

"AURIBUS TENEO LUPUM"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 03, Episode 67
Recording Draft - August 4, 2022

by

Trevor Van Winkle

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

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1. INT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT? - ??/??/??

Far below the Earth, beyond the reach of sun or the deepest tunnelings of humankind; deeper than the sightless worms that writhe and crawl through the cold dirt and further than the longest roots could ever reach -- something grows.

It is slow, but persistent -- working its way through the layers of rock and soil and sediment towards some destination even it does not know. And as it travels down, it's as though it travels through time, as words spoken long ago echo up through the weight of all creation.

BEECHWOOD MONSTER (RECORDED)
The mind that made mine, to which I am a bare function, a base desire to hunt: It presses me back into physical form every time death might grant me some measure of release. Whether I am of this world or another, I only know that in all my searching, I have not found that mind anywhere on Earth.

ANNA SHERIDAN (RECORDED)
I'm standing out in the desert, watching my dad as he shovels dry sand into a set of moulded, plastic buckets. He's working frantically, trying to build a sandcastle as quickly as possible... But without any water, the walls just crumble away to nothing. I want to help, but I can't get any closer. When I try to move, I can feel my legs sinking deeper and deeper into the sand, like something's pulling me down.

DE WITT (RECORDED)
Long and short of it is... I'm no one. At least, that's how it was at the start. Don't remember much of it. Lights in a lightless place. Dark otherwise, and I knew it, even if I didn't have eyes to see. Voices, though how I heard them, I can't say. I don't even know how long I was there. I don't even know if it's right to say I was there, or that any time really passed: it was barely like consciousness at all, that state of unbeing.

KATE SHERIDAN (RECORDED)
And I saw... a lot of things I still don't know how to explain. I've tried to find the words, but... I don't think they exist. Not in any language I know, at least. And some little voice in the back of my mind seemed to warn me that trying to describe them might actually be enough to finally undo me completely. These spirits that I guess are always there, but common grace keeps us from seeing them.

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)
 I opened my eyes, and this time I could feel the edges of the illusion all around me. Or... Maybe just the edges where these woods and the city touched one another. Perhaps they're both real, in their own way. I'd like to think so.

AMANITA (RECORDED)
 "And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." And the spirit of our god is in the waters, moving through them -- and our god is the waters, moving through itself.

THE QUESTION (RECORDED)
 "What would you do, to save yourself?"

With that last word, the earth gives way and the branching tendrils of mycelia break through into a howling, underground space -- along with a set of mostly-human footsteps.

They take a few measured paces forward, then stop...
 CHUCKLING SOFTLY in gentle amusement.

AMANITA
 (declaration of victory)
 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.
 (beat)
 Amen.

CLICK.

2. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT - 1/15/20

An almost-silent room in the medical wing, with only the faint sound of machinery, the ticking of a small clock, and the movement of a single person audible.

Whoever it is, they pull out their phone, then play a digital recording of another tape.

[RECORDING]

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)
 Listen, I know what you've probably heard about me. But trust me when I say I didn't have a choice when I ran. There's more at play in Oslow than anyone knows, and Morrison is not who people think he is.

MOLLY DAVIS (RECORDED)
(genuinely a little
curious)
What are you talking about?

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)
(growing confidence)
Morrison. He has some kind of
agenda -- I don't know what it is
yet, but he's willing to kill
people for it. You don't like OCPD?
Neither do I. And you don't know
the half of what's going on there.
It's rotten all the way to the
core, and they're about to do
something... Big. Dangerous.

MOLLY DAVIS (RECORDED)
(almost convinced)
What do you mean, "dangerous?" What
kind of danger?

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)
(shaking his head
slightly)
I don't quite know what it is yet,
but I'm trying to stop it. I can
explain everything if you just give
me a few minutes -- please just put
the gun down first, okay?

A long, tense pause -- then... BEEP.

MOLLY DAVIS (RECORDED)
(into radio)
LEO Davis to HQ, come in.

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)
(desperate)
Wait, wait!

FOREST SERVICE DISPATCHER (RECORDED)
HQ to Davis, we copy.

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)
Molly, please don't do this --

MOLLY DAVIS (RECORDED)
HQ, I have a --

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)
(slightly distorted)
NO!

On the last word, there's a sudden horrible ripping sound, like the world is being torn apart around Molly. SHE SCREAMS, her voice distorting and looping in on itself before --

It cuts out. Reality snaps back to normal. SAM IS BREATHING HARD, trying to catch his breath.

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED) (CONT'D)
 (confused, terrified)
 Oh god... What have I done?

[END RECORDING]

BEEP. Sam stops the playback, THEN TAKES A DEEP BREATH, gathering his thoughts.

SAM BAILEY
 (distracted)
 Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for
 ISPHA internal records - personal
 log, January 15, 2020 at 11:45pm
 Mountain Standard Time.
 (long beat, thinking what
 to say)
 Ren, if you're hearing this -- if
 anyone's hearing this -- then that
 probably means I've failed. And if
 that's true, then this...
 (beat, remembering
 something)
 Wait... Hold on.

Sam crosses the room to the door, then pulls the front panel off the electronic lock and disconnects the power cable, sealing it in place. He returns once it's done.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (a little uneasy about his
 choice)
 There... That should keep anyone
 else out of here until I'm done. I
 really have no idea how long this
 is going to take -- Amanita gave me
 some good pointers, but I still
 don't fully understand how this
 "otherworld" works. And I know I'm
 taking a massive risk doing this on
 my own without telling anyone, but -
 - I really can't think of a better
 option right now. If I tell Ren or
 Caldwell or any of the ISPHA folks,
 I'll be locked in this lab anyways -
 - just like they did with Anna.
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

If I tell Kate or Bill or Maria, then I'll have to tell them that I pushed someone into the void back in November and lied about it. They already look at me like I'm some kind of freak half the time... I don't want them to think I'm an actual monster. I might have told Jerry if he was still here, but...

(Sam shakes his head,
dismissing all these)

I have to do this on my own. But -- if I don't make it out of this -- then I do want the truth on record, for the sake of my conscience if nothing else. So: on the morning of November 5th, 2019, I pushed Law Enforcement Officer Molly Davis of the U.S. Forest Service through a hole in space-time near Santa Lucia State Park into the supernatural otherworld behind it. It was an unthinking, instinctive act of self-defense that I still don't fully understand, but out of fear and a need for secrecy, I did not attempt to pull her back into the universe before I fled. As far as anyone in Oslow can tell, she's still missing.

(falls quiet, guilt)

It's been difficult, but I was able to do some research on her. She had a family in Scallow -- a wife and two kids, and a dog that I honestly thought was Russel for half a second. They're all waiting for her to come home -- and I'm the one that took her from them.

(longer beat, conviction)

So I have to fix it. I'm the one who has to make this right. No matter the cost.

Sam picks up the recorder, slips it into his pocket, then sits down on the cold floor of the lab with his legs crossed.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(focusing, beginning
meditation)

Alright -- observe the breath.

SAM TAKES SEVERAL DEEP BREATHS, SLOW AND REGULATED -- THEN HE LETS IT BECOME MORE NATURAL: IN AND OUT, WITH THE GAP BETWEEN BREATHS GETTING LONGER.

EVENTUALLY, HIS BREATHING IS BARELY AUDIBLE, SO SLOW IT'S ALMOST STOPPED. Static rises as the veil thins -- then it comes to a crescendo AS HE LETS OUT ONE LAST LONG BREATH, settling into the harmonious hum beyond the veil.

3. INT? BEYOND THE VEIL - CONTINUOUS

The distant sound of waves and wind can be heard, but the medical lab is still audible -- as though the recorder is picking up both the otherworld and the real space Sam's in.

SAM BAILEY

(not surprised, on mission)

Okay -- so far so good. I'm in the same underground space I saw in the cabin, but it's... different this time. I can still see the walls of the lab, but it doesn't feel like I'm going to sink through the floor this time. There's also no sign of the guardian, thank god. I wonder if...

(Sam glances back, slightly unnerved)

Oh. Yeah, that's definitely me down there. Amanita said that doing this pushed me outside my physical body, and it's currently sitting on the floor of the lab. That is... weird. I'm still connected to it -- I can feel everything it's feeling, that I'm feeling. But...

(trails off, shakes head)

Out of body experiences are a trip. Hopefully this is still being picked up by the recorder... it was when Amanita taught me how to get here the first time, so it should be on tape now. Somehow.

(dismisses the question, refocusing)

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

At the very least, this all matches my current theory about the guardian -- that it's a kind of immune system for this place, and the first time I crossed the veil I pulled too much of physical reality in with me -- my body, for one thing, along with most of the basement. None of that's ever supposed to enter this place, so the guardian came to close the wound and eradicate the infection. But now -- this part of me is always here, on the other side. I'm just looking through its eyes now.
 (beat, disturbing thought)
 If that's the case -- I really hope the guardian hasn't found Molly yet.

That unnerving thought hangs in the air for a long moment before Sam shakes it off, refocusing.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(analytical mode)

Can't focus on that -- need to figure out how I'm going to find her first. I mean -- Amanita called me a seeker, so... I should be able to find her, right?

The howl of the wind through the infinite beyond makes that seem utterly questionable.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(calling out, almost self-conscious)

Molly! Molly Davis, can you hear me?

His words echo, sounding incredibly small and thin as they return to him.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRIMACE, slightly embarrassed)

Right. Of course they can't. Amanita didn't call this "the infinite" for nothing. Maybe...

Sam extends his power slightly, trying to feel for Molly's presence -- but the static rises too quickly, and he falls out of it faster than usual.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(stunned, overwhelmed)

Whoa!

(recovering slightly)

Jesus. Okay, that didn't work. God, if I could get a headache in here, I'd probably have one.

(DEEP BREATH)

There's way too much emotional noise for me to find anything that way, much less a single human being. I'm feeling -- everything. Every single power in here all at once -- it was like being linked to the Jovian again. Just... too much to ever process.

Sam thinks for a long moment, letting the chaos in his head subside.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(more rational, reasoning his way forward)

I can't use Molly's emotions to find her... but what about my own? That's how Amanita had me make the stone tape -- by focusing on my emotions around Allen. If I focus on that link with Molly, I *might* be able to follow it and find her.

SAM TAKES A DEEP BREATH, then focuses -- the static shifting slightly with his emotions.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(berating himself)

I sent Molly into this place. I was scared and paranoid and pushed her out of the world to protect myself. I took her from her family. I took her family from her. And I have to fix that.

The static shifts one last time. Sam "opens his eyes," glancing around.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(slightly hesitant, unsure)

Alright... I think that might have done it. So -- one small step for man, one... AH!

There's a sound of rushing wind and distortion as the otherworld shoots away from Sam in the opposite direction. He staggers...

4. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS

...and falls back into the physical world. His body is upright now, but as he topples he runs into a rolling stool, knocking it over as he falls.

SAM BAILEY

(pained)

Ugh... Ow.

Sam slowly rises from the floor, WINCING as he holds his side. Almost subconsciously, he pushes the stool to the side and back under a desk.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(pained, irritated)

I think I just bruised my ribs. Thankfully it's... it doesn't feel like anything's broken. I don't know how I ended up on my feet though... I guess wherever and however I fall out of the veil, my physical body just... follows. Lucky me.

SAM TAKES A DEEP BREATH, recovering from his fall slightly before continuing.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(describing for the record)

I don't know how much you actually heard, but I'll try to describe what happened. After I focused on Molly and my connection to her, I tried to move in the direction I thought was towards her -- but the moment I did, the entire world just lurched away from me. I could've sworn I was going the right way, but... I honestly don't know shit about this place. Up is down, down is up. It'll be a wonder if I can find anything in there.

Sam cuts off, realizing that's defeatist... Then TAKES A DEEP BREATH, focusing again.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(reaffirming his choice)

Knock it off, Bailey -- you have to try. You have to find her.

(beat distracted)

Huh.

(glances at watch)

The clock seems like it's gone off. My watch says midnight, but it reads half past two.

(shakes his head)

It might have been off before, I didn't check before I started. I should keep an eye on it from here on, though -- time might get a bit shaky in there.

SLOWING HIS BREATHING, Sam slips back through the veil more quickly than before.

5. EXT? BEYOND THE VEIL - CONTINUOUS

The sounds of waves and fog beyond the world become clearer than before, as Sam crosses the veil more fully this time. He glances around -- nothing has changed.

SAM BAILEY

(theorizing)

Okay... I know I need some way to find her in here -- some kind of link. I assumed it would be emotional, because that's what my abilities are mostly based on -- emotions. At least... that's how it is on the other side. Maybe it's different in here. Amanita said that human emotions press against the veil and influence this place, so maybe they're too powerful to navigate by in here? Or too unfocused, maybe... my feelings about Molly are all tied up in other things, other people.

(beat, thinking)

So if the emotion's too general -- what about her name? What about focusing on her specifically, and the moment I pushed her into this place, without emotion? Would that work?

Sam really doesn't know -- but it's worth a shot. The static shifts AS HE TAKES A BREATH, focusing on that moment...

then a sound like wind through grass rises, though it sounds almost backwards. Sam looks up.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(confused, but hoping this is working)

Alright, something -- something's happening, at least. The, um... the fog is moving faster now, though it almost seems like it's going... backwards? And I can see glimpses of the waves beneath it, though they're all blurred out and unclear. It's almost like looking at a time-lapse... I can see the shifting and undulations of the water more clearly sped up, and there are... lights down there, in the fog. Almost like lightning seen through cloud, but... not. They're all different colors and sizes, and I can feel different emotions rising with each one... different minds. It's like how DeW-- like how Ned described it: lights in a lightless place. I guess... I guess this is where we were both born.

He falls silent at that... it's not a pleasant thought. After a moment, he shakes it off.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(refocusing)

Can't worry about that now. I need to find Molly, and I don't think she'd be in the fog... at least, I hope not. Something tells me that's not a fun place for humans to exist. Maybe if I can move towards the shoreline? When I was there with Amanita, it looked like the place Kate saw Anna, so maybe that's where people who cross the veil show up? Through those doors?

(beat, thoughtful)

Though maybe I'm taking this place too literally. There's no physical reality to any of this, but I'm seeing waves and fog and shorelines that look real... that look solid. I'm guessing this is all just -- my brain interpreting something that is by definition incomprehensible...

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 forcing it to make sense. No wonder
 I'm seeing waves. I wonder what
 someone else would see, if they
 were here?
 (beat, shakes head)
 I need to be careful I don't assume
 too much of anything I see--

Sam cuts off, noticing something in the middle distance. He
 stares at it for a long moment before...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (distracted, worried)
 Sorry, I just...
 (beat)
 There's another light down in the
 fog... a bigger one, and more
 consistent. It's a deep, bright
 red, and it's still flickering, but
 -- not like lightning. It's more
 like...
 (realization, dread)
 Fire. An unnatural, hungry fire.
 (beat, proclamation of
 doom)
 I know that power.

At Sam's word, the sound of crackling flame spikes suddenly,
 and HE CRIES OUT IN FEAR AND PAIN, staggering back...

6. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS

...and through the veil again, stumbling over the same
 rolling stool and falling against the corner of a lab table,
 knocking equipment to the floor along with him.

SAM GROANS IN QUIET PAIN for a moment, then reluctantly sits
 up.

SAM BAILEY
 (pained, annoyed)
 Okay, I know I moved that stool out
 of my way last time. How is it--
 (noticing something,
 distracted)
 When did the lights go out?

No one answers -- obviously. After a moment, SAM STANDS BACK
 UP, GROANING IN PAIN.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (rationalizing)
 They must be on a timer.
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 I'm guessing time is moving faster
 out here than it does when I'm in
 there.

Limping slightly, Sam crosses to the wall and turns the light
 back on, glancing at the clock as he returns.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (nodding, satisfied)
 Yeah, the clock in here says it's
 almost 4, but my watch is still
 just past midnight. I need to be
 careful -- if I stay too late,
 someone might realize the door is
 broken.

Returning to the center of the room, Sam sits back down on
 the floor, takes a deep breath, and....

7. INT/EXT? UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

...slips back into the beyond more completely than before --
 the faint noises of the lab are almost completely gone,
 leaving the old world behind.

SAM BAILEY
 (theorizing)
 Right... I think I'm getting
 closer. At the very least, it's
 getting easier to slip in and out
 of this place. But I haven't found
 her yet... not by a long shot. Her
 name got me this far, but I think
 that's about as much as I can hope
 for. But what other link do I have?
 The guilt is strong, but... it's
 not personal. I don't know her, so
 I'm not connected to her -- not the
 way I need to be to use it as a
 guide. So what else do I--?

Sam cuts off, realizing something. Reaching down, he pulls
 his phone out of his pocket.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (slightly confused, but
 pushing past)
 Right, uh... so I'm still outside
 my physical body, but I guess
 whatever I take with me into this
 place shows up here -- including my
 phone. Or at least -- some
 reflection of it. That's...
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 I guess that's good to know. And if
 that's the case, then...

Sam clicks a few buttons, and the recording of Molly begins to play. Though the sound seems slightly distorted, it still works.

[RECORDING]

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)
 Listen, I know what you've probably
 heard about me. But trust me when I
 say I didn't have a choice when I
 ran. There's more at play in Oslow
 than anyone knows, and Morrison is
 not who people think he is.

MOLLY DAVIS (RECORDED)
 (genuinely a little
 curious)
 What are you talking about?

[RECORDING CONTINUES UNDERNEATH]

As Molly begins to speak, the sound and static of the otherworld shifts as Sam begins to move.

SAM BAILEY
 (excited, slightly
 nervous)
 It's working. I'm moving now...
 over the fog and waves and towards -
 - I think that's the shoreline, but
 I can't be --

The sound of movement suddenly becomes overwhelming -- rushing wind and rising pulses and swishes as Sam is flung through the chaos faster than human sight can see.

He's caught in a breathless fear for a long moment before he SCREAMS -- then as the sounds of movement come to a crescendo...

8. INT. UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

He comes to a stop in a dark, underground place. Wind howls through endless tunnels and water drips as a heavy drone fills the air like the weight of all creation.

HE CATCHES A TERRIFIED BREATH, SLOWLY RECOVERING.

SAM BAILEY

(terrified, disoriented
PANTING)

I... I guess that worked. At least... It took me somewhere else. I can't see where... it's pitch black down here, but -- it feels like I'm underground now. Below that beach, or -- far beneath the waves. I don't know. I don't think I can, not unless...

Sam trails off... he's caught his breath, and now he notices something else.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(slightly worried, unsure)

There's uh... I can see a light now. Not like the lights in the fog -- this one is fainter, but more steady. It's small, and it's pale, but... honestly, it almost looks like a candle, the way it's flickering. And it's just about at my height... like it's being held by a human hand. I think I can almost see the outline of fingers around it, but... I can't be sure. Not in this light. But maybe it's...

(beat, whispered call,
nervous)

Molly?

The sound of a flame moving... a faint flutter further into the cave. After a moment, soft, padding footsteps begin to move closer, like someone walking on stone in bare feet.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

It's... it's moving closer. Whatever it is... if it's actually her, then...

(calling out, louder)

Molly? Molly Davis, is that you?

The footsteps stop, still sounding far away. After a long moment, whoever holds the ghost-light turns around and begins to walk away.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(terrified, desperate)

Wait... Wait! Molly! Come back!

Sam tries to run, his footsteps sounding heavy and clumsy in this place. But it does no good... the other footsteps just continue to recede.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (to himself, terrified of
 losing this chance)
 What the hell... I'm not getting
 any closer. The faster I run, the
 further away the light...
 (calling out, desperate)
 Molly, please! I'm sorry I put you
 here, but you don't have to be
 scared -- I'm trying to help you!
 Please!

MOLLY DAVIS
 (whispered, rage and pain)
 You've done enough, Bailey.

SAM BAILEY
 (confused)
 Molly?

Sam turns -- the voice sounded like it came from right over his shoulder. But as he does...

9. INT. UNDERGROUND - CONTINUOUS

...the veil closes back around him, and the sounds of the otherworld vanish completely -- as do all other sounds.

SAM GRUNTS as something stops his turning movement. HE TRIES FOR A MOMENT TO PUSH AGAINST IT... then stops, realizing the pressure he now feels on every part of his body.

HE BEGINS TO HYPERVENTILATE, PANICKED AS HE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE STONE... then stops, his better judgment winning out. HE CALMS SLIGHTLY BEFORE HE BEGINS TO SPEAK.

SAM BAILEY
 (edge of panic, strained,
 muffled)
 I'm uh... I'm back in the real
 world, but -- not in Meriwether.
 Definitely not. This is... Wherever
 it is, it's underground... deep
 underground. I'm guessing...
 Wherever I went on the other side,
 it's... it's dumped me back out
 here -- buried. A hole in the
 ground, just big enough to hold me.

SAM STRUGGLES SLIGHTLY AGAIN, but the soil and rock shifts, and he CRIES OUT IN STRANGLER PAIN as the hole gets smaller.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (barely enough breath to
 speak, growing panic)
 Shit... It's unstable. It feels
 like it's crushing my arms and
 legs, but I can't... I can't move.
 I can't see. Molly! Help! Please!

No reply -- nothing but the pounding of his own heart. SAM ONCE AGAIN FORCES DOWN PANIC, trying to think.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (slightly calmer, but
 still fighting panic)
 No -- no, she's not there anymore.
 If she ever was. I need to... I
 need to calm down -- get back over
 the veil.

SAM TRIES TO SLOW HIS BREATHING and cross over, but as he takes a deep breath the earth shifts, filling in what little breathing room he has.

HIS BREATH CATCHES IN HIS THROAT, and the rising static cuts out -- he's in too much pain to use his powers.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (full on panic, belief
 he's going to die)
 Please! Somebody help me! Anyone! I
 can't...

The struggle looses more dirt, and HE CHOKES OUT PAINFULLY. He sits in silence for a long moment, BREATHING RAGGED AND DESPERATE -- then finally, through the miles of earth...

AMANITA
 (whispered, distant)
 What would you do, to save
 yourself?

SAM BAILEY
 (strangled, barely
 audible)
 An... ANYTHING.

The veil tears loose, but only for a moment -- rushing wind pulls a half-unconscious Sam through the unknown into...

10. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

The lab appears around Sam, as still and quiet as it's ever been. SAM HEAVES A FEW HEAVY, DESPERATE BREATHS, bracing himself on one of the lab tables AS HIS BREATHING SLOWS.

Sounding mostly recovered, Sam stands slightly taller, takes a step forward -- then collapses as the blood rushes from his head, his breathing thin and painful.

He lies there in silence for a long, long time.

Then, across the room, the sound of faint metal scraping and movement can be heard from behind the door. After a moment, the lock disengages, and Kate pushes it open.

KATE SHERIDAN
(worried, whispered)
Sam? Sam, are you in here?
(sees him lying on the
floor, horrified)
Oh god.

Kate rushes across the room, kneeling at his side.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
(still hushed, terrified
he might be dead)
Sam, talk to me -- please don't be
dead, please don't be dead...

Kate goes quiet, and SAM'S BREATHING can be faintly heard.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
(slightly relieved)
Oh, thank god...

Giving up on stealth, Kate stands and rushes over to the intercom.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
(into mic, urgent)
Anyone, this is a medical emergency
-- medlab 4, level 10. Please
hurry!

MARK WILLIAMS
(not expecting this, but
professional)
Copy that medlab 4 -- EMT's are on
their way. Please describe the
subject's injuries?

KATE SHERIDAN
 (not sure where to start)
 Uh... Bad. It's hard to tell what's
 blood and what's... I think it's
 dirt?

MARK WILLIAMS
 (confused)
 Dirt? From where?

KATE SHERIDAN
 (confused)
 That's what I want to know.

At that moment, SAM COUGHS SLIGHTLY, coming to. Kate rushes
 back over.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (worried)
 Sam? Sam, don't move, you're --
 you're very hurt.

SAM BAILEY
 (pained, strangled,
 bitter)
 Tell me something I don't know.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (trying to make him take
 this seriously)
 The medics are on their way,
 just... stay still and try to stay
 awake.

SAM BAILEY
 (SCOFF THAT BECOMES A
 COUGH)
 And I was having such a nice dream.
 (beat, confused)
 How did you get in here?

KATE SHERIDAN
 (concerned at the
 questions, trying to keep
 him calm)
 Well... I was having nightmares
 about you, to be honest. You were
 lost and calling out for help, and
 I had to find you, but... I
 couldn't. I couldn't fall back
 asleep, so I went down to your room
 -- and when I didn't find you there--

-

SAM BAILEY
 ("of course you did")
 You came looking for me. Found the
 locked medlab. Broke in.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (note of irritation at his
 tone)
 Was I wrong to be worried?

SAM BAILEY
 (PAINED CHUCKLE, still
 bitter)
 I guess not. Good thing you only
 found me now, or else...

SAM TRAILS OFF as he passes out again.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (worried)
 Sam? Sam, wake up -- Sam!?

At that moment, several sets of footsteps enter the medlab as
 the EMT's pour in, taking charge.

EMT 1
 Miguel, check his vitals.

EMT 2
 Roger that.

EMT 1
 Li, get that stretcher up and ready
 to move him.

EMT 3
 Copy that, boss.

EMT 1
 Mrs. Sheridan, please step aside.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (thrown off)
 What? I'm not going to leave him!

EMT 1
 You can stay in the room, but you
 need to get out of our way.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (realizing she's in the
 way)
 Oh -- right. Sorry.

Kate retreats to the corner of the room as the EMT's swarm around Sam's unconscious form.

EMT 2

BP 88 over 40, heart-rate 55 bpm,
oxsat 89 and falling.

EMT 1

Alright, let's get him onto the
stretcher -- easy though, I don't
like the sound of his breathing.

EMT 3

Ready?

Extremely carefully, the EMT's flip Sam over and onto his back on the stretcher, then lift it up, extending the legs.

EMT 1

Miguel, get a blood pack and
antibiotic solution going, now.

EMT 2

Copy that.

EMT 3

(confused)
What's this?

There's a brief shuffling as Li pulls the recorder out of Sam's pocket before shutting it off.

CLICK.

11. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - CALDWELL'S OFFICE - LATER

A quiet office on one of the upper levels of the facility, soundproofed and isolated with only a ticking clock to break the silence.

Dana stops the tape, and after a moment, turns to Ren.

DANA CALDWELL

(stern, disciplinary)

Two broken ribs. A punctured and deflated lung. Severe lacerations and bruising across 90% of his body, not to mention sustained oxygen deprivation and lung damage exacerbated by dust inhalation. And to top it all off, further mental and physiological trauma from disorientation and burial.

(MORE)

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)
 If he were fully human -- he
 wouldn't be alive right now.

REN PARK
 (weakly)
 If he was fully human, he wouldn't
 be able to put himself in that
 situation in the first place.

Caldwell just gives him a withering look. After a moment...

REN PARK (CONT'D)
 (squeaks)
 Sorry, I just -- bad joke.

DANA CALDWELL
 (harsher)
 If anyone could manage that, it
 would be Samuel Isaac Bailey, and
 we both know it.

REN PARK
 (giving up)
 Yes sir.

Dana pauses, then jumps right to the crux of the matter.

DANA CALDWELL
 (reading the riot act)
 You were tasked with keeping an eye
 on Anna's "searchers" -- all of
 them. With making sure they stayed
 safe and on-task. I gave you full
 discretion on how to accomplish
 those directives, but this incident
 -- along with their unplanned
 detour in Texas -- demonstrates how
 short-sighted that was.

REN PARK
 (butting in, desperate)
 Doctor Caldwell, if we try/to push
 them any futher--

DANA CALDWELL
 (putting him in his place)
 DON'T interrupt me, Park. Your
 laissez-faire attitude has proven
 completely insufficient to keep
 these civilians in line.

(MORE)

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)

If they're to survive the next few months -- much less accomplish their mission -- then we need to offer them a higher degree of discipline -- of direction.

REN PARK

(more hesitant)

Doctor... if I may?

DANA CALDWELL

(nods -- she's said her piece)

Go ahead.

REN PARK

(trying to be as respectful as possible)

I've been listening to the team's logs. All of them. They're already chafing under what few restrictions they have, and like you said -- they're civilians. They have no ties to the organization beyond the ones we foster, and if we push them too far -- they'll just leave. The fear of Morrison will only keep them here so long, especially if what Leroux told them is true.

DANA CALDWELL

(acknowledging his concerns, but not budging)

I leave you to figure out the right balance of carrot and stick, Ren -- but no stick isn't an option. Not anymore. They need to be brought in line, and if you keep giving them as much slack as you have, then it's only so much rope for them to choke themselves with. Rein them in, or I will.

Ren falls silent for a long moment -- then...

REN PARK

(softer, more personal)

Are we doing the right thing, Dana? Is all of this... is it all worth it?

DANA CALDWELL

(facade softening
slightly)

Ren -- it's the end of the world
we're talking about. Survival is
the ultimate good... and when it's
threatened for the whole of
humankind, all moral lines have to
be redrawn. *Salus populi suprema
est.*

REN PARK

(SIGHS -- then hesitant,
but accepting)

You're right -- of course you're
right.

(beat)

I'll keep a closer eye on all of
them from here on out -- Sam
especially. Once he's out of the
medbay, at least.

DANA CALDWELL

(sensing his anguish)

We can be human again after we're
done, Ren. For now... if we must be
monstrous to survive, then let us
become monsters.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS