

THE SUN DOES NOT MOVE

Written by

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Soft Italian CLASSICAL MUSIC floats lazily until rudely repelled by HONKING CAR HORNS and riotous TRAFFIC SOUNDS.

FADE IN:

INT. FLORENCE - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Late afternoon. GABRIEL JARRAWAY (52) gazes across the Florentine cityscape at a luminous sun.

He's a historian but not dressed in the stuffy stereotypical attire of the university professor. He'd be one of the "cool" teachers, kind of a hipster-dad vibe.

The bed behind him is cluttered with his open laptop, books, notes and file folders.

A phone RINGS beside the bed. He answers.

JARRAWAY  
(into phone)  
Doctor Jarraway.  
(listens)  
Thank you, I'll be right down.

He hangs up and gathers files from the bed.

EXT. FLORENCE - HOTEL - DAY

Jarraway comes out holding a black briefcase, preoccupied with excitement and nerves.

The driver ALINAFE (Zambian, age undetermined), attends an open rear passenger door. Jarraway nods and climbs in.

In Jarraway's distracted state he does not notice a few irregular details:

- The CAR *mostly* resembles a typical all-black modern sedan but for a few slightly distorted proportions. The windows are a deep purple-black tint.

- Alinafe wears an impeccable, stately UNIFORM but it has a strange combination of polished brass, pinstriped jacket and pants, gold braiding. It's tribal, militaristic, elegant.

None of it registers with Jarraway as Alinafe closes the door, checks his watch, goes around the car. They drive off.

EXT. FLORENCE STREETS - DAY - MOVING

Jarraway consults notes, occasionally peeks out as the car navigates easily through the city.

JARRAWAY

This is very kind of the university. I easily could have walked there.

ALINAFE

No trouble, Dr. Jarraway.

JARRAWAY

Your city, it's beautiful.

ALINAFE

This is your first time?

JARRAWAY

Yes. Although I've spent many hours here. In books, of course.

ALINAFE

And so far?

JARRAWAY

I had a moment, looking out my window just before you came. The sun, the street below, the air...

ALINAFE

Like it's from another time, perhaps?

JARRAWAY

Yes. In some ways, like time has stood still.

The Florence University of the Arts appears ahead. Alinafe glides the car up to the campus doors, parks.

EXT. FLORENCE UNIVERSITY OF THE ARTS - DAY

Alinafe moves gracefully to open the rear door for Jarraway.

ALINAFE

After the lecture, it will be my pleasure to collect you, sir.

JARRAWAY

Thank you...

ALINAFE

Alinafe.

JARRAWAY

Alinafe. I'm sorry for not asking.

ALINAFE

Best wishes for your lecture, Dr.  
Jarraway.

Jarraway approaches the front doors where he is greeted by two silk-suited ORGANIZERS. They proceed inside.

Alinafe checks his watch, drives off.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

An Organizer stands at a podium in front of a packed hall.

Behind him, a huge PROJECTION SCREEN displays the TITLE of the lecture:

*THE SUN DOES NOT MOVE*  
*Leonardo da Vinci ~ A Man for Today*

The title overlays Melzi's PORTRAIT of da Vinci.

ORGANIZER

It is my great pleasure and honor  
to introduce the distinguished  
author and historian from Mount  
Allison University, Dr. Gabriel  
Jarraway.

Polite applause as Jarraway emerges from the wings, shakes the Organizer's hand.

Jarraway steadies himself, looks out, arranges a few notes on the podium. He wears a headset/mic, holds a wireless remote.

JARRAWAY

Grazie mille... I'm afraid that's  
as far as my Italian will take me.  
Thank you so much for coming today.  
What, really, is there left to say  
about Leonardo da Vinci? His  
illustrious career and  
contributions to so many fields is  
well known to you, to the world.  
So, this afternoon I would like to  
speak to you not about what he *has*  
done--the past is not our concern.

(MORE)

JARRAWAY (CONT'D)

No, I'd rather explore with you something we don't know: what he *will* do. The future of the great Renaissance Man.

Pauses to search the room for reaction. Not much.

JARRAWAY (CONT'D)

And how, exactly, can a man who has been dead exactly 500 years to this day be of service to us and our world? Most people would say: "He can't. Get your head out of the clouds, Jarraway." But...

He glances backward to the huge portrait on the screen, walks to the side of it, turns back toward the hall.

JARRAWAY (CONT'D)

Our world today moves at the speed of light. Always advancing, always transforming. It's elusive. We can never quite keep up with... ourselves. And this, unfortunately, leads us down many blind paths.

(less formally)

We got a lot of problems we need to solve. So how, indeed, can this revered thinker be a "Man for Today?"

He clicks his remote and the slide changes to the image of da Vinci's *Design for the Wing of a Flying Machine*.

JARRAWAY (CONT'D)

No, this is not da Vinci's vision of the prototype for the first Batman costume.

Polite laughter.

He clicks to the next slide: da Vinci's *Vitruvian Man*.

MONTAGE

- Six or seven different da Vinci DRAWINGS, PAINTINGS and DIAGRAMS with NOTES appear one by one behind him on screen while he moves around the stage delivering his lecture.

- Between a few slides, audience reactions: fascinated students taking notes, attentive faces.

- End of lecture: the audience applauds, he waves back.

END MONTAGE

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Jarraway sits behind a desk, signs copies of his book *Il Sole No Si Muove ~ The Sun Does Not Move*. A YOUNG WOMAN reaches across the table for a selfie with him.

Later, the books are gone. The two Organizers shake his hand. Jarraway collects his black briefcase, heads for the door.

EXT. PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Jarraway scans the deserted lot for Alinafe.

Instead, he is disquieted when he sees two HOODED FIGURES appear out of the darkness at the edge of the lot.

They stand as unmoving as the gargoyles on a gothic cathedral. No light illuminates their faces.

Jarraway moves cautiously away from the university. The Hooded Figures follow.

Jarraway picks up his pace for a moment, stops, snaps his head back at the two Hooded Figures who stop but are closer.

JARRAWAY

I don't have any money on me. I  
didn't even bring my wallet. I'm  
expecting a car here any moment.

The Hooded Figures stare wordlessly back at him.

A CAR drives through the lot toward them. Its HEADLIGHTS flash a split second of light across the Hooded Figures.

What Jarraway sees--or *thinks* he sees--are CREATURES with a smoldering ORANGE BLUR where two eyes would be, monstrous greenish CLAWS protruding from thick, non-descript garments.

The Hooded Figures glower at him. He freezes with terror.

Fixated on the menace in front of him, Jarraway does not detect Alinafe's CAR silently materialize behind him.

Alinafe opens the rear door for Jarraway, who still hasn't taken his eyes off the Hooded Figures.

ALINAFE

Dr. Jarraway?

Jarraway gapes at him with disbelieving eyes.

He whirls back to where the Hooded Figures stood... they have vanished. He turns quickly back to Alinafe.

JARRAWAY

They were right there. You saw them?

Alinafe--for the first time--stares Jarraway straight in the eyes. Finally:

ALINAFE

Yes.

And now Jarraway--senses heightened--notices the things he missed before: the oddness of the CAR, Alinafe's UNIFORM.

He looks intensely at Alinafe's FACE. The features are extraordinarily keen-edged, almost porcelain.

A mad thought strikes Jarraway: the driver's face is a mask.

Alinafe motions for him to get into the car.

ALINAFE (CONT'D)

Sir...

Jarraway is acutely unnerved by the past few moments.

JARRAWAY

I think I'll walk home, thank you, Alinafe.

(trying to sound calm)

It's a lovely night.

Alinafe peers over Jarraway's shoulder. Jarraway follows his gaze to see the two Hooded Figures once again.

ALINAFE

I'm afraid that's not an option, Dr. Jarraway. Sir...

Jarraway complies, gets into the car.

Alinafe closes the door. The Hooded Figures disappear.

EXT. FLORENCE STREETS - NIGHT - MOVING

Alinafe drives through the city. Jarraway stares gloomily out as the shops and buildings go by in a blur.

ALINAFE  
You are hungry, sir?

JARRAWAY  
Yes.

ALINAFE  
I trust your lecture was well  
received?

JARRAWAY  
It seemed so. Look, I don't know  
what's happening here, exactly. It  
didn't take us this long to get  
there from the hotel...

ALINAFE  
It won't be long, sir.

EXT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Alinafe gently stops the car in front of the modest building.  
Only moonlight and a few footlights indicate its dimensions.

Confused and deranged shadows assail the ancient stone.

Alinafe opens Jarraway's door. Both men gaze at the church.

JARRAWAY  
I'm expected?

ALINAFE  
Yes.

Jarraway studies the austere arches to the entrance.

The two Hooded Figures hold the ornate doors open. A weak  
orange glow emanates from inside.

Alinafe is already on his way back around the car.

ALINAFE (CONT'D)  
I'll leave you here, Professor.  
Good night.

JARRAWAY  
Thanks.

He watches Alinafe pull the car away and vanish into  
darkness. He proceeds up the steps, pauses at the top.

Jarraway is mere feet away from the two Hooded Figures and  
can see clearly they are not of this earth.



An unexpected tranquility settles his jangled nerves.

One of the Hooded Figures goes in. Jarraway follows and the second Hooded Figure falls in behind him.

INT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

They proceed through the dim narthex at a measured pace.

Jarraway's eyes attempt to adjust to hazy SHAFTS OF LIGHT which slash recklessly across the nave.

Occasionally, the beams of light unhurriedly appear to bend, increase in luminosity and shape into pillars.

The color of the rays alters subtly as it shifts but tends toward EMERALD and VIOLET.

Jarraway scans the upper reaches of the clerestory for a possible explanation, as they near the altar.

While searching the gloom high above, Jarraway fails to notice the two Hooded Figures have separated and pose in near darkness beside two columns at the step of the altar.

Jarraway halts.

From an anteroom, a MAN steps slowly and silently into a light which seems to purposely track and illuminate him.

He is dressed in standard monastic religious attire, has kind eyes and speaks with a heavily Italian-accented English.

ARCONATI

Welcome. I am Arconati. I see you  
are admiring the light. It dances  
to music we cannot hear.

ARCONATI'S eyes sweep the cathedral's interior with unconcealed envy and reverence.

He glances at the two Hooded Figures and speaks to them in a strange ALIEN LANGUAGE.

ARCONATI (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(in Alien tongue)

Masters, my gratitude and eternal  
service.

He gives them a small bow.

ARCONATI (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(in Alien tongue)

Please prepare for the Final  
Evaluation. I will speak a while  
with this learned man and call for  
you shortly.

Jarraway hasn't understood a single word but instinctively perceives he is the subject of conversation.

The Hooded Figures recede into the shadows.

JARRAWAY

Would I be able to ask where am I?

ARCONATI

Italy, of course.

(a tiny smile)

Forgive me, Doctor, I do not wish  
to seem... *playful*. Perhaps that is  
not the correct word. My English  
has betrayed me from lack of use.  
Please, to follow me.

Arconati passes Jarraway then leads him through a small door.

INT. ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Weak candlelight disperses a flickering glow. They move through the small space quickly. Arconati opens another door, motions Jarraway through.

INT. CHAMBER - NIGHT

A much larger space. The lighting is improved by a few lit chandeliers. Shadows mischievously spatter the walls.

A few PAINTINGS briefly declare themselves as the men pass.

A fierce CRACK OF THUNDER shakes the cathedral.

Although the chamber is windowless, the CANDLES flare violently, like angry streaks of lightning.

Jarraway is startled. Arconati watches him curiously, sees his confusion... perhaps it is despair.

ARCONATI

The eyes of man, they are designed  
to perform a divine function, no?

(MORE)

ARCONATI (CONT'D)

Indeed, though such an instrument  
must, by nature, be inclined  
ultimately toward deception.

Arconati grins, hopes to alleviate Jarraway's agitation.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)

But here, in Italy, a man must not  
contemplate these riddles of the  
universe on--how do you say in your  
country--an empty stomach.

Arconati waves to a corner in the room where a small wooden  
TABLE is set with two chairs, a wine bottle, two glasses and  
a small candelabra with two blazing candles.

A tantalizing meal for two rests on their plates. Jarraway is  
amazed he didn't see it but pulls a deep breath and takes one  
of the chairs.

Arconati sits, pours wine, raises his glass.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)

To the day of your birth.

They softly clink glasses, sip the wine. Jarraway's eyes  
indicate that he experiences a taste so extraordinary it  
would be indescribable.

Arconati marks him closely, conceals amusement.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)

Again, your eyes deceive you. A  
mere bottle of wine. And yet it is  
so much more.

JARRAWAY

Are you connected with the  
university?

ARCONATI

I am not.

JARRAWAY

How did you know it was my  
birthday?

Arconati picks up his utensils.

ARCONATI

(a forthright smile)  
Technology. Please...

He points his utensils as a signal to begin. Jarraway digs in, realizes he is famished. Calmness starts to visit him.

JARRAWAY

I told my wife earlier today how unusual it was not to be with her or our daughters--we have two--not to be all together on my birthday. This wine is excellent. May I?

He reaches for the bottle.

ARCONATI

Of course.

Jarraway pours and sips. The wine's superlative qualities deepen his newly found sense of tranquility.

Arconati smiles, gracefully dabs the corner of his mouth with an elegant cloth.

INT. CHAMBER - NIGHT

Later, at the meal's completion, Arconati rises.

ARCONATI

You will be so kind to excuse me.

He clears the table, leaves the wine glasses and goes out through a small door.

Jarraway sips his wine, surveys the room, peers through dim light at the walls.

Arconati returns with a fresh bottle of wine. He sits at the table, refills Jarraway's glass.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)

It is reported that your speech was much admired. I am unsurprised, though your ideas are challenging to some.

JARRAWAY

Yes. Many people consider da Vinci little more than a quaint daydreamer in his time, of no use to us today.

ARCONATI

I commend you for your unpopular belief in the contrary.

JARRAWAY

I've devoted much of my life to learning why the sun does not move, so to speak.

ARCONATI

You know, Signor Leonardo, he claimed--with great pride--to be a man without learning.

JARRAWAY

Yes. Experience over evidence from the past. A terrific irony, wouldn't you say?

ARCONATI

These mighty stones, this humble creation around us--it did not rise from the dust. It was not an act of God. But so few things are.

Jarraway nods his head in agreement.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)

And who is most responsible?  
The artist? Or the engineer?

JARRAWAY

Neither.

ARCONATI

Precisely. For they are one, the artist and the engineer. One mind. One heart. One soul. A solitary final desire: to create *new things*. To understand nature, not to reproduce it. *Invenzione*, Doctor--the creation of something entirely unseen before or, at the very least, *plausible*.

Arconati produces a copy of Jarraway's book.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)

This is *invenzione*.  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
An alliance of the imagination and the rational power of the mind.

Jarraway raises his glass in gratitude.

Arconati pours himself more wine. He reverts to ENGLISH.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)  
 When your grandparents emigrated to  
 North America...

Jarraway is surprised by Arconati's knowledge of his family history.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)  
 Are you apprised of the reason they  
 elected to relinquish your family  
 name... Signor Gherardini?

JARRAWAY  
 No. I never really knew.

He stares down into his wineglass, almost ashamed.

They both speak in ITALIAN, SUBTITLED, for a few moments:

ARCONATI  
 Family history is of limited value.  
 The future is our reason to live.

JARRAWAY  
 I suppose that's what they wanted.  
 A better future.

ARCONATI  
 As I suspected, your Italian is  
 fluid.

A coy grin from Jarraway.

Arconati glances at the cover of the book which depicts Melzi's portrait (seen earlier on the projection screen.)

ARCONATI (CONT'D)  
 Are you, Dr. Jarraway, a "Man for  
 Today"? Or perhaps for tomorrow?  
 (holds up the book)  
 Are you a man of true vision, as is  
 the artist?

JARRAWAY  
 Who knows?  
 (points at book cover)  
 But *he* was. We need him now, more  
 than his world ever did.

ARCONATI  
 And would you agree that the artist  
 is the truest historian of any age?  
 (MORE)

ARCONATI (CONT'D)  
 Who but the artist hungers for the  
 world's deepest desire: To know  
 itself.

END SUBTITLES. They continue on in ENGLISH.

JARRAWAY  
 Agreed.

ARCONATI  
 Hold out your hand, if you would be  
 so kind.

Jarraway puts his left hand out.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)  
 What do you see?

JARRAWAY  
 Nothing.

ARCONATI  
 Of course. But inside the flesh are  
 the mechanisms of the hand. You  
 know well they are there and yet  
 with your eyes you cannot see them.

JARRAWAY  
 I don't think I'm following you any  
 more, Signor Arconati. I apologize,  
 I think this wine is...

ARCONATI (SUBTITLE)  
 (in Italian)  
 Come, my friend, we talk of faith.  
 It is time to know yourself. We  
 have been waiting 20 generations  
 for you.

JARRAWAY  
 And why would you wait for me?

Arconati rises with formal courtesy.

The two Hooded Figures are, at once, inside the room. They  
 present their natural form and appearance.

They are much taller than Jarraway remembers. Their bodies  
 are reptilian in texture and shape.

Their faces are fierce and grotesque, very dark with  
 glowering orange eyes which project a fiery glare and gaping  
 nostrils. Sinister claws hang menacingly at their sides.

Jarraway gapes, frozen with terror.

ARCONATI (SUBTITLE)  
(in Alien tongue)  
It is time.

He reverts to ENGLISH.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)  
(to Jarraway)  
These are the Ancients. They are  
the Life Givers of this time, for  
this earth. They have been here  
forever. But we must complete the  
Final Evaluation.

Arconati proceeds toward the ANCIENTS. He stops at the door,  
turns to Jarraway, who hasn't moved.

ARCONATI (CONT'D)  
Please. This way.

Jarraway cannot tear his eyes away from the Ancients.

JARRAWAY  
Why me?

ARCONATI (SUBTITLE)  
(in Italian)  
The sad wings of destiny have need  
to open after 500 years.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Jarraway, confused and terrified, stands unclothed in the  
centre of a space with no discernible dimensions.

Arconati appears in front of him. The source of a dim,  
sickening yellow light cannot be detected.

ARCONATI  
The Ancients will be your final  
judge. It is a common mistake among  
us to believe such a duty belongs  
to God. I'm afraid God does not  
possess the power to save our  
world. We must know if you are  
truly the one.

JARRAWAY  
The one? The one for what? And if  
I'm not... the one?



ARCONATI

(gently)

They will tear you to pieces.

The room snaps into complete darkness in sync with a BALEFUL ROAR which reverberates through the room.

JARRAWAY

Wait! What do I need to do?

A hazy GREEN LIGHT encircles Jarraway's face. His eyes are keenly alert. Arconati is nowhere to be seen.

The orange glowering eyes of the two Ancients approach Jarraway from the gloom, circle around him.

The room is abruptly washed in the same EMERALD and VIOLET LIGHT he saw in the cathedral's main hall. Haunting vapours swirl through the eerie glow, outwitting the shadows.

The Ancients inspect him intently.

Ancient #2 gets close enough that Jarraway can see bitter disappointment even through his Alien features.

ANCIENT #2 (SUBTITLE)

(in Alien tongue)

Nothing. Another imposter.

Ancient #2's hideous CLAW calmly creeps to Jarraway's neck.

Ancient #1 glides to Jarraway's left.

ANCIENT #1 (SUBTITLE)

(in Alien tongue)

Wait.

The horrid claw freezes inches from Jarraway's pulsing neck.

ANCIENT #1 (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(in Alien tongue)

There.

Ancient #1 indicates Jarraway's left shoulder.

A few WORDS in a strange SCRIPT gradually rise on Jarraway's shoulder blade like a faint tattoo.

And then, more WORDS in a different location... followed by a DIAGRAM in a third spot.

The Ancients step back to observe as...

Jarraway is astonished to see that *EVERY INCH OF HIS BODY* is inscribed with the unmistakable *MIRROR SCRIPT* of Leonardo da Vinci's *NOTES, DIAGRAMS, SKETCHES* and *PAINTINGS*.

He frantically scrutinizes his arms, legs, torso, etc., and wonders if he has gone mad or is perhaps living through a fearsome nightmare.

The Ancients shift around him, authenticating his identity.

The ghastly light shines *through* his body from some angles.

The Ancients are quite close to him now.

ANCIENT #1 (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
(in Alien tongue)  
This is the one.

ANCIENT #2 (SUBTITLE)  
(in Alien tongue)  
I will inform him.

A THUNDEROUS CRACK shatters the silence.

The LIGHT EXPLODES into Jarraway's uncomprehending eyes.

The room plunges into complete darkness.

INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Jarraway awakes, fully dressed, on a tiny cot. A single candle burns on the floor.

He immediately examines his body for any sign of the inscriptions. None are visible.

He rises, sees a door, opens it and steps through.

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

The stone chamber is lit by torches. Jarraway inches toward a weak light which seems like it could be a passageway.

INT. SANCTUM - NIGHT

Jarraway slowly opens the door but does not go in.

The walls of the room are covered in *DRAWINGS* and *SKETCHES* but not of Renaissance-era subjects. The illustrations depict *MODERN MACHINERY, BUILDINGS* and *INFRASTRUCTURE*.

The two Ancients stand solemnly behind a large DRAFTING TABLE. The wall behind them is covered in modern MAPS.

From in front of the table, Arconati motions Jarraway in and steps away to reveal the top of a GREY-HAIRED MAN'S head from behind the drafting table.

Ancient #1 steps to the table, bends to the Grey-Haired Man.

ANCIENT #1 (SUBTITLE)  
(in Alien tongue)  
Signor, he is here.

Jarraway watches the Grey-Haired Man's head swivel and nod.

GREY-HAIRED MAN (SUBTITLE)  
(in Alien tongue)  
Thank you, Masters. My gratitude  
and eternal service.

Ancient #2 raises a claw, indicates Jarraway to approach. Arconati smiles reassuringly.

With great deliberation, the Grey-Haired Man's head ascends to reveal piercing hazel eyes, long stringy hair and, finally, a formidable, wavy silver beard.

Jarraway is near the table now. His mind struggles to comprehend what his eyes perceive. He ceases to breathe.

The Grey-Haired Man steps gingerly from behind the table...

... and Jarraway knows with a soul-wrenching certainty that he is looking into the face of LEONARDO DA VINCI.

A long silence while the moment encompasses... everything.

JARRAWAY  
(barely audible)  
Da Vinci...

Da Vinci places his famous left hand on Jarraway's shoulder.

GREY-HAIRED MAN (SUBTITLE)  
(in Italian)  
The knowledge of all things is  
possible. Nothing is hidden under  
the sun.

A kindly smile emanates from da Vinci, who then raises his right arm from beneath his cloak.

Jarraway's eyes widen to see it is a monstrous CLAW, identical to the Ancients' appendages.

Da Vinci drops the claw gently onto Jarraway's (now  
trembling) other shoulder.

GREY-HAIRED MAN (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
(in Italian)  
We must give the world a new soul.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**