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**MUTI**

Pilot/Episode 1:  
"Something wicked this way comes"

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"Inspired by actual events."

CROSSFADE TO  
SUPER:

"There's an impossibly fine line between sanity and madness and it's not always possible to know which side of that line you're standing on at any given moment."

--- Dr. Mehlokuhle Lebeko, Senior Professor  
African Studies  
American University

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER--DAY

Parked on a big city urban street. It's not the best part of town.

Detective JACK LUKAS, 54, sits behind the wheel in rumpled suit and tie. Emotionless eyes peer from a rough and hardened face, watching the street like a bird of prey watches a field.

Next to him sits his partner, Detective MARIA CONNOR, a hardass good-looking late 30s. One hand holds a cardboard cup of coffee balanced on one knee, the other flicks the ashes from a Marlboro Red out the side window.

                  LUKAS  
Your snitch said here, right?

                  CONNOR  
Right.

                  LUKAS  
Today.

CONNOR  
Yeah. Today.

LUKAS  
Like, 'Now' today?

CONNOR  
Not like he made an appointment, Jack.  
He just said today, okay?

LUKAS  
Great. Criminal precision.

Connor smiles, blows on her coffee.

CONNOR  
You'd hate this job if it was  
predictable and you know it. Tell me  
you wouldn't.

LUKAS  
I'd rather walk into fire.

CONNOR  
My point exactly.

EXT. THE URBAN STREET -- DAY

Fifty yards from Lukas and Connor, a black Cadillac Escalade with tinted windows slowly turns a corner and tucks into the curb in front of a small bank across the street.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER--DAY

Lukas's eyes narrow.

LUKAS  
Heads up.

Connor sits up, flicks the Marlboro to the street.

CONNOR  
Uh-huh, could be.

LUKAS  
Witnesses on their last one said black  
SUV. Three perps. That jive with what  
your guy told you?

CONNOR  
That's what he said.  
(smiling)  
(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
 Three, huh? I figure one for you, two  
 for me. Or if you want, you can have--

LUKAS  
 (not amused)  
 Make the call, Maria.

Connor picks up the mic.

CONNOR  
 You need to work on your sense 'a  
 humor, partner.  
 (into mic)  
 Central...One-Thirty requesting back-  
 up, Washington and --  
 (to Lukas)  
 Forty-fifth?

LUKAS  
 Yeah.

CONNOR  
 (into mic)  
 Washington and Forty-fifth. Possible  
 two-eleven in progress. Don't make a  
 ruckus gettin' here.

Connor hangs the mic, looks to Lukas, shrugs.

CONNOR  
 No use spookin' 'em.

They both stare at the Escalade through the windshield.  
 Nothing's happening.

CONNOR  
 They waiting for an invitation or  
 what?

LUKAS  
 Something's not right. Maybe we--

The muted sound of a cell phone ring. Lukas reaches into his  
 jacket pocket, pulls his phone, taps it on, puts it to his ear.  
 His eyes remain on the SUV.

LUKAS  
 Lukas.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU HALLWAY -- NURSE'S STATION -- DAY

ADELE "ADDIE" LUKAS, 40's, paces in front of the desk, a  
 cellphone to her ear. She's very distraught, desperate.

ADDIE  
Where the hell are you, Jack?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

LUKAS  
Not a good time, Addie.

ADDIE  
You think it's any better over here?

LUKAS  
Addie--

ADDIE  
She's dying, Jack! They can't stop it.  
They're cutting pieces off her every  
hour. Her organs are shutting down.  
She's...Jesus!

This gets him. His eyes leave the SUV.

LUKAS  
What? How can that be? She was fine  
yester--

ADDIE  
Why aren't you here?! She called your  
name! You should be--

LUKAS  
Addie, I --

ADDIE  
Whatever it is you're doing, wherever  
the fuck you are, it is *not* more  
important than your daughter!

LUKAS  
I know. I know, Addie.

ADDIE  
She's dying, Jack! Do you hear me?! Do  
something! You can't let her die!!

LUKAS  
Okay. Okay. I'll be there. I will. I  
just have to--

ADDIE  
Have to what?

LUKAS  
 Jesus, Addie! I'm not shootin' pool  
 here! I got a situation that I'm--

ADDIE  
 Fuck you, Jack!

Addie punches off her phone, runs through the ICU doors.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER--DAY

Lukas's head drops.

LUKAS  
 (quietly)  
 Goddamn it.

Connor looks to her partner.

CONNOR  
 What? What's--?

She's cut off when the driver's side window explodes into a thousand shards of glass as a bullet rips through it and tears half the headrest from behind Lukas's head. Another punches a hole high in the windshield and shatters the rearview mirror.

LUKAS  
 Jesus Christ!

Two more slugs slam into the side of the car. In synchronous motion, Lukas throws open the driver's side door as Connor bails out the passenger side door.

EXT. THE URBAN STREET -- DAY

Lukas scoots around the back of the car, his Glock already in his hand, as another bullet follows him, smashing the taillight a split second after he ducks around it.

Connor hunches beside the front right tire, her hands wrapped around her automatic.

CONNOR  
 What the fuck!

Across the street, THREE SHOOTERS stand behind the open doors of the Escalade, two with automatics, the third with an AR-15. They all fire methodically at Lukas and Connor.

Lukas pops up over the trunk and fires three quick shots, forcing the Shooters to drop behind the Escalade's doors for cover.

CONNOR

That son of a bitch set us up! They  
knew we'd be here!

Lukas comes around beside Connor. More shots clang into the cruiser.

LUKAS

We're gonna want to talk to your  
snitch.

CONNOR

Not gonna be any talkin', trust me.

LUKAS

Get their attention. I'll try and get  
an angle on them.

Connor leans around the front of the cruiser and snaps off five quick rounds. Lukas jumps behind the tail of the next car, squats to the front, waits.

Connor leans around, fires three more rounds, glances at Lukas moving again up behind the next car in the line, then fires twice more.

Connor drops back against the tire, pops her empty magazine, reaches into her jacket for another.

Across the street, one of the Shooters moves from the cover of the Escalade, firing rapidly as he moves boldly toward the cruiser.

Connor drops the magazine as she pulls it from her pocket.

CONNOR

Fuck!

She picks it up, tries to insert it into her weapon, but the Shooter is already coming around the nose of the cruiser, his automatic coming down on Connor.

LUKAS (O.S.)

Hey!

The Shooter looks around. Squatting two cars up is Lukas, his Glock held steady.

Connor jams the magazine home. Both Lukas and Connor fire at the same moment. The Shooter jerks, surprise on his face.

Lukas and Connor fire again. The Shooter falls, dead before he hits the ground.

Connor nods at Lukas. They both turn back to the Escalade.

Lukas has revealed his position. The other two Shooters quickly swing their weapons toward Lukas and fire, shattered glass raining down on the crouching Lukas.

Connor takes advantage of their redirected attention, rises far enough to drape her arms across the hood of the cruiser and take careful aim. She fires.

The glass in the near-side Escalade door shatters and the Shooter behind it with the AR-15 is spun out from behind it by the impact of the bullet, leaving him wide open.

Connor calmly fires again. The Man flops to the pavement like a bag of peat moss dropped on a driveway.

The third Shooter realizes he's in a crossfire. He dives into the Escalade, slams it into gear and wheelies into the street.

Both Lukas and Connor rise and move into the street, firing at the moving Escalade, a rapid-fire fusillade that hits its mark, any remaining windows shattering.

The Escalade slows, drifts to the right, crunches into a parked car, and stops.

Lukas and Connor slowly walk toward the Escalade, each of them reloading their weapons as they move.

When they reach the SUV, weapons raised, they look in, but it's obvious the Shooter driving is dead. Most of his head is gone.

CONNOR

Fucker. You recognize him?

LUKAS

We didn't leave much there to go on,  
Maria.

They turn and start back to their cruiser.

LUKAS

You might want to have a little talk  
with your guy.

CONNOR

Oh, absolutely.  
(a beat later, as they reach  
their cruiser)

(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Think you're gettin' a little too old  
for this shit, partner? Short-timer  
that you are?

She smiles at Lukas's withering look as she slides into the  
cruiser.

A muffled cell phone ring. Lukas quickly answers.

LUKAS  
Addie? I'm on my--

INT. HOSPITAL ICU HALLWAY -- DAY

Addie stands just outside the ICU doors. She's crying,  
completely destroyed.

ADDIE  
Oh, God, Jack...! She's...! She's  
gone, Jack...She's gone...!

She drops to her knees, weeping uncontrollably.

EXT. THE URBAN STREET -- DAY

Lukas lets the phone drop to his side. He stands in the street,  
unmoving, looking up into the sky, a long, deep, pained groan  
draining from his throat.

SLOW FADE TO  
BLACK, THEN SLOW  
FADE UP TO:

INT. LUKAS HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

The eyes of Jack Lukas snap open and stare at the bedroom  
ceiling through the misty grey light just before dawn. His worn  
face is even more hardened, the lines in it carved deeper.

SUPER: "NINE MONTHS LATER"

Lukas stretches his arm to the empty side of the bed and rolls  
his head slowly to look at it. He lets his hand linger a moment  
as he looks back to the ceiling. He sighs deeply, then rises.

INT. ABANDONED SHACK - DAY

Dark. Close. A match is struck, a candle lit. It barely illuminates a rudimentary altar, strewn with talismans, sticks of herbs, powders, bowls. A nasty-looking bone-handled knife rests among them. A rhythmic chanting begins.

DARK FIGURE

Humi mimi nitakamata tani, Humu  
mimi kuwa tani...Humu mimi  
nitakamata tani, Humu mimi kuwa  
tani...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lukas, in sweats, jogs along a typical urban residential street. He breathes easy, his footfalls light and agile.

INT. ABANDONED SHACK - DAY

The chanting continues. Two hands, patterned with symbolic scars that stand in relief against the black skin they're cut into, strip the dried leaves from herb stems.

The leaves are pinched into a clay mortar. They float on something shiny, dark, and liquid. One of the hands picks up a pestle and begins to slowly grind the mixture.

INT. LUKAS HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

Lukas bench-presses decent weight. A nearby police band radio crackles periodically with crosstalk.

INT. ABANDONED SHACK - DAY

More dark liquid and feathery powders are added to the contents of the mortar and stirred. The chanting grows louder.

INT. LUKAS HOME -- BASEMENT -- DAY

Lukas methodically assaults a human dummy punching bag with an intense flurry of body punches, forearms to the head, and straight boxing combinations.

For a man his age, the punches land with solid impact.

He stops momentarily to listen to a police call on the radio and wipe the sweat from his face with a towel, then goes right back to it with focused intent.

INT. ABANDONED SHACK - DAY

The chanting grows even louder before the mortar is brought to lips, the contents drunk. A single drop of the liquid traces down the chin, the light gleaming off the unmistakable crimson of blood.

INT. LUKAS HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Lukas stands at the window, looking out at the city. He wipes the sweat from his face, then pulls his damp t-shirt over his head, heading to the shower.

INT. ABANDONED SHACK - DAY

An inhuman roar punctuates the empty mortar being slammed onto the altar. A scarified hand reaches out, the thumb and forefinger extinguishing the candle.

INT. LUKAS HOME -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Lukas stands before a dresser, adds a gun and detective's gold shield to his suit. He then kisses his fingers, touches them to a picture of a girl, maybe 6 or 7, that rests on the dresser. He turns and leaves the room.

INT. LUKAS HOME -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Lukas stands before a calendar on the wall, showing the month of June. He draws a black "X" through the next day in the line of "X"s. Three squares down, the date is circled in red ink.

He turns and leans against the counter, blows on a cup of coffee, sips it. The voice of Addie draws his eyes.

ADDIE (O.S.)  
How's the Joe?

LUKAS  
Nobody better with a coffee bean,  
Addie. Wish I could make it like you.

ADDIE (O.S.)  
Should we start buying decaf now?

LUKAS  
Let's not be reactionary. I'm not out  
of there yet.

ADDIE (O.S.)  
 Three more days, Jack. It's time for  
 us now. You promised me. Costa Rica.  
 Marlins.

A hint of a smile curls the corner of Lukas's mouth as his eyes drift back to the coffee, then cast a glance at his watch.

INT. CONNOR'S CAR -- SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

Maria Connor sits behind the wheel, her eyes riveted on a suburban McMansion across the wide street.

CONNOR'S POV:

JOHN CONNOR, 40s, in suit and tie, exits the front door of the house. He's holding the hand of ANNIE, a small girl of maybe 4 or 5, a child's pink school bag on her back. They move toward a Mercedes sedan parked in the driveway.

John opens the Mercedes' back door, taking Annie's backpack off and tossing it into the back seat.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

Connor exits the car, starts across the street. John sees her as he's helping Annie into the car.

JOHN  
 Stop right there. You can't be here,  
 Maria.

CONNOR  
 Says who?

JOHN  
 The courts, that's who.

CONNOR  
 She's my daughter, too, John!

JOHN  
 Not anymore.

She keeps coming.

JOHN  
 Don't come over here, Maria.

CONNOR  
 You can't keep her from me, John!

JOHN  
I legally can, and I fully intend to.

Annie looks around at the shouting, sees Connor.

SMALL GIRL  
Mommy!

CONNOR  
(squats, holds our her arms)  
Hi, baby girl! Come to Mommy...

Annie starts to run toward Connor, but John picks her up.

JOHN  
(to Annie)  
We'll see Mommy soon, sweetie, but we  
have to get you to school. Come on  
now...

He places her in the back seat, stands in front of the door,  
blocking Connor's sight of her daughter.

CONNOR  
I want to see my kid, John!

JOHN  
You can see her next Sunday at your  
regular time, and not a minute sooner.  
Until then, go back to your badge and  
gun club. Frankly, I'm surprised you  
found the time to come here at all.  
You never did before.

CONNOR  
Fuck you, John. I--

The cell phone on Connor's belt blurts a cutting signal. Connor  
and John stare at one another a long beat, then Connor pulls the  
phone, puts it to her ear. She still stares at John.

CONNOR  
Connor.

INT. LUKAS HOME - KITCHEN -- DAY

Lukas still holds his coffee, his cell phone to his ear.

LUKAS  
You're late, partner.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION: LUKAS IN KITCHEN/CONNOR ON STREET

CONNOR  
I know, I know. Got sidetracked.

LUKAS  
Problem?

CONNOR  
Nothing worth talking about. You ready?

LUKAS  
Just finishing my coffee. We going to make it to court on time?

CONNOR  
That's why we have sirens on our rigs, Jack. I'll be right there.

LUKAS  
(smiles)  
I'll be out front.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

Connor punches off the call, stares at John. He shakes his head, turns and climbs into the car, his point made for him.

John backs the car out of the driveway, drives away.

Connor watches him go, then turns back to her car.

CONNOR  
Fuck!

INT. LUKAS HOME - KITCHEN -- DAY

Lukas drops his phone in his pocket, then slugs back the rest of his coffee. He sets the mug on a piece of note paper lying on the table.

INSERT: THE MUG ON THE NOTE PAPER ON THE TABLE

The mug rests on an old coffee stain ring on the paper, obscuring all but the last letters of a note: "...lways love you. Addie."

BACK TO SCENE

Lukas moves toward the living room.

LUKAS  
Gotta go. Call you later, baby.

ADDIE (O.S.)  
Don't be too rough on 'em today.

Lukas pauses, smiles without turning. She says this every day. He then moves through the living room, past a half-decorated Christmas tree standing in the corner, and out the door.

EXT. ARRIVAL TERMINAL -- AIRPORT -- DAY

ROGER SHELBY, 60's, silver, suit and tie, an air of privilege and self-importance, strides to the curb where a limousine awaits. An ASSISTANT follows him. A DRIVER opens the limo door for him.

INT. LIMOUSINE -- DAY

Shelby slides into the rear seat, his Assistant next to him. He immediately pulls his cell phone.

SHELBY  
(to the Limo Driver)  
Take me to the corporate apartment.  
(then to Assistant)  
Call Ben Whitney, tell him to have the  
entire Board at corporate this  
afternoon at five-thirty. No excuses.  
Anyone doesn't show up, they're fired.

ASSISTANT  
Yes sir.

Shelby taps a number into the phone as the car pulls from the curb.

INT. APARTMENT -- DAY

An open newspaper spread on a small kitchen table.

Over the paper, black scarified hands roll an herb twig between them, crushing the dried leaves from the wood. The hands pick at what leaves are left, set the twig aside.

A nearby cell phone rings. The fingers of one hand continue to crush the leaves into powder. The other hand picks up the phone.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)  
(foreign language)  
Yebo.  
[Yes.]

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION: DARK FIGURE (O.S.) IN  
APARTMENT/SHELBY IN LIMO

SHELBY

I just arrived. You get here okay?

DARK FIGURE(O.S.)

(heavily accented English)

Yes.

The crunch of the leaves punctuates the quiet in the room.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)

Four days ago.

SHELBY

Good. I'm ready to meet. Right now.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)

We will meet when *I* am ready.

SHELBY

Time is short. This needs to happen now. I'm not paying to just sit here and wait until you're 'ready'.

Another twig is picked up.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)

Do not threaten me. I do things as they must be done. I prepare myself. Then I prepare for you. We meet tomorrow, as planned.

(beat)

You have the payment?

SHELBY

Yes, of course. But I--

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)

Then we have nothing more to say.

Hambe kahle.

[Goodbye.]

The cell phone is dropped on the table. A low, rhythmic chanting begins as a scarified hand scoops up the powdered crushed leaves and funnels them into a small leather pouch.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)

Humu mimi nitakamata tani, Humu

mimi kuwa tani...

The rhythmic chanting stops. The scrape of a chair moving back, footsteps, then the sound of a door opening and closing.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY -- DAY

As Lukas and Connor approach the courtroom, City Attorney CAROL DILLARD, 30's, rises from the bench she's impatiently been waiting on.

DILLARD

You're late.

LUKAS

You're lucky we're here at all. We have real police work we could--

DILLARD

Don't start. Your kind of "police work" leaves bodies all over the street, or in this case, may cost us the prosecution of this guy, not to mention he's probably going to hit the department and the city with a million dollar lawsuit.

(to Connor)

You go over the notes I sent you?

CONNOR

I glanced at 'em, yeah.

DILLARD

(not happy)

Maria, your testimony justifies your partner's actions. I can't have you--

A sudden commotion draws their attention. The DEFENDANT has entered the hallway, flanked by his greased-back, sharp-dressed ATTORNEY.

As soon as Connor sees them, she turns her back to them.

CONNOR

Shit.

DILLARD

What?

CONNOR

I can't be here.

LUKAS

What's up?

CONNOR

That's one of the shysters from my ex's firm...the ones who took my kid from me. I *cannot* be here. I gotta go.

DILLARD

Maria! You can't just leave! I need you on that stand!

CONNOR

You *do not* want to put me in front of that fucker with a weapon on my hip. I'm out of here.

(to Lukas)

Sorry, Jack.

Connor strides away quickly and out through the doors at the opposite end of the hall.

DILLARD

Maria!

LUKAS

Let her go. I can handle it. You don't need her.

DILLARD

No? You better hope not, 'cause you're all we have now, and that scares the shit out of me.

She turns and enters the courtroom. Lukas watches her go, then turns and smiles at the Defendant before entering himself.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD -- TYPICAL HOUSE FRONT YARD -- DAY

A YOUNG GIRL, maybe 6 or 7, blonde hair, blue eyes in a pretty face, sits in the yard, laughing. She picks dandelions and blows the fuzzy seeds into the air. The picture of innocence.

INT. VAN -- DAY

Across the broad street from the suburban house. A scarified hand drapes over the steering wheel.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

is seen the Young Girl in the yard.

The low, rhythmic chanting...

NKOSI (O.S.)

Humu mimi nitakmata tani...Humu mimi kuwa tani..."

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Lukas sits in the witness dock, the Defendant's Attorney before him.

ATTORNEY  
You were the arresting officer,  
Detective Lukas?

LUKAS  
I took the suspect into custody, yes.

ATTORNEY  
Is repeatedly punching a suspect part  
of 'taking him into custody'?

Dillard jumps to her feet.

DILLARD  
Objection. Detective Lukas is not on  
trial here.

ATTORNEY  
(to Dillard)  
Given his history, maybe he should be,  
counselor.  
(to Judge)  
Goes to history of bias, Your Honor.

JUDGE  
I'll allow it.

Dillard sits, not happy.

ATTORNEY  
Again, Detective Lukas--did you punch  
my client while arresting him?

LUKAS  
I wouldn't call it that.

ATTORNEY  
What would you call it, Detective?

LUKAS  
I subdued the suspect as the situation  
required. He was acting erratically.

ATTORNEY  
Erratically.

LUKAS  
He was naked, and urinated on anybody  
who came near him.

ATTORNEY

You couldn't have controlled him in some other way?

LUKAS

He wasn't open to any suggestions.

ATTORNEY

What happened to patience? Couldn't you just have waited for his bladder to empty? Was it necessary to assault him so vehemently that you broke his nose and jaw?

LUKAS

(irritated)

What do you want me to do with a guy like that, Counselor? Shake it off for him?

ACROSS THE COURTROOM

Dillard drops her head into her hands.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD -- TYPICAL HOUSE FRONT YARD -- DAY

The yard is now empty. So is the street.

INT. VAN -- MOVING -- DAY

POV from the rear of the van. A Dark Figure drives.

On the floor of the rear cargo area, a large burlap gunnysack tied at the top and wrapped with heavy rope. Whatever's inside moves around, trying to find an opening.

A small whimper is heard...

YOUNG GIRL

(muffled, within the gunnysack)

Mommy...

INT. CAPTAIN KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Homicide Captain MICHAEL KELLY, trim, late 40s, shirt and loosened tie, sits behind his desk, one foot propped on an open drawer. He balances a cup of coffee on his knee with one hand, punches a TV remote with the other.

The small TV in the corner flips through channels as Kelly surfs. He stops on CNBC, the business channel.

ON TELEVISION IN BACKGROUND:

Roger Shelby climbs from a limousine and hustles into a building, surrounded by bodyguards.

REPORTER

(on TV)

...the problem for CEO Roger Shelby are the unconfirmed reports of his using the convoluted multi-national structure of his South African-based Shelby Pharmaceuticals...

A knuckle wrap on his door draws Kelly's attention. He looks up to see Jack Lukas, waves him in.

The TV sound continues as Kelly sits up and Lukas flops into a chair nearby.

REPORTER

(on TV)

...to hide the alleged diversion for personal use of millions of U.S. government dollars earmarked for AIDS vaccines for Africa, a felony. This could cost Shelby control of his company and...

Kelly clicks the TV off, tosses the remote on the desk.

KELLY

So. You had an interesting morning.

LUKAS

If you want to call it that.

KELLY

Well, I don't think the Prosecutor's office is going to miss your testimony on any more of their cases.

LUKAS

The guy's lawyer was an asshole.

KELLY

All lawyers are assholes, Jack. Thing you never seem to understand is that we gotta try to help the assholes on our side.

LUKAS

I told them what went down. That's all I'm supposed to do.

KELLY

Uh-huh. And what do you think's gonna happen to this department's budget when the city's gotta pay your pisser a couple million bucks? That ain't coming out of the Mayor's cookie jar, Jack. They're gonna subtract it somewhere and we don't have enough to run this department now.

LUKAS

Maybe we can hold a bake sale.

KELLY

(shaking his head)

Yeah.

(beat)

You file your paperwork yet?

Lukas is silent. He looks toward the window.

KELLY

Figured. How 'bout that retirement seminar? Do that yet? Or the exit session with the shrink? Any of that shit?

Again, Lukas is silent.

KELLY

It's mandatory, Jack. Everybody goes at fifty-five. Which for you means Friday. Come on. You've been a street warrior for thirty years. Time to go. It's a young man's game these days anyway.

Lukas rises, leans on Kelly's desk.

LUKAS

I guess that's where I have a problem, Cap'. See, I never thought this was a game.

Lucas turns and exits the office. Kelly calls after him.

KELLY

I'm serious, Lukas! You're on 'short time'. Get that shit done!

INT. DUTY ROOM - DAY

Lukas walks up to a pair of desks that face each other. He tosses his keys on one of them, drops into the chair.

Connor looks up from the facing desk.

CONNOR  
We still havin' fun?

LUKAS  
Oodles.

CONNOR  
Dillard called him, I'm guessing.

LUKAS  
It's bullshit. I think they'd prefer we leave a mess on the street like last fall. Cleaner than smacking a guy waving his dick around.

CONNOR  
My name come up?

LUKAS  
I wouldn't worry about it. He just wanted to get on me about short time shit.

CONNOR  
I'm guessing that went over real well.

Lukas just shakes his head...not something he wants to talk about.

LUKAS  
What was all that at the courthouse today?  
(off Connor's shrug)  
Everything okay with...you know...

CONNOR  
Still a shit show.  
(looks around)  
Not the place to be talkin' about it.

As Lukas nods, two DETECTIVES walk by...the older is MILT SNYDER, late 40's, doughy, in a suit that looks like he's slept in it for six months. The younger is MARK CLAUSSEN, late 20's. He wears a sharp suit, with a walk that drips cocky.

SNYDER  
Hey, Jack. Maria.

LUKAS  
Milt.  
(nods at Claussen)  
New puppy?

Snyder smiles at the jibe, Claussen does not.

SNYDER  
Yeah...just made his shield. Mark  
Claussen, Jack Lukas, Maria Connor.

CONNOR  
Welcome to the show.

CLAUSSEN  
Thanks.  
(to Lukas)  
Hear your clock's runnin' out, Pops.  
When you leavin'?

SNYDER  
Aw, Jesus, kid....

Connor sees Lukas stiffen, holds his eyes.

CONNOR  
Let it go.

But he can't...or won't.

LUKAS  
Well, Columbo, not sure I can until  
you young pups show us you got the  
chops to handle things here. You  
learned to make coffee for us yet?

CLAUSSEN  
Funny. And make your own coffee. My  
shield says detective, just like  
yours. I'll handle things just fine.

LUKAS  
Yeah, we'll see.

Lukas and Claussen stare at one another a moment, then...

LUKAS  
Don't let us keep you from your next  
big OJ moment, *detective*.

Claussen sniffs a smile, nods his head and walks away.

SNYDER  
Sorry, Jack.

LUKAS  
Forget it. The streets'll knock the  
moxy out of him soon enough.

SNYDER  
Maybe. See ya.

Snyder moves off into the bullpen.

CONNOR  
Rookie dicks. Gotta love 'em.  
(to Lukas as she stands)  
Let's get out of here.

INT. DETECTIVE'S UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - DAY

Connor drives. She and Lukas talk without looking at each other. Their eyes scan the streets out of habit.

CONNOR  
Maybe you'll like it.

LUKAS  
Like what?

CONNOR  
Bein' a free man.

LUKAS  
Uh-huh.

CONNOR  
I'm serious. How do you know you  
won't?

LUKAS  
I know.

CONNOR  
Bullshit. You wouldn't even take off  
when you had the pukin' flu. So how  
would you know what not havin' to work  
is like?

LUKAS  
What's it to you, Maria? Why you  
pushin' on this? You working for the  
Cap'?

CONNOR

Fuck no. I'm just thinking you might like not havin' to punch a clock after thirty years, that's all.

LUKAS

This's the only thing feels sane to me, okay? Only thing I feel right doin'. I can't imagine not--

The radio snaps alive.

DISPATCHER

(on radio)

One-thirty. Body reported in the grasslands along the river, end of Eleventh Street. You open?

Lukas reaches for the radio mic.

CONNOR

What are you doin'?

LUKAS

Taking the call.

CONNOR

Why bother? You're gone in three days. Tell 'em we're 10-7 for gas or something.

LUKAS

You not listenin' to me just now?

(into mic)

One-Thirty responding.

DISPATCHER

(on radio)

Ten-four, One-Thirty. See the Officer at the scene.

Connor looks at Lukas, shakes her head, guns the car into traffic.

EXT. REAR OF WAREHOUSE ON THE RIVER - DAY

Lukas and Connor tread through knee-high reeds toward the river, listening to OFFICER PETE WILLEN, a tall late 20s and thin as the reeds.

WILLEN

Wouldn't have found it at all if the security guy hadn't gone out for a smoke. As it was, he said he smelled it before he saw it.

Connor casts a withering glance at Lukas.

CONNOR

Wonderful.

Lukas, Connor and Willen join the MEDICAL EXAMINER, whose pallid skin betrays his 43 years in a dark lab. A FORENSICS TECHNICIAN kneels near him. They're looking down at what remains of a small, human BODY, partially covered in a sheet.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Floater. Maybe a day. Maybe less.

Lukas and Connor lean over the Medical Examiner to get a better look.

CONNOR

Oh, fuck me.

The body lies on its back. Blonde hair is matted and stuck to a swollen, discolored face. Two dark holes gape where the eyes and eyelids once were. The vivid crimson of blood stains the sheet covering the groin area.

CONNOR

Any ID?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Nah. Nothin'.

CONNOR

Age?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No way of knowin' at this point. Younger'n you guys, anyway.

LUKAS

Everybody's younger than us. Male or female?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Wasn't sure at first. Genitals are wherever the eyes are, which is nowhere around here. But it was a 'she'.

Lukas's jaw sets. He stands upright, looks away. Connor sees it, steps between him and the body.

CONNOR  
Crabs get to her?

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
You don't lose the parts she's missin'  
to wildlife. She was cut before she  
was dumped.

Lukas turns back.

LUKAS  
Cut? Like stabbed?

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
Like mutilated. Specific stuff cut  
out...off...whatever...by somethin'  
awful damn sharp.

Unwanted memories flooding in...

LUKAS  
(whispered)  
Aw, Jesus...

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
I'll be able to tell you more later.

CONNOR  
Yeah, thanks.

Lukas and Connor turn and walk back through the reeds.

CONNOR  
What are you thinkin'?

LUKAS  
I'm thinkin' this's a whole 'nother  
level of fucked up.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A low, rhythmic chanting.

NKOSI (O.S.)  
Humu mimi nitakamata tani...Humu mimi  
kuwa tani...

Several small piles of fine powders and herbs are lined up across a newspaper spread on a table.

Black scarified hands place a large mortar in front of the powders. In the mortar shimmers a dark crimson liquid, in which floats a whitish sphere about the size of a golf ball.

One of the hands begins taking pinches of the herbs and powders and drops them into the mortar -- a little of this, a little of that, a little of the other.

Then a heavy pestle is brought to the mortar and begins to crush and mix the contents, causing the white ball to turn slightly, revealing a blue iris.

The low, rhythmic chanting continues.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ON THE RIVER - DAY

Lukas leans on the roof of Connor's car. He watches Connor thirty feet away, talking with Willen.

Lukas pulls out his cell phone, speed dials.

ADDIE (V.O.)  
 (answering machine)  
 Hi. It's Addie. We're out. But you can leave a message and one of us'll get back to you. Probably me, 'cause, well, you know Jack.

The tell-tale beep.

LUKAS  
 Hey.  
 (a long pause)  
 Sure could use a cup of your coffee right about now--

Lukas quickly touches off the call as Connor walks up to the other side of the car, points to Lukas's phone.

CONNOR  
 Something?

LUKAS  
 No. Find anybody but your man there who saw anything?

CONNOR  
 Nobody sees shit down here. Nobody hears nothing. Nobody knows nobody. 'Specially if they got dead in a bad way. You ready?

Lukas nods. Connor gets into the car, but Lukas hesitates. He looks toward the spot by the river where the Medical Examiner lifts the Young Girl's Body onto a gurney.

ADDIE (V.O.)

(in echo)

Jack! Do something! You can't let her die!

Lukas closes his eyes, shakes the voice from his head. He rubs the heels of his hands into his eyes, then climbs into the car.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Five YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN BOYS laugh and jive-walk down the street. They wear matching red leather jackets with a large Black Widow spider on the back.

TYRELL, the tallest, his head wrapped in a doo-rag, leads the pack.

His younger brother JA'QUAN, follows behind him, his eyes riveted on his brother as they walk.

JA'QUAN

Come on, Ty, I jus'--

TYRELL

I tol' you get on home, Ja'Quan. Momma won't like it you're late.

JA'QUAN

She ain't never home no more. I'm hangin' wit' you.

Tyrell stops, looks at Ja'Quan.

TYRELL

No, you ain't, bro'. We got business, you got homework.

JA'QUAN

You never did no homework.

MIKEL, in silver aviators, laughs and points at Tyrell, who quiets him with a single look.

TYRELL

(to Ja'Quan)

I ain't as smart as you, neither. You got a chance to get up outta this shithole, you study. And that's what you gonna do. Momma or no Momma.

JA'QUAN  
I wanta be a Spider.

MIKEL  
You ain't ready, 'Quan. Can't be no  
Spider yet.

Ja'Quan sneers at Mikel.

JA'QUAN  
(to Mikel)  
Got a jacket jus' like you.

TYRELL  
I let you wear the jacket 'cause  
you're my brother. That's all. You  
can wear it for real when we all say,  
not before, you hear?

JA'QUAN  
Come on, Ty--

TYRELL  
No! Where we goin' today ain't for  
you. You ain't comin'. Now git home  
'fore I knuckle you.

Tyrell gives Ja'Quan a gentle push toward a side street.

TYRELL  
Go on, now.

JA'QUAN  
Shit.

TYRELL  
Go on. I ain't tellin' you again.

Ja'Quan kicks at the sidewalk, reluctantly heads up the side street.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

A black, scarified hand drapes over the steering wheel.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

can be seen Tyrell and his boys as they move on down the main street to the right. To the left, Ja'Quan walks up the side street alone.

The hand turns the steering wheel left.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Ja'Quan shuffle-steps slowly in rhythm to a tune he's listening to through earbuds.

Behind him, and unnoticed, the black van slides slowly along the empty street.

Ja'Quan glances over his shoulder, catches sight of the van. He moves on, as if it makes no matter to him, though his shuffle-step gets a bit more exaggerated.

The van stays with Ja'Quan.

Ja'Quan casts another glance over his shoulder, giving a hard eye directly at the van.

The van stops.

Ja'Quan walks directly at the van, his bravado turned way up.

JA'QUAN

What you want, sucka? You followin' me?

45

INSERT:

45

A bone earring dangles from the ear of the Dark Figure as a black-skinned hand covered in scarred icons and tribal patterns pushes open the van door, through the window of which we see Ja'Quan approaching.

BACK TO SCENE

The badass look on Ja'Quan's face melts. His mouth falls open.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S EXAM ROOM - DAY

Lukas, Connor and the Medical Examiner. On a steel examination table in the center of the room are the remains of the Girl found by the river.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

If it wasn't a scalpel, then it was sharp as one. Eyeballs, eyelids, vulva, clitoris--all gone.

LUKAS

That what killed her?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Death was courtesy of this.

The Medical Examiner lifts the chin, reveals a deep, nasty gash that goes ear to ear. He then moves to the feet.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

These marks here--rope of some kind.

CONNOR

She was tied?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Hung by her feet. Like a side of beef.

LUKAS

Goddamn it.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

She was bled out after the throat slice. Nothin' in her veins but river silt.

CONNOR

This ain't gettin' any better.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Seldom does. I'll have more for you tomorrow. Stomach contents, that kinda thing.

CONNOR

Can't wait. Send it upstairs, will you?

The Medical Examiner nods, moves off.

Connor turns back to Lukas, who stares intently at the Girl on the table.

CONNOR

What?

LUKAS

How old he say she was?

CONNOR

(realizing)

Hey. Let's go, Jack. We're done here.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD - DAY

Dusk. The black van bounces along the dirt road, which runs along the river.

EXT. ABANDONED SHACK BY THE RIVER - DAY

A weathered old shack set back among the reeds at river's edge.

The black van skids to a stop in front.

The indistinct back of the Dark Figure's head, bone earring dangling, as he exits the van and slides open the side door. A bundle wrapped in a canvas tarp is lifted and slung over a shoulder.

The lines of a dark, scarified face press against the canvas sack, which jumps and ripples, muffled screams barely heard from within as the unidentifiable hulk of the Dark Figure carries the convulsing sack into the shack.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - MISSING PERSONS DESK - DAY

SGT. MELINDA DOWNS, 40s, a big presence and all business, hands Lukas a clipboard, thick with pages.

DOWNS

There's fifty missing kids in there  
could be your sweetie by the river.  
Twice that, you want to include other  
ethnicities.

CONNOR

(withering glance at Lukas)  
Fifty.

DOWNS

Mm-hmm. And that's not counting  
however many more nobody gives a damn  
about reporting as missing, and in  
this lovely city, who knows what that  
number is.

Lukas flips through the clipboard pages.

LUKAS

Looks like none reported yesterday.

DOWNS

The sun comes out once in a while.

LUKAS

How many you find?

DOWNS

Most of them are runaways come back  
after they see the real world a day or  
two.

(MORE)

DOWNS (CONT'D)

But some -- well, it's like they just evaporate. Poof. Gone. Never seen again.

                  LUKAS

Unless they wash up on a riverbank.

                  DOWNS

Well, honey, that's when they become your business.

INT. SHELBY PHARMACEUTICALS BUILDING -- BOARD ROOM -- DAY

End of the business day. A large room, a long boardroom table. The chairs are already filled with MEMBERS OF THE BOARD and CORPORATE ATTORNEYS.

Roger Shelby enters, moves directly to the head of the table.

                  SHELBY

So. Where are we with this bullshit Washington witch hunt?

BEN WHITNEY, 70's, the poster boy of the old money sitting on the Board, sits forward.

                  WHITNEY

Interesting choice of words, Shelby. "We". Because I, personally -- and I'm sure others here at this table -- don't remember discussing altering our revenue streams, said alterations now drawing a considerable amount of attention from quarters we'd rather were not looking our way.

                  SHELBY

It's nothing for you to be concerned about, Ben. None of you. Let them look.

                  CORPORATE ATTORNEY 1

Begging your pardon, Mr. Shelby, but those looking are not without the means to cause us great concern.

                  SHELBY

Such as?

                  CORPORATE ATTORNEY 1

The FBI for one. The Healthcare Fraud Unit of the Department of Justice for another.

SHELBY

We're an international corporation  
based outside of the United States--

CORPORATE ATTORNEY 1

Who accepted...

(looks into a file)

...ninety-one million American dollars  
to supply antiretroviral therapy  
medications to Africa.

CORPORATE ATTORNEY 2

And from what we can determine, Mr.  
Shelby, those medications were not  
only not delivered, but in fact, were  
never put into the pipeline at all.

CORPORATE ATTORNEY 1

That brings in the International Trade  
Commission, who yesterday indicated  
they'd like to know where the U.S.'s  
ninety million went.

SHELBY

That's all a minor --

Whitney slams his hand on the table.

WHITNEY

There's nothing minor about this,  
Shelby! This could cost us this  
corporation. And more than that,  
everyone around this table would be  
financially -- and most likely,  
criminally -- responsible. What have  
you done?

Shelby stands abruptly.

SHELBY

What I've done is line the pockets of  
every one of you cocky bastards. Where  
do you think the obscene bonuses you  
all gladly accepted last quarter came  
from? As CEO and Chairman of this  
Board--

WHITNEY

That can be changed very easily. A  
simple vote--

SHELBY

Oh, really? You think you have the  
horses for that, Ben? Any of you?

Not a peep.

SHELBY

I didn't think so.

(beat, then with spleen...)

This is *my* company. And you or nobody else is going to take it from me.

ATTORNEY 1

It could take an act of God to sidestep what the government will throw at us, Mr. Shelby.

SHELBY

There are forces more powerful than God, gentlemen, trust me, and I have put them in play.

EXT. ABANDONED SHACK BY THE RIVER - NIGHT

The first dark moments after dusk. A faint, flickering light dances in the shack's side window barely covered by torn, gauzy curtains.

INT. ABANDONED SHACK BY THE RIVER - NIGHT

The deep, low, rhythmic chanting:

NKOSI

"Humu mimi nitakamata tani. Humu mimi kuwa tani. Humu mimi nitakamata tani. Humu mimi kuwa tani..."

Darkness cut by the jump of candlelight, just enough to cast the shadow of Ja'Quan, bound hand and foot, hanging upside down from the rafters.

JA'QUAN (O.S.)

Come on, mister. What I do to you, huh? What? Nuthin', that's what. I didn't do nuthin' to you. Come on, man, listen to me. Goddamn. Please, man, please, don't be doin' nuthin' to me, man. Ah, shit.

ACROSS THE ROOM

The Dark Figure, seen only from behind in the dim light, kneels before a makeshift altar, rocks back and forth, chants in a low, rhythmic cadence.

His scarified hand drops a pinch of powder into a mortar before him, then another. He stirs the mixture with his finger.

The hand then picks up a long-bladed, bone-handled knife, slowly dragging the blade across the wood of the altar.

The Dark Figure, now in full trance, stands as his chanting grows louder and more forceful.

On the wall, the shadow of the knife-wielding Dark Figure approaches the shadow of the hanging Ja'Quan.

JA'QUAN (O.S.)  
Oh, shit, man, no!

EXT. ABANDONED SHACK BY THE RIVER - NIGHT

A cacophony of frogs croaking at water's edge.

A light on the river--a OLD FISHERMAN in a small boat near shore.

A piercing scream so horrifying it stops the frogs from croaking.

INT. CAPTAIN KELLY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Lukas and Connor stand, Kelly sits.

LUKAS  
No witnesses, nothing traceable on what was left of the body.

CONNOR  
Missing Persons had nada. Leastwise nothing recently that matches up.

LUKAS  
How can you not miss your kid? Even for one night?

An awkward silence.

CONNOR  
(to Kelly)  
Somebody sure did a number on her, though.

KELLY  
My kid pisses me off, but I don't hack him up. Gang thing, maybe?

LUKAS

No gang tats, nothing to indicate it.  
Gang shit's flashy, anyway, for show.  
This was more methodical.

KELLY

Meaning what?

LUKAS

Like whoever did this had a purpose.

CONNOR

Like a Ted Bundy kind of purpose?

Lukas shrugs. Kelly catches it.

KELLY

Aw, no. Don't be goin' there. We  
don't know that. Don't know anything  
right now, seems to me.

(to Connor)

Put it up on the wall with the other  
floaters. You got other cases you can  
be working. See if that new guy  
Claussen has something you can help  
him with.

CONNOR

Ah, no, Cap'! I'm not a babysitter--

LUKAS

Come on, Captain. This was somebody's  
daughter.

KELLY

(undeterred)

We keep it alive, and if something  
breaks, we work it. But I'm  
pulling Connor, putting her where she  
can do some good.

(to Connor)

And that means with Claussen, like it  
or not.

CONNOR

Fuck me.

KELLY

(to Lukas)

And as for you--you need to get your  
paperwork in, talk to the shrink,  
whatever. Take your last two days.  
I'll tell 'em you worked it.

Lukas ignores him.

LUKAS

This one isn't going away, Captain. I want to--

KELLY

Take your pension, Jack. Go live the good life. And that's not a request, 'case you didn't hear it right.

Lukas looks to Connor for help.

CONNOR

(shrugging)

Told you not to take the call in the first place, partner.

LUKAS

The hell with both of you. If thirty years in doesn't give me the right officially, then I'll handle it off the books.

Lukas moves toward the door.

KELLY

(to Lukas)

Hold on, hold on.

Lukas stops at the door, turns. His eyes meet Kelly's, drill steadily. Kelly blinks first.

KELLY

You can't cowboy it out there and you know it. Your badge is yours 'til Friday. Do what you want. But Connor moves on.

INT. DUTY ROOM - NIGHT

Lukas and Connor walk to their desks.

CONNOR

How 'bout I tell him to shove it?

LUKAS

You don't need your ass in a sling too. I can handle it.

CONNOR

Then how 'bout I buy my soon-to-be- ex-partner a couple drinks?

LUKAS  
That you can do. Give me a minute.

CONNOR  
Meet you downstairs.

Lukas guy-nods. Connor leaves.

Lukas sits at his desk, picks up the phone and dials.

ADDIE (V.O.)  
(answering machine, on  
phone)  
Hi, it's Addie. We're out--

Lukas drops his head, listens to the message, then the beep.

LUKAS  
Hey, D. Stopping for a drink with  
Connor. Be home soon.

Lukas drops the phone in the cradle, stares at it, then takes a deep breath, rises and walks from the room.

INT. LOUIE'S BAR - NIGHT

Lukas and Connor huddle in a back booth, beers in front of them. Connor waves a shot of bourbon over hers, then drops it in, stirs it with her finger.

CONNOR  
I'm just sayin'...You don't need to be dealin' with something like this after what you been...well, you know. Were me, I'd be gone in a heartbeat.

LUKAS  
Not you.

CONNOR  
I'm just sayin', is all.

LUKAS  
Uh-huh.

CONNOR  
And, uh...sorry about the court thing this morning. Didn't mean to leave you hangin', but--

LUKAS  
Forget it.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

LUKAS (CONT'D)

So...what's with that? You work things out with the ex yet?

CONNOR

Nah. I'm worried it won't get worked out, tell you the truth. Not how I want, anyway. He's got that high-powered mouthpiece and more money than I'll see in a lifetime to pay him. I'm fightin' with sticks and rocks.

LUKAS

What's your esquire say?

CONNOR

What do all lawyers say? "Be cool. Don't cause trouble. Stay away from him and Annie while he tries to work the back channels." Whatever the fuck that means. Meanwhile, my little girl's growing up without her mom, and bein' poisoned by whatever shit her father's telling her about me.

LUKAS

Rough.

CONNOR

Yeah, well. I got a meeting tomorrow, see if there are any moves we can make. It just sucks. But fuck me...least she's still out there, you know? Not like...

Their eyes fall to one another...a mutual understanding.

CONNOR

Sorry. Didn't mean to bring it up. But enough about me. We gotta decide what you're gonna do in what -- three days? Wasn't there some talk about goin' after marlins in Costa Rica?

LUKAS

That was more Addie's idea than mine.

CONNOR

Would be, wouldn't it?

LUKAS

Meanin' what?

CONNOR

Meanin' between the two of you, she was the only one lookin' past the job all these years. Time you did, partner. Life's too short.

Another long stare hangs a moment between them.

CONNOR

(shrugs)

Look, fuck me, you know? Ain't none 'a my business, right? I'm just your partner, and glad of it. You want to hang, I'll hang with you.

LUKAS

Appreciate it.

Connor downs most of her beer.

CONNOR

I better go...get my beauty sleep. I'll catch you manana.

Lukas nods, but his eyes don't leave his beer as Connor rises and leaves.

After a moment, Lukas lifts the glass as if to drink, but instead sets it down and shoves it aside. He looks at his watch, slides from the booth.

INT. LUKAS HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lukas is propped up on pillows in bed, shirtless, sheet to his waist, staring at nothing. Addie, in a nightgown, leans into frame, rests her head on his shoulder.

ADDIE

Why can't you just walk away? They already got the best of you. You don't have to give them the rest.

Lukas says nothing.

ADDIE

Why, Jack? What's holding you?

LUKAS

You get caught up, you know? It takes over. When you're a rook', you tell yourself you won't let it, but it happens anyway.

ADDIE

So it happened. So now it's over. Let it go.

LUKAS

It's not that easy, Addie.

ADDIE

What the hell's ever easy, Jack? You think it was easy for me all those years? You gone most of the day and night? Me sitting in this house, alone, after...?

Addie bites her tongue, can't go there. She takes in a long, slow breath.

ADDIE

I waited thirty years, Jack. Waited for your arms to hold me without being tense, ready to bolt on the first ring. Then Jesse... Now you can walk away and you don't?

Lukas rises, moves to the window, looks out at the city.

LUKAS

Something's come up.

ADDIE (O.S.)

Something always comes up, Jack.

LUKAS

This one's different, Addie. He cut up a girl in a way that...

Lukas's throat catches.

LUKAS

...that...

ADDIE (O.S.)

(softly now)

What?

Lukas goes to the dresser, picks up the picture of the young girl.

LUKAS

All I was seeing on that M.E.'s table was Jesse.

ADDIE (O.S.)

Don't. Please, don't.

LUKAS

We let them cut her apart, Addie.

ADDIE (O.S.)

They were trying to save her life.

LUKAS

(turns to her)

They took a different part of her every day. 'Til there was nothing left.

ADDIE (O.S.)

It was a necrotic infection, Jack. It ate her alive. Even the doctors were helpless. What matters is that she knew you loved her.

Lukas sits on the side of the bed.

LUKAS

Did she? I wasn't even there when she died. I was out on the street somewhere.

Addie's hand reaches out, touches his shoulder.

ADDIE (O.S.)

Jack. Please. Let it go. I need you.

LUKAS

I know. I know I wasn't there for you either. But I can't do nothing again, Addie. I can't. I know it's not the same, but if I can stop--

Addie interrupts him...her arm goes around his shoulders, her head leans against him.

ADDIE

Alright, baby. It's alright.

LUKAS

(after a moment)

I'm sorry.

ADDIE

Don't. You don't have to be.

LUKAS

For everything.

A heavy moment of silence between them, then...

ADDIE

Me too. I'm so, so sorry, baby.

Lukas sits on the bed, stares out the window into the night for several beats, then falls slowly onto the pillows, closes his eyes.

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - NIGHT

A Boston Whaler beaches in the reeds. Its occupant, an ELDERLY MAN in flannel shirt and khakis, sets his fishing pole down, climbs out, listens.

His body stiffens as a horrific scream cuts the silence.

The Elderly Man looks to the shack as another scream, and another, fill the air.

The Elderly Man moves quickly toward the shack.

INT. LUKAS HOME -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Lukas's eyes snap open. He's on the bed. Alone. He sits up, wipes his eyes, looks around.

LUKAS

Ad?

He swings his legs over the side of the bed.

LUKAS

Addie?

INT. LUKAS HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Lukas stands at the dresser, looks at himself in the mirror. The reflection shows an empty room and bed. He kisses his fingers and touches them to Jesse's picture.

INT. LUKAS HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lukas enters. His coffee mug sits on the piece of coffee-stained paper on the table. Lukas moves the mug, looks at the paper.

Lukas looks up, sighs deeply, then sets the mug back on the paper, moves to the door and leaves.

INT. HOLIDAY INN MEETING ROOM - DAY

A mousy, toupee'd ACCOUNTANT drones on in front of a room full of MEN and WOMEN, pointing with a stick pointer at a graph projected onto the wall.

ACCOUNTANT

The value of each allocation to an investment vehicle, plus any earnings and/or less any losses, distributions and charges--

Lukas sits at a worktable near the back of the room, a large workbook packet open on the table in front of him. He looks at the Accountant like he looked at the Attorney in court.

ACCOUNTANT

--must be considered when trying to calculate the monthly amount available for withdrawal. Now, as new retirees...

Lukas sucks his teeth, looks at his watch. He closes the workbook, picks it up, and walks from the room.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN MEETING ROOM - DAY

Lukas emerges, drops the workbook in a trash can by the door, rubs his palms on his jacket as if they were dirty.

Lukas's cell phone rings.

LUKAS

Lukas.

(looks around)

Just walked out of Hell. Why?

EXT. ABANDONED SHACK BY THE RIVER - DAY

Lukas falls into step with Connor as they walk along the shack wall nearest the river.

CONNOR

Wife called him in missing about one in the morning. Said he night fishes, but never stays out past ten.

They walk past the Boston Whaler, the night light on the bow, and a fishing pole resting on the gunwale.

CONNOR

Search copter saw him here this morning, radioed in.

Fifteen feet on, they come upon the body of the Elderly Man, lying on his back at the water's edge. It's not pretty -- there's a gaping hole in the middle of his chest.

CONNOR

M.E. says his heart is gone. Cut out like a surgeon took it. Sternum too.

LUKAS

Jesus.

CONNOR

Yeah.

(looks to the shack)

Blood trail says he was killed up there, then dragged down here and tossed in the water. Got hung up in the eddy, washed back ashore.

LUKAS

Why'd you call me?

CONNOR

Besides the similarity of bodies by the river missin' parts?

Connor points at the shack.

CONNOR

'Cause of what's in there.

INT. ABANDONED SHACK - DAY

Lukas and Connor step gingerly across the dirt floor. A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER is snapping shots of everything in the room.

The Medical Examiner is just pulling the sheet over a very dead Ja'Quan lying on a gurney. The rope he hung from still swings from the rafter, slowly circling above dirt dark with blood.

Lukas throws his chin at the gurney.

LUKAS

What do we got?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Ugly shit's what we got. Black male, under ten, maybe.

(MORE)

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)  
About the same as at the river  
yesterday...pieces missing -- eyes  
again, tongue this time.

LUKAS  
Swell.

As the Medical Examiner pushes the gurney out, Lukas's eyes are drawn to what appears to be graffiti in something other than English painted on the wall in blood.

INSERT: GRAFFITI ON WALL

In a rough, bloody scrawl:

"Humu mimi nitakamata tani. Humu mimi kuwa tani"

BACK TO SCENE

Lukas looks to Connor, points at it.

LUKAS  
That look like gangbanger shit to you?

CONNOR  
Who the fuck knows these days.

Lukas points to the graffiti.

LUKAS  
(to Photographer)  
Get a close up of that.

The Photographer moves in, fires several shots.

Lukas moves to the altar. It's covered in slopped blood, powders, and candle wax. On the edge of a stone mortar still moist with blood lies an eyelid, eyelashes still attached. Lukas winces.

Connor joins Lukas, looks down at the gore on the altar.

CONNOR  
Jesus Christ.

Lukas looks around the room.

LUKAS  
Jesus had nothin' to do with this.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY

The black van pulls slowly past the entrance to the access road, the Driver unseen. Police and emergency vehicles crowd the road leading to the shack.

The van moves past the access road about fifty feet, turns into a rutted lane partially obscured by overhanging trees.

EXT. RUTTED LANE - DAY

The van drives down the lane a couple of hundred yards and parks. The door opens.

EXT. SMALL RISE TO THE RIDGE

The Dark Figure, unidentifiable through the thick foliage, moves like a jungle cat through thick brush and trees to the top of a granite ridge.

EXT. GRANITE RIDGE - DAY

The ridge overlooks the access road, above the shack. A black, scarified hand rests on the trunk of a tree.

POV THE DARK FIGURE: Lukas emerges from the shack. He gives some orders to a pair of UNIFORMED COPS, pointing at the river's edge and then at the shack. One of the Cops salutes Lukas, then the two move away.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)

Chief man.

EXT. ABANDONED SHACK BY THE RIVER - DAY

Lukas moves to where the Elderly Man's body has been lifted onto a gurney and is being wheeled off toward the M.E.'s van.

Lukas looks around the general area where the Elderly Man had lain. He then starts to move back toward the shack, but stops, seeing something on the ground.

Lukas squats down, moves some grasses. He looks up, around, then down at the ground again. He picks something from the grass.

INSERT: Lukas's hand. In his fingers hangs what looks like a cross-section of bone. It's etched with symbols, and has a wire attached.

BACK TO SCENE

Lukas rises, looks around the area again.

EXT. GRANITE RIDGE - DAY

POV THE DARK FIGURE, still unidentifiable: Lukas calls to one of the M.E.'s MEN, and holds up the bone earring.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)  
 (quietly, to himself)  
 Chief man. Tracker.

INSERT: the Dark Figure's mouth curls into a smile

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)  
 Warrior?

A black, scarified hand reaches up past the smile and touches a pierced but empty ear. The smile disappears.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)  
 That you will return to me.

BACK TO SCENE

The form of the Dark Figure moves through the brush, off the ridge, toward his van.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lukas stands with the Medical Examiner at his desk. Through a plate glass window that looks into the Exam Room are two steel gurneys, one with the Elderly Man, one with Ja'Quan.

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
 (referring to Elderly Man)  
 He would'a bled to death from his  
 throat bein' cut if he'd had anything  
 left to pump it out. Heart was sliced  
 out clean, and the lack of blood from  
 the throat tells me it was awful  
 quick.

LUKAS  
 How quick?

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
 Might'a still been beatin' kind of  
 quick.

LUKAS

You find it?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Wasn't at the scene. Might'a thrown it in the river, but who the hell knows with a guy crazy enough to be doin' this kinda shit?

LUKAS

(referring to Ja'Quan)  
What about him?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Pretty much the same as the first girl. Mutilated, parts missing. Whatever the guy's using, it's sharp as hell.

(indicates the desktop)

Something interesting here, though. That stuff you found on the table at the scene?

The M.E. picks up some bags with powders in them.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Well, this one--  
(holds it up)  
Powdered gold.

LUKAS

Gold?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Like Fort Knox gold. Pure. Finely ground.  
(holds up other bags)  
And these are herbs.

LUKAS

Herbs. Like oregano?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Don't think you cook with these. More like medicinal. I think one of 'em might be raw Rooibos. Smells like it, anyway.

LUKAS

What the fuck is that?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Comes from South Africa. My wife drinks tea made from the stuff.

LUKAS

Don't think anyone was making tea in that shack. Any idea what this guy was doing with all this stuff?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Got me. Ceremony of some kind, maybe. University downtown has an African Studies department. Might know something.

LUKAS

(picks up the bag of herbs)

I'll get this back to you.

INT. APARTMENT -- DAY

The silhouette of the Dark Figure stands in front of the bright window overlooking the street. His hand lifts a cell phone and punches in a number, puts the phone to his ear.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION: DARK FIGURE IN APARTMENT / SHELBY IN HOTEL ROOM

SHELBY

About time.

DARK FIGURE

I told you. I needed to prepare myself. I have done so. I am Warrior ready. You pay, I will proceed.

SHELBY

Fine. We'll meet as agreed. Just understand this--I have a lot on the line here. Time is short. I need it done quickly, and I need it powerful. Very strong.

DARK FIGURE

As I said...I am ready. I will select the next carefully...very young, very pure. Do not worry. The Muti I make for you will provide as you require.

BACK TO SCENE

The Dark Figure, silhouetted in the window, lowers the phone to his side. He begins a low, rhythmic chanting...

## DARK FIGURE

Humu mimi nitakamata tani, Humi mimi  
 kuwa tani...Humu mimi nitakamata tani,  
 Humu mimi kuwa tani...

**END OF PILOT EPISODE****FUTURE EPISODES:****EPISODE 2:**

**"'Tis the Eye of Childhood that fears the Painted Devil"**

Lukas tracks down Dr. Melokuhle Lebeko, Professor of African Studies at the city university. Connor confronts her Ex at his office. Lebeko goes with Lukas to the site of Ja'Quan's killing, reveals to Lukas what he's really dealing with-- "Have you ever heard the term 'Muti', Detective?"

**Episode 3:**

**"Though This Be Madness, Yet There Is Method In't."**

A TV reporter's attempt at an interview takes Shelby's thoughts back to his childhood in Bloemfontein, South Africa, where he and the young Dark Figure first crossed paths and each are introduced to the dark practice of Muti.

**Episode 4:**

**"There is no darkness but ignorance."**

Lebeko reveals to Lukas the extent of the horror of Muti and the *sangoma* practitioners of the dark procedure. Lukas, Lebeko, and Connor try to convince Kelly of what's going on, but he doesn't buy it. Lebeko warns Lukas that this is just the beginning, but he leaves, saying that he doesn't want anything more to do with it for personal reasons. Lukas is waylaid into his exit session with the department psychiatrist. Connor goes to see her daughter at her school. The Dark Figure exerts his "Warrior" blood at a seedy bar.

**Episode 5:**

**"Hell is Empty. All the Devils are Here."**

Lukas, Connor, and Claussen investigate the aftermath of The Dark Figure's bar attack. A confrontation with the Dark Figure in his apartment building ends with him escaping, another detective killed, and Lukas seriously wounded. Lukas later talks with Addie about it. Connor confronts her Ex.

At the burial of the detective, Kelly tells Lukas to "get this guy." Later, Forensics comes up with who the Dark Figure really is -- Khojane Sekete, a Zulu national with a military background.

**Episode 6:**

**"The Bright Day is Done, and We Are For the Dark."**

Sekete targets the young victim for Shelby's Muti. Lukas and Connor go to US Customs to find out more about Sekete. Lukas and Addie meet over their daughter's grave...he explains why he can't leave this case or retire...Then he gets a call from Claussen -- another young girl's been taken. Connor goes to her kid's school, surreptitiously picking up the child and leaving. Lukas enlists Lebeko to help him track down Sekete, and they discover the connection between Sekete and Shelby.

**Episode 7:**

**"The Game's Afoot."**

Lukas and Lebeko hunt for Shelby -- wherever he is, Sekete will be. Connor appears in Kelly's office and resigns -- she can't be a mom and a cop at the same time. Lukas and Lebeko track Shelby to a warehouse along the river, where Shelby is sure the Muti ceremony will occur. Connor has a talk with her daughter, then returns her to her Ex..."You're right. I can't do both." Lukas calls Kelly to tell him where they are, but he and Lebeko get caught by Shelby's bodyguard.

**Episode 8:**

**"We Know What We Are, But Know Not What We May Be."**

Lukas and Lebeko are held at gunpoint as *sangoma* Sekete is about to begin the Muti for Shelby, but Lukas disrupts the ceremony. Lukas is severely wounded, but saves the young girl as a fire destroys the warehouse and everyone else in it. There is no trace of the remains of Sekete or Lebeko in the ashes of the warehouse. A day later, in the hospital, Kelly discovers a startling secret about Lukas -- his wife Addie had killed herself months ago...so who has he been talking to all this time? In the final scene, Lukas -- in a tropical shirt, standing in front of two gravestones -- lays a picture of himself with a marlin on the grave of Adele "Addie" Lukas. "Finally got one for you, Addie," he says.

FINAL SUPER:

"Each year, it is estimated that as many as 500 African children go missing without a trace.

Though no one will officially confirm it, the commonly-held belief is that they are kidnapped for the express purpose of Muti ritualistic murder, performed by *sangoma* practitioners at the behest of their 'clients'.

The unspeakable practice has grown beyond African borders in the last several years, with mutilated children documented in Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, and most recently, the United States.

No arrests have ever been made."