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BVG
BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY

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TEASER

FADE IN:

To the sight of a clear blue sky, the sun glistening its rays down beautifully. It's almost a heavenly light.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

We PAN DOWN from this vista to a bird's eye view of a road stretching out vertically into the distance.

Rows of TREES in bloom line the pavement, near all-American picket fences and large HOUSES.

A bike-riding PAPERBOY cycles into view as we slowly start to descend down into this quite idyllic neighbourhood.

We follow him - hearing tunes blaring from an iPod as he rides - seeing him throw a fresh NEWSPAPER into the garden of the house nearest to him.

As he cycles on, we turn and close in on that house - painted bright white.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Closing in on the house, we find a neatly cut garden, with hose pipe acting as a sprinkler and showering the grass with water.

We rest on the thrown paper, lying on the gravel DRIVE near the door.

We hear said door open, and someone emerges, heading for the paper. As they kneel to pick it up, we see who that someone is:

PETER WATTS

We stay with him as he stands, opening the paper. He's dressed smartly but with an air of relaxed casual. He looks slightly younger, and a lot more content.

As Peter opens the paper, the ajar door opens fully behind him and a pretty teenage girl - ERIN (21) - appears, carrying a bag over her shoulder.

ERIN

See you later, Dad.

PETER

Early start?

ERIN
(shrugs)
Early period.

Heading down the drive toward her car, Erin waves a little goodbye at her father - just as she would do any other day.

PETER
Drive safe, Erin.

Half reading the open paper, the contented Peter watches Erin enter her car at the end of the drive.

BARBARA (O.C)
(calling)
Honey. Breakfast is on the table.

PETER
(calls back)
Be right there.

Closing and folding the paper, Peter sees Erin's car back up and then disappear down the road. He smiles, glances around a little, before tucking the paper under his arm and heading inside.

As the door closes behind him, we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

The face of a slightly aged, far gloomier Peter - framed by an echo of darkness, despite daylight casting through onto him.

We see him standing in the doorway of a bedroom, looking out on the barren apartment he now calls his home. Light furnishings, no warmth. And no family.

Peter is listening to a repeating BEEP coming from the LAPTOP that lies partially closed on the table across the room.

He approaches the table, fully opening the laptop. The screen kicks in - revealing a blank screensaver and a flashing ICON from which the beeping originates.

Peter clicks the icon, and a voice authorisation analyzer appears. He leans in toward a small microphone on the desktop monitor.

PETER
We are all shepherds.

The analyzer flashes green, and the screen is filled by an OUROBOUROS inside which lies the sentence:

'WELCOME PETER. 2447 DAYS HAVE PASSED'

An EMAIL waiting for him then pops up and Peter clicks onto it. We don't see it, just his expression as he reads. It becomes pensive, off which we CUT TO:

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

Establishing shot of a plush building, marked with a gold Ourobouros panel - Millennium Group headquarters.

INT. OFFICE

A quite expansive, neatly furnished and spotless office inside which Peter now sits - on the opposite side of a clear glass DESK, trying not to betray a little caution.

A hand reaches toward him, placing a glass of water before Peter.

PETER

Thank you.

The figure the hand belongs to then steps into view as he sits behind his desk, opposite Peter. He's a tall, strong and very well tailored man with lightly greying hair.

His name is TREPPOS.

TREPPOS

I've heard a lot about you, Peter, these last few years. I really have. What I heard impressed me.

Peter slightly smiles, but it's out of courtesy rather than anything else.

TREPPOS (CONT'D)

(nods)

It's been over a month now since you've been back within our circle. We feel the time is right to start using your skills.

He pulls out a slimline file FOLDER from his desk, sliding it over to Peter. Peter looks at him, then opens it.

ANGLE ON:

The folder, inside of which we find a Group file on a man in his early-sixties, replete with a number of professional and private photographs.

TREPPOS (CONT'D)

The man you're looking at is Atticus Bloom. A respected physician in Portland, Oregon. He's also a long-standing Group member.

(MORE)

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

A believer in the secular cradle of science. He wasn't very popular with your former associates.

Peter glances up at the mention of people who still leave a sour taste in his mouth.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

Why am I telling you this? Because in the last few months, we've noticed a slow drip feed of siphoned fund transfers. Disappearing Group money we haven't be able to account for. Though we have reason to suspect Bloom may be the source behind this discrepancy. Details are in the manilla.

A frown begins to pass over Peter's features as he reads.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

We want you to find out if our suspicions hold water. And if they do, then what Bloom is doing with that money.

PETER

(beat)

This kind of assignment doesn't exactly fall under my... expertise.

(thinks)

Surely Portland PD could simply find---

TREPKOS

We want to keep this an internal matter.

PETER

(shakes his head)

But it makes greater sense to---

TREPKOS

Peter.

The calmness of the man's voice stops Peter, who looks at Trepkos.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

(beat; slight smile)

This is who we are.

In that mantra, Peter immediately realises his objections will do no good - the decision has been made.

He looks away, thoughts overcoming him and we CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

The slightly younger face of Peter, looking through a window in a quite dark corridor.

The reflection in the glass gives an oblique view of what he's looking at - the dead body on a morgue slab of what looks like a young woman.

His expression is dead. Nothing. No emotion. Yet clearly so much pain.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE

The sight of Peter thinking back to one of the darkest times of his life, before glancing up at the calm face of Trepkos.

PETER
(beat; nods)
This is who we are.

The slight smile on Trepkos' face returns as he sits back in his chair.

And it's off Peter's conflicted, unsure expression that we...

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN
TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"WHO WE ARE"

starring

Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by

Chris Carter

Also Starring
Terry O'Quinn

Guest Starring
Clancy Brown

Jacinda Barrett

Leighton Meester

Jessica Schreier

Scott William Winters

Kevin Rahm

and
Nicolas Surovy

Theme by
Mark Snow

Art Director
JT Vaughn

Co-Producer
Angelo Shrine

Producer
Brendan M. Leonard

Producer
Jeremy Daniels

Written by
Anthony J. Black

ACT ONE

BLACK

OVER which we SUPERIMPOSE:

“Give me a land of boughs in leaf,
A land of trees that stand,
Where trees are fallen there is grief,
I love no leafless land.”

-- A. E. Housman

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Curtains partly shroud daylight from the barren interior of Peter's dwelling, as in the distance of his bedroom we see him in the midst of packing an overnight BAG for his trip.

We turn and FOCUS ON the laptop - Ourobouros still visible - as a BEEP is heard as another EMAIL arrives.

Heading through toward the laptop, Peter accesses the email icon and reads the contents - which again we don't see.

This time, however, his expression is different. Peter smiles at the content, and off that look we CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Entering the small street-corner cafe, Peter stands and glances around - looking for someone.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C)

Daddy?

The sound comes almost from behind him, near the wall. Peter turns and finds waiting for him a figure we recognise - TAYLOR WATTS, his daughter.

PETER

Taylor.

With a warm smile, Taylor approaches and wraps her arms around her father emotionally, and Peter makes the most of it.

Off his joint look of delight and concern, we CUT TO:

INT. STUDY LOUNGE - WATTS HOUSEHOLD - DAY

A clock that strikes 5:30 in the pm, ticking away with almost an echo around a spacious and ornate study-lounge in the beautifully decorated Watts household.

Peter stands and looks at the clock, checking his watch and seeing the same time. He looks concerned.

His wife, BARBARA WATTS - fifties, still quite attractive - enters with a duster and polish, sees her husband's expression.

BARBARA
What's wrong?

PETER
She should be home by now.
(off Barbara's look)
Erin. Her classes end at three.

BARBARA
(starts dusting)
Oh, I expect she's just gone for a
coffee or something with friends.
(smiles)
She may even be with that boy.

PETER
What boy?

BARBARA
Scott, I think. Or Steve.
(shakes her head)
Either way, he's on her course and
from what Chelsea tells me, she
rarely talks about anything or
anyone else.

But Peter isn't charmed by this. He still wears a concerned frown.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Peter, come on, she's a teenage
girl. We were both young once.

PETER
I know. But she needs to be
cautious.
(looks at Barbara)
I don't need to remind you... we're
not any ordinary family.

Hearing this, Barbara's expression and indeed inflection sours.

BARBARA
Those days are in the past. Our
children shouldn't have to live in
fear.
(beat)
Nor should we.

On that, almost defiant, Barbara heads out of the room, leaving Peter to continue staring at the clock with concern.

As it ticks onto 5:35pm, we CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

To find Peter now sitting across from Taylor at the table. She wears an expensive grey trouser suit, looks a little older now being in her early thirties.

TAYLOR

...so I'm pretty certain within five years, I could make partner. Omens are pretty good right now, though nothing is certain when it comes to the law profession.

She stops. Not sure that Peter - who clearly looks distracted - is listening.

Realising this, Peter quickly snaps out of it.

PETER

I'm sorry. Go on. I was listening.

TAYLOR

You were in another world, but I can just about forgive you.

(smiles)

I guess this is a little... weird for you, huh?

PETER

(nods)

I didn't even know you knew where to find me. I'm used to our contact only being over cyberspace these days. What with you working in Chicago, and...

TAYLOR

...and Mom threatening to go ballistic if I had anything to do with you?

(nods)

I know. But it'd been too long. Emails aren't enough. I had to see you.

PETER

Why now?

TAYLOR

Because I think... all this has gone on long enough.

That admission surprises Peter a little, and he frowns a touch at his eldest.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'm sick of playing go-between. I'm sick of telling you things about Mom, about Chelsea, that you should be seeing for yourself.

(sighs)

Chelsea misses you every day. And so does Mom.. .not that she'd ever admit it.

(chuckles)

I damn it, I miss you.

PETER

You want me to come home.

A little emotional, Taylor nods - that's exactly what she wants.

PETER (CONT'D)

(long beat; sigh)

I... I can't, Taylor...

TAYLOR

Why? Why can't you?

PETER

Because... because the evil that took Erin away is still out there. It still exists.

TAYLOR

You told me they caught the men who killed her. You were there, with your friend. Frank.

PETER

(shakes his head)

You don't understand.

TAYLOR

(frustrated)

Then explain it. Explain it to me so I can understand why you're living like this. Alone.

PETER

I'm meant to be doing this. It's a necessary sacrifice, to save lives. To protect the family I have left. To protect you.

TAYLOR

I don't need protection, I need you. I need my Daddy!

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(shakes her head)
That's what you don't understand.

PETER
(sighs)
Taylor, if I come home now, if I go
back to that perfect life I had the
chance to live before, it means
I've given up.
(beat)
And the evil... will be one step
closer to winning.

It becomes clear to Taylor she's not going to talk him out of
this.

TAYLOR
At least... think about what I've
said. For me.

PETER
(beat; smiles)
Okay.

Taylor smiles back - a glimmer of hope - but Peter clearly
isn't going to change his mind on this one. Off his smile, we
CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Establishing shot of a passenger plane touching down on
runway tarmac.

PORTLAND, OREGON

EXT. STREET - DAY

A busy street filled with shops and practices, our view
focusing on one clinic-like building at the hub of it.

MALE VOICE (V.O)
I have to say, Mr Watts, I was
surprised when you knocked at my
door.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC OFFICE

An expansive, open-plan combination of an office and a
medical lab - where Peter now sits on a sofa-like chair
opposite a figure we PAN ACROSS to see.

Tall, strongly built with piercing blue eyes framed by a
bushy moustache, and tailored well - this is ATTICUS BLOOM
(60's).

PETER

I'm sorry, have we met before
Doctor Bloom?

BLOOM

(smiles)

You don't remember.

(nods)

Was back in the dark ages, before
the millennium. One of those member
functions they used to hold.
Nothing more than overblown cheese
and wine orgies, the lot of them.
I'm sure you can recall.

With a slight, polite smile, Peter nods affirmative.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

It was only in passing, but we did
meet. I sensed a resilience in you
even then.

(beat)

Clearly, given you're sitting alive
before me here today, my instincts
were correct.

PETER

I'm sure you're wondering exactly
why I was sent?

BLOOM

I'm guessing the Group sent you.
Back in their employ, I hear?

PETER

(nods)

Money has disappeared. Substantial
funds. And they believe you might
know why.

BLOOM

Tipping your hand a little early
aren't you? Whatever happened to
subterfuge?

PETER

I've had my fill of games, Doctor.

A beat. Bloom smirks a little in seeing Peter is deadly
serious.

PETER (CONT'D)

They traced your mainframe IP
repeatedly to certain Group audit
records concerning the missing fund
transfers.

(beat)

What were you looking for?

BLOOM

(after a beat)

Why did they send you here, Peter?

He's baiting him. Peter refuses to rise to it - but he's clearly asking himself the same question.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

(grins; nods)

Okay. I was looking at those audits because some of the money that vanished, was meant for my practice. The Group subsidise medical research, and I need that backing. My work relies on it.

(beat)

I was just trying to find answers. Same as you are.

Peter nods. He doesn't entirely believe him, and Bloom clearly senses this.

It's off Peter's uncertainty that we CUT TO:

INT. STUDY LOUNGE - WATTS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

And we're back on the clock. It has now just passed 9pm.

Sitting on a chair in the study, Peter rests his chin in his hands. His worry has now turned to acceptance. He has an idea what's happened.

The door opens and an attractive young woman enters on a cell, halfway through a conversation. It's CHELSEA WATTS (16).

CHELSEA

(into phone)

...and you're sure she hasn't stopped by?

(beat)

Not even to drop off those books she...?

(sighs)

Okay, sure... no, no, it's cool. I'm sure she'll show.

(nods)

Yeah. Thanks Janey.

With a concerned sigh, Chelsea cuts the call and faces her father as he sits.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

That's it. I've tried everyone she knows, everyone in her cell. Nothin'.

(shakes her head)

Could she be with Scott?

BARBARA (O.C)

It's Steve.

Chelsea turns at the sound of her mother. Barbara is now in the doorway - her cavalier nature from before long gone. She's worried now, like Peter was earlier.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Pretty sure it's Steve. Did you call him?

CHELSEA

He's not in her cell. They talk mostly over the Web.

BARBARA

(nods)

Peter...

Peter looks over at his wife, registering her distress.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I think... it's time we called the police...

Chelsea looks disturbed at this admission, knowing the implications.

And Peter lends his wife a frown, whether it's at her or the situation unclear, before we CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

Establishing shot of a tall, several story downtown building, worn a little with age.

PORTLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT

INT. COMPUTER SECTION

A small office in the corner of the open-plan department, with a line of currently unused computer terminals - all except one, at which Peter now works.

We see him consulting the FILE FOLDER on Bloom he was given by the Group, as he accesses what look like bank records.

The door to the office opens and a local detective - METCALF - makes his way inside.

METCALF

Mr Watts?

(Peter turns)

Lieutenant Metcalf. I was asked by my Captain to see if you have all the resources you requested?

PETER

Tell your Captain I appreciate his concern. I'm fine here.

METCALF

He wanted also for me to make clear how keen we are to cooperate with the Millennium Group in any capacity. It's reputation in law enforcement more than precedes it.

PETER

(under his breath)
Not just in law enforcement.

Beat.

METCALF

Well, okay... you'll have to forgive me, we've got something urgent on the wire right now needing full police attention.

PETER

Anything I can help with?

METCALF

Uh... no, that's okay. We got that angle covered.
(nods)
If there's anything you need, please let one of us know.

Peter nods his thanks and Metcalf - mind clearly elsewhere - exits the office.

Watching him go, Peter sees a number of other detectives arrive outside and join up with him, conversing out of earshot.

He does a double take when he sees one of them isn't a detective at all - but FRANK BLACK. He's surprised to see his old friend.

PETER

Frank.

Perhaps even more surprised when Frank, looking around as Metcalf addresses the team, catches sight of him through the window - looking just as surprised at the sight as Peter is of him.

Off their shared look at this unexpected proximity, we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. STUDY LOUNGE - WATTS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

The clock. It's now showing 11:55pm. Almost midnight.

It ticks loudly. Almost echoing.

Peter stands by the window, Barbara and Chelsea perched on the sofa in front him, next to two POLICE OFFICERS now in the room - taking statements.

OFFICER #1

So, she left the house as normal this morning?

BARBARA

Actually, she left early. Study period, she said.

OFFICER #2

Is it possible that wasn't the reason for her early departure?

BARBARA

(frowns)

I don't understand.

Officer #2 checks his notepad.

OFFICER #2

You commented she'd been in correspondence with someone over the Internet. Someone named Steve.

CHELSEA

Scott. It's Scott.

She looks at her mother. Both have differing viewpoints on this.

BARBARA

Are you suggesting she was going to see him? Little early to be arranging a date.

OFFICER #1

He could have asked her. Planned the time and execution of his kidnapping to the letter.

(pauses)

If... indeed, Erin did go with him not of her own free will.

CHELSEA

Wait a minute! You think Erin just
took off?!

BARBARA

Honey, it's okay.

CHELSEA

No! They don't know Erin!
(to Officers)
My sister would not just run away
with some guy!

Upset, she sighs and Barbara comforts her by rubbing her
back.

OFFICER #1

We understand, miss. We're not
suggesting your sister is to blame
here.

(beat)

This is no one's fault.

PETER

Yes, it is.

Everyone glances over at the previously silent Peter, now
with his back turned to them glancing out of the window.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's mine.

(nods)

This is my fault.

Chelsea looks puzzled, Barbara concerned and it's off Peter's
pained expression, we CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER SECTION - PRESENT DAY

The older face of Peter, looking out of the sub-office in
surprise at seeing Frank outside, looking at him back.

He sees Frank separate from Metcalf and his detectives,
moving to enter the room.

Quickly, Peter closes the Group file folder and rustles a few
pieces of paper over it. And just as he switches off the
terminal monitor, Frank enters.

FRANK

Peter.

PETER

Frank. This is unexpected.

FRANK

(nods)

Same here.

Beat. They shake hands.

PETER

So... what brings you to Portland?

FRANK

Consulting. Double kidnapping that took place yesterday. Young couple in the area. Outsiders, it appears. Staying in a motel.

(beat)

The department Captain knew my name from the FBI, so called me up.

Peter nods, a little on edge at the appearance of his friend. He sees the door a little ajar, and moves over to close in.

Frank approaches his desk and suspecting something amiss, he touches the edge of the hastily-concealed file folder a little.

Upon turning after sealing the door shut, Peter is in mid-speech:

PETER

If you need and help with the inves--

He stops - as he sees Frank turned toward the desk slightly, eyes closed. Peter knows that look, he's seen it before.

He realises Frank is 'internalising', fingertip touching the file folder. His gift at work - only this time we don't see it from his perspective, but Peter's.

Frank suddenly comes out of it, tries to make out nothing happened, turns to Peter.

FRANK

Sorry, I'm just tired. Long flight.

(beat)

What were you saying?

PETER

It wasn't important.

Peter passes Frank, heading back over toward his desk.

FRANK

What are you doing here, Peter? You consulting too?

PETER

Sort of.

Frank glances at him, curious. Peter pauses briefly.

PETER (CONT'D)

(lies)

I'm... here doing a favour for the Captain. He too knew me from the FBI, when I was an A.D. Just a little background work.

FRANK

(nods)

Uh huh.

Peter nods, though it's obvious he can tell Frank thinks he's lying.

Another beat. Slightly awkward.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm gonna catch up with Metcalf.

PETER

Sure. Good luck with the case, Frank.

With a slight smile, Frank nods at his friend and makes his way out, closing the door behind him.

Once he's gone, Peter looks a little relieved and off this we
CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARK - EVENING

Establishing shot of a traditional motel park, cars lining outside of one storey motel rooms.

PETER (V.O)

I think this may turn out to have been a wild goose chase.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

A plain motel room, inside which Peter sits on a small sofa chair addressing his open laptop on the coffee table.

We see a satellite-link is open to Trepkos - sitting before the computer at his desk in Washington.

PETER

With the help of Portland PD, I gained access to the account Bloom keeps for his medical practice. I found nothing untoward.

TREPKOS

Peter, I thought I made it clear that the Group consider this an internal matter. And not to involve the police department.

PETER

I didn't give them any details about what I was doing.

(beat)

I had to use police resources. Unless you were suggesting I use illegal means to hack into someone's private account. And I'm pretty certain, that's not who we are.

(sighs)

Not anymore.

Beat. Trepkos considers this.

TREPKOS

Indeed.

PETER

To me, it's pretty clear. Either Bloom has been especially careful, or we've got the wrong man.

TREPKOS

(nods)

I see.

(beat)

We can book you on the next flight to Washington. I assume you'll be wanting to return home.

PETER

Actually, I'd like to stay on for a day or two.

(beat)

Despite finding nothing in Bloom's public accounts, he may very well not entirely be clean. Something's going on here, and I want to get to the bottom of it.

TREPKOS

Of course.

(nods)

You'll keep me informed?

PETER

Anything I find, you'll be the first to know.

(nods)

Goodnight.

Trepkos nods, and the satellite link blinks off, replaced by the Group ourouboros.

Seeing this, a tired Peter pinches his eyes and proceeds to close the laptop down.

He heads over to his bed, and lies on it, switching off the lamp to the side.

AERIAL SHOT:

We've got a god's eye view of Peter from the ceiling, and PUSH slowly down toward him as he first stares up at the ceiling, then slowly closes his eyes.

We close in fully on his face, and slowly on his eye. Sleep has now overtaken him, but suddenly we FLASH:

PETER'S DREAM

- Peter looking at the ticking clock in his old house.
- Barbara smiling as she polishes.
- A SCREAM!
- The reflection of the dead body on the morgue slab as Peter watches.
- Barbara being consoled by Chelsea.
- A KNIFE SLICING! A SCREAM in B.G.
- Peter standing with the Roosters from "Owls".
- Frank fingertips the file folder.
- A SCREAM! BLOOD DRIPPING!
- Peter, in the FBI, standing by the lake as the ice box is dragged, from "The Fourth Horseman".
- Frank SHOUTING, baring his teeth surrounded by shadows!
- A fired gun. BANG!!!

And we FLASH out:

Peter jolts up in his bed, gasping and sweating profusely, genuinely afraid.

The phone is ringing quite loudly. Peter gets his breath, switches on the lamplight, and answers it.

PETER
Who is it?

TAYLOR (O.C.)
Daddy?

PETER
Taylor?

A beat. Peter is still getting his bearings.

TAYLOR (O.C.)
Are you there? Is everything
alright?

PETER

Yeah. Yeah, I'm here.

(thinks)

Taylor, why are you calling me here? How did you get this number?

TAYLOR (O.C.)

I kept thinking about our conversation the other day. Wanted to know if you'd thought about what I said?

PETER

I thought about it.

(beat)

And the answer still has to be no.

TAYLOR (O.C.)

(sighs)

Come home, Daddy. Come home to us.

PETER

(conflicted)

Don't call me again, Taylor.

Just... just don't call.

TAYLOR (O.C.)

Da---

But her voice is severed as Peter replaces the receiver, pained.

He takes a deep breath once the call is severed, and rubs his eyes as we CUT TO:

INT. STUDY LOUNGE - WATTS HOUSEHOLD - DAY

A post-it NOTE stuck to the study desk near the window. Four small vertical lines mark it. A pencil cuts a fifth through them.

We see Peter making the mark - clearly a calendar of the turmoil.

He turns as he sees Chelsea making her way inside holding a tray of FOOD. She gives him a weak smile as she moves across - reaching Barbara.

She sits staring toward the window, obviously numb with worry. She doesn't look as Chelsea kneels next to her with the tray.

CHELSEA

Mom? Made you your favourite. Sweet potato pie, fresh out the oven.

Barbara doesn't respond - it's almost as if she doesn't even see her youngest.

Chelsea glances back at a watching Peter with concern, which he shares.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
(turns back to Barbara)
I'll leave it here, in case you
want some later.

She gets up, placing the tray just next to Barbara's feet. Still no recognition from her.

Chelsea watches her mother as she walks over to Peter.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
She needs to eat something, Dad.
She's not been touching her food
much last few days.

PETER
I know, honey.
(beat)
We just need to give her time.

CHELSEA
(sighs)
I wish Taylor was here. Why did it
have to be this week she was out of
the country?

PETER
She'll be back as soon as she can.
Right now, we all need to stick
together.

CHELSEA
(nods)
That's the easy part. It's talking
that seems to be most difficult.

On that, Chelsea exits the room, leaving Peter to observe his wife.

He carefully makes his way over, and perches next to Barbara.

PETER
(beat)
Chelsea's worried about you, Barb.
Why don't you just try eating some
of the food she--

He stops as Barbara turns to look squarely at him, almost a fierce look on her face.

BARBARA
(calm but severe)
Why... aren't you doing anything?

The question takes Peter aback a little.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
You were always a man who did
things, Peter.
(shakes her head)
What happened to him?

The simplicity of her words upset Peter, and he frowns.

Barbara turns back to look at the window, almost rebuking him.

Peter is left to stare at her for a moment, before he gets up and heads for the door, her words ringing through his ears as we CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - BLOOM'S CLINIC - NIGHT

The dimly lit entrance foyer of the now-closed clinic, as we hear the sound of a lock being PICKED - an outline shadow of the would-be intruder visible through the door's frosted glass.

The door opens and Peter - dressed in a black jumper and trousers - quickly makes his way inside. He secures the door behind him.

Ensuring he's alone, Peter skulks off into the clinic.

INT. BLOOM'S OFFICE LAB

Carefully opening the door, Peter enters the expansive lab-office. It's in almost pitch-darkness, only moonlight illuminating the interior.

He pulls out and flicks on a mini-flashlight, searching the desks all around the room. Nothing of interest is yielding.

Peter turns the flashlight and stops as it glides over a reflective surface up against the wall. He approaches it, feels what looks like a tall black cupboard before him.

Pulling open the middle, it actually reveals itself to be a frozen medical CABINET. It's interior light shining onto Peter.

He looks inside - sees the cabinet freezer stocked full of identical VIALS filled with transparent liquid. It's a curious sight to Peter, who picks up one of the vials.

CLOSE ON:

The vial, illuminated by the flashlight. We see a reference number on white sticker attached to it - DH/108.

Back on Peter, who looks away curious after seeing this number.

CUT TO:

The main desk, as Peter powers up Bloom's computer terminal. While it whirrs into action, he glances up to see no one has covertly arrived.

The desktop soon flashes in, and Peter activates search. He types in: DH/108.

Beat. Then a TRANSCRIPT file pops up, what we clearly see to be an order form record for hundreds of whatever DH/108 is.

Just as Peter hits the 'print' button, he looks up suddenly as he hears a noise coming from the entrance - what sounds like a door opening.

Flicking off his flashlight, Peter stands - he can now hear muffled voices, and FOOTSTEPS. Seemingly taking forever, the printed page begins whirring out of the Hewlett Packard.

The footsteps grow louder!

Fully printed, Peter grabs the page and with a jog heads down the office-lab floor, turning a corner out of sight.

INT. REAR EMERGENCY EXIT

Darting down a corridor, Peter makes for an emergency exit door leading to a stairwell - but he stops as it opens from the outside!

Two plain-clothed MEN enter, guns squared on Peter.

MAN

Freeze! Hands above your head!

Peter stops and does as ordered, just as the lights flash on across the clinic. He gets a full look at the Men training weapons, it not taking him long to realise they're cops.

COP #1

(withdraws handcuffs)

You have the right to remain
silent...

He continues reading Peter his right as a pair of HANDCUFFS are attached around his back.

Peter looks behind him, seeing several more COPS are now milling around the lab office, along with none other than Frank.

He appears behind Peter with a frown, and off Peter wondering how he'll explain this one, we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

INT. METCALF'S OFFICE - PORTLAND PD - MORNING

The sight of a pair of free hands clutching a polystyrene COFFEE CUP. We TILT UP to see those hands belong to Peter.

He sips the coffee while sitting before the desk where Metcalf stands animatedly before him - Frank standing behind leaning against the wall, arms folded and listening.

METCALF

You're gonna have to forgive me, Mr Watts, 'cos I'm still pretty hazy about exactly why, during a police stakeout, we should find you snooping around our suspect's premises.

(beat)

You told us you were here for simple information gathering. Research.

Frowning, Metcalf looks over at Frank.

METCALF (CONT'D)

You have any idea what this is about?

FRANK

I was given the story he was doing background checks.

Metcalf chuckles a little, but neither Peter nor Frank are laughing.

METCALF

(beat; to Peter)

I'm willing to overlook this little indiscretion for the sake of your group.

On those words, Peter quickly glances at a frowning Frank, before looking away. They both know the reference there.

METCALF (CONT'D)

But I don't want you going anywhere near Bloom or our investigation from now on. Am I understood?

PETER

(nods)

Perfectly.

METCALF

Good.

(sighs)

Now I gotta go brief the Captain.
Both of you enjoy my office, won't
you?

On that, Metcalf departs and disappears down the corridor.

Silence. Frank looks at Peter, but says nothing. Eventually,
Peter looks up at him.

PETER

(raises his hands)

Appreciate you getting them to take
back the handcuffs. Think Metcalf
would have left them on me until
trial.

Another beat. Frank doesn't crack.

FRANK

(finally)

You're working with the Millennium
Group again.

PETER

(sighs; looks away)

Yes.

Frank finally moves away from the wall, and perches on the
desk next to Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

They offered me back in just over a
month ago. The reason I didn't
mention it I should think is pretty
obvious.

FRANK

Peter, who you choose to work for
is your concern. But when lying to
me threatens to compromise a police
operation, that's different.

PETER

Does this have something to do with
the case you're on? Metcalf
referred to Bloom as a suspect, is
that why you were staking out his
clinic?

No response from Frank. On this, he's unwilling to share.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay...

He decides to make the first move. He pulls out the print-out he took from the clinic.

PETER (CONT'D)
I got this off of Bloom's
computer...

FRANK
(uncertain)
Peter.

PETER
It shows a record of thousands of
dollars, tens of thousands, being
used to buy a mass quantity of a
medical substance labelled DH/108.
I found a fridge full of vials
marked with that code.
(beat)
This is what I came here to find.

FRANK
A defrauder.

PETER
(nods)
A defrauder of the Group.

FRANK
Is that what the Group are now? All
about the money?

That a question Peter can't and doesn't want to answer, and he looks away briefly.

PETER
Regardless of how this all started,
if we find out what DH/108 is... we
may both get the answers we're
looking for.

That's something Frank clearly can't refute and off Peter's determined look, we CUT TO:

INT. TECH LAB - PORTLAND PD

A vial sample of DH/108 being tested in a machine device within the walls of a quite cluttered lab space adjoining the main police department.

Peter and Frank stand observing the sample as the device is powered down by ZISMAN, a portly lab technician doctor.

ZISMAN

Gentlemen, after spending half the day examining the sample of this vial for trace elements, I can give you the long version of what this is or we can get this wrapped up before Thanksgiving.

FRANK

(slight smile)

We'll take the short version, doctor.

ZISMAN

In that case, long story short, what you're looking at is a rare, medically-produced compound drug known in circles as Dextromethorphan. It's known to have been used as a substitute to morphine on battlefield casualties in the Gulf, Vietnam etc...

(beat)

However, it's been known that under controlled conditions, its composition can be altered from a painkiller into a powerful psychedelic that could cause an extremely animated reaction in a subject.

FRANK

Psychedelic?

Zisman nods. Peter sees Frank look away in recognition and concern.

ZISMAN

And I gotta tell you, if I found someone with a freezer stocked full of this, I'd be instantly big time suspicious.

Frank moves aside, thinking.

PETER

Thank you, doctor.

ZISMAN

Sure.

As Zisman heads off on his daily business, Peter joins Frank as he considers.

PETER

Frank?

A beat. Then Frank turns - it's time to open up.

FRANK

When we spoke yesterday, I had a sense that Atticus Bloom was connected to the multiple kidnapping I've been consulting on. Earlier tonight, Metcalf's team discovered the abducted couple dead near the river. It appeared the man had drowned the woman to death, then stabbed himself.

(sighs)

In his blood stream were detected traces of an unidentified psychedelic compound.

PETER

(nods)

Unidentified until now.

(realises)

It's Bloom.

Frank nods, both men knowing they're on the same track.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PORTLAND PD - EVENING

A quite serene-looking Bloom, sitting inside a rather claustrophobic interrogation room at a desk holding Metcalf, with Frank standing behind - arms crossed.

BLOOM

I think you've made a terrible mistake here, Lieutenant.

METCALF

Have I, doctor? We'll see about that.

On that, he withdraws several case folders, opens them up and throws them toward Bloom.

ANGLE ON:

The folders as Bloom looks, which show several reports and most importantly photographs of the dead couple. None are pleasant in the least.

METCALF (CONT'D)

Angela and John Gilnitz. Ring any bells?

Bloom slowly looks up and at Metcalf after observing the photographs. Frank watches with distaste.

CUT TO:

INT. DESK AREA - PORTLAND PD

The sight of Peter, half sitting at a spare desk in the packed police department, in the midst of a phone conversation.

PETER

...the department considered that with the vials, purchase records and trace elements in the blood, they had enough preliminary evidence to bring Bloom in for questioning.

TREPKOS (O.C.)

I see.

PETER

PD have agreed to give me a copy of the evidence that proves where the Group's missing funds went. I'll fax it over to you as soon as I get it.

TREPKOS (O.C.)

That would be appreciated.

(beat)

But Peter, I have one last thing I'd like you to do before you catch a flight home.

PETER

What would that be?

TREPKOS (O.C.)

(beat)

I want you to have them release Bloom.

Off Peter's bewildered look, we CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

As before.

METCALF

You led these people to their deaths. An innocent man and woman committed what we can best describe as a ritual suicide because of your influence.

(shakes his head)

Why? Were they not local enough for you?

BLOOM

(calm)

I have absolutely no idea what
you're talking about. I've
committed no crime.

He glances over at a frowning Frank, still standing quietly
behind.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

I remember you, too. Another former
believer.

(thinks)

Frank... isn't it?

Metcalf looks over at Frank, who only looks at Bloom with
greater distaste as he speaks.

CUT TO:

INT. DESK AREA

As before.

PETER

(confused)

Release him? Sir, can I remind you
that I can prove that, at the very
least, Bloom has indeed been
siphoning money? Stealing from the
Group.

(beat)

He deserves to face justice for
that.

TREPKOS (O.C.)

And he will. The Group's way.

PETER

He may also be responsible for two
deaths!

TREPKOS (O.C.)

That's not our concern.

(beat)

It's not who we are.

That admission really concerns Peter, as we CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

As before.

METCALF

Why did you kill them, Atticus?

BLOOM

I didn't kill anyone. Didn't you say they killed themselves?

An angry look on his face, Frank steps forward and palms the desk, staring straight into Bloom's eyes.

FRANK

I know what you did. And I will make sure you pay for it.

A creeping smile appears on Bloom's face, especially as the door opens and Peter enters.

Frank turns and looks surprised to see his friend, who almost avoids his vision as he heads over toward Metcalf.

METCALF

Mr Watts, what did I---

He stops as Peter leans in and begins to whisper something to him, both out of Frank and Bloom's earshot.

We see Metcalf first angry, then frustrated, then resigned as Peter whispers.

Once finished, without a word, Metcalf just gets up and storms out of the room.

Peter glances at Frank - an almost guilty look on his face - before following the lieutenant. An angry Frank knows what just happened.

So does Bloom - and his smile fully manifests, off which we CUT TO:

INT. DESK AREA - LATER

The sight of a very smug-looking Bloom being escorted out of the interrogation room and past the police desk area toward the exit by two OFFICERS.

He glances at Peter, who looks at him with a frown as he sits at one of the desks, Bloom's smugness retaining until he disappears out of sight down the corridor.

Peter turns as he hears Metcalf and Frank walking from nearby, in the midst of heated conversation.

FRANK

...how can you let this be? Bloom's responsible!

METCALF

The evidence we had isn't watertight. Beyond the drug connection, nothing links Bloom to those deaths.

(MORE)

METCALF (CONT'D)

It wouldn't stand up in court.

(sighs)

We just couldn't hold him.

He pointedly looks at Peter briefly.

METCALF (CONT'D)

(to Frank)

I'm sorry.

On that, he heads away in the direction of the corridor and Frank - stormy faced - approaches Peter.

FRANK

I know what this is about!

PETER

Frank, please---

FRANK

Group politics. Just like it always was!

PETER

Just let me explain---

FRANK

What about the covenant you made to protect your family? After what happened to Jordan, I understood what kind of tragedy you went through to realise. Of all people, Peter... I didn't expect you to forget it.

PETER

I haven't!

(beat; awkward)

But this is not... it's not who the Group are anymore.

FRANK

Is it who you are, Peter?

It's a question Peter can't readily answer, and with a loud sigh and shake of head, Frank storms off and pushes the door open hard as he goes.

Peter watches him head away and as he considers, we CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

A fairly long, grey panelled corridor - down which we now see Peter, Barbara and Chelsea walking with a plain-clothes DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE

A truck driver reported her dumped on the side of the I-95. No witnesses have come forward to explain how exactly she got there, but we're still searching.

(nods)

We'll find who did this, Mr Watts.

Peter nods a little, but his expression is hardened as he walks on next to the Detective.

Trailing a little way behind are a terrified Barbara, with Chelsea's arm gripped around her for support.

Finally, they reach the end of the corridor and a window on the right hand side into a room, contents shielded by a set of BLINDS.

Peter, Chelsea and Barbara stand beside each other and look at the window, as the Detective steps to the side.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

A beat. Then Peter nods.

The Detective pulls a nearby cord, and the blinds pretty swiftly fly up.

The reflection in the glass gives an oblique view of what lies beyond the window - the dead body on a morgue slab of what looks like a young woman.

Peter's expression is dead. Nothing. No emotion. Yet clearly so much pain.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Is this your daughter, Mr Watts?

Barbara cries out simply, in absolute anguish at the sight. She begins weeping uncontrollably as a now crying Chelsea holds her in her arms.

We focus on Peter, though, the expression still almost cold on his face. It's as though a piece of him has died too.

PETER

Yes.

(beat)

That's Erin.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DESK AREA

As before.

Peter considering everything as the disturbing memory washes over him, and it's off his expression we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on:

EXT. MOTEL PARK - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the Portland motel park.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

A stone-faced Peter is backing his clothes and belongings into his overnight bag, strewn out on the bed. He's preparing to head home.

He continues packing as the phone RINGS three times, making no attempt to answer it.

The ringing stops as the phone BEEPS. A signal the caller is leaving a message.

We focus on the phone, as we hear:

FRANK (O.C.)
Peter, it's Frank. Are you there?

Hearing the voice, Peter stops packing for a moment, looks at the phone.

FRANK (V.O) (CONT'D)
Another couple have disappeared,
Peter. It's happening again. Bloom
is out there and it's happening
again!

A sigh filters through as Peter reacts to this disturbing news.

FRANK (O.C.) (CONT'D)
How can you do nothing? After
everything you've been through, how
can you just sit back like the
Group and not interfere?

The question is something the conflicted Peter asks himself as he listens.

He moves closer to the phone, but can't bring himself to pick it up.

Ultimately, giving up, Frank is heard to sigh and the call suddenly goes dead.

It's been enough, though, to make Peter think and as a look of resolve cuts across his face, we CUT TO:

INT. DESK AREA - PORTLAND PD - NIGHT

The main doors to the area of desks in the PD is pushed open by Peter as he enters.

Looking around, he sees various OFFICERS scattered around still working despite the fact most people have gone home.

The person he's most looking for, however, isn't there.

CUT TO:

INT. METCALF'S OFFICE

Striding through into the lieutenant's small dwelling, Peter finds Metcalf on the phone.

METCALF

Yes sir, we've got search and rescue at the lake, while most of the team are combing the local hills...

(he sees Peter)

Yes... yes sir, I will... thank you...

The call then ends, Metcalf replacing the receiver. He doesn't look at Peter.

METCALF (CONT'D)

(short)

How can I help you, Mr Watts?

(thinks)

Or more appropriately, how can I help the Millennium Group? Any more murderers they want me to release?

PETER

(ignores him)

I'm looking for Frank Black. Is he here?

METCALF

He was. Took off about half hour ago.

A beat. Metcalf doesn't elaborate, despite Peter waiting.

PETER

Do you know where?

METCALF

(nonchalant)

Said something about an old house up on the wharf by the forest. That he had a hunch after he examined evidence from the lake. Went up there to investigate.

PETER

Alone?

METCALF

Yes, alone.

(beat)

Thanks to your Group, I need all my officers out looking for Bloom's latest victims, not hand-holding consultants.

Peter is disturbed at this information, and Metcalf notices.

METCALF (CONT'D)

(rolls eyes)

I'll give you directions.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - WHARF - NIGHT

The headlights of a distant JEEP cut a swathe through the dark, winding road of the near pitch-black remote forest area.

Approaching, the jeep pulls off onto a small roadside lay by and parks, engine switching off.

From it steps Peter - jacket buttoned tight to remove the cold.

He looks around and up at the wharfside next to the forest road - seeing the OLD HOUSE partially disguised by shadows and trees, inaccessible by road, about half a mile up the hill.

Determined and concerned, Peter begins trekking toward it as we CUT TO:

INT. STUDY LOUNGE - WATTS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

The clock strikes 10pm. The tick-tocking continues to almost echo.

Barbara sits at the table in the room - a place which once held so much warmth, now a shell. Much like she is.

Having reverted to complete silence, Barbara sits staring at PICTURES and PHOTO ALBUMS of Erin taken as she was growing up, pain on her face.

The door quietly opens and Peter cautiously enters. He's dressed in a warm jacket, holds a large travel BAG at his side.

PETER

(beat)

Barb.

Barbara looks up from the photos and sees Peter at the door. She says nothing, her expression betraying the same.

PETER (CONT'D)
You were right. When you said I
should be doing something.

He puts his bag down on the floor and walks inside, stares at the ticking clock. It's now 10.02pm.

PETER (CONT'D)
I've always been conscious of time.
Before, it was... how many days we
had remaining. But now... nothing
is certain.
(nods)
Except that I need to take action.
I know that now.

Close to tears, but stifling them with anger, Peter turns to Barbara - who continues to look at him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Erin's death was punishment,
Barbara. My punishment for thinking
it was all over. For thinking I
could escape responsibility.

Barbara doesn't deny this. Her expression continues to betray nothing.

PETER (CONT'D)
So I'm going away. I'm going to...
find the people who did this. Find
out why, though I think I know.
(beat)
And more importantly, make sure
this never happens to another man's
child.

He walks right up close to Barbara, leaning over and smiling at the pictures of Erin.

PETER (CONT'D)
She was such a beautiful girl. She
took after her mother.

Barbara doesn't flinch as Peter proceeds to kiss his wife tenderly on the forehead.

PETER (CONT'D)
I will be back. I promise.

A beat. Peter waits for any kind of response from his wife.

None comes.

On that, Peter heads toward the door and picks up his bag.

BARBARA
And I'll be here.

There's no warmth in her statement, but it's enough for Peter to turn and smile briefly.

Off him striding out of the room toward his future, we CUT TO:

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

The muddy, long-worn path up to the towering door of the old stone-cladded house in the forest is scaled fully by Peter.

He looks up and sees the place before him - it's quite an eerie sight, branches and shadows covering it from every angle.

Peter reaches the iron door at the front, and touches it a little. He pushes slightly, but it's sealed shut.

Realising there's no way in through there, Peter begins moving around to the side of the house, even more covered with trees.

He overcomes numerous branches and eventually sees a rickety old WINDOW before him, slightly ajar.

Approaching, Peter looks around before grabbing the window underside, and swiftly lifting it up. The window opens enough for Peter to climb in, disappearing inside the house.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - OLD HOUSE

Jumping a foot from the window ledge, Peter lands and finds near pitch-darkness before him. An eerie silence permeates.

PETER
(quiet but firm)
Frank?

From his jacket, Peter removes a small flashlight which he flicks on, light casting across the room.

It reveals an old KITCHEN area, full of appliances that clearly haven't been used in decades. Cobwebs and dust cover the area.

Before him lies a frame where a door once hung, leading out into a corridor. Peter heads through.

INT. CORRIDOR - OLD HOUSE

PETER

Frank?

(beat)

Are you here?

The flashlight now illuminates the darkened corridor Peter heads down, shining on crumbling wallpaper and dust covering dilapidated old PAINTINGS.

He walks slowly and carefully, no source of light except his own. A creepier place you could not find.

Continuing to walk, Peter shines the light to the floor, and stops dead at the sight of

BLOOD.

A small pool of it, looking pretty fresh on the wooden floor. And as Peter scans the light upwards, he sees a line of more blood stretching into the distance.

Now disturbed, Peter moves slowly and follows the blood line up the corridor, seeing the amount increase as he does.

It finally leads to a horifying sight that makes Peter GASP as he kneels, his flashlight exposing it:

A MAN and a WOMAN, lying dead. His throat is slit from end to end, and the KNIFE used to do it protrudes from her heart.

A massive amount of blood is everywhere as Peter scans, not only on the floor but the walls. A macabre sight.

Peter stands, frowning at the sight, when he suddenly senses he's not alone and as a shadowy FIGURE appears quickly behind him, Peter turns:

THWACK!

A piece of metal PIPING cracks Peter over the head, and he hits the deck with a yelp. The flashlight scatters onto the floor.

The light from it illuminates a dazed Peter as he's dragged by his jacket across the floor by the unseen, but powerful-seeming Figure.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM

A pitch black room in which Peter, still dazed, is thrown by the shadowy Figure - before a large DOOR is slammed behind him with a clank.

A dim light from a bulb dangling from the low ceiling filters in, revealing Peter on the floor coming out of his daze. He's in pain, feeling the open wound on his head as he begins getting to his feet.

PETER
(feels wound)
Damn it.

The dim light illuminates a strong metallic door nearby which Peter bangs on briefly, trying to push it open.

BLOOM (V.O)
It's no use, Mr Watts. It would
take Semtex to get through that
door.

The voice echoes through the room via an intercom, but it's unmistakable to Peter.

PETER
Bloom.

BLOOM (O.C.)
I see you never forget a voice.

PETER
What's going on here?

BLOOM (O.C.)
Look behind you, Peter.

Peter does so for the first time - and sees the light illuminating someone standing on the other side of the room.

He moves to get a closer look, hearing heavy breathing emerging from the person. Peter shines the bulb on whoever it is and doubles back - it's Frank.

PETER
Frank!

We see Frank close up. He's swaying a little, eyes rolled into the back of his head, mixed with heavy breathing. He's clearly tripping, drugged up.

PETER (CONT'D)
God, Frank!
(looks around)
Why are you doing this, Bloom? Why
did you kill those people?

BLOOM (O.C.)
I killed no one, as I told you
before. Isn't that why the Group
let me go?

PETER

The Group let you go because they wanted to be the ones to deal with you.

BLOOM (O.C.)

Do you honestly believe that, Peter?

In truth, Peter doesn't know what to think. He doesn't respond.

BLOOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

What I'm doing is for the benefit of man.

(beat)

Using DH/108 I can realise certain dormant brain synapses in subjects to aid the process and method of death... murder.

Peter looks disturbed at this admission as he continues watching Frank, still drug-addled.

PETER

You're testing these people. Using that drug to give you power over life.

BLOOM (O.C.)

And make otherwise rational people, those who care for... even love one another, take the other's life.

(beat)

It's the ultimate test, Peter. The ultimate kind of power.

Beat. Peter realises the depth of what's happening.

BLOOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Now Frank... Frank...?

Frank's eyes suddenly revert to normal, though he still looks a little glazed. He's responsive, however.

BLOOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Pick it up. Pick up the gun.

Peter looks and sees Frank reach down and pick up a HANDGUN lying next to him on the floor, placed there.

BLOOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Now take aim.

Frank slowly begins raising the gun square at a disturbed Peter, who begins stepping back several paces.

CUT TO:

INT. ADJOINING ROOM

The sight of Bloom, standing behind frosted GLASS looking in on the dark testing room from a lamplit sub-office room nearby.

He is watching the unfolding scene with intensity.

BLOOM

Do what you know you want to,
Frank.

(beat)

End this.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM

The gun remains squared on Peter, who shakes his head at the drugged Frank.

PETER

Not like this, Frank. Not like
this.

But Frank's finger moves and begins squeezing the trigger.

Peter closes his eyes in expectation.

CUT TO:

INT. ADJOINING ROOM

Bloom, in a rapture, watching the moment unfold and awaiting the outcome.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM

Peter continues closing his eyes!

The trigger is fully squeezed, and:

BANG!... BANG! BANG! BANG!

We hear the sound of smashing glass accompanying the shots, and Frank drops the gun to the floor and sighs.

Spooling around, we see Peter open his eyes in shock and stare at Frank, before looking around at the new source of light emerging through the shattered window.

He moves over toward it and looks into the sub-room, seeing Bloom now lying on the floor - one of the bullets hit him in the chest, and he's bleeding out.

Still shocked, Peter turns back to face Frank.

FRANK

(still groggy)

Before I came here, Doctor Zisman gave me a shot, an inoculation against much of the psychedelic effects of the drug. In case something like this happened.

PETER

You were lucid?

FRANK

(nods)

Mostly. Bloom had to believe otherwise.

PETER

The couple?

FRANK

They were dead by the time I got here. I couldn't save them.

Nodding, Peter moves back over to the window and reaches through it, fiddling with a set of keys.

He finally grabs a pair and as Frank watches, begins unlocking the metal door.

CUT TO:

INT. ADJOINING ROOM

The door churns open and Peter steps out with Frank into the sub-room preceding the main corridor. They both now see Bloom lying there, bleeding to death. He's still alive, and barely conscious.

Peter looks at Frank, before kneeling down next to Bloom.

PETER

(sighs)

Why did you do this? You're Group.

(shakes his head)

This is not who we are.

BLOOM

(beat; thready breaths)

Yes... it is...

On those words, Bloom breathes his last and his head slumps to the side. He's dead - blood trickling out of his mouth.

Peter is left disturbed by his final words and as he looks up at a frowning Frank, we TILT UP towards a ceiling view of the scene, off which we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door to the barren, soulless apartment opens as Peter - travelling bag slung over his shoulder - makes his way inside.

Closing the door behind him, Peter throws the keys aside, drops his bag and audibly sighs - tired both physically and mentally.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Was wondering when you'd get back.

The voice jolts Peter a little, and he turns to the corner of his apartment - seeing Taylor calmly sitting in a chair, face half shadowed.

PETER
(surprised)
Taylor?

TAYLOR
Hi, Daddy.

Peter approaches her, but Taylor doesn't get up. Her suit-covered legs are crossed calmly.

PETER
I... I don't remember telling you
where I lived.

TAYLOR
Well, I made it. So you must have
mentioned it sometime.

Nodding absently, Peter takes a seat in the chair opposite and relaxes a little.

PETER
It's good to see you. I've been...
(sighs)
It's been some few days.

TAYLOR
I'd bet. Portland, wasn't it?

PETER
Yeah, over in...

He stops, a little confused.

PETER (CONT'D)
Did I tell you---

Again, he stops himself. Peter's starting to sense something amiss here.

TAYLOR

You know, Daddy, what you're doing
isn't going to bring her back.

Erin.

(beat)

Or make any difference.

Peter sits up, confusion giving way to a disturbed
expression.

Taylor just remains calm, sitting half in shadow.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

And if you really want to protect
the family you've got left, if you
want to save their lives, you'll
sit back like you did before. You
won't interfere.

PETER

(quickly)

Who are you?

Taylor doesn't respond. Through the slight shadows, we see
the hint of a smile.

PETER (CONT'D)

(beat)

I've come too far to give up. I
won't stop, no matter what you tell
me.

TAYLOR

(calmly)

You can't stop it.

And in a quick motion, Taylor MORPHS into a hellish,
frightening and horrific demonic vision we might know as
'Legion'.

Frightened and horrified, Peter looks away and takes several
deep breaths.

Beat.

Finally, Peter slowly looks back toward her.

But the seat is empty. 'She' has vanished.

Peter sighs and sits up, staring at the empty chair as he
silently attempts to process what just happened.

And off that image, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer
James Jordan

Executive Producer
Anthony J. Black

TRIPLE FIVE
P R O D U C T I O N S