



Episode 4:

**Tonight You
Belong To Me**

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FADE IN:

INT. THE ALCOVE

As we approach the alcove, we hear MUSIC.

A scratchy phonograph needle provides the lilting strains of Lawrence Welk for our listening pleasure.

TANIS

She sits at her gnarled table. With the blade of a Swiss Army knife, she carves an apple.

On the table next to her is an old gramophone -- the source of the music. Its horn blooms like a tarnished trumpet-flower from the ancient wooden casing.

Tanis slips, and slices her finger.

She turns towards us with a smile and holds up her dripping digit for our inspection.

TANIS

A knife she be like that, yes? You grab one end, it serve you. But you grab the other...

She drives the knife into the wooden table.

TANIS

...and it cut.

The knife wobbles upright, its blade driven deep into the wood. Tanis nods in satisfaction.

TANIS

Tanis like the songs of the past. But she be knowin' not everything in the past be good.

She nods towards the ancient gramophone.

TANIS

You listen now...you listen close...and maybe it become clear.

ON THE GRAMOPHONE

And we are drawn into the horn -- towards a bright, orange glow that burns deep within its recesses.

Deeper and deeper -- and as we approach the light, it soon becomes blinding, until it becomes...

THE AFTERNOON SUN

Low on the horizon -- setting -- and casting its light over a peaceful, green prairie.

TANIS (V.O.)

The trouble with the past is it never really die...why, it's not even the past! Maybe the tale of the knife help you to understand, and it called..."Tonight you belong to me."

SUPER: TONIGHT YOU BELONG TO ME

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The sun has nearly set on the horizon and the remaining light casts a peaceful orange glow upon the prairie.

A large apple tree stands tall and proud at its center and provides the only landmark in this vast, open area.

At the base of the tree stands ALAN BEMIS, an early thirties man dressed casually, yet conservatively, in a button down shirt with green stripes and dress slacks.

He whittles away at the tree trunk with a Swiss Army knife, and puts the finishing touches on a heart with "AB + MI" carved in the center. The I is not quite finished.

On a red, plaid blanket on the ground sits MELANIE IRELAND, a late twenties woman dressed in a sleek green dress that matches the stripes on Alan's shirt. They look like two people trapped in a Sears catalog.

She strums a guitar and sings a tune as she watches Alan go about his carving.

MELANIE

Yesterday's gone, just love me from now on, forsakin' all others in the past...For I don't care, if I'm not the first love you've known...just so I'll be the last.

She strums out the last few notes, and looks to Alan, shielding her eyes from the low lying sun. She offers him a warm smile.

ALAN
Very nice, honey.

MELANIE
Thank you.

ALAN
You've certainly got a way of
telling me things through song.

MELANIE
Well, why say it when you can sing
it?

ALAN
Or carve it.

MELANIE
True. So, almost done?

ALAN
Just about.

MELANIE
I've gotta admit, you've gone above
and beyond the call of duty on this
one. First a picnic, now the
initials on the tree. Definitely
in the upper echelon on the romance
scale.

ALAN
What can I say? Deep down I'm a
big softie. Is it so bad that I
want everyone to know we're
together?

Melanie glances around at the desolate area around them.

MELANIE
Not at all, but I don't think this
is exactly the right place to
broadcast to a large audience.

Alan stops his work and turns to Melanie with a smile.

ALAN
Then I guess this will have to be
our own special place, won't it?

Melanie returns the smile.

MELANIE

I guess so. As long as we know we belong to each other, that's all that counts.

ALAN

I love you, Melanie Ireland.

Alan turns back to the carving and quickly finishes off the last letter. He folds the Swiss Army knife up and drops it into his pants pocket.

He turns back to find Melanie standing right in front of him, but her appearance has drastically changed.

Her skin is pale blue in color and blood seeps from her eye sockets.

MELANIE

I love you too, Alan Bemis.

Alan freezes in sheer terror at the sight of Melanie's corpse-like face.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Alan snaps to and looks around the room in confusion.

He sits at a small desk and is surrounded by six others, who sit at their own desks with their eyes focused on him.

Directly across from him is CARA, an early thirties woman in a black business suit tapping a clipboard on her knee.

She leans forward in her chair and looks at Alan with concern.

CARA

Alan? Are you alright?

Alan takes a moment to get his bearings, but eventually gets back into reality.

ALAN

Yeah. I'm fine.

Cara leans back and rests against the back of her chair.

CARA

I think that's enough for today. I'll see you all next week.

The five people in the room outside of Alan and Cara gather their things and head for the exit.

Alan gathers the papers on the desk in front of him. Each one is loaded with drawings of "AB + MI" surrounded by a heart, just like the carving on the tree.

He tucks the papers into a small manila folder and doesn't notice her until she casts a small shadow over his face.

ALAN

Hey. Sorry about that.

CARA

Do you have anywhere you need to be right now?

ALAN

Me? No. Why?

CARA

I thought you and I could get a cup of coffee. I have some things I'd like to discuss with you.

ALAN

Sure. I can do that.

Alan grabs the file folder off the desk and gets up.

CARA

Okay, good. I know a place not far from here.

ALAN

Lead the way.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Alan and Cara walk through a cluster of tables until they settle in at one near the back of the small eatery.

Cara opts to sit in the chair directly to Alan's right instead of directly across from him.

She reaches into her bag and takes out a notebook. She opens it up and flips through the pages until she finds what she's looking for. She sets the notebook on the table.

ALAN

Is this an official chat?

CARA
Official?

ALAN
You know, like we do at the center.

CARA
No, not exactly. I just want to
make sure I cover everything.

ALAN
Is there that much?

CARA
A bit, yes, but considering how
long you've been with the group I
guess it's about right.

A WAITRESS approaches the table. Cara looks to Alan?

CARA
Coffee?

Alan nods in agreement. Cara looks to the waitress.

CARA
Just two coffees please.

The waitress jots down the order and walks away. Alan
scoots his chair in closer to the table.

ALAN
You said "considering how long
you've been with the group". Is a
year unusual?

CARA
I'd say the average person is in
and out in about three
months. Surely you've noticed all
the people that have come and gone
since your arrival.

ALAN
No, not really.

CARA
Which brings me to my next
point. Your focus is
lacking. Even more so as of late.
You've become completely detached
from everything that's going on
around you.

ALAN

I know, I know, but I can't help it
if I don't want to forget about
her.

CARA

It's not about forgetting her,
Alan. That's not the point of
grief counseling. It's...

Cara cuts herself off as the waitress returns and pours two
cups of coffee from a thermal decanter. The waitress leaves
the decanter on the table and walks away.

CARA

...It's a tool so you can move on
with your own life. Nobody can
ever be expected to forget someone
that they loved so dearly, but to
completely tune out from the rest
of the world does no good as well.

Alan taps his fingers on the table as he contemplates Cara's
statement.

He fishes into his pocket for his Swiss Army knife, pops it
open and picks at his fingernail with the blade.

ALAN

I know.

CARA

To be blunt, Alan, for a person to
carry on in grief this way, they
may as well have died themselves.

Alan freezes and stares at Cara as she sips from her
coffee. She briefly catches his stare over the lip of the
coffee cup, but quickly averts her eyes.

Cara and Alan place their items on the table in unison.

ALAN

Is that why you asked me here? To
tell me I should be dead?

Cara slightly lowers her head, aware of the fact that she
was out of line.

CARA

I'm sorry. That came out much
colder than I intended.

ALAN

What is it then? Why did you ask me here?

CARA

Because you possess one of the most extreme cases of grief that I've ever seen, and I want to help you to finally get over it.

Alan places his elbows on the table and rests his chin on his hands.

ALAN

Why now, after all this time?

CARA

Because I don't really care to resort to this method. It's not the norm. It should only be used when absolutely necessary.

ALAN

Like after a year of grieving.

CARA

Yes. Exactly.

ALAN

What is it?

Cara takes a deep breath and readies herself.

She places her hands flat on the table in front of her and looks at Alan in complete seriousness.

CARA

You have to take the one thing that reminds you of Melissa, your most special memory...and get rid of it for awhile.

A look of complete shock comes over Alan as he takes in Cara's advice.

They gaze at each other momentarily before Alan turns away.

ALAN

I don't know what that is.

CARA

Perhaps it has something to do with those drawings you're always making.

Alan turns his attention back to Cara.

ALAN

How do you know about those?

CARA

Because it's always the same pair of initials, surrounded by a heart. With that kind of consistency it's hard to miss.

ALAN

I see.

CARA

Look into it, take my advice. And if you do figure it out, I hope you'll take that advice as well.

Cara reaches into her jacket pocket and takes out a business card. She places it on the table in front of Alan.

ALAN

I already have your card.

CARA

My cell number is on the back of that one. Please think it over and call me when you figure it out. Coffee's on me.

Cara tosses a bill on the table, grabs her bag and exits.

Alan watches her through the window as she glances inside and offers him a coy smile. It catches Alan off guard.

Alan looks at the card on the table in front of him. he picks it up and looks at the back side.

Sure enough, Cara's cell phone number is written on it with a small smiley face heart positioned next to it.

Alan glances at the little drawing in wonder and opens his file folder. He tucks the card inside and slightly shuts it before he freezes.

He stares at his many doodles, then glances at his Swiss Army knife on the table. He slowly shakes his head in revelation.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Alan stands a few feet from the base of the apple tree and holds his Swiss Army knife in hand.

Pale moonlight shines down and catches the blade. It twinkles like a star at ground level.

Alan stares at the "AB + MI" carving. A pained expression covers his face.

He stiffens his lip and slowly advances toward the tree. He raises his knife a little with each step.

He stands directly in front of the carving with the knife at shoulder level. He reaches out and lightly scratches into the "MI" portion of the carving.

The light scratches turn to full on stabs as Alan hacks at the tree like a madman from a bad 70's horror flick.

Alan takes one last swing and steps back to look at his work. The "MI" is now covered by a large X.

He places his arm against the tree and rests his forehead on it. He sticks the knife into the tree and gently sobs.

The wind picks up and causes the apple tree to sway back and forth in the breeze.

Alan pays no attention until it whistles through the prairie. He looks up at the overhead branches as they swing violently back and forth. Apples tumble to the ground.

Alan quickly removes his knife from the tree and trots off toward his car, parked on a small gravel road nearby with the headlights still on.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Alan drives along and leans forward to peer through the window. He stares at the moon as clouds roll past it and cast hazy shadows.

He sits back in his seat, but something up ahead catches his eye. He slows the car to a complete stop and looks upward.

On a bulletin board situated at the side of the road is an old movie ad for Mission Impossible.

The ad is so weathered and worn that the only visible markings are the M and I. Up above is a small spotlight that flickers on and off.

Alan does a double take and squints to confirm that he's actually seeing what he's seeing.

He takes a good, long look and floors the gas pedal.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Alan's car speeds off into the darkness and leaves the ominous billboard behind.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Alan drives along and glances at the passenger's seat where his cell phone and Cara's card rest.

He picks up the cell phone, glances at the card and dials the number.

CARA (V.O)

Hello?

ALAN

Cara. It's Alan.

CARA (V.O)

Oh hey, Alan. Everything alright?

Alan scans the area in front of him with a look of uncertainty.

ALAN

Uh, I don't know really. I did what you suggested.

CARA (V.O)

Really? That's great. I honestly believe that it will get you to a better place.

ALAN

I don't know about better, but shit's certainly gotten weird really fast.

CARA (V.O)

Weird?

INT. CARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alan and Cara sit next to each other on the sofa. Cara looks at the ground. Alan watches her, seemingly waiting for a response.

Cara switches her gaze to Alan.

CARA
It's a coincidence.

ALAN
Do you really believe that?

CARA
I do. You're feeling a little guilty over what you had to do and it's causing you to amplify things.

ALAN
But the wind. The way it just picked up like that all of a sudden. I've never seen anything like it.

CARA
Could be a storm just blowing over.

ALAN
Okay, but what about the sign? There's got to be something to that, right?

CARA
Other than the fact that movie companies no longer feel the need to advertise in the middle of nowhere? Probably not.

ALAN
It just doesn't add up. They're signs or something.

Cara places a hand on Alan's knee.

CARA
You did a very tough thing, Alan.
Your reaction is perfectly normal.

Alan glances at the hand on his knee, then back to Cara's eyes. She slowly pulls it off.

CARA
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. I just want you to know that I'm here for you.

Alan gets up from the couch.

ALAN
Then come with me.

CARA
Where?

ALAN
Out by the tree. I want to show you.

CARA
That's not necessary.

ALAN
But I get the feeling you don't believe me.

CARA
I'm not disputing that what you say happened actually happened. I just think you're overreacting to it.

ALAN
Overreacting? Listen. I was out there for a good forty minutes staring at that tree, and it was totally silent and still. I'd even say it was peaceful. But then...

Alan reaches into his pocket and takes out his Swiss Army knife. He quickly pops open the blade. Cara jumps back.

CARA
What are you doing!

ALAN
...then I gouged Melanie's initials right out of that tree. I just hacked and hacked and hacked until there was nothing left but my initials and the little shreds of bark at my feet.

Alan stabs at the air just like he did with the tree.

Cara clutches a pillow close to her chest and watches the scene in fear.

Alan notices Cara's fear and stops his tirade. He promptly closes the knife and puts it away.

ALAN

I'm...I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me.

Alan extends his hand to Cara.

ALAN

Please, just go out there with me.

Cara looks back and forth between Alan's hand and face.

ALAN

Please.

CARA

Do you promise you won't do anything like that again?

ALAN

I promise.

Cara slowly moves the pillow away from her.

CARA

Can we go out for coffee afterward so I can help you get your mind off things for awhile?

ALAN

Sure.

Cara slowly reaches out and takes Alan's hand.

CARA

Then let's go.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Alan and Cara drive along the dark gravel road in silence.

CARA

How much further is it?

ALAN

Couple miles maybe?

CARA

What possessed you guys to come all the way out here?

ALAN

Just out for a drive one day and it led us here. I guess that's why we always thought it was so special. Like we were drawn to it.

CARA

I like that. It has an accidental romanticism about it. Do you mind if I turn on the radio?

Alan shrugs his shoulders.

ALAN

Sure.

Cara powers on the radio and the faint sounds of a radio station can be heard amongst heavy static.

CARA

Must be out of range.

Cara hits the seek button and the radio moves to the next available channel. A station ID ad jingle plays.

RADIO (V.O.)

Mi Mi Mi Mi Mi Mi Mi. KBMI...all night!

Cara and Alan exchange uncomfortable glances. A DJ moves right in at the end of the jingle.

DJ (V.O.)

You're listening to KBMI, the MI, where we're sending out some of the greatest oldies of all time all night long! We're gonna hop on in to the way back machine for just a moment while I spin this classic from the late, great Glenn Miller.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F5Qx4Y_hUuE

The music starts in and Alan immediately recognizes the tune. He slams on the brakes and startles Cara.

ALAN

Fuck that!

Cara stares in confusion.

CARA
What's wrong?

ALAN
Listen.

CARA
It's just music.

ALAN
No, listen.

RADIO (V.O.)
*Don't sit under the apple tree,
with anyone else but me...Anyone
else but me...Anyone else but me,
no no no --*

Alan quickly cuts the engine to turn off the radio.

ALAN
Did you hear it?

CARA
Yeah, don't sit under the apple
tree. What about it?

ALAN
The tree...with the carving. It's
an apple tree.

Cara shoots Alan a look of skepticism.

CARA
Okay, knock it off. You can't
seriously expect me to believe all
of this. The other stuff, sure,
but that song just happens to play
on the radio while we're driving to
the tree? C'mon now.

ALAN
What? You think I made all of this
up? How could I possibly do
that? This was all your idea
anyway.

Cara lights up in shock.

CARA
I just told you to put away the
thing that reminded you of her most
for awhile. I didn't tell you to

CARA
drive all the way out to boofoo to
scratch her initials out of a tree
carving.

ALAN
But that's what reminded me of her!

CARA
Scratching the initials out doesn't
make it go away. In fact, it just
makes it worse because you had to
drive all the way out here and look
at the tree to do it. If you're
intention was to forget the
carving, you should have stopped
recreating it hundreds of times
over on your little doodle pad.

ALAN
You could have filled me in on that
when you gave your wonderful piece
of advice.

CARA
How was I supposed to do that? I
didn't know what it was that
reminded you of her, so I couldn't
suggest anything. Even you didn't
seem to know when we talked.

ALAN
Yeah, but then you told me to look
into the drawings.

CARA
It was all I had to go on.

Alan takes the Swiss Army knife from his pocket. Cara
becomes afraid.

CARA
What are you gonna do with
that? You promised!

ALAN
Relax, alright? Nervous habit.

Alan extracts the little plastic toothpick from its
compartment and pops it into his mouth.

CARA

Sorry. I wasn't expecting that.

ALAN

Great. Just great. You think I'm going to murder you with my Swiss Army knife, and because of your half cocked "extreme" method, I'm being fuckin' haunted by the ghost of my ex girlfriend.

CARA

You're not being haunted.

ALAN

You don't understand. There's this thing she used to do, where she'd tell me things through song. She's still doing it, only now it's through the radio.

CARA

Goddamnit, you're not being haunted! There isn't even any extreme method. It was all a stupid ploy in the hopes that you would get over Melanie enough to ask me out!

Cara folds her arms across her chest and turns to look out the passenger's side window.

Alan looks at her, unsure of how to respond. He vigorously runs his hand across his forehead.

ALAN

What? You did all this so you could get a date?

CARA

Well...sort of. I mean, I do want you to get over your grief, but you've been in the group for so long that I guess I just got attached to you.

ALAN

You couldn't just say that? You had to go through all this?

CARA

It's an ethics thing. I'd prefer not to ask someone out while they're under my guidance.

ALAN

Oh sure, that makes perfect sense. Abide by your ethics while opening the poor bastard up to torment from the dead. Awesome.

Cara turns her attention back to Alan. Tears have welled up in her eyes.

CARA

I don't have anyone. I don't have anything outside of my job. I'm just as dead inside as you are. I just hoped that maybe we could be something for each other, you know?

Cara's tears flow more freely now. Alan can only stare.

CARA

Please say something. Anything.

ALAN

I...I don't know what to say.

Cara inhales deeply through her nose and a loud sniffle echoes through the car.

Alan watches Cara cry progressively harder and soon the cries become audible as she whimpers.

Alan looks at Cara with sympathy.

ALAN

Please, don't cry. It's been a really weird day and what you just said was the last thing I ever expected to hear.

Alan reaches out and places a hand on her cheek. Her whimpers lower slightly in volume.

ALAN

Please.

Cara nods and does her best to seize her cries.

ALAN

Here, let me turn some music back on, maybe it'll help soothe you a little.

Alan bends down toward the radio, and in doing so exposes the corpse-like face of Melanie just outside the window.

Cara screams and Alan jumps, not yet turning the radio back on. He looks to her.

ALAN
What's wrong?

Alan sees Cara's stare is out the window and turns to look. Nothing.

ALAN
What? Cara, what is it?

Cara sits in silence and stares out the window with labored breaths.

Alan looks at her with concern. Her breaths are quite short. Alarmingly so.

ALAN
Are you okay?

Cara quickly shakes her head and clutches her chest.

ALAN
I think we need to get you to a hospital.

Alan turns the ignition key, but the engine refuses to turn over and only offers a light clicking sound.

He tries again with the same result. He chews nervously on the plastic toothpick in his mouth before he tosses at the dashboard in anger.

He grabs his cell phone out of a cup holder and dials 911. Cara reclines in her seat and desperately tries to get her breathing back to normal.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - NIGHT

Alan stands and surveys the scene as two PARAMEDICS, one male, one female move Cara, who now lies on a gurney.

An ambulance is parked nearby with its lights flashing and back doors completely open.

Cara has an oxygen mask over her face, and has since managed to catch her breath.

The paramedics roll the gurney to the back of the ambulance.

Alan steps next to the gurney as the Paramedics prepare to lift Cara up and in.

Cara raises her hand to halt the paramedics. She pulls the oxygen mask away from her face, which is very pale.

Alan leans in close. Cara whispers.

CARA

I'm sorry. I should have just said what I was thinking instead of trying to manipulate you.

ALAN

Don't worry about it. I understand. You just focus on getting yourself better, okay? I'll be at the hospital as soon as the tow truck gets here.

Cara smiles and places the oxygen mask back on her face. The paramedics lift up the gurney and place it in the back.

The male paramedic gets in and shuts the doors behind him.

The female paramedic moves to Alan and places a hand on his back. She leads him away from the ambulance.

ALAN

So, what happened?

They take a few more steps and stop, out of earshot from the ambulance.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

I can't say for sure, but based on what you described and her heavy sweating, I would say that she suffered a myocardial infarction.

Alan shakes his head in disbelief.

ALAN

I'm sorry. A what?

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

In layman's terms, a heart attack. In medical jargon it's a myocardial infarction, or M-I.

ALAN

M...M-I?

FEMALE PARAMEDIC
Correct. Luckily it wasn't full
blown cardiac arrest.

ALAN
Why would it be? It doesn't fit
with the pattern.

The paramedic looks at Alan with wonder.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC
Pattern?

Alan waves a disregarding hand.

ALAN
Nothing. Forget it.

The paramedic will have none of it.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC
Sir, if there's something I should
know about your friend's medical
history, I insist that you tell me
so we can help her in the best way
possible.

ALAN
No, it's got nothing to do with
that. Entirely separate issue.

The paramedic gives Alan a suspicious glance.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC
Well, alright. We'll be taking her
to Holy Cross if you'll be coming
along after your truck
arrives. Should I inform the
hospital to call anyone else?

ALAN
No. She doesn't have anyone
else. Just me.

The paramedic nods in confirmation and heads off to the
ambulance. She gets in and drives off with the lights still
flashing.

Alan watches the lights roll down the road until they are
totally out of sight, then turns and looks at his car.

The driver's side door is open and the interior light inside
catches his attention. Alan looks at it in wonder.

He moves toward the car and plops down into the driver's seat. He stares at the key in the ignition, and with a shrug decides to give it a go.

The engine kicks over immediately, and the quiet is filled with the sounds of KBMI.

DJ (V.O.)

We're gonna keep on truckin' with another oldie but goodie that I'm sure you all know and love from the one, the only, Lawrence Welk. Take it away, Larry!

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F5Qx4Y_hUuE

The light sounds of an orchestra flow through the radio, playing a somewhat happy tune that serves as an intro until the vocals start in.

RADIO (V.O.)

I know (I know), you belong to somebody new, but tonight you belong to me.

Alan looks at the radio for a moment then raises his eyes upward. In the rear view mirror is Melanie, just as beautiful as the happy part of his memory.

She smiles widely, and a look of sadness starts to settle in that he can only combat with a reciprocal smile.

RADIO (V.O.)

Although (although), we're apart, you're part of my heart, and tonight you belong to me.

Alan stares at Melanie and slowly shakes his head.

ALAN

Not just tonight, Mel. Forever.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The car is now parked directly next to the apple tree and above it is the body of Alan, hanging dead from a makeshift noose fashioned out of jumper cables.

The car's headlights are on and shine on the carving.

Webb Pierce's "I Don't Care" fills the night air.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6V_lEebCqbU

Alan's initials are now covered by a large X as well, and the Swiss Army knife is stuck in the trunk, just above the heart.

RADIO (V.O.)

Now, I don't care, if I'm not the first love you've known, just so I'll be the last...Now, I don't care, if I'm not the first one you've kissed, Darlin', I'll never ask. Yesterday's gone, just love me from now on, be true to me forget about the past. For, I don't care, if I'm not the first love you've known, just so I'll be the last...

The knife in the tree...

DISSOLVES TO:

THE KNIFE

Still upright, stuck into the wooden table. The MUSIC continues to play.

TANIS (O.S.)

Memories they be a powerful.

Her hand jerks the knife from the table.

WIDER

Tanis considers the knife for a moment, then snaps it closed.

TANIS

The things in your past, they be like the knife. They serve you well...or they bite.

Tanis places the knife back into her display cabinet. The cabinet MOANS as she closes the door.

Then she steps back to her gramophone.

TANIS

But you decide if your past be somethin' good or bad...and you decide what to do about it.

Tanis glances down at the spinning platform of the gramophone, then turns her smile back up to us.

TANIS

And no matter what you do, the
wheels keep turnin'.

ON THE SPINNING RECORD

TANIS

But dyin' be easy, yes? It's the
livin'...the livin' that be so
hard.

And Tanis laughs as the album continues its endless journey
round and round and round...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END