

That Which Survives

INT. CAVE - PALEOLITHIC ERA - NIGHT

By firelight, a finger paints a crude geometric figure on the rock wall - a circle with spokes.

DAK (15), the artist, wears only a loincloth. Filthy hair, rotten teeth. He stares, fascinated by the circle.

A muscular CAVE-BOY (16) slashes Dak's shoulder with a flint shiv. Dak crumples in pain. Other BOYS laugh.

CAVE-BOY
(subtitled grunts)
Him. Puny. No woman. Die quick.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT

Shadows twist and dart, cast by fire. WHOOPS and SCREAMS. Dak paints what he sees on shale: a brutal fight over a girl.

Dak's MOTHER (31) slaps his hand. He looks up, startled, skittish. She points at his drawing and snorts in disgust.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT

Jeering, bestial men chase Dak away from the campfire with primitive wooden cudgels. His mother stands stoically by.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Dak, wounded, weakening, seeks shelter from a THUNDERSTORM.

He scratches furiously on the wall, possessed. He draws dark men, fierce beasts, and rudimentary shapes. At the center, a huge circle with radiant lines, a wheel with spokes.

He lies down, bleeding. His clouding eye fixes on the mural.

INT. GALLERY - PRESENT - DAY

A new eye. A YOUNG GIRL (10) stares reverently at a replica of Dak's paintings in a crowded room: EXPOSITION SPECIALE.

EXT. LOUVRE - DAY

One of the world's great museums, at the heart of Paris.

In the distance, the Arc de Triomphe stands at the hub of Paris' radiating streets: spokes in a vast circle.