi engikunike wona? [You are still taking the medicine I gave you?]

MaShezi nods.

MASHEZI
Ezinsukwini ezimbili ezidlule ngiye endlini encane ngacishe ngaquleka. Kusukela lapho sengigula kabi. Ngilokhu ngisembhedeni, angikwazi ngisho nokwenzani endlini. [Two days ago I went to the toilet and I nearly passed out. Since then I have been very sick. I have been in bed and I can't even get around the house.]

The Inyanga opens a SUITCASE containing neatly arranged bottles of HERBS, PLANTS and other DRIED POWDERS. He pours specific quantities onto a square of paper. Folds it up, twisting the ends in a well practiced fashion.

68 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- LATER

The Inyanga hands Sibusiso a SMALL BOTTLE of liquid.

INYANGA
Umnikeze lokhu aphunge izikhathi ezimbalwa ngosuku. Ngaphambi kokuba dale. Kuzomsiza ngokukhwehlela.
(MORE)

INYANGA (CONT'D)
(beat)
Ubozama ukumphindisela emtholampilo. Udinga amaphilisi. [Give her this uKuphunga a few times each day. Before she eats. It will help with the coughing.
(beat)
You must try and take her back to the clinic. She needs the tablets.]
(to Grant)
I'm happy to meet you doctor.

Grant shakes his hand and the Inyanga leaves.

GRANT
(to Sibusiso)
Why don't you treat her?

SIBUSISO
Inyanga ayizelaphi. A doctor never doctors himself or his family.

GRANT
Good advice.

Grant notices the concern on Sibusiso's face.

GRANT (CONT'D)
From what you explained to me it sounds like her symptoms could be from a bleeding ulcer. You should bring her to the hospital so we can run some proper tests and send her to Shoza for a gastric specialist to look.

SIBUSISO
You came here to learn, not interfere. Right?

GRANT
Yes, but... I have a responsibility to do something. I mean, as a doctor I have to help this patient.

SIBUSISO
The inyanga's medicine will help her.

GRANT
(uncertain)
You say it's made from sea shells?

Sibusiso nods.

GRANT (CONT'D)
So that's alkaline. It might help reduce her stomach acid, but...
(beat)

Grant's about to insist further, but Sibusiso holds up his hand to silence him.

SIBUSISO
If she gets worse, I will do as you say.
(beat)
Now, there's another patient we must see.

Sibusiso heads off but Grant hesitates. He glances back at the house, unsure whether to follow.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
You coming?

Grant decides to follow him.

69 INT. MKHIZE HOUSE -- DAY

GIFT MKHIZE (40) lies on a mat on the floor as Sibusiso presses into the side of her torso. He checks her eyes and looks into her mouth.

Satisfied he sits back as Grant watches.

GIFT MKHIZE (40) lies on a mat on the floor as Sibusiso presses into the side of her torso. He checks her eyes and looks into her mouth.

Satisfied he sits back as Grant watches.

SIBUSISO
Usaphunga yini? [Have you been taking the uKuphunga?]

Gift nods.

GIFT
Ngimtshelile umyeni wami ukuthi utheni.[I told my husband what you said.]

SIBUSISO
Useyakunika imali yokuthenga ukudla? [So he is giving you the money to buy the food now?]

GIFT
Sizama kanje. Sesilima nemifino njengoba washo. [We are trying it. And growing our own vegetables, like you said.]

Sibusiso opens his SUITCASE and takes out an already made PAPER PACKAGE.

SIBUSISO
Uboqhubeka ngokuphuza lokhu kathathu ngelanga.[You must continue to take this three times a day.]

She claps her hands in thanks.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
Uqaphele ukuthi usebenzisa ushukela ongakanani. [And remember to watch how much sugar you take.]

He hands her the medicine. She claps her hands in thanks.

70 EXT. SETTLEMENT ROAD -- DAY

The Mkhize house is behind them as they walk down the road.

SIBUSISO
I have been treating Mrs. Mkhize for years. She was suffering with dizziness and sometimes she would fall down. She believed her husband put a curse on her.

GRANT
(joking)
Something they don't cover in medical school.

SIBUSISO
And if I told you she was eating too much sugar because I could smell it on her breath?

Now it's Grant's turn to be impressed.

GRANT
Higher ketone levels can cause a slight acetone breath. Sugar spikes could make her dizzy and that could explain her falling. Where did you learn about that?

SIBUSISO
When I was your age, I also dreamed of being a doctor.
(beat)
But then there was only one medical school for black doctors. And my family could not afford it.

GRANT
So how did you learn all this?

SIBUSISO
Come, I want to show you something.

71 EXT. BUSHVELD - RIVER BANKS -- DAY

Sibusiso is collecting MEDICINAL PLANTS as Grant walks with him.

SIBUSISO
One day I will build a place here were we can treat people and share what we know with everyone.

Grant takes in the surroundings.

GRANT
What's stopping you?

SIBUSISO
First I talk to the community to find out if they want this.

GRANT
But it's your idea and you are the one with the knowledge. Can't you just do it?

SIBUSISO
Our ways of healing belongs to all of us. It's not only for the doctors who can afford to go to university to learn.

GRANT
But not anyone can do what you do, what we do?

SIBUSISO
My uncle from my mother's side taught me and trained me to be *inyanga*. One day I will teach what I know to Bongiwe.
(beat)
But what we learn does not belong to us alone. We all must share in healing each other.

Grant smiles at this.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
What?

GRANT
I was just thinking that it runs in my family too. My father was also a doctor.

They emerge through the vegetation beside the river bank as the brown and muddy current swirls past. Grant fixes on a dead LOG caught in an eddy before being dragged away downstream. Grant watches as it drifts out of sight unaware that Sibusiso is watching him.

SIBUSISO
You okay?

Grant looks at him. Nods. He glances at his watch.

GRANT
I've got to get back.

CUT TO:

72 INT. INGWE HOSPITAL - WARD -- DAY

A young African woman, THANDEKA (20's), stifles a cry of pain as Yasmina probes her abdomen. Sister #2 comforts her as Lebo checks the patient's FOLDER.

YASMINA
Maybe inflamed appendix. Keep checking on her, Sister.

Lebo writes something in the folder and hands it to the Sister as he and Yasmina move on to the next bed.

LEBO
You doing anything later?

YASMINA
I have ward rounds to complete.

LEBO
I mean after that.

YASMINA
The Super left for Pretoria today, so I have his reports to finish.

LEBO
Can't that wait?

Yasmina picks up where this is going.

YASMINA
Dr Malanga, my home and my family are a long way from here. I don't want any complications to come between us while we work together.

LEBO
Me neither. I just wanted to borrow some Cuban music if you have any you can share?

Yasmina smiles at this.

73 EXT. DOCTORS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN -- EVENING

Grant wears his work clothes and carries his WHITE COAT as he climbs into the TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB and fires up the engine.

He heads down the driveway, stopping to close the gate behind him.

74 EXT. INGWE HOSPITAL -- EVENING

Grant drives the Toyota into the parking area where he sees Sibusiso pacing around the entrance. He pulls up.

SIBUSISO
(worried)
The other doctor is seeing her now.

GRANT
Shit.
(beat)
What did you say about us seeing her earlier?

Sibusiso indicates he hasn't said anything.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll handle this.

Grant pulls into a parking spot.

75 INT. CASUALTY AREA -- NIGHT

Lebo is attending an unconscious MaShezi as the CASUALTY NURSE squeezes an AMBU BAG feeding the patient OXYGEN.

Grant comes in and nods a greeting to Lebo who gestures towards the BP monitor reading the blood pressure.

LEBO
BP's right down.

GRANT
I can take it from here.

LEBO
Nurse, let's get some ECG leads on her.
(to Grant)
I've got this.

The Casualty Nurse hands the oxygen mask to Grant as she rushes off. While Lebo shares a few words with Sister #1, Grant pulls down one of MaShezi's eyelids and looks inside.

He curses silently and checks her pulse.

GRANT
She's in shock.

LEBO
Heart attack probably.

Sister #1 arrives with the CRASH TROLLEY and starts connecting up the paddles.

LEBO (CONT'D)
(shouting)
And where's that ECG?!

GRANT
No.

LEBO
No, what?

GRANT
Hypervolaemic shock. She needs fluid.
(to Casualty Nurse)
A litre of Hartmanns now and then two units uncross-matched O-Negative.

The Nurse rushes off as Grant tries to find a vein.

LEBO
(doubtful)
What do you need blood for?
(to the Sister#1)
Get the paddles on her. Let's go!

The Nurse arrives with the HARTMANNS SOLUTION as the BP machine starts to alarm. Pressure dropping.

GRANT
She's crashing. Fuck! We've got to get this fluid in now or she's going to box.
(struggling to get the IV line in)
Come on! Where's that vein!

LEBO
Calm down.

Lebo grabs the PADDLES as Grant gets the needle into MaShezi and connects up the Hartmanns to the IV line.

LEBO (CONT'D)
Step back.

Grant doesn't. He's busy squeezing the bag of Hartmanns with both hands as he watches the BP monitor.

LEBO (CONT'D)
Grant. Step back!

Grant continues what he's doing.

LEBO (CONT'D)
It's cardiac, man. You don't shoot in all that fluid! You'll kill her.

Grant is unperturbed by the warning,

LEBO (CONT'D)
Grant! Stop!

The Sister arrives with the BLOOD PACK and Grant immediately connects up the first pack. Pumping away at the rapid transfusion cuff on the giving-apparatus while he watches the ECG and BP monitors.

The Nurse and Sister look at each other nervously.

GRANT
(to himself)
Come on... Come on.

He pumps the fluid in as quickly as it will go.

LEBO
Grant, listen to me.

GRANT
We don't have time.

LEBO
(desperate)
What the fuck, Grant?

Eventually Grant looks at him.

LEBO (CONT'D)
Okay.
(calming himself)
What's the cause of the blood loss?

The first blood pack is empty. Grant tosses it aside and connects up the second. Lebo watches his manic behaviour.

LEBO (CONT'D)
Grant, you're not thinking clearly.

Lebo glances as the BP numbers start to rise.

GRANT
Responding to the IV fluids. Low BP wasn't cardiac that's for sure.

Lebo puts down the PADDLES as Matron Dlamini comes over.

MATRON DLAMINI
Your call for EMS to Shoza?

LEBO
(nods)
Soon as she's stabilized.

MATRON DLAMINI
(glances at her watch)
Ambulance will be about two hours.

GRANT
Shit!

They all turn to the BP monitor. The numbers are falling.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Chance of her lasting that long...

Grant shakes his head, predicting the worst.

LEBO
What do you mean?

GRANT
Remember our ATLS course? Advanced Trauma Life Support. How do we manage shock due to blood loss?

LEBO
We whack in fluid and see what happens.

GRANT
And if the BP goes up and stays there, you've got a stable patient. But if it crashes again you've got a transient responder. Only way to save them is surgical resuscitation.

LEBO
In a fully equipped hospital with an emergency surgical team at the ready. Fine. But here, forget it, man.

Grant looks at the crashing BP numbers.

GRANT
Even if we can keep her alive till the ambulance gets her, the chances of her making it back to Shoza, bouncing on the dirt roads. Zero.

LEBO
There's gotta be something else we can do.

Grant holds Lebo's glance for a moment as he decides what to do. Then he turns to the Casualty Nurse.

GRANT
Better get the lab to do an emergency cross match. Six units.
(to Matron)
And we need to open the operating room.

LEBO
No!

Matron looks hesitantly at Lebo.

GRANT
We have to go in and stop the bleeding. Now!

LEBO
Calm it down. Just take a breath, okay?

GRANT
(to Matron)
The keys to open the theatre?

MATRON DLAMINI
It's Dr. Guerra who must say its okay until the Superintendent gets back.

Grant heads off to find Yasmina. Lebo follows.

LEBO
Grant.
(Grant ignores him)
STOP!

Lebo puts himself in front of Grant.

LEBO (CONT'D)
(forceful)
Think about it. You can't just go in cutting blindly hoping to find the bleed when we have no idea where it is.

GRANT
I think it's a peptic ulcer.

LEBO
You think?

Grant carries on walking. Lebo follows.

CUT TO:

76 INT. SURGICAL WARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Fluorescent lights shudder awake revealing Grant, Lebo and Yasmina heading down the corridor.

YASMINA
The surgery has not been used for over a year and no-one here can do the anaesthetics.

Grant arrives at the door marked OPERATING THEATRE.

He searches through a BUNCH OF KEYS and tries one. It doesn't fit so he moves to the next.

GRANT
We all did an anaesthetics rotation during our internship. All we need is oxygen and sterile instruments.

LEBO
(protesting)
That was a short stint with consultants supervising us.
(glances at Yasmina)
You've got to stop this.

Grant finds the KEY, he opens the PADLOCK and removes the chain. They enter.

77 INT. OPERATING THEATRE -- CONTINUOUS

Grant hits the switch. Bathing the room in white light and revealing:

AN OPERATING TABLE, SURGICAL EQUIPMENT, ANAESTHETIC TANKS.

Everything is covered in PLASTIC sheeting.

Grant pulls out the SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS wrapped in transparent plastic packs. He reads the date.

GRANT
Instruments are good. Still sealed.

Yasmina removes the covers from the anaesthetic tanks. Lebo taps the DIALS and reads the TAG on the gas tap.

LEBO
Gas pressure calibration is out of date.

GRANT
Are you sure?

Lebo shoots him a sharp glance.

LEBO
Expired 6 months ago.

YASMINA
If we can't control the pressure, we can't know the dosage.

GRANT
It's a risk, but...

YASMINA
What if the patient dies on the table? Too dangerous...

Matron comes in and they all turn to look at her. She shakes her head.

ON GRANT as he SLAMS the surgical instruments down on the cabinet out of frustration.

78 INT. CASUALTY AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

An EMPTY BLOOD PACK lands on the floor beside two other empty ones.

The Casualty Nurse connects up another FULL BLOOD PACK to MaShezi's IV.

GRANT
It has to be a DU. The rate of blood loss fits with a posterior ulcer. I'd say it's eroded through into her gastro-duodenal artery.

YASMINA
We can't scope her to make sure of that.

LEBO
What makes you so sure it's a DU?

Grant avoids making eye-contact with Lebo.

YASMINA
Dr. Malanga, it's your patient.

Lebo's insistent.

LEBO
Grant, why a DU?

GRANT
(avoiding)
She's bleeding and it's not going to stop on its own.
(beat)
You want to risk losing her?

Aware that his decision holds the patient's life in the balance, Lebo takes his time. Weighing the odds.

He breaks for the CRASH TROLLEY and starts to search through the stash of MEDICATION.

YASMINA
Dr. Malanga, your opinion?

Lebo ignores her and continues to searches through the MEDICATION on the CRASH TROLLEY. Grant glances over at the BP monitor. The numbers are falling.

GRANT
We need a decision. Right now!

Lebo continues searching through the medication.

YASMINA
(urgent)
Dr. Malanga!

LEBO
We can't operate without anaesthetic tanks. Right?

Lebo turns, holding up a few VIALS.

LEBO (CONT'D)
But we do have Ketamine for setting emergency fractures.

The ECG shows an intermittent heart beat and then the BP monitor ALARM sounds as it hits 60 over zero.

Grant turns to Yasmina. It's now or never. She nods approval.

MATRON DLAMINI
You will be needing a scrub sister, someone with theatre experience?

Grant certainly does.

79 INT. OPERATING THEATRE -- LATER

Everything is ready. SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. OPERATING TABLE. LIGHTS. OXYGEN as Lebo administers the KETAMINE to MaShezi.

Grant and Yasmina are gowned up. The Casualty Nurse checks the units of CROSS-MATCHED BLOOD are ready to run into the patient.

LEBO
She's settled.

Matron hands Grant the SCALPEL. He looks at the faces watching him expectantly.

GRANT
I only assisted twice on this operation...

Grant hesitates. Lebo looks at Yasmina. She looks back at Grant, can he do this?

He takes a deep breath and steadies himself and cuts down.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm making an upper mid-line incision.

Matron swabs and hands over the FORCEPS as Grant works.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Inside the abdomen.
(Matron passes it)
Hold the liver out of the way.

Yasmina assists as Matron continues to swab as needed.

GRANT (CONT'D)
It's pretty swollen and inflamed down here, kind of stuck together.
(he feels around)
Okay, here's the gall bladder.

Matron swaps out Grant's instruments.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm following the common bile duct down... it's here. The duodenum.

Lebo leans in to get a better look.

LEBO
All scarred. Looks like you were right.

Grant blinks at the perspiration stinging his eyes. Matron wipes his forehead. Grant steadies his breath again.

GRANT
Matron, a 4/O nylon. My boss put two stay sutures in the front of the duodenum.
(he puts in a suture)
Haemostat. Okay, now clip the ends. And the other one. Going to cut open the duodenum now... let's get the suction ready.

BLOOD squirts out all over the place. Grant recoils in surprise, but then he applies his finger on the bleed.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(steadying himself)
Okay. We're good.
(glancing at Yasmina)
For now...
(beat)
Next we need to oversew the vessel.

Yasmina moves in.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Another 4/O nylon.

Matron passes the SUTURE as Grant and Yasmina get to work.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You follow. Okay, that's right. Let it go tight. Not too tight!

After a short while the BP starts to rise.

MATRON DLAMINI
75 over 30.

Yasmina and Grant continue suturing.

MATRON DLAMINI (CONT'D)
100 over 60 and holding.

Grant blinks away the perspiration.

GRANT
Tie off.
(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
(beat)
We'll leave a drain in, but we're done.

He looks at Yasmina. She nods. Relieved. Lebo meets Grant's eye for a moment, then looks down again to check on MaShezi.

Grant and Yasmina continue to close.

80 INT. INGWE HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA -- NIGHT

Lebo and Grant enter still in their surgical scrubs. Matron is with them as Sibusiso and Bongiwe await their news.

LEBO
She's going to be okay.

Bongiwe looks relieved as she holds her father.

GRANT
You can go through and see her now she's in recovery.

Matron indicates for them to follow her, but Sibusiso pauses in front of Lebo.

SIBUSISO
Thank you.

LEBO
You should be thanking him.
(gestures to Grant)

Sibusiso places a hand on Grant's shoulder.

GRANT
We got it just in time.

Sibusiso nods but doesn't say a word. He holds Grant's look as a deeper connection flickers between them.

Lebo picks up on this moment just before Sibusiso breaks for the door following Bongiwe and Matron out.

Grant feels Lebo's scrutiny.

GRANT (CONT'D)
What?

LEBO
That.

Grant pretends not to follow.

LEBO (CONT'D)
Between you and Sibusiso?

GRANT
Come on Lebo, he was just being grateful for what we did in there.

Grant heads for the door.

LEBO
And if she'd died on the table?

GRANT
Well she didn't and we saved her life. Okay? So let's just pat ourselves on the back for a moment.

Grant puts on his happy face. The one Lebo knows.

LEBO
You've been acting weird from the moment you arrived.

GRANT
Next time I'll leave your patients alone, if that's what you prefer.

LEBO
So much for sticking together.

GRANT
What do you actually want from me?

LEBO
Like how the hell you knew what was wrong with her from the moment you walked in there.

Grant takes his time before answering.

GRANT
Okay. So when I first saw the patient, I thought it was a bleeding ulcer, but I didn't do anything about it then...

LEBO
Wait a minute when did you see her?

GRANT
I fucked up, okay.

Grant walks off, leaving Lebo concerned.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. INGWE HOSPITAL -- MORNING

An ORDERLY steers while the WARD SISTER carries the DRIP still attached to MaShezi's arm while another Naso-Gastric TUBE runs into her nose.

Grant helps the AMBULANCE DRIVER open the loading doors. Before she loaded, Grant leans over her.

GRANT
The nurse from Shoza will ride at the back with you. You're going to be okay.

Mashezi forces a weak smile in response as the Orderly and the Driver load the stretcher. Grant signs the TRANSFER FORM and keeps a copy, handing the rest back to the NURSE from Shoza.

Grant watches as the ambulance heads off.

82 INT. INGWE HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Grant files the transfer FORM with Receptionist as Dr. Ngwenya and Sergeant Magubane enter the area.

SGT. MAGUBANE
Dr. Adler.

Grant turns.

SGT. MAGUBANE (CONT'D)
The toxicology report?

Grant waits for her to continue.

SGT. MAGUBANE (CONT'D)
Did you find any similarities to the patient you handled here?

GRANT
No... nothing. If I see anything, I'll... of course... report it.
(beat)
Excuse me, I have a patient...

He goes as Sgt. Ngwenya watches him.

NGWENYA
Dr Adler...

Grant keeps walking.

83 INT. CORRIDOR - INGWE HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Ngwenya, his silver crucifix in his hand, catches up with Grant.

NGWENYA
You might not want to co-operate with the Sergeant, but I am your line manager here and you disobeyed a direct order about referring our surgical cases to Shoza.

GRANT
That was the plan, but then the real world happened. Ask Matron.

NGWENYA
I did.

They approach the work station at the MATERNITY WARD, where Yasmina is completing some PAPERWORK.

GRANT
So we're okay then?

NGWENYA
I've asked Dr. Guerra to prepare a report from all the doctors involved in yesterday's... risky procedure.

She shoots a look at Grant.

GRANT
If you're looking for someone to blame...

NGWENYA
It's not about blame. It's about procedures. It's about rules.

GRANT
And when the rules get in the way of doing what's right?

Ngwenya bristles at this, but he lets it slide.

NGWENYA
Believe me I wish it wasn't necessary, but the report is to protect everyone involved and make sure all the reasons are clear.

But Grant can't resist.

GRANT
Including the reasons for the closure of the surgical ward?

NGWENYA
(angry)
I would be more concerned about your reputation after what Dr Malanga told me.

Grant's unsure how much he knows.

GRANT
About?

NGWENYA
About your behaviour in the emergency room.
(MORE)

NGWENYA (CONT'D)
About your disregard for procedure and your erratic behaviour. Should I go on?

GRANT
We saved that patient's life. What more do you want from me?

Grant walks off.

NGWENYA
Dr. Adler! Come back here.

Grant keeps walking. Dr. Ngwenya catches up.

NGWENYA (CONT'D)
Look you're a talented doctor, but you're also young and inexperienced. And you always think you're right...

GRANT
I'll take this up with Lebo.

NGWENYA
I'm telling you not to interfere with this report in any way or I'll have you suspended.
(beat)
In fact, you should stay away from the hospital until it is done.

Grant is furious but he manages to hold his tongue.

84 EXT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN -- MORNING

The sun is just over the horizon as Yasmina comes out of the house with two steaming MUGS. She hands one to Grant.

They sip their coffee in silence.

YASMINA
You going?
(seeing his RUCKSACK)

GRANT
Away from here.

Grant sips his coffee.

YASMINA
I'll support you and so will Matron. You will come out of this okay.

Grant forces a smile.

GRANT
And Lebo?

YASMINA
You should talk to him.

The hospital DELIVERY VAN drives up to the gates. Sibusiso behind the wheel.

GRANT
I think it may mean more coming from you.

Yasmina considers this as Grant shoulders his RUCKSACK. He nods his thanks to Yasmina and heads for the van.

85 INT. DELIVERY VAN -- MORNING

Grant is in the passenger seat as Sibusiso drives. An uncomfortable silence passes between them.

GRANT
Thanks for the lift.

SIBUSISO
No problem, was going there anyway.

GRANT
To the bus stop?

SIBUSISO
To get a goat for my mother.

GRANT
It will be awhile till she's eating solids again.

Sibusiso laughs to himself.

SIBUSISO
Not to eat. It's a gift to make sure she gets well at the hospital in Shoza.

Grant glances at him, not following.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
The goat will keep our ancestors happy. Just to make sure.

GRANT
I suppose extra health insurance never hurt.

Sibusiso smiles at this as the mood lightens a touch.

86 EXT. RICKETY BRIDGE/RIVER CROSSING -- MOMENTS LATER

The DELIVERY VAN approaches the Bridge. The same place where Grant and Lebo stopped on their first day.

87 INT. DELIVERY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Sibusiso notices Grant tense up as they cross the bridge. Sensing Sibusiso's gaze, Grant picks up the conversation.

GRANT
You know that the police are investigating cases against fake healers in the area.

SIBUSISO
Like bad doctors out there, there are some bad healers who are just out to make money.

GRANT
It's two completely different worlds.

SIBUSISO
That's one way of seeing it.

GRANT
You have another?

Grant waits for Sibusiso's answer but it doesn't come.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Just be careful. That Sergeant is looking for someone to blame.

Sibusiso nods, accepting his friendly warning.

88 EXT. RURAL ROAD - FORK -- MORNING

A few WOMEN, CHILDREN and two OLD GRANNIES wait around at the BUS STOP. A few MINI-BUS TAXIS line up nearby.

The DELIVERY VAN pulls up beside a MAKESHIFT enclosure where a few GOATS and some CHICKENS are penned in.

Sibusiso gets out as Grant shoulders his RUCKSACK.

SIBUSISO
You see one you like?

Grant looks at the livestock.

GRANT
All look the same to me.

The TRADER comes over.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(to Sibusiso)
I'm going to wait for the bus.

Sibusiso gestures to the MINI-BUS TAXIS.

SIBUSISO
They will get you there faster. That first taxi goes directly to Johannesburg.

CUT TO:

89 INT. MINI-BUS TAXI -- DAY

Grant is the only white person. A few CHILDREN sit with their PARENTS, while the Grannies chat away.

Grant rolls up his JACKET into a pillow and props up his head to try and get some sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 EXT. JO'BURG ELEVATED HIGHWAY -- EVENING

Traffic at a standstill as the last light of day fades quickly over the city skyline.

91 EXT. DOWNTOWN JO'BURG - TAXI RANKS -- EVENING

Commuters wait in long lines as taxis stop to load them. Car HOOTERS puncture the air continuously.

A frenetic pace compared to the rural setting Grant has left behind.

A MINI-BUS TAXI pulls over and Grant disembarks along with the other PASSENGERS.

He shoulders his RUCKSACK and makes his way through the crowds. He is one of the few white faces.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. JOHANNESBURG CITY - ARTS PRECINCT -- EVENING

Cobbled streets and colourful WALL MURALS mark this as the arts precinct in downtown Jozi.

Grant walks through the precinct, his rumpled dusty clothing and rucksack draped over his shoulder.

93 EXT. CAGED GALLERY -- EVENING

A converted early industrial-era building, maybe once a factory or steam laundry, now re-purposed.

In the window, A LARGE DIGITAL PRINT depicts a therianthrope, a half-human, half-animal mythological figure striding across an industrial landscape.

The name of the photographer, ABBY HART, is lettered on the glass.

Grant sees this and peers through the display window.

Inside he sees the GALLERY crowd milling about, sipping wine and chatting.

Then he sees Abby:

94 INT. CAGED GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Abby dressed in her distinctive style is chatting with a few GALLERISTS.

With them, is MIKE (mid-30s), exuding the suntanned insouciance of one who has come to money too early in life.

95 EXT. CAGED GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Grant watches for awhile as Abby enthusiastically engages in conversation - at home in her world.

She looks up and sees him. Grant reacts by walking away.

ABBY (O.S.)
Grant?

He turns to face her at the gallery entrance.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Hey. What're you doing here?

GRANT
I just got in...

ABBY
It's the opening of my show. Aaron's coming too.

GRANT
I can't... I gotta get home.

ABBY
Don't be crazy.
(beat)
Does Aaron even know you're back?

GRANT
Tell him, I'll see him soon.

Sensing something is wrong.

ABBY
Grant, what's happened?

GRANT
I... sort of got suspended.

ABBY
(concerned)
Sort of... How?

Grant takes a moment to decide if he should tell her.

GRANT
I should've done something to help this patient but I didn't. Then she was admitted and nearly died.

ABBY
That's terrible.

GRANT
We saved her, but I fucked up.

ABBY
What did Lebo say?

GRANT
He's the one who laid the complaint against me with the hospital superintendent.

Abby realizes the significance of this and moves towards him.

ABBY
I'm sorry, Grant. You want to come in for a drink?

Grant thinks it over and then nods. As they head for the door, Mike comes out, holding two glasses of WINE.

MIKE
Hi, Abs...
(seeing Grant)
Just came to bring you a fresh glass.

ABBY
Mike. This is Grant.

MIKE
Hey. Good to meet you.

They shake.

ABBY
Grant's working with my dad.

GRANT
Not yet.

ABBY
Mike's sailing a new boat from Cape Town to Mauritius next week.

Grant looks over at Mike.

MIKE
There's something about the ocean, man. Just being alone out there when it's like flat as glass. Nothing moving. Makes me feel like I could be carved out of stone.

GRANT
Stone?

But Grant shifts, hesitantly.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(facetiously)
You two have an amazing time.

He shoulders his rucksack and saunters off leaving Abby and Mike to the gallery crowd.

96 INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The LIGHTS flicker on. The place is much as he left it with a few clothes and books scattered around.

Grant dumps his rucksack at the entrance.

He walks through to the lounge and notices the GLASS TANK that once held his pet spider. Now empty.

He slumps on the couch, depleted.

CUT TO:

97 INT. AARON'S CLINIC - AMBULATORY AREA -- DAY

The high-tech MEDICAL EQUIPMENT is impressive compared to what Grant has been working with at Ingwe Hospital.

Aaron discards his SURGICAL GLOVES and washes up.

GRANT
We had to go in.

AARON
(concerned)
And the patient?

Grant hesitates before continuing.

GRANT
I found the bleed and closed it. We moved her to Shoza the next day.

Aaron takes his time thinking over what Grant has said.

AARON
You kept your cool. Didn't make emotional decisions under pressure, sign of a fine surgeon, Grant.

Grant considers Aaron's response.

GRANT
So then why this report?

AARON
People are just protecting themselves. You did what you had to. You know that...

GRANT
How do you think Harry would've seen it?

Aaron hesitates, concerned.

AARON
What did I say about you going back there?

GRANT
I know... I've just...

AARON
Look, Grant, your father had a brilliant mind. He was a gifted doctor and so are you. But he chose to go chasing after some crazy ideas.
(beat)
What Harry did in his own time was his business, but when he tried to bring that stuff into this practice, there was no way I was going to let that happen.

Grant nods his understanding.

AARON (CONT'D)
I mean, it didn't make sense. A scientist consulting African witch doctors, shamans and going on about his visions...
(beat)
It would've destroyed everything we'd built.

GRANT
I don't blame you, Aaron. It's just that I've been thinking about him a lot recently and...

AARON
I tell you what. I'm going to say prayers tonight for Beverly.

GRANT
Sorry, I didn't realize...

AARON
I know, five years already.
(beat)
Abby's getting better with it but losing her mother was... well you know..
(beat)
Grant, you should honour your father. Pray for him. Come with me tonight.

GRANT
No. I...

AARON
Perhaps digging up the past is not the best thing for you.

98 INT. SYNAGOGUE -- NIGHT

The JEWISH CONGREGATION of 15 to 20 men and women stand as the RABBI leads the mourners.

Amongst them, Aaron and Abby recite the prayer for the dead as the congregation responds.

The solemn WORDS drift across the assembled mourners.

DISSOLVE TO:

99 INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The WORDS of the prayer continue as Grant lights a CANDLE beside a PHOTO of Harry.

He stands in thought as the prayer fades into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 INT. INDUMBA -- NIGHT

A MATCH flares as Sibusiso lights a CANDLE.

The soft glow illuminates the hut. GRASS MATS and an IMPALA SKIN cover the floor as Bongiwe waves a branch of *MPEPHO*, the smoke from the incense cleansing the air.

Sibusiso CLAPS his hands together and they both fall into silent communion with the spiritual world.

The GOAT waits nearby, tethered.

DISSOLVE TO:

101 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH -- NIGHT

The PRIEST swings the CENSER leaving trails of smoking INCENSE over the blessing of the EUCHRIST.

TEN Members of the CATHOLIC CONGREGATION kneel in prayer. Amongst them is Ngwenya clutching his silver crucifix as the priest oversees the Holy Communion.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. RURAL TAR ROAD -- DAY

Snaking between outcrops of rock on both sides. Aloes and thornbush breakup the landscape bathed in the soft light of the morning sun.

Stillness.

And then a MOTORBIKE engine breaks the tranquillity. Followed by Grant's YAMAHA 800cc slicing into view.

Grant drops through the gears and leans the BIKE into a long turn.

Coming out of the turn. He opens the throttle. The needle climbs fast as he hunches down low and accelerates, eating up the distance.

103 EXT. RURAL ROAD - FORK -- LATER

Grant slows to a stop. The SPAZA shop is doing slow trade until a MINI-BUS TAXI pulls up and a few PASSENGERS cross to the shop.

Grant takes in the old rusted SIGN. The RIGHT arrow points in the direction of town - via the bridge. The LEFT, points to the long way around.

Making up his mind he fires the ignition. Pulls his helmet on and kicks the bike into gear, heading towards the bridge.

104 EXT. INGWE HOSPITAL -- DAY

Sibusiso is running some repairs as Grant pulls in. He comes over to greet Grant and check out his bike.

GRANT
How is your mother?

SIBUSISO
She is back home.
(beat)
I think the goat helped.

Grant smiles at this.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
She would like to see you again.

Grant nods.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
And there's another patient I want you to examine with me.

Grant looks away. Unsure.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
If we work together...

GRANT
I can't get involved with that again, Sibusiso. It nearly cost me my job.

SIBUSISO
The only way to stop people chasing after these miracle cures is to
(MORE)

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
give them better care. Together we can help them.

Grant considers this.

GRANT
That's what the hospital is here for. The rest, you should leave to the police to deal with.

Grant breaks for the hospital as Sibusiso watches him go.

105 INT. DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - INGWE HOSPITAL -- DAY

Lebo and Yasmina are taking a break over their COFFEE MUGS as Grant enters.

Yasmina sees him first and turns to Lebo, nodding in the direction of the door. Lebo looks over at Grant.

GRANT
Hey.

LEBO
(dismissive)
Hey.

GRANT
Lebo...

Lebo leaves as Grant looks over at Yasmina.

YASMINA
He's okay.

Dr. Ngwenya appears at the door.

NGWENYA
Dr. Adler.

Grant turns as Ngwenya flips through the REPORT.

NGWENYA (CONT'D)
Everyone has accounted for the events in question.

GRANT
You didn't need to hear from me?

Ngwenya glances over at Grant.

NGWENYA
You are cleared to go back to work, Dr Adler.

GRANT
(cautiously)
That's it?

NGWENYA
You were expecting some other outcome?

GRANT
After Lebo's complaint...

NGWENYA
Dr. Malanga withdrew on the understanding that you will work under supervision for a month.

Grant bristles. Yasmina waits for Grant's reply - will he accept this?

Ngwenya runs his crucifix through his fingers as Grant takes his time, then:

GRANT
That's fine by me.

Yasmina breathes a sigh of relief.

NGWENYA
You and Dr. Adler are on intake together.

Ngwenya exits.

YASMINA
Maybe you should put on something better for work.

Grant looks down at his dusty bike LEATHERS.

CUT TO:

106 INT. DOCTORS' HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Lebo eats as Grant arrives back from the hospital in his WHITE COAT.

Lebo finishes off his food as Grant gets something from the refrigerator. The tension between them is palpable.

GRANT
The Super told me...

Lebo takes his plate over the sink to wash it.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I just want to say thank you.

LEBO
Okay said and received.

He saunters out leaving Grant alone.

107 INT. GRANT'S ROOM - DOCTORS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Grant lies on the CREAKING bed which sags even further under his weight.

Then he grabs his PHONE and dials Abby's number.

It just RINGS and RINGS until finally he ends the call.

A moment later his phone LIGHTS up. Abby's name appears on the screen.

GRANT
Hey.

ABBY
Hi.

GRANT
You alone?
(beat)
Look, I've been thinking about... I just wanted to say... I'm sorry for acting like a total idiot when I saw you with Mike.

ABBY
Right... and?

GRANT
That's why I called.

Abby takes her time before replying.

ABBY
Okay. Thanks.

GRANT
Sure.
(beat)
Okay, then...

He waits, but she doesn't respond.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Bye, hey.

ABBY
You know, Grant. You shouldn't be so hard on yourself. What you're doing out there is meaningful. Just be proud of that. You're making a difference in people's lives. Not many of us can say that.

This lifts Grant's spirits.

GRANT
This is probably a bad idea, okay?

Abby waits for him to continue.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Why don't you come out here and see it for yourself.

ABBY
You're right it's a terrible idea.
(beat)
At least now.

GRANT
Mike?

ABBY
(changing the subject)
How're things with Lebo.

GRANT
Not great.

ABBY
Maybe you just need to tell him the same thing you told me.
(beat)
That you're sorry.

Grant thinks this over.

108 INT. CONSULTING AREA B -- DAY

Grant examines an OLD MAN (80s) who has a persistent cough, while Sister #1 helps.

Lebo picks up the patient's FILE and flips through it.

GRANT
Let's get an antibiotic IV running and watch him overnight. Could be Pneumonia.

Lebo confirms this and hands the FILE to the Sister before heading for the door. Grant throws aside his sterile gloves and follows.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Look, Lebo...

Lebo stops.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I didn't tell you everything because...
(beat)
Because I was with this *inyanga* when I first saw Sibusiso's mother.
(beat)
And I didn't think it was my place to interfere.

Lebo takes this in.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I was wrong to not trust you and just tell you.

LEBO
(serious)
You know for quite a smart doctor, you can be an incredibly stupid person sometimes.

Grant shuffles uncomfortably as Lebo maintains a stern expression.

Then slowly Lebo's lips curl into a smile.

GRANT
We good?

LEBO
Beside you being an idiot?

Grant holds up his hand and Lebo grabs it and pulls him close.

109 INT. CONSULTING AREA A -- DAY

Grant attends to a patient with a BROKEN ARM. The patient flinches in pain as Grant sets the fracture. Yasmina helps.

DISSOLVE TO:

Grant administers an INJECTION to a SICK PATIENT as Yasmina watches and then signs some FORMS.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 INT. CORRIDOR - INGWE HOSPITAL -- DAY

Dr. Ngwenya falls in with Grant as he walks.

NGWENYA
I hear good reports from your colleagues, Dr. Adler.

GRANT
Just following the rule book, sir.

NGWENYA
Good, we'll have to see about lifting the supervision requirement.

Grant's CELL PHONE rings. He checks the number and pauses.

GRANT
I've got to take this.

Ngwenya nods and heads off.

ABBY
(on the phone)
Hey, can you talk?

GRANT
Sure. What's happening?

CUT TO:

111 EXT. DOCTORS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN -- NIGHT

SMOKE from the BRAAI (barbecue) filters the afternoon light as Grant turns a few STEAKS on the grill. A SALSA tune completes the mood framed now by the VIEWFINDER of a camera.

CLICK CLICK.

Abby lowers her camera for a moment before turning to shoot a few more frames of Yasmina taking Lebo through some basic Salsa steps.

CLICK CLICK.

Lebo manages to get the rhythm and they start to move together. Then his feet get a mixed up he almost falls as Yasmina steadies him.

Grant joins Abby as they both offer encouragement to Lebo to try again. As Lebo continues his dance lesson, Abby turns to Grant.

ABBY
You sorted it out with him?

GRANT
Yah, I tried your approach.
(he glances at her)
It worked.

Abby raises her BEER in acknowledgement.

GRANT (CONT'D)
So what happened to...?

ABBY
Like a good sailor, he went sailing.

GRANT
When's he back?

ABBY
So many questions?

GRANT
Just curious how you'd feel if he turned to stone out there all on his own.

Abby considers this as she watches Lebo trying out a few of his own dance moves with Yasmina. Abby glances back at Grant and gestures to the dance floor.

GRANT (CONT'D)
No way.

She takes his hand.

ABBY
Come on.

Grant gives in and they join Yasmina and Lebo on the lawn. Following Yasmina's lead, they all try to get their salsa on...

Grant seems relaxed, for the first time in a long while as he and Abby fall into a rhythm together.

112 EXT. BUSHVELD - OPEN PLAINS -- DAY

Two figures, tiny in the landscape, gliding through the heat haze.

They stop and Abby drinks deeply from a WATER BOTTLE. She hands it to Grant. He drinks.

GRANT
It's just a little further.

Abby raises her CAMERA as Grant walks on. CLICK. She continues shooting the landscape. His FOOTPRINTS in the dry soil. CLICK. CLICK.

113 EXT. BUSHVELD - DIRT ROAD -- DAY

Abby and Grant emerge from the thorn bush onto the dirt road. CLICK. CLICK.

Grant checks their location on the MAP before they continue along the dirt road.

114 EXT. RIVER CROSSING -- DAY

The foliage lining the road thins out as they approach the river where the dirt track ends abruptly in the eroded scree of the river bank.

Nearby the huge Fever Tree provides welcome shade near the pool of water. The same place Grant visited previously...

The same eerie stillness hangs over the setting as Grant shrugs off his RUCKSACK.

Abby shoots a few frames of the spreading limbs of the tree against the sky. Grant beneath it. The stillness of the water pool. Like glass reflecting the sky.

CLICK CLICK.

She becomes aware of Grant watching her and lowers her camera. Taking in the beauty of the place.

115 EXT. UNDER THE FEVER TREE -- DAY

Abby sits opposite Grant. They're both eating.

ABBY
Does it look anything like it was?

Grant takes in the setting. Memories come tumbling back.

GRANT
It was raging. The rain was whipping at us and the water was white and... spraying everywhere...
(beat)
I tried to get the rope and throw it to him, but...

ABBY
(calming)
Hey. Hey. It's okay.
(reaching for his hand)
You did what you could.

GRANT
The water... it just kept coming. In waves... pulling at him and...

ABBY
You were 12, Grant. A boy.

Grant pulls away and starts packing things into his rucksack.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Grant. Look at me.

He stops.

ABBY (CONT'D)
You can't blame yourself for what happened. Nothing you could have done, could have saved him.

She moves closer to him. Their noses almost touching.

Softly, delicately she kiss him. He hesitates.

CUT TO:

116 INT. GRANT'S ROOM - DOCTORS' HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Grant and Abby face each other as he slowly reaches out and touches her face. Stroking her hair. She closes her eyes as he starts to undress her.

He removes his shirt and they kiss. Their need for each other becoming more urgent.

She pulls him close and they both fall back on the bed.

Which finally gives way and CRASHES to the floor.

Abby looks at Grant in surprise. He starts to laugh and she follows until neither can control themselves.

117 INT. GRANT'S ROOM - DOCTOR'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Abby is reading HARRY'S DIARY as Grant enters from the bathroom with a TOWEL wrapped around him, his hair still wet.

ABBY
I've been thinking about the times you, your mom and dad would come round to our house. Happy times.

GRANT
You remember Harry?

Grant sits beside her.

ABBY
Yah, only vaguely.
(beat)
These little sketches he did, they just capture the moment perfectly.

She turns the page for him to see. Amongst the SKETCHES she shows him is the one of the KNOPKIERRIE. The ceremonial stick embellished with distinctive patterns of coloured beads and metal studs.

GRANT
The weirdest thing... hang on.

He picks up his phone and flips through the PHOTOS on the screen until he reaches the ones he shot in the *indumba*.

Photos of a bird's wing spread open. Dried snake skins. A mortar and pestle beside a pile of ground roots.

He stops on the photo of the KNOPKIERRIE and holds it beside the sketch in Harry's diary.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Same?

She nods.

ABBY
Where'd you take it?

GRANT
Somewhere near here.
(beat)
Weird, no?

ABBY
Yah.

Grant pushes the idea aside.

GRANT
Probably just crazy coincidence.

ABBY
You should find out.

GRANT
It's complicated.

He leans towards her and kisses her.

GRANT (CONT'D)
In a few months this will be over.
And...

ABBY
And you'll be working for my dad.

GRANT
And sleeping with the boss's
daughter.

Abby smiles at this.

ABBY
We'll cross that bridge when, and...
<u>if</u> this is still happening.

118 EXT. DOCTORS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN -- MORNING

Abby comes out of the house carrying her BAG and chatting to Lebo.

LEBO
Can't remember the last time he
looked so happy.

ABBY
Keep an eye on him for me. Okay?

They reach the Toyota Double Cab where Grant takes her bag and loads it in the back.

GRANT
All set?
(Abby nods)
I'll drive with you to the bridge
and Lebs will bring me back, okay?

But Lebo is distracted by a RANGE ROVER heading down the driveway as it pulls in through the open gates.

The ROVER stops beside the Toyota.

The engine dies and the driver's door opens. Recognition spreads on Lebo's face as MR. MALANGA (58), sporting a groomed beard and greying at the temples, steps out.

MRS. MALANGA, a few years younger than her husband, emerges from the passenger side.

Lebo goes to embrace his mother.

LEBO
Grant, Abby, my parents.

ABBY
Pleased to meet you.

GRANT
Lebo didn't say anything.

MR. MALANGA
We wanted to surprise Lucky.

Grant catches Lebo's eye.

GRANT
Lucky?

Lebo meets Grant's smile with a warning not to go there. He holds out his CAR KEYS, but Grant can't resist.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(taking the keys)
Have fun Lucky. See you later Mr. and Mrs. Malanga.

Grant heads over to the Toyota as Abby climbs into her car.

MR. MALANGA
Seems like a nice boy.

Lebo shrugs this off as he leads them into the house.

119 INT. TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB -- DAY

Grant is following Abby's car on the dirt road.

In the distance he notices the green Water Tanks and the trees that surround Sibusiso's homestead.

120 EXT. RICKETY BRIDGE/RIVER CROSSING -- DAY

The Toyota Double Cab is pulled over beside Abby's car at the entrance to the bridge.

ABBY
I'm going to miss you... just a bit.

Grant leans in to kiss her goodbye.

GRANT
Call me when you're back.

Abby slides the car into gear and starts to drive off. Then she stops and reverses back to Grant.

She holds out Harry's Diary.

ABBY
Nearly forgot.

Grant takes the diary and watches as Abby drives away. Her car crosses the bridge and heads out of sight.

121 INT. TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB -- DAY

Grant is heading back along the dirt road. HARRY's DIARY on the seat next to him.

He passes the turn-off to Sibusiso's house and again sees the green Water Tanks amongst the trees.

A few hundred metres further on, he slows down and then stops. He opens the diary and flips through to the drawing of the KNOPKERRIE. Then he looks over at the Water Tanks, unsure what to do.

Making up his mind, he grinds the gears into reverse and turns the truck in a swirl of dust, heading back towards Sibusiso's house.

122 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOMESTEAD -- CONTINUOUS

Grant pulls up in the TOYOTA DOUBLE CAB. Kills the engine.

123 INT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Sibusiso sees Grant approaching and opens the door. Grant pauses as Sibusiso waits for him to say something.

GRANT
I was passing... and I... I thought...

SIBUSISO
She was asking about you again the other day.

Sibusiso gestures him into the house.

124 INT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Sibusiso brings over a TEA TRAY and sets it down on a table in front of Grant. MaShezi is sitting with them.

Grant takes a CUP and stirs in SUGAR as Sibusiso and his mother watch him in silence.

Finally, Grant opens HARRY'S DIARY to the sketch of the KNOPKERRIE and passes it to MaShezi.

She looks at it carefully before handing it to Sibusiso.

Sibusiso pages through the diary and finds the old NEWSPAPER clipping. He opens it and reads.

INSERT: NEWSPAPER clipping

Headlines: "Doctor drowns in flash flood"

GRANT
My father. He drowned while we were on a camping holiday near here.

MaShezi leans in to Sibusiso and whispers something to him which grant cannot hear.

Sibusiso considers this then turns to Grant.

SIBUSISO
It was not just a holiday.
(beat)
Your father was leaving Johannesburg behind and coming to live here.
He was bringing you with him...

Grant's unsettled by this.

GRANT
That's not... it was a holiday.
(beat)
How do you know?

SIBUSISO
He wanted learn more about our medicine. He visited MaShezi before this as well.

Grant stands and takes back the diary and the newspaper clippings.

GRANT
It was just a camping holiday.

Grant heads for the door.

125 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Grant crosses for the TOYOTA as Sibusiso follows him.

SIBUSISO
I'm sorry, but your father had made a decision to leave his old life behind.

Grant stops, clearly emotional.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
Have you thought about it?
(beat)
Working with me?
(beat)
The place at the river.

GRANT
My life is back in Jo'burg.

SIBUSISO
It is not what your father wanted for you.

GRANT
He has nothing to do with this.

SIBUSISO
When we die, it is not the end of our journey. Just a part of it.
(beat)
Like our ancestors, you and your father will never be far from each other.

Grant looks away. Then he gets into the TOYOTA and fires up the engine.

He swings the vehicle around and drives off. Glancing back in the rear view mirror, Grant watches the DUST swirl in his wake, obscuring Sibusiso from sight.

126 EXT. NGWENYA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A hand painted banner: SIYABONGA! INGWE HOSPITAL

A party around the swimming pool of a single story ranch house. A few PARTY lights strung across the gazebo area complete the festive atmosphere.

STAFF from Ingwe, including the Sisters, Casualty Nurses and the Matron are mingling. A few HEALTH DEPARTMENT officials make up the numbers.

Yasmina is enjoying a salsa with a noticeably more confident Lebo as they find a perfect rhythm.

When Lebo misses a step Yasmina slows down so that he can catch up. Lebo looks over at Grant who gestures back with a clenched fist for courage.

CLINK! CLINK!

Ngwenya taps his FORK against a GLASS. The party falls quiet. Attention now swivels the host.

NGWENYA
Thank you. And welcome. Firstly I would like to thank Matron and the Sisters for helping get this all arranged.
(clapping)
And to our community service doctors, your time here is coming to end. Next month is hand-over as the new group arrive. Tonight let's enjoy and we say thank you for the help and hard work in making Ingwe better than it was before.

Clapping from the guests as the party resumes and the MUSIC is turned back up again.

Ngwenya greets guests as he walks around to where Grant is fishing for cold BEER in a TUB of ice.

NGWENYA (CONT'D)
Good evening.

GRANT
Can I get you a beer?

NGWENYA
Water.

Grant grabs a bottle of WATER and passes it over.

NGWENYA (CONT'D)
I'm sure you never thought this day would come?

GRANT
(joking)
Don't know what you mean.

NGWENYA
(smiles)
I've watched you and you're damn good diagnostician. You make mistakes but you'll learn. You've got the ability to work fast and do well under pressure.
(beat)
We could do with someone with your skills at Ingwe.

Grant realizes he's being offered a job.

GRANT
Thank you, but what Ingwe needs is a good bush doctor. And we both know, that's not me.

Grant catches sight of Lebo and Yasmina on the dance floor. Lebo's showing her a few of his own moves.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Lebo might have a reason to stay.

Ngwenya thinks this over. Then he turns to Grant and holds up his water. Grant raises his beer.

Matron comes over and pulls Ngwenya towards the dance area as it fills.

Grant takes in the familiar happy faces as he watches, apart from the festivities.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

127 INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Abby and Grant are in the throws of their love making.

Both perfectly in sync with each other as they reach orgasm together.

Abby lies on Grant catching her breath. Sweat rolling off their bodies as they lie wrapped in each other.

ABBY
Hey...

GRANT
Okay?

ABBY
(smiles)
You?

GRANT
Happy to be back.

She nods and he kisses her. They remain holding each other.

128 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE -- DAY

High tech. Laser surgery. Grant watches as Aaron operates using a magnifying EYEPIECE. The ANAESTHETIST, THEATRE SISTER and SURGICAL ASSISTANT all attend.

AARON
Suction.

Actions are efficient and to the HUM of expensive machinery.

AARON (CONT'D)
Stand by on laser.

ASSISTANT
In 5, 4, 3, 2...

AARON
Cauterize there and there.

The Assistant makes it happen with surgical precision.

AARON (CONT'D)
Grant, you see what I'm doing with these skin flaps.

Grant nods.

AARON (CONT'D)
That ensures an effective blood supply. All the time. That's the key here.

ASSISTANT
Beautiful work.

AARON
Wait till you see when I'm done with her. Grant, come round here. I want you to watch closely.

Grant moves in for a better view as Aaron continues.

129 INT. AARON'S CLINIC - OFFICE -- DAY

TIFFANY (40s) naked from the waist up faces away from the CAMERA and towards Aaron, Grant and a female NURSE.

AARON
Invisible incision line in the submammary fold... the placing of the implant superficial to the pectoral muscle to give a high, firm profile.

Aaron walks back to his desk.

AARON (CONT'D)
Thank you, Tiffany.

Tiffany closes the examination GOWN.

TIFFANY
It's changed my life.
(bubbling)
After 15 years of marriage, you can't believe the way my husband looks at me. He can't get enough of them. I even got a promotion at work.

AARON
I'm delighted for you. You deserve it.

TIFFANY
I just want to run down the street and show everyone.

AARON
(turns to Grant)
You see, that's what we do here. We make dreams come true.

Grant manages a smile.

130 INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A romantic table set for two with CANDLES, WINE. Abby has gone to some trouble, but Grant pushes his food around on his plate. Distracted.

ABBY
Wine?

Grant holds out his glass.

ABBY (CONT'D)
You don't like the food?

GRANT
It's good.

Unconvinced. Abby pours.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(trying)
I do. It's great.

ABBY
Grant?

He pushes his plate aside.

GRANT
I'm sorry.
(beat)
There was this patient today. She was so happy about her new boobs. She said it transformed her life.

ABBY
My dad's world is full of grateful patients.

GRANT
Sure. But transformative? Really?

ABBY
(defensive)
You know what he does. And that's what you're a part of now. It was your choice, Grant.

He smiles reassuringly.

GRANT
Your father's a master at what he does. I've got a lot to learn from him.

Grant refills their glasses.

131 INT. AARON'S CLINIC - WAITING ROOMS -- DAY

A few PRIVATE PATIENTS are already waiting. Grant comes in. Gloria, the receptionist, glances over at the clock.

RECEPTIONIST
Dr. Hart had to go. He got called for a patient who was in an accident and needed facial surgery. He said you should handle these consultations until he gets back.

Grant looks around the room. FIVE CLIENTS all impeccably dressed and of varying ages and genders.

132 INT. AARON'S CLINIC - CONSULTING ROOM -- DAY

Grant in white coat watches a large FLAT SCREEN TV displaying high resolution images of an Indian woman, GITHA (30's). Each image a composite with different noses.

GITHA
This one I think makes me look smarter. Sharpens my face. And this one. It does something to my neck line. Makes it longer. It improves it, doesn't it?

Grant tries to form an opinion.

GRANT
I think both look great.

GITHA
That's really not helpful.

GRANT
You know it's about 3mm of cartilage you're talking about.

GITHA
(smiles)
It's a big decision.

GRANT
Do you really think this much bone, can change you life?

GITHA
(unnerved)
Why are you saying that? Don't you think the operation will work?

GRANT
No, I'm just asking if you really think you need this.

GITHA
(agitated)
I've been planning for this for years. I want to see Dr. Hart. Is he here now?

Grant doesn't reply immediately. He slides over her FILE and glances through it, then at the images on the screen.

GRANT
We'll make an appointment. I'll book you in for surgery. Okay?

GITHA
(uncertainly)
You're not going to do the operation. Right?

Off Grant.

133 EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING -- DAY

A few STUDENTS mill around. Others rush off to class.

134 INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM -- DAY

The lights are dimmed and all attention is focused on PROFESSOR MADODA (60), an African woman academic, as she speaks to a class of about FIFTY MEDICAL STUDENTS.

Grant enters the lecture room and slides into an empty seat.

PROFESSOR
Here at home the vast knowledge that lies in African therapeutics is largely unknown outside of who use it to treat millions of patients across Africa.
(beat)
The question is what to do with this knowledge. Should it be shared or should it be kept only for those who belong to certain cultural groups? Think of Chinese acupuncture and the benefits that this brings to people around the world who do not even understand the language or have never visited China.

Grant listens as the lecture continues.

PROFESSOR
Some believe that African knowledge belongs only to African healers and their belief systems. Others say that it must be used to help everyone who needs it. It is urgent that we ask this when vast numbers of sick people around the world to find even the most basic health care and medical assistance.
(beat)
So where does the science of African healing belong?

135 INT. UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR -- DAY

Grant waits outside the lecture hall as the last few STUDENTS filter out.

Professor Madoda emerges.

GRANT
Excuse me, Professor.

The professor stops.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I think you knew my father, Harold Adler?

The Professor thinks back.

PROFESSOR
We worked together on a TB project.

GRANT
Yes, in Lesotho. He wrote about in his diary.

PROFESSOR
Must be thirty years ago.

GRANT
That was the last time you saw him?

PROFESSOR
No, we spoke often. He came to see me to discuss his plans.

GRANT
Plans?

PROFESSOR
Well, I introduced him to a healer working in the uKhlahamba area. He was thinking of leaving his medical practice and moving there.

Grant realizing the significance of this.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
I was very sorry to hear what happened to him. Such a waste...
(beat)
What are you doing with your career?

Grant hesitates before answering.

GRANT
Specializing.
(beat)
In plastics.

PROFESSOR
I can understand there's money in that, but...

GRANT
I know.

PROFESSOR
Well it's certainly not my place to tell you what to do with your skills as a healer.

136 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC - OPERATING THEATRE -- DAY

Aaron comes out of surgery. He slips out of his gown and casts off his gloves. He starts to wash up.

THEATRE SISTER comes in and hands Aaron a NOTE.

THEATRE SISTER
Your patient has been calling for you all morning. She says it's very important she speak to you.

Aaron glances at the message as he pulls on his tie and grabs his jacket. His cell phone starts to ring.

AARON
Hello.
(beat)
Yes, Ms. Soodyall.
(beat)
I just received your message. Tell me what happened?
(Aaron listens)
I'm sorry to hear that. That's absolutely unacceptable. I'll talk to him.

137 INT. AARON'S CLINIC - WAITING ROOMS -- DAY

Gloria and the CLINIC NURSE are having a cup of tea. Aaron marches in. All business.

AARON
Is Dr. Adler with a patient?

GLORIA
He's available.

Aaron takes the door leading to the consulting rooms.

138 INT. AARON'S CLINIC - CONSULTING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Aaron barges into Grant's office.

AARON
(cutting him off)
What the hell did you say to Ms. Soodyall?

GRANT
I just handled the consultation,, like you asked.

AARON
Well you must've done something to upset her.
(beat)
Because thanks to you she's threatening to go elsewhere.

Aaron walks away.

GRANT
She'll be back.

Aaron stops.

AARON
How do you think your salary gets paid here? Who do you think pays for all of this?

GRANT
Come on Aaron, this isn't only about the money. What happened to actually helping people?

AARON
(angry)
You sound just like your father lecturing me on what's right and wrong. I did my share of charity work while you were still shitting in your pants, okay.
(beat)
You want to save the world, do it on your own time.

This stings Grant as he approaches Aaron. Defiantly.

AARON (CONT'D)
Let me tell you something about doing the right thing. When you got in touch with me and said you wanted to come back to South Africa to complete your studies, I helped you.

GRANT
And I'm grateful for that.

AARON
And even when your mother pleaded with me not to...

Grant is taken aback.

AARON (CONT'D)
She never wanted you digging up the past.
(beat)
I can't say I blame her...

GRANT
Why? Because you didn't want to be reminded of how you let Harry down?
(beat)
Just when he needed you the most, you turned your back on him, didn't you?

This strikes a raw nerve with Aaron.

GRANT (CONT'D)
There was nothing left for him here. You made sure of that.

Aaron doesn't respond.

AARON
(emotional)
I tried to talk him out of it...

GRANT
You were his closest friend, Aaron. His partner. You should've done more than just talk...

Grant walks away.

AARON
Grant. Where are you going?

Grant's already half-way down the passage.

AARON (CONT'D)
We need to talk.

Grant carries on going.

AARON (CONT'D)
Shit!

DISSOLVE TO:

139 EXT. JOHANNESBURG CITY - ARTS PRECINCT -- DAY

The familiar cobbled streets and colourful WALL MURALS of the arts precinct in downtown Jozi.

140 EXT. CAGED GALLERY -- DAY

Grant pulls up on his MOTORBIKE in front of the gallery. His RUCKSACK and DUFFEL BAG already loaded.

He watches as:

141 INT. CAGED GALLERY -- CONTINUOUS

Abby talks to the GALLERY OWNER. A few EMPLOYEES mill about hanging works for a new exhibition.

After a moment the SOUND of the bike gets her attention and she looks over to see Grant who has removed his helmet.

They hold each other's look for a moment. Abby looks away, hurt. And then her expression softens and she turns back to Grant.

He lifts his hand in a half-wave. She responds, waving him off.

And then Grant pulls his helmet on and kicks the bike into gear, driving off.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. JOHANNESBURG ELEVATED HIGHWAY -- AFTERNOON

The sky is streaked with red as Grant leans the YAMAHA into the curve of the road ahead.

Accelerating away from the city.

143 EXT. ROAD - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE -- NIGHT

The bike ROARS on, deep into the night. The glow of the YAMAHA's dash casts an eerie light over the helmet visor.

144 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOMESTEAD -- NIGHT

The place is dark as Grant rides slowly towards the cluster of huts. A light comes on. Then another.

Sibusiso comes out with a PARAFFIN LAMP as Grant pulls up, kills the engine and removes his helmet.

Sibusiso holds up the lamp so he can see Grant's face and read the anguish in his eyes.

He indicates for Grant to follow him as the darkness closes in around them as they head towards the house.

145 EXT. BUSHVELD - OPEN PLAINS

Before sunrise.

146 INT. AFRICAN HUT -- NIGHT

Grant is sleeping on a GRASS MATT. The same place where he recovered after the bicycle accident.

Sibusiso enters carrying a BUCKET as Grant wakes.

SIBUSISO
Water to wash yourself.

Sibusiso leaves as Grant gets up.

147 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOMESTEAD -- MOMENTS LATER

The sky is just starting to pale with the morning light when Grant emerges from the hut. He finds Sibusiso loading a TOOL BAG on his BMW motorbike.

148 EXT. RICKETY BRIDGE/RIVER CROSSING -- LATER

Mist clings to the river valley.

Both bikes, the BMW and the YAMAHA, carrying Sibusiso and Grant approach the bridge and stop.

Grant peers at the river passing beneath them as Sibusiso dismounts and hands Grant a bottle of WATER to carry.

He shoulders the TOOL BAG and heads off down the side of river bank into the long grass. Grant follows.

149 EXT. BUSHVELD - RIVER BANKS -- CONTINUOUS

Sibusiso leads the way through the long grass. Grant follows.

After some distance they enter a clearing where FOUR men hack away at the bush, clearing the area.

SIYABONGA (30), strong and wiry from years of manual work, greets them with a broad smile.

SIYABONGA
Uselwe namuhla.[You are sleeping late today.]

Sibusiso nods a greeting.

GRANT
(to Sibusiso)
What is this?

Sibusiso hands Grant a MACHETE from the tool bag.

SIYABONGA
Mtshele azosebenza ngapha. [Tell him to come work this side.]

Sibusiso gestures for Grant to join Siyabonga who is working a STICK and PANGA as he cuts.

Grant joins Siyabonga and together they find a rhythm to their work as they continue clearing the bushes.

DISSOLVE TO:

150 EXT. BUSHVELD - RIVER BANKS -- DAY

The sun is now higher in the sky and a greater area has been cleared.

Siyabonga wraps his shirt around his head to ward of the heat. Grant's shirt is soaked through as he picks up the bottle of WATER and drinks, passing it to Siyabonga.

SIYABONGA
So you are the doctor?

GRANT
Grant.

He holds out his hand. Siyabonga notices the bleeding blisters on Grant's hand. He pours water over them, then tears a strip of a CLOTH and hands it to him.

SIYABONGA
Tie this around the handle.

Grant nods his appreciation as Sibusiso notices this exchange.

151 EXT. SIBUSISO'S HOMESTEAD -- NIGHT

A few logs provide firelight. To one side a pile of coals heat an IRON POT where Bongiwe stirs a thick STEW.

SIBUSISO
Kunuka kamnandi. [Smells good.]

Sibusiso comes over and watches Grant cleaning his blistered hands, then he hands Grant a JAR of ointment. Grant smells it tentatively.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
Disinfectant from the chemist.

GRANT
(smiling)
Just what the doctor ordered.

Bongiwe brings over a PLATE of food, one for Sibusiso and another for Grant.

SIBUSISO
Ngiyabonga.[Thank you.]

GRANT
Thanks.

Grant hungrily spoons the stew into his mouth as Sibusiso eats slowly.

152 INT. AFRICAN HUT -- NIGHT

A PARAFFIN LAMP casts a soft light over the interior as Grant lies on the grass matt. A blanket pulled over him.

His thoughts flicker amongst the shadows playing in the thatch above him.

And soon his eyes close as he drifts off to sleep.

CUT TO:

153 EXT. BUSHVELD - RIVER BANKS -- DAY

Blinding sunlight and it's as hot as ever.

Grant, Siyabonga and the THREE workers continue to clear the area.

It's hard work and they're all drenched in sweat as Sibusiso arrives with Bongiwe. Between them they carry a BUNDLE of long stick hewn from branches.

Grant, Siyabonga and the others stop their work, each taking a long drink of WATER, watching as Sibusiso begins measuring out the area.

He drives one of the sticks into the ground and paces ten long strides, then Bongiwe hands him another stick which he drives into the ground.

This continues as he lays out the four corners and then winds a length of TWINE connecting the stakes.

FADE OUT:

154 TITLE: ONE YEAR LATER

155 EXT. RURAL ROAD - FORK -- DAY

A LANDROVER DEFENDER 90 trundles along the dirt track. It slows at it approaches the fork in the road.

156 INT. LANDROVER -- CONTINUOUS

ABBY HART, her hair grown out from the styled look she wore before, is behind the wheel. She looks over at a MINI-BUS TAXI collecting PASSENGERS around the SPAZA SHOPS.

She notices the old rusted SIGN showing the direction to town. The RIGHT arrow has fallen off and only the LEFT arrow remains.

157 EXT. RICKETY BRIDGE/RIVER CROSSING -- DAY

The Landrover rumbles across the rickety bridge and turns off down a NEW DIRT ROAD that runs parallel to the river.

Ahead a few PRE-FAB BUILDINGS come into view.

A cluster of AFRICAN HUTS and a rudimentary PARKING AREA have been constructed. A WATER TANK on a raised platform harvests the rain water.

TEN PEOPLE, from the local African community, sit under the trees. Waiting.

The Landrover grinds to a stop and Abby gets out. She lifts her CAMERA and shoots a couple of frames of the place.

Sibusiso comes towards her. She frames him up. CLICK!

SIBUSISO
You are welcome.

ABBY
Thank you.

They shake hands.

SIBUSISO
Your drive was okay?

ABBY
Good.

SIBUSISO
Please.

He leads the way past a garden of indigenous PLANTS cultivated in rows beneath shade cloth.

SIBUSISO (CONT'D)
Many of the plants we use for our healing take a long time to reach maturity in the wild so we have planted these seedlings to make sure we have a supply for the future.

He leads the way towards the pre-fab buildings.

158 INT. PRE-FABRICATED BUILDING -- DAY

Sibusiso enters with Abby. A sign indicates the direction towards: TRADITIONAL HEALERS.

Another to: BIOMEDICINE CLINIC.

Abby catches sight of Lebo.

LEBO
Hey. I heard you were coming.

They hug.

ABBY
How're you?

LEBO
Well. Good.

ABBY
What're you doing here?

LEBO
I'm still working at the hospital, but even the superintendent is slowly coming round to seeing the value of what Sibusiso has built here.

Sibusiso leads the way towards the TRADITIONAL HEALERS as Lebo and Abby follow.

159 INT. TRADITIONAL HEALER SECTION -- DAY

Through a window leading to a larger room, three SANGOMAS are talking with Sister#2 from Ingwe Hospital.

LEBO
The healers are finding new ways to use their medicine that doesn't cause harmful interactions with the HIV and TB drugs that we prescribe. Less interactions, safer for the patients, better results.

SIBUSISO
And our people don't have to go chasing after fake prophets selling miracles in a bottle.

LEBO
Well, I've got to get back to the hospital.

ABBY
How'z Yasmina?

LEBO
She'll be happy to see you. How long you staying?

She shrugs as Lebo heads off. Sibusiso gestures for her to follow him.

160 INT. BIOMEDICINE SECTION -- DAY

Sibusiso and Abby arrive at a consulting room where a DOCTOR listens with his stethoscope to a YOUNG MAN's chest. The doctor's back is turned to the door so he's unaware that Sibusiso and Abby are watching.

SIBUSISO
This is where the <u>other</u> healing happens.

The doctor turns around and removes the surgical mask over his nose and mouth. It's Grant, but his hair is longer and he's grown a beard.

Abby recognises him.

GRANT
He never stops reminding me that around here, I'm the alternative healer.
(to the patient)
You can get dressed.

The young man pulls on his shirt. Grant washes his hands.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(to Sibusiso)
He can see you now and we'll discuss his diagnosis later.

The Young Man follows Sibusiso out leaving Grant and Abby facing each other.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I wasn't sure you'd come.

ABBY
I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

GRANT
So?

Grant folds away his stethoscope.

GRANT (CONT'D)
You look well.

An uncomfortable pause as neither know what to say next.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Let's get of here.

Grant grabs his RUCKSACK and leads the way as Abby follows.

161 EXT. PRE-FABRICATED BUILDING -- DAY

A few COMMUNITY PATIENTS wait to be seen as the GARDENER tends the seedlings.

Grant and Abby head away from the pre-fab buildings towards the river.

ABBY
Aaron wanted to come.

Grant glances at her.

ABBY (CONT'D)
But he's still not sure this is the right thing for you.

GRANT
I can't really imagine him liking it here...

ABBY
I think what you're doing...

GRANT
...feels right for me?

She smiles at this.

ABBY
And it's not about Aaron or Harry anymore... It's about...

GRANT
Us?

An understanding passes between them in their shared silence.

As they continue walking, the CAMERA loses them and settles on a WOODEN SIGN dug into the ground:

THE BRIDGE

Rural Medicine & Indigenous Knowledge Project

CUT TO:

162 EXT. RIVER CROSSING -- DAY

Grant stands beneath the Fever Tree. Overlooking the still pool of water.

But he is not alone.

Sibusiso stands a little way off stoking a small fire with a BUNDLE of branches. The FLAMES catch and spread.

He approaches Grant giving him half of the bundle, so that each of them now holds a FLAMING torch.

The sound of ULULATING cuts through the silence as Sibusiso and Grant both lift their torches in acknowledgment of those gathered at the water.

Standing with MaShezi, who continues to ululate, are Bongiwe and Abby. Nearby are Lebo and Yasmina. Other recognisable faces fill out the numbers.

A few Ingwe Hospital staff including the Matron and with her is Dr Ngwenya. Some of Sibusiso's patients are also there, including Mrs. Mkhize and their neighbour Simpiwe Dube.

From the local community, Siyabonga and the workers who helped clear the veld with Sibusiso and Grant, are present.

SIBUSISO
Siyanibona nonke. Siyabonga ukuthi nizile. [We see you all. And we thank you for being here.]
(beat)
Today is a special day for me and for all of you who have helped to build our project together.
(beat)
Lapha namuhla sikhumbula bonke labo abasandulelayo, abasishiyela ulwazi ukuze sabelane ngalo sifunde.
[Here, today, we all honour and remember those who came before us and gave their knowledge for all here to share.]

Sibusiso glances over at Grant.

GRANT
I want to thank you all for giving me a place to do my work and also for the space to learn.

Abby catches Grant's eye as he continues.

GRANT (CONT'D)
There are many painful memories here for me, but now... in front of you all, it is time...

SIBUSISO
Sicela ukuthi nonke enikhona lapha namuhla niwubungaze lo mcimbi ukuze sibhekane nezikhathi esezadlula... ukuze ikusasa likwazi ukuzibhekelela
[We ask you all to witness this today as we to take care of the past... So that the future can take care of itself.]

Sibusiso and Grant move towards a LARGE PYRE of wood that has been stacked up beside the water's edge. They touch their torches to the wood.

The FLAMES spread. Licking from one level to the next until the whole pyre is ablaze.

It casts a glow on Sibusiso's face. And on Grant as a sense of release washes over him.

And in the faces of those gathered as witnesses, as:

The CAMERA lifts higher and higher, taking in the water, the fever tree, the people gathered.

And rising with the SMOKE, the CAMERA drifts higher still.

Taking in the road that cuts through the bushveld as it soars to the sky, and:

CREDIT ROLL

THE END