

YOU CAN CALL ME AL

written by

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Continued / Aside -

FADE IN:

EXT. MARGIBI COUNTY - NIGHT

PARAMILITARY FORCES do battle with LIBERIAN GOVERNMENT FORCES.

Within the leafy terrain, the rattle of machine gun fire and the whistling of missiles are fired into small clusters of SOLDIERS from both sides of enemy lines.

PRELAP: Soundtrack-

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jDQMmQ2ugwQ&list=RDjDQMmQ2ugwQ&start_radio=1

EXT. EXPENSIVE YACHT - DAY

Silver haired, distinguished British politician, GERALD CARTER (50's) Anxiously paces up and down on deck. A sniper rifle strapped over his shoulder as he looks through binoculars.

His POV: An indigenous DIAMOND DIGGER sprints for his life through the dry terrain while being hunted by ARMED GOVERNMENT FORCES.

BANG!

The Digger finally makes it to a waiting open top jeep with its engine revving and AL - A white haired African 30's on his feet as the DRIVER prepares to wheel spin away.

AL
(Beckoning)
Quick! Jump on!

The rattle of machine gun fire.

Forces close in as he leaps on board the jeep.

The Digger hands over a number of STONES to Al.

Gerald Carter brings his sniper rifle into play and takes aim at a Government forces Soldier.

BANG!

CU: The Soldier's hit in the head. He drops to the ground.

BANG!

Another Soldier falls down while taking a hit to the chest.

The Jeep races away from the scene with the Digger lying face down in the back.

An awesome looking GENERAL dressed in full regalia looks through binoculars and spots Carter taking aim. He nods his head knowingly.

GENERAL -
Gerald Carter.

INT. JEEP - DAY

AL
(To Digger)
Whoa! Oh brother. You're faster
than cheetahs.

The Digger sits up and breathes a sigh of relief as he wipes the dust from his eyes. Al looks down on the conflict diamonds.

AL / -
(Grins)
We did it brother. We did it!

Digger taps him on the shoulder and shakes his head.

DIGGER
No more. I'm going home.

AL
I understand, but-

DIGGER
-Just take me to the border. I
will make my own way from there.

AL
What about the soldiers? They'll
kill you if they find you.

DIGGER
I'll take my chance.

Al hands him a package. He looks inside. It's filled with AFRICAN FRANCS in high denominations.

AL
OK. Good luck my friend.

EXT. YACHT /

CARTER
(To Deckhand)
Prepare for sail.

AFRICAN DECKHAND immediately sets the sails.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

The jeep pulls up alongside the Yacht. Al jumps out bearing a satisfied grin. He carries a small pouch.

He is met by Gerald Carter. They shake hands, then exchange packages.

CARTER /
I suppose you're going to kick those bastards right where it hurts?

AL
I am, Gerald. But it's the last time. He's like a cat with nine lives. He said he's done. I dropped him at the Liberian border. He's gone home.

CARTER
Then you'll just have to find a replacement.

AL
These people are risking their lives for us, Gerald. Show a bit of compassion for fuck sake.

CARTER
Money is the root of all evil.

AL
You mustn't come back here, Gerald. If they find out a British politician is stealing their diamonds, there'll kill you.

CARTER
Bullshit!

AL

Take my advice, Gerald, don't come back. It's too dangerous.

CARTER

I'm not the one supporting the paramilitaries in Liberia, Al, you are. It's you that should stay away if that's how you feel. I'm only interested in diamonds.

AL

There's a war going on, Gerald. The political system over here is fucked.

CARTER

It's fucked everywhere. Anyway, that's not the opinion of the British Government.

Carter opens the pouch and picks up a rough Diamond.

AL

They rely on our support.

He cleans the Diamond with a handkerchief and looks at it through a small eyeglass.

CARTER

(Angrily)

You fuckin' idiot! You've been had! These are fake!

Carter snatches the package from Al's grasp, then stomps back to his yacht in a fury. He throws the pouch back at Al.

AL

(Furiously)

I'll find him and ring his fuckin' neck! Thieving bastard!

Al marches back to the jeep and starts the engine.

BOOM!

The Jeep explodes. Al's ejected from his seat during a human fireball.

Carter looks back from the gangplank agape.

BOOM!

His yacht goes up in flames. He is thrown into the air, before he lands in the fiery water.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBERIAN BORDER CONTROL - DAY

The Digger shows the ARMED GUARD his ID while he stands by the barrier waiting to cross.

The Guard studies the ID momentarily then lets him pass through on foot.

Beat.

As the Digger looks down upon a small township, he reaches inside his rucksack and takes out a handful of ROUGH DIAMONDS and grins.

DIGGER

You can call me Al, Al.

He chuckles as he continues his journey home.

FADE OUT.