

THE HIDDEN PEOPLE

Episode 3.20

"I Name Thee"

Written by

Alexa Fett Fisher

TEASER

188. Arcadia throne room. A knock.

LEE

The world of the Hidden People is practically timeless. The years stretch on, but very little ever changes.

WODAN

Enter.

Door opens and closes as Robin Goodfellow enters the hall.

LEE

Without those changes, it can be hard to know where you are.

WODAN (CONT'D)

Ah. Puck.

ROBIN

I'm actually trying out a few new names. Can't quite find anything that matches my bubbly demeanor.

WODAN

Best hurry. Time is of the essence. In more ways than one.

LEE

Or when you are.

ROBIN

Right. Well, great news: everything's set. The witches have got the location cleared out, the seers said it will be a clear night to block out the stars and--

WODAN

And your job?

ROBIN

The martyr is all ready. Isolated and ritualized and eager to start.

WODAN

Eager?

ROBIN

I may have been a tad unclear when I explained to her what her role is. To be fair, she seems very eager to go back to, quote, "the way things were," and doesn't quite care how. Really, it would be cruel of me to destroy her delusion that she'll survive to see the new world I've told her about.

NISSA

(voice effect)

But I would never...

(lightbulb)

They don't mean me.

WODAN

(laughs)

Cruel, indeed. What a good fellow you are to keep her hope alive.

ROBIN

Oh, but not forever. Just until she can't do anything about it.

WODAN

(beat, listening to Mimir)

Yes, good to know.

(to Robin)

It already is too late; it has been foretold. You've done well, Puck. Take your leave. I will see you in the next world.

ROBIN

Please, why not call me Goodfellow? It seems fitting.

NISSA

But isn't he...what?!

Door opens and closes as Robin leaves.

MAGISTER

Really, you're allowing that one to survive the Wild Hunt?

NISSA

Oooh. This is old. This is very old.

WODAN

I haven't decided. But I've found they're more helpful if they think something is in it for them. Don't you agree?

LILIANA

Lord Wodan is, as always, wise in all things.

NISSA

Well, fuck.

END TEASER

189. Lilliana's Estate, private rooms.

NISSA

Well, this is fancy. Fancier than the throne room, anyway.

LILIANA

Fetch, deliver this letter.

FETCH (LEDA)

Yes, Lady.

MAEVE

Liliana? You're late for lessons.

LILIANA

Sorry, mother. I'm coming now.

NISSA

Huh, Mack's grandma.

MAEVE

And what is this?

She grabs the letter from the fetch and rips it open.

LILIANA

Nothing. It's just a letter.

MAEVE

And to whom is it intended?

LILIANA

No one.

MAEVE

As I see. No addressee, and yet the contents leave no doubt to the nature of your correspondence.

LILIANA

Mother--

MAEVE

Ignore my willful daughter's orders and burn this immediately.

FETCH (LEDA)

At once, my lady.

LILIANA

Is that really necessary?

Fire crackles as the paper is fed to the flames.

MAEVE

Obviously so. You lower yourself to consort with that one, and you lower our entire lineage in doing so.

LILIANA

You're being dramatic.

MAEVE

We bear titles that "no name" can't possibly understand, or worse--he does understand and is only using you to raise his own prospects. Be smarter than that.

LILIANA

I am smarter than that. And if he's after power, then so what? I have power: over him, over most of the Hidden People. And what's power if you can't use it as you please?

MAEVE

It is everything, Liliana. And the moment you treat it as less is the moment it can be used against you. You are not to see him again.

LILIANA

You can't stop me!

A hard strike.

MAEVE

You may have power, but not over me. And you will do as you're told, or I will remove what pathetic excuse you have for strength from your limbs myself.

LILIANA

Yes, mother.

Maeve leaves.

LILIANA (CONT'D)

But you won't always have power.

NISSA

A no-name; does she mean the Magister?

Beginning of transition effect in background.

LILIANA

What are you looking at, fetch?

Fetch is shoved into the fire.

FETCH (LEDA)

(screams)

NISSA
Leave her alone!

190. Transition effect, like wind rushing through a door. Arcadia, Wodan's throne room. A large gathering, but all are respectfully hushed. We come in mid-ceremony.

NISSA
Okay, teleporting through memories is almost as nauseating as stepping sideways.
(beat)
I've been here before. The throne room. And that's--

WODAN
Chosen by the Hidden People and your god--though mostly by me--I name thee, (garbled), as the unquestioned ruler amongst your kind.

NISSA
So the Magister had a name before he was the Magister.

WODAN
You will now walk in my stead and speak in my place. But to elevate your power to even half of my own will take drastic measures. Really, the only option is to remove the very name of (garbled) from every record, writ, and remembrance.

Concerned murmurings from the crowd, with a magical effect as Wodan's spell takes hold.

NISSA
And that's why I can't hear what the name was.
(beat)
A string of light. From the Magister to...a book?

WODAN

By the power of the fates, may the golden thread of your every alias be unspooled from the fabric of time. No longer shall your true name hold any sway over you. Instead, every utterance of your new title shall empower you as you carry out my bidding.

An aura of choirlike voices are suddenly silenced, like a cord being severed (matched in 321)

NISSA

He cut it. How can you cut light?

WODAN

Hidden People, I introduce the Magister.

Smattering of applause, sinister music like this is the "villians win" ending of a second movie of another trilogy.

WODAN (CONT'D)

(to Magister)

Why don't you go out and greet your new subjects? Make sure there's appropriate levels of posturing and bootlicking. I'll enjoy watching the gymnastics of Laird Odhran bending over backwards to apologize for all the insults over the last century.

MAGISTER

Perhaps I'll enjoy it even more.

LILIANA

Shall we go, then?

MAGISTER

"We?" No. They bow only to their ruler. And only one of us bears that mantle.

LILIANA

But I'm--

MAGISTER

I have spoken.

LILIANA

(beat)

Yes.

MAGISTER

Yes, what?

LILIANA

Yes, Magister.

MAGISTER

Oh, I think I will like this very much,
indeed.

Magister walks away, down stone steps.

WODAN

Pity he didn't show his true colors a
smidge sooner, isn't it?

LILIANA

I've always known what he is.

WODAN

But do you know what you are?

(beat)

Yes, all those titles you thought were
just your family's unearned
grandstanding. But between us? If you
had half the ambition of your husband,
you would be the one making your way
through the throngs of your adoring
subjects right now. Really, it's a
shame; you wouldn't have even needed my
blessing to be powerful enough to lead.
Instead, you sold your future away for
half-promises and a shiny blade. I hope
the knife was worth it. And doesn't end
up stabbing you in the back.

NISSA

What knife is he--

191. Transition effect. Liliana's Estate. Gardens, songbirds: Eden with thorns.

NISSA (CONT'D)

--talking about? Oh. This is where I was before. Liliana's place...but outside?

MAGISTER

Shall I continue to wax poetic about your beauty, your grace, your charm?

NISSA

Gross.

LILIANA

You've quite gotten your point across.

MAGISTER

And yet it still pales in comparison to reality. It would take another decade of sonnets to fully disclose all your virtues.

LILIANA

We both know it's not my virtues you covet the most.

MAGISTER

Must I confess you are indeed a complete package of blessings in every form.

LILIANA

As always, I appreciate the flattery, but--

MAGISTER

But you need more. You deserve more. And I promise, I can give you more.

LILIANA

As smooth as you believe yourself to be, I assure you I am well aware of what you have to offer. And it isn't much.

MAGISTER

What is it you think I have, oh descendant of the Aesir?

LILIANA

Aesir and Vanir. You have no lineage. No titles, no inherent power. No bequeathment or inheritance. You are utterly beneath me. As my mother said.

MAGISTER

May her spirit be at rest. But for all these flaws, you have yet to send me away. Do you know why that is?

LILIANA

Do not insult me by proposing I desire you romantically.

MAGISTER

I wouldn't dare dream. All my flaws you so kindly laid bare have one thing in common: they belong to my past. A past that I have already distanced from myself as I travel even further into the annals of glory. You don't discard me for my past; you keep yourself near for my future. What do you think? Am I right?

LILIANA

I think you have an awfully high opinion of yourself for someone without the evidence to back it up.

MAGISTER

If evidence is required, then take this as sufficient proof.

NISSA

That's the knife Liliana had in the junkyard.

LILIANA

It's beautiful.

MAGISTER

More than beautiful--it's dangerous.
Pure iron imbued with such magic that
it can bring crippling injury to
anyone. Anyone.

LILIANA

Is that a threat?

MAGISTER

No. It is a gift. And a proposal. Join
your future to mine, and there is no
height we cannot reach, no one that
will ever stand in our way.

A moment as Liliana thinks it over.

NISSA

Come on, say no. He's manipulative.
He's using you. You know he's a bad
guy.

LILIANA

It really is a beautiful knife.

MAGISTER

I may have outgrown my apprenticeship,
but all that blacksmith training did
not go to waste.

LILIANA

Let us see just what heights we shall
attain, hm?

NISSA

Knives aren't even the most romantic
of--

192. Transition effect: the Hidden armoury. It's unguarded,
but Liliana still sneaks in under the cover of nightfall.

NISSA

--weapons. And now I'm surrounded by
weapons. Proving my point.

(beat)

I've been here, too. With Alfie. The
armoury in the woods. It looks

different at night, but still no guards. So why are you sneaking, Liliana?

Liliana walks slowly, carefully, footfalls as quiet as possible (but still makes sounds because we want the audience to know she's moving).

NISSA (CONT'D)

Ok, so you're definitely not supposed to be here now. What are we looking for?

Liliana finds a book and flips the pages open, looking for something in particular.

NISSA (CONT'D)

Great. A book that I can't read. Glyphs, symbols...

Liliana unsheathes her knife to cut a page out of its binding.

NISSA (CONT'D)

That's the same knife as before. And she doesn't want anyone to know a page is missing.

Liliana puts the page away and keeps looking.

NISSA (CONT'D)

A room full of weapons and you go for the book. Is this a message about the pen being mightier than the sword?

Liliana unsheathes Nothing.

NISSA (CONT'D)

I guess not. Taking the sword, too.

Lilian grabs the Cloak of Fenrir and leaves.

NISSA (CONT'D)

And a cloak. No, the Cloak. Oh, goddess. The Cloak of Fenrir. That's the Cloak of Fenrir. Which could keep someone hidden from--

193. Transition effect: Arcadia throne room. Come in mid-meeting again, but with a much smaller group- high council only.

NISSA (CONT'D)

--great, these assholes again. At least it's not the whole Court, just the Old Ones.

WODAN

--no, no, no. It has to be on a Wednesday; it's always been on a Wednesday and always will be on a Wednesday.

ROBIN

But...why?

WODAN

Because it has to be.

(beat, Mimir snide comment)

Because I said so.

MORGAN

There won't be enough children born for a proper Reaping on one day. They must be carefully selected according to the divine criteria.

ANAND

There's barely enough to go around as it is! Anand and her sisters are starving!

NISSA

Anand? Suspiciously resembles Black Annis. And speaks in third-person.

LILIANA

Perhaps if someone hadn't released a plague without thinking through all of the consequences...

MASTER OF SHADOW

The humans acted irrationally! How was I supposed to know they would blame and kill cats instead of rats?

ROBIN

Saw that coming a nautical mile away.

MORGAN

Plagues. Men work in manipulation and cravenness, bargains and diseases. Too emotional. Too cowardly to take decisive action and dirty your own hands.

Anand's claws spring forth.

ANAND

Anand can show these ones what dirty hands look like.

NISSA

Yup. Definitely Black Annis.

MASTER OF SHADOW

Those claws would need to be much faster to catch me, the fleetest of Wodan's Court!

ROBIN

I'm just going to concede this one. Morrigna, you've obviously got it all over me.

MORGAN

But not over the Master of Shadow, it seems. Come, my distant cousin. Come at us with your speed and your overcompensating name. We shall see who prevails.

WODAN

Enough! I want ninety newborn humans in Arcadia on Wednesday, and you all are going to make it happen, or so help me--

MAGISTER

Does it have to be the same Wednesday?

WODAN

And you are?

LILIANA

Forgive my husband, Wodan; he doesn't know not to interrupt when you are making a decree.

WODAN

No, but now that he has, what is so important that it couldn't wait? I do hope, for you and your poor widow's sake, it's something good.

MAGISTER

If numbers are the issue, and they must be taken on the same day of the week, why not stagger it over multiple Wednesdays?

ANAND

Foolish youngling, then the elder ones would have an advantage during the gauntlet.

MAGISTER

Make them separate cohorts. Take thirty fetches each time, over three years, in the three different seasons. I've read that number would be to your liking, lord Wodan?

WODAN

Indeed.

(beat, confirming with Mimir)

Perhaps we should decide the logistics of a split Reaping?

MORGAN

I suppose a split Reaping would solve some of the issues we face. Finding thirty proper babes would be easier than finding ninety. And would provide more leftovers.

LILIANA

(whispered to Magister)

You know it was my idea to spread out the Reaping timeline. How dare you take the credit for it?

MAGISTER
 (whispered)
 I don't know what you're talking about.

NISSA
 Smug, entitled asshole, taking what's--

194. Transition effect: Arcadia, Kent's bedroom.

NISSA (CONT'D)
 --hers. Fuck, how does this work? I
 can't just keep jumping around
 Liliana's memories.

MAGISTER
 --for the crimes of sedition, treason,
 and attempted rebellion, you are hereby
 sentenced to death.

LILIANA
 (whispered)
 Kent, you fool. Why must you have been
 your father's son?

MAGISTER
 To be carried out, now.

Muffled scream from Kent, cracking as the Magister plunges
 his sword through Kent's chest.

NISSA
 Fuck, I don't need to see this. I just
 want to know about how they defeated--

195. Transition effect: Magister and Liliana's estate,
 private chambers. They don't want to be overheard.

NISSA (CONT'D)
 --Wodan. Argh! Where am I now?

MAGISTER
 It can't go on like this. You know it,
 too.

LILIANA
 It is how it has always been. There's
 nothing to change.

MAGISTER

But it will change--that's what I'm saying, what he's saying. We can keep that from happening.

LILIANA

What you're suggesting, going against a god--our god--it's impossible.

MAGISTER

It's not impossible; it's just never been done.

LILIANA

He's omnipotent.

MAGISTER

He has a blind spot. I just need your help to get what we need from the armoury.

LILIANA

Even just discussing this puts us in danger.

MAGISTER

We are already in danger. You heard what he will do, what will happen to us. The only choice we have is whether we die as traitors or as slaughtered lambs.

NISSA

It's not linear. The memories keep jumping around, but this is at least close to what--

196. Transition effect- Arcadia, Wodan's throne room.
Continuation from teaser.

NISSA

--annnd this is the first memory over again.

LILIANA

(from teaser)

Lord Wodan is, as always, wise in all things.

MAGISTER

Perhaps, then, we must seem foolish to you, being so willing to help without gaining anything in return.

WODAN

Oh, you'll get what you're due, have no fear.

LILIANA

I believe my husband is missing the eloquence to suggest that this world you've created is beyond compare. That you can improve upon perfection is hard to realize.

WODAN

What the Magister lacks in charisma, you make up for in spades, Liliana. This world can be better, and I will make it so. Just as this world was better than the one I made before it.

MAGISTER

How?

WODAN

Ripping out at the root those that were too weak to thrive. Giving space to those that blossomed. Planting some new growth that might one day overtake what is already present. It's a delicate balance. You wouldn't understand.

MAGISTER

You'll create new Hidden.

WODAN

I'll create something else entirely. Something better.

MAGISTER

And destroy a majority of the Hidden in the process. A majority of my kingdom!

WODAN

A kingdom I gave to you. Lord Wodan giveth--

MAGISTER

How is that "better?"

WODAN

I never said it was better for you.

197. Transition effect: Arcadia, Wodan's throne room, a small time skip later. Voices are softer, like being listened to from around a corner--a private conversation we aren't meant to hear.

NISSA

No, this isn't right. There was a pattern to the memory jumps before. I need to think about what I want to see.

WODAN

But that, of course, leaves the dilemma of what exactly it is that you want to see.

MAGISTER

I want what any ruler wants: dominion over all, my kingdom vast and unending.

WODAN

How utterly uninspired. It's been done, over and over again in countless worlds, and let me tell you, it gets boring fast. No, it's much better to bring the curtain down before the happily ever after.

MAGISTER

I disagree.

WODAN

Of course you do. But there's no productivity, no satisfaction without

struggle, and you are well on your way to knocking over every hurdle that could possibly make things interesting.

MAGISTER

I didn't fight for "interesting." I clawed and schemed and used every tool available to achieve power, and to take that from me now--

WODAN

You really think that you have power? Do you forget where that power came from, forget whom you're talking to?

MAGISTER

Then there's obviously still at least one more thing standing between me and true power.

A threatening silence.

WODAN

You still didn't say what you wanted to see.

MAGISTER

I told you--

WODAN

Not you.

A beat.

NISSA

I want to see how you were beaten.

WODAN

Lady Liliana?

Liliana steps closer, the voices now clearer. The Magister didn't know she was there, and she didn't expect to be found out.

LILIANA

Yes, Wodan?

WODAN

Your husband made his views very clear.
What is it you want in the new world?

LILIANA

What I want to see?

NISSA

I want to see you defeated. I want to
see what Liliana did to make you weak,
to strike you down, to bind you. Show
me!

198. Transition effect: Arcadia, the Hidden dungeons. Deep
and abandoned, echoing caving and water dripping from
stalactites. Liliana leads Wodan deeper and deeper.

NISSA

This is deep, deep in Arcadia. Like the
dungeons Alfie and I were in, but
worse.

WODAN

Really, you're doing the right thing.

LILIANA

I know. But it's still difficult. To
betray someone who put their trust in
you.

WODAN

It's your pitiful husband that's the
betrayer, not you. And, truthfully? I'm
more than a bit relieved you came to
your senses before you went through
with his stupid plan.

LILIANA

You knew? That the Magister planned to
betray you?

WODAN

Of course I knew. I'm omniscient.

LILIANA

Then why didn't you act sooner? Smite
him before he put the plan into motion?

WODAN

If I had done that, you would have gone down with him before you chose to double-cross him. You should be thanking me.

LILIANA

But you said you were relieved I changed my mind. You weren't sure.

WODAN

There were two possible futures, one stronger than the other. But after your theft from the Hall of Relics, you made your choice, and reality crystallized.

LILIANA

Yes, I suppose it did.

WODAN

Now, is this the room where you were supposed to spring the trap on me?

LILIANA

It is.

They enter.

WODAN

Ah, the runes. Very nicely done.

NISSA

From the page she stole...there must be at least a hundred on the walls.

WODAN

Which means you not only know about my connection to Mimir but also how to sever it.

LILIANA

Was I right?

WODAN

Of course you were. But you could have fudged one just a little so the spell wouldn't hold.

MAGISTER

But then you would know I was coming.
Begone, Mimir.

The air becomes quieter. Like an ever-present echo is suddenly missing.

WODAN

Ah, Magister. You're picking up on my
dramatics, to your own detriment. Could
have stabbed me right in the back if
you didn't announce yourself.

MAGISTER

I want to see the look in your eyes
when you realize I've bested you.

WODAN

I'm afraid you're still two steps
behind me. Your treasonous plot has
already been revealed, and the truth
has come out.

MAGISTER

The "truth" was what you wanted to
hear, what was necessary to get you to
walk into a room so obviously warded to
rob you of your passenger--the one who
is actually omniscient.

WODAN

I can still tell fact from fiction--

LILIANA

My true form is a miniature pink
hippopotamus that eats the dreams of
tree frogs.

WODAN

See, nothing but the truth.
(beat, panicked)
Wait. You're lying. That has to be a
lie; how can you lie to me?

LILIANA

You've become too reliant on your
powers, Wodan. Whispers of schemes, the

alarm bells of falsehoods, visions of the future. You've forgotten how to see the world without your magic. You're so beholden to Mimir telling you the next swing of the sword--

MAGISTER

--that you've forgotten the danger of turning your back on your opponent!

Nothing swishes through the air and slices deep into the side of Wodan's neck, blood splattering on the stones.

NISSA

That nearly took his fucking head off!

WODAN

(roaring)

Magister! Betrayer! I will end you!

They fight (the most pathetic of fight descriptions).

NISSA

Okay, giant two-handed sword versus an unarmed, de-magicked tyrant slowly bleeding out from being nearly decapitated. This should be no contest.

Continued fight sounds.

NISSA (CONT'D)

But of course, he doesn't die. I know he doesn't die. So, how is he beaten? How is he bound?

LILIANA

(battle cry)

Liliana strikes faster, the metal of her knife clanging in a higher pitch- a rogue compared to Magister's barbarian.

NISSA

She fights like Mack. Or Mack fights like her. All these moves--the spin before she slashes at his face, the kick to his ribs. I've seen Mackenna do all of that. But she doesn't have the reach of Mack's scythe.

WODAN

You! You were lying the whole time. You never allied with me over him. How? How did you trick me?

The Magister's sword is knocked out of his hands.

NISSA

Magister's down. Wodan could take him out or focus on Liliana. Which one makes him fail?

WODAN

You reached too high, no-name. And now you fall!

LILIANA

(yells)

NISSA

He's still too cocky, he didn't watch his back. And now Liliana's got an arm around his throat and--

Moist squishing, popping, screaming from Wodan.

NISSA (CONT'D)

What is that...oh, fuck, that's gross. I guess that's how you pluck an eye out. It looks like a giant olive on a toothpick.

The eye becomes crystalline and clinks to the ground.

WODAN

(angry, pained screaming)

You ungrateful, pathetic waste of magic! You could have been great. You could have earned back the prestige of

your forebearers. But now, I will make sure that your bloodline ends with you.

LILIANA

That would sound much more threatening if you weren't bleeding out all over my nice runes.

NISSA

Yup, that's Mack's sass too.

WODAN

You think you can kill me? You may have separated me from Mimir, may have struck out my magic with your little knife, but I am immortal! I am a god! I will outlive you both!

MAGISTER

Good. I hope you do.

Magister picks Nothung up off the floor. He charges Wodan and impales him through the chest, the force of it driving the sword completely through his body and into the rock wall behind him, pinning Wodan in place.

NISSA

Holy shit. How much force did it take to get the sword all the way through Wodan? Was the Magister that strong when Mack fought him?

WODAN

(struggling)

No, no...

NISSA

And the other end is stuck in the wall.

LILIANA

Will that hold him?

MAGISTER

None without a vast well of magic can wield the sword. You may be immortal, but you are also trapped.

WODAN
(struggling)

LILIANA
And with Wodan trapped, there is no
Wild Hunt. No reset.

MAGISTER
No god of the Hidden People. None over
me.

WODAN
This isn't over. As long as I'm alive,
it will never be over. Not all will bow
to you, usurper.

MAGISTER
Then they will be hunted and
slaughtered like their false god.
(evil whisper)
The king is dead. Long live the king!

The Magister walks away, almost completely out of the room
before he calls back.

MAGISTER (CONT'D)
Liliana, come!

Liliana follows the Magister out.

WODAN
This...isn't...over.

Wodan scratches against the stone, breaking a rune as the
echo of Mimir returns to the sound environment.

NISSA
He's scratched one of the runes.
(beat, lightbulb)
To get Mimir back.
(beat)
That's how he watched for all those
years he was imprisoned.

199. Transition effect: Conley Hospital, the nursery wing. Newborn infants fuss and snuffle in their bassinets, but none cry out.

NISSA

Thistle Memorial Hospital? How does this...

LILIANA

(humming the same tune from 1.05)

NISSA

Oh. Baby Mack.

LILIANA

I don't have much time with you, little one. We don't feel attachment to changelings, and if I take too long, they'll get suspicious. But...

A twinkle of magic.

LILIANA (CONT'D)

Maybe it just took a couple tries to get your nose just right. Or the chubbiness in your cheeks. The little fat rolls in your arms. I always was a perfectionist when it came to the details. No one can begrudge me that.

NISSA

Even if all babies look the same.

LILIANA

Our bloodline is...well, mostly titles that no one cares about anymore. It's a line I thought would have ended long ago. But here you are. Continuing it. However diluted it might be.

NISSA

Maybe I should be grateful I missed the "making of" memory of Mack. I don't need that in my head.

LILIANA

There are quite a few things that are your birthright as my child, things that should be passed along to you, now or as you come of age. If all goes to plan, you'll never know you're deserving of those things; you'll never possess our family's treasure or titles. If all goes to plan, you'll live as a nobody. But there is one title I can give you now, one true title over whatever else the humans might call you.

(whispered into baby Mackenna's ear)
I name thee...

Liliana hums as she carries Mackenna out of the ward.

NISSA

Hey, wait!

(beat)

Wait? This is Liliana's memory. I should be following her.

(lightbulb)

But this is Mack's memory now.

Some babies start crying.

LEE

Under the best circumstances, Nissa doesn't do well with children. But trapped in a memory where she was not supposed to be, with dozens of magical memory newborns becoming more and more agitated at her presence?

More babies crying, louder.

NISSA

Okay, I get it, you want me out, too. I'm going; I'm going.

LEE

Fortunately, the memories Mackenna had locked away are also willing to give her a way out, in the form of the same way she came in: a giant, ominous crack in the wall, glowing with celestial light.

NISSA

Mack needs to know about all of this.

Nissa steps through the wall. Enveloped as in 319.

LEE

But not just Mackenna. What Nissa found in those memories will change everything. Will possibly save the world.

THE END