

"THE SEAT OF DESOLATION"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 03, Episode 57
Recording Draft - April 29, 2022

by

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

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1. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - SAM'S QUARTERS - EVENING -
11/24/2019

A quiet room in the heart of the ISPHA complex, far from the busier parts of the facility. The distant rumble of machinery can be faintly heard, along with the faint hum of HVAC.

SAM BAILEY

(into recorder, formal)

Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for
ISPHA internal records - daily log,
November 24th, 2019 at 5:41pm
Mountain Standard Time.

(beat)

Not much has changed since my last log, but I'll summarize the relevant information for completeness' sake. Bill, Kate, and Maria are still recovering from the operation in Pennsylvania... as am I, I suppose. ISPHA's working with the forest service to quarantine that section of Allegheny, and while the threat posed by the Oraculites seems to be contained for now... I can't seem to convince myself that it's over.

(beat, backtracking)

Please note: this is not a conclusion based on any new information or observations in the field, nor do I have any hard evidence to support the idea... I just have a feeling that Amanita isn't done with us yet.

(beat, carries on)

Despite the general hospitality of the ISPHA staff, I'm still not sure what to make of this place. The researchers seem reluctant to speak openly about what they're doing here, and the persistent sound of machinery convinces me that this is more than just a research installation. However, without access to those parts of the facility, I can do nothing but speculate... that, and hope that if Ren hears this, they'll consider increasing my clearance. I don't like being kept in the dark, and if Ren's been watching me for the past year -- he should know why.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(beat, then a little more
honest)

Though I guess it would be more honest to say I want to get in there because I'm bored. You think I'd be better at handling isolation after six months alone in the mountains. Bill's barely left his room since Rob arrived, and Kate's spending all her time with her family... Which I get, but -- still. Even Maria's spending most of the day working with Ren, helping him with some glitch on the server or other... it all kind of went over my head. That leaves Jerry, but... well, if I'm suspicious about this place, then he completely distrusts it. And ISPHA. Can't really blame him. Most of us knew Ren before he brought us here, but ISPHA just scooped Jerry up out of the blue. And even though I trust Ren -- mostly, at least -- this place is far from welcoming.

(long beat, hesitant to
admit it)

I don't know. Maybe it's just paranoia, but... I can't shake the feeling that there's something else here. Something dark. And it's watching us.

MAIN THEME.

CLICK.

A tape deck spins up, and a synthesized voice speaks:

RECORDER
New Recording: 25 November Two
Thousand Nineteen - 0800:59

BEEP.

2. INT. OCPD HQ - MORRISON'S OFFICE - MORNING - 11/25/2019

The quiet sounds of a private office in OCPD -- the muffled hum of early morning conversation and traffic outside, just barely audible. Fabric rustles as EDGAR MORRISON sits back.

EDGAR MORRISON

(into phone, affable)

Captain Elwood! How the hell are you?

(listens)

Oh, can't complain, can't complain.

(listens)

Yes, yes, the rumors are true -- I'm back. Full time.

(listens, CHUCKLES)

I know -- of all the things to take me down. Let it never be said that golf isn't an extreme sport.

(listens)

It's nothing too serious -- just a slipped disk. To be expected, I suppose... I'm not a young man anymore. And hole 9 is one sneaky old bastard.

(listens, LAUGHS)

Oh he did, did he? Well I'm sure you took good care of him... How long was he laid up?

(listens slightly longer)

Well, it shouldn't be nearly that bad -- the doctor told me to take it easy for the next few months, so I probably won't be seeing you all that often.

(listens)

Ned Leroux. Have you had a chance to meet him yet?

(listens)

Hmm... Well, I'm sure you will soon. I'm going to be having him run most of my errands outside the station, at least for the next few months.

(listens, shakes his head)

No, you don't need to hide anything from him -- he's my good right hand and confidant, at least for the time being. Speak to him like you're talking to me, and you'll be fine.

(listens, slight frustration)

Of course he's trustworthy. I wouldn't bring him in if he wasn't. Check his record, if you must. Impeccable history of service, not a mark to his name. It's nearly done, so I might as well tell you...

(MORE)

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)

I'm promoting him to Deputy Chief.
At least until I'm back on my feet.

(listens)

Yes, I trust him that much. You
know what it's been like in Oslow.
We've gone through hell together.

(listens, change of
subject, slightly
apprehensive)

Yes, I have your reports on my
desk. They look very... Thorough.
Excellent work.

(listens, making excuse)

I'll review them as soon as I can --
it's only my first day back, after
all. Can't expect to finish
everything.

(listens, more cheerful)

I'd better let you get to it, then.
Take care, Elwood.

(listens, slightly
hesitant)

Yeah, it's... Good to be back in
the chair.

Morrison hangs up.

BEEP.

RECORDER

New Recording: 25 November Two
Thousand Nineteen - 1131:05

BEEP.

3. INT. OCPD HQ - MORRISON'S OFFICE - MORNING - 11/25/2019

Rustle of fabric as NED LEROUX turns away from DETECTIVE
RAMOS, who stands across from him in Morrison's office.

NED LEROUX

(furtive, annoyed)

Hey, Chief. No, nothing's wrong,
just -- Uh, Detective Ramos stopped
by your office. She's uh...
actually, she's still here.

(listens)

Yes, I told her you were out to
lunch, but she says she has some
files you need to review.
Apparently she made an appointment
last week?

(listens)

(MORE)

NED LEROUX (CONT'D)

No, I didn't see it either, sir. I
can check with the clerks, but --
(cuts off, listens)

I see.

(listens, to Ramos)

What did you want to show him
again?

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(exasperated, trying to be
heard by Morrison on the
phone)

It's all the Code Grey callouts for
the past few weeks -- I've been
processing them while you were
gone, and I think there's something
you need/to see--

NED LEROUX

(into phone, ignoring her)

She says it's the Code Grey
reports. Yes, I told her you were
getting to those, but she insisted -

-

(cuts off, listening)

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Huh. Yes, I do
think it's rather presumptuous of
your time. Unprofessional? I don't
know sir, that seems a bit too
harsh.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(suddenly worried, backing
down)

I can just... leave these here with
you for now. If that's okay with
the chief?

NED LEROUX

(into phone)

Yes, I can take a look at them sir.
No, it's not a problem. You sure?
Alright...

(to Ramos, curt)

Put 'em on the desk.

(into phone)

What's that? No, no, I don't think
it's cause for disciplinary action,
if it's just a one time thing...

In the background, a half-panicked Ramos sets the files down
on the desk and bolts back out through the door. After a
moment...

NED LEROUX (CONT'D)
 (smug, odd tone of
 amusement)
 No, she's gone now. Yeah, about
 time. Well -- I'll see you soon,
 chief.

Ned hangs up -- BEEP.

RECORDER
 New Recording: 25 November Two
 Thousand Nineteen - 1310:22

BEEP.

4. INT. OCPD HQ - MORRISON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON - 11/25/2019

Morrison is back in his office, the noises outside his door
 louder than before.

EDGAR MORRISON
 (trying to sound glad to
 hear him)
 Commissioner Michaels! Thank you
 for calling, I was just about to --
 (cuts off listening)
 No, it was next on my list -- I
 just have a lot to catch up on, as
 you might imagine.
 (listens, defensive)
 I would think getting the
 department back on track should be
 my first priority, don't you?
 (listens, clearly not
 happy with his response)
 That's what you think, is it?
 Listen commissioner, I would have
 called if I'd been able to. My
 phone died on the way to the
 hospital, and I didn't get a chance
 to charge it until --
 (cut off, listening)
 Yes, I agree that the hospital
 staff should have made the call for
 me. I told one of the nurses to do
 it, but I guess they never got
 around to it. I assumed that you
 knew what was going on.
 (listening)
 Well, yes -- that's obvious now.
 (MORE)

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)

But they had me on some fairly strong painkillers at the time, so you can probably understand why I didn't follow up.

(listening, slight anger)

I don't agree with that assessment, Commissioner. And I don't think the board will, either.

(listens, increasingly aggressive)

First off all, neglect of duty implies an active choice to abandon one's post while still able to perform the necessary duties of said post, neither of which applies to my situation. At most, it was a lapse in communication coupled with an incapacitating injury -- unfortunate, but not enough to constitute a violation of my contract or the county's trust. And second -- the fact that you're calling me on your cell phone tells me this is not a matter that concerns the commission board, but you personally. If I didn't know better, I'd think this was some kind of play against my office.

(listens, displeased that he's not backing down)

I didn't say it was, commissioner... that's just how the situation could be misconstrued. Wouldn't want you to be accused of something by mistake, would I?

(listens, more in control)

Yes, I will try to be more open with the board going forward. I apologize that it's been... inconsistent, the last few months.

(listens, in response to get well wishes)

I'll do my best, Michaels. Take care.

BEEP.

RECORDER

New Recording: 25 November Two
Thousand Nineteen - 1435:41.

BEEP.

5. INT. OCPD HQ - MORRISON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON - 11/25/2019

An irritated Ned Leroux on another phone call -- maintaining an air of professionalism, but only just.

NED LEROUX

(trying to get the other person to calm down)

Of course I understand this is urgent, but I already told you he isn't here.

(beat, listening)

No, I don't know where he went, he just said he'd be back in a few minutes.

(beat, snapping back a little)

He could be takin' a piss for all I know. Should I go check?

(listens, cutting them off)

Look, can't you handle this on your own? I've got a whole stack of Code Greys on m--Morrison's desk from when he was out.

(listens, dismissive)

Huh. Trees moving by themselves. When people aren't lookin'. Right. Sounds terrifying.

(listens, deeply sarcastic)

Oh no, I can see why this needs his immediate attention. Some gardeners might get hurt.

(listens, snaps and ends the phone call)

So send a patrol car out to check on it! You're the dispatcher, so make the call! God, do you need Morrison to hold your hand on everything that happens around here?

(listens, frustrated)

Then quit. I don't care what you thought you signed up for -- this is what we do here. And I'm sure Morrison would tell you the exact same thing if he was here.

(listens, backing down, annoyed)

Yes, I'll tell him when he gets back. Just don't start crying on me.

BEEP.

RECORDER
New Recording: 25 November Two
Thousand Nineteen - 1650:41.

BEEP.

6. INT. OCPD HQ - MORRISON'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING -
11/25/2019

A dead-tired Morrison slumps over his desk, pinching the bridge of his nose in frustration as he talks into the phone

EDGAR MORRISON
(exhausted, annoyed)
Detective Ramos, it's nearly the end of your shift. Can't we leave this for tomorrow?

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(on the phone, trying to sound professional as possible)
I don't mind staying a little later if you don't, chief -- I can clock out now if you're worried about overtime?

EDGAR MORRISON
(frustrated growl)
It's not...
(giving up)
No need. Go ahead.

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(sounding a little surprised at his tone)
Well, uh... as you know, I've been keeping track of the recent Code Grey callouts while you've been away: making sure they were handled properly and kept off the records, like you asked.

EDGAR MORRISON
(just holding back his frustration)
I'm aware... Ned filled me in on the details. Commendable work, as always.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(surprised, not sure if
she believes the
compliment)

Uh... thank you sir.

(beat, carries on)

Anyway -- over the past two weeks,
there has been a significant
increase in both the number of code-
grey classified calls in Oslow and
the number of reported incidents
that fall within the parameters you
outlined following the Agate Shore
event.

EDGAR MORRISON

(barely hiding sarcasm --
he knows)

Has there?

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(trying to prove her
point)

At least ten in the past 14 days,
sir... Almost every night.

EDGAR MORRISON

(SIGHS TO HIMSELF, then to
Ramos)

And you think this is a noteworthy
increase?

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(hesitates, then presents
her theory)

Sir, I've been with this department
for nearly six years now. I know
the work we do has always been a
little... unusual, compared to most
police departments. But until last
April, I could pretend we just had
these policies to deal with hoaxes.
But then -- well, ever since the
Sheridan incident, I don't think
anyone's really been able to
believe that. So I started tracking
the code grey calls for myself...
at least, all the ones I knew
about.

EDGAR MORRISON

(sounding slightly
surprised)

You... You did?

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(defensive, but still
trying to stay calm)
Sir, I understand I should have run
it by you, but believe me, I
haven't told anyone else what I'm
doing. All of those cases are still
locked down and sealed to the
public, and you're the only one who
knows about my investigations.

EDGAR MORRISON
(intrigued, but keeping
his poker face)
Go on.

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(TAKES A BREATH,
recovering slightly)
From May to October of this year,
there were approximately 8 separate
incidents sealed under Code Grey
protocols, along with a few dozen
unconfirmed calls that fell just
short of that classification. Then,
in the period between the end of
October and your injury in Reno,
there were 10.

EDGAR MORRISON
(seeing where she's going)
And in the two weeks since my
injury, there's been at least that
many callouts.

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(nodding, trying not to
sound nervous)
Exactly. I believe something is
making these... unexplained
occurrences more frequent. And I
believe it's getting worse.

Morrison sits in silence for a long moment, thinking about
what she just said. Finally...

EDGAR MORRISON
(shifting focus)
Walk me through the files you gave
me.

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(off-balance)
Sir, I think --

EDGAR MORRISON

(cutting her off, not too harsh)

I want to know what these "incidents" amount to. Make sure we're not chasing our own tail here.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(hesitant)

Well... The first one should be from November 11th...

EDGAR MORRISON

(picking up a folder, leafing through it)

I see it -- one second.

(beat)

Hmm... "At 2031 hours, a Mr. James Mangrove called from 238 Crystal Vista Apartments to report -- 'inhuman screaming?'"

DETECTIVE RAMOS

That's all the dispatcher was able to ascertain, sir -- something was screaming, and it didn't sound human. The officers on site were unable to identify the source.

EDGAR MORRISON

(continues reading)

"'Inhuman screaming' from the drive-thru at Okee's Famous Burgers and Malts, 100 Pineway Boulevard. Officers Malcolm and Conway responded, arriving at the scene at approximately 2100 hours. Spoke with Mr. Mangrove, determined that the screaming had not stopped since he called. Officers confirmed noise was still present, requested permission to approach the drive-thru in patrol car. Permission granted by dispatch, officers approached from the southwest entrance. Conway noted that the motion sensor lights on the building failed to engage, and, quote: "it seems way too dark in here." Radio contact lost at 2104. Additional patrol car dispatched to scene, arrived 2110.

(MORE)

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)
Officers Willem and Scott spoke with Mr. Mangrove, who confirmed the patrol car had not reemerged. Screaming had not ceased. Willems and Scott prepared to approach on foot when noises from drive-through cut out. Patrol car reemerged moments later. Malcom and Conway shaken but unharmed, seemingly unaware of time passed. Radio contact reestablished soon after."

(Morrison sets the file down)

And I take it both officers are still fine?

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(confused by his tone)
Sir?

EDGAR MORRISON
(pressing on)
Neither have reported any physiological symptoms since the incident? Headaches, dizziness, difficulty sleeping?

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(not prepared for that question)
No sir -- at least, not that I'm aware of.

EDGAR MORRISON
And was their dash-cam recording when they entered the drive-through?

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(clearly not a fan of this line of questioning)
It was sir... I included the footage on a CD in that file.

EDGAR MORRISON
(picks it up from folder)
So you do. Does it show anything?

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(deflating)
No sir -- there's a gap in the footage between 2104 and 2111...
(MORE)

DETECTIVE RAMOS (CONT'D)
the timecode just skips those minutes, but it doesn't seem like the footage is corrupted or missing... At least, not that I can tell.

EDGAR MORRISON
(coming to a conclusion)
So there was a strange noise from a darkened location with -- let's be honest -- quite outdated and probably faulty speaker equipment, a pair of officers who didn't report seeing anything, and no recordings of what they were doing in those missing 7 minutes? I think there are several more likely explanations than the supernatural, detective Ramos.

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(floundering a little)
But... what about all the other cases?

EDGAR MORRISON
(slightly flippant)
Well let's take a look -- evening of November 17th. "At 1804, Father Timothy of the Oslow Diocese called from Our Lady of the Desert church to report a "dark figure" standing outside the sanctuary while he was attempting to lock up for the night. The figure did not answer when Father Timothy challenged it, and he was unable to find a light source bright enough to determine its identity. Officer Lambert and... Detective Ramos?
(beat)
...And Detective Ramos were dispatched, arrived at 1810."

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(explaining her presence)
Lambert and I were following up on a lead for the Wikman case nearby. They called us in on the way back to the station.

EDGAR MORRISON

(continues reading)

"Officers arrived at 1810, confirmed presence of unknown individual outside the church. Suspect fled the scene, Lambert pursued while Ramos remained behind to check on Father Timothy. Figure disappeared into back alley, Lambert unable to reacquire pursuit. Father Timothy unharmed but frightened, provided with police escort home at Detective Ramos' suggestion." That was very kind of you.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(clearly not wanting to draw attention to herself)

Uh... thank you, sir.

EDGAR MORRISON

(sounding confused, poking holes in her theory)

If you don't mind me asking, detective -- why did you include this file? There's nothing unexplainable in this report -- just someone trying to harass an old priest. It's horrible, but it happens.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(uncomfortable, a little freaked out)

I thought so too -- at least, initially. But... then I saw the dashcam footage from when we approached the church, and... well, I included a printout. See for yourself.

There's a sound of shuffling paper, and Morrison pulls out a small printed photo.

EDGAR MORRISON

(disturbed, but not scared)

Jesus -- what the hell is that thing?

DETECTIVE RAMOS

That's what our camera picked up in the split-second between the headlights hitting the figure and it running. I'm still not sure what to make of it, but -- that sure as hell doesn't look like a human face.

EDGAR MORRISON

(hesitates, then
dismissive)

We really should replace those cameras. They get some very bizarre glitches, especially in low-light conditions.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(defensive, trying to
convince me)

Sir, with all due respect, I don't think it's a --

EDGAR MORRISON

And I think if *that* what was you encountered that night, you would have noticed. I know it's a disturbing image, but I can't say that it's proof.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(growing exasperation)

What about November 20th? Two separate warehouses nearly 50 miles apart, found with flooded basements on the exact same day. You have to see the similarities to the Agate Shore incident!

EDGAR MORRISON

(clearly disturbed by the
news, but hiding it)

And you think the intervention of the supernatural is more likely than a broken water main? You know how much the county has struggled with failing infrastructure these past few/years --

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(practically pleading)

Sir, both warehouses were abandoned in the 80's.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE RAMOS (CONT'D)
Their water hasn't been connected
for more than thirty years.

EDGAR MORRISON
(trying to sound
interested, but just
looking for flaws)
Did we dispatch any officers to
investigate?

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(deflating)
We... both warehouses were out near
Arrowhead, and we couldn't spare
anyone to check on them. By the
time we got out there, they'd
already dried out.

EDGAR MORRISON
(satisfied, ending the
conversation)
So as far as we know, it could have
been a false alarm. I admit that
there are several disturbing
parallels to the Agate Shore case,
but that's all they are --
parallels. Conclusions based on
what's happened before.

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(blurting out)
You can't just dismiss all of these
as --

EDGAR MORRISON
(understated threat)
Don't interrupt me, Ramos. I
appreciate you bringing these to my
attention. I understand you've felt
a bit in the dark for the past few
weeks, but trust me -- I will look
into these cases, when and how I
see fit. But this department can't
function if we're too busy chasing
shadows to do our jobs. We need to
be rational/about how we--

DETECTIVE RAMOS
(annoyed, but trying to
hide it)
There is nothing rational about any
of this!

EDGAR MORRISON

(ending the conversation
for good)

Which is why you need to keep a
level head from here on out...
especially if you think you're
seeing ghosts. Ten to one, there's
a simpler explanation. Find it.

(beat)

And don't go harassing Ned if you
can't find me, alright? We both
know you're better than that.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(deflated, knowing she
can't push any further)

Yes sir.

EDGAR MORRISON

(pleased to hear it)

Good night, Detective.

CLICK. Morrison hangs up, shifting in his chair as he rubs
his face, exhausted.

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)

(finally showing his
exhaustion)

Christ...

He settles back in his chair -- then a moment later, a faint,
fleshy squelching is heard... an all-too-familiar noise.

7A. INT. OCPD HQ - MORRISON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ned Leroux sits forward in Morrison's chair... it's been the
shapeshifter all along. For a brief moment, we can hear both
his and Morrison's voice together.

NED LEROUX/EDGAR MORRISON

(doubled, tired)

"Leave him in the tunnels," I said -
- "No one will know the
difference," I said... Ugh.

NED SIGHS, Morrison's voice fading away completely as he
finishes changing back.

NED LEROUX

(regretful)

So much for a nice office job. No
wonder Morrison stayed underground.

(MORE)

NED LEROUX (CONT'D)

These people can hardly tie their shoes without him.

(beat, then a little bit more reflective)

I wonder what would happen if I just... let him disappear again. For good, this time. Might be better, in the long term. Certainly easier for me. I've already made myself Deputy Chief, so I suppose they'd just... have me stand in for him. For now, Hmmm...

Ned thinks about that for a moment -- then suddenly, the phone rings again.

NED LEROUX (CONT'D)

What the hell? Who's calling Morrison at 5 o'clock?

There's a brief sound of squelching mud as Ned begins to shift back -- then it cuts short. He hesitates for a moment, clearly torn -- then...

NED LEROUX (CONT'D)

(too tired to care)

Ah, screw it.

(picks up phone)

Hello?

SPONSOR

(speaking a code phrase)

"Three things are ever silent..."

NED LEROUX

(beat, confused)

Beg pardon?

SPONSOR

(equally confused)

What... Who is this?

NED LEROUX

(slightly confrontational)

I could ask the same thing. This is a private line.

SPONSOR

(annoyed)

Where's Edgar? Why are you in his office?

NED LEROUX

I'm helping *Chief* Morrison out with a few things while he recovers.

SPONSOR

Well can you get him on the phone?

NED LEROUX

(passive aggressive)

May I ask what this is regarding...?

SPONSOR

Tell him it's Spengler. I need to talk to him.

NED LEROUX

(SCOFFS)

I could tell him it's the pope, and he'd still ask what it's about. And I need more than a last name, buddy.

SPONSOR

(irritated)

Dr. Ellis Spengler. Tell him it's about the tunnels.

NED LEROUX

(pause, clearly surprised they know)

Right... Oh, hold on, there he is --

Ned shifts in his seat, covering the receiver as he morphs back into Morrison. Once he's done...

7B. INT. OCPD HQ - MORRISON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EDGAR MORRISON

(trying to sound surprised)

Hello?

SPONSOR

(demanding, clearly in charge)

Edgar, what the hell is going on over there? Why haven't we heard from you since October?

EDGAR MORRISON

(trying to read the situation very quickly)

(MORE)

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)
You haven't been getting the reports I've sent? They should have arrived by now.

SPONSOR
(confused, exasperated)
Reports... Edgar, we told you to call us. Weekly. I've been extremely patient up until now, but --

EDGAR MORRISON
(trying to throw him off)
Is this line secure?

SPONSOR
(confused)
What? I don't know -- I thought you were handling that.

EDGAR MORRISON
I thought I was too, but clearly there's a hole in the system somewhere. I just figured out someone has been tapping my communications for the past few months.

SPONSOR
(worried)
Tapping your... who?

EDGAR MORRISON
I don't know yet. But I'm going to find out.
(beat)
So I take it you haven't been getting my reports either, then?

SPONSOR
(growing nervous)
No, I haven't. Do you think --

EDGAR MORRISON
(feeding his worry)
Either that, or the post office is running even slower than usual out here.

SPONSOR
That... complicates things.

EDGAR MORRISON
It does at that.

SPONSOR
 (realizing someone might
 be listening in)
 What about the, uh... Activity, in
 the tunnels? Did it work?

EDGAR MORRISON
 (concealing)
 That got complicated too. Another
 set of... Outside factors.

SPONSOR
 And I assume you've got a plan to
 deal with those?

EDGAR MORRISON
 (telling him what he wants
 to hear)
 I might. I need a few more days to
 get things sorted here. Then I'll
 update you.

SPONSOR
 We've already given you weeks --

EDGAR MORRISON
 (snapping a little, trying
 to intimidate)
 I spent most of those in the
 hospital, in case you haven't
 heard.

SPONSOR
 (not backing down)
 We heard. And we know it wasn't a
 golfing injury.

EDGAR MORRISON
 (a little surprised, still
 trying to intimidate)
 Are you threatening me, Spengler?

SPONSOR
 I'm giving you a warning, Edgar.
 Get your shit together, or we find
 someone who can.
 (code-phrase)
 "In the shadow, we make silence."

CLICK. Ellis hangs up before Edgar/Ned can reply.

After a long moment, Ned shift back into his usual shape,
 staring at the receiver in his hand in disbelief.

NED LEROUX
(worried, confused,
scared, annoyed)
What the hell have I gotten myself
into?

BEEP. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS