

TWILIGHT MERIDIAN

EPISODE 9

"City Limits"

Written by

Kenton Hall
&
Ryan Corle

Based on the story by

Ryan Corle
&
James Douglas

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COLD OPEN

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - FLASHBACK

Max and Robert Montague are in an abandoned lighthouse in Jericho City. There is a buzz of activity, as technicians hustle back and forth.

Max is distracted, preparing for a ritual. Montague is arguing with him, fiercely.

MONTAGUE

You're not listening to me, Max.

MAX

(coldly calm)

I've heard it all before, Robert.

They are interrupted by a TECHNICIAN.

TECHNICIAN

Sir? We are almost ready to begin.
We will have an alignment window in
approximately ten minutes.

MAX

Excellent.

The technician shuttles off.

MONTAGUE

I'll gladly repeat myself until
it's no longer necessary.

MAX

And what precisely, do you expect
me to say?

MONTAGUE

(frustrated)

That you see sense? That you have
paid the least bit of attention to
everything that has happened? (a
beat) That you understand that this
- all of this - is nothing more
than a desperate reaction to grief?

MAX

And yet when it was your grief that
we aimed to avoid?

MONTAGUE

We all but destroyed ourselves. To, may I remind you, little purpose.

MAX

Daphne recovered and your fear overtook you.

MONTAGUE

Yes, Max. Damn it. I was fortunate enough to be given the opportunity to see the error of my ways. I am here to perform the same function for you!

MAX

(a burst of fury)
My daughter did NOT survive.

MONTAGUE

(softly)
I know, Max. And for that I am dreadfully sorry. But this is not the way. We meddled with a power we didn't fully understand and were lucky enough to escape with our lives.

MAX

Lucky? You imagine me lucky?

MONTAGUE

I imagine you lucky if you leave this place with me now, your daughter's memory untarnished.

MAX

(cards on the table)
Robert, you are my friend. None of this would be possible without you...

MONTAGUE

(interrupting)
For which, God forgive me.

MAX

But your usefulness is at an end. This will work. Grace will be returned to me. Stand in the way of that and I will consider you her killer, as much any disease.

MONTAGUE
And if you're wrong?

MAX
(dismissive)
Then I will have tried.

MONTAGUE
(desperate now)
At what cost? Your life? The
millions of lives in this city? If
the power fights back - as it has
before - it could mean the end of
everything.

MAX
Then so be it.

MONTAGUE
(defeated)
I can't stay. I can't be a part of
this.

MAX
You weren't invited here. You came
of your own accord. Please,
Professor Montague, be my guest and
run, like the coward you are.

CUT TO:

MUSIC: Title Theme

WRONG DIMENSION PRESENTS: TWILIGHT MERIDIAN. EPISODE 9 - CITY
LIMITS

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. SOMEWHERE/SOMEWHEN

The clack of a typewriter.

REBECCA (V.O.)

From the moment we emerge, wailing,
into the world, we are set upon a
course. These, we are told are your
goals. These are the things you
must value, that you must acquire,
that you must pursue. Some of us
acquiesce. Some of us rebel, and
replace these inherited objects of
endeavour with those we are pleased
to call our own. Some even down
tools and refuse the task,
rendering indolence itself a cause.
In the end, however, we all have a
goal. The unluckiest of us achieve
it.

CUT TO:

INT. DERELICT APARTMENT - NOW

Its a rathole apartment. The kind where only bad things
happen. JONAS ROARK sits casually reading a newspaper while
classical music plays softly from a radio.

FX: A distant sound of struggle from another room.

Roark sighs with annoyance, sets down the paper and gets up.

FX: Footsteps.

FX: A door opening.

CUT TO:

INT. DERELICT APARTMENT - BEDROOM

FX: Roark closes the door behind him.

FX: Footsteps crossing the floor.

FX: The muffled sounds are louder now. Someone bound and gagged, a hood covering their face.

FX: A chair rocking as its occupant tries to free themselves.

FX: Roark removes the hood. The voice is louder now, but still muffled. Female, frightened.

ROARK
(calm, cruel)
Now, now, there's no need for all
of that. It won't be long now.

FX: The struggling continues. Roark replaces the hood.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Very well, if you insist.

FX: There is a quick, loud knock at the door.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Come.

In walks LEN WATERMAN, late 30's, slightly overweight. It takes him a moment to catch his breath, like he just climbed a bunch of stairs in a shitty apartment.

His voice is blue collar. Salt of the earth.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Well?

LEN
I sent some of my guys out to
Sullivan Towers like you asked.

ROARK
And?

LEN
No sign of him.

ROARK
(irritated)
I didn't expect there to be. He was
hardly going to be sitting behind
his desk, making dinner
reservations, was he? If I wanted
to discover the blindingly obvious,
I'd have gone myself - or sent one
of my usual men.

LEN
Why the fuck didn't you?

ROARK

Because if Max Sullivan has decided to hide something from me, and it appears he has, I don't know which of his people I can trust. You'd be surprised the kind of loyalty he inspires. *(a dark beat)* Besides, there's been a deeper rot there for some time... Something else in the shadows.

LEN

I was under the impression you were his guy. His right hand guy.

ROARK

Don't mistake me. I still work for Max Sullivan. Sometimes, when you're dealing with a man like him, your most arduous task is protecting him from himself.

LEN

This isn't my ballgame, Roark. I'm only doing this because your money spends the same as sane people's. Though now I'm starting to think it's not worth it. Trust me, I've got guys just as scary as you waiting on shipments.

ROARK

Your criminal sideline is no concern. Did you speak to the employees?

LEN

No one knows anything.

ROARK

You least of all, it seems.

LEN

It would help if I had some idea what I'm meant to be looking for.

ROARK

You are meant to be looking for Max Sullivan.

LEN

Yeah, but I don't get it. Has he fucked off? Is he in danger? What's the deal?

ROARK

The deal is that you do as you are bid and your current worries will remain restricted to your mistresses and your gambling debts.

LEN

He's a rich fucker. If he doesn't want to be found, he ain't going to be found.

ROARK

(a threat)

It is, I admit, so very easy for people to disappear.

LEN

(trying not to react)

I've got my guys out there, Roark. We're doing everything we can.

ROARK

I hope, for your sake, that you have yet to exhaust your options.

There is a tension in the air.

FX: The phone rings from the other room. No one moves. It rings again.

ROARK (CONT'D)

This would be a very good opportunity to make yourself useful.

With a grunt, Len exits and answers it. We hear him from a distance.

LEN (O.S.)

(into phone)

Yeah, it's Lenny. (a beat) Whoah, Meeks, slow down. (a beat) Uh huh. (a beat) You're sure? (a beat) Hold on.

He calls out to Roark.

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

(to Roark)

Turns out it's your lucky day.

ROARK

What is it?

LEN (O.S.)
We've got a bead on Rebecca
Sullivan.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE

It's been a minute since anyone set foot in this place.
Furniture has been knocked around. A broken window. Glass
everywhere. A restless JAKE HANLON sweeps up shards of glass
before carefully tossing them into a nearby waste bin.

ATMOS: Outside the streets of Jericho

He picks up a radio off the floor, dusts it off then plugs it
in.

FX: Music fills the air

JAKE
At least not everything around here
is broken.

He turns the dial, scanning until he finds something he
likes.

Along the way, a snatch of news.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
The recent closure of the Sullivan
monument 'The Angels Will Remember'
is, according to sources at the
company, unrelated to its founder's
disappearance, and is, in fact, the
result of planned maintenance...

Jake skips right past and then...

MUSIC: (diegetic) The theme from "The Shadow".

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Who knows what evil lurks in the
hearts of men?

JAKE
(with the announcer)
The Shadow knows! (a beat) But he's
not fucking telling.

The broadcast continues in the background as Jake briefly
searches through drawers until he finds what he is looking
for.

FX: A bottle opened, liquor poured

FX: He sits in a squeaky chair

He stares at the empty chair across the room before raising his glass

JAKE (CONT'D)
Here's to you, Detective! I hope
whatever hell you ended up in is
better than the one you left
behind.

FX: He downs the booze and pours another.

CUT TO:

INT. A DERELICT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Len has returned to the bedroom.

LEN
My guy says it was definitely her.
And the cop.

ROARK
Where did they go?

LEN
Some shitty little hotel. Just
outside the city limits.

ROARK
Together?

LEN
Nah. She went in, cop headed back
to the city. *(a beat)* We've got a
tail on him.

ROARK
This is very nearly competent work,
Mr Waterman. Is the information
trustworthy?

LEN
Meeks ain't no rocket scientist,
but he's honest. *(a beat)* When it
counts, at least.

Roark gets up and walks over to the poor soul still tied to the chair. He rips off the hood. It's the Sullivan's housekeeper MEREDITH. She's alive, for now.

ROARK

You hear that, Meredith? Your mistress has returned. Now, you've played the faithful retainer for years, so I expect you know her better than anyone. Where do you suppose she's been?

MEREDITH

(rattled, gasping)
Please don't hurt her.

Roark sighs. A beat then he backhands her across the face. Hard.

Len grunts. He doesn't hold with hitting women.

ROARK

Her, I have no intention of harming. I'm not certain I can extend the same courtesy to you.

FX: A knife unsheathed. He holds it up to Meredith's face. She is terrified as evident by her rapid breathing

MEREDITH

Mr Roark, please...

LEN

Jesus. We know where she is. What fucking difference does it make where she's been?

ROARK

(ignoring Len)
I'm a fair man. So, I will ask one more time. What is she up to?

MEREDITH

(desperate)
You know as much as I do, Mr Roark. She was looking for Mr Sullivan. Same as you.

ROARK

My friends tell me she's found her way to a hotel. Why? Hiding out? Or something else?

MEREDITH
I don't know.

ROARK
What was the name of the hotel, Mr
Waterman?

LEN
Uh, the Jamaica Inn.

Meredith hesitates.

MEREDITH
(bad liar)
I've never heard of it.

ROARK
Ah, now that's a lie, isn't it?
What is it? A little love nest for
the Sullivans? Where they go to get
away from it all, is that it?

Meredith begins to cry softly.

ROARK (CONT'D)
There you see Mr. Waterman.
Results.

Roark sheaths his knife then puts the gag and hood back over
Meredith.

ROARK (CONT'D)
I take it you have men posted at
the hotel.

LEN
Yeah. You think Sullivan is there?

ROARK
Mr Sullivan is a family man, Mr
Waterman. And I rather think he's
holding a reunion.

LEN
What do you want me to do about the
cop?

ROARK
It's time to simplify matters. Take
him off the board.

LEN
Wasting a cop will cost extra.

ROARK
Sullivan Industries has deep
pockets.

LEN
(a little concerned, but
covering it)
What about her?

He gestures to Meredith.

ROARK
She will be accompanying me to the
hotel. I'm sure she'll be delighted
to reunite with her employers.

LEN
Right. Yeah. Whatever you say.

He doesn't sound convinced, but he knows his limits. He
exits.

FX: The door closes behind him.

ROARK
What do you say, Meredith? Shall we
take a little trip?

FX: Meredith moans and struggles.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - LATER

FX: Jake is passed out, snoring.

FX: The radio is on, but there's nothing but static.

FX: A hard THUMP THUMP THUMP on the outside door.

JAKE
(groggily to himself)
We're closed...

FX: A doorknob turned, but it's locked.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
The hell...

MUSIC: Tension

FX: The door is kicked once, hard. It splinters and opens.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

FX: Jake jumps from his chair. Opens a drawer.

FX: A gun drawn. A hammer cocked.

FX: He ducks under the desk.

FX: Footsteps from the outer office, moving this way.

EDWARD MEEKS has entered the office. His tread is heavy. He's a big guy, who belies his name.

MUSIC: Resume tension

FX: Footsteps draw closer. Meeks pushes open the inner office door with a creak. Stops, listens. Walks over and switches off the radio.

FX: Then he walks to the desk.

FX: We can hear Jake breathing silently beneath it.

FX: A rotary phone picked up, a number dialed.

A beat for the call to connect

MEEKS (O.S.)

(into phone)

Lenny? Yeah, it's me. Place looks like shit but there's no one here. (a beat) Radio was on though, guy might have stepped out. You want me to wait? (a beat) I got the boys at the hotel, if there's any movement, they'll check in. (a beat) Okay, okay. I'll head over now.

FX: Click

Meeks holsters his gun.

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes and taps it a few times before removing one.

MEEKS (CONT'D)

Asshole. What am I, his errand boy?

FX: A lighter flares to life, but then...

Jake leaps out from under the desk with a shout, shoving the desk over. Meeks goes flying, as do the contents of the desk.

MEEKS (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

FX: He struggles to his feet.

MEEKS (CONT'D)
Motherfucker.

FX: He raises and cocks his gun, but Jake is too quick. He leaps over the carnage and delivers a hard right cross.

FX: SMACK.

FX: A gun skitters across the floor.

But Meeks isn't quite out yet. And he's pissed.

MEEKS (CONT'D)
Fuck you, pig.

He launches himself at Jake and the two of them struggle on the floor, with much grunting and groaning.

FX: Jake's own gun goes flying.

Meeks is the stronger of the two and quickly gets the upper hand. He has Jake pinned, hands around his throat.

Jake struggles for breath.

MEEKS (CONT'D)
And here was me thinking I was
going to have to explain to my boss
why you was still breathing.

Jake begins to choke. He flails desperately.

MEEKS (CONT'D)
(cold and calm)
So, you know, you've done me
favour. So, I'll make it quick.

With a grunt, he tightens his grip. Jake continues to fumble, his hand slapping the floor as he reaches for something.

MEEKS (CONT'D)
(leaning forward,
whispering)
Gun's out of reach, you little
shit. Give it up.

FX: Taking advantage of the proximity, Jake grabs a fistful of Meeks' shirt and throws his head forward. The two skulls connect with a CRACK. Meeks falls backwards, freeing Jake.

MEEKS (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Jake scrambles to one of the guns, then to his feet.

FX: Gun cocked.

MEEKS (CONT'D)

(groggy)

Hey, let's talk ab-

FX: Four shots in quick succession: BANG BANG BANG BANG.

JAKE

I'm not really in a conversational
mood.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT II

INT. JAMAICA INN - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Rebecca steps into the room.

FX: Switches on a light.

Rebecca gasps.

FX: We hear the sound of a bottle being opened and two glasses being filled.

FX: A cigar is lit and a drag taken.

In an armchair sits MAX SULLIVAN.

MAX
Hello, darling.

REBECCA
Max.

FX: Max stands and walks over to her.

MAX
You can't imagine how relieved I am
to se-

FX: Rebecca slaps Max. HARD.

MAX (CONT'D)
I suppose I deserved that.

REBECCA
(furious)
Do you have any bloody idea where
I've been? How long I've been
looking for you?

MAX
(wryly)
I have some idea.

FX: She goes to slap him again, but he catches her arm. She struggles against him, pure fury.

MAX (CONT'D)
Did you come here for answers or
for a fight?

REBECCA
Do I have to choose?

MAX
That depends. Are you willing to
hear me out?

REBECCA
You'd be surprised at what I'm
willing to do these days.

FX: But she stops struggling. In turn, he releases her.

FX: She rubs her arm, breathing heavily.

MAX
Did I hurt you?

REBECCA
That's not a question you want me
to answer right now.

MAX
Sit down, Rebecca. We have a lot to
talk about.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - FLASHBACK

FX: Max is taking a moment to himself, before the ritual
starts. There is a crackle of power in the air.

His voice is ragged, a little manic.

MAX
(to himself)
It's just you and me now, Grace.
All you have to do is find me and
this nightmare is over. Everything
can go back to the way it was.

A Technician enters, respectfully.

TECHNICIAN
Mr Sullivan, sir?

MAX
Yes?

TECHNICIAN
We're ready to begin.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL

Two of Roark's men, KANE & MANSON are standing outside the hotel, watching the place.

KANE
I'm just saying, what the fuck are we doing here?

MANSON
Our fucking job.

KANE
So the big guy wants to screw his wife in some fleapit. What business is it of ours?

MANSON
Mr Roark says it's our business, then it's our business.

KANE
Mr Roark ain't playing with a full deck, if you ask me.

MANSON
(lowering his voice)
First off, nobody fucking asked you. Second, you talk about Roark like that again and I'll kill you before he has a chance to.

KANE
All right, all right. Jesus, keep your hair on.

FX: A car pulls up. It's Roark. Frankly, it puts the shit up the pair of them.

FX: A window is rolled down. Meredith is bound in the front seat, still moaning.

ROARK
Are they still in there?

KANE
(contrite as fuck)
Yes, Mr Roark. I mean, they ain't
gone nowhere.

ROARK
Good. Then you haven't disappointed
me yet.

MANSON
No, Mr Roark.

FX: The engine is switched off and Roark steps out.

ROARK
Watch over our friend here. I have
a meeting with Mr Sullivan.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMAICA INN - HOTEL ROOM

Max is smoking, holding court. His voice is energized. He's
been waiting a long time to tell Rebecca everything.

MAX
Years ago. Before the company,
before us, I studied under man in
England. A brilliant mind. He
showed me things I didn't think
were possible. That, in a way, at
first, I didn't want to believe
were possible.

REBECCA
I know all about Robert Montague

MAX
Ah, so you did find him. I wasn't
sure. My sources lost track of you
once you reached England. How much
did he tell you?

REBECCA
Enough.

MAX
Then you know...

REBECCA
I know you have to stop what you're
doing. That it's dangerous.
Monstrous.

MAX

Monstrous? Is that what Robert said?

REBECCA

He didn't have to tell me that. I've seen the results of your... experiments.

MAX

Rebecca, Robert Montague is a good man, but he lacks... dedication.

REBECCA

(cold)

Max, Robert Montague is dead. He died trying to put things right. That's dedicated enough for me.

This does hit Max. He stands and pours himself a drink.

FX: Bottle opening. Glass filling.

MAX

Do you-?

REBECCA

No.

Max drains the glass in one gulp.

MAX

(trying to appear casual)

What happened?

REBECCA

The Kural Vilakku happened.

MAX

Ah. You really do know.

REBECCA

Yes, Max. I know about the Kural Vilakku. And about Dolores Lane. The Lighthouse. The darkness.

A beat.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Grace.

MAX

Then I don't understand. If you know what I'm trying to do, why in the hell do you want me to stop?

REBECCA

Because it's insane.

MAX

Most miracles are.

REBECCA

If it's such a miracle, why didn't you tell me? I'm your wife. She was my daughter too.

MAX

And she will be again.

REBECCA

(frustrated)

For God's sake, Max. Everything you've done. Do you think she'd be proud? Do you think that she'd understand?

MAX

(flash of anger)

She'd think that her father would do anything to save her. And it would be the truth. (a beat, calmer) But you're right. I should have talked to you. I just... didn't want... this. I didn't want you to try to stop me. It was too important.

REBECCA

Well, I'm here now. Talk to me.

MAX

What do you want me to say?

A long beat.

REBECCA

Tell me it will work.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - CAR

The thugs are now sitting with Meredith in the car, pissed off and bored.

KANE

And now we're babysitting. Jesus fucking Christ.

MANSON

Will you fucking stop complaining?

KANE

I mean, who the hell is this one?

MANSON

It doesn't fucking matter.

KANE

(to Meredith)

Who the fuck are you, sweetheart?

FX: Unable to resist, he pulls off the hood, pulls off the gag. Meredith coughs.

MANSON

What the fuck are you doing?

MEREDITH

Please help me. He's going to kill me.

KANE

Who, Roark? Yeah, probably. What did you do?

MEREDITH

I didn't do anything. I work for Mr and Mrs Sullivan.

KANE

Well, fuck.

MANSON

Put that fucking hood back on her and shut your fucking mouth.

KANE

I don't know, man. Roark is scary, but Sullivan is rich. Rich beats scary, where I come from.

MEREDITH

Yes, that's right. I'm sure if you just find a way to get a message to him, we can sort this all out.

MANSON

Roark works for Sullivan. You think he doesn't know everything that's going on? She was probably palming the silverware or something.

MEREDITH

No, I swear. It's Roark. He's gone mad. This isn't Mr Sullivan. He would never-

KANE

(to Thug 2)

What do you reckon? Could be a reward in it.

MANSON

Yeah, a bullet between the eyes. You do what you want. I ain't crossing Roark. I like my blood on the inside, where it belongs.

A beat.

KANE

Yeah, you're probably right. Sorry, sweetheart.

MEREDITH

No, no. Please.

FX: He re-gags Meredith and replaces the hood.

MANSON

I'm telling you. When this is all over, I'm taking the wife and kids and we're getting out of town for a bit. Somewhere with a bit of sun.

KANE

You and me both.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - FLASHBACK

Max strides back into the main room of the lighthouse. There is a low, mechanical drone in the background, and the air continues to crackle with power.

MAX

David! Where are we?

FX: The technician we saw previously tears a strip from a nearby printer.

TECHNICIAN

Containment and energy levels are reaching peak efficiency. We're ready to go on your order.

MAX

Excellent. And we're sure the integrity of the circle has not been disturbed?

TECHNICIAN

Yes, sir.

MAX

(to the group at large)
No one is to cross into the circle once the generator beam has been activated. Is that clear?

FX: A chorus of yes, sirs.

MAX (CONT'D)

Initiate phase 2.

FX: For a moment, there is nothing but the sound of the raging wind and sea from outside.

FX: A clicking sound as a large dial is turned. Switches are flipped. Buttons pressed.

FX: The low hum of generators begins to oscillate, slow at first but gradually accelerating.

FX: Electricity begins to arc between large coils.

MAX (CONT'D)

Activate the beacon.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT III

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Rebecca is struggling with what Max has told her.

REBECCA
They all died?

MAX
Yes. I'm afraid so.

REBECCA
Why?

FX: Max pours another drink. There's anger in his voice. A little self-loathing.

MAX
Because I imagined, with all the resources at my fingertips, that I could harness the power to my will. That I could engineer a victory. (*a little desperate to be understood*) Montague came at it with magic, I came at it with science. We were both wrong. The darkness will not be mocked by the trifling ideas of men.

REBECCA
What does any of that mean?

MAX
We'd created a door into the very essence of creation. Everything, everyone, that ever was or will be. Including Grace. Unfortunately, the door was guarded.

REBECCA
By this darkness.

MAX
It's a simplification, but yes. See, we needed to place an anchor. Something that would draw Grace - her spirit - back through the door and into the world. But on every attempt, we were overwhelmed by the forces within.

REBECCA

So, what makes you so sure that anything will be different this time?

MAX

Because I've worked out what it can't fight. The thing I had pushed to the back of my mind, in order to concentrate. What I imagined to be my weakness.

REBECCA

And what's that?

MAX

My need.

FX: They are interrupted by a knock on the door.

REBECCA

You expecting someone?

But Max isn't listening. He runs to a desk, opens the drawer, pulls out a gun.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Jesus, Max!

MAX

Quiet!

FX: He steps cautiously to the door.

MAX (CONT'D)

Who is it?

It's Roark.

ROARK

(muffled behind door)

Mr Sullivan...

Max opens the door. If he's surprised, he hides it well.

MAX

Ah, Mr Roark. I should have known I wouldn't be able to evade you for long.

Roark steps into the room.

ROARK

I wouldn't be on your payroll if you could, sir. *(to Rebecca)* Mrs Sullivan...

REBECCA

(cold)

Mr Roark... *(a beat)* How's the arm?

FX: Max closes the door.

ROARK

(to Rebecca)

Almost back to full strength, Mrs Sullivan. *(a beat)* Thank you for your concern.

Max ignores this exchange.

MAX

I hope you understand, my final disappearance was in no way a comment on your job performance. But it was necessary.

ROARK

As you say, sir. But it is difficult to see to your interests if I am not kept abreast of what they are.

MAX

Of course. In which case, I apologise for any consternation. But I think it would be best if you returned to Sullivan Industries. That's where you're needed most.

ROARK

I don't wish to appear difficult, sir, but I'm not sure that is an accurate assessment of the current situation.

MAX

What do you mean?

ROARK

There have been developments in your absence.

MAX

I heard what happened at Andener.
I'm sure you did what you thought
best.

REBECCA

He destroyed our home.

ROARK

I think it's important to mention,
it wasn't me that set the fire in
question.

MAX

Yes, well. I think we should all
try to put that unfortunate affair
behind us.

REBECCA

He killed Meredith.

ROARK

Your servant girl? Mrs Sullivan, I
may be, admittedly, forceful in the
execution of my duties, but I'm not
a monster. To the best of my
knowledge, this Meredith of yours
is alive and well. Unlike the many
men I lost that day.

REBECCA

Oh-

MAX

Thank you, Mr Roark. That, at
least, is happy news. Nonetheless,
there is work of far greater import
ahead of us.

ROARK

Yes, sir. But Andener was not what
I was referring to.

MAX

Then spit it out.

ROARK

Might we have a word in private?

An awkward beat.

REBECCA
(brusquely)
Oh, go, Max. It would be a tragedy
if you were to run out of secrets.

MAX
All right then, Roark. But quickly.

They exit.

FX: Rebecca pours herself a drink. The glass trembles in her hand.

REBECCA
(to herself, near tears)
Please. Please let him be right.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR

Max and Roark have stepped into the hall. Max is impatient.

MAX
What is it, Roark?

ROARK
I don't quite know how to begin,
sir. Mrs Sullivan has been
keeping... troublesome company
since you left.

MAX
If you mean the young police
officer that's been helping her. I
know all about that.

ROARK
In which case, I admire your
restraint.

MAX
What are you trying to insinuate?

ROARK
Nothing, sir. But he was the
Detective's protégé. A man you once
gave me strict instructions to keep
an eye on. On the grounds that he
didn't have, shall we say, your
best interests at heart.

MAX
And this cop...

ROARK
Hanlon, sir.

MAX
Hanlon. You think he intends to interfere with my... work?

ROARK
I've no doubt of it. That is to say, he would have done.

Max thinks for a moment.

MAX
Ah, I see. You have already taken the initiative.

ROARK
I await confirmation, but plans were set in motion. It seemed prudent, at the time.

MAX
Easier to ask for forgiveness than permission?

ROARK
Yes, sir.

A beat. Is Max going to be disturbed by this?

No. He is not.

MAX
Very well. Make sure it can't be traced back to me or my family.

ROARK
Of course, sir. *(a beat)* There is one other small matter, however. One I thought I had best clear with you first, if at all possible.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY

FX: Roark descends the staircase of the hotel. He approaches the receptionist.

ROARK

Mr Sullivan, in 302, has informed me that he will be checking out this evening. Could you ensure that his belongings are forwarded to Sullivan Industries?

RECEPTIONIST

Of course.

ROARK

There will, of course, be no record of his stay.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr Sullivan's standing wishes will be honoured.

ROARK

You've hosted the Sullivans often?

RECEPTIONIST

I couldn't possibly comment.

ROARK

Very good. I can see why he likes it here. Now-

He is interrupted by a gun to his back and a low whisper.

JAKE

(gritty, cold)

Make a sound, or try to run, and I swear to Christ I will empty every goddamn one of these bullets into your fucking back.

Despite his situation, Roark remains calm.

ROARK

(to the Receptionist)

Could you please give Officer Hanlon and myself a moment's privacy?

RECEPTIONIST

(relieved)

Yes, sir.

She exits at speed.

ROARK

(still calm, to Jake)

I take it, Officer Hanlon, that my trust in my underlings has once again been misplaced.

JAKE

If you mean 'do you owe me for the fresh bloodstains on the Detective's carpet?' then, yes.

ROARK

Incompetence. It's the scourge of our age.

JAKE

(Seething)

I ought to kill you right here, right now.

ROARK

It's easier once you've a taste for it, isn't it?

JAKE

So it would seem.

ROARK

It's funny. By all accounts, you were something of a martyr to your conscience when this all began. But look at you now. Your late Detective friend would have been proud of your personal growth.

Jake presses the gun harder into Roark's back.

JAKE

Cut the shit, Roark. Where is she? What have you done to her?

ROARK

Mrs. Sullivan? Why she's safe and sound upstairs. In the arms of her loving husband, no doubt.

JAKE

Show me.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Max re-enters the room.

REBECCA

I don't suppose there's any point
in asking what that was all about?

MAX

Do you really want to know?

REBECCA

Once, Max, once I would have. But
that was when I thought the answer
might not sicken me.

MAX

Everything I've done, I've done for
you and for Grace. I'm not proud of
all of it, but I'm not ashamed
either.

REBECCA

I believe you. But I'm not sure
that's much of a comfort.

MAX

Then a far greater comfort will
have to suffice.

FX: A banging on the door.

MAX (CONT'D)

Goddammit. (*calling out*) What is it
now?

ROARK

(muffled)

I'm sorry, sir. I-

Max marches to the door, furious, opens it.

Jake pushes Roark ahead of him and into the room. Holds his
gun on Roark and Max.

JAKE

(to Rebecca)

Rebecca. Are you all right?

REBECCA

Jake, what are you doing here?

ROARK

I think he is attempting what he
imagines to be an act of chivalry.

JAKE

Shut your fucking mouth.

MAX

I don't recall the knights of old
having quite such a salty
vocabulary.

JAKE

Max Sullivan. We've been looking
for you.

MAX

So I hear. Officer... Hanlon, isn't
it?

JAKE

That's right.

MAX

I owe you a debt of gratitude,
Officer Hanlon. I understand you've
taken very good care of my wife.

JAKE

Someone had to.

Max exhibits the generosity of someone who knows he's won.
Who always knows he's won. But he's also not willing to be
spoken to that way in front of the staff.

MAX

Roark?

ROARK

Yes, Mr Sullivan?

MAX

Wait outside.

Roark isn't impressed, but he does as he's told.

ROARK

Yes, sir.

Roark exits.

Max sits. Lights a cigar.

MAX

I can't pretend your judgement of me is entirely without merit. There has been a necessary amount of subterfuge, which I understand must have seemed suspicious to a man in your line of work. But I always intended for my wife to join me. I sent Roark to look for her, but she had disappeared.

REBECCA

I'd gone to the Detective.

MAX

That much I discovered. But the Kural Vilakku had half of Sullivan Industries under their influence. Not to mention the police. I couldn't trust anyone. After the catastrophe at the lighthouse, I was forced into hiding.

JAKE

You did a damn good job of it.

MAX

Wealth has its privileges. As far as the Kural Vilakku were concerned, my research had made it possible to shield myself from them as well. Little more than a parlour trick, but it did the job. Then the papers reported the explosion at the cove - taking the life of the Detective - and I feared the worst. I had Roark running back and forth between Jericho and Andener hoping for any chance you would turn up. Eventually I had to go even further underground, out of even Roark's sight. Of course, I should have known my wife was too intelligent not to investigate for herself.

REBECCA

I was desperate.

MAX

An error in judgement on my part that I will forever regret. I thought to keep you safe until the time was right.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Still, what matters is you kept yourself alive. Both of you.

JAKE

This is bullshit. We've been halfway around the world while being shot at, nearly burned alive, god knows what the fuck else. All so you can play mad scientist up in your tower. What the hell is all this really about, Sullivan?

MAX

I intend to set right a terrible tragedy. Surely a man of your convictions can appreciate that?

JAKE

What tragedy could outweigh the ones you've left in your wake? Innocent people have died...

A flash of that investigators mindset as it dawns on him:
What this has all really been about.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Grace.

MAX

Your detective skills are not to be trifled with, I see.

JAKE

Rebecca? What is this?

REBECCA

He can bring her back, Jake. Or, at least, he says he can.

JAKE

Bring her back? What are you talking about? I'm sorry, Rebecca. Grace is dead. You don't come back from that.

REBECCA

Irene was dead.

JAKE

That's not the same thing. At all. And she is dead now. Completely. Is that what you want for your daughter, Sullivan?

MAX

Our daughter was stolen from us.

JAKE

I agree. Doesn't change a damned thing.

MAX

I intend to reclaim her.

JAKE

Even if that were remotely possible... you don't care who gets hurt in the crossfire?

MAX

Frankly, Officer Hanlon... No.

JAKE

Rebecca, you can't be all right with this?

REBECCA

I... don't know.

There's a beat as Jake realises he's alone in this.

JAKE

Ah, I see.

REBECCA

Jake...

JAKE

After everything we've been through. After everything he's put you through.

Max bristles.

MAX

That's enough. I appreciate everything you've done for my family, Officer Hanlon. But this is between us now.

JAKE

Rebecca. For fuck's sake. (*a beat*)
You'd be dead if it weren't for me.

It's an error and he knows it the minute it's come out of his mouth.

REBECCA

(livid)

I never wanted saving, Jake. I
certainly never asked for it.

JAKE

That's not what I meant. I love-

REBECCA

Don't.

JAKE

It's true.

MAX

(getting angry now)

I think it's high time you left.

JAKE

I'll go when she tells me to go.
(to Rebecca) This is what you want?
A man who abandons you to play God?

REBECCA

What I want is to live my life. And
my life ended when Grace died. So,
if there's any chance he can do
what he says he can do, then, damn
it, yes, I choose him.

JAKE

Unbelievable.

REBECCA

If you truly believe that then I
don't know what else to say to you.

A deeply awkward silence descends.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR

Jake slams the door behind him as he exits. Roark is
lingering in the hall.

ROARK

Am I to take it your grand gesture
didn't go according to plan?

JAKE

Fuck you, Roark.

ROARK

Sullivan isn't a man you leave.
Certainly not for the likes of you.

JAKE

You know, I really can't decide
which is worse. Being a
megalomaniacal asshole or being a
megalomaniacal asshole's lapdog.
What do you think?

He exits.

After a moment, the hotel room door opens again and Max steps out.

MAX

We'll be leaving first thing in the
morning.

ROARK

Yes, Mr Sullivan.

MAX

(meaningfully)

See to it that we are not disturbed
further.

ROARK

(pleased)

It would be my pleasure. And-?

MAX

(only the briefest
hesitation)

Take care of all of it. I want a
clean slate.

ROARK

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FX: A door opens.

Max re-enters the to find Rebecca waiting, agitated. Almost
tearful, but hiding it through anger.

REBECCA
(bitterly)
At least some things never change.
The business never rests.

MAX
I'm sorry, my dear. I swear to you,
we are so close to putting all of
this pain behind us. You and me and
Grace. We can have a life. A
different life. A better life. I
prom-

REBECCA
Don't. Don't you dare make this a
promise. I'll go with you. I'll do
whatever you need me to do. But if
you promise me Grace and you can't
live up to it? It won't matter how
much I love or have loved you - I
will never forgive you.

Her voice is breaking. The tears are coming. Max moves close,
pulls her into an embrace.

MAX
Rebecca...

REBECCA
No more words. Not tonight.

They kiss. It's the passion of grief. They're clinging onto
each other. To the past.

They fall onto the bed, desperate.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - FLASHBACK

All is chaos. The low hum has become a howl. The place is
being torn apart.

MAX
(shouting over the noise)
What's happening?

TECHNICIAN
(shouting back)
The power is surging. We can't
control the output. (a beat) We
have to abort.

MAX

No! You can't! It's working.

Something is definitely happening. There's a new sound now at the centre now, like a sun burning in close-up. And in the midst of it, a voice...

GRACE

(faint)

Daddy!

MAX

(breathless)

Oh, my God.

FX: There's a terrible sound of metal twisting and bending, as though the lighthouse is being pulled in on itself.

TECHNICIAN

Mr Sullivan! Please!

There's an explosion from across the room and the scream of a second technician.

MAX

KEEP. GOING.

Grace's voice is growing in power, but there's something... off about it.

GRACE

Daddy, it hurts.

MAX

Grace, I'm here. Come through, my love.

Suddenly, as the sound and noise reaches an almost unbearable level, Grace's voice breaks through properly.

GRACE

(harsh, unnatural)

It hurts.

MAX

Grace?

This isn't Grace. Or no version of Grace you'd want to imagine. The next line is demonic. Distorted.

GRACE

MAKE IT STOP.

TECHNICIAN
(terrified)
I'm cutting power.

A bolt of energy lashes out, strikes the Technician, who screams and crashes to the ground.

MAX
Grace, darling. No. We're trying to help you.

Grace screams and the world explodes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL

Jake storms down the steps of the hotel, furious and hurt.

Only to be confronted by the two thugs.

FX: Two guns cock in sequence.

KANE
Where do you think you're going?

Jake sighs. It's been a very long day.

JAKE
(sarcastic)
Well, gee, I'm not sure. Where does your mother live again?

MANSON
A comedian, eh?

FX: A third gun cocks from behind Jake.

ROARK
Well, you know what they say about comedians.

JAKE
(under his breath)
Well, fuck.

KANE
What's that, boss?

ROARK
They either kill or they die.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Max is in bed, snoring gently. The sleep, if not of the just, then of the victor.

But Rebecca is wide awake.

FX: She moves to the desk. Pours a drink.

FX: Opens something on the desk. A series of clips, followed by the removal of a heavy cover.

FX: She runs her fingers over the typewriter keys.

FX: Takes a drink. Then begins to type.

REBECCA (V.O.)
Grief is a stopped clock. The hands nestle in position, masquerading as the present. A suggestion of past and a threat of the future. But you know, in your heart, that it's a mirage - time has cast off all meaning. You can't go backwards, however much you beg, and there is nothing ahead of you but more of the same. But then there are moments, where, from the corner of your eye, the hands almost seem to move. The cogs almost seem to turn. And, in those moments, you are most afraid.