

"SIGNAL SENT TO A DISTANT STRAND"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 04, Episode 94
Recording Script - October 3, 2023

Written by

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

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1. RECORDED PODCAST OPENING

The theme music from The Nonsense Bazaar plays out as the hosts begin to speak.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Hello and welcome to The Nonsense Bazaar. We're your hosts, I'm Willow Truman.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

And I'm Sequoyah Kennedy.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Sequoyah, do you ever misplace your keys?

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

All the time. I've got that ADHD. Like every other fucking person who's remotely interesting.

WILLOW TRUMAN

(LAUGHS, admitting sheepishly)

Yeah, me too.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

Maybe we wouldn't lose them if they were in our hands or our forehead, mark of the beast style.

WILLOW TRUMAN

You know what, I would honestly be really into that. Can you imagine?

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

I mean sure, we'd all be worried about our hands getting cut off by pick-pocketers--

WILLOW TRUMAN

--but think of the benefits!--

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

--think of the benefits! Exactly.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Well, as it happens, today's topic has a somewhat weirdo apocalyptic Christian flavor to it as well.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY
(dreading)
Oh, good.

WILLOW TRUMAN
So, this comes to us from another
one of my reddit explorations.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY
Even better.

WILLOW TRUMAN
And it's *not* about Q. Or the
Ascended Masters!

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY
I am gratefully unclenching my
asshole as we speak.

WILLOW TRUMAN
Well, don't get too ahead of
yourself.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY
(sighs)
No rest for the wicked.

WILLOW TRUMAN
Alright, let's get into it. This
week's subject is... Oslow, the
Disappearing City. Sequoyah, before
I mentioned it, had you ever heard
of Oslow, Nevada before?

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY
Not one bit.

WILLOW TRUMAN
I hadn't either. But apparently,
what's happening there is big
enough that it's, uh... it's
beginning to get some attention.
Like, potentially from CIA, who may
already have something to do with
this. Though they're clearly trying
to play it off like a prank.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY
Well, you'd better tell the good
folks listening at home what's
going on. This sounds juicy.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Alright, so... I was poking around my usual subreddits, wading through all the alien abductee stories, when I saw somebody post about r/oslow. Their comment basically said "If you want the biggest abductee story to ever be documented, check this out."

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

Whoa.

WILLOW TRUMAN

So I did.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

And what did you find?

WILLOW TRUMAN

Well, here's the deal. Oslow, Nevada, is this small city somewhere in Western Nevada. It's the seat of its own county actually, Oslow County? It has a population of around 12,000 people, so not super large, but it's already in a pretty remote area.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

Wow, that's not bad for a small town. You'd probably have the slightest bit of civilization.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Exactly. Not the kind of place you'd expect to just disappear into the ether, if these accounts are true. Yeah?

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

For sure.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Well, it turns out Oslow didn't fully disappear. It actually *reappeared*. But the intriguing thing is... people didn't seem to notice the disappearance until *after* the city supposedly came back.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

Interesting.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Yeah.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

This isn't the weird religious thing itself, is it? Like some kind of Christian PR born-again-city thing?

WILLOW TRUMAN

Not... exactly.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

(confused)

Please explain.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Well... let me read the very first post on r/oslow, from the person who started the subreddit. This is from user "gofastboatsmojito," which is... just...

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

...incredible.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Here we go.

(beat)

"I need to write this somewhere in case I lose my memory again, somehow. It already happened once, without me even realizing it, and I don't know what's happening yet. Here's the deal.

(beat)

My (34M) sister (28F) lives in Oslow, Nevada. It's kinda close to the Sierra Nevada mountains, a little remote, but close-ish to Reno. She moved there five years ago, and I've been there to visit her twice. There's nothing particularly unusual about Oslow, from what I remember.

(beat)

But a few weeks ago, right before I fell asleep, I had an extremely scary feeling that I can only call mental vertigo. It felt like I was suddenly aware that I was standing on the edge of a cliff, when I didn't realize there was a canyon beneath me.

(MORE)

WILLOW TRUMAN (CONT'D)

The thing that I'd forgotten? The existence of Oslow, Nevada. And more than that... my sister. I was suddenly aware that there were two weeks where all memories of her were missing from my brain.

(beat)

I'm afraid that when you read that, you'll think I mean that I just didn't think about my sister or Oslow for two weeks, and that I'm having some kind of misplaced guilt about it. What I mean is that I was suddenly aware of a blind spot in my brain that had just been refilled. And believe me, I tried to comfort myself into the belief that I was just forgetful and a stupid brother and I really should check in with my siblings more. That didn't last long. When I got up the next morning, I figured I'd call my sister. The line didn't connect. I reached out to my other brother to see if he'd heard from her, and he went through the same odd realization I had the night before. He also couldn't reach her. With dread, I reached out to my parents. I'll never forget the sound of their shock, and then terror as they also tried unsuccessfully to reach her.

(beat)

We don't know what's going on, and we're terrified. If anyone else has family or friends in the Oslow area, please reach out to me. I'm planning a trip there soon, to go find her myself, but any info in the meantime would be hugely helpful. Thanks for reading."

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

When was that posted?

WILLOW TRUMAN

February 16th.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

So it's been about a week. Any word from him?

WILLOW TRUMAN

Not a one. And in fact, there's a follow-up post from another user who claims they knew the OP, and more than that, that they went with him. This one's pretty chilling. You wanna read it, Sequoyah?

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

Let's do it.

(beat)

"I wanted to give an update here about my friend, since a lot of you have responded to it. I don't know where he is, or if or when he'll be back. I don't know if he's alive. I have submitted a police report, but there's been little activity on it. His family is panicking, but they were ok with me sharing some details.

(beat)

I went with him to Oslow. I believed his panic, because I've never seen him both that clear-headed and that terrified. We arrived near Oslow on February 20th (four days ago), although we had a really difficult time navigating to where the city was supposed to be. To our eyes, we couldn't see it at all. We got a bit closer by car, retracing where we knew the highways should run into it, and we stopped when we saw something like a massive, slightly-shimmering film that stretched across the whole sky. Like a thinly-stretched pane of energy.

(beat)

My friend, this whole time, seemed to be feeling an unreal amount of dread the closer we got to the thing. I told him we shouldn't go any closer, but it's like he couldn't help it. He kept talking about needing to save his sister. He wouldn't listen to me. I watched him walk right into that weird barrier and disappear behind it.

(beat)

Whatever you do, do not approach Oslow.

(MORE)

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I know this is reddit and people get all excited about doing the kind of spooky exploration shit that can get you killed or fucked up, but I'm dead serious about this. If you don't listen to my warning, I at least know I tried."

(beat)

So, how much of this is verifiable?

WILLOW TRUMAN

We're gonna get into that, because there's a lot here. And a lot more accounts of other people remembering Oslow.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

(uncertain)

Okay...

WILLOW TRUMAN

(beat)

What's up? You look kinda weird.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

No, it's just... yeah, I dunno, I'm getting a weird feeling about this one.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Yeah, me too honestly. I don't know what the fuck is going on with this.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

How much deeper does it go?

WILLOW TRUMAN

Well... since you asked... this is a story of intertwining supernatural disturbances, a corrupt police department (including a religious weirdo Chief of police), underground CIA tunnels... and...

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

(mutedly excited)

Oh my God.

WILLOW TRUMAN

...possibly a shapeshifter. Let's get into it, folks. We're just getting started.

CLICK.

MAIN THEME

2. INT. SOL FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - DAY - 2/16/20

Maria starts a tape in her quiet bedroom.

MARIA SOL

(slightly frantic, manic)

Maria Sol, February 16th, 2020.

I'm recording this to safeguard my own memories of my friends.

Something has happened to my friends. Oslow was already gone, but now...

She types "Oslow" into a search bar one-handed on her computer and hits enter.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

Now, when I search for Oslow, there's stuff that comes up. A reddit post. People who had friends and family in Oslow are realizing that it disappeared, and they have questions. I don't know what's happening anymore, and I can't reach any of them no matter what I try. I can't reach Kate, Ren, Sam, Jerry... I don't know if I'm in danger of forgetting them at this point, or what's happening anymore. Oslow is back? Sort of? That's all I really know. Are my friends okay? Is all of this useless? Will I be able to reach them again?

She TAKES A DEEP BREATH, trying to keep from panicking.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

I have to keep going. The only thing that I know how to do is to keep going.

(beat)

Only a handful of pages survived my last attempt at mediumship. I'm about to attempt another one, but I don't know if it will do anything. All I know is that, at some point, Sam succeeds in pulling Anna out of her timeline and into the Source.

(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

Therefore, I have to believe that Sam and the rest of them are still alive in Oslow. Or where Oslow used to be, and maybe is again?

(beat, annoyed)

Ugh, I hate this. I don't know if they're trapped in some otherworldly dimension, or if they're just... in some kind of dead zone.

(beat, refocusing)

I can't accept that this has all been useless, though. My gut is telling me to keep trying, even with the silence. I'll figure this one out as I go. For now, I have to believe that they're still there, but unreachable. So... I can't do much about that right now, besides spend some time with Anna's remaining pages and see if there's anything else there.

CLICK

3. INT. SOL FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

The tape resumes a few hours later.

MARIA SOL

(mental checklist)

I've blocked all the light from the doors and windows again... set up my chair... laid out the pages... and got my one remaining candle ready to go. Looks like we're ready.

(long beat, hesitation; to herself)

It'll be fine. It'll be okay. I can do this. Think how proud abuela would be.

After another moment, Maria sets the recorder on a nearby side table. We hear her belt herself into the chair with a GRUNT OF CONCENTRATION.

She then BLOWS OUT the one remaining light in front of her -- a candle. SHE BREATHES DEEPLY, and EXHALES.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)
 (calling out to the
 beyond)
 Pages... if there is more I need to
 know... please tell me.

Maria sits for a moment in the absolute dark and silence. An unsettling crackle builds on the tape.

A strangely liquid, airy energy begins to ooze out of Maria's face, then takes the shape of an ethereal face in front of her.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)
 (speaking with distortion
 through Maria's voicebox)
 Signal. Lake. Time. Grows.
 (normal voice, asking)
 Am I looking for a signal? Am I
 giving a signal?
 (distorted voice; after a
 beat, with some effort)
 Giving.
 (normal voice)
 Time grows... is that what's
 happening to them in Oslow? Are
 they caught in a kind of...
 (distorted voice)
 Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble.
 Fire... burn...

Maria begins to SHAKE, growing uncomfortable. The sound of fire can be heard, growing.

MARIA BREAKS CONTACT WITH A GASP, AND CHOKES SLIGHTLY as the ectoplasm flees back inside her/into the other dimension. She hurriedly unbelts herself from the chair, BREATHING HARD, and races to turn the light on.

Her legs are shaking, and she melts against the wall, sliding down to the floor. After a moment, she crawls back to the recorder, picks it up, and tries to dictate.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)
 (shaky, scared)
 I had to... I had to break contact.
 Something was following, coming for
 me.
 (HEAVY EXHALE, more
 collected)
 At least this time I broke out of
 the trance before the fire came all
 the way through.

Maria's stomach lurches, and SHE GROANS. CLICK.

4. INT. SOL FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - 2/18/20

Maria restarts the tape as she lays in bed several days later.

MARIA SOL

(feeling miserable, sick,
and tired)

Maria Sol, February 18th, 2020.
I'll admit it... jumping straight
into hardcore mediumship has not
been easy on my body. I tried to
look up some tips for how to do
this on the internet, but it's
clear that this kind of practice is
meant to be built up. Like... over
a long period of time. I suppose
I'm lucky that I've only been in
bed for two days.

(beat)

I'm still unable to reach anyone in
Oslo. I'm starting to feel better,
so I'm hoping that I'll be able to
drive to Nevada and see what's
going on.

(beat, regret)

I haven't even been home for three
whole weeks, and now I'm getting
ready to leave again. I miss my
family already.

(beat)

I need a pick-me-up.

She fiddles on her phone, and opens up an old recording of
Anna. It starts playing with a BEEP.

ANNA SHERIDAN (RECORDED)

Are you recording?

MARIA SOL (RECORDED)

I am.

ANNA SHERIDAN (RECORDED)

Ahem.

(she puts on a fancy
persona)

I, Anna Sheridan, do of sound mind
and body, bequeath my collection of
Junji Ito to one Maria Sol in its
entirety.

(MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (RECORDED) (CONT'D)

It has served me well and
terrifyingly, and therefore it is
passing into Maria's hands, to be
treasured for the rest of her days.

(breaking character)

Was that good? Do you want it
again?

MARIA SOL (RECORDED)

That was perfect. Thank you. I
shall treasure it well.

BEEP. The video stops. MARIA SIGHS, holding her phone to her
chest.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

(to herself, quietly)

We are so close, Anna. We are so
close to finding you. I'm not
giving up. I promise.

(beat)

Be there soon, mi vida.

CLICK.

5. INT. MOTEL - FRONT DESK LOBBY - NEAR AGATE SHORE - DAY -
2/20/20

Tape starts in the lobby of a small, run-down motel. The
front door bell jingles as Maria enters while the manager
plays a movie on the lobby TV a little too loudly.

"ALAN RICKMAN/HANS GRUBER"

Due to the Namura Organization's
legacy of greed around the world,
they are about to learn what real
power looks like. You will witness
this.

The manager pauses old VHS.

MOTEL FRONT DESK

Oh, hello again. You need something
else?

MARIA SOL

(cautious)

No, everything's fine with my room,
I just... I wanted to ask about how
things have been around here. I,
uh... I have some friends around
here.

MOTEL FRONT DESK

(SCOFF)

Well then, I'm sorry for your misfortune.

MARIA SOL

What do you mean?

MOTEL FRONT DESK

That town that used to be up the road? Ain't there anymore. And the people that have been coming to see it... well, some of them didn't come back. I wouldn't recommend going out at night, if I were you. I've tried telling everyone, but they don't listen.

MARIA SOL

Everyone?

MOTEL FRONT DESK

All these... mystery hunters. They think they're following some kinda fun internet story, but it's... it's worse than that. Much worse.

MARIA SOL

So, there's been a lot of people coming through here?

MOTEL FRONT DESK

More business these past few days than I've seen in the last year. And it's getting busier every day. Won't keep me in business, though.

MARIA SOL

(worried)

You mean you're going to have to shut down?

MOTEL FRONT DESK

(haunted)

I'm choosing to.

(beat)

My family has owned this place for close to fifty years. I'm not giving it up easy, you have to understand. I stayed after what happened in Agate Shore. Most people didn't. But seeing a whole town disappear... one you've lived in, went to school in...

(MORE)

MOTEL FRONT DESK (CONT'D)

one that you know for sure exists... well, that's too much for me.

(beat, introspective)

I know they say the devil lives in Nevada, and now I believe it.

MARIA SOL

Well... thank you for everything.

MOTEL FRONT DESK

Sure thing. I hope you find your friends.

MARIA SOL

Thanks.

Maria exits out the lobby door, silver bell jangling as it shuts behind her.

CLICK.

6. INT. VAN - AGATE SHORE - DAY - 2/21/20

Tape restarts. Maria sits in her van, parked near the edge of Agate Shore lake. The muffled sound of teeming wildlife can be heard through her doors.

MARIA SOL

Maria Sol, February 21st, 2020. I'm staying at the closest operational motel I could find, which is fifteen minutes outside of Agate Shore... which is where I am now. Figured this was as good a place to start as any.

(beat, nervous)

I'm still in my car. Haven't wanted to get out yet. I feel just as creeped out now as I did the last time I was here. The vegetation is still unnaturally large even in winter, but the air is full of birds and insects now. Here...

She opens her van door to demonstrate, and the sound floods in. She closes it again.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

I cannot stress enough how much this kind of life shouldn't be here in the high desert in February.

(SIGHS, refocuses)

(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

It's been a week since my friends disappeared, and there's still no sign of them. I called Peter soon after it happened, and we've been staying in contact ever since. He's beside himself, unsurprisingly, but right now he's trying to focus on caring for Andrew. I've managed to convince him to stay in Canada so far, but I suspect he'll lose his patience sooner or later... despite how dangerous the situation is... and how much I keep stressing that fact.

(beat)

But anyway... yeah, I'm at Agate Shore now. I don't know what I'm looking for exactly, but I figured I'd look for clues around the lake first. Anna's projection said that the well should be manifesting somewhere around here. That's the key to all of this, apparently.

CLICK.

7. EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - DAY - 2/24/20

Tape starts. Maria stands on the shore of the lake, waves gently rolling near her feet. The sound of happy birds and insects is strong, but not as lush as before.

MARIA SOL

(frustrated)

Maria Sol, February 24th, 2020.
I've been over every inch of this lake, twice. I've managed to avoid the talons of some rather large ravens, and... some other birds I don't recognize. I've shaken off beetles and crawling things I *definitely* didn't recognize, and I'm no longer convinced any of them have a natural origin.

(beat, bitter humor)

Oh, also! Hah. My motel let me know this afternoon that they're shutting down for good tomorrow morning. Apparently the manager keeps having these... horrible nightmares about falling into a void every night. Lovely.

(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

They did tell me that I could stay in the room free of charge if I had nowhere else to stay. Well... after I pressed them. They also warned me that the water and power would be turned off at the end of the month and they couldn't guarantee my safety. Which... I mean... that's fine with me, I can't even give myself that guarantee.

Maria lets out a NOISE OF FRUSTRATION.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do here??

She pauses, BREATHING for a moment.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

(admitting what she's been afraid to)

Honestly? I need to see how close I can get to Oslow. I've been afraid to go any further than this until now. But I have to.

(beat)

I just can't stop thinking... if people could approach black holes on their own... would they know when they're in too deep? When there's no escape?

(LAUGHS, shakes head)

Just the kind of question that I wish I could ask Ren.

CLICK.

8. INT/EXT. VAN - US ROUTE 50 - DAY - 2/25/20

Tape starts. Maria's van is idling, her heater gently blowing on her.

MARIA SOL

Maria Sol, February 25th, 2020. I tried to approach Oslow near Jerry's house to see if I could recognize any of the landmarks around there and then... I had to stop. I was just filled with this... enormous sense of dread.

(beat)

I mean, I must still be at least two miles from Jerry's.

(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

But once I stopped I noticed...
well, I'm just sitting in my car
now, staring at. How do I describe
this?

(beat)

I saw this artist on the Santa
Monica pier one time, on a date
with Anna. He had a small easel set
up with a canvas, looking out at
the shoreline. I watched as he
began to paint the scene that
existed behind the canvas: color
matching the sand, the waves, the
sky, even bits of the umbrellas or
people that stayed still long
enough to be counted. By the time
he was done, you could barely tell
where the sky above ended and his
canvas began.

(beat)

But even so... the world that he
painted was too static. Too neat.
The illusion was broken the moment
someone crossed behind the
canvas... like it was showing a
portal into a quieter, deader
shoreline.

(beat)

That's what I feel like I'm looking
at now, ahead of me. What I see is
clean, empty desert... but I
know... *I know* that at this point,
the road should continue in a
downward curve off to the left. I
should be able to see a swath of
rural homes, some distant farmland,
the dotting of trees on the horizon
near Santa Lucia...

Maria considers for a moment, and then opens the door,
climbing out of her van.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

(realizing, curious)

Wait... I can see the edges of it.

She takes a few steps away from her van, observing.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

It's like... well whatever it is,
it's huge. It looks kind of...
round. It's arching over... god,
that must be over a huge portion of
the Oslow area. Because... right!

(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

Because at this point, the city starts to come into view. It's... Oh my God.

(SINGLE, NERVOUS LAUGH)

Yeah... now I can see just enough light refracting off of this... bubble? And now I can see the difference. Just like with that artist.

Maria pauses a moment.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

I'm going to see if I can get closer with my van.

CLICK. Silence. CLICK.

Maria takes a few steps closer. She picks up a rock. Static begins to rise on the tape, and she stops, uneasy.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

I'm going to attempt to throw a rock at this... barrier thing.

She hesitates, then throws the rock into the space in front of her.

It vanishes with an energetic noise, and the sound of it landing never comes.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

It just... it's gone?

Brief pause before Maria, fully spooked, bolts back to her car, fumbling her keys and BREATHING IN FEAR. In her frenzy to get back inside, she knocks a paper cup onto the road.

She shuts the door, tosses the recorder in her passenger seat, reverses, and turns the van around, driving away fast.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

(confused, disoriented)

What the... who the hell is that?

SUPERFAN

(calling out, muffled)

Hey! What did you find?! Is this the spot?

CLICK.

9. EXT. US ROUTE 50 - DAY - 2/26/20

Tape starts on the same patch of empty desert highway the next day.

MARIA SOL

Maria Sol, February 26th, 2020. I really didn't want to come back here today. I didn't want to look at it again. It's the *hugest* anomaly I've ever seen. I feel like a... like an ant standing in front of an eldritch god. This huge, evil... bubble? Ugh. Well, I still can't think of a better word.

(beat)

And yet... and yet... When I returned today, I noticed some differences from yesterday. For one thing -- that feeling of dread? It hit me earlier. I had to pull over much further away than I did before. I also remember knocking some trash out of my car in my hurry to leave yesterday, which... yeah my bad... but now? It's nowhere to be seen. And sure, it could have just blown away... but it got me thinking.

(beat)

"Time. Grows." That's one of the messages that came through my medium session. I'm not sure what this all means yet, but maybe I can test it.

Maria walks a few steps away, grabs a handful of rocks from the side of the road, and walks forward a bit. She arranges them in a heart in the middle of the road.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

There. A rocky heart for Oslow. Now, *that* shouldn't blow away.

CLICK.

10. EXT. US ROUTE 50 - DAY - 2/27/20

Tape restarts in a nearby section of the highway the following day.

MARIA SOL

Oh my God... oh my God! Oh wait,
uh... Maria Sol, February 27th,
2020.

IT WORKED! I was right. Those rocks
that I laid down yesterday aren't
here anymore. They're *behind* where
the edge of this bubble is now -- I
can't even get close to where they
were when I placed them. I estimate
I'm maybe... a half mile further
down the road this time.

(beat)

Time. Grows.

(beat)

Can Kate and Sam and all of them
see those rocks now? I guess they'd
have to venture all the way out
here for no reason to see it,
but...

(beat)

I want them to see. I want them to
know that I'm out here, looking for
them.

She takes a moment to look at a map on her phone, and tries
to calculate some mileage math.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

Okay so... looking at this map...
I'm guessing that the bubble has
expanded by close to a mile since I
first came out here. Agate Shore
is... 16-17 miles away from my
current location, so...
If this trend holds, the bubble
will touch the lake in about a
month.

(beat)

Signal. Lake. What kind of signal
am I supposed to create with the
lake? And what kind of signal would
possibly help, I mean... do they
just need to know I'm still out
here?

MARIA GROANS.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

Anna would have the perfect answer.

CLICK.

11. EXT. US ROUTE 50 - DAY - 3/5/20

Tape restarts.

MARIA SOL

Maria Sol, March 5th, 2020.
Well wouldn't you know it... the eastern edge of the bubble is several miles closer to the lake than it was last time. And I know what I want to leave for Sam, now. The tape with Anna's projection. The one that explains how he's supposed to find Anna, and the nature of the well, and how he'll have to enter the well to find her. If the well will be at the lake... I can only assume that means the lake needs to be claimed by this bubble before Sam can do anything. So now I'm just... waiting out the days.

Tape stops.

12. INT. MARIA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY - 3/15/20

Maria's tape restarts in an empty, silent hotel motel room.

MARIA SOL

Maria Sol, March 15th, 2020.
Hi, Anna. Just wanted to talk to you out loud.
(beat)
I hope we'll see each other again soon.
(beat)
I've been really afraid to say that. Out loud, especially. But... things being as they are... I might as well say it.

CLICK.

13. INT. MARIA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY - 3/20/20

Tape restarts in the same room.

MARIA SOL

Maria Sol, March 20th, 2020.
Sure enough, Peter couldn't stand the distance anymore.
(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

He's getting on a flight to Reno a few days from now.... He should be getting here soon after that.

(beat; genuine)

You know, I'm honestly surprised that he lasted over a month. I've filled him in as much as I can, and... he wants to be here. He said he wants to be here "when they all make it."

MARIA LETS OUT AN UNEASY EXHALE.

CLICK.

14. EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - DAY - 3/29/20

Tape restarts on the shores of the lake, with two sets of footsteps as Maria and Peter explore the shore.

MARIA SOL

Maria Sol...

PETER SLATE

...and Peter Slate...

MARIA SOL

March 29th, 2020.

(to Peter)

See? You got it.

PETER SLATE

Thanks, Maria.

(beat)

You were right about the barrier shifting. It's a lot further out now.

MARIA SOL

It is. See how it's arching around the lake? It's still maybe a mile out from the water, but... it must just be waiting for the perfect time to absorb it. I'm guessing it'll happen by the 31st.

PETER SLATE

You've been keeping great records.

MARIA SOL

Thank you. I mean, I've had to.

Maria pulls out a paper map.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

I found this old paper map in the motel lobby. No one was using it, so... anyway, I've just been making these markings on here, see?

PETER SLATE

Oh, clever...

MARIA SOL

Yeah, my maps app stopped working correctly a while ago.

(beat)

Well, shall we?

PETER SLATE

Let's do it.

They begin walking closer to the barrier as Maria pulls random objects out of her backpack.

MARIA SOL

Throw these ones closer, if you can.

PETER SLATE

You've got it.

Peter tosses two rocks an impressively far distance. One actually breaks the barrier with a sharp, energetic ripping noise.

MARIA SOL

Damn!

PETER SLATE

Sorry, it's the adrenaline. I played, uh... football in high school...

MARIA SOL

(enjoying teasing him)

Okay, okay, don't get ahead of yourself. Here.

She hands him a few more items (tennis ball, red lego, rubber chicken), and he throws them a bit closer to themselves.

PETER SLATE

You figure this'll get their attention?

MARIA SOL

Well if the colors don't catch their eye, I'm hoping the rubber chicken will.

PETER SLATE

Fair enough.

Maria takes a final item from her jacket: a tape wrapped in a page of Anna's manuscript.

PETER SLATE (CONT'D)

What's that -- another tape?

MARIA SOL

Yeah. This is the most important one. It's the one that I really, really need them to hear.

(beat)

Please, universe... please, Mother Mary...

(aside)

Hell...

(resumes)

Please, Saint Anthony... let Sam find this.

Maria gently places the tape on the ground, and she and Peter step back. SHE SIGHS.

After a moment, someone behind her interrupts her thoughts. THEY BOTH JUMP SLIGHTLY when the Superfan begins speaking.

SUPERFAN

Hey, you guys here for the Oslow stuff? Have you seen anyone go in?

MARIA SOL

What, a human person? Go in there? No. No, I wouldn't recommend that.

SUPERFAN

Come on, get a video of me! I'll cut you a deal. If this goes viral, I'll give you 10% of any advertising or merchandising that comes out of it. No development deals though.

PETER SLATE

(completely lost)

What... is happening?

SUPERFAN

Sorry, I mean... I'm kind of a writer? I have my own YouTube channel... Doesn't matter. Anyway, here's my phone.

MARIA SOL

Sorry, we can't help you.

Maria and Peter begin to walk away.

SUPERFAN

Ugh! Come on! Sir, can you help me?

PETER SLATE

Hey, she's the videographer, not me. Sorry buddy.

SUPERFAN

(growing faint)

Oh my goddd I have the worst luck!
Am I going to have to take a *selfie*
video?!?

The SUPERFAN MAKES MOCK RETCHING NOISES.

CLICK.

15. EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - SUNSET - 3/30/20

Tape resumes. The waves gently lap near Maria's feet. In the odd happenings of late, the birds and insects have fled the area -- only a few remain. It's a quiet sunset.

MARIA SOL

(a bit dreamy)

Maria Sol... March 30th, 2020.
Sunset at Agate Shore. I don't know whether it's the last one it'll ever see, or just... the last normal one for a bit.

(beat, she observes)

The bubble has sort of bent around the whole lake, but there's still this narrow opening at the end, where I came through. I probably shouldn't be in here. It's like wandering into a tiger's jaws. Still...

(beat)

The sunset is being refracted across the water, glittering all over the surface of this bubble.

(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

Sure, it's evil, but... it's got shimmer.

She turns and opens her backpack, pulling out her trusty hammer with a SLIGHT GROAN.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

Signal. Lake.

(beat)

Farewell, hammer. Fly high.

With a HEAVY GRUNT, she tosses it several yards into the lake. It breaks the surface of the water with a noisy splash.

CLACK. The recording ends.

16. RECORDED PODCAST EPISODE

Willow and Sequoyah reach the end of their Nonsense Bazaar episode.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

So let's review that tarot that we pulled at the beginning...

WILLOW TRUMAN

Yes, let's...

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

The Six of Cups. Uh, memories... nostalgia, simplicity. Longing for something in the past.

WILLOW TRUMAN

Now, it did come out reversed, so if we were to look at that meaning... it would be like letting go of the past. Being in the present, and being ready to move on to the future.

SEQUOYAH KENNEDY

So like... what future is there for this situation? It seems pretty dire.

An awkward, uncertain beat.

WILLOW TRUMAN

I guess that's up to the people of
Oslo to figure out. Here's hoping
they can.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS