

THAT SISTER THANG

Written by

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INT. LESEDI'S BATHROOM - AUSTIN, TEXAS - NIGHT

LESEDI WALKER (27) black South African female, LIGHT SKINNED, in checked PJs. Stares into the mirror as she washes her face, moisturizes, wraps her hair in a scarf. It's bedtime.

INT. BAR RESTROOM - JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA - DAY

ZANELE WALKER (21) black South African female, DARK SKINNED, in a leopard print dress and cowboy boots. Stares into the mirror as she glitters her eyelids, combs out her blue Teeny Weeny Afro. It's showtime.

INT. LESEDI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lesedi in bed, dead to the world. The room dark, quiet. Gum guard in, eye mask on, she looks real sexy. Not.

INT. BAR STAGE - DAY

Zanele on stage, a HIP BLACK CROWD watches as she strums her guitar. Sings a COUNTRY NUMBER in her native ZULU language.

HECKLER

(shouts)

We don't want to hear that country
crap. Play some kwaito.

The AUDIENCE BOO LOUDLY, toss empty beer cans at her. Zanele runs off stage, mortified.

INT. LESEDI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lesedi cuddles her nightly lover, aka the pillow. On the wall, a POSTER OF AUSTIN. Her cell RINGS. She stirs. Feels for her phone with her hand.

LESEDI

(on cell)

Hey dad... no, I haven't heard from
her... I'll let you know if I do...
I promise... okay, bye.

EXT. MANSION - JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA - DAY

The party face of Zanele, dead to the world. Lies next to a SEMI-NAKED AFRICAN COUPLE in her G-string. Displays her slim-without-gym gene called youth, adrift on a UNICORN FLOAT in a huge pool. Her eyes slowly open.

The guy drools on her arm. She yanks it away, falls into the water. Her blue Afro all frizzy, makeup smudged, she climbs out the pool.

INTERCUT LESEDI/ZANELE

Lesedi upright in bed, eye mask across her forehead. Scrolls through her contacts. FaceTimes "ZEE". Her call's cancelled. Dials again... cancelled.

Zanele dries herself on someone else's shirt, PASSED-OUT BODIES on the sun loungers around her. Slips on last night's leopard print dress. A shoulder tat: BORN FREE.

Lesedi FaceTimes "ZEE" again. Her worse-for-wear face finally pops up on screen.

ZANELE

What Lesedi?

LESEDI

Where the hell are you?

ZANELE

Why do you care?

LESEDI

Dad's been trying to get hold of you all night. He's freaking out.

ZANELE

I have no idea where I am, how I got here or...

(peers under lounge)

... or what happened to my new Versace cowboy boots.

She heads toward a sliding door, tiptoes barefoot into the

MANSION LIVING ROOM

Steps over an obstacle course of LIFELESS BLACK REVELERS and empty booze bottles. It reeks of sex, drugs and RnB. Zanele scavenges the place, frantically searches for her boots.

LESEDI

Just get to work otherwise dad's gonna kill you.

ZANELE

Get off my back. I know I messed up. I said I'd be home by midnight.

LESEDI

It's midday. Call dad and let him know you're okay. Zanele, you are okay?

ZANELE

No, I'm not. I've got a massive hangover kicking in.

Lesedi hangs up.

Zanele puts on someone's RAGGEDY SNEAKERS. Spots her handbag and guitar case... and some cocaine on a plate. Does a quick get-me-through-the-day line.

INT. LESEDI'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lesedi sits on a yoga mat, meditates. A bell CHIMES. Hands in prayer, she bows into --

-- a karate bow. Stands in front of a vintage Mortal Kombat arcade game. She's psyched, ready for her morning ritual.

SFX: Fight!

ON ARCADE SCREEN: An animated fighter, SONYA BLADE, dressed in green-black-white sports bra and tights, biker gloves and sneakers. Destroys her archenemy, Kano, with a lethal combo.

SFX: Flawless victory.

EXT. JOHANNESBURG - DAY

Bland 70s style skyscrapers, abandoned mine dumps, sidewalk hawkers, giant billboards, heavy traffic. Welcome to Jozi.

INT. MINIBUS TAXI - DAY

A 16-seater packed with 20 PASSENGERS. The DOOF DOOF of kwaito music. A conductor shouts for more passengers.

Zanele, a hot mess, squashed between her guitar case and two XXL AFRICAN MAMAS. Struggles to peer into her compact, gives up, unaware of the cocaine around her nostril.

INT. LESEDI'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lesedi on speakerphone as she prepares her gluten-free, lactose-free, flavor-free breakfast.

LESEDI

Dad, I'm rebuilding my life here. I can't be playing mom again.

TERRENCE (V.O.)

(Texan accent)

I don't know what to do anymore. You know how to get through to her. Please Lesedi.

LESEDI

Fine, six months, that's it. But if she's going to be living with me, she needs to know about Helen.

TERRENCE (V.O.)

Not now, she's not ready.

An email notification pops up on her cell from KEYHOLE INVESTIGATORS. Subject: "RE: HELEN DAVIS".

LESEDI

Dad, I'll call you later.

Hangs up.

Distracted, she switches on the blender, forgets the lid. Mushy fruit pieces shoot out. SHIT.

Opens the email: "**Just confirming, you want me to proceed?**". Lesedi replies: "**Yes**".

INT. "WALKER MUSIC" - JOHANNESBURG - DAY

A music store crammed with instruments. Posters of legendary South African artists: Hugh Masekela, Miriam Makeba, Ladysmith Black Mambazo.

Zanele looks a sight in her frizzy blue Afro, smudged makeup, leopard print dress, scruffy sneakers and beaded guitar case. Endures the walk of shame past two black STORE ASSISTANTS (20s). They SLOW CLAP.

CHILLED REGGAE ASSISTANT

Well, look what the cat dragged in.

SMOOTH RNB ASSISTANT

Twice.

(to Zanele)

Your dad wants to see you in his office, now.

CHILLED REGGAE ASSISTANT
Hope that party was worth it?

Points to the cocaine around Zanele's nostril. She quickly wipes it away.

INT. LESEDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lesedi, focused, sits at the dining room table. Finalizes a pitch document on her laptop: "WHY WOMEN RULE THE GAMING WORLD". Hits "SAVE".

LESEDI
(Sonya Blade style)
Watch out boys, this bitch is one
pitch away from a flawless victory.
That promotion is mine.

INT. TERRENCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Gentle giant TERRENCE WALKER (50) black American, peers up from his desk as Zanele enters. If looks could kill.

ZANELE
Dad, I'm sooo sorry. I totally
overslept.

TERRENCE
(Southern drawl)
By five hours? That's a new record.
You're totally fired.

ZANELE
Seriously? Thank god. Nine to five
really isn't my thing.

TERRENCE
That's why I'm sending you to live
with your sister far away from all
this nonsense. I warned you.

ZANELE
In Austin... with Lesedi? She's so
annoying, she's always up in my
business.

TERRENCE
You haven't been the same since she
left. You're turning into your
mother, and not in a good way.

Zanele is taken aback.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

She was a wonderful woman, when she wasn't drinking. I can't watch the same thing happen to you.

Zanele stares at a poster of her dad and glamorous mom, JOSEPHINE WALKER, singing on stage.

ZANELE

But, but you can't just ship me off. I'm an adult, I'm twenty one... and a quarter.

TERRENCE

An adult who still lives at home with her daddy. Lesedi's got her act together, she'll be a good influence on you.

Zanele kicks off her shoes like a child mid tantrum. Slumps onto the sofa. Terrence sits down next to her.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Austin will be good for you, and for your music. They don't get your sound here.

Zanele leans closer to Terrence, puppy-dog-eyes him.

ZANELE

Do I at least get to fly First? Business... Premium Economy?

EXT. TERRENCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Zanele exits with a victorious smile on her face.

MUSICAL HALLUCINATION: Celebratory African drums, joyful tribal ululations. It's the raw sound of Zanele's emotions.

She passes the two store assistants. Music cuts.

SMOOTH RNB ASSISTANT

Is daddy sending you home?

ZANELE

Nope, to America. I got my golden ticket outta here.

(to other assistant)

That party was sooo worth it.

She winks, then deflects her attention to a photo on the wall of her fondly hugging her older sister, Lesedi.

Morphs into a photo timeline. Real, honest, everyday shots of the sisters growing up together as BFFs.

Title: **THAT SISTER THANG**

INT. AUSTIN-BERGSTROM AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Arrivals board flashes: "JOHANNESBURG FLIGHT SAA 624, LANDED"

Lesedi, in jeans and a retro ATARI tee, seated by a row of chairs. Alienware laptop open, VIRTUAL REALITY GLASSES on. Screams dork.

A WOODEN GIRAFFE'S NECK sticks out high above the heads of PASSENGERS. A woman nudges her way through the crowd. Ta-dah! It's Zanele in a loud, African inspired outfit. Guitar case strapped to her back, giraffe balanced on her suitcases.

Spots Lesedi. Takes a step toward her, stops.

INT. JOHANNESBURG AIRPORT DEPARTURES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PASSENGERS in the security line. Zanele and Lesedi embrace.

ZANELE

Don't go, 'Sedi. Your home's here, with me.

LESEDI

I have to take this job, you know that. I'd be crazy not to.

Zanele has that sulky teenage face.

ZANELE

Austin's so far away.

LESEDI

I'm only a Skype call away.

ZANELE

Please don't leave me.

LESEDI

(in Zulu; subtitles)
I love you. I'll never leave you.

ZANELE

(in Zulu; subtitles)
Yeah, that's what mom said.

She turns her back on Lesedi, walks away.

LESEDI

Zanele...

INT. AUSTIN-BERGSTROM AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY (PRESENT)

Zanele abruptly changes course. The giraffe bops up and down as she hurries away from her sister.

Lesedi takes off her VR glasses, looks at the arrivals board. Quickly packs up her things. Walks toward the

ARRIVAL GATE

Passes a mix of FUDDY COWBOYS, MEXICAN DREAMERS, 30-SOMETHING HIPSTERS, 20-SOMETHING ARTY FARTIES and a CRAZY OLD WOMAN with bright hair curlers and a cat on a leash.

A billboard above the arrival gate: "KEEP AUSTIN WEIRD".

Lesedi texts "ZEE": **"I'm here. Where are you?"**.

She scours the area, then --

A group WhatsApp message from COLTON: **"Guys, Lesi, let's bust our balls today 'n rock this preso."** LESEDI: **Cool Big C, I'll quickly grow a pair."** Then: **"Btw, it's Lesedi not Lesi :)"**

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Zanele bums a smoke from a sweet MEXICAN COWBOY (60). Lights up, takes a drag. COUGHS.

MEXICAN COWBOY

(in Spanish; subtitles)

You're pretty. Wanna have some fun?

Zanele smiles, none the wiser. Lesedi exits the terminal, spots her sister.

LESEDI

I told you I'd meet you at the arrivals gate.

ZANELE

Good to see you too, sis.

LESEDI

Sorry, hi.

The SISTERS briefly embrace.

ZANELE
What's it been, two years?

LESEDI
I've been here eleven months.
(re: cigarette)
I thought you quit.

ZANELE
I did, until about a minute ago.

Zanele takes a long drag of her cigarette.

ZANELE (CONT'D)
I needed some fresh air before you
suffocated me.

Lesedi grabs the cigarette out of Zanele's mouth, chucks it on the floor. Heads toward the parking lot. Zanele follows, looks back at the Mexican Cowboy.

ZANELE (CONT'D)
Thanks for the lung cancer.

The Cowboy blows her a kiss, grabs his crotch. A shocked Zanele catches up to Lesedi, hands her the giraffe.

LESEDI
Aww, from the airport gift shop?
How thoughtful.

Lesedi struggles with the giraffe. Zanele breezily rolls her suitcases, takes in her new surroundings.

Watches an Escalade limo with tinted windows pull up. A partied-out ROCK BAND piles in with their GROUPIES.

ZANELE
I'm home. New city, new star. Hello Austin.

LESEDI
(good Texan accent)
Live music capital of the world.

ZANELE
Eish wena, you're all African American. Where's the African African gone?

LESEDI
(in Zulu; subtitles)
I may seem American on the outside,
but my heart belongs to Africa.

ZANELE
 (in Zulu; subtitles)
 Even your Zulu has a Texan twang.

LESEDI
 Well I see you're still wearing the
 same 'look at me' clothes. You do
 know less is more.

ZANELE
 I'm not taking fashion advice from
 a Trekkie.

LESEDI
 I have to fit in, to get in.

ZANELE
 Or you could just give some head
 and get ahead.

LESEDI
 You haven't changed.

ZANELE
 You have.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY

A bus offloads dozens of WHITE PASSENGERS.

ZANELE
 I see white people. Only...
 white... people.

LESEDI
 Welcome to Texas.

ZANELE
 It ain't Jo'burg, that's for sure.

She grabs hold of Lesedi's light-skinned hand. It contrasts
 with her darker skinned one.

ZANELE (CONT'D)
 Must be easy for you to blend in.

Lesedi yanks her hand away. Opens the trunk of a red, pimped-
 up '87 FORD MUSTANG. Zanele throws in her bags. Lesedi
 maneuvers the giraffe along the backseat.

ZANELE (CONT'D)
 A Mustang, seriously? It's very...

LESEDI
American?

ZANELE
Butch.

LESEDI
The guys at work love it.

ZANELE
It's not gonna get you laid.

She smugly climbs into the front seat. Spots the steering wheel in front of her. What the? Lesedi taps on the window.

LESEDI
We drive on the left here.

Zanele exits, plays it cool as she walks to the other side.

INT. LESEDI'S CAR - DAY

American SUVs dwarf sleek European and Asian sedans. Several FOOD TRUCKS of different cuisines parked nearby.

ZANELE
Mexican... Chinese... Turkish...
where's the African?

LESEDI
We're practically the only Africans here. But everyone gets along, cos the rich whites live west of the 1, Hispanics east of 35, hippies between the 1 and 35, hipsters just below, and blacks wherever gentrification hasn't kicked them out.

ZANELE
Well this African's got no boundaries.

She connects her phone to the car's sound system, rolls down her window. BLASTS out an upbeat South African ZULU TRACK.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LESEDI'S CAR - DAY

The wooden giraffe's head sticks out the Mustang as it shoots down the highway. Modern skyscrapers contrast the Austin countryside. Everything contrasts the foreign Zulu track.

EXT. LESEDI'S CONDO - EAST DOWNTOWN - DAY

The sisters head toward the entrance of a budget condo in a young East Austin neighborhood. KENDRICK JACKSON (25) suave artist meets misfit, dreadlocks, approaches on a skateboard.

KENDRICK
 (to Lesedi)
 Sup, bae?

LESEDI
 Kendrick, I told you not to call me
 that.

Zanele clocks Kendrick --

MUSICAL HALLUCINATION: Yolandi of South African group Die Antwoord: "Beat boy, beat boy. Hit that perfect beat boy."

ZANELE
 Sup, skater boy? I'm Zanele, the
 younger sister.

KENDRICK
 Kendrick, the older neighbor. You
 two look nothing alike for sisters.

LESEDI
 We come in all shades of black in
 South Africa.

KENDRICK
 I meant, you got the brains and she
 got the bootie.

Zanele hands him her suitcases. Lesedi protectively pulls them away. Zanele grabs them, hands them back to Kendrick.

MUSICAL HALLUCINATION: Yolandi: "Yo pump it uh! Lick it, dip it, twist it, turn it, stick it, dunk it. P-p-p-p-pump it."

INT. LESEDI'S CONDO - HALLWAY - DAY

Lesedi struggles with the giraffe. Zanele spots Kendrick's paint-covered hand as he wheels her suitcases.

ZANELE
 You paint?

KENDRICK
 Yep. I'm from Cali so my work pulls
 from a West Coast perspective.
 (MORE)

KENDRICK (CONT'D)

The object is neither subject nor
art object, but the oblique
objective.

LESEDI

He graffitis walls around town.

KENDRICK

A simple way of putting it, but
yeah, my murals express basic human
emotions - ecstasy, tragedy, doom.

ZANELE

You had me at ecstasy. You should
give me a tour. Bring Molly along,
Mary Jane too if she's free.

LESEDI

There'll be no Molly, no Mary and
no Jane coming over.

The trio arrive at

LESEDI'S APARTMENT

She opens the door, snatches the suitcases from Kendrick.
Pushes Zanele inside.

LESEDI (CONT'D)

Thanks Kendrick, bye Kendrick. Go
roll a joint and deface a wall.

The door SLAMS closed.

INT. LESEDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lesedi plops down the wooden giraffe.

ZANELE

Damn, I didn't give him my number.

LESEDI

He lives across the hall.

ZANELE

He's flames.

LESEDI

He's trouble, stay away from him.

Zanele makes a beeline for the Mortal Kombat arcade game.

ZANELE

You finally got one? You were addicted to this when we were kids.

LESEDI

I won it off the guys in the office tournament. It was a great day.

ZANELE

You still playing as that white army chick?

LESEDI

Sonya, yes. She was the only female character when I started playing. She still kicks ass.

ZANELE

Your very own white Barbie on roids.

Lesedi snaps into tour guide mode, shows Zanele the open-plan apartment. White walls, tiled floors, basic furnishings.

LESEDI

Note how clean and tidy and in place everything is.

Zanele throws her bag on the floor, everything spills out. Follows Lesedi into

THE KITCHEN

Zanele raids the fridge like a teenager home from school. Takes out a piece of fish, looks at the packaging.

ZANELE

Wild organic Norwegian salmon?

LESEDI

I'm a pescatarian now.

She scopes out the other foreign objects in the fridge.

ZANELE

Don't tell dad. He'll send you back home and force feed you ostrich steak and boerewors.

LESEDI

Gross, the sound of meat makes me nauseous. I can fix you a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

ZANELE
Jelly, on bread, now that's gross.
Got any jam?

LESEDI
Jelly is jam.

ZANELE
What do you use for bread?

LESEDI
Gluten-free seed loaf.

ZANELE
So, jelly is jam, and bread is
cardboard. Got it.

Zanele closes the fridge. A PHOTO of the sisters, flanked by Terrence and Josephine, falls off. She picks it up, looks at it thoughtfully.

LESEDI
Okay, I'm off to work, got a really
important pitch.

ZANELE
(half-hearted)
Good luck.

LESEDI
Work is something you also need to
be doing. I told Dad you could stay
here only if you paid your share.

ZANELE
How much is that?

LESEDI
Seven hundred dollars.

Zanele tries to do the calculation in her head as she follows her sister into the

LIVING ROOM

ZANELE
That's like... ten thousand rand.
For this dump?

LESEDI
And it's due at the end of the
month otherwise, hello YWCA.

ZANELE
Why don't you cut a sista a break?

LESEDI
Fine, get some rest...

Zanele flops onto the sofa, reaches for the TV remote.

ZANELE
Now that I can do.

LESEDI
...and then go look for some gigs
or something. Just bring home the
money, honey.

INT. "A-GAME" STUDIO - COLTON'S DESK - DAY

COLTON JONES (30) 100% hipster. The real annoying type, with an overly long beard and entitled attitude. Sits on a beanbag, drinks a green power smoothie. Watches Lesedi approach, coffee in hand.

COLTON
Dude, I thought you'd forgotten
about our presentation.

LESEDI
Sorry, Colton, had to fetch my
sister from the airport.

COLTON
I was worried you had those damn
period pains again.

LESEDI
Ha ha, no that's next week.

Colton stares out at the relaxed, contemporary studio filled with overworked MALE COLLEAGUES glued to their PCs.

A sci-fi video game plays on a giant screen behind them. XEETA, a hypersexualized heroine, fights robotic creatures.

COLTON
Oh, I told the guys to make Xeeta's
tits bigger. Massive in fact.

LESEDI
If her boobs get any bigger she'll
have to hold them when she runs.
(shouts across studio)
(MORE)

LESEDI (CONT'D)

Hey, guys, nobody touches Xeeta's
boobs without her consent.

COLTON

Good one, Lesi. You're real funny
for an African girl.

LESEDI

You know I hate it when you call me
that.

COLTON

What, an African?

LESEDI

Lesi. People are starting to think
I'm a lesbian.

COLTON

You're not? Maybe you should wear
more makeup then.

LESEDI

You're right, Colton. Nothing
defines a woman more than her
makeup.

COLTON

And her bra. Lesbians don't wear
bras, do they?

Looks at Lesedi's cleavage, then at his cell. Swipes right,
right, right on Tinder.

COLTON (CONT'D)

Looking forward to your pitch. It's
make or break time.

Lesedi adjusts her bra, pushes her boobs closer together as
she walks away.

INT. ZANELE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Zanele, asleep. Wakes up to a FaceTime call from "SEDI".

INT. "A-GAME" STUDIO - LESEDI'S DESK - DAY

Lesedi looks at Zanele's puffy face on screen.

LESEDI

Wakey, wakey. It's time to hit
those streets.

INTERCUT LESEDI/ZANELE CALL

ZANELE

You sound like my pimp.

LESEDI

It's nearly three. By the time
you've picked out an outfit the
bars will be open.

ZANELE

They'll still be open at midnight.

LESEDI

And everyone will be too busy to
talk to you. Up, up, up.

ZANELE

Yeah, okay mom, I'm up.

LESEDI

Good. Just remember...

(sings)

... when you're good to Mama,
Mama's good to you.

ZANELE

We're in Austin, not Chicago.

Zanele's face disappears off Lesedi's phone screen.

An email from KEYHOLE INVESTIGATORS pops up on Lesedi's
office computer. Subject: "CASE UPDATE". She opens it.

A headshot of three Helen Davis females, 2 black, 1 white.
"Down to these three. Doing further background checks."

Lesedi types a reply: **"It's obviously not the white woman."**

EXT. SIXTH STREET - DAY

Zanele struts down the sidewalk like a new sheriff in town.
Her guitar case strapped over an even more outrageous outfit,
complete with zebra skin ankle boots.

INSTAGRAM PHOTO & VIDEO MONTAGE:

- Zanele films STRONG WOMAN crush an apple with her bicep.
- Snaps a pic of WEREWOLF MAN as he plays the violin.

- Compliments a HOMELESS CROSSDRESSER in stilettos as s(he) pushes a shopping cart with a sign: LESLIE LIVES ON.

INT. GOTH BAR - NIGHT

Ghouls, vampires and skeletons adorn the dark walls. WHITE TWENTY-SOMETHING GOTHS drink beer from gargoyle-shaped mugs.

Zanele approaches a barman dressed as the GRIM REAPER.

ZANELE

Hey, do you have open spots for a singer? I play country, with an African twist.

GRIM REAPER

A black girl, from wherever you're from, playing country? Now that's a first.

He selects a track on his laptop. An ear-slashing DEATH METAL SONG belts out over the bar's sound system.

GRIM REAPER (CONT'D)

Got any of this?

ZANELE

Nope. You got any whiskey?

Zanele covers her ears as the Grim Reaper pours her a shot. She knocks it back, heads for the exit.

INT. "A-GAME" MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Lesedi takes her MALE COLLEAGUES and COLTON through her pitch. Big boss, JOEL WHITE (45) red-faced, chubby from his love of bourbon 'n BBQs, sits up front. Chews on a toothpick.

LESEDI

Women solve problems differently, they fight differently. Less brawn, more brain. And fifty two percent of gamers today are actually female, which means that a game designed specifically for them could be a best seller.

A blank, unresponsive Joel turns his attention to the guys.

JOEL

What do you boys think?

COLTON

The person who made up that statistic must be a woman. Joel, when last did your wife play with your XBox?

JOEL

She thinks the game console's the TV remote. Her hands are only good for playing with one thing.

The whole room laughs to impress, except Lesedi.

LESEDI

But, Mr. White, research shows...

COLTON

Lesi, I think we've heard enough. Lemme take Joel through the changes we've made to our latest game.

Xeeta's grossly enhanced boobs pop up on the presentation screen. Joel and the guys CHEER like frat boys. Lesedi slinks into the corner, pissed.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

Lesedi dressed as her Mortal Kombat alter shego, Sonya Blade. Air floats across the room, stops mid flight as she kicks Colton in the chest. Sends him crashing into the wall.

A game title appears above a stunned Colton: FINISH HIM!

Lesedi walks up to him, flicks his forehead with her finger, he crashes to the floor. K.O.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. "A-GAME" HALLWAY - DAY

Lesedi pounces on Colton as he exits the meeting room.

LESEDI

How could you throw me under the bus like that, in front of Joel? I can kiss that promotion goodbye.

COLTON

Don't be so sensitive.

LESEDI

I've had enough of you and your little boys' club.

COLTON

I knew it, it's your time of the month. You should pop a Midol.

Lesedi storms off.

EXT. 6TH STREET - DAY

Zanele, tired, sweaty, continues to trawl the sidewalk with her guitar case. Struggles to navigate her phone's GPS.

MONTAGE: Zanele chats to BAR MANAGERS of various weird 'n wonderful bars: FLAMINGO CANTINA / MIDNIGHT COWBOY / EASY TIGER. Each time she's rejected, she knocks back a whiskey.

INT. "A-GAME" STUDIO - LESEDI'S DESK - DAY

Lesedi hides behind her laptop, scowls at Colton as he jokes with the boys. Snaps the pencil in her hand. Texts "ZEE":
"Need to let off some steam. Meet me at MissCal's."

INT. "PETE'S DUELING BAR" - NIGHT

The rock-n-roll version of a piano bar. TATTOOED BARMAIDS prep for the night, POTBELLY PETE (40) fills the cash box.

On stage, two baby grands in a duel-style face off. A neon sign above: SING LOUD. Below, Zanele strums on her guitar.

ZANELE

*Well I took a long look back into
 my life thus far/ And I realized
 you can't get it back/ Even if you
 close your eyes real hard
 (in Zulu, strong clicks)
 I turned the pages of all the ups
 and downs/ Sometimes I followed my
 heart/ And it got me far...*

Pete jumps up, cuts her off.

POTBELLY PETE

Hold your horses there, honey.
 You're in Texas, we speak American
 over here.

Dejected, Zanele packs up her guitar.

MUSICAL HALLUCINATION: A raw, hardcore African hip-hop track thrashes over shot. Zanele's clearly pissed.

ZANELE

Do you understand sign language?

Gives Pete the middle finger, heads for the door. Her feet STOMP, STOMP, STOMP in time to the music in her head.

EXT. "MISSCAL'S SPEAKEASY" - NIGHT

Zanele tries to figure out Lesedi's pin drop on her phone. Turns her cell in the air. Where the hell's north? Finally spots her sister up a side alley.

Lesedi waits outside a modest STONE SHED, with a small sign: "MISSCAL'S". Zanele jumps into her arms.

ZANELE

Lesedi, my favorite sister.

LESEDI

Now you're happy to see me?

She peels Zanele off her, backs away.

LESEDI (CONT'D)

Smells like someone's had their own private party. I thought you were looking for work.

ZANELE

I needed some hard liquor to soften all the rejection. I'm not drunk.

LESEDI

I wish I was. I need to get over this day.

ZANELE

That's why I'm here, to help you unclench that tight ass of yours.

Slaps Lesedi's butt.

INT. "MISSCAL'S SPEAKEASY" - NIGHT

A Mexican bar from an old Western movie. Dark wooden tables, floors. Rows of Mezcal bottles along the stone walls.

The sisters walk past CALIDA SANCHEZ (30) Mexican-American, a bombshell intellectual. In deep conversation with a couple of JOCKS. They flirt. She's serious.

CALIDA

You call it the Mexican-American War, we call it the U.S. Invasion. The annexation of Texas was grossly unjustified.

She turns her attention to the sisters seated at the bar.

LESEDI

Handing out another free history lesson, huh.

CALIDA

There's always three sides to every story. Both sides, and the truth.

Lesedi nods in agreement.

LESEDI

This is my sister, Zanele.
(to Zanele)
Calida, owner and political savant.

Calida puts down two shot glasses, fills them with mezcal.

CALIDA

This is Tobalá, the king of mezcal. Very rare. Mezcal needs to be kissed, you must sip it...

Zanele knocks the shot back. Calida GASPS. The jocks CHEER.

CALIDA (CONT'D)

...slowly, allowing a connection.

JOCK 1

Yeah, with her brain.

JOCK 2

And the floor.

Lesedi's cell RINGS. She checks it. "KEYHOLE INVESTIGATORS". She cancels the call.

ZANELE

Who's that?

LESEDI

No one.

ZANELE

Come on, you can tell me. New boyfriend, girlfriend?

LESEDI

It's Colton from work. He's a real prick.

Text from KEYHOLE INVESTIGATORS: "**The white woman, she's Helen. 100%.**" Lesedi drops her cell.

ZANELE

Is everything okay?

Lesedi nods, picks her phone up off the floor. Replies: "**Send me proof.**" Knocks back her mezcal. Calida throws up her hands, walks away.

LESEDI

The guys don't think I can design a game specially for women. But I mastered Gameboy when I was seven. I had the school's highest Mortal Kombat score three years in a row. And when the shit hits the fan at work, who do they call? It sure ain't Ghostbusters.

ZANELE

'Sedi, how about you stop moaning and just make the damn game. Show them your black girl magic.

LESEDI

You know what, I will. I'm calling my boss Joel.

Grabs her cell, calls JOEL.

LESEDI (CONT'D)

(on cell)

Mr. White, it's Lesedi... Le-se-di... yes, Lesi. The game I pitched you, I really wanna make it... I'll do it in my own time... so, can I go ahead?

Zanele tries to listen in, mouths to Lesedi --

ZANELE

What's he saying?

A despondent Lesedi holds up her phone.

JOEL (V.O.)

Hahahahahahaha!

Zanele shakes her head, ends the call.

LESEDI

You just hung up on my boss. Oh my god... I just hung up on my boss.

ZANELE

You're better than this. Make the game yourself. Stuff Joel.

LESEDI

For once, you're right. Stuff Joel... stuff Colton.

ZANELE

Stuff dick.

The sisters high-five. Lesedi peps up.

LESEDI

I think we should go out. It is your first night here.

ZANELE

Okay, but only if you leave Miss Uptight at home.

LESEDI

Fine, but nothing too crazy. Sister swear?

Lesedi holds up her forefinger, draws an 'S' in the air, then bends it into a hook shape. Zanele mimics her action, hooks her forefinger onto Lesedi's.

ZANELE

Sister swear.

INT. "LITTLE LONGHORN SALOON" - NIGHT

Crowded with WHITE FOLK, a couple HISPANICS. The sisters stand out in the blue collar, red state bar.

ZANELE

I feel like an extra in Get Out 2.

In the center, an empty wired CHICKEN COOP with a grid squared off like a bingo board.

A southern granny, GINNY, enters through the back door, holds a CHICKEN in the air. The crowd CHEERS as she plops the chicken into the coop.

ZANELE (CONT'D)

What the hell's going on?

LESEDI

It's Chicken Shit Bingo. If the chicken poops on your number, you win two hundred bucks.

ZANELE

I'm in. What number are we playing?

The sisters look at one another.

LESEDI

Six.

ZANELE (CONT'D)

Six.

Lesedi hands a few dollars to a WOMAN next to the chicken coop. Takes a ticket with the NUMBER 6.

Orders some beers, leaves her credit card behind the bar.

THREE DRUNK UT STUDENTS chant. One flirts with Zanele.

DRUNK UT STUDENTS

Do a number two on number two.

Lesedi watches Zanele fully into the Chicken Shit Bingo, and the cute UT students.

The chicken's butt bops up and down.

LESEDI

Just like old times.

ZANELE

The good, or the bad?

LESEDI

To new times. I've missed having you around.

ZANELE

I've missed having you at my gigs.
'Specially when you were the only one there.

They clink beer bottles. Focus back on the coop.

The chicken's butt bops up and down.

ZANELE (CONT'D)

Drop it like it's hot on six. Six. Six. Six. Six.

LESEDI

The chicken finally poops... on NUMBER 6.

Zanele breaks into an African Gwara Gwara dance. Lesedi joins in, struggles with the moves. She's out of practice.

ZANELE
 (Zulu; subtitles)
 Yes sister. Release your inner
 African. You got it, you got it...
 you had it, you had it.

Zanele grabs their winnings, polishes off her beer.

LESEDI
 Hey, take it easy.

ZANELE
 Oh, hi Miss Uptight. Thought you
 weren't joining us.

She orders a double shot of whiskey. Knocks it back. Lesedi
 bites her tongue.

ZANELE (CONT'D)
 Well, dad always said, when you
 fall off a horse...

LESEDI
 ... you get back up on a bull.

Zanele shoots off toward the STAGE. Whispers in the ear of a
 MUSICIAN, he hands her his GUITAR.

At the bar, slim, modern-day hippie REX WILLIAMS (30) sidles
 up to Lesedi. Plays Mr. Cool. He's far from it.

REX
 It's nice to see some black folk in
 here for a change.

LESEDI
 Uhhhh, thanks, I guess.

REX
 My Uncle Willie blames them damn...
 (pronounced *Asians*)
 ...'-ations'.

Lesedi's not sure how to react.

REX (CONT'D)
 Inflation causes gentrification,
 gentrification causes segregation.

LESEDI
 Oh, right, those *-ations*. And
 segregation causes residualization.

He nods, she cracks a smile. They both watch Zanele on stage.

ZANELE

(into mic)

This is an old song of mine. It's been a while since I played it, but tonight, well it kinda feels right. It's called "Usisi Wami", which is Zulu for "My Sister".

The AUDIENCE quiets down as she strums a country melody with an African riff.

ZANELE (CONT'D)

I'm a girl from the motherland/ The daughter of a man and woman in a band/ Their love for music runs through my veins/ But the love for my sister is what always remains.

(sings in Zulu)

My sister, I love you/ My sister, I love you always/ My sister, always.

Zanele's flawless performance gets a mixed reaction. But she's stoked, it's the best reaction she's had so far.

Lesedi jumps to her feet, touched, proud. APPLAUDS loudly. Rex joins in.

REX

She's really good.

LESEDI

She's my sister.

REX

Awesome. I'm Rex by the way. Friends call me T-Rex, cos of my skinny little arms.

LESEDI

I'm Lesedi. The guys at work call me Lesi.

REX

Sorry, I thought you were straight.

LESEDI

Oh, I am. I love men. More the merrier. Well, not like in an orgy or a three-way. But I love all kinds of men, short men, tall men, fat men... well fat-ish men.

REX

What about thin men?

DREAM SEQUENCE:

Lesedi, dressed as alter shego Sonya Blade, clangs her wrists together. Sends out a pink ring-like laser that lassos around Rex. Pulls him toward her... RIPS open his shirt.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Lesedi blushes, then shyly looks away.

On stage, the musician shoves a double shot into Zanele's hand. She knocks it back, then vomits all over her zebra skin ankle boots. Buckles to the floor.

LESEDI

(to Rex)

Actually, she's my sister-in-law.

Lesedi rushes over, embarrassed. Unstraps the guitar, hands it back to the musician. Rex helps a rag doll Zanele off stage. They head for the door.

The BARMAN chases after them with Lesedi's credit card, shoves the bill in her hand. Her mouth drops.

EXT. "LITTLE LONGHORN SALOON" - NIGHT

Rex struggles to hold up rubber-legged Zanele. Lesedi exits.

LESEDI

I can't believe you had five double whiskey sodas. Let's go.

ZANELE

(slurs)

No. I wanna go back inside.

LESEDI

Are you crazy? You just threw up in front of the entire bar. Let's go.

ZANELE

I'm not moving. I'm in love.

LESEDI

With who?

Zanele slides down Rex's arm, snaps her head up at him.

ZANELE

What's your name?

REX

Rex.

ZANELE

Hi, I'm...

She vomits again, all over Rex's Birkenstocks. Lesedi yanks Zanele away from him but she throws herself back into Rex's arms, tries to kiss him. He pulls away from her puke breath.

LESEDI

You sister swore.

ZANELE

Bah. That was just something we said as kids.

LESEDI

Why do you always do this? Whenever things are going well, you ruin it. Dad sent you here to clean up your act and you mess up on day one.

ZANELE

I sent me here. Dad would've never let me go if I didn't come up with a plan.

LESEDI

Hang on, you planned all of this?

ZANELE

I've got bigger dreams than working in dad's store. You got the easy way out.

LESEDI

Easy? I've been working my ass off to get where I am. It's really difficult for an African woman to be taken seriously around here. You'll see.

ZANELE

You've worked real hard at becoming a coconut.

Ooh, the gloves are off. Zanele peels herself away from Rex. He uses the chance to slip off his puke-covered Birkenstocks. Walks barefoot to his pedicab with a sign: "WEIRD WHEELS".

REX

Do you girls maybe want a lift?

No response. Zanele staggers up to Lesedi.

ZANELE
 (in Zulu; subtitles)
 At least one of us got to follow
 their dreams.

Rex unlocks his pedicab. He wishes he was invisible.
 Especially when --

ZANELE (CONT'D)
 (to Rex)
 She just hopped on a plane and left
 me behind.

LESEDI
 (to Rex)
 Was I supposed to give up on the
 opportunity of a lifetime?

REX
 I think I'm gonna leave you two
 ladies to catch up. It was nice
 meeting you.

Hops on his pedicab, peddles away from the drama.

ZANELE
 You knew how hard it was when mom
 died. How could you leave me? I was
 all alone.

LESEDI
 So was I. At least you had dad.

ZANELE
 And dad had work.

LESEDI
 Ah... suddenly she realizes the
 world doesn't revolve around her.

ZANELE
 Fuck you.

Angry, hurt, the sisters storm off in opposite directions.

INT. LESEDI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lesedi grabs a cheesy mug, fills it with water. Looks at the
 photo printed on it: the sisters in number "6" Springbok
 rugby jerseys, big smiles. Caption: "WORLD'S BEST SISTER".

She glances across at the giraffe in the hall, then at Zanele's room, messy -- and empty.

Picks up her iPad. Opens an email from KEYHOLE INVESTIGATORS with subject: "PROOF".

A copy of Lesedi's BIRTH CERTIFICATE shows "Helen Davis" registered as her MOTHER. Clicks on the attachment: a 1990 newspaper article with a photo of her dad on stage, and the white Helen Davis as a backup singer.

Lesedi, gobsmacked, turns her attention from her iPad to the photo of her and Zanele on the mug. Stares at it, blankly.

INT. RANDOM SHAG'S BEDROOM - DAY

Zanele, asleep, in nothing but a G-string. Next to her, a HUNKY SHAG (30) semi-naked, passed out. Beer bottles everywhere. Serious déjà vu of the opening pool scene.

She slides out of bed, gets dressed. Puts on her vomit-crusted boots. Tip-toes toward the door.

Spots a plate on the table, scrapes together a line of coke. Then CHANGES HER MIND, quickly exits.

INT. LESEDI'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lesedi, tense, on a Skype call to her dad.

LESEDI

Yes, dad, I found my mother. Why didn't you tell me she's white? Thanks for the identity crisis.

INT. "WALKER MUSIC" - DAY

Terrence sits at his office desk, his computer next to a framed photo of his two daughters.

TERRENCE

I wanted to tell you, I didn't know how. Not everything, all at once.

INTERCUT LESEDI/TERRENCE VIDEO CALL

LESEDI

So even when you finally came clean, you still left out some dirt. Well I'm telling Zanele everything.

TERRENCE

Your sister's too fragile right now. I only told you because you were moving to Austin, it was time you knew.

LESEDI

You hate it that Zanele's going to find out you had an affair... and that I'm her half sister, her white half sister.

Several LOUD KNOCKS on Lesedi's front door.

LESEDI (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

Ends the video call. Heads to the front door, opens it.

LESEDI (CONT'D)

Lemme guess, you lost your key?

Zanele brushes past her with a big cold shoulder.

LESEDI (CONT'D)

I've been worried sick. First night here and you didn't even sleep in your own bed.

ZANELE

It saves me having to make it.

Storms off to her bedroom.

INT. ZANELE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Zanele's on her bed in a LION ONESIE, freshly showered. STRUMS her guitar. Lesedi enters with some painkillers and the "WORLD'S BEST SISTER" coffee mug.

LESEDI

Working on a new song?

ZANELE

It's called "Slaying the Demons".

Lesedi CHUCKLES, hands over the mug and painkillers.

LESEDI

About last night...

Zanele, a bit more calm, accepts the peace offering.

ZANELE

I know, me too.

LESEDI

I'm here for you now. I need you to be here for you too.

ZANELE

I'm trying. I want to be the singer mom believed I could be.

Lesedi gets a text from "DAD": **"Don't tell her."**

LESEDI

Remember how mom was always going on about us being sisters no matter what? Well I won't let anything come between us, ever. You know that right?

ZANELE

Yes, Oprah.

Lesedi gets another text from "DAD": **"Please, not now."**

Looks intently at her vulnerable sister. Takes her hand.

LESEDI

I have to tell you something.

END