

"UNTO WOMAN WHAT IS HERS"  
*The Sheridan Tapes* - Season 04, Episode 92  
*Recording Script* - September 15, 2023

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

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Homestead on the Corner

1. INT. FARMHOUSE - OUTSIDE OSLOW, NV - 12/14/1989

The inside of a dusty, drafty, all-but-abandoned farmhouse in the middle of the Nevadan desert.

At the door, we hear someone jiggle the key in an unfamiliar lock. She has some difficulty, but eventually gets it open. LARA SMITH enters with a RELIEVED SIGH.

She walks in, shuts the door, and sets down a heavy bag. Then she notices something on the table.

LARA SMITH  
(confused who this could  
be from)  
What's this?

Lara picks up a single-page letter, holds it a moment, and then softly reads it aloud.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
"To Lara, after I'm gone..."  
(beat; emotional)  
Oh, hell...  
(pause, continues)  
"I've never been a man of many  
words, so my apologies for the  
awkwardness in this letter. I don't  
know how to write something like  
this... not sure anyone does. But I  
just need to say this: I'm sorry  
for my silence in your life. You  
deserved better.  
(beat)  
"I hope you learn from me: always  
take care of what is yours. Whether  
farm or gun, intention or accident,  
catastrophe or blessing. Love, Dad"

Lara SIGHS, folds the letter, and sticks it in her shirt pocket... then picks up her bag and heads for the bedroom to begin her new life.

CLICK.

MAIN THEME

2. EXT. CITY OF OSLOW - MORRISON'S DOMAIN - ALLEY - DAY

The gunshots echo for a moment before the alley is dead silent once again. Then, a faint sound of movement as someone peers over the edge of the roof.

LARA SMITH  
Still alive, you two?

NED LEROUX  
(beat, confused)  
Ms. Smith??

LARA SMITH  
Well don't shout my name like a  
goddamn idiot. Get inside!

SAM BAILEY  
(completely lost)  
H-how?

LARA SMITH  
(annoyed at having to  
explain)  
Come out to the street and take the  
access door on the right! Fourth  
floor.  
(muttered)  
I swear to God if these idiots get  
me killed...

Sam and Ned run to the end of the alley and quickly slip  
through the access door.

3. INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Sam secures the door behind him before following Ned up the  
narrow metal stairs.

SAM BAILEY  
(assessing danger)  
Who is that? How do you know her?

NED LEROUX  
Met her on one of my first nights  
out with Bill. She called in about  
an... extraterrestrial disturbance  
in her barn.

SAM BAILEY  
Legit?

NED LEROUX  
Oh yeah.

SAM BAILEY  
And now she's...

NED LEROUX

Saving our asses. And somehow, not under Morrison's control, by the look of things.

SAM BAILEY

(beat, urgent)

Can we trust her?

NED LEROUX

Don't see what other choice we have. Let's go.

They've reached the fourth floor, and Ned pushes the door open and steps inside.

4. INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The stairwell door shuts behind them, as they take in the seemingly empty and ransacked office. The wind howls through, sounding desolate.

SAM BAILEY

Where is she?

NED LEROUX

No idea. Best guess is behind all that piled-up furniture...

Suddenly, a sheet of corrugated steel against the far wall slides open.

LARA SMITH

You two! In here, quick.

She waves them over, and they squeeze through the opening in the wall. As soon as they're through, she closes it before facing the two.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)

Now listen up. There's a raid on the southern guard towers happening tonight, and Molotov cocktails that need to be made, so get to work, boys.

She hands Sam some rags, and Ned a gallon of gasoline. They freeze somewhat awkwardly, and then set the supplies down.

SAM BAILEY

(nearly inaudible)

Are we doing this?

NED LEROUX  
(nearly inaudible; already  
assembling)  
What do you think?

SAM BAILEY  
(normal volume, to Lara)  
So Ms. Smith... Ned tells me you  
two have met.

LARA SMITH  
(SCOFFS)  
Lara. No use being formal at a time  
like this. Ned, was it?

NED LEROUX  
Yes, ma'am. And this is Sam.

SAM BAILEY  
Nice to meet you.

LARA SMITH  
No it ain't. Look where we're at.  
But I suppose I appreciate that,  
honey. Now pipe down, I need to  
make sure none of those bastards  
followed you.

They stop assembling and grow quiet as she slides open a window, peering through her scope and listening intently.

A moment later, the sound of boots is heard on the street below, along with a flatbed diesel truck beeping as it reverses.

SAM BAILEY  
(low, nervous)  
Shit...

LARA SMITH  
Shh. We might be okay.

The truck stops, and the living "officers" lift their fallen comrades into the truck.

NED LEROUX  
(whispering)  
They're just collecting the bodies,  
huh?

LARA SMITH  
(whispering)  
Seems like it.

As soon as the truck is loaded, it drives away. They ALL BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
Y'all must be lucky. They may still come back to search for you... and me... but for right now, you're lucky.

LARA SIGHS, settles herself into a weathered old armchair in the corner, and takes a swig from a canteen.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
(dismissive, causal)  
Well. What do y'all wanna know?

SAM BAILEY  
(completely baffled by  
her)  
I'm sorry?

LARA SMITH  
(annoyed)  
We ain't got time for this -- the look on both your faces tells me you don't got no earthly idea what's happening here, besides the fact that you were two seconds from becoming Morrison's prisoners. Clearly he wants something with you, and I've got no interest in assistin' him with that.

(she points at Ned)  
I know Ned here was one of his old cops, so that makes sense. I don't know what he wants with you, Sam, but that's none of my business. And I know you ain't one of the poor souls Morrison's got trapped in the city, so you musta come here of your own accord, looking for something.

(beat)  
So I'll ask you again. What do y'all want to know?

SAM BAILEY  
How long have you been here?

LARA SMITH  
(shrugs)  
Couldn't say for certain. At least a couple days.  
(MORE)

## LARA SMITH (CONT'D)

You know, I thought I was losin' my damn mind at first -- I just went into town one day to buy some paint... I've been doing a lot of house projects, you get it... and then I had a...

(remembering the Source,  
unable to find the words)

A... waking nightmare? I don't know where I was. Maybe I hallucinated it all, but... it was real bad. I just hid until it all blew over... maybe half a day? That's what it felt like, at least. And then things got a little better. There was a roar in my head, and the world shuddered, and then... things felt more normal after that.

(beat)

Only... I can't leave Oslow. I kept trying, but I just woke up here every morning. But I did have my supplies and the rifle in my truck, like I always do. There was enough commotion when I arrived that it was easy to hide from the patrols... and there are still plenty of empty buildings on the edge of town that they don't pay any mind.

(beat)

After a while I managed to get myself close enough to the center of the city to find out what was happening, and that's when I recognized Chief Morrison. That slimy fucking bastard, right at the center of it all.

(beat)

I mean, I knew he was bad news. I should've listened to my gut last year, when all those trucks and helicopters showed up to get that alien off my farm. But I let Morrison talk me down. I took his dirty money. And now he's... well, shit. He's gained a kind of power that's just... demonic. There's no other word for it, Hollywood as that sounds.

## NED LEROUX

Demonic might be a good description for him, honestly.

LARA SMITH

Since then... I've been doing what I can to chip away at his operation. Taking out these officers, or... whatever those freaks are, it doesn't seem to make a difference. Just wastes bullets. I only shoot them when I really have to. I try to keep them from dragging people away when they break out of their apartments. I hope they can escape, but I'm not sure. But... there is one the big silver lining.

She pats some fertilizer bags next to her chair.

NED LEROUX

Fertilizer. I was wondering when you were going to address that.

LARA SMITH

I was picking up a big order for the farm when I got caught up in all this. It's certainly gonna come in handy now.

SAM BAILEY

You're making IEDs?

LARA SMITH

Sure am. I've kept a low profile so far, but... I'm ready to move in a big way when I need to.

(beat)

I've never killed a man before, but... Morrison ain't no man. Not really. Y'all got a good look at him?

SAM BAILEY

We did.

NED LEROUX

(disturbed)

Yeah.

LARA SMITH

Everything I've been doing seems to slow them down, but just barely. They're still moving... Expanding the city, building up new watchtowers and guard stations everywhere.

(MORE)

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm not sure whether I'm actually making any difference. But... I know for sure it'd make a difference to me if I did nothing. I couldn't live with myself.

5. CONTINUOUS

Lara cuts off, hearing the sound of boots on the street below -- organized, in line. They stop in front of the entry to the building.

LARA SMITH

(low whisper)

We need to go, now.

Lara picks up her pack and shoulders her rifle. As they move towards the door, Ned knocks something over.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)

Jesus, careful Ned... there's explosives over there.

NED LEROUX

(faux apology, hiding something)

Sorry, just clumsy.

Lara doesn't stop -- She leads Sam and Ned out of the safe room through the wall, and Lara replaces the steel panel hiding it.

They step out into the stairwell, and a moment later the ground floor entrance opens and the "officers" charge in.

LARA SMITH

Come on, move! We need to get down this hall.

ALL THREE OF THEM BREATHE RAPIDLY as they run down the hall.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)

Y'all were fools for coming here unarmed. I'm gonna lead you out quick as I can...

(under breath)

Goddamn idiots.

She spots the breezeway up ahead.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)

Over there! Don't go across the breezeway yet!

They reach the edge of the breezeway, connected to another tall building, and Lara stops them.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
Hold on.

She looks down through the windows at the street level, doesn't see anything, and jogs across.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
(ushering them over)  
Okay, come on--SHIT!

A bullet nearly grazes her, puncturing and shattering glass. Lara fires back.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
For god's sake, y'all better get across NOW!

NED AND SAM RUN FULL PELT, PANTING. LARA RUNS AFTER THEM, glass shattering in the breezeway behind them.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
Take the stairwell!

They open the heavy door and climb one set of stairs to the roof. They hear the sound of heavy boots a couple floors below in the stairwell.

They open the access door to the roof and quickly shut it behind them.

#### 6. EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

LARA CATCHES HER BREATH and faces the other two.

LARA SMITH  
Okay you two, time to jump a roof.  
Swear to god, I should've brought my chondroitin.

Ned and Lara run to the roof's edge, and Sam reluctantly follows.

SAM BAILEY  
(nauseous)  
Oh god oh god oh god...

NED LEROUX  
If you can blow up a dam, you can jump a roof, Sam!

SAM SCOFFS and takes a running leap with a GRUNT, landing with ANOTHER GRUNT/SIGH OF RELIEF on the other side. Ned and Lara jump in the same fashion, GRUNTING AS THEY LAND.

NED LEROUX (CONT'D)  
First time?

SAM BAILEY  
Oh, shut up.

LARA SMITH  
Stop flirtin' and run!

They run across the roof and hide behind an elevator shaft, BREATHING HARD.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
I don't think the officers are following us, but we can't risk going back to street level until we're sure. There's a sewer entrance I've used before not too far from here, I might know a way out of the city from there.

SAM BAILEY  
Might?

LARA SMITH  
I've used the sewers to move through the city, and I haven't been caught down there yet. I'm not sure if they lead out, but... it's worth a try. Y'all are being watched too closely.

All is quiet for now. They relax.

SAM BAILEY  
So...  
(beat)  
Morrison is trying to perfect these people, right? He's showing them their worst mistakes and making it impossible to escape from them.  
Why? What does he get from all this?

LARA SMITH  
(almost to herself)  
My father always told me to take care of what was mine. But he never asked me to be perfect.

NED LEROUX

He must gain some kind of power  
from forcing these people to reach  
for perfection. From punishing  
them.

SAM BAILEY

(putting it together)

That must be why the timeline  
resets every day.

(beat, with horror)

He won't let a new day begin until  
everyone here is perfect in his  
eyes.

NED LEROUX

But that's... not possible, is it?

SAM BAILEY

It does sound like him though,  
doesn't it?

NED LEROUX

...yeah, it does.

SAM BAILEY

But Morrison, he... he's not  
looking so good, is he?

NED LEROUX

He's looking awful. But we did just  
watch him shove his own heart back  
into his chest, so...

SAM BAILEY

How long ago did the Shamson Mine  
monster take that from him?

NED LEROUX

Shit, that would have been...  
months ago. Right after you got  
Bill out of the tunnels.

SAM BAILEY

(almost to himself)

How heavily does his own  
imperfection weigh on him, I  
wonder?

NED LEROUX

Maybe he's not as invulnerable as  
he's been making himself out to be.

SAM BAILEY  
We just may have a chance.

Lara stirs, suddenly aware.

LARA SMITH  
We need to move. This way.

She leads them to the building's old fire escape, and they try to move down the two stories of it as quickly and quietly as possible.

On the final landing, Lara stops them. They all realize that they hear boots coming around the corner.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
(through gritted teeth)  
Goddammit, RUN!

They fly down the last few stairs, then run to the next block. The boots get closer, running towards them.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
Shit, we're not gonna reach the entrance. In here!

They run in through a propped-open door on the side of a random building and close it behind them.

#### 7. INT. STUDIO HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In the small hallway, THEY CATCH THEIR BREATH. As they stand there, they realize someone's talking on the other side of a soundproofed door.

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
(muffled)  
So do not fear, and know that all is as it should be. Only through submission will you know true release. Trust our Lord. Rejoice. Rejoice. Rejoice.

SAM BAILEY  
Is that...?

NED LEROUX  
It's that damn radio guy.

Adrian stops speaking, hits a button, and AUDIBLY SIGHS, releasing the weight of everything. They hear Adrian stand.

LARA SMITH  
Shit, what if he turns us in?

SAM BAILEY  
Hold on a second...

Adrian opens his studio door, and is STARTLED by the sight of them.

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
Jesus Christ -- what--?

SAM BAILEY  
(distortion and static  
rising)  
Relax. If you don't hurt us, we  
won't hurt you.

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
How the hell did you get in here?

Lara steps forward and holds her rifle at the ready.

LARA SMITH  
(threatening)  
Who are you, and why the hell are  
you helping Morrison?

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
Whoa, easy! I'm Adrian, I...  
(beat)  
Oh my God, wait... you're...  
(realizing what they  
think)  
Oh, I don't like him either! I  
don't want to be here! Oh my God...  
are you getting me out of here? I'd  
do/anything to get out of this--

SAM BAILEY  
Just... Slow down. Tell us what's  
happening.

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
I... well, I dunno, the last  
rational thing I remember is being  
just a regular radio DJ. Only life  
was... well, picture this: the wife  
and kids had left, I was watching a  
lot of Dogg the Bounty Hunter, and  
I kept having to give these missing  
person alerts for somebody named  
Molly Davis in Oslow County.

SAM BREATHES IN SHARPLY.

ADRIAN BRIGGS (CONT'D)  
(catching on)  
You knew her?

SAM BAILEY  
(beat, staying focused)  
It doesn't matter now. How did you  
end up here?

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
(unsure)  
Well... I guess I thought I would  
go find her.  
(he gets quieter)  
Wanted to do something good.  
(beat)  
You ever do that? Make yourself  
look like an asshole because you  
think you're doing the right thing?

NED LEROUX  
It's safe to say we've been there.

SAM BAILEY  
So you got pulled into the Source  
with the city, and now you're...  
trapped.

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
Yeah. Somebody named Amy found me  
in there, made sure I didn't lose  
my mind. Hey... this is all  
actually real, right?

SAM BAILEY  
(tense)  
Amy Sterling?

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
(like he shouldn't have  
said it)  
Oh... oh no. You know her too?  
(under his breath)  
What kind of fucking place is  
Nevada, anyway?

NED LEROUX  
(to Sam)  
Why would she have done that?  
Doesn't that help Morrison?

Sam has no answers for now. He stays silent.

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
(can't help his glee)  
Oh my God, you guys just *say*  
"Morrison," that is exhilarating.  
You know, you're batshit crazy for  
being in the city like this. I  
wouldn't be caught dead here if I  
wasn't stuck.

NED LEROUX  
Long story, bud. We've got a whole  
lot of irons in the fire.

SAM BAILEY  
(pointing to the radio  
setup)  
How does... *this* work?

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
I, uh... I've got a video feed in  
there, it shows the podium where  
Morrison makes his grand  
proclamations. Sometimes he sends  
me a little signal, but it's  
usually just... a random printout  
that falls to my desk. I never know  
when they'll come. And then... I  
read them. If I don't, I get...  
(cuts off, SWALLows  
NERVOUSLY)

...well. I've had better  
accommodations. These freaky  
officer things escort me here and  
back every day, and I usually get a  
full night's sleep, but... it's  
never for sure.

(long beat)  
So... what's your plan? Huh? How  
are you, uh... are you trying to  
stop all of this? Is that it?

SAM BAILEY  
We're not sure yet. But we are  
trying to stop him. Would you be  
willing to help us? We might need  
it.

ADRIAN BRIGGS  
(nervous)  
Uhhhh...

NED LEROUX

(understated threat)

I'm sure you'd be willing to do that, yeah? Instead of spending the rest of your life in this tiny little studio, praising a dangerous idiot?

ADRIAN BRIGGS

(lacking conviction)

I mean... Of course. Whatever you need. I'll be here every day, so...

(NERVOUS LAUGH)

You know where to find me. I don't know what I actually *could* do, but...

NED LEROUX

You've got the loudest mic in the city, for one thing. But you let us worry about that.

LARA SMITH

(growing unease)

We should go.

SAM BAILEY

Not a word of this to anyone, Adrian.

NED LEROUX

(menacing)

What he said.

ADRIAN BRIGGS

(nervous)

Uh... yeah. Sure. Got it.

(beat)

Please don't die out there, okay?

Adrian retreats down the hall, and goes into the bathroom. Lara, Sam, and Ned listen at the exterior door that they came through for a moment.

LARA SMITH

It's quiet. Ready?

SAM BAILEY

Ready.

NED LEROUX

Let's go.

## 8. EXT. CITY OF OSLOW - STREET - CONTINUOUS

The three of them run down another block, round a corner, and reach Lara's preferred manhole behind a large dumpster.

LARA SMITH  
(slightly quiet)  
We made it, folks. The dumpster is  
good cover, but we're still gonna  
need to be quick.

Lara moves aside the manhole cover, GRUNTING QUIETLY.

SAM BAILEY  
Have you done this before, Ned?

NED LEROUX  
Bailey, what haven't I done?

SAM BAILEY  
(under his breath)  
Stupid question.

NED DESCENDS FIRST, FOLLOWED BY SAM, FOLLOWED BY LARA. She drags the manhole cover over her head, and it clatters and echoes with a BANG. Their voices echo as they descend.

LARA SMITH  
Watch your step, you two.

SAM BAILEY  
(disgusted)  
Jesus, it smells.

NED LEROUX  
Comes with the territory, Bailey.

Above, they hear sound of boots on the street overhead. They all freeze.

LARA SMITH  
Shh!

They stay quiet. The boots have stopped. An uncomfortable pause. Then, the sound of hands grasping and shifting the manhole cover out of place.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
GO!

They descend the ladder quickly, BREATHING HARD. They all hit the ground, and begin running on the narrow path next to the sewer water.

LARA SMITH (CONT'D)  
Don't look behind you and don't  
stop running!

CLICK.

The tape resumes accidentally, capturing them stepping  
carefully through an adjoining tunnel.

NED LEROUX  
In here?!

LARA SMITH  
(frantic whisper)  
Yes goddammit, this is our exit.

NED LEROUX  
Oh my God, why does this feel so  
familiar...

The sound of boots grows louder down the tunnel.

SAM BAILEY  
You think this goes all the way to--

LARA SMITH  
(frantic whisper)  
MOVE!

CLICK.

#### 9. CONTINUOUS

Tape resumes. THEY ALL BREATHE RAGGEDLY, the sound of boots  
still echoing from the end of the tunnels.

LARA SMITH  
We need to... we need to keep  
going. Don't let the bastards win.

SAM BAILEY  
We've been running for miles, Lara.  
I don't even know if there's any  
ventilation down here.

NED LEROUX  
Doesn't feel like it.

SAM BAILEY  
(knows something's off)  
These aren't like the ones we  
started in, Lara. You haven't been  
down this far before, have you?

LARA SMITH  
(darkly)  
No. I have not.

NED LEROUX  
What are you trying to say, Sam?

SAM BAILEY  
I'm saying... I don't think the city's the only thing Morrison's twisted. I think you and I know these tunnels all-too-well.

The boots change direction, and all of a sudden they're getting much closer.

NED LEROUX  
We're not gonna make it...

LARA SMITH  
This way, we--

The next turn reveals a long tunnel with nowhere to hide.

NED LEROUX  
Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

The boots grow ever louder.

SAM BAILEY  
(fear)  
Ned...

NED LEROUX  
(regret)  
Sam...

An organic noise of rot rapidly dissolves the wall next to them. SAM, NED, AND LARA jump in surprise.

AMANITA  
(frantic whisper)  
Well don't just stand there, get in here!

SAM BAILEY  
What the--

The three of them don't argue, hauling themselves through the hole Amanita made with SOME EFFORT.

Once they're through, a net of solid, black mycelia grows over where the opening used to be, and the sound of boots vanishes.

NED LEROUX

How the hell did you do that so  
quick? An how did you find us?

SAM BAILEY

And... thank you.

AMANITA

Don't mention it. I've been eating  
well lately. Growing my family.  
Doing a bit of remodeling... Plus,  
underground? I've got ears  
everywhere.

(turning coolly to Lara)

You may call me Amanita.

LARA SMITH

What the hell was that? You some  
kinda witch?

AMANITA

(SHE LAUGHS)

Well... shall I give you the tour?

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME  
AND CREDITS