

<User>: An old fisherman was fishing by the lake and caught a unexpected treasure.

<Character1>: An elderly man with weathered skin, a white mustache, and short dark hair partially covered by a dark blue knit beanie. He wears a dark brown padded jacket over a dark shirt.

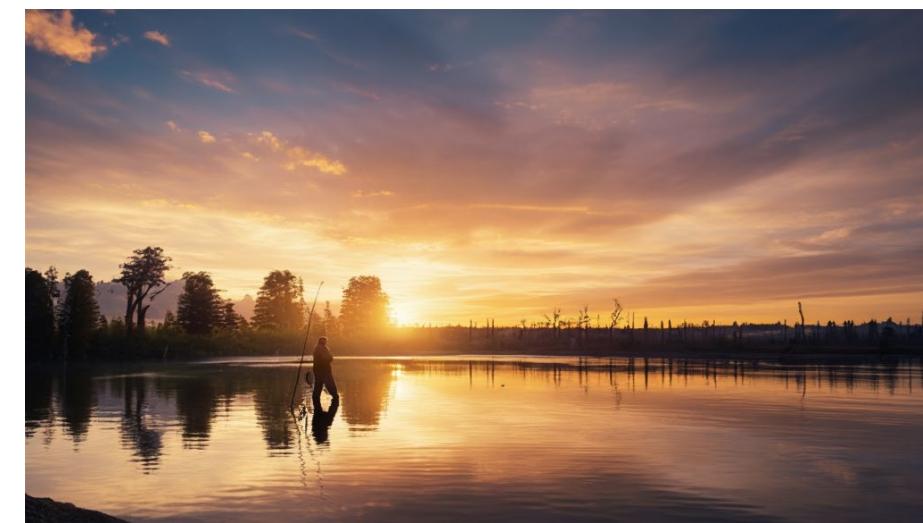
<Environment1>: A serene riverbank at sunset, with soft, golden light filtering through sparse trees, calm water reflecting the sky, and a peaceful, natural atmosphere.

<Frame1>: Medium shot: The old man **<Character1>** is seen from the side, sitting by the riverbank **<Environment1>**. His fishing rod is propped up, and he's looking out at the calm water. The golden light of the setting sun illuminates the scene, casting long shadows.



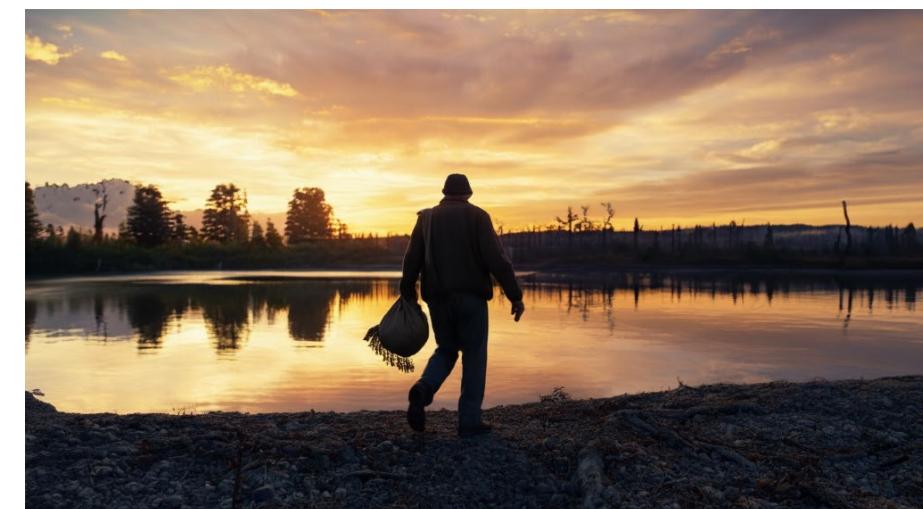
<Video1>: The camera pans slightly to follow the old man's **<Character1>** gaze across the tranquil river **<Environment1>**. He gently reaches down and adjusts his beanie. A soft sigh escapes him. <-It's a beautiful day, isn't it?-> he murmurs to himself. The camera holds on the serene landscape for a moment, emphasizing the peaceful end of the day. <-The guitar music continues, becoming more reflective->.

<Frame2>: Long shot: The old man **<Character1>** is a small figure against the vastness of the river **<Environment1>** and the colorful sunset sky. The calm water reflects the golden and orange hues of the sun. His fishing rod is still visible.



<Video2>: The camera slowly pulls back to a long shot, showing the old man **<Character1>** as a solitary figure against the stunning sunset over the river **<Environment1>**. He stands up slowly, stretching his back, and then casts a final, deliberate line from his fishing rod into the water. <-Another day, another story to tell,-> he whispers, a hint of satisfaction in his voice. The camera focuses on the gentle ripples created by his cast. <-The guitar music fades out slowly, replaced by the soft sounds of nature, like distant bird calls->.

<Frame3>: Long shot: The old man **<Character1>** is walking away from the riverbank **<Environment1>**, his back to the camera, heading towards the distant trees. The sun has almost set, casting long, deep shadows. He carries a worn canvas sack over his shoulder.



<Video3>: The camera follows the old man **<Character1>** from behind as he slowly walks away from the riverbank **<Environment1>**. He hums a quiet tune to himself. Suddenly, he stumbles on an unseen root, his body lurching forward. <-A sudden, sharp gasp from Character1->. The camera quickly cuts to a medium shot as he falls to his knees. <-A clattering sound as something hits the ground->. Background music: <-A sudden, jarring string chord followed by silence->.

<Frame4>: Medium shot: The old man **<Character1>** is on his knees, looking down at the ground with a surprised expression. His sack has ripped, and several small, metallic objects are scattered around him on the riverbank **<Environment1>** near the water's edge. The last rays of sunlight glint off the objects.



<Video4>: The camera is now at eye level with the old man **<Character1>**, who is staring in disbelief at the spilled contents of his sack. He slowly reaches out a trembling hand to touch one of the objects. <-What in the...?-> he mutters, his voice raspy. The camera zooms in slightly on the objects, revealing they are old, tarnished coins and a small, intricately carved wooden box. Background music: <-Mysterious, shimmering synth pads begin to play softly->.

<Frame5>: Close-up: The old man's **<Character1>** weathered hands carefully pick up the small wooden box from the riverbank **<Environment1>**. His eyes are wide with a mixture of shock and wonder. The intricate carvings on the box are visible.



<Video5>: The camera focuses tightly on the old man's **<Character1>** hands as he gently picks up the wooden box. He turns it over, examining the detailed carvings. His expression shifts from surprise to a profound sense of awe. <-It can't be...-> he whispers, almost to himself. He tries to open the box, his fingers tracing the edges. Background music: <-The synth pads swell slightly, adding to the mystery->.

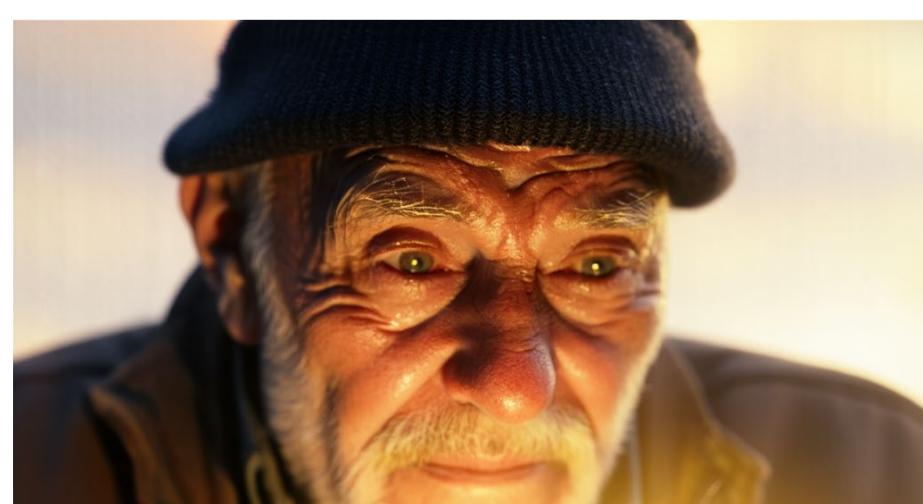
<Frame6>: Medium shot: The old man **<Character1>** is sitting cross-legged on the riverbank **<Environment1>**, holding the wooden box. He has successfully opened it, and a faint, ethereal glow emanates from within, illuminating his face with a soft, golden light. His eyes are fixed on the contents.



<Video6>: The camera pulls back to a medium shot, showing the old man **<Character1>** sitting on the ground, completely engrossed. He finally manages to pry open the wooden box. A soft, golden light spills out, casting a warm glow on his face. He peers inside, his jaw dropping. <-Incredible...-> he breathes, a tear welling in his eye. The camera slowly zooms in on his face, highlighting the mixture of wonder and disbelief. Background music: <-A gentle, ethereal choir sound subtly enters, blending with the synth pads->.

<User>: Based on the above script, continue to write the subsequent shot content.

<Frame7>: Close-up: The old man's **<Character1>** face, illuminated by the golden light from the box. His eyes are filled with tears of joy and astonishment, a faint smile playing on his lips. The golden light reflects in his eyes.



<Video7>: The camera holds a close-up on the old man's **<Character1>** face. His eyes are glistening with tears, not of sadness, but of profound happiness and wonder. He closes his eyes for a moment, taking a deep, shaky breath, then opens them again, looking at the box with renewed intensity. <-After all these years...-> he murmurs, his voice thick with emotion. Background music: <-The ethereal choir becomes more prominent, evoking a sense of long-awaited revelation->.