

# THE DB COOPER INCIDENT

A High Retention Documentary style mystery script

Estimated Runtime: 18-22 Minutes

## 1. THE COLD OPEN (0:00 - 1:30)

[AUDIO CUE: Wind howling at 200 mph. A deep, sub bass drone that vibrates in your chest. Then, the mechanical grinding of a Boeing 727 rear airstair lowering mid-flight.]

[VISUAL CUE: Black screen. White text punches in, one line at a time, synced to a heartbeat:]

NOVEMBER 24, 1971.

10,000 FEET.

SOMEWHERE OVER SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON.

THE REAR DOOR IS OPEN.

[VISUAL CUE: Smash cut to a reconstructed shot, a man's silhouette standing at the edge of an open airstair. Rain and wind tears cross the frame. We never see his face. His dark suit jacket whips violently. He's holding a canvas bag. He looks down into nothing but black.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

He steps to the edge.

Below him, freezing rain. Hundred mile an hour wind. Total darkness. Seven thousand feet of dense Pacific Northwest Forest with no roads, no lights, no landing zone.

He is wearing loafers.

A clip-on tie.

And a thin business suit.

[AUDIO CUE: The drone cuts to dead silence.]

[VISUAL CUE: Black screen. Single line of white text:]

HE JUMPED ANYWAY.

NARRATOR (V.O.):

And here's the thing that's going to keep you up tonight.

Two F,106 fighter jets were trailing this plane. Military radar was tracking every inch of its flight path. The FBI had agents on the ground within hours. They launched the largest, most expensive manhunt in American history.

They searched forty-five years.

[VISUAL CUE: Quick montage, FBI file cabinets, aerial forest footage, a composite sketch appearing on newspaper front pages, a map of the Pacific Northwest with search grids overlaid, aging agents at press conferences.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

And they never found him.

No body. No parachute. No footprints. Nothing.

A man jumped out of a moving airplane, surrounded by the full weight of the United States military and federal law enforcement, and simply... dissolved.

[Beat.]

How?

[VISUAL CUE: Glitch effect. The composite sketch fills the screen, that famous, almost smirking face with dark sunglasses. Text overlays: "D.B. COOPER, AMERICA'S ONLY UNSOLVED SKYJACKING."]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Now, you've probably heard this story before. Everybody has. The man who hijacked a plane and vanished with two hundred thousand dollars. Most documentaries will tell you the same thing: he probably died in the jump. Case closed.

But we're not doing that.

Because there was one piece of evidence, overlooked for decades, that changes everything. A piece of evidence so small it could only be seen under an electron microscope.

And it tells us exactly who D.B. Cooper was.

[AUDIO CUE: A single, ominous piano note. Then a low, building score begins.]

[VISUAL CUE: Slow zoom into the composite sketch's dark sunglasses. Fade to black. Title card: THE DB COOPER INCIDENT.]

## 2. THE INCITING INCIDENT (1:30 - 5:00)

[VISUAL CUE: Archival footage, 1971 America. Nixon is on television. Vietnam War helicopters. Bell bottoms. Then: an airport terminal. People walking straight to gates. No metal detectors. No ID checks. A man lights a cigarette at his seat on a commercial airplane. A stewardess smiles and hands him an ashtray.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

To understand what happened, you have to understand 1971.

There was no TSA. There were no body scanners. No bag checks. No passenger manifests cross-referenced with federal databases. You bought an airline ticket the way you'd buy a movie ticket. Cash. A name, any name. And you walked onto the plane.

Air travel in 1971 was the Wild West in a pressurized cabin.

[VISUAL CUE: A calendar page, November 24, 1971. Overlay text: "Thanksgiving Eve." Cut to stock footage of a rain soaked Portland, Oregon airport.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

It's the night before Thanksgiving. Portland International Airport. Four o'clock in the afternoon.

Northwest Orient Airlines, Flight 305. A short hop, Portland to Seattle. Thirty-six passengers. Routine. Boring. The kind of flight you forget five minutes after you land.

[VISUAL CUE: Interior of a period, accurate 727 cabin. A man in a dark suit takes a seat in row 18. Middle-aged. Average height. Average build. Dark sunglasses. He orders a bourbon and soda.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

A man boards and sits in seat 18C. The rear of the aircraft. He gives the name Dan Cooper.

He's polite. Calm. Unremarkable in every way. The kind of man you'd sit next to on a bus and forget immediately.

He lights a cigarette.

And then he does something that will consume the FBI for the next half century.

[VISUAL CUE: Close up, a hand sliding a folded note across an armrest toward a stewardess. The stewardess is Florence Schaffner. She's young and professional. She glances at the note, smiles politely, and drops it into her purse without reading it.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

He hands a note to the flight attendant. Her name is Florence Schaffner. She's twenty-three years old. And she doesn't read it.

[Beat.]

She thinks he's hitting on her.

[AUDIO CUE: Record scratch. A brief, disarming moment, the tension pops.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

She gets notes from passengers all the time. Phone numbers. Dinner invitations. She's used to it. She drops it into her purse and keeps walking.

But the man in 18C leans toward her.

[VISUAL CUE: Close up on the man's mouth. He speaks calmly.]

NARRATOR (V.O.), quoting Cooper:

"Miss, you'd better look at that note. I have a bomb."

[AUDIO CUE: Score drops to a low, sustained tension drone.]

[VISUAL CUE: Florence Schaffner's face. Her smile vanishes. She opens the note. Cut to a recreation of the note's text, handwritten on screen:]

"I HAVE A BOMB IN MY BRIEFCASE.  
I WILL USE IT IF NECESSARY.  
I WANT YOU TO SIT NEXT TO ME.  
YOU ARE BEING HIJACKED."

NARRATOR (V.O.):

She sits down. He opens his briefcase, just a crack. She sees red cylinders. Wires. A large battery. It looks real.

He's calm. Almost gentle. He doesn't yell. He doesn't threaten her life directly. He just... explains the situation. Like he's ordering room service.

[VISUAL CUE: The note is passed up the aisle to the cockpit. The captain reads it. His face drains.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

He has four demands.

Two hundred thousand dollars in "negotiable American currency." Four parachutes, two primary, two reserves. A fuel truck standing by in Seattle to refuel the aircraft. And no funny business.

That's a direct quote.

No funny business.

[VISUAL CUE: Air traffic control tower. Phones ringing. FBI agents scrambling. President Nixon's office is notified. A bank in Seattle begins assembling the ransom.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

The plane circles Puget Sound for two hours while the FBI scrambles. They photograph every single bill, all ten thousand of them. Twenty-dollar bills, serial numbers recorded, organized into a specific sequence so they can be tracked.

They deliver the money and the parachutes to the aircraft at Seattle, Tacoma Airport.

Cooper releases all thirty-six passengers and two of the flight attendants.

Then he gives his final instructions.

[Beat.]

NARRATOR (V.O.), quoting Cooper:

"Fly me to Mexico City. Keep the altitude below ten thousand feet. Keep the landing gear down. Keep the flaps at fifteen degrees. And keep the rear airstair unlocked."

[VISUAL CUE: Slow push in on a diagram of a Boeing 727's rear airstair, the unique ventral staircase that lowers from the tail of the aircraft. Text overlay: "The 727 was the ONLY commercial aircraft with a rear airstair that could be deployed in flight."]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

And this is where it gets interesting.

Because of that instruction, those exact flight specifications told the FBI something crucial. This man was not some desperate amateur. He knew the 727. He knew its unique design. He knew what no ordinary passenger would know.

He knew the back door could open mid-flight.

### **3. ACT I: THE RABBIT HOLE (5:00 - 12:00)**

[VISUAL CUE: Map animation, the 727 takes off from Seattle heading south. Its route illuminated like a thin white thread across a dark map of Washington State. Two red dots, the F,106 fighter jets, follow behind at a distance. Rain lashes the map.]

[AUDIO CUE: Building orchestral tension. Rain and engine noise layered underneath.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

7:40 PM. The plane takes off from Seattle. Heading south toward Reno, Nevada , a refueling stop on the way to Mexico City.

On board: the flight crew, one remaining flight attendant, a woman named Tina Mucklow, and the man calling himself Dan Cooper. He's in the rear of the cabin. Alone.

He sends Tina to the cockpit.

He tells her to close the curtain.

And then, at approximately 8:13 PM, the pilots notice something.

[VISUAL CUE: Cockpit instruments. A pressure gauge needle flickers. The pilots exchange looks.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

The cabin pressure fluctuates. A warning light activates. The rear airstairs have been deployed.

The pilots radio air traffic control.

[VISUAL CUE: Text overlay of the actual pilot transmission:]

"HE'S DONE IT. HE'S JUMPED."

[AUDIO CUE: Wind blast. Then silence.]

[VISUAL CUE: Aerial shot, the forested darkness of the Lewis River area, southwest Washington. Rain. Mountains. An absolute void of civilization.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Somewhere between southern Washington and northern Oregon, the exact location is still debated, a man in a business suit, carrying two hundred thousand dollars strapped to his body, stepped off the back of a Boeing 727 at ten thousand feet, into a freezing rainstorm, at night, and fell into the largest, densest wilderness in the continental United States.

And what followed was the biggest manhunt in American history.

[VISUAL CUE: Rapid montage, FBI agents combing forests, military helicopters sweeping treelines with searchlights, dogs tracking through mud, local sheriff departments joining the search, newspapers with massive "SKYJACKER VANISHES" headlines.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

The FBI deployed hundreds of agents across two states. The Army brought in special forces units experienced in jungle search and recovery. They had a rough drop zone calculated from the flight path and the moment of the pressure change. They searched over eight hundred square miles of forest.

Think about that for a second. Eight hundred square miles. That's roughly the size of the entire city of London.

They searched for eighteen days straight.

They found nothing.

No parachute. No money. No body. No scraps of clothing. No broken branches. No disturbed ground. Nothing.

[VISUAL CUE: A map showing the search grid slowly zooming out, showing how impossibly vast the terrain is. Dense forest canopy from satellite imagery.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

And so, the investigation pivoted. If they couldn't find the man, they'd find someone who knew the man.

The FBI released a composite sketch based on descriptions from the flight crew. And this is the face you know.

[VISUAL CUE: The iconic D.B. Cooper composite sketch fills the screen. The dark, receding hair. The thin lips. The dark sunglasses. The slightly smug expression.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Now, quick sidebar. His name isn't actually D.B. Cooper. He bought the ticket under the name Dan

Cooper. A reporter misheard the name when calling the FBI, wrote "D.B. Cooper" in his story, and it stuck. The media ran with it. Even the FBI eventually gave up correcting people.

So, the legend was born, not from a fact, but from a typo.

[VISUAL CUE: Newspaper clippings cycling, "D.B. Cooper" name appearing repeatedly. Then: FBI field offices. Tip lines ringing. Filing cabinets filling up.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Over the next decade, the FBI investigated over a thousand suspects. Seriously, over a thousand. Anyone who vaguely matched the description. Military men. Skydivers. Engineers. Disgruntled airline employees. Con men with rap sheets.

And every single lead went cold.

The case earned a name inside the Bureau. They called it NORJAK. Northwest Hijacking. And slowly, painfully, a consensus began to form among investigators.

He was dead.

He had to be dead.

[VISUAL CUE: A list, presented as typed FBI case notes, appearing on screen:]

#### FACTORS AGAINST SURVIVAL:

Temperature at jump altitude, 7°C (19°F)

Wind speed: 80,100 mph

Visibility: ZERO (nighttime, heavy rain)

Terrain: Dense, unforgiving forest

Equipment: Unsuitable clothing (loafers, thin suit, no helmet)

Parachute: One of the reserves was a training dummy (nonfunctional)

Experience: Unknown. Possibly none.

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Look at that list. Freezing rain. Hurricane-force wind. Total darkness. No helmet, no jumpsuit, no altimeter, no reserve chute, because, by the way, one of the parachutes the FBI gave him was a dummy, a training unit that was sewn shut and couldn't deploy.

He picked the other one. Which means he either got lucky, or he knew the difference.

Still. The consensus was clear. The official FBI position, held for decades, was that D.B. Cooper did not survive the jump.

Case closed.

Except it wasn't.

[AUDIO CUE: Music cuts to dead silence. A single, low heartbeat begins.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Because in 1980, nine years after the hijacking, something turned up.

Something that shattered the "he died and rotted in the woods" theory. Something is impossible.

[VISUAL CUE: A slow dissolve from the forest canopy to a sandy riverbank. A child's hand brushing sand away from something partially buried. The camera pushes in tight.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

And this is where the story you think you know... ends.

And the real investigation begins.

## 4. ACT II: THE TWIST (12:00, 20:00)

[VISUAL CUE: A photograph, grainy, sun, washed. Tena Bar, a sandy stretch along the Columbia River, nine miles southwest of downtown Portland. February 1980. A family on a weekend outing.]

[AUDIO CUE: A quiet, uneasy score begins, investigative, almost clinical.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

February 10th, 1980. A family is picnicking along the Columbia River. Their eight-year-old son, Brian Ingram, is digging in the sand to build a campfire pit.

His fingers hit something.

Three bundles of cash. Rotting. Rubber bands disintegrated. But the bills, still legible.

Twenty, dollar bills.

[VISUAL CUE: Close, up of the deteriorated bills. Then, a match animation showing the serial numbers aligning perfectly with the FBI's recorded ransom serial numbers.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

The serial numbers matched. This was D.B. Cooper's money. \$5,800 of the original \$200,000. Found nine years later, buried in a riverbank, roughly twenty miles from where the FBI believed Cooper jumped.

Now, think about what this means.

If Cooper died in the forest where the FBI believed he landed, how did his money end up here? Twenty miles away? Buried in river sand?

[VISUAL CUE: Map overlay, the FBI's estimated drop zone marked in red. Tena Bar marked in blue. The distance between them is highlighted. The Columbia River's flow direction indicated with arrows.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

The FBI had two options. Either the money washed downstream through tributaries over the course of nine years, which hydrologists said was possible but incredibly unlikely given the condition of the bundles, or Cooper landed somewhere completely different from where they'd been searching.

For nine years.

Finding that money was like finding a specific grain of sand on a beach. And it raised more questions than it answered.

But here's what really matters. Here's the clue that should have blown the case wide open and instead sat in an FBI evidence locker for decades before anyone took it seriously.

[VISUAL CUE: Slow zoom on an evidence bag. Inside: a black, clip-on necktie. JC Penney brand. Thin. Unremarkable.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

The tie.

When Cooper boarded that plane, he was wearing a narrow black clip on tie. Before he jumped, he removed it. Left it on his seat. It was collected as evidence and filed away.

For thirty years, nobody did much with it.

Then, in 2009, a citizen scientist named Tom Kaye, a paleontologist and amateur investigator, convinced the FBI to let him examine the tie under an electron microscope.

And what he found changed everything.

[VISUAL CUE: Electron microscope imagery. Extreme close up on fibers of the tie. Tiny particles embedded in the fabric, glowing, metallic, alien looking against the cloth fibers.]

[AUDIO CUE: The score shifts, deeper, more ominous. A revelation is coming.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Embedded in the fibers of Cooper's tie were microscopic particles. Not dust. Not dirt. Specific, identifiable chemical compounds.

Titanium.

Stainless steel with a high sulfur content.

And this is the critical one, cerium. A rare earth element.

[VISUAL CUE: Each element name appears on screen in large, stark typography as it's named. Then, a graphic showing where these elements are used industrially.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Now, you might be thinking, okay, metals on a tie. So what?

Here's what.

In 1971, this specific combination of particles, titanium, stainless steel with high sulfur machining characteristics, and cerium, was not found in general manufacturing. It wasn't found in auto shops, in construction, and in plumbing. This combination existed in one industry.

Aerospace.

[VISUAL CUE: Archival footage of 1970s Boeing manufacturing plants. Workers in white coats handling titanium panels. Chemical vapor deposition chambers. Testing facilities.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Specifically, the chemical signature on Cooper's tie was consistent with someone who worked in the manufacture or testing of titanium components for supersonic aircraft and advanced aerospace systems. The cerium was used in cathode ray tubes in early high-tech displays, the kind found in military and aerospace engineering.

This wasn't a drifter. This wasn't a desperate criminal.

D.B. Cooper was almost certainly an engineer.

And not just any engineer. Someone with access to cutting edge aerospace technology. Someone who understood aircraft systems intimately. Someone who knew the 727 had a rear airstair. Someone who knew it could be deployed on flight. Someone who specified exact flap settings and altitude, settings that would slow the plane enough to make a survivable jump.

[VISUAL CUE: The composite sketch reappears, but now overlaid with text: "ENGINEER? BOEING EMPLOYEE? MILITARY CONTRACTOR?"]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

The tie particles pointed to the Pacific Northwest aerospace corridor. In 1971, that meant one place above all others.

Boeing.

Boeing's headquarters were in Seattle. Their 727 was manufactured in Renton, Washington. Thousands of engineers worked in Boeing, adjacent industries across the Pacific Northwest. And one of them, apparently, decided to hijack the very plane he may have helped build.

[Beat.]

But knowing what Cooper was isn't the same as knowing who Cooper was.

And this is where we need to talk about the suspects. Because there's one, one in particular, whose story is so eerily close to the Cooper profile that even the FBI couldn't fully dismiss him.

[VISUAL CUE: A photograph slides onto screen, Richard Floyd McCoy Jr. Clean,cut. Military. Confident eyes.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Richard Floyd McCoy Jr. Former Green Beret. Vietnam helicopter pilot. Experienced skydiver. In April 1972, just five months after the Cooper hijacking, McCoy hijacked a United Airlines 727 out of Denver. He used almost identical methods. He demanded \$500,000 and four parachutes. He jumped from the rear airstair over Utah.

He was caught two days later.

[VISUAL CUE: McCoy's mugshot. FBI arrest photos. The money recovered from his home.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

The parallels are staggering. Same aircraft type. Same method. Same escape technique. McCoy even matched the general physical description, though the flight attendants from Flight 305 could never positively identify him.

The FBI considered McCoy a prime suspect. Some agents were convinced it was him.

But and I need you to hold this thought, because we're going to come back to it; the FBI officially ruled McCoy out. Their stated reason? The flight attendants said Cooper appeared older, and McCoy didn't match some physical details.

McCoy was killed in 1974 during an escape from prison. Shot by FBI agents. He never confessed. He never denied it.

And the case stayed open.

[VISUAL CUE: The FBI case file, stamped "UNSOLVED." Slowly closing.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Over the decades, more than fifty serious suspects have been proposed. Robert Rackstraw , a Vietnam vet and con artist with demolition training. Sheridan Peterson, a Boeing engineer and avid skydiver who lived near the drop zone. Kenneth Christiansen, a former Army paratrooper who worked for Northwest Orient Airlines and reportedly made a deathbed confession to his brother.

Each one had pieces that fit. None had all of them.

And in July 2016, forty-five years after a man in a clip-on tie vanished into a rainstorm, the FBI officially closed the case.

No arrest. No identification. No resolution.

[AUDIO CUE: The score fades to near silence. Just the sound of wind.]

## **5. THE CLIMAX & RESOLUTION (20:00 - End)**

[VISUAL CUE: Return to the opening shot, the reconstructed silhouette at the open airstair. Rain. Wind. Darkness below. But now the camera slowly circles around to where his face would be, and there's nothing. Just shadow.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

So let me connect the threads for you.

A man with aerospace engineering knowledge, possibly from Boeing or a Boeing subcontractor, boards a plane under a fake name on Thanksgiving Eve. He knows the aircraft's unique design. He knows the jump specifications. He's calm, methodical, and almost polite. He takes \$200,000 and four parachutes and steps into the void.

The FBI can't find him. Not in the forest. Not in their databases. Not in forty-five years of investigation.

Nine years later, some of his money surfaces on a riverbank, twenty miles from where they were looking. But only \$5,800 to \$200,000. The rest has never surfaced. Not a single bill has been spent, deposited, or detected in circulation. Ever.

[VISUAL CUE: Animated timeline, 1971 to present. Markers for each major event. The money discovery. The tie analysis. The case closure. A vast stretch of... nothing.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

And embedded in his discarded tie, the only physical object he left behind, a chemical fingerprint pointing to one of the most advanced industrial sectors in the country.

Here's what I think happened. And I want to be clear, this is synthesis, not fact.

I think Cooper survived.

Not because I'm romantic about it. But because of the money. Two hundred thousand dollars in 1971 is roughly one point four million today. If Cooper died in those woods, his body would have been carrying that cash, strapped to his chest, by all accounts. The search teams would have found it. Or some of it. Animals would have scattered it. Decomposition would have spread it.

Instead, a tiny fraction appears twenty miles away, in a location inconsistent with the drop zone, buried in a way that suggests it was placed or lost near water, not carried there by a dead man's current.

[VISUAL CUE: Map, drop zone, river systems, Tena Bar. Animated water flow versus the money's location.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

I think he landed far from where the FBI expected, because their drop zone calculation was based on the pressure change in the cabin, and Cooper may have waited several minutes after opening the stairs before actually jumping. That alone shifts the landing zone by miles.

I think he buried or lost some of the money near the Columbia River, possibly crossing it as part of his escape, and the rest went with him into a life we'll never trace.

I think the tie particles tell us he had the technical skill to plan this. And I think he's calm, his specificity; his knowledge of the aircraft tells us he had rehearsed it, mentally if not physically, for a very long time.

But here's the question I actually want to leave you with. And it's not "Who was D.B. Cooper?"

It's this:

[VISUAL CUE: Black screen. White text:]

WHY DO WE WANT HIM TO WIN?

[AUDIO CUE: A slow, almost melancholic piano theme begins.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Think about it. This man committed a federal crime. He terrorized a flight crew. He threatened to blow up an airplane full of people the night before Thanksgiving. By every legal and moral standard, he's a criminal.

And yet.

He's a folk hero. There are D.B. Cooper festivals. D.B. Cooper bars and breweries. Songs, movies, and TV shows. People wear his composite sketches on t-shirts. He's celebrated. He's admired.

Why?

[VISUAL CUE: Montage, Cooper-themed festivals, murals, merchandise, movie posters, cultural references.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

Because in 1971, America was exhausted. Vietnam. Watergate was just around the corner. The government was lying. The corporations were faceless. The system felt rigged, heavy, grinding, and inescapable.

And then this man, this quiet, polite, ordinary looking man, beat the system. He didn't hurt anyone. He said "please" and "thank you." He called the flight attendant "Miss." He left a tip for his bourbon.

And then he vanished.

He became the ultimate American fantasy, the little guy who outsmarts the machine and disappears into the wilderness with the money. No violence. No victims. Just gone.

[Beat.]

We don't root for D.B. Cooper because he was good.

We rooted for him because the world he escaped from felt bad.

And fifty years later, isn't it still?

[VISUAL CUE: The composite sketch one final time. But slowly, the sunglasses darken until the entire image fades to black. Only the outline remains, then that, too, vanishes.]

[AUDIO CUE: The piano theme resolves a single, unresolved note, not quite finished. Lingering.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

The FBI closed the case in 2016. But citizen investigators, scientists like Tom Kaye, and independent researchers continue to this day. New suspects emerge every few years. New analysis techniques are applied to the tie, the money, the flight data.

Someone, somewhere, knows who D.B. Cooper was. Maybe he told his wife. Maybe he told his son. Maybe he wrote it down and sealed it in an envelope marked "Open after I'm gone."

Or maybe he never told anyone.

Maybe that was the point.

[VISUAL CUE: Slow fade up, the open airstair of a 727, seen from below, disappearing into cloud cover. Rain falls toward the camera.]

NARRATOR (V.O.):

If this kept you up at night the way it kept me up, you'll want to see what we're working on next. There's a case that's even stranger. A man who didn't disappear but should have. Subscribe so you don't miss it.

[VISUAL CUE: End screen, subscribe button, next video thumbnail. The composite sketch watermarked faintly in the background.]

[AUDIO CUE: The score fades. The wind returns. Then, silence.]