

"POUR DEATH AND DEFEAT UPON THEM"  
*The Sheridan Tapes - Season 01, Episode 23*  
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Based on story and characters from  
"Homestead on the Corner"  
By Trevor Van Winkle

*tape #4-12-27-3-55*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The same cheap hotel room that we visited in episodes 6 and 13 -- empty and still but for the far off sounds of traffic and the sound of someone running the shower.

Anna shifts slightly in her seat and starts the tape again.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(with more confidence and  
courage, but still a  
little shaky)

Oh me! Oh life! of the questions of  
these recurring,

Of the endless trains of the  
faithless, of cities fill'd with  
the foolish,

Of myself forever reproaching  
myself, (for who more foolish than  
I, and who more faithless?)

Of eyes that vainly crave the  
light, of the objects mean, of the  
struggle ever renew'd,

Of the poor results of all, of the  
plodding and sordid crowds I see  
around me,

Of the empty and useless years of  
the rest, with the rest me  
intertwined,

The question, O me! so sad,  
recurring--What good amid these, O  
me, O life?

Anna grows quiet, then repeats.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(slower, almost at a  
whisper)

What good amid these, O me, O life?

CLICK

A small police interrogation room. The hard walls, ceiling,  
and floor means every noise and voice echoes in the room.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (sarcastic)  
 Hmm. Cozy place you've got here,  
 detective. Real homely. Oh, is that  
 one way glass? Very contemporary...  
 Ow!

Sam just tightened her handcuffs to the table.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)  
 (sounding genuinely hurt)  
 That wasn't very nice.

SAM BAILEY  
 (slightly curious, but  
 more cautious)  
 Did that... Actually hurt?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (sardonic)  
 No... But I'd like you to think  
 that it did.  
 (looks around, sensing the  
 room)  
 Already recording, huh? Very on top  
 of things... Though I can't imagine  
 what good you think it will do.

SAM BAILEY  
 (incredulous)  
 Yeah, good luck with that. I doubt  
 you can mess this one up -- it's a  
 bit more complicated than a thirty  
 year old tape deck.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (shrugs)  
 I like a challenge. Though to be  
 honest, that just sounds like it  
 has more parts for me to break.

SAM BAILEY  
 (GRUMBLES)  
 I need to go file your paperwork.  
 Can I leave you alone for five  
 minutes without you burning down  
 the station?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (rolling her eyes)  
 For the last time detective, I'm  
 not to blame for every weird little  
 thing that's happened around here.  
 (MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)

The bar fire was a total coincidence.

SAM BAILEY

(skeptical)

So you keep saying.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(taking a cheap jab)

Why not get Maria in to keep an eye on me, hmm? Come on, give her a call... I'm sure she's gotten over you endangering her friend's life by now.

SAM BAILEY

(stung, retreating)

Just... Stay here and stay quiet.

Sam turns and marches out of the room. The door slams shut heavily behind him.

"ANNA" LAUGHS QUIETLY, pleased with herself. She begins to drum on the table to the rhythm of "Ring-a-round the rosie," then begins to HUM, then sing:

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(quietly, slightly mumbling)

Ring-a-round the rosie,

A pocket full of posies,

Ashes! Ashes!

We all fall...

(GROANS)

Hello! Detective? Could I *please* get a glass of water at least?

Hello? Treat all your prisoners like this, do you?

She sits and listens for a moment, then SIGHS in disappointment.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)

No, he really *isn't* there. Great.

She goes quiet for a second, and a steady sound of hard-edged static begins to rise on the recording. It rises, then begins to falter before...

"ANNA" GRUNTS, as though she was trying to lift something heavy and couldn't.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Huh. Bit tougher than I thought it would be. Maybe I *should* be careful what I say in here...

At that moment, the door swings open again -- but slower, more curiously.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)

(GROANS IN EXASPERATION)

Finally -- Jesus Detective, I thought I was going to die of...

(sees who it is)

Oh. Hello.

BILL TYLER

(confused and a little worried)

Umm... Hi.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

Who are you?

BILL TYLER

Uh... Lieutenant Tyler... But uh, my friends just call me Bill.

(beat)

I'm sorry, but are you... Anna Sheridan?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(LAUGHS)

Yeah. At least, I'm pretty sure I am.

BILL TYLER

(completely lost)

Then... Sorry, but -- What are you doing here?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(sarcastic, blithe)

Oh, just thought I'd get out of that stuffy old halfway house for a change. See the sights. You've got quite a nice little police station here -- very hospitable.

BILL TYLER

Um... Thanks?

(awkward beat)

Sorry, but...

(MORE)

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)

You didn't really answer my question. What are you doing *here*?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(pretending to realize)

Oh? You mean handcuffed to a desk? I'm not quite sure, actually. Would you believe me if I told you I chained myself up?

BILL TYLER

(growing unnerved)

Probably not, no.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(CHUCKLES)

What, no witty retort?

(muttered)

And here I thought you were supposed to be the funny one.

BILL TYLER

(worried)

Are... Are you high right now, Miss Sheridan?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(faked levity)

Ohhhh, maybe. Quite possibly. You should probably get me out of these cuffs and run some tests, just to make sure.

BILL TYLER

Why would I...

Suddenly, the intercom crackles to life.

SAM BAILEY

(over the intercom,

urgent)

Bill, meet me in observation. Now.

The intercom clicks off.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(muttered, almost

admiring)

So he was listening after all. Sneaky little man.

BILL TYLER

(making his excuses, a bit

freaked out now)

(MORE)

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)  
 I -- I need to go. Do you need anything?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (shrugs)  
 Glass of water would be nice.  
 Failing that, the key to these handcuffs would do.

BILL TYLER  
 (just trying to get out of there)  
 I'll... See what I can do about the water.

With that, Bill ducks out of the room, slamming the door behind him. "ANNA" CHUCKLES TO HERSELF, then begins to HUM "RING-A-ROUND THE ROSIE" again.

CLICK

The observation room adjacent. "Anna's" humming carries through the speakers. Sam fiddles with his recorder a bit, then sets it down on the table.

The door opens and Bill walks in.

BILL TYLER  
 (completely flustered)  
 Sam, I know you're going through a lot right now, but this...

SAM BAILEY  
 (cutting him off)  
 Hold on.

Sam switches off the monitors, and the humming cuts off abruptly.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 (a little calmer)  
 Okay, now we can talk.

BILL TYLER  
 (desperate for answers)  
 Now we can -- Sam, what the hell's going on? Why do you have *Anna Sheridan* in our interrogation room, for godssake? And what possible reason would you have to turn off the monitors?

SAM BAILEY

(rambling a little)

Well... First of all, I don't want her listening in. It's an old AM system, so I'm pretty sure she could piggyback the frequency if she wanted to spy on us. Secondly...

BILL TYLER

(worried for him)

Jesus Sam, I knew you were getting a bit wound up over all this, but I thought that after you found out she was alive, you'd...

SAM BAILEY

(insistent, annoyed)

Secondly -- That is not Anna Sheridan.

A moment of awkward silence.

BILL TYLER

(confused, worried)

It's not... Sam, are you feeling okay?

SAM BAILEY

(irritated)

Am I... Bill, I'm fine. Look, I know how this sounds, but...

BILL TYLER

(walking him through this)

We checked her fingerprints, Sam. You were there. Unless you think the person in that room hacked our database and happens to look exactly like Anna Sheridan, then I don't know what you're...

SAM BAILEY

(laying out the facts)

What? No, that's not what I'm saying. Look, Anna was hunting something before she disappeared. She called it "the Echo." It got loose after she found it spelunking in Wyoming, then it showed up at her sister's house at Christmas two years ago, and now it's trying to...



BILL TYLER  
 (disbelieving)  
 Good god, you've really drunk the  
 kool-aid, haven't you.

SAM BAILEY  
 What?

BILL TYLER  
 (scolding him a bit)  
 Sam, I told you you needed to get  
 some rest before you broke  
 yourself. Do you have any idea what  
 sleep deprivation can do to you?  
 And when you spend all day  
 listening to Anna's old ghost  
 stories, it's no wonder you're...

SAM BAILEY  
 (through gritted teeth)  
 I'm not crazy, Bill.

BILL TYLER  
 (trying to back down a  
 little)  
 I'm not saying you are, but...  
 You've got to admit you're not in  
 the best state of mind either...

SAM BAILEY  
 (yelling)  
 I am NOT crazy!

BILL TYLER  
 (nervously backing away)  
 Sam...

SAM BAILEY  
 (fuming)  
 Everyone said the same thing about  
 Anna. I said the same thing about  
 Anna. And you want to know what?  
 (beat)  
 I was wrong. I was so *goddamn*  
 wrong, it's untrue. And I'm not  
 going to let anyone else suffer  
 because I couldn't see what was  
 happening right in front of me. Not  
 again.

A long, tense silence.

BILL TYLER  
 (not sure where to start  
 with that)  
 What do you mean... Anyone else?

SAM BAILEY  
 (uncertain)  
 I... I don't know. It just kind  
 of... Slipped out.

BILL TYLER  
 (cautiously)  
 Look, if this is about what  
 happened with De Witt...

SAM BAILEY  
 (disbelieving)  
 Do you really think that's why  
 I'm...

BILL TYLER  
 It was horrible. It shouldn't have  
 gone down like that. But you have  
 to admit, he was just a disturbed  
 individual who made some bad  
 choices and...

SAM BAILEY  
 (SCOFFS)  
 I think you're using the wrong  
 tense there.

BILL TYLER  
 (beat, uncertain)  
 What do you mean, the wrong tense?

SAM BAILEY  
 He *is* a disturbed individual.  
 (suddenly realizes)  
 Oh right, I didn't tell you about  
 that. He... He isn't dead.

BILL TYLER  
 (not sure what to make of  
 this)  
 He isn't... Sam, the bullet hit him  
 right in the heart. No one could  
 survive that.

SAM BAILEY  
 (SCOFFS BITTERLY)  
 He could. Mostly because he doesn't  
 have a heart.

BILL TYLER  
 (confused)  
 What like, figuratively, or...

SAM BAILEY  
 Oh for the love of... Look, I've  
 got a tape of our conversation.  
 It's in my office. Come with me.

Sam walks towards the door, with Bill walking hesitantly  
 behind him.

CLICK

Sam's office, a few minutes later. Sam is rummaging through  
 the tapes.

BILL TYLER  
 (uncomfortable, trying to  
 make small talk)  
 It's, uh... A bit more of a mess in  
 here than usual.

SAM BAILEY  
 (hasn't noticed)  
 Huh? Oh, that was probably Maria.  
 She was the last one in here.

BILL TYLER  
 (confused)  
 Maria?

SAM BAILEY  
 (explaining while he  
 searches, distracted)  
 Maria Sol -- She was helping me out  
 with the case. Anna's old assistant  
 and... Well, girlfriend, it turns  
 out.

BILL TYLER  
 (slightly surprised)  
 Huh. Good for her.  
 (confused)  
 Wait, why did you sound so  
 surprised about that?

SAM BAILEY  
 About what?

BILL TYLER  
 Her and Anna dating?

SAM BAILEY

(uncertain)

I just... I guess I didn't think of her like that.

BILL TYLER

(SCOFFS)

What, you thought she was straight? How many of her tapes did you listen to, again?

SAM BAILEY

(annoyed)

Yeah, yeah, it's obvious in hindsight, I just -- I've just never been very good with things like this.

BILL TYLER

What, think your gaydar's busted or something?

SAM BAILEY

(defensive)

What? No, I...

(beat)

Well, maybe, but -- well, more like, I don't see people like that most of the time.

BILL TYLER

(confused)

Like what?

SAM BAILEY

(SIGHS, exasperated,  
finally focusing on him)

Look. It's been like this since I was in high-school: all my friends take one look at someone, decide "hey, they're hot," and want to... Well, you know. I *don't* feel that way about those people though, but because I'm too afraid to stand out, I pretend I do, and end up dating people I don't really care about, breaking it off in less than a week, and getting a reputation as... Well, an unfeeling bastard in the process.

BILL TYLER  
 (muttering, slightly  
 sarcastic)  
 What, you?

SAM BAILEY  
 But then, every once in a while,  
 someone sees past that and gets  
 close. Really close. And one day,  
 before I realize what's happening,  
 I realize I want to spend the rest  
 of my life with them -- but they  
 already think of me as their best  
 friend, and don't want to ruin  
 that. They start dating someone  
 else, I get left behind, and  
 eventually we just... Drift apart.  
 (beat, then, hesitant)  
 Does that make sense?

BILL TYLER  
 (unsure what to do with  
 the sudden burst of  
 honesty)  
 Uh... Any luck finding the tape?

SAM BAILEY  
 (frustrated)  
 No. I swear, I put it right here a  
 few minutes ago.

BILL TYLER  
 You know, memory loss is one of the  
 first symptoms of...

SAM BAILEY  
 (annoyed)  
 I didn't hallucinate the whole  
 thing, Bill. De Witt is alive. I  
 took him out to the flats and  
 interrogated him. He...

Sam steps closer and turns his head for Bill to look.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 He stole my pistol and hit me over  
 the head with it. See?

BILL TYLER  
 (slightly confused)  
 What am I supposed to be looking at  
 there?

SAM BAILEY  
(exasperated)  
There's still a cut there, can't  
you see it?

BILL TYLER  
(uncertain)  
I don't know... Maybe? It's kind of  
faint for -- what, two days ago?

SAM GROANS in annoyance, then goes back to searching his  
desk.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)  
(awkward)  
Look, I don't want to cut you off,  
but if you can't find the tape --  
couldn't we just check the morgue?

SAM BAILEY  
(annoyed)  
I'm going to find...  
(beat)  
What did you say?

BILL TYLER  
(hesitant)  
Can't we just check the morgue? I  
mean, if De Witt came back to life,  
then we should be able to check  
that pretty easily, right?

SAM BAILEY  
(realizing)  
Holy shit, you're right.

Sam drops the tape he's holding and walks towards the door.

CLICK

Down in the morgue. The hum of florescent lights, and the  
echo of Sam and Bill's footsteps as they cross the room.

SAM BAILEY  
(muttering to himself)  
Let's see, it was about... Middle  
of the room, two rows up, just  
around the corner from... Ah! Here  
he is.

BILL TYLER  
(reading, skeptical)  
John Doe. Alias De Witt. Yeah,  
looks right. You want to...

Sam cuts him off by pulling the drawer open dramatically...  
then freezes.

SAM BAILEY  
(totally lost)  
What the hell?

BILL TYLER  
(honestly kind of  
relieved)  
Well... Looks like he's still there  
to me. That's definitely a corpse.

SAM BAILEY  
No, that's not possible, he was...  
(beat, steps closer)  
That's... That's not De Witt.

BILL TYLER  
(confused)  
What do you mean? Looks like him to  
me.

SAM BAILEY  
What? Well, yeah, maybe the hair,  
but... Look at his face. It doesn't  
look anything like him.

BILL TYLER  
(trying to rationalize)  
Well... Not really, I guess. But  
he's been dead for nearly a week,  
it's probably just... Shriveled, a  
bit.

SAM BAILEY  
(fully dissociating)  
Who the hell is this?

BILL TYLER  
(trying to snap him out of  
this)  
It's De Witt, Sam. Look, whatever  
you saw, it's... Well, we'll sort  
it out later. Come on, let's get  
back up to the interrogation room  
and...

SAM BAILEY  
 (starting angry, then  
 losing steam)  
 No! It can't be... It can't be made  
 up. Not after all that I've...  
 After everything I've...

Sam trails off, and silence fills the room.

BILL TYLER  
 (nervous)  
 Please Sam, just -- let's get Anna  
 out of that room and get you both  
 home.

SAM BAILEY  
 (trying to fight)  
 I... I...  
 (SIGHS, defeated)  
 Fine.

BILL TYLER  
 And you really need to get some  
 rest. I'll talk to the chief and  
 get you a...

SAM BAILEY  
 (exhausted)  
 You're right. I thought I could  
 hold her here, but... I can't prove  
 this. I can't prove any of this. We  
 never had a chance.  
 (beat)  
 Let's go.

CLICK

Sam opens the door to the observation room, with Bill close  
 behind.

BILL TYLER  
 Are you sure you left the key in  
 here?

SAM BAILEY  
 (dead tired)  
 I don't know -- probably. I can't  
 remember. Give me a second to look.

Sam shuffles around the room, picking up a few items as he  
 searches. Bill walks up to the one-way mirror, then pauses.



BILL TYLER  
 (confused)  
 What the hell is she doing?

SAM BAILEY  
 (confused)  
 Huh?

Sam walks over and joins him at the window.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 (confused)  
 I don't know... It looks like she's  
 -- talking to herself?

BILL TYLER  
 (curious)  
 Can you turn the monitor back on?

SAM BAILEY  
 (muttering slightly)  
 Huh? Oh, yeah... No point in having  
 it off, I guess...

Sam flicks a switch, and the speaker crackles to life. It takes a moment for the voice to resolve through the static, but when it does...

BILL TYLER (OTHER)  
 (pre-recorded)  
 What are you doing here? What are  
 you doing *here*?  
 (beat)  
 Are... Are you high right now?  
 Are... Are you... Doing... What,  
 are you high right now? What are  
 you doing... right... here. Here...  
 are... You...

The voice cuts off with a sudden movement on the other end of the mic. After a moment, "Anna" begins HUMMING RING AROUND THE ROSIE again.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)  
 (terrified)  
 Sam... She's looking right at us.

SAM BAILEY  
 (stunned)  
 Yeah. I guess she is.

BILL TYLER  
 What was she...

Suddenly, the door opens in the interrogation room, and someone walks confidently in.

CHIEF MORRISON  
(slightly flustered  
apology)

Miss Sheridan, I am so, so sorry about this. I know you have no reason to believe me, but let me assure you, I had no idea what detective Bailey was doing.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(chillingly polite)  
It's alright, chief...

CHIEF MORRISON  
Morrison. And no, it most certainly isn't. This was completely against my orders, not to mention without cause. I assure you, detective Bailey will face the strictest possible discipline within...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
Oh, please take it easy on him, I'm sure it was just a misunderstanding. I mean, have you seen the guy? He looks like he hasn't slept since March.

CHIEF MORRISON  
(CHUCKLES SLIGHTLY)  
I'm glad you can have a sense of humor about this. Here, let me get those handcuffs off...

He leans over and unlocks the manacles.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
Ah... Thanks. That's much better.

CHIEF MORRISON  
Of course. Do you think you can see yourself out? I've already filled out your discharge papers, but if you want...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
No, that's fine: I'm sure I can find my way out. Thank you, Chief.

CHIEF MORRISON  
 (extremely friendly)  
 Of course, Miss Sheridan.

"Anna" turns and walks out of the holding cell. As soon as her footsteps fade out of hearing, the chief turns to face the mirror.

CHIEF MORRISON (CONT'D)  
 (cold anger)  
 Bailey. My office. Now.

CLICK

The inside of Sam's apartment. Across the room, the door opens, and Sam steps inside. As soon as he closes the door, he lets out a LONG, DEFEATED SIGH, then slowly walks across the room.

He enters the kitchen and sets something down something that rattles and clinks like a bunch of glass bottles. He turns and crosses to the fridge, opening it before...

BILL TYLER  
 (somber)  
 Hey Sam.

SAM BAILEY  
 (jumping)  
 Jesus! What the hell are you doing  
 in my apartment?

BILL TYLER  
 Well, giving you back your  
 recorder, for one thing. You left  
 it in observation.

Bill sets the still running tape player on the table between them.

SAM BAILEY  
 How -- How did you get in here?

MARIA SOL  
 (from around the corner)  
 I let him in.

Maria rounds the corner, and SAM SIGHS, exasperated.

SAM BAILEY  
 Of course you did. Steal a spare  
 key while you were here, did you?

MARIA SOL

(annoyed)

Of course I didn't... I just happened to notice the fake rock in your planter box. You really need to get a better hide-a-key.

(beat, then bitterly)

Oh, and Alice is fine by the way. She got out of there in time, no thanks to you.

SAM BAILEY

Good for her.

(to Bill)

So. How'd you two meet?

BILL TYLER

You mentioned her when we were in your office. Figured if anyone would have answers, it would be her. Took a while to find her...

MARIA SOL

(a little bitter)

...Mostly because I didn't want to be found.

BILL TYLER

(snipping right back)

But -- they don't call me the bloodhound of Bluffdale for nothing!

SAM BAILEY

(annoyed)

Nobody calls you that.

(beat, then SIGH)

Fine. I'm glad you two could team up to give me back my tape deck, but would you both kindly...

(notices something)

Wait. Why is it running?

BILL TYLER

That's the other thing we're here to do.

(nods to the bottles on the table)

That's quite a lot of beer, by the way. I thought you didn't drink.

SAM BAILEY  
 (SCOFFS BITTERLY)  
 Well, it's my first time on  
 disciplinary probation. Figured I'd  
 experiment.

MARIA SOL  
 And what about these?

Maria holds up a bottle of pills, shaking them  
 demonstratively.

SAM BAILEY  
 (disturbingly unfazed)  
 Been going through my medicine  
 cabinet, Maria? Why am I not  
 surprised.

MARIA SOL  
 (dead serious)  
 Benzodiazepine. Commonly prescribed  
 for insomnia, anxiety, and panic  
 attacks.

BILL TYLER  
 (finishing her sentence)  
 And also one of the most commonly  
 used drugs in suicide by overdose.  
 Especially when mixed with alcohol.

Sam looks between the two of them, then SIGHS HEAVILY.

SAM BAILEY  
 (defeated)  
 Look, just... Make your point, and  
 then get out of here.

BILL TYLER  
 Sam, we're not here to make a  
 point, we're here to make sure  
 you...

SAM BAILEY  
 (snapping)  
 Oh, fuck OFF! Neither of you are  
 here for me -- you, miss Maria Sol,  
 want to use me to find answers and  
 then drop me the moment I'm not  
 useful, and you, Lieutenant Tyler,  
 want a... A fucking *project* to fix  
 so you can feel better about  
 yourself. Well guess what? You  
 failed. You lost!  
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

No matter how many times you take me to karaoke you're not going to fix me, and I don't have any answers about your dead girlfriend, so just -- Go home. Both of you. Now.

All three fall silent, but no one moves. After a moment, SAM SCOFFS, crosses to the table, and pulls the top off of one of the beer bottles.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(bitterly)  
Cheers.

He takes a swig, COUGHS, then takes another. After a moment...

MARIA SOL

(sarcastic)  
Feel better?

SAM BAILEY

(SCOFFS, bitter)  
Yeah. Just swell.

BILL TYLER

(rolling his eyes)  
Jesus Christ, you two. It's like listening to an old married couple.

MARIA SOL

What? Ew...

BILL TYLER

Sorry, but -- it's true. I mean, just look! You're both as pig-headed as one another, and both just as likely to end up in an early grave because of it.

SAM BAILEY

(muttering)  
Maybe that's where I want to end up, Bill...

BILL TYLER

Sam -- Look at me. You're a good detective...

SAM BAILEY

Was.

BILL TYLER

Are. Who cares if Morrison took away your badge? You're still just as much a detective now as you were yesterday. You still see connections everywhere. You can't just let things that are wrong stay that way, so you try to fix them. And that's a good thing, that's a gift... Most of the time. But... Life isn't a puzzle you can solve. No matter how much we want one, there isn't always a solution. And as hard as it is -- you've just got to accept that.

SAM BAILEY

And if I don't?

BILL TYLER

(hesitant)

Well... That's your choice, I guess. But even so -- I mean, even you have to see that this *isn't* a solution. This doesn't *fix* anything.

SAM BAILEY

(beat, SIGH)

Maybe I'm just tired, Bill -- you think of that? Just... So tired of everything going wrong. Maybe I just can't lose this another fight like this.

Both fall silent. Feeling a little awkward, MARIA CLEARS HER THROAT.

MARIA SOL

(cautiously)

That's, uh... Actually another thing I wanted to talk to you about.

SAM BAILEY

(annoyed muttering)

Oh, for god's sake...

MARIA SOL

(awkward)

I didn't want to say anything, but... When De Witt knocked you out, you said you couldn't let this happen *again*.

SAM BAILEY  
 (annoyed)  
 And?

BILL TYLER  
 No, she's -- She's got a point.

SAM BAILEY  
 (exasperated)  
 Not you too...

BILL TYLER  
 In the observation room, you said  
 you couldn't let "anyone else"  
 suffer because you missed  
 something.

SAM BAILEY  
 (GROANS)  
 I'm really not in the mood for this  
 right...

BILL TYLER  
 (direct)  
 Who suffered, Sam? When did this  
 happen before?

A long silence -- then SAM DRAWS A SHUDDERING BREATH.

SAM BAILEY  
 (pained, halting)  
 Agate Shore. When people started  
 drowning, I -- I should've known  
 why it was happening. I... I *did*  
 know, but... I didn't want to say  
 anything. I was too scared to admit  
 that I...

(beat)  
 When I was a kid, I almost drowned  
 swimming in the lake. I remember  
 sinking into the dark, trying to  
 get back to the surface, and then --  
 hearing a voice. I assumed it was a  
 hallucinating for years, but...  
 When the drownings started, I  
 couldn't help thinking that I was  
 the reason why it was happening. I  
 tried to find an answer, some way  
 to undo what I did back then,  
 but... Nothing worked. I made a  
 deal with that thing because I was  
 a scared, stupid little kid who  
 didn't know any better.

(MORE)



SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

It asked me who I'd give to save myself, and I told it -- anyone. So that's who it took. My parents. My home. And the only man who ever loved me the way I loved him.

Another long, loaded silence -- and then...

MARIA SOL

(reaching for an answer)  
And then? What happened next?

SAM BAILEY

(confused)  
What do you...  
(realizing)  
You... You already knew that.

MARIA SOL

(deer in the headlights)  
Well, I... Maybe a little, but...

SAM BAILEY

(accusing)  
How the hell could you possibly know that? I never told anyone that story.

MARIA SOL

(forced to the point)  
Well, that's... Not strictly speaking true.

Maria pulls out another tape player, then presses play.

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)

...swam in and saved me, but didn't want to say it... That they didn't want to scare me. Now I'm not so sure. I never got the chance to really ask them. The lake took them both back a few months later.

(pause)  
Restore. Restore. Restore.  
Anything. Anything. Anyone.

CLICK. Maria stops the tape.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(disbelieving)  
Where... Where did you find that tape?

MARIA SOL

It was mixed in with Anna's. I was hoping you could tell me where it came from.

SAM BAILEY

(stammering)

I... I don't know... I thought I lost it in the flood...

MARIA SOL

So you don't remember taking it with you when you left town?

SAM BAILEY

What? No, I -- I don't remember... Anything after I left town.

MARIA SOL

(pressing)

Nothing? Nothing at all?

BILL TYLER

(trying to mediate)

Easy, Maria, easy -- He was in pretty bad shape when I found him outside Oslow. It's no wonder he doesn't remember anything.

MARIA SOL

(frustrated)

Really? Well, let's jog his memory a bit, shall we?

Maria ejects the tape, flips it, and presses play. The sounds of Sam destroying the dam begin to play: his car pulling up, him drawing a gun, and him climbing out of the car.

Boom. Boom. Sam running back to the car, panting as he starts it and speed away.

Maria stops the tape. Silence for a moment, then...

BILL TYLER

(dawning realization)

Shit.

MARIA SOL

Still don't remember anything, Sam?

SAM BAILEY

(full on dissociating)

Oh my god... I... I thought it was just... A nightmare...

BILL TYLER  
 (unable to believe it)  
 Hold on... Are you saying that he --  
 that Sam *blew up* Arrowhead Dam?

SAM BAILEY  
 (muttering, horrible  
 realization)  
 Restore. Restore. Restore.

MARIA SOL  
 So what was it, then? The voice  
 telling you what to do? Possession?  
 Some kind of compulsion?

SAM BAILEY  
 (confused, trying to  
 remember)  
 No... I... I don't know. Maybe a  
 little, but... I don't think that's  
 all it was.  
 (beat, then SWALLOWS)  
 I think... I thought it was the  
 only way to make it stop. To save  
 everyone.

BILL TYLER  
 (unsure what to make of  
 this)  
 Wasn't everyone already... Gone at  
 that point?

SAM BAILEY  
 (snapping a little)  
 They would've come back. People  
 always came back. There was no  
 getting away from Agate Shore...  
 Not while there was still an Agate  
 Shore to come back to.  
 (beat, suddenly tired)  
 I had to put an end to it.

Bill sits back in his chair, flabbergasted.

BILL TYLER  
 God. And here I was thinking you  
 were completely boring.

SAM BAILEY  
 (SCOFFS)  
 I wish that were true.

MARIA SOL  
(beat, then, a little  
hesitant)  
So... What now?

BILL TYLER  
Well, we need to stop this -- Echo  
thing, first of all.

SAM BAILEY  
(SCOFFS)  
Good luck. Chief basically gave her  
a free pass -- and he wants me to  
give her back the tapes by the end  
of the week.

MARIA SOL  
(horrified)  
Anna's tapes?

SAM BAILEY  
Yeah. I convinced him I had a few  
here that I needed to get together  
before I did, but...

MARIA SOL  
(full of dread)  
Oh god...

BILL TYLER  
(confused)  
What, is that a problem?

MARIA SOL  
It's already a near perfect copy of  
Anna -- if it gets those tapes, it  
can fill in the last few blank  
spots, and then good luck proving  
she's not real.

BILL TYLER  
(uncertain)  
Okay... Definitely can't let that  
happen. So... Any way to stop this  
thing?

MARIA SOL  
No... At least, if there is, Anna  
never found it. We can't kill it,  
we can't contain it, and we can  
barely even slow it down.

BILL TYLER  
(exasperated)  
So what do we do?

After a momentary pause, Sam scoots back his chair, crosses the kitchen, and throws the beer bottle in the trash.

SAM BAILEY  
First off, we stop that recorder.  
Then we get to work.

MARIA SOL  
(surprised)  
You've got an idea?

SAM BAILEY  
(wan smile)  
Yeah. And I think you're actually  
going to like this one.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME  
AND CREDITS