

TWILIGHT MERIDIAN

EPISODE 3:

"LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I WENT TO ANDENER AGAIN"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS

FX: The quiet sounds of flora and fauna mix with the faint sounds of the sea. It's much more open space than when we've been in the city.

FX: A car zooms into view, then across the road.

We shift audio focus to...

INT. CAR - DAY

FX: Jake's car travels at speed towards their destination.

Rebecca is humming quietly to herself - "Great Big Stars"

JAKE
Next turning?

Rebecca is startled out of her reverie.

REBECCA
Sorry?

JAKE
(stress starting to show)
I'm a city boy, Rebecca. I lost track of where we were the moment Jericho City Limits hit the rear view.

FX: Rebecca stretches. Winds down the window and lets the breeze flow through her hair.

REBECCA
Yes, we're almost there.

JAKE
Not what I asked.

REBECCA
(sigh)
Yes, Officer Hanlon. Next turning, please.

CUT TO:

MUSIC: Title Theme

Title card: WRONG DIMENSION PRESENTS: TWILIGHT MERIDIAN.
EPISODE 3: LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I WENT TO ANDENER AGAIN

ACT 1

INT. SOMEWHERE/SOMEWHEN

The clack of a typewriter.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Home is such a small word.
Pitifully inadequate for the burden
it is so often called upon to
shoulder. Is it a place we feel
safe? A place where we feel
trapped? A person? A building? A
state of mind? Is it the container
into which we pour all of the lies
we tell ourselves to explain the
world into which we were thrust,
without consent and unprepared? Is
home a place to run to or from?

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDENER - DAY

FX: A car driving down a LONG cobblestone driveway, before
finally coming to a standstill.

FX: A car door is opened, then another.

FX: Rebecca exits, then Jake. Both stretching from the long
journey.

JAKE

It's...

REBECCA

Breathtaking?

JAKE

I was going to say... huge. But,
sure.

REBECCA

(slight irritation)

I won't apologize for my husband's
success.

JAKE

That isn't what I was saying. (a
beat) It's beautiful.

FX: SNAP, a FLIP, a CLICK and a WHOOSH. A cigarette lit. Rebecca draws, then exhales.

REBECCA
(a mixture of fondness of
melancholy)
Ten years and it never gets old.

JAKE
Still feels like the last place we
should be right now.

REBECCA
I'd have thought a detective would
appreciate the benefits of going
back to the beginning.

JAKE
Sure. But it's also the first place
I'd look if I was trying to track
someone down.

FX: Another draw and exhale.

REBECCA
(determined)
It's our best shot at finding out
what Max was up to.

JAKE
You didn't look around before you
went to the Detective?

REBECCA
I didn't know what I was looking
for then. How much danger Max might
be... *(she breaks, a hint of
panic)*.

JAKE
We'll find him.

REBECCA
(brave face back on)
Not standing around here we won't.
Besides, I need a proper bath, a
change of clothes and a decent cup
of tea. Not necessarily in that
order.

JAKE
This isn't a holiday, Rebecca.

REBECCA

No. It really isn't. But I don't see the harm in pausing to clear our heads. Then we can have a rummage around Max's office, see if we can find anything useful. Oh, and...

JAKE

What?

A beat as she considers the question

REBECCA

There's a workshop. In the basement. I've never really been down there.

JAKE

That sounds promising. You do what you have to do. I'll start there.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANDENER

FX: The sound of the heavy front door unlocking, then opening.

Rebecca and Jake enter the vestibule. It echoes of a large marble room. Jake closes the door.

MEREDITH

(from another room)
Hello? Is someone there?

JAKE

Friend of yours?

REBECCA

(to Jake)
The maid.

JAKE

I really am seeing how the other half live.

REBECCA

She's a darling. Been with us forever.

FX: Meredith's footsteps approach across the marble.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 It's alright, Meredith, dear. It's me.

Meredith enters.

MEREDITH
 (a bit of a breathless
 rush)
 Mrs. Sullivan. Oh, thank goodness.
 I was so worried. With everything
 that's happened... and then we
 didn't heard from you for days...

Meredith sees Jake and her manner cools.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
 I see we have a guest.

REBECCA
 This is *Officer* Jake Hanlon. From
 the Jericho Police Department.

JAKE
 Formerly.

MEREDITH
 (panic creeping in again)
 Oh no. Mr Sullivan. Is he...

REBECCA
 (firmly)
 Mr Sullivan is *missing*, Meredith.
 Jake is here to help me find him.
 In the meantime, we must be strong.
 All of us. Yes?

MEREDITH
 Yes, Mrs Sullivan.

REBECCA
 Good girl. Now, would you mind
 putting the kettle on? And please
 ask Harold if he could prepare a
 late breakfast for myself and
 Officer Hanlon.

MEREDITH
 I'm sorry, Mrs Sullivan but Harold
 is... gone.

REBECCA
 Gone? What do you mean, gone?

MEREDITH
They're all gone. The staff, I mean.

REBECCA
On whose orders? Certainly not mine, and I suspect not Mr Sullivan's.

MEREDITH
Mr Roark's, ma'am.

JAKE
(muttered)
Roark...

Rebecca misunderstands it as a question.

REBECCA
Jonas Roark. An *associate* of my husband's. If you can call that snake anything so innocuous.

JAKE
Trust me, I know who Jonas Roark is.

REBECCA
Then you have my sympathy. (*to Meredith*) What happened, precisely? From the beginning.

MEREDITH
Mr Roark arrived the day after you left for Jericho. Looking for you. He was quite... unpleasant when he discovered you weren't here and dismissed the entire staff. Said it was what Mr Sullivan wanted.

REBECCA
(pissed)
And you didn't think that a trifle strange, Meredith?

MEREDITH
(near tears)
Of course, Mrs Sullivan. But I didn't know what else to do.

Rebecca instantly regrets her temper.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, Meredith. You did all you could do. And you stayed. Please know I am grateful for that.

MEREDITH

Yes, Mrs Sullivan.

JAKE

You think Roark is mixed up in all this?

REBECCA

God only knows. He could simply be taking advantage of Max's absence.

JAKE

That sounds like something we need to be sure of.

REBECCA

I'll add it to the very long list. *(to Meredith, softer)* Meredith, I am going to freshen up. Could you see that Ja- Officer Hanlon is fed and watered, please? I'll be down presently.

MEREDITH

Yes, of course, Mrs. Sullivan.

FX: Rebecca heads up what sounds like a large staircase.

Meredith's manner changes as soon as Rebecca is out of earshot. Colder. She's not happy about this stranger in the nest and it boosts her confidence.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

I suppose you'd better come with me.

JAKE

I'm not actually that hungry.

MEREDITH

The mistress wants you fed. So you get fed.

JAKE

Why am I picturing myself served up, with an apple in my mouth?

A beat. Nothing from Meredith.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Really, I'm fine.

MEREDITH
Suit yourself.

Jake attempts to lighten the mood.

JAKE
I could do with finding the little
boy's room, though. (a beat) Long
drive.

Meredith remains impassive.

MEREDITH
Down that hallway, take the second
right, then its the first door on
the left.

JAKE
Thanks.

There is an awkward pause.

REBECCA (O.S.)
(calling down from
upstairs)
Meredith! Are you still there?
Could I borrow you a moment?

JAKE
Go ahead. Duty calls. I'll find my
way.

INT. ANDENER - EN SUITE

FX: Rebecca is drawing a bath. Taps turned on, soft steam
rising from the water.

FX: She switches on a radio... a new announcer burbles away.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Tensions at the conference are
reported to have been high, and it
is unclear at this point whether
any progress has been made in
addressing the United Kingdom's
long-standing territorial claims...

FX: She begins to undress.

FX: A soft tap at the door.

FX: Rebecca turns the radio town.

Meredith is back to her obsequious best.

MEREDITH
Mrs Sullivan?

FX: Clothes drop to the floor.

FX: Rebecca lowers herself into the water.

Rebecca sighs in deep relief.

REBECCA
Come in.

FX: The door squeaks open.

Meredith is briefly taken aback by Rebecca in the bath.

FX: Starts to shut the door again.

MEREDITH
Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs Sullivan.

REBECCA
Don't be foolish, Meredith. I
called you, didn't I?

Meredith remains unsure.

MEREDITH
Yes, Mrs Sullivan.

REBECCA
I wanted to speak to you alone.

A beat.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
About our guest.

MEREDITH
(trying to hide her
dismay)
Yes, Mrs Sullivan.

REBECCA
He is here to help us. To help Mr
Sullivan. To do that, he will need
access to Mr Sullivan's workshop.

MEREDITH
Mrs Sullivan?

REBECCA
I know, Meredith. Mr Sullivan was a very private man. But these are desperate times. You have the key?

MEREDITH
I know where it is kept, Mrs Sullivan.

REBECCA
Good. You are to assist Officer Hanlon with whatever he needs, do you understand me? Just as if he is Mr Sullivan or myself.

MEREDITH
Yes, Mrs Sullivan.

She's clearly not happy about it.

REBECCA
Thank you, Meredith. I knew I could count on you. *(a beat)* As I always have.

This breaks through.

MEREDITH
(more determinedly)
Yes, Mrs Sullivan.

INT. ANDENER - HALL

FX: Footsteps as Jake heads down the hall.

MUSIC: Tense, foreboding

FX: He opens a door, peering in.

JAKE
(to himself)
Hell, you could fit my first apartment in there twice. What do they even do with it all?

FX: He closes that door, carries on down the hall. Opens another. This time, clearly seeing something he wasn't expecting.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (shaken)
 Jesus Christ...

FX: He enters. Slowly, cautiously. His breathing quickens.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 What is...

FX: He is startled by a voice from behind.

MEREDITH
 This is not the restroom, Officer
 Hanlon.

JAKE
 Holy... *(he jumps, gets hold of
 himself)* You got me there -
 Meredith, wasn't it? - although it
 very nearly was.

MEREDITH
 You're not supposed to be in here.

JAKE
 And exactly where I am?

MEREDITH
 Somewhere private.

JAKE
 More private than the restroom?

MEREDITH
 (not responding to the
 joke)
 Yes.

JAKE
 Meredith, I get the feeling you
 don't like me very much.

MEREDITH
 I don't know you, *Officer*.

JAKE
 No, I suppose you don't. But I am
 here at Mrs Sullivan's request. And
 on her behalf. As I suspect she
 made clear to you when she called
 up just now.

A beat as Meredith regards Jake.

MEREDITH

This is where the late Miss Sullivan's things are kept. In her memory.

JAKE

(quietly)
Grace.

MEREDITH

(a touch of sadness)
Yes.

JAKE

(realization)
The pictures. She drew them?

MEREDITH

Yes. Although I fail to see what Miss Grace's drawings have to do with Mr Sullivan's disappearance.

JAKE

Nothing. Probably. We don't know much at all yet.

MEREDITH

But you want to find Mr Sullivan?

JAKE

More than want, Meredith. I intend to.

MEREDITH

(blurted)
She loves him.

JAKE

What?

MEREDITH

Mr and Mrs Sullivan are very much in love.

JAKE

Okay...

MEREDITH

So, if you think...

JAKE

I think you've got hold of the wrong end of a very wrong stick.

MEREDITH

I saw the way you were looking at her. The way men always look at her.

JAKE

I don't know where this is coming from, but I assure you...

MEREDITH

She's strong, you know. She doesn't need rescuing.

JAKE

I never said she did. But we can all do with a little help.

MEREDITH

Yes, that's what you all say, isn't it? Just here to help. A great many tried to *help* after Miss Grace passed. Thought she'd be vulnerable, in need of comfort. But she's the one who bears the burdens. Who bore the burden for both of them.

JAKE

Who exactly are you trying to protect here, Meredith?

MEREDITH

This *family*.

JAKE

Does that family include you? (*a beat*) Do you want it to?

Meredith is caught short by this. Rallies. Reaches into her pocket and pulls out a key.

MEREDITH

Mrs Sullivan asked me to give you this. The key for Mr Sullivan's workshop. Perhaps you'll find what you're looking for there. *This* room has nothing to do with anyone but the Sullivans. (*a beat*) I'll ask you to respect that.

FX: The doorbell rings.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Now, if you'll excuse me. It would
seem Andener is a popular
destination today.

FX: Meredith exits. After a moment, so does Jake, closing the
door behind him.

CUT TO:

ACT 2

INT. MAX'S OFFICE

FX: A latch turns and another door opens.

FX: Rebecca enters, dressed now, drying her hair.

FX: She crosses into the center of the room and pauses to think.

REBECCA

All right, darling. This is no time
to keep secrets. What are you
hiding in here?

FX: She sets the towel down on a chair and begins rifling through papers, taking books from shelves and thumbing through them, before thumping them down on Max's desk.

FX: She begins to open and close drawers, before eventually reaching one that is clearly locked and refuses to budge.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Now we're getting somewhere. But
who were you trying to keep out,
Max?

A beat as she looks around.

A letter opener picked up, inserted into the lock. She grunts, shimmying the letter opener back and forth.

FX: Finally a loud metallic snap as the lock breaks.

Rebecca falls back, a small cry of pain.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Bloody hell!

She recovers and opens the drawer. Inside are three wax records for a phonograph, which she takes and examines.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(puzzled)
Gramophone records?

She moves over toward a phonograph in the corner. She blows dust off it, lifts the needle and sets one of the records onto the cradle.

FX: She drops the needle onto the disc and presses a button. The phonograph spins to life and we hear...

FX: A young girl's laughter.

GRACE (O.S.)
What is it, Daddy?

Rebecca gasps at the sound of her daughter's voice.

MAX (O.S.)
It's called a phonograph, sweetie.

Grace repeats the word with great seriousness, determined to get it right.

GRACE (O.S.)
What's a phono-graph...?

MAX (O.S.)
Well, if you talk into this...

FX: A bit of mic bumping and Grace getting closer.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It takes down whatever we say, so we can listen back to it whenever we want.

GRACE (O.S.)
Like on the radio!

MAX (O.S.)
That's my little engineer. Yes, just like the radio. Why don't you give it a try?

FX: The microphone changes hands

GRACE (O.S.)
(proudly but between giggles)
I'm Grace Sullivan and I'm eight years old!

MAX (O.S.)
Wonderful! Absolutely perfect!

GRACE (O.S.)
Where did you get it? From work?

MAX

That's right. We use them to make sure we don't forget any of our clever ideas.

GRACE (O.S.)

What about singing?

MAX

(teasing)

We don't sing much at work.

GRACE

You're silly. I mean, me. Me singing.

MAX

Well, as you know, there's only one way to test a theory. And that's to experiment...

GRACE (O.S.)

(clears her throat)

Great big stars, way up yonder,
Great big stars, way up yonder.

FX: A familiar voice interrupts them.

REBECCA (O.S.)

(fondly)

Do I want to know what sort of trouble you two are getting into?

GRACE (O.S.)

Mommy, look at what daddy brought us.

Grace coughs. It's fairly gentle. For now.

REBECCA (O.S.)

(slight note of concern)

I know. And it sounds like someone's been playing with it a bit TOO much. Now, come on, time to get washed up for dinner.

GRACE (O.S.)

Daddy, do I have to?

MAX (O.S.)

I don't know why you're looking at me, little one. I'm not the one in charge.

REBECCA (O.S.)
 (with love)
 Both of you. Now.

FX: In the recording, Max stands, sweeps a giggling Grace up and all three exit together.

The gramophone needle reaches the end of the side, hissing and clicking as the record continues to revolve.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Oh, Max.

She gets up and turns the record over. Now we hear a more weary Max.

MAX (O.S.)
 March 13th. The tests on the latest prototypes are in. Profoundly disappointing, I'm afraid. I think I may have the answer though. Direct current, rather than alternating current. Sanderson will have his usual words to say about it, but I can't think of another way. We'd need to adjust the amperage, of course, but...

FX: A door slams open and we hear a child's footsteps. She's overexcited.

GRACE (O.S.)
 Daddy! Daddy!

She breaks off into a fit of coughing.

MAX (O.S.)
 (irritated)
 Grace, for goodness' sake.

Grace recovers, still a bit breathless though.

GRACE (O.S.)
 Sorry, Daddy. Are you playing with the phonograph? Can we sing something together?

MAX (O.S.)
 (distracted)
 Not today, sweetie. I'm afraid Daddy is very busy.

GRACE
 Just for a bit?

MAX
 (on edge)
 No, Grace. I have to work.

GRACE
 I'll be quick. *(she begins to sing)*
Great big stars...

MAX
 (shouting)
 Not NOW Grace!

Grace bursts into a mixture of tears and coughing and runs off.

GRACE
 Mommy!

A beat of empty recording, punctuated only by the soft sound of Rebecca holding back a sob. But the side isn't finished.

MAX (O.S.)
 (devastated)
 April 25th. My... Grace... my
 little star...

He clears his throat, in an attempt to compose himself.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The doctors... tried everything but
 it just wasn't enough... I wasn't
 enough. If only I'd looked harder,
 noticed sooner, MADE THEM find a
 solution. *(a beat)* Rebecca knows it
 too. She doesn't say it, but when
 she looks at me... all I can see is
 blame.

He sighs, then redirects

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What am I doing? This is a waste of
 time. It's all a waste of time.

The recording ends with a click. The phonograph spins towards its end.

REBECCA
 (to herself)
 It wasn't blame, Max. Everything
 but blame.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDENER - FRONT DOOR

FX: Footsteps as Meredith approaches the front door.

FX: She opens it. Is clearly surprised/perturbed by who is waiting there.

MEREDITH

Mr Roark.

ROARK

Meredith.

MEREDITH

We weren't expecting you.

ROARK

We? You, I'm presuming, and the former occupants of the car parked in the drive?

MEREDITH

I...

ROARK

Secrets aren't your strong suit, I see. Good.

He doesn't wait for an invitation. Steps through. And is followed by a group of silent others.

MEREDITH

Can I get you and your men anything...?

ROARK

You can tell Rebecca Sullivan I'm here.

MEREDITH

Mrs Sullivan isn't...

ROARK

(calmly)

Meredith, we've already established that your ability to deceive is slim to non-existent. Tell Mrs Sullivan that I am here.

INT. ANDENER - BASEMENT DOOR

Jake has finally reached the basement door.

MUSIC: Tense, foreboding

In the distance, he can hear the muffled voices of the new arrivals, but he doesn't have time for that right now.

JAKE

Show me what you've got, Sullivan.

FX: He inserts the key in the lock and twists it. It grinds, an old lock, then opens with a THUNK.

FX: Jake opens the door gingerly, pulls on a light switch and heads down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDENER - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

FX: Jake heads down the stairs, which creak under his feet.

A soft wind blows up from the basement.

It feels like we're descending into a tomb.

FX: The light flickers and buzzes from behind him.

FX: He drops a foot on a missing step and stumbles, twisting his ankle.

JAKE

(muttered through the
pain)

Fuck. (a beat) Goddamn rich people.
Everything's either gold or busted.
(a beat) This is why we have
revolutions.

FX: He limps down the final steps.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE

Rebecca is still in Max's offices, working her way through the records.

REBECCA

Come on. There has be something.

The needle is lifted, then set back down. A button pushed. The wheel spins. A warbled voice is heard:

ARCHIVIST (O.S.)
 Archival property of the University
 of Leeds, Department of Physics.
 Lecture of Visiting Scholar
 Professor Robert Montague, Oxford.
 Recorded on the 3rd of August,
 1934.

FX: The sound of applause.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.)
 Thank you. That's very kind.
(dryly) I hope you remain as
 enthusiastic at the end of the
 speech.

FX: Polite laughter.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 In any case, it is my honour and
 pleasure to speak to you today - on
 a subject that is close to my
 heart.

A beat.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(declamatory)
 Chaos!

He lets that land with the audience.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 It's a powerful word, isn't it?
 Chaos. We strive our lives to avoid
 it and all it signifies - loss of
 control, violence, fear. *(he's
 settling into a rhythm now)* Yet,
 for the ancient Greeks, Chaos was
 something more. A primordial god,
 emerging at the dawn of creation,
 before any of the other Titans
 could even draw their first
 breaths. Certainly before man -
 puny, mortal man - was conjured,
 first to worship the Gods and then
 to spurn them.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And we did spurn them, didn't we?
 Cast them out in favour of science
 and rational thinking.

(MORE)

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

All the questions we once posed to the divine, cautiously, of course, lest we rouse their tempers, we directed instead to our fellow man, expecting more precision and less outrage. Who are we? Where do we come from? What is the nature of existence? And, for a time, it felt like answers might be within reach. We *progressed*. When the natural world attempted to restrict us, we changed it. Where mysticism held us back, we explained it away.

REBECCA

What the hell *is* this?

A beat

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.)

And yet, nearly three thousand years since Mount Olympus fell, are we truly any further along? Do we really understand what is to be human with any greater degree of certainty?

A beat. A few murmurs in the audience.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If you had asked me those questions a year ago I would have said no. (*a beat*) But there are times when a year can accomplish tasks at which millennia baulk.

A beat

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You all know my story. What my good friend Albert and I set out to prove so many years ago. You know too how I have struggled to carry on that burden in the shadow of his tragic and untimely passing. Well, today that shadow has been lifted. A discovery has been made that on a level far beyond the birth or death of Gods. (*a beat*) For I can announce today that I have found the source of the cosmological constant.

The crowd erupts. A mixture of keen interest and some derision.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (CONT'D)
Please, be calm. I understand every concern you are feeling now. Have asked myself every searching question. I come to you not with theories, but with facts. Before you, you will each find a dossier bearing out my claims. Equations that explain what I have chosen to call the Aetheric Essence.

FX: The audience clearly opening the papers, shuffling through them.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You will, in short order, have to consider the findings in detail. For the moment, however, I want you to think of the Aetheric Essence as a form of energy, a dark energy...

Someone in the audience stands up. His voice is bit off, something we have heard before.

MAN (O.S.)
Professor, are these... alchemy symbols in your equations?

The audience is silent. You could hear a pin drop in the room.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.)
Yes.

The audience is in full uproar. This time longer than before. Shouts such as "Outrageous" and "Preposterous" are heard amongst the gallery.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(dignified)
It is easy to scoff, but consider this. Without alchemy, there is no chemistry. Without the leaps made by our more imaginative forbearers, there is none of the science we hold so dear.

MAN
This isn't science. It's fiction.

ROBERT MONTAGUE (O.S.)
 Something said of every great
 advancement. Yes, I was forced to
 turn not to a new theory, but an
 old, but one discarded by unwilling
 minds, not disproved. If you will
 just allow yourselves...

MAN
 To be taken in by a charlatan? As
 ever, Professor, your judgement has
 been eroded by your obsession
 with...

The record abruptly reaches the end of the side.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

Jake has reached the basement.

FX: Slow footsteps across the floor.

FX: The light still buzzing and flickering.

FX: Then with a bang, it explodes!

Obviously, his first thought is of the Lanternmen...

JAKE
 Oh, Jesus. No. Not now.

But this is just a normal, everyday lightbulb popping.

He fumbles in the dark.

FX: A glass jar rolls off a table, landing with a crash.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Shit...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

Rebecca sets the third and final record onto the phonograph.

FX: The needle once again contacts the record as it spins to
 life with a warble.

Montague sounds far more sombre than previously.

ROBERT MONTAGUE

Max, my dear friend. I hope this message finds you in better spirits and Grace... well, let us say I continue to pray for a miracle that will render our work unnecessary. In which vein, I think you were right to be paranoid about the Vilakku. There have been one too many questions circling amongst my former colleagues back at the college, not to mention one or two strange disappearances from the local villages. We'll have to find a safer way to communicate.

A beat

How are things with you and Rebecca? Any better? I assume by now you've told her everything? You should bring her with you when you come to England. It might lift her spirits to see the Motherland. Besides, this concerns her too.

A beat

I know I have been less than enthusiastic about repeating our experiments, but please be assured I remain very much in your camp. Progress here in Wiltshire is going well. We have managed to reclaim much of the main chamber and I believe that I have found a way to contain the... power... that thwarted our efforts previously. (*a beat*) However, I must say that your last missive concerned me somewhat. The location is, to my mind, essential. We've already experienced how dangerous a game we're playing. Without the power of that place... it doesn't bear thinking about. I know we won't be ready for another month or two, and I understand your frustration, but *please* promise me you won't do anything foolish in the meantime, for all of our sakes. Together we *will* cross that rubicon. *Ex luce veritatis!*

The recording ends. The phonograph spins in silence for a moment before the needle reaches the edge of the record.

REBECCA
Jesus, Max. What have you gotten
yourself into?

Suddenly we hear Meredith cry out. Rebecca gasps.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Meredith!

She runs over to the fire place.

FX: A fire place poker is slid out from a metal case.

FX: She opens the door and runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

Jake continues to fumble in the dark. Picks things up and sets them down. It sounds a strange collection of items.

A flashlight. He switches it on and swings the beam around the room.

JAKE
Okay. Flashlight. That's better.

He crosses the room over to a metal cabinet.

FX: A series of squeaky metallic drawers are opened then closed one by one.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Come on. There has to be something.

FX: An oil lantern rattles as Jake picks it up. Jake lets out a low whistle.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Oh, Max. You fool.

FX: The lantern rattles as Jake sets it back down.

Suddenly we hear a muffled scream.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Rebecca!

Jake turns and runs back up the stairs.

CUT TO:

ACT 3

INT. ANDENER - A FEW MOMENTS PREVIOUSLY

Roark and his henchmen are moving through the house with purpose, Meredith following behind them nervously.

ROARK

Now, I seem to recall dismissing the staff. Do you recall that, Meredith?

MEREDITH

Yes, sir.

ROARK

And yet, here you are.

MEREDITH

Someone had to...

ROARK

Had to what? Disobey a direct order from Mr Sullivan himself?

MEREDITH

I didn't...

ROARK

Did or I did I not dismiss the entire staff?

MEREDITH

Yes, Mr Roark.

ROARK

Are you a member of the staff?

MEREDITH

Yes, Mr Roark.

ROARK

You can understand my confusion then. Perhaps you doubt that I have the authority. Is that it? You don't believe these are Mr Sullivan's instructions. Is that it?

MEREDITH

Mr Sullivan is missing.

ROARK

Is he now? Is that what you heard?

MEREDITH

Yes.

ROARK

Now who is more likely to know Mr Sullivan's *actual* whereabouts? You or me?

MEREDITH

You, Mr Roark.

ROARK

Good girl. You're learning. So let's also agree I know that Mrs Sullivan is here. What I don't know, which I'm *certain* you can help with, is who else is with her.

MEREDITH

No one.

Roark slaps Meredith. It's clean, clinical but still brutal.

ROARK

Mr Sullivan is going to be so disappointed at how uncooperative you are in his absence.

MEREDITH

Mrs Sullivan came home alone.

ROARK

But that's not her car in the drive, Meredith. Have you forgotten I account for every penny spent by Sullivan Industries?

MEREDITH

No, Mr Roark.

ROARK

Good. Who is with her?

MEREDITH

No one, I swear.

Without warning, with breaking his composure at all, Roark strikes her. Hard.

ROARK

I'll assume you misheard me. Who is with her?

MEREDITH

A police officer. Jake Hanlon.
Officer Jake Hanlon.

ROARK

Much better.
(to his men)
He's here, fan out.

Henchmen scatter.

ROARK (CONT'D)

And where is Mrs Sullivan?

This is too much. Meredith can't give up Rebecca.

MEREDITH

I can't.

ROARK

Touching. You can't buy loyalty like that. Rebecca is sure to miss you when you're gone. Now, I'll ask one more time, out of respect for your long service, where is Rebecca Sullivan?

MEREDITH

I won't tell you.

He grabs hold of Meredith.

ROARK

Is that right?

MEREDITH

No...

FX: Roark flings her into nearby furniture with a crash. She screams. (The scream both Rebecca and Jake heard.)

ROARK

(slow, calm)
Such an interesting word... 'no'. I'll grant you I don't hear it very often, but I've often wondered if people really think about what it means. To negate. To deny. Those are attacks, Meredith. You are attacking me.

(MORE)

ROARK (CONT'D)
So, tell me, how am I expected to
respond to such an attack?

Meredith just whimpers.

FX: Roark takes a deliberate step towards her.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Where is she?!

REBECCA
(defiantly)
I'm right here, Jonas.

At the top of the stairs stands Rebecca

ROARK
Rebecca!

MEREDITH
(feebly)
Mrs. Sullivan...!

REBECCA
Come here, Meredith. Get behind me.

Meredith recovers and gets up.

ROARK
(as if all of this is
perfectly ordinary)
Ah, Rebecca. Finally. You need to
come with me at once.

REBECCA
You break into my house. You
assault my staff. And then you have
the temerity to issue orders.

ROARK
This is coming from Max. There's no
time to explain.

REBECCA
Whatever this is... it is NOT
coming from my husband. But if you
know where he is, you will tell me
immediately. And maybe, just maybe,
he won't kill you with his bare
hands when he gets back.

ROARK
I've had enough of this.

Roark calls out to one of his men.

ROARK (CONT'D)
We're leaving. Take her. Don't hurt
her anymore than you have to.

Rebecca brandishes the poker.

REBECCA
Don't even think about it.

HENCHMAN 1
Now Miss, be sensible and put down
the poker...

Rebecca swings, connecting with the man's arm.

HENCHMAN 1 (CONT'D)
Argghh! Bitch!

He recovers, backhanding Rebecca, who crumples to the ground
in pain.

FX: A knife is drawn.

ROARK
What did I just tell you?

HENCHMAN 1
I'm sorry Mr. Roark, let me...

FX: The words are caught in his throat by the blade sliding
through his flesh.

ROARK
(To another man)
You. Take her. Let's go.

A second henchman hoists a semi-conscious Rebecca over his
shoulder.

FX: Across the room, a gun is cocked.

JAKE
I don't think so.

Jake emerges, gun pointed at Roark.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You there, put her down. *(a beat)*
And I'd do it carefully, if I were
you.

FX: The henchman complies.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Meredith? Help Mrs Sullivan.

Meredith hastens to Rebecca's side and gently shakes her.

MEREDITH
Mrs Sullivan. Wake up. Please.

Rebecca comes around.

REBECCA
(groggy)
I'm... I'm all right.

Rebecca gets up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Thank you, Meredith.

Roark turns to face Jake.

ROARK
(unflappable)
Officer Hanlon. How dedicated of you to remain on the case, despite your Detective's unfortunate... accident. Still, I never took you for a stupid man.

JAKE
Smart enough to bring a gun to a knife fight.

ROARK
Yet foolish enough to come alone.

He turns to his men.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Regardless of what happens next, or to me, you are to kill this man and take Mrs. Sullivan to the drop location. Mr Sullivan will send further instructions.

REBECCA
Max? Where is he? Tell me, or I swear to God...

ROARK
Mrs Sullivan, you haven't the slightest concept of what is happening here.

(MORE)

ROARK (CONT'D)
Or you wouldn't be resisting us so foolishly... or keeping such low company.

JAKE
I think she knows exactly...

But he's interrupted as one of the henchmen lunges for Jake, attempting to wrest the gun from his grasp.

FX: There is a scuffle, then a gunshot into the ceiling.

FX: The revolver spins out of their hands and falls to the floor.

FX: Rebecca picks it up. Hands trembling.

REBECCA
Stop!

MEREDITH
Mrs Sullivan!

ROARK
Please don't force me to do anything we'll both regret.

FX: Rebecca cocks the hammer.

REBECCA
Where is my husband?!

ROARK
If you'd had any sense at all, you'd have found out without all of this... distraction. Now, I suppose, we'll have to do it the hard way.

With that, Roark rushes her, but Meredith jumps on his back, screaming.

MEREDITH
Mrs Sullivan, run! Please!

Roark throws Meredith off, and she lands with a thud, unconscious. He goes for Rebecca again.

Rebecca gets off a shot, winging his arm.

He goes down in pain. She drops the gun with a yelp.

ROARK
Arrrghh!

Meanwhile, Jake has also managed to get the upper hand, and punch his man in the face, sending him keeling backward.

He grabs Rebecca.

JAKE
Come on!

REBECCA
Jake, wait...

But he already has her arm and pulls her down one of the hallways.

INT. ANDENER - HALL

Jake and Rebecca run down the hall, angry henchmen in pursuit.

They arrive at an open door.

JAKE
Down here, quick.

FX: Jake slams the door closed. A bar is slid into place.

FX: Footsteps approach the other side, followed by pounding on the door.

REBECCA
Is this your escape plan?

JAKE
No, this is my not getting shot by thugs plan. I'm still working on the escape plan.

FX: Another series of heaves on the door. Someone is really putting their full body weight into it.

But the door holds.

REBECCA
And is being trapped in the basement a KEY part of it?

JAKE
You'd be surprised. Come on.

Jake and Rebecca head down the stairs.

Jake heads straight for the oil lantern. Picks it up.

REBECCA

The pounding... they've stopped.

JAKE

I guarantee you they've haven't.

FX: Suddenly a gun shot rings out up above, behind the door, then a second. Fragments fly as part of the door splinters.

Rebecca gasps.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What did I tell you? Now, please tell me you still have my lighter on you.

REBECCA

Yes, it's right here.

She produces it.

JAKE

Good. This basement, it's near the edge of the house right?

REBECCA

Yes... I think so...

He is moving around, searching.

FX: Smash. The door above splinters a lot more this time. It won't hold much longer.

JAKE

Okay, this wall here. Light the lantern while I move this table.

FX: A table hastily moved.

FX: CLICK, CLICK. A lantern comes to life with a SIZZLE.

Rebecca pockets the lighter. Jake grabs the lantern.

FX: CRASH. The door above gives way.

FX: Movement near the top of the stairs.

Jake turns and raises the lantern.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

All right, boss. Let's see how good a teacher you really were.

Jake begins to chant, a little hesitantly at first, then with slightly more confidence.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (chanting)
 Ākkiramippu mālaiyin kulircciyin
 vārppu. Oliyaik katan vānkunkal...

FX: Men are coming down the stairs.

REBECCA
 Jake. Whatever you're doing, do it quickly.

JAKE
 (trying to remember)
 Oliyaik katan vānkunkal... damn it.
(it comes to him) Oliyaik katan
 vānkunkal tolaitūra vitiyal!

FX: A slight reverberation as the light blazes audibly. Then a loud WHOOSH.

FX: The lightbulb above pops.

Someone up top gives a cry of pain.

FX: Then the sounds of wood catching fire

Jake turns. He sounds a bit weaker.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Get... get behind me.

Jake once again raises the lantern, chanting louder than before.

FX: Another reverberation then another WOOSH.

FX: This time the whole back walls comes down with a loud CRASH.

Between the dust and billowing smoke Jake and Rebecca begin to cough.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (weak, choking on smoke)
 Out that way... don't stop...

They make a dash for it through the flames, out the gaping hole in the wall, and into the cool breeze of the outside.

FX: Behind them the flames are already roaring. Along with cries of dismay/pain from Roark's henchmen. That quickly turn to screams as they burn.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDENER

Jake and Rebecca run back toward their car, half running, half coughing.

Rebecca turns to see her home quickly becoming engulfed in flames.

REBECCA

Jake... Meredith... she's still in there.

She runs back toward the house, calling for her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Meredith! Meredith!

But the flames are too much. She can't get close. Jake drags her towards the car.

JAKE

It's too late, Rebecca. I'm sorry.

REBECCA

(broken)

She... to save me...

JAKE

(from the car, still weak)

Then let her save you.

Rebecca chokes back a sob, then turns and gets back into the passenger side as Jake starts the engine.

FX: The car roars off.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake is driving but seems to struggle to focus. He switches on the radio to try and wake himself up.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

In a statement this afternoon, Russia's Ambassador made what has been widely interpreted as a thinly veiled reference to the UK Prime Minister, speaking of a 'modern Napoleon with aspirations beyond his island prison' and cautioned against US intervention...

Jake switches the radio back off.

JAKE

(weary, a little woozy)
I think we've got enough of own problems right now. (a beat) Some nice people your husband has working for him.

REBECCA

(bitterly)
Roark isn't people.

JAKE

(coughing)
I can't disagree. Did... did you manage to find anything?

REBECCA

Yes. I think Max is in England.

JAKE

(coughing)
England?

A beat?

REBECCA

Jake... Back there. With the lantern... how on earth did you do that?

But Jake doesn't seem to hear her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Jake?

Jake's unconscious body slumps to one side.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

JAKE!!!

The car starts to swerve.

Rebecca grabs the wheel and tries her best to steer from the passenger seat.

FX: The car is out of control, careening along the road.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Jake... I can't... Jake, wake up.
Ja...

FX: The car skids into a ditch with a crash.

FX: The car horn is blaring, as if someone's head is resting on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOMEWHERE - SOMEWHEN

FX: That rhythmic typing again...

REBECCA (V.O.)
I think it was Robert Frost who
said... Home is the place where,
when you have to go there, they
have to take you in. He didn't say
anything about what to do if home
won't let you go.

There is a loud DING from the typewriter.

And silence.