

"ASHES, ASHES"  
*The Sheridan Tapes - Season 02, Episode 32*  
*Recording Draft - January 27, 2021*

by

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Based on story and characters from  
"Homestead on the Corner"  
By Trevor Van Winkle

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Homestead on the Corner

1. INT. SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

An old camcorder tape begins to play, hissing and spitting with harsh magnetic static before cutting in on:

MAN'S VOICE  
...Your mother wanted to...

Static cuts him off, taking us to...

2. INT. SHERIDAN HOUSE - DAY

SINGING VOICES  
Happy Biiirthday to you....!

Static again, then...

3. INT. SHERIDAN HOUSE - EVENING

A teenaged ANNA GIGGLING QUIETLY, then knocking on Kate's bedroom door.

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
(annoyed, through the door)  
What do you want, weirdo?

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
(mischievous)  
Oh, nothing, just... Notice anything missing lately, Kate?

Footsteps, then the door opening.

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
(irritated)  
What did you do -- why are you taping this?

Scuffling as Kate tries to grab the camera, but Anna steps away and avoids her, LAUGHING TO HERSELF.

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN) (CONT'D)  
(growing anger)  
What is your damage, Anna?

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
(gently, singsongy)  
I just thought you might wanna go check the fireplace...

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (dread and anger)  
 Oh my god... What did you DO?!

Kate stomps down the hall, then SCREAMS from the other room.  
 Anna runs to catch up with her, trying to STIFLE LAUGHTER.

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN) (CONT'D)  
 (horrified)  
 FELICITYYY!!

ANNA NOW BARELY HOLDING HER LAUGHTER IN.

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN) (CONT'D)  
 (pleading)  
 No, no, no!!

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (trying not to laugh)  
 Chill out, Kate, she's fine.  
 (beat)  
 She's also a doll, remember?

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (desperate, about to cry)  
 You hung her up by her neck in  
 front of the fire! She could have  
 melted!

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (full-on mocking)  
 Kate, you are way, way too old for  
 this. It would be a shame if...  
 Brad found out.

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (Advancing towards her)  
 Don't you dare --!

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (pained)  
 Ow! Let go of my --!

The tape cuts out after a momentary struggle.

#### 4. THE DOLLHOUSE HOTEL - ROOM 18 - OCTOBER 25, 2019 - NIGHT

A quiet hotel room -- only the very distant sound of highway  
 traffic breaks the silence.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (TIRED SIGH)  
 I'm in a Dollhouse.  
 (MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Of all the places I could have ended up...

(stops, realizes how that sounds)

Let's try that again. I'm in a place called the Dollhouse... The Dollhouse Hotel, technically, but Dolores just kept calling it the Dollhouse. I've never heard of it, and by the looks of things, no one else has in a long time. It didn't show up on my phone when I looked it up, and it wasn't even on the old print maps I had. I didn't plan to end up here, but I was tired and I saw the sign and... Yeah, I turned off. That might have been a mistake, but... God, I needed some sleep.

(beat, THEN TIRED LAUGH)

Ugh, I'm not starting this off well, am I Anna? Must be even more tired than I thought. Last week, I was at your house in Lake Isabella, and... Well, I recorded all that, so I don't think I need to recap it. Then I called that Lieutenant Tyler Maria told me about, but he was just as cagey as she was about this "Bailey" person. I doubt I'll be able to get anything else out of him. But, I do know he works in Oslow County, Nevada -- the same place you disappeared. So that's where I'm headed now.

(beat)

God, that feels really weird to say. You remember how dad always used to talk about Nevada, right? That it was a... A "dark place," and that we should just avoid the whole state? I remember we used to spend whole days driving around it whenever we went on vacation. I guess it's one of those things you grow up just... Accepting as normal.

(beat)

I think I'm pretty close now. I'm not sure... I was never very good with maps, and the service on my GPS and phone kept failing, so I can't check. The highways out here are a long longer and more...

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Desolate than I expected. A little desperate, too. No real cities, just... Strange roadside attractions, groups of trailers that look so run down you almost hope no one lives there, and painted signs for what are clearly low-rent brothels... Not anywhere I would want to stop for the night, that's for sure. There was this one town that used to be a silver mine and hasn't been doing well since then, and another place that had a billboard advertising "The Biggest Artillery Depot in the World." I know I didn't have any rational reason to drive faster on my way out of that place, but let's just say the feeling hanging over it was... Dark. Oppressive. So I kept driving.

(beat)

By that point it was getting dark, and I haven't been sleeping very well since what happened in your house, so I was fading fast. That's when I saw the sign. "Come rest your bones at the Dollhouse." It was on the side of the highway, just a few feet before a little two-lane road. I couldn't really see anything beyond it, but my vision was starting to get blurry and I knew my only other option was sleeping in my car on the side of the highway. So I turned off. Sleeping in a car was always your thing, not mine.

(beat)

I pulled around some kind of rock formation that was big enough to hide the highway from view, and then I saw it: The Dollhouse. I couldn't get a good look at the outside in the dark, but I could tell that it was a big, old, Victorian-looking bed and breakfast, just sitting in the middle of the Nevadan desert. Wraparound porch, two stories, and pretty well-maintained except for a bit of chipped paint. Even so, there were no other cars in the parking lot when I arrived.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I pulled up and was just getting out of my car when I heard someone say "Aren't you a lucky one?" I looked up to see a woman standing right in front of my headlights, just down off the porch. I don't know how she got there without me noticing, but... It's probably just how tired I was.

(beat)

She introduced herself as Dolores, the hotel manager. I'm guessing the lack of cars in the parking lot wasn't a new thing, since she kept talking about how excited she was as she brought me in through the front door.

(beat, then SCOFFS,  
slightly sarcastic)

I guess it's only fair to assume that when you see a sign for "The Dollhouse Hotel," there will be dolls involved at some point. I mean, I had dolls when I was a kid, but this was... Well, let's just say you would have loved this place, Anna. Or hated it. Or both. There are dolls *everywhere*. On every wall, there's at least one shelf with a dozen dolls. All different kinds, too -- your stereotypical frilly-dressed dolls, sure, but also rag dolls, puppets, wooden dolls, even some antique ones with pointed, glamorous faces. I think I even saw one or two cabbage patch kids in the corner of the lobby. But mostly, they're the frilly kind. This place definitely has a theme.

(beat)

The receptionist's desk was right inside the front door, off to the left and fairly small for the size of the room. The place smelled old, like they'd cooked the same meals over and over again for years and the smell has seeped into the walls. It's not so bad up here in my room, but... It's there. And as Dolores rattled off tidbit after tidbit about the history of the hotel, I looked around the room and... I saw Eunice.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Eunice is a doll. Unsurprisingly. The one sitting on the receptionist's desk down in the lobby. She has a white laced silk dress, a neat head of curls, and a little parasol over one shoulder. Dolores caught me looking at her and said, "Oh, this is Eunice. She's the lady of the house. It's her hotel." Which was... Okay, I get it, people come here for the weirdness, I guess. But then Dolores looked at me and said something like, "Oh my, you have beautiful eyes! Eunice, don't you think she has beautiful eyes?" Then she put her hand up behind Eunice and... Well, pretended to make her say, "Oh my, yes she does!" And no, I'm not kidding.

(beat)

I was just about ready to go up to my room and never come out again, but Dolores insisted on giving me a full tour of the place. Being her only customer in... God knows how long, I didn't really feel like I had a choice.

(beat)

The staircase to the second floor -- which is where my room is -- was right there in the lobby, next to the entryway. The next room we entered was off to the right, the lounge. The lights were all dimmed for the evening, but it was still pretty easy to see. There were dolls set up in little scenes all around the room, taking up a corner of a bench beneath the window, climbing on the curtains, and a sitting around a tall, spindly table on tall, spindly chairs. There was an identical, human-sized version of that table and chair set sitting next to it. The wallpaper was floral -- excessively so -- and the rugs in the room were soft and spongey with age.

(beat)

It took me a while to take it all in, tired as I was...

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

But then I saw a familiar face in one of the tableaux. It was a Felicity doll! I couldn't help myself and blurted out her name, and Dolores got... Well, more excited than I would have expected. Then I saw a Telephone Tammy and blurted out again, and Dolores exclaimed that she simply *had* to give me the real tour now, since I was a fellow collector. I tried to insist that I just recognized a few from when I was a kid, but she ignored that and asked me to take a closer look -- "really take the details in," as she said. I went over to one of the dolls climbing the curtains just to be polite, and examined it as well as I could. I tried to focus on it, but I kept catching Dolores staring at me out of the corner of my eye. She looked so expectant, like I was about to discover some great secret. But after a while I gave up the pretense and just said that they were lovely, then walked back over to her. She looked slightly disappointed, but it passed in a moment before she led me into the next room, blurting out doll facts at a speed that would give an auctioneer whiplash. Dolores kept saying that this was "the best day ever," and I... Well, I guess I went along with it because I felt bad for her.

(beat)

The next room was further towards the back of the house, with a long dining table and those dollhouse-like Victorian chairs around it. I could see the kitchen behind a set of swinging doors on the far side of it. Dolores said that the kitchen was only for staff, but if I needed anything day or night, I just had to go into that room and ring the bells on this... Weird kind-of-chandelier thing with ropes and pulleys running down from it to different sections of the dining room. I'd never seen anything like it, but...

(MORE)



KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Well, it definitely wasn't the weirdest thing I'd seen in the hotel, so I didn't question it.

(beat)

The rooms on the ground floor were connected to the dining room by a dark hallway, running along the back of the house. Dolores said she couldn't take me in there because it was past quiet hours, but... Now that I think about it, that doesn't quite make sense. Not if I'm the only one here.

(shakes off her confusion)

In any case, I'm glad she didn't take me back there -- from what I could see, the walls were packed with so many dolls it was impossible to see anything except for the empty spaces where the doors must have been. So instead, she took me back through the lounge to the lobby, told me when breakfast was served, when their social hour was... She said something about always having to keep the dolls occupied so they don't cause trouble, so... Yikes. No thank you. Then she pointed out the spa room. Yes, somehow this place has a spa. She showed it to me before I came up here. It's next to the stairs, basically right in the middle of the house. It's a small room that goes all the way up through the second story, with a massive skylight instead of a roof. There's just enough room for a small hot tub, and the humidity in there was... Honestly, kind of suffocating. I thought I heard water dripping off the skylight when we were in there. I think the walls were glass too, but they all had heavy curtains over them... For privacy, I guess, though I can only imagine the mildew they must get in there. As soon as we were done, Dolores turned and said, a little more sternly than she should have, that should I chose to use the spa, I needed to leave the curtains exactly where they were. I nodded politely but...

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I don't think it will come as any surprise that I don't plan on taking advantage of the spa.

(beat)

Then we went back to the front desk, I paid in cash to avoid any difficulties with what looked like a twenty year old card reader, and she handed me an antique-looking bronze key bigger than my phone. She told me that I'd be staying in room 18, which was at the end of the second story hallway, just past the bathroom.

(beat)

I was about to head up and go to bed when I realized there was a whole section of the house she'd left out of our tour. I don't know how I didn't notice it earlier, but the area behind the desk, left of the front door... She hadn't even mentioned it. There was a large door made out of some kind of rough, dark wood behind her that looked out of place compared to the Victorian stylings of the rest of the hotel. I asked about it, and Dolores said, completely straight-faced, that it led to "Eunice's private quarters." I didn't know how to reply to that, but then Dolores laughed awkwardly and said that it was "Just our little joke." She explained that it's all back-of-house stuff... Boilers and laundry and cleaning supplies, that sort of thing.

(beat)

I didn't quite believe her, but I really wanted to get to my room and call it a night. I climbed up the stairs to the second floor, passing some kind of stained glass window near the top. I couldn't tell what it was supposed to be in the dark. At the top of the stairs, I noticed that the wall on the right looked much newer than the walls in the rest of the house, as if it had only been built recently. It must have been right above the door that led to "Eunice's quarters," or whatever's really back there.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Of course, the dolls continued to line the hall, which kind of snaked around the building above the lounge, dining room, and kitchen, but thankfully they weren't as choked with them as the hall on the first floor was. As I walked, I realized that my room must be on the far end of the hallway, so I'd have to walk past all of those dolls on the way there. At first it wasn't too bad, but as I went, the dolls seemed to get more lifelike -- like those hyper-realistic newborn ones that some people have for... Some reason. It was still pretty dark, and the end of the hall just past my room was completely black. But I could still see the vague shadows of dolls several feet away, mounted at the end of the hall. They were bigger than any of the rest, at least a couple of feet tall, if not completely human sized. I rushed into my room pretty quickly after I saw those. I made sure to lock the door, too.

(beat)

And after that -- well, I've been here. In my room, trying to sleep. It's been a few hours, but I've only had little moments of rest, nothing solid. It's the middle of the freaking night again, and I still can't sleep. I thought I'd just drift right off to sleep with how tired I am, but... There's just something off about my room.

(pause, realizing)

You know what... I think I just figured it out. All of the furniture in here... It's like the dining table downstairs. It's all scaled up dollhouse furniture. All of the table and chair legs are stockier and more rounded than normal, and the ruffles on the comforter and the pillows are way too excessive... Not to mention the canopy over the bed. God, it feels like someone's shrunk me down and put me in a...

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 Well, an actual dollhouse. It's...  
 It's almost claustrophobic, to be  
 honest.

Suddenly, Kate's stomach rumbles loudly, shattering the  
 silence.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 (GROANS)  
 Ughh, come on. I'm starving too.  
 There was nowhere to stop for  
 dinner out there, and I really  
 wasn't thinking about eating at  
 that point.  
 (SIGHS)  
 Maybe I should take Dolores's  
 advice. She did say the kitchen was  
 available anytime day or night.  
 Couldn't hurt to check, anyway.

Kate swings her legs off the bed, gets up, and picks up her  
 purse, keys jangling.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 Okay... Got everything. Let's...  
 (notices recorder)  
 Oh. I can probably turn you off  
 now...

CLICK.

5. INT. THE DOLLHOUSE HOTEL - DINING ROOM - LATER

The recorder starts again, jostling slightly as Kate sets it  
 on the table. A clock quietly ticks in the corner.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (sounding slightly  
 unnerved)  
 Just need to ignore that hallway --  
 okay. Let's see what these bells  
 actually sound like.

Kate reaches out and pulls on the rope in front of her. The  
 tinkling bells are crystalline, full, and go on a bit longer  
 than expected.

Almost as soon as they fade away, Dolores emerges from the  
 kitchen, doors swinging behind her.

DOLORES  
 (sweetly)  
 Well hello, Miss Sheridan.  
 (MORE)

DOLORES (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you've decided to take advantage of our kitchen tonight. What can I get for you?

KATE SHERIDAN

(caught off guard)

Uh... Hi, Dolores. Well, um... Do you have... Grilled cheese and tomato soup? I don't see a menu, but...

DOLORES

(bright)

It would be my pleasure. Don't move a muscle!

Dolores retreats, doors swinging shut behind her again. Rustling, doors opening and closing, and some liquid noises and heavy scraping are heard from the kitchen as she works.

KATE SHERIDAN

(as soon as Dolores is out of earshot)

What the hell... Uh, Dolores just came out of the kitchen in... Well, a full maid outfit. Curled hair, perfect makeup, not a stitch out of place, like it wasn't the middle of the night. Doesn't anyone else work here? Doesn't she sleep?

Kate worries on that a moment, THEN SIGHS AND YAWNS.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(too tired to really worry)

Whatever.

(beat)

You know, I was thinking... Anna never told me much about the times she came to Nevada. She always said she was drawn here, but I kind of just assumed that was some rebellious carryover from our childhood. I mean, she was closer to dad than any of the rest of us, but... Well, she was still Anna.

(beat)

But I don't think it was just that. She told me that there are way more disappearances in the state than there ought to be, especially along I-80. Huh. That's... Not too far from here, actually.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

It was hard for me to imagine what kind of death wish Anna had, seeking out places where people vanished, but... Well, I guess I understand her better than I used to now.

(CHUCKLES DARKLY)

Hopefully this isn't where you ended up, Anna. I'd hate to think your illustrious career ended in a place like... The Dollhouse Hotel. Though I suspect this is where *all* of the missing people in Nevada end up, eventually. Like... Right in front of me, the dolls all look just a little too specific. There's a...

(beat, notices something)

Wait... Is that a smartphone in that one's hands? And, uh... Oh God. I didn't notice earlier, but...

(beat, growing  
apprehension)

They all look like they've been crying.

The doors to the kitchen suddenly bang against the wall as Dolores emerges, food in hand.

DOLORES

(chipper)

Dinner is served!

She places the bowl and plate down in front of Kate with a clatter.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

(sugary sweet)

Do you need anything else?

KATE SHERIDAN

(masking terror, trying to  
avoid suspicion)

This... This will be fine. Thank you.

Dolores turns to walk away. Kate picks up the sandwich... Then freezes. She taps it against the plate -- a hollow, empty sound.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(confused)

What, is this... Is this plastic?

Dolores freezes on the spot, then spins around after a moment.

DOLORES

(flustered)

I'm so silly, I really shouldn't have done that... I'll have your real food out in a minute.

Kate doesn't move.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

(slightly pleading)

Look, I'm awfully sorry. They always tell me I pull too many jokes on the guests, but it's really so nice to have someone here who sees the fun in this place like we do.

(beat)

You know what, why don't you go relax in the spa room? Normally we don't let people eat in there, but I think we can make an exception just this once.

KATE SHERIDAN

(slightly stilted, as if distracted)

Oh... Sure, sure, that sounds... Wonderful. I'll... I just need to go get my swimsuit.

DOLORES

(relieved)

Oh, fantastic! I hope you're okay with the heat, it can get pretty steamy in there. Eunice's orders!

DOLORES LAUGHS, and KATE AWKWARDLY LAUGHS ALONG. Her chair scrapes backwards as she stands, then walks out. As soon as she hears the kitchen doors swing shut behind her...

KATE SHERIDAN

(urgent, fearful)

God, I don't know what I've gotten myself into, but I need to get the hell out of here. Now.

Kate rounds the corner of the lobby and begins to climb the stairs, her footsteps creaking.

EUNICE  
 (almost inaudible)  
 Oh my, you have beautiful eyes!

Kate freezes, listening.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (muttering)  
 Oh, you've got to be kidding me...

EUNICE  
 (almost inaudible)  
 Oh my, yes you do!

Kate pauses, then steps off the stairs, turning to the front desk.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (SIGHS)  
 Is that you, Eunice?

Silence. Kate walks slowly towards the front desk, a faint static rising on the tape.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 You picked a really bad night to try my patience, I'll tell you that for free. I really... Really don't think you can manage to scare me. Maybe a few weeks ago, but now...

She stops in front of Eunice. The house is quiet, except for the faint dripping of water from the spa room. Silence, then...

EUNICE  
 (small, sweet, clear)  
 I want... Your eyes.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (masking surprise, whispered)  
 Ex--excuse me?

EUNICE  
 My tricks didn't work on you.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (faint confusion)  
 What tricks?

EUNICE  
 (sing-song)  
 I cannot tell, I will not tell...



DOLORES  
 (calling from next room)  
 Ms. Sheridan? Is that you?

EUNICE  
 (GIGGLES)  
 You should have run.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 Is that so?  
 (beat)  
 What's behind that door then, huh?

Before Eunice can answer, Kate sprints around the desk and pushes the heavy door open, just as Dolores comes running in behind her.

DOLORES  
 (despaired wail)  
 NO!!

Kate slams the door WITH A FAINT GRUNT.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (PANTING SLIGHTLY)  
 That won't hold them for long... I  
 need to... Ah! There!

Kate grabs a nearby cart, STRUGGLING AS SHE PUSHES IT in front of the door. Dolores begins to bang on the door, SHOUTING AT KATE, but her voice is almost inaudible through the soundproofed wall.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 (BREATH SLOWING)  
 Good. That should keep her...

KATE GASPS as she finally notices what's in the cart.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 That cart... I didn't see it  
 before, but... It's full of doll's  
 heads. Where am...

Kate turns around, taking the room in.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 (stunned)  
 Oh my God. What...  
 (darker, realization)  
 Oh my God. It's... God, this must  
 take up half the hotel, and it's  
 full of factory equipment --  
 Shelves, a loom, and a... A...  
 (MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 (horrified)  
 Ohhh shit.

Behind the door, there's a disturbing, CHILDLIKE WAIL FROM EUNICE.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 I... I need to get out of here, now  
 --!

The recorder is handled, then shut off.

CLICK.

6. INT. OSLOW GRAND HOTEL - ROOM 210 - LATER

The recorder comes back to life. An even quieter hotel room, with just the faint sound of a heater in the background.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 Well... It turns out, I should have just kept driving in the first place. I mean, I should have done that anyways, but... I was only about ten miles from Oslow when I pulled off. I saw the lights come over the horizon almost as soon as I drove off.

(SIGHS)

Okay. So obviously, I got out of there. But I need to... Talk about what I saw in that room. Why I had to leave so quickly.

(beat, collecting her thoughts)

The cart I pushed in front of the door to keep Dolores and Eunice out was full of doll heads, all staring up at me... But they were all blank. Unpainted, with empty eye sockets and blank features. But even so, some of them looked... frightened. I don't know how. Honestly, I didn't look at them for too long. When I turned around to look at the rest of the room -- well, there was a lot to take in. It was two-stories, like the first and second stories had been torn out of half the hotel to make room for this... Factory. That's really the only word for it.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

There was an elaborate loom, like something out of the industrial revolution, and rows and rows of shelves overflowing with bins of doll parts. Legs, arms, bodies, hair, and eyes of every shape and size. There was a massive, tiered closet full of doll clothes cut into one wall, and dozens of half-finished dolls hung up on overhead cables. But... the worst part?

(beat)

The worst part was this thick, dripping steel pipe, coming through the wall. Right where the spa room was supposed to be. It was rusty and oozing some kind of black sludge through the cracks, and... It drained right into a set of doll molds. There were dozen of them, all fed from the same pipe, and it looked like some of them already had... *Material* solidifying in them. That was when I realized where that old food smell was coming from -- like some kind of boiled, not-quite-rotten meat. I almost threw up.

(SWALLOWS, sounding almost sick)

And there was one mold... One that looked like it was supposed to be feminine... that was empty. Directly under the pipe, just waiting. I almost felt like throwing up again when I remembered Dolores offering to let me eat in the spa room, but then I heard Eunice start wailing behind the door.

(beat)

Thankfully I spotted an old fire exit out the back. Apparently they never planned to trap their victims in the factory itself, and didn't bother removing the door. I got out, ran around the hotel to my car, and got the hell out of there before Dolores knew what was happening. Or... Maybe Eunice, I guess. Hard to say who was pulling whose strings there.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I was just glad I actually had my purse with me this time, though the rest of my luggage is... Well, acceptable losses, I suppose.

(beat)

Man... Is this the kind of stuff Anna dealt with all the time? No wonder she turned out the way she did. Can't exactly talk about this stuff at the dinner table, can you? Nope... Better to go off in your van and stargaze with your own thoughts. Huh. That actually... That actually sounds kind of nice right now.

(beat, blasé)

I did see something else right before I left, though. It was the oddest thing, but... Someone stacked a bunch of old doll clothes into this dirty looking fireplace, right next to the pipe. Very irresponsible. If they're not careful, that kind of thing could burn the whole place down.

As she's speaking, a series of firetruck and police sirens start up, receding into the distance.

KATE SHERIDAN

(quietly)

Oh. That was faster than I thought.

(beat, to herself)

I hope Dolores got out of there in time.

(beat, then YAWNS HEAVILY)

God, I really need to go to bed. I did manage to grab some food from the grocery store on the way here, but... I already inhaled it. I probably won't be up for a while, but...

(SIGHS)

I need to talk to Peter and Andrew tomorrow. I missed them again when I was driving. And I need to find some new clothes. And a toothbrush. I'm just thankful that I still had Dad's sweater on when I left, and that most of the important stuff was already in the car.

(beat)

And then, maybe... Maybe I can get in touch with Lieutenant Tyler.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

See if he'll change his tune now  
that I'm actually here. Or at the  
very least, see what else I can  
find out about Oslow while I'm  
here. Hmm. I've got my work cut out  
for me.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME  
AND CREDITS