

"THE QUIET SENSE OF SOMETHING LOST"  
*The Sheridan Tapes - Season 03, Episode 72*  
*Recording Draft - September 1, 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. ANTHONY PERDUE'S HOME - OFFICE - EVENING - 1/28/20

An upstairs office in a small townhome in Thousand Oaks, CA.  
The sound of traffic drifts in through closed windows.

At his desk, ANTHONY PERDUE, Anna's former literary agent,  
rolls his chair back over a slightly uneven carpet.

ANTHONY PERDUE

(frustrated, going round  
in circles)

Yes... yes, I understand it's been  
a while. I've been waiting to hear  
back from... well, if you recall  
our last conversation, the police  
haven't found any proof that Anna's  
dead. I'm not in a position to --

(beat, listening)

No, that isn't an excuse, it's a  
statement of fact. Unless she's  
declared dead, her will isn't in  
effect, and I can't make decisions  
on her behalf. It's as simple as  
that.

(beat, listening, more  
aggressive)

If that's how you feel about it, I  
suggest you get in touch with my  
lawyer. Goodnight.

Anthony hangs up, THEN EXHALES DEEPLY, rubbing his face in  
frustration.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)

(utterly exhausted)

Poultice Press... I'm going to need  
a poultice by the time I'm done  
with y--

The phone starts ringing again. Anthony, surprised, picks it  
up before he has a moment to collect his thoughts.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)

(flabbergasted, off-  
balance)

Anthony Perdue speaking... uh,  
Perdue literary services. Hello?  
Who is this?

(beat, listening,  
deflating)

Ah. Miss Valentini. To what do I  
owe the...

(trails off, listening,  
annoyed)

(MORE)

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)

No, I don't have any updates for the press. Anna is still missing. Oslow County PD is still investigating. I will issue a press release as soon as any of that changes, and not a second before.

(beat, listening, annoyed)

That's a leading question and you know it. I do not intend to have her declared dead -- I do not have the legal authority to declare her dead, especially as I stand to inherit her estate. There's this little thing called "conflict of interest" that I have to--

(cuts off, listening, trying to end this conversation)

Uh huh. Uh huh. Uuuh huh. Miss Valentini -- you are aware I know all of this already? Anna disappeared over a year ago -- are things really that slow this week?

(beat, listening, surprised)

What do my finances have to do with anything... and how did you know about that? That lease is private.

(beat, listening, closing up)

The state of my company is my own concern, Miss Valentini -- and I assure you that if you print any of this, you will be hearing from my legal counsel.

(beat, listening, ending this call)

Yes, that is a threat. Goodnight, Miss Valentini.

Anthony slams the phone down on the receiver -- then takes it off the hook.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)

(tired, frustrated, at wits end)

No more calls tonight, huh Anna? That's more than enough for a Tuesday.

Anthony leans back in his chair, pinching the bridge of his nose AS HE GROANS QUIETLY -- he feels a headache coming on.

Before he can fully relax, the doorbell rings from downstairs.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)  
(completely out of  
patience)  
Oh, what the *fuck* is it now?

Anthony stands, opens the door to his office, and heads down the stairs.

2. INT. ANTHONY PERDUE'S HOME - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Anthony pads down the hall, opening the door to let in the sounds of a fairly quiet neighborhood in Southern California.

ANTHONY PERDUE  
(confused)  
Hello? Anyone --  
(notices something)  
Huh.  
(calling back into house)  
Alex? Were you expecting a  
delivery?

No reply.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)  
(remembers, muttering to  
himself)  
Oh right... they're out today.

Anthony stoops to pick up the package, then turns and closes the door behind him as he re-enters the house.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)  
(reading the label)  
Lake Isabella? What the hell is  
this doing here... someone must  
have dropped it off.

Extremely carefully, Anthony shakes the box. Whatever's inside is soft, but heavy.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)  
(curious)  
What are you?

Anthony grabs a small letter opener off the mantle and cuts through the packing tape, opening the cardboard box.

HE GASPS SLIGHTLY at the sight of its contents.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)  
 (amazed, relieved,  
 vindicated)  
 Holy shit...

Without taking a closer look, Anthony pulls out his cell phone and dials. It rings for a few seconds before.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)  
 (excited, stammering  
 slightly)  
 Maria? Yes, hi -- this is Anthony,  
 Anthony Perdue... right, of course  
 you have my number in your --  
 nevermind. Is this a good time?  
 (beat, listening,  
 confused)  
 New Mexico? What were you doing all  
 the way out there? That's a hell of  
 a drive back.  
 (beat, listening, shaking  
 it off)  
 Doesn't matter -- Maria, listen: I  
 just got a package at my house. And  
 you're not going to believe who  
 it's from.

CLICK.

3. INT. ISPHA TRANSPORT - FRESNO, CA - EVENING - 1/28/20

A late winter evening on the side of a quiet rural highway --  
 every so often a car whooshes past.

SAM BAILEY  
 (into recorder, bored)  
 Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for  
 ISPHA internal records - daily log,  
 January 28th, 2020 at 5:21pm  
 Pacific Standard Time. Kate and I  
 are currently on assignment outside  
 Fresno, California... our first  
 mission since Bill and Maria left.  
 It's feels... strange, without them  
 here. Bill's been there from the  
 start, and Maria... well, Maria's  
 Maria.  
 (beat, refocusing)  
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Our brief was pretty simple:  
 "explore the area around Fresno and  
 ascertain the possibility of  
 supernatural origin for the  
 entities known as nightcrawlers."  
 Yeah... we're looking for the  
 Fresno Nightcrawlers, of all  
 things. God, ISPHA isn't even  
 trying to hide the fact that  
 they're just throwing shit at the  
 wall to see what sticks.

(beat)

The Fresno Nightcrawlers -- if they  
 exist -- are short, pale, humanoid  
 figures that look like a pair of  
 pale legs with extremely short  
 arms, or no arms at all. There have  
 been several sightings of the  
 cryptids on home security footage  
 and motion sensor cameras -- the  
 first and most notable in Fresno,  
 hence the name. There's also a  
 fairly convincing video from  
 Yosemite National Park, about 70  
 miles north of here, and one  
 possible sighting in Poland...  
 though that one's still debatable.  
 So far, there haven't been any in-  
 person encounters with the  
 Nightcrawlers, but it seems like  
 Caldwell wants to change that by  
 sending her supernatural lodestones  
 out looking for them.

(beat, refocuses)

Notably, in all three potential  
 sightings, the Nightcrawlers travel  
 in pairs of two -- one smaller, and  
 one larger. People have theorized  
 that these might be a parent and  
 child, or that they're sexually  
 dimorphic pairs of mates, or any  
 number of other reasons for the  
 consistent pairing... but no one  
 really knows. All we have are a few  
 grainy videos. But if we manage to  
 catch a glimpse of/them tonight--

KATE SHERIDAN

(not wanting to butt in,  
 but needing to)

Why are you still doing that?

SAM BAILEY  
(thrown off, confused)  
Doing what?

KATE SHERIDAN  
Recording your logs.

SAM BAILEY  
(still confused)  
Why aren't you?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(slightly exasperated)  
Sam -- you're the only one who's  
ever been recording them. The rest  
of us weren't so keen on giving  
ISPHA access to our private  
thoughts.

SAM BAILEY  
(realizes she has a point)  
Oh... right. I just -- didn't  
notice. I got used to recording  
them, you know? And honestly... I  
haven't been handing over my tapes  
for a while now.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(realizing)  
So that little intro of yours...

SAM BAILEY  
(smiling weakly)  
Yeah, it's just... force of habit.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(not sure what to say to  
that)  
Huh.

Both of them fall silent -- Sam can't go back to his log, and  
neither of them know what to say.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
(trying to spark  
conversation)  
So, uh... you seem to know a lot  
about these things... that's way  
more than I got from the briefing.

SAM BAILEY  
(slightly embarrassed to  
admit)  
Not really...  
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

I just managed to do a quick search while you were driving. To tell the truth... most of what I talk about on these tapes comes from Wikipedia.

KATE SHERIDAN

(raised eyebrow, amused)

Not Detective Samuel Isaac Bailey?

SAM BAILEY

(SCOFFS)

Not a detective anymore, Kate. I was never that good at it to begin with.

KATE SHERIDAN

(worried he's putting himself down)

I didn't mean it like that, you're/actually--

SAM BAILEY

(shaking off her concerns)

No, no, it's fine... I came to terms with it months ago. I thought I wanted to be a detective for years, but... honestly, I think I just read too many murder mystery as a kid. The only good thing that ever came out of joining the police force was meeting Allen -- and Bill, I guess.

Kate goes quiet at that, sensing a tender spot -- then tries to change the subject.

KATE SHERIDAN

Have you always been interested in this stuff as well?

SAM BAILEY

What stuff?

KATE SHERIDAN

(cuts off as Sam start to laugh)

You know -- Nightcrawlers, cryptids, the supernatural...?

SAM BAILEY

(LAUGHING SOFTLY, amused)

Not at all. I used to think this was all bullshit.



KATE SHERIDAN

(confused)

But I thought... you know, with what happened to you as a kid, you'd think that... I don't know.

SAM BAILEY

(dismissive)

You'd think, but... I wasn't your sister. I couldn't accept it, so I repressed a lot of stuff just to make it through the day. And not just about the lake.

KATE SHERIDAN

(catching his meaning)

Huh. You know, I did wonder, but I didn't want to ask/if you were--

SAM BAILEY

(confirming)

Yeah. Took a while to figure out, but... yeah.

KATE SHERIDAN

(sympathizing)

I get it. It... takes time. To accept stuff like that.

(beat, hesitant)

I've... always had my doubts. About... myself. What I believe. Who I love.

SAM BAILEY

(surprised)

What do you mean? ...if you want to tell me, I/mean--

KATE SHERIDAN

(difficult, but being honest)

No it's... I mean -- yeah. I'm still figuring it out, but... I know I'm not straight, at least. There were, uh... a couple of times in college that I -- well, I didn't know what to make of them back then, but... I'm pretty sure I'm bi. Maybe pan... I don't know.

They both fall silent -- THEN SAM SCOFFS QUIETLY, shaking his head.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 (nervous, vulnerable)  
 What?

SAM BAILEY  
 (amused)  
 Nothing, just -- not surprised.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (still lost)  
 About what?

SAM BAILEY  
 Everyone in our little... group.  
 The people I made friends with have  
 always been a bit... you know.

KATE SHERIDAN  
 (a little surprised by  
 that)  
 Are we... are we friends? Is that  
 what we are?

Sam doesn't have an answer for that. KATE FIDGETS SLIGHTLY,  
 realizing she made him uncomfortable -- then grabs one of the  
 cassettes from the console.

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)  
 (offering an olive branch)  
 Do you want to listen to another  
 tape? While we're just... waiting?

SAM BAILEY  
 (reluctant)  
 I mean... might as well. Nothing  
 else to do.

Kate nods, then fits the cassette into the radio on the dash.  
 CLICK.

3. INT. CRAIG DOMHNWELL'S HOME - SITTING ROOM - DAY - 6/13/15

A comfy room in a drafty old manner house. The sound of birds  
 and approaching thunder drifts in from an open window.

CRAIG DOMHNWELL  
 (curt, to the point)  
 Right -- let's get this down on  
 tape then. Been too long already.  
 (DEEP BREATH, begins  
 story)  
 (MORE)

CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)

I've always had an interest in the wee folk -- the world hidden from the eyes of men in the deep forests and high mountains, far from the lights and bustle of humankind. My parents accepted this about me, e'en if they never understood it, and left me most to my own devices to seek it out. They did have ane rule, though: niver go oot after dark. It's true, I was a foolish, impetuous child... but I niver dared to break that rule. Much as I wanted to meet with faeries, I knew that those what I'd meet after nightfall were no those I'd wish to meet alone an helpless. So I was always fast asleep long before the nuckelavee and shellycoats began to roam the moors. Me maw didn't raise no fool, says I.

(beat)

An so, I grew up. Grew older. This isn'n the place for biography, so I'll leave most o those years oot of it. Suffice to say I learned my letters, went off tae university, came back, and began to write aboot the creatures I'd always loved. Made a name for myself. Made my fortune. Moved back into this home when me maw and dad died. Kept writing. Got a couple awards. Started looking further and further afield for the dwellings of the faeries and the monsters of myth -- and found them. I always kept my distance, though, and ne'er went oot at night. The knocks and bumps at my windows and doors after I'd gone to bed told me all I needed to know about the things I feared to find.

(beat)

Before I knew it, the century had changed. Even up here, it changed, and I soon had a computer and a cell phone and a fiber-optic line straight to the rest of the world -- and I din'n want any of it. I've ne'er had much patience for other people, and no time for the inane chatter and gossip of the pub.

(MORE)

CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)

Now, those empty words were being traded day and night on every chatroom and social media on the planet. Got dragged into ane too many arguments about my work with strangers before I realized it wasn't healthy and unplugged the damned thing. Time went on. Money changed hands. *Parson's Press* bought out my old publisher and my contract with it, an I ended up havin' to fly to London far more than I ever wantit tae... and from the looks on their faces whenever I walked in, it was more often than they wantit as well.

(beat)

It was on ane of those trips that I first met ye, Anna. Ye came across the pond for a book tour -- though ye ne'er made it north o the border, so I cannae say it was much of a tour. But by some turn o fate, I was visiting *Parson's* on the day after ye got there. I forget what the meeting was about -- some contract dispute or new royalty share I had tae sign off on... I din'n much care. My books have always sold well to a very small audience, and I din'n see much need to change that, despite what my agent says. I do just fine.

(beat)

Anyway -- I heard ye were in town, and I decided I best see if I could find a way to meet ye. I'd read a few of yer books -- I've ne'er been much of a reader when it comes to horror, but somethin' in your style caught me -- certain turns of phrase and ways of describing things. It made me think that maybe ye'd touched the same world I had -- a darker corner o it, maybe, but still... I had to know. So I grabbed a copy of yer schedule from the secretary, and headed out to the old Warner's Bookstore in the driving rain.

(beat)

I hope ye'll not take this the wrong way, but... I was sorely disappointed.

(MORE)

CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)

I know -- yer eyes were bloodshot and it looked like a cold draft couda knocked ye right over -- but still. I had a picture of ye in my mind, and it wasn't a jet lagged tourist barely managing not to laugh at my accent. I got yer signature on my old dog-eared copy of *Anathema* and soon after, headed across the street to the one half-decent pub in London for a rusty nail and a pie. It was two in the afternoon, but it was pissing down and I had a flight in three hours... not enough time to get a proper meal and a cab to the airport -- not in London, at least. Besides, I knew the pub would be quiet at that hour, so I ordered my food and settled into a seat by the window with my drink to watch the rain come down in silence.

(beat)

I've always loved the rain... not being caught in it, I'm not some romantic idiot. But watchin' it -- the way it paints the world in shining darkness, and makes every point of light into a line of fire. Even the maze of concrete and steel London's become is turned to glass by the rain, and I can bear to watch the endless lines of cars and trucks go by without worrying about what they're doing to the only home we have... how the wild places are disappearin' ane by ane until there's no corner of the planet we haven't catalogued and paved over. How we're buildin' a future that can't last.

(beat)

But like I said -- I wasn't worryin' about that. The pie was overpriced and soggy like everything in this part of town, but warm enough I didn't mind too much. As I ate, my gaze kept drifting up to the little strip of sky I could see between the edge of the window and the roof of the old Warner's across the street. I din'n know why...

(MORE)

CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)

far as I could see, the clouds were a solid wall of grey with patches of shadow where the rain fell heavier... nothin' I hadn't seen a hundred times or more. Yet my eyes kept find their way up to it, and eventually, I just let them sit there as I stared up at the sky. I've ne'er had the best vision, and I've needed glasses e'er since I was five, but I let my eyes sit there, unfocused... and then I stopped. There was somethin' there... something I hadn't noticed before.

(beat)

Ye know how these things are -- how impossible it is tae actually capture them in words. Somethin's always lost when ye try. So best I can say is, it was a line -- a line of darkness, cutting through the clouds... or maybe a dark line of clouds, nestled in the crook of the storm. I blinked -- but now I'd seen it, I couldn't ignore the pattern. It was subtle, but impossible to miss once ye know it's there. A perfectly straight line, going on for as far as I could see -- which tae be honest, wasn't too far, considering where I was sitting. But it still held my gaze longer than it should have.

(beat)

At first, I thought it might've been some kind of contrail, but it wasn't blowing away in the wind like it should've. It didn't line up with any of the airports, and if it didn't come from a plane landing or taking off, it should've been far above the clouds and oot of sight. There wasn't enough sunlight to cast a shadow that dark, and e'en if there was, the line should've moved at least a little bit during the full hour I stared up at it, my drink forgotten and my pie gone cold.

(MORE)

CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)

I only realized how long I'd been watching it when the door to the Warner's burst open across the street and ye ran out, holding yer coat over yer head to keep the rain off as ye rushed to the car. I realized I'd miss my flight if I stayed any longer, so I paid my bill, caught a cab, and made it to Heathrow just before the gates closed.

(beat)

It was long past dark by the time I was driving the long road back to Inverness. The plane had been fightin' a headwind all the way to Edinburgh, and by the time we landed I was shaken half tae hell and wanted nothing more than to be home and straight to bed. I still had a few hours to go, but the promise of home and sleep kept me going as I stared out into the dark, hypnotized by the beat of the wipers thudding back and forth. My mind began to wander, and I started to think about that strange dark line of clouds again. For some reason, the idea of ley lines came into my head -- an old theory about ancient and perfectly straight lines between historical sites that was borrowed by the earth mysteries movement and then thoroughly debunked. I'd ne'er believed in them myself... I hadn'n seen any sign of them in all my searching for the wee folk, and if anyone would be attuned to those energies, it would be the fae. I find the skeptic's explanation more probable... that given enough historical sites, you can draw straight lines through any number of them that seem significant, but arenae.

(beat)

But e'en so... that line of shadows made me think o them: lines of power, converging somewhere over London.

(MORE)

CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)

On the flight back, I tried to catch a look at them again, but I was stuck in a middle seat and couldn'n see out the window too well. From what I could see though, it looked like one of them continued all the way from London to Edinburgh, unbroken -- never shifting direction or growing lighter or darker, even as the sun went down. Curious, I glanced up, nae really expecting to see anythin... only to find the same dark line drawn against the clouds, while the thin moon illuminated the rest of the sky. The rain was fallin' and the clouds were fallin' apart to the east, but that dark line endured... though it seemed to stop a little ways north, in a patch of muddy heath I knew well from my childhood expeditions. It was a few miles out of the way and would take nearly an extra hour to reach... but I knew I wouldn'n make it back to bed before midnight anyway. I turned off the highway.

(beat)

My old Rover made it farther than I thought it would, but eventually I had to give it up and go on foot. I grabbed a heavy duty torch and switched it on, knowing better than tae trust myself to navigate the swampy ground in the dark. The rain had finally quit completely, so I didn'n need my coat... I just started off in the direction of that dark line, following it to wherever it ended.

(beat)

The moor was washed in an eerie, late-night stillness that was utterly unfamiliar. I kept my eyes screwed open, watchin for any sign of devilry -- the faery lights, an earthen mound that seemed out of place, the sound of piping where there should be no music. I din'n expect to actually hear it, though. Strange as this all was, it didn't feel like the wee folk... this was something else. But I heard music nonetheless.

(MORE)



CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)

Not the unearthly pipes and fiddles of the faeries, but something I knew all too well: *Land of Hope and Glory*, by Edward fuckin' Elgar.

(beat)

As I got closer and shone my torch where it was comin from, I realized it sounded muffled because I was hearin it through a door -- a plain, paneled wooden door in a basic wooden frame, sitting perfectly level in the middle of an empty moor. There was tall grass around the bottom of it, but no mud or dirt on the wood itself... like it'd just been set there a moment ago for me tae find. Confused -- and more than a little nervous, I'll admit -- I tried the handle. It didn'n look like there was a deadbolt, but it was locked fast. I frowned, then tried again, yankin on it with all my strength. I'll not deny that tendin my own land has left me stronger than most academics, and with a frame that thin I should've been able to rip it right off its hinges. If nothin else, it wasn't mounted to any kind of foundation. It should've toppled over the moment I put my weight behind it. But it din'n. The door stay locked, and I was left scratching my head as to what this all meant.

(beat)

I looked back up at the sky. Just like I thought, the line I'd followed all the way from London ended just above my head, thousands of feet above where that impossible door stood. But the more I looked at it, the less it reminded me of a Ley Line. Ley Lines were supposed to be terrestrial, etched in the earth... but there was an unearthly quality about this thing. Whatever it was, it was not o this Earth, and had no place upon it -- I knew that much. It was more like I was seein somethin greater... somethin bigger than the sky, its movements pressed into the clouds like a hand against a bedsheet.

(MORE)

CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)

I suddenly remembered reading *Flatland* as a kid... how the characters in a two-dimensional world perceived a sphere moving through the higher dimensions as patterns they could not understand or explain. I began to wonder if these strange, radiating lines weren't something similar -- a projection of a being in a higher dimension, moving through our world in ways I couldn't understand.

(beat)

Of course, I had no way of knowing if that were true or no... not from where I was standing. So instead, I tried the door again, rattling the handle more out of curiosity than anything... then jumped back when someone banged against it from the other side, screaming in rage and fear. I didn't know what to do, so I just stood there. That scream sounded human, but I knew all-too-well how sounds and appearances can be used to lure the unaware. Every instinct pounded into me by my mom screamed for me to run, to get back to my car and drive home, where it was light and warm and safe... but instead, I reached out and knocked. There was no reply, so I tried again -- two knocks together, a pause, then two knocks again. It was an old code from my childhood, one that I'd used to signal my friends that all was well -- that it was safe to come out. Whatever was on the other side matched it. It was faint, but I could almost hear the cautious desperation in that sound -- something I doubted the wee folk could truly imitate. Someone was trapped on the other side of that door, and needed my help. And much as I keep to myself, I've never been one to ignore a call for aid -- which has got me in trouble more than once. I just hoped this wouldn't be one of those times.

(beat)

(MORE)

CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)

Not sure how much strength I'd need to break the frame, I wheeled back and kicked at the bolt with all my strength... but I shouldn'n have bothered. The door had somehow come unlocked, and I stumbled through it and out into a brightly lit corridor I didn'n recognize.

(beat)

The silence of the moors was replaced by the roar of applause and cheering behind me, and I looked back to see the inside of the Royal Albert Hall, stuffed to bursting for the Proms. With everything else happening, I'd all but forgotten that was going on. And standing there alone, looking as confused as I felt -- was ye. Anna Sheridan, same as I'd seen ye only a few hours before. It looked like ye were just about to turn around, and I suddenly realized ye might think I'd followed ye there if you saw me. So I rushed out -- I din'n want ye to think I was a stalker, and plus... I'd made a rather clumsy entrance myself, and I felt somewhat embarrassed.

(beat)

No one noticed me on my way out of the hall, and I made my way back out onto the streets of London for the second time that day. Looking up, I could see the dark lines indeed converged over where I stood... but as I watched, the one that stretched away north suddenly broke like a string under too much weight, unraveling along its path and vanishing like it had never been there. The others -- I didn'n have time to count them, this all happened almost too fast to see -- broke a moment after, like they were all sharing the load of some enormous weight and could no longer bear it now there were fewer strands to take the load. I felt no small measure of pride to see it go...

(MORE)

CRAIG DOMHNWELL (CONT'D)  
 but then I realized that probably  
 meant that door was no longer  
 standing in the moors, and I had no  
 other way of getting back to  
 Inverness tonight. Annoyed and  
 exhausted, I called myself another  
 cab and checked into the cheapest  
 hotel I could find at short  
 notice... which was far too  
 expensive for me, even on a good  
 day. Between that and a rail ticket  
 back to Edinburgh to get my car  
 back, the whole trip set me back a  
 long ways... not that I mind so  
 much now. When I finally met you  
 properly about three years later,  
 it was like we'd known each other  
 our entire lives. I've never had an  
 overabundance of friends... but I  
 think it's safe to say that finding  
 someone like ye this late in life  
 is a rare gift. I wouldn'n trade  
 that for anything.

CLICK.

4. INT. ANNA SHERIDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 5/7/18

The rain comes down in sheets. The gas fire hisses and crackles. ANNA'S BREATH IS RAGGED AS SHE TRIES NOT TO CRY.

ANNA SHERIDAN  
 (struggling to speak,  
 heartbroken)  
 We landed at LAX this morning. I  
 didn't ask Maria to pick me up this  
 time... I didn't want her to see me  
 like this. I haven't been sleeping  
 since we left Babia Góra, and  
 this...  
 (cuts off, struggling)  
 God, I don't know how I'm going to  
 tell her what happened. I don't  
 know how to... I don't know if I  
 can tell her anything. I've just  
 been listening to this tape over  
 and over again, trying to decide  
 what to do, and it's...  
 (cuts off again, trying to  
 be objective)  
 Craig agreed to let me record him  
 on our last trip to Aberdeen.  
 (MORE)

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I never got his whole story, and Maria wanted to hear it as well, so he finally agreed to put it down on tape. I always... Craig always felt like a mentor to me. He never saw himself that way, but -- he spent his whole life chasing the impossible, just like I did. Except he knew when to stop -- when to turn back. I always thought -- I hoped -- he would outlive me. That he'd die peacefully... at home, in his sleep, like normal people do. He deserved that much.

(beat)

But that isn't what happened. I brought him to Poland. I asked him to come because I needed someone I could trust -- someone who'd look after me, after what Ren did. And he died because of me.

Anna falls silent, the rain continuing to pour down. After a long moment, she looks up.

ANNA SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(quiet, defeated, but  
determined)

It has to mean something. It has to. Craig can't die for nothing. I have to make it worthwhile. No matter how scared I am.

(beat, vulnerable, growing  
willpower)

Every night since I left the mountain, I've dreamed of my own death. I can't sleep, but I still dream -- I still see it, even when my eyes are open. I see a desert, and a tunnel, and a door in the earth. I see a gun, firing. And then I'm not there anymore.

(beat, with quiet  
conviction)

I was afraid to say it before... I was afraid that would make it true, make it real. But I have to make this pain worth it -- even if it costs me everything. These dreams have already taken too much.

CLICK.

## 5. INT. ISPHA TRANSPORT - FRESNO, CA - EVENING

Sam and Kate sit in stunned silence as the tape ends. A long time passes before either of them are able to say anything.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(finally breaking the  
silence)  
...fuck.

SAM BAILEY  
(BREATHES OUT)  
That about sums it up, doesn't it?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(stunned, not sure if she  
can believe it)  
Anna saw her disappearance. She  
thought she was going to die.

SAM BAILEY  
(same disbelief)  
Yeah.

KATE SHERIDAN  
She knew what was going to happen.  
When she went out to the bunker.  
(beat)  
And she still went.

SAM BAILEY  
I guess.. she felt guilty. Like she  
had to.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(reminded of her own  
motives)  
I know how that feels. Losing  
people... it makes you do some  
dangerous things.

SAM BAILEY  
(suddenly reminded of  
Allen)  
Yeah... I guess it does.  
(long beat, considering)  
But why would she go down there in  
the first place? If she knew  
Morrison would be waiting for her --  
even if she thought her prophecies  
were inevitable, she went down  
there of her own free will. Why?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(sudden realization)  
Sam... when OCPD found her van --  
did they find a gun in the glove  
compartment?

SAM BAILEY  
(confused)  
No, they...  
(sudden realization)  
Shit. You don't think Anna--

Suddenly, Kate's cell phone starts ringing, cutting Sam off.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(confused)  
What the -- who is that?

SAM BAILEY  
It isn't Ren?

KATE SHERIDAN  
No... might just be a telemarketer.  
(answers phone)  
Hello?

ANTHONY PERDUE  
(over-excited)  
Kate? This is Anthony Perdue...  
your sister's agent?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(she knows him)  
Oh, uh... hi Anthony, it's uh...  
been a while.  
(beat, concerned)  
How did you get this number? This  
is, uh... a work phone.

ANTHONY PERDUE  
I just got off the phone with  
Maria... she gave me your number.  
Listen, Kate: I'm not 100% sure,  
but I think that Anna is still  
alive.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(confused)  
What happened? Did you hear from  
her?

ANTHONY PERDUE  
(almost manic)  
Not exactly.  
(MORE)

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)  
Someone delivered a package to my house just now -- no return address, no shipping label, so it must have been delivered personally. Guess what's inside?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(completely lost)  
I... really have no idea.

ANTHONY PERDUE  
A manuscript! A handwritten, loose-leaf manuscript, like I haven't seen in years!

KATE SHERIDAN  
That's great Anthony, but I don't see/what--

ANTHONY PERDUE  
It's called *Echoes*, Kate. And it has your sister's name on the by-line.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(stunned)  
What?

ANTHONY PERDUE  
The last time I saw a manuscript like this, it was Anna's original draft of *Anathema*. I'd recognize her handwriting anywhere.

KATE SHERIDAN  
I thought she stopped doing longhand after her accident?

ANTHONY PERDUE  
So did I, but apparently, she's doing it again! Anna's alive, Kate - she's alive and writing, and for all I know, she could have been the one who dropped this off! I called Maria to confirm, but she said she's driving home from somewhere in New Mexico and said you'd want to know. Anna's alive!

KATE SHERIDAN  
(completely lost)  
What... what's the manuscript about? Did she leave a note?



ANTHONY PERDUE  
(realizing he hasn't read  
it)  
Oh -- uh, I haven't actually  
checked. I just assumed it was more  
of her usual... let me see.

On the other end of the line, Anthony flips over the cover  
page.

ANTHONY PERDUE (CONT'D)  
(visible confusion and  
growing distress)  
What the...  
(flips page)  
No... no, no Anna, don't do this to  
me, not again...

KATE SHERIDAN  
What's wrong?

ANTHONY PERDUE  
(despair)  
It's all... scrambled. Just...  
alphabet soup all over the pages.  
The entire thing.

SAM BAILEY  
(jumping in with a theory)  
Could it be some kind of cypher?

ANTHONY PERDUE  
(suddenly worried)  
Who is that?

KATE SHERIDAN  
He's, a... friend of the family,  
it's okay. Do you think it might be  
written in code?

ANTHONY PERDUE  
(too old for this shit)  
If it is, then Anna might have  
finally killed me. What am I  
supposed to do with *this*?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(curious)  
Was there any kind of address on  
the box? Any label?

ANTHONY PERDUE

Just one that says "Lake Isabella,  
California..." Handwritten too, but  
not by Anna.

KATE SHERIDAN

(stunned realization)

Hey Anthony, can I call you back  
later? Something just came up.

ANTHONY PERDUE

(confused)

Uh... sure thing Kate. Good talking  
with you.

KATE SHERIDAN

(polite, but brief)

Yeah -- same. Bye.

(hangs up, turns to Sam)

Sam...

SAM BAILEY

That's where Anna's house is, isn't  
it?

KATE SHERIDAN

(nodding)

That's where I saw her back in  
October.

SAM BAILEY

(suggesting, but not  
saying)

It's only a couple hours away,  
right? I know we're on a mission,  
but --

KATE SHERIDAN

Finding Anna *is* the mission, Sam.  
Screw the nightcrawlers.

SAM BAILEY

(CHUCKLES)

Screw the nightcrawlers.

Kate turns the key, and the engine roars to life.

CLICK.

6. INT. ANNA SHERIDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1/29/20

The hushed silence just after midnight. Sam and Kate creep up  
the stairs to the second story, every nerve on fire.

SAM BAILEY  
(whispered, nervous)  
What do you think we're looking  
for?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(whispered)  
I don't know... doors that lead  
somewhere they shouldn't, weird  
noises or voices -- honestly, I  
just kind of stumbled onto it last  
time.

SAM BAILEY  
Where did you see her last time?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(moving towards the linen  
closet)  
In here -- there was a corridor  
leading off to... well, a beach  
that shouldn't exist. That's where  
I saw Anna.

SAM BAILEY  
(uncertain)  
In there? It looks like/a--

KATE SHERIDAN  
A linen closet, yeah... that's what  
it's supposed to be.

SAM BAILEY  
(a little sheepish)  
I was going to say it looked like  
my old office.

KATE SCOFFS, then reaches out and turns the handle.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(nervous)  
Ready?

SAM BAILEY  
(uncertain, preparing for  
the worst)  
Probably not.

KATE TAKES A DEEP BREATH -- then yanks the door open.

No infinite corridor full of doors and nightmares. Instead,  
an old push broom falls noisily to the floor.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(surprised, trying to  
catch things)  
Shit!

Kate jumps back slightly, and after a moment, everything comes to rest.

SAM BAILEY  
(disappointed)  
So... just a linen closet this  
time?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(recovering slightly)  
Yeah... just a linen closet.

SAM BAILEY  
(noticing something)  
Hey... what's this?

Sam steps forward, scratching at something on the inside wall of the closet. After a moment, a piece of tape peels away, revealing...

KATE SHERIDAN  
Is that a key?

SAM BAILEY  
(confused)  
Yeah... she had it taped to the  
wall in there. Why would/she--

KATE SHERIDAN  
(excited realization)  
Here, let me see that.

SAM BAILEY  
(handing it over)  
Why?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(already moving down the  
hall)  
Her bedroom was locked the last  
time I was here, and I didn't have  
the key. If I'm right...

Kate fits the key into the bedroom door handle and turns. The lock disengages with an audible click.

SAM BAILEY  
Looks like you were.

Hesitating slightly, Kate pulls the door open... and a whistling, howling wind bursts from it, like she just opened the hatch of a tornado shelter.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(pained, terrified)  
AAH!

SAM BAILEY  
(panicked)  
Kate, are you okay!?

KATE SHERIDAN  
I... I think so -- wind took it  
right out of my hand--

MYSTERIOUS VOICE  
(unreadable, cynical)  
Took you long enough to get here.

KATE SHERIDAN  
(confused,  
discombobulated)  
Who... who are you?

MYSTERIOUS VOICE  
(somewhat hurt)  
You don't recognize me? After all  
this time? Or were you expecting  
someone else?

KATE SHERIDAN  
(fierce, demanding)  
I was expecting my sister.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE  
(not liking that answer)  
Well, Anna isn't available at the  
moment. I guess you'll just have to  
settle for her best friend.

SAM BAILEY  
(stunned)  
Wait... you're... you can't be...

MYSTERIOUS VOICE  
(realizing he knows)  
Amelia Rae Sterling -- at your  
service.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME  
AND CREDITS