TO BUY A NOSE

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CLUBHOUSE – SOUTH AFRICAN GOLF COURSE – DAY

BYRON, 38, wears an oversized turquoise shirt, sits with legs crossed at the knees in a wicker chair. From the seating area he gazes into the lobby.

Over there, a few folks stand at a long bar.

Byron consults his watch, casts an eye at the football game on the flat screen TV.

In the armchairs next to him sit MONTGOMERY, a dressy warhorse, and his gelled younger fellow PHILIP. They smoke cigar and follow the game.

    PHILIP
    Hell yeah. That must hurt.

    MONTGOMERY
    Don't worry, Philip. If we don't win it this year, they acquire more qualified players till it finally works.

    PHILIP
    Actually a good job we assign to those Negros. At least a world away from your stone breaking miners over here ... Anyway! I wouldn't want to run like that for my cash.

Byron sights the lobby and the clubhouse's entrance door.

    MONTGOMERY
    (to Byron)
    Hey, you? Friend! You don't want to watch the game? Who are you waiting for?

    BYRON
    Nobody.
MONTGOMERY
Come on. You don't belong here, do you?

BYRON
No. I'm here for some business.

Montgomery intently rises up in his chair.

MONTGOMERY
Interesting. What are you doing?

A commercial for lemonade interrupts the football broadcast.

BYRON
That.

MONTGOMERY
You sell lemonade?

BYRON
No, I wrote that famous song.

MONTGOMERY
A musician?

BYRON
I was. One day I composed this stupid jingle. Now my music sells lemonade, cell phones, whatever. So, in the end you're right.

MONTGOMERY
You heard that? He made that dap-da-dap-da-bo-bo song.

PHILIP
Man, this jingle makes me mad.

BYRON
I know.

(MORE)
BYRON (CONT'D)
I was -- I was an independent artist before I sold this jingle to that sucker. Now they come with bags of money. So, I-

MONTGOMERY
- You just take it. That's what we all do. My young friend Philip here: He's a big guy in the home shopping business. He sells you everything you won't ever need.

PHILIP
Ha, ha. And nothing actually works. Just plastic. Worthless scrap.

BYRON
I've always asked myself why people buy your stuff.

PHILIP
Easy formula. We don't sell our product. We suck up to the consumers. We're the only friends they have. There's not much sympathy for those lonely folks elsewhere. We even treat them better as their own families do. To ... finally milk them.

BYRON
Why so honest about that?

Montgomery points to the TV.

MONTGOMERY
Hey, your jingle plays. Dap-da-dap-da...

Montgomery lies back in his seat.
MONTGOMERY
Of course we're honest. You wanna know what I do?

BYRON
Not really.

MONTGOMERY
You can talk about to your Greenpeace kids?

Byron laughs.

MONTGOMERY
During the apartheid, here, in South Africa: Our white colonists took over some mines. Actually all mines. So we quickly controlled the gold market. And you know what?

Byron, not interested, raises an eyebrow.

MONTGOMERY
There was a certain byproduct. Uranium. Holy shit there was a boom. Our Nuclear Foundation Company went to the stock markets. Everyone wanted to have uranium these days. So. We sold it. Even to Iran we did.

BYRON
You were selling uranium to Iran?

MONTGOMERY
Of course we did. There was a need -- we were the ones who served. What do you think? Iranians can win uranium? Yeah, they can. But only after we taught them to. They are troglodytes.

(MORE)
MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)
We shipped more than 700 hundred metrical tons to Iran. Millions of dollars they've paid.

BYRON
Iran is a homemade problem? Never heard about that...

MONTGOMERY
Who cares about Iran. It was the 1970's. The Shah was our friend. I would even today sell uranium to Iran.

BYRON
I bet you would.

MONTGOMERY
I'm not responsible for them. Maybe our president overseas feels responsible for them. I just feel responsible about our profitability. Numbers.

BYRON
I can't believe you see it that way.

Montgomery points his finger.

MONTGOMERY
There. You see the fat German? The loud fat bastard at the bar? You see him?

Byron scans the bar, sees the GERMAN laughing with some 20 years old GIRLS.

MONTGOMERY
That fat sucker. He told me last -- You heard about the recent poison gas attacks in Syria? This fat German sucker works for a chemical company.

(MORE)
MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)
They produce glass and stuff. Yeah, and also toxically products of all kinds. Armature of plantations. War and so on. So that about Syria and the fat German. I love him. Had some good laughs with him.

PHILIP
Monty. Last chance for our Negros.

Montgomery cheers:

MONTGOMERY
Come on now.

Philip and Montgomery jump out of their seats:

PHILIP AND MONTGOMERY
Touchdown!

Philip watches them cheer. He swallows.

Montgomery grips Byron's shoulder.

MONTGOMERY
We won, young friend -- Oh. Look. I guess your money is coming over there.

A Man in a suit walks through the lobby. He carries a briefcase.

PHILIP
And your fucking song's playing again.

The commercial runs on TV.

Philip and Montgomery dance, sing the jingle:

PHILIP AND MONTGOMERY
Dap-da-dap-da-bo-bo...
The Man and Byron shake hands.

Byron whispers something towards him.

The Man hands Byron the briefcase, walks away.

MONTGOMERY
Cigar? Let's celebrate your success.

PHILIP
What you gonna do with the cash?

BYRON
I'll spend half of it right in a few seconds.

MONTGOMERY
No shit?

BYRON
No shit. I'll buy your nose.

Byron punches Montgomery between the eyes.

Montgomery flies down into his armchair. He holds his nose, his whole face is covered with blood.

Byron steps over to Philip.

Protectively Philip cowers back in his seat.

PHILIP'S POV:

Byron raises his leg. The sole of the shoe nears. That way it's getting darker--

OVER BLACK

BYRON (VO)
I hope for a time when women will rule the world. It will be good. Yes. It will be better than good.

FADE OUT.