

THE SHAPER

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72 INT. SAGE'S RESPITE, MAX'S ROOM - DAY 72

Max is dressed for the beach as she stands in front of a mirror, but she holds out a more dressy outfit and examines it with approval.

A digital clock on her bedside table reads 11:55, as she puts the outfit carefully into a bag and grabs her board.

73 INT. SAGE'S RESPITE - DAY 73

At her laptop, Cara scribbles her work research on a notepad as Max comes down.

MAX

I'm going to go train with Ben and Blue in Muizenberg. I'll get a lift back later.

CARA

What time?

Max doesn't pause as she rushes to the door.

MAX

I don't know. Later.

Max exits and we leave on Cara's expression.

74 EXT. SAGE'S RESPITE - DAY 74

Max waits outside for long moments before, relieved, she sees Blue arrive in the Waves For All bakkie.

75 EXT. MUIZENBERG VLEI - DAY 75

The Muizenberg Vlei is a marshy area that abuts the ocean. There are scattered trees and grassy areas with brick fireplaces built in.

Blue and Max join a large communal gathering in full swing. There are too many people to meet at once, so Blue just waves at the assorted **ELDERS, AUNTIES, UNCLES, KIDS** and **TEENS** who call out and wave in response.

There is a hard edge to these people, but also a tangible warmth and friendliness. They are loud, but full of laughter and there is a jovial feeling to the gathering.

A *beat box* *blears* in the background, as Blue sees Nazeer and leads Max over to the spot where he is sitting.

She notices the presence of massive amount of alcohol, several crates worth rest near the braai. All the adults and many of the teenagers hold bottles of spirits or beer. *

Nazeer jumps up to greet them, then shoves a couple kids off their camping chairs to make room for Max and Blue. The kids give him offended looks, but know better than to offer lip.

Max sits beside an **UNLCE** (51), who seems to be missing most of his teeth. Blue takes the other chair, near several boys their own age, who share a hubble bubbly. One, **BRENT** (15) has tattoos down the side of his neck. The only girl around is **LISA** (17), who stares at Max with thinly disguised jealousy.

Max's phone rings. She sees it's Cara and turns her phone off.

Nazeer offers them his bottle of whiskey, but both Max and Blue decline. Nazeer then offers them a smoke of the hubble. They decline again.

NAZEER

I promise, I'm not going to tell your mommy.

BLUE

We're training.

NAZEER

When did you become such a good boy?

MAX

Is this all one family?

NAZEER

Ja. Not all blood, but all family. Right Blew?

Blue nods.

Nazeer raises his bottle.

NAZEER (CONT'D)

To family.

The guys raise bottles, then drink.

Cara dials a number into her phone, it rings for a moment then Ben picks up.

CARA

Hi Ben. It's Cara here, Andrew Sage's daughter. We were just wondering if you might be free to join us for dinner after you're done training with Max?

BEN

That would be great, but I'm not training with Max.

CARA

What?

77

EXT. MUIZENBERG VLEI - DAY

77

The late afternoon light indicates that several hours have passed since Max and Blue arrived. The demeanor of their companions has changed, as the alcohol has had its effect.

MAX

So how did Blue, I mean Brandon, get his nickname?

BLUE

That's not...

NAZEER

So you're like a pro surfer hey? You just play in the waves all day and they pay you for that.

MAX

Sort of.

NAZEER

Where do I sign up for that kak?

BLUE

In your dreams bra. It's kak hard to make money from surfing.

LISA

Ja. She must be very talented. I bet she gives head like a pro too, if you're bringing her to the family so quick.

(to Max)

I slept with him for years before he did that for me. But now they're my family too. You hear me?

MAX

A deaf person could hear you.

BLUE

We should go.

NAZEER

Ag Lisa, don't be jealous. You must accept that Blew is just made for better things than you.

Nazeer whips out his phone, and teases the rest with a glimpse of a photo of what appears to be a hot babe. He passes the phone to Lisa and we see it's one of the sexy pictures Max posted to Instagram.

NAZEER (CONT'D)

Hey Max, if you get tired of this one...

(he grabs his crotch)

I swear I'm made for better things too.

The phone reaches the drunken uncle, who smiles lecherously and passes the phone around to the other boys.

BLUE

(To Max)

He's just joking.

NAZEER

(Tugs at his zipper)

No. I'm not. Look.

BLUE

(Jumps up)

Enough.

DRUNKEN UNCLE

There's more. Jasis. Check the one with the surfboard.

The Drunken Uncle stares hungrily at Max and the guys are practically salivating as they pass round the phone. When it reaches Brent he stares for a long moment before Blue rips it from his hand and throws the phone into the vlei.

Nazeer just laughs, but Brent steps right up to Maxine, uncomfortably close, despite her body language screaming her need for space from his menacing presence.

BRENT

I'll see more of you soon.

Blue pushes Brent away.

BLUE
You're out of line.

Brent steps toe to toe with Blue and eyeballs him.

BRENT
No. You are. You're not protected
anymore. Don't forget that.

BLUE
I don't need...

HARDCORE AUNTIE (O.C.)
Brent Abrams. Don't make me come
over there or I'll klap you into
Tuesday.

All eyes turn to the **HARDCORE AUNTIE**, a heavysset woman
sitting with some of the grownups a short way off.

BRENT
Ag, mommy. We were just playing.

HARDCORE AUNTIE
You put that lip away and find
something else to play quick-quick.
You hear me?

BRENT
Yes mommy. Sorry mommy.

As the others laugh, Brent steps back, but he levels a deadly
stare at Blue that suggests the matter is far from over.

Blue takes Maxine's hand and guides her toward the bakkie.

They get in and speed off.