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Split Second

By Gary Scott Thompson

731 arriving at Lockup 16.

Prisoner on board.

- Request assistance.

- Affirmative. Proceed to Bay 2.

This is Thrasher.

All units be on the lookout
for Detective Stone.

He's armed and dangerous.

If anyone spots him,
report to me immediately.

Durkin, where the hell are you?

I've located Stone,
passing Trafalgar Square.

On his tail, sir.

While the United States blocks yet
another UN resolution on global warming...

...London continues to suffer...

...as the River Thames rises to its highest
level since Black November, 1999.

With the approaching full moon
and persistent rains...

...the further outlook
for Londoners appears bleak.

As the tides continue to rise,
the dramatic increase in rat infestation...

...is evident throughout the city.

Those attacked should report
to their local rodent center...

...for immediate medical attention.

Police, dickhead.

50, two drinks minimum.

- Watch him.

- Okay.

Damn it.

- What can I get you?

- You got coffee?

It's two drinks minimum.

Give me two coffees, extra sugar.

Access code.

- Special Unit, can I help you?

- Get me Pat O'Donnell please.

One moment, I'll transfer you.

Come on, Pat.

Excuse me, please, I have to pee.

Will you watch the door for me?

- Sure, babe.

- Thank you.

Don't be a creep and peek, okay?

- O'Donnell, here.

- Hi, Pat. This is Stone, here.

- Don't call me, you were just suspended.

- Did you get the report yet?

No, maybe the bastard
won't show this time.

He'll show.

I know he will.

I need some coffee.

Where the fuck is my coffee?

I know you're here.

Son of a bitch.

Freeze! Don't move.

Show me your hands, man.

Somebody must have seen something.

You?

You know something.

What about you, dickhead?

I know.

I know you saw him.

- Where did he go?

- Don't shoot!

- Talk to me!

- I didn't see anything!

- Freeze!

- Police!

Get out of my way!

God!

I can hear your heartbeat.

I'll find you.

You fuck!

Then what?

He started raving like a lunatic,
out of control.

It took four officers to subdue him.

- Where is he now?

- Lockup.

What happened to him?

A serial killer murdered his
partner, Foster, three years ago.

He was there when it happened.
- Survivor's guilt.
- Just plain guilt.
Had an affair with
Foster's wife, left her...
...hit the booze, went over the edge.
Now he lives on anxiety,
coffee and chocolate.
If you ask me, he's nuts.
That's what the doctors say.
Here, read the file.
He's worked in every hellhole in the world
and been fired from all of them.
- They say he's the best.
- He is.
I followed him down an alleyway.
He shot a trashcan.
Sounds like Stone.
- Maybe you'll be a soothing influence.
- Pardon me?
He's your new partner.
What's the matter with you, Stone?
- Where's my other piece, Pat?
- You mean the cannon.
The Chief's got that.
He said he wanted to see you,
said it was urgent.
Hiya, Stone!
Get a move on.
- Careful, sweetheart.
- It's good to have you back.
What the fuck are you doing here?
I thought you were suspended.
Stone, get your ass in here!
- What the fuck's this?
- Hi, Chief. How are you doing?
Answer the question.
It's a gun.
Don't be a smart-ass. This isn't funny.
I'm not laughing.
The killer is back.
I thought you said
this guy wouldn't be back.
Sir, all research shows that a serial killer

of this type doesn't come back.

- Who is this?

- Detective Dick Durkin.

- Are you sure it's him?

- He ripped her heart out.

- Her heart? What for?

- Maybe he eats them for breakfast.

This wasn't in the police reports
or the papers.

It's never going to be. You got that?

Jesus, if they get wind of this,
they'll have a field day.

This changes things.

I thought we were dealing with
a psychotic, not a psychopath.

With such incredible strength,
he must be...

...under extreme mental distress
or on some kind of stimulant.

Who is this?

I'm curious. How did you know he was
going to strike at that club last night?
I didn't.

- But you were there before he struck.

- So?

That's an incredible coincidence.

Do you know what this is?

It's a medical report on you.

The doctors say you have anxiety neurosis
to the point of being paranoid.

Doctors don't know shit.

How many weapons are you carrying,
besides this cannon?

- An MP-15.

- What else?

- A Glock 50.

- And?

An A-3 assault shotgun.

If that's not paranoid,
I don't know what the fuck is.

I'm surprised you don't have
a grenade launcher.

- I couldn't get a permit.

- This isn't funny!

- I just want to be ready.
- Ready for what?
You can't even find the bastard,
let alone shoot him.
I can find him.
If you know so much about this fella...
...how come we've got a corpse
with her heart ripped out?
And you're up alleyways
shooting at water rats.
- Have you been following me?
- Damn right, he has.
Paranoid people with guns
are a menace to society.
You'd be paranoid, too, if you had
a dipshit like this following you.
This dipshit happens to be
an expert on serial killers.
If he's such an expert,
what the fuck is he following me for?
You're officially off suspension.
But if you fuck up again...
...I'll have your arse shipped
to the worst hellhole on this planet.
Worse than this place?
And there's a condition, Stone,
my condition.
He goes with you.
I work alone.
You work with who I say,
or you don't work at all.
'Cause as far as I'm concerned,
you're just another crazy with a gun.
Your concern for my welfare is touching.
Get the fuck out of my office.
You got a pen?
Detective Dick Durkin, you got a car?
- Yeah, of course.
- You take yours, I'll take mine.
Hey, Stone. What's this?
- Are you going on a picnic?
- What, pal?
Having your own booze delivered now?
- Don't touch it! Where did you get this?

- Somebody wheeled it in.
- Who did?
- I don't know.
Did anybody see who delivered this?
Nobody?
Don't.
- It's cold.
- What?
- Cold enough to be full of beers?
- What's going on?
All right.
Open it.
Paranoid?
Seal off the building. Now!
It's too late.
Get Forensics on this.
I wanna know who delivered it and when.
Durkin, stick with him.
I want a mold from these teeth imprints,
and I want them now!
Hi.
Can I ask you something?
Where'd you get your training?
I come from Lochgilphead in Argyll,
but we moved to Glasgow when I was 4.
I got my first degree there,
then I did postgraduate in Edinburgh...
...and after I decided to join the police,
I went to Oxford.
Stay there.
Don't move or I'll blow your head off.
What the hell are you doing here?
- I'm trying to think. Do you mind?
- You must be sick, laying in wet blood.
You saw him, didn't you? I know you did.
You can see him. I can see him.
That also means I'm not crazy.
What the hell are you doing?
Excuse me.
I was talking to your secretary.
What the hell are you doing?
80 percent of all accidents
are caused by poor visibility.
All units in the vicinity go to 227 Maple

to investigate a homicide.

- Stone.

- Looks as though he's struck again.

On my way.

Follow me, Dick!

Sorry.

- What floor?

- Fourth.

- What's going on?

- ID, sir.

Detective Dick Durkin.

What have you got?

What's left of a 28-year-old man.

His heart's been torn out.

What are you doing?

I thought you were suspended.

I was. You got a time of death?

It's a guess, but I'd place

the TOD somewhere around-

-6:

- Yes.

How do you know that?

Is it always like this?

It's always like this.

I hate rats.

Sorry about the suit.

Damn.

What is it?

It's a message for me.

- How do you know it's for you?

- This is my partner's.

What is that?

Looks like an astrological symbol.

It is. A symbol for Scorpio.

Inverted triangle inside a circle,
that's using the occult.

"25, 78." Don't know what that means.

- Has he ever done this before?

- No.

I wonder if he stood on the bed to paint it.

If he did, he shouldn't

be too hard to find.

Why?

He'd have to be 10 feet tall.

- What do you know about the occult?

- Nothing.

I thought you went to school.

I did, but the occult

wasn't on the curriculum.

What about this Scorpio stuff?

Are you serious?

- You must read your horoscope.

- Why?

Got a present for you, Stone.

Chief asked me to give you this.

It's the cast of the dentition,

from the heart this morning.

Take this to the lab and have it checked.

Now. You got a problem with that?

Yeah, the same problem I got with you.

Who the fuck do you think you are?

Bring this to the lab right now!

I don't have time for this!

Don't think everybody's not going

to hear about this because they are.

- What were you saying?

- A little tension between you two?

Shut up.

Go on.

Show me your face!

Foster!

Freeze!

He's a police officer! Back off!

Back!

Okay.

What happened?

He's out here somewhere.

- How do you know?

- I'm telling you, he's watching.

Can I ask you a question?

What?

- What happened back there?

- We got close.

- How do you know?

- That's two questions.

How do you know what time

the second victim was killed?

Are you psychic or something?
- Your fucking attitude is driving me nuts.
- Word is, you are nuts.
I shouldn't have said that...
...but since we're working together,
it's best if we're honest.
We're not working together
and I'm not nuts.
Okay.
Was it Paulsen that turned you in
for the report that got you suspended?
It's just a rumor that I heard.
Zip up, Dick.
Are there any similarities in the victims?
You may not like me, but I'm good.
I have an Honors in Serial Homicide.
Terrific.
I spent a year with Behavioral Science
Division studying serial killers...
...and another year with Interpol.
I'm not some idiot
straight out of police school.
Did you know
Charles Manson was a Scorpio?
Before yesterday, I thought
we were dealing with a psychotic.
Then, after you told me about the hearts,
I was convinced he was a psychopath.
And seeing what he did,
I'd have to say he's both.
A psychotic
with a psychopathic personality.
There are no similarities
between the victims.
- There has to be.
- This beast doesn't care what it kills.
Why do you call him a beast?
What would you call something...
...with teeth like this?
- Give me your keys.
- What for?
Give me your keys.
A present from my girlfriend.
Where are we going?

You're not going anywhere.
That's not fair.
Michelle?
No, King Kong.
- What are you doing here?
- Same as you.
I come here every time I come to London.
I just called you.
You did?
Your answering machine
wasn't working so I...
Hung up.
- You look very pretty.
- You look like shit.
Thanks.
When was the last time
you got some sleep?
Maybe four days ago.
His killer is still around
and I don't know if I can get him.
Then don't try.
Just give it up and walk away.
I can't.
How about just for the night?
Better watch your coat.
I've got a lot of greasy stuff.
- Is there a light?
- Right in front of you.
No wonder I couldn't find you.
Were you looking for me?
Yes, I was looking for you.
Could we open a window?
Get out of here.
Windows are broken.
I can open that door.
Thanks. That's a little better.
I'm sorry I disappeared.
It wasn't your fault
any more than it was mine.
That's just the way it happened.
When was the last time
you cleaned this place?
I don't remember.
It's good to see you.

I hear that you were suspended.

Word gets around.

No, Paulsen called.

He and Foster were close.

You still on the wagon?

- Yeah.

- Good.

I just brought one of the kids
from Newcastle.

- You've got kids now?

- No, I work with children.

There's a lot of kids
that need psychological help.

That's really nice.

- Yeah.

- Sorry about the pigeons.

I can't kill 'em.

How's Foster's mom?

The same.

- I don't think she'll ever get over it.

- Yes.

How are you?

Me? I'm crazy as ever.

I miss him.

I miss him, too.

I'll make some coffee.

Don't you have any real food?

It's midnight. Tide's coming up.

- Come on.

- Let's go get a beer. There's nothing here.

Foster?

Come on.

Durkin, you're sick.

Freeze!

You want breakfast?

No.

Fine, I'll drive.

Hop in.

Are you telling me

you guys from Oxford don't eat breakfast?

Yeah, right after I run.

- You what?

- Run.

Five miles every morning.

- What's the matter, you don't get laid?
- Yeah, every night.
You get laid every night,
and you run five miles every morning?
Yeah. Except Sundays.
My girlfriend and I stay in bed
and fool around.
That's disgusting.
What is it?
Nothing. I need coffee.
What's this?

Books:

astrology, the occult.
- You read them all?
- Last night, after sex.
Do you mind?
You smoke too much,
drink too much coffee...
- ... and eat too much sugar.
- Helps ease the tension.
I can get rid of that.
Massage is one of my hobbies.
That's it. Now, just relax.
Let the tension flow.
Listen, pal, touching
me is not a great idea.
We're cops, okay?
- How's it going?
- Good.
Get me some breakfast, coffee.
Could I have a Lapsang Souchong
and a croissant, please?
You know,
I think you have supernatural powers.
- You read that in one of your books?
- Yeah.
In the Black Masque. I collect them,
it is one of my hobbies.
- Do you have any hobbies?
- Not since I gave up drinking.
You quit drinking? Good for you.
What is it about you
that reminds me of my mom?

Maybe because I'm so charming.

My mom was a lot of things,
she was not charming.

- God, I love this job.

- Interested?

It's really good.

I hear you used to be a good cop.

My croissant?

What else? You got some salt?

Then you went a bit loopy.

That could be why you're psychic.

I just feel things, that's all.

I hate to break the news,

but that's what psychic is.

I think you and this killer
are on the same psychic wavelength.

What sign were you born under?

- I don't remember.

- Come on. When's your birthday?

- November 10.

- You're a Scorpio.

- So what?

- That's the sign he drew on the ceiling.

You ever asked yourself

why he sent you the heart?

Maybe it's because he thinks
you lack compassion.

Are you trying to be funny?

Great!

I've been wondering...

...why he only kills during the high tide.

I'll bet it has something to do with the...

...astrological alignment of the stars
in conjunction with the new moon.

Scorpio is a water sign.

The highest tide pulls in the new moon.

That's just off the top of my head.

You probably have a better idea.

No, I don't.

He shows up every month

on the night of the new moon...

...he kills before midnight,

in different locations...

...then he disappears.

We don't have a motive.

- We don't have a pattern.

- Slow down.

The only thing we know for sure is that he's not a vegetarian.

Stone?

Okay, dipshit, your turn.

What do you make of all this?

I don't care about your degrees or secondhand knowledge.

I want to know what you think. You.

Any units in the area, report.

There's an intruder at 16 Roselle Street.

- That's-

- My place.

My shotgun.

Call for backup. Now!

Michelle?

Where is he?

If this is a joke, I don't think it's funny.

- What are you doing?

- I'm taking a shower.

You're taking a shower?

- I heard screaming.

- The water got colder!

- The door is open.

- I didn't open it.

Lock it!

- What are you doing?

- They're on their way.

She's okay.

Get back here!

Stupid son of a bitch!

I'd better find Durkin.

Stone! For Christ's sake!

- It bit me!

- Don't worry about it.

- What?

- I'll get the medics.

Come on, move back!

Her chest was ripped open.

He must have used a hatchet.

No, he used his hands.

You saw him, didn't you?

The guy's hyperventilating.

Okay, come on.

I'm okay. Need some fresh air.

Give him space.

Just calm down. Breathe in deep.

Easy, fella.

Hey, Harley!

Foster?

Jesus!

Foster? Come on, pal.

- Jesus.

- Stone, are you all right?

Dick.

- What are you doing here?

- No wonder you have panic attacks.

- That's it! That's your psychic connection.

- You're supposed to be dead.

You've never heard of a bulletproof vest?

Man, watch out. Right.

Don't you ask me why I did that.

- You'll be okay.

- Yeah, I'll be fine.

Did you see anything?

No, I saw a flash and then I felt the pain,
but that's all I remember.

Michelle, I'd like a word with you, please.

Catch up with you later.

I'm sorry, it's my lighter.

- Where's the report from the lab?

- On your desk.

- What did you find out?

- Read the report.

What did you find out?

Traces of *Leptospira interrogans*.

What?

That's the rat virus

that causes Weil's disease.

- Any fingerprints?

- Just one set.

- Did you bring them in?

- No.

- Why not?

- Because they were Foster's.

Your old partner, my best friend.

Do you remember him?
Get your fucking hands off me.
You want to tell me
why you turned me in for a medical?
- You really want to know?
- Tell me.
Not because you caused
the death of your best friend...
...not because you ran away with his wife,
not because you then dumped her...
...but because you're past it.
You're a liability. You're a fucking menace!
Get your hands off him!
Relax.
Get in my office. Now!
You know what I just heard?
You came face to face with the killer
and unloaded a full clip at him.
The word is you missed.
- Do you know me to miss?
- You saying you hit him?
- I didn't miss. That's what I'm saying.
- Then why the fuck isn't he dead?
I unloaded a full clip,
450 Magnum, point blank.
It disappeared. Vanished in front of me.
You are telling me this guy is superhuman?
I don't know what he is,
sure as hell ain't like you or me.
What is it?
Genetic fingerprints
have come back from the lab.
I think you should see this.
What the hell is this?
Multiple restriction,
polymorphic DNA sequences.
Bullshit.
It has the DNA structure of all its victims.
It says here it's got rat DNA.
It's got your DNA, too.
Where the hell do you think you're going?
- Durkin, stick with him.
- Yes, sir.
- And, Durkin...

- Sir?

Watch your ass.

If it makes you feel any better,
those DNA reports can be wrong.

Yeah, right.

He didn't get her heart.

What did you say?

The last victim's heart, he didn't get it.

That means it's going to come back.

Are you ready to die?

What?

The morgue. Come on!

Get lost!

Excuse me!

Out of my way, you fucks!

He's in there.

I'll wait outside.

Didn't think you'd buy that.

I don't like this.

Don't move or you're dead!

- What are you eating?

- He works here.

- Oxford?

- Yes.

Sorry.

Anytime.

What?

Up there.

I'll be damned.

What's going on here?

- What do you think?

- I think he's gone.

Yeah, right.

You got him!

I know I hit him.

We need bigger guns, Stone.

That's quite a hole.

- Did you get to see him?

- Him?

That wasn't a "him. "

That was a fucking "it"!

- We've got to get bigger guns!

- Take a deep breath. Relax.

Okay. Come on.

We need bigger guns, big fucking guns!

Sorry.

We're getting big guns, right?

That's where we're going, to get big guns.

Stone, we need some big fucking guns!

- Another one.

- Did you see his eyes?

All I saw was this...

Drink.

...huge fucking thing.

How are you feeling?

- You okay?

- Yeah.

How?

- I feel...

- On edge?

- Yeah.

- Good.

Have one of these.

- You really get laid every night?

- Yeah!

Now what?

We're going to get bigger guns.

Hallelujah.

A-3, high-powered semiautomatic.

- Something bigger.

- What?

Does the Chief know you're down here?

We need big guns. Big fucking guns.

What the hell's he on?

- Chocolate.

- Chocolate?

I want a grenade launcher.

High-capacity 90mm, automatic.

- Right.

- SA80.

These are too fucking small!

No. That's an assault shotgun,
fully automatic.

Listen, that fires 650 rounds a minute.

What do you need two for?

What the fuck is this thing you're after,
a German tank?

No, that's a Megatron flash grenade.

You could clear the jungle
with one of these things.
Bingo! Let's go!
Right. I was wondering
if one of you guys would sign...
This thing, it's like the sum total
of every serial killer I've studied.
A single organism made up
of multiple DNA structures.
It's as if someone took every serial killer,
and rolled it into one incredible being.
What are you doing with those things?
Who authorized this?
Shit!
- Why didn't I think of that before?
- What?
"25, 78." 25th year, 78th cycle.
The Chinese calendar.
2008, now, this year.
- What are you on about?
-2008 is the year.
- Of the rat!
- What the hell are you talking about?
The inverted triangle is not only
a symbol of evil...
...it also represents water.
What have you done to him?
He's sounding like you.
- What about the circle?
- Circle is the sign of magic and power.
Everything inside the circle
is protected from the outside.
Hello!
Will somebody please tell me
what the hell's going on here?
Scorpio is the sign most susceptible
to the powers of darkness.
To Scorpio, the idea of being joined...
...with a supernatural being
is very important.
And the most powerful
supernatural being... Satan!
What are you on about?
When chaos reigns,

then will the Fallen Angel prevail.

- What the fuck is he talking about?

- Look around!

- The world's in chaos!

- I don't believe this shit!

He's eating human hearts, for Christ's sake.

- How do you know?

- We had lunch with him.

Cannibals ate hearts

to gain possession of souls.

It believes that if it eats

its victims' hearts...

...it not only gains their power

and their DNA...

...it also gains their souls.

Are you telling me there's something

running loose in this city...

...ripping out and eating people's hearts

so he can take their souls back to hell?

Looks that way.

Hallelujah.

You're both fucking nuts.

What am I supposed to do?

Put out an APB on some fucking guy

who looks like the devil?

Answers to the name of Lucifer?

Yeah, and you!

I suppose he's got two fucking horns

sticking out of his head!

Yeah, and a fucking tail!

Fucking get out of the way!

Jesus Christ! The pair of pricks!

Coffee?

This place is amazing.

Great bike.

Do you want some...

...coffee?

Yes, please.

What have we got?

We don't have anything.

We're not chasing it, it's chasing us.

- Milk?

- Just a drop.

Don't.

This thing has really
started to piss me off.
I think you need a plumber.
I'll cover you.
Michelle, what are you doing here?
In the fridge, I touched it.
It's all right. It's okay.
The door was open, so I came in.
So you're back now.
Everything's going to be fine.
What happened?
Foster's mother killed herself.
- I'm sorry.
- Excuse me.
Stay there.
The bite on her shoulder
means he's promised to it.
- He's got her DNA, too?
- Yeah.
Harley.
"Harley. " I'm working
with a guy called Harley.
You think that's funny?
What's so great about Dick Durkin?
Go sit in the car.
Call me on the radio.
Which hand did you use? This one?
He's after me now, isn't he?
No.
He's getting desperate.
So am I.
Come.
Stone.
Stone here. Come in.
There's something moving
at the end of the street.
- What is it?
- I'm just going to investigate.
I don't know. I'd better take a look.
One sec.
Oxford, come in.
Durkin, come in.
What's wrong?
I don't know. Durkin's jeep's gone.

I'd better go take a look.
You stay here on the couch.
Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back.
Something goes wrong, take this.
All right?
Dick, come in.
Having fun?
Harley!
Durkin!
Stone!
Yeah, hang on.
Got you.
Get me out of here!
What happened?
I was looking for you. You okay?
- Yeah, I'm fine.
- Good.
Didn't even see it.
What's it done to me?
I'm going to kill that fucker. I'm going
to find it, and I'm going to kill it.
Rat bastard!
Michelle?
What are you doing?
There was a rat, so I shot it.
You shot my kitchen, that's what.
I missed the rat.
What? This one?
Cool.
I'm bleeding.
Come on, pal, wake up. Get back to work.
What? What are you doing?
What's it done to me?
See, this is his symbol.
We've been looking for a meaning.
What if the symbol is just a map?
A map?
Give me that mirror.
Fuck!
There's a circle, a
triangle, a Scorpio sign.
- The sting in the tail.
- Let me see.
The tail points into the River Thames.

Doesn't make sense.
It's pointing to Cannon Street.
That's where Foster was killed.
It's taking you back.
It's completing the circle.
If he's there, Michelle's there.
Geometrically speaking...
...once he kills you,
he's completed his pattern.
Durkin, come on.
Cannon Street Station hasn't been
used in years. It got submerged.
I know a guy who can get us in
who lives here.
What, is he crazy?
You'll like him, he
catches rats for a living.
He missed some.
Open up! Police!
Where's the big guy?
Are there any lights in this place?
- I think we're below the water table.
- I know.
I just thought I'd mention it.
Where's your boss?
- Who's the guy?
- What guy?

You know it's 4:

- We want to get to Cannon Street, fast.
- You can't go there. It's closed off.
- Can you get us down there?
- You're really serious about this.
- Got any cash?
- No, just credit cards.
Give me your watch.
This serious enough for you?
The exits and entrances are all blocked off.
We sent a couple of guys down there
a few years ago.
- What happened to them?
- They didn't come back, I guess.
Can you get us in?
- You don't want to go there.

- Yes, we do.
- No, you don't.
- Yes, we do.
- No, you don't.
- Yes, we do.
- Boy, are you pushy.
- Give me the watch.
You're not going to need time
where you're going.
Get it off me.
I hate rats.
They love you.
Strange boy.
He gets laid every night.
This is my little door.
Nobody knows about this, Stone,
except you.
So don't tell anybody. This is to my den.
This is the loo.
This is it.
Where does he find these people?
Hurry up, Durkin.
We're definitely
below the water table now.
He's down here.
This is as far as I go, guys.
Do we need any of those keys?
Get the keys.
- Thanks.
- I wish you well, guys.
Come on.
If I were a religious human being,
and not the reasoning person I think I am...
...I wouldn't say this thing
thinks it's Satan, I'd say it is Satan.
Satan is in deep shit.
- Do you want a Rah Rah?
- No, come on.
I hate this place!
"Master of light,
protect us from this evil plight.
"For lowly lives, I take my fight,
Black Masque power.
"The rights of might... "

Don't do that again. It's not funny.
It's out here somewhere. I can smell it.
Is it close?
It's behind us.
Elevator.
We can't kill it.
I'm here.
My chest, it's burning.
Listen.
Hear the heartbeat?
It's not yours. You understand?
Good, so let's go get it.
Okay.
Jesus Christ! Harley!
A circle of light. It's a circle of light!
Get me...
Don't break it! Don't break the surface!
I'm sorry.
Okay. Swing.
- Swing?
- Yeah, swing your legs up.
Get your legs on the roof.
Come on.
Harder!
Yes!
Run!
Foster?
Get out of there!
Nice timing!
- Five seconds.
- Okay.
Four, three, two...
Watch this!
- We haven't been introduced. Dick Durkin.
- What?
I'm gonna fry the fucker.
Shut it off.
Okay, need a screwdriver.
Move!
Gimme some slack.
Say when.
Relax, pal.
Get out of the water now!
- When!

- Are you sure?
- What?
- He said, "When. "
Off!
Please, Durkin!
Sweet dreams.
Is it dead?
Durkin?
That's a difficult question to answer
with a simple "yes" or "no. "
Philosophy of death is one of my hobbies.
Existentially...
- Durkin!
- Tell me later.
I'll tell you later.
Once again, the Black Masque power
prevails over evil.
Yes, Detective Dick Durkin
and his psychic sidekick Harley Stone...
...can relax for a moment...
...before they are called forth once more
to do battle with the forces of darkness.
Shut up!