

VERVE

# The Mutí Killings

by  
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INSPIRED BY A TRUE STORY.

## OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. LONDON, UNITED KINGDOM - NIGHT (2001)

A breezy September evening. High above this conurbation of endless city lights, an impressive cityscape glows against the night sky. As we descend, a steady stream of traffic plays 'stop and go' while the Thames River snakes its way past well-lit landmarks.

### ON THE THAMES

A PARTY BOAT floats past with affluent, college-aged COEDS, all stuffed like sardines in this tiny pleasure vessel. PROPHETS OF DA CITY'S "Muthaland Funk", an African hip-hop music mix, rattles Plexiglas windshields all around the boat.

### THE PARTY BOAT

ON THE DANCE FLOOR - Privileged white KIDS party it up like there's no tomorrow. Pushing through the crowd, we see a lanky, inebriated NINETEEN-year-old boy dancing a sad shuffle with his GIRLFRIEND.

### A RIVERBOAT

Unrelenting waves strike the side. It's hard to see anything. CLOSE ON on a large cleaver-like tool slicing through leather. It bleeds. And we realize this is anything but tanned hide. The blade cleaves through bone and cartilage. We don't want to see this, but we do. This bloodstained machete unmercifully severs a hand from a forearm.

### THE PARTY BOAT

Nineteen and his Girlfriend push through the crowd. Make their way onto the open deck.

### THE RIVERBOAT

TWO MEN in the shadows hose down an oversized tarp. They sanitize the area. Remove disposable latex gloves. Begin to roll the tarp tight.

## THE PARTY BOAT

Nineteen and his Girlfriend canoodle on the open deck. The open air brisk, breezy, cool. In the distance, a flotilla of BARGES sway with the current. The waves whop the side of the vessel as Nineteen looks wide-eyed. He sees something... orange clothing... but this isn't any article of clothing. It's ORANGE SHORTS... REVEALING...

A TORSO - DARK-SKINNED, BLOATED. THIS BODY HAS NO HEAD, LIMBS. WAVES RUSH PAST AND IT'S GONE.

**END MAIN TITLES.** A black screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON - NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

Not so long ago the slummy slums, but now a renovated mix of condos, townhomes and fixer-upper apartments.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

MARGERY, a small-framed woman in her twilight years, maneuvers from beneath her sink. Her entire top soaked as water sprays everywhere. She wraps her tiny fingers around a slip-nut wrench and is about to go at it again when...

LUKE NAHORN, 30s, rushes over. We immediately see his unflappable nature. He's a second-generation Met cop, the product of hard work, strong mores.

LUKE  
(off Margery)  
Bloody hell--

MARGERY  
I can't turn it off.

Luke looks under the sink - sees rusted piping with water gushing forth. He kneels, reaches for the wrench and torques it until the water stops.

Luke stands, his shirt more wet than dry. He takes in this cramped two-person-sized kitchen space. It reeks of fixed income, lower middle class. We see what he sees, a borderline dump.

LUKE  
Wasn't he supposed to fix this?

MARGERY  
Mentioned it three times.

Luke steams, not happy about this. He's out the door in a matter of seconds. Margery follows.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Luke hammers a door. Nothing. He bangs again. A MAN snarls from the other side, half-asleep:

MAN (O.S.)  
What?

LUKE  
A busted pipe in 'Two One Four'.

MAN (O.S.)  
I'm takin' a kip.

Luke KNOCKS again. The door opens ajar and a TURBANNED SIKH peers from inside. He glares, the chain still on the latch.

MAN/HARDEEP  
You hear me?

LUKE  
I wouldn't have to hound you if you did your job.

Hardeep, frustrated, attempts to shut the door. It doesn't budge, Luke wedges his foot in the doorway.

LUKE  
Get your tool bag.

HARDEEP  
Fuck off.

Luke leans forward and Hardeep notices Luke's Met BADGE pinned to his hip. Luke chimes in again:

LUKE  
GET YOUR BAG.

Hardeep trudges off, returns with an oversized tool bag. He eyes Luke, then Margery behind him. Luke indicates "Let's go."

Hardeep, annoyed, opens the door, wearing a robe and slippers. A SIKH WOMAN pokes her head from the bedroom behind him.

LUKE

I moved my mother here so she could live proper -- not in this shithole. I expect the service you promised. And that includes a thorough cleaning to avoid water damage.

(off Margery)

She'll make sure the work gets done to standard. And if it isn't, I'll know. I'll come looking for you.

(eases up)

Okay, mate?

Hardeep looks at Luke as if he has two heads. Luke's phone BEEPS. It's the precinct.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - LATER

Luke speeds. Music plays loud. He turns off the radio - dead silence. At a red light, he takes in his damp shirt. We can see it in his eyes. His thoughts still on his mother.

He eyes a colorful RIBBON dangling from his rearview mirror, an embossed metal crest on the side reads "Scotland Yard".

EXT. THAMES RIVERFRONT AREA - MORNING

South of Tower Bridge. This is a full-blown crime scene with London Metropolitan Police combing the area.

CAMERA CREWS stand behind cordoned-off police tape.

DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT LANGDON, 60s, hardened from decades of regimented police life, manages cop traffic. He waves to newly minted DETECTIVE SERGEANT MELANIE KINLAN, early 30s. She's pretty, with intelligent eyes that don't miss a thing.

Kinlan approaches, spots Langdon's left jaw. It shakes - erratic, almost spasmodic. A nervous twitch.

KINLAN

Sir, you okay?

LANGDON

(re: the cameras)

Just clear the jackals out. And be quick about it.

KINLAN

Yessir.

LUKE (O.S.)  
When was high tide?

Langdon and Kinlan turn to see Luke. He bends down, scours the dirt and debris around him.

KINLAN  
Don't know, sir. Hour ago, maybe.

LANGDON  
Why?

LUKE  
(re: the Thames)  
Could be more. Contact the divers.

Luke sees the CORONER CREWS lift a BODY BAG onto a metal gurney. He steps toward it - too small for an adult human, the dimensions of a small dog. He's fixated.

Luke hones in on rubbish snagged in the brush. A FORENSIC TECH is already on it. The tech pokes, lifts a piece of cloth, bags it.

Luke turns, the coroner wagon slips through a narrow opening of JOURNALISTS with CAMERA CREWS. LIGHTS FLASH. CAMERAS ROLL. Kinlan pushes back the crews, holds the media at bay.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - DAY

Luke's at his desk. He holds an enlarged photo of the tattered cloth found at the scene.

KINLAN  
Some sort of African print.

LUKE  
From where?

KINLAN  
Still checking.

Luke's impatient. He lifts another PHOTO. Studies it, numb.

LUKE  
I'm thinking four, possibly five years old. Got the missing children data?

KINLAN  
Not yet.

LUKE  
Then pull it, Mel. Also, rosters  
from local schools, hospitals.  
Recent child homicides.

Kinlan jots down fast.

A FORENSICS TECH barges in, hands over a folder. Luke  
peruses the document.

LUKE  
Where's the rest?

FORENSICS TECH  
(clears throat)  
In progress.

LUKE  
What does that mean?

FORENSICS TECH  
Our analyst opted out, sir. Got  
kids -- couldn't stomach it.

LUKE  
(exasperated)  
Just get it done.

Luke returns the folder.

FORENSICS TECH  
We're on it. Oh, I heard a rumor--

LUKE  
--Is this case-related?

And it's not. The tech huffs, shuffles toward the door.

KINLAN  
(soft, smiles)  
They hate you, y'know.

Luke is stony-faced, could care less.

The tech stops at the door. Luke's face says "What else?"

FORENSICS TECH  
(nervous now)  
Ah... almost forgot. Besides the  
obvious trauma and hematomic  
discoloration, the boy's first  
cervical vertebra was removed.

LUKE  
(confirming)  
First cervical vertebra?

FORENSICS TECH  
Atlas bone. Connects the skull and  
the spine.

Luke processes this, scribbles on a steno. The tech leaves. He looks up, notices Langdon approaching. Kinlan takes this as her cue to leave. She moves past Langdon.

LANGDON  
We have the official photo?

Luke stands... taciturn. He hands a folder to Langdon, doesn't look at the photo again. Langdon opens the file --

ON THE IMAGE - the darkened torso wearing orange shorts.

Langdon closes the file and turns to leave.

LUKE  
Sir?

Langdon stops. Luke steps in close.

LUKE  
This case... my plate's full. Push  
this to Southway.

Langdon thinks, takes his time.

LANGDON  
For what reason?

LUKE  
It's quite clear -- a black child.  
Some type of ritual killing. A  
media circus in the making.  
Southway likes the attention, I  
don't. I'd rather wait 'til my  
promotion goes to committee.

Langdon absorbs this.

LANGDON  
That could take some time. Do the  
case, that's an order. In South  
Africa they have a unit that  
specializes in this sort of thing.  
I've already reached out.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - PRESS ROOM - DAY

Langdon behind a dais. A forest of mics front and center, with a wall of Metropolitan Police off to one side. Luke is one of them. Langdon, somber, leans in close.

LANGDON

At approximately 5:45 a.m., MET officers were called to the scene where we discovered the body of a five-year-old child of Caribbean or African descent. Given this investigation is still ongoing, there's not much else we can release at this time...

EXT. SHANTYTOWN - DAY

Tin shacks as far as the eye can see.

LANGDON (V.O.)

... If anybody knows about this heinous murder, don't hesitate to contact this office. This child was someone's son, brother, friend. He's without a name but he hasn't always been. We don't know his God-given name, so we call him 'Adam'.

*MUFFLED sounds... CAMERAS flashing... REPORTERS' voices. It all slowly dissipates --*

# **DUDUZA TOWNSHIP, SOUTH AFRICA**

OUTSIDE A SHANTY

GERALD KNOWLEDGE MANGENA, 30s, probing eyes, studies a beat-down shack through binoculars. He's at ease, calm, cool - Afro cool. A hip, worn Kangol cap sits canted atop his head.

Gerald turns to BURKE DEYI - a proud, heavyset forty-five-year-old Xhosa Township administrator. He kneels in the bush a few feet away as music pounds from the shanty. They have this place under surveillance.

Burke speaks in a thick Xhosa accent:

BURKE

Wife still want you to quit?

GERALD

Depends on what day you ask.  
So far, she's fine with my day job.

Burke waves this off.

BURKE

Y'not a good liar, Detective.  
Poppie bugs me daily. I tell her  
when y'hear drift, it means y'doin'  
your job. Talk. No bite.  
Remember, if men swear they want to  
harm y'when you are asleep-- y'can  
go to sleep. If a woman says this--  
brotha, stay awake.

Burke laughs. Gerald smiles.

Gerald focuses back on the shanty, sees the foot traffic  
dwindle. He glances at his watch - it's time.

LATER. Gerald bangs on the door. A narrow slit reveals a  
pair of BLOODSHOT EYES. A MAN'S VOICE echoes from inside:

MAN'S VOICE

Yebo?

Gerald flashes his BADGE in front of the slit.

MAN'S VOICE

(Zulu; subtitles)  
The word?

GERALD

(holding the badge)  
This.

A beat.

GERALD

Or this...

Gerald lifts his 9mm SIG SAUER in front of the man's eyes.  
The man stays on it for a moment, changes his mind.

He opens the door and Gerald pockets his gun. Gerald keeps  
his hand near the holster.

INSIDE THE SHANTY

Ngoza African music THUMPS. LOCALS hang out in a catacomb of  
mazes and darkened rooms. Gerald takes in this otherworld,  
glances to Burke - he's digging this place.

Gerald sees it all: cockfighting, drug use, illicit sex; this is a degenerate community frequented by village hustlers and locals alike. Gerald locks eyes with a YOUNG WOMAN leaning against a wall, her empty gaze overshadowed by a MAN'S moans. She's getting fucked on the spot.

GERALD

eyes an adjacent room. CLOSE ON a needle inserted into a man's arm. This is UDO - an old 22. He's in heavenly bliss.

Udo looks up, freaks at the sight of Gerald, and slips through a cracked opening in the wall. He takes off running.

GERALD

*Shit.*

Gerald brandishes his gun, peers through the opening. He has a clear shot and doesn't take it. He enters the hole, turns toward Burke.

BURKE

I can't fit through there.

OUTSIDE THE SHANTY

Udo runs erratically. Gerald closes in behind. Burke trails from a distance. Udo jumps inside a chicken coop, the fowls scatter as tribal VILLAGERS come out to watch the commotion.

Udo tries to maneuver, trips. Falls face-first into a pile of CHICKEN SHIT. Gerald rushes from behind, overtakes Udo. Gerald overpowers Udo into an arm lock. Lifts him to his feet as impoverished TOWNSHIP KIDS run up to see firsthand.

GERALD

(to the kids)

Go on. It's alright. Go on home.

Gerald guides Udo. He's covered in feathers, bird feces.

GERALD

(sniffs)

Still hanging out in the gutter.

Udo looks on. He's winded -- still high.

UDO

No, no. My brotha. Helpin' a friend. He wants to get his life back together. So I took some shit off his hands, too good to waste--

GERALD  
You expect me to believe that?

UDO  
Lemme think of somethin' else.

GERALD  
(irritated)  
Save it. You promised information.

Udo's eyes widen, off his crazed smile.

UDO  
You promised somethin' too-- Nike Jordans. The red ones. Brotha, I ain't seen shit.

Gerald smiles. Shakes his head to hold back from laughing while Burke brandishes a pair of handcuffs.

UDO  
Okay... okay... Don't know his name. All I know... he has a new restaurant. Outside Jo'burg.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - LUKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Luke's at his desk. The wall beside him -- a Murder Board with grisly crime scene photos. Kinlan's head is in the doorway.

KINLAN  
Go home, sir.

Luke nods. Kinlan turns to leave, senses something:

KINLAN  
If I didn't know any better I'd say you're taking this-- sort of, hard?

LUKE  
Me?

KINLAN  
Mmm-hmm.

LUKE  
It's work and I'm tired. So go on.  
(lighthearted)  
Get the hell outta here.

Kinlan musters an anemic smile. She leaves. Luke's thoughts linger, stay on the photo.

FLASH CUT - LUKE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - YEARS AGO

A YOUNG LUKE, possibly ten and no more than twelve, sits on the floor in the dark. He hears VOICES from another room, it's his mother (Margery) and FATHER, deep in conversation.

MARGERY (O.S.)

Don't say that.

FATHER (O.S.)

(defiant)

He'll amount to nothing.

Young Luke hears this. He stands and we notice his frail, sickly frame. Luke enters the KITCHEN. Sees a young-looking Margery picking at her food, then glares at his father - dressed in police uniform.

FATHER

What are you looking at?

Young Luke doesn't budge. He stands as his father slides a plate of food towards him. Luke lets it fall to the floor. Food everywhere. His father stands, towers over him, then WHOOSH. He whacks Luke's head, ferocious. Luke goes down.

Margery looks on, shaken, but not a word. Luke tries to push off the floor. His father presses a boot firm into the small of Luke's back, pins him there to eat.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Luke...

BACK TO SCENE. Luke snaps out of it. Looks up to see a boyish-looking, Uber-class DETECTIVE INSPECTOR ZED SOUTHWAY.

SOUTHWAY

... you going tonight? I got my invitation.

LUKE

You mean Mummy and Daddy snagged you an invite?

SOUTHWAY

Countess Mummy, Earl Daddy to you. Anyway, I got an extra.

LUKE

I already have mine.

SOUTHWAY

I'm impressed. So I'll see you?

LUKE

Dunno.

SOUTHWAY

You better go.

Southway leaves. Luke shakes his head, smiles to himself.

INT. AFRICAN RESTAURANT - SOUTH AFRICA - NIGHT

This place is upscale. DINERS are seated in their Sunday best as others wait to be served.

Gerald and Burke enter. Gerald flashes a badge to a HOSTESS. She excuses herself. Moments later, we see a tall, charcoal-complexioned owner - MANDLA ZUMA. He wears a wide smile, it's welded to his face from ear to ear.

ZUMA

Officer?

Gerald holds up a photo.

GERALD

Have you seen this child?

ON THE PHOTO - a cute, five-year-old SOUTH AFRICAN GIRL.

ZUMA

No.

GERALD

Look closer.

ZUMA

(smirks)

Officer--?

GERALD

Mangena.

ZUMA

Officer Mangena.

(off Burke)

How 'bout I get you and your friend  
a table? Tonight's specialty...  
spiced rack of lamb with couscous.  
A favorite. I can do that, but as  
far as this girl...

He shakes his head. More smiles.

GERALD

What I want-- not on the menu.

Gerald takes in the restaurant, glances at the walls. A neat finish, matted and coated with fresh paint. He nods toward Burke. Signals something that only they know. Burke leaves.

GERALD

(to the owner)

Expanding? Remodeling?

ZUMA

Always.

Gerald pulls out PAPERS - several, holds them in his hand.

GERALD

Funny. Didn't see the request on the recent building ordinance.

The owner is taken aback by the paperwork.

ZUMA

I sent it in.

(annoyed; cold)

Now, if you don't mind.

Burke enters, carrying a SLEDGE HAMMER and PICKAXE. He hands the hammer to Gerald. Restaurant chatter and silverware clanking grows nil.

ZUMA

(to Gerald)

What are you doing?

GERALD

A building inspection.

*And with that -- BOOM.* Gerald levels a heavy swing. Sheetrock buckles and gives way to a gaping hole.

Restaurant PATRONS murmur to themselves. Gerald strikes it again. BOOM. Between swings:

GERALD

Some people believe that burying  
body parts inside an establishment  
is good for business.

Burke grabs his pickaxe. Now both go at it -- BA-BOOM. The owner's jaw drops.

GERALD  
(to the owner)  
That you?

ZUMA  
(adamant)  
No. 'Course not.

GERALD  
Someone gouged out this child's  
eyes. Chopped off her breasts,  
lips, hands.

BOOM. Another blow. Burke leans forward, notices something.

BURKE  
Detective.

ANGLE ON a Ziploc baggie. Burke pulls on latex gloves, lifts the contents: a moldy, severed HAND. He reaches in again, retrieves a mass of Saran-wrapped HUMAN FLESH.

Patrons look on in horror. A nearby DINER doubles over and vomits. Customers clear this place and rush toward the exit.

Burke grabs handcuffs, steps toward the owner.

GERALD (V.O.)  
Body parts cemented in a wall...

EXT. SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE SERVICE (SAPS) - NIGHT

A nondescript high-rise building in central Johannesburg.

GERALD (V.O.)  
... it's supposed to increase foot  
traffic. Sales.

INT. SAPS - OCCULT CRIMES UNIT - NIGHT

Gerald moves along a wide hallway. Next to him is COMMANDER ERNST DE LANGE, early 60s, a former bastion of the apartheid era. The two share a long history.

They push past a wall of PHOTOS - all white Afrikaner police officers. De Lange leafs through a folder, keeps walking.

GERALD  
It's not how you christen a  
restaurant.

De Lange shakes his head...

DE LANGE  
This belief has existed for ages.

He closes the folder.

DE LANGE  
Check in on the mother.

GERALD  
Like she wants to see me.

DE LANGE  
You found the patron. That counts  
for something.

GERALD  
Does it?

DE LANGE  
If it didn't, we'd be out of work.

The two enter...

#### GERALD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Low-ceilinged, cement-walled. A one-time holding cell but now an enclave filled with case files, tired artifacts and tribal relics. De Lange grimaces, doesn't like this place.

DE LANGE  
I've told you several times--

GERALD  
-- I know... "I can have any office  
I want." This is fine.  
(realizes)  
You're down here. Why?

DE LANGE  
I got a request, Gerry. It's  
actually what I would call a favor.  
Police in the UK need your  
assistance. As a consultant.

Gerald digests this.

GERALD  
Consulting on a case?

DE LANGE  
A child's murder.

GERALD

Muti?

DE LANGE

Don't know.

GERALD

Why else would they need me?  
(not expecting an answer)  
This happens weekly in the  
townships. Now it's a big deal  
'cause of the UK?

DE LANGE

It's not a "big deal". We have  
expertise. It's good relations.

Gerald isn't sold. He heads for the door.

GERALD

Ernst, so, while I'm doing 'PR' in  
London, what happens to my cases?

DE LANGE

Others can pick up the slack.

GERALD

They hate this stuff.

DE LANGE

I already told them you'd do it.

Gerald stops, not happy. De Lange passes the folder he was  
holding. Gerald opens it, sees the macabre PHOTO of Adam.

DE LANGE

Gerry, no one else gets this stuff--  
except you. You're a crusader.

An awful long silence. Then...

GERALD

I won't do this for 'relations'.  
It's for the boy and this sickness--  
it can't continue to spread.

De Lange nods.

INT. MANSION - UK - NIGHT

A private party. This coterie is exclusive with businessmen  
and VIPs, Met brass and Parliament officials. All men.

Luke makes his way through the packed crowd, tries to fit in, sees WAITERS walk about with hors d'oeuvres and drinks.

MAN (O.S.)

Lucas!

Luke turns and spots a distinguished, grayed-haired man making his rounds. This is LORD MALCOLM RICHARDS, 60s, Minister of the Foreign Commonwealth Office.

LUKE

Nice party, sir.

LORD RICHARDS

Thrilled you like it.

Lord Richards grabs two drinks from a roving WAITER. He hands one to Luke.

LORD RICHARDS

Keep it up at CID. Langdon's a git and couldn't count his testicles without somebody holding them. One day-- the shop will be yours.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(blithe; off Richards)

Don't believe anything he says.

Luke and Lord Richards turn. Spot another MAN - dressed sharp, late 50s. This is LELAND BRAND - a former SIS officer and old friend of Richard's. He's now a wealthy businessman - seemingly confident, almost too confident.

Richards reaches for hors d'oeuvres from a waiting tray, Brand beats him to it.

BRAND

Don't mind if I do.

LORD RICHARDS

(amused)

I do enjoy your sense of humor.

BRAND

At least I have one.

(off his own remark)

I have to take the easy ones while I can, old friend, you'd never let a potshot slip away at Cambridge.

LORD RICHARDS

Touché.

Brand glances over, sees Luke taking in the banter.

LUKE

Luke Nahorn.

BRAND

I know. Malcolm speaks highly of you, Inspector.

Luke nods, impressed.

BRAND

(off Lord Richards)

I need to borrow him for a moment.

The two walk off, Luke stands there. Takes in the gathering. He sees Southway making his way toward him.

INT. GERALD'S VEHICLE - TOWNSHIP AREA - NIGHT

The car idles outside a modest bungalow. Burke exits, sees his three DAUGHTERS - ages six to ten, peering from a window. They rush him before he can get to the porch. Burke lifts the six year old, gives the others a big hug. His wife POPPIE - soft face, thickset, enters the doorway. She waves at Gerald; he smiles - taken by Burke's beautiful family.

INT. GERALD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gerald sits on his bed, struggles to zip an overstuffed suitcase. His son NATHI - all of five - stretches across the bed, while several toy cars occupy a make-believe roadway.

Gerald beams toward his son, a glint in his eye.

GERALD

Nathi, come give Papa a hand.

Nathi hops up, eager to help. Gerald indicates to 'press here'... Nathi does as told and with that - ZIP. It shuts.

Nathi takes in his father. To him, Gerald's ten feet tall. He sees Gerald's holstered SIG SAUER on the bed, an empty magazine next to it. Nathi's curious, Gerald notices.

GERALD

(off the weapon)

This just to help Papa do his job.

NATHI

To protect from bad guys?

GERALD  
To shoot bad guys, if needed.

NATHI  
And to protect us?

Gerald tousles his hair.

GERALD  
Always.

Gerald scoops Nathi up. A playful roughhousing... Nathi laughs...

NATHI  
Promise?

GERALD  
Promise. Hey, this question is very important: What do you want me to bring back you from London?

NATHI  
Ah... a Mack Low Loader truck.  
With backhoe... and... and side  
gates. Just like the real thing--

GERALD  
(smiles)  
I'll see what I can do.

Nathi smiles. Gerald glances over, sensing they're being watched. It's his wife MBHALI - a well-seasoned thirty-something. She's strong, with a quiet resolve.

MBHALI  
Nathi, I want to talk to your papa.

Nathi gets up to leave; Gerald stays on his son.

Mbhali sees the luggage, holds back from laughing.

MBHALI  
We have larger baggage, y'know.

GERALD  
I happen to like this piece.

Gerald smiles. Mbhali hands over a wrapped package.

MBHALI  
A parent gave this to me.

Gerald studies the package. None too thrilled.

GERALD

Should outlaw gifts in the class.

Mbhali indicates 'go on'. Gerald removes the paper, sees a necklace attached to a tiny hand-carved WARRIOR holding a spear and shield.

MBHALI

It's Ijoni. For protection.

Gerald hands it back. He eyes his GUN - he already has protection. Mbhali notices, pays this no mind.

MBHALI

If this case is about Thando... it won't bring him back.

GERALD

Why do you always say that? This isn't about Thando, it's about--

She places a finger to his lips. He's silent.

MBHALI

His name is carved on the back.

Mbhali places the necklace around Gerald's neck, he flips over the pendant. Sees the words "**THANDO**" etched in. He's genuinely touched.

MBHALI

I had to ask. I know you are going only because y'have to. Be safe.

INT. LONDON HEATHROW AIRPORT - MORNING

Gerald makes his way through the busy terminal. He takes in the throngs of travelers and people from every walk of life.

BAGGAGE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Gerald pulls his suitcase. Eyes the words "MANGENA" scrawled on a sheet of paper. He sees who's holding the paper - it's Kinlan. She waves - an eager grin paints her face.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - LATER

Kinlan drives. Total silence. Gerald focuses on the rain outside the window. It's pounding, pouring from a never-ending faucet that won't shut off.

Kinlan glances at Gerald. Wants to say something but doesn't. Her attention back on the road. Kinlan looks over again, can't contain it. She has to know:

KINLAN  
You investigate voodoo killings?

GERALD  
Not voodoo. Muti. Quite different.

Kinlan nods, smiles. Not sure if she got exactly what she wanted, but she doesn't ask. Gerald returns the smile.

The two cruise in silence while Gerald absorbs his environs.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - the weather-worn landscape sweeps past. Gerald sees a large CARGO VAN with its engine flooded, wheels spinning, like it's boiling in water. ON THE VAN'S SIDE - a hand-drawn frog stares back at him.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - BULL PEN - DAY

Langdon enters, followed by Gerald. Gerald looks as if he's slept in his clothes.

Langdon strides into the center of the bull pen...

LANGDON  
Detective Mangena from South  
Africa's Occult Crime Fighting unit  
has joined us on the Adam case...

Dead silence, nothing but stares, then murmuring.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF A PLEXIGLAS WINDOW - Luke continues his search through missing child records. His attention to Langdon and Gerald secondary.

LANGDON  
... given the high profile of this  
murder, I've assigned the Detective  
to work closely with Inspector  
Nahorn. He will be a tremendous  
resource, be gentle with him...

Luke is surprised. He's now glued to the conversation.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - LUKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Langdon enters with Gerald.

Luke, stoic, looks up from his computer, then glances back at Langdon. Luke's expression says it all - he doesn't want to be bothered. Gerald notices. Still, Luke extends his hand.

LUKE  
Detective Inspector Nahorn.

GERALD  
Gerald Mangena.

Langdon smiles.

LANGDON  
I'll leave you both to it.  
(to Luke)  
Get the Detective up to speed.

He leaves. The two stand in silence. Drop the bullshit.

GERALD  
I'll need an update.

Luke reaches over, hefts a stack of folders, drops them in front of Gerald.

LUKE  
Here you go, mate... scrutinize that. Kinlan will get the rest.

GERALD  
Gee thanks, you're not as much of an asshole as I initially thought.

Gerald bypasses the folders, makes his way to the MURDER BOARD - the grisly photos - some he hasn't seen.

*Gerald takes in the timeline... torso... cloth... lost in the moment - eerie similarities to cases he's seen before.*

INT. THE AFRICAN TEXTILE SHOP - DAY

An elderly AFRO-CARIBBEAN WOMAN sweeps the floor while a TEEN GIRL loafers nearby, earbuds in each ear. Kinlan enters, the woman gives her a wary glance.

KINLAN  
I'm Detective Sergeant Kinlan.  
Metropolitan Police.

Kinlan raises a photo of the cloth.

KINLAN  
Madam, you carry this fabric?

The woman nods towards the back of the store. Kinlan sees a bolt of Shwe Shwe fabric. Same as the photo.

KINLAN

You have records of how much you've sold? And when?

CARIBBEAN WOMAN

No. I don't.

KINLAN

How about customers who buy this?

The woman takes her time. Thinks...

CARIBBEAN WOMAN

Dear, people come... some buy the Shwe Shwe, but most-- the Amafu. I like the Amafu. More colorful, y'know. What is it y'want?

KINLAN

Anything or anyone that sticks out. That would seem suspicious--

Kinlan notices the teen girl. She makes little eye contact.

KINLAN

And how are you doing, young lady?

CARIBBEAN WOMAN (O.S.)

She's doing fine.

KINLAN

Can't she speak for herself?

TEEN GIRL

I'm fine...

KINLAN

(to the woman)

Well... here's my card. You remember something, let me know.

The woman smiles, stays on Kinlan. Kinlan leaves. The woman eyes the CARD, drops it in the trash bin beneath the counter.

INT. PRECINCT - MURDER ROOM - SAME

Gerald's still in front of the murder board. His eyes wander to Luke reviewing notes from his steno, then lands on the stack of files dropped in front of him. Gerald takes in this crowded space, a bit overwhelming.

GERALD

There's a saying-- the best way to eat an elephant is to cut it into little pieces. Bit by bit...

Gerald turns from the board.

GERALD

... I'll add something else. Start eating the most important piece.

LUKE

Great... I'll keep that in mind the next time I eat an elephant. Right now, I'm trying to solve a murder. That means reviewing everything, dotting every 'i'.

GERALD

But we waste time. I want to know what the bad guys are after and what the body says.

Officers inside the bull pen look on, see the back and forth. Luke's silence speaks to his annoyance.

GERALD

You're reviewing missing-child records. Nothing wrong with that, but it doesn't answer the question: Why did they do this? Muti is never random.

Luke's quiet. Not sure if he's heard the word before. Gerald pauses. It's clear he needs to explain.

GERALD

Know what Muti means?

Luke thinks...

LUKE

Mutilation... like Voodoo... So?

GERALD

It's Zulu-- means medicine, herbs. It has a spiritual significance and some believe unimaginable power.

LUKE

Through a witch doctor?

GERALD

A Sangoma.

Luke eases up. His expression says "go on".

GERALD

The desire for Muti starts with a basic need: curing an illness, an injury, even finding a job or winning the lotto...

FLASH CUT - AFRICAN RESTAURANT - SOUTH AFRICA

The CHARCOAL-COMPLEXIONED OWNER we saw earlier stands inside his establishment - it's run-down, a smattering of customers.

FLASH CUT - INSIDE A DARKENED NDUMA

CLOSE ON cash exchanging hands - dollars, rands, whatever.

GERALD (V.O.)

...and that's how it starts-- the patron contacts a Sangoma, commissions the job. Remember, when it's ritual killings, these aren't *real* Sangomas. They are rogues. Charlatans. They prescribe human body parts.

LUKE (V.O.)

Why?

GERALD (V.O.)

Potency.

FLASH CUT - TOWNSHIP SLUMS - SOUTH AFRICA - DAY

TOWNSHIP FOLK sit on a communal curb. There's idle chatter with nothing going on. Same shit every day. A square-jawed LOCAL comes up, speaks to a street THUG.

GERALD (V.O.)

The request is in play. A street crew delivers whatever is needed-- hands, feet, genitalia...

FLASH CUT - A MUDDY TOWNSHIP STREET - MORNING

A middle-aged AFRICAN FATHER holds the hand of his young DAUGHTER. This is the cute girl from the restaurant photo. She's on her way to school; a bookbag loose across her back.

IN AN INSTANT. A souped-up AUDI rounds a corner and speeds towards the two. It screeches to a halt, two TSOTSIS jump out, wielding MACHETES. The father tries to fend off...

FATHER

Zola. Run!!!

... but he's woefully ill-equipped. A thug slices the father's chest and for the hell of it hacks off the man's right arm. Zola screams, her father goes down. An arterial flow of blood squirts everywhere.

Zola stands frozen. This is heartbreaking. The thugs haven't finished what they've come for. The girl takes off running as the Audi muscles forward; a blade-wielding tsotsi leans from the car window as we...

FLASH CUT - AFRICAN RESTAURANT - SOUTH AFRICA

BACK TO THE CHARCOAL-COMPLEXIONED OWNER. He oversees two migrant workers, they scoop plaster with a trowel... smear it smooth onto a wall. But this is no ordinary plastering - inside the walls are several pieces of carved-out and sanded-down human bone fragments and packs of human flesh.

GERALD (V.O.)

Children are prized. Why? 'Cause they bring luck. A child's luck is more plentiful since it hasn't been used.

BACK TO SCENE

Luke is numb. Reflects on his own pain, his own demons.

EXT. THE AFRICAN TEXTILE SHOP - PARKING LOT - SAME

Kinlan is about to enter her cruiser...

TEEN GIRL (O.S.)

Officer.

She turns, the teen girl from the store rushes over. A clutched trash bag masks why she's really there.

TEEN GIRL

There was a woman-- South African. She... she would come in every week to buy fabric. Then stopped, weeks ago. I delivered once--

KINLAN  
--you have a name?

TEEN GIRL  
Uh-uh.

KINLAN  
--where did you deliver?

TEEN GIRL  
Loughborough Estate.

KINLAN  
And what did she look like?

TEEN GIRL  
Dark-skinned, heavy... wore a gele.

Kinlan processes this.

CARIBBEAN WOMAN (O.S.)  
Shara, y'come here, girl!

Kinlan and the girl turn... the woman glares at both.

TEEN GIRL  
Oh, and the cuckoos...

Kinlan looks dumbfounded.

TEEN GIRL  
She had red cuckoos on her terrace.

INT. TOWNSHIP RESTAURANT - DAY

Burke eats with Poppie and his three YOUNG GIRLS. TWO TSOTSI THUGS enter, occupy the table next to the family. The thugs glare, not letting up. Burke notices.

BURKE  
Do y'mind? Y'know who I am?

TSOTSI  
A rat... Mistah Administrator.

The thug smirks, reaches across the table, lifts a plate of food from one of Burke's daughters. The family sits frozen as this thug picks food from the child's plate.

Burke glances around to the other diners. All eyes divert away. He slips his hand toward a knife on the table. A thug notices, lifts a shirt - a TEC-9 hibernates.

BURKE  
What do y'want from me?

TSOTSI  
Everything.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - ROLLING

Luke drives and gets an update from Kinlan. Her voice blares from Luke's Met radio, as Gerald's cellphone CHIRPS.

INTERCUT - MBHALI'S LAND ROVER/LUKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gerald holds the phone to his ear.

Mbhali, teary eyed, sees Nathi as he plays with a toy car. She turns her head, doesn't want him to see her tears.

GERALD  
Try not to worry.

MBHALI  
I know what I feel. Someone has a  
curse on the family. I know it.

GERALD  
Mbhali, this is nonsense.

She's quiet. An awful long silence.

MBHALI  
What I feel is real. And I heard  
about Poppie and Burke--

GERALD  
What did you say?

MBHALI  
Tsotsis... threatened them-- even  
the girls. This is what we've come  
to-- a place where people have no  
respect for the little ones.

Gerald's taken aback.

GERALD  
I will return home.

MBHALI  
No... finish what you came to do.

GERALD

Then I'll speak with De Lange. And  
get security for the family.

Mbhali hangs up. Gerald holds the phone, distracted.

EXT. LOUGHBOROUGH ESTATE - STREET - DAY

A series of scenes; Luke, Gerald and Kinlan with tiny mics  
affixed to each ear. The three split up--

-- Luke, solo, on the neighborhood yard, questions tenants...  
prods for information.

-- Gerald walks the hallways... knocks on doors, heads shake -  
no and more no's.

-- Kinlan scours the parking areas, speaks to passersby.

-- They return to their cruisers. No luck. Luke spots KIDS  
on a playground. Chances it... describes the woman, her M.O.

-- Two kids scurry towards the side of a building. Points  
up, up... and sure enough... red cuckoo metallic wind  
chimes... they hang on a terrace... seven stories high.

EXT. APARTMENT TENEMENT - DAY

THROUGH A SCOPE LENS. ANGLE ON... the terrace... the wind-  
chimed cuckoos... a WOMAN holding a phone, she paces. Pull  
back through the scope to see a UNIFORM in prone position,  
with surveillance gear. He's on an adjacent rooftop.

UNIFORM (ON RADIO)

She's moving.

AT A NEIGHBORHOOD BENCH - DOWN BELOW

Luke studies his field of view - it spans from the tenement  
front door to the streets several yards away.

LUKE

Mel?

INTERCUT - KINLAN'S SEDAN/NEIGHBORHOOD YARD - CONTINUOUS

Kinlan's in her cruiser. Sees no new arrivals.

KINLAN (ON RADIO)

Clear.

LUKE

Mangena, you should go alone. Just be quick. You know what to look for. I'll signal. Copy?

No answer. Gerald's at the front door, glances out to see an AFRICAN WOMAN and her YOUNG SON. His thoughts drift to Mbhali's recent call... his wife and child... their safety.

LUKE

Mangena?

GERALD (ON RADIO)

I heard you.

INT. APARTMENT TENEMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gerald moves along, then we see her - a dark-skinned African woman, THABISA SILONGO - 45, wearing an embroidered gele with matching kaftan. They cross paths, she pays Gerald no mind.

LATER. Gerald's at Thabisa's door. He jimmies the lock.

INT. THABISA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A modest one-bedroom flat. Fragrant smoke pours from an incense burner. Gerald coughs... sees photos, trinkets, knickknacks stuffed in every nook and cranny.

LUKE (ON RADIO)

Mangena, anything?

Gerald doesn't answer. He pokes around, sees books upon books, then a handwoven cloak laid in front of a closet door. The pattern - an elaborate motif for funerals. Gerald hesitates, opens the door - finds nothing.

LUKE (ON RADIO)

Mangena?!

(exasperated)

Paint the picture. This is standard procedure. What are you, new to this?!

GERALD

--Will you shut the fuck up? To hell with procedure. Wait 'til I'm done-- I'll give you my assessment.

LUKE

I need her name, not your jungle antics.

GERALD

Fuck you.

Gerald hunts around, sees the woman's name on a mailer.

GERALD

Silongo... Thabisa Silongo.

LUKE (ON RADIO)

She's headed this way.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD YARD - SAME

Luke walking now. He sizes Thabisa up. She moves past him.

LUKE

I'm questioning her.

GERALD (ON RADIO)

Don't.

LUKE

Why not? Thought you were catching the big fish.

GERALD (ON RADIO)

She's not the decision maker-- and I didn't think we were catching fish or eating elephants, for that matter. We're after a murderer.

Luke acquiesces, chafed.

LUKE (ON RADIO)

Alpha One. Stay on her.

THROUGH THE SCOPE. QUICK CAMERA SHOTS OF THABISA.

INT. CORNER EATERY - BRIXTON - SAME

Mbube music plays loud. ANGLE ON. A MAN'S HAND - mottled skin grotesquely obscures the back. The CAMERA follows the hand as it lifts a glass of water, and there's ROGER NGO - 40s, subdued, polished. He could be a clergyman, a schoolteacher, an everyday man. He smiles wide at Thabisa.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - LANGDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Langdon listens, Gerald's eager to leave. Luke's stoic.

LANGDON  
You sure about this?

GERALD  
Sir, I need to get to my family.

INT. GERALD'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Gerald's face, he's sleeping, stretched out across his bed, clothes still on. The room quiet except for the drip, drip of water rushing. It's flowing, not sure from where. We see Gerald's face, submerged now. A YOUNG BOY stands over him... reaches out his hand, but Gerald is drowning, arms flailing, trying to fight back, when...

GERALD AWAKENS. FRANTIC. HE WAS DREAMING. He glances around. No water anywhere.

LATER. Gerald sits in the dark, studies the necklace. Thoughts stay on his family, the boy in his dreams - Thando.

INT./EXT. CAB - LATER

Gerald exits. He's in Brixton... along ELECTRIC AVENUE - London's unofficial African and Caribbean capital.

He takes in the sights, eyes locals - even at this hour the area is vibrant with pedestrian traffic.

EXT. ELECTRIC AVENUE - NIGHT

CAMERA LENS POV - Gerald bites into a falafel. Stops to take in street posters plastered along a wall. PHOTOS snap away.

Gerald moves past a nightclub. Awed by the long queue of waiting club-goers. A reggae beat thumps from inside.

CAMERA LENS POV - Gerald peers again at the plastered wall. Something draws him in. A flyer in a crowded field of other throwaways, circulars and posters. He tears the page from the wall. More PHOTOS snap.

GERALD

turns, instincts kick in, he's being watched. He sees the intermittent glances, A DREAD-HEADED AFRO-EUROPEAN MAN with fixated gaze. Gerald keeps walking. The man ups his gait. Gerald's had enough. He pivots, overpowers the man. Lands a heavy punch... applies a treacherous blood choke.

GERALD  
Who are you? What do you want?

NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATER

Gerald's surrounded by UNIFORMED COPS. The only detainee.  
Luke approaches, the last person Gerald wants to see.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - NIGHT

The two sit in silence. Gerald's in the passenger seat.

GERALD  
How was I to know he was a cop?

LUKE  
Plainclothes patrol the area. What  
are you doing out this late?

GERALD  
Couldn't sleep.

Luke stays silent, uncomfortable, then:

LUKE  
Mangena-- I wasn't trying to hound  
you or rush this. I wanna find the  
bastards. It's not personal--

GERALD  
Just know that I won't pull the  
trigger until evidence is firm. I  
don't care if you consider it  
"jungle antics".

Luke hears this, taken by Gerald - impressed. Gerald unfolds  
the washed-out flyer. Hands it to Luke.

ON THE FLYER:

**Need your problems solved  
Give you and your family wellbeing  
Sustain love and enliven love, get rid of bad luck, black  
magic or get rid of evil spirits from the affect one.  
Someone is capable of solving all psychological, financial,  
social and academic problems.  
Work by correspondence and appointments.**

LUKE  
Means you're staying?

GERALD

Means what I'm looking for is right here. In London.

LUKE

I'll have Kinlan run it-- and your family?

GERALD

Mbhali would want me to stay.

CAMERA LENS POV - PHOTOS of Luke and Gerald. Still talking... tension abating... FREEZE on a SHOT as...

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAKESHIFT BOARDROOM - NIGHT

... Ngo studies it. Hands the photo off to one of his men.

NGO

How long has he been here?

A long silence. Ngo eyes a heavysset, charcoal-complexioned man - his LIEUTENANT.

LIEUTENANT

A day. Maybe two. He's in this Occult Crime Fighting Task Force. Mostly local murders, petty crimes.

NGO

(intrigued)

Find out his family. His people.

Ngo scans paperwork, looks up at other MEN around the table.

NGO

Sales are soft-- Why?

No answer.

NGO

I'll ask another way. Are people no longer needing the service?

LIEUTENANT

Like I mentioned... we have this detective. Others... the scrutiny. Demand is there. It's supply.

NGO

(exasperated)

Make arrangements for me to head back. I'll take care of it myself.

Ngo sorts through more paperwork. Visibly angry. He comes to a page, devours it, holds it for a beat.

NGO  
Zeke, what is this?

Ngo takes in this nervous, slender AFRICAN MAN two seats from him. ZEKE makes modest eye contact.

ZEKE  
My UK naturalization application.

NGO  
(incredulous)  
It hasn't been filed.

Ngo balls up the paper. Tosses it to the floor.

NGO  
How long have you lived in this country?

ZEKE  
Twelve years. But it hasn't always been consecutive. I've had a gap for three years due to the ninety-day rule--

NGO  
--Shut up. This stupidity is the reason we have the scrutiny. I've told you three times to file this.

ZEKE  
But, Roger...

Ngo isn't listening. He pulls a HANDGUN from a drawer with a homemade SILENCER attached. He places it on the table.

Ngo slides a metal FLASK in front of Zeke. Zeke's eyes budge. The table grows still.

NGO  
Drink it.

ZEKE  
But this is poison. I... I will get the paperwork.

NGO  
It's too late for that, Zeke.

ZEKE

This is crazy. Roger, I've known  
y'all my life.

Ngo thinks for a moment, the room is dead silent. He smiles.  
Laughs lightly. The tension thaws.

NGO

Okay, you don't have to drink...

Zeke is relieved.

NGO

... but that is part of the  
problem. You know me too well and  
you take me for granted. For that,  
Zeke, I will just shoot you in the  
head and be done with this.

Zeke looks confused. Ngo stands, lifts his gun. SPLAT.  
SPLAT. Zeke slumps, his body drops from the chair.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - MURDER ROOM - DAY

A FORENSICS TECH stands in the doorway. Luke peruses through  
the folder, reads the detailed forensics data. Luke seems  
pleased.

LUKE

Okay. You can go.

FORENSICS TECH

We rushed it for you, Inspector.  
Put in a good word, okay?

LUKE

I'll mention it. Thanks.

Luke smiles. Gerald glances at the report... the PHOTOS.

LUKE

What were they trying to conjure?

GERALD

I don't know...

Luke flip pages. We see the histology, toxicology  
analyses... more reports, more notes.

GERALD

Go back to that page.

Luke flips back one - CLOSE ON a detailed lab review.

GERALD  
What was in his stomach?

LUKE  
(still reading...)  
A type of pollen.

GERALD  
Where from?

LUKE  
Inconclusive.

GERALD  
(not convinced)  
--we'll need to see the body.

LUKE  
You sure?

Gerald nods.

BZZZ. BZZZ. IT'S LUKE'S PHONE - he glances at the display, his mother Margery. A slight hesitation. We haven't seen him this way, he doesn't answer.

GERALD  
You all right?

LUKE  
I'm fine. Let's go.

INT. METROPOLITAN MORGUE - DAY

Gerald and Luke wear hospital masks, they stand next to a graying PATHOLOGIST. A tinge of uneasiness fills the air.

ANGLE ON. Adam's remains lie on a COMPARTMENT TRAY, covered with a sheath of heavy-duty wrap.

The pathologist peers over the corpse, with tiny incisors. Extirpates something, places it on a PETRI DISH.

PATHOLOGIST  
(re: the dish)  
I'll send for another analysis.  
May take a week.

GERALD  
Sir, we don't have time--

LUKE  
I'll take it.

PATHOLOGIST

Excuse me? We don't give out  
samples--

LUKE

I'll have it back by end of the  
day.

The Pathologist... reluctant, releases the dish.

INT. BOTANIST OFFICE - DAY

An attractive female BOTANIST, late 30s, opens the door. She  
ushers Luke and Gerald inside, moves toward a LAB AREA.

BOTANIST

(to Luke)

Haven't seen you in a while.

LUKE

Been busy.

BOTANIST

Too busy to call?

Luke doesn't say anything. She opens the palm of her hand.

BOTANIST

Let me see it.

Luke releases the petri dish. The botanist places the  
specimen under a microscope. Studies it. An ultraviolet  
light beams bright underneath.

BOTANIST

Pollen... and something else...

She looks closer. Takes a moment.

BOTANIST

... *Acokanthera oppositifolia*. A  
variant. Commonly known as  
Bushman's Poison.

She steps towards a bookshelf. Pulls out one book in  
particular, flips to a page. ANGLE ON a PHOTO of a large  
woody shrub with attractive, hard, dark green leaves.

BOTANIST

Leaves, fruit are fine. The toxin  
is in the shrub-- it's milky sap.

LUKE  
Where is this found?

BOTANIST  
South Africa.

GERALD  
South Africa.

BOTANIST  
(curious)  
What's this about?

Luke avoids the question...

LUKE  
Thank you, Sarah.

... kisses her on the cheek, she forces a smile.

Gerald recalls something... the books from Thabisa's - titles mostly on cooking and horticulture. He realizes the magnitude, knows this is no coincidence.

INT. LOCAL MARKET - OUTSIDE JOHANNESBURG - DAY

Mbhali pushes a cart of GROCERIES. Behind her, Nathi rolls his police cruiser along an imaginary road on the floor.

Mbhali smiles. Musses her son's hair, Nathi doesn't like this. He shakes it off. Continues to drive his car.

EXT. LOUGHBOROUGH ESTATE - STREET - DAY

Cop cars swarm the area. Luke and Gerald enter the building. Residents crowd the streets.

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - OUTSIDE JOHANNESBURG - SAME

Two OFFICERS wait inside a SAPS police sedan. Burke steps toward the unit, bends over, smiles at the young cops.

BURKE  
Fellas, y'boys take a break. I'll  
look after my friend's family.

They nod toward Burke.

YOUNG COP  
Sir.

The sedan pushes off, kicks up a cloud of dust that lingers longer than it should.

Burke stays on the vehicle, he pivots, sees... A beat-up cargo van pulling into the parking lot. It sits there... idling. Burke's face hardens.

INT. THABISA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Luke and Gerald enter the flat. No sign of anyone.

INT. LOCAL MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Mbhali adds to her shopping cart. At the end of the aisle, Nathi revs the wheels on his cruiser. In his own world. Mbhali glances back and notices Nathi's front bumper jutting from the end of the aisle. She's back to shopping.

NATHI

beams over to see Burke. Burke lights up.

BURKE  
(off the cruiser)  
Master Nathi. You driving to the  
market too, huh?

Nathi nods. Mbhali looks over, spots Burke. She smiles.

BURKE  
I gave the boys a break. Take your  
time. Finish shopping.

MBHALI  
Good to see you, Burke.

More smiles. She goes back to what she was doing.

BURKE  
(soft, to Nathi)  
Come... let me show you a fine car.

Nathi glances toward his mother, now down the aisle. Not sure. Mbhali drops an item into her cart.

BURKE  
(off Nathi)  
It will only be a second.

Nathi picks up his car, trails off behind Burke. They move toward the front of the store.

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - CONTINUOUS

The two are in the parking lot. Nathi looks around, nothing.

NATHI  
Where is it?

Burke takes a deep breath.

BURKE  
God be with you, boy.

INT. THABISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A DETECTIVE CONSTABLE beelines it over to Luke and Gerald.

CONSTABLE  
Gentlemen, you need to see this.

They enter a

CRAMPED BEDROOM

Gerald and Luke eye what's pinned to the wall... PHOTOS -  
*Mbhali and Nathi, Nathi at the park, the child at play...*

Gerald's heart sinks. This was left for them to see. He knows the ID of a "marked" job. He fumbles for his phone, pulls it from his pocket. Punches numbers...

INTERCUT - THABISA'S APARTMENT/LOCAL MARKET

Gerald reaches Mbhali. Takes a breath.

GERALD  
You okay?

MBHALI  
Yes. What's wrong?

GERALD  
Where are you?

MBHALI  
The market. Why?

GERALD  
Security with you?

MBHALI  
Well... Burke is here.

GERALD  
Burke??

MBHALI  
He said security took a break. I  
don't know.

Gerald pauses. This seems odd.

GERALD  
Put him on the phone.

MBHALI  
(worried)  
Is everything okay?

GERALD  
Just get him. Now.

She pushes the cart to the end of the aisle. Rounds the top.  
No Burke. No Nathi.

MBHALI  
Nathi?

GERALD  
You have him?

MBHALI  
(voice cracking)  
No...

Mbhali traverses several aisles. There's no sign of her son.  
She leaves the cart, frantically moves about the store.

MBHALI  
Nathi?!... Nathi!!!

GERALD  
Mbhali?! Mbhali, answer me!!

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Burke carries Nathi, kicking and squirming, to the van. He  
covers Nathi's mouth with his hand.

The van door slides open and the two thugs from earlier pull  
Nathi inside. The boy struggles to break free --

NATHI  
*Momma!*

The door slams shut and Burke taps the side. He steps toward the passenger window. A twenty-something TSOTSI GUNMAN looks on with an empty gaze.

BURKE

This mean y'lay off my family.

The thug nods.

BURKE

Give me your word.

Burke glances toward the storefront, in the distance he sees Mbhali pick up something - a broken rubber wheel from Nathi's toy cruiser. Mbhali's honed in on him and the van.

MBHALI

Burke?!

He stays on Mbhali rushing over. Burke speaks to the thug.

BURKE

GIVE ME YOUR WORD!!

Burke turns back...

SEES --

A HANDGUN POINTED AT HIM.

TSOTSI

I give y'more than dat. Fat-ass.

BOOM. He FIRES at point-blank range. Burke slumps as the van pushes off, fishtailing it onto the main road.

MBHALI

sees this. She rushes toward Burke and looks on to see his bloodied, lifeless face. She's horrified.

INT. THABISA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gerald holds the phone - yelling into the receiver, something indiscernible in his native tongue. Mbhali doesn't hear this... she doesn't respond...

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - PARKING LOT

ANGLE ON. Mbhali's phone - on the pavement.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - EVENING

Mbhali drives along this dirt roadway, speeding after the van. She floors the accelerator. Glances at the speedometer - 120, 140, 160 kilometers.

Mbhali takes in the wheel from the toy cruiser on the seat next to her. Her eyes grow teary.

INSIDE THE VAN

A weird techno music mix plays. The YOUNG DRIVER enjoys himself, a cigarillo dangles from his mouth as he takes in his DRIVER-SIDE MIRROR. His look of satisfaction gives way to something else. He nods to the thug in the passenger seat. The thug reaches for a DUFFLE BAG on the floorboard.

INSIDE THE BAG - umpteen MACHETES: rusted, bent, bloodstained.

The thug pushes past these and picks up his TEC-9. He then unzips a side compartment. Pulls out a long clip. Snaps it in. He angles the barrel out the window.

INT. MBHALI'S VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Mbhali looks up as GUNFIRE ERUPTS. She ducks, still holding the steering wheel. It shakes violently as the vehicle swerves. She can't see where she's headed.

PHUMPF... ANOTHER SPRAYING.

The vehicle fishtails as Mbhali struggles to regain control.

INSIDE THE VAN

The DRIVER smiles. Continues to push along the road.

INT. MBHALI'S VEHICLE - SAME

She's skidding dangerously out of control.

ANGLE ON MBHALI'S POV as the vehicle slides hood-first into a darkened ravine. Mbhali lets out a loud scream. It lingers... muffled as everything goes *very, very black*.

FADE IN ON:

BRIGHT, COLORFUL IMAGES: *Snapshots from memory... A young Gerald and Mbhali. Mbhali cradling a newborn Nathi. Mbhali, Gerald and Nathi just days ago.*

FADE TO BLACK.

GERALD (V.O.)  
Can you hear me?

No answer.

GERALD (V.O.)  
Mbhali... honey... I'm home... Can  
you hear me?

FADE IN ON:

A MAN'S FACE. Blurred... the IMAGE gradually focusing into frame. We see a worried, familiar face - Gerald.

MBHALI

struggles to speak. She's in a hospital room. Her face pained. She remembers... begins to cry.

MBHALI  
Nathi.

Gerald caresses Mbhali's hand. She pulls it away. He glances towards Luke. Luke tries to be helpful.

MBHALI  
Nathi?  
(emotional)  
Where's my Nathi?

Gerald takes his time. Shakes his head. He's drawn to Mbhali's arm - wrapped and bandaged in a sling. His eyes water.

GERALD  
I will find Nathi. And I'll get  
the people that did this. I  
promise you.

Mbhali tears up, still emotional.

INT. GERALD'S SEDAN - ROLLING - DAY

Gerald drives while Luke rides shotgun, still absorbing this new world. He notices the terrain, the distinguishable highveld (grasslands), then the unmistakable sight of townships with vast, tin rooftops crowded in the distance.

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - LATER

Gerald studies the parking lot; through the window we see Luke speaking to a young FEMALE CASHIER.

Gerald walks the gravel-laden area. Kneels to take in tire streaks leaving deep grooves. Gerald turns toward the storefront. Imagines how events played out, when...

FLASH --

Nathi is grabbed by Burke, struggles to free himself.

Gerald stands, walks a few feet over to see the bloodstained pieces of gravel. He takes in everything when we...

FLASH --

BOOM. Burke drops to the ground, mortally wounded.

Gerald's rattled... rushes back toward the storefront. He stops, takes a deep breath. Turns, when...

FLASH --

He sees what Mbhali saw. Burke down. The van idling. It kicks up gravel as it pushes onto the main road.

Gerald takes off, hauling ass.

INSIDE THE STORE

Luke does a double-take towards outside, sees Gerald running.

OUTSIDE

Gerald's made it to the main road. Nothing's there. Luke approaches.

LUKE

You okay?

GERALD  
 (shakes his head)  
 No.

INT. BURKE'S HOME - TOWNSHIP AREA - DAY

De Lange and Gerald stand in the living room. The mood solemn, an eerie calm as Poppie sits on the sofa with arms folded. She sways back and forth, uncommunicative, dazed.

Luke's at the front door, turns, glances down the street. He sees an ORPHANAGE of township kids and notices a frail LONER sitting off to himself. We see the sadness in his eyes, this kid reminds him of a young Luke.

INSIDE. Gerald approaches a mousy Afrikaner FEMALE COUNSELOR.

GERALD  
 (off Poppie)  
 Anything?

COUNSELOR  
 She's still in shock. I don't  
 think she's in any capacity to  
 speak. She needs her rest.

INT. VILLAGE STORAGE AREA - DAY

A machete-wielding TSOTSI stands at the door. He's high with bloodshot eyes - music blares from earbuds in each ear.

ANGLE ON a modest, ramshackle distribution network. This makeshift assembly line has rows of local TOWNSHIP WOMEN stuffing trinkets, beads and God-Knows-What else inside ready-to-ship containers.

NGO  
 These *priests* disrupt my  
 operations?

The thug nods.

NGO  
 How?

TSOTSI  
 Tellin' people they committin' a  
 crime. If they use Muti they will  
 be cursed and the ancestors shamed.

Ngo is incensed.

NGO  
You have names?

The thug hands over a piece of paper.

TSOTSI  
We count eight Sangomas on the  
list.

INT. GERALD'S SEDAN - DAY

Gerald and Luke pull up along a dirt road; a COLORFUL MUD HUT sits off in the distance. Luke opens his door.

GERALD  
I go alone.

LUKE  
I didn't come here to sit in a car.

A long beat. Gerald notices white smoke billowing from the hut.

GERALD  
(reluctant)  
Fine... but we wait.

Gerald indicates the smoke.

GERALD  
He's with someone.

INT. KWAKU'S NDUMA - CONTINUOUS

KWAKU, 60s, holds a SIX-MONTH-OLD infant girl. The man is shrouded in a heavy blanket and adorned with IMIGATO STRINGS - a decorative necklace cut from medicinal roots. From his elaborate beaded getup, we know Kwaku is a *diviner healer...* a *shaman...* a *SANGOMA*.

The infant wails - a colicky cry as Kwaku taps the baby's lower back. He hands the baby to her sobbing YOUNG MOTHER.

Kwaku reaches over, tosses BONES across an open pallet on the floor. He studies the items, then glances toward the mother. His face lights up. He now knows what he needs to tell her:

KWAKU  
Hold the child close.  
(beat)  
The baby needs movement.  
(MORE)

KWAKU (CONT'D)  
Constant movement to feel the  
connection with you.

MOTHER  
(still sobbing)  
Do I need anything else?

KWAKU  
Shh, jus' do what I tell you. And  
remember, although I throw these  
bones, the ancestors turn them.

She nods.

EXT. KWAKU'S NDUMA - LATER

Gerald and Luke step towards this tiny mud hut. Gerald  
stops, visibly uncomfortable. Luke notices.

Gerald stands frozen. Feet firmly planted as his thoughts  
race, his mind plagued by IMAGES:

*A scared, motionless YOUNG GERALD - Heavy drumbeats - ELDERS  
convulsing, eerie SPASMS --*

LUKE (O.S.)  
Mangena?!

Gerald snaps out of it.

LUKE  
You're fucking dripping wet.

GERALD  
I'm good.

Luke doesn't believe him.

GERALD  
(emphatic)  
I said-- I'm good.

Gerald wipes his brow. Notices the hut. He yells inside.

GERALD  
Kwaku!  
(then)  
Kwaku!! Officer Mangena!

Still no answer.

INT. KWAKU'S NDUMA - CONTINUOUS

Luke and Gerald enter. Lower their heads, maneuver past a beam that stretches across the narrow doorway. INSIDE - the ceiling vaults, pushes high toward a cone-shaped apex.

The two continue on when...

KWAKU (O.S.)  
Knowledge.

Gerald turns - startled.

GERALD  
Call me Gerald.

KWAKU  
(defiant)  
Knowledge is the name your father  
gave you.

Gerald stays firm. Kwaku spits out his words:

KWAKU  
Should I say, Officer Mangena?

Kwaku eyes Luke. Luke smiles, doesn't know what to say but:

LUKE  
Hi.

Kwaku gives him a wary nod.

GERALD  
I'm only here--

KWAKU  
--I know why y'are here. Your boy  
was taken. My heart aches too.

Gerald shows Kwaku the photo of THABISA and another of NGO - this one barely recognizable, obscured by window glare.

GERALD  
They were in the UK-- she's Thabisa  
Silongo. Know her? Him?

Kwaku studies the photo. Shakes his head.

KWAKU  
Don't know either.

Luke hands over a photo of the tiny particles inside the petri dish - the Bushman Poison. Kwaku realizes what it is.

LUKE

Where can we get this?

KWAKU

Lemme say that I'm not the Sangoma  
you want 'cause I don't deal in  
this stuff.

GERALD

Didn't stop you before.

Kwaku looks away, eyes heavy.

KWAKU

The true measure of a man is to  
admit when he has made mistakes.  
(sarcastic)  
And although y'have made none, I  
have made plenty.

GERALD

(apologetic)  
It came out wrong.

Kwaku straightens, resolved to do what he can.

KWAKU

Try the Ezinyangeni. There y'll  
see Kong-- in the largest stall.  
He will know where y'can find this.

Luke's impressed with Kwaku. Kwaku turns, grabs a bowl  
containing a powdery substance. He sprinkles in pieces of  
his own concoction, offers it to Gerald.

Gerald shakes his head.

KWAKU

Y'll need the strength.

GERALD

Not this way.

KWAKU

(disappointed)  
Then hurry-- The boy is alive. I  
feel it. Y'have a day, maybe two.  
And y'll need all the help from  
the ancestors to get him back.

Gerald is heavy-laden. He knows Kwaku speaks truth.

INT. MAI MAI BAZAAR - DAY

A large traditional "Muti market", nestled on the eastern wing of the city center.

Luke and Gerald pad through this maze. They notice WHOLESALE ITEMS - herbs, animal bones, plants... malodorous, primitive.

GERALD

This is called "Ezinyangeni" - the place of healers.

Luke takes the in, still... his thoughts linger back to Kwaku.

LUKE

Mangena, this Kwaku guy got to you. Something you want to tell me?

GERALD

I don't like the stuff. And just because I'm African and I've seen it all my life doesn't make it any easier.

Gerald walks, Luke lets it pass. The two continue on--

Find what they're looking for - a massive stall in the center of the market.

MASSIVE STALL - CONTINUOUS

Luke enters, touches a strip of python skin, it competes with the space of a dead vulture.

ANGLE ON. A MAN'S HAND, it rests on a gorilla-head-shaped walking cane. The man slips items from a shelf into his pocket.

Gerald and Luke don't seem to notice, both drawn to an eerie sight two stalls down - wooden COFFINS... several. A sign reading "HAND MADE" hangs from the entrance. The seller, an elderly WOMAN, catches Luke's gaze.

KONG (O.S.)

(off the coffins)

Business is boomin'.

Luke and Gerald turn - see a 49-year-old MAN dressed in a leopard-skin cloak with bright-colored feathers. He maneuvers with the gorilla-head-shaped walking cane, the word "KONG" carved along the side. Luke smiles politely.

Gerald holds the petri-dish photo. Kong knows what it is.

GERALD

Where can I get this? What I'm looking for is a variant. It may be chemically altered.

KONG

Don't know, my brotha. Can't help you.

Kong suspects the two are cops, he pivots... tries to move around Luke - he blocks him.

LUKE

You didn't answer.

Kong balks.

KONG

(to Gerald, off Luke)

Where did you find this white boy?

Kong cracks himself up. Gerald's not amused. Kong takes another tactic.

KONG

Look, that's poison, brotha. Only fresh herbs here. Nothin' more. Fresh, *youknowwhatImean?*

GERALD

You put something in your pocket?

Kong smiles wide. Busted. Gerald's had enough. WHOOSH. He tosses the shelf in front of him. Store wares hit the floor. BOOM. Gerald goes to another shelf, tosses even more.

KONG

(to Luke; anxious)

Look, man, y'gonna let him do this?

LUKE

I'm just the white boy, remember.

GERALD

You can answer now or at the precinct. While I'm at it, I'll have my lab techs test everything in this shithole.

Kong scoffs.

GERALD  
Empty your pockets.

He's reluctant.

GERALD  
EMPTY THEM.

Kong dumps contents onto the counter. Luke sifts through it.  
Sees something - small bone fragments tied to a string.

LUKE  
Is it real?

KONG  
I don't know.

Luke lets it go.

GERALD  
I'm gonna ask you one last time.  
Where can I get this? Who's the  
supplier?

KONG  
Fuck it, man. Diepsloot-- You go  
to Diepsloot!

GERALD  
And the extension?

KONG  
Like I fuckin' know.

Gerald lifts a decorated vase - a nice piece for this bazaar.

GERALD  
(to Luke)  
Whaddaya think?

Gerald tosses it to Luke - it drops, pieces fly everywhere.

LUKE  
Not my color, mate.

KONG  
(frustrated)  
Eight! -- The extension is eight.

GERALD  
--Better be true.

Kong glares.

KONG  
 They will fuck y'up,  
*youknowwhatImean?* Bo-4 or no Bo-4.

Two TOURISTS enter Kong's stall.

KONG  
 (re: the Tourists)  
 If y'don't mind.

Luke and Gerald step towards the exit when Gerald bumps into a table display of *ingawas* (Xhosa smoking pipes). They go crashing to the ground. Kong's incensed. He stays on the two, ignores the tourists and grabs his cellphone.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - GRAND LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ngo's palatial estate. Ngo holds the phone, his face hardened. He listens to a VOICE in Zulu - it's Kong's.

INT. GERALD'S SEDAN - DIEPSLOOT - DAY

Gerald and Luke park along the main township artery. Luke's awed by this urban landscape - 150,000 residents call this ghetto home. They sit for now, wait for the right time.

Luke glances over, Gerald's lost in his thoughts. His gaze focused outside the window, still on his son.

LUKE  
 (to Mangena)  
 I haven't said much about this, not  
 my strong suit, but-- sorry about  
 your son. And I hope your wife  
 gets better--

GERALD  
 I don't need your sympathy.

LUKE  
 I wasn't offering it.

The two stare off, a long silence... until... Gerald eases up. Luke nods.

LUKE  
 I do have one question.

Gerald nods, gives his go-ahead.

LUKE

What the hell is a Bo-4?

Finally, a smile on Gerald's face.

GERALD

It means police. They speak it in Soweto, short for Bokgata.

Luke's phone BUZZES, it's Kinlan. He answers:

LUKE

Mel, make it quick--

KINLAN (ON PHONE)

--I'll try...

INTERCUT - GERALD'S VEHICLE/METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT

Kinlan's at her desk. A computer screen shows a distilled PHOTO of a young Ngo.

KINLAN

... the man in the photo-- his name is Roger Ayize Ngo-- a businessman-- used to run a transportation company in Streatham.

LUKE

How long has he been in country?

KINLAN

Seven years, and get this-- he's married-- three wives by my last count, maybe more...

Kinlan clicks another PHOTO. A grainy, dated image of Ngo appears next to a familiar face:

KINLAN

One resembles Silongo.

Luke hears this, taken aback.

GERALD

listens, emotionless. More angry than surprised. He focuses back on the township, studies one shack in particular.

Gerald sees an OLDER MAN with a YOUNG BOY crossing a busy dirt road - the child has the same profile, same gait, same narrow frame as...

GERALD

Nathi?

Gerald doesn't waste time. He exits the vehicle.

LUKE

Mangena!

Gerald races after the two.

LUKE

(to Kinlan)

I have to go.

KINLAN

(talking fast)

Inspector, one more item. I have a follow-up on the Brixton flyer.

I'm speaking with a Mister Thomas Bungard later today--

LUKE

--Keep me posted.

Luke hangs up.

ON THE TOWNSHIP STREET

Gerald makes his way along the impoverished shacks, feet away from the man and young boy. He reaches for the boy...

GERALD

*Nathi...*

... the child turns and we see a startled, wide-eyed FIVE YEAR OLD staring back at us. No Nathi.

IN THE SEDAN

Luke grabs his GLOCK. He exits the vehicle, crosses a dirt path into the township area.

ON THE TOWNSHIP STREET

Gerald sees the scrap metal shack from earlier, wholly run-down and battered. He steps toward it, riled now - his focus solely on Nathi.

Luke rounds a corner, sees remnants of apartheid with shacks and shanties made from anything: scrap metal, wood, plastic, cardboard. He peers closer, sees Gerald a block away.

EXT./INT. SHANTY - DAY

Gerald knocks on a scrap tin door, it creaks open and he bum-rushes inside. Pushes past a crime-weary 18-year-old WOMAN. This is NELLY. Gerald brandishes his Sig Sauer and places a finger to his lips. No need to explain, the woman shushes.

Gerald steps close, sees a NEWBORN wrapped snug in a colorful capulana.

GERALD

(soft)

You alone?

Nelly nods. Is she lying? Of course she is...

OUTSIDE THE SHANTY

ANGLE ON the hodgepodge, interlocking pieces from above. We see this hovel in its entirety, then push through an opening into another part of this awful place.

There, a TSOTSI zips his pants. This is the thug who grabbed Nathi, and his name is PAC-MAN. Music blares from earbuds plugged into each ear, he winks at a naked, 17-year-old TOWNSHIP GIRL partially covered by bed sheets.

ON THE STREET

Luke follows Gerald's steps when the van from earlier rounds a corner. It stops in front of the shack and two thugs exit. The LARGER ONE wields a machete, the SMALLER THUG - a TEC-9.

Luke takes this in, overcome, thoughts racing. He's concealed just feet away behind a gutted Mercedes.

LUKE

Christ, Mangena.

INT. SHANTY - CONTINUOUS

Gerald holds the PHOTO of Nathi, the woman still shakes her head. She knows nothing, he doesn't believe her.

Gerald turns, approaches another room - an entrance draped with beads - when he hears movement from outside.

He rushes behind the front door, seconds out of sight as it swings open. The thug enters, carrying the Tec-9. The other turns... covers the entrance.

SMALLER THUG  
(in Zulu, to Nelly)  
You okay?

She hesitates...

NELLY  
Ye-bo.

... and the way she says it. That slight reticence... it registers. The thug nods knowingly. He turns to spray whatever it is behind the door, when Gerald leaps forward, tries to strip the TEC-9 away as the larger thug pivots.

Gerald lands a heavy knuckle blow to the man's neck. The thug goes down, still holding the TEC-9. It sprays air.

Gerald uses a roundhouse kick to send the larger one crashing to the wall.

The thug hurls forward with the oversized Panga machete. Gerald pulls out his Sig but this tsotsi is too quick; he swipes it away, it goes flying to the floor.

The thug slices again. This exchange is brutal, vicious.

Gerald struggles to keep up, fights with whatever he can. He eyes his Sig on the floor. Can't reach it.

The man pushes closer, about to go for a jugular kill, when--

A SHOT rings out... Luke's right behind him. The thug slumps to his knees, falls atop of Gerald. Gerald pushes him off, adrenaline in overdrive.

GERALD  
(to Luke, battered)  
What took you so long?!

LUKE  
Don't ever pull that shit again.

A NOISE pops from behind the beaded curtain. Luke looks up, heart still racing. He and Gerald move into the

MIDDLE SHANTY - CONTINUOUS

Weapons drawn. They see cots scattered amid trash, debris.

Gerald kneels, recognizes pieces from a toy car - it's Nathi's. He pockets it, thoughts stay on his son when he coughs... BURNING INCENSE... that familiar smell... similar to Thabisa's apartment.

Luke steps into a connecting shanty--

MAKESHIFT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

to see the 17-year-old girl, loopy, hungover, still on the bed. No sign of PAC-MAN - a piece of cardboard juts from the wall, it leads to outside.

EXT. SHANTY - DAY

Gerald and Luke hustle Nelly across the dirt road.

GERALD

I'll ask one last time, or it's to the precinct. The child will be removed during custody.

NELLY

I don't know Silongo. I told y'man.

GERALD

You lied before.

Nelly stays quiet. The ordeal wearing her down. Tears stream, she begins to break.

NELLY

He will find you.

GERALD

Who?

LUKE

Roger Ngo?

She nods. Gerald realizes this is the man from the photo.

GERALD

(to Nelly, firm)

You are going to take us to him.

EXT./INT. GERALD'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle pushes off, kicks up dirt and dust.

ANGLE ON - a BAKKIE parked near the bush. PAC-MAN watches from inside this small, open-body truck.

EXT. GERALD'S SEDAN - ROLLING

The vehicle enters an exclusive neighborhood. It slows,  
Nelly nods...

NELLY

There...

And we see it - Ngo's estate, set off from the road. A GUARD HOUSE sits at the gate opening in front of an oversized bricked wall. This cement rampart is spike-capped and snakes the perimeter with barbed wire, electric fencing.

EXT. NGO'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Luke, Gerald and Nelly approach the guard house. A GUARD stands in front, ANOTHER inside the small fixture.

NELLY

I need to see 'Bisa.

The guard glances cagily at Luke and Gerald. He looks back at Nelly with the baby still wrapped tight, sound asleep.

GUARD #1

Hold on.

The man enters the guard house, his focus still on the three. He whispers to the other guard, Luke and Gerald notice.

INT. BAKKIE - SAME

Pac-Man waits outside Ngo's neighborhood, dials a number on his cell.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Ngo's in the back, the phone to his ear. His face emotionless with eyes restless, an intensity we haven't seen. Ngo's Lieutenant speeds, pushes through traffic.

EXT. NGO'S ESTATE - GUARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The guard steps toward the three.

GUARD #1

(off Nelly)

She comes alone--

GERALD  
Not gonna happen.

GUARD #1  
I bring Thabisa.

LUKE  
Then leave the girl.

GUARD #1  
No.

GERALD  
(raising badge, re: the gate)  
You're wasting time. Open it.

GUARD #1  
Not without warrant--

NELLY  
I'll go.  
(off Gerald)  
It's okay. Please...

GERALD

hesitates, lets her go.

Guard #2 opens the gate while Guard #1 leads Nelly onto the compound. Luke watches this play out, takes in the street behind him. The gate closes and gut instinct kicks in...

LUKE  
(soft, to Gerald)  
They're stalling.

FROM THE GUARD HOUSE. The two hear crackling from a RADIO... it squelches... then a word in Zulu - "clear"...

... when Gerald spots the guard pulling a MAG-7 SHOTGUN from behind the guard house door.

Gerald FIRES, gets off several shots as the guard goes down.

GERALD  
(to Luke)  
Hurry.

Luke enters the guard house, pulls a lever, opens the gate.

He lets it close after Gerald drags in the wounded guard. Gerald rifles through the man's pockets, finds a set of keys.

LUKE

Hold on.

Luke slips his GLOCK through the wrought-iron gate. BOOM, BOOM. He fires on the guard-house console, disables controls.

ON THE DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two rush towards this palatial manse, when shots ring out. Guard #1 shoots at the two, he's just outside the home.

They take cover, then push forward as the man now holds the gun to Nelly's neck.

GUARD #1

No closer.

Nelly chances it, thinks of her baby. She pushes off and runs for cover. Gerald blasts bullets, the man falls dead.

INT. NGO'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

They enter the foyer, make their way down a long grand corridor into a massive

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two continue on. Guns still drawn. Nelly trails behind.

They push into the...

GRAND LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A SHOTGUN - it rests on the table.

Thabisa sits in front of the weapon. Nervous. Fidgety. A mix of fear, disgust. She doesn't touch the shotgun.

GERALD

Ma'am, push the gun away.

Luke enters, holds his gun firm.

LUKE

Now.

Thabisa tunes both out.

NELLY

Momma.

She peers over, spots Nelly with her grandchild, still in the capulana.

THABISA  
Nelly...?

Gerald grabs the weapon.

THABISA  
(to her daughter)  
You okay?

Nelly nods. Gerald's surprised by the relationship.

Luke moves toward the window - SEES a CONVOY of pickup trucks parked at the gate... six THUGS file out with guns and oversized blades. Pac-Man leads this effort.

LUKE  
Got tsotsis at the front.

Thabisa glances over, worried. She turns back to Gerald. They speak in a hurried, frenetic back-and-forth.

THABISA  
(incredulous)  
What do y'want?

GERALD  
Where is my son?

THABISA  
I cannot help you--

GERALD  
I will tear this place apart.

THABISA  
Do y'know who lives here? He will  
kill you-- and everyone y'care  
about.

Heavy silence. Gerald can't take it anymore. He sees red... tosses a shelf full of knickknacks. Thabisa cowers. He's about to go for more when Nelly intervenes.

NELLY  
Stop... don't...

Luke doesn't jump in. Gerald's overcome, oblivious to everything else. He sits, rambling, grief stricken--

GERALD

(emotional, to Thabisa)

My son's name is Nkosinathi. His name means 'God is with us' and I know he is still alive-- he is only five. He was taken two days ago from the market--

(voice cracking)

He likes cars... if Ngo is behind this, I will come for him. I promise that...

Thabisa takes in this father's pain. His resolve. She looks at her own daughter, a maternal glint fills her eyes...

THABISA

I saw him yesterday-- in Diepsloot.

GERALD

Where now?

She shakes her head.

THABISA

... they move each day. A diff'rent place.

A harsh, resonant BOOM echoes from outside... Luke peers out, sees one of the gates toppled over from a pickup truck.

GERALD

Tell me.

THABISA

(re: sound, shaking)

I can't think.

LUKE

(to Thabisa)

We need a way out.

GERALD

I'm not leaving.

LUKE

To stay is suicide... you know that.

(to Thabisa)

We need a way -- now!

THABISA

There's a crack in the north wall. Y'must look for it.

(a beat... to Gerald)

(MORE)

THABISA (CONT'D)

There's much y'don't understand--  
I... I will meet you to give the  
other locations. Give me an hour.

GERALD

Where?

THABISA

Rosebank. Near Grace Hotel. Eight  
p.m. sharp.  
(a beat, off Luke)  
Come alone.

The two move towards the exit.

THABISA

Officer Mangena...?

Gerald turns--

THABISA

I am a good person. Not perfect--  
God knows my heart.

INT. NGO'S ESTATE - GRAND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ngo kneels down, picks up a figurine and places it back on  
the shelf. Thabisa's adjacent to him on the sofa, visibly  
uncomfortable.

NGO

What did he ask again?

THABISA

I told'ya. He asked about the boy--

NGO

And you said what?

THABISA

--that I didn't know what he was  
speakin' of--

NGO

How did you say it?

THABISA

(frustrated)  
What?!

NGO

(probing)  
How did you reply?

THABISA  
I said it how I said it.

Ngo doesn't seem satisfied. Nelly enters, sees the exchange.

NGO  
Nelly. Is there anything else?

THABISA  
Keep her out of this.

NGO  
Sweetie, tell your stepfather if  
that is all.

Nelly nods.

NGO  
(smiles)  
See... nothing more to discuss.

THABISA  
Then why quiz me?

NGO  
'Cause, Bisa-- when the mouth  
stumbles, it's worse than feet.

THABISA  
Why don't y'get another boy?

NGO  
This one is special.

NGO

glances into the kitchen. A WOMAN (Wife #2) carries a tray  
of food, places it on the table. Thabisa checks her watch.

NGO  
We eat.

THABISA  
I don't have an appetite. And I  
will take Nelly home-- clear my  
head. That okay?

He thinks, nods.

NGO  
I understand. A trying day.

INT. GERALD'S SEDAN - ROSEBANK - NIGHT

Gerald cruises. This Elysium is filled with shopping malls and art exhibits, a stark contrast to the pitted environs blocks away.

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - ROSEBANK- 7:50 PM

Thabisa exits a cafe with a large cup of coffee. She takes in eateries, sidewalk cafes - people heading to and fro. She sips from the container - eyes traffic along the road.

Something catches her eye--

ON THE STREET. A BLACK MERCEDES - tinted windows, chrome-plated rims - pulls along the block.

Thabisa doesn't dare glance back towards it.

GERALD'S SEDAN - SAME

He's at an intersection - a busy crosswalk with bar-hoppers heading to a party spot.

LOCAL MARKET AREA

Thabisa ditches her coffee... picks up her step. She turns a corner - moves along a crowded sidewalk, trying to fit in.

ON THE MERCEDES

It makes the corner. Pushes along the road--

GERALD'S SEDAN - SAME

He's moving now. The crowded street frustrating him. Gerald looks at his watch.

EXT. LOCAL MARKET - SIDE STREET - 8:00 PM

Thabisa glances over her shoulder. The Mercedes has parked. Ngo's Lieutenant exits the vehicle.

INT. GERALD'S SUV - PARKED - MOMENTS LATER

Gerald's a block from the Grace Hotel. No cars. Quiet. Something doesn't feel right.

SIDE STREET - SAME

Thabisa's now running, pushing along the sidewalk. She glances over, doesn't see any sign of the man.

FOOTSTEPS grow louder - Thabisa looks over her shoulder. SEES... THE THUG HAULING ASS. HE'S GAINING ON HER --

GERALD'S SEDAN - MARKET AREA

He makes a slow pass through the narrow streets. Eyes probing. No sign of Thabisa. The night crowd ever present.

BACK TO THABISA

Still running. Exhausted. The Mercedes speeds up - cuts her off. She's boxed in.

Ngo exits. Well-dressed. Polished. Ever so polite:

NGO

'Bisa. Why do you make things so difficult?

(hand extended)

Please... you're meeting that officer, aren't you?

She shakes her head no. SEES something in the distance - GERALD'S SEDAN, stopped at the light. He doesn't see her. She wants to scream, doesn't.

NGO

You're lying... It's okay-- human nature. Maybe I would have done the same. I dunno...

(notices something; dead serious)

Did you drop something? Right there.

CLOSE on several feet away - a folded piece paper. Ngo walks over, picks it up. He reads what we dread, the list of possible locations for Nathi.

Ngo signals to his Lieutenant. He overpowers Thabisa into the Mercedes. Ngo looks down the street. A cold stare at the driver of the vehicle idling at the light - Gerald.

## GERALD'S SEDAN - SAME

Gerald about to push off. He hears something: It's just the discordant street sounds at night. No Thabisa. He makes a turn down the street - in the opposite direction.

Gerald stops. A NOISE - the unmistakable sound of SCREECHING TIRES -- coming from behind him. He U-turns.

Gerald's instincts kick in. He pushes down the street. Nothing. Damn. He doesn't know it but he just missed the Mercedes. He pulls out to make a turn. Almost hits a PEDESTRIAN. He pounds the steering wheel. No Thabisa.

## INT. NGO'S ESTATE - MORNING

Ngo's in the sun room. Lounging... reading the South African Times and listening to Vivaldi. The bright sun, a kaleidoscope of colors, cleansing... coating an entire valley floor filled with wildlife.

Ngo's Wife #2 brings a tray of fruit. She sits it in front of Ngo and refreshes a carafe of water. Ngo chomps on a piece of melon, savors the taste. He fans her away, reaches for a slice of mango, when...

LIEUTENANT

Ready.

## BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The room is wrapped with plastic sheeting from floor to ceiling. Every inch covered.

Ngo sees Thabisa tied to a chair, slumped over. She has an eye swollen shut with her face badly bruised.

ON A TABLE - an overblown cutlery setup with an assortment of wares. But this isn't kitchen cutlery - this is the real shit: panga machetes, saw knives, pickaxes.

NGO

Has she said anything else?

LIEUTENANT

Nah, sir.

NGO

Make this quick.

The Lieutenant nods to an apron-wearing TSOTSI THUG. Ngo leaves. A battered Thabisa is coming to.

The thug picks up a saw knife, toys with it a bit, then settles for the machete. He steps toward Thabisa and thrusts forward with a quickness...

WHEN, DEAR GOD, WE SEE THIS BLOODSTAINED TOOL -- IT OVERTAKES THE FRAME, SLICES INTO THABISA AS HER MUFFLED CRIES SUBSIDE. AN ARTERIAL FLOW OF BLOOD GUSHES. THE BLADE GOES IN AGAIN AND AGAIN.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Gerald works the phones. Antsy. He listens... this call just like the rest... a dead end.

He slams the phone down, then glances towards Luke. Luke's expression says the same... "nothing on Thabisa".

INT. NGO'S ESTATE - GRAND LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ngo sits alone. Pensive. Deep in thought.

He lifts a photo of Gerald and Mbhali. The two with Nathi.

The Lieutenant enters:

LIEUTENANT

His wife is at Sandton Medi-Clinic.  
Security is tight.  
(gives notecard)  
Mangena's acquaintances.

Ngo scans the card, surprised to see one name in particular.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

De Lange, uncomfortable, approaches the two. He's followed by a UNIFORM fresh off the beat.

DE LANGE

They found Silongo's body...

LUKE

Go on--

DE LANGE

... her remains were stuffed in a  
tree trunk-- in the bush.

Luke and Gerald are numb. De Lange notices Gerald - his old friend is broken, still processing this.

DE LANGE  
Sorry, Gerry.

De Lange and the Uniform leave.

Gerald can no longer sit still, he paces. He won't let this stall his search for Nathi. Luke chimes in:

LUKE  
We issue a warrant, bring in Ngo  
and his thugs. Tie him to Adam--

GERALD  
Then what-- he'll never break. He  
won't reveal anything on Nathi.  
And no one will squeal out of fear.

LUKE  
He's human. Something can break  
him.

GERALD  
(thinks)  
Not something... Someone.

EXT. KWAKU'S NDUMA - DAY

The Mercedes parks along the dirt road. The bakkie rolls to a halt behind it.

ON THE MERCEDES - the driver-side rear door opens. Ngo exits. Decked out in a tailored Armani.

Pac-Man and another TSOTSI step from the truck.

INSIDE KWAKU'S NDUMA

Kwaku lays a book he's been reading on a table.

OUTSIDE

Ngo knocks on the door, doesn't wait for an answer. He opens, enters...

KWAKU'S NDUMA - CONTINUOUS

Kwaku stands. The two thugs follow. Ngo extends a hand, but Kwaku lets him hang. The moment intense.

Ngo still pours on the charm:

NGO  
 (mocking)  
 Kwaku, the healer. I've heard  
 about the disruption of my  
 operations.

KWAKU  
 What do you want?

NGO  
 I want what you want. To make  
 things better. To cure sickness,  
 disease. To bring hope.  
 (beat)  
 It seems that our *interests* are the  
 same. Yet we are so different.

KWAKU  
 My interests have nothing to do  
 with plucking children from their  
 homes, killing innocents and  
 selling lies.

Ngo steps in close.

NGO  
 (with disdain)  
 What do you know about anything.  
 You live in a fucking hut!!

KWAKU  
 I know that there is a need... for  
 you, me-- all people to connect  
 with something greater than  
 ourselves. And when we can't find  
 that connection, we try anything to  
 fill the void... drugs, material  
 things... even the *darkness* you  
 sell. The stuff you call medicine.

Ngo smiles.

KWAKU  
 What else do you want?

NGO  
 Thank Detective Gerald Mangena for  
 this visit. He is persistent-- but  
 it was meant to be.

KWAKU  
 (realizing)  
 You have the boy...

NGO  
 (off the two thugs)  
 They have work to do.

Ngo steps toward the door. Straightens his suit. He leaves.

The two thugs move forward, PAC-MAN brandishes his MACHETE - tucked in his jeans. Kwaku doesn't react.

INT. VILLAGE ROAD - LATER

Luke and Gerald push along the desolate road to Kwaku, no sign of Ngo or the others.

INT. KWAKU'S NDUMA - CONTINUOUS

Gerald takes in this place. No sign of Kwaku. He glances at something on a corner farthest from the door - a makeshift SHRINE - unlit candles, herbs, clothes to the ancestors.

Gerald steps closer to get a better look. Luke approaches the opposite wall, sees something --

LUKE  
*Mangena...*

Gerald rushes over. Stops cold. He takes in what Luke sees:

KWAKU - in the shadows. BLOOD-SOAKED. DISEMBOWELED.

He's on the floor, barely conscious. Still hanging on --

Gerald rushes over --

GERALD  
 (off Nahorn)  
 Get help!!

Kwaku looks on, a glint in his eyes.

KWAKU  
 (soft)  
 No.

A long beat.

GERALD  
 Then I'll pray to the ancestors for you--

KWAKU

--with the ancestors, sometimes the  
answer is 'no'.

The two stand still. Kwaku grows calm, steadies his  
breathing. His speech slower... deliberate... random:

KWAKU

Knowledge...

Gerald freezes.

KWAKU

I'm sorry about your mother...

Gerald's quiet, absorbing this. He nods.

KWAKU

(smiles)

You have it, you know.

Gerald and Luke look on, questioning.

KWAKU

The lidloti. The ancestral spirit.

Kwaku smiles. Eyes sparkle.

KWAKU

(coughs)

Don't run from it. Trust it. It  
will guide you.

Strains to crack a smile. Blood now runs along the floor.  
Kwaku's eyes widen.

KWAKU

(voice cracks)

*Don't run...*

Kwaku stays still. Expired. Eyes budged open.

Gerald, emotional fans Kwaku's eyes closed.

INT. GERALD'S SUV - ROLLING - LATER

Gerald drives, can't shake what just happened. Luke looks  
on... quiet, trying to make sense of it all.

Gerald stays quiet - eyes red.

LUKE

MANGENA?

A long pause, then:

GERALD  
*He was my uncle.*

Luke absorbs this.

LUKE  
He said he was sorry about your  
mother?

AN AWKWARD SILENCE. Gerald continues to drive. Shaken.

GERALD  
My mother was diagnosed with brain  
cancer. Given three months to  
live. My kin pleaded with her to  
seek a traditional doctor. She  
refused. Only trusted her Sangoma -  
her brother.

Luke listens. Lets Gerald get it out.

GERALD  
My uncle butchered my best friend  
Thando - to create this powerful  
potion that didn't work...

LUKE  
I'm sorry, man.

GERALD  
...and my mother was dead within a  
week. My uncle couldn't speak to  
what happened. Only that the  
ancestors had spoken. I hated him  
because of my mother's death, and I  
despised him even more because of  
Thando.

Luke sits quiet. Absorbs everything.

LUKE  
He said you have this *spirit*. Do  
you?

GERALD  
I don't know.

Luke doesn't let up.

GERALD  
It's true, I don't. Do I feel  
something? Maybe-- maybe gut.  
(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)  
Intuition. A spirit? Who the hell knows.

LUKE  
He mentioned letting it guide you.

A beat.

GERALD  
(thinks)  
There is someone I now want to see.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - DAY

The two walk along a dirt path on the outskirts of Johannesburg.

ACROSS THE STREET. Loud music. Vibrant chatter. Locals play marbles. In the center, Gerald spots a familiar face - Udo. Luke sees who Gerald is focused on.

LUKE  
You've got to be kidding me.

Gerald doesn't say anything.

The two cross the street. Udo recognizes Gerald. Frowns. Udo stands, cuts his game short.

GERALD  
Udo...  
(off his leg)  
Everything okay?

UDO  
What it look like, brotha? What it look like?

Udo limps along. A dirty bandage covers an apparent knife wound. He struggles to maneuver with a cane.

GERALD  
I need your help.

UDO  
Take a number.

GERALD  
I'm not coming here as a cop.

UDO  
Then what are you comin' here as?  
A fuckin' hyena?

His boys snicker. Udo picks up his step. Luke looks on, slightly amused. However, Gerald is incensed. He pulls out his Sig, sticks it to Udo's head. Udo's boys freeze, about to draw their weapons when Luke signals to stand down.

UDO  
(sweating, huffing)  
Do it, man. Do it.

An intense moment. Luke intervenes --

LUKE  
Mangena, that's enough.  
(firm)  
MANGENA.

Gerald eases up. Emotionally drained.

LUKE  
(to Gerald)  
Tell him what you need. And why  
we're here.

Gerald doesn't budge.

LUKE  
Tell 'em.

He swallows.

GERALD  
My son was taken.

Udo stops. Stays quiet. He eyes Luke suspiciously. Gerald hands over a PHOTO of Nathi, then Ngo. CLOSE ON - the surveillance SHOT of Ngo in London. Udo takes in the glossy. Looks on warily.

UDO  
One minute.

He limps towards his BOYS. ANGLE ON - Udo. Three other STREET HUSTLERS. They study the photo. Words go back and forth in Zulu, Afrikaans, English.

Udo maneuvers toward Luke and Gerald.

UDO  
It gonna cost you.

GERALD  
I don't have much cash on me--

UDO  
I don't want your cash.

Udo straightens. Notices something - Luke's sneakers. He likes them, then nods knowingly toward Gerald. Luke catches this. He takes in his feet then glares back at the two.

LUKE  
Oh, fuck no.

GERALD  
Let 'em have them.

LUKE  
You let him have yours!

GERALD  
He doesn't want the crap I'm wearing.

UDO  
(to Luke)  
He's right. I want it, man.

Luke takes this in, relents. He stares firm at Udo.

LUKE  
This better be good.

UDO  
No one has seen your boy.  
(returning the photo)  
But we have seen this man. He's known as Mcebo - a priest. They say he left the area yesterday.

LUKE  
Where did he go?

UDO  
Don't know.

GERALD  
Did he leave the country?

UDO  
(irritated)  
How the hell am I s'posed to know?

Udo steps closer to Gerald.

UDO

Look, man, sorry 'bout your son.  
And hey, my boy mentioned somethin'  
about a dark moon. Says the priest  
practices this. That's all I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNSHIP MARKET - LATER

Luke exits the store, wearing a sad pair of sandals.

INT. PRECINCT - LATER

Luke reviews video footage from Johannesburg Airport. He  
replays the feed. CLOSE ON - video of a burly BLACK MALE  
carrying a large duffel bag.

THE FOOTAGE FREEZES. Luke zooms in, crops it. Studies this  
washed-out image.

Luke types on the computer.

LUKE

A British plane left early this  
morning with special authorization.  
No manifest.

Gerald glances at the frozen video feed. Notices the time.  
He waits for something, it spits from the printer.

GERALD

This dark moon happens once a  
month. Thabisa wanted to tell us.  
I know. Maybe the first didn't go  
as planned... something went wrong--

LUKE

-- Lemme guess when the last one  
was...

GERALD

Adam...

INT. LONDON HEATHROW AIRPORT - NIGHT

Luke, Gerald and Mbhali touch down in a small jetliner.

AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Gerald pushes Mbhali in a wheelchair. Luke rushes past.

LUKE  
(to Gerald)  
I'll pick you up from the hotel.

Gerald nods.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - BULL PEN - DAY

Luke enters. Approaches Kinlan's desk.

LUKE  
Mel, my updates?

Kinlan stands. Uncomfortable.

KINLAN  
Sir, I didn't know how to tell you.

LUKE  
Tell me what?

KINLAN  
I'm no longer working the case.

LUKE  
You work for me. Who gave that  
authorization?

She nods towards the murder room. Through the Plexiglas, a team of OFFICERS crowd inside Luke's workspace.

MURDER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luke enters, sees Inspector Southway with two JUNIOR OFFICERS.

LUKE  
What the hell is going on?

SOUTHWAY  
Congratulations, new DCI.

LUKE  
Excuse me?

SOUTHWAY  
(realizes)  
You haven't been told?  
(MORE)

SOUTHWAY (CONT'D)  
 (to the others)  
 Give us a moment.

Officers leave.

SOUTHWAY  
 I'm taking your cases. You were  
 assigned to MOD.

LUKE  
 Ministry of Defence?

SOUTHWAY  
 Someone's looking out for you.

INTERCUT - METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT/REGENT'S PARK -  
 LATER

Lord Richards walks his mastiff along tree-lined Chester  
 Road.

LORD RICHARDS  
 I tried to reach you before you  
 left country. Talked you up at the  
 Ministry of Defence. They have an  
 investigative unit: broad scope,  
 global. A promotion. I'll be glad  
 to see you move on from this Muti  
 thing...

LUKE  
 Sir, I'm not dropping the case.

LORD RICHARDS  
 It's a distraction, Lucas... and  
 it's not good for London. What  
 kind of...  
 (disdainful)  
 ...human sacrifice--

LUKE  
 --it's true.

Richards reaches down, caresses his mastiff.

LORD RICHARDS  
 Who cares if it's true? It's how  
 people see it. Perception.

LUKE  
 I don't care how people see it and  
 I don't want the transfer.  
 (MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)  
(firm)  
I won't drop the case.

LORD RICHARDS  
(not hearing him)  
We'll talk later. There's always  
my consulate - the FCO... a lot  
more travel though. Maybe even  
your own plane--

LUKE  
-- Sir--

LORD RICHARDS  
We'll talk later...

Richards hangs up.

LANGDON'S OFFICE - LATER

Luke paces to and fro.

LANGDON  
You wanted this?

LUKE  
No. Not this way.

LANGDON  
Southway's working the case--  
that's final. You decided to play  
hero with the highers, now deal  
with it.

LUKE  
Sir, all due respect... this isn't  
about me. Mangena's son was taken  
and unfortunately we have an  
element in our society that doesn't  
value the rights of a child. Trust  
me, I know.

Luke grabs his dispatch, heads towards the door.

LUKE  
Now, I'm going to pull my Sergeant  
from her desk then pick up Mangena.  
I'll also invite any officer that  
wants to help, because we need it--  
we're running out of time.

Langdon doesn't fight it. His spasmodic jaw twitches,  
doesn't let up.

Luke exits as Southway enters. Southway wears a wide grin.

SOUTHWAY  
Hey, buddy, when do you want to  
discuss this Voodoo case?

LUKE  
Fuck off, Southway.

Southway's stunned.

SOUTHWAY  
Luke, I was joking.

Luke keeps walking.

BULL PEN - CONTINUOUS

Luke moves between the desks, Kinlan meets him halfway. She indicates the vestibule... he turns... and there's Margery - in the doorway, out of her element. Her eyes rake over the room... she smiles - sees her son.

Luke approaches.

LUKE  
Mum...

MARGERY  
You haven't returned my calls.

LUKE  
Been busy. I've been out of town--  
out of country, actually.

Margery touches her son's face. Luke moves her hand away.

MARGERY  
You seem distant.

LUKE  
This case-- it's draining--

MARGERY  
Read about it in the papers. Who  
could, you know, do that... abuse--  
murder a child like that?

Luke's silent, a difficult beat. He no longer holds it in:

LUKE  
Abuse isn't just physical, Mum.

Margery stays quiet, uncomfortable. She looks away, searches for words. Luke can't bear the silence.

LUKE

I have to go, Mum. I'll catch up later. Okay?

MARGERY

Sure... Just, don't be a stranger.

He nods, walks off, leaves Margery there. She didn't get what she came there for - her son back. She seems, in a way, smaller... overwhelmed by the chaos of everything around her.

KINLAN'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Luke reaches for his dispatch, about to pick up Gerald when he notices something - Thomas Bungard's folder on Mel's desk... opens it... thumbs through paperwork. Something catches his eye.

He looks over at Kinlan.

LUKE

Mel, tell me about this?

Kinlan glances over.

KINLAN

Don't even bother, Sir. He was just some crazy loon--

LUKE

I want to hear it. Go on.

Kinlan eyes the folder...

FLASHBACK

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - HAMMERSMITH

Kinlan enters the living room to see an ELDERLY MAN - rake thin, trudge in, using a walker. An air vent juts from his neck and sticks into a miniature compressor inside a side bag. He points for her to sit...

KINLAN (V.O.)

*His name is Thomas Bungard.  
Retired from the government.  
Locals knew him, he was heavy into  
herbs, alternative medicine.*

Bungard coughs, it rattles his entire body.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kinlan takes in this makeshift TRIAGE WARD with medical equipment, monitors and unknown gadgetry.

LUKE (V.O.)  
Anything stand out?

KINLAN (V.O.)  
He rambled about nothing for two hours! And smoked like a chimney-- so many cigarettes, I lost count.

Bungard indeed pulls from another cigarette. Should he even be smoking?

LUKE (V.O.)  
Any follow-ups?

KINLAN (V.O.)  
No. Why?

LUKE (V.O.)  
(reading the file)  
He mentioned the Adam case. Talked specifics no one else would know...

KINLAN (V.O.)  
(remembering)  
He did talk briefly about the case.

Kinlan sits across from Bungard, jots down notes on a steno.

THOMAS  
I read the papers. And know about the investigation. That poor boy was mangled. Bloodied. Hopeless. His Atlas bone stripped from him.  
(coughs)  
It was as if they put him through a fucking grinder.

LUKE (V.O.)  
We never released those details. Nothing about his Atlas bone.

CUT TO:

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - PRESENT DAY

Kinlan thumbs through the case file. She looks up, blanches.

LUKE

I'll get Mangena. The dark moon is  
tonight. Stay by your desk.

Luke picks up his dispatch.

KINLAN

(genuinely confused)  
The dark what?

LUKE

I'll tell you later...

INT. VEHICLE - ROLLING - LATER

Luke drives. Gerald sits next to him, sad eyes. Both quiet.

INT. NORTH LONDON APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

Luke and Gerald approach Thomas' door, it's ajar. Luke grabs his Glock. Gerald, his Sig. The two enter.

INT. NORTH LONDON APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They see boxes upon boxes stacked along the wall.

Luke and Gerald continue on--

Notice medical equipment - infusion pumps, ventilation  
devices of various sizes next to volumes of medical journals.

A humdrum echo pushes from another room. Gerald eyes Luke,  
who makes his way toward the sound.

KITCHEN

On a countertop, a portable TV barks off the latest news.

A 50-year-old NURSE enters behind him, stands in the  
entrance. Luke doesn't know she's there. She sees him,  
startled. Luke turns, lowers his gun.

LUKE

(soft)  
It's okay. I'm with the Met. We  
need to speak with Thomas Bungard.

The nurse collects herself. An unnerving silence. Gerald enters from another door.

LUKE  
Is he available?

More silence, then:

NURSE  
He died yesterday.

This hits the two hard.

GERALD  
How?

NURSE  
Sir, I'm, not at liberty--

LUKE  
Madam, this is urgent.

NURSE  
Natural causes-- he'd been ill for  
some time.

Gerald's despondent, stands there while Luke steps into the next room. He continues to look around.

Gerald snaps to--

GERALD  
Did Mister Bungard utilize  
alternative medical care?

NURSE  
Sir, that's privileged information.

GERALD  
Look, Ma'am. My son was taken.  
Stripped from his home in South  
Africa by individuals who practice  
human trafficking. Now he's in  
London. Somewhere. And this may  
be connected.

The woman's taken aback, blown away by Gerald's painful reality and deep sadness.

GERALD  
Did he practice alternative care?

She relents.

NURSE

Yes. He... he did experiment with different treatments.

GERALD

Did he use Muti?

She looks confounded.

GERALD

An African traditional medicine.

NURSE

I don't know. Maybe. He tried a lot things. I don't know. I'm sorry.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Luke steps in front of a mirror, when SOMETHING reflects in the frame. Catches his eye.

He turns, sees a FRAMED PICTURE. ON THE PHOTO: A TWENTY-SOMETHING THOMAS BUNGARD, LORD RICHARDS AND LELAND BRAND WEAR MILITARY FATIGUES IN THE BRITISH ROYAL ARMY. THE THREE ARE SIS OFFICERS. WORDS SCRIBBLED AT THE BOTTOM READ "BATUK-BRITISH ARMY TRAINING UNIT, KENYA".

Luke slips the PHOTO from the back of the frame. Pockets it.

INT. VEHICLE - ROLLING - LATER

Luke drives. Gerald sits next to him, works the phone with Kinlan. She's researching something.

LATER. Luke talks on his phone - it's Lord Richards.

INT. AN EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - WEST LONDON - NIGHT

PENTHOUSE. A well-heeled GREETER intercepts Luke and Gerald before they enter the dining area.

GREETER

Dinner is invitation-only.

LUKE

I'm not here to dine.

Lord Richards exits the dining hall.

LORD RICHARDS  
It's okay, Stanley, he's with me.

Stanley lets them go. Richards notices Gerald, he wasn't expecting anyone else.

LORD RICHARDS  
(to Gerald)  
Lord Malcolm Richards. And you are?

GERALD  
Detective Gerald Mangena. South African Police Service.

LORD RICHARDS  
(realizes)  
I see-- a business visit?

LUKE  
Yessir.

Lord Richards notices Luke carrying a dossier.

LUKE  
Sir, thank you for availing yourself.

LORD RICHARDS  
Please. For you, Lucas, I have all the time in the world. Good friends avail themselves.  
(off the dining hall)  
This way...

#### DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

... as the three move past floor-to-ceiling windows opening to a dark, moonless sky. Gerald's emotional, knows his son is out there. He turns away.

The two take in this private enclave - lined with paintings and decor from decades-old London. Luke sees a large PAINTING of "Her Majesty" Queen Elizabeth II looming from a main wall, dwarfing everything around it.

More impressive, the bevy of DISTINGUISHED ATTENDEES - all hobnobbing, noshing on hors d'oeuvres from a roving MAITRE D'.

Lord Richards sidles up to Luke, curious about the dossier.

LORD RICHARDS  
... what is this about?

Luke pulls out the MILITARY PHOTO of Richards, Brand and Bungard. He hands it to Lord Richards, now realizing.

LORD RICHARDS  
I see. Well...

Lord Richards grabs a drink from a roving waiter. Takes a sip, searching for words.

LORD RICHARDS  
(soft)  
I visited Thomas when he was ill  
over two years ago...

FLASH CUT - THOMAS' BEDROOM - DAY

The room looks more like a hospital TRIAGE WARD. Wires and IV's snake their way from Bungard to a nearby machine.

LORD RICHARDS (V.O.)  
... my old friend was gravely ill.

LUKE (V.O.)  
We know you financed Thomas' Muti  
when his regular treatment failed.

LORD RICHARDS (V.O.)  
I did. I did not know what this  
"treatment" was about. All I knew  
was that my friend was better, he  
was the old Thomas.

GERALD (V.O.)  
I don't believe you. You realized  
there was some benefit.

BACK TO SCENE

Lord Richards stands, faces the two like a stalwart statesman.

LUKE  
Sir, on several occasions your  
consulate sponsored flights to sub-  
Saharan Africa for "official"  
business.

Luke retrieves paperwork from the dossier.

LUKE

The manifest for every flight was listed as classified. Someone authorized it.

LORD RICHARDS

Check with the intelligence consulate. They will provide you with the details.

LUKE

I did. They said you personally requested to not publish them.

LORD RICHARDS

I see. Well... my team travels quite a bit. You know that. And I don't have the time to be involved in every specific detail...

LUKE

But you made the time, Sir. The Intelligence Consulate said it's highly unusual for someone at your level to personally sign these.

Richard's visibly flustered.

BRAND (O.S.)

Can I be of some assistance?

Luke and Gerald turn, see a tuxedo-dressed Leland Brand.

LORD RICHARDS

I have it, Mister Brand.

BRAND

Please. I want to.

Brand extends his hand - Luke sees a RING, notices a large eye with a prominent iris nestled in the center.

Luke and Gerald see Brand holding something else - a CONTAINER, similar to one from Ngo's warehouse in South Africa.

*Luke recalls the party from before... similar... high-strung... a coterie of exclusiveness...*

Brand extends his hand to Gerald... he rebuffs him.

GERALD

I need to find my son...  
(off the gathering)  
(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)  
 ... and this... this is about Muti,  
 I know it.

Brand's taken aback--

BRAND  
 First of all, sorry about your son.  
 Really. And if there's something I  
 could do, I would.  
 (smiles)  
 Muti? The healing of the sick.  
 Tribal shit. Herbal medicines.  
 Blah... blah... blah... That's so--  
 yesteryear. I've learned some time  
 ago that illness begins in the  
 mind. And once a man fixates on  
 what he truly wants his body has no  
 time for ill. It doesn't register.

Gerald and Luke listen, take in the constant stares.

BRAND  
 Look about you... proof...  
 (re: a MAN at the bar)  
 Martin Gelson. CEO of GeoSAY. One  
 of the leading geothermal companies  
 in world.  
 (re: the STOCKY MAN near  
 the window)  
 Connard Moore. Just elected to the  
 Lords - Parliament.  
 (re: a BESPECTACLED MAN  
 near the corner)  
 Ethan Witte. Physicist. A  
 brilliant British mind.

Brand smiles.

BRAND  
 So... if you want to call this  
 Muti, call it Muti. I call it  
 harnessing and believing in  
 unimaginable power. After I  
 visited the Imani Jengo, I  
 understood the true potential.

The TING-TING sound of silverware rustles the gathering  
 crowd. Brand and Lord Richards turn.

BRAND

Now, if you are not going to arrest me, which I do not think you are, I'd like for you to get the fuck out of my restaurant. I intend to enjoy my dinner.

Gerald steps in close:

GERALD

I'm not leaving without my son.

Brand stays mum. Gerald steps towards him with a threatening stance. Luke intervenes. Gerald doesn't budge.

LUKE

MANGENA.

Gerald eases up, while Brand remains defiant.

BRAND

(to Gerald)

This is what I'd expect from you people.

(with venom, toward Luke)

You... I thought you something special... you're nothing but a lowborn.

Luke, without thinking, lands a knuckle punch to Brand's jaw. He falls to the floor. The gathering leaves their tables, instant chatter...

LUKE

You're right. I am.

Brand dabs his lips with a handkerchief. The two leave as Lord Richards frantically tries to assist Brand.

INTERCUT - OUTSIDE GERALD'S VEHICLE/MET PRECINCT

Gerald and Luke both sit in silence. Overwhelmed. Luke dials a number, speaks to Kinlan. She's at her computer. A large cup of coffee warms her hands while she listens.

LUKE

He mentioned this Imani Jengo. Mel, haven't heard of this person.

GERALD

It's Swahili...

Kinlan reaches for a large case folder.

KINLAN

I haven't heard that name either.  
Give me a sec.

(types at her database)

It's not a person... It's the name  
of a church.

EXT. CHURCH BUILDING - NIGHT

A nondescript two-story bricked building. No windows, nothing that would indicate this is a church. Only the words "Imani Jengo" with the literal translation "Faith Building" painted on a placard and hanging from the side.

INT. CHURCH BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A smiling female AFRICAN USHER greets Luke and Gerald. She's courteous, stays on the two as they enter the...

FOYER

Tribal beats and drum sounds echo loudly. Luke and Gerald move toward the source of the music.

MAIN SANCTUARY

The two peer towards a makeshift pulpit and gape at a WOMAN convulsing, she's overtaken by something. Spirits.

Gerald sees churchgoers heading upstairs. The two follow. The charcoal-complexioned MAN - Ngo's Lieutenant - notices and blocks the stairway.

AT THE STAIRWAY

LIEUTENANT

May I help you?

LUKE

You could move out of the way.

LIEUTENANT

(irritated)

Do you have a warrant?

Luke and Gerald continue walking. They push past the man; he glares at the two.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The two move down a barely lit hallway --

Past a DARKENED ALCOVE.

Luke readies his gun while Gerald removes his weapon from the small of his back.

Gerald glances over - sees a one-way mirror overlooking the sanctuary. The churchgoers below seem livelier than before.

Luke hears something, signals to Gerald. He motions to the far end of the HALLWAY. ANGLE ON A DOORWAY OBSCURED BY SHADOWS.

Gerald nods. The two pantomime while they move forward. Luke motions - counts to three, enters while Gerald provides cover.

Gerald and Luke take in this dank, dark dwelling. No gunfire. No attack. Only a heavysset, middle-aged - AFRICAN WOMAN. Scared. Frightened. Luke steps toward her.

Gerald sees movement in the distance. CARTOONS playing on a TV. He moves closer... notices what looks like a YOUNG BOY - sedated - motionless, covered with a blanket on a floor mat. Gerald rushes to retrieve the boy - it's not Nathi.

Two more THUGS enter the room, point AK-47s.

LIEUTENANT  
(off the guns)  
On the floor.

Luke and Gerald don't budge. The thugs step closer. Indicates with their AKs to drop weapons on the floor.

Luke and Gerald comply.

GERALD  
I want my son.

LIEUTENANT  
What you want is above my pay  
grade.

A GUNMAN kicks away Luke's weapon. He steps toward Gerald and is about to do the same, when Gerald lands a sharp blow to the man's jaw, dropping him cold.

Gerald reaches for the thug's weapon, when the African Woman douses a dust mop full of white ash into Gerald's face.

Gerald reacts, tries to fight off this chemical but it's too strong... Luke intervenes but quickly meets the butt of an AK slamming down. ALL GOES TO BLACK.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - NIGHT

Luke comes to, with his arms and legs bound to a chair. He squints, blinded by a harsh spotlight. Luke sees Gerald, unconscious, with a patina of ash coating his face, clothes.

Luke takes in their surroundings, a clear plastic sheeting hastily hangs from the walls and lies on the floor.

The two aren't alone. Ngo leans over. And we see the ominous cutlery setup now laid out on the floor.

NGO

(to Luke)

We finally meet. Wish I could say I'm impressed-- traipsing across continents, disrupting operations. The truth is, you two have been a pain in the fucking arse!!

(leans forward, cold)

... I can't wait for you to squirm. You are a dead man.

Luke doesn't listen to any of this.

LUKE

Give us the boy.

NGO

Why do you care?

LUKE

(intense)

Because what happened to Adam... shouldn't happen to anyone.

Ngo glares, squeezes Luke's face with his hands. Pries open an eye... sees something there, something deep inside.

NGO

(soft)

Nothing just happens.

Ngo shoves Luke's head away. Stands there, defiant.

NGO

Know this... what happened to Adam is because you. Your mothers... fathers... leaders...

(MORE)

NGO (CONT'D)

They want this here. They want to  
taste with one hand, then pretend  
it doesn't exist with the other.

Gerald shifts, he's coming to. Ngo looks over, stone-faced.

NGO

It's business, good officer.

LUKE

And it's business when I put a  
bullet through your head.

NGO

(smiles, off the cutlery)  
I'm curious how that will happen.

Ngo takes in this grim setup one last time; he leaves.

Luke sees Gerald, sweating, struggling to pull through. He  
eyes a bloodied Panga Machete, other butchery tools on the  
floor. Luke's stomach churns.

Luke tugs at his bound wrists, each hand secured to the  
armrest of a wooden chair. He hears a creaking sound, the  
armrest loosening. Luke doesn't let up, continues a back-and-  
forth, sees the connectors give way and one of the arms snap.

Luke picks up a saw knife - the armrest still attached to his  
wrist, he slices through the tape. Moves toward Gerald,  
frees him, then lifts an eyelid. Sees the redness subsiding.

LUKE

Mangena, c'mon mate.

Gerald moans.

LUKE

Mangena.

GERALD

-- give me a minute...

Luke helps Gerald to his feet, they move towards the door.

FOOTSTEPS echo from the hallway, the two take cover as the  
door pulls open. And with a quickness, Luke holds a blade to  
an apron-wearing tsotsi's neck.

LUKE

Where's the boy?

No response.

GERALD  
Where is my son?!

TSOTSI  
Fuck you.

The thug is defiant.

TSOTSI  
(spits it out)  
The boy is at the wharf-- but you  
two, you not goin' nowhere.

The man pushes off, pulls a jagged sword from the small of his back. Luke and Gerald aren't prepared for this, they grab whatever they can. This tsotsi swings in rage.

#### DOWN THE HALL

The Lieutenant slumbers in a chair, rouses awake, listens intently at the clanking of metal on metal. He reaches by his side, grabs his MINI UZI.

#### SUPPLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luke and Gerald continue at it. Luke head-butts the thug, then pushes the sharp tip of a pickaxe towards the thug's neck... closer... closer until it penetrates. The pickaxe just hangs there.

The door swings open and Luke spins the thug around, with the man's body catching bullets from the Uzi. Gerald pushes the door against the barrel, locking it there, while Luke pulls it hard. Strips it from the man's reach. Luke sprays the Uzi fast... it stops and he realizes he's out of ammo. Luke glances over as the Lieutenant slumps while rivulets of blood ooze from his mouth. The man's very much dead.

#### EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Luke and Gerald scour the parking lot; search vehicle after vehicle, careful not to make noise. They look for a vehicle door already open.

Gerald sees a white LORRY parked near an exit. He tugs on the handle, it opens.

GERALD  
Nahorn.

CUT TO:

EXT. GATE - NIGHT

The lorry barrels through the front gate. It takes with it the entire frame, which hangs loosely from the hood.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Ngo and his thugs hustle a blindfolded Nathi and two other BOYS onto the boat. They're sequestered in a matter of minutes.

INT. LORRY - CONTINUOUS

Luke and Gerald maneuver onto the expressway, the clear night sky reveals two mid-sized BOATS floating in the distance.

Luke floors the accelerator, negotiates the off-ramp toward the dock, but gets stalled in traffic. He backs up, takes a steep embankment, careens down a forty-degree slope, knocking over signposts as it heads towards the wharf.

EXT. WHARF AREA - NIGHT

Luke speeds along the docking area toward the nearest boat - a chartered riverboat. It's shiny, bloated and cruising peacefully.

GERALD

Shit.

Gerald rushes from the lorry. It's too late, too far out. He pummels the side of the vehicle.

The two look out towards the farthest boat - a PONTON CRUISER nearly out of sight.

LUKE

Could be either one.

GERALD

(off the riverboat)

I'll stay close to this one.

LUKE

And I'll get close to the cruiser.  
We won't be able to communicate.

GERALD

You too.

Luke closes the lorry door, speeds off along the dock.

INT. BOAT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A MACHETE RISES INTO FRAME. Pulls back. Slices into something that SQUAWKS - chickens.

A clear plastic sheet hangs from the cabin wall, taped to a tarp-covered floor. This macabre scene looks all too familiar.

CLOSE ON A POOL OF BLOOD - it grows larger... SPLASH... Drops from a bucket coat the entrance to the CABIN DOORWAY.

We pull back to see Ngo. He stands wide-eyed, we haven't seen him like this - a beaded headdress sits atop his forehead.

INT. BOAT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The boys squat against a wall. Still blindfolded. Their shirts removed, hands tied behind them. Each wears orange fluorescent-looking shorts. They appear listless, drugged.

A twenty-something tsotsi SECURITY THUG sticks his head inside the room.

The boys stiffen, nervous as the thug reaches for the first boy, but they've found a way to interlock their legs. Nathi leads this effort as they resist as best they can.

TSOTSI  
(angered)  
No. You!

He pulls Nathi from the cabin, shoves him along the hallway.

EXT. WHARF AREA - NIGHT

Gerald peers closer to see a floating dock jutting out above the water. He notices a small motorboat moored several yards away.

INT. LORRY - SAME

Luke crests a bridge. Looks out to the Pontoon Cruiser. It's seemingly quiet, no activity.

EXT. FLOATING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Gerald's frustrated as he studies the riverboat. He eyes something moving past a window. In his gut, he knows:

GERALD  
(soft)  
Nathi.

EXT. LORRY - CONTINUOUS

Luke exits. Sees Gerald's boat racing towards the riverboat.

LUKE  
Damn it, Mangena.

Luke runs toward the ledge of the bridge, peers over and takes in the riverboat trudging ahead. He can't be thinking of jumping aboard. It's a forty-foot drop.

Luke crosses a cement pylon... breathes in deep... thinks for a beat. Takes in the deep plunge.

LUKE  
(weary)  
Fuck, no.

INT. BOAT - DECK - NIGHT

A THUG hears the motorboat sputtering... it slows... coming to a halt. The man steps toward the edge of the riverboat... the motorboat is empty. He inches closer, pulls out a large blade, and from the side Gerald lands an impressive knuckle blow to his neck. Gerald catches the man as he goes down. He picks up the blade. Retrieves a small handgun.

EXT. LORRY - LATER

A CHOPPER hovers overhead with beam lights flooding the waterfront. Luke rushes to the cab of the lorry. Searches for emergency flares.

ON THE BOAT

GUNFIRE rings out. A thug returns fire while Gerald takes cover. He's positioned, and shoots off a volley of shots.

DEAD SILENCE. Quiet except for FOOTSTEPS heard at the end of the hallway... Gerald gives chase --

SEES AN AFRICAN MAN - late 20s - limping along a narrow corridor. A ribbon of blood streaks the floor from a gunshot wound.

Gerald catches up, wrestles the man to the ground. He's out of ammo. Gerald presses his knee in the man's chest and holds him there. He shoots him in the other leg and lets him live.

CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Gerald enters. Barges through the room and finds Ngo holding a jagged blade to Nathi's throat.

The boat sways as Gerald and Ngo maintain their balance. The chopper is now overhead, waves pounding back and forth.

Still, Ngo remains remarkably calm. He backs up with a frightened Nathi.

NGO  
You will never understand.  
Namhlanje! Woza Nami! Woza--

BOOM. Ngo falls to the floor as Gerald fires a shot.

GERALD  
I don't want to--

Nathi races to his father.

NATHI  
PAPPPIIIIII!

Gerald embraces Nathi. Holds his son close. He's teary-eyed, emotional.

Gerald kisses Nathi's forehead as a bloodied Ngo reaches for a handgun strapped to his ankle, when... BOOM, BOOM. Two quick SHOTS ring out within the small confines.

Gerald turns, sees Luke in a shooting stance. Ngo's gun falls to the floor. Ngo lies there, eyes wide open, his body twisted. Dead.

FADE TO:

EXT. WHARF AREA - NIGHT

An endless sea of blue and red lights light up the darkness.

Langdon approaches as Kinlan heads him off. She wrangles him and points in the direction of Gerald and the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - SAME

Gerald holds Nathi's hand while a MEDICAL TECHNICIAN tends to his son. Nathi lies on a gurney, glossy eyed, an IV drip in his arm. He glances over as Luke approaches. Luke smiles. Nathi smiles back.

GERALD  
(realizing)  
I didn't get you your Mack Low  
Loader.

NATHI  
It's okay...

GERALD  
I give you something else.

Gerald lifts the Ijoni pendant from around his neck; he places it around Nathi's. Nathi's look says, "What is it?"

GERALD  
It's called Ijoni. For protection.

Nathi smiles, eyes fixated on the hand-carved warrior.

LANGDON

steps toward the ambulance. Sees this triage session at work. He turns toward Gerald.

LANGDON  
How's your boy?

GERALD  
Doing well, Sir.

LANGDON  
Good. Very good.

Langdon pats Gerald's shoulder, we get the sense he's checked the block. He motions for Luke to join him a few feet away. Luke steps from the ambulance.

ON GERALD - he sees Langdon's face - that erratic twitch - Luke and Langdon in a heated exchange. It lasts just as quick as it began.

Langdon walks off, we didn't hear a word but we know this wasn't good. Luke turns toward Gerald, then eyes Kinlan rounding up the last of Ngo's people.

GERALD

What about the higher-ups?

LUKE

They breathe rarified air.

The medical tech glances over, his expression says, "It's time to leave." Luke catches this. He sees a police cruiser pull up with Mbhali, she's overjoyed as she maneuvers in her wheelchair toward the ambulance.

LUKE

smiles. Leaves the vehicle. Sees Mbhali reuniting with her son. She pulls Nathi close, doesn't let go.

Luke dials a number on his cellphone. Ringing echoes from the receiver, we hear a familiar voice - it's Margery.

MARGERY (O.S.)

Hello...

(no answer)

Hello?

Luke holds the phone.

MARGERY (O.S.)

Lucas, that you?

LUKE

(soft)

It's me, Mum. I'm okay. I just --

MARGERY (O.S.)

(sobbing, voice cracking)

You don't have to explain. But I do...

The moment heavy, emotional.

MARGERY (O.S.)

...I'm sorry I didn't do anything.

I'm so sorry, Lucas.

(voice cracking)

When you're ready. We can talk.

Luke nods, hangs up. A burden lifted. He sees the ambulance door close, it slowly pushes off. Luke eyes the vehicle as it kicks up dirt. It plods at least twenty feet, then stops as the back door swings open.

Gerald yells from inside.

GERALD

Nahorn... there's a kid here who  
wants to know if you'd like to come  
along for the ride?

Luke smiles. Pauses.

LUKE

Tell him I'd love to.

He enters the ambulance. The door slams shut and Luke sits  
across from Nathi. The vehicle pushes off, Luke peers out  
the back window.

GERALD

You could've dropped this case long  
time ago. But you didn't. Why?

LUKE

(pensive)

'Cause a scared, sickly little boy  
wouldn't let me. He'd want me to  
do what's right and stick it out.

Gerald realizes Luke is talking about himself.

The two take in the river from afar, it looks different...  
inviting... shimmering in the distance, when something  
catches their eye - a shirtless AFRICAN BOY wearing orange  
shorts standing near the expressway.

Luke peers closer... Adam... it can't be. He sees vehicles  
flying past, and glances again. The boy is gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END