

The Last Light

Original fictional shooting script / Revision 04 / November 1, 2026

1. EXT. HEADLAND ROAD - DAWN

A narrow road follows the grey sea. A small blue estate car pulls into a gravel lay-by.

ELLIE, 32, steps out in a rust rain jacket. A field recorder hangs from her shoulder. She holds a letter, its fold worn soft.

Above her, the lighthouse beam makes one last sweep through the dawn.

ELLIE

I made it before you stopped.

She pockets the letter and follows the path uphill.

2. INT. KEEPER'S COTTAGE / KITCHEN - MORNING

Two chipped mugs stand on a kitchen table. MARA, 58, keeps her work coat on. Ellie takes the chair opposite.

MARA

You still take it without milk?

ELLIE

Some things stay the same.

Mara slides a mug toward her. Ellie sets the recorder on the table but does not turn it on.

MARA

You came to record the machinery.

ELLIE

That was the easy thing to put in the email.

Outside, a gull interrupts the silence. Neither of them reaches for the tea.

3. INT. KEEPER'S COTTAGE / CONTROL ROOM - DUSK

The last daylight lies across an oak worktable. A brass key rests beside a blue logbook. A small table lamp is the only warm light in the room.

Mara stands at the sea-facing window. Ellie waits by the table, recorder idle in her hand.

MARA
I thought if I kept the light turning, nothing would change.

Mara turns from the window. She picks up the brass key.

ELLIE
You could have called.

MARA
I didn't know what to say.

She lays the key between them. Ellie studies the grooves worn smooth by years of use.

ELLIE
Start with tomorrow.

Ellie takes the key. Mara switches off the table lamp. For a moment they stand together in the remaining daylight.

4. EXT. COAST PATH - DUSK

The path curves across the grass well back from the shoreline. Ellie and Mara walk shoulder to shoulder.

ELLIE
You used to tell me you could hear the weather coming.

MARA
Mostly I heard you refusing your boots.

Ellie laughs. Mara steadies herself at a shallow step. Ellie offers her arm, and this time Mara takes it.

They stop to listen. Ellie presses RECORD. Wind lifts the edge of Mara's coat.

5. INT. LIGHTHOUSE / STAIR LANDING - DUSK

A short flight of metal stairs leads to the lantern room. BEN, 40s, packs away a tool case. Everything is still.

BEN
The new system waits for your go-ahead.

Mara rests a hand on the rail. Ellie carries the recorder and the key.

MARA
Give us ten minutes.

Ben nods. Mara and Ellie climb the final steps together.

6. INT. LIGHTHOUSE / LANTERN ROOM - NIGHT

The great lens turns slowly. A band of light travels across the curved room, then leaves it dark again.

Ellie positions the recorder. Mara opens the logbook to a fresh page.

MARA
November fifth. Visibility clear.

She looks at Ellie.

MARA
Keeper relieved.

Ellie lets the recorder run. The light crosses both their faces.

ELLIE
I got it.

Mara closes the logbook. They listen to one final rotation.

7. INT. KEEPER'S COTTAGE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

The mugs have been washed. Ben leaves a handover envelope on the table.

BEN
No hurry with the rest.

He leaves. Ellie unfolds the letter she brought with her. It is a drawing of the lighthouse, made by a child.

ELLIE
She asked me to bring you home for dinner.

MARA
Does she take it without milk?

Ellie smiles and folds the drawing carefully.

8. EXT. HEADLAND ROAD - MORNING

The blue car waits beside the path. Ellie puts the recorder in the boot. Mara carries only a small bag.

Mara looks once toward the lighthouse. The beam turns, indifferent and steady.

ELLIE

Ready?

MARA

For breakfast.

They get into the car. Ellie drives away. The lighthouse remains above the road.

FADE OUT.