

**BACK TO AFRICA**

Written by

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INT. SOMEWHERE DARK - NIGHT

Dark purple lights soak the leather interior of a private booth inside a building. The area is sparsely packed with men - heads low, eyeballs averting one another. GLITTER sparkles from somewhere, out of focus.

CROCODILE SKIN SHOES slam on a table. The motion rattles empty bottles of Soju.

BARNICUS is sunk deep into a couch thrice his size, his lanky legs extending onto the table. He picks his teeth while yelling into a cellphone.

BARNICUS

I know we sell soju, but walk with me...

A male with a HUSKY voice eviscerates the ears of Barnicus.

HUSKY (O.S.)

No! We are now wealthy legally, so quit it with these stupid get-rich scams.

HUSKY (O.S.)

I'm on my way to you right now.

Barnicus looks at the phone like it's about to chew his hairline.

Barnicus takes a deep breath.

He leans into the phone like he's about to tell it the next big thing.

BARNICUS

This is generational wealth in our lifetime.

BARNICUS

The product takes 24 hours to make, then sells for \$10,000 a bag.

Barnicus stares at the phone with both hands.

BARNICUS

Hello?

The phone slumps over in a sigh.

HUSKY (O.S.)

Continue...

Barnicus sets his foot on the ground, back upright, face beaming to the brim with confidence.

BARNICUS

I knew you still loved money! We won't even leave the country this time.

Barnicus gestures wildly to the heavens with the phone pressed against his ear.

BARNICUS

We pay some mope to hire another mope in Africa. Have him and his Zulu buddies collect coffee beans.

BARNICUS

'Cos you know over there, coffee grows like grass. He feeds the beans to an elephant, Dumbo takes a massive golden dump.

BARNICUS

He cleans it up, sells it to us for 50 cents, and we re-sell it to millionaires in Thailand.

Husky's voice - sharp, distinct and quiet.

HUSKY (O.S.)

Where are you right now?

Barnicus freezes mid-grin. The teeth-pick stops moving.

A pull-back. He is in a VIP Booth. Outside is a pole on stage.

A STRIPPER mid-pirouette, blows him a kiss in slow motion. The "men with heads low" are trucking the women's notes from their pockets. Soju bottles everywhere.

Barnicus waves a fistful of money. The grin returns, full force.

BARNICUS

I'm at a single-mother fundraiser.