

Money for Jam

Writers: Charlie de Salis
Geoff Houtman

Television Play

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CONFIDENTIAL

INT DAY - A PRISON CELL

BCUs shaving, aftershave, comb going through hair, clothes brush brushing lint off loud Hawaiian shirt, polishing of sunglasses, last slick of the hair in the mirror. Mouth smiles. Snap shiny black briefcase shut over papers and books. Clang of door opening, reveal Flekk in cell dressed to kill in loud, ebullient bad taste. Conversation shouted.

CHIEF

Flekk, Alan John Quartamain.

FLEKK

Chief.

CHIEF

Trafficking, 4 years, all done.

FLEKK

All done chief.

CHIEF

(more quietly now)

Johnny, you're on your last strike. I don't wanna grow old with your ugly puss in front of me.

FLEKK

(passes a package)

A little something for you and the boys. Don't smoke it all at once.

CHIEF

Show Mr Flekk to Reception, boys.

Flekk grins and puts on his sunglasses.

EXT DAY - OUTSIDE THE PRISON

Empty sky. A loud clang of a heavy door shutting. Flekk walks into frame, takes off his sunglasses and grins.

INT DAY - LA BAR

Flekk is downing six shot glasses of Tequila one by one.

FLEKK

Oh man, that feels good.
Same again, Jack.

TIM

So what you gonna do,
brother?

FLEKK

Well Timbo, you know me.
I've always had a talent for
the old import export
business.

TIM

Johnny, what you talking
about, man? They throw away
the fucking key next time.

FLEKK

Timbo, Timbo. You got one
strike left at the end of an
inning? That's not the time
to hide in the bunker, man.
That's the time to be a
hero. Hit the fucking ball
outa the park. Death or
glory, man.

TIM

Yeah, well, I'll tell ya,
that death or glory shit
might be OK in the movies...

FLEKK

Listen, you can stay a
little guy or you can have
shot at something big. Me,
I'd rather roll the dice.
You ever hear of Jean Paul
Satre?

TIM

Yeah, man, I'm not fucking
stupid. I know who the Pope
is.

FLEKK

Not the Pope, you moron. He
was a Frog philosopher.

TIM

Yeah well I never heard of him.

FLEKK

You never heard of anybody never made a record. Anyway, this guy Satre, he says that when you get up every day, you recreate yourself all over again. You know, you make up who you are. So you can be what you like. And I thought, fuck it, yeah, that's just what America's like. All you need is a plan.

TIM

I take it you got a plan.

Flekk downs the six Tequilas and keels over backwards.

FLEKK

Oh yeah, I got a plan alright.

INT DAY - A BOARDROOM/OFFICE

The Bossman and Amanda are sitting around the desk, facing Flekk, who is seated in a chair.

BOSSMAN

There's nothing new under the sun, Mr Flekk.

FLEKK

OK, has anybody ever come to you with a plan like this before?

Bossman and Amanda look at each other.

AMANDA

Not in terms of transportation strategy, no.

FLEKK

So they won't be looking.
Its beautiful. Our
merchandise is surrounded on
all sides by blanks. Then
in the live tins, each item
is sealed in plastic, and all
around it, a strong
smelling, gluey liquid.
Smellproof, shockproof. The
perfect packaging.

BOSSMAN

And what do you want from
this, Mr Flekk?

FLEKK

15 per cent. Plus expenses.

AMANDA

15% is on the high side, Mr
Flekk.

FLEKK

Well, you gotta pay for
talent.

(changes gear)

Look, we're talking \$28
million street value here.
For an investment of maybe
\$100,000. That sounds
pretty damned good to me.

Amanda and the Bossman exchange looks.

FLEKK

Of course, if you feel this
plan isn't for you...

BOSSMAN

I'm sure we can come to an
arrangement, Mr Flekk.

INT DAY - THE LIFT WELL OUTSIDE THE BOARDROOM

Flekk and Amanda exit the Boardroom. She hands a gold
credit card to him.

AMANDA

The funds will be placed in
this account in the morning.

You understand, Mr Flekk,
that you undertake personal
responsibility for this
operation.

FLEKK

Absolutely. I'm sorry, but
I didn't catch your name.

AMANDA

Mr Singleton will show you
out.

She exits. The two towering Singletons appear.

FLEKK

So which one of you two
beauty queens is Mr
Singleton?

WHITE SINGLETON

Shut the fuck up.

BLACK SINGLETON

We're the nuts and bolts
boys of the operation,
Flekk. You fuck up, you deal
with us.

FLEKK

(steps into lift)
Gentlemen, when this is
over, I'll be able to hire
you to wipe my ass.

The Singleton's look murderous. The lift closes just in
time over Flekk's grin.

INT DAY - THE DRUK JAM FACTORY

An enormous brass vat of orange marmalade hangs over a
gas burner. Indian pop music blares from a transistor,
mixing with the bubbling of the jam. Two women ladle the
jam from the vat into cans. A man seals the cans with a
press while a second glues labels on them. The door
opens. Silhouetted in the doorway is John Flekk.

NEPALESE MAN

Can I help the sir?

FLEKK

I'd like to buy some marmalade..

NEPALESE MAN

Most certainly sir, now many jars of
our delicious...

FLEKK

14,000.

The man stares.

NEPALESE MAN

14,000?

Flekk puts a big cigar in his mouth.

FLEKK

Absolutely.

INT NIGHT/DAY - THE JAM RE CANNING FACTORY

A makeshift assembly line clatters away. One man wraps a fist size cube of hash in plastic and passes it to another who drops it into a blank tin can. He fills the rest of the can with marmalade from an open Druk jar and passes it to the next who seals a lid on top with a very dodgy hand-sealer device, then onto labelling. A kid who can't be more than twelve stacks them in a pile, from where another man carries them to the almost filled shipping container. Flekk sits in a rickety recliner chair talking two a small well dressed Indian and his bodyguards.

VINDRA

We have the rest of the
shipment as agreed, but
there is a slight
difficulty.

FLEKK

(freezes)

And what's that?

VINDRA

An order as large as this,
you understand, it is our
entire supply for the
season.

FLEKK

Get to the point, Vindra.

VINDRA

There is another buyer in the market, an old customer. They would also very much like this merchandise.

FLEKK

And?

VINDRA

They are prepared to pay us 30 American dollars per kilo.

FLEKK

Goddammit Vindra, we had an agreement. 25 dollars a kilo.

VINDRA

Mr Jones, what can I say. I am just a businessman.

Flekk gives him a hard look.

VINDRA

Your CIA is an old and valued customer, Mr Jones.

FLEKK

The CIA?

VINDRA

But for the right price, we could secure the sale for your esteemed self

FLEKK

And what would the right price be this time, Vindra?

VINDRA

35 dollars per kilo.

FLEKK

25 dollars. That's it.

VINDRA

(standing)

I am sorry we could not reach an agreement.

They reach the door before he calls them back.

FLEKK
OK, OK, 35 dollars a kilo.

VINDRA
It has been a pleasure doing
business with you Mr Jones.
The rest of the shipment
will arrive tomorrow
morning.

They exit. Flekk kicks his chair: it disintegrates.

FLEKK
Goddammed government. What
does a man have to do to be
left alone?

In closeon the sealing machinge, we can see that some
cans are not fully sealed; the lids are creased around
the rim.

EXT DAY - A SMALL PORT

Our container is being swung aboard a ship. Cut to Flekk
with his mobile phone, watching with great satisfaction.

FLEKK
Message for Ms Burns from Mr
Druitt. Her package is in
the mail.

He hangs up, gets out a big cigar.

FLEKK
John boy, welcome to rest of
your life.

INT DAY/NIGHT - INDIAN LUXURY HOTEL

Flekk struts into reception.

FLEKK
Your most expensive room, a
case of Dom Perignon
champagne, and two of your
most expensive, prettiest
girls.

CLERK
Sir, I must assure you that
we are a respectable hotel.

Flekk tosses the gold card on the counter and a fold of bills, leans in towards the Clerk conspiratorially.

FLEKK

I want a real good time, and
I don't give a damn how much
it costs. OK?

The Clerk pockets the cash and reaches for the key.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE TO MUSIC

Three beautiful Indian women pour champagne over Flekk's head as he lies back, eyes closed, in a spa pool. Cut to Flekk trying on Armani suits, sunglasses, an expensive watch, handing over the credit card. Cut to a ship steaming across the sea. Champagne bottles popping. Flekk and Singaporean girls dressed to the nines getting into a stretch limo. Flekk choosing a bejewelled watch a bracelet, a crocodile skin jacket and boots, handing over the credit card. Cut to ship at sea again, credit card going down in Sydney or Bangkok Hotel, Flekk climbing into stretch limo again, Flekk being pushed from girl to girl in pool while lying on an airbed. Flekk being fed delicacies while being manicured and groomed while in spa pool.

EXT DAY - VIEWING DECK, AUCKLAND DOCKS

Open on wide shot of the unloading activity. Flekk walks into frame, talking on his cellphone.

FLEKK

Timbo. Its me. We're nearly
there, man. Next stop LA.

Tim is in his flat, finishing loading up a formidable bong, music thumping away in the background.

TIM

Johnny! Where are you, man?

FLEKK

Auckland, Noo Zealand.

TIM

Yeah? How's Auckland Noo
Zealand?

FLEKK

Lot of boats but not much else. Kinda like one of them big dumb Ohio towns, but by the ocean. You get the boots and the jacket?

TIM

Yeah man, thanksarimo. Very cool.

Tim pulls furiously at the bong. All Flekk can hear is the furious bubbling.

FLEKK

Tim? You there, man?

TIM

(holding his
breath)

Yeah man, I'm here. Just having a little heart starter.

FLEKK

Did I tell you I was a fucking genius or what?

INT DAY - A SHIPPING AGENTS OFFICE

The Shipping Agent is looking at a computer screen.

AGENT

So that's for Auckland to Los Angeles, and you'll be finalising the account for Singapore Auckland.

FLEKK

Absolutely.

AGENT

Ten thousand and thirty five dollars.

Flekk hands over his gold card.

FLEKK

No problemo.

He strolls to the window to look out onto the wharf and lights a cigar underneath the No Smoking sign.

AGENT

Mr Druitt.

No reaction - Flekk doesn't recognise his alias.

AGENT

Mr Druitt.

(much more loudly)

Mr Druitt.

Flekk remembers that's him.

FLEKK

Yeah?

AGENT

Your card's declined.

Flekk looks at him in disbelief.

FLEKK

There's plenty of cash in
there. Try it again please.

AGENT

I've put it through 3 times.

FLEKK

OK, OK. Gimme the card.
I'll call the bank.

EXT DAY - OUTSIDE THE OFFICE.

Flekk is pacing with his phone.

FLEKK

Goddammit, what do you mean
I'm out of credit? I can't
be. Its simply not
possible.

BANK VOICE

I'm sorry, Mr Druitt, our
records indicate that you
haven already exceeded the
agreed credit facility.

Flekk is stymied for a minute.

FLEKK

Look, can't I arrange a temporary extension of credit. I'm back the country in 2 days.

BANK VOICE

I'm sorry, but that's just not possible. That would have to be authorised by your company President, Ms Burns. I suggest you contact her.

Flekk hangs up. He's in trouble.

FLEKK

Shit.

INT DAY - THE SHIPPING AGENT'S OFFICE

Flekk enters oozing try-hard charm.

FLEKK

Seems its gonna take a couple of hours to fix it.

AGENT

Uh huh.

FLEKK

Correct me if I'm wrong, but that ship's due to sail at dawn.

AGENT

6AM. Finishes loading around midnight.

FLEKK

And I can't sort this out until the morning.

The Agent doesn't even look up.

FLEKK

You see my problem.

AGENT

Its a curly one alright.

FLEKK

But as Jack Kennedy said,
"Ain't no problem too big to
be solved." So, ah, how we
gonna solve this one?

AGENT

(looks up at him)
Why you asking me?

FLEKK

Well, you're the one who can
get my container on that
ship.

AGENT

Yeah, but its not my
problem. Its yours. Right?

Flekk laughs unconvincingly.

FLEKK

Yeah, right. You got me
there.

(changes gear)

But I was thinking, maybe
there's a way we can cut
through a little of that old
red tape.

He slides a billfold onto the bench and looks away.

AGENT

What's that?

FLEKK

What's what?

AGENT

That thing impersonating a
bribe.

FLEKK

A bribe? Oh no no no. Its
just a little oil for the
wheels of commerce. Well,
if I'd seen it, that's what
I would have said it was.

He uses his pen to push the money back towards Flekk.

AGENT

I guess the good old wheels
of commerce are just gunna
have to creak a bit.

Flekk can't believe it. He walks away to the window,
then cracks and explodes, taking out his frustration on
the nearest chair.

FLEKK

Two bit fucking second rate
ass end country.

The Agent watches impassively, completely unimpressed.

AGENT

Finished?

A second, very large man appears behind the counter.

LARGE MAN

Problem, Kev?

AGENT

American.

The Large Man nods. Flekk controls himself.

FLEKK

Tomorrow, first thing.

He reaches for the billfold. The Agent picks it up first
. Flekk looks hopeful for a moment, but the Agent simply
removes a couple of bills and tosses the money back on
the counter.

AGENT

For the chair.

INT DAY - A FLASH AUCKLAND HOTEL ROOM/TIM'S ROOM

Flekk is pacing the room.

FLEKK

Timbo, I got a problem, man.

Music blares through Tim's room. Tim is stoned,
repacking his bong. He surrounded by munchy-type food.

TIM

Uh huh.

FLEKK
I need ten grand, and I need
it real fast.

Tim reaches for a mouthful of pizza.

TIM
Uh huh.

FLEKK
Did you hear what I said?

Tim turns now to the tub of icecream, spooning with one
hand while packing the bong cone with the other.

TIM
Uh, no. Not really.

FLEKK
(very loudly)
I need ten grand, urgently.

Tim laughs loudly and shovels chocolate into his mouth.

TIM
Good one, man. Good one.

FLEKK
No joke, Timbo. I'm outa
cash, and I can't get the
container onto the boat.

Tim realises that Flekk isn't joking.

TIM
Fuck man, how can you be
outa cash?

FLEKK
I dunno. But I am, so it
doesn't matter how does it?

TIM
You spent it all, didn't ya?
Jesus, Johnny...

FLEKK
OK, OK, I spent it. I had
to pay more than I expected
for the merchandise...

TIM

I can't get ten grand. I got 200 bucks to last me the next week. And I owe the landlord.

FLEKK

Can't you sell some stuff?

TIM

Not for ten grand, man. You know what's here.

FLEKK

Shit.

TIM

You'll have to call the ice maiden. Its the only way.

INT DAY - THE BOARDROOM/FLEKK'S HOTEL ROOM

Amanda holds a phone.

AMANDA

This isn't a scheduled call, Mr Druitt Should I be concerned?

Flekk laughs unconvincingly.

FLEKK

No, no, not unduly.

AMANDA

Not unduly.

FLEKK

Well, I have run into a slight hitch.

He waits.

AMANDA

Yes.

FLEKK

Well, there was a cost overrun on the merchandise at source. I thought I could absorb the extra costs...

AMANDA

Mr Druitt, I hope you aren't going to tell me that you've lost control of this operation. We are expecting to receive our parcel in 14 days.

FLEKK

Of course, of course. In the meantime, I was wondering if there's any possibility of accessing some of the money due to me...

AMANDA

On delivery, Mr Druitt. You are aware of the terms of your contract? You can be replaced at 2 days notice.

FLEKK

What contract? I never saw a contract?

AMANDA

Believe me Mr Druitt, there's always a contract. You have 2 days to confirm delivery.

EXT/INT NIGHT - TIM'S HOUSE/HOTEL BALCONY/FORT ST/SR BAR

Tim, very stoned, pulls a roach from a tin full of roaches. He places it in tweezers and reaches for his lighter.

TIM

Well that's pretty heavy man. What you gonna do?

FLEKK

I got a plan.

TIM

Is that, like, part of the plan we're in already, or a whole different gig?

FLEKK

You remember when we were kids and we found that whole bunch of records behind that record store?

Tim burns his lips on the roach.

TIM

(shouts)

Son of bitch. Sorry man. I'm down to my fucking roach jar again. You mean that place in Vista?

Tim searches in the tin for another, larger roach.

FLEKK

Right. We had that whole big "box", that "container" of records, and we were trying to get them over the fence, but the box was so heavy we had to leave some behind?

TIM

Why we talking about records man?

FLEKK

(patiently)

We had to leave some of the records behind so we could get the rest of em home?

Tim succeeds in lighting the roach. He takes a big drag.

TIM

But you love those records, man. You been stealing em since you was eight.

Flekk realises Tim has missed everything.

FLEKK

Tim, we're alking-tay on the one-fay.

TIM

(shouts)

You're breaking up, man.

FLEKK
(wearily)
You'll work it out.

Tim flicks the roach expertly into the waste paper bin.

TIM
Slam dunk!

FLEKK
So now you get it?

TIM
You shoulda seen it, man.
Just put that roach right in
the basket from across the
room.

FLEKK
Tim, we're talking about the
plan. Can you try and focus
on the plan.

Flekk's conversation with Tim continues offscreen as the camera follows Flekk through the seedy Fort Street Area near the wharves. He steps into the Sugar Reef Bar and the camera moves with him to a seat at the bar.

TIM
Oh yeah, sorry, the plan.

FLEKK
We need some other people to
help us.

TIM
Smart people.

FLEKK
No, stupid people. Stupid
people are easier to
control, and believe me,
this town's full of em.

TIM
Johnny, I'm not going to
sell your records, man. No
way. Johnny? Johnny?

INT NIGHT - THE SUGAR REEF BAR

The bar is a seedy waterfront dive. The barman approaches Flekk.

FRANK

Yep.

FLEKK

Margarita thanks.

FRANK

Sorry, mate, she's not working tonight.

Flekk stares at him. Frank laughs loudly.

FRANK

Its a joke, geddit?

FLEKK

Yeah, right.

FRANK

(mixing the drink)
American are ya?

FLEKK

No, I just got a fat tongue.

FRANK

(laughs loudly)
Good one. You here for the Cup?

FLEKK

What Cup?

FRANK

You know, the America's Cup.
Bloody wankers on yachts an all that.

Flekk looks blank.

FRANK

Don't do much for me either.
Like watching the bloody lawn grow.

A punter leans over the bar and hands over a roll of cash.

PUNTER

Race 5, 50 on Grasshopper to
win, and 50 on Tua to knock
the Yank out in the third.

Frank stuffs the cash in the bottom of the till and makes
an entry in a small book. Flekk watches closely.

FRANK

When you walked in in that
suit, I thought you were the
bloody drug squad. But
since you're a Seppo I spose
you must be an international
drug runner.

(laughs)

Its a joke, geddit?

FLEKK

Good joke...

FRANK

(extends hand)

Frank.

FLEKK

(shakes)

John. John Trevor.

FRANK

Good one, Trev.

FLEKK

What's a Seppo?

FRANK

Yank, tank, septic tank,
septic yank. Seppo.

FLEKK

What's a Septic Tank?

Frank looks at him and thinks better of it.

FRANK

Ah nevermind.

Frank moves a short distance away to pick up the phone.

FRANK

Jimmy, tell the boys to pull the odds on Grasshopper down to 5 to 2. Yeah, nobody's touching Tua's latest punch dummy with a bargepole either. Better cover our arses on that one too.

FRANK

So why are you in town, Trev?

FLEKK

You know, bit of business, bit of pleasure.

FRANK

(leans towards him)

Bit of a poker game running out the back if you're interested. Or if you'd like some girls...

FLEKK

Well, see Frank, I just got into town, and what I really wanted to do was loosen up, you know? And you know how customs people are about those kinds of, ah, recreational options.

FRANK

Oh yeah, sure. No worries. You're after a little hooch.

FLEKK

Not so loud, man.

FRANK

(laughs)

You don't have to worry about that in here.

Alex lopes over from where he is sitting with Donna.

FRANK

Alex the Russian meet Trev the Yank. Sounds like the start of one of them jokes, don't it?

He laughs loudly. It escapes Alex and Flekk completely.

FRANK
Ah nevermind.

EXT NIGHT - THE ALLEY OUTSIDE THE SUGAR REEF BAR

Alex is lighting up a joint.

ALEX
Moroccan Black, Lebanese
Gold. The Lebanese Gold is
very good.

FLEKK
Well, Alex, see, I don't
really want to buy. I want
to sell.

ALEX
To sell?

FLEKK
Uh huh. And I need some
help. See, its in a
container on the wharf.

Alex is suddenly very cautious.

ALEX
How much to sell?

FLEKK
Enough to make you and I a
lot of money.

Alex nods thoughtfully.

ALEX
So this Johnny American, he
is here in little Auckland
with all this...merchandise,
and he talks to Alex and
Alex wonders why this is so.

FLEKK
Lets just say that the
merchandise is in transit,
and there's a unique
marketing opportunity.

My friends could make a lot of money, very easily. Are you my friend Alex?

ALEX

Well, that depends how much a friend is worth.

FLEKK

Ten per cent of what we sell. Believe me, it'll be well worth your while.

A brief silence.

ALEX

I would need some, how you say, expenses.

Flekk sighs and removes a fold of bills from his wallet and hands them over. Alex counts 2 50s.

ALEX

Perhaps I think you don't care so much about me after all, Johnny.

Flekk grits his teeth and produces another 50. Alex doesn't move his hands. 2 more 50s go in before he's happy.

ALEX

OK. There is someone I know. Front for big Asian crew. Waterfront connections, distribution, no problem.

FLEKK

When can I see him?

ALEX

I make a call, OK?

EXT NIGHT - THE CONTAINER

Inside the container there are more ominous pops and hisses. Viscous liquid starts to seep out onto the tarmac.

EXT NIGHT - OUTSIDE FLOWERS

Flekk and Alex walk along the grimy street towards the pool hall.

FLEKK

So how does a Russki end up
in a dump like this?

ALEX

Well, I have, how you say, a
colourful career, Johnny.
There is much trouble for me
at home. Much trouble.

FLEKK

Yeah?

ALEX

(nods solemnly)

Ya. Much trouble. For two
weeks I was on the top ten
most wanted list in
Driskovic.

FLEKK

(nods)

That right? What was your
gig?

ALEX

My gig?

FLEKK

What you did.

ALEX

Oh. Well, there was the bag
snatching.

FLEKK

Bag snatching.

ALEX

(tries to impress)

For this I was tortured for
two days.

FLEKK

Tortured? For bag
snatching?

ALEX

Oh ya, it was very bad.

They have reached the Flowers doorway.

ALEX

Here.

FLEKK

What do we call this guy?

ALEX

His friends call him Big
Dave.

They step inside.

INT NIGHT - FLOWERS SNOOKER HALL

The music is deafeningly loud hip hop, the crowd mostly Polynesian. The pool tables are bright islands of light in the dark interior. Alex peers into the gloom.

ALEX

There.

Three Polynesian men and a group of girls dressed to the nines are propped against the bar. One of the men towers over the others. Alex leads Flekk over. Flekk fronts up to the gigantic Polynesian.

ALEX

Big Dave, this is the
American Johnny I tell you
about.

The little man looks Flekk up and down.

DAVE

Carpark bro.

He walks out. Flekk follows.

EXT NIGHT - CAR PARK NEAR FLOWERS/INT CAR

The Flowers music is still audible behind them. They get into Dave's absurdly customised car. Dave hits a remote and the same bar music comes on just as loud as inside the bar.

DAVE

I understand you got a
container needs shifting.

FLEKK

Alex says you're the man
with the connections.

DAVE

I'm connected like Telecom,
man.

He laughs loudly at his own joke. Flekk turns the music
down.

DAVE

What the fuck you do that
for?

FLEKK

We're trying to talk
business here, man.

DAVE

It my fucking car, bro. You
don't turn down my music.

He turns it up flat out again.

FLEKK

OK Dave, we need to shift
the container to a safe
house, get into it, remove
the merchandise, then get
the container back onto the
wharf.

DAVE

No worries. How much
merchandise we talking?

FLEKK

Forty kilos.

DAVE

What?

Flekk reaches out and switches down the CD.

FLEKK

I said, forty kilos.

Dave is stopped in mid lean towards the volume switch.

DAVE

(shocked)
Forty kilos.

FLEKK

That a problem, Dave?

DAVE

No, man, no problem. I wasn't expecting, ah... forty kilos, that's ah, how much?

FLEKK

On the street? You tell me, man. What's the street price here?

DAVE

Ah, well, ah, \$40 a gram. So forty kilos, that's...

FLEKK

One and a half million dollars. Your cut is 30%. Should be plenty to cover expenses.

DAVE

Yeah, yeah. 30%. No worries.

FLEKK

It needs to happen fast, Dave. Fast as possible.

Dave recovers his swagger.

DAVE

No worries. You leave it with me, OK?

FLEKK

How do I contact you?

Dave switches up the volume again and opens Flekk's door by remote.

DAVE

You don't.

Flekk isn't happy, but he doesn't have options. He gets out of the car and watches Dave drive away. Alex appears next to him.

FLEKK
You sure he's OK.

ALEX
Big Dave's the man, Johnny.

FLEKK
I need to change hotel
rooms. You got room at your
place?

INT NIGHT - THE HOTEL

Flekk is stripping his hotel room of anything of value with practised ease. A knock on Flekk's door. He opens it. Alex and Donna. He ushers them in very quietly.

ALEX
Johnny, this is my friend
Donna. She come to help.

DONNA
Hi. Alex says you're
American.

FLEKK
(wearily)
Yeah, that's right. I'm
American. What is it about
American's that gets people
down here so Goddammed
excited.

DONNA
Just making conversation.

FLEKK
Yeah sure. Grab some stuff
and let's get outa here.

EXT NIGHT - ALEX'S GROTTY GUEST HOUSE

Establisher.

INT NIGHT - ALEX'S ROOM

Alex opens the door and leads Flekk in. Flekk is appalled by its rundown squalor. A rickety old bed fills one side, on another wall is a seriously dilapidated couch. A large punching bag takes centre stage, hanging from the ceiling.

ALEX

Here we are, Johnny. Is
good, ya?

Flekk looks at the couch, then at the bed.

FLEKK

Alex, I was thinking, see, I
really need to be sharp
while we're doing this
deal...

ALEX

Ya, for sure.

FLEKK

So I was thinking, it'd be a
good idea if I had the bed.

ALEX

My bed?

DONNA

What, give you his bed? You
have to be joking.

FLEKK

Well, Alex, you have to
admit, it makes sense. I
am the one who has to do the
thinking in this
partnership.

ALEX

Yes, but...

DONNA

I don't believe this.

FLEKK

Tell you what, Alex my
friend, how about an extra 2
per cent for the bed? 12%
all up.

DONNA

What's he talking about?

Unseen by Donna, Flekk shakes his head in warning at
Alex.

ALEX

Its nothing. OK, Johnny.
Its a deal. 12%.

DONNA

What are you doing Alex?
You can't give him our bed.

ALEX

My bed.

DONNA

(heads for the
door)

I can't believe this is
happening.

ALEX

Donna.

DONNA

(disappearing)

Well, I guess I'm just not
needed now you have your
creepy American friend.

FLEKK

Creepy?

ALEX

(at the door)

Donna.

FLEKK

(lying down on the
bed)

Probably better she's not
around anyway.

ALEX

Ya, well that is easy for
you to say, Johnny.

FLEKK

(closes his eyes)

Ah, don't worry, man. Buy
her flowers when this is all
over. Women just love a big
fat bunch of flowers. And a
necklace. Jewellery works
real good All your fuckups
just melt away.

INT NIGHT - ALEX'S ROOM

Flekk is woken by Alex shouting in Russian. He starts up to see a tremendous thrashing under the blanket on the couch. Flekk jumps out of bed and leans over the Russian, trying to wake him up, but Alex then tries to throttle him.

FLEKK
(with difficulty)
Alex. Alex what the fuck
you doing?

He manages to reach over and throw a glass of water in Alex's face. The Russian snaps out of it. He lets go of Flekk.

FLEKK
Jesus, Alex.

ALEX
I am sorry, Johnny. I am
sorry. I was having one of
my dreams.

FLEKK
Fuck man, those are some
dreams.

ALEX
I dream of the torture, you
see.

FLEKK
You mean they really did
torture you for a handbag?

ALEX
The handbag was of the wife
of the local party
commissar. And she would not
let go of it, so behind the
bike we pull her for many
many meters. Oh Johnny, when
they catch us...

He swigs vodka from the bottle next to the couch.

ALEX
So now I dream of this
little room where it was.
It is very bad.

(looks up at
Flekk)
Donna, when it happens, she
squeeze me hard down here
(indicates his
balls)
to make it stop.

FLEKK
Yeah well if its OK with
you, I'll stick to the
water.

Alex lies down again and rolls over, closing his eyes.

ALEX
Its not so bad, only once a
night. Maybe 2 times.
Sometimes 3.

Flekk wonders what he has let himself in for. Something
bites him under his shirt.

INT MORNING - ALEX'S ROOM

Flekk is woken up by blaring commercial radio overlaid by
loud, thwacking explosions. Dripping with sweat and
fully kitted out, Alex is working out ferociously on the
punching bag. Flekk can't believe it. He looks at his
watch: 7AM.

FLEKK
Alex, what the fuck you
doing, man?

ALEX
I am training of course.

FLEKK
Alex, its 7AM. Its
unnatural to even be moving,
let alone working out.

ALEX
But Johnny, I have big fight
in just 4 days. For every
day I train two times. Once
in the morning, once in the
afternoon.

FLEKK
So you gonna do this every
morning?

ALEX

But of course.

Flekk blearily gives up.

FLEKK

Where's the bathroom?

ALEX

End of the hall.

Flekk heads for the bathroom.

INT DAY - THE BATHROOM

Flekk knocks on the toilet door.

VOICE

Fuck off.

Flekk opens the bathroom door. Its the bathroom from hell, dirty and decrepit beyond belief. Cockroaches scramble about in the basin. The bath is two-tone with dirt. He runs a fingernail experimentally around the side and the dirt peels off with it. A large slug winds its way to towards the plug hole.

INT DAY - ALEX'S ROOM/CHINESE RESTAURANT KITCHEN

Flekk re-enters freezing and wet. Alex is shovelling in huge quantities of food, looking a box of birds.

FLEKK

What the fuck happened to
the hot water, Alex?

ALEX

For what you need hot water?

Flekk's mobile rings. Dave is at the kitchen of the Chinese restaurant.

DAVE

OK Mr American, we're ready
to go, but I gotta have some
cash upfront for expenses.

Brief silence.

FLEKK

How much

DAVE

Two grand.

FLEKK

Two grand?

DAVE

Car don't go without petrol,
bro.

FLEKK

Well I was thinking this'd
all be covered in the
percentage.

DAVE

Oh no no no. No way. No
way I put my arse on the
line for a gig like this.
What you think I am?
Stupid?

Flekk thinks Shit 2 thousand bucks.

DAVE

I need a yes or a no, man.
We either go or we don't.

Another silence.

FLEKK

We go. But I gotta make
some calls.

DAVE

You do that, bro. I'll be
in the Flowers carpark
today, 5PM. That's if you
want the container shifted
tonight.

Dave hangs up.

FLEKK

Goddammit.

He punches the bag and recoils in pain.

FLEKK

Fuck man, what you got in
there?

ALEX

Bricks.

EXT DAY - THE CONTAINER

More popping and hissing. A stream of sticky liquid is starting to pool around the container. Two workman appear and one of them treads in it.

WORKMAN

(laughs)

Hooo. Someone's in the
shit.

INT DAY - ALEX'S ROOM/TIM'S ROOM

Tim is mulling up several bongos at once.

TIM

What the fuck am I gonna do
all day if I sell the
records, Johnny?

FLEKK

OK, sell the jacket and
boots. Then you don't have
to sell all the records.

Silence.

FLEKK

Tim?

TIM

Ah, well, like, I actually
already sold em.

FLEKK

Oh that's real nice, isn't
it.

TIM

Well fuck man, I was down to
my last roach.

FLEKK

Just sell the records Tim,
OK? I'll be expecting the
money Western Union in four
hours. If they fry me cos
of you Tim, I'm gonna come
back as a fucking
poltergeist and haunt the
fuck outa you.

TIM

A polter what?

Flekk hangs up in disgust.

TIM

Well that was pretty uncool.

INT DAY - WESTERN UNION

Flekk stands at the booth. The Attendant is a brassy,
busy busy older woman. Her politeness is purely
perfunctory.

ATTENDANT

Name?

Flekk realises that he doesn't know what alias the money
is coming through under.

FLEKK

Flekk.

The Attendant looks for the name.

ATTENDANT

Nothing under that name, I'm
afraid.

Flekk pauses, thinks Shit.

FLEKK

Ah, Druitt?

ATTENDANT

(a tight smile)
Is that your maiden name?

FLEKK

Would you just look please.

ATTENDANT

(looks)

No.

FLEKK

Trevor?

ATTENDANT

(tight smile)

Perhaps you should keep a list.

(looks at screen)

Third time lucky, sir.

EXT DAY - THE FLOWERS CARPARK

Flekk is waiting. Dave's car cruises in, music thudding. Flekk goes over to the window.

FLEKK

You're an hour late, man.
Its fucking freezing out here.

DAVE

I'm a busy man, bro. You got the cash?

Flekk hands over the envelope. Dave counts the cash in his lap. There's another piece of paper.

FLEKK

That's the container number.

DAVE

Cool. We can get this baby on the road now

FLEKK

When's this gonna happen?

FLEKK

Tonight, bro. Wait for my call.

He drives off.

INT DAY/NIGHT - THE BOARDROOM

The Bossman is at the desk. Amanda sit opposite.

AMANDA

He's not at the hotel that was his last point of contact. And he owes them money. He also stole some of their furnishings. I'm sure he's called from a mobile, but we don't have the number

BOSSMAN

These types of people are always a risk, aren't they?

AMANDA

They're also very cheap.

BOSSMAN

What do you suggest?

AMANDA

I think its time for some proactive risk management.

INT NIGHT - ALEX'S ROOM.

Flekk chain smokes and drinks the hours away, but nothing happens. The crystal bowl he is using as an ashtray fills to overflowing. Alex enters with Donna.

FLEKK

(stressed out)

Where the fuck have you been?

ALEX

(surprised)

We go to party. I just come to get some clothes. I go to Donna's.

DONNA

What's it to you anyway?

FLEKK

He hasn't called, Alex. Its five AM and he hasn't called.

ALEX

Oh.

FLEKK
What's his number?

Alex looks shifty.

ALEX
If I give you his number,
you maybe not need me no
more.

FLEKK
Alex, you're my friend.

DONNA
Friend. That's a joke.

FLEKK
And my bodyguard. I thought
we talked about her.

DONNA
Is that right? And just
what did you talk about
about me?

Alex looks shifty.

ALEX
Donna...

FLEKK
(to Donna)
Could you leave us alone for
a moment please?

DONNA
Alex?

ALEX
Well, perhaps just for a
little moment, my love.

DONNA
That's it, Alex. I don't
want to hear from you until
this jerk's gone.

She exits.

ALEX
Not again.

FLEKK
Dave's number Alex.

Alex looks even shiftier.

ALEX
I don't have one.

FLECK
What!?

ALEX
I don't have one. I just
make believe.

FLEKK
So how'd you contact him the
other night.

ALEX
Well, you know, Wednesday
night, he is always at
Flowers.

FLEKK
I don't fucking believe
this.

EXT MORNING - THE CONTAINER TERMINAL

Alex and Flekk look cold.

FLEKK
Its still there. Jesus.
(turns to Alex)
Look, could I hit you for a
few bucks. Just until we do
this.

ALEX
Sorry Johnny.

FLEKK
Come on, Alex. I hit you
with 500 yesterday.

ALEX
Ya, but I spend it on
flowers and necklace for
Donna, like you say.

INT DAY - ALEX'S ROOM

Flekk is chain smoking while Alex trains.

FLEKK
So, you gonna win?

ALEX
Oh ya. Frank, he say it too
hard to make money on me.
No one want the other guy.

A light comes on in Flekk's eyes.

FLEKK
How much is the prize money?

ALEX
Oh, big money Johnny. Frank
put up \$1,000.

The light goes out again.

FLEKK
Only a thousand?

Alex stops punching, looking concerned.

ALEX
Why? Is that not enough?

FLEKK
I dunno, man. This is a
weird fucking country.
Nothing works here like it
does back home.

ALEX
(back to his work)
In my country nothing works
at all.

The cellphone rings. Flekk flings himself across the bed.

RECORDED TELECOM VOICE
This is a recorded message.
Service will discontinued
without further notice
unless your account...

Flekk cuts off the message. It rings again. Flekk picks it up again.

FLEKK
(shouts)
Shut the fuck up you stupid
fucking ass brain machine.

Dave a garage. A two guys are fitting massive subwoofers into the back seat of the car. Rap music plays. Plenty of beers.

DAVE
Hey hey hey. Take it easy,
bro.

FLEKK
Dave, where the fuck you
been? Why's the container
still there?

DAVE
Hey, bro, you gotta chill or
this conversation just ain't
gonna happen.

Flekk reigns himself in with great difficulty.

FLEKK
OK, OK. What went wrong?

DAVE
Costs are gunna be higher
than I thought. Market
forces, you know how it is.

FLEKK
(venomous calm)
Go on.

DAVE
It gonna cost another 3
grand.

FLEKK
(shouts)
Listen to me, you little
shit...

The line goes dead.

FLEKK
Dave? Dave?

ALEX

Johnny, he's not gonna like that.

The phone rings again.

DAVE

Its up to you, bro. And don't you go calling me a little shit again, cos if you do, forget it.

FLEKK

OK, OK. Sorry. Just getting a little stressed here.

(takes a breath)

I haven't got 3 grand that I can lay my hands on fast, and we need to move this along.

A pause. Behind Dave the sub woofers kick in hugely.

DAVE

Well its your call, bro. That's the deal.

FLEKK

I'll talk to my partners.

DAVE

Leave a message at Flowers. It'll get to me.

He hangs up.

INT DAY/NIGHT - TIM'S PLACE

The phone is ringing. Tim is lying on the floor surrounded by bongs staring up at the spinning plastic chandelier.

TIM

(very spaced out)

Wow.

He realises the phone is ringing. He slowly picks it up.

TIM

Hey.

Flekk is in the hotel room as before.

FLEKK
Its me, Johnny.

TIM
Well hi there, brother.
They just had the most
amazing fucking show on
cable about aliens having
sex with people in
spaceships.

FLEKK
Tim, pay attention, man.

TIM
Sex with aliens, man.
Wouldn't that be unreal.
Screw an alien. Have cute
little alien kids. Very
very out there.

Flekk despairs. Then over the line he hears a bang.

FLEKK
What was that?

TIM
(O/S)
Just some dudes kicking in
the door.

FLEKK
What?

TIM
(O/S)
Hey, you guys from the
spaceship?

WHITE SINGLETON
(O/S)
Shut the fuck up.

Flekk drops the phone like a hot potato

ALEX
Johnny? What is wrong?

Flekk picks the phone up as though its going to explode
in his face.

BLACK SINGLETON

(O/S)

How inconvenient of you not
to leave us your number, Mr
Flekk.

Flekk hangs up and switches off the phone, very spooked.
He starts pulling his clothes on.

FLEKK

I'm gonna check they haven't
moved that container.

EXT DAY - THE SHIPPING TERMINAL

The container is still there. Flekk switches on his
phone and dials.

TIM

Come on, Timbo.

The phone is picked up. Flekk listens.

TIM

Yeah?

FLEKK

Tim? Tim, you OK, man?

We reveal battered Tim in wrecked room.

TIM

No, man. I am definitely
not OK.

FLEKK

I'm sorry, man. I never
told em I had a brother.

TIM

What you think they are,
Johnny? Stupid?

FLEKK

Tim, I'm really in the shit
now, man.

TIM

No kidding.

FLEKK

I need to find 3 grand. I figure there's the stereo, the...

TIM

(shouts)

There's no fucking stereo, there's no fucking nothing, man, cos they busted everything in the place, including me trying to find out exactly where you are.

FLEKK

Did you tell em?

TIM

I would have if I could have, but as it happens I don't know.

FLEKK

I'm sorry Tim. Listen...

TIM

No. No more listening. I'm outa here. I hear the mountains are real nice in Montana this time of year.

He pulls the phone plug from the wall, leaving Flekk with a disengaged signal.

INT DAY - THE SUGAR REEF

Flekk is despondantly enters the grimy daylight of the bar.

FLEKK

You do breakfast, Frank?

FRANK

Machine over there does chocolate bars.

Flekk walks over miserably and extracts a chocolate bar. Above the vending machine, the TV shows boxing. Flekk pauses in front of it idly.

COMMENTATOR

... and this is a real
upset. No one saw this one
coming...

Flekk returns to the bar.

FLEKK

Frank, you're running a book
on Alex's fight, right?

FRANK

Yeah. No one'll touch the
other bastard though.

FLEKK

Frank, I got a business
proposition.

INT DAY - ALEX'S ROOM

ALEX

(outraged)

Nyet. No.

FLEKK

Come on Alex, think about
it. You're only gonna get a
grand for winning. You go
down in the third, you get
five for Chrissakes. Frank
gives us three on the night,
we get the container off the
wharf...

ALEX

Nyet. No, I say.

FLEKK

Alex, there's more to it
than you think. I was just
gonna pull some of the
merchandise off the top,
tell Dave that was all there
was, ship the rest on to my
partners. I had a little
surplus for some action on
the side, you know. But
things have changed. Now we
unload it all. Alex, 28
million dollars worth.

This stops Alex.

FLEKK
28 million dollars. You get
12%. You telling me your
pride's worth 3 million
dollars, Alex?

INT NIGHT - THE SUGAR REEF BAR

The ring is in place. The bar is packed. The fighters
are in their corners, Flekk with Alex. Flekk and Frank
exchange glances across the crowd.

FLEKK
(low and in close)
Remember, you go in with a
jab, drop your cover hand,
that lets him in.

The bell goes (a gong struck by a topless girl). The
fighters exchange some blows. Alex leads with a jab
drops his cover hand and gets hit twice as a result. But
instead of really harming him, it just enrages him and he
unleashes a one two that floors his opponent. Flekk
tries to conceal his dismay as the other boxer gets the
count.

FLEKK
(mutters)
Get up, you son of a bitch.
Please please get up.

The fighter beats the count and the bell goes. Alex
comes back to his corner.

FLEKK
What the fuck you doing?

ALEX
Johnny, my brain says one
thing, but my hands, they
not listen.

The bell goes and fighters trade blows again. The same
thing happens. This time the other fighter only just
makes the count. Frank comes up next to Flekk in the
corner.

FRANK
Trev, you gotta do something
here, mate, otherwise we're
history.

FLEKK

Its OK, I got insurance.

The bell goes. Alex comes back to the corner.

ALEX

Sorry Johnny.

Flekk changes drink bottles and passes Alex the substitute.

FLEKK

Don't spit it out. You need
to replace some moisture.
Drink.

Alex drinks. The bell goes. Alex circles his opponent. From his POV things seem to be distorting. He wears a couple of punches and is stunned back against the ropes. His opponent takes his opportunity and puts everything into a brutal barrage. Alex goes down.

INT NIGHT - ALEX'S ROOM

Flekk cracks one of several bottles of Dom Perignon in a large ice bucket and pours. Alex is flat out on the couch, his face completely covered in ice packs.

FLEKK

To the wonderful world of
free enterprise, Alex.
Aren't you glad you're not a
commie any more?

Donna sweeps into the room past Flekk.

DONNA

Alex, what's he done to you?

FLEKK

Champagne?

DONNA

Drop dead, asshole.

She uncovers Alex's face

DONNA

Oh, look at your poor face.
Right, you're coming home
with me.

FLEKK

Now just wait a minute...

DONNA

Come on, baby. We'll have a sauna, a nice massage.

She helps Alex to his feet.

FLEKK

Alex, you're my bodyguard.

ALEX

I see you, Johnny, OK?

They exit. Flekk raises his glass.

FLEKK

Oh well, John boy, here's to conspicuous wealth.

EXT NIGHT - THE FLOWERS CAR PARK

Dave is counting the cash. There is considerably more sound gear in his back seat, going right to the roof.

FLEKK

Tonight?

DAVE

Yeah, bro. No worries.

FLEKK

No worries as in this is really gonna happen tonight, cos I don't wanna be fucked around this time.

DAVE

No man, I wouldn't fuck you around. I'll call tomorrow, take you to the safehouse.

He drives away.

EXT NIGHT - OUTSIDE THE SUGAR REEF BAR

Alex's car pulls up, Donna driving.

DONNA

I'll just get us something to drink. You wait here.

She gets out of the car.

INT NIGHT - THE SUGAR REEF BAR

Frank puts the beer pack on the counter in front of Donna.

FRANK
There you go, love.

Two very large men come to the bar next to her: the Singletons.

BLACK SINGLETON
(to Frank)
We're looking for a friend
of ours.

FRANK
This Pulp Fiction week or
something?

BLACK SINGLETON
Pardon me?

FRANK
Whole bloody country with a
sense of humour bypass.

The Singletons look at each other, not understanding.

BLACK SINGLETON
American guy, about 5/10,
brown hair, mid thirties.

Frank gives Donna her change, makes eye contact.

FRANK
Nah.

BLACK SINGLETON
Just in case you hear
something.

He puts his card on the bar (plus a bill underneath)
"Singleton and Singleton Sanitation Engineers". Frank
laughs.

BLACK SINGLETON
What?

FRANK
Septic tanks.

The Singletons look blank.

FRANK
Ah nevermind.

The Singleton's look at each other and give up. They head for the door. Donna follows.

EXT DAY - THE SUGAR REEF BAR
From Alex's position in the car, we see Donna stop and say something to the Singletons. She gets into the car.

ALEX
Who was that?

DONNA
Oh, just some tourists
needing directions.

The car pulls away.

INT NIGHT - ALEX'S ROOM

Flekk is asleep when the door is kicked off its hinges. He sits upright with a scream. Two huge figures are silhouetted in the doorway.

BLACK SINGLETON
Mr Flekk, I presume.

INT NIGHT - ALEX'S ROOM

Flekk's head is pushed into the ice bucket and held there by the White Singleton. He pulls Flekk up again.

BLACK SINGLETON
Container number.

FLEKK
(gasps)
If I tell you, you'll kill
me.

WHITE SINGLETON
Shut the fuck up.

FLEKK
You know, you're really in a
conversational rut, man.

In goes his head again for a long time. Up again.

BLACK SINGLETON
Container number.

FLEKK
You want me to talk, he
wants me to shut up. I
dunno what I'm meant to do.

In he goes again. In the hallway, a hand silently removes the fire extinguisher from the wall. The bedroom door flies open and Alex bursts in, spraying the extinguisher in the Singleton's eyes. Flekk grabs an empty champagne bottle from the floor and lays out the White Singleton. Alex lays out the other with the extinguisher bottle.

FLEKK
Alex, man am I glad to see
you.

ALEX
Donna she say to me the
American get some of his own
medicine, but I say no no
no, you not understand what
you do.

FLEKK
Lets get out of here.

EXT DAWN - OUTSIDE THE CONTAINER TERMINAL

Flekk and Alex peer through the fence.

FLEKK
Goddammed son of a bitch.
I'm gonna fillet him like a
fish.

ALEX
Its not so good.

FLEKK
Not so good? Alex, without
that money I'm dog sausage.

ALEX
Ya, but what can we do?

FLEKK

We have to wait until we can
find someone in Flowers.
Now I gotta think.
Everything we got's back in
the room. Can't go back
there. Can't go to the
Sugar Reef. Donna's place?

Alex won't meet his eyes.

FLEKK

OK OK. I got twenty bucks.
What you got?

Alex pulls out a mouldy five and some coins.

FLEKK

Well I guess we forget the
hotel room.

ALEX

Perhaps we go to nice park?

The phone rings. Flekk lights up.

FLEKK

Dave, where the fuck...

RECORDED VOICE

Your service is being
discontinued.

Flekk throws the phone on the ground and stamps it into
oblivion.

ALEX

Very good, Johnny. You
think perhaps Dave call you
inside your head?

EXT DAY - THE CONTAINER TERMINAL

A stray dog licks up the marmalade around the container.

INT DAY - FLOWERS

The Barman is setting up for the night when Alex and
Flekk enter.

FLEKK

We're looking for Big Dave.

The Barman shrugs his shoulders.

BARMAN
Wednesday night, bro.
Always here.

FLEKK
(turns to Alex)
Alex, that ring real gold?

ALEX
(insulted)
Of course Johnny. This
wedding ring belong to my
great grandfather.

Flekk holds out his hand. Alex understands.

ALEX
Nyet. No.

FLEKK
Alex.

Alex pulls off the ring, pushes it down into Flekk's hand.

FLEKK
(to the Barman)
We want an address.

The Barman looks at the ring.

EXT DAY - THE CHINESE RESTAURANT.

Alex and Flekk pull up outside the restaurant.

ALEX
Triads.

FLEKK
Never know your luck.

INT DAY - THE CHINESE RESTAURANT FRONT DESK

Flekk and Alex appear at the front desk.

FLEKK
We're looking for Dave.
There's been a death in the
family.

WAITER

Kitchen.

He indicates the direction. Flekk and Alex begin to move away.

FLEKK

One death in the family,
coming up.

INT DAY - CHINESE RESTAURANT KITCHEN

The kitchen is a hive of activity. People are too busy to pay attention to the Flekk and Alex. They thread their way through the long room. Right at the end, they round the corner, and there is Dave the kitchen hand/washer-up hard at work. He turns and sees them and tries to run. Flekk catches him and lifts him up by his shirt front.

FLEKK

Big Asian operation. You
little shit.

DAVE

Just wait, man, I can
explain.

Flekk pushes Dave's head over a vast pot of boiling water. The whole kitchen has stopped to watch.

FLEKK

Where's my money?

DAVE

Just take it easy, bro.

Flekk pushes his head closer to the water.

FLEKK

Where's my five grand, you
asshole. You better tell me
before I add you to the
Goddammed menu.

DAVE

I haven't got it.

FLEKK

Where is it then.

DAVE

I spent it. On the car.

Behind them the Triad Boss and Henchman appear.

FLEKK
You little...

TRIAD BOSS
What is the meaning of this
outrage?

INT DAY - THE CHINESE GAMBLING ROOM

It could be day or night. No natural light penetrates.
Mah Jong games play out in shadowy corners.

TRIAD LEADER
(laughing)
So you have been doing
business with the
dishwasher. That is very
good.

FLEKK
Yeah, somebody oughta call
Jerry Seinfeld.

TRIAD LEADER
I can certainly help you Mr
Druitt. But first you must
tell me what you want from
this arrangement.

FLEKK
Two million. That leaves
you with 26.

ALEX
(shocked)
Johnny!

TRIAD LEADER
Why so little, Mr Druitt?

FLEKK
Because I just want out.

The Triad Leader looks at him with hooded eyes.

TRIAD LEADER
Alright Mr Druitt. It will
happen tonight. If the
cargo is genuine, you will
be paid tomorrow.

EXT DAY - THE CHINESE RESTAURANT

Alex and Flekk head for the car. Alex is upset.

ALEX

Only 2 million. Johnny, you
promise me...

FLEKK

Alex, these guys are the
real thing. They don't have
to give us anything. I
figure 2 million out of 26,
it won't get us killed, and
it'll get us out of this
dump.

ALEX

But I don't want to get out
of here.

INT NIGHT - ALEX'S CAR (BY THE PARK)

Its obviously freezing cold. Flekk and Alex are eating
barbecue shapes.

FLEKK

They speak Russian in
Kazakstan, Alex?

ALEX

(surprised)

Kazakstan? Ya, I think so.
It was a Soviet not so long
ago. Why?

FLEKK

Hash is real cheap in
Kazakstan.

ALEX

So?

FLEKK

And you're Russian.

ALEX

Johnny...

FLEKK
2 million bucks. We could
control the whole chain.
Imagine that!

ALEX
Oh, Johnny. You make me
very tired.

INT EARLY MORNING - THE POLICE CAR

The two detectives are looking cold and tired.

COP 1
Jesus I hate these winter
stakeouts. How many times
we been out looking for this
guy now?

COP 2
Too many. Hey, what's that?

COP 1
What's what?

COP 2
There's 2 guys in that car.

COP 1
(picks up handset)
Detective Constable Bennett
to Control. Two males
sleeping in a car at
Papakura Park. We're going
to have a look.

COP 2
Why does this shit always
happen right on knock off
time?

They exit the car.

EXT EARLY MORNING - ALEX' CAR

The cops are looking from a Park Rapist Indentikit sheet
to Alex and Flekk asleep in the car.

COP 1
Whadayareckon?

COP 2

Well, I dunno. These bloody pictures are like Pin the Tail on the Donkey anyway.

COP 1

Pull em in?

COP 2

Sleeping so peacefully too. Ohhh.

He pulls open the door violently.

COP 2

(screams)

Rise and shine pretty boys.

INT DAY - THE POLICE HOLDING CELLS

Alex and Flekk are being led to the cells.

FLEKK

Its cool Alex. We'll be out of here in no time, man.

Alex isn't handling it, sweating and looking wild eyed.

ALEX

I tell you, Johnny, these little rooms... Its not so good.

FLEKK

Stay cool, man. Stay cool.

Into his cell he goes. Alex goes into his cell. The room starts distorting, the walls pressing in on him. He hears voices shouting in Russian, the sounds of blows, his own screaming. He starts screaming. Cop 1 and 2 open the door.

COP 2

Always at knock off time.

COP 1

Alright, what's your problem?

ALEX

You don't want me. You want him. He's the one with the hash, not me. You take him. Him.

The Cops look at each other. In his cell Flekk puts his face in his hands.

COP 1

Hash. Hashish?

ALEX

Many many kilos. In the shipping container.

EXT DAY - THE SHIPPING CONTAINER

The cops open the door and a tide of marmalade and hash blocks pours out around their feet. A couple of tins forlornly pop their lids and toss hash into the air.

COP 2

I feel a promotion coming on.

INT DAY - THE PRISON LIBRARY/CANTEEN

Flekk is reading when a Warder Approaches him.

WARDER

You got visitors, Flekk.

INT DAY - THE VISITING ROOM

Flekk enters to find a pair of battered Singletons.

FLEKK

Gentlemen. How nice to see you.

WHITE SINGLETON

Shut the fuck up.

FLEKK

I'm sure there's a therapist who could help you.

BLACK SINGLETON

You ever show up in LA, Flekk, your white honky ass is mine.

FLEKK

Your profession has a high mortality rate, Mr Singleton. I wouldn't count on you still being around then.

BLACK SINGLETON

Well don't you go applying for no early parole, asshole.

FLEKK

(standing)

Well, its been a pleasure gentlemen, but I have an engagement.

He leaves them glowering after him.

BLACK SINGLETON

(to his partner)

He's right, man. You could do with some therapy.

INT DAY - THE PRISON LIBRARY

Flekk sits down and picks up his book again. The cover reads KAZAKSTAN: THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE.