The Sreenplay Act 3 of 'The\_Time\_Machine\_Novel\_docx':

[Act 3-Scene 1]:

EXT. BURNING FOREST - NIGHT

The scene is chaotic. The forest is ablaze, flames licking at the night sky, casting sinister shadows. The TIME TRAVELLER (40s, disheveled and frantic) stands resolute amidst the chaos, clutching an iron bar, eyes scanning the dark treeline for any sign of the MORLOCKS, who lurk just beyond the fire's light.

His heart races, each pulse echoing the desperation of his situation. In a moment of foresight, he clutches a handful of CAMPHOR and STRIKES A MATCH, its faint light flickering against the oppressive darkness.

TIME TRAVELLER

(whispering to himself)

It has to work... for her sake...

He ignites the camphor. The flames EXPLODE, roaring high, illuminating his face and casting a fiery glow. Shadows shrink back from the blaze, and the feral whispers of the Morlocks retreat momentarily.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(voice strong, determined)

Get back! You won’t take her!

The light from the fire dances wildly, illuminating his fierce resolve but also highlighting the terror lurking just beyond the flames. Memories of WEENA (late teens, delicate, ethereal) flood his mind, each thought a visceral reminder of what’s at stake.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(internal struggle)

Weena... I can’t let them take you.

His breath comes in short, frantic gasps as he considers the weight of his feelings for her—a bond forged in desperation, tenderness, and an unwavering need for protection.

Suddenly, a RUSTLING from the shadows pierces his thoughts. He scans the area, eyes wide, gripping the iron bar tighter.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(urgently)

Weena! Where are you?

The shadows shift, and a pair of glistening EYES emerge from the darkness. The Time Traveller’s breath hitches—he stands his ground, the camphor flames flickering dangerously, casting THE MORLOCKS in a grotesque, eerie light.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

You want her? Come and take her from me!

Just then, Weena stumbles into the firelight, the sheer terror evident in her eyes. She RALLIES beside him, terrified but unwavering, her small hand grasping his arm.

WEENA

(voice trembling)

They... they’re everywhere!

Her presence ignites a ferocious strength within him. Memories of their laughter, their shared moments, reshuffle in his mind—

TIME TRAVELLER

(thinking aloud)

No! I won’t let fear take you from me, Weena.

He peers back into the dark forest, watching as more Morlocks approach, emboldened by the chaos. He reaches into his pocket, pulling out another piece of camphor, lighting it with urgency.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(raising the camphor high)

Back, foul creatures!

The flames spring to life once more. The Morlocks screech furiously, recoiling in fear from the fire as it growls and spits.

WEENA

(shouting over the roar)

Will it keep them away?

TIME TRAVELLER

(furious resolve)

It has to...

Just as he speaks, he SPOTS a particularly bold MORLOCK lunging towards them from the forest cover. Panic surges through him.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(fiercely)

No!

In one swift motion, he swings the iron bar, connecting with the Morlock and sending it CRASHING to the ground. He feels a rush of adrenaline—but it’s short-lived, as several MORE emerge, quickly adapting to his tactics.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(gritting his teeth)

Stay back!

The camphor's flames flicker erratically. His mind races as he contemplates the dangers closing in on them, his determination crystallizing.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(reflective)

Weena... I won’t let them take you.

Flashes of their time together—their shared laughter amidst the ruins, her curious gaze as she explored, the warmth of her hand clasped in his—fortify his resolve.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(voice low, intense)

I love you.

With that thought, he throws more camphor into the melee, a sacrificial offering that drives the Morlocks back for just a heartbeat.

But suddenly, the roaring flames cast enough light to reveal Weena collapsing at his feet, unmoving. His heart stalls, chaos muffled under the dread of silence.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(voice breaking)

WEENA!

He drops beside her, panic erupting within him as he checks for her breath. The shadows linger, waiting, hungry.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(frantic, choked)

No, don’t do this to me...

The fire crackles and hisses around them, flickering shadows morphing into shapes of the WRITHING MORLOCKS. With renewed desperation, he lights another match, flat against the chaos that swirls around them.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(muttering under his breath)

Not again...

The flames leap higher, revealing the body of a Morlock staggering towards him, blinded by the light—its white form stark against the blaze. The Time Traveller rises, heart full of fury.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Face me!

In that moment, he knows—this is survival. This fight transcends mere existence; it embodies love lost, the fire of hope, and the vestiges of a fragile paradise under siege.

As flames encircle him, he moves with determination, swinging the iron bar with precision, the world around him blurring in a raging inferno of defiance.

FADE OUT.

[Act 3-Scene 2]:

EXT. FOREST OF ASHES - EARLY MORNING

Thick, acrid smoke lingers in the air as the first light of dawn breaks through the haze. The landscape is a charred memory of what was once a vibrant forest. Blackened trees stand like tortured skeletons, scattered embers glowing faintly on the ground. The TIME TRAVELLER (40s, rugged and hollow-eyed) stands alone in the midst of ashes, his breath heavy with despair.

He stares into the wreckage, brow furrowed, haunted by visions of chaos from last night that flare in his memory like the flames that ravaged the woods. A bitter wind brushes past him, stirring the smoke and ash at his feet.

TIME TRAVELLER

(murmuring to himself, voice breaking)

Weena... where are you?

He kneels down, running his fingers through the soot. Each grain of ash feels like shards of his heart. It dawns on him—she is missing. Overwhelming dread washes over him as genuine fear ignites.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(panic rising)

No... no, not you too.

A FLASHBACK overtakes him:

EXT. LUSH GARDEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Weena playfully twirls amidst the flowers, her laughter ringing like chimes in the breeze. The Time Traveller watches her, his heart swelling with affection. She pauses, a flower in hand, looking back at him with wide, innocent eyes.

WEENA

(smiling)

Look—I’m a queen of flowers!

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. FOREST OF ASHES - EARLY MORNING

The Time Traveller's face twists in anguish as he snaps back to reality. Tears well up in his eyes, but he blinks them away—grief should not overshadow the urgency of the moment.

TIME TRAVELLER

(to himself, fiercely)

I have to find you...

Suddenly, another FLASHBACK:

EXT. GLOWING FIRE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The fire crackles and spits around them as they hold each other close, huddled against the shadows. Weena’s eyes shine with trust and love, her small hand clutching his tightly.

WEENA

(softly)

Promise you’ll protect me...

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. FOREST OF ASHES - EARLY MORNING

The memory lingers, echoing in the Time Traveller’s heart. He clenches his jaw, fighting against the tears, his resolve hardening. The strength of their bond fuels the desperation inside him.

TIME TRAVELLER

(whispers)

I’ll find you, Weena. I promise.

He stands up abruptly, scanning the area again. Charred branches claw at the sky, twisted and broken, as if reaching for something lost. Ashes swirl, mirroring the turmoil within him.

Suddenly, he spots something half-buried among the leaves—an Eloi shawl, singed but unmistakably hers. He lunges forward, heart racing as he clutches the fabric to his chest.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(crying out)

Weena!

The sound of his own voice echoes back, hollow against the silence. He steels himself, gripping the shawl tightly, the faint scent of her still clinging to the fabric.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(swallowing hard)

You’re out there... I won’t stop...

He begins to walk, each step weighed down by grief yet driven by love. As he charts a path through the remnants of destruction, flashes of their shared moments flood his mind: the joy of discovery, the warmth of her laughter, the heart-stopping beauty of their connection.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(whispering, voice trembles)

Please... be safe.

As morning light grows stronger, illuminating the devastation around him, he takes a deep breath and straightens his back, determination and fear battling within.

TIME TRAVELLER (CONT'D)

(to himself, resolutely)

I will find you.

He steps forward, each crunch of ash underfoot loud in the quiet stillness, releasing the echoes of hope mixed with despair. He walks into the forest of ashes, a lone figure searching for the light of his love amid the darkness.

FADE OUT.