

TWILIGHT MERIDIAN

EPISODE 6

"One Last Walk Into the Rain"

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COLD OPEN

INT. MONTAGUE'S STUDY

FX: The scrapes of an ink pen across paper as Rebecca makes the final notes of what's probably been several days worth of transcribing.

FX: A case opened. A cigarette smoked.

We hear Rebecca's voice as she begins to dive into the translated journal before her voice begins crossfading into the voice of The Detective.

MUSIC: Something a little different this time.
More...appropriate

REBECCA/DETECTIVE (V.O.)
They say that when you stare into
the abyss, the abyss stares back.
But it's a lie. The abyss doesn't
even see you looking. And it
wouldn't give a damn if it did. But
I kept looking for answers, didn't
I? Like a rube. So many wasted
nights. So many wasted...
lifetimes.

CUT TO:

ACT 1

FADE IN:

EXT. JERICHO BEACH - NIGHT

It's a cold night - you can hear it in the shivers of the police officers on the beach. Their voices are tight and their teeth chatter. A stiff wind rolls off of the water.

There's a genuine sense of wanting to be anywhere but here, but there's work to do.

The voices are distant for the moment, but we hear McCLUSKEY, chief of police, shout instructions to his men. HUNT, MICHAELS and DAVIS. And... JAKE HANLON.

MCCLUSKEY

(growling)

All right, you layabouts. Get on with it. Am I paying you to stand around with your dicks in your hands?

HUNT

Sounds like a promotion to me.

Michaels and Davis laugh sycophantically. Jake does not.

McCluskey is in no mood.

MCCLUSKEY

Just get her out of there.

JAKE

(under his breath)

And maybe try to show a little respect.

DAVIS

What was that, Hanlon?

JAKE

(aware of his newbie status)

Nothing.

MICHAELS

That's right, rookie. It was nothing.

FX: The men move, reluctantly, towards the water and begin to drag something heavy and water-logged towards the shore. Having done so, they let it fall to the beach with a sickening thud.

FX: Breathing heavily, Michaels lights a cigarette.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Besides, I don't think she's in much of a condition to complain.

JAKE

For fuck's sake.

DAVIS

(to Jake)

What the fuck is your problem? She your girlfriend or something?

HUNT

(with a laugh)

Not sure Jakey-boy likes girls, are we?

More brutal laughter from the older cops.

A low, weary voice cuts across the scene.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Everybody wants a story to have a beginning. They want a time before and a time after, something to measure change against. Tell us, they demand, how it happened. Let us make sure it doesn't happen to us. But beginnings are complicated. Every time you think you've reached the starting line, you see another behind it in the distance. And another. And another. Beginnings are a lie. Endings, on the other hand...

MCCLUSKEY

Well?

HUNT

She's dead, boss.

MCCLUSKEY

(sarcastic)

The good people of Jericho must sleep soundly in their beds knowing you're on the case.

FX: Waterlogged clothing is investigated.

DAVIS

Those look like bruises on her throat?

HUNT

What part of her isn't bruised? I think we can all agree she's had a rough night.

MICHAELS

(as if he's found treasure)

I've got a purse.

DAVIS

It suits you.

MICHAELS

Shut the fuck up.

MCCLUSKEY

ID?

FX: Michaels trudges up the beach to his boss. Hands over the purse. McCluskey opens it, ferrets inside. Pulls out a driver's license.

MCCLUSKEY (CONT'D)

Delores Lane.

HUNT

Well, she *was*.

MCCLUSKEY

You reckon, Officer Hunt? Because according to this, Delores Lane is 60 years old. She look 60 to you?

A moment of stunned silence from the cops.

HUNT

(at a loss)

My wife swears by her new face cream...

MICHAELS

I've seen your wife. She should ask for a refund. *(a beat)* She sure as fuck doesn't look that good.

DAVIS

Probably just some pro that lifted
the old broad's purse.

JAKE

She's not dressed like a
prostitute.

HUNT

What's that, Hanlon?

JAKE

(fed up)

I said, she's not dressed like a
prostitute.

MICHAELS

You got a lot of experience in that
area?

DAVIS

Course he hasn't. Last pussy he
clapped eyes on belonged to dear
Old Mother Hanlon.

FX: Jake bites, lunges at him. Davis dodges out of the way,
laughing.

MCCLUSKEY

For Christ's sake. Am I running a
police department or a goddamn
nursery? Hanlon's right. She's too
smartly dressed. And...

FX: He rustles in the purse some more. Pulls out another
card.

MCCLUSKEY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

HUNT

What is it, boss?

MCCLUSKEY

Nothing. Hanlon, I need you to head
back to the station.

JAKE

What?

MCCLUSKEY

Are you going to make me repeat myself?

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The detective is sitting in his office. In the dark.

FX: A bottle of whiskey is opened. Poured.

FX: A cigar is lit. Smoked.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Death scares some people. Even a whiff of it on the air and they recoil, reminded that it's out there waiting for them. Lurking in every shadow. Concealed around every corner. But they're wrong. Death doesn't hide. It stands out in the open, proudly. It's goddamn everywhere. The things that hide, the things that truly crave to be kept secret... that's what they should fear.

FX: A phone rings in the next room. A pleasant, confident voice answers it.

IRENE (O.S.)

If you're calling us, you know who we are. How can I help?

A beat as she listens. Then...

IRENE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Boss!

DETECTIVE

(more than a little drunk)
What is it?

IRENE (O.S.)

(mock formal)
Jericho P.D. requests the honor of your presence.

The Detective grunts.

DETECTIVE

Where?

IRENE (O.S.)
 A beach party, apparently.
 (a beat) Swimwear optional.

FX: The Detective drains the glass. Slams down the glass. On which we cut to...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - LATER

Jake re-enters, a little out of breath.

JAKE
 Coroner is en route. And so is...
 (lowering his voice) he.

HUNT
 (overhearing nonetheless)
 What?

MICHAELS
 Oh, fuck.

DAVIS
 Jesus, Boss. You haven't called
 that freak in, have you?

MCCLUSKEY
 Is it any of your goddamn business?

HUNT
 Makes my skin crawl.

MICHAELS
 And I thought that was the lice.

FX: Hunt thumps him. Hard.

HUNT
 Fuck you.

JAKE
 I don't get it. Who is this guy?

As if on cue, the Detective wanders into the scene. He is the rumpled private dick of lore. Sardonic, world-weary and full of the knowledge that if he's here, somebody's life has taken a wrong turn.

DETECTIVE
 I'm nobody. Which, I believe, is
 the point. McCluskey.

MCCLUSKEY
(to the men)
Cover her up.

JAKE
But we don't know anything yet.

MCCLUSKEY
We know what we need to know. I
said, cover her up.

JAKE
Boss...

MCCLUSKEY
Pain in the ass questions are
getting to be an uncomfortable
habit with you, Officer Hanlon.

JAKE
Yes, sir.

HUNT
What are we meant to cover her
with?

MICHAELS
She's not having my coat. It's
fucking freezing out here.

JAKE
Jesus. She can have mine.

FX: Jake takes off his jacket, drapes it over the corpse.

MCCLUSKEY
(to the Detective)
You. With me.

DETECTIVE
You're the Chief.

CUT TO:

EXT. FURTHER UP THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

FX: The two men walk up the beach, out of earshot of the
other cops.

MCCLUSKEY
We have a situation.

DETECTIVE

I figured. I don't usually get calls in the middle of the night for non-situations.

MCCLUSKEY

You picked up.

DETECTIVE

These are my prime working hours.

MCCLUSKEY

I feel sorry for that secretary of yours.

DETECTIVE

Not as sorry as you'll be if she ever hears you refer to her as a secretary. Now tell me what we're talking about before my liver gets overexcited about the drop in my alcohol intake.

FX: They stop. McCluskey hands over the two cards.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

(looking at them)

Not the first young woman who's ever washed up on these shores.

MCCLUSKEY

Carrying the ID of a much older woman?

DETECTIVE

I've heard stranger.

MCCLUSKEY

I don't doubt it. (a beat) Look at the other card.

DETECTIVE

Sullivan Industries. So? Half the goddamn city works for Max Sullivan.

MCCLUSKEY

According to that card, Delores Lane worked with Max Sullivan more closely than most. She was his fucking assistant.

DETECTIVE

Is that meant to imply something?

MCCLUSKEY

For once, no. Everyone knows he's devoted to that wife of his, the deviant. But that's too damned near the throne for my liking.

DETECTIVE

I see. So you reckon you'd palm your investigation off on a fall guy. Sorry, McCluskey, but you've picked the wrong guy. I don't go in for martyrdom. Besides, this isn't really my area.

MCCLUSKEY

Oh, I think you'll find it is. Look at the photo again.

FX: The Detective does so. Turns it over in his hands.

DETECTIVE

What am I meant to be looking for?

MCCLUSKEY

The simplest, most obvious explanation is that our little long distance swimmer stole Delores Lane's purse and came to a sticky end.

DETECTIVE

I'm going to go ahead and assume that you and Mr Occam have had a falling out.

MCCLUSKEY

Look at the face in the picture. Subtract 40 years.

DETECTIVE

And add six hours floating.

MCCLUSKEY

It's the same goddamn face. I don't know how, but that body on the beach is Delores Lane. And that's why I'm having nothing more to fucking do with it.

A beat.

DETECTIVE

Show me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Jake, Hunt, Michaels and Davis are standing around the body.

JAKE

I don't get it. Why would the Chief call in a private dick?

DAVIS

You'll have to ask him. I wouldn't touch that fucker by the hem of his goddamn trench coat.

JAKE

What's wrong with him?

HUNT

Put it this way. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd committed half the murders he's meant to have solved.

MICHAELS

He's a fucking weirdo.

JAKE

As opposed to you three pillars of society?

MICHAELS

Listen here, you sanctimonious little prick...

The Detective and McClusky re-enter the scene.

MCCCLUSKEY

She's all yours.

FX: The Detective strides over to the body, pulls back Jake's jacket. Grunts.

A beat.

DETECTIVE

Leave it with me.

MCCLUSKEY

Right, that's it, boys. Pack it up.
(to the Detective) You see what you
can piece together, then hand Miss
Lane, or whoever she is, off to the
coroner. I reckon you've got about
twenty minutes.

DETECTIVE

Usual rate?

MCCLUSKEY

Usual rate.

JAKE

What? We can't just leave...

MCCLUSKEY

Can't we? Because unless I've very
much mistaken, I just said we were.
It's especially easy to arrange as
none of us were here to begin with.
Am I understood?

HUNT

Yes, boss.

MICHAELS

Suits me.

DAVIS

Too fucking right.

The clap of thunder somewhere in the distance.

MCCLUSKEY

Hanlon? You got a problem?

JAKE

(hesitant, but
outnumbered)

No, sir.

They exit.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS OF JERICHO - NIGHT

FX: The Detective walks the streets, smoking in the downpour. A slow, measured slap of footsteps against concrete.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

I've seen more dead bodies than I care to count. Young and old. Tragic and deserved. But something about Delores Lane's final backstroke made me uneasy and it wasn't just because she appeared to have taken it in the fountain of youth.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Irene is preparing to finally go home.

FX: She switches off lights. There is a jingle of keys.

IRENE

(to herself)

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Et cetera.

FX: She flicks a final switch.

FX: The door opens and the Detective trudges in.

IRENE (CONT'D)

On the other hand, the fun never stops. *(a beat)* Boss.

DETECTIVE

Is there coffee?

IRENE

Is that a philosophical question?

DETECTIVE

I need coffee.

IRENE

(surprised)

By coffee, do you mean the coffee
in the glass bottles you think I
don't know you keep locked in your
desk?

DETECTIVE

The hot kind that pretends to be
drinkable.

FX: Irene takes her coat back off.

IRENE

Wonders never cease. I'll see what
I can rustle up.

FX: Irene heads into a small kitchen off. We hear cupboard
rustling.

IRENE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'd warn you that it'll keep you up
all night, but there's not much of
the night left.

FX: The Detective slumps against Irene's desk.

DETECTIVE

Yes... Sorry about that.

Irene sticks her head back in the room. She sounds
suspicious.

IRENE

Sober and apologising? You sure
you're all right, Boss?

DETECTIVE

New case.

IRENE

I figured. Go on, park yourself in
your brooding hole. I'll bring it
into you.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Hunt, Michaels, Davis and Jake are getting ready to go home
for the night.

FX: Lockers slamming, a general hubbub of police officers going off duty.

JAKE
You don't think it's fucked up?

HUNT
Jesus, Hanlon. Enough.

JAKE
We're supposed to be police.

MICHAELS
Doesn't mean we have to get mixed up in every bit of shadiness that goes on in this crummy place.

JAKE
(outraged)
Yes, it fucking does! That's exactly what it means.

DAVIS
Calm down, big man. You survive long enough, you'll learn.

JAKE
Fuck me, I hope not.

A beat.

HUNT
I'm still not thrilled about the Chief getting the Dick involved.

For a moment, it's almost as if he was thinking.

MICHAELS
That's what the Chief's wife said.

A burst of cackle from all three. On a locker door slamming we...

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

FX: The Detective lights a cigar. Takes a sip of coffee. Grunts. It's terrible.

DETECTIVE
Jesus.

IRENE

I never said it'd be good. We don't get much call for it.

DETECTIVE

As long as it does the job.

IRENE

Speaking of which.

FX: The Detective fumbles in his pockets. Slides the two ID cards across the desk.

DETECTIVE

Short version?

IRENE

If you like. Apparently I'm not going anywhere.

DETECTIVE

Young woman came in with the tide, with those on her person.

FX: Irene takes the cards. Looks at them.

IRENE

I know you're no spring chicken yourself, Boss, but young?

DETECTIVE

The body was a little better preserved. Twenty, maybe twenty-one. But otherwise a dead ringer for the woman in the photo.

IRENE

Daughter. Sister. Cousin. Total coincidence.

DETECTIVE

All possible. Can you look into the family, see what you can find out?

IRENE

Sure thing, Boss. (*a beat*) Mind if I go home and catch twenty minutes of sleep first? Just to keep myself sharp, you understand.

The Detective grunts. It's almost a laugh but not quite.

DETECTIVE

The morning will be fine.

IRENE

You're all heart. (*a beat*) Not being funny, but this seems a little... pedestrian for your tastes.

DETECTIVE

Precisely what worries me.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND - THE NEXT MORNING

FX: Jake walks up to Arnie's newspaper stand and tosses down a bunch of coins.

JAKE

Give me a Times.

ARNIE

And a good morning to you too.

FX: He takes the paper from a stack and hands it over.

JAKE

Sorry, Arnie Didn't get much sleep last night.

ARNIE

Anyone I know?

JAKE

Chief McCluskey, for starters.

ARNIE

(dryly)

I've been praying for you kids to get together.

JAKE

It'll never work. I'm a Virgo and he's a fucking coward.

ARNIE

Jeez, Jake. You really did have a rough night.

Jake sighs.

JAKE

It's just...

ARNIE

Being a big time hero cop ain't
what you imagined it to be?

JAKE

Something like that. (*a thought
strikes him*) You know anyone who
works at Sullivan Industries?

ARNIE

I don't know anyone who doesn't.

JAKE

Head office, I mean. Eye of the
storm.

Arnie doesn't have to think for long.

ARNIE

My sister's in the typing pool. She
gets called up to the top floors
from time to time.

JAKE

Reckon she'd talk to me?

ARNIE

You look in a mirror lately, pal?
Take her out for a night on the
town and she'll give you the tour.

JAKE

That's not what I...

ARNIE

My sister not good enough for you?
(*a beat*) Don't let my rough and
ready exterior put you off. She
takes after my mother's side.

JAKE

I'm only looking for information.

ARNIE

And if you get more than that, I
don't want to know. (*a beat*) You
want me to call her?

Jake hesitates, but he has to do something.

JAKE

Yeah. Call her. Thanks, Arnie.

ARNIE

Don't thank me yet. She's a handsome woman but I'm not being held responsible for her actions.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

Irene approaches the CLERK at the desk. The Clerk is a public servant of the old school. In that they hate the public and have little desire to serve.

FX: A small bell is rung.

CLERK

(wearily)
Yes?

IRENE

I'm looking for some information.

CLERK

What a refreshing change of pace.

IRENE

(ignoring him)
Birth certificates, specifically.
Mid to late 1800s. And possibly
Marriage Records.

CLERK

Care to be more specific?

IRENE

(cheerfully)
Look. I know that you've probably worked hard to develop this hard-bitten, world-weary exterior, but compared to my employer, you're a rank amateur. Point me in the direction of what I'm looking for and we can both get on with our days. Sound good?

CLERK

(genuinely sounding
relieved)
Yes, madam.

IRENE

You're pushing it with the madam, but I'll take it.

(MORE)

IRENE (CONT'D)
Now, the woman I'm looking for is
called Delores Lane.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

The detective is sitting at his desk. Drinking. Smoking. It
feels a bit early for it.

FX: A deep drag of a cigar.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
I've been told that everyone in my
line of work needs someone like
Irene. Someone that the shadows
don't seem to touch. The problem
with that theory is that there is
no one else like Irene. And shadows
are seldom so fickle.

FX: As if on cue, the phone rings. The Detective answers it.

DETECTIVE
Yes?

IRENE (O.S.)
Hey, boss.

DETECTIVE
Find anything?

IRENE (O.S.)
Well, Delores Lane is real and
she'd have been 61 next birthday.
If... you know...

DETECTIVE
Any family?

IRENE
I found a marriage record. And an
address.

DETECTIVE
No kids?

IRENE
Not that I could find.

DETECTIVE
All right. Give me the address and
I'll speak to the widower.

IRENE

Boss, just go easy. He may not know he's a widower.

DETECTIVE

Then I won't take flowers.

IRENE

Oh, and there was one other thing.

DETECTIVE

What's that?

IRENE

I wasn't the first person to ask about Delores Lane today.

DETECTIVE

Is that right?

IRENE

Apparently, a young cop was in earlier, asking very similar questions.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE HOUSE - DAY - LATER

FX: The Detective knocks on the front door of the Lane house. After a moment, it's answered. JACK LANE is in his 70s, brusque and no nonsense.

JACK

You selling something?

DETECTIVE

Depends. You buying?

JACK

No.

DETECTIVE

Then I'd be wasting my time. Jack Lane?

JACK

That's right.

DETECTIVE

I'm here to talk about Delores.

JACK
Good luck to you.

DETECTIVE
Why's that?

JACK
Haven't seen the woman in close to three years now. Not since she went off to work for Max Sullivan.

DETECTIVE
Long hours?

Jack laughs bitterly.

JACK
It wasn't the length of the hours I minded. It was the when. A man's wife spends more nights with her boss than she does at home...

DETECTIVE
You think there was something going on between your wife and Max Sullivan?

A grunt from Jack.

JACK
No disrespect intended, but she was past that sort of thing.

DETECTIVE
Then...

JACK
A man has his pride.

DETECTIVE
So I'm told. You booted her out?

JACK
(hesitating)
Well, she left. *(a beat)* But if she thinks she can come crawling back...

DETECTIVE
(dry)
She'd be fuck out of luck?

JACK
Goddamn right. What do you want
with her, anyway?

DETECTIVE
I think maybe I should step inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - LATER

FX: Irene is typing.

FX: The door opens and the Detective strides in.

IRENE
You find him?

DETECTIVE
I did.

IRENE
How did he take it?

DETECTIVE
A man has his pride.

IRENE
I'm going to go ahead and pretend I
know what that means.

DETECTIVE
If you figure it out, let me know.

IRENE
What about the daughter theory?

DETECTIVE
No. No daughter. Or sister. Or
cousin. And I definitely don't
think it was a total coincidence.

IRENE
So, we're left with...

DETECTIVE
A dead woman who has somehow
misplaced 40 years of her life.

IRENE
It's starting to feel a lot more
like your sort of case.

DETECTIVE
Don't remind me.

IRENE
What next?

DETECTIVE
All roads lead back to Sullivan
Industries.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jake and Arnie's sister LISA are sitting at a busy bar,
drinking.

FX: It's a busy, swanky place. Tinkling piano music plays in
the background.

LISA
To be honest, I'm lucky to have a
job at all. It's tough out there
these days.

JAKE
You been there long?

LISA
Since I left school. Started on the
switchboard, finally got into the
typing pool about a year ago.

JAKE
Is that the dream?

LISA
Hey, don't knock it. We get treated
well and I get to keep a roof over
my head.

JAKE
I don't know if your brother
mentioned it, but I'm looking into
someone who you might know.

LISA
And here was me thinking I was here
because of my beauty and charm.

JAKE
Hey, I didn't mean...

LISA
Free meal and drinks. A girl can't complain. What do you want to know?

JAKE
You ever come across someone called Delores Lane?

LISA
Delores? You can't not.

JAKE
High up, wa-is she?

LISA
Mr Sullivan's PA. You want to get to him, you either go through her or, if you're daring, Mr Roark.

JAKE
Roark?

LISA
If Delores is his assistant, Roark is his assassin.

JAKE
Right.

LISA
But Delores is good people nonetheless.

JAKE
This might sound like a strange question, but could you describe her?

LISA
Oh, I don't know. She looks like - Delores. Mid-60s, maybe? Always very well turned out. I think she might have been a bit of a looker in her day. That the sort of thing you were after?

JAKE
Almost exactly.

LISA
Well, if she's been up to no good, don't tell me. I'd like to maintain a little faith in humankind.

JAKE

Deal. (a beat) Do you want to stay here? Go on somewhere else?

LISA

I'll follow your lead, Mr Hanlon.

JAKE

Let me just put a call into the station, make sure I'm not needed.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Detective is back in his office, brooding behind his desk. Outside the window, the sounds of Jericho City.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Irene was right. Whatever kind of case I thought this was going to be, it seemed intent on proving me wrong. Something was gnawing at the edges of my consciousness, like an animal scratching at a door. And I felt a strange compulsion to let it in, however wild it turned out to be.

FX: The phone rings. The Detective answers. He's pretty drunk at this stage.

DETECTIVE

What is it?

MCCLUSKEY (O.S.)

(on phone)

What it is, you son of a bitch, is both of our asses in a sling.

DETECTIVE

What the hell are you talking about?

MCCLUSKEY (O.S.)

Did you or did you not interview Delores Lane's husband today?

DETECTIVE

I was investigating. I believe that's what you're paying me for.

MCCLUSKEY (O.S.)

Did you happen to put a pair of
bullets in his skull while you were
there?

The Detective sobers up quickly.

DETECTIVE

Not that I recall.

MCCLUSKEY (O.S.)

Well, somebody did. I think you'd
better get your ass down the
station now, before I have to send
someone to collect it.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Up until now, I wasn't entirely
sure what crime, if any, I was
investigating. But there's no
evidence more goddamn compelling
than someone trying to cover their
tracks. And nothing more worrying
than an animal that has learned
how.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MCCLUSKEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake arrives, pissed off, to confront his boss.

FX: He slams the door open.

MCCLUSKEY

Can I help you, Officer Hanlon?

JAKE

I'm not sure, Chief. Can you?

MCCLUSKEY

I think that stick up your ass has
made you forget in which fucking
direction the chain of command
runs, son.

JAKE

There's another body.

MCCLUSKEY

This is Jericho, Hanlon. There's
always another body.

JAKE
Delores Lane's husband.

MCCLUSKEY
Now, how do you know that?

JAKE
Let's just say the night sergeant
isn't as economical with the truth
as his superiors.

MCCLUSKEY
We're looking into it.

JAKE
Don't give me that. This is your
fault.

MCCLUSKEY
Be careful.

JAKE
You palmed that woman's murder off
on that freak and now someone else
is dead. How else do you figure it?

MCCLUSKEY
(furious)
I figure I did precisely what I
thought best, because I am the
goddamned Chief of Police. And you
are on thin fucking ice.

JAKE
Then we all are. The people of this
city rely on us.

MCCLUSKEY
You fucking child. The people of
this city use us. We're a crutch
that enables them not to think
about what goes on out there. What
really goes on.

JAKE
Do you even know what really goes
on out there? Cause it seems to me
this Detective is your crutch.

MCCLUSKEY
Maybe he is. But I'd sure as hell
rather limp than fall down. Cause
that's when they get you.

JAKE
(furious)
They've already got you.

He storms out, slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT 3

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS OF JERICHO - NIGHT

FX: The night is alive with sound.

The Detective is pounding the streets. He definitely is not heading to the police station.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

When you've been doing what I do for as long as I have, you start to develop an instinct for trouble. Not for its presence - it's never far away in a place like Jericho - but for its shape, its colour and its smell. There was something big coming. The kind of big most people pretend isn't happening, to keep the screaming at bay. *(a beat)* McCluskey and his thugs were right to call me in - they just didn't know why.

FX: He stops walking.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

And I wish to hell I didn't either.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Detective enters a large, cavernous warehouse.

FX: Wind whistles through it ominously.

FX: The Detective pulls a piece of chalk from his pocket. We hear him trace the shape of a large circle.

FX: A match is struck. A cigar lit.

DETECTIVE

All right, boys. Cut the shit and show yourselves.

There is no response.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 No point trying to work out how to
 break the protective circle. I'm
 not new to this.

Still, no response.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 All right. I tried being polite.

The Detective begins to mutter something under his breath.
 Words of power.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 (chanting)
 Manitarkalin itayattil enna
 tīmaikal patunki irukkiratu enpatai
 arintavar (Who knows what evil
 lurks in the hearts of men)

There is a fizz of electricity in the air.

LANTERNMAN 1 (O.S.)
 Enough.

DETECTIVE
 I thought that might get your
 attention.

There is a slither in the darkness as three figures emerge.

LANTERNMAN 1
 A deal was made.

LANTERNMAN 2
 The terms were clear.

LANTERNMAN 3
 You are not welcome here,
 Graywalker.

FX: The Detective takes a drag on his cigar.

DETECTIVE
 Haven't heard that name in a while.
 But then you were always stuck in
 the past.

LANTERNMAN 1
 Why have you come? What have we to
 do with you?

DETECTIVE

Like you said. We had an agreement.
And I have a nasty feeling you've
broken it.

LANTERNMAN 2

We kept our word.

DETECTIVE

Oh yeah? You're telling me you
didn't drop that poor girl in the
drink? Because it had the stink of
your work all over it.

LANTERNMAN 3

Your words are meaningless to us.

DETECTIVE

You're not supposed to interfere.
Not like that.

LANTERNMAN 1

We have no interest in the deaths
of these creatures.

LANTERNMAN 2

Nor any involvement.

LANTERNMAN 3

It is beneath us.

DETECTIVE

Oh, let's not pretend that's true.

LANTERNMAN 1

Nonetheless, you have disturbed us
without cause. You have broken the
treaty.

FX: A power begins to build in the air. The Lanternmen are
coolly, calmly angry.

DETECTIVE

Oh, come off it. It's been in the
air for a while now. I was choosing
to ignore it, but deep down I knew
it was there. It's rising. You're
telling me that has nothing to do
with you?

LANTERNMAN 2

We are.

DETECTIVE

And you haven't sensed anything...
amiss?

There is a telling silence.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

So I'm half right. I'll take that
as a win, for what's it worth.
Maybe we need to talk after all.

Before the conversation can continue...

FX: A WARNING shot rings out. A flutter of birds frightened
from the rafters. Debris from the ceiling scatters against
the concrete.

JAKE

Right, I think I've heard enough.
All of you step forward with your
hands up.

The Lanternmen hiss.

DETECTIVE

(to Jake)

Get out of here, you idiot. You
have no idea what you've just
walked into.

LANTERNMAN 1

How did he cross the threshold?

LANTERNMAN 2

We were hidden.

LANTERNMAN 3

This is not a space where men may
walk.

DETECTIVE

Good points all, but not really
helpful at present.

JAKE

I said 'hands up'!

DETECTIVE

You don't want to do this.

LANTERNMAN 1

Why has it come?

LANTERNMAN 2
Why does it speak?

LANTERNMAN 3
Let us open it to find out!

They move toward Jake, raising their lanterns.

JAKE
Drop the antiques and put your
hands up.

They do no such thing.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(less cocky now)
I said hands up! *(to the Detective)*
I knew you were in this up to your
neck.

DETECTIVE
You have no idea.

JAKE
Spell it out for me.

The Lanternmen slither forward. Jake trains his gun on them.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Stay right where you are. I'm
rapidly running out of patience,
but I've still got plenty of
bullets.

LANTERNMAN 1
Why does it imagine it can command
us?

LANTERNMAN 2
We must instruct it.

LANTERNMAN 3
Make it see.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
The way I saw it, I had two
options. Let the kid get what was
coming to him, or put my neck on
the block and likely get what was
coming to me. Neither felt like a
good deal, but sometimes you just
have to go with your gut.

The Detective raises his hand.

DETECTIVE

All right, all right. You want my hands up, they're up. I surrender. (a beat) But just a word of warning, my associates here might give you a little more trouble.

JAKE

We'll see about that.

FX: Jake steps forward and the Detective cold-cocks him. Jake goes down with a thud. The gun scatters across the warehouse floor.

The Detective quickly drags the unconscious Jake into the chalk circle.

LANTERNMAN 1

He must be neutralised. He has profaned this place.

The Detective thinks quickly.

DETECTIVE

He's in the circle now. You can't touch him.

LANTERNMAN 2

We are patient.

LANTERNMAN 3

You may last. He will not.

DETECTIVE

Are you sure about that? You don't know how he found his way here in the first place. Isn't that something you ought to know?

LANTERNMAN 1

What do you propose?

DETECTIVE

Something is coming.

LANTERNMAN 2

You propose an alliance?

DETECTIVE

I certainly do fucking not. I propose we go back to staying out of each other's way and hope that I'm wrong.

LANTERNMAN 3
And the intruder?

DETECTIVE
You let me worry about him. He's no
threat to you.

There is silence. Then a consensus.

LANTERNMAN 1
How could he be?

LANTERNMAN 2
We are eternal. He is finite.

LANTERNMAN 3
Take him. But if he interferes
again - if you interfere again - a
new choice will be made.

DETECTIVE
Always a pleasure doing business
with you.

FX: With a grunt, he heaves Jake over his shoulder and,
breaking the circle, heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake comes to with a start.

JAKE
Jesus Christ.

IRENE
I've been called worse. Here, I
made you some coffee. I reckon you
need it.

Going with it, Jake takes the cup.

FX: He sips. Gags.

JAKE
What the-

IRENE
I said you needed it. I didn't say
you'd enjoy it.

JAKE
Where the hell am I?

IRENE
The Detective's office. I apologise for the chair. It's the most comfortable one we've got, which I accept ain't saying a lot. Figured being unconscious you wouldn't mind so much.

FX: Jake rubs his jaw, groans.

JAKE
Tell your boss he has a hell of a right hook.

FX: The door to the inner office opens.

IRENE
Tell him yourself.

The Detective walks into the outer office. Pulls up another chair.

FX: It scrapes across the ground.

DETECTIVE
Officer Jake Hanlon?

JAKE
I know that. How do you?

DETECTIVE
You were on the beach that night.

JAKE
I was. You the one who put Delores Lane out to sea?

DETECTIVE
No. Were you?

JAKE
(offended)
No!

DETECTIVE
Good. So that's two suspects eliminated. Who have we got left?

JAKE
Back at the warehouse. Who were your friends?

DETECTIVE
Old... associates, shall we say.

JAKE
Sure, if that's the truth.

DETECTIVE
(amused)
Oh, it's truth you're after, is it?

JAKE
Aren't you?

The Detective laughs out loud. It's a little unsettling.

IRENE
(chastising)
Boss...

DETECTIVE
(acquiescing)
You're right. As always. Our friend
Jake here has just got himself in
over his head. That's not entirely
his fault.

JAKE
My fault? How is any of this my
fault?

DETECTIVE
You should have left well alone.

This is what Jake has been told over and over. And he's sick
of it.

JAKE
I'm not that guy.

The Detective considers this.

DETECTIVE
No. You are something else again.
I'll give you that.

He makes a decision.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
All right, not that guy. Let's hear
what you think about what's going
on. Start with the body on the
beach.

JAKE

She's Delores Lane all right. It's the only thing that makes sense.

IRENE

If you think that makes sense, you have come to the right place.

DETECTIVE

Then how does a 60-year-old woman look like a 20-year-old woman?

JAKE

I don't know.

DETECTIVE

And that doesn't bother you?

JAKE

Of course it bothers me.

DETECTIVE

Good. It should. So what do we do about that?

JAKE

Sullivan Industries.

DETECTIVE

What about it?

JAKE

Whatever is going on, it starts there.

A beat.

DETECTIVE

You've convinced me. Sullivan Industries it is, then. Irene?

IRENE

Yes, boss.

DETECTIVE

Get Chief McCluskey on the line. He kindly invited me to visit earlier, so I think he'll be anxious to speak to me.

CUT TO:

INT. MCCLUSKY'S OFFICE - LATER

FX: Behind the closed door of the Chief's office, the busy work of Jericho P.D. goes on.

FX: McClusky lights a match, draws on a cigarette.

MCCLUSKEY

You want me to lend you a police officer?

DETECTIVE

On favourable terms.

MCCLUSKEY

And what would they be?

DETECTIVE

I won't charge you for this case.

MCCLUSKEY

Considering you're the last person to see Jack Lane alive, you're lucky I'm not charging you.

DETECTIVE

You're not, so I'm assuming you've still got some sense. As much as you ever had, at any rate.

MCCLUSKEY

What about you, Hanlon?

JAKE

I want the truth.

MCCLUSKEY

Jesus Christ. Take him. He sticks around here much longer and either he'll burn the place to the ground or I'll wind up in the chair for murdering him.

DETECTIVE

Much obliged.

A beat.

MCCLUSKEY

You really going to take on Sullivan? Because I can't protect you if it goes to hell.

DETECTIVE
Oh, we're starting in hell,
McCluskey. Where we end up is
anybody's guess.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF JERICHO - NIGHT

Jake and the Detective walk the still lively streets.

FX: Distant shouts, banging of garbage cans, cars taking
their occupants nowhere good to do nothing good.

DETECTIVE
I thought that went well.

JAKE
(ignoring that)
Tell me something...

DETECTIVE
I like a good key lime pie. I know
some folk find them too tart, but
sometimes you need a bit of a kick
to round off an evening.

JAKE
(ignoring that too)
Why do you really want me on this
case?

DETECTIVE
Wanted is a strong word.

JAKE
Need is stronger.

DETECTIVE
Before you embarrass yourself,
Officer Hanlon, I should tell you
I'm married to the job.

Jake stops walking.

JAKE
This works for you, does it?

The Detective, reluctantly, does the same.

DETECTIVE
And what's that?

JAKE

This whole act. The hard-bitten
world weary gumshoe.

DETECTIVE

Who says it's an act?

JAKE

I do.

DETECTIVE

Walk in this world long enough,
you're going to get fucking weary.
And you're sure as hell going to
get bitten. Usually hard.

JAKE

Then what's the point? Why bother
trying to find out what happened to
Delores Lane? Why go to all the
trouble? If you really don't care,
then it's just one more body in the
ground.

DETECTIVE

(mock insulted)

You wound me, Hanlon. (*a beat*)
Besides, I never said I didn't
care. If I didn't care, I'd be on
easy street.

JAKE

Then...?

DETECTIVE

I just don't believe I can do a
damned thing about it. (*a beat*)
Scratch that. I know I can't do a
damned thing about it.

JAKE

Then, at the risk of repeating
myself, why bother?

The Detective thinks for a moment.

DETECTIVE

Cause I've lost count of how many
times I've been wrong.

This answer seems to satisfy Jake, for the moment. They walk
on, leaving the streets to their business.

After a moment, there is a dark shimmer. The street noise grows indistinct, muffled, like the count in the ears of a punch-drunk fighter.

And the Lanternmen are there. Watching as the Detective and Jake become specks in the distance.

LANTERNMAN 1
(concerned, almost angry)
This was unforeseen.

LANTERNMAN 2
His destiny was to walk his path
alone.

LANTERNMAN 3
If he has taken an apprentice, then
all is in flux.

LANTERNMAN 1
No, it is an aberration, nothing
more.

LANTERNMAN 2
He must be observed.

LANTERNMAN 3
He will be observed.

They vanish and the sound of the streets washes back in,
building in intensity until we...

CUT TO BLACK.