



EPISODE #1.1

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TEASER

EXT. NARROWCHAPEL. ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A series of shots. Might as well be stills. Such is the dead of night in this sleepy town, buried in a dangerously clandestine corner of the United Kingdom.

A broken down motor home. A dubious real estate office. A tawdry inn. A shady corner market. A suspicious looking street.

A craggy bluff overlooking the sea. Open water stretching into the terrifying abyss of the Atlantic, lit only by the waning moon.

JOHN MORTIMER, 40, inconspicuous apart from his waking state at this hour of the night - and the BLOOD TRICKLING DOWN HIS FOREHEAD - stumbles to the edge of the cliff and gazes at the sand 100 meters below.

A FLICKER OF LIGHT farther up the ridge catches his eye. He squints to see--

A CANDLE, perched in a window, high up in the steeple, of a decidedly...

...NARROW CHAPEL.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 1. 0800**

A stone fortress guarding the Atlantic. The icy water of the bay nips at its rear entrance. Officers hither and fro.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Early morning bustle, phones ring, keyboards clack. Enter DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR TERRI MALONE, 40, the most exemplary DCI this town has ever seen. An officer spots her and starts a round of applause.

MALONE

Yes. Alright. Thank you, everyone.
Good to be back.

She strides confidently to her desk. SERGEANT NANCE, 30, a true brown nosing upstart, eagerly approaches.

SERGEANT NANCE

DCI Malone, Sergeant Nance. Can I ask - How'd you know that girl would be hidden inside the wall?

MALONE

They're always in the wall,
Sergeant.

Malone winks at the marveling Sergeant.

EDWARDS (O.C.)

Malone--

She turns to see CHIEF CONSTABLE DEREK EDWARDS, 50s, stern but in a fatherly way. He signals Malone into his office.

INT. POLICE STATION. EDWARDS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Malone closes the door behind her.

EDWARDS

I trust you had a nice leave.

MALONE

I did, Chief.

EDWARDS

In my day we didn't get a vacation every time some kid turned up missing.

MALONE

With all due respect, sir, you didn't have as many streaming services.

EDWARDS

Point well taken.

(switching gears)

Listen, things have been quiet in Narrowchapel since you took down Baines. A little too qui--

SOUND OF A PROP PLANE BUZZING THE STATION

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Ah! Speak of the devil.

MALONE

What the hell was that?

EDWARDS

That is your new partner.

MALONE

I had a partner.

EDWARDS

Jack's gone, Terri. Baines killed him.

MALONE

Then how come I can still see him?

JACK GREALISH, 40, her handsome and fun loving deceased partner, appears beside her. She looks at him longingly.

MALONE (CONT'D)

Still laugh with him? Still make lov--

Edwards can't see Jack, but watches her lean in for a kiss. Jack waves her advance off. She winks at Jack and he buries his face in his hands.

EDWARDS

What was that?

MALONE

What was what?

EDWARDS

That kissy face thing.

MALONE

I've no idea what you're talking about.

(then)

Truth be told, Chief, I have a rather frustrating tendency to lose track of long, massively consequential segments of time. Doctor calls them "brown-outs."

EDWARDS

Yes, well, we've all got our demons. Makes things a bit more compelling, I suppose.

(gestures)

Ah, here he is.

Edwards waves in DETECTIVE CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT ALISTAIR CRAIG, 40s, darkly handsome with the confidence of a man who always gets what he wants. He enters.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

DCI Terri Malone, meet Detective Chief Superintendent Alistair Craig.

CRAIG

(thick Scottish brogue)

Pleasure to meet you, Malone. Looking forward to working together.

MALONE

(re: thick accent)

What?

EDWARDS

He'll be taking over--

MALONE

(realizing)

Wait, DCS? You said *partner*.

EDWARDS

To soften the blow. But as you can see he is, in point of fact, a *man*.

CRAIG

And *white*.

Craig sits beside Malone, directly in Jack's lap.

EDWARDS

(re: thick accent)

What? Sorry, yes, a *white man*. We try not to dwell too much on color here in Narrowchapel, but it *is* a useful tool, isn't it?

(moving on)

London sent him. He's the finest investigator in the Commonwealth.

CRAIG

Are you familiar with Sherlock?

MALONE

Of course I'm familiar.

CRAIG

Do you know if they're coming back for another series?

MALONE

(to Edwards)

This is insulting.

CRAIG

Or a Christmas special...

MALONE

If he's so great then why the bloody hell'd they send him to Narrowchapel?

Sergeant Nance bursts into the office.

SERGEANT NANCE

They found a body on the beach. They think it's John Mortimer.

EDWARDS

Ah! Right on cue.

EXT. BEACH - DAY 1. 0915

Malone pulls up in her state-issue vehicle. SYLVIA COOPER, 30s, a straight-laced crime scene investigator, meets her.

MALONE

Sylvia. Tell me it's not Baines.

SYLVIA

Baines is dead, Terri! You beat him mercilessly in the interrogation room, threw him down an elevator shaft, then shot him 12 times. That was like, two weeks ago, exactly.

MALONE

Sometimes they leave you one more to solve after they're gone.

SYLVIA

'Fraid not.

MALONE

What do we have then?

Sylvia escorts Malone down the beach - now a crime scene. Police tape holds the locals at bay. The only fun being had on this beach now belongs to the forensic analysts collecting evidence around the body.

SYLVIA

John Mortimer. 40. Inconspicuous apart from his waking state at that hour last night - and the blood that was trickling down his forehead.

MALONE

That's a solid character intro.

SYLVIA

Yup.

MALONE

Jumper?

SYLVIA

Hard to say. It's certainly not woven. Looks like more of a--

MALONE

Sweatshirt?

SYLVIA

(nods)

Semantics, maybe, but every detail counts in these suicide cases.

Malone considers.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Not to pry, Terri, but I wasn't
expecting you to arrive solo.

MALONE
Word travels fast.

SYLVIA
Speaking of fast--

PROP PLANE BUZZES overhead, lands on the water and runs ashore. Craig gets out and sits on the float. He unlaces his shoes and removes them. He carefully places them to the side. He pulls his socks off, folds each one and tucks them into the corresponding shoe. He carefully rolls up his pant legs.

They wait.

He gingerly steps into the water holding his shoes high above his head, and makes his way toward -

CRAIG
Malone. Sylvia.
(re: shoes)
Suede.

They nod.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
My shoes, I mean. They're suede.

MALONE
You two know each other?

CRAIG
So they can't get wet.
(point made)
I got in last night.

He waits for a follow up question. Sylvia avoids eye contact.

CRAIG (CONT'D) MALONE
Don't you want to know-- I get it.

CRAIG SYLVIA
Sylvia and I-- She gets it.

He winks at Sylvia and walks toward the body as they follow.

MALONE
That's an expensive hobby.

CRAIG

My craft kombucha lab is a hobby,
Malone. Flying's a passion. And a
practical means of transportation
in a waterlogged coastal town.

They stop at the body and survey the crime scene.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

What do we know so far?

SYLVIA

John Mortimer. Caretaker of the
Narrow Chapel at the top of the
bluff.

CRAIG

Is that a jumper?

Malone and Sylvia share a look.

SYLVIA

Inconclusive.

The scene bothers Craig. He looks up and down the beach.

CRAIG

Any other bodies? Children? Any
savagely murdered women?

SYLVIA

No, sir.

CRAIG

What about sexual motivation? Was
he molested at least?

SYLVIA

I don't think so, sir. Why, do you
think we're going to find more?

CRAIG

(disappointed)
Apparently not.

He looks down at the white male suicide corpse.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

He's just a tough sell.

Craig looks up at the chapel on the bluff.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Are you into real estate, Malone?

MALONE

Into?

CRAIG

As an asset, a value proposition that you can't actually afford but openly discuss to sound more sophisticated.

MALONE

I'm not sure I follow, sir.

CRAIG

That chapel sits on quite a piece of land--

JANET (O.C.)

Johnny!

They spin to see JANET MORTIMER, 30s, an average wife, sprinting down the beach at them.

JANET (CONT'D)

No! Noooo!

CRAIG

Shit. I said *nobody* past the line!

MALONE

That's his wife, Janet--

CRAIG

Mortimer?

SYLVIA

How'd you know that?

CRAIG

I'm a *detective*.

Malone intercepts Janet and wraps her up.

JANET

Please! Not Johnny! Why God?!

MALONE

Shhhhhhhhh Janet. It's okay. It's going to be okay.

Janet pulls away and stares into Malone's eyes through tears.

JANET

You find whoever did this to him.

Malone pulls her in close. She locks eyes with Craig.

CRAIG

It's a teardown, but the land alone
must be worth a fortune.

They turn their gazes upon the Narrow Chapel of Narrowchapel.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 1. 1200

The officers gather around DCS Craig.

CRAIG
Alright, people, listen up.

The officers look around at each other.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
This is what we've got so far.

A hushed murmur ripples through the collected staff.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
At approximately 0300 hours this morning, John Mortimer took a swan dive off the Narrowchapel bluff--

Confusion.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Enough!
(waits for silence)
Let's address the elephant in the room, shall we? I'm sure you've all heard rumors as to my transfer, but they are just that - rumors.

Malone steps beside him.

MALONE
(whispers)
DCS--

CRAIG
No, we're all professionals here. Let's deal with it as such. Did I misplace a key piece of evidence in a high-profile serial killer trial? In the most technical sense--

MALONE
Craig, they're--

He holds up a hand to silence her.

CRAIG
Yes, I did. But I assure you that given the time, resources and manpower I would have figured out where I left that woman's severed--

MALONE

It's your accent! They can't understand you. The Scottish. It's just, it's too much. Sir.

He looks around the room. The officers are silent.

CRAIG

Oh and I suppose you'll be expecting me to change my name from Alistair as well then.

Chief Edwards nods. Sylvia nods. Jack Grealish shrugs.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Right. Well--
(switches to Irish)
How about... Devin?

Shrugs.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(welsh accent)
What about Owain?

Vigorous head shaking.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(proper London accent)
Christ. Barnaby? DCS Barnaby Craig.
Is that better for everyone?

Much.

MALONE

EDWARDS/SYLVIA/JACK
It's less sexy.

CRAIG

(to Sylvia)
Now that's settled - did your team find anything unusual at the scene?

SYLVIA

The body.

CRAIG

Are dead bodies uncommon here?

MALONE

Ish.

CRAIG

What'll we work on after this case is closed?

MALONE

We can re-litigate this one.

CRAIG

Smart thinking.

SYLVIA

No, sir, I meant the body *position* was unusual. If he jumped, he would have landed farther from the bluff.

MALONE

Are you saying he fell?

CRAIG

Or he was pushed. Good work. Let me know when the coroner's report is finished. I suspect he'll have a critical piece of information that moves this thing forward.

Sergeant Nance approaches with a sheet of paper.

SERGEANT NANCE

Here's the list of Narrowchapel residents that you asked for, sir.

CRAIG

There's 37 names here.

SERGEANT NANCE

(proudly)

Fastest growing town in the Northwest corridor three years running.

He looks at Malone. She nods. He makes a call on his cell.

CRAIG

Bloody hell.

(into phone)

Hello, Sylvia? Looks like you'll be binging BoJack on your own tonight.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Malone and Craig watch Janet Mortimer sit alone in the interrogation room through the one-way mirror.

MALONE

She's a mess. What do you want to keep her here for?

Craig studies her file.

CRAIG
"You find whoever did this to him."

MALONE
What?

CRAIG
That's what she said. At the beach earlier. She didn't have any reason to believe he didn't jump -- unless she knows for a fact.

MALONE
What makes you so certain he was murdered?

CRAIG
Because, Malone, wherever I go death follows.

MALONE
That sounds more like--

CRAIG
It's my cross to bear.

Craig walks into the -

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig sits across from Janet. She's devastated.

CRAIG
Mrs. Mortimer, I'm very sorry to keep you waiting here under the current circumstances.

JANET
It's alright. I understand.

CRAIG
I just have to ask you a few questions. And again, I'm sorry, but this is just routine procedure.

JANET
Of course.

CRAIG
Before we get started, can I get you anything? Tea, perhaps?

JANET
No, thank you.

CRAIG
Earl grey? We've got a nice English
Breakfast I'm sure.

JANET
No really, I'm fine.

CRAIG
Really? It's no problem.

JANET
No. Thank you, though.

Something in his eyes changes. A twinkle, a knowing. She spots it as well.

CRAIG
Would you excuse me a moment?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig reenters and smiles at Malone.

CRAIG
She did it.

MALONE
What?

CRAIG
She did it. She killed her husband.
Play it back.

They rewatch him offer her the tea.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
She's a sociopath.

MALONE
Because she doesn't want tea?

CRAIG
Three times, Malone. I offered
three times. Proper etiquette
dictates two refusals before
accepting. Everyone knows that.

MALONE
That's ridiculous.

CRAIG
Is it?

Suddenly she's not so sure.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Craig reenters with a platter of a teapot and two glasses, really fine china. He sits back down across from Janet, whose demeanor has shifted from devastated to... intrigued. He pours two cups.

JANET

Mmm. Warm.

CRAIG

Isn't it, though?

He YAWNS. Janet stares back at him.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

That didn't make you feel drowsy, me yawning?

JANET

I suppose my adrenaline is quite high.

CRAIG

Right. Or it could be the--

JANET

Tea. A natural source of caffeine. Yes.

CRAIG

I was going to say sexual chemistry.

Craig glances at the one-way mirror and raises an eyebrow. He opens Janet's file.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(reading)

Graduated first in your class from Oxford at age 7. Impressive. What'd you study?

JANET

Gravitational trajectories of descending bodies.

CRAIG

Must've been difficult, spectator to a collapsing world.

JANET

Because I was young?

CRAIG
Because you were innocent. *Then.*

Eyes narrow. Hunter and prey dance as interchangeable partners. It's electric, *erotic.*

JANET
You make an erroneous
presupposition.

CRAIG
Which is?

JANET
That I was a spectator.

CRAIG
I only said that because it sounds
thematically resonant.

JANET
Do you always get your man,
Detective Craig?

CRAIG
Or woman.

JANET
Then get this man.

CRAIG
Or woman.

JANET
Jonathan wasn't a terribly
interesting partner, or lover, but
he was mine and mine alone to play
with. I want vengeance on the man--

CRAIG
Or wom--

JANET
Stop that.
(then)
Do you like riddles, Detective?

CRAIG
A man has two coins totaling--

JANET
(frustrated)
No--
(composes herself)
(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)
Let's see what you make of this
riddle.

CRAIG
Wait.

He pulls out a pad and pen.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Okay go.

JANET
A phoenix in the night--

CRAIG
Stabbed with an icicle.

Proudly drops the pen.

JANET
I'm not finished.

CRAIG
Of course. Continue.

JANET
(continuing)
--and a white not so bright--

CRAIG
Block of ice. He was standing on a
block of ice, it melted--

JANET
No, just--

CRAIG
Romeo and Juliet were goldfish.
Someone dropped the bowl.

JANET
Goddammit!

She looks at the one-way mirror.

JANET (CONT'D)
I'm the sociopath here?!

CRAIG
A-ha!

He pumps his fists and thrusts his hips in celebration.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Malone and Jack, faces in palms.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JANET

Are you done?

CRAIG

That's what she said! Sorry. Yes.

JANET

Do you want to hear the rest of the riddle?

CRAIG

Yes.

She waits.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(rolls his eyes)

Please.

JANET

*A phoenix in the night
And a white not so bright
As to warrant a glance
or a second chance in the light.*

He finishes scribbling the riddle on his pad.

JANET (CONT'D)

Answer that and you'll find my husband's killer.

CRAIG

Sounds like you already know who did it. Why not just tell me?

JANET

Because that's not the Netflix model.

She leans over the table, brushes her cheek against his and puts her lips to his ear.

JANET (CONT'D)

(whispers)

And you're simply too much fun.

Hunter. Prey. Sexual. Electric.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY 1. 1345

Malone and Craig wait for the coroner. Craig studies notes.

CRAIG

This riddle is marvelous. It's like something out of a Nic Cage film. It even rhymes.

MALONE

She didn't do it. I've known Janet since we were kids. She's always been a bit odd, but she's not a killer. Besides, we still don't know for sure that John was *murdered*.

The coroner, ANDREW REYNOLDS, 40s, the coroner type, enters.

ANDREW

We're still waiting on lab results, but there's one thing we know for sure - John was murdered.

Craig obnoxiously looks at Malone.

MALONE

What makes you say that, Andy?

ANDREW

He had a severe contusion on the topside of his skull.

MALONE

He was hit over the head?

ANDREW

Almost certainly. It's highly unlikely that such an injury was sustained on impact or things would have been... messier.

CRAIG

We're missing something. What about the killer's sexual motivation?

ANDREW

I'm sorry?

CRAIG

Was John raped? Mutilated? Leader of a child sex trafficking ring?

Malone and Andrew are speechless.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Oh come on! You can't build a compelling criminal dram--

(clears throat)

Excuse me, *case*, around the simple murder of a middle-aged white man. It's just not sexy.

ANDREW

I'm sorry, Detective. Sadly, all of Mr. Mortimer's parts and orifice's were intact when we found them.

Craig shakes his head in disgust.

CRAIG

At least have the decency to fuck the corpse.

MALONE

Did you find anything else?

ANDREW

Yes, actually.

He goes to his desk to retrieve a tiny plastic bag. He holds it up to show them the contents - a SPECK OF DIRT.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

We found this under his fingernail.

CRAIG

Semen?

ANDREW (CONT'D)

DNA.

Craig's disappointment shows.

MALONE

Whose DNA?

ANDREW

Molly Hansen's.

Malone has the wind knocked out of her. Craig is buoyed.

CRAIG

Wait, who's Molly Hansen?

MALONE

She died five years ago. The only murder I never solved.

CRAIG

Was she--

MALONE

No.

CRAIG

So she wasn't--

MALONE

Don't.

CRAIG

She was, wasn't she?

(off her look)

Excellent! Conference room, five minutes.

Craig walks to the door, dramatically looks back.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Looks like we've got ourselves a proper murder mystery.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 1. 1500**

Malone stares at a photo of Jack on her computer screen.

CRAIG (O.C.)
Dead partner?

She hastily closes the window to reveal a game of solitaire, then hastily closes that to reveal her Netflix browser. She pushes the computer off her desk sending it crashing.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I've had quite a few of those in my
day. Though none quiet as handsome.

Jack smiles, winks, a literal twinkle in his eye.

Sergeant Nance approaches with a file.

SERGEANT NANCE
The list of most suspicious places
in town that you asked for, sir.

CRAIG
Thank you, Sergeant.
(to Malone)
We better start narrowing--

SERGEANT NANCE
Nice one, sir.

CRAIG
--this list down.
(checks list)
Incredibly, it doesn't look like
any of these have water access so I
guess you're driving.

INT. MALONE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Malone and Craig sit in silence as she navigates town.

CRAIG
You don't like me.

She considers responding but stays mum.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I get it. You lost a partner. Takes
a long time to build that kind of
trust. But let's get one thing
straight.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'm here for the long haul. My contract runs for six years with a feature option. So it might be more interesting if you hate me, but you *will* respect me.

He checks to make sure his point lands.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Have you ever killed anyone, Malone? Do you know what it's like to take life from another person?

MALONE

(quietly)

No.

He takes out his list of Narrowchapel residents and crosses her name off.

MALONE (CONT'D)

Shit. Actually, yes. Two weeks ago. I keep forgetting.

CRAIG

Dammit. Do I look like a 12-year-old girl to you? What do you think this is, an erasable pen?

He scribbles out her name completely then rewrites it.

MALONE

Sorry, sir. I get these brown--

CRAIG

Stop the car!

MALONE

What?! Why?

CRAIG

Just do it.

She pulls over and looks at the building outside her window.

MALONE

The realtor? You think they've got something to do with John's death?

CRAIG

Don't be silly. I just want to pop in to get a sense of the market.

MALONE
Are you thinking of buying?

CRAIG
In Narrowchapel? God no.

Craig exits the car and walks into -

INT. DUBIOUS REAL ESTATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A lone secretary at a desk blocking the door to the agent's office. ELIZABETH WINTERBOTTOM, 20s, secretary-esque, holds up a finger to the visitors as she finishes a call.

ELIZABETH
(into phone)
I'm sorry, sir, but there is a line of people that would quite literally murder someone to get their hands on the deed to the Narrowchapel Narrow Chapel plot.
(listens)
Of course! Thanks for your inquiry.

She hangs up the phone.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Good afternoon and welcome to Dubious Realty. How can I help you?

CRAIG
I'm interested in seeing an inventory list if you have one.

ELIZABETH
Are you thinking of buying?

CRAIG
Why does everyone ask that? Also--
(nudges Malone)
--I'll take the name of those murderers you just mentioned.

ELIZABETH
Absolutely. I think have an extra.

He looks wide-eyed at Malone - too easy!

She produces a sheet with a list of names. He compares it to his suspect list - sadly identical. He pockets both lists.

MARK DUBIOUS, 40s, expensive suit and slicked back hair - too slick for Narrowchapel - exits his office.

DUBIOUS

Elizabeth, get Dennis Mitchell on the phone. His claim to the Narrowchapel Narrow Chapel plot just got a whole lot strong--
(notices visitors)
Oh, Terri. Sorry, *Detective Malone*.
To what do I owe the pleasure?

MALONE

Mark. This is my colleague--

CRAIG

Boss. DCS Craig. Pleasure.

DUBIOUS

Are you two--

CRAIG

Together? Ick. No.

DUBIOUS

--thinking about buying?

CRAIG

Oh. Also no.

MALONE

DCS Craig is just trying to get acquainted with Narrowchapel.

DUBIOUS

Well, if there's any way I can help, you have my number.

MALONE

Thank you, Mark.

CRAIG

Yes. Thank you. *Mark*.

They exit. Mark watches them all the way to the car.

INT. MALONE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

She drives, the wheels in her brain spin.

MALONE

Something was off back there. I can't quite put my finger on it.

CRAIG

'Cause Mark didn't give you a pash?
How long've you been shagging?

MALONE

What?! We haven't-- We-- How--

She looks in the rearview, shakes her head "no" to Jack.

CRAIG

Detective, Malone. It's what I do, it's who I am. Besides, the sexual energy between you two was the only thing of interest back there.

MALONE

After Jack died, I was lonely. I kept matching with him on Bumble so finally we just... you know.

CRAIG

What you do with your sad free time is none of my business. Certainly could do worse than that bloke back there. My word, was he handsome. Almost suspiciously so...

The thought hangs in the air as they drive in silence.

MALONE

Where are you staying?

CRAIG

Tawdry Inn.

MALONE

Very nice. I've known the owner, Barbara, since we were kids. It's a bit of a hike out to the bluff if you need to stop by.

CRAIG

Not enough time I'm afraid. Suffice to say that she'll be a veritable font of information when we most need it later in the investigation.

They pass the SHADY CORNER MARKET. The proprietor, ELMORE BEASLEY, 65, extremely red herring-y, like, almost certainly is the one who did it, stops sweeping the front stoop and eyes them.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

He, on the other hand--

MALONE

Elmore Beasley. My money's on him.

CRAIG
He's just got a look to him,
doesn't he now?

MALONE
A troubled past, too. Follows him
everywhere he goes.

CRAIG
Almost seems too easy...
(considers)
Let's just get to the bluff. Leave
some meat on the bone.

She nods as they leave the edge of town into the countryside.

EXT. BLUFF - DAY 1. 1630

Malone's car pulls up to the taped crime scene along the edge of the bluff where Sylvia and her team collect evidence. The Narrow Chapel looms up the ridge.

They exit the car and approach Sylvia.

CRAIG
Anything from the fall site?

SYLVIA
Broken glass.

She holds up an evidence bag containing shards.

MALONE
The murder weapon?

SYLVIA
Seems likely. We found blood on the
glass along with some other sticky
residue. Sending it to the lab.

CRAIG
Good. Anything else?

SYLVIA
Urine. Human.

CRAIG
Poor bastard pissed himself.

MALONE
What kind of monster...

Craig looks up toward the Narrow Chapel. On the edge of the property sits a small motor home.

CRAIG
Is that the home?

EXT. MORTIMER MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sylvia leads them up to Mortimer's home. The door is ajar. Sylvia's team collects evidence inside.

SYLVIA
We've searched the whole home,
inside out. Even sifted through the
septic tank.

CRAIG
And?

SYLVIA
He was extremely unhealthy, sir.

MALONE
What makes you say that?

SYLVIA
Undigested vitamins. No way he was
getting the minerals he needs.

MALONE
They say you're supposed to break
them in half before you take them.

CRAIG
Is that true?

SYLVIA
It is.

Craig writes the vitamin tip below the riddle from Janet.

Janet appears beside the motor home seductively smoking a cigarette while eyeing Craig.

MALONE
Janet. How are you doing?

JANET
I'm still in shock I think. How can
he just be gone? You have to catch
whoever did this. Please.

MALONE
I will. I promise.

They hug. Malone heads for the motor home. Craig approaches Janet. She drops the sad act.

JANET
Have you been working on my riddle?

CRAIG
Oh, I've already solved it.

JANET
Have you just?

She steps closer, her lips mere centimeters from his.

JANET (CONT'D)
It appears I've underestimated you.

CRAIG
Happens a lot. It's my cross to--

JANET
I enjoy playing with you. Perhaps
we could think of a new game to
play. Together.

CRAIG
Two women drink iced tea, one fast
one slow. The slow woman dies of
pois--

JANET
Terri!

Terri pops her head out of the motor home.

MALONE
Yeah? Everything alright?

JANET
You should talk to Father Burleson.

MALONE
We were going--

JANET
No. Now. I wouldn't wait.

MALONE
Okay. Sure.

CRAIG
(to Janet)
The poison was in the ice.

Craig leaves her and follows Malone up toward the Narrow Chapel. He stops and turns back to Janet.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
And Ms. Mortimer--

Janet turns to face him.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
--I didn't know the answer to your
riddle. You just gave it to me.
Father Burleson murdered your
husband!

He turns with a flourish. Janet watches him and Malone walk toward the chapel, ocean wind rippling through their overcoats, almost certainly in slow motion.

INT. THE NARROWCHAPEL NARROW CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

An old wooden door creaks open and the detectives enter. The interior is extremely, unusually, *noteworthily* narrow. Pews run the length of either side of the aisle, each long enough to accommodate one (1) parishioner.

CRAIG
Stay close and let me do the
talking. Remember, this is a
murderer we're dealing with. He
could be hiding--

MALONE
Hi, Father.

Standing directly up the aisle in front of them, FATHER BURLSESON, 30s, suspiciously boyish and upbeat for being a priest, looks up from his reading at the altar.

FATHER BURLESON
Why if it isn't Terri Malone, the
toughest of all of my sheep.

CRAIG
(under his breath)
We better take this creepy bast--

MALONE
Most astray is more like it. Sorry
to interrupt the service.

Craig surveys the empty chapel.

FATHER BURLESON
Not at all. Please, join me.

He indicates for them to both take a pew.

CRAIG

Who exactly is this service for?

FATHER BURLESON

The flock has thinned in recent years. But as my predecessor said, "If you build it, they will come."

CRAIG

For Love of the Game. Kelly Preston's *coup d'etat*.

FATHER BURLESON

I believe you mean *piece de res--*

CRAIG

I'll do the latin when we're in this house!

(composes himself)

Tell me, Father, how will you be remembered after your last pitch?

Malone's phone CHIMES. She silences it.

MALONE

Excuse me.

FATHER BURLESON

I'm not sure I follow.

CRAIG

Where were you last night at approximately 3 A.M.?

FATHER BURLESON

In my bed. Asleep. Why, has something happened?

Malone's phone CHIMES again. She silences it.

MALONE

Gosh. Sorry. Can't imagine why this thing would be going off unless it was relevant to--

FATHER BURLESON

Does this have something to do with the people going in and out of the Mortimer's all day? Did something happen to John?

CRAIG

There isn't anyone that can attest to your whereabouts last night?

FATHER BURLESON

No! Heavens. No. Of course not. No.
But what a fascinating moral
quandary that would be if I really
did have an alibi but I couldn't
say because of my vows?

CRAIG

Let's hope. The thing is Father,
there's this riddle--

Malone's phone CHIMES AGAIN. Craig glares at her.

MALONE

Okay, you know what, I'll just turn
it off. To be honest, I don't know
why I didn't think to do that
before.

(checks message)

Craig...

CRAIG

What? What is it?

She shows him - a link to a NARROWCHAPEL TIMES story,
headline MURDER ON THE ROCKS: LOCAL PRIEST PRIME SUSPECT.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Oh for fuck's sake! This is why I
hate working in small towns. You
people can't keep anything a
secret. I want to know which person
in your department leaked the
story, and I want them out now!

MALONE

There's a video.

She clicks on it and turns up the volume. It's DCS Craig
outside the Narrowchapel Narrow Chapel, filmed from a
distance, calling out to Janet.

CRAIG (O.S.)

(audio from phone video)

Father Burleson murdered your
husband!

Father Burleson stares at Craig, mortified.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Vultures! This is why the press
can't be trusted.

(to Father)

In light of...

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
recent developments... we need to
be off. In the meantime, I want you
to think hard about that alibi. The
more shocking the better.

MALONE
Thank you for your time, Father.

They leave Father Burleson disoriented and alone with a
potentially riveting moral quandary.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 1. 1830

The imposing stone facade of the station backdrops a
temporary podium and a gaggle of reporters. Craig strides
toward the podium, likely in slow motion. Again.

He stares down the barrel of the main news camera.

CRAIG
At approximately three o'clock this
morning, the body of Jonathan
Mortimer was found on the beach. As
of this moment, we are treating his
death as suspicious, which will, in
all likelihood, remain the case,
since he was definitely murdered.
Contrary to certain salacious media
reports, we do not yet have a
primary suspect. Though it was
probably Father Burleson of
Narrowchapel's Narrow Chapel. Two
things can be true at the same
time. There's just something about
him, plus there's this riddle...

He sees Janet just beyond the reporters. She winks at him.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
This murder is an aberration. I
cannot stress that enough. With, of
course, the notable exception of
the recent series of sexually
motivated abductions and murders
that came to a shockingly violent
conclusion two weeks ago with the
murder of Narrowchapel Detective
Jack Grealish and the subsequent
vengeance killing of the criminal
Howard Baines by DCI Terri Malone.
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Apart from that, however,
 Narrowchapel is a tight-knit and
 extremely safe community
 historically, and I encourage
 everyone to remain calm as we begin
 our investigation.

SERIES OF SHOTS - NARROWCHAPEL CITIZENS WATCHING BROADCAST

Malone, suspiciously watching inside the police station.

Edwards and Nance, suspiciously standing beside her.

Jack, being a suspicious ghost behind them.

CRAIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 John Mortimer, was a good, middle-
 aged white man, who touched many
 people in this community, in
 particular his wife, Janet.

Janet suspiciously disappears behind a building.

CRAIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 If anyone has seen anything out of
 the ordinary--

Sylvia, in the lab looking at something suspicious in a
 microscope while Andrew looks over her shoulder suspiciously.

CRAIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --or noticed a friend or family
 member acting strange--

Elizabeth and Mark have sex in his office while the presser
 suspiciously plays on the television behind them.

CRAIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --or even if there's someone you've
 seen around town that you just *know*
 has something to hide because they
 look creepy or different--

Elmore Beasley watches a suspiciously old and small
 television behind the counter of his store.

CRAIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --and most especially any random
 ginger children--

A ginger boy that we haven't even met yet, suspicion implied.

CRAIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --please notify us immediately.

Father Burleson dips a piece of bread into a chalice of wine and holds it up to an empty Narrow Chapel... suspiciously.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

And to John's killer, know this: I will find you, and I will kill-- HUNT! Sorry. Hunt you. Find and *hunt* you. In...

9...

8...

7...

6...

5...

4...

3...

2...

Starts in **1** second

NARROWCHAPEL

Season 1 Ep. 2 - Episode 2

2019 TV-MA. 28m

DCS Craig and DCI Malone continue their investigation into the mysterious death of John Mortimer, most likely at the hands of the Priest. Or the creepy market guy. Or the ginger.

