

"TIME'S IMPERIOUS VOICE"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 01, Episode 25
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"Homestead on the Corner"
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INT. AGATE SHORE POLICE DEPARTMENT - OFFICE - 10AM - AUG 15
2014

A quiet afternoon scene -- the hum of subdued conversation through the walls, the faint buzz of the AC fan, and the click-clack of somewhat halted typing.

Across the room, someone knocks on the door.

ALLEN GOTT
(brightly)
Come in!

The door opens cautiously and carefully, and someone steps quietly through.

SAM BAILEY
(a little nervous)
Sorry to bother you, but... I'm
looking for Sergeant Gott?

ALLEN GOTT
(warm and welcoming)
Oh, you must be our new detective!
(extends a hand)
I'm Allen.

SAM BAILEY
(slightly thrown off)
Hi, um... Sam. Bailey. Uh, do you
know where I could find Sergeant
Gott...?

ALLEN GOTT
(LAUGHS)
Allen Gott, Sam. But you can just
call me Allen.

SAM BAILEY
(embarrassed, slightly
tense)
Oh. Of course, sorry, I'm just... I
just wasn't sure if...

ALLEN GOTT
(trying to put him at
ease)
Hey, don't worry about it. Welcome
to Agate Shore, Detective Bailey.
Can I get you anything? Water?
Coffee?

SAM BAILEY

No thanks, I -- I'd just like to get settled in, if you could show me where...

ALLEN GOTT

Oh, yeah, of course. Come on, it's just down the hall.

Allen stands up and leads Sam out of the office.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)

(making small talk,
filling the dead air)

So... What brought you to Agate Shore? If you don't mind me asking.

SAM BAILEY

(slightly awkward)

Just, uh... Looking for somewhere quiet to get started, you know. And I've got some family in town... Well, used to, at least.

ALLEN GOTT

Spend a lot of time here as a kid?

SAM BAILEY

(uneasy lie)

Um... Not... Not a lot, no. A couple of summers when I was little.

ALLEN GOTT

(curious)

Huh. Was that before the dam, or...

SAM BAILEY

(obviously not wanting to talk about this)

Uh... A few before then, yeah.

ALLEN GOTT

God. Wish I could've seen it back then. The old pictures make it look absolutely stunning.

SAM BAILEY

(reluctant)

Yeah, it... It was.

ALLEN GOTT

(as they round the corner)

Well, here we are.

Allen opens a creaky door into a small office.

SAM BAILEY
(hiding his real thoughts)
It's... Uh... Cozy.

ALLEN GOTT
(amused)
I think you mean tiny.

SAM BAILEY
(embarrassed)
Well, I didn't want to say, but...

ALLEN GOTT
(CHUCKLES)
It used to be a broom closet, Sam. We set it up as nice as we could, but... We didn't exactly have the money to build you a whole new office. Sorry if HR promised you different.

SAM BAILEY
(lying)
No, it's fine... I guess I just didn't know what to expect.

ALLEN GOTT
(humorous, trying to put him at ease)
Trust me, you get used that pretty quickly around here. But if you ever need a bit more space to think, my door is always open.

SAM BAILEY
(surprised)
I... Thanks, that's... Really kind of you.

ALLEN GOTT
(shrugs, concealing real feelings)
It's nothing. Besides, my office is about the only place in the station that actually stays warm in the winter. Don't want you freezing to death on us.

SAM BAILEY
(unsure what to make of that)
I'll... Keep that in mind.

ALLEN GOTT

(not wanting to wrap up,
but having nothing else
to say)

Well, I'd better get out of your
hair and let you get settled in.
Nice to meet you, Sam.

SAM BAILEY

(uncertain)

Uh... Nice to meet you too. See you
around.

Allen retreats down the hall, and Sam steps into his
"office," shutting the door behind him.

CLICK

EXT. AGATE SHORE - MAIN STREET - MIDNIGHT - PRESENT

The storm from earlier has faded to a light drizzle. Slow,
unsteady footsteps, punctuated by the sound of a crutch on
asphalt, are the only sounds besides the rain. After a
moment...

SAM BAILEY

(introspective)

It doesn't feel real -- being back
in Agate Shore, I mean. Seeing it
like this. It's all solid and real,
sure, but -- it still doesn't feel
like I'm actually here. Like it all
really happened. I don't know why.
I mean, just look around, Bailey:
it's all right there in front of
you. There used to be a town here,
and now there isn't. And you know
exactly how that happened.

(beat)

Maybe I've just dreamt about it so
many times since I left that it
doesn't feel real anymore.

Sam's crutch twists in a pothole, and he SUCKS BREATH THROUGH
HIS TEETH in pain.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(pained, annoyed)

Nope -- definitely real. Ahhh...
God, that hurts. I really need to
find something to splint this
before I break it even worse.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

And somewhere I can hide, too -- I doubt the Echo's far behind... Or Morrison, for that matter.

Sam, recovered and limps forward. A cold wind whistles off the dark lake, and HE SHIVERS.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(chattering slightly)

Speaking of things that don't feel real... I saw what the lake on the news after I woke up, but being back here, it's even stranger than I thought it would be. When the dam broke...

(beat, then reconsidering)

When I blew up the dam, the whole town was flooded within five minutes. The water almost reached the 101 exit, and the highway was washed out at a few points below the grade. But now, it's mostly settled back into the old lake bed... Mostly. I mean, I was, what - 7? 8? When the dam was first built? So I don't really remember what it used to look like before, but... I can tell the waterline is way higher than it used to be. Hell, the shoreline is practically pm the police station's doors... Which is handy, because it's about the only structure on main street that's really survived.

Sam stops, realizing what he's saying. After a moment...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(reluctant, but forced to accept it)

And probably my only good bet for finding a first aid kit... If it hasn't been washed away too.

Even so, Sam doesn't move towards it. HE TAKES A BREATH, then...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(trying to convince himself)

Come on Sam. You can do this. You have to do this.

He still hesitates a moment before slowly, carefully, beginning to make his way into the station.

INT. AGATE SHORE POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - PRESENT -
CONTINUOUS

Sam limps through the empty door frame. The inside of the building echoes with continually dripping water, even this long after the flood.

SAM BAILEY

(stunned)

God. Look at this place. I mean, it's in remarkably good shape for -- you know, getting hit with an entire lake's worth of water less than a year ago, but still...

Sam continues forward, his steps echoing slightly.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Most of the interior walls are just -- completely gone. All of the drywall is washed away, so the only thing left is a few structural beams, and most of them are completely black with mildew. Literally rotting away.

(beat)

I'd better get out of here, fast.

Sam limps a bit faster with the realization.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Let's see... We kept the first aid kits in the supply closet and the main office, but those look... Well, they aren't really there anymore, so I doubt the first aid kits would be. But the break room looks mostly intact. I think we started keeping a first aid kit in there after that new years party... What was that, five years ago?

Sam doesn't answer himself, but pushes open a creaky sounding door... Which falls off it's hinges with a slight bang when it hits the other wall.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(jumping slightly)

Jesus!

(BREATHES IN)

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

You're okay Sam. You're fine. It should be just over... Okay good, the cabinets survived. Kind of. Sort of. And if I'm right... Ah! Here it is.

Sam pulls out a large first aid bag and unzips it, pulling items out carefully.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

And it's all still dry. More or less. Really glad we didn't go cheap when we bought this thing...

Sam pauses, noticing the recorder's still running.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Oh... You're still recording, huh? Forgot I had you on for a minute there. I'd better stop... I have no idea how much tape I have left.

Sam sets the recorder down on the counter, then...

CLICK

INT. AGATE SHORE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BREAK ROOM - 10PM - DEC 31, 2014

Sam pushes open the door, and the sounds of a small but noisy crowd rolls from the next room. HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, then pushes in.

He manages to go unnoticed for a moment, before...

JERRY PRICE

(surprised)

Sam? What are you doing here?

SAM BAILEY

I'm... Uh... Here for the party.

JERRY PRICE

(LAUGHING)

Well obviously! But we didn't think you were really going to show up.

(whispered aside)

We actually had a bit of a bet going round the office, you know.

SAM BAILEY

I... I, uh, thought I'd try. To be here for one of these things.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(beat)
Wait, were you betting against me
showing up?

JERRY PRICE

(lying)
No, of course not! I knew you'd
come through just, uh... You know,
kind of seemed like something you'd
skip out on.

SAM BAILEY

(SCOFFS)
With people betting on whether or
not I'd show up? Yeah, don't know
why I wouldn't want to deal with
that.

JERRY PRICE

(LAUGHS)
We're just having fun, Sam... It is
actually a party, you know!
Speaking of which...

Jerry reaches over, grabs a beer from the cooler, and opens
it before handing it to Sam.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)

Happy new year, man! Here's to
2015!

SAM BAILEY

(a little uncertain)
Uh... Cheers.

The two clink their bottles together and drink. After a
moment...

JERRY PRICE

So, um... How long are you planning
on staying, by the way?

SAM BAILEY

(confused)
What? Why?

JERRY PRICE

Well, uh... Not to pressure you,
but there was also a bet on how
long you'd stay if you *did* show up,
so...

SAM BAILEY
 (annoyed grumble)
 Oh you've got to be kidding me...
 Do people really think I'm that
 predictable?

JERRY PRICE
 (trying to put him a
 little more at ease)
 Well, uh... Not so much
 predictable, just... Idiosyncratic,
 you know?

SAM BAILEY
 (SCOFFS)
 Glad I could be a source of
 amusement for everyone.

Sam sips his beer, then shuffles as he glances around the
 room.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (a little hesitant to ask)
 Is, uh... Is Allen here?

JERRY PRICE
 (distracted, then a little
 amused)
 Huh? Oh, yeah, he's here. Over by
 the punch bowl, making eyes at
 Susan.

SAM BAILEY
 (a little deflated, hiding
 behind curiosity)
 Oh. Is he... Do you think he likes
 her?

JERRY PRICE
 (shrugs, indifferent)
 I don't know. Maybe. Honestly, I
 think he's just had a little more
 to drink than usual. She's really
 not his type.

SAM BAILEY
 (a bit hopeful)
 What do you mean, she's not...

Something breaks across the room as Allen climbs up on to the
 table knocking a few bottles off of it.

ALLEN GOTT

(slightly slurred but
sincere, booming out over
the crowd)

Friends! Romans! Countrymen, lend
me your ears!

JERRY PRICE

(yelling at him, thinks
this is hilarious)

Get off the table, Gott, you're
drunk!

ALLEN GOTT

(speechifying)

That may be so, but that doesn't
change the fact that tonight is
indeed... A night of nights. The
last night of 2014. It's been one
hell of a year. We've kept our old
friends, made some new ones, and
clung to life here on the ragged
edge of nowhere. It's been tough,
and I won't pretend otherwise --
but we've made it through. All of
us. And we even managed to grow
stronger for it, haven't we? Come
on, let's hear it for the newest
member of our little cadre,
Detective Sam Bailey!

A smattering of applause runs around the room.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)

I know, he's not everyone's cup of
tea, but he really is a decent guy
if you just get to know him --
well, get to know him, manage to
ignore all the angry muttering, and
learn to see the real human person
underneath. But, in any case...
Here's looking at you, kid.

(beat)

Anyway, since I'm a bit of a sap
for tradition, I think it's high
time for a bit of *Auld Lang Syne*,
don't you think! Come on, let's go!

(starts singing with gusto
and slightly out of tune)

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to...* Whoah!

Allen slips on something on the table, fumbling and falling. Sam drops his beer with a crash and rushes across the room, catching him. ALLEN GRUNTS AS HE'S CAUGHT.

SAM BAILEY
(a little breathless)
I've got you, I've got you.

ALLEN GOTT
(a little confused)
Uh... Yeah. I guess you do.
(looking around)
Wasn't I... Wasn't I up there a
minute ago?

SAM BAILEY
Uh... Yeah. You kind of were.

ALLEN GOTT
(CHUCKLES)
Huh. That's funny.

ALLEN GRUNTS SLIGHTLY AS HE STANDS UP, then turns to address the now-quiet crowd.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)
(amused)
What are you all staring at? Never
seen a guy fall off a table before?
Bunch of greenhorns...

A few people laugh, a little uncomfortable.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)
(slowly losing energy)
Well, come on! It's still a party,
isn't it! Let's get it... Uh, let's
get... I...

Allen takes a few steps forward, then suddenly pitches forward and falls on his face.

SAM BAILEY
(worried)
Allen! Are you okay?

CLICK

INT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - SHORE LINE - PRESENT - MIDNIGHT

Waves lap quietly on the new shore of the lake as Sam limps along, his crutch crunching slightly in the sand.

SAM BAILEY

Okay... Rolling again. Took longer than I expected to splint my leg... Hurt more than I thought it would, too. Though to be fair, I never thought I'd be splinting my own leg while running away from the police. Funny how they don't cover that in basic first aid.

SAM CHUCKLES, but it's a hollow sound. A fresh burst of wind whistles off the lake, blowing saltwater spray over Sam. HE SHIVERS.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Sheridan really wasn't kidding when she said this place was full of memory. I mean, she didn't even live here, and she could feel it. When I was in the station, I could swear I heard...

(beat)

Well, I don't know what I heard. I don't even know if I really heard anything, or was just -- remembering again. Reliving what happened. And when so much happened in that station, it's almost like it's all just...

(beat, SCOFFS)

I don't know. But it's not like it's really important anyway. I'm probably just trying to keep talking to... To drown out whatever my mind is trying to do. Or... Whatever's out there in the water.

As if in answer, another breeze rolls off the waves, carrying a faint whisper. Static rises slightly on the tape.

UNKNOWN VOICE

(almost inaudible whisper)

"What would you do...?"

SAM SHIVERS, and begins to walk faster.

SAM BAILEY

(trying to distract himself with a task)

I just need to find somewhere to shelter for the night. That's all.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I thought I might be able to stay in the station, but I'm really not too confident in its structural integrity right now. There's really nothing else left in town, but there are still a few houses left on the crest, it looks like... Including mom and dad's old place. It's not... Ideal, but -- hey, at least if I get caught, they can't pin me with breaking and entering... I still have the key.

(beat, voice falls)

But if there really are ghosts anywhere in this town -- they're in that house. All of them.

Sam pauses, looking up at the home on the ridge -- then sighs.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Guess I shouldn't keep them waiting any longer.

CLICK

INT. BAILEY HOME - BEDROOM - 12:30PM - JAN 1, 2015

A door closes across the room -- quietly, as though trying not to wake up another person. Soft footsteps pad across the carpeted floor, before someone sets a tray on the night stand.

Despite the stealth, Allen stirs, GROANING A LITTLE WITH PAIN as he wakes up.

ALLEN GOTT

(pained groan as he sits up, headache)

What the hell...

SAM BAILEY

(comforting, trying to calm him)

Shh shh... It's okay.

ALLEN GOTT

(confused)

Sam? What are you doing in...

(beat, looks around, even more confused)

Where am I?

SAM BAILEY

My house. You hit your head pretty badly when you fell, and nobody could find the first aid kit in the station.

Sam picks up an antiseptic pad.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(a bit commanding)

Now hold still... You're still bleeding a bit.

ALLEN GOTT

(confused)

Hold on... Why am I in *your* house?

SAM BAILEY

Oh. Well -- we figured you didn't want to go to the hospital over this, and my place was closest. Jerry's still downstairs, waiting to see if you're okay. Now lie back and keep *still*.

ALLEN GOTT

Did he help you... Ow!

ALLEN YELPS A LITTLE as the antiseptic pad touches his kit.

SAM BAILEY

(wincing)

Sorry -- need to disinfect it. I don't think the break room floor is sterile, you know?

ALLEN GOTT

(MUTTERING SLIGHTLY)

Yeah, no, but... Still isn't fun, though.

SAM BAILEY

(trying to be funny)

I think you had a bit *too* much fun already tonight. That's how you ended up here, remember?

ALLEN GOTT

(CHUCKLES)

Oh. Right. No exactly how I wanted to end up in your bed, that's for sure...

Allen cuts off sharply, realizing what he just said. Sam freezes for a moment, then COUGHS, leans over, and grabs a bandage, opening it.

SAM BAILEY

Uh... Here, this should take care of the bleeding. You should ice it as well, just to be safe...

ALLEN GOTT

(embarrassed, slightly pitiful)

Sam...

SAM BAILEY

(trying to hide behind information)

Twenty minutes on, forty minutes off. It should stop the swelling.

ALLEN GOTT

Sam, listen, I didn't mean...

Sam stands up quickly, handing him the ice pack.

SAM BAILEY

(awkward, trying to get out of the room)

I'm going to go downstairs and tell Jerry you're fine. I'll be sleeping down in the living room if you need anything, but try not to get up if you don't have to.

ALLEN GOTT

(trying to get around this)

Sam, look, I wasn't trying to...

(beat, realizes there's no point, and SIGHS)

Okay. Thanks Sam.

Sam hesitates, then hurries out of the room without answering. As soon as the door closes...

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)

(GROANS, annoyed at himself)

Oh, brilliant. Way to go Gott. Gold star for you on this one.

CLICK

INT. BAILEY HOME - BEDROOM - PRESENT - MIDNIGHT

Sam starts the recorder as he sits down on the bed, elevating his leg. HE GROANS SLIGHTLY AS HE SITS DOWN, both from pain and weariness.

SAM BAILEY

And... Finally here. My old room. God, never thought I'd be back here. And against all odds, everything's still where I left it. The other houses on the row were all looted and had most of their windows broken, but somehow, this one is mostly untouched. Just a bit of graffiti on the exterior, but besides that -- just like I left it. And I doubt that's a coincidence.

Sam leans back and SIGHS.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(wincing slightly)

God, my leg is really starting to hurt again. I think the painkillers are starting to wear off. I can't stop running, but... I don't know how long I can keep going like this before I need to go to the hospital. Of course I would break my legs less than a day into my life as a fugitive. Yeah. That seems just about right for me.

Sam adjust his leg slightly.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I honestly don't know if I should sleep, or try to stay awake, or just -- stay still for a while. This was definitely not part of the plan. I just hope Bill is able to keep the chief distracted long enough for Maria to...

UNKNOWN VOICE

(from far away, echoing slightly as they sing)

Of all the money that e'er I had

I spent it in good company
(MORE)

UNKNOWN VOICE (CONT'D)

And all the harm I've ever done
 Alas it was to none but me
 And all I've done for want of wit
 To mem'ry now I can't recall
 So fill to me the parting glass
 Good night and joy be to you all.

SAM BAILEY

(confused)
 Who is...
 (listens, even more
 confused)
 Dad?

Sam hesitates, then pushes the covers aside and grabs his crutch, limping across the room and through the door.

INT. BAILEY HOME - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

Sam slowly descends the stairs. The voice grows slightly louder as he goes, but still seems to be distant -- not really there.

SAM BAILEY

(calling out)
 Hello? Who's there?

UNKNOWN VOICE

(softly singing)
 Oh, all the comrades e'er I had,
 They're sorry for my going away,
 And all the sweethearts e'er I had,
 They'd wish me one more day to
 stay,
 But since it falls unto my lot,
 That I should rise and you should
 not,
 I gently rise and softly call,
 Good night and joy be with you all.

Sam reaches the bottom of the stairs, and the singing ends. The old house creaks slightly, and a draft blows past.

SAM BAILEY
 (uncertain, trying to mask
 fear)
 Hello? If there's anyone there,
 please... Come out where I can see
 you?

No response. Sam hesitates, then SIGHS.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (deflated)
 Just imagining things, Sam. They're
 gone. They're all gone.

Sam turns to climb back up the stairs -- but something falls in the next room, shattering on the floor. Sam freezes.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 What the hell was...

Footsteps -- rounding the corner into the living room. Sam turns.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (fearful)
 You.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)
 (sardonic)
 Hello, Detective Bailey. Good to
 see you again.

INT. BAILEY HOME - LIVING ROOM - 7AM - JAN 1, 2015

In the nearby kitchen, something sizzles as it cooks on the stove. SAM STIRS, SNIFFS, AND SITS UP off the couch.

SAM BAILEY
 (confused)
 What the hell... Who's...?

He cuts off, realizing. Throwing a quilt aside, he stands up off the couch and crosses towards the kitchen. The sizzling gets louder until he rounds the corner and sees...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (confused, slightly
 worried)
 Allen? What the hell are you doing?

ALLEN GOTT

(brightly)

Oh good, you're up. I didn't want to wake you, but now that you're up... How do you like your eggs?

SAM BAILEY

(off-balance)

What? Uh, scrambled, but...

ALLEN GOTT

(amused)

Great, because that's about all I can really do on short notice.

He cracks two eggs quickly, throws them in a second pan, and quickly whisks them.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)

I was going to make toast. Want some?

SAM BAILEY

(getting his feet)

Allen, what are you doing up? You should be resting...

ALLEN GOTT

(SCOFFS)

What, for this? I've had much worse with way less pampering. And seeing as you slept on the couch, I figured the least I could do was make breakfast. So... Toast?

SAM BAILEY

(awkward, unsure what to make of this)

Um... Sure?

Allen pulls out two more slices of bread and throws them in the toaster before going back to the eggs. After a momentary silence...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(hesitant, awkward)

Allen... Listen, about what happened last night...

ALLEN GOTT

(CHUCKLES)

I think you mean what *didn't* happen last night.

SAM BAILEY

I... Yeah. Sure. What didn't happen. Look, I don't want you to...

ALLEN GOTT

Hold on, I think the eggs are done.

Allen turns and lifts them onto a plate, setting it on the counter in front of Sam.

SAM BAILEY

Allen, I'm serious -- you...

ALLEN GOTT

(commanding)

And I seriously think this conversation will go over better after you've had something to eat. Here.

Sam hesitates, then picks up his fork and begins to eat.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)

(with a bit more humor)

Plus, I'm starving, and no good decision in history has ever been made on an empty stomach.

(nods to Sam's plate)

Good?

SAM BAILEY

(nodding)

Yeah... Really good, actually.

ALLEN GOTT

(CHUCKLES)

Don't flatter me, it's eggs. They're pretty hard to mess up.

SAM BAILEY

(between mouthfuls)

Not that hard... Trust me.

ALLEN CHUCKLES, AS DOES SAM. The toast pops up, and Allen pulls it from the toaster, plates it and his eggs, then turns off the stove. He takes a bite, and after a moment...

ALLEN GOTT

(getting down to business)

So. Last night.

SAM BAILEY

Um... Yeah. Last night.

ALLEN GOTT

(rushed)

I shouldn't have said it. It was just a stupid thought that popped into my head, and I wasn't thinking clearly. I'm sorry.

SAM BAILEY

(hesitant beat)

Did... Did you mean it, though?

ALLEN GOTT

Well, I... Sort of? Mostly?

(beat, then SIGHS)

Yes. Not the way I said it, but yes. I did. I do.

(beat)

Do you?

SAM BAILEY

(a little deflated)

I... I don't know.

ALLEN GOTT

(slightly irritated)

It's a very simple question, Sam.

SAM BAILEY

Well... Not really. Not for me.

ALLEN GOTT

(confused)

What's that supposed to mean?

An awkward silence, then...

SAM BAILEY

(trying to get him to understand)

Look, the people I love -- I don't always like them at first. And I never really know if it will even happen. I know I like... Being around you. I like spending time with you, I like to be close to you, but... I don't know if I feel that way about you yet. Or if I ever will.

ALLEN GOTT

(beat, intrigued)

Huh.

SAM BAILEY

(a bit pitiful)

It... It takes time. For me. Too much time for most people, actually. So... I get it.

ALLEN GOTT

(confused)

Get what?

SAM BAILEY

(defeated)

If you just... Want to go.

Sam takes another bite.

ALLEN GOTT

(confused)

Why do you think I'd want to go?

SAM BAILEY

(confused)

I... I don't know. I just thought...

ALLEN GOTT

Sam, I don't know who you think I am, but if I didn't want to wait, I would have asked you out three months ago.

SAM BAILEY

(not quite able to believe it)

You... You're not going to...

ALLEN GOTT

(rolling his eyes)

Sam, I've had a crush on you since you first bumbled into my office. I've always known. But I'm not in any rush. I can wait. And if you never feel the same way about me, then... That's okay. I'll wish you did, but if you don't -- then you don't. It's your call.

SAM BAILEY

(stammering, beyond belief)

How... How long?

ALLEN GOTT
 (earnest, reassuring)
 As long as you need.
 (beat, back to joking)
 Now eat your eggs -- they're
 turning into rubber over there.

Allen starts to eat. Sam hesitates for a moment, not sure if he can believe this -- then starts eating in contented silence.

CLICK

EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - SHORE LINE - PRESENT - MIDNIGHT

SAM BAILEY
 (pained explosion of
 breath)
 Oof!

Sam hits the ground hard, accidentally starting the tape recorder again. HE COUGHS, the waves lapping nearby as footsteps approach.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)
 (sarcastic gloating)
 Really, Bailey... You're making
 this way too easy. I mean, I didn't
 expect a challenge, but I wasn't
 planning on going up against a
 cripple. I almost feel bad about
 this.

SAM GROANS as he stands, leaning heavily on a nearby wall.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)
 (sadistic)
 Actually, I do feel bad. Here, I'll
 give you a free shot. Right here.
 Come on... Take a swing. Unless
 you're too much of a gentleman to
 hit a lady...

SAM SNARLS and lunges, but "Anna" sidesteps, CHUCKLING DARKLY as he slams face-first into a pile of detritus.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)
 Oh... So close. Better luck next
 time.

SAM BAILEY

(pained, angry)

Look, if you're trying to kill me,
then just do it, okay?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(LAUGHS, derisive)

God, you really are an idiot,
aren't you?

SAM BAILEY

(confused)

What?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

You really think I went through all
of this just to... What, murder
you? Dump your body in the lake?

SAM BAILEY

(bitter)

Why not? That's pretty much what
you did with Anna, in any case.

There's a moment of silence -- then "ANNA" STARTS TO LAUGH
HYSTERICALLY.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(THROUGH LAUGHTER)

Jesus Christ Bailey, you really
think that's what happened? That I
just... Killed her?

SAM BAILEY

(confused)

You... You didn't?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(FRESH BOUT OF LAUGHTER)

God, where would I find the time to
pull that off? She'd been trying to
kill me for nearly ten years --
she'd see me coming halfway across
the country!

SAM BAILEY

But... If you didn't kill her,
then... Who did?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(ANOTHER BURST OF

LAUGHTER, dies before she
speaks again)

Oh, Bailey...

(MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)

Sorry, but that nearly made all of
this worth it. Thank you... I
needed a good laugh.

SAM BAILEY

(demanding an answer)
Who killed Sheridan?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(shrugging, indifferent)
I don't know. I don't even know if
she's dead. I just know she's gone.

SAM BAILEY

(exasperated)
Oh, come on...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

Trust me, I wish I knew -- that way
I'd have the pleasure of not
telling you. As it is, well...

"Anna" turns and kicks Sam in the gut. HE GRUNTS, falling
back and rolling further down the slope towards the water.

SAM BAILEY

(COUGHING, pained)
For someone who's not trying to
kill me, you seem to be getting
awfully close.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(exasperated, rolling her
eyes)
And there it is -- the final proof.

SAM BAILEY

Proof of what?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(SIGHS)
"You can lead a horse to water..."
(beat)
Why on earth would I want to kill
you in the first place?

SAM BAILEY

(unsure)
Well... To replace me. Like you
tried to do with Bill.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

And why would I want to do that?
What would I gain from being you?
(MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)

I mean, it's not like anyone really likes you. Or trusts you.

SAM BAILEY

(hesitant)

Well...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

And even if they did... Well, you met my copy of Lieutenant Tyler. And you know I copied Maria... Not very well, but I managed it. But you... Well...

SAM BAILEY

(suddenly realizing)

You... You can't... Copy me?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

Oh, I tried. I didn't think it would work, but I still gave it a go. When we first met in the halfway house. Chief Morrison told me not to try, but still...

SAM BAILEY

Wait, you knew Morrison before...

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(annoyed)

You're missing the point. As usual. What am I, Bailey?

SAM BAILEY

You're... The Echo.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)

(SCOFFS)

A stupid name. But it works, I guess. I'm a reflection -- a refraction. I take the voices of the living and copy them back into the world... But for some reason, I can't take yours. No matter how much I listen to your irritating voice, I just can't duplicate it.

SAM BAILEY

(disbelieving)

Are... Are you saying that I'm... What, that I'm not alive?

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)
 Do you really think that Sam Bailey ever came out of that water? Do you really think that the voice you heard made a bargain without taking its cut? You told it you'd do anything. You told it you'd give anyone. But you also told it you'd give it anything. So it took your life.

SAM BAILEY
 But... But I'm alive. I'm... I'm me! I grew up after that! I... I lived my life!

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)
 (LAUGHS)
 And what makes you think the life you lived was really yours? Did it ever feel like you were in control? Like you were ever whole?

SAM BAILEY
 (confused, reaching)
 I... I was...
 (beat, then with conviction)
 Once.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)
 (SCOFFS)
 And how long did that last? How long before the lake took that away as well?
 (beat, darkly)
 You're a dead man walking, Bailey. You drowned more than half a lifetime ago, and all the time since... Well, you've certainly paid the price for it.

Anna kicks him again. HE GRUNTS, more out of surprise than pain, as he falls, rolling slightly into the water as he does.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)
 (coming to her point)
 So no: I don't think I can kill you. But I do know that I can hurt you. And that I want to.

SAM COUGHS, PAINED. The water laps against the shore line a little louder, the wind blowing across the waves.

SAM BAILEY (V.O.)
 (distant, distorted)
 "What would you do... to save
 yourself?"

SAM BAILEY
 (defeated, muttering)
 Oh. Of course. What else would it
 be?

CLICK

INT. POLICE CRUISER - US ROUTE 50 - SIMULTANEOUS

The engine revs slightly as the patrol car turns to go up the grade.

CHIEF MORRISON
 (suddenly noticing
 something)
 Wait, wait! Stop!

Bill cranks the wheel as he brakes.

BILL TYLER
 (staring out, squinting)
 What the hell is that?

CHIEF MORRISON
 Something went through the guard
 rail over there... Quick, grab a
 flashlight!

Chief opens the door and climbs out to investigate, while Bill rummages in the back seat before pulling out and switching on a large flashlight.

He climbs out of the car, slamming the door before walking to the side of the road with the chief.

CHIEF MORRISON (CONT'D)
 Look, down there at the bottom of
 the hill... Quick, get the light on
 it.

BILL TYLER
 (fumbling with it a
 little)
 Hold on, I'm just trying to...
 (sees what he sees)
 Oh god. That's Sheridan's van.

CHIEF MORRISON
Bailey must be down there... Come
on, we can go back to the exit
and...

BILL TYLER
(hesitant)
Sir? That's Agate Shore. Maybe we
shouldn't...

CHIEF MORRISON
(commanding)
Don't get superstitious on me now,
Tyler. Come on.

Bill hesitates, then returns to the patrol car with him. He
climbs inside and starts the engine back up.

CLICK

EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - SHORE LINE - CONTINUOUS

SAM STRUGGLES TO STAND, feet crunching in the loose gravel
and mud around the lake.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)
(taunting)
What, back on your feet are you?
Ready for round two? Come on --
I'll even give you another freebie.
Sure you can't miss this time.

Sam is silent for a moment, then...

SAM BAILEY
(oddly blank)
No. I don't think I will.

Sam drops the tape deck, and it clatters loudly onto the
ground but keeps rolling. He turns, faces the lake, and then
begins to walk into it, his footsteps turning to sloshing
splashes as he wades into the lake.

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)
(confused)
Wait... What the hell are you
doing? Bailey? Bailey?
(suddenly realizing,
calling out after him)
No -- no wait, stop! Bailey, you
don't know what you're doing, it's
not -- you can't...
(MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER) (CONT'D)
(to herself, horrified
realization)
God, I think he can.

There's a louder splash far off in the water as Sam goes under.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Shit... Where did he go? Bailey?
Bailey! Come back here! Please...
Please don't do this.. You can't...

A harsh static rises on the tape as the sound of waves grows to a crescendo before.

CLACK. The tape ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS