



Roll Credits

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“So what did you think of em? How do they compare to the originals?”



You almost don't process Nathan's question. Oriana, too, seems shocked.

They were there. On the screen. Alive. Fighting. After all this time.

The Classics Compendium label had recently produced remakes of some old films - and, recognising the covers of the originals, you and Ori had made sure to RSVP for the advance screening of them.

And now that you've seen them... you don't know how to feel.

Realising that the pause after the director's question had stretched just a bit too long, you say, "I think.... I think they were more powerful."

Xavier, on the shores of a distant planet, crying for Jyoqu after the alien was shot by a pirate. Burying him in the sands of his childhood.

Josh, in armour, standing victorious after slaying the orc and warlock army. Returning to princess Leisl. "The fight goes on forever." He'd said. "And we will never, ever, stand down."

Nathan smiles gratuitously. "Thank you. I put a lot of thought into improving the scripts. The screenplays."

"Well, congratulations!" Ori says. "You really have outdone yourself with these. I think they'll be very successful."

"Oh, you're too kind." He blushes. "I'm glad you like my creative vision. Anyway, I really must be going! Lots of people to talk to, as you know. Making hype and all that jazz." He walks away into the main crowd of buzzing, excited people.

"The scripts of these films were written many months ago..." Ori wonders aloud.

"How much of what we saw was actually them, do you think? Do they have any control? If Nathan made the film... maybe they made the film?"

You shrug. "I don't know. But that was them. They were alive. They did everything that we just saw. I'm sure of it." Oriana is still lost in thought. "And that's all that really matters, right?" You add, and her expression softens a little.

"Yes. That was them."

She smiles at you.

"And this is us."

Your heart stops for a moment, but you remind yourself that she'd never expressed any romantic interest in you. Just as a friend.

You smile back.

"Yeah."

You try to make sense of it all in your mind. The movie world. The voidspace. The way Jill collapsed. The remakes. Where your life will even go from here. Everything plays back in your head like a movie...

