

# TALES FROM THE DARK CONTINENT

Presents

## THE SHADES

by

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Second Draft  
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*"They are all around us...all the time,  
and to those who have subjected them  
to a ghastly indignity,  
there is little hope of forgiveness."*

**Rian Malan.**

A blurred shape, saturated in darkly psychedelic colours.

Pulsing, writhing -- like a creature from another world.

A woman's voice:

(O/S)

Madame Curie tells us... "nothing  
in life is to be feared, only  
understood..."

The image focuses, revealing the shape of a perfectly formed  
fig leaf, radiating a halo of "kirlian" energy.

(O.S.)

Science shows us...everything in  
nature has elements, structure,  
properties that can be measured,  
studied...explained.

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - DAY

We see the face behind the voice now -- DR. GRACE GRAY.  
Beautiful and elegant, but something effecting the ease of  
her smile, weighing down on her.

She stands alongside a large Kirlian 'Heat' camera mounted  
over a glass examination table.

GRACE

There are of course times...

Grace lifting a thin steel scalpel off the table. Holding it  
up for the class to see -- pausing for a little extra drama.

CLOSE UP

On the narrow examination glass we see the fig leaf. Not as  
we saw it through the Kirlian camera, but real -- strangely  
vulnerable.

The scalpel, slicing down the leaf's spine.

STUDENTS

looking up at --

THE MONITOR

on the wall above Grace. Deep red/purple colours contract on  
the center spine of the leaf as the scalpel cuts it in two.

GRACE

... when it appears there maybe  
something beyond science...

Grace pulls out the half fig leaf, shows it to the class.

The students' eyes goes from the half-leaf in her hand to the monitor on the wall.

On the monitor: the Kirlian heat image of the fig leaf -- it's whole as before it was cut.

The students' eyes back to the half-leaf in Grace's hand and then to her smiling face.

Grace, always pleased at the effect this experiment has on them.

GRACE

....we can be sure it's just a  
matter of time before the doubt  
is...

And with that the 'other' half of the fig leaf's Kirlian footprint dissipates and we're left looking at the just the single half of the leaf still left underneath the glass.

GRACE

...resolved.

A spluttering of claps from her suitably impressed students.

Somewhere a bell rings. The students getting up -- packing their books.

Grace calling out as they start heading for the door.

GRACE

Now don't give Dr. Molele a hard  
time while I'm gone.

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's chaotic. Towers of books, files, Ceylon balsa tea boxes half-stuffed.

Grace behind her desk busy at work.

A single desk-light illuminates her hands tip-tapping on her laptop.

(O.S.)

They loved it.

She looks up.

DEAN WILLIAMS

Greying. Distinguished. Professor.

GRACE

You know I hate giving the 'fig leaf' class.

DEAN WILLIAMS

(chuckles)

I know. Not a drop of sceptic blood in you.

GRACE

(the students)

I'm going to miss them. I really wish you didn't have to send me away.

DEAN WILLIAMS

Do you know what time it is?

Grace raises her arm.

DEAN WILLIAMS

Without looking at your watch.

GRACE

I don't know...nine, ten?

DEAN WILLIAMS

It's almost midnight.

Grace knowing where he's going with this.

DEAN WILLIAMS

If I don't force you to take time off you never will. You haven't taken a single holiday in the six years you've been here.

She knows he's right, doesn't argue.

She picks up a piece of paper on her desk -- looking at a real estate brochure with an old stately house on the cover.

GRACE

I do miss Africa.

DEAN WILLIAMS

It's just what you need. A year  
back home. Clear your head. I'm  
sure it'll help Angie too.

Grace turning her attention to a photo on her desk. A young  
girl with dark hair and brilliantly blue eyes. Awake.  
Almost too alert.

On Grace's face now: some pain, some cause of anguish.

GRACE

Wanna know what I found her doing?

Turning to him.

GRACE

Rolling around, in the mud.  
In rain.

DEAN WILLIAMS

(shrugs)

A lot of kids like to play in mud  
and rain.

GRACE

Buck naked...?

Dean sitting down -- taking Grace's hand.

DEAN WILLIAMS

She's fine. A dose of fresh air in  
the bush and I'm sure she'll be  
sleeping fine again before you know  
it.

Grace's eye moistening a little.

DEAN WILLIAMS

Maybe she just can't stand London.  
Like you.

Grace managing a smile. Appreciating his attempt at humour.

(O.S.)

*Huff-ricka?*

INT. THE GRAY HOME, LONDON - DAY

English tea. Her folks, gobsmacked, stare at her like  
meerkats caught in headlights. She's just told them.

Dad's a stocky greying Yorkie who has been in a bad mood  
since the Thatcher era. Mum's a withered English rose.

DAD  
Bleedin' Huff-rica?

MUM  
(grave concern)  
Why are you doing this, poppit?

GRACE  
What's wrong with you? Both of  
you..?

MUM  
It's just...the things we read in  
the papers...about Sooth Africa...  
all the crime and murder and...

DAD  
Zeeno-phobic violence. Aids...

MUM  
...and witchcraft...

GRACE  
Oh, for chrissakes! You both have  
got to stop reading that rag  
tabloid. South Africa's not like  
that! You're talking about...  
isolated incidents...

DAD  
...twenty thousand people a year?  
Murdered? Ya call tha' isolated?

GRACE  
Dad...!  
(it's hopeless)  
you're so fuckin...colonial.

They stare at her, cups hovering, shocked.

GRACE  
(gulps tea)  
We're going home.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The cabin dark except for one or two overhead lights.

ANGLE ON:

Grace under one of the lights, reading some terribly  
scientific-looking paper, but somehow it's not holding her  
attention right now.

Putting the paper down -- looking at ANGIE, her daughter (the young girl from the photo on her desk) asleep on her lap -- stroking some hair away from her face.

Angie's eye lids twitching. This doesn't look like restful sleep.

Grace looking tired too now. Her eyelids heavy -- slowly starting to close as we --

fade to black.

EXT. AFRICAN LANDSCAPE - DUSK

Expansive hills, burnt red earth, bleached long grass catching the rays of the late afternoon sun.

And something in the distance -- a sprawling farmhouse on the horizon.

INT. 4X4 JEEP - DUSK

Grace seeing the farmhouse in the distance as the Jeep jostles over the bumpy dirt path. A song plays on the radio;

RADIO MUSIC (JOHNNY CLEGG)

*African shadow man  
tell me the future if you can  
Tell it to me  
There's magic in your hands  
Oh touch my life and set me free  
African shadow man...*

Angie reading a book on her lap.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - DUSK

A corroded skeleton of its former self. Jungle creeper vine has claimed most of the peeling walls.

There's huge spiderwebs everywhere. From windows, grey curtains snap and billow. Gnarled grey Acacia trees flank the house. Giant warrior statues still stand their ground.

Grace getting out the Jeep -- looking at her new home. It isn't exactly the picture from the brochure.

(O.S.)

What they call a 'fixer-upper' I guess.

The DRIVER speaking up from behind her.



GRACE  
 (eyes on the farmhouse)  
 I guess.

The driver bringing their bags to the front porch.

GRACE  
 What do you think Angie?

No reply.

Grace, turning to the Jeep.

Back-door's open, but Angie's not there.

Jolt of panic.

GRACE  
 Angie!

Grace looking around.

GRACE  
 (to the driver)  
 Did you see her?

DRIVER  
 Wasn't she with you?

Grace walking around the Jeep, trying to keep calm.

GRACE  
 Angie!

Not there.

GRACE  
 Angie, where are y...

There's Angie, just a few feet away. Staring at something.

Grace, runs over.

GRACE  
 Angie girl, are you OK?

Angie doesn't say anything -- just staring O/S.

Grace looking up -- seeing what she's seeing.

Just an old shed. Decayed. Daunting.

GRACE  
 Come, let's go choose your room.

Grace, accustomed to the occasional peculiar behavior of her daughter, guiding her back to the house.

Grace. A glance over her shoulder at the shed.

DRIVER  
(the bags)  
That's all. Henry should be around tomorrow with his boys to get to work.

Grace. Distracted.

GRACE  
Okay, thank you.

DRIVER  
(climbing into the Jeep)  
Henry said I must remind you...  
(hands something to Grace)

A capsule of yellow pills.

DRIVER  
Your malaria tablets. Don't forget to take them.

Grace nods. Pockets the capsule.

The Jeep, pulling off.

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

Steam rising.

Grace, submerged in an old ball-and-claw. Eyes closed, head back, her hand hanging over the edge.

It's quiet. Just *drip-drip* from -

- the water running down her fingers -

- hitting the tiles.

Then a noise. Peculiar. Slow at first but building.

Some sort of chant -- African, primal, urgent.

It's getting louder. The chant blending with a constricted scream. And a low buzzing sound too. Building quickly. Louder and frantic.

Fast now -- like something's going to explode.

Blink.

Grace's eyes open, realizing where she is.

The voices gone, but residual fear still hangs in the air.

Somewhere, a muffled drone, not like before, not other worldly -- this time it sounds more real.

Grace sitting up in the bath -- looking at the overflow drain hole -- the source of the noise.

Getting louder now, something definitely in there.

BZZZT!!!

A single pitch-black wasp flies out the overflow, does a loop around Grace's head -- flies off out the door.

Grace watching it disappear into the black passage way.

A beat now. Uncomfortable.

Grace, decides to get out -- dry off.

CLOSE ON:

Two small yellow pills plopping into her open palm.

INT. FARMHOUSE/MASTER BERDOOM - NIGHT

Grace, sitting on the bed. Swallows her pills, sips water.

Slipping her feet up into the covers, she turns the bedside gas lamp down low, very low, but not out.

A beat.

CLOSE ON:

Grace. Wide awake, staring at the ceiling. Sleep is far off.

INT. FARMHOUSE/ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A sliver of moonlight falls on Angie, asleep in bed.

A breeze stirs the room, flapping curtains, jingling the bamboo chimes outside.

And imperceptibly ripples her pyjamas.

Ominous here, nothing overt -- just a wind, but it seems to have a purpose -- circling, feeling out the child on the bed.

Then, it stops.

Curtains fall against the window. Chimes go quiet.

Still now, like it was never there.

INT. GRACE'S ROOM - SAME

Grace asleep on her bed.

Then: KA-TINCKLE --

-- the bamboo chimes outside rustling -- the gust of wind circling her room now.

The tiny flame on the bedside gas lamp, snuffs out.

And a shape, something in a dark corner of the room -- starting to move. And with it the rising primal chants we heard before.

The figure, comes out of the dark. A YOUNG BLACK MAN, moves towards Grace, asleep in her bed. His body a mess of angry red welts and cuts.

He sits on the edge of the bed, looking down on her sleeping.

A peculiar look on his face as if he's trying to understand the woman he sees lying there.

Slowly lifting his head backwards now. His mouth opening as he does so.

And then -- *a dense swarm of black wasps* escaping from his mouth and with it a terrible noise. Like a generation of pain and suffering distilled into a single earth-shattering note.

Grace, gasps. Eyes shoot open.

But nothing in the room. Still.

Her chest rising and falling quickly. Fear still sticking to her body as she looks around the room -- but she's alone.

Slowly her breath settling.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Grace pops her head into the room -- sees Angie, asleep.

Nothing out of the ordinary. Just her own bad dream.

Reluctantly now, turning back to her room, to get whatever sleep she can for the rest of the night.

EXT. AFRICAN LANDSCAPE - DAWN

First rays over expansive scenery. Breathtaking.

INT. FARMHOUSE/KITCHEN - DAWN

Grace, looking tired, cooking eggs in front of a huge Delongi gas stove.

Rest of the kitchen dusty, a few old tins on shelves.

A car hoots outside. Grace looking up through the window.

EXT. FARMHOUSE PORCH - MORNING

Grace walking out to greet HENRY -- a gentle-faced bull of a Zulu man. Steady gaze, wearing Ranger khakis.

He paces towards her carrying a few brown bags of groceries, the strangest of smiles on his face.

HENRY

Henry Mabuza.  
(extending his hand)  
You must be Grace.

GRACE

(shaking his hand)  
Yes. Hello Henry.

He holds on to her hand for just a moment longer than is appropriate, and releases.

Awkward beat. Something about that smile. And the head-tilting way he gazes at her is making Grace a little uncomfortable.

HENRY

(the groceries)  
Thought you might need a few things...getting in so late yesterday.

GRACE

That's uh...very kind, please come through.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

GRACE

Coffee?

HENRY

Thank you. Sweet and black.

Henry, looking around the old kitchen.

HENRY

In its days this place was the envy  
of the whole city.

GRACE

(wry)

That's what the brochure said.

HENRY

When I first saw you...  
I was wondering...

She looks up, teaspoon hovering...

HENRY

(sly grin)

I was wondering when last...you  
swallowed a nice...big...

(pacing slowly towards  
her)

...fat...black...worm..?

Clung. She drops the spoon and backs away from him in abject terror. The look on her face says it all. *God help me, he's gong to rape me right here.* Her hand whips into the sink and suddenly she's clutching a bread knife, pointed at him.

GRACE

You stay away from me! I'll  
scream, I swear to...

He just stands there, arms folded, grinning. Confident.

Grace, her jaw goes slack as fear gives way to realization, recognition. She slams the knife on the table, steadies herself, head hung low. While Henry chuckles.

She looks up at him, grinning, and feeling very foolish.

GRACE

Bhekithemba!

Henry, a big sweet 'n naughty smile.

GRACE

I can't believe it! It's you!

Grace comes over -- gives him a big hug.

HENRY

When I saw your name on the real-estate's request for a handyman, I knew it had to be you.

Grace nods, smiles, overcome with nostalgia.

GRACE

You've been here all this time, never left?

HENRY

This is home, the home of my ancestors.

GRACE

And what's with 'Henry'?

HENRY

(smiling)

Not all white folk can pronounce Zulu as well as you do.

Grace laughs.

HENRY

Remember the hut we had in the lime tree next to the school?

GRACE

I do. Those were wonderful...  
uncomplicated days...  
(they both reflect.)

She looks at him.

GRACE

And no...

He looks up.

GRACE

(wincing at the memory)  
...I don't eat worms and insects anymore.

He chuckles.

A beat as they consider each other, the time between them.

HENRY

You look...tired.

Grace sobers a little.

GRACE

Bad night. We've been taking your  
Laurium pills for the mosquito's.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I hear it effects the sleep, can  
make you a little delirious.

Henry's not so sure if that's what it is.

(O.S.)

There's another man living in this  
house.

Grace turning -- seeing Angie standing in the center of the  
kitchen with an unsure expression on her face.

GRACE

Morning Angie.

Grace going for normal here, but aware of the peculiarity of  
her daughter's statement.

GRACE

This is mommy's friend, Henry.  
Henry's going to help us fix our  
new house.

HENRY

Hello pretty girl.

Angie ignoring the pleasantries.

ANGIE

(re: the man living in the  
house)  
He said I must help him.

Henry, intrigued.

Grace walking over, picking Angie up.

GRACE

It's just us here Angie. Maybe  
you're having some bad dreams. Come  
sit down and have some breakfast.

She puts Angie in the chair at the table.

Angie looking over at Henry. No smile, no frown. Just  
contemplating the man sitting next to her.

A smile from Henry.



Angie looking at him. A long beat. Then smiling too.

ANGIE  
I like you...

Henry grins.

HENRY  
I like you too.

Henry downs the last of his coffee -- gets to his feet.

HENRY  
Time to sebenza.  
(to Grace)  
My men will be staying in the  
servant's quarters. If you need  
anything, just let me know.

GRACE  
Okay. Thank you Henry.

Henry turning to leave.

GRACE  
Henry.

He stops at the door.

GRACE  
(sincerely)  
It's good to see you again.

Smiling, he heads out.

Grace watching him go -- fond memories flicking through her mind. And something else too, a kinship perhaps.

Then her attention back to her daughter.

Angie, staring out the window into the distance, deep in thought.

GRACE  
Hey you...

Angie turns to her mom.

GRACE  
Shall we go exploring?

Angie, a distant nod.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD LEADING TO FARMHOUSE - MORNING

A rubble of dust and noise as an old bakkie rumbles towards the servant's building at the side of the grand old farmhouse.

Angie and Grace getting caught in a cloud of dust as a few friendly faces on the back of the bakkie waves to them as they head towards their temporary home.

ANGIE

Can I go say hello mommy?

Grace, a little taken aback by the sudden enthusiasm.

GRACE

Errr, um...okay.

Angie bounding off towards the servant's quarters before Grace has a chance to say anything further.

Grace watching her go, happy to see her running free in the African bush, but with a bit of concern too. Apprehensive about something -- what, she's not sure.

INT. SERVANTS QUARTERS - DAY

MAVIS and CLARA, busy sliding bricks under their bedposts.

Clara looking up -- sees Angie standing in the doorway.

ANGIE

Why are you doing that?

CLARA

To protect us from evil spiri-.

MAVIS

(Superstitious snap)

Hayi, thula! (Quiet!)

Angie looking around, intrigued, but quite comfortable in these unfamiliar surroundings.

MAVIS

(to Angie)

And what is your name?

ANGIE

My name is Angie.

Then:

ANGIE

There is a man living in the house  
with us.

Mavis and Clara exchange looks.

MAVIS

Your father?

ANGIE

(shakes her head)  
Hm-mm, daddy's dead.  
An African man...he's very sad.

Mavis not sure what to make of this.

Henry arriving at the door.

HENRY

Hello Angie. I see you've met Mavis  
and Clara. These two are the  
naughtiest two ladies in the whole  
of Zululand.

Angie smiles, the first time we've seen her do so and it's a  
beautiful smile -- big, open, pure.

HENRY

Come, let me show you the goats.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Grace in the large old wooden study busy unpacking her  
computer.

She lifts her suitcase onto the desk -- clicking it open --  
taking out her Kirlian camera.

Looking up at the cabinet against the wall now -- opening the  
glass door revealing rows of dusty old books.

Grace, ever a book person, takes a closer look. They look  
rather official. One reads:

*Parliamentary delimitation in South Africa, 1910-1980.*

Another:

*South African Bureau of State Security (revised 1979).*

Doesn't mean anything to her. The place came furnished.

She moves her attention back to unpacking. Her tech gear  
looking out of place in the dusty old room.

INT. DINGY BAR - DAY

Badly lit. Faded rugby paraphernalia on the wall. Old SA flag.

Empty...but for some guy sitting at a corner table.

BASSON.

A broken man. Booze has drowned whatever fight he may have had. This is what he does now, he drinks -- mostly that madman's drink: brandy.

Someone walks through the door.

DREYER

The bartender looks up, watches him walk over to Basson

Dreyer, taking in Basson's sorry state, shakes his head with contempt. Sits alongside him.

DREYER  
(thick Afrikaans accent)  
When a man loses dignity, he  
becomes like an animal. Just like  
them.

Basson, roused from his stupor, registers Dreyer but doesn't look at him. Keeps his head down, staring at his drink.

DREYER  
(thick Afrikaans accent)  
Somebody...bought the farm.  
*Our* farm...

Basson, the slightest nod.

BASSON  
(low)  
I know.

DREYER, a hard look.

DREYER  
Did you clean it up?

And he doesn't mean sweeping and mopping.

Basson, still avoiding eye contact.

Dreyer's coiled anger starting to show now.

DREYER  
(leaning in)  
I always new you we're weak but I  
didn't know you could be this  
stupid as well. Did you clean it  
up?

Basson takes a big gulp of brandy.

BASSON  
It was handled in England. I only  
found out after it was sold. I  
didn't get a chance to...

BAM!

DREYER smacks the table. He's furious.

The bartender looking up.

DREYER, keeping it together, barely.

DREYER  
(through clenched teeth)  
Do you want to get fucked up the  
ass by a big black cock, huh? Do  
you want go to jail?

BASSON  
Fuck you.

Basson. A defiant look to Dreyer now.

BASSON  
I go, you go too.

DREYER  
(thick Afrikaans)  
Ja...that's right. That's why I'm  
not going to let you fuck this up.

A glance to the barman, but he's back to polishing glasses.

DREYER  
Now you...go find out who the hell  
bought that place...and you get  
back to me. *Verstaan?*

Dreyer, gets up and walks away.

Basson, stewing. Swallows the last bitter drop.

INT. FARMHOUSE/ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie, on her bed. Drawing --

A house. Or...the barn?

EXT. THE WINDOW - NIGHT

Bamboo flute chimes -- motionless in full moon light.

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Grace fiddling with an old radio -- cranking the telephone.  
No signal.

Lifting up the cords -- old, frayed, no power.

She gets up -- walks into the

PASSAGE WAY

down the narrow hall towards the kitchen -- switching on the  
light switch --

BANG!

-- the bulb explodes.

OUTSIDE

Thundering drums and ululating erupts.

INSIDE

Grace in the dark -- looking around -- on edge because of the  
loud, strange noises outside.

Something brushes her hand. She jumps in fright, shrieking.

(O.S.)

It's me.

Grace's eyes adjusting to the light -- seeing Angie by her  
side.

GRACE.

(recovering) )

Don't move, Angel. I tripped the  
lights.

(sigh)

We need candles.

CUT TO:

AT A WINDOW - NIGHT

Grace, Angie in her arms. Candle light flicking off their faces. They're peering outside, at --

EXT. FARM/SERVANTS QUARTERS - NIGHT

Pounding skin drums. Gyrating figures in Ndebele regalia dancing passionately around a raging bonfire.

It's a Zulu arrival ceremony. A goat turns on a drum spit.

Big flames dance with the primal beat.

INT. FARMHOUSE WINDOW - SAME

Grace and Angie watching -- fascinated by the vivid display of Zulu culture.

Then:

GRACE  
Come...beddie-byes.

Grace picking up Angie.

Angie's eyes still riveted on the fascinating scene outside the window as mom carries her away.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angie leaning on the window sill out of her second storey window -- watching the festival below.

Grace making up her bed.

GRACE  
Time for mosquito medicine.

Angie dutifully pulling herself away from the window -- hopping into her bed.

Angie popping the tablet into her mouth -- takes a sip of water.

A look between them, something disconnect.

A kiss on Angie's forehead, then Grace leaving but keeping the door a little ajar.

Angie, alone in near dark now -- eyes starts roaming around the room.

On the wall we see masks -- on the dresser, dolls, strangely unsettling.

A mysterious breeze starts circling. The bamboo chimes hanging outside the window moving.

Tinkle tinkle

INT. MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace standing at her window now.

EXT. SERVANTS QUARTERS - NIGHT (GRACE POV)

Flying ants cloud gas lamps. The drum fire burning low. The goat carcass stripped to bone. The party winding down.

Grace shifting her gaze to a dark bulk below her next to the house.

The skinning shed. Eerie in the pale moonlight.

Grace lifts her palm -- pops two malaria tablets.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie lying on her bed.

Sits up -- head at a curious tilt. She heard something.

We can hear it too.

Tap. Tap.

Coming from the window.

Angie, getting out of bed -- moving towards it now.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace, asleep.

On her bedside table, the paraffin lamp -- snuffs out.

INT. ANGIE'S WINDOW - NIGHT

Angie's reflection appears, filling frame.

Tap. Tap.

The branch of a Yew tree, like a bony finger, tap-tapping at the pane.



Nothing strange about that, except -- there isn't a breath of wind.

Tap. Tap.

Angie pads closer to the window.

HER POV - PANS

Along the length of the tapping branch, to a fork where a chain hangs.

Swaying. Creaking. Obscured behind leaves.

Something, or someone, is pulling...no...swaying from the chain, causing the branch to tap-tap at the window.

Angie is rapt.

Then:

Bang! Creeeak! Bang!

She looks up.

THE SKINNING SHED

door fanning lazily in breeze, opens and shuts --

-- bang...Creeeak...Bang.

Angie's eyes glued to the shed.

She suddenly sucks in air -- looking down, startled.

POV - THE FLOOR

Water pooled around Angie's bare feet.

Her attention pulled from the window, she follows the streaming water to its source.

It's coming from underneath the

BATHROOM DOOR

Angie, slowly turns the handle, gently pushes the door open.

Ankle deep water. Bath is overflowing, but the taps are off.

Angie standing there, wide-eyed, apprehensive.

A SUDDEN FLASH

A FACE -- the young black man from the night before -- his head being pulled up out of the bath by some invisible hand.

His head clearing the water -- gasping for air like a drowning man.

From the corner of his eye -- seeing Angie, silent scream, eyes pleading with her for help.

Then --

-- KAPLASH! --

His head shoved back into the water by an invisible force.

FLASH.

The vision gone. Angie just standing there staring at the bath. No water in it now.

Then -- a muffled "Drrrrrrrrrrr"

She snaps her head towards the sound -- from down the hall.

-- "Drrrrrrrrrr" --

Angie, moves towards the eerie sound, leaves frame, our focus shifting to something in the background -- on the rack amongst clean white towels, hangs a dirty threadbare hessian sack.

INT. CORRIDORS - POV - NIGHT

Angie drifting through the inky hallways, listening intently.

POV - CORRIDORS

The "Drrrrrrrrr" sound coming from the last room, far left.

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

A low hisssss from the CB console.

In background, Angie appears -- listening closely to the radio.

Behind the white noise, another sound, whispering voices. Unintelligible. Zulu.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace asleep.

Her eyes open slowly --

-- see Angie standing there, pasty blue in color, eyes shut.

GRACE  
(rising)  
Angie?

Angie opening her eyes. The sockets are empty. Black holes.

She opens her mouth to speak, a *black wasp* crawls out --  
flies off.

Grace asleep, suddenly snaps awake, gasping for air.

She finds Angie stooping over her.

GRACE  
(disoriented)  
Angie...? Honey...?

ANGIE  
(whispers)  
Someone is calling us.

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Hissing white noise.

Grace walking in. Taking in the sound, it's source, trying to  
fig-

RIIING!

Angie spasms.

GRACE  
(startled)  
Jee-susss!

RIIING!

The noise coming from the antique phone.

Grace, frightened. Because she knows -- this thing doesn't  
work.

She lifts up the power cords behind the console. As before,  
frayed and broken.

Scared now, she answers.

GRACE  
 (terse)  
 Hello...?

Only silence. Then softly, in the distance, filtered Zulu noises, chants. And then, rising through the muffled noise, as clear as day --

(V.O.)  
 'Bulale uMthakathi'

Grace, harrowed, slams down the handset -- backs away.

ANGIE  
 Who is calling us...?

INT. FARMHOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Henry, sipping on a cup of coffee. Grace, on the chair next to him, gown wrapped around her, still trembling.

GRACE  
 It's the Laurium. It's the second night now, I've never hallucinated like this before.

HENRY  
 I can get you something, something local without the side effects.

She gives him a look; *"thanks, but no thanks."*

GRACE  
 It's funny, once I drank punch at university that was spiked with acid...everyone flipped out, seeing things...tripping off their heads. But not me. I just got a headache and went home. I never let that kind of thing in, you know? I like to be in control. Need to know what's going on at all times...

Pause.

GRACE  
 Now one Malaria tablet and it's like Alice in Wonderland.

HENRY  
 How's Angie holding up?

Grace taking a moment. Then opening up:

GRACE

I was hoping this would be good for her, the space, the fresh air, but it's the still the same...

Grace lets the sentence drop off. Henry's there, listening. All in her own time.

GRACE

She's never been...

Grace cautious, but then just spits it out.

GRACE

There's something not right Henry...

Grace welling up -

GRACE

...with her.

Looking at him, hoping for trust -

GRACE

Ever since she was a baby, sometimes I would look at her face, her eyes and I feel like I'm looking into the soul of a woman ten times her age. Like she's trapped inside this small person's body, with this small person's mind and she can't explain what she sees...what she feels.

Grace sobbing now, like it's all coming out for the first time in a long time.

GRACE

(crying)

There always been this distance between us...like I can't understand her, like she knows more, sees more.

Henry walking around the table and putting his arm around her.

Grace crying freely now, taking shelter of this protective embrace.

HENRY

She's a beautiful child. What you see in her eye's...is her magic.

Grace, trying to understand, but...

GRACE

But that's the problem, that word  
just make no sense to me.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAWN

Over the black hills, first rays split the night.

Somewhere, a rooster's crowing.

OVERLAP SOUND -- hissing and crackling.

KITCHEN

Grace, at the Delonghi, cooking breakfast.

Angie, at the table, busy drawing with crayons. Sunlight,  
yellow as farm butter, pouring into the kitchen.

Outside, a symphony of birds and insects can be heard mingled  
with voices of farmhands singing traditional songs as they  
start work.

ANGIE'S DRAWING "OUR FARM"

In her house drawing, three 'lollipops' hanging upside down  
from the ceiling.

Grace distracted, zoning out, staring through the window at --

HENRY

as he delegates chores to the farmhands.

INSIDE

Grace picks up on one worker, ZEBELON, staring intently at  
something.

She traces his eye line to --

the skinning shed. Sealed, dusty windows glare back at us.

Then,

-- Tick Tick --

-- at the window. A wasp.

Grace seeing it buzzing against the pane.

A beat. Studying it.

Then opening the window slightly -- letting it fly out.

Her attention back to the breakfast now but then noticing, Angie's not there.

Then:

Clump Clump Clump.

Big steps, someone walking -- rounding the corner -- it's Angie, wearing big worker boots -- striding out the house - - weighed down by one of those DIY belts cluttered with every tool & gizmo an amateur home-builder thinks they need.

OUTSIDE

Henry seeing her walking out onto the porch.

A broad grin filling his face. The workers seeing her now, smiling too.

ANGIE

I'm ready!

Henry shoulders his pick, shovel and fourteen-pounder easily as you and I would swing an umbrella.

HENRY

(grinning)

Let's go.

CONSTRUCTION MONTAGE

Power tools whine to life.

Combine harvester blades churn.

Machetes and pangas hack at creep-vine.

Angie and Clara dig in the garden.

Grace looking up from her laptop, out the window at --

Angie, at home with her new friends.

Furrows being ploughed by tractors.

Angie and Clara feeding the chickens and goats.

Henry splitting logs with an axe.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NEAR THE SKINNING SHED - DAY

Zebelon and some other farmhands struggling with a plumbing line.

As they look away, the faucet starts spurting out black slime...or is it dark blood?

They look again but this time only see muddy water spluttering.

Zebelon, stares at the faucet, not sure what he just saw.

EXT. CROP LANDS - DAY

Clara and the other farmhand women sewing seeds.

Henry and Angie follow with hoes tilling soil.

Henry dispenses dollops of wisdom to Angie. We hear snatches:

HENRY

(between hoe strokes)

Earth is our Mother. She nourishes us. What we put into the ground she returns to us. To forget how to dig the earth and tend the soil is to forget ourselves.

Henry squats, pinches some soil -- tastes it like porridge.

Angie screws up her face in disgust.

Henry grins but then he gets serious again.

HENRY

The soil links us with our ancestors who also planted and were nourished by the land. This land carries the history of our people. It's sorrows, it's triumphs. It feels.

ANGIE

I know.

With more conviction than you'd expect from a child.

Henry looks at her, at her big bright intelligent eyes and that other thing, a hint of the burden of seeing, of knowing.



HENRY  
 (sombre tone now)  
 I am your friend. Whatever you  
 like, you can tell me.

Angie looks up at him, a look that says "I understand."  
 Then her attention back to the soil, planting her seeds.  
 Henry's look lingers.

EXT. KITCHEN/GAS DEPOT - DAY

CLUNK!

A tall canister of cooking gas is pushed into frame, getting  
 strapped into place.

A GAS MAN, ERNIE, busy tightening the brace on a bracket  
 holding four canisters in place.

Grunting heavily, he stands and turns to Grace with bug-  
 eyes.

ERNIE  
 Dats a kak-huis full o' gas, lady.

GRACE  
 (polite smile)  
 It's a big stove.

ERNIE  
 Well, it should last you a few  
 months, that there.

His eyes focus on her breasts.

ERNIE  
 ...give me a call when you run dry,  
 I'll come top you up.

A tar-stained grin on his face.

GRACE  
 (ignoring the crass come  
 on)  
 I'll let you know.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Grace finds Clara waiting -- her eyes nervous.

GRACE  
 What is it?

CLARA  
Angie, she's gone.

Grace can tell by her tone that this is no game.  
She's bolting up stairs in a flash.

GRACE  
Angie!

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAYS - DAY

Grace's panic swelling with each passing second.

GRACE  
ANGIE!

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

Henry and his farmhands stop working when they hear the edge  
in Grace's voice.

Clara comes running towards them.

CLARA  
(Zulu)  
The little one, she's gone!

HENRY  
But she was just here?!

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM/ ON THE BED - DAY

Sheets of paper on the bed. Angie's crayon drawings.

We see the 'lollipops' have evolved into upside down stick  
men.

Grace appearing in the doorway. Panic -- scanning the room  
for any sign of her. But nothing.

She shoots to the window, cupping her eyes.

POV - THE SKINNING SHED

Is that movement inside?

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Grace dashing out the house -- around the corner to

THE SKINNING SHED

At the grim frosted panes, Grace -- peering in.

POV

There she is! She's just standing there, amongst the heaps of corroded metal in the middle of the old shed.

She's talking to someone.

Grace, cranes her neck to see who but she can't get an angle. Grace banging hard on the window now.

GRACE

Angie!

Angie, oblivious to the outside world.

EXT. THE SHED - DAY

Behind Grace -- Henry running towards her with an axe in his hand. Zebelon and Clara follow.

HENRY

What is it?

GRACE

It's Angie. She's in there... with someone...she won't answer me!

Henry moving round to the door. It's locked with a rusty padlock. How the hell did she get inside?

Henry swings his axe -

WHACK

-- the padlock snaps open. He forces the door open against overgrown grass, recoils at the terrible smell.

INT. SKINNING SHED - DAY

Angie, whispering up to some swaying chains. *In Zulu...?*

Henry and Grace approaching her. The air thick, heavy with a musty stench.

Grace squats alongside Angie.

GRACE

(talking slowly)  
Sweetie, is everything OK?

Grace looking around, the place empty.

GRACE

Who were you talking to?

Henry uneasy -- busy scanning the place too.

Angie, still dazed from her encounter, doesn't answer.

Grace, scoops her up.

GRACE  
Sweetie, Let's go.  
(turning to Henry)  
Henry, please make sure this place  
stays locked.

Grace carrying Angie out of the shed.

Clara follows.

Henry and Zebelon remain behind, taking in the vibe of the place.

Henry looking up at the chains hanging motionless, despite the whistling wind now stirring inside the shed.

Then we hear:

HUMMM TICK TICK.

Henry turning, seeing -- a wasp hurling itself against the frosted pane at the window.

HUMM TICK TICK.

Zebelon's face, very uneasy here.

Henry seeing Zebelon's state -- putting on a brave face in spite of the eerie mood inside the skinning shed.

HENRY  
(Zulu)  
Come, there's nothing here.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie staring out the window across the yard towards the skinning shed.

GRACE  
(opens a drawer, packs)  
Who were you talking to in the shed  
sweetie?

ANGIE  
Jabu.

GRACE  
Who's Jabu?

ANGIE  
Jabu lives here.

Grace making an effort to keep her tone normal, not to let her own cracks show.

Bending down to Angie's level now -

GRACE  
Angie, the mosquito medicine we've been taking, it's not so good. It makes us see things. Things that are...not really there.

ANGIE  
He's here.

GRACE  
He lives here?

ANGIE  
No, in a world right next to ours.  
(with perfect diction)  
Ukukhohlwa.  
(off mum's raised brows)  
He lives there with the Ukhokho.  
The Amadlozi...

GRACE  
(genuine surprise)  
U-coo-coo-what...? Where did you hear those words?

ANGIE  
Jabu told me.

Grace studies her.

Angie holds up her pictures. Two overlapping circles. White. Black. In the grey elliptical sliver where the circles overlap (forming a Zulu shield) -- a winged stick-man is trapped.

Angie pointing -

ANGIE  
Look. Here's our world...

-- pointing to the white circle -

ANGIE  
 ...here's Jabu's world...

-- to the black circle -

ANGIE  
 ...and here's Jabu...

Angie shows the stick-man trapped in the grey section.  
 Grace takes the pictures from her -- contemplates them.  
 There's something creepy about that winged stick-man.

GRACE  
 (befuddled)  
 Jabu, huh?

ANGIE  
 (firm nod)  
 Mh-hmm.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Grace sits in a steaming bubble bath with her hair pinned up.  
 Drowsing. Only her head and toes peek out of the white foam.

Moon beams and a large scented candle the only light.

A mysterious breeze circles the bathroom.

Grace sits up -- freezes -- seeing a grotesque shadow on her  
 bedroom wall. But it's just shadows of bobbing tree branches.

She settles back down in her bath, uneasy.

INT. ANGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angie sleeping.

Grace appears in the doorway in her gown -- comes over --  
 sits next to her sleeping daughter on the bed.

She studies Angie -- stroking her hair, way parents often do.

At the window, curtains start billowing -- a mysterious  
 breeze setting off the chimes.

Grace going over -- shutting the window.

EXT. THE FARM BACK YARD - NIGHT

Henry's outside with his rifle and torch, doing a sweep  
 through the grounds.

Nearing the skinning shed, we can hear the sound of the singing night insects, which until now has been all consuming, suddenly subsiding, one layer at a time.

Uncanny.

As if God just turned down the volume on nature's amp. Henry stopping -- witnessing this audio phenomenon. Bewildered.

Then scanning the grounds. Still. Unearthly.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie, alone now. Grace gone to bed.

All very quiet expect for a muffled hum --

"Drrrrrrrr drrrr..."

But everything in the room is still -- we have no idea of the source of the noise.

Then there, hovering just in front of Angie's face about a foot back, something is hovering in the air:

A single black wasp.

EXTREME CLOSE ON - INSECT EYES

Shiny black compound beads watching Angie.

It's blurred wings fan the edge of the frame. Droning.

Angie's eyes lock on the creature.

We hold it -- the wasp 'looking' at the child -- just hanging in the air above her.

Then:

BZZZZT!

It flies off out the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An old-school typical Afrikaans home. Quaker-Mormon decor.

On the walls, faded washed-out black & white portraits of grim farmers with scruffy beards.

On shelves, books with titles like *Nederlander* and *Die Boer*.

Kitsch knick-knacks everywhere. The lounge suite decorated with frilly doilies. On the coffee table, an open box of Van Riebeeck cigars.

And there sits HENDRIK MULLER. Smoking one of them.

Wide neck, thick grey hair. About 60 plus but the fire in his blowtorch-blue eyes has the intensity of a 20 year old.

He's giving his sermon to a party of two -- Basson and Dreyer on the chairs opposite him. Brandy all round.

MULLER

(Afrikaans)

They think we fear them. But they don't understand us. Purity is not something that can be destroyed so easily. They think they can run this country without us...

He gives a joyless chuckle.

MULLER

But it's not so easy as they are finding out. They got their fancy new constitution...that says everybody can fuck each other up the poephol if they want to, and that's ho-kay. Meantime we slowly becoming another blerry Zimbabwe...

Dreyer, not sure where the hell this is going.

Basson, perpetual hangover, only came for the brandy, barely listening.

MULLER

(Afrikaans)

And then...once they've fucked the whole lot up, just like they always do, once they've have squandered every last recourse, once they've have raped and killed themselves to hell...and turned this kun-tree into just another African basket-case...

(calming now)

...then we will be there, to set this land back on track. Africa. Saved by the Afrikaaner. Again.

Basson, rolls his eyes at the antique rhetoric.



Muller, a man blindly out of touch, but still smug in his deluded conviction.

MULLER  
 (Afrikaans)  
 Make no mistake my friends...this  
 is God's will and no one can change  
 that.

He sits back, sips.

Dreyer waits, this isn't what they've come for, but they oblige the old man because they need his help.

But Basson is not so diplomatic.

BASSON  
 (challenging)  
 God's will...? You think God  
 didn't see what we did?

Muller looks at Basson now. Like a snake. Sinister even in his smile.

MULLER  
 You know, I never liked you Basson.  
 I never trusted you. You were never  
 one of us.

Basson slumps back, snorts, like he gives a shit what this dinosaurs thinks.

BASSON  
 Ja, well...vok jou, man. Come with  
 your fuggen laager mentality.  
 You're a fossil. Out of touch with  
 reality. Still stuck in the mud  
 like a blerry wagon wheel.  
 (leaning forward)  
 It's over. The war is over.  
 We lost.

Muller reddens quickly, not used to be challenged -- getting his feet -- arm raising back. DREYER stepping in quickly -

DREYER  
 Hey hey!

BASSON  
 (Afrikaans, yelling)  
 I did it because I had to...  
 I was following orders, but you...  
*you enjoyed it!*

MULLER  
(to Dreyer)  
Get that gutless piece of shit out  
of here!

DREYER  
(to Basson)  
Go wait in the fucking car.

Basson getting up, gulps the rest of his brandy.

BASSON  
Sure, the stench of a dying breed  
is starting to make me sick anyhow.

Basson leaving.

Muller sitting back down, still fuming.

DREYER  
Jammer, Oom. Sorry 'bout him.

Muller takes a deep breath. His smug mood long gone.

He pushes a file over to DREYER.

MULLER  
It's done. Just deliver it.

DREYER  
How.

MULLER  
There are still a few of us left in  
this government...they arranged a  
clerical error in the zoning  
department of the land.

Dreyer flipping through some pages in the file, official  
looking documents. This is good, it's just what he needs.

But Muller looking weary now, like the facade of  
righteousness proving too exhausting to keep up.  
Uninterested in his guest and his problems now.

DREYER, seeing this. Picking up the file -- getting to his  
feet.

DREYER  
Dankie Oom.

MULLER  
Now make it go away or we will all  
be in trouble.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Grace, clutching her 35mm camera -- watching Henry, Zebelon and the farmhands working on the outside of the farmhouse.

Henry waving at Grace -- she waves back -- resumes shooting stills of:

CLICK:

The farmhouse.

CLICK:

The farmhands.

She lowers the 35mm, turns to where she's set up the Kirlian video camera and tripod.

Focusing, she pans the camera around the farmyard while monitoring the viewfinder and heat image.

Anything biological emits a multicolored aura. The birds, Henry, the farmhands.

Grace aligns the camera onto the farmhouse. Angie wanders into her frame.

GRACE

Sweetie you're in my shot. Come around to this side.

Grace turning away to reload film. Angie remains rooted.

ANGIE

Jabu wants to know what you are doing?

GRACE

(focused on loading,  
ignoring mention of Jabu)  
You know my work, honey. I'm taking some of my special photos. Come around to this side.

ANGIE

Jabu wants you to take his picture with me.

A beat. Angie can't see it, but we can, the anxiety Grace is fighting to conceal as she musters the will to play along.

GRACE  
 All right, only one shot, this is  
 special film and it's expensive,  
 'kay?

ANGIE  
 'kay.

Grace raises the camera --

SNAP!

GRACE  
 There. Got it.

ANGIE  
 That's it?

GRACE  
 That's it.

Grace's eyes falling on the heat image in the viewfinder.  
 Towering over Angie stands another human aura -- a cold blue  
 colour.

Grace looks up from the viewfinder.

POV

Angie walking away. Alone.

Grace re-frames the camera.

THE VIEWFINDER - HEAT IMAGE

Just Angie's lone aura now.

Grace, perplexed. What did she just see? Winding her 35mm,  
 she watches Angie walk away.

EXT. SKINNING SHED - DAY

CLOSE ON: A HOLE

In walls ablated by time. And flying in and out of it --

Wasps.

Henry. On his haunches. Studying them.

Behind him, Zebelon and Grace.

She looks strained. Distracted.

HENRY

We are being invaded.  
 (turning to Grace)  
 Must be a nest...  
 (points at the shed)  
 ...in there.

GRACE

I wondered where the hell all these  
 wasps were coming from.

She's standing behind Henry, her eyes on the hole and the  
 constant wasp traffic.

GRACE

Are there any...exterminators...  
 in the neighbourhood?

Zebelon and Henry exchange a look -- something unspoken.

But Grace walking off, not seeing this.

GRACE

I'll make a call.

INT. GRACE'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Grace flipping through an old directory.

Henry walking in. Grace seeing the look on his face.

GRACE

What?

HENRY

The nest...the wasps.

GRACE

Yes?

Henry, treading lightly, aware of Grace's view on these  
 things.

HENRY

Zebelon...and some of the others,  
 they...have beliefs. Beliefs that  
 uh...you...  
 (what's the word)  
 "westerners" would call...  
 superstitious.

Grace, intrigued.

HENRY  
 Thing is, Grace...to them...to  
 us... wasps are...

Grace seeing him struggling here -- helping him out.

GRACE  
 What is it Henry?

HENRY  
 The wasp are messengers of death.  
 We shouldn't disturb the nest.

There, he said it.

A moment passes, then:

GRACE  
 And what do you think?

Henry's turn to consider now. What the hell does he think about this.

HENRY  
 I've....in the past, I've heard  
 that before.

Beat. Henry takes a seat.

HENRY  
 But as yet, I've never witnessed  
 anything like that myself.

She walks up, and hovers over him.

GRACE  
 Let me get this straight.  
 According to Zulu culture, the  
 wasps are a bad omen? Messengers  
 of death? Right..?

He nods.

GRACE  
 And you want me to...let them move  
 in...?

He mulls this over.

GRACE  
 Tell me something, Henry, if some  
 bug - that attracted death decided  
 to squat on your property...would  
 you build it a guest room...?

Or...incinerate it's nest with a  
fuckin flamethrower...?

HENRY

Like I said...it's just  
superstition...

Grace, huffs with relief, pleased to see him come to his  
senses. She backs away and busies herself in the kitchen.

GRACE

Thank God. Welcome back to  
scientific reality, Henry...  
(the nest)  
Okay. Then...it's got to go.

Something on Henry's face, like reason fighting with faith.

But Grace, her mind made up --

GRACE

I don't want Angie getting stung.

INT. BASEMENT/DARKROOM - DAY

Grace busy studying the day's 35mm prints. She dumps most of  
them in the wastepaper basket.

She holds up a print of the house now.

Something surreal about the image. The house. African Gothic.  
Angie in f/g, picking flowers.

Grace seeing something else on the photo -- narrows her  
focus.

THE PRINT - TIGHTER

There's a smudge in one of the windows. Grace can't make it  
out -- frowning now.

Scooping up the other prints -- shuffling them the way an  
animator shuffles flow cells, and we see the smudge --  
jumping from window to window -- following Angie.

Grace not sure what to make of it. Then,

Ding!

From her laptop, the Kirlian image has finished digitizing.

A video heat clip popping up, ready for playback, but  
distorted by the default 200% zoom function.

Grace moving the cursor to the re-size function.

CLICK!

150%. MCU of Angie's purple-red aura.

Grace. Not wide enough.

CLICK!

Grace zooming out again, this time at 125%.

Mid-shot, we see Angie's aura.

Grace leaning in. Something about the shot intrigues her.

There's Angie's aura and alongside, another aura.

CLICK

Grace zooming out to 100% -- the image widens to full shot of Angie.

Grace staring hard. Incredulous. The aura alongside Angie is blue-grey and human. Except for...the wings?!

GRACE  
(irritated)  
That god-damned glitch is back.

Grace tip-tapping on the keyboard now.

LAPTOP MONITOR - E-MAIL

Grace, typing a message to: techie@Kirlein.com.

Subject line: "Ghost bug?"

Text window: "TECHIE, TAKE A LOOK -- THAT GHOSTING GLITCH WE HAD SEEMS TO BE BACK"

She attaches the heat clip of Angie and clicks

"SEND".

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

A panel van pulling up.

SIGNAGE ON THE VAN READS:

"Bobby 'Bug Catcher' Naidu: The Gogga Guru"



BOBBY hops out. Gung ho. Machismo. Green khaki and hiking boots. Temples greying, but good shape for his late fifties.

INT. SKINNING SHED DOORS - DAY

CREAK! The doors open.

Silhouetted shapes stepping inside. Bobby & Henry.

Bobby recoils -- bringing his arm to his nose.

BOBBY

Damn! What in hell died here, man?

The smell's oppressive, the whole place heavy with a dark, unsettling atmosphere.

HUMM - TIC-TIC. TIC-TIC-TIC.

Bobby looking up to the window.

A wasp. Hurls itself against the glass.

Bobby produces a sample jar -- going over to the window -- deftly scooping the wasp into it.

HENRY

(O/S, Zulu)

What is this?

Bobby turns -- sees Henry, pointing his tongs up at black mould on the ceiling rafters.

It's thick and long, like a python, with the texture of slugs skin eating it's way along the beams like the bloated veins of a dead Leviathan.

BOBBY

(under his breath)

...good golly Ganesh!

Bobby produces another sample jar, a scalpel.

Reaching up now -- cutting a sliver of mould from the beam - popping it in the jar.

Holding it up to the light.

BOBBY

(in new territory)

Now what the hell is this?

Bobby circles the supporting beam -- eyes scanning the ceiling.

He stops pacing.

There, the nest -- hanging from the rafters

POV - RAFTERS

It's huge, bigger than a weight ball and sinister looking.

Bobby, eyes fixed on the nest -- he starts rummaging through his shoulder bag.

Taking out a swab cloth, a dispenser with clear fluid, labelled; "*Chloroform*".

Bobby turning to Henry.

BOBBY

Hand me the tongs.

Henry does so.

HENRY

You want me to get the beekeeper netting from the house?

BOBBY

(gung ho as always)  
We're fine.

Bobby inserting a soaked swab into the pincers -- raising it up -- lodging it between the nest and a beam.

TWHICK! TIC!

A few wasps immediately fall to the ground.

Bobby more cautious now -- getting up on a box, arms upraised, gently trying to pry the nest loose.

BOBBY

Must be thousands of the bastards  
in here.

Bobby starts twisting the nest slowly -- Henry's eyes glued to it.

BOBBY

We better be careful here, this  
could go bad quickly.

Sweat forming on Bobby's forehead now. It's heavier than he thought, much heavier.

BOBBY  
(straining)  
Come...give me a hand...it's  
starting to...

It drops --

-- crunching onto the bridge of Bobby's nose as it does so.

Bobby just managing to grab it with his arms.

Henry's running over. The wasps disturbed, agitated, starting to drone. A few escape the invisible chloroform barrier.

BOBBY  
(real panic here)  
Quickly, the sack, bring it!

Blood is gushing from Bobby's nose -- struggling to keep a grip on the nest before it goes crashing to the floor.

Henry's searching around frantically in Bobby's kit.

The wasps multiplying now. Angry and dangerous. This could be trouble.

BOBBY  
HURRY!

Henry seeing the sack but Bobby's straining -- too heavy. And the wasps stinging him relentlessly.

He can't tolerate the pain anymore -- can't hold on any longer.

Henry rushing over, but Bobby losing his grip, the nest slipping. Henry's leaning forward in mid-stride -- opening the mouth of the bag.

Slow-motion:

The nest just slipping in.

Henry pulling tight on the strings -- struggling with all his might -- forearms bulging -- just managing to keep the bag an inch from smashing to the floor.

Bobby stumbling off the box -- both of them running out of the skinning shed.

In the background, Zebulon watching -- an undisguised look of anxiety on his face.

CLOSE ON:

A white porcelain basin.

DRIP.

Something red. Blood red.

DRIP

And another.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bobby's at the sink holding the bridge of his nose. Wasp stings on his face.

Grace tending to a sting on Henry's arm.

BOBBY  
(his nose)  
It's not broken, thank God.

Bobby turns, the blood has stopped flowing.

BOBBY  
I got to get that thing back to the shop so I can deal with it before all hell breaks loose inside that sack.

GRACE  
Thank you Bobby, I'm sorry about tha-

Bobby waves her off.

BOBBY  
All in a day's work. Probably should have used your bee netting though.

CLOSE ON:

The sack inside the back of his van as it jostles over the bumpy road.

The wasps buzzing about, poking at the cloth of the sack. Furious. Pent up rage just waiting to spill over.

And the drone.

The drrrrr noise heard above the roar of his engine flying down the road. The drrrrr that sends shivers down your spine with its primal anger.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Henry sitting on the edge of the bath with his shirt off.  
Grace tending to the stings, gently.

GRACE

Thank you.

A look to Henry now.

GRACE

For everything.

Henry looking back and like that the atmosphere in the small bathroom filling with sexual tension.

They hold the look, for the first time both of them acknowledging something here.

Eye locked. A long beat.

Then Grace turning away. Too much for her, she's too vulnerable -- there's too much she can't control.

She finishes up quickly.

Henry slips his shirt back over his shoulders.

HENRY

(Helping her, getting back  
to business)

We should have the gas lines all  
set up by tomorrow.

GRACE

Oh, good. Yes. Thanks.

An awkward smile. Henry slipping past her. Residual lust still hanging in the air.

HENRY

I better get going.

GRACE

Yes, um...OK.

A final look, then Henry is gone.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie and JACOB is rummaging through a toy trunk.

ON THE BED - NOTHANDO

NOTHANDO is bored -- noisily chewing gum and fingering her navel piercing.

NOTHANDO

Hey!

The other two look up.

NOTHANDO

Ever play glassy-glassy?

Blank stares.

We hear a "ring" from down the hallway.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Grace picking up her charging cell phone -- answers it.

GRACE

Hello?

TECHIE

(Filtered when O/S)

Angie...it's Techie. I got your mail.

GRACE

Got a good look at the image file?

INT. (LONDON) VARSITY KIRLEIN LAB - DAY

TECHIE sitting hunched over a console, wearing a headset while busy studying an image on a PC monitor. The same heat image Grace snapped of Angie.

TECHIE

(listens, then)

Sure. Just one question, Grace.  
Who's the big guy...standing behind  
Angie?

INT. (FARM) ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Grace balks.

GRACE

Hold on a sec...

She unplugs the cell's charger -- starts moving downstairs to the basement.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM (PLAYING GLASSY-GLASSY) - NIGHT

Underway. The atmosphere getting creepier by the second.

Nothando helms the event. On a low nursery table we see three white squares of paper.

Nothando writes X, Y and Z on each square and places them alongside other letters, completing an alphabet circle. In the centre, an upside down crystal wine glass.

Clara, packing laundry away, one eye on the children's game.

NOTHANDO

Ok, this is how it works. Ever played Seance...? Ouija board?  
(off shaking heads)  
No? Okay...first everybody place the tip of your index finger on the glass like so...ready? Right, here we go...

Angie hesitant. Clara, watching apprehensively.

The children's fingers are placed on the glass. It starts moving and glides across the board to the first letter. 'J'.

NOTHANDO

Are one of you pushing it?

Angie and Jacob shake their heads vigorously.

ANGIE

Jabu says the dead is not a game.

NOTHANDO

Tell Jabu to shoosh!

INT. BASEMENT GRACE'S LAPTOP - NIGHT

Grace snaps open her laptop -- taps keys -- on the monitor a video clip pops up.

It's the heat image of Angie. She puts the cell to her ear.

GRACE

(studying the image)  
...what big guy?

TECHIE

(O/S)  
This heat image you sent me. Are you looking at it?

GRACE

Ja, I see it. The ghosting glitch?

TECHIE

(o/s)

It's not ghosting, it's authentic.

GRACE

Authentic? That's impossible. She was alone when I shot that. There was no one standing behind her.

TECHIE

(O/S)

Well that's weird, because...

INT. (LONDON) KIRLEAN LAB - NIGHT

Techie, scratches his head with a pencil.

TECHIE

...the TC readings are off the charts. It's a human spectrum, but...

GRACE

(O/S)

...but what?

TECHIE

Uh...silly as it sounds the grad readings are...inorganic.

INT. (FARM) BASEMENT - NIGHT

Grace looks bewildered.

GRACE

That can't be right.

TECHIE

(O/S)

Well, Gracie...there's definitely human readings on the waveform monitor, but it's ice cold. No heat data at all. There's energy there, but no life. I don't get it.

Grace, in the dark, struck dumb.

TECHIE

(O/S)

Gracie, you still there?



GRACE

Yeah, I'm here. It's just...it  
can't be.

TECHIE

Sure. That would mean this guy is  
uh...

GRACE

(glazed)  
...dead.

Long beat.

TECHIE

(O/S)  
Yeah.

TIMECUT

Grace, sitting at her laptop tip tapping at a pace.

We see what she's doing -- she's busy running an error check  
on the image -- that 'other' person's image with Angie.

She selects the image and clicks; *scan object*.

*No calibration error found.*

She tries again. Same thing.

*No color saturation error found.*

Again.

*No duplication error found.*

Finally.

*Object Unknown.*

Years of scientific training, years of pursuit for empirical  
evidence, the very foundations of her understanding of truth  
now perhaps for the first time showing a kink.

Grace battling, convinced it's just a discipline application  
of... She stops now, mid- thought. She stares at the word;

*Unknown.*

A beat.

Two world's colliding. Like huge, slow moving continents  
unable to stop. Crumbling into each other inside her mind.

ARRRRRRRGHH!

A terrible scream.

Grace snapping out of her thoughts -- already out the door -- running towards the sounds of the scream, towards

ANGIE'S ROOM

Broken glass. Nothando. Blood flows from a gash in her forehead.

GRACE  
(to Angie)  
What happened?

Angie doesn't reply.

CLARA  
(in shock)  
The glass, it just...  
(Zulu)  
...the glass just flew.

A beat. Grace taking this in. Then:

ANGIE  
(flat)  
He's angry now...

There's a knock at the door downstairs now.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Basson, standing under a pool of light outside the front door. Crumpled. Hung over.

The door opens. Clara steps out past Basson with the children heading back to their quarters.

Grace appearing at the door behind them.

GRACE  
(to Basson)  
Can I help you?

BASSON  
Dr. Gray?

Grace shaken -- the turmoil, both externally and internally, overriding any politeness she may have had here.

GRACE  
 (short)  
 Who wants to know?

BASSON  
 May I come in?

He steps forward. Grace visibly recoils at his booze breath, but holds her ground, doesn't move.

GRACE  
 It's late, I'm tired. What is it?

BASSON  
 It's about your farm.

GRACE  
 Yes..?

BASSON  
 (twitchy, unconvincing)  
 The purchase is not valid. It's an unlawful sale. Clerical error from the state's side. The transfer from state land to private land has been lost and needs to be redone before you may take ownership. You have got to leave here. You can return once the papers are in order.

He hands her the file Muller had given to them earlier.

And then he turns and stalks into the night.

Grace, considers the file, steps back into the house, closes the door on us.

EXT. UNIVERSITY KZN - NIGHT

One dorm light still burns. Muffled music booming;

MUSIC (IRON MAIDEN)  
 (o/s)  
*White man came  
 across the sea  
 he bought us pain  
 and misery...*

INT. BOBBY'S DORM / LAB - NIGHT

A cat, sitting on a desk, watching a waterless fish tank, filled with wasps.

MUSIC (IRON MAIDEN)

(o/s)  
*He killed our tribes  
 he killed our creed  
 he took our game  
 for his own need...*

Their numbers almost black out the tank. They look furious.

ANGLE ON:

Bobby, phone hooked in his neck -- holding up a vial up to the light, the mould sample from the shed.

MUSIC (IRON MAIDEN)

*We fought him hard  
 we fought him well  
 out on the plains  
 we gave him hell...*

Behind him, the cat jumps off the desk knocking the lid off the fish tank -- disappearing into the other room.

Bobby doesn't hear or notice. He turns down the music, listening intently on the phone.

BOBBY

(into phone) )  
 Jimmy, I'm telling you man...  
 I've never seen this before.  
 What kind of Vespidae makes a nest  
 from... blood?

With his eye in the microscope, he doesn't detect the cloud of wasps drifting silently into the next room.

BOBBY

(listening)  
 That's what I thought.  
 (holding up the vial)  
 I can't tell. Cow's blood? Sheep's  
 blood? I don't know...

His free hand wields an electrified skeeter swatter which he uses to occasionally fry passing skeeters and 'miggies'.

BOBBY

...to be true, it looks like, dried  
 human blood and that amount of  
 blood...

Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY  
...Impossible bra?

Bobby listens.

CLOSE ON:

bottom of the open door in the other room -- a thin stream of blood running toward's Bobby's desk.

BOBBY  
(into phone)  
I mean to create something this big  
and we're talking condensed blood  
here, then you're looking at...

He stops dead mid-sentence.

His eyes glued to his feet. A pool of blood forms slowly around his boots.

BOBBY  
(into phone)  
I'll call you back.

Click.

His eye's fixed on the trail leading from underneath the door.

And the noise -- Drrrrrrrrrr.

Bobby walking towards the door -- slowly pushing it open -- gasping.

His cat's lying there covered in furious wasps. Dead.

Bobby swinging around -- seeing the empty tank!

He looks up the ceiling, it's black -- ten thousand wasps. He looks back at the cat now -- the wasps have reared up in an angry black cloud -- directly facing him -- poised to attack as a single whole.

Before he can comprehend what's going on, it happens --

-- they swarm --

Enveloping him in a second.

Like a crazed man now -- flaying wildly at the swarm -- screaming -- stung a hundred times a second.

The wasps seeming to multiply at an impossible speed. We can just make out his terrified, thrashing form -- until the entire screen goes

black...

...just his screams now.

And the low drrrrrrr.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie sitting on the bed.

Grace crouching beside her. There's an edge to her voice.

GRACE

No more, you hear me? No more of this talk of imaginary friends. No more of these games. No more. I've had it.

Angie seeing her mom's had enough -- nods.

GRACE

Now go to sleep and we'll figure out this mess in the morning.

Grace, tense, whipping the covers over Angie -- walking out.

INT. GRACE'S ROOM - LATER

The sound of the bath running.

In the foreground the file on her bed, the papers Basson gave her, scattered around.

INT. BATH. NIGHT

There's no indulgent soaking here. Grace giving her head a vigorous wash -- hardening her features as she does so. Quick and efficient. Tense.

TIMECUT

Towelng herself off but then stops -- as if someone or something is watching her.

She shakes it off, unscrews the Valerian Malaria tablets -- throws them -- tinkle tinkle -- down the drain.

Walks out into her

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flicking off the light, getting into bed.

CLOSE ON:

Her eyes staring up at the ceiling and the shadows, shifting on the ceiling like grey omens.

But her eyes steely, as if she's defying anyone/anything to scare her.

Then, after her show of resolve, she closes them -- settling in for another restless sleep.

DAWN

No country butter rays of morning light here but a thick bank of dark, bleak clouds on the horizon.

A dung beetle pushing a ball of dung in the foreground.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Grace looking tired -- her hands are on her hips talking to Henry.

GRACE

What do you mean he's gone?

HENRY

Last night. And now the others don't want to work either.

Grace sitting down.

GRACE

This is ridiculous.

HENRY

It's just...

GRACE

It's just what Henry?

HENRY

The wasps, the glass hitting Nothando, Zebelon gone missing, they feel it's all a sign.

GRACE

A sign of what?

HENRY

That we should leave.

GRACE

No! I'm not letting superstition push me out of here. Nor this bureaucratic cluster-fuck of a document from the government.

She opens the file on the kitchen table. Henry has never seen her like this before, she's in a black mood here.

He looks at the file.

HENRY

Void sale?

GRACE

I know my rights, I'm not leaving here until my lawyers have torn a new one for these idiots.

She's upset, stuff's coming up here.

Angie walking in, puffy eyes -- like she hardly slept.

She sits down at the table. No "hi" for Grace or Henry.

Henry studying Angie, concerned.

Grace distractedly preparing a bowl of corn flakes for her, pretending not to notice her child's state.

HENRY

Morning Angie. How was your night?

Angie, looking up from puffy dark-ringed eyes.

ANGIE

Bad.

Grace sliding the bowl of cereal in front of Angie.

GRACE

I'll do it myself.

Henry not sure what she's on about.

GRACE

I'll clean out the shed, do the outside of the house. They can go, I'll do it myself.

Henry looking at her, seeing she's resolute.



Bang Bang.

Someone's at the door. Henry standing up, seeing Clara.

CLARA  
He's with the Sangoma.

HENRY  
Who is?

CLARA  
Zebelon. There's trouble.

Henry, a look to Grace.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A trail of dust lifting up in the air as Henry's 4x4 tears down the road.

The rising dust fading into smoke plumes. As we're inside a:

NDUMBA

We see the sangoma, MAMA NYANGA (50's). Imposing. Serious. Draped in kakoi, her hair in plaits and shells. Around her neck an assortment of goat bladders and carnivorous teeth.

Her eyes rolled back -- in trance.

In front of her, lying on the mud floor of her Ndumba is Zebelon.

His eyes also rolled back -- his back shaking -- trembling violently.

Mama starts making noises, otherworldly -- heavy with gravity -- rocking, she starts chanting.

Zebelon in a bad condition -- as if possessed, shaking on the ground.

Suddenly, a blinding white light.

A face, in mid scream. (We recognize this face. It's the same face Angie saw in her vision/hallucination, the face that got shoved under the water in their bath. )

Then the face turns -- we see the other side, just a bloody mess -- beaten to a pulp -- eyes swollen shut -- and fear, unmistakable fear, dripping off him.

Suddenly a hessian sack is thrown over his head, a gun put to his temple and --

-- BLAMM! -

-- a blinding white light, and like that we're back inside the

NDUMBA

Mama's eyes twitching -- as if she's seeing this all.

The atmosphere in the small hut thick, heavy, dangerous.

Zebelon's starting to groan now -- a terrible noise, a noise of agony, and fear.

His groans mixing with Mama's chants -- loud, shouting, he's almost screaming. Both rocking, trembling -- like people on the brink of permanent insanity.

It's chaos now, something has to crack. Zebelon practically bouncing off the ground in spasm.

Mama's raising a giant panga above her head -- swinging it down with full force.

THWACK!

A single drop of blood.

*drip*

Onto his forehead.

A chicken, now beheaded, dangling above Zebelon in the tight grip of Mama's clenched fist.

WHOOSH

The door flinging open, something leaving -- and with that, the pressure inside the Ndumba breaks.

Everything quiet.

Particles of dust drifting in a sliver of sunlight.

The headless chicken swaying above Zebelon.

Zebelon's eye closes, he falls into an sudden deep sleep, like a secure child. A world away from whatever was happening to him an instant ago.

The atmosphere inside the sangoma's hut transformed. Transcendent now, warm.

Mama's eyes closing too.

A beat. Timeless.

Just an occasional twitch from the dead chicken on the ground next to her.

CLOSE ON:

A tyre sliding to a halt in the soft sand.

EXT. NDUMBA - DAY

Some of the locals gathering around. Henry, Grace and Clara stepping out the 4x4.

CLARA  
(in Zulu, to the  
villagers)  
Where is Zebelon?

No-one saying anything -- looking apprehensive.

Henry stepping forward -- more forceful.

HENRY  
(Zulu)  
Where is he?

(O.S.)  
He's in here.

Mama stepping out of her Ndumba.

She's looking fine, no residue of that other-world madness of a moment ago.

Grace's eye locks with Mama's. They hold the look.  
Two world's collide, the empirical and the esoteric.

Henry walking past Mama into the hut.

INT. NDUMBA - DAY

There's Zebelon, peacefully asleep.

EXT. NDUMA - DAY

Mama breaks the look.

MAMA  
Something is not right there.

GRACE  
Where?

MAMA

The farm.

GRACE

Everything is fine.

Henry walking out of the hut, addressing Mama.

HENRY

What happened?

MAMA

(in Zulu)

He felt the restless spirt come into him. I took it out.

A look from Henry now, chewing this over.

Decades of his own Zulu culture fighting with his modern pessimism, but no clear winner yet.

MAMA

(in Zulu)

She must leave that place, I felt the spirits...pain there, too much pain. And blood. There is no rest in that place. She must go.

GRACE

(to Henry)

What is she saying?

HENRY

(still to Mama in Zulu)

Don't get involved. These people already think we're all superstitious primitives with our talk of Tokoloshe and Ancestral spirits.

Mama's smiling now, an inexplicable smile.

MAMA

You're in love with her aren't you?

Catching Henry off-guard.

MAMA

Don't let your love blind you.

He doesn't like being put on the spot.

GRACE

Henry, is Zebelon okay?

HENRY

Yes, he's fine. He'll be back at  
work in a few...

Click -- the back door of Henry's car opens -- out walking  
Angie.

Grace seeing her.

GRACE

Wait for us back in the car  
sweetie, we're coming now.

But Angie walking straight towards Mama.

Mama seeing her now too -- the little girl with the large,  
wise eyes.

GRACE

Angie.

Henry putting her hand on Grace's arm as if to say let this  
play out.

Angie walking straight up to Mama. Mama's going down on her  
haunches to Angie's level.

Eye to eye now.

A beat.

ANGIE

(in flawless Zulu)  
Soon...they will be free.

Mama, grave nodding.

MAMA

(in Zulu)  
Yes. Soon.

Grace gob-smacked -- when did she learn to speak Zulu?

INT. 4X4 - DAY

Henry, Grace and Angie sit in silence as the 4x4 jolts over  
the bumpy dirt road. The extraordinary exchange at the  
Ndumba unspoken but hanging heavy in the air.

Then, Henry seeing:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

A police car parked outside the farmhouse. A few farmhands milling about.

The 4x4 pulls up.

Grace getting out quickly -- walking over to a uniformed policeman.

GRACE  
What happened?

POLICEMAN  
Are you Dr. Grace Grey?

GRACE  
Yes.

POLICEMAN  
We just need to ask you a few questions?

GRACE  
What's wrong?

POLICEMAN  
I'm afraid Booby Naidu, your fumigator, was found dead this morning.

Grace shocked.

The farmhands murmuring in the background now -- the news fueling the bad vibes circling around.

POLICEMAN  
May we come inside?

GRACE  
Um, sure,...please do.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Angie, drawing on the study floor. Her house, crudely naive as you'd expect from a six year old, except for one thing -- people floating in the air above the ground.

In the background the sounds of the policeman running through his formal questions with Grace.

Angie puts down a crayon, it rolls away from her and....*tic*.

Angie, looks up.

The crayon has come to rest against a slightly raised wooden floor tile.

Putting her crayons down now -- leaning over to the tile.

Her little finger prying up the loose tile.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Grace and Henry say their goodbye's to the policeman.

POLICEMAN

Thank you for your time. We'll keep you updated if we get any further information.

He leaves. Grace locks the door behind him -- gives Henry a look.

GRACE

Oh God Henry, he's dead.

Henry just as shocked as she is, but going for:

HENRY

Just a terrible accident Grace, it's not your fault. It's his job, that's what he does. He made a mistake, he should have destroyed it straight away, not keep it in his apartment for God's sake.

Something else on Grace's mind too, something she hopes to God is not related:

GRACE

What did Angie say to the sangoma?

HENRY

(lying)

I don't know, just some Zulu gibberish.

(changing the subject)

I'm going to go speak to the workers. Explain to them what happened, diffuse the situation. I'll come and see you later, okay?

Grace still trying to get a grip of everything, trying to get a measure of it. But realizing not everything is so easily broken down, analyzed.

Grace nodding to him.

A last look. Henry leaving.

TIMECUT

Grace in the kitchen on the phone.

The file that Basson gave her lying open on the kitchen table.

GRACE

...it doesn't say. I'll fax you the whole thing.

Muffled voice on the other end.

GRACE

This morning I was sure this is home. The moment we arrived back in South Africa, I knew this was right. For me. For Angie. And now... I'm being told... I don't belong here...?

She trails off.

GRACE

This is bullshit!  
 (snapping out of it)  
 I don't like being pushed around because of some government cock-up. Take care of it, will you?  
 (Beat) )  
 Okay, thanks Mark.

She hangs up.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Angie standing on a low stool brushing her teeth.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - SAME

Grace busy making up Angie's bed.

She sees her drawings, the "floating men".

Flipping through them, trying to push back any concern.

Then:

A photo.

A young black man -- the man from Angie and Mama's vision.



Angie walking into the room.

GRACE  
Who is this?

Grace showing her the photo.

ANGIE  
That's Jabu, my friend.

GRACE  
Where did you get this?

CLOSE ON:

A wooden tile lifting up in the study. Angie's pulling out a small plywood box.

Grace takes it.

A cigar box. Van Riebeeck brand.

Grace opens it up. Inside papers, photographs, news clippings. Old, brittle, dusty.

Grace pulling out a piece of paper -- there, on the top, a logo, SABSS -- South African Bureau of State Security.

She recognizes this.

Looking up now, she runs her fingers along the spines of several old books on the shelf.

There -- she pulls out the book. *THE SABSS handbook* -- same logo on the front.

Grace's mind ticking over here. She puts the box on the desk.

GRACE  
Off to bed Angie, Mommy will come  
and tuck you in later.

TIMECUT

Grace pouring out the content of the box.

We see snippets of information. Newspaper cuttings with a photo of -- Jabu, member of Umkhonto we Sizwe, reported missing.

Then a list of names on a sheet of paper, red lines have crossed out some of their names -- we see Jabu Silongo, crossed out in red as well.

Everything here reeks of clandestine operations, under the radar stuff.

A photograph. A dark form sways, hung by the neck, from chains tied to a tree -- the yew tree outside Angie's window.

Grace picking up another photograph; two Afrikaans men in paramilitary uniform pose for the camera. Before them, a black man kneeling, hands tied behind his back, face in the dirt with a combat boot pressed to the back of his neck. A hessian sack lies on the ground before him.

Grace recognizes one of the men -- bringing the photo closer. We recognize these men too:

Dreyer and Basson.

A high pitched scream. Grace dropping the photo -- bolts upstairs.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie sitting on the edge of her bed -- staring at the window.

ANGIE  
(scared)  
Someone's at the window.

Grace walking over putting her arms around Angie.

GRACE  
Don't worry my girl, Mommy's here.  
I will look after you. Don't worry.

ANGIE  
He was staring at me.

GRACE  
Was it Jabu?

ANGIE  
No no, Jabu is my friend.

It's different now --this isn't Angie seeing imaginary things. This is one frightened little girl.

GRACE  
Mommy's here, come lie down and  
I'll stay with you.

Angie getting back into bed.

TIMECUT

A gust of wind outside, rattling the chimes, but this time it's not out of place. The weather is changing and the gusts are more frequent than the still nights of before.

Grace looking towards Angie -- she's asleep now.

She gives a deep exhale -- a draining day, too much on her mind, too much unexplained, tired now.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam rising. Grace slipping out of her robe.

THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR:

Someone watching her.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Grace, too tired to sense it, slipping into the hot bath. Putting a steaming face-cloth on her face -- resting her head back on the bath rim.

We hear a slight creak on the floorboard -- whoever is watching her, is moving.

Grace, lifts the cloth -- did she hear something? But there's nothing there -- drops the cloth over her face.

CLOSE ON: OVERFLOWN DRAIN

A WASP.

Black, glistening, crawling out. And another, and another.

CLOSE ON: HER THIGHS

Jutting through foam, a wasp appears.

CLOSE ON:

GRACE

She stirs, inhales, facecloth concaves under her breath.

CLOSE ON:

HER MIDRIF

Another winged shape slithering out the foam.

CLOSE ON:

HER HAND

Stiffens -- she felt that.

She reaches up for the face cloth, but it's no longer a cloth -- it's a *dirty hessian sack*. Just like the one from the photo, and the towel rack.

She rips it off -- drrrrrrrrr, the sound rushing in -- something above her.

She freezes, forces her petrified gaze up to the ceiling, black with crawling wasps.

Without warning, suddenly -- RRRRHUMMMM -- they descend on her like a falling blanket.

Grace screams --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

GRACE'S EYES FLASH OPEN

She wakes up -- screaming -- her legs kicking -- arms waving wildly to swat away the imaginary wasps. Foamy water sprays, slushing everywhere.

THE BATHROOM DOOR - BANG!

Bursts open -- Henry charging in -- freezes in his tracks.

Grace. Drenched. Rigid at the sight of him. Covering herself, she scans the room wildly.

Henry's eyes follow hers to the roof. Nothing there.

HENRY

You okay?

Grace, still scared taking a minute to realize nothing there.

Henry gives her a towel, looking away.

GRACE

O God. Thank you. I just...I fell asleep. Must've been a bad dream.

Wrapping the towel around her quickly she tries to put on a brave front -- not used to this vulnerability, this lack of control.

HENRY  
You sure everything is okay?

GRACE  
Yes, it's fine. Really.

Trying to brush it off, Henry stops her, holding her shoulders -- looking her in the eyes.

HENRY  
Grace.

She's looking at him too now.

HENRY  
I'm here for you.

Grace, drenched, scared. Needing him now. Holding his look.

And like that... they're kissing. Passionate and urgent. Tension of the last few days breaking through.

Their hands are all over each other.

EXT. FARMYARD SKY - NIGHT

CRACK! Pre-thunder.

A typical KZN static storm lighting up the sky.

WIDE - THE FARMHOUSE

Veiled by torrential rainfall.

FLASH-LIT by lightning arcs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry's shirt coming off. His hand's running up Grace's thigh, underneath her towel.

Grace arching her back with pleasure.

Through the window, someone is watching.

INT. SERVANT'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The farmhands huddled outside by a makeshift fire -- quarrelling, conspiring.

CLARA  
It's a death omen. You know what this means. Insects are just the first sign.

(to the others)  
 Amadlozi are coming. And with  
 them...Idimoni.

Silence.

The fire crackles as her words sink in.

FARMHAND 1  
 That white lady and her crazy child  
 are causing trouble.

Murmurs of compliance.

FARMHAND 2  
 That is none of our business, we  
 are here to do a job and get paid.

FARMHAND 1  
 Baba! Don't tell me it's not my  
 business. What about Zebelon? He  
 went crazy. He told them not to  
 move the nest.

CLARA  
 Tomorrow we leave. This place is no  
 good. Everybody can feel it.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry and Grace in bed -- post coital.

GRACE  
 I found something.

HENRY  
 What?

GRACE  
 Come.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Grace and Henry, both half dressed walking down the hallway.

GRACE  
 This place, the people that stayed  
 here, they were connected with the  
 Secret apartheid police. Something  
 went on here.

HENRY  
 How do you know this?

GRACE  
That's why they want me out.  
I'll show you.

STUDY

They walk in, Grace freezes in her tracks.

The photo's, the box and papers -- all gone!

GRACE  
It can't be?!

Grace urgently scratching around the place now -- looking through the drawers, shelves, underneath the floorboards.

But nothing.

Henry's not sure what's going on here.

HENRY  
Grace, what's goin-

GRACE  
(snaps)  
Damn it!. It was here just a minute ago?!

But Henry can see nothing. Just Grace frantically looking for an imaginary ghost.

Then she stops. Sniffs the air.

GRACE  
Do you smell alcohol?  
(realizing)  
He was here.

HENRY  
Who?

Henry concerned for Grace's state of mind.

GRACE  
I recognized him in the photo, he took it.

HENRY  
Who? Took what?

CLOSE ON

The cigar box on the table.

INT. BASSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A mess. Low light. Empty brandy bottles all over the place. It's the place of a man with no self respect.

And there's Basson on the worn couch just staring at the box.

The box that holds so many ghosts.

In his hand the photo of Dreyer holding Jabu down with his boot and there's Basson smiling, youthfully. Not like he is now, the years of quilt have eaten away his vitality.

Basson pouring another strong shot -- downs it. But knowing it's not going to help, his sorrows have long since learnt to swim.

He turns, facing an empty chair.

BASSON

I'm sorry.

But he's talking to no-one.

BASSON

I should've stopped them...

(crying)

I wish I could bring you back...

And then we see what he's seeing.

Jabu is sitting in the chair, half there half an apparition. He looks bad, covered in blood, beaten to within an inch of his life.

Basson, grimacing at the memory, as we --

FLASHBACK

IN THE SKINNING SHED - PAST

Basson, smirking. Watching Muller use thongs to reach into the rafters and retrieve -- a droning wasp nest. Muller pops it into a hessian sack, walks over to where -- Jabu is being held, on his knees. The sack goes over his head.

PRESENT - BASSON'S HOME

Basson, genuine remorse here. But then --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Someone at the door.



Suddenly, the chair is empty again. No Jabu.

Basson pulling himself together -- walking over to open the door.

Dreyer walking in.

DREYER  
Where is it?

Basson's got no time to answer. Dreyer's already seen the box on the table.

DREYER  
She saw it?

Basson says nothing, but that answers in itself.

Dreyer wanting to explode, but somehow keeping it in.

DREYER  
Come, we're going to end this.  
Tonight.

BASSON  
She doesn't know what she saw, what  
it means. I got it before she had a  
proper look.

But Dreyer in no mood to take chances. Grabbing the box --

DREYER  
Get your gun, come.

But Basson's not moving.

DREYER  
I said let's go.

Basson, shakes his head slowly, pointedly.

BASSON  
I'm done. With this.

DREYER  
This is your shit too, you're going  
to help us clean it up.

BASSON  
(resigned)  
No. No more.

Dreyer pulling out his gun -- sticking it against Basson's temple.

DREYER  
You fucking with me, huh?  
Tough guy, huh?

Basson doesn't flinch.

BASSON  
Do it. I can't live like this  
anymore anyway. Go ahead...put me  
out of my misery.

Dreyer sees Basson's over the edge here. He pushes him down  
on the couch.

DREYER  
I'll be back for you.

Dreyer, box in hand, bigger problems than this now. Leaves.

Basson just sitting there, an empty shell of a man.

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Grace, sitting in darkness. Only her anxious face is  
illuminated by the laptop monitor as she urgently works the  
keyboard.

ON HER MONITOR

Articles, scrolling down, reports on TRC hearings.

A HEADING: "Death Farms"

There's a video icon next to the heading. She clicks it.

A video clip, grainy footage: Sangomas wander across red-  
ochre soil. They wave zebra-tail whisks, burning ferns --  
sprinkling holy water on the ground.

An exorcism. To cleanse and heal the land.

They pass a sign, it reads:

VLAKPLAAS.

Angie turns up the volume. On-screen, an interview -- some  
sort of TRC hearing.

A black man in a leather jacket stands in the dock.

COMMISSIONER  
Mister Malema. You were an Askari.  
An assassin for the regime?

MALEMA

That's correct.

COMMISSIONER

What happened to detainees on these farms?

MALEMA

People were tortured, killed. They died worse than animals.

COMMISSIONER

Was Vlakplaas the only death farm?

MALEMA

No, there are others. Most have still not been discovered.

COMMISSIONER

Where are these other farms located?

MALEMA

All over the country. Eastern Transvaal. Western Cape. Zululand.

COMMISSIONER

Do you know the exact locations?

Malema shakes his head, no. And then, as if in mitigation.

MALEMA

But the spirit will not remain buried forever. Time will come when The Shades will speak...

The clip ends.

Grace, staring at the frozen screen. Henry walks in.

GRACE

(turns to him)

Who are The Shades?

Henry studying her now -- not the kind of question he'd expect from her, but sees that she seriously wants to know -- needs to know.

HENRY

They are what we Zulu call... Amadlozi. The Ancestors. Spirits of those who die unjustly before their time.

GRACE  
 (amused)  
 You talking about...ghosts?

HENRY  
 (dead serious)  
 Ancestors.

Grace, can see this is no laughing matter to him.

GRACE  
 Why "Shades"?

HENRY  
 Because, we all cast a shadow...  
 that follows us everywhere. The  
 ancestors are that close.  
 Omnipresent.  
 (thinks)  
 It's not unique to Zulu culture you  
 know. In Greek mythology The  
 Shades are lost souls, on the banks  
 of the river Styx, awaiting entry  
 into Hell.

Grace. Trying hard to take this seriously.

HENRY  
 (how to put this)  
 You see...in Zulu culture the  
 deceased join the realm of  
 ancestors in the after-life. But  
 those who die prematurely...or  
 unjustly remain trapped in a kind  
 of...middle-realm. Between this  
 world and the next. A place  
 Westerners would call...  
 (searching for the word)

GRACE  
 (guessing)  
 Limbo...?

HENRY  
 (nods)  
 Limbo. Yes. A dimension where  
 restless spirits roam the earth  
 until they are avenged or put to  
 rest. In this state these restless  
 spirits are often called...

GRACE  
 iDimoni.

HENRY  
(how did she...?)  
Yes.

Grace takes a minute.

GRACE  
What do they look like?

Henry looks at her.

HENRY  
Grace, I don't...when I left the  
village, I lost touch with this  
stuff.

Grace not satisfied. But Henry knowing she needs rest. Needs  
a clear head.

HERY  
Come to bed. In the morning, I'll  
call the police...they can come and  
check the place out. Take finger  
prints and question Basson.

Grace clicking away on the screen.

HENRY  
It's late Grace - you're tired.

But Grace irritable, frustrated.

GRACE  
I have to figure this out.

HENRY  
(an edge)  
And what if you can't?

GRACE  
What are you talking about?

HENRY  
Not everything fits neatly in your  
graphs and microscope. Some things  
are sometimes beyond understanding.

Maybe the first time ever, Grace not immediately shooting  
that down, for the first time now a crack in her academic  
armor.

HENRY  
You need to rest.

GRACE

I need to find out what's going on here.

HENRY

You're fraying at the edges.

GRACE

I'm not done yet. Go to bed. I'll come when I'm finished.

She turns back to her monitor

Henry sees her resolve, that dogmatic researcher's determination. He decides to let it go. Walks away.

GRACE'S POV:

She stops on a page, reads:

"Insects as death omens."

Scrolling through a volume of 'African Myths & Legends'. Making notes.

Mumbling, sub-vocalizing.

ON TEXT "...between life and death, sleeping and waking..."

GRACE

(Reading, mumbling)

...nightmare and dream...lies the netherworld of the Ancestors, known to the Zulu people as 'The Shades.'

She turns the page to an illustration.

A giant ancient African goblin towers over a Zulu child. Beneath it, the legend reads:

"*Spirit of the Riverbed*".

Grace turning the page.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - NIGHT

A black Mercedes Benz rolling down the dusty road.

Just the two yellow headlight beams visible -- picking up night insects.

INT. MERC - NIGHT

Dreyer, a firearm on the seat next to him, kills the lights.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - NIGHT

The lights cut, and the car disappears in black night.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Grace still reading.

ON TEXT

*"Insects. Messengers of death".*

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION

A giant flying insect carries away a human infant.

She flips the page.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION

A tribesman -- his hand trapped in a hollowed trunk. His face etched with terror. Insects swarm around his head.

ON TEXT

*"Lycanthropy. Assuming the form and nature of Beasts".*

Her hand moves to the opposite page.

LAST ILLUSTRATION

*A Lycanthropic Khoisan Bushman with the arms, and head, of a vespid.*

Grace ashen -- her hands shaking.

She gets off the chair -- starts scraping through some of the papers on the floor.

She stops at Angie's drawings and slowly lifts one up.

it's a picture of the skinning shed and some people under the floor.

She places Angie's drawing alongside the illustration.

There in the top corner of the skinning shed -- a VESPID almost identical to the illustration.

Grace staggered. She looks back at the 'people' under the skinning shed.

Quickly back at the monitor, remembering something she'd just heard. Working the mouse -- clicking on another talking head.

An elderly, thick-necked Afrikaans man now talking to camera.

(V.O.)  
 ...buried them wherever we could.  
 Abandoned mines, farms, threw them  
 in the rivers for the crocodiles to-

She pauses, rewinds --

(V.O.)  
 ...abandoned mines, farms

-- rewinds --

(V.O.)  
 ...farms

EXT. SKINNING SHED - NIGHT

The shed, just a dark shape in the night. Ominous. Unnerving.

Grace, wind ruffling her thin dress, stands staring at the shed.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Henry asleep on the bed.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM.

Angie's asleep too. Her eyes twitching ever so slightly.

EXT. SKINNING SHED - NIGHT

Grace, moves slowly now towards the shed.

One hand on the new lock, she produces a key.

-- click --

The sound of ululating erupts.

EXT. MAMA NYANGA'S VILLAGE - CLEANSING CEREMONY - NIGHT

As explosion of ethnic colour and dance erupts around a roaring bonfire. A cacophony of singing, chanting and ululating. The atmosphere primal, ancient and powerful.

KRAAL CENTRE

A chief clutching serpents. Black Mambas and other deadly snakes allow him to handle them, even when he places their heads in his mouth.



The energy of the ceremony is like a train starting up -- building slowly.

INT. SKINNING SHED - NIGHT

Grace at the door, slowly opens it.

Inside, it's pitch black. She flicks on the torch. A single beam of light pierces floating dust in the still shed.

A tentative step forward. On edge.

She hears a noise -- swings the torch around.

Nothing.

She creeps further into the far corner, deeper into the shed. Crunching something underfoot with each cautious step. Heart starting to beat faster.

She points the torch up -- out of nowhere something jumping out towards her. Grace knocked over -- shrieking --

-- whoosh, whoosh -- wings! flapping past her.

Grace's torch light just catching the back of a barn owl as it flies out the shed.

Grace up on her elbows, relieved it's nothing more sinister -- catching her breath.

About to get up -- sees something at her foot.

On her knees -- leans forward now -- her hands rubbing away the dirt.

There, a metal catch handle on the floor.

Slowly, lifting it up, opening the trap door in the floor.

EXT. KRAAL - SAME

The cleansing ceremony in full swing.

Yellow and red flames flicking out on the gyrating villagers dressed in traditional pelts. Their skins shining, glimmering with sweat.

The drum beat building. Dust kicked up by the stomping warrior dancers.

A priest praying before the sacrificial goat. The villagers dancing around the oblivious animal.

The fire popping with sparks as herbs are sprinkled on its glowing embers.

And the chanting growing louder.

INT. SKINNING SHED - NIGHT

Grace, shining the torch light through the open door on the floor.

Drrrrrrr -- a single wasp buzzing past her.

Must be one of the stragglers from the previous nest.

Grace shining the torch down below into the concave under the floor.

But it's just dirt. She swings the beam light to the other side. Nothing.

Drrrrrrr. Drrrrrrr. Two more wasps flying out the trap-door.

Something catching her eye. She's lying on the floor now to get a better angle of sight -- shining the torch to the left side under the trap-door.

Feeling around with her hand now in the dirt, just a foot below the door.

Feeling something, yes, round and hard. Dusting away at the loose sand covering it, and...

-- her hand recoils away from what she just found, and clutches her mouth. She gasps, it's...

-- a skull. With a huge gash in the cranium.

Grace, eyes wide with horror. Heart pumping in her mouth.

And next to it, another skull!

Quickly now, Grace scraping away more dirt -- revealing bones, human bones, and lots of them.

The entire under floor of the shed like a burial ground of carelessly thrown bodies, now petrified skeletons -- twisted and mangled over each other.

(O.S.)

(bad english)

You're a nosy little thing, aren't you?

Grace swinging around -- seeing Dreyer standing over her, gun in hand.

GRACE

You did this. You. Basson.  
And the old government.

DREYER

Somebody had to keep our natives in check.

(off her revulsion)

It was war. We were soldiers.

GRACE

You are animals.

Drrrrrr. Drrrrrr. Drrrrrr. A few more wasps buzzing out from under the floor boards.

GRACE

This farm, this was one of the death camps wasn't it? That's why you're trying to get me out? You were afraid I'd dig up your dirty little secret...

DREYER

(cutting in)

You've done a little homework haven't you?

A cynical smile.

DREYER

Where do you find the time? You seem so busy spreading your legs for the kaffirs.

Gracing getting to her feet. Slowly stepping back.

DREYER

Let's go, come.

Grace not moving.

DREYER

Don't play tough with me little lady.

Dreyer moving forward -- his foot stepping through a rotten floorboard. Instantly, wasps everywhere -- flying from underneath his foot, circling him, angry.

Grace, taking her chance -- dashing past him.

Blam!

Dreyer firing his gun -- nicking her arm. Grace dropping to the floor. The torch slipping out her hand.

Dreyer trying to swat away the wasps -- struggling to pull his foot out the rotten floorboards.

Grace scrambling to her feet -- blood flowing from her arm.

BLAM!

Dreyer firing again but with the torch on the ground, he can't see -- misses.

Grace running out the shed towards the front door of the house

Dreyer, wasps everywhere on him now, managing to pull his foot out the floorboard -- bolting after Grace.

Grace looking over her shoulder -- Dreyer in pursuit.

And behind him the swarm blasts out of the shed.

Grace bursting inside the farmhouse.

GRACE

Henry!

A muffled sound from upstairs.

Grace running into her room. There's Henry -- gagged, tied to the bed.

Grace pulling out the gag.

HENRY

Quick, untie me.

Grace working at the knots binding his wrists to the bed frame.

GRACE

(out of breath)

He's coming. We have to move.

Henry untied, Grace running into Angie's room.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

GRACE

Angie...Angie where are you?

HENRY

Come we have to go. Maybe she's  
down-

BLAM!

Henry dropping to the floor.

Grace turning around to see --

Dreyer, smoke wafting from his gun barrel.

INT. KRAAL - NIGHT

Mama, her head back, feet stomping in the red earth --  
calling out to the heavens as the building drums reverberate  
around the village.

MAMA

(in Zulu)

Oh spirits, we feel your  
restlessness, we see the signs of  
bad blood. Please hear our song,  
please hear our prayer as we summon  
your power to purge the evil around  
this land!

BADDOOM,

Her foot stomps into the earth. Hard.

Followed by -- BADDOOM BADDOOM --

-- the rest of the dancers stomping hard on the earth.

It's getting louder now, the beat, the chants -- sending  
shivers down your spine, an ancient chant that summons the  
power of the ancestors.

INT. BASSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's dark.

We can just make out the shape seated on the couch. Basson.

On the table -- a gun.

CLOSE ON BASSON'S FACE:

Guilt. The kind that runs deep inside a man's heart -- the  
kind that no-one can take away.

Basson picking up the gun.

INT. FARMOUSE - NIGHT

Henry lying in a pool of blood, dead.

Grace and Angie tied to the railing on the kitchen wall.

Dreyer opening up the gas bottles -- gas starting to flood the place.

And wasps in the kitchen too -- Dreyer swats at them as they circle and harass him.

GRACE

You won't get away with this.

Dreyer opening up the last of the gas pipes.

DREYER

Whose going to stop me? You? Your black friends, weak with superstition?

Dreyer checking the knots.

DREYER

Nothing can stop the purity and righteousness of the Afrikaner.

Dreyer grabbing bee net suits hanging on the kitchen door.

ANGIE

(sure))

He will come for you.

Dreyer stopping in his tracks -- turning slowly.

Drrrr....Drrr.... wasps buzzing around him.

Dreyer looking at Angie -- walking over to her -- crouching to her level.

DREYER

You're a pretty little thing aren't you? Just like your mommy.

Drrr. Drrr. Drrr. Wasps ever-present now, buzzing around as if deliberately distracting Dreyer from his malevolent intentions with Angie.

Distracted, swatting at the wasps, standing now.

DREYER

Sweet dreams.

EXT. KRAAL - NIGHT

The whole place rocking with primal energy. Volatile. Flames. Drum beats. Sweat.

The pace of the beat increasing. Mama's eyes are rolling back and forth. Trance moments away.

The rest of the dancers on the brink of something too --the pressure building fast.

SKINNING SHED

Dreyer dressed in a bee-kit busy digging out the skeletons in the shed.

Wasps multiplying out of every hole in the place.

The sounds of the kraal and its increasing primal beat are now over everything we see. The building ancestral chants mixing with the drum beat mixing with the hum of the wasps.

KITCHEN

Grace desperately trying to free herself from the ropes.

Gasssssssss. Filling the kitchen.

DREYER'S CAR

As Dreyer dumps an arm full of bones into the dirty boot.

Heading back to get more of the incriminating evidence. Wasps hover in a thick cloud around him.

KRAAL

The goat in the centre of the circle.

Mama chanting and screaming in another tongue, not Zulu -- something else.

The drums beating faster; the dance getting more frantic.

CLOSE ON:

The moonlight glinting off a blade now.

Then several blades now, coming out of sheathes.

The warriors stabbing at the air in front of the goat.

And still the pace building -- faster and faster.

## KITCHEN

Grace coughing badly, still struggling with the ropes.  
Looking around, searching for something that will free them.

Gas filling the room -- almost no oxygen left.

ANGIE

Jabu will help us.

Grace struggling frantically.

## SKINNING SHED

The wasps almost filling the place. Millions of them.

Dreyer struggling with the last of the bones. The piercing  
buzzing of the wasps accentuated by the building sounds of  
the kraal's cleansing ritual.

## KITCHEN

Too much gas.

Grace and Angie moments away from unconsciousness --  
desperately trying to get out of the ropes before they die of  
gas inhalation.

But she's running out of options.

ANGIE

(calm)

Don't worry, Jabu will help us.

And with that she passes out. Grace can't believe it.

GRACE

(weak)

No!

As Grace too starts to pass out, in a last feeble attempt she  
kicks out, bashing --

the table where -- a bread knife is bumped near the edge, but  
doesn't fall.

Grace, her eyes closing. A *shadow* flits across her face,

And...

KaKluck

The bread knife falls off the table.



Grace, opens her eyes. A beat as her foggy mind registers.

Reaching out with her leg -- scrapes the knife towards her. Got it. Moving fast -- coughing and retching, quickly cutting the ropes, renewed energy, renewed hope.

#### SKINNING SHED

Dreyer bursting out the shed.

The last of the bones have been removed -- all thrown in his boot. Wasps pouring out the place, swarming, blacking out the moon.

#### KITCHEN

Grace free. Working on the last of Angie's ropes.

#### GRACE

I've got you girl, Jabu helped us.  
You were right, Jabu helped us.

There, cutting through the last ropes, throwing Angie over her shoulder -- running for the door.

#### OUTSIDE

Dreyer, surrounded by the impossibly large swarm, looking up -  
- seeing Grace.

Grace, seeing him too, as well as the wasps, millions of multiplying wasps

Grace quickly turning -- running back into the house.

Dreyer giving chase in the bulky bee suit.

#### KRAAL

Fever pitch. The entire village rapt in the driving primal beat of the drums, the dance.

Mama's hands and fingers waving up and down to the sky, calling on the force of the ancestors.

And in her hand a large knife.

#### FARMHOUSE/PASSAGEWAY

Grace, clutching unconscious Angie, running for her life -- Dreyer behind her in pursuit knocking over the kitchen table as he barges through the kitchen.

Swarming in with him, flooding the house in an instant, more wasps, the drrrrrr drone of a million wasps drowning out the place -- adding to the frantic energy, building chaos.

Grace runs for the back door. It's locked!

Grace, flat panic now.

CLOSE ON:

Nozzle of a hissing gas bottle.

Grace, only way out is back the way she came, through Dreyer.

Wasps, filling the air now, blackening the room. And somehow, they aren't stinging Grace or Angie, just flying past them, hiding them behind a sheet of thick black.

Dreyer and Grace in the passageway but he can't see anything. Just the swirling wasps, the angry *drrrr* consumes the room.

Dreyer, swinging his gun.

KRAAL

High speed drumming. Relentless. Pressure building. Something has to break.

Mama, drawing back her knife, several young warriors in a circle around her, doing the same.

Blades glint, reflecting flames.

BASSON'S APARTMENT

Basson lifting the gun -- putting it in his mouth.

PASSAGE WAY

Grace, taking her chance, running with Angie -- straight towards the swarm, and Dreyer.

She bursts through the swarming cloud, straight into a blinded Dreyer, bowling him backwards.

Dreyer, as he falls, the gun flies from his hands

Grace, running out the front door in a flash -- slams it shut behind her -- gasping for clean air.

Angie coughing now, coming to.

INSIDE

Dreyer on his feet, rushing towards the door.

Through the glass panel -- seeing Grace and Angie outside on the ground. Dreyer lifting up his gun --

KRAAL

Mama's blade staba deep in the goat's side, the other blades quickly follow and fall. Blood pours from the dying goat.

OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

Angie staring at the rising gun of Dreyer as he rushes towards them.

ANGIE

Bulale Thakati!

BASSON'S HOUSE

With the gun in his mouth, he pulls the trigger.

Blam!

INSIDE FARMHOUSE

Dreyer firing his gun towards Grace.

The spark of the hammer igniting the gas filled kitchen.

**KABOOM!**

THE FARMHOUSE EXPLODES!

AERIAL - FARMHOUSE

A screeching fireball rockets towards us.

WIDE

A seismic phantom shock rips through the farm grounds.

KABOOM

The skinning shed going up in flames too.

DEAFENING SCREAMS consume the ear. Sound of the land being exorcised, cleansed A million souls wailing in anguish as if hell opened for a second --

KRAAL

Everyone wailing in Zulu rapture. Potent. Transcending.

FARM

Grace, entranced, watching as --

the black wasps transform into brilliant points of pure bright light. The anguished screaming becoming -- angelic voices of young children.

In a split second, everything perfect. Pure.

The ether purging.

KRAAL

Mama, the other villagers, slump to the ground. It's over. The ritual climaxed.

And then everything -- silent.

FARM

Grace's eyes open wide, the eyes of a believer. A witness to the unexplained.

And silent here too.

And then it starts raining.

But with no sound, just the lone voice of young Zulu girl singing her prayer.

And the rain falling, washing it all away.

KRAAL

Everyone's bowing to the ground.

And just the young girl standing, singing her timeless song.

And the rain falling.

FARM

Grace clutching her child in her arms.

Smoke from remains of the farm, drift up to the sky.

We pull out.

Higher and higher we go.

Just the lone voice of the Zulu girl, the first healing rays of dawn and soft morning rain.

Higher and higher until we see just the land and it's ancient patterns of times before.

DISSOLVE TO:

DREYER'S CAR

Parked. Doors open. Bustling activity, blurry shapes passing foreground -- Police and NPA Agents searching the vehicle.

From the boot, skeletal remains are being removed, and laid out on black plastic sheets spread on the ground.

An Agent, on his haunches feeling under the car seat. His hand withdraws, clutching -- the cigar box.

NPA AGENT

Found it...

Behind him, -- Muller stands, cuffed. A Zulu police constable has a firm grip on his arm.

Muller bows his head. Scowls. The constable leads him away to the back of a waiting police van. The doors close on him and we --

CUT TO:

Black.

TITLE: Two months later.

Then,

Just the shape of a perfectly formed fig leaf, saturated in bright psychedelic colours.

GRACE (O.S.)

...but not everything can be explained by science...

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE - DAY

A group of village boys and girls crowded around the eye piece of a Kirlian camera on a makeshift desk under a tree.

The image of a whole fig leaf on the monitor but only half a leaf under the camera lens.

And here's Grace, that unnamed weight long gone now, lighter, happier.

GRACE

Some truths are felt, not measured.  
Some forces, beyond understanding.  
In other words...?  
(all together now)

VILLAGE KIDS

(shout in unison)  
WHAT THE HELL DO WE KNOW?

Grace, grinning at them. She glances across the village --

Where Angie sits talking with Mama outside her hut.

Mama, seeing Grace. They share a smile.

Grace, turns back to her inquisitive students, answering  
their questions. As their voices fade away, we...

FADE OUT.

The End