

ALTAMONT

Written by Joseph Holder

FADE IN:

EXT. ALTAMONT SPEEDWAY - DAWN - DECEMBER 7, 1969

A barren, trashed field stretches before us—abandoned blankets, beer cans, torn posters, and broken bottles. Smoke drifts lazily through the cold morning air.

A faint sound of wind, distant murmurs, and then—

"THE SOUND OF SILENCE" by Simon & Garfunkel begins to play, melancholic and haunting.

The camera moves slowly over the wreckage—discarded shoes, shattered sunglasses, a pool of dried blood in the dirt. A SINGLE FLOWER stands alone amidst the debris, its petals trembling.

The camera lingers before pulling back, revealing the vast emptiness, a silent battlefield of broken dreams.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. RECORD STORE - BERKELEY, CA - LATE AFTERNOON (SUMMER 1969)

A sun-bleached storefront with dusty windows, a painted sign reading "SPIN CITY RECORDS." The bell jingles as the door swings open.

Inside: rows of worn vinyl bins. Posters of Hendrix, The Stones, Janis Joplin. A haze of Nag Champa incense drifts. Someone's denim jacket smells faintly of weed.

A turntable hums near the front: Sly and the Family Stone - "Dance to the Music" spins loud enough to rattle the glass.

MARCUS (17)—sharp, pressed button-down, polished loafers—flips through "SOUL & R&B" bins. His afro is neat, his hands purposeful.

He pulls out "CLOUD NINE" (The Temptations), eyes tracing the psychedelic cover art.

A few rows over, LILY (17)—free-spirited Haight-Ashbury chic (Rolling Stones tee knotted at the waist, suede fringe vest, Lennon glasses)—thumbs through "ROCK." She picks up "LET IT BLEED" (The Rolling Stones), scanning the tracklist.

Marcus glances up. Sees her. Sees the album. Smirks faintly, looking away.

Lily catches it.

She saunters closer, holding her record like a trophy.

LILY

You don't strike me as the type to need *Cloud Nine*.

Marcus raises an eyebrow, unfazed.

MARCUS

And you don't strike me as the type to need *Bleeding*.

Lily smirks.

LILY

Maybe I like things a little messy.

MARCUS

Yeah, I can tell.

Their eyes linger—charged, playful.

LILY

Alright, convince me. Why *The Temptations*?

Marcus leans against the bin, tapping his record.

MARCUS

They used to sing love songs. "My Girl," all that sweet stuff. But this one? They flipped it. It's raw. Talks about real life. Struggle. Change.

Lily crosses her arms, intrigued.

LILY

And messy's bad?

Marcus nods toward Hendrix on the speakers.

MARCUS

Messy's fine. But it's gotta mean something.

She laughs softly, nodding toward her Stones record.

LILY

This does. Heartbreak. Chaos. Mick Jagger sounds like he's falling apart, and I love it.

Marcus exhales, amused.

MARCUS

That's y'all rock kids. You think rough edges make it real.

LILY

And you Motown boys think smooth means soul.

A beat. Their challenge lingers.

MARCUS

Tell you what—take *Cloud Nine*. I'll take *Let It Bleed*. Next week, same time. Notes.

Lily grins.

LILY

A whole week? What, scared I'll be right?

MARCUS

Nah. Just like proving people wrong slowly.

LILY

Cocky.

MARCUS

Confident.

They trade records.

LILY

If you fall in love with this album, I'm rubbing it in forever.

MARCUS

And if I hate it?

LILY

Then you've got no taste. And this thing's over before it starts.

Marcus chuckles—*but doesn't deny it's a thing*.

SARA (17)—Lily's gum-chewing best friend—appears.

SARA

Lil, you ready?

Lily smirks at Marcus.

LILY

Better practice your apology.

She exits with Sara.

SARA (O.S.)

Who was that?

LILY (O.S.)

Just some guy with terrible taste.

Marcus looks at the Stones album in his hands, grinning.

MARCUS

Lord, what did I just get into?

The record clicks: OTIS REDDING - "TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS."

Marcus chuckles, heading out.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A modest room in Oakland. Posters: Otis, Marvin, Hendrix. A battered guitar in the corner.

Marcus sprawls on his bed, headphones on. Hendrix fades into "GIMME SHELTER" (The Stones).

His sister KAREN (19) leans in the doorway, arms crossed.

KAREN

Motown Boy listening to Mick Jagger?

Marcus smirks.

MARCUS

Studying the enemy.

She steps in.

KAREN

This about a girl?

Marcus doesn't answer. She grins knowingly.

KAREN (CONT'D)

White?

Marcus hesitates.

MARCUS

She's different.

Karen's smile fades.

KAREN

That's what they all say.

Their mom's voice drifts in from the kitchen—MRS. JOHNSON (40s), bone-tired from her shift.

MRS. JOHNSON (O.S.)

Marcus, lights out soon.

Karen softens, hand on his shoulder.

KAREN

Just be careful, baby brother.

He nods, staring at the ceiling as Mick sings on.

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lily sprawls on her bed, journal open. Scribbles lines of poetry:

"A world of steel and sirens, lines drawn in blood..."

She glances at *Cloud Nine* leaning against her nightstand. Runs her hand over the sleeve.

Downstairs: muffled clinking of silverware.

INT. JAZZ CAFÉ - OAKLAND - NIGHT

A dimly lit café, small but alive with energy. A haze of cigarette smoke lingers in the air. The stage is intimate—just a spotlight, a microphone, and a small jazz band setting up in the background.

Couples whisper over drinks, poets scribble in notebooks, and revolutionaries talk in hushed tones about the world outside.

On stage, a SINGER (early 20s, voice like velvet) hums into the mic, testing the sound.

Near the counter, MARCUS wipes down glasses behind the bar. He wears a crisp button-down with the sleeves rolled up, an apron loosely tied around his waist. He looks comfortable here—like he belongs.

The door chimes as LILY and SARA step inside.

Lily hesitates at first. This is new territory for her—different from the places she usually goes. She takes in the atmosphere, the way people move and speak with ease.

SARA

(grinning)

Told you this place was magic.

Lily nods slowly, still taking it in.

At the bar, Marcus notices them immediately.

His eyes land on Lily, surprised—but amused.

MARCUS

(to himself, smirking)

Well, well...

He watches as Sara drags Lily toward the counter, practically bouncing with excitement.

SARA

(to Marcus)

Hey, bartender. Two coffees, extra sugar, and whatever wisdom you got tonight.

Marcus chuckles, setting down the glass he was cleaning.

MARCUS

Wisdom costs extra.

Sara grins before turning toward the stage, already entranced by the music. Lily lingers at the counter, watching Marcus work.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(to Lily, teasing)

Didn't take you for the jazz type.

LILY

(shrugging)

Didn't take you for a bartender.

MARCUS

I do what I gotta do.

He starts pouring the coffee, but his eyes flick up to her now and then. Lily leans against the counter, watching him.

LILY

(softly)

This place is different.

MARCUS

(grinning)

That a good thing?

LILY

I think so.

A quiet beat. Marcus sets her coffee in front of her.

MARCUS

(playful)

You try that record yet?

Lily sips her coffee, raising an eyebrow.

LILY

(smirking)

Did you?

MARCUS

(mock serious)

Temptations never fail.

LILY

(grinning)

Neither do the Stones.

They share a small laugh—an inside joke already forming between them.

LATER - SAME NIGHT

A low hum of conversation fills the café. The singer on stage croons softly, lost in the music.

Lily and Marcus sit at the bar, now deep in conversation. The walls between them are starting to break down.

LILY

(laughing)

Okay, so what's the dream?

MARCUS

(leans back, thinking)

The dream?

LILY

Yeah. If you could do anything. Be anywhere. What would it be?

Marcus glances at the stage, listening to the soft melody in the air.

MARCUS

(quietly)

Music.

LILY

You play?

MARCUS

(nods, a little shyly)

Guitar. Not bad at it either.

LILY

I'll be the judge of that.

Marcus laughs. He leans forward, studying her now.

MARCUS

And you?

LILY

(thinks, then sighs)

I just wanna... go.

MARCUS

(curious)

Go where?

LILY

(shrugs)

Everywhere. Anywhere that isn't... here.

Marcus studies her carefully. He gets it. More than she knows.

A comfortable silence settles between them.

On stage, the singer hits a beautiful, aching note. The whole café seems to breathe with it.

Lily glances at Marcus, her eyes softening. There's something different about him. Something she wasn't expecting.

A spark has been lit.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY PARK - OAKLAND - NIGHT

A quiet, moonlit park on the outskirts of the city. The distant sounds of cars and late-night life hum in the background, but here, it's just the rustling trees and the faint chirp of crickets.

Marcus and Lily walk side by side, their steps slow, unhurried. A forbidden but exhilarating energy lingers between them.

LILY

(smirking)

So, does this count as our first date?

MARCUS

(grinning)

That depends. You expecting flowers and a love song?

LILY

I don't know... you said you play guitar. Maybe you serenade me right here, right now.

Marcus chuckles, shaking his head.

MARCUS

Nah, see, you gotta earn that.

LILY

(laughing)

Oh, so I haven't earned it yet?

MARCUS

(mock serious)

Not yet. But you're on your way.

A comfortable silence follows. They continue walking, the air between them warm despite the cool breeze.

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

They reach an old wooden bench near a small pond. Marcus sits first, leaning back. Lily hesitates, then sits beside him, closer than before.

A beat. Then—

LILY

(softly)

Do you ever think about what it'd be like if the world was different?

Marcus glances at her, curious.

MARCUS

What do you mean?

LILY

Like... if none of it mattered. Skin color. Status. The way people stare when we walk down the street.

Marcus exhales, staring at the pond. The moon reflects off the water, rippling slightly.

MARCUS

(quietly)

Yeah. All the time.

A long silence. Then—

LILY

(gently)

Has it always been this hard for you?

Marcus hesitates. No one's ever asked him that before.

MARCUS

My pops used to say, "You don't just walk through the world, boy. You fight for your place in it."

LILY

(softly)

Sounds exhausting.

MARCUS

(smirks, but it's tired)

It is.

Lily watches him, seeing him fully for the first time. Not just the confident, teasing Marcus—but the Marcus who carries weight on his shoulders every day.

A beat. Then—

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - UNDER A LARGE OAK TREE - LATE AFTERNOON (A FEW DAYS LATER)

A soft breeze sways through the towering trees, scattering golden leaves onto the lush green grass. In the distance, the faint sound of a bongo drum circle mixes with the chatter of passing hippies. A few kids toss a frisbee, while others lounge on blankets, lost in books or quiet conversations.

At the base of a large oak tree, MARCUS and LILY sit opposite each other on a shared blanket, a guitar case open beside them. Sunlight filters through the branches, casting a warm golden hue over the space.

Between them? Two albums. "Let It Bleed" and "Cloud Nine." A silent symbol of a truce.

Lily picks up Marcus's Temptations record, running her fingers over the cover. Marcus watches her, a knowing smirk on his face.

LILY

I'll say this, Motown Man. I get it now.

MARCUS

Took you long enough.

LILY

Hey! I liked it before. But now? I felt it.

Marcus leans back, crossing his arms, pleased.

MARCUS

Mmmhmm. You ain't gotta say it. I know I converted you.

Lily scoffs, setting the album down.

LILY

Relax, you didn't convert me. But I respect it now.

Marcus raises an eyebrow, enjoying this.

MARCUS

Oh, you respect it?

LILY

Yes, sir. It's got depth. It's got groove. It's got—

Marcus leans in slightly, grinning.

MARCUS

—soul.

Lily pauses, then sighs dramatically.

LILY

Fine. Soul.

Marcus throws his hands up like he just won a championship.

MARCUS

Right on! That's all I needed to hear.

Lily shakes her head, laughing. Then she nudges the Stones album toward him.

LILY

And you? Did you feel the bleed?

Marcus picks up "Let It Bleed," turning it over in his hands. He exhales, nodding slightly.

MARCUS

Yeah. I did.

Lily watches him, pleased. But Marcus suddenly leans forward, lowering his voice.

MARCUS

I still stand by one thing, though.

LILY

Oh no. What?

Marcus smirks.

MARCUS

Some of it still sounds like Jagger recorded it half-falling off a barstool.

Lily gasps, hand to her heart, mock-offended.

LILY

Blasphemy.

Marcus shrugs, grinning.

MARCUS

Hey, I ain't mad at it. Some folks like messy.

Lily narrows her eyes playfully.

LILY

And some folks like safe.

MARCUS

Nah. I like real.

A beat. Lily watches him. Something shifts between them, just slightly.

Marcus catches her gaze, then nods toward the guitar case beside him.

LILY

That yours?

Marcus nods, flipping open the lid. Inside, a weathered acoustic guitar, well-loved, strings slightly worn. Lily reaches out, running her fingers along the wood.

LILY

It looks like it's been places.

Marcus grins, picking it up.

MARCUS

It has. It's my first love.

LILY

Damn. What am I, then?

Marcus pauses, surprised. Then, he chuckles.

MARCUS

A close second.

Lily smirks, pretending to think.

LILY

Hmm. I'll take that—for now.

Marcus shakes his head, laughing softly. Then he starts strumming—slow, smooth. The sound is warm, inviting. He plays a few gentle chords, then hums a soft melody. It's not a song she knows.

Lily leans forward, intrigued.

LILY

What's that?

MARCUS

Something I wrote.

Lily's eyes light up.

LILY

Wait—you write?

Marcus shrugs, still strumming.

MARCUS

Yeah, but... ain't nothing yet.

LILY

Sing it.

Marcus hesitates, then leans in slightly, voice low.

MARCUS

Only if you read me a poem first.

A challenge.

Lily bites her lip, thinking. Then, slowly, she reaches into her fringe bag, pulling out a small leather notebook. It's worn, pages filled with scribbled words and half-finished thoughts.

LILY

Okay. But if you laugh, I'm leaving.

Marcus grins.

MARCUS

Ain't laughing.

Lily flips through her notebook, fingers tracing the worn edges. She hesitates, then finds a page, her voice softer now, more vulnerable. Marcus leans in slightly, listening.

LILY

(softly, reading)

"I saw a world beyond this one today. Not in a dream, not in a book— But in the space between seconds, Where silence hums like a song yet to be written."

"I saw a world where hands reached, but never clenched, Where color was a melody, not a battle. Where feet moved without looking over their shoulders, And love? Love was not a war."

"But then I blinked. And the world I knew returned— Steel and sirens, lines drawn in blood, Names whispered like warnings. I wonder—do we build the world we want? Or just survive the one we're given?"

A long beat. The park seems quieter now. Even the wind holds still.

Marcus watches her, something shifting in his expression. He exhales, then nods slowly.

MARCUS

(soft, thoughtful)

That's real.

LILY

(watching him)

You think so?

MARCUS

(nodding)

Yeah. You ain't just dreaming. You see things.

A pause. Something deepens between them. Not just banter anymore. Understanding. Marcus watches her a beat longer, then finally, he starts playing again. This time? He sings.

His voice is smooth, deep, full of soul. The song is soft but powerful, unfinished but already filled with feeling.

Lily watches him, utterly locked in.

She was right. Music is inside him.

The sun dips lower, casting shadows through the trees. Around them, the park moves on— laughter, music, life. But in this moment?

It's just the two of them.

FADE OUT.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small but well-kept room. Vinyl records stacked neatly beside a record player. The walls are covered in posters of jazz legends—Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Sam Cooke—alongside a few scattered newspaper clippings about civil rights protests.

On the nightstand, a well-worn guitar leans against the wall.

Marcus and Lily sit on the floor, legs stretched out, a half-empty bag of potato chips between them. A Temptations record spins on the turntable. The melody of "Since I Lost My Baby" drifts softly through the room.

LILY

(leaning back, sighing)

Your room's a lot cleaner than I expected.

MARCUS

(grinning)

What, you thought I lived in chaos?

LILY

I don't know. Maybe a little.

Marcus chuckles, tossing a chip at her. She dodges, laughing.

MARCUS

You gonna keep insulting me or you actually gonna listen to this masterpiece?

LILY

(mock serious, nodding)

Alright. Educate me, professor.

Marcus smirks, leaning forward, tapping the vinyl sleeve.

MARCUS

Now see, this right here? This is real music. This is heartbreak, soul, struggle—

LILY

(interrupting, teasing)

Okay, okay, I get it.

MARCUS

(grinning)

No, you don't. But you will.

They sit quietly for a moment, letting the music wash over them.

Lily watches Marcus as he closes his eyes, lost in the song.

There's something undeniably beautiful about the way he feels music so deeply.

A beat. Then—

LILY

(softly)

Come to Altamont with me.

Marcus opens his eyes, giving her a look.

MARCUS

Oh, we're back to this?

LILY

I'm serious. It'll be amazing.

MARCUS

(hesitant)

I don't know, Lil. The vibe's weird with that one.

LILY

(grinning)

Okay. Then let's make a deal.

She turns to fully face him, eyes sparkling with mischief.

LILY (CONT'D)

You come to Altamont with me... and I'll go with you to see The Temptations next month.

Marcus raises an eyebrow, amused.

MARCUS

Yeah? You'd really go?

LILY

(grinning)

Cross my heart.

She makes the motion over her chest. Marcus watches her for a beat, then shakes his head, laughing softly.

MARCUS

(playfully dramatic)

See, I don't know if I can trust you with that much soul, Sanders.

LILY

(mock offended)

Excuse you, I have plenty of soul.

MARCUS

(grinning, challenging)

Prove it then.

Lily thinks for a second. Then—she suddenly starts snapping her fingers, swaying her shoulders awkwardly, attempting a dance. It's terrible. Like, embarrassingly bad. Marcus stares at her, horrified.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(laughing, shaking his head)

Lord, help me.

LILY

(grinning, still dancing)

You're stuck with me now, Johnson.

A beat. Then Marcus sighs, dramatically defeated.

MARCUS

Alright, alright. Deal.

Lily beams, victorious. They shake hands, but it lingers—fingers interlocking just a second too long. The energy shifts, turning softer, heavier. A moment between them that neither expected.

Marcus swallows. Lily's gaze flickers to his lips for just a second—so quick it's almost unnoticeable. But Marcus notices.

Then—before either of them can do anything—the bedroom door swings open.

A voice cuts through—stern, disapproving.

MRS. JOHNSON (O.S.)

Marcus.

They both jump apart. Lily turns toward the door to see MRS. JOHNSON (early 40s, strong-willed, sharp eyes that miss nothing).

She stands with her arms crossed, taking in the scene—her son, alone in his room with a white girl.

The weight in the room shifts instantly.

A long silence. Then—

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(firm, to Marcus)

Can I speak to you?

Marcus nods, quickly standing up. Lily glances between them, uneasy.

MARCUS

(to Lily, soft)

Give me a sec.

Lily nods, watching as Marcus steps out into the hallway. The door closes behind them.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marcus stands in front of his mother, tension crackling between them.

MRS. JOHNSON

(low, serious)

What are you doing, Marcus?

MARCUS

(quiet, defensive)

We're just listening to music.

MRS. JOHNSON

(shaking her head)

You know that's not how the world sees it.

Marcus exhales, running a hand over his face. His mother softens slightly, but her voice remains firm.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

This girl—she your girlfriend?

Marcus hesitates. Then—

MARCUS

(quietly, but sure)

Yeah.

Mrs. Johnson studies him. She sees the way he's holding himself—braced for a fight. She sighs, rubbing her temple.

MRS. JOHNSON

(softer, but worried)

You sure you ready for what comes with that?

Marcus looks away, jaw tightening. He doesn't answer.

A beat. Then Mrs. Johnson exhales, stepping back.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(quiet, but final)

Just... be careful, baby.

Marcus nods. She gives him one last look before heading down the hall. Marcus waits until she disappears before exhaling heavily, bracing himself against the wall for a second.

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus re-enters. Lily looks up, sensing the shift in his energy.

LILY

(softly)

Everything okay?

Marcus plasters on a small, forced smile.

MARCUS

Yeah. Everything's fine.

Lily studies him, not fully believing it—but she lets it go.

Marcus moves toward the record player, flipping the vinyl.

The room fills with the opening notes of "Your Precious love" by Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrel.

Marcus Begins to Lip sync the song, playing both parts with exaggerated expressions.

Lily smiles, nudging him playfully.

LILY

(grinning)

Guess I gotta keep my end of the deal now.

Marcus chuckles, but the lingering weight from the hallway still sits heavy in his chest.

Lily leans her head against his shoulder, closing her eyes. Marcus exhales, letting himself just be here for a moment.

Outside, the world keeps turning. But in here, it's just them.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LILY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A stiff, cold dining room. Polished wood. Perfectly set table. The faint *tick-tick* of a wall clock.

LILY sits rigidly, pushing food around her plate. Across from her: TOM (40s)—her father, stern in his police uniform, whiskey glass half-full. JAKE (19), smug older brother, chews lazily, enjoying the tension.

Finally—

JAKE

(grinning, casual)

So, Lil... saw you made a new friend... that kid from Oakland?

Lily freezes. Doesn't look up.

LILY

(quiet, warning)

Don't.

JAKE

(mock-innocent)

What? I'm just asking. Pretty sure I saw you two all cozied up inside that record store.

Tom's fork freezes midair. His jaw tightens.

TOM

(flat, low)

Who is he?

Lily's voice is steady but defiant.

LILY

Marcus.

Tom sets his fork down. Hard.

TOM

Marcus what?

LILY

Just Marcus.

TOM

(leaning forward)

He's colored?

Lily snaps her head up.

LILY

(angry)

He's not "colored," Dad. His name is Marcus.

Jake chuckles.

JAKE

Jesus, Lil. Guess you wanted to make Dad's blood pressure explode.

Tom's stare sharpens, deadly quiet.

TOM

You are not to see him again.

Lily sits back, her voice rising.

LILY

Watch me.

Tom SLAMS his whiskey glass down, liquid sloshing.

TOM

Don't you test me. Not in my house.

LILY

(heated)

I'm not property. You don't own me!

Jake smirks, leaning back.

JAKE

Man, this is better than TV.

Lily glares at him.

LILY
(to Jake)
Shut up.

(back to Tom)
You think you get to decide who I choose as friends?

Tom rises from his chair, towering.

TOM
As long as you live under my roof—

LILY
(cutting in, trembling, furious)
Maybe I don't want to live here.

Silence. Jake lets out a low whistle, grinning.

JAKE
Atta girl.

Tom slams his hand on the table.

TOM
Don't you walk out of here.

But Lily's already up. Chair scrapes harshly. She storms past him, chin high, fists clenched.

LILY
Watch me.

Tom's voice follows, booming—but she doesn't stop.

TOM
Lily! Don't you walk out of here!

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She SLAMS the door. Locks it.

Breathing hard. Her hands tremble as she paces. Her father's muffled shouting downstairs. Jake's low laugh.

She yanks open her closet. Grabs a canvas bag.

Throws in a sweater. Jeans. Her notebook of poems.

She hesitates—then snatches *Cloud Nine* and *Let It Bleed*, tucking them inside.

She wipes a tear angrily.

Throws open the window.

EXT. LILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The backyard is dark. Still.

Lily climbs out, bare feet landing softly in the grass. She glances back once—her bedroom window glowing faintly.

Then—she runs.

EXT. EMPTY NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Lily sprints barefoot under flickering streetlamps, her breath sharp and quick. The fringe on her vest flutters in the wind.

The distant sound of a barking dog. A passing car hums by. She doesn't stop.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She knocks hard. Breathless.

The door opens. Marcus, guitar in hand, startled.

MARCUS

(soft, concerned)

Lily?

She stares at him, wild-eyed.

LILY

(voice cracking)

Can we go somewhere?

Marcus doesn't ask. He grabs his keys.

EXT. BACKROADS - NIGHT

Marcus's '57 Chevy hums along deserted country roads, headlights carving the darkness.

Inside the car: silence except for BEN E. KING'S "STAND BY ME" on the radio.

"When the night has come, and the land is dark..."

Lily stares out the window, her reflection ghosted against the glass.

Marcus glances at her.

MARCUS

(quiet)

You okay?

A long pause.

LILY

(softly)

No.

He reaches over, resting his hand over hers.

MARCUS

You wanna talk?

She shakes her head.

LILY

Just... keep driving.

The Chevy hums onward.

EXT. SECLUDED LAKE - NIGHT

The moon glows silver over still water. The Chevy parks in an empty clearing.

Lily steps out barefoot, hugging herself. The night air is cool. Quiet.

Marcus joins her. Takes her hand gently.

She leans into him.

The radio hums faintly: ARETHA FRANKLIN - "(YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE) A NATURAL WOMAN."

They kiss.

Soft. Slow.

Aretha's voice is tender—wrapping around them like silk.

"You make me feel like a natural woman..."

Marcus's hands cradle her face. Gentle. Reverent. Their foreheads touch.

The kiss deepens. Her fingers slip under his collar, pulling him closer.

His hands slide to her waist. He lifts her slightly, setting her atop the hood.

Her laugh—breathless.

He kisses her neck. Tender, slow. Her breath hitches.

She whispers, trembling:

LILY

I want you.

Clothes loosen. Fingers trail skin. The song swells.

Aretha's voice fades seamlessly into THE ROLLING STONES - "GIMME SHELTER."

Primal. Urgent.

"Oh, a storm is threatening..."

Their kisses grow hungrier. Hands grip, pull.

Marcus presses against her, guiding her back across the hood, her hair spilling.

She gasps softly as his lips find her collarbone.

He pauses—searches her eyes.

MARCUS

(soft, low)

You sure?

She nods. Pulls him back down, kissing him fiercely.

The Stones roar.

"It's just a shot away... it's just a shot away..."

They move together now, slow at first. Then faster. Urgent. Consuming.

Breaths sync. Fingers clutch.

Her nails drag across his shoulders. His hand grips her thigh, pulling her closer.

The music—wild, dangerous—bleeds into the rhythm of them.

A shuddering climax. Raw. Electric.

And then—

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Silence now. The frenzy has passed. The world is still.

Lily and Marcus lie atop the hood of the Chevy, wrapped in a blanket. The moon reflects off the lake, silver and serene. Their breaths are soft, steady, in sync.

Lily rests her head on Marcus's chest, tracing small circles on his skin with her fingertips. His arm is around her, holding her close.

For a long moment, they don't speak.

LILY

(soft, almost shy)

Marcus?

MARCUS

Mm?

LILY

Do you ever think about... just leaving?

(beat)

Like... getting in this car and never coming back?

Marcus tilts his head to look at her, thoughtful.

MARCUS

Every damn day.

Lily lifts her chin, studying him.

LILY

Where would you go?

Marcus exhales, looking at the stars above.

MARCUS

Somewhere quiet. Somewhere nobody gives a damn about what color you are or what music you

listen to.
(beat)
Maybe Chicago. Detroit. Hell, even New York.

He glances down at her, smirking softly.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
You coming with me?

Lily smiles faintly.

LILY
(whispers)
Yeah.

Marcus brushes a curl from her cheek.

MARCUS
You serious?

She nods.

LILY
Anywhere. As long as it's with you.

A beat. He kisses her forehead, gentle.

MARCUS
Girl, you're trouble.

She grins.

LILY
Takes one to know one.

They fall quiet again, listening to the soft hum of the radio left low in the car.

A new song begins faintly: "YOU'RE ALL I NEED TO GET BY" by Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell.

Its haunting calm wraps around them like a lullaby.

Marcus hums along absently, low and warm. Lily closes her eyes, content.

LILY

(whispering, half-asleep)
Promise me something.

MARCUS

Anything.

LILY

Promise me we won't let them break this.

Marcus looks down at her. His fingers thread through hers.

MARCUS

(quiet, steady)
I promise.

She exhales, finally at peace.

They lie there, two kids against the night sky, dreaming of a world that doesn't exist yet.

The moonlight lingers over them.

FADE OUT.

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Lily climbs back through her window just before dawn.

The room is still. Quiet.

She sets her bag down gently and crawls under the covers fully dressed. The faint sound of birds outside.

Her eyes drift shut, a small, secret smile lingering.

INT. LILY'S KITCHEN - LATER

The clink of dishes. Morning light streams in.

Lily sits stiffly at the table, hair still tousled from the night before. Her father, TOM, pours coffee into a chipped mug. His uniform shirt is crisp, badge gleaming.

He glances at her but says nothing.

Finally—

TOM

(gruff)

I'm headed to work.

(beat)

And don't forget what I told you.

Lily keeps her gaze down. No reply.

He lingers a second, then exits. The door shuts firmly behind him.

She exhales—relief and anger all tangled together.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

They lie on their backs in the grass, looking at the stars.

LILY

What do you want, Marcus? I mean... really want.

He exhales, long and thoughtful.

MARCUS

A stage. My name on the door. Music that makes people feel like I do when I hear Marvin Gaye.

He glances at her.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

And maybe... not having to worry about getting pulled over every time I drive through your side of town.

A beat.

LILY

(softly)

What if I told you I want to run away after the concert? Just... disappear. Start over somewhere nobody knows us.

Marcus turns to her. Sees she's serious.

MARCUS

(quiet)

Then I'd probably say... when do we leave?

She smiles. Hopeful.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

The living room is alive with music, laughter, and clinking bottles. The smell of smoke and fried chicken lingers in the air. Posters of OTIS REDDING and ARETHA FRANKLIN line the walls.

Marcus stands near a mic stand in the corner, guitar slung across his shoulder. His best friend JAMES (18) leans against the wall, cigarette dangling from his lips, watching.

Lily sits on the couch with SARA, wide-eyed. She's never been in a room quite like this—packed with locals, mostly Black, alive with rhythm and warmth.

ON STAGE

Marcus strums his guitar. The room quiets. He smiles, glancing toward Lily.

MARCUS

This one's for someone special.

A ripple of teasing whistles. Marcus chuckles.

MARCUS

It's not finished yet.

He starts to play—"Justice". His voice is smooth, rich, soulful. The room melts.

Lily watches, entranced. Every lyric feels like it's for her.

LILY'S POV

Marcus closes his eyes as he sings. His voice fills the space effortlessly. It's raw and tender—proof of his gift. Around her, people nod along, lost in it.

Lily feels it in her chest—his music, his dream, his heart.

Sara leans close.

SARA

(whispering)

Girl. You're in trouble.

Lily smiles faintly, eyes never leaving Marcus.

AFTER THE SONG

Applause. Cheers. Marcus sets the guitar down, grinning. He heads straight for Lily.

She stands. He leans in, close enough to feel his breath.

MARCUS
(softly)
How'd I do?

LILY
(stunned)
You just—
(beat)
You're incredible.

He grins. She kisses him, unafraid now, even with the whole room watching.

James whistles sharply.

JAMES
(laughing)
Alright, alright! Get a room.

Everyone laughs. Marcus just smiles wider, pulling her closer.

EXT. PORCH OUTSIDE PARTY - LATER

The party hums inside. Marcus and Lily sit on the porch steps, sharing a cigarette. The night is cool, quiet.

LILY
I've never seen you like that.

MARCUS
Like what?

LILY
So... alive.

He exhales smoke, handing her the cigarette.

MARCUS
That's music, Jagger Girl. When I'm singing? Nothing else exists.

A pause. She studies him.

LILY
I wish I could be that brave.

Marcus leans closer, brushing a curl from her face.

MARCUS

You already are.

Their lips meet again—soft, lingering.

EXT. JAMES'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Marcus leans against the railing, sipping a Coke. James stands beside him, cigarette glowing in the dark.

JAMES

So. You and that girl, huh?

Marcus smirks.

MARCUS

Yeah.

James exhales smoke, studying him.

JAMES

I ain't gonna preach, but... this ain't easy, man. A Black kid from Oakland, a cop's daughter? That's a movie that don't end well.

Marcus stiffens.

MARCUS

She's not like that.

James shakes his head.

JAMES

Ain't about her. It's about everybody else. The world don't care if you love her.

Marcus doesn't answer.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Just... don't get so lost in her that you forget what it costs.

A heavy beat. Marcus stares out at the street.

INT. MARCUS'S CAR - NIGHT

The car hums down an empty stretch of road. The glow of the dashboard lights casts soft shadows across their faces.

The radio plays "TO SIR WITH LOVE" by Lulu—its tender, reflective melody filling the quiet.

Lily leans her head against the window, watching the streetlights streak by like falling stars.

Marcus glances at her.

MARCUS

You good?

She hesitates, then turns to him.

LILY

(softly)

What if we didn't come back?

Marcus frowns slightly.

MARCUS

What you mean?

She shifts in her seat, facing him fully now.

LILY

After Altamont. We Drop James and Sara off, We just... keep driving. No parents. No rules. Just you and me.....Just us.

He exhales slowly, gripping the wheel.

MARCUS

And where we going?

A small smile curls her lips.

LILY

Anywhere. Everywhere.

He studies her for a beat—her face glowing softly in the passing lights.

Then—he reaches over. His fingers find hers.

MARCUS

(low)

Alright. After Altamont.

She smiles faintly, squeezing his hand.

The song ends.

A NEW SONG BEGINS

The radio shifts. "LITTLE WING" by Jimi Hendrix floats in—delicate, dreamy, hypnotic.

Lily watches Marcus's profile in the dim light, his focus steady on the road.

The song's guitar lingers like a whisper in the air.

She leans her head onto his shoulder. His thumb brushes the back of her hand.

No more words.

Just the hum of the engine, Hendrix's ethereal guitar, and the sense that—for one perfect moment—they've already left the world behind.

EXT. MARCUS'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The faint glow of dawn brushes the horizon. The world feels hushed, like it's holding its breath.

Marcus tosses a duffel bag into the trunk of his beat-up Chevy. Lily arrives, sneakers crunching softly on the pavement, carrying her own small bag.

Sara and James show up behind her, laughing quietly, their arms full of snacks and beer.

Marcus grins.

MARCUS

Alright. Everybody ready for history?

James smirks, flicking a cigarette.

JAMES

History or disaster. Flip a coin.

Sara throws herself into the backseat, claiming her spot.

SARA

Call it whatever you want—I'm here for Mick Jagger.

Marcus opens the passenger door for Lily.

MARCUS

(to Lily)

Front seat's yours, Jagger Girl.

She smirks, sliding in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNRISE

The Chevy barrels down an open stretch of California highway, the rising sun painting the sky in gold and pink.

Windows down. Wind in their hair.

The radio kicks on—"CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'" by The Mamas & The Papas.

Sara leans her head out the window, singing loud and off-key.

James smirks but joins in anyway.

Lily leans her arm out the window, fingers slicing through the wind. Marcus taps the steering wheel in rhythm, glancing at her, smiling.

For a moment, they're just four kids on the edge of the world, chasing something that feels infinite.

EXT. ROADSIDE STOP - LATE MORNING

They pull into a dusty gas station. The smell of gasoline, coffee, and sun-baked asphalt lingers.

Marcus fills the tank. James leans against the car, smoking.

Lily and Sara head inside, emerging with Twinkies and bottled sodas.

Sara tosses one to James.

SARA

Breakfast of champions.

Marcus stretches his back, eyeing the road ahead.

MARCUS

We're about two hours out. Y'all ready?

Lily grins, climbing back into the car.

LILY

Been ready.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MIDDAY

The world blurs by. Fields. Hills. Telephone poles flashing past in rhythm.

Inside the car, "SCARBOROUGH FAIR" by Simon & Garfunkel hums softly now—dreamlike, almost otherworldly.

Sara is asleep, mouth open against the window. James has his feet on the dashboard, lost in thought.

Lily rests her head on Marcus's shoulder, eyes closed, their hands intertwined.

For a fleeting moment, it feels like nothing bad could ever touch them.

EXT. ALTAMONT SPEEDWAY - MIDDAY (ARRIVAL)

Marcus's Chevy crests the hill.

Below: an ocean of humanity. Vans, buses, and endless streams of cars line the dusty expanse. Tens of thousands of people flood the ground, swirling with color and chaos.

The faint hum of music drifts up—"ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER" by Jimi Hendrix—rising from the massive speakers ahead, wild and electric.

Marcus whistles low.

MARCUS

Damn.

Sara presses her face to the window, wide-eyed.

SARA

Holy hell.

James exhales sharply, smirking.

JAMES

Looks like every hippie in California showed up.

Marcus glances at Lily. She's transfixed, eyes wide, lips curling into a slow smile.

LILY

(softly, awed)

We made it.

EXT. ALTAMONT SPEEDWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Chevy crawls forward through a jam of parked cars and bodies weaving past.

The opening guitar wail of Hendrix cuts through the dust-heavy air, reverberating across the massive crowd.

They step out of the car, greeted by a wall of sound and sensation:

- Tie-dye flags whipping in the wind.
- Shirtless kids stumbling barefoot through the dirt.
- Hazy plumes of weed smoke drifting upward.
- A haze of sun glare making everything shimmer.

Sara spins in a circle, arms out, laughing.

SARA

This is insane!

Marcus takes it in—watching the crowd, the stage in the distance, the sheer scale of it all.

James leans in toward him.

JAMES

(low)

Man, this ain't Woodstock. Got a bad feeling already.

Marcus scans the periphery: rough-looking bikers (the HELLS ANGELS) loiter near their bikes, gripping bottles of cheap wine, sizing up the crowd.

But Lily grabs Marcus's hand, pulling him forward.

LILY

(grinning, carefree)

C'mon, Motown. Let's see it up close.

Marcus hesitates for only a second—then follows.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - LATER

They weave through the masses. Hendrix's solo howls over the open air, raw and alive.

- A man painted head-to-toe in silver twirls in slow motion.
- A barefoot girl kisses a stranger mid-dance.
- Another collapses in the dust, laughing uncontrollably.

The world feels like it's spinning in vivid color and electric sound.

Marcus glances at Lily. Her face glows in the golden sun. He squeezes her hand.

For a fleeting moment, amid the chaos, it feels perfect.

EXT. ALTAMONT SPEEDWAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

The sun beats down. Dust swirls with every step. The festival feels alive—a strange mix of electricity and haze.

Santana takes the stage.

"BLACK MAGIC WOMAN" begins—its seductive guitar and hypnotic rhythm sliding over the crowd like a spell.

Sara sways barefoot in the dust, arms loose and wild. Lily laughs, spinning with her, her fringe vest twirling. For a fleeting moment, it's still bliss.

James and Marcus hang back, more reserved. Marcus watches Lily—her joy is infectious, but his gaze keeps drifting toward the edges of the stage.

HELLS ANGELS - GROWING PRESENCE

- Bikers straddle their Harleys near the stage, beer bottles dangling from their hands.
- Some laugh, loud and mean, jostling each other.
- Others just stare out at the crowd, eyes hidden behind dark shades.

One Angel cracks a bottle against his boot, sharp and loud. A kid nearby flinches.

Marcus notices.

MARCUS

(low, to James)

They looking for trouble.

James nods grimly.

JAMES

Already found it, man. Just ain't swung yet.

CROWD TIGHTENS

As the music rolls on, the crowd presses closer. The air thickens—dust, sweat, and something else. The vibe shifts almost imperceptibly.

- A man stumbles forward, tripping into Marcus. Marcus steadies him—his pupils are blown wide.
- A barefoot girl collapses in the dirt, laughing uncontrollably, then crying seconds later.
- A push ripples through the crowd like a wave—someone shoves, another pushes back.

Sara spins back toward James, giggling, oblivious.

SARA

This is crazy! Like... magic crazy.

James's arm slides around her waist, protective.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE (LATER)

The sun begins to tilt lower. Jefferson Airplane takes the stage.

"WHITE RABBIT" echoes out—trippy, pulsing, surreal.

The colors feel sharper. The shadows longer. Dust floats like haze.

Grace Slick leans into the mic, her voice eerie:
"One pill makes you larger..."

The crowd screams approval.

But then—

A scuffle breaks out near the front.

An Angel shoves a man—hard. The man stumbles, bleeding from his lip. The music doesn't stop.

Grace notices.

GRACE SLICK

(into mic)

Hey, hey! No, no—easy out there, man!

Her voice cuts through the tension, but the music keeps going.

Marcus locks an arm around Lily.

MARCUS

(low)

Stay close.

Lily nods, gripping him tighter now, her wide eyes flicking toward the stage.

THE DARK TURN

The atmosphere shifts sharply.

- The Angels drink more, yelling at anyone who strays too near.
- A young girl is yanked roughly back by an Angel for leaning on the stage—she stumbles, shaken.
- A man is dragged out by his collar, barely conscious.
- Arguments spark in the crowd. Voices rise. People jostle harder.

James's jaw clenches.

JAMES

(low, urgent)

This ain't music anymore. This is a powder keg.

Marcus glances at Lily—still trying to hold on to the joy in her face—but even she sees it now.

The sun bleeds lower, long shadows crawling over the speedway.

The dream is rotting at its edges.

EXT. ALTAMONT SPEEDWAY - SUNSET

The sun dips low, painting the sky a bruised orange and purple. The dust glows in the fading light. The temperature cools, but the energy sharpens—like the air before a storm.

The stage stands in silhouette, lit from behind. Thousands press forward, shoulder to shoulder. The crowd hums with restless anticipation, the sound of tens of thousands of voices blending into a single rumble.

THE CROWD SURGES

A ripple pushes forward, then another. People jostle hard.

- A man shoves past Marcus, eyes glassy, muttering nonsense.
- Two men start yelling, fists nearly swinging before the sea of bodies forces them apart.
- Lily clings to Marcus's arm, tense now, her earlier euphoria fading.

Marcus glances at James, who has his arm locked protectively around Sara.

JAMES

(grim)

We're too deep in it now.

Marcus nods slightly, scanning the chaos around them.

THE HELLS ANGELS

Down front, the HELLS ANGELS prowl like wolves. Their bottles are half-empty. Their grips on pool cues are tighter now. Their faces—cold, watchful.

One biker yells at a kid climbing a speaker. He yanks him down by his shirt collar and shoves him into the dust.

The kid stumbles away, dazed, blood on his lip.

The Angels laugh.

THE ROLLING STONES ARRIVE

Suddenly—cheers. Screams.

The ROLLING STONES emerge, stepping onto the stage.

MICK JAGGER, shirt unbuttoned, struts up to the mic. His voice cuts through the din:

MICK JAGGER

Easy, now...

(calm, smooth)

Cool it down, yeah? We're all here for the same thing.

The cheers roar, louder, manic. The crowd surges forward again, smashing tighter.

Marcus pulls Lily close, holding her against his chest.

MARCUS

(low, steady)

Stay with me.

She nods, gripping him like a lifeline.

"SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL" BEGINS

The first chords slash out—raw, hypnotic.

"Please allow me to introduce myself..."

The bassline throbs through the ground. The sound is electric, intoxicating, almost dangerous.

The crowd SCREAMS.

Bodies press tighter. People yell, some laughing hysterically, others panicked.

Sara's voice is high, nervous.

SARA

(half-joking)

I can't even move!

James holds her firm, scanning the crowd.

JAMES

(low)

Don't.

MICK COMMANDS THE CHAOS

Mick Jagger prowls the stage like a predator, feeding on the frenzy.

"I've been around for a long, long year..."

Down front, two Angels slam into a man trying to climb closer. He disappears under their boots.

Lily sees it. Her face twists.

LILY

(whispering)

Marcus...?

He pulls her closer, shielding her with his body.

THE MUSIC CLASHES WITH VIOLENCE

The song builds—faster, louder.

- A bottle smashes near James's feet.
- An Angel swings a pool cue at a man's ribs.
- A girl stumbles, screaming for help, swallowed by the crowd.

Mick keeps singing, unfazed—or unwilling to stop:

"Pleased to meet you... hope you guess my name..."

Marcus's jaw tightens. He leans down to Lily.

MARCUS

(low, firm)

We stick together. No matter what.

She nods against his chest, fear overtaking the wonder.

The dream is shattering.

And the night has only just begun.

EXT. ALTAMONT SPEEDWAY - NIGHT

The sky is dark now. The only light comes from the stage and scattered bonfires across the field. Dust hangs in the air like smoke.

The Stones are deep into "Sympathy for the Devil." The music slithers and pounds like a heartbeat, impossible to escape.

The crowd is suffocating, heaving in waves. Shoves ripple like aftershocks. Screams burst out, then vanish under the roar.

THE HELLS ANGELS - OUT OF CONTROL

Down front, the HELLS ANGELS have abandoned all pretense of security.

- One biker punches a kid in the face—no reason.
- Another drags a man backward by his hair.
- Pool cues swing. Chains whip through the air.

A girl tries to run. An Angel grabs her arm, twisting hard. She cries out. No one intervenes.

Marcus sees it all, eyes sharp, jaw clenched. His arm stays locked around Lily.

MARCUS

(low, urgent)

Stay right here. Don't let go.

THE MUSIC KEEPS GOING

Mick Jagger commands the stage, hips snaking, sweat dripping.

"Pleased to meet you... hope you guess my name..."

But his voice is drowned by the screams.

A bottle SMASHES near Marcus's feet. He jerks Lily back just in time.

James shouts over the noise:

JAMES

(yelling)

We gotta move! Now!

TRANSITION TO "UNDER MY THUMB"

The Stones shift suddenly—"Under My Thumb" kicks in, sharp and jagged.

The crowd surges AGAIN, forward toward the stage. The crush is unbearable now.

Marcus grips Lily's waist, holding her tight against him as bodies slam from all sides.

Sara yelps, nearly pulled under. James yanks her back, shoving away a stoned man stumbling into them.

THE FIRST SPARK

Ahead, a commotion.

A young Black man—barely older than Marcus—argues with an Angel. The biker SHOVES him. Hard.

The kid stumbles back. Dazed. Lifts his hands.

The Angel grins—and PUNCHES him square in the face.

The kid crumples. Two more Angels join in, kicking him savagely.

Lily gasps.

LILY

(panicked)

Marcus...!

Marcus pulls her back, shielding her view—but his eyes burn. His chest heaves.

THE CONFRONTATION (MORE RACIALLY MOTIVATED)

HELLS ANGEL

(mocking, loud enough for others)

What the hell's he doing here?

The biker points his pool cue toward Marcus.

HELLS ANGEL (CONT'D)

Ain't this a white show? Ain't your kind got your own music?

A few nearby heads turn. A couple of drunk festival-goers snicker nervously.

Marcus keeps his hands open, calm, voice steady.

MARCUS

I don't want trouble, man.

The Angel steps closer, breath thick with beer.

HELLS ANGEL

(taunting)

What's that, boy? You slumming it out here for the white girl?

He looks over at Lily—leering.

HELLS ANGEL (CONT'D)

(smirking)

Yeah, I see. Ain't enough girls where you from?

Marcus's jaw tightens. He doesn't move.

MARCUS

(controlled, low)

I said I don't want trouble.

The Angel jabs the pool cue into Marcus's chest, hard.

HELLS ANGEL

(louder)

Then get your Black ass outta here.

Lily steps forward, furious.

LILY

(shouting)

Leave him alone!

The Angel laughs.

HELLS ANGEL

Oh, you like that? You want him that bad, sweetheart?

Marcus shifts slightly—instinctive. Protective.

MARCUS

(firm)

Back off, man.

The Angel tilts his head, grinning wider.

HELLS ANGEL

(mocking)

Or what? You gonna sing me a Motown song, boy?

He spits in the dirt at Marcus's feet.

HELLS ANGEL (CONT'D)

(snarling)

You don't belong here.

Marcus exhales—controlled, calm.

MARCUS

(steady)

We're leaving.

Marcus turns slightly, pulling Lily with him.

HELLS ANGEL

Nah.

The blade flashes.

MARCUS'S DEATH

The blade plunges into Marcus's stomach—once, twice, twisted cruelly.

He gasps, eyes wide, body locking. Blood blossoms across his shirt.

Lily's scream pierces through the chaos.

LILY

(screaming)

MARCUS!

She shoves past bodies, clawing her way to him as he crumples to his knees.

Marcus clutches his stomach, hands slick with blood, his face pale.

MARCUS

(weakly, dazed)

Lil...

He collapses forward—she catches him, lowering him into her lap, shaking violently.

LILY

(sobbing, frantic)

No, no, no, stay with me! You're okay, baby, you're okay!

Marcus's trembling fingers smear blood across her cheek as he tries to touch her face.

MARCUS

(whispering, trembling)

Don't... cry. You look too pretty to cry.

She lets out a sharp, broken laugh through her sobs, pressing her hands against his wound.

LILY

(pleading)

You're gonna be fine! Just stay awake, Marcus, please—please stay awake!

His breathing hitches, shallow and ragged. He looks up at her with glassy eyes.

MARCUS

(faint, fading)

I... I wanted to write you that song.

LILY

(shaking her head, desperate)

You will. You will, I swear—just stay with me!

His lips twitch into the faintest smile.

MARCUS

(barely audible)

You're... my song, Lil.

Her tears fall hot onto his face as she leans down, pressing her forehead to his.

LILY

(broken, whispering)

I love you. God, I love you so much.

Marcus's eyes flutter. His fingers weakly curl around hers.

MARCUS

(final breath, a whisper)
I love you, too. Always...

His hand slips from hers. His chest falls—and does not rise.

Lily lets out a scream that tears through the night.

She clutches him, rocking back and forth, sobbing uncontrollably.

James and Sara finally break through the crowd, but they freeze at the sight—Marcus limp in Lily's arms, her hands and dress soaked in his blood.

The Stones' music drones on in the background—"Under My Thumb"—cruel and indifferent as the chaos rages around them.

Lily's screams are drowned by the noise of the crowd and the relentless pounding of drums.

THE MUSIC FADES...

The Stones' song FADES ABRUPTLY, as if drowned underwater.

In its place, soft and mournful:

"Love Theme from Romeo and Juliet" by Henry Mancini begins to play.

Gentle strings swell, tender and devastating, underscoring Lily's scream echoing into the night.

THE CAMERA HOLDS

We stay locked on Lily, covered in Marcus's blood, cradling his lifeless body.

The violence around her is now muted and distant -- blurred figures, muffled shouting. The music isolates her, cocooning her in heartbreak as time slows.

She presses her cheek to his.

LILY
(whispering, broken)
I can't... I can't do this without you.

Her tears streak down, soaking his face.

DAWN BREAKS

The "Love Theme" continues as night dissolves into gray morning.

- People sleeping in the dirt.
- Trash and shattered bottles.
- The empty stage looming over a battlefield of broken dreams.

Lily still sits in the dirt, hollow-eyed, holding Marcus's denim jacket in her lap.

The music swells.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(over static, cold and detached)
...reports confirm a fatal stabbing
last night at the Altamont Free
Concert. Authorities state the victim,
an unidentified young Black man, was
armed and--

James SLAMS the radio off.

FUNERAL

The same mournful theme lingers as we dissolve to:

- Marcus's small, somber funeral.
- His coffin lowering.
- Lily at the back, trembling. His mother turning away from her.
- Lily placing Marcus's guitar pick on the fresh soil, whispering softly:

LILY
(whispering)
You're my song too.

The "Love Theme from Romeo and Juliet" reaches its aching crescendo as Lily presses her forehead to the ground. The wind carries Marcus's memory -- his voice from the park, singing softly:

"You're my song, Lil..."

FINAL IMAGE

The frame lingers on Lily alone at Marcus's grave. The world is silent except for the music.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT 3: AFTERMATH & RECKONING

INT. LILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lily enters her house quietly, Marcus's denim jacket draped around her shoulders.

Her father, TOM, sits in his armchair, his police uniform still on. The TV glows, casting him in pale blue light.

He turns when he hears her.

TOM
(cold)
You're late.

Lily doesn't answer.

TOM
(sharper)
I asked you a question.

Lily slowly turns to him, hollow-eyed.

LILY
(quiet, trembling)
He's dead.

Tom freezes. His mouth opens slightly but no words come out.

LILY
(voice rising, shaking)
They killed him. Right in front of me.
And you know what they'll say? That he
deserved it. Because of people like you.

Tom stands, his jaw tight, but Lily doesn't flinch.

LILY (CONT'D)
(furious, tearful)
Do you even care that he's dead? Or is
it easier for you this way?

Tom exhales, his face softening slightly -- but it's too late.

Lily steps back.

LILY (CONT'D)
(quiet, final)

I don't live here anymore.

She grabs her bag and leaves. The door SLAMS.

INT. JAMES'S ROOM - NIGHT

James sits at his desk, listening to a Malcolm X speech on a crackly record player.

On the wall: a photo of him and Marcus, laughing together at the park.

He stares at it, fists clenched.

Sara sits cross-legged on his bed, worried.

SARA
(soft)
James...

James doesn't look at her.

JAMES
(quiet, cold)
I'm done singing about change.

He shuts off the record player, the room falling silent.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'm gonna make it happen.

He picks up Marcus's old guitar pick, staring at it like it's a relic.

EXT. OAKLAND - BLACK PANTHER MEETING - DAY

James walks up the steps of a small community center where Black Panther volunteers hand out leaflets.

He pauses at the door.

A PANTHER (20s, fierce) notices him.

PANTHER
You here to help or watch?

James exhales, jaw firm.

JAMES

Help.

He steps inside. The door closes behind him.

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lily stands in her room, a suitcase open on her bed.

She takes Marcus's denim jacket, presses it to her face, breathing him in one last time. Then she folds it gently, placing it on top.

On her dresser: her old notebook of poems. She tears out the page she read to Marcus at Golden Gate Park and tucks it into her pocket.

She glances back at her room -- a childhood she's leaving behind.

Then she shuts the suitcase.

EXT. BUS STATION - SUNSET

A Greyhound bus idles, exhaust curling in the cool air. Lily stands on the platform, suitcase in hand, Marcus's denim jacket draped over her arm.

She stares at the horizon -- lost, pale, but resolute.

"A Change Is Gonna Come" by Sam Cooke begins softly, its opening notes plaintive and soulful.

She boards the bus.

INT. BUS - MOVING - SUNSET

Lily sits by the window. The fading sunlight bathes her face in gold.

She clutches Marcus's denim jacket to her chest, staring out at the rolling hills and endless road.

Sam Cooke's voice swells:

"It's been a long... a long time coming..."

Her eyes glisten. She exhales shakily.

"But I know... a change gonna come... Oh yes it will."

INTERCUT IMAGES (AS MUSIC BUILDS):

- JAMES sits in a Black Panther meeting, his face hardened, determined.

- MARCUS'S MOTHER lights a candle under her son's photo, tears streaming silently down her face.

- SARA drives past Golden Gate Park, glancing toward the oak tree where Lily and Marcus once sat.

The bus continues down the highway, vanishing into the horizon.

EXT. LILY ON THE BUS - CONTINUOUS

Lily presses her forehead against the glass.

Her grip tightens on Marcus's jacket.

The song swells to its aching refrain.

She shuts her eyes.

FADE OUT.

The screen goes black.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"On December 6, 1969, Meredith Hunter was killed at the Altamont Free Concert. His death marked the violent end of the 1960s counterculture dream."

END CREDITS

As the credits roll, "Justice" by Derrick Smith -- its Full Composition washing over the audience.

The music carries us through the credits, a final elegy to Marcus, Lily, and a generation's lost dream.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END