

SAME COIN

Multiform Drama

Loren Watson

1. **GEORGIE.** INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

*[Note: George and Georgie are the same person in different alternate realities. Sluglines will inform when the realities swap between the male and female time-lines.]*

GEORGIE (20s) a young woman, her feet up in stirrups, screams. A DOCTOR kneels down between her legs. Georgie clutches a NURSE's hand, sweat beads on her brow. Her agonising screams fill the room.

DOCTOR

Just one more push okay?

Georgie, falling in and out of consciousness weakly shakes her head. The Nurse brushes sweaty strands of hair from Georgie's face. She grips her hand harder.

NURSE

Come on, you can do it.

Another push, Georgie's back arches, she drops her head into her pillow. Her deep throated wails are joined by a crying baby.

2. **EXT. WILKINS HOUSE - DAY**

A modest, brick house, situated between two camel thorn trees, stands in the dusty yard. To one side of the house sits a giant black cage, standing with its door open.

Georgie, steps out of an old land cruiser, on the side is a faded, cracking logo that reads "Savannah Huts". She unloads all of her possessions onto the dusty drive way. She surveys the area, across from the house, stands a long rectangular building. Double doors stand open, through the entry way, Georgie can see a long dining room table. The WAIT STAFF set the table.

Georgie turns away, she reaches over to the passenger seat of the car, unbuckles a woven crib. She grabs the handle.

3. **GEORGE.** EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

An hooded FIGURE approaches the front door, she leaves a cradle on stoep. The Baby cries.

The front door opens, GEORGE (20s), groggy and hung over, opens the front door. He rubs his eyes and peers down. The Baby, mixed race, coos as it gazes up. Frantically, George's head spins around, surveying the yard. No one. He leans down and picks up the basket. Lodged beside the Baby is a letter. Int. George's House - moments later

George places the crib on the couch, he sits down next to it. Opens the letter.

INSERT - LETTER

Your son was born on the 28th of July at 9:45 pm. He is strong and healthy. I wish you both the best.

BACK TO SCENE

George runs his hands over his face. He peers back down at the Baby.

4. **GEORGIE. EXT. WILKINS HOUSE - SAME TIME**

The front door opens. ROGER (late 50s) peeks out, he grins. Georgie avoids eye contact with her father. His eyebrows draw together, his smile drops, and his eyes drop with it. His gaze lands on the small basket in Georgie's arms.

Roger locks his jaw, his posture become rigid, his height seems to increase over his shameful daughter. He opens the door widely, grabs her suitcase and steps aside.

5. **INT. SAVANNAH HUTS - WILKINS HOUSE - SAME TIME**

Georgie enters the living room, she trips over the zebra skin rug. Roger drops the suitcase, he swings his arms out to grab the basket, but Georgie rights herself. She places the baby down on the coffee table. Roger inhales deeply. Georgie did not see this display.

ROGER

What the hell is this?

Georgie sits down on a dark leather couch. She leans her head in her hands.

GEORGIE

I screwed up.

ROGER

Yeah. No shit, Georgina! I let you go off and gallivant in town, only to see you a year later with a coloured baby!

Roger plops down in a chair opposite her. He grips the arms of the chair until his knuckles turn white. His expression drops, the colour drains from his face.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Were you...

Georgie snaps her head up, aghast. She raises her hands up.

GEORGIE

No. No. Nothing like that.

Georgie sinks into herself, she shakes her head. He slams his fist down. Spooking Georgie and the Baby. The Baby wails. Georgie reaches for her infant, she holds it and rocks it back and forth. Her eyes soulless.

**GEORGE**

Roger stands up. He marches towards the door. George follows his father. Roger spins on a dime, he grabs George's collar. Georgie tries to stumble backwards but his father's grip holds him steady. He grits his teeth.

ROGER

What about the mother?

George waves his hands in defence.

GEORGE

I don't know who she is! Just a hook up probably.

Roger nods, he releases his son. George exhales. Roger grabs a leather safari hat from a hook, he swings the door open. Points an accusing finger at his son.

ROGER

You. Make that thing stop crying. I have to greet the new guests.

Roger slams the door behind him.

*[The screen splits.]*

**On the left side GEORGIE:**

Georgie places the wailing Baby back down into the basket. She curls up on the couch. Eyes red with tears. She unlocks her phone. A photo of her and a MAN (late 20s) kisses the side of her face.

She turns away. Locking the phone. Her hands drop to her sides, knuckles white gripping the phone.

**On the right side George:**

George sits on the couch, he reaches into a bag next to his feet, pulling out a baby bottle. He tries to get the Baby to suckle the milk. The baby's face turns red as it cries. George stands up and walks about bouncing the Baby.

6. **GEORGIE.** INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Georgie moves into the dark bedroom. Dragging her suitcase behind her. The baby's woven crib in the other hand.

She switches on the light. She sighs as she surveys the empty room.

A single bed lays in the far corner, a bedside next to it. Georgie sits on the bed. The sheets are pale brown with a single, sad, deflated pillow.

Otherwise the room is empty.

Georgie lifts the baby up, she presses it close to her chest. The baby drools and gurgles on her bosom. She exposes her breast, offering it to her baby. The baby latches. It mewls in disappointment, gently batting at the boob. The baby fusses, Georgie's eyebrows narrows. She searches in a bag by her feet, she pulls out a baby bottle. The Baby happily suckles from the bottle. Georgie deflates.

7. INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Georgie wakes up. She is on her side, beside her is empty. She jumps up. Panicking. Searches wildly around the room. She crouches on her knees and checks under the bed.

8. INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Georgie races out the the room. Roger sits in the living room. He inspects a crib's feet as it is turned on it's head. Georgie spots the baby's basket next to her father's feet. She sighs in relief.

ROGER

A baby needs a proper bed.

Georgie nods. She sits on the couch opposite him. He looks up, notices the swollen red eyes and stuffy nose. He returns to his inspection of the crib.

He turns it right-side up. Testing the rocking. Nods. He places the baby inside the bed. The Baby coos, reaching for his grandfather's face.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It fits.

GEORGIE

James.

Roger looks up again.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

His name is James.

Roger nods. He stands. Picks up JAMES (baby) and places him in Georgie's arms. Roger picks up the crib, moving it into Georgie's room. Roger comes back out, rubbing his hands.

ROGER

I've asked Nakedi to help you for now. Show you the ropes.

GEORGIE  
The ropes?

ROGER  
Child rearing.

GEORGIE  
Oh.

Georgie nods once.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)  
I think I can handle it. I did  
birth him.

Roger looks at her sceptically.

ROGER  
Come. It's breakfast time.

Roger opens the front door. He waits. Georgie stands. She holds James in one hand and grabs the basket with the other.

9. INT. SAVANNAH HUTS - DINING ROOM - LATER

Georgie carrying James follow Roger into the dining room. One long table in the centre of the room. Off to the side, a few STAFF stand behind tables of a buffet breakfast.

A smattering of GUESTS mill around the room. Georgie places James into his crib. She puts him in a chair at the table. She moves towards the buffet. The staff greets her with a smile. She nods at them, barely offering a smile in return.

From a door at the back of the room NAKEDI (50s) a large woman bursts through the door. Wearing an apron with food stains spots Georgie, she throws her hands open and embraces Georgie.

NAKEDI  
*Lesea!*

Georgie, surprised. Spills her small bowl of dry cornflakes.

GEORGIE  
Hello Nakedi.

NAKEDI  
Ugh! *Wena! Lesea*, you gave us such  
a fright! We haven't seen you here  
in such a long time!

Nakedi gives Georgie one last squeeze before pulling her away and studying her. She tsks.

NAKEDI (CONT'D)

Who has been feeding you? You're too skinny.

GEORGIE

Usually that's a good thing.

NAKEDI

Ugh. You white people. Always wanting to be skinny. It's good to be big. Like me! Come. I'll give you some real food.

Nakedi takes the mostly empty bowl from Georgie's hands and passes it onto a WAITRESS. She guides Georgie back to her seat. Nakedi clasps her hands together and peers over the cradle.

NAKEDI (CONT'D)

Is this him?

GEORGIE

Yes. That's James.

Nakedi picks up James and hold his aloft. Scrutinising the infant. He smiles and giggles. Nakedi grins. She hold him close to her face.

NAKEDI

He's *botse*.

Georgie cracks a small smile.

GEORGIE

Yes, he is. Looks just like his father.

Nakedi's smile drops, she watches Georgie, with her free hand she gently rubs her back.

NAKEDI

I am sorry.

Georgie avoids eye contact.

GEORGIE

It's fine.

Nakedi places James back into his basket. Nakedi takes one last look at the baby. She then turns sharply away and exits into the kitchen.

A moment later, Nakedi enters again, carrying a plate, piled high with crepes rolled up and a few slices of lemon. She places the plate down in front of Georgie.

NAKEDI

There you go. Your favourite. I  
used your grandmother's recipe.  
(whispering)  
But I still think mine is better.

Georgie chuckles, she takes her seat.

GEORGIE

Thank you.

Georgie gently picks up one of the lemon slices and squeezes it over the crepes. She grabs one of the crepe rolls and bites into it. Nakedi waits.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

It's perfect. Thank you.

Georgie wraps her arms around Nakedi's neck. Nakedi pats her arm.

NAKEDI

Well, I better go. The kitchen will  
burn if I am not there.

A clattering noise from the kitchen steers a marching Nakedi away.

NAKEDI (O.C.)

Uh! *Voetsak wena!*

10. **GEORGE.** INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Along the dining room table, the Guests sit together. Towards the head of the table sits Roger with George by his side and James on George's lap. George holds a bottle in his free hand, feeding the baby.

Roger enchants all of the Guests as he speaks.

ROGER

So there I was. With my friend  
Frikkie. We were out in the middle  
of the night, and Frikkie... Well  
he was a bit of a wild man.

The Guests laugh.

ROGER (CONT'D)

We only had one torch between us,  
and he found us these *tsamma*  
melons. Like wild squashes but with  
a hard outer shell, like a rock.

Roger holds the invisible melon in his hand.



ROGER (CONT'D)

So we were holding one each and Frikkie... Well he made me switch off my torch.

GUEST #1 gasps.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It was pitch black. It was a new moon so we didn't have any light and we were like a kilometre from camp. But Frikkie, he was sure we were heading in the right direction. He said he could smell the kill.

George stops feeding James. He burps the baby while he listens.

ROGER (CONT'D)

So we were out there for like two hours, just walking around in the dark. I was holding a torch I couldn't use and the only thing we had protecting ourselves were these melons.

George pats the baby's back until he burps.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Excuse you.

The Guests laugh.

ROGER (CONT'D)

After what felt like years walking around in the dark. Frikkie, he told me to stay back and he was going to go ahead and scare the hyenas towards me.

GUEST #2

Were you scared?

Roger chuckles.

ROGER

Of course I was scared! But what I did was, I hunkered down in a bush and waited for about five minutes. I could see the carcass. It was teeming with hyenas all around it. Then suddenly! Frikkie, from out of nowhere jumps onto the carcass. Scaring the shit out of those poor bastards!

GUEST #3

Did he die?

ROGER

No! The hyenas scattered, shit scared, because what would be reckless enough to jump on a kill being eaten by 12 hyenas. Well, they didn't want to find out. And we had to walk back all the way to camp, with Frikkie smelling like death.

A few of the Guests clapped, they mummer among themselves as the WAITRESSES brings out the desert.

**GEORGIE**

Georgie stands up from the table, bouncing the baby on her shoulder.

GEORGIE

(whispering to Roger)

You exaggerate that story a little more every time I hear it. Last time there were only 6 hyenas.

ROGER

(cheekily)

Were there?

Georgie shakes her head as she wander about the room, soothing James. An idea pops into her head, she shuffles back over to her father.

GEORGIE

Do you want me to escort some of the guests to their tents tonight?

Roger takes a sip of his Heineken. He slowly shakes his head.

ROGER

No. You should stay here with James. I'll be back to take you two home. Don't go outside without me. Okay?

11. **GEORGE. EXT. DINING ROOM - LATER**

The Guests form a group on the lawn. The lights from inside the dining room illuminating only far enough to see the pool.

Roger stands by the door, George holding James by his side.

ROGER

Can you take the other half of the guests to their tents on the left wing?

George nods. He passes the baby to Nakedi's waiting arms.

GEORGE

Thanks. I'll be back soon. Then I'll drive you to your house.

Roger hands George a shotgun. The Guests split into two groups all of them holding torches.

George leads his half towards the left side of the lawn, following the dirt path.

GUEST #1

Why are you carrying a gun?

They pass by the first tent, two Guests say goodnight as they walk up the stairs and unzip the flap.

GEORGE

It's to scare away predators.

GUEST #1

Are there a lot of predators around?

GEORGE

Well, unlike South Africa, Botswana doesn't have any fences around. So the animals are free to roam.

GUEST #2

Have you shot any?

GEORGE

We just use the sound to scare them away. We like the predators. They are an important part of the ecosystem.

GUEST #1

Which predator is your favourite?

GEORGE

There is this one lioness that lives around here...

GRASS

NIKITA, a large tawny lion with a tracking collar around her thick neck, flicks her tail in the long golden grass as she watches the group amble on in curiosity. She lays elegantly, one paw on top of another like a queen.

## PATH

George escorts the guests along to the next tent.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Nikita, the biggest lioness you will ever see. She's the matriarch of the pride around here.

GUEST #3

I thought the boys were in charge of the prides.

GEORGE

That's what makes her so special. She is the only female pride leader in the whole of southern Africa. Her pride is all of her children. She has five or six of them now.

They pass by another tent, a few more Guests leave the group.

## GRASS

Nikita lounges, her golden eyes watch George as she purrs lowly.

## PATHWAY

A shiver runs up George's spine, he spins around, scanning the area with his torch. Nothing. He narrows his eyes. Motions for the others to follow him.

GUEST #3

How come she's so different? Three told us that the lions were the boss and the females do their bidding.

GEORGE

Nikita is different, I think she had to be. Out here in the Kalahari you need to adapt to survive.

Upon approaching the fourth tent, a rustling in the grass nearby alerts George. He stops, the group stops behind him. He clicks his torch on and scans the area.

A pair of eyes glows in the grass. The Guests freeze.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Be very quiet and don't make a move.

The Guests nod. They huddle together, each one watching in another direction.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Stay here.

George approaches the shrubbery. He stops a few meters away. He lifts his gun over his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

HEY!

A single jackal darts away. George waits for a moment. His finger on the trigger and the barrel pointed to the sky.

Nothing.

He motions for the group to follow him. They quicken their pace. George leads the last Guests to their tent.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Stay inside and keep the tent zipped up.

Guest #1 nods. She zips the tent closed behind her.

12. INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

George trudges back towards the light of the dining room. Roger, Nakedi and James wait for him by the door.

ROGER

Everything okay? I heard a little girl screaming.

Roger laughs at his own joke. George shakes his head. He heads over to a gun rack, he unloads the bullet and stores the weapon away.

GEORGE

Yeah. Just a jackal.

ROGER

And the guests are safe?

GEORGE

All present and accounted for. I even check to make sure everyone closed their tents.

Roger nods his head. George takes James from Nakedi's arms, he cuddles the baby close to his chest.

**GEORGIE**

Georgie peers out one last time into the dark African landscape. A pair of barely glowing eyes watches her in the darkness. She holds James close to her chest, turns away.

GRASS

Nikita sniffs the air. She watches as Georgie closes the dining room doors behind her. A lion cub, TINK, nuzzles up to her mother's paw. Several more juvenile LIONS mull around further in the grass.

13. INT. DINING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Nakedi enters the room, she notices muddy paw prints from an open window around the room. On the tables and into the kitchen. She groans and follows the paw prints into the kitchen.

14. INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Nakedi notices the kitchen is a mess. An open flour bag on the floor and floury paw prints all over the counters. Some of the cabinets left open. Dishes and pans scatter the floors. A ripped open bag of blood dripping on the counter.

She sighs and grabs a mop.

15. **GEORGIE.** INT. WILKINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Georgie sits, using her foot to rock the crib back and forth as she works on her laptop. Roger bursts into the house. Georgie sits up, she closes her laptop.

ROGER

(to self)

Can't these fucking people just do a competent job?

GEORGIE

What happened?

ROGER

Three tried to drive through a river with the Smiths and he drowned the engine. They just radioed in and asked for assistance.

Georgie stands to her feet, she places her laptop on the coffee table.

GEORGIE

Do you need me to help?

ROGER

No. Stay here with the baby.

GEORGIE

But you need to go in two cars. One to bring the guests back and another to tow the other car out the river. Thabo is camping with another group and Tshepo is in town.

Roger pauses. He grabs two car keys from the hooks by the door. He tosses a pair at Georgie.

ROGER

You drive the Smiths back to the lodge. There and back. Got it? You don't have a guiding license so you can't take them on a joyride.

Georgie nods. Roger pulls out a walkie talkie.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(into walkie talkie)

Nakedi. Can you please come to the house and watch over the baby?

NAKEDI (O.C.)

(static)

Yes, boss.

16. EXT. GAME PARK - LATER

The SMITHS all stand on the shores on a bank of the river. They lay out their stuff on the grass nearby drying them off in the sunshine. THREE (40s) sets out some tea and coffee supplies so long.

Two open game drive vehicles approach. Roger drives right behind the half submerged car. He steps out of the drivers side, smiling apologetically and waving to the guests.

ROGER

Hello folks, sorry about this. The rains have made the river swell more than we thought.

MR SMITH

(with a Canadian accent)

No problem.

MRS SMITH

(also with a Canadian accent)

It was quite exciting!

Georgie drives up to the group. She hops out. Roger gestures to her.

ROGER

This is Georgina, my daughter, she will take you guys back to the lodge so long while we tow this car out.

MRS SMITH

Oh, but we just set up our picnic. Can we stay and finish our tea?

Mr Smith joins Roger's side.

MR SMITH

I can help if you like.

ROGER

No, it's no problem. We have this. Thank you though. Enjoy your tea and when you want to just let my daughter know.

The Smiths nod their heads. They begin preparing their tea. Georgie joins her father and Three. Three ties a tow rope around the back of the drowned car and the front of the other.

Roger shakes his head.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(through gritted teeth)

I told you not to come this way.

THREE

Yes, sir. But we were told by Wildlife Games that they saw a pride of lions this way. And the Smiths really wanted to see some lions before the end of their trip.

ROGER

Why didn't you go around to Fourth Bridge then?

THREE

This way was faster, the lions were on the move.

Roger shakes his head. Above them a sacred ibis flies gracefully, it lands on the banks on the other side of the river.

MRS SMITH

Hey, Three? What kind of bird is that?

THREE

That's a great egret!



GEORGIE

Uh... Actually folks, that's a  
sacred ibis.

The Smiths ooh and aah over the bird. They snap hundreds of pictures with their giant lenses. Roger sceptically watches his daughter. Georgie notices, she shrinks a little.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Am I right?

ROGER

Yes. Good job.  
(to Three)  
You shouldn't just say random  
birds. Study your bird book when  
you get home.

Roger climbs back into his car. He begins reversing. Georgie wanders over to the Smiths. Mrs Smith plops down on a picnic blanket, she looks up to Georgie, covering her eyes from the sunshine.

MRS SMITH

Are you also a guide?

GEORGIE

Uh. No actually.

MR SMITH

You should be one! You seem to know  
more about bird life than our  
actual guide.

He laughs. Georgie chuckles. She watches the sacred ibis at it gently steps through the reeds.

17. INT. GAME DRIVE VEHICLE - LATER

Georgie drives the Smiths down a dirt road, carefully over the uneven terrain. They enter a thick, mopane forest, the green butterfly-like leaves brush against the canvas roof. Suddenly, Mrs Smith excitedly begins tapping the headrest of the driver's seat. Georgie immediately stops the car.

MR SMITH

Oh, look sweetie! There's a  
chameleon in the road. Can we stop  
and take some photos?

Georgie notices the sun lowering to just over the tree-line.

GEORGIE

Okay, but we should really get back  
before dark. We can't be driving  
around for too long.

The Smiths take rapid fire photos of the chameleon. It slowly moves away from the road. Swaying as if it were drunk. Georgie squints at the odd reptile.

MRS SMITH

Why is it moving like that?

GEORGIE

I think it was attacked by a snake. The venom is moving through it's system now.

MR SMITH

Where is the snake then?

A large thud on the canvas roof. The end of an emerald tail slithers over the roof.

GEORGIE

Uh. If everyone can please exit the car, slowly.

The Smiths scramble out of the car. The large black eyes of a boomslang peeks its head over the roof. The snake slips from the roof and lands near Georgie in the front of the car. Georgie swiftly hops out of the drivers side, she slams the door behind her. The snake writhes and coils in the passenger's side.

MRS SMITH

Oh my goodness! What is that?

GEORGIE

Its a boomslang.

MR SMITH

(mispronouncing)

A boomslang?

Mr Smith pulls out a small field guild, he pages through the booklet. He taps on a page and shows it to his wife.

MR SMITH (CONT'D)

(reading)

The venom of the boomslang is primarily a hemotoxin... blood clots... the victim experiences internal and external bleeding... haemorrhaging! Oh my.

MRS SMITH

That sounds terrible!

GEORGIE

The only anti-venom we have is in Gabs. We'd have to airlift someone out quickly.

MR SMITH

Can't you get it out?

Georgie searches around the forest floor, she finds a long stick.

MRS SMITH

Where did it go?

Georgie steps closer to the car. She stands on her tippie toes, keeps her distance as she peers in. The snake slithers into a small hole in the floor of the car. Georgie drops on her hands and knees, she peeks under the car. The snake coils itself under the chassis frame. Watching her with its large, black eyes.

GEORGIE

Jessis. Okay everyone stay back.

The Smiths back away from the car. Georgie tries using her stick to unhook the snake. It recoils manoeuvring away from her attempts.

She stands. Backing away from the car. Placing her hands on her hips.

MRS SMITH

Can we get back in the car now?

GEORGIE

It might come back up through the floor. It's not worth the risk.

Mrs Smith quickly does the sign of the cross.

MRS SMITH

Oh Christ. What do we do?

Mrs Smith moves closer to her husband.

MRS SMITH (CONT'D)

The sun is getting lower.

Long shadows from the trees cast over the trio as they contemplate. Georgie pulls out her phone and clicks on the flash-light. She hands it to Mr Smith.

GEORGIE

If you could please keep an eye on the snake for me for one second. I think I have an idea. Just tell me if it moves.

He nods. Gets down on his knees and shines the light at the snake. Georgie moves around to the back of the car. She opens the trunk and searches. Eventually finding a jerry-can of petrol and a Bonaqua water-bottle.

MR SMITH

Its not moving.

Georgie steps away from the car with her treasures. She empties the water bottle and fills it with some petrol. A rustling in the velt behind the Smiths makes Mrs Smith squeal in terror.

MRS SMITH

What was that?

VELT

Nikita lounges among the thick leaves of a bush, casually watching the three Humans amble about clumsily. She cocks her head lazily to the side.

GEORGIE (O.C.)

Probably an impala.

TRUCK

Georgie twists the push-pull cap back on. She kneels down to Mr Smith.

MRS SMITH

What are you going to do?

She takes the phone away from him.

GEORGIE

Thank you.

The sun lowers now. The cackle of a hyena in the distance makes Mrs Smith jump. Mr Smith grabs the long stick Georgie has discarded. He swivels around, keeping his wife behind him.

MR SMITH

I don't want to distract you, but will we soon be able to get back into the car now?

(whispering)

I think there are wild animals around.

Georgie rolls her eyes. She aims the bottle towards the snake. She squeezes. A stream of petrol sprays the snake. It coils into itself. Eventually it drops from the chassis, Georgie continues spraying at it, keeping it from trying to attack her. It hisses, bearing its large fangs and slithers away.

MRS SMITH

Oh, thank goodness

Georgie climbs back into the drivers seat. She turns the car on. The Smiths resume their seats in the back.

Mr Smith reaches over and clasps Georgie on the back.

MR SMITH

Well done! Glad we had you around.

The truck rumbles to life, the trio drive on. Nikita stalks onto the road, the broken corpse of the boomslang hangs from her maw. Tink zigzags through her legs, she paws at the tail of the snake hanging from her mother's jaw.

18. EXT. SAVANNAH HUTS DRIVEWAY - LATER

Georgie drives up to the lodge, Roger and Three wait for her. She parks the car. The Smiths exit.

ROGER

Where were you? You were supposed to be here before us.

MR SMITH

Oh it was quite exciting. A boomslang got into the car. But with this brave little girl here she managed to scare it off!

Mr Smith shakes Roger's hand. Roger looks past Mr Smith at Georgie. She gingerly shrugs.

MR SMITH (CONT'D)

This trip has been so much fun that we will have to come back here next year.

(to Georgie)

And I hope by then that you'll be a proper guide and can chauffeur us around.

The Smiths climb up the steps into the dining room. Roger raises his eyebrows to Georgie.

ROGER

A boomslang?

GEORGIE

It fell on the roof and got into the front with me.

ROGER

Are you bit?

GEORGIE

No. I'd know by now. Bleeding from my eyes and things.

Roger climbs into the car. He switches on the radio. Georgie peeks at what he is doing. Static spews from the radio.

ROGER  
 Good. It does work.  
 (angrily)  
 What were you thinking?

Georgie's eyebrows draw together, confused.

GEORGIE  
 What--

ROGER  
 We were trying to get a hold of you  
 all afternoon.

GEORGIE  
 I had a snake in the car. I  
 couldn't--

ROGER  
 And after that? James is sick.  
 Nakedi has been trying to reach  
 you, she finally got the poor  
 bastard to sleep just now.

Georgie's fists turn white.

GEORGIE  
 I was only helping you! Why are you  
 mad at me?

Roger shakes his head.

ROGER  
 You had a child, but you act like  
 you don't even want it. I see how  
 you act around it.

Georgie, stunned, her eyebrows raise, she grits her teeth and watches her father fume with terrifyingly wide eyes and stoic features. Georgie, still as a statue, waits for her father to finish.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 You need to stay home, it's not  
 fair to Nakedi to watch your child  
 for you. She has a job.

19. **GEORGE.** WILKINS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

George sits up, next to his bed is the crib. He uses his foot to rock James. George slouches on his bed, trying not to fall asleep.

He nods off. The rocking stops. George slouches forward. James begins to wail. George wakes up with a start. He returns to rocking the crib. James does not stop. His cries becomes more vindictive and loud.

George quickly picks up James, laying him on his shoulder he stands and tries to bounce. Soothing James.

James is not soothed. George grabs a towel from the door and lays it out on a desk. He lays James down. The baby kicks and screams at the top of his lungs. His face turning red.

Tiredly, George unbuttons the onesie, he slides James out of it. He unsticks the nappy and changes James.

He wraps up the soiled nappy, tosses it into a dustbin nearby. James' wails quietens down, George picks him back up and bounces him. Slowly James drifts off to sleep. George sits back down on his bed, still bouncing on the mattress.

Slowly, he lies back down. The baby resting on his chest. Together they fall asleep on the bed.

20. INT. WILKINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Nakedi wraps a blanket around her body, with James resting inside. Pulling him snugly to her chest, George watching carefully.

NAKEDI

See? Easy. Now you try.

She unwraps the baby from her bosom, hands him over to George. George attempts to do the same thing he was shown but does not tie the blanket tight enough.

NAKEDI (CONT'D)

No. No. No. You see? It's too loose. He will fall out.

Nakedi walks around George, helping him tighten the blanket.

GEORGE

Isn't it too tight? Can't be breathe?

NAKEDI

The baby will be fine. This is how my mother taught me. Babies like to be held. Makes them feel safe. Too loose and he will fall.

George nods. Nakedi finishes tying the blanket in the back. James gurgles, laying his cheek on George's chest.

NAKEDI (CONT'D)

See? Happy baby.

GEORGE

Thank you.

Nakedi waves him away.

NAKEDI

No need. I like him. He will be a good man.

George smiles. He rocks the baby back and forth, James nods off.

NAKEDI (CONT'D)

Now you can use your arms. Are you okay? I have to go. The lunch will not cook itself.

GEORGE

I'm okay.

Nakedi pats him on the shoulder. She ambles away. Roger bursts into the house. Georgie sits up, she closes her laptop.

ROGER

(to self)

Can't these fucking people just do a competent job?

GEORGE

What happened?

ROGER

Three tried to drive through a river with the Smiths and he drowned the engine. They just radioed in and asked for assistance. I need you to help me get them home safe.

George hesitates, he looks down at the baby sleeping soundly.

GEORGE

I can't. Maybe someone else can? What about Seven?

ROGER

Seven doesn't have a driver's license.

GEORGE

That never stopped him before.

Roger stops, he glares at George.

ROGER

I need your help. Why won't you come with?

GEORGE

I just got James to go to sleep. I can't leave now.



ROGER  
Get Nakedi to look after him!

George sighs.

GEORGE  
I... Can't.

Roger groans. He grabs two keys off the hooks by the door. He marches out of the house, slamming the door behind him. The noise wakes James up, he starts to cry again. George shushes him gently and bounces up and down.

21. INT. WILKINS HOUSE - NIGHT

Roger hangs the keys up by the door. George sits in the living room, typing on his laptop. He lowers the screen, looking expectantly at his father.

GEORGE  
How did it go?

ROGER  
Went like shit. Three completely botched the car. I'll need to take it into town tomorrow to get it serviced. You need to take the Krugers on their sundowners.

George sinks into himself, he looks away from his father. Roger sighs. He plops himself down into his chair.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I need you to help me. The lodge is going tits up, without you doing your part then we will loose it.

GEORGE  
I have to be there for James.

ROGER  
James needs a mother. You are not his mother.

GEORGE  
No. I am his father. I didn't even know he existed a few weeks ago. And his mother left him to me. This is my responsibility.

Roger sighs. He cracks his neck.

ROGER  
One of the women can help out, like a nanny. Ask one of them.  
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

Then you will have time to work at the lodge with me. We are short on game drivers.

George runs his hands down his face.

GEORGE

Fine. Tomorrow I will ask someone to watch him. For a little while.

22. EXT. GAME DRIVE VEHICLE - AFTERNOON

George drives the car on a dirt road towards Jesse's Pools. The sun begins to set over the tree-line. Hippos and bird life dot the water's surface as they arrive.

He stops the car at one of the picnic spots. The KRUGERS file out of the back.

GEORGE

Welcome to Jesse's Pools. We will have our drinks here as we watch the sun set. Usually around this time is when some of the more nocturnal animals become more active. So keep an eye out for anything extraordinary.

George hops out of the car. He goes towards the back, pulling out camping chairs and setting them up in a crescent shape a few meters from the water.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Please make sure not to get too close to the water, hippos and crocodiles are not your friends.

The Krugers break into their cooler-boxes, pulling out beers and wine. The two KIDS scurry about the area, picking some flora to show to their parents.

Kid #1 holds up a seed pod to his mother.

KID #1

Can I keep this?

GEORGE

You can't take anything out of the park. But you can take a photo of it.

KRUGER MOTHER

I'm sure just one pod won't be an issue.

GEORGE

Actually, it's illegal. Botswana is pretty strict on these rules. Because if everyone takes just one then there will be hardly anything left.

Kruger MOTHER rolls her eyes, she sips on her wine. KID #2 crouches down by the shore, he sticks his finger in the water. A hippo in the near distance watches him, its ear twitches. The hippo grunts.

KID #2

He's laughing!

GEORGE

Please, don't get too close to the water.

A static from inside the car draws George's attention.

NAKEDI (O.C.)

(static)

Hello? George?

CAR

George moves over to the car. He reaches inside and pulls out the radio.

GEORGE

(into radio)

Yes? Nakedi what's wrong?

NAKEDI (O.C.)

(static)

George? Hello? Can you hear me?

George pulls the radio closer, he adjusts the knobs.

GEORGE

(into radio)

Nakedi? Can you hear me? Is something wrong with James?

SHORELINE

Kid #2 picks up a rock. He chucks it towards the hippo. It splashes a few meters away. The hippo grunts again. Kid #2 giggles, reaches for another stone.

George from the car points to the kid.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oi! Stop that, now!

CAR

George leans further into the car, he puts the radio to his mouth.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Nakedi? Do you read?

NAKEDI (O.C.)

(static)

George? James is... I think...is sick.

George frantically adjusts the knobs, the static blaring through the radio.

SHORELINE

Kid #2 chucks another stone towards the Hippo. Closer this time. The Hippo swims slowly towards the shore.

CAR

George tries again.

GEORGE

Nakedi? What's wrong?

Only static can be heard through the receiver. He groans. The screams of the Kruger Mother draws his attention.

George looks over.

SHORELINE

Kid #2 scrambles away from the shore into his mother's arms. The Krugers huddle together as the pissed off hippo swims father towards them. The Krugers scurry towards the car as the hippo rises out of the water, charging at them from the shore. The Krugers barely make it to the car, the parents boosting their children up, then throwing themselves in soon after.

George climbs into the driver's side, he turns the car on. The hippo running towards them. The car ignites to life. The hippo charges, ramming into the side. The car tips over, rights itself. George books it. He tears out of the picnic spot. The uneven road bounces the car as they make their escape.

Behind them, the hippo continues the assault. It uses its nose to ram again into the car. Jostling them forward, the Krugers scream in terror. Kid #1 almost bounces out of the car but Kruger Father catches her and pulls her back in.

As they speed along, they leave the hippo and their picnic supplies in the dust.

## 23. EXT. SAVANNAH HUTS DRIVEWAY - LATER

The car slows to a creaky stop in the driveway. Roger stands by to greet them. The Krugers meekly and shamefully amble out of the car. Roger, confused, circles the car, he notices two giant dents in the side. George tries to open his door, but the dent in his door restricts him. He repositions, using both his legs he kicks until the door swings open pathetically. He steps out. Roger opens his arms and gestures to the damage.

ROGER

What the hell happened?

George watches with disgust as the Krugers trudge up the stairs into the dining room.

ROGER (CONT'D)

George?

GEORGE

One of their fucking kids aggravated a hippo and it attacked us!

ROGER

What!

GEORGE

Yeah, and I kept getting fucking coded messages from Nakedi about James. I couldn't understand any of it because by the time I got the stupid radio working, the car almost tipped over!

George storms away from the lodge towards the house.

## 24. INT. WILKINS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

George bursts into the house, Nakedi sits on the couch. She stands as George enters.

NAKEDI

Thank goodness you're back.

GEORGE

Nakedi, what happened? Is James okay?

NAKEDI

He is a bit warm. I think he might have caught a cold, but he is sleeping now. I gave him some medicine.

George collapses on the couch. Drained.

GEORGE  
Is he going to be alright?

NAKEDI  
Yes. I believe so.

GEORGE  
Thank god.

Roger storms into the house. He slams the door behind him, he points an accusing finger to the door.

ROGER  
They threatened to sue us!

George jumps up from his seat.

GEORGE  
WHAT?

ROGER  
They said you were lax in your attention and they blamed you for their little bastard almost getting eaten.

GEORGE  
That little fucker almost killed all of us.

Roger comes face to face with George. Glaring at him.

ROGER  
Is it true? Were you not paying attention to the brat?

George takes a step back, he casts a glance to Nakedi. She shies away.

GEORGE  
I was getting a call on the radio. I thought there was trouble.

Roger grabs George's shirt. He hesitates. Drops his grip. Roger collapses onto his chair.

ROGER  
They are going to sue us.

GEORGE  
That little bastard went against my orders to stay away from the water. He was egging on the wildlife. They don't have a leg to stand on.

Roger rubs his face.

ROGER  
We are going to loose the business.

25. INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

George enters the room, the Guests mill about. The Krugers secluding themselves at the very far end of the table. The Parents avoiding looking in his direction, Kid #2 sulks in his chair.

George sidles up to his father who is dishing up some fruit salad on his yoghurt.

GEORGE  
They seem chipper.

ROGER  
They have checked out early. They are waiting for Tsabo to ready the car for them.

GEORGE  
Good riddance. Are they still going to press charges?

ROGER  
No. I convinced them not to, if I gave them a full refund.

GEORGE  
WHAT?

The Krugers attention snaps to George. The room goes silent, Roger pulls him to the side. George glares at them.

ROGER  
(whispering)  
Calm down. Don't make a fuss. A refund is better than loosing the business in court.

GEORGE  
Bullshit! That's bullshit! I should be suing them for putting my life in danger.

Roger grabs George's sleeve and pulls him closer.

ROGER  
(whispering)  
Don't get riled up! We need this to go well.

George rips his arm away from his father's grip. He stalks out of the dining room.

26. **GEORGIE.** INT. WILKINS HOUSE - LATER

Roger closes the door behind him. Georgie stirs a cup of coffee in the kitchen.

GEORGIE  
Everything okay?

ROGER  
Yes. Just the Krugers left early.

GEORGIE  
Oh? Is everything okay?

ROGER  
They're kids are so fucking stupid. One of the little bastards threw rocks at at hippo until it chased them. Now they are blaming Thabo.

GEORGIE  
Blaming him for what?

ROGER  
Oh I don't know. Something stupid. I had to give them a full refund to make sure they didn't sue us.

Georgie wrinkles her nose.

GEORGIE  
God. I hate people.

Roger nods. He plops down on his chair. Georgie comes and places her coffee on the table, she is about to take her seat--

ROGER  
While you're up. Make me a coffee too please?

She pauses. Inhales. Gets up again and goes into the kitchen.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Georgie nods mutely. From her bedroom, the sound of wailing occurs.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Can you get that?

GEORGIE  
But what about your... Oh never mind.

She stalks into the bedroom, emerging with a screaming James. She hands him over to Roger.



ROGER  
What am I supposed to do?

GEORGIE  
Well I am making coffee for you.  
Just hold him.

Roger uncomfortably hold James away from him, Gerogie walks back into the kitchen. Roger stands and follows her. Handing the baby back to her.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)  
What--

ROGER  
It's yours. You look after it.

GEORGIE  
I'm making you coffee. That you asked for.

Roger ignores her and heads back to his chair. With a spoon in one hand and a wailing baby in the other. Georgie freezes. The screams from James, whistling of the kettle all becomes too much for her. She drops the spoon on the ground, it clatters. She marches into her room and slams the door.

ROGER  
Hey!

27. INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Roger bursts into the room. James is wailing in his crib. Georgie with her hands clutching her hair stares at the ground.

ROGER  
Don't walk away from me like that!

Georgie continues staring at the floor. Roger looms over her.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Hey! Look at me! I'm the one here trying to keep the business afloat. All I wanted was a cup of coffee!

Georgie rubs her eyes. She glares up at her father, tear stained and red. He freezes.

GEORGIE  
I can't do this!

She stands. Marches past him. James cries louder. Roger grimaces. He follows Georgie.

## 28. INT. WILKINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Georgie reaches for the door.

ROGER

You can't leave! This is your responsibility!

She flings open the door.

GEORGIE

I can't! OKAY? I can't. He's gone. He left me. And now I'm stuck. I feel so hopeless and empty. All I do is stay in this house, everyday watching the baby. I can't even bring myself to shower.

Georgie leaves. Slamming the door behind her. Roger stands confused in his living room, the muffled sounds of James crying behind him.

## 29. EXT. WILKINS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Georgie stands frozen on the steps. Before her, the lodge looms across the empty parking lot. Staff and Guests milling around. Behind her, the distant cries of her baby.

She melts to the ground in a heap. She pulls out her phone and stares at the wallpaper. The Man, kissing her in the photo.

GEORGIE

I miss you. I need you.

Georgie drops the phone. She sobs in a heap. The door opens behind her. Roger stands, he watches his daughter.

## 30. INT. WILKINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nakedi soothes James, Roger sits deflated on the chair.

NAKEDI

She is sad.

Roger nods.

NAKEDI (CONT'D)

Sometimes women get like this after they have a baby. It's normal.

ROGER

What do I do?

Nakedi shakes her head, she paces back and forth, shushing the baby.

NAKEDI

There is nothing you can do. She has lost so much. Let her grieve.

ROGER

I never liked him. They never even got married. Now I have a broken daughter and a bastard grandson.

Nakedi frowns at him. She brings James closer to Roger.

NAKEDI

This is James. He is your child's child. It doesn't matter what made him. He is yours now.

Roger peers at the face of his sleeping grandson. His expression softens.

31. INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Georgie lays emotionless on the bed.

ROGER (O.C.)

I don't know what to do.

NAKEDI (O.C.)

Just love them. They will need it.

Georgie's face scrunches up as she battles to fight the tears.

NAKEDI (O.C.) (CONT'D)

They need you.

FADE TO BLACK.

32. **GEORGIE.** EXT. BUSHVELD - EARLY MORNING

Georgie sits on a deck chair, a thick blanket wrapped around her body. The melodic whirring of a breast pump muffled under the layers of warmth. She clutches the steel lid of a thermos, the steam from the cup wafts opaquely in the cold morning air. Beside her lies James in his little basket. Covered up in a fluffy woollen blanket.

A vast, desert canyon lays before her. From her perch, she watches hordes of ambling zebras and wildebeest approaching from the east, the sun rises slowly. Casting long shadows of the animals along the dusty valley.

Georgie sighs, her breath foggy in the air. Behind her, Roger approaches. Holding a mug of his own. He sits in the chair beside her.

ROGER

The migrations are here? It's a little early.

GEOGRIE

It's the drought.

As the animals close in, at the bottom of the valley, below their perch a still, glistening borehole decorated with some cranes waits for the animals.

The first few zebras approach. They dip their noses in the crystal water. A baby zebra wades into the pool, it dunks its whole head in, bleating with joy.

GEORGIE

They must be glad.

Roger hums in agreement. The animals congregate around the pool. Crowding around the only water supply. A few get feisty, desperate for a drink. A zebra kicks a wilder-beast for getting too close. A brawl breaks out among some of the juvenile beasts. Clipping at ears and nudging with horns.

The warning bray of a zebra pierces through the quiet.

**GEORGE**

George takes another sip of his coffee. He leans back in his chair, moving his attention from the dust being kicked up by the animals below and instead he watches a few cranes fly over the sunrise.

ROGER

Lucky we made this borehole. It's a real crowd pleaser with the guests. They'll be coming for morning coffee soon enough. Get the fire started will you?

George begins stacking firewood in a teepee in the pit. Carefully placing each log.

**GEORGIE**

Georgie watches her father lean over and toss some logs into the fire-pit. He winces, massaging his shoulder. Georgie places her cup down, gets up.

GEORGIE

Here dad, let me.

ROGER

No. No it's fine. I can do it. Can you make me another coffee?

Roger tosses more firewood into the pit. Georgie dutifully reaches for her flask and pours the contents into Roger's cup.

GEORGIE

Two sugars?

Roger nods curtly. Georgie obeys. Georgie peers back towards the other end of the valley, three large bull elephants make their way forcefully down the cliffside. Swinging their trunks warningly towards the smaller animals.

**GEORGE**

George reaches down beside him, gently lifts the blanket to reveal the infants face. James lazily opens his eyes. He giggles.

GEORGE

He is such a happy baby.

ROGER

Unlike you. You were screaming every minute you can. Your mother was afraid your lungs would collapse at some point.

**GEORGIE**

Georgie lifts James up into her arms, she peeks into the wrapping of her blanket and produces a fresh bottle of milk. Roger averts his eyes back to the animals. Georgie holds up the bottle, the milk appears pinkish in the light.

GEORGIE

Why is it pink?

ROGER

Might've popped a blood vessel. Your mom would over pump too. Just ignore it.

Georgie grimaces at the bottle.

GEORGIE

Is it dangerous?

ROGER

Nah. It's fine.

Georgie shrugs, she offers James the bottle, he happily suckles from the teet.

GEORGIE

How did mom do it?

Roger sighs, he looks towards the sunrise.

ROGER  
 She was a super mom. Sacrificed  
 everything for you.

*[The screen splits.]*

**On the left side GEORGIE:**

Georgie frowns, her eyebrows draw together as she watches her son drink from her bloody milk.

**On the right side GEORGE:**

George smiles at James, he rubs the baby's stomach as he drinks happily from the bottle.

33. **GEORGIE.** INT. WILKINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Georgie lounges on the leather couch, her hair pulled back into a messy bun, held together by pens. She narrows her eyes at a laptop screen resting on the coffee table. She reaches over and picks up the device.

INSERT: LAPTOP SCREEN

Excel sheets galore fill the screen, most of the rows are unfinished and marked in red, only a couple are completed in green.

BACK TO SCENE

She pours over the sheets, beside her on the couch she pages through a messy sign-in binder. Flipping through pages upon pages of illegible writing, she groans. Picks up the binder and chucks it to the sitting chair across from her.

From the side table she picks up a walkie talkie.

GEORGIE  
 (into walkie talkie)  
 Nakedi? Come in, Nakedi.

NAKEDI (O.S.)  
 (static, over walkie  
 talkie)  
 Hello? Georgie?

GEORGIE  
 (into walkie talkie)  
 Nakedi, are you at the lodge yet?

NAKEDI (O.S.)  
 (static, over walkie  
 talkie)  
 Yes. I am in the kitchen.

GEORGIE  
 (into walkie talkie)  
 Okay I will be there soon.

34. GEORGE. INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

George sits across from his father at the table, around them the Wait Staff set up the morning buffet. George sits slumped over the table, a laptop in front of him. Roger snaps his fingers at George.

ROGER  
 Come on now you need to snap out of it.

George sits up, he glares at the laptop. Reaches for a cup of coffee. Drinks it.

GEORGE  
 You really need a better system for all of this.

George holds up the binder at his father.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 This is illegible.

Roger massages his temples.

ROGER  
 I know that George. That's why I am putting you in charge of fixing it.

GEORGE  
 Why me?

ROGER  
 Because you're my only child! Some day this place will belong to you. You need to know how to run a business.

George pulls a baby monitor from his pocket under the table. He sneakily checks if it's on.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 You're my son. Its your responsibility to look after this place when I am gone. For James. Maybe one day he will inherit this place too--

Static crying from the baby montior draws George's attention.

From the kitchen Nakedi, holding a wailing James barges in. She marches over to George.

NAKEDI

I have breakfast to make. I can't  
look after your baby for you.

She plops the infant into George's waiting hands. He stands up from his seat, bounces around the room. Shushing the red-faced baby.

Roger hides his face in his hands. Groans.

ROGER

That's it. We need a nanny.

GEORGE

Dad. I can do it--

ROGER

No. I am calling your aunt in town,  
she may know someone who will take  
the job.

Roger gathers up his binders and stuffs them under his arm. He walks off. George watches him go. Frowns.

**GEORGIE**

Georgie sits at the dining room table. She ignores the Wait Staff as they set out all of the cereal supplies. Nakedi enters, wipes her hands on her apron. She plops down at the table across from Georgie.

NAKEDI

Okay. What can I help you with?

Georgie quickly scans through her binder. She turns it towards Nakedi and points at something on the page.

GEORGIE

I'm just trying to get a bit of a  
handle on all of the staffs' clock  
in times.

Nakedi reads over the page. Nods.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

And I see that some of the staff is  
signing in and not out. Or signing  
out but not in.

Nakedi raises her eyebrows. Feigning shock. She tuts and sits back.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

I just wanted to ask if you could  
remember and cooberate some of the  
staffs' whereabouts in the last  
month.



NAKEDI

Yoh. Yoh. Yoh. You know I stay in the kitchen mostly.

GEORGIE

I know. But you are kind of the second in charge. And all of the staff pass through the kitchen on their way in.

Nakedi strokes her chin as she thinks.

NAKEDI

Ah!

Nakedi points at Three's name.

NAKEDI (CONT'D)

Yeah. On Thursday, last week. Three was sick.

Georgie narrows her eyes. She turns the book back to her.

GEORGIE

But he signed in.

Nakedi nods grimly.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

So. He worked while he was sick?

Nakedi nods.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

For how long? He didn't sign out so I don't know how long he worked that day.

Nakedi gets up from her seat. Tutting.

NAKEDI

You know. You have to ask Three. I didn't see him leave. I think he took some guests to see a leopard by Fourth Bridge.

Georgie sighs. She pulls out her walkie talkie, turns the knob.

GEORGIE

(into walkie talkie)

Three? Come in Three.

THREE (O.S.)

(static, over walkie talkie)

Hello? Yes?

GEORGIE  
 (into walkie talkie)  
 Three? Can you come to the office  
 please? I need to speak with you.

Static.

THREE (O.S.)  
 Okay. *Shap.*

Georgie packs up her items.

35. **GEORGE.** INT. SAVANNAH HUTS - OFFICE - LATER

George lounges in the big leather office chair behind a dark oak desk. With one foot he rocks baby James to sleep.

A knock on the door.

Three peeks his head into the office.

THREE  
 You called?

George sits up. Gestures to a chair opposite him.

GEORGE  
 Yeah. Please. Sit.

Three creeps into the room. He sits down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Three. I need to know how long you  
 worked last week Thursday. Nakedi  
 said you were sick.

Three nods his head vigorously.

THREE  
 I was sick yes.

GEORGE  
 But you signed in on the sheet.

George taps on the binder. Three peers over the page.

THREE  
 Yes.

GEORGE  
 You didn't sign out.

THREE  
 Oh.

George takes a deep breath.

GEORGE  
Nakedi said you took some guests to  
Fourth Bridge?

THREE  
Yes.

GEORGE  
And how long was that for?

Three contemplates.

THREE  
About 6 hours.

GEORGE  
And then did you knock off after?

Three nods.

THREE  
Nakedi sent me home. She said I was  
coughing too much.

GEORGE  
So Nakedi sent you back home? What  
time? And do you have a doctor's  
note?

Three shakes his head.

THREE  
I didn't go to a doctor. I think it  
was about 4.

**GEORGIE**

Georgie clasps her hands together. She rests her chin on her  
hands. Watching Three.

GEORGIE  
Why not?

THREE  
I went to a witch doctor. He gave  
me some tea and I was fine after.

GEORGIE  
The witch doctor... The one at  
Letlhakane? You went all the way to  
Letlhakane?

THREE  
Yes.

GEORGIE  
Three... That's an hour from here.  
What car did you use?

THREE

Truck four.

Georgie buries her head in her hands. Beside her, James fusses. Georgie holds up one finger at Three. She picks up James. Drapes a blanket over herself and tries to breastfeed him.

Three fidgets uncomfortably. His gaze towards the ceiling.

GEORGIE

Come on James.

Under the blanket she struggles to get him to latch.

THREE

I should go.

Georgie waves him away, preoccupied by a fussing baby.