

JERICO

by

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story by

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EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

SLOW TRACK in at T-junction. PERP and TONY race past.

CUT TO chase through alleyways.

Perp rounds a corner; Tony gets ahead and SLAMS him into a wall, arm pinned across his throat.

TONY

Where is he?!

Perp struggles, manages to KNEE Tony, and escapes. Tony gets his breath back, then gives chase.

CONTINUED:

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

Running across the headland, on the promenade. Dashing up steps, TONY trips the PERP into an alcove. Shoves him against a pillar, arm behind his back. Tony leans in, right by the Perp's ear.

TONY

Where is he?

PERP

Fuck you! You can't do nothing!
Couple of months' community
service? Pah!

TONY

Not interested in you. I wanna meet
your boss.

PERP

You'll get to meet a bullet between
the fuckin' eyes, promise you that.

TONY

Oh, that wasn't bad. Well done.
Where do you get the bullets from?

PERP

Cambodia. How's about that? How's
about you fuck off to Cambodia?

TONY

He told you to feed me a line, did
he?

PERP

He tells me shit; I do my own
business, not his--!

Realizes his mistake. Tony leans in.

TONY
 (hisses)
 Jericho?

PERP
 You don't know 'im. Your lot ain't
 gettin' anywhere near 'im. You know
 what? You remind me of 'im, mate.

TONY
 Handsome, is he?

PERP
 Bloodthirsty.

Tony is disturbed. Spins the Perp around.

TONY
 I'll find out when I catch him. You
 show your face, you're dead. Get
 out of here.

VINCENT'S CAR pulls up opposite. VINCENT sees Tony push the
 Perp away. Tony spots him, retreats to a BENCH on the
 balcony.

Vincent follows.

VINCENT
 You let him go, didn't you?

Tony nods, not looking. Vincent sits.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 You look tired.

TONY
 No -- Sergeant Benson, he looks
 tired.
 (points)
 That guy; he looks tired. I'm not
 tired. 'M driven.

VINCENT
 You don't sleep.

TONY
 How would you know? How do you
 know? That's creepy -- you're a
 very creepy man, you know that?

VINCENT
 I look out for you. Because we're
 supposed to be partners. Not that
 you'd know it, letting suspects
 waltz off all the time.

TONY
 He doesn't know anything. Locking
 him up isn't gonna make him the
 Brain of Britain.

Vincent regards him; gives in.

VINCENT
 All right. Cooper is still going to
 want a report.

TONY
 Always does.

They get up, walk OFF.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

TONY walking away, twirling CAR KEYS around his finger.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - STREET - DAY

TONY, parked up. Going through DOSSIERS. Stops on a pixelated
 PHOTO marked 'JERICHO' -- it looks scarily like Tony himself.
 He broods over it.

His PHONE rings in his pocket.

TONY
 Yeah.

VINCENT (O.S.)
 There you are. Where's your report -
 - and my keys? I can't find them
 anywhere; I'm guessing you've taken
 them. Again.

TONY
 McCauley Street.

Hangs up.

CUT TO LATER that day. VINCENT approaches the CAR, raps on
 the window. Tony makes a show of getting out, opposite side.

VINCENT
 (accusingly)
 A mile and a half.

Tony throws the KEYS to Vincent.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 You know, I could give you a punch
 in the head sometimes.

Tony puts his fists up jokingly.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

So. You want a lift or what?

TONY

What. I'll get a run in. Need to let off some steam, you know?

VINCENT

No, I don't.

Tony makes off, Vincent calling after:

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This isn't your case, Tony. I can handle it. Go home. Get some rest.

TONY

Yes, boss.

Tony jogs OFF.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - EVENING

TONY in sweats, beating a PUNCH-BAG. More and more aggressive; more intense.

INTER-CUT with FLASHBACKS: Tony arresting SUSPECTS, chasing CROOKS, beating down PERPS -- showing his violent side.

Tony YELLS in frustration, gives the bag one last punch and turns his back.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - EVENING

TONY towelling himself off, slumped in a chair. DOSSIERS open on the table, all on 'JERICHO'. Shifts them in favour of a bottle of JACK DANIELS.

MONTAGE: Tony drinking, falling into a stupor, brooding.

The scene becomes unfocused as Tony does; a SILHOUETTE emerges in the doorway, blurry.

JERICHO, watching Tony. He approaches, takes a swig from Tony's mug; Tony almost out cold.

JERICHO

You've gotta learn to hold your drink. Your liver will hate you, but -- it's your body.

(beat)

Well...

Flicks open his LIGHTER, grins in the glow, and walks out of the door.

EXT. DOCKS - OVERLOOKING CITY - NIGHT

PULL OUT from JERICHO's back; ARM UP to reveal the city lights, spread below. Jericho standing over like Christ the Redeemer.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

TONY sprawled on his bed. WAKES like he's been drugged. Winces. Makes a fuss of getting up.

INT./EXT. - MONTAGE - DAY

TONY drifting through the day. Zoning out of conversations with VINCENT, staring into space.

End back in his house, drinking himself to sleep.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Dark, no one home. VINCENT arrives, turns a lamp on, plays a CLASSICAL CD. JERICHO sitting in the corner, waiting.

VINCENT

Jesus, Tony! What the hell are you playing at?!

JERICHO

Breaking and entering.

Holds up his hands, 'cuff me'.

VINCENT

Have you come to apologise?

JERICHO

(laughs)

Since when do policemen have to apologise?

VINCENT

Don't start. Look, if it's nothing important -- I've had a long day, I just want to lounge around, so if you wouldn't mind--

JERICHO

Why haven't you caught him yet?

VINCENT

What? Who?

JERICHO

Jericho.

VINCENT

Who, the Invisible Man?

JERICHO

You want to, don't you? He's the Big Score. He's the money. Catch him and, oh, think of the pension!

VINCENT

Yeah, I'll just pop along to his gaff and catch him on the bog, shall I? We need evidence, Tony! There's a reason for all this 'trivial, stupid' work you think is so beneath you! It gets results!

JERICHO

No it doesn't. You're better than this, Vince. They're laughing at us. They don't give a shit about how tired we are, how hard we're working.

VINCENT

So what's your solution?

JERICHO

I'll sleep on it. We can do better, Vince.

VINCENT

Stop calling me 'Vince'. Go home. I'd say you're overworked, but, well, that's not the case. Get some rest. God knows you need it.

JERICHO

(laughs)

Go get him. I'll see you.

JERICHO leaves.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

JERICHO at the wide window, looking out at the city. Waiting. The door opens behind him. He tenses--

SUKI

How long are you going to be?

--and rolls his eyes. Turns to her.

JERICHO

I told you to wait in the car.

SUKI

It's cold in there.

JERICHO
 It's just the same up here.
 (pause)
 I need a smoke.

Suki hands over his LIGHTER. He scoffs.

SUKI
 Where did you get it?

CU on the design.

JERICHO
 My father. He died down there -- in
 the gutters. Stabbed in the back...
 It's my blood -- flooding the
 streets.

Pause. Focuses.

JERICHO (CONT'D)
 Get out of here. Shoo.
 (beat)
 Phone.

She hands over a MOBILE, which Jericho fiddles with -- sending a message. Suki opens the door as the PERP barges in. Jericho facing the window.

PERP
 So why have I been dragged all the
 way up here?

JERICHO
 You have a very limited set of
 skills. You can be put to use.

PERP
 You want me to bash someone's head
 in?

JERICHO
 Yes. His name is Vincent Bowman. He
 lives at 14 xxx Street. He's a
 police officer.

PERP
 Police? Why am I doing your dirty
 work?

JERICHO
 Because I am being kind.

PERP
 Having me duff some bloke up is
 your idea of kindness?

JERICHO

Yes. Because if I did it, I would hurt him.

PERP

Suit yourself. Payment?

JERICHO

The usual.

Perp shrugs and leaves. Jericho stares out of the window, lost in thought.

His PHONE rings. The screen says 'VINCENT'. Jericho takes a deep breath.

JERICHO (CONT'D)

Good evening. Jericho speaking.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INTER-CUT with [INT. OFFICE BUILDING].

JERICHO's voice is DISTORTED on Vincent's end.

VINCENT

Ask me if I'm surprised. Voice scrambler; nice touch. So, some anonymous patron sent a number to my phone, and who should be on the other end but--

JERICHO

What's your name?

VINCENT

You don't need to know.

JERICHO

You know mine.

VINCENT

Sergeant Bowman, how's that?

Jericho tries out the name:

JERICHO

Bowman. Hello, Bowman. Continue.

VINCENT

You continue, I insist.

UNFINISHED