

BARBERTON DAISY

OVER BLACK SCREEN:

"Inspired by true events"

"1886"

The sound of a shovel digging feverishly and a man breathing heavily as he digs.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

Miners, booze, sweat and smoke. Full house hustle and bustle. Noisy. Drinks are served and spilled.

To the side, EMILY FERNANDEZ (late 40's), stern hotel owner, sits at a piano and plays the first notes of "Sweet Mary Lou".

From amidst a couple of roughneck miners, a gorgeous dark-haired vixen, suddenly throws off a cloak and a flat cap hat, revealing a seductively low cut dress. This is ELIZABETH BURGESS (early 20's), or COCKNEY LIZ, as we'll get to know her.

Liz jumps from the table of miners where she sat onto the bar counter - and then she sings.

INTERCUT AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES OVER THE SCENES:

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST CEMETERY - 1886. NIGHT

A shovel lies next to a grave close to the cemetery wall.

The MAN (WALTER SCOTT) drags A BODY (ROY SPENCER) by the shoulders closer to the newly dug grave.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

A troupe of FRENCH BARMAIDS find their way onto the bar counter behind Liz and begins their dance routine. The MINERS cheer wildly.

Now it is a full-blown party. Moulin Rouge meets the Old West with Liz and the French Girls mesmerizing all.

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST CEMETERY - 1886. NIGHT

HANDS dump the body unceremoniously into the grave.

The ground is shoveled back on top of the body.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

Liz sings her heart out. She prowls like a tigress between the drooling, foot-stomping prospectors.

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST CEMETERY - 1886. NIGHT

The last ground is leveled with the top of the grave.

A large, crude headstone is placed at the head.

We now see this grave lies at 90 degrees to the rest of the graves.

TWO HANDS etches out an inscription on the headstone with a chisel and a hammer.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

The song draws to an end. Liz swings her hips back to the bar. The crowd goes wild.

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST CEMETERY - 1886. NIGHT

The inscription now reads "Robber's Grave."

WALTER SCOTT, hammer and chisel still in his hands, backs away from the grave, trembling.

Lightning flashes.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

EXT. LEDBURY ROAD, LONDON. DAY

Title card: "London. Present Day"

Busy street in a very posh part of London.

INT. SUV. DAY

SEAN WALTHAM (early 30's), hot-shot investment broker, slick as hell and devilishly attractive, unbuckles his seat belt from the front passenger seat.

Cut from similar cloth, only black, is his male business partner, DERRICK, sitting behind the steering wheel.

DERRICK

You ready for him?

Sean squirts a blast of breath freshener in his mouth and drops the small bottle in the glove compartment.

SEAN
I was born ready.

On the back seat, SHANNON (late 20's), their gorgeous superbitch female partner, chuckles at this.

SHANNON
You are such a cliché!

Sean turns to her, a little taken aback.

SEAN
Hey!

Shannon pulls him closer by his tie and gives him a quick kiss full on the lips.

SHANNON
Go get him, love. We believe in you.

Sean clears his throat, opens the door and gets out.

As soon as the door closed:

DERRICK
You know he's going to fuck it up, right?

SHANNON
Of course I do.

EXT. THE LEDBURY RESTAURANT. DAY

Sean walks up to a much older gentleman in a SUIT, MISTER GETTANY, waiting for him at the entrance. Sean shakes hands firmly with him, maintaining the ever-important eye contact.

SEAN
Mister Gettany! After you.

Gettany enters the restaurant ahead of Sean. Sean smiles as if he is going to devour him.

INT. THE LEDBURY RESTAURANT. DAY

One of the most posh restaurants in town. Crystal glasses, silver cutlery and ridiculously small portions of food at equally ridiculous prices. This is *the* place where high-end deals go down.

The MAÎTRE D' greets them at the entrance and motions to a WAITER to seat the two men.

As Sean begins to walk off, the maître d' stops him and ever so slightly looks down to Sean's pin-striped suit's bottom button. Sean subtly unbuttons it.

The maître d' nods at Sean. Sean smiles back, gratefully.

The waiter pours wine into two glasses.

SEAN

As you can see, mister Gettany, gold remains an invaluable long-run hedge against inflation and the erosion of major currencies, including e-commerce. And that is the kind of risk I am willing to commit to for life.

Sean takes a pretentious sip of his wine.

GETTANY does not even touch his glass. In fact, he shifts around uneasily, swallowing at the tie restraining him. He clears his throat.

GETTANY

By the looks of it, mister Waltham, I think we differ somewhat in what we deem worthy of risk or commitment.

Slight frown from Sean at this curve ball.

SEAN

What do you mean by that?

GETTANY

Gold is valuable, yes, but is it really worth risking one's life for?

Sean returns a challenge, not a smile.

SEAN

Isn't all of life a risk, mister Gettany?

GETTANY

Oh, definitely. But then it seems that I have less of it left to risk than you do.

SEAN

Ah, come now. You still have a lot of fuel left in the tank, I'm certain!

GETTANY

That may or may not be true. In any regard, if I'm investing my hard-earned billions, it better be in something more valuable than an element on the periodic table. Find me *that*, mister Waltham, and we've got a deal.

Gettany picks up a menu, the matter finished.

GETTANY (cont'd)

Now, let's see what is good here.

Sean sits back and gulps from his wine glass - the cool mask taking a slip.

EXT. THE LEDBURY RESTAURANT. DAY

Gettany shakes hands with Sean and then walks to the driver picking him up.

Sean remains at the door. After a few seconds he walks over to where the SUV is still parked.

INT. SEAN & SHANNON'S APARTMENT. DAY

An uptown London open-plan bachelor's apartment. Sean, Derrick and Shannon enter and goes to sit around the kitchen table top. Smart phones and tablets are plonked down. This is also their small firm's office.

DERRICK

Fuck.

SHANNON

You'll figure something out, Sean.
You always do.

SEAN

Yeah, but his type...they become all dotty in the head after they turn sixty.

Derrick puts a hand on Sean's shoulder.

DERRICK

Look, mate: we, and with we I mean you, just need to find the right angle with this one. I bet if you play him right, you could have him invest in sun dials and he will do so happily while we reap the spoils.

Sean runs his hands through his hair, blowing out some breath.

SEAN

I need a commitment from Gettany.
And with *I* I mean us.

Shannon moves in behind him and starts to massage his tense, broad shoulders.

SHANNON

You want me to help you...relax?

Sean smiles as he turns his head to her.

SEAN

Tell me more?

Derrick gathers his things.

DERRICK

This is my cue! I'll leave you two lovebirds to your...relaxation.

Sean and Shannon laughs as he leaves hurriedly.

SEAN

Talk to you later, D!

Shannon comes around and sits on Sean's lap.

SHANNON

You've never had an opportunity like this before. Don't. Fuck. It. Up.

She sticks her tongue in his ear. Sean nods knowingly.

SEAN

Believe me, I'm well aware. I'm going to check on Grams. Are you coming with me?

Shannon gets up from his lap, turned off.

SHANNON

You know how I feel about that place.

Sean sighs and relents.

SEAN
Dinner tonight at our normal spot,
then.

Shannon takes her keys and heads for the door.

SHANNON
Don't be late. I mean it.

INT. OUR LADY GRACE OLD AGE HOME - FOYER. LATE AFTERNOON.

Clean and well-kept, but not large or in the least extravagant, this old age home provides a semi-decent "last stop" for the elderly and infirm. Some of the inhabitants sits around in chairs and wheelchairs. Here and there one is aided in a walking frame by a nurse.

Sean walks up to a help desk and is met by the nurse on duty.

SEAN
Hi, Anita. How are things here?

ANITA
Hi, Sean. Always good to see you.
We're doing okay, as you can see.

A nurse struggles with the front wheels of one of the wheelchairs but it only breaks down more.

Sean quickly walks over and helps the nurse straighten the wheelchair out. He tightens the loose screw to the grateful smile of the nurse.

ANITA
It's getting more difficult to meet
our ends, though.

Someone coughs badly, almost gutturally.

Sean gets up.

SEAN
If I could have helped more, I
would.

ANITA
You're doing your bit already.

Sean looks around. His bit is clearly not enough.

SEAN
Is she in her room?

ANITA
Where else would she be?

INT. OUR LADY GRACE OLD AGE HOME - BETH'S ROOM. DAY.

Sean knocks lightly on the open door as he enters.

SEAN
Hey, babe.

BETH WALTHAM (80's) sits in her bed, next to a window with a beech tree right outside. The sun plays gently through the open curtains on her, making her look almost mythical. A naughty twinkle flickers in her eye.

BETH
Hey, stud.

Sean smiles warmly as he takes a seat next to her bed.

SEAN
How are doing today, Grams?

BETH
The loon next door asked me to marry him *again* today. Can you believe it?

SEAN
So you told him no again?

BETH
Of course! He's just not my type.

SEAN
So, what is your type, then?

BETH
You know - having his own teeth, continent, only forgetting my name once a week in stead of every day. Not too much for a girl to ask now, is it?

Sean laughs with reverence at this lady.

SEAN
No, it is not.

Beth winks at him.

BETH
 Open my top drawer in the cupboard
 behind you. I want to show you
 something.

Sean reluctantly obliges. It is the diaper drawer.

SEAN
 Really, Grams?

Beth chuckles at her own joke.

BETH
 I meant the second drawer. Old
 age...

Sean shoots her a fake-angry look.

SEAN
 What am I looking for?

BETH
 A small black box.

Sean finds it easily enough.

SEAN
 This one?

BETH
 Bring it here.

Beth opens the box as Sean hands it to her. Obscured to us,
 Sean looks at it and frowns.

Beth removes a half-oval, almost tear drop-shaped cameo
 brooch.

The brooch is made of solid gold, with a white gold front
 panel, small enough to fit inside Sean's hand if he would
 close it around it. The pin at the back seems to be missing,
 though

Sean is mesmerized.

BETH (cont'd)
 She is quite something, isn't she?

SEAN
 Indeed she is...where did you find
 it?

BETH

My grandfather bought it for my grandmother during the South African War. It's been in the family ever since.

SEAN

(to himself)

This must be worth...

Beth can't hear him so she simply continues:

BETH

I want you to have it appraised. And then I want you to have it. You can give it to that 'lady friend' of yours. She should have something nice to wear.

SEAN

Don't start, Grandma.

BETH

Humor me. I raised you, among other things. It's the least you can do.

Sean's phone rings.

SEAN

Yes, D?

(he looks at his watch)

Why that place? You know I don't ...Fine, I'll meet you there.

INT. STRIP CLUB. NIGHT

Topless waitresses, neon lights, dirty carpets, old geezers, whiskey. The joint oozes upmarket-sleaze.

Sean and Derrick sit at a table off to the back of the room. Derrick's tie is loosened, top button undone.

Sean shifts around uncomfortably on his questionable seat. The bourbon in their hands is a small consolation.

SEAN

I've never seen anything like it.

DERRICK

And it might be worth...?

SEAN
Thousands? Millions? It was
incredible.

Sean takes a swallow of bourbon.

DERRICK
How's your Grams doing otherwise?

SEAN
Surprisingly well for a geriatric.
For now, at least.

DERRICK
Maybe there's a reason for her
starting to dish out heirlooms.

Sean looks at Derrick in aghast. Derrick, oblivious,
finishes his drink and gestures to a waitress for another
round.

DERRICK
I bet Shannon will have an opinion
about it.

Sean finishes his drink quickly.

SEAN
That's not the only thing she will
have an opinion about if I don't
leave now.

Sean rushes out as Derrick orders himself a lap dance.

INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Shannon, dressed to the nines, sits alone at a table for
two. She nods at a waiter to bring her the check.

Shannon's phone buzzes silently next to her, Sean's name on
the screen. She ignores it but clenches her fist slowly but
firmly around the stem of her empty wine glass as if to
break it. Then she releases her grip and pushes the glass
away from her. Slowly.

INT. SEAN'S CAR. NIGHT

Sean calls Shannon's phone, but there is no answer.

He throws the phone down on the passenger seat in
frustration.

INT. SEAN & SHANNON'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Sean opens the door hastily.

A light clicks on.

Sean looks up. Shannon, arms folded, brimstone shooting from her eyes, sits on the couch in front of him.

SEAN

Babe, I went to the restaurant, but you have already gone.

SHANNON

How long do you expect me to wait for you? You know I hate waiting. This seems to become a habit of yours.

SEAN

I'm really sorry, babe, it was only ten minutes...

Sean moves closer, arms open in an apology-hug, but Shannon gets up and stops him with one finger.

SHANNON

Get your whiskey-breath out of my face.

Sean tries to hug her again, but now Shannon firmly pushes him away. He stumbles back a bit, but steadies himself against the kitchen counter top.

SHANNON (cont'd)

You know what? I'm done with you and this small-time firm. This was my worst investment ever. You and commitment will never be partners.

Shannon gets ready to leave.

SEAN

I found something. It might just be what we're looking for.

For the first time, Shannon relents a little.

SHANNON

What is it?

Sean beams cautiously as he presents the black box from his pocket.

Shannon takes the box. She opens it and retrieves the brooch. She observes it from all angles, slowly turning it between her manicured fingers.

SHANNON (cont'd)
Where is the rest of it?

SEAN
How do you mean? That is it.

Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON
Look here.

Shannon points to the one edge of the half-oval.

SHANNON (cont'd)
This is only half of the complete brooch. My mother had a similar one. You can twist it and then the two sides come apart.

SEAN
Really? Let me see?

Sean sits down next to her. Shannon hands the brooch back to Sean, who inspects the half-oval now more carefully.

SHANNON
These are extremely rare, Sean. I thought you knew your gold?

Sean's attention is now completely with the delicate piece of jewelery.

SEAN
I do, but...

He trails off. Shannon rolls her eyes and gets up.

SHANNON
Find me the rest and I *might* reconsider my withdrawal from the firm. But do it fast. This is your last chance.

Shannon walks out of the apartment and slams the door on her way out.

SEAN
Shan...!

Sean's shoulders sag, but he continues to inspect the brooch. Then he notices something tiny on the side of the white gold front panel: the brooch can open up.

Sean frowns and opens the brooch.

Inside, a very small, folded note is now visible.

Sean unfolds it. It reads:

SEAN (cont'd)
"Two lies, one wrong, none can tell
apart. The purest gold is buried
deep inside my heart. Pilgrim's
Rest, South Africa 1886."

Still frowning, Sean slowly refolds the note and places it gently inside the brooch.

Then his phone rings again.

SEAN (cont'd)
Waltham.
(beat)
I'll be right there.

INT. OUR LADY GRACE OLD AGE HOME - BETH'S ROOM. NIGHT.

A stand-by ventilator on wheels pumps its life through a mask now covering Beth's nose and mouth. Anita keenly observes the small monitor before injecting pain medicine into a drip hanging from a stand as Sean bursts through the door.

SEAN
How is she?

ANITA
I'm afraid she took a turn for the worse late this afternoon. Didn't want to eat or drink. She just sagged back against the pillows and we haven't been able to wake her since.

SEAN
You're going to leave the oxygen here, yeah?

ANITA
Until someone else needs it.

SEAN

Surely there are enough here for everyone?

Anita's smirk tells him different.

ANITA

Ventilators are expensive, Sean.
I'm sorry. We're doing the best we can.

Anita leaves Sean alone with Beth.

Sean sits down next to her and takes her hand.

SEAN

Grams...Grams, come on, wake up.

For a second her eyelids flutter, but then nothing again.

Sean sighs and then remembers the brooch, still in his pocket. He takes the box out.

SEAN (cont'd)

You lied to me, you old skalliwag.
This is only one half of the brooch. Where are you hiding the rest of it?

No reaction from Beth.

Sean opens the box and takes out the brooch.

SEAN

Did you know it can open? I bet you did. You better wake up so we can discuss this note inside.

Sean opens the brooch and unfolds the note.

BETH

"Two lies, one wrong, none can tell apart..."

Sean looks up at her as she croaks, barely awake, scarcely audible over the oxygen mask.

SEAN

"...The purest gold is buried deep inside my heart."

BETH
"Pilgrim's Rest, South Africa,
1886."

Sean moves in closer to her. Her eyes flicker up.

BETH
You smell like a stripper.

Sean takes one of her hands in his.

SEAN
Sorry, babe.

Beth suddenly becomes lucid - and more serious than she has ever been.

BETH
The other half has never been
found. Not by me, at least. I've
read that note so many times...

Then her eyes close again as she sinks back into her semi-coma, the ventilator pumping oxygen into her lungs.

Sean takes out his phone, opens an air travel app and starts searching "Flights to South Africa".

INT. ALANGLADE HOUSE MUSEUM, PILGRIM'S REST. RESTROOM. DAY

A woman splashes her face in a small basin. This is LEAH (early 30's), a feisty natural beauty, dressed in a dark green branded tour guide golf shirt and neat short khaki pants.

She dries her face with a hand towel, looks up at a mirror that is barely big enough for her to see her face in and fixes her hair. Then she blows her nose and exits the restroom.

INT. ALANGLADE HOUSE MUSEUM, PILGRIM'S REST. OFFICE. DAY

The office seems cluttered, but everything is in its exact place. On the back wall is a large poster that reads "Diggers Golden Tours - A Historical Walkabout Experience". Place names like Pilgrim's Rest, Barberton, Eureka City, Sheba Gold Mine, Graskop Gorge Lift etc. are shown next to pictures of the same.

On a huge notice board off to one side is a multi-photo collage of previous tourists at all the various attractions. Quad biking, gold panning, abseiling...this looks like a fun adventure for the whole family.

Among the newspaper clippings and photos is an old photo of a DIVA, her one hand behind her head, her raven black hair flowing onto her breasts.

We have seen her before.

Leah rummages through a few papers on the chaotically organized desk as her fellow tour guide bursts in from outside.

MARCO (30's), dark-haired, muscular, womanizing party animal enters with a blob of pink on his own branded shirt.

MARCO

Can you believe it, the tour hasn't even started yet and a kid throws up his pink milk on me.

Marco quickly takes off his dirty shirt and throws it to Leah. She shoves it into the desk's bottom drawer.

LEAH

There's a clean one in the cabinet.

Marco opens a slim steel cabinet next to her and finds the clean shirt.

MARCO

We have German kids on this one, Leah. *German*. Oi. You know how I feel about kids.

Leah chuckles.

LEAH

Then stop giving them attention!

Marco smiles.

MARCO

You know I can't do that.

Leah smears a finger that got some pink milk residue on it over Marco's chest. Obviously, he enjoys it.

LEAH

I guess we'll just have to see who can keep your attention the best.

Marco jerks her tightly towards him.

MARCO

That's an easy answer.

A moment of heated hesitation between them. Then -

LEAH

We don't have time.

Marco grunts and throws on his clean shirt.

MARCO

You ready?

LEAH

Yes. Let's do this.

Marco exits the office with Leah right behind him.

EXT. ALANGLADE HOUSE MUSEUM, PILGRIM'S REST. DAY

Pilgrim's Rest in the 21st century is still old-wordly beautiful, but it has become somewhat decrepit since the town's heyday.

A group of about 20 tourists are gathered outside the museum, a mine captain's house and one of the few places in town still kept in pristine condition. They carry backpacks and water bottles.

Leah and Marco walks up to the small crowd.

MARCO

Howzit, guys and girls! Welcome to Diggers Golden Tours.

LEAH

We trust that you will find this historical walkabout experience both insightful and fun.

MARCO

My name is Marco.

LEAH

My name is Leah.

MARCO & LEAH

And we will be your tour guides.

The group clap their hands.

MARCO

If you could all follow us right
this way, please! Did you all get
your complimentary biltong?

Marco and Leah start to walk and beckon the group to follow them.

As the tour starts to take off, a large rental pick-up truck pulls up. SEAN exits the car just as the group starts to embark on the tour. He grabs a backpack from the passenger's seat without locking the car.

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST STREET - PRESENT. DAY

Sean catches up to the group. He joins a dad and two small kids, whispering excitedly in German, at the back of the crowd. The boy, BERNO, is distracted by everything.

SEAN

Is this the walking tour-thing?

Sean's thick British accent doesn't help.

BERNO

Was sagt er?

GERMAN DAD

Schweigen!

(to Sean)

I'm so sorry. Yes, it is.

The German dad takes his kids to the front of the group, leaving Sean behind. Sean shakes his head and then jumps into life to catch up with the group.

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST CEMETERY. DAY

The group reaches the cemetery. The crowd make their rounds along the tombstones and take pictures with their cell phones.

In one corner, a grave lies at right angles to the rest.

This draws Sean's attention.

Sean hesitantly walks closer to the rough tombstone, simply depicting the words "Robber's Grave" on its front. He frowns slightly and shoots a glance to the closest grave, that of a man named Walter Scott who died in 1886.

Sean runs his fingers over the inscription, barely touching it.

SEAN

"Two lies, one wrong, none can tell
apart. The purest gold is buried
deep inside my heart."

Sean looks up and sees Leah standing in the vicinity.

SEAN (cont'd)

Excuse me, ma'am? Could you
possibly tell me anything about
this grave?

Leah turns to him and sees at which grave Sean stands. She
hesitates at first, but then steps closer.

LEAH

Well, it is said that the man lying
in this grave stole gold from his
mining partner. His partner then
shot and killed him and buried him
like this as a lasting punishment
for his crimes. His name remains
unknown to this very day.

SEAN

And there really is no clue as to
who lies here?

Leah looks at him with a fair amount of disdain.

Marco stands closer.

LEAH

Of course there are numerous rumors
that have come and gone about the
poor soul. None of them are backed
up by actual evidence.

SEAN

(under his breath)
Some tour guide you are.

Leah heard that.

LEAH

Maybe I *do* know more about the
matter. Maybe I just don't feel
like telling you.

She walks past him, leaving Sean to look at the gravestone
again.

Marco grins at Sean and then joins Leah, who gestures to the
crowd to follow them away from the cemetery.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL BAR, PILGRIM'S REST. NIGHT

The small-town bar is intimate, but welcoming to the guests of the tour.

Sean enters last and heads to a spot at the far side of the bar counter. The bartender attends to his order.

Sean takes out his phone. An undelivered message to Shannon reads:

Safely in SA.

Sean sees it is undelivered, but types another message:

Interesting first day. Can I call you later?

At the other end of the bar, Leah sits down and runs her fingers through her hair. First day done.

Sean's eyes catch Leah's as she orders her drink. Sean moves a chair or two closer to her.

LEAH

Let me guess: you ordered a pale ale, because a Guinness would be too obvious. So, you will try something local, but nothing too off the charts. Then you will have a steak, medium done, and some baked potato. After that, you will head to your room and spend the next three hours on your phone, until your battery runs out.

Sean grins.

SEAN

You have heard about books and covers, haven't you?

The bartender places the pale ale in front of Sean.

Leah raises an eyebrow.

SEAN (cont'd)

Well. Never liked Guinness much.

Leah chuckles.

SEAN (cont'd)

Alright, my turn: you're a little irritated tonight because you have
(MORE)

SEAN (cont'd)
 a very specific routine in which
 you show and tell things to your
 guests and today it was abruptly
 disturbed, so you are having a gin
 and tonic, but a craft gin, not
 some regular brand, because you
 feel you deserve to spoil yourself.

The bartender hands Leah her gin.

Sean smiles and raises his glass slightly. Leah scoffs.

LEAH
 A girl can drink what she wants.

Marco appears as if from nowhere on her other side.

MARCO
 But a boy must have his beer.
 (to the bartender)
 Another Pilgrim's Pale Ale and a
 round of Diggers shots for the
 three of us.

Sean studies Marco, not quite sure what to make of this, but
 just takes another sip of his own beer.

Barely noticeable Leah shakes her head.

Marco hands out the shots to Sean and Leah. They all drink
 it in one gulp and tap the shot glasses on the counter.

MARCO (cont'd)
 So, Sean, is it? What brings you to
 South Africa, Sean?

Sean reaches into his pocket, but keeps his hand there.

SEAN
 I presume you guys know a thing or
 two about history, yeah?

Marco smiles at Leah.

MARCO
 We know our fair share.

SEAN
 I've come into something recently
 that may or may not be extremely
 valuable.

Now Sean reveals the brooch from the box.

Leah gasps.

LEAH

Where on earth did you get this?

SEAN

Maybe I just don't feel like
telling you.

Marco clinks Sean's beer glass with his own.

MARCO

Smooth.

Leah keeps staring at the half-oval brooch. Her hand quivers
as she wants to touch it, but can't bring herself to do it.

SEAN

You now this brooch and you know
its story, don't you?

LEAH

I...yes of course I do,
but...seriously, where did you get
it? And where is the other half?

Sean replaces the brooch in its box and puts it back in his
pocket.

SEAN

I showed you mine. Now you show me
yours.

Marco lifts an eyebrow and takes another sip of beer as he
turns to Leah.

MARCO

Why don't you start the story?
We're going to tell it to the crowd
anyway.

Leah hesitates for a second, but then relents.

LEAH

Very well. That brooch belonged to
Elizabeth Burgess, better known as
Cockney Liz.

EXT. BURGESS MANOR, ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE - 1884. DAWN

A sizable double-story mansion, surrounded by tall poplars and other lush trees. A single soft light comes from an upstairs window.

INT. BURGESS MANOR, LIZ'S ROOM - 1884. DAWN

LIZ, as we now already know her, is dressed in travel clothes and closes the last of two suitcases. She pins the complete oval brooch - indeed the same one that Sean has, but complete with its other half - carefully to her chest. A dainty handbag waits on a writing desk next to an envelope with the words "Father and Mother" written on it.

ROY (V.O.)

My dearest Elizabeth. I had hoped that by now I would've found the perfect diamond to set into a ring for you, but the constant struggle between miners here in Kimberley as to the ownership of claims have been very trying as of late.

EXT. BURGESS MANOR, ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE - 1884. DAWN

Liz sneaks out the front door and whistles into the dark trees. A one-horse open-top carriage comes forth. The DRIVER loads Liz's suitcases and helps her up on the seat next to him. They ride off.

ROY (V.O.)

I might have to consider other plans for making my fortune in this distant country. Some of the boys have been following the Gold Rush to the Eastern Transvaal, which might not be the worst idea.

EXT. CAPE TOWN DOCKS - 1884. DAY

Liz stands with her luggage on the docks. She takes a deep breath and strokes softly over the brooch. Then she straightens her shoulders and struggles with her luggage towards a STAGE COACH.

ROY (V.O.)

Please be patient if I become quiet for a while. Do not do anything silly such as to come and look for me. You know that your family will disinherit you and they will never forgive me.

As Liz struggles forth, FRED SCRIBBENS (early 30's), ruggedly handsome claims inspector, dressed in a travel coat that can barely keep his muscular arms and broad chest under control, rushes towards her.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Do know that my love for you will
never falter, even if we are oceans
apart. Yours always, Roy Spencer.

Very gentlemanly, Scribbens loads her luggage onto the back and top of the coach.

Liz smiles a thank you to him as he helps her get in.

EXT. EASTERN TRANSVAAL COUNTRYSIDE - 1884. DAY

The stage coach drives through the vast, immensely beautiful South African countryside, undisturbed by the exploits of man that was soon to follow. At the helm is the coach driver, GRIFFITHS, and his right hand man, SAM.

INT. STAGE COACH - 1884. DAY

Liz sits next to a voluptuous blond chatterbox, PENELOPE THOMPSON (20's) aka TRIxie, dressed just a tad more revealing than what is appropriate.

As Liz keeps her gaze fixed on the landscape outside the window, Trixie chatters away to STAFFORD PARKER (50's), a kindhearted albeit a tad naive gentleman, donning your more senior size bottle brush moustache, who clearly enjoys her attention.

Across from Liz, Scribbens also stares out the window.

Trixie chippers forth.

TRIXIE
So I loaded his drunken arse in the
wheelbarrow and rolled him out of
there!

STAFFORD PARKER
My goodness, miss Thompson! And you
had to do this often?

TRIXIE
I told you, call me Trixie! And,
well, only when it was needed. Some
fellas wheeled me around too, if
you know what I mean!

They both laugh at Trixie's little innuendo.

Liz looks annoyed by their crassness.

Scribbens notices. The gentleman in him can't keep quiet.

SCRIBBENS

Although it does sound amusing,
that sort of fun never appealed to
me.

TRIXIE

Really, mister Scribbens? Why not?

Scribbens' gaze is soft, but fearlessly steadfast.

SCRIBBENS

Commitment is eternal. No matter
what it may look like. Wouldn't you
agree, miss Burgess?

Scribbens finally catches Liz's eye and smiles warmly at her. This coaxes a return smile from Liz, but just for the shortest of seconds.

EXT. EASTERN TRANSVAAL COUNTRYSIDE - 1884. DAY

The coach approaches a North/South split in the road.

INT. STAGE COACH - 1884. DAY

Scribbens knocks on the roof of the coach. It comes to a halt.

SCRIBBENS

This is where our journeys diverge,
I'm afraid. Mister Parker, ladies,
it has been a pleasure.

Scribbens gets off and takes his single suitcase from the roof of the coach. As he takes the Northern split, the coach leaves down the Southern road.

TRIXIE

Wouldn't mind a little
wheelbarrowing from him, or what do
I say, Liz? He was quite a catch.

LIZ

It's Elizabeth, please, and yes, I
suppose he was quite becoming, but
I am engaged to be married, thank
you. I happen to agree on his
stance regarding commitment.

Trixie looks at her in admiration.

TRIXIE

You really believe you'll find your man, don't you?

Liz sighs, the tremor of desperation in her voice only barely recognizable.

LIZ

I trust my heart. I have to, Penelope. If Roy is not in Barberton...

Parker places a consoling hand on Liz's knee.

STAFFORD PARKER

The Lowveld is only so big, my dear. I will do anything I can to help you find him. You have my word.

A sudden judder makes the coach come to a halt.

Parker frowns. He sticks his head out the window.

STAFFORD PARKER (cont'd)

Is everything alright, mister Griffiths?

EXT. GODWAN RIVER BANK - 1884. DAY

Griffiths puts the reins down.

SAM

The river is coming down. Look at the stream.

GRIFFITHS

Go see how deep it is, Sam. As long as your hips are above the water, we can still make it.

Sam does not look too confident as he jumps down and heads for the stream.

Griffiths goes and stand next to the window.

GRIFFITHS

This is the Godwan River, folks. We're just checking the water level. You can't be too careful with precious cargo like you on board! But not to worry. Everything will be...

A troupe of six men on horses, riding hard down the road towards them, make Griffiths swallow his last word.

 GRIFFITHS (cont'd)

...fine.

INT. STAGE COACH - 1884. DAY

The passengers realize that something is definitely not fine. From inside they can see the six armed horsemen surrounding the stage coach.

EXT. GODWAN RIVER BANK - 1884. DAY

The six horsemen surround the stage coach. This is the IRISH BRIGADE, notorious coach robbers of the Lowveld.

Their leader, a dirty, bearded bear of a man, CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT, holds a pistol to Griffiths's head. Griffiths's hands are already in the air.

 CAPT MOONLIGHT

Are we going to have any problems?

 GRIFFITHS

Please, I have no money this time.
When I come back from Barber...

Captain Moonlight hits Griffiths with the colt of the pistol in the head. Inside the coach the ladies shriek.

 CAPT MOONLIGHT

So, we are going to have problems!
Lads, clear them out!

Two of the men pluck open the doors and grab the ladies, followed by Parker, who stumbles out, hands raised. Another bandit gestures for Liz and Trixie to hand over their earrings and necklaces.

Liz desperately tries to conceal the brooch pinned to her chest, but Captain Moonlight sees her efforts. With the barrel of his pistol he jabs against her hand.

 CAPT MOONLIGHT (cont'd)

Open up, lassie! Let's have it.

Liz tries to back away, but one of the men grabs her and forces open her hand. Capt Moonlight smiles when he sees the brooch.

CAPT MOONLIGHT (cont'd)
Now there's something pretty!

LIZ
Please, it was my mother's, I beg
you...

Capt Moonlight grabs the pin. Liz shrieks. The bandits laugh.

EXT. GODWAN RIVER - 1884. DAY

In the middle of the river, Sam can only look on helpless. Then he looks to his right.

SAM
Master Griffiths!

EXT. GODWAN RIVER BANK - 1884. DAY

Nervously, the passengers continue to hand over their money and other valuables. The bandits throw it roughly in a dirty brown cloth sack.

Griffiths struggles to get up from the ground as he hears Sam's screams. He looks toward the river and his eyes widen.

All the bandits get back on their horses.

CAPT MOONLIGHT
Captain Moonlight and the Irish
Brigade thank you for your
business. Have a nice day!

The Irish Brigade rides off in a cloud of dust.

Liz pants, unharmed but embarrassed. She clutches her chest where the pin is now absent.

Stafford Parker tries to console her and Trixie.

STAFFORD PARKER
Are you ladies alright?

Griffiths finds his feet and stumbles towards the water's edge.

GRIFFITHS
Oh my G...Sam!

EXT. GODWAN RIVER - 1884. DAY

The water level has now reached Sam's waist.

Sam desperately points towards his waist.

EXT. GODWAN RIVER BANK - 1884. DAY

Liz sees Sam's distress.

LIZ

We need to go right now! Trixie,
mister Parker, get in. Mister
Griffiths, you whip these horses
and let's be on our way,
immediately!

Liz jumps on to the front, grabbing the reigns.

TRIXIE

You called me Trixie...

For a second the others just stand there, but then Griffiths jolts them into action.

GRIFFITHS

You heard her!

Parker and Trixie quickly gets into the coach. Griffiths climbs back up, takes the reigns from Liz and whips the horses' bridles.

EXT. GODWAN RIVER - 1884. DAY

Sam gestures for Griffiths to move straight ahead. Griffiths whips the horses hard.

They slowly make it to the middle of the river - and then the coach tilts dangerously to its right side as a wheel becomes stuck. Some of the loose baggage on top of the coach plummets into the now brushing brown water.

Liz steadies herself next to Griffiths, grabbing onto the rails of the coach.

Sam, now almost up to his armpits, struggles back toward the coach.

SAM

Get out! Get out! We need to lose
weight to get the coach through!

Liz looks nervously to Griffiths, who keeps his cool.

GRIFFITHS

Jump down and grab a hold of the side. Go!

Liz does as she is told.

Parker helps Trixie to climb out the open window on the left side, now sticking into the air. They both jump into the water and go under before they break the surface again.

GRIFFITHS (cont'd)

Try to hold on to the coach and push if you can! Do not let go!

Griffiths now also jumps down and swims around to the front of the horses.

Sam moves around to Liz's side to the stuck right wheel. He takes a deep breath and goes underwater to loosen the wheel. Griffiths pulls the horses again.

Sam comes up, the water becoming ever deeper.

SAM

Just stick together!

He goes under once more.

GRIFFITHS

Push! Push!

They all push as Griffiths pulls the whinnying horses.

Finally the wheel gets unstuck. The horses struggle through the mauling brown waters to the safe side of the river, water streaming from the coach as it does.

EXT. GODWAN RIVER BANK - OTHER SIDE - 1884. DAY

All of them, dirty, wet and disheveled, slide onto the muddy river bank and fall down. The neighing horses stop with the wheels of the coach inches from Griffiths's head.

The coach itself, now void of all its luggage, looks like an emptied pumpkin.

Liz gets up from her knees.

LIZ

Right, now we need to report those ruffians to the authorities.

Trixie finds her feet next to her.

TRIXIE
But our clothes...everything...

LIZ
We'll get new clothes. Priorities,
Trixie.

Parker gets up and shakes his head.

STAFFORD PARKER
You really are an amazing woman,
miss Burgess.

GRIFFITHS
We can still make Barberton by
nightfall. Once we get there, we'll
sort everything out.

Liz smiles at Griffiths and Parker as she heads around to the coach's door.

LIZ
Thank you, gentlemen. Come on.

Liz turns back into the poised English lady she is. Mud-soaked they all get back in the coach.

Sam and Griffiths climb back onto the driver seats. With a lash of the whip, the horses start to pull the wobbly coach again.

The looming mountain range is a scary premonition of the uphill battle that still is their future.

EXT. TOP OF THE DE KAAP VALLEY. LATE AFTERNOON

The coach comes to a halt.

Liz looks out of the coach window, observing the valley below. It is hauntingly beautiful.

Griffiths looks back and sees Liz staring out.

GRIFFITHS
Welcome to the Lowveld, ladies:
Moodie's Hills, the Sheba range and
there, down below, Barberton, where
I bet we'll find your boy, miss
Burgess.

Hope creeps across Liz's weary eyes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - 1884. EARLY MORNING

TWO HANDS open the crimson curtains wide. Early morning light stream in through the lace curtains still hanging in front of the window to a simple, but decent hotel room.

The light hits Liz's sleeping face. She squints and turns on her side away from it, as if to hope that everything is just a bad dream.

Emily Fernandez turns away from the window to a tray carrying coffee and breakfast.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

Wake up, my girl. It's a new day.
Time to look it in the eye.

Liz opens her eyes and reluctantly sits up against the pillows. She barely manages a weary smile.

LIZ

You are too kind, Mrs Fernandez.

Liz takes the cup of coffee before Emily places the tray on the bed.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

So, you are looking for a miner?

LIZ

My fiancé, Roy Spencer, yes...he came to find gold.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

Miners come and go all the time.
It's not like we keep a record of every dirty prospector, you know. There are dozens of places he could be if not in Barberton. What if he went back to England while you were traveling here?

Liz has clearly not thought of this.

LIZ

I...I'll do anything to find him.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

Anything?

The door flies open and Trixie bounces in.

TRIXIE

Lizzie! I got a wheelbarrow!

Trixie sticks out her tongue jokingly, giggles and darts out the room again.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

I gave her a job.

Liz looks up at Emily.

LIZ

Do you perhaps have need of my services too, Mrs Fernandez?

Emily's lips curl up in a curt smile.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

Come down to the Canteen when you are dressed. We'll figure something out. And call me Emily. Ceremony is not going to get you anywhere around here.

Emily leaves. Liz tries another sip of coffee, but the cup is now empty.

INT. ROYAL HOTEL BAR, PILGRIM'S REST - PRESENT DAY. NIGHT

Sean's beer has made a big condensation puddle, the drink left undisturbed. Marco plonks down his empty glass and holds up a finger to the barman, indicating a refill.

SEAN

That is a terrible story. The poor woman.

LEAH

It gets better later on. You'll see.

SEAN

Here's to hoping.

Leah pushes her empty glass away and turns to Marco. For the first time, some personal interaction between them.

LEAH

I need to wash the day off me. See you in a bit?

Marco's hand on her back slides down to her butt and nods.

MARCO

As soon as I'm done socializing
with the crowd. Still don't know
that German guy's name.

Leah smiles as she gets up.

Marco gives her a kiss and a slap on the butt.

LEAH

Hey!

MARCO

Love you, babe.

LEAH

Good night, Sean.

SEAN

See you tomorrow.

Sean finally picks up his glass and takes a big swallow.

MARCO

So, you just happened to find this
brooch?

SEAN

Not quite. It seems to be a family
heirloom.

MARCO

Have you had it appraised?

A tad too eager for Sean's taste.

SEAN

What's it to you?

MARCO

I'm a treasure collector myself.
Most treasures usually comes with a
price tag.

SEAN

Not this one.

MARCO

I expected as much. But, if you
happen to change your mind...

Marco downs the last of his beer, indicates yet another
round and then gets up to mingle with the German man and the
rest of the guests.

Sean stares after Marco as he finishes his beer.

INT. BUS TO BARBERTON. DAY

The tour crowd is rowdy as Marco leads them in some on-the-bus sing-song antics. Everybody seems to enjoy him, especially two female students, who can't get enough of him.

Sean has taken a seat at the front of the bus, separated from the goings-on. He checks his phone once more: More messages to Shannon that are yet to be read.

Leah looks around for a spot.

LEAH
Mind if I sit down?

SEAN
It's your tour. Be my guest.

Leah sits down.

LEAH
Taking a break from the routine.

Sean smiles apologetically.

SEAN
I didn't mean to sound pompous
about your job last night. I'm sure
you love your job as much as I love
mine.

Leah shoots a glance at Marco and the tourists.

LEAH
Of course I do.

Sure she does.

LEAH (cont'd)
What is it that you do back home?

SEAN
Tell me more about Cockney Liz and
I'll tell you all about my very
exciting job.

Leah looks playfully taken aback.

LEAH
So much for 'I showed you mine, you
show me yours'! Where were we?

INT. RED LIGHT CANTEEN - 1884. DAY

The Red Light Canteen is quite full, but calm. A few men are scattered around, huddled over their drinks.

Liz carries a tray to a table where two dirty men are seated, one of them whom we'll much later get to know as PERCIVAL, 40's, ultimate sleazeball.

Liz walks far too slowly and carefully for a barmaid in a tavern. The men watch impatiently.

DIRTY MAN
Move your arse, lass!

Liz nervously places the drinks before them.

LIZ
Your drinks, gentlemen.

The men cackles at each other.

PERCIVAL
'Gentlemen', eh? When was the last
time you were called a 'gentleman'?

Liz turns around and walks briskly back to the bar counter. She places down the empty tray and quickly, unnoticed, dabs two tiny tears from the corners of her eyes.

Emily, now sweating like a pig and pissed-off, comes out of the kitchen with two bowls of beef stew. She plonks it down on the counter.

EMILY FERNANDEZ
Take it to those pigs, please, Liz.
And tell them to pay.

Liz takes the tray again, now walking a little faster and delivers the bowls to the dirty men.

LIZ
Mrs Emily asks that would pay,
please.

They are not going to pay.

DIRTY MAN
(shouts to Emily)
We'll pay later, Mrs Emily! We're
busy!

Liz, defeated, looks back at Emily. Emily growls and comes around the bar counter, grabbing the tray as she walks by. She smacks it down on the table and take the bowls back.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

Get out! You can go eat at the Phoenix or in the field for all I care!

The DIRTY MEN begrudgingly get up and leave.

PERCIVAL

Damn bitches!

Liz stares silently at Emily, impressed. Emily returns to the counter with the tray.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

The first person with enough gold can take this dump. And the brutes that come with it.

Liz doesn't have anything to say to this. So she nods.

The doors open. In walks ALFRED BEIT (50-plus), a very distinguished gent, and ABE BAILEY (late 20's), a boyishly handsome fellow with an adventurous wildness in his eyes.

BEIT

Now that was a fine speech, if I have to say so myself.

ABE

Hit them for a six, can you believe?

Emily, still holding the two warm bowls, suddenly smiles.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

Here at least we have two fine gentlemen. Good afternoon, fellas! Can I interest you in some broth? Free of charge!

Beit and Abe come and sit right at the bar counter, taking off their hats.

BEIT

Good afternoon, Miss Emily. You're too kind. And two whiskeys, please.

Abe clears his throat.

ABE

Looks like the place had an upgrade
since last we were here?

Beit looks at him as Abe nudges his head to Liz. Liz don't know where to look.

Emily makes the introductions.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

Alfred Beit, Abe Bailey, this is
Elizabeth Burgess from England.

BEIT

Pleased to make your acquaintance,
miss Burgess.

Beit stands up and shakes Liz's hand politely with a cordial smile.

Abe, too, gets up, but knocks a glass over clumsily. He tries to stop it, but it just makes things worse. Finally, he extends a dripping wet hand out to Liz.

ABE

Welcome to the Lowveld, ma'am.

Abe sheepishly smiles at Liz, his hand still extended, which he slowly retracts and dries with a cloth.

Liz can't help but to laugh.

LIZ

The pleasure is all mine. I'll get
your whiskeys.

Liz walks around to the other side of the bar to pour the drinks. Emily joins her behind the counter and sides closer to her so that the men can't hear her whisper.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

Alfred Beit is *the* Beit of Wernher, Beit & Company, one of the main financial houses in town. Gold and diamond magnate, rich as filth. Abe Bailey is a cricketer and Beit's protégé.

The doors of the Canteen flung open and now a larger bustle of miners enter, chattering very excitedly. Among them is CHARLIE THE REEFER (20's), everybody's best mate - and he is impersonating President Paul Kruger.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

"I had seldom seen such an excellent group of laborious gentlemen. Be sure that this petition will enjoy the government's utmost attention."

The other miners around them laugh loudly and take their seats around Charlie as they continue to babble to each other.

Liz serves Abe and Beit their drinks.

LIZ

What are they on about?

ABE

That is Charlie the Reefer. He constantly moves between the various gold reefs. He impersonated President Paul Kruger.

BEIT

President Kruger addressed the miners outside just now about problems they have regarding claims and they thought that, like most Boers, he would stumble over the English language.

ABE

Which he impressively did not.

Liz is perplexed.

LIZ

And this is reason to celebrate?

Beit smiles knowingly.

BEIT

My dear, anything can be a reason for these scoundrels to celebrate.

ABE

Give it an hour and you'll see what he means.

Liz looks uncertain.

INT. RED LIGHT CANTEEN - 1884. NIGHT - LATER

Now the place is bursting at the seams. Tables full, men drinking, laughing, smoking. Piano playing jovially. It is the tavern of the 1880's that you want to be at.

Liz and Trixie tries their best to keep up with the orders, but it is tough going.

Beit and Abe are joined by Stafford Parker and Charlie in a doubles match at the billiards table off to the side. Abe shakes his head as he chalks his billiards cue.

ABE

The new girls are struggling quite a bit, don't they?

Charlie takes a shot.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Unlucky for them to catch such a crazy crowd on day one.

Parker moves around the table to position himself.

STAFFORD PARKER

They are surprisingly resilient, let me tell you. Especially Liz.

BEIT

But is she resilient enough for Barberton?

STAFFORD PARKER

Don't let appearances fool you. There are much more than meets the eye with that one.

Parker takes his shot. Beit nods approvingly.

Charlie goes to stand next to Abe, who is getting ready for his shot.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Say, Bailey, who would you rather take for a spin: Curly Sue or Busty Blondie?

Abe blurts it out almost automatically.

ABE

Liz, of course.

He takes his shot and gets up. The other men around the table stare at him.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
 "Liz", yeah? First name basis
 already?

Abe realizes he is caught pants down.

ABE
 I...I mean, she is a little more
 the kind of woman that I prefer, in
 terms of her looks...not that looks
 should count for...I mean...she
 looks so alone and I think she
 could use a friend.

He tries to find Beit's eyes for some reassurance, but Beit is getting ready for his next shot.

STAFFORD PARKER
 You'll never be more than friends
 with her. She is an engaged woman.
 And she is only in Barberton to
 look for her fiancé.

Beit takes his shot and gets back up. He keeps quiet, but frowns slightly at Parker's words.

Charlie bends down over the table.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
 Well, in that case I'll offer my
 "friendship" to Blondie. She seems
 like a wild one.

He shoots. Parker leans in closer.

STAFFORD PARKER
 Oh, if only you knew. Tell me,
 Charlie, has a girl ever pushed you
 around in a wheelbarrow?

Charlie smiles pleasantly surprised.

Abe looks up and stares sympathetically at Liz.

At the bar counter, the guys are pushing to get in front, shouting to get service.

MINER 1
 Hurry up, would you!

MINER 2

We are thirsty! It was a long day!

Abe keeps his glance at Liz, but she doesn't notice. He returns his attention to the billiards table.

Now it is Liz who looks pleadingly towards at Abe. He doesn't see.

At the piano, Emily starts to play "Sweet Mary Lou".

Liz gets an idea. She places down the glass without pouring a drink and walks around to the side of the bar counter.

MINER 1

Oi! Where do you think you're going?

Liz steps on a barrel and gets up on the counter. She waits just a second for the cue, and then she falls in:

LIZ

*"Hello, Mary Lou, goodbye heart,
Sweet Mary Lou I'm so in love with
you..."*

The rush among the crowd settles down.

LIZ

*"I knew Mary Lou, we'd never part,
so hello, Mary Lou, goodbye heart!"*

Abe nudges Charlie and they fix their eyes on Liz. She catches their looks, which boosts her confidence.

LIZ

*"You passed me by one sunny day,
flashed those big brown eyes my
way, and ooh I wanted you forever
more..."*

Beit places down his billiards cue. So does Parker. Liz slowly starts to move about on the bar counter.

LIZ

*"Now I'm not one that gets around,
swear my feet stuck to the ground,
and though I never did meet you
before, I said hello Mary Lou,
goodbye heart..."*

The crowd now starts to clap along, everyone's attention on the girl on the bar counter, whose confidence grows with every note she sings.

LIZ (cont'd)
*"...so hello, Mary Lou, goodbye
 heart!"*

An interlude in the song plays. Liz starts to stride around on the counter and even swings her hips a little - but not too flashy just yet.

LIZ (cont'd)
*"Hey hey hello, Mary Lou, goodbye
 heart, sweet Mary Lou I'm so in
 love with you..."*

Abe and Charlie now clap like raunchy teenagers. So does many of the men. Two men grab each other and starts to bull-dance. Now it's a party - and Liz leads from the front.

Emily smiles as she finishes the song with gusto.

LIZ (cont'd)
*"I knew Mary Lou we'd never part,
 so hello, Mary Lou, goodbye heart!
 So hello, Mary Lou, goodbye heart!"*

Tremendous cheers all around as the song ends.

Charlie whistles and gives wolf-calls.

Abe is practically drooling as he claps.

Relief shows on Liz's face.

Emily nods in approval: she has won over the crowd.

Beit looks impressed as he picks up his billiards cue again.

Stafford Parker strokes his moustache, thinking intently.

INT. BUS TO BARBERTON. DAY

Sean listens intently to Leah continuing Liz's story.

SEAN
 How do you remember it all in such
 detail?

LEAH
 I have the memory of an elephant.

SEAN
 Of course you do.

Leah laughs and knocks on her backpack.

LEAH

Emily Fernandez's diary. It's a gold mine of obscure information.

SEAN

Aha. Makes sense.

LEAH

And, as you will see, without Stafford Parker, Liz's life would've been quite different.

SEAN

Isn't it funny how it often only takes one person to change our lives completely, for better or worse?

Leah shoots a glance at Marco, joking with the tourists.

LEAH

Yup.

Sean catches it.

SEAN

You two been together long?

LEAH

About three years. On-of. Sometimes he gets a bit...you know, but we always seem to end up back together.

(catching herself)

I'm sorry, I should not be telling you this.

SEAN

It's fine. Doesn't mean anything to me, now does it?

LEAH

I guess not. I...just don't want him to be lonely, I guess.

SEAN

If I may, though, he doesn't seem like the type of guy who would be lonely for long.

Leah looks at Marco and the tourists again, the two students now almost hanging from his bulging biceps.

LEAH

You're mistaken. That's just him being Marco the Tour Guide. He loves giving his guests a good time.

Sean scoffs as he glances to the back of the bus.

SEAN

I'm sure he does.

INT. BARBERTON MUSEUM. DAY

Leah leads the group into the museum, show-and-telling the various sites on display.

Sean's face lights up when he sees the section that reads "1880's Gold Rush".

SEAN

Nice...

Marco notices this. He moves in next to Sean.

MARCO

Seems like you know your treasures more than you care to let on, hey, Sean?

SEAN

Investment in gold is my job, Marco. Low risk, high reward.

MARCO

So, if something is worth the risk, one should go for it, yes?

Sean shrugs, his eyes lost in the pictures on the walls.

SEAN

It depends on the worth you connect to the risk. Otherwise you're in for a helluva nasty surprise. I mean, look at these blokes: they gave up everything in search of just a morsel of gold. That's commitment, don't you think?

Marco sees a string in Sean and pulls at it.

MARCO

I think commitment is just another form of investment. Who are you

(MORE)

MARCO (cont'd)
 committed to, Sean? What would you
 give up to show just how invested
 you are?

Behind Marco, Leah returns from where she was.

Sean's eyes remain fixed on the pictures in front of him.

SEAN
 I meant what I said.

MARCO
 (closer to Sean)
 If the bargain is right, no price
 tag is ever too high.

Sean turns, eyes now locked onto Marco's. No smiles.

Leah intercedes.

LEAH
 Are you boys finished?

Eyes still gridlocked. Then Marco grins.

MARCO
 I think we should go to the Gorge.
 It's time for some action.

Leah looks at her watch and nods.

LEAH
 Okay. Get them on the bus and let's
 move.

Marco smiles coldly at Sean and then rounds up the guests.

Leah turns to Sean.

LEAH (cont'd)
 Why don't I continue Liz's story
 for you?

Beat. Then Sean nods.

INT. RED LIGHT CANTEEN - 1886. NIGHT

Miners, music, booze, sweat and smoke.

LEAH (V.O.)
 It took Liz only a few short months
 to make a name for herself. The Red
 (MORE)

LEAH (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Light Canteen were bursting at the
 seams night after night.

Liz, Trixie and other barmaids serve drinks, but for all the
 flirting and hip-swinging, they're barely keeping up.

LEAH (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Liz has become very close with both
 Abe Bailey and Alfred Beit by now.
 But there were other men who
 already started to look for ways to
 take advantage of her.

Stafford Parker and JIM O'HARA (60's), one of his peers, is
 having dinner at a table to the one side, their eyes darting
 constantly to and from Liz.

STAFFORD PARKER
 I don't think she'd go for it. She
 is not that type of person. She has
 morals.

JIM O'HARA
 Like every other barmaid who comes
 to this town. Their morals crash as
 easily as a coach coming down
 Glenthorpe Chute. She'll change her
 mind soon enough.

Parker puts down his fork and knife.

STAFFORD PARKER
 Jim, I told you: she is only trying
 to find her man, this Roy Spencer
 fellow. And I promised to help her.

JIM O'HARA
 Investigations of this sort costs
 money. Not that it will do her any
 good. Boy's probably long gone by
 now.

O'Hara finishes up the food on his plate. Parker shoots an
 unnoticed glance at Liz again.

STAFFORD PARKER
 She does not know that yet, and she
 won't rest until she has found him,
 dead or alive. Can't blame the girl
 for trying. She can't go back to
 England yet, anyway.

O'Hara sighs.

JIM O'HARA

No one is going to bankroll this little search of hers. This way she gets some extra cash and we get some extra entertainment. Everyone wins.

Parker sighs, but motions Liz over to their table. Before she gets there, he fixes his eyes on O'Hara.

STAFFORD PARKER

If this backfires, I will break your neck. Remember that.

Liz blows a loose curl dangling over her face out of the way as she stops by their table.

LIZ

Everything alright with you gentlemen?

Parker smiles his warmest smile.

STAFFORD PARKER

Liz, my dear, we have a proposition for you.

Liz bends down to listen more intently to their proposal.

From the far corner of the bar counter, Beit, Abe and Charlie can see something is brewing. Abe glares at them.

ABE

I don't trust Yanks. Especially Irish Yanks. Liz is too innocent for the likes of him.

BEIT

O'Hara is not that bad. Harmless, actually.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Men with money are never harmless.

BEIT

Careful, son.

At Parker and O'Hara's table, Liz stands up straight and shakes her head firmly, but Parker also stands up and gently takes her hands in his. Next to him, O'Hara sits back in his chair and folds his hands over his belly, grinning widely.

Abe remains suspicious.

ABE

I'd like to know what he's up to.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Looks like we're going to find out.

Liz gets up on the counter, looking just a tad nervous.
Parker gets up and addresses the crowd.

STAFFORD PARKER

Gentlemen! Gentlemen, your
attention!

Liz sees he's not getting the attention he needs, so she
rings the bell above the bar loudly.

LIZ

Shut it, the lot of you!

Now they pipe down.

STAFFORD PARKER

Gents, our darling Liz has agreed
to extend a little courtesy. For
one night only and the right price,
one lucky boy will accompany her
for the night.

Whistles and shouts all around. Abe immediately moves
closer. Liz takes a deep breath, but then smiles and lifts
her skirt slightly, teasing the men with a piece of ankle.

STAFFORD PARKER (cont'd)

Shall we start at five pounds?

MINER 1

Five!

PERCIVAL

Six!

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Six and a walk by the river!

General laughter. Liz walks over to Charlie and then shakes
her head: no.

Parker helps Liz to climb onto a barrel.

STAFFORD PARKER

Anyone more than six? Come on,
boys, her voice alone is worth...

ABE
Twenty pounds!

Silence falls. O'Hara smiles. Parker frowns.

STAFFORD PARKER
Anyone higher? Going
once...twice...three times!
Congratulations, mister Bailey. Now
help her down, son.

Abe holds out his arms for Liz. She jumps into them. As he catch her, Abe plants an unexpected kiss on Liz's mouth. She bursts out laughing, causing many whistles and cheers.

Liz grabs him by the hand and they run off around the bar counter and out through the kitchen.

EXT. RED LIGHT CANTEEN - LIZ'S ROOM. NIGHT

As soon as they are outside the Canteen, Liz throws her arms around Abe's neck in a tight hug.

LIZ
Thank God you won the bid!

Abe laughs and takes her arms from around his neck.

ABE
So, was this just a ploy or am I
going to get what I'm paying for?

Liz looks off to the side. She comes across more like she's trying to convince herself than anything else.

LIZ
Abe, you know I'm still looking for
Roy, and...

Abe gently turns her chin back so that his eyes finds hers again. He smiles reassuringly.

ABE
I'm sure he will rock up here one
of these days. But not tonight.

Liz draws back against the wall.

LIZ
This may come as a surprise to you,
but...

ABE

You haven't done this before, have you, Lizzie?

Liz looks down.

LIZ

Roy and I were going to get married first. We met in the church choir.

ABE

Wow. That sounds rumbustious.

LIZ

Hey! He was...*is* very romantic. A real considerate gentleman.

ABE

Did he ever consider doing this?

Abe pounces forward and growls in Liz's neck.

Again Liz bursts out laughing from the tickling of his stubble as Abe spins her around to the door leading to her room.

They slam against the door and the door bursts open.

INT. RED LIGHT CANTEEN - LIZ'S ROOM. NIGHT

Abe and Liz fall on the floor, laughing, Abe's arms still around her waist.

Abe locks his eyes on hers, then moves in and kisses her softly on her full lips.

Liz responds, her mouth opening a little more.

Abe picks her up as if she is nothing but a feather, his lips still caressing hers gently. He pulls her closer, more passion emanating from him now.

Liz responds as she wraps her legs around Abe's waist and grabs his strong shoulders firmly, her one hand gliding to his back.

Abe slowly lays Liz down on the bed and gently pulls away, his warm eyes remaining locked onto hers. Removing his shirt Abe exposes his toned body. He takes Liz's trembling hands and places them on his chest. He bends over her.

ABE
(whispers)
Just relax.

Again, he meets her full lips with passion.

As they embrace, Abe's left hand slithers down Liz's side, exploring. He reaches under her dress, moving intently, but gentle.

Liz bites her lip as Abe's hand very sensually strokes her thigh.

Slowly, Abe lifts up Liz's skirt and removes her dress completely. As he continue to hold her, he softly caress a perky breast with his lips, before he lays her down on her back again.

For a moment Abe just stares at her firm, sensual young body, enchanted by her beauty. Then he goes down and kisses Liz's pearly white skin, planting little kisses from her belly button upwards.

Liz arches back, feeling pleasure that she has not yet known.

Reaching her face, Abe whispers again.

ABE (cont'd)
Do you trust me?

LIZ
I trust you.

In a full, passionate embrace Abe hoists himself strongly over Liz, firmly in control, as he takes her to a world beyond her dreams.

EXT. GRASKOP GORGE LIFT. DAY

The tourists are shooting up and down the Graskop Gorge Lift, enjoying the Lowveld's popular attraction. Marco beats the drum, taking selfies with the group close to the rails.

Off to one side, Sean and Leah looks on at the goings-on.

SEAN
So much for staying true to Roy.

LEAH
Or maybe she knew she had to do something extreme in order to further her plans.

SEAN

At the same time staying committed
to Roy whilst taking a risk, right?

LEAH

Much like you seem to do, come to
think of it. Has your girlfriend
replied to your texts yet?

Sean turns to Leah.

SEAN

How do you...?

Leah winks as she admits her guilt.

LEAH

I saw on the bus earlier.

SEAN

Not that is any of your business,
but no. The messages delivered only
now.

LEAH

I'm sure she is just busy.

They turn back to look out over the railing.

SEAN

Has this always been what you
wanted to do?

LEAH

Be a tour guide in the Lowveld? Not
all of us are in the position to
chase our dreams. Sometimes the
risk is just too great.

SEAN

And if you had the opportunity to
do anything you want, anywhere in
the world? Would you take it?

Before Leah can answer, Marco intercedes.

MARCO

Sean! Your turn, Soutie. Or are you
afraid?

Sean accepts the challenge.

SEAN

Lead the way.

Marco and his girls lead Sean to the front of the line at the Gorge Lift.

Leah remains behind. Alone.

EXT. GRASKOP GORGE LIFT. DAY

Marco eagerly takes Sean to the Gorge Lift, a see-through glass box dropping 170 feet down the face of the gorge into the lush forest below at three feet per second. Only the front of the lift is glass from waist height upwards.

The girls jump into the lift as the door opens.

Sean hesitates. He swallows as his palms start to feel a little sweaty.

SEAN

I thought this thing was open on all sides.

Marco sees Sean's reaction.

MARCO

No, you can only see out the front. Come, there are some cool paths and walkways down below.

Marco tries to nudge Sean into the open lift, but now Sean stops solidly.

SEAN

Perhaps another time.

Marco sees this as a challenge.

MARCO

Too risky for you?

No budge from Sean's side.

SEAN

No. Too enclosed.

Marco shrugs and then gets in with the girls, who immediately flank him on either side again.

Sean and Marco locks eyes once more.

One of the girls takes out her phone as Marco flexes his biceps for them as the lift's door closes.

Leah comes up behind Sean.

LEAH

Don't worry. Our next stop is a bit more open.

EXT. GOD'S WINDOW. DAY

The late afternoon sun is painting the sky and the marvelous valley in shadows and beautiful color that truly takes your breath away.

Sean is video calling Derrick, who is with Beth in the old age home. Beth seems to be barely awake.

SEAN

Isn't it beautiful, Grams? It's called God's Window. Sure looks like it, yeah?

DERRICK

Take some photo's, Seany. I'll show it to her later when she wakes up.

Sean is disappointed.

SEAN

Will do. Thanks, D. Hey, how's my love doing? Hello? Der...

The call is cut off. Sean looks frustrated. Leah and Marco joins him.

SEAN (cont'd)

Had to show my Grams. She would've love this.

LEAH

Why didn't you bring her along?

SEAN

She is bedridden and over 80. I think she's a flight risk.

Leah looks like she can bite her tongue.

Marco smiles back.

MARCO

Look at the snaps I took with the chickas. Don't think your Grams will like these, though.

He basically shoves his phone in Sean's face. Leah slaps it down.

LEAH

Why don't you go snap something else?

Marco is oblivious to Leah.

MARCO

Alright! Jeez, we were just having a bit of fun. Fuck me.

He walks off.

SEAN

A 'bit of fun', mmmm? I guess this is also just Marco the Entertaining Tour Guide?

Leah sighs.

LEAH

Please stop presuming that you know him. Or me. Marco was the one who brought me from where I was and gave me this opportunity. We have our own way of making things work, just as I suppose you do with that girlfriend who never texts you back.

Her tone of voice betrays that she does not even believe it herself, really. Sean frowns at her disbelievingly.

SEAN

Shannon and I do not need to rely on text messages to - never mind. You're right. It is none of my business. But tell me, did Abe Bailey ever treat Liz that way?

Leah peers off into the distance.

LEAH

No, I guess not.

INT. RED LIGHT CANTEEN - 1884. NIGHT

Same rowdy situation in the canteen as before. No sign of Parker. Liz strides up and down the bar counter by herself.

The miners cheer wildly as Liz bends over with her back to them and quickly flashes them, flicking her skirt upwards. She turns around and saunters back to the other side of the counter, where Abe leans against the bar and quickly takes the money from PERCIVAL, the winning bidder.

Liz reaches them. She bends over, cups her breasts in her hands and shoves them in Percival's face. He throws his hands in the air.

PERCIVAL

I won! Yeehaah!

Abe glances quickly at Liz, who catches his eye and pleads with hers. Abe nods quickly and tends to Percival.

ABE

Let's get you another drink there,
hey pal?

PERCIVAL

No, I must get my prize...

ABE

Just one more drink for the oomph
you need. She's a handful!

Abe holds out his hand for Liz, as she takes it and jumps down from the counter to go in behind the bar, ignoring Percival flat-out. Percival doesn't notice, but smiles drunkenly at Abe as he agrees.

Trixie comes in from the back and places a wheelbarrow against the wall next to the bar counter.

TRIXIE

(to Liz)

Just in case.

Jim O'Hara joins Abe and Percival.

JIM O'HARA

Quite the tease, isn't she?

ABE

What's that now?

O'Hara looks at Liz pouring brandy.

JIM O'HARA

I think she extorts the boys on purpose.

ABE

Taking money from drunken miners barely counts as extortion, O'Hara.

Jim leans in closer to a visibly irritated Abe.

JIM O'HARA

Still, she seems to know her way around a man's weak spot. Or his stiff spot, ha ha! Cock Teaser Liz, eh?

Abe instinctively pushes Jim away harshly to the side with his elbow. Jim, quite inebriated, stumbles away.

Liz overheard as she hands Abe the drinks.

Abe gives Percival his drink and then shoves him away too.

ABE

Come back in an hour!

LIZ

Did O'Hara just call me 'Cock Teaser Liz'?

Abe can't take to embarrass Liz like this.

ABE

No, no, you misheard. He said *Cockney* Liz - because you're from England, you know.

LIZ

Strange. I don't even have a Cockney accent. Anyway, thanks for saving me from that Percival-fellow. I can't stand him. If Roy would've seen him...this...

ABE

Anything for you, my dear.

She lies on the counter and leans towards Abe, who quickly grabs her closer and kisses her on the lips. Liz looks grateful as she draws away and addresses the crowd.

LIZ
Who thinks it is time for a song?

Wild cheering and clapping as Emily sits down at the piano and starts to play a tune.

Abe turns and stares at Liz, realizing he fell hard.

EXT. GOD'S WINDOW. LATE AFTERNOON

MARCO
My favorite part of the story!

He joined Leah and Sean again unnoticed. Sean is annoyed.

SEAN
Funny, I thought we've already covered your favorite part.

Marco shrugs.

MARCO
Every time Liz gets on the bar is my favorite part!

Leah also heard it and folds her arms as she turns away.

Sean looks at him with contempt.

SEAN
Come on, mate. No woman should have to sell herself just so some guy can have a nice time.

MARCO
Well, what else did she have besides her voice and body? It's not like she had much choice.

SEAN
Oh, so that justifies it?

LEAH
Marco is right, she didn't have much of a choice.

Sean gapes in surprise.

SEAN
Why are you defending him, Leah?

Marco intervenes smugly.

MARCO

We're all selling something: our time, our skills, our knowledge. Liz simply did the same.

SEAN

Maybe we are, maybe we're not.

MARCO

Aren't you literally asking people to buy your trust and skill, mister Investment Broker? That is exactly the same thing. It is only your product that differs.

SEAN

Are we comparing products now? Tell me, Marco, is what you are offering only available to the ladies on the tour, or do you have something for us men, too?

LEAH

I have better things to do than to listen to you two measure dicks.

SEAN

Yeah? Like what? Playing desperate wallflower? Perhaps you should take a page from both Bicep Boy and Liz's books and sell some services too!

Leah storms off.

MARCO

Fuck you, asshole.

Marco rushes after Leah, leaving Sean behind.

EXT. GOD'S WINDOW PARKING LOT. LATE AFTERNOON

Marco walks over to where Leah paces up and down in front of a vendor woman. He takes her gently by the shoulders and stops her reluctantly in her tracks.

LEAH

How can he...my mom...

Leah breaks and sits down. Marco joins her and embraces her shaking shoulders, allowing Leah to sob on his chest.

MARCO

Shh. He won't understand. Not like
I do. I was there, remember?

Leah draws back and wipes her tears with Marco's shirt.

She looks around at the elderly women selling their
bracelets, trinkets, arts and crafts. The German Dad buys a
trinket from a VENDOR LADY and hands it to his daughter, who
runs off with it. They do not even look back at the vendor
lady, who struggles to get up and gather her things.

LEAH

Through all these years we just
keep on selling and you men just
keep on buying.

Marco shushes her again against his broad chest.

MARCO

Come now, babe. You know I'm
just...You know I love you.

He wipes a tear from her cheek with his thumb.

Some distance behind them, Sean takes out his phone and
scrolls down to 'Shannon' and dials.

No answer.

EXT. DAWSONS GUEST LODGE - POOLSIDE. NIGHT

Sean walks out of the front of the lodge, carrying three
bowls of ice cream.

Leah and Marco sit on one of the deck chairs next to the
large rectangular pool, star-gazing into the night sky. Leah
is crouched up between Marco's legs with her back to his
chest.

Sean short-cuts over the lawn to them.

SEAN

Have you guys tasted this ice
cream? It's quite good. Home made,
supposedly.

Marco turns to him, but Leah just keeps on staring at the
stars.

Sean places the tray with the bowls down on one of the deck
chairs next to them as he sits down on it.

SEAN (cont'd)
 Listen, folks, I'm sorry about
 earlier today. I was completely out
 of line.

Now Leah reacts.

LEAH
 Yes, you were.

SEAN
 I'm here to apologize. I was an
 asshole.

Marco, ever the entertainer, holds out a fist in a fist-bump
 gesture.

MARCO
 No sweat, Soutie. We all get
 carried away sometimes.

Leah shoots a quick glance at Sean, but the apology is a
 nice, unexpected surprise.

MARCO (cont'd)
 I got to see a man about a dog.
 I'll be back now, babe.

Marco kisses Leah and walks off.

Beat.

LEAH
 You want to know where Liz really
 got her money from?

INT. RED LIGHT CANTEEN - 1884. NIGHT

The Red Light is bustling with all the regulars and a few
 other shady characters.

LEAH (V.O.)
 From time to time, prospectors from
 Kimberley indeed found their way to
 Barberton. In those days, shares
 were listed on docketts. The
 prospectors would keep them on
 their person for safe-keeping. One
 such prospector was a guy called
 Gert Smit.

A jovially fat fellow, GERT SMIT, throws back tequila shots
 at the bar along with a few bystanders.

GERT SMIT
Let's have another round!

BYSTANDERS
Yeah!

Trixie pours them their shots and throws a glance to where her wheelbarrow stands against the wall.

Liz fetches Beit and Parker's empty plates from their table.

STAFFORD PARKER
How long has that piss pot been drinking?

LIZ
He came in around four o'clock.
Started off with brandy, but that is his fifth or sixth tequila.

BEIT
We must keep an eye on him. Trixie!

Trixie hears him.

Beit points to her wheelbarrow, then to Smit and then opens his palm in a questioning gesture: are you good?

Trixie nods and gives a quick thumbs up: all good!

STAFFORD PARKER
Liz, are you almost ready, dear?

LIZ
Yes. Let me just take these to the kitchen.

She walks off.

Beit scoffs at Parker.

BEIT
Is this still necessary, Parker?

STAFFORD PARKER
Unless you're willing to offer other means to help her get what she wants?

Parker moves to his regular spot next to the bar. Emily starts to play an upbeat tune on the piano.

STAFFORD PARKER (cont'd)
 Attention, everyone! Tonight marks
 five months since our beloved
 Cockney Liz joined us. Who is going
 to be the lucky man to celebrate
 with her tonight?

The crowd cheers.

Beit joins Abe where he stands arms folded at the billiards
 table. Beit leans in confidentially to him.

BEIT
 I have written to Samuel Marks
 today to confirm the arrangements
 at the Witwatersrand. This will be
 our last month in Barberton.

Abe sighs. He doesn't want to leave.

ABE
 When are you going to tell her?

BEIT
 As soon as I received his reply.

ABE
 I meant, when are you going to tell
 her you want to marry her?

Beit is caught off guard.

Abe smiles coyly.

ABE (cont'd)
 Come on, Alfred! I know you do. We
 both do. If I was in any position
 to ask her, I would propose today,
 but alas I am not. You, on the
 other hand...

Beit stares at Liz, parading on the counter as Parker
 handles the auction.

BEIT
 She'll never say yes.

ABE
 No, she won't if you never ask her!
 Go up, buy her for the night and
 ask her to marry you!

Beit turns to Abe again.

BEIT
 Alright, maybe I will!

Beit walks forward, just as Gert Smit swings around on his bar stool, sticking a crumpled sheet of paper in the air.

GERT SMIT
 Ninety-six shares at the Kimberley
 Imperial Gold Mine!

Beit stops in his tracks.

The crowd goes dead quiet. None of the regular miners has that kind of money.

Gert doesn't seem too affected.

GERT SMIT (cont'd)
 Did I win?

STAFFORD PARKER
 Uh, yes, you did. Congratulations,
 mister...

GERT SMIT
 Call me Smittie!

As he shouts, he falls over backwards off his bar stool.

Abe pounces on him immediately and takes the crumpled paper from him.

ABE
 Let me hold onto that for you!

Liz slowly climbs down from the bar counter. Her eyes meet Abe's, who quickly nods at her before helping Smit up.

ABE (cont'd)
 So, Smittie, what was it you were
 drinking?

GERT SMIT
 To kill ya!

ABE
 Let's get you another one.

Abe waves at Trixie behind the bar. He winks at Liz who, clearly relieved, holds her hands together, prayer-like: thank you.

The tequilas arrive and Gert and Abe both clink the glasses. While Gert downs his drink immediately, Abe throws his out over his shoulder. Gert tries to get up, but smacks down on the floor, passed out.

Trixie stands closer, wheelbarrow at the ready, but Liz waves her off.

LIZ
Leave him there. We'll wash the
floor tomorrow.

INT. BARBERTON CLAIM EXCHANGE - 1884. DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Still quiet in the office, a CLAIM EXCHANGE CLERK yawns as he sits down behind a neatly organized counter.

Liz enters, once more a proper, stand-up English gal.

CLAIM EXCHANGE CLERK
Good morning, miss. How may I help
you?

LIZ
Good morning, sir. I came into
possession of these claims last
night and I would like to know
their worth, please.

CLAIM EXCHANGE CLERK
Let's see...

He puts on his glasses, takes the paper from her and examines it. Then he frowns, takes out a ledger from a drawer and rummages through it. After a while:

CLAIM EXCHANGE CLERK (cont'd)
It states that the rightful owner
of these shares is a 'Mister Smit'
- did he just...give these shares
to you?

Beat, as Liz formulates the answer.

LIZ
For all practical purposes, that is
correct.

The clerk whistles through his teeth and takes off his glasses.

CLAIM EXCHANGE CLERK
He must have been hammered.

LIZ
Why is that, sir?

CLAIM EXCHANGE CLERK
Dearie, these shares are worth
thirteen pounds apiece. There are
ninety-six of them on this docket.
Now, unless this is a false claim,
which it certainly does not look
like to me - you're rich!

The clerk hands her back the docket. Liz stares from him to the docket in amazement.

INT. RED LIGHT CANTEEN - 1884. DAY

Liz enters from the front door as Emily throws a bucket of water over the still passed-out Gert Smit. He groggily awakes. Sort-of.

Liz simply steps over him.

LIZ
Miss Emily, are you still
interested to sell the Canteen?

EMILY FERNANDEZ
(looking at Smit)
Of course I am. Why?

LIZ
What is your selling price?

MONTAGE - RED LIGHT CANTEEN CHANGED TO COCKNEY LIZ BILLIARD SALOON - 1884

- Walls are broken out
- The old signboard at the entrance is removed.
- A large billiard table is carried in through the doors.
- New walls are covered with wallpaper.
- A new signboard. "Cockney Liz Billiard Saloon", is placed at the entrance.
- Liz and Abe stand next to the building. Abe is breaking the bad news to her. Liz hammers with her fists on his chest, but Abe manages to embrace her as she finally sobs against his shoulder.

EXT. COCKNEY LIZ BILLIARD SALOON - STREET - 1884. NIGHT

People arrive at the saloon, dressed in their finest.

A sign in the window proclaims: "Opening Night".

INT. LIZ'S ROOM - 1884. NIGHT

Nothing new here, though. Liz wears a gorgeous midnight blue low-cut dress. She quietly reads through Roy's last letter to her.

There is a knock on the door.

Liz drops the letter on her dresser and impatiently gets up to answer it.

It is Alfred Beit, dashing and debonair as ever.

BEIT

You look incredible, darling.

Liz beams.

LIZ

Alfred...so do you!

Beit returns her smile and brings forth a silky black box.

BEIT

I have something for you. It will go perfectly with this dress.

He opens the box. Inside, on the soft silk, lies a magnificent pearl necklace and matching earrings.

Liz looks sad. She starts to close the lid.

LIZ

Oh, Alfred...I...

BEIT

This is just a start. Abe and I are leaving for Johannesburg in the morning and...

Liz snaps the lid close and turns away.

LIZ

I still can't believe the two of you are simply leaving me to be on my own like this.

BEIT

Then don't. Come along as my wife.

Liz turns back to him.

LIZ

What did you say?

Beit takes Liz's hands gently in his and opens the box again.

BEIT

The chances of you ever finding Roy are growing less by the day. Come with me, and I will make you the happiest woman in the world.

Liz slowly and quietly closes the lid.

LIZ

I just can't give up yet. I still don't know if...he could still show up, you know, and then...

Beit looks away, hurt, but he remains mature and composed. His gaze returns to meet Liz's eyes with a sad smile.

BEIT

Then it is a farewell gift. Or use it to aid you in your search. I only want to see you happy, my darling, and if finding Roy will make you happy, then so be it.

LIZ

I never wanted to hurt you. You have been nothing but wonderful to me since the moment we met.

She tears up and looks down, but Beit lifts her cheek with one hand.

BEIT

I will miss you dearly, Elizabeth Burgess. Do know that my offer will always be of effect. Always.

Liz embraces Beit in a heartfelt hug.

INT. COCKNEY LIZ BILLIARD SALOON - 1884. NIGHT

The place looks new and spruced up. The normally rowdy bunch of attendants fits in with the decorations - clean and shaven, accompanied by elegantly dressed wives.

Liz and Beit enter from the back door. Beit crosses the floor to where Abe stands off to one side.

Abe asks with his eyes: Yes?

To which Beit answers with his: No.

Abe puts a comforting hand on his mentor's shoulder.

Liz, breathtakingly beautiful, wearing the necklace and earrings, takes the floor.

LIZ

Good evening, all. Thank you so much for coming out to the opening of the brand new Cockney Liz Billiard Saloon.

Loud applause. Liz smiles proudly, trying to find the familiar eyes of Emily, Beit and Abe.

LIZ (cont'd)

I trust the name won't confuse our regular patrons to miss our doors and walk over to the Phoenix.

General gentle laughter.

LIZ (cont'd)

I sincerely hope that this saloon will continue to be the choice establishment for all. But tonight also sadly marks the farewell of my two dearest friends.

Liz finds Beit and Abe, the one looking sadder than the other.

LIZ (cont'd)

I honestly do not know how I am going to cope without you in my life. This is my farewell gift to you.

Emily starts to play a haunting melody on the piano.

LIZ (cont'd)
<Original Farewell Song>

The song ends with Liz in front of Beit and Abe. The three of them hug tightly.

A quiet moment, and then eruption of applause.

Finally Liz releases them and walks back to the center.

LIZ (cont'd)
 And now, I am proud to present to
 you, courtesy of the Golden Dane
 whom you all remember, for the
 first time ever in Barberton: her
 exquisite French Ladies!

Upbeat music starts to play. A troupe of SIX GIRLS dressed as MOULIN ROUGE DANCERS enter through the back door and get up on the bar counter from both ends. They start off with a perfectly rehearsed sexy Baz Luhrman-meets-Coyote Ugly dance routine.

As the audience members are enticed by the dancing girls, Liz sees Beit and Abe leave through the crowd and out the front door.

Something inside her sinks - she knows she will never see them again.

EXT. DAWSONS GUEST LODGE - POOLSIDE. NIGHT

Leah has taken a bowl of ice cream and now finishes it.

SEAN
 No!

Leah licks the spoon.

LEAH
 It sucks, huh?

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN
 That woman takes commitment to
 another level, doesn't she?

Leah sits up a bit straighter.

LEAH
 That's just who she was, I guess.

SEAN

Would you have done the same thing
if you were in her shoes?

Leah sighs hopeless and lies back on the deck chair.

LEAH

How can I truly say one way or the
other? If she goes with Beit, she
sells her dream of finding Roy. If
she doesn't, she have to keep on
selling herself. Either way, she
loses.

Sean places his bowl down and lies back.

Beat.

SEAN

How messed-up is life? You want to
survive, you have to sell. Skills,
knowledge, your body...

He pulls up his shoulders and grunts softly.

For a while the two of them just lie there, staring at the
massive night sky.

SEAN (cont'd)

I really am sorry about my remark
earlier today.

LEAH

My mom was a prostitute.

Sean turns his head to Leah but remains quiet, giving her
space to say what she needs to.

LEAH (cont'd)

Not like...she didn't stand on
corners or anything. But she did
make men pay to have their way with
her. That's how she put bread on
our table.

SEAN

(carefully)

And she couldn't find other work?

Leah continues without looking at Sean, semi-protected by
the darkness.

LEAH

She did work. She was a cashier in a local bank. My dad was the bank manager, but he split as soon as I was born. They weren't married, so...

SEAN

So she did what she thought she had to, leaving you to fend for yourself as you grow up. Until Marco came along.

LEAH

Until Marco came along.

SEAN

Funny we should have that in common.

Now Leah turns to Sean.

LEAH

How do you mean?

SEAN

Shannon is my Marco.

LEAH

Tell me more?

SEAN

When I was a small boy I went on a hiking trip with my parents. There was a cave-in and they both died, but I survived. My grandmother had to raise me.

Silence from Leah's side.

SEAN (cont'd)

She gave all that she had to make sure I can live well. I studied, got my degree, met Shannon and eventually started the company. Last year Grams fell ill, so I had her admitted to a nursing home. She also needs to live well.

LEAH

Now her risk is paying its reward, right?

Sean grins softly.

SEAN

If something happens to her while I'm here...She's ailing rapidly. I've never been away from her this long.

LEAH

Then why are you here, Sean?

Sean relents.

SEAN

Shannon gave me an ultimatum, which now sounds rather silly, really. I have to find the other half of the brooch.

LEAH

Why are you looking for it here in the Lowveld?

SEAN

There is a riddle inside the half I have, noting Pilgrim's Rest. Maybe Liz left it behind here somewhere.

LEAH

Show me the riddle tomorrow. We can try to solve it together.

Sean nods and smiles. He picks up Marco's bowl of ice cream, now melted.

SEAN

Do you want some more?

INT. DAWSONS GUEST LODGE - SEAN'S ROOM. NIGHT

The door creaks open and a thin shaft of light spills in.

Marco sneaks inside and closes the door behind him, soundless. The drawn curtains greatly darken the room.

Marco moves through the room, opens and closes a few drawers, lifts up papers and pillows, digs in the dustbin underneath the desk. He can't seem to find what he is looking for, though.

Marco walks around the bed to the bathroom, but his foot trips over the protruding leg of the standing tilting mirror.

Marco loses his balance and hits the mirror, making it swing on its hinges over him as he falls down on the cold stone floor.

The bottom end of the mirror swings back and hits the wall with a loud CLANG!

Marco quickly, but clearly in much pain, grabs onto it in order to restore silence.

He manages to get up, his lower back and knee clearly hurt.

As fast as possible, but with great difficulty, Marco limps out of the door.

EXT. DAWSONS GUEST LODGE - POOLSIDE. NIGHT

Sean and Leah eat the melted ice cream from Marco's bowl.

Then they hear the noise from the mirror, now more a dull THUD coming from Sean's nearby room.

SEAN

I better go check it out.

INT. DAWSONS GUEST LODGE - SEAN'S ROOM. NIGHT

Sean pushes open the slightly ajar door and switches on a light as he and Leah enter.

Sean walks in first and scans around. He double-takes when he looks at the mirror. Did it stand like that earlier?

A cat runs out from inside the room, speeding to the outside between their legs.

Sean jumps and Leah bursts out laughing.

SEAN

Well, we are on a farm in Africa.

LEAH

We are, indeed.

Sean turns to Leah.

A quiet moment between them. Then:

LEAH (cont'd)

I should get to bed. We're doing Eureka City and the Golden Quarry tomorrow.

SEAN

Right. Sleep well, Leah.

He awkwardly leans in to give her a hug, but Leah retreats a little, caught a bit off guard. She manages a smile.

LEAH

You too.

Leah walks out and Sean closes the door.

When Leah has gone, Sean hits his head with the palm of his hand. Then he takes out the brooch carefully and observes it once more in the soft light coming from the window.

SEAN

Where is your other half hiding?

INT. DAWSONS GUEST LODGE - LEAH AND MARCO'S ROOM. NIGHT

Leah closes the door and sits down on her bed. She can hear the shower running from the bathroom.

Leah quickly looks to the bathroom. Then she opens her backpack and brings forth a similar box to the one Sean has. She opens it: it contains the other half of the brooch.

Leah carefully opens her half, but it is empty inside. Leah sighs, closes it and hides it again.

EXT. EUREKA CITY GOLDEN QUARRY ROAD. DAY

The tour group walks up a steep, narrow gravel mountainside road, leading to the quarry, inaccessible by bus.

SEAN

Want to hear the riddle?

LEAH

Yes, please!

SEAN

"Two lies, one wrong, none can tell
apart. The purest gold is buried
deep inside my heart. Pilgrim's
Rest, South Africa 1886."

Leah shakes her head.

LEAH

Doesn't mean anything specific to
me. But hey, we are on our way to a
mine. Maybe you will find something
here.

Sean doesn't buy Leah's aloofness, but he lets it go for the time being, as she changes the subject.

LEAH (cont'd)

You said this quest was an ultimatum from Shannon? How?

SEAN

She is the money behind our firm. Derrick is the hustler, which makes me the brains, I guess.

Marco joins Sean and Leah, totally aloof to their conversation and he interrupts them.

MARCO

Crazy to think Liz and them used to walk these paths on a regular basis.

SEAN

Now why would they do that?

LEAH

Charity trips. And the odd horse race which sometimes happened in Eureka City.

MARCO

It was on one of these trips that Liz stumbled upon her next squeeze.

SEAN

Her what?

LEAH

Ugh, Marco! Just let me tell the story, okay?

Marco jokingly mocks back.

MARCO

Ugh, okay Leah! Let me go see what the fun crowd of the tour is up to.

Marco leaves to the front as Sean takes a sip of water.

LEAH

In only two short years Liz established herself well in the district as a businesswoman and philanthropist. No more auctioning herself off, choosing her clients much more discreetly.

EXT. FIELD TRAIL FROM EUREKA TO BARBERTON - 1886. DAY

Liz and Trixie walk along a field trail, a shoulder bag of sorts over Liz's shoulder.

LEAH (V.O.)

One day, Liz and Trixie were returning to Barberton from a fund-raising horse race in Eureka City when they found a body lying in the grass.

Ahead of them, a MAN'S legs are visible, the rest of his body hidden by a shrubbery, in a very awkward position.

TRIXIE

What on earth...

They rush closer.

The man's clothes are mere rags, his exposed forearms scratched bloody. An excuse for a hat partially covers his dark unshaven face. For the time being, he seems unrecognizable. The man doesn't move nor make a sound.

Liz hunches over him and feels his pulse.

LIZ

He's still alive.

TRIXIE

There are spare beds at the Phoenix. Grab his feet.

His one ankle is swollen enormously.

LIZ

This is going to hurt.

TRIXIE

If he doesn't wake from the pain, he'll be fine.

Liz and Trixie grab a leg each and carefully drag the man out of the shrubbery.

Once he is out in the open, they get underneath his arms and manage to lift him up.

The man groans softly, but remains unconscious.

INT. PHOENIX HOTEL HOSPITAL ROOM - 1886. DAY

Liz and Trixie struggle through the door and lay the man down on the first open bed.

TRIXIE
Wow, dead men are heavy!

LIZ
(out of breath)
He's not dead, but yes I bet he's
at least 180 pounds...

TRIXIE
...of muscle!

She looks at his toned body and then at Liz, giving her a knowing smile.

The MAN's ragged shirt reveals a sculpted, muscular torso.

The girls just stare at the unconscious MAN, finally able to get a proper look at him.

LIZ
Please bring a towel and some water
so we can clean his face.

TRIXIE
And his chest!

Liz clicks her tongue, but smiles as Trixie giggles and spins around to fetch the water and towel.

Liz removes the hat. She gently strokes through his sweaty hair. Something about the man's face wants to be familiar to her, but she can't place her finger on it.

Trixie returns with the water and two soft towels.

They start to clean his face as he coughs through parched lips. Liz softly presses the wet cloth on his dry mouth.

Trixie suddenly stops.

TRIXIE (cont'd)
Lizzie, do you realize who this is?
It's that guy that was with us on
the coach! Scrimmy, Scotty...

LIZ
Scribbens.

Scribbens coughs again. His eyes flutters open at the sound of his name.

SCRIBBENS

Water...

Liz takes a glass, pours a little water into it and holds it tenderly against his mouth for him to take a small sip.

Trixie stands back. Something is definitely brewing here.

INT. PHOENIX HOTEL HOSPITAL ROOM - 1886. NIGHT (LATER)

Scribbens, now cleaned up and bandaged, sits in the hospital bed, propped up against a bunch of pillows.

Liz feeds him some broth from a bowl.

LIZ

Come on. Open up.

Scribbens obeys reluctantly.

SCRIBBENS

Mm-mm, that is enough, thank you.

LIZ

I'll say when it is enough. Come, you need to get your strength back.

Scribbens groans softly, but the sight of Liz's wild brown curls makes him sip the last spoonful.

Liz puts down the bowl.

LIZ (cont'd)

So, mister Scribbens, how did you end up underneath those bushes?

Scribbens clears his throat, coughing a little.

SCRIBBENS

Please, call me Fred. And I got lost. I was done with my business at Pilgrim's Rest and was sent here to investigate the mining activities at Sheba Gold Mine.

LIZ

I've heard they had some irregularities lately.

SCRIBBENS

Indeed. But on the way I was
attacked by a leopard.

Liz is genuinely shocked.

LIZ

A leopard? Goodness!

SCRIBBENS

I injured my foot in the process of
escaping. I lost my water canteen,
so I just aimed for the closest
patch of shade.

LIZ

And that's where we found you.

SCRIBBENS

And that's where you found me.

He clearly meant that in the singular.

Liz inadvertently licks the spoon - and then realizes what
she is doing.

LIZ

Well, until you are strong enough
to keep your own head up, you
aren't investigating anything.

SCRIBBENS

What does a lady such as yourself
do around here? Besides nursing
injured travelers?

Liz stands up and turns away from him.

LIZ

I run a business. Among other
things.

Scribbens doesn't pry.

SCRIBBENS

Alright. Maybe you'll entertain my
investigative nature some other
time.

Liz nods.

LIZ
Get some sleep now.

He smiles warmly at her.

SCRIBBENS
Thank you again, Liz. I owe you.

Scribbens lies back and closes his eyes with his hands folded across his bare, bandaged chest.

Liz looks at him, suddenly inexplicably saddened. Then she turns and leaves.

INT. COCKNEY LIZ BILLIARD SALOON - 1886. NIGHT

The French Girls finish up doing their thing to the rhythms of 'Funiculi Funicula' with the miners clapping along merrily, as Liz sneaks in from the back door to join Trixie behind the bar.

TRIXIE
How's our patient?

LIZ
He is...*should* be fine.

Trixie pours a drink and hands it to a customer. The French Girls are done and now start to mingle with the miners.

At the back of the Saloon a brawl breaks out, starting off between TWO MINERS and A FRENCH GIRL, but quickly joined by more men.

Full-blown bar fight. Fists fly, punches are thrown, bottles and glasses break along with bodies thrown and shoved about.

Finally, the two main culprits smash through a big glass window and fall down outside.

A pissed-off Liz angrily rings the bell at the bar.

LIZ (cont'd)
Out! Everybody out! And tell those two they can go drink somewhere else from now on!

The crowd reluctantly disperses, the mood now dampened.

EXT. SALOON/ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. DAY

Two wooden planks have been crudely nailed over the broken window. Liz stands with her hands on her hips and examines the space where the window should be replaced. Above the side entrance of the Saloon, a new signboard now reads "Royal Albert Hall".

Scribbens wobbles over, with a crutch. Still bandaged up, he looks much better. Liz sees him from the corner of her eye.

LIZ
You should be resting.

SCRIBBENS
That's all I've done for two weeks!
I'm bored out of my skull.

LIZ
Hmmm.

Scribbens halts next to her.

SCRIBBENS
How long before the new window
arrives?

LIZ
Three, four weeks. If the wagon
doesn't tumble down Glenthorpe
Chute again like with the first
one.

SCRIBBENS
Let me do the replacement for you.

LIZ
I beg your pardon?

SCRIBBENS
You saved my life. This way I repay
my debt and you save some money.
How does that sound?

Appealing - that's how it sounds.

LIZ
That would be most kind of you.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. DAY

A horse-cart comes to a halt next to the building. Charlie jumps off from next to the driver.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
Delivery for Cockney Liz!

Liz comes around from the front. Scribbens hobbles after her, his foot still bandaged but now without a crutch.

SCRIBBENS
Charlie!

Charlie is pleasantly surprised to see him.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
Freddo! Good to see you, mate! Hey Lizzie!

The two men greet. Liz lifts a hand in a friendly wave.

SCRIBBENS
Let me take that glass off the cart.

Scribbens one-leg-hops over to the cart. Charlie and Liz look on in amusement.

LIZ
Wow. You're really committed to this, aren't you, Fred?

Scribbens leans over the cart and tries to take the heavy glass plates off by himself.

SCRIBBENS
My word is my honor. Isn't yours?

He is not going to manage the glass by himself, though.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
Let me go help the man.

LIZ
Thank you, Charlie. I'll be inside.

Liz walks off as Charlie goes to help Scribbens.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
You helping Liz out, yeah?

SCRIBBENS
She saved my life. Long story.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
Liz is a long story.

Scribbens frowns.

SCRIBBENS
Meaning?

Charlie shakes his head as they offload the glass plates.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
One for another day. Let's get
these inside and grab a treat for
our throats.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. DAY

The new window is in place.

Scribbens, now fully recovered and shirtless, stands on a ladder and hammers in a final nail into a top wooden pane. He hangs back a little to admire his own handiwork.

SCRIBBENS
Not too shabby.

Liz arrives, caught off guard by his torso, glistening with sweat in the afternoon sun.

LIZ
(to herself)
Easy, girl.
(to Scribbens)
Looking good!

SCRIBBENS
Huh?

LIZ
The window. It looks good.

SCRIBBENS
Anything for you, lovely lady!

Liz barely manages to keep her pose as Scribbens gets off the ladder, jumping the last couple of rungs.

LIZ
Well, it seems that you are both a
flatterer and a scoundrel, as you
(MORE)

LIZ (cont'd)
 put me back in your debt. How do
 you feel about donuts?

Scribbens rubs the sweat off his face with his arm.

SCRIBBENS
 Donuts?

Liz reveals the contents of the basket she carries: donuts
 covered in chocolate and icing. She covers them again.

LIZ
 Make yourself respectable and you
 can have some.

Scribbens smiles coyly.

SCRIBBENS
 Am I not respectable enough?

Liz takes a tin jug standing nearby and chucks the water
 within at him to splash him down.

Scribbens laughs and throws on his dirty shirt. He grabs a
 chocolate donut and takes a big bite.

SCRIBBENS (cont'd)
 (with his mouth full)
 These are good!
 (finishing up)
 Come, I know just where we can eat
 the rest!

EXT. WATERFALL - 1886. DAY

Scribbens and Liz arrive at a beautiful secluded waterfall.
 The rugged rocks, soft green grass and shady trees with
 beautiful red and orange flowers speckled around make it
 look as if this place was made especially for them.

Liz places down the basket on a patch of grass.

Scribbens quickly strips down to his fatigues. He climbs
 effortlessly onto a rocky ledge about ten feet up and dives
 into the cold water.

As he breaks the surface:

SCRIBBENS
 Whoohoo! Come on, Liz, join me!

Liz chuckles.

LIZ
Turn around!

Scribbens raises an eyebrow, but then turns around.

Liz strips down and carefully slides into the pool. The cold water makes her gasp. Immediately Scribbens turns back. He grins and swims closer to her, takes her by her hands and pulls her closer to embrace her.

For a second it looks as if Liz is going to let him, but then she splashes him and swims away to one side.

Scribbens sees her play and chases after her with quick strokes. He ducks underwater and pulls her underneath by the legs. Liz screams and laughs, kicks him off and swims away again, splashing him profusely.

Scribbens chuckles, swims to the edge and gets out. He climbs back onto the ledge.

Liz observes him with anticipation.

Scribbens "cannon balls" into the mountain pool, splashing Liz.

She shrieks again and as he comes up, she dunks his head under the water.

EXT. WATERFALL GRASS - 1886. DAY

Scribbens and Liz lay down on the blanket in the shade of a tree, nibbling at the last of the donuts.

Liz is now loosely clothed again, but Scribbens is still shirtless. Both now completely at ease with each other.

SCRIBBENS
Have you ever heard or found
anything about Roy?

Liz wipes some cream of her lips and shakes her head.

LIZ
No-one has even heard his name. It
is as if he was swallowed up alive
by a mine shaft. I guess I won't
receive a diamond ring after all.

Scribbens looks off to one side, sees something and then gets up.

He walks off and picks a small, blood red flower with long, thin leaves and a golden yellow center (today we know them as 'BARBERTON DAISIES').

Scribbens sits down close to Liz and holds out the flower to her.

SCRIBBENS

Not receiving the expected return on investment from our commitments is a terrible thing, but to let that close our eyes to all the other beautiful things in the world is worse. These flowers, what are they called?

Liz frowns at the flower in Scribbens' hand.

LIZ

I've never heard anyone call them anything, really.

SCRIBBENS

Then you name it. Come on, do it.

Liz looks up. Invitation accepted.

LIZ

'Barberton Daisies'. There, I named a flower. Does that count as keeping my eyes open to beautiful things?

SCRIBBENS

It most certainly does.

Scribbens lowers the flower, lifts Liz's chin with two fingers and kisses her tenderly.

Their lips meet, almost quivering, as Scribbens gently but firmly pulls Liz closer, salving her sadness with his kiss.

On the blanket under the tree Scribbens envelopes Liz in his strong arms.

As he caresses her gently yet passionately, Liz inch by inch commits herself to him completely.

EXT. EUREKA CITY GOLDEN QUARRY. DAY

The Golden Quarry is an abandoned mine quarry inside a mountain, with a huge cavern that is accessed by a low, narrow tunnel. Made safe and secure with some bolted down railings, tourists seem to enjoy abseiling into the cave from the large shaft opening above.

The tour group mingles at the entrance to the mine, interested and ready to investigate.

LEAH

Now, please remember to keep your hard hats on at all times and to stay only on the marked pathways. Do not let go of the handrails, even if you think you can handle it by yourself.

MARCO

The floor of the cave is extremely slippery from the loose rocks. We don't want any broken ankles, okay? Alright, follow me.

Excitedly, the crowd disappears into the mine.

Sean, much more reluctant, follows at the back.

INT. EUREKA CITY GOLDEN QUARRY. DAY

The tour group shuffles slowly along the marked pathways, carefully observing where to tread.

Marco and Leah lead them to the largest cavern, where a broad shaft of light streams in from above.

As Marco starts to explain the history of the mine to the tour group, Sean uneasily enters from the entrance tunnel. He breathes a bit heavier, even though the ventilation is quite good.

Under his breath, he mutters a motivation to himself to continue.

A noise of someone rolling on stones makes Sean lose his footing and he grabs onto the railing to steady himself.

Carefully, he treads down the stone stairs to join the rest of the group.

Marco has finished his speech.

MARCO

Let's go on.

The German dad stands next to Sean. He looks around, calling to his kids to follow.

GERMAN DAD

Berno? Gita?

Sean scans the crowd. He doesn't see the kids.

GERMAN DAD (cont'd)

Gita! Bernardo! Wo seid ihr?

Leah's eyes meet Sean's from where she stands. Sean shakes his head. The kids are gone.

The German dad's voice now becomes frantic.

GERMAN DAD (cont'd)

Berno! Gita!

The rest of the tour group now joins in calling them, but there is still no reply.

And then:

BERNO

Help! Pappa!

Sean realizes the voice comes from somewhere off to his right side. Careful not to slip, he turns that way.

A steep slope of loose pebbles and rocks leads off into a ditch, a mere crack in the rocks but wide enough to fall into.

Sean slowly approaches the crevice into which the two kids seem to have slipped.

Some of the rocks give way under his feet and he slides almost three feet before two hands from behind reaches quickly to steady him.

MARCO

Easy now, Sean.

A few feet behind Marco, the German dad also tries to go closer, but Leah holds him back.

LEAH

No! The more people down there, the more unstable it becomes. They will get them out.

Sean and Marco look at each other. Sean's eyes are widened, but Marco calms him down.

MARCO

Now listen, I'm going to grab you by your ankles. Slide across on your stomach and reach for them. When you have them, yell back 'pull' and I will pull you out. I have a cable around my waist. I won't let you slip in after them. And breathe, Sean. I know tight spaces are not your thing.

Sean swallows at the lump in his throat and then proceeds to bend over on his hunches until he lies flat on his stomach. Ever so slowly he slithers forward to the crevice.

As he verges over the edge of the darkening hole, Marco grabs hold of Sean's ankles, his strong forearm muscles tightening their grip.

The boy, Berno, managed to fall in behind his sister and Sean reaches him first.

Berno already holds out his hands to Sean's.

Sean grabs both of Berno's hands in his own.

SEAN

Pull!

Marco pulls him backwards, slowly but strongly, until Berno can clamber out by himself. Berno rushes past Sean, not stopping to thank him, straight towards his father.

Sean remains face down on his stomach.

SEAN (cont'd)

The sister is in even further.

MARCO

Just breathe, mate. I got you.
Let's get her out.

Sean catches a breath and looks full in Marco's eyes.

There is no evil intent in them whatsoever.

Sean nods.

Once more Sean slithers forward as Marco grabs his ankles even earlier.

Up behind them, Leah secures the rope from Marco's waist around a bolted down railing.

Sean now hangs almost completely upside down.

Gita is wailing now, not heeding him any attention.

Remembering her name, Sean calls out to her:

SEAN

Gita! Gita! Greif zu!

Gita finally looks up at Sean's outstretched hands and then reaches for them.

Struggling wildly to control his own breathing now, Sean manages to shout back:

SEAN (cont'd)

Pull! Pull!

With a rough jolt, Marco pulls them back up.

The German dad has now made his way to Marco anyway, and as soon as Gita appears above the ridge of the crevice, he grabs her and pulls her to safety.

Marco pulls Sean back up safely and rolls Sean over on his back as Sean huffs and puffs, struggling to regain some control over his breathing.

Marco hunches close to his face.

MARCO

Well done, Soutie. You're a champ.

With an outstretched hand, he pulls Sean upright.

Everybody gives loud applause as Marco raises Sean's hand in the air.

MARCO (cont'd)

Ladies and gents, our hero!

Sean breathes a little easier now and manages a smile, but he immediately starts back up the stone stairs towards the entrance.

Halfway up, Sean touches his right pant's pocket where he keeps the box with the brooch.

It is empty.

Sean turns back towards the crevice, his face now ashen as he realizes that there is no way for him to find the black box ever again.

Marco sees his reaction and has one of his own: Fuck.

EXT. CAMP FIRE OUTSIDE THE QUARRY. LATE AFTERNOON.

Outside the Quarry, on a large, flat spot of grass, the tour group has set-up camp for the night. Tents are pitched and people are settling down.

Sean sits alone at the fire next to the logs starting to take flame. He glances at two text messages on his phone which apparently came through a few hours earlier:

Derrick: Hey mate. When are you returning? Things do not look good for Grams. Better hurry up and come back.

Shannon: Hi. Glad you're enjoying it.

And an email with the subject: **Brooch Appraisal.**

Sean slips his phone back into his pant's pocket without opening the email.

Leah walks up and sits down next to him.

LEAH

I don't think she deserves you as the brains of your company.

Sean scoffs, but keeps quiet.

LEAH (cont'd)

So, why does the hero of the day look so down?

Beat.

SEAN

I lost it.

LEAH

What?

SEAN

The box must have slipped out of my pocket when Marco pulled me up. Looks like both halves are somewhere in the Lowveld now.

Sean throws another log on the fire.

SEAN (cont'd)

You know the best part? I don't even care about the monetary value of it anymore. I just wanted to prove a point to Shannon, to show her I can commit to her and what she wants, not just to our company. So much for that.

Leah bites her bottom lip.

LEAH

"Two lies, one wrong..."

SEAN

"...None can tell apart." Yeah.

Beat.

LEAH

I lied to you.

SEAN

What?

LEAH

I know what the riddle means. And what happened to the brooch.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

The Saloon is closed for a private function. The tables are arranged in two long rows, set beautifully with fine silver ware and crystal glasses.

BARBERTON DAISY flower arrangements adorn the whole place.

A few MINING DIRECTORS and their wives are seated at the long tables.

At the head of one table Scribbens sits, with Liz seated to his one side and Charlie to the other.

Trixie, dressed quite neatly, stands behind the bar, ready to tend to the prestigious clientele.

Scribbens clinks a teaspoon on the edge of his glass.

SCRIBBENS

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you all for joining us tonight to celebrate the wonderful prospects at Sheba Gold Mine. Shall I propose a toast?

Everyone lifts their glasses

SCRIBBENS

To Sheba Gold Mine. May her lodes
of gold never run dry.

ALL

To Sheba!

Scribbens winks at Liz, who gets up.

SCRIBBENS

And now as a little treat, I give
you the lady of the establishment
herself: our magical Cockney Liz!

The guests clap enthusiastically.

Liz goes to stand next to the piano. Emily starts to play an
intro.

Liz looks at Scribbens, smiles warmly, and draws in her
breath to hit the first notes.

DWAH!! The doors of the Saloon flies open - and in tramps
Captain Moonlight, followed by the rest of the Irish
Brigade.

Liz's stolen brooch is pinned very visibly on his chest.

All of their guns are ready and drawn.

CAPT MOONLIGHT

Well, well! What have we here?

Emily stops playing. Some of the women scream.

Liz looks at Capt Moonlight in horror and disgust.

LIZ

You! How dare you wear that?!

Capt Moonlight is perplexed, but only for a second.

CAPT MOONLIGHT

Oh, I remember you, lass! You want
this back, eh?

Liz, overcome with rage, storms Capt Moonlight, but he is
too strong for her and uses her momentum to grab her in his
grip. He swings her around with his gun to her head.

CAPT MOONLIGHT (cont'd)
 Let's make this an early night,
 boys! I'm hungry.

Capt Moonlight sniffs Liz's hair and cackles, holding her even tighter in his grip.

Scribbens tries to move forward, but he is stopped in his tracks by a teenage-looking Brigade-member, JAMES, who holds a rifle up to Scribbens' chest.

The rest of the Brigade gather the loot and move toward the door.

Then Liz bites down hard into Capt Moonlight's arm, making it count.

CAPT MOONLIGHT (cont'd)
 Ahhh! Bitch!

He clocks Liz against her head, throws her over his shoulder and leads the Brigade hurriedly outside.

Chaos breaks out. Women grab their leftover belongings and head for the door.

Scribbens grabs the man closest to him by the arm.

SCRIBBENS
 Call the police. We're going after
 them!

The man nods and runs out the front door.

Scribbens turns around to Charlie and Trixie.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
 Don't ask me how I know this, but I
 know a shortcut to their hideout.
 It is actually quite close, just up
 the mountain.

TRIXIE
 I'm coming with you.

Scribbens only hesitates for a second.

SCRIBBENS
 Okay.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
 Follow me.

The three of them run out the back door.

EXT. MINE SHAFT ENTRANCE - 1886. NIGHT

The Irish Brigade comes to a halt in a clearing just outside the entrance to an unused mine shaft.

Capt Moonlight jumps off his horse, grabs a tied-up Liz and throws her to the ground.

Two of the BRIGADERS open the sack with their loot.

BRIGADER 1
(whistles)
There's some pretty stones in here!

Capt Moonlight kills their party immediately.

CAPT MOONLIGHT
Put it away! We need to move right now. Those other bastards will come looking for her.

BRIGADER 2
How 'bout a round with her first?

The rest of the Brigade cheer in agreement.

CAPT MOONLIGHT
Later! Go get your shit while I watch the whore.

With moans and groans the Brigaders go inside the mine shaft to gather their sparse belongings.

James remains outside with Capt Moonlight.

CAPT MOONLIGHT (cont'd)
James, climb into that tree. Shout if you see anyone coming.

James nods and quietly dashes towards a tall tree some fifty yards from the shaft entrance.

Liz, tied and gagged but awake, looks on in fear.

EXT. FIELD NEARBY MINE SHAFT ENTRANCE - 1886. NIGHT

Charlie, Scribbens and Trixie creep through the bushes, Charlie in front. From their position they can make out the entrance to the mine shaft.

They all whisper.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

This is as close as I can get us
without being seen by that lightie
in the tree. We'll need something
to distract him.

TRIXIE

Something like these?

She points to her breasts.

Charlie smiles agreeably.

SCRIBBENS

Be safe.

Trixie looks at him with an "are you serious?"-expression,
then heads out.

EXT. TREE OUTSIDE MINE SHAFT ENTRANCE - 1886. NIGHT

James has just settled on a branch when he sees Trixie,
walking straight up to him, her bosoms almost exposed.

He looks back toward the shaft and gets ready to whistle.

TRIXIE

Wait! I saw you back there and I
thought you looked fiiine. You
don't really want to share me with
them, do you?

James gulps nervously, but slides down.

Trixie grabs his one hand and places it on one of her
breasts.

TRIXIE (cont'd)

Do you like it?

JAMES

It feels...nice...

Trixie turns him around and gives an 'all clear' with her
one hand towards Charlie and Scribbens. Then she starts to
pull James' shirt from his pants.

TRIXIE

You are such a handsome young stud.
What do they call you?

JAMES

Uhm...James...

Charlie and Scribbens move in ever closer, now only a few yards away from where Liz lies.

James tries to resist Trixie's hands, now touching him all over, but he can barely contain himself. Trixie sticks her hand in the front of James's pants.

TRIXIE

Ooh! I think they should rather call you Captain! Have you ever been called 'Captain'?

JAMES

No, I haven't been called...

With one last burst of willpower, James swings around:

JAMES (cont'd)

CAPTAIN!

Capt Moonlight looks up and sees the bar lady manhandling his youngest gang member. He fires a shot towards her, but misses.

Scribbens lunges forward, but Capt Moonlight sees him from the side of his eye and turns to fire at him, driving him back.

James escapes and runs back towards the mine shaft.

The rest of the gang runs out towards the gunfire, pistols and shotguns ready.

Charlie fires a couple of shots in the ground in front of them that drive them back.

The Brigade returns the fire, but the cover of darkness and bushes makes it difficult to be accurate.

Capt Moonlight grabs Liz and retreats into the mine shaft, firing shots as he goes along.

SCRIBBENS

Cover me!

Scribbens run-crawls towards the shaft entrance.

Trixie runs off into the night.

INT. MINE SHAFT - 1886. NIGHT

It is almost pitch black, except for a lonely torch hanging from a hook above a clearing where the Brigade slept.

Scribbens tip-toes in cautiously.

SCRIBBENS

Liz!

A muffled scream tells him she is still inside.

Capt Moonlight steps into the eerie light, his pistol against Liz's head.

CAPT MOONLIGHT

Why couldn't you mind your own damn business, boy?

Scribbens still approaches cautiously, using the shadows to get as close as possible.

Capt Moonlight moves a few paces, Liz still in his grip.

Scribbens suddenly sees the gaping chasm right behind Liz. She is only inches from a steep drop in the mine.

SCRIBBENS

Okay, I'll make you a deal. I can get you money. A lot. That's what you want, right? Just let her go.

CAPT MOONLIGHT

(cackles)

Very well. I'll let her go.

Capt Moonlight lets go of Liz. She lets out a muffled scream as she tumbles backwards towards the deep mine-hole. A shot from the shaft's entrance rings out and Capt Moonlight grabs his leg as he screams obscenities.

Scribbens leaps the last stretch and manages to grab Liz just as she is about to drop down the shaft.

SCRIBBENS

I got you!

Scribbens picks her up and loosens the gag around from her mouth. Liz now sobs freely as he carries her out in his arms.

Capt Moonlight groans on the floor of the cave.

Charlie, who fired the shot, rushes towards them. He drags Capt Moonlight by the collar outside.

EXT. MINE SHAFT ENTRANCE 1886. NIGHT

The sound of galloping horses grows louder. This spooks the rest of the Brigade.

JAMES

Let's go!

The Brigaders scramble towards their horses. As quickly as they can, they ride off into the night.

Scribbens cuts Liz's bonds.

Charlie unpins the brooch from Capt Moonlight's chest and hands it to Liz.

Liz goes over to Capt Moonlight and kicks him hard in his stomach.

LIZ

Filthy monster!

Scribbens grabs her and pulls her away before she can hurt him more as FOUR POLICEMEN arrive with some OTHER MINERS.

POLICEMAN

Captain Moonlight! You're under arrest. Finally.

Trixie reappears from behind the policemen and runs towards Liz. They hug tightly.

Liz wipes the dirt and tear streaks from her cheeks. She manages a smile.

LIZ

Drinks are on the house!

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Yeah!

General laughter at Charlie's enthusiasm.

Scribbens picks Liz up in his arms and kisses her warmly as she throws her arms around his neck.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

The place is still just as they left it - a bit disarrayed, but still strangely looking nice, almost too upper-class for the band that now returns.

Scribbens puts Liz down in the doorway. She opens them wider. Trixie goes behind the bar and start to pour drinks. Scribbens kisses Liz again as the miners rearrange the tables to be more casual.

Charlie takes a beer and goes to sit in the center of them all. He is joined by others.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Boys, I haven't had this much fun since Pilgrim's!

SCRIBBENS

Shot some robbers up there too, did you, Charlie?

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Not exactly. But it did involve a shoot-out.

INT. PILGRIM'S REST BAR - 1886. NIGHT

Charlie and HIS MATES sit at the bar counter. ROY SPENCER and WALTER SCOTT enter. Roy carries a large leather satchel.

CHARLIE THE REEFER (V.O.)

A couple of months ago, we were having a few whiskeys at a saloon when these two blokes entered.

Roy and Walter shoot back one whiskey after another, laughing crudely, congratulating each other, checking out the ladies, having a monster of a time.

CHARLIE THE REEFER (V.O.)

Roy Spencer and Walter Scott came up from Kimberley, like many before them, and started off quite lucky. That night they seemed to celebrate a great find: two huge pure gold nuggets.

Roy's satchel is slung over the back of a chair, abandoned.

Roy gets up, unsteadily, but catches his balance.

Walter turns around, drunk as hell, and shouts after Roy.

CHARLIE THE REEFER (V.O.) (cont'd)

But at some point, when Roy got up to leave, Walter accused him of taking their satchel carrying their find. Roy denied it.

Roy, not completely as drunk, shouts back.

Walter pulls out a gun and fires a shot into the roof. The crowd reacts.

Roy turns around and stumbles out hastily.

Walter follows him, gun ready, death in his bloodshot eyes.

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST MAIN STREET - 1886. NIGHT

Charlie and a few mates follow the stumbling Walter outside.

Before they can do anything, Walter shoots Roy in the back, some distance in front of him.

Roy falls down like a sack of potatoes.

Walter stumbles closer to him, firing a second shot, but misses - too drunk to aim properly.

Charlie and his mates storm closer. Two of them grab Walter and struggle for the gun.

Charlie hunches down at Roy's body, feels for a pulse, but finds nothing.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

We have to bury him.

WALTER SCOTT

He's a thief! He's a two-faced robber, that's what he is!

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Someone shut him up! We take him to the graveyard, now!

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST CEMETERY - 1886. NIGHT

It is the repeat of the opening sequence, but now all in continuity. Flash cuts makes the link to the beginning.

Charlie fervently digs with a shovel in a spot close to the cemetery wall.

He plants the shovel in the heap of sand now visible.

SOMEONE ELSE drags Roy's body by the legs closer to the newly dug grave.

OTHER HANDS pick up the shovel again and shovel the ground back into the open grave.

The last bit of ground is leveled on top of the grave.

A large but crude headstone is placed at the head.

We see that this grave lies at 90 degrees with the rest of the graves.

CHARLIE THE REEFER (V.O.)

We only had Walter's word that Roy was in fact a robber. So we buried Roy at right angles to the rest of the graves, like a robber should be buried.

Walter starts to etch out the inscription "Robber's Grave" on the headstone with a chisel and a hammer (*It is distinctly more crude than the one the tourists saw*).

Walter then backs away from the grave, almost in fear.

CHARLIE'S MATE

Hey, boys!

They all turn around to a man coming from the direction of the saloon, carrying the leather satchel.

CHARLIE'S MATE

Scott, isn't this yours? There are some beauties in here, mate.

WALTER SCOTT

There...what?

He turns around, his face pale in the moonlight spilling from the clouds.

Walter walks over, reaches inside the satchel and reveals both golden nuggets.

He replaces them, lifts the gun he still holds to his own chin and pulls the trigger without waiting another second.

Charlie and the other guys just stand there, completely stunned by what happened.

Finally:

CHARLIE THE REEFER
 We gotta bury him too. And the
 gold. It is cursed.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

Everybody is dead quiet as they listen.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
 I left town the next day. Didn't
 want to be around when awkward
 questions start to get asked.

Scribbens turns towards Liz.

SCRIBBENS
 Liz...

Liz just stands in the middle of the saloon, alone. She
 cries, but no sound escapes her. Tears simply stream down
 her cheeks where she stands, shell-shocked, finally learning
 the truth about her Roy.

Realization dawns on Charlie's face. He looks at Scribbens,
 who simply nods. Charlie lowers his head in his hands.

Scribbens walks over and puts his arms around her, but she
 writhes out of them, not wanting to be consoled.

LIZ
 Leave, all of you. Please.

Her body language makes a compelling enough statement. The
 crowd disperses in a revered silence.

Charlie goes over to Liz.

CHARLIE THE REEFER
 Lizzie, I'm so sorry...I didn't
 know it was...

SCRIBBENS
 Just go, mate. We'll talk later.

Charlie picks up his hat, sighs heavily and walks out.

Scribbens turns to Liz again.

SCRIBBENS (cont'd)
 Darling...

Emily comes over and places a hand on his shoulder.

EMILY FERNANDEZ

I'll take care of her, Fred.

But Liz doesn't want her there, either. Her voice is thin and quivering.

LIZ

Please. I need to be alone.

Emily and Scribbens respects her wish unwillingly.

SCRIBBENS

I'll see you tomorrow.

He walks out.

Liz retreats slowly to the bar counter and uses it as support to keep her upright.

Finally she cries bitterly - for Roy, for her loss and for herself.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

Charlie waits outside as Scribbens exits.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

I'm sorry, Freddo. I didn't mean to upset her.

SCRIBBENS

I know. But she was going to marry the bloke, remember?

They sit down on the steps in front of the place.

CHARLIE THE REEFER

Shit.

Scribbens just shakes his head, making it off.

A moment of quiet reverence. Then Charlie gets an idea.

CHARLIE THE REEFER (cont'd)

There is something we could do.

Behind them, the lights inside goes dark.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

The saloon is much more quiet than we have ever seen it. Almost completely empty, timid.

Emily walks up to Liz behind the bar counter.

EMILY FERNANDEZ
Something soft, yes?

Liz nods with a failed grin and picks up a glass to clean.

Emily walks over to the piano and begins to play.

Scribbens enters and walks straight towards her.

Liz looks up as he reaches her and takes her hands, forcing her to stop. This time she doesn't pull away. He takes one hand, reaches inside his pocket and places something inside her hand, concealing it throughout.

Liz opens her hand: it is a massive champagne-colored diamond. She looks up, questioningly.

SCRIBBENS
I'm leaving for Johannesburg to continue my work for the mining companies there. Come with me?

He looks at her, confidently pleading.

Liz comes around the bar and takes Scribbens' hand.

LIZ
Of course I will.

Scribbens takes her face in his hands and kisses her gently.

Liz looks at Emily and Trixie, who remains quietly behind the bar. Liz removes the oval brooch, twists it and hands the one part to Trixie.

LIZ (cont'd)
Keep it. A piece of my heart will always remain behind.

Trixie accepts it in silence. Scribbens nods at the ladies and then leads Liz to the door. Liz doesn't look back.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - 1886. NIGHT

The coach that drove Liz into Barberton almost two years before stands outside at the front, ready and waiting, with Mr Griffiths and Sam Nkosi at their posts, as if time has not passed at all.

GRIFFITHS

Are you getting in, miss Burgess?

Liz is genuinely surprised.

LIZ

How did you...Mister Griffiths!
Sam! Of course I am!

Sam holds the door open as Scribbens helps her inside.

SCRIBBENS

Sometimes it is not a matter of
what you know, but who you know.

Scribbens smiles a wink at Charlie, standing on the porch.

SCRIBBENS (cont'd)

Before we leave for Johannesburg we
need to make a little detour.

Scribbens gets in after Liz and Sam closes the door.

The coach drives off into the night, a faint lamplight
shining the way.

On the porch, Trixie and Charlie stares after them. Trixie bites her bottom lip to swallow back a tear. She looks at the beautiful tear drop shaped trinket in her hand, caressing it. Then she straightens up and enters the saloon again, taking Charlie's hand.

EXT. EASTERN TRANSVAAL COUNTRYSIDE - 1886. NIGHT

The coach travels under the moonlight.

- it passes a dam, reflecting the coach along with the moon
- it passes through the rolling hills
- it enters Pilgrim's Rest in the dead of night.

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST CEMETERY - 1886. NIGHT

The coach comes to a stop. Sam opens the door and Scribbens and Liz gets out.

LIZ

What are we doing here, Fred?

Scribbens just turns to Sam.

SCRIBBENS

Did you bring it?

SAM NKOSI

Of course. Here, take one.

Sam hands Scribbens a shovel. They walk over to the "Robber's Grave" and start to dig up the ground.

Liz looks at another grave close by, with a temporary marking reading "Walter Scott". Her eyes grow cold.

EXT. PILGRIM'S REST CEMETERY - 1886. NIGHT - LATER

Both the graves are now dug open. Scribbens and Sam carefully retrieve Roy's body first and lay him down on a small patch of grass.

Liz kneels down next to it. At the same time she is repulsed by and drawn to his face, now already yellowish and pale. Caught in the moment, she just sits there and stares at him.

Scribbens and Sam pull out Walter Scott's body roughly and dump it unceremoniously into the "Robber's Grave". Carefully, they take Roy's body and place it inside Walter's previous spot. Then they cover the graves with the unearthed gravel.

As Scribbens moves to remove the marking with Walter's name:

LIZ

Leave it. The real robber lies
where he belongs.

Scribbens sticks his shovel in the freshly set ground.

Liz looks at him with sadness and love and gratitude and hope, all at once.

Then the couple gets back in the coach and rides off into their future as the sun rises behind them.

EXT. CAMP FIRE OUTSIDE THE QUARRY. NIGHT

Sean stares at Leah, blankly.

SEAN

You knew all along? From the moment
I showed it to you?

Leah gazes into the low burning fire.

LEAH

I didn't know why you were looking
for it.

SEAN

Do you know where it is now?

Leah softly shakes her head.

Sean sighs and turns away, not able to believe this.

Leah stands up.

LEAH

I'll see you in the morning.

Sean remains behind alone, staring at the smoldering camp fire. Then he gets up, flicks a torch on and off and heads towards the mine's closed entrance.

He doesn't see Marco's eyes following him.

INT. EUREKA CITY GOLDEN QUARRY. NIGHT

Sean enters the dark quarry, shuffling along very, very slowly. The light of his torch dances around the pathway, creating false protrusions with the shadows.

Sean ducks a shadow on his left-hand side, slipping with his right foot. He grabs onto the railing of the pathway and steadies himself.

Finally, Sean reaches the staircase descending into the main cavern.

From above, through the wide shaft, moonlight lights up the cavern, creating a spooky, empty atmosphere.

Slowly, but firmly, Sean descends down the stone staircase.

He leaves the pathway and creeps closer to the crevice where they rescued the kids earlier. He remains on his knees.

MARCO

You wont find it there.

Marco's voice echoes through the cavern chamber.

Sean scrambles around, startled by Marco's presence.

SEAN

Marco! Fuck, mate, don't scare me
like...wait, what do you mean?

Marco comes closer to Sean, who gets up on his feet now.

MARCO

You won't find it there, because it
isn't there.

Sean's voice grows cold.

SEAN

Where is it then?

From his pocket, Marco retrieves the black box and holds it up in the moonlight streaming in, taunting Sean.

MARCO

Finders keepers.

Sean dives for Marco's legs without another word, knocking him off his feet. But Marco simply kicks at Sean hard, his boot connecting Sean in the jaw.

Sean tumbles backwards as Marco scrambles back to his feet, but he manages to regain his balance somewhat.

Again he launches an attack at Marco, but Marco swings a right hook whilst tripping Sean at the same time, sending him sliding down the slope of loose stones.

Frantically, Sean tries to brake his own descend. At the very last moment Sean manages to stop, just as his body swings around and his feet slips over the edge of the crevice, which now looks much darker and more ominous than earlier.

Marco steps on Sean's one hand's fingers, making him scream out in pain.

SEAN

Ahh!!

MARCO
Shut your mouth!

Marco shifts his boot, releasing Sean's hand.

At the same time, the release lets Sean slip backwards even more.

MARCO (cont'd)
Bargaining time. I'll make it
simple. I'll pull you out if you
let me keep the brooch.

Sean knows he has no leverage.

SEAN
(barely audible)
Okay.

MARCO
Come again?

SEAN
I said okay! You can keep the
bloody brooch!

Marco snatches down and grabs Sean by the wrists. Without much effort he pulls Sean back up the slope, leaving him at the foot of the stone staircase.

As a last action of protest, Sean picks up a rock and hurls it towards Marco's leg.

MARCO
Oww! That's my knee! Fucktard!

But Marco does not come back down the staircase.

Sean catches his breath, sobs now thrusting silently through his chest.

EXT. CAMP FIRE OUTSIDE THE QUARRY. EARLY MORNING

Sean crawls out from his tent, his body still aching from the previous night's ordeal.

Leah sits by the smoldering embers of the camp fire, drinking coffee.

LEAH
Coffee?

Sean nods as he trudges over to sit next to her.

Leah tries a joke as she hands him a tin mug.

LEAH (cont'd)
Did the grassy floor not
accommodate your British posterior?

Sean only scoffs. She still knows nothing.

SEAN
Something like that.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

Leah draws her breath.

LEAH
Listen, Sean, I need to tell you
something.

SEAN
Something true or another lie?

Before Leah can answer, Sean's phone rings from inside his tent. He puts his coffee down and scrambles back to go answer it.

Leah looks after him, hearing him speak indistinctly.

She turns her gaze to the other side of the camp fire, where Marco now appears from their tent.

Marco feigns a smile, limping as he crosses over.

Leah frowns.

LEAH
What's with the limp?

Marco ignores the question as he sits down next to her. He looks at her in anticipation, but Leah does nothing.

MARCO
Are you gonna give me some coffee?

LEAH
How about asking me nicely for a
change?

Before they can continue, Sean returns from his tent. His eyes are watery and he can scarcely control his trembling voice.

SEAN

I have to return to London
immediately. My grandmother just
passed away.

Leah immediately shifts over to him as Sean, now sobbing,
hunches down next to the smouldering ashes.

Marco clears his throat.

MARCO

I'll go make a call.

EXT. CAMP SITE. DAY - A LITTLE LATER

A farmer in a pick-up truck, PIETER, awaits Sean. Sean is
packed and ready to go. His face is solemn as he hands the
keys of his rental truck to Leah.

LEAH

We'll make sure it is returned.
Pieter will take you with his
chartered plane to O. R. Tambo
Airport.

Marco holds out his hand, but Sean only shoots him a cold
look. He turns to Leah.

SEAN

You were right. The story did get
better.

Sean gets in the passenger seat of Pieter's truck.

LEAH

Wait!

She rushes to her backpack and retrieves something from it -
an extremely old, leather bound book, still in pristine
condition. Emily Fernandez's diary.

Leah hands the diary to Sean through the window. Sean
hesitates. Leah sees it.

LEAH (cont'd)

That is the least I can do. I know
it off by heart, anyway. You
deserve to know the rest.

Sean meets her eyes one last time.

SEAN

Thank you.

The truck drives off.

Leah stares after it and sighs softly.

Marco puts a hand across Leah's shoulders.

MARCO

Listen, babe, I know I haven't been
boyfriend of the year on this tour.
I was distracted.

Marco retrieves the brooch from his pocket.

MARCO (cont'd)

I want to give this to you.

Leah's face is a study in disbelief.

LEAH

Where...I thought it was lost?

MARCO

It was. Sean and I went back late
last night to look for it. That's
how I hurt my leg. When we found
it, out of nowhere he just gave it
to me as a thank you. He said he
didn't need it anymore.

Leah just shakes her head.

LEAH

Are you serious?

MARCO

Yes, can you believe it? And I only
want to give this to one woman. As
an engagement gift.

Leah looks over Marco's shoulder at the two female students
struggling with their tent. She scoffs.

LEAH

No, I mean are you serious to
expect me to believe your bullshit?
I am such an idiot! You always have
been and always will be a taker,
Marco, nothing else. You'll never
truly commit to... you know what, I
will take this.

Leah plucks the brooch from Marco and puts it in her pocket. Marco looks obliviously hopeful.

MARCO

So, this is a...

LEAH

It's a no, Marco. But I'm willing to make a deal and you've always been one for a bargain. You've always loved the tour, right?

For the first time, Marco looks sincerely disappointed.

MARCO

What do you have in mind?

INT. PLANE. DAY

Sean takes out his phone and reads the appraisal email.

"Unfortunately, without it's companion piece, it won't measure up to any significant value."

Sean exhales heavily and puts his phone down.

Sean takes the diary from his carry-on luggage. A bookmark sticks out from the pages towards the latter-half of of the book. Sean turns to the bookmarked pages and finds a letter glued onto a page. It reads:

LIZ (V.O.)

Dear Miss Emily, I'm writing to you as a last resort to beg for assistance. When last I wrote to you, Fred and I have settled in Johannesburg. However, our happiness was short-lived.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE, JOHANNESBURG - 1890. DAY

Percival, looking even more sleazy as the last time we saw him, knocks on the door.

LIZ (V.O.)

A ghost from my early days somehow resurfaced - a fellow named Alfred Percival.

Liz, now appearing to be the perfect housewife, answers the door. She is horrified when she sees who it is.

LIZ (V.O.)

Percival threatened to expose all which I desperately tried to keep from Fred if I didn't give him what he wanted. I could never ask Fred to understand why I had to go through that phase of my life.

Percival grins greedily. Liz, genuinely frightened, looks up and down the street, before he barges in and forces her back inside the house.

LIZ (V.O.)

Was I always to be tormented by a piece of my past which was thrust upon me by powerful men? How do I reconcile that with Fred's stance on commitment?

INT. MAIN BEDROOM IN MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE - 1890. DAY

Percival's friend, CHARLES DERISLEY, basically rapes Liz, who just lies on the bed on her stomach, completely disengaged.

LIZ (V.O.)

Percival visited me repeatedly, along with his friend Charles Derisley. I sold all I had to my name bit by bit, in order to keep my secret safe.

Derisley gets up from Liz and walks out. Percival loosens his trousers, ready for his turn.

On the night stand, a couple of bank notes and a few coins lie next to the now half-oval brooch.

LIZ (V.O.) (cont'd)

Finally, when Percival took all of my money, I tried to get rid of him by giving him the one thing I held most dear.

Draped in a sheet that barely covers her body, Liz scribbles the riddle down on a piece of paper and places it inside the brooch.

LIZ

Promise me that you'll leave us alone now?

Percival put his trousers back on and take the money and the brooch. As he stares at the half-oval brooch:

PERCIVAL

This must be worth a fortune. Can't wait to sell it!

Percival cackles devilishly as he leaves the room without looking back.

Liz curdles up on the bed, her back literally against the wall.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE, JOHANNESBURG - 1890. DAY

Percival exits the house, just as Scribbens enters from the small gate leading up to the veranda.

Scribbens looks at Percival, perplexed. Percival gestures towards the house and clearly starts to boast about his conquests.

LIZ (V.O.)

But the bastard ratted me out to Fred anyway. When Fred found out the truth about my past before I rescued him and about Percival's recent repeat visits, my worst fears came true.

Scribbens storms into the house.

Percival exits the gate, snickering as he takes another look at the brooch.

He crosses the street towards a small pawn shop.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM IN MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE - 1890. DAY

Scribbens finds a crying Liz, still draped in the sheet and confronts her.

Through her tears, Liz tries to explain and apologize.

Scribbens, shocked to his core, shouts at her and starts to cry himself.

LIZ (V.O.)

I tried explain everything to him, that I did it to protect what we had, but he simply said his trust in me was broken, and he finished things between us.

Liz, knees drawn up to her chest, continues to weep bitterly.

Scribbens throws Liz's clothes and other stuff from a closet onto the ground as he sobs angrily. The message is clear: she must go.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE, JOHANNESBURG - 1890. DUSK

Liz, dressed in the plainest of dresses, slowly walks to the gate, a suitcase in her hand.

LIZ (V.O.)

With Alfred Beit back in England,
and Abe Bailey also married by now,
I only want to save enough money to
return to the one place I truly
felt safe and try to salvage
matters with my family. Being close
to a harbor seemed logical, so I
went to Durban.

She inhales deeply, wipes the tears from her eyes, and walks out the gate with as much dignity as she can muster.

INT. CAPE TOWN HARBOR BAR - 1897. NIGHT

Liz, now relegated back to a lowly bar girl, plonks drinks down in front of two very sleazy fishermen, who laugh and make disgusting suggestions to her.

LIZ (V.O.)

However, with the looming war I
would prefer to leave earlier
rather than later, so I moved on to
Cape Town. It shames me deeply to
ask for your assistance once more,
you who gave me a place not just to
stay, but also to live.

Liz gathers some measly coins from the bar counter and throws them in a jar under the counter.

LIZ (V.O.)

As soon as I make it back to
England, I will recompense you for
your trouble. With much gratitude,
Lizzie Burgess.

Liz finishes writing the letter we heard just now, sealing it in a dirty envelope. She looks up at a paper marked with sea fare prices to England.

INT. PLANE. DAY

Sean sees that this is the end of the letter. Underneath it, there is a newspaper article covering Liz's marriage to Alfred Scribbens and a final inscription from Emily.

EMILY FERNANDEZ (V.O.)

I sent some money to Liz, but I never heard from her ever again. It was only much later that, after doing some digging of my own, that I found out the truth of the matter.

INT. CAPE TOWN HARBOR BAR - 1897. NIGHT

Two POLICEMEN burst through the bar's doors and walk straight towards Liz. She tries to protest heavily, but they rudely grab her by the hands and drag her through the bar and out the door.

EMILY FERNANDEZ (V.O.)

Liz never received my money. She was apprehended for soliciting before she could do so.

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON - 1900. NIGHT

POV through some cell bars. Liz lies on a small bed. She shakes and convulses heavily and coughs constantly.

Liz struggles to a seated position, clutching her stomach. Her face grimaces in pain and her lips tremble.

Her croaking voice is barely audible.

LIZ

"Hello, Mary Lou, goodbye heart,
Sweet Mary Lou I'm so in love with
you..."

A burst of coughs interrupts her, but she scrapes together the tiniest bits of strength she has left. The melody finds its way on her hoarse voice one last time.

LIZ (cont'd)

"I knew Mary Lou, we'd never part,
so hello, Mary Lou, goodbye heart.
So hello, Mary Lou, goodbye..."

She doesn't finish but stumbles weakly to the bucket in the corner of the cell and squats down on it, vomiting as she does.

Her already dirty sheets are freshly soiled and bloody.

INT. SOMERSET HOSPITAL BED - 1900. DAY

Liz lies, eyes closed, in a lonely hospital bed. She looks worse than we've ever seen her before - like a corpse.

A NURSE enters and picks up a clipboard from the bottom of the bed. On the clipboard we see clearly "Colitis Gastritis/Inflamed Colon". The nurse writes down the date: 30/07/1900.

She moves towards Liz's face and feels it with the back of her hand: she is cold. The nurse picks up Liz's wrist: nothing.

EMILY FERNANDEZ (V.O.)

Liz didn't die of illness or poverty or because she was incarcerated.

The nurse goes back to the clipboard and draws a line underneath her last inscription.

EXT. MAITLAND CEMETERY - 1900. DAY

A bunch of bodies, all wrapped in blankets, are dumped in a big "pauper's grave", a crude excavation for all of them to share.

EMILY FERNANDEZ (V.O.)

She died because all of the men in her life failed her. They were far more committed to themselves than they ever were to her.

The last body's blanket has come a little loose at the head, revealing the dark curls we came to know and love.

TWO WORKERS start to shovel dirt over the bodies.

EMILY FERNANDEZ (V.O.) (cont'd)

How different her story could have ended if it wasn't so.

INT. PLANE. DAY

Sean closes the book as the plane gets ready to land. He sniffs as he wipes the tears from his eyes.

Then he feels a lump in the back flap of the leather binding. Sean frowns as he opens it.

It is the other half of the brooch.

Sean smiles at this irony.

INT. SEAN & SHANNON'S APARTMENT. DAY

Sean enters his apartment and drops his luggage next to the kitchen counter.

SEAN
Shannon? Are you home?

The bedroom door is closed. Sean walks over.

INT. SEAN & SHANNON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. DAY

Sean opens the door.

Shannon and Derrick abruptly tries to cover themselves, caught red-handed.

SEAN
Well. So much for this investment.

Without another word he turns around and closes the door behind him.

INT. OUR LADY GRACE OLD AGE HOME - BETH'S ROOM. DAY.

Sean sits on the empty bed. All of Beth's belongings are still in their exact places throughout the room.

Sean caresses a framed photo of the two of them from only a year or two before. Laughing from their stomachs on a Rollercoaster. Life was good.

Sean puts the photo back on the shelf and puts the new half of the brooch in front of it.

Sean takes out his phone and leaves a voice message:

SEAN
Leah. I'm looking for a solid business partner for my new company. Are you interested?

And then he makes a phone call:

SEAN (cont'd)
Mister Gettany? It's Sean Waltham here. If you still want to invest your "hard-earned billions" in something other than an element on the periodic table, I think I found just the ticket.

INT. ALANGLADE HOUSE MUSEUM, PILGRIM'S REST. OFFICE. DAY

Leah splashes her face and walks to her desk.

The desk is now neatly packed up. Papers all filed, stationery neatly in a tin at the corner of the desk - except for the black box we know so well by now.

Leah picks up her handbag and the black box and leaves.

On the notice board, a newspaper picture of Marco and one of the female students celebrating, with the caption: "Marco's Golden Tours - Now Under Sole Ownership".

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - ARRIVALS. DAY

Sean sees Leah through the throng of people. He walks over to meet her.

SEAN

So, did you bring her?

LEAH

It is time she comes home.

INT. OUR LADY GRACE OLD AGE HOME - FOYER. DAY.

Sean, Leah and Gettany stand with an overwhelmed Anita as the one brand-new ventilator after the other is pushed into the old age home.

ANITA

This is incredible. Thank you.

Gettany smiles at Sean.

GETTANY

Life is much more worth investing than metal, don't you think, Waltham? I pre-booked the room with the beech tree by the window.

SEAN

That's a good room. Now, for the next surprise.

Sean and Leah remove a cloth over a plaque and reveal the new name of the old age home: "The Cockney Liz Billiard Saloon." Above the plaque, a framed photo of the real Cockney Liz is displayed.

Cheers abound from the onlookers and inhabitants.

SEAN (cont'd)
Much more cheerful, yeah?

Leah smiles and then pulls him off to the side.

LEAH
I have something for you.

Leah reveals the other half of the brooch.

LEAH (cont'd)
Marco and I made a deal.

SEAN
What a guy.

Leah nods bashfully.

LEAH
I found my half in the museum a couple of years ago. Some of Trixie's descendants still live in town to this day, I guess they donated it or something. I always thought it must have some deeper value, but without your half I could never confirm that it was, in fact, the real deal.

Sean removes the half he has from his pocket and hands it to Leah, who now carefully joins and twists the two parts, turning the shape from a full oval into a heart.

Sean smiles.

SEAN
"Deep inside my heart." Right. Now, let's get to work.

With his arm around her shoulder, Sean and Leah exit the building.

Above the entrance, the framed photo of the real Cockney Liz looks down in pride, finally home.

THE END