

L O V E L O C K

Written by

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5th Draft

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FADE IN - THE BOY

2.

Nondescript location. THE BOY is confused, haggard, lost.

THE BOY

(panting)

What am I doing? Why am I here? How
did I let this happen?

The Boy slowly bows his head and looks down.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE: LOVELOCK

3.

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

4.

THE BOY, in a grease-stained uniform and cap, checks a timer. His hands move quickly to pull crispy chicken pieces out of the fryer.

CUT TO:

A stack of empty chicken baskets being filled with hot, golden-brown chicken. The Boy's hands expertly arrange the pieces, making sure each basket is filled perfectly.

CUT TO:

A row of sauces being dispensed into cups. The Boy's fingers move deftly, squeezing each bottle with precision.

CUT TO:

A tray of fresh biscuits being pulled from the oven. The Boy uses tongs to place them neatly onto a cooling rack.

CUT TO:

The Boy hands a customer a large bag filled with chicken and sides, his movements swift and practiced. The customer nods in appreciation.

CUT TO:

The Boy cleans a spill on the counter, wiping it up with a cloth. His face shows concentration as he works to keep the area spotless.

CUT TO:

The Boy checks the fryers one last time, turning off the heat and giving them a final wipe-down.

The fryers cool as he moves away.

CUT TO:

The Boy puts away the last batch of chicken in the warming drawer. He sets the trays neatly and closes the drawer with a satisfied nod.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

5.

The Boy enters the restroom. He closes the door behind him and locks it with a click. The room is quiet except for the hum of a small fan.

CUT TO:

The Boy takes off his greasy uniform and cap, tossing them into a laundry bin. He reaches into a duffel bag hanging on the door hook.

CUT TO:

The Boy pulls out a pair of jeans, a denim shirt, a vest, and cowboy boots. He changes quickly, his movements efficient and practiced.

CUT TO:

The Boy adjusts his vest and boots, checking his reflection in the small mirror above the sink. He straightens his shirt and gives a final nod to himself.

CUT TO:

The Boy gathers up his dirty work clothes, stuffing them into the duffel bag. He zips it up and slings it over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

The Boy opens the restroom door and steps out, now dressed in his jeans, denim shirt, vest, and cowboy boots. He pauses for a moment, taking a deep breath.

CUT TO:

He heads toward the exit, his footsteps echoing slightly in the now-quiet fast food joint.

CUT TO:

The Boy opens the door, a rush of sunlight streaming in. He steps out, taking a deep breath of the fresh, outside air.

CUT TO:

The door swings shut behind him with a solid thud. The fast food joint settles back into its usual hum, the scene fading as the door closes.

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - CONTINUOUS

6.

Outside, THE GIRL is waiting. The two begin walking.

EXT. CITY - DAY

7.

A bustling cityscape painted in VINTAGE COLOR. The noise and chaos of urban life fill the air as we focus on THE BOY and THE GIRL.

As the following scenes play out, the NARRATOR'S voice tells an opening story.

THE NARRATOR

Way out in the heart of the desert, where the stars watch over us with unblinking eyes, lies a tale that digs deep into the soul. This ain't just about love; it's about what love makes us capable of facing, enduring, and ultimately, transcending.

He pauses, then continues.

THE NARRATOR

It's a tale about a young couple, much like any two young folks you might know, full of dreams and daring. But this story, it's got a bit more to it - twists of fate, tests of faith, and a love that echoes right through this desert. The story of the Lovelock ghosts, well, it's woven into the very sands beneath our feet. Over time, the details have been blurred. The timeline - completely obscured. But all the same, it's a saga of love that faced the ultimate test - a journey not just through dark caves but through the darker corners of their own fears and desires.

Another pause.

THE NARRATOR

See, love ain't just a warm feeling or a promise of good days.

(MORE)

THE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It's the fire that burns through
doubt, the light that guides
through despair, and the bond that,
once truly forged, can never be
broken - even by death itself.

EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS

8.

They appear young and in love, eager to escape the clutches of their mundane city lives. The Boy, dressed in Western attire, his cowboy hat covering a mop of hair, slings an acoustic guitar over his shoulder, while The Girl, dressed in a simple, white cotton dress dress, clutches a backpack.

The camera follows them as they make their way to the city's edge. Their laughter contrasts with the monotony of the city. As they reach the outskirts, the scene shifts to a sunlit road lined with the last remnants of urban sprawl.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

9.

As they walk along the road, an antediluvian pickup truck rattles towards them. The paint, once bright and vibrant, is now faded and chipped. The trucks pulls over.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The MAN, an older man with a weathered face, nods silently as The Boy gestures towards the west.

THE BOY

(intertitle)

"Can you take us to the
crossroads?"

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

10.

The Man nods and opens the tailgate. They climb into the truck bed, shifting the clutter around. There are boards and various items in the bed. The Boy picks up an old RADIO and smiles. The Man, seeing the Boy's interest, returns the smile.

THE MAN

(intertitle)

"Take it! It's junk to me."

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

11.

The truck door SLAMS, the engine CRANKS.

The Boy settles in with the Girl, the guitar case resting beside them.

Truck gears GRIND. The truck lurches forward.

The Boy fumbles with the radio, toggles the power, and voilà, the radio SPEAKS with a voice from days gone by:

THE RADIO
(music and static)
...weather looks like fair skies
through Thursday are high. Should
be into the eighties or the
nineties even lows down into the
forties, once again, currently
we've got 64 degrees here at KCBN...
Dave Price is up for you next with
a lot more good music and movies.
KCBN Reno. It's 9:59.

The Boy turns the dial. Static and weak signal.

THE RADIO
...KRLT, South Lake Tahoe transmitting
from Harvey's Resort Hotel...

The truck rumbles along, leaving the city behind. The landscape transforms slowly from structured city blocks to open, unending horizons. The colors begin to saturate from BLACK & WHITE, emphasizing the transition from their old life to their new adventure.

EXT. CROSSROADS

12.

The truck stops abruptly at the crossroads – one path paved, the other, dusty and untraveled.

The man gets out of truck, opens the tailgate and points westward, towards the dirt road.

THE MAN
(intertitle)
"I'm old, but I ain't ready to go
down that road just yet."

...and with a nod, they disembark. The camera captures a long, silent moment as they look down the road that stretches into the desert.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

13.

The Boy and The Girl start their trek down the dirt road, their backs to the camera. As they walk further, the VIBRANT COLOR becomes grainy BLACK & WHITE. The desert around them is vast and unyielding, with only the sound of their footsteps and the distant strum of a guitar string breaking the silence.

THE NARRATOR

It's said, and I reckon I believe
 it, that on nights just like
 tonight, when the wind's just
 right, you can hear that pretty
 little Girl's voice, soft and
 sorrowful, lamenting a love that's
 both lost and found.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - CONTINUOUS

14.

An aerial shot reveals the enormity of the desert and their tiny figures against the sprawling, rugged terrain. The black and white film emphasizes the isolation and the surreal journey ahead, their path a narrow trail in the vast sands of time.

There's something in the periphery – The Boy glances to his left and witnesses:

INSERT BACKGROUND

15.

Walking in the distance is a couple that seems to be an exact replica of he and The Girl. The Boy, walks steadily with guitar strapped to his back. The Girl runs ahead, dancing and skipping with childlike movements.

BACK TO SCENE

16.

The Boy blinks and the illusion is gone.

The camera pans up to the sky.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - EVENING

17.

As the sun begins its descent, painting the horizon in hues of orange and purple, The Boy and The Girl find themselves in a secluded part of the desert. They set up a small campsite beside a gnarled, ancient juniper tree whose twisted branches seem to whisper stories of old. The air is cool and carries a hint of sagebrush.

With a crackling fire before them, casting flickering shadows and warm light on their faces, The Boy pulls out his guitar. The wear on the instrument tells of many songs played under many skies. He tunes the strings with a practiced ear, the metallic twangs blending with the soft rustle of the desert wind.

The Girl, with a scarf around her neck, stands up as the first chords strum through the air. The music is haunting – a blend of American Western tunes with the melancholic sway of old gypsy melodies.

It's as if the guitar weeps and laughs in the same breath, echoing the vast, open landscape around them.

The Girl begins to dance, her movements fluid and unbound. Her dance is not just a dance, but a storytelling, each step and twirl weaving tales of joy, sorrow, and freedom. As she moves, she begins to sing. Her voice is clear and poignant, rising and falling with the melody. The words, though simple, speak of longing and belonging, of roads traveled and the journey yet to come.

The Boy watches her with a mix of awe and adoration. His fingers caress the guitar strings, guiding the melody as if weaving a spell. The music swells, filling the vast emptiness around them, a stark contrast to the silence of the desert.

The camera captures the intimate details: the sparks from the fire ascending into the twilight sky, the silhouettes of the couple against the fiery backdrop, and the stark shadows cast by the firelight. It pans around them, capturing the isolation and the beauty of their moment—two souls bound by love and music in the middle of nowhere.

The Girl stands behind the flames, arms stretched upward - as if her wrists are bound. She strikes a morbid pose.

THE GIRL
(Intertitle)
"Look! I'm Joan of Arc."

The Boy smiles and shakes his head.

INSERT: BACKGROUND 18.

Far in the BACKGROUND, a small fire. A Girl stands behind the flames, arms stretched upward - as if her wrists are bound. She strikes a morbid pose. A Boy plays guitar.

BACK TO SCENE 19.

As the song continues, the camera focuses on their faces, reflecting the fire's glow and the deepening shades of the sunset. The scene symbolizes not just their love, but also their voyage into the unknown. The desert around them, vast and indifferent, mirrors their isolation and the intensity of their connection.

As the song ends, they sit close together, wrapped in a shared blanket, the guitar resting against The Boy's knee. They watch the fire die down to embers, and the stars begin to pierce the twilight. The tranquility of the moment envelops them, and they lean on each other, finding comfort in the silence that follows the music.

This scene, laden with emotion and beauty, captures the essence of their journey and the depth of their bond, as they pause in their escape to celebrate their togetherness, even in the face of the unknown that lies ahead.

FADE TO BLACK:

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EXT. OPEN DESERT - MORNING

21.

The morning after their serene musical evening, The Boy and The Girl resume their journey. The desert landscape shifts subtly as they walk; the terrain grows rockier, and sparse vegetation dots the area. In the distance, they spot an old, weather-beaten structure that stands out starkly against the barren backdrop.

The Boy motions to The Girl.

THE BOY
(Intertitle)
"That's it. That's his place."

EXT. OPEN DESERT - LATER

22.

In the distance, a dilapidated dwelling with walls of sun-bleached wood, a tin roof that seems to have seen better days, and windows patched with pieces of cloth. A sense of timelessness pervades the scene.

The Druid greets an IDENTICAL COUPLE in the periphery. The Boy blinks and they are gone.

EXT. DRUID'S DWELLING - MOMENTS LATER

23.

As they approach the dwelling, they are greeted by THE DRUID, a stoic man of Asian descent. His appearance is simple yet dignified, wearing a faded linen shirt and well-worn pants. His face is marked with lines of wisdom and kindness.

THE DRUID
(Intertitle)
"Kumusta Mga Kaibigan."

He smiles and motions for the the couple to approach.

EXT. DRUID'S DWELLING - LATER

24.

The silent conversation flows gently. The Druid listens intently while rolling Peyote in a leaf, nodding occasionally, his gaze piercing yet warm.

He lights the joint and passes it to the couple.

EXT. DRUID'S DWELLING - MOMENTS LATER

25.

Finally, after a thoughtful pause, The Druid extends his hand. The Boy and The Girl shake it firmly – an agreement is sealed with mutual respect, understanding and a gentle buzz.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. OPEN DESERT - AFTERNOON

26.

The couple heads towards the looming mountain where Lovelock Cave is located. The camera captures their determined faces against the rugged landscape, their figures growing smaller as they approach the mountain's base.

EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

27.

As the *Golden Hour* approaches, they set up camp at the foot of the mountain. Another fire is lit, its glow a contrast in the encroaching dusk. The Boy takes out his guitar, and the familiar ritual of music and dance begins. However, tonight the air is tinged with a mix of anticipation and solemnity.

The music this evening is softer, more reflective. The Girl dances with a gentle grace, her movements more measured. The Boy's voice, when he sings, carries a note of deep emotion, the lyrics speaking of futures hoped for and the paths yet walked.

As the last chord reverberates, the couple sits close by the fire, wrapped in each other's arms and watching the flames dance.

THE GIRL

(Intertitle)

"We are really doing this."

The intertitle fades out, returning to the couple by the fire. The Boy looks at The Girl with a tender smile, his eyes reflecting the firelight. He nods, his hand squeezing hers.

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"We are."

The camera pulls back slowly, the fire's glow diminishing as the stars blanket the sky.

The quiet of the desert envelops them, the only sounds are the crackling of the fire and the gentle whisper of the wind.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - DAWN - AERIAL VIEW

28.

A vast expanse of arid landscape stretches out beneath us, an endless sea of golden sand and rocky outcrops. The early morning sky is a canvas of deep purples and indigos, gradually lightening to soft pinks and oranges at the horizon.

As the first rays of sunlight pierce the darkness, they illuminate the desert floor, casting long, dramatic shadows across the terrain.

The CAMERA glides smoothly over the desert, capturing the intricate patterns etched into the earth by the wind. A river snakes through the barren land, its contours highlighted by the rising sun.

In the distance, jagged mountains emerge from the shadows, their peaks catching the light and glowing with a warm, golden hue. The landscape slowly comes to life, revealing the subtle beauty of the desert.

EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

29.

The dawn breaks with a gentle serenity over the desert landscape, casting a golden hue across the river where The Boy prepares for this day of promise. The water flows softly, murmurs of the river mingling with the morning song of birds and the rustle of leaves.

The Boy kneels by the riverbank. He splashes water on his face, the droplets catching the early light, shimmering as they fall.

The SOUNDTRACK begins with a blend of mystery and happiness, an orchestral piece that combines light flutes and strings with deeper, resonant tones, embodying hope and the gravity of the day.

The Boy, with a sense of solemnity and the spark of youthful optimism, begins to shave. His hands are steady, but his face in the reflection of the water betrays his nerves. He is just 17, on the brink of manhood and about to embrace a significant life commitment. The camera captures his focused expression, a juxtaposition of youth and the maturity being forced upon him by circumstances.

EXT. RIVERBANK - MOMENTS LATER

30.

As he dresses behind the creek bank, shielded by a grove of trees, the music shifts subtly to a more sinister and dramatic tone. The strings grow sharper, and the pace slows, heightening the tension.

The Boy pauses.

INSERT: FOREGROUND

31.

Up ahead the river, is a Boy, dressed identically. He is shaving by the bank.

BACK TO SCENE:

32.

The Boy blinks and the *doppelganger* Boy is gone.

His eyes drift to the straight blade razor resting on a rock. The camera focuses on the razor, gleaming ominously under the sunlight.

EXT. RIVERBANK - MOMENTS LATER

33.

Clad in a white jacket, he adjusts his bolo tie with meticulous care, his fingers trembling slightly. He takes his cowboy hat, places it on his head, and then pauses to look at his reflection in the water once more. This moment is his transformation, not just in attire but in spirit. The Boy steps out from behind the trees, no longer just a boy but a man, a groom, poised yet contemplative.

INSERT

As The Boy walks away from the river, the camera lingers on the scene he has left behind. The straight razor, still open, lies solitary on the sunlit rock. The once useful tool now takes on an ominous character in the deserted setting.

The music deepens into a sinister tone, with low, dissonant strings and a slow, deliberate pace. The notes hover and twist, creating an atmosphere of foreboding. The light reflects off the blade's edge, casting a sharp, menacing shadow on the uneven rocks. The sound of the flowing river contrasts with the heavy, ominous music, heightening the sense of unease.

The camera slowly zooms in on the razor, the focus sharpening on its gleaming edge, perhaps suggesting a latent danger as the scene fades to black.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - LATER

34.

A small clearing forms the natural aisle. Sparse desert flowers dot the sandy floor, and the rustle of the wind through the bushes serves as a natural prelude to the ceremony.

The Boy stands beside the Druid, both facing the path.

The druid is adorned in elaborate attire that includes various natural elements - snake skulls, bird's eggs, beads of all sorts. He wears a headdress with large curved horns and a collection of organic materials such as feathers, leaves, and small bones. His face is painted with intricate designs, adding to his mystical appearance.

His clothing is a mix of earth tones, with layered fabrics and detailed patterns. He holds a staff topped with a ram's skull and various hanging ornaments, emphasizing his connection to nature and ancient traditions.

The air is charged with a silent anticipation. Suddenly, there is a gentle swish from the bushes, and The Girl emerges, her presence like a breath of life in the barren landscape. Her dress, simple yet elegant, sways with each deliberate step, catching the soft desert light. A white veil covering her face in a translucent mesh.

The Boy's eyes light up with admiration and love, lost in the beauty and grace of The Girl approaching. The Druid, too, watches her approach, an uncharacteristic stir within him as he sees the young couple's radiant happiness.

As she reaches them, The Girl takes The Boy's hand firmly. Together, they turn to face the Druid, their joined hands a symbol of their unity and strength. The Druid clears his throat, touched by the moment, and begins the ceremony.

THE DRUID

We gather here under the vast
canvas of the universe, reminded of
its immense power and eternal
growth. Today, we witness the union
of these two souls through a
celebration of the cosmic forces
that brought them together.

He pauses, allowing the weight of his words to sink in.

THE DRUID

The universe is constantly
expanding, constantly evolving;
absolute evidence of the beauty of
continual growth and infinite
potential. So too should be the
love these two share. It is not
static;

(MORE)

THE DRUID (CONT'D)

it is dynamic, ever-growing,
reaching outwards like the branches
of a tree or the endless stars
above us.

The Druid turns to face The Boy and The Girl, their faces
alight with emotion.

THE DRUID

Your bond is forged not just in the
love you share, but in the courage
to grow together, to face
challenges like these sands beneath
our feet – vast, shifting, yet
beneath it all, solid and enduring.
As you stand before the cosmos,
pledge to each other to be
companions in this journey of
growth. Let your love be like the
light of the stars – ancient yet
ever new, distant yet surrounding
us all.

He gestures for them to exchange vows. The Boy, looking
deeply into The Girl's eyes, speaks his vow.

THE BOY

I promise to grow with you, to be
your partner in every adventure, to
always reach for the stars with
you.

The Girl, tears glistening like morning dew, responds.

THE GIRL

And I promise to grow with you, to
support your dreams, to create with
you a universe of our own, filled
with love and light.

THE DRUID

(nods solemnly, deeply
moved)

By the power of the ever-expanding
universe, I now pronounce you
partners in life's journey. May
your love grow as the universe
grows—boundless and beautiful.

He asks them to scoop up a handful of the desert sand,
letting it slip through their fingers.

THE DRUID

Like these grains of sand, your
time together will be plentiful and
rich. Treasure each moment as time
will allow.

The camera captures the couple's faces, alight with joy and the enormity of their commitment.

As they embrace, the scene expands outward, the desert landscape around them a vivid reminder of the vast, beautiful path they are set to travel together.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. OPEN DESERT - NIGHT

35.

Under the vast canopy of the night sky, a large bonfire blazes fiercely, casting a warm, flickering glow on the small gathering. The stars are vivid, and the moon casts a pale light over the desert, illuminating the scene with a mystical aura.

The Boy, now filled with the spirit of celebration, plays a rhythmic song on his guitar. The melody is a lively blend of Western interlaced with the haunting notes of the old gypsy song from earlier.

Beside him, the Druid, energized by the atmosphere, accompanies with a large, worn tambourine, adding a rich, resonant beat.

The Girl dances, turns, sways and bends as the music begins to click.

CUT TO:

RATTLESNAKE

36.

A rattlesnake slithers quietly across the sand and through the sage, its movements deliberate and sinuous. It moves away from the warmth of the fire but inexorably towards The Girl, drawn by the vibrations of the music.

CUT TO:

THE GIRL DANCING

37.

The camera focuses on The Girl's feet, moving rhythmically to the music. Her dance is both free-spirited and precise. As the music grows more chaotic, the camera pulls up to reveal her full figure, smiling gingerly at The Boy. The Druid, caught up in the joy of the moment, beams at the couple.

CUT TO:

SNAKE APPROACHING

38.

The scene cuts sharply to the snake, now closer, its eyes fixated on the dancing feet of The Girl.

It coils, preparing to defend itself against the overwhelming sensory input of the music and dance.

CUT TO:

FRENETIC DANCE

39.

The music accelerates. The Boy sets his guitar aside and joins The Girl in a dance that is both wild and beautiful.

The Druid, unable to resist the pull of the rhythm, joins them, transforming the scene into a universal, ritualistic dance that declares their shared joy the only thing of importance in the world.

CUT TO:

SNAKE'S REACTION

40.

The snake, only inches from The Girl's feet, watches, its body coiled in a defensive posture, mesmerized or perhaps confused by the vibrant energy and the pounding of the tambourine.

CUT TO:

THE CLIMAX

41.

The music reaches a frenetic pace, the camera matching this intensity with rapid cuts. It flashes between faces—The Boy's exuberance, The Girl's bliss, the Druid's spirited participation—and their feet moving in the sand, stirring up dust that glows like gold in the firelight. Each instrument, each movement captured in fleeting, vibrant snapshots that build the scene to a **fever pitch**.

CUT TO:

THE SNAKE PREPARING TO STRIKE

42.

In a tense moment, the camera cuts to the snake, its body tensed, ready to strike at any second, the danger imminent yet unnoticed by the dancers absorbed in their revelry.

CUT TO:

THE CELEBRATION CONTINUES

43.

Unaware of the lurking threat, the group continues to dance, the camera spinning around them, capturing the essence of their wild, joyful abandon under the desert stars.

THE LURCH AND THE LURCH BACK

44.

Suddenly, in a split second that seems to stretch into eternity, the snake makes a decisive forward lurch towards The Girl.

The Boy, caught in the throes of celebration, glimpses the snake's movement out of the corner of his eye – a moment too late, yet just in time. With a reflex born of both fear and protection, he swings his guitar around and strikes a resounding power chord.

The note explodes into the night, a sonic boom that reverberates across the desert, echoing off the mountain and into eternity.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN DESERT - CONTINUOUS

45.

The Girl's face winces in shock, the joy of a moment ago replaced by a sudden surge of fear.

The Druid, ever watchful, lurches towards her, his arms outstretched in an instinctive protective gesture.

But before the Druid can reach her, The Boy takes The Girl into his arms, pulling her away from the path of the snake.

His movements are swift, powered by adrenaline and the fierce need to protect. The snake, startled by the deafening chord and the sudden flurry of movement, quickly recoils and slithers back into the brush, disappearing into the darkness of the desert, never to be seen again.

As the snake retreats, the firelight flickers over the faces of the trio – The Boy holding The Girl close, both their faces a mask of relief and lingering fear; the Druid standing by, his hands still raised slightly, ready to defend. The desert around them falls silent, the echo of the guitar chord still hanging in the air like a ghost.

The boy and Druid exchange a glance of confusion and fear. The Girl looks to them both.

The Girl's face is pale, frightened, resolute. It is now apparent that she has been bitten by the snake.

THE GIRL
(Intertitle)
"I must go."

The Boy's eyes widen. Then...

BLACK

EXT. OPEN DESERT - CONTINUOUS

46.

Chaos. The scene opens with a sudden, jarring burst of movement.

The Boy, with The Girl hoisted onto his shoulder, moves with desperate speed, her arms tightly clasping his neck. The Druid, running alongside, extends his hand towards her, trying to stabilize her as they run. His face is set in a determined grimace, eyes scanning the dark path ahead.

POV SHOT FROM THE BOY

The camera switches to a first-person view from The Boy's perspective, giving the audience a direct sense of his panic and focus. The ground rushes by in a blur, and every jolt feels amplified, heightening the intensity.

OVER-THE-SHOULDER SHOT FROM THE GIRL

Looking over The Girl's shoulder, we see The Boy's strained expression and the Druid's side profile as they navigate the uneven terrain. This angle emphasizes the precariousness of their flight and the physical effort required to maintain their pace.

SIDE TRACKING SHOT

A dolly shot tracks the group from the side, smoothly contrasting with the handheld footage's chaos. This shot captures their full-body exertion, their shadows elongating and contracting under the moonlight, racing against an unseen threat.

CLOSE-UP ON FEET

Brief close-ups on their feet pounding the sandy earth, kicking up clouds of dust, reinforce the urgency and the ruggedness of the desert landscape they traverse.

The music rises in a crescendo, matching the pace of their footsteps. The tension builds as the camera switches back to a shaky handheld mode, zooming in on their faces, capturing the mix of fear and determination.

CUT TO BLACK:

CLOSEUP - THE BOY

47.

Nondescript location. THE BOY is confused, haggard, lost.

THE BOY

(panting)

What am I doing? Why am I here? How
did I let this happen?

The Boy slowly bows his head and looks down.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

48.

The desert night is now eerily quiet, the frenetic energy of the dance a stark contrast to the stillness that has settled. The moon casts a ghostly glow over the scene, lighting the somber faces of The Boy and the Druid.

The Girl, lying motionless on the sandy ground, her face pale in the moonlight. The Boy is kneeling beside her, his hands trembling as he tries to revive her, his face frozen with fear.

The Druid stands over her, his arms raised to the sky as he recites ancient incantations. His voice is deep and resonant, carrying through the quiet desert air. His movements are deliberate, tracing symbols of old in the air with his hands, each gesture a plea to unseen forces.

The camera focuses tightly on The Boy's face, showing his raw emotion—eyes wide with panic, tears streaking his dirt-stained face. His efforts grow more frantic, his pleas more fervent, yet The Girl remains still, her breath a whisper lost in the desert wind.

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"Please. Don't go."

Realizing the futility of their efforts, the druid lowers his arms and looks to the Boy.

THE DRUID

(Intertitle)

"The Shadow of the cave may yet return her breath. We must take her, and leave her to the night and the earth."

The Boy looks up.

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"Leave her?"

The Druid, confident in his notion.

THE DRUID

(Intertitle)

"It is the only way."

The Boy lowers his head. He strokes the Girl's hair and looks back to the Druid. He nods in agreement.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. HILL LEADING TO THE CAVE

49.

Several shots of the Boy carrying the the Girl up the mountain. The Druid is right beside him, holding the torch, helping when he can.

EXT. LOVELOCK CAVE - LATER

50.

Lovelock Cave is small and shadowy in the pale moonlight, its rocky entrance framed by the jagged silhouettes of the surrounding desert.

With The Girl's body gently placed on the flat rocks at the cave's entrance, the atmosphere is somber and reverent. The Boy, his face a mask of grief and hope intertwined, takes a moment to look at her one last time. Her peaceful expression belies the turmoil that brought them here.

The Druid, his face solemn and his eyes reflecting the flicker of the torchlight, places a comforting hand on The Boy's shoulder. With few words, he imparts a quiet reassurance, a reminder of the ancient beliefs that promise a chance of resurrection by the powers that govern this sacred place.

THE DRUID

(Intertitle)

"We must go now. Tomorrow, at sunset, you must return. Alone."

The camera captures a poignant shot of The Boy reluctantly turning away from The Girl, each step heavy with sorrow. He and the Druid walk back toward the camp, their figures gradually shrinking against the vast desert landscape. The torch in the Druid's hand is the only light that punctuates the darkness, a small dot receding into the night.

The camera lingers on the entrance of the cave as the two figures disappear from view. A slow, steady zoom towards The Girl's resting place emphasizes the isolation and the silent hope that hangs in the air. The shot is framed to capture the stark contrast between the dark mouth of the cave and the moonlit desert.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CAMPSITE - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

51.

The dawn breaks over the Nevada desert, casting a soft golden light across the landscape. The campfire from the night before is now just a smoldering heap of ash and charred wood. The mountain, crowned by the mysterious Lovelock Cave, stands tall in the background.

The Boy sits near the remnants of the fire. His eyes are red and tired, a clear sign that sleep has eluded him throughout the night. The Druid sleeps on the ground near the fire. With his guitar cradled in his lap, The Boy strums a melancholy tune, the notes slow and heavy with sorrow.

He reaches for the radio next to him, turning it on in search of some solace or connection through the airwaves.

THE RADIO

(After a moment of static)

...the Church of God's Love...

The voice of a preacher emerges, his tone soothing and deliberate...

THE RADIO

...morning to all the souls out there wrestling with the weight of the world. Remember, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

The camera moves in for a close-up of The Boy's hands as they move over the strings, each chord resonating with the depth of his emotions. The music is poignant, echoing the desolation and hope intertwined in his heart.

THE RADIO

Let patience be your companion in these trying times, for faith is not the belief that everything will be alright but the courage to face whatever comes with a heart full of hope and eyes lifted to the heavens.

As he plays, The Boy lifts his gaze to the mountain. His expression is one of longing and quiet desperation, seeking signs of any change at the cave's entrance.

As the preacher speaks, the background slowly fills with the soft strums of a guitar, blending with the sermon. It's unclear if the music is coming from the radio or if the Boy has begun to play along, creating a seamless harmony between his actions and the preacher's words.

The camera captures this moment in a tight shot, focusing on his hopeful yet haunted eyes. He listens to the Radio intently, his eyes closing briefly as if drawing strength from the words. A slight nod accompanies a deep sigh of relief, and a faint smile hints at the comfort these words bring.

THE RADIO

The trials you face, the mountains
 you climb, they're all part of the
 journey designed to test our
 spirits and refine our hearts. So
 hold tight to your faith, dear
 listener, let it be the light that
 guides you through the darkest
 mornings.

The camera then pulls back to frame him against the vast desert, underscoring his isolation. The early morning light casts long shadows and highlights the rugged textures of the landscape. The mountain looms in the background, an ever-present sentinel in this emotional vigil.

The music swells slightly, reflecting a surge of emotion as The Boy pours his heart into the song, a musical prayer to the forces that hold The Girl's fate. The sound blends with the morning breeze, carrying his melody towards the cave.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

52.

The scene shifts to the mountain, the camera slowly panning up its rugged face to the cave entrance. The entrance remains dark and inscrutable - The Girl's body is gone.

CUT TO:

RETURNING TO THE BOY

53.

As the song ends, The Boy lowers his guitar, his shoulders slumping slightly under the weight of his vigil and the uncertainty of the outcome. He remains seated, staring off into the distance, lost in his thoughts and the haunting stillness of the desert morning.

The camera slowly pulls away, leaving The Boy a small figure against the vast, indifferent landscape, his song fading into the silence of the dawn. The Druid slowly stirs.

The scene closes with a sense of waiting, the quiet tension of hope against the vast backdrop of nature and myth.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - LATER

54.

Later that day, as the sun reaches its zenith casting stark shadows over the desert landscape, The Boy finds a shaded spot under an overhanging rock, seeking respite from the relentless heat. Beside him, the radio remains his constant companion, now tuned in to the preacher's broadcast.

In the distance, The Druid prepares to leave. He approaches The Boy.

THE DRUID

(Intertitle)

"You know where to find me."

The boy nods and takes The Druid's hand in appreciation.

THE DRUID

(Intertitle)

"The forces of the Universe are with you, my friend."

The Druid begins the long walk home.

The Boy, visibly tired yet attentive, turns up the volume on the radio, eager for any words that might ease his burden and guide his thoughts.

The preacher's voice comes through, warm and engaging.

THE RADIO

Today, my friends, let us reflect on the story of young David, the shepherd boy who would become king. It's a tale not just of destiny but of divine providence and the courage to serve faithfully, even in the face of great adversity. David, armed only with his faith and his harp, played for King Saul. Tormented by a spirit that none could soothe, Saul found peace in the lilting melodies that young David played. So much so, that Saul took David into his service, not just for his music, but for the spirit of the Lord that was with him.

The Boy picks up his guitar, mirroring David's harp, and begins to strum gently, finding comfort in the parallel between his own actions and those of David. The preacher's words imbue each note with a sense of purpose and connection to a tradition of faith and music as conduits of divine grace.

THE RADIO

And what was David's reward? It was not just the favor of a king or the accolades of men. No, David's true reward was the strengthening of his spirit, the honing of his faith, and the path it laid before him towards greater deeds and his eventual kingship.

(MORE)

THE RADIO (CONT'D)

In his music, he found not only a way to serve but also a way to grow closer to God, to hear His voice more clearly in the strings of his harp.

The camera slowly zooms in on The Boy's hands as they move over the guitar strings, the soft music blending with the preacher's story.

Each note seems to carry a weight of history, a legacy of faith echoing through time.

THE RADIO

As you sit there, young man, with your guitar in the wilderness, think of David. Think of the trials he faced, the service he rendered, and the leadership he grew into. You, too, are on a path shaped by the challenges you face and the faith you hold. Let your music be your prayer, your service, your solace, and see what rewards it may yet bring.

The preacher's voice fades into a gentle melody, leaving The Boy to his thoughts and music. The scene closes with The Boy looking out over the desert, his eyes reflecting a renewed sense of purpose and destiny.

EXT./INT. LOVELOCK CAVE - NIGHT

55.

Beneath a vast starlit sky, Lovelock Cave casts an ominous silhouette, its deep shadows reminiscent of an ancient cathedral at dusk. The cool, echoing stillness inside contrasts sharply with the warm, gentle breeze of the desert night, setting a scene of profound spirituality and contemplation.

The Boy, armed with a torch in one hand and a radio in the other, pauses at the cave's threshold, a hero standing at the gates of a sacred journey, the weight of his love compelling him forward.

INT. LOVELOCK CAVE - CONTINUOUS

56.

He sets the radio down on a rugged stone ledge just inside the entrance and turns it on. After a brief hiss of static, a deep, resonant voice with a Southern drawl fills the cave:

THE RADIO

Folks, as we tread through the valleys of our lives, let us recall the words of Psalm 23: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." This dark cave, this mountain - it's not just your challenge; it's a test to the lengths we go for love, a path to the highest peaks of sacrifice and devotion.

Illuminated by the flickering torchlight, The Boy absorbs the sermon, his face a painting of resolve and introspection. The preacher's words resonate deeply, reinforcing his resolve to proceed, driven by the unyielding power of his love.

The Radio Continues...

THE RADIO

Remember, every *shadow* we face, every darkness we endure, is part of our journey towards light. The Lord was a lamp unto our feet, a light unto our path, and so must our love for each other be - a lighthouse in the night, guiding us through trials, lifting us beyond our fears, and leading us back into the warmth of day.

Strengthened by the message, The Boy takes a deep breath and steps deeper into the cave's darkness. The path is only lit by his small torch, and the sound of his footsteps echoes against the cave walls, a rhythmic accompaniment to the preacher's sermon.

As The Boy moves further into the darkness, the camera cuts BACK TO THE RADIO, its dial glowing softly, casting a hallowed light on the rough stone. The background music swells instilling a sense of hope and fortitude.

INT. LOVELOCK CAVE - CONTINUOUS

57.

The Boy disappears deeper into the cave, the light from his torch a distant singular dot in the surrounding darkness. The camera lingers at the cave entrance, capturing the solitude of the desert night, with the preacher's profound words and the hymn echoing softly into the stillness.

INT. LOVELOCK CAVE - CONTINUOUS

58.

Taking a deep breath to steel his nerves, The Boy steps into the cave.

The light from his torch casts eerie, dancing shadows along the walls, which seem to pulse with the ancient heartbeat of the earth.

The radio crackles to life with the unexpected jolt of a commercial. The mundane cheeriness of the advertisement, promoting a local store's sale, creates a surreal contrast to the solemnity of his descent. The familiar tones of commerce from the outside world underscore the isolation and timelessness of the cave environment.

The path before him is rocky and uneven, with jagged stones and sudden dips that challenge every step. The Boy moves cautiously, the torch in his hand the only source of light in the oppressive darkness. Each small circle of light it casts reveals more of the rough terrain—stalactites and stalagmites appear like the teeth of some gigantic beast.

POV SHOT:

The camera adopts The Boy's perspective, showing the narrow beam of the torchlight as it sweeps over the rocky floor and the twisted formations of the cave. This shot heightens the sense of entrapment and the treacherous nature of his journey.

CLOSE-UP:

Focus on The Boy's face, his features set in concentration, eyes flicking back and forth as he navigates the hazards of the path. The flickering light plays across his face, highlighting his determination and the flickers of fear he struggles to control.

WIDE SHOT:

The camera pulls back to show The Boy's small figure against the vast, enclosing walls of the tunnel, emphasizing his isolation and the daunting scale of the cave. The sound of his footsteps and the occasional scrape of rock fill the silence, punctuated by the distant, incongruent sound of the radio commercial.

As the commercial ends, the radio transitions back to the preacher's comforting voice, now reading a verse that speaks of guidance and protection in times of darkness. The Boy pauses for a moment to listen, drawing strength from the words.

THE RADIO

Let your heart hold fast to this
truth: the greatest measure of our
lives is the love we bestow.

As you walk this path, know that true love is the force that conquers all fears, that crosses all deserts and climbs all mountains. Carry that love like a torch, burning bright against the night, and let it guide you to resurrection and renewal.

The scene closes with The Boy pressing deeper into the cave, the circle of torchlight moving ahead of him like a lantern, his path forward uncertain but his resolve firm. As the camera lingers on the entrance now fading from view, the contrast between the commercial's everyday normalcy and the sacred, ancient challenge he faces is stark, reinforcing the spiritual and physical journey The Boy undertakes.

INT. LOVELOCK CAVE - CONTINUOUS

58.

The path opens abruptly into a vast cavern. The walls stretch out and upward, lost to darkness, and the air is cool and heavy with the scent of mineral and earth. The only light is from The Boy's torch, which now seems feeble in the expansive darkness of the cavern.

As The Boy steps into the cavern, his torchlight flickers across something massive and ominous – a figure that seems to materialize from the shadows themselves. He stops dead in his tracks, his breath catching in his throat.

He backs into a recess, attempting to hide.

On the other side, THE SHADOW, Lord of the Underworld, is a towering presence. It is clothed in dark, flowing robes that merge with the darkness around them. It's attire is adorned with desert-themed items like animal skulls and branches of dead sage, which rattle softly with his movements. It's face is hidden behind a large, fearsome mask made from a ram's skull with large, curving horns. The mask is painted in a chilling palette of black and gray, decorated intricately with ancient symbols and runes that seem to pulse faintly in the torchlight.

The atmosphere is thick with tension. The air feels charged, the silence profound except for the distant drip of water and the soft whisper of The Boy's breath.

The Shadow audibly speaks, it's voice deep and resonating, echoing off the stone walls.

THE SHADOW

Do not be afraid. Come.

The Boy, summoning his courage, steps out from the recess and faces The Shadow.

THE SHADOW

You know you do not belong here, in
this place of sorrow and death.

He responds with a tremor in his voice. The conversation is
in his head. His reactions dictate the seriousness of the
situation.

THE BOY (V.O.)

I know that. But I come seeking the
return of the one I love, taken
before her time.

A close-up of The Shadow's mask, focusing on the intricate
details and ancient mystical runes, symbolizing life and death, and
it's ancient and mystical power.

THE BOY (V.O.)

There must be a way for her leave
this place?

WIDE SHOT:

The camera pulls back to show the full scale of the cavern
with The Boy, small and solitary, standing before The Shadow,
emphasizing the enormity of the underworld lord and the
daunting task The Boy faces.

From behind The Boy, looking up at The Shadow, showing the
height and oppressive presence of the underworld lord.

The Shadow moves slightly, the sound of the sage branches
brushing against the stone floor.

THE SHADOW

Possibly. And what do you offer in
return, boy? If your gift be
worthy, perhaps then, may you claim
what you have come for.

The Boy lifts his chin in defiance and determination, the
torchlight casts shadows across his face. He grips the neck
of his guitar.

THE BOY

(V.O.)

I have nothing. Only music that I
play.

The Shadow seems to relax a bit.

THE SHADOW

Then, *"If music be the food of
love, play on."*

The Boy takes a deep breath, wields his guitar and then plays
a melody that seems to transcend his fear.

THE SHADOW
"Give me excess of it."

The song becomes a full orchestra; a tapestry of sounds that affects The Shadow from all sides.

From a recess in the cave wall, The Girl peers out, greatly affected by the composition.

When the music stops, the cavern reverberates the final notes into a continuous drone that fades into a decisive moment in time.

The Boy patiently and fearfully waits. The Shadow sighs.

THE SHADOW
 Young one – present yourself.

From the darkness, The Girl emerges. The Boy's eyes widen.

The Shadow speaks, it's voice resonant and melodic, filling the cavern with a somber yet hopeful timbre.

THE SHADOW
 Behold, the path before you winds
 back to the light of the world
 above, a journey from night to day,
 from silence to song.

The Shadow leans in.

THE SHADOW
 But young travelers, know that
 nothing in this world or the one
 above comes for naught. Boy, you
 must lead the way to the surface,
 and Girl, you must follow. Step by
 careful step, know your place and
 your destiny.

The Boy reaches for The Girl's hand. The Shadow protests.

THE SHADOW
 No. There is more.

He continues, his words flowing like a gentle stream.

THE SHADOW
 Heed this, for the weave of fate is
 delicate: Should you, boy, turn to
 look back, to see if this girl
 still follows, then here she must
 remain, forever held in the quiet
 embrace of this world, and you must
 go until your time comes. Never
 again, then, shall there be another
 chance for reunion.

He pauses for a moment, removing his mask. The reveal is total blackness.

THE SHADOW

Go.

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"Follow me!"

Without hesitation, The Boy turns and runs up the path towards the cave opening. The Girl hesitates and looks to The Shadow. It nods. Then, she too, follows The Boy.

Tracking Shot: The camera follows them from behind, emphasizing the precariousness of the path and the tension of their journey.

Close-Up: Focus on The Boy's face, illuminated by the torchlight, showcasing his resolve and the fear of making a fatal mistake.

Reverse Shot: From The Girl's perspective, showing The Boy's back and the winding path leading out of the darkness.

As they navigate the rocky terrain, the camera pulls back to show the cavern fading behind them, the light at the entrance growing brighter with each step. The tension mounts with each footfall, the silence punctuated only by the sound of their breathing and the distant drip of water.

The Radio becomes audible again. The Preacher wails the necessity of salvation.

THE RADIO

(faintly)

"...Let not your hearts be troubled,
nor let despair lead your steps
astray. For I speak unto you this
day not just of peril, but of
salvation!"

INT. LOVELOCK CAVE - PATH - CONTINUOUS

59.

The path narrows. Rocks and roots threaten their steps. The Boy keeps his eyes fixed on the path ahead, his torch casting eerie shadows.

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"Are you still with me?"

THE GIRL

(Intertitle)

"Yes, I'm here."

As they progress, the path becomes steeper, the air cooler and heavier.

The Preacher continues.

THE RADIO

(more prominent)

"Let your steps be steadfast, for the path to redemption is fraught with trials, but it is walked not in solitude, but with the Almighty as your guide. Seek the light, for it awaits those brave enough to venture through the darkness."

THE BOY

"I can see the light!"

The Girl suddenly stops.

THE GIRL

(Intertitle)

"I can't return."

The Boy reaches a particularly narrow passage. The light from the entrance grows dimmer.

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"What?"

THE GIRL

(Intertitle)

"I can't go with you. My time has come."

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"No! Don't say that!"

THE GIRL

(Intertitle)

"Goodbye, my love..."

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"Just a bit more and we'll be at the top."

Silence follows. Panic streaks across The Boy's face.

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"Answer me, please!"

Silence. The Boy reaches the edge of the cave's mouth. The threshold of the cave is bathed in the ambiguous light of early morning, casting long shadows that merge with the darkness of the tunnel behind him.

The preacher concludes his sermon with a profound warning.

THE RADIO

(solemn and urgent)

"But heed this final counsel, my friends, for as the light offers a path, so does the darkness offer a void. To ignore the call of salvation is to walk willingly into the arms of perpetual shadow."

The boundary between the cave's entrance and the engulfing darkness is stark. Just a silhouette of The Boy and his guitar.

Unable to bear the uncertainty and driven by a deep, desperate need to ensure her safety, The Boy stands frozen. He wants to turn. he can't turn. He must turn.

THE RADIO

"Turn not away from the light, lest the darkness claim thee forever."

With a deep, trembling breath, he turns, facing back down the tunnel. The action is slow, almost reluctant, each degree of his turn filled with the dreadful anticipation of what he might or might not see.

The moment he faces the darkness, a chilling, heart-wrenching scream echoes from the depths of the cave – The Girl's voice, filled with despair.

THE BOY

(Intertitle)

"No..."

CLOSE-UP ON THE BOY'S FACE:

60.

As he turns to look back, capturing the moment of horror and realization that crosses his features.

WIDE SHOT:

61.

The camera pulls back to show The Boy at the mouth of the cave as it seals in an avalanche of falling stones.

- DYNAMIC SHOT OF THE COLLAPSE: 62.
- The camera captures the violent shaking of the cave, the falling debris, and the ultimate sealing of the tunnel, illustrating the physical manifestation of The Boy's emotional and fateful decision.
- SILHOUETTE SHOT: 63.
- After the collapse, The Boy stands in the shallow mouth of the cave, his silhouette framed against the light of the cave's entrance, now the only part of the cave still accessible.
- The scene continues at the shallow mouth of Lovelock Cave. The sealed entrance, a barricade of boulders and debris, remains immovable. The early morning light casts a stark contrast between the bright world outside and the shadowy confines of the cave's now inaccessible depths.
- EXT. LOVELOCK CAVE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 64.
- The Boy stands at the entrance, the vast desert stretching out before him. He is alone, the weight of his loss as tangible as the desert heat.
- The Boy, driven by a surge of desperation, attacks the sealed entrance with his bare hands. He pounds on the rocks and pulls at the debris with a frantic energy, each movement fueled by a mixture of hope and despair. His efforts, however, only serve to bloody his hands and exhaust his strength, the barrier remaining firm and unyielding.
- CLOSE-UP ON HANDS: 65.
- Focusing on The Boy's hands as they desperately claw at the rocks, highlighting the physical toll of his efforts and his growing desperation.
- MEDIUM SHOT: 66.
- Capturing The Boy as he throws his entire body against the larger boulders, trying futilely to dislodge them. The futile aggression against the immovable cave entrance underscores his emotional and physical exhaustion.
- WIDE SHOT: 67.
- Showing The Boy's lone figure against the sealed cave, focusing on the futility of his actions and the desolation of the scene.

EXT. LOVELOCK CAVE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

68.

Exhausted and defeated, The Boy finally steps back, his breath heavy, his body slumping in resignation. His face is a mask of grief and exhaustion, streaked with dirt and tears. After a moment of weary silence, he turns away from the dark tomb that now holds what he cherishes most and steps into the light.

As he walks out of the cave's shadow and into the sunlight, his figure is momentarily silhouetted against the brightening sky. The light seems harsh, almost blinding, as if to emphasize the stark reality he must now face.

THE RADIO

"Go now, with the blessings of the light upon you, and let not the darkness of complacency nor the shadows of doubt sway your journey from its righteous course."

The battery in the radio dies. The light flickers and fades. Like a dear friend, taking it's final breath.

On a trail, at the foot of the hill, the Boy sees The Boy and Girl, hand in hand, walking back to the city where their lives will continue.

FADE TO BLACK:

CLOSEUP - THE BOY

69.

Nondescript location. THE BOY is confused, haggard, lost.

THE BOY

(panting)

What am I doing? Why am I here? How did I let this happen?

The Boy slowly bows his head and looks down. In his hand is the razor.

INSERT

The camera lingers on the scene by the river. The straight razor, still open, lies solitary on the sunlit rock.

THE NARRATOR

Think about the paths you choose, the love you hold, and the shadows you face. Remember, in some distant world, perhaps a different version of you is making a choice that will change everything.

(MORE)

THE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And just maybe, the story never truly ends but continues on, weaving through the cosmos like a timeless song carried by the desert wind.

The once useful tool now takes on an ominous character in the deserted setting.

The music deepens into a sinister tone, with low, dissonant strings and a slow, deliberate pace. The notes hover and twist, creating an atmosphere of resolution. The light reflects off the blade's edge, casting a sharp, menacing shadow on the uneven rocks. The sound of the flowing river contrasts with the heavy, ominous music, heightening the sense of unease.

EXT. LOVELOCK CAVE - ENTRANCE

70.

The Boy's lone figure against the sealed cave. He looks out over the plains.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - CONTINUOUS

71.

The Alternate Boy and Girl walk back toward the crossroads.

Medium Shot of The Boy and Girl laughing as they walk. She holds his arm tightly.

The Narrator's voice softens to a whisper.

THE NARRATOR

Maybe somewhere out there, in the vastness of this universe or others, The Boy and The Girl are watching us, learning from our choices just as we learn from theirs.

In the distance looms Lovelock Cave.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOVELOCK CAVE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

72.

The Boy half-smiles. His disappointment apparent. He sits on a rock as the Boy and Girl continue their return, watching.

FADE TO BLACK:

CREDITS ROLL

SONG TITLE: "GHOST OF YOU"

(Verse 1)

*In the shadows of the twilight, where the winds
softly moan,
I hear the echoes of your laughter, but I'm
standing here alone.
Your memory haunts the canyon, where we once carved
our names,
Now I'm just a lonely drifter, chasing dying
flames.*

(Chorus)

*Oh, the ghost of you lingers in the night,
In the whispers of the stars, in the pale
moonlight.
I'm lost in this desert, where the tears don't
show,
But the pain runs deep, where the rivers used to
flow.*

(Verse 2)

*I came upon a crossroads, with a choice to make or
break,
To hold you close, or let you go, was the hardest
road to take.
I chose the path of freedom, but it cost me your
sweet love,
Now I'm left to wander, with the moonlight up
above.*

(Chorus)

*Oh, the ghost of you lingers in the night,
In the whispers of the stars, in the pale
moonlight.
I'm lost in this desert, where the tears don't
show,
But the pain runs deep, where the rivers used to
flow.*

(Bridge)

*I'll ride through these valleys, 'til my heart
turns to stone,
But no matter how far I wander, I'll always be
alone.
For you were the one, my only light in the dark,
Now I'm lost in this night, with a shattered heart.*

(Chorus)

*Oh, the ghost of you lingers in the night,
In the whispers of the stars, in the pale
moonlight.*

*I'm lost in this desert, where the tears don't
show,*

*But the pain runs deep, where the rivers used to
flow.*

(Outro)

*So I'll keep riding, through this endless haze,
Haunted by the memory, of your sweet, gentle gaze.
And though the sun may rise, and the day may break,
The ghost of you will linger, in every step I take.*