

**SV - Episode 14.**

**PAYPHONE, EXT, NIGHT**

*We can hear police sirens, faintly, in the distance, passing by, growing louder and then quieter, throughout the scene that follows. (Note: can we make them non-US sirens, please, Sammy? Perhaps older sirens? Anything that sounds recognisable but not **overly** familiar.)*

*The sound of a coin being slotted into a payphone.*

*FAULKNER is dialling.*

*We hear the phone ring for a moment - and then MASON picks up.*

*FAULKNER is devastated. Exhausted.*

*But he's still doing his duty.*

FAULKNER:  
Uncle. It's me.

MASON:  
*(With slight surprise and annoyance that their usual procedure has been broken)*  
You're late. Let me call you back-

FAULKNER:  
*(Desperately)*  
Wait! Wait, I'm on a payphone.

I don't know how much time I have.  
*(Trying desperately to convey everything that's happened)*  
Uncle, we found it.

The mark of the Wither Tide. The river's rise.

But they arrested Carpenter. They took her, I don't know where-

MASON:  
*(Firmly)*  
Stop talking.

Wait one second. I need some privacy.

*The faint sound of a door closing.*

MASON:  
Go on.

FAULKNER:  
We found a town to the north. An abandoned place.

We, um-

MASON:  
*(Cutting in)*  
The circumstances don't matter. Describe the Mark to me. Quickly.

FAULKNER:  
*(Pleading)*  
Uncle, I don't know how long I have.

Can you tell me where I need to go next? Please?

MASON:  
You don't need to worry - everything will be taken care of.

Describe the Mark to me, son.

*FAULKNER takes a breath.*

*He's lying when he next speaks - but we shouldn't necessarily guess that yet.*

FAULKNER:  
You begin with the Fourteenth Canticle. At the eighth turn, stop.

Three parallel lines over the uppermost curlicue.

Then you make the Sodden Rows, to the right.

Five symbols beneath it all, in the oldest script.

Body. Death. Water. Life. Earth.

That's it.

MASON:  
That's it? That's everything?

You're absolutely certain?

FAULKNER:  
Yes.

But Uncle, the police-

MASON:

Tell me about the police.

FAULKNER:

They're everywhere on the roads. I keep hearing the sirens.

I'm not going to get far on foot, Uncle. Please. I need your help.

MASON:

What are your resources? Are you armed?

FAULKNER:

I've got Carpenter's revolver. But there's only a few bullets left, I think-

*MASON thinks for a long moment.*

MASON:

*(Calmly)*

It would be a great help if you could take some of them with you.

But if that isn't possible, I understand.

Goodbye, Faulkner.

FAULKNER:

*(Baffled)*

What do you mean-

*The phone clicks.*

FAULKNER:

*(Desperately)*

Mason? Mason?!

*MASON has hung up.*

*FAULKNER gazes at the phone in outrage and disbelief.*

FAULKNER:

*(As it sinks in)*

No...no, no, no...

You old bastard, you coward, you...**fuck!**

*(Yelling with fury)*

This isn't how it ends for me!

This isn't how it ends for me, Mason! You're going to see that!

Everyone is going to see that!

*His voice echoes hollowly as he yells his way to a halt.*

*Silence.*

*After a moment, he replaces the receiver.*

*FAULKNER stands there, alone in the phone booth, thinking. We can hear the sirens, in the distance.*

*Then, with a sigh, he inserts a second coin - his final coin - and tries something else.*

*He dials a different number.*

*Someone picks up, calmly.*

*It's FAULKNER's older brother EDDIE.*

EDDIE:  
Glottage 441.

FAULKNER:  
(Reluctantly)  
Hey, big brother.

*We hear EDDIE's intake of breath.*

*He's shocked - but relieved and delighted - to hear from FAULKNER.*

EDDIE:  
It's **you**.

FAULKNER:  
Had this number for a while, just wasn't sure of the right time to call.

EDDIE:  
(Gently)  
Any time would have been the right time.

*FAULKNER's voice cracks a little. He doesn't know what to do with this kindness.*

FAULKNER:  
Things have sort of...veered off-course for me, Eddie. Thought I'd better check in.

EDDIE:  
Well, of course. What's going on with you, Rich?

*FAULKNER doesn't reply.*

EDDIE:  
Can you hear me?  
*(Growing worried)*  
Do you need any help?

Richard?

*FAULKNER'S voice is filled with emotion when he next speaks. He struggles to get the words out.*

FAULKNER:  
I'm here, Eddie.

EDDIE:  
Well, good.

FAULKNER:  
I wasn't expecting you to be so kind to me.

EDDIE:  
What are you talking about? You're my little brother. Why wouldn't I want to help?

FAULKNER:  
You left. After Charlie died, you left us in that house. I thought it was because I-  
*(Not saying what he wants to say)*  
-I thought I must have done something to make you leave.

EDDIE:  
*(With great compassion)*  
Little brother, is that what's been eating at you all of this time?

You were thirteen years old. You weren't to blame.

What happened to Charlie wasn't your fault, and I didn't leave because he died.

I left that house because I thought I could do better. Because I was a selfish kid, and I didn't see why I should be stuck with you and Dad.

And I'm sorry as hell about it.

FAULKNER:

I don't really know if I deserve your kindness, Eddie.

EDDIE:

*(Simply)*

I don't need you to.

*The silence hangs between them. FAULKNER is lost in thought.*

EDDIE:

*(Gently)*

Rich.

FAULKNER:

Hm?

EDDIE:

Tell me where you are. I can drive out, come pick you up.

*But FAULKNER has changed his mind. His resolve has strengthened.*

FAULKNER:

I was overreacting just now, Eddie.

I'm doing all right. I was just having a low moment.

But it helped to hear from you.

EDDIE:

Well, I'm glad to hear it.

FAULKNER:

I've got so much ahead of me, Eddie.

I'm going to do great things.

EDDIE:

I'd never doubt it, little brother.

*(Having a thought)*

Hey - do you want to speak to Dad?

FAULKNER:

*(Faltering)*

Dad's with you?

EDDIE:

Sure, he's been living with me for a while now. We got a call a couple of years back, from this village on the coast. Someone found him breaking into their garden.

He was out there pruning the flowerbeds, if you can believe it.

He doesn't talk much any more. Never could even tell us where you'd gone.

Hang on, let me go fetch him for you.

I know he'll want to hear your voice.

*(Calling)*

Dad! Dad!

*(To FAULKNER)*

Just give me a second, OK, little brother?

*His voice grows more muffled as he wanders off in search of FAULKNER's father.*

EDDIE:

*(In the background)*

Dad!

Dad, where you at?

*He goes.*

*FAULKNER stands there for a long moment, listening to the silence on the other end of the line.*

*Then he hangs up the phone, and steps out of the booth.*

*We can hear the distant roar of a great truck engine.*

FAULKNER:

*(Narrating)*

I step out into the road - and turn.

Something is roaring through the darkness towards me, great and fast and relentless.

*(Bitterly)*

'It'd be helpful if I can take at least one of them with me.'

The revolver feels heavy in my hand. I raise it, trying to squint past the blazing glare of the twin headlights.

It's not a police cruiser, I realise. It's a freight truck.

It keeps coming at me. Larger and larger.

And then, quite suddenly, the truck swerves.

And it slows as it swerves, careening off the tarmac and into the long grass, knocking through the wire fence and into the fields beyond, slower and slower...

...until finally it trundles to a halt, in the darkness far beyond.

I drop the revolver, and run down after it into the field, dashing through the dry earth.

As I get closer, I can just make out its driver, visible in the headlights' glow. He's slumped over the wheel in the cab, dead or sleeping.

And...I can hear the radio, still chattering faintly from within.

*We hear FAULKNER's feet, tramping hurriedly across the earth.*

*And growing louder, we can hear SID WRIGHT, delivering the same broadcast that we heard at the end of Episode 13.*

SID WRIGHT:

*(On the radio, cutting in and out)*

-because in the soft and silent space between death and dreaming, I have glimpsed a better gospel, and I have witnessed the birth of a superior god.

And in a thousand tongues I whisper its glad hosanna-

-whisper its glad hosanna-

*Then the radio cuts out.*

*We can faintly hear the sound of the trucker snoring, at the wheel, fast asleep.*

FAULKNER:

*(Completely baffled)*

What the hell?

## **BATHROOM, INT, NIGHT**

*HAYWARD is talking to himself in front of the mirror.*

HAYWARD:

*(Narrating)*

This is how it ends.

We've caught one of them. Perhaps, if she's willing to talk, we'll catch even more.

And Dagglar...it was not my fault, what happened to him.

He was a good partner. A decent man. He deserves one hell of a funeral.

*(As if accepting an invitation)*

Yes. Yes, of course I'd be honoured to lay the wreath.

One final performance, and the case closes. Another victory.

The people above will tell me how well I've done.

I'll tell everyone - friends, colleagues, the people below - how well I've done, with a renewed sense of confidence and just the right amount of modesty.

And slowly, indefinably, the contours of my life will begin to change for the better.

A new coffee-maker. Invitations to dinner.

Maybe they'll give me time off.

You've got this, Hayward.

*(Fervently, to himself)*

You've got this, partner.

Almost at the finish line.

*He stares at himself in the mirror.*

HAYWARD:

*(As if delivering a motivational speech to himself)*

These are the Silt Verses.

And these are our disciples, in order of their arrival.

B. Narr.

David S. Dear.

Jimmie Yamaguchi.

Méabh de Brún.

And Lucille Valentine.

Written by Jon Ware and produced by Muna Hussen. Audio production by Sammy Holden.

*He takes one final, long breath.*

HAYWARD:  
All right. Let's get to it.

## **INTERROGATION ROOM, INT, NIGHT**

*A heavy door swings open.*

*CARPENTER is seated at a small table in the interrogation room. She's terse, cool - but quietly shaken, with no idea where to go next.*

*HAYWARD takes his seat opposite her.*

*He's calm, and jovial - but it's a performance that begins to crack over time as they speak.*

HAYWARD:  
I got you a cappuccino.

I had one myself earlier. It's terrible. They don't know how to make it.

CARPENTER:  
Thanks.

HAYWARD:  
How's the leg?

CARPENTER:  
Hurts.  
*(Firing back)*  
How's the marriage?

*HAYWARD ignores the question.*

HAYWARD:  
I've been thinking about something that makes me laugh.

I really didn't know what to make of you, when we met back in Marcel's Crossing.

And some of the boys on the night shift were congratulating me just now on making your arrest, and...

...the honest truth is that none of them seem to know what to make of you, even now that we can see what you really are.

You're like a throwback.

As a matter of fact, Dagglar and I, we were been talking to the local police around here for a good few days now, while we were investigating your various, heinous crimes.

And the older ones - yeah, they remember the Parish of Tide and Flesh, the folks who used to worship the mad god that lived in the river.

And some of them will even stop and take a piss into the White Gull river when they're on patrol, just to make the point, but it's mostly just ritual by now.

And when you talk to the young police - they don't even remember you at all.

Give it another generation and they'll be pleasure-boating here.

*He's trying to taunt her. CARPENTER remains calm.*

CARPENTER:  
The river won't mind.

Those pleasure-boats tend to tip.

HAYWARD:  
What's in it for you? That's what I don't understand.

Who could look at a god like that and think, 'yes, that's something for me? That's what I want to give myself to. When there's so much else to choose from.'

*CARPENTER does not respond.*

HAYWARD:  
(*Business-like*)  
Anyway.

As a sworn officer of the Cloak, it's my duty to inform you that you are being charged with...

*A flick of paper being turned.*

Religious homicide, first class, and unlawful transfiguration on five counts, to wit, the matter of the fishing boat.

Religious homicide, first class, and unlawful transfiguration on a single separate count, to wit, the hotelier.

Religious homicide, first class, exact numbers as yet uncalculated, and religious terrorism, property damage as yet uncalculated, and if we can make it stick, perhaps a graffiti charge for your mess upriver in the town of Bellwethers.

Religious homicide, first class, violence against a police officer, and blasphemy against the Cloak. That's for Daggler.

If you're willing to share your real name, it'll be entered into the record. If not, you'll go down as Sandra.

Either way, you'll be going down.

CARPENTER:

Somehow I had it in my mind that you were going to burst in with a file and tell me you know all about who I really am.

HAYWARD:

Not to be harsh, but I don't think anyone cares who you really are at this point.

*That stings at her.*

CARPENTER:

None of you ever did.

HAYWARD:

*(As if taking notes)*

Is that why you chose to embark upon your rampage against a defenceless local population?

The fishing boat, the town?

CARPENTER:

I didn't.

I wasn't responsible for any of that.

HAYWARD:

Then who was?

CARPENTER:

The fishing boat and the town - that was the work of a man called Roake.

*(Trying to think her way out of this)*

I can take you to his bungalow, if you like. We can listen to his confession.

We can go right now.

HAYWARD:

No, thank you.

*(Pressing her calmly)*

So your co-conspirator Roake, you and he...

CARPENTER:

No, I never met Roake.

HAYWARD:

What about the hotelier? E. Stanton, of the Dozy Pilgrim Wayside Motel, at Marcel's Crossing?

What happened to him?

*CARPENTER takes a breath.*

CARPENTER:

Well, he was alive when I last saw him.

HAYWARD:

I never met a fanatic who wasn't proud to admit what they'd done. I'm surprised at you.

CARPENTER:

You saw the police tape at Bellwethers, didn't you? You and your delightful partner.

So you know that your people already found the town.

They found it, and then they abandoned it, because if you bastards can't control something and you can't destroy something you don't know what to do with your hands.

And you must also know that we've been heading north these past few weeks.

**Towards** the town, not away from it.

HAYWARD:

Maybe you circled back.

CARPENTER:  
Don't you care?

HAYWARD:  
Don't you?

People have died - violently and absurdly - in service of the thing you profess to love.

Will you not take responsibility for that?

*Silence between them.*

CARPENTER:  
My grandmother told me once about something that your policemen would do to us, if we were ever caught.

Your adjudicators wanted you to extract confessions from your suspects, and you were too stupid and clumsy to achieve anything by yourselves, so you'd hit upon the idea of using a god as your tool. Maybe some kind of God of Truth that you could pray to, to help get answers out of the people you'd caught.

But there's no such thing as a God of Truth because, well, how would that even work?

So you found a God of Openings, and you prayed to him instead.

HAYWARD:  
*(A little ashamed)*  
The Cleft Beneath All Things. Yes, I've heard this.

CARPENTER:  
You drew the right marks. You whispered the right words. And you told your prisoners to open up - admit what they'd done. Before it was too late.

And if they didn't talk, they opened up. Some part of them, small at first.

Skin and flesh flowering off the fingerbone. An eyeball blossoming into a different shape.

And if they didn't talk, it got worse.

Their ribs splitting and stretching, up and out.

Every part of them becoming an opening.

And even if they never spoke a word, it was still a victory, because you could take what remained of them, hallowed and eternal, and share the photographs with the newspapers for front-page circulation - as a reminder of the dreadful harm that obstinacy can cause.

HAYWARD:

You'll be pleased to hear they don't do that any more.

CARPENTER:

But they did it.

HAYWARD:

Like I said - we've moved on.

*They glare at each other for a long moment.*

HAYWARD:

Sometimes people say that we don't have any real choice in our lives.

And me, I don't think that's true - I think that's too cynical.

We do have a choice, but it's just the one, no matter what we find ourselves up against.

Resist or comply.

There's no third option.

So you and I, we can light a candle before the shrine of the Lady Covenant, right here and now. We can make our bargain, freely and happily, no coercion involved - which will involve you giving us the names and locations of your co-conspirators.

And we do take care of the people who comply.

We can put you on a work programme.

We'll assign you a new god - one of the marginal deities that's in need of more followers, some minor sacred hedge or mound or an intensely dull fringe concept that hasn't yet had a chance to truly blossom - and we'll give you somewhere to live, away from it all.

Alternatively, we can go to trial. You'll be sentenced.

And we can go to auction and see which lawful god wants you as its sacrifice.

*(Prompting her)*

**Sandra.**

*A long silence between them.*

CARPENTER:

*(Annoyed)*

My name is Carpenter.

HAYWARD:

That was easy.

CARPENTER:

*(More annoyed)*

It's my name. I want you to have to use it.

You haven't gained anything.

HAYWARD:

*(A little smugly)*

The trickle bears the torrent.

*They continue to stare at each other.*

HAYWARD:

You asked me how my marriage was, before.

Still intact. For now. I make a lot of desperate promises, down the phone. I get a lot of pitying silences, on the other end of the line.

We keep up the dance between us, locked in orbit.

*'I make mistakes,' I told her the other night. 'I know I make mistakes, but I'm trying. I'm a good man at heart. You surely have to acknowledge that.'*

And my wife just replied,

*'No, Hayward. No, quite honestly, you aren't all that good in your actions or in your thoughts, although I understand how important it is to you that you believe it.'*

*'It's more like...there's a good man somewhere out in front of you, Hayward.'*

*'But he's a long way out, and running fast, and he's getting smaller all the time.'*

That wounded me.

It's a hateful thing, isn't it, when it turns out someone really knows you like that? When all of your comfort is stripped from you, and there's nowhere else to turn?

I had to dissemble, of course. I played dumb. Made a couple of sarcastic retorts. Pretended she was seeing things that weren't really there.

But when I hung up, that question clung to me. Wouldn't let me go.

Who's running out in front of you, Carpenter?

And is she getting any closer?

*Silence.*

*CARPENTER is getting worn down.*

CARPENTER:  
My cappuccino's getting cold.

*HAYWARD presses the tannoy.*

HAYWARD:  
(*Speaking into the tannoy*)  
Can we get another cup of coffee in here, please?

*Silence. Nobody responds.*

*After a moment, HAYWARD tries again.*

HAYWARD:  
(*Speaking into the tannoy*)  
Hello, hello? Coffee in the interrogation room?

*No response.*

*He sighs with annoyance.*

HAYWARD:  
(*To CARPENTER*)  
I'll be right back.

Think about what I said.

*His chair scrapes back.*

**POLICE STATION, EXT, DAY**

*The radio is crackling.*

POLICE OFFICER:  
*(On the radio, panicked)*  
Is anyone out there? Can anyone hear me?

The target has found a police broadcasting channel.

I repeat. The target has found a police broadcasting-

*He gurgles in agony and collapses as SID finds him.*

*As before, SID's voice is no longer human. Rapturous. Soothing. He's broadcasting to the world.*

SID WRIGHT:  
*Your work is done.*

*Sleep.*

*We hear the sudden sound of yelling, of machine-gun fire.*

*The radio hisses, and then cuts out.*

*The snoring continues.*

*And a moment later, a door creaks open as HAYWARD enters the room.*

HAYWARD:  
What in the world-

Is this really how you do things, out in the sticks?

What is this, nap time?

*He draws close to one of the sleeping officers.*

HAYWARD:  
Hey. Wake up.

Wake up.  
*(Growing angry)*  
Wake up, damn it! All of you! Wake up!

Is **anyone** awake in here?  
(*With increasing panic*)  
Anyone?

## INTERROGATION ROOM, INT, NIGHT

*HAYWARD bursts back through the door.*

*CARPENTER has not moved.*

HAYWARD:  
(*Accusatory*)  
What did you do?

CARPENTER:  
I beg your pardon?

HAYWARD:  
(*Maddened*)  
They're asleep. Everyone's **sleeping**.

Is this your doing? One of your...your Trawler-man's tricks?

CARPENTER:  
I don't know what you're talking about.

*HAYWARD slams the door behind him. And locks it.*

CARPENTER:  
Hey!

Hayward, what's going on?

*We hear HAYWARD snatch at a radio from the wall.*

*Every channel is static.*

HAYWARD:  
(*Into the tannoy*)  
This is Investigating Officer Hayward.

Felix?

Felix, are you there?  
(*Panicking a little*)  
Is **anyone** there?

*Suddenly, a crackle.*

*And then we hear the voice of PAGE. She's doing an impressive imitation of a police officer.*

PAIGE:  
(*On the radio*)  
Come in, Investigating Officer Hayward.

HAYWARD:  
Who is this?

PAIGE:  
(*Bluffing impressively*)  
Squad car 6-1-9. Just coming in off patrol. What can I help with?

HAYWARD:  
Something's happening down at the station.

I think we're under attack.

PAIGE:  
It's happening all over the territory.

One of the radio stations has gone haywire - seems like a god got loose.

Orders are to stay put, switch off any electronics, and wait for further instructions.

HAYWARD:  
(*Deeply concerned*)  
No. No, no, I've got a prisoner here. We're defenceless. I can't wait around.

We need transportation someplace safe.

Please. Can you help me?

*A short silence. PAIGE is pretending to consider.*

PAIGE:  
All right. Can you confirm your location?

HAYWARD:  
Yes, it's - um, the station on Misbegotten Way. I don't know the exact address.

On the main road. Just before the turning to Marcel's Crossing.

PAIGE:

Yes, I know it. Hang tight, Officer. We're on our way to pick you up.

Meet us at the station entrance as soon as you're ready.

HAYWARD:

*(With relief)*

All right. Thank you.

*A click as he replaces the receiver.*

HAYWARD:

*(Reassuring himself)*

Nothing to worry about. Someone's coming to get us.

CARPENTER:

*(Mocking)*

Don't you want to reconsider, Hayward?

Now that you've had a taste of our true power.

HAYWARD:

Stop talking.

CARPENTER:

I thought your job was to make me talk.

Come on, now, it's not too late. Bring me a basin and we can baptise you, bring you into the fold.

The Trawler-man is welcoming. We won't even put you on a work programme.

*Then he fiddles with CARPENTER's cuffs to get her up.*

HAYWARD:

On your feet.

We're getting out of here.

## **STATION DOORS, EXT, NIGHT**

*The faint chirrup of things in the reeds.*

*The doors bang open as CARPENTER and HAYWARD leave the station.*

*We can hear faint and distant sirens.*

*HAYWARD is utterly furious. He's starting to lose the thread a little.*

HAYWARD:  
(Raging)  
Just listen to that.

You know what?

Back in Glottage, we don't have to put up with this shit.

Day after day, the vast majority of people go to work. They say their prayers. They get through the day intact.

Reality stays within the usual permitted confines.

(Increasingly furious)

And out here in the countryside...towns flood. And dirt-patches eat you. And people turn into **fucking shrimp**.

(To the open air)

Keep your gods on a leash.

It shouldn't be this hard.

Should it?

*CARPENTER is attempting to sidle to one side as he rants.*

HAYWARD:  
(Warning her)  
Don't!

Don't stray too far, Carpenter. You're not going anywhere.

Ride's coming to get us out of here. Everything's taken care of.

(With relief)

Ah. Here we go.

*And we can hear a siren - approaching fast.*

HAYWARD:  
First thing in the morning, I'm driving you back to the city. And the jurisdictional stuff, we can figure that out later.

This madness has an end to it.

*The sound of a police cruiser slowing to a halt in front of the station, crawling through the gravel.*

*HAYWARD steps forward to greet it.*

HAYWARD:  
*(Calling out to the driver)*  
Thank you for coming!

We need to get somewhere secure.

This one's dangerous. Put her in the back, and be careful.

*The occupant does not seem to answer him.*

Hey, I said-

*The car door opens.*

*And we hear the familiar sound of a shotgun being pumped.*

*It is, of course, PAIGE.*

PAIGE:  
Oh, she can come. But you...you're staying right here.

HAYWARD:  
Now who are you?

PAIGE:  
I'm her ride.

CARPENTER:  
*(With relief)*  
Good to see you, Sister.

PAIGE:  
*(To HAYWARD, forcefully)*  
Lie down on the floor and put your hands behind your head.  
*(To CARPENTER, as an aside)*  
Is that right - 'hands behind your head' or 'hands over your head'?

CARPENTER:  
Behind his head is fine.

PAIGE:  
*(To HAYWARD, as forcefully as before)*  
Put your hands behind your head-

CARPENTER:

**-after** he's uncuffed me.

PAIGE:

*(Smoothly adapting)*

**-after** you've uncuffed my friend there.

*The click of handcuffs unclasping.*

PAIGE:

Now. Cuff yourself to the station doors behind you.

*HAYWARD makes an irritated noise.*

*The click of handcuffs clasping again.*

PAIGE:

*(To CARPENTER)*

You OK to walk?

CARPENTER:

OK to limp.

Open the car door for me and I can topple in.

*The door opens and CARPENTER...topples in.*

CARPENTER:

All right.

Let's get out of here.

*HAYWARD calls after them.*

*He's furious.*

HAYWARD:

Carpenter.

There are gods that feed on broken, whimpering things.

Gods of sobbing fugitives and limping prey-animals, those trembling creatures for whom life is flight and fear and nothing else, cowering in ditches, waiting for the axe to fall and beseeching some power, any power, to give them a moment's grace before it does.

Find one of these gods and make it yours. Learn its language.

Pray to it night and day.

Hope for its grace.

*(His voice breaking with rage)*

Because if that god won't answer you, there is nothing else in this world that could stop me from hunting you down.

*CARPENTER meets his gaze calmly.*

CARPENTER:

If we **do** meet again, Hayward...I hope you talk less.

*The car doors slam as CARPENTER and PAIGE get in.*

*The gravel rattles as they turn the car away and leave.*

*HAYWARD is left behind, handcuffed to the station doors.*

HAYWARD:

Hey! Hey!

Shit!

*(Yelling towards the door)*

Wake up, you idiots!

*(More desperately)*

**Please** wake up!

*Nobody does.*

*It's not clear if they'll ever wake.*

## **CAR, INT, NIGHT**

*We hear the car roaring down the road.*

*PAIGE is driving.*

*CARPENTER is sitting alongside her in silence.*

*And then...PAIGE's enthusiasm and adrenaline bubbles over. She's halfway between panic and delight.*

PAIGE:

*(Nervously monologuing)*

So, uh...did I just commit a crime?

I don't - I've never done anything like this before.

I've never even breached a work contract, and then I just...I just go and hold a cop at gunpoint.

And what kind of crime even was that, anyway?

Because I didn't hurt anybody, right? And I didn't steal anything.

I feel like I ought to know what I just did that was so terrible, back there.

Somebody ought to tell you.

CARPENTER:

I'm sure they'll think of something.

*(After a beat; heartfelt)*

Thank you, Paige.

PAIGE:

*(Nervously)*

First-time offence, though, right?

...and you're welcome.

*Silence between them as they drive.*

CARPENTER:

Where'd you even get the police cruiser?

PAIGE:

Driver was sleeping by the roadside. Radio got to him too.

I just rolled him out and left him there.

There's about a dozen joy-riders out there on the roads right now in police cars. Sirens going off like crazy.

What happened to Faulkner?

CARPENTER:

I don't know. I don't think they've caught him yet.

Paige, I...think he might be about to do something terrible.

PAIGE:

OK.

So how do we find him?

*CARPENTER thinks for a moment.*

CARPENTER:  
West.

You need to drive west.

One way or another, he'll find his way back to the river.

*We hear the car roaring away.*