

Project #3  
Summer of 1609

written by

Carolina Sakamoto Coraini

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - 1609 FLORENCE - NIGHT

We see the interior of a house made of symmetric stone walls, with paintings, tapestries and frescos for decoration.

Candlelight illuminates the interior.

The door to the office is open.

Inside there are mountains of handwritten papers mostly unfinished and with scribbles, tools, and nearly completed projects and experiments.

There is one pedestal with a perfect telescope resting on it.

GALILEO, 45, a bearded Italian astronomer, mathematician, and physicist, sits at the table of his office, hunched over his work desk full of papers around.

All dialogue in Italian.

GALILEO (V.O.)

What is to be done?... What indeed?

Galileo looks over at his telescope. Glances and goes through papers and more papers of mappings of the stars.

Looks back at his telescope only with his eyes.

Galileo stands up, crossed arm and hand on chin, walks around the telescope's pedestal. Eye's fixated on it.

Looks back at his desk with his research of the stars.

Galileo's arms fall, head back, and groans in exhaustion.

He leans onto the pedestal in order to see the piece more closely.

His body weigh tilts the pedestal and makes the telescope drift off and fall.

Galileo jumps to the ground.

The pedestal falls, but within inches from the floor, he catches the telescope.

GALILEO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ah! The mind stirs...

He notices its position resting on his hands. It is pointing to the window, and farther on, to the Moon. It is very bright and its texture is oddly detailed this night.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - 1609 FLORENCE - EARLIER IN NIGHT

Galileo is working in his office while his tutored students from the University of Pardia, NICCOLÒ and MARIO, 19 and 20, Italian young men, look around.

All dialogue in Italian.

GALILEO

Much of my scholarly toil for the esteemed University rests upon the inquiries contained herein. Wander freely through these pages whilst I prepare the discourse for the morrow.

Niccolò and Mario go straight towards the telescope on the pedestal.

NICCOLÒ

By the heavens! Did thou truly fashion this device? It is a marvel!

GALILEO

Indeed, indeed. A labor not light, yet rich in reward. I am engaged in crafting lenses for this instrument, though I remain uncertain... perchance I shall offer it at market, as I have with others.

MARIO

Nay. Retain this one. Who can wander what revelations await through the gaze of this telescope?

Mario grabs a metal magnifying glass.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Imagine, if thou shall, how many distant wonders lie far in the vast expanse of the firmament...

Niccolò drifts away and reads through disconnected paperworks.

Mario grabs a metal magnifying glass, aiming at the moon outside the window.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Observe... The moon alters not its size as doth the pencil, for it lies far beyond. Try it thyself.

Mario hands the metal magnifying glass to Niccolò.

He drops it immediately accidentally, and finches.

GALILEO

What occurred?

MARIO

I know not... the lad hath dropped the magnifying lens!

Galileo takes Niccolò's hand and inspects it with the magnifying glass. He picks a tiny metal barb from his hand.

NICCOLÒ

What is this object?

GALILEO

Behold! a barb of metal...

Mario came over to listen.

GALILEO (CONT'D)

Thou presumes the grip of the lens to be smooth, unblemished?

The students shake their head "Yes".

GALILEO (CONT'D)

Yet our eyes deceive us, for they perceive the surface. In truth, it is adorned with ridges and craters...

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - 1609 FLORENCE - NIGHT

Back in the office.

Galileo stands up, frenetically.

All dialogue in Italian.

GALILEO

Eureka! Texture, craters, the Moon itself... It is no polished globe, but rugged and shadowed! That is why we behold such hues, or should I say, shades? Hah! Of course!

Puts the telescope on his desk and fixes the fallen pedestal back up.

He then, quickly and excitedly, gets a pencil and pages of paper.

Sets up his telescope by the edge of the window.

Looks through the Telescope.

There is a spider web hanging from the corner of the roof, messing up the focus of the lens.

Galileo scoffs.

GALILEO (CONT'D)

What are the chances?

Galileo hits the wall, making the window tremble a little, but enough to almost have the telescope fall again.

EXT. HOUSE YARD - 1609 FLORENCE - NIGHT

Galileo sets up the telescope on the yard ground, now less excited.

Looks through the telescope again.

The full and tall yard trees are now blocking most of his view.

GALILEO

UGHH!

His gaze drifts from the trees onto his roof that is taller than them.

He storms off towards the house.

He comes back outside with a ladder.

Sets it up by his house and climbs up to the roof.

GALILEO (CONT'D)

Yes. This shall suffice.

Says while framing the moon with his fingers in a rectangular shape.

Now, rests his hands on his hips, looking around the area of the roof.

A stray cat approaches the situation and sits next to the telescope on the yard, before noticing it.

Looks at it, and tries to scratch its back on it.

He ends up knocking over the telescope by pushing its body against it.

Scared from the sound of glass shattering, it speeds away.

GALILEO (V.O.)

What sound was that???

He looks back at the taken down telescope, gets down from the roof and runs towards it.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - 1609 FLORENCE - NIGHT

Galileo has his telescope laid on his messy desk in front of him. He takes off the lens, only to see it has broken.

He stands up, disappointed.

He grabs the telescope and skips the pedestal it was originally resting on.

He goes towards a pile of unfinished projects, and shoves it inside a random trunk. He hears a bag CLINK as soon as he does.

He opens the bag.

GALILEO

An old endeavor... how could I have forgotten?

Inside there are carefully individually wrapped lenses.

GALILEO (V.O.)

...The lenses I once fashioned,  
inspired by a study, what was it,  
of glass from the Netherlands.  
Hmmm...

Galileo browses through the lenses looking at the written sizes on the wrapping paper.

He picks one, gets the telescope, and heads back to his desk.

He unwraps it and assembles it into the telescope.

EXT. HOUSE YARD - 1609 FLORENCE - NIGHT

Galileo climbs the ladder with the telescope now protected by a thick cloth around it, on hands.

While trying to walk on the roof, Galileo slips in one of the tiles, almost falls again, but stabilizes himself nearly dropping the telescope from his hands.

The tile falls to the ground and breaks in many pieces.

Galileo looks down at it, sees how high up from the ground he is.

All dialogue in Italian.

GALILEO

O Dio! And that, is the gravity of  
which we speak.

Takes a deep breath, and with a determined expression  
continues to the highest point of the roof.

He sets the telescope down, gets the notebook and pencil now  
from a pocket from his coat.

Sits down, and starts writing his famous findings about the  
Moon's surface.

GALILEO (V.O.)

Ha ha! Rugged, uneven, it may well  
possess mountains! I shall be  
awarded for such discovery! Mark my  
words!