SHADOW UNIT

"The Frogs"

TEASER

SFX: the strangely mechanical cheeping of tree frogs. Over those, the soft thud of careless footsteps on soft ground.

FADE IN -- EXT HAFIDHA'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT:

A baroque, overgrown structure on Maui: a ramshackle and quirky house that is partially built up into the branches of an enormous banyan tree. A lanky figure cuts across the yard, silhouetted by foundation lights. It's CHAZ VILLETTE. He has a beach towel in one hand. He wears flip-flops, swim trunks, and an unbuttoned short-sleeved shirt, and his hair is stuck in salty spirals. He stops to watch a thumbnail-sized frog hop along a broad tropical leaf, and shakes his head in rueful admiration. That tiny animal is the source of all the noise.

As he lifts his head, he hesitates. He hears voices through the open window, from the darkened house.

> MRS. HAFIDHA (O.C.) I'm just saying it's creepy. (BEAT) You don't think it's a coincidence, do you?

MR. HAFIDHA (O.C.) What, that she brought him home?

MRS. HAFIDHA (O.C.) No, that -- well, look --

VILLETTE--looking stricken, but unable to stop himself--tiptoes closer to the house to better eavesdrop.

> MRS. HAFIDHA (cont'd) (O.C.) If he's got the same issues Hafs has, maybe he has some of the same ... gifts.

> > (cont)

- JUDGE CRATER.

CONTINUED

OFF VILLETTE, as he reacts.

CUT TO:

CHAZ IS SNEAKING

2. INT -- HAFIDHA'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SFX: those damned frogs, still sawing away.

VILLETTE, his towel forgotten in his hand, ascends a flight of crooked stairs. At the top, he pauses outside a closed door, and taps lightly on it with his knuckles. CARRYING SHOES.

VILLETTE

Hafidha?

HAFIDHA (O.C., muffled through door) It's 1 am. This had better be Armageddon. Or you'd better be Shemar Moore in a tux.

VILLETTE Just let me in, okay?

SFX: Creak of bedsprings, footsteps, sound of a lock.

TRACK VILLETTE IN TO:

3. INT -- HAFIDHA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM -- NIGHT

SFX: the frogs chirping in the background

VILLETTE steps inside the darkened bedroom, where we FIND HAFIDHA. VILLETTE notices that HAFIDHA has a Glock in her left hand, concealed against her thigh.

3.

CONTINUED

VILETTE

Easy there, 007.

HAFIDHA

MY feet are cold. I'm going back to bed.

HAFIDHA climbs back into bed, replacing the weapon in her nightstand drawer, while VILLETTE shuts and locks the bedroom door. HAFIDHA turns on the light on the night stand,

VILLETTE

It's about your parents.

HAFIDHA

Oh, god, are they at it again? I'm sorry. They're like a couple of stoats. You just learn to stomp around the house so they hear you coming--

VILLETTE-

Um, no, not that. It's... Hafs, you're adopted?

HAFIDHA

You noticed Mom and Dad are a little melanin-deprived? Yeah. It was fun growing up in the Seventies, lemme tell vou--

HAFIDHA notices that VILLETTE is not really listening. Rather, he's standing with his back to the door, wringing as hands.

> HAFIDHA Out with it, Platypus.

3. CONTINUED (2)

VILLETTE glances around nervously, clears his throat, raises both hands like puppet heads to indicate two people talking back and forth, and begins to recite in flat tones. As he does, bring in MR. & MRS. HAFIDHA's voices over VILLETTE's.

VILLETTE as MRS. HAFIDHA I'm just saying it's creepy. (BEAT) You don't think it's a coincidence, do you?

VILLETTE as MR. HAFIDHA HARDHE What, that she brought him home?

> VILLETTE as MRS. HAFIDHA No, that -- well, look -- If he's got the same issues Hafs has, maybe he has some of the same... gifts.

> > CROSSFADE TO:

SFX: the abominable frogs, louder

-- EXT HAFIDHA'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT, EARLIER:

VILLETTE, still listening.

MR. HAFIDHA (O.C.) You going to ask him?

MRS. HAFIDHA (O.C.) That would be rude.

MR. HAFIDHA (O.C.) So you're just speculating.

MRS. HAFIDHA (O.C.) Well, sort of. But he mentioned something about a foster mom over lunch--

4. CONTINUED

WINCE

OFF VILLETTE'S reaction.

MR. HAFIDHA (O.C.) I didn't hear that.

MRS. HAFIDHA (O.C.)

You were in the other room.

A frog pops onto a twig at eye level. VILLETTE frowns at it.

MR. HAFIDHA (O.C.) So he's adopted too?

MRS. HAFIDHA (O.C.) I dunno. Maybe. It just seems funny that they would wind up... pushed together like that. Recruited into the same department of the same agency.

MR. HAFIDHA (O.C.) You don't trust him?

MRS. HAFIDHA (O.C.) I trust him fine. Hafs is a good judge of people. It just seems like a funny coincidence.

MR. HAFIDHA (O.C.) Or not a coincidence at all.

MRS. HAFIDHA (O.C.)

Right.

RANGLER

4. CONTINUED (2)

MR. HAFIDHA (O.C.) So, what, you're implying it's some kind of... federal government supersoldier matchmaker program? They're expected to pair off, and then the babies will be taken away and given to carefully selected hippy radicals to raise?

OFF VILLETTE'S reaction. .

MR. HAFIDHA (O.C.)

Well, when you put it that way--

CROSSFADE TO:

INT -- HAFIDHA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Fade back into current-time, with VILLETTE flatly reciting --

VILLETTE as MRS. HAFIDHA Yeah. (BEAT) Still. It is a funny coincidence.

VILLETTE as MR. HAFIDHA Yeah. (BEAT) And Lee Harvey Oswald was a really good shot.

VILLETTE slowly lowers his hands, while HAFIDHA stares at him.

HAFIDHA You don't suppose Reyes...

VILLETTE

(1...2...3...) ...nah.

5. CONTINUED

HAFIDHA

No, I didn't think so, either. Definitely not.

They stare at each other, while (SFX) the frogs continue their maddening chirping.

> HAFIDHA (cont'd) Unless...

> > VILLETTE:

...nah. Hey. Are you hungry?

OFF HAFIDHA, deciding to smile

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

