



TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rain drizzles down from a dull sky. The building itself looks like it has been through years of torture. Graffiti covers almost every part of the walls. Sirens echo in the distance.

DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER
10:11 AM

ON A PAIR OF FEET walking across the pavement. The feet stop moving suddenly.

TILT UP to reveal a heavy-set man in his forties, a small scar running across his cheekbone. On his arm, his name is proudly displayed in a tattoo: RED.

RED

This the place, Bart?

Beside him, BART approaches, wearing the same apparel, a leather jacket and black jeans. His head is shaved, a cigarette hangs from his lips.

Red absently picks at one of his earrings, digs into his pockets and pulls out a lighter, handing it to Bart.

BART

This is it.

Bart holds the lighter up and flicks it, the flame producing. He holds it up to the cigarette and lights it. Taking a deep breath of the smoke, he nods towards the building.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

An elderly woman is sitting alone, the lights turned down so shadows cast over the room. This is INGRID (70s). She's wearing a tattered housecoat, her hair is gray and slightly disheveled.

PAN AROUND the room to show that her home is run down. Papers lie scattered on a nearby table, the TV has a crack on the screen. The window looking out onto the street has layers of dust covering it, as does the floor. But it's home nonetheless.

Not seeming to be bothered by the appearance of her apartment, Ingrid gets up and walks over to the table, bending down to pick up a cat bowl.

The word JASPER is painted boldly in black on the bowl. Ingrid opens up a container of cat food and scoops some kibble into the bowl, then sets it back down. Hearing a slight meow come from off screen, Ingrid turns around to see her cat run to the bowl. She smiles tenderly and bends down, running her hands along his back gently.

INGRID

Looks like it's just you and me
tonight.

She waits for a beat, her eyes locked on the cat, as if expecting an answer. She purses her lips and turns around to another part of the room.

A large canvas is set up in the middle of the room, various bottles of paint colors set on a shelf beside it. Ingrid takes an old paint brush from a glass of water and dips it into a small bottle of blue paint.

Her hands shaking, Ingrid raises the brush and paints a small line across the canvas. A small meow catches her attention, and she turns around and smiles at the cat.

INGRID

This one is going to be a
masterpiece, Jazz. Just you
watch.

The cat meows in agreement and jumps onto the tattered couch. He curls up into a ball as Ingrid continues to paint lines across her canvas. A small KNOCK is heard o.s. and Ingrid twists her head around to look at the front door.

She stands, holds for a beat, her hand quivering in mid air. Seeing that it was nothing, she smiles reassuringly at Jasper and turns her attention back to her painting.

ON THE FRONT DOOR as it suddenly BURSTS open, flying wide. Ingrid YELLS out in surprise and staggers backwards into her canvas. It falls sideways onto the ground and paint spills all over the floor.

Bart and Red are exposed as they march into the room. They both take a look around and Red scrunches his nose up in disgust at the place.

Bart grins slyly and looks around. He pops the cigarette out of his mouth and throws it onto the ground. He steps on it and smashes the ashes onto the hardwood floor.

BART

Honey, I'm home!

Ingrid shuffles back into the corner, wrapping her arms around herself as the men walk further into apartment. The two men look around the room, but there is no sign of Ingrid.

BART

Come on, lady. I know you're in here.

Red kicks the bowl of cat food over, spilling kibble all over the floor. He hears a small whimper and twists his body around, sees the fallen canvas. He claps his friend on the shoulder and points towards the corner where they can now see the edge of Ingrid's cardigan hanging out.

RED

Aww, don't be like that.

The two start toward the corner of the room, both trying to suppress their laughter. As Bart comes around the corner, he comes face to face with Ingrid, who is still holding a paintbrush in her hand. She holds it up, being her only weapon.

INGRID

Who are you? What do you want?

She tries to put up a brave face, but her quivering voice gives her away. Bart pulls out his pack of cigarettes and pops one nonchalantly into his mouth. He lets out a laugh, which is muffled as he lights the cigarette.

BART

You know what we want.

INGRID

This is my home. I'm not leaving.

Bart blows out a cloud of smoke and locks eyes with Ingrid. After a beat, he breaks eye contact and looks over at Red. Red nods, as if getting a message, and walks over to the kitchen area. Bart turns his attention back to Ingrid, who is trying to see what Red is doing.

BART

You really can't live here if there's nothing left, can you?

As if on cue, a SMASHING sound is heard, and Ingrid nearly jumps out of her skin. She starts towards the kitchen, but Bart GRABS her in his burly arms, and DRAGS her to her chair. He throws her into it as Red continues to pull the drawers out of the kitchen counter, throwing their contents all over the floor.

Ingrid stands up defiantly and quickly, in spite of her age.

INGRID

Get out of my home! You hear
me?!

Bart laughs. He walks over to the finished canvas that was set out to dry and punches a hole right in the middle of it. He rips right through the canvas until there's nothing left except the frame.

Bart walks over to the next one and picks it up. He purses his lips and raises an eyebrow.

BART

Nice.

He slams it onto the ground and steps on it repeatedly. Ingrid, now shaking uncontrollably, staggers towards him.

INGRID

Stop! Please!

She starts to hit Bart in the chest, but it has no effect as Bart just laughs and pushes her off, making her fall back onto the floor.

Red comes out of the kitchen, a piece of bread in his hand. He takes a small bite and spits it out. Bart leans down over Ingrid and looks around the room, taking in the damage they've done.

BART

This is your last warning, lady.
We have to come back here, we
ain't gonna be so polite.

He straightens his back and gestures to Red who throws his bread on the ground and follows Bart out of the room.

Ingrid is left huddled on the floor, sobbing to herself in both terror and despair. Off her frail, cowering form --

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

ANDREW GARDNER

MONTE

ANDREW GARDNER

MONTE

ANDREW GARDNER

ABYSS

ANDREW GARDNER

ANDREW GARDNER

ANDREW GARDNER

"OZYMANDIAS"

GUEST STARRING
DIANA MILZDADA

PETER WINGFIELD

ADONI MAROIS

DOUGLAS ARTHURS

CALLUM KEITH RENNIE

AND
WENDIE MAZUK

THEME BY
MICHAEL WANDMACHER

PRODUCER
JAKE DIAMOND

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ANTHONY JOHN BLACK

CO-PRODUCER
JAMES SWANSON

PRODUCER
REBEKKAH GRANT

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ANGELO SHRINE

WRITTEN BY
REBEKKAH GRANT

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Ingrid, not looking much better than when she was huddled on the floor in the teaser, is in the kitchen area of her apartment, sweeping up some glass.

She picks up a large piece of glass and cuts herself on it. She holds her finger up to her mouth and sucks on it gently, furrowing her eyebrows in distaste.

Ingrid hears a KNOCK at the door and jumps up, dropping the pan of glass. Slowly and cautiously, she walks over to the door which has been fixed as much as she could manage. She gets on her tip toes and looks through the peep hole. Sighing with relief, she unbolts the door and opens it to reveal GIDEON COLE.

INGRID

Gideon, this is a surprise.

Ingrid hesitantly steps aside, letting Gideon in. She throws a quick look around the room, which has been tidied up as much as could be expected from an elderly lady. The broken canvas's have been put in garbage bags. The kitchen area is still a mess, glass litters the floor.

Gideon looks around the apartment. He turns his head and smiles at Ingrid. His other hand has a bag hanging from it. He holds up the bag and shakes it lightly.

GIDEON

I brought you some things, for your paintings.

Jasper the cat comes around the corner and meows at Gideon. He rubs against Gideon's legs and Gideon smiles, bending down to pet Jasper on the head.

GIDEON

I didn't forget you, Jazz.

He reaches into his bag of goods and pulls out a small bag of cat treats. He sets a few down on the floor and Jasper immediately starts devouring them.

Ingrid steps in front of Gideon, trying to divert him away from the kitchen area. She puts on her best smile and takes the bag away from him, false excitement playing on her voice.

INGRID

This is wonderful, Gideon, thank you so much. You're too good to me.

GIDEON

I know how much you've been
wanting to get those colors for
your paintings.

He throws another glance around the apartment as Ingrid goes to set the bottles of paint on the shelf near the now upturned canvas. Gideon walks over to the nearest wall, admiring a painting placed there.

Painted on the canvas is a young man, his back to the world, sitting on a bench. His head is lifted up, gazing at the sunset that he is admiring. Ingrid comes up beside Gideon and smiles as he eyes the painting.

INGRID

That one was always your
favorite.

GIDEON

It has a certain peace about it.
Calmness, serenity.

He turns his back to the painting and smiles at Ingrid.

GIDEON

Have you been out lately?

Ingrid places the empty bag on the table stacked full of papers and lets out a laugh.

INGRID

Where would an old woman like me
go to?

Gideon frowns, seeing the dishevelment of the place. He walks over to the canvas and picks it up, studying it. Turning his head around, he notices the blank spaces on her walls. Furrowing his eyebrows, he turns around to face her.

GIDEON

Where are your other paintings?

Ingrid hesitates, stopping in her tracks. She waves off his question with her hand and grabs the canvas, a little too roughly, from Gideon.

INGRID

I... I gave them away. Some of
the other tenants like my work,
so I decided to share it with
them.

She tries to laugh it off, but even Gideon can tell that her laugh sounds false. He starts to walk around the room, checking out the broken glass, the displaced furniture.

Finally, he comes to a garbage bag. He bends down and pokes open the top, revealing the broken canvases. Gideon stands up straight and turns to look at Ingrid, confusion etched on his face. He steps closer and Ingrid backs away a little, tears starting to well up in her eyes.

GIDEON

Ingrid. Did something happen?

She hesitates again, her mouth opening and closing as if debating whether to tell him or not. She raises a hand to her face and wipes her eyes.

INGRID

There's no fooling you.

Gideon gently touches her arms and brings her over to her chair, where he sits her down. He reaches over to the coffee table and grabs her glass of water, handing it to her.

GIDEON

What was it? Did someone break in?

He takes a seat on the couch and leans forward, giving all his attention to her. Ingrid sniffles a little, trying to get the courage to speak. She takes a sip of water. It takes her a moment to compose herself. Gideon sits still the entire time, patiently waiting for her to go on.

INGRID

There were these men. They're rough looking troublemakers. They've been here a lot lately. We've all been paid visits.

GIDEON

What do they want?

INGRID

They want us out.

Gideon seems a bit taken back by this statement. He shakes his head and stands up. He goes over and kneels by Ingrid's chair.

GIDEON

Why do they want you out?

INGRID

They've been trying to scare us all out of our homes. There's this plan they have, to build a brand new tower over this lot.

(beat; sobbing)

Oh, Gideon, I can't let them take my home away from me.

Desperate, she grabs his hands. Gideon stands up, and Ingrid stands with him. He forces a small smile.

GIDEON

I won't let that happen.

INGRID

There's nothing to be done. They're going to keep coming here until they get their way. We're old, all of us. Stubborn, maybe, but there's only so much we can take.

GIDEON

You just promise me this. Stay inside. If they come back, I want you to call me right away. Don't hesitate.

He steps away from her, Ingrid's hands falling from his. He walks over to the table and picks up a piece of paper. Clicking the pen open, he scribbles something down on the paper. Ingrid walks over as he holds it out. She takes it and looks it over, nodding.

INGRID

Thank you.

Gideon nods his head and takes another look around the place.

GIDEON

Let's see if we can straighten this place up.

Ingrid smiles at Gideon in spite of herself, comforted by his presence.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

Establishing the large property beneath the dull gray skies.

11:06 AM

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Gideon is in mid discussion, his hands folded on his lap as he talks. Seated around the central table are MARK WATERS, RACHEL ATHERTON, ISAAC FREEMAN and DEANNA SYKES.

GIDEON

What do we know about the tenement building on fifth street?

ISAAC

The apartments?

GIDEON

Some of the seniors there have been having some problems.

MARK

What kind of problems?

GIDEON

Intimidation. Men breaking into their homes, making demands. They want them out.

The group share confused and concerned looks.

RACHEL

Out? Who would want that?

DEANNA

And why?

MARK

There's a businessman who's planning on building a new development complex that's supposed to rejuvenate an area of downtown that could well include this tenement.

(beat)

Richard Claridge.

Everyone looks at Mark now, all sharing the same look of interest.

GIDEON

Who is he?

MARK

One of the wealthiest industrialists in the Pacific Northwest. He has several business enterprises. Land development. He's built several prominent buildings in Seattle, Victoria.

DEANNA

I'm surprised you haven't heard of him. He's in magazines all the time.

GIDEON

I don't read magazines.

RACHEL

Why would he want to build on occupied land, let alone evict almost sixty seniors from their homes?

ISAAC

Business is business. That's what they do.

Gideon stays silent, holding a hand up to his mouth. He breathes in deeply and lowers his hand to the table.

GIDEON

Not this time.

RACHEL

What are you saying?

GIDEON

He has to be stopped. Any enterprise built on a foundation of intimidation doesn't deserve to stand.

MARK

It's not going to be easy stopping a development of this magnitude.

GIDEON

Nothing worthwhile ever is.

Off Gideon's determined face --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY PLAZA - DAY

There's a huge crowd gathered around, PHOTOGRAPHERS and NEWS REPORTERS among them. They're chatting loudly as the photographers snap shots.

PAN OVER to a young FEMALE REPORTER who is standing in front of a news camera, a microphone in hand.

REPORTER

...and I'm standing here at the grand opening of Richard Claridge's newest development.

She turns to a man clad in a gray business suit, black hair slicked back, looking ready for action. He smiles into the camera and scoots closer to the reporter. This is RICHARD CLARIDGE (40s).

REPORTER

So tell me, Mr Claridge, what is this new place like?

Ignoring the flashing of the cameras and the chattering of the crowd, Claridge is still smiling. He clears his throat, getting ready to answer.

CLARIDGE

This plaza was built for families and a new generation. We have a cinema complex, new shopping malls, everything you could want all contained in one central hub. It really is a spectacular vision of twenty-first century living.

He beams at his own spiel and the reporter smiles along with him.

REPORTER

Any comment on rumours we're hearing of plans for yet another big project?

CLARIDGE

Well, I don't want to spoil anything too early. But let's just say I have big plans in mind for this area, and everyone will be hearing about them very shortly.

He waves to the crowd as many applaud.

REPORTER

Thank you for your time, Mr Claridge, and good luck with future developments.

Claridge nods his thanks and heads away from the crowd. Two men walk with him, burly looking BODYGUARDS. Claridge gives one more wave to the crowd as he disappears into a big stretch limousine.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Claridge lets out a deep breath as he composes himself, his fixed smile dropping away. The crowd can still be heard outside, but it's faint.

Claridge furrows his eyebrows and presses a button. The partition to the driver's cab opens and Claridge waves his hand towards the uniformed DRIVER behind the wheel.

CLARIDGE

Get me out of here. Away from
these sycophants.

He checks himself in front of the mirror, slicking his hair back as he picks up his cellphone with his other hand. He dials a number and holds the phone to his ear, tapping his hand against his leg impatiently.

BART (O.S.)

Yeah?

CLARIDGE

I want an update. Are these
schlub's cooperating yet?

BART (O.S.)

We're having a little problem
getting them to see things your
way.

CLARIDGE

(harsh)

I don't care what it takes. Get
those people out of that
building. I want progress.

BART (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

Claridge hangs up and throws his phone on the seat next to him. He looks out the window and sees that the limo hasn't moved an inch. He opens the window to the drivers side again.

CLARIDGE

What the Hell are we still doing
here?! Move it!

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

As the limo slowly drives off, away from the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

An old man, BILL, slowly walks up to the building entrance, trying to handle a brown paper bag filled with groceries in his arms. He sets it down on a bench near the entrance.

With shaky hands, he reaches into his coat and grabs another, smaller brown bag. He pulls out the contents half way, revealing a bottle of liquor. He unscrews the top and takes a swig, before screwing it back on and replacing it inside his coat.

He hears footsteps and turns around in time to see Bart and Red appear in front of him. Bill steps backwards instinctively. Bart reaches into the old man's coat, pulling out the bottle of liquor.

BART

What do we have here?

He takes a large gulp of the liquor and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

BILL

Hey, you give that back.

Red grabs the bigger brown bag and throws it on the ground. He kicks it around, spilling the contents all over the ground. Eggs are smashed, milk is spilt, bread is crushed.

BILL

What do you think you're doing?!

RED

You know what we want, gramps.

Red grabs the liquor from Bart and takes a swig. He burps loudly and lets out a laugh. Bill tries to get past them, but they roughly push him back, and he stumbles, nearly falling onto the ground.

BART

What's the matter, old man?
Don't wanna have some fun with us?

RED

You know, it's not very nice to treat your guests like that.

BILL

(desperate)
Please, let me go.

Red steps forward, but Bart holds out a hand, stopping him.

Bill scrambles forward, rushing into the building. Red looks over at Bart, an angry expression on his face.

RED

Why'd you let him go?

Bart grabs the liquor and takes another big gulp. He kicks the groceries again and starts laughing.

BART

Don't wanna give the old man a heart attack. Not yet anyways.

Red bursts out laughing as well and pushes Bart playfully as they continue kicking the groceries around.

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Mark and Deanna are casually walking down the hallway of the apartment building. They stop at one of the doors and Mark holds his hand up, curled into a fist, ready to knock.

He knocks lightly at the door. After a beat, a small, frail looking WOMAN answers, popping her head out of the chain-locked door.

DEANNA

Hi, ma'am. Sorry to disturb you. We were hoping to talk to you about what's been happening around here.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

MARK

We know there's been attacks lately on some of the residents.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Please, just leave me alone.

Before Mark and Deanna can get another word in, the woman closes the door in their faces.

DEANNA

Well that went well.

She starts walking, and Mark takes up pace beside her.

MARK

That's the fifth door we've had shut in our faces. I'm starting to take it personally.

DEANNA

What can you expect? They're frightened.

MARK

If at least one of them would come forward, we might have a chance of tracing this... campaign of terror back to its source. Stop this harassment.

DEANNA

I don't think anyone's going to talk. Whoever's done a number of these folks really made an impression.

MARK

Needless to say the police won't have any interest unless we can bring them something solid.

DEANNA

And in the mean time the terror goes on. People living in fear in their own homes.

MARK

It won't stop unless we can find someone, anyone willing to make a stand.

Mark presses the button for the elevator and they wait.

DEANNA

So what do we do now?

MARK

Same thing we always do.

The elevator arrives with a PING and the doors slide open.

MARK

Keep trying.

He steps into the elevator, Deanna joining him.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Gideon is stood behind his desk strewn with heavy hardback books, but in his hands he holds a glossy magazine bearing the smiling face of Richard Claridge. Gideon stares down at it through his spectacles, but can't bring himself to open it.

He looks up as Rachel walks in, placing the magazine down and removing his spectacles.

RACHEL

Can I ask you something?

GIDEON

Yes?

He gestures for Rachel to take a seat in the chair facing his desk. Rachel sits down and places her hands in her lap.

RACHEL

How did you find out about this tenement problem? About what's happening to the residents there?

GIDEON

There's a lady who lives there. Ingrid.

RACHEL

You know her personally?

GIDEON

That's right. She's a wonderful woman.

Rachel smiles warmly.

RACHEL

You speak so fondly of her.

GIDEON

It's a shame, what she has to go through. Especially at her age.

RACHEL

How do you know her?

GIDEON

Our paths crossed by chance, as much as anything. She was trying to handle groceries by herself, but she was carrying too much. I stepped in and helped her bring them up to her apartment -- just what anyone would have done.

Rachel's reaction says she doesn't quite believe that last part.

GIDEON

She wanted to thank me, so she made tea -- real leaves, no less. We started talking.

He takes a deep breath, and there's a silent moment. Rachel waits patiently for him to go on.

GIDEON

She doesn't have anybody. No family, no friends. One of the forgotten people of the world. I try to stop by, a few times a month. Make sure she has everything she needs. But the most important part of my visit is just being there.

RACHEL

She must love having you there.
It's so nice that you take time
to visit her, to show her that
you care.

GIDEON

Now she has more visitors that
she'd care to. Whoever these
people are, trying to intimidate
her out of her own home... I
can't even imagine the fear she
feels.

Rachel reaches over the desk and takes his hand in hers.

RACHEL

We'll find them. And then you'll
show her how to beat it. Like
you showed me.

Gideon smiles as Rachel gets up and walks out of the study.
Gideon looks down on the magazine cover and stares at the
glossy photo of Claridge smiling up from it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Angling up at the drab concrete and interweaving fire-
escapes, the run-down structure ascending to a dark sky
from which rain tumbles in unrelenting sheets.

11:08 AM

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ingrid is sat by a new canvas. She strokes her brush up
and down, making a large blue streak across it. Smiling to
herself, she gets up and wipes her hands on an old rag.

She goes over to the counter and picks up Jasper's food
bowl. She pours some food into it and places it on the
window sill.

INGRID

Silly cat. Where have you gone
to now?

She shakes her head.

INGRID

You'll be back once you smell
dinner. Just like always.

She's interrupted by a KNOCK at the door. She jumps a little, startled. She grips the edge of the kitchen counter, holds he breath.

She waits, desperately hoping there will be no more knocking, fearing there may yet be worse.

But there is only silence. Continued, unexpected silence.

Cautiously, she walks over to the door, her hand hovering over the handle. Thinking twice, she stands on her toes and looks through the peephole.

INGRID'S P.O.V

There's no one visible in the hallway.

INGRID

lets out a relieved sigh, gingerly unlocks the door and creeps it open slowly. The chain still on, she pops her head out to make sure there is no one there.

INGRID'S P.O.V.

Finding nothing except for an old shoebox which has been left by her door.

INGRID

closes the door and unchains it fully. She opens it up wider, looking down at the shoebox.

Ingrid bends down and picks it up, turns around and heads back into her apartment, shutting the door behind her and locking it up tight.

She takes the shoebox over to the table and sets it down. Takes the lid off to reveal...

Remains. Animal remains. It's a vivisected cat. And on top rests the collar with its tag that proclaims JASPER.

Ingrid lets out a horrified SCREAM and drops the lid. Stumbling backwards, she falls back onto the ground, weeping uncontrollably.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gideon is standing beside Ingrid's rocking chair, and Ingrid is sat in it holding a tissue up to her eyes. She's still visibly shaken and is trembling. Gideon places a supportive hand on her shoulder as he looks over to the table where the shoebox still sits.

INGRID

(sobbing)

Poor Jasper...

(beat)

Who could do something so...?

She places a hand on his arm, and Gideon lowers himself to her level so that he's eye to eye with her.

GIDEON

I think you should come stay with us for a while. Until something is done.

Ingrid shakes her head and wipes at her eyes. She sniffles loudly and blows her nose into the tissue. Gideon waits patiently as she composes herself.

INGRID

I'll be damned if I'm going to be run out of my own home by those hooligans.

GIDEON

If you stay here, you're putting yourself in more danger.

INGRID

I may be an old woman, Gideon, but I can take care of myself. I'm not going to let those thugs get the better of me.

Gideon narrows his eyes, debating whether or not to let her stay.

GIDEON

Are you sure you'll be alright?

INGRID

I've been alright by myself for the past seventy-five years. I can survive a bit longer.

She points to her glass of water, and Gideon reaches over to grab it. He hands it to her and Ingrid takes a long gulp.

GIDEON

You'll call me if anything else happens?

INGRID

I called you this time, didn't I?

Gideon stands up and straightens out his overcoat. He looks down at her, then over at the shoebox. He walks over to it and picks it up, frowning.

INGRID

He was all I had left.

Gideon turns to her, placing the shoebox behind his back with one hand. He attempts a smile.

GIDEON

Not all.

Ingrid nods and wipes at her face with her hands again.

INGRID

Thank you.

Gideon starts to the door, his hands firmly grasping the shoebox. He places one hand on the door knob, and half turns towards her.

GIDEON

I promise you, Ingrid. Something will be done.

Ingrid smiles for the first time.

INGRID

I hope you're right.

Gideon opens the door and heads out, closing the door lightly behind him. Ingrid continues rocking slowly, her eyes staring off into space.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Gideon stands with Mark a short distance from the front desk, both with determination etched on their faces. Gideon paces, impatient.

VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT
→→ AM

DETECTIVE PITNEY emerges from a door and reluctantly heads over to Gideon and Mark, though not before checking her watch.

PITNEY

This had better be good.

GIDEON

The tenement building on fifth street.

PITNEY

What about it?

Mark steps forward now.

MARK

There's a problem. The residents there, they aren't too happy.

PITNEY

Last time I checked, I was a detective, not a landlord.

Pitney starts walking towards the exit and Gideon and Mark follow on her heels.

GIDEON

There's a crime to report here. One you need to listen to.

Pitney stops and crosses her arms over her chest.

PITNEY

Amuse me, then.

Gideon looks over at Mark and he nods, taking the lead.

MARK

The residents there are being terrorized by thugs that we have reason to believe have been hired by Richard Claridge.

PITNEY

The industrialist?

Mark nods in confirmation.

PITNEY

Why would Richard Claridge send men to terrorize the residents of rundown tenement building?

Gideon steps forward now.

GIDEON

He has a new development in the pipeline. Just like his other so-called community rejuvenation projects. Only this one's earmarked for construction over the old tenement block.

PITNEY

And you know this how exactly?

GIDEON

(ironic)

I read a lot of magazines.

PITNEY

Well as fascinating as this all is, I don't see how this is any concern of mine.

GIDEON

They're going too far, detective. These are old people, good people. They don't deserve to have their homes ransacked, their possessions destroyed, their pets butchered.

PITNEY

I'm no vet, Mr. Cole.

GIDEON

No, but you're a police officer. So start doing your job.

Pitney bites her lower lip and sighs.

PITNEY

Listen, as much as I would love to help you out on this hunch you have, I have more important things to worry about than a few thugs. If you hadn't noticed, the city's crawling with them.

Gideon shakes his head, fuming.

GIDEON

So these people aren't important enough to be on your radar?

Mark looks between Gideon and Pitney, cautious of the rising hostility.

GIDEON

Just because they're old, poor
and not high profile, they're not
worthy of the protection this
department is supposed to
provide?

PITNEY

(terse)

I don't answer to you.

GIDEON

No, you answer to the public.
And I'm going to see that's
exactly what happens.

He turns and marches away, Mark trailing behind, leaving
Pitney stood with her jaw grinding.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Gideon is joined by Rachel, Deanna, Isaac and AARON SIDWELL
around the table, all in deep discussion.

GIDEON

It seems that we're alone in
this.

AARON

So what else is new?

RACHEL

If the police are meant to
protect and serve, why aren't
they doing their job?

Gideon doesn't say anything. It's obvious that he agrees.
Isaac clears his throat and everyone turns their heads to
look at him.

ISAAC

To be fair, we don't yet have a
great deal of evidence to make a
formal case that would warrant
police involvement.

GIDEON

Which is why it's up to us to
gather that evidence.

RACHEL

I thought we weren't vigilantes
here? You said that yourself.

ISAAC

Indeed. Those who start down
that path become corrupted by it.
I've seen that all too closely.

GIDEON

That's not who we are.

DEANNA

Then what are you suggesting? We
tried canvassing support from the
residents but came up with
nothing but silence.

GIDEON

That doesn't mean that we still
can't stand up to these people.
We can work together to expose
Richard Claridge for who he
really is.

AARON

Am I missing something here? How
do we even know he's behind this?

DEANNA

We don't. Right now it's an
educated guess.

GIDEON

I plan to change that.

RACHEL

What else can we do?

GIDEON

Remain vigilant. We can watch.
We can follow. For that I'll
need all of your help.

A brief silence falls across the room as everyone looks to
one another. After a beat, Isaac nods, followed by the
rest.

ISAAC

You'll have it.

Gideon sets his face in determination.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH RISE TOWER - DAY

A structure made almost entirely of glass, aspiring up to
the clouds.

CLARIDGE ENTERPRISES INC.
11:00 AM

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Gideon and Mark are sitting in a waiting room. Magazines are stacked neatly on a glass table, but neither of them are reading. After a beat, a YOUNG WOMAN comes out from an office and smiles at them.

YOUNG WOMAN

Mr. Claridge will see you now.

Gideon and Mark give each other a quick glance before rising and heading into the adjoining office.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARIDGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gideon and Mark enter the office slowly, almost cautiously. Claridge paces out from behind a huge desk with a broad smile, extending his hand to shake.

CLARIDGE

Richard Claridge, pleasure to meet you. Please, have a seat.

Gideon and Mark sit. Claridge holds out his arms wide, gesturing around his office as he returns to his desk.

CLARIDGE

Now what can I do for you gentlemen?

GIDEON

We're here to talk about certain plans you have. A new construction project.

Claridge's smile doesn't falter the slightest.

CLARIDGE

Word gets around, doesn't it? Well it's an exciting time, very exciting.

MARK

There are some people who might disagree with you.

CLARIDGE

Really? How so?

GIDEON

The area you intend to build over
-- people live there. People
whose homes you plan to bulldoze
to make way for your exciting
times.

Claridge's smile drops slightly, but his veneer of
pleasantries remains in place.

CLARIDGE

I'm not sure where you're getting
your information, but let me
assure you --

GIDEON

That building is the only home
those people have ever known.
It's not for you to try and run
them out of it.

CLARIDGE

Gentlemen, please. I've forced
nobody from their home.
Sincerely, that's the last thing
I would ever want.

MARK

Then you'd halt any construction
plans if local residents
objected?

CLARIDGE

Well, I wouldn't necessarily put
it quite like that. There are
greater concerns to consider,
after all.

GIDEON

The people who live in that
building are the only concern.
More important than building some
new tower.

CLARIDGE

I have to disagree.

Gideon glares back at him. Claridge jumps up from his desk
and activates a flatscreen monitor mounted to the wall with
the push of a remote control.

CLARIDGE

Take a look.

Gideon and Mark reluctantly join Claridge by the screen as
a presentation of CGI images appear giving a guided tour or
a projected tower complex.

CLARIDGE

Building my tower downtown will make living in Vancouver a better place. It'll rejuvenate the entire region, create more jobs, more homes. Better homes. Not to mention transform the slums into a vibrant, thriving area that's clean, safe, and all around better for the whole community.

MARK

Is a skyscraper full of Starbucks and yuppy boutiques really what the area needs?

CLARIDGE

Think about it. No longer will anyone feel bad about this city. The tourist rate will go up, boosting the economy and making the poverty we see down there today a thing of the past.

Gideon turns away from the presentation, shakes his head bitterly.

GIDEON

You don't believe that any more than I do. You don't want to build a better future, only a monument to your hubris.

(beat)

It's not worth people's lives.

Claridge's smile falters and drops. He clears his throat and straightens his tie, switching the screen off with the remote. He looks Gideon in the eyes, all pretence gone.

CLARIDGE

I'm sorry, but I really do have a lot of work to get through this morning. I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me.

He gestures to the door with one hand and presses a button on his desk with the other. The woman from before opens the door, ready for instructions.

CLARIDGE

Please escort these men out of the building.

Mark starts towards the door and the woman stands aside, letting him through. Gideon stays, however. Staring hard at Claridge, he lets him see his determination before finally turning to leave.

Claridge watches them go, agitated and unnerved.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Darkness hangs over the grubby concrete. Sirens echo in the distance.

10:37 AM

Isaac and Aaron are standing across the street from the building, each on the lookout for something suspicious.

AARON

How long do we have to wait?

ISAAC

Until something comes up.

He stops talking as they both hear the sounds of laughter coming from around the corner. Isaac raises a hand for silence and points to the corner where Bart and Red appear. They're still laughing, pushing each other playfully. Red lights a cigarette as Bart starts toward the building.

BART

Let's get to work.

Red laughs, jumping up and down in his excitement.

ISAAC

(bitter)

They don't look like residents to me.

AARON

These must be the guys.

Isaac starts towards them, but Aaron drags him back.

AARON

What are you doing?

ISAAC

Someone has to stand up to them.

AARON

We're not here to fight. We're just supposed to watch. Is it even our business?

Isaac looks at Aaron as if it's not even a question.

ISAAC

Innocent people are being hurt. It is our business.

He starts walking forward again, but Aaron pushes him back.

AARON

It's way too dangerous to take them on alone. Have you seen them? They're huge.

ISAAC

I cannot stand back and do nothing. It's a moral duty.

Aaron steps back as Isaac marches to cross the street in the direction of the goons. He opens his mouth to object again, but closes it, nothing more he can say as he watches Isaac heading off.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

A couple in their 50s -- TOM and LUCY -- sit curled up on a small sofa together. PANNING OFF to the mail slot in the front door. An oily rag is suddenly stuffed through, followed by a lit match. WHOOSH! The rag sets ablaze.

The terrified couple leap up from the sofa as fast as they can.

LUCY

Tom! Oh my God, do something!!

Tom rushes towards the adjoining kitchen as Lucy holds her hands up to her mouth, crying out in panic. Tom returns with a bucket of water and THROWS it over the oily rag. It doesn't help however, as the rag remains ablaze.

TOM

Dammit!

He whips his housecoat off a peg on the wall and throws it over the rag, stepping on it to stamp out the fire. Finally, the rag is put out, little streams of smoke coming out through the housecoat.

Tom and Lucy rush to each other, holding each other tight.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Isaac has already made his way over to Bart and Red who are ambling up to the building, each of them relaxing with a cigarette. Isaac steps in front of them, blocking their entrance. Bart nudges Red, who looks up.

BART

Can we help you, man?

ISAAC

Actually, you can. You can step away and go home. Leave these people alone.

Bart and Red look at each other, both scoffing a little.

RED

You gonna make us, that it? You, all by yourself?

ISAAC

If that's the way it must be.

Bart throws his cigarette aside, stepping up to Isaac.

BART

Brave man. Brave, but stupid.

Suddenly, he brings his fist up to Isaac's face, SLAMMING it into him. Isaac stumbles backwards, startled by the blow.

Bart gestures to Red who KICKS the fallen Isaac in the ribs. Isaac lets out a GRUNT of pain as Bart and Red advance on him. The sounds of flesh against flesh, bone against bone, can be heard as Red and Bart beat Isaac viciously.

With one more KICK to Isaac's ribs, Bart and Red start to walk off laughing, leaving the beaten Isaac on the ground.

As soon as they are out of sight, Aaron rushes to Isaac's side. He grimaces at the sight, his hands hovering above Isaac's body, not sure where is safe to touch him.

AARON

Isaac?
(beat)
Oh God...

He pulls out his cellphone and fumbles to dial.

AARON

I need an ambulance. Fast!

He stares down at Isaac with the phone pushed tight to his ear, running his free hand through his hair.

Off his panicked face --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Aaron is standing in the busy hallway as NURSES bustle by him and DOCTORS respond to calls over the intercom. He's looking through a window into a side-room where Isaac is lying in bed, a NURSE checking over him.

VANCOUVER GENERAL HOSPITAL
12:44 AM

Aaron watches with a deep concern on his face. The Nurse starts out of the room, and Aaron stops her by grabbing her arm.

AARON

How's he doing?

The Nurse looks over her shoulder into the room, but her frown is evident on her face.

NURSE

He's badly injured, some heavy bruises and we're waiting on an x-ray to see if that rib's broken. But he should make a full recovery with plenty of rest.

Aaron grimaces at the news and covers his face with his right hand. He rubs it over his face a couple of times.

NURSE

He was asking to see you. Would you like to go in?

Aaron lifts his head, debating his decision. Finally, he shakes his head.

AARON

No. I can't.

He turns around and starts off down the hallway, dodging doctors and patients waiting for treatment. The Nurse watches him go, confused.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mark and GABRIELLE JACKSON are sat at the central table, studying article clippings and building plans. Gideon and Rachel stand over them.

They all look up when Aaron hurries in. He takes a deep breath, unsure how to begin except to blurt out --

AARON

It's Isaac. He's in the hospital.

Everyone's faces turn to shock.

GABRIELLE

What? Is he okay?

RACHEL

What happened?

Aaron shakes his head, catching his breath.

GIDEON

What happened, Aaron?

AARON

Those thugs are what happened. Isaac decided to stand up to them, and they just went for him. They kicked him, they beat him...

MARK

Why didn't you stay with him?

AARON

I... I don't know. I thought I should...

GIDEON

I'll go.

Gabrielle gets up to join him.

GABRIELLE

I'll join you.

She and Gideon start to head out, leaving Aaron hanging his head as Rachel and Mark exchange a troubled glance.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - COMMUNAL AREA - DAY

Chairs are set up around a large room, some occupied by TENANTS, some not. The meeting is buzzing with the sound of talk. Bill is amongst them. He stands up to make himself heard.

BILL

We need to come up with a solution. This can't go on much longer.

Tom and Lucy are also present. They stand together.

TOM

They nearly set our place on fire
last night! Something's gotta be
done!

Another woman stands up -- MILDRED.

MILDRED

I say we leave!

This causes a buzz around the room.

MAN'S VOICE

(whispering)
Leave our home?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Where would we go?

Mildred waves her hands as the buzzing and whispers
continue.

MILDRED

Anywhere's better than here!

LUCY

I don't know about you, but we
don't have the money for a motel,
let alone buy some place new.
Especially not overnight.

BILL

I don't even have a family to
turn to. If I abandon my home,
I'll end up on the street!

The mood in the room suddenly changes as everyone starts
speaking at once. Some of their voices raise in panic,
some start to silently weep. Mildred yells out, trying to
silence them.

MILDRED

What choice do we have?! Who
knows who they'll go after next.
Either we give them what they
want and take our chances, or
live on a knife-edge until
somebody ends up dead!

Ingrid suddenly stands up, her hands curled into fists at
her side. She clears her throat as loudly as she can,
getting the attention of the room.

INGRID

No one is going anywhere!
(beat)
(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)

They may have brute strength, but we have each other. And if we make a stand together, it will stop. They can't beat all of us!

Some people start shaking their heads in disagreement. Others purse their lips in thought, nodding absently.

TOM

What if you're wrong?

Ingrid tries to project conviction with her eyes as the room erupts into fervent chatter once more.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Gideon and Gabrielle are now at Isaac's bedside, who looks grateful for the company. Gideon sits calmly as Isaac finishes recounting his story.

ISAAC

...I tried, but they wouldn't listen. Then they came at me, and that's all I remember.

Gideon nods in understanding, and watches out of the corner of his eye as Gabrielle flutters around the hospital room.

GIDEON

Something will be done. I promise.

Isaac sits up a little, wincing in pain as he does.

ISAAC

Have you made much progress tracing things back to their source?

GIDEON

Not exactly. It seems our conversation with Mr Claridge did little but accelerate his timetable.

Gabrielle picks up Isaac's chart and looks it over, flipping the pages one after another. The Nurse walks in, a tray of medication in her hands. Gabrielle places the chart down and eyes the tray.

GABRIELLE

What kind of medication are you giving him?

The Nurse places the tray down near Isaac's bed and looks up at Gabrielle.

NURSE

Vidicon, for the pain.

GABRIELLE

Shouldn't he be taking morphine?

The Nurse stops fussing over the tray and looks at Gabrielle, a little baffled.

NURSE

I'd have to take it up with the doctor, but for now, this is what he's prescribed.

GABRIELLE

I'll wait then, while you take it up with the doctor.

The nurse backs out of the room, her eyes locked on Gabrielle as she goes. When she's out of sight, Gabrielle turns back to the room.

GABRIELLE

Doesn't hurt to keep them on their toes.

Gideon and Isaac chuckle just a little and Isaac gestures towards her.

ISAAC

Aren't you more at home with dead patients than the living?

GABRIELLE

I still know what I'm talking about.

Isaac smiles and turns his head to Gideon.

ISAAC

How's Aaron?

Gideon looks at him, mildly confused.

GIDEON

How do you mean?

Isaac stares back at Gideon, some explaining to do.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Aaron sits alone, staring out of a rain-spattered window. He turns his head as Rachel walks into the room. She notices him at the window and stops short. She walks over to him, running her finger along the outside of the piano in passing and stands over his shoulder.

RACHEL

You okay?

AARON

(muffled)

Go away.

RACHEL

You're not going to get rid of me
that easy.

(beat)

What's going on?

Aaron stares out the window, his expression a mixture of
anger and shame.

AARON

I don't want to talk about it.

RACHEL

I'm just trying to help.

AARON

Yeah, well you can't help. It's
too late.

RACHEL

Too late for what?

AARON

Too late for me to help Isaac!

Rachel raises her eyebrows, slightly surprised. She clears
her throat.

RACHEL

What do you mean too late to help
him?

Aaron stands up, goes to the wall and leans against it.

AARON

I wasn't there for him when he
went up against those guys. I
didn't back him up. He nearly
got killed because I wasn't there
to help him.

Rachel edges over to the wall. She leans against it also
and takes a deep breath.

RACHEL

There was nothing you could have
done.

Aaron looks at her in disgust.

AARON

Yeah, there was. I could have stood there beside him, helped him fight them off instead of just standing back like a coward.

(soft)

I watched him almost die, and I didn't do anything. He wasn't afraid... but I was.

Rachel looks at him tenderly, feeling his pain and understanding.

RACHEL

You think that's a bad thing? Sometimes fear keeps us alive. If you'd gone and gotten yourself beaten up with Isaac, there would have been no one to call the ambulance. Then there'd be two of you bleeding on the street instead of one of you in the hospital.

(beat)

You saved his life. That's nothing to be ashamed of. Granted I haven't known him that long, but I'm sure Isaac would tell you the same thing.

Aaron turns his head to look her in the eye for the first time. Rachel gives him a comforting smile, and Aaron nods back at her before she starts to move out of the room. Aaron is left behind, pondering his thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Gideon and Gabrielle are both sitting at Isaac's bedside as he finishes telling them about Aaron.

ISAAC

He tried to stop me, but I was too blinded by principal to listen. He stayed behind while I confronted them.

Gideon nods his head slowly.

GABRIELLE

That explains why he didn't want to come back here.

ISAAC

It does?

GABRIELLE

Isn't it obvious? He's afraid.

ISAAC

Not of me?

GABRIELLE

Of your reaction. What you might think of him.

Isaac shakes his head to himself, despairing of the situation.

GIDEON

He'll be fine. Right now we have to be concerned with putting a stop to this. All of this.

(beat)

There's too many of us being beaten down by this. No more.

Isaac lets out a long sigh and exchanges a quick glance with Gabrielle.

ISAAC

What more can we do?

Gideon looks at Gabrielle and Isaac, considering the question.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH RISE TOWER - NIGHT

Establishing the tall glass building lit up against the night.

CLARIDGE ENTERPRISES INC.
7:41 AM

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Bart and Red are standing in the darkened stairway, each of them having a smoke. They both look up as the doorway opens...

...revealing Richard Claridge. He walks down to where the two goons are standing. Grabbing the cigarette out of Red's mouth, he stamps on it angrily.

CLARIDGE

Can't you idiots read?

He points to a sign that clearly reads no smoking. Bart stamps his cigarette out and clears his throat. Claridge gestures to them to follow him as he starts down the stairs. Bart and Red follow.

CLARIDGE

You've been careless. You know we can't meet in public.

He stops and points a finger at them.

CLARIDGE

Remember. Low profile is key.

He starts back down the stairs, and the two goons look at one another before following again.

BART

Why did you call us here then, boss?

Claridge stops by the exit door and grabs the handle.

CLARIDGE

Questions are starting to be asked. And we're not even getting anywhere. It's not good enough.

He opens the exit door and steps out to --

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

He passes a multitude of cars as the two thugs follow him still, like stray puppies.

RED

So what do you want us to do?

CLARIDGE

I want you to step things up.

He stops by a shiny black car and pulls out a set of keys from his pocket. He unlocks the car, and a loud beep emerges from it. He turns back to Red and Bart.

CLARIDGE

I want those people out of there before scrutiny increases.

Bart and Red give each other small glances. Red shifts in his spot a little, while Bart starts to pull out his cigarettes. He lights one and takes a large puff before letting out a cloud of smoke into the garage.

BART

How far do you want us to go?

Claridge holds up a hand.

CLARIDGE

I don't want the details.

He gets into his car and rolls down the window. He starts the car.

CLARIDGE

Just do whatever it takes.

He puts the car into drive and peels out of the parking space, forcing the two goons to back up. As the car speeds out of the garage --

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rain hammers down into the slums. Down on the sidewalk, Bart and Red stride up and enter the apartments.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ingrid is sat in her rocking chair, holding a book. Her focus isn't on the book however, as her eyes are staring off into space.

She jumps as a KNOCK echoes through the room. She places the book down with shaky hands.

INGRID

(shaky)

Who... who is it?

She lifts herself up from her chair and heads towards the door. She lifts herself up on her tiptoes to look through the peephole...

...just as the door SMASHES open with a burst that sends Ingrid flying through the air. She falls to the floor with a pained CRY.

Red and Bart charge through the door, fire in their eyes. Red points at Ingrid, who crawls along the floor.

She shuffles towards the phone but is stopped by Bart, who STOMPS on her back, sending her down flat to the floor. Bart bends down near her face and snarls at her. Ingrid lets out a cry.

BART

Where do you think you're going?

Ingrid's hand reaches out for the telephone and Red walks over and throws the phone off the table. It hits the wall, SMASHING into pieces on the floor next to Ingrid.

INGRID

No!

Bart gets up and walks over to her TV. He throws it off the table and reaches behind it, ripping off a length of electrical cord. Ingrid crawls over to the wall and cowers against it, holding her hands up to her mouth.

Bart walks slowly over to her, wrapping the cord around his hands.

INGRID

Please...

Bart stares down coldly as Red grabs Ingrid by the arm and pulls her towards them. She falls forward onto her stomach and Bart straddles her back.

RED

Nothing personal, lady.

He wraps the cord around her neck and pulls tightly. Ingrid's fingers fly up to the cord, attempting to free his grasp from her neck.

Bart lets her fall forward a little, letting her get a little more breath, before he drags her over to the living room.

BART

Help me out!

Red jumps forward and grabs Ingrid's legs. Bart nods towards the ceiling fan, lets go of the cord to get a chair. He rushes back over and steps onto it.

Bart drags Ingrid upwards, tying the cord around the ceiling fan. He jumps off as Ingrid's body drops downward.

Ingrid reaches out for her neck, trying to claw at the cord as we slowly MOVE DOWN to avoid the sight.

Bart and Red watch impassively before heading out the door.

PANNING BACK to find the lower half of Ingrid's hanging body. She lets out one more choking noise before her arms fall INTO SHOT and her entire body slackens.

Off her limp, dangling legs --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is now open and filled with more people than ever. UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS pass in and out, other RESIDENTS mull about in the hallway, and Gideon himself stands frozen in the middle of it all.

11:41 AM

Being wheeled out of the room by two CORONERS is a body bag. Gideon watches it being wheeled away, a deep sadness in his eyes and on his face. He reaches out to the body bag and the Coroners stop, looking at each other. One nods to the other and they step back as Gideon steps towards the trolley.

He places his hand on top of the black bag and tears start to well in his eyes. He wipes them away with his free hand and takes a deep breath, trying to regain composure. He looks up to the ceiling and beyond before backing away from the trolley as the Coroners retake their place and wheel the body from the room.

Pitney emerges from b.g. with DETECTIVE NEMHAUSER who is holding a note pad, going over the details of the crime with her. Pitney notices Gideon and steps over to him, Nemhauser on her tail.

She hesitates behind Gideon, not quite sure what to say to him.

PITNEY

I'm sorry for you loss.

Gideon nods in acknowledgement and turns to face her, still overwhelmed with both sorrow and anger.

PITNEY

It all seems fairly clear cut on the surface. We don't have any suspects yet, but we're looking into it.

GIDEON

I told you who was responsible for this.

NEMHAUSER

We're doing everything we can.

GIDEON

(angry)

No. You're not.

Nemhauser tries to turn Pitney away with him as Gideon attempts to calm himself down.

GIDEON

She was a good woman. She's not just another name on your crime report.

Pitney starts to interject, but Gideon has more to say.

GIDEON

She didn't have any family, not a lot of friends. She didn't deserve to die alone. Not like this.

He walks over to the far wall which has her older paintings mounted onto it.

GIDEON

She was a wonderful painter.

He finally turns back to Pitney and Nemhauser, neither of whom are sure how to react.

PITNEY

I'm sorry, but until we get some solid evidence on the person responsible, we have to treat this the same way we do any other homicide.

NEMHAUSER

There's procedure to be followed. Protocol.

GIDEON

For you perhaps.

Gideon pushes past them and starts out of the apartment, more determined now than ever.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron steps timidly into Isaac's room. Isaac is laying on the bed, resting silently. He looks over at Aaron and a careful smile appears on his face.

ISAAC

I'm glad you came.

Aaron takes a seat on the chair next to Isaac's bed. He slinks into it, head bowed, unable to look at Isaac.

AARON

I... I'm sorry.

ISAAC

You've no need to be. What you did --

AARON

What I didn't do, you mean.

Isaac stares out from his bed, seeing Aaron's head still hung.

ISAAC

Aaron. Look up.

He doesn't at first. Silence hangs in the air. Then, Aaron slowly begins to raise his eyes to meet Isaac's, finding them warm and absent of any judgement.

ISAAC

I wanted to thank you.

AARON

You did?

ISAAC

If I had been alone, I might have paid a higher price for my principles than these bruises. But you were there.

Aaron manages to brighten his face just slightly.

ISAAC

What's important now is not to let this event take hold. For either of us.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens and Gideon steps in, looking more determined than ever. Behind him, the secretary rushes in and tries to block his path.

SECRETARY

Sir, you can't go in there!

She places her hands on his chest, attempting to stop him, but Gideon pushes past her. Sitting in the chair ahead of him, Claridge looks up from his desk and raises an eyebrow. He holds up a hand and the Secretary stops.

CLARIDGE

It's okay, let him through.

The Secretary gives Gideon a look, hesitating before turning out of the room, closing the door behind her.

CLARIDGE

Mr Cole, what can I do for you now?

GIDEON

I came here to make you an offer.

CLARIDGE

An offer? I didn't know you were a man of business. Tell me, what could you possibly offer me?

GIDEON

I know your hands are dirty in this. Now they've got blood on them.

Claridge rises from his desk, appearing genuinely surprised.

CLARIDGE

Blood?

GIDEON

I'm giving you one last chance to do the right thing. End this, leave those people alone and you can walk away with your reputation in tact.

CLARIDGE

Otherwise?

GIDEON

Otherwise, I'll make it my life's cause to see you face justice for the full extent of your crimes.

Claridge appraises Gideon's stern, unshakable face.

CLARIDGE

I don't much care to be threatened, Mr Cole. I'd thank you to stay out of matters that don't concern you. In the long run, you might thank me too.

(beat)

This tower will be built.

Gideon locks eyes with him. They stay like this for a long beat before Gideon nods his head.

GIDEON

So be it.

He turns around and starts out of the office, leaving Claridge uncertain.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gideon ignores the stare of the Secretary as he charges out, pulling out his cellphone in the process.

He dials in a number and holds the phone up to his ear.

As he continues walking off to the nearby elevators --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron is still sitting at Isaac's bedside when they both hear the door open. They turn their heads to see Gabrielle enter the room, determination on her face.

GABRIELLE

It's time.

Aaron throws an unsure glance at Isaac.

AARON

Isaac's still really weak.

Isaac sits up, pushing himself to the edge of the bed.

ISAAC

I have to face them again.
Weakness of the body matters not.
Strength of mind and of spirit is
all that's required.

Aaron still looks unsure, but Isaac gives him a confident smile as he begins to raise himself out of bed.

ISAAC

Just as you did, in coming here
to see me. You confronted your
fear.

(beat)

Now I must confront mine.

Gabrielle heads over to the other side of the bed and grabs Isaac's bad arm while Aaron grabs the other. Together, they pull him off the bed. They don't look over at the door as it opens.

The Nurse then enters to find them.

NURSE

(alarmed)

What are you doing?

She stands by the door, hesitant, deciding whether or not to stop them.

NURSE

He's not ready to be discharged yet.

Isaac grunts.

ISAAC

I'm discharging myself, regardless.

The trio ignore her as Isaac leans on Gabrielle and they hobble out of the room, Aaron grabbing Isaac's clothes from the spare chair. The Nurse rushes off through the door.

NURSE

Doctor!

But Gabrielle, Aaron and Isaac continue out the door, still ignoring the Nurse's cry for assistance.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The whole group is standing defiantly in front of the building. Gideon, Rachel, Mark and Deanna are stood in something of a picket line on the sidewalk.

A trio of cars pull up, and out of the first cars pops Bart and Red, followed by three more GOONS. They're all ready for work. Bart and Red lead the way up to the building, but Gideon and the others stand firm, blocking their path.

BART

What the Hell is this?

Red comes up beside Bart, knocking his fists together threateningly.

RED

You itching for a fight or something?

GIDEON

We're not here to fight.

BART

Then beat it.

He starts walking towards them, but the group tighten together.

GIDEON

We won't allow entry to anyone who isn't a resident of this building.

RED

You won't allow?

MARK

You heard him.

RED

Uh-huh. And that go for you ladies too, does it?

DEANNA

That's right.

RACHEL

I think it'd be best if you leave.

Bart can't help but smile, looking across from Rachel to Deanna and Mark before settling his eyes on Gideon.

BART

Listen, old man. We don't want things to get ugly.

RED

Speak for yourself.

GIDEON

I'll ask you once more. Leave this place.

BART

That ain't gonna happen.

GIDEON

Then I'm making a citizen's arrest.

Bart and Red burst out laughing, followed by the three other goons in b.g. Gideon doesn't falter, remains deadly serious. Bart steps forward, cracking his fists.

BART

Don't say you didn't ask for it.

He's about to advance on Gideon and the others when --

ISAAC

limps up on crutches, supported on either side by Gabrielle and Aaron. They join in the line of defence, met by nods of solidarity from Gideon and the others.

Isaac falters for a moment, not used to standing up on his own, but shows no fear in his vulnerability. He lifts his head and locks eyes with Bart and Red. There's a defiance in his eyes.

Bart and Red look a little unsettled, confused even.

RED

What the...? You can't be for real. He can barely stand.

ISAAC

That didn't bother you before. Are you afraid to finish what you started?

Gideon steps forward, his head held high.

GIDEON

Hit me.

Bart and Red are taken back by this. They look at each other, looking for an answer.

RED

What?

GIDEON

If you came here to hurt people, then start with me.

(beat)

What are you waiting for? Hit me.

Bart looks at Red, who gives a shrug. Bart then steps forward, raises his fist...

...and brings it down into Gideon's face. Gideon stumbles back from the punch and falls onto his knees. A beat of uncertainty passes amongst the crowd on both sides before Gideon gets back to his feet and looks Bart dead on in the eye even as blood falls from his lip.

GIDEON

Again.

Bart emits a nervous laugh as he glances to the goons behind him, bemused by Gideon's insistence.

GIDEON

If you want to get through me and inside, there's still a fair way to go.

(beat)

Better get started.

Bart shakes his head and PUNCHES Gideon in the face again, sending him down once more.

Mark steps forward and helps Gideon get to his feet. Gideon spits out a mouthful of blood and slowly smiles to the thugs.

GIDEON

Again.

Bart looks over his shoulders to Red who's starting to back away, unnerved by Gideon's calm intensity. Bart hesitates.

GIDEON

(insistent)

Hit me again.

BART

What the Hell is this?

GIDEON

You came here to pray on the defenceless, didn't you? Well here I am. But it'll take strike after strike, blow after blow. Each of us. We won't fight back. Just as no one inside that building could fight back. All it'll take is time. So hit me again.

(beat)

Or is it not the same when your victim isn't cowering in fear? Covering their eyes. Begging for their life.

Bart starts to back away from Gideon who stands firm, blood running from his teeth. Mark, Rachel, Gabrielle, Isaac, Deanna and Aaron all match his posture. Resolute.

Red starts to edge back to the cars, the other goons unsure what to do, their eyes still locked on Gideon's.

Shaking his head, Bart finally turns and gets back into the lead car, the other thugs following. But just as they start their engines --

THREE POLICE CARS roll in and skid up alongside, blocking their exit. A fourth, unmarked car with a flashing red dash cherry joins them. Pitney and Nemhauser spring out of it, both holding up their badges.

NEMHAUSER

Police! Out of the vehicles!

The dozen or so thugs all put their hands over their heads as half a dozen UNIFORMED COPS get out of their cars. The thugs get out of their cars and Gideon steps forward with the others as Nemhauser places handcuffs on Bart, Pitney supervising.

PITNEY

I think we've seen all we need to here.

RACHEL

You really left that to the last second.

NEMHAUSER

Think yourself lucky we came out here for you at all. Seems an awful lot of trouble to go to for a felony assault.

MARK

There should be a little more to it than that.

Nemhauser grunts under his breath as he starts leading the handcuffed Bart away to one of the police cars. Pitney nods at Gideon's bleeding mouth.

PITNEY

You want that checked out?

GIDEON

I'll be fine.

ISAAC

I trust we can rely on you to get this man to talk?

PITNEY

Let us handle it from here.

Pitney turns away with no more than that, heading to the fleet of cars.

Gideon finally lets his guard drop, dabbing the blood away from his teeth.

GABRIELLE

Are you really okay?

GIDEON

I will be once this is over.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Bart sits handcuffed on the backseat as Pitney ducks in beside him.

PITNEY

Alright, let's make this brief and to the point. Who are you working for?

BART

Go to Hell.

PITNEY

Listen, you can go down on battery and assault charges and maybe even that homicide too if that's the way you want to play it. I don't honestly care. Or, you can give me a name and I can go fry some bigger fish.

(beat)

So what do you say?

Bart looks away out the window for a beat, conflicted. He spots Gideon on the street, still stood firm.

Bart then turns back to Pitney, waiting for his answer. Off Bart, about to give one --

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Pitney and Nemhauser both barge into the room. The Secretary jumps up from behind her desk and rushes in front of them to block their charge for the main office.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, you can't go in there.
Mr. Claridge is working.

Pitney holds up her badge and the Secretary's eyes go wide.

SECRETARY

The office is private property
and I can't let you go any
further without a warrant.

Nemhauser pulls out a piece of paper and slaps it into the Secretary's hands.

NEMHAUSER

How's this?

He and Pitney push past her into the office as the Secretary is left standing, reading the warrant over with her jaw hanging.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARIDGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Claridge jumps out of his chair as Pitney and Nemhauser barge into his office. He points a finger and starts towards them, absolute fury on his face.

CLARIDGE

You can't just come barging in here --

He's cut off as Pitney pulls out her badge, flashing it to him.

PITNEY

Richard Claridge, you're under arrest for conspiracy to murder.

CLARIDGE

That's absurd. You have no grounds for this whatsoever and my lawyers --

NEMHAUSER

Actually, we have someone downstairs with a lot to say for himself. I think he said his name was Bart.

Richard's face whitens at the name, and he doesn't struggle as Nemhauser turns him around to handcuff him.

They start to lead him out of the office to go --

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Gideon is stood, perfectly still and perfectly calm.

Claridge turns his head to see Gideon as he's led past by Pitney and Nemhauser, looking him dead in the eyes.

Gideon stares back with a silent victory on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

The group is gathered around a television which is showing news footage of Claridge being hauled out of his corporate HQ by the police. On screen, the young reporter from before is talking at camera.

REPORTER

...was the scene last night upon the arrest of property tycoon Richard Claridge. Details of the charges are just beginning to leak out, but we understand that Claridge may be facing allegations of conspiracy to murder. A statement from the prosecution team indicated that the case will be going to trial early in the...

The volume is muted by Isaac holding the remote, his bruises starting to heal.

He turns back to Rachel, Mark, Gabrielle, Deanna and Aaron who all share a look of satisfaction. Only Gideon is not present.

MARK

You'll be happy to know that an injunction has been taken out against Claridge's tower, halting all construction plans.

DEANNA

What about the residents?

GABRIELLE

They've coming together to file a class action lawsuit against him and his company, on top of the criminal charges. Gideon set them up with a good lawyer.

RACHEL

We actually did it.

ISAAC

We helped them take back their neighbourhood. Their dignity.

Isaac's gaze falls to Aaron who returns it with empathy.

The group falls silent as they take in this moment.

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Gideon is being led down the corridor by the old man from the meeting, Bill.

BILL

Seems like so little to say, but thank you. And I know I speak for all of us here with that.

GIDEON

If there's anything I can do to help in the future, please don't hesitate to ask.

Bill purses his lips and smiles. He stops as he and Gideon reach the door they've been heading to.

BILL

Gonna seem awful strange not having Ingrid around no more.

GIDEON

Yes. It is.

Gideon exchanges a solemn nod with Bill who then turns to head back down the hallway from the way they came, leaving Gideon at the door. He stares at it and takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Gideon stands in the middle of Ingrid's old apartment room, or what's left of it, holding the food bowl with Jasper's name on it. Most of the furniture has been taken away, and the kitchen has been cleaned out. A cardboard box sits on the tabletop and Gideon places Jasper's bowl inside.

He walks over to the mantelpiece where a framed photo of Ingrid still rests. He runs a finger over the picture slowly, smiling sadly, then adds it to the cardboard box.

He turns around and walks over to the wall where the old paintings sit. He stares out at the one he was admiring much earlier -- the man on the bench gazing at the sunset.

Gideon's face reflects both sorrow and loss as he loses himself in the picture.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

Clear skies over the roof of the building. Just to establish, then --

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - DAY

Gideon sits at his desk, spectacles in place, eyes down on a heavy book laid out before him.

PANNING AWAY, we continue DRIFTING THROUGH the room until we come to rest on the opposite wall. And there, hung proudly on the wall by the door, is Ingrid's painting of the sunset.

FADE TO BLACK

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS
JAMES JORDAN

TRIPLE FIVE
PRODUCTIONS