

GRIM GODSEND

Note: only French dialogues are subtitled

"In his days may the righteous flourish,
may he crush the oppressor
and prosperity abound till the moon is no more."
- Excerpt from Psalm 72

1 EXT. OLD MONTREAL - NIGHT 1

It is a full moon's night. Old Montreal's streets are empty and foggy. Echoing from an alley, a woman's laugh.

Two young adults, a man in his early thirties and a woman, early twenties, are happily walking arm in arm. The woman has a whisky bottle in her hand. Their nonchalant and reckless footsteps on the cobbled streets resonate under the souvenir shops' awnings.

They go deeper into the old city's alleys, taking turns left and right.

2 INT. MACAULAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

The moon's blue light lightens the tidy office. It has everything that you would expect of a private investigator's office : filing cabinets, bookcases full of reference books, an old fashioned sofa and Chesterfield chairs. The desk is almost entirely hidden in the shadow.

The young couple can be heard laughing and teasing in the hall outside of the office. "Macaulay Gabe, private investigator" is written on the door's panel window.

SOFIA
(strong Italian accent,
giggling)
Macaulay Gabe? That's not you. You
don't work here.

SCOTT
And how about now.

Scott P. Fountain, a young blond Canadian man, unlocks and opens the door. He is followed by Sofia Fiorentini, a young Italian woman with long black hair and a long trench coat. They enter the office tumbling. They are laughing and obviously drunk. Sofia is still holding her bottle of whisky.

They kiss each other with both passion and clumsiness.

Scott lets himself fall on the couch. Sofia stands in the middle of the room. She looks around before speaking with her strong Italian accent.

SOFIA

So. This is where the young and resourceful Scott P. Fountain puzzles out all sorts of mysteries.

Scott is already sleepy, eyes closed.

SCOTT

Yep.

Sofia takes a sip of whisky.

SOFIA

And where his intelligence flourishes.

SCOTT

Yep.

SOFIA

All those hours. Working. In the darkness... Wishing for some company.

SCOTT

Mh-hm. That's right.

SOFIA

Waiting for a strong and sexy lady to finally enter his office.

SCOTT

Something like that.

SOFIA

... I think the great mister Fountain is missing some important clues right now.

SCOTT

If you say so. Sofia Fiorentini.

Sofia sits on Scott's lap. Scott's eyes are still closed.

SOFIA

Let's have some fun.

She grabs Scott's hand and rubs her torso with it. Scott is like a marionette.

Sofia takes a sip of whisky and then puts two of Scott's fingers in her mouth. She sucks on them. Still no response from Scott. Trying her best to be as exciting as possible, Sofia humps her body while sliding Scott's wet fingers along her sternum.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

I feel like sucking on something.

Without moving any other parts of his body, not even his eyelids, Scott lifts his other hand. He's holding a lollipop.

SCOTT

Here's a lollipop, sweetheart.

Sofia abruptly stops her sexy act and rolls her eyes.

SOFIA

I'll pass, thank you.

SCOTT

You sure? It's really good.

SOFIA

I'm fine.

She takes another sip of whisky.

SCOTT

Now you are missing out, young lady.

Scott tears the plastic wrap and puts the candy in his mouth.

Sofia stands up. She seems eager to do something.

Her eyes get drawn to the filing cabinets. Acting like a child, Sofia points her finger toward one of them.

SOFIA

Is that where you keep all of your candies?

Scott answers without even opening his eyes.

SCOTT

Yes. All of my delicious bonbons.

Sofia playfully tiptoes toward the cabinet.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

She shushes and opens one of the drawers. She takes a look inside of it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Don't do that, please.

SOFIA
I wanna have some fun, alright?...
You know what? I'm sure we can
solve a case. Tonight!

She takes another sip of whisky and opens another drawer.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Where are the active
investigations?

She opens a third drawer.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
In this one, maybe?

Scott stays calm and motionless.

She opens a fourth drawer. Scott opens his eyes.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
What about this one?

She looks into Scott's eyes intensely. Scott gives a little look of disapproval. They look deep into each other's eyes for a moment. In silence. Scott pulls the lollipop out of his mouth.

SCOTT
Stop it.

SOFIA
Eureka.

Sofia starts rummaging through the papers inside the drawer.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Let's see here... Frank Mercer.
Boring.

Scott is too drunk to really care about Sofia's childishness. He breathes out heavily. Then, he takes a small cocaine baggy and a metal straw out of his jacket's inside pocket. During that time, Sofia scouts the files to find the perfect case to investigate.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Aretha Parrington. Probably a rich cunt suspecting his cheating husband, right? Too predictable...

Scott carefully takes a glass coaster on the coffee table and pours a small amount of powder on it. He takes a look around the table, searching for a sharp object to cut a line.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Valmont de la Rose the Third. Right. I'm sure that motherfucker had it coming when, um, his son, Valmont de la Rose the Fourth, took off to the Bahamas with the family's fortune, right?

Scott giggles unintentionally. He reaches back to his pocket and takes a photo out. He uses it to make a very thin line of cocaine.

SCOTT

Not bad, Fiorentini.

Sofia's eyes light up.

SOFIA

This one's promising: Doctor Wilhelm Schickelgruber.

Scott looks up momentarily to Sofia. He is serious now. Then, he looks back down and snorts the cocaine.

Sofia pulls the file out of the drawer.

Scott coughs a little and wipes his nose.

SCOTT

Stop it, you rebel.

SOFIA

This one's perfect.

She opens the file. He puts all his stuff back in his pocket.

SCOTT

Seriously. Don't. My boss is kind of a freak.

SOFIA

Don't tell me that the great Scott PEE Fountain is PEEing his pants because of his boss...

She looks back to the door briefly.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
... Macaulay Gabe?

SCOTT
I'm not peeing my pants. But my
boss, Macaulay Gabe, will notice if
anything is out of place.

Sofia flips the file's pages.

SOFIA
On the other hand, your boss,
Macaulay Gabe, may be very grateful
if we crack a case. Right?

She finds the photo of a child, a girl with curly light brown
hair. She shows it to Scott.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Look at that pretty girl. If you
don't do it for me, do it for her.

Her humor doesn't amuse him. Scott finally gets up.

SCOTT
Alright. Give me that.

Scott takes a step toward Sofia. She takes a step back.

SOFIA
Wait. Who's she?

SCOTT
None of your business, alright?

He tries to grab the photo. She dodges him.

SOFIA
That seems a very serious case,
mister Fountain.

SCOTT
It is. So, please.

He gently brings his hand in front of him, palm up.

Sofia smirks.

SOFIA
We'll get there. Just tell me who
this innocent little girl is...

Scott lets his hand fall and he sighs.

SCOTT

Is that your definition of having fun? Because it's not mine.

SOFIA

Come on now.

Scott hesitates. He scratches his nose and snorts.

SCOTT

Alright. This is Lara Schickelgruber. The doctor's daughter. She went missing eight years ago. Wilhelm Schickelgruber asked for our services because he thought the police wasn't doing enough. We specialize in finding missing people. For some reason, he thinks she ran away, even if she was only eleven years old. However, everybody thinks she drowned in the river and got carried away by the current. The police, the family, everybody. But he refuses to believe it. Even eight years later. And he pays good money to make sure we put all the effort necessary to bring her back.

SOFIA

That's your cash cow, I see.

SCOTT

Let's just say we have enough reasons to believe she's still out there.

SOFIA

Really...

Sofia turns around. She walks toward an end table with an old fashioned tabletop globe on it. Scott stays silent and immobile.

She gently taps the globe to make it rotate.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

And where on Earth do you think she is?

SCOTT
Funny you should ask. We actually
came across some new informations
this week.

Scott puts the lollipop back into his mouth.

SOFIA
Mh.

Sofia giggles through her nose, trying to hide her
nervousness.

SCOTT
Are you okay?

Sofia stands up and puts the hand she's holding the bottle
with on her waist. She holds firmly to the file with the
other hand.

SOFIA
You know what? You should probably
stop looking for her.

SCOTT
Why?

SOFIA
I mean. Come on. Eight years. She's
gone.

SCOTT
Is she?

SOFIA
I'm pretty sure she is. I mean, as
you said, even the police thinks
she's gone.

Scott smiles with confidence. He takes the lollipop out
again.

SCOTT
Don't you want to know what we
learned this week before drawing
any conclusions?

SOFIA
Well, yes, sure.

SCOTT
Okay. Listen to this. It turns out
someone hired a PI to spy on us.

SOFIA
Okay... And?

SCOTT
Well, it didn't take long to find out who that guy was. Not very subtle for a PI, to be honest.

Sofia stays silent. She crosses her arms.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
It's not in the file yet, but he's from Italy. Maybe you know him! Magnini. A former police detective. Quite a bad record, the poor guy. Contaminated evidences, planted evidences. That kind of stuff. It was in the papers in Italy.

SOFIA
Good lord.

SCOTT
Anyway we made some facts check, but none of his interaction seem to be connected to any of our cases. In fact, we're not even sure if he has any clients. So we figured maybe it has something to do with Schickelgruber since it's our only, you know, large scale case. Plus, the doctor comes from a region of Austria near the Italian border.

Sofia's body loosens up. She smiles out of compassion, almost out of pity.

SOFIA
Oh my god, poor Scotty. You definitely don't know the Italians. Especially la polizia.

Sofia goes toward a Chesterfield chair and sits in it.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
They all wish they were acting in an American mob movie or something. I bet this PI is just following you to learn from you. Or maybe he just wants to steal some of your clients?

She puts the file on the small table next to the chair and the bottle over it.

SCOTT
You think?

SOFIA
Trust me. It's nothing.

SCOTT
Right.

SOFIA
You guys don't know. If I was you,
I would call this doctor and just
tell him that her daughter is gone.

SCOTT
I mean...

SOFIA
Yes, yes. I know. The cash cow.

SCOTT
We never know.

SOFIA
This poor man is hanging on to a
lie. You know that. It's just sad.

SCOTT
Probably.

SOFIA
Surely.

SCOTT
Yeah...

Scott scratches his chin. He makes a grin. Sofia takes a sip
of whisky.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
But see. There is another small
detail which I'm still struggling
with.

Sofia swallows her whisky with an interrogative look on her
face.

SOFIA
Hmm?

SCOTT
I took this photo this morning.

He reaches for the inside pocket again and takes out the same photo from before.

SOFIA

You took a photo! Don't tell me,
don't tell me. You're not happy as
a PI. You've always wanted to be an
artist. The great Scotty :
photographer!

Her drunk state starts to kick in. She lets herself lie and relax in the chair. She puts the bottle between her legs and lets her head rest on the top of the chair back. She closes her eyes and sighs.

SCOTT

I took it at the December Café.

Sofia takes a moment to realize what he just said. Scott is holding the photo before him. One side is still covered with a little bit of powder.

Sofia has a very concerned and serious look on her face. She stares carefully at the photograph. It's a photo of her, sitting next to a man, clearly discussing with him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yeah... Our petty Italian spy had
quite a pleasurable breakfast with
you, this morning.

While she stays immobile in the chair thinking of her next move, Scott realizes that there is still some powder on the photo. He pinches it and slides his fingers along the side to clean it. He puts his thumb and index finger to his nostrils and snorts the remaining cocaine.

Lara Schickelgruber - aka Sofia Fiorentini - pulls a snubnosed revolver out of her trench coat and points it at Scott. He raises his hands.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Alright. Lara. Relax.

Lara quits her Italian accent. She stays in the chair.

LARA

Give me that photo.

SCOTT

Alright.

Scott obeys right away. He takes a step toward Lara, hands over the photo and goes backward, back to his position, always raising his hands. Lara holds the photo up to Scott's eye level.

LARA
I don't think you'll need this
anymore.

SCOTT
Nope.

She puts the photo in a small metal bin.

LARA
Neither this.

She puts the entire file in the bin. She is a bit annoyed. But nevertheless, she feels that she has control of the situation. Her look is determined.

She takes the whisky bottle and pours it entirely in the bin. Until the last drop. She also drops the bottle in the bin. Then, she pulls a vintage cigarettes pack out of her trench coat's hand pocket. She opens it one-handed. It's half full of some long and thin cigarettes. She pulls one out with her lips. She puts the pack back into her pocket. She pulls a zippo lighter out. She lights her cigarette before putting the lighter back in her pocket.

LARA (CONT'D)
Now. Where is Gabe.

SCOTT
I don't know.

LARA
You don't know.

SCOTT
I don't know.

LARA
You are an investigator. And you
don't know where your only partner
is. That seems unlikely.

Scott stays silent.

LARA (CONT'D)
(ironically)
I think you know exactly where your
boss is hiding, Scott.

She takes a long puff.

LARA (CONT'D)
Unless, you... Don't have a boss.

SCOTT
Listen...

She gently raises up from the chair. She points her gun directly at the head of the now piteous young detective.

A shiny barrel emerges from the darkness behind the desk.

Right as Lara is realizing she's been targeted, a gunshot goes off from the shiny barrel. The yellow/orange flash contrasts with the moon's blue glaze. Lara's index finger, the one that was on the trigger, tears off.

She drops the gun and screams out of pain.

Her cigarette falls toward the bin. Lara realizes the cigarette fell from her mouth, but it's too late. The cigarette reaches the whisky. A ball of flames exploding directly to her face dazzles the young woman.

Surprised and unsure about what to make of that sudden sequence of events, Scott finally rushes to restrain her. He jumps head first like a football linebacker. Since the chair is just behind Lara, they both knock over it.

Scott takes her by the arms and gets her flat on her stomach. Then, he places his knee over her neck. Lara struggles hard and is very agitated. Her fringe caught a little bit of fire and is still smoking. It reveals some light brown hair under the black dye.

LARA
Fuck! Get off me!

SCOTT
I got you.

Convinced that he has regained control of the whole situation, Scott replaces a hair strand coming down to his eye.

Lara takes advantage of the opportunity and blows a devastating punch over her head, right in Scott's nuts sack.

Scott's second knee falls to the ground. He is now the one to scream. Lara successfully releases herself from Scott's knee stranglehold.

She raises up fucking angry, holding her injured hand. She looks over to the flaming bin. She sees her finger next to her gun. She growls and starts running.

Scott's grabs her by the ankles in extremis. She falls face first on the wooden floor. She moans painfully. She looks back to Scott's crying face. She kicks it without any hesitation. Scott releases her for good, wailing and holding his face. She runs back on both her hands and feet, like a werewolf.

When she reaches the gun, she sees that Macaulay's feet are already on each side of it, waiting for her. Macaulay wears a pair of two-colored Oxford shoes.

A woman's voice emerges from the darkness.

MACAULAY

Of course, he has a boss.

Lara looks rapidly above her head. She sees the confident look on Macaulay's face. Macaulay is wearing a black shirt, suspenders, and high trousers.

Lara looks back down and tries to grab the gun. Suddenly, Macaulay throws her knee directly to Lara's jaw. Lara falls on her back, unconscious.

Macaulay takes a moment to observe the scene. Even in her sleep, Lara seems angry. Scott is standing up slowly.

Macaulay examines Lara's trench coat. Scott coughs.

SCOTT

What the fuck are you doing here?
And since when the plan was that
you just sit there waiting til I
get almost killed? Fuck!

Macaulay takes out the cigarette pack and the lighter. She takes one cigarette and starts smoking it. She puts the pack and the lighter in her pockets.

MACAULAY

I had to make sure she was ready to
kill me. And you had to act
accordingly. If you knew I was
here, you would not have acted
accordingly.

Macaulay takes an old landline corded phone, a push-button model that looks like a rotary phone, and she dials 9-1-1.

SCOTT
Or maybe I'd have!

MACAULAY
Well. Maybe...
(on the phone, in perfect French)
Gabe speaking. We got her...Yes. At
my office... Very good.

She hangs up the phone. She takes a good look at Lara's
bloody sleeping face.

SCOTT
Shouldn't we call the client?

MACAULAY
That's your case, freckles.

SCOTT
Is it? And where's your cellphone
for christ's sake?

MACAULAY
It's for emergencies only, you know
that.

Scott rolls his swelling eyes. He takes his cellphone out
while he's trying to stop his nosebleed.

3 EXT. MACAULAY'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

3

Two police cars and an ambulance are in front of Macaulay's
office building. Their flashing red and blue lights are
glowing all over the street.

Scott is sitting on the edge of the ambulance and is getting
treated by a paramedic. Macaulay smokes her cigarette while
Lara is getting apprehended by two cops. Macaulay is looking
at the scene like it was just another day at the office. She
is leaning on the doorframe of her building. The thumping
sound of a sport car emerges from one of the surrounding
streets.

A BMW sport car of the year appears at the end of the street.
Macaulay takes a deep puff and starts walking toward the
police cars.

The BMW speeds to the scene and pulls up with a screech.

Dr Wilhelm Schickelgruber gets out of the car.

WILHELM
Lara!... Lara!

A police officer stops him from getting closer to Lara. She takes a quick look to her father. She stays docile, trying not to react to his presence.

Scott couldn't care less while he's being treated for a broken nose. He only observes everything unfold before him. Since we're in Montreal, people normally speak French. The doctor speaks to the police officer in French with a German accent.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

(in French)

It's my daughter! Please. It's my daughter.

POLICE OFFICER #1

(in French)

I'll have to ask you to take a step back, sir.

WILHELM

(in French)

I just want to see my daughter, please.

Macaulay lays her hand on Wilhelm's shoulder.

MACAULAY

(to the officer, in French)

Everything's fine.

(to Wilhelm, in English)

You'll talk to your daughter at the station, doctor.

Surprised, Wilhelm doesn't answer right away. He hasn't quite registered that it was Macaulay that just talked to him. He's hectic.

WILHELM

(loudly, to Lara, in German)

Your little sister is impatient to meet you, Lara.

LARA

(quietly, to herself)

Shut up.

WILHELM

(loudly, to Lara, in German)

Her name is Alejandra.

Lara smirks from despair, and she turns around to face her father.

LARA
(loudly, to Wilhelm)
Shut the fuck up!

Wilhelm closes his mouth. Emotion grows in his eyes. There's nothing else he can do for now.

The two cops apprehending Lara, sensing the tension of the situation, hurry to push Lara in the back seat of their car.

COP
Come on.

Just before they close the door, Lara quietly says three last words to herself.

LARA
Just shut up.

Wilhelm and Macaulay stands side by side. They both watch the police car leaving, its flashing lights getting smaller and smaller in the city lights.

MACAULAY
(to the officer, in
French)
He's fine. Thank you.

POLICE OFFICER #1
(in French, to Wilhelm)
Are you going to be fine, sir?

WILHELM
(in French)
Yes, yes, thank you.

POLICE OFFICER #1
(in French)
Good. Your daughter is being
transported to station 21. Alright?

The doctor doesn't answer. He watches the police car disappearing in the night.

MACAULAY
(in French)
Understood. Thank you, officer.

POLICE OFFICER #1
(in French)
You're welcome. Good night fellows.

The police officer goes back to his car.

Macauley smokes her cigarette, looking at the doctor. Wilhelm gets finally his head straight. He clears his throat.

WILHELM

Well. Thank you, miss Gabe. To see you at work for all those years was a privilege.

MACAULEY

Yeah... Speaking of which, I heard you mention Alejandra.

WILHELM

Yes, I did.

MACAULEY

Does Lara know about her sister?

WILHELM

Yes.

MACAULEY

You never mentioned that.

WILHELM

I thought I did mention it.

MACAULEY

You didn't.

WILHELM

Well, Alejandra's existence can be painful when it comes to Lara.

MACAULEY

How so?

WILHELM

You know. Kid stuff. Jealousy. That kind of things.

MACAULEY

Right. She reacted quite aggressively just now, though.

WILHELM

Kids, you know.

MACAULEY

She's not a kid anymore.

WILHELM

Well. You're right.

MACAULAY

Come on, doctor. I have nothing to gain from this. What's wrong?

WILHELM

Well...

(in German, to himself)

What the hell, who cares?

(back in English)

She disappeared a few days after clearly stated that she didn't want a sister.

MACAULAY

That's hard.

WILHELM

Yes.

MACAULAY

So you're telling me that your daughter, an eleven year old girl, ran away and stayed away for eight years because of her yet to be born sister?

WILHELM

Well...

MACAULAY

And she's still holding a grudge against her, to this day?

WILHELM

You don't have to believe me.

MACAULAY

That seems a bit extreme, don't you think?

WILHELM

And yet, that's what happened. Now, if you'll excuse me, I want to see my daughter. It's been a pleasure, miss Gabe.

MACAULAY

Scott!

Macauley makes a hand signal to Scott asking him to come forward. He starts jogging toward her.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
(to Wilhelm)
Scott will show you the way to the
station.

WILHELM
Oh, it's not necessary...

Scott arrives near them. He has a cotton ball in each nostril
and a bandage over his nose.

SCOTT
What's up?

MACAULAY
Could you please escort the doctor
to station 21? That's where his
daughter is being transported.

SCOTT
Really?

WILHELM
Oh, please, I'm fine.

MACAULAY
That's the least we can do as our
last service. Right, Scott?

SCOTT
Right.

WILHELM
Well. Okay, then.

MACAULAY
Alright.

Macauley and the doctor shake hands. The doctor walks toward
his BMW. Scott follows him but he is briefly interrupted by
Macauley. She whispers in Scott's ear.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
Listen carefully.

They make eye contact. Scott don't know what's that all
about, but he knows what to do. He jogs to join the doctor.

SCOTT
Do you mind if I sit in the
passenger seat? I'll be your
copilot.

WILHELM

Huh, well, fine.

Scott opens the BMW's passenger door before the doctor even agrees. They both enter the car. And it takes off like a rocket.

Macaulay finishes her cigarette and throws it on the ground.

4 EXT. DECEMBER CAFÉ - MORNING 4

A taxi cab stops in front of the December café, on the other side of the street. Scott comes out of the cab. He crosses the street, jogging toward the coffee shop. His nose is still covered with the same hygienic accoutrement.

5 INT. DECEMBER CAFÉ - MORNING 5

The coffee shop December café has a 50s american diner look. Macaulay sits at the bar. She is reading Le Journal de Montréal. It's the kind of newspaper with "people's stories", frontpage in color, controversial columns, and some grotesque side stories. On the colored frontpage, the headline in French is "LITTLE LARA MYSTERIOUSLY FOUND", with the subtitle "After 8 years, Dr. Wilhelm Schickelgruber's daughter, nicknamed Little Lara, has finally been found healthy and well but is now in custody for further investigation."

Macaulay takes a sip of coffee. Scott opens the café's frontdoor. He quickly sits next to Macaulay. He is sweating.

SCOTT

Sorry, I'm late. I had to drop my son to school.

MACAULAY

Did you see that?

She shows the inside of the newspaper.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

This Instagram guy took a taxi and tried to pay with gift cards.

SCOTT

I heard, yeah. Apparently he lost his wallet in Mexico.

MACAULAY

That's funny. Couldn't he call his mom or something?

SCOTT

That's a good point... So, do you
wanna know?

Macaulay continues to read the story briefly. Scott is still
high on adrenalin. After a few seconds, Macaulay closes the
newspaper.

MACAULAY

Are you hungry?

SCOTT

Hum... I don't know.

MACAULAY

Come on, I'm offering.

Macaulay turns her stool and asks the barmaid.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

Excuse me miss.

The young barmaid is very friendly, and highly efficient. She
is slightly overweight, she has many tattoos, including one
on her throat going down between her breasts.

BARMAID

Yes, mam.

MACAULAY

We'll have your biggest breakfast
available, please. One for me, one
for him. And a latte, no sugar, for
mister? Right?

SCOTT

Right.

MACAULAY

(to the barmaid, flirty)
He's not a risk taker, you see.

BARMAID

(doubtful)
Yeah, I can see that.

The barmaid looks at Scott's nose and scratches her own nose.

MACAULAY

Right. That's what someone would
call collateral damages.

BARMAID

I'll be cautious around you then.

MACAULAY

Oh, don't worry, you, I'll protect.

As she fills Macaulay's cup with fresh drip coffee, the barmaid answers confidently with a smile.

BARMAID

Two Gartantuas and one latte, no sugar, coming right up.

The barmaid goes to her order screen, back to work. Macaulay smiles proudly to Scott.

MACAULAY

So! How's your son?

SCOTT

Bennett is doing great actually. He's about to finish second grade. He's making me proud. My ex-wife is still a pain in the ass though.

MACAULAY

Have you slept yet? You look like shit.

SCOTT

Not really, to be honest.

MACAULAY

Why not?

SCOTT

I had to make breakfast to Bennett before school. And his lunchbox. Even when it's her week, her mother is... ugh. Whatever.

MACAULAY

Keeping up?

SCOTT

Sure. No problem.

MACAULAY

Good. So, what else?

SCOTT

Wanna know what happened at the station?

MACAULAY

If you don't mind.

Scott scratches his nose, under the bandage.

SCOTT

Well, I don't know exactly where to begin.

6 EXT. STATION 21 - NIGHT

6

The BMW stops abruptly in front of the station. It stops so abruptly that it slides and leaves tire marks on the street.

Some people walking around are scared by the screeching sound. But one of them, a man laying against the station wall in the darkness far away from our view, stays undisturbed.

SCOTT (V.O.)

We arrived at the station.

Scott comes out of the car heroically.

7 INT. DECEMBER CAFÉ - MORNING

7

Macaulay opens back the newspaper.

MACAULAY

Yeah, no. That won't do.

SCOTT

What?

MACAULAY

Just tell me if I need to worry about something.

SCOTT

Like what?

MACAULAY

Is there a risk of blowback?

She takes a sip of coffee.

SCOTT

Blowback. I don't get it.

MACAULAY

Are we getting sued or not?

SCOTT

What? Why?

MACAULAY

I don't know. The doctor had some secrets apparently.

SCOTT

Well, of course he did. You're not his psychologist.

Macaulay doesn't like it when Scott tries to outsmart her.

MACAULAY

So, no risk?

SCOTT

I don't think, so.

MACAULAY

Well, great then!

She turns the pages of the newspaper. The barmaid brings the latte.

BARMAID

One not very fun latte.

The barmaid winks to Macaulay.

MACAULAY

Thanks, honey.

SCOTT

(to the barmaid)

Thank you.

(to Macaulay)

There is a small thing though.

Macaulay shakes the newspaper to lift it up and make it stand. She replies calmly, expecting nothing out of the extraordinary.

MACAULAY

What?

SCOTT

Last night, Lara and I went to a bar, remember?

MACAULAY

Yes, that was the plan, freckles, remember?

SCOTT

I know. And for the twentieth time,
don't call me that. I'm not your
baby.

MACAULAY

Oh come on, little freckles, what?
It's only pure untamed love.

SCOTT

Anyway. I didn't think anything of
it at the time. But she showed me
some kind of necklace. With a
pendant.

MACAULAY

Was it nice?

SCOTT

I guess. It seems pretty basic to
me. With something written on the
back. But nice? I don't know.

MACAULAY

Of course, you don't know.

Scott continues the story, ignoring Macaulay's impertinent
comments.

SCOTT

She told me it was a gift. For a
special someone.

MACAULAY

(sarcastically)

Oh my god. You? With her? When is
the wedding?

SCOTT

She gave it to the doctor.

Macaulay is suddenly more interested.

8

INT. STATION 21 - NIGHT

8

Wilhelm rushes into the police station. Lara is getting
registered at the front desk. Scott follows the doctor,
trying to keep it low. Wilhelm goes directly to his daughter.
Even if the two cops are trying to prevent it, he hugs her.
It's a tender moment. Lara is overwhelmed by emotion.

She whispers in her dad's ear and then makes some sort of
approval nod.

Wilhelm looks down to Lara's pocket and furtively sneaks his hand in it. The two cops don't realize what is happening. Scott does.

The two cops finally separate the father from his daughter. Peeking out from the doctor's hand is the pendant. Scott sees the doctor putting the necklace in his own pocket. Lara is very emotional. As it was her last breath, she tells her father those last two words. Scott is very attentive and can almost hear it even if he actually just read her lips.

LARA
For Alejandra.

The two cops bring Lara in a back part of the room. The doctor is stopped by a third cop. They start arguing.

9

INT. DECEMBER CAFÉ - MORNING

9

A cook rings a bell by tapping it. He just put two identical large breakfasts with eggs, bacon, sausages, a waffle, french toasts, beans, and fruits topped with whipped cream on the cuisine counter.

A busboy grabs the two plates and brings them to the bar.

BUSBOY
(in French)
Two Gargantuas.

Macaulay and Scott turn around to make room for the busboy. The busboy puts the two plates on the bar.

BUSBOY (CONT'D)
Bon appétit.

Scott takes a good look at his plate. He doesn't really know how he's supposed to handle all that food.

Macaulay is looking at him, amused.

MACAULAY
So, that's it?

SCOTT
Basically, yes.

MACAULAY
It's just a necklace.

SCOTT
Don't you think it means something?

MACAULAY

Like the memory of one's lost
innocence and desire for mutual
reconciliation?

SCOTT

She's a fucking rogue. You saw it.
It has to mean something more than
that.

MACAULAY

Like getting sued?

SCOTT

No.

MACAULAY

I don't care, then. Time to eat.

Macauley starts to eat.

SCOTT

It may be dangerous for the doctor.
Or Lara's sister.

MACAULAY

Her disaffiliated sister. And even
if there was a ticking bomb in this
pendant, it wouldn't be our
business anymore, would it?

SCOTT

I guess not.

The barmaid fills Macauley's cup another time.

BARMAID

Everything's looking good for you
two?

MACAULAY

(flirty again)
Suddenly, yes.

The barmaid smiles.

BARMAID

Great.

Scott rolls his eyes.

MACAULAY

Bon appétit, my little freckles.

SCOTT
 You realize I don't even have
 freckles, right?

The barmaid giggles. Macaulay is confident that she just charmed her.

MACAULAY
 (to Scott, calmly)
 You can take a day off or two. You
 deserve it. Have some time with
 little Bennett.

SCOTT
 Thanks, Macaulay. Appreciated.

Scott dives his fork in his meal, so is Macaulay.

10 EXT. ST VIATOR SCHOOLYARD - DAY

10

It's a hot and sunny day at St. Viator private elementary school. The schoolyard is large, green, and full of playgrounds. Trees are surrounding it, protecting the students from the outside world. Therefore, there are no real fences, except some shrubs alongside the streets.

The bell rings. A few seconds later, a stream of children are gushing out of the front door.

Cassandre, a middle age man, is leaning against his 1980 Pontiac Acadian. He's wearing a white t-shirt, blue jeans, a Leatherman jacket, and black sunglasses. His hair are cut very short. Even if his face is skinny, he also has this little gut going. His face and entire body is asymmetrical. He takes a bite of a "Mirage" chocolate bar.

He brings his sunglasses to his forehead. His green-colored eyes are mesmerizing. They look like the eyes of the famous Afghan girl from the National Geographic cover. He watches St. Viator schoolyard in the distance.

It's recess. Kids are running all over the place, enjoying the playgrounds, or talking in small groups to share the last gossips. Two supervisors are walking amongst the students.

A group of young boys, aged around 7 or 8, are playing soccer relatively far from the supervisors. Between them, Bennett. Those kids want to handle their game by themselves. Most of them don't have much coordination : they just run to the ball. Bennett is more patient. He's waiting for an opportunity. Suddenly, there's a melee. The ball is stuck between the kicking feet of almost the entire group of kids. In the chaos, the ball bounces in Bennett's direction.

This is his opportunity. He takes the ball toward the opponent's goal. A chubby kid between two small orange cones is the goalie. Bennett kicks the ball with all his might.

The ball goes flying by the goalie's head, and bounces past the shrubs.

BENNETT

GOAL!

Bennett's teammates come to congratulate him.

GOALIE

Too high! Bennett! No! It was too high!

Bennett's team Captain speaks out.

CAPTAIN

It was a goal, stupid! Tell him, Bennett.

BENNETT

It was just over your shoulder.

GOALIE

It was over my head. It was too high!

CAPTAIN

Bennett?

BENNETT

(being nice over the
obvious bullied kid)

Well I'm not sure.

The two teams start an argument. Bennett leaves the dispute to get the ball. He rushes behind the shrubs.

The ball is stuck under Cassandre's foot. He's wearing sneakers. Bennett stops, unsure. Cassandre smiles confidently.

Back to the kids dispute.

CAPTAIN

Your first goal was exactly like that! It's a goal.

GOALIE

No, it was not! It went like that!

The goalie makes a gesture to mimic the ball passing over the arm.

CAPTAIN
Stop whining, stupid.

GOALIE
I'm not whining. It's not a goal.

The ball bounces back into the field. The goalie takes the ball in his hands. The kids don't wait for Bennett to come back.

CAPTAIN
It's four two, bitches!

GOALIE
Three two!

The goalie kicks it back to the game. And the game continues.

Behind the shrubs, the 1980 Pontiac Acadian is gone, as are Bennett and Cassandre. Only the "Mirage" wrapper is on the ground.

11 INT. SPORT EQUIPMENT STORE ; MAIN ROOM - DAY

11

Scott is wandering around in the store's alleys. He stops next to a box full of junior size soccer balls. He grabs a ball and dribbles with it, just to feel the quality. The quality is good. Just the thought of his son enjoying that gift makes him smile.

He is now in front of a glowing wall covered by shoes. He is in the kids section. He's concentrating on one specific soccer shoe on the wall, the ball under his arm. A saleswoman stops by.

SALES WOMAN
(in French)
Can I help you?

SCOTT
Hum, hi.

SALESWOMAN
Hi, sir, are you looking for something in particular?

SCOTT
Yes, do you have this model, size 13?

Scott points to the one soccer shoe.

SALESWOMAN

Give me one minute. It's for your son?

SCOTT

That's right. For his eighth birthday.

SALESWOMAN

This model is a great choice. I'll be back.

The saleswoman disappears in the back room. Scott has a hard time to hide his happiness. The itch under the bandage is a reminder to his life outside of his father-son relationship. He scratches under the bandage.

His cellphone rings. On the screen, the word "School" appears.

12 INT. SPORT EQUIPMENT STORE ; BACK ROOM - DAY 12

The saleswoman is surrounded by multiples columns of shoe boxes. She draws her finger from one box to another.

SALESWOMAN

(in French)

Thirteen, thirteen... Come on, sweet sweet commission, come to me baby.

Her finger stops directly on the number "13" written on a box.

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)

(in French)

There you are.

13 INT. SPORT EQUIPMENT STORE ; MAIN ROOM - DAY 13

The saleswoman comes out of the back room, box in hand.

SALESWOMAN

I think I found the perfect gift for your son...

She looks back to where Scott was. There is only the soccer ball rolling slowly on the floor.

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

Feeling bitter, she turns around toward the back room.

14 INT. ST VIATOR PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

14

The principal, Mrs Lina Clement is sitting in her chair behind her desk. In front of her, Scott scratches his noses in silence, his cellphone to his ear. The two supervisors that were supposed to surveil the children in the schoolyard are in the back corner of the room, feeling guilty.

The principal and the supervisors can hear the ringing tone from Scott's phone. Suddenly, a woman's voice can be heard. The principal and the supervisors look up to Scott. He stays stoic and silent. They hear the voicemail tone. They exhale out of anxiety.

SCOTT

She doesn't answer.

LINA CLEMENT

I'm sure your wife will turn up.

SCOTT

Right.

LINA CLEMENT

Let's just wait for the police.

They stay in the same uncomfortable position, in silence. After a long and afflictive moment, one of the supervisor breaks the silence.

SUPERVISOR

It's probably nothing. I thought I lost my cat one day. Turns out he went to his former owner.

Scott turns around to look carefully at the supervisor. Mrs Lina Clement can't believe it. The combination of the two intimidating looks is enough to shut the supervisor up.

SCOTT

That's a great story. What happened to your cat next?

SUPERVISOR

Well. It doesn't matter, really.

LINA CLEMENT

I think we're all nervous, mister
Fountain. We just want to help.

SCOTT

You've done enough. Thank you.

Scott turns back to his initial position.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Asshole.

On the wall behind the principal, there is a poster saying
"Respect is the key to success". Lina Clement is clearly not
approving the use of the word "asshole". However, she keeps
it to herself.

Macaulay enters the room like a storm.

MACAULAY

Let's go.

Scott gets up.

LINA CLEMENT

Wait, the police is coming.

MACAULAY

Scott, are you a witness?

SCOTT

I'm not.

MACAULAY

Have you collected all the evidence
from the witnesses here?

SCOTT

Yes. Nobody saw nothing.

Scott says it with anger toward the two supervisors.

MACAULAY

There you go.

(to Lina Clement)

Tell the police that Macaulay Gabe
is here to help.

(to Scott)

Let's go.

Macaulay leaves the room. Scott follows her and slams the
door behind him.

The principal and the supervisors are left in an oppressive silence.

15 EXT. ST VIATOR SCHOOLYARD - DAY

15

Macaulay and Scott are standing where Bennett was playing soccer. The ground is part grass, part dirt, like a very used rug. The orange cones are still in place.

SCOTT

That's the last place Bennett has
been seen.

Macaulay smells the warm air. The two partners take a moment to observe the scene. Macaulay lights a cigarette.

MACAULAY

We'll find him.

A young boy, the Goalie from the game, appears at Scott's feet, which surprises him.

GOALIE

You're Bennett's dad?

SCOTT

Yes.

GOALIE

Is he going to be okay?

Scott can't answer. He just smiles.

SCOTT

You should wait inside with the
other kids. They will ask you some
questions, okay?

GOALIE

I just want to say that I'm sorry.

SCOTT

For what?

GOALIE

He was right. It was a good goal.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

GOALIE

The ball went over my shoulder. It
was a good goal.

SCOTT
Alright, don't worry about it. Go
now.

The chubby goalie starts running clumsily toward the school.

MACAULAY
Hey kid!

The goalie stops and looks above his shoulder.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
Where was Bennett when he scored
his goal?

GOALIE
Hum...

The goalie runs to the position.

GOALIE (CONT'D)
Here.

MACAULAY
You sure?

GOALIE
Yes. He kicked the ball right over
my shoulder.

MACAULAY
Alright. Go.

The goalie runs back to the school. Macaulay goes exactly at the position indicated. She mimics a kick. She points her finger in front of her and starts walking in a straight line. Her finger indicates the ball's trajectory. She makes sure to get the height right.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
Over the shoulder.

The ball's trajectory brings her behind the shrubs. Scott follows her, wiping the sweat off his face with his sleeve. Her finger stops right at the "Mirage" wrapper. She crouches over it to take a better look.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
Did you put a chocolate bar in
Bennett's lunch?

SCOTT
No.

MACAULAY

Yeah...

SCOTT

Fuck. Are you saying...? Shit.

Police sirens are echoing nearby.

MACAULAY

I'll stay here and discuss the matter with the police.

Scott is becoming more erratic.

SCOTT

Whoever he is, I swear. Fuck!

Macaulay gives her cigarette to Scott. He takes a nervous puff.

MACAULAY

Calm down. Ok now, where is your ex-wife?

SCOTT

Hum. The principal called her before calling me. She should be here by now.

MACAULAY

Go to her house. And be careful.

SCOTT

Right.

Scott runs back, taking a last puff before throwing the cigarette.

MACAULAY

(shouting)
Crime scene!

SCOTT

Oh right.

Scott goes to get the cigarette end. He extinguishes it in the grass and puts it in his pocket.

MACAULAY

(shouting)
Call me if you get anything!

SCOTT
(shouting back)
You got your phone?

Macaulay raises her hand without even looking back at Scott.
She is holding a flip phone.

16 EXT. SCOTT'S EX-WIFE HOUSE - DAY

16

Scott walks to the front door of a typical Plateau Mont-Royal neighborhood's house. The house is colorful. Trees overhang the narrow street, their shadows are cooling off the colorful houses around. Scott rings the doorbell. He turns around and observes the warm wind that blows the trees' leaves. No response. He rings again and knocks. Not a sound from inside the house.

He turns the knob. The door opens. He hesitates at first, but he decides to carefully enter the house. Nothing remarkable inside. Next to him, coats and jackets are hanging on a series of hooks. He dives into the coats' pockets and extracts a set of keys from one them. He puts them back in the pocket.

SCOTT
Jessica?

As soon as he finishes to say her name, he notices a pair of sneakers inserted between the woman's shoes and boots. It's Cassandre's. Scott immediately regrets having spoken out loud.

Every small creaking sound is now amplified in Scott's ears. He slowly tiptoes toward the kitchen.

A first step. A creak. A second and third step. Not a single sound. A fourth step. Another creak. Is it from the second floor, or is it from his own feet? Not sure. No one behind him. No one around the corner.

But he notices something behind the kitchen counter. On the floor. It takes a few more steps. It's a foot. Delicate, wearing white tights.

Scott runs silently toward it. He grabs the foot gently, hoping to feel warmth. The body is rigid as if it was frozen. Because of the body's muscles tightness, his subtle grabbing gesture of the foot makes the entire body move, as if he just brushed a vase on a pedestal.

The next vision is a disturbing, and more so, nightmarish one. Jessica's mouth is half opened and twisted. Her blood-drained eyes are fully opened.

Blood that came out of her mouth and nose is now dry. Her throat is slit so deeply that it goes beyond her trachea. Because of the small collision on the body, a clog of half dried blood slips out of the wound.

That horrible vision puts Scott back on his feet. He is having what seems to be a panic attack. But because of the cotton balls in his nostrils, he has a hard time finding his breath. Nevertheless, he can't look away. Jessica's body is weirdly stiff. Her hands are partly up to her chest, partly on the floor. Her fingers are gnarled. Finger stains on the counter's side panel gives the impression that she was trying to reach for the cellphone on the counter. At the same time, her other hand was probably trying to reach her own neck to stop the bleeding.

When Scott notices the cellphone, something clicks in his mind. He takes a quick look around him. Still nobody. He takes his own phone out of his pocket and makes a call.

However, he didn't notice something very important. A shadow. At the end of the long corridor next to him. It has a human form. And it's listening.

Scott is breathing heavy. Macaulay answers the call.

MACAULAY (O.S.)

Yeah.

SCOTT

She's been killed.

Scott takes a look down the corridor. He notices the shadow.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Who's there?

MACAULAY (O.S.)

What?

The shadow begins to run toward Scott. It makes almost no sound.

SCOTT

Stop!

Scott throws his phone at it. The shadow crouches while running. The phone misses him. It's only at the last second that the shadow reveals itself. It's Cassandre. His mesmerizing eyes are disturbingly wide open.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Wait!

The long kitchen knife plunges violently into Scott's throat. The tip of the blade comes out of his nape with a cracking sound.

Scott falls limp to the ground, the knife still stuck in his neck.

Cassandre stretches his shoulders. He looks determined, but content that this part is finally out of the way.

He goes back to the corridor to retrieve Scott's phone. Calmly. When the phone is right before his feet, he crouches. He grabs the phone in a peculiar way: he makes a kind of claw with his thumb and index and picks the phone by the corners. His three other fingers are straight up. His elbow is also up. It looks like he's very self-aware about the cleanliness of things. He brings the phone to his ear.

CASSANDRE

You there?

A crooked smile draws itself on Cassandre's face.

17

EXT. ST VIATOR SCHOOLYARD - DAY

17

Sergeant Chérubin is crouching nearby, studying the disappearance scene. His Sidekick, a muscular police officer in uniform, is standing behind him to assist him. Chérubin is a typical Haitian man in his forties. He obviously has trouble with the heat. He's looking for clues on the ground.

SIDEKICK

(in French)

So, here is the last known scene of the events.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

What?

SIDEKICK

(in French)

The last scene of known events. It's here.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Stop that, please. You look ridiculous.

SIDEKICK

(in French)

Sorry, sergeant.

CHÉRUBIN
 (in French)
 That's where the kid was last seen,
 if that's what you meant.

SIDEKICK
 (in French)
 Yes, sir.

CHÉRUBIN
 (in French)
 But nobody saw nothing. The kids.
 The supervisors. Nobody. We'll need
 all the help we can get on this
 one.

SIDEKICK
 Gabe?

Chérubin clears his throat as a sign of "approval".

SIDEKICK (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 I don't trust her. She's too...

CHÉRUBIN
 (in French)
 Too what? Too charming?

SIDEKICK
 I don't know. I don't trust her.

CHÉRUBIN
 Well, it's her partner's child.

The Sidekick looks at Macaulay. She's standing on the other
 side of the schoolyard.

SIDEKICK
 (in French)
 I guess she's got a great ass
 though.

She is holding her flip phone to her ear.

CASSANDRE (O.S.)
 You there?

Macaulay is standing still.

CASSANDRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hello?

Macaulay doesn't respond, but her breathing gives a hint to the killer.

CASSANDRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is that you?

MACAULAY
Who are you?

No answer.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
Chérubin!

Chérubin looks back to Macaulay. She makes a gesture, inviting him to come.

CASSANDRE (O.S.)
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Detective Chérubin stands up with a moan. He stretches his back. He makes a gesture to his Sidekick as if he is briefing him on something. The Sidekick takes his phone out.

MACAULAY (O.C.)
What?

CASSANDRE (O.S.)
If you talk, the boy is dead.

Macaulay gets more incisive.

MACAULAY
Where is he?

CASSANDRE (O.S.)
I suppose you'll have to find him.
(giggles)

Chérubin walks toward Macaulay. He shouts some last instructions to his Sidekick.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
And call the team and be sure no
one unauthorized comes close. Set
up the crime scene. This portion of
the street too.

While the Sidekick gives him a thumbs up, Sergeant Chérubin comes toward Macaulay. He coughs on his way to her.

CASSANDRE (O.S.)
Let's make that fun. A treasure
hunt.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Something new, Gabe?

The detective takes a sip of coffee.

CASSANDRE (O.S.)
Don't say a word. Here is the first
hint. You may be bold, but I'm the
one seeking the right adventure.

Macaulay stays silent.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Hello? Who are you talking to?

CASSANDRE (O.S.)
Au revoir.

Macaulay hears the hang up tone. She closes her flip phone.

MACAULAY
(in French)
I think they have just been killed.

Chérubin swallows his coffee with a concerned look on his
face.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Where is your partner, Gabe?

For a brief moment, Macaulay doesn't know what to make of all
this. She can only stare in front of her to nothing in
particular.

18 INT. SCOTT'S EX-WIFE HOUSE - DAY

18

With the corpses laying there, the inside of the house seems
to be haunted. There is a strange and heavy presence emerging
from the quietness.

The front door is closed. Suddenly, three loud thumping
sounds break the silence.

SIDEKICK
(in French)
Police! Open the door!

A beat.

The knobs shakes. The door is locked.

Two beats.

The door is kicked open by the Sidekick. He's followed by two other police officers, and sergeant Chérubin. They're all pointing their gun to the ground. They enter the house carefully.

Each police officer takes a room. Chérubin stays in the entrance. He takes a look at the shoes and boots. There is an empty space between two pairs : this is where Cassandre's sneakers were.

SIDEKICK (CONT'D)
(out loud, in French)
I need medical assistance in here.
Two seriously injured!

Chérubin goes toward the bodies. Macaulay enters the house. She follows the detective until he turns around.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Let me take care of this. Wait
outside. And don't act alone this
time, please.

Macaulay peeks above Chérubin's shoulder and sees Scott's body : enough to understand how dead he is. Chérubin ask a police officer to take Macaulay out. The police officer escorts Macaulay outside. Macaulay didn't heard one single word, but she knows everything she had to know. She doesn't argue.

19 EXT. SCOTT'S EX-WIFE HOUSE - DAY

19

The police officer who escorted Macaulay stops at the front door. He closes it behind him and guards the main entrance. Macaulay walks down to the sidewalk. She lights a cigarette and takes a look at the trees' leaves. No wind. They look frozen in time. She looks at her feet. There is a chocolate bar wrapper. A "Mirage".

She takes a long and deep puff. She has an idea. She examines around. The houses. And especially the street corners.

There it is. She walks down the street to the nearest...

20

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - DAY

20

It's a super hot day in the local convenient store. A noisy small air conditioner in the window and a metallic fan in the ceiling corner are giving all they've got to keep the store at a liveable temperature. Li Wei is pouring sweat over his school book behind the counter.

The door opens, ringing a tiny bell. Macaulay enters the store. Li Wei hardly looks up.

LI WEI

Hello.

Macaulay gives Li Wei a cordial almost charming smile.

MACAULAY

Hello darling. Hot day, isn't it?

LI WEI

Mhm.

We can appreciate how Li Wei loses interest very quickly.

MACAULAY

Listen, hum. I know it's quite scarce, but do you remember someone buying a chocolate bar in the last hour or so?

LI WEI

(apathetic)

Everybody gets a chocolate bar.

MACAULAY

Actually, a Mirage.

LI WEI

Hum, yeah. Why?

MACAULAY

It's just a friend. You know.

Li Wei takes a more quick look at the woman, more specifically on how she's dressed.

LI WEI

Yeah? So. Do you want anything?

MACAULAY

I just want to make sure it was him. What did he look like?

LI WEI

Tall. Skinny. Or fat? I don't know.

MACAULAY

Okay. Anything else?

LI WEI

He was driving a 1980 Pontiac
Acadian.

Macaulay is impressed by the precision of the information.

MACAULAY

Well, of course he was. How do you
know?

LI WEI

I don't know. It's rare?

MACAULAY

I reckon you are a classic car
connoisseur.

LI WEI

That one is a piece a shit.

MACAULAY

Right... So he was here around...

LI WEI

In the past hour or so.

MACAULAY

That's right. Well. Alright.
Anyway, thanks honey. My name is
Macaulay by the way.

She brings her hand before her, waiting for a shake. Li Wei
looks at it with a suspicious look.

LI WEI

Am I in trouble here?

MACAULAY

Of course not.

He's still a bit suspicious, but in the end, that's all he
wanted to hear. He goes back to his book.

Macaulay's charm didn't work this time. At least, she got the
information.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

By any chance, did he say something
about the "right adventure".

LI WEI

Huh?

MACAULAY

Nevermind. I'll see you around.

LI WEI

(apathetic)

Have a good day, sir.

Macaulay doesn't bother to correct the gender misunderstanding and proceeds to go out, but it's starting to rain outside, even if it's still sunny. Macaulay takes a 2 dollar coin out of her pocket and puts it on the counter. She grabs a newspaper.

MACAULAY

I'll take that.

Li Wei takes the coin and puts it in the register. He wipes out the sweat off his nose. Macaulay puts the newspaper on her head and goes out.

21 INT. MACAULAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

21

Back to her office, Macaulay enjoys the first real moment of solitude she had all day. She puts the wet newspaper in the burned bin. Her clothes are all wet too. She opens an armoire. She grabs a hanger with a whole new outfit on it. She puts the clothes on the sofa, removes the hanger, and undresses. She puts her wet clothes to dry on the hanger which she suspends on the armoire's carved wood corner.

She puts the fresh clothes on and sits on the sofa. She opens the cabinet next to her, and grabs a bottle of whisky and a glass.

And she drinks. Obviously, she wants to look presentable and decent, even when she's about to get fucked up.

22 INT. MACAULAY'S OFFICE - MORNING

22

A knock.

Macaulay opens her dry eyes.

More knocks that seems to pierce directly to Macaulay's brain. Two silhouettes can be seen through the opaque glass door panel.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Gabe, are you in there?

Macaulay clears her throat.

MACAULAY
One minute!

She puts her hanging clothes from the night before in the armoire and puts the empty bottle and glass back in the cabinet and takes out a small bottle of mouthwash and a bottle of water. The landline phone is off the hook. She hangs it up.

Outside the office, Chérubin and his Sidekick are impatiently waiting at Macaulay's door. They are wearing police raincoats. They are wet. The Sidekick is chewing loudly on a piece of gum.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Would you stop that, please?

SIDEKICK
(in French)
What?

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
You're not a kid, are you?

SIDEKICK
(in French)
No. But it's a sign of dominance.
I've read it in a study the other
day. People chewing gum inspire
confidence and leadership.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
It wasn't a study, it was a
commercial. For a chewing gum
brand. Idiot.

SIDEKICK
(in French)
I don't think it was...

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Shut up... Hey, what are you hiding
in there?

Macaulay opens the door. She's fresh as a flower. She welcomes the two fellows by opening the door wide and warmly inviting them to enter. Chérubin enters confidently in a very relaxed way, not in a threatening way like his Sidekick. He's chewing his gum loudly again.

MACAULAY

(in French)

What can I do for you, gentlemen?

Chérubin observes the room, while the Sidekick concentrates his attention on Macaulay's whole body language.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

What were you doing in there?

MACAULAY

(in French)

I was working on some confidential
papers. You know how it is.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Can I see them?

Chérubin pauses...

MACAULAY

(in French)

Come on, sergeant.

And he laughs. The Sidekick lets a strong forced laugh out. Macaulay is quite uncomfortable, not because she's afraid or nervous, but because of the obvious "hidden interrogation" situation.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

I'm kidding, Gabe.

SIDEKICK

(in French)

He's kidding.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

You left a message last night.

MACAULAY
(in French)
Right. A message. To you.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Sure. Who else?

MACAULAY
(in French)
Right. And?

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Well. What do you think?

MACAULAY
(in French)
About what? I'm not sure I follow.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Your request. Last night.

MACAULAY
(in French)
... Excuse me, sergeant. It's kind
of blurry. A lot of things happened
yesterday. Would you be more
specific?

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Fine. You asked about the car.

MACAULAY
(in French)
Oh, right. The car. 1980 Pontiac
Acadian, right?

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Well, what do you think of it? You
must have had a reason to call us
about it.

MACAULAY
(in French)
I don't know, honestly. Just a
feeling.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
A feeling, huh.

The Sidekick goes right to Macaulay's face.

SIDEKICK

(in French)

Alright that's enough. Stop beating around the bush, Gabe. We know the car is Scott P. Fountain's property. And we know it disappeared. So where is it?

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Alright, calm down. One thing at the time.

Chérubin pushes his Sidekick out of Macaulay's face.

CHÉRUBIN (CONT'D)

(in French)

So, why did you asked about the car last night?

Macaulay smiles back at the Sidekick.

MACAULAY

(in French)

Honestly, I don't remember.

SIDEKICK

(in French)

I don't buy it! Spit it!

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

By God, would you calm down, please? Look at you. Idiot. Wait outside.

SIDEKICK

(in French)

But, sergeant...

MACAULAY

Don't worry, baby.

The Sidekick turns his head toward Macaulay. He catches a glimpse of her overwhelming and charming eyes. It's like they are watching inside his soul.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

I can wait.

The Sidekick swallows nervously.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Outside.

The Sidekick opens the office's door. He gives Macaulay a last bewitched look before exiting the room. Chérubin rubs his eyes.

CHÉRUBIN (CONT'D)
(in French)
Look. I just want to know if you know anything to help the case. There was only one Acadian registered in the city and it belonged to your partner. So what's up with it?

MACAULAY
(in French)
Alright, listen. Scott told me about the car a long time ago. I just had a feeling about it. And I guess the alcohol didn't help.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
He must have been very proud of that car. Do you know why it disappeared?

MACAULAY
(in French)
That, I don't know.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
And what about the call?

MACAULAY
(in French)
I told you. I was drunk.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
No, no, the other call.

MACAULAY
(in French)
What other call?

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Yesterday. In the schoolyard.

MACAULAY

(in French)

What about it?

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

You never told me what happened on that call.

MACAULAY

(in French)

Right. Hum. It was Scott calling for help. He had found his ex-wife. And then hum. I guess the killer just hung up after killing him.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

The killer didn't speak to you.

MACAULAY

(in French)

No. He didn't speak at all.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Nothing about the car.

MACAULAY

(in French)

No.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Well okay then. That'll be all.

MACAULAY

(in French)

Happy to help. You're welcome anytime.

Chérubin proceeds to exit the office.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

If there is anything, you call.

MACAULAY

(in French)

Obviously.

CHÉRUBIN
 (in French)
 Alright. I have a little boy to
 find.

MACAULAY
 (in French)
 Good luck, sergeant.

Chérubin opens the door. The Sidekick is waiting outside,
 watching over the door, stiff like a Queen's guard. Chérubin
 passes him without even looking at him.

SIDEKICK
 (in French)
 Did she talked?

CHÉRUBIN
 (in French)
 Shut up.

The Sidekick follows him like a child. The door closes.
 Macaulay takes out a cigarette and lights it. She takes her
 trench coat and a hat on the hanger stand. She looks outside
 through her window and wait for Chérubin and the Sidekick to
 leave in their black car. She then proceeds to exit her
 office too.

23 EXT. MACAULAY'S OFFICE - MORNING 23

Macaulay's goes out in the rain. She holds her coat's collar
 up her neck. She runs to her car, a well-preserved and shiny
 1988 Toyota Crown. She drives off.

Waiting on the street's corner, the black car with Chérubin
 and his Sidekick aboard has its engine starting. The black
 car follows Macaulay's.

24 EXT. FLAMINGO'S BAR - NIGHT 24

It's night already. The 1988 Toyota Crown stops in front of a
 neon sign that says "Flamingo's". The rain is pouring heavy.
 No signs of Chérubin's car.

25 INT. FLAMINGO'S BAR - NIGHT 25

Flamingo's is a chic jazz bar. There is enough room for
 twenty round tables to be displayed in the room. It's an
 underground bar, so the walls are made of grey stones. The
 lights are warm and cozy. Along the wall on the right, there
 are some private booths, partly enclosed by draperies.

The benches are coated with velvet. The wall on the left is a space for a wide dark wooden bar. A large nicely lighted structure, containing all the bottles against the wall, rises to the ceiling. The bar is surrounded by stools coated with the same velvet material as the booth's benches.

In one corner of the room, there is a large piano. The pianist is playing a slow melancholic tune, with a hint of feel-good energy and nostalgia. Behind the bar, the barman is cleaning glasses.

Aside from those two employees, the bar is pretty much empty. The subtle music travels in the room with nothing to disturb it, except from the heavy rain outside. Two businessmen occupy one booth and one sad woman is sitting at a table in the middle of the room. She's sipping at a large glass of bourbon.

Macaulay enters the room. Her trench coat and hat are wet. She takes them off. The pianist winks at her. She smiles back. She goes directly to the bar. She has a newspaper under the arm. She puts it on the counter and sits.

THE BARMAN

Gabe.

MACAULAY

Edmond.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN

Old fashioned?

MACAULAY

Make it double, Edmond.

Edmond starts a concoction behind the counter.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN

Rough day?

MACAULAY

Well. Going from places to places. Looking for a car all day. Couldn't find it. You know. The usual.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN

Time to change the good ole Toyota?

Macaulay giggles.

MACAULAY

Nah, the Toyota works like a charm, Edmond. Let's say it's for a friend.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Very generous on your part, miss
Gabe. As usual.

MACAULAY
Thank you, Edmond. You're a
sweetheart.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Just doing my job.

MACAULAY
And you do it very fine.

Edmond looks up and smiles back to Macaulay while he's
peeling an orange with a knife.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
So, a car is causing you trouble.

MACAULAY
Yeah... Apparently, it belonged to
that friend of mine. But I doubt
it. He never talked about it.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
People have secrets.

MACAULAY
They sure do... Anyway it got
stolen.

Edmond puts an old fashioned drink before him on the counter.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Old fashioned.

Macaulay grabs the glass.

MACAULAY
Here's to secrets.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
And to those who unveil them.

Macaulay raises her glass and takes a sip of it. She's
content. She licks her lips.

MACAULAY
Exquisite, as always.

She wipes her bottom lip with her thumb.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
Hmm. On top of that, I had these policemen following me all day.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Anything to worry about?

Macaulay gives a head shake, meaning no.

MACAULAY
Mh hm. You know how it is. They always follow the dog who smells best.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Of course.

Macaulay takes another sip.

MACAULAY
My partner died yesterday, actually.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
I'm sorry to hear that. Did I know him? If I may be so bold, I don't recall seeing you with anyone ever.

Macaulay taps the newspaper's front page.

MACAULAY
There he is.

The front page shows the portraits of Scott and his ex-wife superimposed on a picture of Bennett. The title in French is "YOUNG BOY KIDNAPPED. HIS PARENTS BRUTALLY MURDERED."

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Oh, I know him. His girlfriend is sitting right behind you.

Macaulay makes a 180 on her stool.

MACAULAY
He had a girlfriend?

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Apparently. They spent a lot of time in here together.

MACAULAY
Have they?

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
They cover your nights off, if I
may say so.

MACAULAY
I see. If you'll excuse me, Edmond.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Make yourself at home, ma'am.

MACAULAY
Much obliged.

Macaulay grabs her drink and walks up to the sad lady's
table. Her name is Cecilia.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
May I?

Cecilia is wearing a summer dress. The dark circles around
her eyes are as deep as the ocean, so deep that her iris seem
entirely black. She speaks slowly : she's drunk.

CECILIA
It's not the best of times.

Macaulay sits in front of her.

MACAULAY
I worked with Scott.

Cecilia takes a good look at Macaulay. Her eyes are filled
with tears, but she retains them.

CECILIA
Oh yeah... It's nice finally
meeting you.

MACAULAY
My name is Macaulay...

CECILIA
Gabe, yes. I remember. Gabe.
Unusual name for a woman.

Macaulay smiles compassionately.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I'm Cecilia.

MACAULAY
Nice to meet you... Scott never
mentioned you.

CECILIA

Well, no.

MACAULAY

How so? Beautiful as you are.

CECILIA

Thank you... It was too risky, he said.

MACAULAY

Risky? How?

Cecilia pauses.

CECILIA

Look, as I said, it's not the best moment right now.

MACAULAY

I'm sorry, Cecilia.

CECILIA

It's so easy to be sorry now, right?

MACAULAY

I didn't mean to offend you.

CECILIA

Well, you did offend me.

MACAULAY

I just want to talk.

CECILIA

Just talk. You people never want to just talk.

MACAULAY

Well.

CECILIA

Look. I don't want to be part of your interrogation, "inspector".

MACAULAY

Alright. Fair enough. I'll just cut right to the chase. I want to know about the car.

CECILIA

What car?

MACAULAY
The Acadian.

CECILIA
Leave me alone.

MACAULAY
Did you know about it?

CECILIA
What the fuck is wrong with you!?
Why do you care? Did you know how
much he hated you? Look at you. All
perfect and neat and charming.
You're a fucking bitch. Every day,
he was coming back with a fractured
bone or blood on his shirt or God
knows what. And look at you. Asking
me politely. Fuckin hypocrite. You
want to know what I think? I think
he's dead because of you! So leave
me alone.

The pianist stops his tune. Macaulay looks at him. She makes
a face and a gesture saying "it's fine, continue". Unsure,
the pianist continues to play his melody.

Cecilia brings her glass to her lips and leans it way up.
Nothing is left except the ice cube.

Precise as a clock, Edmond is now next to the table.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Everything is fine?

CECILIA
Same thing, thank you.

Edmond looks at Macaulay. She gives a head shake.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Coming right up.

Edmond goes back to the bar. Cecilia puts her palms against
her eyes. Macaulay looks at her with pity, but she still need
the information.

MACAULAY
So this is goodbye?

CECILIA
Why are you still here?

Cecilia brings her palms back to the table in despair. She looks right into Macaulay's eyes.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
No. More. Talk.

MACAULAY
Fine.

Macaulay stands up and goes back to the bar. She puts a 20 dollar bill on the counter. She grabs the newspaper. Edmond is opening a new bottle of bourbon.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
For the drink.

She puts another 20 on top of it.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
For your discretion.

Edmond accepts it as part of his job. Obviously, he was expecting it. He doesn't even bother to take the money right away. He just continue to make the drink.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
It's always a pleasure.

MACAULAY
Until next time.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Goodbye, ma'am Gabe.

MACAULAY
Goodbye, Edmond.

Macaulay calmly walks toward Cecilia's table. She doesn't acknowledge her presence. Macaulay puts the newspaper on the table.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
If I find the car, I find the boy.
Do you understand?

Cecilia can't take her eyes off the boy's picture. He looks very happy on the picture : he's smiling under the sun's light. She obviously knew him and liked him. The nostalgia emerges from her sadness.

CECILIA
God...

MACAULAY

Please.

Cecilia wipes a tear.

CECILIA

He sold it.

MACAULAY

To who?

CECILIA

I don't know. This guy.

MACAULAY

Did you see him?

CECILIA

Yeah. Kind of. He was tall. Weird looking. Hum. Leatherman jacket. Sunglasses.

MACAULAY

Anything else?

CECILIA

Scott was supposed to buy tickets to Italy with the money. He would bring me. And Bennett. All together.

MACAULAY

Did you notice something unusual about the man? Maybe something he said?

CECILIA

Not really. It was just business talk. You know. It's all I know, really.

MACAULAY

Okay. Well. I won't ask you more. You've been very helpful, Cecilia. Thank you. We'll stay in touch, alright?

Macauley gently caresses Cecilia's cheek to wipe another tear.

CECILIA

Do you think Bennett is okay? He's such a gentle boy.

MACAULAY
I'll find him.

Edmond brings the glass of bourbon to Cecilia.

EDMOND, THE BARMAN
Bourbon on the rocks.

Macauley takes the newspaper back, a bit dejected. On the last page of the newspaper, there is an ad for a train company. Cecilia takes a look at it.

CECILIA
You know, now that I'm thinking about it. This guy. He did say that he was tired of taking the train. I don't get that. Traveling by train is great.

MACAULAY
Taking the train?

CECILIA
Yeah. I love it.

Macauley has a moment of clarity.

MACAULAY
How would you say "the right adventure" in French.

CECILIA
(with an English accent)
Hum... Le. Bon. Aventure. Isn't it?

MACAULAY
Bonaventure. Fuck me.

Macauley dashes out of the bar.

26

INT. MONTREAL SUBWAY - NIGHT

26

The subway's car is half-full of people. It's not rush hour, but it's not yet late hour. It's mostly young people going out. People are quiet, they listen to their music or they just wait patiently for their stop.

Macauley is standing up, grabbing the pole in the center of the car. The train arrives at a station. A lady's voice comes out of the intercom.

INTERCOM LADY
(in French)
Station : Bonaventure.

The car stops. The doors open. Macaulay leaves the train.

27 INT. MONTREAL UNDERGROUND - NIGHT 27

Macaulay walks inside the Montreal's underground maze. She walks through tunnels, goes up some stairs and goes into some more tunnels. She finally ends up in...

28 INT. MONTREAL CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT 28

People are walking in all directions, sitting on benches or at some restaurants and coffee shops tables. The large display panel with the departures and arrivals is hanging from the high ceiling. A series of staircases goes under the ground.

Macaulay doesn't really know where to go from there. She wanders around, looking at people faces and clothes.

She stops at a jewel stand. She pretends to shop the necklaces. She picks one. She doesn't really pay attention to it, and she can't know either, but the necklace is the exact same model than Lara's. She puts it back on the counter.

Nobody looks like the description Cecilia gave her. She sits at a coffee shop table.

A robotic voice announcing the departures is echoing in the large hall.

Macaulay opens her newspaper. She pretends to read it. A line of people emerges from one of the staircases : businessmen, businesswomen, families, students. Obviously, a train just arrived. Again, from what Macaulay can see, no one resembles the description.

Macaulay looks back to the coffee shop counter : no ones there, not even an employee.

CASSANDRE
I didn't remember you being bad at
games. You're late.

Cassandre is just in front of her. He sits calmly on the other chair. He's wearing the exact same outfit. He puts his sunglasses on the table.

Macaulay jumps out of her chair and grabs him by the jacket.

MACAULAY
Where is he?

Cassandra smiles back. He doesn't even slightly fight back.

CASSANDRE
That, I should have expected.

People passing by are beginning to look at the scene.
Macaulay looks back. They just continue to walk.

MACAULAY
Where the fuck is he?

CASSANDRE
Let's talk.

Macaulay let his jacket go.

MACAULAY
Alright that's enough.

She takes her flip phone out, and opens it.

CASSANDRE
Do I really need to tell you again?

MACAULAY
You'll talk.

She makes a 9-1-1 call.

CASSANDRE
He's going to die. And I made sure
you never find him.

Macaulay stays immobile, her phone to her ear.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
(in French)
9-1-1, what's your emergency?

Cassandra is looking at her, raising his eyebrows. Macaulay
just closes her phone. She sits back.

CASSANDRE
Good. That's more like you.

MACAULAY
What do you want?

CASSANDRE
To talk. Do you like traveling?

MACAULAY

Why? Where are we going?

CASSANDRE

That's not an answer. Please, answer the question. Do you like to travel?

MACAULAY

Yes.

CASSANDRE

Why?

MACAULAY

Why? I don't know why. Why do people like to travel? Seeing the world, meeting new people.

CASSANDRE

And if you were told that one single journey could potentially save that world, would you do it? But here is the twist : it's a one way trip. You would never be able to come back.

MACAULAY

What's that suppose to mean?

CASSANDRE

Just answer the question, please. Would you do it?

MACAULAY

I guess so. Yes.

CASSANDRE

Right.

MACAULAY

Is that why we are here? To save the world? Look. I don't know why you did it and I don't care. But whatever it is, it won't stand before a jury, trust me. Your only hope is to show a little mercy right now and tell me where he is. You understand?

CASSANDRE

Alright, obviously you don't want to talk. So before I go, there are two things you need to know.

MACAULAY

Alright, it's you, obviously, who have some serious issues. You really think you'll just leave this place?

CASSANDRE

First : the girl.

MACAULAY

What girl?

CASSANDRE

She doesn't have to die.

MACAULAY

You kidnapped a girl too?

CASSANDRE

Of course not, don't be stupid... Well, maybe. But listen now, Gabe.

Cassandre pulls his t-shirt collar down to reveal a necklace. It's the same necklace that Lara gave to her father, but there are some significant blood stains on it.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about her. She's safe. For now.

MACAULAY

Is that...?

CASSANDRE

Yes, it is.

MACAULAY

The girl, you mean Alejandra?

CASSANDRE

Slowly picking up. Congrats.

MACAULAY

You're crazy, that's what I'm picking up. And the doctor?

Cassandre confidently smiles. He puts his hand inside his jacket. It looks like he's about to pull out a gun. Macaulay sees that he's grabbing a gun handle.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

What are you doing? There are people here, you freak.

Macaulay grabs her chair's armrests firmly.

CASSANDRE
Soon, you'll thank me.

MACAULAY
This will end bad for you, fuckin'
lunatic.

CASSANDRE
Call me Cassandre, please.

He subtly pulls a small injection gun and fires a dart to Macaulay's chest.

MACAULAY
Ow!

She looks at the dart.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
You gotta be kidding.

CASSANDRE
(laughing)
You didn't expect that, did you?
Like in the movies.

Macaulay removes the dart and puts it on the table, next to the sunglasses. She's already drowsy. Cassandre takes it back and put it in his pocket with the gun. There is not one single witness. He takes his sunglasses back and puts them over his green eyes.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
So as I was saying, there are two things. Here is the second one. At 11:24 PM precisely, you'll receive a call from your friend. The answer is orange. You'll remember?

Macaulay eyes are crossing.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
You'll remember. I'll see you soon,
Macaulay Gabe.

Cassandre stands up and leaves. Macaulay's head drops on the table.

A security guard taps Macaulay's shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD
(in French)
Hello? Wake up.

Macaulay wakes up with a jolt. She grabs the security guard's arm as it was a buoy preventing her from falling into the abyss.

MACAULAY
What? No! Get off me!

She reacts as if she was being attacked from all sides. She stands up and coughs. The security guard just lets her overreact. He simply raises his hands and lets her regain her senses.

Her cough served as an exorcism. She slowly remembers where she is and why.

SECURITY GUARD
(in French)
Are you alright?

MACAULAY
Yeah, yeah.

Macaulay clears her throat.

SECURITY GUARD
(in French)
I didn't mean to scare you, I'm sorry. But you can't just sleep there.

MACAULAY
(in French)
Fine, fine. Do you remember seeing a man sitting with me, tall, kind of crooked, funny face?

SECURITY GUARD
(in French)
I've let you sleep for a couple hours. You were alone the whole time.

MACAULAY
(in French)
Oh really. A couple hours. That is so sweet of you. But why did you do that exactly?

SECURITY GUARD

(in French)

Well... I was hoping you would
thank me.

MACAULAY

(in French)

For what? For letting me sleep? Do
I look like a homeless person to
you?

SECURITY GUARD

(in French)

Of course not. Actually, you are
very pretty. Maybe we could discuss
that over some drinks? It's the end
of my shift right now.

Macaulay smiles from pity. She points at him in a way of
saying "Till next time, but not really".

MACAULAY

Right. No time for this.

She just turns around, sidelining the security guard and his
uselessness.

She looks up to the large display panel. It's 11:24. She
receives a call on her flip phone.

She opens it.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

Yes.

30 INTERCUT - INT. STATION 21 / INT. CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT 30

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Macaulay? Chérubin. Good news and
bad news.

MACAULAY

(in French)

What?

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

We found the car.

MACAULAY

(in French)

Okay? And the bad news?

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

It was dumped in a field. Nothing in it. Found some DNA. Not a single match.

MACAULAY

(in French)

Great. In other words, no news. Right? No news from my good ole friend the police detective.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

No need to be rude.

MACAULAY

(in French)

Is that all, sergeant?

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

The license plate is missing. We just need to confirm it's the right car.

MACAULAY

(in French)

Yeah, well, I never saw it. I think I was pretty clear about that.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Well, I just don't want to miss anything here. Do you remember anything at all about the car? Any distinctive attributes? The color maybe?

MACAULAY

(in French)

Hum... Now that you say it. I remember... Orange?

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

There. See? That's the one. Orange. Strange color for that type of car, isn't it?

Macauley is profoundly confused. She simply can't wrap her head around that. How did this freak know?

31 INT. CENTRAL STATION - DAY

31

We're eight years back. The train station looks similar, but with some small differences : the shops, the brands, people's fashion, etc.

A younger Wilhelm Schickelgruber is walking down the hall. His right hand is holding the tiny hand of a child : it's young Lara. She looks exactly like the picture from scene #2. Wilhelm's left hand is holding a rolling luggage. Walking with them is a pregnant lady.

They all stop at a bench.

WILHELM
(in German, to Lara)
Are you excited? It's gonna be fun.

Young Lara responds with a smile and a nod.

WILHELM (CONT'D)
(to the RACHEL)
Rachel? I'm going to get something
to eat. Do you want something?

RACHEL
(gently)
Sure.

WILHELM
Burgers, that's good?

Rachel nods as she sits to rest. Her belly is quite big.

Wilhelm crouches to be at Lara's height.

WILHELM (CONT'D)
And what about you, young lady? Do
you want a tasty and juicy burger?

LARA
(excited)
Yes!

WILHELM
(in German)
Alright, my dear.
(to Rachel)
I'll be back. You look after Lara?

RACHEL
Of course, honey.

Wilhelm and Rachel kiss each other. Lara is being so excited that she begins to dance.

Wilhelm goes toward the shops. Rachel closes her eyes momentarily. She opens her eyes to look at Lara. As she dances, the young girl is slowly moving away. Rachel takes a water bottle out of her purse. She takes a sip of water. She looks back to Lara.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Come here, you.

In the distance, Cassandre is watching the young Lara. He's leaning on a column. He has the exact same haircut, same appearance, same kind of outfit, only slightly different. He's wearing aviator style sunglasses and his jacket is in real leather. Oddly, he doesn't really seem younger. He takes a bite of a chocolate donut. The necklace is around his neck.

32 INT. CENTRAL STATION ; BURGER JOINT - DAY

32

Wilhelm is pumping some ketchup in small cups from a condiment station.

He puts three cups of ketchup on a tray with three burgers and fries. He takes the tray, turns back and tries to find his family. He catches sight of his pregnant wife. She's still sitting down, eyes closes, rubbing her belly.

Wilhelm walks toward her.

33 INT. CENTRAL STATION - DAY

33

Rachel is subtly singing to her unborn child while caressing her belly.

Wilhelm arrives with the tray.

WILHELM

Where is Lara?

Rachel gets out of her dreamy state.

RACHEL

What? She is right here.

She looks around. No signs of Lara.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Lara?... I swear, she was here two seconds ago.

Wilhelm puts the tray on the bench and walks toward the middle of the hall.

WILHELM

Lara!

Rachel stands up. She feels awful. She puts her hand to her forehead nervously.

Suddenly, as quickly as she disappeared, Lara reappears from behind a column. She's not happy anymore.

Wilhelm goes to her. Rachel sighs from relief. Wilhelm crouches before her and holds her small arms.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

(in German)

Lara, are you alright? Don't ever do that to me again.

The young Lara doesn't answer at first. She is clearly upset. Wilhelm looks at her, worried. He notices that she's holding the necklace.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

What's that? Someone gave you this?

She keeps it to herself, putting it against her chest.

LARA

It's mine.

Wilhelm looks above her fragile shoulder. Nobody suspicious nearby.

WILHELM

Fine. Fine. It's yours. Just tell me you're okay.

LARA

I don't want to go anymore.

WILHELM

What? Why? What happened?

LARA

I don't want to go with her.

She points to Rachel, who is too far away to hear what her husband and daughter are saying about her. In fact, she's quite powerless as she's being pointed at by the little girl.

WILHELM

What do you mean? It's your mother.
You love your mother.

LARA

Not her. Her.

She points more precisely to her mother's belly.

WILHELM

Lara, you can't say that. It's your
little sister.

LARA

She's bad.

WILHELM

(in German)

Lara. Stop that. Be mature. You're
not a baby anymore.

LARA

She's a bad person!

WILHELM

(stern)

Lara.

LARA

Why don't you believe me?

Lara frees herself from her father's grasp.

LARA (CONT'D)

I want her to go away!

She runs toward her mother and punches her directly on the
stomach.

RACHEL

Ow! What the hell Lara!

Wilhelm grabs his daughter by the wrist and pulls her back.
She wrestles like a fish suspended on a hook.

WILHELM

Lara! Stop!

(to Rachel)

What did you say to her?

RACHEL

Nothing!

WILHELM

Nothing?

RACHEL

She's been out of sight for like 6 seconds. Shit!

WILHELM

And she just punches you?

LARA

Let me go!

Wilhelm looks at his beautiful child. She looks possessed by some demonic force.

34 EXT. WILHELM'S HOUSE - DUSK

34

The huge house is made of stones and overlooks the city. It is clearly situated in the very wealthy borough of Westmount, on the top of Mount Royal. The dark alleys that lead to the house are lighted by some cast iron lanterns. The night is soundless.

A subtle creaking sound of a twig...

35 INT. WILHELM'S HOUSE ; WRITING ROOM - DUSK

35

Wilhelm is reading a book in his beautiful writing room. The wooden walls are full of books, paintings, armorial bearings and old swords. The room is furnished with a beautiful desk, a typewriter, 18th century sofas and chairs, and a small stone fireplace. A small fire is crackling. The window looking over the city is left ajar.

Wilhelm is reading Isaac Asimov's "The Gods Themselves". Even if he's totally immersed in the story, a veil of anxiousness seems to cover him. He's holding the necklace, rolling the pendant between his fingers.

A small hand reaches his thigh and taps it gently.

Wilhelm wakes up from his dreamy state. Before him is a small blonde girl. Wilhelm pushes himself to smile.

WILHELM

(in German)

Hi sweet princess.

ALEJANDRA

What is that daddy?

She looks right at the necklace. Wilhelm takes a good look at that corrupted piece of jewelry.

WILHELM
It's nothing. It's a gift.

ALEJANDRA
For mommy?

WILHELM
No... Silly. But don't tell her, alright?

ALEJANDRA
Okay.

WILHELM
Promise?

ALEJANDRA
Promise.

WILHELM
Good. Go back to mommy now.

Alejandra gambols to the main door and leaves the room. Wilhelm simply can't be not delighted by the presence of his cute little daughter. A sincere smile appears on his face. But not for long...

CASSANDRE
Such a precious little thing, isn't she?

Wilhelm jumps out of his chair and drops his book.

WILHELM
(in German)
What the fuck!

Cassandre is standing before the swords on the wall, his back facing Wilhelm. Cassandre takes a good look on the wall before him : the books, the art, etc. Wilhelm is too petrified to talk for now.

CASSANDRE
That's an impressive collection you have here, doctor. I didn't quite remember that.

Wilhelm finally musters up the courage to talk.

WILHELM
Who are you?

Cassandre sighs from exasperation. He grabs a sword on the wall. Wilhelm takes a step back. His foot mildly hits the chair. He realizes that he's in a difficult position to run away : too much furniture in the way.

CASSANDRE

Always that same question, huh? Who are you? Who are you?

Cassandre turns around and takes a good look at the blade.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Do you believe in fate, doctor?

WILHELM

What?

CASSANDRE

Fate. Do you believe in it?

WILHELM

I don't know. Look, if you want money, I can show you where it is.

Cassandre takes a combat stance, pointing the sword to Wilhelm.

CASSANDRE

Stop it. Stop. Stop the tape rolling. Be original for once. Be yourself, please. If you want the money. I have money. Blah blah blah. Stop being that stereotypical character, will you? Do you believe in fate?

WILHELM

Please...

Cassandre takes a step forward. The sword is nearer to Wilhelm's neck. Cassandre is almost playful when he does it.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

N... No, I don't believe in fate.

CASSANDRE

Why?

WILHELM

I don't know.

CASSANDRE

Doctor...

Cassandre takes another small step toward Wilhelm. The pointy tip of the blade is getting dangerously closer.

WILHELM

It's just... The-the universe is too vast to care about us.

CASSANDRE

See? That's a great answer. The universe is too vast to care about us.

WILHELM

Please, I have a daughter.

CASSANDRE

Now hear me out. If the universe is so vast and doesn't care about us, as you said so perfectly, how come it does not collapse, let say, on a microscopic level? I mean, who really cares about the atoms and bacteria and ants and shit, right? But no : everything has its place. Everything is set up in a way that if one thing falls, everything else collapses. Don't you agree, doctor?

WILHELM

I suppose, yes.

CASSANDRE

Right.

Wilhelm takes a look above his own shoulder. The door is right there.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

U-huh. Please, doctor. Come over here.

Cassandre points his sword to his side.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Right there.

Bear woman's feet are tiptoeing against the wall in the shadow. Rachel is approaching the writing room's open door. The dancing warm light is coming out of the room.

CASSANDRE (O.C.)
Slowly. Right there. Good.

Rachel stops at the doorframe. She takes a peek inside the room.

37

INT. WILHELM'S HOUSE ; WRITING ROOM - DUSK

37

Without taking his eyes off him, Cassandre takes some side steps as Wilhelm goes where Cassandre told him to. Now, Cassandre has his back facing the door and he is on the way to Wilhelm's only exit.

CASSANDRE
See, I think the universe is built on a balanced system. Its elements are moving forward. They follow the course of their small lives like they're supposed to. But sometimes, there is a glitch. A meeting. A mutation. A fucking collision. See? We don't know why they happen. They just do, see. It's just the way it is. It's not a choice. It just happens. And it becomes a threat. Do you understand?

Wilhelm is left speechless.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
Well, do you understand? Speak up!

Wilhelm notices Rachel coming in the room. She goes toward the fireplace.

WILHELM
Yes, yes. I think I understand. But I'm not sure of what...

Rachel hands reaches for the fire iron. As she grabs it, Wilhelm coughs loudly.

CASSANDRE
Of what what now?

WILHELM
Sorry. I'm not sure of what you're saying. Are you saying that I am a threat?

Rachel raises the fire iron above Cassandre's head. Cassandre stays motionless. He just raises his eyebrows.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

Who am I to you? And who are you?

Cassandre smiles confidently.

CASSANDRE

Yeah, I remember that.

Rachel swings the fire iron. Cassandre tilts his head just enough for the fire iron to miss him from a few inches. The combination of the swing and the weight of the fire iron projects Rachel's body forward. Cassandre takes a step back as he locks his weapon, hips and shoulders. He is now facing Rachel, ready to strike.

Rachel turns around to face the assailant. Before she has the time to raise the iron again, Cassandre twist his hips and extends his arms.

The blade is now deeply stuck in Rachel's neck. She bubbles a little amount of blood out of her mouth when she tries to talk. Wilhelm is petrified. Rachel brings her hands up to the blade. She's starting to panic.

Before she is able to grab the blade, Cassandre pulls the sword in a single motion, sliding the blade in the wound. The slipping sound of the blade is blood-curdling.

A pool of blood comes out of Rachel's neck as she bends over. Cassandre gently pushes her toward a chair. She falls like a doll, sitting in the chair.

Wilhelm runs to her and drops on his knees before her.

WILHELM

No. Please, no.

He puts his hands against the wound.

CASSANDRE

Let it go, doctor.

Wilhelm grabs Rachel's hands and puts them against her own neck.

WILHELM

Press hard.

Wilhelm stands up and turns around to face Cassandre.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

Please, let me bring her to the hosp...

Cassandre's blade has already completely pierced through Wilhelm's neck. The tip of the blade is about two feet behind him. The handle is almost touching Wilhelm's nose. Cassandre is about one foot away from his victim.

CASSANDRE

It's nothing personal, doctor.
Really. It's just the way it is.
There is a threat. And I'm the
element to fight it.

Cassandre puts his hand in Wilhelm's pocket. The necklace is now back to his possession. He pushes the doctor to free his sword. Wilhelm falls to the ground.

Cassandre stretches his shoulders. He puts the bloody necklace around his neck underneath his t-shirt and hangs up the fire iron back on the hanger. As his last breath, Wilhelm whispers those last words.

WILHELM

(in German)
Sweet princess.

Cassandre turns around. Alejandra is standing inside the doorframe.

She looks at her parents' bodies. Tears are coming up to her eyes. She looks up at Cassandre. He drops his sword to the ground. The tip of the sword sticks in the wooden floor, sending blood trails down the blade. The sword is now standing up.

CASSANDRE

Don't worry, baby. It's fine.

Cassandre closes the lights off. He goes closer to the little girl. He crouches before her.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

I know it's gonna be hard to
understand. Look at me, baby. Look
at me. Remember this. I've seen the
world to come. I just had to do my
part. I'm sorry. I won't hurt you.
Alright?

Alejandra is trying to retain her tears, but she can't as she looks at her now dead parents. Even in the penumbra, she can clearly see they stopped breathing.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Alright.

Cassandre takes a small flattened roll of silver duct tape out of his pocket. He pulls a small piece of tape and gently puts it on Alejandra's lips. Her soaked eyes catch Cassandre's. Panic grows in her. She tries to escape. But Cassandre grabs her. She tries to scream. But she's already gagged.

Cassandre leaves the room by jumping out of the window with Alejandra under his arm. Her dead parents are left in a pool of blood.

38 EXT. WILHELM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 38

Macaulay's car stop in the house's front alley. She leaves the car and runs at the house's front door. She knocks and ring the bell.

MACAULAY

Doctor?

She knocks harder.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

Wilhelm!

She tries to open the door. It's locked. She runs around the house and find the open window. A subtle glowing orange light is coming out of the room. She looks inside. There are the two bodies. She jumps inside.

39 INT. WILHELM'S HOUSE ; WRITING ROOM - NIGHT 39

Macaulay runs toward Wilhelm and her wife Rachel. They are obviously dead. She can see it in their glassy eyes. She's overwhelmed.

She looks around. The sword is still standing in the middle of the room. Other than that and the pool of blood, everything seems neat. The dying embers in the fireplace are warming up the cold scene.

MACAULAY

Alejandra?

Macaulay walks quietly toward the door.

40 INT. WILHELM'S HOUSE ; DINNER ROOM - NIGHT 40

Macaulay is standing in the dinner room's doorframe. The dinner is served on the long wooden table. It looks delicious.

41 INT. WILHELM'S HOUSE ; MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 41

Macaulay is standing in the master bedroom's doorframe. It's quite modest compared to the house's scale, but it's still beautifully decorated : subtle, calm. It's the perfect nest for a couple.

42 INT. WILHELM'S HOUSE ; ALEJANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 42

Macaulay is standing in the little girl bedroom's doorframe. From the first look, the room looks like the typical little girl bedroom. But Macaulay notices a cello for kid in the corner. There are some music sheets written by hand. Is the little girl writing her own music or is she just playing the cello? Either way, Alejandra is obviously a very promising child. And from her bedroom alone, she looks fulfilled.

43 EXT. WILHELM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 43

Macaulay is outside, near the front door. She's smoking. She takes her flip phone and make a 9-1-1 call.

Macaulay notices a shadow in the bushes and she's quite bothered by it.

MACAULAY

Huh, yes, Macaulay Gabe. I'd like to report a murder... Yes... I'll hold.

Something quivers in the bush.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

Hey you!

A small man jumps out of the bush and runs away.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

Hey!

Macaulay runs behind him. She only has the time to make three or four strides before the short man quickly takes a turn and disappears in a private backyard. This part of the neighborhood is intricate : there are a lot of places to hide, alleys, shortcuts, etc. She didn't have the chance to see his face.

44 EXT. WILHELM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 44

A few minutes later, police cars are all around the house. Their flashing red and blue lights are glowing all around.

Macaulay is sitting on her Toyota's hood, smoking a cigarette.

Police officers are unrolling some yellow tape to border the crime scene.

Chérubin arrives in his black car. The Sidekick is already on the scene. He's the one to welcome the sergeant as he comes out of his car.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Alright. Where is Gabe?

SIDEKICK
(in French)
Right there.

The Sidekick points to Macaulay.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French, from far away)
Everybody around you is dropping
like flies, Gabe! What's up with
that?

Macaulay takes a last puff and throws the half-done cigarette on the ground.

MACAULAY
(in French)
I've already given my deposition,
sergeant.

She stands up, and opens her car's door.

CHÉRUBIN
(in French)
Don't go too far, will you?

MACAULAY
Yeah, yeah.

She enters her car and drives off.

45 INT. MACAULAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

45

Macaulay is sleeping on her sofa. On the table next to her are two empty bottles of liquor.

46

INT. JUSTICE COURT PARLOR - DAY

46

Macaulay is waiting patiently in the parlor. She seems to have a hangover. The room is quite large for what's supposed to be an intimate parlor. The table in the middle seems pretty small in comparison. Macaulay is sitting, her back facing the only door of the room. She is troubled, but tries to hide it from the camera on the ceiling. She's rolling a cigarette between her fingers.

The door opens. Lara, followed by a court officer, enters the room. She's escorted to her chair. Everything is done in silence. The rubbing sound of Lara's inmate uniform is amplified by the absence of sound. She sits. The chair creaks.

COURT OFFICER

Fifteen minutes.

The officer leaves the room and locks the door. The two women are now facing each other. Now, it's the game of who speaks first.

Lara's hair are now decolorized and mingled. Her face is dry and her eyes tired. She's like the ghost of Sofia Fiorentini. And she doesn't seem to care. She doesn't even look at Macaulay. She rubs her fingernails. She plays with her broken hair. Macaulay is quite annoyed by it, but she stays calm.

After a while, Lara looks up to Macaulay's hand, the one that holds the cigarette.

LARA

Is that mine?

MACAULAY

This?

Macaulay shows the cigarette. Lara looks at it like she wants to eat it.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

Not anymore it's not.

Lara sinks in her chair like a spoiled child.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

Want one?

LARA

Whatever.

MACAULAY

Alright then.

Macaulay grabs her lighter and gently toasts the end of the cigarette. She takes a big puff and lets the smoke roll out of her mouth. She goes as far as licking subtly her lips.

LARA

You look fucking dumb, Gabe.

MACAULAY

Fine, Lara.

Macaulay takes another confident puff. Lara looks at her annoyed.

LARA

What's the point of all this?

MACAULAY

Bad news, Lara.

LARA

What.

Macaulay knows that she doesn't know yet. It's a pity. She has to tell her. But first, Macaulay wants to test the waters.

MACAULAY

Why did you run away, Lara?

LARA

(in German)

Eat the shit up my ass, bitch.

MACAULAY

I'm sorry, Lara, my German is quite rusted, you'll have to say that in English, my dear.

LARA

None of your fucking business
that's why. What's the bad news?

For some reason, Lara seems to expect something in particular. Macaulay doesn't have a choice. She has to tell her. She takes a puff. Slowly.

MACAULAY

Your parents are dead, Lara.

Lara eyes stay glued in time. Macaulay keeps her investigator persona. She has to not get involved emotionally. Emotions grow slowly into Lara's head. She's clearly overthinking. She's rubbing her head, her arms.

She hits herself on the forehead. She starts crying, but she's deeply angry at the same time. Angry at herself.

LARA
(to herself)
Why did you do it? Fuck.

She stands up. Macaulay expected a reaction, but not as intense as this one. She stands up as well. Lara walks from one side of the room to the other.

LARA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
What's wrong with you? You had one job. Fucking hell! Fuck!

MACAULAY
What happened?

Suddenly, Lara stops walking. She looks right at Macaulay. For once, she speaks to her and not to herself.

LARA
You don't even know, do you?

MACAULAY
I'm just trying to understand.

LARA
"I'm just trying to understand".
You sure are dumb. All you do is getting involved in other people's lives. And even then, you have no clue.

MACAULAY
Help me understand then, Lara.

Lara takes a moment to calm down. She looks at Macaulay's eager for information face. Lara smiles. She's now calm.

LARA
You've never met someone, have you?

Macaulay is a bit surprised. What does that have to do with anything?

MACAULAY
What?

LARA
You've never met a person who changed your entire world view.
(MORE)

LARA (CONT'D)
You never felt that moment when you
knew that your life could no longer
be the same. You've never felt the
pain of a real connection, have
you? Do you know why? Because you
are nobody, Macaulay Gabe.

Lara goes to the door and knocks.

LARA (CONT'D)
We are done here.

MACAULAY
Lara.

A last look from her.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
Where is he?

Lara smirks. The court officer opens the door. Lara lowers
her head in a very submissive way and just leaves the room.

Macaulay is left with even more questions, alone in the large
empty room, a thin string of smoke escaping from her
cigarette. The door closes.

We see the room's door from the outside. The sound of a chair
hitting the table multiple times and the floor (as she hit
the chair against the table before throwing it) can be heard
through the door.

Macaulay leaves the room. The broken twisted chair is laying
on the floor.

47 INT. JUSTICE COURT HALL - DAY

47

Macaulay is about to leave the building. She's totally
dejected.

The court officer is running behind her.

COURT OFFICER
Gabe!

Macaulay turns around.

COURT OFFICER (CONT'D)
She left that for you.

The court officer gives a piece a paper with an address on
it.

MACAULAY

Did she say something?

COURT OFFICER

What you're looking for is up there. It's in Italy, she said.

Macaulay takes the piece of paper and almost takes off.

COURT OFFICER (CONT'D)

Hey wait! When will I see you again?

MACAULAY

You don't tell anyone about this?

COURT OFFICER

Well, if that's what you want.

Macaulay deepens her voice and grabs his jaw.

MACAULAY

Well then, soon enough, honey.

Macaulay kisses him and takes off. The court officer's face is red. He sighs out of pure exhilaration.

48

INT. STATION 21 ; INVESTIGATION ROOM - DAY

48

Chérubin is standing up alone in a common room. The room is full of police investigation clichés (a map with pins on it, pictures linked together, etc.). In the center of the wall, the photos of the two children : Alejandra and Bennett.

Chérubin is stuck. Where are the children? He has no fucking idea. But maybe some clues are about to get unfolded...

The Sidekick enters the room. He's following a short man, around 45 years old, height around 5'2", black hair, crooked nose.

SIDEKICK

(in French)

Sergeant, I think you might want to hear what this man has to say.

It's the Italian PI, the one from the picture, the one who helped Lara : Magnini.

49

EXT. ITALIAN VILLAGE - DAY

49

Macaulay is walking in a village on a small hill overlooking a valley with olive trees. The sky is blue. The sun is high and blasting hot. The streets and alleys are narrow and sometimes steep. All the houses are made of stones and mortar.

Macaulay has the piece of paper in her hand. She looks at it. She seems lost. The village is pretty much deserted. An old woman comes out of an alley. She's holding a bag of vegetables. She slowly crosses the street.

MACAULAY

Buongiorno. Excuse me. Hello?

OLD ITALIAN GRANNY

(in Italian)

Buongiorno. Oh! Look at you. You are a pretty woman.

Macaulay doesn't understand a word she's saying. Nevertheless, she keeps it nice.

MACAULAY

Huh, hello. Hi. I'm looking for this address...

She presents the piece of paper. The old woman doesn't seem to care about the paper right now. Instead, she grabs Macaulay's clothes.

OLD ITALIAN GRANNY

(in Italian)

Look at that. You are probably from the city. These are nice clothes. Look at you.

MACAULAY

Can you help me? There are no signs in the street. I don't know where I am. I'm looking for this place.

Macaulay insists with the paper.

OLD ITALIAN GRANNY

(in Italian)

What's that? You're looking for a friend, huh? Who is it? We all know each other over here.

Macaulay points to the address on the paper.

MACAULAY
Please, here.

The old woman reads the paper.

OLD ITALIAN GRANNY
(in Italian)
My dear. Is that the place down the
hill.

The old woman points down the hill.

OLD ITALIAN GRANNY (CONT'D)
(in Italian)
They do unholy things there.

MACAULAY
This way?

OLD ITALIAN GRANNY
(in Italian)
You shouldn't go there. You'll only
find pain.

MACAULAY
So down that way and?

OLD ITALIAN GRANNY
(in Italian)
People of the city. Unholy people.

The old woman continues her way. Slowly and mumbling.

MACAULAY
Alright, thank you. Have a nice
day.

Macauley starts walking down the hill.

50

INT. STATION 21 - DAY

50

Chérubin and his Sidekick just left the investigation room.
They are accompanied by Magnini. They all stop in front of
the main door.

CHÉRUBIN
(with an accent)
Alright mister Magnini. Thank you
for you help.

Chérubin waves a series of photos in the air.

CHÉRUBIN (CONT'D)
 It's great work. As I said, if you
 have anything else, you can call me
 anytime.

Chérubin and the Sidekick are waiting for Magnini to leave the building. When he opens the door, they smile and wave to him.

As soon as he leaves, they act quite differently. Mostly erratic.

CHÉRUBIN (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 Find that fucking Macaulay. I'll
 look for the man.

Chérubin takes a look at one of the pictures. It's Macaulay and Cassandre sitting at the table from the train station.

51 EXT. CASSANDRE'S HOUSE - DAY 51

On Macaulay's piece paper, there is the number 72 and some unreadable street name.

In front of her, there is a house with the number 72. It might not be the right house, but at this point, she has nothing to lose.

The house is standing far away from the village, next to a dirt road. It's a small typical European country house surrounded by fields, hills, and olive trees.

She knocks on the old and dusty wooden door.

The door slowly creaks open. An old man appears from behind the ajar door. His eyes are milky blue. He's blind.

MACAULAY
 Buongiorno. Hi.

The old man opens the door wide. He doesn't say a word. He just invites Macaulay to enter with a gesture. Macaulay smiles nervously, and enters the house.

52 INT. CASSANDRE'S HOUSE ; MAIN ROOM - DAY 52

The house is peculiarly dark, considering how sunny it is outside. The crooked old blind man walks pass a large kitchen with four women of all ages making dinner : pasta, sauce, vegetables, etc. Steaming pots contributes to the odd atmosphere.

Macaulay follows the blind man and enters the kitchen. The woman cooks seem friendly and warm. One of them is resting. She is wiping her forehead with a kitchen towel. Sweat is pearling between her huge breasts. She smiles to Macaulay.

RESTING COOK

Buongiorno.

Macaulay doesn't get it. Where is she?

MACAULAY

Buongiorno.

Macaulay continues to follow the blind man pass the kitchen. There's a corridor with multiple old wooden doors. He stops in front of the first one. He reaches inside a pocket of his raggy pants. He grabs an old rusted key. With his other hand, he feels around the keyhole. Once one of his fingers finds the hole, he puts the key inside it. He turns the key. The door unlocks. The loud unlocking sound echoes behind the door. The old man opens it. He doesn't go inside. He just makes a gesture to invite Macaulay to enter.

Macaulay approaches. On the other side of the door, there is a set of stairs going down. Way down. It is well lit by modern wall lamps. The walls are covered with golden metallic wallpapers. She can't see where the stairs are leading. She can only see the navy blue tiled floor of the next level.

She looks at the old man. He is immobile like a statue. No reason to wait no more.

53 INT. CASSANDRE'S HOUSE ; DOWN TO LIMBO - DAY

53

She passes the door and begins to go down. Slowly. Her Oxford shoes clomps on the hard wooden steps. When she reaches half of the stairs, the door closes behind her and gets locked again. Macaulay looks behind her. In a way, she was expecting it. On each side of her are the first two alcoves of a long series. Not very deep, around her height, each set of alcoves contain vases representing human civilizations. On the vase on the right is painted a man, on the vase on the left, a woman. The first set of vases represents Renaissance in Europe. The second set : dynastic China. The third one : ancient Africa. She continues to go down. The atmosphere is eerie, but the air is clean and clear.

When she arrives at the next level, the atmosphere is totally different. There are no lamp or lights. It's the high ceiling, which is entirely illuminated, that provides light for the room. Blue is the dominant color. The corridor is quite large. It almost looks like she's somewhere under water, in the ocean.

In front of her, another set of stairs, but this one is two times larger than the previous one. It's made of polished marble. Each of her steps on the tiled floor echoes in the room. She's walking toward the stair.

54

INT. STATION 21 ; CHÉRUBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

54

Chérubin is sitting comfortably in his chair, feet on his desk. He is flipping the pictures, trying to discern any tiny clues out of them. He's wearing his tiny reading glasses. He sighs.

His desk phone rings. He grabs it immediately.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Chérubin... Bring it here.

He hangs up and throws the pictures on his desk. He pulls his glasses. They hang around his neck : they have that little cord. He stands up and waits with his hands on his hips, looking through his large office window. A fellow coworker is walking between the desks in the open space room. He's holding a file. Chérubin snorts. The fellow coworker is walking fast, turning around the desks, trying to find the quickest route to Chérubin's office. Chérubin scratches his right nipple. The fellow coworker looks at Chérubin with a smile as he approaches the door. Chérubin is stoic. The fellow coworker opens the door and puts his head around it, confident. He shows the file.

FELLOW COWORKER

Bingo.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French, not amused)

Show me that.

The fellow coworker enters the office. He goes to Chérubin to hand him the file. He puts his reading glasses back on.

FELLOW COWORKER

(in French)

His name is Jonah Messier.

Chérubin takes the file and opens it.

FELLOW COWORKER (CONT'D)

(in French)

He got locked up at Pinel as a teenager.

Chérubin flips the pages.

FELLOW COWORKER (CONT'D)

(in French)

Got out only ten years ago. Since then, nothing on the record. He disappears.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

At least we got a name. Is that it?

FELLOW COWORKER

(in French)

One last thing. I've already contacted the institute and they've sent me a video. I put it on this.

He gives a USB key to Chérubin.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

Thank you.

He sits back at his desk and plugs the key on his computer. He opens the folder containing the video file. The fellow coworker takes some steps toward the desk.

Chérubin looks at him. He's all smiles and proud. Chérubin is still not amused.

CHÉRUBIN (CONT'D)

(in French)

Thank you.

The fellow coworker is suddenly disheartened.

FELLOW COWORKER

(in French)

You're welcome.

The fellow coworker exits the office.

CHÉRUBIN

(in French)

The door, please.

The fellow coworker takes a step back, closes the door, and leaves.

Chérubin goes back to his computer and plays the video.

ON SCREEN :

55

INT. PADDED ROOM - NIGHT

55

Cassandre is sitting alone in a padded room. He's wearing a white one-piece suit. There is no table. Just a chair bolted to the floor, and Cassandre tied up to it. He is exhausted and panting.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

Jonah. You know where you are right now. Right?

Cassandre doesn't answers.

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

Jonah. Are you okay?...

Still no answers.

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

Jonah?

CASSANDRE

You know I don't like that name.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

Alright. Cassandre.

CASSANDRE

Yes.

DOCTOR (O.C.)

Do you know where you are?

CASSANDRE

Of course.

DOCTOR

Where are you?

CASSANDRE

In a mental institution.

DOCTOR

Why?

CASSANDRE

Because of my dreams.

DOCTOR

Try again.

CASSANDRE

You don't get it, do you?

DOCTOR

I get it, Cassandre. I'm not sure if you get it. You are schizophrenic and paranoid.

CASSANDRE

I'm cursed.

DOCTOR

You're not cursed. Your mind imagines the worst possible future for yourself. It's not a curse. I promise. It's an illness.

CASSANDRE

It's not an illness. It's not an illness when there's no cure.

DOCTOR

Alright. What are you then?

CASSANDRE

I don't know...

Cassandre puts his head between his hand and brings his knees to his chin.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

I just want it to end...

Cassandre begins to cry, snuggled against his one-piece suit.

ON SCREEN (end);

The videos continues. For a long moment, it's just Cassandre crying, incapable to speak. Chérubin stays silent, staring at the screen.

56

INT. CASSANDRE'S HOUSE ; LIMBO'S BALLROOM - DAY

56

Macaulay is going down the marble stairs. Each of her steps echoes far away. As she descends, Cassandre appears before her eyes. He's wearing a beige robe and the necklace. He looks like a prophet. He is standing in the middle of a huge ballroom. To build this place must have cost millions. A huge and beautiful chandelier is hanging from the carved and frescoed ceiling.

Columns are on each side of the room, and between them are modern sculptures. The floor where Cassandre is standing is slightly higher than the part where Macaulay is. It's a large platform surrounded by a large three-steps stairs.

CASSANDRE

Fate. It's a beautiful thing, isn't it?

Bennett and Alejandra are both kneeling under their own guillotine, on each side of the room, in the back, also on the platform. Bennett is on the right. Alejandra is on the left. They are attached by the ankles to a chain hooked up to a ring on the floor and their hands are attached to the guillotine wooden structure. Behind them, there is a huge clock on the wall. Macaulay stops far away from Cassandre.

MACAULAY

Let them go, you sick fuck.

CASSANDRE

Not yet. I know you don't like games, but let's end our treasure hunt.

Cassandre makes a gesture. Two minions, wearing black robes and the exact same necklace as Cassandre, appear behind Macaulay and close the entry behind her. Each one of them pushes a huge and heavy bronze door. As they push the doors, other minions wearing the exact same outfit come out from behind the sculptures. There are around two dozens. On Bennett's side, all minions are males, on Alejandra's side, they are females.

MACAULAY

What's that random cultish bullshit?

CASSANDRE

Please.

Cassandre looks around him. All the minions look like some social misfits.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Don't mock those people. Everybody are entitled to their own beliefs and they shouldn't fear to be judged for it.

Macaulay looks around her in disbelief.

MACAULAY

Says the guru.

Cassandre walks to the closest minion, a short man wearing a light Middle Age coif. Cassandre puts down his palm on the short man's head.

CASSANDRE
I'm only showing the path. They are
free to follow it or not.

MACAULAY
And what about them?

She points to the two enchained kids. Cassandre take a quick look behind him. Then, very casually, he taps his fingers one after the other on the short man's head while he's thinking.

CASSANDRE
... Well, I guess it actually looks
like a cult, isn't it?

Cassandre laughs loudly.

MACAULAY
What is this place?

CASSANDRE
It's your home now, Gabe.

MACAULAY
You are crazier than I thought.

Cassandre smiles. She makes a gesture to two large male minions. They goes toward Macaulay.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
What's up guys. Guys, hey, come on.
Easy now. Easy!

Macaulay quickly launches her foot to the first minion's crotch. She lands her cockshot perfectly. The minion screams from the pain and gets one knee down. The second one easily restrains Macaulay between his arms. He lifts Macaulay up in the air.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)
Alright, alright.

The first minion stands up. Cassandre is giggling.

CASSANDRE
(to the minion)
You didn't see that one coming, did
you Alberto?

Alberto's face is already sweaty from the cockshot. He takes a quicklook at Cassandre and courteously smiles. Then, he looks at Macaulay.

MACAULAY

Alberto. Listen to me. Think that through. He is crazy. You're... obviously not.

Alberto looks at Macaulay with a blank stare. Macaulay swallows nervously. He just takes the phone from Macaulay's pocket, and put it in his own pocket. Then, he goes back to his initial position. Macaulay becomes quite suspicious. Those minions seems very obedient.

CASSANDRE

You don't need it down here anyway.
No emergency.

She was tense, now she lets her whole body loose. The minion who was holding her lets her go. She falls on her feet. He also goes back to his initial position. Macaulay looks around her. Every minion has that same blank stare. Not drugged, not possessed, just totally disinterested. As if they were witnesses to their own life.

MACAULAY

Cassandre.

CASSANDRE

Yes?

MACAULAY

What's that all about?

CASSANDRE

I told you. It's your home.

MACAULAY

It's not. It's a shit show. Who built this anyway?

Cassandre smiles.

CASSANDRE

Always so hurried to dig up the answers, aren't you?

MACAULAY

God dammit, just tell me.

CASSANDRE

You know how it goes, Gabe.

MACAULAY

What.

CASSANDRE

I'll repeat it. Again. You should know the drill by now. You do as I say, or they die.

The two minions who are the closest to Alejandra and Bennett both grab a rope that is attached to trigger one of the guillotines.

MACAULAY

You fucking... Alright. What then?

CASSANDRE

See that beautiful and quite glittering chair?

Two minions bring a chair that looks like a throne. They put it just before the large three-steps stairs that lead to the platform, right between Macaulay and Cassandre. They tuck it in some predetermined small holes in the floor and attach each leg to four big iron hooks.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Please, sit.

MACAULAY

Why?

CASSANDRE

I'll tell you a story. Make yourself comfortable. And remember, don't do anything ill-advised. Or they die.

Macaulay walks toward the chair. The two minions who attached the chair are still on each side of it. Macaulay gets around them and stops in front of the chair. It looks really comfortable. Macaulay turns around to face Cassandre.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Please.

She puts her hands on the armrests and sits down.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

See? Comfortable, isn't it? Homelike... Now, let's begin, shall we?

Cassandre makes a gesture while he's walking down the small stairs. The two minions holding the ropes prepare to pull.

The kids begin to cry. The minions are getting excited. Some of them are letting primal howls out.

Macaulay grabs the armrests and scream.

MACAULAY

No!

CASSANDRE

Pull.

All the minions gasp. Silence. The minions pull the ropes. At that moment, a loud clacking sound echoes in the room as Macaulay's armrests drop around one inch from their initial position. Macaulay is slightly rocked back and forth by the movement of the armrests.

She looks at her own right hand. It's still holding firmly to the armrest. She looks at the kids. They are still alive. The guillotines' blades are still in place. She wants to stand up.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Not yet.

Macaulay looks at her other hand. The left one. She slowly moves it up. The armrest follows her movement.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Oh-ho.

Macaulay looks at Alejandra. She's crying. Above her head, the blade's solidity seems to weaken. She realizes that her armrest is connected to a safety pin that prevents the blade from falling down. The same pin is on Bennett's guillotine.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's how it goes from now.
So if I were you, I would sit down
and make sure to be very
comfortable.

The minions' excitement mutates into a humming sound like a religious chant. Macaulay sits down. Her arms are tensed up, since she doesn't know exactly how much pressure she has to perform to make sure the blades stay up.

Cassandra walks toward her. Her legs tense up. Her feet too.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

I told you. Fate is a beautiful
thing. You only have to embrace it.

Cassandre procession is slow and solemn. He stops around three feet away from Macaulay.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
(to the minions)
Her legs.

Each minion next to Macaulay cuffs one of her legs to the chair legs. She wrestle a bit, but as she knows she can't move anyway, the minions don't really wrestle back much to secure the legs. Once Macaulay's legs are cuffed, the minions put the keys in front of her, on the floor, and they go back with the other minions. Cassandre continues to walk toward Macaulay. The religious chant fades away.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
Calm down, now. You don't want to
tire too fast, sweetie.

Cassandre kisses Macaulay's forehead gently. Then, he smiles at her.

A beat.

She spits at his face. Cassandre knew that was coming. He avoids it easily.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
Save your breath, Gabe. I'll tell
you a dream I had a long time ago.

He grabs the necklace by the pendant to show Macaulay and takes it off from his neck.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
A dream about this very necklace.
See, this necklace has nothing
special, really, historically
speaking. It's just some necklace
that I bought at a train station,
several years ago. Nobody hid it in
his asshole during the war, nobody
killed anybody with a sword for
it... Well. You know... The point
is : it's just a stupid necklace,
see. But, for some reason, I dreamt
about it. Night after night after
night. So I bought it, the girl
behind the counter asked me if I
wanted it engraved. I told her that
I wanted an address engraved behind
it. An address where I'd never been
to. Because I dreamt it.

Cassandre flips the pendant. There is an address engraved in the back of the pendant : "72 Cammino del Limbo".

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

This address.

MACAULAY

That's great. Yes, between all the crazy shit you do, you just repeat your dreams in real life. I'm so happy to know that, Cassandre. Now, what the fuck any of this has something to do with our fucking situation here?

Cassandre smiles and takes a few steps backward. He looks at Macaulay, who is all stiff, tensed up, and anxious. It's quite amusing to him.

CASSANDRE

I'll tell you what. I had another dream recently. In about...

For a brief moment, he looks behind him to the huge clock on the wall. It's exactly 12:49. He puts back his necklace.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

... twenty seconds from now, you'll receive a call from your friend the sergeant. What's his name again?

Macaulay doesn't answer.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Chérubin! That's right. So, let's just wait for that call, shall we? Ten seconds now.

They both look at the clock. It's 12:49 and 10 seconds. 11. 12. 13.

Macaulay takes a look at Cassandre. He seems perfectly serene. He makes a gesture to Alberto, inviting him to come.

Back to the clock: 17. 18. 19. 20. A beat.

The phone rings in Alberto's pocket.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

See? Show her.

Alberto grabs the phone, opens it, and shows it to Macaulay. On the small screen, Macaulay reads the name "Chérubin".

She clears her throat, trying to hide her lack of understanding and looks directly at Cassandre. Alberto closes the phone and goes back to his initial position.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Do you understand now? These are not just dreams. It's a gift.

MACAULAY

Given by who?

CASSANDRE

From a mutation. An alien implant. Maybe I'm a guinea pig in a scientific experiment from the future. Or it's simply God.

MACAULAY

God... So you do believe you are some sort of messiah. Is that it?

CASSANDRE

I don't know, Macaulay Gabe. But when I understood that those dreams weren't a curse, but a gift, everything became so easy.

MACAULAY

So you began kidnapping children.

Cassandre takes a pause. Obviously, he does not approve that comment.

CASSANDRE

See, I didn't remember you'd say that.

MACAULAY

But that's what happened, isn't it? You wanted to play sick games. And to start a cult.

CASSANDRE

Well, I have to admit. At one point, it was just good ole fun. Let's just say, for example, that I dream of a lottery number...

Macaulay looks around her. She remembers how big the ballroom is.

MACAULAY

Right.

CASSANDRE

But after a while, the money, all the things, the disciples, the servants. It didn't stop the most recurrent and awful dream. I knew then that I had a mission.

MACAULAY

What mission?

CASSANDRE

Save humanity.

MACAULAY

Save humanity.

CASSANDRE

Exactly.

MACAULAY

And how do you plan to do that?

CASSANDRE

By killing one of them.

He's referring to the kids. He walks toward them.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

Or both of them.

MACAULAY

Literally. Why?

CASSANDRE

Don't you see it? They are the destroyers of the worlds.

MACAULAY

Really. Those two.

He grabs Bennett's jaw, and shows his face to Macaulay. Bennett's tears roll down his fingers.

CASSANDRE

Don't get tricked by their cute faces. I'm telling you. They are the worst people ever.

MACAULAY

(doubtful)

Because you dreamt it.

Cassandra sighs.

CASSANDRE

Look. I know. You don't believe me. Even after all the unsettling evidence that I just provided. You still think I'm the bad guy. And you know what? That's totally fine. That is why it has to be you, and not me. So here is the situation, right now, for you. If you move, they die. If you sleep, they die. If you do nothing, you all die at some point. From starvation or whatnot. So, you'll have to choose. Bennett or Alejandra? Or both of them? I don't care. Only together they are the greatest threat, see.

Cassandre goes to sit at a table on the side of the room. He wants to see the show.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

So, who is it gonna be?

MACAULAY

But why me?

CASSANDRE

Well. I guess it's fate... Or simply because it doesn't really matter who it is. You're nobody, really.

Macaulay is getting emotional. Cassandre grabs chocolate bar from a candy jar. It's a Mirage.

MACAULAY

I don't get it. If you can do all this, why can't you just finish the job yourself.

CASSANDRE

It's not part of my job. I'm just the messenger.

MACAULAY

And where was the messenger when you killed my partner. His father. And his mother. And her parents!

CASSANDRE

They all saw the necklace. What else was I suppose to do? I mean, come on.

Cassandre takes a bite from his chocolate bar. Macaulay looks around her in disbelief. All the minions look like their soul has been sucked out of them.

MACAULAY

Unreal. And you all believe him?
Alberto, really? Listen, I'm so
sorry for earlier. But listen, you
really want to follow this fucking
guy?

Alberto looks at Cassandre, waiting for an approval.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

Don't look at him, look at me.

CASSANDRE

Speak freely, Alberto.

MACAULAY

Shut up.

CASSANDRE

Nothing's gonna happen. Go ahead.

MACAULAY

Shut up! Alberto, don't listen to
him. Why are you here?

Alberto is now confident enough to talk, but he seems somewhat still unsure. He has a strong italian accent.

ALBERTO

He saved me. From me.

MACAULAY

Oh come on, Alberto. You sound like
some brainwashed slave. Think by
yourself for christ's sake!

ALBERTO

He's telling the truth, signora. He
saved us all.

MACAULAY

Come on, now.

Macaulay sighs. She's almost ready to quit. Cassandre stands up and walks among the minions.

CASSANDRE

Look at them Macaulay. They used to
be real freaks. Trust me. Bums.
Junkies. Criminals.

(MORE)

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

But when I showed them what was awaiting ahead. The suffering. The grief. Their own death...

MACAULAY

Are you telling me that, all of you, you prefer being a slave to this fanatic instead of living a life of your own?

CASSANDRE

Here is the thing. They are free to go, see? And yet, they choose to stay... Alberto?

ALBERTO

Yes, sir?

CASSANDRE

On what day do you die?

ALBERTO

Today, sir.

CASSANDRE

Why?

ALBERTO

I betray you.

CASSANDRE

That's right. Why are you still here, then?

ALBERTO

Because I have a purpose.

CASSANDRE

Thank you, Alberto.

Alberto goes back in the shadows, among the other minions. But his eyes show some doubt. Just before disappearing in the darkness, he takes a look inside his own hand : there is an old key, the kind a of key to open an old padlock.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

(to Macaulay)

See?

Cassandra goes toward Macaulay.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

I am the light in the darkness. I am the truth.

(MORE)

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
I am the only answer to God's plan.
I saw the death of every human.
Even yours, Macaulay Gabe.

Cassandra stops before Macaulay. His green eyes catch Macaulay's attention.

57 INT. MACAULAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

57

Alone in her office, sitting in a chair in front of the window, Macaulay is drinking herself to death. She looks older. Her hair are grayer and several deep wrinkles draw themselves on her face, probably due to alcoholism. All her furniture and decoration are old, dusty, and in disarray, creating an overall mess. Between her and the window, there is a body lying down.

CASSANDRE (V.O.)
As time went by, that feeling you
always have got even worst. That
feeling of getting older, hideous,
and insignificant.

Macaulay is holding her pistol in her hand, and an empty whisky bottle in the other.

CASSANDRE (V.O.)
You never felt emptier. More
useless. More alone.

Lying down in a pool of blood is Scott's body.

CASSANDRE (V.O.)
And you also became paranoid.

Macaulay puts the gun barrel to her own head, just under her jawline. She pulls the trigger.

Bang.

58 INT. CASSANDRE'S HOUSE ; LIMBO'S BALLROOM - DAY

58

The gunshot resonates into Macaulay's imagination.

Macaulay's eyes are closed. She opens them and look at Cassandra with rage.

MACAULAY
That can't be true.

CASSANDRE

Sadly, it is true. Without me, you were destined to perdition. Like all of them. You were more lost than the people you were chasing. Only now you have a purpose. Because of me. Now you can save mankind. Because of me. All you have to do is to let go one hand.

MACAULAY

I'll never give you that pleasure.

CASSANDRE

If you had seen the chaos and the agony. If you had witnessed the blazing fire caused by those two, you wouldn't hesitate one second.

Macaulay takes a few seconds to recompose and to think.

MACAULAY

Have you ever consider that maybe you are the cause of all this. Look at them. Their family is gone, because of you. They are under a goddamn guillotine, because of you. And from now on, they gonna think they are the worst people in the world, because of you.

Bennett and Alejandra have stopped crying. They listen to Macaulay. So are the minions.

MACAULAY (CONT'D)

You are not the light, Cassandre. You are only the chaos. You're the only one who deserve to die.

A beat.

CASSANDRE

Well, maybe it's true. But even then. I guess it's too late now, isn't it?

Cassandre goes back to the table he was sitting at. He sits back.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)

So who is it gonna be?

Macaulay looks at the minions, hoping for help. Most of them just look away or at the ground when she looks at them. She can't see Alberto anymore.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
Nobody's gonna help you. I would
know. Now, come on. Choose.

Macaulay takes a moment to think. She never seemed more helpless. Cassandre is looking at her with ease. From his perspective, he's never been more in control.

But Alberto comes out of the darkness behind Cassandre. He is tiptoeing toward him. He is holding a sword in the air.

Cassandre grabs a single earplug from his pocket and puts it in his ear. Then, he pulls a gun out from under the table. Using his own body to block Alberto from viewing it, he shows the gun to Macaulay with a smile that says "I wish it was less predictable". He puts the gun upside down on his shoulder and shoots without even looking back. The bullet goes through Alberto's throat, comes out on the other side, and breaks his necklace. Alberto falls to the ground immediately after his necklace. The sword rolls down to Cassandre's feet.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
At least, he went all the way.

Cassandre grabs the sword, stands up and goes toward Macaulay. He sticks the sword on the floor between before her.

CASSANDRE (CONT'D)
Here.

Macaulay's look is now strangely determined.

MACAULAY
I have one last question for you,
Cassandre?

CASSANDRE
What?

MACAULAY
Did you dream about your death?

Cassandre is quite surprised by her sudden confidence.

CASSANDRE
What?

Macaulay lifts her arms and stands up.

Cassandre is suddenly thrilled. His eyes become larger than ever. His smile too. Even if everything is going as planned, there's something inside of him that can't believe he made it. He turns around quickly to see the guillotines fall.

What he sees on the platform is not what he had in mind. It's been a while since he checked the guillotines. Now, the children are no longer under them, but they are standing up on each side of them. The blades fall down and stop abruptly with a booming sound on the wooden base. The sound echoes in the ballroom.

Cassandre notices that Alberto is still alive. He is opening his hand slowly. Inside of his bloody palm, there is the old key.

ALBERTO
(whispering)
Forgive me because I've betrayed
you.

Cassandre seems suddenly sick worried.

A slicing and cracking sound cuts Cassandre's breath. He looks down to his chest. A blade is sticking out of it.

Behind him, Macaulay is holding the handle of the sword.

Her ankles are still cuffed, but the chair that she was sitting on is upside down, so she's not restrained anymore. She lets go the handle and walks backward. Cassandre wobbles around and trips. As he falls down on his back, which pushes the blade deeper, a gunshot goes off, surprising everybody else in the room. Cassandre is now lying on his back, but the sword's handle stops him from laying his back on the floor. His back is arching up. For a brief moment, Cassandre stays like that, moaning. Then, he lets himself fall on his side. Macaulay runs toward him and kicks the gun away.

CASSANDRE
(coughing)
What the hell.

Cassandre tries to grab the floor. His robe imbibes his blood until it's almost completely red.

Macaulay looks at him. She's petrified about what she's done. She looks around her. The minions also are petrified. They stay still.

She looks at the children. She can't find the force to comfort them. Even if they are afraid. Instinctively, they go to one another. And they grab each other's hands.

Cassandre's breath is getting shorter and erratic. Until it stops.

The minions walks slowly toward their guru. In silence. Like lost souls. Macaulay takes another look to the children. They don't cry. They just look. They are standing still, emotionless, holding hands like it was the only thing that keeps them alive.

59

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

59

About a year later, it's a typical summer weekend in Montreal. In the park, people are barbecuing, picnicking, tossing frisbees and playing ball. Parents are drinking beer and children are running around.

Macaulay is walking arm in arm with her cute French girlfriend. She's all bubbly, and she's wearing a summer dress. Macaulay is wearing a light, but more masculine outfit.

GIRLFRIEND

(in French)

They should be around here
somewhere.

Macaulay is smiling, but clearly, her mind isn't completely carefree. Her girlfriend seems to have no worries at all. She is scanning in front of her.

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

(in French)

There they are!

The girlfriend lets go Macaulay's arm and starts running toward a group of people picnicking.

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

Hey!

The small group of half a dozen young adults wave their hands. The girlfriend turns around and makes a gesture to Macaulay.

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

Come on!

MACAULAY

I'm coming.

The girlfriend runs to her friends. Macaulay is walking. As she approaches, she hears a woman's voice.

She looks toward the playground. Not too far from her is a tutor with several kids.

TUTOR

Be careful!

The tutor is surveilling young kids in the playground. She's in her mid-fifties. Her and all the kids are wearing uniforms. All black and white. Suddenly, the tutor looks all around her and seems worried.

TUTOR (CONT'D)

Alejandra, Bennett?

Macaulay stops walking. She looks around too. And she sees them. Bennett and Alejandra, together, holding hands. They are also wearing the uniform. They seem to belong to another universe. Right in front of them is a small fire in the grass. They look at it fervently.

Macaulay look at them for a while. They don't see her. Macaulay is feeling strange. What is the fate of those children? And what if... He was right?

The tutor runs to the fire and extinguishes it erratically with her foot.

TUTOR (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you two?

She grabs Bennett's arm and make the two of them follow her by force.

GIRLFRIEND

Are you coming, honey?

Macaulay's head gets out of the clouds...

MACAULAY

Yes! Yes...

And she joins them for a warm picnic.

THE END