

TWILIGHT MERIDIAN

Episode 2: "City of the Moon"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

All is chaos. We hear fire crews and police officers shouting over each other. Distant sirens as further assistance comes running. What was a place of silence and mystery is now a crime scene.

A group of three police officers - DAVIS, MICHAELS and HUNT are watching it all go down, in between warning slugs from an illicit flask.

DAVIS
Gas leak, I heard.

Hunt laughs derisively.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
What? That's what I heard.

HUNT
Jesus Christ. Gas leak? That's the oldest line in the world.

MICHAELS
Yeah. It's what your wife tells you to cover for the smell of my aftershave.

DAVIS
That's not funny.

MICHAELS
Your wife laughed.

DAVIS
I'm warning you. I will knock you into next week.

MICHAELS
Perfect. That's when I'm meeting your wife next.

HUNT
Pack it in, the pair of you. We're on the cushiest detail imaginable and you're making it very hard to enjoy it.

DAVIS
Well, if it wasn't a gas leak, then what was it?

HUNT

Lighthouse goes boom in the middle of the night? It's obvious. Mayor's got some filly tucked up here, they knocked over a lamp while they were knocking boots.

DAVIS

You reckon?

HUNT

Happens all the time. You remember when the library went up in '27?

DAVIS

The Mayor?

HUNT

His deputy. Only it was two broads and a rogue cigarette butt.

DAVIS

Jeez. My wife doesn't even like me to leave the light on.

MICHAELS

Have you looked in a mirror lately?

DAVIS

Slight problem with that theory though.

HUNT

What's that?

DAVIS

No fire. This is more like... I don't actually know what this is like. There was a lighthouse, now there isn't.

MICHAELS

There are *bits* of a lighthouse.

HUNT

Not enough bits.

FX: Approaching footsteps.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Shit, it's the boss. Hide the flask.

FX: A clank as it's thrown to Michaels and tucked neatly into a uniform pocket.

SERGEANT

Evening, boys. Anything to report?

HUNT

No, Sarge. Our brothers in red are a bit frustrated by the lack of hot stuff, but they're never happy.

DAVIS

We're keeping our eyes open, but pretty clear whoever did - whatever it is they did - already fled the scene.

SERGEANT

Yes, well, hardly likely to stick around after making a mess like this. Shame though. That lighthouse has stood in that very spot since the 1800s. The wife and I used to come up here when we were courting.

Hunt stifles a laugh.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

What was that, Hunt?

HUNT

Nothing, Sarge.

SERGEANT

Very well. As you were.

FX: The Sergeant stalks off.

MICHAELS

Bet it was the 1800s when he brought the wife here.

They all laugh, but cautiously, just in case the Sergeant is still in earshot.

FX: More footsteps approach. Three men. Lanterns swinging audibly at their sides. Reluctantly, the officers have to do some work.

HUNT

What the fuck is this now?

DAVIS

Looks like Feds.

MICHAELS

You watch too many gangster flicks.
Everyone in a trenchcoat and fedora
is not a Fed.

FX: The footsteps stop.

HUNT

Hey, buddy. This is a crime scene.
You can't be wandering around out
here.

It's three Lanternmen. This is not going to go well for our
cops.

LANTERNMAN 1

We must know what has occurred.

LANTERNMAN 2

It is vital.

LANTERNMAN 3

Everything to come may spring from
this well.

Davis lets out a low whistle whose meaning is clear: "Here be
nutjobs".

MICHAELS

No wells here, mister. A hole in
the ground, but that's hardly the
same thing.

DAVIS

So, how's about you take your
lanterns, stop rubbernecking and
get lost?

LANTERNMAN 1

You are officers of the law.

LANTERNMAN 2

You have access. You are welcome at
the epicentre.

MICHAELS

Oh, man. Epicentre? You've been
drinking more than we have.

DAVIS

Don't make us ask you again. Move
along.

LANTERNMAN 3
(evenly, but chillingly)
You will not ask again.

CUT TO:

MUSIC: MAIN THEME

TITLE CARD: WRONG DIMENSION PRESENTS, TWILIGHT MERIDIAN.
EPISODE 2: CITY OF THE MOON

INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMEWHEN

Music Cue: Light, non-diegetic piano.

FX: The clack of typewriter keys.

REBECCA (V.O.)
There are moments of seismic change
that can only be seen with the
power of hindsight. A glance across
a crowded room that heralds a bond
to come. A word spoken in anger
that chisels the first crack into a
wall you thought impregnable. A
kiss that nudges you onto the road
to grief. Chains that form, link by
link, without our awareness. But
there are other moments when you
know. Before the instant can ever
become the past, you know that the
world - your world - has been
altered forever.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jake and Rebecca are speeding through the streets of Jericho City. Both completely shell-shocked from what they've just experienced, but showing it in different ways. Jake is a ball of contained fury. Rebecca, a sea of questions.

Jake is currently trying to raise Irene on the radio.

FX: A hiss of static.

JAKE
(into radio)
Irene. Pick up, goddamn it.

FX: More static.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Nothing.

FX: He slams the radio mic into its holster. With force.

REBECCA

You killed him.

JAKE

You think I don't know that?

REBECCA

I thought. You and he. I thought...

JAKE

So did I.

REBECCA

Then... what? What was all of that?

JAKE

You tell me. I came there to make sure you didn't get yourself in over your head. I didn't even know he was going to be there.

REBECCA

Didn't you?

JAKE

(offended)

No!

REBECCA

How am I meant to believe that? Your friend tried to kill me, *Officer Hanlon*. How do I know you weren't coming to help clean up his mess?

FX: The car screeches to a halt at the side of the road.

JAKE

Get out.

REBECCA

What?

JAKE

Look, I told you before, I've seen some strange shit working for the Detective.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

But right now I'm concentrating on the fact that you strolled into an office with a missing husband and, a few hours later, my boss has one of my bullets in his gut and a lighthouse ain't a lighthouse anymore. So, I'm thinking maybe, just maybe, I should I cut my losses. Go back to the police force and forget all of this ever happened.

REBECCA

You can't.

JAKE

I can't? Why not?

REBECCA

Because you knew where to find me. You said something at the office about pictures you'd taken at the Cove.

JAKE

Yes. He sent me to take some pictures. That doesn't mean...

REBECCA

And when you worked out that where I was going, you knew something bad was going to happen. (*a beat, a change of tack*) What sort of... strange shit?

JAKE

What?

REBECCA

At the hotel, you said you'd seen him *do* remarkable things. And now we've moved from remarkable to strange. What are we talking about precisely?

JAKE

I...

REBECCA

(wearily)

Look, just tell me I can trust you, and I'll trust you. I shouldn't. It would be deeply stupid thing to do. But I don't have a choice.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

There isn't anyone else. My daughter is dead. My husband is missing and mixed up in God knows what. I am frightened, Jake, and I am tired.

JAKE

You're calling me Jake again. That's something.

REBECCA

Something is going on. Something far beyond both of our understandings. And, please correct if I am wrong, I don't think either of us are willing to live with that.

Jake sighs.

JAKE

We need to regroup.

REBECCA

Agreed.

JAKE

And I need to go back to the office. Check on Irene.

REBECCA

We'll go together.

JAKE

(firmly)
No. We won't.

REBECCA

Haven't you been listening to a word I said? What am I supposed to do, head back to the hotel for a nightcap?

FX: Jake restarts the engine.

JAKE

No. But I know a place.

FX: The car pulls off.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

FX: A jangle of keys, followed by a heavy door being swung open.

FX: A light switches on.

Jake and Rebecca enter.

JAKE
(calling out)
Hello?

There's no answer. The silence is thick. So is the smell.

REBECCA
Were you expecting someone to be
in? (*she gags on the odour*)
Someone, dead, from the smell of
it?

JAKE
No, but I thought it was best to
make sure before we made ourselves
comfortable.

FX: Rebecca pulls out a cigarette.

REBECCA
Mind if I take the edge off?

JAKE
I prefer liquid courage, but go
ahead, smoke 'em if you got 'em.

FX: He fumbles for his lighter. Pats his pockets.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Damn it. Where is it?

FX: Rebecca goes into her purse, retrieves Jake's lighter.
Lights her cigarette. Takes a cleansing drag.

REBECCA
Allow me.

JAKE
Planning on giving that back at any
point?

REBECCA
We'll see.

FX: Footsteps as Rebecca crosses the room, taking it in, smoking.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
What is this place?

JAKE
Safehouse. Useful for stashing witnesses, laying low. That sort of thing.

REBECCA
It's a bit bare. Your witnesses obviously aren't fussy.

JAKE
Laying low ain't what it used to be. There's a couple of bedrooms down the hall. Can't speak to the freshness of the sheets, but we won't be disturbed.

REBECCA
Jake...

JAKE
(realising what that sounded like)
In either of the *two* entirely separate bedrooms. This is hardly my go to romantic retreat.

REBECCA
I should hope not. Is there somewhere I can clean up?

JAKE
Kitchen's to the left, bathroom on the other side. Again, not going to pretend the maid has been in.

REBECCA
I'll manage.

FX: Rebecca begins to head off. She stops.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Jake?

JAKE
Yeah?

REBECCA

Is there any reason where there
should be dried blood on the floor.

An awkward pause.

JAKE

One or two reasons. I wouldn't
think too hard about it.

REBECCA

Right.

She carries on down the hall and out.

FX: Jake walks over and switches on the radio.

MUSIC CUE: A late program of syrupy classical music begins to
play.

FX: Jake slumps into a nearby chair. It groans beneath his
weight and he shifts uncomfortably.

JAKE

Ow. Jesus. Yeah, I'm surprised we
didn't have more complaints.

He can't settle. He stands again and marches into the
kitchen, returning with a bottle and two glasses.

FX: A table is dragged towards the chair. Jake sits again.

FX: The bottle is opened. The glasses filled.

FX: He takes a swig. Cricks his neck. Breathes deeply.

Sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT - DREAM

FX: Jake is walking slowly towards the lighthouse. We hear
the sounds of devastation as in the opening, but they're
distorted, mixed with horrible, far-off laughter and - in
there somewhere - the hungry, buzzing sound of the dark.

JAKE

Detective! (*more urgently*)
Detective.

The three officers, Hunt, Davis & Michaels appear. But their voices are dry, dead - not at all their own. They are the Lanternmen playing bodily dress-up.

HUNT

Here I am.

DAVIS

Yes, here I am.

MICHAELS

Look at me. I'm here.

JAKE

What are you assholes doing here?
Where the hell is the Detective?
What have you done to him?

MICHAELS

Done to him?

HUNT

What have *I* done to him?

DAVIS

If it were done when 'tis done,
then 'twere well, it were done
quickly'

FX: A shot rings out. From a memory. The Detective's voice, crying out, as Jake's bullet takes his life.

FX: The sound of the darkness is rising.

JAKE

No!

DAVIS

Yes.

HUNT

Oh, yes.

MICHAELS

Very much yes. *(a beat)* And the walls came tumbling down.

HUNT

Jake.

DAVIS

Jake.

MICHAELS

JAKE.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

REBECCA

Jake!

JAKE

No!

Jake wakes with a start to find Rebecca standing over him. The radio is still playing in the background.

REBECCA

You drifted off.

JAKE

(still groggy)

Drifted is entirely the wrong word.

REBECCA

Still, I'm envious. I'm not sure I'll ever sleep again.

JAKE

Then we're jealous of each other. How long? How long was I out?

REBECCA

A few hours. It's morning.

FX: He stands.

JAKE

I need to get back to the office. Find Irene.

FX: Rebecca picks up the other glass. Sips at it.

REBECCA

I still think I should come with you.

JAKE

And you're still wrong. You'll be safe here.

REBECCA

Because it's called a safehouse? I think we're several steps beyond the certainty of names.

JAKE

No, because I'll believe you're safe, which means I won't make stupid mistakes while I'm out there trying to figure this out.

REBECCA

What's that supposed to mean?

FX: Jake begins to move around the room, putting on his jacket, checking his pockets, his gun.

JAKE

(irritable)

I'm not good at this bit, okay. I'm not good at being responsible for someone else.

REBECCA

Then we'll be responsible for each other.

JAKE

I'm even worse at that. Trust me on this.

REBECCA

Trust the word of an irresponsible man?

JAKE

(angry now)

Look. Just stay here. I'll be back as soon as I can. All right?

Rebecca seems to acquiesce.

REBECCA

Very well. I will need to go back to the hotel at some stage. To retrieve my belongings.

JAKE

We'll go as soon as I'm back. Deal?

REBECCA

If you insist.

JAKE

I insist.

There's nothing more to say between them. Jake exits.

FX: The door slams behind him.

FX: Rebecca drains her drink.

REBECCA

Impossible man! *(a beat)* Heaven
defend us from impossible men!

As if on cue, the radio shifts from its musical selection to a news broadcast. Rebecca steps over to the radio and turns it up.

RADIO BROADCAST

...the apparent disappearance of
Maximus Sullivan of Sullivan
Industries is being widely cited as
the reason behind the unprecedented
downturn in the company's stocks.
Sullivan, a celebrated engineer,
has not been seen since...

FX: Rebecca switches off the radio in frustration. Slams the glass down on the table. She's made a decision.

REBECCA

The Lord helps those who help
themselves.

FX: She exits, the door slamming once more behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

All is eerily quiet in the office, with the exception of the morning birds twittering with unseemly gaiety outside an open window.

FX: The door swings open with a angry creak. It's clearly broken, hanging onto its hinges for dear life.

FX: Jake unholsters his gun.

FX: Jake moving slowly into the office.

JAKE

Irene!

FX: He shuts the open window and the birdsong is muted.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Irene! Are you here?

She clearly isn't. Jake surveys the devastation.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Shit. What the hell happened here?

FX: He begins to sift through the devastation. He's looking for something. Even Jake's not sure what.

JAKE (CONT'D)
No body. No body is good.

The music begins to build dramatically as Jake continues his search. Then, suddenly... the phone rings.

It does not do Jake's nervous system any good.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Goddamn it.

FX: He bolts across the debris and snatches up the receiver.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hello?

IRENE (O.S.)
Finally.

JAKE
Irene?

IRENE (O.S.)
Who else could it be?

JAKE
I just picked up a ringing phone in a room that looks like it was beaten up over a gambling debt. It could have been anybody. You're alive then.

IRENE (O.S.)
If you say so. Trashed the place, did they?

JAKE
Who are they?

IRENE (O.S.)
We had visitors.

JAKE

I figured. It was either that or you'd decided to pen the ultimate resignation letter.

IRENE (O.S.)

Why would I quit? There are so many perks.

JAKE

Look, I'm just glad you're all right. But you have to listen to me. Get yourself somewhere safe. Whatever this is, it isn't over...

IRENE (O.S.)

Don't worry about me. I'm safe as houses.

Jake pauses. Realizes he has to tell her.

JAKE

The Detective...

IRENE (O.S.)

I know, Jake. The incident at the Cove has been all over the news. They haven't found a body, but I put two and two together. Didn't even need to use the i Ching.

JAKE

There's more to it than that.

IRENE (O.S.)

It can wait. You need to find his journal and get out of there.

JAKE

His journal?

IRENE (O.S.)

It's *all* in the journal.

JAKE

Are you sure? He doesn't - didn't seem the type - to write his secrets down.

IRENE (O.S.)

Maybe. But he was the type to assume the worst. And prepare for it.

JAKE

Fair point. *(a beat)* Any idea where I can find it?

IRENE (O.S.)

Second drawer down.

FX: Jake moves around the desk. Tries to open the drawer.

JAKE

Locked.

IRENE (O.S.)

Of course it's locked. Thankfully, it's not locked well. There's a letter opener on the desk.

FX: Jake fumbles through scattered papers. Finds the letter opener. Jimmies the lock. It pops open. He reaches inside and pulls out the journal.

JAKE

Got it.

FX: There's static building on the phone line. Irene's next lines are getting harder to hear.

IRENE (O.S.)

And now... have to...

JAKE

Irene? I can't hear you.

FX: It's not static. It's something else.

IRENE (O.S.)

Before it's... can you..

FX: Jake raps the receiver on the desk.

JAKE

Where are you?

FX: Suddenly the line clears, just long enough for Irene to say:

IRENE (O.S.)

RUN! Jake, you have to run NOW.

FX: Behind him the door flies open.

It's the Lanternmen. In their new forms of Hunt, Davis and Michaels.

JAKE
What the fuck? What are you
assholes doing here?

He pauses, overcome by a sense of *deja vu*.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hold on... don't take this the
wrong way, but I've seen you in my
dreams.

HUNT
Jake Hanlon.

JAKE
(unsettled, confused)
Yep, *still* Jake Hanlon, Hunt. I
know we never saw eye to eye, but I
like to imagine I'm memorable
enough. (*a beat*) What the hell is
wrong with you guys? Did McCluskey
send you?

DAVIS
You must come with us.

MICHAELS
This is over for you.

JAKE
Okay, so we've established that I'm
still me. I'm starting to think I
can't say the same for you three.

HUNT
Three is too small a word for what
we are.

FX: Without thinking, Jake drops the receiver, cocks his gun
and fires. Once. Twice. Three times. As the echo of the shots
fades, he steps forward. The three men are unharmed. A
chilling laugh from Michaels.

DAVIS
The Graywalker was a poor ally. An
oath-breaker.

MICHAELS
He led you to this.

HUNT
There is no way out, Mr. Hanlon.

Jakes considers this for a moment.

JAKE

There is always a way out.

FX: He edges backwards.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You know, I don't think anyone really takes into account what an extraordinarily versatile invention the telephone really is.

FX: He picks up the heavy bakelite phone and throws it through the nearest window. Then he dives after it. We hear a thud of footsteps on a metal fire escape, growing fainter.

The Lanternmen's voices shift from those of the police officers to their ordinary ones.

LANTERNMAN 1

He is bold.

LANTERNMAN 2

Which will only prolong his suffering.

LANTERNMAN 3

Should we follow?

LANTERNMAN 1

No. He will go to the woman now. As will we.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

FX: Jake clatters down the metal fire escape on the outside of the building. He is clearly injured from jumping through the broken window.

JAKE

(to himself)

Add that to the list of things which seemed like good ideas at the time.

FX: He slides down the final ladder and drops to the ground painfully. He struggles to his feet. He's in real pain.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

FX: He limps off in search of his car.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SOMEWHERE/SOMEWHEN

FX: Typewriter sounds.

REBECCA

We put so much trust in the light of day. As if the presence of the sun in the sky must burn away our fears like mist. But the absence of shadows in which monsters might hide does not erase the hard truth that when we find ourselves able to see clearly, so too do our enemies.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - DAY

The cab pulls to a stop outside of Rebecca's hotel.

ATMOS: Muted city sounds.

CABBIE

That'll be a buck fifty.

REBECCA

Isn't that rather steep?

CABBIE

Rough neighborhood you flagged me down in. You're lucky I came to a complete stop.

FX: Rebecca fumbles in the pockets of her coat. Retrieves some coins, funnels them through to the driver.

REBECCA

Here you go.

CABBIE

No tip?

REBECCA

Don't overcharge a women in distress.

FX: She opens the cab door and steps out onto the pavement.

ATMOS: The city sounds roar in as she opens the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERICHO CITY STREETS - DAY

Jake limps along. Every step is a bit of a trial. He thumbs through the Detective's journal as he walks.

FX: Pages turning.

He's growing angrier, more frustrated, by the second.

JAKE
(muttering)
Jesus, boss, what the fuck have you
gotten me into...?

A familiar voice catches him off-guard. From a distance.

ARNIE
Jake! Hey, Jake.

Jake realizes he's found his way to the newsstand. He crosses the street to his old friend.

JAKE
Morning, Arnie.

ARNIE
You look like hell. What happened?

JAKE
(matter of fact)
I threw a phone through a window
and fell off a fire escape.

ARNIE
And I thought the newspaper trade
was exciting. You all right? You
want me to call a doctor or
something?

JAKE
I don't think they've got much for
what's wrong with me at the moment.

ARNIE
Hey, at least you're still in the
game. Not like Big Man Sullivan.

JAKE
Max Sullivan? What about him?

FX: Arnie picks up and hands over a paper.

ARNIE

Missing, the papers are saying. But we both know what that means. Rich guys are all the same - the pressure gets to them and the next you know, they're dragging the lake.

JAKE

Damn it.

ARNIE

You know the guy?

JAKE

By marriage. I was hoping to find him before the papers got hold of the story.

ARNIE

That got anything to do with your current state of... disarray?

JAKE

No. Maybe. Listen, Arnie. I gotta go.

ARNIE

I bet you do. (*seriously*) Be safe, hey? It's getting crazy out there.

JAKE

Oh, we're a mile and half past crazy. Look after yourself. And keep reading in between the lines.

ARNIE

(with some concern)
I always do.

Jake limps off, with renewed purpose.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

Rebecca approaches the receptionist.

FX: Footsteps.

RECEPTIONIST
 (without looking up)
 Welcome to the Penombre, how may
 I... oh, Mrs Sullivan. Thank
 goodness.

REBECCA
 Not that it's unpleasant to be
 missed, but...

RECEPTIONIST
 There were three men here to see
 you. Three *police officers*. Or so
 they said.

REBECCA
 Three?

RECEPTIONIST
 Yes. They were insistent on being
 shown up to your room. Obviously,
 that simply wasn't possible. The
 Penombre prides itself on its
 discretion. I had to involve the
 manager in the end. I hope you're
 not in any trouble.

REBECCA
 (not as confident as she's
 trying to sound)
 Nothing I can't handle. But I will
 be checking out as soon as I've
 collected my things.

RECEPTIONIST
 Of course. I'll prepare your bill.

REBECCA
 Thank you.

FX: Rebecca begins to walk towards the elevators, then stops
 and turns.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Where did they go?

RECEPTIONIST
 Mrs. Sullivan?

REBECCA
 The three... officers. Where did
 they go?

RECEPTIONIST
They left.

REBECCA
You're certain.

RECEPTIONIST
(slightly offended)
The Penombre looks after its
guests, Mrs Sullivan.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - TOP FLOOR - DAY

FX: The elevator comes to a stop on Rebecca's floor.

OPERATOR
First floor, Mrs Sullivan.

REBECCA
Thank you.

She exits.

FX: The elevator door shuts behind her.

ATMOS: There's something not right here. The lights are
flickering, with a soft, electric buzz omnipresent.

FX: Rebecca hurries down the hall. Produces a key from her
pocket. Puts it in the door, turns it, opens the door and...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FX: In the distance, the hustle and bustle of a hospital. But
this is a private children's ward. It's quieter here. We can
the soft clack of a pacing Rebecca on the corridor floor.

Max is still. Silent.

REBECCA
(less accusatory than
genuinely perplexed)
How can you sit there like that?

MAX
Darling, please.

REBECCA

No, I mean it. How can you be so calm?

MAX

What choice do I have?

PETERSON enters. He is a older man, to the point, but not unkind. Max's calm wavers somewhat.

PETERSEN

(bearing bad news)
Mr Sullivan. Mrs Sullivan.

MAX

Doctor...

PETERSEN

I'm afraid the news is... not as we'd hoped. Grace's infection has resisted all of our efforts. (a beat) It's deep in her lungs now.

REBECCA

But you CAN do something..

PETERSEN

I can ease her pain, Mrs. Sullivan.
And I am grateful for that small mercy.

FX: There is a hiss and buzz and deep low pulse. Rebecca seems to come out of a trance.

REBECCA

No. This isn't real.

MAX

Rebecca?

REBECCA

This isn't happening. Not again. I won't allow it.

MAX

Calm down, Rebecca. What are you talking about?

REBECCA

Whatever this is, stop it. It's cruel.

MAX
I'm sorry, Doctor. My wife is...
obviously, this is very
difficult...

REBECCA
STOP IT!

Suddenly, there are other voices, all around her. Lanternmen.

LANTERNMAN 1
But this is the root.

LANTERNMAN 2
This is the why.

LANTERNMAN 3
This is where it begins.

FX: The pop of an exploding lightbulb pulls back into:

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - FIRST FLOOR - CORRIDOR

FX: Rebecca slams the hotel room door shut and runs back
towards the elevator.

She presses the call button repeatedly.

REBECCA
Please. Please, please, please.
Don't do this.

FX: Another lightbulb explodes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca sitting at the edge of her daughter's bed. The room
is quiet, except for:

FX: The soft dings and whoosh of medical machinery.

GRACE
Will you sing to me?

This breaks Rebecca. The next breath is difficult to draw.

REBECCA
Yes, of course.

GRACE

About the stars. Like you used to.

Rebecca gathers herself, as Grace settles back into the covers.

REBECCA

Great big stars, way up yonder,
great big stars, way up yonder,
great big stars, way up yonder
All around the world gonna shine,
all around the world gonna shine,
shine

FX: POP! POP! POP!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Rebecca is back in the corridor again. The Lanternmen's voices echo down the hall.

LANTERNMAN 1

Why does she run?

LANTERNMAN 2

Where can she go?

LANTERNMAN 3

What was is what was.

Rebecca's breathing is terrified, shallow.

FX: She begins to run. For what feels like forever. Her breath is quickly ragged.

The elevator feels far further away than before.

A MAID appears from one of the rooms.

MAID

Mrs Sullivan? What's wrong?

REBECCA

Get out! You have to get out!

MAID

(as Rebecca passes)
I don't understand.

The Lanternmen move swiftly, but calmly down the hall.

MAID (CONT'D)
Get out of where?

LANTERNMAN 1
No one must bear witness.

LANTERNMAN 2
This is not a matter for lesser
eyes.

FX: The MAID lets out a short scream, silenced as she is
jerked backwards and slammed against the wall, before fallen
broken to the floor.

LANTERNMAN 3
They are so... fragile.

FX: Rebecca reaches the elevator, stabs frantically at the
button.

FX: The elevator doors finally open.

OPERATOR
Mrs. Sullivan?

REBECCA
I need to...

OPERATOR
What on earth is wrong?

FX: She bolts into the elevator.

REBECCA
Lobby. Please. Take me down.

OPERATOR
Of course.

FX: The operator pulls his heavy lever and the elevator
begins to descend.

FX: Then cables snapping. A screech of metal against metal.

The elevator is falling!

Rebecca screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A gathered crowd. Muted weeping. A priest holding forth over a too small grave.

PRIEST

At times such as this, it is easy to demand answers of God. Why, Heavenly Father, would you take a child, with so much of your creation left untasted, and gather her to your bosom. Are you cruel?

LANTERNMAN 1

Yes.

PRIEST

Uncaring?

LANTERNMAN 2

Yes.

LANTERNMAN 3

Do you not weep at her parents' sorrow?

LANTERNMAN 3 (CONT'D)

No.

PRIEST

The answer to all of these questions can, of course, be found in scripture...

Rebecca steps forward from the crowd.

REBECCA

Damn you. Damn you and your scriptures and your God.

FX: Crowd muttering in alarm and dismay.

PRIEST

Mrs. Sullivan!

REBECCA

Either God is cruel, uncaring and unseeing, or he doesn't exist. Pick your poison.

PRIEST

I assure you, our Lord sees your pain and he *will* guide you towards healing.

REBECCA
He can go to Hell. I'll meet him
there.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - RECEPTION - ELEVATOR

FX: A ding.

The elevator doors slide open, as if nothing has happened.

OPERATOR
Lobby, Mrs Sullivan. You have a
good day now.

REBECCA
(still reeling)
What?

OPERATOR
Lobby?

REBECCA
Oh. Oh, yes. Thank you.

She steps out, unsteadily.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca strides across the foyer of the hotel as quickly as
she can manage.

FX: Heels clacking against the floor, panicked.

The receptionist calls after her.

RECEPTIONIST
Mrs Sullivan!

Rebecca ignores her.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Mrs Sullivan. I have your bill!

She walks faster.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Mrs. Sullivan!

And faster.

The voice changes to that of one of the Lanternmen.

LANTERNMAN 1
MRS SULLIVAN.

Rebecca breaks into a run and burst through the hotel doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

FX: A thud as she runs straight into Jake and they both go tumbling to the ground.

Jake gives a cry of pain.

JAKE
I knew it. I knew you weren't
capable of staying put.

They both struggle to their feet.

REBECCA
(not listening)
We have to go.

JAKE
What?

REBECCA
You were right. It's not safe.
Nowhere's safe. But we have to keep
moving.

The hotel doors open behind them.

LANTERNMAN 2
This is all so unnecessary.

LANTERNMAN 3
If you would just let us show you.

JAKE
Shit.

They both begin to run.

As they do, breathless...

REBECCA
Where's your car?

JAKE
It's close.

REBECCA
Is it close enough?

JAKE
I goddamn hope so.

REBECCA
The office. Did you find anything?
Irene?

JAKE
She wasn't there. But I spoke to
her. She's fine...

FX: The same buzzing noise from the hotel room begins to
build. Street lamps above them begin to burst.

JAKE (CONT'D)
What the hell?

REBECCA
Oh god. God, no.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rebecca and Jake come to a sudden stop, finding themselves in
the office. It's night. Irene is talking to three police
officers.

JAKE
What the hell?

IRENE
I'm sorry, gentlemen. Office hours
are between 8 a.m. and five whole
minutes ago.

HUNT
Where is he?

DAVIS
The Detective.

MICHAELS
He must be found.

IRENE

He's more of a finder than a findee, to be honest, but I'll let him know you stopped by.

REBECCA

We're in the Detective's office.

IRENE

(to Jake and Rebecca, as if suddenly seeing her)
You're sharp, Mrs Sullivan. But give me a minute, I'm just dealing with something that you should probably pay attention to.

JAKE

Irene?

IRENE

Hush. I'm working here.

HUNT

Tell us where he is.

IRENE

You mean you don't know? That's funny.

DAVIS

Why?

IRENE

Never explain a joke. It always ruins it. Now, get out before I have to get rough.

MICHAELS

I think not.

Irene begins to mutter something under her breath. Some sort of incantation. The Lanternmen give a communal growl of disapproval.

IRENE

(repeated)
Panikkattiyāl tūymai
karaipatintavarkalukku etirāka,
appāvikalukku oru kavacam

HUNT

That will not work.

DAVIS
It cannot work.

MICHAELS
You do not have the power.

IRENE
Maybe not. But you'll have to
expend some of yours to stop me,
and that should buy my boss a
little time. *(to Jake and Rebecca)*
In case you were wondering, that
was the important bit. I'd suggest
you carry on running now.

JAKE
What? No, we can't leave you like
this.

FX: Something is happening. A wind is whipping through the
office, a power building around Irene.

IRENE
You weren't here. You're still not.
Count your blessings.

REBECCA
Come on, Jake.

IRENE
Listen to her. *(a beat)* That's both
specific and general advice.

HUNT/DAVIS/MICHAELS
Take her.

FX: A second, darker power begins to rise. It's a melee of
sound and fury, building to a crescendo...

CUT TO:

EXT. JERICHO CITY STREETS - DAY

ATMOS: Cars, people, all of city life.

Jake and Rebecca are thrown straight back into their run.

FX: They run across the city. Through traffic. Horns honking.
Cars screeching to halt.

JAKE
Goddamn it, get out of the way!

FX: Jake is leading the way, but it's not clear he has a plan. The buzz of darkness gets closer.

REBECCA
(breathless)
Who were those men? Friends of yours?

JAKE
Definitely not that.

REBECCA
But they were cops?

JAKE
(ignoring her)
Up, we need to go up.

FX: Jake and Rebecca run to a fire escape, begin to clamber upwards.

REBECCA
(panting)
Jake, it's no use, where are we going to go?

FX: They reach the top of the roof, begin to run across the rooftops.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
For God's sake, stop!

JAKE
We can't!

REBECCA
We have too.

They stumble to a halt, breathing heavily and confused. There is still a buzz of darkness following them, but it feels a little more distant.

JAKE
Jesus Christ.

REBECCA
I'm almost certain he has nothing to do with it.

JAKE
What was that? The past? Were we in the past?

REBECCA

I don't know.

JAKE

But I spoke to her. This morning.
She told me where to find...

REBECCA

Find what?

JAKE

(making an impulsive
decision)

Nothing. I found nothing.

REBECCA

They announced Max's disappearance
on the radio.

JAKE

Papers too. Wherever he is,
whatever he's up to, he's in it up
to his neck.

REBECCA

We have to find him. And, I think,
we have to stop him.

JAKE

We have to survive long enough
first. Come on, it's down here.

FX: They walk forward, cautiously.

REBECCA

What's down here?

JAKE

A shot in the dark. Which reminds
me, you owe me an explanation about
what happened with the Detective
last night.

REBECCA

I can tell you what happened, but I
can't promise it will explain
anything.

JAKE

Try me.

REBECCA

I think Max was... playing around
with something he couldn't control.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

And the Detective was trying to stop him.

JAKE

(pang of grief)

Until I stopped him. For good.

REBECCA

No. It's more complicated than that. I'm sorry. I'm still trying to sift through it. My head feels like someone filled it with jigsaw pieces then gave it a good shake.

JAKE

But we can agree that whoever it is that's chasing us does not have our best interests at heart?

REBECCA

That is what you would undoubtedly call a 'safe bet'.

JAKE

Then we need to get some help.

REBECCA

From whom?

JAKE

I don't know.

FX: A streetlight blows above their head.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Come on. Forget about the car. We need to get inside.

REBECCA

Where?

JAKE

Somewhere where it's more difficult to pretend to be police officers.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. SOMEWHERE/SOMEWHEN

FX: The typewriter clacks.

REBECCA (V.O.)

We set such stock in locations.
This is the place we live. Where we
work. Where we love. Where we hate.
And yet we persist in imagining
these places as constructions of
brick and mortar, of conjured by
architects and draughtsmen. Places
aren't built by hand. They're built
by our awareness of them.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A weary Jake and Rebecca arrive inside of the precinct. They are both out of breath.

ATMOS: A working police precinct. Police busy work going on in the background.

REBECCA

How do you know this is safer than
anywhere else?

JAKE

I don't. But it's my old precinct.
I know my way around. I know the
people. It might be the only
advantage we've got right now.

They approach the front desk.

OFFICER HOLT

Jake?

JAKE

Bob. Jesus, it's good to see you.

OFFICER HOLT

I'd say the same thing, but you
look like shit.

REBECCA

We've had something of a difficult day.

OFFICER HOLT

Who's the princess?

JAKE

Bob Holt, Rebecca Sullivan. Rebecca Sullivan, Bob Holt.

OFFICER HOLT

Charmed, I'm sure. Wait. Sullivan? Like Sullivan Industries.

REBECCA

(lowering her voice)

My husband.

OFFICER HOLT

Jesus. I'm sorry, Mrs Sullivan. I didn't know. How the hell are you mixed up in the Sullivan case, Jake? I thought you were hanging out with that loony private dick over on 5th Street.

JAKE

I was. Mrs Sullivan is our client.

OFFICER HOLT

Right. Gotcha. McCluskey then. He's gonna have questions.

JAKE

I don't have many answers.

OFFICER HOLT

Then may God have mercy on your soul.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Holt leads Jake and Rebecca into a large, open room, filled with police officers typing at desks, shouting jokes and commands across to each other, even rough-housing the odd criminal through the place.

McCluskey, head of the precinct, is at the far end of the room. Holt shouts over to him.

HOLT
 Hey, boss! Look what the cat
 dragged in.

MCCLUSKEY
 (shouting back)
 Is that the ghost of Jake Hanlon, I
 see?

HOLT
 The very same.

MCCLUSKEY
 Well, fuck me.

McCluskey walks across the room and meets them in the centre.

JAKE
 Boss.

MCCLUSKEY
 I see the private detective
 business is treating you exactly as
 poorly as I told you it would.
 (*noticing Rebecca*) Although, you're
 keeping better company.

REBECCA
 Chief McCluskey.

MCCLUSKEY
 Mrs Sullivan. I knew I was taking a
 risk, packing you off to the
 Detective, but I'm sorry it's come
 to this.

JAKE
 (interrupting him)
 We need to talk. Something serious
 is going down and I don't know
 where else to turn.

MCCLUSKEY
 (serious)
 You did the right thing coming
 here. You're a pain in my ass, but
 you're still one of us.

JAKE
 You seen Hunt, Davis and Michaels
 recently?

MCCLUSKEY
 Holt?

HOLT

You sent them out to check out the lighthouse disaster. They've not been back since. Probably holed in some dive bar somewhere.

MCCLUSKEY

At best. Why?

JAKE

Well, I *have* seen them. Only I don't think it *was* them.

MCCLUSKEY

Jesus, Hanlon, you've spent too long with your new goddamn partner. What the fuck are you talking about?

FX: A BANG as, all at once, all the lights in the precinct go out.

And all the noise of police at work STOPS.

REBECCA

Jake...

JAKE

Yeah, I know. Something up with the lights, boss?

MCCLUSKEY

It's an old building. The wiring's never been right. Thankfully, we think ahead.

FX: There is a soft hiss of gas from around the room, as a dozen or so police officers produce lanterns and set them alight.

REBECCA

I've seen those lanterns before.

JAKE

So, when you said I was one of you...

McCluskey is still McCluskey, but he's clearly not in the driving seat.

MCCLUSKEY

I misspoke. I ought to have said... you will be.

JAKE

Right.

MCCLUSKEY

I'd advise you to choose your next actions very carefully.

JAKE

Bob, you part of this?

HOLT

Do as he says, Jake.

JAKE

Rebecca. It seems I overestimated the safety of our current locale. I think we may need to try elsewhere.

REBECCA

Jake, we're surrounded.

JAKE

Yeah, I think I preferred it when the lights were off.

The three Lanternmen appear, first as the police officers...

HUNT

There is always light to be found.

MICHAELS

Or created.

DAVIS

Or taken.

And then as themselves.

LANTERNMAN 1

You have a choice to make, Jake Hanlon.

LANTERNMAN 2

Be exposed by the light.

LANTERNMAN 3

Or wield it.

REBECCA

(last ditch courage)
Where is my husband?

LANTERNMAN 1

That is our question, not yours.

REBECCA
You don't know?

LANTERNMAN 2
He does not *want* to be found,
Rebecca Sullivan.

LANTERNMAN 3
He has chosen to be lost.

JAKE
I think we'd prefer to hear that
from his own lips, if it's all the
same to you. For the lady's peace
of mind.

MCCLUSKEY
Oh, Jake. You've come to the wrong
place for peace of mind.

REBECCA
They're getting closer, Jake.

JAKE
Not a lot I can do about that right
now. But I am aware.

A familiar voice breaks through the tension, stepping forward
out of the ring of Lanternmen.

IRENE
This is the second worst party I've
ever been to. (*a beat*) Trust me,
you don't want to hear about the
first one. There were guitars.

JAKE
(shock)
Irene?

IRENE
Sure.

REBECCA
She's got a lantern, Jake. She's
one of them.

IRENE
Careful, Mrs Sullivan. You and me
might stop being friends.

LANTERNMAN 1
What is this?

IRENE

You know what? It never stops being goddamn delightful confusing you. I'd make it my full-time job but I suspect the money is terrible.

LANTERNMAN 2

Stop her.

IRENE

Jake. Rebecca. I am about to do something very, very stupid and then run away. I recommend running with me.

Irene lifts the lantern above her head.

JAKE

Jesus, Irene!

REBECCA

What is she doing?

JAKE

Like she said. Something very, very stupid.

IRENE

Tell me I'm not the best secretary who ever lived.

And with that, she smashes the lantern on the ground with a CRASH. A flame leaps from the wreckage and whooshes around the room, shattering lantern after lantern and building itself into a wall of flame.

REBECCA

Oh my god!

The Lanternmen and their police acolytes howl in anger.

IRENE

(over the raging fire)
If you say so. Now follow me.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - DAY

Irene leads Jake and Rebecca through a winding trail of tunnels beneath the police building.

ATMOS: Echoing, ancient.

IRENE

Your pal McCluskey was right about the building being old. And, thankfully, these tunnels are even older. They run all over the city, if you know where to look.

JAKE

Irene...

REBECCA

Jake, don't.

IRENE

And talk about history. We're not the only ones to escape from weird shit down here, I'll tell you that for nothing. Few famous names to boot. At least one president.

JAKE

Irene, stop.

She does. They all do.

IRENE

You're not great at running away, are you?

JAKE

What the hell is going on?

IRENE

Look, I know what you're going to say.

JAKE

Do you? Cause I don't.

IRENE

I know what you saw. So, I know what you're thinking.

REBECCA

Are you all right?

IRENE

Almost the right question.

REBECCA

Are you...?

IRENE

Let's not go into that right now. Yes, what you saw happened. No, I didn't escape. Nonetheless, here I am, working overtime for a boss who is now too dead to cough up. None of that matters right now.

JAKE

Enlighten me. What does?

IRENE

You have to go on. You have to figure this out.

JAKE

Go where? Figure what out?

IRENE

Can't help you with the second one. That's your journey. Not mine. The first, however, is obvious.

JAKE

Not to me.

IRENE

To her then.

REBECCA

What?

IRENE

You know. You know that you know.

REBECCA

(dawning realization)

Oh.

IRENE

Smart cookie. Well done.

JAKE

Anyone going to let me in on the secret?

REBECCA

Home. I need to go home.