

"IN YON STRAIT PATH"  
*The Sheridan Tapes - Season 04, Episode 89*  
*Recording Script - September 5, 2023*

by

Van Winkle

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

Copyright 2023  
Homestead on the Corner

1. INT. CALDWELL'S OFFICE - DAY - 2/10/2020

Caldwell settles into her desk chair, starting her tape recorder. Outside, the occasional sounds of construction are heard.

DANA CALDWELL

(default intro, she's said  
this a million times)

Personal log, Daniela Miriam  
Caldwell: 4:14pm Pacific Standard  
Time, February Tenth, 2020. The  
following is not recorded as part  
of my duties as director of  
experimental projects, and as such  
may not be used in whole or in part  
by ISPHA or any affiliated  
individuals or organizations,  
present or future.

(beat, gathers thoughts  
before she SIGHS)

I haven't had a chance to record  
one of these since... well, since  
before Meriwether collapsed. I just  
haven't had a moment to myself, not  
between coordinating rescue efforts  
and setting up this observation  
post. It's funny, how quickly I  
pushed us to get here. The moment  
we secured the ruin and had  
everyone accounted for, I  
requisitioned the prefabs and moved  
all essential personnel to Oslow...  
everyone who was still alive, that  
is.

(beat, troubled)

Should I have taken more time to  
mourn them? To feel that loss?  
Meriwether... it was my home for  
more than a year. I can't deny that  
seeing the ruins every day was...  
unpleasant. Maybe that's why I  
rushed over here so quickly, once I  
realized what Ren was up to. I  
didn't want that reminder of my  
failures. I was so sure we'd dealt  
with the Ouroboros, so certain that  
Meriwether was safe... and I didn't  
notice the threat until it was too  
late.

(beat)

I've always held on to that  
certainty.

(MORE)

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)

I had to -- in this job, you have to ground yourself in that certainty just to keep going. Certainty that you're sane, that you're doing the right thing, and that the mission comes before everything else. But... that certainty has never been as strong in the quiet moments. And now... Ren has all but officially resigned from their position. Morrison is... I don't even know. Isn't that strange? We spent nearly a year monitoring him, and I can't even say for certain what's happened to him. And Meriwether's gone. Decades of research and so much potential just... erased. Rubble and ash. I guess that's one thing I can still be certain of... Entropy always wins. Sometimes sooner than anticipated.

(beat, regretful)

I shouldn't be so blasé about it. It wasn't entropy that killed those people. Entropy wasn't the reason most of them are out of a job now. I fought to move as many of them over to this observation post as I could, but... I could only justify so much reallocation before the board shut me down completely. And that's down to me, deciding to abandon ship and save lives. It was the right call, ultimately... but I can't help thinking about how many of them had family to support too.

(beat)

I've been in contact with the hospital... and my accountant. I've barely spent a cent on myself in the last five years, and she estimates that what I have saved up already will be more than enough to pay for my parent's care... at least, for as long as the doctors say they have left. No matter what happens to me, they will be taken care of. But... I have to wonder how many Meriwether staff members weren't so well prepared. Probably most of them.

(beat)

(MORE)

## DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)

I've hurt a lot of people over the years. I'm not blind to that fact, nor am I even slightly comfortable with it. But I've always been able to justify it, compartmentalize it as part of my job -- a necessary compromise for the good of all humanity. But no matter how much I tell myself that this isn't a humanitarian organization... we're a research institute, and the data we've gathered at the expense of those people's suffering has made ISPHA's shareholders millions. That's why the board funds these projects. Sure, they don't want the world to end either... that would be bad for stock prices. But even if the reasons I was out here were purely noble, purely to save the world from destruction... who decided that was my responsibility in the first place?

(beat)

I've been thinking a lot about Ren's comment about my "God Complex." It has put me in a... strange headspace. I don't think I have a god complex, per se. I'm far too aware of my own flaws to ever think that I'm above reproach. And yet, I've been put in a position where I answer to almost no one, surrounded by scientists and technicians all ready to ask "how high" the moment I tell them to jump. I've taken it upon myself to make unilateral life and death decisions -- not just for the people I work with, but for all of humanity. Everyone, except myself.

(beat)

I used to be more willing to put my money where my mouth is, so to speak. I've led field missions into the fire ever since I joined experimental projects, and I always walked away unharmed. But Babia Góra was... it was closer than I like to admit. I never told anyone, but I almost got caught in that avalanche.

(MORE)

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)

It was pure luck I found a cave to shelter in, and even more so that it wasn't the one Craig found. And his death... we weren't close, but it still shook me. It was a horrible way to go, and he didn't deserve that. But all I could think about as we went through quarantine and debrief was how easily it could have been me, taken over by the fungus and turned into... something else. To lose myself to the things I've been seeking out for years.

(beat)

It's not death I'm scared of... not really. I don't want to die of course -- no one does. But I refuse to be scared of dying. Once my body ceases to function, I know that I'm just... gone. I won't even be aware that I'm dead -- there won't be a me to be aware of it. But the future... that's what I'm having trouble letting go of, it seems. If it came down to it... if my only choices were laying down my life for the greater good or allowing others to continue suffering -- could I make that call? Could I give up my own life, my own ability to change the world for the better? I really don't know if I could... I don't think anyone really does, not until the moment arrives. I'd like to think I would, but...

(trails off, SCOFFS, then quotes from memory)

"To every man upon this earth,  
Death cometh soon or late. And how  
can man die better..."

Caldwell cuts off, unable to finish the quote. After a moment, she leans forward.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)

(wrapping this up faster  
than she meant to)

End of personal log.

CLICK.

MAIN THEME

## 2. INT. OSLOW OBSERVATION POST - EVENING - 2/14/2020

Frantic radio chatter fills the airwaves in the immediate aftermath of TST 88 -- distorted and overlapping, but still clear enough to pick words out.

SEISMOGRAPHY

Shit, did you all feel that?

IMAGING

What the hell is that?

MEDIC

Is anyone hurt?

SENSORS

Look at the size of that thing...

COORDINATION

All stations, tell me what you see.

SENSORS

There's nothing on any of the scopes, sir, but/it could be a technical issue--

DRONE CONTROL

Forget the scopes, just look at it!

COMMUNICATIONS

It's a... it looks like Oslow, but... something's wrong...

SEISMOGRAPHY

Yeah no shit! There's a fucking pyramid in the middle of it!

COORDINATION

Please limit the color commentary, seismography.

MEDIC

They're right though... there's some kind of large structure in the center of the city... Possibly a ziggurat.

SENSORS

I'm seeing walls and guard towers too, sir... this really doesn't look like any of the picture of Oslow we have.

## COORDINATION

Imaging, are we picking up anything?

## IMAGING

Negative, Coordination -- no visual on camera, spectrograph, or x-ray, just a fuzzy black spot in the middle of the image. Some hazing around the edges, but nothing I can positively ID.

## SEISMOGRAPHY

But I can see it! It's right fucking there!

## COORDINATION

(beat, thinking)

I'm patching in Director Caldwell's office.

(beat, static pop)

Director?

## DANA CALDWELL

I hear you, Joshua. What's going on?

## COORDINATION

Doctor Caldwell, it appears Oslow has re-emerged into normal space/time, but it's... different, somehow.

## DANA CALDWELL

(immediately making a decision)

Understood. All control personnel, remain at your posts and continue observations. Security, lock down all entrances and exits, I don't want anyone getting in or out without my say-so.

## SECURITY CHIEF

Roger that, director.

## DANA CALDWELL

I'm on my way down, standby.

## SECURITY CHIEF

Security stations, sound off.

## NORTH GUARD

North entrance, secure.

EAST GUARD  
East entrance, secure.

SOUTH GUARD  
South entrance, buttoned up tight.

WEST GUARD  
West entrance, secure.

SECURITY CHIEF  
Facility is secure, sir. All  
stations, stay on your toes and  
watch your six. Good luck.

BEEP.

### 3. INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The feed switches to CCTV footage within the central observation room as Caldwell reaches the main door. A large window covers the far wall and workstations fill the room in a semi-circle around it.

DANA CALDWELL  
(through radio)  
Caldwell to Observation -- unseal  
door one.

One of the technicians moves over and turns the mechanical crank on the door, unlocking it with a mechanical clunk and a hiss of slightly pressurized air.

Caldwell steps through, and they seal it behind her.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
(official, efficient)  
Status.

COORDINATION  
Unchanged, Doctor Caldwell. We're  
still receiving no usable data from  
the anomaly. Seismography detected  
a short burst of Rayleigh waves,  
but it barely registered a 1.6.

DANA CALDWELL  
Still nothing on any of the  
cameras?



IMAGING

No sir... I'm running a full spectrum analysis and I'm still getting nothing. It's almost like it's being... censored, somehow.

DANA CALDWELL

(moving to the main window)

And yet we can all see it. Hmmm.  
(muttered, to herself)  
What have you done, Ren?

IT

(overhearing, nervous)

Did you say something, director?

DANA CALDWELL

(dismissing, trying to busy herself)

Nothing, it's nothing.

(into radio)

Security team, report in.

SECURITY CHIEF

All stations, sound off.

NORTH GUARD

All clear.

EAST GUARD

All clear.

EDGAR MORRISON

All clear, chief.

WEST GUARD

(not noticing the change)

All clear as well, sir.

SECURITY CHIEF

Facility is secure. Still recommend that all personnel remain at their stations until we know more.

DANA CALDWELL

Agreed. We're not going anywhere... not until we figure this out.

(turns, searching the room)

Where's drone control?

DRONE CONTROL  
 (young, nervous)  
 Uh... right here, sir.

DANA CALDWELL  
 Can you send something up to get a  
 closer look?

DRONE CONTROL  
 Um... I should be able to. It might  
 just be difficult figuring out a  
 flight path if the onboard camera  
 still doesn't pick anything up,  
 but/I can give it a shot--

DANA CALDWELL  
 Just get it done.

THE DRONE CONTROL TECHNICIAN STAMMERS SLIGHTLY, then presses  
 a few buttons on their console before grabbing the joystick.

DRONE CONTROL  
 Quadcopter one is in the air... I  
 have picture.

DANA CALDWELL  
 On monitor one.

One of the large flat-panel screens flickers as the picture  
 changes, showing the wide plain around Oslow... and the same  
 black blot. The drone's motors whine over the speakers.

DRONE CONTROL  
 (growing worry)  
 No change, director... image is  
 still negative.

DANA CALDWELL  
 Move in closer, I want to see if  
 the effect holds.

DRONE CONTROL  
 (GULPS)  
 Roger that.

The whine of the drone increases as the technician pushes the  
 joystick forward.

DANA CALDWELL  
 (turning to another desk)  
 Imaging, is that hazing I'm seeing  
 consistent with the spectrographic  
 images you/took earlier--

DRONE CONTROL  
(sudden scream)  
AHHH!

The image on the screen suddenly vanishes in a rush of static.

DANA CALDWELL  
(turning back)  
What happened?

DRONE CONTROL  
(trying to remain calm)  
The uh... the drone is offline,  
sir. It uh... something hit it.

DANA CALDWELL  
(seeing through that)  
What do you mean, something? Did  
you see it?

DRONE CONTROL  
I, uh... I think I did, sir.

DANA CALDWELL  
...well?

DRONE CONTROL  
(realizing how crazy this  
sounds)  
...It looked like some kind of...  
hand.

Everyone goes dead quiet... then suddenly, Caldwell's phone starts buzzing.

DANA CALDWELL  
(rapidly  
compartmentalizing)  
Excuse me for a moment.  
(into phone)  
Caldwell.

ISPHA LAB TECH  
(excited and worried)  
Director Caldwell, so sorry for  
calling you unannounced. This is  
Doctor Kumar... from the gravity  
observatory?

DANA CALDWELL  
Keep it brief Doctor, we're dealing  
with a bit of a situation here.

ISPHA LAB TECH  
 (getting to the point  
 abruptly)

Sir, we just picked up a massive spike on our laser interferometer... we're on call with LIGO to see if it was a glitch, but so far it seems to be an accurate reading.

DANA CALDWELL

And?

ISPHA LAB TECH  
 Doctor Caldwell, we're detecting a large spike in gravitational waves, seemingly originating from a *terrestrial* source. Wherever they're coming from... it's close.

DANA CALDWELL

...Doctor Kumar, there's something unusual happening at Observation Post Ganymede -- could the two be connected somehow--

Suddenly, the phone call is lost in a burst of static and interference.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello, Doctor Kumar? Can you hear me?

No reply. After a moment, she hangs up.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)

(calling out to the room)  
 I need to borrow a cell phone...  
 does anyone have reception in here?

EACH MEMBER OF THE TEAM PULLS OUT THEIR PHONES, THEN GIVES SOME VARIATION OF "NO."

COMMUNICATIONS

(picking up the landline,  
 listening)  
 The landline is dead too, Doctor Caldwell... not even getting dial tone.

IT  
(checking computer,  
nervous)  
Looks like our internet connection  
is cut off too. I can only connect  
to the internal server.

DANA CALDWELL  
(into radio)  
Caldwell to security -- anyone have  
eyes on the transmission array?

EAST GUARD  
Copy that director... I've got a  
visual, it looks like it's still  
intact.

DANA CALDWELL  
(theorizing to herself)  
Something must be interfering with  
the signal, then... are there any  
local radio stations we've been  
able to pick up from here?

COMMUNICATIONS  
(uncertain)  
Uh... I've been able to get the  
classical station from Arrowhead  
occasionally.

DANA CALDWELL  
Try to tune into that, then run a  
full sweep of AM and FM  
frequencies. We need to know if  
we're not completely cut off.

The Communications technician moves to follow her direction,  
and discordant static soon rises on the speakers. It shifts  
in pitch as they go, but no clearly defined signals arise.

COMMUNICATIONS  
Negative on FM... checking AM.

They switch over and begin to scan. At first there's  
nothing... then a muffled voice emerges from the static.

COMMUNICATIONS (CONT'D)  
I think I've got something, but  
it's not--

ADRIAN BRIGGS

(faint at first, but  
growing stronger)

[Hear me, and rejoice, oh children  
of Oslow! Behold, your king has]  
risen from the depths of the earth  
out of the waters of creation,  
bringing with him this new paradise  
remade in the image of our savior!  
You may feel fear at a change so  
great and terrible, but fear not --  
for the fear of the god-king casts  
aside all troubles and woes. He has  
come to judge the world in fire and  
spirit, and the wicked shall be  
cast down and utterly destroyed  
before him. But worry not, you who  
listen and watch from the dark, for  
he brings salvation even to you who  
rebel against his will... the  
annihilation of the self in service  
of the god-king/above--

As the message continues, the communications specialist tries tuning the radio away, but it only results in a momentary dip in signal quality before the voice rises again.

DANA CALDWELL

(heard enough)

Switch it off.

The technician turns off the radio, and Adrian's voice disappears.

#### 4. CONTINUOUS

A deadly silence fills the observation post as everyone processes what they just heard. Then...

SECURITY CHIEF (O.S.)

(nervous, but trying to  
stay calm)

Security to Observation, come in  
Observation.

DANA CALDWELL

(into walkie-talkie,  
slightly shaken)

Go ahead, Security.

SECURITY CHIEF  
Director Caldwell, we have a  
situation at the South entrance. We  
found a body.

DANA CALDWELL  
What? Can you identify it?

SECURITY CHIEF  
It's Michael, sir... he was posted  
down here.

DANA CALDWELL  
(beat, worried)  
How did he die?

SECURITY CHIEF  
(deeply disturbed)  
...sir, it seems he was... burned  
to death.

At that exact moment, the WEST GUARD'S SCREAMS are heard  
through the wall, bloodcurdling and lasting for a long  
moment.

IT  
(horrified and anxious)  
That came from the west entrance.

DANA CALDWELL  
(taking control before  
anyone can panic)  
Chief Thomason, gather up everyone  
you can find and report to Central  
Observation... I don't want anyone  
else getting picked off.

SECURITY CHIEF  
(clearly cracking a  
little)  
U-Understood, sir. All hands, code  
red. Abandon your stations and  
gather everyone you can on your way  
to central observation.

EAST GUARD  
(shaken)  
Copy that sir... on my way.

EDGAR MORRISON  
Roger WILCO, chief.

DANA CALDWELL  
(still not hearing  
Morrison)  
Stephen, we need to get word out to  
ISPHA HQ, now -- they need to know  
what's happening.

COMMUNICATIONS  
(exasperated, anxious)  
I've been trying to raise them on  
shortwave, but I can't get a  
response -- satellite and cell  
communication are still down.

DANA CALDWELL  
(thinking out loud)  
Whatever's happening in Oslow, it  
must be interfering with the  
signals somehow... what about the  
high-gain antenna?

COMMUNICATIONS  
There aren't any receiving stations  
in visual range, sir... Closest one  
is in California.

DANA CALDWELL  
That's not what I'm suggesting.  
Could you tune into NASA's deep-  
space network and bounce a signal  
off one of their lunar satellites?

COMMUNICATIONS  
(hesitant)  
A strong enough directional signal  
might be able to cut through this  
interference... but NASA probably  
won't be too happy about us  
hijacking their network for private  
communications.

Somewhere across the facility, THE BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM OF  
THE WEST GUARD echoes into central observation.

DANA CALDWELL  
*Inter arma enim silent leges.* We  
need to warn them, now.

COMMUNICATIONS  
(shaken, but still doing  
their job)  
Understood, sir.



The communications tech turns and begins preparing the signal. Another scream rises and falls, then another, closer this time.

DANA CALDWELL  
(growing nervous)  
Stephen...

COMMUNICATIONS  
(into microphone, trying  
to stay calm)  
Mayday, mayday, mayday! This is  
ISPHA Observation Post Ganymede,  
transmitting in the blind. We are  
under attack by forces unknown and  
seeking immediate assistance in the  
Churchill County area. Mayday,  
mayday, mayday! Is anyone  
receiving?

A moment of tense silence and crackling static... then:

ADRIAN BRIGGS (V.O.)  
(through the transmitter)  
Trouble yourself not, oh watchers  
in the dark -- for the silence  
beyond our dread lord's domain is  
complete, that no word of heresy  
may pass between you and the  
apostates beyond. For lo, the only  
voice you need to hear is the voice  
of our savior and his heralds, and  
in time you shall all know the  
touch/of his righteous hand--

DANA CALDWELL  
(growing anger and fear)  
Shut it off, Stephen.

COMMUNICATIONS  
...sir, we could still get a  
response through/the deep space  
network if we--

DANA CALDWELL  
(snapping slightly)  
I said shut it off!

The communications technician immediately obeys, switching off the high-gain array. Silence fills the room -- only to be broken by...

ADRIAN BRIGGS (V.O.)

(through walkie-talkie)

Do you think you can so easily ignore the voice of your messiah, your god-king incarnate returned from perdition? For all voices shall one day rise in the chorus of the lord of Oslow, the lord of the Earth, the lord of all earths and heavens that ever were or ever could be--

DANA CALDWELL

(speaking directly into the radio, cold threat)

Whoever this is... if you can hear me, then you should know you won't be able to block our communications forever. This room is full of the most gifted technicians and engineers alive today, with access to some of the most advanced communication equipment and scientific instruments on the planet -- we *will* find a way to reach our organization, and when we do, they'll send every law enforcement agency in the state here to deal with you.

SECURITY CHIEF

(long beat, confused)

...Doctor Caldwell? Can you hear me now?

DANA CALDWELL

(sudden relief and embarrassment)

I'm sorry, Roger... whoever's attacking us piggybacked your frequency.

SECURITY CHIEF

(slightly worried by that)

I... I didn't hear anything. I've been trying to reach you for the last few minutes.

DANA CALDWELL

(hearing his worry)

What's wrong?

SECURITY CHIEF

We're... I tried to find as many of us as I could, but whatever this thing is, it keeps picking us off one by one the moment we're alone. I've gathered as many of us as I could find in one of the supply caches, but/I don't know if--

DANA CALDWELL

(taking charge)

All of you, get to Central Observation as quickly as possible. I'll be standing by to open the door as soon as you get here. Don't stop for anything or anyone else, understood?

SECURITY CHIEF

(snapping to attention)

Copy that sir. Moving out now... ETA, 30 seconds.

Caldwell turns off the walkie talkie and moves to the door, watching down the corridor through the window.

DANA CALDWELL

Medic, prepare to receive survivors, they may be injured.

MEDIC

Already on it, director.

DANA CALDWELL

Coordinator, clear your workstation, we may need additional space for patients.

COORDINATION

Understood, director.

Both begin moving around their desks, clearing space and prepping medical supplies.

Dana stares out the window for a long, tense moment before...

DANA CALDWELL

I have a visual! Four survivors, one with burn injuries and one limping. Medic, standby to--

At that moment, a sudden roar of flames rises from the other side of the door, and THE SURVIVORS (INCLUDING THE CHIEF) SCREAM AS THEY BURN, collapsing to the floor.

## 5. CONTINUOUS

Eventually, the screams subside, and the stunned technicians stare at Caldwell, looking for guidance.

DANA CALDWELL  
(in shock, horrified)  
I... I don't...

COMMUNICATIONS  
(needing guidance)  
Orders, director?

DANA CALDWELL  
(gathering thoughts,  
resolve)  
The Observation Post is  
compromised. We need to get word  
out to ISPHA and warn them about  
Oslo. Nothing has changed.

SEISMOGRAPHY  
(SCOFFS, clearly  
terrified)  
Nothing has changed? The entire  
security team is fucking dead!

COORDINATION  
(masking their own fear)  
Watch your tone, seismography.

SEISMOGRAPHY  
My name's Kirsty, you bureaucratic  
prick! And I'm not just going to  
sit here and wait for whatever's  
out there to kill us all!

DANA CALDWELL  
Central Observation has not been  
breached, Kirsty. There is only one  
way in or out of this room, and no  
one is opening that door from the  
outside. If you leave now, you'll  
be exposing all of us to even  
greater danger.

SEISMOGRAPHY  
(resigned, accepting)  
...shit.

DANA CALDWELL  
 (nodding, satisfied)  
 Coordinator, make sure that door  
 remains locked tight until I give  
 the order to evacuate.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (taking their place  
 unnoticed)  
 Of course, director Caldwell.

DANA CALDWELL  
 (still not hearing or  
 seeing Morrison)  
 Drone Control, does anything in our  
 fleet have automated guidance?

DRONE CONTROL  
 Uh... some of the high-altitude  
 birds have GPS capabilities, but  
 with the level of interference  
 we're dealing with I don't/think  
 that will really work--

DANA CALDWELL  
 Then point it south and tell it to  
 fly away from Oslow until it gets a  
 signal... if we load it with our  
 most recent communication logs, it  
 may be able to reach the ISPHA  
 field station in Death Valley on  
 its own.

DRONE CONTROL  
 (over their head, nervous)  
 U-understood, Doctor Caldwell.  
 I'll... I'll see if the onboard  
 drives can handle that kind of  
 uplink.

DANA CALDWELL  
 Do it.

The Drone Control technician begins typing rapidly. Caldwell  
 turns to look out the window, pacing forward and staring at  
 the impossible city.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 (muttering)  
 Broad-spectrum EMF interference...  
 hacking into encrypted  
 communications... terrestrial  
 gravity waves...  
 (MORE)



Everyone reluctantly obeys. An uneasy silence settles over the room, lingering until...

ADRIAN BRIGGS (V.O.)

(through the radio)

You think you are wise, don't you?  
You watchers in the dark. You seers  
without sight. Turning your back on  
the holy city and the danger it  
presents to those beyond the light  
of the god-king's mercy. You were  
here to watch, but now you have  
turned your gazes inward upon  
yourselves, unaware of the dagger  
that is already at your backs--

DANA CALDWELL

(speaking over Adrian)

Ignore that. Do not turn around, do  
not look out the window. Stephen,  
can you/turn that off without  
looking away?--

COMMUNICATIONS

(focused)

--Already on it, director.

Not taking their eyes off the circle, the communications tech walks backwards, then unplugs the radio equipment after a little bit of fumbling, cutting Adrian's message off.

DANA CALDWELL

(SIGHS, relieved)

Much better... now--

(cuts off, noticing  
something, confused)

Coordinator? Why are you looking at  
me like that?

EDGAR MORRISON

(finally speaking as  
himself)

You know, it's funny you keep  
calling me that... I'd thought that  
of all people, you might be the one  
to see through the lie.

As he speaks, the sounds of the room begin to fade around Caldwell, and a low crackling noise is heard.

DANA CALDWELL

(confused, almost drowsy)

What are you.... What are you  
doing?

EDGAR MORRISON

It's very simple, Doctor  
Caldwell... I am reminding you and  
your employers of your place in *my*  
*new world*.

The sound of crackling fire grows and grows.

DANA CALDWELL

(eyes going wide as she  
finally realizes)

Morrison.

(snapping into action,  
panicked)

Everyone, get away from the  
Coordinator! Now!

The sound of fire suddenly vanishes, replaced by the normal  
noises of the Observation room.

MEDIC

Doctor Caldwell? Doctor Caldwell,  
are you okay?

COMMUNICATIONS

What's going on?

DANA CALDWELL

(still panicked)

Get away from--

(cuts off, finally seeing  
the truth)

Oh my god...

DRONE CONTROL

Holy shit... where did they go?

IT

They were right next to me!

MEDIC

Where's Coordinator Holt?

DANA CALDWELL

Gone. Along with Dontae and Athena.

COMMUNICATIONS

Did someone grab them? I didn't see  
/anyone come into the room--



DANA CALDWELL

(at the end of her rope)  
 No, of course you didn't see anything, because there was nothing to see. Coordinator Holt has been dead since the security team was killed. Maybe even before.

COMMUNICATIONS

(confused)  
 Then who was...

DANA CALDWELL

(barely contained rage)  
 It was *Morrison*, Stephen. He replaced the Coordinator to... I don't know what, besides toy with us.

MEDIC

(after a long moment,  
 stoic and practical)  
 Then what do we do, Doctor Caldwell?

DANA CALDWELL

(long moment of  
 consideration, softly)  
 Live to fight another day. Again.  
 (beat, taking command)  
 Everyone, we're going to make a beeline for the garage and load into one of the personnel transports. Pick a partner and keep one hand on their shoulder at all times. Do not let yourself get separated from the group, no matter what happens. We are *all* getting out of here alive, understood?

EACH TECHNICIAN GIVES A QUICK, NERVOUS VERSION OF "YES SIR" IN ROUGH UNISON.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Jenna, prepare to unseal door one.

MEDIC

Copy that, director.

DANA CALDWELL

As soon as that door is open, we move -- do not stop for anything unless I tell you to.

The medic turns the mechanical crank, unsealing the entrance to Central Observation. Outside, the corridors faintly whistle with a cold draft.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Alright -- on me--

Suddenly, the power fails with a loud clunk as the breakers trip, and the equipment in the room powers down with a whine.

IT

(growing nervous)

Shit, they've cut the power.

DANA CALDWELL

(staying in command)

This changes nothing. Flashlights, everyone -- keep them moving, I don't want us to get blindsided.

Faint shuffling as everyone pulls out their phones and switches on the flashlight function.

COMMUNICATIONS

Ready, Doctor.

DANA CALDWELL

(QUICK, DEEP BREATH)

Let's move.

## 6. INT. CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Overlapping footsteps as the team moves out into the dark, quick but measured. Faint shuffling as they sweep their phones side to side, looking for danger.

DANA CALDWELL

(calling from the front)

Watch your step up ahead.

DRONE CONTROL

Why, what's--?

(sees it, sounding sick)

Oh, fuck...

MEDIC

(clearly disturbed, but professional)

Permission to look for survivors, director?

DANA CALDWELL  
 (compartmentalizing)  
 No. They're all dead.

MEDIC  
 We don't know that for/sure, some  
 of them might be--

DANA CALDWELL  
 We can't risk the delay. Keep.  
 Moving.

The medic hesitates, then continues.

Footsteps carry on for a few seconds, the CCTV feed shifting  
 from camera to camera to follow them.

Finally, Caldwell stops, raising her hand.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 Hold up.

COMMUNICATIONS  
 What's wrong?

DANA CALDWELL  
 (uncertain)  
 ...does anyone else hear that?

It's faint, but a metallic clank can be heard from down the  
 hall, repeating every few seconds in regular intervals.

DRONE CONTROL  
 (mounting panic)  
 What the hell is that?

COMMUNICATIONS  
 Could it be another survivor trying  
 to get our attention?

IT  
 (backing away)  
 It's getting closer.

MEDIC  
 Nikolas, stay with the group, don't-

Suddenly the IT TECHNICIAN SCREAMS as they're pulled into the  
 darkness behind them.

DRONE CONTROL  
 (almost screaming)  
 FUCK!

## COMMUNICATIONS

Shit, what happened to them? Did anyone see?

## MEDIC

(stunned)

They're just... gone. Something grabbed them and they're just--

A louder clank interrupts the medic, and they all fall silent in terror. Someone is coming.

## DANA CALDWELL

(quiet, terrified but in control)

Flashlights on that noise. Now.

Faint shuffling as the three remaining technicians point their phones at the approaching figure.

## COMMUNICATIONS

(completely confused)

Is that a... police officer?

## DRONE CONTROL

(desperate optimism)

Maybe someone heard our messages and called for help! Maybe/they're here to get us out--

## MEDIC

(sees something, mounting horror)

No... that's not a police officer.

## DRONE CONTROL

How do you know?

## MEDIC

(urgent, horrified)

*Look at its head.*

They all adjust their flashlights, then ALL GASP IN HORROR AND DISGUST.

## COMMUNICATIONS

(mounting horror)

It's... where is it's face?

## DANA CALDWELL

(trying to remain calm)

Fall back. We need to get to the generator room.

DRONE CONTROL  
(nearly panicking)  
What good will that do?

DANA CALDWELL  
There's an emergency exit near to  
the backup generator, we may be  
able to sneak around to the garage  
from there. Jenna...

MEDIC  
I know the way. Follow me.

DRONE CONTROL  
(muttering, terrified)  
Oh god oh god oh god....

The survivors start moving back the way they came as the  
approaching "officer" continues, rapping its baton against  
the wall as it goes.

MEDIC  
(reaching an intersection)  
Turn left... Down this way.

Suddenly, a second "officer's" baton is heard from the other  
direction, closer than the first.

COMMUNICATIONS  
Shit, there's another one!

MEDIC  
Hurry, this way!

DRONE CONTROL  
(completely losing  
composure)  
Oh fuck this, I'm not dying in  
here!

THE DRONE CONTROL TECHNICIAN SCREAMS, charging at the nearest  
officer to try and fight their way out.

DANA CALDWELL  
B, get back here! Don't--

The "officer" swings its baton down, hitting the technician  
across the head with a bone-chilling, hollow sound.

THEIR SCREAM CUTS OFF IMMEDIATELY and they collapse without  
resistance.

COMMUNICATIONS  
Shit... are they...

DANA CALDWELL  
 (compartmentalizing,  
 focusing on the mission)  
 Dead. Whatever you do, don't let  
 these things get close enough to  
 use their batons.

MEDIC  
 (finally snapping)  
 Christ Caldwell, would it kill you  
 to show a little humanity for once?

DANA CALDWELL  
 (cold, focused)  
 Not until we get out of here. Now  
 keep moving, or it won't be these  
 "officers" you need to worry about.  
 (beat)  
 MOVE!

The remaining two technicians jump to obey, running down the  
 corridor with Caldwell close behind.

COMMUNICATIONS  
 How far?

MEDIC  
 Just past this last corner, we're  
 almost...

The medic cuts off as a pair of "officers" round the corner,  
 tapping their batons on the walls in a 1-2, 1-2 pattern.

COMMUNICATIONS  
 Shit, we're trapped!

MEDIC  
 (noticing something,  
 moving into action)  
 Not yet we're not!

The medic rips a fire extinguisher off the wall, pulls the  
 pin, and squeezes the trigger.

A spray of pressurized foam extinguisher shoots out,  
 staggering the "officers" and making them drop their batons.

MEDIC (CONT'D)  
 Keep going! This extinguisher won't  
 last long, you need to get the door  
 open!

DANA CALDWELL  
 Come on!

Caldwell and the technician run past the staggered "officers" as the medic keeps spraying foam over them.

A few yards away, Dana and the technician stop at the door to the generator room.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 (breathless, urgent)  
 Here... this crank works the manual  
 override -- we need to get it open.

The communications officer starts turning it without a word, and the locking mechanism begins to open slowly.

MEDIC  
 (calling out, panicked)  
 Stephen!

Dana and the tech look up to see the medic drop the now-empty fire extinguisher.

MEDIC (CONT'D)  
 Help!!

The two "officers" recover in an instant, picking up their batons and starting to rap them against the walls again.

COMMUNICATIONS  
 (calling out, panicked)  
 Jenna, come on!

DANA CALDWELL  
 Keep cranking!

COMMUNICATIONS  
 We need to help her, those things  
 are going to--!

THE MEDIC GRUNTS as she lines up a punch and hits one of the "officers" -- but an instant later the second strikes her across the head, and she collapses.

COMMUNICATIONS (CONT'D)  
 (broken rage)  
 NOOOOOOO!

DANA CALDWELL  
 Stephen, wait--!

Too late -- the last technician bolts down the hall, SCREAMING AT THE "OFFICERS."

THEIR SCREAM IS CUT SHORT by a baton. Their body falls with a heavy thump.

A moment later, all of the "officers" move towards Caldwell, four batons tapping against the walls.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 (panicked realization)  
 ...Goddammit.

Caldwell turns to the door and starts cranking as fast as she can, PANTING AND GRUNTING AS SHE WORKS THE MECHANISM.

Just in time, the crank comes to a stop and the door hisses as the pressure seal releases. Caldwell scrambles inside, then slams the door behind her, cranking it shut.

7. INT. GENERATOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CALDWELL PANTS, TRYING TO CATCH HER BREATH in the dead-silence of the darkened generator room.

After a moment, one of the officers raps against the door, and SHE GOES SILENT, waiting.

It taps 1-2, 1-2 against the metal... then stops. After a long moment, their footsteps retreat down the corridor.

Caldwell waits a long moment after they've vanished, THEN FINALLY EXHALES -- breathless, terrified, and heartbroken.

DANA CALDWELL  
 (to everyone who died)  
 I'm sorry. I am so, so sorry. I thought I could get you all out of here alive... I really thought I could.

Caldwell just sits there for a long moment, then finally recovers enough to stand up.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 (trying to ground herself with observations)  
 Okay Dana... focus. The emergency exit should be on the other side of the backup generator, just... ah.  
 (moves closer, confirming)  
 Sabotaged. Something punched a hole in the bottom of the fuel tank... no wonder it didn't switch on when the primaries failed.

Caldwell turns and walk over to another area, unscrewing the lid of a fuel drum.



DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 They left the fuel itself alone...  
 twenty barrels of gasoline for a  
 generator that doesn't work.  
 Brilliant.

(turns, walking past it)  
 Doesn't matter, just need to get  
 out through the...

Dana cuts off. She stands frozen for a long moment, then...

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 (horrified realization,  
 trying to rationalize)  
 The exit's... it's gone. How can it  
 be...

(beat, forcing herself to  
 calm down)  
 Don't ask how, just accept it. The  
 door is gone. There is no emergency  
 exit any more. Whatever Morrison is  
 now... he can change things. Like  
 he made Joshua disappear.

(beat, heavy)  
 And now I'm trapped in here with  
 him.

Caldwell stands frozen for a moment, letting that sink in.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 (crisis mode)  
 Alright -- don't focus on what's  
 missing, focus on what you have.  
 Resources: a broken generator. Not  
 much help, unless Morrison leaves  
 me alone long enough to build  
 something out of it. One cell phone  
 with no signal and a flashlight  
 that is *rapidly* running out of  
 battery... one old zippo lighter.  
 Huh. Guess I shouldn't have given  
 Ren so much shit about his newfound  
 smoking habit. Not like I could  
 light up in here even if I had a  
 cigarette, not with all the gas--

Caldwell cuts off, the first seeds of a plan forming in her  
 mind.

She hesitates for a moment, feeling this out and realizing  
 what it means... then she makes her choice.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 (calling out into the  
 dark)

Morrison! Edgar Morrison, I know  
 you can hear me! Show yourself! Or  
 is the god-king too scared to face  
 one of his subjects?

There's a faint sound of air movement from the darkness --  
 then...

EDGAR MORRISON  
 Not scared at all, Caldwell.  
 Just... patient.

DANA CALDWELL  
 We have that in common, then.

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (amused, arrogant)  
 Oh, I think we have a lot more in  
 common than that, Dana. And you  
 don't have to pretend you're not  
 afraid anymore. We both know better  
 than that.

DANA CALDWELL  
 (laying her cards down on  
 the table)  
 Fine. Yes, I'm terrified. I have no  
 idea what you've turned yourself  
 into or how you've done it, but it  
 scares the living shit out of me.  
 But you know what else I am,  
 Morrison?

EDGAR MORRISON  
 (amused)  
 What are you?

DANA CALDWELL  
 Pissed. Off.

A pause, and then MORRISON JUST LAUGHS.

DANA CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 (rage continuing to build)  
 You killed my entire team --  
 everyone in this facility, everyone  
 I was supposed to keep safe.  
 Everyone who trusted me with their  
 lives. And you're going to pay for  
 that.

EDGAR MORRISON  
(RECOVERS FROM HIS  
LAUGHING FIT)

Oh come now, Dana -- I'm far beyond  
your ability to hurt me now.

DANA CALDWELL  
Wrong. I'm the one you can't hurt  
any longer.

EDGAR MORRISON  
(understated threat)  
Don't be so sure. You think you've  
suffered just because I killed your  
team? No... no, that was just the  
prelude.

DANA CALDWELL  
Prelude to what?

EDGAR MORRISON  
The example I will make of ISPHA...  
of you. There will be no pretenders  
to the throne, no rival powers  
within my realm. And I will make  
sure the Source itself cries out  
that warning to all who hear it.

DANA CALDWELL  
...no.

EDGAR MORRISON  
(SCOFFS, amused)  
No?

DANA CALDWELL  
You're going to kill me? So what.  
I've already accepted that. I'm not  
afraid of death. You've got nothing  
to threaten me with.

EDGAR MORRISON  
I said nothing about death, Dana...  
not yet, at least. You know, I've  
never been much of a history buff,  
but you have to admire the Romans.  
They maintained peace across their  
entire empire for nearly 200  
years... and all it took was the  
brutality of crucifixion to make it  
stick.

DANA CALDWELL

No, Morrison. That's not where my story ends. You've already taken everything that you could from me... but now, it's my turn.

Caldwell pulls the zippo lighter from her pocket and flicks it open, holding it over the open gas drum.

Silence lingers for a tense moment.

EDGAR MORRISON

(more cautious)

So. Fire, then.

DANA CALDWELL

It seemed to work well enough for you. One spark, and all the gas in this room goes up. This whole place becomes a funeral pyre for the both of us.

EDGAR MORRISON

(asking for her terms)

Unless...?

DANA CALDWELL

Unless you go back to your city and stay there. Leave this facility in peace. Let us bury our dead.

EDGAR MORRISON

You're bluffing.

DANA CALDWELL

(LAUGHS DANGEROUSLY)

Am I?

EDGAR MORRISON

You would never give up your own life like this. You're too much like me, Dana. You've got too much to live for.

DANA CALDWELL

(decision made)

Death isn't something I can run away from. Not forever. And neither can you.

(quoting, wry smile)

"And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods?"

EDGAR MORRISON  
(realizing what she's  
going to do, nervous)  
Dana... Dana, don't...

CLICK. Dana ignites the zippo, and the CCTV feed vanishes in a sudden rush of flame.

BEEP.

8. EXT. OSLOW OBSERVATION POST RUINS - LATER

A glitchy, half-cooked CCTV camera flickers on as the burning wreckage of the Observation Post finally starts to cool.

After a few moments, movement is heard from within as MORRISON GASPS IN PAIN, crawling out of the rubble.

GASPING AND COUGHING, he begins to drag himself back towards the looming silhouette of his nightmare city.

After a moment, the feed dissolves into static, then cuts off with a BEEP.

ROLL END THEME  
AND CREDITS