

"ONE TASTE OF THE OLD TIME"
The Sheridan Tapes - Season 04, Episode 76
Recording Script - July 17, 2023

by
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Based on story and characters from
"Homestead on the Corner"

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1. EXT. SHERIDAN FAMILY HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY - 8/6/1995

A late summer afternoon in the suburbs of Des Moines. Cars roll past as children laugh and play in the distance.

Andrew Sheridan (Sr.) sits uncomfortably in a folding chair. Deborah Sheridan hovers a few feet away, watching the neighbors peruse their garage sale offerings.

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(awkward, trying to make
conversation)
Garage sale isn't as busy as I
thought it would be.

Deborah doesn't respond. A moment of awkward silence passes.

ANDREW SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
(trying a different
tactic)
I think there's a ballgame
tonight... maybe more people will
show up after that?

DEBORAH MAKES AN UNCONVINCED SOUND, but is otherwise unreadable. ANDREW COUGHS SLIGHTLY, readjusting in his chair.

ANDREW SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
(one more try)
Hey, at least Katey's making bank
with that lemonade stand -- it's
hotter than heck out here.

Deborah shrugs, then SIPS HER OWN GLASS OF LEMONADE before turning and retreating to the house.

The screen door squeaks loudly, then slams. ANDREW SIGHS, slumping into his chair and putting a hand on his forehead.

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
(yelling from across the
driveway, excited)
Dad! Daaaad!

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(perking up slightly,
smiling)
What is it, bug?

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
(beside herself)
Look what I just found!

Anna runs up, proudly holding up a rattling metal case and smiling ear to ear.

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(suddenly concerned)
Where did you get that?

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
(not quite hearing his
change in tone)
In the back of the old wardrobe! It
was just sitting there!

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(growing slightly sterner)
What on earth were you doing back
there?

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
(hearing his tone,
slightly nervous)
Oh, ummm... Well nobody's even been
looking at it, so I just thought I
should check and make sure we
didn't leave anything in there...

Andrew pauses, then picks up the box, examining it more
closely.

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(more to himself)
So that's where you ended up...

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
(excitement returning)
Do you know what's inside it?

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(clearly lying by
omission)
What do you think it is?

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
(excited about her special
interest)
It's an EMF scanner! For finding
ghosts and other stuff like that --
it detects changes in
electromagnetic fields that usually
happen when a/poltergeist or
cryptid are close--

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(cutting her off, not
harshly)
--they have other uses, you know...
it's built for testing electronics
and checking for interference, not
looking for ghosts.

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
(insisting)
Y-yeah, but it can be used for
that!

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(shrugs)
I suppose it could be.

Andrew sets the box back down on the table.

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
(curiosity getting the
better of her)
Where did it come from?

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(confused, distracted)
Hmmm?

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
Look, it says it from somewhere in
Nevada. How did it get in the
wardrobe?

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(obscuring his own
emotions at hearing that)
Must have... picked it up at a swap
meet or something. Forgot we still
had it.

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
(hesitant, but excited)
So... Can I keep it then?

ANDREW SHERIDAN
(not happy with that idea,
but unable to say why)
Uh... sure, sure. So long as you
can actually get it to work, it's
pretty old.

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
 (over the moon, running up
 and hugging him)
 Oh thank you thank you thank you!

ANDREW SHERIDAN
 (SCOFFS, wind knocked out
 of him a bit)
 Whoa, easy there bug... ooof,
 you're getting so strong.

ANNA SHERIDAN (12 Y.O.)
 (double checking)
 Are you sure it's okay?

ANDREW SHERIDAN
 (hesitant)
 Y-yeah, sure -- why not? I mean...
 what harm could it do now?

CLICK.

MAIN THEME

2. INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - 2/2/2020

Jerry rolls the tape for his daily writing notes. The coffee maker hisses in the background as Russel occasional whines.

JERRY PRICE
 (dictating to tape, oddly
 energetic)
 Jerry Price, notes for "Robin's
 Return" by Thurgood Vice --
 February 2nd, 2020. Starting a
 little late today -- *someone* didn't
 want to go out for his walk this
 morning, so I had to practically
 drag him out the door. But I have
 had some ideas in the meantime --
 thankfully the inspiration is still
 coming strong since that
 breakthrough on the 30th. I've been
 thinking more about the supporting
 cast, and I really think there's a
 way to structure the novel around
 their arcs, with Robin as a--

Russel suddenly barks aggressively from the living room,
 growling at the sliding glass door.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)
(annoyed, standing and
moving towards him)
Goddammit -- Russel! Russel,
there's nothing out there!

Russel yelps and backs away as Jerry gets closer. JERRY SIGHS
IN ANNOYANCE, then kneels on the floor next to Russel.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)
(pointing out the door)
Look Russel -- see? There's nothing
outside... you don't need to be
barking at anyone, okay?

Russel whimpers, sounding deeply distressed by something
Jerry isn't seeing -- then barks again.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)
(raising voice slightly)
Hey! Stop that, or you're going
back to your room.

Russel whines, then bolts down the hall, skittering slightly
on the hardwood as he disappears into the guest bedroom.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)
(SIGHS -- this has been an
ongoing problem)
What am I gonna do with you, boy?

JERRY GRUNTS SLIGHTLY AS HE STANDS BACK UP, then crosses over
to the kitchen table again.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)
Now... where was I? Uh... right,
structure. I've been reworking it
for a bit now -- may need to move
my notes into another room, I'm
running out of space on the walls
in here. But I think I'm starting
to get a pretty solid picture. It's
about the quest -- about the
journey towards an unknown
destination, and how the hero's
connections drive him forward:
connections to his past, to his
former comrades, to the mission
itself, with no guarantee of
success. It's a much darker story
than I thought it would be, almost
to the point of being apocalyptic
in nature. The world will feel very
different, and I think that's f--

KNOCK KNOCK. Jerry cuts off, confused.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)
Who the hell...?

He turns and walks down the hall, leaving the recorder running, then opens the door.

3. CONTINUOUS

Somewhat muffled down the hall, we hear Jerry react in surprise.

JERRY PRICE
(surprised and happy)
Sam? Kate? Ren? Holy shit, what are you all doing here?

SAM BAILEY
(automatic apology)
Sorry to show up like this again
Jerry, we've been trying to
call,/but the phone wouldn't--

JERRY PRICE
(gregarious)
--Ah, you know Silvernet -- service went out days ago and they still haven't got a technician out to fix it. Come in, come in, make yourself at home!

Jerry turns and leads them into the house. Sam and Kate follow a little slowly, while Ren pauses to shut the door.

KATE SHERIDAN
(glancing around the dining room)
Wow, it uh... it looks like you've been busy.

JERRY PRICE
What can I say -- I was right about leaving Meriwether, the writer's block is pretty much all gone. Can I get you all something to drink? Coffee, beer, whatever?

SAM BAILEY
(thrown off)
Uh... no thanks Jerry, I uh... I'm good.

KATE SHERIDAN

Same.

JERRY PRICE

Ren? How about you buddy?

REN PARK

(slightly out of it)

Actually... could I take a beer
back to the guest room and lie down
for a bit?

JERRY PRICE

(concerned)

You okay?

REN PARK

Yeah, just... got a headache coming
on.

JERRY PRICE

(sympathetic)

Oh man... yeah, of course -- *mi
casa es su casa* and all that. We'll
try and keep it down out here.

Jerry turns and opens the fridge, fetching a beer and handing
it over to Ren.

REN PARK

(grateful, but tired)

Thanks, Jerry.

4. CONTINUOUS

Ren retreats down the hall and pushes open the door to the
guest room... only for Russel to bolt out into the living
room, barking.

JERRY PRICE

Hey, hey! Easy Russel, easy! It's
just Sam and Kate, boy -- you know,
Sam?

Russel quiets suddenly, then runs up to Sam and begins
nuzzling him affectionately. Sam kneels down to his level.

SAM BAILEY

(smiling, devolving
slightly into baby talk)

Heyyyyy buddy... you miss me? Cause
I missed you! Yes I did, I missed
you...

Russel yips happily, panting and slobbering.

KATE SHERIDAN

(taking care of business)

Uh... just so you know Jerry, we've got someone else here with us -- he's going to be staying in the van for now, but I thought you should know.

JERRY PRICE

(confused)

He's more than welcome to stay in the guest room, if he's a friend of yours.

SAM BAILEY

(still slightly distracted with Russel)

He knows, he's just had enough... human interaction for one day.

JERRY PRICE

(still a little lost)

Won't he need to, like... use the bathroom at some point?

KATE SHERIDAN

(surprised, confused, glancing to Sam)

I... I don't really know.

Sam looks confused, then suddenly HE GROANS as his stomach grumbles loud enough to be heard.

SAM BAILEY

(hunger pangs, standing)

Oh god... hey Jerry, does that offer extend to food as well? I haven't eaten anything since yesterday.

JERRY PRICE

Of course it does! Kate?

KATE SHERIDAN

(realizing she's hungry too)

Now that you mention it...

JERRY PRICE

I've got you, just sit tight.

Jerry turns and opens the freezer, pulling out a pair of breakfast burritos and throwing them in the microwave.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)
(reading off package,
muttering slightly)
Remove wrapper, microwave on high
for 2-3 minutes... there we go.
(start microwave, turning
back)
Should do the trick... need to get
up to Arrowhead and restock soon
though, those are my last two.

Jerry turns the sink on as he speaks, rinsing a couple of plates.

SAM BAILEY
Must be hard to do your grocery
shopping now, with Oslow gone.

JERRY MAKES A NONCOMMITTAL NOISE, clearly not really hearing Sam as he washes the dishes. Kate glances around the room.

KATE SHERIDAN
(slightly awkward,
speaking up to be heard)
So... these are all notes for your
next book?

JERRY PRICE
(excited to share)
Oh yeah! Had a bunch of ideas for
Robin's Return two days ago, needed
to get them out of my head and up
where I could see them... You know
how it is.

KATE SHERIDAN
Uh... yeah, sure.

JERRY PRICE
(finishing the dishes,
turning off the water)
Listen, you can just tell me if it
looks like a conspiracy board, I
won't be offended.

SAM BAILEY
(SCOFFS)
Actually looks more like my old
office, honestly. Especially with
all the tapes.

JERRY PRICE

(shrugs)

Hey, I kept seeing all of you using them for your notes, I was bound to pick it up eventually.

KATE SHERIDAN

(picking up one of the tapes)

How many of these have you filled?

JERRY PRICE

(confused)

Uh... all of them, I'm pretty sure. I keep the fresh ones in the drawer.

At that moment, the microwave dings, and Jerry turns to plate up the burritos.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)

(soon as they're ready)

Alright... I know they don't compare to the green chile burritos at Meriwether, but they'll do just fine.

KATE SHERIDAN

(cutting in)

Jerry, I -- we really appreciate the hospitality, but we need to talk about Bill and Rob. Did you hear anything from them before they went missing?

Jerry suddenly freezes. A long moment of silence lingers before he looks back up, confused.

JERRY PRICE

(confused)

I'm sorry Kate, but... who are you talking about?

KATE SHERIDAN

(concerned)

Bill and Rob.

JERRY PRICE

(still lost)

...sorry, you're still losing me here.

SAM BAILEY
(confused, joining in)
Oh come on Jerry, you know exactly
who we're/talking about--

KATE SHERIDAN
(urgent, warning tone; she
knows what's happened)
Sam.

Sam goes quiet, realizing what Kate just did -- Jerry's
memories of Bill, Rob, and Oslow are probably gone.

SAM BAILEY
(gentler, more cautious
approach)
Um... well, you might not remember
them very well. They lived down the
hall from you at Meriwether... do
you remember that? We had
Thanksgiving together -- Rob
cooked.

JERRY PRICE
(confused, to Kate)
I thought Peter cooked. Or was Rob
one of the ISPHA staff who helped?

KATE SHERIDAN
(trying a different
approach)
Not... exactly. Do you remember the
first time I stayed here at your
house?

JERRY PRICE
(still confused)
Yeah, of course. You were looking
for your sister.

KATE SHERIDAN
(pushing it a little)
Yes, yes, *but*... do you remember
why we ended up leaving?

JERRY PRICE
(growing impatience)
...because ISPHA scooped us up and
took us to Meriwether? Look, what's
this all about? You're both acting
really strange.

SAM BAILEY

Jerry, listen to me -- were you alone when ISPHA came to pick you up?

JERRY PRICE

(as if it's obvious)

Of course I was. You were all off in the tunnels.

5. CONTINUOUS

Before Sam can push further, Kate's cell phone begins to ring.

KATE SHERIDAN

(checking it)

Oh shit... it's Maria, I've got to take this.

JERRY PRICE

(glad this conversation is over)

Go right ahead -- I'm honestly surprised you've got service out here.

Kate sets the phone down on the table, then accepts the call, putting it on speaker.

KATE SHERIDAN

Maria? Maria, can you hear us?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

(over speaker, slightly distorted)

Yeah, I think so -- hi Kate!

KATE SHERIDAN

Sam and Jerry are here too.

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

(relieved)

Oh my god, hi Jerry! I'm so glad you're okay!

JERRY PRICE

(confused)

Why wouldn't I be?

SAM BAILEY

(jumping in before Maria
can reply)

It's good to hear from you too,
Maria -- did you make it to Phoenix
alright?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

(slightly lost, but
getting the message)

Uh... yeah, I got in to my folk's
place last night. I just started
reviewing the manuscript this
morning, but it's... Kinda slow
going. How about you guys?

KATE SHERIDAN

(mood souring as she has
to deliver bad news)

It's... it's not good, Maria.

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

(hearing her change in
tone, worried)

What is it?

KATE SHERIDAN

(realizing Jerry probably
shouldn't hear this)

Uh... do you two mind if we talk in
private really quick? Just need to
update her on a few... personal
things.

JERRY PRICE

(still lost, sensing that
he's being handled)

Uh... fine by me. I should probably
take Russel for a walk anyways.

SAM BAILEY

(jumping on that to get
him out of the house)

Oh yeah, good idea! I'll help you
get his collar on.

JERRY PRICE

Good to hear from you, Maria!

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

(a little unsure what's
happening, worried)

Yeah, uh... great to hear from you
too, Jerry.

Kate switches her phone off of speaker, then retreats towards the living room as Jerry and Sam move down the hall.

KATE SHERIDAN
(growing fainter, slightly
hushed into phone)
I hope you're sitting down Maria.
It's... it's really bad. (Morrison
is... he didn't just pull Bill and
Rob into the Source, he took the
entire city. I don't know how, but
it's gone. And it seems like Jerry
can't remember it ever existed...)

6. CONTINUOUS

Russel scampers after Sam and Jerry as they grab his collar off one of the coat hooks.

JERRY PRICE
(to Russel)
Oh look, someone actually wants to
go on his walk now, huh?

SAM BAILEY
(confused, concerned)
Has he not been wanting to go out
lately?

JERRY PRICE
(dismissive)
Eh, just the last few days. He
always seems a bit more nervous
when it's dark out though, so he
should be fine now.

SAM BAILEY
(realizing Russel may
sense what's going on)
Huh... maybe you should just take
him out during daylight then.

JERRY PRICE
He's just nervous, is all... we had
a few coyotes in the yard back in
December, and he's still spooked.

SAM BAILEY
(insistent while trying
not to push)
Still... might be a good idea
anyways. Russel's always had a...
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

good sense, for danger. You
remember how he was in Agate Shore.

JERRY PRICE

(SHUDDERS at the reminder)
Oh yeah... how could I forget?
(finished adjusting
Russel's collar)
There you go... you wanna go for a
walk, Russel?

Russel yips slightly, sounding a little bit nervous but still
wanting to go out. JERRY CHUCKLES, then opens the front door.

JERRY PRICE (CONT'D)

Shouldn't be more than a few
minutes... just make yourself at
home.

SAM BAILEY

Uh, yeah, we're all good Jerry...
take your time.

Jerry shuts the door behind him and Russel.

7. CONTINUOUS

The moment the door closes, Sam rushes back towards the
living room, where Kate's still on the phone with Maria.

KATE SHERIDAN

(looking up)
Is he gone?

SAM BAILEY

Yeah, he should be out for a little
bit.

Kate and Sam return to the dining room, and Kate switches the
phone back to speaker, setting it on the table.

KATE SHERIDAN

(to phone)
You're back on speaker, Maria...
it's just me and Sam.

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

(deeply worried)
So Jerry can't remember anything
about Oslow?

SAM BAILEY

That's what it seems like... and that includes Bill and Rob. It's like they've been... edited out of all his memories.

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

Oh god...

KATE SHERIDAN

(trying to keep this moving)

I just finished catching Maria up on what we found in Oslo. What about the manuscript? Have you found anything yet?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

Not... exactly. There's a lot in there, and I've really just started getting my brain around it.

SAM BAILEY

(trying to be pragmatic)

Just tell us what you know for sure, Maria.

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

(considering)

Well... it's just about 500 pages of A4 paper, covered in what looks like handwritten text on both sides. The cover page looks like Anna's handwriting, but the rest is just a complete mess... there are layers and layers of overlapping writing in different handwriting with different colors of lead and ink, and nothing I've found so far is written in English. There are even a few sections written in what looks like non-Latin characters, although I'm still trying to figure out what language they're from.

SAM BAILEY

(spitballing)

Is there any kind of... consistency between sections with matching color or style, as far as you can tell?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

Not that I can tell... Anthony scanned the whole thing and sent it off to a few cryptographers and linguists he knows. I think he's barking up the wrong tree, though.

KATE SHERIDAN

What do you mean?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

I mean... just looking at it, I don't think it's any kind of code or different language. If this was supposed to be some kind of clue from Anna, then why would it be encrypted in such a complex way?

SAM BAILEY

(uncertain, theorizing)

Maybe she wanted to make sure nobody could read it by mistake? Maybe something bad could happen if the information ends up in the wrong hands?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

Maybe... but I don't think it was written like this on purpose. I think however this book was created, there was some kind of... transcoding error, I guess.

KATE SHERIDAN

What does that mean?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)

(uncertain)

I think whoever made this book was trying to get Anna's thoughts on paper, but didn't format them correctly or pick out which ones to share all that well. All these different layers and sections, I think they might be separate levels of her consciousness -- thoughts, emotions, instincts, memories, all overlapping and conflicting with each other. Like looking at the data of a video file without the right codec installed -- the information's all there, it's just not human-readable.

SAM BAILEY
(beat, confused)
Did Kate play Amy's tape for you at
some point?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)
(equally confused)
Uh... no, she didn't.

KATE SHERIDAN
(completely lost)
Who's Amy?

SAM BAILEY
(ignoring that and pushing
through)
That's exactly how she described
the book... that she pushed Anna's
thoughts into it to get us the
answers in her mind.

MARIA SOL (V.O.)
(just as confused,
unconvinced)
Huh. I guess I just thought it was
the most obvious explanation.

Kate, lost, has been glancing around the room -- then she
freezes, staring at something on the wall.

KATE SHERIDAN
(urgent, nervous)
Maria, we need to get off the call,
now. Is there anything else you've
found?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)
(concerned, rattled)
Uh... no, that's about it. Is
everything okay?

KATE SHERIDAN
I'm not sure. Hang tight and keep
looking, alright?

MARIA SOL (V.O.)
I... I will, promise.

KATE SHERIDAN
We'll call you back when we can,
Maria.

Beep. Beep. Kate ends the call.

8. CONTINUOUS

Sam turns to Kate, completely lost.

SAM BAILEY

Kate, what the hell was/that about--
?

KATE SHERIDAN

(urgent, worried)

Sam, Jerry told us that these were
all notes for his next book, right?

SAM BAILEY

(completely lost)

Uh... yeah, that's what I heard.
Why?

KATE SHERIDAN

(growing dread)

Take a closer look.

Sam, confused, turns and examines one of the sheets of paper
pinned to the wall, reading it. As he goes, he becomes more
nervous.

SAM BAILEY

(mounting dread)

What the hell...

KATE SHERIDAN

(looking around the room)

They're all like that, Sam -- just
fragments of poetry repeated over
and over again.

SAM BAILEY

Where did they come from?

KATE SHERIDAN

From Jerry, Sam... it's all in his
handwriting. He said he was working
on a sequel to *Robin's Run*, right?

SAM BAILEY

(growing dread)

If that's what he thinks he's
doing... then there's something
very wrong going on here.

KATE SHERIDAN

(realizing)

What about the tapes?

Sam turns and crosses to the table, picking up one of the loose cassette tapes sitting there.

SAM BAILEY

Here, I've got my recorder on me...
we can check it.

Sam places the tape in the recorder, then presses play.

A heavily distorted recording begins to play, with a pen scratching rapidly in the background as he speaks.

JERRY PRICE (V.O.)

(hurried, nervous
dictation)

"For mark! no sooner was I fairly
found
Pledged to the plain, after a pace
or two,
Than, pausing to throw backward a
last view
O'er the safe road, 'twas gone;
gray plain all round:
Nothing but plain to the horizon's
bound.
I might go on; nought else remain'd
to do.

(beat)

So, on I went. I think I never saw
Such starv'd ignoble nature;
nothing throve:
For flowers—as well expect a cedar
grove!
But cockle, spurge, according to
their law
Might propagate their kind, with
none to awe,
You'd think; a burr had been a
treasure trove.

(beat)

No! penury, inertness and grimace,
In the strange sort, were the
land's portion. "See
Or shut your eyes," said Nature
peevishly,
"It nothing skills: I cannot help
my case:
'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must
cure this place,
Calcine its clods and set my
prisoners free."

(beat)

If there push'd any ragged thistle
stalk

(MORE)

JERRY PRICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Above its mates, the head was
chopp'd; the bents
Were jealous else. What made those
holes and rents
In the dock's harsh swarth leaves,
bruise'd as to baulk
All hope of greenness? 'Tis a brute
must walk
Pashing their life out, with a
brute's intents."

Sam stops the tape, and the two stand in stunned silence for a long moment.

Finally, Kate speaks what's been on her mind for a while.

KATE SHERIDAN

(heartbroken, but
resolute)

Don't push Jerry to remember, Sam.

SAM BAILEY

(alarmed)

Kate, we have to -- he could still
be in danger out here, and if he
can't even remember Morrison, /how
is he supposed to--

KATE SHERIDAN

(shutting him down)

--Don't Sam, just... don't push
him. Whatever's happened here, it's
affecting Jerry way more than any
of us. If we try to force him to
remember, then we'll just cause him
pain. You need to be gentle with
him. Trust me on this.

Before Sam can answer, the door swings open, and Jerry re-enters with Russel.

JERRY PRICE

(from down the hall, to
Russel)

There now... see how fun that was?
You just needed a walk, didn't you
boy?

(calling out to Sam and
Kate)

You two still there?

SAM BAILEY

(hesitant, worried)

Uh... yeah Jerry, we're still here.

JERRY PRICE
(emerging from the hall)
Jeez, what happened? You both look
like you've seen a ghost. Something
happen with Maria?

KATE SHERIDAN
(quick lie for his
benefit)
Y-yeah... she's just wishing she
could be here, is all. Family
stuff, you know. Right, Sam?

SAM BAILEY
(startled, hesitant)
Huh?
(beat, considering,
deciding Kate's right)
Oh... yeah. Just... a lot going on
right now.

JERRY PRICE
(shrugs)
Hmmm.
(notices the recorder)
Oh shit, did I leave that running?
I'm always forgetting to turn this
thing off--

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS