

ZIMBALI COAST

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FADE IN:

INT. RESORT LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Five guests stand in line near the registration desk at a deluxe beach resort in the Zimbali area of coastal South Africa. REGGIE WEBSTER (35) is over-dressed in a tailored gray suit and gold Rolex watch. His diva wife, WAWANI (35), stands impatiently behind him, fanning herself with a magazine. She's a beautiful, powerful, half-British, half-black woman in spiked heels with body language that says, "Don't mess with me."

Behind them in line is HARTMAN HESS (50), a casually dressed man with a silver-colored briefcase with a combination lock.

Reggie turns to Hartman and extends a hand.

REGGIE

I'm Reggie Webster from London. We shared the plane from Cape Town.

Hartman shakes his hand and eyes Wawani.

HARTMAN

Hartman Hess, from Berlin.

REGGIE

This is my wife, Wawani. She's originally from Durban.

Wawani shows no interest in joining the conversation.

HARTMAN

Welcome home, Wawani. That's a beautiful name. What does it mean?

REGGIE

(laughs)
Orphan.

Wawani slaps Reggie with her magazine, which she instantly regrets, and turns to Hartman sweetly.

WAWANI

It means "Our spirit."

Wawani glares at Reggie.

A poorer local couple joins them in line. PATRICK MBATHA (60) and his sad-faced wife, JEWEL (60), are dressed in clean but older casual African fashion.

Jewel is a large, chronically depressed woman, while Patrick is short, thin, and jittery.

Patrick makes eye contact, while Jewel never does.

Patrick tries to overcome his intimidation of rich tourists and shakes hands with Hartman, who studies their clothes.

PATRICK

I'm Patrick Mbatha, welcome to--

HARTMAN

They've already taken our bags to our suites.

Patrick laughs nervously.

PATRICK

Oh, no. We're guests, too. From Durban. Celebrating our fortieth wedding anniversary.

(points to Jewel)

My wife, Jewel.

Reggie looks down at Patrick and Jewel and gives a half-hearted response.

REGGIE

Congrats to you both.

Reggie looks at the registration desk.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

What's taking them so long?

Jewel whispers to Patrick. We barely HEAR the muffled sounds of her voice making clicking sounds into her husband's ear.

PATRICK

Jewel says we're lucky we didn't arrive here two hundred years ago.

HARTMAN

Mbatha is your surname?

PATRICK

Yebo. We both grew up speaking isiZulu.

Hartman slaps Patrick on his back.

HARTMAN

(laughs at Patrick)
That sounded Zulu to me, but I bet
your ancestors were from elsewhere
in Africa.

PATRICK

(laughs at Reggie)
Some of the first British battles
against the Zulus didn't fare well.
The Battle of Isandlwana, huh?
1,3000 dead British soldiers?

Reggie glares at Patrick, who smiles nervously, as Jewel
looks down and away.

REGGIE

They were outnumbered twenty to
one.

Wawani laughs and pats Jewel on the shoulder.

WAWANI

He's right! My grandma and the
elders told us some scary stories
about the Zulus when we were kids.

Jewel smiles but avoids eye contact.

WAWANI (CONT'D)

I was born here but grew up in
London. These newcomers are in for
a treat!

A REGISTRATION CLERK (20s) waves them all up.

EXT. RESORT GOLF CART - EVENING

Housekeeper and bellhop, ANTONIA LE ROUX (25), a mixed black
and Afrikan beauty, drives Reggie, Wawani, Hartman, Patrick,
and Jewel on a tour of the resort grounds. Antonia wears a
blue Zimbali Coast Resort shirt and white uniform pants. She
is exceedingly bright but with dark, foreboding eyes. Her
tone is instructive but not overly courteous. Hartman
clutches his briefcase and sits next to Antonia.

Antonia sees that all the men are drunk, and Patrick is
almost falling out of the golf cart.

ANTONIA

My name is Antonia Le Roux. I'm the housekeeper for your group of suites, but the Bellhop staff is shorthanded, so they asked me to give you the runaround now now.

HARTMAN

(snickers)

That's a good name for it.

WAWANI

(snarky to Hartman)

She means the tour of the resort.

REGGIE

I'm sure he figured that out, Wawani.

ANTONIA

I picked you all up as you stumbled out of the bar in the Great House. That's where breakfast, lunch, and dinner are served to weary colonists and vacationers. Fun fact: the buildings here immortalize white settlers. We were the Cape Colony from 1806 to 1961. We are fortunate now now to offer you many small cafés and bars with coffee, hot dogs, chicken wings, and cheeseburgers, much like our ancestral Zulus served.

Antonia drives around the resort.

REGGIE

Where do the locals eat?

ANTONIA

In their kitchens.

(beat)

But there are many authentic places to eat between here and Durban.

Hartman leans into Antonia, hitting on her.

HARTMAN

Can you make a living here as a housekeeper?

Antonia scoots away from him on the bench seat.

ANTONIA

We make do.

(louder)

You saw the pool from the Great House. The exercise room is behind it with free transport to the golf course and beach.

REGGIE

Clothing optional?

Antonia ignores Reggie's comment and drives on.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm a major real estate developer. I turn entire jungles into places like this!

HARTMAN

(laughs)

I'm a retired attorney who wants to build the ultimate beach estate with a maid and no neighbors.

(to Antonia)

Know where I can find one?

Antonia ignores Hartman's question and stops at the entrance to a group of suites.

ANTONIA

These are your suites here, but I'll drive you back to registration so you can rent golf carts to get around locally or rent a car to enjoy the restaurants and bars in Durban.

WAWANI

That road can be tricky at night.

Antonia winks at Wawani.

ANTONIA

Yebo, I know.

Wawani giggles under her breath.

Antonia drives back to the Great House.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Maid service is typically between 10:30 AM and noon. But feel free to call the front desk if you need anything.

REGGIE
Like a foot rub?

HARTMAN
Or a sponge bath? Maybe you can
come by my suite later tonight.

REGGIE
Or mine!

Wawani glares at Reggie.

Reggie and Hartman laugh as Antonia drives on.

Antonia stops in front of the Great House, and the guests
exit the golf cart with Reggie and Hartman laughing.

EXT. RESORT GREAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Antonia drives on, shaking her head in disgust, but she turns
behind a nearby suite to eavesdrop on the guests'
conversation. We see her listening in. She appears naturally
curious about human behavior.

Patrick steps up surprisingly bravely to the men.

PATRICK
You were very rude to our
housekeeper.

Hartman is defensive and angry while Antonia smiles at
Patrick.

HARTMAN
Mind your own business like I told
you at the bar!

Reggie pushes Patrick while Antonia frowns at Reggie.

Patrick punches Reggie, but it lands harmlessly on Reggie's
shoulder.

Reggie punches Patrick, who falls back drunkenly into
Hartman.

Patrick turns around, gets up, and takes a punch at Hartman.
Patrick misses, and Hartman pushes Patrick away, but Jewel
catches him so he doesn't fall.

Patrick stumbles back a few steps.

PATRICK
I'll kill you rich tourists
someday.

HARTMAN
(laughs)
You use the word tourists like a
derogatory term.

WAWANI
He means rich snobs, and I agree
with the locals. Reggie, apologize
this instant!

SILENCE

Reggie grabs Wawani's arm and squeezes hard. She tries not to
acknowledge the pain, but she winces before breaking free.

Antonia, peeking out, is furious with Reggie.

Wawani stomps to their suite, mumbling to Reggie.

WAWANI (CONT'D)
Such an asshole! Go rent us a damn
golf cart.

Jewel glares at Hartman and Reggie.

Patrick drunkenly stumbles between Jewel and the rich
tourists. Jewel speaks in broken English.

JEWEL
We have a saying: "The difference
between colonizers and vacationers
is time."

Reggie gets angrier. He pushes Patrick again.

REGGIE
You wanna piece of me? You sound
ungrateful for progress. Maybe you
were better off in the jungle
without running water and
electricity, but I'm not! I'm here
to buy the coastline south of here
to rip out the jungle and build
another Zimbali Coast Resort!

Hartman steps between Reggie and Patrick.

HARTMAN
I want some of that same jungle for
my retirement home, too.
(MORE)

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

Let's agree that we want different things out of life.

Reggie stomps back to the golf cart rental desk as Hartman follows.

PATRICK

I'm glad we brought our golf cart.

Jewel speaks in isiZulu with click consonants.

JEWEL

(isiZulu and subtitles)
I don't like these tourists.

PATRICK

We may want to eat at cheaper cafés off the resort.

JEWEL

Yebo.

Patrick and Jewel shake their heads in disgust and stroll arm-in-arm down the short path to their suite.

Antonia shakes her head in disgust and drives away.

EXT. ROAD SOUTH OF THE RESORT - NIGHT

Reggie swerves down the road in a golf cart at high speeds. Two tall cocktail glasses shake in the cup holders.

Reggie smiles as he looks around.

He comes to an area of tall jungle trees and stops to pee among the trees.

Another golf cart with its headlights off approaches Reggie's golf cart.

A RED LASER BEAM shows on Reggie's back. A moment later, he is shot with a powerful TASER GUN.

He collapses to the jungle floor.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. ROAD SOUTH OF THE RESORT - DAWN

DETECTIVE JOHANNAS DE KLERK (45), a stern man, arrives in a police truck with his jovial black female partner, INSPECTOR THULI KHUMALO (24), in the passenger seat.

The Detective is unarmed and wears a gray suit and belt badge. Inspector Thuli is in uniform and wears a stun gun. Inspector Thuli always speaks in a Zulu-English accent.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Who reported the golf cart stolen?
Keys are still in it.

INSPECTOR THULI

A voice on the crime tip hotline.
Stolen golf cart. Yebo, happens
every day.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

We need to question him.

INSPECTOR THULI

It was a burner phone. Untraceable.

They walk slowly from Reggie's golf cart parked on the side of the road along a short, muddy path into the jungle.

They see Reggie tied to a tree with his pants down. A six-foot piece of rebar protrudes from his anus and upwardly-tilting mouth. There is a moderate amount of blood below his body. His face shows a look of horror.

Inspector Thuli looks away.

Detective De Klerk sees Reggie's Rolex watch and reaches for his wallet in his pants. He inspects it and finds lots of cash.

They trudge back to the golf cart in the mud.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

It wasn't a robbery. Take crime
scene photos and send the coroner
to collect the body. You drive the
vic's cart back to the Zimbali
Coast Resort.

INSPECTOR THULI

How did you--?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

It's on the key chain.

EXT. RESORT LOBBY - MORNING

We see a beautiful morning on the Indian Ocean. The upscale resort shines like paradise as Detective De Klerk and Inspector Thuli meet outside the lobby.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Follow me and take notes. I'll do
the talking.

INT. RESORT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Detective De Klerk speaks to the Registration Clerk from the night before. Inspector Thuli takes notes in her notebook.

EXT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE - MORNING

Detective De Klerk KNOCKS on the door with a file in his right hand. Inspector Thuli has her notebook open and pen ready.

NO ANSWER.

He KNOCKS again a bit louder.

Wawani cracks the door open.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
My name is Detective Johannes De
Klerk of the Durban Police. This is
Inspector Thuli Khumalo.
(sadly)
It's about your husband, Mr. Reggie
Webster. May we come in?

She opens the door, and Detective De Klerk and Inspector Thuli enter.

The door of the adjacent suite slowly closes, which Inspector Thuli turns in time to see.

INT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Detective De Klerk and Inspector fan out and survey the room.

WAWANI
He'd been drinking Vesper Martinis
last night. I'm sure he's passed
out in his room.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I hope that's the case, ma'am.

INSPECTOR THULI
(mumbles)
Not likely, I think.

Wawani ignores Inspector Thuli, but Detective De Klerk elbows her.

They climb the stairs in the deluxe two-bedroom suite.

INT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE, BEDROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Detective De Klerk and Inspector Thuli pass the open door of the first bedroom door and see an unmade bed and Wawani's open suitcase inside.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Did Mr. Webster sleep in the other room because of his drinking last night? We spoke to the bartender--

WAWANI

No, because he was an abusive asshole!

Inspector Thuli's eyes open wide at the word, "asshole."

INSPECTOR THULI

Ah! Yebo.

INT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE, BEDROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Wawani enters the door to the other bedroom. We see a perfectly made bed and Reggie's closed suitcase.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Can we talk downstairs in the kitchen?

They trudge downstairs to the kitchen.

INT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

WAWANI

(angry)

Tell me what you're doing here!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

I'm afraid your husband was found dead in the jungle down the coast.

INSPECTOR THULI

Yebo, quite dead.

Inspector Thuli takes out her phone and quickly shows Wawani two photos.

INSERT PHOTOS: 1. Reggie from a distance tied to the tree. 2. Reggie up close impaled with rebar.

Inspector Thuli scrolls ahead by accident and quickly puts the phone behind her back. We SEE a glimpse of a selfie of Inspector Thuli and Reggie's tortured face. Inspector Thuli's eyes are wide open.

Wawani collapses into a kitchen chair, screaming and crying.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Where were you last night from
sunset to sunrise?

WAWANI

Asleep in my room, you insensitive--

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Do you have any way to prove that?

WAWANI

Don't look at me! Everybody hated
my husband, including the
housekeeper and the three guests he
insulted last night in the bar and
in the golf cart.

INSPECTOR THULI

So, no alibi, then?

Wawani glares at Inspector Thuli.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

We'll talk to them, but I'll need
you to get to Durban later today to
identify the body.

WAWANI

How-- How-- was he killed?

Detective De Klerk opens his file and shows Wawani more color photos of the crime scene with yellow police tape and her husband tied to a tree, impaled and dead. His face shows terror.

Wawani shields her eyes. She has difficulty speaking.

WAWANI (CONT'D)

Zulu.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Impi?

WAWANI
Yes, a Zulu warrior.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
How would you know this?

WAWANI
Stories of the elders in Durban. To scare us into being good children.

INSPECTOR THULI
(confident)
Yebo!

Detective De Klerk begins to leave.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
We'll find the lunatics who did this. Don't speak to anyone else.
(beat)
Oh, and I'm sorry for your loss.

Detective De Klerk scratches his head as they exit. They hear Wawani SOB.

EXT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Detective De Klerk walks toward Hartman's suite but stops to Google, "Zulu." He reads aloud.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Impi's are Zulu hereditary warriors who, when not formed into a strong unit, lead lesser units into battle.

INSPECTOR THULI
I don't think some Zulu warrior was after the vic's assets and life insurance.
(beat)
Uh-huh, no.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
(angry)
Let me handle the investigation.

They walk on to Hartman's suite.

EXT. HARTMAN'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

He KNOCKS on the door.

Hartman answers in a plush white bathrobe.

HARTMAN

Can I help you?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Hartman Hess?

HARTMAN

Yes.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

I'm Detective Johannes De Klerk of the Durban Police. This is Inspector Thuli Khumalo. You argued with a guest last night.

HARTMAN

(laughs)

And that bully called you about it?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

No, that bully was murdered last night. Where were you from sunset to sunrise?

HARTMAN

Here. Catching up on email, drinking Berliner Pilsner, and sleeping.

INSPECTOR THULI

(doubtful)

Uh-huh.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Can anyone verify that?

HARTMAN

The empty bottles of Pilsner. Call on me later.

Hartman SLAMS the door.

Inspector Thuli checks her notebook as Detective De Klerk walks to the next suite.

INSPECTOR THULI

(mumbles)

I don't like him.

EXT. PATRICK AND JEWEL'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Jewel opens the door before Detective De Klerk can knock.

JEWEL

We're scared. What's going on?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

I'm Detective Johannes De Klerk.
This is Inspector Thuli Khumalo. I
see you're from Durban, too.

Patrick trudges to the door, trying to wake up.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)

Is there a place we can talk
privately?

PATRICK

In here, I suppose.

Patrick heads back up into the suite.

Detective De Klerk follows, but Jewel stops at the doorway.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Mrs. Mbatha, Inspector Thuli would
like your recollection of events in
private, outside.

Jewel looks crushed as Detective De Klerk enters the suite
and shuts the door.

INSPECTOR THULI

If I can ask you a few more
questions, Ma'am.

Inspector Thuli guides Jewel away from the suite.

INT. PATRICK AND JEWEL'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Detective De Klerk looks around the smaller suite. The king
bed and two chairs take up all the room with a bathroom in
the back.

Patrick sits in one chair while Detective De Klerk takes the
other.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

The security cameras outside the
Great House caught your fight with
Mr. Webster and Mr. Hess last
night.

PATRICK

I admitted to drinking too much. He punched me twice. Maybe more. I don't remember anything from last night, just what Jewel told me this morning.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Getting punched like that must have made you very angry. Would you say you were out for revenge?

PATRICK

After he punched me? Maybe.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Were you both here all last night?

PATRICK

I don't remember. I had too much to drink and passed out when we got into bed.

(sheepish)

It was not a great anniversary celebration for my wife.

EXT. PATRICK AND JEWEL'S SUITE - SAME TIME

Jewel looks away during her interview with Inspector Thuli. Jewel speaks in broken English.

JEWEL

The rich tourists bullied my husband and propositioned the poor housekeeper.

Inspector Thuli is alarmed.

INSPECTOR THULI

Those sons a bitches! Who threw the first punch?

JEWEL

Mr. Webster.

INSPECTOR THULI

Are you sure?

JEWEL

It all happened so fast.

INSPECTOR THULI
Does your husband ever get violent
with you after he drinks?

JEWEL
Long ago. I learned to stay away
from him when he got home.
Eventually, he passes out.

Jewel looks away. Inspector Thuli looks sad.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
I want to go home.

INSPECTOR THULI
(softens)
That won't be necessary. We
understand you're celebrating your
anniversary.

Detective De Klerk exits the house to hear Inspector Thuli.
Both women see Detective De Klerk shaking his head, No.

INSPECTOR THULI (CONT'D)
Stay and enjoy it, but confine
yourself to the resort. Forget
about Mr. Reggie Webster wandering
into the jungle and getting killed
last night.

Jewel makes the sign of the cross.

JEWEL
Oh my God.

INSPECTOR THULI
I thought I recognized you both
from the Church.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
We'll find the men who did this.
(waves and walks away)
Yebo! We'll catch the lunatics.

As they walk away, Inspector Thuli whispers to Detective De
Klerk.

INSPECTOR THULI
Doesn't nobody here have an alibi?

Antonia drives up in a golf cart with her housekeeper
supplies.

Detective De Klerk and Inspector Thuli head over to her.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I'm Detective Johannes De Klerk,
this is Inspector Thuli Khumalo.

Antonia and Inspector Thuli avoid eye contact.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
Did a resort guest proposition you
last night?

ANTONIA
Two did, why? It's not unusual.

INSPECTOR THULI
(mumbles)
Those sons a bitches.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
One of them wound up dead.

ANTONIA
That goat, Mr. Hess, had his hands--

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
It was Mr. Webster.
(beat)
Your manager says you hate
tourists.

ANTONIA
Who doesn't? But they pay the
bills.

INSPECTOR THULI
(agreeing)
You got that right! Yebo!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Point taken. Do you know much about
the Zulus?

ANTONIA
History is my hobby.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
(testing Antonia)
What's an Impi?

ANTONIA
A Zulu warrior. Impaling the worst
criminal of enemies!
(MORE)

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Five throwing spears from the finest iron and a bigger spear as a final defense in battle. Breaking a man's neck with their bare hands. Why?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Where were you last night between dusk and dawn?

ANTONIA

(shrugs)

Sleeping at a friend's house.

Antonia glares at Detective De Klerk as he guides Antonia toward their police golf cart.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

(angry with Detective)

What's this about?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

You'll have to come with us for questioning.

ANTONIA

Let me guess. You have no solid leads. No one has an iron-clad alibi. The Chief is riding you to solve the case as quickly as possible to restore calm at the resort by questioning a local worker rather than a tourist, right?

Inspector Thuli mumbles in agreement.

INSPECTOR THULI

Yebo.

Detective De Klerk glares at Inspector Thuli and then looks away.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Antonia Le Roux, you're too smart for you're own good. You'll have to come with us for questioning. If any evidence from the crime scene points to Mr. Mbatha or someone else, I'll arrest them.

INSPECTOR THULI

(mumbles)

She didn't do it. Eish!

Detective De Klerk shakes his head in disgust.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective De Klerk and Inspector Thuli sit on one side of the table, while Antonia sits on the other side. Detective De Klerk records the interview on his camcorder.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

This is an extension of the informal interview we held at the resort. We're recording it.

INSPECTOR THULI

(sweetly to Antonia)
You could demand a lawyer.

ANTONIA

I did nothing wrong, but I think I can help you.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

(suspicious)
I doubt it.

INSPECTOR THULI

I'd like to hear what she has to say.

ANTONIA

Show me the crime scene photos.

Detective De Klerk hesitates and then shows Antonia the first two photos.

Antonia is shocked and pushes the photo back immediately.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

You have dangerous killers on the loose.

Detective De Klerk is coy.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Maybe someone with local knowledge of Zulu murder rituals? Not someone who stepped off the plane and hopped on a golf cart to a high-end resort. Wouldn't you agree, Ms. Le Roux?

Antonia sits back in her seat.

ANTONIA

Good questions, Detective De Klerk. The murderer used a long piece of construction rebar for impalement, so they wouldn't have carried it on the plane here. But the rebar and a small piece of rope could be from any construction site nearby. But, I agree, this was pre-meditated.

Antonia stands and paces.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

This was a ritualistic killing, which I know little about.

Detective De Klerk glares at Inspector Thuli.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Get on it, Inspector Thuli!

Inspector Thuli stands to leave.

ANTONIA

I assume you've checked all the local construction sites?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Inspector Thuli -- get going.

Inspector Thuli dashes out.

ANTONIA

Who had the most to gain financially, Detective De Klerk?
(angry)

His wife! Check her financial records to see if she hired a killer. She knew where he was looking to buy real estate! Did she know the area he was looking for? Was that where he was killed?

Detective De Klerk turns angry.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Let me handle the investigation, Ms. Le Roux.

ANTONIA

Am I free to go?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

No, revenge is a powerful motive, too. And you were propositioned by the victim.

ANTONIA

If housekeepers killed every tourist who propositioned them, they'd be out of a job!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Point taken, we're keeping you here for 24 hours for questioning.

ANTONIA

I know, so it looks like you're doing something, and the good citizens of Durban can rest easy. If I had my phone and connection to WiFi, I could find out much more about Zulu ritual killings.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

I don't think so, Ms. Le Roux.

Detective De Klerk storms out of the room.

EXT. RESORT BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Wawani is not exactly drowning her sorrows at the bar. She has two tall Mojitos in front of her as she hypnotically stares out to the sea. She is nicely dressed and in spiked heels.

Hartman, who also is nicely dressed, joins her and gives her a pat on the back.

WAWANI

Why a bullshit Zulu killing by goddamn impaling?

Hartman is stunned.

WAWANI (CONT'D)

What the hell?

HARTMAN

Sorry, I-- I-- I didn't know.

WAWANI

A gangbanger woulda shot the brother in the face, laughed, and walked away like he didn't do it.

Hartman is at a loss for words.

WAWANI (CONT'D)

That photo gonna give me nightmares
for ten years!

Hartman spots a BARTENDER and points to himself.

HARTMAN

Two more Mojitos?
(louder)
Make it three.

The bartender smirks as he waves back.

Hartman sits next to Wawani and leans in and whispers.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

You're saying there's a lunatic
killer out there now.

Hartman looks around.

Wawani jabs her index finger on the table.

WAWANI

I'm staying right here. I'm not
walking anywhere alone, and I'm
sure as hell not going to wander
into no jungle!

Hartman stands up.

HARTMAN

I'm not staying here. I'm going to
see the manager.

Wawani pulls his arm down.

WAWANI

No flights until morning, and it's
gonna be dark soon. Sunset is 6:30.

Wawani looks around in fright.

HARTMAN

You-- might be right.

Hartman turns to see Patrick and Jewel walking toward them. They are dressed like peasants and bickering as they approach. Jewel has a slight rash on the left side of her face and tries to hide it from the others.

PATRICK
We can afford more drinks.

Jewel whispers to Patrick, and we HEAR the sound of clicks angrily in isiZulu with the subtitle:

SUBTITLE: "It's my money. I will decide."

Wawani studies Jewel.

WAWANI
Wise woman. Is that rash on your
face from something you ate here?

Patrick is defensive toward Wawani

PATRICK
She has a light peanut allergy.
She's fine.
(yells at Jewel)
When I won a Christmas ham at the
church bazaar, I split it with you.
When you won that environmental
prize, it became half mine.

Patrick looks at the bartender and yells.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Two Jo'burg beers, please.

The Bartender yells at Patrick.

BARTENDER
You'll get no more Jo'burgs from
this oke at my shebeen!

Jewel glares at Patrick.

PATRICK
The oke cut me off!

Hartman leans into Patrick and Jewel.

HARTMAN
You have bigger things to worry
about. There is a killer on the
loose.

PATRICK
They arrested the housekeeper, our
new maid said.

WAWANI

The housekeeper? Why would she risk her job for nothing in return?

Hartman stares at Wawani.

HARTMAN

Why, indeed? Especially since Wawani here gets everything!
(beat, louder)
Unless he had a Trust!

Jewel pulls at Hartman's sleeve urgently and speaks in broken English.

JEWEL

(to Hartman)
What is Trust?

HARTMAN

It's an estate planning document that keeps your relative's greedy hands off your money.

Jewel glares at Patrick, which Hartman sees.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

(laughs to Jewel)
So, Patrick isn't a saint? I'd be happy to help you with a Trust.

Hartman winks at Jewel and hands her his business card. She tries to refuse it, but he insists.

Patrick glares at Hartman.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

A last will is recommended for those people worth less than a few million dollars. From the look of your husband, I'd say you don't need a Trust.

Jewel looks away, disappointed.

Detective De Klerk surprises them at the bar.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Mrs. Webster, can I speak to you for a moment in private?

Detective De Klerk points to a secluded table.

WAWANI

Sure.

(glances at Hartman)

Do I need a lawyer?

HARTMAN

I'm not that kind of lawyer, but
you have a right to remain silent.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

A few simple questions.

Wawani stands and takes her drink as she follows Detective De Klerk.

Hartman chuckles to Patrick and Jewel.

HARTMAN

I'll leave you two lovebirds to
celebrate. I'll find a more
sociable bar.

Tipsy, Hartman gets up and stumbles away.

Detective De Klerk holds the chair for Wawani in a dark corner of the bar.

WAWANI

What's this about?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Simple questions. Did you notify
Mr. Webster's next of kin about his
passing?

Wawani gulps her drink.

WAWANI

I'm in shock. I'll call tomorrow.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

I called his mother, Mrs. Vivica
Webster.

Wawani's eyes open widely.

Detective De Klerk puts his head down and shakes it.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)

She took the news hard. Confined to
a wheelchair. She said you wanted
to divorce her son.

WAWANI

(angry)

He abused me. She knows.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

You see why I had to ask. It looks bad. The wife of a wealthy man gets killed in a foreign country right before his wife files for divorce.

Wawani glares at Detective De Klerk.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)

Vivica gave me the name of your lawyer. Your husband's lawyer, too.

She stands to leave and takes one last gulp of her drink.

WAWANI

I'm flying back to London in the morning.

Patrick and Jewel are watching and listening to Detective De Klerk as Wawani stomps away.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

(yells)

You're not going anywhere! You wired \$10,000 to a man in Durban a week ago. We're hunting him down just now.

INT. RESORT BAR - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Jewel smile weakly at Detective De Klerk as he leaves.

They whisper to each other, worried.

PATRICK

Did you hear that? There is a killer on the loose.

Jewel shakes her head, "No."

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Maybe not exactly, but someone killed Reggie Webster, and I think we should go home after we're done celebrating our anniversary. I'm ordering more beer, and there's nothing you can do to stop me.

Patrick smiles proudly as Jewel glares at him.

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Inspector Thuli and Antonia are laughing when Detective De Klerk catches them.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Hey, Inspector Thuli, she's a suspect!

INSPECTOR THULI
(gazing at Antonia)
Person of interest, I would say.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Yebo, person of interest, but I have more questions for her.

INSPECTOR THULI
We're civilized here. Go just now.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
(to Antonia)
At any time, did you hear any direct threats against Mr. Webster?

Antonia pauses to think.

ANTONIA
In a drunken stupor, after the rich snobs, as Wawani called them, finished pushing Patrick around, he might have said he wanted to hurt them someday, but he was too drunk to seriously threaten the men.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Do you think he was serious?
(to Inspector Thuli)
Check him for priors for assault.

INSPECTOR THULI
He was drunk.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Now, please.

Inspector Thuli returns to her desk while Detective De Klerk glares at Antonia.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
Do you often eavesdrop on
conversations?

ANTONIA
Like you, I am a student of human
nature. I am invisible to guests.
They look away or look down on me.
I hear things.

Detective De Klerk studies Antonia.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Are you married?

ANTONIA
No. Is that a crime?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Have you ever been arrested? I
could check very quickly.

ANTONIA
No. I've had reason to report the
behavior of many rude guests, but
in my experience, the management
and police always side with the
rich tourists. So, why bother? Keep
the job and the food.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
You don't trust law enforcement?

ANTONIA
I didn't say that.

Inspector Thuli interrupts their discussion.

INSPECTOR THULI
Three priors for barroom brawls,
but no charges. His wife would pick
him up and take him home.

ANTONIA
He looks too frail to hurt anyone.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I need to talk to his wife some
more.

EXT. RESORT BAR - SAME TIME

Jewel helps her drunken husband get to their golf cart (with the security camera watching). She refuses to ride with him and walks back to their suite.

Hartman drives up next to Patrick in his golf cart. He sounds drunk.

HARTMAN

You better watch that wife of yours.

Patrick turns to Hartman in anger.

PATRICK

You stay away from her!

HARTMAN

She came into money and wants you out of her life.

PATRICK

You're crazy.

Patrick tries to take off, but after two feet, his foot slips from the gas pedal, and he stops.

Hartman laughs.

HARTMAN

You have a shitty golf cart, and you're a shit-faced driver.
(burps)
See you later, loser!

Hartman steps on the gas pedal and zooms away, but not in the direction of his suite.

Patrick laughs.

PATRICK

Stupid lawyer. Who's the idiot now?

Patrick drives off very slowly toward his suite. He passes Jewel on the way and waves insincerely.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

Inspector Thuli and Antonia laugh, drink coffee, and eat cookies in the break room at the station as Detective De Klerk enters.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Inspector Thuli Khumalo, what's
going on? Ms. Le Roux is supposed
to be locked up.

INSPECTOR THULI
(shocked)
My bad. We didn't expect you back
so soon!

ANTONIA
I didn't kill anyone, Detective De
Klerk. Inspector Thuli knows this.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I don't care what she knows, put
her behind bars.

INSPECTOR THULI
Yebo, Detective De Klerk.

Inspector Thuli begins to guide Antonia away.

ANTONIA
The vic's wife had sixty million
reasons to kill him. What did I
have?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
What?

ANTONIA
Public knowledge on the Internet.
Networth-dot-com.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
(angry)
Let me be the detective. She was
going to divorce him. It goes to
show--

ANTONIA
Exactly. Why would she settle for
half his money when she could have
it all? Good thinking, Detective De
Klerk.

Detective De Klerk yells at Inspector Thuli.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I said lock her up! And keep her
locked up until I get back.

INSPECTOR THULI
Where are you goin', Boss?

The flustered Detective De Klerk turns to leave.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I forgot to confiscate Mrs.
Webster's passport. We don't want
her flying home.

INSPECTOR THULI
Good idea, Boss.

When Detective De Klerk is gone, Inspector Thuli and Antonia
return to the break room.

INSPECTOR THULI (CONT'D)
What you thinkin'? Did she kill
him?

They pour more coffee and grab cookies.

ANTONIA
The wife has the strongest motive.
She's strong and from Durban.

INSPECTOR THULI
Yebo! Strong and could be mean.

ANTONIA
The photograph of the crime scene
was gruesome and dirty. She wears
fine clothes. I would check her
closet for muddy shoes.

Inspector Thuli writes down "muddy shoes."

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
Don't bother looking for footprints
at the scene because of the mud.

INSPECTOR THULI
So, fingerprints? Yebo!

ANTONIA
Reggie is a big man. We may be
looking for more than one person.

INSPECTOR THULI
Why?

Antonia paces and thinks.

ANTONIA

There wasn't much blood draining
from the arrow wound.

INSPECTOR THULI

Meaning?

ANTONIA

He may have been dead before he was
impaled. The heart stopped pumping
earlier.

She stops pacing.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Then, one person could have lifted
him against the tree and tied him
to it.

Inspector Thuli shows Antonia her selfie with Reggie.

Antonia is elated.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have done this.

INSPECTOR THULI

(laughs)

I'd better delete it, huh?

ANTONIA

No, but crop your head out. The
photo shows that the murderer wore
gloves, or we might see bloody
fingerprints on his face.

INSPECTOR THULI

Good point. I knew that!

Antonia has an epiphany. She's excited.

ANTONIA

Reggie must have been poisoned or
tranquilized before he was impaled.
Did you order a TOX report?

INSPECTOR THULI

It's not like the BBC detective
shows. It takes a week to get a TOX
report back from Cape Town.

ANTONIA

Is the rebar pole in your evidence
room? I'd like to see it.

INSPECTOR THULI
The Coroner has it, and Detective
De Klerk won't let anyone touch it.

ANTONIA
Can you get me a close-up photo of
the ends?

INSPECTOR THULI
(smiles)
Maybe so, yebo!

Inspector Thuli and Antonia share a moment.

EXT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE - NIGHT

Detective De Klerk parks his truck outside Wawani's suite,
and he steps to the door, and KNOCKS softly.

Wawani answers in a sour mood.

WAWANI
What do you want?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Your passport. I should have
collected it earlier.

WAWANI
Did you take the passports of that
looney lawyer or the locals?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
No. They're not suspects yet.

WAWANI
Yet? Huh?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
And I'd like to see any shoes you
wore yesterday or today.

WAWANI
Gotta warrant?

Wawani disappears from the door, and the nosy Detective De
Klerk pokes his face in and examines the rug.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
A warrant? Don't bust my balls,
Mrs. Webster. This is a small
country.

Wawani prepares to hand Detective De Klerk her passport.

WAWANI

I want a receipt that says you
confiscated it from me.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

We don't--

WAWANI

Uh-uh! If you lose it, you gotta
pay to get me another one.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Give me paper and a pen.

WAWANI

In the kitchen.

Detective De Klerk walks straight to the kitchen while Wawani stands at the door.

Moments later, Detective De Klerk returns with a note saying, "I confiscated the passport of Mrs. Wawani Webster."

WAWANI (CONT'D)

Sign and date the note.

(laughs)

I'm going to be richer than Elon
Bezos. Reggie told me it was a done
deal. I don't give a shit what
happens to it now!

Detective De Klerk tromps back to the kitchen and returns with the completed note.

Wawani stares at the note and notices Detective De Klerk tracked mud into the suite. She points in anger.

WAWANI (CONT'D)

Look what you did.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

It's just a little dirt.

WAWANI

It's mud, and I don't do mud!

She SLAMS the door on Detective De Klerk.

INT. HARTMAN'S SUITE - SAME TIME

One small light is on in the back of the suite.

Hartman lays on the bed in his boxer shorts with the AC on high. He watches TV with the volume low. His phone is by his side. A tall glass of rum sits on an end table.

He hears a light TAPPING on his front door and answers it. He's as surprised to see Wawani as she is to see Hartman in his underwear.

Wawani pushes her way inside as she mumbles.

WAWANI

We have to talk.

Hartman looks around outside before shutting the door.

INT. HARTMAN'S SUITE - LATER

Hartman lays back on his bed drinking rum with a smile.

His phone RINGS and he is surprised. He stares at the number but doesn't recognize it.

He lets it RING twice more before answering rudely. He slurs some of his words.

HARTMAN

If this is a telemarketer, I'll have your ass in a sling before morning.

He hears the faint voice of Jewel on the other end.

JEWEL (V.O.)

Why would a husband suddenly need a private bank account?

HARTMAN

Is this Mrs. Mbatha? I mean, Jewel?

JEWEL (V.O.)

Yebo. I don't mean to bother you so late.

HARTMAN

No trouble at all.

JEWEL (V.O.)

I have a few questions.

HARTMAN

Where's Patrick?

JEWEL (V.O.)
Passed out like every night.

HARTMAN
I'm shorry, I mean, sorry. I've had
a little to drink, too. But I'm
still awake. Why don't you stop by
for a drink?

JEWEL (V.O.)
That wouldn't be proper.

HARTMAN
I can't go to your suite. Your
jealous husband might kill me, too.

JEWEL (V.O.)
(angry)
What did you mean, kill you too?

HARTMAN
(laughs)
I didn't mean anything by it. That
Reggie was a bully.

JEWEL (V.O.)
I would prefer our discussion to be
in private. How about tomorrow
morning for coffee at the little
coffee shop behind our suites?

HARTMAN
Are you bringing your husband?

JEWEL (V.O.)
No. He'll still be passed out. I'll
bring him back a cup of coffee.
He'll like that. Is 8 AM okay?

HARTMAN
I look forward to advising you. Pro
Bono, of course.

Hartman sets a wake-up call on his phone for 7:30 AM.

EXT. PATRICK AND JEWEL'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Jewel stares at her phone. She HEARS a truck outside and
peeks out the window.

She sees Detective De Klerk's police truck racing away from
Wawani's suite.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective De Klerk returns to find Inspector Thuli and Antonia playing cards.

He glares at them but laughs.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
It doesn't matter now.

He opens Wawani's passport and smiles.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
Ms. Wawani Webster all but confessed. She hated the man and was after all his money! The property he purchased down the coast will be worth millions someday.

INSPECTOR THULI
Property?

ANTONIA
He wanted to build a sister resort to the Zimbali Coast Resort. He had the highest bid.

Detective De Klerk pulls out his phone and shows them a photo of a Real Estate Agent's Business Card. He's giddy.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I saw the realtor card on the kitchen table and took a photo. I called him on the way back to the station. I woke him up. Ha! He told me after Reggie failed to show up for his 10 AM meeting this morning, the bid rolled to the second-highest bidder.

ANTONIA
Let me guess, Hartman Hess.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
How could you possibly know that? Their bidding protocol specifically prohibits--

INSPECTOR THULI
Mr. Hess was murdering the competition!

Detective De Klerk stands proud.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Tomorrow morning, I'm bringing Mr.
Hartman Hess and Ms. Wawani Webster
in for questioning!

Antonia and Inspector Thuli stare perplexed at Detective De Klerk, who is proud of himself.

Antonia elbows Inspector Thuli.

INSPECTOR THULI
Sir, do we have any hard evidence
that links either one of them to
the crime scene?

Detective De Klerk hangs his head until he has an epiphany.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Murder for hire! Wawani sent ten
thousand dollars USD to a man in
Durban!

ANTONIA
We checked on that, Sir.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
We?

INSPECTOR THULI
The man runs the orphanage that
Wawani grew up in.
(she reads from her
notebook)
Jonathan Robert Steenhuisen. He has
12 witnesses, the orphans, who say
he hasn't left the orphanage in two
years.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
That means nothing.

INSPECTOR THULI
He has one leg, Sir.

Detective De Klerk's eyes open wide.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Then Mr. Hartman Hess hired the
killer. He probably knew he was the
second-highest bidder before
setting foot in South Africa.

ANTONIA
That sounds more plausible!

INSPECTOR THULI
We just have to prove it!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Phone records and bank statements!
Get going.

INSPECTOR THULI
We could use a little help.

Detective De Klerk stares at Antonia.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I could get in big trouble if the
Chief finds out.

INSPECTOR THULI
(smiles)
Her lips are sealed.

Detective De Klerk points Antonia to his computer.

ANTONIA
Am I no longer a suspect?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Do you have a solid alibi yet?

Antonia glances at Inspector Thuli and then back at Detective De Klerk.

ANTONIA
I guess not.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Then, you are still a person of
interest, but you've been
instructive, and we can use your
help.

ANTONIA
I'll help if you get my job back
afterward.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Deal!

Inspector Thuli smiles as Antonia goes to work on Detective De Klerk's computer.

ANTONIA
What do we know about the realtor?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Good point. Get me a full sheet on
Patrick Mbatha, too.

Inspector Thuli yells from her computer.

INSPECTOR THULI
I told you. Patrick Mbatha has had
three priors for assault over the
past ten years. All just after
closing time at the bars. Never a
report of a weapon.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
All with other local drunks is my
bet.

INSPECTOR THULI
True that!

ANTONIA
Interesting. Hartman Hess has major
holdings in cryptocurrency with
ties to a banker in Cape Town.

Detective De Klerk and Inspector Thuli race behind Antonia to
view the computer.

INSERT Photos of a male Banker (40s, white), ALBERT ZITO, in
a nice gray suit and bright tie.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
There's his number. I'll call him
up for a little chat.

Detective De Klerk calls and waits.

Detective De Klerk is upset.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
Direct to voicemail.
(listens)
This is Detective De Klerk of the
Durban Police. Please give me a
call back at your earliest
convenience regarding Mr. Hartman
Hess of Berlin, Germany.

Detective De Klerk ends the call.

Inspector Thuli goes back to her computer.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)

It's been a long day. We all need rest. I should go home to my wife and kids.

INSPECTOR THULI

If you put Antonia on house arrest, I can put her up for the night. I have a spare room.

Detective De Klerk turns his head and squints his eyes.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Fine.

(beat)

Be back at 7 AM. We have a murderer to catch.

Detective De Klerk turns and exits.

Antonia smiles as she returns to Detective De Klerk's computer.

ANTONIA

I have more research to do.

Inspector Thuli looks over Antonia's shoulder as she pulls up various web pages.

INSERT WEB PAGES

-- A photo of Wanani Webster in her youth shows her outside an orphanage in Durban.

-- Photos of Wawani are shown as a socialite with Reggie in London.

-- Antonia, disappointed, quickly moves on to another web page.

-- Photos of Hartman are shown linked to cryptocurrency scams.

-- Antonia, disappointed, quickly moves on to another web page.

-- Patrick Mbatha has no social media presence.

-- Antonia, disappointed, quickly moves on to another web page.

-- Patrick's family has been in the construction business for generations in Durban. All positive.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

All positive reviews, but it would give him access to rebar and rope from construction sites.

-- Antonia, disappointed, quickly moves on to another web page.

-- Jewel Mbatha's social media page shows her getting an award for concern for the environment and Zulu people.

-- Antonio is drawn to the day Jewel was born, October 4, 1965, and the date she was married to Patrick on Oct 4, 1985.

ANTONIA (V.O.)

Is it strange to be married on your birthday?

-- Jewel has a weak link to Zulu culture web pages.

-- Antonia researches "Zulu ritual killing techniques."

-- Finally, Antonia smiles.

INSPECTOR THULI

What are you thinking?

Antonia shuts off the computer and stands.

ANTONIA

The game is afoot!

Antonia and Inspector Thuli stroll out with smiles.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Antonia and Inspector Thuli stroll in with big smiles until they see Detective De Klerk with a look of horror on his face.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

It's Hartman Hess. The maid found him dead in the kitchen.

ANTONIA

Housekeeper, not maid!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

The housekeeper found him dead. Inspector Thuli, grab the crime scene kit.

Detective De Klerk straps on a pistol and heads to the door.

INSPECTOR THULI
What about Antonia?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Did you let her out of your site
for a minute last night?

INSPECTOR THULI
No, Sir.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I thought as much. She's not our
killer, but she's not to get
involved in the rest of our
investigation.
(smiles at Antonia)
Okay with you?

ANTONIA
Yebo, Detective De Klerk.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Detective De Klerk races off in his pickup truck with
Inspector Thuli riding shotgun and Antonia in the backseat.
They race through the town streets.

INSPECTOR THULI
Was Mr. Hess slumped over in a
chair from drinking too much?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
No.

ANTONIA
Heart attack?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Something like that. Speared him in
the heart!

Antonia's and Inspector Thuli's eyes open wide.

Inspector Thuli looks out the window.

Antonia is busy researching on her phone.

INT. RESORT RESTAURANT - MORNING

Patrick and Jewel dine quietly at a corner table.

Wawani walks in holding a cup of coffee, looks around, and spots Patrick and Jewel.

WAWANI
Mind if I join you?

Patrick smiles weakly.

PATRICK
We're not in the mood to talk.

Wawani sits down, holding a colorful brochure of wildlife tours.

WAWANI
Good. Me neither. We're like prisoners.

Jewel doesn't make eye contact with either of them.

PATRICK
Detective De Klerk is coming by sometime today to tell us what he found out.

WAWANI
Nothing! He's found out nothing!

PATRICK
I'm not going to sit around here and do nothing.

Jewel sounds ambivalent.

JEWEL
A day on a tour van might be nice. I don't care.

PATRICK
(smiles)
We could take the tour to Hluhluwe-Imfolozi, one of South Africa's most popular game reserves. It's only a two-hour drive.

WAWANI
They offer a photo safari tour beginning in one hour. My treat. I feel bad that your 40th Anniversary was ruined.

PATRICK

I enjoy wildlife tours, but Jewel hates it. She wants everyone to leave the wildlife alone.

Wawani pats Jewel's hand.

WAWANI

We could go with Patrick and watch, drink rum punch, and eat the free snacks.

Jewel smiles weakly, still avoiding eye contact.

PATRICK

Great, the wildlife tour it is. I'll do anything to cheer up my gloomy wife.

They exit quietly.

EXT. RESORT ENTRANCE - DAY

Detective De Klerk's truck races through the entrance.

EXT. HARTMAN'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The truck SKIDS to a stop. The female HOUSEKEEPER (18) is consoled by the Registration Clerk.

The Registration Clerk points to the door.

The Housekeeper looks down and away.

Detective De Klerk hops out and turns to Inspector Thuli.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Follow me.

He hands Antonia his business card.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)

Tell your boss to reinstate you immediately. We'll manage it from here.

Detective De Klerk and Inspector Thuli run into the suite.

Antonia walks toward the Great House.

Moments later, Inspector Thuli bolts from the house and throws up just outside the door.

Antonia HEARS her and runs to comfort her by rubbing her back.

ANTONIA
Thuli, are you okay?

INSPECTOR THULI
(weak)
It was awful. So much blood. So much blood.

Antonia hugs her.

The angry Detective De Klerk sticks his head out the door.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Tape off the suite. Call the Coroner. No one enters! Got it?

INSPECTOR THULI
(nods yes)
Yebo, Sir. Sorry, Sir.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Nothing to be sorry for.

Detective De Klerk shuts the door.

EXT. HARTMAN'S SUITE - LATER

The Coroner's van is in front of the building, and Inspector Thuli is interviewing Wawani, Patrick, and Jewel in front of the suite.

INSPECTOR THULI
(to Patrick)
You were with your wife all night long and never left your suite.

PATRICK
That's correct. That I remember.

INSPECTOR THULI
What do you mean by that?

PATRICK
I'm a restless sleeper.

JEWEL
He sleepwalks.

Inspector Thuli ignores the comment.

INSPECTOR THULI
Mrs. Mbatha, same for you? Here all
night with your husband?

Jewel nods, "Yes."

Inspector Thuli turns to Wawani.

WAWANI
(angry)
Same here, and don't you say it!

INSPECTOR THULI
I have to ask. It's the law. Is
there anyone who can verify your
statement?

Wawani has a meltdown. She points her index finger in
Inspector Thuli's face as Antonia drives up in her
housekeeping golf cart.

Antonia quickly grabs a BROWNISH TOILET BRUSH and charges at
Wawani, who sees the toilet brush and immediately backs up.

ANTONIA
I'm not afraid to use this!

WAWANI
(yells at Antonia)
You tell her to stay away from me!

Detective De Klerk exits the suite holding one end of the
bodybag, while the Coroner holds the other end.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Step back from each other, all of
you!

Antonia steps back and lowers her toilet brush.

Jewel sees the bodybag and makes the sign of the cross.
Patrick and Inspector Thuli follow suit.

The Coroner completes the loading of the body into the van
and takes off.

Detective De Klerk pulls out a plastic evidence bag with a
vape pen in it with red lipstick on the tip.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
Mrs. Webster, I saw one of these on
your kitchen table yesterday. I
think that's your shade.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)

We'll also have the spear analyzed
for fingerprints.

Wawani's turns angry.

WAWANI

I've never seen a spear, let alone
use one!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Talk when your lawyer is present!

WAWANI

My divorce lawyer? What good would
that do?

Antonia steps up to Detective De Klerk.

ANTONIA

Even if Wawani visited Hartman, it
doesn't mean that she killed him.

Antonia studies Wawani's calm body language.

WAWANI

We had a drink and talked business,
but I didn't kill him.

Wawani turns to Antonia.

WAWANI (CONT'D)

He wanted me to be his business
partner.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

(to Wawani)

Tell that to the judge. You have
the right to an attorney before you
say another word!

Detective De Klerk holds up the two evidence bags containing
shot glasses.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)

And who knows what these will tell
us.

(beat)

Arrest her, Inspector Thuli.

Antonia looks on helplessly.

Jewel returns quietly to her suite, but Patrick can't stop
himself from boasting to Wawani.

PATRICK

I guess the wildlife tour might
have to be delayed-- for what,
twenty years to life?

Patrick shakes his head and follows Jewel back into their
suite.

Inspector Thuli begins loading the handcuffed Wawani into the
police truck as Detective De Klerk's phone RINGS. Caller ID
reads "ALBERTO ZITO."

Detective De Klerk quickly hikes out of earshot and answers
quietly.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Mr. Zito, this is Detective De
Klerk of the Durban Police. What
can you tell me about a lawyer from
Berlin named Mr. Hartman Hess?

(pauses to listen)

He was what? Broke? How can that
be?

(listens)

Are you telling me that bad
cryptocurrency investments wiped
him out in the time he flew
overnight from Berlin to South
Africa?

(listens)

But he thought he had found a new
partner for his real estate
purchase.

(listens)

Mrs. Wawani Webster. I see. Thanks,
you've been very helpful.

He ends the call and smiles as he walks back to the truck.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)

Mrs. Webster. Call a lawyer. Any
lawyer.

Antonia makes a "call me" gesture to Inspector Thuli.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Inspector Thuli confides in Detective De Klerk on the slow
ride back to Durban. Wawani is handcuffed in the back seat.

INSPECTOR THULI

She was with me two entire nights,
Sir.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Who was?

INSPECTOR THULI

Antonia. We're best friends from Church, although she quit going to church after watching all those detective shows.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

So, you're her alibi for Mr. Webster's murder?

INSPECTOR THULI

Yebo, Sir, and Mr. Hess's murder.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Why didn't you tell me when I detained her?

INSPECTOR THULI

Two reasons. It looks bad, for one. Conflict of interest. Yebo?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

And two?

INSPECTOR THULI

I thought she would be safer in police custody than near the resort. I was right, Sir.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Not about telling me sooner.

INSPECTOR THULI

And because she's so smart, Sir. All we do is watch old Agatha Christie movies and Sherlock Holmes, and she always guesses the killer before the investigators!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

(points to Wawani)

This one had her fooled!

Inspector Thuli gets a text message from Antonia. Inspector Thuli reads it.

INSPECTOR THULI

Ask the Detective De Klerk about the mud.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

What mud?

WAWANI

I don't do mud!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

(angry)

What mud?

Inspector Thuli gets another text message from Antonia.

INSPECTOR THULI

The mud all around the first crime scene.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

It was muddy! So what? It's always muddy there!

Inspector Thuli laughs and gets another text message.

INSPECTOR THULI

Ask the Detective if he's ever walked in mud in spiked heels.

Detective De Klerk SLAMS on the brakes, gets out, opens the back door, and inspects Wawani's spiked heel shoes. There is no sign of mud.

INSPECTOR THULI (CONT'D)

Antonia wants to meet us back at Wawani's suite.

Detective De Klerk is furious as he hops in the truck and turns it around.

EXT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE - DAY

Antonia holds her pass key up as Detective De Klerk drives up.

He swings open the door and yells at Inspector Thuli.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Guard the suspect!

He keeps the truck door open and leaps to the suite door.

Antonia pauses before letting Detective De Klerk in.

ANTONIA

Wipe your feet.

Detective De Klerk angrily complies.

INT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

We're going to examine her shoe collection, look for any signs of mud on them, and then drive to the police station to process the suspect.

ANTONIA

Housekeepers talk. After your last visit here, you trailed in mud, Wawani was furious and called housekeeping to clean your mess up immediately.

They enter the spotlessly clean suite.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Her room is upstairs.

ANTONIA

I know.

INT. REGGIE AND WAWANI'S SUITE, BEDROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Detective De Klerk and Antonia search Wawani's room. She has three additional pairs of shoes, all spiked heels. They are clean.

ANTONIA

She doesn't do mud.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

So, she had an accomplice!

ANTONIA

That's a theory. I'd like to see the first crime scene, with you and Inspector Thuli, if you don't mind.

Detective De Klerk glares at Antonia.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

You could test whether Wawani's ever been to the site. I bet she doesn't know where her major property investment is.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Fine! If it will get you off my
back, and let me continue my
investigation alone!

ANTONIA
(smiles)
Deal.

EXT. ROAD SOUTH OF THE RESORT - LATER

Detective De Klerk, Inspector Thuli, Wawani, and Antonia
arrive at the first crime scene.

WAWANI
I ain't getting out.

ANTONIA
(laughs, smiles)
I knew you wouldn't.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
(to Antonia)
Don't touch anything and walk
outside the Police Tape. Got it?

ANTONIA
Yebo, sir. Thanks for letting me
tag along.

They walk along the muddy path. Detective De Klerk glances
back at Wawani in the truck.

Yellow police tape encloses a 5m x 5m area around the tree
where Reggie was found.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
We're only ten minutes or so from
the resort.

INSPECTOR THULI
Nine minutes, sir. I timed it on my
phone.

Antonia gives Inspector Thuli a thumbs-up.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Good work.

Antonia looks around and locates a small syringe needle in
the mud.

ANTONIA

Detective De Klerk, I found something among the leaves.

Detective De Klerk leaps over to Antonia and stares down in the mud.

INSPECTOR THULI

Good work, Antonia. Syringe needle. I must have walked right past it ten times.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Me too.

He removes a latex glove from one pocket and an evidence bag from another pocket.

He carefully handles the needle.

ANTONIA

Stun guns and tasers are common in many rougher parts of South Africa.

Detective De Klerk bags the evidence.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

The coroner thinks he was tased and then tranquilized before he was impaled.

INSPECTOR THULI

(winks at Antonia)

So, I think the murderer --

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Or her. Mrs. Webster was born and raised in Durban. She would know about Zulu torture rituals.

(beat)

Sounds pre-meditated.

ANTONIA

Does she look like the hunting and gathering type now?

Detective De Klerk ignores Antonia's comment.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

The tranquilizer could have been prepared for multiple victims ahead of time in her kitchen.

INSPECTOR THULI
Exactly what I was thinking.

ANTONIA
She hasn't used her kitchen since
she's been here. Housekeepers talk.

Antonia walks around the police tape, staring at the tree.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
I hope you didn't touch the tree
without gloves on.

Inspector Thuli stares at Detective De Klerk.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
Smodingium argutum. The common
names are Ovana and Rainbow Leaf.
It's an indigenous tree and the
most common cause of plant contact
dermatitis. The Zulu call it the
itching tree.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
We used gloves. I'm sure the
coroner did, too, but we'll check.

Inspector Thuli pauses in a panic to remember.

Inspector Thuli jumps up and down happily.

INSPECTOR THULI
Gloves! I wore gloves! Except when
I took photos. Yebo! Yebo! But I
wore them before and after the
photos!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Good work again, Inspector Thuli.
(smiles)
Mrs. Webster would have known about
this tree growing up in Durban. So,
she struck Mr. Webster with a Taser
and then tranquilized him. It would
only take one person to impale him
and tie him to the tree.

INSPECTOR THULI
A ritual killing for sure.

ANTONIA
(suspicious)
Or made to look like a ritual
killing. Can I see the second
murder scene?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
I suppose so. You've been helpful
here this morning.

Detective De Klerk leads the way through the mud to the
truck.

Inspector Thuli puts her arm around Antonia's waist and
whispers in her ear.

INSPECTOR THULI
I wish you would have told me about
the itching tree.

Antonia whispers back with a chuckle.

ANTONIA
Your head obscured the tree in the
selfie you took.

As Detective De Klerk reaches the truck, he turns around, so
Inspector Thuli pulls her arm from Antonia's waist.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Let's hurry. I want to book her.

The ladies run to the truck.

EXT. HARTMAN'S SUITE - LATER

Detective De Klerk drives up in the truck. Yellow Police Tape
crisscrosses and surrounds the door to the suite.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
(to Inspector Thuli)
Guard the prisoner.

WAWANI
Oh, I'm a prisoner now!

Antonia and Detective De Klerk sneak under the police tape.

INT. HARTMAN'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Antonia enters and investigates the room as Detective De
Klerk does the same.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
Don't touch anything.

She freezes at the kitchen table.

ANTONIA
Was the victim found face-up on the
table with the spear in his heart?

Detective De Klerk is angry.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
How could you know that? I haven't
shared the crime scene photos, and
if Inspector Thuli shared them with
you, she's fired!

ANTONIA
She hasn't shared a thing!

Antonia looks high and low.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
What are you looking for?

ANTONIA
Another syringe needle.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
There was no other needle.

ANTONIA
Was there much blood from the knife
wound in the chest?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
More this time, but less than I
expected given the size of the
blade.

ANTONIA
Like Mr. Webster, Mr. Hess was dead
before the final blow. And one
black victim and one white victim
suggests that the murders are not
racially motivated.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
(angry)
You watch too many detective shows.

ANTONIA
It proves the two murders are
connected.

(MORE)

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

The victims' hearts had stopped beating long before the impaling and the spearing.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Maybe.

ANTONIA

And maybe, in the light, the murderer found the second syringe needle. But you still haven't found the syringe used in both cases.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Mrs. Webster is craftier than I thought.

Detective De Klerk gets a text message. Antonia peeks over his shoulder as he reads silently. "Fingerprints on the spear match Patrick Mbatha's prints on file."

Detective De Klerk and Antonia race out and hop in the truck.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Where are Mr. and Mrs. Mbatha now now?

WAWANI

They are about to take a tour van to Hluhluwe-Imfolozi Wildlife Park. I was to join them.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

You just might get your chance.

Detective De Klerk speeds away to the resort entrance.

Inspector Thuli glances at Detective De Klerk.

INSPECTOR THULI

I got the text message about the prints, too.

Antonia smiles at Wawani.

INSPECTOR THULI (CONT'D)

Should we uncuff her?

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Not yet. I want to speak to Mr. Mbatha first.

EXT. RESORT ENTRANCE - DAY

Detective De Klerk RACES to the resort's entrance, SKIDS to a stop, and hops out of the police truck to see a "Wildlife Tour Van."

Jewel and Patrick are the first to get in the van.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
All of you, stay here.

He turns on his body camera and walks towards the van.

Patrick and Jewel Mbatha are dressed casually with 4 Tourists with sun hats and smartphones. All but Jewel are drinking complementary tall rum punch drinks. Jewel sits up straight and tall in her seat behind the driver/TOUR GUIDE (30).

Patrick sees the Detective approaching and leaps to the back of the van.

The Tour Guide addresses the tourists as Detective De Klerk nears.

TOUR GUIDE
Hluhluwe-Imfolozi Game Reserve is famous for its white rhinos, a species now under threat of extinction. The park we will visit is two and a half hours away and was granted protection as a Rhino's sanctuary. The entire Big 5 can be viewed today, together with many other animals and birdlife.

Detective De Klerk turns around to see Inspector Thuli marching Wawani up in handcuffs and Antonia following.

Detective De Klerk leans back to Inspector Thuli.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
What the hell are you doing?

INSPECTOR THULI
We want Mr. Mbatha to think we caught the murderer. Wawani promises to remain silent, Sir.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK
(glances at Patrick)
Okay.

He holds up his badge and yells to the Tour Guide.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
Tour Guide, permission to come
aboard for a few minutes. This
won't take long, folks. Sorry for
the imposition.

Detective De Klerk and Antonia hop on the van, while
Inspector Thuli guards Wawani outside the van.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
I need to ask Mr. Mbatha a few
questions. You see, everyone here
wouldn't fit in my truck back to
the police station, so I'd like to
ask this person of interest a few
questions in private. It involves a
rather gruesome murder, so if any
of you other passengers are
uncomfortable being here, we can
arrange a full refund today and a
free adventure tomorrow.

The 4 Tourists' eyes open wide, but no one moves.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
The victim's chest was opened with
a Zulu spear.

The 4 Tourists disembark immediately, leaving their
complementary rum punch drinks behind.

Detective De Klerk is proud of himself.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
Maybe my Inspector Thuli and our
prisoner would like to join us.

Patrick and Jewel are nervous as Wawani boards the van with
Inspector Thuli.

The Detective sits next to Jewel. Antonia sits behind Jewel,
Wawani sits behind Detective, and Inspector Thuli sits behind
Wawani. Patrick remains in the back of the van.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)
Tour Guide, if you wouldn't mind,
could you take us away from the
resort a bit so no one else
disembarks so quickly?

The Tour Guide nervously drives north up the coastal road in
the direction of the wildlife park.

EXT. TOUR VAN - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

This is fine. You can pull over.
Thanks, Tour Guide.

Patrick takes a sip of his rum punch and then draws a pistol and aims it at the Tour Guide's head. The pistol shakes.

PATRICK

Driver, keep driving, and fast!
Everyone else, stay seated and shut
up. I have to think.

JEWEL

Patrick, no! What are you doing?

Patrick's shaking hand aims the pistol temporarily at Jewel.

PATRICK

Something I should have done long
ago. Detective, toss your gun out
the window!

Detective De Klerk turns and pleads with Patrick.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Put the gun down, Patrick. No one
else needs to be hurt.

PATRICK

I'm in charge now! Toss your gun
out! Now!

Patrick yells as he aims the pistol at the Detective, who quickly tosses his gun out the window.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Tell me what you know about the
murders.

The Detective hesitates until Patrick cocks the pistol and points it at everyone one at a time.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Tell me, or you all die!

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Yebo! Yebo! These two murder cases
have been confusing from the start.
(glares at Patrick)

(MORE)

DETECTIVE DE KLERK (CONT'D)

Mr. Mbatha was involved in a violent altercation with both victims the night before the first murder, which was staged to look like the work of a Zulu warrior-- What are they called?

ANTONIA

An Impi.

PATRICK

I know what an Impi is!

Detective De Klerk glides over to Antonia.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Ms. Antonia Le Roux also knew all about them.

ANTONIA

Legend has it that if a dangerous-looking stranger wandered into the Zulu village uninvited 200 years ago, they were stripped naked, impaled, and tied to a tree as a warning to others. The Impi warriors would dance around the invader until the warriors would throw their spears at the heart.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

Violent, Yebo, but I imagine it deterred uninvited strangers. I pulled Ms. Le Roux in for questioning, not knowing she had an iron-clad alibi.

(glares at Inspector
Trinika)

She had spent the entire night with my Inspector Thuli in Durban.

Patrick takes another sip of his rum punch.

Wawani uses her hand-cuffed hands to lift a rum punch to her lips.

WAWANI

Oooh! Go on! This is gettin' good.

Patrick shakes his pistol at the driver again.

PATRICK

Driver, drive faster.

The Driver speeds up.

Detective De Klerk points at Wawani, who puts her drink down.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

We considered the possibility that the killer may have been hired for the hit and tried to throw us off with the Zulu ritual theatrics, which took time to plan and carry out. We started 'following the money' as they say, to learn that the victim's wife, Ms. Wawani Webster, sent \$10,000 to a man in Durban.

WAWANI

That was for the orphanage that took me in as a little girl. I send them \$10,000 every year.

INSPECTOR THULI

The sole owner has one leg and is a helper type, not a killer type.

Wawani looks away sadly.

WAWANI

He's the closest person I had to a Daddy.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

We had a break in the case on the motive side when we learned Mr. Webster was the top bidder for the piece of land he was killed on, and the second-to-the-top bidder was Mr. Hartman Hess, giving him the perfect motive for murder.

Patrick takes another sip of his rum punch, but this time, he turns glassy-eyed and dizzy for a moment. His hand shakes more as he aims at the Detective.

PATRICK

Go on!

Detective De Klerk glares at Patrick.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

What's the matter with Mr. Mbatha?

JEWEL

That's his second rum punch.

Patrick's drink hand turns numb, and the drink falls out of his hand.

Detective De Klerk hurries his story.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

When Mr. Hartman Hess was killed the next night, we found physical evidence in his suite that implicated Mrs. Webster, who also had no alibi for the first murder and everything to gain from the death of her husband.

(louder)

But the fingerprints on the murder weapon belonged to Patrick Mbatha!

Patrick turns to Jewel, stunned. He aims the pistol at her, but he's unable to speak.

Antonia stares at Patrick, who is slowly losing consciousness.

ANTONIA

Something's the matter with Patrick, and I bet I know what it is.

Jewel glares at Antonia.

We see Detective De Klerk's cop-camera facing Jewel.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Patrick had a drinking problem, Yebo?

JEWEL

Yebo, once or twice a week.

ANTONIA

And when you were first married, he would abuse you when he drank.

Jewel nods, "Yes."

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

You told Detective De Klerk that Patrick is a restless sleeper and that he would be amorous at all hours of the night, especially after drinking.

(sadly)

But you learned how to control him, is that right?

Jewel nods, "Yes."

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

How?

JEWEL

Roofies. So he wouldn't attack me.

ANTONIA

You used Rohypnol, the date rape drug, so he and you could get much-needed sleep. He was less violent and less amorous, but it made him jittery, and he would forget about the night before.

Jewel nods, "Yes."

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

The drug is freely available on the black market, and Patrick wouldn't bother you if you slipped it into his drink.

(sad)

But it's also highly addictive.

DETECTIVE DE KLERK

But that means he would be in no condition to commit the murders.

ANTONIA

I'm afraid so.

Patrick is fading fast. He aims his pistol randomly with a shaking hand before dropping it on the floor of the van.

The Driver/Tour Guide SEES the pistol drop in the rearview mirror, HEARS the pistol drop, and slams on the brakes.

Detective De Klerk leaps over to Patrick to check his pulse as the gun slides on the floor of the van to Jewel.

They all HEAR a police car SIREN approaching.

Jewel aims the gun at the Drive/Tour Guide.

JEWEL

Drive on! Fast!

The Driver steps on it.

Detective De Klerk dives at Jewel, but she knocks him on the head with the pistol, and he collapses on the seat next to Jewel.

Jewel aims the pistol at Detective De Klerk's head.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

No one moves, or I shoot!

Inspector Thuli reaches behind her back for her stun gun, but she can't reach Jewel.

Antonia stands between Jewel and Inspector Thuli.

ANTONIA

(softly to Jewel)

We don't blame you. You were saving the environment. No one else has to die.

(to the Tour Guide)

Tour Guide, set a course for the wildlife park so Jewel can see what she's been protecting all these years.

(beat)

And step on it.

The Tour Guide does as he is told, and Antonia turns her full attention to Jewel in a soft voice.

The van ROARS toward the wildlife park with the police car in hot pursuit with SIRENS and LIGHTS.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Let me turn Detective De Klerk over so he can breathe more freely.

Jewel nervously holds the pistol and is taken in by Antonia's sympathetic tone and understanding.

The van speeds along.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

So Patrick was in no condition to commit those two murders.

Jewel's eyes open wide.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

You recently won a \$250,000 USD environmental prize. That's over four-and-a-half million South African Rand. And you spent it all, didn't you?

Jewel nods, "Yes."

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Your poor husband doesn't know that you donated it to all of the wildlife Reserves in the country. Good for you!

JEWEL

To stop development and protect the land, animals, and water.

INSPECTOR THULI

Yebo, we were both huge fans of your social media posts about saving all species, including the Big 5 and all the other creatures.

ANTONIA

Your extensive social media posts about white colonizers, the enslavers of people and nature, and attacks on land developers won you that environmental prize. Good work!

The van speeds up, and Inspector Thuli inches closer to Jewel, who glances at her suspiciously.

Jewel raises her pistol, which Antonia stares at.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

I get it now.

Jewel glares at Antonia.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

The historic Zulus had two ways to deal with uninvited, dangerous visitors who threatened their home and environment.

Antonia paces in the van, allowing Inspector Thuli to inch closer to Jewel.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

The first was how Reggie, that no-good land developer, was killed by impalement. Blaming the murder on a non-existent Zulu Warrior was brilliant.

(raises her finger)

It looked like the work of more than one person until we found the syringe needle.

(glances at the Detective)

(MORE)

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

But with a heavily tranquilized man, one strong woman like yourself could tie the lifeless body to the itching tree.

JEWEL

Itching tree?

ANTONIA

The rash on your face gave it away from the Ovana and Rainbow leaf tree that you tied Reggie to. It caused your rash!

Jewel feels her face in a panic.

Wawani and Inspector Thuli stare at Jewel's face, where there is no sign of a rash.

INSPECTOR THULI

I thought it was heavy acne.

WAWANI

I would have guessed shingles.

Jewel has a worried look.

Inspector Thuli inches toward Jewel, pretending to assess her facial rash.

ANTONIA

The second way the historic Zulus killed invaders was the way Hartman was found, stretched out on the kitchen table with a Zulu throwing spear in the chest. The Zulus were badasses!

JEWEL

My drunk husband--

ANTONIA

Drunk and drugged husband? No.

INSPECTOR THULI

Before you killed Mr. Hess, you were probably eavesdropping on Wawani from the door to Hartman's suite. You thought they were becoming partners, but Hartman's Banker in Berlin told Detective De Klerk he was flat broke.

(MORE)

INSPECTOR THULI (CONT'D)

He lost everything in a
cryptocurrency crash. That will
teach that no-good land developer!

WAWANI

His banker told me the same thing
when he called me to tell me Reggie
didn't claim his winning bid.

ANTONIA

(to Jewel)

So Wawani had no motive to kill
Hartman. That led us to Patrick and
you.

Antonia points to Jewel sympathetically.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HARTMAN'S SUITE - NIGHT

Hartman is dead on the table with Jewel, in doctor's scrubs
and Latex gloves, standing beside him with a Zulu spear in
his chest.

She admires her work.

She strips out of the blood-splattered scrubs.

She puts them in a garbage bag.

She stops to admire her work.

ANTONIA (V.O.)

You killed no-good Hartman Hess in
another ritualistic way and tried
to frame your husband for both
murders. You had your tranquilized
husband handle the spear while you
wore latex gloves.

Jewel sneaks back to her suite.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TOUR VAN - CONTINUOUS

The Driver speeds up with the police car in hot pursuit.

ANTONIA

You remembered to collect the syringe and needle from the tranquilizer.

Jewel gets angrier by the minute.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

It's fair to say you were done with your husband, too. But you were going to kill him and everyone else on the van today.

Wawani goes to sip her tall rum punch, but Antonia knocks it out of her hand. Her tone is no longer sympathetic to Jewel.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

I wouldn't drink that if I were you. Jewel didn't have an escape plan.

(yells)

She was going to kill everyone, including the Tour Guide!

Jewel's eyes turn dark red, and her voice sounds like a deranged man as she waves her pistol around.

JEWEL

Yebo, but we Impi warriors had strong reasons to deal with colonizers, invaders, and land developers: to protect Mother Earth: Inkosazane Nomkhubulwane. She is symbolized by rivers, rain, mist, and rainbows.

ANTONIA

And revenge? If the killer was an authentic Zulu, the impaler would have used the shaft from a throwing spear for Mr. Webster, not rebar. And a true Impi would have used a larger defensive spear for Mr. Hess, not a throwing spear. The killer was not a Zulu warrior.

Jewel looks away.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

For those first two murders, you wore a cheap set of doctors' scrubs -- a plastic suit to avoid blood splatter. Easy to dispose of in any garbage can.

INSPECTOR THULI

We'll find them today, with your
hair, sweat, and DNA trapped inside
the scrubs.

Jewel glares at Antonia and Inspector Thuli.

JEWEL

I don't care what happens to me.
You are all too blind to see that
Mother Earth is the only victim
here!

SILENCE

Jewel lifts the pistol and prepares to shoot Detective De
Klerk in the head, but the Tour Guide speeds up the van and
turns quickly.

Inspector Thuli pulls out her stun gun, leaps at Jewel, and
ZAPS Jewel on the neck.

The pistol falls to the floor, and Antonia picks it up and
inspects it.

ANTONIA

No bullets.

The Driver pulls over, and the police car races up.

Antonia restrains Jewel while Inspector Thuli removes the
handcuffs from Wawani and places them on Jewel (with her
hands behind her back).

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

(yells)

Good work, Tour Guide!

The Tour Guide opens the van door for two uniformed Police
Officers. Inspector Thuli gives the orders.

INSPECTOR THULI

Please book Jewel Mbatha on
suspicion of murder and call an
ambulance for Patrick Mbatha!

The Detective slowly regains consciousness.

ANTONIA

(to Jewel)

I know you saw yourself as an Impi warrior or some kind of guardian angel of the country's wildlife, but you're a ruthless killer in my book. I believe you were born on a tragic day that set your life on the path of revenge.

Jewel yells in anger.

JEWEL

Yebo! I was born on October 4, 1965, the day of the worst train accident in the history of Durban and all of South Africa. My mother was killed with 86 others, and I was born and orphaned on the same day!

Antonia looks away sadly.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

I was saving my country, the land, the plants, the animals, and the fish from invaders and rooinek, rich land developers.

Wawani sees the Detective regaining full consciousness.

WAWANI

Maybe she's right. I met with Hartman, who tried to get me drunk and buy that property for us to share his new grand estate. I remembered my days at the orphanage in Durban and slapped him across his head. I think I'm going to buy that land and donate it as a nature reserve! Good idea, girl.

INSPECTOR THULI

That's very kind of you, Wawani.

WAWANI

I haven't been kind enough. I'm going to give a lot to that orphanage and maybe volunteer some time.

TOUR GUIDE

Do you need a driver, Ma'am? This job is too stressful for me.

Antonia checks Patrick's pulse.

ANTONIA
We have to hurry!

Jewel inches toward Patrick at the back of the van.

Inspector Thuli bends down to help lift Patrick.

INSPECTOR THULI
How is Patrick doing?

ANTONIA
He's breathing, but barely!

Jewel turns forward toward the two police officers at the front of the van. We see a syringe in Jewel's handcuffed hands behind her as she leaps back to stab anyone in her way.

JEWEL
I have to kill him!

Antonia and Inspector Thuli leap to the side of the van.

Wawani sticks out her foot and trips Jewel.

Jewel falls back, she groans in pain, her eyes open wide as she collapses on the syringe before she reaches Patrick.

Patrick's eyes open wide, stunned and confused.

ANTONIA
Good work, Wawani. Patrick's
looking better already!
(yells at Jewel)
How many roofies were you going to
give him this time?

Jewel is not responsive.

Antonia turns to see Jewel can barely breathe. She turns Jewel on her side to see the syringe in her handcuffed hands embedded in her spinal column.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)
(yells)
Oh my God!

Wawani dives at Jewel and pulls out the syringe.

WAWANI
You killed my husband, and you're
going to pay for it! You're not
taking the coward's way out.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Detective De Klerk is carted off by Two Male EMTs (handsome).

EMT #1

We have him on a concussion
protocol. He should be fine soon.

EMT #2 smiles at Inspector Thuli and Antonia.

EMT #2

We could invite you for drinks
later--

Inspector Thuli and Antonia link arms and politely wave the
EMTs off.

Patrick sits up in the ambulance, but he looks very drowsy.

Jewel is equally drowsy but flanked by the large Police
Officers. Inspector Thuli turns Jewel over to her colleagues.

INSPECTOR THULI

Detective De Klerk captured
everything on his body cam. My best
friend for life, Antonia Le Roux,
acted as our assistant throughout
the investigation, and our new
friend, Wawani Webster, saved the
day by preventing this monster
lunatic from killing her husband or
committing suicide.

The Police Officers take Jewel away.

Wawani smiles as she strolls up to Inspector Thuli and
Antonia.

WAWANI

You two make a good team. I've got
connections in London if you ever
want to start a Private
Investigators Agency.

Antonia and Inspector Thuli turn and gaze at the beautiful
Indian Sea.

ANTONIA

I don't think so! We have to
protect Inkosazane Nomkhubulwane:
Mother Earth.

INSPECTOR THULI
This is home!

FADE OUT.

THE END