

The Need to Know

by

Cam Patterson

Based on the novel
The Need to Know by Cam Patterson

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FADE IN:

INT. MATERNITY WAITING ROOM - (WINTER) - NIGHT

A window iced with glistening crystals. Beyond the frozen glass a sprawling maze of streetlights cast auroras into the night sky.

Super: *Winnipeg 1975*

LARRY HUDD, 25, stares out the window. His blue eyes wet. Tears trickle his handsome face. His lip quivers.

LARRY

The kids were screaming. I heard them die, Sam. I'd never heard anything like that before.

He looks at a *Happy New Year '75* sign tacked to the wall. It's drawn in children's crayon. Something torments him. He stares out the window again.

LARRY

They're coming. I know they're coming.

He turns to someone sitting beside him.

LARRY

I have no choice, Sam. I have to do this.

His eyes even more wet. His fist clenches, his face reddening with commingled fear and anger.

LARRY

I can't let them do that to my son.

EXT. WATERFRONT SHIPYARD - 1975 - NIGHT

A massive shipyard of freight containers and plywood goods with Burrard Inlet and the Coastal Mountains painting the background.

Super: *Vancouver - four days earlier*

A BLACK '75 CADILLAC races past A SEACORP SHIPPING SIGN and through the yards for a rustic...

INT. WAREHOUSE - 1975 - NIGHT

Where TWO BLINDFOLDED YOUNG MEN in expensive suits are slammed into two chairs. The blindfolds are yanked off.

They face nothing but massive darkness. They're scared and shivering uncontrollably.

SUDDENLY AN OVERHEAD LAMP flicks on across the warehouse, drenching A CORPULENT HOSTAGE in light. He's stripped to his underwear, arms and legs taped to a chair, mouth gagged with a sock, utter terror in his eyes.

A LARGE MAN in a black overcoat steps in front of the hostage. His arm raises, a switchblade glistens in his gloved hand before a vicious stroke. This is ALEC GARVA, 38. He's a formidable man. He turns his face into the light, watching the hostage thrash. The reddest blood gushing from the slashed throat.

Garva glares at the young men with a menacing smile as...

ANOTHER OVERHEAD LAMP kicks on over the young men. They twist and squeeze their eyes against the painful light.

A refined man of corrupt wealth eases beside them. This is MARIO MORELATTO, 40. He watches death take the victim. A few more thrashes, the head bobs back. It's over.

Only then Morelatto leans to the young men, his face dark and pernicious.

MORELATTO

I hear there are three.

EXT. FERRY - 1975 - NIGHT

The MAID OF VANCOUVER chugs for city lights glittering the evening sky. On the Ferry's prow a trim MURPHY HENDERSON, 25, is smoking a cigarette in the cold wind. He's amused by a father and son's excitement with a regatta of KILLER WHALE DORSAL'S slicing the water.

The wide eyed boy smiles at him.

BOY

Merry Christmas, mister.

MURPHY

Merry Christmas.

Murphy flicks his cigarette then checks his watch.

A man with a brush cut and a muscular build under his parka claims a spot at the railing. This is JAKE MUNROE, 29. His gaze cold and accusing. Murphy tenses.

MURPHY

Munroe.

MUNROE

I hear you three have been pretty busy, Murphy.

EXT. JERICHO BEACH - 1975 - NIGHT

Where MURPHY HITS THE SLUSH ON ALL FOURS, gagging blood, his face a mess of pistol whip gashes. It's cold. The air icy.

Munroe stands over Murphy, his eyes burning hatred. Suddenly he forces a .38 into Murphy's mouth. Murphy fights against a power greater than his own. His legs thrash in the slush. Munroe cocks the hammer.

BANG!

INT. SAFE HOUSE - 1975 - NIGHT

Where ROGER MCMILLAN, 27, checks his watch. He's fit and trim with a brush cut. Something worries him. He loads a FRESH REEL TO REEL TAPE TO A RECORDING MACHINE ON A ROLLERTOP DESK.

Around him the living room is severely decorated. A Christmas tree barely fits under the ceiling where his SON, 5, just has to touch the presents. It's yule tide overdone.

Roger checks his WATCH again. His son gushes.

SON

Like the watch, Daddy?

ROGER

Love it, buddy.

His son holds up a Batman watch on his tiny arm.

SON

What time is it?

ROGER

Five minutes later than the last time.

(smiling)

You'll have to wait till morning to open the rest.

He scoops the boy into the air, the screech pulling MOM, 27, AND DAUGHTER, 7, out of the kitchen. Roger spins, his son giggling hysterically.

SON (CONT'D)

One more!!

WIFE

The Turkey's on the table.

And Mom shoos the kids for the kitchen. Roger casts a look out the window, another to his WATCH.

WIFE

Roger?

ROGER

Something's wrong, Peggy.

(to himself)

Where are you Murphy?

WE HEAR; *Bing Crosby singing White Christmas...*

INT. A CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY - 1975 - NIGHT

Amid the drunken singing of *White Christmas*, Larry Hudd pushes his way through party guests of military brush cuts and Farrah Fawcett hairdos. He smiles at EVELYN, 24, on the couch, her bulging tummy revealing an overdue birth. Her face fresh and effervescent.

She's flanked by MAGGIE, 26, and LILY, 25, singing along with *Bing*. Larry digs through to her. The instant he kneels down, she tugs his hand to her budging tummy in just the right spot. And Larry feels it.

LARRY

(shocked)

Whoa, it moved!

The joyous caroling quells, attention on them.

EVELYN

The baby moved, Larry. Not it.

LARRY

Yeah - right - he moved.

(to everyone)

He moved!

A drunken DOCTOR, 27, pushes through the brawny and beautiful guests, drink in one hand, stethoscope in the other. After several fumbles the prongs find his ears, stethoscope on Evelyn's round belly.

DOCTOR

Yes! Yes! I concur. Something is in there!

Amid the laughter Larry kisses Evelyn's tummy, preening. She lifts his face up to hers.

EVELYN
(gushing)
So it's a boy then?

SMASH TO:

A JOGGER'S DEEP BLUE EYES

Beads of sweat trickling from his brow. Panting with each stride, pushing himself ruthlessly. Grey T-shirt soaked with sweat. His runners crunching over a gravel trail. He's running along...

EXT. A RIVER SIDE STREET - DAY

Super: *Winnipeg 2008*

Where the RIVER QUEEN tourist ship chugs up the MIGHTY RED RIVER. THE JOGGER sprints along the bank trail. This is MICHAEL SPENCER, 35, and he hammers down for...

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - DAY

The quintessential family home overlooking the river. The RIVER QUEEN passes in the distance as KATIE SPENCER, 14, leans out the back door. She greets a teenaged boy coming up the walk with her best smile. He's DANNY GREGORY, 16, and he's got a best smile of his own.

KATIE
(coquettish)
Hey, Danny.

DANNY
Hey, Katie.

Michael runs up, panting and out of breath. Katie and Danny watch him like they're waiting for him to keel over and have a heart attack right there.

DANNY
Mr. Spencer, are you okay, dude?

MICHAEL
Dude? Good-bye, Danny.

Katie twists her best frown with the eye roll only teenaged girls can give.

KATIE
(annoyed)
Dad.

Michael still panting - getting breath.

MICHAEL
(big smile)
Good-bye, Danny.

Danny knows better. He heads for the street.

DANNY
(to Katie)
I'll MSN with you later.

Michael and Katie stare each other down. Katie stomps her foot and struts off into the house.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
Teenagers and hormones.

He follows her into...

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JASMINE SPENCER, 33, is watching CANADA AM on the counter TV. She's a tour de force in her doctor's blues. Katie struts right through without a word. Jasmine watches her go then shakes her head at Michael.

JASMINE
What did you do?

Michael just shrugs - *like I'd know.*

JASMINE
How far?

MICHAEL
Ten k.

JASMINE
You die, I'm re-marrying.

MICHAEL
(sarcastic)
Happy birthday.

JASMINE

Uh huh. Claudette is coming over around six tomorrow to help set up. Did you tell Milt?

Michael reaches in the fridge. Pulls out a water bottle.

MICHAEL

You have to stop doing that.

JASMINE

Say what you like, they're perfect for each other.

MICHAEL

No. She's perfect for him. He's her worst nightmare. And we'll end up fighting about it. The divorce will be nasty. I'll get re-married. And all because you wanted to fix up our best friends.

JASMINE

You're a pessimist.

MICHAEL

I'm a pragmatist. There's a difference.

JASMINE

(smiling)

Kiss me before I just give up on you and call a lawyer already.

He grabs her tight, arcs her into a dip and kisses her long and hard.

JASMINE

Okay, you're forgiven. I have to get to the hospital. I'm late.

(remembering)

Oh, Lance called. Said John wants to see you in his office right away.

MICHAEL

I feel a raise coming on.

JASMINE

Yeah, and I want a trip to the Bahamas. Paper is on the table.

She breezes out.

Michael snaps THE MORNING PAPER off the kitchen table. It's the WINNIPEG FREE PRESS FRONTPAGE with the headline; Coastal Holding Scandal ignites for Premier Graham! With a picture of a smiling PREMIER ROY GRAHAM, 60's. By-line; Michael Spencer.

He smiles - proud.

Suddenly Hip Hop volume punches up DOWN THE HALL.

MICHAEL
(yelling)
Katie!

Katie cracks open her door.

KATIE
(annoyed)
What?

MICHAEL
Turn it down to human level,
please.

KATIE
Whatever, Dad.

Her door slams. Michael rolls his eyes. Chugs his water bottle.

A NEWS STORY ON THE KITCHEN TV CATCHES HIS ATTENTION. He ups the volume and watches A GAGGLE OF REPORTERS HOUND TWO MEN as they push their way into the VANCOUVER COURTHOUSE. The first an older, yet stylish COLEMAN DRESHER, 55. Behind him a nervous Premier Graham, no where near as happy as the FRONT PAGE PHOTO captures him. They push through boom microphones and ENG cameras - the scrum pushing in on them.

TABITHA REYNOLDS
(on TV)
This morning British Columbia
Premier Roy Graham, whose political
career is mired in the COASTAL
HOLDING scandal, struggled past
reporters to appear in court.

ON TV TABITHA REYNOLDS, 32, addresses her audience with that eager gleam in her eye and a BCTV microphone in her hand. She's model beautiful with a perfect smile. Over her shoulder PHOTOS OF ROY GRAHAM AND COLEMAN DRESHER swipe into a frame in frame.

MICHAEL
Go Tabs.

TABITHA REYNOLDS

(on TV)

And, as the Premier's lawyer,
Coleman Dresher, pointed out this
morning, they will present evidence
to counter the conflict of interest
allegations brought against Graham
involving SeaCorp CEO Mario
Morelatto and now speculated, even
the Prime Minister. This is Tabitha
Reynolds - BCTV.

INT. RACQUET BALL COURT - DAY

Michael and a very chiseled MILT SMITH, 37, locked in fierce
battle. Sweating, sneakers squeaking, the racquet ball
pinging around in a blue haze. Both of them panting because
they're not twenty anymore.

MILT

(joking)

Saw the front page. The Prime
Minister may just bribe you yet.

MICHAEL

Cool million.

MILT

That's it?

MICHAEL

Okay, two.

MILT

Two's a cliché. Go for three.

MICHAEL

How 'bout we just play.

Michael serves. But Milt's racket eases to his side. The ball
sails past, unreturned. Michael watches it then groans.

MICHAEL

Milt...

MILT

So Claudette didn't say anything to
Jazz about our date?

MILT

Can't tell you...

MILT

What do you mean, you can't tell me? What kind of friend are you?

MICHAEL

I think my sex life depends on it.

Milt just stares, waiting. Michael leans against the wall with another long groan.

MICHAEL

She didn't say anything.

MILT

What. C'mon, she said something. You know...I mean...I was even impressing myself.

MICHAEL

Can we just play.

MILT

What did she say?

MICHAEL

(hesitant)
She said you were... 'nice.'

Milt looks like a guy who just lost his mojo forever.

MILT

Nice?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Nice.

MILT

That's it...just nice?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Nice.

MILT

Cause, y'know, it was ah...
(makes a fist)
...Happening.

MICHAEL

(fists him back)
Well, I guess it was
'happening'...nicely.

MILT

Man, what's a guy gotta do anymore?

MICHAEL

I don't know. I'm married. But if we keep talking about this, I may not be soon. Let's play.

Michael goes to wind up. His CELL PHONE RINGS IN HIS GYM BAG ON THE BENCH. He runs to get it.

MILT

Well, she knows I'm going to be at the birthday party, right?

Michael shows his phone to Milt. The caller id is...Claudette.

MICHAEL

Want me to ask her?

MILT

Don't play with this.

MICHAEL

(grinning)
I'll ask.

MILT

Mike. I'm warning you, man.

Michael taunts.

MILT

Two words, man. Two words. Bed-wetter. Think about that shit all over Facebook, huh.

Michael answers.

MICHAEL

(to cell)
Claudette, hey.

Milt paces, shaking a fist.

MICHAEL

(to cell)
Me, no, I'm just playing some racquetball. Yeah, with Milt...yeah... You want me to say 'hi'?

Milt points his finger - *your going to get it*. But the joke leaves Michael's face, serious.

MICHAEL
(to cell)
I'm on my way.

He hangs up.

MILT
What did she say?

Michael packs up, heads for the door.

MILT
Michael, c'mon. What did she say?

MICHAEL
Ah...you're a machine.

MILT
(proudly)
Alright.

Michael turns to Milt before he leaves the court, a sense of shock written all over him.

MICHAEL
She found my birthmother.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Where the statuesque CLAUDETTE INGHAM, 26, slims her skirt and sits behind an impressive desk. Law degrees hang from the wall behind her. She looks at Michael like she's about to shatter a dream then FLIPS OPEN A SOIL AND AGED FOLDER.

CLAUDETTE
Okay, remember I said to not get your hopes up about this.

He leans forward in his chair, glancing the folder.

MICHAEL
It's only been two weeks. You told me it could be over a month. So this is good, right?

CLAUDETTE
Well it is and it isn't.

MICHAEL
I don't understand, Claudette.

CLAUDETTE
 (sensitively)
 Your birthmother is...well...to put
 it delicately...dead, Mike.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

Young Evelyn SCREAMING through childbirth, surrounded by
 smocks and masks. Between her legs, her baby's head pops
 out. Another scream, the overhead lights OVERWHELMING.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

CLAUDETTE
 And there's no name. She was a Jane
 Doe.

Michael digests his disappointment.

CLAUDETTE
 Sorry.

MICHAEL
 It's okay...I was just...curious,
 y'know. How long ago?

CLAUDETTE
 (winces)
 When you were born.

MICHAEL
 Ouch.

CLAUDETTE
 Yeah...there's more.

MICHAEL
 More?

CLAUDETTE
 There's a lot of inconsistencies in
 your file. Actually it's all
 pretty...weird.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - 1975 - NIGHT

Garva and Munroe advance the snowy walk with silenced rifles hanging by their sides. Bing's *White Christmas* seeping from inside the house. Children are giggling.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What kind of weird are we talking
about?

IN THE CADILLAC

Morelatto sits patiently with his two young hostages in their underwear. They're scared, watching ROGER'S CHILDREN DANCE AROUND A CHRISTMAS TREE INSIDE.

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)
Conspiracy theory weird.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

The only recognizable face around Evelyn is the drunken Doctor now sober and delivering. He lifts the newborn, smacks his bottom.

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)
...the doctor who delivered you,
he's dead from some car crash only
a month after you were born...

INT. MATERNITY WAITING ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

The Doctor shuffles in and sits with Maggie, their hands locking, her weary head tipping into his shoulder.

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)
...And the counselor who handled
your file, Maggie Gunthier: She
turned out to be the doctor's wife.
She died a year later from an
overdose.

Larry rises out of a chair by that frozen window. He stares at the doctor, pain etched into his handsome face.

DOCTOR
It's a boy.

A tear drips down Larry's cheek while down the hall "Happy New Year" sings out from staff. It's stark irony.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Claudette just shakes her head and slips A DOCUMENT out of the many in the folder. Micheal can't mask his disappointment.

MICHAEL

More bad?

CLAUDETTE

Well, I found another counselor who was listed in your case file.

MICHAEL

(hopeful)

She's still alive?

CLAUDETTE

Yeah. Her name is Lily Atkinson. But this is a bit strange too.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY - 1975 - NIGHT

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)

She lives right across the river from you.

Evelyn flanked on the couch by Maggie and Lily. LILY EYES A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN who smiles back.

EVELYN

(to Lily)

Would you like to meet Archie?

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE EVELYN'S ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

Larry stands in the doorway, guilt ripping at him. Evelyn cries hysterically in her bed, hands groping for her child while Maggie does her best to hold her. Lily cuddles the SWADDLED BABY and with flooded eyes pushes past Larry. But he gently grabs Lily's arm. He pulls back the baby blanket and looks upon HIS SON, tears welling up.

EVELYN

(begging)

Larry. Give him back. Please!
Please!

Larry pulls the blanket over the baby and let's Lily leave.

EVELYN
 (crying)
 No!

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)
 ...And to top it off, I couldn't
 find a death certificate for your
 birth mother. Nothing in Vital
 Statistics. It's like she didn't
 exist.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Michael baffled. Claudette closes the file ruefully.

CLAUDETTE
 Anyway I called this Lily woman. We
 can meet her today if you want to.

He reconciles THE CLOSED FILE for a beat.

MICHAEL
 Okay. Let's do this. How bad can it
 be, right?

Claudette just smiles, half-assured.

EXT. BAY SIDE ESTATE - DAY

Super: *San Diego*

Where SAM MITCHELL, 63, reclines on his dock overlooking the serene SILVER STRAND WATERWAY. His expansive estate looms among Palm trees behind him. A luxurious yacht tagged *The Chameleon* is tethered to the slip. It's the good life.

HIS CELL PHONE RINGS. He sips a cocktail and flips it open.

SAM
 (to cell)
 Hello.

LARRY
 (over cell)
 Hi, Sam.

His contentment slips away.

SAM
 (to cell)
 Larry..?

EXT. LILY ATKINSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Michael and Claudette step on the stoop. DOOR BELLS CHIME INSIDE. Claudette eyes Michael curiously.

CLAUDETTE
And Milt didn't tell you anything
about our date?

MICHAEL
Not a word.

CLAUDETTE
Michael?

MICHAEL
Well something about you being
'nice'.

CLAUDETTE
(mouth dropping open)
Nice. Thats all he said was, 'I'm
nice?'

Michael sighs - *not this again.*

MICHAEL
Yeah. You were nice.

CLAUDETTE
Why didn't he just say I was ugly.

Michael saved when the door swings open to the vibrant LILY ATKINSON, 60. She looks like she's only aged twenty years at the most, her smile infectious as hell.

LILY
Hello.

CLAUDETTE
Hello, Lily. I'm Claudette Ingham,
we talked on the phone.

ARCHIE (O.S.)
(from inside)
Lily, don't keep them out in the
heat.

LILY
(yells inside)
Oh, Arch, get the ice tea.

She takes their hands, easing them inside.

LILY
 You two will have to forgive my
 Archie. Lord knows I do.

EXT. DECK PORCH - DAY

Iced teas are poured and Lily and ARCHIE ATKINSON, 62, are seated around a table with Michael and Claudette. There is something about Archie - *tense*.

The view off the porch overlooks the RED RIVER on the opposite shore from Michael's house. They're all a bit awed.

LILY
 (looking)
 And where's your house, Michael?

MICHAEL
 (pointing across)
 Right on the other side.

LILY
 Well, isn't that the damndest
 thing. We're practically
 neighbors. Isn't that something,
 Archie?

Archie isn't so impressed. Claudette politely smiles and...

CLAUDETTE
 Well, as I said when I called, I'm
 an attorney and Michael is a close
 friend who asked me to start a
 search for his birth parents a
 couple weeks ago. And I found a
 match but___.

ARCHIE
 (rudely)
 You did?

Michael and Claudette look at him.

LILY
 Oh, Archie.
 (to Michael)
 Congratulations, dear.

MICHAEL
 Thanks.

CLAUDETTE

Yes, but there's some history in his adoption file that doesn't make a lot of sense. And since you were a supervisor for Child and Family services on the case, well, we're hoping you can clear up a few things.

LILY

Hmmm, let's see. What was the mother's name?

ARCHIE

You heard them ok, Lil? They said nineteen seventy-five.

LILY

Arch, hush. What's her name, Claudette?

CLAUDETTE

Well, that's just it. She was listed as a Jane Doe.

LILY

Oh...

(to Michael)

Well, perhaps your last name, dear?

MICHAEL

Spencer.

Lily's wonderful smile disintegrates. She exchanges a deep look with Archie. There's something unsaid between them. The moment catches Michael and Claudette.

Lily glances at Michael's stomach.

LILY

Do you have a scar, Michael? A surgery?

Michael is dumbstruck. He lifts his shirt - a small scar on the left side of his abdomen.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - 1976

A SURGEON operates on a tiny baby, the INCISION just over the tummy. And in the GALLERY: young parents worried for their child. It's the THE SPENCERS, mid 20's.

LILY (O.S.)
 Pyloric Stenosis. Only shows up in
 first born males. It's very rare
 isn't it?

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. DECK PORCH - DAY

Claudette completely shell-shocked. Michael piqued.

MICHAEL
 How do you know..?

Lily checks with Archie. A subtle nod implying *no*.

MICHAEL
 (realizing)
 You knew her, didn't you?

LILY
 Yes, I did.

Archie frowns.

LILY
 (to Michael tenderly)
 Maggie must have overlooked the
 death certificate. She was supposed
 to do one. But she was terribly
 afraid after Carl...died.

Michael and Claudette exchange a look.

CLAUDETTE
 Overlooked?

MICHAEL
 What are you saying..?

Lily's wispy smile says it all.

MICHAEL
 (realizing)
 She's not dead?

Archie only huffs. Michael and Claudette take notice.

MICHAEL
 Why would they do that?

LILY
 To protect you.

MICHAEL

Protect me from what? From who?

Lily eyes Archie again, who twists his tumbler, every gesture hinting this is a bad idea. Michael exchanges a look with Claudette then...

MICHAEL

What happened to Maggie Gunthier?

Lily sits back - something painful churning up in her.

LILY

She was your mother's sister.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - 1976 - NIGHT

Where she sleeps, her youthful beauty sapped prematurely. A BLACK GLOVED HAND places an empty BOTTLE OF PILLS on the nightstand. It's Alec Garva.

LILY (O.S.)

They said it was a suicide.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. DECK PORCH - DAY

Lily looks off at nothing - *remembering*.

MICHAEL

Only months after her husband dies
in a car accident?

LILY

Carl was a very nice man.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GIRDER BRIDGE - 1976 - DAY

Where a demolished '75 CORVETTE RAGTOP is crumpled around THE BRIDGE GIRDER during rush hour traffic, steam spewing, the doctor slumped over the wheel, well into heaven.

And standing amongst ONLOOKERS cloaked in Parkas and scarves is...ALEC GARVA AND JAKE MUNROE.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
He was the doctor who delivered me?

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. DECK PORCH - DAY

LILY
Yes. He was.

Michael looks across the river then at Archie with a suspicious eye. Claudette just sits there, beyond intrigued.

MICHAEL
What was my mother's name?

Archie leans back in his chair, the conflict strained across his face.

ARCHIE
We can't tell you that.

MICHAEL
It's just an adoption search.

Lily slaps the table with her delicate hand.

LILY
(to Archie)
It's enough of this.
(to Michael)
I can give you the name of someone who can help you find them.

ARCHIE
Lily!

LILY
(firm)
No, Archie. He deserves to know.

MICHAEL
Who?

LILY
Sam Mitchell.

Archie sighs. Lily pushes out her chair and makes for the house.

LILY
He lives in San Diego now, but I have his number written somewhere.

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - NIGHT

On the ocean front deck of a modest beach house, LARRY, 60, sits by a bonfire watching...

EVELYN, 60, looking out over the ocean, arms wrapped over her chest, hair brushed by warm, tropical breeze while soft breakers thrush over her feet in the sand. There's a melancholy to her.

Larry keeps watching her, the bonfire dancing in his deep, blue eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE EVELYN'S ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

Larry looking at his new born son swaddled in Lily's arms. Evelyn crying inside the room. ANOTHER MAN, 25, with a military build and harsh eyes is in the hall with young Archie.

YOUNG LARRY
You have to watch him.

ARCHIE
Count on it.

Then Archie and the man escort Lily down the dimmed hallway. Larry turns to someone behind him.

LARRY
Tell me they're good people, Sam?
And that he'll have a good life.

SAM MITCHELL, 30, reassures with a hand on Larry's shoulder.

SAM
The Spencers check out.

Larry's wet eyes seek out Evelyn in the room. Her crying echoes the corridor, echoing forever...

EVELYN
(crying)
My baby...

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - NIGHT

Larry still watching Evelyn standing on the beach, the gentle waves breaking at her feet. Something tormenting in him. He flips open a cell phone. Dials a number.

SAM
(over cell)
Hello.

LARRY
(to cell)
Hi, Sam.

SAM
(over cell)
Larry..?

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evelyn sits on the bed, rubbing her hands nervously. She takes a long, deep breath, squeezes her eyes tight then reaches for the phone on the night stand.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - BACK STEP - NIGHT

Michael sitting in the heat, slumped forward with his elbows on his knees.

SALSA MUSIC SEEPS from the RIVER. It's the RIVER QUEEN on it's late night run, virtually a dance club on water as it drifts by.

A car door slams and MICHAEL WONDERS AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE to find...

Katie and Danny arm in arm on the front walk. They snap apart the instant they see Michael.

KATIE
(surprised)
Dad!

DANNY
(nervous)
Mr. Spencer..., sir.

MICHAEL
Yeah, now it's 'sir'. Do you know what time it is?

KATIE
 (defiant)
 Dad...

MICHAEL
 Fourteen, Kat. Fourteen! Not
 sixteen, or even fifteen.
 Fourteen.
 (pointing at the house)
 Not another word.

She stomps off, miffed. Danny stands there with his hands in his pockets, waiting for the boom to drop. Michael eyes the boy, about to say something but the phone rings inside the house. He heads for the door.

MICHAEL
 (disappointed)
 Go home, Danny.

Danny shuffles off for his car.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Michael steps in to Katie holding the phone out to him with her sour face.

KATIE
 (defiant)
 It's for you.

He points for her to go to her room.

MICHAEL
 (to phone)
 Hello.

Nothing...

MICHAEL
 Hello.

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

EVELYN CLUTCHING THE PHONE, eyes squeezing a stream of tears, trembling hand over her mouth.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Hello..?

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Michael freezes when A GASP BLEEDS OVER THE PHONE - SOMEONE'S CRYING - A WOMAN.

Jasmine wonders in, silenced with Michael's finger over his lips.

INTERCUT MICHAEL/EVELYN

EVELYN
 (sobs over phone)
 I thought I'd never hear your
 voice.

MICHAEL
 Who is this?

EVELYN
 (over phone)
 Don't go see Lily again. Please.
 You don't know what you've done.

Michael's mouth drops open - *what the hell!* Jasmine intrigued.

EVELYN
 These are dangerous people, very
 dangerous and...

Suddenly...

LARRY
 (b.g. over phone)
 Evelyn.

The name hits Michael hard - *Holy!*

EVELYN
 (over phone)
 I love you.

Click - dial tone...Michael rattled. He slumps into the couch, digesting the moment.

JASMINE
 Sweetie..?

MICHAEL
 Her name is Evelyn.

INT. COLEMAN DRESHER'S LAW OFFICE - VANCOUVER - NIGHT

Coleman Dresher gulps the last of his drink. He goes to a large portrait of himself hanging on the mahogany panelled wall. It's hinged, HIDING A WALL SAFE. He punches the lock code and pulls AN ENVELOPE out. He fishes THAT REEL TO REEL TAPE FROM '75 out of the envelope. He contemplates a beat then pours another drink, slumps behind his expensive desk, and LOOKS OUT OVER BURRARD INLET.

INT. ROY GRAHAM'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Graham sits at his desk in the dark, well out of moonlight seeping through the window. His cell vibrates. He picks it up, his eyes never leaving the window.

GRAHAM

When?

INTERCUT DRESHER/GRAHAM

Dresher eyes the REEL TO REEL TAPE on his desk.

DRESHER

July 5th. We'll be ready.

GRAHAM

Now all I have to do is live till then.

DRESHER

You'll be fine. Morelatto doesn't suspect a thing. Now that you're exposed as a corrupt politician, he probably trusts you more than me.

Graham sighs. Out HIS WINDOW he sees A DARK SEDAN PARKED ON THE STREET. A pony-tailed man is behind the wheel.

GRAHAM

I'm not sure about that.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - RIVER DOCK - NIGHT

Micheal paces the dock. The Red River calm and serene, the moon full. A beautiful night.

He looks across the river at LILY AND ARCHIE ATKINSON'S. The lights on, yet every other house along the bank is dark.

He flips open his cell and scrolls through his contacts to RALPH FORBES. A moment later...

MICHAEL

It's me.

RALPH

(groggy)

Do you know what time it is?

MICHAEL

I need you to check on a name.

RALPH

You're kidding me. The star reporter needs my help at...two in the fucking morning.

MICHAEL

Are you done?

RALPH

You owe me for this. Who?

MICHAEL

A guy named Sam Mitchell.

RALPH

You wanna narrow that down a bit.

The lights finally go out in the Atkinson house.

MICHAEL

He lives in San Diego. Maybe FBI or CIA.

RALPH

I won't find shit on an American.

MICHAEL

Then cross reference him. I'm sure you'll find something through RCMP, CSE, Military, CPIC, maybe Interpol.

RALPH

Yeah, that narrows it down. Jesus. Back when?

MICHAEL

Nineteen seventy-five. And look into a suicide in '76 here in Winnipeg. A woman named Maggie Gunthier. Her husband died in a car accident shortly before. A doctor. Carl Gunthier.

RALPH

Fuck, you really do owe me this time.

MICHAEL

I'll cut you in on the Graham story, Ralph. Could be enough to get you back on the paper.

RALPH

What makes you think I want that rag anymore?

MICHAEL

C'mon, Ralph. I need this.

RALPH

How 'bout I get your source?

Michael considers - it's a lot to surrender.

MICHAEL

Okay.

RALPH

You'll know where I'll be tomorrow.

MICHAEL

Ralph,...be sober.

RALPH

Don't be a jerk.

Michael flips his phone closed. He stares at the dark Atkinson house.

WE HEAR; *high powered rifle fire...*

INT. POLICE ACADEMY TARGET RANGE - DAY

Where Milt, decked out in SWAT gear, goggles and ear muffs, fires an AK47 at a MOVING MANNEQUIN TARGET. It's a townsite mock up. He runs through to the next building. ANOTHER MANNEQUIN dressed as a terrorist clutching a hostage slides out of a door. Milt aims, fires point blank with alarming precision.

HE SEES MICHAEL standing in the safety zone way across the range. Milt locks off the rifle and meets up with Michael midway across the field.

MILT
I've got a bone to pick with you.
Did you tell Claudette I said she
was 'nice'.

MICHAEL
(handing a note)
Need you to do this today.

Milt opens the note. A heavy frown follows.

MILT
Are you kidding me?

MICHAEL
I'll pay the racquet court fees
next month okay.

Michael runs back off the range like he's late for something.

MILT
(yelling across the range)
You know I have more important
things to do than follow old people
around.

MICHAEL
(yelling back)
You're my best friend.

Milt's look could kill.

MILT
(yelling)
I hate the day I met you.

Michael waves and climbs into his SUV in the parking lot.
Milt re-reads the note.

MILT
(yells even louder)
I have to get the cake!!

EXT. HORSESHOE BAY MARINA - VANCOUVER - DAY

A beautiful, scenic bay with BC FERRY'S departing and
arriving. Roy Graham leads his WIFE, 45, and DAUGHTER, 15,
down the pier to the finger docks and finally a slip. They
step aboard a thirty foot yacht tagged *RACHEL'S DREAM*.

And watching from the promontory overlooking the harbour
is...

THE JAVLIN, 35, spying through binoculars. He's streamlined and fit, dressed in dark fatigues with slick, pony-tailed black hair - an assassin.

He retreats to A DARK SEDAN on the promontory's edge. ALEC GARVA is sitting shot gun, a much old man now.

GARVA
It has to happen before July 5th.

The Javlin turns the key.

INT. FREE PRESS NEWSROOM - DAY

Michael plunks down at his desk in the middle of the hectic newsroom. He sips from a "BEST DAD" COFFEE CUP and fires up his computer.

The geeky LANCE NUEWERTH, 23, bee lines straight over.

LANCE
You better go in.

Michael pecks away, glancing at a CLOSED OFFICE DOOR with the name plate John Lund - Executive Editor.

MICHAEL
(grins)
Let him brew a bit.

There's a problem on his screen. His email access blocked.

MICHAEL
Lance..?

Lance sticks his face right down to the monitor, pushing thick glasses back up the bridge of his nose.

LANCE
You didn't change your password,
did you?
(sighs)
I'll have to reset it.

Michael slides his keyboard over.

MICHAEL
Now, Lance.

LANCE
Okay, okay.

Lance's fingers dance over the keys and...viola. OUTLOOK auto launches. An UNREAD EMAIL IN THE INBOX OPENS. Lance surprised to see the sender is...

LANCE
Ralph Forbes?

Michael eases Lance off with a gentle push.

LANCE
Okay, okay.
(glances at Lund's office)
I think the PMO phoned him.

MICHAEL
Good. Maybe now he'll believe the
Coastal Holding story is worth
digging.

Lance heads off for other duties. Michael reads the email.

Maggie Gunthier. Worked for Winnipeg Child and Family Services in 1975. Husband, Doctor Carl Gunthier, perished January '76.

Michael CLICKS ON A LINK EMBEDDED IN THE EMAIL.

It's a CHILD AND FAMILY SERVICES ARCHIVE PHOTO of Maggie and Doctor Carl at the Christmas party in 1975. Beside her is a young Lily Atkinson and a smiling Archie. And beside them is THE MAN FROM THE HOSPITAL with the military build and harsh eyes, his arm around young LARRY. They are ALL HUDDLED AROUND PREGNANT EVELYN.

Michael sighs at the definite resemblance impossible to miss. He's looking at...his birth parents.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
But who are you?

He reads RALPH'S EMAIL.

Sam Mitchell - FBI Director of Operations - Retired - San Diego, CA.

HE CLINKS ANOTHER LINK. Sees Mitchell's thumbnail agency picture from 2006.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DEPARTURE BAY FERRY TERMINAL - 1975 - DAY

Murphy Henderson hands Sam Mitchell a manila envelope at the top of the ferry embankment. Mitchell pulls out a document with BLACK STRIPE MARGINS, labeled "RCMP/FBI - TOP SECURITY - OPERATION SCARLET."

Beyond them THE MAID OF VANCOUVER FERRY LISTS IN HER DOCK.

Alec Garva and Jake Munroe watch them from the railing.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. FREE PRESS NEWSROOM - MICHAEL'S DESK - DAY

Michael googles *Sam Mitchell-FBI*. He CLICKS A LINK LABELED OPERATION SCARLET.

An archived article displays with the FREE PRESS BANNER over the headline: *Slain Officers Honored*. RCMP ACADEMY PHOTOS OF MURPHY HENDERSON AND ROGER MCMILLAN grace the page.

Micheal looks to Lund's closed door.

INT. JOHN LUND'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael ambles in to find JOHN LUND, 55, behind his desk. Lund is short and portly, white shirt - black tie, sleeves rolled up. He scowls at Michael.

LUND

I ought to fire your ass. Where the hell were you yesterday?

MICHAEL

You had a follow up article from me.

LUND

Right, more of the Graham scandal implicating the Prime Minister. Who's the source, Michael?

MICHAEL

You know I have a reliable source.

LUND

No I don't. I damn sure didn't know that when I had the Prime Minister's press secretary up my ass. Who?

MICHAEL
(surprised)
Allison McKay called you?

LUND
Twice. The source?

Michael just collapses into a chair.

MICHAEL
This is lame, John, even for you.

Lund snaps up his coffee.

LUND
Lame or not, without the source you
have no story anymore. Either way
I expect a column from you by the
time we go to press. Something
newsworthy.

Michael takes a beat, eyeing boss, then the JOURNALISM AWARDS
CLUTTERING THE WALLS - maybe...

MICHAEL
Know anything about an Operation
Scarlet?

Lund's coffee stops at mid sip, glaring Michael hard.

LUND
Something newsworthy.

INT. FREE PRESS NEWSROOM - DAY

Steps out of Lund's office, closing the door behind him.

He scans the hectic newsroom for...

Lance tinkers with another workstation computer.

Michael hustles to him.

MICHAEL
Lance, let's go to archives.

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - DAY

Where in a vacuum sealed room, tucked amongst reels and reels
of microfilm, is A LONE WORKSTATION. Lance rapidly pecks at
the computer with Michael watching intently.

LANCE
What am I searching on?

MICHAEL
Operation Scarlet.

LANCE
What's this for?

MICHAEL
Don't ask.

Lance stops typing. He adjusts his glasses, stares at the computer.

LANCE
Who are these guys?

Henderson and McMillan's RCMP ACADEMY PHOTOS.

MICHAEL
Murphy Henderson and Roger
McMillan.

INT. CSE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

A covert enclave of LCD screens and computer technicians. It's as high tech as it gets. One technician has the same two photos of McMillan and Henderson on HIS screen. On a SECOND MONITOR a trace program plots a location on a digital map of CANADA. The technician moves A DIAL and...

A SATELLITE FEED of Winnipeg materializes. A fast zoom in till the roof of the FREE PRESS BUILDING is clear. The zoom continues through the roof. The image dissolves to a digital schematic of a sealed room. Two thermal figures sit together.

A mouse click and...

MICHAEL
(over speaker)
They were murdered in Vancouver in
'75.

A COMMANDER is lured to the technician's station.

COMMANDER
Spike and identify.

TECHNICIAN
Yes, sir.

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - DAY

LANCE
 (reading)
 Says here Henderson's body was
 discovered on Jericho beach by the
 Vancouver Polar Bear club. Wow...

INT. CSE CORRIDOR - DAY

The COMMANDER walks diligently WITH A MEMO and jumps into the
 back seat of A GOVERNMENT CAR. The car peels off.

LANCE (O.S.)
 ...McMillan and his two kids were
 found at a separate scene, but
 there was evidence to suggest
 someone else died in the house as
 well.

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - DAY

LANCE
 That's weird.

MICHAEL
 Yeah, conspiracy theory weird.

Michael reading, winces.

MICHAEL
 Jesus, they killed the kids.

More typing then...

LANCE
 Wow. Look at this.

A photo of the VICTIM FROM THE WAREHOUSE pops up ON THE
 MONITOR.

INT. CSE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

With THE SAME PICTURE on the Technician's screen as well.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 (over speaker)
 Francis Level.

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - DAY

LANCE
 Wasn't he killed in '75?

Michael thinks back.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Right around Christmas. He was the Attorney-General for British Columbia when the Prime Minister was the Premier.

Lance pushes his glasses back up his nose - wow.

INT. CSE DIRECTOR MACDUFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Commander HANDS OFF THE MEMO to CSE DIRECTOR BRADEN MACDUFF, 59. The office as patriotic as MacDuff. He reads; "*Michael Spencer*" and "*Lance Nuewerth*."

LANCE (O.S.)

Prime Minister Petersen?

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - DAY

MICHAEL

One and the same.

(reading)

Laval was openly criticizing large contributions to Premier Petersen's campaign from SeaCorp CEO Mario Morelatto during the '74 elections.

LANCE

Mario Morelatto? Isn't he in your article about the Coastal Holding case?

MICHAEL

Yes, he is.

(still reading)

Although the RCMP's Security Service would not comment, it was suspected that Operation Scarlet was a joint FBI investigation into Morelatto, triggered by leaked documents associating him in the CIA assassination attempts on Castro in the mid sixties.

(eyes Lance)

Now you can say 'wow'.

LANCE

Wow.

(reading)

Who's the missing Agent?

MICHAEL

What?

LANCE

(pointing at the monitor)
Say's at the bottom; the RCMP are
still searching for a third agent
not yet found.

MICHAEL

That must be him.

LANCE

Who?

MICHAEL

My birthfather.

LANCE

Your what?

MICHAEL

I'm adopted, Lance. I think my
birthfather has something to do
with this.

LANCE

Wow. No way.

INT. CSE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

The technician brings up A WINNIPEG FREE PRESS PICTURE OF
MICHAEL, ear marking the photo - "Missing baby - Hudd." Over
encrypted LAN he sends to Office of the Director of
Communications Security Establishment (CSE).

INT. CSE DIRECTOR MACDUFF'S OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL'S PHOTO labeled "Missing baby - Hudd" materialize on
MacDuff's laptop. His thumb and forefinger rub.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Try searching for "missing Security
Service agent."

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - DAY

Lance types - waits...

LANCE

Nothing.

MICHAEL
Try E-Special.

LANCE
(typing)
Who's E-Special?

MICHAEL
RCMP's Ultra secret guys back then.
Burning barns, spies, that kind of
stuff.

LANCE
I didn't know the Mounties had
spies. I thought that was CSIS?

MICHAEL
CSIS used to be Security Service
until Ottawa took it away from the
Mounties.

LANCE
Why did they do that?

MICHAEL
Because the October Crisis of '70
wasn't exactly a shining moment.
The government needed to blame
someone. They blamed the Mounties.
(eyes Lance)
Read the history. It's fascinating.
(points at the screen)
Can we keep searching...?

More typing. A few more searches.

LANCE
There's nothing on him. Sorry.

Michael sighs and flops back in his chair. And then a
thought.

INT. CSE DIRECTOR MACDUFF'S OFFICE - DAY

FLOYD WEBBER, 57, sits across from MacDuff with a folder.
He's a controlled man with military build and harsh black
eyes

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Ralph might know something about
this.

Webber opens the FOLDER with BLACK STRIPED MARGIN FORMS labeled; RCMP/FBI - TOP SECURITY - OPERATION SCARLET.

LANCE (O.S.)
Just don't let Lund know you're
talking to Forbes.

He fingers through the pages and finds LARRY HUDD'S PICTURE from '75. HE LAYS IT NEXT TO MICHAEL'S on MacDuff's desk. The father/son resemblance is unmistakable.

Macduff glares at Webber with deep concern - *this is bad.*

INT. NEWS ARCHIVE AND MICROFILM ROOM - DAY

LANCE
He really hates him.

MICHAEL
Like I don't know.

Michael bolts out of his chair.

LANCE
Where you going?

MICHAEL
(grins)
The stadium.

LANCE
Lund is going to be pissed.

Michael smiles and pushes through the door.

EXT/INT. LIMOUSENE - DAY

PRIME MINISTER SETH PETERSEN leans forward in the backseat and watches NOTRE DAME BASILICA pass by. He's a distinguished man in smart blazer and tie.

Beside him ALLISON MCKAY, 35, multi-tasks between CELL PHONE and PALM HELD. She's well dressed and overtly professional. Her cell call ends. She looks relieved.

ALLISON
(quietly)
Graham's trying to get to the
Supreme Court.

PETERSEN

Dresher can try. It still won't happen before July 5th. And then it won't matter.

ALLISON

Why July 5th?

PETERSEN

Just worry about the press, Allison. I'll take care of the rest.

The limousene passes through...

EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE - OTTAWA - DAY

Where GREEN SHUTTLE BUSES deposit cabinet minister's at CENTRE BLOCK and HORDES OF TOURISTS congregate on the grounds, watching the CHANGING OF THE GUARDS performance. The CANADIAN FLAG flutters high above THE PEACE TOWER CLOCK.

INT. WINNIPEG GOLDEYES BALLPARK - DAY

The ball park sweeps around the field for what seems forever. The green fresh with chalk white lines. The mound raked. The stands empty and barren. In a row of seats directly behind home plate sits...

A haggard RALPH FORBES, 45, chomping a greasy hamburger chased with a coffee. He's aged beyond his years with five o'clock shadow long overdue of a razor. Michael shuffles along the row and sits.

MICHAEL

Little early isn't it, Ralph?

RALPH

("smiling" it off)
Caffeine my last true sin.
(chomps the hamburger)
Your faith is touching.

ACROSS THE FIELD

A YOUNG WOMEN stands BEHIND A METAL GIRDER in the GLASS BALLPARK ANNEX, aiming a MINI HD CAMERA with LASER DIRECTIONAL MICROPHONE right through the glass.

A TINY TRANSMITTER crackles in her ear.

WEBBER (O.S.)
 (over ear transmitter)
 Tighten the visual, Candace.

CANDACE RIEMER, 30, dials the mini lens and WE CRUSH BACK
 ACROSS THE FIELD TO...

MICHAEL AND RALPH

RALPH
 You want to tell me what this is
 all about?

MICHAEL
 You're not going to believe me.

RALPH
 (pondering)
 You're right. I don't care. Just
 need the name of your source and
 I'll take it from here.
 (cocky)
 Saves you fucking it up.

MICHAEL
 Well, no worries. I just make sure
 my sources are solid.

Ralph's glare says *Fuck off*.

RALPH
 Mine was before Lund fired me, that
 fucker. The source?

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Floyd Webber sits shotgun with GREG REDEKOP, 30, behind the
 wheel. Both have EAR TRANSMITTERS. They watch CANDACE'S
 VIDEO SIGNAL ON A DASH MOUNTED LAPTOP. Michael and Ralph are
 framed in a tight two-shot.

WEBBER
 Deacon, you getting this?

INT. CSE RECON LAB - DAY

Computer wiz kid DEACON GARRICK, 28, watches THE SAME VIDEO
 SIGNAL, his feet up on the desk, pop in one hand, keyboard in
 his lap. As comfortable with spying as if home watching a
 movie. The lab around him a high tech fortress of steel and
 glass.

DEACON
 (to computer mic)
 Got it, Chief. Gimme one sec and
 we'll all have ears of God.

Deacon trains his SATELLITE INTEL over MICHAEL AND RALPH
 SITTING BEHIND HOME PLATE IN THE BALL PARK.

Two fuzzy images gradually dissolve into vivid video capture
 from above.

Perched over Deacon's monitor bank, VOICE RECOGNITION GRAPHS
 OSCILLATE. A keystroke later...

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 (over speakers)
 I need one more favor first.

RALPH (O.S.)
 (over speakers)
 Cut the crap, Michael. What is this
 about?

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

MICHAEL
 (over ear transmitters)
 Ever hear of Operation Scarlet?

Webber's face tightens when he hears 'Scarlet.'

INT. WINNIPEG GOLDEYES BALLPARK - DAY

RAPLH
 Should I?

MICHAEL
 Your contact might.

RAPLH
 (quips)
 Oh that's a bit too big of a favor,
 Asshole.

Ralph leans into Michael, serious as hell.

RALPH
 I'd do this why?

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Webber looks up CHURCHILL DRIVE at THE SPENCER HOUSE. He
 checks THE RIVER - nothing. SIDEWALK - nothing.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 (over ear transmitters)
 Cause this story can get you back
 on the front page.

WEBBER
 Neighbors, Deacon?

INT. CSE RECON LAB - DAY

On a PRIMARY MONITOR Deacon thermal scans houses on either
 side of the SPENCER'S HOUSE - nothing.

DEACON
 (to mic)
 Clear on neighbors, Chief.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Webber STILL WATCHING VIDEO.

MICHAEL
 (over speakers)
 I think it goes pretty high up in
 Ottawa.

WEBBER
 Kyle, Simon, move it.

Redekop glancing through the rear window - all clear.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - RIVERFRONT - DAY

Two spy agents hop out of a HIGH-POWERED BOAT and hustle
 across the backyard. SIMON JOHNSON, 27, and KYLE LENNING,
 30, BREACH THE DOOR and slip inside.

RALPH (O.S.)
 (over ear transmitters)
 And my contact ties in how?

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Webber trained on THE VIDEO.

MICHAEL
 (over ear transmitters)
 Did you find Sam Mitchell?

Webber winces when he hears Mitchell's name.

RALPH
 (over ear transmitters)
 Yeah, I did. It wasn't easy.

MICHAEL
 (over ear transmitters)
 I need a meet with him.

RAPLH
 (over ear transmitters)
 Never happen. He's too deep.

EXT. WINNIPEG GOLDEYES BALLPARK - DAY

Ralph shaking his head.

RALPH
 He was black ops before he was FBI,
 Michael. They called him the
 Chameleon for shit sake.

MICHAEL
 He's the only lead I have on this.

RALPH
 What is this all about?

MICHAEL
 I think HE knows where my birth
 parents are.

RALPH
 (surprise)
 That's what this is all about?
 Where did you even get his name
 from?

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

MICHAEL
 (over ear transmitters)
 Archie Atkinson.

Webber glances through the trees. He can see Archie reclined
 on his deck overlooking the river.

EXT. WINNIPEG GOLDEYES BALLPARK - DAY

MICHAEL
 Ever heard of him?

Ralph's eyes drop, he sips his coffee.

RALPH

Nope.

(long sip)

This sounds like a wild goose chase, Mike.

MICHAEL

Can you do it?

Forbes sours.

RALPH

Okay, but no bullshit.

EXT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - RIVERFRONT - DAY

Lenning and Johnson ease the back door shut. They dash for the river.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

(over ear transmitters)

No bullshit...

EXT. WINNIPEG GOLDEYES BALLPARK - DAY

MICHAEL

...You help me with this, Ralph, I'll give you everything on the Coastal Holding story. Including my source. Good?

RALPH

It's a start.

Michael slides out of the seats.

MICHAEL

I'll be in touch.

RALPH

I know you will.

CANDACE IN THE ANNEX

Packs the mini camera and mic into a back pack. She shoulders it and ambles for the ANNEX EXIT like any tourist would.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Redekop sparks up the truck, pops it into drive.

REDEKOP

Back to the shop, Chief?

Webber looks ACROSS THE RIVER.

WEBBER
We have to make a stop.

INT. WINNIPEG GOLDEYES BALLPARK - COMMISSARY - DAY

Ralph walks past closed beer kiosks for a PAY PHONE outside the MEN'S WASHROOMS. He pops two quarters in the slot and dials. Two rings later someone answers.

RALPH
(to phone)
We need to meet.

WE HEAR FAMILIAR DOOR CHIMES ring through the phone.

INT. LILY ATKINSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Lily opens the door to Floyd Webber. Her beautiful smile fades. She leads him through the house for the...

EXT. DECK PORCH - DAY

Where Archie sips lemonade in the sun, reclined on a lounge chair. A cordless phone is on the settee beside him. Webber admires the VIEW ACROSS THE RIVER.

WEBBER
You give Spencer Sam Mitchell's name?

ARCHIE
Wasn't my idea. Sorry.

WEBBER
(glances at Lily)
Well, maybe this can work for us.

ARCHIE
How do you figure?

WEBBER
Maybe it'll find our mole after all this time. A lost son suddenly asking questions. The whole Coastal Holding mess forcing the issue.
(quips)
And he just happens to be the reporter.
(eyes Archie)
It would scare the hell out of me.

WEBBER (cont'd)
I'm guessing right about now, it's
scaring the hell out of them.

Webber squints against the sun to see THE SPENCER BACKYARD.

Katie is leading a reluctant Danny to the back door. They
kiss.

Webber smirks. Shakes his head. He pops open his cell. Dials.

WEBBER
(to cell)
Deacon, you seeing Katie Spencer
bringing a boy through the back
door?

DEACON
(over cell)
Yeah.

WEBBER
You tapped to her cell phone?

DEACON
You said full surveillance, Chief.

WEBBER
Get Candace to call her. Pretend
she's from the school or something.

DEACON
You serious?

WEBBER
Yes, this is me being serious. Do
it now.

DEACON
Okay, okay. It's just not
very...y'know...spy like.

WEBBER
Deacon.

DEACON
I'm just saying.

Webber folds his cell away.

WEBBER
(pointing across the
river)
You know who that boy is?

ARCHIE

Nope. But it's not the first time.

Webber smirks again and shakes his head again.

Across the river, Katie and Danny rush out of the back door and disappear around the corner.

Webber grins. He heads off the porch.

WEBBER

No more meetings with Spencer. Too risky.

ARCHIE

Don't want anymore.

LILY

You don't want any lemonade, Floyd?

WEBBER

(walking for the front door)

No thanks, Lil. Have to watch my sugar I'm told. You look great though.

And he's gone.

Lily puts the Lemonade decanter on the table and STARES OFF ACROSS THE RIVER AT THE SPENCER'S HOUSE.

LILY

You should've told me.

ARCHIE

(firm)

Lily...

WE HEAR A bad chorus of "Happy Birthday" sung as DAY TURNS TO NIGHT and...

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Katie carries a BIG BIRTHDAY CAKE into the livingroom where Jasmine's birthday party is in full swing. The loudest singer is Milt, with Claudette and her two kids, SAMANTHA, 9, and WYATT, 6, tucked close.

Jasmine beams, sitting on the sofa. Katie sets the cake on the coffee table, candle glow dancing in Jasmine's eyes.

Michael sits on the arm of the sofa.

MICHAEL
Happy birthday, babe.

A long kiss. Katie rolls her eyes.

JASMINE
(to Michael)
I can't believe you did this!
(to Milt)
And you.

MILT
I know, I know. I'm amazing.
(eyeing Michael)
Found the cake all by myself.

Michael eyes him - *knock it off*. Jasmine hoists little Wyatt on her lap, his eyes wide on the cake.

WYATT
Lot's candles.

JASMINE
(ruefully)
I know.

MILT
C'mon huff and puff and...

Together Jazz and Wyatt suck air and blow. Everyone claps and cheers.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - NIGHT

The birthday party echoes the lab of glass and steel subdued with faint blue light.

Deacon leans back, his feet up on his workstation, watching SPLIT SCREENS of the SPENCER HOUSE with a Coke in his hand.

THE LIVINGROOM; Jasmine cutting cake and passing it around.
THE KITCHEN; Michael and Milt on wine detail.

A keystroke and...

MICHAEL
(on monitor)
You get the wine, I'll get the glasses.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Milt pops another cork. Michael reaches up in the cupboards.

MILT
 So, you're not going to believe
 this. I checked out the Atkinson's
 like you wanted. And you're right.
 (sarcastic)
 They're retired.

INT. MACDUFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Braden Macduff sits at his desk, laptop open, watching
 Michael and Milt in the kitchen.

His forefinger and thumb rub.

MICHAEL
 (on laptop)
 Funny. Very funny.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael handing glasses over. Milt pouring wine.

MICHAEL
 Lily Atkinson was in my adoption
 file. I needed to know.

MILT
 This little quest to find yourself
 is turning into an obsession, man.

MICHAEL
 Actually the weird is starting to
 make sense.

Michael lost in thought. Milt parks on a stool, curious.

MILT
 You tell your Dad about this
 search?

MICHAEL
 Dad is in Hawaii, Milt. It'll just
 upset him.

Milt hands Michael a full glass. They both sip.

MILT
 (sensitively)
 Does this have anything to do with
 your mom dying last year?

Michael gulps his wine. He waves Milt to follow him into the
 hall. Milt follows, more curious.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Where Michael pulls A LETTER OUT OF HIS DRESSER DRAWER and hands it to Milt.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - NIGHT

Deacon watching the bedroom as Milt unfolds the note and...

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MILT

(reading)

Dear Michael, the diagnosis came back today. They're going to send me for another mammogram and do all that they can, but I feel it won't change what's coming. I just wanted you to know how proud I am of you. Before you came, your dad and I were sure we would not be able to have a family. But God smiled on us. I don't know anything about your birth-mother, but if I had the chance I would thank her for giving me you for a son. Love Mom.

Milt hands the note back. Michael looks at it in his hand, thoughtful.

MICHAEL

This was in mom's will. I don't know why, but it got me thinking. This woman doesn't know if I'm okay. She doesn't know if her choice was better for me or not.

(holds up the letter)

I want her to know it was.

Milt looks at the note.

MILT

Okay. Whatever you need.

MICHAEL

(glancing down the hall)

Funny you should say that. I'm going to San Diego tomorrow. I could use a ride to the airport.

MILT

What's in San Diego?

Micheal presses his finger to his lips. He peeks down the hall then closes the door.

MICHAEL
(quietly)
This has turned into something else.

Milt really curious.

MILT
What?

INT. CSE RECON LAB - NIGHT

Deacon's feet drop. Coke is on the desk. His face pressed right up to the screens.

On the monitor Michael and Milt scoot through the kitchen to the garage and climb into Michael's SUV. Michael talks, reaches in the glove compartment and pulls something out. He gives it to Milt.

DEACON
What the hell are they doing?

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Milt lets out a big sigh. He's looking at a printout of the *Slain Officers Honored* article with Roger McMillan and Murphy Henderson's academy photos smiling up at him.

MILT
And she called you? Aren't you unlisted?

MICHAEL
Yeah. It had to have been Lily Atkinson. You can't even trace me through the paper. That's the only way she got my number. And they're right across the river.

MILT
(groans)
Oh boy.

MICHAEL
What?

MILT

You were right. The Atkinson's bought their house two months after you bought yours. It's beyond weird.

MICHAEL

It's beyond convenient.

MILT

And you think this missing agent was your birthfather?

MICHAEL

Yep.

MILT

Does Jazz know about this?

MICHAEL

Claudette doesn't even know about this. She didn't get that far into it.

MILT

And this guy Mitchell is in San Diego and he was black ops in the sixti...what the fuck was all this.
(another sigh)

MICHAEL

I don't want Jazz to know I'm going. She'll worry. I need you to cover for me.

MILT

(blank)

You want me to lie. About something like this.

Michael deadpans him and climbs out of the truck. Milt follows.

MILT

Okay, yeah, I can lie. You know...

INT. CSE RECON LAB - NIGHT

MILT

(on monitor-sarcastic)
...go to hell in a hand basket, that kind of thing. Cause after all, I'm your "best friend."

Deacon laughs at his bad luck.

DEACON
Sonofabitch.

Webber leans on the desk, watching the birthday party on one monitor and Micheal and Milt leaving the garage on the other.

WEBBER
Problem?

DEACON
(irked)
We didn't wire the SUV.

WEBBER
Well, that's not very...you
know...spy like.

Deacon eyes Webber, aghast. He laughs it off then props his feet back up. Coke in his hand. He looks at Webber, curiously

DEACON
Let me see if I get this because,
y'know, it's taxpayers dollars and
everything. First we target the
guy. Then we surveil the guy. Then
we play school teacher and save his
daughter from herself. And all
because of an adoption search?
(eyes Webber)
You know at first I thought it was
because this reporter ruffled the
Prime Minster's feathers with that
Coastal Holding bullshit.
(grins knowingly)
And then it dawned on me. You were
Security Service. E-Special
according to your legendary
history.
(sips coke)
You know this Hudd guy, don't you,
Chief?

Webber pushes off for his office.

DEACON
You mean to tell me this is 'need
to know' stuff?

WEBBER
Let's just find him, Deacon.

DEACON

Yeah, okay. What's in San Diego?

Webber halts, turns to Deacon. His harsh eyes narrow.

INT. WEBBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Webber on his phone. It's ringing. Someone answers.

WEBBER

(to phone)

It's me. He'll be there tomorrow.

EXT. SAM MITCHELL'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Mitchell hangs up the phone. He's reclined comfortably, looking out over the SILVER STRAND. He sips a cocktail.

Suddenly A RED TELESCOPIC LIGHT GLITTERS THROUGH THE ICE IN HIS GLASS. He follows the RED DOT as it lowers over his heart.

A DARK FIGURE STANDS IN THE WATER next to the Chameleon, AIMING A LASER SCOPE RIFLE.

The bullet tears through Mitchell silently, somersaulting him over the chair. The glass tumbles through the air and SMASHES ON THE PORCH STONE.

WE HEAR; Reggae music.

EXT. ISLAND HIGHWAY - BAHAMAS - DAY

A VINTAGE '65 METEOR STATION WAGON with *Nippy's Taxi* SPRAY PAINTED on the doors, speeds along where THE ISLAND NARROWS TO A STRIP, barely separating the Atlantic from the Caribbean. Directly ahead is...

THE GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE traversing a vicious gorge where Atlantic breakers violently push through to the turquoise Caribbean.

EXT. NIPPY'S TAXI - DAY

NIPPY, 50, is a native islander with dread locks that would make Bob Marley proud. He drives erratically and sings along with the radio. He smiles into THE REAR VIEW MIRROR AT HIS FARE.

NIPPY

So, Mr. Hudd. Where you be headin' at six in de morning, mon?

Larry punches a number into his cell phone.

LARRY
Watch the bridge, Nippy.

NIPPY
Oh, I got dat, mon. Don't you be
worryin'.

THE GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE lays dead ahead, off center of the highway a good foot.

NIPPY
Da hurricanes barely moved 'er dis
year, mon.

THE METEOR RACES OVER THE NARROW BRIDGE, the back bumper SPARKING THE CEMENT ABUTMENT.

Nippy glances the rear view.

NIPPY
Okaaay, maybe an inch or two more.
Mon, when are dey goin' to fix dat
bridge?

Larry puts his cell to his ear as he tosses a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL over the front seat.

LARRY
The airport in one piece.

Nippy rubs the dash.

NIPPY
(smiling)
Like eh baby carriage, mon.

Larry's call is answered.

LARRY
(to cell)
I'm on my way.

Larry stares at the blue Caribbean.

LARRY
(to cell)
I don't have a choice. If I do
nothing, they'll kill him. Where
can I find her?

EXT. DECK PORCH - DAY

Archie in his recliner, cordless phone to his ear, looking across the river.

ARCHIE

(to phone)

She lives in Nanaimo. Her name is Rita Halbern now. That's all I know. Be careful.

EXT. NIPPY'S TAXI - DAY

LARRY

(to cell)

I will.

He flips the cell closed. His face tense.

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - NIGHT

Evelyn sits in a PURPLE BEAN BAG CHAIR, flipping through A PHOTO ALBUM FROM '75. She turns a page and smiles, bittersweet.

A picture of her pregnant and surrounded by Maggie and Lily. Another of Larry and her painting a nursery room. She turns another page and finds A BLUE KNITTED BABY SLIPPER. She holds it, eyes tearing, biting her lip. With a shake of her head she quells the cry and gently puts the slipper back.

She contemplates THE PHONE, conflicted.

EXT. WHITE KNIGHT - BURRARD INLET - NIGHT

The WHITE KNIGHT is a sleek, sixty foot yacht. MARIO MORELATTO, 65, is lured onto the deck by ROTOR BLADES hacking with a growing whump.

A HELICOPTER'S SEARCH BEACON seers over the waves then hovers momentarily, moonlight catching the SEACORP LOGO BLAZONED ON IT'S FUSELAGE as it negotiates the helipad.

The instant it touches down JAKE MUNROE AND ALEC GARVA step out.

Morelatto is not pleased.

INT. CENTRE BLOCK - FOYER - DAY

Prime Minister Seth Petersen enters the rotunda amid a blitz of security and media. Allison follows him through the throng for the GRAND HALL. Her PDA vibrates.

ALLISON
 (to PDA)
 Hello?

She hands the phone to Petersen curiously.

PETERSEN
 (to PDA)
 Yeah.

Something dreadfully wrong. Petersen stops walking.

PETERSEN
 I thought July 5th was set up?
 Michael Spencer?

Allison's glare freezes on the Prime Minister, forcing a half smile.

PETERSEN
 I'll see what I can find out.

He hands the PDA back.

PETERSEN
 Get Braden MacDuff in my office.
 Now!

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Petersen struts in to find Braden MacDuff in one of the fine
 BUTTON TUFT CHAIRS facing the Prime Minister'S DESK.

PETERSEN
 What does CSE know about Sam
 Mitchell, Braden?

MACDUFF
 He was killed last night in San
 Diego.

PETERSEN
 That I know. Who?

MACDUFF
 We don't know.

PETERSEN
 What do we think?

MACDUFF
 I don't think anything until I know
 the facts.

PETERSEN

Why was Michael Spencer, a reporter from the Free Press, planning to meet him in San Diego?

MacDuff's stone face flinches.

MACDUFF

He began an adoption search two weeks ago.

PETERSEN

A what?

MACDUFF

It would appear Michael Spencer is Larry Hudd's natural son. And I know I don't have to explain Mitchell's connection to Hudd to you...Mr. Prime Minister.

Petersen looks like he just got whacked with a sledge hammer. He takes a long beat to soak it in.

PETERSEN

(sighs)

Jesus. Is Larry Hudd even alive?

MACDUFF

Well, we don't know he's dead.

MacDuff stands, a disappointed gaze at his Prime Minister.

MACDUFF

I'm curious how you came to know Michael Spencer was planning to meet Mitchell?

Petersen takes a beat to conjure an answer.

PETERSEN

This reporter is on my radar too, Braden. He's trying to implicate me in Graham's Coastal Holding mess.

(eyes MacDuff)

That's why you didn't come to me with this, isn't it?

Macduff holds his answer.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Deacon pushes through the glass doors where the whole team is masterminding.

DEACON
Chief, you gotta hear this!

They file out and all huddle around...

DEACON'S COMPUTER, showing a BLINKING GPS DOT over a digital map.

DEACON
Spencer's on the move, and fast. I think he's heading for the airport.

Another keystroke - another oscillating voice recognition screen - digital playback. They listen to...A PHONE RINGING - a pick up...

MICHAEL (O.S.)
(over playback)
Hello.

EVELYN (O.S.)
(over playback-emotional)
Michael?

EXT. MICHAEL'S SUV - DAY

He's driving like a mad man, narrowly making a yellow light. Horns chiding him. And while Michael Indy drives...

MICHAEL (O.S.)
(playback)
Yes. It's me?

EVELYN (O.S.)
(playback)
Don't ask anything. They could be listening.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - DAY

The team barely breathing.

EVELYN (O.S.)
(over playback)
You're in grave danger.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 (over playback)
 I don't understand.

EVELYN (O.S.)
 (over playback)
 You need to do exactly what I'm
 going to tell you. Go to the
 airport...

INT. AIRPORT KIOSK - DAY

Michael grabbing his ticket.

EVELYN (O.S.)
 (over playback)
 There'll be a ticket for you at the
 Air Canada desk.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - DAY

The team watch Deacon hack into the AIR CANADA SECURE
 WEBSITE, combing the outgoing passenger list.

WEBBER
 He's going to Toronto.

They all turn to Webber - *what?*

WEBBER
 Toronto.

INT. AIRPORT - LOCKER BAY - DAY

Michael goes straight for a locker, opens it with a key
 and...

EVELYN (O.S.)
 (over playback)
 There will be a locker key for you
 when you arrive. You'll find an
 envelope. Take it with you.

Pulls out the envelope and dashes for...

EXT. AIRPORT - TERMINAL 3 TAXI STAND - DAY

Michael rushes out and hails a cab.

EVELYN (O.S.)
 (over playback)
 Take a taxi and make sure you're
 not followed.

Right behind him CANDACE HAILS HER OWN CAB.

INT. THE CAB - DAY

Something is vibrating. Michael takes the envelope and...

EVELYN (O.S.)
(over playback)
You'll be contacted.

...pulls out a VIBRATING CELL PHONE.

MICHAEL
(to cell)
Hello..?

He listens then looks out the window at CN TOWER in the distance.

INT. CN TOWER - ELEVATOR - DAY

Michael packed in with everyday tourists as they ride up to the MAIN POD.

EVELYN (O.S.)
(over playback)
Remember, that no matter what happens. We did do this for you.

INT. CN TOWER - SPACE DECK - DAY

The view of Toronto and Lake Ontario enthralling tourists crowding the wrap around railing. Michael steps out of the elevator. He glances around. No familiar faces.

Candace loiters with the tourists.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - WEBBERS OFFICE - DAY

Webber at his desk, phone to his ear.

WEBBER
(to phone)
He's in Toronto.

MACDUFF
(over phone)
We've got a bigger problem. Javlin is on his way to Winnipeg.

WEBBER
You're sure about this?

INT. MACDUFF'S OFFICE - DAY

MacDuff standing at his window where the PEACE TOWER looms against a clear blue sky - a patriot's view. The phone on intercom.

MACDUFF

FBI tracked him boarding a plane out of San Diego this morning.

WEBBER

(over intercom)
He killed Sam.

MACDUFF

Well we know who hired him don't we. They left Vancouver a half hour ago. We have to control this situation, Floyd. Where's Spencer's family?

WEBBER

At the lawyer's. Her too?

MACDUFF

Yes. You must contain this.

WEBBER

It means I'll have to make contact. You authorize that?

MACDUFF

Do it.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

A private jet taxis to a secluded end of the airport, engines whining down. Alec Garva and The Javlin disembark, climbing into a waiting SUV. They peel off...

EXT. AIRPORT ENTRANCE GATE - DAY

The SUV races through the gates, passing the JAMES RICHARDSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT sign, heading for the city.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Webber walking in, face taunt. Simon, Kyle and Redekop suited in KEVLAR VESTS, chambering automatics and popping EAR TRANSMITTERS.

WEBBER

They're on the ground. Remember
who this is. Nobody in this room
dies today.

EXT. CLAUDETTE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Where a platoon of six year old bikini girls have taken over.
Claudette and Jasmine WATCH MILT ENTERTAIN THE GIRLS. Katie
watches from afar - bored.

CLAUDETTE

Milt is so good with kids, isn't
he?

JASMINE

Told you.

Milt harnesses the GARDEN HOSE around his waist, creeps up on
the girls, points the nozzle and let's fly. Bikinis running
in all directions, giggling hysterically. Claudette and
Jasmine laugh. Katie just rolls her eyes - again. And little
Wyatt loves it.

EXT. REDEKOP'S 4X4 - BACKLANE - DAY

Redekop, Kyle and Simon are parked a few blocks down the lane
from the backyard. Hysterical giggling through the
transmitters in their ears.

Redekop sees the SUV from the airport coming up the lane in
his rearview mirror.

REDEKOP

(to radio)

We've got a visual, Chief.

Kyle aims TRANSMITTER BINOCULARS at the SUV licence plate.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - DAY

Webber watching the bikini melee in the backyard on Deacon's
satellite monitors. On another grid: the licence plate.

DEACON

(typing)

It's a rental.

WEBBER

To who?

More typing...

DEACON
 (reading the monitor)
 Chief, the truck's rented in Larry
 Hudd's name.

WEBBER
 What!
 (to mic)
 Redekop, get an ID!

EXT. REDEKOP'S 4X4 - BACKLANE - DAY

REDEKOP
 Copy that.

AHEAD OF THEM the SUV comes to a stop just short of the
 backyard.

Kyle aims the binoculars.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Webber and Deacon EYE THE MONITOR. The image fuzzy.

DEACON
 Who is that?

Deacon works magic, cleaning up the video signal, FOCUSING ON
 TWO MEN INSIDE THE SUV.

One has a black pony tail. The other older.

Webber squints, trying to see.

DEACON
 I'm not getting a good feeling
 here, Chief.

INT. CN TOWER - SPACE DECK - DAY

Michael scans the crowd. He stays back of the railing, uneasy
 with the height.

LARRY (O.S.)
 Quite a view, isn't it.

Michael startles - *what the hell!*

LARRY
 Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL
 (shocked)
 Where'd you come from?

They soak each other in for a beat. Larry sees CANDACE HOVERING ALONG THE RAILING.

LARRY
 There's lots to say, Michael. But right now isn't the time.
 (nods to the left)
 You've triggered more than you can imagine.

Michael whips around.

Candace suddenly preoccupying herself with Toronto below - just another tourist.

LARRY
 She's CSE.

MICHAEL
 Shit.
 (looking around)
 Why are they following me?

LARRY
 Because they know you're trying to find me.

MICHAEL
 What did you do wrong anyway?

LARRY
 I lived.

A TOURIST FAMILY abandons their spot at the railing. Larry sees...

JAKE MUNROE, A MALEVOLENT GRIN WHEN THEIR EYES MEET.

Larry quickly leads Michael for the elevator.

MICHAEL
 What the hell.

LARRY
 Do as I say and we may get out of here alive.

MICHAEL
 Alive?

Munroe digging straight for them with vigor startling for his age.

Candace sees Munroe and digs through the crowd.

The elevator opens and Larry pushes Michael inside just in time. The doors closing out Munroe.

MICHAEL
Who was that?

LARRY
A dangerous person.

Michael's blank - shocked again.

MICHAEL
What happened to Sam Mitchell?

LARRY
They killed him.

MICHAEL
Why?

LARRY
Because you were going to meet him.

Michael can't help but stare at Larry.

MICHAEL
What is your name?

LARRY
Larry Hudd.

Michael sighs. Larry watches the elevator lights above, tensing. He glances at riders packed in with them then at Michael with deep regret.

LARRY
I'm sorry. I wish I could've
stopped it in time.

MICHAEL
(worried)
Stopped what?

EXT. CLAUDETTE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Milt runs around chasing bikinis - *'tag your it'*.

Jasmine, Claudette, and Katie watch from the patio.

Larry leans close, calm and controlled.

LARRY
 I don't know why they targeted your
 friend yet.
 (eyes Michael)
 But I will.

Michael's eyes suddenly wide, absolute fear.

MICHAEL
 Jazz and Katie! I have to get home!

Larry seizes his arm.

LARRY
 First we have to get out of here.

He eyes the tourists packed in with them.

LARRY
 Never underestimate a crowd.

They get off.

INT. CN TOWER - STAFF CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Walking for a CONTROL ROOM DOOR. Larry checks if they're followed then PUNCHES THE ACCESS CODE and...

INT. CN TOWER - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Heads straight for a LOCKED PANEL labelled *SECURITY SYSTEM ACCESS PORTAL*. He keys another code into a WALL PAD. A keyboard slides out. Larry types. SECURITY ALARMS RING OUT.

LARRY
 Especially a panicked crowd.

INT. CN TOWER - ALL LEVELS - DAY

Panicked tourists heading for the elevators.

INT. CN TOWER - ELEVATOR - DAY

Candace shaking her head - *impressive*.

INT. CN TOWER - STAFF ELEVATOR - DAY

Larry and Michael ascending. The doors open and they...

INT. CN TOWER - BASE ARCHWAY - CONTINUOUS

File out with the crowd.

EXT. CN TOWER - PARKING LOT - DAY

ALARMS SQUEALING. POLICE CRUISERS and FIRE TRUCKS race for the entrance arch. It's mayhem EVERYWHERE.

Larry and Michael climb onto A CITY BUS. The bus pulls out of THE EXPRESS LANE.

INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY

Michael watching CN TOWER EVACUATE. He turns to Larry who flips his cell phone open.

MICHAEL
(worried)
My family?

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - DAY

A military helicopter lands on the beach. The blades whine down. The payload door slams open and a crack JTF2 brigade hops out. They ease weary Jasmine and Katie into the sun and wind.

LARRY (O.S.)
Are they there?

Evelyn stands on the patio. A bittersweet smile.

EVELYN (O.S.)
They made it.

The JTF2 walk Jazz and Katie across the beach to Evelyn.

It's an awkward moment. Evelyn smiles at Jasmine. She steps close to Katie. Her eyes wet. She touches her young face.

EVELYN (O.S.)
She is so beautiful, Larry.

Evelyn holds their hands in hers.

INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY

Larry flips the cell closed and breathes a sigh of relief. Michael waiting, worried. Blue eyes look at blue eyes.

LARRY

They're safe. Trust me, Michael.
I'm not about to let my son die.

Michael's gaze drops.

MICHAEL

I have a dad.

LARRY

Doesn't change the fact I have a
son.

Michael sighs - overwhelmed.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A battered Ford station wagon rumbles over neglected gravel road, the shocks banging so hard they sound like they're about to punch right through the hood.

EXT. ABANDON HOUSE - NIGHT

THE HOUSE ravaged by years of unforgiving prairie. The night sky choking with dark overcast. A STORM rolling in.

The station wagon swings into the yard. Ralph Forbes climbs out and darts for...

INT. ABANDON HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The screen door creaking behind him. A DARK FIGURE stands at the far end, silhouetted by what little moon light washes through torn screens.

RALPH

Storm's brewing.

The man steps into the moonlight, his ominous shadow melting into...ARCHIE ATKINSON!

ARCHIE

It's already here, Ralph.
And your friend is deep in the
middle of it.

Ralph parks himself on the ledge, looks up at the dark sky.

RALPH

What do you know about this
Operation Scarlet, Arch?

ARCHIE
I know enough to get us both
killed.

RALPH
So why Milt Smith?

Archie leans on the ledge.

ARCHIE
Sam Mitchell was murdered in San
Diego only hours after Michael told
Milt Smith he was going down there.
Guess what that means.

RALPH
(realizing)
Jesus, they've tapped Michael's
house.

ARCHIE
And they're eliminating the
players.

RALPH
All this because of an adoption
search? I need names, Arch?

ARCHIE
Names won't do you any good on this
one. These are serious fucking
people with serious fucking power.

RALPH
Who gave the order to move on
Michael?

Archie stands.

ARCHIE
Christ, Ralph. Do you understand
what I'm telling you?

RALPH
(confounded)
You know who, don't you, Arch?

ARCHIE
(frustrated)
Listen to me. This is beyond even
me, Ralph. This one has always
been beyond me.

RALPH
 Always? What do you mean 'Always'?
 (deducing)
 Wait a minute...you know who
 Michael's father is?
 (realizing)
 Was he in the Security Service with
 you?

No answer. Archie glances at the looming clouds.

ARCHIE
 (stands)
 They know about you too, Ralph. No
 more calls. Do not get caught in
 this one. I won't help you.
 Understand?

RALPH
 So they're still after his father.
 Who is he a threat too?

ARCHIE
 Not even you can ask that.

Archie heads for his car parked on the other side of the
 house. The storm has brewed - *rain*.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Floyd and Kyle search the house by flashlight. Webber studies
 family pictures on the walls. His CELL PHONE RINGS.

WEBBER
 (on cell)
 Webber...

EXT. ARCHIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Archie negotiates that shitty gravel road in the rain, cell
 phone pressed to his ear.

ARCHIE
 Your cell scrambled?

WEBBER (O.S.)
 (over cell)
 What do you think?

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Webber wanders down the hall. He points his flashlight at a
 picture.

Grandpa Spencer in a pink Hawaiian shirt and retired smile. A sign looms over a bar - *The Hula Hut - Oahu*.

ARCHIE (O.S.)
(over cell)
Have you heard from Larry yet?

Webber sees something in KATIE'S ROOM.

WEBBER
No.

ARCHIE
(over cell)
Where would he be go, Floyd?

Webber picks up A PHOTO OF DANNY GREGORY off a dresser and hands it to Kyle. He cups his hand over the cell.

WEBBER
That was the kid. Find him.

Kyle nods and leaves. Webber raises his cell.

ARCHIE
(over cell)
Floyd?

He points his flashlight at a picture of THE SPENCER'S - the happy family

WEBBER
(on cell)
I wish I knew.

EXT. 72' YELLOW PINTO - DAY

The little car racing with traffic over...

EXT. LION'S GATE BRIDGE - DAY

During mid-morning rush hour.

INT. 72' YELLOW PINTO - DAY

A COFFEE TRAY TEETERS ON THE FRONT SEAT with two *Tim Horton's coffees and a bagel bag*. Beside it is a BLACKBERRY PDA with folding KEYPAD and a MINI-DISC RECORDER.

A stylish woman drives. She is BCTV reporter TABITHA REYNOLDS.

EXT. VANCOUVER - GRANVILLE STREET - DAY

The PINTO creeps into a parking space in front of A SEEDY HOTEL.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Tabitha ambles along, *Tim Horton's* tray and *blackberry* bundled in her hands, searching room numbers. She finds the one she wants. Knocks on the door.

MICHAEL opens the door.

TABITHA
Room service.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael leads Tabitha in, taking the coffee tray. She looks around the room. The decor cheap and seedy.

MICHAEL
Yeah, it's not exactly the Hilton.

She hands the blackberry and mini-disc over.

TABITHA
As ordered.

MICHAEL
Thanks. I owe you.

TABITHA
Yes you do. And I'll take my hug now by the way.

Michael hugs her.

TABITHA
And I'm doing fine. Thanks for asking.

MICHAEL
(sheepishly)
Sorry.

TABITHA
It's okay. You alright?

He nods like he's not. The bathroom door opens and Larry steps out. Tabitha flustered, as if in the presence of a hot news story.

MICHAEL
 Tabs...Tabs.

TABITHA
 What...oh sorry.

MICHAEL
 We need a car, remember.

She smiles.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The three of them standing on the curb looking at...

MICHAEL
 (disappointed)
 A Pinto.

The yellow car sticking out like a sore thumb.

TABITHA
 It runs great and, well, there it
 is. Registration is in the glove
 box.
 (eyes Michael)
 Beggars shouldn't be choosers.

Larry goes to jump behind the wheel.

LARRY
 Thank you, Tabitha. It's perfect.

TABITHA
 (to Michael)
 I like him.

Michael rolls his eyes. He opens the passenger door.

TABITHA
 Michael...

MICHAEL
 I'll give you my source as soon as
 we find this Halbern woman.

TABITHA
 (glancing at Larry)
 Be careful.

MICHAEL
 I will.

She watches the PINTO drive off up GRANVILLE STREET.

EXT. TRANS CANADA HIGHWAY - DAY

The PINTO in traffic flow, passing under an overpass sign:
Horseshoe Bay - Next right.

EXT. PINTO - DAY

Larry behind the wheel, negotiating the CLOVER LEAF. Michael plays with the PDA.

LARRY
Is it connecting?

MICHAEL
Yeah, this will work. As long as they're not tapping into Lance's email too.

Michael sends an email and sighs, overwhelmed.

LARRY
Won't be long.

MICHAEL
Right. How is this Rita woman connected to all this?

LARRY
She lived.

MICHAEL
You don't like telling a lot, do you?

LARRY
Habit.

INT. JOHN LUND'S OFFICE - DAY

Lance pushes through the door, anxious. Lund sips coffee, annoyed.

LUND
What is it, Lance?

Lance looks over his shoulder.

Ralph Forbes saunters through the newsroom for the office.

Lund can't believe it. His coffee at mid sip. Forbes anchors himself against the door frame.

LUND
 (annoyed)
 What the hell are you doing here?

Ralph grins, smug. Lance places AN EMAIL PRINTOUT on Lund's desk.

The header reads: *from BCTV - TABITHA REYNOLDS (blackberry) to LANCE.NUEWERTH@GMAIL.COM*

RALPH
 And I have his source.

Lund reads, impressed.

LUND
 Well, I'll be damned. Lance, get
 Ralph a coffee. Straight...coffee.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - NAINAMO - DAY

RITA HALBERN, 58, has not aged well. She is a tired and haggard woman with an old housecoat draped around her widening mid-section. She shuffles into the ramshackle kitchen. She touches a lone plant over the sink then looks out the window at DEPARTURE BAY, the post-card view lost on her.

The wood paneled livingroom is bleak and stuck in the past. A couch. An old TV. One picture of ROGER MCMILLAN AND HIS SON AND DAUGHTER on an old turntable stereo.

A KNOCK. She opens the door to MICHAEL AND LARRY.

LARRY
 Hello...,Rita.

She squints past the screen, bewildered. Then she gasps, her hand pressing at her chest.

RITA
 (disbelief)
 Larry?

INT. RITA HALBERN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michael and Larry sit at the table.

Rita drops tea bags in a pot. Reaches crackers out of the cupboard. She fetches a plate from the sink. It's dirty. She puts it back, selects another. Holds it up in the sunlight with a 'tsk'. Her housecoat a tea towel. She rubs the plate and double takes Larry with a shake of her head.

Larry sees the photo on the stereo.

LARRY

That's a nice picture of Roger and
the kids.

Michael looks, puzzled. Rita sits, pushing the plate of
crackers to the center of the table. Michael reluctantly
takes one with a polite smile.

RITA

Yes. He and the kids come to visit
once in a while.

She brushes her ragged hair with her fingers. Tightens her
nightgown to properly conceal the pajamas underneath. An
embarrassed smile.

RITA

Some days are better than others.
(glances around)
I would've straighten up if I'd
known to expect visitors.

The tea pot whistles on the stove. Rita lifts wearily.

Michael glares at Larry, who tosses a fleeting glance back.

She rejoins her guests with two cups. They sip. They smile.
Rita smiles.

LARRY

I'm sorry to ask this after so
long. And I know it's not easy,
but we really don't have much time.

RITA

Oh, well, that's too bad.
(to Michael)
It's nice to have company.

LARRY

I need to ask you about that night.

Rita suddenly vacant - glancing between them. Her gaze on the
picture of Roger and the kids.

RITA

I don't remember much.

Larry takes a long beat, reluctant to ask.

LARRY

Do you still have some of Roger's things?

Rita goes rigid. A nod yes.

INT. RITA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Michael and Larry watch RITA sift through endless clutter. She opens and closes drawer after drawer. She rubs her head, jogging memory. She opens the CLOSET.

MICHAEL

(to Larry)

This is going to take forever.

Rita sees A BOX ON THE TOP SHELF.

RITA

(to Michael)

Would you mind?

Michael obliges and puts the box on her bed.

Rita opens it and freezes.

INSIDE THE BOX are pictures and news paper clippings. A REAL FRONT PAGE with ROGER MCMILLAN AND MURPHY HENDERSON'S AGENCY PORTRAITS - SLAIN OFFICERS HONORED. And four unopened Christmas presents. The wrapping faded and aged.

Michael and Larry watch Rita lift something from the box. Her eyes glaze.

RITA

I helped the kids buy this that Christmas.

She hands Larry...ROGER'S WATCH!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - VANCOUVER - 1975 - NIGHT

We hear; Bing Crosby singing *White Christmas*.

The record spinning on the same TURNTABLE STEREO.

Roger checks the NEW WATCH. His son touching presents under the Christmas Tree.

SON

Like the watch, Daddy?

ROGER
Love it, buddy.

The airplane spin, the boy's giggles echoing forever.

SMASH BACK TO:

IN. RITA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rita's eyes wide, mouth agape, as if seeing the past. Her worn fingers clutching the presents.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - VANCOUVER - 1975 - NIGHT

Roger hears A RIFLE HAMMER COCK beyond the front door. He sits at the ROLLER TOP DESK with the phone to his ear, a scared look at HIS WIFE.

LARRY (O.S.)
(over phone)
Roger!

THE REEL TO REEL TAPE turns, recording.

THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN. GARVA AND MUNROE STORM THE HOUSE WITH SILENCED RIFLES.

Roger hit twice in the chest. He explodes into the desk and crumbles. The reel to reel knocked between the desk and the wall.

HIS WIFE turns for the kitchen. Two bullets slam her to the floor, blood oozing.

The kids scream from the kitchen.

The wife rolls over, helpless to watch Garva chamber his rifle and step into the kitchen. She can't hear anything. Her world moving in slow, terrifying motion.

Her son and daughter scurry past the kitchen doorway. Rifle flashes flickering. Her son's tiny black shoe protruding in the doorway.

Her face warped into silent screams, pure torture.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. RITA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rita paralysed in the past, eyes frozen open.

Michael glances at the box, shocked.

Peggy McMillan is stenciled on the side.

MICHAEL
Jesus Christ.

Larry leans down to her, empathy pouring out of him.

LARRY
I'm sorry.

Rita's eyes flood, her fingers clutching Larry's arm.

RITA
I watched them kill my babies and I
couldn't save them. I couldn't do
anything.

Michael looks at Larry, comprehension.

Larry struggles to his feet. He rubs her arm softly. Rita
still seeing the past.

RITA
For a long time I couldn't remember
anything after the institution. I
was just Rita. And then one day
this man brought me this box. He
said it was in a storage room with
my name on it all these years.
(crying)
And the more I went through it, the
more I remembered. Then they
brought my old furniture. And the
picture.

LARRY
(to Michael)
They were trying to find it.

MICHAEL
Find what?

Rita snaps back, remembering. Her wet eyes glint between
Larry and Michael, realizing.

RITA
Pregnant... Evelyn was pregnant. I
remember you called us that night,
Larry. She was overdue.

Michael's gaze riveted to Larry.

RITA
 They didn't get your baby, did
 they?
 (sobbing)
 They didn't get your baby.

Larry holds her while she cries.

EXT. PINTO - DAY

Michael driving in silence. Larry watches trees pass by with no reaction whatsoever.

EXT. DEPARTURE BAY FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

The PINTO VEERS INTO the DEPARTURE BAY TERMINAL ENTRANCE and slows at THE BOARDING RAMP, taking place in line.

EXT. HORSESHOE BAY MARINA - DAY

A beautiful sunny day. Seagulls squawk and hover in the wind. Boats race out of the bay for THE JUAN DE FUCA STRAIT, blue ocean stretching to the horizon. Anchored yachts dot the cove. Fishing boats loiter the rock faces, rod and reels ready for action. Ferry air horns announce arrivals and departures.

And on the promontory above the marina...

EXT. BC TV NEWS VAN - DAY

Parked on the rim of the OVERLOOK. Tabitha is behind the wheel. She nurses a *Tim's Coffee*. Cameraman, BRAD, 30, sits shotgun, dozing, feet up on the OPEN WINDOW. He's one of those hiking/surfing types.

BRAD
 You know, Tabs, we're wasting our
 time.

Tabitha keeps her keen eye on...

The *RACHEL'S DREAM* yacht moored among the MAZE OF MARINA DOCKS.

TABITHA
 Michael will come through.

She sees something. She perks up.

A SECURITY SEDAN stops short of the gang planks. A security guard with a black pony tail and shades gets out.

He walks along THE DOCKS totting A TACKLE BOX. He's making for RACHEL'S DREAM.

Tabitha taps Brad's shoulder.

TABITHA
What's he doing?

Brad stirs, his sight following Tabitha's pointing finger.

The SECURITY MAN BOARDS THE YACHT.

Brad hoists his Beta Cam through his open window.

BRAD
Beats me.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE JUAN DE FUCA STRAIT - DAY

The MAID OF VANCOUVER steams for distant mountains. Killer Whales escort her along the port-side where...

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Larry leans on the railing, watching a father and son enjoy the Killer Whale dorsal's slicing the surface. Blowholes mist into rainbows. The boy beams at Larry. Larry smiles back, bittersweet.

An offered cup of coffee.

MICHAEL
It's hot.

Larry takes the cup, sips. Michael watches the whales.

MICHAEL
We came to Vancouver once when I was twelve. My Dad loves the ocean. He's retired now.

LARRY
Hawaii is nice.

Michael cranks his head, surprised. Larry wry grins.

LARRY
Hula Hut. I know.
(sips coffee)
He sounds like a good...father.

Michael watches the boy and his Dad enjoy the whales.

MICHAEL

He is.

Then a knowing glance at Larry.

MICHAEL

You heard them die, didn't you,
Larry?

Larry watches the whales. His eyes drop.

MICHAEL

You called Roger McMillan that
night. Didn't you?

Larry nods and WE HEAR A RINGING PHONE over *White Christmas*
and...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - 1975 - NIGHT

Roger McMillan snaps up the phone. He flicks on that REEL TO
REEL TAPE RECORDER on the rollertop desk then...

ROGER

(to phone)
Murphy!

INT. THE CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY - 1975 - NIGHT

Larry tucked into a corner, phone to his ear, finger jammed
in the other. He turns away from the chatter and good cheer.

LARRY

(to phone)
Roger, it's me.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - 1975 - NIGHT

INTERCUT: LARRY/ROGER

ROGER

Larry? So, how's Evelyn fairing?

LARRY

Well, we're thinking of driving
over railway tracks at sixty miles
hour.

ROGER

(laughing)
Overdue still, huh?

ROGER (cont'd)
 (glances at Peggy)
 I remember that feeling.

LARRY
 Yeah, I can't wait. Murphy back
 yet?

ROGER
 (concern)
 No. He called me from the island.
 He met with Mitchell. But Laval
 was a no show so he was coming
 straight back. I don't like this.
 The Ferry docked over an hour___.

Roger hears something...foot steps. Peggy worried by his
 suspended gaze.

LARRY
 (over phone)
 Roger..?

They hear A HAMMER COCK beyond the front door.

LARRY
 (over phone - serious)
 Roger!

The REEL TO REEL TAPE RECORDING.

INT. CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY - 1975 - NIGHT

Larry hears children screaming over the phone. Silenced rifle
 fire. Another pop. Then another and another. Bodies hitting
 the floor. Larry's eyes ripped wide, knuckles white around
 the phone.

LARRY
 (screaming)
 ROGER!!!

The party screeches to a halt. Maggie and Lily help Evelyn
 off the couch, dire concern. Archie locked on Larry.

LARRY
 (screaming)
 NO!!!!

Evelyn watches Larry, horrified. She buckles over, clutching
 her tummy.

EVELYN
 (screaming)
 AGHHH!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MATERNITY WAITING ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

Larry sitting, staring out THE FROZEN WINDOW where auroras reach into the night sky. Archie and Sam Mitchell sit beside him. Maggie and Lily comfort each other on a couch, mascara blotching their faces.

The MAN with military build and harsh eyes extends a coffee to Larry.

LARRY
 (numb)
 No thanks, Floyd.

The man is YOUNG FLOYD WEBBER!!!

Archie turns on A BLACK AND WHITE TV.

A New Year's special with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau leading the cheer of *Ole Langsyne*.

The program lures them all.

ON TV A reporter has found SETH PETERSEN, 29, a prestigious man with a beautiful WIFE, 25, anchored to his arm.

REPORTER
 (on TV)
 And here we have young Premier Seth Petersen and his lovely wife.

PETERSEN
 (on TV)
 Happy New Year, Bob.

REPORTER
 (on TV)
 Happy New Year. There's been talk that a new addition is expected.

Petersen touches his wife's tummy.

PETERSEN
 (on TV)
 We're hoping for a boy.

Larry seethes, his face fuming red.

ON TV A CBC BREAKING STORY cuts in. A frame in frame picture of corpulent FRANCIS LAVAL pops on screen.

Larry suddenly breathless, a new fear. Archie and Floyd exchange a concerned glance.

ANCHORMAN

(on TV)

Good evening. This just in. British Columbia Attorney General Francis Lavel has been found slain in Burrard Inlet. He has been in the news recently, condemning shipping mogul Mario Morelatto's dealings in Central America and ___.

Larry kicks the TV, knocking it right off it's stand.

LARRY

(angry)

FUCK!!

WE HEAR: A FERRY HORN sound off and...

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Michael and Larry against the railing, watching the whales.

MICHAEL

So that's why.

Michael soaks it in a beat. He shakes his head.

MICHAEL

I just wanted to find my birth mother and give her...a note. Just let her know she made the right choice. I didn't expect all this.

Larry's head tips. He sighs heavily then peers at the tranquil horizon of sky and water.

LARRY

(rueful)

The right choice. She would like to hear that.

He seeks out the boy whale watching.

LARRY

Every New Years Eve Evelyn takes a long walk on the beach and I wait for her to come back, half expecting her not too. Your birthday is still hard on her.

He turns to Michael.

LARRY

And after all this time I still don't know how to make her whole again.

Larry takes a beat - regains. Michael looks at him, worried.

MICHAEL

Larry, I need to know where my family is. Please.

Larry looks to the skies.

LARRY

I can't tell you that right now.

Michael looks skyward. A curt laugh.

MICHAEL

Are you kidding me?

LARRY

Oh c'mon, Michael. They got Sam in San Diego within hours of a conversation in your kitchen.

Michael speechless. Larry sips his coffee. He stares at the ocean.

LARRY

They've been on you from the moment you got that Lance fella to help you find out who I was. And your friend, Milt. They kill him in broad daylight. Maybe they thought he was with your lawyer friend who dug up your adoption file. They've been dating, right?

Michael takes a deep breath, more worry.

MICHAEL

Claudette. They could hurt her?

LARRY
Not anymore.

Michael stares at Larry.

MICHAEL
She's with Jasmine and Katie?

LARRY
Yes.

MICHAEL
How did you make this all happen?

Larry turns away. Michael sighs and sags against the railing.

MICHAEL
I just want this to be over.

LARRY
Very soon now. They're running out
of time.

Larry holds up ROGER'S WATCH.

LARRY
Literally.

The young boy screeches. The pod of killer whales break the surface. A majestic display of nature and beauty.

EXT. HORSESHOE BAY MARINA - MARINA DOCKS - DAY

An anxious Roy Graham scuttles the gang plank with his wife and daughter in tow.

EXT. BCTV NEWS VAN - DAY

Tabitha sees Graham. She slaps Brad's shoulder. He startles.

BRAD
Hey.

TABITHA
It's Graham!

EXT. RACHEL'S DREAM - DAY

Graham steps aboard. His wife throws off the tethers. His daughter retracts the dock bumpers. Graham climbs to the flying bridge. He turns a key. The engine rumbles to life.

His wife taps his shoulder and points at...

Tabitha and Brad leading a rush of media over the gang planks.

Graham's face tightens. He looks to the open bay and nudges the throttle.

Prop thrush bubbles from the stern. The yacht slips from the docks.

We hear: A FERRY AIR HORN.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

The MAID OF VANCOUVER steams into the bay. Tourists and commuters rally for their cars.

Michael and Larry at the railing, spotting the commotion on the marina docks. Michael sees Tabitha among the reporters.

RACHEL'S DREAM lifts off FROM THE MARINA DOCKS, water threshing it's chines.

EXT. RACHEL'S DREAM - DAY

Graham steers the boat for the open bay. He looks back at the scrum on the docks. He exchanges a meek smile with his wife and daughter. Then...

GRAHAM HEAVES THE THROTTLE FORWARD.

B O O M !!!

RACHEL'S DREAM EXPLODES.

EXT. THE MARINA - DAY

The whump knocks Tabitha into Brad. Reporters jolt.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Michael and Larry duck below the railing. Passengers scream.

Burning fiberglass singes the air, hitting the deck.

EXT. RACHEL'S DREAM - DAY

The craft a massive fireball. Burning debris speckles the serene water.

EXT. HORSESHOE BAY - DAY

THE BAY complete pandemonium. Boats list to a stop. FIRE RAVAGING RACHEL'S DREAM.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Michael pulls himself up the railing. He lends Larry a hand.

LARRY
They got Graham.

MICHAEL
(shock)
Premier Graham!

A SECOND EXPLOSION RIPS THE YACHT. COAST GUARD CUTTERS sound alarms and make for the blazing craft.

Larry turns to Michael, serious.

LARRY
We have to get to Dresher before they do.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Webber's arms folded, his harsh eyes black. The team watches...

ON TV the scene ghastly. The remnants of a boat still smoldering as it's towed into the docks. Horseshoe Bay marina a mingling of onlookers, fire trucks and ambulances. And the reporter is...

TABITHA
(on TV)
As you can see they're now towing the remains of Premier Roy Graham's yacht in. The sense of dread and loss is catastrophic here.

Webber's arms unfold. He steps closer to the TV, watching...

The pony-tailed Javlin boarding Rachel's Dream as a security officer.

TABITHA
(on TV)
You can see by this footage we had earlier witnessed an unidentified man boarding the Premier's yacht. Police are investigating as we speak.

Webber touches Deacon's shoulder.

WEBBER
Freeze that.

CANDACE
Who is that?

REDEKOP
That's the guy who shot Smith,
Chief.

WEBBER
Deacon, I need to know who this guy
is.

Deacon pecks his laptop.

DEACON
I'm on it.

INT. FREE PRESS NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Lund, Lance and Forbes glued to the TV. News staff clutter
around them.

ON TV, ENG captures Petersen leaving 24 SUSSEX DRIVE with
Allison trailing faithfully.

TABITHA
(on TV)
...And Prime Minister Petersen was
shocked by the news.

PETERSEN
(on TV)
I'm sorry, no comment.

Allison steps between cameras and her Prime Minister. He
continues for the limo.

ALLISON
The Prime Minister is deeply
shocked and saddened by this tragic
event. The PMO will release a
formal statement shortly. Thank
you.

Lund takes Lance and Forbes aside.

LUND
(pointing at the TV)
And you're sure it's her?

RALPH
 (eyeing the TV)
 She's the one we want.

LUND
 (to Lance)
 Check your email now.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The team still watching...

The newscast back to Tabitha and the pandemonium in Horseshoe Bay playing behind her.

TABITHA
 (on TV)
 And there you have it. It's an understatement to say this country is not in complete shock over this tragedy here in BC today.

And then the camera captures SOMEONE IN THE BACKGROUND. It's...MICHAEL WITH A CELL PHONE TO HIS EAR.

CANDACE
 Chief, is that..?

WEBBER
 Deacon, get me a damn plane.

DEACON
 You got it.

EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH PARK - BLOEDEL CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

A heavy drizzle rains over the MASSIVE GLASS DOME atop a lush promontory overlooking the sculpted park and downtown Vancouver. Warm light beams from inside. Droplets drip down the DIAMOND GLASS PANELS.

MICHAEL AND LARRY climb steps to the conservatory. They follow a WRAP AROUND walk to a THATCH OVERHANG. They stop cold.

UNDER THE OVERHANG A MAN waits in the shadows.

Michael and Larry take a weary step but...

Suddenly A TREMBLING GUN PROTRUDES OUT OF THE SHADOWS. DRIZZLE SPECKLES THE BARREL. The face hidden in shadow.

Michael steps back, cautious.

MICHAEL
 (quietly)
 Larry.

LARRY
 (to Man)
 You don't need the gun.

A SCARED COLEMAN DRESHER steps into the light, surveilling the park.

DRESHER
 Were you followed?

LARRY
 No. Do you have it?

Dresher lowers the gun. He waves Larry and Michael over.

They step under the overhang and shake off the wet. Dresher slips THE ENVELOPE from his coat pocket. Larry slowly takes it. He looks inside. He glances at Michael then pulls out the REEL TO REEL TAPE from '75.

DRESHER
 (curt laugh)
 Lawyer client confidentiality.
 Beautiful, isn't it. Morelatto
 actually trusted me with it.
 (pointing at the tape)
 It's all you need.

Larry puts the tape in the envelope then pushes it into his pocket. Micheal's gaze fixed on Dresher, guarded. Dresher eyes Michael.

DRESHER
 So you're the prodigal son.
 (curt chuckle)
 An adoption search. How fucking
 ironic is that.

Larry stares at Dresher.

LARRY
 So what do you want?

DRESHER
 You know how to hide. You're gonna
hide me.

LARRY

And how am I supposed to do that?
You killed Mitchell.

DRESHER

I didn't even know who Mitchell was
until a few days ago.

Dresher's jaw tightens, betrayed. Michael eyeing him
suspiciously.

MICHAEL

Why did you and Graham do all this?

DRESHER

You ask that like I had a choice,
Mr. Spencer. We were no more than
Larry here was. We were pawns. And
Pawns don't have choices.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHIPYARDS - 1975 - WINTER - NIGHT

That BLACK CADILLAC racing through the SeaCorp shipyards for
the Warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 1975 - NIGHT

THE TWO YOUNG MEN slammed in those chairs. ATTORNEY-GENERAL
FRANCIS LAVAL TAPED TO THE CHAIR, sock gagging his mouth,
drenched in light. THE SWITCHBLADE GLISTENS.

THE TWO YOUNG MEN WATCHING. They were young Dresher and
Graham.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. BLODEL CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Dresher glances around the park, nervous.

DRESHER

Once you're in, you stay in. They
had a way of being very convincing.

LARRY

You set Laval up, didn't you,
Dresher?

DRESHER

Actually, it was Roy who set it up.
Morelatto got him his intern
position in the Premier's office.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GALA PARTY - 1975 - NIGHT

Seth Petersen and his lovely wife mingle among suits and
dinner dresses.

DRESHER (O.S.)

Roy invited me to a party for
Petersen when he got voted in for
Premier. He knew I was vying for a
spot in the Attorney-General's
office. And it didn't take a lawyer
to figure out what I had to do to
get it.

Intern Graham rushes up to Petersen, whispers something in
his ear.

DRESHER (O.S.)

Laval was hot after Morelatto right
after those fucking documents were
leaked. So, they needed to corrupt
him...fast. So, I was the bait.

Petersen excuses himself and heads for...

INT. PARLOUR ROOM - 1975 - NIGHT

MASCULINE MOANING in the dark. The door crashes open,
revealing Laval BENT OVER THE COUCH, DRESHER BEHIND HIM.
Petersen and Graham in the doorway. Onlookers with mouths
hanging open.

DRESHER (O.S.)

It wasn't hard to seduce Laval. He
wanted it all the time.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. BLODEL CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Michael's mouth agape.

DRESHER

You seem surprised, Mr. Spencer?

MICHAEL

(to Larry)

Is he talking about the CIA documents?

LARRY

Operation Scarlet was supposed to stop Morelatto supplying guns to terrorist regimes in Nicaragua and central America. He was bartering them to guarantee safe passage for his Heroin through the Panama Canal. But we didn't know he was still under CIA contract.

MICHAEL

Why him to help take out Castro?

LARRY

Because a Canadian team could get into Cuba a whole lot easier than the Americans.

Larry holds up Roger's watch.

LARRY

(glares at Dresher)

And it's all on Microfilm.

Michael glances at Dresher.

MICHAEL

(to Larry)

So, if we have the watch, why do we need his tape?

Dresher swallows hard, remembering.

LARRY

My innocence. This was Roger's tape. He recorded everything. Every phone call.

(eyes Dresher)

Right till that night.

(eyes Michael)

They thought I was the mole.

Dresher backs away, eyeing Larry hard.

DRESHER

You've got what you wanted. I know you can do it. You can get me out of here.

LARRY

I can't do anything. I'm sorry.

Dresher's eyes widen.

DRESHER

Sorry. What the fuck am I supposed to do with that!

(to Michael)

There's no stopping them. Look what they did to your friend.

Michael's eyes burn, anger.

MICHAEL

Did you do that!

Michael lunges but Larry holds him back.

MICHAEL

Who killed him, you sonofabitch!

Dresher's gun pointed.

DRESHER

Don't you fucking get it! They killed Roy and his whole fucking family! You don't fuck with that kind of power.

Michael relents, realizing.

MICHAEL

Graham? Prime Minister Petersen was a share holder in Coastal Holdings. Graham was deliberately screwing himself.

DRESHER

All we had to do was show the connection between Morelatto and Petersen and you fucking reporters would've put it together.

Michael's anger fires again.

MICHAEL

Who killed Milt Smith?

DRESHER

You have no idea how they've tapped into your life do you?

MICHAEL
Who killed him!

DRESHER
Who do you think! The same person
who's on that tape suggesting Laval
should disappear. Who the fuck do
you think we've been talking about!
Who it's always__.

Suddenly HELICOPTER BLADES HACK THE NIGHT, approaching.

DRESHER
(points the gun)
Who did you tell!

LARRY
Easy, Dresher.

DRESHER
(looking above)
I'm dead. Jesus Christ, you've
fucking killed me!
(eyes Larry hard)
Munroe heads up a whole fucking
division of Military Intelligence.
You can't hide. Fuck!

THE HELICOPTER breaks over the promontory trees. The SEARCH
BEACON SWATHING OVER THE PARK, reflecting off the diamond
glass Dome.

Dresher shoots at the helicopter.

The beacon whips around. The helicopter lunges towards them.
The *SEACORP* LOGO emblazoned on the fuselage.

Larry pushes Michael out of the beacon. They tumble to the
wraparound walk.

Dresher steps back into the shadows under the overhang. The
gun pressed to his head.

LARRY
Dresher!

A SHOT. Dresher's shadow collapses.

A salvo rains from the helicopter. Bullets tatter the
sidewalk and conservatory. Diamond glass panels exploding.
Michael and Larry scuttle along the walk.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Alec Garva watches Larry and Michael run around the Conservatory Dome.

GARVA
(to pilot)
Get them!

The pilot squeezes THE GUN BUTTON AND...

EXT. BLOEDEL CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

High Caliber bullets chase Michael and Larry over the railing. They tumble down the promontory. Larry lands hard, twisting his ankle.

The helicopter whirls around. The beam searching.

Suddenly a HIGH-PITCHED SONIC BANG. A MISSILE STREAKS THROUGH THE DRIZZLE for the helicopter.

B O O M!!!

It hangs a beat, engulfed in flames, blades whirling pathetically, then falls into the CONSERVATORY DOME like a wounded bird.

C R A S H!!

The helicopter crumbles the dome, glass exploding, erupting a massive fireball.

EXT. CONSERVATORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Floyd Webber crouched on one knee with a PORTABLE MISSILE LAUNCHER perched on his shoulder. The barrel steaming. He tosses it and runs for...

EXT. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Michael helps Larry to his feet. They hobble down the promontory, away from the burning CARNAGE above. Suddenly...

Webber is in front of them. Larry looks back at the BLAZING CONSERVATORY.

LARRY
We gotta get out of here, Floyd!

Webber flops Larry's arm over his shoulder and...

EXT. CONSERVATORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They hustle for a government sedan. Michael pauses.

LARRY
Michael, we have to move!

Michael eyes the YELLOW PINTO - *an idea.*

MICHAEL
Gimme that tape.

EXT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - NIGHT

Webber drives fast. Michael watches the BURNING DOME ON THE HILL through the back window.

The YELLOW PINTO IN THE EMPTY PARKING LOT.

He leans forward over the back seat. Larry rubs his ankle.

MICHAEL
You okay?

Larry grits, nods.

MICHAEL
(to Webber)
Who are you?

LARRY
Meet the point man on Operation Scarlet. Floyd Webber. He heads up the CSE's clandestine unit.

MICHAEL
You've been protecting me?

WEBBER
(smiles at Larry)
I was doing an old friend a favor.

MICHAEL
How did you find us?

Webber grins then touches a DASH MOUNTED MINI LAPTOP. The screen generates A THERMAL IMAGE INSIDE A BEACH FRONT HOUSE. SOMEONE IS SITTING IN A CHAIR - *THE BEAN BAG CHAIR.*

WEBBER
Your daughter.

Micheal sighs heavily.

MICHAEL
 (to Larry)
 Where?

LARRY
 (to Michael)
 The Bahamas
 (to Floyd)
 How quick can you get us there?

WEBBER
 (grinning)
 Got a plane waiting.

They stop at an intersection. A CONVOY OF FIRE TRUCKS WHIZ PAST, sirens blaring.

EXT. CONSERVATORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An army of fire fighters battle the blazing DOME. The parking lot a war zone. Countless fire men. Endless hose snakes for the promontory above.

Tabitha and Brad linger by the YELLOW FORD PINTO. Brad looking at the back bumper.

BRAD
 I don't see it.

TABITHA
 It's there.

Brad kneels down, runs his hand under the bumper. He smiles and stands with the envelope. Tabitha checks inside.

The MINI-DISC RECORDER, THE REEL TO REEL TAPE from '75 and ROGER McMILLAN'S WATCH. A note.

She pulls out the note. Reads.

TABITHA
 (smiling)
 Jackpot.

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - BAHAMAS - NIGHT

Katie flopped in the bean bag chair. Laptop open on her lap. She's MSNing with...

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny MSNing...

EXT. DECK PORCH - NIGHT

THE JAVLIN SITTING AT A PATIO TABLE. A LAPTOP open. A park and river flowing below.

JAKE MUNROE stands over his shoulder, smiling.

ON THE LAPTOP is Katie and Danny's MSN CHAT STREAM.

Munroe flips open his cell phone.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - NIGHT

Deacon reading the MSN CHAT STREAM. A call pings. He clicks an icon and...

DEACON
(to ceiling mic)
Yeah.

MUNROE
(over speakers)
Floyd Webber.

DEACON
Who is this?

MUNROE
(over speakers)
Assistant Director for DND
intelligence Jake Munroe. Get your
fucking boss on the phone.

DEACON
One moment, sir.

EXT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - NIGHT

Webber's cell rings. He answers.

WEBBER
(to phone)
Yeah.

Webber glances at Larry and Michael.

WEBBER
(to phone)
It's ok, Deacon. I'll put him on
speaker.
(to Larry)
You're not going to believe this.

Webber sets THE PHONE IN IT'S CRADLE. Presses the *speaker button*.

DEACON
(over speaker phone)
Go ahead, sir.

MUNROE
(over speaker phone)
Floyd, you there?

WEBBER
I'm here.

MUNROE
(over speaker phone)
Larry with you?

LARRY
Hello, Jake.

EXT. DECK PORCH - NIGHT

Munroe looking out over the river - *a view seen before*.

MUNROE
(to phone)
Well, I'll be Goddamned. Larry
Hudd. Thought you were dead?

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - NIGHT

INTERCUT LARRY/MUNROE

MUNROE
I hear you've met your son. I've
been hearing a lot about him
lately.

Michael leans forward, staring at the phone.

MUNROE
Did you find what you were looking
for, Larry? How is Miss Halbern?
Haven't seen her since I dropped
off her box.

LARRY
You put her in an institution. That
was nice of you. But she couldn't
tell you where the microfilm was,
could she?

Michael's face tightens.

FAINT SALSA MUSIC and DIESEL HUM bleed through the call.

MUNROE

I was hoping you would, Larry.
Wouldn't it be nice to put this
behind you?

EXT. DECK PORCH - NIGHT

A MAN'S HAND taps Munroe's shoulder then points at THE RIVER BELOW.

THE RIVER QUEEN!!! The night club on water.

And behind Munroe is...Archie Atkinson!!

A DOOR OPENS inside the house...

LILY (O.S.)

Archie.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - NIGHT

They heard Lily. Frozen in disbelief

EXT. DECK PORCH - NIGHT

Munroe eyes Archie then the Javlin. The assassin draws his SILENCED AUTOMATIC.

Archie grabs for him. The Javlin seizes his neck, twists him around with one arm and locks him in a full nelson. The Javlin AIMS THROUGH THE PATIO DOORS.

ARCHIE

No!!

Lily halts in the livingroom, shocked. Her smile fades. The shot. Lily's head slings back, arms flail as she tumbles over the couch.

ARCHIE

(crying)

No!

Archie heaves against the Javlin, but the assassin forces him to the patio. The automatic pushed into his mouth. The shot. Blood pools under his head, dripping through the patio slats.

Munroe turns to the river, unaffected.

MUNROE

(calm)

Your turn is coming, Hudd.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - NIGHT

Larry is commingled shock and betrayal. Webber drives. His face blank. Michael stares at Larry, his head shaking.

MUNROE

(over speaker phone)

I want that fucking microfilm!

The call hangs up. Floyd and Larry exchange a long look.

MICHAEL

(to Larry)

Archie betrayed you.

Larry can't speak, demoralized.

MICHAEL

(realizing)

That's why they went after Milt. I asked him to check on the Atkinsons.

Michael slumps into the backseat, eyes wet.

INT. CSE RECON LAB - NIGHT

Deacon's hands fly over the keyboard, eyes all over the screen.

DEACON

Chief?

WEBBER

(over speakers)

Need that plane, Deacon.

DEACON

We have a problem. I think we've been hacked. I'm patching back into you.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - NIGHT

DEACON

(over speaker phone)

Can you see it?

The dash mounted laptop now a SCREENSHOT of Deacon's computer. A thermal image of Katie in the beach house with two pop up MSN windows overlaid.

DEACON
(over speaker phone)
See the MSN windows?

They read the MSN CHAT STREAM.

Dannyboy16>> Where are you anyway? I miss you.

Katieinlove>> We're in the Bahamas. Some boring town called Governor's harbour. I miss you too.

Michael sighs heavily.

MICHAEL
Oh my God.

EXT. SUPREME COURT BUILDING - NIGHT

The MASSIVE HALL lit with ornate lamps searing high into the night. A perfect evening.

Ralph Forbes leans against the COLUMN ARCHWAY, waiting.

A WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE walks around the COLUMNS.

Ralph perks up.

She pauses a beat, hesitating. She steps into LIGHT. It's...

RALPH
Allison McKay.

Allison's eyes shooting in all directions, nervous.

ALLISON
Mr. Spencer assured me anonymity.

RALPH
Don't worry. We protect our sources.

ALLISON
Don't worry. They killed Graham today.

Tabitha Reynolds steps out from a MASSIVE COLUMN behind Ralph.

RALPH

We know.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAHAMAS - ELEUTHERA ISLAND - DAY

Lush green island bordered with white sand beach. The turquoise Caribbean calm. The sky cloudless blue.

A small commuter plane descends for a small runway.

EXT. GOVENOR'S HARBOUR AIRPORT - BAHAMAS - DAY

Michael and Larry hustle out of the airport. They dash for...

EXT. NIPPY'S TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Where Nippy snores away. Back doors slam. The beat up ole Meteor rocks.

NIPPY

(annoyed)

Hey, mon, she's vintage y'know.

He looks into THE REAR VIEW MIRROR. A full smile.

NIPPY

Mr. Hudd, welcome home.

(pointing to Michael)

Who's dis, mon?

Larry and Michael, anxious.

LARRY

Nippy, my house, double time.

A Twenty flops over the front seat. Nippy sparks the engine.

NIPPY

Ok, mon, you'd better be hangin' on.

They peel off from the little airport.

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - DAY

Nippy veers into the driveway. Michael and Larry jump out before the taxi comes to a full stop. They run for the front of the house. Larry favouring his tender ankle.

Nippy watches with a tsk.

NIPPY
 (to himself)
 Main landers.

A silenced automatic slips through the open window, pressing against his neck. Nippy frowns.

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - DAY

Larry and Micheal rush through the patio doors.

The house empty, clean.

Michael watches Larry hobble up the circular stairs to the loft. Larry peers into each room.

And then...

MICHAEL
 (worried)
 Larry.

Michael's EYES WIDE. A GUN PRESSED TO HIS CHEEK AND AN ARM HOLDING HIM FROM BEHIND. Munroe staring up at Larry.

MUNROE
 (controlled)
 Hello, Larry.

Larry freezes at the top of the stairs. The Javlin breezes into the house through the back door. HIS SILENCED AUTOMATIC TRAINED ON LARRY.

LARRY
 Let him go, Munroe.

Munroe's gun moves to Michael's temple.

MUNROE
 Not your call.
 (to Javlin)
 Make sure the beach is clear.

The Javlin slides through the patio doors and heads for the beach as Larry descends.

LARRY
 It's over, Jake. I told you, the press has everything.

MUNROE
 I don't give a shit about press.
 Petersen's the politician.

MUNROE (cont'd)

I have you. Long overdue I might add.

(to Michael)

Your kid was a great help.

Michael PUSHES against Munroe, pressing him into the wall. Larry moves to help but Munroe's gun points. Larry freezes, fear written all over him as Munroe gains control, his hand locked around Micheal's neck.

MUNROE

(hissing into Michael's ear)

You'll be dead soon enough, Mr. Spencer. But first...

Munroe's grin wicked. HE COCKS THE HAMMER.

Michael snaps the back of his head into Munroe's face. The gun FIRES INTO LARRY'S SHOULDER, knocking him to the BEAN BAG CHAIR. Michael clutches Munroe's gun. They wrestle the barrel.

Larry grabs his shoulder. He winces and rolls off the bag, blood gushing between his fingers.

MICHAEL AND MUNROE SCUFFLE, the .38 falling to the floor. Michael winds up and drops Munroe to his ass. He kicks the GUN under the bean bag chair. Munroe grabs Michael's ankle, tripping him. Michael reels around and drives his foot into Munroe's nose.

Larry pushes his good hand under the chair. He fishes for the gun. His eyes suddenly wide. He sees...

The Javlin beyond the patio doors. His silence automatic in his hand, running for the house.

LARRY

Run, Michael!!

Michael gets to his feet. The patio window shatters. A bullet hits the wall. Michael sees...

The Javlin aiming, running.

LARRY

Run!!!

MICHAEL HUSTLES FOR THE BACK DOOR. The JAVLIN JUMPS THROUGH THE SHATTERED PATIO DOOR. He brakes with out breaking a sweat. His gun on Larry.

MUNROE
 No! He's mine.
 (pointing out back)
 Get that asshole.

THE JAVELIN HUSTLES OUT.

Munroe groggily stands. Larry digs under THE BEAN BAG CHAIR.

EXT. NIPPY'S TAXI - DAY

Michael dives into the front seat. Nippy stirs, rubbing the back of his neck.

MICHAEL
 Move!!

NIPPY
 Mon, somebodee whacked me.

MICHAEL
 MOVE!!!

A SHOT PINGS.

THE JAVLIN running for the taxi. He fires again.

The windshield pops a new hole. Nippy really awake.

NIPPY
 (yelling)
 Hey, mon!!

He PEELS OUT OF THE DRIVE. Another shot. Another. Micheal ducking below the dash. Nippy throws it in drive.

The back tires spitting gravel.

Another bullet TAKES OUT THE BACK WINDOW.

NIPPY
 Jeez, mon! You bring da bad spirit.

MICHAEL
 Just drive!

NIPPY
 (tromping the gas)
 Wha'd you call dis, mon.

Michael gawks over his shoulder THROUGH THE SHATTERED BACK WINDOW.

The Javlin jumps into A MINI-SPORT TRUCK. The chase is on.

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - DAY

Larry squirms. His good arm under the bean bag chair.

Munroe steps close. He pulls another gun from a pocket. An evil grin.

MUNROE

(weary)

Always carry a back up.

(cocks hammer)

Time to die.

B A N G !!

BEANS EXPLODE out of the bean bag chair.

Munroe's stunned. He looks at the BLEEDING HOLE IN HIS CHEST. He crumples to one knee. No strength to even lift his gun. One more breath. Consciousness leaving him.

MUNROE

You sonofabit...

He drops to the floor, dead.

Larry grits his teeth, struggles to sit up. The gun grasped in his good hand. He sees...

A HELICOPTER LANDING ON THE BEACH beyond the broken patio window. FLOYD WEBBER HOPS OUT OF THE SIDE DOOR and runs for the house.

EXT. BAHAMAS - ISLAND HIGHWAY - DAY

The ole Meteor races along the NARROW ROAD where a sliver of island separates the Atlantic from the Caribbean.

The mini-sport truck hot on the tail.

Ahead is...

EXT. GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE - DAY

Swelled Atlantic breakers crash through the narrow gorge into the calm Caribbean.

The taxi races headlong for the bridge.

EXT. JAVLIN'S TRUCK - DAY

He drives with calm precision. He aims his automatic out the window...POP!

EXT. NIPPY'S TAXI - DAY

A bullet pings off the bumper.

MICHAEL
He's going for the tires.

NIPPY
Righteous.

Ahead THE GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE is off center a good foot.

MICHAEL
(seeing the bridge)
Oh shit!

NIPPY
You'd better be hangin' on, mon.

Nippy EASES THE GAS.

The sport truck gaining IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR.

Michael looks behind, scarred.

MICHAEL
What are you doing!

Nippy watches the rearview, calm.

NIPPY
Just a little touch, mon.

The Sport-truck kisses the Meteor's bumper.

The Glass window bridge dead ahead.

Michael looking backward and forward - *Holy shit!*

Nippy TROMPS THE BREAK AND SPINS THE WHEEL A HARD LEFT.

EXT. JAVLIN'S TRUCK - DAY

The Javlin sees...

The taxi veer radically off the road. The bridge TO CLOSE TO MISS.

He opens his door the instant...

The front bumper SLAMS THE CEMENT ABUTMENT.

EXT. GLASS WINDOW BRIDGE - DAY

The mini sport truck crashing end over end, banging between the abutments like a bowling ball in the gutter. The truck lands on it's roof mid way down the bridge and bursts into flames.

NIPPY'S TAXI

Skids to a stop just short of the cliff. Michael and Nippy climb out, watching...

THE BURNING TRUCK ON THE BRIDGE

Suddenly A WOUNDED JAVLIN STANDS UP AT THE FOOT OF THE BRIDGE. His silenced automatic clasped in his bloodied hand.

Michael gasps, trapped. Nippy ducks behind the taxi.

Suddenly THE HELICOPTER swerves into the gorge, level with the bridge. Floyd Webber crouched in the open loading door.

The Javlin raises his gun on Michael, his glare piercing Webber. A standoff.

The copter ROTATES AROUND. In the other loading door, aiming a high powered, laser scope rifle is...

MILT!!! ready to fire.

Michael suspended in disbelief.

The Javlin surprised a beat. His aim tightens on Michael to shoot, but...

Milt's salvo SLAMS THE JAVLIN OVER THE BRIDGE. His body lost in the breakers gushing through the gorge.

The helicopter swings and lands on the highway.

Nippy swooping for the copter to shut down.

Michael runs up to the copter. Milt steps out with an arm brace, arms open wide. They hug like brothers with Webber crouched in the open door.

MICHAEL

(elated)

How? How?

MILT
Can't kill a machine, baby.

MICHAEL
Where's Jazz and Katie?

WEBBER
We've got them.

MILT
(grinning)
That was pretty good shootin'
though, huh?

Webber and Michael roll their eyes. Michael climbs into the helicopter. He waves to Nippy.

Nippy holds his peace sign in the air as the helicopter lifts off.

EXT. WHITE KNIGHT - BURRARD INLET - DAY

A COAST GUARD helicopter hovers over the yacht. Tether lines drop to the deck. A JTF-2 unit descend and scatter.

INT. WHITE KNIGHT - CABIN - DAY

JTF-2 storm the cabin. They relax.

Morelatto is flopped on a chair. A clean tap to the head. The eyes wide and lifeless.

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Prime Minister behind that impressive desk.

Braden MacDuff enters, his face carved in stone. He sits in the fine button tuft chair. A satisfied grin forms.

MACDUFF
I believe you're looking for this.

The Prime Minister's shoulders sag when Braden holds up ROGER'S WATCH.

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - DAY

The helicopter lands on the beach. Michael hops down and runs for Larry on a gurney with JTF-2 tending to him.

MICHAEL
Are you ok?

LARRY
I'm fine.

Michael sees...

JASMINE AND KATIE CLINGING TO EACH OTHER BY THE SHATTERED PATIO DOORS.

He runs across the beach. They run for him. They pour into him, arms squeezing tight.

MICHAEL
Are you two okay?

JASMINE
We're fine. We're fine.

A long, passionate kiss. Michael takes Katie's face in his hands.

KATIE
I love you, dad.

MICHAEL
I love you too.

Michael sees CLAUDETTE AND HER KIDS walk across the beach to them.

JASMINE
Milt brought her with him.

They look back and see MILT SLIP OUT OF THE HELICOPTER with Webber's help.

Jasmine eyeing Michael with a *I told you so* look.

MICHAEL
You need to hear it?

JASMINE
I need to hear it.

MICHAEL
Okay, you're right. They're perfect for each other.

Katie SEES LARRY ON THE GURNEY, curious.

KATIE
Is that him, Dad?

He takes Katie's hand and leads her and Jasmine to...

Larry WATCHING HIS GRANDDAUGHTER WITH PURE WONDERMENT. He forces himself up on one elbow. Michael crouches down to him. Katie bends to her knees.

MICHAEL

(to Larry)

This is your granddaughter...Katie.

Katie takes Larry's hand in hers, her smile beaming.

KATIE

Hi.

Larry glances at Michael - a bond. He smiles at Katie.

LARRY

(to Katie)

Hello.

Larry looks up at Jasmine. She kneels down to him, smiling.

MICHAEL

My wife, Jasmine.

LARRY

The better half.

Jasmine beams.

JASMINE

Yes, actually. Nice to meet you.

LARRY

Nice to meet you.

Michael chuckles with them. But then he sees...

EVELYN STANDING NEAR THE HOUSE.

Michael suddenly overwhelmed. Jasmine and Katie see her.

KATIE

She's really cool, Dad.

JASMINE

She's waited a long time, Michael.

Michael looks to Larry. A permissive nod.

Michael WALKS ACROSS THE BEACH WHERE Evelyn comes to finally meet her son. Her hands over her mouth. Fingers trembling.

MICHAEL

Hi.

EVELYN'S EYES GLAZE. She takes the deepest breath. Michael PULLS her INTO A LONG EMBRACE. Evelyn's head presses to his chest, her eyes squeezing. A smile through joyous tears.

Milt and Claudette sit on the lip of the HELICOPTER DOOR, watching. Claudette's head tips into Milt's shoulder.

Larry stares at Michael and Evelyn. His blue eyes glazing. Jasmine touches his shoulder, a tear trickling her cheek.

INT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

The Bahamian sunset burns orange through the port windows. Larry looks out the window, laying on the gurney. Evelyn patching up his shoulder.

Michael is sitting on the fuselage bench, Jasmine tucked under his arm. Katie is propped against good ole Uncle Milt, with Claudette under his other arm and her kids into her.

Larry's had enough care and attention.

LARRY

It's fine, Eve.

EVELYN

Stop your whining. I'm not finished.

LARRY

(to Michael)
Apparently I whine.

MICHAEL

Apparently.

JASMINE

(to Michael)
So that's where you get it from.

MICHAEL

(chuckling)
Any other bad habits, Larry?

They laugh. Larry looks at Katie, then Jasmine, then Michael. His face tenses. Michael eases out of Jasmine's embrace. He leans close to Larry.

MICHAEL

You did the right thing for me.

Absolution.

LARRY

Thank you.

And then Michael crosses over to sit beside Evelyn. He digs in his pocket and pulls out...

HIS MOTHER'S NOTE.

Milt watches Evelyn unfold it with a warm smile. She glances at Michael, curious and nervous. She reads. With each line her hand comes closer to her mouth. Her lip purse together. Her head tips to one side - *absolution*.

Evelyn touches his face and kisses his cheek. Michael smiles like a proud son.

MICHAEL

So, what's the plan for New Years?

EXT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT -

Flying into the sunset.

THE END