

NICHOLAS RAINBOW
(TV SERIES PILOT)

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - DAWN

Free as a spirit, we soar above the wide ocean and across the vast land of this exotic South African east coast beach at the stormy break of dawn. The deep drone and rumbling sound of thunder contrasts sharply the tinkle of steel chimes on the porch, as we hover through the tickets toward a squatter's tree house. The rain beats hard against the streaming panes and the weathered roof the large lofty shack. A strong gushing wind knocks open a rickety window and we are drawn directly into the cosy room swirling around The Dreamcatcher with colourful beads, horse hair and black feathers, to NICHOLAS RAINBOW, who is asleep below.

EXT. PURGATORY - DAWN

For a brief moment, Nicholas frightfully experiences a nightmare of dancing with and transforming into a lightning bird.

TITLE SEQ: NICHOLAS RAINBOW AND THE SOURCE OF HEALING

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - DAWN

The Dreamcatcher breaks loose as Nicholas wakes up to the banging sound of his tree house door swing open. It is tossed outside the treehouse and lands onto drunken MARK RAINBOW below, who is lying outside his tent in the dry sea sand asleep under the tree house. Mark also frightfully awakens to the unsettling storm, which deeply disturbs his peace of mind finding The Dreamcatcher on his face. He smashes and destroys it.

Sheets of rain lash the shredded leaves on the trees.

Nicholas shuts the window and closes the door. Then he picks up his unfinished painting and places it back onto his art easel.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAWN

A crab tries to lift a beautiful anticlockwise spiral shell on the shoreline, but a breaking wave washes it back into the sea, separating the crab from the shell.

EXT. THICKET TRAIL - MORNING

Early morning drumming echoes in the distance from the traditional healing school. Nicholas walks on the trail through the thicket toward the gentlemen's public beach changeroom with a small bag. He comes across some roaming chicken: a rooster, a hen and some chicks. He tries to catch them, but the rooster challenges him back, while the hen protects her chicks.

INT. PUBLIC BEACH CHANGEROOM - MORNING

Hot water cascades over Nicholas's body as steam rises in the public shower. He rinses off the lather of shampoo from his hair. Two well-built white surfers enter the big change room. Drying himself down, Nicholas stands in front of the large mirror. The surfers begin to change into their bathing suits.

Nicholas spreads foam across his face, takes out his razor from his bag, and begins to shave his face. One of the surfers pads over to Nicholas and suddenly claps him on the head with his hand. Nicholas is surprised, but meekly ignores him. The surfer buffs his muscles in the mirror, while the other surfer giggles on the other side of the room.

Nicholas nervously finishes up shaving as quick as possible, trying to avoid any tension. As Nicholas bends over to wash his face, the other surfer also walks up to him. The two surfers then push and shove Nicholas back and forth between themselves as they bully him. Nicholas feels anxious as he is drawn subjectively to his heart beat internally. The encounter seems surreal, but Nicholas does not react.

Then they hear voices of others entering the change room. It is a father and a son. The surfers instantly leave Nicholas alone, fetch their things and leave. Nicholas peeks at the father who watches over his son, as Nicholas quickly washes up his dirty clothes and changes into a clean pair.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - LATER

Nicholas hangs up his wet clothes on a wash line under the tree house which drips onto his father who is still sobering up. He sees the smashed Dreamcatcher, picks it up and is sadder that it is destroyed. Then he has an idea. He plucks the main Dreamcatcher feather, and playfully leans over to tickle his father's ear, irritating him. Mark wakes up, grabs his arm, and stares at him with a moment of aggression, then closes his eyes and releases him.

NICHOLAS

Wake up.

Mark breaks out with a serious fit of coughing.

INT. BUS - MORNING

Carefully trying to protect his latest painting from being damaged in the corridor, Nicholas rides in the half empty bus. Mark who is alongside him takes out his metal bottle of alcohol, takes a swig, and releases a deep breathe of tension.

NICHOLAS

Dad, why did you destroy my dreamcatcher?

MARK

That thing was on my face. I thought it was a spider or something. It must be bad luck, you know. It's a very bad omen.

NICHOLAS

You're just being superstitious again.

MARK

Oh, I'm superstitious now? You're the one who was hanging that thing over your bed.

NICHOLAS

It's just a symbolic protection charm, nothing more.

MARK

No, I'm telling you that something bad is going to happen.

Nicholas rolls his eyes and smirks. Just then, Mark struggles to contain a heavy cough.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm dying Nicholas. I'm afraid that I am going to die.

Nicholas anxiously takes a sharp breathe, bites his finger nails, then cracks his finger knuckles.

MARK (CONT'D)

What?

NICHOLAS

Don't say that, dad. I don't want you to die.

INT. ART GALLERY - MORNING

CLAIRE, the art gallery owner holds up Nicholas' art piece that he has brought in, portraying the duality of life and death and incorporating raw materials such as tree roots leaves and bones, etc. within the oil painting.

CLAIRE

This is absolutely stunning, Nicholas... I sold all of your other pieces very quickly. You're turning out to be such a success.

NICHOLAS

Thank you.

Mark is in the background in the room.

MARK

With such talent, surely the price
should go up, Claire?

CLAIRE

Of course, Mr. Rainbow, I will
double the price on this piece.

Claire heads behind the counter, pulls out an envelope from a
box with Nicholas Rainbow's name on it and hands it to
Nicholas.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I look forward to seeing you again
soon.

NICHOLAS

Thank you so much.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Nicholas and Mark shop at the grocery supermarket. Nicholas
passes the butchery section gazing at the wide display of
meat behind the glass. He picks up a tray of chicken.

Mark heads off and breaks out into a serious coughing fit,
down the liquor aisle.

Nicholas distances himself from Mark, to pick up a selection
of fresh vegetables, watching Mark clench onto a Mampoer
bottle, still coughing his lungs out and heading back to him.
Nicholas gets his vegetables weighed and priced. Mark puts
the Mampoer bottle into the trolley.

NICHOLAS

I'm not going to pay for this.

MARK

Come on, I need it. You know that I
need it to take away the pain.

NICHOLAS

It's my money... Am I not providing
enough for you?

MARK

Please Nicholas, I need it, I'm
begging you. Do you want me to die?

NICHOLAS

You need to see a doctor.

MARK

No, I have given up on that.

Mark begins coughing again, and begs in agony.

MARK (CONT'D)

Please, Nicholas.

Trying to avoid attention, Nicholas accepts.

NICHOLAS
Okay fine. Let's go.

Mark whispers as he tries to catch his breath and tag along.

MARK
Thank you. Thank you.

INT. BUS - DAY

The low rumble of the bus engine drones as Nicholas and Mark ride back to their squatter shack with their groceries at their feet.

NICHOLAS
How long are we going to keep
living like this?

MARK
Don't blame me for life being so
harsh... I don't wish for us to be
squatters. But what else can I do.

NICHOLAS
You're my dad. You're supposed to
be taking care of me. Not the other
way around.

MARK
Am I a burden to you?

NICHOLAS
Yes, you are!

MARK
So you would rather have me die?
You want me to die so that you can
be free?

NICHOLAS
How many times have I told you that
I don't want you to die, Dad? I
just want you to be a better man!

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

The bus pulls up alongside the bus stop and a padkos stall on the roadside in front of an African traditional healing school. The ancient pounding rhythm of drums echoes from the compound which comprises of several round Zulu mud walled huts with thatched roofs. Nicholas and Mark get off the bus with their groceries. Nicholas heads for the stall to get a quick bite for lunch.

NICHOLAS
Two vetkoeks and two paper cups of
cooldrink.

Nicholas pays for his purchase and receives his change. He then picks up a small roaming chick while he waits for his order. A mother hen worriedly calls for her chicks. Mark begins to hungrily gulp down the food and cooldrink.

Nicholas puts the chick down, and fetches the vetkoek and a paper cup of cool drink from the table where the stall attendant has left them for him. Mark begins to cough and wheeze. He speaks to no one in particular.

MARK

My health is really deteriorating.
I damn well need to work on
cleansing my spirit.

Mark tries to take a few deep breaths, picks up the grocery packets and walks toward the huts as his coughing steadily worsens. Nicholas follows him, cool drink in one hand, and more groceries in his other hand. Mark turns to Nicholas and speaks to him between coughs.

MARK (CONT'D)

You know, I have never given a
sangoma a try.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - DAY

Nearby some goats graze contentedly. Mark and Nicholas approach a group of ithwasas - traditional sangoma initiates who are preparing to become African shamans. From the huts more ithwasas drum into the gathering African day. From some nearby trees the shrill buzzing of cicadas promise that this day would be hot.

Nicholas follows Mark, quite concerned about his father's wheezing. He puts the grocery packets down, crumples the paper cup and shoves it into his trouser pocket. His attention is drawn to the Ithwasas, and especially YESH SINGH who is among them, and he curiously glances at the feathers, shells and various other items affixed onto their brightly coloured attire. They are all barefoot and their hair are closely cropped; even the women, who outnumber the men. Mark addresses the standing students.

MARK

Excuse me.

From inside the huts the Ithwasas stop drumming. The shrill sound of the cicadas is suddenly silent.

MARK (CONT'D)

My name is Mark. I have been quite
ill for a long time and I would
like to find out if I can see a
sangoma.

YESH

You can see our father, Makhosi
Mandla. Would you like me to call
her?

Mark answers with a puzzled look on his face.

MARK
Sure. Yes, please.

The ithwasa, noticing Mark's bewilderment breaks into a wide smile.

YESH
We always call our teacher
'father'. Follow me.

Mark and Nicholas follow a short distance behind the ithwasa, past the washing line of hanging clothes to Makhosi's house.

YESH (CONT'D)
Mama Makhosi! Mama Makhosi! There
is someone who would like to see
you.

A voice answers from the courtyard.

MAKHOSI (V.O.)
Come.

MAKHOSI MANDLA is busy crushing some roots and herbs on a grinding stone. She speaks without looking up.

MAKHOSI
Hello.

She then stops her work and looks up, staring first at Nicholas and then at Mark, peering deeply into his eyes.

MARK
Hello. My name is Mark Rainbow. I
have been ill for quite some time
and I have tried so many doctors,
but no one is able to help me. I
would like to find out if you can.
Help me, I mean.

MAKHOSI
Absolutely. Where there is hope,
there is a way!

She rinses her hands from a nearby bowl and dries them by shaking them fiercely. She speaks as she stands up.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)
Come with me.

They walk into Makhosi's smoke filled rondawel hut. Suddenly the air is alive with the sound of cicadas, with the throb of African drums. From a nearby kraal the cows moo.

INT. HEALING HUT - DAY

Inside the hut is an eclectic display of items. Imphepho, a traditional dried herb, burns inside a clay bowl.

Makhosi sits on the mat-covered floor and, at a gesture from her, Mark too sits on the ground across from Makhosi, facing her. Nicholas sits alongside his father.

Makhosi cries out and casts a collection of items drawn from a leather pouch tied around her waist - mostly small bones but some pebbles, sea shells and feathers too, onto a small square grass mat.

MAKHOSI

Hachia! Speak to me ancestors!
Hachia!

She prods on a copper ring on her finger.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

I can feel a very strong force that is present. It is a bad thing. It is your wife who is causing the illness.

MARK

My wife?(hissing) What...

MAKHOSI

It's the mother of this boy!

Makhosi points at a startled Nicholas.

MARK

My ex-wife. Oh. She passed away 5 years ago... She's dead!

MAKHOSI

Your ex-wife's spirit seeks a sacrifice from you. She is the cause of your illness.

MARK

I'm not going to worship Mary's spirit... No bloody way!

MAKHOSI

This is the calling from the boy's ancestor. But she is calling out to you.

This time Makhosi points a quivering finger at Mark. Nicholas becomes tense. The atmosphere inside the smoky hut is suddenly strained. The cows moo too loudly outside. Mark speaks so softly that Nicholas has to strain to hear.

MARK

How is this even possible? We were not on speaking terms since we got divorced.

MAKHOSI

How did she die?

MARK

A car accident.

MAKHOSI

Her spirit has not been put to rest. She walks and does not rest and she is calling out to you.

Suddenly Mark matches Makhosi, staring deeply into her eyes.

MARK

No, I'm definitely not going to oblige to her! I refuse!
(insisting)

Makhosi drops her eyes and prods a dried crab pincer lying on her mat.

MAKHOSI

Hmm, this is a very strong calling. If you do not heed this, you will be tossed like a crab in the sea, between the living and the dead.
(warning)

She then prods an iridescent feather.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

But there is a feather who can protect you.

She turns to Nicholas and speaks in a voice too deep for a Woman.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

It is You... You!

Nicholas responds weakly.

NICHOLAS

Me?

MAKHOSI

You possess a very strong energy. A powerful energy. A strong medicine. You are a healer... You are the feather that heals!

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Below the treehouse, seated Nicholas leisurely takes a look at his family album. He sees some pictures of his mother and his uncle Peter and stops flipping the pages. Mark starts the fire in the fireplace that he has prepared, and places the 3-legged potjie pot onto it.

NICHOLAS

Dad, do you think that I look like Uncle Peter?

MARK

You do! You sure came out looking like your mother's side of the family.

Nicholas saddens.

NICHOLAS

I miss mom.

MARK

Life is so unpredictable. Everything in our lives was going so well... Then she wanted the divorce... and death suddenly snatched her away from us. Just like that. Before we could even fix things... And here we are trying to make ends meet.

Nicholas pauses to ponder his father's words.

NICHOLAS

Dad, do you think that what the sangoma, Makhosi, said is true?

MARK

What do you think?

Nicholas closes the family album and places it aside.

NICHOLAS

I like the idea that she said that I am a healer.

Nicholas stretches. Mark looks up from the fire with earnestness.

MARK

You know, your mother always was a force to reckon with. She always was so strong willed. Ag, I don't want to believe that she has become stronger than me in death. I don't know what to believe.

EXT. THICKET TRAIL - AFTERNOON

Nicholas leaves the camping site and takes a stroll through the beach thicket, absorbing the relaxing sound of the birds and the beaming late afternoon light filtering through the branches. Nature is beautiful.

He finds a brightly feathered dead bird on the ground. He prods the corpse around a few times with a stick, then stretches out his right hand toward the bird.

NICHOLAS

I am a healer!

He picks up a long stick and again prods the dead bird with the stick.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

I am a healer!

He prods the bird a third time, then drops the stick, stretches out both his hands with more force toward the bird trying to radiate energy from his palms.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Rise up. Fly!

Nothing happens. Nicholas sighs deeply, picks up the stick and proceeds to dig a hole with it and then buries the corpse. He picks up a coloured feather from the ground and puts it into his pocket. There is something there. A crumpled up paper cup. He sighs again.

EXT. ESTUARY - AFTERNOON

Nicholas spots Yesh carrying a bag of roots and other collections from nature.

Yesh comes to a fresh water of one of the luminous Kosi Bay estuaries. The wind is nearly calm. A haze rests on the low shores that runs out to the sea in vanishing flatness.

Immediately Yesh drops his sack, strips off his clothes, and plunges into the water, dipping himself deep into the clear transparent and pristine liquid.

A moment later, Yesh re-surfaces with the feeling of being refreshed and cleansed, while Nicholas watches him from behind the thicket.

Yesh wades through the clear warm water toward his fish trap.

Nicholas hides behind the bushes in the distance along the water front, and watches Yesh enter into the fish trap, a contraption that is grounded in the sand under the water comprising of a v-shaped funnel made of thin sticks woven closely together along the flow of the water, that leads fish into a circle of sticks where they get trapped and very seldom can get out of.

Numerous traps spread over the vast shallow water of the estuary creating a splendid sight to see. Some birds perch on the sticks.

Yesh uses a spear and pierces a fish, bringing it up to the surface. It is a large, beautiful catch.

Nicholas smiles to himself.

Yesh strides back through the water, reaches a ticket close by and dresses back into his sangoma attire.

EXT. THE BEACH - AFTERNOON

Nicholas then heads down to the shoreline and picks up some shells, trying to find matching ones. He puts the shells into the now uncrumpled paper cup. A crab scurries across the shoreline, and is swallowed by the waves.

EXT. THICKET TRAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

Nature minds its own business. The birds and insects seem quite content. Nicholas has a cup full of shells and a feather in his pocket. He is strangely content too. On his way back, he stops at the place where he buried the dead bird and picks up the stick with which he prodded the bird.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Nicholas approaches the treehouse where Mark is asleep in the tent below. He rests the stick on the side of the tent, takes the feather out from his pocket and brushes it softly, gently, against his palms, then across his face, then tickles his ear. He has an idea again. He creeps up to his sleeping father and tickles his ear with the feather. Mark wakes up coughing and irritated. Nicholas pretends not to have done anything.

Mark paces about as he coughs, great lung wrenching spasms wracking his body. He checks the pot.

MARK

Please chop up the herbs and put them into the potjiekos for me.

Nicholas takes out the fresh herbs and begins to chop them up.

MARK (CONT'D)

Don't stir. Let it stew without stirring.

Mark's coughing and wheezing worsens and it troubles Nicholas. Nicholas throws the feather into the low fire and watches it burn. He rinses his hands from a 5 litre bottle of water. He drops the chopped herbs into the pot without stirring it. Then he takes out the sea shells from his pockets.

NICHOLAS

You know what, we can use these shells like draft board pieces. I'm gonna fetch the board.

Nicholas climbs up into the treehouse.

INT. HEALING HUT - LATE AFTERNOON

At the same time, Makhosi enters her distant hut. The atmosphere is filled with that of a hovering spirit. A vengeful spirit. Makhosi shudders.

MAKHOSI

Hachia! Oh my great ancestors,
speak to me. Tell me what I must
do. I feel the strong presence of a
foreign spirit that is calling out.
Hachia! Hachia! (intoning)

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - SAME

Back at the camping spot, Mark's attack worsens. He flails from side to side hardly getting any air into his lungs at all.

INT. THE TREEHOUSE - SAME

Nicholas sits at a small table in the treehouse sorting his shells. He finds similar shells and places them as two sets of pieces on the draft board. He hears Mark's desperate coughing outside.

INT. HEALING HUT - SAME

Makhosi Mandla sits on the floor of her hut and frantically pours out bones, sea shells, feathers and other objects from her pouch onto the small square grass mat. She senses the dark energy around her move purposely and claps, hard. She lights up some more dried herbs, and watches them smolder, breathing in the thick smoke deeply.

MAKHOSI

Hachia! Speak to me ancestors!
Hachia! Hachia! Hachia! (pleading)

INT. THE TREEHOUSE - SAME

Nicholas puts the remaining shells back into the cup and picks up the board.

INT. HEALING HUT - SAME

Makhosi picks up her divination objects, holds them in her palms, and blows into them.

MAKHOSI

Speak to me ancestors! Speak to me!
Grrrr! Hachia! (commanding)

EXT. THE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Mark tumbles from side to side on the beach where his lurching has taken him before collapsing in the sand. He crabs sideways toward the shoreline. The first wave reaches him.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - SAME

Nicholas exits the treehouse, trying to balance the set draft board without disturbing the pieces. He sees his father crawling closer to the waves in the distance.

NICHOLAS
Dad! Dad!! (screaming out)

INT. HEALING HUT - SAME

Deep in a trance in the smoky hut, Makhosi sways from side to side, holding her divination objects in her hands.

MAKHOSI
I feel that this is a bad thing. A bad thing. A foreign ancestor is calling someone. Hachia! Speak to me my ancestors! Reveal to me what is happening. (pleading, commanding, insisting)

She casts the tightly clenched bones, feathers, sea shells and other objects onto the mat.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - SAME

Simultaneously, Nicholas runs desperately towards the beach. The pieces on the draft board are scattered on the ground as he drops the draft board blindly. One of the shells bounces off the potjie pot and cuts him on the side of his neck. He does not notice the cut, nor the blood.

EXT. THE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

As Nicholas runs, he feels blood streaming down over his chest and feels the cut with his hand, leaving his fingers bloody. He stumbles and falls.

INT. HEALING HUT - SAME

Makhosi reads deep into the objects which she has cast. She prods on a brightly coloured feather.

MAKHOSI
Hachia! It is the boy who is in need of help. Hachia! What must I do? Hachia! (praying)

EXT. THE BEACH - SAME

Stemming the flow of blood with his hand, Nicholas gets up and sees his father, still coughing, being drawn by the waves into deeper water. Realizing that his father is about to drown, he races as fast as he can.

NICHOLAS
Dad! Dad! (calling out)

INT. HEALING HUT - SAME

Makhosi swishes her body with a horse tail.

MAKHOSI
There is a strong force. A bad force. It is moving. Hachia! Hachia! Hachia!! I call on my ancestors to calm the foreign spirit that is walking without rest. Calm the foreign spirit. Calm the foreign spirit. Let her rest. Now!

EXT. THE BEACH - SAME

Nicholas crashes through the waves and grabs Mark, pulling him out of the water with all his might. Mark is not breathing. Nicholas rolls his father onto his side in the shallow waves and drags him onto the beach. Mark's body is limp. Nicholas pounds his father's chest, his neck wound totally forgotten. His neck stops bleeding.

INT. HEALING HUT - SAME

MAKHOSI
I send energy to help the boy in need. I send strength to spare the life of the one that is being drawn to the other side. But not by my will, let the will of Great One be done. (praying)

Makhosi prays whilst the incense smoke raises high.

EXT. HEALING HUT - SAME

The smoke curves out the door and straight up into the African sky.

EXT. THE BEACH - SAME

Nicholas feels his father's wrists for a pulse and does not find anything.

NICHOLAS

I don't know what to do! I don't
know what to do! Dad, wake up! Wake
up! Wake up, dad! (sobbing)

He pulls his father further out of the water and shakes him, then checks for a pulse on his neck and his wrists once again.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Oh my goodness! I need help! Help!
I gotta do this, I gotta do this
now!

We pull upwards into the sky soaring away, when a bird flies overhead the father and son, and then we follow a feather spiralling downwards in the air towards the kneeling figure on the beach.

INT. HEALING HUT - SAME

In the distant hut Makhosi's body shudders and spasms, deep in trance.

EXT. THE BEACH - SAME

Nicholas tilts his father's head backwards and raises his chin up to open his air passage. He leans his cheek over his father's mouth to check if he is breathing. There isn't any sign of breathing. He pinches his father's nose, keeping his head tilted back and breathes five breaths into his father's water logged lungs. Using both of his hands, one of top of the other, he pushes down in the centre of his father chest firmly, with his arms straight, pushing down hard twice every second.

After five pushes, Mark begins to cough up water. Nicholas rolls him onto his side, as he vomits out more sea water and gasps for breath. Mark tries to get up, but is weak. He tries again and feels his son's arms lifting him up.

NICHOLAS

Don't worry dad. I'm here for you.

A brightly coloured feather settles slowly onto the sand.

Mark goes limp and slowly sags to the sand unnoticed by Nicholas who is bent over, panting with the effort of pulling his father to safety. Just then a beautiful spiral sea shell washes up upon the shore almost to Nicholas' feet. Nicholas, in awe of his find, reaches down and grabs the shell before it washes away.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Wow! - Look at this shell! - It's
beautiful.

He sees with alarm that Mark is lying prone and sits down on the sand next to his father,

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Dad! (exclaiming loudly)

With great difficulty Mark slowly sits up. At the same time Nicholas hears the faint distant sound of a female voice calling out.

MARY (V.O.)
Nicholas!

Bewildered, he looks around but there is no one else on the beach. He hears the voice whisper again,

MARY (V.O.)
Nicholas!

He realises that the voice is coming from within the shell forgotten in his hand.

He places the shell to his right ear.

MARY (V.O.)
Nicholas, my child.

Overcome with surprise, Nicholas hastily stands up looking wildly around. He then gingerly places the shell to his other ear.

MARY (V.O.)
Do not be afraid my child. It is me, your mother, calling out to you.

NICHOLAS
Mom. (whispering)

Nicholas is profoundly shaken in response to Mary while looking down unseeing at his father.

His father looks up at him in confusion and stutters.

MARK
Uh... Uh... Uh!

The voice within the shell continues as Nicholas listens more carefully.

MARY (V.O.)
Listen to me my child. You have within you the power to heal your father. (echoing)

Then Nicholas hears only waves, from the sea and from the shell. He puts the shell in his shirt pocket and drawing on his waning strength, helps Mark to his feet. Father and son are both silent, neither wanting to speak.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

With great effort Nicholas manages to half carry his hefty father stumbling back to the treehouse. There, while a still coughing Mark wearily waits, Nicholas sets up his bed for him in his tent, helps Mark to it and gently places a blanket on top of his father, who falls into an exhausted sleep. They have not spoken.

INT. THE TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

When Nicholas enters into the treehouse and pulls out a set of clothes. He then searches for and finds a small mirror, takes it out and inspects the wound on the side of his neck. The cut is clean and deep, but has stopped bleeding. It is still stinging with the ocean's salt water. Placing the mirror aside, he takes out a small towel, dabs it with water from a bottle, wipes his face and begins to undress. As he takes off his shirt the shell falls out onto the discarded towel.

He picks up the shell, holds it close to his heart, and very softly prays.

NICHOLAS

Mom, how can I make dad better?

He lifts his treasured shell to his ear and listens once again to Mary's soft yet clear voice

MARY (V.O.)

Where there is a will, there is a way, my child. Such power rests in you!

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

With mixed feelings of trepidation and hope he climbs down from the treehouse and crawls back into the tent to his sleeping father, stretching out his arms to radiate power from somewhere deep within him. Fervently wanting to believe in this laying of his hands, he moves closer to his father but nothing seems to happen. He continues to pray and channel his inner power with complete earnestness. Just then his father wakes and seeing Nicholas' hands hovering over his face, screams.

Nicholas backs out of the tent as his father coughs frantically and curses him.

MARK

You-you-you are trying to k-k-kill me.

NICHOLAS

No, Dad, I am not. (answering loudly)

MARK

W-w-witchcraft! (accusing)

Mark's anger is palpable, a burning in Nicholas's ears.

MARK (CONT'D)

I-I-I caught you d-d-doing w-w-
witchcraft!

NICHOLAS

I'm just going to ignore you,
because you are obviously crazy, if
you need something call me.

His father does not reply and Nicholas walks away clutching his shell.

EXT. THICKET TRAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

Nicholas' sense of sound is amplified by the shell he holds to his ear as he walks through a forest of tall trees heading away from the campsite towards the sea. He listens to the sound of the branches humming in the wind. The forest, the birds, the bees, small forest creatures and all of nature come startingly alive. He is dumbfounded by the shell and moves it from ear to ear, being drawn into a trance.

EXT. RIVER - LATE AFTERNOON

The sweet sound of his mother's voice humming and laughing draws him like an epic distant song intertwined with orchestral strings. It leads him to a field of lush green grass bounded by a clear river pouring itself into the vast restless ocean. Feeling deeply drained and parched, he kneels down, placing the shell gently onto the grass and drinks from the river with cupped hands, almost like a prayer. Then, suddenly overcome by delayed tiredness, he lies down on the lush grass growing down almost to the river's edge, picks up the shell once more and continues to listen to his mother's beloved voice. Suddenly his arm goes limp and Nicholas's fingers involuntarily open, releasing the shell. Transfixed, he is unable to either move his body or stand up.

Mesmerized he watches as his left arm changes into a wing from which colourful feathers slowly emerge. The now painful hallucination persists, beginning to spread to his other arm but somehow he manages to grab the shell again and wakes up feeling completely disorientated.

The shell is still lying in the grass next to him. He gingerly pulls off his shirt and firmly probes his left arm with his right hand. He finds nothing wrong, yet the sensation of feathers linger.

EXT. RIVER MOUTH - LATE AFTERNOON

In the late afternoon sunlight Nicholas follows the river to the shoreline where he spots Makhosi in the distance. She is harvesting shells while Yesh bathes and splashes in the still-warm water. He watches from afar as she lightly sits on a spread out blanket and opens up a basket of food, calling out to Yesh. Yesh runs up the beach to her and sits down to eat.

EXT. THE BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

When Nicholas approaches them he puts his shell back into his shirt pocket. Makhosi senses a growing yet unseen wave of energy as the distance between them lessens and turns to gaze at Nicholas intently. He halts, uncertain as to what he should do. She signals him to come closer.

MAKHOSI

Would you like some food?

NICHOLAS

Sure, yes please...

Nicholas walks up to them and sits on the blanket, gratefully accepting her offer.

Makhosi dishes him up a tin plate of samp and beans. At first Nicholas feels nervous as he takes a seat among them, but relaxes as he begins to savour the traditional meal. All is quiet except for the sound of the waves and the calling of distant gulls.

Then suddenly Makhosi hears the sound of dolphins from the water. She gets up gazing at the sea joyously

MAKHOSI

Dolphins, I hear dolphins.

Several dolphins leap out of the waves not far from them. Nicholas and Yesh also get up to watch the spectacle. Without warning Makhosi enters into a trance, seeking guidance from her ancestors.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

Grrr. Hachia! Speak to me ancestors.

Nicholas becomes anxious but Yesh reassures him.

YESH

Everything is fine.

Makhosi begins to speak, sounding like a creaking door, sounding like a dolphin. "

MAKHOSI

I sense the presence of a foreign spirit, a lost spirit who walks upon the land and swims in the waves and soars above the seas, for she has no place to rest. I invite this foreign spirit to come to me. Come to me, come to me and find rest for your weary soul.

Just as suddenly, she is silent once more. Yesh folds up the blanket and quietly packs away the plates into the reed basket.

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAINSIDE - DUSK

A short while later as the sun begins to set, Nicholas follows Yesh up a narrow mountain-side goat path as he searches for plants, roots, flowers and blossoms, gathering them in his basket.

NICHOLAS
What is your name?

YESH
Yesh... Yesh Singh.

NICHOLAS
Are you also a sangoma?

YESH
I am an ithwasa. I am training to be a sangoma.

As they walk, Nicholas gradually feels dizzy, and then, to his growing alarm, finds that his surroundings are blurring. He reaches a rock alongside the path and just manages to sit down before toppling over into a hypnotic trance.

EXT. PURGATORY - DUSK

Nicholas' body floats in the clouds. Nicholas hears voices which he thinks are of angels, calling out.

ANGELS
You can fly! You are a bird and you can fly. (echoing)

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAINSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

He manages to weakly croak to Yesh who is beside him.

NICHOLAS
Yesh, I'm not feeling well. I think that I am dying.

Yesh checks Nicholas' pulse.

YESH
Open your eyes.

Nicholas keeps his eyes tightly shut as his eyes are burning with pain, yelling out.

NICHOLAS
I am on fire. I am on fire and I am burning myself up. I'm burning up.

He carries on screaming, frantic now with worry.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
I can't breathe. I can't breathe. I-can-not-move!

With an almost superhuman effort he forces himself out of the trance and grabs onto Yesh's hand. As soon as he does so he manages to sit up and opens his eyes, not knowing what has happened.

Yesh lets go of his hand and paces around muttering things.

YESH
 Ukuthwasa! Ukuthwasa! This is a
 calling. It must be a
 calling.(muttering)

Then Yesh makes a fist and shakes it at Nicholas.

YESH (CONT'D)
 You are going to be a sangoma!

Nicholas doesn't understand what Yesh is trying to say, a part of him does not want to understand and he runs back down the darkening path in confusion.

Yesh shouts after him.

YESH (CONT'D)
 Your ancestors are calling you.
 (echoing and reverberating)

The mountain echoes the words so that they are still faintly ringing in his ears.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - EVENING

Nicholas hastily prepares a meal of scrambled eggs, serves it up on a plate and enters his father's tent. His father does not want to be helped, nor even to be touched by his son.

MARK
 Go away!

NICHOLAS
 Dad, you are not well. You have to
 at least try to eat something to
 get your health back.

MARK
 I said, 'go away' (yelling)

Nicholas hands him the plate but Mark throws it to the ground, scattering bits of plate and food everywhere.

MARK (CONT'D)
 I know what you're trying to do. I
 know! You're trying to poison me!

NICHOLAS
 I was just trying to pray for you,
 dad. I'm not doing any witchcraft,
 nor am I poisoning you. I can hear
 mom's voice in the shell and she
 tells me that I can heal you.

MARK

You are going mad. (screaming)

NICHOLAS

I'm not going mad. Why don't you believe me. (pleading)

Mark yells out hoarsely.

MARK

Get out! Just get out.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

Nicholas rushes along the beach and takes out the seashell from his shirt pocket whispers

NICHOLAS

Mom, show me what to do. I don't know what I must do. How am I supposed to heal dad?

He begins to pace restlessly about and is overcome by tiredness. He yawns and without knowing it Nicholas falls into a deep sleep.

By the light of a full moon he glides and sleepwalks all the way along the beach to Makhosi's traditional healing school.

He walks without tripping and he walks assuredly and without any seeming awareness.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - NIGHT

When he arrives at Makhosi's healing hut, he collapses like a puppet and falls to the ground with a loud thud.

INT. MAKHOSI'S HUT - SAME

Makhosi, already half awake, gets up and calls out into the moonlit night.

MAKHOSI

Who is there?

She peeps from her window and sees a prone figure lying on the ground outside the healing hut.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Hurriedly Makhosi opens her room door and half runs to her healing hut where she finds Nicholas passed out, wide-open staring eyes seeing nothing.

Fetching traditional incense from the healing hut, she lights and burns the imphepho.

MAKHOSI

Speak to me ancestors. Speak to me.
Grrr. Hachia! Yes! I accept the
presence of this boy's ancestor
into our midst. Yes, Great One!
Yes! I shall take him under my arms
and train him in the art of Ngoma,
Your Worship. He will be my
Ithwasa.

Nicholas awakens from his deep slumber and rubs his burning eyes, staring wildly around and focusing on Makhosi's concerned yet determined face.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - MORNING

Nicholas' initiation rituals begin as the Itwasas drum away. There are many Zulu chickens of varying sizes, shades and colours scattering helter skelter in panic outside Makhosi's traditional school.

Makhosi laughs as she shouts out her instructions to Nicholas.

MAKHOSI

Corner them! Corner them! Do you
want to be Ithwasa or not? I need
four chickens.

Nicholas had never thought that trying to catch chickens would be so difficult. He corners one as much to his surprise as the chicken's and catches it.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

That's good... Bring it to me and I
will hold it for you."

Nicholas does so, panting badly.

Yesh hands Nicholas a long sturdy wire with a hook at the tip.

YESH

Use this. It is much easier to
catch them. It's what I used for my
initiation.

Nicholas, trying to control his breathing, approaches the chickens and is able to catch the next one much more easily.

INT. MAIN RONDAWEL HUT - MORNING

Makhosi, Nicholas and the Itwasas enter into the main rondawel hut with four colourful chicken. Yesh places a red cloth about his shoulders, imprinted with traditional designs.

MAKHOSI

We can now start the ritual.

Four earthenware pots are placed, each in a sacred spot within the main rondawel.

In an individual ceremony for first chicken, Makhosi gets the chicken to drink from its own pot and then places the chicken on her head.

INT. MAIN RONDAWEL HUT - LATER

Nicholas washes with traditional medicine and smears red soil all over his body.

While he prepares himself Makhosi crafts a head covering for him, sewing in feathers from the four chickens and adding red, blue and white beads as well as some seashells.

Then Nicholas dons the red robe.

When he is washed and robed Nicholas approaches Makhosi and she places his head gear onto his head.

MAKHOSI

You are now my Ithwasa. We have now completed your initiation.

NICHOLAS

Can I go see my father now?

MAKHOSI

Of course, you may.

Nicholas hesitates and sees the question on Makhosi's face.

NICHOLAS

Makhosi, I want to create a potion to cure my father's illness. His illness has gotten worse and now he has had a stroke.

MAKHOSI

Let us consult with your mother about such a potion.

She closes her eyes, bows down to the ground and begins to pray.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

Mother of Nicholas, we come before you. We ask you. Humbly do we ask for you to show us what we must do to heal Nicholas's father.

She goes into spasms, her whole body jerking as if a strong electric current was passing through her. After a particularly large spasm she opens her eyes and sits up.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

Your mother has withdrawn. She will not lead us in that direction.

NICHOLAS
But why? (inquiring)

MAKHOSI
You have much to learn. There is much that you do not yet understand, my Ithwasa. But go! Go see your father. Help him in any way you can... for now.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - MORNING

Nicholas returns to the treehouse in an attempt at reconciliation with his father but nothing between them has really changed. The look of Nicholas' attire has brought back the tensions that they had both tried so hard to smother. Mark has meanwhile regained partial mobility and has painfully made his way out from the tent. Upon seeing Nicholas, Mark gapes at his son as if he were a spirit hell-bent on torment. Right then Nicholas makes a fateful decision and timidly, fearfully, shares it with his father.

NICHOLAS
Dad, I know I look strange, this has been strange for me too, but I have made a decision. I am going to become a sangoma.

Mark does not answer.

Nicholas climbs into the treehouse.

INT. THE TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nicholas begins to pack up his bag with his belongings.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - LATER

When Nicholas exits the treehouse with his bag, he looks at his father with desperate hope.

NICHOLAS
I would really like you to come with me to the sangoma training school. Will you, dad?

Mark is deeply shocked.

MARK
N- n- no. (refusing)

Nicholas' eyes blur and he perceives that, at the very edge of his vision, the air around them swirls with ever changing colours, like waves of energy reflected by the dust particles dancing in the air.

NICHOLAS

Do you see that? It's like magic!
It's like Magic all around us! Dad,
I asked mom to show me how to heal
you, but it's not yet time. That's
why I must become a Sangoma. It's
for you.

MARK

Pr-prove it!"

NICHOLAS

What?

MARK

Everything! Anything! Pr-Pr-Prove
something. Sh-Show me you're not cr-
cr-crazy. (pleading, challenging)

Nicholas reaches into his pouch and takes out his shell to
call on his mother.

Before he can, Mark grabs the shell from Nicholas's hand and
smashes it against a large rock, breaking both the shell and
the connection he had with his mother's voice.

NICHOLAS

What have you done? What have you
done? (crying)

With tears of fury blinding his eyes, Mark turns away from
his son while Nicholas delicately gathers the shattered
pieces of the shell up, the tears in his eyes mirroring the
tears of his father.

Then Nicholas enters his father's tent and comes out holding
his father's half empty bottle of Mampoer alcohol. He opens
the bottle and empties the contents into the ground in front
of Mark and walks away without a backward glance, as his
father cries out in agony.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - MORNING

Makhosi waters her herb garden with a watering can. She
watches Nicholas return to the training school and sits down
sadly on the ground. Nicholas still holds the shell pieces in
his hands.

MAKHOSI

What is wrong? Why do you look so
sad?

NICHOLAS

My father broke my shell, the one
with which I could hear my mother's
voice. Look how he smashed it!

Nicholas opens his hand and lets the fragments of the shell
fall onto the ground. He had held tightly to them until now.

MAKHOSI

So - he does not believe you?

NICHOLAS

No, I'm afraid not. I'm not even sure that I believe me.

Makhosi picks up a nearby drum and beats it slowly. The soft throbbing of the drum is the only sound breaking the silence as once again the sounds of nearby birds and insects is stilled.

MAKHOSI

Your father has also been called to be a sangoma... I have seen this when he came to me for divination. The reason why his life is so difficult and why he does not believe you, is because he is not following the path that his ancestors have chosen for him. His ancestors have turned away from your mother as a result. (stating)

Makhosi drums louder and intones in a voice like dolphins, like feathers, yet Nicholas understands her words reverberating in his mind.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

Healing is a process which begins with believing! Healing is a process which begins with believing! Healing is a process which begins with believing!

Yesh approaches them clapping his hands, and then takes Nicholas's hands in his.

Yesh then proceeds to show Nicholas some ritual dancing, indicating that he should mimic his steps as Makhosi drums away.

Only when the drumming stops do the birds sing and the insects buzz once more in the hot still African air.

Makhosi whispers something to Yesh who goes into the healing hut.

Makhosi continues to softly drum again, while sways back and forth to the rhythm.

Yesh returns with a white and black isiphandla, a strong smelling goat skin bangle and fastens onto Nicholas's right wrist to create a connection with the ancestors.

YESH

This isiphandla will create a connection with the ancestors.

Under Makhosi's guidance Nicholas burns Impepho, the traditional Zulu incense, and begins to pray.

NICHOLAS

Mom, please show me how to connect with you again.

Nicholas then tries again, this time bending down and picking up the fragments of the shell which he tries to piece together but some of the pieces are missing.

Nicholas continues to pray silently.

Makhosi hands her drum over to Yesh, who softly taps on it.

Meanwhile Makhosi fetches and then hides around the big yard some objects from the healing hut, a calabash, a dead rabbit's fur, and an new unused candle, without letting Nicholas see them.

MAKHOSI

Nicholas, I have hidden some traditional objects and I want you to find them through your ancestor's eyes.

Nicholas tries, searching both the hut and the open space surrounding it but has no clue as to what the objects may be.

Makhosi whispers to Yesh and Yesh leaves to Makhosi's hut.

Nicholas continues searching but is unable to do as Makhosi has instructed and his eyes look downcast. He returns to Makhosi.

NICHOLAS

Maybe I am not meant to be a sangoma.

MAKHOSI

In time, Nicholas, in time. There is no need to rush. First you need to believe. Your mother will reveal herself to you in time. Now, I must see your father.

Makhosi starts walking beckoning for Nicholas to follow her. She meets Yesh at the kitchen hut door, who hands her a packet.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - MORNING

Makhosi sets a rapid pace holding the packet in her hand and Nicholas is completely out of breath by the time they arrive at the seemingly deserted treehouse. Nicholas calls out as they approach the tent.

NICHOLAS

Dad, dad!... I brought a visitor. It's Makhosi.

Mark peeps from the tent and, without preamble, Makhosi addresses him.

MAKHOSI

Good Morning Mark. We would like you to come to stay with us at the school.

MARK

N-n-no!

Before Makhosi can say anything more, Nicholas adds.

NICHOLAS

I guess that you would rather die than change what you believe in.

His father stubbornly turns his face away from them and then turns back, looking intently at Makhosi.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Anyway we brought you some food to eat.

Makhosi hands the containers of food to Nicholas who places them in Mark's hands.

Nicholas enters the tent and emerges with three plates and cutlery.

Mark gestures and the small group move to a nearby table where Mark proceeds, still silently, to divide the food into 3 portions, and hungrily begins to eat.

Nicholas sits beside his father.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Dad, is it okay that I am staying at the Healing School?

Mark nods, and makes as if to hug his son but stops himself and merely nods once more.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

In the afternoon light Nicholas is stunned as he manages to contact his mother's spirit through Makhosi as she and Yesh burn and then deeply inhale from a bowl of Imphepho. Makhosi holds a traditional African Zulu flyswatter in her hand which she points at Nicholas.

NICHOLAS

Come to me, mother! Come to me!
(intoning)

MAKHOSI

I come to you my child. (whispering eerily)...
I say to you that you have the power to sense. The power to hear. The power to see. The power to heal! (shouting out)

At first Nicholas is uncertain if Makhosi is acting or not.

NICHOLAS

How do I know that it is you,
mother.

MAKHOSI

It is I who gave you my precious
coin collection for your 10th
birthday.

NICHOLAS

Yes, I still have it kept safely.
Mom, it is you! Mom, I miss you so
much. There is so much I want to
ask. But what is important now is,
'How can I heal dad?'

MAKHOSI

You can only show him the way. You
can only guide him. You must guide
him. He must believe. Only through
his own will can he be saved. You
must show him how to believe before
it is too late.

At the words, 'too late' Makhosi topples over and groans loudly. Yesh helps her back to a sitting position. Makhosi shudders for a few minutes and then wearily stands up. She fetches a container with white clay in it and handing it to Nicholas.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

Nicholas, now you must smear this
white clay all over your body. You
are finished with red soil. Go wash
and cover yourself with this.
(instructing)

INT. NICHOLAS' HUT - AFTERNOON

Nicholas washes in a basin of cold water.

Shivering, he begins to smear the white clay all over his
body.

He looks at himself in a mirror and sees that the shell has
left a small white scar on his neck.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

When Nicholas has finished daubing himself with the white
clay, he meets Makhosi who begins making a simple potion.

NICHOLAS

What are you making?

MAKHOSI

It is muti, a potion. This one is for courage.

Makhosi mixes a variety of roots and herbs with some goat fat, mashes them together in a small urn, adds water and some white clay, and brings them to the boil.

She then gets up and walks into the Healing Hut.

INT. HEALING HUT - MOMENTS LATER

In the Healing Hut Makhosi slices off a tiny piece of dried fat from a strip of lion's hide hanging in the hut and exits.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Makhosi returns to her kneeling position and drops the shaving into the steaming brew.

MAKHOSI

The secret ingredient for courage is lion's meat.

After a few minutes, when almost all the water has boiled off, she pours the concoction into a small glass bottle, shakes the bottle, looks at it in the sun and hands it to Nicholas.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

Keep this muti with you. If you believe it, it will work for you. You will have the courage of a Lion. Do not let anyone else take the bottle and keep it close to you always. Remember, this is for courage.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

When Nicholas returns to his father, he finds that his father's condition has worsened. Mark is lying prone on his bed in the tent, his fists tightly clenched while a container of cooked but uneaten breakfast porridge lies on the ground next to him. Mark looks up at his son and stifles a groan of pain. Nicholas sits on the edge of a chair facing Mark.

NICHOLAS

Dad, what's wrong? Can I do anything?

His father looks up at Nicholas and cannot stop another tormented groan.

MARK

Y-you kn-know wh-wh-what I n-n-n-need!

NICHOLAS

No, no more Mampoer... I can be stubborn too... You're done with alcohol. You need stay sober up and get better.

Nicholas points to the empty Mampoer bottle.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

That thing, that mampoer will be the death of you.

Suddenly, against his will, Nicholas becomes intensely aware of the rainbow colours shimmering off the dust particles hanging around the tent, lit by the late afternoon sun.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

I can see it again. The colours of magic around us.

Mark grabs Nicholas who is standing next to him by his hand and proclaims, shakily and yet somehow tenderly.

MARK

Y-Your witchcraft is working. Y-You might as well k-k-kill me with your hands.

Nicholas reaches into his pocket and feels the small bottle there. He does not feel as brave as a Lion, he feels small and helpless. The moment passes, he ignores Mark as the magic particles dissipate.

Nicholas then lights the gas cooker to reheat the porridge. He helps his father to sit on a chair. Thereafter, he adds some condensed milk, sugar and water to the mix, serving up portions in bowls for both of them. Nicholas sits on his own chair and the two sit eating in silence as the sun's rays grow longer around them.

INT. THE TREEHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Nicholas fetches his draft board from his chest box, and exits the treehouse.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Meanwhile Mark closes his eyes and rests on his bed, soon falling asleep.

Nicholas places his draft board on the table, open his pouch and throws the pieces of his treasured shell upon it, as he has seen Makhosi do with her divination items. As he does so a single feather spirals down to land on the draft board. Dust particles dance around him in faint broken rainbows.

NICHOLAS

Mom. (whispering)

MARY (V.O.)
Yes, my child.

NICHOLAS
Mom! I can hear you again! Why are you so angry with dad and why have you been punishing him?

A faint echo of a voice responds from the dancing motes of light.

MARY (V.O.)
Because he has refused to hear me, he refuses to believe... His spirit is fading. You must help him to believe.

The rainbow dust-motes seem to gather, to somehow momentarily sharpen into the faint figure of Nicholas' mother, MARY, before breaking up and drifting silently towards the ground.

NICHOLAS
Show me what to do. I don't know what to do. (pleading)

But the dust particles disperse in the fading light and Nicholas is left alone, just with his thoughts. He is suddenly overcome by a deep sleep as he lays down on the ground outside his father's tent.

EXT. PURGATORY - DAY

Nicholas wakes up in a thick, dimly lit forest. There is no one around. A few weak sun rays fall upon a tall dull mirror hanging almost to ground level from some nearby trees, the tops of which are not visible. The mirror is age-worn and dusty. Its frame is made of jet-black ebony, unadorned except for one figure and the glass is water marked. The single ornamentation on the mirror is on the top, where a large black Hammerkop with outstretched wings seems to guard the silent forest. Around the Hammerkop's neck hangs a heavy chain of pure gold, from whose end hangs a ball so dark that it seems to absorb the forest light. He gets up from where he was lying on the forest floor and walks around the mirror. When he completes the circle he sees that the mirror no longer reflects the forest, nor his own person. Instead, as if peering through a window, he sees an untamed panorama stretching out before him. Immediately behind the mirror lies a tract of flat moorland after which the forest drops away sharply to reveal row upon row of low hills, somehow distorted and of strange appearance. These gain in height so that on the horizon he sees the tops of a great mountain range. He steps closer to the mirror, curious, yet not finding anything odd in the experience. Nicholas accepts the forest, the mirror and the world within it without question. He feels for the bottle of muti in his pants pocket. His fingers close on it. He watches through the mirror as a large bird, as large as Nicholas himself, flies towards him. It is The Zulu Impundulu. The Lightening bird. The hammer-headed bird, resembling a giant Happerkop, lands in front of him.

Nicholas takes another step forward and stumbles over the bottom edge of the mirror. An impression of countless lightening flashes temporarily blinds him and the sound of the thunder deafens him. He tries to orient himself, blinking away the tears and realizes that he is standing nose to beak with the bird on the open moor.

NICHOLAS
How did I get here?

BIRD MAN
You came through the door.

Nicholas accepts the replying giant bird man as normal too. He turns around looking for the mirror, the door, but sees only forest. He turns back to the Impundulu.

NICHOLAS
You can talk!

BIRD MAN
Yes, I can. So can you!

Nicholas perceives a smile on the bird's beak.

NICHOLAS
I did not come through any door...
Where's the mirror?

BIRD MAN
I saw you come through it! I was
expecting you. What's a mirror?

This time Nicholas was sure that the bird was smiling.

NICHOLAS
I never saw any door!

BIRD MAN
Of course not! All the doors you
have seen, and you haven't seen
many, were doors that let you in.
Your doors let you in. Here some
doors let you out. You used a door
out! The strange thing to you will
be that the more doors you go out
of, the farther you get in!"

And then the giant bird laughs.

Nicholas feels a bit offended.

NICHOLAS
Kindly oblige me by telling me
where I am. And where's the mirror?

BIRD MAN
That is impossible. You know
nothing about whereness. The only
way you can know where you are and
whom you are is to stay here. To
make your home - here.

The bird no longer laughs.

NICHOLAS
How can I to do that? I don't know where I am, I don't know who you are. I don't even really know who I am!

BIRD MAN
By doing something.

NICHOLAS
What? What am I supposed to do?

BIRD MAN
Anything. And the sooner you begin the better! For until you are at home, you will find it as difficult to get out as it is to get in.

NICHOLAS
I have unfortunately found it too easy to get in. I fell in. I didn't even try. When I get out I shall not try to get in.

The creature resembling a Hammerkop shakes its hammer head and then looks directly into Nicholas' eyes.

BIRD MAN
You have stumbled in and may possibly stumble out again. Whether you have actually gotten in remains to be seen. Tell me, who are you? If you happen to know tell me, Who are YOU!

The Impundulu narrows his eyes.

NICHOLAS
I am MY SELF!(emphasizing the two words)

For the first time a faint breeze, almost like a sigh, stirs the treetops.

BIRD MAN
If you know you are your self, you know that you are not somebody else; but do you really know that you are your self? Are you sure you are not your father? - or, kindly excuse the bluntness, your own fool? - Who ARE you?"

The apparition responds formally and continues.

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)
Look at me and tell me who I am!

NICHOLAS

An Impundulu, of course... Makhosi taught me about you.

BIRD MAN

Yes, I know her. She knows me. She knows who she is. She is at home here. I go by many names. Some call me a Phoenix. Some have called me a Roc. Long ago I was called Anzû. I am given existence by others knowing who I AM, which is the totality of what one can expect from one's fellow-beings.

The Roc starts laughing.

Anzû draws in his wings, they narrow and his legs widen.

In mere seconds it is no longer a bird that stands before Nicholas, but a young Man. A young man that looks exactly like Nicholas, his twin self.

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)

I know you, Nicholas. I have always known you. Listen well. A person becomes a person though other persons. No one can say who he is until first knowing what he is. Until that happens nobody is himself and himself is nobody. There is more, but that is enough for now. You have gone through the 'out' door too soon. And not soon enough. None the less, you must learn how to be at home anywhere; for home as you may or may not know, is the only place from where you can go both in and out... There are places you can go into from, and places you can go out from; but the one place, if you can but find it, where you may go in and out both, is home.

The young man becomes the bird once more, a Phoenix.

The Phoenix bird turns its back on Nicholas and starts to walk away.

NICHOLAS

Mr, er, Bird? Forgive me. Where am I? You say I don't know anything about whereness. If I must learn, this would be the best place to start. So - where am I? (demanding)

BIRD MAN

Axis Mundi. The Garden. The Reeds. The Source.

(MORE)

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)

You are in the realm of Maya, the Kingdom of Great Illusion, which is also known as Purgatory. You are nowhere and everywhere. Now follow me carefully. Don't hurt anyone.

The great bird strides away on human legs, a wide smile dancing on its Bird beak.

Nicholas follows and catches up.

NICHOLAS

There is nobody here to hurt but yourself, Mr. Bird.

BIRD MAN

That you see nobody is exactly the reason you must be careful. You may suddenly find that you are in someone's space.

NICHOLAS

Two objects cannot exist in the same place at the same time!

BIRD MAN

Can they not? I do not know that! How odd. I remember now, they do teach such nonsense in the 'IN'. It is a great mistake - one of the greatest ever. In all the infinite 'OUTS' nothing would believe that. Every specks contains specks. All mountains contain mountains. 'IN' and 'OUT' are greater than you can imagine.

NICHOLAS

Bird, sir, will you please show me how to get to where I was before? Please do show me the way.
(pleading)

BIRD MAN

I hear you ask the way to where you were before and not to who you were before. You have done something. You have understood something. The way 'IN' is the only way 'OUT'. And the way 'OUT' is the only way 'IN'. To go forward to where you were, to become the Healer for which you are destined, you must go through yourself. You, Nicholas, are the door.

The Man-Bird stops walking. The moor lies just ahead.

Nicholas has followed deep, deeper still, into the pine-forest, heading always away from the moor. He looks around him. They have come full circle.

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)
Listen. (whispering)

Nicholas listens and hears far-off music, a choir of millions upon millions of voices.

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)
Some people are praying. Some
people are dying. Some are being
born. Look! Look! There goes one!

The Phoenix creature points upwards. Above the trees a Fire Bird is rising on an invisible current of air, soaring up on the unseen spiral of an ethereal stairway. The sunshine flashes miniature lightning bolts from its wings.

NICHOLAS
I see a bird! (whispering)

BIRD MAN
Of course you see a bird. That's
what prayers look like. I see a
prayer on its way 'OUT'

NICHOLAS
How can a bird be a prayer? I
understand, of course, how a bird
can symbolize a prayer. But that is
a bird. It looks like you. Well,
what you look like when you don't
look like something else... Do you
really see a prayer?... Do all
prayers look like that?

The Phoenix Bird Man becomes impatient.

BIRD MAN
Does it still puzzle you? Do you
still not understand?

NICHOLAS
A prayer is a thought, a thing.
It's spiritual!

BIRD MAN
Yes. Exactly. That is what I am
trying to show you. If you
understood any world besides your
own, you would understand your own
much better. When the spirit within
is really alive, then it is able to
go 'OUT'. Its thoughts are as
living things. There is one spirit,
the same spirit for all those whose
thoughts are strong and whose
dreams live. When some who are
trapped in the 'IN' pray, they lift
heavy thoughts from the ground,
only to drop them on the ground
again.

(MORE)

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)

Others send their prayers up, into the 'OUT', and these prayers become living shapes, this a bird, that a fox, the nearest likeness, each to each. All living beings were thoughts to begin with. When one says to the Great Thinking Thing, 'here is one of your thoughts... I am thinking it now!' That is a prayer - a song to the big heart from one of its own little hearts. Look, there is another!

The Bird Man, now the split image of Nicholas the young man points downward to something glowing at the feet of Nicholas. Nicholas looks and sees a little flower.

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)

That is a prayer-flower.

Nicholas now barely notices the shape-shifts of the Bird from form to form to form.

NICHOLAS

I've never seen such a flower before!

BIRD MAN

You are correct. You have not seen a flower like that before and you won't again. There is no other such. Not a single prayer-flower is ever quite like another.

The Bird Man shifts into dust-motes of a rainbow. Seeing the rainbow Nicholas blinks and suddenly he is talking with a giant bird again.

NICHOLAS

How do you know it a prayer-flower?

BIRD MAN

By the song that it sings. More than that I cannot tell you. If you can hear it, you know. If you do not hear it, you do not know.

Around them the song of uncountable voices sounds faintly 'IN' and 'OUT' a beautiful chant.

The Impundulu smiles again.

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)

Even if I could teach you how to hear the songs, I would not. If I did, what better Sangoma would you become? You would not know it of yourself and for itself! Why know the name of a thing when you do not know the thing? Whose work is it but your own to open your eyes? You hear, and for now, that is enough.

(MORE)

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)

But heed well, the business of the universe is to make of you such a fool that you will call yourself one, and so begin to be wise!

NICHOLAS

You bewilder me!

BIRD MAN

Good. You have learnt one thing more. Life is bewilderment.

The Impundulu rises into the air on wings of flame. Coming from above, Nicholas hears a voice.

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)

When necessary I place my bird-self aside. Every one, your self included, has a beast-self and a bird-self, a fish-self, and a creeping reptile-self too. In truth, I AM also tree and crystal and uncountable many selves more - all striving towards singing in harmony. You can tell what sort a man is by which other-self comes oftenest to the front.

Nicholas looking towards the heavens.

NICHOLAS

So, I have this question... Are you me and am I you?

A bright, burning Sun illuminates the moor and there are no more shadows.

BIRD MAN

Yes, son of Adam! Remember what I have told you: A person is a person through other persons. You are me and I am you and we are one. The Impundulu is your past, you are the human present and I am your spirit future. Learn to be one with your self.

The Bird floats down circling Nicholas.

BIRD MAN (CONT'D)

Beware, you are being followed.

NICHOLAS

Followed by whom?

BIRD MAN

Death and all his shadows... For death always follows life.

At this the Unbearably Bright Light fades and the Impundulu dives out of the sky, right at Nicholas.

Then as the same Phoenix Bird spirals into him, becomes one with him, and he becomes the Phoenix. He sees what lies ahead, fire and ashes. Ashes and fire. He hears a voice screaming out and calling his name.

MARK (V.O.)
Nicholas!

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - DAWN

Nicholas wakes up on the sand in front of his father's tent to his father's screams and gasping for breathe.

MARK
Nicholas! Please, y-you know what I need. I c-c-can't take the pain any more... Please Nicholas, I'm g-g-going to die anyway.

Nicholas stands up a little bit disorientated, as his father continues to groan.

NICHOLAS
You're not going to die, Dad... I'm going to heal you... Remember, I am a healer.

MARK
And h-h-how do you p-plan to do that?

NICHOLAS
You need to get up and walk! And that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to help you walk to the changeroom and freshen up... We need that miracle, right. Think positive thoughts. So, we have to help that miracle and you have to walk. You will not succumb to Death.

EXT. THICKET TRAIL - DAWN

Nicholas struggles to balance the bag on his one shoulder and his father holding and leaning on him. Dragging his feet along, Mark painfully takes small steps at a time, writhing and shaking in agony.

NICHOLAS
There we go! One step at a time!
Keep going! Keep going!

INT. PUBLIC BEACH CHANGEROOM - DAY

Mark can barely sit up straight on a wooden bench next to the wash basins.

Nicholas towel dries his father wet hair.

NICHOLAS
I'm worried about these freckles on
your back.

Mark shakes his head.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
It could be cancerous.

MARK
It's f-f-fine.

Then Nicholas lathers shaving foam on Mark's face and begins to shave him.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - EVENING

Nicholas aids Mark take small step by steps, slightly dragging him towards the tent. Mark breathes heavily and moans with every move that he makes.

MARK
You're killing me!

NICHOLAS
No, I'm not. Come on. Where there
is will, there is a way. You need
will power.

Nicholas places him on his bed.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Do you want something to eat?

MARK
No, I'm exhausted!

Mark coughs and wriths in agony.

MARK (CONT'D)
I just need a dop! I can't take it
any longer.

NICHOLAS
You've sobered up... This is the
way you will get better.

Mark screams even louder, which troubles Nicholas.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Dad, don't you want to see a
doctor. I'm really concerned about
you.

MARK
No. No. (whispering)

NICHOLAS
Okay, I'm going now. Makhosi is probably wondering where I am.

MARK
Don't go! Please don't go! Just go buy me a dop, please. (pleading)

NICHOLAS
I have to go now ... I'll come back as soon as I can. (asserting)

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - EVENING

Nicholas runs back to the healing school. He sees Makhosi in the distance, and calls out to her.

NICHOLAS
Makhosi, Makhosi! I went to my father. He is not doing so well.

He approaches her.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
What should I do? If he carries on like this he may die. He does not want to see a doctor. I can't force him.

Makhosi takes Nicholas by the shoulders and peers deep into his eyes.

MAKHOSI
Doctors cannot help him. Only you can help him. We need to prepare for a ceremony to call Mary's spirit. She is even more stubborn than your father.

She lets go of Nicholas and walks towards the fire burning outside the healing hut, shaking her head and muttering to herself. Nicholas follows.

There, without being prompted, Nicholas kneels down at a drum and begins to chant while beating the drum, while in the shadows thrown by the flames Makhosi dances.

From the shelter of the hut the other itwasas watch through the open door, unseen. They silently pray to the ancestors.

Nicholas calls on his mother as does Makhosi.

NICHOLAS
Come mother come. Come mother come. (chanting)

MAKHOSI
Yes, I agree! (echoing)

They see Mary's spirit approach them, a shadow different from the other shadows. Nicholas, without any fear at all, with the courage of a Lion, channels his mother's spirit into taking control of his body and she manifests herself through him.

The itwasas stop praying, come outside and shiver, even though the night is warm.

Makhosi quickly heads into the healing hut.

NICHOLAS

Grrr. Yes, I have arrived. Yes!

Seeing that Nicholas is in a trance muttering all sorts of sounds and channeling the spirit, Makhosi once again hides the same traditional objects around the yard for Nicholas to find through his mother's spirit like before. Except that now it is dark. The moon has yet to rise.

MAKHOSI

Spirit, oh spirit! Reveal to Nicholas the hidden objects!

Silently other Ithwasas glide out of the darkness and join in as they too beat upon drums. The throbbing of the drums gets louder and louder.

EXT. THE TREEHOUSE - EVENING

In the tent Mark is awakened by the distant drumming. He sits up and then, very slowly, gets out of bed. Helping himself by grabbing onto a table, then grabbing onto the tent flaps he stands up and almost topples over. A long forgotten stick lies propped up against the tent, the stick Nicholas had first prodded the dead bird with, the stick Nicholas had retrieved from the forest and placed against the tent and then forgotten. Mark grabs the stick, shakily taking a few steps towards the sound of the distant drums. He halts, looks at his feet in the starlight and realizes that he is walking again. He heads towards the drumming from the traditional healing school.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - EVENING

Nicholas easily, without even trying, finds the objects that Makhosi has hidden. He goes to each object in turn without difficulty and brings them to Makhosi. He is able to see the spirit world of his mother as shifting colours of light. He is able to see things once hidden.

NICHOLAS

It has been like a game of hide and seek.

MAKHOSI

Such is the game of life.

Nicholas begins to dance filled with the spirit of his mother. Some of the Ithwasas drum, some, including Yesh, dance.

It is then that Mark arrives at the traditional healing school and yells out.

MARK

I have come for my boy!

Mary's spirit immediately releases her grip on Nicholas' body and he falls senseless to the ground.

Makhosi and Yesh drag Nicholas to a mat one of the other Ithwasa has brought from the hut. They lift Nicholas and place him on the mat and then yet another Ithwasa blows smoke from a smoldering stick into his face. He sits up coughing and wiping his eyes. Looking around he sees his father standing there, leaning on a stick. Seeing his son awake Mark firmly addresses Nicholas.

MARK (CONT'D)

Nicholas, you shall leave this place with me immediately. Now, before you go completely insane.
(demanding)

As soon as the words are uttered Nicholas screams. His father steps back, uncertain. A shadow moves among shadows and Nicholas's eyes glaze as he is possessed by his mother's spirit once more. Mark stares at his son, his eyes bulging. The stick falls from Mark's hand onto the ground, but somehow he manages to remain standing. Mary torments Mark as, through Nicholas's mouth, he hears her speak.

NICHOLAS

You must believe. You MUST believe.
(intoning)

At the same time Makhosi too, enters into a trance. Her spirit addresses the spirit within Nicholas.

MAKHOSI

Grrr. Hachia! Mary, I plead with you to spare Nicholas this.

She takes a step toward the mat and covers him with her cloak. Mary is silent. Nicholas shudders from under the cloak.

MARK

I refuse to believe this farce.
From both of you. From all of you.
Why are you doing this? (hissing)

Mark's eyes searches all around him wildly, the firelight throwing reflections from the eyes of those surrounding them. The others have stopped drumming and no longer dance.

On the far horizon the moon begins to rise. As if in a challenge to Mark, Nicholas shrugs the blanket off, rises and then throws himself to the ground, rolling wildly from side to side. All the while Mary stares through Nicholas's eyes at Mark.

MAKHOSI

Grrr. Hachia. Please spirit of Mary, please spare Nicholas. Let him go. LET HIM GO! (pleading, commanding)

Nicholas stops rolling and his eyes are his own once more. He gets up, dusting his pants with shaking hands and hesitantly walks to his father. The assembly of Ithwasas gather closer. Mark bends down, picks up the stick and with his free hand grabs Nicholas by the wrist. He turns to leave. Makhosi grabs Nicholas by his other wrist and tries to pull him away from Mark.

Nicholas, even more horrified than Mark, struggles to breath. He rasps out.

NICHOLAS

I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

He gasps desperately for air whispering out.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Help! Help, help me... help me.

Makhosi lets go of his wrist, as does Mark, and taking out something from a pouch hanging from her belt, cuts a small incision on Nicholas' arm with a small razor blade. Yesh, as if waiting for this moment, holds out a small calabash into which Makhosi dips her finger and proceeds to rub some muti into the cut. This helps Nicholas to breathe and he bends over, hands on knees, drawing deep shuddering breaths into his lungs. No one else moves. The moon clears the horizon. Nicholas stands straight in the moonlight.

Mark once again grabs his son's wrist, tightly this time. Makhosi does not interfere. At this Nicholas turns, facing his father and looks Mark in the eyes.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Dad, I helped you walk again! I knew that I could. Do you believe me now?

MARK

No! I refuse to believe that you have healed me... I have healed myself. I got up through my own will power. Mine. I got up because I need you to leave this place with me. We must go home now. Your madness must stop.

Mark then breaks into a prolonged coughing fit, letting go of Nicholas's wrist.

When the worst of the coughing has abated Nicholas gently puts his hand on his father's arm. Nicholas does not know if it is he who is speaking, or Mary.

NICHOLAS

Healing is a process which begins
with believing!

At this Mark suppresses another fit of coughing and wearily tells his son.

MARK

You are insane. But for your sake I
will try. I will believe you. But
only if you are able to make your
mother's spirit speak directly to
me.

Makhosi smiles unseen, the moon framing her head from behind like a halo.

Nicholas closes his eyes. He becomes quiet. He becomes still. He is the feather. He is the lion. He breathes deeply and exhales, opening his eyes. A strange light glimmers there, moonlight, firelight and shadows.

NICHOLAS

She is willing to speak to you if
you are willing to open your heart
and your mind to her.

MARK

That's fine. Show me. Prove it to
me.

NICHOLAS

Can someone bring me another chair.

Yesh motions with his hand. A chair is brought and placed just behind Mark. He sits facing his son and looking first at Makhosi, then at Nicholas.

MARK

You're just playing silly games
with me.

NICHOLAS

Such is the game of life!

This time Makhosi's smile is as bright as the moon.

Nicholas begins to drum a slow and soft rhythm. His is the only drum under the moonlight. The night is his.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Listen, mother listen to me. I
channel your spirit. Now. This
moment. Let your energy flow
through me. Flow. Flow. Flow.

He does not know from where the words come, but he knows that they are the right ones.

At first Mark resists the flow of energy, although he does feel something.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

My father Mark, your former husband, would like you to reveal yourself to him. Reveal yourself to him. Help him to believe.

The hypnotic beat of the drum, something in his son's words, the bright lit sky and silent figures like ebony statues combine. Shadows move, one more than the rest. Without warning, Mark enters into a trance-like state. He is only aware of being aware. Mary's spirit enters into Mark body. Those watching see a reflection of light from the air, from the dust, although the air is still. Particles of light that merge into an almost-seen figure, spiral around Mark several times.

Nicholas and Makhosi are the only ones that see two shadows, glowing shadows, dark sparks, spirits. Mark goes limp and falls forward, while his spirit rises out of his body to dance with Mary.

Their spirits embrace and fly upward into the air towards the moon, spiralling elegantly in a delicate unseen ballet like birds spreading their wings and dancing together.

Nicholas and Makhosi can just see them, like something seen from the corner of one's eye that disappears when looked at.

Some of the Ithwasas can feel them. Nicholas stops drumming and the air is still, empty.

Nicholas resumes his drumming, and other Ithwasas now join in. Again the spirits mingle.

Mary's fiery orange spirit speaks to Mark's icy blue spirit in the air.

MARY

Do you now believe?

Mark's spirit whispers out to her.

MARK

I believe!

As if on a signal, the drumming stops and the night is still. Mark is helped back into the chair. He is breathing heavily. Around them the imphepho melt into the night. Mark looks at Nicholas, astounded.

MARK (CONT'D)

You have a gift my son, and I do believe you now.

Nicholas goes to the chair where father and son hug each other, Mark leaning forward into his son's arms. No other words are spoken between them.

MAKHOSI

Please, come rest now. Come spend the night inside. You are most welcome here.

MARK

Okay. I accept your offer...

INT. NICHOLAS' HUT - MORNING

The raging storm outside sounds violent in the flashing cloudy morning light. Yesh is outside the door knocking hard on it.

YESH (V.O.)

Nicholas! Wake up! Wake up!

Nicholas awakens with a surprise, quickly removes the kaross covering him and rushes to open the door.

YESH

Nicholas, come quickly to the healing hut. Your father is in a very serious condition. Something dark has got into him and is calling for you.

EXT. TRADITIONAL HEALING SCHOOL - SAME

Nicholas races behind Yesh across the yard in the beating rain to the healing hut.

INT. HEALING HUT - SAME

Yesh allows Nicholas to enter the healing hut before her.

Mark's body seems to be going into shock as he shuns the light around him. He does not seem strong enough for this. Makhosi has no choice. She rises above him and slaps him. Mark's eyes pop back open, dark and dilated.

MAKHOSI

What is your name!?

Mark shakes his head refusing to talk as he catches a side glimpse of Nicholas at the door.

MAKHOSI (CONT'D)

Grrrr. I command you to tell me what your name is!

MARK

Lucius! My name is Lu-ci-us, the Guardian of Light!

MAKHOSI

From where have you come Lucius!?

MARK

I have come from the Realm of Maya!

MAKHOSI

How did you get into this body!?

MARK

I followed her into this open vessel!

MAKHOSI

Whom did you follow!?

MARK

Mary, the mother of Nicholas who is the Great Healer!

MAKHOSI

I command you to leave this body!

MARK

I refuse!

MAKHOSI

Leave this body at once!

MARK

I have come for Nicholas the Great Healer.

One scan of the situation is all it takes, and Nicholas steps forward toward his father.

MAKHOSI

Nicholas, are you sure you can handle this?

NICHOLAS

Yes, I'm sure.

Nicholas steps over his father as Makhosi steps away. His demeanor instantly changes as he leans right next to his father's ear and whispers.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

This is Nicholas. You called for me.

Mark's body jolts under Nicholas and his eyes glare right through him.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

I need that large mirror on the wall, now. Right now. Bring it over me.

Nicholas covers Mark's eyes with his hands. A figure tries to protrude through Mark's flesh contorting his body all out of proportion.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

What do you want from my father?

MARK

I have come to trigger and create a tumour in your father's brain to reverse your great healing power.

Yesh assists Makhosi to unhook, bring the large wooden framed mirror, and position it over them.

Nicholas releases his hand from Mark's eyes.

NICHOLAS

Leave this body now.

Mark locks his eyes on his reflection in the mirror and the image in the mirror changes drastically. The reflection changes to the image of Lucius, and Mark's body is set free from the spirit's grip. Lucius' reflection ripples the glass, bending it outward into three-D space, with Lucius' hand comes through the mirror into the physical realm, the hand grabs a hold of Nicholas and it pulls him through the glass into the portal within the wooden frame. Makhosi and Yesh are shell shocked by what has happened. Mark awakens to see his reflection in the mirror that turns back to an ordinary state.

MARK

What on earth was that?

Makhosi and Yesh place the mirror aside. Yesh scans the room for Nicholas, but he is no where to be found.

YESH

Where did he go?

MAKHOSI

Are you okay, Mark?

Mark nods.

YESH

Mama Makhosi, where did he go?

MAKHOSI

I'm afraid that the seal to our physical realm has been broken. The balance, oh, the balance between good and evil, between light and dark, is now upset. Grrrr, may the Great One be on Nicholas' side!

FADE TO BLACK.