

"SOME HAUNTED HOUR"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 02, Episode 44
Recording Draft - April 16, 2021

by

Virginia Spotts

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By Trevor Van Winkle

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1. INT. KATE SHERIDAN'S MINIVAN - EVENING - NOVEMBER 3, 2019

Just outside the ruins of Agate Shore, Kate sits alone in her car. The wind howls outside, occasionally rattling the van.

She starts her recorder.

KATE SHERIDAN

(tired, sarcastic)

Kate Sheridan -- world-class CPA,
detective school dropout. Recording
at 7:05pm, Sunday, November 3rd.
First full day in Agate Shore.

(beat)

I explored what I could today in town, but... So much of it is water-damaged and flooded that it was too dangerous to investigate. And there's an... An odd quality to the plants around here. The green in their leaves seems just... A little too vibrant, and I swear, there were a few times I turned around and plants looked like they'd grown when I wasn't looking. And even if they didn't... There's just a lot of them. And most of them don't look like they should be growing in the desert at all. I've taken some pictures just to be sure, but... It definitely doesn't look like the rest of Nevada, that's for sure.

(beat, irritated)

Bill called me again last night. Very late last night. I didn't pick up -- the last thing I need is him giving me more excuses.

(beat, guilty)

I also missed a call from Peter when I was out there. Service is spotty out here, and it just went straight to voicemail.

(HEAVY, OVERWHELMED SIGH)

God, I miss his voice. I miss him.

KATE SNIFFLES SLIGHTLY, then...

CLICK.

2. INT. KATE SHERIDAN'S MINIVAN - NIGHT - NOVEMBER 4, 2019

Kate starts the recorder again. It's deathly quiet outside, with only the faint sound of the heater running.

KATE SHERIDAN

(low, irritated)

Good ol'Kate again. Monday,
November 4th. 8:37pm.

(beat, SIGHS HEAVILY)

Another useless day in Agate Shore. All of the houses that are still standing are obviously abandoned. I looked closer at a few of the ones that still seemed to be in good shape, but they all gave off a weird vibe -- either dangerously desolate or like they were a little too well taken care of. I avoided those ones completely. Only really got to poke around in one, but I couldn't find anything to do with Sam Bailey.

(long pause, defeatist)

What's the point of being out here if he's dead anyways? It's like I might as well...

(beat, pleading slightly)

Why did you send me out here, Anna? You told me to find Maria, find Bailey, but Sam is dead and Maria doesn't want anything to do with me. I swear to God Anna, if you dragged me out here as some kind of joke, I --

(beat, trying to convince herself)

No. It can't be pointless. It can't be. I've given up so very much to be here.

(beat, more determined)

I'm not ready to go home yet. I just need to figure out my next move.

(beat)

Bill sent me another text today. "Call me," it said. I still need a few more days to process what happened before I can even think about doing that.

(beat)

I hope I can sleep tonight. I didn't really get much rest last night. This place reminds me too much of...

A moment's pause, then she cuts off the recording, not wanting to finish that thought.

CLICK.

3. INT. KATE SHERIDAN'S MINIVAN - LATER

Near midnight. A steady, slow rain is falling on the roof of the van in rolling sheets. Quietly, we hear...

KATE SHERIDAN
(whispered in sleep)
...Find Maria... Find Bailey...
Find Bailey...

SHE LAUGHS -- unsteady, quiet, agonized.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
(feverish whisper)
"They hail me as one living... But
don't they know... That I have died
of late years... Untombed
although?"

CLICK.

4. INT. KATE SHERIDAN'S MINIVAN - DAY - NOVEMBER 5, 2019

It's quiet again, almost deathly so. Kate fiddles with the cassette recorder, her hands unsteady and shaking as SHE BREATHES SHALLOW.

KATE SHERIDAN
(shaken, trying to hold it
together)
I need to explain what happened.
What really made me leave everyone
and everything in Iowa behind and
come out here. If I just keep
pushing, keep investigating, keep
trying to move and move and move
without letting this come out --
I'm going to lost it. Right here in
my car on the side of the highway
next to an abandoned vacation town
in the middle of fffucking Nevada.
I am going to lose it.
(beat)
I... I need to imagine you're here
with me, Anna. Because I need
someone to say this to, and I don't
know anyone else I *could* say this
to. I need the You that I saw after
we dealt with that... Monster in my
home.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

The You that was strong and patient
and... Just all there for me. Could
you do that?

(beat, as if listening)

Okay. So... Mind quiet.

(BREATHES IN AND OUT
SLOWLY)

You're sitting here, in the
passenger seat. You're wearing some
loose, faded jeans you probably
bought secondhand, a ratty old
sweatshirt for some band I don't
recognize -- a day off look for
you, I suppose. I guess I need you
to be relaxed for this... To not
have anything else you need to run
off and do. I just need you to
listen, because if your mind
wanders, if your focus drifts off
for even a second...

(beat)

Anyway -- I'm looking at you.
You're looking at me. You ask me --

KATE AND ANNA SHERIDAN

-- What's wrong?

KATE SHERIDAN

I tell you that this... This might
be hard to believe, even for you.
But that I'd appreciate it if you
tried. You laugh --

ANNA LAUGHS.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

-- and say --

KATE AND ANNA SHERIDAN

-- You can tell me Kate. I'm
listening.

KATE SHERIDAN

(beat, unsure)

I'm self-conscious. I tell you
that... I'm sorry for never
believing your stories. For
doubting you. You look back at me
with genuine kindness, and say --

ANNA SHERIDAN

(empathetic)

It's never too late to start
believing, Kate.

KATE SHERIDAN
(SCOFFS)
Isn't that poetic.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(joking)
Isn't it just?

KATE SHERIDAN
(LAUGHS, still heavy)
Here we go, then.

Kate sits for a moment in silence as she collects her thoughts, then begins.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
It's funny, just how much you can ignore if you really, really want to. If you treat it like just another part of the day-to-day shifts and changes of your life, like a part of the ordinary world you live in. And most of the time, you have to live like that. If you treat every strange or unexplained thing in your life like some kind of seismic shift, you won't be able to function. And so those hundreds and thousands of little iterations of a "normal day" stack up, changing so slowly you barely notice the difference. Most of the time, it feels like they shift one way, then the other, then back again, changing from one day to the next but staying mostly the same, until one day, when your work has become monotonous and your homelife hits a peaceful stretch, you look up and notice that all those little changes have added up to something you no longer recognize.

(beat)
I didn't notice it for the longest time. It was too close to my normal for me to see it -- just right in the middle of my blind spot. Every day, I came in to work a little earlier than I needed to.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I'd take the same path to my office each time -- saying hi to Karen at the front desk, rounding the corner to the cubicles, making my way past the break room, rounding another corner and just narrowly avoiding a collision with Jordon, then stepping into my office. The one with the view of downtown and the good chair I still haven't had the heart to replace.

(beat)

See, the thing about Jordon is he's *always* darting back and forth between his cubicle and his boss's office. I don't know what generation he's supposed to be a part of... Defying all logic, he's a 24 year old who hates using email and IM to communicate even the most basic of information, instead choosing to constantly run back and forth through the office at all hours of the day. Around the only blind corner in the entire building. Where he invariably runs into me. It's really just... So frustrating.

Unheard by Kate, the sounds of this scene begin to play in the background of the tape -- footsteps, doors opening, Kate and Karen saying "Hi/Hello," someone pouring coffee, Jordon saying "Ope!" as he avoids crashing into her, and the creak of Kate's office chair as she sits down. This repeats, shifting to match her descriptions.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Every day. Come in early. Say hi to Karen. Round the corner. Pass break room. Second corner. Avoid Jordon. Office.

(half-beat)

And again: Come in early. Karen. Corner. Kitchen. Corner. Jordon. Office.

Again: Early. Delayed reply from Karen. Corner. Kitchen. Corner. Barely miss Jordon. Office.

Breathe. That's fine -- a little different than normal, but not unusual. Get to work.

Again: Early. Karen doesn't reply at all. Corner. Kitchen. Corner. Distracted.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Collide with Jordon, knocking a stack of papers out of his hands. Apologize. Office. Breathe. *Breathe.*

(SIGHS)

Again: Early. Karen doesn't even hear me this time. Corner. Kitchen. Corner. Jordon -- Jordon and and I cross paths, but I don't run into him. It's as if I just passed right through him. I stand there, frozen in confusion. Worry that I might have just had a mini-stroke and blacked out for a minute. I don't think it's possible -- I'm not old enough to be having those, but how else would I explain...

(FRIGHTENED SIGH)

Again: Early. Dead silence from Karen. No one looks at me as I walk into the office. Corner. Kitchen. Corner. Jordon, flying around the corner with a 20 pound box of printer paper in his arms. Not enough time to get out of his way. Instead... I pass, body and mind, straight through him. Like I'm not even there. And this time, I know. I can't ignore it.

(beat)

I'm not sure when this happened, or how long it had been going on before I noticed the change. But I stood there for a long time, ignoring my office door and the pile of work I knew was waiting for me. Eventually, I slumped against the wall, mostly to get a hold of something solid and real and just breathe for a moment. It was some comfort at least, until... I noticed that my arm had sunk up to the elbow into the drywall.

(beat)

I jumped away from the wall, my arm pulling loose like it was stuck in wet mud or quicksand. I think I must have screamed, but when I looked around, no one had noticed. Oddly enough, that actually made me feel more calm about the whole situation. As far as everyone else was concerned, things were just... Business as usual.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Whatever was going on with me... It would probably be better if I sat down at my desk, took a few deep breaths, then tried to start my day.

(beat)

I did feel better once I sat down. I've had that office chair for nearly ten years now, and the leather is worn to a comfortable, familiar smoothness by age. After a few minutes, I got to work, opening up the report I'd been writing the night before. It was comforting. Familiar. Numbing. Despite everything that had just happened, life seemed to go back to normal... For about thirty seconds. And then I saw my hands.

(beat, struggling to put it into words)

I saw two distinctly different realities laid on top of one another: one where my hands flew over the keyboard as usual, and another, just beneath it, where my hands reached into the plastic and wiring of the keyboard itself. The second grew sharper and clearer the longer I looked at it, and as I watched, my skin began to fuse with the wires and circuits beneath them into some kind of macabre... Something. I sat frozen for a long moment, and by the time I was able to jerk my hands away, I knew it was too late. I fell backwards *through* the chair, my body sinking halfway through the floor beneath it before I was able to catch myself and stop sinking.

(beat)

I stood up as best I could, willing myself not to sink through the ground. I ran out of my office just in time to see Jordon returning to his desk, a fresh manilla envelope in his hands. But when I reached out to try and tap him on the shoulder, I felt my hand pass through his shirt, skin, muscle, and bone before he passed out of my reach completely.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

He shrugged the shoulder as if he'd felt an itch, then vanished back into his cubicle.

(beat)

I screamed. For a long time, I'm pretty sure. It certainly felt like it. When I looked around to see if anyone had heard, or even noticed I was there, I saw a dozen sets of eyes still locked on their monitors. People I'd worked with for more than a decade walked right past me as if I wasn't there. I got in their faces, screamed right into their ears like a banshee -- and they just kept working. I tried to push over some photos, ruffle a paper or two, even shake a window... But no one seemed to notice. While my reality was breaking down around me, it was just another strange and unexplained thing for them to add to their pile of "normal days."

(beat)

Then I got the idea to mess with the electrical currents in someone's computer, because... Well, it seemed to work with my own computer, and maybe it would finally get someone's attention. I went over to Karen's desk and reached through the back of her PC, rummaging around until I found something that felt important and pulled it loose. It seemed to work... At first. She was on the phone with IT when I suddenly felt myself losing my grip on whatever I'd mangled, and my hands slipped out of the case like they were made of water. I tried to reach back in, but it seemed like even that ability to touch the real world had been taken from me. Karen ended her call with the technician and went back to work.

(beat)

That's when my consciousness started to... Float, I guess. In and out of different places and times.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

One moment I was trying not to sink through the office flooring, the next I was in an empty elevator shaft somewhere in town, drifting slowly upward in the dark, and the moment after that I screamed as I saw the rush of 5pm traffic bearing down on me as I appeared in the middle of the road. Twenty tons of plastic and steel passed through me in a moment, and I felt nothing. The sudden terror sharpened my focus, and I managed to hold onto where and when I was and stay there. I still wasn't solid, but at least I wasn't being yanked back and forth across midtown anymore. I turned to see a busy park just across the street, and so I drifted into it. Mostly I stayed silent, just watching people go about their evening walks and runs along the pathways. Sometimes I screamed. Or at least, did my best impression of a scream without lungs to drive air out of my non-existent throat. Is it really screaming if you don't make a sound? If not... Well, I think it helped me. Felt better than wallowing in whatever was going on, at least.

(beat)

I wandered. Time was still passing, but it was more... Open, than usual. It was like... looking at road on street view, instead of actually being there. I could stay in one spot, if I wanted. If I focused, I could force time to pass at its normal, familiar pace. But when I lost focus -- when I felt despair shoot needles into my heart all over again -- I would find that several minutes had flashed forward in what felt like the blink of an eye. Or several hours. Or several days.

(beat)

I stayed in that park for a long time, watching the weather change with the seasons, watching people coming and going in their own patterns of normalcy, completely unaware of my existence.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

But I couldn't stay there forever. I felt my grip on reality slip a little further every time I tried to stay in one spot for too long, and I'd start to merge with the terrain in the same way I had at the office. So I wandered -- floated, drifted aimlessly out of town and into the suburbs, and finally, before I knew it... I was standing on the front porch of my house, staring at the door.

(beat)

I don't remember how I got there. I don't remember if I wanted to be there, or if my subconscious just dragged me there without me knowing. But once I was standing there, I pleaded with myself not to go in. I dug my heels in with whatever strength remained in the legs I was still imagining for my own sanity. I knew what going in there like this would lead to, almost like a premonition -- like a wave of nausea before you learn that someone you know has died.

(beat)

It didn't work. You probably could have guessed that much. Either my will broke and I entered on my own, or my consciousness was compelled to float inside by whatever was doing this to me. I'm not sure I would have known the difference at that point.

(beat)

The living room looked the same as it ever had. The photo of Peter and I on our wedding day stood on the mantle, alongside the baby pictures of Andrew, that picture of you and I at the fourth grade talent show, and the portraits of mom and dad and Peter's family. I floated into the dining room right as Peter walked out of the pantry. My sense of smell returned briefly, and I noticed he was cooking: a good, classic red sauce and a pasta dinner. He cooks almost every day whenever my busy seasons start up again, which means he ends up cooking most of the time.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

There are actually two busy seasons for accountants -- not a lot of people know that. He was getting me through the one in the Fall... or at least, he was before I slipped out of the world. But... He's a good cook. A really, really great cook, actually.

(beat)

At that moment, Peter seemed to hear something and looked up... Looked right at me. After so long being ignored and unseen, someone making eye contact was... Well, it honestly kind of scared me. But then I realized that there was nothing in his eyes to show he'd seen me. For a moment, I tried to imagine that there was, but there was nothing -- no love, no fear, not even hate. He couldn't see me. I wasn't there.

(beat)

He called out for Andrew. That must have been what he heard before -- or maybe what he didn't hear.

(LAUGHS)

That's always more concerning, when things are quiet with Andrew in the house. Andrew yelled back from down the hall, and I heard his little feet come running towards the kitchen.

(SOFT CRY)

I... I can't possibly put what I saw next into words. But...

(DEEP BREATH, takes a moment)

The child who entered the room was a complete stranger. When I heard his voice before, he sounded like my son. But as he stepped into the kitchen, his face, his posture, his entire bone structure just... Shifted. Like I was looking at him through a kaleidoscope. Ever since he was born, he's had dad's brow, my nose, your ears, but... They were all gone. My baby was a stranger. And no matter how loudly I --

Kate cuts off with a STRANGLED CRY. After a moment, she forces herself to continue.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I got out of there as fast as I could. I didn't think I could throw up without a physical body, but it felt like I was about to. I nearly made it out before my gaze flicked over to the pictures on the mantle. All of them had changed. I saw Peter with his family. I saw an unfamiliar, wrinkly newborn staring back at me from another photo. And that was it.

(beat)

I don't remember much after that. My consciousness fell completely out of focus, and the scene vanished too quickly for words. I suppose that was a small mercy, in its own way. I know that I must have wailed for hours out of time, wandering the neighborhood and trying to find some place or moment or memory that could bring me comfort. Nothing did. I even tried praying, but after a while... I gave up on that too. When you find yourself in a place where no one sees or hears you no matter what you say -- Well. Praying didn't help. If anything, it made the loneliness even worse.

(beat)

I can't possibly begin to guess how much time passed in that state. I know I saw the sun rise and fall over and over again, fast enough that it seemed to blur out into a single arc of white. I saw rainstorms and sunny days and felt the weather shift and grow colder around me. And I saw... A lot of things I still don't know how to explain. I've tried to find the words, but... I don't think they exist. Not in any language I know, at least. And some little voice in the back of my mind seemed to warn me that trying to describe them might actually be enough to finally undo me completely. These spirits that I guess are always there, but common grace keeps us from seeing them.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I tried to look away, but I no longer had eyes to shut or ears to cover... Not in that eternal moment when the veil fell away around me. The living are not meant to understand these things -- these entities I wish I could forget, that now live forever in my dreams.

(beat)

When I came back to myself, I was floating in downtown, late one rainy night. I wasn't cold... I was no longer capable of being cold or warm or feeling hunger or thirst or need for sleep. But eventually -- well, this sounds kind of silly, but I suddenly just wanted to be back in my old office chair. It was the closest thing to a physical craving I'd felt since that horrifying first day. It was so powerful and all-consuming that I couldn't just ignore it, ridiculous as it felt.

(beat)

I found my way back to the office, now emptied for the night except for one or two offices where my old co-workers were burning the midnight oil. I'm sure if I was still capable of it, I'd be doing the same. I wandered along my normal path: past Karen's empty desk. Round the corner. Past the break room. Around the second corner, where Jordon had passed through me all those week or months or years ago. Into my office to find the walls stripped bare and all of the furniture removed. All of it, that is, except my old leather chair, still worn smooth with age and time... A reminder that I did exist, that I was here -- that I left a mark on this world.

(beat)

I floated into it, carefully holding my body above it in the same way I would if I were actually capable of sitting down. I looked out the window to where the moon hit the tops of the building below and turned them silver-plated in the rain.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

The trees glistened with moonlight as though covered with tinsel and snow. And for the first time in a long time, it was enough to make me smile. My eyes began to feel heavy, and after weeks of wandering without needing food or water or any rest at all -- I fell asleep so quickly I didn't even realize it had happened.

Kate pauses, TAKING ANOTHER DEEP BREATH.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

When I woke up the next morning, Karen was gently nudging me on the shoulder, worried that I'd worked myself to exhaustion and fallen asleep at my desk. She was met with a horrified, blood-curdling cry from a panicked and only semi-conscious version of me, predictably enough. A wail, really.

(CHUCKLES DARKLY)

I've run out of names for the sounds that came out of me during that time.

(beat)

Karen was pretty badly startled. Not that I blame her -- Imagine walking in on one of your oldest work friends and seeing she'd apparently slept in her office, only to nearly crap your good suit pants when you try to wake them up.

(beat)

I sort of apologized, but I wasn't completely there yet. I noticed I was wearing the same clothes I'd been wearing at the start of all this -- they just looked a little slept in. Everything was back in my office, just like I'd left it. I checked the date as soon as Karen left, and it had only been a day since I vanished, not weeks or months. I reached into my jacket pocket and pulled out my phone. Forty missed calls from Peter, and twice as many texts. As I started to read them, another incoming call started to ring. I hesitated longer than I should have, but -- I picked it up.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Peter was worried, of course. I hadn't come home last night, and when he called the office, Karen said I hadn't been in for the last few days. She'd assumed I was working from home. I pulled myself together enough to tell him that I was okay -- I must have just overworked myself and passed out at my desk. I promised I'd come home right away, then hung up.

(beat)

I tried to avoid people on the way out, only stopping by Karen's desk to let her know I would be taking a few sick days. She was worried, of course, but I lied and said it was nothing. Then, just as I'd managed to convince myself that the whole thing was the kind of bad dream I used to have when I was in my first trimester with Andrew... IT showed up at Karen's desk to check in on the glitch she'd called them about yesterday.

(beat)

I was doing twenty over the speed limit all the way home. Andrew -- god, Andrew -- he kept trying to get my attention when I walked in the door, but I had to avoid him as gently and firmly as I could. I wanted to hold him, but... I just wasn't ready for that yet. I was horrified and shaking and trying so, so hard not to show it. Peter's face turned ashen when he saw me. I just wrapped my arms around him for a long time, trying to assure myself that he was real, that this was real -- that I was real. He didn't know what to say, but he could tell something was very, very wrong.

(beat)

I finally let him go after a full minute had passed, summoned all my courage, and turned to Andrew, taking his face in my hands and physically forcing myself to look at him. I broke down crying the moment I did. It was definitely him. My baby boy. Dad's brow.

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

My nose. Your ears.

(LAUGHS ONCE, harsh and
heartbroken)

He's getting so lanky already.

(beat)

Andrew was scared, which...

Honestly, shouldn't have been a
surprise. He's a tough kid, but...

He wasn't ready to see his mother
break down in tears in front of
him. He went and hid in Peter's lap
as soon as I let him go. Peter told
him to go and play with his Legos
in the other room while we talked,
and Andrew was out of there like a
flash. As soon as I heard his door
close down the hall, Peter asked me
what was wrong, and what I needed.

(beat)

I told him, Anna... Not about what
happened, but what I needed to do.
That I needed to go looking for
you. I said that -- I didn't know
how long I'd be gone. That I didn't
know what would happen with my job.
That I didn't even know what I
hoped to find, but... I was filled
with this inescapable feeling that
if you were still alive and trapped
somewhere even half as bad as where
I'd been... Then I couldn't just
leave you there to face it alone.

(long pause)

I'm going to find you, Anna. No
matter what stands in my way. I
have never been more serious, and
you know how seriously I take
everything. I *will* find you. I *will*
bring you back.

(beat)

Peter tried to get me to call the
doctor a few times. I just... I
couldn't explain what had actually
happened. Not without him thinking
I'd had a complete psychotic break.
I had to leave. I told him I'd stay
in touch, and I...

(beat, CONTRITE)

God, please -- with whatever faith
I still have, I am begging you --
help me show up for every one of
those calls. For Peter. For Andrew.
For my own sake, just...

(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(beat, BREATHE IN AND OUT
SLOWLY)

Peter was hurt. Of course he was. I tried to encourage him, told him that he and Andrew would be fine on their own, that I'd seen them -- I couldn't finish that sentence. God, I hope he can forgive me someday. I hope that I can be brave enough to tell him what happened. And that he understands. If not...

(beat, SIGH)

And so I started looking for you, Anna. At your old house. In Oslo. And now in Agate Shore. Each time getting further and further away from home, from what I thought was normal. I don't know if Bill has anything else he can tell me. I know he's holding something back, but... He's dealing with his own problems right now. I want to trust him, but Ned... There's something wrong with him. I hope Bill can figure that out sooner than later. He has to.

(beat)

I've hit a dead end, Anna. And I don't know how to get out of it.

Silence for a moment -- then suddenly, muffled voices and approaching footsteps from outside.

MARIA SOL

(confused, muffled)

Kate?

SAM BAILEY

(lost, muffle)

Wait, you're saying that's Anna's --

KATE SHERIDAN

(confused)

Who is --?

Kate opens the door and steps out of the van.

5. EXT. AGATE SHORE - CONTINUOUS

A steady rain is falling now, soaking the dry earth.

MARIA SOL
 (concerned)
 Kate? What are you doing here?

KATE SHERIDAN
 (stunned, relieved)
 Oh my God, Maria!
 (beat)
 Uh... God, I'm sorry, you two
 caught me at a... A really weird
 moment. I'm, uh -- Hi, I'm Kate
 Sheridan.

She extends her hand to Sam.

SAM BAILEY
 (slightly uncertain)
 Uh... Hi. Sam Bailey.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (taken aback)
 Sam... You're not dead, then?

SAM BAILEY
 (struggling slightly)
 Well its, uh... No? It's
 complicated.

KATE SHERIDAN
 Sorry, it's just -- Bill told me
 that you...

She suddenly hugs him. SAM REACTS IN SURPRISE.

SAM BAILEY
 (awkward)
 Uh... It's, uh... It's okay?

KATE SHERIDAN
 (grateful)
 Thank you for what you did with the
 Echo. Thank you.
 (pulls back, teary)
 Thank you.
 (beat, slightly mocking)
 Wow -- you're completely soaked,
 aren't you?

SAM BAILEY
 (still thrown off)
 I guess so, it's just --

KATE SHERIDAN
 (seeing Maria's face)
 Oh Maria -- come here.

She hugs Maria before she can respond. MARIA REACTS.

MARIA SOL
 Whoa -- hi. Uh... Alright, alright.
 Hi Kate. It's... Good to see you.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (pulling away, a little
 hurt)
 I've been trying to call you.

MARIA SOL
 I know. I'm sorry. I wasn't...

Maria trails off, not sure what to say.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (accepting)
 It's okay -- I think I get it.
 (beat)
 Listen, I know Anna and I weren't
 always on the best --

SAM BAILEY
 (urgent)
 Kate, I think we all need to get
 out of town. We can talk then,
 and... Well, then I don't know, but
 we can't stay in Agate Shore.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (concerned)
 Why not?

MARIA SOL
 (heavy)
 Kate, I... It might be best for you
 to go home.

KATE SHERIDAN
 Excuse me?

SAM BAILEY
 (confused)
 Maria?

MARIA SOL
 Listen Kate -- I know what it's
 like to want to do right by Anna
 now that she's gone, but...

(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

It doesn't help. Obsessing over this stuff. And now there's another threat we need to deal with, and we have no idea how to stop it, so for now... I think you should go home.

Silence.

KATE SHERIDAN

(SMALL, AWKWARD LAUGH)

I'm not going home.

MARIA SOL

Kate --

KATE SHERIDAN

I can't go home. Not now. Anna told me to find you and Bailey, and now... Well, here you are! I can't turn back now.

SAM BAILEY

(surprised)

Wait... You heard from Anna? How?

MARIA SOL

(trying not to get his hopes up)

Sam, it's probably just --

KATE SHERIDAN

I'm still not sure how, but whatever's going on with my sister, it's -- big. A lot bigger than just the Echo. God, how do I explain this...

(beat)

When you were investigating Anna's disappearance, you assumed she was killed, right? You were looking for physical evidence, clues about who she met with, that kind of thing. But what if whatever happened to her *didn't* leave any kind of trace in the physical world? What if --

MARIA SOL

(seeing her hopeful is kind of painful)

Kate, please, just --

KATE SHERIDAN

Just listen for a second, please. I know you didn't believe me when we talked, and if you asked me six weeks ago, I wouldn't have believed it either. But I've had some experiences that --

SAM BAILEY

I believe you, Kate.

KATE SHERIDAN

(pause)
You do?

MARIA SOL

(GROAN)
Look, let's just get out of here and unpack this later. That is... If you're going to come with us, Kate?

KATE SHERIDAN

(UNEASY LAUGH)
Of course I am. You heard what I just said, right? I'm --

SAM BAILEY

You're serious. You want to help us deal with what's happening in Oslow?

KATE SHERIDAN

Serious as a heart attack. Anna told me to find you two, and here you are. I have to believe that means I'm going the right way.

MARIA SOL

(quiet, slight dread)
Oh god...

SAM BAILEY

Okay. We're going to go get Maria's van -- meet us at the on-ramp and follow us south. Not too closely, though. And you're probably gonna want to turn your cell phone off.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS