

# Perspective

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## INT. Classroom—End of the day

We open wide, showing the whole breadth of the class. People are milling out, talking gaily—it's been a tough day, and they're happy that the day is finally over. But, on the left hand corner of the screen, we see someone sitting alone. It's BOY. 19 years, to the day. Dressed casually in a black/grey t-shirt, blue jeans and black basketball shoes. His hair is neatly cut. He's remarkable only for being exceedingly ordinary.

He's sitting all by himself in the corner furthest from the door, looking sullen—he doesn't want to be near these people. Or, any other people for that matter.

**JUMP CUT:**

The last of the students has left, leaving the door open, and BOY is on his feet. We see him rearranging the furniture. The camera is handheld to emphasize the urgency, and the frame is tight. He drags a table to the front of the class. The rest of the tables and all the chairs have already been arranged neatly along the walls.

Presently, he picks up a chair and we see him carrying it to the front of the class, and we-

**CUT TO:**

## EXT. Classroom—Continuous

The corridor is dark, with the only light coming through the open door of the class. We can see the table through the door. BOY enters the frame carrying the chair. He places it neatly on top of the table, and we-

**CUT TO:**

## INT. Classroom—Continuous

We are facing BOY and see him climbing on top of the table to sit on the chair. As he is climbing, we start tracking towards him, while tilting up. BOY finally sits down on the chair. A distant, dreamy look comes into his eyes, and we see the beginning of a benevolent smile on his face—almost like the one Christ would have while looking at his disciples. But, what could he be smiling at? There's no one in the class who could be giving him such joy. We-

**CUT TO:**

The camera is now looking over BOY's shoulder, and we see the all the students of the class on their knees, bowing down to BOY, as a knight would to the Queen. Presently, in the foreground, we see BOY raise his hand, as if blessing his kingdom, and we-

**FADE TO BLACK.**