

"INTO THE UNFOUND INFINITE"  
*The Sheridan Tapes - Season 03, Episode 64*  
*Recording Draft - July 7, 2022*

by

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

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Homestead on the Corner

1. INT. MKCTS FACILITY - CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT - 12/29/19

The wind howls through the open blast door, creaking on its hinges now and then like the entire place is breathing.

Footsteps approach, crunching over broken glass and shattered machinery. At the heart of the psychic wheel, Morrison stares at the ruins of his machinations.

A moment later, he turns and sits, like a king on a broken throne. All is silent... then whispers begin to fill the air.

AMANITA  
(distant, almost  
inaudible)

...So much more to your power...  
You're a seeker -- a finder -- one  
who walks... on paths no other soul  
would dare to tread.

Morrison stirs, clearly hearing the words... then begins to mirror them.

EDGAR MORRISON  
And one day soon...

AMANITA  
...Your steps will lead you down a  
path...

EDGAR MORRISON  
...Darker than any you've walked  
before...

AMANITA  
...To restore what is broken...

EDGAR MORRISON  
...To make amends...

AMANITA  
...And to find --

Amanita's whispers cut off. Morrison is silent for a long moment... then somewhat reluctantly, he finishes her sentence.

EDGAR MORRISON  
(conflicted, moment of  
lucidity)  
...The one who was lost.

CLICK.

MAIN THEME

2. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - SAM'S QUARTERS - NIGHT -  
12/29/19

SAM'S BREATHING IS SLOW AND EVEN -- the former detective is fast asleep.

After a moment, whoever started the recorder quietly lifts their finger off the button with a small click.

They stand still for a long instant, as if considering some course of action -- then turn and slowly walk to the door.

The tape continues to roll, the faint whine of the recorder's motor seeming almost loud in the nearly-silent facility.

Then SAM STIRS, making a faint noise of distress as he turns over... then sits bolt upright, seeing the door open.

He goes silent, HIS RAGGED BREATHING SLOWING when he hears the recorder rolling. Straining his ears for any other sound, he sits motionless before...

LETTING OUT HIS BREATH. There's no one else in here -- at least, not at the moment.

As his BREATHING CALMS, HE FOCUSES -- static rises on the tape, along with a familiar, rhythmic thrum.

SAM BREATHES OUT, letting his connection fade as his resolve builds. He climbs out of bed, grabbing the recorder and stepping outside.

3. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

A faint draft whistles through the halls. He takes a few steps, then freezes -- seeing a figure standing at the end of the hallway.

After a moment, it turns, entering an open access tunnel and beginning to climb. The distant clank of feet on metal rungs carries to Sam, then fades.

Sam remains motionless, frozen with indecision. Then finally...

SAM BAILEY  
(needs answers, but not  
happy about it, hushed)  
Oh, screw it.

Sam sneaks down the corridor, making much more noise than his quarry. Reaching the access tunnel, he grips the rungs carefully and begins to climb.

SAM STRUGGLES SLIGHTLY -- he didn't put his shoes on before he left, and his socks have very little grip on the smooth rungs.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
(muttered)  
Goddamit... this would be so much easier with shoes on.

He considers going back, then powers on, knowing he won't get another chance. He continues to climb, eventually reaching the open door above.

With a little difficulty, Sam transfers back to the level floor of the corridor, FINALLY CATCHING HIS BREATH.

After a moment, he hears the door ahead of him creak slightly in the wind, and he looks up to see he's on the surface level of the facility, with the New Mexico desert visible outside.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
(muttering to himself,  
concerned)  
What are you playing at?

Sam hesitates -- then walks forward and out into the night.

#### 4. EXT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - SOUTH ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The desert in midwinter -- few insects still linger, and only the hiss of wind over sand breaks the silence.

Sam's footsteps, soft and cautious, carry him towards a figure sitting cross-legged on a level stone a few yards from the entrance -- just far enough away to feel isolated.

The figure shifts, looking up at Sam -- and he stops. After a long moment... Amanita smiles.

AMANITA  
(cheerful greeting,  
slightly off)  
Well hello Sam. I was hoping you might make it up to see me.

SAM BAILEY  
(remembering who she is  
and what she's done)  
What are you doing out here,  
Amanita?

AMANITA  
(slightly offended)  
Why, nothing untoward, Sam... I'm  
just visiting.

SAM BAILEY  
(keeping his guard up)  
And how'd you manage that without  
tripping every alarm in the  
facility? I doubt you have a key-  
card.

AMANITA  
(CHUCKLES SOFTLY)  
No, no I don't. But your friends at  
ISPHA are far too fond of complex  
systems. We're good at complex  
systems... breaking them, that is.  
Making them work for us. It took a  
while, but... the earth is patient.

SAM BAILEY  
(unconvincing threat)  
And what's to stop me from un-  
complicating it and calling Ren?

AMANITA  
(amused)  
Nothing at all... besides the fact  
that we both know you're not gonna  
do that. Otherwise you wouldn't  
have followed me up here in the  
first place.

SAM BAILEY  
(can't deny that, still  
worried)  
I needed to make sure you weren't  
here to... to kill me.

AMANITA  
(annoyed, but patient)  
If I wanted to kill you... if I  
even could... I would've done it in  
Pennsylvania. Or while you were  
sleeping. Or a hundred other times  
you never even knew I was watching.  
(MORE)

AMANITA (CONT'D)  
I'm not here to fight you, Sam...  
I'm trying to help you.

SAM BAILEY  
(SCOFFS, doubtful)  
Help me.

AMANITA  
(gracious, welcoming)  
Is it really so hard to believe I'd  
want to help a fellow child of the  
infinite? We're practically family.

SAM BAILEY  
(not having any of it)  
Sneaking into my room in the middle  
of the night and nearly giving me a  
heart attack doesn't sound much  
like "help" to me.

AMANITA  
(scowls, irritated)  
The branching roots of everlasting  
decay care little for your little  
frights, Sam Bailey. But they do  
offer a boon, in their own way.  
Accept it or reject it, it will  
find its way into the heart of you,  
regardless. I just wanted to speed  
up the process.

Sam hesitates for a moment, then makes his decision -- taking  
a step forward and sitting down on a small rock across from  
Amanita.

SAM BAILEY  
(not thrilled by this  
choice)  
Say your piece.

AMANITA  
(smiling, bright)  
Now, was that so hard? And here I  
thought you might be too stubborn  
to take your medicine.  
(half-beat, serious)  
I know what you've come out here to  
ask... what you've needed to  
understand for almost a year now.  
So first I'll ask a question of  
you: how much do you know of the  
power that bore us both unto this  
place?

(MORE)

AMANITA (CONT'D)

That which loves and holds and  
moves us like fingers on the hand  
of an unseen god?

SAM BAILEY

(slightly unnerved by that  
image)

Well, uh... it's from somewhere  
outside the world. Somewhere  
connected but not... fully present.  
It came from the lake when I first  
encountered it,/and it's manifested  
in a number of other--

AMANITA

(BURSTS OUT LAUGHING)

From the lake? Do you really think  
that brackish little puddle you  
called home could ever hold the  
smallest piece of the vastness that  
is above and all?

SAM BAILEY

(confused, lost)

But that's where my... abilities  
come from, right? I made a deal  
with something in that lake, and  
whenever/ I go back there--

AMANITA

(cutting him off before he  
gets too far down the  
wrong path)

Your powers don't come from that  
lake any more than mine come from  
the mycelia branching through my  
flesh like a second nervous system.  
By every test a doctor could ever  
run, it's nothing more than a  
fungal infection... one that  
should've killed me long before I  
reached my ascension.

SAM BAILEY

(growing quiet, willing to  
learn)

So why didn't it?

AMANITA

(smiling wider -- he's  
finally getting it)

The same reason you didn't stay  
dead at the bottom of that lake.

(MORE)

AMANITA (CONT'D)

Because something greater willed it so. Something beyond the petty confines of life and death on this miserable plain of existence manifested itself in that moment -- in our very flesh. Heaven, come down to earth -- weighty, and terrible. Fungi simply serves as an expression of its presence, a conduit of its grace. As does water.

SAM BAILEY

(slightly reluctant)

So you're saying that... god did this to us?

AMANITA

(frustrated -- he was so close)

No, not god... not a god like the one you're thinking of, at least.

SAM BAILEY

(getting frustrated in turn)

Then what?

AMANITA

(thoughtful pause)

What do you remember of the being you make your bargain with? Of the questions you answered?

SAM BAILEY

(closing up, hard)

Something tells me you already know the answer to that.

AMANITA

(SOFT CHUCKLE)

Oh, I do. It has many ears in many places, the power which I serve... but none of them were in that lake with you when you died. So I ask again -- what did that voice sound like?

SAM BAILEY

(hesitant, dawning realization he really doesn't want)

I... I don't really know, it was -- distorted, echoey... distant?

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I think it was a man's voice... at least, it sounded like one to me, but/that might just have been because the water--

AMANITA

(pressing him to the answer)

You've heard it three times already -- once as a child, then twice in the last year full grown. You know exactly what it was.

SAM BAILEY

(hesitates, then SIGHS, admitting the truth)

It was my voice. My words.

Amanita stays silent, letting Sam sit in that for a moment -- then nods.

AMANITA

(teacher with a stubborn student who's finally grasped the concept)

Yes Sam... it was your voice. Just as it was *my* voice that rose higher than I could ever shout in the Temple, to close the gap left by Hericium as the Prophet filled his lungs. My voice, speaking in answer to itself.

(beat)

But you've heard such things before, haven't you? The voiceless powers, stealing words to speak themselves into being.

SAM BAILEY

(tying strands together)

The Echo... Ned Leroux... the Oroborus.

AMANITA

(quoting, intoning)

"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." And the spirit was in the waters, moving through them -- and the spirit is the waters, moving through itself.

SAM BAILEY

(annoyed, jabbing at her  
slightly)

Are you sure you're not talking  
about god?

AMANITA

(irked, more literal than  
she likes to be)

These minds which made us and  
remake us -- these beings beyond  
the veil of our reality, beneath  
the porous skin of this world of  
light and meaning -- they are  
thought alone: the thoughts of a  
mind too vast and wonderful to ever  
be fully known, without form or  
purpose beyond the will to exist.  
But their thoughts are grand and  
powerful, and as they're formed  
they push against the paltry  
illusion of firm, unchanging matter  
and become manifest in whatever  
forms they find: the roots of  
fungi, the depths of the sea...  
streams of data, plastic mockeries  
of men, radio waves and tar, to  
name but five. Most of the time,  
that influence is subtle --  
distorting reality imperceptibly,  
casting unease and fear into the  
minds of mortals by their very  
presence. But when that influence  
grows strong enough -- when  
reality's bent to the point of  
breaking and no force in earth or  
heaven can hold it back... it  
breaks away from the power which  
bore it, the veil snapping back  
into place and leaving some part of  
that powers orphaned in our world:  
an object, a place, a being with  
existence all its own, free from  
the power which made it but  
possessed of powers beyond the  
knowledge of humankind and the  
properties of whatever material was  
transformed. In the case of you and  
I... our minds. Our souls. Our  
spirits, now touched and blessed by  
something greater than we could  
ever hope to become. We are  
separate from the great powers --  
separate, but still connected;

(MORE)

AMANITA (CONT'D)  
 sundered, yet longing to be made whole. We hear their voices calling to us: the voice of the Prophet, the waves of your Agate Shore... even Ned hears the voice of the one who is both father and mother to him, try as he might to ignore it. You both have that stubborn need for independence, holding you back from the truth of what you are.

SAM BAILEY  
 (slightly annoyed,  
 impatient)  
 I know I'm still connect to my... Patron. I went back to the lake to destroy the Echo, and tried to do the same thing to Ned, but it/didn't work that time because--

AMANITA  
 (scowls, irritated)  
 Returning to the lake had nothing to do with your destruction of the Echo.

That stops Sam short a little bit.

SAM BAILEY  
 (stammering, confused)  
 It -- it didn't -- what?

AMANITA  
 (SIGHS, needing to dig  
 deeper into Sam's psyche)  
 Do you have any idea how many memories of Agate Shore you'd repressed before you returned? How much of what happened there your conscious mind refused to let you see? What you had to forget to think yourself the person you were, to remain "sane?"

(beat)  
 You cut yourself off from everything that gave you power for close to 20 years. But when you faced the Echo... your mind, touched by powers beyond itself, protected you again. It reawoke those memories, and let the flood come pouring in. You heard your own voice in the water once more, as you were baptized anew;

(MORE)

AMANITA (CONT'D)  
and that voice was power, and that power was your own, and by your own hand you destroyed the armies of the Echo. And when you fled into the mountains and hid in a dry place far from the waves of your rebirth... did you not still hear the waves? Did not your power rise time and again against things more awesome and terrible than your mind could contain, pushing them back into the void?

SAM BAILEY  
(concerned, mind racing)  
How do you know all this?

Amanita just gives him a look of annoyance and incredulity.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
(SIGHS, annoyed)  
Right... Psychic abilities -- mind reading and telepathy. That's kind of your whole deal, isn't it?

AMANITA  
(irked)  
If that's how you wish to limit your understanding.  
(beat, pushing past)  
And what is "your deal," Sam? What gifts has your great power bestowed upon you?

SAM BAILEY  
(running through the last few months)  
Well... I can't die. That's... that's the big one. I know I grew up after I... drowned, so I know I still age, but I'm not quite sure how that works long-term. I had a broken leg when I went into the lake and didn't when I came out again, so I guess I can heal my own injuries, if I need to. I can sense the emotional states of other entities connected to the powers, and sometimes other people if I focus on them. I can push back on those emotions with my own, and I can... drown people.

AMANITA

(ignoring that last one)

And how do you sense those beings?  
If you cannot read the thoughts of  
other minds like we do... how do  
you sense their hearts?

SAM BAILEY

(never thought of the  
mechanics)

Well... I guess if what you're  
saying is true, then... we're all  
part of the same otherworld. We all  
come from the same minds, so...  
we're all connected, right?

AMANITA

(challenging him)

And what of humans? Are they the  
product of the powers beyond,  
pushed through the veil by minds  
linked to your own?

SAM BAILEY

(realization)

No... no they're not.

(beat, curious, finally  
asking for answers)

How does that work?

AMANITA

(proud that he's asking  
the right questions)

I think you've already begun to  
suspect the truth. After all, the  
powers that make us are not the  
only minds which press against the  
veil between worlds. They are more  
powerful for certain, able to form  
thought into matter and birth being  
like you and I. But human minds --  
human thoughts, emotions,  
experiences... they exert an  
influence as well. An imprint left  
on the world, indelible and  
everlasting.

SAM BAILEY

(muttered realization)

Stone tapes.

AMANITA

(nodding)

You remember Anna's words then, when she heard the voice of Anne Bonny echoing down through the ages? The spiritualists might have been fools and charlatans in most regards, but you know what they say about broken clocks.

(beat, continuing her explanation)

The marks of humanity are fainter and subtler than the marks of the powers, but they can still be felt by one such as you -- one still close enough to humankind to feel their influence on the world. At least... for now.

SAM BAILEY

(growing concern, masking it slightly)

So, uh... you're not human enough to sense it anymore?

AMANITA

(beat, pretending this doesn't bother her)

I never was. The Prophet offered me a glimpse before I was transformed, but... I only grew strong enough to fully touch it when I was gone beyond the boundaries of human thought. That was what I gave, to endure... to serve my god.

(longer beat, then smiling)

Would you like to learn how to make them?

SAM BAILEY

(confused, whiplash)

Make what?

AMANITA

(amused)

"Stone Tapes." The name means little, but the picture you have of it in your mind is close enough to the truth. Memories like the tapes which Anna made, pulled from the imprint of human lives and hearts upon the veil. Would you like to learn how to make them?

SAM BAILEY  
(hesitates for a moment,  
then no reservations)  
Yes, I would.

AMANITA  
(smiling, proud that he's  
reached this point)  
Then close your eyes, and follow  
me.

Sam hesitates for a moment, THEN BREATHES IN, closing his eyes.

AMANITA (CONT'D)  
(guided meditation)  
Start by observing your breath...  
that which connects your body to  
the world beyond it, to the power  
which formed you when first it fled  
your lungs. Observe it --  
(annoyed)  
-- Don't control it. Your patron  
has little patience for your feeble  
attempts at control. Observe... let  
it be natural -- your natural  
rhythm of breath.

(beat, listening)  
Good. Now... observe the breath  
coming into your lungs -- how it  
fills them with life and strength  
and power. Observe the breath  
leaving your lungs -- how it  
empties and hollows your chest,  
expelling all that is dead and  
tired within you. In and out, in  
and out, in a rhythm we only rarely  
think about... that we do not pay  
attention to. And then -- there.  
That moment between one breath and  
the next, when the lungs are  
emptied and new air has yet to  
enter in... where you are hollow,  
and all is in the balance of the  
infinite. Where there is nothing,  
and in that nothing -- all that is  
or was or ever can be. Where your  
lungs are empty, and your eyes are  
open.

(beat)  
Now let that feeling fill you...  
(MORE)

AMANITA (CONT'D)

let it expand from your lungs and chest into your limbs, though your arms and legs all the way to your fingers and toes, and up through the crown of your head.

(CHUCKLES, playful chiding)

Now now... no need to rush this, Sam. We have all the time in the worlds.

(back to meditation)

Let it fill you as your lungs empty -- and then recognize that the emptiness in your lungs has nothing to do with this feeling... that it is always open to you, when your mind is calm and still. Hold it at bay -- this connection to the infinite that made you and shapes you and gives you purpose, gives you strength. Let it linger within the boundaries of your body, at the limits of your flesh... but feel it pushing to be set free, to flow out of you and into the vastness of being. Hold it there. Let it build... sit with this feeling, and know it. Just one more step... there. Release it.

As she's been speaking, a static has been rising on the tape... And as Sam pushes out into the infinite, it briefly spikes, then changes character into a more harmonious hum.

AMANITA (CONT'D)

Can you feel it now?

SAM BAILEY

(stunned quiet)

Yes.

AMANITA

(nodding, continuing to guide)

You are beyond the limits of your physical body now, in the shell of energy and life which connects you to all that is beyond this paltry illusion of solid matter. Now... What do you see?

SAM BAILEY

(hushed, reverent)

I see...

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I see an ocean without end. A sea of dark waves rolling and crashing on a beach of black sand. There is no sun, no stars, no moon -- the sky is lost to a wall of cloud and mist, but I can see clear to the horizon in all directions.

(beat)

And I see doors... doors standing alone on the beach, with no walls to hold them. Doors opening into other places and times, appearing and disappearing like the rise and fall of the waves.

AMANITA

(leading him)

And where would those doors take you, if you opened them?

SAM BAILEY

(concentrating, not quite comprehending)

Out of this place... out of the world behind the world into the world that is -- into all the worlds that are.

AMANITA

(nodding, gentle and quiet)

And what do you see behind you?

SAM BAILEY

(confused, but not falling out of this state)

Behind me?

AMANITA

(slightly sterner, sensing his reticence)

Your inner eye is facing out, Sam Bailey -- let it turn inwards, to the place you do not wish to see.

Sam hesitates, THEN TAKES A DEEPER, BRACING BREATH -- and "turns back." He goes silent, breath catching in his throat slightly -- then answers.

SAM BAILEY

(obvious lie)

I... I don't see anything.

AMANITA  
(firm warning)  
Now don't lie to me, Sam... that's  
a bad idea under normal  
circumstances, much less when I'm  
trying to help you. Tell me the  
truth: what do you see?

SAM BAILEY  
(hesitates, then  
reluctantly)  
Another door -- only this one's  
open.

AMANITA  
(nodding, gently pushing)  
And what do you see inside it?

SAM BAILEY  
(like pulling teeth)  
My... Myself. I see... it's all  
happening at once, it's a lot.

AMANITA  
(insistent)  
Then what is clearest? What stands  
out to you?

SAM BAILEY  
(slightly pained)  
Allen.

AMANITA  
(nodding, happy to be  
making progress)  
Good, good -- what else?

SAM BAILEY  
(more painful)  
My parents. Pat. The detectives  
from Oslow. Jim. There'll all  
there... Under the lake, beneath  
the water. All the people I've lost  
-- all the people I've hurt.

AMANITA  
(one last push)  
How did you hurt them?

SAM BAILEY  
(forced to this point,  
can't deny what he's  
seeing)  
I... I killed them.  
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(all comes pouring out)

I was scared and alone and I made a deal with something I didn't understand, and it killed them all because of me... because I wasn't strong enough to die. Because I'm too broken and scared to ever love anyone enough to die for them, to give up my hollow, useless life for someone of worth... someone who makes the world better. I just make it worse -- and everyone who died in Agate Shore is dead because of me.

A long silence -- then...

AMANITA

(not an accusation -  
simple confirmation)

You're right.

SAM BAILEY

(having his own worst  
thoughts confirmed)

I -- what?

The static of Sam's connection fizzles out as his eyes snap open in dismay. Amanita doesn't comment on it.

AMANITA

(laying it all out for  
him)

If you'd never gone back to Agate Shore, you'd never have met Allen. If you'd never met him, he'd still be alive today... he, and all those who drowned and died and now feed the growing things below the earth.  
(beat)

But you are wrong about one thing.

SAM BAILEY

(staggered, struggling)

And what's that?

AMANITA

(making her point)

You didn't kill them -- not your powers or your choices or even your patron. No one chose for them to die.

(MORE)

## AMANITA (CONT'D)

It was your lack of understanding that killed them -- your refusal to accept the truth of what you are, what happened to you that day so long ago in the lake. You untethered yourself from who you are and left a hollow space within your heart. And in that space a darkness grew -- a darkness that held all that power inside you beyond your grasp. Without acceptance, there can be no understanding. Without understanding, there is no choice. Without choice, there is no control -- and without control, you will remain adrift, beholden to the whims and winds of the mind which made you.

## SAM BAILEY

(snapping back at her,  
hurt)

So what, I'll become like you then? Completely detached from humanity, willing to kill and infect whoever your "prophet" wants?

## AMANITA

(pause -- quiet, hurt)

Do not mock what you do not understand, Sam Bailey. I made my choice long before I became what I am now -- to give up the life I knew to serve something greater than myself. If Hericium was the mouth of the Prophet, then I am her hand -- her outstretched arm -- her loving embrace of a world that knows her not, keeping it safe and whole beyond the falsehood of death. For those who serve her shall outlive even the ends of all other life, and those who refuse her call shall endure forever as a memory within her heart -- an imprint of all they are and were and could have been, kept in loving memory. Death is not death to the Prophet -- death is creation.

SAM BAILEY  
(slightly uneasy)  
If you're trying to convince me to  
join your cult, you'd better pick a  
different sermon.

AMANITA  
(CHUCKLES)  
Yes... I suppose she is not the  
only power that keeps her children  
beyond death. But that has always  
been my purpose -- to draw others  
to the truth, to a higher purpose  
and reality than can be seen with  
mortal eyes. The Prophet just  
allowed me to fulfill that calling  
more... directly. And your purpose  
has always been to seek out the  
truth, to find what is hidden and  
lost. We shape our patrons as much  
as they shape us... and *this* is  
your next step on that mission.

Amanita points at something on the ground. Sam looks down --  
then frowns, picking up a small, round stone -- like a river  
rock worn smooth, clearly out of place in the desert.

SAM BAILEY  
(confused)  
It's... a rock.  
(beat, more confused)  
This wasn't here before, was it--?

ALLEN GOTTL (RECORDED)  
(slightly distorted,  
distant)  
Come in!

SAM BAILEY  
(stunned)  
Is that --

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED) (CONT'D)  
Sorry to bother you, but... I'm  
looking for Sergeant Gott?

ALLEN GOTTL (RECORDED)  
Oh, you must be our new detective!  
I'm Allen.

SAM BAILEY (RECORDED)  
Hi, um... Sam. Bailey. Uh, do you  
know where I could find Sergeant  
Gott...?

ALLEN GOTT (RECORDED)  
(LAUGHS)  
Allen Gott, Sam. But you can just  
call me Allen.

SAM BAILEY  
(stunned, heartache)  
How did you do that?

The scene continues to play out in the background as Sam and Amanita talk.

AMANITA  
(smiling, proud teacher)  
I didn't, Sam. You did.

SAM BAILEY  
(confused, lost)  
How?

AMANITA  
You faced the dark inside you, Sam --  
- the loss, the grief. You  
confronted your pain, and that pain  
was made manifest -- a memory, held  
in stone. It was the strongest  
memory I could reach for, but in  
time you will learn to make stone  
tapes of all manner of things --  
things beyond your own memory, in  
the memories of this world.

SAM BAILEY  
(mind reeling slightly)  
That's... how is that possible?

AMANITA  
(sensing Ren's presence,  
trying to wrap this up)  
There is so much more to your power  
than you realize, Sam -- more than  
empathy and tapes and the inner  
eye. You are a seeker -- a finder --  
one who walks between two worlds,  
on paths no other soul would dare  
to tread. And one day soon, your  
steps will lead you down a path  
darker than any you've walked  
before: to restore what is broken --  
- to make amends -- and to find--

Behind Sam, the door to the facility suddenly squeaks open.

REN PARK  
(calling out)  
Sam? Sam, are you out here?

SAM BAILEY  
(panic at being caught)  
Shit -- uh, hi Ren!

REN PARK  
(concerned)  
What are you doing out here? You're  
not supposed to leave the facility  
after dark.

SAM BAILEY  
(half-finished lie)  
I'm not? Oh, right... Uh, I was  
just...

Sam glances back to where Amanita was sitting, but there's no  
one there.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
(slightly annoyed mutter)  
And she's gone.

REN PARK  
(didn't quite hear)  
What's that?

SAM BAILEY  
(shaking his head)  
Nothing -- I just needed some fresh  
air.  
(realizing something)  
What are you doing out here?

REN PARK  
(concealing suspicions for  
now)  
One of the security guards noticed  
the cameras were out in your wing.  
They called me when they saw your  
room was empty.  
(beat, more insistent)  
Are you sure everything's okay?

SAM BAILEY  
(hesitant, masking  
frustration)  
Yeah. Just fine.

The faint sounds of the stone tape vanish as Sam slips it  
into his pocket, standing and turning back towards Ren.

REN PARK  
(definitely has his own  
theories)  
Well... If you say so.  
(beat)  
Let's get back inside.

CLICK.

5. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - SAM'S QUARTERS - LATER

Sam settles back into his chair WITH A SLIGHT GROAN, tired  
and a little sore from his midnight escapades.

SAM BAILEY  
(making notation out of  
habit)  
Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for  
ISPNA internal records - final  
mission report, December 29, 20...  
(trails off, a bit  
rebellious)

Actually -- I don't think I'll be  
handing this tape over to Ren with  
the others. Not for now, at least.  
I need some time to think about  
this... about what Amanita said --  
what she meant. And given his  
reaction to what she did to his  
facility, I doubt he'd be keen to  
let me keep looking for her.

(shaking his head)  
Fungal growths in the electronics --  
in the locks and security cameras  
she bypassed. Ren's still not sure  
how it got there, but he's having  
the labs run a whole load of tests.  
They hardly need to, though -- I  
think they already know what  
they'll find.

(beat, reflective)  
"To restore what is broken -- to  
make amends." I've been turning  
those words over and over again in  
my head since I got back. What did  
she mean by that? I can't bring any  
of the people who drowned in Agate  
Shore back -- at least, I don't  
think so. Whenever I think about  
it... well, let's just say I'm  
hearing waves again. But what else  
could she--

(cuts off, realizing)  
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Molly. Molly Davis, the LEO from Santa Lucia. I heard that announcement on the radio... she's still missing. I pushed her through the veil, and she still hasn't come back. I thought I might have to go back to the park to find her, but -- I don't think she's there anymore. I think she's in that otherworld Amanita was talking about, and can't find her way back. And I'm the one who did that to her.

(beat, resolve hardening)

If that's true... then I need to make it right. I need to get back to that place and find her. I have to save her.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME  
AND CREDITS