

INT. BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

BOY is lying on his bed, lost in thought. His eyes are unfocussed and he occasionally shifts position. His room slowly brightens from the light of a grey dawn and the distant sound of a city waking up creeps into the room. An unclear mix of birdsong, sirens and cars fades into fuzz as the camera tracks closer into his face; on which a regretful expression slowly forms.

BOY (V/O)

There's an old Assyrian poem
which, roughly translated,
reads:

You and I, we are the only ones
left

Will my mother give birth to me
a second time?

Why am I offering sacrifices
again and again in a city and
under a name that are not mine?

Now, ask my family what they
have done to me.

I live in an empty house and I
will surely die.

Were he to get up in the
assembly of the innkeepers, this
is what he would have to say.

You have strangled the child of
a slaughtered woman, the child
of a butchered woman, one who is
a lady.

Today, I have taken hold of the
child of your lord.

I do not want to fall into the
water, but I will put you to
shame.

You are alive, but I am dying a
death.

Please, for my sake, keep in
good health

And live a happy life.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BOY is sitting at his desk, filming himself on his laptop. The room is artificially lit by warm lights. The sky outside is still grey.

BOY

Out of context. It sounds like a meaningful piece, doesn't it? But it's part of a series of letters regarding disputes among noble families about how best to organise and distribute farmland among themselves. It's interesting how much of ancient... very ancient literature was just organisational documents; invoices and inventories. When they finally manage to decipher Linear A, who's betting that it'll just be a receipt for cows? That whole part of the world was just flat, dry mud with very few resources. It often and randomly flooded, killing huge numbers of people...and that's where civilisation was born.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

An overcast day. BOY is sitting outside on a low wall, watching people enter and exit the surgery. After a while, he gets up and walks in. Exiting very soon after.

BOY (V/O)

I've spent a lot of time trying to find truth and beauty in the world. The more I looked, the further apart I think they became. "Beauty is truth, truth, beauty - that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know"

It's not true. It's nearly meaningless. There is no crossover between objectivity and subjectivity and only one is important...which one you think it

is...is subjective. So it doesn't matter.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

BOY is riding the bus around town, not going anywhere specific. He's sketching another passenger in a small notebook. The notebook is well-used and full of sketches and patterns.

BOY (V/O)

See, I could have been a doctor...and I think about that a lot because, according to every belief I hold about the world, it's not the most worthwhile use of time. Not like being a physicist or a mathematician. But...I put a lot of stock in it. And the thought pervades that maybe the pursuit of universal truths isn't as important as just dealing with the world as you find it. Right here and right now.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BOY is sitting at his desk, filming himself on his laptop. The room is artificially lit by warm lights. The sky outside is still grey.

BOY

That's the dichotomy! That's the important division; detached, universal truth and inconstant but immediately present beauty. To work for your descendants or your peers; to plant a field or paint a landscape; to discover truth or create beauty. *(Pause)* Another poem. A Babylonian one.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Similar cutaways to those seen throughout the film. Research notes, pictures, prospectuses, textbooks etc. It's clear that there are materials from all fields and of all kinds. There are also lots of handwritten and typed-up notes pertaining to the content of this film itself.

BOY (V/O)

While my omens have perplexed
the diviner.
The exorcist did not clarify the
nature of my complaint,
While the diviner put no time
limit on my illness.
No god came to the rescue, nor
lent me a hand,
No goddess took pity on me, nor
went at my side.
My grave was open, my funerary
gods ready,
Before I had died, lamentation
for me was done.
All my country said, "How
wretched he was!"
When my ill-wisher heard, his
face lit up,
When the tidings reached her, my
ill-wisher, her mood became
radiant,
The day grew dim for my whole
family
For those who knew me, their sun
grew dark.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BOY is sitting at his desk, filming himself on his laptop. The room is artificially lit by warm lights. The sky outside is still grey.

BOY (V/O)

See, I could have been-

BOY stares at the camera for a moment
before reaching towards the lens.

SNAP TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are all off in the dark room. The shadow of a
body is seen very briefly before:

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS.