

NOTHING AS BEAUTIFUL

Written by

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A Script for VR

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EXT. VOID - TIME UNKNOWN

We are in total blackness. Nothingness. All around, above, below, a void. We stay like this for a time. Not too long.

From behind us, a voice.

HER

You know, I've always found life fascinating.

The voice circles around us, above us, even below us. A small glimmer where the voice is. It grows slowly in intensity. A trail sparkling in its wake.

HER (CONT'D)

It's raw, emotional, real. Life is creation. To be life is to be creation. To be creating. Those who have been made use that opportunity to make things of their own. It's marvelous.

Whichever way we are facing is front center.

**FC**

A small glimmer of light. If we reach out, we can touch it. If we touch it, the voice echoes.

HER (CONT'D)

It really is fascinating the things humans can do. The things humans HAVE done. Don't you agree?

EXT. SPACE - TIME UNKNOWN

Around us, more glimmers appear. Slowly, one at a time. Behind us, above us, all around us. They grow more frequent until we are in a sea of stars.

HER

You find ways to make something out of the chaos of the stars.

Constellations form. They twinkle unlike the other stars, as if beckoning us to touch them. We can trace them with our fingers. If we do, they spring to life. We can continue to do this over and over until the scene changes.

**FC UP**

The Pisces constellation. If we trace it, two fish made of glimmering void swim around us in a circle before returning to their constellation.

**BC DOWN**

The Leo constellation. If we trace it, a lion made of glimmering void stands before us. We can pet it. After a beat, it returns to its constellation.

**FL**

The Cancer constellation. If we trace it, a sea of crabs made of glimmering void swarm past from Front Left to Left. They swing behind us to Right and then to Front, like a wave. They return to their constellation at Front Left.

**BR**

The Aquarius constellation. If we trace it, a woman made of glimmering void stands before us. She pours starlight out of a pail and onto our heads, showering us. She returns to her constellation.

HER (CONT'D)

I think what I've always loved most about you is your love of storytelling. You stare up at the night sky and give emotions and patterns to distant balls of fire. You don't consider that the stars don't share your affections. They are unfeeling, unorganized, and you treat them like old friends. Is it foolishness? Naivete? Or is it something... softer.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The stars shift. Move. They lilt across the void seemingly at random.

**DOWN**

Beneath us, the stars move up past us. The blackness of the void solidifies into a grassy ground.

**AROUND**

The stars become fireflies. They fill the empty field. If we reach a hand out to touch the fireflies, they move out of the way of our grasp.

HER

Sentiment, I think. You manage to find feelings in everything from the largest stars to the smallest bugs. You are so deeply flawed, so deeply emotional. And that's where your beauty comes from.

**LD**

A woman and a small child chase the fireflies. Their laughter can be heard distantly. They cross behind us to Back Right Distance.

HER (CONT'D)

You take what we have given you, and you make it spectacular. You make it worth telling stories of.

**FC**

A firefly flies close to our face. It halts in front of us before shooting up quickly. It explodes into fireworks.

**AROUND**

Fireflies shoot up into a firework show.

**UP**

A firework show. The most grand you've ever seen. It's enough to bring anyone to tears.

**RC**

The woman and child come to stand next to us. The woman hoists the child onto her shoulders.

HER (CONT'D)

I think my favorite thing you make, though, is yourselves.

**RC**

The child laughs in our ear. If we look up at him, he smiles at us and points up at the fireworks. Awe. Wonder.

HER (CONT'D)

You make more of you. More to tell stories to. More to make more stories. There is truly nothing more fascinating than that.

EXT. VOID - TIME UNKNOWN

The fireworks blind us with light. When the display fades, we are back in the void. Inky nothingness around us.

HER

There's something great about the wonder of a child. Something special about the first stories they tell. Something grand about the stories they tell when they grow.

**FC**

After a moment, a glimmer in front of us. It swirls around us, its trail encapsulating us in comforting light.

HER (CONT'D)

No matter what, promise me you'll keep making. I've seen many things, but I've never seen anything as beautiful as the human imagination.

The glimmer leaves us, its trail unraveling around us.

**UP**

The glimmer shoots up, becoming the North star. Other stars populate the darkness, forming the night sky.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

**DOWN**

The ground rematerializes beneath us. We are back in the field.

**AROUND**

The field.

**UP**

The night sky as its always been.

**FC**

A telescope. The child looks in it up towards the North star.

**FIN**

JAB SAMPLE