

"BREATH AND TEARS AND TORTURES"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 03, Episode 66
Recording Draft - August 4, 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. MKCTS FACILITY - CAGE - NIGHT - 11/8/19

Far underground, Bill stirs in a fitful sleep. He's leaned up against the back wall of his cage, BREATHING SOFTLY.

From beyond the glass, two muffled voices can be heard, ARGUING ABOUT SOMETHING.

NED LEROUX (MUFFLED)
(nervous)
I still don't think it's a good
idea.

EDGAR MORRISON (MUFFLED)
(annoyed)
Does it sound like I'm asking for
your opinion?

NED LEROUX (MUFFLED)
(insist-ant)
Even if this doesn't burn them out,
we won't get any usable data out of
it. The signal pattern's going to
get messed up by/whatever dreams
they're having--

EDGAR MORRISON (MUFFLED)
(cutting him off, ending
the argument)
And if this works, then it won't
matter what state the data's in.
Start the cycle.

Defeated, Ned quietly straps himself into the chair at the center of the psychic wheel. Everything is quiet...

Then a shrill alarm blares through the speaker in Bill's cage. BILL CRIES OUT IN PAIN AND ALARM at the noise.

The machinery of the wheel switches on, and BILL'S SCREAM CUTS OFF, replaced by SHALLOW, GASPING BREATHE OF TERROR.

Fire crackles. The air buzzes with energy.

EVAN TYLER SR. (V.O.)
(echoing out of his
memories, disgusted)
Did you really think we wouldn't
figure out?

BILL TYLER
(weak, pleading)
Dad...?

EVAN TYLER SR. (V.O.)
 (echoing out of his
 memories, scowling)
 Get out of my house.

LILLIAN TYLER (V.O.)
 (echoing out of his
 memories, hurting)
 It's for your own good, Bill.

BILL TYLER
 (weak, confused)
 Mom...?

LILLIAN TYLER (V.O.)
 (echoing out of his
 memories, lying)
 We only want what's best for you,
 dear... once you understand that,
 you'll be thankful we did it.

BILL TYLER
 (fearful, remembering what
 this is)
 No...

The sound of the machinery rises as BILL CRIES OUT IN PAIN AGAIN, like someone's stabbing his brain with a hot knife.

AMANITA
 (terrified, echoing
 through the wheel)
 The Source of all that was and was
 not and will be again is within me
 and without me and beyond me and
 below me and before me forever and
 ever--

Something sparks, and the machine abruptly stops. BILL GRUNTS as he falls back against the wall, exhausted and in pain.

EDGAR MORRISON (MUFFLED)
 (through the glass)
 What happened?

NED LEROUX (MUFFLED)
 (through the glass,
 annoyed)
 Exactly what I said. The signal
 pattern was outside the acceptable
 range. We'll probably need to
 replace the modulator.

EDGAR MORRISON (MUFFLED)
 (scowls, frustrated)
 Goddammit, that's the third one
 this week. Do you know how hard it
 is to find these parts?

NED LEROUX (MUFFLED)
 (he was the one who found
 them)
 Yes, I do. And I know we have a
 spare.

EDGAR MORRISON (MUFFLED)
 (SIGHS, accepting)
 Worth a shot, at least.

As they speak, Bill inches himself up to the glass, then taps weakly. His captors glance over, then Morrison switches on the intercom.

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)
 (annoyed)
 What do you want, Tyler?

BILL TYLER
 (weak, confused, pained)
 What the hell was that?

EDGAR MORRISON
 (smug)
 Well, after the last few tests came
 up short, we thought we'd try
 something different: using shock
 and fear instead of pain. We
 thought there might be a chance at
 a better outcome, but unfortunately
 -- it didn't work. Ah well.
 (to Ned)
 I'm gonna get some air. Make sure
 you replace that modulator before
 the next trial.

Morrison marches off before Ned can answer. The door creaks open, then shuts behind him.

NED LEROUX
 (SCOFFS, annoyed sarcasm)
 Yes sir, right away sir, you want
 fries with that, sir?

BILL TYLER
 (breathless, pained)
 Was it you?

NED LEROUX
 (stops, hesitant)
 Was what me?

BILL TYLER
 (SCOFFS, mocking)
 "Shock and fear." Sounds like your
 kind of idea...

NED LEROUX
 (long pause, deflecting)
 What were you dreaming about?

BILL TYLER
 (spiteful)
 Why do you want to know?

NED LEROUX
 (trying to sound
 nonchalant)
 No reason, it's just... you looked
 awful peaceful, sleeping there.

BILL TYLER
 (hesitates, but wants to
 remind himself)
 I was dreaming about Rob. About
 when we first got together, before
 my family found out. Last time I
 had... only time I had Rob and my
 family. Back then, it just felt...
 (trails off, unable to
 find words)

Ned remains silent, with an odd look of longing and...
 regret?

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)
 (sudden thought, curious)
 Do you have dreams?

NED LEROUX
 (facade goes back up,
 scowls)
 I don't sleep, Tyler.

BILL TYLER
 (seeing through his lie)
 Then why'd you ask?

Ned goes silent, thinking about how to respond. Finally...

NED LEROUX
(halting, unusually
vulnerable)

No, I don't dream... not the way
you're thinking of. My brain is...
well, it's not made of the same
stuff as yours. But this...
existence... sometimes it feels
like a dream. One I'm always on the
edge of waking up from. Like I'm...
like I'm something that somebody
else dreamed up, and I only exist
because they've been asleep for so
long. And I'm worried that... One
day, I'm worried that person will
finally wake up, and I'll just slip
away.

CLICK.

MAIN THEME.

2. INT. ISPHA VAN - COLORADO HIGHWAY - DAY - 1/13/20

The recorder starts in a slight confusion of movement as the
engine rumbles in the background.

SAM BAILEY
(irritated, stubborn)
Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for
ISPHA/internal records--

MARIA SOL
(GROANS, tired)
Come on, Sam...

BILL TYLER
Do we really have to do this
now?

SAM BAILEY
(insistent, petty)
January 13th, 2020 at 12:02pm
Mountain Standard Time.

KATE SHERIDAN
(exasperated)
Come on Sam, we all just want to
listen to the radio.

SAM BAILEY
(stubborn, irritable)
Well I don't. If I have to listen
to one more passive aggressive ad
read from Adrian *fucking* Briggs,
I'm going to lose it.

MARIA SOL

What is your problem, Sam?

SAM BAILEY

(frustrated)

My problem is that ISPHA had us locked up in that cabin for almost two weeks looking for something they knew damn well we wouldn't find. Do you have any idea how much time we've lost because Caldwell had an axe to grind?

KATE SHERIDAN

(trying to be the voice of reason)

We don't know that's why they sent us there. Maybe they just... got bad intel.

SAM BAILEY

(admitting he might be wrong)

Fine. But the point is, we wasted too much time up there, and I don't intend to waste the drive back too.

KATE SHERIDAN

(insisting on rest)

Enjoying the drive isn't wasting our time, Sam.

SAM BAILEY

(muttered, annoyed)

Keep telling yourself that.

MARIA SOL

(sick of his attitude)

Seriously Sam, why are you so anxious to get back to work?

Sam pauses, clearing thinking about what happened before they left -- but says nothing.

SAM BAILEY

(ignoring her)

Cross-recording Tape number 1-7-2-1-18 for personal investigation. Recording begins.

Before anyone can say otherwise -- CLICK.

3. INT. ANNA SHERIDAN'S HOME - NIGHT - 5/24/17

Outside Anna's bedroom, the wind howls -- a storm has arrived in Lake Isabella, and thunder rumbles in the distance.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(shaking, half-awake
terror after a nightmare)

It begins with silence -- a shadow falling across the land where no soul dares speak and the air will not deign a sound to pass. A calm, before the storm. And then light! Lines of white and blue that split the night, thundering against the deafening silence. Where they touch the earth, fires sprout and spread like weeds, and where the flames meet the sea the water boils. All but the fiercest living things will die, and those who remain may never walk beneath the open sky again.

(beat)

Far above, a tall-masted ship sails into the heavens, riding on the comet's tail in search of safer harbors... but they do not know there are dragons between the stars, and the king of the dragons finds them on the border of its lands. It splits their hull with a swipe of its tail, setting her crew adrift on the tides of the nothing that is everything.... but it will not end with the Earth. For the dark was not killed, and it needs not the air to spread -- the sun shall be extinguished, and the moon dissolve to dust as the lightless stars burn out one by one by one as the universe endures -- forever dead, forever ageless. And then... then...

Anna falters, her memory of the dream fading.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(SIGHS, frustrated)

Fuck. That's the third time this week, and I still can't remember what comes next. At least I got more of it down this time -- I should've known better than to try and write it down by hand.

(MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(beat, reminiscing)

I really wish I'd payed more attention to my dreams growing up. I have to wonder if this isn't all as new as I think it is. Maybe I've been having these dreams all my life, and I'm just now remembering them -- Dad, the nightmare... whoever that shadow figure I keep is seeing is.

(beat, unconvinced)

No... no, these don't just feel like normal dreams. I've never had recurring nightmares before, not even as a kid. There's no point in worrying about them, though -- I'm not going to the doctor's and telling them I keep dreaming about the end of the world, that's for sure. Not unless...

Anna trails off, suddenly realizing something. Reaching over to her nightstand, Anna dials her phone.

REN PARK

(confused, not sleepy)

Anna? What time is it?

ANNA SHERIDAN

(suddenly realizing)

It's, uh... 2:30. Shit, sorry Ren.

REN PARK

(unusually chipper for the hour)

No, it's okay... I'm pulling an all nighter anyways. Needed the distraction. What's up?

ANNA SHERIDAN

(slightly hesitant, awkward)

Are you still interested in... uh, the possibility of precognition? After what happened at QA?

REN PARK

(not sure where she's going with this)

Uh... a bit, yeah. Why? Do you have something new?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (hesitant, but deciding to
 tell him)
 I... I think so, Ren.

CLICK.

4. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDICAL LAB - 5/31/17

The recorder re-starts in an almost silent medical lab, with only faint fan noises and a quietly ticking clock.

REN PARK
 (official)
 Doctor Ren Park, recording for
 ISPHA internal records:
 experimental report, May 31st, 2017
 at 8:32pm Mountain Daylight Time.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (slightly surprised)
 It's already that late?

REN PARK
 (CHUCKLES)
 Yeah, I know... easy to lose track
 of time this far down. ISPHA built
 most of these tunnels back in the
 80's in case of nuclear war, so I
 guess being disconnected from the
 outside world was kind of the
 point.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (vague unease)
 Yeah... sure Ren.

REN PARK
 (notices her worry)
 Don't worry -- we barely use them
 anymore. Most days, it's just the
 technicians and a handful of
 scientists running high-energy
 experiments down here. ISPHA's not
 in the business of planning for the
 end of the world.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (not quite believing him)
 So why is this lab full of high-end
 medical equipment...?

REN PARK

(LAUGHS, shaking his head)
I requisitioned most of this last week, specifically for this project. Most of it's just on loan from UNM.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(a little surprised)
And Caldwell let you do that?

REN PARK

Well... technically. I mean, pushing the boundaries of scientific inquiry is literally a phrase in my job description, and I'd say this probably counts. Plus, once I got clearance from the medical science division, I didn't need her signature on those requisition forms, so...

ANNA SHERIDAN

(dismissive, hates office politics)
Right, right, let's just -- get started.

REN PARK

(refocusing, excited)
Perfect. If you would, just... go ahead and lie down, and I'll tell the techs to get started.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(slightly confused)
A CT scanner?

REN PARK

(a little uncomfortable)
Yeah, I, uh... I wanted to check for any mundane causes for your dreams before we get any further. Physiological abnormalities, tumors, hemorrhages -- that sort of thing.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(distrust and desire for privacy)
Are you sure that's... really necessary?

REN PARK
 (pushing slightly)
 Given your lifestyle and the amount
 of time you spend in potentially
 hazardous environments... yes, I'm
 afraid it is.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (not wanting anyone else
 to see the results)
 And you need the techs because...

REN PARK
 (masking annoyance)
 Because I'm an engineer, not a
 medical doctor. I've been reading
 as much as I can since you called,
 but... I don't even know how half
 the equipment works.

Unable to argue with that, Anna walks over and lies down on
 the scanner table, trying to get comfortable.

REN PARK (CONT'D)
 (trying to lighten the
 mood)
 And besides, how often do you get
 the chance at a free CAT scan? We
 really should be billing our time
 to your insurance, you know.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (smart-ass, firing back)
 Ha ha, Ren.

REN CHUCKLES, then turns towards the exit. Before he does
 though, he picks up the tape deck.

REN PARK
 (realizing)
 Better turn you off before/[they
 turn the machine on]--

CLICK.

5. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDICAL LAB - 6/3/17

ANNA BREATHES SOFTLY as she sleeps in the medical lab. An
 analogue EEG machine ticks quietly in the background.

REN PARK

(whispered, detached)

Doctor Ren Park, recording for
ISPHA internal records:
experimental update, June 3rd, 2017
at 11:43pm Mountain Daylight Time.
It's been several days since the
subject arrived at Meriwether, and
we've conducted a number of sleep
studies in an effort to determine
the cause of her dreams. These
early tests were all conducted
under the supervision of Doctor
Wright, but he was called away
several days ago and left me in
charge once he was confident I had
a firm grasp of the experiment.
Thankfully we're using much simpler
equipment at this stage as well, so
I've been able to release the
medical techs. Even so... none of
these trials have been successful.
In fact, the subject's dreams have
thus far failed to reoccur in a
clinical setting. I'm beginning to
wonder if there might be some
environmental trigger to her
dreams, either in her home in Lake
Isabella, or in her van. She's
reported having these dreams in
both, so I suspect it might be
something she normally carries with
her but didn't/bring this...

Ren trails off. ANNA GROANS IN HER SLEEP, stirring slightly.
The EEG begins to tick louder and faster.

REN PARK (CONT'D)

(excited, slightly rushed
whisper)

Strike that -- it seems like
something is happening. The subject
appears to be in a state of some
distress -- elevated heart-rate and
respiration, somniloquy... and her
EEG seems to indicate she's having
a night-terror. Or at least
something similar -- from what I've
read, night-terrors are rare for
adults without a previous history
of parasomnia. But it's...

(trails off, stunned)

It's... the EEG has changed.

(MORE)

REN PARK (CONT'D)

She was in slow wave NREM sleep a moment ago, but now it's... these are alpha waves.

(recovering from surprise,
official notation)

Notation: the subject's brain waves have entered an alpha phase similar to the characteristics of wakefulness, despite the fact that bodily functions remain within the parameters of normal sleep and the subject clearly remains unconscious. I don't/know what could be--

ANNA SHERIDAN

(panicked sleep-talking)

In the desert where the water sleeps, where the wealthy drink the liquor gold and silver and bury lights in the earth where no light should dwell, a power will rise below the sand more terrible than any before or after. It shall try to close a door, but in so doing throw open doors within itself that shall never be closed again,/and through those doors a terror shall rise to poison the land and freeze the sun--!

Ren's scientific curiosity breaks, and he rushes over.

REN PARK

(worried, shaking her
awake)

Anna? Anna, wake up, it's just a dream, you're fine.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(panicked wakefulness)

Ren! Ren, you need to help us, help me -- it's coming!

REN PARK

(trying to calm her down
and hide his own fear)

What's coming? What did you see?

ANNA SHERIDAN

(weakened, delirious)

Help me... please, help us... the world is dying, Ren...

REN PARK

(beat, trying to reassure
her)

I will. I promise. We just need
more data.

CLICK.

6. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDICAL LAB - 6/9/22

Alone in the lab, Anna starts the recorder.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(not used to official
notation, exhausted)

Anna Sheridan, recording for ISPHA
internal records: experimental
update, June 9th, 2017 at 2:21am
Mountain Daylight time.

(beat, more informal)

It's been about five days since Ren
and I started this experiment.
Based on what they saw during the
sleep study and Doctor Wright's
reactions, they wanted to see if
they could induce the same kind of
brain patterns while I'm awake.
So... here I am. Nearly a hundred
hours since I last slept, saw
another person, or went outside
this lab. I've got a laptop with no
internet connection but plenty of
movies and podcasts, several books,
workout equipment, and a two week's
supply of food and coffee, along
with a hotplate to prepare it. Ren
wanted to make sure I stayed awake
as long as possible, and the best
way to do that is to keep my mind
and body engaged as much as I can.

(beat, annoyed)

That worked until about day 3. I
thought this wouldn't be that
difficult -- I'm pretty sure I
already have some level of insomnia
and I'm used to going for days
without sleep when I'm on the road,
but... I was not prepared for this
at all.

(beat, growing unease)

I have to wonder how much of that
is because I'm in this room.

(MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Ren's been intentionally vague about how far underground we are, but it feels deep... like I'm buried under miles of earth and I'm the only person left alive on the entire planet... or like I'm on the moon. Without the sun, I have no way of tracking the time except for the clock on the wall... and even that seems to be lying to me. Minutes stretch on way longer than they should, and then hours just vanish when I look away for what feels like a second. My energy comes and goes too, though that might be more because of the amount of coffee I'm drinking to stay awake. I seem to be more and less wakeful in cycles of about 30 to 40 hours, though I haven't been specifically tracking them -- I know Ren can see me, and they're probably keeping thorough notes when they're not buried in research. I've also been eating less, despite the amount of exercise I'm doing to stay awake... at least, when I feel awake enough to move at all.

(beat)

To top it all off... I haven't had any cannabis since the experiment started. Ren didn't want to "muddy the results," and I know it makes me drowsy, but... I've been having withdrawal symptoms since day 3, and I fucking hate it. It's made my mood way more unpredictable, and the effects of sleep deprivation even worse.

(longer pause, devil may care)

You know what? Fuck it. The experiment is sleep deprivation and isolation, not sleep deprivation, isolation, and quitting cold turkey all at the same time. I really doubt I'll ever be able to "dream with my eyes open" like Ren wants, and there's no way I'm spending another second of this experiment sober.

Reaching into her jacket pocket, Anna retrieves a small, square device and clicks it experimentally.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (shaking her head)
 God, I hate vapes. This was a gift from Anthony during one of my first press tours: "Only for emergencies," he said. Well Tony... I think this counts.

With a noisy hiss, Anna BREATHES IN the vaporized THC, then EXHALES LOUDLY, smiling.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (relief)
 Ah...

Silence as Anna enjoys the moment -- then suddenly, the incredibly sensitive smoke alarm in the lab start to scream.

ANNA MAKES A NOISE OF PAIN and covers her ears, trying to block out the noise.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (realizing she's caught)
 Oh... shit.

REN PARK (V.O.)
 (through the intercom)
 Anna? Anna, is everything alright in there?

CLICK.

7. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDICAL LAB - 6/16/17

ANNA BREATHES SLOWLY, in and out in the rhythm of sleep. The clock ticks on the wall. The EEG clicks away quietly.

Faint, furtive footsteps as Ren crosses the lab, quietly switching on a small sound system. He picks up a mic.

REN PARK (DISTORTED)
 (artificial echo and reverb, distant whisper)
 Anna?

The EEG changes slightly, a small bump in cognitive activity. Ren pauses, waiting for it to stabilize.

REN PARK (DISTORTED) (CONT'D)
 (soft)
 Anna, can you hear me?

ANNA'S BREATHING REMAINS CONSTANT, but the EEG ticks quietly,
 as if in reply.

REN PARK (DISTORTED) (CONT'D)
 (soft, directing)
 Anna, look around you -- observe
 your surroundings closely. What do
 you see?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (softly, slurred sleep-
 talking)
 A lab.

REN PARK (DISTORTED)
 Where is this lab?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (soft)
 I don't know.

REN PARK (DISTORTED)
 Anna... can you move around?
 Explore where you are?

Anna doesn't reply, but the ticks of the EEG become regular,
 almost sounding like footsteps.

After a moment, they slow into the steady pattern of NREM
 sleep.

REN PARK (DISTORTED) (CONT'D)
 What do you see, Anna?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (soft, growing more
 wakeful as she goes on)
 I see... a star. A far away star,
 burning in a window of light that
 is an eye staring into the distant
 past a billion billion billion
 miles away...

The EEG changes, marking the alpha wave half-sleep of her
 prophecies. Anna continues.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(growing more distressed)

...A brilliant blue sun, young and blazing -- but there's a second star -- a corpse star -- the remains of her long dead sister, still circling in a dance of death. And it's... it's consuming her... feeding on her... the corpse star, struggling to be reborn. It's close... so very close... and it --

ANNA CUTS OFF WITH A SHARP GASP, the EEG spiking as SHE STARTS TO HYPERVENTILATE.

Moving quickly, Ren throws a switch on the sound system -- triggering an all-too-familiar shrill alarm. ANNA WAKES WITH A STRANGLERED SCREAM.

REN PARK

(already at her side,
demanding answers)

What did you see?

ANNA SHERIDAN

(panicked, BREATHING HARD)

Ren -- please help me--

REN PARK

(harsher, demanding)

What did you see!?

ANNA SHERIDAN

(words tumbling out of
control, distressed)

The dead star blazed back into life, exploding in rebirth -- the small green world orbiting it had no warning before they were erased. All life utterly destroyed... an entire civilization cut short before it could even begin. Billions of living things dead before they had a chance to understand what was happening to them.

REN PARK

(demanding answers)

When is this happening? How far in the future?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (confused, slightly
 calmer)
 It's already happened... it was
 millions of years ago.

REN PARK
 (insistent, obsessive)
 No, I mean -- when will we *know*
 that it's happened? Did you see a
 clock in that lab?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (realizing)
 December 1st, 2017 -- 8:45am.

REN BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF, sitting back into a nearby
 chair.

REN PARK
 (relieved, relaxing)
 Thank the goddess... I almost
 thought this was all for nothing,
 but -- that sounds like a type 1-A
 supernova. Exploding Neutron Star.
 Those are pretty easy to spot and
 highly characteristic. It'll take a
 few months, but once the
 observatories spot it--

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (confused, hurt, and lost)
 What the hell did you do?

REN PARK
 (suddenly seeing his
 friend)
 Oh my god, Anna... I'm so sorry. I
 should've explained it, but... we
 both wanted to figure out how your
 dreams work, and I couldn't warn
 you without messing up the results.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (growing anger, betrayal)
 I just watched an entire planet
 die, Ren. You think I was ready to
 answer questions?

REN PARK
 (defensive)
 I'm sorry, but... I thought you
 wanted to know the truth about your
 dreams? That you wanted my help?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (sullen, exhausted)
 Yeah. I thought I wanted that too.

Anna and Ren sit in silence for a long moment.

CLACK.

8. INT. ISPHA VAN - COLORADO HIGHWAY - DAY - 1/13/20

The tape comes to an end, and the team sits in stunned silence. Finally...

MARIA SOL
 (disgusted and hurt)
 What the fuck?
 (turning to Sam)
 Where did you get this tape?

SAM BAILEY
 (confused by her reaction)
 Ren gave it to me with the rest of
 the tapes... right after we got
 started at Meriwether? He said they
 might help.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (confused, hurt)
 Why would Ren give us this tape and
 not tell us what they did?

SAM BAILEY
 (growing confusion)
 They did, though -- Ren told us
 they did sleep studies to test
 Anna's abilities.

MARIA SOL
 (deep, boiling anger)
 That wasn't a fucking sleep study,
 Sam. That was Ren, torturing their
 friend for answers.

SAM BAILEY
 (not sure what the problem
 is)
 That's a... bit of an exaggeration,
 isn't it? I mean, she agreed to do
 it, right? She knew it was going to
 push her, and they got the results
 they needed, so...

KATE SHERIDAN
 (exasperated)
 That doesn't make it okay, Sam!

SAM BAILEY
 (tired of arguing, trying
 to shut it down)
 Look, maybe it doesn't seem like it
 to you two, but she was your
 sister, and your girlfriend. You're
 both too close to look at it
 objectively, and if the world
 really is ending, then isn't an
 experiment like that justified?

MARIA SOL
 (angry)
 He lied to his friend for no good
 reason, Sam -- can't you see why
 that's wrong?

SAM BAILEY
 (firing back)
 Of course I can, but Anna knew the
 risks before she got started. She
 asked to be there because she knew
 her dreams meant something bad was
 coming. Isn't that the right thing
 to do? Shouldn't people put
 themselves on the line when there
 are lives at stake?

BILL TYLER
 (muttered, pain and
 trauma)
 You sound like Morrison, Sam.

Everyone goes quiet, realizing that he knows better than any
 of them the effects this kind of experiment can have.

After a long moment...

KATE SHERIDAN
 (soft, tired)
 Let's just... not talk about it for
 now.

Everyone silently assents. The tires rumble on the road for a
 moment... then Sam abruptly sits up in his sea.

MARIA SOL
 (concerned)
 You okay, Sam?

SAM BAILEY
(surprised she noticed)
What?

MARIA SOL
(unsure)
You've got a... weird look on your
face.

SAM BAILEY
(shakes it off)
Nothing, it's just... just had an
idea about something. Don't worry
about it.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS