

"AT MIDNIGHT'S SPECTRED HOUR"  
*The Sheridan Tapes - Season 01, Episode 24*  
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"Homestead on the Corner"  
By Trevor Van Winkle

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EXT. ALDERSON'S IMPOUND LOT - OSLOW, NV - LATE EVENING

A quiet, end of day scene: crickets sing in the near distance, one or two cars drive slowly by on a quiet back street, and the streetlights begin to sputter on with the hum of ionized sodium.

Footsteps as someone takes a leisurely patrol around the yard, flipping sheets on a clipboard occasionally.

JERRY PRICE  
(bored, muttering)  
Let's see... '04 Sentra, impounded  
for parking violation, cracked  
windshield...  
(checks)  
Yep, close enough.

He moves on, flipping the sheet.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)  
(just as bored)  
'99 Buick Century, busted tail  
light, weed found in vehicle...  
Yeah, sure. Bet that was...

Across the lot, someone hits the chain link fence, rattling it.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)  
(confused at who would be  
here this late)  
Who the hell...  
(sees him)  
Sam? Is that you?

SAM BAILEY  
(awkward)  
Yeah, it's me.

JERRY PRICE  
(lighting up)  
Wow... Good to see you man! It's  
been a while!

SAM BAILEY  
(feeling slightly guilty)  
Yeah, well... Actually I'm just...

JERRY PRICE  
Hold on, let me get the gate open.

Jerry crosses the yard faster than before, pressing a clunky sounding button. The gate buzzes, and an electric motor whines as a section of the chain link fence slides back.

SAM BAILEY  
(almost unconsciously)  
Thanks, Jerry.

JERRY PRICE  
Well shit, don't want to be talking  
at you through a fence.

Jerry claps him on the back loudly, and SAM GRUNTS, not expecting it.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)  
You doing okay? You look a bit...

SAM BAILEY  
(stumbling, trying to  
regain his dignity)  
Yeah yeah, I know. Look Jerry,  
I'm... I'm here on business.

JERRY PRICE  
(slightly confused)  
What, at 5:30 on a Friday? Don't  
you get a weekend over there?

SAM BAILEY  
Not usually. It's... A bit more  
demanding than Agate Shore PD was.

JERRY PRICE  
(genuinely relieved)  
Glad I got out, then. So -- what's  
up?

SAM BAILEY  
Um... I'm here to pick up Anna  
Sheridan's van. It's an old  
sprinter, license number L94GH...

JERRY PRICE  
Yeah, I know it. Been a real pain  
in the ass keeping it here, you  
know. Had to keep moving it to make  
room. You keeping it for good this  
time, or should I expect it back?

SAM BAILEY  
(concealing)  
I'm... Not sure. Maybe. I hope so.

JERRY PRICE  
 (CHUCKLES)  
 You and me both. Hold on...

Jerry opens a key locker, rummages through it for a moment, then pulls out the fob.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)  
 There you go! And god speed that thing out of here.

SAM BAILEY  
 (relieved)  
 Thanks. Sorry to bother you this late, but...

JERRY PRICE  
 Hey, it's no problem! Just glad to see you again, Sam -- it's been way too long.

SAM BAILEY  
 (uncomfortable)  
 Yeah, I... I guess it has.

An awkward pause passes between them.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 (trying to find common ground)  
 Is, uh... How's Russel doing?

JERRY PRICE  
 (relieved to have something to talk about)  
 Oh, he's good. Getting on a bit you know, but... Still gets into plenty of trouble.

SAM BAILEY  
 (smiles, a bit melancholy)  
 I bet.

JERRY PRICE  
 (growing concerned)  
 He misses you a lot.

SAM BAILEY  
 (SCOFFS)  
 I doubt that.

JERRY PRICE  
 He does. I can tell.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)

When do you think you can take him back?

SAM BAILEY

(genuinely unsure)

I don't know. I still haven't found a pet-friendly apartment I can afford. And, well... He was Alan's dog first, you know?

JERRY PRICE

(realizing, hint of grief)

Oh. Right.

SAM BAILEY

(trying to change the subject)

Where do you have the van...

JERRY PRICE

(only too glad)

Oh, right! It's just over there, at the end of the row: You can't miss it.

SAM BAILEY

Thanks Jerry, I really appreciate it.

JERRY PRICE

Yeah. Take care of yourself, okay Sam?

SAM BAILEY

(not likely)

I'll try.

Sam turns and begins to walk away, when a dog suddenly begins to bark and whine from somewhere nearby.

JERRY PRICE

(calling out)

It's okay, Russel, it's just Sam -- you know Sam, right?

Russel's whining sounds sad and lonely from across the yard. Sam waits a long moment, then SIGHS HEAVILY, and unlocks the van, climbing inside.

CLICK

INT. OSLOW COUNTY POLICE DEPARTMENT - ARMORY - LATER

Someone fumbles with a tape recorder, double checking that it's working.

BILL TYLER  
 (a little uncertain)  
 Okay... That looks right, at least.  
 Finally got a moment alone to get  
 this thing rolling. If I just...

Bill slips it into the pocket of his jacket.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)  
 There. That should keep anyone from  
 noticing. Don't know how Sam found  
 yet *another* tape recorder, but here  
 we are... Recording everything,  
 just in case we need it.

Bill picks up his gun and holsters it, then opens the door of the armory and walks down the hall. It sounds oddly quiet in the station.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)  
 Jeez, did everyone just leave  
 without me...?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 Lieutenant Tyler?

BILL TYLER  
 (startled)  
 Ahh!

Bill jumps back a few feet as "Anna" appears around a corner.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (sounding genuinely  
 apologetic)  
 Oh, sorry! Didn't mean to frighten  
 you!

BILL TYLER  
 (catching his breath)  
 It's... It's fine. Just -- wasn't  
 expecting to see you here again.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (politely explaining)  
 Well, after the way I left things  
 with Detective Bailey, I just  
 wanted to... Apologize.

BILL TYLER  
 (confused)  
 Apologize? For what?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (trying to sound genuinely  
 concerned)  
 Well, I can tell he's under a lot  
 of stress. He must have just let it  
 get to him, that's all... And I  
 didn't exactly make it any easier  
 for him. I wanted to make sure he's  
 all right, but I can't seem to find  
 him anywhere.  
 (beat)  
 Actually, I can't seem to find  
 anyone in here. Do you know what's  
 going on?

BILL TYLER  
 (hesitant, trying not to  
 give anything away)  
 Well, umm... I can't really tell  
 you that -- confidential police  
 business, you know. Kind of a...  
 Uh, a big operation going on right  
 now, so...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (cutting through his BS)  
 Is Sam in trouble? Did he do  
 something wrong?

BILL TYLER  
 Well, he... Look, I'm sorry Miss  
 Sheridan, but I really can't tell  
 you anything.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (masking her  
 disappointment)  
 No, of course you can't. I  
 understand.

BILL TYLER  
 (awkward, trying to get  
 out of there)  
 Right. Well, if you'll excuse me, I  
 have to...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 Actually, if you have a second, I  
 was hoping you could help me out  
 with something?

BILL TYLER  
(trying to squirm away)  
No, I really do have to...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(brightly)  
It'll only take a second, I  
promise!

BILL TYLER  
(might as well)  
I... Okay, sure. What is it?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
Well, I was just discharged from  
the halfway house earlier today...

BILL TYLER  
(confused)  
You were *what*?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(smiling, bright)  
Discharged! Six months sober today.

BILL TYLER  
Oh. Umm... Congratulations?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
Thank you! Anyway, I was planning  
on heading out of town in the next  
few days and going home, so I  
wanted to grab my tapes before I  
did. Do you think you could help me  
find them?

BILL TYLER  
(caught in his lie)  
Umm... Well, not really. Sam, he --  
well, he, uh...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(suddenly growing serious)  
Oh. He took them and ran, didn't  
he?

BILL TYLER  
I... I can't tell you that.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(grim)  
Fine. I don't suppose you could get  
me my van back, either?



BILL TYLER

Uh... Well, that paperwork is a bit... Complicated, so it might take a few...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(cutting through it)

So he stole my van too, huh?

BILL TYLER

I already told you, I can't...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(cold anger)

You don't have to, Lieutenant.

(a bit more cheery)

Thanks anyways, though! Don't let me keep you, I'm sure you have a lot to do.

BILL TYLER

(awkward farewell)

Uh... Yes. Well... See you later, I guess.

Bill starts to walk down the hall before...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(calling after him)

Wait a minute!

BILL TYLER

What?

Bill stops, and Anna walks right up to him, not speaking. She stops, staring at him for a long, awkward moment.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)

Um... Yes? What is it?

Another moment of silence, then...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(disturbingly detached)

Nothing. Just needed to get a closer look.

With that she turns and marches off. As soon as her footsteps fade, BILL LETS OUT A LONG BREATH HE WAS HOLDING IN.

BILL TYLER

(disturbed)

What the hell was that?

CLICK

INT. ANNA SHERIDAN'S VAN - U.S. ROUTE 50 - NIGHT

Sam sets his recorder down in the cup holder as he drives. There is no sound but the engine and the hum of tires over asphalt.

SAM BAILEY

(slightly stilted, out of his normal environment)

Alright, uh... This is Detective Samuel Bailey, formerly employed by Oslow County Police Department, currently a fugitive from the law due to extenuating circumstances involving the entity impersonating Anna Sheridan. Due to my inability to arrest and contain this person, I have been forced to flee Oslow in order to keep them from obtaining Anna Sheridan's field recordings. If something has happened to me and you're listening to this -- do not let them have the tapes. Burn them if you have to, but don't allow them to fall into her hands.

(beat, then SIGH)

I hate running like this, but it's really our only option now. I'm honestly just trying to get as far away from Oslow as possible, as fast as possible, but sooner or later we're going to have to stop and find a way to destroy the Echo for good. And I'm not going to get caught with no evidence when that happens... I'd rather not end up in prison, thank you very much.

(beat)

Though to be honest, I'm not really sure how far I can run in this thing. De Witt stole my car when he escaped, and I couldn't exactly get an interceptor from the station anymore, so the only option I had was... Well, stealing Anna's old van out of impound. It's not that old, to be honest, but it's heavy as hell and probably only gets about fifteen miles to the gallon.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Every time I stop for gas, I increase the risk of being caught, so... Yeah. Still, I know the gas stations between here and Arrowhead pretty well, and this one up ahead doesn't have any cameras. If I can fill up the tank and all the cans I brought, I should be able to reach the Utah state line before I need to fill up again.

(beat)

I really hope they haven't put my picture on the news yet... I know the owner always used to have the TV on in the store. Still... Don't really have a choice, do I?

With that, Sam pulls off the highway and rolls up to one of the pumps. He kills the engine, then climbs out of the car. He crosses to the mini-mart as quickly as he can.

The door chimes as he enters, and a TV plays in the background... It sounds like a cheesy infomercial. Sam crosses to the counter.

CASHIER

(bored, slightly slurred  
with a slightly southern  
accent)

Can I help you?

SAM BAILEY

Yeah, uh... Could I get \$50 of diesel on pump 3?

CASHIER

(HEAVY SIGH)

Card reader broken again?

SAM BAILEY

No, just -- prefer to pay cash.

CASHIER

(annoyed)

Fine. Need change?

SAM BAILEY

No. Here.

Sam hands him the bill, and the cashier lazily rings it up.

CASHIER

(get out of my face)

You're good.

SAM BAILEY

Thanks.

(beat)

Could I get the bathroom key as well?

CASHIER

(SIGHS)

Yeah, sure. Here.

He tosses the key on the counter, and Sam picks it up.

SAM BAILEY

Where is it?

CASHIER

(annoyed, fades out into mutter)

Around the back, you figgin' dumb ass...

Sam doesn't respond, but is already walking out of the store. He crosses back to the pump, starts it, and then turns to cross behind the gas station.

It backs a large, empty field, and crickets sing loudly in the distance. Sam tries to unlock the door, rattles the knob, then pulls the key out.

SAM BAILEY

(muttering)

Piece of junk...

He tries again, and this time the door does open. He flicks on the light, and a single bare bulb flickers and sputters on.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(SNIFFS, disgusted)

Jesus, when's the last time they cleaned this place? No wonder I never stopped here before.

Sam pulls out the recorder and sets it on the edge of the sink.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Don't think you want to hear this -- I'll restart the recording in a minute. I mean, if I'm not murdered before then...

ANNA SHERIDAN  
 (far off, echoing whisper)  
 Bailey...! Bailey...!

Sam freezes. A strange, almost musical static begins to play on the tape, and the lightbulb flickers and pops.

SAM BAILEY  
 (uncertain)  
 Hello? Who's there?

ANNA SHERIDAN  
 (far off, echoing whisper)  
 Bailey...! Bailey...! Run...!  
 Hurry...!

SAM BAILEY  
 Sh... Sheridan?

The echoing voice fades away, as does the static. Sam hesitates for a moment, then picks up the recorder again.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 (nervous)  
 Okay, scratch the bathroom break, I guess. Probably wasn't the best idea anyway...

Sam opens the door, and cuts off as soon as he sees...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 (confused and slightly alarmed)  
 Bill! What are you doing here?

BILL TYLER  
 (slightly hurried)  
 Got out ahead of the rest of the team. They're not far behind though.

SAM BAILEY  
 (more confused)  
 But why are you here? Aren't you supposed to be slowing them down?

BILL TYLER  
 Listen, I don't have time to argue with you Sam. I had to warn you, and I didn't have enough signal out here to call you.

SAM BAILEY  
 (growing more uneasy)  
 Warn me about what?

BILL TYLER  
 The Echo. It came into the station  
 just before I left. It was looking  
 for the tapes.

SAM BAILEY  
 Shit... You didn't tell it...

BILL TYLER  
 No, I didn't tell her anything. But  
 she knows something's up. And I  
 doubt she's going to let you go  
 without a fight.

SAM BAILEY  
 Well now I really wish I took a  
 faster car. Come on, I need to  
 finish filling up.

They both begin to walk around the gas station again.

BILL TYLER  
 Chief is mad as hell. So is the  
 rest of the department, even if  
 they don't really know what's going  
 on. He's put out an APB, but as far  
 as I can tell it isn't on the news  
 yet. Seems like chief wants to keep  
 it a secret... Which really isn't  
 good for you.

SAM BAILEY  
 (fearful)  
 Tell me about it.

Sam has reached the van and pulled out one of the gas  
 canisters. He starts to fill it as Bill speaks.

BILL TYLER  
 (trying to talk sam  
 around)  
 Look, I know we came up with this  
 plan together, but have you thought  
 about maybe just... Giving yourself  
 up? Chief might take it easier on  
 you if you just...

SAM BAILEY  
 Not a chance. And it's not them I'm  
 worried about.  
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I mean, what happens when the Echo finds me? After everything that I've done to...

BANG. BANG. Two gunshots ring out across the gas station. Sam leaps back, but they weren't aimed at him... BILL GRUNTS IN PAIN, GASPS, and collapses in a heap.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(horrified)  
Bill!

DE WITT

Not quite.

Sam spins around. De Witt stands in front of him with a smoking gun, which he quickly holsters.

SAM BAILEY

(stammering)  
Y... You.

DE WITT

(smirking)  
Nice to see you again, Bailey.

SAM BAILEY

(in shock)  
What are you... Why did... You just killed Bill...

DE WITT

No, I didn't.

SAM BAILEY

You... What?

DE WITT

(SIGHS)  
One, he's not dead. Not yet. And two... That's not Bill.

SAM BAILEY

It's not...  
(realizes, horrified)  
Oh god.

DE WITT

Exactly. Seems your Miss Sheridan's been busy, huh?

De Witt crosses in front of Sam and kicks "Bill" over. He coughs.

BILL TYLER (OTHER)  
(strained, choked)  
So... It's you then. Thought you  
were done for, last time I saw you.

DE WITT  
(smug)  
Not bloody likely.  
(examining the face)  
Huh. Not bad for a bodge job. Lucky  
for you it's nighttime, though. And  
that Sam here wasn't paying too  
much attention. Aviators at  
midnight? Sloppy.

SAM BAILEY  
(realizing)  
Oh, I'm an idiot.

BILL TYLER (OTHER)  
(PAINED LAUGH)  
Well it worked, didn't it? Fooled  
him, at least.

DE WITT  
Lucky I was paying attention, then.  
Else this might have gotten real  
messy.

SAM BAILEY  
Where the hell did you come from,  
anyway?

DE WITT  
(shifts into "cashier"  
voice)  
In the store, you friggin' dumb  
ass...  
(back to his normal)  
Found this place when I skipped  
town. Good spot to lay low for a  
while... Stay out of sight.

SAM BAILEY  
(suspicious)  
What happened to the old owner?

DE WITT  
Oh, that old bag of bones? Died  
quietly in his bed.

SAM BAILEY  
Of *natural* causes?



DE WITT  
 (shrugs, indifferent)  
 If you like. I think we have more  
 pressing concerns, though.  
 (to "bill")  
 How far away is your...  
 Counterpart? How long before she  
 can manifest here?

BILL TYLER  
 (SPITS IN HIS FACE)  
 Go to hell.

DE WITT  
 (irritated)  
 You first.

SAM BAILEY  
 Wait, don't...

De Witt stands and fires again, hitting him in the head. The  
 gunshot echoes, then the station is absolutely silent.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 You didn't have to do that.

DE WITT  
 No. You're right. But I wanted to.

SAM BAILEY  
 We could have...

DE WITT  
 (snarls)  
 And in the meantime, the Echo's  
 getting closer every second you  
 waste arguing. Just go -- I'll get  
 rid of the body.

SAM BAILEY  
 How will you... Wait, no -- I  
 really don't want to know.

DE WITT  
 Good. Cause I wasn't going to tell  
 you anyways. Now run, Bailey. And  
 don't look back.

With that, Sam turns and jumps into the van, forgetting the  
 can he was just filling. He starts the engine and guns it  
 down the freeway without another word.

CLICK

INT. POLICE CRUISER - ALONG U.S. ROUTE 50 - SIMULTANEOUS

A different sounding engine roars beneath the hood, and the siren wails for a moment before someone reaches up and switches it off. An awkward silence before...

CHIEF MORRISON

Are you sure he said he was heading east?

BILL TYLER

I'm pretty sure... I mean, he said he had college friends out in Montana, so I think he's trying to reach them.

CHIEF MORRISON

(slightly disappointed)

Not terribly bright of Sam. Especially not when he told you where he was going.

BILL TYLER

(a little awkward)

Well... He wasn't exactly in the best state of mind. He probably didn't even realize what he was telling me.

CHIEF MORRISON

(disappointed)

Hmm. It's a damned shame. What a waste of potential.

BILL TYLER

(hesitant)

Sir... You knew he had... Issues when you hired him. Should you really be surprised that he...

CHIEF MORRISON

(with far too much certainty)

He just needed the right push Bill, that's all. I just miscalculated how *far* I could push him.

BILL TYLER

(beat, then careful)

Chief Morrison, Sam was... Look, I'm not sure, but I'm pretty sure Sam was trying to kill himself.

CHIEF MORRISON  
(more curious than  
concerned)  
Really?

BILL TYLER  
(trying to explain)  
You know he doesn't drink, but he  
came home from the station with a  
few six packs of... Well, honestly,  
the cheapest beer I've ever seen.  
And his meds, well -- They don't  
mix well with alcohol.

CHIEF MORRISON  
(curious)  
Hmm. Not exactly elegant. I wonder  
if it would have worked?

BILL TYLER  
(slightly disturbed)  
Sir? He's your officer...

CHIEF MORRISON  
(correcting a little too  
quickly)  
Was.

BILL TYLER  
(slightly annoyed)  
He *was* your officer. You recruited  
him while he was still in the  
hospital. He was a suspect in the  
Agate Shore case, but you gave him  
the benefit of the doubt anyways.  
And he was...

CHIEF MORRISON  
(annoyed)  
I know all that, Bill. If you're  
trying to make a point, then stop  
dancing around it.

BILL TYLER  
Sir, you clearly wanted him in the  
department. You must have seen  
something in him, so -- what  
changed?

CHIEF MORRISON  
(shrugs, indifferent)  
You were keeping an eye on him. You  
tell me.

BILL TYLER  
 (slightly ashamed)  
 Sir, I... I'd prefer not to talk  
 about that.

CHIEF MORRISON  
 Why? You seemed happy enough to spy  
 on him before.

BILL TYLER  
 It's not that, it's... I think *I*  
 might have had helped push him over  
 the edge.

CHIEF MORRISON  
 (confused)  
 What do you mean?

BILL TYLER  
 That... That tape you had me hide  
 with Sheridan's. The one from Agate  
 Shore. I think *that* might have been  
 what set him off. And if I hadn't  
 gotten to him in time, then  
 maybe...

CHIEF MORRISON  
 (ANNOYED SIGH)  
 Bill, if Sam had gone through with  
 it, that would have been his fault,  
 not yours. I gave him every  
 opportunity to get out. I paid for  
 weeks of PTO he hadn't earned, but  
 he still kept coming in to the  
 station. He kept working. He kept  
 pushing. I respected him for that,  
 but if he couldn't see the cliff  
 before he raced off the edge,  
 that's his problem, not ours. End  
 of story.

An awkward silence passes between the two.

BILL TYLER  
 (hesitant)  
 Sir... No disrespect, but if you  
 thought he couldn't handle the  
 pressure -- then don't you think  
 you should've let him go? Not hired  
 him in the first place, I mean?

CHIEF MORRISON  
 (introspective)  
 Maybe. Maybe not. I don't know.  
 (MORE)

CHIEF MORRISON (CONT'D)

(more direct, to Bill)  
Probably not worth losing sleep  
over, in either case. Now put your  
foot down, Tyler, we need to close  
the gap.

BILL TYLER

(a little unnerved)  
Yes... Sir.

The engine revs before...

CLICK

EXT. GAS STATION - ALONG U.S. ROUTE 50 - LATER

Someone fumbles with a tape recorder, pulling it out of a  
pocket and holding it up to examine it.

DE WITT

Heh. Looks like you're gettin'  
better at picking up details, huh?  
Real one must've had a recorder on  
him too. Well -- not to brag too  
much, but... It didn't work. I'm  
about to put this one in the ground  
too, so -- better luck next time.

De Witt drops the recorder in the dirt. He turns, GRUNTS  
SLIGHTLY, and pushes "Bill's" body into a shallow grave. He  
pauses, then.

DE WITT (CONT'D)

(muttering a slight  
prayer)

And he said unto another, Follow  
me. But they said, Lord, suffer me  
first to go and bury my father. He  
said unto him -- Let the dead bury  
their dead.

(beat)

Amen.

De Witt picks up a small shovel and begins to cover the body  
up. As he does, a heavy static rises on the tape. De Witt  
stops shoveling, SNIFFING THE AIR.

DE WITT (CONT'D)

I know you're there, Sheridan.

A moment's silence, then another set of footsteps approach.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
You know that's not my real name.

DE WITT  
True. But seein' as you don't have  
a real one, I figured it's good  
enough.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(CHUCKLES DARKLY)  
That's fair... "De Witt."

DE WITT  
(flatly)  
You here to try and kill me then?  
Figured you'd get around to it  
eventually.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(slightly disappointed)  
No. There wouldn't be any point,  
and I don't have the time to waste  
trying. Still -- I did put a lot of  
working into that thing you just  
put three bullets into.

DE WITT  
Eh, Bailey needed a hand. I was  
more than happy to help on this  
occasion.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(genuinely surprised)  
That's not like you.  
(low, almost conspiratory)  
You know what he is, right? What  
he's capable of?

DE WITT  
(CHUCKLES)  
Yeah. But he doesn't. And given his  
track record, I doubt he'll find  
out in time. Still -- wanted to  
give him a fighting chance.  
Especially if it means slowing you  
down.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(nodding to his pistol)  
And what about that thing? You plan  
on shooting me as well?

DE WITT  
Haven't made my mind up yet. Would it do any good?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(CHUCKLES)  
Not much. Not anymore. I've had enough time in this body that I can remake it from memory.

DE WITT  
Hmm. So. Neither of us can kill the other. You want to catch Sam, and I want you to fail. So where does that leave us?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
(smug)  
Me? A little worse off than when I started. You? Well... Have you been drinking, De Witt?

DE WITT  
(confused)  
Drinking... What the hell are you talking about?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
Sorry, it's just... You look a bit...  
(dark humor)  
Legless.

Before De Witt can respond, a dozen people emerge from the field behind him, rustling in the grass, their footsteps crunching loudly in the sand.

DE WITT  
What are... Stay back! All of you, stay back!

De Witt draws his pistol, cocks it, and fires three rounds before running out of ammo. A few duplicates go down, but the gun clicks uselessly.

DE WITT (CONT'D)  
(terrified, trying to reload)  
Don't come any closer! I'm warning you, I... Hey! Let go! Let go of me!

His feet scuff the dirt for a moment as two of them grab his arms.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (sadistic joy)  
 Not so smug now, are you?  
 (to the duplicates,  
 ordering them)  
 You two... Remove his legs.

DE WITT  
 (desperate)  
 What? Wait! Sheridan, just think  
 about -- think about what you're  
 doing, I... AGHHHH!

DE WITT LETS OUT A SOUND SOMEWHERE BETWEEN PAIN AND DISGUST  
 as two of the doppelgangers rip off his legs with the sound  
 of wet mud and tearing cloth.

DE WITT (CONT'D)  
 Ah, you bitch!

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 (CHUCKLING)  
 No need to call anyone names, De  
 Witt. Now...  
 (to the two duplicates)  
 You two. Start walking in opposite  
 directions, and don't stop until  
 the sun comes up. Find a good place  
 to hide his legs, and then  
 disperse.

DE WITT  
 (GROANS)  
 Seriously? What the hell, Sheridan?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)  
 Eye for an eye, De Witt. You take a  
 part of me away... And I take my  
 pound of flesh in return. Only  
 fair, don't you think?

CLICK

INT. ANNA SHERIDAN'S VAN - U.S. ROUTE 50 OUTSIDE ARROWHEAD -  
 SIMULTANEOUS

Sam, still BREATHING HEAVILY, tries to calm himself as he  
 speeds down the highway.

SAM BAILEY  
 It's okay Sam... It's okay... You  
 got away.  
 (MORE)



SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

That -- that thing is dead. You're still ahead of it... No one's going to...

SAM TAKES ONE LAST DEEP BREATH, then finally stops hyperventilating.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(to recorder)

Okay. We're about... Five miles out from Arrowhead now. Starting to head up the grade into town. Really need to be careful driving through - - Chief probably has Arrowhead PD looking out for the van. Though, if we're lucky, this storm will reduce visibility enough for me to slip through unnoticed. And if I take Walsh Street West, I should be able to get around most of...

A bolt of lightning strikes directly overhead, almost shaking the car.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Shit! Where the hell did that come from? It's only...

A sheet of rain suddenly descends on the car, pinging and splashing on the window.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(unnerved)

Okay -- That is definitely not normal.

(back to recorder)

If you're listening, it just started raining out of nowhere. Not like, it started raining a little bit at a time, it just came down in a solid sheet right on top of the van. I can barely see the road with how hard it's...

A semi-truck rounds a corner, blaring its horn as it skids wide.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(trying to maintain control)

Whoa whoa whoa!

Sam cranks the wheel. The tires lock up and skid, hydroplaning as the van careens into the barrier, tearing through the steel as it goes over the edge.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

No no no no no...!

He loses control completely, and the van goes end over end down a steep, rocky hill. The mic bumps and clatters with each hit, SAM GRUNTING WITH THE IMPACT until...

CLICK

INT. ANNA SHERIDAN'S VAN - UNKNOWN - LATER

The recorder restarts as SAM GROANS, struggling out of the car. He pushes the door open, a shower of broken glass falling lightly to the ground.

WITH EFFORT, he pulls himself out of the car and drags himself away from the wreck, then stops, PANTING. Rain pours down, turning the ground around him to mud.

SAM BAILEY

Okay. Jesus. Second crash on that stretch of road in a year. Lucky me.

(beat)

Although, I guess I really am lucky: managed to walk away from both. At least, I think I'll be able to... AH!

SAM SCREAMS IN PAIN as he tries to stand, one leg crumpling beneath him.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Fuck! my leg... God, that hurts. I think it's... Yeah, it's definitely broken. Son of a bitch...

(CATCHING HIS BREATH)

I think there was a crutch in the van... Or something that looked like one, at least. If I can just...

SAM SUCKS AIR THROUGH HIS TEETH, then pushes himself back towards the van, sliding the side door open. He rummages around for a moment, then...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Got it.

He pulls it out, then pulls himself to his feet WITH EFFORT, supporting himself the whole way up.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Back on my feet. Good. Need to keep going. No... Need to figure out where I am first. Where did I put that flashlight...?

He checks his pockets, then pulls out a small flashlight, flicking it on.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 Alright... Now we're in business. I think there's a sign just up ahead, if I can get to it. Wish me luck.

Sam begins limping across the muddy pavement, leaning heavily on the crutch and GRUNTING SLIGHTLY with each impact. After a few moments, he stops cold.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 (dread, hoping he might be imagining things)  
 No... No, not here -- please not here...

SAM SWALLOWS HEAVILY, but his vision refuses to change. After a moment...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 It's... It's the old tourism billboard. The one they never bothered to take down, even after the lake...  
 (beat, then with dread)  
 It's Agate Shore. "Welcome back to Agate Shore."

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME  
 AND CREDITS