

"REMEMBRANCE HIDDEN DEEP"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 02, Episode 34
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by

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"Homestead on the Corner"
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1. INT. SAM BAILEY'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FEBRUARY 26,
2016

Thunder rumbles in the distance on a rain-lashed night in Agate Shore. Heavy drops patter against the windows, driven on the wind.

Someone stirs on the bed, disturbing the blankets. After a moment, ALLEN GOTT GROANS SLIGHTLY AS HE WAKES, confused.

ALLEN GOTT
Sam? Sam, are you...?

Allen sits up, looking around. In the corner, SAM IS MUTTERING TO HIMSELF, almost too quietly to be heard.

SAM BAILEY
(experiencing a flashback)
Anything. Anything. Anyone.
Anything. Anything. Anyone.
Anything. Anything. Anyone...

Allen stands and crosses the room to his side.

ALLEN GOTT
(worried)
Sam? Sam, look at me, are... Are you okay?

SAM BAILEY
(lost, unsure where he is)
Huh? Where am... Who are you?

ALLEN GOTT
(trying to joke and put him at ease)
The man in the moon, silly. I came in to get out of the rain.

SAM BAILEY
(totally lost now)
The -- who?

ALLEN GOTT
(realizing how serious this is, soft)
Oh shit -- Sam, it's me. It's Allen.

SAM BAILEY
(confused)
Allen?

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (coming back to himself,
 terrified)
 Allen!

Sam buries his face in Allen's chest, QUIETLY SOBBING.

ALLEN GOTT
 (trying to reassure him,
 uncertain)
 Hey, hey, it's alright. You're
 okay.

SAM BAILEY
 (SOBBING QUIETLY)
 I can't... Allen, I couldn't see
 you. I couldn't hear you. I was...
 I was back in the water again, and
 I was...

ALLEN GOTT
 (reassuring)
 Shh... It's okay. You don't have to
 talk about it. You're safe now.

Sam hugs Allen tighter, and they sit there in silence for a
 moment.

SAM BAILEY
 (almost whispering,
 strained)
 I can hear it, Allen. I can still
 hear the waves, every time it
 rains. They're still inside my
 head. I can still see their
 faces...

He cuts off before he can say it with a SHARP SOB.

ALLEN GOTT
 (suddenly concocting a
 plan)
 Come back to bed... I think I know
 something that might help.

SAM BAILEY
 (SCOFFS, still faint)
 Yeah, I bet you do.

Sam and Allen sit down on the edge of the bed, and Allen
 opens the drawer on his nightstand.

ALLEN GOTT
 Here, try these.

SAM BAILEY
(confused)
Ear plugs?

ALLEN GOTT
It's the sound of the rain that
sets it off, right? My first
apartment was next to the freeway,
so I always have a stash of them
tucked away. Go ahead, try them on.

Sam hesitates, then slips the earplugs in.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)
Better?

SAM BAILEY
(can't hear)
What?

ALLEN GOTT
(slightly louder, over-
annunciating)
Is that better?

SAM BAILEY
(pleasantly surprised)
Oh... Yeah, I think it is. I... I
can't hear them anymore. I always
thought... I didn't think that
would work.

ALLEN GOTT
(relieved)
Well, hopefully that means we can
both get some sleep tonight. Come
on, let's...

The phone suddenly starts to ring across the room, shattering
the relative quiet.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)
(slightly annoyed)
What the hell? It's one o'clock in
the morning.

SAM BAILEY
Is... Is that the phone?

ALLEN GOTT
You stay here and go back to sleep,
I'll get it.

Allen stands, padding across the room and picking up the phone.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)
 (phone voice, warm and friendly as he can be at 1 AM)
 Hello, Bailey residence?
 (pause, listening)
 Hello? Is anyone there?
 (pause, listening)
 I think you might have a bad connection, I can't quite... I can't hear you.
 (pause, listening)
 Look, try calling back, but... Please do it later? It's way too early for this.

SAM BAILEY
 (calling out, curious)
 Who is it, Allen?

ALLEN GOTT
 (slightly unnerved)
 I... I don't think it's anyone.

Allen hangs up and walks back to the bed.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)
 (distracted)
 Huh. You know, I just got the weirdest feeling that...

SAM BAILEY
 (confused)
 Huh?

ALLEN GOTT
 (shaking his head)
 Never mind. I'm sure it's nothing. Go back to sleep.

CLICK.

2. INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT - OCTOBER 31, 2019

Thunder in the distance, muffled by a few feet of earth, as is the rain. Someone struggles to strike a match before lighting a few small candles and sitting down.

SAM BAILEY

(slightly distracted)

Alright... This is Sam Bailey, recording on October 31st, 2019 at 8:55pm, and I guess you would call this, uh... Contact experiment number one.

(pause, slightly annoyed)

Note to self, need to come up with a better name.

(beat)

Still, I guess it's a decent enough description of what I'm trying to do here. After what happened in the woods last week, I've been getting these... Flashes. Bits of emotional noise from all around the cabin that seem to be coming from... Somewhere else. I'm not sure if it's the lake or whatever created the fire or something else out there, but I'm sure it comes from that... Other place. The one De Witt told me about, and the place the Beechwood monster said they came from. I'm starting to suspect that's where all of these supernatural phenomena originate... Some kind of space outside of the normal universe. Huh. I guess that... Includes me too.

(beat, shaking off his trepidations)

And I think I still have a link to it -- some kind of connection to whatever was in the lake. I initially thought I could only use it if I was physically in Agate Shore, but based on what I've been feeling... I think it's a permanent link. If I can find a way to make contact with it and figure out how it works, I may be able to use it more effectively. And if Bill's telling the truth about what's happening in Oslow... Then I need to be ready.

(beat, then a little sheepish)

I will admit that I might be doing this mostly because it still stings a bit -- the way Morrison was able to get the drop on me in my apartment.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I don't know what I could have done differently, but I'm guessing that things would have gone better if I'd actually been able to contact my, uh... Whatever the lake is.

(beat)

So, here I am: Halloween night, down in the basement with the rain pelting and the sound of the waves just... Refusing to shut up. All of which should bring me closer to that other place. Break down the walls a little bit. And I know that all sounds a bit like superstitious speculation, but... Well, I'm a supernatural doppelgänger created by an entity that potentially occupies all water on Earth. I think we're a little past scoffing at *superstition* by now.

(DEEP BREATH)

Okay... Here we go.

Sam falls silent. Nothing in the room seems to change, but a faint static rises on the tape. After a moment...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Ugh. Nothing. I mean, there's still the waves, but that's nothing new. It's all just...

(beat, thinking)

What did I do with the fire again? It was like... I tried to match my emotions to the ones it was putting off. Synchronize them, somehow. So if I... Maybe if I try feeling for them again?

Sam closes his eyes, focusing. HE GRUNTS SLIGHTLY WITH THE EFFORT, like he's trying to push something with his mind.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(SIGHS)

Still nothing. It just made the waves worse, if anything. Maybe if I...

(pause, realizing)

I'm trying to force it. Trying to make something happen instead of listening for it. And resisting the waves, too. I didn't try to do anything with the fire, it was just... There. Same with the lake.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I need to... I need to open myself up to it. Be quiet. Stop thinking and just... Let it happen.

Sam falls silent, his breathing still a little too fast to really be relaxed.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(annoyed muttering)

I said *stop* thinking goddammit, not think about not thinking. Come on Bailey... Let the waves drown it all out. Just... Breathe.

Sam's breathing slows, though it's still a little uneven... He's clearly not used to this.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(soft, almost unconsciously)

Okay... There is something there. I thought I felt something when I was down here before. It's a... A sense of...

(beat, slightly fearful)

Wrongness. Like something bad happened down here, and it opened the door for something worse. And the emotions of it are still imprinted on the walls, somehow. And I can feel something else too... Some kind of emotions that are... Beyond it. They're definitely there, but they don't quite feel... Human. There's a... I think it's fear? It's faint... Much fainter than the emotions I felt with the fire, but... It's there.

(SHUDDERS SLIGHTLY)

Oh, god, I don't think I'm ever going to get used to this -- feeling like someone else's emotions are being layered over mine. I hope I do, but for now... Let's just try matching them a little more. See if I can...

(GASPS SLIGHTLY, fearful)

Okay -- that's not pleasant. There's a... It's almost like a feedback loop. The more I feel afraid, the more I feel that other thing's fear, and the more scared I get. It's...

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Jesus, that is deeply unpleasant. But I'm getting more of the flavor of it now. It's not a fear of something, more like... A fear for something. Or someone. It's almost like a...

(beat as he feels it out, realizing)

It's a protective instinct. I can tell now, there's a... A nurturing feeling behind. And an anger. But I can't tell what it's supposed to be...

SAM CUTS OFF WITH A GASP, STAMMERING SLIGHTLY.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(terrified)

Shit. I... I opened my eyes for just a second there, and... I'm not alone down here.

(beat, more determined)

Okay... I'm going to try and describe what I'm seeing, but... Bear with me, because I can barely make sense of it. There's.. I don't know. There's something else in here, I can see that much. They're... Dark? Sort of. I mean, the entire basement is dark except for where the candles are shining, but these are... Well, I don't actually think they're any darker. I don't know how I'm seeing them... They seem to be identical to the rest of the shadows, but... I know they're in here. They look... Humanoid? Kind of. Not the right proportions, but... Wait, no, that one has too many legs. Or -- are those even legs? They don't have any joints that I can see, but they're... No, I can't even see enough of them to say they don't have joints. Are they... Tentacles, maybe? Tendrils of some kind?

(beat)

I don't know. But they are there... Dozens of them, at least. Maybe as many as a hundred, somehow... It's like they go on for miles, even though I know the walls are only a dozen feet apart, if that. Or maybe... Wait. No.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

No, I think it might just be one massive creature. All the... All of the figures are moving the same way, at the same time. But then how big would it have to be? It couldn;t possibly fit into this basement if it's...

(beat, sickened)

Ugh. Whoah. That's... I just had a really bad flash of vertigo just then. Breathe, Bailey... Look down, and just breathe...

(beat, panicked)

Wait... No, no don't go! I need to... Come on. Breathe. Get back to where you were before and...

(pained)

Gah! What the hell was that? It's not an emotion -- it's more like the start of a headache, like they're pushing back on me. And the emotions underneath it almost feel like... Like how I usually try to deal with the waves. And there's something else now. I can feel an undercurrent of... Is that panic? But they're not...

(beat, realization)

No. No, this isn't going to work like this. They're pushing against me now? Then match that emotion. Feel the way they do, and then use *their* energy to push yourself further into this place. It's like... A wave. Let it wash over you, and it'll carry you along with it.

The sound of static rises on the tape... Then seems to break, shifting into a new soundscape that echoes and shifts around Sam: unreal, almost sounding like being underwater.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(opening his eyes)

Oh... Wow. That's... That's something else. The basement is... Well, it's still here, but it's -- changed. The walls still look like unfinished concrete, but now they're almost... Fluid. Like it's some kind of gas or liquid barely holding its shape and just pretending to be solid. And there's a kind of...

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I almost want to say refraction going on. Like the shadows are splitting into different colors around the edges, the same way light does through a prism. Except... It's not really colors. It isn't any brighter than it was before, but it's like there are different... Types of shadows, I guess? And I can somehow see the differences between them. I really don't have the words for this. Maybe Anna would, but...

Sam cuts off, noticing something in the distance.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(fearful)

It's... The walls are getting more transparent now. I can see something behind them... kind of. It's still obscured, but there's a... It almost looks like some kind of massive cave, or an underground dome of some kind. I can see, uh... There's a ceiling above where I'm sitting. It's still pretty far away, but it looks like it's made of some kind of dark rock -- almost black, I think, and covered with stalactites. The ground is... Well, I can't see it, it just vanishes into a fog bank about... God, that must be at least a mile down. Thankfully the ground I'm sitting on still looks solid -- everything the candle illuminated doesn't seem to be affected by what's going on. Even so... God, I've never had vertigo this badly before...

Sam cuts off more sharply, noticing something else.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(whispering, terrified)

It's still here. I can see it now: the creature I saw in the shadows, the one that tried to push me away from getting in here. It's further away than I thought, but I still can't quite tell what it looks like. The figures I was seeing are all around it, held up on its arms or tentacles or...

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Whatever they are. They must be it's... What, hands? Fingers? Maybe they're decoys or... Mimics, somehow? God, there must be hundreds of them. They're all different shapes and sizes, but they're all linked together to some huge... *something* in the middle. The mist is hiding most of it, but it's level with where I'm sitting. God, it must be at least a mile tall, unless the ground's higher where it's standing. It looks like it might get wider as it goes down, like a tree trunk or something. I guess it would have to be built like that in order to stand. God, how much would something like that weigh...

Thud. Thud. Deep, thundering, irregular impacts, like a massive creature walking on several different sets of legs, roll though the basement, shaking the cabin.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(growing terror)

Oh god. It's coming this way. And I can feel its emotions again. Whatever it is... It doesn't want me here.

Thud. Thud. The footsteps grow louder.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(trying to fight down
panic)

Okay Sam. Experiment worked -- maybe a little too well. Now it's time to wake up. Or... Surface, maybe? End the call? Just... Get out of here!

Thud. Thud thud. Thunder rolls overhead.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(bargaining in fear)

Okay, you don't want me to be here? I don't want to be here either. So just... Break the link, like you tried to do before! I've seen what I needed to see, and I'm done, I promise!

Thud. Thud. Thud. Thud. The footsteps only grow closer, never changing pace as the number of implied feet changes and shifts.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (panicked)
 Oh god... I need to get out of here.

Sam scrambles to his feet, takes a few steps -- then CRIES OUT IN ALARM.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 Ah! What the... Oh Jesus. The basement floor, just past the candles, it feels... Soft? Like I'd sink through if I put my weight on it. It feels like -- I don't know, mud or quicksand or something.
 (looks at the stairs, gauging the distance)
 No way I could make it to the stairs before I'd fall all the way through. Maybe... Maybe if I take a candle with me, it would...

BOOM. BOOM. The footsteps shake the entire cabin, and a glass mason jar topples from a shelf somewhere in the basement and shatters.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (fighting to maintain composure)
 Shit. Focus Bailey... You got yourself into this mess, you can get yourself out again. You're still linked to the creature, the same way you were to the fire. So just... Find it again, and...

SAM DRAWS IN A SHARP BREATH, EXHALES.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (slightly distorted on the tape)
 Go. Away.

BOOM. One last footstep, and suddenly... The world snaps back to normal. Only the ordinary sounds of a basement on a stormy night remain.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (stunned)
 It... It worked. It's gone.
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (BREATHLESS LAUGHTER)
 Holy shit, I can't believe that actually worked! I just... I just kind of... Pushed back on it, the same way it was trying to push on me, and it's... It's gone!
 (calming down, growing nervous)
 Phew... Okay. Going to be a while before I try something like that again, but... I'm okay. I made it out alright.

From somewhere in the cabin above, an old rotary phone begins to ring.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (confused, unnerved)
 What the hell...?

It rings again. Sam kneels, picks up the recorder, and walks across the room, climbing the stairs into the cabin.

3. INT. ABANDONED CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam carefully pushes the door open.

SAM BAILEY
 (growing unease)
 That's, uh... The, um, the phone in the living room... The one that had its cable sliced in half? It's ringing. But that's...

Sam's about to say impossible, but instead just GROANS SLIGHTLY, realizing the definitions of possible have shifted.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (trying to convince himself)
 Maybe I should... Just leave it alone. Let it ring out.

Sam stands there for a long moment trying to do so, before...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (irritated defeat)
 Goddammit.

Sam crosses the carpeted floor, reaches out, and picks up the receiver.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (uncertain, worried)
 Hello?

ALLEN GOTT
 (RECORDED)
 Hello, Bailey residence?

SAM MAKES A HEARTBROKEN, SURPRISED NOISE that catches in his throat, choking him as he tries to speak.

ALLEN GOTT (CONT'D)
 (RECORDED)
 Hello? Is anyone there?

SAM BAILEY
 (stunned, desperate)
 A--Allen! It's me! It's Sam!
 Please, you have to...

ALLEN GOTT
 (RECORDED)
 I think you might have a bad connection, I can't quite... I can't hear you.

SAM BAILEY
 (pleading)
 Allen, please, just... Listen to me! There's something in the water, you have to get out of Agate...

ALLEN GOTT
 (RECORDED)
 Look, try calling back, but... Please do it later? It's way too early for this.

SAM BAILEY
 (realizing the truth)
 Allen, please just -- just hear me... Please...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (RECORDED)
 Who is it, Allen?

Sam cuts off at the sound of his own voice, realizing when this was.

ALLEN GOTT
 (RECORDED)
 I... I don't think it's anyone.

SAM BAILEY

(weak)

Allen...

Click. The phone call ends in a long, mocking dial tone. Sam stands there for a long moment, the sound of rain washing over him.

SAM TAKES A DEEP, SHUDDERING BREATH.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(making his apology and
farewell)

I love you. I miss you. And I'm
sorry. I am so, so sorry. I wish
I'd known what... I wish I could
have found a way. I would have...

(realizes what he's
saying, weak)

I would've given anything to save
you.

Rain. Thunder. Silence.

CLICK.

4. INT. ABANDONED CABIN - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The storm has settled down slightly... It's still the dead of night, but the rain is only a faint patter and a warm fire crackles in the stove.

SAM BAILEY

(still a little tender)

Alright. It's about midnight now,
and I've... Well, I've had a good
long cry, so I'm feeling a little
better. That was... I don't really
know what I was expecting, but I
wasn't prepared for that.

(beat, more businesslike)

Whatever appeared in the
basement... I don't think it was
connected to the phone call. Not
directly. At least, I don't think
one caused the other. The creature
felt more like a... I want to call
it a guardian, for some reason. It
didn't want me to reach into that
other world. It was trying to keep
me back from something, trying to
prevent me from making a link, but
somehow... I got around it.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

When I pushed it away, I made a connection to something else. And somehow... It linked me with Allen. Three years ago.

(beat)

I think I remember that phone call... Sort of. It was the first night that Allen saw me dealing with the waves, and he gave me a pair of earplugs to drown out the sound of the rain. I had them on when the phone rang, so I didn't actually hear what he said, but... I think it was that night. That night when I was so afraid of what was inside my own head, and he kept me safe. He brought me out of it.

SAM TAKES A DEEP BREATH, trying not to cry again, then sits in silence for a moment.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(worried, heartbroken)

I really don't know what I'm going to do without him. God, even the supernatural knows he's who I run to when I don't know what else to do. But I can't just keep...

(beat)

No. He isn't there. Not really. Even if I could reach back into that place and hear his voice again -- he can't hear me. I can't change what happened. And I can't even let him know how much I miss him.

(beat)

Whatever's coming for me...
Whatever's really happening in Oslo... I have to be ready to face it on my own.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS