

NIEMAND

*Part I:*  
*"Ysterbyt"*

a pilot written by

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**BLACK.**

**SOUNDS OF CHAOS:**

AN ENRAGED MAN TEARING A ROOM APART. SNARLS AND BARKS OF LARGE DOGS.

**SNAP TO:**

**INT. DERELICT APARTMENT - WRECKED BEDROOM - DAY**

A naked WOMAN (White, 23) tangled up in BLOODY SHEETS on a filthy bed. Larynx CRUSHED, neck BROKEN, head BENT off at an impossible angle. Long BLACK HAIR obscures her face.

The body is glimpsed for only a split second as a \*FLASH\* from O.S. floods her with light.

A shitty, generic SMARTPHONE is lowered to reveal the ECU of a MAN (White, 65). He checks the photo he just took...

This is NIEMAND and his hard features aren't wizened by age as much as corroded in by cheap booze and scowls. Along with his greasy, LONG SILVER HAIR and dirty, BLACK TRENCH COAT his semblance is that of a House Slytherin hobo.

Behind him a 6'6" brick shithouse of a MAN (Black, 48) upends a COFFEE TABLE before heading off to try rip a PORCELAIN SINK off the wall. He's slicked with sweat, BALD and stripped to the waist. This is MOTUMBO.

A tall MAN (Black, 32) in a HUGO BOSS SUIT stands over Niemand, observing stoically. He's cool, calm-- a total contrast to Afro-Hulk behind him. His name is ABRAHAM.

Two younger MEN (Black, 20s) watch on from the doorway. They mutter inaudibly to each other in XHOSA, their focus locked on Niemand. They both have PISTOLS stuck conspicuously down the front of their pants.

Behind them in an ANTEROOM leading to a STAIRCASE is a CAGE holding two extra-angry BOERBOELS growing more-and-more enlivened as Mutombo's rampage escalates.

The place is a crappy apartment in an even crappier part of town-- the town being PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA, evidenced by the UNION BUILDINGS glimpsed in the distance through the only window.

The apartment is dark, dank and there's a strong sense that DRUGS and SEX party here.

Niemand reveres the dead girl, his head cocked curiously...  
He lifts the sheet covering her bottom half to reveal:

A PENIS.

Higher up, a STRAPLESS BRA stuffed with tissues.

Niemand grins.

Abraham speaks English with the kind of private school  
ACCENT that would get him laughed out most shebeens.

ABRAHAM

Mister Motumbo would like the body  
disposed of.

Mister Motumbo's almost got the basin off the wall...

Niemand retrieves a crumpled pack of Camel Plain, filter-  
less CIGARETTES from out his breast pocket.

He taps a cig out and lights it with a box of Lion brand  
MATCHES.

ABRAHAM

Mister Motumbo would also like--

NIEMAND

(points at penis)  
What's big and hairy and hangs  
between a black man's legs?

Niemand has a THICK AFRIKAANS ACCENT.

Abraham's train of thought derails.

ABRAHAM

What the fuck did you just--

Niemand steps up closer to Abraham, 'fear' apparently not  
his thing.

NIEMAND

(slower)  
What's big and hairy and hangs  
between a black man's legs?

Niemand looks around the room, hoping to elicit a  
response... He doesn't get one.

NIEMAND

A police dog!

Niemand laughs.

Abraham does not.

The henchmen at the door look like they could spit acid.

Niemand's eyes water he's laughing so hard. No comedian should ever be this pleased with his own material.

The others wait patiently while Niemand gathers himself. All except Motumbo, who (fortunately) didn't hear the joke over the noise of his indoor plumbing.

ABRAHAM

Mister Motumbo would in addition like you to find--

NIEMAND

(looking about)

Her purse.

Abraham looks about, confused.

NIEMAND

Where's her purse? Girl's gotta have a purse, right? Where else she gonna keep her tampons?

ABRAHAM

I do not know where *his* purse--

NIEMAND

Oh, cooie-- lookit.

Niemand tosses aside a cheap, sequined BLACK DRESS on the ground to reveal a CLUTCH PURSE underneath.

ABRAHAM

In addition, Mister Motumbo requests you find out the identity and determine if any retaliation is to be expected. If he perhaps is linked to any of the other--

NIEMAND

No use. Won't find nothing.

Abraham shoots him an irritated look. It's fun being constantly interrupted like this.

Niemand points at the body, not looking up as he rummages through the purse.

NIEMAND

Fingerprints been taken off-- *melted*  
off-- probably with an iron or some  
such. Girl with balls to do that  
isn't dumb enough to leave tracks.

All in the room perk up at the statement.

Motumbo abandons his de-sinking and walks up, panting.

MOTUMBO

What you say?

Niemand retrieves something small out the purse and holds it  
up to the light:

NIEMAND

Ooh, *hello daar...*

CLOSE ON a GLASS BOTTLE with graphic LIGHTNING BOLTS printed  
on its label.

MOTUMBO

Whassat?

ABRAHAM

(squints at bottle)  
Amyl nitrate?

Niemand emotes a surprised look at Abraham and grins,  
insinuating far too much. He looks back at the bottle.

NIEMAND

Uh-uh. Poppers not this murky...

He tosses the bottle at Abraham, who catches it.

Niemand turns to Motumbo, a worried look across his face.

NIEMAND

You didn't huff any of that *moff-  
stof*, did you?

MOTUMBO

Hey-- watch it, Dutchman!

NIEMAND

Actually, I'm technically French  
Huguenot.

ABRAHAM

(inspecting bottle)  
This poison?

NIEMAND

Potassium cyanide to us clever cunts.  
My guess anyway. I'll have to test it  
in my lab to know for sure.

(pause to grin...

then)

Fifty thousand for the body to  
disappear, along with any...  
*embarrassment* the incident might have  
incurred. You said she picked you up  
at your club?

Motumbo and Abraham nod.

NIEMAND

Well then the fifty doesn't include  
the stipend I'll need to bribe  
witnesses saw you with her.

Motumbo snatches the bottle from Abraham.

MOTUMBO

That fag was gonna poison me?

Niemand lifts the BLACK WIG from off the corpse's head and  
dangles it between forefinger and thumb like a dead crab.

NIEMAND

Suicide mission by the looks of it--  
but you, you clever boy, you figured  
her plan out before she could pull it  
off.

(tosses wig aside)

Or at least that's the story I'll  
perpetrate on your behalf.

(wipes hand on coat)

For an additional twenty, of course.

Niemand stomps his cigarette out on the ground.

NIEMAND

No one else need know you were  
tricked by a *bokkie* with a *tottie*.

Motumbo and Abraham shoot daggers his way.

Niemand attempts to defuse the tension with another silly  
grin. It doesn't work.

He retrieves a ZIPLOC BAG from out one of his many coat  
pockets and opens it, gesturing to Motumbo.

NIEMAND  
 I'll need that back.  
 (beat)  
 To go test.

Motumbo drops the little bottle into the bag.

NIEMAND  
 And another fifty once I find out who  
 sent her. A bonus for my onus.

An awkward silence.

Abraham eyes Motumbo... Motumbo nods.

NIEMAND  
 Rightee-o, off we go.

Niemand pockets the bag and heads for the door...

NIEMAND  
 Let her sleep in a bit-- I'll come  
 for her later.  
 (to the body)  
*Ta-da, skattebol!*

He stops at the doorway, his exit obstructed by the two men.

The younger of the two mutters to his friend in Xhosa,  
 English SUBS.

YOUNG HENCHMAN  
 Jesus. This old cunt smells like sour  
 milk.

His friend coughs out a laugh.

Niemand laughs along and replies in PERFECT XHOSA:

NIEMAND  
 That's you're mother's ejaculate  
 you're smelling. I haven't washed my  
 face yet.

The two men's expressions drop.

NIEMAND  
 (back to English)  
 Now are you two 'comrades' gonna get  
 out my way, or shall I get your boss  
 over there involved?

The older, bigger of the two steps up to Niemand and stares him down, scowling.

Niemand stares back up at him, grinning.

The man SPITS on the ground next to Niemand then moves aside, clearing his way.

Niemand exits the room, the dogs SNAPPING and SNARLING at him as he passes their cage.

He kneels down and fearlessly sticks his hands in the cage, lovingly scratching them behind the ears.

NIEMAND

*Wie's papa se honde, huh? Wie's papa se honde?!*

THE TRANSFORMATION IS MIND-BOGGLING: the viscous Cerberuses melting into panting, pawing puppies at his touch.

The two men behind him look on dumbfounded. They wouldn't touch their boss' dogs with Niemand's dead dick if their lives depended on it.

Niemand stands and leaves.

NIEMAND

(to dogs)

*Ta-da, hondjies!*

**EXT. PRETORIA CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Niemand exits the building and halts, flinching up at the sun, lighting another cigarette.

He retrieves the Ziploc bag from out his coat and removes the little bottle...

He unscrews the top and takes a DEEP WHIFF.

Niemand pops on a pair of scratched, bent RANDOLPH ENGINEERING AVIATOR SUNGLASSES and strolls off, wobbly, dragging deep on his Camel.

NIEMAND

*Yirrie... dis fokin' lekker.*

As Niemand walks off, the CAMERA FOCUSES PAST HIM and onto the facade of an abandoned, shut-up PAWN SHOP across the street.



The AMBIENT SOUND STARTS TO FADE... replaced by a low, growing, eerie REVERBERATED SOUND...

The CAMERA ZOOMS in, slowly, onto the GLASS PLATE WINDOW of the pawn shops front... There's no way of seeing inside: the glass is one-way, revealing only the reflection of the street in front of it and Niemand disappearing around a corner, sucked into the shadows of the city...

Closer the camera zooms onto the glass...

Closer...

**CUT TO:**

**TITLE SEQUENCE.**

BLACK.

We hear PANTING, RUNNING.

HANDHELD POV:

In the distance, a faint SLIVER OF LIGHT cuts through the DARK, growing LARGER and LARGER as we SPRINT TOWARDS it.

We stop. Out of breathe... Shaking...

The small slit of light reveals itself: a NAME, cut in thick sheet metal. Rough, jagged-toothed, it spells out:



**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE PRETORIAN HQ - COPY ROOM - DAY**

\*CA-CHUNK\*CA-CHUNK\*CA-CHUNK\*

A shitty PRINTER spits out a picture of NIEMAND huffing the poppers outside the building from the previous scene. It was obviously taken with a zoom lens from inside the pawn shop across the street

A male, Black HAND ENTERS FRAME and snatches up the picture.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE PRETORIAN HQ - PETE'S OFFICE - DAY**

ECU OF NIEMAND'S FACE ON A TV SCREEN.

20 YEARS YOUNGER, he's on the stand being questioned by the TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION COMMITTEE-- one member of which is ARCHBISHOP DESMOND TUTU.

SUPERED under him is an SABC NEWS STRAPLINE that reads:

**ETTIENE NIEMAND: VLAKPLAAS DEATH SQUAD COMMANDO**

Through the glass window of an office we see a man walk determinedly through the busy floor of *The Pretorian* newspaper's head quarters holding a stack of PRINTED PICTURES and CAMERA with a ZOOM LENS attached hanging around his neck.

This is PETE MALLOY (Black, 36) and he could sleep more, eat less and crack a smile more often. He'd also bop you one for mentioning any of these observations.

He enters his office and sees:

A chubby, middle-aged MAN (White, 48) sitting on his desk watching Niemand on a small TV/DVD combo. This is KRAMER, FEATURES EDITOR of *The Pretorian*.

Above the TV is a WHITEBOARD covered with NOTES and PHOTOS of Niemand along with printed NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

Kramer is comparing a RECENT PICTURE of Niemand on the board to the younger man on the TV...

KRAMER

This guy needs to moisturise...

Pete enters and places the camera and pictures on his desk.

PETE

I've a theory about that.

Kramer turns, intrigued...

PETE

(pointing at picture)

The coat, the skin, the greasy hair--  
I think it's deliberate. It's how he  
blends in.

KRAMER  
 (back to picture)  
 Shit. Like a hobo.

Kramer turns back at Pete, he looks reluctant to say:

KRAMER  
 Phil is asking to see something.

PETE  
 (hesitates... then)  
 But the ten aren't up.

KRAMER  
 The nine are up, Pete-- nine months  
 is what we said. He's convinced this  
 thing is stillborn.

Pete picks the pile of pictures back up and flicks through them...

He shows Kramer a PICTURE of MOTUMBO exiting the same building from earlier with TWO BODYGUARDS.

PETE  
 See that? See Julius Motumbo? Exiting  
 the same building Niemand did half-  
 an-hour before? What services do you  
 think an ex-apartheid super spy might  
 be doing for the city's biggest drug  
 lord, eh? Fucking Afrikaans lessons?

KRAMER  
 You get them in the same photo?

PETE  
 Kramer, come on-- he doesn't slip up.

KRAMER  
 No you come on, Pete-- you come on  
 back to my paper. Please. We can't  
 keep you chasing old white guys round  
 town.

(points out office)  
 All those okes out there, right?  
 That's a team playing without their  
 star player. You're my best. And  
 you're stagnant.

PETE  
 You know this is important...

KRAMER

Do I? Isn't this exactly the kind of shit we all agreed South Africans are sick of reading? It's mandate. We're all apartheided out, man. We've moved on. You said the angle on this was Niemand's consultancy to the criminal underground, but you haven't made the link. All you've got is an old regime cop in the vicinity of crooks. At best.

(points to TV)

The country's fatigued over Niemand and his kind. They acquitted him and brushed him under the carpet. Can we now do the same, please?

Pete dry rubs the frustration from his face.

KRAMER

Pete... listen...  
(careful)  
Your dad...

Pete's whole body clenches up.

KRAMER

No one cares any more, right? If this is atonement or... *something--*

Pete's eyes glisten with rage.

Kramer sees the line he's crossed and steps back over it.

KRAMER

It's hard, I know. We've all had ones slip off the plate. That's the job.

Kramer gets up and heads out the office.

KRAMER

Take all this shit down and join the briefing. Help ease the backlog.

As Kramer leaves the room we focus on an AGED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING on the board of a YOUNG NIEMAND exiting the HIGH COURT under the title:

**APARTHEID MONSTER WALKS FREE**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. VAN TONDER FARM - STOEP - DAY**

NIEMAND SNORTS A CORNER OF COCAINE OFF A RED ABSA BANK SAVINGS CARD.

He's seated at a wrought iron GARDEN SET on a STOEP of an old COLONIAL-STYLE HOUSE that looks like a set out of *Kooperasie Stories*. Lush BUSHVELD surrounds the home.

In the B.G. a few young MALE AFRIKANERS in KHAKIS patrol the grounds, armed with SANDF R1 BATTLE RIFLES.

On the stoep a MAN (White, 60) grills LAMB CHOPS on a built-in BRAAI. A THICK BANDAGE is wrapped around his neck. This is VAN TONDER.

Niemand and van Tonder converse in AFRIKAANS, English SUBS.

VAN TONDER

Am I right? Fucking West Africa of all places. Gonna change everything, keeping it in the continent. Those Peruvians can go to hell. God bless Climate Change.

A BOY (White, 8) trots out the house with a METAL DISH. His glazed stare, slack jaw and irregular shaped head is a clear indication that the little bastard's gene pool dried up in the hot African sun about three generations ago.

He holds out the dish. Van Tonder airlifts the chops off the grill.

Van Tonder rubs the little freak's head as he scurries back inside with the dish.

Niemand eyes the kid and snorts out a sneaky giggle.

NIEMAND

How's the family?

VAN TONDER

(beaming)

Sissie's pregnant again.

NIEMAND

And she's the...?

VAN TONDER

(obviously)

My daughter.

NIEMAND

Ah.

(lights a smoke)

Well, then congrats to the father.

Niemand eyes van Tonder as he says this...

Van Tonder beams at first then frowns, thinking... *was something just insinuated?*

Niemand grins back, feigning obliviousness.

NIEMAND

(to cocaine)

This shit stings like a wasp up my nose-- use more procaine.

(beat)

Am I just here for the free merch?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. VAN TONDER FARM - RICKETY STABLE - DAY**

A BOY (Mixed Race, 15) is CHAINED UP inside a stable stall, THRASHING ABOUT like a rabid dog.

Gaunt, filthy and in nothing but a PAIR OF WORN SHORTS, he's Mowgli if he was raised by sewer rats.

Van Tonder, Niemand and TWO ARMED YOUNG MEN are standing in the DARK STABLE watching the feral child go ballistic.

VAN TONDER

Little shit attacked me in the street-- in bright-fucking-daylight. Almost ripped my throat out with his teeth.

(pulls at bandage)

Had to get a fucking tetanus.

NIEMAND

Jesus, look at him--

The boy COLLAPSES, panting, exhausted...

Niemand kneels by the boy and lifts his head in his hands.

He tugs down an eyelid with his thumb. The kid's PUPILS are colossal...

NIEMAND

Buttons... too many.

One of the younger, dumber-looking young men in a pair of KHAKI SHORT-SHORTS gawks at the comment.

DUMB KID

We found the Mandrax on him and he grabbed it. Chowed the whole packet like they were fucking Smarties--

Van Tonder \*WINDS\* him on the side of the head.

VAN TONDER

Did we ask you, Kort Broek? Adults are trying to talk!

DUMB KID

(rubbing head)

Sorry, Pa...

The other armed kid-- even though innocent-- chimes along regardless.

OTHER DUMB KID

Sorry, Pa...

NIEMAND

(enjoying the show)

This is fun and all but why did you call me all the way out here?

(points at kid)

Want me to spank him?

VAN TONDER

This was a hit.

Van Tonder takes out a SMALL BANKY containing TWO WHITE TABLETS from out his pocket. He hands it to Niemand.

VAN TONDER

He had this on him-- he swallowed the rest before we could pry it away.

CLOSE ON THE BANKY:

There's a HAND-DRAWN SYMBOL scrawled on it with black koki:



VAN TONDER

See the "em"? It's Mutombo's.

(posturing)  
That baboon sends a *kid* to wipe me  
out?!

Niemand eyes the banky, curiously...

NIEMAND  
Uh-uh.

VAN TONDER  
What?

NIEMAND  
This isn't Motumbo's.

VAN TONDER  
The fuck it isn't.

NIEMAND  
Oh ja? Tell, me-- you dumb enough to  
mark your drugs?

Van Tonder doesn't reply. Of course he's not dumb enough to  
mark his drugs.

NIEMAND  
It's a decoy. A shitty one.

Niemand has just realised something. He looks like he could  
kick himself.

NIEMAND  
When did he jump you?

VAN TONDER  
Yesterday. 'Bout five. But he's only  
been all fucked-up on drugs like this  
for the last hour.

NIEMAND  
(to himself)  
Fuck.

VAN TONDER  
What's that? You're mumbling.

NIEMAND  
Nothing. You heard of any new players  
in town I haven't of? Someone with  
balls enough to pit you against  
Motumbo?

Niemand \*SNAPS\* a pic of the banky with his SMARTPHONE.



VAN TONDER  
 (shrugs)  
 Eh, who fucken knows... I got more  
 enemies than grandkids.

Niemand pockets the banky and \*SNAPS\* a pic of the kid.

VAN TONDER  
 (gestures to kid)  
 You'll take care of this?

NIEMAND  
 No point-- brain's fried. He'll be  
 dead in an hour. Get some of the boys  
 to drop the body off at my place  
 later.

Niemand turns and walks off.

VAN TONDER  
 (calling after)  
 I meant can you find out who sent  
 him?

Niemand shakes his head, clearly irritated with himself.

NIEMAND  
 Of course. I'm already on the case.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE PRETORIAN HQ - DAY**

Pete exits the building like he's on a crusade, lighting a  
 MARLBORO LIGHT CIGARETTE.

He gets to his car (WHITE '99 TOYOTA COROLLA) and halts:

TWO MALE COPS (Black, 40s) are seated on the bonnet of his  
 car. Their SAPS VAN has him parked in.

PETE  
 What's this?

The HEAVIER COP is eating from a tiny PACKET OF SIMBA  
 PEANUTS. He nonchalantly points at the licence disc stuck to  
 the inside of the windscreen.

For the rest of this scene, they all speak ISIZULU, English  
 SUBS.

HEAVY COP  
Disc expired.

PETE  
Bullshit. And you're not Metro--  
(suddenly cautious)  
You guys from the Danville station?  
Those crooked cops I wrote that piece  
on?

The two cops hop up, defensive. The Heavy Cop tosses the packet of peanuts to the ground.

HEAVY COP  
You calling us corrupt?

Before Pete can answer, the Heavy Cop looks inside the passenger window--

HEAVY COP  
Hey, what's that? That dagga?

Pete and the THIN COP both look in the window...

PETE  
I don't have any--

The Heavy Cop SHATTERS THE WINDOW WITH HIS NIGHTSTICK.

He retrieves a BANKY OF WEED from his breast pocket and tosses it onto the passenger seat.

The Thin Cop promptly takes out a CABLE TIE and secures Pete's hands behind his back.

PETE  
Aw, come on, you guys don't seriously  
think you can--

The Heavy Cop grabs him and leads him to the back of the Police car. The Thin Cop follows but is stopped--

HEAVY COP  
(to Thin Cop)  
What the fuck you doing? Go get my  
weed!

The Thin Cop turns and retrieves the banky as his hefty bud shoves Pete into the back of the van and swings the door shut with a

\*SLAM\*

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SUNNYSIDE POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY**

\*THUD\*

Pete HITS THE GROUND of a filthy holding cell in the back of a POLICE STATION.

A SLEEPING MAN (face concealed from us) is in the corner under a moth-eaten BLANKET on the only bunk, SNORING.

The Heavy Cop locks the cell and yells, still in ISIZULU:

HEAVY COP  
Wake up, Lungu! Ten minutes!

The sleeping man stirs and sits up:

It's Niemand.

Pete sits up. Back to ENGLISH:

PETE  
Fuck.

Niemand takes out a smoke and pops it into his yawning maw.

NIEMAND  
Howzit, Pete.

Pete flinches at the mention of his name.

NIEMAND  
Here, turn 'round--

Niemand lights his smoke then uses the lit match to BURN THROUGH the cable tie constraining Pete.

PETE  
Ow! Watchit!

The cable tie SNAPS OFF and Pete immediately backs into the wall on the other side of the tiny cell, rubbing his wrists.

NIEMAND  
(offers smokes)  
Want a ciggy?  
(looks at pack)  
Oh, wait... you smoke Marlboros...

PETE

How long have you known?

NIEMAND

(thinks)

Dunno. How long you been following me?

PETE

(reluctant... then)

Nine months.

NIEMAND

Well... guess it's been nine months then.

PETE

You can't stop us. We've already got enough to indict you.

NIEMAND

(yawns)

No, you don't. Not yet, anyway... But don't worry, when we're done you'll be able to write ten books with the stuff I'll give you.

Pete flinches.

PETE

I'm not writing a book.

Niemand Chuckles.

NIEMAND

Oh ja? You've been fooling your tjommies at that leftist rag but you can't fool me. You've been squatting over there. Using their resources, stalling them-- working for yourself instead.

Pete is quiet. Niemand has him.

NIEMAND

Ag who can blame you. What do they give you there? Twenty-five kay per month? Sies.

(shrugs)

You're ambitious. It's what I like about you.

PETE

What is this?

NIEMAND

This? This is a job interview.

(beat)

You're going to help me, Pete. I want out. But I've got too many people invested in me staying employed. I need someone to help me make the transition into retirement...

(thinks)

...smoother? And I can't think of anyone better than the guy who's been studying me for almost a year.

PETE

You need to make more sense...

NIEMAND

Truth? I'm old, I'm tired. And frankly, I'm a little lonely. You're going to keep me company. Help me do my job. And in return I'm going to give you everything I know.

Niemand stands and stretches out his back.

NIEMAND

When we're done you'll be able to take down most of the crime syndicates in Pretoria. And maybe even win a fuckin' Pulitzer.

(beat)

As long as you leave my name out of it, of course.

PETE

Go fuck yourself. You think I'm going to help a monster like you?

Niemand bends down so that the two are eye-to-eye.

NIEMAND

Monster? Is that what you thought of your father?

PETE

(through grit teeth)

You didn't know my father.

NIEMAND

Everyone knew that askari... You think a country can forget a man who turned on his own people?

Niemand is closer to Pete now. It's uncomfortably intimate.

NIEMAND

Tell me, Pete... When he put that gun in his mouth, did he use his service pistol?

(even closer)

The one we gave him?

PETE LUNGES UP AND GRABS NIEMAND BY THE THROAT.

PETE

You fuck!

They both FALL TO THE GROUND. Pete's on top of Niemand with his full weight, STRANGLING HIM with both hands.

Niemand isn't putting up a fight, just lying there, TURNING BLUE, EYES BULGING...

Pete is SCREAMING into the old Afrikaners' dying face--

The two cops appear at the cell door.

HEAVY COP

Hey! Off him!

They burst in and peel Pete off Niemand.

They TOSS Pete into the corner, KICKING and BEATING him with their NIGHTSTICKS.

Niemand coughs and slowly rises to his feet... He looks around and picks up his still-lit cigarette.

NIEMAND

(croaking)

No rush. Think it over for a bit...

He exits the cell as the two cops continue to TAKE PETE APART behind him.

NIEMAND

Call me. Number's in your phone.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE PRETORIAN OFFICES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY**

Pete enters *The Pretorian's* offices BLEEDING from his nose and holding a handkerchief to the GASH above his BLACK EYE.

As he does, he gets the stink eye from two seated JOURNALISTS.

PETE

The fuck you two looking at?

In the distance, Kramer eyes Pete and runs out his office.

Pete stops as he sees:

Three people in his office: a WOMAN (Black, 33) and a MAN (White, 40). They appear more like ACCOUNTANTS than newspaper people.

The third is a MAN (Black, 55). This is PHILEMON "PHIL" NCUBE, Editor In Chief. He resembles a chubby Morgan Freeman, but that could just be the EARRING.

The other two are showing Phil something on Pete's laptop...

Kramer runs up and stands between Pete and his office--

KRAMER

Pete. You can't go in...

PETE

The fuck now?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE PRETORIAN OFFICES - E.I.C.'S OFFICE - DAY**

A NEWSPAPER gets thrown down on a desk folded to PAGE FIVE. It's a copy of *Rapport*, Pretoria's leading Afrikaans publication and *The Pretorian's* foremost competitor. The Afrikaans HEADLINE reads:

**JOURNALIST LINKED TO MALEFE ELECTION SCANDAL**

Below it is a photo of a male POLITICIAN (Black, 48) on a podium in a victorious stance addressing an ocean of ECSTATIC CONSTITUENTS. Superimposed in the corner like an absentee student on picture-day is a PHOTO OF PETE'S FACE.

PHIL (O.S.)

Five hundred grand? You thought we wouldn't find out?

Phil is behind the desk. Pete is sitting on the other side, staring out the window, defeated. Kramer is behind Pete leaning against a bookshelf, arms crossed.

PETE  
(deflated)  
How did you find out?

PHILEMON  
Anonymous tip. He called me directly.

PETE  
He? Let me guess: Old? Afrikaans?  
(turns to Kramer)  
This is him.

KRAMER  
Uh-uh, it's too much, Pete. You can't expect us to believe he managed to transfer *that* much money. And link it to a crooked politician's offshore account?

Phil shoots Kramer an icy glare.

KRAMER  
Sorry, an 'allegedly' crooked politician.

PETE  
You have *actual* proof? That it came from Malefe?

Kramer and Phil both look at him, frowning.

PETE  
Of course not...

Pete points at the paper.

PETE  
You guys can't cement this, can you?

PHILEMON  
Not yet, but with all the heat around Malefe and that election fiasco at the moment it's not going to take much probing to link the money to--



PETE

(desperate laugh)

No it won't. It never will-- he's seen to that. He's done just enough to create suspicion.

He rises, slowly...

PETE

C'mon guys... does any of this track with you? For real? When last did either of you get a mayor elected with a fucking newspaper article, huh?

They stare at him. They know the answer, but...

PETE

He just needed to get me fired.

He walks out, leaving the other two behind him with perplexed looks on their faces.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PRETORIA CBD - ALLEYWAY - DAY**

We see a male BUM (White, 38) limp into an alleyway and undo his pants. His name is POPE and his severe schizophrenia has gifted him with a choir in his head that mutters to him constantly. When not speaking, Pope SINGS HYMNS to drown out the voices, hence the moniker.

POPE

(singing softly)

*Turn your eyes upon Jesus,  
Look full in His wonderful face,  
And the things of earth will grow  
strangely dim,  
In the light of His--*

Pope squats and TAKES A SHIT.

POPE

(pushing)

*--Glory and graaaaaaace....*

He looks around for something to wipe with--

A HAND from O.S. ENTERS FRAME holding a WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.

Pope looks up to see:

Niemand standing over him.

Pope takes the handkerchief and uses it, enjoying every moment. It's not everyday he gets to clean himself with something that doesn't have a Simba Chips logo on it.

He tosses the soiled hanky, stands, does his pants back up.

NIEMAND

Howzit, Pope.

POPE

Much better now, thank you.

NIEMAND

Glad to help. What can you tell me 'bout this?

Niemand retrieves the MANDRAX BANKY from his breast pocket and hands it to Pope.

POPE

(exhales a whistle)

Buttons, lekker... This for me?

NIEMAND

If you're any use...

Pope looks at the SYMBOL inked on the little plastic bag.

POPE

Em? Motumbo?

Niemand is lighting another cig.

POPE

Who did this? Someone with a koki and a deathwish?

Niemand snatches the banky back.

POPE

Aw, c'mon--

NIEMAND

You heard of any new movers?

POPE

Nope. Still the usual cunts...  
(points at banky)  
No one that stupid, anyway...

NIEMAND

Well then who's new in the city with big bucks? Not just in *dwelms*.

Pope tries to think but the voices/Mandrax cravings aren't making it the easiest of processes.

POPE

Aw, fuck, I dunno... There is this one oke. Nigerian. *Katanga* or some such bad-ass name. But he's guns, I think...

While the two continue to converse we see them from a distance through:

SOMEONE'S POV:

From a distance, we see Niemand take out a NOTEBOOK and jot something down that Pope is telling him. We can't hear what they're saying, only NERVOUS BREATHING O.S..

In the shadows in the back of the alley a SMALL HEAD pops up from behind a DUMPSTER, the source of the POV. It's a homeless BOY (Black, 8).

WE JUMP BACK into Niemand and Pope's proximity as Niemand pockets his notebook again.

NIEMAND

How 'bout this?

Niemand takes his phone out and brings up the PICTURE OF THE STREET KID from van Tonder's stable.

POPE

(frowning)

Hmmm, can't say-- all those little shits look the same to me.

Niemand eyes something in the alley O.S....

POPE

Vicious little bastards. I tried to fiddle one the other day and almost got my *tottie* bit off. I try to keep clear of them.

NIEMAND

You sure? You've got one tailing you...

Pope makes a motion to look behind him--

NIEMAND

Don't look, doos-- you'll scare it off. Just keep talking.

STREET KID'S POV:

We see Niemand and Pope talk more for a bit... then move onto the street, around the corner, out of sight.

The kid pokes his head up from behind the box and reluctantly steps a bit forward...

He sticks to the shadows, making his way closer to the entrance of the alley...

As he's about to poke his head around the corner--

--Pope sticks his smiling head into his face.

POPE

Howzit, sexy.

The kid turns to split, but:

Niemand is behind him, leg outstretched--

--The kid TRIPS and HITS the ground with a \*THUD\*.

He YELPS as Niemand grabs him by the shirt and yanks him up.

WE CUT ON THE MOVEMENT TO--

**TIME CUT:**

--THE BOY HITTING THE BACK WALL OF THE ALLEYWAY.

Niemand and Pope have him cornered.

NIEMAND

Why you following me?

POPE

You? I thought he was following me...

Niemand glares at Pope, a little irritated.

NIEMAND

We're done, Pope. *Hierso*--

Niemand upturns the banky of buttons, emptying the contents into Pope's hand.

Pope leaves, winking at the boy as he does.

POPE  
You boys have fun now...

STREET KID  
(subtitled NORTH  
SOTHO)  
Lemme go, old fuck!

Niemand grins. He likes this kid's moxie.

He takes out his phone. Again with the picture.

NIEMAND  
(subtitled NORTH  
SOTHO)  
You know this boy?

The kid eyes the picture and a quick look of recognition flashes across his face. He vehemently shakes his head.

NIEMAND  
*Lieg, lieg, net soos 'n vlieg.*

The kid makes to bolt but Niemand pins him back on the wall.

WE HEAR A MIDI VERSION OF THE *Beverly Hills 90210* THEME PLAY O.S..

Niemand answers his phone, cutting the 90's teen drama RINGTONE dead.

NIEMAND  
Howzit, Pete.

**INTERCUT  
BETWEEN:**

**INT./EXT. PETE'S STATIONARY CAR / PRETORIA CITY STREET - DAY**

Pete's in his car, CELLPHONE to his ear, dusting BROKEN GLASS from off the passenger seat next to him.

On the seat is a BOX FULL OF CRAP from his office. On the back seat is the NIEMAND WHITEBOARD that one can tell was yanked off his office wall. BENT SCREWS still hang from the brackets.

PETE  
I'm in.

Niemand smiles wryly.

NIEMAND

*Lekker soos 'n krekker.*

(takes out notebook)

And in the nick of time too. I've got a meeting I need you to attend with me...

(riffles pages)

Meet me at that old arcade on Eslin street in an hour.

Niemand hangs up.

Pete drops the phone, surprised at the abruptness of the conversation.

He fishes into the box and lifts up what looks like a BLACK ELASTIC BAND joggers use to strap heart monitors to their chests. Attached to it is a LAPEL MICROPHONE. He contemplates it for a moment... then looks up--

--and eyes himself in the rear-view mirror. Whether or not he likes what he sees is up for debate.

**CUT TO:**

Niemand pockets the phone, looks at the kid, sighs.

He grabs him by the arm and leads him off.

NIEMAND

*Kom, seuntjie. Huis-toe.*

He dials a number on his phone and holds it to his ear:

NIEMAND

Yes, hello, could I speak to Police Commissioner Mothiba, please. Tell him it's *Die Wit Gevaar*...

(waits... grins)

Ja, he'll know...

Niemand walks over the road, leading the kid by the arm.

NIEMAND

(into phone)

Lesetja? *Unjani*, brother!

(beat)

Yes, yes, good to talk to you too-- tell me, what do you know about a *Naijo* called *Katanga*?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. OLD ARCADE ON ESLIN STREET - PAVEMENT - DAY**

Pete walks down the pavement. He still looks like someone who got the shit kicked out of him. He stops as he sees:

Niemand, about thirty meters away, waving at him enthusiastically through the CROWD OF PEOPLE. He's holding a tuisnywerheid GIFT BASKET stuffed with biltong, koeksisters, a melktart, and other Afrikaans goodies wrapped up in pink cellophane.

They approach each other and face off. Niemand looks Pete up and down...

NIEMAND

*Jissie.* This how you dress for work?

PETE

You got me fired.

NIEMAND

I got you hired. Even paid you your first wages.

PETE

I'm not touching that money.

NIEMAND

(laughs)

Why not? It's completely untraceable...

(beat)

Just like the fifty grand Malefe actually did pay you.

Pete is aghast.

PETE

(tripping over words)

That's not-- that wasn't from-- how did you...?

NIEMAND

Don't stress, Pete. This is your new boss you're talking to. We don't judge here at *Niemand En Kie*.

PETE

Fuck you. Don't think for a second that you know me, okay? That money wasn't a bribe--

NIEMAND  
 (feigns shock)  
 You? An African male? Taking a *bribe*?  
 Never!

Pete looks like he might have another go at Niemand's neck.

Niemand checks his watch: a SILVER CASIO RETRO VINTAGE.

NIEMAND  
 Come on, let's go-- don't wanna be  
 late.

Niemand turns and marches off. Pete doesn't seem to mind the subject being changed so abruptly.

PETE  
 Where we going?

NIEMAND  
 Welcome the new neighbours.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - DAY**

The BIGGEST BLACK MAN GOD EVER MADE opens a doorway cut into a huge warehouse IRON SHUTTER DOOR. He's ARMED and SLEEPY, both conditions seeming to be of a permanent nature.

Niemand and Pete are standing in front of him.

NIEMAND  
 Katanga.

The big guy looks Niemand up and down. He frowns at the gift basket.

BIG GUY  
 (Nigerian accent)  
 Me no Katanga.

NIEMAND  
 No shit. I want you to take us to  
 him.

Niemand turns to Pete.

NIEMAND  
 You know sign language? I don't think  
 Coco the gorilla over here speaka-da-  
 engleesh...



The Big Guy stares blankly, the penny not quite dropping that he's been insulted...

NIEMAND

Never mind...  
 (hand into pocket)  
 Just give him this--

He hands the Big Guy a BUSINESS CARD.

ECU ON BUSINESS CARD:

It's for a STRIP CLUB, a picture of a winking Black WOMAN holding up her BARE BREASTS under the words 'SUIKERBOSSIE'S REVUE BAR'. Below is the title: ETTIENE NIEMAND, MANAGER.

The Big Guy pops his eyebrows at the card.

NIEMAND

He's expecting me.  
 (remembers Pete)  
 Shit, sorry. Expecting us.

**INT. KATANGA'S GUN 'O RAMA - CONTINUOUS**

Niemand and Pete walk through a warehouse packed with CRATES. They weave through FORKLIFTS and many ARMED NIGERIAN MEN.

At one of the OPEN CRATES is standing a shorter NIGERIAN MAN who looks like an evil Kevin Hart. He's dressed in VERSACE JEANS, a LAGERVELD POLO (collar popped) and limited-addition JORDAN XIs. The HUBLLOT on his wrist could choke an eland.

He's busy inspecting an open crate filled with KALASHNIKOVs. He doesn't look up when he says:

KATANGA

(British accent)  
 Mister Niemand. I thought you might show up sooner or later...

NIEMAND

(visually impressed)  
 Wowie, you hear that, Pete? An Oxford education really does wonders smoothing over Pidgin accents, huh?

Katanga looks up, unimpressed.

KATANGA

(points to Niemand)  
 You, I know of--

(points to Pete)  
 You, I do not.

NIEMAND

Oh, shit, so rude. Let me introduce.  
 Peter Malloy, meet *Akachukwu Balogun*,  
 also known as the much-more-  
 pronounceable, 'Katanga'.

(to Katanga)

Pete's new on the job. One of our  
 Black Economic Empowerment hires.  
 Gotta keep up with the times, you  
 know.

(looking around)

You seem to have settled in nice,  
 huh?

KATANGA

(amused)

Oh, I get it. This is the part of the  
 film where the crooked sheriff gives  
 the new stranger the low-down of how  
 things work in town, right?

NIEMAND

(genuine confusion)

What?

(beat)

Oh you mean like a western?  
 Ag, I don't like westerns.  
 Historically inaccurate. You know  
 most cowboys back then were *Black*?  
 True story. All those old films are  
 racist...

Awkward silence.

Niemand breaks the ice by placing the gift basket on top the  
 AK-47s.

NIEMAND

This for you, by the way. I'd get  
 that *melktert* into the fridge before  
 it goes runny.

KATANGA

Something you wanted to discuss?

NIEMAND

Nope. Just wanted to introduce  
 myself, you know... offer my  
 services...

KATANGA

When an associate of mine informed me of you, he mentioned you were some kind of 'detective', yes? Said you were a cop for individuals who couldn't go to the cops?

NIEMAND

If you like to diminutise things, I guess...

KATANGA

And I responded that I thought that a pretty bad idea, having a single entity so intimately involved in so many different people's affairs.

(beat)

That seems like far too much power for one man to have.

Pete perks up at this statement. Niemand notices and gives him a modest shrug.

Katanga walks up closer to Niemand.

KATANGA

Is that what I'm expected to do? Toe the line? Should I just jump right in and give you all my sneaky little secrets to share with everyone else?

NIEMAND

Well, now you're just offending my professionalism.

Another awkward silence.

KATANGA

Thank you but no thank you, Mister Niemand. My man will show you out.

The Big Guy approaches...

Niemand starts to turn but then feigns forgetfulness.

NIEMAND

Oh, *bliksem*-- almost forgot--

He takes the empty BANKY from out his breast pocket and tosses it at Katanga.

Katanga catches it. He looks at the banky, befuddled...

NIEMAND

You might be fooling everyone with this little 'guns' act, but it's not going to be long before they all cotton on to you moving in on their drugs...

Katanga looks up, a brief moment of concern on his face.

Niemand straps on another signature, idiotic grin. He takes out a business card and slips it into Katanga's polo pocket. He pats it.

NIEMAND

Or maybe not...?  
(winks)  
Jus' sayin'.

He turns, checking his watch...

NIEMAND

Pete! Vamoose!

As they walk off, Katanga glares at them, the cogs in his head spinning away.

As Niemand passes an open crate with GLOCK PISTOLS in it, he picks one up and holds it up in the air, admiring.

NIEMAND

Jissie, this is nice...  
(back at Katanga)  
Hey! How much for this one?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ESLIN STREET - DAY**

Niemand and Pete are back on the pavement. Niemand checks his watch again, pacing...

NIEMAND

Jissus, where are these okes...?

PETE

Who you waiting for?

NIEMAND

We, Pete. Who we waiting for. I know it's hard for us lone wolf-types, but we're going to have to start shifting our attitude towards... a more... communal... way of thinking...

He trails off as his attention catches something O.S..

NIEMAND

Well it's a about *bladdy* time...

AN AMBULANCE PULLS UP WITH AN AUDIBLE \*BLEEP\*BLEEP\*.

Two male EMTS (White, 29; Black, 22) get out.

The White EMT chucks the KEYS to Niemand and receives a THICK WAD OF CASH in return.

NIEMAND

Thanks, *botjies*... Now go take a load off, you *chinas* work too hard.

The EMTs walk off as Niemand hops into the front seat of the ambulance...

Pete stares, a hybrid look of fascination and disgust.

Niemand calls at him through the open window.

NIEMAND

Let's go, Pete. You got shotgun.

Pete reluctantly gets in.

Niemand LIGHTS A SMOKE as he starts the ambulance.

PETE

Hey, you can't smoke in here.

Niemand looks at him, bedpan, for a moment... Then LAUGHS.

Niemand continues to LAUGH HIS ASS OFF as he turns the AMBULANCE'S SIRENS ON and pulls out into the traffic.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOTUMBO'S PLACE - DAY**

The young HENCHMAN from the first scene opens the door to reveal Niemand and Pete both in EMT OVERALLS and LATEX SURGICAL GLOVES carrying a GURNEY.

NIEMAND  
 Someone call the dead tranny  
 removers?

**TIME CUT:**

**EXT. CITY STREET OUTSIDE MOTUMBO'S - DAY**

From a distance we see Pete and Niemand exit the building with the gurney. It now has a BODY SHAPE on it under a SPACE BLANKET.

Because we can only hear them faintly from afar, the spectacle is pantomime: Niemand with a smoke hanging from his mouth as he yells orders at an out-of-his-depth Pete.

No one on the street pays them any attention. Classic Pretoria.

**CUT TO:**

**INT./EXT. INSIDE AMBULANCE / PRETORIA STREETS - DAY**

Pete eyes the body under the sheet in the back as he removes his SURGICAL LATEX GLOVES...

Niemand is furiously turning the knob on the RADIO. We HEAR the sounds of him SKIPPING through radio stations O.S. until he stops on one playing BOERE MUSIEK.

NIEMAND  
*Dis nou beter.*  
 (beat)  
 So how's your first day on the job  
 panning out?

Pete stares out the window, ignoring Niemand.

Niemand lights another smoke, he still has his SURGICAL GLOVES on.

NIEMAND  
 Oh, this is yours--

He takes out the PISTOL from Katanga's and hands it to Pete.

NIEMAND  
 You'll be more useful to me with this  
 okie.

PETE

I'm not touching that.

NIEMAND

What? You never use one before?

(beat)

Don't worry, your contract includes danger pay.

Pete hesitates... then takes the weapon.

Niemand eyes Pete from his peripheral while he drives...

Pete checks the gun over... He pulls the SHAFT BACK:

CLOSE ON A BULLET IN THE CHAMBER.

PETE JAMS THE GUN AGAINST NIEMAND'S TEMPLE.

PETE

(perfectly calm)

What's stopping me from killing you?

Niemand has hardly reacted to the gun at his head.

NIEMAND

Um... I'm driving? We'll fuckin' crash?

PETE

And if I don't care? So far this is a pretty shit deal, this you-and-me-thing...

Niemand thinks this over...

PETE

I think me and the entire fucking universe will be better off if I just end you right now.

NIEMAND

Okay, okay-- I get it... I haven't been very forward with you. So why don't I fill you in on the situation so far, 'kay?

(points back)

That young lady we just picked up? She was murdered by Julius Motumbo last night.

Pete looks back at the dead body again...

PETE

Jesus...

NIEMAND

I at first assumed...

(irritated at himself)  
 wrongly that it was a case of  
 mistaken identity. She didn't have  
 any fingerprints and I thought it was  
 maybe just a 'trans' thing, but...  
 Now I'm thinking otherwise. You know  
 Klaus van Tonder?

PETE

*Die Coke Koenig*. You've been doing  
 work for him for the better part of a  
 decade.

Niemand grins. It's good to know he was right about Pete.

NIEMAND

Yesterday somebody tried to take him  
 out.

Pete ponders for a second... he lowers the gun slightly...

PETE

Someone's moving on them?

NIEMAND

Not sure yet. But I don't believe in  
 coincidences. Luck doesn't really  
 hang out in my line of work.

PETE

That's why we went to see that  
 Nigerian? You think he's trying to  
 oust the current regime?

NIEMAND

Nah, he's not behind it. He was far  
 too surprised when he saw that banky.  
 But did you see him flinch when I  
 suggested a coup? He's planning  
 something... but not this.

Pete sits back, his mind awash with all the new info.

NIEMAND

(at gun)

Um, if you're not going to shoot me  
 any more, you mind putting that away?  
 Safety first, you know.



Pete looks at the gun, thinking... and then slides it down his back into his belt.

PETE  
So what's next?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. KALAFONG HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ENTRANCE - DUSK**

The ambulance pulls up to a BOOM and SECURITY HUT at the back of KALAFONG: one of the city's busiest, government-run hospitals.

An overweight GUARD (Black, 53) doesn't look up from his MAGAZINE as he opens the boom and waves the ambulance in.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KALAFONG HOSPITAL - CREMATORIUM - DUSK**

An elderly MAN (Black, 83) is eating from a CAN OF LUCKY STAR PILCHARDS and gazing into nothing because nothing is about all he can see, his SPECTACLES being as thick as bulletproof bank teller glass. This old geezer's name is

NIEMAND (O.S.)  
Solly! Got another bokkie for the  
braai!

SOLLY turns to 'see' Niemand and Pete pushing the BODY through the DOUBLE DOORS of the crematorium.

Unfortunately, not much scriptwriting finesse is needed to fabricate this place as rooms like this exist in reality all over the city. NAKED CORPSES are lined up on STORAGE SHELVES, too many to count. In one corner a PILE OF CORPSES reaches almost to the ceiling. At the back of the room is a FURNACE, a BODY in it, fully ABLAZE.

The STENCH in the room hits Pete in the face like an SAPS nightstick.

NIEMAND  
(looking around)  
Where's her spot?

Solly points to a RACK in the corner.

NIEMAND

*Lekker*. Pete, grab the young lady's *beentjies*, won't you?

They lift the body and slide it onto the shelf.

They converse through the shelves as they do. This is kinda like the tropey chat-between-the-library-shelves scene, except the books in this case are cold, dead PRIVATE PARTS.

PETE

What, we just leave him here?

NIEMAND

Not for long. Solly over there is gonna chargrill her for me later tonight.

PETE

But this body is evidence we can use against Motumbo.

NIEMAND

(snickers)  
Whoa, *hokaai* there, 'Willem'. Slow down. Don't worry, I've got more than enough evidence if that's what you want. I've checked her up-and-down, she's got nothing more for us.

PETE

You do this to a lot of bodies?

NIEMAND

Just the ones I need disappeared. Nothing survives that fire, not even DNA.

PETE

What if it gets mixed up with any of these?

NIEMAND

You joking? This hospital has to deal with thirty unclaimed bodies a day-- and that's just the adults.

(chuckle)

You don't want to see the baby version of this room...

The two men exit through the doors.

NIEMAND

Why go to the effort of getting rid  
of a body when the tax payers can do  
it for you?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PRETORIA ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT**

It's NIGHTTIME and the CITY is slipping on her knock-off sequined dress and getting ready for a good time out. From a distance we can see the SHIMMERING LIGHTS in windows (those unbroken) and HEAR a symphony of SIRENS, GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS.

And in the distance, overlooking from Monument Hill is the VOORTREKKER MONUMENT, looming like a judgmental dominie.

Postcard perfect.

**INT. SUIKERBOSSIE'S REVUE BAR - NIGHT**

Niemand and Pete are out of the EMT overalls and walking through SUIKERBOSSIE'S REVUE BAR, a strip club renown for its immigrant dancers. The place is a real Statue of Liberty when it comes to open arms, sweeping up the curviest of the border-crossers flocking to Pretoria for greener grass. The grass being ten rand notes shoved into thongs, naturally.

PETE

What are we doing here?

Niemand frowns at him.

NIEMAND

This is where I live.

Pete looks uncomfortable as a topless Malawian WAITRESS carries a bucket of LION LAGERS past him. Niemand grabs one.

NIEMAND

Take what you want. I have a tab.

Pete ignores Niemand and follows him to the bottom of a STAIRCASE at the back of the room barred by a VELVET ROPE and a SIGN that reads: FOK OFF

**INT. SUIKERBOSSIE'S REVUE BAR - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS**

At the top of the staircase, Niemand unlocks a HEAVY IRON DOOR that resembles a recommissioned bank vault. It's a lengthy process involving industrial grade PADLOCKS and a digital KEYPAD.

NIEMAND

Sorry, this takes a while...

The door \*CLICKS\* open.

NIEMAND

Ah, *daarsy!* Open says-a-me!

They enter:

**INT. NIEMAND'S LAB - CONTINUOUS**

The NEON LIGHTS FLICKER ON to reveal an open-plan industrial space that spans the entire top floor of the building. It resembles the CSI lab if it was shot in the *Mythbusters* warehouse on a drastically reduced budget.

There's a SURGICAL STATION for autopsies; a makeshift SHOOTING RANGE with a shot-up LATEX DUMMY at the back of it; a COMPUTER STATION with MONITORS linked to PCS and SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS hidden all over the building, both inside and out...

All the windows are BLACKED OUT with CHALK PAINT covered in WHITE CHALK SCRAWLS, DIAGRAMS, EQUATIONS, LEWD DOODLES, that sorta thing.

There's a small BATHROOM, KITCHENETTE and BED in the corner.

Niemand hangs his coat up and twists the top off his Lion.

NIEMAND

(singing)

*Huis is waar die hart is....*

The song is Anthonie Bougas' ballad by the same name.

Pete enters the lab apprehensively, but his curiosity gets the better of him. As much as he might not like the situation he's in, this is still an impressive space.

Niemand goes over to a SMALL TV jutting out a BOOKSHELF and switches it on along with the DVD PLAYER underneath.

*Beverly Hills 90210* starts playing on the screen: it's a scene where BRENDA and DYLAN seem to be having a tiff. Nothing new to fans, except for the fact that they've both been DUBBED INTO AFRIKAANS.

Pete can't believe his ears.

PETE

Jesus... where the fuck did you find that?

NIEMAND

I got a guy at the SABC. Gives me all those old shows. They help me concentrate...

Pete walks up to the bookcase and starts perusing... There's tons of BLANK DVD cases with HANDWRITTEN LABELS on them: *The Simpsons; The X-files; MacGyver*, the list goes on...

PETE

God, I remember that. All those shows dubbed over...

Niemand is putting on a SURGICAL APRON.

PETE

It wasn't bad enough you guys forced Afrikaans down our throats at school, you had to shove it down Bart Simpson's as well.

NIEMAND

Please, man. An improvement.  
(sighs, reminiscent)  
Reminds me of a better time...

Pete grabs a DVD and ejects Brenda and Dylan.

PETE

Oh, I got to see this...

NIEMAND

Hey! That's the season finale!

Pete hits play and a FUZZY ALIEN HOLDING A CAT appears on the screen. If you thought *Alf* was already weird, you haven't heard him speak Afrikaans yet.

PETE

Fuck me. It's still just as creepy as when I was a kid.

Niemand sees *Alf* on the screen and shrugs.

NIEMAND

Actually, you can leave it. That one's a classic.

Niemand pops a pair of SAFETY GOGGLES ON.

Pete turns and frowns when he sees Niemand in the getup.

PETE

What're you do--

Niemand interrupts him by whipping off a SURGICAL SHEET that was covering something on the table in front of him--

--exposing the DEAD BODY OF THE BOY from Van Tonder's stable lying on a stainless steel GURNEY.

An array of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS are laid out nearby.

PETE

Jesus.

Niemand tosses a pair of GOGGLES and an APRON his way.

NIEMAND

Make yourself useful.

Pete walks up next to Niemand.

NIEMAND

This is the kid that attacked van Tonder. He oh-deed on buttons before I could get anything out of him.

PETE

(suiting up)

Killed himself? A kid this young? But that's...

NIEMAND

Hard to believe, *ja*? Like as hard to believe as a tranny flashing his tottie at a hundred-and-fifty kilos of homophobic drug lord?

Niemand starts examining the boy, running his fingers lightly over the chest...

NIEMAND

That makes two kamikazes in one day.  
That's not chance. That's intelligent  
design.

Niemand lifts up an OSCILLATING SAW.

PETE

(steps back)

Oh shit, wait-- what are you about to  
do?

NIEMAND

(at boy's chest)

See this scar here?

Pete looks:

There's a faint SCAR running down the boy's sternum.

NIEMAND

This boy had corrective heart surgery  
immediately after he was born. Open-  
heart surgery means sutures, and  
sutures are like little fingerprints  
for hospitals. I can already easily  
gauge his age, and now I can maybe  
find out where he was born. That's a  
pretty good start.

HE FIRES UP THE SAW.

NIEMAND

(points)

I'm going to go get his heart.

NIEMAND SAWS INTO THE BOY'S CHEST.

Pete averts his gaze, turning green.

We see the LIFELESS BOY'S FACE gently wobble from side-to-  
side as its SPRAYED WITH TINY SCARLET DROPS.

Niemand switches the saw off, places it back down.

NIEMAND

(points to kitchen)

If you're going to *gooi*, do it in the  
bucket over there.

Pete shakes his head, gathering himself. He's okay.

Niemand grabs either side of the boy's split sternum and--

--PULLS THEM APART WITH A LOUD \*CRACK\*

PETE

The fuck!

NIEMAND

*Jammer.* Can't find my rib-spreader at the moment...

(points)

Pass me those scissors over there, *asseblief*.

Pete does.

Niemand's hands disappear with the scissors into the boys chest...

We HEAR a few audible \*SNIPS\*

...and he lifts the boy's HEART out.

He tosses it to Pete.

PETE

Don't!

Pete catches it into his chest like a rugby ball, almost dropping the slippery ORGAN as he does.

NIEMAND

(amused)

Tell me what you see.

Pete swallows hard and checks the heart out...

PETE

(bile in mouth)

Staples.

NIEMAND

*Net so.* No sutures at all. That means government hospital, one of the smaller provincial ones.

Niemand takes the heart back.

NIEMAND

Now all I have to do is trace the type of staple to the manufacturer and I should be able to narrow it down even more....

Niemand grins with the satisfaction of a job well done.



NIEMAND

Right. Let's see if that did the  
trick...

Pete watches, confused, as Niemand (HEART in hand) walks  
over to CRATE in the corner semi-covered with a DIRTY TARP.

He whips it off to reveal:

A CAGE holding the STREET BOY from earlier, TIED-UP AND  
GAGGED. It's obvious that, by how the cage is placed, the  
boy would have had a front row seat for the cardiectomy.

It shows: the boy is terrified, TEARS stream down his face.

PETE

Jesus, you are a fucking monster. How  
long has he been in there?

Niemand opens the cage, unties the boy and drags him by the  
bicep to the eviscerated corpse.

Niemand and the boy speak in NORTH SOTHO, English SUBS. It's  
obvious Pete can understand them.

NIEMAND

Wanna talk now?

The boy nods furiously.

NIEMAND

(to body)

Who was he?

STREET KID

S-S-Sam... Left s-six months ago--  
ran off with some other boys...

NIEMAND

Ran off? How do you run away when  
you're already homeless?

STREET KID

We were all in Boy's Town together.  
They said they found work-- said they  
were being paid by some guy-- s-s-  
said they all staying together in a  
house.

NIEMAND

Work? What, like sex stuff?

STREET KID  
 (shakes head)  
 Uh-uh. S-said they were soldiers,  
 look--

The alive boy points at the dead boy's head.

Behind the kid's left ear, inside the hairline, is a SMALL  
 TATTOO of a SYMBOL:



Niemand is transfixed by the symbol. He recognises it.

NIEMAND  
 Soldiers?

STREET KID  
 (nods)  
 Army. An army to fight an evil man.

NIEMAND  
 Evil? Who?

The kid clocks him dead in the eyes.

STREET KID  
You.

PETE  
 Wait-- what?

This is a major statement made by the kid, yet Niemand  
 doesn't seem to be surprised by it. Since he eyed the  
 symbol, he's been in a heady haze of thought.

NIEMAND  
 Why were you following me?

STREET KID  
 I want to fight also. But I can't  
 find them...  
 (beat)  
 Do you know where they are?

Niemand reveres him for a moment... then releases him.

NIEMAND  
 Go on. Voetsek.

The kid beelines for the front door...

PETE

Hey, wait!

Pete runs after the kid and stops him.

PETE

You can't just let him go out there,  
it's already dark.

Niemand is still lost in his own mind...

NIEMAND

Eh? *Wat?*

(sees Pete and Kid)

Oh. Okay. You keep him then.

Niemand goes over to the couch... sits slowly...

PETE

So I can go now?

Niemand doesn't look up from his trance as he answers:

NIEMAND

Sure. *Goeie nag.*

Pete and the kid make for the door...

Niemand seems to find a thought in the fog of his haze and calls after the boy:

NIEMAND

Hey... wait. Which Boy's town?

STREET KID

President Kruger.

Niemand nods... snaps back into his trance.

Pete and the boy leave.

...and then Pete enters again a second later.

PETE

Here.

Niemand turns and--

--Pete **TOSSES THE GUN** towards him.

It lands on the floor with a cold **\*CLANK\***

PETE

Keep that shit away from me. I'll never be like you.

Pete leaves.

Niemand sits... thinking...

He slowly rolls his LEFT SHIRT SLEEVE up... He looks down:  
ON HIS LEFT FOREARM IS A TATTOO:



**CUT TO:**

**INT./EXT. KRAMER'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Kramer opens his front door in his PJs to reveal:

Pete standing with the kid.

KRAMER

Jesus, Pete. Who's that?

PETE

Sorry it's so late...

A sleepy MAN (White, 43) appears behind Kramer, also in his PJs, looking on with concern over Kramer's shoulder. He's balding but good-looking, once. His name is KYLE.

PETE

Kyle, shit. I'm sorry I woke you both...

Kramer shoos them inside.

KRAMER

C'mon, get.

**TIME CUT:**

**INT. KRAMER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Pete is sitting, exhausted, at the kitchen table while Kramer makes a POT OF TEA.

In the dimly-lit LOUNGE behind them, KYLE tucks the kid into a bed made up on the couch. The kid's already fast asleep.

KRAMER

Christ, Pete...

PETE

You're acting like I have many choices here...

KRAMER

One-- one choice. The cops. And quick. I'll go with you right now.

PETE

He owns half of them, Kramer. And besides, it's like you said: I've got squat on him. Not yet, anyhow...

KRAMER

You're not actually thinking of going along--

PETE

What if he's not bullshitting? What if he really can disappear and give us everything we need to get half of Pretoria's criminal underground?

KRAMER

Stop saying us. And stop being so stupid. You know this can't end well. You're not just the idiot frog being stung by the scorpion in this story, you're the idiot frog who the scorpion's going to pin the stinging on!

Pete sits in contemplation....

PETE

I know all this. I have a plan.

Kramer sighs, defeated-- he's not getting through to this guy.

PETE

But I need your help.

Suddenly Pete's phone lets out a MESSAGE ALERT O.S.

He checks it. On the screen:

**PITSO  
MISSED CALL (13)**

PETE

Shit.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MAMELODI TOWNSHIP - STREET OUTSIDE PETE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Pete parks his car at the curb (because he has no garage) and walks towards his HOUSE: a shitty single-story plugged in between TWO OTHER HOMES cut from the same biscuit cutter.

**INT. PETE'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Pete quietly enters his house like a truant teenager.

He hits the light switch--

--and blasts his sleeping WIFE on a rocking chair in the corner with bright LIGHT. The sleeping BABY she's cradling promptly BURSTS INTO TEARS.

PETE

Shit. Sorry.

His wife (Black, 33) stands and hands the CRYING BABY GIRL (6 months) to Pete. His wife's name is PITSO, but she's too irritated for introductions. She shuffles off, eyes half shut, and \*SLAMS\* the bedroom door behind her.

**INT. PETE'S HOME, STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

Pete enters his study holding the crying baby (her name is TUMI) and switches on the DESK LAMP.

He gently puts the kid in a small ROCKING CHAIR on the ground and sets it in motion...

...she calms back to sleep.

Pete sits at his desk, removing his tie and unbuttoning his shirt as he does.

We see that, WRAPPED AROUND HIS CHEST with the ELASTIC BAND is the REMOTE LAPEL MIC from earlier.

He removes it and brings out a SMALL RECORDING DEVICE from his pocket.

He hits the PLAY BUTTON on its side.

\*STATIC\*. Nothing but a LOW-PITCHED HISS.

Pete frowns and hits the REWIND button... then the PLAY BUTTON again.

\*STATIC\*

He sits back in his chair, frustrated, perplexed.

A VIBRATING SOUND emits from his CELLPHONE lying on the desk. An UNKNOWN NUMBER is calling.

He answers it.

**INTERCUT  
BETWEEN:**

**INT. NIEMAND'S LAB - NIGHT**

NIEMAND  
(cig hanging out  
mouth)  
Howzit, Pete.

Niemand is SHAVING the back of the dead boys' head with ELECTRIC CLIPPERS, his cellphone tucked between his chin and shoulder. The boy's chest cavity has been neatly SUTURED up.

Behind him a dubbed episode of *More is Nog 'n Dag* is blasting away on the TV (better known in the First World as the '90s drama *Life Goes On* when it's not being perverted by Apartheid Regimes).

Pete jolts upright in the chair.

NIEMAND  
You check the tape yet?  
(beat)  
Ja... sorry about that, man. I have a jammer on me at all times. Keep it in my ciggy pack. That's also why your wife probably couldn't get hold of you. Next time try not use a remote mic.

He finishes shaving and places the clippers down.

NIEMAND

It's quite useful, really...

(idea)

Hey, want me to make you one?

Pete deflates and slumps down into the chair.

NIEMAND

(sympathetic smile)

*Ja...* I thought you were a bit too eager to hop-on board. *Stoute seuntjie.*

He snubs the cigarette out in the SURGICAL TRAY nearby.

NIEMAND

Don't worry, Pete. This is all going to be over with soon enough. When it's time for me to retire, you'll have more than enough to write your book. Don't worry about doing any sneaky shit yourself.

Niemand waits for a response... he's not surprised when he doesn't get one.

NIEMAND

You did well today. Keep up the good work. Love to the wife and kid.

(awkward smile)

Okie dokes. *Totsiens.*

Niemand hangs up.

Pete tosses the phone aside.

He gets up and cradles the kid back into his arms...

Pete stands and turns. WE SEE THE WALL BEHIND HIM:

IT'S COVERED IN NIEMAND MATERIAL: MIND MAPS, TIMELINES, PICTURES, ARTICLES, PHOTOS OF KNOWN CLIENTS-- this wall makes the whiteboard from his office look like a tween girl's vision board. It's BEYOND OBSESSIVE.

Pete stares at the wall, his rage burning bright.

**BACK TO:**

Niemand \*SNAPS\* a pic of the TATTOO behind the boy's ear with his phone and pockets it. He \*SNAPS\* on a new pair of LATEX GLOVES.



He gets up, whistling along to The Beatles' *Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da* playing O.S. over the OPENING TITLES on the TV and TURNS UP THE VOLUME with a REMOTE CONTROL.

He bends down and picks up the GUN Pete tossed on the floor.

He walks back over to the kid. He \*COCKS\* the gun--

--AND \*SHOOTS\* THE KID IN THE HEAD.

Niemand walks over to one of his WORK DESKS, pops the gun into a VACUUM BAG, and seals it with one a VERIMARK GENESIS VACUUM SEALER.

He places the gun into a draw and removes the gloves.

Just before he closes the draw, we glimpse inside it DOCUMENTS, PHOTOS, ARTICLES-- all regarding PETE. We can also see DOCS and PICTURES of MALEFE, PHIL, KRAMER...

Niemand locks the drawer.

He wheels the kid on a gurney over to a BIG METAL DOOR in the wall. He opens it and MIST CURLS OUT a WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR.

FROM THE INSIDE we observe Niemand wheel the kid into the fridge and \*SHUT\* the door, leaving us in the dark.

**CUT TO:**

Niemand sits down at his COMPUTER.

He pulls his sleeve up and \*SNAPS\* a pic of the tattoo on his forearm with his phone.

He SYNCs his phone up to his computer.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

The PICTURES from his phone import into a PHOTO EDITING PROGRAM.

He brings up the PHOTO of the tattoo on his arm along side the PHOTO of the tattoo on the back of the dead boy's neck.

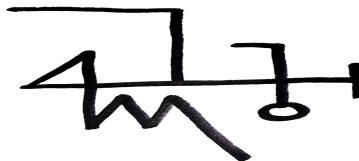
He ISOLATES the black lines with the SELECTION tool and DELETES the background, leaving just the graphic symbols.



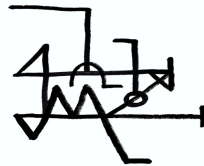
He takes his phone out and checks the PHOTO of the SYMBOL on the BANKY, contemplating it...



Niemand selects the image on the RIGHT and ROTATES it.



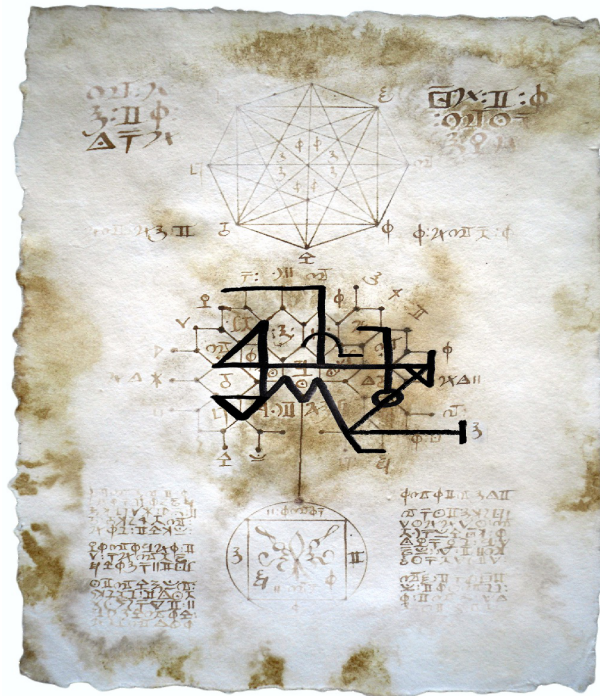
He OVERLAYS the two symbols on the screen, lining up the "ems":



Niemand gets up. He walks over to his bookshelf and retrieves a BOOK. More like a TOME: a thick, leather-bound file with loose pages and notes sticking out.

He sits back down at the desk and flips through the old book... until he locates and removes from out it a SINGLE LOOSE PAGE. It's an A4 colour printout of an old MANUSCRIPT, one of many in the book.

Niemand grabs a BLACK KOKI, snaps the lid off, DRAWS the combined symbols directly onto the page...



Niemand takes out from the book another LOOSE PAGE with a TRANSCRIPTION KEY on it:

Δ	λ	∩	∏	:	∩	∪	∩	∩	∩	∩	*	∇	3
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	
5	)	∩	>	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	
x	∩	∇	∩	>	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩	∩
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0				

He grabs the koki and CIRCLES NUMBERS, correlating back-and-forth between the key and the manuscript page...

He jots down the result on a CLEAN WHITE PAGE:

0321

Niemand then jots down a second row of numbers and stops, frowning with confusion. He finishes:

0321  
90210

HIS FACE EXPLODES WITH REALISATION.

He peers over at his bookshelf of DVDS.

He stands... slowly... walks over to the bookshelf...

He reaches for one of the DVD JEWEL CASES but STOPS--

He hurries back over to the surgical station and gets another PAIR OF LATEX GLOVES. He snaps them on.

Niemand walks back over to the bookshelf and grabs the DVD.

CLOSE ON THE LABEL:

**beverly hills 90210**  
**season 3, episodes 21-25**

He puts the DVD in the machine...

He picks up the REMOTE...

A basic MENU appears on the TV screen displaying FIVE FILES:

BH90210\_S03E21  
 BH90210\_S03E22  
 BH90210\_S03E23  
 BH90210\_S03E24  
 BH90210\_S03E25

Niemand selects the FILE LABELLED:

**BH90210\_S03E21**

On the screen, the INTRO to Beverly Hills 90210 starts to play...

Niemand backs away from the TV, not sure what to expect...

**THE PICTURE ON THE TV SNAPS TO STATIC.**

Niemand freezes.

SCAN LINES ROLL UP THE SCREEN TO REVEAL:

**A MAN'S FACE.**

His age is hard to determine, he could be early 30s, maybe younger. He's WHITE, GAUNT and with a SHAVED HEAD. His ICE-BLUE EYES are intense, like flames from a butane torch. He's CLOSE UP to the camera, we can only see his head and shoulders. He has no shirt on.

The OUT-OF-FOCUS ROOM behind him is hard to make out but it looks like a space very similar to Niemand's lab...

The man is in a trance, looking off to the side... he speaks in AFRIKAANS, English SUBS.

MAN ON TV

*For the sun rises with a scorching  
 wind... and withers the grass... and  
 its flower falls off, its beauty  
 destroyed... So too the rich man in  
 the midst of his pursuits... will  
 fade away...*

Niemand backs away from the TV...

NIEMAND

*Die fok...?*

**THE MAN TURNS AND SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO THE LENS:**

MAN ON TV

You there, Oom Etienne? 'Course you are.

(beat)  
Do you see me? Do you know me?

The man LAUGHS: a wheezy chuckle like an organ grinder crushed on a rubbish heap.

MAN ON TV  
It's started. You've noticed, I'm sure. The wheels in motion. The city awake.

The man GRIMACES. He's in PAIN.

MAN ON TV  
It's sick. Sick with your poison.  
It's time it vomited you out.

The man takes a deep breathe, gathering himself...

MAN ON TV  
I know you're not a fatalistic man, but trust me, sometimes it's better to just--  
(thinks... then)  
Go with the flow?  
(contemplates)  
Yes. Flow. An accurate choice of words.

Niemand slowly steps up to the TV, mesmerised by it.

MAN ON TV  
So just play along. You like to play, don't you, Oom Etienne? That's the point of you. The game. That's why you want out, that's why your old bones ache. You're bored.  
(beat)  
No need to thank. You're welcome.

Niemand can't blink...

NIEMAND  
(realising something)  
No... can't be...

MAN ON TV  
Oh, I almost forgot to ask--

The Man on the TV GRABS THE LENS WITH BOTH HANDS.

MAN ON TV  
You like my tits?

HE TILTS THE CAMERA DOWN TO REVEAL HIS CHEST:  
A STRAPLESS BRA STUFFED WITH TISSUES.

MAN ON TV  
(turns lens to face)  
Oh, shit... you haven't cooked me  
yet, have you?

THE MAN LAUGHS--

--and we're back to BEVERLY HILLS 90210.

ECU ON NIEMAND:

NIEMAND  
*Fok.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KALAFONG HOSPITAL - CREMATORIUM - NIGHT**

Solly wheels the CORPSE dropped off by Niemand and Pete into  
the FURNACE.

CLOSE ON THE FACE: THE MAN FROM THE VIDEO.

SOLLY SHUTS THE DOOR.

--AND FLAMES ENGULF THE CORPSE.

**SNAP TO BLACK.**

**END OF PART I.**

**SERIES OVERVIEW**

*Niemand* is a six-part limited series. Once we leave Niemand  
at the end of Part I in the realisation that the person on  
the tape is the body of the strangled man from the first  
scene, and the corpse cremated in the last, Niemand starts  
the journey that slowly untangles the mystery of the man's  
identity and his motives.

Over the next five episodes, Niemand and Pete follow a trail  
of obscure leads that begin to reveal a series of  
unstoppable events that have being put into place, triggered  
by the death of the mysterious man. Events with one  
directive in mind: to take down Niemand.

The city starts to turn on Niemand, setting his clients against him and making Niemand a wanted man by Pretoria's criminal underground.

Niemand's past creeps back into the present, making it impossible for him to deny. His part in the Apartheid crimes, his betrayal of his fellow cohorts, his sequential release-- one-by-one his long-thought forgotten transgressions come to light and are made aware to all.

Tangentially, Pete's journey alongside Niemand drags him deeper into questionable moral waters, the enticement of the end reward being more-and-more outweighed by its cost. And, of course, there's the ever-niggling notion that Niemand is not a man to be trusted...

Throughout the series, we meet other characters. Pete's estranged brother: a crooked cop looking to climb the ranks through any means possible. Unlike Pete's struggle with morals, his brother's left shoulder lacks an angel to ward off his hungry ambitions.

There's also Marta, an ex-flame of Niemand's that remains in a catatonic state cared for in a hospice home whom Niemand visits occasionally and supports financially. Marta is used as a soundboard for Niemand, him often taking time to purge to her his offences as he has no one else to talk to. She is his only friend and confidant, and all she does is stare out a window all day long...

Another crime lord is introduced: an evangelical pastor with a spiritual hold on the city and a literal army of congregates.

And then there's Pete's father: an apartheid Askari who took his own life after been indicted by the Truth and Reconciliation Commissions' investigations and fingered as a Judas to all his fellow Black South Africans. His link to Niemand is brought to light, making Pete and Niemand's relationship that much more complicated.

Near the end, Niemand's investigations finally bring him to the realisation of who the mystery man was and what his motives were. The realisation completely upends Niemand as it means a part of his past was hidden from him, and relationships to those he cares for are to be doubted...

The series ends with Niemand on a precipice as all the mystery man's plans are finally made manifest. The weight of his past fully caught up with him, Niemand is faced with an impossible choice he cannot escape from making...

Any way it plays out, there will be no happy ending.