

"ON THE STRANGEST SEA"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 04, Episode 98
Recording Script - November 27, 2023

by

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

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1. EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - MIDNIGHT - 3/31/20

Peter Slate stands on the rocky shore of the lake, as far from the approaching edge of the bubble as he can be without abandoning his post.

The waves sound restless and choppy. A cold gust blows saltwater spray, and HE SHIVERS, pulling his jacket tight.

PETER SLATE
(SHIVERING, whispered
conviction)
I don't care how cold it gets, I'm
not leaving... Katey needs me here.
I'm not leaving... not until this
is over.

Across the lake, a peal of unnatural thunder is heard, scaring a single raven into flight as it croaks loudly.

PETER SLATE (CONT'D)
(stirs something in his
memory, quietly reciting)
"Hope" is the thing with feathers
-
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the
words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is
heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chillest land
-
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me."

CLICK.

MAIN THEME

2. EXT? THE SOURCE - SHORELINE - ??? - ANNA'S RECORDING

Sam and Anna stand on the dark shores of the Source in stunned silence, reeling from Sam's realization.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (finally finding words)
 ...what do you mean, we're trapped?

SAM BAILEY
 I mean we're trapped, Anna. Without a guide, there's no way we can find our way back to the right time.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (trying to problem solve)
 But you've done this before, right?

SAM BAILEY
 I mean... I've gone into the Source before, but...

ANNA SHERIDAN
 So you've been able to get out those other times, right? How did you do it then?

SAM BAILEY
 Well... those other times I basically... astral projected into this place, I guess. I just returned to my physical body where I left it, but/I can't really do that--

ANNA SHERIDAN
 So why can't you just get us out of here that way?

SAM BAILEY
 (slightly exasperated)
Because, the last place I existed physically was in Morrison's tunnels, right before he was about to shoot you. You want to go back there, huh?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (shooting back, annoyed and scared)
 Listen, dickhead -- I'm just trying to find a solution here, unlike *some* people.

SAM BAILEY
 (realizing they need to stay calm)
 Right... right. I'm sorry, that was out of line. It's just...

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

we need to be careful in here.
It's... well to be perfectly
honest, it's about the most
dangerous place we could possibly
get lost in.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(not buying it)
Doesn't look that dangerous to
me... at least, not compared to the
tunnel with the murderous police
chief.

SAM BAILEY

That's *why* it's dangerous. The
Source plays tricks on you...
Distorts your senses.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(noticing something)
Like... how that door just seemed
to appear out of nowhere?

SAM BAILEY

(turning noticing it)
Oh. No, that's actually pretty
normal in here... they're weak
points in the veil, places and
times where the Source starts to...
leak through into other universes.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(seeing a possibility)
So... there's a chance one of them
might lead back to our world?

SAM BAILEY

(uncertain)
A snowball's chance... there's a
lot of universes out there.

ANNA SHERIDAN

But I mean... there's no harm in
trying, right?

SAM BAILEY

Not... exactly. But still, just be
careful... There's no telling what
could be on the other side.

Anna's already moving towards the door.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (clearly not buying it)
 Well if it's dangerous, I'll just
 close the--

ANNA CRIES OUT as a swirling, roaring vortex of energy pours through the open door, pushing the handle out of her hand.

SAM BAILEY
 (terrified, rushing
 forward)
 Anna! Anna close it! Close it, NOW!

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (struggling back to her
 feet)
 I'm trying! I can't get to the
 handle, it's not...

Another wave of energy rushes through the door, KNOCKING SAM OFF HIS FEET WITH A GRUNT.

At the same time, three middle-aged men in lab coats tumble through the door, CRYING OUT AND GRUNTING as they fall.

SAM BAILEY
 (voice distorting
 slightly)
 Anna, close the door!

Anna struggles to her feet, pushing the door closed... then stops when she hears a pair of raised voices.

EDGAR MORRISON (YOUNGER)
 Goddammit Sheridan, shut it down!
 Shut the fucking thing down!!

ANDREW SHERIDAN (YOUNGER)
 I'm trying! The controls aren't
 responding!!

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (stunned, seeing his face)
 ...dad?

Sam suddenly rushes up and grabs the door, SHOVING IT CLOSED WITH A PAINED GRUNT, clearly still feeling his gunshot wound.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (shock, despair)
 What are you doing?

Before Sam can react, Anna PUSHES HIM TO THE GROUND and yanks the door open... but this time, there's nothing there.

Anna stands there, staring into the empty doorframe for a long moment before turning back to Sam.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
Where... why did you do that? That was our way back!

SAM BAILEY
(GRUNTING AS HE STANDS,
irritated)
No, it wasn't.

ANNA SHERIDAN
What do you mean? I saw my dad -- I saw him!

SAM BAILEY
You're right... that was your dad. That was our universe. But it wasn't the right time.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(completely lost, upset)
What the fuck are you talking about, Bailey?

Sam pauses, then turns to the THREE SCIENTISTS NOW STRUGGLING TO THEIR FEET.

SAM BAILEY
(authoritative)
You three. Who are you? Where did you come from?

SCIENTIST 1
I could ask you the same question, sir.

SAM BAILEY
You first.

SCIENTIST 2
That information is classified, friend -- unless you've got clearance, I suggest you stop asking questions.

SAM BAILEY
I'm sorry, my mistake. Could one of you at least be kind enough to tell me the date? I'm afraid my friend and I have been... away for a while.

SCIENTIST 3
 (confused)
 It's July 12th.

SAM BAILEY
 (pushing slightly)
 ...and what's the year?

SCIENTIST 3
 (even more confused)
 1978. Who are you?

SAM BAILEY
 (voice distorting)
No one. Forget you even see us.

Sam turns back to a stunned Anna.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (annoyed, trying to get
 her to understand)
 Do you get it now? Do you
 understand what I'm saying?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Who are they? What did you do to
 them?

SAM BAILEY
 They're the scientists your father
 worked with in Nevada. The ones who
 disappeared under mysterious
 circumstances during one of their
 experiments.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 They're... but that means...

SAM BAILEY
 (blunt)
 Congratulations Anna... you just
 made history.

Anna stands stunned... but before she can reply a heavy,
 thundering footfall shakes the beach, along with a low,
 moaning roar.

SCIENTIST 1
 What in the blazes is that?

SCIENTIST 2
 Sounds like it came from that way.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(to Sam)

What's happening?

SAM BAILEY

The Guardian... it's like an immune system for the Source. It hunts down things and people who aren't supposed to be here and destroys them. It must have caught our scent when the door was opened -- come on!

ANNA SHERIDAN

(rushing over to the scientists)

Listen, guys.

SCIENTIST 3

Whoa, easy there kid -- keep your distance.

ANNA SHERIDAN

You need to come with us... there's something hunting you, and we need to/stick together if we want to--

SCIENTIST 1

He told you to stay back, miss... and we're not going anywhere with you, not unless you show some identification.

SCIENTIST 2

We need to get moving, Doctor... come on.

The three scientists turn and begin walking quickly down the black sand beach.

ANNA SHERIDAN

Wait... wait!

SAM BAILEY

Don't bother, Anna.

ANNA SHERIDAN

But they're going straight towards that thing!

SAM BAILEY

(clearly not okay with it either)

I know.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(confused)

Then why the hell don't/you do something--

SAM BAILEY

Because they've been missing for close to 40 years, Anna. Even if we bring them out of the Source with us... even if we could, they wouldn't have a life to go back to. Right now, we need to focus on getting ourselves out of here.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(long beat; accepting, unhappy)

...shit.

SAM BAILEY

Yeah. That about sums it up.

Another massive footfall shakes the beach, and Sam and Anna turn and run in the opposite direction without another word.

CLICK.

3. EXT. CITY OF OSLOW - ROOFTOP - MORRISON'S DOMAIN - ??? - LARA'S RECORDING

Chaos. Morrison's "Officers" grapple with Amanita's half-converted followers as the 1812 Overture blares.

Up above, Lara fires her rifle twice in rapid succession at the heaving mass of "Officers," then ducks low, reloading.

LARA SMITH

(distracted, to recorder)

Shit, I think I hit one of Amanita's boys... hard to tell them apart up here....

Lara swaps out the clip on her rifle, racks the charging handle, then stands, firing down at the battle below.

A moment later her rifle clicks empty, and she ducks again.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)

(distracted)

Ammo's running low... gonna need to make a run for the cache soon... Bombs are still there, that might just even things up a--

The door on the far side of the rooftop splinters apart, AND LARA CRIES OUT as a half-dozen "Officers" pour out of it.

Unable to stand up, she fires wildly, taking out the ones on the roof -- but the ping of batons against the stairwell show it won't be enough.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)
 (calling down to the
 street level, panic)
 Amanita! Amanita, I need a little
 help up here!

There's no response. Another pair of "officers" push their way through and Lara stands, emptying her rifle as she cuts them down.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Fuck, I'm out...
 (calling down)
 Amanita! Amanita, where are you--?

She cuts off, realizing the sounds of battle below have vanished. There's a noisy scraping as the last few manhole covers close behind the retreating Oraculites.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)
 No no no... where are you going,
 you can't just leave me up here?!

No response. A moment later another set of "Officers" push through the doorframe, rushing Lara's position.

Out of ammo, Lara turns and swings the stock of her rifle like a baseball bat, GRUNTING as she takes out both officers.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)
 (rage and desperation)
 You want me? Come and get me you
 fuckers!!

She pulls a Molotov cocktail off her belt, lights, and chucks it through the open door. The "Officers" inside screech unnaturally as the flames hit them.

Before they can recover, Lara grabs an ammo box off the ground and drags it back to her position, reloading her rifle.

Down below, hundreds of feet march towards her position in lockstep, advancing on the building as it starts to burn.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)
 (despair, cursing her
 name)
 Damn you, Amanita... damn you.

CLICK.

4. EXT? THE SOURCE - SHORELINE - ??? - SAM'S RECORDING

Sam and Anna's footsteps race down the beach, BOTH OF THEM PANTING AND OUT OF BREATH. Thunder rumbles in the distance.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (out of breath, exhausted)
 Wait... hold on, just give me a second.

SAM BAILEY
 (equally out of breath)
 We need to keep moving, Anna.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (catching her breath slightly)
 Just -- let me catch my breath... fuck, it feels like I've been running for hours.

SAM BAILEY
 (a little confused and concerned)
 Does it?

Anna goes quiet, suddenly realizing something.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (weirdly recovered)
 ...no -- no, actually I... I can't tell how long we've been running.

SAM BAILEY
 Sounds like you're not as out of breath as you thought you were, either.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Neither are you.
 (beat, confused)
 What's going on, Bailey? Is something wrong?

SAM BAILEY

Anywhere else... yeah. But in the Source? Time doesn't really exist -- it just feels like it's passing because our brains are trying to put these events in a logical order. And it's not your lungs or your legs that move you around in here, it's more... intention. Energy. Focus.

ANNA SHERIDAN

So it's all just... psychosomatic?

SAM BAILEY

Huh. Yeah, I guess that would be the word for it.

ANNA SHERIDAN

So... if time doesn't actually pass here, then why the rush?

SAM BAILEY

(struggling to explain)

It's... it's complicated. The more you... touch the Source... the more contact you have with it, the more you seem to lose... parts of yourself. Your energy. It wears away at your mind, your identity, and... Eventually, you just stop existing in any world... that is, unless you're very lucky and have enough people who remember you on the other side of the veil.

Anna goes quiet, seeming to finally understand the danger of their situation. After a long moment of silence...

ANNA SHERIDAN

(noticing something)

Hey... Look at this.

SAM BAILEY

(seeing what she sees)

Look at what? It's just another door.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(insistent)

I know, but... it feels familiar, somehow. I think I've seen it before.

Anna starts moving down the beach towards it.

SAM BAILEY
(growing worry)
Anna... Anna, wait -- you know what
happened last time.

ANNA SHERIDAN
I'm not going to open it, Bailey...
I'm just getting a closer look.

SAM BAILEY
Just... be careful. *Please.*

Anna nods, then stops in front of the door, examining it more
closely.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(recognition)
Holy shit.

SAM BAILEY
What is it?

ANNA SHERIDAN
It's one of the doors in my
house... the one to the closet in
the upstairs hallway.

SAM BAILEY
(putting it together)
The linen closet?

ANNA SHERIDAN
(a little confused)
I... I guess.
(beat, listening intently)
Oh my god... I think I can hear
Kate.

SAM BAILEY
(trying to be brief, but
thorough)
Anna, listen to me -- you need to
answer her. She needs to see you,
and you need to tell her to find me
and Maria.

ANNA SHERIDAN
What? Why?

SAM BAILEY

(urgent)

Because it's already happened, and that's how she started looking for you. If this doesn't happen, then I don't make it here... none of this happens without her.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(not quite understanding)

Well... okay.

(turns to door, listening, and repeating what Kate's saying)

"...There are some places better left alone, some doors better left unopened - But I've never much cared for other people's advice. I'd rather see for myself."

SAM BAILEY

(realizing what's about to happen, quiet)

Sorry about this.

ANNA SHERIDAN

Wha--?

Anna's question is cut off by a sudden wave of energy, throwing her back into the waves as the door creaks open.

5. CONTINUOUS

SAM BAILEY

("that looked painful,"
whisper-yell)

Shit... Anna? Are you alright?

AMY STERLING

(suddenly appearing behind Sam, unbothered)

Don't worry, Sam... she's exactly where she needs to be.

SAM BAILEY

(turning, surprised)

Amy? What are you doing here?

AMY STERLING

I could ask you the same question. This is Anna's moment with Kate. Seems to me like your presence would... needlessly confuse things.

SAM BAILEY
 (realizing she's right)
 Shit.

AMY STERLING
 (leading Sam away)
 This way... let's get out of their
 hair before Kate notices us.

Sam follows Amy back down the beach just as Kate emerges from
 the open door.

KATE SHERIDAN (RECORDED)
 (from TST28)
 There's a beach in here... Somehow.
 And it's not Lake Isabella.
 Definitely not. If I didn't know
 better, I'd swear this was the
 ocean, but there's something about
 it that's... Anna?

The sounds of their conversation fade beneath the waves as
 Amy and Sam move away.

AMY STERLING
 There we are... we should be out of
 earshot, and I think Kate will be
 too preoccupied with her vanished
 sister to notice us.

SAM BAILEY
 She should be... Kate didn't
 mention seeing anyone else on that
 tape.

AMY STERLING
 (slight bitterness about
 her own fate)
 And her history remains
 unblemished. How privileged she is.

SAM BAILEY
 (suddenly noticing
 something)
 Wait... how do you know my name?
 You said you met Anna before you
 spoke to Kate and I, so how do
 you/already know who I am--?

AMY STERLING
 (amused)
 Oh Bailey, Bailey, Bailey... stuck
 in your old linear conception of
 time yet again.
 (MORE)

AMY STERLING (CONT'D)

Everything that has occurred has already happened, and will already happen, and is already happening again.

(beat, smiling slightly)

And to be perfectly honest, I knew who you were before we met. I'd already been watching you for a long time, Bailey... observing your timeline, and waiting for just the right moment.

SAM BAILEY

(confused)

...the right moment for what?

AMY STERLING

(genuinely apologizing)

Please, try not to take this personally.

Before Sam can react, Amy grabs the collar of his shirt and lifts him off his feet, dragging him down the beach.

SAM BAILEY

(sudden panic)

What the--let me go Amy, let me go!
Anna! Anna, help!

AMY STERLING

She can't hear you, Bailey... it's already happened, and she doesn't save you.

SAM BAILEY

Amy, what the hell are you doing--?

Sam cuts off as Amy pulls another door open. Realizing what's happening, he starts thrashing, trying to break her grip.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(desperate, mounting
panic)

Amy, you can't do this, I need to get Anna out of the Source, and I can't find her again if you--

AMY GRUNTS SLIGHTLY as she throws Sam bodily through the door, then slams it shut behind him.

6. EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - OSLOW, NV - NIGHT - 4/13/19 -
CONTINUOUS

SAM GRUNTS as he hits the concrete, tumbling slightly. He barely takes a moment to recover before standing back up and throwing himself against the door.

SAM BAILEY
(yelling, pounding on the
wood)
Amy! Amy, open this door, you don't
understand! Amy! Amy!!

He tries the handle, but it doesn't turn. He pounds on it one more time... then TUMBLES FORWARD as the door dissolves, vanishing into thin air.

For a long moment, Sam sits where he fell, staring at the empty space where the door used to be.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(finally accepting what
happened)
...fuck.

GRUNTING SLIGHTLY, Sam struggles to his feet, looking around to figure out where he is. It doesn't take him long.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(realization, confusion)
I'm... I'm back in Oslow. This is
my old apartment building.

Curious, Sam turns and begins climbing the metal stairs up to his door, moving slowly and cautiously.

After a moment, he begins to hear someone through the wall, and stops.

SAM BAILEY (YOUNGER) (CONT'D)
(from TST08)
I think there's someone on the
stairs outside. It's about... Ten
past midnight. Give or take. I
already tried to take a look
through the front window but there
wasn't anyone out there. I went
back to bed, but then...

Sam, curious, begins moving again to get closer and hear.

SAM BAILEY (YOUNGER) (CONT'D)
(from TST08)
There is someone out there.

Our Sam is nearly at the front door, curiosity overriding his fear... until he hears a pistol being cocked from inside.

Realizing exactly what moment he's stepped into, SAM'S BREATH CATCHES IN HIS THROAT, and he begins to back down the stairs slowly and cautiously.

Finally, Sam reaches the ground again, ducking into the shadows and moving away from the building.

Once he's far enough away, he stops, HEAVING A HEAVY SIGH OF RELIEF.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Shit... well, at least I know when I am. Makes sense Amy would send me here... this is the night I first listened to the tape about her.

(long beat, growing worry)

And she's still in there. With Anna.

(growing despair)

What the hell do I do now?

CLICK.

7. EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - MIDNIGHT - ??? - REN'S RECORDING

KATE CONTINUES TO THRASH AND CRY as MARIA STRUGGLES TO HOLD HER IN PLACE, tying her arms and legs together with a length of rope from her bag.

KATE SHERIDAN

(distraught, through tears)

No, no Maria, please... please, he's drowning, you can't do this...

MARIA SOL

(breathless, annoyed)

Yes I can Kate... thankfully my dad's training included learning how to tie knots as well as how to get out of them.

KATE SHERIDAN

You need to let me save Andrew, he can't swim, he's going to/die if I don't--

MARIA SOL

--For the last time Kate, Andrew isn't here.

(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)

He's in Toronto, with your family.
What you're seeing out there is a
trap from Morrison.

KATE SHERIDAN

(WORDS FADING INTO SOBS)

No... please... let me go...

With one crisis averted, MARIA STANDS BACK UP before turning
away from the lake, looking for something.

MARIA SOL

(calling out, worried)

Ren? Ren, where are you?

REN PARK

(voice sounding oddly
muffled and echoey)

I'm here Maria, I'm right here!

MARIA SOL

(calling out, clearly not
hearing him)

Ren!!

Maria begins walking away from the lake in search of Ren,
unable to see or hear him.

REN PARK

(completely lost)

What the fuck is happening?

REN PARK (OTHER) (CONT'D)

A test, Doctor Park -- an
assessment of our fitness for life
in the god-king's new world.
Surely, you must be used to those
by now.

Ren turns to face the other figure -- an exact replica of
himself, staring back at him.

REN PARK (CONT'D)

(SCOFFS)

Really? A doppelganger? You think
that's what's going to scare me,
after everything I've been through?

REN PARK (OTHER) (CONT'D)

Not really. But it was the best he
could do at short notice. Anna and
Kate both have histories in Agate
Shore to pull nightmares from...
you brought only yourself.

(MORE)

REN PARK (OTHER) (CONT'D)
 Although... in your current state,
 that's probably more than enough to
 break your spirit.

REN PARK (CONT'D)
 (challenging the illusion)
 What about Dana? Why didn't
 Morrison conjure up a specter of my
 guilt wearing her face?

REN PARK (OTHER) (CONT'D)
 (suddenly nervous)
 ...our lord is somewhat...
 hesitant, to be reminded of that
 woman.

REN PARK (CONT'D)
 (smirking slightly)
 Understandably so.

REN PARK (OTHER) (CONT'D)
 In any case, the god-king didn't
 need you broken... not yet, at
 least. Just... out of the way,
 while he plays out his torments for
 both of your companions.

REN PARK (CONT'D)
 (realizing what he's
 saying)
 ...What do you mean, both of them?

CLICK.

8. EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - MIDNIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS - MARIA'S
 RECORDING

Maria makes her way further from the lake, pushing through
 the heavy greenery around the ruins of the abandoned town.

MARIA SOL
 (edge of desperation)
 Ren! Ren, talk to me buddy -- where
 are you?

Maria pushes forward, then stops short at the sound of
 rustling foliage a little ways off.

She freezes as someone steps out of the shadows, smiling
 wide.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)
 (horrified, backing away)
 You... no, it can't be you... Sam
 killed you, you're/not real--

ANNA SHERIDAN (OTHER)
 (taunting, menacing)
 Oh Maria... I've missed you so,
 sooo much.

CLICK.

9. EXT? THE SOURCE - SHORELINE - ??? - ANNA'S RECORDING

The waves crash on the shore, throwing Anna back onto the sand with A HEAVY, PAINED GRUNT, FOLLOWED BY GROANING.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (pained, irritated)
 Goddammit Bailey... I'm going to
 kill you for not warning me about
 this...

Anna trails off AS SHE STRUGGLES TO HER FEET -- then freezes, confused.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (confused, concerned)
 Bailey? Bailey, where are you?
 Bailey?

No reply... then footsteps are heard as a tall, twisted figure steps out from behind one of the doors on the beach.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (confusion, fear)
 S-stay back!

AMY STERLING
 (CHUCKLES, amused)
 Now now, Anna... no need to be
 afraid. I'm an old friend.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (backing away, terrified)
 Don't come any closer -- I'm not
 here alone... I'm warning you!

AMY STERLING
 (disheartened)
 Oh Anna... I'm disappointed in you.
 (MORE)

AMY STERLING (CONT'D)

I knew Kate wouldn't be able to recognize me after all this time, but I thought you might still be able to.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(confused, edge of fear
lingering)

Wait... your face... why do you look... familiar?

AMY STERLING

(guiding Anna to the
answer)

Yes, Anna -- you know my face. Granted, it's not the one I wore in the land of the living, but it's closer than you'd think... and you've seen in many times in your nightmares since then.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(stunned, disbelieving)

...Amy?

AMY STERLING

Hello Anna. It's been a long time.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(unable to wrap her head
around this)

It... it can't be, Amy... she's gone.

AMY STERLING

And where do you think she went? Where do you think those dark and oily waters you saw at the bottom of that well led? The same place all dark and deadly waters lead, eventually... the Source of all that was and was not and will be again.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(growing emotional,
realizing she has her
best friend back)

Holy shit... you're alive.

AMY STERLING

(bitter)

If you call being trapped in this hell living.

(MORE)

AMY STERLING (CONT'D)

(softening slightly)

But yes... I still exist. Thanks,
in no small part, to you.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(confused)

What... me? What did I do?

AMY STERLING

You remembered, Anna. Remembered me
when no one else did, and those
memories pressed themselves into
the veil and let me keep my
shape... at least, most of it.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(remembering Sam is
missing)

Did you see anyone else on the
beach before you got here?

AMY STERLING

(feigning ignorance)

Why? Have you lost someone?

ANNA SHERIDAN

The person who brought me here...
he was trying to save me, but I...
I don't know where he went. He's
about... yea high, bit of a scruffy
beard, long/hair about--

AMY STERLING

(feigning concern)

You mean you've lost the person who
was guiding you out? Do you know
how dangerous that is in here?

ANNA SHERIDAN

I mean, it's not like he was doing
a great job of it anyways... he
said he'd completely lost the way
back.

AMY STERLING

That is... concerning.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(almost conspiratorial)

Tell me about it. Honestly... I
don't really think he knows what
he's doing.

AMY STERLING
 (thoughtful)
 Hmmmm.
 (FAKE CRY OF PAIN)
 Oh gods... something's wrong.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (worried, rushing up to
 Amy)
 What is it? What's going on?

AMY STERLING
 (faked pain)
 The well... the way I came to be
 here, it's... it's merging with
 another power -- the one that
 created Sam.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (completely lost)
 The one that... what are you
 talking about?

AMY STERLING
 (pretending to be in pain)
 There is a lake, in the town of
 Agate Shore. A child drowned there
 a long, long time ago... and that
 child made a deal with one of the
 powers of the Source to ensure
 their own survival. Sam Bailey is
 what came of that deal. And now...
 now the well is being drawn to that
 lake. History is broken... the city
 of Oslow has been pulled out of
 time, and Morrison... Morrison has
 changed.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Morrison? What are you talking
 about, why would the well be drawn
 to Oslow?

AMY STERLING
 It plucks the remnants of broken
 time from the world -- memories,
 physical traces, historical
 records... it's what pulled me out
 of your life, and now it's removing
 all traces of Oslow from the world
 you knew. Trying to fight off
 Morrison's meddling with time and
 keep the world from breaking... but
 time has already gone askew...

ANNA SHERIDAN
(not quite understanding)
I... I need to get back... I need
to stop him!

AMY STERLING
(pretending to recover,
putting the pressure on)
You really, really do, Anna. They
need you out there.... Maria and
Kate and Ren and all the others
that are counting on you.

ANNA SHERIDAN
Can you lead me back to where Sam
came from?

AMY STERLING
...unfortunately no. I have no
anchors left in the world to
follow, so I can't find my way with
any real certainty.

ANNA SHERIDAN
Shit...

AMY STERLING
But... there are some benefits to
being a half-alive thing in the
Source. I can see many different
points in space and time, and with
the right application of willpower
I can... push things through the
veil. Deliver messages to those who
need them.

ANNA SHERIDAN
What about Maria? Can you find her?

AMY STERLING
(feigning uncertainty)
Hmmm... perhaps. Or at the very
least, I can find a way to get a
message to her.

ANNA SHERIDAN
Then do it! She needs to know how
to find me... how to make sure Sam
can find me again and get back to
Oslo.

AMY STERLING
That's... a rather tall order,
Sheridan.

(MORE)

AMY STERLING (CONT'D)

Who knows what she'll actually need
to find the right answers?

ANNA SHERIDAN

(nearing despair)
So you can't do it?

AMY STERLING

I didn't say that. Just that it
will be a... slightly more
complicated process. I'll need to
make an imprint of your mind... a
copy I can send through the veil at
the right moment, with all the
answers that dear Maria might need.

ANNA SHERIDAN

Then do it! We don't have much
time.

AMY STERLING

(CHUCKLES)
Oh, we don't have any time, Anna...
such is the way of the Source.
(steps forward)
Come closer. I need to make
physical contact for this to work.

Anna obeys, stepping up to her old friend. Amy places her
hands on Anna's temples as static begins to rise on the tape.

AMY STERLING (CONT'D)

Now... take a deep breath. Calm
your spirit as much as you can. I
must warn you... this will not be a
painless process. My mind will
touch every part of yours, and to
be perfectly honest... you may lose
some of yourself in the process.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(impatient)
Just do it, Amy... I'm used to
pain, I can take it.

AMY STERLING

I certainly hope so... this is my
first time doing this.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(suddenly worried)
Wait, what do you--
(SCREAMS IN AGONY)

Anna's screams distort and echo for a moment before--

CLICK.

10. INT. THRONE ROOM - MORRISON'S PALACE - ??? - JERRY'S RECORDING

A roar of flame and a flurry of movement as Jerry dives for cover, while MORRISON LAUGHS MANIACALLY.

EDGAR MORRISON
 (LAUGHING, mocking their attempts to survive)
 You come into my throne room unprepared and unarmed, and expect to survive? I'm almost insulted!

JERRY PRICE
 (whisper yell)
 Bill! Rob! Ned! Over here!

Bill rushes over, ducking behind the pillar and CRYING OUT as he narrowly avoids another jet of eldritch fire.

BILL TYLER
 (recovering, turning to call for his partners)
 I'm okay, I'm okay... Ned! Rob! Get behind this pillar!

Rob and Ned hear him and make a break for cover.

EDGAR MORRISON
 (toying with them)
 Not so fast, you two.

There's a sudden tearing noise as Morrison rips a hole open in the veil, and ROB CRIES OUT IN FEAR.

EDGAR MORRISON (CONT'D)
 Ah yes... you know that darkness all-too-well, don't you Robert? Maybe I should return you to the embrace of the abyss... sunder you from Bill and break both your spirits/all over again--

NED LEROUX
 (challenging Morrison, voice distorting)
 Morrison! Look at *me*.

The rip in space/time suddenly slams shut in front of Rob, and Morrison turns to Ned, anger in his eyes.

EDGAR MORRISON

You *dare* push thoughts into my mind? If it weren't for me, you'd still be stranded on the side of the road with both your legs ripped off. You'd still/be where I found you--

NED LEROUX

(taunting Morrison to keep his attention on him)

If you hadn't found me, you wouldn't have been able to get the psychic wheel working in the first place. You wouldn't have captured all those monsters, and... honestly, you probably wouldn't have turned into whatever the fuck you are now.

As they're speaking, Rob manages to reach Bill and Jerry, ducking behind the pillar AND TRYING TO CATCH HIS BREATH.

EDGAR MORRISON

(growing rage)

Well if you regret it so much... allow me to fix that mistake.

Morrison raises his hand, and the veil begins to tear open again...

ROBERT QUINCY

(calling out)

Ned, duck!

Ned hits the floor as ROB HURLS HIS BASEBALL BAT AT MORRISON. It almost whistles as it spins through the air before...

The bat hits the god-king square in the head, knocking him back into his throne WITH A CRY OF PAIN.

BILL TYLER

Ned, RUN!

Ned doesn't hesitate, rushing over to the others and ducking behind the pillar before Morrison can recover.

NED LEROUX

(PANTING SLIGHTLY, recovering)

Nice throw, Quincy!

ROBERT QUINCY
 (trying to stretch his
 shoulder, pained)
 I hope so... I'm going to be
 feeling that for a while.

BILL TYLER
 (glancing out from behind
 the pillar)
 Dammit, what's taking Sam so long?

NED LEROUX
 I don't know... maybe he got lost
 on the way back.

JERRY PRICE
 (voicing his own worries)
 Or maybe he didn't make it into the
 lake at all.

ROBERT QUINCY
 What are you talking about, Jerry?

EDGAR MORRISON
 (voice echoing, full of
 cold anger and menace)
 Ah, Jerry... still trying to run
 away, I see. Trying to escape your
 problems instead of solving them.
 How has that worked out for you so
 far?

JERRY PRICE
 (growing rage)
 How about I show you, you
 fascist/prick--

NED LEROUX
 Jerry, don't. Don't let him goad
 you. This isn't a fight we can win
 head on... maybe not at all, come
 to think of it.

BILL TYLER
 What are you saying, Ned?

NED LEROUX
 (unsure)
 I'm saying that... if Sam can't fix
 the timeline, then there's no point
 in all of us getting ourselves
 killed. Even if Morrison just
 resets us... there's no reason to
 keep fighting.

ROBERT QUINCY
 (long beat, unsure)
 I... I don't know...

BILL TYLER
 (firm, decided)
 No.

NED LEROUX
 No?

BILL TYLER
 If you're right, then there's no
 point in running either. If
 Morrison wins here, then sooner or
 later there won't be anywhere left
 to run.

NED LEROUX
 (still unsure)
 ...it could buy us a little bit
 more time.

BILL TYLER
 Maybe. But I've spent too much of
 my life letting people like
 Morrison win. I'm not running
 anymore.

JERRY PRICE
 And neither am I.

ROBERT QUINCY
 Me neither.

Ned looks around at all three of them, THEN SIGHS.

NED LEROUX
 Hell. Figure I'm not running
 either.

CLICK.

11. EXT. DESERT - OUTSIDE OSLOW - NIGHT - 11/6/19 - SAM'S
 RECORDING

Sam starts his recorder on a cold, starry night. Crickets and
 far-off highway traffic can be heard, but nothing else.

SAM BAILEY
 (noticeably tired)
 Sam Bailey, personal investigation.
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Time and date unknown, but presumably prior to 2020. I think I'm pretty close to Jerry's house, but I'm not sure.

(long beat)

It's been a while since I last recorded. I can't know how long, but going by how much the scar from my gunshot wound has faded, I'd guess it's been several days... Possibly weeks. I've been skipping in and out of the Source, trying to stick to the shallows, but... I still haven't been able to find Anna. I think I've gotten close a few times, but... I don't have enough of a connection to find her in there. Not without the Echo.

(beat)

I also haven't slept since this whole thing began, which I'm unfortunately still human enough to feel. I know I don't actually need it to survive, but... Ned doesn't need to eat either, and he still gets peckish from time to time. I guess I'm... hungry for sleep. For rest. But I cant... not until I get back to Anna.

(beat, changing subject)

I've been sticking close to Oslow when I can. Sure, it's dangerous to be hanging around a place with so many people who know me, but I've managed to fly under the radar so far. I obviously can't go anywhere near it after February 2020... Morrison's blockade of the Source goes both ways. But at the very least, I have a relatively safe place to return to between trips. Especially since I found the burrower tunnels.

(beat)

I first ran into them last year, while I was staying at Jerry's. They're a kind of... wormlike Source-creatures that live in the desert outside Oslow. They usually mind their own business unless provoked, so most people don't know about them... Although I guess I provoked them when I discovered the entrance to one of their tunnels.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I was still recovering from getting shot so that got a little dicey, but I managed to push enough thoughts of calm into their minds to convince them we weren't actually enemies. I've been using the tunnels as a way of moving around Oslo unnoticed, and so far...

Sam trails off as static begins to rise on the tape.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(confused)

What the hell? Someone... someone's reaching out through the Source. Are they... are they looking for me?

Sam hesitates, THEN TAKES A DEEP BREATH, pushing back on that mind.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(curious)

Huh. Whoever it is, they don't know what the hell they're doing... just opening their mind up to anything and everyone even vaguely linked to the Source. And they're scared too. Scared, and... trying to push me away. Huh... Guess they realized what danger they were putting themselves in--

(SAM CRIES OUT SLIGHTLY at a sharp pain in his head)

Okay, ow... no need to give me a migraine, I'll stop.

SAM EXHALES, releasing his power. The static fades away, and he GROANS SLIGHTLY, rubbing his temples.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(pained)

Fucking amateur... you'd think someone would have taught you how...

SAM BAILEY (YOUNGER) (CONT'D)

(from TST46, distant)

There's, uh... There's someone else out here. I can see them... They're just standing there, a little ways down the hill. I think it might be...

Static rises on the tape, AND SAM FREEZES, realizing what's happening.

SAM BAILEY (YOUNGER) (CONT'D)

(from TST46, distant)

No, it is the same thing I felt before. It's clearer now -- it's not really an emotion, but it's definitely some kind of presence. Maybe it's... Masking its feeling, somehow? But either way... It's not human. I can tell that much.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(under his breath,
realization)

Shit... it's another causal loop.
(quieter, more worried)
God I hope I can remember what I did before.

CLICK.

12. EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - MIDNIGHT - ??? - KATE'S RECORDING

Kate's tape is still rolling as she rolls around on the beach, pulling at Maria's ropework.

KATE SHERIDAN

(voice ragged, SOBBING
SOFTLY)

Please... please, anyone... let me
save my son... let me...

Kate suddenly cuts off and stops moving, staring out at the water.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(eyes suddenly opened)

He... he's gone. Andrew... no... no
that couldn't have been Andrew, why
did I think...

(realizing what's
happening)

Morrison. It was one of his
illusions... how did I not see
that?

KATE STRUGGLES SLIGHTLY, getting over onto her side and sitting up as much as she can.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 Maria? Maria, it's okay -- I know
 what you were trying to tell me,
 I'm not going to try to get back in
 the water. Can you untie me now?
 (long pause, worried)
 Maria?

Silence... and then a pair of booted feet begin walking down
 the beach towards her.

KATE STIFFENS at the sight of the all-too-familiar figure.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (mounting horror)
 You...

EDGAR MORRISON (OTHER)
 (CHUCKLES SOFTLY)
 Me. Hello, Kate. Nice to see you
 again. Especially without your gun.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (trying to rationalize
 this)
 You can't be here... Bill and the
 others -- they attacked the palace.

EDGAR MORRISON (OTHER)
 (taunting)
 Maybe I've already dispatched of
 them. I mean... what kind of fight
 could three humans and a tar man
 put up against the god-king's
 armies, really? Or maybe I can be
 in more than one place at a time
 now. None of you really know what
 I'm capable of, do you?

KATE SHERIDAN
 I don't know what's going on, but I
 know they aren't dead.

EDGAR MORRISON (OTHER)
 (LAUGHING)
 Oh, Kate... you let go of your
 parent's faith so long ago, and yet
 you still can't resist the siren's
 call of that old unfounded hope.
 It'll get you killed someday, you
 know.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (noticing something)
 Wait... your chest... there's no
 wound there...

EDGAR MORRISON (OTHER)
 (suddenly growing serious)
 I don't know what you're talking
 about.

KATE SHERIDAN
 Sam and Ned said you still had the
 wound in your chest from where the
 mine monster tore your heart out...
 but if it's not there...
 (putting it together)
 You're not really Morrison, are
 you? You're just another image.
 Just another way of toying with us.

There's a long pause -- then MORRISON BEGINS TO LAUGH SOFTLY.

EDGAR MORRISON (OTHER)
 (faintly amused, resigned)
 Oh well. I had you going for a
 minute there, didn't I? Guess the
 apple really doesn't fall too far
 from the tree... your father was
 brilliant too.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (low anger)
 Don't you dare talk about my
 father.

EDGAR MORRISON (OTHER)
 Why not? I'm just saying that he
 was one of the smartest men I ever
 met... shame he was too obsessed
 with his own peace and quiet to
 ever do anything remarkable with
 that intelligence.

KATE SHERIDAN
 Stop it.

EDGAR MORRISON (OTHER)
 (smiling, mocking)
 I do wonder if you'll end up
 running away from Oslow too. I
 wonder if you'll ever tell little
 Andrew what you did here. Who
 knows...

(MORE)

EDGAR MORRISON (OTHER) (CONT'D)

maybe he'll come back here someday
too, looking to figure out just
what happened to his mother. I do
hope so. The sins of the father
must be laid upon the children,
after all... to the third and
fourth generation.

CLICK.

13. EXT? THE SOURCE - SHORELINE - ??? - ANNA'S RECORDING

Anna, still alone on the strange shoreline, staggers down the
black sand beach. Her footsteps are uneven and clumsy.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(mumbling, almost
incoherent)

The well... the well... the circled
stones, and the waters beneath...
the well is the key and the door
and the gate, the well is the light
and the dark and the...

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)

(from TST24, echoing and
distant)

Piece of junk...

ANNA SHERIDAN

(stopping, confused)

Who... who said that?

A bigger wave crashes and rolls onto the beach... carrying
with it the sound of Sam's voice.

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)

(from TST24, growing
clearer)

Jesus, when's the last time they
cleaned this place? No wonder I
never stopped here before.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(becoming slightly more
lucid, but still off)

That voice.... I know that voice...

Anna wanders to the edge of the shoreline, THEN GASPS as she
sees an image appearing in a tidepool the wave left behind.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

It's Bailey... he's... I can see
him in the tidepools, he's...

(noticing something)

Oh my god... there's someone coming
towards him... it's... it's the
Echo...

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)

(from TST24, clearer, but
still separated)

Don't think you want to hear this --
I'll restart the recording in a
minute. I mean, if I'm not murdered
before then...

ANNA SHERIDAN

(from TST24)

Bailey! Bailey!

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)

(from TST24)

Hello? Who's there?

ANNA SHERIDAN

(from TST24)

Bailey! Bailey! Run! Hurry!

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)

(from TST24, growing
fainter)

Sh... Sheridan?

Before Anna can respond, another wave washes over the image,
and the picture of Sam vanishes.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(almost panicked)

No no no no no... bring him back!
Bring him back!

The wave brings another image from the past... Anna and Amy
Louise Chen on the side of a windswept hill in Wellington.

ANNA SHERIDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(from TST60)

I thought that was Chicago?

AMY LOUISE CHEN (O.S)

(from TST60)

Common misconception. Depends on
how you measure it, but I think if
you're going--

Desperate for something to work, Anna pushes her hand into the tide pool and calls out...

ANNA SHERIDAN
(desperate, pleading)
LISTEN!

ANNA SHERIDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(from TST60)
Wait -- do you hear that?

Anna, startled, CRIES OUT, pulling her hand out of the tidepool, disturbing the image and making the moment fade away.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
(realizing what she's
done)
No... no no no, wait -- where did
it go?

She scrambles forward, trying to bring the image back... then hears another voice, this time from the water itself.

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)
(from TST09)
Echoes. Ghosts. Mirrors. Caves.
Hellhounds. Fire. Black Holes, snow
demons, and evil wishing wells.
(beat)
WHAT THE FUCK DOES IT MEAN?
(beat)
What's the point, huh? What's the
point of any of this? Just to screw
with me? Make sure my life's more
of a goddamn nightmare than it
already is? Because I'm done, I'm
do-ne, with this bullshit.

As he's speaking, Anna moves over to the water, the waves growing louder as she does.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(confused)
I can't see him... all I can see
is... it looks like a door in the
water.

With no other ideas, Anna reaches into the water and knocks urgently.

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)
(from TST09)
Oh for godssake - Piss off...!

The door opens, and ANNA JUMPS BACK WITH A SLIGHT GASP, seeing the look of rage and pain on his face.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (horrified, but forcing
 herself to be practical)
 Oh my god... Bailey, Bailey, can
 you hear me? It's me, it's Anna--

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)
 (from TST09)
 What the hell?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (pushing her hand further
 into the waves,
 desperate)
 Bailey, *listen*, you need to hear me--
 -

Unexpectedly, the phone behind Sam begins to ring. He snarls, slams the door, and stomps over to it.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (despair)
 No no I can't see you there Bailey,
 I can't...

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)
 (from TST09, suddenly
 clearer)
 Do you have any idea what time it
 is...!

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (calling out, desperate)
 Bailey! Bailey, can you hear me!?

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)
 (from TST09)
 What? Hello? I can barely hear...
 Who is this?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 It's me, Sam... it's Anna! Please,
 you need to *listen*...

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)
 (from TST09)
 You... It can't be... You're...

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Bailey, please...

SAM BAILEY (O.S.)
 (from TST09)
 Sheridan?

Before Anna can reply, another wave suddenly rolls over her, KNOCKING HER BACK WITH A CRY and severing her connection.

ANNA PANTS FOR A MOMENT, trying to recover before striking her fist on the sand WITH A SHORT YELL OF RAGE.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (at an utter loss)
 Goddammit!!

Anna just stays there for a moment, BREATH SHAKY and clearly close to tears.

After a while, another voice drifts out of the waves... a very familiar one.

MARIA SOL (O.S.)
 (from TST39, faint)
 Oh. There it is. Uh, I guess this is Rue's grave. That was easier than I thought it would be.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (weak, faintly hopeful)
 Maria?

Anna slowly stands and makes her way to the water, staring at the image of her love at Heceta Head.

MARIA SOL (O.S.)
 (from TST39, clearer)
 It's about -- Eighteen inches tall and eight wide. Unmarked as far as I can tell, and standing mostly upright over a small mound that looks--

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (seeing her face)
 Oh god Maria... what's happened to you?

MARIA SOL (O.S.)
 (from TST39)
 It's... No. It can't be, it has to be a trick of the light. It's blank - I can see it's blank when I--

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (longing, sadness)
 Maria...

MARIA SOL (O.S.)
 (from TST39, reacting to
 the way she heard it)
 It's -- It's my name. The grave has
 my name on it. How is that
 possible?

Anna gets down on her knees and reaches through the waters
 again, trying to touch Maria.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (pleading with the Source)
 Maria, please just hear me...
 you're not alone, I'm right here...

MARIA SOL (O.S.)
 (from TST39, hearing her
 old memories instead)
 No, no, no -- you don't get to take
 that night! You don't get to go
 there!

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (confused, hurting)
 Maria, I'm not doing anything, I'm
 just trying to reach you... please
 just trust me!

MARIA SOL (O.S.)
 (from TST39, still not
 hearing her)
 No, please not then...

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (seeing she's about to
 run, desperate)
 Maria, please don't go...

In the image, Maria turns and rushes off into the forest.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 (calling after her)
 Maria! Please just hear me, just
 listen to my voice, I'm trying to
 help you, I need to find my way
 back to you and I can't if you--

MARIA SOL (O.S.)
 (from TST39, still not
 hearing her)
 Shut UP!

In the waters, Maria reaches the edge of the cliff and stops up short -- then falls to her knees, weeping.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (heartbroken, realizing
 what her absence has
 caused)
 Oh god... Maria...

Anna stands fully and begins to wade into the shallows, the static on her recorder increasing as she pushes herself into that moment.

MARIA SOL (O.S.)
 (from TST39, becoming
 fully present as she
 enters the water)
 I can't do this, Anna. I can't. I
 miss you, and I can't do this
 alone.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (from TST39)
 Yes, you can. I know you can. And
 so do you. But you don't have to be
 alone.

CLICK.

14. EXT. CITY OF OSLOW - ROOFTOP - MORRISON'S DOMAIN - ??? -
 LARA'S RECORDING

The building is fully in flames now. Lara fires shots as the officers push through the doorway one by one... but it's clear this is her last stand.

On the loudspeaker, the 1812 Overture begins to reach its final crescendo as Adrian's mic cuts in.

ADRIAN BRIGGS
 (nervous, trying to hold
 it together)
 Lara, Ned -- I don't know if
 anyone's alive out there, but... I
 might not be here for much longer.
 There are officers outside, and
 they're going to break through the
 door any second now.
 (MORE)

ADRIAN BRIGGS (CONT'D)

I don't know what you're planning,
but if you're going to take out
Morrison, now would be a good time
to get on that.

(YELPS IN FEAR as the door
begins to break)

This is Adrian Briggs, signing off.
Good luck.

The door shatters and ADRIAN CRIES OUT IN TERROR before his
mic shuts off.

The music continues to play, bells going off just as Lara's
rifle jams.

LARA SMITH

(desperate, adrenaline)

Fuck, don't jam on me now...

She rapidly tries to clear the chamber, but a large number of
"officers" rush through the door, charging her.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)

Goddammit -- you want to take it?

Then come and fucking get it you--

WHACK. Lara cuts off as one of the "officers" strikes her
with its baton, killing her instantly.

Her body stays on its feet for a moment, then topples from
the roof, landing in the street below with a faint splat.

The 1812 Overture reaches its climax... and explosions rock
the building as the flames reach Lara's cache.

Tchaikovsky's cannons go off with Lara's last act of defiance
as the building shakes, then collapses with the "Officers"
still around and inside it.

Lara's recorder miraculously survives all the way to the
ground, catching the final moments of Morrison's soldiers as
the music finally ends.

CLICK.

15. EXT? THE SOURCE - SHORELINE - ??? - ANNA'S RECORDING

Anna emerges from the waves of the Source, BREATHING SLOWLY
and heavy with emotion.

After a moment, she takes a few steps down the beach, then
pauses. She pulls out her tape recorder and begins reciting.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(from TST69)

"In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,
When the anchors that faith had
cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail."

Anna takes a moment, BREATHING in this feeling...

Then suddenly, a door is flung open behind her, and Sam Bailey stumbles back out onto the beach.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(surprised, then relieved)

What the... Bailey?

SAM BAILEY

(can't quite believe his
eyes)

Anna? Is that you?

ANNA SHERIDAN

Yeah! I mean... I think so...

SAM BAILEY

(endlessly relieved)

Oh thank god, I've been trying to
get back to you for months now.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(shocked, suddenly worried
again)

Months?! How long have I been in
here?

SAM BAILEY

I don't know, but we both need to
get back to Oslow, now... I have a
feeling we've been stuck here for
too long.

AMY STERLING

(suddenly appearing behind
Sam)

Yes, I rather think you have.

SAM BAILEY

(sudden terror)

What--?

Before Sam can react, Amy grabs hold of him again and hurls him into the deep waters of the Source, where he lands with a heavy splash.

ANNA SHERIDAN

No!! Bailey!? Bailey, are you still there??

No response. The waters churn for a brief moment, then return to normal.

AMY STERLING

(mocking, smug)

Don't worry about him, Anna... He's not dead, just... elsewhere. I'm honestly surprised he found his way back here in the first place. But trust me... there's no way he can do it a third time. Not in the cards... not for either of you.

ANNA SHERIDAN

Amy, what the hell? What are/you doing, we need to--

AMY STERLING

What am I doing? I'd have thought that was obvious enough.

ANNA SHERIDAN

But I can't get out of here without him! Why would you help me and then attack Sam?

AMY STERLING

I helped you bring Sam to this place because I knew it was the only way to get you into the Source to begin with. Do you have any idea how long I waited for this moment, unable to return to my life because I needed your memories to survive here? Now that you're trapped on this side of the veil though... I can finally return to the world I lost and get my old life back.

CLICK.

16. EXT. FOREST - NORTH AMERICAN - 5/2/1312 - SAM'S RECORDING

Sam stumbles through the veil into a quiet clearing in a temperate forest, GRUNTING as he hits the ground hard.

He lies there for a moment, THEN GROWLS IN RAGE, hitting his fist against the soft ground.

SAM BAILEY
 (endlessly frustrated)
 Goddamn you Amy... I was so close
 that time...

Sam goes quiet, lying still for a long moment... then he cocks his head and sits up, recognition stirring.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (curious, confused)
 Wait a second... why does this
 place look... familiar?

SAM RISES TO HIS FEET SOMEWHAT PAINFULLY, brushing off his clothes as he looks around.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 This is... why do I feel like I've
 been here before?

Static rises as Sam pushes out with his powers, then fades a moment later.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (reaching out)
 No powers here... at least, not any
 Source-beings. God, I don't feel
 anyone, not for miles. But this
 place...
 (trails off, recognizing)
 No... it can't be...

He walks forward slowly, pushing branches out of his path as he walks through the clearing.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (almost mesmerized)
 These trees... they're older than
 the ones I know... but the earth is
 younger.
 (beat, realization)
 And one very particular tree is
 missing... or rather -- I haven't
 planted it yet.

Sam reaches into his jacket and pulls out the wrapped cedar cone from Amanita, unwrapping it and holding it in his hands.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 So that's what you meant, Amanita.
 You gave me this to point the way.
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Hundreds of years from now, you'll spend the night terrorizing us in this exactly spot, but now... now, you've planted the seeds of our survival.

Sam kneels down, digs a small hole with his hands, then drops the cone into it, burying it.

As he pats the dirt down, a faint static rises on the tape, and Sam senses the presence behind him before he sees it.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(CHUCKLES, almost amused
by the way it's all
fitting together)

Yes, yes... I know, I'm not supposed to be here. Don't worry... you don't need to yank me out of history. I'm just closing one more loop... and I think it's the last one left unanswered.

Sam walks over to the edge of the old stone well, sitting on the side of it and MENTALLY PREPPING HIMSELF TO JUMP.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(SCOFFS)

And my grandma always told me to be careful around wells.

(DEEP BREATH, preparing)

Alright. Time to go home.

Sam pushes himself off the edge, falling a short distance before he splashes down into the dark waters of the Source.

The waters swirl about Sam for a long moment... then there's a sound of rushing as he begins to resurface into...

17. INT. LIVING ROOM - ??? - CONTINUOUS

Sam stumbles out of the veil again, collapsing into an old, comfortable sounding couch in a small living room.

SAM BAILEY

(confused, worried)

What the hell? Where am I, this isn't--

Sam cuts off, recognizing the all-too-familiar furnishings and pictures on the walls. Outside, the rain pours down like the end of the world. He's HOME.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(deep dread)
Oh god.

Before Sam can do anything else, a slightly younger Russel races around the corner, barking defensively at him.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
Russel! Russel, shhhh, it's just me, it's Sam, you need to keep quiet before--

Keys suddenly jangle in the lock, and a moment later someone pushes open the door with an armful of groceries.

ALLEN GOTT
Goddamn, it's raining like the dickens out there.
(notices Sam)
Sam? What are you doing sitting there in the dark? Come and help me with the groceries, space cadet!

SAM BAILEY
(stunned, badly masking his emotions)
A-Allen?

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS