

"A TRACK OF BLOOD"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 01, Episode 10
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Written by

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

The inside of Sam's office, quiet but for the sounds of the station through his door.

SAM BAILEY
(recorded (ep.09))
What? Hello? I can barely hear...
Who is this?
(listens, tone changes to
disbelief)
You... It can't be... You're...
(confused and fearful)
Sheridan?

BEEP. The recording cuts out. Sam turns in his chair.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
Well?

BILL TYLER
Well what?

SAM BAILEY
What do you think?

BILL TYLER
(SIGHS)
I don't know, Sam... If I could
actually hear anything on the
recording, then maybe, but...

SAM BAILEY
Look, if Sheridan's still alive...

BILL TYLER
That's a really big *if*, Sam.

SAM BAILEY
(insistent)
But if she *is* alive and hasn't made
contact with anyone in six months,
then she probably can't.

BILL TYLER
What, you think she's been
kidnapped or something?

SAM BAILEY
(uncertain)
I don't know... Maybe. But whatever
the case, there's a time-sensitive
element here. If she's in danger,
then we need to...

BILL TYLER

(cutting him)

Look, even if I believed it was really her -- What am I supposed to do about it?

SAM BAILEY

(reluctantly)

I... I need you to talk to the chief. Convince him to put more officers on this case.

BILL TYLER

(trying to be realistic)

He already tried that. Had a full team on the case for months before they had to give up.

SAM BAILEY

(desperate)

But maybe if you asked him...

BILL TYLER

(done with this conversation)

Look Sam, I tried to give you a chance to socialize with the rest of the team, and you didn't take it. Don't ask me to climb the ladder for you now.

SAM BAILEY

(lost)

I'm... I'm not following.

BILL TYLER

(annoyed)

Robert's birthday. Karaoke. Half the department was there, including the chief. Could have made a few friends, if you'd just shown up.

SAM BAILEY

(kicking himself)

Oh. Right. Listen Bill, I'm really sorry about...

BILL TYLER

(cutting him off)

Look, if you really want to be left alone, that's fine. Just don't make any more promises you can't keep. Least of all to Rob.

SAM BAILEY

(forcefully)

Bill, I'm sorry, I really meant to go, it's just -- it fell on a bad day, and I wasn't feeling very well...

BILL TYLER

(not so subtle hint)

Huh. You don't look so good now. Maybe you should get out, get some fresh air.

(beat)

I think the coffee shop on main might be open by now. You know, if you felt like making it up to him.

SAM BAILEY

(uncertain)

That... Might not be a bad idea.

(beat)

You... Want anything?

BILL TYLER

No, I'm fine. I don't think Robert would say no to a Carmel macchiato, though.

SAM BAILEY

(trying)

Right. Carmel macchiato. With almond milk, right?

BILL TYLER

(pleased he remembers)

Coconut, actually. But yeah.

SAM BAILEY

(relieved)

Great. Back in a bit.

BEEP. Recording ends.

CLICK.

The tape recorder is running. The sound of a quiet car engine.

SAM BAILEY

Alright... Detective Samuel Bailey, recording live on the way to Oslow Joe's, April Fifteenth, 2019 at 6:45 am.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I'm using one of Sheridan's old blank tapes... number 2-6-215-1-2, I think. Trying to get back into the habit of recording: if this case is about to kick off, then I need to keep a record of what happens in the field, not just the office. My memory's... Well, it's not what it used to be.

(beat)

Thankfully it's still pretty quiet out here, though there's quite a bit of fog hanging around this morning. I'd better make this quick -- I think Bill might kill me if I take too long...

Suddenly, a police siren starts up behind him.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Oh, what the hell, I was barely doing 40. God, they must be really bored this early.

Sam pulls off to the shoulder. Sam rolls down his window, and footsteps slowly approach, crunching over gravel.

LT. DE WITT

(flat)

License and registration, sir.

SAM BAILEY

(confident banter)

Haven't seen you around the station, Lieutenant. New in town?

LT. DE WITT

(repeating flatly)

License and registration.

SAM BAILEY

(unimpressed)

I'll do you one better. Oslow County PD, badge number 2-101 -- Bailey, Samuel Isaac.

Sam pulls it out from under his jacket, handing it over to the lieutenant.

LT. DE WITT

(not seeming to react)

Do you know how fast you were driving, mister Bailey?

SAM BAILEY

(lying)

Just about 35. This is a 40 zone,
right?

LT. DE WITT

(mechanically)

I'm going to have to ask you to
step out of the car, please.

SAM BAILEY

(confused)

May I ask why, Lieutenant... What's
your name?

LT. DE WITT

De Witt. And no, you may not. Exit
the vehicle now, sir.

SAM BAILEY

(annoyed)

Alright. Just so you're aware, I am
carrying my sidearm at the moment,
so don't be alarmed.

LT. DE WITT

(thrown off)

Sir?

SAM BAILEY

(confidently)

I'm still on duty, Lieutenant.

LT. DE WITT

(uncertain what to make of
this)

Please remain in your vehicle, sir,
I need to call this in.

De Witt walks back towards his car. SAM SIGHS, then reaches
over the seat.

SAM BAILEY

(into walkie talkie)

2-101 to dispatch.

DISPATCH

10-2, 2-101, this is dispatch.

SAM BAILEY

Dispatch, are there any officers on
patrol in the north Walford area?

DISPATCH
(after a moment)
That's a negative 2-101.

SAM BAILEY
(slightly unnerved)
Dispatch, I've just been pulled
over by a patrol officer, last name
De Witt, no first name given. Could
you run that name?

DISPATCH
10-4 2-101. Standby.
(after a moment)
Negative, there are no officers
matching that description. Standby
for confirmation.

SAM BAILEY
10-4 dispatch. I also have eyes on
a potential stolen patrol car,
license number AB1-1...

Suddenly the sirens fire up, and the patrol car races past
Sam's still open window.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(urgent)
Dispatch, suspect vehicle is
fleeing the scene.

DISPATCH
10-4 2-101... what's your 20?

SAM BAILEY
Myers Avenue, just outside city
center.

DISPATCH
10-4, additional units en route to
your 20, stand by.

SAM BAILEY
He's heading out of town at speed,
dispatch. Recommend immediate
pursuit.

DISPATCH
Negative, 2-101. Stand by for
additional units.

SAM GRUMBLES, drops the radio. After a moment's silence.

SAM BAILEY
Ah, screw it.

Sam starts his car and roars after the patrol car.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Dispatch, be advised: pursuing
suspect vehicle north on Myers
Avenue.

DISPATCH
Negative 2-101, stand down.

SAM BAILEY
Visibility is dropping fast out
here, dispatch. We'll lose him if I
wait.

DISPATCH
(long pause)
2-101, proceed with caution.

SAM BAILEY
10-4.

Sam drops his radio, gunning it.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(to the car ahead of him)
You're not getting away that easy.

The radio crackles again.

BILL TYLER
2-101, this is 5-540 en route to
your 20.

SAM BAILEY
10-4 5-540. Still moving north
on...

BILL TYLER
(surprised)
Sam? Is that you?

SAM BAILEY
(GROANS)
Oh Jesus...
(into radio)
10-4, Bill.

BILL TYLER
(sarcastically)
Guess the coffee run didn't go as expected?

SAM BAILEY
(flat)
No, it didn't. You're approaching from the station?

BILL TYLER
10-4. Turning left onto South Walford...

SAM BAILEY
(taking command)
Take the 361 on-ramp: you should be able to cut him off at the Kaiser Boulevard exit.

BILL TYLER
You sure?

SAM BAILEY
(forcefully)
He's driving the same car we are. We can't beat him for speed, so we have to outmaneuver him. Trust me, and get to the exit.

BILL TYLER
(hesitantly)
10-4, Sam.

Sam drops the radio and guns it.

SAM BAILEY
Come on, come on you hunk of junk, just drive... Whoah!

The tires screech slightly, then Sam gets control again.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(confused)
What the hell is he doing on the wrong side of the... No. It's nothing. There's...

The tires screech again, and Sam barely manages to wrestle it back.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
Okay, I definitely saw another car then. But... No.
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
There's no one here. What the
hell's happening, I... Jesus!!

Sam cranks the wheel, and the car skids to a stop on the soft
shoulder.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
Oh, for...
(beat)
You still recording? Good. I was
just about run off the road by a
crazy truck driver who just...
Yeah, just vanished like the other
two. Right into the fog. Which is
getting much worse. I can barely
see anything out here.

Sam throws the car in reverse, then first, and guns it after
the other patrol car.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(trying to stay calm)
Keep on him. Just keep on him.
Can't lose him if I just stay on
Walford. There are no turn offs
until Kaiser, so... Wait, no, there
are turn offs, of course there are,
it's the middle of downtown. I need
to...

The wheel drifts, then comes back with a sharp squeal of
tires.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(confused, hazy)
What am I saying? I'm on 361. I
need to get to the Kaiser exit,
which should be pretty... Well I
don't know, I can't see any signs
in the fog. Maybe it's... Maybe I
passed it already. Maybe I
should...

BILL TYLER
(over radio)
Sam? Come in Sam, I'm...

The radio crackles a bit, and Sam grabs it.

SAM BAILEY
(into radio)
10-1 Bill, please repeat.

BILL TYLER
Repeat, I'm at the Kaiser exit,
turning south on Myers to
intercept.

SAM BAILEY
(confused)
No, that's not right, I'm... No
wait, you're supposed to be... And
I'm...

BILL TYLER
(concerned)
10-9 Sam, I didn't quite get that.

SAM BAILEY
(snapping out of it)
It's nothing, I'm just feeling a
little light-headed.

BILL TYLER
(slight mocking)
Not up for the hunt, old man?

SAM BAILEY
(annoyed)
I've lost visibility completely.
You'll have to stop him the moment
you see him. I'll try to slow him
down if I can.

BILL TYLER
(joking)
Happy hunting.

Bill signs off. The car accelerates, the engine protesting at
high revs.

SAM BAILEY
Come on, just a little more, just
give me a little bit more...
(beat as he notices
something)
There you are you son of a... BILL!

Tires screeching, A COLLISION... AND THEN ANOTHER. SAM GRUNTS
AS HE'S THROWN FORWARD, and the tape recorder flies into the
dash and...

CLICK.

A while later. The roadside quiet of a rural highway. Someone tinkering with an engine. The car's hood slams shut as someone picks up the recorder, fiddling with it.

SAM BAILEY
(slightly muffled)
Give that a try.

BILL TYLER
(r.e. recorder)
What's this?

SAM BAILEY
(muffled)
What?
(rounds car to see)
Oh, just one of Sheridan's blank
tapes.

BILL TYLER
(confused)
Why do you have it here?

SAM BAILEY
(slightly embarrassed)
I was, um... Just recording.
Keeping a record of... What I'm
doing.

BILL TYLER
(sarcastic)
Getting coffee?

SAM BAILEY
(annoyed)
Just try it again, will you?

Bill turns the key. The engine whines, sounding unhealthy,
then dies.

BILL TYLER
(mock-scottish)
"That's all she's got, cap'n."

SAM BAILEY
Dammit.

BILL TYLER
(CHUCKLING)
Relax, Sam. Rest of the guys should
be here soon.

SAM BAILEY
(grasping at straws)
Maybe we can try *his* car... See if
we can get it started...

BILL TYLER
Re--lax, Sam. Jeez, you're normally
not *this* jumpy.

SAM BAILEY
(aggressively)
I'm not...!
(beat, SIGHS)
Look, I'm just worried about him.
What happens when he wakes up.

BILL TYLER
(incredulous)
Who, De Witt? What's he going to do
like that, bleed on you?

SAM BAILEY
(hesitant)
It's just... Something weird
happened when we were chasing him.
Still not sure what to make of it.

BILL TYLER
Weird how?

SAM BAILEY
Weird like, I was nearly run off
the road by three different cars
that appeared out of nowhere and
then vanished the moment I wasn't
looking at them.

BILL TYLER
Well, the fog is pretty thick...

SAM BAILEY
(carrying on)
Then after the last one, I started
to get... Confused about where I
was, what I was doing. I thought I
was on 361 for a second there
before you called in.

BILL TYLER
(a little unnerved)
That's... Odd. But I don't see what
that has to do with De Witt.

SAM BAILEY
(DEFEATED SIGH)
Me neither. Not yet.

A little ways off, DE WITT COUGHS as he awakes.

BILL TYLER
Well, looks like we're about to
find out. He's awake.

SAM BAILEY
Damn. Where are those other cars?

BILL TYLER
(rationalizing)
Probably taking it slow through the
fog. Is it just me, or is it
getting worse?

SAM BAILEY
(unsure)
Might be.

Bill opens the car door, and they walk over -- Bill still
holding the recorder.

BILL TYLER
(sarcastic)
Good morning, sir. Sleep well?

DE WITT GROWLS. Sam pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket.

SAM BAILEY
(reading)
"You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can be
used against you..."

LT. DE WITT
(angrily)
Stuff it. I know my rights. And
you're already recording me
anyways.

BILL TYLER
No we're...
(notices the recorder)
Oh. I suppose we are.

SAM BAILEY
(all business)
Well, if you know your rights...
Care to tell us what your name is?

LT. DE WITT
(mocking)
Lieutenant De Witt. Says it on the
badge, see.

BILL TYLER
Your *real* name, ass hat.

LT. DE WITT
(LAUGHING)
Oh, he's a fun one, isn't he? Bet
you two are best of friends.

SAM BAILEY
(irritated)
Just answer the question.

LT. DE WITT
(toying with them)
Hold on, I'm confused. Which of
you's supposed to be the bad cop
here? Right now I'm just getting
"vaguely incompetent cop" from both
of you.

SAM BAILEY
(ignoring this)
Bill, did you check if he's got any
ID on him?

BILL TYLER
Yeah no, he doesn't.

LT. DE WITT
I've got ID. Right here
(points to badge)
De Witt, Lieutenant. Oslow County
Police Department, Homicide
Division.

BILL TYLER
(sarcastic)
That so. You got a first name to go
with that?

LT. DE WITT
(matter of factly)
Yeah. Lieutenant.

SAM BAILEY
(muttering)
Oh for...

BILL TYLER

(annoyed)

Look, if you don't want to give us your name, fine: we'll take you to the station and get it anyways. And trust me, this will be a lot easier for you if you cooperate.

LT. DE WITT

(SCOFFS)

You really think you can find out who I am? You clowns? Ha!

(darkly)

You don't even know if Sheridan's alive or dead.

SAM BAILEY

(taken aback)

What did you just say?

LT. DE WITT

(mocking)

Oh right, I'm not supposed to know about that, am I? Don't worry: I won't tell anyone.

SAM BAILEY

(growing desperate)

What do you know about Sheridan?

LT. DE WITT

(mocking)

Uh uh. Nope. My word's my bond, so... My lips are sealed.

SAM BAILEY

(frustrated with this game)

Fine. Like he said, we'll get it out of you at the station when...

LT. DE WITT

(CHUCKLES)

You won't get shit. Even if your *friends* make me sing, you won't be in the cage when it happens, and no one's going to tell you what they heard.

SAM BAILEY

(turning dark)

That so, huh? Well then maybe...

BILL TYLER
(nervously)
Take it easy Sam, we don't want
to...

SAM BAILEY
(darkly)
Stop the recorder.

BILL TYLER
(disbelieving)
What?

SAM BAILEY
(forcefully)
Turn it off!

BILL TYLER
(uncertain)
I... No, I won't.

SAM BAILEY
(irritated)
Fine. If that's how it's going to
be...

Sam unholsters and cocks his gun.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(to De Witt)
...Tell me what you know, or I'm
going to have to make a mess of
things here and now.

BILL TYLER
Sam!

LT. DE WITT
(CHUCKLING)
Well well well... Someone's feeling
bold all of a sudden.

SAM BAILEY
(through clenched teeth)
Where. Is. Sheridan?

BILL TYLER
Sam! Stand down!

LT. DE WITT
(SLOW LAUGH, menace)
What good would "where" do you
right now? You don't even know
where you're standing.

DE WITT LAUGHS -- a sound that echoes oddly on the tape.

SAM BAILEY

(confused)

What are you talking about, I...
No, I... I do know, I mean... I can
see you. I'm... I'm pointing my gun
at you.

LT. DE WITT

(taunting)

Are you, now?

BILL TYLER

Sam! Stand Down!

DE WITT LAUGHS AGAIN... and Sam drops his gun. Backing away.

SAM BAILEY

(urgently)

Bill, drop your gun.

BILL TYLER

What?

SAM BAILEY

(terrified)

We can't trust what we're seeing. I
don't know how, but he's... Look,
You need to drop it.

BILL

Like hell I do.

SAM BAILEY

(forceful)

Bill, listen to me -- I don't know
what you're seeing right now, but
you're not pointing it where you
think. Drop it.

After a moment's hesitation, he does.

BILL TYLER

Okay, now what... OOF!

Bill doubles over as De Witt runs into him, knocking him into
the side of the patrol car before running off.

SAM BAILEY

(concerned)

Bill! Are you okay?

BILL TYLER
(pained groan)
Son of a bitch hit me...

SAM BAILEY
Are you...?

BILL TYLER
(irritated)
Yes! Don't worry about me, he's
getting away!

SAM BAILEY
(standing up and running
after him)
Shit... Hey! You! Stop right now!

Sam runs a few paces, then stops.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
Where is he?

Bill stands up and cocks his gun.

BILL TYLER
(angrily)
Right over there, the skinny little
prick.

SAM BAILEY
(surprised)
Whoah! Bill, stop!

BILL TYLER
(darkly)
Don't worry -- just going to clip
his wings a bit...

SAM BAILEY
(desperate)
No! I need him alive! He knows
something about Sheridan, I just
know he...

Before he can finish, a loud, echoing gunshot rings out from
far off. DE WITT CRIES OUT in the distance. Both Sam and Bill
fall silent.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(gravely)
Stop the recorder, Bill.

CLICK.

Back in Sam's office, a few hours later. Back on Sam's digital recorder. After a moment...

BILL TYLER

Shit.

SAM BAILEY

Yeah.

(beat)

They figured out who he was yet?

BILL TYLER

No. They're running his prints and dental records, but nothing so far.

SAM BAILEY

(muttering)

I doubt they'll find anything.

(beat)

Do you know who took the shot?

BILL TYLER

One of the SWAT guys, I'm guessing. Not that they'll tell us which one.

SAM BAILEY

(bitterly)

Isn't that convenient.

(beat)

What the hell were they even doing there?

BILL TYLER

Huh?

SAM BAILEY

De Witt, or whoever he was -- he was down. The situation was under control. Why would dispatch send a SWAT team?

BILL TYLER

(shrugging, not bothered)

They were probably closer than anyone else. And we didn't know if De Witt was armed or not.

SAM BAILEY

(unsure)

Maybe.

(beat)

Who do you think he was?

BILL TYLER

(dismissive)

De Witt? Oh, probably just some psycho who bought an old interceptor secondhand. It's not as hard as you'd think.

SAM BAILEY

And... Everything else he did?

BILL TYLER

(dismissive)

He didn't do anything. Like you said, that fog made it impossible to see anything. You just got a little disoriented and worked up, that's all.

SAM BAILEY

(disconcerted)

Right. I'm... I'm sure that's it.

BILL TYLER

Anyway... Chief told me to tell you we've got the rest of the day off. I think you'd better go get some rest.

SAM BAILEY

Oh. Right. Sure thing. I'll uh, See you later.

BILL TYLER

(cheesy joke)

Alligator.

The door shuts behind Bill. SAM SIGHS HEAVILY.

SAM BAILEY

(deflated)

Someone just died in front of him. You'd think that would finally be enough to dampen his mood.

Sam picks up the tape player.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(conspiratorial)

I wish that was the most disturbing thing on here but... There's more. I didn't play it with Bill in the room -- I don't know how much I can trust him after this. But... Sheridan's tape wasn't empty.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
Not completely. There was a little
bit right at the very end of the
tape. I recorded over most of it,
but...

CLICK. The tape starts with a crackle.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(urgent, serious)
...seen, whatever you've heard,
it's all true. All of it. And I am
alive, no matter what anyone says.
I'm alive, and I need help.
Whoever's listening to this,
whoever you are... Find me.

CLACK. The recording cuts out completely.

END THEME AND
CREDITS