

# Hallow Hill

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COSY FOREST - DAY

Beauty reigns far and wide in the dense forest.

We open on a bed of flowers, grown from the root of a tree. Sunlight beams down on them as they stretch their stems up high into the air.

This is one hell of a pretty forest.

Life is ripe and peace is plentiful - A safe haven if ever there was one.

As we track away from the bed of Roses and patch of Tulips that lay before us, something loud and unsettling approaches...

It sounds like a person. Whoever it is, they seem to stop just out of view.

Then, we hear the sound of what seems to be a man's flies being unzipped... Fuck!

A sudden spray of piss then spurts out towards the flower bed!

Explicit detail is given to the unsettling and overtly loud sound of the piss, along with its immensely dark and unpleasant texture.

It coats the poor flowers, drenching them as if they were being waterboarded.

We then see the culprit...

It's a LUMBERJACK.

He looks to be roughly forty years old. He's got a brown matted beard, he's got brown greasy hair and, to add insult to injury, he's got a pair of suspenders covering his chequered shirt.

(Well shit, if you ever wanted a guy to play Paul Bunyan, this is the guy you would hire.)

The lumberjack isn't quite done yet it seems - He needs to bleed out every last drop.

After a good several moments, he seems to stop. He shakes off the last few drops and looks rather satisfied.

He pulls up his zipper and turns away from the tree, picking up an axe he left by another tree just beside him.

He swings the axe over his shoulder and then proceeds to walk on, walking with a certain pride in his step.

From a distance, the forest appears dense and entirely uninhabited by people from the outside world. It seems only creatures lurk within its shadows.

The lumberjack then starts to whistle like that of a psychopath - calmly but menacingly. He's taking his sweet

time to intimidate his prey -  
The prey being the trees. His target being a specific tree.  
He observes each one as he walks.

The lumberjack then arrives at a particular tree that takes his fancy. He stops whistling.

He swings his axe down from his shoulder and readies himself for the chopping block...  
He pulls back his arms, pivots his torso and... CHOP!  
The lumberjack cuts into the tree trunk with fine precision.

Without a care in the world - or anywhere else for that matter - he proceeds to cut down this poor oak tree.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Oi!!

The lumberjack is interrupted by a blatant FARMER JOHN archetype.  
He comes pacing towards him, clearly unhinged.

FARMER JOHN ARCHETYPE

Get the fuck away from my tree!

The lumberjack reluctantly puts down the axe and turns to face Farmer John.

LUMBERJACK

Excuse me?!

FARMER JOHN ARCHETYPE

You heard.

He stops about two metres away from the lumberjack's feet.

LUMBERJACK

You're having a laugh, aren't ya?

FARMER JOHN ARCHETYPE

I'm deadly serious mate. This here be my tree!

This Farmer John speaks in a clear Cornish accent - If I were to be entirely honest, I'd even go so far as to say that his dialect doesn't sound too far removed from that of a Pirate or a Farmer - Hence the assumptive name calling.

LUMBERJACK

Well er, Farmer John, I'm sorry to tell you this but I'm cutting down this tree whether you like it or not, so...

The lumberjack turns back towards the tree and then proceeds to have another bash at it...

Farmer John looks furious!  
But will he stop though? That is the question.

He watches the man closely. He seems inquisitive as to the lumberjack's motives...

FARMER JOHN ARCHETYPE

It's because of people like you our ecosystem's dying. Did you know that?

The lumberjack continues cutting but still manages to get a few words in.

LUMBERJACK

(happy-go-lucky attitude)

Yep, I do indeed. And it's because of people like me tourists have more room to move around. Hence my profession.

Farmer John shakes his head - Fury isn't the word for it!

FARMER JOHN ARCHETYPE

Fucking tourists? Where do you think we are?

The lumberjack stops for a moment and shrugs his shoulders, appearing slightly out of breath.

LUMBERJACK

I don't know.

He carries on cutting...

FARMER JOHN ARCHETYPE

(sussing him out)

Na you don't know do ya? You don't know anything... I wager you probably don't even have permission to be here in these parts, do ya?

That question is rhetorical and Farmer John knows it.

The lumberjack stops cutting and turns back to face him.

LUMBERJACK

I've got permission to bury my axe into your fucking face, so you best back off.

Farmer John looks taken aback.

FARMER JOHN ARCHETYPE

(revs up)

Oh yeah? Well go on then! Give it your best shot!

LUMBERJACK

Yeah? You want me to give it my best shot, do ya?

FARMER JOHN ARCHETYPE  
 Fucking do it mate. Come on! Hit  
 me!

The lumberjack begins walking towards him...

LUMBERJACK  
 Hit you? Oh I'll smash your fucking  
 face in mate. Just watch me.

The lumberjack readies his axe for a good swing.

Farmer John doesn't budge. He merely stands there with open  
 arms.

FARMER JOHN ARCHETYPE  
 Do it!

LUMBERJACK  
 Aahhhh!

The lumberjack powerhouses his axe into Farmer John's head!

The sound that accompanies it is truly yack-worthy = SPLAT!  
 It's the sound of splattered blood and brains no less -  
 What a fucking mess!

Farmer John crashes to the ground.  
 The lumberjack isn't done yet, however. He rips his axe out  
 of the man's head, raises it into the air and then plummets  
 the thing down yet again.

He goes in again, and then again, and then again.

He stops for a second to catch his breath - This is truly  
 thirsty work.  
 The perks of being a lumberjack no doubt.

From above, the damage to his torso is blatant. It's now  
 armless and missing a leg...

Oh wait... CHOP!! ... Now it's missing both legs!

The lumberjack catches his breath - It seems as though he's  
 done.

He gazes down at the mess he's made; He's got his eye on  
 Farmer John's leg.  
 Morbid curiosity gets the better of him (No surprises  
 there.) He leans down and picks it up.

Looking rather smug, he then throws his bloodied axe over  
 his shoulder, turning back towards the tree he was cutting.

He drops the leg onto the ground and readies himself to  
 resume chop-chop-chopping.

The arms swing back. The torso twists. The axe plummets into  
 the tree...

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. COSY FOREST - NIGHT

Embers burn on a log fire.  
Flames rise and fall within the cold night air.

The lumberjack is crouched beside the fire, watching the flames burn.

Behind him are the remnants of a fallen tree, stripped of its fruits and green leaves.  
Now it's merely a pile of wood, cut for a log fire.

There also looks to be something within the lumberjack's hands, though they're obstructed by the raging fire.

But alas, that's not the only alteration - something else is amiss with this picture.  
As we then cut to the view from in front of the lumberjack, there seems to be something far more horrifying lurking in front of the fire...

The dismembered remains of Farmer John!

The lumberjack then raises what was hiding in his hands up to his mouth.  
It's a roasted arm!

He casually takes a bite into the flesh while gazing into the fire.  
His eyes are wide open and he looks completely unconcerned as he chews his food at a leisurely pace.

Before he can take another bite, the lumberjack hears a sharp CHOP from further out in the woods.

He turns around sharply, looking rather clueless. Was that what it sounded like? ... It couldn't be... CHOP...  
There it is again.... It is!

The lumberjack licks his lips, picks up his axe and then stands.

The flames rise higher within the night winds as the lumberjack walks further into the woods, readying his axe for whatever awaits him.

EXT. TWILIGHT FOREST - CONTINUOUS

As the moon glares down over the tree tops, a pale glow casts finger-like shadows from the roots of the trees - jagged and stretching the distance of some forty feet each.

The lumberjack steps forward with caution, getting closer and closer to the disturbance.  
There's a menace in his eyes...

Up ahead, he can see something coming into focus...

It looks like lights... Torches of fire, in fact, surrounding a tree just up ahead. It almost looks like some sort of ritual is taking place.

The torches are positioned around the tree, placed onto long wooden beams that have been hammered into the ground.

And within the circle of fire, a MONSTROUS CREATURE is trying to cut down the tree with an axe.

It looks humanoid at first glance - like a man wearing some kind of costume. As the lumberjack walks more within its range, however, he can see there's something not quite right about its appearance...

It's not a man who stands at the roots of the tree. It's more of a hybrid of sorts... A half man. A half creature, half man hybrid. A wolf-man.

It stands mighty and tall on two hind legs, cutting away at the tree. Precision is everything to it it seems - It cuts away just like our fellow lumberjack here.

The lumberjack stares at the creature in bewilderment. This is something new.

It seems it hasn't noticed him as it proceeds to cut away at the tree trunk.

The lumberjack looks as if he's about to open his mouth and call out to it, but soon stops himself.

For the first time, we see a close up of the creature's face - Or rather, we see half its face. The right side. Behind it in the background, the lumberjack is visible, clutching onto his axe with shaky hands. For the first time, it seems fear has entered his vocabulary.

The creature can't stop itself. It's cutting at the tree, non-stop, while also intermittently rolling its eyes to the side of its head and back. It's also grinning in a cunning and obvious way. The creature knows the lumberjack is behind it!

The lumberjack awkwardly calls out to it.

LUMBERJACK

I say hello.

It's a brave volley of words from the lumberjack.

From behind, the creature appears to have not even the slightest incline as to the lumberjack's arrival - Or at least, that's what the creature wants him to think...

LUMBERJACK

I said hello!

The creature looks to the side again while grinning. It continues to ignore him.

The lumberjack looks confused and doesn't know what to do with himself.

LUMBERJACK

Can you turn around please?!

The creature deals a final blow to the tree, then lowers its axe.

"Fuck it, have it your way then..." are the words probably running through the creature's head.

With high anticipation, the lumberjack looks at the creature in awe as it turns to face him.

Sure enough, it looks exactly like a humanoid wolf - with terrible teeth, terrible claws and terrible jaws.

The lumberjack stares at it in confusion, frozen with his mouth half-open.

At this point his reaction seems to speak for him - "What the fuck is going on?"

The creature grips its axe with both hands. It begins to growl.

"No way"... "He's going to attack, isn't he?"  
The lumberjack steps backwards a tad.

We see, from a close distance, the eyes of the wolf pierce.

The lumberjack takes another step backwards, then stops. He makes a stand and clenches his fists hard around the axe.

LUMBERJACK

Come on then. Let's be having ya.

The lumberjack's eyes also pierce - this is a stand-off now!

Their weapons ready and the lumberjack continues to stand his ground, maintaining a stiff upper lip.

If it's a fight the wolf wants, it's a fight the wolf is gonna get...

The wolf then charges at the lumberjack. The lumberjack raises his axe, and then....

PUFF. The wolf disappears from existence!  
Just like that, puff! He's gone!

Then, the nearby ritual tree also disappears from existence!



Then another. And then another.  
(Is this indeed some alternate realm? Some alternate plane of existence...?)

The forest is vastly losing its tree count. The lumberjack steps back in confusion - Once again, he doesn't know what to do with himself.

Then, the entire planet disappears from under his feet!

Planet Earth is no more.

The lumberjack has no choice now but to fall through space...

And as if the gravity from the Earth still existed at this very moment, the lumberjack is pulled further and further downwards. He's now in free fall...

EXT. OUTER SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Downwards he goes, further and further into the oblivion of airless, radioactive, timeless space.

The stars shoot passed him like flickers of electricity.

And far below, as the lumberjack appears to be pulled by nothing at all, it appears that, in actual fact, a seismic, rotating black hole is active...

His trajectory is being mapped out by this far more monstrous oblivion of space.

Now it seems his fate is sealed...

From afar, we see the sheer size and scale of the black hole in relation to the lumberjack.

Of course, the proportions mean that the black hole isn't fully observable. So instead, we see part of the accretion disk, part of the event horizon, and only a mere shadow of the dark void that lies within.

As he approaches the black hole - feet first - as seen from his doomed eyes, we get a frighteningly morbid sight drilled into our brains...

The gravity that's been pulling him this entire time is getting stronger! And his feet are getting pulled much more strongly by the black holes tidal forces than his head.

In an inhuman fashion, the lumberjack is stretched...

To make matters worse, time also seems to be slowing down - he's descending at a slower and in a more dream-like rate.

Then, suddenly, SNAP!

The lumberjack is ripped in half at the waist!

And just like a twig breaking apart, there's a sudden

crunch, then complete and utter silence...

The same thing then starts to happen to the lumberjack's lower half - his better half!

Then, as nature dictates - nature becoming more and more unfamiliar at this point - the black hole stretches his upper half as it moves closer to the singularity.

And then, in a sequence of:

1,2,4,8,16,32,64,128,256,512,1024,2048,4096,8192,16384,32768 and so on... The lumberjack is divided, over and over again, into smaller and smaller pieces.

Like a clumped handful of dust that is then sieved, his body is compressed, constrained and constricted into a realm so small it can't be observed by the naked eye.

Then, in short sharp bursts of bright light, the lumberjack's atoms light up like flickers of electricity and his remains disappear beyond the singularity, into infinity and beyond...

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

EXT. THE VOID WITH A MARBLE FLOOR - SOMETIME

We enter a dark void somewhere in time and space, gliding through it, and skirting over a well-lit, polished marble floor.

There's nothing in front of us, nothing to the left, nothing to the right, just total darkness.

And below: Just the never-ending polished marble floor, lit by a spotlight that seems to follow us as we glide forward...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

From above, there appears several short sharp bursts of bright light.

And therein, there emerges several circular objects...

MARBLES.

These marbles hit the polished floor and form a pile.

They seem to have landed within a spotlight of sorts - an enlarged circle of light, illuminated by the exit to the black hole above - now a theoretical white hole.

Also on the marble floor, laying in a much larger pile, is a pile of rectangular(ish) bite size chunks of Planet Earth - White, Brown, Blue, Green, and all shades thereof.

Each one of them seems to be of rectangular design, just that one side of each piece appears shorter than the other.

They're just like building blocks they are, waiting to be put back together.

There's also an ambience that permeates every corner of this mysterious place - as if some machine exists nearby, just out of view.

The ambience is of cog wheels, steam engines and a grand sum of the industrial revolution, all merged in unison, creating a somewhat haunting diegetic score.

Suddenly, one of the marbles starts to move by its own accord. It rolls amongst the rest of the pile.

Another marble then joins in with the dance. As does another. For within their polished exterior, each of them breathes a slice of life.

Soon, all the marbles start to gravitate towards one another, forming into a sort of clump.

And off screen, we hear the CLICKING of atoms, cells and brittle bones being brought back to life.

That ambience is all we hear for a short time after.

Then, we suddenly hear the sound of a gentle breath. There's been an awakening...

The lumberjack shoots up, coming into view. He looks shell-shocked. He turns his head in confusion, frantically examining his new environment.

He gets up onto his feet and pivots around again and again, trying to make some sort of sense of what happened.

There seems to be something off about his reformed appearance, however, for when he looks down at his hands, it seems his right is not entirely human...

He's got the hand and... After pulling back his sleeve, also the forearm of the wolf creature from the woods.

He raises his hand up to his face - "What the fuck happened?!..."

For a moment or so, the lumberjack stands motionless, breathing heavily. His eyes slowly raise from his monstrous arm up to the empty abyss that lies in front, behind, and on all sides of him.

With a look of terror, the lumberjack looks to the far corner of the spotlight he's standing in. He notices, about thirty feet away, the shattered remnants of Planet Earth laying, as he was, in a pile.

Suddenly, the lumberjack then hears the sound of what seems to be wind blowing against paper... Startled, he turns his head in the opposite direction and, from the other side of the spotlight, notices what seems to

be a NEWSPAPER lying on the floor and blowing in the wind.

The lumberjack's eyes narrow. He looks inquisitive - Not shocked. Just inquisitive.

He begins walking over towards the paper, looking confused as to what the source of this alluring force of nature could be - It does indeed seem strange. The lumberjack's fine hairs don't seem to be affected and there's no wind anywhere else.

He gazes down at the newspaper headline on what seems to be page 21...

'Rebuild. Reshape. Retread.'

And underneath that is simply a photograph of a fully formed Planet Earth, spinning on an axis as it always has.

A gust of wind then turns the page...

The lumberjack looks up - A moment of epiphany falls over him.

From afar, where the pieces of planet Earth lay dormant, we observe as the Lumberjack begins walking back over to us...

And as he observes the rubble he notices that, despite there not nearly being enough pieces on the ground to form the sheer size and scale of the planet, there does at least seem to be an accurate ratio of land mass to sea...

That is: 71 to 29  
Or: 71 percent blueish rubble and 29 percent brownish/greenish rubble.

As the lumberjack reaches down to pick up a piece of the planet, he notices a very layered, very detailed and very accurate rendering of the Earth's outer crust.

The key difference...

... There's no Earth-like texture or touch!

The piece in his hand feels just like solid marble - Cold and lifeless.

The lumberjack looks to be contemplating his choices in his head - Like the marble, he too looks cold and not at all like the man he was.  
That happy-go-lucky attitude is now gone.

With the marble in hand, he looks up to observe something we can't see in front of his eye line.

Then, he slowly begins walking forward towards it - and again, our eyes are only on him. Whatever lies in front of him is a mystery...

He raises the piece of the planet up to his eye line and then proceeds to push it forward, as if it were being slotted into an invisible Jenga Block. He pushes the block towards us until its right up in our face, causing the environment we're in to...

CUT TO BLACK...

CUT BACK IN

The lumberjack reaches down to pick up another piece of Planet Earth from the pile of rubble.

He assumes his position in front of the invisible structure and, again, places another block into its hole.

He picks up yet another block and, this time, raises his hand higher into the air to slot in this next piece.

Over and over, the sequence repeats itself - the cuts between the two actions increasing in speed each time, as though all the trimmings are being stripped away and only the meat of the actions remain...

And one by one, piece by piece, block by block, we see the pile start to shrink...

From afar, we see the Earth starting to appear reforged and reshaped into the spherical body we know so well.

But just as this body is cold and lifeless, so too is it empty and hollow on the inside. Quite literally.

These building blocks pertain only to the Earth's outer shell.

Alas, there's still many more empty slots to fill within this puzzle.

The lumberjack walks over to another block, then slots it in place roughly two metres above the ground.

Now the poor lumberjack is starting to look exhausted - Just like a frail, dehydrated shadow of his former self.

He stands still for a moment, wiping the sweat off his brow, monitoring his breathing.

He then starts to pay attention to the gentle ambience of his new home. He tilts his head back a tad and starts to take in the textures and sounds of the machinery - The steam engines, the cog wheels turning, the sounds of industry...

He turns around to face the void behind him, quieting his breathing. He narrows his eyes. He's just seen something.

Entering from one side of an empty frame and walking to the other, we see the lumberjack walk towards his destination

which is just out of sight.

We then hear the sounds of the lumberjack rummaging through some sort of tool box.

It sounds as if he's picking up metallic objects and throwing them back down again - Clearly there's some sort of aid that will help him with his laborious endeavour...

Then, the rummaging stops. He picks up something and begins dragging it across the floor - something metallic and something heavy. We hear a heavy breath and then the metallic sounds cease.

The lumberjack then re-enters the frame, carrying a very large ladder over his shoulder. By the looks of it, it extends to well over fifteen metres.

From afar, he places the ladder down onto the polished marble floor and perches it upright against Planet Earth.

He then walks back over to the ever-decreasing pile of rubble and takes another piece.

He ascends the ladder and, with his newfound aid, slots yet another piece of the puzzle into place.

...

TRANSITION TO A  
TIME-LAPSE

We hold on this picture for a good while longer, observing as the lumberjack works towards rebuilding the Earth.

And like a ghost appearing and then fading away, we see the lumberjack from all his many positions.

The ladder also appears to raise a short time after - and with that, so too do we bear witness as the Earth draws ever closer to completion.

END OF TIME-LAPSE

The lumberjack stands ten metres in the air, mounted atop his ladder. He's sweating like mad.

As much as he wants to calm his breathing, it's now proving to be rather difficult...

The lumberjack slowly starts to descend the ladder, his feet heavy with every step.

And like he were wearing some mechanical boot, his feet can barely carry the weight of his shoe.

Once he arrives at the foot of the ladder, he turns and begins walking back over to the place where he acquired the ladder...

EXT. THE VOID WITH A HIDDEN WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Indeed, it is a workstation.  
It comes fully equipped with a workbench, a worker's tool box, and a set of handy worker's accessories.

The lumberjack observes the blatant mess he made upon his last visit - an assortment of bits of bobs, spanners and spare hammers. They all lay scattered in a heap.

The tool box lays open on the floor next to the workstation.

The lumberjack kneels down and begins rummaging, frantically, in an effort to find something therein.

And, sure enough, at the bottom of the tool box lies a WATER FLASK!

OH SWEET BLISS!...

The lumberjack lets out a sigh of relief, opens the lid, tilts his head back and...

After shaking the flask a few times it seems the flask is, in fact, empty!

OH GOD NO!!...

The lumberjack looks like he's tearing apart inside. He lets go of the flask and collapses to the marble floor.

It seems all hope is lost!!!

For a few moments, the lumberjack rests his tired soul, clenching his hands over his face.  
He lies on his back and listens to the world around him - The world, it seems, that's more than a few inches out of reach.

From afar, the Earth now looks to have regained much of its form.

And from above, we move down towards this broken man. The cog wheels continue to turn behind the veil that hides us from whatever's causing this well-oiled machine to function...

Or maybe the sounds we hear are more abstract than that - maybe they only exist within the mind of this very weary lumberjack... Or maybe not.  
Maybe his mind is just too broken to be a well-oiled machine...

Then, the lumberjack removes his hands from his face and stares up at the source of white light from above.

His eyes roll down towards the Earth - How much more will it take?

EXT. THE VOID WITH A MARBLE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The lumberjack walks from one side of a static frame to the other - as before, but from the other direction.

He walks towards the pile of rubble - now a modest stack - and takes another piece of the puzzle.

He approaches the foot of the ladder and looks up at his grand design. The apex looks to be some twenty metres in the air.

He begins his ascent and a BRIEF TIME-LAPSE ENSUES...

We hold on this frame at the foot of the ladder, watching as he walks up and down, over and over again. As before, so again - Just like a ghost that fades in and out of existence at different times and places.

END OF TIME-LAPSE

His feet heavy, his brow sweaty, his clothes drenched through, the lumberjack is now ascending the ladder much slower than last time.

At ten feet, he stops to insert a mud and green-coloured block - a block that looks like it fits into an area of the United Kingdom we like to call 'Cornwall'.

Clearly unhinged, the lumberjack fails to notice that the texture and shade of colour doesn't seem to quite match the surrounding countryside.

As he then descends the ladder, we observe, from some twenty feet up, right where the North Pole should be, the final missing piece of Planet Earth.

And from afar, we bear witness as an exhausted Lumberjack takes the final piece of the puzzle into his grasp.

Once more, he arrives at the foot of the ladder and gazes up at his destination.  
It's now or never...

Up he goes, treading the steps to this ladder like a cripple on a hill.  
Upon reaching the summit, he slots into place the final piece.

The lumberjack looks like he's going to pass out. Nonetheless, he allows a faint smile of satisfaction to come forth.

Has he done it? Is his job finally over?

...

...



After a few moments of staring at his accomplishment,  
absolutely nothing happens!  
Absolutely nothing at all!!

The lumberjack starts to panic. The piece he just slotting  
in is 100% where it's supposed to be - A whitish slice of  
the North Pole, placed exactly in situ.

From atop his ladder, he frantically looks left and right,  
trying to pinpoint his mistake.

Alas, everything looks to be in the right place.

He then starts to descend - Maybe the mistake is somewhere  
around the other side of the globe?  
Maybe somewhere in Australia perhaps?

As he walks down the ladder, he trips on his step!

Fuck!

His exhaustion has gotten the better of him.

Now he's falling...

...

..

.

CRASH!!

The lumberjack hits the polished marble floor, shattering  
himself into a million literal pieces.

He's now nothing more than a pile of broken marbles...  
Sharp, jagged and uneven.

- Nothing of the sort that first entered this mysterious  
realm.

We hold on this final frame...

For a few moments after, we focus on the familiar sounds of  
cogs turning and steam dispersing from tube-like exhausts.

Then, suddenly, the sounds stop.

And like clockwork, the big white light from above also goes  
out - a mere fraction of a second later, just as though it  
were connected or even regulated by these unseen machines.

BLACK...

Then, after a few moments, we begin to hear something we  
haven't heard before - The sound of the ocean and the sound  
of the tide...

Pure blissful tranquility...

...

The spotlight then fades back in, only this time, it's much brighter.

We also begin to hear the faint sound of flames burning from above - Like a fireball, wreathed in flame and cocooned within a circle of light.

And as we continue to hold on the same frame, looking at the broken remains of the Lumberjack within the spotlight, we then also begin to hear the pleasant sounds of seagulls fluttering through the air...

Their chirping carries with it a soothing song of peace - Peace in a world where evil no longer holds sway.

ROLL CREDITS OVER THIS FRAME, THEN...

FADE TO BLACK.