

SCRAP

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INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - DAY

Inside the command pod of a space shuttle, two astronauts are strapped in, facing up, wearing colourful African-designed space suits and helmets, emblazoned with "ZSA - Zimbabwean Space Agency".

This is SAM and KNOWLEDGE, both in their late 20s.

A countdown in the Shona language is heard over the radio.

SARAH (ON COMMS)  
... pfumbamwe ... nesere ... nomwe  
... nhanhatu ...

Sam looks over to Knowledge, holds out a gloved hand, which Knowledge grips tightly. They look into a phone's camera with proud smiles.

SAM  
We're all stardust, brother. Let's  
go home.  
(pause)  
Commencing solid rocket booster  
ignition.

He flips a switch in front of him. A loud sound is heard.

SARAH (ON COMMS)  
... shanu ... ina ... nhatu ...  
mbiri ...

Sam and Knowledge steel themselves in their seats. At the very last moment, Sarah exclaims.

SARAH (COMMS) (CONT'D)  
Holy shit - what's that? Stop!  
Stop! Abort launch! Sam!!

Suddenly the whole structure rocks to the side, and back. A loud ripping sound is heard, and the breaking of wood.

The whole shuttle topples over, and topples back into position. Sam glances over his shoulder in a panic.

From here he can see the head of a COW. It has burst through the side of the "shuttle", little more than plastic and aluminium wrapped around wooden staves.

Outside, a green pasture can be seen.

The cow lets out a loud MOO.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

Sam marches angrily from the "shuttle" - now clearly just a mock structure they made themselves, yet convincing in a rudimentary fashion.

Sarah is approaching from the radio table. Sam clocks an open gate to one side.

SAM

I told you to keep the gate closed!

SARAH

Yeah well, mission control can't really do security, right?

At that moment, Knowledge comes closer with his phone.

KNOWLEDGE

There's some pretty good stuff, I mean ... until ...

He shows Sam the video. It looks like an actual shuttle launch, until the camera rocks and stops on the cow's head appearing through the side of the shuttle.

Sam shakes his head.

SAM

This won't work.

(pause)

We need more training. Then we'll try again. Knowledge, we need to rebuild the shuttle.

Sarah and Knowledge look at each other - they aren't keen.

SARAH

Sam. You're not an astronaut. And I don't know who this girl is you're chasing, but you can't start of with a lie. Just be yourself, man.

KNOWLEDGE

You want him to tell that girl he's a scrap collector, the son of a janitor.

SARAH

What does she do?

SAM

How should I know? I haven't seen her in thirteen years.

SARAH

Man, that's not love. That's ... weird.

KNOWLEDGE

When is this reunion happening?

SAM

Next week. I'm not gonna go.

SARAH

So how will you see her again?

Sam shakes his head.

KNOWLEDGE

You have a suit?

Sam shakes his head again.

KNOWLEDGE (CONT'D)

OK, OK. I'll train you. Girls, they are like the voters, you must just tell them what they want to hear. So: instead of "I am a scrap metal scavenger", you say "I am a tech entrepreneur". See?

Behind them the shuttle finally falls down.

EXT. STREETS OF HARARE - DAY

Sam is expertly riding a trolley laden with scrap metal down the street. He has a homemade handbrake to help him steer the heavy load and he whistles to communicate with traffic.

KID

Hey Scrapman! Here's some more!

In passing, the KID throws an empty can on his trolley.

We follow Sam through the traffic. His control of the trolley is incredible - handbrake turns, slipping through the narrowest of gaps, etc.

After a few touch-and-go turns, Sam turns into a scrap yard.