



TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

A crisp yellow sun beams light down through a clear sky, bright but not hot. CRANING OFF the sun streaks and down to a picture-perfect housing estate, showcasing the uniform rows of pretty houses and lawns.

A LEGEND appears to scratch or etch its way across frame, complete with accompanying sound-effect:

JULY 1ST  
WHITE ROCK, BRITISH COLUMBIA

CRANING DOWN TO THE STREET, we can see that balloons are tied up across lamp-posts, bunting is decked out along picket fences and up over the street. RESIDENTS gather along the open spaces, mostly in families, and little stalls extend from front yards down the neighbourhood.

Smoke from a barbecue wafts in thin streaks through the air. A Yankee-Doodle ditty can be heard in the distance from an Ice-Cream Van. A MAPLE LEAP FLAG billows in the breeze over the block party in celebration of Canada Day.

PUSHING ALONG TO FIND TWO PARENTS and a TEN-YEAR OLD BOY. They walk along amongst the masses, the boy holding his mother's hand alongside the father/husband. This is KEITH LAFONTAINE (42), BETSY LAFONTAINE (38) and their son JOEY LAFONTAINE. They all smile and bask in the carnival atmosphere.

BETSY

(laughing)

I never knew grilling a steak  
could be such a competition!

KEITH

(jovial)

Danvers is having the time of his  
life giving instructions and  
showing off his cookware to the  
whole neighbourhood.

They laugh together in their private teasing as Joey bounds out in front of them. Betsy lets out a wistful sigh as she rests her head on Keith's shoulders.

BETSY

I wish it could be like this  
every day.

KEITH

A year-long block party? Count me in. Just so long as we don't have to spend it with the Danvers'.

More laughs. Joey turns to them with an excited jump.

JOEY

Let's get ice-cream!

BETSY

Sounds good to me.

JOEY

I'll go! I'll go!

Betsy looks around in search of a vendor, maternal protection instincts taking hold.

BETSY

Oh, I don't know, honey. I don't see...

KEITH

(to Betsy)

Our neighbours are everywhere, hon. Let him enjoy himself.

BETSY

(smiling)

Well, alright.

Keith reaches into his wallet and produces a ten dollar bill, unfolding it and handing it down to Joey.

KEITH

Super-size 'em, son.

Joey takes the bill with a gleeful smile and runs off in the direction of the ice-cream jingle. Keith and Betsy watch him go with beaming faces.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE STREET

as Joey moves away from the crowds. He skips along and spots a DOG temporarily tied up to a mail box on someone's lawn. Party sounds start to become slightly more distant as he approaches.

Joey reaches out to stroke the dog, but as his hand reaches the top of its head it suddenly starts to BARK fiercely at him. Joey snaps his hand away in fright as the dog BARKS and BARKS, bearing its teeth savagely.

CLOSE ON THE DOG

Its sharp incisors, its inhuman snout, its threatening eyes. All ingraining an image of fear on Joey.

ON JOEY as he backs away, shaking off the fear and running on towards the happier thought of ice-cream.

CUT TO:

INT. ICE-CREAM VAN - DAY

OVER THE SHOULDERS of the two seats in the drivers cab where TWO FIGURES can be seen as the van parks up with a CRANK of the handbrake.

REVERSE to show a fat man named DUANE (50s) behind the wheel and a scrawny young man -- ENZO (20s) -- beside him. Duane is wobbly, slimy yet dominant, while Enzo is brittle, drug-addled and submissive.

DUANE

Here we are. You go buy your treats.

He produces a small roll of bills and puts them into his companion's hand.

DUANE

(tender)  
Who's your Daddy?

ENZO

(glazed)  
You are.

DUANE

Good boy. Don't be long.

He touches the younger man around the back of his hair affectionately before he opens his side door and steps out. Duane holds for a beat, watching him go, then climbs into the back of the van.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICE-CREAM VAN - DAY

Joey steps across another street towards the van, away from the periphery of the festivities. He trots up to the side of the van with his ten-dollar bill in hand.

ANGLE ON THE SELECTION BOARD

showing multiple pictures of ice-creams, popcicles, and so forth. Beside it is the window-slat within which the figure of the Duane looms, bathed in shadow.

DUANE  
What'll it be, kid?

BACK ON JOEY as he contemplates his selection.

JOEY  
Three jumbo cones, please.

Duane retreats into the darkness behind him and out of sight.

A moment passes, then another as Joey waits. He looks around, sees that he's alone, and a wave of concern begins to cross his face. He leans up to the window slat on tip toes, his short height only just bringing his eyes up above the counter.

JOEY  
Mister? Hey, mister?

A beat, then Duane's figure returns to the window slat. Joey's eyes go wide in fear.

HIS P.O.V.

As Duane's face emerges out of the shadows, it appears twisted and deformed, a dog-like snout and canine incisors. The skin takes on a blue tint and leathery texture, with membranous growths and piercing animal eyes. What a child might imagine fear itself to look like.

RESUME WIDE ANGLE

Joey leans up to the window-slat and lets out a short GASP, but before he can react further A PAIR OF ARMS reach out from the slat and DRAG Joey close to the van. He's PULLED UP AND OVER THE COUNTER, his body disappearing through the window-slat until it's just his flailing legs protruding from the van, and then nothing.

HIGH ANGLE

Looking down on the now peaceful scene, just the ice-cream van down below on the edge of the neighbourhood as its block party continues on.

The van's Yankee Doodle tune churns out faintly as we --

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

ANDREW GARDNER

MONTE

ANDREW GARDNER

MONTE

ANDREW GARDNER

# ABYSS

ANDREW GARDNER

ANDREW GARDNER

ANDREW GARDNER

# "PASSING THROUGH JHOSHAPHAT"

GUEST STARRING  
JOHN DOMAN

KERAM MAZUKI-SÁNCHEZ

TREAT WILLIAMS

SHANNON HILL

DYLAN CARA

CALLUM KEITH RENNIE

NATHAN GAMBELL

AND  
WENDIE MAZUKI

THEME BY  
MICHAEL WANDMACHER

CO-PRODUCER  
JAMES SWANSON

PRODUCER  
JAKE DIAMOND

PRODUCER  
REBEKAH GRANT

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER  
ANTHONY JOHN BLACK

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER  
ANGELO SHRINE

WRITTEN BY  
JAMES JORDAN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A huge stained glass window strikes a vision of majesty bordered by darkness.

A powerful minor chord from a pipe organ blasts out for several bars before snapping out to silence.

NEW ANGLE on the marble aisle flanked by rows of mahogany pews. Interspersed upon them are MOURNERS dressed all in black, facing forward to the stained glass.

REVERSE to the back of the church where MARK WATTERS stands alone in a dark, understated suit. He's frozen in the centre of the aisle, bathed in oversaturated yellow light.

HIS P.O.V.

STEADICAM GLIDING FORWARD as the rows of mourners turn their heads to camera. Men with stoic faces, women in black veils which mask their tears.

MARK

glances sideways to each column of pews left and right of the aisle as he keeps walking forward. Each step is slow, measured, almost as if he doesn't know where he is. His eyes become entranced as he focuses solely ahead.

He stops when he comes to the altar under the stained-glass. An open casket is mounted upon it.

With intense trepidation, Mark slowly steps up, looks down into the casket to find...

A LITTLE BOY

of around ten-years-old dressed in a little suit, embalmed. Even in death, he's blond and angelic. We will come to know him as BILLY WATTERS.

Mark gazes down on the body, his face numb.

BILLY (O.S.)

Daddy?

The voice comes from behind and Mark turns to see...

BILLY

The same boy, same age, same face, not in a suit but shorts and T-shirt. He looks up at Mark expectantly.

Mark turns back to the casket and looks back down to find...

HIMSELF

lying cold and dead in an identical dark suit to the one he's wearing, arms folded neatly across his lap.

Mark's face wrinkles in confusion, overwhelmed as he stares down and the eyes of his corpse snap open.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mark's eyes snap open in bed.

Sweat runs from his forehead as he pushes himself up. He steals a breath, orienting himself to his surroundings.

It's still dark, no sign of daybreak from the windows. All is eerily quiet in the humble bedroom as Mark swings his legs out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark steps in from the hallway in his bare feet, leaving the light off and going straight for the sink by instinct and familiarity despite the darkness.

He runs the cold water tap. Cups his hands. Splashes water up onto his face.

He looks up into the mirror above the sink, turning off the faucet. Water drips down his aging skin as he pushes back a wisp of white hair. As the water clears from his eyes, he catches sight of a figure in the reflection. It's --

BILLY

Daddy?

Mark spins around to behold his son's countenance just as --

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mark's eyes snap open in bed.

He gasps for breath but lies still.

The sound of distant BIRDSONG becomes audible along with ambient wind as the first hints of morning light rise through the window.

Mark swings his legs out of bed and holds his head in his hands as his breathing starts to settle into a normal rhythm.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - DAY

Rows of red padded seats with lever-arm panel rests descend down an incline to a small podium mounted in front of a projector screen.

~~SEPTEMBER 25TH~~  
UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

We pass STUDENTS of all types as we slowly CRANE DOWN towards Mark standing at the podium.

MARK

Projection. Chapter six on classical Freudian defence mechanisms. Freud suggests that in order for the ego to maintain a sense of control, the unconscious ascribes undesirable thoughts, desires and motivations onto another individual or individuals. The troublesome or traumatic feelings are thus projected onto someone else, identifying flaws in the other as a means of avoiding flaws in the self.

Some students scribble notes. Mark stares out at them as a whole, confident and assured in his lecture.

MARK

We'll be analyzing the theories of projection and counter-projection in context with the other defence mechanisms, so be reading ahead. Any questions?

A young male STUDENT on the third row half raises his hand.

STUDENT

Will this be on the mid-term?

MARK

Yes, it absolutely will. Anybody else?

No takers. Students start to rise from their seats, packing away their notes and heading up the steps to the exits.

MARK

Alright. Thank you.

Mark turns off the projector and emerges from behind the podium. By the time he does, the theatre is almost empty.

MARK

stops as something catches his eye. His manner is weary but he's drawn in by the sight.

A NEWSPAPER

has been left folded on the lever-arm panel of one of the front row seats. The headline is just about visible.

Mark steps up and takes the paper, unfolding it to show the full page. His eyes lock in on an article beside the main headline.

ECU ON ARTICLE TEXT

**NO LEADS ON MISSING BOY**

Police investigation at stand-still..

ON MARK

as his eyes tighten, gripped by a painful resonance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

High over the roof of the large Edwardian Building and its Gothic Revival architecture.

The sky above is pure gray and a drizzling rain falls through frame.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - DAY

Sitting behind his heavy mahogany desk is GIDEON COLE. He studies down with spectacles in place, his face wracked with an unshakable disquiet.

HIS P.O.V.

A hand-written letter is laid flat on the desk, Gideon's scarred palms flat beside it. A ripped-open envelope bearing a Kent Prison logo rests nearby.

GIDEON

reads with trepidation, his eyes slowly gliding from right to left.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
New book, or revisiting an old  
classic?

Gideon looks up to see RACHEL ATHERTON standing in the doorway. He slides a heavy book over the letter without betraying the slightest hint of subterfuge.

GIDEON  
"On the road to Mandalay, Where  
the flying fishes play, And the  
sun comes up like thunder, Out of  
China across the bay."  
(beat)  
Kipling.

RACHEL  
I know it.

GIDEON  
A personal favourite?

RACHEL  
Not exactly. It's on the high  
school syllabus. At least it was  
last year.

Gideon removes his spectacles as Rachel wanders further into the room, perusing the book shelves.

GIDEON  
How are you settling in?

RACHEL  
I'm getting used to sharing a  
bathroom. It's been a while.

GIDEON  
You've not mentioned any family.  
Does anyone know you're here?

RACHEL  
(looks down)  
There's no one, really.

Gideon stands, sensing her discomfort. He moves out from behind the desk.

GIDEON  
I know it's an adjustment. It  
won't feel like home overnight.  
One step at a time.

Rachel gestures to the shelves in an attempt to change subject and tone.

RACHEL

How about a little light reading to ease things along? Seems to work for you. Any recommendations?

Gideon studies her for a beat, then moves to the nearby shelf. He searches, then brings out a medium-sized book and hands it to Rachel.

She takes it, tilts over to the spine.

RACHEL

Alice in Wonderland.

GIDEON

Perhaps some escapism.

Rachel gives an uneasy smile, willing to give it a shot.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Mark walks in with a worn leather satchel in hand, closing the door behind him. He shakes off rain water from his overcoat as he removes it.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - LATER

Mark sits alone at the large conference table that dominates the centre of the room. His satchel lies open on top, the newspaper laid out in front of him. The wall-mounted television displays rolling news coverage at a low volume.

Gently PUSH IN closer from across the room as Mark works away in quiet solitude. He's crafting something with his hands, tiny pieces of wood laid upon the newspaper and a larger circular structure nearby.

Mark files down one of the wooden pieces into the shape of a galloping horse.

Gideon steps in and stares up at the television.

GIDEON

Joey LaFontaine?

MARK

(eyes down)

Still missing. It's amazing, how much news coverage can be devoted to no news at all.

GIDEON

In cases like these, no news is usually bad news.

A sombre, respectful silence hangs in the wake of that admission.

Mark fixes his wooden horse onto the circular base, the model shaping up into a carousel. Gideon watches Mark's intense focus on his construction.

GIDEON

Where did this come from?

MARK

Oh, I... I started work on it years ago. It was going to be a birthday present. For Billy.

Gideon's expression turns bittersweet as he watches the work.

GIDEON

You're going to talk to them, aren't you? The LaFontaines.

MARK

I can't imagine how they must be feeling right now. It's only a matter of time before the police start to treat them as formal suspects.

GIDEON

It can't be ruled out.

MARK

No, not them. Not this time. They're the victims here. Them and Joey. I know it.

Gideon takes the remote from the table-top and switches off the news broadcast. Mark keeps working carefully on his wooden carousel.

GIDEON

Perhaps it's better to leave it be.

MARK

They have to know they're not alone. Someone has to give them hope.

Mark looks up at Gideon, meeting his eyes with tender resolve, his mind made up.

He turns back down to the carousel, attaching his horse firmly in place, the first of many.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HYBRID - MOVING - DAY

Mark is alone behind the wheel, driving with his mind elsewhere.

Rain falls heavy against the window, wiper blades gliding back and forth in a steady rhythm. Mark watches every swish as their motion consumes and occupies him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

The silver metal of Mark's hybrid car swings into the housing estate we recognize from the teaser, only now it is overcast by gray skies and awash with rain.

10:00 AM

CUT TO:

A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

The two-dimensional image of Joey stares up at us with a huge smile. He's riding a carnival carousel and loving every minute. We are:

INT. LAFONTAINE RESIDENCE - DAY

Mark is holding the photo and examining it tenderly. He replaces it on the mantelpiece and turns to Keith and Betsy.

KEITH

They tell us they're doing everything they can, but...

BETSY

Every day it drags on it seems less and less likely that there's going to be a happy ending.

Betsy starts to tear up in spite of how hard she's been trying not to. Keith puts his arm around her.

MARK

Statistics can only tell you so much. They're impersonal by their very nature. You can't give up.

KEITH

We're not. We won't.

BETSY

After... after we made the press appeal, they said we should think about getting a lawyer.

MARK

That time might have to come, I'm sorry to say.

KEITH

We've been through so many questions, over and over. Every time it starts to sound more and more like an interrogation. Is that what you're here for?

MARK

I'm not a cop. But as a father, I'm one of the few people who can genuinely say I know how you feel.

BETSY

You had a son, or a daughter who...?

Mark's silence is a confirmation.

MARK

I'm here to tell you that no matter what the police say, no matter how the press might twist things or how many lawyers get involved in the days to come, there's always hope.

Mark's words are a reassurance to Betsy, as intended, but it's Keith who starts to break down now.

KEITH

As a father, tell me...

(beat)

Do you think my son is still alive?

Marks weighs the question, debating what they want to hear with what they need to hear and the truth that he doesn't know. Looking into Keith's desperate eyes, he decides.

MARK

Yes.

(beat)

I promise you, I'm going to do everything I can to bring Billy home.

Keith and Betsy exchange a curious glance, but Mark is oblivious to his slip.

CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - DAY

Duane's wobbling belly passes through frame to approach a shivering Enzo scratching at his arms. The room is drab and untidy, with old and ragged furniture and damp wallpaper peeling away at the corners.

DUANE

Fetch the paper, Enzo.

Enzo turns and obeys, slouching across to pick up a rolled-up newspaper on the floor by the door. He takes it back and hands it over to Duane absently.

DUANE

Good boy. Go have your treats.

Duane takes Enzo's face in his palm and plants a kiss on his cheek. Enzo slouches away, his mind out of his body.

Duane regards the "NO LEADS ON MISSING BOY" article with disdain then flicks through towards the back of the paper.

DUANE

You like comics, Joey?

Across the room, Joey is sat at a plastic dining table. He stays still and quiet, sitting on his hands.

DUANE

Huh?

(no response)

Here you go. You come and read these through here, get some peace and quiet.

He holds out the loose comic pages from the back of the paper and motions Joey through an open door. Joey hesitates.

DUANE

Come on now, be a good boy.  
That's it.

Joey stands up and slowly makes his way across the room to the open door, frightened but uncertain.

ENZO

watches from the far side of the room, his face downcast at the grim knowledge of what's to come, unlike Joey. Their eyes meet and Enzo forces himself to look away.

He sits down on the floor and squirrels out a cloth pouch. Unravelling it reveals a small collection of needles, lumps of resin and a rusty tea-spoon.

Enzo sets up his stash and fires up a gas lighter under the spoon as Joey is led through to the next room and out of sight. The door is left half open. Enzo acts blind, pretending not to see.

He brings his needle to the bubbling liquid on the tea-spoon and sucks it up. Raises his shirt sleeve to expose his quivering arm. Finds a vein to inject.

CLOSE ON ENZO'S EYES

They are already hollow, but not hollow enough as soft squeals of discomfort from Joey rise from the other room. Enzo's eyes start to glaze further and roll back as he injects o.s.

The sounds from the next room transform into the whimpers of a small dog -- depersonalized, numb. Enzo's face flops agog with a euphoria that blocks out the world.

HIS P.O.V.

Angling up on the open doorway as the obese figure of Duane returns. Only now the image is washed out in oversaturated yellow, ethereal and out of focus.

Duane's face distorts into a dog-like visage of canine snout and incisors, leathery blue skin, pocked and scarred. Piercing animal eyes stare down on Enzo as this beast/man closes the door shut.

ENZO

slumps his back against the wall in a delirium that masks his sensory awareness of the whimpering sounds that rise once more from behind the door.

PUSH IN on the door that shuts the boy in with the beast as we slowly --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

Mark stands on the sidewalk with Gideon a few paces behind. The rain has subsided but the ground remains damp, fallen leaves trodden into a soggy mush.

Mark stares out to the horizon, deep in thought.

MARK

How can a boy go missing in broad daylight in the middle of a block party without anyone seeing a thing?

GIDEON

The parents left him alone?

MARK

They gave him ten dollars to buy ice-cream. He couldn't have been more than fifty yards from a neighbour.

GIDEON

Perhaps the kidnapper was a resident. Part of the crowd.

MARK

It would be risky to strike close to home. But he knows the area. He may have cruised it many times.

GIDEON

I think the abduction was opportunistic, not pre-meditated.

Mark looks back in to the neighbourhood, back towards Gideon. There is no competition between the two men, no rivalry. Complete dedication to the cause.

Mark walks towards Gideon slowly, assuming the roles of kidnapper and abductee.

MARK

I'm passing through. There's a party going on, crowds. I see a boy.

Gideon stares back at Mark like an open target.

GIDEON

I'm alone. No parents. There's a carnival atmosphere, my guard's down.

MARK

I can't stand it. I'm unprepared but the temptation's too great. It's so busy who's going to notice?

Mark gets right up close to Gideon, close enough to grab. He lets out a heavy sigh, breaking character.

MARK

I don't know. I can't see the kid just walking off with a stranger.

Mark turns away to the horizon once more, gazing out at the fringes of the community block.

GIDEON

As sad as it is, a child's innocence can sometime be a weakness.

Mark stares out further, taking an extra step when something catches his eye in the distance.

HIS P.O.V.

Two YOUNG MEN in baseball caps approach one another and make a furtive exchange with the palms of their hands.

MARK

Class divide is thin here. Looks like you wouldn't have to go far to walk into a radically different crime rate bracket.

GIDEON

You think that could be a contributing stressor?

Mark shakes his head as he watches the young men walk away into the distance, unsure.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Mark stands at the head of the table with a set of paper print-outs in hand. He paces to a corkboard on the wall and adds a family photo snap of Joey with a pushpin.

Gideon is sat parallel to the table with ISAAC FREEMAN, DEANNA SYKES and AARON SIDWELL gathered around it.

MARK

Missing time is eighty-six days.  
Clock's ticking. Local PD are  
considering downgrading the case.

AARON

They think he's dead.

MARK

I don't think so.

A beat of hesitation goes around the room, silent looks  
being exchanged between everyone but Mark.

GIDEON

It's a possibility. One that has  
to be considered.

MARK

Not if we want to find him. We  
have to act under the assumption  
he's still alive.

ISAAC

Forming an assumption will direct  
our search. Whether we're  
looking for a child... or a body.

Isaac's body language is sombre, but Mark stares back,  
unwilling to accept that.

DEANNA

What about the parents? Have  
they been able to provide any  
more details?

MARK

There's not much more they can  
offer. They didn't see it  
happen.

The attention of the room is drawn to the open doorway  
through which GABRIELLE JACKSON enters at a brisk pace with  
a file folder in hand.

GABRIELLE

Case file from the police  
investigation. Lots of pages,  
not much on them.

She hands the file to Gideon, only because he's closer to  
her side of the table. Mark moves around to lean over his  
shoulder as he opens it and reads.

GABRIELLE

Pretty much everyone in the  
neighbourhood has been  
questioned.

(MORE)

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Very few stand out as suspects,  
even less as witnesses.

DEANNA

Hard to believe that something  
like this could go unnoticed.

AARON

Happens every day. Not so much a  
matter of who notices as who  
cares?

GIDEON

(reading file)

It says here a pair of known  
dealers were brought in.

GABRIELLE

Right. Street level nobodies  
that operate out of the local  
underbelly.

MARK

I noticed that this afternoon.  
They have a tendency to stand out  
between the white picket fences.

GABRIELLE

(cynical)

Welcome to B.C.

MARK

I can't help thinking there's a  
connection.

ISAAC

That doesn't fit with an  
opportunistic predator, someone  
able to pass unnoticed at a  
middle-class barbecue.

Mark looks up from the files, troubled.

MARK

No it doesn't.

As the room falls silent again, RACK FOCUS to the corkboard  
and the photo of Joey's smiling face.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - DAY - JOEY

sat without his smile, looking down at a bowl filled with  
three scoops of ice-cream, all different flavours. He  
mushes it around with his spoon, unenthused.

Duane sits opposite at the dining table watching, displeased.

DUANE

What's the matter? You don't like ice-cream or something?

WIDER to reveal Enzo also at the table, hands clenched up under his jaw.

DUANE

Come on, you've got your strawberry in there, your chocolate, your...

(beat)

You want more chocolate? That it? Well say something.

Joey's eyes drift to Enzo who instantly looks away. Joey looks back to Duane who's expecting an answer.

JOEY

I'm not hungry.

DUANE

You don't have to be hungry for ice-cream. I'm treating you here. Good boys gotta have their treat. Ain't that right, Enzo?

Enzo looks back to Joey, seeing him mush the rapidly-melting ice-cream around his bowl with a forlorn face. Joey meets his eyes again and Enzo wavers, looks away.

DUANE

Tell him, will ya? Daddy's good to his boys, right?

Enzo pulls at the back of his own head, consumed by his own anguish. Duane clicks his fingers in front of Enzo's face.

DUANE

Ain't that right?

ENZO

(flat)

Yes.

Duane lets out a sigh, looking around the table in search of a happy scene and finding anything but. He stands.

DUANE

I'll get you more chocolate.

As he walks OUT OF FRAME, Joey pushes his bowl away and stares up at Enzo across the table.

Enzo keeps his face away, knowing that Joey's looking at him but unable to look back.

CUT TO:

INT. LAFONTAINE RESIDENCE - DAY

Betsy stands in front of a flatscreen television gripping the remote and resting it against her face. Family photos and ornaments surround the screen which displays a FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR and an inset photo of Joey.

NEWS ANCHOR (FROM TV)  
...following a fresh media appeal which has, as yet, yielded no new witnesses coming forward. Ten-year-old Joey LaFontaine was last seen on Canada Day and police are appealing for anyone with information to --

Betsy switches off the TV with the remote and turns around to face Keith sitting on the sofa with an open photo album.

BETSY  
I can't watch any more of this.

KEITH  
(eyes down)  
Can you believe that one was just four months ago? Did you take that one?

Betsy sits down beside him and looks. Keith is pointing at a snapshot of Joey blowing out candles on a birthday cake.

BETSY  
I'm not sure.

KEITH  
I was so busy running around all those kids at the party I can barely remember it. My own son's birthday and it's mostly a blur, photos standing in for memories.

BETSY  
That's not how it was.

KEITH  
Then there's the whole puppy thing. I was the one that said no.

BETSY  
We both decided.

KEITH

That's what he wanted. A father should give his son what he wants, make him happy... and I said no. Too much to look after.

BETSY

Don't do this. Not yet.

KEITH

Yet?

Keith stares at Betsy, both of them shaken by the grim inevitability of the implication. He shuts the photo album and casts it aside before rising, leaving us on Betsy's tears beginning to form.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

Darkness has fallen over the building. A fierce wind rips through the surrounding trees, shaking the last autumn leaves from the branches.

Only one light shines from within, a single square of yellow from the ground floor.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

TRACKING ALONG THE TABLETOP we pass photographs, print-outs and newspaper clippings between patches of the finely polished wood surface. TRACKING OVER the mass of files until we come to rest on --

THE CAROUSEL

More wooden horses have been added to the circle as Mark's hands work carefully to attach another.

WIDER

Showing Mark alone at the table, alternating between work on the carousel and work on the papers, both demanding tasks.

GIDEON (O.S.)

It's late.

Gideon stands in the doorway. He walks in when Mark does not look up.

GIDEON

An answer won't just come to you the longer you wait.

MARK

I'm not waiting. I'm working.

GIDEON

It's been a long time.

MARK

It'll take as long as it takes.  
I'll stick with it all through  
the night if I have to.

GIDEON

You know I'm not talking about  
Joey LaFontaine.

Gideon sits down at the table beside Mark who looks up from  
the carousel.

MARK

I hope you're not going to ask me  
to give up.

GIDEON

I know you better than that.

MARK

And I you.

GIDEON

You could at least sleep.

MARK

Sleep is no solace.

GIDEON

I've found that we can put things  
together there that our waking  
minds can't see... or refuse to.

MARK

He could be out there suffering  
while better men sleep.

GIDEON

Joey?

MARK

Yes.

Mark snaps down to file the edges of another horse but  
catches his finger by mistake.

MARK

Damn it!

Gideon watches without reaction as Mark squeezes the end of  
his finger to pre-empt a flow of blood.

GIDEON

You can't find Joey through sheer force of will. Or Billy.

MARK

What would you have me do? Step aside and let the police quietly file away this case along with hundreds of others and have the boy reduced to a serial number? Another statistic? Because I know that's not what we're about here.

GIDEON

My concern isn't for him, but for you.

MARK

How can you say that?

GIDEON

Give yourself a break.

MARK

No.

GIDEON

At least get some --

MARK

No!!

Mark takes the carousel and HURLS it across the room.

SMASH!

It impacts on the wall and lands in a heap on the floor. Broken.

GIDEON

stares at the snapped pieces, stunned into silence but remaining completely calm.

MARK

looks back down at the papers, ashamed of his outburst but not showing it. He feels Gideon's gaze on him.

MARK

It's stupid. Billy would be nineteen by now. A rinky-dink toy like that? That's no gift, not for that age.

GIDEON

I see. You're right, of course.

Mark looks at Gideon, detecting his insincerity.

MARK

I can't just do nothing. I  
thought you'd understand that.

He stands and paces out of the room, grabbing his overcoat  
as he makes his way to the main door.

Gideon turns his head to the mess of the broken carousel as  
the CLUNK of the door being opened and swung closed rattles  
the silence.

CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey sits cross-legged on the floor. He's crying, but only  
just.

Enzo stands nearby, twitching. He sees Joey, looks out to  
the door, and seeing no sign of Duane he turns back. He  
scurries over and squats down beside Joey on the floor.

ENZO

Hey. Hey, don't do that.

JOEY

I want to go home.

ENZO

I know. But you gotta be nice.  
You know? You gotta be happy,  
not sad.

JOEY

But I feel sad.

Enzo looks down on the snivelling boy with conflicted  
empathy.

ENZO

Yeah, I know.

JOEY

I want mommy.

ENZO

Don't say that. You can't let  
him hear you say that.

Enzo glances furtively to the doorway then back to Joey.

ENZO

It's not so bad. Come on, huh?  
It's just...

(beat; intense)

You don't want to be bad.

(MORE)

ENZO (CONT'D)

It gets worse if you're bad. You don't want that.

Footsteps appear in the shadows around the doorway.

Duane enters and looms over the two younger boys.

DUANE

What are you two whispering about?

ENZO

Nothing, I was just...

Duane steps closer and picks Enzo up by the arm, leading him away from Joey who watches him go.

DUANE

Just what?

ENZO

(feeble)

He was... y'know, so I figured I'd... cheer him up, whatever. I'm sorry.

DUANE

You don't have to be jealous. I don't do favourites. Okay?

Duane holds Enzo around the shoulders tenderly. Enzo's face is hung low. Duane lifts it gently with his fingers.

DUANE

Okay?

ENZO

Okay.

Enzo twitches slightly in Duane's arms.

DUANE

What's wrong?

ENZO

I'm out. I need...

DUANE

Sssh. I'll make it all better. Who takes care of you?

Enzo looks at him meekly as Duane eases his head closer.

ENZO

You do.

DUANE

That's right. Daddy takes care  
of you.

Duane pulls Enzo close and kisses him on the forehead.

CLOSE ON JOEY

as he looks up from the floor at the two of them together.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN BLOCK - NIGHT

Mark's hybrid car is parked up on the side of the road,  
bathed in darkness where the lights of suburbia do not  
shine.

11:00 AM

The area is more run-down than the nearby residential  
neighbourhood. A row of dank old buildings lie a short  
distance ahead of the car, a steady DRIP from a broken  
overflow pipe forming a puddle on the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HYBRID - STATIONARY - NIGHT

Mark sits behind the wheel, staring out, watching.

HIS P.O.V.

Through the windshield, distant FIGURES can be seen walking  
into the old buildings up ahead before leaving an empty  
street behind. No other signs of activity.

MARK

focuses his eyes forward, mastering his fatigue.

KNOCK-KNOCK

Mark is only marginally startled by the soft rapping on his  
window. He turns to see a DARK SHAPE standing close to the  
window. Mark pushes a button to send the glass sliding  
down.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN BLOCK - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

As Mark's window finishes descending to reveal his face,  
Standing outside is a RENT BOY dressed in tattered clothes,  
ripped jeans that are trying their best to look alluring.

RENT BOY  
Hey. You here to pick up?

MARK  
I'm not buying.

RENT BOY  
Something else you want then?  
You can pull up around the corner  
there...

Mark is not remotely shocked or uncomfortable by the solicitation. He holds up a photo of Joey to the window, perfectly composed.

MARK  
You seen this kid?

RENT BOY  
Nah. I don't know what you're  
into, man, but --

MARK  
You get anybody around here  
asking to set that kind of thing  
up?

The Rent Boy looks in on Mark, suspicious, unsure if he's a cop or a creep and not caring to find out.

RENT BOY  
None of my business. I'm outta  
here.

He throws up his hands and skulks away into the night.

Mark sighs and stares back to the road ahead. He grinds his jaw, reaches out and pulls at the door release.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN BLOCK - NIGHT

Mark walking down to the dank buildings in the direction the Rent Boy headed.

He gets to the edge of the concrete and is able to look in through the open front. No doors, hardly any glass where windows should be, no lights.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING SHELL - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH MARK as he steps through cautiously. His shoes splash over the damp concrete floor, water drizzling down from broken pipes above.

A few dirty mattresses on the floor, discarded bottles, screwed up bits of newspaper. A RAT scurries across the floor.

Mark stops when he sees AN EMACIATED WOMAN curled up in a corner, hugging her knees and paying absolutely no attention to Mark.

He passes on through, reaching an opening to the other side of the road. He stops, narrows his eyes.

HIS P.O.V.

A vehicle has stopped at the end of the road. It's dark, barely distinguishable in the night until the PASSING HEADLIGHTS of another car flash upon it for a moment. It's an ice-cream van.

MARK

keeps watching, his interest piqued, something clicking together in his mind.

CLOSER ON THE VAN

as a silhouetted figure moves out from the passenger side. It closes the door and the van drives off. The figure is left alone and starts heading towards the building.

ON MARK

He ducks out of sight, moving back into the depths of the dank structure.

NEW ANGLE ON ENTRANCE

as Enzo makes his way inside. He looks left, looks right, then walks onward. His eyes roam the darkness, over graffitied walls, over discarded needles -- searching for a dealer.

He walks on, deeper into the building, around a corner where he's GRABBED by --

MARK

who holds him around the collar, looking down into his face with firm but hopeful eyes.

Enzo lets out a sharp GASP, terrified of the man who holds him in his grasp as we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Heavy rainfall hammers across an unmarked road that cuts between dense woodland.

Mark's Hybrid speeds TOWARDS CAMERA and BREAKS FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HYRBID - MOVING - NIGHT

Mark drives while keeping a close eye on his passenger seat, within which Enzo sits hunched up and fidgety.

ENZO

Where are you taking me?

MARK

Some place safe.

ENZO

Why?

MARK

What do you mean, why?

ENZO

You must want something.

MARK

Only your help.

Enzo looks at him, confused, not sure what to make of Mark.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALF-WAY HOUSE - NIGHT

A three-story building void of grandeur, cheap and functional. Lights are on within.

Standing on the wraparound porch are Isaac and Aaron, sheltering from the relentless downpour, their breath visible on the air.

They move out into the rain when they see Mark's car approach and pull up on the roadside. Mark gets out and opens up the passenger door by the time Isaac and Aaron get to him. Enzo steps out with trepidation.

ISAAC

You went out there alone. You know better than that.

MARK

I had to. It was the right thing to do.

ISAAC

We would have come with you. All you had to do was ask.

MARK

That's what I'm doing now.

Enzo looks around at the three strangers, worried.

ENZO

What is this?

AARON

Somewhere for you to stay. If you want it.

Enzo is confused, cautious. He's not used to being treated this way.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-WAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Aaron and Isaac lead the way into a drab but welcoming hallway. Enzo follows, Mark last in as they approach the foot of a staircase and begin to ascend.

AARON

We spoke to the supervisor here. You can have a bed, hot meals, freedom to come and go.

ISAAC

They have experience dealing with chemical dependencies, rehabilitation. You'll find support here if you're willing to accept it.

Mark watches Enzo's slightly overwhelmed reactions as they head on up to --

INT. HALF-WAY HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Aaron and Isaac lead Enzo into a free room with a single bed and plain walls. No hint of luxury, but enough.

AARON

You can get as much or as little out of the place as you want. It's all up to you.

Enzo edges in and sits down on the end of the bed.

ENZO

Why are you doing this?

MARK

I think you can help us.

ENZO

How?

MARK

The boy. Joey LaFontaine.  
Missing for three months. Ten-  
year-old separated from his  
parents, his home...

ENZO

Why would I know anything about  
all that?

MARK

(pointed)

Who dropped you off tonight?

Enzo looks away, fidgets on the end of the bed, the anguish  
on his face betraying his complicity.

ENZO

He... he takes care of me. I was  
a mess, on my own down there,  
turning tricks to stay alive for  
another day. He took me away  
from all that. Gave me what I  
needed.

(through tears)

But when it gets bad... you make  
him angry and the beast comes.  
You don't want that. But when  
you're good... he treats you.

AARON

What about Joey? Which is it for  
him?

ENZO

(sniffs)

Poor kid. It never had to be  
that way for him.

MARK

We need to find him.

ENZO

I can't.

MARK

You can be safe here. Nobody has  
to know. All we want is to take  
Joey back where he belongs.

Mark's stare is insistent, determined. Isaac clocks Enzo shaking as he cries, eyeballs Aaron before motioning Mark out into the hallway.

ISAAC

We won't get anything coherent out of him while he's in this state.

MARK

He's afraid, but I can get through to him.

ISAAC

It's not just that. Look at him.

Mark glances through the open doorway, seeing Enzo's feeble, shaking form as Aaron watches over him.

ISAAC

Give him some time to adjust.

MARK

We may not have it.

Mark locks eyes with Isaac then turns back to Enzo through the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

The contrastive architectural grandeur is equally drenched by the rain that falls in waves through the wind.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Gideon is stood with Rachel over his desk where the pieces of Mark's carousel have been gathered up into a pile. Rachel picks through the pieces curiously.

RACHEL

What happened here?

GIDEON

A slight setback.

RACHEL

It's broken.

GIDEON

It's not broken. Just unfinished.

Rachel nods and turns away from the wooden pieces.

GIDEON  
How have you found Wonderland?

RACHEL  
Just tumbled down the rabbit hole  
and there it was.

Gideon raises a small smile as Rachel turns to answer seriously.

RACHEL  
Maybe a little more sinister than  
I remember. Or maybe that's just  
me.

GIDEON  
Try not to read too much into it.  
Look at it through the eyes of a  
child.  
(beat)  
If only we all could.

Gideon walks to the window, stares out at the rain.

RACHEL  
Have you heard from Mark?

GIDEON  
Not since earlier.

RACHEL  
I know he had a son... who died?  
I don't know, he doesn't talk  
about it but...

GIDEON  
That's just it. He didn't die,  
or at least not in the sense the  
rest of us understand death. No  
one knows one way or the other.  
There was no funeral, no closure.  
So he can't grieve, can't come to  
terms.

RACHEL  
I think I understand.

Rachel gives a look of quiet compassion as Deanna enters with more urgency.

DEANNA  
What's this I'm hearing about a  
suspect?

GIDEON  
A potential accomplice, but  
nothing's certain.

DEANNA  
Has he given up any information?

GIDEON  
It's complicated.

DEANNA  
Maybe I can help.

Off Deanna's eagerness --

CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey is alone at the window, staring down into the darkness. He pokes his finger at the scattered raindrops against the glass.

He turns at the CLUNK sound of a door closing. Looking around, he sees no signs of Duane.

Edging forward, Joey glances around, checking for a presence. Finding none, he makes his way to the door.

He reaches up to the doorhandle, turns it, pulls the door open and --

DUANE

stands in the doorway, about to enter just as Joey opens the door.

DUANE  
Where are you going? I told you  
to stay here.

Joey backs away as Duane paces in.

JOEY  
I'm sorry.

DUANE  
You don't have to do that. I  
told you. There's no need. I'm  
here to take care of you.

Duane takes Joey by the shoulders and walks him back to the couch, sits him down.

DUANE  
Come on, let's watch your  
cartoons.

He turns the TV on and cues up a videotape. A generic children's cartoon begins to play, two-dimensional coloured dogs running around to the sound of laughter from odd voices.

DUANE

There you go. You like that?

Joey watches but gives no response. Duane smiles, then opens up the door to the adjoining bedroom. A few paces inside is a TRIPOD. Duane rummages through a chest of drawers and takes out a VIDEO CAMERA. He turns back to Joey as he sets it up on top of the tripod.

DUANE

You watch that, then me and you are gonna make a cartoon of our own. Does that sound like fun?

Joey watches the TV, oblivious, the bright primary colours reflecting off his face.

FADE TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Keith and Betsy are marching down a hallway TOWARDS CAMERA trying to keep pace with DETECTIVE PITNEY.

VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT  
3:30 AM

Pitney projects a sense of empathy but her manner is hurried.

KEITH

How can there be no developments?  
All this time and you're no  
further forward than the day he  
first went missing.

PITNEY

I assure you, Mr LaFontaine, we  
are doing --

BETSY

-- everything you can, yes. But  
that's all we keep hearing.

Pitney stops. She turns to face the anxious parents.

PITNEY

I'm sorry, but if you want the  
truth, this is far from an easy  
task. All I can do is assure you  
that every lead we get will be  
chased down wherever it takes us.

KEITH

You say that, but what's it done  
so far?

REVERSE TO FIND MARK

entering the corridor from the other end, stopping when he sees Keith and Betsy in heated debate with Pitney. He watches from a distance.

BETSY

How much longer are we supposed to sit waiting? Another three months? The rest of our lives?

PITNEY

I appreciate this is a very difficult time --

KEITH

Do you really? Do you have any idea?

It hangs in the silence as Pitney regards Keith and Betsy, unable to bring herself to argue. Sympathy and diplomacy win the day.

PITNEY

I promise you we'll keep you informed of our progress every step.

Keith sighs, not quite placated but knowing there's nothing more he can say.

KEITH

Thank you.

Keith takes Betsy around the shoulders and walks them both away. They reach Mark who steps up as they approach.

MARK

How are you both holding up?

BETSY

No change. I just wish there was something... even bad news, and I'm hating myself for that.

KEITH

I guess we don't have to tell you what it's like.

MARK

I've been looking into things on my own, like I said.

KEITH

Have you found something? Is that why you're here?

Mark looks at the desperate father, wary of raising false hopes.

MARK

There's some possibilities. I'll be able to say more after I've spoken to the Detective.

BETSY

But there's some hope?

MARK

Always.

Mark gives a reassuring nod then paces off in the direction of the rapidly departing Pitney.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Pitney ascends the dull concrete blocks. Before the door can finish swinging shut over her shoulder, a palm blocks it and Mark hurries through.

MARK

Detective?

PITNEY

Excuse me?

Pitney doesn't stop her ascent, only turns her head as Mark bounds up the stairs to catch up.

MARK

I might have some information on the Joey LaFontaine case.

PITNEY

And you are?

MARK

A... friend of the family.

PITNEY

As I told Mr and Mrs LaFontaine, it's an ongoing process.

MARK

I'm just trying to help.

PITNEY

If you want to help, then leave us to do our work.

MARK

There may be a witness.

That stops Pitney in her tracks. She turns back to face Mark, one step down.

PITNEY

What witness?

MARK

Someone who can lead us to the boy. But he'll need assurances, perhaps an immunity agreement.

Pitney balks.

PITNEY

If you've got someone who knows where this kid is, bring him in and we'll get it out of him.

MARK

I don't think you will. You take that approach and he'll shut down.

PITNEY

It's not a question of approach. If you have information, you're obliged to come forward with it.

Pitney resumes walking up the stairwell. Mark follows.

MARK

I would have thought you'd welcome a solid break wherever you can get it. From what I hear, your investigation really hasn't made much progress.

PITNEY

You want the truth? The truth is this department has limited resources to deal with an unlimited workload. To be perfectly honest I have a desk full of missing persons cases and worse, each competing for manpower and many with more positive outlooks.

MARK

Do you have children, Detective?

Pitney stops again, reaching out to the steel doorhandle of her destination floor. She turns back to Mark as she grabs it.

PITNEY

I don't see what that has to do with it.

MARK

It has everything to do with it.

PITNEY

(beat; relents)

I don't, as it happens.

MARK

Then how can you understand?

PITNEY

And you? Do you have children?

(off Mark's silence)

Then how can you be objective?

Pitney stares down Mark before pulling open the door and walking out.

Mark is left troubled and alone in the echoing stairwell.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-WAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Aaron sits with Enzo, keeping a watchful eye over him. Enzo scratches at the back of his head.

AARON

You okay?

ENZO

It's nothing.

AARON

Imagine how Joey's feeling. You can stop all that for him.

ENZO

I can't... do anything.

AARON

I've been where you are. I know what it's like.

ENZO

You don't know anything.

AARON

You can have a new start here. You can be free of him. Live your life your way.

ENZO

You don't understand. I was never trapped. I have more there than I've ever had anywhere else. A roof over my head. Food. Someone to take care of me.

AARON

All the smack you can shoot up  
your arm?

ENZO

What would you know about it?

AARON

I know that's not the way it is  
for Joey. He has a home. He has  
people who take care of him. He  
hasn't been saved from a hell,  
he's been ripped from a better  
life.

ENZO

It's too late now. You can't  
save him.

AARON

No. But you can.

He stares at Enzo with conviction. Enzo stares back,  
uncertain. He sweats and shakes slightly as a shadow falls  
into the room.

REVERSE TO THE DOORWAY

where Mark stands, motioning to Aaron with his head. Aaron  
stands, regards Enzo, then moves out to join Mark.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-WAY HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Aaron walk a few paces into the hallway for  
privacy.

MARK

What do you think?

AARON

He's pretty messed up.

MARK

Right now he's our only hope.  
Will he talk?

AARON

I don't know. He seems to want  
to help Joey, but I get the sense  
he's lived with the kidnapper for  
years. They have a relationship,  
how ever strange it may be.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-WAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Enzo edges to the door, pushing it closed while leaving a crack to look out at Mark and Aaron in mid-conversation. They're not looking.

He skulks back into the room, sits back on the bed. He digs deep into his pocket and pulls out the cloth pouch. After a furtive glance to the door, he starts to unroll it, revealing the needle and teaspoon -- the last of his stash.

CUT TO:

INT. HALF-WAY HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Aaron's attentions are on their conversation, the door just barely ajar in b.g. and out of their eye-lines.

MARK

So how does this work? The kidnapper rescues him from a life of prostitution and becomes his Sugar Daddy, buying his devotion?

AARON

Plenty of people marry for money or whatever. In a way it's not that different.

MARK

If you trade sports cars and fancy jewelry for a drug addiction.

AARON

Well, Deanna's on her way. She thinks she can --

CRASH!

The sound of something falling over from the next room alerts both Mark and Aaron. They exchange a glance before charging for the bedroom door. FOLLOWING IN BEHIND THEM until we're --

INT. HALF-WAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - ENZO

lies flat on the ground, a needle sticking out of his arm. His eyes are rolled back in his skull, flesh white and numb. He convulses lightly.

Mark dives down and grabs him around the back of the neck. He clocks the needle, panic rising. Aaron can only look on in horror.

MARK

Call 911.

Mark examines Enzo's eyes, checks his pulse. He's not reassured by what he finds.

Aaron pulls out a cell phone and starts dialling.

Mark pumps Enzo's chest, attempting resuscitation procedures. Enzo stops convulsing, stops moving entirely.

Mark pumps his chest again. Checks for a pulse. Pumps again. Desperate.

Breathless, Mark stops, wipes away sweat from his forehead with his sleeve. He kneels over Enzo's body, nothing left to try.

ANGLING DOWN FROM ABOVE

Aaron holds his phone against his ear while Mark stays on his knees, throwing his hands back in despair at the futility of it all.

Enzo's eyes are now hollow. Empty. Dead. Off his still, lifeless body --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MORTUARY - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Stainless steel and diffuse lighting cast a cold blue/white hue through the clinical environment.

~~CHIEF CORONER'S OFFICE~~  
~~4:45 AM~~

Gabrielle stands in medical scrubs over a slab, a pale blue cap holding back her hair. She studies down over Enzo's corpse, his cold white skin having been cut into with a Y-shaped incision across the torso.

GABRIELLE

There's no doubt. C.O.D. was a clear morphine overdose.

She looks up to Aaron and Isaac standing a few paces away, neither with any real interest in seeing the body.

GABRIELLE

I detected trace amounts of methamphetamine in the blood stream, but that's incidental.

AARON

Was it... deliberate?

GABRIELLE

There's no way to be sure. He'd clearly been using for a long time. Something was bound to give eventually.

ISAAC

We'll never know.

A sombre silence fills the room until the heavy swing-door brushes open and Deanna walks in.

DEANNA

Find anything?

GABRIELLE

Just what was expected.

AARON

I guess your services are no longer required, huh?

Deanna gives a grim acknowledgement.

ISAAC

Did you get a name?

DEANNA

No, not yet. There was no I.D. amongst the personal effects, not much to go on.

AARON

(sombre)

I wouldn't hold out much hope of anyone claiming the body. You have to wonder how many people even knew his name, how often he heard it. Who's even going to notice he's gone?

DEANNA

It's not who notices. It's who cares.

Aaron lifts his eyes from the autopsied body to meet Deanna's comforting gaze, finding there a reassurance from the echo of his earlier words.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mark is studying over a mountain of papers strewn all across the main table in no particular order.

Gideon walks in.

MARK

I've been all over these reports of suspects, interviews, statements. That kid isn't mentioned once.

GIDEON

You're convinced he knew the kidnapper?

MARK

Completely. And any hope we had of finding Joey died with him.

Mark pushes away the papers in front of him, sending some sliding to the floor and others across the table. He pushes his palms over his face, fatigued.

Gideon steps closer, taking a moment to absorb the silence. Then:

GIDEON

There's something I want to show you.

Mark lowers his hands from his face as Gideon produces an envelope and slides it slowly across the table.

Mark picks it up. It's already been opened, bearing the Kent Prison logo. He takes out the contents -- the letter from Bane.

MARK

This is a recent post-mark.  
You've had this for weeks and  
didn't say anything?

GIDEON

It's not easy to talk about.

MARK

He's got power over you as long  
as he's sending these. As long  
as you're reading them. Maybe  
you shouldn't.

GIDEON

I've tried not to open them, but  
something compels me to.  
Whatever's inside... I have to  
know.

MARK

It's not what's inside, it's what  
they represent. He knows he  
can't write anything the prison  
will block, knows he can't send  
anything that could be construed  
as harmful in any way. So why  
send anything at all? What does  
he get out of these letters?

GIDEON

Contact.

MARK

That's what he wants. He exists  
in your world as long as he's  
getting it.

GIDEON

I wanted you to see this because  
I wanted you to know -- what you  
said before, that I should  
understand?

(beat)

I do.

Mark stares up at Gideon, feeling his sincerity every bit  
as much as he sees it in his face.

MARK

You know of the Valley of Jehoshaphat? In the Bible, it's where all men will face judgement in the final days. I've been wandering that valley for nine years now. Waiting to be judged. Waiting for someone to decide how it ends. To tell me I failed him.

GIDEON

And if it never comes? What then?

MARK

I have to believe that it will.

The pair hold a tight look of mutual understanding between them before we --

CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Duane lies in bed, the shoulders of his fat frame naked under the sheets. He props himself up onto an elbow, gazing across.

DUANE

A perfect end to a perfect day. I only wish it could stay like this forever. Preserve things just as they are in this moment.

SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

From whomever might be next to Duane. Seeing his face malformed as the MAN/DOG/BEAST. An animal form of pinpoint yellow eyes, canine snout, fierce drooling teeth.

RESUME OBJECTIVE ANGLE

On Duane leaning his head on his hand, propping himself up.

DUANE

It's getting late. Where d'you suppose your big brother's gotten himself too? He should have come home by now, huh?

SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

The dog-face creature looms in close. SNARLING. Skin like leather, blue and inhuman. Surrounding colour drowned out. Movements disjointed, out of sync.

RESUME OBJECTIVE ANGLE

Duane sighing wistfully.

DUANE

You boys... you can be such a worry. And now I'm thinking maybe we don't have much time left together.

Duane stretches a hand OUT OF FRAME tenderly.

SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

The beast salivating, animal eyes piercing. A GRUNTING NOISE out of sync. The snout burrowing itself AT CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing the building against the stormy night's sky.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mark is working away at the desktop computer beside the rain-spattered window.

Gideon finishes tidying the loose papers into neat piles as Rachel enters.

RACHEL

That was Gabrielle. She says her autopsy confirmed a definite O.D. Do you think he knew what he was doing?

MARK

Letting himself off the hook, you mean?

GIDEON

Or wanting out of the whole cycle. Escapism.

RACHEL

That's terrible.

MARK

If only I could have gotten more out of him before...

Gideon paces, theorizing.

GIDEON

You said the kidnapper took him  
under his wing, looked after him.

RACHEL

Like a child?

MARK

What are you saying?

GIDEON

Maybe it goes deeper than the  
obvious for him, only recently  
escalating to an abduction.

MARK

Deeper how?

GIDEON

He's infertile. Unable to have a  
family of his own -- a son --  
he's developed a compensatory  
paraphilia. Recent diagnosis  
could have been a triggering  
stressor.

Rachel watches as the two men get deeper than she can quite  
comprehend.

MARK

I keep coming back to something  
this kid said. That when you're  
good, he "treats" you.

GIDEON

He bankrolled his addiction.

MARK

Yes, but what about Joey? And  
that van, it stood out to me  
because...

Mark looks up. Something clicks together in his mind.

MARK

Ice-cream. Joey went to get ice-  
cream before he went missing.  
The ice-cream van, he'd have to  
stock wholesale. There'd be a  
supply record.

Mark hacks away at the computer keyboard, energized.

As Gideon grabs the phone --

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - MARK'S HYBRID

Speeding through the rain, spinning wheels tight against frame.

10:11 AM

ARMING OUT to the rest of the street where a collection of POLICE CARS with blue and red light bars strobing and an UNMARKED LEAD SEDAN are pulling up at rude angles.

Mark's Hybrid meets them from the opposite direction as Pitney springs out of the lead car with DETECTIVE NEMHAUSER from the passenger side.

Mark exits onto the road to join them as UNIFORMED OFFICERS begin to gather in b.g.

PITNEY

This had better be for real.

NEMHAUSER

You want to run it by me again why we're out here? Your buddy on the phone wasn't exactly --

MARK

I'd be happy to walk you through it just as soon as you've arrested this guy.

NEMHAUSER

Uh-huh. And this address is where exactly?

MARK

This is the area. It can't be far.

Nemhauser turns to Pitney with sufferance. She detects the doubt in his eyes, even shares it, but turns to wave back at the Uniformed Officers regardless.

PITNEY

Alright, spread out. Let's find this place.

CUT TO:

THE ICE-CREAM VAN

Parked up under a line of trees, shrouded in darkness. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM strikes the faded surface of the selection board.

REVERSE TO MARK

Creeping up alone, searching with his flashlight. He steps closer to the van, registering the discovery, then sweeps his flashlight across to the scrubland ahead.

A RAMSHACKLE HOUSE

stands isolated a few hundred yards farther on. It's a dark rural property, two floors and a small attic. An overgrown path flanked by weeds. Only a single light is on at a second-floor window. The faint twinkle of music catches on the air -- Simon and Garfunkle singing "Scarborough Fair" in the middle of the night.

Mark turns over his shoulder, shouting back with flashlight in hand:

MARK

Here!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLING DOWN through the glass to Mark as a tiny figure below, the yellow bulb of his flashlight more visible than his body. "Scarborough Fair" louder from the source.

ADJUST TO INCLUDE DUANE

standing at the window, easing aside a curtain.

DUANE

I knew it. What did I tell you?  
They won't let us have our time.

Duane turns back over his shoulder into the room.

DUANE

Daddy has to go now.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark walks up to the overgrown path where he's startled by

A VISCOUS BARKING DOG

tethered to the mailbox. It jumps to life, SNARLING and bearing its teeth savagely at Mark. It blocks his approach.

PITNEY AND NEMHAUSER

arrive from the scrubland behind, catching up with Mark. Uniformed Officers start to catch up in b.g.

MARK

He's in there.

Nemhauser steps up to deal with the dog as it continues BARKING when Pitney catches sight of --

A FIGURE

darting out from the back of the house and running through the shadows.

PITNEY

There! He's making a break for it.

She immediately sprints in pursuit, the Uniformed Officers snapping into action and following.

Nemhauser grabs his walkie, dragging it to his lips.

NEMHAUSER

Mobile One, suspect heading south south south on foot. Track from above.

And he's off to join the chase, leaving Mark alone with the BARKING ROTTWEILER. He lifts his head to the light left on in the upstairs window, "Scarborough Fair" continuing to churn out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECIDUOUS FOREST - NIGHT - POLICE HELICOPTER

Sweeping just above the treeline, a bright white searchlight streaking down through the darkness. The CHOPPER BLADES juddering away.

CLOSER WITHIN THE FOREST

Where Duane is sprinting away through the trees. The white light from the helicopter above flickers between the tall trees creating a strobing effect against Duane's face -- light, shadow, light shadow. White, black, white, black.

PITNEY AND NEMHAUSER

lead the pursuit, charging through the trees toward the light. A line of Uniformed Officers hurry behind, several holding back BARKING BLOODHOUNDS straining to be let loose.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The dog BARKS and BARKS at Mark who stares it down with trepidation. The dog's leash is pulled tight against the mailbox, the animal restrained at the end of its tether.

Mark stares deep into its piercing yellow eyes, mastering his fear. He edges himself sideways up the path, carefully passing the dog's GRINDING TEETH just inches out of reach.

The dog matches Mark's movement, arcing through the full radius its leash allows. Mark backs off as he successfully passes, turning to the front door of the house as "Scarborough Fair" becomes more audible.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECIDUOUS FOREST - NIGHT

Duane struggles across the scrubland where the trees begin to thin out. The figures of Pitney, Nemhauser and the pursuing police line with their bloodhounds are gaining in b.g.

Duane's breathing becomes laboured, his overweight body lacking the endurance to maintain speed.

THE HELICOPTER

swings across the skyline and SWOOPS DOWN to bring its searchlight right over Duane's head. The chopper blades send a gust of air that blows back his hair.

DUANE

cranes his neck up into the light, shielding his eyes.

NEMHAUSER

Hands behind your head!!

The police are upon him before Duane knows what's happening, frozen beneath the searchlight.

Nemhauser forces Duane to his knees, begins cuffing his hands behind his back.

Pitney steps forward, squinting against the searchlight, shouting over the chopper blades.

PITNEY

Duane Feldspar? You're under arrest.

As he's hauled up again by Nemhauser --

CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mark steps slowly along a narrow, dingy corridor stretching forward to a single door left open a crack. Edging forward with trepidation. His face awash with a grim inevitability.

The twinkling of "Scarborough Fair" adds a surreal accompaniment to the long walk.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Mark walking down the marble aisle, bathed in oversaturated yellow light as in his dream.

He edges forward with same slow, measured steps.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MARK'S P.O.V.

Steadicam gliding forward towards the door at the end of the corridor, towards the crack of light at the open edge.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - MARK'S P.O.V.

The same movement forwards toward the open casket on the altar. Gliding closer and closer.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MARK'S P.O.V.

Getting to the door, Mark's arm reaches out and pushes gently against it with his palm.

As it starts to creak open --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - MARK'S P.O.V.

Up close to the open casket and TILTING DOWN into it --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - MARK'S P.O.V.

On the double bed with crumpled sheets thrown half way down. In it is the naked form of Joey, faced down and head turned to one side on the pillow.

MARK

stares down at the boy with tragedy reflected in his eyes. His face sinks in a shameful silence broken only by the continued droning of "Scarborough Fair".

HIS P.O.V.

Down on the bed where the boy half-covered by the sheets is now BILLY WATTERS. His blond, angelic head turned to one side on the pillow.

MARK

stands frozen in pain. A tear forms in his eyes. He can only stand and stare, overwhelmed with sorrow.

HIS P.O.V.

Down on the bed where the boy is once again JOEY. His darker hair resting on the pillow. Still, quiet and motionless. Preserved in death.

WIDER ON THE ROOM

Mark stands alone at the foot of the bed as "Scarborough Fair" melts away into the mournful SCORE as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Pitney and Nemhauser are sat across from Duane whose hands are cuffed atop the table between them. He hangs his head and shuffles in his chair.

PITNEY

Murder and kidnapping, Mr  
Feldspar. Do you understand what  
you've confessed to?

Duane doesn't meet her eyes, rocking his head as his flabby cheeks wobble.

DUANE

Yes.

NEMHAUSER

Why? Why d'you do it, you  
sonofabitch? Do you hate kids  
that much?

Duane looks up, aghast at the suggestion. His eyes are genuine, pleading.

DUANE

No. No.  
(chokes)  
I loved my boys.

Pitney closes the file folder in front of her, picks it up and stands. She goes to the door, Nemhauser follows.

As she opens the door to exit, Pitney spares a last look back at the pitiful figure of Duane sat handcuffed and on the verge of tears.

CUT TO:

A STAINED GLASS WINDOW

striking a picture of majesty that fills the frame. TILTING DOWN off the iconography as a soft funereal chord from a pipe organ echoes out. We are:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

An open casket sits on the altar. Pews are filled with MOURNERS dressed all in black.

Keith and Betsy stand together over the casket, Keith with his arm around his wife as she cries.

REVERSE TO MARK

at the back of the church, standing at the foot of the marble aisle, a long precession away from the ceremony. He stares out, watching, his face awash with sorrow.

KEITH AND BETSY

turn away from the casket. Keith catches sight of Mark. He sits Betsy down on the front row before walking down the aisle to Mark.

MARK

I'm so sorry.  
(beat)  
I failed.

KEITH

No, no you didn't.  
(beat)  
It's a very difficult time, but at least... at least it's over. We can try to move on. Lay Joey to rest.

An intense look falls between the two men. Mark doesn't know what to say.

KEITH

Thank you for bringing our son  
back.

Keith nods and turns back to the funeral, leaving us on  
Mark and his silent pain.

At the altar, Keith steps up and slowly lowers the lid of  
the casket. Betsy hands him the framed photograph of Joey  
that Mark examined on the mantelpiece and Keith sets it  
gently atop the flat wooden surface.

PUSHING IN on the smiling face of Joey in the photo as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

The sky is clear over the rooftop, a ray of sunshine  
beaming down from above.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Mark walks in, closing the front door behind him. After  
the THUD there is a peaceful silence.

Mark walks through to the open doorway of --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

He stops and stares at the sight that greets him.  
Something that lifts him into a bittersweet smile.

All alone on top of the main table is --

THE WOODEN CAROUSEL

All fixed. Not only fixed but finished. Not only finished  
but painted. Every little horse shines with fresh colour,  
all in a row around the circular framework. Perfect.

ADJUST TO INCLUDE GIDEON

standing at the far end of the library against the  
bookshelves. He looks across at Mark. He says nothing.

MARK

takes in the whole sight, overwhelmed.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - MARK'S ROOM - DAY - THE CAROUSEL

As it is set down carefully atop a chest of drawers by the window, its fresh paint catching in the natural light.

Mark opens the top drawer and takes out a single object before sliding it shut -- a framed photograph of Billy.

He sets it gently atop the flat wooden surface beside the carousel.

Mark stares down on his son's smiling face and sets the carousel going with a light tap from his finger.

Off the wooden horses on the carousel rotating slowly --

FADE TO BLACK

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