

"A SHROUD OF THOUGHTS"
The Sheridan Tapes, Season 3, Episode 59
Recording Draft - June 3, 2022

Written by
Trevor Van Winkle

Based on story and characters from
"Homestead on the Corner"
by Trevor Van Winkle

1. EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT - 6/10/1721

The ocean in its wrath. Waves crash against the sides of the HMS *Morgan* as her crew tries desperately to steer away from the rocks -- CHAOS.

A huge wave crashes into the side of the ship, shattering the hull. Ropes snap as the mast buckles, and one of them winds like a whip around the ankle of ANNE BONNY.

SHE CRIES OUT IN PAIN, but the sound vanishes as she's pulled underwater. She struggles at the rope, to no avail, sinking deeper and deeper.

Then silence -- the murmuring silence of the deep sea below the storm, where only faint rumors of the world above are heard.

And something speaks in that silence -- and when it does, the voice is speaks with is Anne's, distorted and distant.

"ANNE BONNY"

What would you *do*, to save
yourself?

2. EXT. NEVADAN DESERT - DAY - 8/21/1879

A dry and barren plain of rock and sand and salt. Many years from now, it will be near the city of Oslow... but now, it's inhabited only by lizards, snakes, and carrion eaters.

On the branch of a long-dead tree, a hanging body swings gently back and forth in the low breeze -- SAM WALSH, former outlaw and gunslinger of Bodie, California.

And something that speaks from the dry and dusty wind -- and the voice is speaks with is his own.

"SAM WALSH"

What would you *give*, to save
yourself?

3. EXT. AGATE SHORE LAKE - MORNING - 2/6/1995

The cold winter wind blows over a still inland lake, stirring small waves. A young child, just 5 years old, splashes loudly towards the deepest parts of the lake.

The splashing slows, however, and SAM BAILEY COUGHS as he struggles. He falters, flounders, and then cramps up, sinking below the water before he can cry out.

He tries to claw his way back up -- but it's no good. He sinks deeper into the unearthly calm and smothering embrace of the water.

And a voice he'll know all too well speaks from the thumping of his own heart -- his own voice.

"SAM BAILEY"
Who would you give, to save
yourself?

4. INT. MKCTS FACILITY - TUNNELS - NIGHT - 12/2/2019

Far below the earth, in a place few eyes have seen, EDGAR MORRISON sits in the ruins of his own grand schemes.

The wind howls through empty tunnels and corridors, carrying the sound of many voices... all asking the same questions.

He stirs, like a man waking from his sleep, and turns to face those voices -- meeting eyes that only he can see.

EDGAR MORRISON
(level, haunted)
Anything. Anything. *Anyone.*

MAIN THEME

5. EXT. WHITE SANDS MISSILE RANGE - NIGHT - 12/2/2019

A wide desert plain, broken far off by mountains. The wind sweeps across the open sand, whistling through broken rocks and a small collection of ISPHA tents.

SAM BAILEY stands outside one of these, letting the tape roll for a moment before beginning.

SAM BAILEY
(distracted, official)
Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for
ISPHA internal records - daily log,
December 2nd, 2019 at 9:31pm
Mountain Standard Time.
(beat, thoughtful)
It's so quiet out here. I almost
don't want to break the silence,
but... I needed to get out and
think. I needed space... more space
than I could get in my tent, at any
rate.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

Ren probably doesn't want me wandering off into the dark, especially after what happened the last time I did that, but... I still can't sleep, so what else am I supposed to do at half-past 9?

(beat, moving on)

It's been three days since we got here. We're camped out on a section of the White Sands Missile Range, though I'm still not sure why. All I know is that *something* has been seen lurking around the Trinity Site, and the base commander called Ren when they discovered a couple of fulgurite formations in the sand nearby -- I guess they knew Ren from some previous project he was part of. Fulgurites are like Lichtenburg figures, the marks of electrical currents along an insulating surface... except instead of forming on the surface of something struck by lightning, they're 3D structures... masses of melted and fused soil, rock, or -- in this case -- sand, turned into glass. Except it's December, in the middle of the desert. There hasn't been a thunderstorm out here in months.

(beat, keeping this moving)

Bill stayed behind at Meriwether this time. Ren said that Bill needs more time to rest and recover from what happened in Pennsylvania... and if it was Ren's call, I might just believe that. But that order came down from Caldwell. That tells me that she saw Bill's presence as a security risk -- most likely because she suspects one of the creatures from Morrison's psychic wheel is responsible for whatever's happening here. We still don't know the extent of Bill's connection to the other "participants" in Morrison's experiment, or how long those effects will linger. The ISPHA docs have been running tests on him nonstop -- EKG's, CT scans, that sort of thing. I'm sure he hates it, but...

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
honestly, better him than me.
Given... what I am, I have no
interest in becoming ISPHA's
resident medical marvel.

Sam falls silent, and the wind picks up slightly -- a
desolate howl, like the ghost of a long-past explosion. SAM
SUPPRESSES A SHIVER.

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(unnerved)
I shouldn't forget why this place
is so quiet -- why ISPHA can camp
out here with no fear of being
spotted. People used to live out
here, you know -- ranchers and
farmers, far from any city or town.
Desert folk, just living their
lives. And then World War II
happened. The Manhattan Project
began, and the government needed an
atomic test site... somewhere
remote, desolate, and hidden from
prying eyes. The McDonald Ranch
House isn't too far from here...
one of the many homes seized by the
government to build White Sands.
Didn't matter how long they'd lived
there, how much they depended on
the land, if they had anywhere else
to go... one day, someone showed up
and said they just had to leave.
They could accept a settlement or
file a legal case if they had the
money -- but first they had to
leave, with no assurance they'd
ever get their homes back. The
McDonalds went to court, expecting
to get their home back after the
war ended... but that never
happened. And on July 13th, 1945,
their home became a grim monument
when the world's first fission bomb
was assembled within its walls and
detonated less than two miles
away... the father of the bomb that
killed more than 300,000 in
Hiroshima and Nagasaki. If Anna was
right, and some supernatural power
is looking to wipe out humanity --
this would be a fitting place to
start.

(beat, shaking his head)
(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

It still feels weird to say that out loud -- that we're trying to save the world. I mean -- what does that even mean? The world... is it the planet? The universe beyond it? Or just the world we know... our people, our friends, our... Families. Because I'm pretty sure that what the scientists at Los Alamos thought they were doing: building a weapon that would keep the world they knew safe from destruction, because if they didn't do it first, someone else would. Mutually assured destruction. And if Ren was in their shoes...

(trails off, more introspective)

...If I was in their shoes -- would I go through with that first test? Would I open Pandora's box like that, if I thought it would keep the people I know safe? Morrison once called me a walking, talking calamity... and maybe he's right. I still don't know the limits of my powers. But if it comes down to it -- if there's no other choice -- could I risk it to prevent Anna's apocalypse? Would I?

(longer beat, then defeated, conflicted)

I don't know. I'd like to think I could... that I'd be willing to take that chance. Down in the server room, I saw Doctor Caldwell risk everything she'd worked towards to stop Manfredo's plan, just to burn him out of the system. There wasn't a doubt in her mind... or if there was, she didn't show it. I don't know if that conviction's a danger or an asset yet, but... I can't help but be impressed.

CLICK.

6. EXT. WHITE SANDS MISSILE RANGE - NIGHT - LATER

The recorder starts in a flurry of movement on a windswept ridge above the desert floor.

MARIA SOL
(urgent, worried)
There! Did you see it that time?

SAM BAILEY
(trying to stay calm)
I think so... it was fast. Where's
Kate?

MARIA SOL
(focused on the range,
distracted)
Back at camp -- second tent down
the row, I think.

SAM BAILEY
(handing the recorder off)
Here, take the recorder -- I'll go
get her.

Shuffling and bumping as the tape deck is moved, then quick,
stealthy footsteps as Sam runs back towards camp.

MARIA SOL
(slightly awkward)
I guess Sam expects me to narrate
what I'm seeing, so... Ren has us
all on a rotating watch of the
range, just to make sure we don't
miss anything. Sam and I were just
about to switch out when I saw a
flash of light on the mountains. I
thought it might have been
headlights, but then I saw it
again, a few miles closer and down
on the range itself. Whatever it
is, it's not on the road -- and
it's getting closer. It's in the
same area they found those glass
formations, and it definitely looks
like some kind of lightning... even
if it did almost look like a human
for a second. I can't be sure
though... It just appeared for a
second, and then it was gone.

There's a sound like a distant rumble of thunder, and
interference rises on the tape -- then fades.

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)
(growing more worried)
There it was again. I saw it a
little clearer, but it's leaving
spots in my eyes.
(MORE)

MARIA SOL (CONT'D)
But it definitely doesn't look like
it's just a lightning strike.

A pair of footsteps approach, quick and quiet.

KATE SHERIDAN
(fully awake)
Is it still there?

MARIA SOL
(focused on the range)
It was just a second ago... It
disappeared again.
(glancing back at Kate)
You seem awfully awake.

KATE SHERIDAN
(slightly annoyed)
Seems like none of us were actually
sleeping tonight.

SAM BAILEY
(urgent, on task)
How far out is it?

MARIA SOL
Less than 200 yards, I'm guessing.

KATE SHERIDAN
Are we safe up here?

SAM BAILEY
(brutal honesty)
Considering it was ten miles away
less than five minutes ago, I'd say
no.

MARIA SOL
Unless it doesn't know we're here.
It could just be exploring the area
on its own.

KATE SHERIDAN
(doubtful)
Could be?

SAM BAILEY
(cutting them off)
There it is!

There's a crackle of electricity in dry air, then a faint
boom as the figure vanishes again.

MARIA SOL
(growing nervous)
Less than 100 yards now. Kate, is
that --

KATE SHERIDAN
(growing fear)
Yes... That's one of the creatures
I saw in the bunker... The one Lara
thought was an alien.

MARIA SOL
(fear, annoyance)
Aliens... why does it always have
to be aliens in New Mexico?

KATE SHERIDAN
Sam, are you getting anything from
it?

SAM BAILEY
(surprised realization)
No, I... I'm not. That's weird...
even with Ned, I got some level of
background emotion.

MARIA SOL
(needing answers)
Are you sure it isn't just...
trying to hide them?

SAM BAILEY
(hesitant)
I don't think it works that way,
Maria.

MARIA SOL
Can you at least check?

Sam hesitates, THEN TAKES A DEEP BREATH, focusing. A slight
interference rises on the tape as his mind probes for the
creature.

SAM BAILEY
(quiet, internal)
Huh... I'm getting something, but
it's faint -- more like the way I
sensed you when you were down in
the bunker.

KATE SHERIDAN
(trying to help)
So you think it's not... like you?
Not paranormal, I mean?

SAM BAILEY

(confused, pushing in)
I'm not sure... it's powerful,
whatever it is. But it doesn't feel
like... like the other things I'm
connected to. I can sense...
curiosity. A need to investigate,
to understand. And...

(beat, darker, almost
trance-like)

Dread. A soul-wracking dread at
some terrible task to be done -- a
horrible mission to be undertaken.
It doubts itself, and what it might
do if it finds what it's looking
for. And beyond that...

MARIA SOL

(almost panicked, hushed)
Sam? Sam!

The sound of waves almost drowned out Maria's voice, but it
cuts out as Maria slaps Sam across the face, pulling him out
of his trance.

SAM BAILEY

(annoyed, not quite
feeling the pain)

Ow.

MARIA SOL

(urgent, fearful)
Sam, LOOK.

Sam glances up. The glowing figure is now less than fifty
feet away, buzzing and popping as electricity arcs from its
vaguely humanoid shape.

SAM BAILEY

(dread)
Oh no.

KATE SHERIDAN

(badly masked terror)
I think it knows we're here now.

MARIA SOL

(hushed, fearful whisper)
Hail Mary full of grace, the lord
is with thee --

KATE SHERIDAN

(low, urgent)
Maria, go get Ren. Now.

Maria hesitates for a half-second... then runs for the ISPHA camp. The creature doesn't react to her movements.

SAM BAILEY
(trying to stay calm)
I guess it's not interested in her.

KATE SHERIDAN
(barely contained fear)
Something tells me it's found
something else to worry about.

As if in answer, the creature blinks out of existence for a moment -- then reappears much closer, sparking and buzzing louder than before.

SAM BAILEY
(terrified whisper)
Shit.

KATE SHERIDAN
(urgent whisper)
Sam, do something!

SAM BAILEY
(exasperated, terrified
whisper)
Like what?

KATE SHERIDAN
Anything! You're the one with --

Another flash, and the creature vanishes -- then reappears a few feet away from Sam and Kate with a blast of air that KNOCKS THEM BOTH backwards.

SAM BAILEY
(remembering what worked
before, desperate, shaky)
Go Away.

Interference rises on the tape, but the creature does not move. There's a slight shift, as if it's turned its head...

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
(pain)
AHHH!

KATE SHERIDAN
(panicked, confused)
Sam, what's going on? What's
happening?

SAM BAILEY
 (pained, struggling to
 speak)
 I tried to push it away, but it's
 pushing back -- I can't -- AHHH!

Sam spasms, then falls to the ground and lies still.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (horrificed)
 Sam? Sam, talk to me, are you --

"SAM BAILEY"
 (distorted, level)
 Identify.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (confused)
 What?

SAM BAILEY
 (GASPING, as if coming up
 for air to answer)
 Sam Bailey, my name is Sam Bailey!

KATE SHERIDAN
 (confused, terrified)
 Sam, what's going on?

SAM BAILEY
 (trying to get this out
 before he goes under)
 It's using my voice to speak, I
 can't --

SAM'S BREATH CATCHES IN HIS THROAT, THEN SLOWS. The other
 speaks through him.

"SAM BAILEY"
 (level, cold)
 Category error -- human being in
 command of telepathic sympathies.
 Explain.

SAM BAILEY
 (GASPING, rushed)
 I'm not human! Not completely. I'm
 connected to something else that's -
 -

"SAM BAILEY"
 (switching faster as it
 gets used to his body)
 Link: unknown power.
 (MORE)

"SAM BAILEY" (CONT'D)
Previously detected in captivity.
Direct manifestation, humanoid
form. Logged. Why did you seek to
infect us?

SAM BAILEY
(only getting more
strained and confused)
Infect you? What are you talking
about?

"SAM BAILEY"
"Go Away." Telepathic assault by
alien presence. Weak, but volatile.
Represents potential contaminant of
Jovian Greatmind.

KATE SHERIDAN
(disbelieving)
Jovian?

SAM BAILEY
(struggling)
I was just trying... To make you go
away... We thought --

"SAM BAILEY"
(direct address to Kate)
You. Secondary. Identify.

KATE SHERIDAN
(slightly insulted)
Secondary?
(realizes this isn't the
time)
Katherine Sheridan -- Kate.

"SAM BAILEY"
Identify nature: human?

KATE SHERIDAN
(a weird question, but she
needs to answer)
Yes... Yes, I'm human.

"SAM BAILEY"
(dead serious)
Subject logged. Request parley with
species representative. Will you
speak for your kind?

KATE SHERIDAN
(confused, overwhelmed)
Me? I don't...
(MORE)

KATE SHERIDAN (CONT'D)
 I don't know if I can. I'm not...
 (realizes she has to buy
 time, shaky)
 Yes, I'll... I'll try.

"SAM BAILEY"
 (making notations to hive-
 mind)
 Sample selected: Sheridan,
 Katherine "Kate." Human. Identify
 purpose.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (confused)
 You mean why I'm out here? It's
 kind of a long story --

"SAM BAILEY"
 Negative. Refine query: purpose for
 existence as Kate Sheridan. Reasons
 for continued operation.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (stunned)
 That's, uh... That's a fairly
 loaded question.

"SAM BAILEY"
 Incorrect. Terms are clear.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (exasperated)
 What's your purpose for existing,
 then?

"SAM BAILEY"
 (level)
 Objective: Evaluate terrestrial
 organisms endemic to Earth.
 Evaluate potential threat level.
 Determine necessity for
 sterilization. Execute if needed.
 Return to Greatmind if not.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (horrified)
 Sterilization? You're here to... to
 kill us?

"SAM BAILEY"
 Simplification: Objective,
 evaluation. Study. Outcome
 indeterminate. Response required.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (puzzling out that sentence)
 Response...
 (shaking her head, putting her foot down)
 Look: your reason for existing might be that clear cut, but it's not that way for us.

"SAM BAILEY"
 (curious)
 Expand.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (struggling slightly)
 I don't know... by the sound of it, you just kind of show up one day with a goal to accomplish, right?

"SAM BAILEY"
 (explaining)
 Correct: Functionaries arise from the Greatmind for specific objective. Return when complete.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (understanding the disconnect)
 Well we're not like that. We're just... born. With no idea who we are or what we're supposed to do. We just... are. We have to figure out the reason on our own.

"SAM BAILEY"
 Define reason.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (struggling with competing ideals)
 Well, it's... different for everyone.

"SAM BAILEY"
 (pressing a little further)
 Clarify: define *your* reason.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (not sure how to answer honestly)
 My... well, uh -- There's a few, I guess. My family, for one.

"SAM BAILEY"
 (foreign term)
 Define family.

KATE SHERIDAN
 My son, and my husband... and my
 mother and sister as well, but --

"SAM BAILEY"
 Define your connection to "family."

KATE SHERIDAN
 (like it's stupid)
 They're my family.

"SAM BAILEY"
 (clarifying)
 Describe the nature of your bond.

KATE SHERIDAN
 I... I love them. I promised to
 care for Peter, to be faithful to
 him. And Andrew... he's my son. He
 needs me.

"SAM BAILEY"
 (interrogating)
 Does he?

KATE SHERIDAN
 (taken aback)
 What?

"SAM BAILEY"
 Is organism: Andrew physically
 dependent on your presence? Would
 your cessation lead to his?

KATE SHERIDAN
 (not liking this question
 at all, feet to the fire)
 Well... No, but he'd...

"SAM BAILEY"
 (moving on too fast)
 Mother and sister. Are these
 connections necessary to continued
 function?

KATE SHERIDAN
 (growing anger)
 It's not about that!

The Jovian's true form, almost forgotten, sparks louder as lightning arcs from it to the ground.

"SAM BAILEY"

(level threat)

Restrain emotional contaminant, or
I will terminate this parley.
Respond.

KATE SHERIDAN

(hesitant, remembering
fear)

No, they aren't... necessary. Mom's
in a nursing home and Anna's been
missing for two years, so...

"SAM BAILEY"

(almost surprised)

Error: organism Anna/sister is
dead?

KATE SHERIDAN

(almost lashing out)

She isn't --!

(calming, realizing the
Jovian's point)

She's gone, either way. I want to
find her... but I don't know if I
can.

"SAM BAILEY"

Return to original query -- expand.
Define reason for locating Anna?

KATE SHERIDAN

(struggling to keep an
even tone)

Because I miss her. And because...
we think she saw the end of the
world. I need to know -- if she was
right.

"SAM BAILEY"

(getting to crux of the
matter)

Query: Assume Anna was correct.
What would you do to prevent it?

KATE SHERIDAN

(LAUGHS WEAKLY,
disheartened)

I don't know. I don't know if
there's anything I could do.

The Jovian falls silent for a moment -- then changes tone, as if turning to speak to Sam again.

"SAM BAILEY"

Organism Bailey, Samuel Isaac --
reply to previous query.

SAM BAILEY

(GASPING, struggling to
breathe)

I thought you were never going to
let me out.

"SAM BAILEY"

(taking control, harsh)

We are almost done with you.
Respond.

SAM BAILEY

(slightly delirious)

Could you repeat the question?

"SAM BAILEY"

What would humanity do to save
itself?

There's a moment's silence -- then SAM LAUGHS BITTERLY.

"SAM BAILEY" (CONT'D)

(confused)

Error: explain this reaction.

SAM BAILEY

(cold, barely enough
breath)

If you want to know that... just
look into my memories. I already
answered that question. A long time
ago... and every day since.

"SAM BAILEY"

(tone of warning)

Warning: if you attempt deception,
you will live to regret it.

SAM BAILEY

(even, sad)

No tricks. Just... look.

The Jovian hesitates for a moment... then...

"SAM BAILEY"

Uplink.

The form of the Jovian begins to hum with a higher, almost musical tone. SAM STRUGGLES NOT TO, BUT WHIMPERS SLIGHTLY -- a heartbroken sound.

KATE SHERIDAN
(growing worry)
Sam? What's going on?

SAM BAILEY
It's... it's making me relive those
memories... Making me --

SAM CUTS OFF WITH A GURGLING SOUND, as if he's just gone underwater.

KATE SHERIDAN
(panicked)
Sam? Sam!
(to Jovian)
Stop it! You're killing him! You
can't --!

SAM BAILEY
(crying out)
Anything! Anything! Anyone!

There's a sound somewhere between the crash of waves and the crack of thunder... then all is silent.

SAM LIES PANTING ON THE GROUND, alive, but shaken.

KATE SHERIDAN
(worried, low)
Sam? Are you okay?

REN PARK
(shouting from ridge)
Don't move! We have you surrounded -
- put your... hands up!

The Jovian's presence shifts slightly as it looks up at Ren... then it speaks in its own voice for the first time, a buzzing chorus of a dozen different voices.

JOVIAN
(level, emotionless)
Objective complete.

The buzzing, humming aura of the Jovian brightens -- then vanishes with a thunderclap, sending a blast of air in all directions. A few ISPHA agents stumble and cry out, but in a moment, all is silent.

As soon as the silence has settled, Maria runs down the ridge to Kate and Sam.

MARIA SOL
 (recovered from her scare
 and feeling awful)
 Sorry it took so long to get back --
 Ren wanted to mobilize the whole
 team before we left, and --
 (sees Sam)
 Oh my god... Sam, are you okay?

SAM BAILEY
 (LAUGHS BITTERLY)
 No... no, I'm no okay.

KATE SHERIDAN
 (concerned, but direct)
 What happened? What did you see?

Sam doesn't answer... and after a moment, the tape stops.

CLICK.

7. INT. MERIWETHER FACILITY - SAM'S ROOM - MORNING - 12/6/19

A bedraggled Sam settles back into his chair, sounding tired, bleary-eyed, and a little congested.

SAM BAILEY
 (tired, frustrated,
 distant)
 Samuel Isaac Bailey, recording for
 ISPHA internal records - final
 mission report, December 6th, 2019
 at 6:21am Mountain Standard Time.
 (LONG SIGH)
 It's been four days since the
 encounter at White Sands... give or
 take. I've honestly kind of lost
 track... the days have just blurred
 into each other since we got back
 to Meriwether. Between the psych
 evals, physicals, and scans I've
 practically been living in the
 medical wing, and I only just got
 the green light to go back to work.
 Looks like I didn't quite manage to
 avoid getting poked and prodded
 like I'd hoped.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)

There's been no sign of the Jovian since it vanished, and apparently both ISPHA and the Air Force are convinced it's gone. I don't know what Ren told them -- probably some half-baked excuse that explains just enough of what happened to close this case. Ball lightning, most likely. I'm not too worried about it though... it isn't coming back.

(longer beat, struggling to express this)

I've been connected to other minds before. Felt emotions from things that don't even pretend to be human being pressed over my own. And I've seen things far stranger than a being made of lightning. But that mind... it was alien. There's no other word for it. And when it entered my memories... the connection went both ways. I saw its mind too. What it's seen. What it's a part of. What it's done. There are civilizations out there in the black so powerful they could crush us to atoms without a second thought... and they're as nothing compared to what waits for us at the edge of the solar system: the psychic hive from which these Jovians send their soldiers and spies to every corner of the universe. Gathering intel. Evaluating. Passing judgement on entire worlds, annihilating species they deem too dangerous to continue. Turning millions of years of life and history to less than ash.

(DEEP, SHUDDERING BREATH)

We got a pass this time... I think. At any rate, the functionary didn't drop us into a black hole, so that's something. It could have. But it didn't. I hope that means we're safe... that Anna's apocalypse won't come at the hands of the Jovians. But I don't...

(beat, thoughtful)

No. No, I think I do know. Whatever the Jovians have decided, it's out there, among the stars.

(MORE)

SAM BAILEY (CONT'D)
Whatever Anna saw in her dreams...
it's still here, waiting for us.

CLACK. The recording ends.

ROLL END THEME
AND CREDITS