

"SPIRITUS MUNDI"  
*The Sheridan Tapes - Season 02, Episode 45*  
*Recording Draft - April 24, 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. CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY - FEBRUARY 22, 1998

The middle of a Sunday service -- people shifting and coughing lightly in the echoing hall. Kate and Anna Sheridan (ages 15 and 17) sit in a pew about halfway down the aisle with their parents.

PASTOR SEEGER

(in the background,  
pontificating)

"When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walks through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he says, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he comes, he finds it swept and clean. Then goes he, and takes with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first. That is how it will be with this wicked generation."

(closes his Bible)

The Scripture warns us against making a home for spirits where there should be none. So when you sweep the home... invite the presence of the Holy God in! Do not leave your house swept and empty, open to the changing courses of culture and spiritual forces of evil.

Kate audibly squirms in her seat, growing uncomfortable.

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)

(sarcastic, whisper)

Stop squirming Kate, I can't concentrate.

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN)

(mocking, whisper)

What do you need to concentrate for, melting his brain?

Someone shushes them. They go quiet for a few seconds.

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)

(quieter)

As a matter of fact, yes.

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (rolling her eyes,  
 quieter)  
 Look, if you hate it so much in  
 here, you can just leave.

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (sarcastic, quiet whisper)  
 Like you actually want to be here  
 either?

Someone else shushes them. They fall silent again.

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN) (CONT'D)  
 (genuinely offering the  
 olive branch, whisper)  
 We could leave, you know?

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (surprised, touched,  
 whisper)  
 What?

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (whispered offer)  
 We can just go. Dad won't make a  
 fuss.

A moment's hesitation -- a long moment.

KATE SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (like she wasn't even  
 considering it, whisper)  
 As if. I'm trying to learn  
 something.

ANNA SHERIDAN (TEEN)  
 (sarcastic, disappointed,  
 whisper)  
 Good luck with that.

The person behind them clears their throat, louder this time.  
 Seeger pauses, looking down at them in disdain.

PASTOR SEEGER  
 (annoyed, very much  
 directed at Anna)  
 Indeed, even children of God may be  
 possessed with... unnatural  
 spirits.  
 (beat)  
 Which is why Ephesians 6:11-13  
 reminds us to...  
 (MORE)

PASTOR SEEGER (CONT'D)

"Put on the whole armor of God,  
that you may be able to stand  
against the wiles of the devil. For  
we wrestle not against flesh and  
blood, but against principalities,  
against powers, against the rulers  
of the darkness of this world,  
against spiritual wickedness in  
high places. Therefore take unto  
you the whole armor of God, that  
you may be able to withstand in the  
evil day, and having done all, to  
stand."

(beat)

Let's stand firm together, family.

An organ chord sounds loudly behind him.

PASTOR SEEGER (CONT'D)

Let's stand and worship.

Shuffling as everyone in the room stands up out of the pews.

2. INT. OCPD HEADQUARTERS - MORRISON'S OFFICE - DAY -  
NOVEMBER 6, 2019

Someone starts a recorder with a click. Muffled sounds of a  
busy station through the closed door and a ticking old space  
heater.

EDGAR MORRISON

(annoyed)

[Are you telling me]...That I had  
this thing turned off for the last  
five minutes?

(EXASPERATED SIGH)

BILL TYLER

(slightly confused)

We record these now?

EDGAR MORRISON

(distracted, fiddling with  
the recorder)

One of the new transparency  
initiatives the commission board  
handed us. Need to record every  
little -- alright, I think I've got  
it working now.

BILL TYLER

Want me to take a look?

EDGAR MORRISON

(SCOFFS)

I said it's working, Tyler. I'm not a dinosaur.

BILL TYLER

(uneasy chuckle)

Right, right -- of course.

EDGAR MORRISON

(professional, but annoyed at having to repeat himself)

Now, let's see... This is Chief Edgar Morrison, Oslow County Police Department, sitting down with Lieutenant Bill Tyler -- say hello, Bill.

BILL TYLER

(slightly awkward)

Uh... Hello?

EDGAR MORRISON

Annual performance review, dated Wednesday, November 6<sup>th</sup> 2019 at 2:35pm.

(CLEARS THROAT)

Now... Where were we? Ah, yes... I was just complimenting you on your exemplary work this past year, particularly in the last six months. Apologies for repeating myself to you, Bill, but I'd like to compliment you once again for your exceptional commitment and discretion in the... Aftermath of the Sheridan case. It's always unfortunate when things go wrong with one of our own, but you put your belief in this department on the line, and it stood up to the test. That's admirable, especially when your own partner is involved. It's moments like that that really test an officer.

BILL TYLER

(clearly uncomfortable)

Thank -- thank you, sir.

EDGAR MORRISON

I'm sure you've heard the saying that "when the shit hits the fan, you don't rise to the level of your expectations, you fall to the level of your training?"

BILL TYLER

(growing uneasy)

I think so...

EDGAR MORRISON

(pleased)

Well, I must say, you've had excellent training. You carried out all duties necessary to your station, and then some. You stuck with a difficult, personally challenging assignment for months, and when the worst case scenario began to play out -- you were right there, waiting to head it off. Loyal to the end. Believe me, I won't forget that.

BILL TYLER

(hiding his shame)

I... I couldn't have done anything else, sir.

EDGAR MORRISON

(moving to the next topic)

Besides that, I must say I've been very impressed with your work in the community this year. Your desire to extend charity and support to those who've suffered loss has set an example for the entire department. Mrs. Shandon last February, Ms. Smith last month, even the family members of Templi Prophetam. It's all helped the people of Oslow county trust our department again, after everything that happened in Agate Shore. That's why I knew you should be the one to integrate Leroux into our little family. I must say, the quality of his work has improved remarkably since you started working with him.

BILL TYLER  
 (masking suspicion)  
 How is Ned, by the way? I haven't  
 seen him all week.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (dismissive)  
 He's fine -- just called in on  
 Monday with a bit of a stomach bug.  
 He'll be back to 100% in no time.  
 (beat)  
 So... Taking all of this into  
 account, I'd say you've had an  
 excellent year. But of course I'd  
 expect nothing less from you.  
 You're an exemplary officer in all  
 regards, and your record reflects  
 that.  
 (beat)  
 Now, looking to the finer points of  
 this review --

BILL TYLER  
 (finally breaking a  
 little)  
 Chief, just... A word?

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (confused, mildly  
 concerned)  
 Do you have something to add?

BILL TYLER  
 (hesitant)  
 No, nothing to add, but... It's  
 more of a... Concern.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (hesitant)  
 Well... Alright. If you feel it  
 can't wait.

BILL TYLER  
 No, it can't. And I want to get  
 this on the record.

Edgar hesitates, then leans back in his chair. Bill leans in.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)  
 (slightly hushed, nervous)  
 It's about... Ned. What happened at  
 the bar last Saturday night.

EDGAR MORRISON

(relieved, casual)

Ah, yes -- of course. I really should have spoken to you about this earlier. Don't worry -- Ned and I have discussed the matter, and it will be dealt with.

BILL TYLER

(pretending to be surprised)

You... You did?

EDGAR MORRISON

(backtracking slightly)

Well... Briefly. When he called in sick.

(beat)

You must understand how dangerous stress is in the life of an officer. Unavoidable, yes, necessary, sometimes -- but it's still our biggest weakness. Too much of it can make a person do and say things they'd never ordinarily consider. And when that happens -- well, we just have to deal with it a quickly and as quietly as possible. Make sure it doesn't interfere with the job.

(beat)

I explained all of this to Leroux over the phone. He won't be having any more problems like this.

BILL TYLER

(uneasy)

That's, uh... Good to hear.

EDGAR MORRISON

(hearing his unease)

Is there something else you want to talk about?

BILL TYLER

(growing nervousness)

It's just... Have we reached out to the manager at the bar yet? Or the bartender, for that matter? He looked -- pretty badly hurt.

EDGAR MORRISON

Tyler, I appreciate your concern,  
but it's not something you should  
be worrying about.

(beat, reluctant)

But just to put your mind at ease:  
I checked in on the bartender.  
He'll be just fine. One night in  
the hospital, then straight home to  
his family.

Morrison's phone rings. Annoyed, he picks up the receiver,  
then drops it immediately, ending the call.

BILL TYLER

I'm glad to hear it, but...  
Shouldn't we release some kind of  
statement? There were a lot of  
people there who saw him do it, and  
I'm sure someone will realize who  
he was before too long.

Morrison goes quiet, then leans forward, pressing a button on  
the recorder to try and stop it -- but it doesn't work.

EDGAR MORRISON

(CHUCKLES)

Let's keep the rest of this  
conversation off the record,  
alright?

BILL TYLER

(worried, confused)  
Sir?

EDGAR MORRISON

We won't be issuing any kind of  
statement, Tyler.

BILL TYLER

But if --?

EDGAR MORRISON

If there's one thing we need to  
avoid doing right now, it's giving  
the public the impression that  
we're at fault. Releasing a  
statement about a simple, honest  
lapse in judgement by one of our  
officers would do exactly that. You  
know how the press would run away  
with it, just as well as I do.

(beat)

(MORE)

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)

We threw the owner of the bar a little extra cash to cover lost revenue and any... Psychological damages endured. We've already done more than we need to in this situation, and he's agreed to let this drop. Our work is essential to the public safety of over 25,000 people. If that wall starts to show any cracks --

The call comes in again. This time, Morrison picks up.

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

I gave you explicit instructions that I'm not to be --

(pause)

I see. Address?

(pause)

Thank you, Cecilia.

Morrison hangs up the phone, stands, and puts his coat on.

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)

Get your coat on, Lieutenant.

BILL TYLER

(thrown off)

What's going on?

EDGAR MORRISON

We just got another Code Grey. I'm taking you with me.

CLICK.

### 3. INT. POLICE CRUISER - LATER

Bill's bodycam switches on, glitching slightly and garbling the beginning of Edgar's lines as they drive into a small suburban neighborhood.

EDGAR MORRISON

(looking at street signs)

South... Juniper Lane, here we are.

BILL TYLER

(confused)

Are you sure this is the right place? I thought you said it was called in from --

EDGAR MORRISON

Father Timothy of the Oslow Diocese called it in, but he'd already left the scene when he called my office.

BILL TYLER

(surprised)

He called you directly? I thought people outside the department didn't know about Code Greys.

EDGAR MORRISON

Well -- normally they don't. But people who've been around as long as Father Timothy know they can call me when they encounter anything... Unusual.

(looks up)

3036 -- we're here.

The car slows, then stops. Edgar and Bill unbuckle their seatbelts.

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Greyhound to dispatch, 10-23.  
Anything else from Father Timothy?

DISPATCHER

Negative Greyhound -- Proceed with caution.

EDGAR MORRISON

10-4, over and out.

Edgar replaces the radio on the dash, then quickly draws his gun, checking to make sure it's ready.

BILL TYLER

(slightly nervous)

What, uh... What should we expect in there?

EDGAR MORRISON

(CHUCKLES)

Easy, Tyler. Nothing worse than what you've already dealt with this month. Just a possible demonic possession, but by the sound of it, they're non-violent.

BILL TYLER  
 (surprised and slightly  
 alarmed)  
 Possession?

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (CHUCKLES)  
 What's wrong, Tyler -- don't have a  
 pea allergy, do you?

BILL TYLER  
 (still uneasy, deadpan)  
 Hilarious, chief. I'm serious --  
 what are we walking into?

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (slightly annoyed)  
 All I know is that the individual  
 in question called Father Timothy  
 directly. He tried a few blessings  
 and prayers, but they didn't seem  
 to have any effect. I don't know  
 quite what prompted him to call me,  
 but... He just said he'd done all  
 he could. Which I guess was a whole  
 lot of nothing.

BILL TYLER  
 (a little more at ease)  
 So... How do we handle this? Like a  
 mental health call, or...?

EDGAR MORRISON  
 Just follow my lead, Tyler.

Edgar opens his door and steps out. Bill follows a moment  
 later.

4. EXT. 3036 SOUTH JUNIPER LANE APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Faint traffic in the distance, a dog barking across the  
 street, but otherwise quiet. Morrison crosses to the front  
 door of the apartment, then knocks. It doesn't open.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (calling through door)  
 Oslow County Police Department --  
 Father Timothy sent us.  
 (beat, listening)  
 Hello? Is anyone there? We'd just  
 like to talk.

A moment of silence. Morrison knocks again.

POSSESSED HOST  
 (through door, slightly  
 distorted)  
 Come in...

A half-beat, then Morrison opens the front door and steps inside. BILL EXHALES NERVOUSLY, then follows him in.

5. INT. 3036 SOUTH JUNIPER LANE APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Bill shuts the door behind them. Light, calming, instrumental music drifts in from the next room, almost like what you'd hear in a therapist's waiting room.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (calling into the house)  
 Hello? My name is Chief Edgar  
 Morrison, and this is Lieutenant  
 Bill Tyler. We're here to help.

A set of soft footsteps approach, then stop as they enter the room.

POSSESSED HOST  
 (slightly amused)  
 Are you now... Glad you finally  
 made it...

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (slightly surprised)  
 You were... Expecting us? Did  
 Father Timothy tell you we were  
 coming?

POSSESSED HOST  
 (DARK CHUCKLE)  
 We... Were expecting... You. The  
 other...

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (defaulting to procedure)  
 Are you in any danger, uh... I'm  
 sorry, the father didn't give us  
 your name.

THE POSSESSED HOST LAUGHS, DARKLY.

POSSESSED HOST  
 Of course he didn't... It would be  
 easier to tell you all the names we  
 have *not* had...  
 (beat, noticing the music)  
 Oh -- let me turn this off.

The music stops.

EDGAR MORRISON

(aside, hushed)

Bill, there's a stack of mail on the counter -- see if there's anything with their name visible.

(to the possessed host)

So what seems to be the problem? You look like you're doing... Alright.

POSSESSED HOST

(almost confused)

Problem?

EDGAR MORRISON

(slightly exasperated)

Why did you call the diocese?

POSSESSED HOST

Oh.

(CHUCKLES)

Because... Chief Edgar Morrison... We wanted to see you. We did say as much...

EDGAR MORRISON

(irritated by the non-answer)

Tyler, you got a name yet?

BILL TYLER

No sir -- it's mostly junk mail.

POSSESSED HOST

You attach such... importance to names. Flimsy little things, yet so powerful...

EDGAR MORRISON

(trying to get back in control)

Do you believe yourself to be in any danger at the present moment?

POSSESSED HOST

(amused)

What an... Interesting question.

EDGAR MORRISON

(growing frustration)

Have you done anything that might cause harm to yourself or others?

POSSESSED HOST

(thoughtful)

Not... As such. Not as you're thinking. The only danger seems to come from the fury of others, when we help them... See themselves. It tends to make them... Rather volatile.

(beat)

Speaking of which... Would you like to take a seat?

EDGAR MORRISON

(thrown off)

Excuse me?

POSSESSED HOST

That couch over there is quite comfortable... We'll sit right here, across from you. Bill... Feel free to make yourself... Comfortable.

BILL TYLER

Uh... Sure? Thanks?

EDGAR MORRISON

(close to his breaking point)

I'm sorry, but this is getting --

POSSESSED HOST

(not a question)

Please. We insist.

A momentary pause, then Morrison walks to the couch and sits down.

EDGAR MORRISON

(just playing along)

Alright. Now what?

POSSESSED HOST

(almost a therapist's tone)

How close are you?

EDGAR MORRISON

(masking his surprise)

How close am I to what?

POSSESSED HOST

(LAUGHS)

Oh come now, Edgar...

(MORE)

POSSESSED HOST (CONT'D)  
Feigning ignorance will get you  
nowhere with us.

EDGAR MORRISON  
I'm sure I don't know what you're  
talking about.

POSSESSED HOST  
What do you think the odds of it  
working are? Your equipment,  
your...  
(CHUCKLES)  
Team. Your own faculties. They're  
all a bit... Worn out, aren't they?  
Worn thin.

EDGAR MORRISON  
(dangerous edge)  
Keep pushing, and you'll see  
exactly how "worn out" I am.

POSSESSED HOST  
(CHUCKLES)  
You can hurt the one we speak  
through... But not us. Do you  
really think you can afford to hurt  
another member of the community?  
How much will your masters be  
willing to overlook before they  
start to tighten your leash?

EDGAR MORRISON  
(absolutely still,  
unnerved)  
You can't possibly know any of  
that.

POSSESSED HOST  
(mocking him)  
And yet...

EDGAR MORRISON  
(cold, simmering anger)  
No matter what the commission board  
says... No matter how much they  
slash our funding... I will fight  
until my very last breath to  
protect those in my care from  
whatever threatens them.

POSSESSED HOST  
(DARK CHUCKLE)  
You will... Indeed.

EDGAR MORRISON

(trying to change topics)  
Why did you call Father Timothy, if  
you don't feel you're in danger?

POSSESSED HOST

We could not get to you... Not  
right away. So we got to him. We  
knew he was... Feeble hearted...  
And that he would call on you when  
his will broke.

(DARK CACKLE)

You may want to... Check up, on the  
Oslo Diocese. The shepherds are  
asleep, and there are wolves ready  
to their place.

BILL TYLER

(growing unnerved)  
Listen, if you're not afraid for  
your own well-being, then we should  
probably just --

The POSSESSED HOST turns to look at him, their neck cracking  
and popping as they turn their head all the way around.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)

(stomach lurching at the  
sight)  
Oh, God...

POSSESSED HOST

(grim intonation)  
There is fear where there is no  
danger, and danger where there is  
no fear, Bill Tyler... Remember  
this.

BILL TYLER

(GULPS, recovering  
slightly)  
You're not... We're not any danger  
to you. You can trust us, I  
promise. If you need help, we can  
reach out to some people and see  
what we can do... Maybe take you to  
a counselor who can help with --

EDGAR MORRISON

(grim, order)  
Tyler. Close the blinds.

BILL TYLER  
 (confused)  
 Sir?  
 (no answer)  
 Yes sir.

Bill crosses the room and closes the blinds. Morrison stands up, walking towards the possessed host. THEY LAUGH at his approach.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 No, no... Don't get up. You look very comfortable, sitting there.

POSSESSED HOST  
 (CHUCKLES)  
 How... Considerate of you...

BILL TYLER  
 (concerned)  
 Chief, what are you --

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (cutting him off)  
 Let me do the talking, Bill.  
 (DEEP BREATH, to the possessed)  
 I'll ask you once more time. Why did you call us here? What do you want?

POSSESSED HOST  
 We wanted to warn you... To show you yourself... And what you will become, if you remain on this path. We wanted to offer you... A meditation...

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (running out of patience)  
 If that's all you want, then say your piece and be done with it. I have more important things to be dealing with than your nonsense.

THE POSSESSED LAUGHS, the sound growing more deranged as they arch back on the wings of the chair, rocking it back and forth.

POSSESSED HOST  
 (variations in tone and volume, multiple voices)  
 Quisque suos patimur manes...  
 (MORE)

POSSESSED HOST (CONT'D)  
 Quisque suos patimur manes...  
 Quisque! Suos! Patimur! Manes!

The possessed stands on the last iteration, joints creaking and cracking as they move. Morrison jumps back, drawing his gun.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (order, urgent)  
 Hands on your head, now!

BILL TYLER  
 Chief, they're --

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (almost shouting)  
 Stay out of this, Tyler!

The Possessed Host grows quiet.

POSSESSED HOST  
 (almost whispering)  
 We needed... A vessel. To deliver  
 this message. A tool for our  
 mission...  
 (beat)  
 You understand that... Don't you?  
 Using people for your...  
 (CHUCKLES, mocking)  
 "Righteous crusade?"

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (ignoring the question)  
 How much pain are you inflicting on  
 your... Host?

POSSESSED HOST  
 (LAUGHS)  
 We are... Comfortably sharing  
 space. They needed help, and the  
 father... the diocese... everyone  
 failed them. Told them they were  
 wrong. We're helping them to...  
 Work through their demons. Make  
 peace with them.  
 (CHUCKLES)

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (for the body cam, obvious  
 lie)  
 I'm warning you, if you reach for  
 my weapon again, I'll have no  
 choice but to --

BILL TYLER  
Chief, they didn't...

Morrison steps forward, cocking his pistol loudly.

EDGAR MORRISON  
(almost whispered)  
You make one move... Any move at all... And I send you back to the abyss you came from. Back to the drawing board.

BILL TYLER  
(worried)  
Chief?

POSSESSED HOST  
Oh? And you think this will... Help you? Turn this little battle in your favor? We are legion, Edgar Morrison.

EDGAR MORRISON  
(leaning in, threatening)  
You've got a point. Maybe I just need to lock you up. Put you in a hole and throw away the key.

Bill finally steps forward.

BILL TYLER  
(warning)  
Edgar, put that gun away right now before --

Edgar turns, pointing the gun at Bill.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)  
(worried, dread)  
Chief... What are you doing?

EDGAR MORRISON  
(dangerous whisper)  
Stay out of this, Tyler, or you're...

THE POSSESSED LAUGHS, and MORRISON GROWLS, turning and knocking them to the ground. THEY GROWL and try to scramble away, but Morrison puts one foot on their chest and the gun against their forehead.

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)  
(all but screaming at them now)

(MORE)

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)  
 You came here to deliver a warning,  
 huh? Then tell me! I'm here  
 goddammit, so just say it!

EDGAR BREATHES HEAVILY, staring down at the silent host.  
 After a moment.

POSSESSED HOST  
 (quiet, calm)  
 We simply came here to show you...  
 (beat)  
 Your irrelevance. Your impotence.  
 Your ignorance in the face of all  
 you claim to understand.  
 (beat)  
 Quisque... Suos... Patimur...  
 manes...

BILL TYLER  
 (shaken, but firm)  
 Morrison, get off of them. Now.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (shaken, unsure)  
 I... I can't...

BILL TYLER  
 (almost disgusted)  
 You've done enough. Get out of  
 here. Wait for me in the car.  
 (beat)  
 Now.

Morrison hesitates, then steps back, shaking a little bit.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (trying to find the words)  
 Tyler, I...

BILL TYLER  
 Just go, Chief.

Morrison stands there a moment, then walks out of the house.

POSSESSED HOST  
 (whispered, varied speeds  
 and volumes)  
 Quisque suos patimur manes...  
 quisque suos patimur manes...  
 quisque suos patimur manes...  
 quisque suos patimur manes...

BILL TYLER

(trying to reassure them)

It's alright, you can, uh... I'm going to help you up now, alright? My weapon is secured, and I won't go for it, I promise. Then we can talk, okay? And if you need me to call you a doctor, then --

Suddenly, the possessed begins to shake, rising from the floor slightly.

POSSESSED HOST

(fearful, shaking)

Be careful, Bill Tyler... Ethos... Anthropos... Daimon!

THE HOST BREATHES OUT, ALMOST SCREAMING, as the spirit leaves their body and they drop back to the floor. They lie still for a moment, THEN COUGH, sitting up.

BILL TYLER

(deeply unnerved)

What the hell...

HOST

(shaken)

Are... Are they gone?

BILL TYLER

Uh...

(beat)

Yeah, I... I think they are.

HOST

(SIGH OF RELIEF)

Oh thank God...

(PAINED GROAN)

What the hell happened to my neck?

BILL TYLER

(going to help them up)

Here, let me help you --

HOST

(snapping at him slightly)

No.

BILL TYLER

Listen, I'm sorry about that, but do you need anything? I can --

HOST

(angry)

You've done enough already. You and your... "friend." Please, just... Leave. Please.

BILL TYLER

(defeated)

Well... Alright. But if you need anything --

HOST

(final warning)

I can take care of myself, just go.

Bill hesitates for a moment, then walks out the door, closing it behind him.

6. EXT. 3036 SOUTH JUNIPER LANE APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

Bill hesitates on the porch for a moment, then hears the host lock their door behind him.

BILL TYLER

(DEEP BREATH)

Goddammit.

After a moment, he walks back to the police cruiser, climbing in and slamming the door behind him.

7. INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Morrison sits with his hands gripping the wheel, frozen and completely silent.

BILL TYLER

(SIGHS, angry)

Well *that* was certainly something.

Morrison is silent.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)

(trying to tread lightly,  
upset)

Morrison, what the hell was that? Look, I respect you, and I respect your office, but Jesus Christ, Edgar, *Jesus Christ* -- what's gotten into you? It's one thing to lose control around me or -- I don't know, Sam, but --

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (strangled, lost)  
 It... It was a danger to --

BILL TYLER  
 (snapping)  
*They* didn't have a weapon! *They* didn't threaten you! You pulled a gun on someone who was... I don't know! By all appearances, they were trying to give you some much needed therapy, and you put a gun to their head. What is wrong with you?

Morrison goes silent again.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)  
 (EXASPERATED SIGH)  
 Look, whatever was going on with them -- even if it was actually supernatural... It's over now. They calmed down and said they could take care of themselves now. They probably just wanted to talk, and now... They're fine.  
 (beat)  
 But I need to know if you are.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (confused)  
 It... It just left?  
 (beat)  
 I...  
 (SIGH, repentant)  
 I'm sorry you had to see that, Bill. I just... I let them get under my skin, and I'm...  
 (beat)  
 Thank you for de-escalating in there. It should have been me, but I was... I'm just glad you were able to take charge when I couldn't.  
 (beat)  
 But you're right to be disappointed in me. Hell, I'm disappointed. I've served this community for so long, and I...  
 (beat)  
 I've been avoiding the issue. You were right.

BILL TYLER

(confused)

About what?

EDGAR MORRISON

What you said back in my office. There's something wrong with our department. First Bailey, then Leroux, and now... This. And if I'm honest... Sam wasn't the first.

BILL TYLER

(pause, then challenging him on this)

So what are we going to do about it?

EDGAR MORRISON

I don't know yet. But I have to do something. I'm the head of this department. I've trained more than half of the officers in Oslow County myself. I set the precedent for everything that happens in this town. And I need to do better.

BILL TYLER

(relieved)

I think that's a good place to start, sir.

EDGAR MORRISON

(WEARY SIGH)

God, I'm... I'm so ashamed of myself, Tyler. The stresses of this job can't be ignored, but... We can't let them control us. We have to lean on each other. Count on one another.

BILL TYLER

(pause, trying to make him feel better)

Chief, I... It's okay. I know you're better than this. I've seen you help so many people over the years. You're not a bad person. None of us are. We make mistakes, but... We're not bad people. We just need to remember why we took this job in the first place.

(beat)

(MORE)

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)

But you need to make sure that we can actually do the good we wanted to do. I know you can lead us to that place. And I want to help.

EDGAR MORRISON

(tired, thankful)

Thank you for saying that, Bill. Thank you for still believing in me. Even after...

(beat)

You're a good man, Bill Tyler.

A moment of silence.

BILL TYLER

We should probably get back to the station. I'll call this in on the way.

EDGAR MORRISON

(nervous)

If you could just...

Edgar trails off.

BILL TYLER

(confused)

Sir?

EDGAR MORRISON

(hesitant)

I want to help the department get better Bill, I really do -- but I can't do that if this gets out to the public. We need to keep this quiet.

BILL TYLER

(pause, conflicted)

Understood, sir... I'll leave those details out of my report.

EDGAR MORRISON

(tinge of warning)

And your bodycam?

BILL TYLER

(more hesitant, knows he's been forced into this corner)

I'll make sure the footage is deleted. Sir.

Edgar nods, then starts the engine, pulling away from the apartments. Bill's bodycam glitches slightly, then cuts out.

8. EXT. OCPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT - LATER

The audio switches to a phone call as Bill steps out of the station doors into the cold night air.

BILL TYLER

(SHIVERS)

Whew! God, you feeling this cold tonight, Jerry?

JERRY PRICE

(joking)

Not if I can help it.

BILL TYLER

(CHUCKLES)

You staying warm enough out there in the desert?

JERRY PRICE

(proud)

Got enough solar and propane to stave off an ice age. The real important thing's --

BILL TYLER

(mock annoyance)

Insulation, yeah, I know -- You told me about a hundred times already. Look, did you you just call me to brag about your new place *again*, or is there something you actually want to tell me?

JERRY PRICE

(slightly hesitant)

You still at the station, by any chance?

BILL TYLER

(slightly confused)

Just got off a few minutes ago. Why, what's up?

JERRY PRICE

(nervous)

I've, uh... I've got something I think you should see. At my house.

BILL TYLER  
 (growing concern)  
 Jerry, I know you don't like the department very much, but if there's something wrong you really should just call 911 --

JERRY PRICE  
 It's not that, it's just... Please. It's important.

BILL TYLER  
 (SIGHS)  
 Alright. I'll be there as soon as I can... Just give me an hour or so.

Bill ends the call.

CLICK.

9. INT. JERRY PRICE'S HOME - NIGHT - LATER

Sam starts a tape recorder in Jerry Price's living room, quiet but for the sounds of people moving.

SAM BAILEY  
 (excited, trying to be official)  
 Alright -- Sam Bailey here, recording at 11:27pm on November 6<sup>th</sup>, 2019 from the home of Jerry Price. In attendance: Maria Sol, Kate Sheridan, and... Bill Tyler.

A significant pause.

BILL TYLER  
 (a little overwhelmed, afraid of being recorded)  
 Uh... Wow. It's, uh... Good to see all of you. I mean that. Really good to see... *All* of you.

KATE SCOFFS, skeptical.

MARIA SOL  
 (genuine)  
 Good to see you too, Bill.

SAM BAILEY  
 Well then. Let's get started.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME  
AND CREDITS