

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 fucker. 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.