

Soul Sanctuary

written by

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INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The camera slowly pans across ETHAN TURNER's small but meticulously organized apartment. Every corner of the room is a shrine to Northern Soul. Framed vintage concert posters adorn the walls, each telling a story of an era gone by. Shelves are stacked high with vinyl records, their spines displaying names that glitter with history. The soft, crackling sound of a record needle finding its groove fills the air, and the infectious beat of a classic Northern Soul track "Indeed I do, do I love you" begins to play.

**CLOSE UP on ETHAN (30)** as he carefully places a record onto his turntable. He's dressed in a vintage t-shirt and jeans, his hair slightly tousled and wearing glasses. His eyes light up with passion as he adjusts the needle, ensuring it lands perfectly on the record's edge. He leans back, letting the music wash over him.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

MAYA HARRIS (28) walks briskly down a bustling city street. She's dressed in a stylish but practical outfit, her energy vibrant and contagious. She holds a stack of flyers in one hand and her phone in the other, quickly typing out a message.

TEXT MESSAGE:

MAYA: "Found something! Meet me at 54 Camden St. ASAP. Trust me, you're gonna love this. - M"

INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ethan's phone buzzes on the table. He glances at the message, curiosity piqued. He grabs his jacket, quickly downs the last sip of his coffee, and heads out the door, leaving the music still playing.

EXT. OLD, RUN-DOWN CLUB - DAY

Ethan arrives at 54 Camden Street, an old, decrepit building standing quietly amidst newer, flashier structures. The sign above the door reads "The Camden Club," its letters faded and barely legible. Maya stands by the entrance, her eyes bright with excitement.

ETHAN  
(Raising an eyebrow)  
This place? Really?

MAYA  
 (grinning)  
 Trust me, just wait until you see  
 inside.

She pushes the heavy door open, and they step inside.

INT. THE CAMDEN CLUB - DAY

The interior is a dusty, forgotten relic of the past. The walls are lined with faded wallpaper, and the wooden floorboards creak with each step. A faint smell of mildew lingers in the air, but the space has undeniable charm and potential. Old disco balls hang from the ceiling, and a small stage stands at the far end of the room.

ETHAN  
 (Softly, almost to  
 himself)  
 It's perfect.

MAYA  
 (Enthusiastically)  
 I knew you'd see it. This place has  
 history, Ethan. We can bring it  
 back to life. Make it the heart of  
 Northern Soul again.

Ethan walks further into the room, running his hand along the edge of the stage. He can almost hear the echoes of past performances, the energy of the crowds that once filled the space.

ETHAN  
 (Turning to Maya)  
 How much is the rent.

MAYA  
 (A bit hesitant)  
 It's... not cheap. But if we pool  
 our resources and maybe get a few  
 friends to help, we can make this  
 work.

ETHAN  
 (Nodding, determined)  
 Then let's do it. Let's bring the  
 soul back to this place.

MAYA  
 (Smirking)  
 That's the spirit! We'll call it  
 Soul Sanctuary.

ETHAN  
 (Grinning)  
 Soul Sanctuary it is.

MONTAGE:

Ethan and Maya cleaning up the club, sweeping away years of dust and grime.

Friends and local volunteers painting the walls, repairing broken fixtures, and setting up sound equipment.

Maya designing promotional flyers while Ethan carefully arranges records on a makeshift DJ booth.

Brief clips of Ethan spinning records at his apartment, perfecting his playlists for the club's opening night.

Maya on the phone, securing performers and spreading the word about their new venture.

INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - NIGHT

The camera zooms in on a flyer pinned to a bulletin board:  
 "Soul Sanctuary Grand Opening - This Saturday! Live Music, DJ Sets, and More! Let's bring back Northern Soul!"

Ethan and Maya stand in the center of the club, now transformed into a vibrant, inviting space. The walls are adorned with Northern Soul memorabilia, and the stage is set for live performances. The club hums with anticipation, a few final touches being put in place by their team of volunteers.

ETHAN  
 (Breathing deeply)  
 We did it, Maya. We really did it.

MAYA  
 (placing a hand on his  
 shoulder in a flirting  
 way)  
 This is just the beginning, Ethan.  
 We're going to make history here.

As they look around the room, the camera slowly pulls back, capturing the renewed energy and potential of "Soul Sanctuary." The echoes of the past blend seamlessly with the promise of a vibrant future, united by the enduring beats of Northern Soul.

## INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - DAY

The once decrepit Camden Club, now rebranded as Soul Sanctuary, is buzzing with activity. The transformation is in full swing. Volunteers paint walls, fix lights, and set up tables. ETHAN TURNER moves around the room, coordinating the efforts. MAYA HARRIS stands nearby, reviewing a checklist on her tablet.

ETHAN

(Loudly, to the  
volunteers)

Great job, everyone! Let's make sure the sound system is up and running by tonight. The opening is just a week away!

MAYA

(Looking up from her  
tablet)

Ethan, we need to finalize the setlist for the opening night. Have you decided on the tracks?

ETHAN

(Nodding)

Yeah, I've got a few classics in mind. I want to start with something that'll really get the crowd moving. How about 'Do I Love You (Indeed I Do)' by Frank Wilson?

MAYA

(Smiling)

Perfect. That'll set the tone for the whole night.

The door opens, and TOMMY "T-BONE" WATTS (60) walks in, carrying a crate of records. He's a grizzled veteran of the Northern Soul scene, with a twinkle in his eye and a lifetime of stories etched into his face.

TOMMY

(Grinning)

Well, if it isn't the dynamic duo! This place is looking good. Almost makes me feel young again.

ETHAN

(Beaming)

Tommy! Thanks for coming. We could use your expertise. What do you think?

TOMMY

(Setting down the crate)  
I think you're on the right track.  
This old place has soul. Now it's  
up to us to bring it out. Here, I  
brought some of my favorites to add  
to your collection.

He pulls out a few records and hands them to Ethan, who looks  
at them with reverence.

ETHAN

(Excited)  
These are amazing! Thanks, Tommy.  
We couldn't do this without you.

MAYA

(To Tommy)  
We're planning a big event to raise  
some funds. We're a bit short on  
the rent for next month, and we  
want to make sure we're covered.

TOMMY

(Nodding)  
I figured as much. Don't worry,  
I'll DJ the event, free of charge.  
We'll get this place packed.

ETHAN

(Sincerely)  
We appreciate it more than you  
know. This means everything to us.

INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - LATER THAT DAY

Ethan, Maya, and Tommy sit at a table in the middle of the  
club, surrounded by a few other volunteers. They're planning  
the upcoming fundraising event. The table is covered in  
flyers, setlists, and notes.

MAYA

(Pointing at the flyer)  
We need to get these out everywhere  
—coffee shops, record stores,  
community centers. If we can get a  
good crowd, we'll be able to cover  
the rent and then some.

VOLUNTEER #1

(Eagerly)  
I'll take a stack to the  
university.

(MORE)

## VOLUNTEER #1 (CONT'D)

There's a lot of music lovers there who would definitely come.

## ETHAN

(Nodding)

Great idea. Let's make sure we hit every corner of the city. We need to make a splash.

## TOMMY

(Leaning back,  
reminiscing)

Back in the day, word of mouth was king. We didn't have social media, but we had passion. If you can capture that same energy, people will come.

## MAYA

(Smiling)

And we've got both passion and social media now. We'll make it work.

## INT. ETHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ethan sits at his kitchen table, surrounded by records. He's making final adjustments to his setlist, listening to each track and making notes. The camera focuses on his face, a mix of determination and excitement.

His phone buzzes with a notification. It's a message from Lexi Taylor, the singer they've booked for the opening night.

## TEXT MESSAGE:

LEXI: Hey Ethan, just wanted to let you know I'm super excited for the gig! Let me know if you need anything else from me. - Lexi

Ethan smiles, typing back quickly.

## TEXT MESSAGE:

ETHAN: Hey Lexi, thanks for the message! Just bring your incredible voice and energy. We're going to make this night unforgettable.

## INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Ethan returns to the club, now quiet and empty. He stands in the center of the dance floor, imagining the space filled with people, the music pumping, and the energy electric.

ETHAN

(Softly, to himself)  
We're really doing this.

The camera pulls back, showing Ethan as a solitary figure in the middle of the club, surrounded by the potential and promise of what's to come.

## INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - DAY

The club is a hive of activity. Volunteers are busy setting up decorations, testing lights, and making final adjustments to the sound system. The excitement for the upcoming fundraising event is palpable. ETHAN TURNER and MAYA HARRIS move through the space, coordinating efforts and ensuring everything is on track.

ETHAN

(To a volunteer)  
Make sure those lights are synced with the music. We want the atmosphere to be perfect.

MAYA

(Glancing at her tablet)  
The food and drinks will be here in an hour. We need to make sure the bar is fully stocked and ready to go.

The door swings open, and LEXI TAYLOR (25) walks in, carrying a guitar case. She's dressed in a vintage-inspired outfit, her vibrant personality shining through.

LEXI

(Cheerfully)  
Hey everyone! Ready for the big night?

ETHAN

(Smiling)  
Lexi! Great to see you. Thanks for coming early. We could use a soundcheck before things get too hectic.



LEXI  
(Nodding)  
Absolutely. Let's make sure  
everything sounds just right.

INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - STAGE - LATER

Lexi stands on the stage, adjusting her microphone. Ethan is at the soundboard, making tweaks. The room is starting to fill with a few early arrivals, curious locals drawn by the promise of something special.

ETHAN  
(Into the mic)  
Alright, Lexi, let's hear it. Give  
us a taste of what you've got.

Lexi strums her guitar and begins to sing, her powerful voice filling the room. The acoustics are perfect, and the sound resonates beautifully. Ethan and Maya exchange satisfied glances.

MAYA  
(to Ethan)  
She's amazing. This is exactly what  
we needed.

ETHAN  
(Nodding)  
She's going to blow them away  
tonight.

INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - NIGHT

The club is packed. People of all ages and backgrounds are mingling, excitedly discussing the event. The energy is electric, a palpable buzz of anticipation. The walls are adorned with Northern Soul memorabilia, creating a nostalgic yet vibrant atmosphere.

MAYA  
(to Ethan)  
Look at this turnout! It's  
incredible.

ETHAN  
(Grinning)  
It's everything we hoped for. Let's  
make sure everyone has a night to  
remember.

INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - STAGE - NIGHT

Tommy "T-Bone" Watts takes the stage, the crowd erupting into applause. He taps the microphone, testing it, then flashes a charismatic smile.

TOMMY

(to the crowd)

Good evening, everyone! Welcome to Soul Sanctuary! Tonight, we're here to celebrate the music that moves our souls and keeps our hearts beating. Let's keep Northern Soul alive!

The crowd cheers, the enthusiasm infectious. Tommy starts spinning a classic Northern Soul track, the dance floor quickly filling with people eager to dance. Ethan and Maya watch from the side, their faces alight with joy.

ETHAN

(Shouting over the music)

This is it, Maya. We did it!

MAYA

(Grinning)

And it's just the beginning.

INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lexi is back on stage, delivering a stunning performance. Her voice soars, capturing the essence of Northern Soul while adding her unique flair. The crowd is entranced, swaying to the rhythm and singing along.

Ethan moves through the crowd, checking in with guests and making sure everyone is having a good time. He reaches the bar, where Tommy is sitting, taking a break from DJing.

TOMMY

(Raising a glass)

You've done good, kid. This place has got soul.

ETHAN

(Sipping his drink)

You've got something special here. Just remember, the hard part is keeping it going.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(Determined)

We'll make it work. This is just the start.

INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - END OF THE NIGHT

The club is slowly emptying out, the last few guests lingering and chatting. Ethan and Maya stand on the dance floor, surveying the scene. Lexi joins them, looking exhilarated.

LEXI

(Breathlessly)

That was incredible. Thank you for letting me be a part of this.

MAYA

(Smiling)

Thank you, Lexi. You were amazing.

ETHAN

(to both of them)

Tonight was a huge success. We've got enough to cover the rent and then some. This is just the beginning of something great.

MAYA

(Nodding)

Here's to Soul Sanctuary. May it always be a place where the music lives on.

They raise imaginary glasses in a toast, their faces filled with hope and determination. The camera pulls back, capturing the three of them standing together in the heart of the club, united by their love for Northern Soul and their vision for the future.

INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - EARLY MORNING

The club is quiet and empty, a stark contrast to the previous night's excitement. Sunlight filters through the windows, casting long shadows across the dance floor. The camera slowly pans across the room, revealing the remnants of the night before: discarded cups, crumpled flyers, and a few forgotten jackets.

INT. SOUL SANCTUARY - OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

ETHAN TURNER and MAYA HARRIS sit at a cluttered desk in the small office at the back of the club. They're going through the night's earnings, piles of cash and credit card receipts spread out before them. Ethan looks tired but content, while Maya is focused and methodical.

MAYA

(Counting the cash)

It was a good night. We've got enough to cover the rent and a little extra for upcoming expenses.

ETHAN

(Relieved)

That's great news. We needed this win.

The door opens, and their landlord, MR. JENKINS (50s), a stern-looking man in a suit, steps inside. Ethan and Maya exchange a quick glance.

MR. JENKINS

(Briskly)

Morning. I see you had quite the event last night.

ETHAN

(Nodding)

Yes, it was a success. We've got your rent right here.

MR. JENKINS

(Sighing)

I wish it were that simple. I'm afraid I've got some bad news.

MAYA

(Frowning)

What do you mean?

MR. JENKINS

(Reluctantly)

The building's being sold. New owners are taking over next month, and they're planning to turn it into luxury apartments. I'm sorry, but you'll have to vacate.

ETHAN

(Stunned)

But we just got started!

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

This place means everything to us  
and the community.

MR. JENKINS

(Sympathetically)

I understand, but there's nothing I  
can do. You've got 30 days to find  
a new location.

MAYA

(Determined)

We'll find a way to keep Soul  
Sanctuary alive, one way or  
another.

MR. JENKINS

(Nodding)

I wish you the best of luck. If you  
need any references, I'm happy to  
help.

He leaves, and Ethan and Maya sit in silence for a moment,  
the gravity of the situation sinking in.

ETHAN

(Angrily)

This can't be happening. We just  
got everything going.

MAYA

(Taking a deep breath)

We can't give up. We'll find a new  
place. Maybe even better than this  
one.

INT. LOCAL CAFE - LATER THAT DAY

Ethan and Maya sit at a corner table in a cozy cafe, their  
drinks untouched. They're brainstorming, a notepad filled  
with scribbled notes and potential locations lying between  
them.

ETHAN

(Frustrated)

Everything's either too expensive  
or not suitable for a club. We need  
somewhere with character, somewhere  
that fits the spirit of Northern  
Soul.

MAYA

(Thoughtfully)

What about that old warehouse on 3rd Street? It's been vacant for a while, but it has a lot of space and potential.

ETHAN

(Skeptical)

It's a bit out of the way, but it might work. We'd have to check it out and see what kind of condition it's in.

MAYA

(Determined)

Let's do it. We don't have time to waste. We need to keep the momentum going.

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ethan and Maya stand outside the large, dilapidated warehouse. The exterior is rough, with peeling paint and broken windows, but it has a certain rugged charm. They exchange a hopeful glance and push open the creaky door.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The inside of the warehouse is spacious, with high ceilings and plenty of room for a stage and dance floor. Dust motes dance in the beams of sunlight streaming through the broken windows. Despite its condition, Ethan and Maya see the potential.

ETHAN

(Looking around)

It's rough, but we can make it work. This place could be amazing with the right touch.

MAYA

(Smiling)

Exactly. It'll take some effort, but we've done it once before. We can do it again.

ETHAN

(Nodding)

Let's start by getting some estimates for the repairs. We need to move fast.

MAYA  
(Pulling out her phone)  
I'll call a contractor I know.  
We'll get the ball rolling today.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - LATER THAT WEEK

The warehouse is now a flurry of activity. Contractors are assessing the space, making notes, and discussing plans. Ethan and Maya are in the thick of it, coordinating efforts and making decisions on the fly.

CONTRACTOR #1  
(Looking at a clipboard)  
It's going to take some serious work, but it's doable. You'll need to replace the windows, fix the roof, and upgrade the electrical system.

MAYA  
(Nodding)  
We're ready to put in the work.  
Just tell us what you need.

ETHAN  
(to the contractor)  
And we'll need to do it as quickly as possible. We've got less than 30 days to make this place operational.

CONTRACTOR #1  
(Raising an eyebrow)  
That's a tight deadline, but if we work around the clock, we can make it happen.

MAYA  
(Grinning)  
That's the spirit. Let's get started.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ethan and Maya stand alone in the now partially transformed warehouse. They're exhausted but energized by the progress. The camera slowly pans around, showing the changes already taking shape: new windows, a cleared floor, and fresh paint.

ETHAN  
 (Tired but hopeful)  
 We're really doing this. Again.

MAYA  
 (Smiling)  
 We have to. Soul Sanctuary isn't  
 just a place; it's an idea, a  
 feeling. We'll make it happen, no  
 matter where we are.

ETHAN  
 (Grinning)  
 Here's to new beginnings.

They high-five, their spirits unbroken despite the challenges ahead. The camera pulls back, capturing the vastness of the space and the promise it holds for the future of Northern Soul.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The transformation is nearly complete. The once dilapidated warehouse is now vibrant and full of life. The walls are freshly painted, the stage is set, and the dance floor is ready to welcome the Northern Soul faithful. ETHAN TURNER and MAYA HARRIS stand in the center, surveying their hard work with pride.

ETHAN  
 (Excitedly)  
 Can you believe it? We pulled it  
 off. This place looks incredible.

MAYA  
 (Smiling)  
 We had a great team. And a lot of  
 determination. This is going to be  
 even better than the old place.

ETHAN  
 (Nodding)  
 Yeah, it's got its own character. I  
 think people are really going to  
 love it.

The camera pans to the entrance as the doors open, and the first guests start to trickle in. Among them is TOMMY "T-BONE" WATTS, carrying his trusty crate of records. He grins as he looks around, impressed by the transformation.



TOMMY

(Loudly)

Well, would you look at this! You two have outdone yourselves.

ETHAN

(Grinning)

Thanks, Tommy. Couldn't have done it without you.

MAYA

(Excitedly)

We're just getting started. Ready to spin some tunes?

TOMMY

(Nodding)

Absolutely. Let's give these folks a night they'll never forget.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The warehouse is packed with people, the energy electric. The dance floor is full, and everyone is moving to the rhythm of Northern Soul. The atmosphere is joyous and celebratory, a testament to Ethan and Maya's hard work and dedication.

Tommy is behind the DJ booth, spinning classic tracks that get the crowd moving. The camera captures moments of people laughing, dancing, and singing along, their faces alight with happiness.

ETHAN

(to Maya)

Look at this. It's perfect. We've done it.

MAYA

(Nodding, smiling)

We've created something special.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - STAGE - LATER

LEXI TAYLOR takes the stage, greeted by cheers from the crowd. She smiles, her excitement palpable. She strums her guitar and starts to sing, her powerful voice filling the space.

LEXI

(Singing)

This one's for all of you, for keeping the soul alive.

The crowd cheers, and Lexi launches into her set. Her performance is mesmerizing, and the energy in the room is electric. Ethan and Maya watch from the side of the stage, their faces beaming with pride and joy.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - BAR - LATER

Ethan stands at the bar, taking a moment to catch his breath. He looks around, taking in the vibrant scene. Maya joins him, handing him a drink.

MAYA

(to Ethan)

To Soul Sanctuary. May it always be a place where the music lives on.

ETHAN

(Smiling)

To Soul Sanctuary.

They clink glasses and take a sip, the weight of their accomplishment settling in.

MAYA

(Thoughtfully)

You know, this wasn't just about the music. It's about the community we've built. The connections, the memories. That's what really matters.

ETHAN

(Nodding)

You're right. And we're just getting started. There's so much more we can do.

MAYA

(Grinning)

Here's to new beginnings and endless possibilities.

ETHAN

(Smiling)

Here's to the soul.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

The camera captures the final moments of the night. The crowd is still dancing, the music still playing. Ethan and Maya join in, letting the rhythm take over. The camera pulls back, capturing the scene in all its vibrant glory.

The warehouse, once a forgotten relic, is now alive with the spirit of Northern Soul, a testament to the power of community and passion.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The sterile white walls and the constant hum of medical equipment set a stark contrast to the vibrant energy of Soul Sanctuary. ETHAN TURNER lies in a hospital bed, pale and weak. Tubes and monitors are connected to him, beeping rhythmically. MAYA HARRIS sits beside him, holding his hand, her eyes filled with worry but also determination.

ETHAN

(Weakly)

I didn't see this coming, Maya. I thought it was just exhaustion.

MAYA

(Softly)

The doctors said it's an infection on your heart valve. They're going to do surgery and you'll come out of this stronger.

ETHAN

(Sighing)

I can't believe this is happening. We were just getting everything on track.

MAYA

(Firmly)

And we still are. You're going to get through this. We've overcome so much already; this is just another challenge.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The camera focuses on Ethan's face as he is wheeled into the operating room. His eyes close, and the screen fades to black.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Ethan slowly wakes up, groggy from the anesthesia. Maya is there, smiling warmly, her eyes filled with relief.

MAYA  
 (Gently)  
 Hey, you. You made it through.

ETHAN  
 (Smiling weakly)  
 I did? How did it go?

MAYA  
 (Nodding)  
 The surgery was a success. They got the infection and replaced the valve. Now you just need to rest and get your strength back.

ETHAN  
 (Sighing with relief)  
 Thank you for being here, Maya. I don't know what I'd do without you.

MAYA  
 (Teasingly)  
 You'd probably try to get out of bed too soon and mess everything up. But seriously, you focus on getting better. Soul Sanctuary needs you.

ETHAN  
 (Grinning)  
 And I need Soul Sanctuary.

MONTAGE: ETHAN'S RECOVERY

**Ethan in the hospital, gradually getting stronger.** Nurses help him take his first steps. Maya is always nearby, offering support and encouragement.

**Ethan in physical therapy, working hard to regain his strength.** His determination is evident as he pushes through the exercises.

**Ethan back at home, doing light activities.** He sorts through records, smiling as he listens to his favorite tracks.

**Maya and Ethan in the warehouse, discussing plans for the club.** They're animated and excited, their bond stronger than ever.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Soul Sanctuary is alive with energy once again. The crowd is dancing, the music pumping, and the atmosphere electric.

The club has never looked better, a testament to the resilience and hard work of everyone involved.

ETHAN

(to Maya)

It feels so good to be back.

MAYA

(Smiling)

We missed you. The place wasn't the same without you.

ETHAN

(Seriously)

You held it together, though. Thank you for keeping the dream alive.

MAYA

(Shaking her head)

It's our dream, Ethan. We do this together.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - STAGE - NIGHT

Ethan takes the stage, the crowd cheering wildly. He holds up his hands, signaling for silence. The music fades, and the room quiets down.

ETHAN

(Into the microphone)

Thank you, everyone, for your support. It's been a tough five weeks, but I'm back, and I'm stronger than ever. Soul Sanctuary isn't just a club. It's a community, a family. And I'm grateful to each and every one of you.

The crowd erupts in applause, the love and support palpable. Ethan steps down, joining Maya at the DJ booth. Tommy is there, too, ready to spin the next track.

TOMMY

(Grinning)

Good to have you back, kid. Now let's give these folks something to dance to.

ETHAN

(Nodding)

Let's do it.

The music starts again, and the dance floor fills with people. Ethan and Maya stand side by side, watching their dream come to life, a lady with long blond hair looks up at Ethan in a flirty way smiling at him, Ethan looks back and smiles at her. The camera pulls back, capturing the vibrant scene of Soul Sanctuary, a place where music and community thrive against all odds.

FADE TO BLACK.