



TEASER

FADE IN:

A PAIR OF EYES

move right to left behind thin-rimmed spectacles.

A PEN

dances across paper.

A KNIFE

rises through the air.

A VEIN

bulges against tightly-held skin.

THE EYES

scan back and forth. Reading. A MAN'S HAND reaches in and frees them from the spectacles. Eyelids close and fingers rub against them, weary.

THE PEN

adds ink to the page. Writing. It finishes a line of text with a firm period.

THE KNIFE

glides through darkness. Its thick silver blade glints in the moonlight.

THE VEIN

twitches in anticipation as blood flows through beneath the skin of an elbow joint.

THE EYES

belong to GIDEON COLE. He rubs them with one hand, the other placing his spectacles down onto an open book. Lines of printed poetry are upon it -- *The Complete Works of T.S. Eliot*.

THE PEN

is in the hand of JACOB ALLAN BANE. He writes over plain sheets of paper -- a letter. He pauses to consider, then leans back down over a small table beside a prison bunk, writing away.

THE KNIFE

is gripped by a man in his early thirties. He is gaunt, pale, possessing the fidgety eyes of man lacking in stability. We will know him as EPHRAIM WIGGS.

THE VEIN

belongs to BRADIN VARLEY. He is dishevelled and dirty. A belt is fastened tight around his arm, his free hand holding a needle which quivers above the exposed blood vessel.

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Gideon sits behind his large mahogany desk. He stares down at the hefty tome laid open upon it, his spectacles resting over the words.

He pushes the book forward and away just slightly. He clasps his hands together, fingers running softly against the scar tissue sub-consciously.

He stares forward, absorbing the peaceful silence broken only by the sound of ticking clocks.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - SOLITARY CELL - NIGHT

Bane sets down his pen. He looks over his sheet of paper, reading back the words.

Satisfied, he folds the paper and places it into an envelope. Seals it carefully.

Standing up from the edge of his bunk, Bane moves over to the heavy metal door of his cell as the slat is slid open. He looks, then pushes the envelope through.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Ephraim wields his knife against a backdrop of deciduous trees. His breath is visible on the air.

He paces back and forth. Back and forth. Working himself up into a fervor.

He stops and turns to a large tree... where a YOUNG MAN is bound against it with BARBED WIRE. He pants short, sharp, terrified breaths as he eyes Ephraim's blade.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - NIGHT

Bradin slumps across the damp concrete. The little room is entirely unfurnished, crumbling brickwork and graffiti-covered walls. A single broken window to let in light.

Bradin holds the needle over his arm, trembling in the cold. With some trepidation, he pierces his exposed vein with the tip of the needle.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Gideon takes up his spectacles off the book, folds them and places them down on the surface of the desk. He then closes up the book, leaving the leather cover faced up.

After a beat, Gideon reaches out to the Newton's Cradle at the end of the desk and sets it going. The silver beads tick away against one another.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - SOLITARY CELL - NIGHT

Bane steps back to his bunk, sits down.

He lies back and stares up to the ceiling, cloaked thoughts turning in a gyre.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Ephraim stares at his captive against the tree. He weeps in mortal terror as Ephraim steps right up close.

Ephraim caresses the young man's face with the blade of his knife... then cuts.

He digs into the skin -- slicing, ripping, peeling. The victim HOWLS in agony as he's skinned alive.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - NIGHT

Bradin sobs to himself as he holds the needle in his arm. He shakes as he hesitates, the vein already punctured... then injects.

He pushes through the golden brown liquid in the syringe and it melds with the red of his blood.

Delirium comes to his eyes to wash away the tears.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Gideon absorbs the sounds of ticking clocks and the swinging impacts of the Newton's Cradle.

THE HANDS OF A CLOCKFACE

reach 11:47 PM and its ticking starts to slow.

THE NEWTON'S CRADLE

appears to slow unnaturally before all the clocks stop entirely, leaving the room in total silence.

GIDEON

looks out through the open doorway of his study to the main entrance as TIME SEEMS TO SLOW.

TIGHT ON THE LETTERBOX

as an envelope falls slowly through, tumbling through the air and hitting the floor of the hall.

CLOSE ON GIDEON

Stricken, knowing exactly what it is and who it's from as we --

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

ANDREW GARDNER

MONTE

ANDREW GARDNER

MONTE

ANDREW GARDNER

ABYSS

ANDREW GARDNER

ANDREW GARDNER

ANDREW GARDNER

"NO IRON BARS A CAGE"

SPECIAL GUEST STAR
DENNIS HOPPER

GUEST STARRING
RICHARD HARMON

RODNEY EASTMAN

CALLUM KEITH RENNIE

STEPHEN E. MILLER

CHRISTINA D'AZIMONTE

AND
WENDIE MAZICK

THEME BY
MICHAEL WANDMACHER

CO-PRODUCER
JAMES SWANSON

PRODUCER
JAKE DIAMOND

PRODUCER
REBEKAH GRANT

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ANTHONY JOHN BLACK

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ANGELO SHRINE

WRITTEN BY
JAMES JORDAN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Deciduous trees form a cradle of brittle branches. Frost clings to the woodland floor, patches of ice visible over tree roots. The dead of winter.

~~GREATER VANCOUVER REGIONAL DISTRICT~~
8:30 AM

A roll of YELLOW POLICE TAPE is led across the forest. TRACKING WITH IT until we find DETECTIVE PITNEY and DETECTIVE NEMHAUSER crouched over a body completely stripped of skin.

NEMHAUSER

Killer took the skin, left the body.

PITNEY

It's the same.

Pitney rises to her feet, sighs a breath that almost freezes before her eyes. She glances around to the FORENSIC TEAMS and UNIFORMED COPS that are starting to gather.

NEMHAUSER

All a little too familiar, if you ask me.

PITNEY

How about a witness?

NEMHAUSER

No, not this time.

Pitney keeps staring away until her gaze rests on --

GIDEON - LONG LENS

He's standing at the top of a bank, the farthest away of anyone, wrapped up in a long overcoat. He stares downhill to the scene. Silent. Ominous.

Pitney never takes her eyes off him.

NEMHAUSER

What you thinking? An out and out copycat, or something more involved?

PITNEY
(distant)
I don't know.

Gideon keeps watching from a distance, aware of Pitney's stare coming back at him.

Instead of approaching, he turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

A fixed gray sky hangs over the Edwardian building. Ground frost skims the driveway with a crystalline white.

A thin rain that's starting to become sleet falls from above.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Gideon stands at the head of the room, backlit by the exterior window.

Before him is the main table, and standing around it are MARK WATTERS, GABRIELLE JACKSON, ISAAC FREEMAN, DEANNA SYKES, AARON SIDWELL and RACHEL ATHERTON.

No one is seated. Severe looks on every face.

MARK
The barbed wire, the flaying of
the skin. It all fits.

GABRIELLE
I'll make sure I get to examine
the body.

ISAAC
I can work on tracking the weapon
based on what you find.

DEANNA
If we're dealing with a copycat
murder, the perpetrator's
unlikely to kill again for a
while. There's a good chance we
can come up with a profile before
then.

AARON
The guy from before... the one
you chased over the bridge...
he's dead, right?

GABRIELLE

As a hammer.

Rachel stares at Gideon while the others rush to trade ideas amongst themselves. She notes his silence. His intensity.

RACHEL

There's something else, isn't there?

Gideon stares back at her before producing something from the inside pocket of his overcoat.

GIDEON

This came last night.

He lays it on the table -- an opened envelope. Anxious looks around the room.

MARK

From Bane.

Gideon drops his eyelids, nods slowly.

Hesitation from the others. Who will dare ask? Finally:

RACHEL

What does it say?

GIDEON

Lots of the usual. But it also contained an overture. To meet him, in person. He predicted the murder and claims to want to help track down the killer.

GABRIELLE

Needless to say, more mind games.

MARK

I think we can all see the agenda at work here. Bane's complicit in staging the murder to precipitate direct contact. Simple as that.

GIDEON

I'm not so sure.

AARON

Either way it gives us an advantage. A place to start.

ISAAC

But if this is entirely his game, it would be wise not to play it. At least not on his terms.

DEANNA

Nonetheless, it's a lead. The letter was sent before the murder -- that alone tells us he's got something. One way or another we have to find out what.

Rachel looks to Gideon, cutting to the thing no one else dare say.

RACHEL

So you'll go? You'll talk to him?

Gideon takes a long beat before answering.

GIDEON

No.

(beat)

That's what he wants. I can't give it to him. I won't.

Rachel stares at him, slightly surprised. She looks around to the others, expecting them to say something. No one does.

Mark looks at her then down at the table. Gabrielle sinks into a seat. Isaac turns away. Deanna hangs her head. Aaron slinks his back to the wall.

Gideon turns and walks out of the room without a word.

Rachel stares at the others in their silence, finding it hard to believe.

RACHEL

That's it? We're just going to drop it?

Rachel regards the non-answers coming back at her, stabs out an angry breath then charges in the direction Gideon left.

MARK

Rachel!

But she's already out.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Gideon makes his way around his desk and lowers himself into the chair behind it just as Rachel storms in. She stares across the desk at him, expecting him to look up, to say something, but he does neither.

RACHEL

I had it so wrong.

(beat)

All this time I thought this place was about something. That I was becoming part of something greater than the everyday lives of... of self-interest and routine. That when it really came down to it, you were the one that'd make a stand. Who cared. Who'd make a difference.

Gideon keeps his eyes down, locked on the books on his desk, impassive.

RACHEL

You talk about overcoming fear. About facing up to your demons. About owning the terror instead of shying away from it. I thought that's what you helped me do. I thought that's what I was doing here instead of going back to a rented apartment by myself. But when the chips are down, when the rhetoric gets put to the test, here you are hiding behind your books. Safe in the sanctuary you've built around yourself. After everything you sold me on, you're still afraid.

GIDEON

(eyes down)

This is not about fear.

RACHEL

The hell it isn't. You think you're the only one? You think seeing that again, knowing another person is out there doing this -- you think that isn't my nightmare? Even contemplating that at the time would have broken me. But now? Now all I want to do is get out there and catch the son-of-a-bitch, and that's because of you. Isn't it time you started practicing what you preach?

Gideon raises his eyes for the first time. Locks them on Rachel, unblinking. And that alone is enough to shake her resolve.

GIDEON

Jacob Allan Bane is a murderer.
A serial killer. A sociopath.
He gets inside his victims'
heads. Under their skin. He
ripped the flesh from thirteen
men, myself included, and now he
sits in a comfortable cell,
writing letters and torturing the
living even while behind bars.
If we grant this man even the
smallest desire, the first whim,
it rewards his crimes and sends
him a signal that murdering
innocents gets him what he wants.
For that reason alone, I'm
staying right here.

RACHEL

Bullshit!
(beat)
Turns out you're full of it.

Gideon rises to his feet, pushing his fists down into his desk with fury.

GIDEON

Get out!

Rachel regards the fierce, imposing eyes staring back at her, Gideon more animated than she has ever seen him.

Rachel takes a breath, shakes her head slowly, then turns to do as ordered.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel emerges to find the others still in silence, the looks on their faces telling her they heard the raised voices even as they try to hide them.

Rachel covers her embarrassment and slinks to the far side of the room.

The RING of a cell phone breaks the silence.

Aaron looks guilty as he drags his from his pocket, checks the caller ID and moves out of the room to go --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Where Aaron takes the call, his voice hushed.

AARON

This isn't a real good time.

He glances up and down the hall as he listens.

AARON
What? Wait. Slow down.
(beat)
Where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - DAY

Bradin is hunched into the corners of the cracked walls, so little light coming in that it could almost be night. He shivers as he grips a cell phone against his ear.

BRADIN
It's bad. I didn't want to do
this... didn't want to put any of
this on you...

AARON (O.C.)
You're not making any sense.
What is it?

Bradin sniffles. He's not focused. Unstable.

BRADIN
I just didn't know who else to...
what else to do.
(beat)
I tried to make it all work, like
I said it would. Like I told
you. But it's so hard. I never
thought...

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Aaron's concern for privacy is replaced by a greater concern for what he's hearing.

AARON
Just tell me where you are.

A rapid BLEEP-BLEEP-BLEEP comes through the phone, money and time running out.

AARON
Hello? Hello?!

DIAL TONE. The call is cut off.

Aaron tilts the phone away and looks down on it, worried.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Gideon steps in from the direction of his study.

Mark and Gabrielle look up from their seats at the table. Isaac and Deanna stare over from where they stand. Rachel's eyes lock on Gideon.

An anxious anticipation hangs in the room.

GIDEON

Call the prison. Have them
arrange a visiting order.

Mark nods slowly, then rises from the table to cross the room.

No one is about to ask any questions.

Gideon's eyes linger on Rachel, an unspoken understanding and reconciliation passing like radio waves between them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - CHALET - DAY

A tourist spot amongst evergreen trees. Open and well-frequented. Signposts for walks and facilities.

A YOUNG BOY scoops up a crust of ice and sleet, wishing it were snow. He throws it playfully at a YOUNG GIRL and it impacts on the arm of a well-padded jacket. She goes in search of her own makeshift snowball to return fire as --

A MAN'S BOOTS BREAK FRAME

Following them as they trudge over the winter ground towards the chalet, ignoring the children playing nearby.

CUT TO:

INT. CHALET - MOMENTS LATER

The boots enter the little hut, belonging to Ephraim.

He pulls off a thick ski coat and walks over to a closet, opening it up and draping his coat over a clothes hangar within.

Stay on the darkness of the closet as Ephraim moves away before returning with another item. He begins draping it over another clothes hangar and it becomes clear.

It's human skin.

Ephraim closes up the closet as we --

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A busy bullpen where DETECTIVES mull back and forth.
Phones ring almost constantly in b.g.

VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT
10:13 AM

Pitney and Nemhauser are gathered around a whiteboard,
Pitney with a dry-erase marker in hand.

NEMHAUSER

What is it about this place that
keeps bringing out the psychos,
huh?

Pitney ignores him, adding a name to the whiteboard:
"GIDEON COLE."

NEMHAUSER

I got this buddy who moved out
near Calgary? Worst he's had in
three years is a battery assault.

Pitney draws a horizontal line linking the name to another
already on the board: "REUBEN FISK."

NEMHAUSER

Maybe it's something in the rain
that gets hauled down on us every
day.

Pitney adds another name to the board: "RACHEL ATHERTON."
She joins it to the others with another line.

NEMHAUSER

What do you think?

Pitney stares at the board, several more names all linked
back and forth:

"RICH TRACERS -- ALICE YEATS -- JOHN DURRANT -- JOSEPH
HOOPER -- DAN MURDEN -- BENJAMIN ROTH."

PITNEY

I think this is going to get a
whole lot more complicated.

She stands back from the board and we see that all the
lines link up to one name in the centre of a giant
spiderweb: "JACOB ALLAN BANE."

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

Heavy brick walls are encased behind high chain-link fences topped with razor wire.

KENT INSTITUTION
AGASSIZ, BRITISH COLUMBIA

A guard tower dominates the landscape. Patrols visible far below. Maximum security.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - ENTRANCE WALKWAY - DAY

TRACKING PAST a complex web of bars, cages, and metal grills until we find --

GIDEON

being led through by WARDEN CARTWRIGHT -- late 40s, forthright, stressed -- and a female guard, NANCY PORTER -- early 30s, sweet, professional.

WARDEN CARTWRIGHT

You understand the prison can't be held responsible for anything that might happen during your visit?

GIDEON

I understand.

WARDEN CARTWRIGHT

Don't get me wrong, this is a secure facility. We pride ourselves on our custody record. It's just that this particular prisoner doesn't request many visitors. You're familiar with his history?

What a question. But Gideon's mind is otherwise occupied.

GIDEON

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - SOLITARY BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

The guard, Nancy, hauls open a set of bars to give them entry to a long lane of cells. The Warden leads the way, Gideon following.

WARDEN CARTWRIGHT
Prisoners at this security level
are kept restrained during all
visits. Purely a precautionary
policy.

GIDEON
I know the procedures.

Cartwright nods as they come to a heavy metal door. Nancy holds out a clipboard and a pen to Gideon.

NANCY
Sign this, please.

Gideon does, hands back the pen. Nancy pulls down on the door handle and pauses.

NANCY
I'll be right outside if you need
me.

Gideon regards her soft face and slender form, but just nods.

Nancy pulls open the door and Gideon steps through to --

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - SECURE VISITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gideon takes two steps inside and hears the door closing up securely behind him. His gaze fixes forward.

Sitting at a small metal table in the centre of the room, hands cuffed, cuffs chained to a steel belt, belt chained to the back of a chair bolted to the ground...

...is Jacob Allan Bane.

He stares across at Gideon, cold and flat. Crisp silver hair and aging angular features downplayed by a drab blue inmate's jumpsuit.

Gideon stares back at him, eyes weighed down by an overpowering dread. Burdens unlocked from time and distance.

Face to face once more.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SLUMS - NIGHT

A damp backstreet of urban malaise.

Ephraim wanders through the sleet, hands stuffed tight in his pockets.

He passes a long line of YOUNG WOMEN and YOUNG MEN in various states of ill-health. All terribly underdressed for the weather, few by choice. Most soliciting themselves with varying levels of enthusiasm.

Ephraim takes each one in with his eyes as he drifts by, browsing.

A sultry look. A flash of skin. A dirty pout. A reluctantly willing eye.

Ephraim stops, seeing something tempting.

BRADIN

stands with his arms wrapped around himself from the cold. One of the reluctant ones. He lets Ephraim consider him with his eyes.

EPHRAIM

thinks it over, then moves on. He stops at another YOUNG MAN just a few paces down the line. Only a few years older than Bradin.

Ephraim smiles strangely and pulls a hand out from his pocket, a roll of dollar bills clutched in it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE ARCH - NIGHT

Underneath the steel beams and concrete base, very little traffic passing overhead. Remote and lonely, but shelter from the sleet if nothing else.

Ephraim leads the young man he's picked up over the dirt track of mud and fallen leaves crusted with frost. He stops and faces him.

EPHRAIM

Let's do it here.

The rent boy drops to his knees, down out of frame and Ephraim stares out past him.

He raises his hand out from around his back and we see the gleaming silver blade of his HUNTING KNIFE.

He stares down his own chest to the waiting victim at his feet as we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - SECURE VISITING ROOM - DAY

Gideon stands perfectly still amongst the plain steel.

Bane sits opposite in his chains.

The steel table is like a block of ice between them. Who will break it?

BANE

I'm glad you came.

(beat)

You'll forgive me if I don't stand.

Gideon stares back, impassive. Denying him a clear reaction. Hiding his fear. Keeping everything internal.

BANE

It's been so long. I didn't know if you would.

GIDEON

I'm here for one reason, and one reason alone.

BANE

Please, sit.

Gideon doesn't move any closer to the empty chair on his side of the table.

GIDEON

You claimed to have knowledge of a murderer. Someone who would kill a victim in the same way you killed. If you have something to say, say it.

BANE

Oh, I could give you his name, of course.

Gideon stares down at him, incredulous.

GIDEON

If that were true --

BANE

Ephraim Wiggs.

Gideon is caught off guard, tries not to show it. Bane looks up at him, genuine and without guile.

Gideon turns and begins walking to the door. Bane lets him get close to making his exit before --

BANE
That won't help you catch him, of course.

Gideon stops at the door, keeps facing it as he processes the feeling of hopes raised and quickly dashed. Then he turns back to face Bane.

A long, knowing stare hangs between them.

BANE
Please. Sit.

Gideon swallows his defiance and lets his eyes fall to the empty chair, knowing he will have to take it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - DAY

The sky overhead is nothing but unbroken gray. Not a single cloud for insulation, the air near freezing point.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - DAY

Manson the rat scurries about in his cage. The nearby stereo churns out "One Way Down" by Bitter Conflict.

Aaron holds a bag open on top of the bed, hastily stuffing clothes into it. He's rushed, ill-considered, grabbing bits and pieces in no particular order and shoving them into the bag regardless of how they'll fit.

Deanna appears in the open doorway, reacting with confused alarm at what she sees.

DEANNA
What are you doing?

AARON
It's Bradin. He needs help.

Deanna steps in and lowers the volume on the stereo slightly. Aaron doesn't stop packing.

DEANNA
Well where is he?

AARON
I don't know exactly but --

DEANNA

So what are you gonna do? Just go searching the streets?

AARON

I got a general idea where to look from his last emails.

DEANNA

But right now?

AARON

You didn't hear him. This is serious, Dee.

DEANNA

At least wait until all this with Gideon and Bane is over. We can figure something out together when things are settled. But now's not the time to take on too much.

Aaron fastens up the top of his bag, kills the music and turns to face Deanna.

AARON

This can't wait. It could be too late by then.

(beat)

Do me a favour? Feed Manson if I'm not back tonight.

Deanna raises herself to object when the sound of a phone RINGING from downstairs preempts her. She raises a hand for patience as she backs out.

DEANNA

Just... don't rush into anything until we've all had a chance to talk it through. Okay?

Aaron doesn't answer as Deanna hurries to get the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Deanna runs into the room to find Gabrielle already holding the phone.

She hangs up as Deanna looks to her expectantly.

GABRIELLE

Called in to do an autopsy on a murder victim.

DEANNA

I thought you were already going
in for that.

GABRIELLE

I was. They found a second body.

DEANNA

Already? That can't be right.

GABRIELLE

Flayed alive, skin taken from the
scene. There's no mistake.

Deanna grimaces as a sound catches on her ears -- a CAR
ENGINE starting up and WHEELS ROLLING AGAINST GRAVEL.

Realizing what it is even as she hopes she's wrong, Deanna
spins around and rushes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Deanna pulls open the front door and steps out to see --

AARON'S DODGE CHARGER

rolling away down the gravel driveway and disappearing over
the horizon.

Off Deanna's despair --

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - SECURE VISITING ROOM - DAY

Gideon sits on the right of frame, Bane on the left. The
metallic table is all that separates them.

GIDEON

I came here, as you asked. Tell
me what you know.

BANE

"Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
a little life with dried tubers."

(beat)

You remember the words.

GIDEON

(to the point)
Ephraim Wiggs.

BANE

He was a prisoner here until very
recently, as you'd soon discover.

(MORE)

BANE (CONT'D)

He came in as a petty crook.
Meek, directionless. "Those are
pearls that were his eyes." Then
he met me. I read to him,
educated him. Told sad stories
of the death of Kings.

GIDEON

You instructed him. Moulded him
in your image. Directed him to
kill.

BANE

No. But what we shared has taken
a direction of its own.

(beat)

He is become me. And I am become
him.

GIDEON

How many monsters can one man
create?

BANE

Isn't it beautiful how the one
can become another? The cyclical
symmetry of all things. I know
you can appreciate that.

GIDEON

Where is he?

BANE

Ephraim? Who can say?

GIDEON

You can.

BANE

Not with any certainty. I'm
afraid this isn't a simple
manipulation that the police are
already so eager to categorize.
To file away into a convenient
box that might circumscribe the
easy procedures to follow.

(beat)

But you already know that.

GIDEON

I know... that your motives are
anything but altruistic.

BANE

That I won't deny. No act is
entirely selfless. We give
expecting to receive.

GIDEON

Then what is it that you want?

BANE

What I want... is the same as
what you want.

Gideon stares at Bane curiously, an ever deepening disquiet reflected in his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SLUMS - DAY

Aaron trudges away from his Dodge Charger parked up by the sidewalk in b.g.

A thin snow drifts through the air, flakes of white hovering more than falling.

Aaron checks down on his phone in the palm of his hand, then looks up at the dreary old concrete buildings that flank the street left and right.

Graffiti covers many of the exterior walls. Bits of broken bicycles and old shopping carts litter the yards.

Aaron stuffs his phone in his pocket, looks back over his shoulder in the direction of his car with trepidation, then ducks into one of the open building fronts.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - DAY

Aaron steps through with extreme caution, looking as vulnerable as he feels.

An exposed copper pipe DRIPS from above. Aaron avoids it, edging onward.

He looks left through a crumbling arch. A SCRAWNY YOUNG WOMAN lays back twitching, a needle sticking out from between her toes.

Aaron stares at her, disturbed, before moving on.

He looks right through another shabby arch. The room is empty save for a dirty mattress and a few stray plastic carrier bags.

Aaron takes in the conditions of depravity, looking back down the corridor before turning to move on.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Mark and Isaac stride in to find Gabrielle in pale blue scrubs standing over a body on a steel slab.

CHIEF CORONER'S OFFICE
1:06 PM

The body is a mess of dark veins over damp red tissue -- no skin to be found.

MARK

Tell us you've got good news.

GABRIELLE

Good or bad, I've certainly got something.

ISAAC

What is it?

Gabrielle turns to the body, indicating around the sub-dermal tissue of the neck through latex gloves.

GABRIELLE

See these marks and scoring?

Neither Mark nor Isaac want to examine the corpse in any detail, but both take a look regardless.

GABRIELLE

These indicate a lack of precision. Hesitation cuts, trial and error. Although the flaying itself is consistent with the established profile, the execution of it is not.

ISAAC

So this killer has no expertise with his weapon. No occupational experience. None of the signature aspects we would expect.

MARK

He's sloppy.

GABRIELLE

I don't think he's even killed before.

MARK

So what are we saying? That this isn't a conventional copycat murder?

ISAAC

The second victim so soon after
the first already speaks to that.

GABRIELLE

It's almost as if there's a
disconnect between the fantasy
and the action. A radical one.
There are unique and almost
contradictory forensic
characteristics here that suggest
a persona I don't think I've ever
seen before.

MARK

Almost as if the killer... wasn't
acting under his own influence?

The suggestion hangs in the air as the three of them
exchange troubled glances over the skinned body beneath
them.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - SECURE VISITING ROOM - DAY

Gideon and Bane sit facing each other. Absolutely no
movement.

BANE

We have unfinished business, you
and I. And we both know this
isn't the place for it. You
tried that once, all those years
ago. We sat in a room very much
like this one. You looked into
my eyes and let me look into
yours, and you thought that would
be your closure. A release from
the circle of fear. But it
didn't work out that way, did it?

Gideon stares back at Bane, resisting the urge to react.
But his eyes say more than words ever could.

BANE

I feel it too. From in here?
Through the locks and the bars?
That yearning for some elusive
catharsis penetrates still. I
write to you, the lines of every
word trying to reach through from
afar, but it's not the same.

GIDEON

I didn't come here to talk about
that.

BANE

But you did, even though you might not admit it to yourself. I've been walled up in this prison for so long -- a sentence of life, such as it is. But you? You carry your prison with you. Even as you walk free among the world and its people, you're still a prisoner to pain. A prisoner to fear.

(beat)

I know you want to be released from that as badly as I do. Perhaps more so.

GIDEON

You expect to make a deal. To bargain Ephraim's freedom for your own.

BANE

No, the good Warden Cartwright and the Ministry of Public Safety would never entertain such a notion. I'm realistic.

(beat)

A temporary furlough would suffice. A chance to see the sky. To go some place where you and I could finally find peace. "In the mountains, there you feel free."

GIDEON

It won't happen.

BANE

You don't trust me. I understand. "One must be so careful these days." But to find your killer, to break the cycle at last, it will happen. It must.

(beat)

We will go to the mountains, you and I. We will hold each other in our arms, and we will know peace. There we will find our end.

Gideon shakes his head slowly, eyeing Bane with disturbed contempt.

BANE

(soft)

Don't you want that? Don't you want that more than anything?

Off Bane's unsettling stare that seems to look through to Gideon's very soul --

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SLUMS - DAY

Aaron emerges from one dilapidated building and moves on to another. A gentle snow wisps through the air.

Aaron sighs and his breath fogs in front of his face. He pulls his jacket tighter and keeps moving.

"Samskeyti" by Sigur Ros begins to fade in.

A taller building comes into view -- taller but no less shabby. An old condemned tenement block. Boarded windows, crumbling brickwork, broken fire-escapes.

Aaron stops and angles his head upward.

HIS P.O.V.

There's a figure stood on the edge of the roof. Eight storeys high. Precarious and dangerous.

As the snowflakes drift by, we see that it's Bradin.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CRACKHOUSE ROOF - DAY - BRADIN

standing on the precipice, just one rail between him and a moderate but fatal drop.

His face is numb yet stretched with despair. He stares out to nowhere, detached from all that surrounds him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SLUMS - DAY - AARON

reacting with alarm, too far to call out and terrified of the possibilities.

He fights a paralyzing dread and CHARGES into the building through the first opening.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRACKHOUSE ROOF - DAY

As Bradin steps right up to the edge, leaning against the railing, the breeze shimmering over his face.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - DAY

As Aaron races through another dilapidated hallway strewn with graffiti, brushing past lingering ADDICTS as he runs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRACKHOUSE ROOF - DAY

Where Bradin stretches out his arms to the open air, as if ready to swan-dive right into the wind.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Where Aaron bounds up at top speed, slamming into the walls at the narrow turns, charging up two steps at a time.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRACKHOUSE ROOF - DAY - BRADIN

closes his eyes gently as the music swells, ready to let go and fall.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY - AARON

throws himself up the last steps to a waiting fire door, slams the bar and hurries out to --

EXT. CRACKHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Emerging onto the flat, open expanse of roof, seemingly deserted.

Aaron slows as he sees no sign of Bradin. He creeps up to the edge where he saw him from below, agony in every step. Reaching the rail, he reaches out slowly, grips it tight with one hand, then the other.

He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath that suspends every bit of hope and fear as he holds it, holds it... then forces his eyes open to peer over the precipice and look down to the ground below.

He raises himself level again, and before his reaction can betray what he's seen, we ARM OUT AND AROUND to find --

BRADIN

sat hunched up on the roof behind Aaron, tight up in a ball with his back pressed against a ventilation chimney. Silent, agonized tears run down his face.

Aaron sees him as he turns, relief mixing with despair. He steps over and darts down beside him.

Aaron cradles Bradin's weeping head in his hands and holds him close. Both are overcome -- Bradin by what he was almost prepared to do, Aaron by what he would have been too late to prevent.

"Samskeyti" melts away as we PULL OUT into an AERIAL SHOT that looks down on the roof, Bradin a trembling wreck in Aaron's arms as we rise further and further away.

The gentle snow falls over them as we leave the pair far below and slowly --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Pitney paces down the gray institutional corridor with Mark and Isaac trying to keep up at her side.

VANCOUVER POLICE DEPARTMENT
5:46 AM

Pitney turns a corner, marching AT CAMERA past offices and side-rooms, Mark and Isaac nipping at her heels.

ISAAC

This may be the only way. As things stand it's the only viable possibility of locating Ephraim Wiggs before he kills again.

PITNEY

By bending to the whim of a convicted serial killer? I wouldn't call that viable, not by a long shot.

MARK

I don't like it any more than you do, but tell us you've got another option on the table. Tell us any of the forensic or circumstantial evidence gathered thus far has you any closer to finding this guy than when the first body hit the deck. You can't, can you?

Pitney stops in her tracks and turns back to Mark and Isaac with a weary sigh.

PITNEY

Listen, I'm not prepared to roll the dice on some Devil's bargain in blind faith when every instinct I've got says "no deal." I don't like the way it looks, I don't like the way it sounds, I don't like anything about it. It stinks of a con job.

ISAAC

We share your reservations. But even in spite of them, a day's furlough seems a small price to pay to stop these murders.

PITNEY

Well thank you for your input,
but I'm not ready to give up on
the men and women of this
department just yet.

Pitney charges away and through a security door, leaving Mark and Isaac in resignation at the limits of public access.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHOS HOUSE - NIGHT

Wide over the building as the last tip of the sun goes down over the horizon, darkness descending.

A light snow still dances through the air, some of it just beginning to settle on the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

A mentally exhausted Gideon pours Scotch from a crystal decanter into a wide tumbler.

He turns back out to the room where Gabrielle, Deanna and Rachel are gathered.

GABRIELLE

You look done in.

GIDEON

Not far off.

DEANNA

How did it go?

GIDEON

As you might imagine.

Gideon takes a sip from his glass followed by a heavy sigh as the others wait for him to elaborate, but he doesn't.

A concerned look passes from Gabrielle to Deanna and from Deanna to Rachel, then back again.

GIDEON

You'll excuse me.

He meanders away with his glass, heading out of the library towards his study.

Rachel looks back at Deanna and Gabrielle, an unspoken worry shared by all three of them, then turns to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Gideon steps around his desk and slumps into his chair. He rests his glass on the desk and tilts his head back, closing his eyes.

Rachel edges into the room and lowers herself into a seat opposite.

RACHEL
I'm sorry. I pushed you.

GIDEON
Yes you did. But I needed pushing.

RACHEL
Facing Bane... that can't have been easy.

GIDEON
You were right. I hadn't dealt with it, not how I thought I had. He knew that.

RACHEL
Why is he doing this?

GIDEON
There's a connection between us. There always has been. As strange as it sounds, I think he's giving me a chance to resolve it.

RACHEL
I don't understand.

GIDEON
Neither do I. Not yet. But I will.

Rachel looks on in concern as Gideon takes another sip of whiskey.

GIDEON
Where's Aaron?

RACHEL
(awkward)
Ah...

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - NIGHT

Aaron sits on the dark, damp concrete flanked by cracked walls.

Bradin sits on a dirty, ragged mattress across from him.

AARON

Why didn't you tell me it had gotten this bad?

BRADIN

It wasn't your problem.

AARON

Don't say that. You could have come back with us, like I told you.

BRADIN

I couldn't do that. I... I was supposed to be making it on my own. For the first time I didn't have to depend on anybody, or...

(beat)

But it all runs out so fast. You don't just fall into a regular job when you're... like this. Like me.

AARON

When did you end up here?

BRADIN

Month or so back. It's a roof, huh? Nico's idea.

Aaron bristles at the name.

AARON

Did he... did he tell you to go up there and...?

BRADIN

No, he tried to get me to come down. But part of me wanted to go. To end it all. The things you gotta do to survive 'round here... it's not good. But then I'm used to that. At least this time you get something out of it besides the scars, y'know?

AARON

(intense)

I know.

An emotional silence hangs between them.

AARON

I was eight the first time. Back in the shelter, he was one of the carers.

He scoffs at the word, then gathers himself to continue.

AARON

Things were pretty bad there most days, so when he was nice to you it was a big deal. He brought 'round these candy canes, you know the red and white ones? Made me feel special, like I was the only one. I guess he would have done the same with some of the other kids, I dunno, but it never seemed like that back then. He'd make time, find a room of our own and everything. He said that was love and maybe I thought it was too. You don't know any different at that age, do you?

(beat)

That went on for a few years like that, then one day he just didn't come 'round no more. He'd shipped out, moved on, whatever. I never knew. But then there were others. And the more time went on, the more I understood what was happening. You'd do anything to block out that feeling. Anything.

Bradin stares deep into Aaron's fragile, hollow eyes. A shameful sorrow steals his voice, not knowing what to say.

BRADIN

I know.

AARON

How ever bad it gets, you don't have to deal with it alone. And you don't have to think it's not worth fighting another day.

An intense empathy passes between them, each on the verge of tears.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Papers, folders and photographs are littered all across the central table. Gideon stands over it with Rachel at his side, Mark, Isaac and Deanna sat around and Gabrielle pacing opposite.

GABRIELLE

I was able to lift some prints off the second body.

(MORE)

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

We ran them against the prison records and came back with a solid match to Ephraim Wiggs.

Gabrielle turns her folder around and presents it down onto the table.

RACHEL

So Bane was telling the truth.

MARK

About that much, at least.

Gideon stares down at the details on the tabletop when a heavy KNOCKING comes from the front door. He turns his head in its direction instinctively.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Gideon hauls open the door to reveal Pitney stood alone, wrapped up head to toe as snow drifts down behind her.

GIDEON

Detective?

PITNEY

There's been another murder.

Gideon registers the weight of the news while Pitney looks awkward just being there.

PITNEY

Third victim turned up just a few hours ago. We got in touch with the prison to arrange an interview with Jacob Allan Bane, but he'll only talk to you.

(beat)

I think you know that.

GIDEON

Why don't you come inside.

Pitney hesitates, looking past Gideon into the house, uncertain.

GIDEON

Please.

Off Pitney's indecision --

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

The group are now all on their feet, gathered around one side of the table with Pitney adding to the line and Gideon at its centre.

In fact, they're staged to suggest Leonardo Da Vinci's depiction of "The Last Supper."

PITNEY

We have a confirmed suspect in Ephraim Wiggs, his description, everything. But even that doesn't help us find him. He could be anywhere.

DEANNA

Going from the autopsy data and the victimology, it's almost as if his entire personality has been subsumed by another.

ISAAC

Bane's.

RACHEL

But that wasn't the case with Reuben Fisk, even though he killed the same way?

MARK

No. His method was similar but unique. Evidence of his own psychology was clear in his variations.

PITNEY

So Bane got so far into this guy's head when they were in prison together that he's no longer got a personality of his own? Is that what you people are telling me?

GABRIELLE

Forensics show that the only real difference between the two styles of killing is that Wiggs isn't as good at it.

RACHEL

Yet. The longer he's out there the more practice he gets.

ISAAC

The question becomes: how do we stop him?

Pitney's gaze rests on Gideon.

GIDEON

For all intents and purposes,
Wiggs has become Bane. Who could
predict where and when he'll
strike next better than Bane
himself?

PITNEY

I'll admit, I've been skeptical
about you in the past. Part of
me still is. But I came here
tonight because we're all but out
of options.

(beat)

One way or another, Jacob Allan
Bane holds the key to this case.
That much is clear. And you're
the only one he'll deal with.

GIDEON

Then you'll grant him the
furlough?

PITNEY

On one condition. I'll be there
alongside the both of you at
every step. I'm not taking my
eyes off this one. Not for one
second.

Gideon nods slowly.

GIDEON

We'll go together.

Gideon moves away from the table and out of the room, the
others exchanging weighty glances while Pitney feels
decidedly out of place.

CUT TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Gideon walks in and around his desk. He sits down and
brings out a sheet of paper and a pen from a drawer.

Leaning down onto the desk, he starts writing. Pauses,
looks up, thinks, then continues. He stares down through
his spectacles to his words as he inks them across the
page.

Finished, he folds the paper and slides it into an
envelope. Seals it.

Gideon stands and rests the envelope down on the top of his desk in clear view beside his *Complete Works of T.S. Eliot* which dominates.

Staring down for a beat in contemplation, Gideon takes a breath then moves out from behind his desk to exit.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - NIGHT

Aaron sits on the floor watching Bradin shake slightly, unsure whether it's from the cold or withdrawal. Or both.

AARON

We should get out of here. It's not safe, especially now.

BRADIN

What do you mean?

AARON

There's some guy out there killing people. This is just the sorta place he'd come looking for his victims.

BRADIN

Yeah?

Aaron senses something being held back.

AARON

What? What is it?

BRADIN

There was this John the other night. He looked kinda weird. Weirder than normal, I mean. Guy he went with never came back.

AARON

You think you'd recognize him again?

Before Bradin can answer, a BURLY MAN with multiple piercings and tattoos storms in. A DEALER (30s).

He GRABS Bradin and hauls him to his feet, pushing a savage glower into his face.

DEALER

Where's my money, slut?

AARON

Hey! What's this?

The Dealer doesn't take his eyes off Bradin, as if Aaron isn't even there.

DEALER
You owe me for that last fix.
You're paying up tonight.

BRADIN
I'll have it... I will. Just...
just give me a coupla hours to --

WHAM! The Dealer JABS him in the stomach with his fist.

DEALER
Now! No more excuses.

Aaron jumps in and tries to get between them.

AARON
Back off. Leave him alone.

The Dealer THROWS Aaron off and flicks up a POCKET KNIFE. Aaron eyes the blade in alarm, then digs into his pocket to pull out whatever cash he has on him.

AARON
Here, here. Take this.

The Dealer snatches the small roll of bills and looks through it.

DEALER
Not enough. What else you got?

He releases Bradin and grabs hold of Aaron, threatening him with the pocket knife as he rifles through his clothes. He finds his cell phone, holds it up. Keeps searching. Pulls out a set of car keys.

DEALER
Where is it?

AARON
(timid)
Down the street. Next block
over. Black Charger.

The Dealer backs off, pockets the keys and the phone along with the cash and lowers his knife.

DEALER
Don't come to me for credit
again, slut.

With a parting glare at Bradin, he exits.

Bradin sinks down onto the mattress in despair. A shaken Aaron squats down to join him.

Both share a beat of vulnerability.

BRADIN
(tearful)
I'm sorry you had to...

AARON
Hey, it's okay.

BRADIN
But your phone. Your car.
How'll you get back?

AARON
Don't worry about that now.

BRADIN
I can't believe you did that for
me. That you even came. That
you're still here.

Aaron reaches out nervously to brush the shaggy hair out of Bradin's eyes.

AARON
I'm not going anywhere.

He leans in closer and Bradin does the same. After a moment of hesitation, they close in to a kiss, awkward but tender. Quivering lips meeting in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - ENTRANCE WALKWAY - NIGHT

Warden Cartwright leads Pitney past a row of bars.

PITNEY
I appreciate your cooperation,
Warden.

WARDEN CARTWRIGHT
Just so we're clear, this is your
responsibility.

Gideon follows a few paces back, escorted by the guard, Nancy.

GIDEON
Did you know Ephraim Wiggs?

NANCY
Sure, I helped process his
release last week. He kept his
head down for the most part.
Average prisoner really, or at
least as average as it gets in
here.

GIDEON

What about a relationship with
Bane?

NANCY

I wouldn't really know about
that.

The Warden stops at a set of bars and nods to Nancy who proceeds to unlock it with her keys and haul it open into a new corridor.

Pitney steps back to Gideon in the process.

PITNEY

Listen, I just wanted to say...
well, maybe you were right. And
maybe I haven't given you enough
credit. If I'd listened
sooner... well maybe we could
have avoided that last victim,
who knows?

(beat)

I'm trusting you on this. Try to
keep it as simple as possible.

Gideon stares back at her in a silent affirmation.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - SECURE VISITING ROOM - NIGHT

Gideon stands opposite Bane as the door is sealed shut behind him.

BANE

"I Tiresias, old man with
wrinkled dugs perceived the
scene, and foretold the rest --
I too awaited the expected
guest."

GIDEON

Arrangements have been made.
You'll have your day on the
outside, under full escort. But
we need something from you now.

Bane is still sat cuffed and chained to the chair behind the small steel table.

BANE

Please, sit.

Gideon eyes him with hostility, but sits down opposite. Bane smiles in gratitude.

BANE

Ephraim will be restless,
anxious. He has a taste for meat
now, having experienced the
power, the intimacy. The desire
to kill again will be
overwhelming.

GIDEON

How can you be sure?

BANE

He is my shadow. My echo. I
know him like no other.

GIDEON

Then tell me. Tell me where we
can find him. Where you would
be.

Bane takes a long deep breath and closes his eyes, then
opens them up again, fixed on Gideon.

BANE

He'll have chosen a place.
Somewhere private but innocuous.
Hiding in plain sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - CHALET - NIGHT

Snow has settled on the ground around the trees, forming a
blanket of white that helps make the chalet visible even
under the night's sky.

BANE (V.O.)

There'll be a hut somewhere close
to the forest. A short-term
lease paid for in cash.

PUSH IN closer on the chalet, a small flickering firelight
visible through the window.

CUT TO:

INT. CHALET - NIGHT

A log fire burns atmospherically and we PAN AWAY to find
Ephraim strolling THROUGH FRAME.

BANE (V.O.)

He'll savour the afterglow of his
gratification here, but the glory
is fleeting.

PUSHING THROUGH THE ROOM we find the hunting knife laid
clean on a tabletop, gleaming in the firelight.

BANE (V.O.)

He'll soon be compelled to move
from here in search of another
companion. But his need has
grown more urgent and his choices
less considered.

FOLLOWING EPHRAIM as he moves towards the closet.

BANE (V.O.)

He'll go to the road by the woods
and let his victim come to him.
There he'll wait. And there
he'll claim his prize.

Ephraim opens up the closet to reveal three complete human
skins draped over individual clothes hangars. A proud
collection that Ephraim takes in with glazed awe as we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mark stands at the central table holding the landline phone to his ear. Isaac towers over a large map unfolded across the table with Gabrielle at his side. Deanna has her eyes on Rachel as she paces back and forth.

Mark hangs up and looks to the others.

MARK

The police are liaising with the prison. They're going to comb the area, put patrols up and down the roads which run alongside the main forest regions around the locations the first three victims were found.

RACHEL

That's the wrong move.

Mark looks to her questioningly, as does Deanna.

RACHEL

If they put uniforms and sirens out there he's going to go to ground.

GABRIELLE

Do you have any better ideas?

RACHEL

We have to lure him out. He's looking for a victim to come his way, let's give him one.

DEANNA

You don't mean...?

RACHEL

Why not? It's the logical move. We've come this far, it's time to close the box. Isaac, how much ground is there to cover?

Isaac hesitates, then turns his attention to the map.

ISAAC

Judging from the positions the three bodies were discovered and the terrain, we're looking at an area of approximately twelve square kilometers.

RACHEL

Get me a route map and I can drive the perimeter, see if he bites.

MARK

You want to put yourself forward as bait?

RACHEL

That's the general idea.

DEANNA

You don't have to do this. After everything you went through before --

RACHEL

That's exactly why I'm going to do this. That's what we do here, isn't it? Now I'm a part of that, and damn it if I'm not going to do everything I can to make sure this guy doesn't notch up victim number four.

(beat)

So are the rest of you with me, or not?

The group look to one another, hard to argue with her conviction.

ISAAC

I'll get you that route map.

GABRIELLE

I'll put a call in to the police department, see if I can get them onboard.

MARK

We'll stay close by, make sure you're never more than a few meters ahead.

They snap to work and Deanna steps in closer to Rachel.

DEANNA

Don't take any unnecessary risks out there, okay?

Rachel nods, feeling her support and starting to feel nervous in spite of herself.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - SECURE VISITING ROOM - NIGHT

Bane stares across the steel table to Gideon.

BANE

I believe it's time for us to go.

GIDEON

If they don't find Ephraim,
they'll turn around and bring you
straight back.

BANE

Oh, they'll find him. Though you
might find me "musing upon the
king my brother's wreck," you and
I have more pressing matters.

GIDEON

You said something to me. You
said we had unfinished business.
You said we would find our end.

BANE

"I have heard the key turn in the
door once and turn once only. We
think of the key, each in his
prison, thinking of the key..."

GIDEON

Tell me.

BANE

"Hurry up, please... it's time."

Bane leans forward and the chains around his waist begin to CLINK against the back of his chair. He extends himself slowly towards Gideon, each chainlink unfurling clink by clink.

He gradually brings himself to the limit the chain will allow, like a dog reaching the end of its leash, and whispers into Gideon's ear.

Gideon fights the urge to pull away and listens as Bane's inaudible words snake their way into his ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Rachel's car cruises along through the snow, no other traffic in sight.

GREATER VANCOUVER REGIONAL DISTRICT
11:47 AM

The car's headlights FLARE THE LENS as they PASS CAMERA.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Rachel peers through her ice-laced windshield, wipers sliding away snowflakes periodically.

A car-phone is installed on the console and its display is active, a blue backlight illuminating the car in a spooky glow.

RACHEL

Still nothing out here. Are you
sure this is the right area?

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S JEEP - STATIONARY - NIGHT

Isaac sits behind the wheel with Deanna beside him, darkness all around.

ISAAC

I'm sure. Have patience.

DEANNA

You're doing great, Rachel.
We're right behind you.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Rachel grips the wheel as she guides the vehicle onward.

RACHEL

It's been over an hour. I'm
starting to think this might not
happen.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HYBRID - STATIONARY - NIGHT

Mark is in the driver's seat, Gabrielle riding shotgun.

GABRIELLE

This is all assuming Bane's
instructions are both genuine and
accurate, of course.

MARK

We'll find him. Don't give up.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - STATIONARY - NIGHT

Nemhauser sits behind the wheel holding a POLICE RADIO up to his lips.

NEMHAUSER

Just so you folks know, I'm not keeping my people out here 'til the early hours. If this guy doesn't show soon, you're on your own.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Rachel takes her foot off the gas and turns her steering wheel slightly.

RACHEL

Then I guess it's time we raised the stakes.

Rachel pulls over and turns her engine off while leaving the phone active. She opens up her door to climb out.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HYBRID - STATIONARY - NIGHT

Gabrielle turns to Mark with concern.

GABRIELLE

What is she doing?

Mark has no answer to give, but his face shares her concern.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Rachel steps out from her car parked all alone at the side of the road. Snow falls down onto her.

She wanders around to the back wheel and squats down to the tire, feigning despair and frustration.

She looks up and down the road. Waiting.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - YARD - NIGHT

Bane is led out to a waiting ARMoured TRANSPORT VAN in handcuffs and leg irons.

Nancy opens up the back doors of the van while Gideon follows behind Bane who takes a deep breath of the cold night air.

BANE

"After the frosty silence in the gardens, after the agony in stony places, the shouting and the crying, prison and place and reverberation, of thunder of spring over distant mountains...

(beat)

"He who was dead is now living."

Bane gives Gideon a weighty stare before stepping up into the back of the van, Nancy guiding him in. She turns back to Gideon, holding the door open for him.

NANCY

Are you ready?

Gideon prepares to enter when Pitney stops him. She holds open her overcoat to show her weapon holstered at her hip.

PITNEY

I'll be riding shotgun.

Gideon nods, then climbs up into the back of the van.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Rachel stands at the back wheel of her car, starting to feel the cold as snow continues to fall onto her.

She looks back down the empty road, throws her hands to her hips. Then --

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM

hits upon her from the opposite direction. Rachel raises a hand to shield her eyes as she turns to look upon the source.

The flashlight lowers to reveal Ephraim clad in his warm winter coat and smiling at Rachel.

EPHRAIM

Need some help?

Rachel's guard goes up instinctively but she masters her fear and puts on a good show.

RACHEL

Yeah... yeah, I think I have a flat. You don't know anything about cars, do you?

EPHRAIM

Sure. I'll fix you up.

Rachel nods and indicates to her back wheel, though nothing is wrong with it.

EPHRAIM

You want to be careful out here alone at night. Out in the dark.

Ephraim steps up close and Rachel turns her back very deliberately.

Ephraim takes his chance and produces his hunting knife, holding it up to Rachel's neck threateningly.

EPHRAIM

Everyone's afraid of the dark.

Rachel spins around and sees the tip of the knife right in front of her eyes. She gasps, frozen to the spot.

Ephraim gives her a dark smile and LUNGES towards her...

...but Rachel GRABS HIS WRIST and turns his arm, wrestling back the knife. Ephraim keeps his grip tight to his weapon, fighting Rachel for control. Winning through superior weight. Pushing the blade closer to Rachel's face.

Then Rachel KICKS OUT at Ephraim's groin, raising her knee into his stomach. Ephraim doubles over, winded.

Rachel takes the opportunity to pry the knife out of Ephraim's grip, turning it back upon him.

Ephraim straightens up, freezing when he sees the point of the knife held up to his eyes. Now on the other side of the blade.

CLOSE ON RACHEL

Holding the knife, suddenly in control. Her eyes reflect a temptation, an urge for vengeance rising. Biblical vengeance.

CLOSE ON EPHRAIM

Stricken by terror. A terror of his own making turned back upon him. Fearing for his life.

A SET OF HEADLIGHTS

flash upon the pair in the middle of the road, speeding up to them.

Rachel turns her head, squinting to see MARK'S HYBRID racing up behind her.

Ephraim takes his chance to BOLT AWAY from Rachel, sprinting off the side of the road and darting into the adjacent forest.

MARK AND GABRIELLE

rush out of the car, stop and stare at Rachel. Mark wastes only a beat before running off in pursuit of Ephraim while Gabrielle trots up to Rachel.

GABRIELLE
Are you okay?

RACHEL
(shaken)
Yeah... I'm okay.

She finally relaxes from her attack stance, lowers the knife and holds it out to Gabrielle.

RACHEL
You might want to take this. I'm pretty sure it's a murder weapon.

Gabrielle regards the blade delicately as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Ephraim runs through brittle branches and tramples over leaves crusted with ice and snow.

Mark follows a distance behind, sprinting to catch up.

HIS P.O.V.

As he runs, he brushes through brambles with his hands, hurriedly parting branches, looking down to his feet in finding his way over stray twigs and dirt.

HAND-HELD ON EPHRAIM

as he ducks and darts through trees, desperate to get away. He charges down a bank to come to --

THE RIVERBED

The water cold and still ahead, Ephraim runs alongside.

Mark hurtles down the bank and DIVES OUT to tackle Ephraim to the ground. They hit the snow together, scrambling for dominance.

Ephraim wrestles himself on top of Mark and PUNCHES down on him. WHAM -- WHAM -- WHAM! He pummels Mark with desperate fury, drawing blood from his nose and mouth. He raises his fist for another round of blows when --

ISAAC'S JEEP

hurtles through the woods from the opposite direction! It slices through the branches at top speed, cutting a swath through the brittle trees, rocking up and down, four-wheel drive just about handling the difficult terrain.

EPHRAIM

sees its lights coming, hears the engine snarling. Can't go left, can't go right.

Leaving Mark's dazed and bloodied body behind, Ephraim jumps to his feet and starts WADING OUT ACROSS THE RIVER.

He gets knee-deep into the ice-cold water, the promise of escape on the other side.

Isaac's Jeep slams to a stop at the riverbed, doors flying open and Deanna emerging with Isaac.

Deanna rushes down to Mark on the ground, putting an arm around him and helping him up into a sitting position.

Isaac goes straight off after Ephraim, wading out into the icy river.

Ephraim is up to his waste already, half way across the water to freedom. He forces himself onward but Isaac is faster, catching up and SHOVING him down under the water.

Ephraim's head bobs back up, soaking wet and spluttering for breath. He and Isaac thrash around until Isaac has him in a military-trained headlock, dragging him back to shore.

NEMHAUSER

appears at the top of the bank, walkie in hand. He staggers downhill to where Deanna tends to Mark's injuries, a team of HALF A DOZEN PLAIN-CLOTHES COPS trailing behind.

They converge on the riverbed as Isaac hauls the spluttering Ephraim out of the water's edge. Nemhauser dives straight in and slams Ephraim faced-down into the snow. Pulls his hands behind his back. Cuffs him tight.

NEMHAUSER

(decisive)

Ephraim Wiggs. You are under arrest.

Nemhauser hauls him to his feet as a dripping wet Isaac grabs his own knees, getting his breath back.

Deanna wipes blood away from Mark's face as they all exchange a look of adrenaline-charged relief.

HIGH ANGLE

Looking down from the treetops to the scene below. The cuffed and captive Ephraim is led away by Nemhauser and associates, leaving the trio of Mark, Deanna and Isaac on the water's edge.

The cold water ripples from recent upheaval but begins to settle. Snow drifts down from the heavens.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - NIGHT

Dull, cold and lonely under the crumbling brickwork. A distant siren echoes from some far away depravity.

PUSHING IN across the damp concrete towards the grubby mattress in the corner. Under a thin blanket we find Aaron lying in Bradin's arms, naked torsos defying the cold for the warmth of each other.

Aaron rests his head on Bradin's chest, a contentment in his eyes even while they seem far away.

AARON

I was thinking we'd head out tomorrow, scrounge enough for a bus ticket. Then after that it'll be plain sailing. No more worrying about all this stuff. Might take a while but you'll go clean. I know what that's like so you'd have me to help you through it.

Aaron lets his eyes fall closed as he builds a picture in his head.

AARON

After that we can go anywhere. Head south maybe? Some place warm. San Francisco, then California. How about Hawaii? Yeah, Hawaii. We'd learn to surf, you'd be a lifeguard or something. Imagine that. We'd hang out on the beach all day, go back to our waterfront condo at night. And we'd live out our days there, together.

Aaron opens his eyes and sighs as we start to PULL BACK from his resting face entangled in Bradin's left arm.

AARON

I guess that's not going to happen now.

And that's when we notice that Bradin's chest isn't rising or falling under Aaron's head.

PULLING OUT FURTHER to find Bradin's eyes half closed, but not in sleep.

And further still to find his right arm dangling off the side of the mattress. Limp and cold. A needle sticking out from the vein in the crook of his elbow.

Aaron leans up to look into Bradin's face. He brushes his hair aside tenderly. Reaches to his eyelids to gently lower them fully closed. Moves close to his lips, finding no breath parting them. He pushes down and kisses them -- one final, unrequited kiss.

Reprise "Samskeyti" as we PULL BACK across the damp concrete away from the mattress. Away from the two bodies laying out together. Away from tragedy.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEVEL CROSSING - NIGHT

A long open road leads up to a set of railway tracks which intersect across, barriers lowered to halt traffic for a coming train.

A convoy of vehicles are waiting. First a POLICE CRUISER in the lead, followed by the ARMOURED TRANSPORT VAN and finally another POLICE CRUISER to complete the sandwich.

They wait in a line under the falling snow.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMOURED TRANSPORT VAN - NIGHT

Pitney sits up front beside the DRIVER, fully alert.

In the back, Bane sits in his pale blue jumpsuit and chains. Nancy is right beside him, calm and attentive.

Gideon sits opposite, not taking his eyes off Bane.

NANCY
(to Gideon)
I'm told you have some history here. Are you sure you know what you're dealing with?

GIDEON
I know better than anyone.

Pitney looks over her shoulder at Bane, checking. Satisfied, she turns back to watch through the windshield as the train rattles by on the tracks in front.

NANCY

See, I'm not so sure that you do.

Gideon takes his eyes off Bane to look at Nancy properly for the first time, her words cutting through her sweet, delicate face.

NANCY

I'm not sure that you really can,
not when you're so blinkered.

GIDEON

What do you mean?

NANCY

Well you're so caught up in this private little psychodrama, but you can't see that you're as much a part of the problem as he is.

(beat)

Everything you fear, everything you dread. Maybe it'll happen, maybe it won't. But as long as you're a prisoner to it, you can't understand true evil.

Gideon looks at her strangely, unbalanced by the musings of the humble prison guard.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEVEL CROSSING - NIGHT

The train finishes crossing left to right and the barriers start to rise. The lead escort vehicle begins moving over the tracks.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMOURED TRANSPORT VAN - NIGHT

Gideon turns to see the car in front start moving through the windshield, then looks back at Nancy.

NANCY

It'd take something else for you to see it. Something in a passing moment. Like now for instance.

She points forward out to the windshield.

NANCY

Right about... now.

BOOM!

The car in front EXPLODES in a fireball just as it reaches the other side of the railroad tracks.

Gideon snaps his head to the windshield to follow the end of Nancy's pointing finger.

Pitney and the Driver react in shock.

PITNEY
What the hell?! Get on the
radio. Get on the radio right
now!!

Nancy reaches up behind her, grabs Pitney's head in both hands and SNAPS HER NECK in a second.

CRACK. FLOP. DEAD.

The Driver turns instinctively but Nancy is already reaching into Pitney's holster, whipping out her sidearm and --

BLAM!

Shoots the Driver in the side of the head.

Gideon can only watch in stunned silence. Bane is calm and unflinching in his chains opposite.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE FOLLOW CAR - NIGHT

Two UNIFORMED COPS beside each other stare out of their windshield to the back of the stationary van in front of them. They can only see the WISPS OF BLACK SMOKE rising from somewhere beyond as the van blocks the view.

The Cop in the passenger seat reaches for the radio.

UNIFORMED COP
Unit five fifty-five to control.
We have a possible three-sixteen
out here --

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

as the double doors at the back of the van suddenly pop open and Nancy steps out. Her guard's uniform presents some reassurance until she raises Pitney's gun and --

BLAM! BLAM!

Two clean shots straight through the windshield to take out both cops before they know what's happening.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMOURED TRANSPORT VAN - CONTINUOUS

Gideon sits frozen to the spot, overwhelmed.

PUSHING IN ON HIS FACE

Right up close to see the full impact in his eyes. Confused alarm. And just a hint of something more.

REVERSE TO BANE

MATCHING THE PUSH into his intense stare. Excitement building. And just a hint of complicity.

Off the two of them left alone in the back of the van --

CUT TO:

EXT. LEVEL CROSSING - NIGHT

Nancy saunters into the middle of the road, the gun held loose in her right hand.

Over her shoulder, the passenger-side door of the transport van opens up and Pitney's body is pushed out into the road. The same from the driver's side -- his body slumped out too.

Nancy steps over and looks down on the lifeless corpse of Detective Pitney. She cocks her head and stares down at the broken neck innocently as the van starts to roll into motion.

Nancy looks up and starts strolling down the middle of the road, walking casually AT CAMERA as the van pulls away in the opposite direction, leaving the flaming wreckage of the lead escort vehicle behind.

As Nancy PASSES CAMERA and moves OUT OF SHOT, we CRANE UP to see the armoured transport van receding over the horizon, two bodies and two vanquished police cars lingering either side of the train tracks.

Dark smoke rises from the burning car to meet the gentle white snow.

FADE TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Rachel stands at the window, staring out to the growing blanket of white. Her arms are crossed around her chest, holding herself tight. Her eyes are distant, sombre.

Gabrielle sits at the table in b.g. Mark stands opposite with a folder in hand. Isaac walks through and sits down beside Gabrielle.

MARK

An all-points-bulletin has been issued on Nancy Porter. She was captured on camera footage from the follow-car but there's been no sighting of her since.

ISAAC

I spoke to Warden Cartwright. He told me she requested assignment to Bane's wing when she transferred in from Toronto several months ago.

GABRIELLE

Highways and border patrol have been alerted to look out for the transport van, but so far nothing.

MARK

Ephraim Wiggs has admitted to three murders. He led them to the skins not far from where he was arrested. But he denies any knowledge or involvement in what happened with Bane.

ISAAC

What exactly did happen?

No one has an answer to give as Deanna walks into the room. Her face is as stricken with sorrow as anyone's, perhaps more so.

DEANNA

(flat)

Aaron never came back last night. I've been trying his phone all morning, but it's not even connected.

GABRIELLE

Where is he?

Deanna can only shake her head slowly, weighed down with guilt and regret.

Rachel finally turns away from the window to face the others. Her face is numb. She stares at Deanna, registering her news. Looks to Mark, to Gabrielle, to Isaac. She can't find anything to say.

Rachel walks out of the room, passing across the foyer to --

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Rachel steps in and takes a beat to feel the silence. The emptiness. There's something vacuous and soulless about the room now.

Rachel edges up to the desk and looks down to find the envelope that Gideon left behind. Her name is on it.

And something is missing from the surface of the desk. A conspicuous clear space next to the envelope. *The Complete Works of T.S. Eliot* is gone.

Rachel feels along the empty surface of desk, realizing. She then takes up the envelope and opens it, pulling out the folded piece of paper Gideon sealed within. She reads.

GIDEON (V.O.)

Rachel... by the time you read this, I will in all likelihood be unreachable. If events unfold as I have come to suspect, I will have left with Bane... even though I know with near certainty he will take advantage of the situation for his own ends.

Rachel stares down at his words in anguish.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - DAY

Aaron lies beside Bradin's lifeless body, tears streaming down his face.

GIDEON (V.O.)

We all face great trials and great tribulations in our lives. Some we fall upon by chance, others we walk into with our eyes open. Be assured that this, for me, was the latter.

Aaron takes the used needle out of Bradin's arm. As he steadies himself on the ground, his hand finds two ampules. One is empty. The other is full of golden brown liquid.

Aaron stares down at them, on a proverbial precipice.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Mark, Gabrielle, Isaac and Deanna are assembled in mutual despair.

GIDEON (V.O.)

The pain I have endured has lingered as a wound that has never healed all these years. And though I have found strength in each of you, I know now that this is a prison I can only escape alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATHOS HOUSE - GIDEON'S STUDY - DAY

Rachel cradles the letter in her hands as a tear welts in her eye.

GIDEON (V.O.)

I wanted you to know that you were right. My fear never truly went away, and it's time I faced up to it... no matter where it might lead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SNOWSCAPE - DAY

A huge expanse of pure white. Vast, all-covering. Somewhere mountainous and remote. A bitter snowstorm throws thick white flakes back and forth in a howling wind.

PUSHING THROUGH THE SNOW we start to find a LOG CABIN resting all alone in the middle of nowhere.

GIDEON (V.O.)

Matthew Arnold wrote: "For the world which seems to lie before us like a land of dreams, so various, so beautiful, so new, hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light, nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain; And we are here as on a darkling plain, swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, where ignorant armies clash by night."

PUSHING IN CLOSER we find two pairs of footprints leading up through the snow towards the cabin.

As we get closer and closer, we see the door to the cabin left slightly ajar.

And as we creep up to it, something from within pushes it firmly closed with a definitive CLUNK, shutting us out just as we slowly --

FADE TO BLACK

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