

"YOUR SHADOW AT EVENING"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 02, Episode 48
Recording Draft - May 1, 2021

by

Trevor Van Winkle

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

Copyright 2021
Homestead on the Corner

1. INT. OCPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT - DECEMBER 21, 2018

A noisy, chaotic office party -- laughter, loud conversation, and the clink of beer bottles as generic Christmas carols play in the background.

Loud footsteps cut through the din as someone climbs a small platform and turns the music down. The buzz of conversation fades.

EDGAR MORRISON

(a little too serious for
the occasion)

Welcome, one and all, to the 2018
Oslo County Police Department
Christmas Party. I want to take a
moment to thank you all for being
here tonight. For those taking time
off and spending the holidays with
friends and family, thank you for
joining us for one more night. And
for everyone else who isn't going
home for Christmas -- thank you.
Thank you for holding the line for
the rest of us. I owe you all a
drink come New Year's.

A few chuckles and polite cheers go up around the room.

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)

(a little more at ease)

Now I know you all came here to
celebrate, and my speeches have a
tendency to end up a bit somber, so
I'll be brief. As many of you know,
I've put on a Christmas party for
this department every year since I
became chief for one very simple
reason. This season is about
shining a light into the darkest
nights of the year, combining our
wills against the shadow and cold
of winter and saying -- No. You
will not prevail. We will endure.

(beat)

That's what we do here, every day.
And it takes all of us -- every
single person in this room,
standing shoulder to shoulder
against the chaos and violence
that's always there, just waiting
for our vigilance to slip. Some
people think we take our jobs too
seriously.

(MORE)

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)
 That we shouldn't do everything it
 takes to protect the safety of our
 homes and families. That we should
 just roll over and let people try
 to protect themselves.

A few people chuckle at that.

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)
 (CHUCKLES)
 Yeah. We all know how that would
 end. Just like we know that the
 sacrifices of each and every
 officer in this department is the
 only thing standing between Oslow
 County and total anarchy. We are
 the light that shines in the
 darkness. And we will endure.
 (beat)
 And on that note, I'd like to raise
 a toast to you by way of a short
 poem. I know it's unconventional,
 but it's always been a personal
 favorite of mine, and I hope that
 it can offer you some encouragement
 as well.

(CLEARS HIS THROAT)

"But where was the child delaying?

On the homeward way was he,
 And across the dike while the sun was up
 An hour above the sea.

He was stopping now to gather flowers,
 Now listening to the sound,
 As the angry waters dashed themselves
 Against their narrow bound.

"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
 "That the gates are good and strong,
 And my father tends them carefully,

Or they would not hold you long!

You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters,
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.

He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.

'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.

For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!

He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.

And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.

He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;

Crying and moaning till the stars
 Come out for company;

He thinks of his brother and sister,
 Asleep in their safe warm bed;
 He thinks of his father and mother,
 Of himself as dying -- and dead;

And of how, when the night is over,
 They must come and find him at last:
 But he never thinks he can leave the place
 Where duty holds him fast."

With the last word, Morrison pauses, then turns the music back up, the jaunty carol clashing awkwardly with his words.

The crowd slowly and awkwardly begins to talk again, a little uncertain.

SAM BAILEY
 (muttering to himself)
Jesus Christ...

BILL TYLER
 (slightly concerned)
 You okay over there, Sam?

SAM BAILEY
 (irritated)
 What? Oh... Yeah. Is he always like that, uh...?

BILL TYLER
 (friendly)
 Bill. We met at the briefing last week.

SAM BAILEY
 (annoyed)
 Right. Is Morrison always that... Intense?

BILL TYLER

(SCOFFS)

Only when he's had a few. I mean, I've met sad drunks and angry drunks and funny drunks, but Morrison's the only person I know who gets *more* serious when he's drinking.

SAM BAILEY

(muttering)

Oh, of course he is.

BILL TYLER

(a little uncertain)

I'm sure he does actually feel that way... It just doesn't come up much, you know? He just -- really believes in what we're doing here.

SAM BAILEY

(cynical)

Hm. And what about you?

BILL TYLER

(confused)

What about me?

SAM BAILEY

Do you believe in it?

BILL TYLER

(unsure, a little
hesitant)

Uh... Well, yeah, I guess so. I mean... We're keeping people safe. We're helping the community, and that's...

(beat, more certain)

Yeah. I do.

CLICK.

2. INT. BILL TYLER'S APARTMENT - EVENING - NOVEMBER 7, 2019

A door closes quietly as Bill enters the apartment. He locks it slowly, THEN LETS OUT A DEEP, WEARY SIGH.

BILL TYLER

(emotionally drained)

Lieutenant Bill Tyler, Oslow County Police Department. Recording on November 7th, 2019 at 4:23p --

ROBERT QUINCY
(muffled, calling from
kitchen)
Bill? Is that you?

BILL TYLER
(surprised, a little
unsure)
Uh... Yeah, it's... It's me.

ROBERT QUINCY
Weren't you supposed to be working
late again?

BILL TYLER
(rapidly coming up with a
lie)
Uh... Morrison let me leave early.

ROBERT QUINCY
(not sure if he believes
that)
Huh. Well... Dinner's still about
30 minutes out, if you're hungry.

BILL TYLER
That's fine, I... I'm going to go
lie down for a minute.

ROBERT QUINCY
(poking his head around
the corner)
Everything okay?

BILL TYLER
(deflecting)
Yeah, yeah, just... I just have a
bit of a headache.

ROBERT QUINCY
Oh Bill, I'm sorry... Do you need --
?

BILL TYLER
(cutting him off)
I just need to lie down. Please,
just... Keep working on dinner.

ROBERT QUINCY
(slightly hurt)
Uh... Yeah. Sure. Just let me know
if you need anything, okay?

Bill doesn't answer, just marches straight down the hall and into the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

As soon as he does, HE SIGHS HEAVILY, like he's barely holding himself together.

BILL TYLER

(shaky)

God *fucking* damn it.

(beat, letting it all sink in)

Morrison killed Anna. He sent Sam on a wild goose chase that almost got him killed, and he *knew* he wouldn't find anything. And I... I just stood there. Defending him to Sam like some kind of...

Bill trails off, then reels back and punches the wall, GRUNTING IN PAIN AND RAGE as he dents the drywall.

ROBERT QUINCY

(from other room)

Bill? Are you okay?

BILL TYLER

(angry)

I'm fine! Don't come in here!

ROBERT QUINCY

(getting closer)

What was that noise?

BILL TYLER

(snapping)

I punched the fucking wall, alright!?

ROBERT QUINCY

(worried)

Jesus Bill, are you okay? What's...

Robert rattles the door handle, but the door doesn't open.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)

(growing fear)

Why is the door locked, Bill?

BILL TYLER

(calming slightly, trying to get him to go)

I'm... It's okay Rob, I'm fine. I just...

(MORE)

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)
 I just needed to let that out.
 Please, just... I need to be alone
 for a little bit.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (worried)
 Bill, I --

BILL TYLER
 (anger returning, yelling)
 Just go away!

Both fall silent. After a long moment.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (broken)
 Al... Alright.

He slowly walks back down the hall.

BILL TYLER
 (realizing what he's done)
 Rob? Rob, I didn't mean it like
 that, I just...
 (regretful)
 Shit. Nice work, Tyler. Now you've
 really done it.
 (beat, thoughts drifting
 back to Morrison)
 He must have had a reason to kill
 her. She probably didn't give him a
 choice. She must have threatened
 him, and...
 (beat, then defeated)
 No. If it was self-defense, he
 could have gotten away with it. He
 would have told someone... *Should*
 have told someone. And if this was
 all about settling some old score,
 then --

From the kitchen, pots and pans clatter loudly into the sink.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)
 (concerned)
 What the hell is Rob doing in
 there?

Bill stands up, unlocks the door, and walks down the hall.

3. INT. BILL TYLER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rob is loudly scraping the sauce he'd been preparing into the sink with a wooden spoon.

BILL TYLER

(confused)

Rob? What the... What are you doing?

ROBERT QUINCY

(bitter)

Oh, look who decided to show his face. I thought you wanted to be left alone?

BILL TYLER

(insistent)

What are you doing?

ROBERT QUINCY

(sarcastic)

Oh, this? Well, I was making chicken parm for dinner, but since you weren't going to be here, I figured it wasn't worth the effort. Think I'll order pizza instead... You want some?

BILL TYLER

(frustrated)

Christ Rob, just... Just stop, okay? You're acting like a --

ROBERT QUINCY

(hurt, lashing out)

Like what? A child? Well, maybe I am, but I don't think you can throw stones on that front, Mr. Glass House.

BILL TYLER

Look, I'm sorry, okay? But it's been really, really tough these last few weeks, and the least you could do is --

ROBERT QUINCY

Oh, it's been tough for you, has it? I've barely seen you the past two weeks! Do you have any idea what it's like, sitting up at night wondering if you're alive or dead out there?

BILL TYLER

(exploding)

Well at least I didn't quit the moment things got hard! At least *I* didn't leave you to deal with Morrison on your own!

The both freeze, and a deadly silence falls over the kitchen. After a moment...

ROBERT QUINCY

(cold anger, shaking slightly)

Don't. You. *Ever*. Say that to me again. I asked you to leave. You chose to ignore me. That's. On. You.

BILL TYLER

(struggling, stammering slightly)

It... I wasn't... I didn't have a... There were other things I needed to...

(LONG, WEARY SIGH, excuses gone)

Fuck.

Bill turns and sinks into one of the dining room chairs, defeated. After a moment, Rob turns off the water and carefully approaches.

ROBERT QUINCY

(gentle)

What happened, Bill? What's going on with you?

BILL TYLER

(SCOFFS)

You were right. Right about all of it. I knew it from the start, and they finally convinced me.

ROBERT QUINCY

(confused)

Who's they?

BILL TYLER

(suddenly clamming up)

I... I can't tell you.

ROBERT QUINCY

(SIGH, tired)

Bill... Look at me.

(MORE)

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Whatever this is, it's hurting you. I can see it every day. It's tearing you up inside, and so long as you don't tell me... It's hurting me too.

BILL TYLER

(trying to make excuses)

You don't have to --

ROBERT QUINCY

Bill, just listen to me for a few minutes, okay? Just... Don't say anything. Look... you can keep this a secret if you want. I can't force you to tell me anything, and I really don't want to try. But I'll still know it's there. I'll know that there's a pain I can't take away, that I can't do anything to fix. And I'll keep knowing that as long as you keep it a secret from me.

(beat)

I'll do what I can to make it better. I'll try to make it easier for you to avoid, try not to mention anything that reminds you of it. But eventually, I'll get tired of walking on eggshells around you. I'll grow to resent whatever is keeping us apart, then start to resent myself for letting it happen, and finally -- I'll start resenting you. And the worst part is... I'll want to keep that from you, too.

(beat)

So we'll both end up lying to each other, pretending to be okay. And then sooner or later... One of us will decide we can't do it anymore, and we'll go our separate ways. Maybe on good terms, maybe not. Maybe months or years or decades from now... Or maybe it'll never happen. Maybe we'll just stay together, letting that resentment fester. But whatever happens... It started here.

(beat)

Alternatively... You could tell me what's going on with you.

(MORE)

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)

You could be honest about what you're going through and let me try to help you. I might not know what to do, but at least we'd both know I was trying to help. And whenever it gets to be too much for me to handle... I'll let you know that too. And even if we don't know how to help each other, we'll both be trying our best. That's all I'm asking for. That's all I need. I don't need you to be superhuman. I don't want you to be strong or brave or perfect all the time... I just want you to be here, with me. All of you. The good and the bad. For better or worse.

There's a long pause as Bill thinks this through -- THEN HE SIGHS, tired.

BILL TYLER

(finally admitting what he already knows)

You're right. Of course you're right.

ROBERT QUINCY

(RELIEVED CHUCKLE)

Try not to sound so surprised.

BILL GIVE A PAINED LAUGH, then TAKES A DEEP BREATH, collecting his thoughts.

BILL TYLER

(letting this go, slow, painful)

Morrison is planning something. Some kind of experiment to cut off... Well, all of the supernatural things happening in Oslow. Permanently.

ROBERT QUINCY

(a little confused)

And that's... Bad?

BILL TYLER

(nodding)

Yeah. Sam is... He's some kind of doppelgänger. Kind of like the Echo, but... Not. It's complicated, but... If Morrison's test works, then --

ROBERT QUINCY
It'll kill him?

BILL TYLER
Worse than that. You remember what happened to the Echoes?

ROBERT QUINCY
(flashing back slightly)
If only I could forget...
(beat)
Jesus. That's what would happen to Sam?

BILL TYLER
That's what everyone seems to think. That, or Morrison might mess it up and make things worse.

ROBERT QUINCY
(hesitant)
...How long have you known?

BILL TYLER
Since last Saturday. I followed Ned out onto the flats and figured out... Well, everything.

ROBERT QUINCY
(beat, trying to figure this out)
Why didn't you tell me?

BILL TYLER
(apologetic)
I thought... I thought they had a plan to stop it. I thought I could just run out the clock and let them take care of it, so... I didn't tell you. I didn't want you to worry, but... I'm sorry. I should have said something.

ROBERT QUINCY
Who's "they?"

BILL TYLER
All of them. Everyone's back in Oslo now, trying to figure this out. Kate and Maria -- you remember, Anna's girlfriend? And... Sam too.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (surprised, alarmed)
 Sam's back?

BILL TYLER
 Yeah. They're all staying at
 Jerry's place, trying to figure out
 a plan. That's where I've been
 going the last few nights. And
 earlier today... Maria found
 something on one of Anna's tapes.
 It... brought a lot of things into
 focus.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (putting things together)
 You mean all this time you've
 been... What, helping Sam stay
 hidden?
 (beat, RELIEVED LAUGHTER)
 Oh, thank god. I almost thought you
 were cheating on me.

BILL TYLER
 (taken aback)
 You thought I was *what*?

ROBERT QUINCY
 (defensive)
 I said I *almost* thought you were...
 (beat)
 Wait... One of Anna's tapes? I
 thought they were destroyed?

BILL TYLER
 (sheepish)
 That's... I kind of lied about that
 too. But that was definitely the
 right call.

ROBERT QUINCY
 Why? What was on the tape?

BILL TYLER
 Just Anna, talking about her dad.
 He used to work with Morrison. They
 had a... A falling out, apparently.
 A really bad one. And I think he...
 He killed Anna because of it.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (disbelieving)
 Holy shit...

BILL TYLER
 (tired)
 Yeah.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (gently probing)
 Did... Is that why you stayed with
 the department? To spy on Morrison?

BILL TYLER
 (guilty)
 No, it's not. I wish I could say
 that, but... I genuinely thought I
 was doing the right thing. Even
 after what he did to Sam. I thought
 it was... I thought we were helping
 people. Keeping them safe.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (trying not to push him
 towards an answer)
 Do you think so now?

BILL TYLER
 (WEARY SIGH)
 No, I... I don't. I don't think
 I've really believed that for a
 long time, now.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (careful -- this has blown
 up in his face before)
 And are you going to quit now?

BILL TYLER
 (deflecting)
 Look, I'm really tired, Rob. I
 don't think this is the best...

ROBERT QUINCY
 (seeing through that)
 Bill.

BILL TYLER
 (beat, SIGHS, letting go)
 Of course I am. I can't keep doing
 this anymore. I should have quit
 six months ago.

After a moment of silence, Rob walks over to Bill and
 embraces him.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (relieved, happy)
 I am so, so proud of you, Bill.
 (beat)
 Are you okay?

BILL TYLER
 (SNIFFS, recovering
 slightly)
 Mostly, yeah.

Across the room, one of the pots on the stove suddenly boils over, hissing and spitting.

ROBERT QUINCY
 Oh shit, the pasta's boiling over.

Rob breaks the hug and rushes to the kitchen, turning down the fire and stirring.

BILL TYLER
 (slightly awkward humor)
 What was that about just ordering
 pizza?

ROBERT QUINCY
 (warm, fondly)
 Let's just say... Somebody changed
 my mind about that.
 (slightly sheepish)
 Oh, would you mind running to the
 store really quick? I, uh... Just
 dumped our last can of tomato sauce
 down the drain.

BILL TYLER
 (CHUCKLES)
 Anything for you, Rob.

Bill crosses to the door, turns the knob... Then freezes. He sits there for a moment before...

ROBERT QUINCY
 (calling from kitchen)
 Everything okay?

Bill hesitates, then...

BILL TYLER
 (weighty, making a
 decision)
 Yeah. I'll be right back.

CLICK.

4. INT. OCPD HEADQUARTERS - MORRISON'S OFFICE - LATER

Morrison dials his phone, then puts it on speaker as someone bangs persistently on his door.

EDGAR MORRISON
(irritated muttering)
Jesus Christ, I didn't want to deal
with this today...
(calling out)
Come in!

The door swings open and bangs against the opposite wall.

EDGAR MORRISON
(friendly, professional)
Ah, Tyler, good to see you. I was
just about to call --

BILL TYLER
(angry)
Save it. Why didn't you tell me?

EDGAR MORRISON
(masking worry)
Tell you what?

BILL TYLER
(SCOFFS)
Don't play dumb, Morrison... It
doesn't suit you.

EDGAR MORRISON
I'm not. You just haven't specified
what you're talking about.

BILL TYLER
(accusation)
Well let's start small then.
Leroux.

EDGAR MORRISON
(hiding concern)
What about Leroux?

BILL TYLER
(DERANGED LAUGHTER)
Where to begin? First off, that's
not his real name. Second, he's not
even human. Third, he's a
shapeshifting psychopath you put in
the morgue less than a year ago!

EDGAR MORRISON

(disappointed, pretending
he's beaten)

Oh. So you saw him change, did you?
Well... I'm sorry about that. I
didn't think you would be
comfortable working with him if you
knew.

BILL TYLER

(SCOFFS)

You can say that again...

EDGAR MORRISON

(continuing on
uninterrupted)

But after all the good work you did
with Sam, I thought you might be
able to keep him more... Grounded
than he would be otherwise. I'm
sure you understand it was in
everyone's best --

BILL TYLER

(LAUGHS, worked up)

Oh no, we're not done. I didn't
just see him change, Morrison. I
followed him out onto the flats. I
saw your little... Experiment. I
know what you're trying to do.

EDGAR MORRISON

(briefly unnerved, but
recovering quickly)

You did, did you? That's...
Unfortunate. But not entirely
unexpected. I figured you would
catch on sooner or later. What did
you think we were doing with the
monsters after you dealt with them?

BILL TYLER

(exasperated)

Then why keep it a secret!? Why did
you lie about it!?

EDGAR MORRISON

I didn't. That information was
simply need-to-know.

BILL TYLER

(demanding answers)

But why?

EDGAR MORRISON

(trying to convince Bill)

Because people still can't accept the existential danger these things represent. And it's better they don't know what we need to do in order to protect them, just that we do it. If they learned the truth, well... Humanity's capacity for empathy is truly remarkable. People might begin to pity the creatures we've captured.

BILL TYLER

(finally having it out)

Why shouldn't they? Half of them don't even look like monsters in the first place. I mean for godssake, Sam was --

EDGAR MORRISON

(full of vitriol)

Sam was the most dangerous and insidious being I've ever encountered. He could killed millions the same way he killed the Echo, but he looked and acted completely human. If he'd been on our side, he would have been the perfect weapon. As it turned out, he was a walking, talking calamity just waiting to happen. I know you're not proud of what you did to him, but your actions prevented disaster.

BILL TYLER

(exploding)

And what about Anna, huh? Did murdering her keep anyone safe?

EDGAR MORRISON

(finally thrown off)

Killing An... What are you talking about?

BILL TYLER

Stop lying to me! You knew her dad. You hated him. And you killed her to get back at him!

EDGAR MORRISON

(recovering,
authoritative)

(MORE)

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)
 Bill, these wild and baseless
 allegations are verging dangerously
 close to insubordination. If you
 don't back down, I'll have no
 choice but to relieve you of duty.

BILL TYLER
 (SCOFFS, exasperated)
 God, what a fucking cliché.

EDGAR MORRISON
 (taken aback, confused)
 Excuse me?

Bill pulls a piece of paper from his pocket, unfolds it, and
 drops it on Morrison's desk.

BILL TYLER
 (mocking the cliché)
 "You can't fire me. I quit."

EDGAR MORRISON
 What is this?

BILL TYLER
 Letter of resignation. I've had it
 in my desk for six months now, but
 I just kept talking myself out of
 handing it in. Almost did it when
 Rob quit, but... Just couldn't let
 go.

Morrison quietly reads the contents of the letter... then
 leans over and opens a drawer on his desk, pulling out a
 lighter.

BILL TYLER
 (suddenly worried)
 Uh... Sir? What are... What the
 hell are you doing?

EDGAR MORRISON
 (dark, threatening)
 Same thing I always do in
 situations like this. Destroying
 the evidence.

Morrison strikes the lighter, and the paper ignites. He holds
 onto it for a moment, then pulls out a metal trash can and
 drops it inside.

BILL TYLER
 (growing nervous)
 Chief, you... You can't just --

EDGAR MORRISON

(slow, cold anger)

Can't what, Tyler? Can't decide what's best for my officers? Can't use my own discretion? Can't protect this county -- this country -- in the way I see fit? It seems I'm the only one who can. Especially with you going soft the moment you see your first bit of collateral damage. We're at war, Tyler. Always have been, whether you believe it or not.

(beat, then chillingly casual)

How's Sam doing, by the way? Still having nightmares?

BILL TYLER

(stunned, struggling to lie)

What? No, no, he's, uh... You said it yourself, he's dead, so he --

EDGAR MORRISON

(ANGRY LAUGH)

Now you're the one who's playing dumb. I know you're smarter than that, but... Do try to play on my level for a moment, will you? You know about Andrew Sheridan. You know about his history in Oslow. The only way you could possibly know that is from one of Anna's tapes... 1-1-4-3-6, was it? Yes, I think that was it. So you have the tapes... The ones you told me Sam destroyed. Which means you were covering for him that night. Which means I can't trust anything you've told me. Ergo... Samuel Isaac Bailey is still alive. You didn't kill him when you were supposed to. You're working *with* him instead. Trying to bring me down.

BILL TYLER

(rambling, backing away)

No, that's not... I mean, it isn't like I... Look, I quit, okay? I'm out. You don't need to worry about me anymore.

EDGAR MORRISON

I'm afraid I very much do need to worry about you, Bill. It's like I tried to tell Sam: If you're not with me on this... Then you're in my way.

At this, Bill turns and runs to the door, opening it.

BILL TYLER

(alarmed when he sees him)
Ned!? How did you...?

EDGAR MORRISON

(smug)
I called him the moment you started banging on my door. He heard everything.

BILL TYLER

(falling apart a little,
trying to appeal to him)
Ned, I... You can't seriously be okay with this? After everything we've gone through?

NED LEROUX

(sad, disappointed)
I'm sorry Bill... But it was always going to end like this. I think we both knew that.

BILL TYLER

(terrified)
Shit...

Bill backs away, looking for an exit. Morrison rolls his chair back and stands.

EDGAR MORRISON

(casual threat)
I suggest you come quietly, Tyler. The station's pretty much empty, and I don't want this to get any messier than it has to. Besides, even if someone did hear you scream -- they wouldn't dare try to stop me.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS