

The Operating Table

By Jack Brand

1 INT. HOSPITAL WARD

We open with the first-person perspective of an individual laying in a clean hospital bed surrounded by lime curtains. He is surrounded by loving familial faces -- a wife, a young son and daughter, a housemaid -- smiling warmly down at him. Exaggeratedly homely and serene music plays on a radio on the cabinet to the left of his bed. And his family keep grinning. And grinning.

Suddenly, an indiscernible piercing screech etches it's way inside his head, causing his body to convulse and his vision to blur.

"Always Forever" by Cults begins to play.

The faces of his family all simultaneously twist and morph into a gurning, masculine face; a face that drives the patient whose perspective we share to a red-eyed, homicidal rage on sight. The patient leaps out of bed and violently attacks the nearest man-faced family visitor, his wife, throttling them down to the ground. His son tries to leap onto the patient, only to be swatted aside. The patient grabs the radio, and lobs it over the bed at the housemaid, knocking her to the ground.

The daughter dives across the bed and grapples the patient -- the masculine face continues insanely grinning right up in his/our face. While warding off his still-downed wife with his foot, he lobs the daughter through the curtain and straight out the window with a mighty CRASH. Having a second wind, the son catches the patient off-guard and punches him continuously back onto the bed.

Then the "patient" awakes with a start and a deep breath. He's not in a hospital bed, but a plain, beige bed in his home. Still breathless at his strangely violent nightmare, he checks to his left, and sees his wife's long brown hair peering out of the quilt covers.

We see the face of the dreamer, ROSS MEYER: an average-looking guy with a buzzcut. He turns again to his sleeping wife TYSHA and strokes her hair. She too awakes and turns to face him, revealing just a normal female face.

ROSS:

Thank god.

TYSHA:

(slovenly, half-asleep)

What?

ROSS:  
 (sighing)  
 Nothing, it's just... bad dream. Real  
 fuckin' weird to be more precise.

Ross rubs his face with both hands. Both he and Tysha sit up.

TYSHA:  
 Hmm? What happened.

ROSS:  
 You really don't want to know.

TYSHA:  
 Always so private.

ROSS:  
 I thought that's what you like?

TYSHA:  
 (giggling)  
 Yeah. But you know you can tell me  
 anything, anything at all, right?

ROSS:  
 Sure.

TYSHA:  
 Nothing's bothering you?

ROSS:  
 Nope.

Ross moves to get out of bed, while Tysha slumps back into  
 her pillow.

TYSHA:  
 My housemate from uni's invited us  
 both for a night out tomorrow.

ROSS:  
 Oh yeah? Which one?

TYSHA:  
 Yasmin. Turns out she's getting  
 married in a couple months. To Noel  
 the Postie of all people. We can leave  
 the kids with your mum.

ROSS:  
 Huh. Noel's going up in the world. But

wait, so you're telling me... we're free to get wanked?

TYSHA:

Yes.

ROSS:

As a married couple?

TYSHA:

Fuck yeah.

Ross dives back on the bed and kisses his wife passionately.

2 INT. PRISON CELL

A fair-haired prisoner, CALLUM HORRIDE, lies asleep in a bunkbed, on the bottom bunk. He is awoken by the sound of rigorous not-safe-for-work activities from the top bunk above him. A screwdriver from the prison workshop is thrown from above as the two unseen top-bunkers are heard climaxing, causing Callum to wince uncomfortably.

Callum turns over. An insidious grin crosses his face. The same face and grin as in Ross's dream.

CALLUM:

(whispering very softly)

Not long now.

3 INT. PRISON CORRIDORS

Callum walks past many dingy cells, apathetic guards and jealous jailbirds. His parole for permanent release on the promise of good behaviour has been approved and he is almost a free man. He is escorted through the prison gates to the green prison bus waiting outside.

Stepping suavely aboard the bus in a tweed yellow suit and carrying his belongings in a briefcase, Callum takes one last smug look at the prison he had been calling home for ten years before being driven away to the outside world.

4 EXT. THE MEYER ESTATE, 9AM

Ross Meyer escorts his two primary school-aged kids, ALISON and CHRISTIAN, out of their expensive family house -- a borderline mansion by all description with a lavish, modernist outer decor, a pristine front lawn and many Greek-style sculptures dotted around. The family dog, a husky named Thornton, follows them out the door and yaps happily as they

leave.

ALISON:  
Daddy?

ROSS:  
Yes, honeybunny?

ALISON:  
Why do so many of the statues in our  
garden have their winkies out?

ROSS:  
I dunno, ask your mother.

ALISON:  
Okay.

Ross unlocks his Mercedes, and hurries them both into it.

ROSS:  
(mouthing silently to himself in  
delayed reaction)  
What the fuck?

Ross himself gets into the driver's seat.

CHRISTIAN:  
I'm gonna be the zombie  
today, dad.

ROSS:  
(to Alison)  
Did you get your homework to  
Miss Tesla.

CHRISTIAN:  
Dad, I'm gonna be the  
zombie.

ALISON:  
Yeah, she liked it very much  
and put it on the wall.

ROSS:  
(to Alison)  
Well, that's good.

CHRISTIAN:  
(louder)  
Dad, I'm gonna be the zombie at break  
time!

ROSS:  
Alright, Christian, you're gonna be  
the zombie. You're getting a bit  
obsessed with that "Humans vs.  
Zombies" game.

CHRISTIAN:  
(ignoring him)  
Terry ran really fast last time, but  
this time I'm gonna get him.

ALISON:  
(to Christian)  
Why do you never let me play with you  
lot?

CHRISTIAN:  
Girls aren't allowed unless it's "Boys  
vs. Girls vs. Zombies".

ROSS:  
Ah, afraid they'll give you cooties,  
huh, Chrissy?

Ross reaches behind his seat and playfully scratches his  
son's hair.

CHRISTIAN:  
I'm not afraid of girls.

ROSS:  
I mean, take sweet Alison here, she's  
totally harmless, apart from, ya know,  
the infectious rabies and the razor-  
sharp claws that come out only under  
the light of the full moon. But all  
girls are like that, really. Totally  
harmless.

Alison gives Ross a confused look, and Ross gives a knowing  
wink and a nod in return, communicating to her to play along.  
Alison turns to the backseat and growls at Christian while  
showing him her fingernails. Christian shifts nervously in  
his seat.

Ross drives into their school and drops them off. He kisses  
them both on the cheek before they both scurry off to their  
classroom.

ROSS:  
Love you both, have a good day. Bye.

Ross waves them off, gets back in the car, and leaves. As  
he's driving, he calls up Tysha on the carphone. As it rings,  
he occasionally glances at the dial screen with her smiling  
face on it, but for a split millisecond the face of Callum  
briefly appears on the screen instead of that of Tysha.

However, it's there and gone so ridiculously quickly that Ross doesn't even consciously react. Tysha picks up.

TYSHA:

Hello?

ROSS:

Hey, baby. Still on for tonight?

TYSHA:

It's like we're still dating or something.

ROSS:

(chuckles, starts speaking in a bad Sean Connery impression)  
You alone tonight?

TYSHA:

Oh god, stop.

ROSS:

'Cause if not I could take you back to my place and we could have... sexual intercourse.

TYSHA:

Stop!

ROSS:

Sorry, I'm usually more subtle with my innuendos.

TYSHA:

Sorry, Mr. Bond, but I'd frankly rather be with my husband Ross, since we're going clubbing tonight like actual teenagers.

ROSS:

Well, that's too bad. I bet this Ross fellow isn't as good a lover among the plain whites.

TYSHA:

Actually he's awful, the absolute worst.

ROSS:

(dropping the accent)  
You bitch.

TYSHA:

(laughing)

I've just gotta finish this shift and I'll meet you back home so we can change.

ROSS:

Sounds like a plan. Oh yeah, Alison might ask you something a bit weird when you next see her.

TYSHA:

Oh yeah? What?

ROSS:

You'll see.

TYSHA:

Okay then. Uh, bye, love you.

ROSS:

(blows a kiss)

Love ya. See ya soon.

The screen splits in two. We see Callum on the left half, and Ross on the other. Callum sits on a bed in a dark, grotty cityside apartment, staring blankly at the wall. Ross drives through his suburban neighbourhood, carefree and smiling.

NARRATOR:

(Callum's half of the screen flashes red)

This is Callum.

(Ross's half of the screen flashes blue)

And this is Ross. They're old friends who've grown apart, and they don't have a lot in common anymore. One's an evil bastard, and the other's just got out of prison.

Ross and Callum both clutch their stomachs in discomfort. Rubbish special effects and gaudy comics sans text boxes suddenly cross the scene just like in a cheesy TV commercial.

NARRATOR:

But what they do have in common is irritable bowel syndrome, but luckily, Bowelscone Double Whammy painkillers are ready to be deployed when it counts!



Both Callum and Ross consume the same medication in tandem.

NARRATOR:

Don't let your irritable bowels  
bollock your day! Bowelscone!

"SMALL-PRINT" NARRATOR:

(extremely quickly)  
Always consume Bowelscone with fluid.

5 INT. NIGHTCLUB

Ross, Tysha, Yasmin and her fiance NOEL dance to some classic club tunes on the dancefloor. Ross is in a stylish green jacket while Tysha wears a matching green dress. Noel appears to have barely made an effort at all by showing up in a plain blue postman's shirt. Both couples kiss and dance seductively with one another.

After a short while, all four head to the bar and begin ordering drinks. Just as he's about to order, Ross turns around and leans back against the bar while clutching his stomach in pain. Tysha turns to him and gestures to him, asking what's wrong. Ross shuffles along the bar through crowds of young men and women, before arriving at the WCs at the opposite side of the club.

Ross takes out another Bowelscone pill and swallows it dry, but starts choking. He quickly moves back towards the nearest edge of the bar and begs the bartender for some water, which she obliges. He drinks desperately, and gasps and coughs as he recovers his breath.

We switch to Ross's watery-eyed perspective. As he turns away from the bar again, he makes out a dark figure standing before him. He attempts to make out the dark man's face, and as his vision clears, Ross realises that the man is wearing a black bandana and hoodie.

ROSS:

What the...

Before Ross can react, the masked man whips out a plastic bottle and douses Ross's face with the transparent contents. Needless to say, it isn't water. Ross screams and falls to the ground, clutching his face as crackling sound can be heard.

He briefly blacks out. He briefly awakes as a large crowd of onlookers has gathered around him. Tysha is sobbing profusely and holding his hand, Yasmin is staring in total shock, and a

worried yet collected Noel is on the phone to the emergency services.

NOEL:

Yes, we need police and an ambulance here, now! My friend's husband -- many people are hurt, hurry up! Please!

6 INT. HOSPITAL WARD

A newspaper headline reads "Man Grievously Wounded in Deadly Nightclub Attack". The Meyer family's elderly housemaid, GERTRUDE, reads the paper intently as Ross lies paralysed in a hospital bed, covered in a full body cast that only exposes the top of his head and his fingertips. Ross's family are gathered around him. Tysha is dry-faced and dishevelled, having clearly been by Ross's side for a long time, while both Alison and Christian are blubbing and whimpering.

GERTRUDE:

A completely random acid attack. No clear target, no real motive. Just terror for the sake of it. It's awful, just awful.

CHRISTIAN:

Mum... Will daddy ever get better?

Tysha can't bear to look away from Ross, whose eyes are firmly fixed lifelessly on the ceiling.

TYSHA:

(dry, crackly voice)  
I... I'm sure he will, honey, sometime. Sometime.

GERTRUDE:

I just can't understand it, I really can't. Why couldn't the security do anything to stop this before it happened?

The family continue grieving. Ross, in what appears to be a titanic effort, slowly turns his eyes to look straight at his wife. They share a long, shared gaze. Tysha's lip begins to quiver.

GERTRUDE:

It could have been anyone, absolutely anyone, but Ross was just in the wrong place at the wrong time; I mean, what

dreadful luck.

TYSHA:  
 (scornfully)  
 Alright, Gertrude, just stop.

GERTRUDE:  
 Sorry.

Gertrude folds the newspaper and places it on a nearby desktop.

7 INT. BUS SHELTER

Callum quickly swipes a copy of the same newspaper from on top of a bin next to a bus shelter, and aggressively reads through it. He sits back down on the seat in the shelter.

CALLUM:  
 (wide eyed)  
 No way.

The bus arrives and we see a quick montage of Callum's dull commute back to his grotty apartment while intensely staring at the newspaper headline all the way as if he's a man possessed.

Callum unlocks his apartment door, and we see what has become of the interior. The blank, mouldy wall he had been staring at earlier is now covered in polaroid photographs, scribbled scrap paper and documents all relating to Ross. Callum eagerly grabs a handful of drawing pins and pins the newspaper in the centre of the stalker-wall. He smiles.

CALLUM:  
 Delightful.

8 EXT. THE MEYER ESTATE, 10PM

Callum, wearing all-black camouflage and a large rucksack behind some bushes and one of the statues in a vast garden, stands and observes the Meyer household from a distance. The lights on in every windowed room illuminate each Meyer family member. Christian can be seen in his bedroom, teaching the dog Thornton some command tricks. Tysha can be seen staring blankly at a wall in the kitchen in front of a microwaved mac'n'cheese. Alison can be seen drawing something in her room, surrounded by childishly scribbled "happy family drawings". And lastly, Gertrude can be seen vacuuming a landing floor carpet.

Sneakily stealthing to a nearby potted plant while avoiding notice, he kneels down and unzips his backpack, revealing a collection of hidden remote cameras. He quickly installs one in a potted plant facing the front of the house. Logging into the camera feed through his mobile phone, he observes the house, trying to find any weak entry points or ways for him to get closer undetected. Unfortunately for him, there is no further room for cover. He sits and stares at the unaware Tysha, pondering his next move. In a display of pure gall, Callum stands up to full height and steps out of the shadows, revealing himself fully and triggering the motion-sensor floodlights. Tysha, still despondent, slowly turns in her seat to view the front lawn. Callum bottles it and quickly darts to the other side of the garden, so Tysha only sees the blur of a black figure scarpering away.

Instead of panicking, Tysha returns to her preoccupation with the wall and the framed photograph of the Meyer family hanging upon it.

9 INT. HOSPITAL WARD

Ross lies awake in the hospital bed. A blonde nurse in her early forties, ELAINE, tends to him.

ELAINE:

What kind of world do we live in where  
someone would do something like this,  
eh?

Elaine checks the IV bags connected to Ross hanging by the bed.

ELAINE:

Apparently a friend of yours is coming  
in to check up on you today.

Ross's eyes roll to the left and look at her with a questioning expression, and he opens the palm of his hand slightly.

ELAINE:

Oh, he didn't say his name. He wanted  
it to be a surprise for you. He said  
you go way back.

Ross looks at his darkened reflection in a turned-off and dusty television set sitting at the end of his bed in contemplation.

A patient alarm bell rings from another room. Elaine gets up

and places a comforting hand on Ross's shoulder.

ELAINE:

I have to go see to that, I'll be back soon.

With that, Elaine leaves. Immediately afterwards, someone else darkens the door of Ross's room.

CALLUM:

Hey, Ross.

Ross's eyes widen in shock. A hushed gurgle emits from his throat.

CALLUM:

God, look at the state of you. How on earth did this happen? Don't answer that, I read it in the paper. Random acid attack. Real nasty. What kind of sick bastard would do that? So, buddy, how've you been getting on, I haven't seen you since I got sent to prison roughly an entire decade ago.

There is a long, intense silence.

CALLUM:

What's wrong? Nothing to say to me? Oh, oh no, yeah, that's right, your vocal chords are more fried than a chicken in Kentucky, aren't they, mate? Kyah, what a cruel world.

Ross attempts to project another faint gurgle. Callum shuffles closer and feigns concern, peering down close to his face.

CALLUM:

(whispering)

What? What was that?

(louder, as he stands back and starts walking around, inspecting the room)

Was that the best you can do? I imagine you've got a few questions. Well, we all have a few, don't we? Here's an example: what's it like to be sent to prison by your best friend while he gets away scott free?

Callum suddenly rushes in close to Ross, close enough that their noses practically touch.

CALLUM:  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Callum stands back up and ambles to the TV set. He flashes a sinister grin to Ross. He plugs in the TV, pulls a blank DVD out of his jacket pocket and inserts it into the disc drive. The TV takes a while to boot up.

CALLUM:  
It was a rhetorical question, but I'd like to give you a rough estimation of what it feels like. You probably can't physically feel very much with all that mottled scar tissue. But... there's other ways to feel pain.

The TV flashes on. The screen shows scenes from inside the Meyers' house from the perspectives of various hidden cameras. Ross takes a handful of sharp inhales and glares at Callum with ferocious intensity.

CALLUM:  
Oh, look, Ross! It's your house, dun-dun-dun, in the middle of no street, your house! I have to say, it is a damn fine home you got yourself. It's more like a mansion, really. Talk about the 1%, am I right?

The footage seems to effectively cover every inch of the house. Tysha can be seen cooking herself a meal in the kitchen.

CALLUM:  
Ah, she's a keeper, mate.

Gertrude plays frisbee with the dog in the garden.

CALLUM:  
Just real wholesome stuff right here.

Callum switches the TV off.

CALLUM:  
Unfortunately, there's not a lot of real drama just yet. That was just a taster for what's to come.

Another uncomfortable silence.

CALLUM:

Hmm... I have a feeling we're gonna need some medium for communication. Tell you what, take these.

Callum pulls a pen and small pad of paper out of his pocket. He lobs the pen straight at Ross's forehead, but it ricochets harmlessly off the mounds of plaster covering it and onto the floor. Callum places the paper pad on a small table stand next to the bed, and pulls it within grabbing range of Ross's mostly exposed hand. Looking fraudulently dismayed at the pen having fallen on the floor, he pulls out a second pen and places it near the paper.

CALLUM:

You were always a shit catch. Good job I always bring spares.

Sitting back in a plastic chair, Callum eagerly anticipates what Ross is going to write. With immense, visible strain, Ross clasps the pen cack-handedly, and begins pressing it against the paper lightly. As he is incapable of seeing or properly controlling his movement, his writing is atrocious. Finished, he places the pen onto the pad, pointing the tip towards Callum.

Callum moves over to see what was written. The pad simply says "GO DIE". Callum's face crunches up, his expression changes to one of pure malevolence. He points out his index finger and slowly moves it closer to Ross's face - more specifically, the eye holes. Ross closes his eye, and Callum presses his finger firmly against the eye lid. Ross emits a light groan of discomfort.

Nurse Elaine walks in.

ELAINE:

What's going on here?

Callum pulls his hand away and stands innocently with his arms folded behind his back.

CALLUM:

Just, uh, brushing an insect away from his eyes, ya know. He had a little-

ELAINE:

Oh I see. You must be Ross's friend.

CALLUM:  
Yep, that's me.

ELAINE:  
You know about the nature of his  
condition?

CALLUM:  
Well, I know what caused it more or  
less.

ELAINE:  
First and second degree burns head to  
toe. The scar tissue runs deep. His  
vocal chords have been permanently  
charred out too - only some very  
expensive surgery could hope to give  
him a voice again.

CALLUM:  
How long will it take for him to  
recover? Will he recover?

ELAINE:  
It'll take months before he can walk  
again, and even longer before he can  
leave the hospital. We're really not  
supposed to give exact estimates, I'm  
afraid.

CALLUM:  
It's fine, you're doing the best you  
can do. I feel assured that Ross is in  
the right hands here.

ELAINE:  
Oh yes, he's quite safe with us.

CALLUM:  
Good, good. Well then, I think I'll be  
off. I'll just grab that film I put on  
for him.

Callum ejects the DVD and takes it.

ELAINE:  
Film? Must've been a short one.

CALLUM:  
Oh yeah, Ross over here, he's a big  
fan of classic silent cinema from the



Golden Age. And, ya know, they weren't that long back then, so...

ELAINE:

Ah, I see.

CALLUM:

Well, see ya. Oh, forgot one more thing...

Callum picks up the pen and winks at Ross, before leaving.

ELAINE:

Seems like a nice fellow.

10 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE FIELDS, 11 YEARS PRIOR

A younger Callum and Ross run breathlessly across a field outside a large industrial estate. Sirens can be heard in the distance. Both are dressed in black and wearing clown mask disguises. Police dogs bark fiercely and give chase. They gain on Callum, who lags behind Ross. Ross briefly pauses to look back at his partner in crime. As the dogs close in, Callum's stamina wears out and he trips over a tree branch. He pulls out a handful of bound documents from his backpack.

CALLUM:

(shouting desperately)

Ross!

Ross stops, but doesn't move to go back and help.

CALLUM:

Ross! Take them!

Callum squirms to his feet and lobs the documents to Ross. Ross doesn't even attempt to catch them. The dogs simultaneously pounce on Callum, who cries out in pain as they bite and claw him. With a look of betrayal on his face, Callum looks up to see Ross still standing in the near distance as the document seal breaks apart in the air, causing them to rain down to the ground. A squad of heavily armed police officers and MI5 agents surround the defeated Callum, pointing their guns at him.

POLICEMAN:

Don't move! Don't fucking move!

Surrender, hands on your head, now!

As Callum limply complies, the police pull him to his knees. Callum continues glaring at Ross gormlessly. Some agents in

suits and shades approach Ross and commune with him, but it is inaudible to Ross, who can only hear the blaring noise of angry policemen in his ears.

POLICEMAN:

Hands down, behind your back!

The police cuff Callum and drag him towards a large black van. Callum continues to look back at Ross and sees him assist the special agents in picking up the document papers that were lying everywhere.

POLICEMAN:

Eyes front! Christ, walk properly, damn you!

Corralled into the van at gunpoint like a frightened animal, Callum sits back in utter defeat as he is driven away.

In a blur, the court proceedings and the first trip to prison go by. A flurry of papers, wigged attorneys and iron bars whirl around in Callum's head as he finds himself alone in a cell. His bored, disbelieving expression shifts to one of barely contained hatred.

11 INT. CALLUM'S APARTMENT

Callum finds himself lying in bed, staring unblinkingly at the ceiling not unlike Ross has been. He shifts to sitting down on the side of the bed. He holds his head in the palms of his hands and begins sobbing with self-pity at the memories.

Having enacted the first part of his revenge, he angrily begins tearing down the images on the "stalker wall" and shredding them in his hands until they bleed. After he finishes, he lies back down on the bed.

Callum's body appears to fade into Ross's. Callum sees a half-shredded picture of Ross's family members and picks it up. He stares at it longingly before placing both hands on it and tearing it up some more. He then takes a vacuum cleaner and dutifully clears up all of the mess he'd just made. He takes out a garbage bag full of paper and rubbish, and throws it into a dumpster just outside his apartment.

12 1 PAGE PITCH: *THE OPERATING TABLE*

Ross Meyer has it all - a devoted family, a massive luxury home and an active social life. Little do all his associates know of dark secrets in his past. After a haunting,

clairvoyant nightmare of being stuck in a hospital surrounded by gurning faces appearing on the heads of his loved ones, Ross's wife Tysha organises a fun night out on the town. Meanwhile, the biggest and darkest secret of all, a man named Callum Horride, is released from prison after a ten-year sentence. Fiercely gripping onto a vendetta against Ross for an initially undisclosed slight in their pasts, Callum immediately stalks for information about Ross and the Meyer family.

During his night out in a club with his wife and some recently engaged family friends, Ross is brutally disabled by a seemingly random acid attack. Paralysed with first and second degree burns all over his body, Ross is stuck completely immobile in hospital in a full body cast. Most damningly, Ross is rendered permanently mute as he swallowed some of the acid, a process that burned away his vocal chords. However, in spite of the damage, Ross retains limited dexterity in his fingers.

Callum, completely unrelated to this insidious turn of events, takes the opportunity to reinvigorate his plans for revenge on Ross. Posing as an old friend of Ross, he meets with his paralysed foe in hospital where he passive-aggressively taunts him and reveals that he installed hidden cameras in the Meyer household. To strike fear into Ross's very core, Callum uses his position of seemingly untouchable power over Ross to stage some situations for the Meyer family; for instance, Callum hints that he gave Ross's dog rabies and threatens to unleash the hound on Ross's unaware son Christian, but it turns out to be a bluff. Meanwhile, the Meyers remain totally oblivious to Callum's villainous persona and buy his friendly façade completely, much to Ross's visible displeasure.

It's steadily revealed through the conversations between Callum and Ross (Ross communicates via pen and paper provided by Callum) that both men were involved in an inside job to expose a corporate scandal for profit. Callum trusted Ross as his blood brother and partner in crime, but Ross betrayed Callum by selling out to the secret services and going into witness protection while Callum was sent to jail. The information in the documents stolen by Ross and Callum, however, ended up down bringing a massive corporation, but while Callum's sentence was shortened, he still had to serve ten years.

As Callum's grandiose displays of cruelty towards Ross increase in obviousness, it seems as though Ross's faithful nurse Elaine catches on to what is happening between them. However, in a shocking turn of events, when Ross sees an

opportunity to write down the truth of what Callum is actually doing to him, Elaine shreds the paper in her hands. Meanwhile, Callum slowly reveals that while he finds pleasure in frightening Ross, he never intends to truly harm his family and that all he wants is justice. Ross also begins to recover the use of his limbs.

Elaine eventually reveals to Ross through heavy implications that she was once in a high position of authority in the company that Ross and Callum dissolved, and that losing her job, she orchestrated the acid attack which she knew would also lure the vengeance-obsessed Callum. After clueing Callum in on the situation as well, Callum saves Ross's life and kills Elaine with a pen he dropped on the floor earlier. Finally giving into guilt and remorse, Ross covers for Callum and frames himself for the killing.