

Skeleton Coast

• based on an incredible true story •

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Second Draft

FADE IN: KINSHASA, DRC - NIGHT

The kind of street your Mum warns you never to walk down.

Barred shop fronts. HOMELESS huddled by a fire. VENDORS peddling God knows what. All blanketed in a haze of rain.

HONK! A TEENAGED GANG quickly bolts off the road -- as a CAR HOONS past. They stop and stare after it. Baffled.

Tied to the roof are TWO SURFBOARDS.

EXT. COMPOUND / INT. CAR - A MOMENT LATER

In a plush part of town, the car pulls up to the gate of a FORTIFIED COMPOUND. A sign reads: "L'Agence Nationale de Renseignements." SOLDIERS inspect the backseat.

REVEAL: TWO HOODED FELONS, squashed between TWO ARMED GUARDS.

The gate SCREECHES open... unveiling what was once a mansion, and is now converted OFFICE BUILDINGS and HOLDING CELLS.

INT. ANR INTERROGATION ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

The Felons are led through a doorway into an unseen room. Under harsh fluorescent light their board shorts, sandals and scrappy shirts appear horribly out of place.

THWOOSH! A GUARD removes the hood of a South African...

LYDON ALVES (21) squints into the glare. His boyish face portrays Dutch and Portuguese features, and right now it's covered in sweat and matted black hair. Wide-eyed, he glances over as his Australian companion is de-hooded...

JAYDEN "MOZZIE" IRVING (22) -- overgrown stubble, keen-eyed -- adjusts his sun-bleached mop of blonde hair. He could almost pass as a Hemsworth Brother. His fearful expression does not sit well on his face, more adept at a cheeky grin.

There is a table before them. Sitting across it, with impeccable posture, are two African officials in expensive tan coloured suits: a SCRIBE and an INTERPRETER.

The Interpreter smiles at them, disarmingly.

INTERPRETER

Welcome to the ANR.

(beat)

We want what you want. Answers.

Lydon nods, somewhat reassured.

LYDON

Ja... Ja. Definitely.

MOZZIE

Shouldn't our diplomats be with us?

A SUITED AGENT (50s) strides past, carrying a manila folder.

AGENT

Ce n'est pas possible.

INTERPRETER

(translating)
They're not permitted here.

The Agent sits, poised. Everything about him is battle-hardened from a lifetime of war. He eyeballs the pair.

Their hearts skip a beat, instantly recognizing him.

INTERPRETER

Agent Zeus is high up within our department of homeland security. He is in charge of your case.

ZEUS

Please... sit.

They do. Warily.

ZEUS (CONT'D)

Alors pourquoi es-tu ici?

INTERPRETER

(translating)
Tell us, what are you doing in the Democratic Republic of the Congo?

We hear a GUITAR FALSETA and heartwrenching SPANISH VOCALS...

CUT IN: ALGECIRAS MAIN SQUARE -- DAY

t by: -- TAPPITY! TAP! -- entertaining a CROWD at the
 pared by: DUNG BOY drinks red wine straight from the bottle. No one
 roved by: ing backpack of a Mozzie, weaving his way through the
 ics: glances up at the CLOCK TOWER of a heritage church. 10.50.

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