



TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

High and wide over the imposing configuration of Edwardian stone. Ground floor lights shine out electric yellow against the velvet black cloak of night.

11:44 AM

A howling wind sweeps fallen leaves through the air. Rain lashes down in sheets. Distant thunder sounds a portentous rumble.

A storm is brewing.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Raindrops splatter against the window, nothing else but darkness visible without.

PANNING OFF the window to find GIDEON COLE stood holding a brown file folder which he studies down on through thin-rimmed spectacles.

GIDEON

Seven separate incidents have been reported thus far. Five of which resulted in fatalities.

Standing across the main table at the far end of the room is MARK WATTERS. He presides over a corkboard filled with snippets of information.

MARK

It may be that other attempts have been made but gone unreported.

Seated at the table with loose papers before them are GABRIELLE JACKSON, ISAAC FREEMAN and AARON SIDWELL.

ISAAC

What's the M.O.?

MARK

The killer poses as an electrician, which was likely a genuine occupation at one point.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

In the first phase he would be opportunistic, waiting for a call-out and treating his access as an invitation to murder everyone home, but we believe he may have escalated to engineering electrical faults himself to precipitate contact.

GABRIELLE

According to the autopsy reports on file at the coroner's office, victims had their fingernails removed with what was either a screwdriver or needle-nose pliers before being connected to a mains outlet and electrified.

AARON

Don't you mean electrocuted?

GABRIELLE

In four out of five cases, yes. The other fatality was due to heart failure and the two surviving victims may yet recover from their injuries.

DEANNA SYKES paces around the perimeter of the table, heading for the corkboard with a sheet of paper and a pin.

DEANNA

Locations span a radial pattern across the GVRD, moving south-west to north-east sequentially.

Pinning the paper to the board reveals a map of the region marked with red dots joined in a jagged arc.

GIDEON

If the killer stays true to form, that could place his next target anywhere from Port Moody down to Langley.

RACHEL ATHERTON enters, stands in the doorway cradling a hot cup which she blows across lightly, steam wisping away.

RACHEL

Did I miss anything?

DEANNA

Just the grizzly details.

RACHEL

Perfect.

Isaac rises from the table.

ISAAC

Well details aside, I for one would work better with some caffeine inside me.

GABRIELLE

Sounds good to me.

Gabrielle stands and follows Isaac out of the room.

MARK

Witness reports from the surviving victims are vague at best. Both describe a utility uniform but only in generic terms. It could easily match any one of several companies that service the area.

Deanna sighs, rubs her eyes.

DEANNA

I don't know about you, but I think I'd focus better in the morning.

AARON

Yeah. My brain's swamped.

He rises from the table and ambles past Rachel to exit, Deanna not far behind.

Gideon closes the file folder in his hands and sets it down on the tabletop.

GIDEON

Until tomorrow then.

Mark gives a solemn nod and turns away from the corkboard.

Gideon removes his spectacles as he heads past Rachel and through the open doorway. TRACKING WITH HIM into --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

where Aaron and Deanna can be seen ascending the main staircase in b.g.

Gideon continues on into his study.

Rachel steps out of the library with her cup in hand, staring after Gideon. She holds back for a beat, then follows him to go --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Rachel enters to find Gideon approaching his desk, reaching out to a short pile of hardback books resting on top.

The sound of rain hammering against the window overtakes the silence.

RACHEL

It struck me just now. This is starting to feel routine.

Gideon turns back to her, ready to listen. A RUMBLE of thunder punctuates the moment.

RACHEL

There'll always be someone out there, won't there? Some terrible person insinuating themselves into people's homes, turning it from a place of safety into... into all those things we talked about in there.

A short FLASH of lightning stutters through the window.

GIDEON

Perhaps.

The thunder follows.

GIDEON

But sometimes it's not that they're out there that worries us. It's when we let them in here.

He points to his forehead. Rachel nods, understanding his meaning.

Another FLASH of lightning strobes its ethereal blue into the room, and this time the thunder is almost on top of it. In that instant --

The room goes black. All the lights have snapped off.

A look of panic on Rachel's face is momentarily illuminated in a burst of lightning.

Gideon edges through the darkness to reach the doorway and look out on --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black here too, all across the library and up the stairs. Not a light left on anywhere in the house.

A heavy CLAP OF THUNDER accompanies a STROBING FLASH of lightning which bathes Gideon's furrowed face in an arresting blue glow.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

No lights shine out from the windows now. The building is barely visible at all against the ominous dark of night, only the torrential, unbridled rain.

Malignant storm clouds blot out even the moon and stars.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING come hand in hand to flash upon the house, allowing us to see the blacked-out structure once and once only before 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
ANDREW GARDNER

"MEDITATIONS IN A STORM"

SPECIAL GUEST STAR
DENNIS HOPPER

GUEST STARRING
TOM ALDRIDGE

RANDALL BOSLEY

NATHAN GAMBEL

RICHARD HARMON

HAKEM KAK-KAZIM

THEME BY
MICHAEL WANDMACHER

PRODUCER
JAKE DIAMOND

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ANTHONY JOHN BLACK

CO-PRODUCER
JAMES SWANSON

PRODUCER
REBEKAH GRANT

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ANGELO SHIRIK

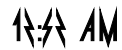
WRITTEN BY
JAMES JORDAN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

The storm is more turbulent than ever. The rain washes in streams along the ground. The wind shakes the surrounding trees.



A forkless flash of lightning is all that makes the architecture visible, followed immediately by a burst of thunder.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Gideon and Rachel can barely see each other in the darkness.

GIDEON
Looks like a power cut.

RACHEL
(shaky)
Has this happened before?

GIDEON
Once or twice through the years.

RACHEL
So it's not the house.

Gideon makes his way to the window, raindrops all over the outside of the glass. He stares out, eyes searching.

GIDEON
There's no lights on the horizon.
I'm sure it's just the storm.
(beat)
Some lines may have been
disturbed, or something at the
local substation causing a
general outage.

RACHEL
You mean it's not just us.

GIDEON
I don't think so.

Rachel breathes a sigh of relief, composing herself.

GIDEON

I'm sure it's just temporary.

Rachel nods as another flicker of lightning flashes through the room. She wants to believe the reassurance, but something else lingers.

RACHEL

You don't think...?

Gideon knows her question without her having to finish it. His face registers the awareness.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pitch black as the wind rages outside. Aaron's silhouette is barely visible against the window.

The briefest twitch of lightning illuminates Deanna stranded in the middle of the room, arms outstretched trying to guide her way. There's something beyond anxiety in her eyes.

DEANNA

What happened?

AARON

It's okay.

DEANNA

Where are you? I can't see.

AARON

It's okay.

DEANNA

I can't see!

Deanna drops to her knees, reaches out to press her palms against the floor.

AARON

The power's out, that's all.
It's just --

DEANNA

(manic)

No. It's too dark. I don't know
where -- I can't see anything!

As another hint of lightning gives temporary sight, Aaron darts down to kneel beside Deanna. She stays on all fours, gripping the floor and shaking her head in a panic.

DEANNA

Who's there?

AARON

It's okay, it's just me. You're okay.

DEANNA

No, no. The lights. Get the lights! I can't --

Aaron grabs Deanna's shaking head in his hands and pulls it so they're eye-to-eye.

AARON

Dee, Dee. Listen to me. It's okay.

Deanna's still trembling slightly, her breathing laboured.

AARON

Look in my eyes.

She's still panicking.

AARON

Look in my eyes.

Deanna focuses her gaze into Aaron's eyes as another batch of lightning flashes through the room.

AARON

You're okay. We're both here.

Deanna's breathing starts to slow as she focuses on what little she can see of Aaron's eyes. He still holds her head with both hands, keeping her gaze on him and away from the black void beyond.

AARON

You're okay.

Deanna begins to relax, her anxiety easing, her breathing steady.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Also locked in darkness until --

A MATCH

is struck and fizzles into a flame that lights up Mark's face. He's the picture of calm solemnity.

He carries the match over to a chest of drawers, the flame lighting his way. As it burns down towards his fingers, Mark opens the top drawer and pulls out a candle. He lights it with the match just as its flame reaches his fingertips, blowing it out seconds before getting burned.

The thin six-inch candle is now all that lights up the room, precious little more illumination than the match.

Mark sets it down onto a tarnished old candlestick-holder that rests atop the chest of drawers. The flame flickers over --

A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

of a smiling young boy we are by now familiar with: Billy Watters.

WIDENING ANGLE to include --

THE CAROUSEL

The hand-made wooden toy with painted horses that rests in the shadow of the photograph.

MARK

stares down at both objects bathed in the candlelight. He is calm, considered, pensive.

He stands and listens to the ravaging wind outside the window, the rain hammering against it, the rising thunder.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gabrielle and Isaac are stood in the dark.

GABRIELLE

That's just great. You grow to expect a certain level of incompetence from domestic utilities, but you'd think they could at least keep the lights on.

ISAAC

Accidents happen.

GABRIELLE

This is no time to be sanguine.

Gabrielle feels her way to the nearest electrical switch and starts flipping it back and forth.

ISAAC

I'd have thought it was exactly the time. There is, after all, little point in becoming agitated at a force majeure.

GABRIELLE

You know what, you'd make a fine insurance broker.

A flutter of lightning catches Isaac in a small smile.

ISAAC

Why don't we see if we can fumble our way to the fuse box. You never know.

Isaac starts edging through the darkness, passing Gabrielle to find the way out.

GABRIELLE

Who says men are no good in a crisis?

ISAAC

I believe that's one of yours.

Gabrielle's turn to be caught smiling in the lightning.

Isaac reaches out to guide his path as the darkness returns.

ISAAC

Can you feel for the door?

GABRIELLE

I think so.

Gabrielle reaches out as she edges forward, inadvertently brushing against Isaac's arm in the process.

GABRIELLE

Oh... excuse me.

ISAAC

Sorry. After you.

The pair hesitate in an awkward moment before delicately sliding past one another in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Gideon is crouched by the front door. He slides a heavy bolt down into the ground. Rises. Does the same at the top.

He turns back to where Rachel is standing in the doorway of his study, arms wrapped around herself.

GIDEON

Just to put your mind at rest.
Locked and bolted. Impassable.

RACHEL
Unless he's already inside.
(beat)
Kidding.
(sotto)
Kind of.

Gideon walks toward her and she turns, anticipating their entrance into --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Rachel steps inside, followed by Gideon. He heads toward his desk as lightning FLASHES across the room.

GIDEON
I should have some candles in here somewhere.

RACHEL
Seriously though. This is just one of those coincidences, wouldn't you say? To be expected really.

GIDEON
There's nothing to worry about. He doesn't tend toward forcible entry. Besides, there's no one getting through that door now without an axe.

RACHEL
That's comforting.

Gideon feels his way to his desk drawers, opening them up and searching through by touch.

Rachel edges to the window and touches the glass where the raindrops cling to the other side.

RACHEL
It was a night like this when... when it happened.

Gideon stops searching through his desk and looks up at Rachel through the darkness.

RACHEL
Sometimes... sometimes it seems like I'm over it. I mean, aware of it but on top of it. Then something trivial like this -- like the weather -- brings it all back again.

GIDEON
Context and state effects.

Rachel nods slowly at the terminology.

RACHEL
How do you deal with it? Is it
just the passage of time, or...?

Gideon rises from behind his desk, moving out towards Rachel. The scars over his face catch in a small flicker of lightning.

GIDEON
It's always there. It always
will be. In dreams, in the
unexpected silences.
(beat)
It was a night like this for me
as well.

A strong blue FLASH of lightning with a CRASH of thunder sends us --

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Rain lashes between tall trees. Thunder. Lightning. Heavy breathing.

TILTING UP tree bark to find an unscarred Gideon bound to it with barbed wire. MISSING FRAMES, MULTIPLE TAKES and TIGHT ANGLES. Disconnected. Fractured.

Gideon struggles against the wire. Its barbs dig in to the skin of his arms. His chest. Pain.

Rain mixes with sweat. Sweat mixes with blood.

A FLASH of lightning and we're back --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Gideon stares out of the rain-spattered window.

RACHEL
All this time, I've been stuck on
what I had to see. But you had
to feel it.

Gideon takes a long, considered breath without turning back to Rachel. He keeps staring away out the window.

GIDEON

Physical pain, even that
intense... it's fleeting. That's
not the pain that lingers.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Gideon against the tree. Struggling. Panting.

Night flashes blue. The thunder calls.

PULLING BACK to a dark figure in f.g. A looming spectre.
Quiet. Still. Unmoving.

Lightning flashes over it to unveil JACOB ALLAN BANE. His
sharp silver hair. His angular face. His stare. If each
eye were a dagger he would draw blood with them.

He sits on a tree stump a few yards from Gideon. The curve
of his back is a dark arch over his terrified victim.

Bane cradles something in his lap. A book. Hardbound.
Heavy. He reads from it.

BANE

"April is the cruellest month,
breeding lilacs out of the dead
land, mixing memory and desire,
stirring dull roots with spring
rain."

Lightning.

Sheets of rain whip one way then the other on the wind.

GIDEON

grinds his teeth in agony and despair. He strains against
the barbed wire. It only brings pain. He GRUNTS his
resistance.

BANE

continues to read from his perch on the tree stump. He's
entirely at ease. Even tender.

BANE

"Son of man, you cannot say, or
guess, for you know only a heap
of broken images, where the sun
beats, and the dead tree gives no
shelter, the cricket no relief,
and the dry stone no sound of
water."

Bane rises from his perch, carrying the book with him. He edges closer to Gideon against the tree, hunching his back, stooping to whisper into Gideon's face.

BANE

"Only there is shadow under this red rock. Come in under the shadow of this red rock, and I will show you something different from either your shadow at morning striding behind you or your shadow at evening rising to meet you.

(beat; closer)

"I will show you fear in a handful of dust."

Bane's eyes are no longer on the text, fixed solely on Gideon, his stare intense.

Gideon fights against the wire to turn his face away as Bane peers right up against him, the lightning STUTTERING between them to take us --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Flashes of blue subside from the window as Gideon turns away from it.

GIDEON

"I could not speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither living nor dead, and I knew nothing... looking into the heart of light, the silence."

Gideon's eyes meet Rachel as he finishes turning away from the window.

Rachel takes a beat to absorb the moment, her manner shaken, her eyes disturbed.

RACHEL

He read to you?

GIDEON

It was his way of explaining his view of the world. All he had done. All he was about to do.

RACHEL

I don't understand.

GIDEON

It's not easy to. I didn't either, not for a long time.

Rachel steps over to Gideon's desk as the wind HOWLS outside. She brushes against the stack of hardbacks piled upon it with a finger.

RACHEL
Is that why you read all this?
Eliot? The Wasteland?

GIDEON
I was always a reader. But the
words took on a different meaning
after that.

(beat)
The fire sermon. What the
thunder said.

(beat)
The more I studied the text, the
more it became clear to me. The
more I understood.

RACHEL
You called it beautiful once.

GIDEON
It is, in its own way.

RACHEL
How could you think of it that
way? After he...

GIDEON
It was how I made sense of it.
How I made sense of him. Then it
started to take on its own life.
Its own soul.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Lightning dances through the rain. Bane looms over Gideon. The book rests open in the palms of his hands.

BANE
"In a flash of lightning. Then a
damp gust bringing rain Ganga was
sunken, and the limp leaves
waited for rain, while the black
clouds gathered far distant, over
Himavant. The jungle crouched,
humped in silence."

(beat)
"Then spoke the thunder."

Bane closes the book gently and sets it down on the tree stump where he once sat.

GIDEON

crunches his face in terror, every line on his face wrinkled in dread. He strains against the barbed wire. Useless.

BANE

takes something else from the tree stump in place of the book.

He turns back to Gideon to reveal himself holding --

A HUNTING KNIFE

Its silver blade catches in a blast of LIGHTNING with THUNDER right on top of it.

Bane begins edging towards Gideon, the point of the knife approaching the skin on his face, Gideon heaving with panic.

As Bane turns his back to camera --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain is unremitting, soaking the building and the surrounding grounds.

1:17 AM

A quick blue spark flickers across the sky before returning to darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Rachel stands with her back to the rain-soaked window as Gideon paces back towards his desk.

RACHEL
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
bring it all up again for you.

GIDEON
It's a big part of my life. Of
who I am. It won't ever go away.

RACHEL
Still...

GIDEON
Every day, I can still see that
moment. Feel it.
(beat)
That's the way he wanted it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Gideon tenses against the barbed wire, back to the tree. Bane has the knife held out to his face, about to cut.

GIDEON
Wait. No. Please...

Bane stops, surprised.

BANE
It speaks.

GIDEON
Don't do this. Don't.

BANE
You're afraid.

GIDEON
Yes.

Bane studies Gideon's face. His eyes. The terror in them.

BANE
Everyone's afraid of the dark.

Bane raises his knife and PUSHES it into Gideon's cheek.

Gideon tries to recoil, but the tree stops him.

PULLING BACK with MISSING FRAMES as Gideon cries out. Bane works his arm away -- cutting, slicing, skinning.

Thunder rocks the forest canopy.

Lightning flashes all around.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Lightning crackles through the window to flicker over the scar tissue on Gideon's face and hands. He looks away from Rachel.

RACHEL
How did you...
(beat)
How did you get away?

GIDEON
I didn't.

RACHEL
But... you survived. While the others...

Gideon nods slowly.

GIDEON
They came for me. Found me.
(beat)
By then, it was a well-known serial case. I laid out for days, and every night he kept coming back. And every night I prayed he wouldn't.

RACHEL
Days?

GIDEON

It was remote. He chose
carefully.

RACHEL

And the whole time...?

GIDEON

I endured.

Gideon finally meets Rachel's eyes. His gaze is intense. Lightning flashes again onto his facial scars as we --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT - GIDEON

still bound to the tree, fresh wounds on his face where the skin has recently been peeled away in small patches.

He's alone. No sign of Bane.

Gideon's head falls, exhausted from the pain. A cloud of breath comes from a laboured exhale. An eternity passes before another follows, as if there may not be many left in him.

A FLASH OF ORANGE

catches Gideon's eye. Not lightning. A different source of light flickering through the trees and the rain.

It's a flashlight.

Gideon struggles to master the last of his remaining energy. He tries to call out but barely makes a sound.

Just as the flashlight beam starts to turn away, Gideon manages a pained GRUNT. Barely coherent, just something to be heard.

The flashlight whips back in his direction.

MAN'S VOICE

Here! Over here!!

The flashlight begins to get closer, its beam splashing onto Gideon's wounded face from across the woods. A MAN carrying it starts to become visible, sprinting towards Gideon. He's wearing a POLICE UNIFORM.

More flashlights begin to appear from the treeline.

Gideon manages one more exhale, this time tinged with the slightest hint of relief. If he had the energy he might weep.

HIGH ANGLE

Up with the trees, we see a whole line of A DOZEN UNIFORMS carrying flashlights, all running forth to converge on the tree which imprisons Gideon by barbed wire.

LOW ANGLE

As all the marching feet start to gather, flooded with panic as they begin to try and extricate Gideon from the wire.

MOVING DOWN until we're right on the forest floor, and there amongst the fallen leaves and the thick mud...

...is a torn page from a book. Crumpled and submerged. Lines of poetry upon it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Gideon leans against the edge of his desk, quiet and contemplative. Rachel regards him with empathy from the window.

RACHEL

I don't think I ever truly appreciated it before.

GIDEON

What's that?

RACHEL

How much we have in common.

Gideon turns back to his desk and lifts the candles out from the drawer he was searching earlier. He hands one to Rachel.

GIDEON

Let's get these lit and see if we can't find some torches.

Rachel nods and they start edging out through the dark while the storm picks up outside.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness abound, two figures on the floor barely visible until --

AN ORANGE SPARK

flicks up from a lighter, disappears. Flicks up again, disappears. On the third attempt the flame stays.

It just to say lights up Aaron holding it, his thumb pressed down.

Deanna is sat on the floor across from him, hunched up tight, the flame from the lighter between them.

AARON
You okay now?

DEANNA
(embarrassed)
I don't like the dark.

AARON
Yeah, I got that.

Deanna shuffles slightly against the floor, feeling out for it and keeping her palms against it.

DEANNA
It's stupid, I know.

AARON
I don't think you're stupid.

DEANNA
It's not so much the dark as it is feeling... boxed in. Trapped. Not being able to see the walls. The door. Y'know?

AARON
I think so.

Aaron's thumb falls off the lighter and the flame disappears. Deanna tenses up, detectable from the sound of her breathing even in the dark.

AARON
It's okay.

He flicks it on again, holding the flame steady.

AARON
Has it been like this since...?

DEANNA
On and off.
(beat)
I guess I was about your age when... well, you know.

Aaron manages a small smile of understanding before his thumb slips off the lighter again, plunging us into darkness. And when we're back up we're --

INT. DARK BASEMENT - NIGHT

The sound of shallow breathing amongst the darkness.

A narrow slat of light contrasts sharply with the dull wooden boards all around it. Confined and oppressive.

A SET OF FEET move by outside the slat, its tiny letterbox frame allowing for no greater sight than a pair of DIRTY BOOTS.

The shallow breathing within the darkness intensifies.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Deanna's breathing becomes shorter, sharper, more intense.

Aaron fumbles with the lighter in the dark, dropping it momentarily before grabbing it up again.

AARON

Sorry.

Deanna becomes more and more tense on the floor beside him, waiting for the flame to come back. Needing it back.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BASEMENT - NIGHT

Near pitch black on the sounds of shallow breathing until --

A DOOR OPENS

at the top of a long wooden staircase. A column of harsh yellow light comes from the frame, catching on thick dust particles that hover in the stale air.

A pair of dirty boots start to descend the stairs, the shallow breathing becoming heavier and more panicked step by step.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Deanna's breathing intensifies. Her palms tighten into a grip against the floor.

Aaron flicks at the lighter, sparking repeatedly.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BASEMENT - NIGHT

The dirty boots reach the bottom of the staircase and edge up to a small wooden chair in the darkness.

A set of BARE FEET are tied to the chair legs with rope. MOVE UP the chair to a hand also tied with rope, then to a neck and a filthy rag that is stuffed around the captive's mouth.

It's Deanna. She cries, sweats and trembles against her restraints.

REVERSE to the dirty boots, MOVING UP to a huge belly and further to reveal a man in his 50s -- GARY TRUELOVE.

He reaches in and pulls the rag from Deanna's mouth. Brushes his fingers against the contours of her face.

TRUELOVE

Ssh. There you go. My precious little girl.

Deanna shakes in her chair, tears streaming down her face.

TRUELOVE

All of you. Such good girls.

Truelove glances around the basement.

HIS P.O.V. - PANNING

Curled up on the floor, trembling under a gray blanket, is a sixteen-year-old girl -- SUSIE. She stares at Truelove, terrified.

Deeper in the basement, a younger girl is hunched up in a ball -- MORGAN. She hides her face in her hands.

DEANNA

(voice breaking)

Please...

(beat)

Please let us go.

TRUELOVE

Now, now. You don't want that.

He wipes Deanna's tears from her cheeks with his fingers.

TRUELOVE

You settle down with your sisters. Dinner's almost ready.

Deanna can't stop trembling as she stares up at Truelove who only smiles back, oblivious.

He turns away and begins climbing back up the wooden staircase, dirty boots plodding up to the only source of light in the open doorway.

Deanna looks over her shoulder to Susie and Morgan, no idea what to say.

She turns her head back up to the top of the stairs where Truelove slowly closes the door, shutting out the light.

Deanna's face is plunged into complete darkness with the rest of the basement, leaving us on the sound of her terrified breathing.

CUT TO:

AN ORANGE SPARK

as it stabilizes into a flame. We are:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron holds the lighter closer to Deanna, letting her eyes take in the flame.

AARON

I don't know how much gas there's left in this thing.

(beat)

We should maybe try and find a flashlight or something.

DEANNA

I'd rather stay here as long as that lighter holds out.

AARON

Okay. We can do that.

Deanna nods repeatedly, Aaron looking at her with compassion.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits perfectly still, his face close to his candle. Its flame quivers between his eyes and the photo of Billy beside the carousel.

Mark simply listens to the storm outside his window. The wind. The rain. Constant.

The candle flame flickers in a draft, shifting shadows through the room before settling down.

Mark turns his head, something catching his eye.

HIS P.O.V.

Just catching something rushing by his door. The hint of movement through the shadows.

MARK

narrows his eyes, curious. He rises, picks up his candlestick and carries it to his doorway. He steps over the threshold to go --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Mark looks out down the hall, holding his candle out to vaguely light the way.

He turns in the opposite direction, sees nothing.

Turns back, starts edging down the hallway. His candle's flame flickers as he moves, dancing through the shadows ahead and --

A FIGURE

catches in the light. The figure of a child.

MARK

looks on, uncertain quite what he's seeing, if anything more than a trick of light and shadow.

HIS P.O.V.

The figure seems to twitch in the candlelight, and as a FLASH of lightning overwhelms the orange glow in a brighter blue, it appears to be BILLY WATTERS at ten-years-old...

...but cloaked in darkness again in the blink of an eye.

The figure turns away and starts running down the hall.

MARK

is stricken with wonder and starts to follow, guided only by his outstretched candle.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron sits cross-legged on the floor, Deanna curved out beside him. Aaron still holds the lighter between them.

AARON

You wanna take it for a bit? My thumb feels like it's about to drop off.

DEANNA

Okay.

Aaron holds out the lighter, Deanna making the hand-over as quick as possible.

AARON

(hesitant)

How... how long was it? When you were...?

DEANNA

Months. We... we lost track at the time. It was...

She trails off, gazing down into the lighter's flame.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BASEMENT - NIGHT

Deanna is sat on the floor with a worn gray blanket. Susie and Morgan are alongside. Each have a TV-dinner style tray of food on the floor in front of them.

Deanna looks up to the crack of light under the door at the top of the stairs. She sees a shadow fall under it from the other side, then move away.

Pulling herself to her feet, she turns to the slat of light between the boards on the opposite wall.

She scurries across the basement floor in her bare feet. Grips at the board where the slat of light falls. Pulls.

SUSIE

What are you doing?

DEANNA

(desperate)

Help me.

MORGAN

No, we can't.

DEANNA

Help me, damn it. If we don't even try he's got us right where he wants us.

Susie hesitates, tempted.

Morgan hunches up into a ball, terrified.

Deanna tugs at the board, again and again, almost moving it when --

The door at the top of the stairs heaves open. A column of yellow light shines in, backlighting Truelove's fat form.

TRUELOVE

Now where are you trying to get to?

Deanna turns back to see him looming at the top of the stairs.

TRUELOVE

You haven't finished your dinner yet.

Deanna's arms fall away from the board in resignation, her eyes filled with despair as she fixes them on Truelove standing in the light above.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Deanna looks to Aaron across the lighter as it wisps back and forth in a draft.

DEANNA

It was a long time.

Aaron can only stare back at Deanna, no words left to say. Silence hangs in the darkness as we --

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Gideon leads the way out of his study with Rachel close behind. Both carry candles, but neither are lit.

GIDEON

I don't suppose you have any matches.

RACHEL

(sheepish)
I've got a lighter.

Rachel is almost guilty to be pegged as a smoker. Gideon turns to her, merely grateful.

Rachel produces her lighter and proceeds to give each candle a flame.

RACHEL

Lead the way.

Gideon starts heading out through the foyer, Rachel sticking close to his back.

He walks carefully to the base of the stairs as THUNDER echoes from the storm.

Reaching the main staircase, he looks up just as a batch of LIGHTNING strobos out to flash upon the darkness and sees --

BANE

standing at the top of the stairs. Staring down at him.

Darkness returns. The tiny candle flame does not penetrate beyond the first few steps.

GIDEON

reacts with shock, frozen in terror.

Another FLASH of blue flickers upon --

BANE

again at the top of the stairs. Unmoving. Staring down with malevolence.

As the lightning flickers upon his face in and out of darkness --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

Under a pitch black sky, the building is ravaged by the storm.

⚡ AM

Gale-force winds throw the rain against the windows. Lightning flashes overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Gideon is frozen to the spot as he gazes up to the top of the main staircase.

HIS P.O.V.

Darkness all ahead. Candlelight only illuminates the first few steps. The landing above is pitch black.

A quick burst of lightning.

There's no one there. Just an empty stairway.

GIDEON

takes a deep breath and turns away, back to where Rachel is standing.

RACHEL
What? What is it?

GIDEON
(shaken)
Nothing.

RACHEL
Is someone in here?

GIDEON
No. There's nothing to worry about. We're perfectly safe.

RACHEL
Locked and bolted, I know.

Gideon starts edging back through the foyer, away from the stairs.

GIDEON
Why don't we wait down here until
the power's back.

Rachel turns to follow him, concerned at his change in manner.

RACHEL
Okay.

GIDEON
I think there's some flashlights
through here.

He moves into the library, Rachel hesitating before following.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Mark edges down the hallway curiously by candlelight.

HIS P.O.V.

The figure of a child hesitates in the shadows, appearing to stare back at him. As the candlelight flickers upon him, he turns and starts trotting down the corridor.

MARK

watches him, uncertain, then picks up his pace as he follows.

The boy turns as he runs, darting into an open doorway off the side.

Mark paces after him, takes a breath before turning the corner. He holds out his candle as he walks through the doorway.

MATCH CUT TO:

CANDLES ON A BIRTHDAY CAKE

being carried by Mark into a dimly-lit child's bedroom. There are ten small candles on the cake.

A few CHILDREN and a couple of ADULTS linger in b.g. but are all OUT OF FOCUS and hazy, something ethereal about the whole room.

Mark carries the cake forward and stoops down to present it to --

BILLY

who smiles with excitement.

MARK
Happy birthday, Billy.

BILLY
Thanks, Dad.

The sound of dulled LAUGHTER and PARTY WHISTLES reverberate in the distance, as if heard through a shell.

MARK
Go ahead, blow 'em all out. And
make a wish.

Billy grins, takes a deep breath and blows all over the candles atop the cake.

They flicker away and Billy keeps blowing in one long breath until they're all out, plunging us into darkness.

MATCH CUT TO:

MARK'S CANDLE

as it flickers in a draft, almost going out but just staying lit.

Mark stands alone in the darkness. Quiet, dull and ordinary.

The storm outside the window is the only sound remaining, the wind whistling by.

Mark starts to walk back out into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - CLOSET - NIGHT

Isaac reaches up to a fuse box at an awkward height.

Gabrielle holds her cell phone open, the electric green glow from its backlight display allowing Isaac to see what he's doing.

ISAAC
No problems here.

GABRIELLE
You sound vaguely satisfied.

ISAAC
Aren't you?

GABRIELLE
No. If it was the fuse we could
change it right here and be done.
(MORE)

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Instead we have to wait on some engineer to fix things at the source. That could be a long wait.

Isaac closes up the fuse box and starts to ease out past Gabrielle.

ISAAC

I've done all I can here.

GABRIELLE

You're certain?

ISAAC

As a sunrise. It's starting to get a little claustrophobic in here anyway.

Isaac brushes past Gabrielle as he eases his way out of the little closet and into the wider darkness of the utility room.

GABRIELLE

Sorry. I didn't think of...

ISAAC

(bright)
I'm fine.

GABRIELLE

Of course.

Gabrielle points her phone out from the closet to the rest of the room, its green glow only illuminating a short distance.

GABRIELLE

You don't suppose...?

ISAAC

What?

GABRIELLE

You don't suppose all this isn't an accident?

ISAAC

What do you mean?

GABRIELLE

Well, was it not just a short while ago we were all discussing the modus operandi of a serial killer targeting homes and cutting the power?

ISAAC

It's the storm. These things happen.

GABRIELLE

Still, it might be wise to check around. Make sure all the doors are secure.

ISAAC

There's nothing to be afraid of.

GABRIELLE

I didn't say I was afraid.

ISAAC

No, you didn't.

A beat of silence hangs between them.

GABRIELLE

What you said before, about it feeling claustrophobic back there...

ISAAC

Yes.

GABRIELLE

I know what you meant.

ISAAC

It's only a utility closet.

GABRIELLE

(deeper)

No. It wasn't.

Isaac sighs and turns away, his face falling from the green light into the shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. P.O.W. CAMP - CELL - NIGHT

Isaac is hauled into a dark, confined space. He's in dirty, bloodied combat fatigues. Breathless. In pain.

The cell is more of a box in the desert than anything resembling a conventional prison.

Two ARAB SOLDIERS push in, having thrown Isaac down. They both carry Kalashnikovs.

They DRAG Isaac up off the ground.

One holds him tight around the arms while the other one SLAMS into his ribs with the butt of his rifle.

WHAM!

Again.

WHAM!

Again.

Isaac doubles over, coughing blood down onto the ground.

The Soldier keeps hold of him as his partner drags Isaac's head back up.

The restraining Soldier lets go and quickly KICKS the back of Isaac's knee, forcing him down to the ground.

Both Soldiers proceed to KICK DOWN on his fallen body, over and over.

ISAAC

winces in pain on the ground, powerless to do anything but endure.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT - ISAAC

wincing at the memory.

Gabrielle steps closer, holding the light of her cell phone between them.

GABRIELLE

They tortured you.

ISAAC

Yes.

GABRIELLE

For information?

ISAAC

No, I had no information.
Nothing of value. They knew that.

(beat)

They tortured me because it was expected. Routine. The obligations of war.

(beat)

We torture them, they torture us.
We kill them, they kill us. It becomes habitual. Common. After a while, you no longer know what to do or how to behave beyond the roles of captor and prisoner.

Isaac's eyes sink at the terrible admission.

GABRIELLE

I'm not sure I could ever truly understand.

ISAAC

Nor should you ever hope to.

(beat)

It becomes a battle of wills. No strategic value, no military agenda. The physical pain is only the battle made manifest, expressed upon the skin, upon a shell. It's the battle within that penetrates. To deny a cry of pain. To be silent when asked to speak. To be passive when challenged to resist.

GABRIELLE

(abhorred)

But with no purpose, no reason...

ISAAC

These are the games we play.

CUT TO:

INT. P.O.W. CAMP - CELL - NIGHT

Isaac sits on the floor in the dark, drained of all energy. Old bruises cover his face in lumps of purple, his eyes crusted with dried blood. It's a struggle to even breathe.

Breaking the silence, Arab Soldiers CHARGE into the cell, SHOUTING in Arabic.

They drag another man between them who wears US military fatigues. He's THROWN down to the floor, looking as broken as Isaac.

One of the Arab Soldiers marches across to Isaac and HAULS him up to his knees to be placed alongside the new prisoner.

There's a ferocity and an urgency to their captors as they brandish their Kalashnikovs threateningly.

One Soldier rushes in and whips a BLINDFOLD over the American prisoner on his knees beside Isaac.

Isaac looks across to him, the terror of anticipation rising.

The other Soldier pulls Isaac's head around, flings another blindfold over his eyes and we --

BLACKOUT

No picture at all now. Only sound.

Isaac's breathing. Becoming shorter, faster.

Fierce SHOUTING in Arabic. Orders. Imperative.

Someone crying. The American prisoner sobbing.

More Arabic shouting.

CRACK!

The impact of a rifle butt on human bone.

The crying quiets to a whimper.

A clip being changed.

A rifle cocked.

Rounds chambered into a Kalashnikov.

The same from a second rifle.

Isaac's breathing becomes panting.

Aggressive SHOUTING between the two Arab Soldiers.

A debate. Angry.

One of the voices overpowers the other in a final SCREECHED order.

A pregnant pause.

Isaac's panting gripped with mortal terror.

BANG!!

Gunshot. Extremely close.

The THUMP of a body hitting the floor.

Silence.

Isaac's breathing returns... just barely.

The blindfold is whipped off to bring us back --

INT. P.O.W. CAMP - CELL - NIGHT

PULLING FOCUS until picture returns to normal. Isaac is on his knees, drenched in terror sweat, panting. His eyes drift sideways to the body of the American soldier faced down on the floor, blood pooling around his head.

The Arab Soldiers haul him to his feet before he can get a grip of himself.

They drag him towards the door, forcing him to move.

ISAAC
(overwhelmed)
What... what's happening?

ARAB SOLDIER
You're being released.

ISAAC
What?

ARAB SOLDIER
Prisoner exchange.

It's too much for Isaac to take in as he's hauled away from the body of the executed man he's only just set eyes on. He tries to look back at it but is forced forward.

One of the Arab Soldiers pulls open the door, sending BLINDING WHITE LIGHT into Isaac's eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

As the light of Gabrielle's phone flashes across Isaac's eyes.

A beat of silence between them.

ISAAC
So you see, the conquest of fear
is done in the mind.

Gabrielle nods slowly, looking at Isaac with compassion.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Mark walks onward with his candle held out.

It flickers over the childlike figure who scurries down the hallway before disappearing down a stairway.

Mark keeps edging forward, following to --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - BACK STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Mark makes his way down the narrower, steeper staircase that runs down the back of the house.

He's careful to watch his step in the darkness, guided only by candlelight, until emerging in --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark comes down the stairs to find Isaac and Gabrielle close together over the light of her cell phone.

GABRIELLE
(startled)
Mark?

MARK
What are you two doing down here?

ISAAC
We came to see if a fuse had
blown.

MARK
Had it?

ISAAC
No. It would seem we're at the
mercy of the electrical company.

GABRIELLE
(to Mark)
What are you doing wandering
about in the dark?

Mark doesn't know how to answer, attempts to cover his hesitation.

MARK
I figured I'd see if everyone was
okay.
(beat)
Stay here. I'll find some
flashlights and bring them on
back.

Isaac and Gabrielle nod at Mark who turns to exit.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

A savage wind rattles the windows. Rain beats against the glass.

Aaron edges through the darkness carefully, holding out the lighter which shows signs of dying. Deanna stays close to his side.

DEANNA

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

AARON

This thing's almost out. So unless you want to be sitting in the dark...

A burst of lightning FLASHES through the open space, reflecting off the polished lid of the piano at the far end.

Aaron pauses for his eyes to readjust, then continues leading Deanna through.

A heavier CRACK of lightning strobes through the room, catching Aaron off guard.

HIS P.O.V.

A figure is standing across the room behind the piano. When the lightning bathes it in ethereal blue it appears to be the GARDENER -- the old man in his seventies seen only by him.

AARON

reacts with a gasp as the darkness returns. Lightning flares up again and he snaps his neck around to another corner of the room.

HIS P.O.V.

Another figure lit up in blue. It looks like BRADIN VARLEY. He mouths words, as if calling out.

AARON

freezes, knowing they're not real, fearing for the possibilities.

Deanna detects his distress.

DEANNA

What? What's wrong?

AARON

Tell me you see them.

Deanna comes around to look into Aaron's face, but his gaze is still fixed across the room, his eyes crunched in mental anguish.

DEANNA

See who?

Another burst of lightning flickers through the room.

And it's empty, save for Aaron and Deanna.

Off Aaron's disturbed but unsurprised reaction as the storm rages outside --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain continues to fall, as heavy as it has ever been. The house is still consumed with darkness, not a light on within.



Thunder rumbles through the storm clouds. Wind ravages the last leaves from the nearby tree branches, leaving them bare.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron and Deanna stand by the windows, Deanna holding the dying lighter.

DEANNA
Are you okay?

AARON
I don't know.

A small twinge of lightning dances through the window and the Gardener leans out from beside Aaron.

GARDENER
Now come on now. Don't start letting it all get to ya.

Aaron looks at the grandfatherly man, then turns his head across to Deanna on his other side.

AARON
You don't think anyone could have got in here, do you?

DEANNA
No, of course not.

AARON
I... I thought I saw someone, that's all.

DEANNA
Maybe some of the others are up too.

The Gardener leans in over Aaron's shoulder.

GARDENER

What's with you, huh? This is just between you and me, right? You want her to think you're crazy?

AARON

No.

DEANNA

No?

AARON

No... you're probably right.

DEANNA

Listen, you can talk to me, you know that? I know you don't like to, but sometimes it does us good.

The Gardener steps out from behind Aaron, giving him a wink and a nod.

GARDENER

Same goes for me, kid. I'm always here.

Aaron stares away to neither the Gardener nor Deanna.

AARON

(low)

Yeah. I know.

A burst of lightning FLASHES into the room but Aaron doesn't shift his stare.

HIS P.O.V.

In the flickering blue light, Bradin again seems to be standing at the far side of the room, mouthing words, calling out.

Darkness returns and he's gone.

AARON

looks on, consumed by self doubt.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

Gabrielle and Isaac sit waiting in the darkness.

GABRIELLE

How much longer is he going to be with those flashlights?

ISAAC
I'm sure he'll be along in the
fullness of time.

Gabrielle sighs, impatient.

GABRIELLE
In the mean time, our marauding
serial killer could be inside,
butcher us all and be on his
merry way.

Isaac tries not to laugh.

GABRIELLE
Or worse.

Isaac takes a beat, serious now. More serious than
Gabrielle intended.

ISAAC
Is that what really worries you?

GABRIELLE
I don't know what you mean.

ISAAC
Yes you do.

GABRIELLE
(terse)
I don't lay awake at night
dreading the onslaught of
predatory men, if that's what
you're getting at.

ISAAC
No. You're right. I'm sorry.

A moment of silence. Gabrielle softens.

GABRIELLE
I'd be lying if I said I didn't
still think of it.
(beat)
Of him.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Equal darkness in this room.

Gabrielle lays on her back, in bed. Her face is cold.
Impassive. Absent.

Something moves atop her.

A HAND moves into frame, pressing against her mouth. A man's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

Gabrielle stares into the darkness, not looking at Isaac even as he looks closely at her.

GABRIELLE

Violation. It's really the only word for it.

(beat)

You imagine everything you might do, everything you could do... then you find yourself paralyzed by it.

Gabrielle looks down, self-conscious.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gabrielle lies back, paralyzed. She stares up and away, her eyes glazed over.

HER P.O.V.

The naked body of a man -- LEROY ERIC SAMUELS (30s) -- rocks down AT CAMERA. His face is coated in sharp stubble. His eyes carnal. The teeth of an animal. The flesh of a beast.

GABRIELLE

turns her face away and a tear runs from her eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT - GABRIELLE

fighting back a tear. Winning.

GABRIELLE

Then when justice is supposedly done, you only feel empty. Hollow.

ISAAC

But he was convicted. Punished.

GABRIELLE

Eventually. Not before the ordeal of a trial. All its ceremony and bureaucracy.

(MORE)

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

A crowd of strangers judging you
even as they're meant to be
judging him.

Gabrielle takes a breath. Isaac gives her time.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rain drums against the windows. Lightning flashes and we find Gideon and Rachel sitting together at the central table.

RACHEL

I know it sounds terrible, but as
hard as it is to admit... I'm
glad he died. The man that...
who made me watch while he...

(beat)

When he came back that night,
when he held me at knifepoint...
I wanted him dead.

Gideon only listens, never seeming like interrupting.

RACHEL

It makes it final. At least some
part of it. Over.

(beat)

But you don't have that. With
Bane in prison, sending you those
letters...

GIDEON

Coming to terms is never easy.
If it wasn't a letter, it could
be something else. If it wasn't
him, it would be someone else.

RACHEL

You say it as if it doesn't
bother you. But it's okay to
admit it. You project strength,
for the sake of those around you,
but you don't have to keep it all
inside all the time. I can see
it. I saw it earlier. On the
stairs?

Gideon raises an eyebrow.

RACHEL

Your fear.

Gideon nods slowly.

GIDEON

They say fear is but an
irrational response to the
excesses of the imagination.

RACHEL

Maybe so.

The two sit and listen to the rain beating against the
windows.

RACHEL

Why don't you just throw them all
away? The letters. Why keep
them?

GIDEON

Because they're mine.

Gideon stares intently at Rachel as a gust of wind rises
outside.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Deanna feels her way around the piano to sit down on the
stool, leading Aaron around beside her.

DEANNA

Okay, we're gonna forget about
the dark, forget about the storm,
everything. Here goes, you
ready?

Deanna rests her fingers on the piano keys and starts to
play softly. Unable to see, she's guided only by instinct
and experience.

A bright, abstract melody sounds.

DEANNA

Here, you try.

AARON

No, no, no. I'm good.

DEANNA

Come on, I'll show you.

Deanna reaches out her hand, offering it.

AARON

No, Dee, really.

DEANNA

Do you trust me?

AARON
(shying away)
C'mon...

Deanna keeps her hand open.

DEANNA
You trust me, don't you?

Aaron hesitates, appraising Deanna's open hand. They both know this isn't about making music.

Reluctantly and with not a little trepidation, Aaron turns to her and raises a hand. He lets Deanna take it and she gently rests it onto the piano keys.

With her hand on top of his, Deanna begins to get Aaron to play a note, then another.

They start to form a basic sequence. It's "Chopsticks."

Deanna begins to add in the bass line with her left hand, guiding Aaron's fingers with her right.

The piece starts to come together. The stuttered phrasing of a beginner it may have, but it overtakes the sounds of the storm.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mark steps through by candlelight, heading for a small table. He rests his candlestick on top and opens a drawer housed below.

Rummaging through, he produces two flashlights from within. He checks them both -- they work.

Leaving the candle behind on the tabletop, Mark starts heading back in the direction he came, using one of the flashlights to better guide his way and carrying the other in his opposite hand.

He stops, hearing something. The sound of music from a nearby room.

Curious, Mark turns back and heads around a corner.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark enters, his flashlight dancing left and right until it hits upon the piano -- the source of "Chopsticks" in full swing.

Deanna and Aaron stop playing when the flashlight beam hits their eyes. They look up to see Mark.

MARK

Hell of a time for a piano lesson.

DEANNA

What are you doing down here?

MARK

I came for the concert. I guess I'm a little late.

DEANNA

Any requests?

MARK

How about "This Little Light of Mine?"

He throws them his other flashlight which Aaron catches.

AARON

We have to start keeping these some place better.

MARK

I'll be back in a minute. I left Isaac and Gabrielle in the utility room.

Mark starts heading out again as Aaron flicks on the flashlight he's left them with.

DEANNA

I won't ask.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

Isaac faces Gabrielle in the dark. She looks away.

GABRIELLE

It's still no closure. You'd think it would be, but it wasn't. Isn't.

(beat)

Even after he died in prison. The highest punishment in the eyes of the law...

ISAAC

But not in God's?

Gabrielle turns to meet his eyes.

GABRIELLE

Sometimes you wonder. What else
would you do... if justice was in
your hands, and yours alone?

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBED - NIGHT

On the water's edge, Gabrielle is struggling to fight off
ELIJAH SULLY, as in 1x03.

Sully pushes his body down into her as we remember, but
then he MORPHS into Leroy Samuels.

Gabrielle's arms flounder over the riverbed frantically,
trying to find anything to stop him.

Her hand finds a rock and without even thinking, she grabs
it up and --

WHACK!

It strikes a heavy blow to Samuels' temple.

He falls off of her, tumbling into the mud alongside.

Samuels lies face-up, blood pooling from his head.

Gabrielle struggles up to her knees and leans over him,
rock still in hand.

Samuels is dazed but conscious, staring up at her with the
hint of a thin smile just as Sully did.

SAMUELS

It's all... about you...

WHACK!

The rock strikes Samuels' skull again, this time a fatal
blow.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

Gabrielle looks away from Isaac, letting the silence do the
talking.

ISAAC

I'd like to say I know how you
feel, but that would be a lie.

(beat)

Instead, I will say I understand.

Gabrielle looks back to him and smiles. Isaac reaches out and touches her hand, Gabrielle appreciating the gesture. Just as they absorb the tender moment --

The lights flicker up. Power is restored.

Gabrielle and Isaac look up instinctively, adjusting to the light.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Where Gideon and Rachel also look up to the overhead lights as they come back to life.

RACHEL

Not a moment too soon.

The pair turn around in the seats when Mark enters from the far door. He leads Gabrielle and Isaac in, followed by Aaron and Deanna.

MARK

So I guess no one got any sleep tonight.

Gideon and Rachel stand up as the room is filled, just as it was before the power cut.

GIDEON

Where were you all?

GABRIELLE

Don't ask.

The group disperse around the central table, Aaron heading for the desktop computer in the corner.

DEANNA

Strange way of pulling an all-nighter.

ISAAC

I'll say.

RACHEL

At least we know it was just the storm.

AARON

Hey, check this out.

Aaron turns back to the others from behind the computer. Gideon walks over, followed by Rachel and the others.

An online news article is on screen.

AARON

It says here a man was arrested late last night in Coquitlam on suspicion of being responsible for seven home-invasions and eight murders.

MARK

(reading)

He was found with electrical tools having tried to cut the power to a suburban property but was apprehended before making entry.

ISAAC

(reading)

Wearing a utility uniform, no less.

DEANNA

This was our guy?

GIDEON

It would seem so.

The group look up from the computer screen and to each other.

GABRIELLE

(ironic)

Great timing. Just great.

Gabrielle begins walking away, the others dispersing too. Gideon and Rachel are left together.

The sound of rain against glass becomes lighter, the storm easing up.

RACHEL

Looks like you were right. There never was anything to worry about.

GIDEON

No. At least not out there.

Rachel looks intently at Gideon, recalling their first conversation of the night.

RACHEL

And in here?

GIDEON

"Only at nightfall, aetherial rumours revive for a moment."

Gideon locks eyes with Rachel for a beat, then turns to the rest of the room.

MARK

stands in quiet introspection. He returns Gideon's knowing gaze.

GABRIELLE

takes down all the clippings from the corkboard, no longer required.

ISAAC

takes a long deep breath, his fatigue showing.

DEANNA

perches on the end of the central table, glancing around to the others as silence hangs in the air.

AARON

is almost out the door, turning back to look upon the group.

Off a MASTER of the whole group dotted around the library, united in strange circumstance --

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR

As the rain eases to a stop, storm clouds parting to reveal the first glimpse of morning light.

The drenched Edwardian building starts to become visible at daybreak just as we --

FADE TO BLACK

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS
JAMES JORDAN

TRIPLE FIVE
PRODUCTIONS