

"A SHROUD OF THOUGHTS"  
*The Sheridan Tapes*, Season 3, Episode 59  
Recording Draft - June 3, 2022

Written by  
Trevor Van Winkle

Based on story and characters from  
"Homestead on the Corner"  
by Trevor Van Winkle

1. EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT - 6/10/1721

The ocean in its wrath. Waves crash against the sides of the HMS *Morgan* as her crew tries desperately to steer away from the rocks -- CHAOS.

A huge wave crashes into the side of the ship, shattering the hull. Ropes snap as the mast buckles, and one of them winds like a whip around the ankle of ANNE BONNY.

SHE CRIES OUT IN PAIN, but the sound vanishes as she's pulled underwater. She struggles at the rope, to no avail, sinking deeper and deeper.

Then silence -- the murmuring silence of the deep sea below the storm, where only faint rumors of the world above are heard.

And something speaks in that silence -- and when it does, the voice is speaks with is Anne's, distorted and distant.

"ANNE BONNY"

What would you do, to save  
yourself?

2. EXT. NEVADAN DESERT - DAY - 8/21/1879

A dry and barren plain of rock and sand and salt. Many years from now, it will be near the city of Oslow... but now, it's inhabited only by lizards, snakes, and carrion eaters.

On the branch of a long-dead tree, a hanging body swings gently back and forth in the low breeze -- SAM WALSH, former outlaw and gunslinger of Bodie, California.

And something that speaks from the dry and dusty wind -- and the voice is speaks with is his own.

"SAM WALSH"

What would you give, to save  
yourself?

3. EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - MORNING - 2/6/1995

The cold winter wind blows over a still inland lake, stirring small waves. A young child, just 5 years old, splashes loudly towards the deepest parts of the lake.

The splashing slows, however, and SAM BAILEY COUGHS as he struggles. He falters, flounders, and then cramps up, sinking below the water before he can cry out.

He tries to claw his way back up -- but it's no good. He sinks deeper into the unearthly calm and smothering embrace of the water.

And a voice he'll know all too well speaks from the thumping of his own heart -- his own voice.

"SAM BAILEY"  
Who would you give, to save  
yourself?

#### 4. INT. MKCTS FACILITY - TUNNELS - NIGHT - 12/2/2019

Far below the earth, in a place few eyes have seen, EDGAR MORRISON sits in the ruins of his own grand schemes.

The wind howls through empty tunnels and corridors, carrying the sound of many voices... all asking the same questions.

He stirs, like a man waking from his sleep, and turns to face those voices -- meeting eyes that only he can see.

EDGAR MORRISON  
(level, haunted)  
Anything. Anything. Anyone.

#### MAIN THEME

#### 5. EXT. WHITE SANDS MISSILE RANGE - NIGHT - 12/2/2019

A wide desert plain, broken far off by mountains. The wind sweeps across the open sand, whistling through broken rocks and a small collection of ISPRA tents.

SAM BAILEY stands outside one of these, letting the tape roll for a moment before beginning.

SAM BAILEY  
(distracted, official)  
Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for  
ISPRA internal records - daily log,  
December 2nd, 2019 at 9:31pm  
Mountain Standard Time.  
(beat, thoughtful)  
It's so quiet out here. I almost  
don't want to break the silence,  
but... I needed to get out and  
think. I needed space... more space  
than I could get in my tent, at any  
rate.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Ren probably doesn't want me wandering off into the dark, especially after what happened the last time I did that, but... I still can't sleep, so what else am I supposed to do at half-past 9?

(beat, moving on)

It's been three days since we got here. We're camped out on a section of the White Sands Missile Range, though I'm still not sure why. All I know is that *something* has been seen lurking around the Trinity Site, and the base commander called Ren when they discovered a couple of fulgurite formations in the sand nearby -- I guess they knew Ren from some previous project he was part of. Fulgurites are like Lichtenburg figures, the marks of electrical currents along an insulating surface... except instead of forming on the surface of something struck by lightning, they're 3D structures... masses of melted and fused soil, rock, or -- in this case -- sand, turned into glass. Except it's December, in the middle of the desert. There hasn't been a thunderstorm out here in months.

(beat, keeping this moving)

Bill stayed behind at Meriwether this time. Ren said that Bill needs more time to rest and recover from what happened in Pennsylvania... and if it was Ren's call, I might just believe that. But that order came down from Caldwell. That tells me that she saw Bill's presence as a security risk -- most likely because she suspects one of the creatures from Morrison's psychic wheel is responsible for whatever's happening here. We still don't know the extent of Bill's connection to the other "participants" in Morrison's experiment, or how long those effects will linger. The ISPRA docs have been running tests on him nonstop -- EKG's, CT scans, that sort of thing. I'm sure he hates it, but...

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
honestly, better him than me.  
Given... what I am, I have no  
interest in becoming ISPRA's  
resident medical marvel.

Sam falls silent, and the wind picks up slightly -- a desolate howl, like the ghost of a long-past explosion. SAM SUPPRESSES A SHIVER.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
(unnerved)  
I shouldn't forget why this place is so quiet -- why ISPRA can camp out here with no fear of being spotted. People used to live out here, you know -- ranchers and farmers, far from any city or town. Desert folk, just living their lives. And then World War II happened. The Manhattan Project began, and the government needed an atomic test site... somewhere remote, desolate, and hidden from prying eyes. The McDonald Ranch House isn't too far from here... one of the many homes seized by the government to build White Sands. Didn't matter how long they'd lived there, how much they depended on the land, if they had anywhere else to go... one day, someone showed up and said they just had to leave. They could accept a settlement or file a legal case if they had the money -- but first they had to leave, with no assurance they'd ever get their homes back. The McDonalds went to court, expecting to get their home back after the war ended... but that never happened. And on July 13th, 1945, their home became a grim monument when the world's first fission bomb was assembled within its walls and detonated less than two miles away... the father of the bomb that killed more than 300,000 in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. If Anna was right, and some supernatural power is looking to wipe out humanity -- this would be a fitting place to start.

(beat, shaking his head)  
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

It still feels weird to say that out loud -- that we're trying to save the world. I mean -- what does that even mean? The world... is it the planet? The universe beyond it? Or just the world we know... our people, our friends, our... Families. Because I'm pretty sure that what the scientists at Los Alamos thought they were doing: building a weapon that would keep the world they knew safe from destruction, because if they didn't do it first, someone else would. Mutually assured destruction. And if Ren was in their shoes...

(trails off, more introspective)

...If I was in their shoes -- would I go through with that first test? Would I open Pandora's box like that, if I thought it would keep the people I know safe? Morrison once called me a walking, talking calamity... and maybe he's right. I still don't know the limits of my powers. But if it comes down to it -- if there's no other choice -- could I risk it to prevent Anna's apocalypse? Would I?

(longer beat, then defeated, conflicted)

I don't know. I'd like to think I could... that I'd be willing to take that chance. Down in the server room, I saw Doctor Caldwell risk everything she'd worked towards to stop Manfredo's plan, just to burn him out of the system. There wasn't a doubt in her mind... or if there was, she didn't show it. I don't know if that conviction's a danger or an asset yet, but... I can't help but be impressed.

CLICK.

#### 6. EXT. WHITE SANDS MISSILE RANGE - NIGHT - LATER

The recorder starts in a flurry of movement on a windswept ridge above the desert floor.

MARIA SOL  
(urgent, worried)  
There! Did you see it that time?

SAM BAILEY  
(trying to stay calm)  
I think so... it was fast. Where's  
Kate?

MARIA SOL  
(focused on the range,  
distracted)  
Back at camp -- second tent down  
the row, I think.

SAM BAILEY  
(handing the recorder off)  
Here, take the recorder -- I'll go  
get her.

Shuffling and bumping as the tape deck is moved, then quick,  
stealthy footsteps as Sam runs back towards camp.

MARIA SOL  
(slightly awkward)  
I guess Sam expects me to narrate  
what I'm seeing, so... Ren has us  
all on a rotating watch of the  
range, just to make sure we don't  
miss anything. Sam and I were just  
about to switch out when I saw a  
flash of light on the mountains. I  
thought it might have been  
headlights, but then I saw it  
again, a few miles closer and down  
on the range itself. Whatever it  
is, it's not on the road -- and  
it's getting closer. It's in the  
same area they found those glass  
formations, and it definitely looks  
like some kind of lightning... even  
if it did almost look like a human  
for a second. I can't be sure  
though... It just appeared for a  
second, and then it was gone.

There's a sound like a distant rumble of thunder, and  
interference rises on the tape -- then fades.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)  
(growing more worried)  
There it was again. I saw it a  
little clearer, but it's leaving  
spots in my eyes.  
(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)  
But it definitely doesn't look like  
it's just a lightning strike.

A pair of footsteps approach, quick and quiet.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(fully awake)  
Is it still there?

MARIA SOL  
(focused on the range)  
It was just a second ago... It  
disappeared again.  
(glancing back at Kate)  
You seem awfully awake.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(slightly annoyed)  
Seems like none of us were actually  
sleeping tonight.

SAM BAILEY  
(urgent, on task)  
How far out is it?

MARIA SOL  
Less than 200 yards, I'm guessing.

KATE SHERIDAN  
Are we safe up here?

SAM BAILEY  
(brutal honesty)  
Considering it was ten miles away  
less than five minutes ago, I'd say  
no.

MARIA SOL  
Unless it doesn't know we're here.  
It could just be exploring the area  
on its own.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(doubtful)  
Could be?

SAM BAILEY  
(cutting them off)  
There it is!

There's a crackle of electricity in dry air, then a faint  
boom as the figure vanishes again.

MARIA SOL  
(growing nervous)  
Less than 100 yards now. Kate, is  
that --

KATE SHERIDAN  
(growing fear)  
Yes... That's one of the creatures  
I saw in the bunker... The one Lara  
thought was an alien.

MARIA SOL  
(fear, annoyance)  
Aliens... why does it always have  
to be aliens in New Mexico?

KATE SHERIDAN  
Sam, are you getting anything from  
it?

SAM BAILEY  
(surprised realization)  
No, I... I'm not. That's weird...  
even with Ned, I got some level of  
background emotion.

MARIA SOL  
(needing answers)  
Are you sure it isn't just...  
trying to hide them?

SAM BAILEY  
(hesitant)  
I don't think it works that way,  
Maria.

MARIA SOL  
Can you at least check?

Sam hesitates, THEN TAKES A DEEP BREATH, focusing. A slight  
interference rises on the tape as his mind probes for the  
creature.

SAM BAILEY  
(quiet, internal)  
Huh... I'm getting something, but  
it's faint -- more like the way I  
sensed you when you were down in  
the bunker.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(trying to help)  
So you think it's not... like you?  
Not paranormal, I mean?

SAM BAILEY

(confused, pushing in)

I'm not sure... it's powerful, whatever it is. But it doesn't feel like... like the other things I'm connected to. I can sense... curiosity. A need to investigate, to understand. And...

(beat, darker, almost  
trance-like)

Dread. A soul-wracking dread at some terrible task to be done -- a horrible mission to be undertaken. It doubts itself, and what it might do if it finds what it's looking for. And beyond that...

MARIA SOL

(almost panicked, hushed)

Sam? Sam!

The sound of waves almost drowned out Maria's voice, but it cuts out as Maria slaps Sam across the face, pulling him out of his trance.

SAM BAILEY

(annoyed, not quite  
feeling the pain)

Ow.

MARIA SOL

(urgent, fearful)

Sam, LOOK.

Sam glances up. The glowing figure is now less than fifty feet away, buzzing and popping as electricity arcs from its vaguely humanoid shape.

SAM BAILEY

(dread)

Oh no.

KATE SHERIDAN

(badly masked terror)

I think it knows we're here now.

MARIA SOL

(hushed, fearful whisper)

Hail Mary full of grace, the lord  
is with thee --

KATE SHERIDAN

(low, urgent)

Maria, go get Ren. Now.

Maria hesitates for a half-second... then runs for the ISPHA camp. The creature doesn't react to her movements.

SAM BAILEY  
(trying to stay calm)  
I guess it's not interested in her.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(barely contained fear)  
Something tells me it's found  
something else to worry about.

As if in answer, the creature blinks out of existence for a moment -- then reappears much closer, sparking and buzzing louder than before.

SAM BAILEY  
(terrified whisper)  
Shit.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(urgent whisper)  
Sam, do something!

SAM BAILEY  
(exasperated, terrified  
whisper)  
Like what?

KATE SHERIDAN  
Anything! You're the one with --

Another flash, and the creature vanishes -- then reappears a few feet away from Sam and Kate with a blast of air that KNOCKS THEM BOTH backwards.

SAM BAILEY  
(remembering what worked  
before, desperate, shaky)  
Go Away.

Interference rises on the tape, but the creature does not move. There's a slight shift, as if it's turned its head...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
(pain)  
AHHH!

KATE SHERIDAN  
(panicked, confused)  
Sam, what's going on? What's  
happening?

SAM BAILEY  
 (pained, struggling to  
 speak)

I tried to push it away, but it's  
 pushing back -- I can't -- AHHH!

Sam spasms, then falls to the ground and lies still.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (horrified)  
 Sam? Sam, talk to me, are you --

"SAM BAILEY"  
 (distorted, level)  
 Identify.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (confused)  
 What?

SAM BAILEY  
 (GASPING, as if coming up  
 for air to answer)  
 Sam Bailey, my name is Sam Bailey!

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (confused, terrified)  
 Sam, what's going on?

SAM BAILEY  
 (trying to get this out  
 before he goes under)  
 It's using my voice to speak, I  
 can't --

SAM'S BREATH CATCHES IN HIS THROAT, THEN SLOWS. The other  
 speaks through him.

"SAM BAILEY"  
 (level, cold)  
 Category error -- human being in  
 command of telepathic sympathies.  
 Explain.

SAM BAILEY  
 (GASPING, rushed)  
 I'm not human! Not completely. I'm  
 connected to something else that's -  
 -

"SAM BAILEY"  
 (switching faster as it  
 gets used to his body)  
 Link: unknown power.  
 (MORE)

“SAM BAILEY” (CONT'D)  
Previously detected in captivity.  
Direct manifestation, humanoid  
form. Logged. Why did you seek to  
infect us?

SAM BAILEY  
(only getting more  
strained and confused)  
Infect you? What are you talking  
about?

“SAM BAILEY”  
“Go Away.” Telepathic assault by  
alien presence. Weak, but volatile.  
Represents potential contaminant of  
Jovian Greatmind.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(disbelieving)  
Jovian?

SAM BAILEY  
(struggling)  
I was just trying... To make you go  
away... We thought --

“SAM BAILEY”  
(direct address to Kate)  
You. Secondary. Identify.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(slightly insulted)  
Secondary?  
(realizes this isn't the  
time)  
Katherine Sheridan -- Kate.

“SAM BAILEY”  
Identify nature: human?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(a weird question, but she  
needs to answer)  
Yes... Yes, I'm human.

“SAM BAILEY”  
(dead serious)  
Subject logged. Request parley with  
species representative. Will you  
speak for your kind?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(confused, overwhelmed)  
Me? I don't...  
(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
I don't know if I can. I'm not...  
(realizes she has to buy  
time, shaky)  
Yes, I'll... I'll try.

"SAM BAILEY"  
(making notations to hive-  
mind)  
Sample selected: Sheridan,  
Katherine "Kate." Human. Identify  
purpose.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(confused)  
You mean why I'm out here? It's  
kind of a long story --

"SAM BAILEY"  
Negative. Refine query: purpose for  
existence as Kate Sheridan. Reasons  
for continued operation.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(stunned)  
That's, uh... That's a fairly  
loaded question.

"SAM BAILEY"  
Incorrect. Terms are clear.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(exasperated)  
What's your purpose for existing,  
then?

"SAM BAILEY"  
(level)  
Objective: Evaluate terrestrial  
organisms endemic to Earth.  
Evaluate potential threat level.  
Determine necessity for  
sterilization. Execute if needed.  
Return to Greatmind if not.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(horrified)  
Sterilization? You're here to... to  
kill us?

"SAM BAILEY"  
Simplification: Objective,  
evaluation. Study. Outcome  
indeterminate. Response required.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(puzzling out that  
sentence)

Response...

(shaking her head, putting  
her foot down)

Look: your reason for existing  
might be that clear cut, but it's  
not that way for us.

"SAM BAILEY"

(curious)

Expand.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(struggling slightly)

I don't know... by the sound of it,  
you just kind of show up one day  
with a goal to accomplish, right?

"SAM BAILEY"

(explaining)

Correct: Functionaries arise from  
the Greatmind for specific  
objective. Return when complete.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(understanding the  
disconnect)

Well we're not like that. We're  
just... born. With no idea who we  
are or what we're supposed to do.  
We just... are. We have to figure  
out the reason on our own.

"SAM BAILEY"

Define reason.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(struggling with competing  
ideals)

Well, it's... different for  
everyone.

"SAM BAILEY"  
(pressing a little  
further)

Clarify: define your reason.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(not sure how to answer  
honestly)

My... well, uh -- There's a few, I  
guess. My family, for one.

“SAM BAILEY”  
(foreign term)  
Define family.

KATE SHERIDAN  
My son, and my husband... and my  
mother and sister as well, but --

“SAM BAILEY”  
Define your connection to “family.”

KATE SHERIDAN  
(like it's stupid)  
They're my family.

“SAM BAILEY”  
(clarifying)  
Describe the nature of your bond.

KATE SHERIDAN  
I... I love them. I promised to  
care for Peter, to be faithful to  
him. And Andrew... he's my son. He  
needs me.

“SAM BAILEY”  
(interrogating)  
Does he?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(taken aback)  
What?

“SAM BAILEY”  
Is organism: Andrew physically  
dependent on your presence? Would  
your cessation lead to his?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(not liking this question  
at all, feet to the fire)  
Well... No, but he'd...

“SAM BAILEY”  
(moving on too fast)  
Mother and sister. Are these  
connections necessary to continued  
function?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(growing anger)  
It's not about that!

The Jovian's true form, almost forgotten, sparks louder as lightning arcs from it to the ground.

“SAM BAILEY”  
(level threat)  
Restrain emotional contaminant, or  
I will terminate this parley.  
Respond.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(hesitant, remembering  
fear)  
No, they aren't... necessary. Mom's  
in a nursing home and Anna's been  
missing for two years, so...

“SAM BAILEY”  
(almost surprised)  
Error: organism Anna/sister is  
dead?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(almost lashing out)  
She isn't --!  
(calming, realizing the  
Jovian's point)  
She's gone, either way. I want to  
find her... but I don't know if I  
can.

“SAM BAILEY”  
Return to original query -- expand.  
Define reason for locating Anna?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(struggling to keep an  
even tone)  
Because I miss her. And because...  
we think she saw the end of the  
world. I need to know -- if she was  
right.

“SAM BAILEY”  
(getting to crux of the  
matter)  
Query: Assume Anna was correct.  
What would you do to prevent it?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(LAUGHS WEAKLY,  
disheartened)  
I don't know. I don't know if  
there's anything I could do.

The Jovian falls silent for a moment -- then changes tone, as if turning to speak to Sam again.

“SAM BAILEY”  
Organism Bailey, Samuel Isaac --  
reply to previous query.

SAM BAILEY  
(GASPING, struggling to  
breathe)  
I thought you were never going to  
let me out.

“SAM BAILEY”  
(taking control, harsh)  
We are almost done with you.  
Respond.

SAM BAILEY  
(slightly delirious)  
Could you repeat the question?

“SAM BAILEY”  
What would humanity do to save  
itself?

There's a moment's silence -- then SAM LAUGHS BITTERLY.

“SAM BAILEY” (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
Error: explain this reaction.

SAM BAILEY  
(cold, barely enough  
breath)  
If you want to know that... just  
look into my memories. I already  
answered that question. A long time  
ago... and every day since.

“SAM BAILEY”  
(tone of warning)  
Warning: if you attempt deception,  
you will live to regret it.

SAM BAILEY  
(even, sad)  
No tricks. Just... look.

The Jovian hesitates for a moment... then...

“SAM BAILEY”  
Uplink.

The form of the Jovian begins to hum with a higher, almost musical tone. SAM STRUGGLES NOT TO, BUT WHIMPERS SLIGHTLY -- a heartbroken sound.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(growing worry)  
Sam? What's going on?

SAM BAILEY  
It's... it's making me relive those memories... Making me --

SAM CUTS OFF WITH A GURGLING SOUND, as if he's just gone underwater.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(panicked)  
Sam? Sam!  
(to Jovian)  
Stop it! You're killing him! You can't --!

SAM BAILEY  
(crying out)  
Anything! Anything! Anyone!

There's a sound somewhere between the crash of waves and the crack of thunder... then all is silent.

SAM LIES PANTING ON THE GROUND, alive, but shaken.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(worried, low)  
Sam? Are you okay?

REN PARK  
(shouting from ridge)  
Don't move! We have you surrounded --  
- put your... hands up!

The Jovian's presence shifts slightly as it looks up at Ren... then it speaks in its own voice for the first time, a buzzing chorus of a dozen different voices.

JOVIAN  
(level, emotionless)  
Objective complete.

The buzzing, humming aura of the Jovian brightens -- then vanishes with a thunderclap, sending a blast of air in all directions. A few ISPHA agents stumble and cry out, but in a moment, all is silent.

As soon as the silence has settled, Maria runs down the ridge to Kate and Sam.

MARIA SOL  
(recovered from her scare  
and feeling awful)  
Sorry it took so long to get back --  
Ren wanted to mobilize the whole  
team before we left, and --  
(sees Sam)  
Oh my god... Sam, are you okay?

SAM BAILEY  
(LAUGHS BITTERLY)  
No... no, I'm no okay.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(concerned, but direct)  
What happened? What did you see?

Sam doesn't answer... and after a moment, the tape stops.

CLICK.

7. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - SAM'S ROOM - MORNING - 12/6/19

A bedraggled Sam settles back into his chair, sounding tired, bleary-eyed, and a little congested.

SAM BAILEY  
(tired, frustrated,  
distant)  
Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for  
ISPRA internal records - final  
mission report, December 6th, 2019  
at 6:21am Mountain Standard Time.

(LONG SIGH)  
It's been four days since the  
encounter at White Sands... give or  
take. I've honestly kind of lost  
track... the days have just blurred  
into each other since we got back  
to Meriwether. Between the psych  
evals, physicals, and scans I've  
practically been living in the  
medical wing, and I only just got  
the green light to go back to work.  
Looks like I didn't quite manage to  
avoid getting poked and prodded  
like I'd hoped.

(beat)  
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

There's been no sign of the Jovian since it vanished, and apparently both ISPFA and the Air Force are convinced it's gone. I don't know what Ren told them -- probably some half-baked excuse that explains just enough of what happened to close this case. Ball lightning, most likely. I'm not too worried about it though... it isn't coming back.

(longer beat, struggling to express this)

I've been connected to other minds before. Felt emotions from things that don't even pretend to be human being pressed over my own. And I've seen things far stranger than a being made of lightning. But that mind... it was alien. There's no other word for it. And when it entered my memories... the connection went both ways. I saw its mind too. What it's seen. What it's a part of. What it's done. There are civilizations out there in the black so powerful they could crush us to atoms without a second thought... and they're as nothing compared to what waits for us at the edge of the solar system: the psychic hive from which these Jovians send their soldiers and spies to every corner of the universe. Gathering intel.

Evaluating. Passing judgement on entire worlds, annihilating species they deem too dangerous too continue. Turning millions of years of life and history to less than ash.

(DEEP, SHUDDERING BREATH)

We got a pass this time... I think. At any rate, the functionary didn't drop us into a black hole, so that's something. It could have. But it didn't. I hope that means we're safe... that Anna's apocalypse won't come at the hands of the Jovians. But I don't...

(beat, thoughtful)

No. No, I think I do know. Whatever the Jovians have decided, it's out there, among the stars.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
Whatever Anna saw in her dreams...  
it's still here, waiting for us.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME  
AND CREDITS