

"PARADISE"
The Sheridan Tapes - B-Side 11
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by

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Based on story and characters from
"Homestead on the Corner"

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Homestead on the Corner

1. EXT. BEACH - DAY

Gentle waves lap on a private beach in the tropics as BILL TYLER and ROBERT QUINCY relax in lounge chairs, basking in the sun and each other's presence. Soft music plays on a small bluetooth speaker nearby.

ROBERT QUINCY
Hey Billy, can you pass the
sunblock?

BILL TYLER
Sure thing, love.

Bill plucks the plastic bottle out of the sand and hands it to him.

ROBERT QUINCY
(warmly)
Thanks.

Rob squirts sunblock onto his hand, then rubs it into his skin.

BILL TYLER
You want some help with that?

ROBERT QUINCY
(worried about imposing)
If you don't mind?

BILL TYLER
(smiling fondly)
Anything for you.

Bill and Rob shift in their chairs as Bill applies sunblock to Rob's back. ROB SIGHS CONTENTEDLY.

ROBERT QUINCY
This is so nice.

BILL TYLER
(almost disbelieving)
I know, right? Everyone always says
how nice it is in Fiji, but...
(WHISTLES, impressed)
One of those things you can't
really believe until you see it.

ROBERT QUINCY
(nodding, impressed)
The pictures just don't do it
justice, do they? It just...
doesn't even feel real, you know?

A single pop of static breaks the music, just loud enough to hear but easy to miss.

BILL TYLER

(smiling)

Mhm. But it is real. We're finally here.

ROBERT QUINCY

(RELIEVED CHUCKLE)

Finally. We really earned this, didn't we?

BILL TYLER

(SCOFF)

We've earned a *lifetime* on this beach, if you ask me. Especially you.

ROBERT QUINCY

(amused, surprised)

Me? What did I do? You're the one who got kidnapped.

BILL TYLER

(halting, genuine)

You... You saved me. This past year has been so messed up and I just... I really wasn't sure if I was ever gonna feel okay again.

ROBERT QUINCY

(suddenly concerned)

Oh, Bill--

BILL TYLER

(dismissive)

No, no I'm alright, really. I just never really told you how much I appreciate what you did. I was in a bad place and I didn't want to drag you down with me so I... I pushed you away. It wasn't fair... and I'm sorry for that.

ROBERT QUINCY

Hey, listen... it's okay. Really. It's so far in the past now, I... I almost forgot about it, honestly.

(beat, thoughtful)

I haven't thought about that in a while.

BILL TYLER
(tinge of sadness)
Ancient history, I guess.

ROBERT QUINCY
...do you want to talk about it? I
didn't mean to shut you down.

BILL TYLER
No, I just... I forgot too. I try
not to think about it, but it's
just... so much.

Another pop of static on the radio, slightly more pronounced.

ROBERT QUINCY
We don't have to talk about it if
you don't want to. Whatever you
need, okay?

BILL TYLER
I don't... I don't know what I
need.

They sit in silence for a moment, side by side.

After a beat, Rob changes the subject.

ROBERT QUINCY
(CHUCKLES, embarrassed)
Can I tell you something funny
about it?

BILL TYLER
(confused)
About the thing with Morrison?

ROBERT QUINCY
No, but... about the same time.

BILL TYLER
(puzzled)
Uh... sure.

ROBERT QUINCY
You're gonna laugh.

BILL TYLER
(smiling)
I'm not gonna laugh, love.

ROBERT QUINCY
Oh you're absolutely going to
laugh.

BILL TYLER
 (mock-solemn)
 I promise -- I will not laugh.
 (beat)
 So...?

ROBERT QUINCY
 I thought... I'd convinced myself
 you had a thing for your new
 partner.

BILL TYLER
 (confused)
 Ned? Rob, I would never--

ROBERT QUINCY
 No, I know, that's... that's not
 the embarrassing part. I...
 (long beat, struggling to
 say out loud)
 I bought a hat.

BILL TYLER
 (blankly)
 You bought a hat.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (trying to sound
 nonchalant)
 You know, a hat. Like a... like a
 Stetson. Hat.

BILL MAKES A NOISE AS IF HE'S GOING TO SPEAK, THEN SWALLOWS
 IT. He struggles to maintain a straight face.

BILL TYLER
 You bought a *cowboy* hat?

ROBERT QUINCY
 ...yeah.

Bill can't contain it anymore -- HE BURST OUT LAUGHING. Rob
 shoves him in playful annoyance.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)
 Hey!

Rob can't help it either -- HE STARTS LAUGHING TOO.

BILL TYLER
 (beside himself with
 laughter)
 (MORE)

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)

What did you think that was gonna do? Like if I was into him it was because of the hat?

ROBERT QUINCY

It was irrational, okay? I panicked!

BILL FINALLY COLLECTS HIMSELF, and after a moment they both sit in silence.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)

(sheepish)

Anyway, it was too late to take it back so it's in a box in the closet.

BILL STARTS LAUGHING AGAIN, almost hysterically. ROB CHUCKLES as Bill collects himself, feeling a lot better now.

BILL TYLER

(after a moment, warmly)

You know I could never, right? I'd never go behind your back.

ROBERT QUINCY

(smiling)

I know.

BILL TYLER

(trying to reassure him)

You're the love of my life.

ROBERT QUINCY

(nodding)

And you're mine.

(noticing something, distracted)

Oh wow, look at the sunset! Hang on, I wanna take a picture...

(pats himself down)

Shoot, must've left my phone inside.

Rob stands and walks across the sand to the nearby rental cabin, climbing the stairs and opening the sliding glass door.

2. INT. VACATION RENTAL - CONTINUOUS

A radio on the counter plays similar music to the speaker outside as Rob enters, rummaging through his bag for a moment. In the far distance, thunder rumbles.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (calling through the open
 door)
 Hey Bill? Have you seen my phone?

BILL TYLER
 (yelling back)
 What?

ROBERT QUINCY
 (yelling)
 My phone!

BILL TYLER
 (yelling)
 We didn't bring them, remember?

ROBERT QUINCY
 (confused)
 We didn't...?

Another burst of static, this time on the radio. It lasts a couple of seconds, worse than before.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)
 (yelling, concerned)
 What do you mean we didn't bring them? Of course we brought them!

No response from Bill. Rob continues to dig through their bags, opening drawers, growing more and more frantic. Another wave of static washes over the radio, then passes. Rob is too distracted to notice.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)
 (puzzled)
 Why would we--

He turns and walks out the sliding glass door.

3. EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Bill is already walking back to the cabin, running into Rob on the stairs.

BILL TYLER
 Is everything okay?

ROBERT QUINCY
 (concerned)
 Bill, I didn't leave my phone.
 (MORE)

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)

I would never go to another country and not take my phone with me, that doesn't make sense.

BILL TYLER

(worried)

Rob, we agreed that we didn't want anything distracting us. Don't you remember?

ROBERT QUINCY

(growing worry)

I... I don't know...

The static on the radio becomes constant, droning into the background. It gradually becomes so loud it can't be ignored.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

God, what is wrong with that radio?!

4. INT. VACATION RENTAL - CONTINUOUS

Rob steps back inside, grabbing the radio off the counter and trying to shut it off, fumbling for the button.

ROBERT QUINCY

(agitated)

I can't even hear myself think with this stupid thing just--
(finally shuts it off)
Jesus!

Rob puts his hands down the counter hard as he EXHALES his frustrations. Bill watches from the door, concerned.

BILL TYLER

(gentle, but very worried)

Rob... What's going on?

ROBERT QUINCY

(terse)

I don't know.

Silence -- Bill doesn't know what to say.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)

(quiet worry)

How are we even here?

BILL TYLER

What do you mean?

ROBERT QUINCY

(slowly begins to spiral)
 How did we get the time off? We
 both quit our jobs... how did we
 afford this trip? We've been
 wanting to do this for like 10
 years, and then suddenly we can
 magically just go?

BILL TYLER

(confused)
 No, we didn't / magically--

ROBERT QUINCY

Bill, can you even remember how we
 got here?

Silence.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)

(quiet, afraid)
 I keep getting this feeling...

BILL TYLER

Don't say it.

Robert cuts off, brain fighting against what he has to say.
 Thunder rumbles in the distance, closer now.

ROBERT QUINCY

I can't...
 (beat, realization)
 Where are our passports?

BILL TYLER

(confused)
 Our passports? They're in the bag.

ROBERT QUINCY

(insistent)
 Are you sure?

BILL TYLER

(unsure, but trying to
 convince himself)
 Yeah, we couldn't have left the
 country without them.

ROBERT QUINCY

(unhappy with this, but
 needing to know)
 Can I see them?

Bill crosses to the bag and rummages through for a moment, then turns around, confused.

BILL TYLER
They're not here. How can they not...

ROBERT QUINCY
(sinking feeling)
Oh god...

Robert joins him and begins looking through it again, closer this time.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)
(mounting dread)
No passports, no phones. My wallet's here, but... my license is gone.

BILL TYLER
(trying to rationalize)
Someone must have taken them while we were outside...

ROBERT QUINCY
Bill, no one else was out here!

BILL TYLER
(weakly trying to deny)
But...

ROBERT QUINCY
My debit card, library card... Everything with my name on it is gone. It's like...
(long beat, horrified)
It's like I don't exist anymore.

Silence. Thunder rumbles again, closer still.

ROBERT QUINCY (CONT'D)
(dazed realization)
We never went to Fiji.

BILL TYLER
(weakly rationalizing)
Sweetheart, listen to me, please... this year has been hell, but it's behind us now. It doesn't matter if we lost our stuff... we can worry about that later, okay? Just... come back to the beach.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (shouting, desperate)
 Bill, please! Something is wrong
 here, we can't just pretend
 everything is okay!
 (tearing up)
 Oh god, what's happened to us?

BILL TYLER
 (weakly)
 Rob, please don't--

Lightning cracks outside, very close now. Bill runs to the open door to see the wind has picked up, the waves crashing violently against the house. The tide has seemingly come in, and the walls groan dangerously. Bill tries to shut the door, but it won't budge.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)
 (panicked)
 I can't get the door shut, it's
 stuck!

A branch flies through a nearby window, shattering it loudly. ROB SCREAMS IN SURPRISE. Bill runs to him immediately.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)
 Are you okay!?

Before he can answer, they hear wood cracking and breaking as the porch is swept into the sea. The wind screams as more windows shatter, and Bill and Rob have to yell just to be heard.

ROBERT QUINCY
 What do we do!?

BILL TYLER
 I... I don't know... Is this it?
 Are we dead?

ROBERT QUINCY
 (confused)
 I... I don't know. I don't... feel
 dead.

BILL TYLER
 If we're not dead, then what is...

ROBERT QUINCY
 Don't think about it. Give me your
 hand.
 (Rob takes Bill's hand)
 We're not done yet... you hear me?

BILL TYLER
 (afraid, unsteady)
 Yeah...

ROBERT QUINCY
 (reassuring him at all
 costs)
 We've been through too much and
 survived too long to give up now.
 Do you hear me? I'm not done living
 my life with you, and we're not
 giving up now! Hang on, please!

BILL TYLER
 You're... You're right. I won't
 give up.

The sound of the storm grows distorted -- what they're
 hearing is not of their world.

ROBERT QUINCY
 Promise me.

BILL TYLER
 I promise.

The house around them begins to tear away, allowing them to
 see the unending destruction that surrounds them.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)
 (terrified exclamation)
 Fuck!

ROBERT QUINCY
 Don't look at the storm, look at
 me! Look at me!

BILL TYLER
 Okay, okay!

ROBERT QUINCY
 We're going to make it, just hold
 on!

BILL TYLER
 I will, I promise!

The two of them brace themselves as the waves race up to take
 them, and all sound vanishes for the briefest moment as the
 waters wash over them...

Then cacophony -- a wild, rending, tearing storm of wind and
 waves and crackling fire and eldritch energy, all trying to
 tear Robert from Bill and Bill from Rob.

Eventually the sound subsides, the world is all but silent -- a void without shape or form. Only one voice is heard, echoing through the ether.

BILL TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm holding on... I won't give up
on you... I promise.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS