

"LOVELY, DARK, AND DEEP"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 02, Episode 43
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by

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1. EXT. UNKNOWN - ???

Silence. The sea on a cold, foggy night -- wind muffled over quiet waves too far from the shore to break.

Slowly, the waves begin to roll against the side of a weary old sailing ship as it passes by. Then...

ANNA SHERIDAN (V.O.)
(reading from her own
book)

The moon hung low and heavy over an unquiet sea that night. The fog, thick as smoke, wrapped the many-masted ship in a curtain of ghostly white as it sat, motionless, upon the gentle waves. Not a word or a cough or the sound of a breath could be heard from anywhere onboard, so perfect was the silence. Had another vessel happened upon them in the dark, they might have thought it a ghost ship, wreathed in mist and stripped of sails. But no -- the man who walked the quarter deck with a lantern at his side was no spirit. The veteran sailor in the crow's nest was no undead soul or specter of ill-omen. The captain... Well. He had his own ghosts to make peace with, but he himself was still alive. For now.

(beat)

The wind began to turn. The man on the quarter-deck -- a scotsman by birth and a landsman by rank, still unsteady on his sea-legs -- was the first to feel its touch. It was colder than the stagnant air that wrapped itself around the ship before, sharp and dry as a winter morning. He stirred, raising his lantern as if looking for the source of the wind. Of course he saw nothing through the fog, as he'd seen nothing all night, and so he returned to his patrol.

(beat)

The man in the crow's nest felt it moments later -- a stirring of air that crept down the back of his neck like the breath of some unseen creature.

(MORE)

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

He was a Londoner, a bosun who'd spent most of his life on the sea and knew every board and nail of this ship like a part of his own body. He was a reasonable, sober-minded fellow with a disdain for the fear and superstition of his fellow sailors. Yet even so, when he felt that chill wind run down his spine like the icy fingers of death, he shivered deeper than the cold should have warranted and clutched the small wooden cross he'd carved from a piece of the *Tiger's* hull, reciting a wordless prayer older than his civilization.

(beat)

The captain felt it last and least of all, wrapped as he was in his heavy woolen coat and all the privilege of command. There was little that happened on his ship that really touched him anymore, and that suited him just fine. His mind dwelt instead on the strange man below deck and the strange tale he'd spent the night spinning for the captain. None of it could be true, of course -- he spoke of ghosts and sea witches and the lost city of gold, things no sane man would ever accept or dwell on. But even so, they disturbed him in a way he could not easily describe. So when the cry of "Sail ahoy!" rose sudden and ragged from the crow's nest, he was as surprised as any aboard to see another ship emerging from the fog, shining white in the light of a full moon.

(beat)

The only person not caught wholly unprepared was already racing up from the captain's quarters, calling out in warning for them to fly, to abandon these dark and haunted waters with all speed which sail and oar could provide. That call caught in his throat when he saw the ship sailing towards them: doubtless the very same that had destroyed his own vessel only a few days before.

(MORE)

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

Only, he had seen that ship burst like a firework as a cannonball struck its powder keg, catching fire as it sank below the waves.

(beat)

He rushed to the landsman, demanding to know where the captain was. When he made no reply, he turned to see the captain at the wheel, calling out orders and desperately trying to steer his ship from the path of the oncoming vessel. Barrett rushed to him, screaming and fearful for what he knew was to come: the fate that befell his crew when the *Fata Morgana* first appeared. The captain did not turn to him, nor give any sign that he'd heard his panicked words, only shouting another order to the bleary-eyed sailors below.

(beat)

"Don't you get it, Barrett?" said a voice from behind, full of amusement and well-deserved contempt. "They can't see either of us. Not unless I want them to. You're like me and that ship on the horizon: a lure." "Stop this," Barrett demanded, turning to face her, "Stop this now! None of these men deserve to die!" "And I did?" the thing that was once Anne Bonny replied, eyebrow raised. "Absolutely," spat Barrett. "Even when I was lying asleep, no threat to you and willing to help you escape? A good person, as you put it?"

(beat)

Barrett fell silent as the first rumors of cannon fire began to drift over the water like distant thunder. "There is one truth Eli Barrett, and one alone," spoke Anne as the sea around the ship began to bubble and churn with the movement of some unknowably vast creature beneath the waves, "We all get what's coming to us."

(MORE)

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

It just takes a little longer to catch up with some people." "I don't want to die," said Barrett, color draining from his face, "I'm not ready." "Really?" answered Bonny, a wicked smile forming on her lips, "Well, in that case..."

(beat)

She leaned in, close enough that Barrett should have felt the warmth of her breath on his face. Instead, he felt only the wind that cut through the fog, cold and inhuman as the stormfront. His heart hammered in his throat as it tried to tear out of his chest and escape this nightmare of his own making. *Oh god oh god*, the tatters of his mind began to scream -- *What have I done?*

(beat)

Anne smiled, then whispered: "*What would you do, to save yourself?*"

CLICK.

2. EXT. SANTA LUCIA STATE PARK - MORNING - NOVEMBER 5, 2019

A quiet morning beneath the pines... A handful of birds chirping, wind through the branches, and the faint crunch of footsteps over gravel.

SAM BAILEY

(distracted, musing)

I can't believe I didn't spend more time out here when I was in Oslo... The park is less than an hour away from the station. Probably would have done me some good to get out here -- not much, but a little. Although... If it's half as haunted as Anna thought, then maybe that wouldn't have been such a good idea. I didn't feel anything strange when I stayed here with Allen, but I was still pretty deep in denial about this stuff back then. I was still convinced I'd imagined everything that happened with the lake, so there's no way I would have accepted the idea of ghosts in Santa Lucia State Park.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Just blame it on infrasound and other people being idiots, and don't even think about the other possibility. Just keeps things simpler that way.

SAM CHUCKLES as he walks. A bluebird lands on a nearby branch, calls once, then takes off. Sam watches it for a moment, then continues.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(slightly sheepish)

I know I probably shouldn't be wandering away from the van like this, but after six months in the mountains, I'm not used to sitting down for long car rides. My legs were starting to cramp, and I definitely needed a hike. Besides, it's barely seven o'clock, and I doubt anyone else will be out on the trail this early. I mean, we stopped at the trailhead *because* there's no one here. And no electronic surveillance. So long as we don't do anything exceptionally stupid, we'll be fine.

Sam walks for a bit farther, then pauses at a small rise, TAKING A DEEP, CONTENTED BREATH.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(deeply, quietly happy)

That being said, it would be nice to stay here a bit longer. Really get a feel for this place. Either I'm getting closer to figuring out my connection to the lake, or this place is a major supernatural hotspot. I can almost see the wall between the worlds pressing in on me here. Though it's way too thin to actually call it a wall. It feels like if I just pushed on it in the right way, I could easily open a door out of this place into somewhere else. I don't know where exactly, though. Maybe that cave Anna talked about on that first tape? Or maybe somewhere else entirely. I don't know.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

It doesn't quite feel like Anna described it on her tape, but then again, it's been a while since I listened to it. A lot has changed since --

Someone steps through the bushes ahead of Sam, and he cuts off mid-sentence, surprised by the sight of another human being.

MOLLY DAVIS

(surprised, but friendly)
Oh! Well hello there!

SAM BAILEY

(mumbling slightly,
awkward)
Um... Good morning.

MOLLY DAVIS

(casual, conversational)
You coming or going?

SAM BAILEY

(confused)
I... What?

MOLLY DAVIS

(rolling eyes slightly)
Hiking into the park, or out of it?

SAM BAILEY

(trying to sound casual)
Oh, uh... in. We -- I just pulled off at the trailhead to stretch my legs.

MOLLY DAVIS

(friendly, welcome)
Well, you picked a good day for it -
- it's been freezing the last couple days, but it's beautiful right now. You can see clear out to Oslo if you get on top of the ridge over there... If you're up for a longer hike, that is.

SAM BAILEY

That sounds, uh... That sounds nice.

Awkward silence.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(trying not to seem
suspicious)
Do you, uh -- work for the park?

MOLLY DAVIS
Nah, I'm with the Forest Service.
LEO Molly Davis. There's a lot of
connections to the backcountry that
run through the park, so I'm
usually out here keeping an eye on
'em. Checking permits, making sure
people douse their fires, that sort
of thing.

SAM BAILEY
Oh. That's... Sounds nice.

MOLLY DAVIS
(CHUCKLES)
Sure as hell beats an office job.
Used to work for OCPD, but it all
just turned into paperwork before
too long. At least here, I get to
go hiking between filling out
forms.

SAM BAILEY
(growing nervous)
Right... Yeah. Do you have to deal
with Oslow PD much, working out
here?

MOLLY DAVIS
(slightly confused)
Sometimes. We don't really have the
resources to cover the whole park.
(beat)
You okay there, buddy? You're
looking a little pale.

SAM BAILEY
(trying to back away)
I'm, uh... I'm fine.
(beat)
I think I'd better get back... I
have somewhere I need to --

MOLLY DAVIS
(understated order)
Wait a minute. Don't I know you
from somewhere?

SAM BAILEY

(slightly desperate)

Uh... I don't think so. I think I just have one of those faces, you know? That's what people tell me -- well, some people, but still, it's kind of --

MOLLY DAVIS

(growing concern)

I swear I recognize you from somewhere -- are you local, or just visiting?

SAM BAILEY

Just -- Visiting, just visiting. Passing through.

MOLLY DAVIS

(not believing a word of it)

Where are you headed?

SAM BAILEY

(first name to pop into his head)

Uh -- Colorado Springs, I've got some friends up there I'm visiting -- you know, haven't seen them since college, and --

MOLLY DAVIS

(frustrated)

God, it's just the beard that's throwing me -- I'd swear I've seen you somewhere before... Somewhere around the ranger's station, I think...

SAM BAILEY

(panicking slightly)

No, really, it's not -- I'm probably not --

MOLLY DAVIS

(stunned realization)

Holy shit. You're Samuel Bailey.

SAM BAILEY

(bad bluff)

Uh... Who?

Molly draws her pistol, aiming it at Sam.

MOLLY DAVIS
(slightly shaky, nervous)
Don't move.

SAM BAILEY
(panicked)
Whoa, whoa, what the hell did I do?

MOLLY DAVIS
(pretending not to be
freaked out)
Stop playing dumb. There's still an
APB out for you. I know *exactly* who
you are.

SAM BAILEY
(forgetting her name)
It's not -- look, uh...

MOLLY DAVIS
(slightly irritated)
Molly.

SAM BAILEY
Molly, this isn't -- this isn't
what you think it is. I'm not a
criminal.

MOLLY DAVIS
(SCOFFS)
Sure you're not.

SAM BAILEY
Listen, I know what you've probably
heard about me. But trust me when I
say I didn't have a choice when I
ran. There's more at play in Oslow
than anyone knows, and Morrison is
not who people think he is.

MOLLY DAVIS
(genuinely a little
curious)
What are you talking about?

SAM BAILEY
(growing confidence)
Morrison. He has some kind of
agenda -- I don't know what it is
yet, but he's willing to kill
people for it. You don't like OCPD?
Neither do I. And you don't know
the half of what's going on there.
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
It's rotten all the way to the
core, and they're about to do
something... Big. Dangerous.

MOLLY DAVIS
(almost convinced)
What do you mean, "dangerous?" What
kind of danger?

SAM BAILEY
(shaking his head
slightly)
I don't quite know what it is yet,
but I'm trying to stop it. I can
explain everything if you just give
me a few minutes -- please just put
the gun down first, okay?

A long, tense pause -- then... BEEP.

MOLLY DAVIS
(into radio)
LEO Davis to HQ, come in.

SAM BAILEY
(desperate)
Wait, wait!

FOREST SERVICE DISPATCHER
HQ to Davis, we copy.

SAM BAILEY
Molly, please don't do this --

MOLLY DAVIS
HQ, I have a --

SAM BAILEY
(slightly distorted)
NO!

On the last word, there's a sudden horrible ripping sound,
like the world is being torn apart around Molly. SHE SCREAMS,
her voice distorting and looping in on itself before --

It cuts out. Reality snaps back to normal. SAM IS BREATHING
HARD, trying to catch his breath.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(confused, terrified)
Oh god... What have I done?

The bluebird lands nearby, chirping as though nothing strange happened. After a moment, Sam turns and hurries back down the trail.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
 (to himself, fighting
 panic)
 It's -- It's okay. She's probably
 fine. She... She was probably just
 pulled into that cave Anna found.
 If she can find her way out, she'll
 be fine. She'll be fine. I think. I
 hope. And now nobody knows I'm
 here, so... We're okay. We're still
 okay.

The sounds of the forest fade slightly as Sam rounds the last corner.

3. EXT. SANTA LUCIA STATE PARK - TRAILHEAD - CONTINUOUS

Maria paces back and forth in front of the van, stopping when she sees Sam approaching.

MARIA SOL
 (annoyance)
 What the hell are you doing, Sam?

SAM BAILEY
 (alarmed)
 What?

MARIA SOL
 I said I was only going to be a
 second, why did you --
 (notices the look on his
 face, concerned)
 What's wrong?

SAM BAILEY
 (masking)
 W -- What do you mean?

MARIA SOL
 (worried)
 Jesus Sam, I can literally see you
 shaking. Did someone see you out
 there?

SAM BAILEY
 (lying, ashamed)
 Uh... Not really, it's just, uh...
 It's this place.
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
There's a presence here that I
didn't anticipate. I can feel it
watching us.

MARIA SOL
(confused)
Are you sure? I don't feel
anything.

SAM BAILEY
(bluffing)
Trust me, I've spent the last six
months learning how to sense these
things. We need to go.

MARIA SOL
Are you sure you didn't see anyone
else --

SAM BAILEY
(irritated)
Look, why would I lie about this?
Nobody knows we're here. Nobody
knows where we're going. And we
need to get to Agate Shore as soon
as possible.

A moment's silence as Maria decides whether or not to push it
-- then...

MARIA SOL
(TIRED SIGH)
Alright, if you say so. Come on --
I want to get past Oslow before the
roads get busy.

CLICK.

4. EXT. AGATE SHORE - LAKESIDE - EARLY AFTERNOON - LATER

The waves lap against the shore in the near distance. Despite
the cold of late fall, crickets still chirp. The wind blows
through the thick foliage that's overgrown the buildings.

SAM BAILEY
(cuts in slightly as he
starts recording)
Okay, I'll start the recorder -- I
don't know how much time we have
left on this tape.

MARIA SOL
(mildly annoyed)
How much tape *I* have left, you mean. Pretty sure that's my recorder you've been using.

SAM BAILEY
(finally looking at it)
Oh. Uh... I guess it is. Sorry, I -- I guess I'm just not used to having other people around anymore.

MARIA SOL
(shaking her head)
It's fine, it -- doesn't matter. Just keep rolling in case this goes sideways.

SAM BAILEY
(more confident)
It won't. Trust me.

MARIA SOL
(gently mocking)
You're saying that a lot today. It doesn't inspire as much confidence as you think it does.

SAM BAILEY
(grim assurance)
I've done this before, and that was with the Echo trying to kill me and half the police force hunting me down. It's going to work. I just feel it.

Maria and Sam walk for a few seconds in silence. Then...

MARIA SOL
(genuinely curious)
How does it work?

SAM BAILEY
(genuinely confused)
How does what work?

MARIA SOL
Your... "Connection" to this place.

SAM BAILEY
(struggling a little to explain)
Well, it's, uh... It's kind of hard to put into words, precisely?
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

A lot of it works on... Intuition. Emotion. Instinct. Sometimes it's just a feeling that doesn't seem like it's coming from inside me, other times it's the sound of waves blaring inside my head. And on special occasions, it pulls me into a completely different place and leaves me to find my own way out. There isn't a whole lot of consistency to it, honestly.

MARIA SOL

(trying to figure this out)

So what do you know about it? Anything solid?

SAM BAILEY

Sort of. Most of it came from Morrison and the Echo, so I'd take it with a grain of salt, but... So far, everything I've seen and felt has confirmed it. Basically, whatever's in the lake made a copy of me when I... When I answered its questions. Made an exact replica of who I was back then, and pushed it back into the real world to create me. I aged and developed mostly like I would normally, until the lake needed someone to restore it. It didn't act on me until I was back in Agate Shore again, but... I've always been linked to it. And I can always feel it, no matter where I am.

MARIA SOL

What do you feel now? Anything helpful?

SAM BAILEY

(a little distracted)

Well... It's a bit...

(beat)

It's quieter than usual. Almost peaceful. And underneath is it a feeling like -- like what you get after you eat a big meal, honestly.

MARIA SOL

(slightly mocking)

Like you want to throw up?

SAM BAILEY

(CHUCKLES)

Sated. Content. I think the Echo was more than enough to satisfy it for a long time to come.

MARIA SOL

(slightly uneasy)

So... You think we're safe?

SAM BAILEY

As safe as we can be. Safer than it was the last time I was here, at least. Back then, it was all just... Ruins and mildew. Now... The police station finally collapsed, for a start. And everything that's left is... Well --

MARIA SOL

A jungle? I'm guessing all the greenery is new.

SAM BAILEY

Yeah. Except for those maple trees over there -- guess they survived the flood after all. But everything else... I don't even think half of these species are native to Agate Shore. I'm pretty sure that's poison oak over there, but I haven't seen it anywhere in Oslow County except Arrowhead.

MARIA SOL

(theorizing)

Maybe it washed down from the dam when it broke?

SAM BAILEY

Hm. Maybe.

Sam and Maria stop, the sound of waves louder than before.

MARIA SOL

(worried)

Listen, Sam... I'm really not sure about this.

SAM BAILEY

(trying to convince her)

Neither am I, but I don't think we have a better option.

MARIA SOL
Are you sure we can't just --

SAM BAILEY
(cutting her off)
De Witt already told me he can't be
killed. If we want to stop
Morrison, then we need to take him
off the board, permanently.

MARIA SOL
No, I get that, it's just... I want
to make sure we're not just doing
this because he hit you over the
head and stole your car.

SAM BAILEY
(SCOFFS)
I don't bear him any ill-will. Not
anymore. He saved me from the Echo
and bought me enough time to figure
out my connection to the lake. If
anything, I owe *him*. This isn't
personal -- it just has to be done.

MARIA SOL
Are you sure?

SAM BAILEY
(short)
Does it matter?

MARIA SOL
(snapping at him)
If your connection is based on
emotions, then yeah, maybe it does!

A moment of silence, then...

MARIA SOL
(sheepish, realizing she's
regressing)
Sorry, I just --

SAM BAILEY
(backing down)
No, it's... It's fine. I get it.

MARIA SOL
No, you -- you really don't.
(DEEP BREATH)
I was... Not in a great place, when
we met. I was... Angry.
(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)
Just really, really fucking angry,
all the time. And I took it out on
you a lot.

SAM BAILEY
(trying to make light of
it)
To be fair, I did kind of deserve
it.

MARIA SOL
Well, yes, but that's not the
point.
(beat, DEEP BREATH)
I'm trying to be better. And I want
to make sure you are, too.

SAM BAILEY
(disappointed that she'd
think that little of him)
Do you really think I want to go
back in there? Just to get revenge?

MARIA SOL
(concerned)
I honestly don't know.

A moment of silence -- then...

SAM BAILEY
(HEAVY SIGH, tired)
It's not like going for a swim,
Maria. It feels like drowning.
Honest-to-god, lungs filling up
with water, vision going black
drowning. Every time. The voice
only shows up at the point when my
brain should start shutting down,
and then -- it keeps me there.
Desperate. Afraid. Feeling the
weight of the lake above me, just
wanting to die. And it keeps me
conscious enough to answer its
questions for as long as it takes
me to do so.

MARIA SOL
(stunned, long beat)
Fuck.

SAM BAILEY
(weary, but determined)
I wouldn't be going in there if I
thought we had any other choice.
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
It's either this, or let Morrison
cut me off from the only thing
keeping me alive.
(beat)
Here, keep an eye on this.

Sam pulls off his backpack, setting it on the ground.

MARIA SOL
What's this?

SAM BAILEY
Change of clothes and a couple of
blankets from the cabin. It's
freezing out here, and I don't want
to get hypothermia once I'm out of
the water.

MARIA SOL
(sarcastic)
That's... Surprisingly well thought
out for you.

SAM BAILEY
(SCOFFS)
I'm only an idiot most of the time,
remember? And I've had time to
think about this one. Wish me luck?

MARIA SOL
I don't think you want any of mine.
It's been kind of... Touch and go
lately. If you believe in that sort
of thing.

SAM BAILEY
(indifferent)
Hm. Fair enough.

Sam turns and begins to wade into the lake. Maria watches him
go in silence, then TAKES A DEEP BREATH as he goes under.

MARIA SOL
(concerned, nervous
whisper)
I really hope you know what you're
doing, Sam.

Maria turns and glances back at the ruins, lost in thought. A
piece of wall crumbles down a little ways up the street.

MARIA SOL

(SHUDDER)

God, this place gives me the creeps. I'd almost say it looks like it's being reclaimed by nature with all the plants growing over it, but... Nothing about this feels natural. It's more like the branches and roots are trying to choke the life out of what's left of the town. I didn't want to say anything before Sam went in there -- he has enough to worry about as it is -- but this is way more growth than there should have been in a year. Between helping papi at work and with the gardens at home, I know how a few of these species should grow -- and it's not this big. Plus, I haven't seen a single animal since we arrived in town. Maybe they're all spooked, but with all of this greenery there should be some --

CAW, CAW. Maria cuts off as a raven circles overhead, wings flapping noisily.

MARIA SOL

(slightly surprised,
relieved)

Oh. Never mind. There are still ravens hanging around. Or maybe it's a crow -- I can never remember what the difference is. Sam and I must have scared it off when we --

The raven flies lower, then lands on a ruined section of wall. It caws once, then -- it's cut off with a sudden snap, like a rope being pulled taut. A horrible silence fills the street.

MARIA SOL

(deeply unnerved)

The, uh -- the raven just... I don't know. It was just -- one second it was there, the next it was gone. And I think I saw one of those vines *move*, but it was too fast for me to be --

Thunder growls over the lake. Maria spins around to see the water turning rough and choppy.

MARIA SOL

(to recorder)

Shit, there's a storm appearing over the lake, and I mean *literally* just appearing in the middle of it. There were no clouds before, but now it's...

(notices something else)

Oh my god. The water's moving. There's a little bit of wind now, but I think the water is just... Moving by itself.

THE QUESTION

(muffled through water, demanding)

We asked you a question...

SAM BAILEY

(muffled through water, annoyed)

I already told you, I need your help! Someone's trying to cut you off from the world, and I --

THE QUESTION

(muffled through water, angry)

You make demands of us? We who gave you everything? Who gave you back your life?

SAM BAILEY

(muffled through water, snapping)

You stole my life! Took my body and turned me into your, your... Your puppet!

THE QUESTION

(muffled through water, LAUGHS DARKLY)

A puppet, are you?

Sam suddenly breaks the surface, COUGHING AND SPUTTERING.

MARIA SOL

(terrified, pulling off her jacket)

Sam! Hold on, I'm coming to get you!

SAM BAILEY
(THROUGH COUGHS)
No! Stay out of the water!

THE LAST WORD IS GARBLED as he's pulled back under.

MARIA SOL
(terrified)
Sam!

No answer. The waves slow and grow quiet as the rumble of thunder fades -- then a steady drizzle begins to pour down, slow and somber.

MARIA SOL
(hoping he's not dead)
Sam?

No answer -- then a loud splash and a hard impact as Sam is flung from the lake and onto the beach. Maria rushes over to him.

MARIA SOL
(panicked)
Sam! Sam, talk to me -- are you
okay? Come on, come on, wake up.
Wake up!

Maria shakes Sam, then slaps him across the face.

SAM BAILEY
(waking with a start)
Ah!

MARIA SOL
(LAUGHING WITH RELIEF)
Oh thank God... You're okay.

Sam turns onto his side and VOMITS up a gallon of saltwater, COUGHING AND CHOKING. HE TAKES A DEEP, SHUDDERING BREATH, then looks up.

SAM BAILEY
(confused, weak)
Maria?

MARIA SOL
It's me, I'm still here... Are you
okay?

SAM BAILEY
(worried)
How long was I under?

MARIA SOL
I'm not sure... Just a couple of
minutes, I think. Why?

SAM BAILEY
(confused)
When did it start raining?

MARIA SOL
Huh? Oh, after you and the...
Whatever's down there had your
little... Argument.

SAM BAILEY
(concerned)
You heard that?

MARIA SOL
(confused)
A little bit. It was pretty
muffled, to be honest.

SAM BAILEY
(worried)
It didn't... It didn't try to ask
you anything, did it?

MARIA SOL
(LAUGHS SLIGHTLY)
No, it didn't ask me about saving
myself, if that's what you're
worried about.
(beat)
I'm guessing it didn't work?

SAM BAILEY
(relieved, shaking his
head)
No... I didn't even get to De Witt.
As soon as I didn't answer the
questions, it got -- Angry.
Furious. I don't think it was too
happy about *me* asking *it* to do
something.

MARIA SOL
(confused)
But... Isn't that what you did with
the Echo?

SAM BAILEY
(putting things together,
unsure)
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Not really -- it just asked me the questions, and I offered up the Echo at the end. I guess I... Didn't play by its rules this time. Tried to make demands instead of answering it.

MARIA SOL

(realizing, GROAN)

You tried to tell the ageless, eldritch horror in there what to do? Did you honestly think that was going to work?

SAM BAILEY

(defensive)

Hey, it's been working with all kinds of other horrors the last six months -- why shouldn't it work here?

MARIA SOL

(irritated)

Because you were able to use the lake's power to intimidate all those other things! Did you really think it was you scaring those things off, and not your sponsor?

SAM BAILEY

(taken aback)

I... I thought that -- maybe --

MARIA SOL

(SCOFF)

Trust me Sam, you're not that intimidating. What did you think was going to happen if you tried to throw your weight around with the lake?

SAM BAILEY

(long silence, humbled)

Do you think it's too late for me to... I don't know, go back in there and make an apology?

MARIA SOL

(trying to soften the blow
a little)

Sam... I don't think this is going to work. Not before, and definitely not now that you've made it angry. We need to find another way.

SAM BAILEY

But... What are we supposed to do
about De Witt?

MARIA SOL

(lost)

I... I don't know.

The waves lap quietly on the shore as the rain continues to
come down.

MARIA SOL

(growing worry)

We need to get out of here. I don't
think this place is safe for us
anymore.

SAM BAILEY

(realizing the danger)

Oh. Yeah, you're... You're probably
right about that.

MARIA SOL

Come on, let's get back to the van
and --

Maria cuts off, noticing something on the far side of the
lake.

SAM BAILEY

(confused)

What's wrong?

MARIA SOL

(confused)

Is... Is that a minivan on the
other side of the lake? Are you
seeing that too, or have I
completely lost it?

SAM BAILEY

(equally confused)

No, I -- I see it too.

MARIA SOL

Who would be out here with...

(stunned realization)

Holy shit.

SAM BAILEY

What?

MARIA SOL

I think that might be Kate.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS