

TWILIGHT MERIDIAN

Episode 5

"Aurora"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. HOLYWELL CEMETERY - NIGHT - 1919

This is a long ago night - less encumbered by the sounds of industry. Just a gentle breeze and the rustle of leaves.

And footsteps, cautious but intent, against the gravel path that wends through this empty park.

The footsteps belong to a still young Professor Robert MONTAGUE. And he is here for a reason. A reason he secretly wishes he could control.

FX: Far in the distance a clock tower bell tolls one.

Montague whistles softly to himself. Against the silence, against the dark, against the cold.

Then the whistle is strangled between notes by a dark, deep whisper. This is AIDAN. His accent has a hint of his native Ireland.

AIDAN

Evening.

The footsteps stop. When Montague speaks, there's a slight tremor in it. He's using all of his bravado to be here and it isn't quite enough to stop him from sounding frightened.

But need wins.

MONTAGUE

Good evening.

AIDAN

Nice night for it.

MONTAGUE

(cautiously)

I'm tempted to agree. Depending, of course, on what 'it' entails.

A rustle of bushes as Aidan steps out onto the path.

AIDAN

(with a chuckle)

No need to be coy. We both know perfectly well.

MONTAGUE

It's as well to be sure.

AIDAN

I'm plenty sure. The question is, are you?

MONTAGUE

Oh, that is far from the question.

AIDAN

(getting a little shirty)
God help me. You're all the same.

MONTAGUE

To whom are you referring?

AIDAN

I know your type. You think you're special? You think you're the first cutglass accent to come down here, intent on slumming it with the likes of me?

MONTAGUE

I intended no offense.

AIDAN

And yet, here we are. But I'll do my best not to hold it against you. Now, are we doing this or what?

MONTAGUE

(suddenly unsure)
I-

AIDAN

Make up your mind or I'll make it up for you.

MONTAGUE

Where- where would we go?

AIDAN

(sarcastically)
Oh, I've a carriage waiting, your highness. To take us back to my palatial abode. (a beat) We're both here. It's a quiet night. I suggest we make use of it. Now, tell me, princess, what are you after? I'm easy, me. Flexible, like.

MONTAGUE

Actually- I think perhaps there's been a misunderstanding.

AIDAN
Christ alive. I've had enough of
this.

MONTAGUE
I'm sorry.

FX: Aidan grabs Montague roughly by the lapels.

AIDAN
What is it? Think you're better
than me? Well, let me tell you
something, darling. I was at
Flanders while you were mothballed
away here, in your ivory tower. Or
is that it? Am I a bit TOO rough
for your refined tastes?

MONTAGUE
(struggling)
There's no need to get physical.

AIDAN
(darker)
Isn't that why you're here? To get
physical?

MONTAGUE
This isn't-

AIDAN
-what you expected? Or, wait, maybe
this is exactly what you wanted.

FX: He slaps Montague hard.

MONTAGUE
No, please.

Aidan slaps him again.

AIDAN
Does it take the guilt out of it?
Getting a little punishment with
your pleasure?

MONTAGUE
(tearful now)
I'm sorry, please. I didn't mean-

AIDAN
Fuck it.

FX: There is a 'snick' of a pocket-knife being produced.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

Might as well get something out of my wasted evening. Give me whatever you've got in that fancy coat of yours.

MONTAGUE

(panicking now)

Just let me go home. We'll say no more about it.

AIDAN

Do I as tell you, precious, or you'll say no more about anything.

FX: Sudden, running footsteps. This is a much younger MAX SULLIVAN. Still a student. Not yet the man he will become.

MAX

Professor!

AIDAN

What the fuck is this now?

The footsteps slow and stop.

MAX

Let go of him.

MONTAGUE

(aghast at the new arrival)

Mr Sullivan? Stay back, I implore you.

AIDAN

Professor, is it? I ought to have known. (to Max) You want to keep an eye on your boyfriend. It seems he's apt to stray.

MAX

(cold, determined anger)

I said, let him go.

AIDAN

Or what?

FX: The punch that comes out of nowhere lands with precision and force. Aidan screams and stumbles back, releasing Montague.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
(muffled)
My nose. You've broken my bloody
nose!

MAX
For starters.

AIDAN
Fucking lunatic.

MAX
So it would appear. Now get lost
before you find out how right you
are.

Aidan hesitates but then...

FX: Stumbling footsteps as Aidan runs off. But not without a
parting shot.

AIDAN
We'll see how long it takes for you
to find your way back here...
Professor.

FX: Montague stifles a sob, tries to collect himself.

MONTAGUE
You shouldn't have done that, Mr
Sullivan.

MAX
No offense, Professor, but
bullshit.

MONTAGUE
(realising how compromised
he is)
That... I wouldn't want you to... A
tragic misunderstanding. I'm sorry
you felt the need to become
involved.

MAX
You're bleeding.

FX: Montague produces a handkerchief.

MONTAGUE
So it would seem.

FX: He dabs at his face.

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)
(reassuming his
professorial tone)
But I'm all right. Thanks to you.
Now you should get back to halls.
This is no place for a respectable
young student.

MAX
This isn't a place for anyone.
Certainly not you.

MONTAGUE
Ah, Mr Sullivan. Would that were
true.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: WRONG DIMENSION PRESENTS, TWILIGHT MERIDIAN.
EPISODE 4: HALF-LIGHT

ACT 1

INT. SOMEWHERE, SOMEWHEN

The sound of a typewriter.

REBECCA

Loss is the most universal of human experiences and yet it forever steals our breath anew. Is it because we take the things we have, we love, for granted that we feel such a sense of injustice when they are taken from us? Or is it because we are aware of the nameless magic that allows us to step outside of ourselves and make those connections in the first place? How can something so miraculous as belonging be intended as temporary? Of course, there is another word, a more dangerous word, that drives us forward. Like Milton's paradise, can what is lost truly be *regained*?

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

A dusty bedroom in Professor Montague's house, twenty years later. The house to which it belongs creaks gently in the background. Rain pounds the windows from outside.

Rebecca wakes with a start, in bed.

REBECCA

(panic)

Jake!

She catches herself. She's awake now.

But where?

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Where the hell am I?

As if on cue, a gentle knock on what sounds like a solid oak door.

MONTAGUE
Mrs Sullivan? Are you decent?

REBECCA
(to herself)
Now there's a question. (to
Montague) Who's that?

FX: The door opens a crack and Montague enters, cautiously.

FX: From the clank of china, it seems he's carrying a tea tray.

MONTAGUE
I thought you might like - need -
some tea.

REBECCA
I'm still in England then. (a beat)
Wait. Professor Montague?

MONTAGUE
The very same. I'm afraid it's
rather late in the day. I didn't
want to disturb you.

REBECCA
I had a bag.

MONTAGUE
Next to the bed.

FX: Sheets shuffle as Rebecca retrieves the bag. Opens it.
Fumbles in it.

REBECCA
(whispered to herself,
sigh of relief)
Journal's still there...

MONTAGUE
All as it should be?

REBECCA
That remains to be seen.

FX: Montague crosses the room and sets down the tea things.

MONTAGUE
I'll be mother, shall I?

REBECCA
 (curt, remembering her
 situation)
 Where am I?

Montague hesitates, pouring out two cups of tea.

MONTAGUE
 This is my home. *(a beat)* Milk?

REBECCA
 Yes, please. Are we still in
 Wiltshire?

MONTAGUE
 Yes.

REBECCA
 You were there. In the caves.
 You... saved me.

MONTAGUE
 A task that would have been far
 simpler had you not placed yourself
 in such enormous danger. Sugar?

REBECCA
 No, thank you. I was with a...
 friend. He was... taken.

MONTAGUE
 Yes, I feared as much. I'm afraid
 there was no sign of him when I
 arrived.

FX: He lifts a cup, hands it to her. She takes a sip. Despite everything, tea is calming.

REBECCA
 Professor Montague. You make an
 excellent cup of tea, but let us
 not prevaricate. You know who I am
 and I believe I know something of
 you.

FX: Montague lifts his own cup and takes a sip.

MONTAGUE
 Is that right?

REBECCA
 You know... *knew* my husband. Max
 Sullivan.

MONTAGUE

I did. I... do, with any luck.

REBECCA

Do you know where he is?

MONTAGUE

I wish I could answer in the affirmative. The truth is, I am as concerned about him as you are.

REBECCA

I can't imagine how you could be.

MONTAGUE

(softening)

No, perhaps not. But Max means a great deal to me and I do not wish any harm to come to him. Any further harm, I should say.

FX: Rebecca takes another sip of tea.

REBECCA

Then I suggest we exchange information.

MONTAGUE

What makes you think I *have* information that will be of any use to you?

REBECCA

Because you knew where to look for me. Which means you've been in those caves. Did you see what I saw? Hear what I heard?

MONTAGUE

Those caves, as you call them, show each of us very different things.

Rebecca sets her cup down, firmly, on the tray.

REBECCA

What did they show you?

FX: Montague gathers the tea things.

MONTAGUE

Come downstairs. You can have the cigarette you are so clearly craving and we'll talk further.

REBECCA
Professor...

But Montague crosses the room without another word - just a rattle of tea cups and tray - and exits.

FX: The door shuts behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LODGINGS - 1919

FX: Another door opens, this time into Montague's lodgings of twenty years' previously. Young Max Sullivan is helping the Professor inside.

MAX
There you are. Home.

MONTAGUE
It's not that I don't appreciate your fealty, Mr Sullivan, but this all quite unnecessary.

MAX
Considering some of the choices you've made this evening, Professor, I think you'd best let me be the judge of that. Sit down. I'll get a fire going.

MONTAGUE
Please, Mr Sullivan...

MAX
My name is Max.

MONTAGUE
A fact of which I'm well aware. However, you are still one of my students. And there is an air of decorum to be maintained. Even for our overseas students.

FX: Max moves to the fireplace. Begins to bundle wood onto the fire.

MAX
Professor, with the utmost respect, I think decorum has done a bunk for the evening. Sit down before you fall down.

Montague sits, heavily. A small groan escapes him.

FX: There is a crumple of newspaper as Max arms the fire.

MONTAGUE
(sighs heavily)
Very well.

FX: The soft click of fire-starters. Then the whoosh of a blaze, followed by the soft crackle of a fire.

MAX
You put yourself in danger tonight.

MONTAGUE
Lectures, Mr Sull- Max- are my department.

MAX
I want to know why.

MONTAGUE
(surprised)
I thought you understood.

MAX
(curtly)
I understand what was happening, Professor. I want to know why you'd risk everything for it.

MONTAGUE
You're a young man. You've never felt... need?

MAX
Of course I have. But there are more important things. *(a beat)*
There have to be.

There's something in Max's voice. An old soul fighting the young flesh.

Montague can't help but laugh.

MAX (CONT'D)
Are you mocking me?

MONTAGUE
Not in the slightest. I had simply forgotten quite how... serious the young can be.

MAX

Is that a bad thing?

MONTAGUE

It can be. But since you've been very kind to me this evening, I'll give you the unvarnished truth. You're right, I was foolish tonight. And it is not the sort of foolishness in which I usually indulge.

MAX

So why?

MONTAGUE

A recent bruise to the heart.

MAX

I thought as much.

MONTAGUE

(a little curtly)

Is that right? And on what did your base your deductions? Your considerable life experience? (a beat) I'm sorry, Max. That was uncalled for. It's been a trying evening.

MAX

No need. I'm not here to tell you what to do, Professor. I'm here to learn. That's why I was following you.

MONTAGUE

You are more proactive than most of my students, I'll give you that much. To learn what, precisely?

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - PRESENT DAY

FX: Rebecca gingerly descends a spiral staircase, leading into Montague's front room. A radio burbles in the background.

BBC ANNOUNCER

Mr Baldwin, noting his success in preventing an abdication crisis, rejected calls for his resignation, saying that until Great Britain had fully reminded the world of its supremacy—

Montague switches off the radio as Rebecca enters the room.

REBECCA

(as she steps into the room)

I hope it's not impolite of me to say, but your house is precisely as I imagined.

MONTAGUE

You'd be surprised at the architectural strength of dusty books and half-drunk cups of tea. But retired professors do have a reputation to live up to.

FX: Rebecca crosses the room.

REBECCA

Retired?

MONTAGUE

(ignoring that)

Mrs Sullivan, sit down. We have much to discuss.

FX: Rebecca sits.

FX: Montague opens a cigarette case.

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

I think this might make things go more smoothly, don't you?

FX: Rebecca takes a cigarette.

REBECCA

I won't argue with that.

FX: Montague stands and moves towards her.

MONTAGUE

A light?

She checks her person for a moment, searching for something.

REBECCA

Yes, it seems I've misplaced mine.

FX: Montague produces a lighter and lights her cigarette.

FX: Rebecca draws deeply. Lets out a sigh of deep relief.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

FX: Montague sits.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(trying for small talk)

Have you lived here long?

MONTAGUE

Yes and no. This was my parents' house. The house in which I grew up. When I... left academia, it was waiting for me. They, sadly, were not.

REBECCA

I'm sorry.

MONTAGUE

The perils of a long life. (*trying to move things along*) Now, what do you want to know? Precisely.

But it's Rebecca turn to keep him waiting.

FX: She takes another drag of the cigarette.

REBECCA

The girl in the picture. Over the mantle. Your daughter?

MONTAGUE

Not quite. My... niece.

REBECCA

She's beautiful.

MONTAGUE

She is.

REBECCA

And the other man?

MONTAGUE

Mrs. Sullivan. There's no need to charm me. I'm happy to talk.

(MORE)

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

I'm just not sure I'll be able to tell you what you want to know.

REBECCA

I want to find my friend.

MONTAGUE

And your husband, of course.

Is that slight hesitation from Rebecca?

REBECCA

Of course.

MONTAGUE

First of all, I can assure you I am not responsible for the abduction of your friend.

REBECCA

Did I suggest you were?

MONTAGUE

You'd be a fool not to wonder.

REBECCA

I'm not a fool, Professor.

MONTAGUE

I didn't think so. No, the forces ranged against you are far more formidable than an old man in an old house.

FX: Rebecca takes a deep drag on her cigarette.

REBECCA

Then start there, Professor.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - 1919

The younger Montague is lecturing to an audience of one. Max Sullivan.

MONTAGUE

Darkness. That universal constant, that thing we tell our children not to fear, though we do everything in our power to avoid it ourselves. That enemy, we tell ourselves, of the light. The good. The pure.

MAX

Professor. What does this have to do with anything?

MONTAGUE

You asked me to tell you why the University faculty treats me with such disdain. Why they mutter about my work behind my back.

MAX

It's not because...?

MONTAGUE

That is an excuse they give... I'm far from the first. (*a beat*) May I continue?

MAX

Please do.

MONTAGUE

The darkness is not what you think, you see. It's neither an absence of light nor the presence of evil. Rather, it is the basic stuff of creation itself.

MAX

You keep talking about darkness like it's a physical thing. What are we talking about here? Aether Theory? Michelson-Morely disproved that years ago.

MONTAGUE

They did.

MAX

Then I fail to see...

MONTAGUE

If you are going to continue to interrupt me, then this is going to take longer than either of us has at our disposal.

MAX

I'm sorry. I just don't... understand. And I don't like not understanding.

MONTAGUE

The Darkness, Max, is a source of power beyond anything we can imagine. The power to create. (*a beat*) The power, I believe, to recreate.

MAX

Recreate? What does that mean?

MONTAGUE

I think you know.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM

REBECCA

That's insane.

MONTAGUE

And yet, here we are.

REBECCA

(*dismissive*)

But it's ludicrous. You're talking as if I can pluck my heart's desire from the shadows around that... (*she looks around the room for an example*) armoire in the corner.

A beat

MONTAGUE

Why not? You can see them, can't you? The shadows reach out, cast by the light streaming in through that window. This table, that chair. You see those things because you know what's there.

He leans in closer, as if these next words ought not be uttered, and she in turn almost instinctively recoils.

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

(*a bit hushed*)

But real darkness, in its absolute state... That Mrs. Sullivan, is the very essence of "not knowing".

She shutters for a moment, then collects herself

REBECCA

But Max is man of science. An engineer. This all sounds like... a fairy story.

MONTAGUE

Your husband has one of the finest, most enquiring intellects I've ever encountered. But I'm sure you'll admit, he is also extremely ambitious.

REBECCA

Most successful men are.

MONTAGUE

Indeed. And Max's primary ambition was always for order. Order in business, in life, in... the universe. The possibilities engendered by my work appealed to him.

REBECCA

And what does that have to do with people who took Jake?

MONTAGUE

Not people, Mrs Sullivan. Not quite, at any rate.

REBECCA

Then what?

MONTAGUE

Kural Vilakku.

REBECCA

(sardonically)
Gesundheit.

MONTAGUE

(ignoring that)
The name originates from an ancient dialect of Tamil. Roughly translated it means "The Voice of the Rising Light"

REBECCA

That doesn't explain who they are.

MONTAGUE

Those who believe that the Darkness
- its power - must be prevented
from falling into the wrong hands.

REBECCA

And whose are the wrong hands?

MONTAGUE

Any hands but theirs.

REBECCA

The lanterns they carry. They're
the Light? Opposed to the Darkness?

MONTAGUE

You could say that.

REBECCA

So they're... the good guys.

MONTAGUE

That rather depends on your point
of view. I think it should be clear
by now that they are, at very
least, your enemies.

REBECCA

My enemies? I've done nothing to
them.

MONTAGUE

I'm not sure that's true, Mrs
Sullivan.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - 1921

MONTAGUE

But Max, we've come so far.

MAX

(angry)

Yes, two years of hard work. And
you're willing to throw it all
away.

MONTAGUE

That is not what's happening.

MAX

(furious)

He's a married man, Robert. What did you think was going to happen? You were going to run away together and live happily ever after? He has a daughter, for Christ's sake.

MONTAGUE

Don't drag her into this. Albert loves his daughter. More than anything in the world.

FX: Max punches the wall.

MAX

Everyone knows. You do understand that, don't you? Everyone *knows*. Any chance we had of keeping the University onside, of having the resources to continue our work - *your* - work is gone.

MONTAGUE

Then we'll find somewhere else. We'll find a way.

MAX

(coldly)

Robert. *I* know.

MONTAGUE

(deeply hurt and shocked)

You already knew.

MAX

I didn't know how selfish you were capable of being. Breaking up a family for the sake of your... desires.

MONTAGUE

(now pissed off)

My *desires*? How very Biblical of you. If that's the way you feel, gather a crowd of righteous men. Denounce me in the square. Fight amongst you for the right to cast the first stone. I love, just like any other man. And with love comes madness.

MAX

Madness is not love, Robert. What you're talking about is sickness.

MONTAGUE

Is that so? Strong words from a man who has never experienced a feeling he didn't quash. Other than contempt, it would seem.

MAX

I have discipline.

MONTAGUE

You have *nothing*. And I pray to God that if you are ever fortunate enough to shake free of that emptiness, you have the decency to feel ashamed of this moment.

MAX

And I hope that one day you realise you sacrificed the world for your love.

MONTAGUE

I realize it, Max. And I'm glad of it.

FX: Max storms out, slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

REBECCA

If what you're saying is true, Professor, then what hope do we have?

MONTAGUE

There's always hope, Mrs. Sullivan. That is the human race's great tragedy.

REBECCA

I can't fight elemental forces.

MONTAGUE

You already have. And you've hurt them. Otherwise, why would they trouble themselves with you?

REBECCA

You still haven't told me what Max is trying to accomplish. Or where he is?

MONTAGUE

As you say, our first port of call is to rescue your friend. I have a feeling that without both of you, the cause is lost.

REBECCA

What cause? I don't even know what I'm fighting for.

MONTAGUE

You do. You may not know it yet. But you do.

REBECCA

You don't know me. You certainly don't know Jake.

MONTAGUE

No. No more than you know me. And yet you came to me. You knew you needed to be *here*, now. Why?

REBECCA

I followed the clues.

MONTAGUE

Then you are quite the Detective.

This pings something for Rebecca.

REBECCA

(to herself)
The Detective.

MONTAGUE

I'm sorry?

REBECCA

The Detective. He was trying to contain the Darkness. I think.

MONTAGUE

One of their agents? One of the Kural Vilakku?

REBECCA

No, I don't think so. I think he was something else.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(a beat) I suspect he was not a man
who took sides easily.

MONTAGUE
Then we should speak to him.

REBECCA
I'm afraid that isn't possible.
Although...

MONTAGUE
Yes?

REBECCA
Professor. What do you know about
the i Ching?

CUT TO:

ACT II

INT. SOMEWHERE, SOMEWHEN

A clack of a typewriter.

REBECCA (V.O.)

What was Eve's sin, truly?
Arrogance? Disobedience? Being
taken in by the serpent's lies? No.
She ate the fateful apple from the
Tree of the Knowledge of Good and
Evil. Make no mistake, it was for
neither good nor evil that she and
Adam were expelled from Paradise.
Eve sought knowledge and she was
made to suffer for it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BODLEIAN LIBRARY COURTYARD - EVENING - PRESENT DAY

The courtyard is mostly empty. A student here and there.

FX: A clock tower, closer than the last time we heard it,
begins tolling 6.

FX: Two pair of footsteps against cobblestone.

REBECCA

Ah, good old Bodly. I spent a lot
of time in that library as an
undergraduate.

MONTAGUE

Most of my pupils, in those distant
days, seemed to prefer the King's
Arms.

REBECCA

I was quite appallingly bookish and
dull, I'm afraid. (*a beat*) Oxford
was still home though. And these
are not the circumstances under
which I imagined returning.

MONTAGUE

Then you're in good company. I
never imagined returning at all.
Let's just try and be discreet.

(MORE)

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

I, for one, don't expect the faculty are going to give me the red carpet treatment.

REBECCA

If I'd been a decade younger, they wouldn't have given me a degree. I think we both know where we stand with the faculty. (*a beat*) I'll be on my best behaviour. A shy English flower. Just grateful to be here.

CUT TO:

INT. BODLEIAN LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

This is a cavernous space. Almost an intrusion on reality, a place where all the knowledge deemed good and true was housed, languishing untouched, bar, if they were lucky, the anxious fingerprints of students.

Shelves of books stretching to the ceiling. Tables in neat, parallel lines.

From the sounds of things, it's sparsely populated. The odd whisper from distant corners only adding to the atmosphere.

FX: Purposeful footsteps as Montague and Rebecca enter, their voices hushing to suit the reverent atmosphere.

MONTAGUE

You say the Detective used the *i Ching* to decide he couldn't help you?

REBECCA

That's right. Whatever he read, he didn't like it.

MONTAGUE

Curious. How much do you know about cleromancy?

REBECCA

Cleromancy?

FX: Rebecca stops walking.

MONTAGUE

Using a random process to determine a palpable outcome. It's common to many cultures, but the *i Ching* is one of the best known examples.

(MORE)

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

You cast the lots or roll the dice and, from that, consult the respective hexagram in the book. Of course, from that point onwards it's all a matter of interpretation.

REBECCA

But you don't use it?

MONTAGUE

What on Earth would I use it *for*, Mrs Sullivan?

REBECCA

Frankly, Professor, I don't think that restricting ourselves to sensible questions is going to help.

MONTAGUE

A fair comment. But, no, divination has not proved germane to my work thus far. I know it all sounds rather fantastical, but I did try to approach it in a scientific fashion. Observe. Research. Hypothesise. Test.

REBECCA

Tried? In the past tense?

MONTAGUE

(quieter)

Yes. For the most part.

REBECCA

So if the Detective wasn't working for the... (*the word is still unfamiliar*) Kural Vilakku but was trying to stop the Darkness... who was he? And why was he relying a load of ancient fortune-telling nonsense to make decisions.

MONTAGUE

That's what we're here to find out. You see, the biggest problem with ancient wisdom, from the Dead Sea Scrolls to the Book of Changes is that it *is* ancient. It has been copied and translated ad infinitum, gathering human error and agenda like soil layers around a fossil.

REBECCA

Are you saying...?

MONTAGUE

If your Detective fellow was looking for answers in a copy of the *i Ching*, perhaps we might find some in the original.

REBECCA

The original *i Ching* is here? In this library?

MONTAGUE

Well, a copy from 300 B,C. On loan from the Nanjing Museum. Significantly closer to the original than your Detective would have had. Besides, I suspect it is precisely what we're looking for.

REBECCA

Why are you so sure?

MONTAGUE

Because it arrived here the day before you did. After three years of failed negotiation with the Chinese. I was notified only this morning. Which was especially strange.

REBECCA

And why is that?

MONTAGUE

Not really my field, for one thing. And, more pertinently, I've had no contact with the University for some years.

REBECCA

Could be a coincidence.

MONTAGUE

It could. Although, considering I hadn't so much as thought about the *i Ching* in decades, I'm tempted to believe otherwise.

REBECCA

Right. In that case, what are the chances that we are going to be allowed to view this priceless historical document unchallenged?

MONTAGUE

Oh, none at all. I'm afraid we shall have to improvise.

REBECCA

Then with all due respect to the world of Physics, I think this is a problem best left up to an English major.

MONTAGUE

(with a chuckle)

The pen is mightier, as they say. I'll follow your lead, Mrs. Sullivan.

Rebecca begins looking around. Perring down aisles and so forth.

REBECCA

I think we can agree it won't be on display.

MONTAGUE

No, it will not. Something of that vintage will be kept safely out of harm's way.

Rebecca begins to shuffle through books on a nearby shelf.

REBECCA

Professor? Your lighter, if you'd be so kind.

MONTAGUE

I doubt they take kindly to smoking in here.

REBECCA

I'm rather inclined to agree with you.

He produces then hands over the lighter.

Rebecca flicks it open, checks it's working

MONTAGUE

May I say it is growing
increasingly difficult to imagine
you as bookish and dull.

Rebecca takes a book from the shelf and quickly flips through
its pages.

REBECCA

Now, hand me that rubbish bin.

MONTAGUE

(Concerned)
Mrs Sullivan...

Despite his concern, he complies.

REBECCA

Play along, Professor.

She bends over and begins ripping the pages from the book and
stuffing them into the bin.

MONTAGUE

(shocked)
Rebecca, no...!

REBECCA

There must be sacrifices in any
great endeavour. *(a beat)* Besides,
it's only a second edition,
Professor. Easily replaceable.

She tears out a few more pages.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Dante's Inferno. Feels appropriate.
(a beat) I may not be dull, but I
am still bookish.

Without another word, she lights the contents.

FX: The pages quickly catch fire. Smoke begins fills the
area.

Rebecca stands up and briskly walks over to a fire call box.

A handle pulled

FX: Alarm bells fill the air

There is a small stir of commotion from the few startled
patrons. Rebecca steps forward.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(commanding)

Attention, everyone! There has been a small incident and we need everyone to calmly head toward the nearest exit.

Most people are sheep. They do what they're told. Most...

A LIBRARIAN, early 50s, none too happy, approaches them quickly.

LIBRARIAN

I say, what the devil's going on here?

But Rebecca is ready for something like this

REBECCA

Thank god you're here.

LIBRARIAN

I feel uncomfortably as if I cannot say the same about you. What do you imagine you're doing?

The librarian's attitude throws Rebecca off briefly. But she rallies.

REBECCA

(matching her tone)

I'm sorry. I assumed that someone belonging to such an august institution would be better prepared for an emergency of this magnitude.

LIBRARIAN

(offended)

I assure you, as Head Librarian, I have been extensively trained to handle any...

REBECCA

That's what I wanted to her. Now, this poor old man here needs help. Smoke inhalation, if I had to hazard a guess.

The Librarian turns and looks at the somewhat flummoxed Professor.

Montague plays his part with a series of coughs.

LIBRARIAN

Oh, heavens. Yes, of course. Here,
take my hand.

REBECCA

(commanding)

Get him outside then call the fire
brigade. I'll make sure there is no
one else in the reading rooms.

Without further protest, the Librarian begins escorting a
coughing Montague toward the exit.

Rebecca dashes across the room and through a doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. READING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FX: The heavy wooden door closes behind her

FX: The alarm is still ringing but it's muffled now.

REBECCA

(calling out)

Is anyone in here? There's been a
fire and we need to evacuate.

Silence.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Brilliant!

This is familiar ground and she moves with a purpose. Across
the room, through a door, down a corridor, a turn, another
door, down another corridor and finally one last door before
entering a another small reading room.

Its just Rebecca's quick breathing now.

MUSIC: Subtle tension

She moves slowly but intently past rows of books.

Her eyes, darting intently, land on something and she stops.

The I Ching. The Book of Changes.

Her breathing is slower, heavier.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

There you are...

She reaches out to touch the book.

FX: There is a squeal of sound, a rush of air.

FX: Rebecca screams.

CUT TO:

INT. LAIR OF THE LANTERNMEN - PRESENT DAY

The sound fades away, Rebecca's scream dying on her lips.

It is a space out of time, yet buried in the Earth.
Cavernous, yet claustrophobic.

Far away, Jake lies on the floor, surrounded by familiar figures. They seem unaware of Rebecca

LANTERNMAN 1
She is lost to you now.

LANTERNMAN 2
Sleeping forever with the darkness

LANTERNMAN 3
But a different path lies before
you.

Jake lets out a few week coughs.

JAKE
(feebly)
Fuck you...

At the sight of Jake, Rebecca cant help herself

REBECCA
JAKE!

All eyes turn toward her. Six are full of hatred. The other two with disbelief.

LANTERNMAN 1
Interloper!

LANTERNMAN 2
Usurper!

LANTERNMAN 3
M...M...Murderer!

JAKE
Rebecca...

Lanterns raised.

FX: The light builds with intensity

JAKE (CONT'D)

Run!

Rebecca turns and her hands find a door knob which she wastes no time in turning.

A door quickly opened, then closed

FX: The light reaches crescendo

CUT TO:

EXT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY - 1927

We are in the busy grounds of the University. Montague is with his dearest friend, his lover Albert. Things are tense.

MONTAGUE

I've never asked anything of you.
Certainly not that.

REBECCA

Professor, quickly. They're right
behind me.

He cant hear her. Rebecca has been thrust into the past.

Albert is a fellow scientist. A faint Eastern European accent. He is oddly subdued.

ALBERT

This work we're doing, Robert. It's
attracting attention. Attention I
can ill afford.

REBECCA

Professor, please we need to leave
now!

Same result

MONTAGUE

So you're prepared to simply give
up. To give in to these...
Philistines?

REBECCA

(to herself)
They can't hear me...

ALBERT

Are they wrong? Are we *not* meddling with forces we don't entirely understand?

MONTAGUE

Say what you really mean, Albert. We're contravening the laws of nature. Because that is truly what they say about us. And it has nothing to do with our work.

REBECCA

(to herself)

But this is impossible. These aren't my memories. I was never here.

ALBERT

Robert, I love you.

MONTAGUE

And I you. But what is love without fidelity?

ALBERT

Don't bring...

MONTAGUE

I'm not talking about your wife, damn it. I don't care about that. I'm talking about fidelity to the idea of love. To the idea that it is more powerful than the enemies ranged against it.

REBECCA

(sadly)

Oh, Professor. If only you knew.

ALBERT

I can't continue, Robert.

MONTAGUE

With what, precisely? Our experiments or... this? Us?

ALBERT

Don't make me say it loud. I fear I might break.

MONTAGUE

(coldly)

I think you are quite broken
already.

FX: From somewhere in the distance, the sound of light
building. The muffled sounds of laughter, footsteps and
lanterns swinging

LANTERNMAN 1

You cannot hide

LANTERNMAN 2

Your own darkness betrays you

LANTERNMAN 3

Just as you betray him!

REBECCA

Damn it!

There is a flash of sound and light, something popping into
existence.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Another door!

She tries the handle.

It won't budge.

Rebecca tries her door again. No luck

The Kural Vilakku are getting closer. The sound of light
buzzing and snapping, about to explode.

And then they're THERE.

LANTERNMAN 1/2/3

(in unison)

WE SEE YOU!

She tries the door again. Third time's the charm.

FX: The room fills with light as Rebecca runs into...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - 1927

FX: A bustling ward. Rebecca slams the door behind her. It
fizzes and disappears.

REBECCA
 (panicking slightly)
 Oh no, please not here. I can't.
 Not again.

But it's not the hospital she's imagining it to be.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Wait, no, this isn't...

NURSE
 I'm terribly sorry, Professor
 Montague but I'm afraid I can't
 give out that information.

MONTAGUE
 (voice thick with grief)
 I'm the closest thing to family she
 has left. Now that her parents
 are... *(his voice trails away)*

NURSE
 (sympathetic)
 Were you close?

MONTAGUE
 Albert and I were... colleagues. We
 worked together... intimately...
 for many years.

NURSE
 My sincere condolences. *(a beat,*
angrily) Young men are such menaces
 behind the wheels of those infernal
 machines. And now a young girl has
 lost both parents. *(a beat)* I'm
 sorry. It just makes me so furious.

MONTAGUE
 She hasn't lost me. I fully intend
 to care for her.

NURSE
 I suspect you may have to take that
 up with the authorities.
(softening) But I'll take you to
 her. I think she needs to see a
 friendly face right now. Just don't
 tell anyone or I'll be for the
 chop.

MONTAGUE
 You have my gratitude.

REBECCA

Why? What does this have to do
with...

FX: She is cut off by the same crescendo of sound and rising laughter as before.

Rebecca takes off through the ward.

Far behind her a door flies open followed by the Lanternmen in pursuit.

Rebecca turns a corner and straight into...

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - 1932

FX: The memory of a bedroom in Montague's house, which Rebecca recognises as the one in she awoke earlier. In the bed, a girl, now in her teens. Daphne. Albert's daughter. The girl from the portrait. Montague is at her bedside.

The scene hits Rebecca even harder than the hospital.

REBECCA

No. This is cruel. Too cruel.

DAPHNE

(weakly)
Uncle Robert.

MONTAGUE

I'm here, Daphne. Try not to speak.
You must conserve your strength.

DAPHNE

I heard the doctor.

MONTAGUE

(desperate)
Shush, child. Please.

DAPHNE

I know there isn't much time.

MONTAGUE

That's not true.

DAPHNE

I just wanted to say thank you. I
would have been alone in the world
without you.

MONTAGUE
Stop. I beg you.

DAPHNE
You have been father and mother to me.

MONTAGUE
And I will continue to be.

DAPHNE
I love you, Uncle Robert.

REBECCA
(screaming now)
Release me. Now. I can't bear this!

FX: As if in answer, another door appears. Rebecca rushes through it.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICES - 1932

Rebecca stumbles into another memory. Only this time, it appears the Lanternmen have beaten her to it.

Montague has been hauled in front of a panel of the University authorities. But there's something wrong with the scene. The memory is corrupted. What would have - in the real world - been his are now the Lanternmen, play acting.

The Lanternmen speak as British Academics of the time

LANTERNMAN 1/ACADEMIC 1
Professor Montague, you have left us no choice. Your work is dangerous. Dangerous and obscene.

REBECCA
This can't be what happened.

LANTERNMAN 2/ACADEMIC 2
(still in academic voice, but to Rebecca)
Pay attention, Mrs Sullivan. All will soon be revealed.

MONTAGUE
(to the first Lanternman)
If you understood my work at all, you'd be ashamed at your ignorance.

LANTERNMAN 3/ACADEMIC 3
 We cannot allow you to bring this
 institution into disrepute. We
 certainly cannot supply you with
 resources to do so.

MONTAGUE
 (fury)
 This nothing to do with my work and
 you know it!

LANTERNMAN 1/ACADEMIC 1
 It has *everything* to do with your
 work.

Then the Lanternmen turn their attention to Rebecca.

LANTERNMAN 1/2/3
 (to Rebecca, as
 themselves)
 As the intruder will soon discover.

REBECCA

FX: Lanterns raised from behind the table. The light
 building. The sound is fiercer, more furious, almost a
 scream.

Rebecca flees through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - 1932

Montague is alone in his own front room. Beaten down. Rebecca
 arrives, panicked now, door slamming behind her.

The Professor takes a glug of something.

There is a clink of a whisky glass set drunkenly down on a
 table.

MONTAGUE
 (to himself)
 Daphne, I'm sorry. Please forgive
 me.

Rebecca hurries towards him.

REBECCA
 Please. Tell me she's not...

FX: His misery is interrupted by a knock on the door.

MONTAGUE
Leave me be! Haven't you done
enough damage?

FX: The knock repeats.

REBECCA
(panic rising)
Don't answer it.

MONTAGUE
I said, piss off!

FX: Again. Knocking. Louder. More insistent.

FX: Montague growls and stomps to the door.

FX: Opens it.

REBECCA
Oh my god.

MAX
Professor Montague.

MONTAGUE
What the hell do you want? Come to
gloat?

MAX
On the contrary, Robert. I've come
to help.

REBECCA
Max?

FX: Alarm bells, far away at first.

FX: A door appears. Opens with a thud. The alarms sound
louder now.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
No. Not yet.

FX: But she is being pulled towards it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
PLEASE! I need to know.

It's like a tornado of light and sound sweeping her up and
tearing her away from the scene.

She disappears with a scream, the door slamming behind her
and we...

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - PRESENT DAY

FX: The fire alarm bell rings with fury

FX: Rebecca wakes with a gasp.

MONTAGUE

Gently, Mrs Sullivan. You took a
nasty fall.

FX: Rebecca tries to sit up.

REBECCA

(groggily)
A nasty fall?

FX: She groans in pain.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

My head... You came back?

MONTAGUE

Of course. We could all hear your
screams from the courtyard.

REBECCA

Tell me you saw what I saw. That
you saw them.

MONTAGUE

Saw who?

REBECCA

Those... Lanternmen or whatever
they are.

MONTAGUE

(gravely)
The Kural Vilakku. You saw them.

It's not a question

REBECCA

You believe me?

MONTAGUE

How could I not?

REBECCA
(concern)
The *i Ching!*?

MONTAGUE
Right here where you left it, in a
convenient airtight box.

FX: Rebecca struggles to her feet.

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)
Although I think it's time you told
me exactly what you hope to find in
it.

REBECCA
I think it's time we told each
other a number of things. Including
precisely who those men are and
what they want.

A pause as they size each other up.

MONTAGUE
Agreed but there'll be time for
that later. Right now we need to
leave before all of Oxford's wrath
descends upon us.

REBECCA
Agreed

MONTAGUE
Come. There is quite a crowd
gathered in the quad but we can
slip out through the Divinity
Room...

FADE OUT:

ACT 3

FADE IN:

INT. SOMEWHERE, SOMEWHEN

FX: Typewriter

REBECCA

At what point do we surrender to fate? We spend our lives daring it, pleading with it, dodging it and damning it. We grasp at the lifeline of free will with both hands, then just as quickly deny it, like Peter at Gethsemane. It's like trying to row against the stream and blaming the river for our lack of progress. In the end, all we can do is follow the path on which we've been set and hope it leads to safety.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

FX: A fire has been lit. Both Montague and Rebecca have drinks.

FX: Rebecca lights a cigarette. Takes a draw.

FX: Montague lights a pipe. Paces as he talks

MONTAGUE

What you saw, apparently, was the beginning of my story. The beginning of my work. And I think you see now why I was driven to delve deeper.

REBECCA

Your niece. She was sick.

MONTAGUE

She was dying. And to all intents and purposes, she was my daughter.

REBECCA

I'm sorry.

MONTAGUE

I was desperate. But I knew I was on the verge of understanding the Darkness. Of harnessing it.

REBECCA

Harnessing it to do what. To heal her?

MONTAGUE

No. Not to heal her.

REBECCA

Then what?

MONTAGUE

To bring her back, when the inevitable occurred.

Rebecca is shocked.

REBECCA

But that's...

MONTAGUE

You're about to say impossible and I must ask to cast that concept from your mind. Incredible, yes. Impossible, no. The Darkness has the power to recreate, even as it was once the source of all creation.

REBECCA

Max... Grace...

MONTAGUE

You begin to understand, but there is still so much more to tell. Max arrived like the cavalry. He'd already become successful. Money was no longer an obstacle. The work continued, in private. Expanded. We dug deeper than we ever had before, walked the tightrope between science and, I use the word with care, the supernatural.

REBECCA

(breathing heavily)
Daphne. What happened to Daphne?

MONTAGUE

Patience, Mrs Sullivan. We'll get there. We came to understand that the power we sought was ancient and that to access it, we must go to the source. We must call it forth from whence it came.

Rebecca twigs.

REBECCA

The ruins.

MONTAGUE

Just so... And yet, I'm convinced now the ruins didn't matter.

REBECCA

I don't follow.

MONTAGUE

At the time I thought that performing the experiment, (a beat) the *ritual*, required somewhere connected to that which antiquity understood but of which modernity had robbed us.

He puffs his pipe.

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

But in the end I think it was even more primitive than that.

REBECCA

What do you mean?

MONTAGUE

Love, Mrs Sullivan. It required an act of love.

REBECCA

I don't understand.

MONTAGUE

Nor did I then. Daphne continued to weaken but clung stubbornly to life. Max and I were fighting against a clock that neither of us knew how to read. It took six months to piece together the ritual from ancient texts, bought and bartered and stolen from around the globe.

(MORE)

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

It took three more to prepare the ruins. And minutes to unleash hell upon ourselves.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVES - FOUR YEARS PREVIOUSLY

FX: We cut into the end of the first attempt to summon the darkness. All is chaos. The sound of the Darkness rising is almost painful to hear.

Max and Montague shout over it.

MAX

Robert! Stop! We can't control it.

MONTAGUE

No! We're close. So close!

MAX

We'll regroup! Try again.

Suddenly there are other voices in the mix.

Lanternmen.

LANTERNMAN 1

You are interfering.

LANTERNMAN 2

This cannot be allowed.

LANTERNMAN 3

Go now, while there is still time to undo your meddling.

MAX

What the hell?

MONTAGUE

(addressing them,
shouting)

Do you know why I'm here?

LANTERNMAN 1

Yes, and your arrogance threatens to destroy everything.

MONTAGUE

Please. I'm begging you. She...

LANTERNMAN 2
 ...is of no consequence.

MONTAGUE
 How dare you!

LANTERNMAN 3
 We need not dare. We have the power
 to command.

FX: There is an enormous explosion. Montague and Max are sent flying.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

MONTAGUE
 Max was understandably furious. I'd allowed my desperation to overcome sense and decency. He put a stop to the work there and then. It wasn't what he imagined it would be.

REBECCA
 What did he imagine it would be?

MONTAGUE
 A discovery. A source of power that he could use for the betterment of mankind. You know your husband, Mrs Sullivan.

REBECCA
 I thought I did.

MONTAGUE
 Then you know his intentions were pure. At the beginning.

REBECCA
 Until...

MONTAGUE
 Yes. Until he too suffered loss.

REBECCA
 What about Daphne?

MONTAGUE
 (mirthless laugh)
 She recovered.

(MORE)

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

I'd come this close to crossing a line from which I could never come back and she recovered. Without my interference. She is currently studying abroad, entirely unaware of my folly.

Rebecca feels a mixture of relief and envy.

REBECCA

Max carried on the work.

MONTAGUE

Without my knowledge at first. When your daughter became ill, he found himself drawn back to our research. He thought he could perfect it, make it safer.

REBECCA

Is that when he became involved with Aurora?

Montague laughs.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Why is that funny?

MONTAGUE

Mrs Sullivan, Aurora is what your husband called us, in the days when our work was full of possibility, rather than despair. A secret society of two, he said.

REBECCA

I heard the recordings. You didn't abandon the work entirely. Or Max.

MONTAGUE

No, to my shame. Although, once again, I aimed to pave the road to Hell. Max came to me, insisted he knew where we had gone wrong. That this time it would work.

REBECCA

And you went along with it.

MONTAGUE

I owed him. When my daughter was at risk, he was there. How could I not do the same?

REBECCA

Daphne recovered on her own.

MONTAGUE

This was different. Your daughter...

REBECCA

The lighthouse. You were with him at the lighthouse.

MONTAGUE

Reluctantly. Initially, against my better judgement, we returned to the ruins here, to rebuild and try again. Max sourced relics, artefacts, talismans from around the globe, hoping to ensure that this time, we'd be stronger than the power we hoped to harness. But then Grace took a turn for the worse and...

REBECCA

I know what happened.

MONTAGUE

The clock ran out. Max took it upon himself to attempt the ritual there and then. I flew to him, tried to reason with him, but to no avail.

REBECCA

It went wrong. Again.

MONTAGUE

You were there. You saw the aftermath.

REBECCA

I'm still not entirely sure what I saw.

MONTAGUE

But you know it was not the birth of new life. It was not creation.

REBECCA

Oh, Max. (*her frustration and fury turn to tears.*) Oh God, what have you done?

MONTAGUE

I refuse to believe that your husband, my friend, is beyond our reach. But I assure you, he will try again.

REBECCA

Then why are these Lanternmen or whatever they are following me? Following Jake? Why haven't they focused on stopping Max?

MONTAGUE

If I could chart the labyrinthine motivations of the Vilakku, I would not be nearly as afraid for us all than I am.

REBECCA

But I mean, who are they?

MONTAGUE

The husks of men. Empty shells without a soul. (a beat) Wraiths.

REBECCA

(laughing in disbelief)
There's no such thing

MONTAGUE

(chuckling)
I can see why he loves you. Both sceptics to the bitter end, eh?

REBECCA

(unamused)
Well what do they actually want?

Montague chooses his next words carefully

MONTAGUE

Once, they wanted balance. To keep both light and darkness in check.

REBECCA

And now?

CUT TO:

INT. LAIR OF THE LANTERNMEN - PRESENT DAY

It is a space out of time, yet buried in the Earth.
Cavernous, yet claustrophobic.

And in it, Jake, surrounded by his captors.

LANTERNMAN 1
She will come now.

LANTERNMAN 2
She must.

LANTERNMAN 3
She has no choice.

Jake is exhausted, but still has some fight left in him.
There is a clank of chains holding him down as his shifts to
confront them.

JAKE
You underestimate Rebecca Sullivan.
And that is going to be your end.

LANTERNMAN 1
They delight in baring their teeth.

LANTERNMAN 2
It is almost admirable.

LANTERNMAN 3
They believe their bite venomous.

JAKE
I get it. You don't think much of
people. Well, swollen egos aren't
as attractive as you appear to
think they are.

LANTERNMAN 1
We have no ego.

LANTERNMAN 2
We have purpose.

LANTERNMAN 3
We have responsibility.

JAKE
Responsibility? What are you
responsible for?

LANTERNMAN 1

Everything.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGUE'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

MONTAGUE

The Villaku were simply men once. Prone to all the foibles with which we damn ourselves. But this was at the dawn of time, when all power was indistinguishable from magic and all magic was desirable.

REBECCA

They discovered the Darkness?

MONTAGUE

They discovered everything. They belonged to a mystical order, dedicated to investigating the underpinnings of the universe. And they found it. They, in those times we dare to call unenlightened, they tapped into the bleeding heart of the material universe. The ley-lines. The stones of power. The ancient ruins. All these things that we ascribe to myth - that is where they found the Light and the Dark.

REBECCA

What happened to them?

MONTAGUE

It terrified them. So much so that they declared themselves custodians, used that very power to transform themselves into what we have now. An order, outside of time, outside of physical laws, that cannot, will not, let the balance between Light and Dark be disrupted.

REBECCA

Is that a bad thing?

MONTAGUE

Balance is a subjective concept, Rebecca.

(MORE)

MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

And very much dependent on your point of view. The Kural Vilakku wish existence to become... static. Unchanging. A *perpetual* balance that goes against the fundamental principles of life. And they are quite prepared to do whatever it takes to achieve that goal.

REBECCA

How do we stop them?

MONTAGUE

I think there are more pertinent questions. Such as *can* we stop them? They are embedded in our world. In everything we consider our way of life. They've whispered into the ears of kings and princes throughout the ages. Pushing them this way or that.

REBECCA

Then what changed? What's different now?

MONTAGUE

Someone pushed back. Someone as frightened as they once were and with as much determination as they once exercised.

Max. He means Max. And Rebecca knows it.

REBECCA

I won't let my husband be destroyed by his own grief.

MONTAGUE

Then the question becomes: How do we survive them long enough to find another way?

FX: Rebecca picks up Jake's bag and opens it. From its depths, she removes the Detective's notebook.

REBECCA

I think that might be precisely what the Detective was trying to do. Find another way, I mean.

She hands over the book.

MONTAGUE

I thought there must be more to your *i Ching* story. This was the Detective's notebook?

REBECCA

Yes. I believe, amongst other things, that it may contain a record of his last case. The case that led him to the lighthouse.

FX: Montague thumbs through the pages.

MONTAGUE

Gibberish.

REBECCA

Not gibberish. Code. Code, I believe, that is connected to the *i Ching*.

MONTAGUE

Then I suggest, Mrs Sullivan, that we have some decoding to do.