

"LINGUA IGNOTA"  
*The Sheridan Tapes - Season 03, Episode 67*  
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by

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Based on story and characters from  
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By Trevor Van Winkle

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Homestead on the Corner

1. INT. OCPD HQ - BREAK ROOM - DAY - 1/17/20

Late in the day -- the station is mostly empty, with a handful of officers milling about. Ned pulls the pot out of an ancient coffee machine and pours a cup.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(noticed Ned)  
Are you really going to drink that?  
It's been sitting in the pot all  
day.

NED LEROUX  
(shrugs)  
I kind of like it when it's sludge.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(slightly bemused)  
I'll add it to the list, then.

NED LEROUX  
(confused)  
What list?

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(joking)  
Stuff you've said that makes me  
think you're not human.

NED LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY, trying to play it off as a joke.

DETECTIVE RAMOS (CONT'D)  
(suspicious, but trying to  
sound casual)  
Where are you from, anyway?

NED LEROUX  
(not liking this question)  
Oh, uh -- I was stationed in  
Houston before this.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
So you're from Houston?

NED LEROUX  
(trying to sound  
nonchalant)  
More or less.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(pressing him slightly)  
I have a lot of friends in Houston,  
you know. We might know some people  
in common.

NED LEROUX  
(feet to the fire, has to  
answer)  
Yeah, probably.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
You ever meet Toni Garza?

NED LEROUX  
(pretending to think)  
Tony... Tony Tony Tony -- you know  
what, I think I did. Great guy.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
Toni with an "I."

NED LEROUX  
(wiggling out of his lie)  
Oh yeah, of course -- sorry, I  
still use "guy" for everybody, bad  
habit of mine.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(unconvinced)  
Right.

NED LEROUX  
(getting out of here fast)  
Anyway, I've gotta get back/to work  
before I--

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
How long were you stationed there?  
With Houston PD?

NED LEROUX  
(pause, deflecting)  
Ramos, I'm sensing a bit of tension  
here. Anything you want to talk  
about?

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(hesitates, then clear)  
I've been here a long time. Made a  
lot of sacrifices to get where I  
am. And I was... surprised, when  
Morrison picked you as deputy  
chief.

NED LEROUX  
(frowning)  
I see.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(backtracking slightly)  
I'm not saying you weren't the  
right pick, you've definitely got  
some good instincts.

NED LEROUX  
(drawing her out)  
But...

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(SIGHS, irritable)  
But I feel like you're not being  
honest with me. With anyone. You  
walk around like you're in charge,  
but I can see right through it. You  
feel like you've bitten off more  
than you can chew, don't you?

NED LEROUX  
(pause, then --  
surprisingly -- genuine)  
You're right. Honestly, a lot of  
this just goes right over my head.  
The politics, the paperwork, the...  
(SOUND OF ANNOYANCE)

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(slightly amused)  
I know the feeling.

NED LEROUX  
(beat)  
Alright, Ramos. Honesty.  
(DEEP BREATH)  
I was at Houston PD... for a few  
months.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(wide-eyed)  
A few... *months*?  
(beat)  
Leroux, I don't know why you think  
you need to lie so much.

NED LEROUX  
(confused)  
Beg pardon?

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
I'm telling you, it's not worth the  
effort. Just tell the truth, and  
get it out there.

NED LEROUX

(masking)

That's not as... easy as you think  
it is. Not for me.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

That might be true, but it's a hell  
of a lot better than putting even  
more distance between yourself and  
other people.

NED LEROUX

I really don't think people want  
that distance to go away, Ramos.

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(showing true feelings a  
little)

Well maybe they do.

(beat, SIGHS)

Whatever. You'll see what I mean in  
a few years, anyways. How old are  
you, by the way? 28?

NED COUGHS on his sludge-like coffee, COUGHING AS HE BEGINS  
LAUGHING HIS ASS OFF.

DETECTIVE RAMOS (CONT'D)

(confused)

Okay fine, I could maybe see...  
what, 33?

NED LEROUX

(dying laughing)

I'm sorry, I...

DETECTIVE RAMOS

(stunned)

Come on, there's no way... drop the  
skin care routine, Leroux!

Despite herself, RAMOS STARTS TO LAUGH WITH HIM. Eventually,  
NED MANAGES TO CATCH HIS BREATH.

NED LEROUX

(mock surrender)

You got me.

(beat)

Look, my past... it's hard for me  
to get into. Let's just say...  
Morrison was aware of my situation  
when he hired me.

(MORE)

NED LEROUX (CONT'D)  
But tell you what, let me buy you a  
coffee sometime, and I'll tell you  
some more.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
Including how old you actually are?

NED LEROUX  
(hesitant)  
Maybe on the... fifth coffee.

DETECTIVE RAMOS  
(KIND LAUGH)  
You've got a deal. But *I'm* picking  
the place. Not all of us are fans  
of the sludge.

NED LEROUX  
(smiling, charming)  
I can live with that.

CLICK.

MAIN THEME

2. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDBAY - EVENING - 1/19/20

Surveillance audio from a nearby intercom panel crackles on  
as Kate quietly opens the door, shuts it, and crosses to  
Sam's bed. She's carrying a small, somewhat noisy box.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(soft)  
Sam... Sam... wake up.

SAM GROANS as he wakes, then sits up slightly.

SAM BAILEY  
(groggy)  
Kate...? Hi... what are you--

KATE SHERIDAN  
Shh shh, it's okay... they just  
cleared you to have guests.

SAM BAILEY  
(slightly worried)  
What day is it?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(careful)  
Sunday. The 19th. I found you on  
the 16th, so...

SAM BAILEY  
(disbelieving)  
Three days... god, they must have  
me on some strong meds.

KATE SHERIDAN  
Yeah, they... mentioned something  
to that effect.

Kate shifts, setting the box of tapes down on Sam's bed --  
maybe a little too hard. SAM GRUNTS SLIGHTLY at the pressure.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
(struggling to stay in  
control)  
Anyway -- I brought you one of  
those green chile breakfast  
burritos from the canteen. Thought  
you might be sick of liquid food.  
And I figured that if you can't  
leave your bed yet, I'd better  
bring you the tapes so you don't  
try anything stupid.

SAM BAILEY  
(a little incredulous)  
Do you really think I'd try/to  
leave while--

KATE SHERIDAN  
(snapping slightly)  
Yes, Sam, I do think you'd try.

SAM BAILEY  
(surprised)  
You didn't let me finish.

KATE SHERIDAN  
I didn't need to.

SAM BAILEY  
(beat, SIGHS)  
You're right. I'm guessing you  
listened to the tape?

KATE SHERIDAN  
Once Ren and Caldwell were done  
with it.

SAM BAILEY  
(wincing, unhappy)  
Of course.

KATE SHERIDAN

(trying to be more gentle)  
I don't know why you kept that a  
secret from us, Sam -- but Molly's  
gone. You didn't mean to do it,  
but... you can't fix everything.

SAM BAILEY

(irritated)  
Kate, I have a responsibility to  
use my abilities to help people  
however/I can--

KATE SHERIDAN

You have a responsibility to me,  
Sam. To Maria. To Bill. Even to  
Anna. How are we supposed to find  
her if you keep throwing yourself  
into the fire thinking you can put  
it out?

SAM BAILEY

(angered)  
Stop talking to me like I'm a  
child, Kate.

KATE SHERIDAN

(firm, level)  
Then stop acting like one.

The silence hangs in the air... THEN SAM SIGHS.

SAM BAILEY

(genuinely lost)  
What should I do, then?

KATE SHERIDAN

Be honest with us. Trust us --  
trust me. The same way I trust you.

SAM BAILEY

(PAINED SCOFFS)  
You don't trust me to stay in this  
bed with a deflated lung, Kate.

KATE SHERIDAN

If I didn't, then I wouldn't be  
here. I wouldn't be talking this  
through with you at all.

SAM BAILEY

(accepting)  
Fair point.  
(pause, considering)  
(MORE)



SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Look, it's just... I'm used to making decisions on my own. I haven't needed to run them by anyone, not since...

KATE SHERIDAN

You don't need to ask me for permission, Sam. I just want to know we're on that same team. That we can count on each other, because I'm sure as hell counting on you.

(beat, curious)

What was it like?

SAM BAILEY

(confused)

The other place?

(Kate nods, Sam gathers thoughts)

It was... a vast, dark ocean. My consciousness kept jumping around to different places. Sometimes I could control it, but not very often.

KATE SHERIDAN

So it wasn't... a reflection of the real world, then?

SAM BAILEY

(SCOFFS)

No... definitely not.

(beat)

Why?

KATE SHERIDAN

(hesitant)

Just wondering if it was the same place I was in, but... doesn't sound like it.

Kate stands, preparing to go.

SAM BAILEY

(realizing he didn't ask)

How are Peter and Andrew?

Kate pauses, considering.

KATE SHERIDAN

(hesitant)

Peter's worried about you, but... he's doing okay. Andrew's... we haven't told him.

SAM BAILEY

Is it... do you still think  
Meriwether's the safest place for  
them?

KATE SHERIDAN

(exasperation and stress  
pouring out)

I don't know, but I can't... I  
can't even imagine sending them  
away. Peter is... knowing he's here  
is the only way I feel safe. And  
Andrew -- god, these years are  
never going to come back. I can't  
send them away. I know there's no  
way you could understand that, but--

Kate cuts off, realizing who she's talking to. SHE CLEARS HER  
THROAT.

SAM BAILEY

(level)

You're right. I don't understand  
that. But I do understand what it's  
like to lose someone *because* I was  
too scared to send them away.  
Because I waited too long.

KATE SHERIDAN

Allen.

SAM BAILEY

Yeah.

(long pause)

You know... I completely missed out  
on New Years after what happened at  
Christmas. That's when we... we  
always called that our anniversary.

(long beat)

Kate -- if I were you, I'd let them  
go. Now. Somewhere far away, maybe  
even outside the country if they  
can.

KATE SHERIDAN

(slightly numb)

Peter has... family in Canada they  
could stay with...

SAM BAILEY

(gently)

That sounds like a good idea.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(defensive)  
I'm the one who gets to decide  
that, Sam. Me and Peter.

SAM BAILEY  
(accepting, backing down)  
Understood.  
(beat)  
It sounds like you wouldn't go with  
them if they did, though?

KATE SHERIDAN  
Huh?

SAM BAILEY  
We're talking about all of this as  
if...  
(half-beat)  
Look Kate, this... what happened to  
me, I think it's just the start.  
The closer we get to figuring this  
out, to finding Anna... I think  
it's going to get worse. For all of  
us. And if you're still here...

KATE SHERIDAN  
(nodding)  
You're right. But I mean... I can't  
just leave her, can I? After  
everything I didn't do before -- I  
couldn't live with myself if I gave  
up.  
(beat, conviction)  
I'm not abandoning her. I'll go to  
hell and back if I have to.

SAM BAILEY  
(wry)  
I think that might be where we're  
going.

Kate falls silent, wipes a tear from her eye, then CLEARS HER  
THROAT.

KATE SHERIDAN  
I'm... I'm going to go check in  
with everyone. Tell them how you're  
doing...?

SAM BAILEY  
(reluctant)  
Fine by me.

KATE SHERIDAN

(unsure)

And I'll... I'll think about what  
you said.

Kate opens the door and nearly leaves, then remembers  
something.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Next mission leaves in a few days,  
if you're up for it.

SAM BAILEY

(nods)

The doctors told me I should be out  
of here by tomorrow.

KATE SHERIDAN

(conflicted)

That's... good. Good.

She shuts the door, leaving Sam alone in the medbay. After a  
moment...

SAM BAILEY

(singing softly)

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, for  
Auld--

Emotion chokes it out. SAM TAKES A DEEP, SHUDDERING BREATH,  
then picks up a tape before he starts crying.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(forcing down emotions)

Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for  
ISPHA Internal Records -- daily  
log, January 19th, 2020 at 9:37am  
Mountain Standard Time. Reviewing  
tape...

(recognizes it)

Ah... this old chestnut. Great.

Sam slips the tape into the player, then starts it.

CLICK.

3. INT. ANNA SHERIDAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING - 5/15/18

Anna starts the recorder, holding it loosely in her hand as  
she paces. She sounds fragile, dreamy, as if she hasn't slept  
in weeks.

ANNA SHERIDAN

The light in here... the way it filters through the blinds and hits my pillow... beautiful...

(beat)

I've been thinking about a story I heard about a haunted ski lodge. This place where thousands would come every year, but the region itself was incredibly remote. The lodge was run down, and more people than the ski company wanted to admit died there every year. Some were never even found... lost in the great white backcountry. I don't even remember where this was. The lodge was full of ghosts... legions of ghosts...

(beat)

Ha... I'm not telling this very well, am I?

(beat)

Anyway... I was thinking about a ski lift operating in the middle of the night under a full moon. The chairs turning without anyone operating it. One after another after another after another, taking those spirits right to the top. Maybe they felt like they never got to finish their last run. Maybe they ride that ski lift all the way to the other side...

(beat)

I've gotta say, of all the places to encounter ghosts, winter in a ski area sounds like one of the worst. It's hard to move quickly with that much snow. Hard to run. Easy to die. Easy to never be found again...

(beat)

I wonder what it'd be like to live somewhere like that. Where your friends could just die out of nowhere, doing what they love. What is it like to live in a tiny, remote town, familiar with death? What keeps people there? What keeps them going back to those same activities? The skiing, the paragliding, the snowboarding, the mountain biking, the ice cave exploring...

(MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

not to mention the suicide rates in  
ski towns. I wonder how  
claustrophobic the open air can  
start to feel when it's all you  
have?

(beat, moving around the  
room and looking back at  
the light)

There's always been those shadows.  
Right there, at the edge of my  
room. They won't leave. They refuse  
to. The light can't quite... cannot  
quite reach. Can't touch. Won't  
wipe it out. Why... won't... the  
light...

(beat, becoming floatier)

I got a phone call from Ren. It was  
1993... and they were afraid. They  
told me to run. But my shoes, they  
were outside. I couldn't get there.  
I couldn't... I can't do it...

(beat)

I tried to call Maria, but the line  
wouldn't connect. A voice said  
"We're sorry, Maria can't come to  
the phone right now," but why would  
the phone say that if it was  
disconnected?

(beat)

I keep waking up in the night from  
the ringing, the ringing, the  
*RINGING*. I've unplugged my  
landline, I've turned off my cell,  
and still the *CALLS KEEP COMING*.  
Someone will not stop reaching out.  
It was 1993 and they were afraid,  
so afraid, and the line was  
disconnected...

(beat)

I keep waking in the night, in the  
light. The light, shining up from  
the well, through the tunnels...

(beat, confused)

Tunnels that turn to wells, and  
wells that turn into... into what?  
What do the wells turn into? I can  
never remember this part.

(beat, GROANS)

I'm so tired. I haven't been able  
to sleep since I got back. My  
nightmares came home with me. The  
shadows... they...

(GROANS)

But the light won't... it won't...

(MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 (beat, trance like)  
 The light... the light... twas  
 brillig... twas brillig and the...  
 slithy...

ANNA CRIES OUT IN SUDDEN PAIN.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 I can't do it, I can't DO IT, I  
 can't do it, I can't do it...

Anna mumbles to herself, repeating "I can't do it."  
 Finally...

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 (rapid, reciting from  
 memory)  
 Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wade;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.  
 All flimsy were the corazon  
 And the roamer vans outlaid  
  
 Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
 The jaws that bite, the claws that  
 catch!  
 Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
 The frumious Bandersnatch!  
 And shun the frumious... the...  
 The ring, the ring, the ring...  
  
 He took his vorpal sword in hand--  
 (beat, suddenly slow)  
 The light... the light... 'twas  
 brillig...  
 (faster)  
 Long time the manxome foe he  
 sought--  
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
 And stood awhile in thought.  
 Now next to the tumtum tree was a  
 great white rabbit, an odd white  
 rabbit, a rabbit that talked, a  
 rabbit with a watch, and down it  
 went into the tunnels, into the  
 well, into...  
 (beat, suddenly slow)  
 Oh... oh, I wonder, I wonder, when  
 the whole world's gone asunder...  
 (picking up pace)  
 And as in uffish thought he stood,  
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame--  
 (whispered, frightened)  
 (MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

With eyes of flame, with eyes of  
flame, don't look too close you'll  
lose your brain...

(louder, faster)

Came whiffling through the tulgey  
wood,

And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two!

(breaking rhythm, spinning  
off)

One, two, three, four, FIVE! And  
the dark is still alive!

(faster)

And through and through

The vorpal blade went snicker-  
snack!

He left it dead, and with its head

He went galumphing back.

(longer pause, lucid and  
repeating)

I want to go back. I want to go  
back. I want to go back...

(slower, more even-keeled)

And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?

Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"

He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths...

The light... the light...

'Twas brillig...

'Twas brillig in the...

(longer pause, collecting  
thoughts)

I have to do it. I'm going to do  
it.

Anna stops, then slowly begins to pace again.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I don't know if I can take Ren's  
calls again. Or the ones that come  
in the night. I don't think those  
are good for me. I should try to  
call Maria. I don't think that was  
her real number that I called. It  
was 1-9-9-3...

(beat)

That's not right... I know that's  
not right.

(MORE)



ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
Phone numbers are longer than that.  
It can't be...  
(stops, lucid)  
Where am I?  
(pause, whispered directly  
into recorder, as if she  
knows Sam's there)  
Find me.

CLACK.

4. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - MEDBAY - LATER

SAM LETS OUT A TENSE BREATH as the tape ends.

SAM BAILEY  
(twisted with emotion)  
What the hell was... oh god...  
(FAINT, STRANGLED CRY)  
She was in so much pain. I didn't  
let myself feel it before, but...  
it's there, in the tape. I can feel  
it now. I don't know what it means,  
but the shadows that haunted her,  
the light... the light... 'twas...

Sam cuts off, realizing he's mirror her.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
(using his powers to calm  
himself)  
I have to be careful. I have to  
breath.

HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, and the static rises and fades away.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)  
(more in control)  
God, this one made my guts twist.  
It sounded like... like that other  
place. The one I barely made it out  
of. Disorienting, dark...  
dangerous. It made me feel like I  
was back there.  
(beat)  
None of these tapes felt this  
intense before. Was it... was it  
going to the other place that  
changed it for me? Has my ability  
to sense and absorb emotions...  
expanded, somehow? Or was it just  
this tape? How close did Anna get  
to that other side?  
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

There's no way she could survive touching it directly, but... maybe through a proxy with some kind of guide, like Amanita?

(beat)

I don't know. Pulling apart what's metaphor, dream, or freaky supernatural event has been almost impossible with these later tapes. Like the phone call... was that all just in her head? I've had some... strange phone calls myself. The one that sounded like Anna early on, and the one that connected me to Allen when...

(cuts off, gathering thoughts)

It's like I'm hearing a story being read aloud, but it's in a language I don't know... something I don't understand the words of, but I still feel the twists and turns and emotions all the same. And that... "Find me..." it felt like she could see me.

SAM TAKES A DEEP BREATH, trying to stay calm.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

(SIGHS, tired)

I feel sore all over... though I don't know how much of that was the tape and how much is my injuries. I guess I'd better stop before it gets any worse.

(beat, thoughtful, worried)

I just hope Anna's nightmares don't end up in my dreams tonight.

BEEP. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME  
AND CREDITS