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Dangerous Ground

By Greg Latter

Man, let me tell you something.
In South Africa in 1983...
there was three things you
definitely didn't want to be-
young...
black...
and radical.
We say there will be
no education without liberation!
Stand up now with dignity!
March forward!
We are raising
our clenched fists!
Mayibuye! Afrika!
Away with the government!
Away with the regime!
We say,
"Away with Bantu education!"
We say, "Away with exploitation
and unemployment!"
We say,
"Away with matchbox houses!"
- Amandla!
- Away!
- Amandla!
- Away!
- Amandla!
- Away!
All I want is the names.
That's all I want.
You're a young little boy.
How old? How old?
Thirteen?
Fourteen?
You should be out on the street
kicking a ball around...
playing soccer.
Not this!
Now listen to me,
you little kaffir.
Next time, next time...
I'll pull the trigger.
There was never a next time.
I was smuggled

out of the country...
before my next birthday...
and ended up living
in the Bay Area...
San Francisco,
but that's another story.
It was fourteen years
before I set foot...
in the land of my birth again.
I came back to bury my father...
in the beautiful hills
of the Transkei.
The thing is,
I left as an African...
and came back an American.
Ernie!
How you doing?
Oh, man.
How you doing?
Look at you.
Damn, man. You was this big
last time I seen you.
What's up?
Never mind. Come.
We have to get you changed.
No. This is what I'm wearing.
- What?
- This is it.
OK. Come.
I like the little hook-up, man.
That's where we buried Father.
He died asking for you.
Come.
Here. Take this.
What?
Take it.
I can't do that.
You have to.
You're firstborn.
Now take it.
Give me that.
I bet you don't get
that kind of beer...
where you come from.

I come from here.
I mean America.
No, thank you.
Don't tell me
you're a vegetarian now.
He's studying to be a doctor
of literature, old man...
African literature.
He's a big shot,
but in the meantime...
he's trying to keep
lowlife kids out of trouble.
Isn't that so, Vusi?
I don't deal
with lowlifes, Ernest.
I deal with young kids that
got problems like me and you.
Every month he's been
sending us dollars.
He's rich.
Gets his money from trying
to help American children...
with their drug problems...
but then his conscience
tells him...
he must study African literature
so he can keep in touch...
with our beautiful,
rich culture...
something he knows
nothing about anymore.
Ain't nothing changed.
You still as full of shit
as you was when I left.
How many times did I tell you
to come to America...
take advantage,
get an education?
There are more important
things to do-
the struggle.
But then you wouldn't know
anything about that...
living in

your cozy democracy...
twenty thousand miles away.
Boy, I was in the struggle...
when you were still
pissing in your pants.
Bullshit!
You were a little kid
when you left.
Those were games
we were playing.
I mean, look at you.
He even sounds
like a fucking American.
"Oh, I was in the struggle. "
What bullshit!
Look. I'm here. I'm back home...
and we really don't even need
to argue about this.
Well, you can't.
You're the one who went away...
away from all the fighting
and the struggling.
Look, they was gonna kill me!
Not you, me!
So don't tell me about
running away from the struggle.
The days of beating
are over, old man.
You know, I didn't see Steven
around the fire.
Where is he?
We haven't heard from him
for a long time.
Is he all right?
We hear from other people...
that he has a job
in Johannesburg.
I'm worried about him.
My heart tells me
something is wrong.
You must go and find him
and bring him home.
I wish I could.
I got a flight that leaves

tomorrow morning...
and exams and...
There's no way
I could stay here in Africa.
I gotta go back home.
Vusi, son, you are the head
of the household now.
Steven is my last born.
You have to go and find him.
You have to.
I'm about to get out of here.
I just came to say bye.
Why did you
have to hire a BMW?
Why not a Toyota or something?
What's wrong with a BMW?
I hate them.
They're for the rich...
the exploiters.
Is there anything
you don't hate?
I don't hate fighting the Boer.
I don't hate my AK-47.
I don't hate grenades,
my limpet mines.
Why do you keep all that shit?
For what?
Because if the new
South Africa treat the poor...
like the old South Africa,
then they will need them.
Maybe you need to go back
to be a soldier, man.
What for?
There's peace.
Everybody's talking about peace,
but where's justice?
Where's my justice?
You'll come back.
Affirmative action will give
you a nice car, a nice job.
What about me?
An old M.K. soldier.
Nobody needs me.

What you need to do
is get yourself back in school.
See, that's how you fight
a war-with education.
Just fuck off!
Wait a minute.
Let me tell you something.
You're my brother,
and I love you...
and you can cuss me all day,
but never put your hands on me.
Tell Mother I'll send word
as soon as I find Steven.
I bet you won't even look!
You'll run away
like the coward that you are.
Well, I'm the one
that's going to look for him.
You the one that let him go.
I couldn't blame Ernest.
He was a soldier without a war.
Victory had come so sudden,
he didn't know what to do.
He was lost, but so was
my little brother Steven...
and I had to find him...
somewhere in Johannesburg.
Guess what they tried
to get me to do.
- What?
- Sacrifice a bull.
- You mean kill it?
- Yeah.
Did you do it?
No. Ernest did. My brother.
Did it suffer?
No. It was real quick,
like sudden death.
- Real quick.
- Yuck.
What you mean, yuck?
That's the ritual here.
- It's the tradition.
- I don't care.

What I need you to do
is call the professor...
and tell him my mother's
sick or something.
What's wrong with her?
She ain't sick...
but he's not gonna understand
the reason I have to stay.
You can't afford
to miss your exams.
I know, but I'm the eldest.
How are you gonna find him?
I don't even have
any phone numbers on him.
All I got is two addresses-
one in the city
and one in Soweto.
What are you gonna do?
I'm gonna try the one
in the city tonight.
I should be on the plane
first thing in the morning.
All right. Be careful.
- OK. All right?
- OK.
- I'll call and let you know.
- All right. Bye.
Shit.
It's Vusi, man!
Shut up already.
I'm trying to sleep.
He's not there, OK?
If he was,
he'd answer the fucking door.
Do you know him?
Sort of. I see him around.
When was the last time
you seen him?
Who are you, a cop?
No. I'm his brother.
Oh, my God. You must be
the one from America.
You know where I can find him?
No. I haven't seen him

for a couple of days now.
Do me a favor.
When you see him...
give me a call.
I'm at the Garden Court,
room seven-twenty-five.
Why should I?
Now, come on.
Nothing's for free.
I'm not giving you nothing.
If he calls...
tell him to get in contact
with his family.
Something's happened.
OK. If I see him, I'll call.
Thank you.
My name's Vusi.
I know. I'm Karen.
- What do you want?
- Is Steven here?
Could you tell me
the last time you seen him?
I know no one
by the name of Steven.
Shit.
- Get out.
- What?
Come on. Out!
Give me your money,
or I'll fucking kill you.
Oh, man. Come on.
On your knees... boy.
Your money.
Nice jacket.
Where'd you get it?
San Francisco.
Cool!
I love it, and I want it.
Now, take it off.
I'll have the shirt, huh?
Why y'all doing me like this?
I thought we was brothers.
Brothers?
You're not my fucking brother.

You got that?
Come on.
Let's kill this bastard.
Come on, guys. Let's go.
Wait!
Can I at least have the spear
on the dashboard?
What is this?
A curio to take home?
It's my father's.
You want it?
Sure, you can have it.
See you, brother.
Man, living in exile's
not an easy thing.
You dream of coming home.
Every single night,
you dream of coming home...
but I got to tell you...
I never dreamt of this.
Room seven-twenty-five.
And your name is, sir?
Madlazi. V. Vusi.
Address-four-seventy-five
Jefferson Drive...
Bay Area,
San Francisco, California.
Now, can I have my goddamn key?
There's no need to be rude.
Sorry. I had a bad day.
Is there anything else
I can do for you, sir?
No. That's it.
You wouldn't happen to have
any Scotch tape back there?
Sticky tape?
Thank you.
Baby, look, do not worry.
I'm fine.
What do you mean, don't worry?
All they did was took the car.
At least you're OK.
Did they take anything else?
They took my fucking shirt.

- Your shirt?
- Yeah. I can't believe it.
I come all the way out here
to get carjacked.
Sounds like here.
I could have kept my ass
at home to get carjacked.
This isn't funny.
I know it ain't funny, but...
Sounds serious.
I don't know about
this new South Africa.
I'll definitely be on the first
flight tomorrow morning.
- L.A.X.?
- No. The one out of Miami.
Hold on. Somebody's at my door.
Come on in.
- Is everything OK?
- Yeah. I'll call you tomorrow.
- What time?
- I'll let you know. Bye.
What have we got here?
The Summit Club.
Where's the Summit Club?
It's in Hillbrow.
You want a woman.
No. I'm all right.
Summit Club?
Go on! Get 'em off!
Take it off!
Go on, get it off!
Got your note.
Cool. Do you want a drink?
Yeah. Let me get a beer.
Get us a beer and a vodka.
You're a stripper.
I do whatever.
When I was here last,
you'd never have...
black people and white people
in the same club.
It was all, you know, separated.
Well, this is

the new South Africa.
Anyway, last night
around two in the morning...
I'm awake, and I start hearing
these sounds...
coming from Steven's place.
First I think it's him...
but then I hear things
being broken-crashing...
and I just know I'm not
going near his front door.
So what you saying?
Well, just that.
I don't know
if he was there...
but whoever was there
was fucking heavy.
They were pissed off.
Trashing the place.
You call the cops?
Come on. Do I look dumb?
Anyway, I thought
I should let you know...
'cause this afternoon
when I got up-
I sleep late-
I knocked on his door.
Nothing.
Wait a minute.
What the hell's going on?
You're his brother.
You tell me.
Karen, you're up next.
You go whack 'em, huh?
- OK, I'm coming.
- So soon?
Isn't she the cutest, huh?
Look at those tits.
I'll be there now, Herb, OK?
Would you mind waiting for me
in the pool hall?
No, I don't mind.
Thanks. It's just over there...
and don't let those hookers

talk you into anything.
Hi, baby.
Come. Let's go upstairs.
For what?
You know.
No, I don't.
OK. Buy me a drink,
and I'll show you.
Buy me a drink.
You buy me a drink.
Look, you're wasting your time.
There's two things
I never, ever buy...
water... and pussy.
Why's that?
Because they both come free.
Go ahead.
You're the one I love, babe.
I thought I told you
not to watch.
- I wasn't watching you.
- You were.
No, I wasn't.
I was trying to get the hell
out of there.
Don't flatter yourself.
Why did you start
stripping, anyway?
For the money.
And I like dancing.
That's not dancing.
That's shaking your ass
on-stage for money.
Well, maybe I'll become
a ballerina one day.
Yeah, maybe, huh?
I'm going to try again.
He's not there.
Come on. I can get in
through the window.
Window?
Come on.
Excuse the mess.
There's some vodka in

the kitchen if you want some.
I'm cool.
What the hell you doing?
The window's open. Look.
You're about to climb
out on the outside?
Hey, it's easy.
I've done it before.
Go around to the front door.
I'll let you in, OK?
Crazy.
Open the door.
Get off!
Fuck you!
You dick!
Who the hell was that?
I'll tell you in a minute.
I hate them!
Fucking hell.
They know he's a DJ.
They know he loves his records
more than anything.
Fuck them!
Who?
Who the hell was that
in the hallway?
The cocaine boys.
The West Africans.
Cocaine boys?
Wait a minute.
What's going on?
Steven had a deal
with a guy called Muki.
What kind of deal?
He got coke on credit
and was selling it.
He wanted to make a quick buck.
Listen,
he wanted to go to California.
We were gonna come find you.
Who is "we"?
Him and me.
It figures.
I'm sorry.

Where is he?
I don't know.
Where is he?
I told you,
I don't know where he is.
You think I'm playing with you?
Do you think
I'm playing with you?
You are taking me
to my brother right now!
Get the fuck off!
I don't know where he is!
Yes, you do!
I'm sorry.
I shouldn't have pushed you.
It's just this whole trip.
It's just stressing me
the fuck out.
That's OK.
Why don't you come next door?
I'm gonna go change.
Then we're gonna go
look for him.
Where?
The clubs.
I didn't know you was
a fucking crackhead.
That's my business.
You got my brother hooked
on that shit, didn't you?
The last time I looked,
your brother was a grown man...
and a grown man doesn't get
hooked if he doesn't want to.
Wait! Let me tell you something.
Until we find Steven,
your business is my business.
Get the fuck in the car.
- I'm not going anywhere.
- Get your ass in the car!
Not so fast.
What you doing with this kaffir?
You can fuck off, too.
- Kaffir fucker.

- Fuck you.
- What are you saying, bitch?
- Hold up.
We had a fucked-up day.
Come on. Let's go.
Give me one excuse!
Just one.
You stay there
like a good little boy.
You hear me?
Maybe we should fuck her.
How many times
have I told you...
we never fuck chicks
who fuck kaffirs, hey?
How many times?
Three, four times?
I don't know how many!
What you smiling at?
You. Some things
never change, do they?
I swear to God,
I'll blow you away!
I want him to watch this.
It's people like you that are
fucking this country up!
Thank you.
Please, man, don't shoot.
I ain't gonna shoot.
Guns are for cowards,
not warriors.
Come on. Let's go.
Hold on.
I've been waiting
for this moment all my life.
Come on, man. Just me and you.
My pleasure.
I thought you said
you was a warrior.
Yeah, I'm a warrior,
but I ain't no goddamn fool.
Come on. Let's go.
Can you do me a big favor?
Yeah. What is it?

I want you to go
to a friend of mine.
Tell him I sent you.
He's at the Ambassador Hotel.
That's just here in Hillbrow
on Pretoria Street.
Tell him you want one
and give him this.
One what?
One gram.
Hell, no. Hello, no.
Come on. It's not such
a huge thing to ask.
Please?
Girl, you don't need no cocaine.
What you need is somebody
to check those ribs for you.
Come on.
There's nothing wrong.
I wouldn't be able to breathe
if there was.
Please?
- No.
- Please?
No.
If you can't help me,
I can't help you find Steven.
That's that.
What the hell was I doing...
scoring crack
for some crazy white girl?
I wasn't any closer
to finding Steven.
I should have just turned around
and got the hell out of there.
One-sixty. She want one.
Sit down.
On the bed is fine.
Now, I don't know you.
I don't know you from anywhere.
Where do you know Karen from?
I just know her, you know.
But you're not local.
You talk with a funny accent.

Where you from?
What difference do it make
where I'm from?
You got the cocaine or what?
Hey, I had an informant
come in here the other day.
Just like you.
Yeah.
He brought the cops with him.
They searched this place
inside and out.
They found nothing.
That's a very nice story.
I'll remember that.
But I'm in a hurry,
so I don't mean nothing-
Did you see Karen now?
No. I'm just taking it
back to her.
Was she with
that Steven bastard?
Hey, I'm asking you a question.
No, she wasn't with Steven.
He's running shit scared,
that one...
and he's got Muki's money
with him, you know?
Muki says I mustn't
even sell to Karen...
because he thinks
that Karen and Steven...
are in it together, you know?
He's cross with her, too.
Look, you got my money.
I'm just trying
to get out of here.
No. If Muki hears
I've sold to Karen...
he's going to cut me off
one time.
Who's going to tell him?
I'm not.
Yeah, but because of
this terrible inconvenience...

the price is going up.
How much?
Say... fifty bucks?
Fifty bucks.
What a gyp.
Hey, I've got three rooms
in this place.
I might not be
in the plush towers...
with Muki and the boys...
but I've got this place
sorted out.
Nobody fucks with me.
That's very nice.
You wait here.
Hey, Sam! It's me, man.
Open the door!
Hey, come on!
Sam ain't here.
He'll be back in a minute.
Wrong door.
Hold up! Wait! Wait!
It's Vusi!
Wait a minute.
What the fuck is going on?
I find my brother,
and he runs away from me?
Someone has some serious
explaining to do.
What's going on, eh?
Where have you been?
Relax. I can explain.
Relax, nothing, boet.
Inside. Come.
I told you to wait here, huh?
I think you must
just go stand by the window.
I can just poke you and
throw you out into the street.
Go on.
I think you need to stand
by the fucking window.
That's a nice gun.
Yeah. Come on.

No problem. I'm going.
Where can I find Steven?
Why?
'Cause he's my brother,
motherfucker.
Hey, I don't know.
I haven't seen him.
He hasn't come around for ages.
Bullshit! I just seen him
at the door five minutes ago.
But if he's your brother,
then why would he run away?
Shut up!
I ask the goddamn questions.
Where can I find Muki?
No. You don't understand.
You don't find Muki.
Muki finds you.
Don't you got something for me?
Well, give it here.
I will. You know what?
Just to show you
what a big heart I've got...
I'm going to give you
the money, too.
You tell Karen
that this one is on me.
Clean up your goddamn room.
Did you get it?
Thanks.
Well, I see you got
what you wanted.
I'm out of here, because
I definitely got what I wanted.
Come again?
I saw Steven.
Where?
At the asshole you sent me to.
Is he OK?
No. He didn't look right.
Where is he?
I don't know. He ran from me.
He's been paranoid.
This does that to you.

What you saying?
He's a fucking crackhead
like you?
Here's to the rush.
You didn't tell Sam
you're his brother?
You didn't.
I did.
Did you hear that?
Check outside.
For what?
'Cause now they're gonna
come looking for him.
Have a look and do it casual.
Goddamn.
Nothing.
That was dumb,
telling him you're his brother.
Dumb, dumb, dumb!
Wait a minute.
That wasn't too dumb.
You're just paranoid, remember?
Listen, man, I know this place.
You know nothing.
I know Muki. Come.
We've gotta get out of here.
Wait a minute. Relax!
Don't tell me to relax!
Those people will kill us
just to give Steven a message.
You still got the gun?
Keep your hands on it. Let's go.
Hey, man, where you going?
- To your hotel.
- Hell, no!
Listen, man,
they're gonna kill us. Come!
Goddamn!
Can I get a drink?
Do what you like.
I got to make a phone call...
so could you
kind of keep it down?
Sure.

Sorry.

How you doing? It's me.

You know that morning flight

I was trying to get?

Don't tell me.

That ain't gonna happen.

They got an afternoon flight

leaving via London...

and if I got to hijack it,

I'm gonna be on that one.

Did you find your brother?

Yeah, but I didn't have

a chance to talk to him.

Great.

What are you going to do?

What about your exam?

I'm definitely gonna

make the exam.

No doubt.

Sorry! Sorry.

What was that?

No. That was me.

Yeah, right, that was you.

No, I swear. That was me.

I dropped something.

What did you drop?

It sounded like somebody-

Nobody.

I'm here by myself, I swear.

Yeah, I'll bet.

I'm about to go to sleep...

so I'll call you

when I get to London.

You do that. I love you.

I love you, too.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Do you usually

lie to your wife?

She's not my wife-not yet.

Is she black or white?

Very funny.

I'm about to go wash up.

I guess I should be

a gentleman...
offer you the bed or the couch.
I'm too wired to sleep.
You take the bed.
Good.
That stuff's gonna kill you.
Who cares?
You should.
OK. If you pull up just here.
If you see
that brother of mine...
tell him to do the right thing
and write his mother.
I will.
I can tell you're his brother.
I like you.
Take care of yourself.
Stop smoking that shit.
Have a safe trip.
Hold on.
I got something for you.
You might need this,
Miss Paranoid.
Thanks.
Now you're being paranoid.
I was just saying good-bye.
Good-bye.
We were hoping your brother
would be with you.
I'm so sick of motherfuckers
putting guns in my face!
What did you call me?
Don't even try it!
Stupid fucker.
Put him in the boot.
Come on. Move.
Move!
Hell, no.
I ain't getting in there.
You want to bet?
Get in.
You like soccer?
Not exactly.
I bring you

all the way out here...
and you tell me
you don't like soccer.
It's the most popular
game in the world...
except in, maybe, America.
But what do they know, anyway?
Yeah, well...
I'm kind of into
American football myself.
They wear helmets and paddings.
That's not a man's game.
Look at these South Africans.
They are still too inexperienced
on the international scene.
They're vulnerable,
open to attack.
So I guess you just
come right on in...
and take advantage of that, huh?
Of course.
It's like taking candy
from a baby.
Don't you think South Africa
went through enough shit...
without you coming in
and fucking it up even more?
I like to fuck shit up.
It's something in me.
Do you know how much it would
cost me to have you killed?
Four hundred rand.
Tomorrow, someone from
a squatter camp comes along...
and shoots you dead
with an AK-47.
For forty-five thousand rand...
I can have your
whole family murdered-
uncles, aunties,
cousins, your mother.
That is how much
your brother owes me-
forty-five thousand rand.

But then I hear about you,
and I start to think...
that maybe there's a way
out of this mess.
You're American, right?
Not exactly.
But you are from America.
With the rate of exchange...
that would be
fifteen thousand dollars.
That doesn't sound too bad.
It's not a lot of money
for an American, right?
How am I supposed to get
my hands on that kind of money?
God.
Fifteen thousand dollars.
Exactly.
I can't get my hands
on that kind of money.
Either you come up
with the money...
or you bury your brother.
It's up to you.
You can contact me through Sam.
You have two days.
It's me.
Jesus. What happened?
Those were Muki's men,
weren't they?
You OK?
I got to raise
fifteen thousand dollars...
or they said
they was gonna kill him.
Kill him?
Fifteen thousand dollars?
That's a fuckload of money.
I know.
Look, I know where he is.
He called me.
- Where?
- He's in Sun City.
I think he's gambling

to make the money back.
How far is that from here?
It's about an hour,
hour and a half.
Shit. I'm gonna miss my plane.
We gonna go there?
What do you mean, "we"?
Don't try that on me again.
He might be your brother,
but he's my boyfriend.
If you go, I go.
Come inside whilst I get ready.
Oh, shit. Look!
Fuck.
What the hell you doing?
Look, just pretend
you're my driver.
Shit. Girl, get your ass
back in the front.
This ain't no
"Driving Miss Daisy. "
- It's the A.W.B., man.
- Who?
A.W.B.- a local version
of the Nazi party.
Give me the gun.
Damn. Give me the gun.
Gimme the gun and get back
in the front seat.
What's going on?
What's going on here?
Nothing. We're just
on our way to Sun City.
Yeah?
And what you making
with this kaffir, eh?
No. He's from America.
I'm showing him around.
No. Hold on.
Kaffir? What's that?
You.
Yeah, but what does it mean?
Is it like warrior,
king, god, chief? What?

It means you must
watch your mouth, boy.
I got your boy right here.
He's from overseas.
He doesn't understand.
Can we just go now, please?
Yeah, all right.
Go on. Get out of here!
See ya.
Asshole.
Did you just say something?
Hold up.
I think it would be easier
if you looked that way...
and I'll look back this way.
We'll meet in the bar
in about thirty minutes.
OK.
I need a drink,
and I don't have any money.
I'm not going to buy any crack.
Here it's all just
lines in the toilet...
and Valiums and shit.
- Thank you.
- Thirty minutes.
Hey, babe.
What's up with you?
Are you out
of your fucking mind?
How could you fuck with Muki?
Forty-five grand.
Forty-five fucking grand!
Are you stupid?
How much is left?
About two grand.
Maybe less.
I missed the jackpot
by one seven, babe.
Fuck you.
I missed you, babe.
Fuck off.
What?
You're strung out, babe.

Do you want...
Have you got any stuff?
What did you say?
You know. Have you got-
I haven't seen you
for two weeks...
and the first thing
you ask for is fucking coke!
Fuck you, man.
I was just trying to help, OK?
Your father's dead, Steven.
What?
That's why your brother's here.
- Yeah, in Sun City.
- Shit.
No. You're lucky.
He's gonna pay Muki the money...
so you don't end up
with a bullet in your head.
And... my father's dead?
I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry.
Where's boet Vus?
Come.
Come.
Look,
I've got about five grams...
of the stash left, you know.
You fuck. You ask me if
I've got any while you've got?
Where is it?
If you follow me, you'll know.
How much you putting in now?
Just over half a gram.
That's too much, Steven.
You're pushing it.
Maybe that's the point, babe.
Do you have a Steven Madlazi
checked in?
- Yes. Room four-oh-seven.
- Thank you.
What the fuck is y'all doing?
Hey, boet Vus.
What's the matter, man?

What's this bullshit?
Take it easy, man.
You pathetic, man.
I thought you was a man.
I am a man.
If you hit him again,
I'm gonna hit you!
Get out of the way before
I break your little ass in two.
This is family business.
I'm a part of this family.
You've got a lot
of catching up to do, Vusi.
Give me this shit!
Thought you was
going to help me.
Look like
you're helping yourself.
I'm sorry.
Could you at least
pack his bags, please?
Look at you, man.
Our father's dead, Steven.
I know, man.
Get up, man.
I'm taking you home
to your mother.
Get up.
Hey.
I don't think Ernest
would be cool with that.
I'm not going back, man.
Listen!
I'm fucking up my life for this.
I'm not going back.
I don't want to hear that!
Don't tell me what you can
and what you can't do.
How could you, Steven?
You know how many people died
and suffered in the struggle...
so you can become
the future of South Africa?
You can't fall

in the same trap...
as the black Americans
did in the Seventies.
They got free,
and then they got high.
Look at me.
Don't fall asleep.
The struggle's never over.
Never.
Come on, man.
Get yourself together.
Get your stuff, and let's go.
I'm sorry.
Sorry?
Is that all you can say?
Sorry, sorry, sorry?
You sound like a broke record.
Forgive me, then?
Don't get smart.
It's a long walk from Sun City.
Come on.
What?
I'm staying here with Karen.
Oh, no, no, no.
You ain't running
from me again.
Where would I run to, man?
I won't, OK?
You ever ride in
the back of a trunk before?
- Boet Vus-
- I'll look after him.
Both of y'all could fit.
- I like your brother.
- Yeah, right.
What's so funny?
I was just thinking, you know.
We could just take
the money and split.
Go to Egypt or something.
Hey, you're crazy.
You know, Karen...
you've stuck by me
through so much shit, man-

Hey, I'm your friend.
I know.
Just want to say thanks, yeah?
Cut that shit out!
Did you get it?
I was only able to get
fourteen-one.
But that's
nine hundred dollars short.
Hey, that's it.
How do you get
to the Towers Hotel?
Turn left at the robot.
At the what?
The traffic light.
Turn at the robot.
Man, Steven was in
over his head...
but so was the country.
Drugs had taken over
where apartheid left off.
It wasn't right.
It was no different...
than what was happening
in America...
and I had to see
what I could do to stop it.
When we get in there,
let me do the talking.
And where have you been?
Sun City.
You never learn, do you?
Nothing, man. Nothing.
And what the fuck is this for?
I'm not from around here
so I'm kind of nervous.
Yeah. You should be.
Come on.
You see what I am saying
about the English?
They play fast and hard.
They wear their opponents down.
That is why they are the
bully-boys of European soccer.

I found this on the brother.
So...
Give this to him.
American Express.
I like very much.
Yeah. There's a slight
problem with that.
Problem?
Yeah. It's about
nine hundred dollars short...
but I can get my hands on that
a little later this week.
Why did you break
all my records, man?
Shut up, Steven.
You should give me 2,000 rand
of that as compensation!
Shut up, Steven!
You shouldn't be worried
about your records.
You have no need for them.
That was my life, man!
Welcome home, Steven.
Don't. Don't do it.
You got your money.
You should be more worried
about what you have done to me.
The word is out on the street
that people can fuck with me.
Now I can't make deals because
people are starting to think...
that they can just run away
with my money.
Everybody in town
wants credit now.
They all think that they can do
like Steven did.
So now I have to give them
a message.
A very clear message.
Steven! Motherfucker!
He's bleeding on my floor.
Let me go!
Get rid of this shit.

You want me to kill
these other two?
No. I want
the word on the street...
what has happened
to this bastard.
Jesus Christ.
He pays you back the debt...
and you still kill him.
For fuck's sake!
Shut up, Detective Sergeant.
I'm finished with you
today as well.
You're dead! You're dead!
What happened?
He was murdered.
Who did this?
Who the fuck did this?
We'll get to that.
No, Mama!
Get her out of here!
Ernest!
Mama, you can't see this!
Go! Go!
This?
Thank you.
You know this peace
we talked about earlier?
The peace you said
you hated so much?
I didn't see no peace out there.
It was war.
It's a war out there
on our youth...
in this... new country of ours.
It's African exploiting African.
We've been oppressed
by the white man so long...
all we know is oppression.
Doesn't even matter
who oppresses us.
We just accept it.
This Muki...
This fellow African

that killed our brother...
know what he said to me?
South Africans
were inexperienced...
vulnerable, open to attack.
Why didn't you report it
to the police?
There was a cop sitting there
when he got shot.
So, what you going to do?
I'm going to bury Steven...
I'm going to Jo-burg...
and I'm killing
that motherfucker.
I'm coming with you.
We're gonna need guns.
What do you know about guns?
I'm your older brother...
the head of the Madlazi family.
Don't ever doubt me again.
That sounds like the young Vusi
I used to know.
That's right.
First my father,
and now my little brother.
When the time came
to sacrifice the goat...
I didn't hesitate.
Somehow I knew a lot more
blood would be spilled...
before this whole thing
was over.
This is my brother Ernest.
Sit in the back, now.
Yes, sir.
- Here. Stop right here.
- Here?
Yes, stop. Come. Follow me.
Kind of dark out here.
I ain't going to step
in no cheetah shit, am I?
There's no cheetahs here, man.
You're so American.
African-American.

Here. Right here.

Here?

Yeah, OK.

You want to start?

Can I have some help?

- Come on, boys.

- Shut up.

Sure there ain't

no dead bodies in here?

- Yeah. Muki's.

- I wish.

Damn!

Wow! How long have they

been here?

Long enough to win a war.

I thought all arms caches

were turned over to the police.

Yeah, right.

Wow. Let me see.

Careful with that thing.

Jeez, do they still work?

- Cool! What a rush.

- Give me that!

- Let's get another.

- Watch out! No!

Just stay on the light!

Crazy ass!

Careful where you point

that thing next time.

Let's get the hell out of here.

Hey, open up!

It's me-Karen.

Who?

Karen! Open up!

Yeah, OK, I'm coming.

I'm coming!

I thought you were dead.

What you doing here

so early in the morning?

Why? You sleepy?

Yeah, I'm tired. Yes.

I've got something

to wake you up.

Hi, Sam.

Hey, how you doing?

Go away.

I see you didn't clean up
your room like I asked you.

I've been busy.

Look, all you got to do...

come with us,

pretend we're your friends.

Just give a present to Muki.

You can go fuck yourself

in your fucking asshole.

See?

Know what I'm talking about?

I don't think

this is going to work.

We got a problem.

I've had this

done to me many times...

and I tell you, it's not fun.

You gonna tell us?

You gonna help us?

Shock his dick.

That'll do the trick.

I'm not touching his dick.

You hold his dick,

and I'll shock it.

I don't do dicks.

I'll do it.

- How long?

- Five minutes.

The fucking lift takes five
minutes to get to the penthouse.

Then we'd better hurry up.

You carry it.

Look, you got to carry it.

Give it to Muki

and don't drop it.

Come here!

Get your ass back over here.

Don't try that shit again.

Leave the car running.

Hold up. Hold that.

Will you please hurry up?

Hand me that.

Listen to me.
Do not get out of this car.
Shut up and move.
Hey, where do you think
you're going?
Up to Muki.
I've got a present for his wife.
What about these two guys?
They're my buddies.
I swear they're cool.
Sure, OK.
Sweet.
No, no. This lift is full.
Please, just go away. Sorry.
Come on. Come on.
Come on. Close.
This is for Muki.
It's heavy. What is it?
I've got to go.
Wait a minute. What is it?
What?
I can't hear you.
It's a fucking bomb!
What is it, man?
I think the fuse was a bit old.
Yeah! Come on!
Goddamn!
Who are you?
What do you want?
We are the brothers of Steven,
and we've come to kill you!
Where's Muki?
I'm right here.
Damn!
Tried to shoot me in the back!
Little cheating bitch!
Drop the gun.
I said drop the fucking gun.
Why should I?
So you can kill us both?
You ready to die?
I'm ready.
Ready?
Look like we all ready.

Wait. Wait.
Hold up. Take it easy.
Nobody got to die here.
You fucking people!
You can't do anything
properly.
Fucking South Africans!
So...
now I have to punish you.
First... in the knees.
Then... in the guts.
So...
who...
do...
I do first?
Game over, motherfucker.
Let's move.
Yeah, Muki was dead...
but not dead enough for me.
I just couldn't turn my back
on the problem.
It was about family,
about blood, about home.
It looked like I wasn't gonna
get on that plane after all.
Hey, baby, I had this idea...
and I wanted to know
what you think about it.
Why don't you go
to the airport...
get on a plane,
and come down here with me?
You want me to come
to South Africa?
It's about time
you saw where I come from.
So what do you say?
- Yeah, why not?
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- Cool!
I'm a happy man.
I'm a happy man.
I'm happy, too.

This time
you call the travel agency...
and make the arrangements.
I'll do it.
- Can't wait to see you.
- I love you.
Love you, too.
- Bye.
- Bye.
So, what'd she say?
She said cool.
Wait till you meet her.
- Yeah.
- That's nice.
Yeah.
So what you going to do?
I don't know.
There's this clinic...
in Hillbrow-
like a rehab center.
I thought I might check in
there for a few weeks.
You're not going to get clean
in no rehab center.
What you need is some fresh air
away from Jo-burg.
Why don't you come
to the Transkei with us?
Me?
No, him. Yeah, you.
Yeah, you're welcome.
We can chill out.
Cool.
Let's get the fuck
out of here.