

CLOSE ON: MAN'S EYES

The eyes are surrounded by lined, weathered skin. A life lived. The eyes close, open again. The sound of strange, wet noises fills the room - SLURPING, SQUISHING, rhythmic.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY

The MAN is in his 50s. Rugged. Handsome in better days.

His head falls backward, chin raised, his eyes close again. Is this ecstasy? Or agony?

The man is naked, sitting rigidly in an old armchair. A KNEELING MAN (30s, pale, gaunt) is on his knees in front of him. His head is in the first man's lap, his face obscured from view.

His movements are bizarre, almost mechanical. Unnerving.

CONTINUE PULLING BACK

As the shot widens, the focus on the two men starts to blur, and the foreground comes into focus.

It's a bedroom. Printouts of archaic texts with scribbled translations are taped haphazardly to the walls. A laptop sits open on the bed, surrounded by a litter of unintelligible notes, uneaten food, and...dirt? Clumps of it.

CAMERA COMES TO REST ON A PHOTOGRAPH

The seated man and the kneeling man smile wide for the camera, arms around each other. A moment frozen in time.

IN THE BLURRED BACKGROUND

The kneeling man stands. He turns, walks haltingly, unsteadily toward the camera. His face red with blood.

Behind him, the top half of the seated man's torso slowly slides off and tumbles to the floor with a sickening, wet THUD. His bottom half remains on the chair, viscera slowly trailing to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO: