

# **HUBRISTIC FAILURES**

by

Vithuran Vishnuthas

FADE IN

INT. BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A young boy - ambitious, but mentally ill - reads a worn book on his chair.

He kneels down with the window side behind him. Takes two sticks out of his pocket and points them forwards. He closes his eyes.

BOY  
(whispers)  
Dog eb em tel! Etaerc em tel!

Nothing, when he opens his eyes. He sighs. Now he lets his eyes open and concentrates.

BOY  
(louder)  
Dog eb em tel! Etaerc em tel!

Again nothing. He throws the sticks on the floor. Takes a seat and reads the last page frantically.

Again he kneels down with the sticks forwards. Breathes in and out - smiles. Closes his eyes. Now he screams, but calmly.

BOY  
Dog eb em tel! Etaerc em tel!

He opens his eyes confidently. A green light before him. He laughs crazily, while his clone appears in front of him. Standing front-to-front they smile to each other.

BOY  
Finally...now I'm the creator! I'm god!

His clone looks shattered and shakes his head. The boy puts his hands friendly on his shoulders, but his clone begins to beat him down.

CORRIDOR

The clone drags the body of the boy on the floor. He hears some noise in a room and opens it.

VICTIMS' ROOM

Many wounded other identical looking bodies. Some still move. The clone throws the boy's body into the room.

BOY'S ROOM

Angrily he notices the book on the seat and two sticks on the floor. He sits and begins to read the first page. Then, he takes a closer look on the two sticks with enthusiasm.

FADE OUT