

TRUE DETECTIVE

EP 105

Chapter Five: "The Secret Fate of All Life"

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Chapter Five: 'The Secret Fate of All Life'

TITLE CREDITS.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SULPHUR, LOUISIANA - DAY 1

A REFINERY TOWN built around LAKE CALCASIEU; steel piping, flaming exhaust, ugly beneath the tree-fringed sky--

2 EXT. ROADHOUSE- SULPHUR, LA - DAY 2

A country ROADHOUSE. Gravel lot, no name on bar. Above the forest, the *oil refineries* pump smoke across sky--

Old CHEVY truck with camper and mudders rolls into lot, parks. Sits a beat as the driver, DEWALL, studies the tavern. He climbs out, big, bearded-- Enters the bar--

3 INT. ROADHOUSE - DAY 3

Soft in b.g., Waylon Jennings sings 'BAKER STREET' from an old jukebox while a beefy BARTENDER cleans nozzles. Only other inhabitants, RUST COHLE and GINGER at a gouged booth--

Dewall enters, nods to bartender, spots Cohle and Ginger-- Bartender alert as Dewall lumbers to them--

He sits, stares, Cohle still in biker gear-- Ginger's face *beat to shit*, broken nose, two black eyes-- Dewall studies Ginger--

DEWALL

Happened your face?

GINGER

...Pool game the other night. Called the wrong dude on cheatin'.

DEWALL

...Huh.
(re Cohle)
And what d'you want, again?

COHLE

...I'm repping some people, looking to get the good cook. They'd trade you or the IC Brotherhood, however you want it. Coke for crystal.

All Dewall's responses come after a pause of scrutiny--

DEWALL
Why ain't I talkin to Miles?

COHLE
Me an' Ginger're ole friends.
Boosted together.

DEWALL
(to Ginger)
You ain't saying much.

GINGER
Figure I let my man give you
details.

Dewall watches them a while longer, jukebox throughout--

COHLE
Shit I got coming in, you can step
on it five, six times, it's still
kick. Just means you cook a little
more. For a *lot* more profit.

No answer, not a hint of anything but a reptile intelligence--

DEWALL
Ain't got no use for it. Or your
money.

COHLE
Money don't spend?

DEWALL
...I can see your soul at the edges of
your eyes. It's corrosive, like acid.
You got a demon, little man.
(rises)
And I don't like your face. It
makes me want to do things to it.

Dewall nods to Bartender, who nods back--

DEWALL (CONT'D)
You call me again, Ginger, I'm
settin Miles on you...
(to Cohle)
I see you again, I'm puttin you
down. There's a shadow on you, son.

He walks out. Cohle turns to Ginger, *pissed*--

COHLE

*"Called the wrong dude on
cheatin'?" You think I'm stupid as
you? He's right, you know...*

With *only his eyes*, Cohle threatens Ginger's life--

COHLE (CONT'D)

...You wanna see my shadow?

4 INT. MOVING, COHLE'S TRUCK - DAY 4

Cohle drives. Ginger not visible, but *audible*, whining-- Cohle *juiced* from the past 24 hours, sweating. He's on a CB RADIO--

COHLE

*You got him, Marty? You fucking
better, the shit I've--*

5 INT. MOVING, HART'S CAR - DAY 5

Hart drives, also on CB RADIO-- Down a rural highway, cutting away from the refineries, into deep woods--

HART

*--I do. I got him. But we're on empty
roads now. I gotta drop back or he'll
spot the tail...*

AHEAD, Dewall's truck is small in the distance-- No other cars. Forest fences the road, distant refineries--

HART (CONT'D)

Where's Ginger?

COHLE (O.S.)

Wrapped up. Tell me your location--

HART

*South of I-10, along the Creole
Nature Trail. Going toward Carlyss.
Hurry up, man--*

6 INT. MOVING, COHLE'S TRUCK - DAY 6

Cohle hangs up the CB. Speeds, zigging through traffic--

COHLE

How we doing back there, Ginger?

PAN as he talks, to extended cab behind front seat-- Where Ginger has been duct-taped up in several *garbage bags*, struggles in vain as Cohle's driving slams him around the cab--

7 I/E. HART'S CAR - BACK ROADS - CARLYSS, LA - DAY 7

Hart following at a long distance, on an exposed country road--
A slight RISE-- and Hart loses Dewall's truck--

He can *no longer* spot the Chevy he's following-- *FUCK--*

CUT TO:

8 EXT. BACK ROADS, FOREST - DAY 8

Hart stands at his CAR, parked on a dirt shoulder beside some
forest as Cohle's truck arrives, parks-- He exits--

HART
Where's Ginger?

COHLE
Kicking back in a ditch. What's
going on?

HART
Lost him a minute. I had to double-back
a few times till I saw a turn off--

He nods toward the forest, to a path so thin and grassy it's
almost indistinguishable from the woods--

COHLE
Did you lose him?

HART
Found his truck. Parked.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. FOREST, LOUISIANA - DAY 9

Hart and Cohle walk the thin path, badges and guns visible.
THICK FOREST surrounds--

They stop as the trail tapers *off--* Where a rusted CATTLE-GATE
fences off a small CLEARING-- Beyond the cattle-gate sits
Dewall's CHEVY. DEEP WOODS surround a wilderness maze--

HART
...We gotta call it in, Rust.

COHLE
...We don't know where they are
yet... Just maybe *about* where they
are. I don't wanna flood the woods.
How many directions could they run?
(MORE)

COHLE (CONT'D)

Parish? Who says they won't get a tip-off?

HART

We're not gonna find em from here.

COHLE

...Cut sign, man. You ever been hunting?

HART

10-point buck, year before last. *Sixty yards.*

COHLE

Real hunting. Tracking. Not waiting to ambush a deer sniffing gash bait.

Hart looks to the thick forest, endless possibilities for *ambush*-- He turns back to Rust--

HART

Jesus, you're a prick. ...We find the place, we come back. Call it in. One of us'll stay on surveillance.

COHLE

Yeah. I can live with that.

They look at each other a moment, an acknowledgment, the *increasing stakes* of their reliance on one another--

Cohle steps over the gate, Hart following, until they're swallowed--

10 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

10

Hart, 52--

GILBOUGH

So you get a tip where Ledoux cooks. Cohle comes back... from wherever he was...

PAPANIA

...You knew it was gonna get here, man. Just the once... The way you tell it.

HART

I tell it the same way I told it to the shooting board and every cop bar between Houston and Biloxi...

(MORE)

HART (CONT'D)

You know *why* the story's exactly the same, seventeen years gone? Because it *only went down the one way*.

11 EXT. FOREST, LOUISIANA - DAY 11

Cohle and Hart, *dirty*, moving through FOREST, *no clear path* is discernible-- Cohle leads in a crouch, scanning--

HART 2012 (V.O.)

Cohle's dad taught him *bow-hunting*. Had to track game till you got within maybe thirty yards of it--

Cohle *spots broken stalks*-- He indicates the path to Hart, continues in that direction--

TIME CUT:

12 EXT. FOREST, LOUISIANA - DAY 12

ON a *monofilament* TRIPWIRE across a pathless bramble-- Cohle follows the LINE, which leads to a CLAYMORE at the base of a tree, covered in leaves, 'Front Toward Enemy'--

Rust carefully leads them over the TRIPWIRE, deeper in--

TIME CUT:

13 EXT. FOREST, LOUISIANA 13

Same wilderness, another TRIPWIRE Cohle spots, *another* one overhead, cross-hatched to CLAYMORES-- They see--

TWO STICK LATTICEWORKS mark the path beyond, small sentinels--

14 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 14

Rust Cohle, 49, sips his flask. Sets it down. He arranges his army of beer-can men, toying--

COHLE

...It's a *really good story*. I never get tired of tellin it. Legend shit, you know?

PAPANIA

Why you so hot to see the new discovery file, man?

A quick, admonishing glance from Gilbough to Papania- *Shut up*-- Back to Cohle, who clocked *that*--

COHLE

...Well, why you so hot to *not* let me see it? This is like a consultation, huh?

GILBOUGH

...You go first. You take me through it, I'll let you see what we got.

Long beat, lights a cig-- Exhales a slow thick plume--

COHLE

I'll hold you to that.

15

EXT. FOREST, LOUISIANA - DAY

15

Familiar view of Ledoux's METH SHACK: TRACK UP a hillock to the dim sound- *Thunk, Thunk* -reaching the top of the rise--

Cohle and Hart both crest the hillock. Sweaty, shirts soaked-- They take in the clearing, the shack, back to one another-- They *draw guns* and they begin their descent--

FOLLOW, *halting*, crouching in tall grass for cover-- Peering around to study the shack, the shed. *Stick latticeworks* are arranged around the cabin-- Detectives speak in *whispers*--

COHLE

Tripwires back there. Clearing could be mined...

HART

Alright. How you wanna do it?

COHLE

...Go back. Call it in. I'll wait here.

Hart given pause by Cohle's obvious calculations--

HART

...You gonna hold position?

COHLE

You bet.

Hart understands that he has no intention of waiting--

Then, down in the clearing, they both *see*-- DEWALL exits the cabin, lumbers toward the SHED near the treeline--

COHLE (CONT'D)

...Go on now, Marty.

Hart knows he can leave Cohle or he can back him up--

HART

...*Fuck you.* Gonna do that *without me...*

This means something to Cohle-- He *motions* that he'll go first--

COHLE

...*Match my footprints.*

Cohle starts down the last dozen yards before the treeline breaks-- Hart follows--

16 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 16

Rust Cohle, 49--

COHLE

We were just about to turn back and call in Parish, State, whoever... I mean, we're ready to just *leave the shit be.* Wasn't what happened. Soon as we'd decided to back off--

He *claps* his hands together- *whack!*

17 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 17

Hart, 52--

HART

--*Blam!* *Bullets* cut through, right by Rust's *head.* We both *roll* opposite ways, into high growth. But we're *spotted.* They got something high velocity. *Blew apart* a tree between us. I mean, *it is on--*

18 EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - DAY 18

No such conflict. Rust leads them out of the treeline, into the clearing-- He stays in shadow, *studying* the ground--

COHLE'S POV-- small indentations in the wide lawn, where some *dandelions* grow (indicates *disturbed earth*): mines--

Cohle *crosses* the open ground quickly, zig-zags dandelion patches-- Ends by crouching beside the CABIN, beneath a window--

19 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 19

Cohle, 49, over-dramatic--

COHLE

Under fire-- Ferns and whatnot
bursting around us. Later found out
they had an AK. With the drum
cartridge. Cut a *swathe* right
through the *forest--*
choomchoomchoom. Heavy fire--

20 EXT. METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 20

Cohle's safe against the cabin, beneath the window. Moves to the other side, out of sight of the SHED--

HART 2012 (V.O.)

Blamblamblam. Felt them AK rounds zip
by, even with the ringing in my ears--
Whif.Whif.Whif.

Hart's followed Cohle down. Now goes a *little farther*, crouches at the back of the main cabin-- LATTICEWORKS posted around, various sizes, recalling the initial crime scene--

ON COHLE, peeping up through a crack in a foil-covered window-- nothing. Sticking his head around the trailer, to the SHED-- no movement. Sudden *creaks* from the TRAILER, it *shakes* with footsteps, *rocking* as something *heavy* moves inside--

Hart *indicates* the other side of the trailer, a head-nod-- Cohle moves to that side of the trailer--

Hart double-checks the SHED. No movement--

Cohle crouches below another window, near the door-- He peers through and *sights in* on the interior, aiming his pistol-- He *signals* for Hart to enter through front door--

21 INT. TRAILER / METH SHACK - FOREST - DAY 21

REGGIE LEDOUX stands at a sink, rinsing out what look likes an old *dog dish*. Tattooed, he wears only a *towel* wrapped around his waist-- The small kitchen filthy, full of dirty dishes, *chemistry equipment*, hot-plates-- A *spiral brand* on his back--

Outside the window, unseen, Cohle has Ledoux in his sights-- The running water masks the slight *squeal* of the screen door as--

HART stands in the front door, gun level on the big man's head--

HART

State Police. Put your hands on top
your head. Lace your fingers and
get on your knees. *Do it.*

Reggie considers making a move, maybe grabbing the *RIFLE* near the sink-- Cohle *whistles* to him through the window-- Reggie sees this second man *with a gun on him*--

Slowly he raises his hands, locks his fingers atop his head-- Flat, belligerent stare, as if he's in control-- Hart backs out--

HART (CONT'D)

Come on out here now. Get down on your knees.

22 EXT. METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 22

Reggie descends trailer steps, Hart with gun on him. Cohle comes around from the side, covering him *while watching* the SHED for signs of movement--

Reggie kneels down, stares between the detectives-- Hart *cuffs* his hands behind his back-- Then Reggie looks at the LATTICEWORK STICKS positioned around the yard-- their shadows--

LEDOUX

...It's time, isn't it? The black stars.

A muffled *THUMP* sounds from the back of the TRAILER-- Cohle and Hart exchange glances--

Hart gestures that he'll look in. Cohle moves between Ledoux and the SHED, watching both as-- Hart enters the trailer--

23 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, POLICE HQ - DAY 23

Hart, 35, testifies across a long table to members of the police SHOOTING BOARD, telling the same story as in 2012--

HART

They'd spotted us before we crossed the forest, see? So all we could do was duck for cover, dig in and try gettin close... It was *chaos*.

EXAMINER 1

...How did you proceed?

HART

Rust rolled off in the high grass. He made a run to the back of the trailer. I was pinned behind a tree.

24 EXT. METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 24

Cohle holds his gun on Ledoux, studies him--

COHLE

...Why the antlers?

LEDOUX

...I saw you in my dream. You're a priest, too... I know what happens next.

He nods to the stick latticeworks surrounding, their shadows seem to *elongate* across the ground as clouds pass--

LEDOUX (CONT'D)

You're in Carcosa now. With me. He sees you...

Cohle tweaks to 'Carcosa', from Charlie's speech--

25 INT. TRAILER / METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 25

Hart moves furtively through the trailer, gun drawn-- Dark, filthy. He passes an AK with drum barrel, *turns corner--*

Clears room... *Turns into* hallway-- He reaches a DOOR at the end. Its outside is *pad-locked--* Listens--

26 EXT. TRAILER / METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 26

Cohle watches Ledoux as-- The SHED DOOR opens, Dewall *exits*, carrying a bin of chemistry supplies-- He catches the scene--

COHLE

Right there! Don't move! Stay right there and get on your knees! *State police!*

27 INT. TRAILER / METH SHACK, FOREST - DAYS 27

Hear Cohle in b.g. as Hart *smashes* off the outer hinge where the padlock connects-- *Opens* door onto a dark room, dark, a *smell* hitting him--

28 EXT. TRAILER / METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 28

Cohle covers Dewall, who stands frozen near the treeline-- Ledoux still kneels, cuffed--

LEDOUX

You'll do this again. Time is a flat circle.

COHLE

What's that, Nietzsche? Shut the fuck up.

The trailer's door *slams* open and Hart *stomps out*, walks directly to Ledoux and *BANG-- Executes him with a head-shot--*

He stands over the fallen body in blind, twitching *rage*, Ledoux's head smeared across the grass--

Cohle is shocked, looks at Marty, Ledoux's body--

Cohle *swiftly* turns back to Dewall, who *witnessed--* Without knowing *why* Hart did that, Cohle is prepared to back him up. Cohle raises his gun, aims for Dewall's head: *They have to do them both now--*

Realizing his intent, Dewall *drops* the supplies and takes off *running*, his big, loping body absurd--

Hart watches as-- Cohle *tracks* Dewall easily, about to take a kill-shot, when--

An old *bouncing betty* springs up. *KA-BOOM--* Dewall *explodes--*

Cohle and Hart flat on the ground as dirt and debris rain-- The *latticework sticks* are all still standing. A vantage might suggest an *observational* quality in them--

29 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 29

Hart, 52--

HART

I'd come around behind, took out Ledoux, and the other ole boy made a run for it. Guess he wasn't thinking about where they'd put them mines.

30 EXT. TRAILER / METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 30

Cohle and Hart rise as dust settles-- Ledoux's body between them, Cohle looks at Marty, *wtf?--* Cohle thinks about it--

COHLE

(re Ledoux)

Get those cuffs off him before the blood settles. We gotta make this look right.

Cohle enters the trailer--

31 INT. TRAILER / METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 31

Cohle walks down the dark hallway, toward the closet with the broken padlock-- Approaches it-- Cohle's face twists in rage--

He sees what Marty saw: Their forms partially obscured by shadow, TWO CHILDREN'S LEGS are visible, bruised, *shackled*--

32 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 32

Rust Cohle, 49--

COHLE

Captain America, Marty Hart, he flanks around behind Ledoux. And just as he's turning- *Bam*. Clean shot. Put him down. His buddy made a run for it. And their cracker-ass security system did the rest.

33 EXT. TRAILER / METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 33

Cohle exits, furious, carrying the AK-- Hart with Ledoux's body, uncuffed, in shock over what he did--

HART

...Oh fuck...

COHLE

Come on. We have to hurry. See to the kids. Don't let em out here till I say so.

Hart looks at him, seeing his future vanish. Never killed a man before... Cohle sees this--

COHLE (CONT'D)

What? Him? *Fuck that*. Good for you, Marty.

Cohle moves near the body, stands over it as he *aims* the AK toward the woods--

COHLE (CONT'D)

Nice to see you commit to something.

Cohle *opens fire* on the woods from where they approached--

34 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, POLICE HQ - DAY 34

Now Cohle, 32, testifies before the shooting board--

COHLE

...Got lucky, all it was. We coulda just as easily been chewed to pieces by that AK...

35 EXT. TRAILER / METH SHACK, FOREST - DAY 35

SLOW MOTION ON Cohle firing AK with barrel drum, shooting into the woods--

COHLE 1995 (V.O.)
...Myself? In all honesty?

36 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, POLICE HQ - DAY 36

Back to Rust and the shooting board--

COHLE
I can tell you I have walked away from the experience with an even greater respect for the sanctity of human life.

Glances sideways- *'anybody buy that?'*--

EXAMINER 2
Thank you, Detective. And I believe I speak for the board when I commend you on the heroism displayed by you and Detective Hart.

Cohle meekly waves off the compliment, humble--

37 EXT. BACK ROADS, FOREST - DAY 37

Where Cohle and Hart had left their vehicles parked, now with STATE PD CRUISERS, lights flashing, AMBULANCES. MEDICS and PATROLMEN standing around, a REPORTER waiting as--

ON WOODS-- Martin Hart and Rust Cohle emerge side-by-side, each of them carrying a CHILD covered in a ratty blanket--

Hart carries a little girl, her eyes closed, face dirty--

We don't know the gender of Cohle's, because the blanket covers the child's face-- Only see the small feet--

As the medics and patrolmen rush to their aid, a news REPORTER takes a picture--

FADE TO WHITE.

FADE IN:

38 INT. STATE POLICE HQ - DAY

38

COHLE 2012 (V.O.)

There were the twig sculptures. And LSD they had on hand matched the batch in Dora Lange. Everybody was pretty satisfied we'd gotten our man...

A week later, after the shooting board. Hart and Cohle enter homicide to *applause*-- Copies everywhere of THE LAFAYETTE ADVERTISER, front page pictures of Cohle and Hart carrying the children. Headline: 'Hero Detectives Stop Killers, Save Girl'--

The other detectives shake hands with Cohle and Hart. A victory for the whole team--

COHLE 2012 (V.O.)

Boy'd gone missing in January. He'd been dead less than a day. The girl hadn't been reported yet. Came from St. Landry. She was catatonic...

39 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

39

Cohle, 49, no pleasure in recalling 'the victory' now--

COHLE

I checked on her, some years later. In assisted living for girls with special needs.

Cohle thinks on that event, hits the flask--

COHLE (CONT'D)

...Why should I live in history? I don't want to know anything anymore. This is a world where nothing is solved. Somebody once told me, 'Time is a flat circle.' ...Everything we've ever done or will do, we're gonna do over and over again... And that little girl and that little boy are gonna be in that room again and again, forever...

40 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

40

Martin Hart, 52-- Tired after being pulled into these memories, but still in them--

HART

There's a few news stories about us, you wanted to find them. I got promoted to detective sergeant. Rust got a commendation for bravery. Basically because I *insisted*. And, uh... Things were real good, I guess, for a while. Rust even chilled out, got more regular... Maggie came around. After a *lot* of talking. Counseling. Getting in a shootout kinda opened her up to forgiveness. Or the possibility.

41 INT. SKATE RINK - DAY 41

SKATING RINK. Hart skating with Macie and Audrey-- Maggie skates too, left back by the girls wanting to both hold their father's hands--

MAGGIE'S POV as Hart skates through stage-fog and laser-lights with the girls, one holding each hand--

42 INT. SKATE RINK/VIDEO ARCADE - DAY 42

Macie eyes stuffed-toys through the glass wall of a GRABBING CRANE MACHINE-- She watches Hart steer the claw, set it on a large stuffed TOY--

Audrey already has a stuffed toy and Macie watches with anxiety-- The claw raises and lifts the toy--

TIME CUT:

43 INT. SKATE RINK - DAY 43

Maggie meets them as they exit, Hart carrying the toys as the girls skate out the arcade--

MAGGIE

Go take off your skates. It's time to go.

They both protest and beg for more time-- '*Please, please*'--

MACIE

Is Daddy coming home yet?

MAGGIE

...One more time around. Then take them off, okay?

The girls rush to get in their last skate on the rink, leaving Hart and Maggie alone, stuffed toys under his arms--

HART

Thank you. I needed this. I think they did, too...

Beat, some kind of inner Rubicon approached in her--

MAGGIE

...Were there others?

HART

...What?

MAGGIE

Besides her. Were there others?

HART

No. No. And- Listen, that was a different person, Maggie. *I lost it.* Just for a little- I'm back. I'm begging. I'll keep begging. I'll go to my grave begging.

She looks him in the eye, poker-faced-- Looks away--

MAGGIE

It's not just the... affair. You used to be a good man. You used to *pay attention*...

HART

Mag, *I almost died.* I cut the booze. Five weeks now. Started doing this program, Promise Keepers--

MAGGIE

...You got a long road to climb.

HART

Yes I do.

She scrutinizes him--

Having removed skates, Audrey and Macie run to their side-- They take their toys from Marty, who crouches, kisses them--

AUDREY

Are you coming home?

HART

...Not tonight.

He hugs them, humble, deferential to Maggie--

44 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 44

Martin Hart, 52, remembering things he's tried not to think about--

HART

Few years. Good ones...

45 EXT. YARD, HART HOME - DAY 45

C.1996, Macie *chases* Audrey through the yard. Audrey has her sister's *tiara*, teasing her--

Before Macie can catch her, Audrey *throws* the tiara up in a tree, where it hangs on a branch-- Macie chases her off screen--

STAY ON little girl's TIARA, hung up on a tree branch--

MONTAGE SCENE with--

46 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 46

Hart's affected, remembering his daughters-- Almost to self--

HART

...Do you know the good years, when you're in 'em? Or do you just wait for 'em, till one day you get ass-cancer and realize the good years came and went? ...Because there's a feeling. You might notice it sometime. A feeling like life slipped through your fingers. Like the future is behind you. Like it was always behind you...

(beat)

I cleaned up, but... Maybe I didn't change. Not the way I needed to...
...You remember what I said, *The Detective's Curse*? ...The solution to my whole life was under my nose. That woman. Those girls. And I was watching everything else...

47 EXT. YARD, HART HOME - DAY 47

ON the little girl's TIARA, 2002, *six years later*-- Never taken down, now molded, rotting, branches grown through it--

BELOW, MACIE (now 13) and AUDREY (now 16) walk from the bus-stop and into their home. Not talking, Macie texting-- Both oblivious to the tiara hanging above--

HART 2012 (V.O.)

See, infidelity is one kind of sin... But my true failure was *inattention*... I understand that now.

48

INT. MEETING HALL / PROMISE KEEPERS - DAY

48

About eighty MEN in a multi-purpose hall, all white, middle-age, like a Kiwanis meeting-- SIGNS on wall and at front proclaim 'PROMISE KEEPERS '99: TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM'-- SPEAKER at the front of room with podium-- Seated behind the speaker is BILLY LEE TUTTLE--

Martin Hart sits in back row, *bored*, holding a PK PAMPHLET which reads 'Male Virility: The Holy Spirit of Creation'-- Chuckles at pamphlet (*which presents the male sex drive as an aspect of the Holy Spirit which must be fed*)-- To GUY beside him--

HART

You read this?

GUY

(earnest)

Yeah. I gave one to my wife.

SPEAKER

As we stand on the cusp of our first decade, we couldn't be more happy or fortunate to have as special guest speaker one of the spiritual guideposts of our great state. Billy Lee Tuttle's ministries have touched generations, and he's here to talk about our roles as Men of Jesus in the 21st Century...

APPLAUSE as Billy Lee Tuttle rises, takes podium--

TUTTLE

I'm real pleased to be here speaking with you... Muscular, Christian men. I see a Renaissance here before me. Men firm of resolve. Firm of heart. Firm of hand. A type we don't see enough in this day and age.

*Amens, nods-- ON Hart, rolling his eyes, checking his watch-- ON the pamphlet in his hand, a drawing of a biblical EVE, with the caption "And she was made to be a companion, to nurture and **serve** him"--*

He looks up and Tuttle meets his eyes--

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Men with strength to prove
righteous in faithless times.
...Traditional husbands.
...*Traditional wives.*

Marty rises, walks out of the meeting--

49 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

49

Hart, 52, lost in thought--

GILBOUGH

...How'd Detective Cohle sort of,
chill out, like you say?

HART

Started talking to people, for one.
Down the line, one of those set-ups
Maggie was so intent on finally
hit. A *doctor*, no less. She and
Rust had a thing, few years.

50 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

50

ON a table at a nice country RESTAURANT, soul food, family-style. Hart, Maggie, Rust and LAURIE PERKINS (35), pretty, refined-- Hart drinks water, no booze on the table--

LAURIE

(re Rust)

...No, he's a lot more right than
he sounds. Serotonin. Endorphins.
Cortisol. Dopamine. It's more like
a biological computer than we talk
about.

HART

Great. Now there's two of you.

It's all genial, relaxed-- Hart and Maggie are close again--

LAURIE

No, I'm not really like him. I like
bright colors. The Three Stooges.

COHLE

I'm into the Marx Brothers. And I dig on a good sunrise.

LAURIE

But *not* sunsets.

MAGGIE

Really?

COHLE

No. Not really.

MAGGIE

They're the same thing.

COHLE

It's really not.

MAGGIE

Laurie--?

LAURIE

I give him little things like that. He's conflict-oriented, so when I deny him small arguments, it builds up his energy.

HART

Boy, are you ever a match for this dude.

Chuckles, but the observation causes a muted disquiet in Cohle, as does Laurie grabbing his wrist affectionately-- He smiles--

Hart clocks the smile's tension, recognizes its *familiarity*-- A band starts apart from the small dance floor, country-waltz--

HART (CONT'D)

(to Maggie)

Come dance with me.

Maggie rises and he leads her out, Cohle and Laurie watch-- Cohle glances to Laurie, grins, somehow forced--

51 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

51

Hart, 52--

HART

Look. You know about Rust. During those seven years, he probably pulled more assists than any detective in the State.

(MORE)

HART (CONT'D)

It started getting around real fast, between city and sheriff's-- You need a confession, see if State Detective Cohle's available.

52 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

52

Cohle, 49-- Gilbough appealing to vanity, without being obvious--

GILBOUGH

Your interview technique. Sure there's no secret you could pass along? A magic question, maybe.

COHLE

Look... Everybody *knows* there's something wrong with them. They just don't know what it is. *Everybody* wants confession. Everybody's got an empty space. An absence. Now, no matter how they try filling it- maybe you're a juicehead, a gash hound, a fat lady eats every time she feels something -it's the same *vacant space*. And that is the silence of God. And it doesn't go away. Everybody wants a cathartic narrative for it. The guilty *especially*. And *everybody's guilty*... You know that.

53 INT. LAURIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

53

Living room of Laurie's house, as she and Cohle sit on the couch, bathed in the light of the television-- She's curled against his side-- Cohle drinking a beer--

His face is somewhat *tense*, introverted-- Laurie watches the television, some innocuous reality TV-- Cohle looks at the top of her hair, the television, the walls--

He seems like a man being slowly, quietly tortured by his surroundings--

54 INT. DINING AREA, HART HOME - NIGHT

54

Hart sits at table eating with his family. Maggie (39) serves. Macie is 13, bubbly, girly, and Audrey, 16, dresses grungy, frowns at her food-- WALL CALENDAR - 2002--

HART

I'm just trying to understand, babe... I mean, what're you going for, here? What's the message?

AUDREY

There is no *message*. It's just *me*.

HART

What's *you*? Your clothes? Your hair? I mean, I look at Macie, and--

AUDREY

Women don't have to *look* like you want them to.

HART

I agree. I'm not talking about 'women,' I'm talking about my teenage daughter, and I'm not telling you what to wear. I'm just doing my best to understand...

AUDREY

Who told you you *had* to understand? Why *would* you?

Hart ducks it; knows she has his number-- Turns to Macie as Maggie enters, sits--

HART

(to Macie)

Mom said you made cheerleader?

MACIE

There were like, *ten* girls who didn't get it.

HART

They have eighth-grade cheerleaders?

MAGGIE

Same way there's football players.

AUDREY

(re potatoes, Macie)

Why're you taking more? You're just gonna throw them up.

MACIE

Shut up. Why don't you go blow a basketball player, suicide girl?

MAGGIE

Macie!-- Apologize!

HART

--What the *hell* does that *mean*?

Looking between the girls, who glance at one another, then face down, pick at their food in a shrinking, demure way that prohibits his pressing the matter-- But he is *enraged*--

HART (CONT'D)

(to Audrey)

What does that mean?

MAGGIE

Let it go. Dinner's not the time for you to suddenly get particular.

HART

I'm- What? I am the Man of this family. My-my daughter makes a comment like that- I'm-

MAGGIE

...You're as dramatic as them. Drop it, Marty.

HART

What's it mean?

AUDREY

--Why don't you ask her what I meant? Huh? It means my sister's a bitch, that's all.

The girls answer his lead, but the level of emotion and confrontation is too much for Marty-- He flips stances--

HART

...The hell? Christ, can't we just have dinner? Your mom made us a nice meal, we- we're not supposed to be like this--

No one buys his sentimental platitudes, since his actions don't embody them-- The girls stay silent--

MAGGIE

...You have to be the way you want your children to behave.

Girls see the exchange, watch-- He doesn't reply-- Everyone picks at their food, silverware against china--

HART

...Hear your grades are good.

AUDREY

That's because school's a joke.

HART

...Terrific. Great news.

He rises abruptly, takes his plate into the living room--

The women stay at the table-- SOUND of TV turning on--

55 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

55

Hart, 52--

HART

Rust's girl, uh, Laurie. She became, like, Chief of something, Lafayette General. I think.

GILBOUGH

You know what happened there?
Between them.

HART

What always happens between men and women... *Reality.*

(beat)

My understanding, from Maggie. They wanted different things. You'd have to ask him.

PAPANIA

...When do you think things started to, how you put it, *change* again, with Detective Cohle?

HART

...Maybe, early on in 2002. But it was his life. Mine was steady. Like I say.

56 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

56

Cohle, 49-- Gilbough listening closely--

COHLE

Years... "Time is a flat circle."
You know anything about M-brane theory, detectives?

Papania rolls eyes-- Gilbough shakes his head *slowly*-- Cohle uses a beer can to illustrate, tracing the can's surface, beyond it--

COHLE (CONT'D)

It's like, in this universe, our consciousness has to process time linearly, *forward*. But *outside* our spacetime, from what would be a fourth-dimensional perspective, time wouldn't exist. And from *that vantage*, could we attain it, we'd see--

A sudden display of strength: between two hands, Cohle *crushes* the can to a *flat disc*--

COHLE (CONT'D)

Our spacetime would look flattened, like a single sculpture, with matter in a superposition of every place it ever occupied. Our sentience just cycles through our lives like carts on a track.

He lights a cigarette, idly arranges the beer-can men so that it's now four surrounding one, holds up the *flat disc* can--

COHLE (CONT'D)

Everything outside our dimension, see, that's *eternity*. Eternity, looking down at us. To us, it's a sphere. To them, it's a circle.

He twists the disc slowly in front his eyes-- Beat--

GILBOUGH

Mr. Cohle... What happened in 2002?

Cohle's eyes lock with his--

57 INT. ABBEVILLE PD - DAY 57

TWO PD DETECTIVES and SERGEANT observe Cohle working a suspect through windows into an INTERVIEW ROOM--

58 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ABBEVILLE POLICE - DAY 58

Cohle, 39, paces slowly around GUY FRANCIS, 42, a long, rangy man with an opaque *glass* eye. Cohle holds a thick file on Francis, leafing through the case--

COHLE

They think you're the drug store robber, Francis. Killed two people in Livingston. Call you 'The Southern-Fried Pharmacy Firearms Fiend.'

FRANCIS

...No, sir.

Cohle studies him-- Francis doesn't say anything, sweats--

COHLE

Stuff they got now, man.
Fingerprints. DNA. You'd have to be
some kinda genius to get around all
that.

(leans in)

And you ain't no kinda genius, are
you? Best play for you, plead
impairment. You know what that
means? Means you can't be held
accountable for your actions.

FRANCIS

...I don't think I should be
blamed, entirely, I mean. What I
done under the influence of
anything.

COHLE

I'm not saying you should be
either. Shit, man. PCP, one time,
famous case. Guy cut off his own
face.

FRANCIS

...F'real?

COHLE

Oh yeah. That *and* meth? If that
ain't an insanity defense, I don't
know what is. I mean, how they
gonna call a man *not on anything*
insane, he does something crazy.
But a man's on something *makes* him
crazy, that's sane? Works both
ways.

FRANCIS

...Yeah... Exactly. I mean, I'm not
even saying I remember. I was so
shit-hammered...

COHLE

...I'd take that play. Insanity
defense... But the amnesia thing
won't help. See, cause you sobered
up.

(MORE)

COHLE (CONT'D)

So now, you being in your right mind- best way for you to *show* the difference between *that man* and *this one*, is to show *shock*. Terror and remorse... This 'I can't remember' shit. You gotta do better. You gotta let 'em clear the case, show shame, penitence...

FRANCIS

...I am. I do. I'm scared, sir...

COHLE

Hhn. You remember what you told the pharmacist?

FRANCIS

..."Give me everything"...

COHLE

There you go. And you're sorry, aren't you?

FRANCIS

Yeah. Yeah... I'm *ill*...

COHLE

You see what you just did? You just copped to a double murder. They got you now.

Guy stiffens, thinks like a trapped animal and *abruptly makes a decision*, leans close to Cohle, as though in confidence--

FRANCIS

I wanna deal. I know things.

COHLE

Like what?

FRANCIS

Like, I know who you are. That woman in the woods, way back. *The antlers*.

Cohle's eyes widen, piqued--

COHLE

That don't mean nothing. That was in the papers. You ain't got shit.

FRANCIS

...You- You all n-never got him.
Man that did that. *He's been out
there. Killing.*

COHLE

Ain't nobody did that killing's
still alive, boy. And you don't
know fuck-all about anything.

FRANCIS

...I met him once. *There's big
people, know about him. But I wanna
deal.*

COHLE

You spilling shit boy--

FRANCIS

Deal with me for them murders... I
tell you about The Yellow King.

*Name triggers-- Cohle backhands Francis, yanks him by the
collar--*

COHLE

*Gimme a name. Give me a fucking
name!!!*

Cohle slams him into the wall, pressing his windpipe--

59 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, ABBEVILLE POLICE - DAY 59

OUTSIDE - FOLLOW the two PD with their SERGEANT, as all rush
into the interview room as--

NOTICE a PATROLMAN (CHILDRESS) *hangs* back in the hall, having
heard the conversation--

60 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, ABBEVILLE POLICE DAY 60

FRANCIS

*Iwannadeal I wanna deal! The Yellow
King! You deal with me!*

COHLE

*What're you saying, huh? What're
you on about? Givemeaname--*

The two Detectives pull Cohle off of Francis-- Sergeant sits
the suspect down-- PD tugs Cohle out--

61 INT. ABBEVILLE PD - DAY

61

SERGEANT

You got the confession, *then you made it inadmissable--*

COHLE

What're you doing? He's *still talking--*

DETECTIVE 2

We don't treat our suspects like that here--

DETECTIVE 1

He's shucking and jiving you, Detective. *He knows who you are.*

COHLE

You called me in--

(calms)

...Hold on. Hold on, I want to talk to him--

DETECTIVE 2

We'll let you know, we need anything else.

SERGEANT

You can visit the prisoner when you calm down, request further interview. We appreciate the assist.

DETECTIVE 1

Come on--

TWO PATROLMEN pass by to take Francis to holding-- One of them is Childress, who heard the conversation--

COHLE

What's *going on* here?

SERGEANT

We gotta salvage a double-murder confession, is what's going on. If he wasn't just running you, you'll get anything we get... You have my word.

Cohle's frustrated, mind spinning with what Francis said-- He clocks the other detectives, *shakes* the Sergeant's hand--

COHLE

I'll be back. Tomorrow.

Walks out-- Into--

62 INT. LAURIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

62

Cohle walking from the dining area to kitchen with dishes in hand, fleeing a conversation behind him, as he and Laurie clean up after dinner--

LAURIE

...I'm not saying we *have* to decide now. It's just a *subject*...

They meet in the KITCHEN, Cohle sets plates down--

COHLE

I'm saying. As a subject. I closed that for myself.

LAURIE

...Baby, I know how you feel. Because of what happened. I do.

COHLE

...*It's not that.*

LAURIE

Of course it is, no matter what you say. And I'm saying. There might be a kind of *healing* in this for you.

COHLE

There's nothing to heal, Laurie...
It's a philosophical decision.

She calls him out, blocking his exit from the kitchen--

LAURIE

Bullshit. If you're going to live... being so *honest*. *Without illusion*, you said. Then you can't be serious. If you *really think* the reason you don't want children is *philosophical*, you are a blind man describing an elephant...

COHLE

...It's wrong. That's how I feel.

LAURIE

...You're scared... Or...
(beat, hurt)
(MORE)

LAURIE (CONT'D)

...Is it you don't-- with *me*?
...You don't love me that way?

He freezes a half-second too long-- He wants to be a good man,
but that word still registers a *suspicious abstraction*--

COHLE

No. It's not about you. I wouldn't
have children with anyone, Laurie.
I'm sorry...

He passes her, enters the living room, where something
catches his eye... He pauses beside a shelf, looks at it, as
Laurie stands in kitchen doorway--

COHLE POV -- he stares at the framed Lafayette Advertiser
PHOTO of him and Hart, the 'Hero Cops' headline-- His own
face in the glass, *seven years later*--

LAURIE

...A seven-year old picture's more
important than this discussion?
(beat)
You've got such good eyes for
detail, Rust. The seams in
everything and all the cracks. But
you miss a *shit-ton* of what's
obvious.

COHLE

...What've I missed?

LAURIE

How did you think this would sit
with me? You heard me talk about
it... Did you think I would just be
content to erase any hopes for that
area of my life? For being a
mother?

Without really looking at her--

COHLE

...No. I guess I never expected you
to do that.

Hurts her, that he'd allowed his intentions'
misinterpretation--

LAURIE

...Are you just-- I don't know if
you're mostly good, and just a coward.
Or if you're an asshole, and just a
little smarter than most.

COHLE

...I'd hate to call that one.

She walks out, and he turns--

COHLE (CONT'D)

...I'm sorry, Laurie...

He means it, but his mind is almost entirely elsewhere. BACK to his reflection over the framed newspaper-- The PHOTO--

63 INT. HART'S CAR - NIGHT

63

Late night. Martin Hart parked at home with Audrey in the car. SILENCE-- Audrey's lipstick and makeup is badly smeared, *ashamed* and Marty drives, *furious*--

AUDREY

--Dad...

HART

Tell it to your mother.

He *glances at her with raw hate* that makes her *wither* with its disgust-- They get out--

64 INT. HART HOME - NIGHT

64

In her robe and nightgown, Maggie is waiting in the foyer as *Marty and Audrey enter*-- Maggie was also awoken from sleep and has been waiting for Hart and Audrey to come home--

HART

Deputy found her parked in a car.
With *two boys*.

MAGGIE

(to Audrey)
What?

HART

In states of undress... You know,
like fucking.

Audrey shrinks, as Maggie looks at her *shocked* and maybe *horrified*--

HART (CONT'D)

Boys were nineteen and twenty. Got 'em in holding for the night. I haven't decided whether to press statch rape charges.

AUDREY

What? You can't--

HART

I can do anything I goddamn want to those boys. Think about that.

MAGGIE

Audrey. My God. Look at me. *Look at me.* What are you thinking?

HART

'Thinking?' *What the fuck is wrong with you?* Or is this one of those things I'll never understand. You bein captain of the varsity slut team--

AUDREY

...Fuck you!

He *slaps* her-- She *runs* to her room-- He's instantly ashamed of the act, frozen with fear, guilt-- Maggie's aghast... She follows Audrey--

65 INT. HALLWAY, HART HOME - NIGHT

65

MACIE (14), watches from a crack in her door as Audrey storms by in tears, *hitting* Macie's door--

MACIE

Ow!

Maggie following behind as Audrey's door *slams*, locks--

MAGGIE

(to Macie)

Go to bed. This isn't to do with you.

Macie smirks to herself, into her PHONE, '*My slut sister*'-- She shuts her door as her mother *knocks* on Audrey's--

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

...Audrey. Open up. It's just you and me. You need to talk about this.

No answer-- Maggie's POV, turning back down a dark hallway of *closed doors*, a band of light underneath them--

66 INT. HART HOME - NIGHT 66

Marty hasn't moved, looks at his hands, guilt-ridden-- Then, to save himself, through some inner rationale, he converts that guilt into righteousness-- *He's the wronged party--*

67 INT. KITCHEN, HART HOME - NIGHT 67

Marty enters the kitchen-- Digs around in a cabinet under the sink, pulling out junk and old cleansers until--

He finds a *dusty, old* bottle of Jamesons, half-full-- Pours himself a tall drink--

68 INT. LOCKER ROOM, HOMICIDE, STATE PD - DAY 68

Martin dresses-- Younger men, detectives, mill around him-- He's tired, studies his hands, *knuckles* on one hand bruised, scraped (will learn why next ep.)-- Looks to his belt, the RODEO BUCKLE on it dated '82--

At the BATHROOM MIRROR above the sink, he checks the skin beneath his chin, the thinning hairline; tries a half-ass comb-over, comb-down, fuck it--

Hart leaves the mirror, unsatisfied with it-- OVERLAP these images with first dialogue of next scene--

69 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 69

Cohle, 49, twisting the *flat beer-can* like a doubloon--

COHLE

In *eternity*, where there's no time, everything is eternal. Nothing can *grow, or change*. So Death created time to grow the things it would kill... And you are reborn, but into the same life you've *always* been born into.

He draws a figure-eight infinity symbol around the can-men--

COHLE (CONT'D)

...How many times have we had this conversation, Detectives? Who knows? We can never remember our lives. And we can never change anything. Your life is a surface that your consciousness traverses again and again. Forever. And that is the terrible and secret fate of all life. You're trapped.

(MORE)

COHLE (CONT'D)

Like a nightmare you keep waking up
into...

70 INT. SQUAD ROOM, STATE POLICE HQ - DAY 70

Last part of dialogue overlaps-- Hart walks in from the locker room fully dressed in suit. He approaches his desk, beside Cohle, who stares ahead at a wall, thinking, *hard--*

HART

...You alright?

COHLE

We need to run to Abbeville today.

HART

I gotta give a deposition, after lunch... Why?

COHLE

Come on. I'll tell you about it on the way--

They exit--

71 INT. HOLDING AREA - ABBEVILLE PD - DAY 71

At the gated entrance toward the HOLDING CELLS-- *commotion* as Cohle and Hart face off against TWO ABBEVILLE PD DETECTIVES and TWO PATROLMEN--

COHLE

What the fuck are you talking about?

DETECTIVE A

Hold on a minute, sir. You need to walk this *the fuck* back. You don't barge through here--

COHLE

What happened? You assholes--

72 INT. HALLWAY, ABBEVILLE PD - DAY 72

WALKING down a hallway of HOLDING CELLS with PD--

SERGEANT

We *did* take his belt. Shoelaces too. Detective.

They stop at a cell where a tendril of dry, dark *stain* has groped beneath the bars-- YELLOW CRIME SCENE TAPE over the door. All stand before the cell, see--

Guy Francis's body is *slumped* at a rear corner, bent around the post of his bunk, where a piece has been cut and bent outward a long time ago, making a small, hooked tooth--

Cohle stares through the bars, Francis's wrists gouged and bled out, pooling at dips in the cement--

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

He knew what he was looking at for the double-murder. Guess he thought about it, made a choice.

COHLE

You got camera feeds?

SERGEANT

Yes we do. They cover the *hallway*. Not the cells.

COHLE

I want to see it.

SERGEANT

You wanna modify your tone, Detective? Or you wanna obtain a subpoena?

HART

Sorry. Chief, if we could get a look, maybe get us out your hair quicker.

SERGEANT

...It's under review with our internal affairs division, but I'm sure they'd let you have a look, you ask them as nice as you did me.

Cohle fumes as Hart leads him away, looking at Francis's dead body slumped in the cell, the dark river flowed out it...

73

INT. VIDEO ROOM - DAY

73

Cohle leans past an IA INVESTIGATOR and TECHNICIAN watching the holding area's *camera footage*-- *FAST-FORWARDING* through footage of empty holding area for some time-- Francis is taken out his cell, walked out, then walked back to his cell--

COHLE

Stop. What was that?

IA INVESTIGATOR

...He took a phone call at 7:15. His lawyer.

ON MONITOR: footage plays back, Francis returned to his cell, angle too steep for us to see in the cells with any depth--

FAST FORWARD-- Cohle watches closely as-- From a cell in the back, a little trail of black starts flowing out--

IA INVESTIGATOR (CONT'D)
That's it. Three hours of
nothing... till you see the blood.

COHLE
...You got audio? Sound.

TECH
No. Just the vid.

COHLE
...So we don't know what somebody
might've told him, on that phone
call. We need to see your logs--

He looks between the PD men and Hart, appearing paranoid--

74

EXT. PHONE BOOTH / DEFUNCT GAS STATION - DAY

74

An abandoned GAS STATION on the prairie, convenience store empty, gas pumps ripped out-- A DEPUTY stands with Cohle and Hart outside a PHONE BOOTH on the edge of the lot--

Cohle looks the phone over, the desolation--

COHLE
...Try to take prints. No kind of
lawyer calls from here.
(to deputy)
Francis have relatives?

DEPUTY
Yeah. Sisters, a few nieces and
nephews.

HART
...Connects to his suicide?

COHLE
Maybe somebody told him something.
Gave him no choice...

That doesn't sound very plausible to Hart or the Deputy--

75 INT. MOVING, CID CAR - DAY

75

Hart drives he and Cohle away toward the interstate-- Cohle stares out the window, thinks-- Hart clocks that Cohle is in his state of obsessive thought--

HART

You *really* think he could've been serious, about having something?
...And if so, then what?

Implications: *Conspiracy? We got the wrong man seven years ago..?*

COHLE

...Reggie Ledoux deserved to die, Marty. That's justice. But I'm not ruling out other agencies.

HART

What's that mean?

COHLE

Francis and Charlie Lange both said the Yellow King. Dora Lange said Yellow King.

HART

Why haven't we heard anything?

COHLE

...You ever wonder why that task force was so hot to take the case, back in '95?

Hart doesn't respond, doesn't like the gears in Cohle's eyes--

76 EXT. HIGHWAY, SOUTH LOUISIANA - DAY

76

The CID car passes again through the wilderness cut with asphalt--

77 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

77

Hart, 52--

GILBOUGH

Did he mention Billy Lee Tuttle?

HART

...You know that he did.

PAPANIA

Tuttle died a couple years back.
2010.

HART

Yeah. What was it? Mixed
medications? So what.

GILBOUGH

Not long after Cohle turned back up
in Louisiana.

HART

Alright. Fuck this. Fuck it right
now. You tell me why you're all
over Rust. Or I walk.

GILBOUGH

...His record. His reports. His
stories. They don't add up.

HART

So talk to him already. Stop
pissing in my ear.

PAPANIA

We *did*.

HART

You did? Huh.

GILBOUGH

What?

HART

If *you two* talked to Rust, you
didn't get a read on him. He was
getting a read on you.

OFF Hart, feeling superior to his interviewers--

78 EXT. MALL, LAFAYETTE - DAY

78

Hart, 42, walks through outdoor MALL with a bulky Walgreen's
bag in hand, looking at an ad torn from the paper, pictures of
cell phones-- He pauses in the bustle of shoppers, looks around,
finds the CELL PHONE STORE across the way--

79 INT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

79

Hart lugs the Walgreen's bag, looks at various phones on display
until a salesgirl, BETH (23), approaches him-- As she does, she
seems to be taken with something about his appearance, his face--

BETH

Can I help you with anything, sir?

HART

Oh, yeah. Please. I'm just looking for this one...

He indicates a picture from the newspaper ad; she glances at him while checking the ad, lets him catch her looking--

BETH

Right over here. I've been seeing that ad all day.

She leads him over to the item and hands it to him--

HART

...It's pretty easy to work, huh? I don't want anything too fancy...

BETH

It's easy... Did you want a camera?

Hart thinks it over, looking at the phone box--

HART

Yeah, sure. Good.

Beth glances at his face, his WEDDING RING, the bulky Walgreen's bag-- NOTICE the bag is full of THREE BOXES of *tampons*--

BETH

This has one. It's easy--

80 EXT. MALL, LAFAYETTE - DAY

80

Later. Walking out the mall, looking at the phone's box-- Hart sees he is passing a SUBURBAN BAR-- On the bar's TV, ESPN is on--

He looks at his watch, the Walgreen's bag--

HART

...Fuck it...

He walks into the bar--

81 INT. ARCHIVES, STATE PD - DAY

81

Cohle sits before a computer with a small stack of *thin folders*-- Each one containing *Missing Persons*-- Notice the reports are either marked 'made in error' or simply contain no investigative information, their case files empty--

He's copying a list of those names on his legal pad--

82

INT. SUBURBAN BAR - DAY

82

Hart sits at the bar with a beer, his second, new phone unwrapped, almost too tiny for his fingers-- He watches between it and the game on TV, his Walgreen's bag on the stool beside him--

BETH
(re bag)
Big weekend planned?

He looks up to see Beth standing beside him--

HART
(realizing bag)
Huh? Oh. Hah. Yeah... Looking forward to it...

He continues to work at the phone-- Can't quite take his eyes off her as she leans over the bar, orders a martini, waits--

BETH
...You're a cop, aren't you?

HART
You see my badge at check-out?

BETH
No. Tell you the truth... I *think* I saw you before. *Years* back.

HART
You get in trouble?

BETH
No. You came around this place I was staying, asking about a girl...

HART
Oh. ...My name's Marty.

She takes his hand, happy and inviting, young. We may not realize it yet, but this is the young prostitute at the 'ranch' whom Hart met in ep. 2--

BETH
Beth. I like your belt buckle. You were a bullrider?

He moves his bag to the floor, and she joins him, receiving her drink--

HART

Oh, yeah. SBC champs, '82.

BETH

I love bullriding.

He grins, almost tense, drinks--

83 EXT. MOVING, COHLE'S TRUCK, RURAL ROAD - DAY 83

Cohle drives down a rural road, passing fields, deep forests with dread-- He sees something, *slows down*, almost stopping--

Out the window, he sees the *old* BILLBOARD *still stands*, seen in ep. 1, mildewed, bleached by the sun, a GIRL'S PORTRAIT and a legend: '10/11/87: DO YOU KNOW WHO KILLED ME? CALL 800-976-5236 REWARD'-- Sun has faded the girl's face so that it's a large void, *blank*-- Cohle passes it slowly, staring--

84 EXT. CANE FIELDS - DAY 84

The CANE FIELDS seen in ep 1, the former Dora Lange crime scene. Cohle, 39, alone, crosses the field, toward the single OAK TREE at its center--

Cohle enters the small clearing around the oak where they found Dora Lange's body seven years ago, sees--

The TREE hosts a SMALL ALTAR-- A *half-dozen* of the STICK LATTICEWORKS posted around it, a warped *spiral* of wood--

From a *surrounding vantage*, it appears the stick sculptures or *something within the cane* observes him--

85 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 85

2012. ON a new CRIME SCENE FILE-- B&W, COLOR PHOTOS of the body from Lake Charles, a brief bio on the deceased 'STEPHANIE KORDISH'-- DETAILS in pictures, in Cohle's EYES as he leafs through them--

To INVESTIGATIVE REPORT -- '*Deceased reported missing--*' '*LCP High School*'-- *Surface info*--

It's *thin*--

COHLE

...This's *it*? Really? Hell, I know this.

GILBOUGH

What we have. So far.

PAPANIA

Maybe you can stop dancing with us.
Start talking about what you *really*
been up to. How you spend your
time.

Gilbough snaps a look at Papania: too far-- Cohle closes the
file, phenomenally unimpressed.

COHLE

I already told you how I spend my
time.

PAPANIA

Except you been bullshitting us all
day.

Gilbough irritated--

GILBOUGH

...'Scuse us, one more time.

Gilbough rises-- Papania opens door, and both walk out,
leaving Rust alone with new file and tin can men--

86

INT. STATE CID - DAY

86

FOLLOW Gilbough and Papania out the interview room, away from
its line of sight--

GILBOUGH

Shouldn't have gone at him like
that, Tom.

PAPANA

Maybe. Alright. But he's been
spinning our tops since he walked
in. Let's take it to real street.

Their MAJOR (MARKAM, 48) meets them--

MARKAM

...Anything?

Papania and Gilbough look between one another--

GILBOUGH

He's not right.

PAPANIA

He's not close to right. Come on.

Gilbough weighs where they were against where Papania left
them--

GILBOUGH

...We want to go for it.

MARKAM

We can't hold him, what you got. He knows it.

PAPANIA

We taken this far as we can. He's a sociopath with a thesaurus.

GILBOUGH

'95 to now. He pulls it all together, doesn't he..? *He's the missing piece. He set the guys up in '95. Pushed it on the two pedophiles.*

MARKAM

...You don't get an admission, you blown it. He'll walk, maybe leave the state.

The two detectives look between each other--

GILBOUGH

...We'll get it.

PAPANIA

Fucking right we'll get it.

87

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

87

Gilbough and Papania enter room-- Gilbough has a new PHOTO he puts down in front of Cohle--

GILBOUGH

This's from our crime scene. Once folks got word.

ON PHOTO-- A CROWD SCENE in a rural area, all standing behind CRIME SCENE TAPE--

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

...You recognize anybody in there?

PUSH IN on photo's faces-- Among the crowd of onlookers stands RUSTIN COHLE--

PAPANIA

Lake Charles is a bit out of the way for you, huh?

COHLE

...How is it you kept her out the papers?

No answer--

COHLE (CONT'D)

Maybe you got friends in high places.

PAPANIA

Your truck and a man fitting your description were spotted in the vicinity of our scene, five times, by five different people, over the last month.

Cohle's eyes go *dark*, looking up at his questioners--

88

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

88

Gilbough and Papania now work Hart, 52-- Who has the CROWD PHOTO that features Rust at the crime scene--

GILBOUGH

Now, besides people seeing him and his truck around the location for weeks, you know he was off the grid, after he left in '02? Doesn't show up *anywhere* till 2010, Louisiana. Gets his driver's license renewed. Nobody knows what he's been up to, meantime.

PAPANIA

He's got a *storage shed* near Church Point. He *won't let us see what's inside.*

On Hart's face, thinking these things over, not believing it--

89

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

89

Cohle, 49--

COHLE

Fuck no you can't look at my storage unit. Get a warrant. Christ. Try *working* a case.

GILBOUGH

We're working it. How it works for us is we think, way back, you *put* the case on Rianne Olivier.

(MORE)

GILBOUGH (CONT'D)

Put it on her old boyfriend. I don't know, maybe the Ledoux boys knew you... Maybe you traveled the same circles. Same hobbies. Maybe they had something on you.

Cohle doesn't respond, studies his accusers like prey--

PAPANA

You just kept pulling the right old murders, take the case where you wanted.

GILBOUGH

You're a juicer. You ever black out?

PAPANIA

Ever wake up, don't remember what you did?

Now Cohle rises, moves to the door--

COHLE

You think you can arrest me, go ahead. You wanna follow me, go ahead. You wanna see something, get a warrant. Beyond that, thanks for the beer. Fuck off. Company men.

Cohle exits the interview room, leaving the detectives stupified, *furious*--

PAPANIA

...Shit. Maynard. We'll keep on him. This ain't over.

Gilbough, so tightly wound, for the first time shows emotion--
SNAPS and throws an old typewriter in a rage--

90

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

90

Gilbough and Papania make their case to Hart, 52-- He's looking at PHOTOS of the new murder, the crowd photo--

GILBOUGH

He bartends four days a week, this roadhouse. Has a little apartment behind it. No other accounting of his time.

PAPANIA

Says he drinks.

HART

...You're wrong. Nobody could change that much. You are dead fucking wrong.

GILBOUGH

Hey. You been telling us, all day, about the kind of shit he'd think up. Way he'd talk. We got a good earful of that, too.

PAPANIA

You gonna tell me that's a *stable individual*? Left a *burn-out*, junkie rumors. You think ten years on the sauce's made him *more reasonable*? Think about this. You said it. He'd been there *three months*.

91 EXT. CANE FIELDS - DAY 91

FLASHBACK from early in the first ep., Cohle and Hart being led by a sheriff's deputy through the field, toward the Lange scene--

GILBOUGH (V.O.)

...And you two catch a heater like you *never had before or since*...

92 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 92

Hart, 52, listens--

GILBOUGH

One that he *shines* on. You saying he did such a great job. Didn't he get you every bit of evidence? Didn't he *push you* where he wanted *it to go*?

PAPANIA

He brought you *Rianne Olivier*.

GILBOUGH

She wasn't one of Ledoux's... *She was one of his*.

Marty's face bleaches, staring at the new PHOTOS--

93 INT. SQUAD ROOM, STATE POLICE HQ - DAY 93

FLASHBACK scene from ep. 3, Cohle and Hart with the Rianne Olivier file, the photo of the girl's back, the *spiral tattoo*--

COHLE

--Dig in *this direction*...

94 INT. COHLE'S APT - NIGHT 94

In Cohle's *old apartment*, the first time Hart saw it-- The STACKS of *homicide literature*--

95 EXT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT 95

2012, at a STORAGE FACILITY, Cohle, 49, walks a narrow concrete strip between rows of storage units-- He stops before a mid-sized one, *looks over his shoulders*, checking for tails--

PAPANIA (V.O.)

Why can't we see what he keeps in storage?

Cohle unlocks the padlock and door-lock on the UNIT, lifts the metal doorway open and slips under, inside-- Closes and *locks* it from inside. A LIGHT comes on, filling the cracks around the door, framing it in the darkness--

96 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 96

Hart, 52, listens, increasingly paranoid--

PAPANIA

What'd he say? '*Life is a disease*'?

GILBOUGH

When he heard the Abbeville prisoner, Francis, knew something, *he got on it. He shut it down.*

PAPANIA

You ever thought if *he* made that phone call to the prisoner? Like, I dunno: *the guy was trying to blackmail him...*

GILBOUGH

He got *back* on it, too, didn't he? The idea that the Lange killer was still out there?

Hart pauses a few beats, sweating, taking it all in--

HART

Yeah... Yeah, he did...

GILBOUGH

Looking for a new patsy, maybe.

Mutual looks as Hart sits with this--

97 EXT. PELICAN ISLAND, LOUISIANA - DAY 97

2002. Cohle's truck travels down the rural road leading into the desolation of PELICAN ISLAND--

HART 2012 (V.O.)

By the time I knew what Rust was doing, it was too late...

98 EXT. LIGHT OF THE WAY ACADEMY - DAY 98

39, Cohle steps out his truck, stands before the Light of the Way Academy, now even more rundown than before; seven hurricane seasons partially demolished the place, roofs sinking, its yard an overgrown tangle of jungle grass, no groundskeeping in a long time...

Cohle holds in his hand Rianne Olivier's OLD YEARBOOK, the cheap, stapled job-- COHLE'S MISSING PERSONS LIST is used as a bookmark, opening the yearbook onto student PHOTOS-- Rianne Olivier's picture circled in red by him--

Cohle walks toward the entrance--

99 INT. LIGHT OF THE WAY ACADEMY - DAY 99

Cohle enters the darkened, moldering building. Damp, seedy light through some broken windows-- Glass underfoot-- Old *water stains*--

Cohle walks through the dim-lit wreckage and piles of debris, faded crosses and evangelical mottos on the wall. Faded acrylic *cherubs* with hands over eyes, ears, and mouth- *see no, hear no, say no*-- *style* looks familiar--

Cohle's flashlight cuts through the dim. A CLASSROOM, moldering, generic Christian elements on the wall--

He climbs creaky, sagging steps, peeling walls, pale light leaking through--

HART 2012 (V.O.)

Look, you're giving me a lot to absorb.

100 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 100

Hart, 52, facing the other two detectives--

PAPANIA

Goddamn right it's a lot to absorb.
So help us out.

GILBOUGH

Whatever you can tell us. From when he
got back on the Lange killer till you
two had your... altercation.

PAPANIA

...Whatever that was about.

Hart *bristles* at something *patronizing* in the reference--
Still troubled by what he's learned of Cohle, he thinks--

101 INT. LIGHT OF THE WAY ACADEMY / CLASSROOM - DAY 101

39, Cohle ascends the second floor of the former school-- A row
of GLASS DISPLAY SHELVES, most fallen off, a moldering
CLASSROOM-- He sweeps with his flashlight--

SEES in the beam, OLD STUDENT DESKS-- Occupying a number of
seats are TWIG LATTICEWORKS, some very old, cobwebbed--

The WALLS around the room are painted to look like a *cypress
forest beneath a purple sky with black stars*--

He turns to the room's window--

PULL BACK through broken window as MUSIC RISES, 'ELI' by
Bosnian Rainbows-- Pulling back to the decrepit exterior of
school, and Cohle's face through the broken window--

FADE TO BLACK.

END CHAPTER FIVE