



TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A heavy-duty boot SQUELCHES as it leaves a print in the mud.

Dogs BARK in the distance.

MOVE UP to REVEAL a POLICE OFFICER wearing a high visibility jacket, poking through bushes and tall grass with a long stick.

WIDER to find a long line of OFFICERS, all doing the same.

A low-level mist sweeps around their ankles. A gloomy, dark-grey sky seems to fall from above, leaving the search party wedged between.

OFFICER

Keep your eyes peeled, holler if  
you find something!

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The weary face of CLAY VINCENT fills the frame. He's mid 30s, entirely unspectacular, shoulder-length hair and several day old stubble. Deep, unforgiving bags under his eyes.

His left eye twitches nervously. He bites his fingernails.

ANGLED WIDER we take in the claustrophobic interview room -- walls behind, to the left and to the right seem unnaturally close.

A square-shaped beam of light filters from a window high in the wall, shining on one side of Clay's face, while the other side is darkened.

CLAY

C-- can you accept it? I feel  
troubled by your mood, Doctor. I  
feel as if I can't t-- trust the  
way you sit and stand and talk and  
play and judge...

His speech is disorganised, words slurred. We notice Clay continuously strokes his hair behind his right ear, even when it's already tucked back.

REVERSE ANGLE to find DR. EDMUND WILSON on the other side of the table. African-American, mid 40s, gentle features. His glasses are perched on the end of his nose.

A couple of other DOCTORS sit at the back of the room, observing. The room seems much more open on their side of the table.

DR. WILSON

We've had many sessions, Clay. You know you can trust me and my colleagues completely.

CLAY

You don't understand. The walls have problems. I can't adjust to this place, this... thing.

DR. WILSON

Calm down, Clay. Remember your breathing.

Clay takes one deep breath, then exhales.

DR. WILSON

Now, we know you've been wanting to talk to us about something. Do you think you can?

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

At the front of the search line we find PITNEY and NEMHAUSER, also poking through the bushes and tall grass, waterproof hats protecting them from the cloudy rain engulfing them from above.

Ahead of them are several SNIFFER DOGS kept on long leashes.

NEMHAUSER

You know, I could be surrounded by a couple thousand Giants fans right now.

PITNEY

Not the first wild goose chase we've been on.

NEMHAUSER

If we've got nothing by the ridge up there, I'm calling this off.

Pitney nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Clay tucks his straggly hair behind each ear.

CLAY

People talk to me. People talk.  
I've heard things that would make  
your God cry. I can see you don't  
want to know, Doctor. I can see.

DR. WILSON

We're listening, Clay. I'm  
listening. I can hear anything you  
want to tell me.

CLAY

It's terrible. He told me  
everything. He told me it's  
alright to say everything.

Clays starts to rock back and forth.

DR. WILSON

It's okay. We're here, you're  
safe.

Clay's eyes lock onto Dr. Wilson. He stares right through  
him.

CLAY

Bones. Bodies. Dust. Blood.

(beat)

Dozens, he says. Dozens. I can  
show you. I can show you.

Dr. Wilson turns to his colleagues, who whisper quietly to  
each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A heavy-duty boot CRACKS as it leaves a print in the mud.  
The slightest hint of white protrudes from the earth.

The police officer bends down and scoops some of the dirt  
aside.

POLICE OFFICER

It's here! I've got it!

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Clay scribbles frantically on a pad of paper. What looks to  
be a crudely drawn MAP.

CLAY

This is it. This is it. Over the  
mountain and down we go. A small  
static charge. Everything ends.

DR. WILSON  
You're doing tremendously, Clay.  
Keep going.

CLAY  
F-- five miles south. Keep-- keep  
following the line of trees.  
Everything is underground, buried  
treasure and buried hearts.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A group of police officers, including Pitney and Nemhauser, have gathered around.

A HUMAN SKULL sits in a small hole dug by one of the officers.

Nemhauser kneels down and scrapes away some more dirt.

Another skull is revealed.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Clay leans back in his chair. Links his hands behind his head.

Dr. Wilson and his colleagues talk at the opposite end of the room.

CLAY  
This is good. This is the way.  
Exercise my sins. All is forgiven.

A HAND places itself on Clay's shoulder.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You've done the right thing, Clay.  
You'll be alright now.

Clay turns to KENDALL SIMS. He's in his 70s, a physically small man, beady eyes and wrinkled skin, wisps of grey hair behind each ear.

Dr. Wilson and his colleagues pay absolutely no attention to Kendall, but Clay looks up to him as if he were his own father. His eyes full of obedience. Maybe devotion.

Maybe fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

An OVERHEAD SHOT looks down at the police officers as they stand over the grave, which sits in the middle of a patch of discoloured grass.

PULL BACK further into the sky. Revealing more patches of grass.

Five. Ten. Maybe fifteen. Each one representing a grave -- and an unknown amount of bodies beneath.

And off this sight, 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

# "WHOM GODS DESTROY"

GUEST STARRING  
DEAN STOCKWELL

RYAN ROBBINS

ERIK HUDSON

NIKKI CLYNE

CALLUM KEITH RENNIE

AND  
WENDIE MAZUK

THEME BY  
MICHAEL WANDMACHER

PRODUCER  
JAKE DIAMOND

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER  
ANTHONY JOHN BLACK

CO-PRODUCER  
JAMES SWANSON

PRODUCER  
REBEKAH GRANT

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER  
ANGELO SHRINE

WRITTEN BY  
JT VAUGHN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The field is now filled with large, white, windowless marquee tents. The forensic circus is in town.

FORENSIC TEAMS filter in and out. They wear head-to-toe white outfits, trouser bottoms scuffed with mud and dirt. They carry trays and bags filled with bones and other various objects.

CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHERS move to and from the dug-up burial sites, making sure to get a shot from each and every angle.

GABRIELLE JACKSON

is kneeled over one of the graves. Like the others she wears a full forensic costume. She brushes mud off a set of bones.

GIDEON COLE

stands to one side, shooting the scene. He wears a set of blue shoe covers.

He pauses for a moment. Sighs wearily. Watches Gabrielle as she works.

GABRIELLE  
(noticing him)  
You're staring.

GIDEON  
I'm... observing with interest.

GABRIELLE  
Heard that from a few teenage boys  
in my time.

Gabrielle places a couple of bones in a zip-lock bag and moves off towards one of the tents.

Gideon lifts his camera and takes one final shot.

CAMERA FLASH TO:

INT. FORENSIC TENT - MOMENTS LATER

The white of the flash gradually fades to reveal that we're now ANGLED on the back of one of the forensic specialists white costumes.

As they move off, we find Gabrielle at a table. She places a tray filled with old, cracked bones down.

She pulls the hood off her costume and wipes the sweat from her brow.

Gideon approaches. He stands to one side, trying not to get in the way. His camera hangs around his neck.

GIDEON  
When they said multiple victims...  
I never anticipated I would see  
such horror.

GABRIELLE  
Regretting your choice of career?

Gideon "hms" under his breath.

GIDEON  
I'm fighting the urge to make rash  
judgements against the soul capable  
of this atrocity. It's inhuman.

GABRIELLE  
It is what it is.

Gideon eyes Gabrielle with some concern. Her tone is cold, distant.

GIDEON  
Maybe you should take a break from  
all of this.

On "this" he gestures towards all the other forensic analysts working at other tables filled with bones and personal belongings.

Gabrielle just ignores him. She places an old, antique wristwatch and a silver bracelet into an evidence bag. She doesn't look to Gideon.

Gideon takes the hint.

GIDEON  
I have more sites to shoot.

Gabrielle nods. She continues to dust dried mud off the bones. Gideon watches her for a beat, then leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Our first look at the exterior of this modern facility. The circular entrance building is flanked by two larger buildings, each floor aligned further back like a set of stairs.

COLONY FARM FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL  
PORT COQUITLAM, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The perfectly polished windows shimmer in the few rays of light that filter through the cloud-filled sky.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

DEANNA SYKES sits opposite Clay Vincent. He's slightly more restrained than with Dr. Wilson -- legs crossed, left arm holding his right hip, constantly stroking his hair behind his ear.

DEANNA

You're doing good, Clay. I understand we don't know each other too well, but I think we're becoming good friends. You can trust me, and I know I can trust you.

Her tone is soft, calming, like speaking to a child.

CLAY

Trust is a commodity that can't be bought or bargained or bribed. You're not my history teacher's wife.

DEANNA

I agree.

Deanna flips through a file folder, taking her time, not wanting to press Clay too hard. She waits for a beat, then:

DEANNA

Clay, I want to talk to you about the field. Do you think that's okay?

CLAY

I can talk about it. It's okay. He said it's okay.

Deanna raises an eyebrow. "He?"

DEANNA

You don't seem like a bad person, Clay. What would make you hurt those people?

CLAY

It's a secret. I have a secret. I can't tell you.

DEANNA

It's okay, Clay. We're alone.

Clay looks around the room frantically -- nobody else there. He leans forward.

CLAY

He tells me what to do. He always tells me. The process is different if you look at it backwards, but the results are always the same.

DEANNA

Who tells you?

CLAY

I can't say. He made me not say.

DEANNA

What does he tell you?

CLAY

He told me where to find the bodies. He said I had to do it. He's evil! He's the devil! You can't spell devil without evil, did you notice that? I can see him. Nobody else can. Maybe they can. Maybe they pretend they don't.

Clay clasps a hand to his mouth. He turns away from Deanna, looking towards the wall.

DEANNA

What's wrong? It's alright, you can trust me with this. Nobody will know what we talked about.

Clay turns his head back. Looks past Deanna.

CLAY'S P.O.V.

Kendall Sims stands at the door. He peers inside. Stares at Clay. His eyes penetrative and unnerving.

CLAY

Mmmm, can't say any more. Can't speak.

Deanna notices Clay looking past her. She turns to the door -- but there's nobody there. She turns back to Clay. Jots some notes down on a paper pad.

DEANNA

You know, Clay, if you give me some more information, it would make people very happy.

CLAY

What information?

DEANNA

Did this man... did he tell you the names of the people buried in the field? Maybe how many we can expect to find?

CLAY

Can't speak. Can't talk. If you turn your ears inside out I still won't say.

DEANNA

You want to make people happy, don't you, Clay?

Clay grips onto his right shoulder with his left hand and buries his mouth in his arm crevice.

Deanna leans back. Sighs. This is going to be long day.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

Establishing the building under a light drizzle of rain.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

MARK WATTERS pins a photograph of one of the exposed graves to a cork board. More photographs are spread out on the table in front of ISAAC FREEMAN, AARON SIDWELL and RACHEL ATHERTON.

MARK

Not since Robert Pickton has Canada seen such a prolific serial killer. Charged with the murders of twenty victims, Pickton claimed to have killed fifty in total. If these skeletons are indeed proven to be the work of one killer, we could see that total eclipsed.

ISAAC

A terrible waste.

Aaron pushes the photos away.

AARON

At least they've got the son of a bitch.

MARK

Deanna is interviewing the suspect,  
but we don't know for sure if it's  
him.

AARON

He led them right to the bodies,  
who else could it be?

Rachel picks up the photos and studies them closely. More at  
ease with the grisly details than she'd ever expected to be.

RACHEL

There's a few possibilities.  
Multiple killers, information  
passed by the real killer to the  
psychiatric patient... or perhaps  
they're just bodies disposed after  
a pandemic many centuries ago.

ISAAC

It's not our method to place  
guesses, especially when it comes  
to a disturbed mind.

MARK

Isaac is right. This is going to  
hinge on a lot of good forensic and  
psychoanalytic work.

Mark turns back to the cork board. He looks over the  
photographs carefully. Studies them. Rubs the bridge of his  
chin.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Deanna walks with Dr. Wilson down the hallway. Several other  
DOCTORS and NURSES filter about in the background. The  
inside is just as white and pristine as the outside.

DR. WILSON

He was originally brought in by his  
family. He'd shown signs of  
disorganised thought, mood swings,  
delusional ideas, paranoia,  
inappropriate behaviour, aimless  
mannerisms --

DEANNA

A textbook schizophrenic.

DR. WILSON

Indeed. But we never for a second  
thought he'd be capable of  
violence. Maybe... at his worst...  
(MORE)

DR. WILSON (CONT'D)

he might throw an object, or raise his voice... but murder? And of so many people?

DEANNA

We're constantly learning new things about ourselves and what we're capable of.

DR. WILSON

But Clay? I'm afraid we're at a loss to explain this one.

The pair stop at a coffee machine. Dr. Wilson fills a cup. He offers her one.

DEANNA

No. Thank you. What about this "he" Clay refers to?

DR. WILSON

One of his delusions. A hallucination we've heard him speak of a number of times.

DEANNA

He's distancing himself. Blaming the bad things he's done on the devil on his shoulder.

DR. WILSON

Quite so. A rather disturbing psychotic break.

Deanna considers this. The cogs in her brain whirring.

DEANNA

You may need to reconsider your preconceptions about Clay and your doubt over his propensity for violence. David Berkowitz, the Son of Sam killer, said that a demon gave him orders through his neighbour's dog.

DR. WILSON

(wry smile)

I see your point.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Isaac's jeep pulls up in a roped-off parking area, filled with regular vehicles as well as official police ones, away from the excavation zone. He steps out.

Gideon approaches and offers a polystyrene cup filled with steaming hot coffee.

ISAAC  
Just the ticket. Thank you.

The pair slowly walk back towards the tents. Gideon rubs his hands together frantically. Their breaths visible as they talk.

GIDEON  
Ten bodies found. They're not even halfway. It's bad.

ISAAC  
How's Gabrielle taking it all?

GIDEON  
Impossible to speculate. She's not the easiest to read at the best of times.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Gideon and Isaac approach Gabrielle's work station...

But she's nowhere to be seen.

Gideon looks around -- there's so many people in full forensic costumes that it'd be hard to tell if she was here anyway.

Something catches Isaac's eye -- a tray filled with evidence bags. Inside the bags are various pieces of old, rusted jewelry. Rings, watches, bracelets, necklaces, and a couple of DOG TAGS.

He picks up the bags with the tags in. Studies them with some reverence and respect.

Gideon notices a sheet covering Gabrielle's work station. He approaches it with some trepidation, unsure whether he wants to see what lies beneath.

He places a hand tentatively on the sheet. Grabs it with a clenched fist.

He PULLS it aside revealing a partially complete skeleton of a small child.

Gideon reacts with a deep, heavy breath.

He flings the sheet back over the skeleton, a sneer of contempt on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CLAY'S ROOM - DAY

Clay is huddled in a ball in the corner of the sparse room -- just a bed, a chair, and a desk -- scrawling something onto the wall with a marker pen.

Kendall Sims drifts INTO FRAME, moving with an eerie quiet. He takes a seat beside Clay. Places a comforting hand on Clay's shoulder.

KENDALL

Everything is going to be alright, boy.

CLAY

You say that, you say that but you don't mean it. Your words are just my words but spelled backwards.

KENDALL

We're friends, Clay. We do things for each other.

Clay stops writing. He turns to Kendall. This small, huddled man, bathed in shadow, looking up to the figure looming over him, lit almost angelically by the elevated window.

CLAY

I don't understand. Tell me why. Tell me why you killed those people. Why did they have to die?

KENDALL

Why don't you tell me why they had to die, Clay?

Clay turns back to the wall. Scribbles away frantically. Trying to avoid the truth that Kendall is presenting him with.

CLAY

What does that mean?

KENDALL

You know what it means.

CLAY

I'm my own man. I'm nobody else. Nobody else is me.

KENDALL

You know what the doctors say is true. You're broken.

CLAY

Doctors, doctors, doctors. Doctors  
are just patients with white coats  
and white smiles.

Clay turns to Kendall -- but he's now on the other side of  
the room by the door.

KENDALL

Think about it, Clay.

Clay turns back to the wall and continues scribbling.

ON THE WALL

We see Clay has drawn dozens of SKULLS.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

A small bridge over a tranquil little stream, hidden away in  
a little valley. Away from all of the horror and the  
insanity. Away from the bones and the bodies. The water  
drifts at a steady pace, calming and still.

Gabrielle leans over the side. Her crucifix necklace hangs  
from her fingers, dangling precariously.

GIDEON (V.O.)

I never anticipated I would see  
such horror.

The necklace slips ever so slightly from her grasp.

We PULL BACK slowly from the scene.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CLAY'S ROOM - DAY

A middle-aged NURSE wheels a cart out of the room. The door  
CLICKS as she exits.

Clay sits at the table in his room eating mash potato and  
peas from a plastic tray. He waits for a beat...

Then runs over to the door. He gently pulls the handle...  
and opens it. A small piece of fabric falls out from the  
lock, wedged in place to stop it from locking properly.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Deanna and Dr. Wilson stride purposefully, Deanna carrying a  
whole bundle of charts, files and books.

DEANNA

If we can just get to the bottom of this character -- this hallucination -- perhaps we can discover the root of Clay's psychosis.

DR. WILSON

We've tried to question him about it before, but he refuses to open up. Maybe you'll have better luck.

Deanna smiles warmly, appreciating the compliment -- whether it was about her abilities or her beautiful looks is unsure, but she's taking it anyway.

An arm wraps itself around Dr. Wilson's neck, pulling him in close!

CLAY

steps out from around a corner. He plunges a syringe into Dr. Wilson's neck!

DEANNA

No!

Clay doesn't inject the liquid... yet.

DR. WILSON

Clay... Clay... what are you doing...?

CLAY

Shut up. Shut up!

DEANNA

Let him go, Clay. We can talk about th --

CLAY

No! Everybody, in there!

Clay leads Deanna, Dr. Wilson, and a couple other DOCTORS and NURSES in the vicinity into an empty visitor's lounge.

And as Clay slams the door shut, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VISITOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

The doctors and nurses gather at the back of the room. Clay stands by the door, Dr. Wilson gripped precariously. Deanna stands nearby.

It's a large, open-plan space, filled with seating areas, vending machines, telephones, and a television mounted on the wall.

DEANNA

Clay... Clay... please, this isn't you.

CLAY'S P.O.V.

A reflection of Kendall Sims flashes by in the glass of a vending machine.

Clay turns swiftly -- but Kendall is nowhere to be seen.

CLAY

Just... just stay back. Just stay back!

DEANNA

Nobody has to get hurt, alright? We're all friends here.

CLAY

(raising voice)

I'm not your friend! The system is corrupt from the inside out to the outside in. You're just one of them! You're just a proton and I'm an electron and the world is spinning off its wheels.

DEANNA

Clay, things are going to be fine. You're my friend, remember? Friends help each other.

Her tone is even more calming than before, almost bordering on condescending.

CLAY

Stop it! Stop it! You're talking just like him!

Clay tightens his grip around Dr. Wilson's neck. Deanna backs off.

CUT TO:

INT. ICE RINK - DAY

It's a calm, eerie setting. The ice produces a light, hazy mist. A lone SKATER glides around, twirling and spinning with the grace of an Olympic champion.

To one side, a YOUNG WOMAN stacks skates on a shelf in a small alcove in the corner of the rink. She's mid 30s, plain looking, blonde hair died with random green stripes, wearing an endless amount of silicone "awareness" bracelets.

GABRIELLE (O.S.)  
Billie Patterson?

The woman, Billie, turns to Gabrielle.

BILLIE  
That's me. Can I help?

Gabrielle dumps a stack of files and folders on a nearby table, photos of bones and skeletons spilling out.

GABRIELLE  
(cold; stoic)  
You can give me answers.

Gabrielle's eyes are empty yet focussed.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Mark has filled the cork board up with even more grisly photos from the crime scene.

Rachel sits at the main table, thumbing her way through loose papers.

Her eyes can't help but drift towards one of the newer photos sent by Gideon -- the skeleton of the small child. It can't be any more than nine or ten years old.

Mark notices what she's staring at. She notices Mark.

RACHEL  
I know what you think I'm thinking.

Mark can't help but let out a small laugh.

MARK  
You've been spending too much time with Gideon, you're starting to get too good at reading people.

RACHEL  
I don't need a PhD to see the subtext. I'm sorry, I'm sticking my nose in, I --

MARK

No. It's alright. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't thinking of --

RACHEL

You don't have to say his name. No... it's none of my business. I shouldn't have brought it up.

MARK

I just... is this how I'll find him? A set of bones waiting to be discovered?

The mood has suddenly turned sombre. Rachel looks down at her feet, like a naughty child trying to pretend the teacher hasn't noticed them.

MARK

Listen to me. My selfish thoughts. What about the parents about to discover their child has been found, only to then be told they're...

RACHEL

I'm sure that won't be you.

MARK

I have faith things will turn out alright, but... but none of this helps.

RACHEL

It's not easy for anyone. Every body they find brings up bad memories for someone.

They share a silent, contemplative beat, until:

MARK

I appreciate your listening.

She nods.

The phone RINGS. Mark answers. His face turns from sadness to shock.

RACHEL

What is it?

MARK

Deanna...

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

The building has been surrounded by crime scene barriers. Several POLICE CARS are situated by the entrances and exits.

Pitney and Nemhauser stand by a SWAT UNIT, debriefing their leader.

GIDEON'S SUV

races up the gravel path leading toward the hospital. The car reaches one of the police barricades.

Gideon and Isaac jump out, but they're held back along with all the other CIVILIANS standing behind the barriers.

CUT TO:

INT. ICE RINK - DAY

The ice rink employee, Billie Patterson, is sat at a bench tightening some of the skate blades. She is turned away from the grim dossier spread out on the table by Gabrielle.

In the background, a misty haze emanates from the ice.

BILLIE

Look, I don't know what you think I need to see, or what answers I can give you. You should just go.

GABRIELLE

Your father, he --

BILLIE

His body was found. I know. I got the call an hour ago. And yet, I'm still working. What does that tell you?

Billie doesn't take her eyes off the skates.

GABRIELLE

That you're --

BILLIE

Trying to keep my mind busy. So whatever you're sellin', I ain't buyin'.

GABRIELLE

He was military.

BILLIE

Sure. Gulf War, Vietnam, he was God damned decorated. Lady, what does this have to do with anythin'?

GABRIELLE

Then how could he let this happen?

Gabrielle instinctively reaches for the cross hanging from her neck... but it's not there.

BILLIE

Excuse me?

GABRIELLE

How could he so easily be murdered by a serial killer?

BILLIE

You're testin' my patience.

GABRIELLE

Military trained. A family to protect. Everything to live for. How could he give up his life without a fight?

Gabrielle's odd line of questioning finally gets to Billie. She turns, furious, pointing the screwdriver at Gabrielle.

BILLIE

The hell kind of thing is that to ask a person?

GABRIELLE

All these people, all of them.

Gabrielle lays out more files and photos out on the table.

GABRIELLE

Father of five, fit and healthy -- dead. A grown woman, police officer, marathon runner, mother of two -- dead. And these are just a few of the people whose bodies we've identified. How could they let this happen?

Billie's face is tortured, contorted. She's fighting back every urge -- to cry, to lash out, to run.

BILLIE

How dare you.

GABRIELLE

The survival of our race is built on the fight-or-flight, a fundamental physiological response. How could these people -- your father -- give up so easily? How weak must they have been to lay down and die? All of them... I want you to tell me why?

Billie STABS the screwdriver down into the table. Her hand shakes.

BILLIE  
You get the hell out of here. Get  
out!

Gabrielle calmly gathers up the files, slides them back into the folders.

GABRIELLE  
Think about it.

Gabrielle walks away. Not a single beat of emotion.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VISITOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

The handful of doctors and nurses have congregated at the far side of the room. A couple of the nurses are CRYING, while their colleagues help calm them down with comforting hugs.

COLONY FARM FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL  
1:18 AM

Deanna is sat close by as Clay keeps his hand on the syringe pressed into Dr. Wilson's neck.

CLAY'S P.O.V.

He looks toward one of the doctors whose face is now that of Kendall Sims. Clay looks away, not wanting to see him, wishing him away.

Clay steps back into the corner of the room, Dr. Wilson matching Clay's steps to avoid getting the needle injected into his skin.

A young Indian DOCTOR, nametag identifying him as DR. PATEL, steps forward.

DR. PATEL  
Mr. Vincent... Clay... please, this  
doesn't have to go down like this.

CLAY  
What do you know about me? I could  
be Charles Manson, I could be  
William Bonin, I could be Ted  
Bundy, I could be Ed Gein, I could  
be John Wayne Gacy. You don't know  
me, don't presume to tell me what  
has to happen, don't --

DEANNA

Clay, Clay, look at me, alright.  
You know me.

She waves Dr. Patel back.

DEANNA

We can find a way for this to end  
happily for everyone. You just  
have to tell me what it is you  
need, and I can make it happen. Do  
you want me to get rid of the man  
you see? The one who tells you  
what to do?

Clay's left eye twitches at every mention of "the man."

DEANNA

Because I have that power, Clay. I  
can make him go away.

Clay loosens his grip slightly. Dr. Wilson senses that  
Deanna is getting through to Clay.

DR. WILSON

Listen to her voice, Clay. She's  
your friend, she wouldn't lie to  
you.

CLAY

I'm not crazy, I didn't hurt those  
people, you gotta believe me. You  
gotta.

DEANNA

I do believe you, Clay.

DR. WILSON

We both do.

CLAY

I hear gunshots, I hear thirty or  
forty gunshots. I look at my  
window at night at I see everyone  
shooting each other. That's the  
world, that's what the world is,  
and I didn't do none of that.

DEANNA

Let go of Dr. Wilson, and we can  
talk about that.

Clay loosens his grip some more. Deanna steps closer,  
offering a hand towards the syringe.

Dr. Wilson starts to edge away... then...

A CELL PHONE RINGS

Clay stumbles back. INJECTS DR. WILSON!

DEANNA

No!

One of the nurses SCREAMS.

Dr. Wilson drops to the ground. Deanna kneels down beside him.

DEANNA

What was that?

DR. WILSON

(panicking)

Not sure. Not sure. A paralytic,  
I think. I --

His breathing starts to get deep, fast, shallow. He loosens his tie.

DR. WILSON

I... I can't breathe.

DEANNA

(to Clay)

We need to get him out of here!

Clay spirals around himself, circling the room, pointing the half-full syringe at anyone who comes close.

CLAY

Nobody leaves! Nobody leaves!

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

One of the SWAT team members approaches Pitney and Nemhauser.

SWAT MEMBER

We've just got a witness report --  
subject has injected an unknown  
substance into one of the hostages.

NEMHAUSER

(to Pitney)

He's forced our hand. We have to  
go in now.

Gideon pushes past one of the police officers while their guard is down. He runs over to Pitney and Nemhauser.

GIDEON

Please, you can't go thundering in.  
A friend of mine is in there. She  
knows what she's doing. Just give  
her a chance to talk him down.

PITNEY

Somebody get him out of here!

Isaac runs over. Places a hand on Gideon's shoulder.

ISAAC

Come on. Let them do their jobs.

GIDEON

You're risking everyone inside!

PITNEY

I don't have to justify my  
decisions to you.

(to officers, re: Gideon)

Get him back!

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VISITOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

A couple of the doctors, including Dr. Patel, are kneeled  
down beside Dr. Wilson who's struggling to breathe.

DR. PATEL

His windpipe is closing up. If we  
don't get him something to help  
soon, he's going to need a  
tracheotomy.

DEANNA

Please, Clay, let him get some  
help!

CLAY

I'm s-- scared of you. Who do I go  
to when the people that keep you in  
line aren't anywhere to be found?  
I've got p-- people telling me what  
to do, evil people, I'm the one  
with the morals here.

DEANNA

I understand, I know it's hard. I  
know that there's bad people  
telling you to do bad things, but  
you're better than them, Clay.

Clay circles the room, syringe at arm's length, constantly  
pushing the hair behind his right ear.

CLAY

He's a small little man, eyes that  
roll out of his skull. He pushes  
me around, t-- tells me what to do,  
what to say, what to think. He  
told me where to find those people.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

I didn't know all about it until he told me. You gotta be-- believe me.

Deanna narrows her eyes slightly. Looks closer at Clay. Something is intriguing her. Something isn't right.

DEANNA

Clay... what does he look like, this man? Can you tell me?

CLAY

I've seen him in a white coat, pretending to be one of the, b-- but he's not.

(waving syringe at her)  
He's not!

DEANNA

He looks like a Doctor?

CLAY

He is a Doctor!

At that moment, the exterior window SMASHES and a GRENADE drops into the middle of the room!

It explodes in a violent blast of WHITE LIGHT and HIGH PITCHED NOISE.

There are SCREAMS from the nurses.

Over WHITE we hear the SHOUTS of SWAT team members as they filter into the room.

"Perimeter breached!" "Go go go!" "Subject sedated!" "Medic!"

The white starts to dissipate, as does the ringing noise.

CLAY

has been knocked unconscious and restrained by a SWAT member.

DR. WILSON

is being dropped onto a gurney.

DEANNA

is on the floor. She shields her eyes.

A SWAT member helps her to her feet. Dr. Wilson is whisked out of the room.

Deanna walks over to Clay. Looks down at him. She wipes the hair from her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

A few scattered police officers remove the barricades from the perimeter as the hospital re-opens.

Two SWAT vehicles drive away, followed by a couple of patrol cars.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VISITOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

Deanna sits. She nurses a cup of steaming hot coffee. Isaac sits beside her. Gideon stands, as if on guard.

The room has mostly emptied, aside from a couple of nurses remaining at the back talking quietly.

Clay is wheeled through the corridor on a gurney past the entrance to the lounge, still unconscious. All three watch as he passes.

DEANNA

Do they know how he got out?

ISAAC

No one can be certain.

GIDEON

As long as you're alright, Deanna. That's all I'm concerned about at this moment.

DEANNA

Something isn't right about all this. I really thought I was getting through to him, I thought I could get him to admit he was behind the killings rather than this "voice" in his head, but -- I don't know. I think I read him all wrong.

GIDEON

You don't need to worry about that now. Mr. Vincent is going to be unconscious for some time.

DEANNA

No, I'm not done here yet.

GIDEON

Perhaps you should get some rest.

DEANNA

I'm not done!

ISAAC

Deanna, there's nothing more here  
for us to do. Take Gideon's sage  
advice.

Deanna sighs. Takes a sip of the coffee. She doesn't see  
fit to fight this point right now -- but there's a steely  
determination in her eyes. This isn't over.

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Darkness has engulfed the building. Wall-mounted lights  
illuminate the grounds.



CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CLAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clay has been securely strapped down to his bed by his ankles  
and wrists. His messy hair, drowned in sweat, is swept all  
across his face. His head flops from side to side drowsily.

WIDER ANGLE

And now we can see Kendall Sims sitting by Clay's bed. Legs  
crossed. Arms folded.

KENDALL

Now you see what happens when you  
defy me.

CLAY

No. No.

KENDALL

We could've prospered, you and I.  
We could've been one.

CLAY

I don't have to listen to you, I  
don't! You're just the devil,  
you're the devil and you've always  
hated me.

KENDALL

Why don't you stand up and say that  
to me? Oh. You can't. How  
unfortunate.

CLAY

You bastard!

Clay violently throws his head to one side over and over again, as if trying to force the strands of hair off his face and behind his ear without the use of his hands.

KENDALL

You're a sick, sad little boy, and you're getting everything you deserve.

CLAY

I swallowed your lies!

KENDALL

Get some rest. Tomorrow is another day.

Kendall begins to walk away, disappearing OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Kendall stands outside Clay's room. He grabs a white coat hanging from the wall. Slides into it.

Kendall strides down the corridor. Dr. Patel approaches.

DR. PATEL

(nodding)

Evening, Dr. Sims.

KENDALL

Dr. Patel.

DR. PATEL

Crazy day, huh.

KENDALL

Crazy is the word.

And off this moment, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - MORNING

Deanna sits in a cafeteria area near the hospital reception, a few scattered tables with a small kitchen area serving hot drinks and cold lunches. She's got a load of files spread out on the table, frantically jotting down notes all over them.

COLONY FARM FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL  
10:31 AM

Deanna downs the last quarter of her cup of coffee. A couple of empty crumpled up cups lay on the table.

Mark takes a seat opposite. He gazes over the cluttered mess.

MARK

Did you know that over 400 billion cups of coffee are consumed every year? I wonder how many of those are yours.

DEANNA

Didn't get much sleep. Something about this case isn't right. I just can't figure it out.

MARK

Obsession is never healthy. I've got some statistics about that, too.

DEANNA

I'm not obsessed.

MARK

This state of disarray attests otherwise. Maybe a second opinion will help some.

She leans back. Sighs. Runs her hands through her hair.

DEANNA

I got a good look at Clay Vincent in action. His behaviour doesn't fit the profile.

MARK

How so?

DEANNA

He's -- he's too disorganised.  
Frantic. Paranoid. He acts on  
impulse.

MARK

And the burial site?

DEANNA

Organised. Methodical. The dump  
site is the same place for all the  
kills, a disorganised killer would  
just leave the body where they were  
found.

MARK

So what does this tell you?

DEANNA

That Clay can't be the killer.

MARK

And yet he knew the location of the  
bodies.

DEANNA

Now you see my dilemma.

Mark picks up a few of Deanna's files. Glances over her  
notes.

MARK

Motives?

DEANNA

Clay has none. He has no vision,  
no mission, no thrill -- sexual or  
otherwise. He doesn't talk about  
the victims as if their deaths gave  
him any sort of power or control.  
He's completely dissociated.

MARK

As if he isn't the killer.

DEANNA

And we're back to square one.

MARK

I'm sure there are many other  
professionals willing to take this  
on. You don't have to carry the  
burden.

DEANNA

How can I leave now? With so many  
unanswered questions?

Mark leans forward on the table. Hands clasped as if praying.

MARK

You want to know what I think?

DEANNA

Of course.

MARK

I think you were so obsessed with getting the truth out of Clay, assuming his guilt in the process, you overlooked the profile.

DEANNA

I didn't assume anything.

MARK

Really? Because I've talked to a couple of the doctors, and they paint the picture of a young woman more concerned with pandering to the delusions of a paranoid schizophrenic instead of using her knowledge of profiling the criminal mind to understand what's really going on.

DEANNA

(laughing)

Wow. You're so far off.

MARK

Don't blame yourself. Dr. Wilson is fine.

DEANNA

I'm going to figure this out.

MARK

I have no doubt.

She affords a small smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

Establishing. A brisk breeze scatters leaves all across the lawn.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Gabrielle has sprayed out a huge number of files and books across the central table. It's a huge mess.

She grabs another book from the shelf and SLAMS it against the table. Claws her way through the pages. Desperately searching.

Rachel enters. She leans against one of the bookcases.

RACHEL

What's going on? Are you okay?

GABRIELLE

My well-being is none of your concern.

RACHEL

Sorry.

(awkward beat)

It just looked like you needed a hand.

GABRIELLE

Well I don't, alright? I don't need help from you, or from anyone.

Rachel takes a few tentative steps closer.

RACHEL

In my experience, everyone needs help.

GABRIELLE

Well I'm not one of your school children, so spare me the condescending rhetoric.

(beat)

Unless you can explain why all these people allowed themselves to be killed.

Gabrielle again reaches for her cross but quickly realises it isn't there. She adjusts her collar instead. Rachel notices.

RACHEL

I think I better leave you to it.

GABRIELLE

I thought so.

Gabrielle goes back to her book. Rachel stays for a beat, then departs.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A small, fairly nondescript room, with a bank of six monitors in a semi-circle configuration, surrounding a couple of chairs.

Deanna and Mark sit in front of the monitors, both cradling cups of coffee.

A SECURITY GUARD types in a few commands into a keyboard. One of the monitors now displays paused footage from the SECURITY CAMERA in the visitor's lounge at the hospital.

SECURITY GUARD  
Here you go. Should be at the right time, just hit play.

DEANNA  
I appreciate it.

SECURITY GUARD  
No problem.

The Security Guard exits. Mark grabs the remote control and starts the footage.

Deanna leans in close. Studies the monitor with intense curiosity. The colourful images light up her face.

She rewinds it. Watches again.

DEANNA  
That's unusual.

MARK  
What is?

DEANNA  
You see that? The eye twitch?

MARK  
What about it?

DEANNA  
I'm not sure.

Mark laughs.

MARK  
I'm glad you're getting to the crux of the matter.

But Deanna isn't paying any attention to Mark. She leans in closer toward the monitor.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ARCHIVE - DAY

Rows upon rows of shelves stacked with boxes and folders go deep into the room, as far as the eye can see. Fluorescent lights BUZZ above. No windows. Must be the basement.

By the door, Deanna sits at a table in front of a stack of files. She flips through a leather DVD wallet marked "CASE FILE #51451 - CLAY VINCENT." She pulls out one of the discs.

She wheels along on her chair, reaching a wall-mounted DVD player below a widescreen monitor embedded into the wall.

On the screen we see Clay (with slightly shorter hair and clean shaven) sitting at the interview room table. Dr. Wilson sits opposite.

DR. WILSON (O.S.)  
Patient session twenty-six.  
Present, Dr. Wilson and Dr. Sims.

Clay twitches.

We notice Dr. Kendall Sims walking around the perimeter of the room. Clay tries not to make eye contact with the man.

We PUSH THROUGH the screen until we're actually inside the interview room with them.

DR. WILSON  
Now, yesterday you talked about people wanting to kill you. Would you like to expand on that, Clay?

CLAY  
I feel uncomfortable right now. I feel like somebody is trying to shoot me.

DR. WILSON  
Who is trying to shoot you?

CLAY  
A couple years ago I took out a loan to buy a boat.

DR. WILSON  
Does that relate to people trying to shoot you?

CLAY  
Connect the dots, man. You're so ignorant, you're so ignorant. Can't you see the crosshairs right now?

Dr. Kendall Sims steps forward.

KENDALL  
Have you ever thought about killing those people yourself?

Clay starts to rock back and forth. His eye twitches. He strokes the hair behind his ear.

CLAY

No no no no no no no.

DR. WILSON

It's alright, Clay.

CLAY

It's just me and you. Just me and you.

DR. WILSON

If that's what you want.

CLAY

Mmmm, it's not what I want, it's what is deemed necessary.

Kendall Sims takes a few steps back until he reaches the perimeter wall. He slides inconspicuously out the door.

PULL BACK out of the screen until we're back with Deanna. She pinches the bridge of her nose, deep in concentration.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Deanna charges down the hallway, Mark trying to keep pace.

MARK

Let me get this straight. You want us to dig up a full history on a senior doctor at a psychiatric hospital just because you've got a hunch?

DEANNA

I distinctly remember not using the word hunch.

MARK

This is thin, you have to admit. We're lucky we've been allowed to look into this as far as we have. If we raise the wrong kind of attention the authorities could have us out of here in no time.

DEANNA

Why do you think I didn't go straight to the police?

Deanna realises her stance is coming off as too confrontational and stops marching.

DEANNA

Somebody is pulling this patient's strings, he's not a murderer.

MARK

He very nearly killed that doctor  
only yesterday.

DEANNA

That's different.

MARK

I think you're too close to this.  
Maybe you should step away.

DEANNA

Goddamnit, I'm not going to drop  
it!

Mark stands. He stares back at Deanna, not taking it  
personally.

MARK

I'll ask around, see what I can  
come up with. But then I'm heading  
home. Give me a call if you decide  
to join me.

Mark gives Deanna a look that tells her he's given her all  
he's going to before parting and walking around the next  
corner.

Deanna is left half grateful and half frustrated.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - REAR GARDENS - DAY

Gabrielle is sat on a bench, far away from the house. The  
bench faces towards the dense woodland beyond the property  
line.

Gideon approaches. He takes a seat beside her.

We stay ten feet behind the pair, framed centrally against  
the harsh, contorted trees that fill the background, wind  
WHISTLING all around.

GABRIELLE

Rachel called you.

GIDEON

She was concerned.

GABRIELLE

I'm not a child, I don't need  
coddling.

GIDEON

Nobody suggested otherwise.

(beat)

(MORE)

GIDEON (CONT'D)

I just got berated by Detective Nemhauser. A young woman made a complaint against you. Harassment. He gave me all the gory details.

A beat.

GIDEON

It's clear you're struggling.

GABRIELLE

No. Don't do that.

GIDEON

Don't do what?

GABRIELLE

Don't analyse me.

GIDEON

I feel obliged to mention the fable of the scorpion and the frog.

Gabrielle lets out a muted laugh. She turns to Gideon.

GABRIELLE

Fine. Give it your best shot, old man.

GIDEON

You're not wearing your cross --

GABRIELLE

At least your observation skills are without reproach.

GIDEON

-- which suggests to me this is a crisis of faith rather than one of humanity.

GABRIELLE

One might argue the two are intrinsically linked.

GIDEON

In this case, perhaps so.

GABRIELLE

Come on, spit it out. You've got some grand theory rolling around that aged skull of yours.

Gideon turns to her.

GIDEON

Externally you may be questioning why these people let this happen, but internally you're questioning why God let this happen. Something has been gnawing away at you all this time, a series of dark events burrowing into the fibre of your unconscious, and this is how you've chosen to express it.

GABRIELLE

If you're that perceptive, if you're that good at what you do, then tell me -- what am I supposed to do about it?

Gideon stands. Takes one long, deep breath. He retrieves Gabrielle's cross from his pocket. Lays it down on the bench.

GIDEON

Remember what it was you had faith in to begin with.

He tucks his hands in his pockets and casually strolls away. Gabrielle picks up the cross and holds it in the palm of her hand.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Deanna charges down the hallway, a look of steely determination in her eyes. Down, but not out.

She turns a corner and BUMPS into --

DR. KENDALL SIMS

who spills a small stack of papers onto the floor.

DEANNA

Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

KENDALL

It's fine, dear.

They both kneel down to retrieve the files.

DEANNA

I'm such a klutz. All legs, no eyes.

KENDALL

It's quite alright.

They stand. Deanna hands over the ones she grabbed.

KENDALL

Take it easy.

DEANNA

I will. Thanks.

The two part ways. Deanna holds for a beat, waiting for Kendall to turn the corner... then she pulls out a SECURITY SWIPE CARD -- hospital issue. It's Kendall's. She allows herself a small smirk.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - KENDALL SIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Deanna slides into the office. Her eyes dart about, constantly checking that she hasn't been spotted.

She gently CLICKS the door shut and moves inside.

It's a typically lavish and official-looking space: large mahogany desk and walls filled with diplomas and certificates.

A quick SERIES OF SHOTS shows Deanna searching the office: rummaging through file cabinets, pawing through desk drawers, and studying Kendall's honours.

Deanna shoves her hands into the pockets of a jacket hanging from a coat hook on the back of the door. She finds a set of CAR KEYS.

DEANNA

As good a place as any.

Deanna exits the office...

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...and jogs off down the corridor.

Slowly PAN AROUND until we find

KENDALL

keeping a very close eye on Deanna's movements.

CUT TO:

INT. KENDALL SIM'S CAR - DAY

Deanna sits in the passenger seat. She's got a phone wedged between her shoulder and her ear.

DEANNA  
No, I'm looking now.  
(beat)  
I realise it's dangerous, but  
somebody has to do something.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mark walks, holding his cell phone tight to his ear. He looks all around.

MARK  
I can't find Dr. Sims anywhere.  
Just get out of there.

CUT TO:

INT. KENDALL SIM'S CAR - DAY

Deanna flips open the glove compartment and rummages through the various books and papers inside. Nothing of note.

DEANNA  
Just give me two minutes.

She crawls around the chair and into the back. She lays down and looks under the driver and passenger seats.

DEANNA  
Come on, come on... something...

ANGLE BELOW THE SEAT

And now we see it: A PATIENT'S WRISTBAND.

Deanna reaches below the seat to grab it, but it's just out of reach. She leans further over the back seat, forcing her arm further under the driver's side.

She gets closer... and closer... and closer...

Until: a SYRINGE jabs into her neck! The liquid inside quickly disappears as it pushes through the tube.

Deanna grabs the syringe and rips it out. She looks up at her attacker --

KENDALL  
The pain will all go away, dear.

Off Kendall Sim's eerie, unsettling smile, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

ON THE SOUNDS OF HEAVY BREATHING

Through an unknown P.O.V. we see flashes of images: a ceiling, fluorescent lights flickering, shadows dancing on walls, and overgrown plants encompassing the exterior windows.

The eyes we're looking through start to FOCUS. We can start to see clearer.

INT. ABANDONED PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

ON A PAIR OF LEGS

Being dragged over cold, white floor tiles. Rusted bed frames can be seen in adjacent rooms as the dead-weight body is heaved along.

Wall signs flash by, they point to RECEPTION and DOCTOR'S LOUNGE.

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

Looking up at the face of the attacker, Kendall Sims.

From a LOW ANGLE we watch as DEANNA is dragged through the corridor. She mumbles something incomprehensible.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mark paces through the far more modern and well-kept hospital, a stark contrast to the degraded facility Kendall has taken Deanna to.

**COLONY FARM FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL**  
**6:40 AM**

He reaches the end of a corridor. Turns. Turns back. He doesn't know what to do with himself.

Mark is on the phone:

MARK

I'm telling you. She's gone. So has Dr. Sims' car.

(beat)

No, she isn't answering.

(beat)

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm overreacting. I'll keep looking.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Gideon hangs up the phone. Assembled: Isaac, Gabrielle, Rachel, and Aaron.

GIDEON

What do we know about Dr. Kendall Sims?

Isaac raises an eyebrow. He narrows his eyes, deep in thought.

RACHEL

Not much. Graduated with honours, worked all over the state at different hospitals, no criminal record, glittering early career...

GIDEON

What about his later career?

RACHEL

Not sure. I couldn't find many records of any recent achievements. No dissertations, no published papers, no charity work...

AARON

Something changed.

GIDEON

Why don't you join Mark at the hospital and find out what that was.

AARON

(hesitant)  
The mental hospital?

GIDEON

I'll join you in a moment.

Aaron hesitates, reluctant. He thinks for an excuse but, unable to find a voice, he exits.

ISAAC

Something about that name -- Kendall Sims -- is ringing some bells. I'm certain I've seen it in the last forty-eight hours.

GABRIELLE

Where have you been in that time?

ISAAC

The burial site? The forensics tents? It's probably nothing, but...

GIDEON

Deanna could be in grave danger. I'll take anything.

Isaac nods and starts to leave.

GIDEON

Take Gabrielle. You may need her credentials to gain access.

Gabrielle follows Isaac out.

RACHEL

What about me?

GIDEON

We'll need you here. If Deanna calls...

Rachel nods -- he doesn't need to say any more.

Gideon moves to exit and Rachel turns to the board filled with the grisly crime scene photos: could this soon be Deanna?

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Much like the interview room Deanna questioned Clay in back at the other facility -- metal bars over the elevated windows, security door with heavy duty locks, table bolted to the floor -- but this room is rundown, dirty, abandoned.

**INTERVIEW HOSPITAL**  
**7:14 AM**

To the far side of the room is a large portable METAL BATH.

Deanna has been handcuffed to the table. She rattles the table leg, but it's bolted down firmly.

The door slowly opens with a CREAK.

From a LOW ANGLE we see a pair of legs enter the room. MOVE UP the body -- seeing a KNIFE dangling from a hand on the way up -- until reached the face of

CLAY VINCENT

He trudges into the room. Head tilted downwards.

DEANNA

Clay? Clay! How did you get here?  
Clay!

He's distant: the body is present but the mind is somewhere else.

Clay shuffles across the room and picks up a toppled over chair. He drags it over toward Deanna, scraping as it goes.

He grabs Deanna's free arm in a vice-like grip and pulls her to her feet, before forcing her to sit.

DEANNA

What's going on, Clay? Why do you have that knife?

CLAY

Protection. Hunting. Carving. Why do you not have a knife?

Deanna struggles against the handcuffs -- she's going nowhere.

DEANNA

Let me go, now.

CLAY

I did it. I did it all. I killed all those people... and you have to be my last.

DEANNA

No, Clay, you're not the bad guy. Dr. Sims is real.

He shoots her a glance, hearing somebody else say that clearly has an effect, but he quickly looks back toward his feet.

CLAY

No, it's me. I set the clocks and I wind them up until I'm three hours ahead. It's how I know things.

DEANNA

I've seen him, I've spoken to him!

Clay kneels down and starts to rub the floor in a circular pattern, as if trying to clean it.

CLAY

You're just another one. You're just another one of them. Down to the bone, down to the bone.

Deanna falls to her knees and pulls at the handcuffs, trying to free herself. Her wrists are red and sore. A small cut forms on one -- a drop of blood falls to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dr. Patel leads Gideon down the hall at a fast pace. Aaron follows with more trepidation. He eyes the walls, the ceiling, intimidated.

DR. PATEL

I don't believe Dr. Sims could be capable of such horrendous acts.

GIDEON

We're not presuming to make any guesses right now, Doctor. All we know is that Deanna was investigating Sims and now they're both gone.

Aaron's eyes gaze toward the wandering patients, the locked cells, and a NURSE carrying a clipboard, paying almost no attention to the conversation.

DR. PATEL

Do you think this has anything to do with the escape of the patient?

GIDEON

Which patient?

DR. PATEL

Clay Vincent. I assumed you had been informed.

Gideon's face is a mixture of panic, fear, and confusion.

They reach Dr. Sims' office. Dr. Patel pulls out a swipe card and runs it through the security lock. He pushes the door open and invites Gideon and Aaron inside.

MARK (O.S.)

Gideon!

Mark jogs down the corridor.

GIDEON

Just in time. Have you still been unable to contact Deanna?

MARK

Nothing. You?

Aaron shakes his head. He and Mark follow Gideon inside to --

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - KENDALL SIM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Aaron follow Deanna's lead -- clawing through the desk drawers and filing cabinets.

AARON

What are we looking for, exactly?

MARK

Anything. Financial records, something that points to Kendall's involvement in the crimes. Any potential kill site locations -- skeletonizing a human body isn't something he could do in a public place.

Gideon looks over a row of framed pictures hanging on the wall behind Kendall's desk.

Each one shows Kendall standing in front of a different hospital, with various other doctors and nurses.

Gideon stops at one picture that stands out from the rest. It shows a SMALL BOY standing beside an ELDERLY MALE in a wheelchair in front of another mental health facility, but judging by the clothing of the people in the photo it looks like it's from the 1950s or 60s.

Aaron stands beside Gideon.

AARON

What is it? Oh, that place.

GIDEON

Do you know it?

AARON

Sure, it's the old asylum. Riverview. Closed down after accusations of mistreatment towards patients.

MARK

Right. It's supposed to be up for redevelopment, but it's been fenced off since the late 90s.

GIDEON

So it's abandoned.

Mark moves over to join them.

MARK

You think that's where Deanna has gone?

A dramatic beat, then;

GIDEON

I think that's where she's been  
taken.

CUT TO:

INT. FORENSIC TENT - NIGHT

Large teams of FORENSIC EXPERTS in full costumes are littered around the tent, still going through the evidence and dusting off skeletons by the light of portable WORK LAMPS.

PUSH THROUGH until we find Gabrielle, who stands to one side while Isaac searches through all of the catalogued evidence at her work station.

GABRIELLE

What makes you so sure it was here?

ISAAC

I'm not. Just something in my gut.

GABRIELLE

I'll spare you the indignity of  
putting the blame on your last  
meal.

ISAAC

It's just a sense, I --

He pulls out an evidence bag from a large tray. Inside are the DOG TAGS he noticed before.

He holds the bag up. We ANGLE TIGHT to see the a name written on one side:

COLONEL ERNEST KENDALL SIMS

CUT TO:

INT. RIVERVIEW HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Deanna pulls at the table leg, trying to break it, pull it out, anything. She twists at the screws.

Clay is still rubbing his hand across one of the tiles in a circular motion.

Kendall enters. Deanna stops. Bites her bottom lip. Narrows her eyes.

Kendall walks up to Clay and stands behind him, baring down. Even this little, beady-eyed man looks imposing towering over the crumpled, pathetic figure of Clay.

DEANNA

(to Kendall)

You murdering son of a bitch.

(MORE)

DEANNA (CONT'D)  
(to Clay)  
He's here! I can see him.

But Clay is off in his own world. He doesn't react at all to Deanna's voice.

KENDALL  
Clay, it's time.

Clay looks up to Kendall. Master and puppet.

KENDALL  
It's time to finish this. Retrieve the containers, boy.

Clay crawls half the way toward the door, then finally stands and walks out.

DEANNA  
Clay! No! Don't listen to him!

Kendall walks towards Deanna. She sneers. SPITS at his face.

DEANNA  
Get the hell away from me.

KENDALL  
I thought you, of all people, would appreciate this. As a devout student of people -- of psychology.

DEANNA  
You're sick. You've lost your mind. You should be locked up with Clay.

KENDALL  
On the contrary, dear. What I do is the sanest thing of all. I cleanse the world of the impure. The ill.

DEANNA  
Are you saying that all of those bodies, all of those people were patients?

KENDALL  
We can't help them. Nothing can be done. I have no faith in institutions whatsoever. We act like what we do makes a difference, but buried deep they'll always have that illness, always waiting to be brought back to the fore.  
(MORE)

KENDALL (CONT'D)

One trigger, one stressor, and the psychosis returns. My solution is final.

Deanna shakes her head. She can't believe this.

CUT TO:

INT. GIDEON'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Gideon, pedal to the proverbial metal, drives. Mark in the passenger seat. Aaron in the back. Mark is on his cell phone.

MARK

My God, Kendall Sims' father was one of the victims?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FORENSIC TENT - NIGHT

Back with Isaac and Gabrielle at her work station, Isaac on the phone.

ISAAC

Indeed. Possibly even Kendall's first victim.

MARK

He killed his own father?

ISAAC

I'm only speculating. As a member of the mental health care sector with a mentally ill father, one might assume that once Kendall couldn't do anything more for him, he performed a type of euthanasia.

MARK

Maybe his death started all of this? Made Sims snap?

ISAAC

It's possible, but something about this case points to a more prolonged psychological damage. Seeing all his patients degrade. The long-term stress of caring for an ill parent, perhaps.

MARK

Alright. Thanks.

They both hang up.

GIDEON  
What did he say?

MARK  
That we need to hurry.

Gideon gets the message -- the SUV picks up pace.

CUT TO:

INT. RIVERVIEW HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Back with Deanna, still cuffed to the table, and Kendall standing nearby.

Clay brings in a couple of gallon-sized plastic bottles covered in all sorts of HAZARD labels. He places them down by the steel bath tub and then exits once more.

DEANNA  
Have you stopped to think about what you're doing to Clay? Have you stopped to think at all?

Kendall starts to walk around the room, chest pushed out, head tilted back, full of arrogance and confidence.

KENDALL  
The noose was tightening, dear. One of the patients I was attempting to subdue managed to escape. I was living in fear at being found. And then I had a beautiful idea.

ANGLE ON DEANNA'S HAND

She picks at the handcuff lock with a small, rusted nail.

KENDALL  
Clay came along -- fractured, tortured, tormented. Unstable. The perfect mind to manipulate. What better way to avoid being prosecuted for a crime when somebody has willfully accepted responsibility, even leading the authorities to the bodies.

DEANNA  
But this is different. Now you're forcing him to kill for real.

KENDALL  
Forcing? I haven't touched the boy.

DEANNA

You know exactly what I mean.

KENDALL

It's the perfect end to the perfect crime. Once they find Clay and the remains of your corpse, he'll live the rest of his life in an institution, where he belongs.

Clay comes in with another couple of containers. He opens one and starts to pour the acidic liquid into the bath.

DEANNA

Clay, listen to me, listen to my voice -- you are not alone.

KENDALL

That's it, Clay. We're almost finished. Soon you can be free.

CLAY

I won't have to sleep wide awake. No knife under my pillow.

KENDALL

That's right.

DEANNA

He's not you! He's real, Clay, he's right here! I can see him! His name is Dr. Kendall Sims. He's old, grey hair behind his ears, withered sk--

Kendall quickly storms over to Deanna and SLAPS her around the face.

KENDALL

I think that's enough from you.

Clay stops pouring the acid. He looks at Kendall and Deanna. Seems completely confused.

CLAY

D-- don't hurt her.

DEANNA

Yes, Clay, he hurt me. He's real, he's right here!

KENDALL

Clay, get back to your task.

Clay pulls out the KNIFE from the back of his trousers.

CLAY

The numbers don't add up. They don't.

ANGLE ON DEANNA'S HAND

She's now frantically trying to pick the lock, but nothing is happening.

DEANNA

You have to let me go!

KENDALL

For the love of God, kill her!

Clay aims the knife towards Kendall. He holds the top of his head with his free hand.

CLAY

I don't have to read. I can hear this story. You're not the guy. You're the dictator.

Clay edges towards Deanna, still pointing the knife towards Kendall purposefully. Kendall takes a few steps back, closer to the door.

KENDALL

The men with the guns are outside, Clay. They're coming to kill you.

Clay's eyes dart towards one of the barred windows.

DEANNA

Nobody's there. He's lying to you!

Clay aims the knife towards Deanna. Then back towards Kendall.

Deanna SLASHES across Clay's face with the nail!

CLAY

Aarrrrrrrrrrrh!

Clay staggers back. He falls to the floor. Drops the knife.

Deanna throws the handcuffs off, finally free.

Kendall storms over to the knife at the same time Deanna leaps toward it!

Kendall grabs the handle first, but Deanna grabs his wrist and forces it down. He SLAPS her around the face. She loses the grip.

Kendall picks up the knife. Towers over her fallen body.

KENDALL

I'll have to end this myself.

He goes to lunge forward and thrust downwards, but Deanna KICKS at his ankle. His leg buckles beneath him. He lands on the floor with a THUD.

Deanna scoots on her hands and knees towards the door. Kendall GRABS her by the ankle and pulls her back down onto her stomach.

He takes a few steps over toward the fallen knife. Picks it up. He turns back to Deanna, but she's on him in a flash. She holds both of his wrists in her hands.

Kendall isn't used to a physical confrontation -- Deanna forces him back against the wall.

DEANNA

Clay, get out of here!

But Clay is huddled in a ball in the corner, hands clasped over his ears.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERVIEW HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Gideon's SUV speeds towards the exterior of the degraded, decrepid hospital. Plants snaking all over the walls. Metal rusted and peeling.

CUT TO:

INT. RIVERVIEW HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Kendall KNEES Deanna in the groin, winding her. He grabs her by the shoulders and THROWS her towards the bath. She SLAMS her head against the edge. We notice a thin layer of ACID in the bottom.

Deanna turns over. Blood seeps from a cut in the side of her head.

Kendall grips his hand around her neck, forcing her down. He jabs the knife towards her abdomen --

Until Clay TACKLES him, barging Kendall over and into the bath of acid!

Deanna jumps to one side.

Kendall THRASHES, HOWLING in agony.

Clay falls to the floor, the knife embedded into his gut.

GIDEON, MARK AND AARON

burst into the room. Gideon picks Deanna up. Aaron stares in horror as the acid eats through Kendall's clothes and flesh, steam pouring up.

GIDEON  
Let's get out of here.

DEANNA  
Wait, Clay!

MARK  
I've got it.

Gideon leads Deanna out. Mark runs in, yanks the knife out of Clay, leans him up and wraps Clay's arm around his shoulder, holding his wound with his free hand. They shuffle out, Aaron taking one last horrified look at Kendall.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVERVIEW HOSPITAL - NIGHT

EMERGENCY SERVICE vehicles surround the outside of the disused building, red and blue light bars flashing out.

POLICEMEN, CRIME SCENE UNITS and PARAMEDICS are spread around. Pitney and Nemhauser escort a stretcher that restrains the severely wounded Kendall upon it.

PUSH IN until we find Deanna sitting on a gurney. A PARAMEDIC finishes treating her head wound.

Gideon approaches. Gives her a friendly smile.

GIDEON  
What you did in there, attacking Clay like that instead of talking him down. Bold move.

DEANNA  
Words were worthless. I realised he was harmless -- when he injected Dr. Wilson he was doing so because of panic, not out of malice. He was psychologically weak, easily manipulated. Dr. Sims made me see that.

GIDEON  
An attack frightened him, rather than enraged him.

DEANNA  
Exactly. I thought I could use the shock and surprise to catch Kendall off guard.

GIDEON  
It worked.

DEANNA  
Only just.

He places a hand on her arm.

GIDEON  
You made the right call. You would surely be dead otherwise.

DEANNA  
Too little, too late. Clay is in surgery, they say his chances are slim.

GIDEON  
Deanna, a team of trained doctors couldn't see past Clay's illness. You did.

She smiles, appreciating the confidence boost.

He gently taps her arm in an appreciative manner, then saunters away.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Gideon, Rachel and Isaac are gathered around the table, tidying up the many files and photos.

There's a period of silence as they work, until:

RACHEL  
You think Kendall Sims euthanised his father, and that he was the first victim?

ISAAC  
We have our theories. Mark and I have been debating for several hours.

RACHEL  
I wonder what the stressor was. Why he started killing.

Gideon turns to them.

GIDEON  
We'll not know until Kendall Sims can be fully interrogated. We may never know for certain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ICE RINK - NIGHT

Gabrielle approaches Billie Patterson. She reacts angrily to the presence of Gabrielle. We can't hear anything that's said, but the actions speak louder.

GIDEON (V.O.)

It's possible it was something that had been brewing inside Dr. Sims for many years. Something with him from a young age, maybe even embedded into his genetics. Something that simmered for a long, long time, something that built until he finally snapped and his faith was lost.

Gabrielle offers her hand. She's sincere, apologetic. Billie reluctantly accepts. Gabrielle smiles. Pulls away. Leaves.

Billie opens her hand: a cross-necklace sits in her palm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - DEANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

We find Deanna holding Kendall Sims' father's dog tags in her palm.

GIDEON (V.O.)

Or maybe it was just one incident. One personal crisis that pushed Dr. Sims to take actions that he wouldn't previously commit. For a brief moment he became somebody he was not, and nothing positive changed to subdue that moment. From then on... it was all downhill.

Deanna places the dog tags on the mantelpiece in the room, alongside other random trinkets, achievements and trophies.

And off this image, we:

FADE TO:

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - SECURE ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark, no lights, we can barely see the room. Only the moonlight shining through the barred windows illuminates the scene.

We can just about make out a single bed surrounded by medical equipment.

A FIGURE lays under the sheets. Arms and legs strapped down securely.

The figure starts to toss and turn, violently THRASHING against the restraints.

As we PUSH IN closer, coming up alongside the bed, the face becomes clear.

Dr. Kendall Sims.

KENDALL

Get me out of here! Get me out!  
I'm not one of them!

As he turns his head we get a glimpse of the disfigured, burned skin on the other side, his left eye fused into one horrible patch of flesh.

KENDALL

I'm not one of them!

And off his contorted screams, we:

FADE TO BLACK

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