



TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN BLOCK - NIGHT

Over the rooftops of a typical housing estate. Streetlamps come to life with an orange glow.

RICHMOND, BRITISH COLUMBIA  
7:15 AM

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Lying in front of the door are a stack of ENVELOPES, some bulkier than others.

The envelopes are promptly scattered across the carpet as the door swings open, allowing JODI HOPKINS -- a quietly attractive blonde in her mid thirties -- entry into her home.

Dropping her handbag on a nearby table, she scoops up the envelopes, flicking through them carefully...

...until she stops at one. The envelope is heavier, a darker color than the others.

Opening it, she retrieves a typed LETTER from inside, scanning it quickly.

Almost instantly, she CRUSHES it into a ball and tosses it aside, wrinkling her nose in an over-familiar disgust.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water cascades from the shower head, flowing over Jodi's body. She scrubs hard as she washes, as if to clean the ugliness of the letter away.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Wrapped in a towel, Jodi sits in front of her dressing table mirror, carefully moving a set of HAIR STRAIGHTENERS around the back of her head.

She pauses, frowning for a second, lost in thought, but shrugs it off, going back to her hair.

CUT TO:

TELESCOPIC P.O.V.

Black-rimmed and distant.

From outside the bedroom window, we see Jodi straightening her hair.

Heavy breathing rises o.s.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the middle of fixing her hair, Jodi reacts to the RING of her phone. That headache-inducing ringtone every phone is cursed with.

Hair straightener in hand, Jodi bustles across the bedroom and moves to the bedside table nearest the window where her phone rests. She clutches the towel close to her chest to keep it in place. The right side of her hair is perfectly straight, the left side frizzy and unruly.

She scoops up the phone with her free hand.

JODI

Hello?

For a moment there's no response.

Then:

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

Hello.

The voice is matter-of-fact, tauntingly simple, and strikingly deep.

Jodi frowns.

JODI

Can I help you?

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

Yes. You can stop straightening your hair like that. I liked you better with curls.

All the color drains from Jodi's face as she SLAMS the phone down.

She darts to the window, PULLING the curtains across frantically while struggling to keep her towel in place.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jodi rushes downstairs in her towel, locking the front door and bolting it too.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jodi hurries in and FLINGS the curtains shut, bathing her home in darkness.

The only source of light is trickling under the door from the kitchen.

That small sliver of light gives us a brief glimpse of Jodi, in the corner of her living room, clutching her towel, cowering in fear.

We slowly PAN AWAY from Jodi, turning towards the darkness, drifting onto the downstairs phone beside the sofa.

It RINGS.

Jodi hunches herself into the corner of the room, gripped by a persistent terror.

The phone keeps on ringing 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

# "LETTERS HOME"

GUEST STARRING

LAURIE HOLDEN

ANNIE WERSCHING

KEIR O'DONNELL

THEME BY

MICHAEL WANDMACHER

PRODUCER

JAKE DIAMOND

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

ANTHONY JOHN BLACK

CO-PRODUCER

JAMES SWANSON

PRODUCER

REBEKAH GRANT

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

ANGELO SHINE

WRITTEN BY

JAKE DIAMOND

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

ANGLE ON THE LETTERBOX as an envelope falls through, resting gently on the ground. The letterhead is marked with the logo of KENT PRISON.

A figure crouches, reaches out to collect it and we TILT UP to find GIDEON COLE looking down at the letter. His eyes are sad, tortured, his face grim.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - DAY

Sitting behind his desk, Gideon pushes aside a well-worn volume of poetry, opening the envelope and retrieving the letter from inside.

He places his spectacles over his eyes and begins to read.

As he moves on to each new sentence, his expression grows heavier, his eyes growing increasingly tortured.

Reaching the end, he folds the letter back into the envelope, reaches for a drawer, and slides it inside.

As Gideon does so, we notice a large collection of other, similarly addressed and labelled envelopes inside.

Sliding the drawer shut, Gideon collects a stack of manila files from the desk and exits swiftly.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A modern, inner city structure of glass and concrete.

PROVINCIAL ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE  
10:08 AM

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

WORKERS mull backwards and forwards as Gideon cuts a subtle path through them, the manila files in his hand.

Gideon walks with a purpose, heading towards the administration desk. He promptly PRESSES the small silver bell, letting it PING.

After a beat, a SECRETARY arrives at the desk. A bored, forty-year-old woman with tired eyes.

SECRETARY

Yes?

GIDEON

Victim injury photographs for Crown Attorney Moreno. He's expecting them.

SECRETARY

I'll see he gets them.

Gideon leaves the files on the desk in front of her. She takes the files, moving them to a new drawer and closing it, returning to her work.

Without any further thanks or expectation of any, Gideon turns and departs, heading back down the corridor --

-- when he's accosted by ASSISTANT CROWN ATTORNEY ABIGAIL SHAW, an intelligent woman in her late thirties, with auburn hair tied into a bun and sparkling green eyes.

ABIGAIL

Mr Cole? Gideon Cole?

GIDEON

Can I help you?

ABIGAIL

(awkward)

My name's Abigail Shaw. I'm an Assistant Crown Attorney here.

GIDEON

Was there something else you needed for the domestic abuse prosecution? I filed the photographs just now.

ABIGAIL

Oh no, it's not about that.

Gideon eyes her curiously and Abigail takes a deep breath, struggling against her own impertinence.

ABIGAIL

I'm sorry, we don't know each other and I don't mean to impose... it's just that I heard some things and wondered if you might be in a position to help me out with something.

GIDEON

What exactly have you heard?

ABIGAIL

Nothing of any great detail. I don't mean to make it sound like you're the subject of gossip. Far from it. Forgive me, it's just --

GIDEON

What's troubling you, Miss Shaw?

ABIGAIL

I'm not really sure how to word it. It's a private matter, really. Nothing official.

GIDEON

Yes?

ABIGAIL

I'm just a little worried, I guess. I'm concerned for my friend, who's worried for her neighbor, who's gotten herself into a spot of trouble.

GIDEON

What kind of trouble?

ABIGAIL

She's... well she seems to have a stalker, for want of a better term. This man... he's sending her letters, phoning her, saying... well, you can imagine.

Gideon's face registers that he very well can imagine. Abigail doesn't pick up on it, however.

GIDEON

Go on.

ABIGAIL

She doesn't want the police involved.

GIDEON

I'm certain you told her that was the smartest move.

ABIGAIL

I know, but she's adamant she doesn't want any formalities and won't report it.

GIDEON

I don't understand.

ABIGAIL

Neither do I, but I assume she has her reasons.

Gideon thinks for a moment.

GIDEON

If you're not involved with this in any official capacity...

ABIGAIL

...I'm bringing it to you because I believe you can help her. Feel free to tell me it's inappropriate and none of your business. I know it's an imposition of me to even approach you like this, believe me I do. I don't even know exactly what I expected but... you may be just what she needs.

Gideon offers a small smile.

GIDEON

It's no imposition. Tell your friend I'm happy to meet with her whenever's convenient.

Abigail almost sighs in relief at Gideon's amenability, smiling her gratitude.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - DAY

In the daylight, it's clearer to be an average-sized house in a nice, quiet neighborhood, with trees surrounding the area.

Gideon's SUV pulls up in the driveway, the engine falling silent as Gideon emerges from the driver's side.

He looks at the house, registering the brief MOVEMENT as somebody, peering through the window, disappears behind the curtains once more.

Gideon walks up to the front door, pressing the small doorbell. A cheesy rendition of "Pop Goes The Weasel" rings out as Gideon waits patiently, hands folded in front of him.

The door opens, just a fraction. Jodi pokes the top of her head out. Her eyes are small, frightened.

JODI

(quiet)  
Mr Cole?

GIDEON  
(with a small smile)  
Gideon, please.

Jodi takes a breath.

JODI  
I suppose you should come in.

But she doesn't open the door for him. She instead sizes him up carefully, eyes scanning every detail on Gideon's body.

After a beat, albeit not entirely satisfied with what she sees, Jodi reluctantly opens the door enough to allow Gideon entry.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jodi sits on the sofa, clutching a tattered white blanket with near-desperation. Gideon sits away from her, on a reclining chair by an old bookcase.

Between them, on the coffee table, lies the letter Jodi received last night... plus several similar ones.

JODI  
(sweating a little)  
They're always the same. "I love your new soap... stick with that brand," or "those shoes bring out your eyes."

Gideon nods, not interrupting, not applying any pressure.

JODI  
I... they were harmless enough, at first. Like a crush sending them, you know? But...  
(she swallows)  
They got worse. Quickly.

She gestures to a letter that appears to have been hastily pieced together with sticky tape.

JODI  
When I tore up one of the letters, I got another one telling me... "If I did that again, I wouldn't wake up to regret it."

A painful beat as Jodi tries to hold back the tears forming in her eyes.

But she can't hold back all of them, and Gideon offers her a warm, paternal smile.

GIDEON

You've done more than enough.  
Thank you.

She smiles and wipes away her tears with one hand.

JODI

Abi said... you could help catch him?

GIDEON

Yes. But more important than him is you. Your safety. Simple things to make his life more difficult. Hire a locksmith to change all of your locks. Change your phone number. Perhaps stay at a friend's house for a week or so, until you feel content to return.

While Jodi has nodded in agreement with most of his suggestions, she slowly begins to shake her head when Gideon suggests moving out.

JODI

No.

GIDEON

No?

JODI

No. I don't want to change my number, I mean -- why should I? I don't want to be forced out of my home either! It's not fair!!

GIDEON

No, it isn't. But fair doesn't apply to this situation.

Providing comfort and honesty in equal measure isn't easy, but Gideon's doing a pretty good job. Jodi calms down just a bit, allowing Gideon to continue.

GIDEON

This man, whoever he is, he's keeping a distance. No physical contact. As such, you're unlikely to be in any immediate danger.

JODI

(sniffs)  
Thank you.

GIDEON

May I borrow your letters? Also,  
any print-outs of emails you  
mentioned?

Jodi points to the coffee table.

JODI

It's all there. Everything.  
(beat)  
Are you going to examine them?

GIDEON

Not here. Somewhere you won't  
have to worry about them.  
(beat)  
You've been a big help, Jodi.  
Truly.

JODI

And you.

Her attempt at a pleasant smile is half-hearted. Gideon  
can easily see through it.

GIDEON

May I suggest you reconsider  
informing the police?

JODI

No. No, I... don't want things  
to get that far.

There isn't a hint of doubt in her response. Acknowledging  
this, Gideon collects the letters and offers Jodi a last,  
paternal smile before standing.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Standing at the head of the room is Gideon, who has stuck  
all of the letters and printed emails to a large board.

Before Gideon, seated around the large table are MARK  
WATTERS, GABRIELLE JACKSON, DEANNA SYKES and AARON SIDWELL.  
Pacing around it is ISAAC FREEMAN.

At the far side of the room, RACHEL ATHERTON appears the  
most emotionally concerned out of them all.

GIDEON

One thing we can be certain of is  
that this stalker is male.  
(MORE)

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Not only was the voice on the phone unmasked, but the sexual language present in these letters indicates a physical, primal sexuality that would confirm it.

DEANNA

He's not some unhinged taunter either. He's cruel, methodical, and intelligent. He's taken great care to plan the means of his contact, not the trademarks of a mentally unbalanced individual.

RACHEL

Wait. This woman... she doesn't want to call the police?

GIDEON

No.

RACHEL

Do we know why?

AARON

The guy knows something. He's got something over her.

GIDEON

(nods)

Private knowledge, physical evidence, it doesn't matter. She won't tell us, and we're not going to pry.

GABRIELLE

Only the letters aren't extortionate in nature. They don't suggest any kind of blackmail. They're obsessive and sexual. A fixation, not a means to an end.

ISAAC

Let's not forget the very real possibility of escalation. She's already admitted the letters have become more threatening.

GIDEON

Indeed.

ISAAC

Given the increase in ferocity in such a short period of time... she could be in physical danger soon.

MARK

What about the letters? Anything  
in them?

Mark watches Gideon carefully as he looks to the letters on the board, then back to them all.

GIDEON

Typed. Likely revised many times  
until perfect. No fingerprints.  
Very little to go on.

Most of the group seems satisfied with this answer, and they continue to examine the materials.

CLOSE ON MARK watching Gideon like a hawk.

His eyes never waver, his mind working away, trying to understand.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The phone's RINGING. Jodi enters the room, having abandoned the blanket for jeans and a white shirt. She freezes at the sound of the phone, leaves it to ring.

The answer phone kicks in with a BLEEP.

JODI'S VOICE (RECORDED)

Hi, this is Jodi. Please leave a  
message.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

(filtered)

Loving the shirt.

Jodi SLAMS the phone receiver up and down to cut the call with such intensity, it's a wonder it doesn't shatter.

Then the phone RINGS again. That horrible, taunting ring.

Without hesitation, Jodi PULLS the phone cable from the wall. The ringing stops.

Visibly agitated and afraid, Jodi runs her fingers through her hair. She looks around her, frantically searching for an answer.

Looking down at the shirt -- the shirt he loves -- Jodi angrily TEARS it off, ripping material from her body with great HEAVING SOBS of despair.

OVERLAPPING MULTIPLE TAKES of Jodi tearing the material, clawing fingernails, eyes brimming with tears.

Finally, she falls to the floor, shirt half torn, material strewn across the ground, tears streaming down her face. Jodi can hardly breathe, her sobs are so desperate.

Her eyes falling on a lovely FUR COAT folded neatly on a stand out in the hall.

Coming to a decision, Jodi snaps up, grabs the coat and her keys from the side-table. She charges out of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - DAY

Jodi's car, a small light-blue sedan, peels out of her driveway and disappears down the street, the rear lights becoming nothing more than specks in the distance.

A FIGURE then steps INTO FRAME, so close as to be merely a silhouette of an arm and the back of a head.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - DAY

Gideon's desk is completely covered, not a square inch free from psychology texts, poetry compilations, or envelopes. Gideon sits at the desk, a letter in his hands. He's reading it carefully, studying each word.

Pushing open the door silently, Mark enters the study without a word. He approaches Gideon slowly, searching for the right words.

He stops when he sees the stack of envelopes sitting on the desk.

They are all marked with the Kent Prison letterhead.

Knowing now that he's been right all along, Mark sighs. Just audibly enough for Gideon to hear him.

Gideon looks up at Mark. Their eyes lock.

MARK

You proved my point for me. This is too much for you.

GIDEON

No.

MARK

There is no way you can investigate this and not have it affect you. You should pass it on to the police.

GIDEON

That's not what Jodi wants.

(beat)

It's also why I got involved in the first place.

MARK

Maybe you're too involved for your own good.

GIDEON

(a beat)

Is that what you think? Or what everyone thinks?

MARK

Everyone's worried. But not as much as they should be, considering what we both know and they don't. Considering just how personal this is.

(beat)

Maybe it's no longer a good idea to keep the others in the dark.

GIDEON

It's my burden to bear.

MARK

I though we shared burdens here. Shared knowledge, shared pain.

(beat)

These letters. These letters of yours. These letters you're still getting. They shouldn't be a secret.

A beat.

GIDEON

I know.

Mark offers Gideon a reassuring look as we --

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Nothing. No sound, no movement.

Until there's a JIGGLING of keys, the RATTLING of a doorknob.

The door swings open to reveal Jodi, home again. Her demeanor is calmer, happier. Better than we've seen her before.

She's barely taken two steps inside before freezing, eyes locked on another ENVELOPE on the floor.

Slowly, very slowly, she crouches to the ground and picks up the envelope. Her name, JODI HOPKINS, is typed on the envelope in small letters.

More warily than ever, Jodi slowly opens the envelope, and peers inside.

She drops the envelope in an instant, disgusted at its contents.

SLAMMING the door shut, she races away from the envelope, into the kitchen, disappearing from sight.

ANGLE ON THE ENVELOPE as it lies on the floor, the contents having spilled out.

PUSHING IN CLOSER to find a limp sheath of latex... a condom containing a pale white bodily fluid.

Off this --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Seated at the computer, Aaron is silent, scanning a document on the computer screen. It's an email, and it's marked "FROM: b.varley@triplefive.co.uk".

Aaron begins to TYPE back a response as Gideon enters, carrying a stack of papers. Aaron doesn't register his entry, lost in his own world.

GIDEON

Bradin?

Aware of his presence now, Aaron looks up at Gideon. He nods wordlessly even as he minimizes the email window.

GIDEON

How's he doing?

AARON

Good. As he can be.

GIDEON

I'm glad to hear it.

Gideon sits down at the table, searching through the stack of papers for a certain one --

-- when the phone RINGS. It rings once before Gideon picks it up and places the phone to his ear.

GIDEON

Hello?

(beat)

Wait, slow down --

(beat)

Hold on.

Gideon lowers the phone, turning to Aaron.

GIDEON

Fetch Gabrielle.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Gabrielle is crouched on the floor wearing latex gloves, slowly placing the semen-soaked condom into a plastic evidence bag along with the envelope that contained it.

Near the doorway to the kitchen, Jodi is leaning against the wall, Gideon standing in front of her.

JODI

That's... that's got to get him,  
right? We've got his DNA.

Gabrielle approaches the two of them, evidence bag in hand.

GABRIELLE

It may take a while to process,  
but it's the best lead we've got  
at the moment. It's not going to  
solve anything in the immediate  
future though.

Jodi nods, understanding, tears beginning to brim. She  
moves through to --

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jodi enters and sits down on the sofa, Gideon and Gabrielle  
following. Gideon sits down opposite Jodi, Gabrielle  
remains standing.

JODI

I was thinking about buying a  
gun.

Gabrielle and Gideon share a glance of concern.

JODI

To defend myself, you know? Just  
in case.

GABRIELLE

I'd advise against it.

JODI

Why?

GIDEON

Statistically, you're more likely  
to hurt either yourself or a  
friend than an actual intruder.

Jodi registers this too, bowing her head.

GIDEON

At the end of the day, however,  
you have to make your own  
decision on what to do for the  
best.

Jodi offers Gideon a weak smile.

JODI

What more can I do? This guy's got to be some sort of freak, right? Sending... that, in the mail. What does he even want?

GIDEON

It's complicated.

GABRIELLE

What's important is that you stay in control. You have to make your own choices, not let him make them for you.

JODI

That's easy for you to say.

GIDEON

Are you sure you won't consider leaving town for a while?

JODI

What good would it do even if I did? He'd still be here waiting for me when I got back, wouldn't he?

Gideon looks to Gabrielle -- she got a point.

GIDEON

I admire your courage. You're handling this very well, Jodi. Let us work on this and I'll let you know the minute we have anything.

Jodi nods, still fighting to remain composed.

CUT TO:

INT. GIDEON'S SUV - MOVING - DAY

Gideon's driving, Gabrielle's in the passenger seat. The wipers beat away rain from the windshield.

GABRIELLE

The semen's not much to go on. There's a good chance we won't get a match in the DNA analysis, and if we're not going to the police --

GIDEON

We're not.

GABRIELLE

Then it probably won't do us much good anyway. At best we'll have a name, nothing more.

(beat)

What's going on with this?

GIDEON

What do you mean?

GABRIELLE

You've never told a victim it's okay to carry a gun before.

GIDEON

I didn't tell Jodi it was either.

GABRIELLE

You said it was her decision to make.

GIDEON

Which it is.

GABRIELLE

Are you okay? Is this about...

Gabrielle and Gideon both know who she's referring to, though neither feels comfortable enough to say it.

GIDEON

(changing topic)

How soon can you have the analysis done?

GABRIELLE

(sighs)

I can make a start tomorrow, but it'll be a while before the results come through. And that's assuming no one at the lab asks questions.

Gideon nods, concentrating on the road.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - DAY

Curled up in bed, all curtains shut. Jodi's on the laptop, the cold glow of the computer screen illuminating her face in the otherwise shadowy room.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

Jodi's browsing her email inbox. There's a brand new email marked "FRIENDS".

She double-clicks on it, opening the email in a new window. It's in a large font, so we can make out every word perfectly:

**I saw you with your friends. They won't take  
up too much of your time. NOT a request.**

**Did you get my last letter? I sent it to you WITH LOVE.**

Disgusted, Jodi closes the window, returning to her inbox. Her features are filled with despair and sadness.

But then, slowly, her desperation is replaced with determination.

CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Everything is dank and murky. Second hand goods and dodgy merchandise. The SHOPKEEPER is a wiry old man, with shady eyes behind half-moon spectacles.

Jodi is leaning against the display counter, talking to the shopkeeper.

SHOPKEEPER

I think we have exactly what  
you're looking for.

We PULL around Jodi to see the Shopkeeper holding out a LOCKBOX containing a small REVOLVER.

SHOPKEEPER

Perfect for self-defense,  
protecting the home, or even the  
odd bit of intimidation.

(chuckles at his own  
joke)

But this is a strictly no-  
questions-asked kind of  
arrangement, understand? You  
were never here, you got nothing  
from me, okay?

(beat)

If that's a problem you can go  
down the superstore and sit out  
the waiting period like everybody  
else.

Jodi looks down at the gun in the shopkeeper's hand. She's not happy about it, her conversation with Gideon weighing on her mind...

JODI

I'll take it.

...but she hands over the cash and takes the weapon.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY - STALKER P.O.V.

as we move into the kitchen via the entrance hall, turning left and right, checking for signs of human life.

We hear a satisfied GRUNT or SIGH as we head towards...

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The connecting staircase from the kitchen to the upstairs bedroom, still seen through this subjective P.O.V.

Heavier breathing. The subtle increase in a faint heartbeat.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The P.O.V. stops in the doorway to the bedroom, swaying gently, the breathing deep, the heartbeat increasing.

It stops to focus on a PHOTOGRAPH. It's a headshot of Jodi, professionally taken. She looks beautiful.

And as the breathing rate and heartbeat INCREASE, we see the intruder realizes that too.

We turn slightly to the bedside table, as two arms -- pale but strong -- begin a determined if slow-paced rummage. He's taking his time, savoring every moment.

Everything stops as a crimson red NIGHT GOWN is revealed. The light reflects off it just perfectly.

The heartbeat is faster than ever as we reach in and GRAB the night gown.

We turn to the bed, heartbeat increasing.

We hear the UNBUCKLING of a belt, and the shuffle of pants being removed, and we --

FADE TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Gideon stands over the central table which is now covered with assorted envelopes, and a camera-projector set up which currently lies unused.

Mark stands next to Gideon, watching as Rachel, Deanna, Aaron and Isaac pick up various letters and study them.

DEANNA

How many?

GIDEON

Forty eight. The first arrived shortly after his incarceration.

RACHEL

(puts down her letter)

This... well...

GIDEON

This one came yesterday.

Gideon switches on the apparatus, and it FLICKERS to life, projecting a letter from Jacob Allan Bane onto the screen.

All but Gideon read Bane's letter with mouths agape, alarmed expressions on their faces.

DEANNA

I don't really... know what to say here.

ISAAC

I thought it had been months since his last contact. That this might have stopped.

AARON

Why didn't you say anything? Why didn't you tell us these letters are still coming?

GIDEON

I'm telling you all now.

(beat)

This woman in Richmond, everything she's going through... it's made me realize a few things. Of the importance of a support network.

Gideon locks eyes with Mark for a meaningful beat.

GIDEON

I'd like to use this letter from Bane as part of an experiment. Compare and contrast with our unknown stalker. Perhaps we'll uncover some nugget of wisdom.

A beat of silence. Nobody really knows what to say.

ISAAC

Your letter... Bane's letter,  
it's in his handwriting. Under  
no circumstances does he wish for  
you to doubt it's him writing to  
you.

Some of the group shift uncomfortable at Isaac's blunt  
approach here, but Gideon simply nods.

GIDEON

True. The stalker, on the other  
hand, has gone to great lengths  
to conceal his identity.

RACHEL

What about the grammar?

All eyes on Rachel now.

RACHEL

It's just... in the stalker's  
letter, he's gone to the trouble  
of typing it up, but misses out  
simple punctuation. It seems...  
careless. I mean, there's a  
spell-check function but he  
didn't use it.

Gideon nods at Rachel.

GIDEON

Poor punctuation points to a  
limited education, and limited  
skill with computing leads me to  
believe... perhaps a high-school  
drop-out. Someone for whom  
education was inconsequential.

MARK

The stalker's rather brash about  
his threats, his sexual advances.  
He plays games with his victim,  
considering them to be an object  
of lust, of sexual attention.  
This suggests an immaturity to  
him.

AARON

Perhaps he's uncertain how to  
react to whatever feelings he has  
for this woman. I mean, his  
victim.

MARK

He has both a profound disrespect  
for her and, at the same time, an  
intense sexual desire.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

So he channels it through his communications.

Slowly but surely, the group is getting over their awkwardness and anxiety over the situation, offering their insight.

DEANNA

The tone's similar, but not identical. Bane's letter contains no taunting or intimidation of any kind. The menace comes from the act of actually sending the letter. It inspires terror from afar, which he relishes.

(beat)

The stalker relishes the same terror, but... it's different. It's apparent he watches his victim while she's unaware. In the letters, however, he comments on her appearance, telling her which shoes look best and so on. It's less of a threat, but an attempt to force himself into her life. Change her so she's exactly what the stalker wants.

ISAAC

The frequency of the letters could be important. Ignoring how they've increased in brutality over the last month, the amount he's sending in a limited period of time is increasing. He's getting impatient.

MARK

He's reaching a point where simply watching and writing to her will no longer be enough. He'll need to touch, to feel. To make a more personal connection with her.

GIDEON

Indeed. We don't have much time.

A troubled look passes around the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Three concise KNOCKS at the door.

Jodi, with strangely uplifted spirits, walks to the door and THROWS it open.

Standing on the other side, hair no longer in a tight bun, is Assistant Crown Attorney Abigail Shaw.

Abigail enters, allowing Jodi enough room to move around her and quietly shut the door, LOCKING it behind her.

All pretence disappears within seconds as Abigail EMBRACES Jodi lovingly, pulling her body close, their lips touching in a familiar kiss.

ABIGAIL

I missed you.

JODI

I missed you more.

ABIGAIL

How've things been?

The two walk down the hallway, Jodi wrapping her arms around her lover's waist as they walk, her head nestled on Abigail's shoulder.

JODI

Do we have to talk about that right away?

ABIGAIL

You're right. Tell me about the rest of your day.

JODI

Well, I went... shopping.

ABIGAIL

(smiles)

For anything in particular?

JODI

(after a beat)

I... I bought a gun.

Abigail laughs softly, turning her head to look at Jodi. Upon seeing how serious she is, Abigail's smile fades away.

ABIGAIL

You... what? Why?

JODI

You know why. To protect us.

Abigail peels Jodi's arms from around her waist and turns around, the two now looking face-to-face.

ABIGAIL

I don't want a gun anywhere near us. We talked about this.

JODI

I don't have it on me. I put it in a drawer upstairs.

ABIGAIL

In the bedroom? Oh, great! Well now I feel safe!

Abigail goes to storm off, but Jodi GRABS her arm.

JODI

I don't like being forced to do this any more than you do. But things have gone from bad to worse with this creep. I need to know there's something I can do if... if he comes in here.

Jodi can barely stop herself shaking. How can anyone stay mad at that? Abigail's clearly having trouble.

Jodi rubs her shoulder affectionately.

JODI

You understand, don't you?

ABIGAIL

(sighs)

Yeah, I understand.

JODI

You forgive me?

Abigail flashes a set of pearly whites.

ABIGAIL

Maybe.

Jodi pulls Abigail close.

JODI

Yeah? Prove it.

The two descend into childish giggles, moving into a passionate kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door flies open, with Jodi and Abigail in a lover's embrace...

...until Abigail FREEZES.

ABIGAIL

Jodi...

The passion all but dead, Jodi slowly turns her head, following Abigail's gaze to the bed.

Lying there is a WREATH OF FLOWERS. A small card is attached, reading: *In Deepest Sympathy*.

Neither Jodi or Abigail move, stunned at what lies before them.

Off the wreath lying ominously on the bed --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gideon sits in the recliner, Mark standing next to him. Opposite, Jodi is on the verge of tears and Abigail holds her tightly.

MARK

Why didn't you tell us about the two of you?

ABIGAIL

I wanted to...

JODI

I didn't. Things are difficult in Abi's job. Old fashioned. Any sniff of controversy for the Crown Attorney's office snowballs overnight. The last thing I want is to hurt her career.

ABIGAIL

I don't care about that!

JODI

Yes, you do. You're just too stubborn to put your livelihood ahead of me --

ABIGAIL

Because I know what's more important!

GIDEON

You should have told us.

For the first time, Jodi looks away from Abigail.

JODI

But I --

GIDEON

We would have respected your privacy. You should have trusted us.

JODI

People never say anything when they find out. But they look at you differently. Size you up with one look and decide then and there you're not worth the time.

MARK

Do you really believe your relationship could compromise Abigail's job? In this day and age? People can be more acceptant than you think.

ABIGAIL

You're idealistic. Which is nice. But you'd be surprised what prejudices hold strong in the halls I walk every day. The truth is, people do judge. That's human nature.

GIDEON

But not ours.

Abigail manages a small smile at Gideon.

Mark stands.

MARK

We've been relatively reactive in terms of dealing with your stalker thus far, Miss Hopkins. I think it's time we started a more proactive strategy.

JODI

How do you mean?

MARK

If he's been watching you, he must have somewhere nearby that he uses as a vantage point. He might live in the area, rent some temporary space, or have somewhere he can regularly access. We can conduct a search, at least.

ABIGAIL

That sounds good. Thank you.

As Gideon also stands to leave:

JODI

The wreath. It's still in the bedroom. Will you take it away?

GIDEON

Of course.

He nods then looks to Mark and they both move to exit, leaving Jodi to be comforted by Abigail.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

The board now has each of the stalker's communications pinned on it. Deanna and Aaron sit on the table, Rachel sits on the chair next to them, while Isaac stands, arms folded. All are staring intensely at the letters.

AARON

Something I don't quite get. If the stalker knows about this relationship, wouldn't that dent his enthusiasm?

(beat)

Why keep obsessing over her if he knows she'll never love him back?

RACHEL

The heart is a complicated and cruel organ.

Aaron gestures to a photograph of the semen-soaked envelope, which is pinned on the board.

AARON

If that's anything to go by, I don't think this guy's thinking with his heart.

ISAAC

The stalker doesn't see his victim in rational terms. She's the object of his fixation. His fantasy is what drives him. Conventional romance does not apply.

Deanna stands up, moving closer to the board.

DEANNA

If we're looking at the case as a whole, the semen in the envelope is a rather serious break from the pattern. A piece of actual, physical evidence to help identify him. Much more of a risk.

RACHEL

Does leaving an actual trail of evidence behind mean...

(searches for the word)

...escalation? Is that the word?

Isaac nods.

ISAAC

Quite possibly. Which is very bad news.

GABRIELLE (O.S.)

Same on my end, I'm afraid.

Gabrielle enters, holding a plastic evidence bag with the real envelope inside.

GABRIELLE

The analysis was inconclusive. Whoever this guy is, his DNA's not on record, no prior convictions. So beyond standing as evidence once a suspect is apprehended, it doesn't help us.

(beat)

At the very least, I can tell you he's free of infections.

They each look disappointed at the lack of a lead, turning to the board in an attempt to make more sense of it.

DEANNA

Why do you suppose he sent it?

(beat)

I mean... the other letters were to express sexual desire and frustration, to exert control. Is the semen intended as a manifestation of this?

They ponder this for a few moments.

ISAAC

It could be seen an expression of his feelings for her, the only release he's capable of at a distance.

Rachel grimaces.

RACHEL

And they say romance is dead.

A silence fills the room, broken by the CREAKING of the mail slot from the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS - THE LETTERBOX

swinging open as an envelope falls through, hitting the floor softly. It's marked, like the others, with the Kent Prison letterhead.

Rachel emerges from the library to find it. She leans down, picks it up and examines the envelope.

Her eyes go wide, barely holding it with two fingers as if the contents were dirty.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Rachel returns and drops the envelope onto the table. Deanna, Isaac, Gabrielle and Aaron all turn to see it.

Upon recognising the Kent Prison logo, their faces turn grim at the prospect of the letter inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

As it SWINGS open, revealing Gideon standing there. A bemused and bored-looking HOUSEWIFE folds her arms opposite.

HOUSEWIFE

Yes?

GIDEON

Good afternoon, ma'am. I'm wondering if I might --

HOUSEWIFE

We're not buying anything.

GIDEON

Then it's a good thing I'm not selling anything. I actually have a few questions --

The door is SLAMMED shut in his face.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

As the door swings open, revealing Mark this time, standing patiently. Having answered the door, a four-year-old GIRL, with cute pigtails and dimples, looks up at him.

MARK

(smiles)

Hello there. Are your mommy and daddy home?

GIRL

I'm not supposed to... to talk to strangers.

She shuts the door on Mark leaving him outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

as it's SLAMMED in Gideon's face, leaving him alone.

Turning away from the front door, his cell-phone begins to RING. He pulls it out to answer.

GIDEON

Yes?

RACHEL (O.C.)

It's Rachel.

GIDEON

Did Gabrielle return with a result?

RACHEL (O.C.)

Nothing solid. But as least we know he's clean.

GIDEON

Anything else?

RACHEL (O.C.)

Yes, it's...

There's a beat. Gideon can hear Rachel swallowing on the other end, and stops.

Ahead of Gideon, Mark approaches from the other side of the street, watching Gideon curiously.

RACHEL (O.C.)

Another letter came earlier. Addressed to you. From the prison.

A beat. Gideon says nothing. Rachel says nothing. Mark watches Gideon closely, almost knowing what's going on.

RACHEL (O.C.)

Do you want us to open it?

GIDEON

No. I'll be back later. We'll look at it together.

Gideon ends the call, pocketing the phone. He says nothing to Mark, who frowns at him.

MARK

This is getting too much for you.

GIDEON

No, it isn't.

MARK

You should go home. Let me handle things out here.

GIDEON

I'm fine. We've got work to do.

Gideon approaches the next house. Mark watches him walk, his face a mixture of concern and determination.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jodi and Abigail remain on the couch in a warm embrace, more about comfort than passion.

ABIGAIL

I hate this.

JODI

I'm sorry, I know you don't like this couch.

Abigail frowns, then smiles, understanding.

ABIGAIL

No, not that. This. Hiding out, living in fear. It's driving me crazy.

JODI

We're safe here, remember?

ABIGAIL

Because you bought a gun? Did you know that statistically --

JODI

I'm more likely to shoot you than him? I already got that headline.

ABIGAIL

It's important enough to hear twice.

JODI

It's locked away upstairs. It can't hurt us.

ABIGAIL

I just hope we'll never have to use it.

JODI

(after a beat)

If this guy's been watching me,  
he'll know I'm armed. He'll  
think twice before breaking in  
again.

While not entirely convinced, Abigail nestles her head on Jodi's shoulder, almost wishing it were true.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Gideon is speaking to an ELDERLY WOMAN clad in an outdated floral dress and glasses too big for her face.

GIDEON

Good afternoon, ma'am. I'm  
wondering if I could take up a  
few minutes of your time?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh, it's no problem at all.

She beams at him. One wonders how long it's been since she's had anybody to speak to.

GIDEON

I'm thinking of finding a house  
in the area. I'm wondering if  
you know if anybody's moved in  
recently.

The elderly woman ponders it for a moment.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hmm... I'm not sure. Haven't  
been any houses on the market  
lately.

GIDEON

(nods)

I see.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Though there's my rental room  
upstairs. I'm not sure if the  
gentleman's moving on next year,  
so it might be available then.

Gideon pauses.

GIDEON

A rental room?

CUT TO:

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - CONVERTED ATTIC - DAY

Pitch black. Unable to discern any shapes in the darkness.

But there's LIGHT, under a doorway. And there are muffled VOICES:

ELDERLY WOMAN (O.S.)  
...in a few months ago. Very nice man. Smells like a washing machine. Don't you just love that smell?

The door opens, allowing the elderly woman and Gideon entry. The woman switches on the lights, illuminating the space before them.

The converted attic is a small space. Low roof, with a makeshift sink, a small table, and a single bed.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
I think the kettle's about done. I'll go down and have a look. Will you be okay up here by yourself?

GIDEON  
Yes, thank you.

The moment the elderly woman is out of sight, Gideon shuts the door.

He wanders across to the far side of the attic. This is the boundary of the house, with the roof slanting at a dramatic angle.

There's a single window in the far corner. Set up around the window is a set of BINOCULARS, mounted on a tripod. Lying on a nearby stool is a small, handheld VIDEO CAMERA. Stacked neatly against the wall is a mountainous pile of VIDEOTAPES and a TV to play them in.

Gideon takes this all in, his expression remaining unchanged.

After a beat, he retrieves his cell-phone from his pocket, dialling a number.

MARK (O.C.)  
Yes?

GIDEON  
I think I've found it. An elderly woman's house, across the street from Jodi's.

MARK (O.C.)  
An elderly woman?

GIDEON

She rents out a converted attic space. The current tenant has seems to have a binocular and camcorder set up.

MARK (O.C.)

What do you want to do?

GIDEON

There's no sign of him now. I'll wait for him to come back.

MARK (O.C.)

Be careful.

Gideon ends the call, pocketing the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT

As we move from daylight, the sun travelling across the sky and disappearing behind the house, to nighttime, the moon rising high above, the stars beginning to twinkle.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - CONVERTED ATTIC - NIGHT

Gideon sits on the stool, arms folded in his lap.

There's no light on in here. His face is lit up, however, by the TELEVISION switched on in front of him.

**8:1 AM**

Over Gideon's shoulder, we see that he's viewing whatever's on the tapes in fastforward mode.

It's footage taken through the window, of Jodi arriving home, entering her bedroom, undressing...

CLICK!

Gideon switches off the TV, bathing himself in darkness. Only a sliver of light is leaking in through the window, curtains still open, briefly accentuating his scars.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Abigail lies on top of Jodi in a lover's clinch, Jodi's tattered white blanket providing them with the littlest bit of privacy --

-- until Abigail STOPS, lifting her head up, listening.

ABIGAIL  
Did you hear that?

JODI  
What?

ABIGAIL  
(finger to her lips)  
Shh.

For a long, silent beat, Abigail listens to her surroundings.

JODI  
(whispers)  
I don't hear anything.

Abigail looks around one last time.

ABIGAIL  
(whispers)  
Maybe I didn't either.

Jodi smiles.

JODI  
Then why are we whispering?

Abigail smiles and leans in to kiss her again.

CREEEAAK!!

She SNAPS upright again.

ABIGAIL  
I definitely heard that.

JODI  
(trembling)  
No... no, I heard it too.

A THUD from another room in the house.

Then the lights CUT OUT.

Suddenly bathed in darkness, Abigail and Jodi begin to panic.

JODI  
It's him, isn't it. He's here.  
(beat)  
I'm going for the gun.

ABIGAIL  
No...

Jodi heads towards the hallway through the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Jodi puts one foot on the base of the stairs and freezes.

For standing at the top of the staircase is a FIGURE clad all in black. Only just discernible amongst the surrounding shadows are two distinguishing features.

One: his heavy NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. With perfect vision, he's looking directly at Jodi.

Two: he's carrying the REVOLVER.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Abigail emerges from the living room, arms out in front of her to feel her way.

She stops. Listens.

Every sound is unnaturally magnified now -- the HUM of the refrigerator, the DRIPS of water from a tap, her own terrified BREATHING.

She eases forward, then stops again. Listens.

Abigail eases forward again, creeping directly in front of, and then past, THE STALKER, who has flattened himself against the fridge.

NIGHT VISION P.O.V.

A grainy pale green view of Abigail walking past, tracking her movement left to right.

The green-tinged Abigail moves away, exposing her back.

Very slowly and quietly, our P.O.V. creeps up behind her.

RESUME ABIGAIL

as she's grabbed around her mouth from behind, the night vision goggles appearing over her shoulder. The revolver is then placed to her head.

STALKER

(low voice)

Don't struggle.

Abigail's eyes are pleading with him to let her go, terrified.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - CONVERTED ATTIC - NIGHT

Gideon sits in contemplation. Silent, intense.

Then he blinks, as if distracted by something.

Turning to the window, Gideon looks at Jodi's house. All of the lights are out.

Gideon frowns, regards the binoculars reluctantly. After a beat of internal debate, he leans in and peers through the eyepiece.

TELESCOPIC P.O.V.

as the stalker emerges from inside, holding Abigail at gunpoint.

Gideon snaps away from the tripod and bolts up in an instant.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Gideon runs out onto the street towards Jodi's house.

But he's too late, hearing the SQUEAL of tires and watching as a car SPEEDS off into the distance.

Gideon attempts to give chase down the road, but he'll never be fast enough for the vehicle.

He finally slows to a stop in the middle of the street, watching as the rear red lights disappear over the horizon, the stalker and his victim becoming one with the night.

Off Gideon's breathless reaction --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jodi sits at the table, her mouth sore and marked where DUCT TAPE has been. Gideon sits opposite her, hands in front of him on the table. Mark stands in the background, talking indistinctly on the phone.

GIDEON

Now would be the right time to alert the authorities.

JODI

No.

GIDEON

The secret you and Miss Shaw share pales in comparison to her life. Are you willing to sacrifice your lover in order to keep this a secret?

JODI

No! I... I just can't risk it. I don't want him to hurt her.

GIDEON

And by not informing the police, you're taking a bigger risk with her life.

Jodi looks away from him. She doesn't want to continue this conversation.

Mark ends his phone call, pocketing his cell-phone and moving over to the table. Gideon looks up to him.

GIDEON

Anything?

MARK

No. He could be almost anywhere by now.

JODI

I... I don't understand. If this guy, whoever he is, is obsessed with me... why kidnap Abi? Why not me?

MARK

(a hand on her shoulder)  
In his mind, he can have you for himself by... removing the competition.

GIDEON

Abigail undermines the fantasy relationship he's established in his mind. So he'll focus his rage on her until his fantasy can be restored to the way he sees fit.

BLEEP!

Jodi's cell phone, lying on the table, LIGHTS UP and VIBRATES at the same time.

She picks it up, checking the message quickly and THROWS the phone back onto the table, covering her mouth, fighting back the tears.

While Mark comforts Jodi, Gideon picks up the phone, inspecting the new message.

She's been sent a poorly-lit PHOTO taken by a camera-phone. In the image, Abigail is gagged around the mouth, her face bleeding from a wound.

Gideon lowers the phone slowly, his face intense.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Isaac, Deanna, Gabrielle, Rachel and Aaron are sitting around the table, faces solemn.

GABRIELLE

She was abducted roughly thirty minutes ago. Judging by the stalker's rate of escalation, there's no telling exactly how long it will be before he takes violent action against her.

AARON

If he hasn't already.

DEANNA

We've got the make and model of the car -- green hatchback. Not that it does us a lot of good.

RACHEL

Where would he take her?

GABRIELLE

That's the question.

ISAAC

Maybe we can come up with an answer.

They all turn to Isaac.

DEANNA

What are you thinking?

ISAAC

The cell phone messages. If he sends another picture, or better yet makes a call, there's a chance we could triangulate his position from the cell towers.

(beat)

Is that software still installed on the desktop in here?

AARON

It should be. Far as I know no one's touched it since we used it to track you down on that webcast.

Isaac gets up and starts moving to the computer.

RACHEL

Can you... do that?

ISAAC

We'll need Jodi's cell number to patch in to her incoming calls. And it'll rely on her stalker being bold enough to send her more messages, and foolish enough not to remove his phone battery.

RACHEL

I mean, is it legal?

Smiling briefly, Isaac turns to the others.

ISAAC

What do you think?

GABRIELLE

Let's worry about that later.

A beat of uncertainty and hesitation passes through the room.

Isaac then sits down behind the computer and starts to get to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mark stands against Gideon's SUV, hanging up his phone. He watches as Gideon emerges from the house, Jodi following.

MARK

Isaac's just about set up, but he's not offering any guarantees. All we can do is wait and see if he calls.

JODI

What about now?

GIDEON

We'll drive in the direction he was headed. We should be mobile when we get a lead. Every second could count.

(beat)

We'll be relying on you to let us know if you receive any more messages.

JODI

No. I'm coming with you.

GIDEON

That's not necessary.

JODI

(firm)

I can't just sit at home waiting for news. I'm coming, no arguments.

Gideon nods slowly before climbing into the front seat, Jodi hopping in the back. Mark makes his way over to the passenger door as Gideon starts the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

We move through the darkness to find Abigail, dripping with sweat, her hands bound with cloth.

Her eyes are wide with terror. The cut on her face is no longer bleeding, but it looks painful.

Appearing like a wraith from the shadows, the stalker appears behind her, night-vision goggles still in place. In his hand is a long knife with a serrated edge.

STALKER

You...

She flinches at the very sound of his voice.

STALKER

(bitter)

...whore.

ABIGAIL

Please...

His hand shoots to her mouth, muffling her words and cries of distress.

STALKER

I don't want to hear any more of your lies!

He pushes her head back, Abigail crying out.

STALKER

I watched her. Just... watching. The way she talked, the way she walked. Divinity in motion. It was more beautiful than anything I'd ever seen. Perfect.

(beat)

And then you came along. With your disgusting lifestyle. You stole her away from me.

ABIGAIL

(tears brimming)

No... no, I didn't...

STALKER

(cold)

You did. You took my lover from me and made her...

(with venom)

...like you.

Abigail bites her lip to stop it from trembling.

STALKER

The things you do... the way you act, the way you lust... is evil.

The stalker handles the knife in his hand, almost lovingly.

STALKER

You corrupted her. The woman I love.

ABIGAIL

I --

At the sound of her voice, the stalker SLICES Abigail across the face, drawing a fresh stream of blood.

She CRIES out from the pain, the stalker breathing heavily. He takes his cell-phone from his pocket.

STALKER

You think that hurts? You don't know what pain is. Yet.

The cell-phone CLICKS as he takes a photo before becoming one with the darkness, disappearing from sight.

CUT TO:

INT. GIDEON'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

The trees in the background WHIP past with incredible speed. Rain BOUNCES off the car, sounding like the unnatural marching band from Hell. Wipers move back and forth to clear a view through the windshield.

Gideon's eyes are focused on the road, his entire body language tense. Mark's posture is similar beside him.

Jodi, in the backseat, nearly JUMPS out of her skin as her cell-phone BLEEPs.

Mark turns around as Jodi opens the message.

MARK

What is it?

Shaken to tears, Jodi turns the phone to show Mark, breaking down completely.

Mark looks at the message: a photograph of Abigail, her cheek bleeding, her face contorted in pain.

Gideon activates the car-phone in the SUV.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Isaac is tapping away at the computer, intensely focused. Aaron hangs over his shoulder.

Gabrielle, Rachel and Deanna are all standing nearby, nearly biting their nails with the tension. Deanna leans over the phone speaker on the table, listening carefully.

GIDEON (O.C.)

(filtered)

Another photograph. He's escalated to physical violence now.

DEANNA

How bad is it?

GIDEON (O.C.)

(filtered)

Deep lacerations, but he's only just getting started. Where are we on triangulating a position?

DEANNA

Isaac's working on it now. It looks like --

BLEEP!

The group look up hopefully at the sound.

Isaac turns back to disappoint them.

ISAAC

That's not me.

Aaron raises his hand, pulling his cell-phone out of his pocket.

AARON

(sheepish)

Sorry.

Deanna sighs. Aaron turns away to look down at his phone. The screen reads: "1 NEW MESSAGE." He opens it to read, the text headed up "FROM: BRADIN."

GABRIELLE

Turn that off. This isn't the time for social lives. We can't afford distractions.

Aaron pockets the cell-phone, nodding.

GIDEON (O.C.)

(filtered)

What's going on?

DEANNA

It was nothing. We'll keep trying.

GIDEON

Stay on the line. Let us know the second you have anything.

All attention is back on Isaac, who continues to tap away at the computer...

...except for Rachel.

Her eyes are trained on the envelope addressed to Gideon, which lies on the table before her.

CUT TO:

INT. GIDEON'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Gideon turns his head to look at Jodi as he drives.

She's not faring too well, practically dehydrated from her tears.

GIDEON  
We're almost there.

JODI  
What are you talking about? You have no idea where they are!!

GIDEON  
But we will soon. You're doing remarkably well.

Jodi's phone then BLEEPs again with another message. She can't even bring herself to look at it this time.

ISAAC (O.C.)  
(filtered through phone)  
That got it!

MARK  
You've located him?

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Isaac is typing away still, the others huddling around.

ISAAC  
That last message gave us a third tower to extrapolate a direction. Head north.

MARK (O.C.)  
(filtered)  
At least we're heading the right way.

ISAAC  
As long he doesn't take the battery out of his phone, we should be able to track him no matter where he goes --

BLEEP!!

ISAAC  
-- unless it does that.

CUT TO:

INT. GIDEON'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Gideon looks ahead. The surroundings are becoming more rural, more remote.

They're approaching the forest.

GIDEON  
What's happened?

ISAAC (O.C.)  
(filtered)  
The signal's dropping out.  
Probably because of the foliage.

MARK  
So he's hiding somewhere in the  
forest.

ISAAC (O.C.)  
(filtered)  
It's possible.

GIDEON  
Keep us posted.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A forest of death. The branches of dead trees reach out like agonizingly arthritic arms. There are no birds, no animals living here. Painfully silent, outside of the pitter-patter of rain.

**10:47 AM**

Gideon's SUV rolls to a halt. Mark and Gideon exit, both holding FLASHLIGHTS. They spotlight their immediate surroundings, searching for any clues.

MARK  
Split up?

GIDEON  
Would cover more ground.

Gideon turns back to the SUV, where Jodi remains in the backseat.

GIDEON  
Stay here. It's safer.

Jodi looks out the window at the dark, imposing forest surrounding them.

JODI  
Alright.

GIDEON  
I want you to lock the door.

Jodi flicks down the lock from the inside, satisfying Gideon who hears the CLUNK. He nods through the window before turning away.

Gideon and Mark head off in separate directions, entering the forest...

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

Mark trudges over the mud, leaves and dead twigs, each footstep crunching and squelching loudly.

His flashlight scans the surroundings, inspecting every shadow, looking into the trees.

He frowns, covering his face from the rain with his one free arm, continuing his venture.

GIDEON

elsewhere in the woods, in a similar predicament, only his trek is slower, cautious.

BLEEP!

Gideon reaches for his cell-phone only to see it declare "NO SERVICE."

Gideon replaces the phone and stares out into the shadows, just beyond a rather large tree trunk. Is there something there?

Gideon approaches the large tree trunk, very cautiously.

He peers around it, scanning the area carefully.

He frowns and is suddenly blinded by an immensely BRIGHT LIGHT.

Without warning, there is a loud ROARING, and a shape SPEEDS TOWARDS Gideon!

Barely having time to react, Gideon DIVES out of the way, landing safely in the mud to the side.

Out of the glare of the light, Gideon looks at the shape.

His eyes widen as he discovers what the shape actually is --

A WINNEBAGO.

ANGLE ON THE WINDSCREEN

The stalker's behind the wheel, gripping it tightly.

From somewhere inside the vehicle, Abigail's desperate SCREAMS are muffled by her gag.

Gideon races towards the Winnebago which suddenly REVERSES, almost knocking him over!

But Gideon jumps out of the way in time, sprinting through the woods after the Winnebago, hurriedly parting branches as they block his path.

But the Winnebago is gaining speed, slowly merging with the darkness.

Gideon GRUNTS with the exertion as he continues to sprint.

MARK

Elsewhere in the forest, he spins around.

The bright HEADLIGHTS of the Winnebago are shining through the darkness. It's impossible to miss.

MARK

Gideon!

And Mark races in that direction.

GIDEON

can see Mark's flashlight in the trees now, heading towards his position.

They meet up and can only stare after the rapidly receding Winnebago, helpless, when --

CRASH!!

Without warning, the side of the Winnebago DENTS in a shower of glass and metal, almost flipping onto its side as it skids across the muddy ground.

The cause of the crash:

GIDEON'S SUV, the front severely dented and scratched.

Behind the wheel is Jodi, a little shaken by the crash, but otherwise unhurt.

Having been carried several metres by its forward momentum, the Winnebago has impacted against several tall trees.

Gideon races to the front of the Winnebago, looking up at the shattered windshield.

The stalker's face is finally visible. He would have been handsome in life, but the impact has left his body too mangled to recognize. Blood TRICKLES down from his forehead. His eyes stare out, blank and lifeless.

Mark climbs onto the side of the Winnebago, reaching the handle of the door and YANKING it open.

He shines in his flashlight to reveal Abigail, still bound and bleeding, lying on her side. But she's alive.

MARK

Here!

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Mark carefully clambers inside, crouching down to reach Abigail's side and loosening her bonds.

Gideon appears at the door, shining his flashlight on the two of them.

GIDEON

It's alright. You're safe now.

MARK

We need to get to a hospital.

ABIGAIL

(weak)

I'll be okay...

Mark helps Abigail to her feet and the two of them slowly make their way towards the exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Gideon helps Jodi out of his SUV, the airbag having been deployed. Jodi is more shaken than injured. She emerges from behind the wheel as Mark finally lifts Abigail out of the Winnebago.

The two lock eyes... then slowly embrace.

Jodi spontaneously bursts into tears. Abigail is simply numb, frozen.

JODI

(through tears)

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

They sink to the muddy ground, too overwhelmed by their reunion to care about their surroundings.

Watching them, Gideon and Mark share a knowing, bittersweet look.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. HOPKINS RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Abigail is all cleaned up, looking better in her best business suit.

~~ONE WEEK LATER~~

Jodi stands at the bottom of the stairs, handing Abigail her briefcase. As she takes it, we notice a new ring on her finger.

JODI

Are you sure you're ready to go back to work?

ABIGAIL

I can't hide away here forever. Besides, I have an engagement ring to show off.

JODI

What are you going to tell them?

ABIGAIL

The truth. Then I can start introducing people to my betrothed.

JODI

You don't have to. Not for me. Not after everything we've been through.

ABIGAIL

If it's taught me anything, it's that life's too short to care what other people think. If the Crown Attorney's Office isn't ready for that, then that's their problem.

(beat)

Besides, like the man said, people can be more acceptant than you think.

JODI

I hope you're right. Good luck.

Abigail steals a small kiss from Jodi and turns to open the front door, ready to face the world.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

High over the building to establish.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - DAY

Gideon sits behind his desk as Rachel enters with a light knock on the open door.

GIDEON

Come in.

Rachel approaches with a look of trepidation.

RACHEL

I, er... I debated whether to remind you of this or not, but...

She raises her hand to reveal an unopened letter with the Kent Prison header.

RACHEL

You never did get around to this.

Gideon stands and regards Rachel holding it out to him. His face is a mixture of despair and internal torture as he takes the letter from her.

Rachel gives a tender smile before turning away and stepping out, leaving Gideon alone.

With a heavy heart, Gideon opens the envelope.

He sits back down behind his desk, takes out the letter and begins to read.

We PULL BACK slowly away from Gideon and out of the room then finally --

FADE TO BLACK

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