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The Young and Prodigious T.S. Spivet

By Jean-Pierre Jeunet

The West

Our ranch was located
several miles north of Divide,
lost in the Pioneer Mountains.
The closest thing to traffic was when
Union Pacific Freight trains
rumbled through the valley.

at 5:

11:

5:

Divide was literally located
on the continent of the divide.
To the east, rivers
spill into the Atlantic.
To the west, it is
spill into the Pacific.
One day my brother
Layton and I, decided to
christian its natural water.
Look over here.
Hello Big Sur!
Hello New Orleans!
But Layton's favourite pastime
was shooting at anything that moved.
Big loop.
Elbow up.
Ready?
Now!
Go!
Stop!
Upon my brothers request,
father built us a seesaw.
Slow down!
Come on, cowboy.
My father loved Layton
more than anything in the world.
Yes, Good deal.
I would have liked to
be a daredevil, too.
But I knew I never be upto it.
One year earlier

Orffyreus have five
marbles trapped in tubes,
creating an imbalance. This
rocking motion, however,
caused the energy to dissipate.
Robert Flux built a
mill based on the concept
of perpetual rotation.
However the inherent friction of the
machine caused significant loss of energy.
Italian philosopher Marco Zimara
imagined a machine that
could recycle the wind.
But the force required
to compress the bellows
was greater than the energy
produced by the windmill.
So it didn't work.
No scientific challenge remains greater,
most prestigious,
more mythical,
than that of finding the key to
perpetual motion.
Yet some affirm that
this quest is doomed to failure.
Such a machine
defies the laws of the universe.
The very basis of
thermodynamics assumes that
all mechanism will
eventually come to stop.
Given the current state
of Science and Technology,
isn't the quest for perpetual
motion better suited for
idealists and poets
than real scientists?
What if imagination start it
and science end it?
Those who push the boundaries of
science, what they not all poets?
I'm certain
that as we speak here today,
that somewhere in this country,

a budding Leonardo Da Vinci
is gaining up for the challenge.

Thank you very much.

Oh God...

Hello.

Sir, I am the Leonardo from Montana.

Oh yeah? What you are going to do?

I accept the challenge.

You do?

One afternoon in August, the phone rang
while my sister Gracie and I
on the porch, shredding sweet
corn into large metal buckets.

What?

the buckets were riddled with bite
marks dating back to last spring
when our dog Tapioca got depressed
and started eating metal.

Gracie, can you hold this for a second.

This is what I predicted.

Manticora herculeana

is a subspecies of cicindeler.

Who was at that called?

Same time, has a heart
at tip of the mandible
doesn't seem to have a
white spot on the electra.

Mom?

The phone, who was it?

Oh, a call for T.S.

A call for him?

Who was it?

I do not know.

She is still in the
line. she is waiting.

You should probably go.

If you finish before I get back, count the
number of good ears and the number of bad ones.

Why don't get the kernels,
while you're at it?

I had 3 options to get to the phone.

The corridor / kitchen way,
the quickest but also the most boring.

Upstairs /Downstairs route,

but the shift in
altitude made me nauseous.
I opted for the third and riskiest,
particularly when father
was working around the house.
The scent in room smelled
like whiskey stained leather.
and moldy photographs.
If you just closed your eyes,
you could feel the dust
forming onto your prairie
after a cowboy posse cavalcade.
Layton use this thing as setting
room, was the greatest thing since
quirrell trees.
I would like to speak to T.S.
Spivet, this is Miss Jibsen,
Under Secretary of the Smithsonian.
Hold on.
Father!
Phone!
My father is all yours, Ms. Jibsen.
Hello, Mr. Spivet.
Yes! My dad is listening.
Could you hand him the phone please.
No! My father is mute, Ms. Jibsen.
He can hear you but can only
respond in sign language.
I will translate everything for you.
You are the T.S. Spivet
that has just invent the magnetic wheel?
One second. Father saying...
Yes, I only sent you the blueprints.
Because, I didn't
have the time to do it.
The quest for perpetual movement!
I mean, Its the Holy
Grail of inventors...
Tell me Mr. Spivet, I take
it you live in Montana?
Coppertop ranch.

Longitude:

Latitude:

These are the coordinates to my bedroom.
Wow! Clearly you have an eye for detail!
which is a reckless ad for
any great inventor.

Father is asking:
so you are the head of the Smithsonian?
Well! Technically, I'm
the Under Secretary, but,
many people would say I run the place.

Wow

Yeah.

Look Mr. Spivet,
your invention
has won our prestigious Baird Award.
Spencer Baird Award?

Indeed.

Our 150th anniversary
gala is in a week's time
and this would be perfect
oppurtunity for you to
You know Make your acceptance speech.
Of course, we would
provide you with a sign
language interpreter.

But...

I'll be in class.

I go back to school on Monday.

You must teach at the
University of Montana?

A quick phone call to your
president, Jack Campbell,
and it will be taken care of. I mean,
We are talking about the
Baird Award after all.

Prairie of Truth

Mountain of Lies

I was just thinking.

I can't come out to
receive the Baird award.

I have too much work to finish.

Thanks anyway.

Have a good day.

What are you doing?

What do you think I am doing?
You are going to mess up my dataset.
You're in there for like 15 hours.
Who was that?
A journalist... From New York.
Wants me to go there for
an interview about my work.
Inside Gracie's cortex
Just laugh in his face, its
the only way to deal with this.
Clearly he is making it up.
And if it were true?
You mean this total spass
leaving Montana before us?
Would it be so bad to
be a celebrity sister?
This total dork, invited to New York...
for an interview?
You're full crap.
I told her I can't come,
cause' classes are again monday,
but she was insisting.
What did I do to god
for hate me? It's like
"Here, Gracie, I found you
a family full of nutjobs,"
"And you are gonna live
in no worse in Montana"
"and your brother, who is a total spat"
"is going to New York!"
I told you I am not
going I've got a school.
News fash crazy New
Yorkers loves spatters
Its kind of a new trend!.
Too late.
Any chance you've got
she wallowed in the role
of the misunderstood actress
She landed the lead in a retro
anti establishment theater piece.
But that night,
I was busy working on a
challenge set by Discover magazine

"How to drop an egg from the top"
"of the Empire State Building
without breaking it. "
Inorder to finish my project and
get out of saying Gracie's blain,
I had to end this
Tapioca to the rest field.
One night, in a Bette Davis face,
Gracie launched into a heated diatribe
about father's museum setting hall.
Is it even conceivable that the
cowboy museum or rather, mausoleum
could be turned into
a normal living room
where normal people
could relax and have
normal conversation?
My father, Tecumseh Elijah Spivet,
was born 100 years too late.
He had the soul, stature,
and mindset of a cowboy.
For him talking was a necessary chore,
as shoeing a horse.
Cellphone reception was nowhere
to be found at coppertop ranch
and father refused
to install a telephone
in Gracie's room.
And you heard in the voice?
Her looks.
Yeah, its no wonder in history of Miss
America pagents Miss Montana never won.
Except, the worst selection ever!
every night in his setting room
father took off his boots
and muttering some cryptic statements
after raising glass of
whiskey upto his lips
precisely every 45 seconds.
a conversion from a cricket.
crickets and insects,
were my mother's specialty.
Dr Clair spent most of her adult life
studying tiny creatures

with the magnifying glass,
then classifying them into species...
and subspecies.
What if it doesn't exist?
I mean, for a year now,
you stopped everything
to prove that tigermonk
cicindele's exist
Stopped everything?
What do you mean, in a
maternal sense or a scientific one?
What is it that you want
me to start doing again?
Or else I stopped doing?
I don't know.
Your research on the parasitic
scolyte caterpillar maybe?
Your findings could've saved
all the pine trees in Montana.
Every other scientific
attempt have failed.
Failed?
From the ecologists
point of view, maybe.
But from the caterpillar's
point of view,
looks like a win win situation.
Anyway I never liked pine trees.
They're dripy and sticky.
Some things are just meant to die.
How my parents ever fell
for each other is a mystery.
They were like day and night.
The human head lice,
Pediculus humanus capitis
belong to the Anoplura family.
A. N. O. P. L. U. R. A.
T.S., When you drawing the legs,
make sure you observe not just how many
there are but the exact distance between them.
Yeah. The exact distance between them.
Beware of mediocrity,
its the fungus of the mind.
We must constantly fight against it

or creeping to everything we do.

Darn!

Those got away.

A lasso to catch him.

Thanks, Dad.

A fool, by definition is the one who
turns, what is beyond his middle grasp,
will do one big joke.

Then a few days later,
at the end of the hallway,
their hands brushed against each other,
as if they were secretly
exchanging a few seeds.

And then there was Layton,
my dizygotic twin.

That's when two sperm cells
fertilize two seperate eggs.

To each his own embryo
To each his own lucky star
Layton got the height
and I got the neurons.

Mom! Yeah!

Have you ever gotten AIDS?

What?!

Angela Ashworth says AIDS are
bad and you probably have them.

Well! next time, you
just tell Angela Ashworth
Just because she feels insecure
about being a little girl
in a society that puts an anointed amount of
pressure on moment to the baptism physical standard
it doesn't mean that
she had to take out her
misplaced self loathing
on a nicer boy like you.

You may be an inherent part of the problem,
but, certainly doesn't mean you have AIDS.

I'm not sure I can remember all that.

Well, just tell her... she's fat.

OK.

But Layton died last year doing an
accident with the gun in the old bar.

I don't know what went wrong.

I was there too. Measuring gun shots.
No one ever talked about it.
No one.
Not bad.
Except that we have to
go over this a little bit.
Daisy... B +.
Solid work.
Excellent illustrations of
the lake formation process.
T.S... C +.
Report shows undeniable qualities,
but as usual, is way off subject.
What does the formation of lakes
in Montana have anything to do
with the east-west migratory
pattern of Canadian Geese.
Sir, I'm not sure if you
read the introduction... But I
You think you're the smarter
than everyone else, don't you?
As for the diagram, its very pretty
but scientifically erroneous.
Really, Sir?
Bacause I sent it to
the Discover Magazine
and... they like it,
and they publish it.
Do not play games with me, T.S.
You're out of your league.
And what about the magnetic wheel?
Didn't mention anything about that.
I dont give a a rat's ass
about the magnetic wheel
Mr. Stenpock, how can a man like you,
supposed to open our minds
through scientific curiosity,
How can you be so
aggresively narrow minded?
Every scientists were like you
The will be no penicillin,
no relativity,
or sewer trains,
Know what it would be,

no chocolates or cookies!
Superiority complex, this
is what you have. T.S.
Your talents in scientific
observations would be put to better use
in picking your socks in the morning.
Lend me a hand for a second?
What's your need?
Settle out the creak. Its
drying among its pockets.
We'll get her spit up all
she has got before sunset.
Com'on.
To know that my father had to
resort to ask me help from me,
his only remaining son
The one who is used to saw in the ranch
filled me with sadness.
Layton should have been here, not me.
One day, he shot a coyote with
his Winchester from 200 yards.
Father was so impressed.
He took off his hat and
slapped it on my brother's head.
It was a special moment.
I knew it would never happen to me.
She is still runnin a bit last week.
There's no back for got some juice.
Like the... the crickets teasing me.
Couple of months earlier,
I had built a scale model depicting
the hydrology of our valley.
You could see the various water tables,
drainage trenches, soil compositions
and sweepage capacity.
Dad! You wanna give it a look?
See... If you dig from here to there,
the water will be channeled to there.
thereby increasing the flow of water,
those thereby stagnating
and evaporating.
'Cause the laws of fluid mechanics,
make it unstoppable.
You asked me I was just pissing the can.

Open your eyes, you'll see that.
That ignorant goats.
Don't worry, I've got it.
Right.
So this used to be coyote chow.
It's okay, Stinky, Don't worry.
I am not gonna hurt you. Don't worry.
Maybe dying on a ranch from a snakebite,
is more befitting than a self inflicted
gunshot going to the head
by an old rifle in a cold barn.
Fixing on kissing that poison rope?
We still got our bussiness day, isn't it?
That was the first time my
father ever patted me on the back,
but I couldn't tell who was to
brush me off, to reprimand me
or a substitute for a hug.
I would go to Washington DC tomorrow.
I was a researcher, scientist,
and they needed me there.
If I stayed here,
I end up turning around in circles,
like these bats.
I only do the echo of myself.
What's for dinner tonight?
Puree Corn.
Hey T.S, can you take up my
dish washing duties tonight?
I will make it upto
you, I swear... Its...
Tonight, its Miss USA pagent, and I
really don't wanna miss the opening.
You already owe me 4.
Miss USA!
And these women are picked for
thier talents on what exactly?
Painting?
Yoga?
Karate, perhaps?
No mom.
Miss America is only
the "talent" portion.
Miss USA is the beauty contest.

It's way better.
I still think its a mistake
not to take into consideration
these girls intellectual attitudes.
Mom, it's a beauty contest.
It's Miss USA.
Otherwise, it would be
called Miss High I.Q.
Which no one would watch,
because it would be boring,
like my life!
I'm sorry Gracie, but...
you know what it,.. if you were
to enter this kind of contest
It would be a mistake not to
showcase your talents as an
actress... and as a singer
you have a pretty voice...
and you play the hobo.
I have to go to Kalispell tomorrow
to collect specimens
It'll be a few days.
I prepared all of your meals, so,
all you have to do is reheat them.
Good deal.
I've been thinking about what
you told me the other day.
about what I used to do
that I stopped doing.
And I was wondering...
will you come with me to Kalispell?
I would be great to have your help.
Mom, it's entertainment.
Entertainment!
You thought about what I asked you?
Sorry, I cant come with
you to Kalispell tomorrow.
I have to finish a
project for Mr. Stenpock.
Next time, I'll try
and give you a notice.
You reached the Office of Ms.
Jibsen, please leave a message.
By Jack Campbell speaking

The President of the
University of Montana.
I have some good news.
Mr. T.S. Spivet has managed
to rearrange his schedule.
So, He will be leaving... first thing
tomorrow. He will not be reachable,
but will make just in time
to accept the baird award
and make his speech or not.
Good night. I mean good morning...
Hey... I do not if you're
aware anything, but...
you are talking to a garbage can.
The four steps of packing
I was terrified at the thought
of having to pack my suitcase.
Even packing for school everyday,
took me at the very least 23 min.
Maybe 22 min.

1

- Play and replay the scenario of the trip in my head.
- To arrange all necessary items
in order of importance.
Eight pair of underwear.
Two sextants.
Three burgundy sweaters.
One thermometer, One
hygrometer, One barometer.
Only one telescope.
One frontal headlamp
officially known as Tom.
Five blank red notebooks
And five blank purple notebooks
One tape measure,
and my set of Gillette pens
Twelve handkerchiefs.
A box of raisins.
Twelve carrot sticks.
Eleven.
A self-defense handbook.
My sparrow skeleton.
binoculars.
My Leatherman.

- Avoid thinking about a scenario
for which I will need a seismoscope
for a woodpecker who would
be pecking beak at the tree.

4

- Pack everything
and finally add my teddy bear Big Jojo.
At 4 o'clock in the morning,
my suitcase was finally ready.

Goodbye, Layton.

I'll be away for a

while to Washington D.C.

I'll bring you back a souvenir.

I'm sorry for what I did.

Dear Spivet Family, I'm gone

for a while to do some work.

Dont worry, I'll be fine.

I do not want to bother you by

telling you about it ahead of time.

Thank you for taking care of me. You're
one of the best families in the world.

Love, T.S.

Diary

Hello, Tapioca.

Hello.

I'll miss you.

Where are you going?

To the Smithsonian in Washington D.C.

It seems like everyone ends up
leaving in this house.

I'll be back.

Why had he not stopped?

Because I was responsible

for his favorite son's death

and I must be banished from the ranch.

Thats why.

The crossing

Sun Chemical composition:

hydrogen, helium, oxygen, iron

neon, nitrogen, silicon, magnesium

and sulfur.

"How beautiful the sun

"when newly risen,

"And explodes in the morning greetings

"Happy as the man who can
lovingly salute its rising
"more glorious than a dream!"
You're officially a hobo now?
Well, incase you haven't noticed,
I'm heading a freight train
right, on my way to Washington D.C.
And.. What's an adventurer
never leave aside?
His knife, his magnifying glass,
his maps, his whip
and his hat.
But, You have forgotten the whip.
- I'm glad you're here.
- Me too. I'm glad you're here.
No! Not my Japanese weevils!
These larvae.. stay survived..
shipment across the Pacific ocean,
70000 miles, to end up
in the stomach of a goat?
It's just the ignorant Montana
goats. They dont know any better.
Oh.. well.. If you can't manage your karate goats,
maybe you should consider another line of work!
If that's what you think, you know,
set the plate at the table for me.
If that's what you think, you
know, set my plate at the table.
Security, track number 8.
A melancholy feeling came
over me, I cannot get rid of.
The motorhome was pointed backwards,
So, I had that depressing feeling
that I was traveling in reverse.
Hello, kid.
Hey... Kid!
Come over.
Com'on, Come over.
Com'on, Get closer.
Hold It.
This is your first time? Yes.
"Two Clouds".
"Two Clouds", that's my name.
I am T.S.

T for Tecumseh S for Sparrow

Sparrow, as in the bird?

Yes.

At the moment on my birth, a
sparrow crashed through the window
and died right down kitchen floor.

Follow me.

Step on it.

Com'on!

You know why the right sole is
more worn out than the left one?

Because one of your legs
is shorter than the other?

Nope. Because these shoes
belong to Johnny Cash

He always kept the beat.

You think the dead sparrow in your
kitchen right when you were born
is a more credible story?

That's what mom told me.

Your mother gave birth in the kitchen?

You see?

What?

The Sparrow.

Once Upon a time
there was a sparrow that was very ill
didn't have the strength to go south.

Go without me, he told his children.

I'll find shelter from the cold
and I'll see you in spring.

So, did he survive?

The bird went to an oak tree
and asked if he could
take shelter in his leaves.

But the oak was, the cold and
arrogant tree,.. he refused.

The peach,.. the aspen,
the willow, the elm,

they all said no, can you believe this?

I guess.

Don't answer the question...

It's part of the story...

Sorry!..

Then the first snows came.

The sparrow took a last chance
with the pine tree, who said:
I can't offer you much protection,
I only have needles that let in draft
But my answer is...
Yes.
Overjoyed, the sparrow took refuge there
and you know what?
He survived the winter.
The children returned
and wept tears of joy.
Upon seeing this, the Creator decided to punish
all the other trees for their selfishness.
From that day on,
every tree lost it's leaves in winter,
except the pine, who saved the sparrow.
My grandmother told me this story.
Had you ever heard it before?
You can answer now.
Story is finished!
The story is very pretty.
But, the insulating
properties of pine needles
could not release the heat
to create a warm enough cocoon
for a bird the size of a sparrow.
Your grandmother lied to you.
So where were you headed, T.S.?
To buy me a hot dog.
The old sea dog!
Captain's Choice!.. Huh!..
Quickly, it close in fifteen minutes.
Bye, Sparrow!..
See you, Bye!
I'm sure you will find your tree.
You too!
Dr. Clair...
this time, you can't stop me.
And what is the reason
behind this embargo?
T.S., Do you know where this smell of
those marvellous sausages comes from?
It's from a smell factory,
on the New Jersey Turnpike.

It was carefully designed
and artificially synthesized
to maximize their desirability.

Do you like it one?

A drink with that?

Sure, Is that included?

Yeah, sure.

I'm gonna give you straw.
and one of my best hot
dogs, I hope you like it.

Hi Marj.

I want you to look at this.

Some kid out of Montana
ran away or got himself
kidnapped or something.

Can I know where to put that?

- Hmm.. just put up on the board.

- Thanks

I know someone who ain't
gonna be happy with you...
your mom!.

Just kiddin', young man.

But if you eat a hot dog before your dinner,
you ain't gonna hungry for the soup she made ya.

I don't hav a mother
around. My parents are dead.

You take care little guy.

You see what happens
to kids that go astray?

My son!

You have been kidnapped?

Oh! Thank God! What a relief.

Baby, baby, you know, you're right,
I've been wasting my
time certain cicindele...

Son, we still got a
situation with the creek.

You're spot on with that covert.

What you say come right back, and,
and we work on your plans together.

T.S., you have to come home 'cause you
said you'll make my Halloween costume.

Com'on baby!.

May be somewhere in one of these houses

a boy just woke up from
the sound of my train.
Maybe he is wondering
what it would be like to climb
aboard and cross the desert.
God' I just want to
switch places with him
and just watch the train
go awaying to the unknown.
I had to admit it.
I was not a careless drifter,
just a tiny old boy,
who ran away from home.
Any more or less, Can I
assume be peeing on my sofa,
like when I was little
and afraid of a Jack
O'Lantern's deadly fangs.
Layton Age 6.
T.S. Age 6.
Patterns of cross talk and
directional eyelines by T.S. Spivet.
Frequency of father's
eye contact to T.S.: Nil
Why?
Is it the T.S. is more like me?
He doesn't like what I am.
He doesn't love me.
Of course he loves you!
You love each other!
If we make a baby, it means
we love each other, right?
And they had three
babies. Ain't that right?
I still catch myself haunting
to wake him up for school.
Sorry!.. Sorry.
Stopped everything?
What do you mean in a maternal
sense or a scientific one?
T.S. came to see me in my study,
for the first time since the accident.
I'm not really there for T.S. anymore...
I'm like an empty house.

Nature had vanished.
Every millimeter of landscape
was replaced by manmade constructions
ruled by the laws of geometry.
How could humans create
so many right angles
when their behavior is so
convoluted and illogical?
See you, old sea dog.
I'm sure you'll find your pine tree.
Playing hookey from kindergarten?
I'm talking to you.
No, sir.
What you got in the bag?
Spray paint? You vandalized
in snitch, you paint that silo?
I love Chicago.
What?
Are you shitting me,
snitch? Where you from?
Chernobyl.
Oh, Yeah!.. Well,
You little shit!
Welcome to the great state of Illinois.
And I'm sure you're gonna get to
know what really well after I book you
for tresspassing, destruction
of railroad priority.
Railroad Property.
What?
Property, You said priority.
Get in the car!
Gotch'ya!
Look, it's moving!
Ok, Snitch,.. End of the line.
Thanks for the exercise, but...
lets go.
What? What you gonna do? You gonna Jump?
Com'on. Don't make me walk over there.
Hang on, Hang on, kiddie!
Alright! Hang on,..
Don't look down... Don't look down.
Get your foot up. com'on.
Come on, You can do it, come on!

Get your foot up. You can do it.
You can do all up that,.. God!..
God!.. Oh! oh!..
Oh! you little shit.
You're very good!
Hey!.. You think you got away?.. huh!
Well done! Hey, over here!
You think you got away with this.. huh?
Is that what you thinking? huh..
No way, kid!
listen to... Snitch, look at me!
Look me in the eye.. What's the
matter? You don't wanna look in the eye?
Right here! I'm gonna find you!
How're doin', man?
You don't look so hot.
I'm ok.
I just fell down and hurt myself.
Where you're heading
for, like this, man?
To the Smithsonian.
Where?
D.C. is in Washington, man.
My name is Ricky.
T.S.
Put your seatbelt on, T.S.
Show me.
That's a real deal!
Hurt when you breathe?
You got maybe one, two broken ribs.
You seriously need to see a medic.
No, I'll be okay.
Tough little bugger, ain't you.
Always take two pictures of hitchhikers.
One when I pick'em up,
one when I drop'em off.
Even in the service,
I was taking pictures.
That guy,
was a hitchhiker too?
Well... Not exactly.
What do you think?
Join the army, see the
world, arresting people...

and kill'em.

The East.

Where are we?

Not far from where you are headed.

Not sure what you are looking
for, but don't change a thing.

Steady in your boots.

Good luck, man.

I'm not sure what you are looking for either,
but you will sure find your pine tree, man.

Young man?.. Are you
alright? Are you injured?

Cathy, I need information.

You look like you need
medical assistance.

I would like to speak with
Mrs. G. H. Jibsen, please.

I'm here to give a
speech tomorrow night.

What's your name?

T.S.Spivet.

Just a moment.

You're T.S. Spivet,
or your father is T.S. Spivet?

I am T.S. Spivet.

He claims to be, he
actually is T.S. Spivet.

He is 9 or 10 years older
and very, very, very...
small.

Alright, that would be
wonderful, thank you.

Miss Jibsen is on her way down.

You can have a seat over there.

You're here?

Never too far away you know.

Yeah, I know.

See!... Made it to the Smithsonian.

The worst is yet to come.

Can help you, young man?

Ms. Jibsen?

Hello.

I am T.S. Spivet. I made it here.

You're the one I talked to

in the phone, last friday?

Yes.

So, where is your father?

In fact, he is dead.

I lied to you then.

So, who sent me the
prototype of the magnet wheel?

I did.

What, you expect me to
believe that you invented it?

Not really.

I don't invent anything.

I just transposed the principle of
an electron gravitating
around the nucleus.

But as you know, to
simulate its perpetual motion
would require the creation
of a negative entropy,
which is simply not possible.

You must agree.. right?

This can't..

This can't be.. How old are you?

We're not gonna be ought to
turn him into great communicator,
but with the right clothes and some
solid talking points, no problem.

Oh, yes.. In his eyes, I am
the Scientific Authority of
everything he admires.

Okay, I'll talk to you later.

So, You need to keep him?

Nope.

But with multiple
fractures, he needs to rest.

Any abrupt movement
and not cough or laugh.

Good luck.

How do you feel?

Like that mule done kick me good.

Its my dad's expression.

You have seen as miss
your parents very much.

I'm so sorry!

So, I talked to some
colleagues at the Smithsonian.
And, everybody is ecstatic that you've
chosen for this award.
You have to give me their names.
I'll thank them in my speech.
On that topic..
I think we can quote
something up for you.
I prefer to write my
own speech. Thank you.
You certainly don't waste
any time about it, do you?
No, this is a purple note book.
If i'll be writing my speech,
it would be in the red one.
Yes, of course. And the
purple one is for...?
"General Considerations. "
Such as?
When did the child become an adult?
And?
When you don't get
excited about Christmas,
When you wear reading glass right a
minute but can't see to find them anywhere
When you pay income tax and
enjoy getting angry discussing,
"What the heck are they going
to do with all your money?"
And when you look down on children
whatever is going on in their little heads.
If $2x$ goes into 100 and x is
an integer, How many of the
 $2x + 2$ integers will
be divisible by $3n/2$
 $(2x-1)=(3x+1)$, what is x ?
how many possible integers less
than 5000 are even integers...
out of 15 or 21.
I am like a dolphin.
Turning one side of a
brain off and other one on.
So, That's what dolpins do?

Yeah, to sleep.

You're funny.

Why?

You travelled by yourself
half across United States
to end up like a lab rat?
This defies all understanding.

Superior mental activity?
Superior to an average of
an ocean mammal that is.
You could train him like
a highly intelligent seal.

I'm sorry,
but you don't invent the
perpetual movement machine
by balancing a ball on your nose!

Thank you for evaluating
my brain, Jodie.

Will you like some
tuna tartare and grilled
asparagus sprinkled with
balsamic vinegar reduction?

Sir, Why you hiding your
white glove behind your back?

That's just how they told me to stand.
Otherwise, I'll get fired.

Well, I like your white
gloves. Congratulations.

Thanks.

I almost forgot this.

In case someone mistakes you for a
kid whose parents couldn't round up.

A babysitter.

Sorry.

I want to be the first
to congratulate you.

We are so lucky to have a
boy like you!... so lucky!

What was your first invention?

Do you think your parents
will be proud of you?

What is your astrological sign?

So, Any other questions?

Did you ever think that you would

find another suitable candidate?
I remember,
Sitting in my office,
before I called him on the ranch,
and I said to myself,
he is only 10,
but let's do this!
They're eating you up, they'll love you.
In 1862 a Frenchman
named Guillaume Duchenne
discovered the difference
between fake and genuine smiles.
In a fake smile, it's not just
the zygomatic muscles work,
the muscles around the eyes
also contract unconsciously.
Tonight it was entirely
ocular-zygomaticus.
Ladies and gentlemen,
please welcome President
of the Smithsonian,
Dr. Leonard Sullivan.
Thank you very much ladies and gentlemen
and thank you to our guest of honor.
At a time
when science is being
challenged in every turn
when we are witnessing a return
to intellectual obscurity,
I can not resist
the temptation to quote Albert Einstein.
He said...
"Only two things are infinite:"
"the universe and human stupidity... "
and, I'm not sure about the former
But I know a third example:
human genius.
Our guest of honor tonight is
a magnificent example of this.
I invite you to show him
all the respect he deserves,
despite his young years.
Ladies and gentlemen, T.S. Spivet.
Hello everybody.

My name is T.S. Spivet,
I am 10 years old
and I am actually in sixth grade.
Is there anyone in this room,
who doesn't already atleast have a PhD?
Any one?
So, I probably won't be
teaching you much tonight.
But I like to tell you three things.
First,
thank you...
Thank you for not cancelling my award
'cause I was younger than you expected.
Second, the wheel.
As you can see they
are powered by magnets.
Yet as you know,
they demagnetize within
approximately 400 years.
On a human scale, it sounds like a lot.
In geological time, it's not
even a fraction of a second.
So, we're actually far from
having a perpetual motion.
Any Questions?
Yes, what is the third point?
Oh yes, the third...
My brother died this year.
He shot himself in the barn.
No one talks about it.
No one ever said "Layton
shot himself in the barn. "
No one.
Layton and Me we were
always very different.
I have been doing my
scientific experiments,
and, he would be shooting empty bean
cans and coyotes with his Winchester.
So, I came up with this idea to
make sound waves match the gunshots.
That way we could play
something together.
He would shoot, and I gathered data.

And
one of his Winchester has jammed.
I held the bottom of
the rifle to help out.
I didn't even touched the trigger.
There was an explosion.
Layton flew across the room.
Blood...
dripped off the hay.
He was there,
but he wasn't my brother anymore.
I was alone.
I ran to the field to get my father.
His face clenched up when I said
Layton had hurt himself badly.
He ran back, and I stayed there,
not knowing where to go.
Then I ran to the house
and hid in the bathroom.
I could hear my father
whispering on the phone.
And through the window, I saw the
ambulance pull without the flashing lights.
After a while, Gracie showed up.
She was crying.
She sat next to me in the floor
We stayed a long time like that.
Lying on the floor without talking.
I wanted you to know how
proud I am to get this award.
I'll do my best to
fulfill your trust in me,
and to be in the service of science.
That's all I had to say. Thank you.
The amazing thing about water drops,
is that they always take
the path of least resistance.
For humans,
it's exactly the opposite.
When Layton died,
Tapioca started chewing metal
buckets till it's gums bled.
Layton and Tapioca had been inseparable.
And then one day,

Gracie took him for a long
walk through the meadow.
They sat for a while
facing the mountains.
Gracie returned with a new kind
of understanding in their eyes.
Tapioca stopped chewing metal buckets.
He went back to snapping at
fireflies, just like before.
As if he had made peace
with lossing his master.
Maybe someday, I'll go back
snapping at fireflies too.
I swear to you.
They loved... They
loved the kid! I mean,
Granted they are just
a bunch of scientists,
but if their reaction is anything like the
way the general public is gonna respond,
we've got a gold mine on our hands here!
People are so predictable
it's nuts, really.
I should write a handbook
on how to move the masses.
Hang on!
Honey! Smile!
No, I think it would be better if
you're sketching in your notebook.
But, I didn't bring one.
Sally, can we have a
notebook here, Quick.
Hang on a minute, problem with the kid.
There you go.
But, It's not the right colour. I'd
never sketch on a green notebook.
This is just a photograph, nobody cares.
OK, so, where were we? Oh Yeah.
Its amazing!
Wow. Thank you.
Now, I don't want to
get your hopes up, but...

Listen to this:

The White House is sniffing around!
The White House?
The President stated the union
addresses next week, and they,
and they love having talking
points in the audience.
I can hear 'em now,
"Look, the American
educational system is working. "
What we really need
are pictures of your parents.
Especially your brother.
Preferably holding a gun, with you in
the background, that would be perfect.
Tomorrow, we go to
New York, do Letterman
and possibly 60 minutes
of us not affirmed up yet.
I mean, If they could just cut through
the crap and make up their minds.
The eyes dont have time to delete, Ally.
There are people lining up to book us.
There you go honey!
You look like a movie star!
Ok, Listen up, T.S.
This shows rating is through the roof.
But, they're gonna wanna ambush you
It's just the price
you have to pay, got it?
He's gonna talk about Layton, for sure.
So, you saw the accident...
You saw the accident, you
didn't understand what happened,
you ran for help, that's it. Remember,
do not express any kind of guilt.
you listening?
Not until we consult with our
lawyers. You understood all that?
We're live in 5 minutes.
You're gonna go back to the green room.
Well.. No, surely, it is normal for
a representative of the Smithsonian...
Miss Jibsen, you'll love our green room.
You can watch the entire show there

on a monitor.
But he is only 10... I mean, ...
T.S., Call me Roy.
Hello Roy.
First time on TV?
Lets do it.
We're live in 10 seconds.
On the air in... 10, 9, 8...
My guest tonight has dominated
this week's headlines.
He is to science what
Mozart is to music.
T.S. Spivet, just 10 years old,
and he had sprinted ahead
of legions of scientists
to win this year's coveted Baird Award.
T.S., you're 10 years old,
You're an orphan, you grew
upon a remote ranch in Montana,
your dad wanted you to be
a cowboy. Am I right so far?
Hmm.. Yes.
Coppertop Ranch, 4.73 miles
north of the Divide, 14.92 miles...
Tell me T.S., How does a 10
year old win the Baird Award?
Did the proverbial apple just fall
on your head
and light bulb, you invent
the perpetual motion machine?
It actually already existed.
But, we needed to invented
was a system to...
At an age when most 10 year olds
are climbing trees,
what do you do for fun?
Trigonometry?
I like climbing trees.
You've been conducting
scientific experiments
since the age of 4.
Last year, one of those went
tragically wrong and
resulted in the death

of your twin brother, Layton.
I did not understand what happened.
I ran to get help, that's all.
And oddly, the time
has come to take a look
at this extraordinary invention.
This is the first
perpetual motion machine
in the history of mankind.
Well, T.S. How does it work...
Liza! Do you see him?
That's is my brother. I
can't believe he is on TV!
I mean, This is the same spice that wore
Velcro on his shoes untill he's 8 years old
because he couldn't tie his own laces.
he is on TV!
He went that time when he almost
electrocuted me with his seismograph.
Oh thats, its not mention that on TV...
T.S., how long can the little wheel turn
and produce energy
without consuming energy?
400 years then you have
to recharge the magnets.
400 years!
so, you saying if this
machine were 100 times larger
it could power all of the lights
in this building for 400 years
without spending a dime in electricity?
Well, you still have to
change the light bulbs
given the ratio of
lighting square footage,
that's still significant cost.
I think the time has come to introduce a
very special guest,
T.S.'s mother, Dr. Clair.
Hello T.S.
Hello Mom.
Dr. Clair, you have come
here directly from Montana
you are T.S.'s mother, correct?

Yes. That's right.
T.S., why did you say
in the media that you
were an orphan, is this some
spin coming from the Smithsonian?
I don't know.
I thought they would send me back
home before I could receive the award.
Dr. Clair, You must
have been worried sick,
I mean, he is so small.
Yes, well, when a child disappears,
the world stops turning.
But, surely you must have been
very angry. When you heard..
With all the respect
You asked me a question, I
would like to finish my answer.
When your child disappears
well, you'll lose your sanity.
Some will channel their anger
by kicking goats out of barbwire.
I'm sorry.. Goats! We're talking goats?
Others will surf the
beetles that don't exist.
Those are just feared merely take
a train that is never coming back
so sometimes you just
stop by the tracks,
and stare at the rails.
So you read my journal...
I'm sorry.
I know it's not right.
What about giving a gun
to a child as a gift?
Or letting two kids play
with a gun, in a barn,
unsupervised...
You think that's right?
That's good question actually!
T.S.
What happened in the barn?
Wasn't your fault, T.S.
It wasn't your fault.

It wasn't.
It wasn't anyone's fault.
It was an accident.
As your father said,
what happened...
just happened...
OK, I think,
T.S... Dr Clair
We should,.. We should have a moment.
Just... just forget the cameras
and the audience,
and just.. maybe...
hug?
Cry? Touch, maybe?
Actually, I wanna ask
you about beauty pageants.
I know Miss America
and Miss USA different,
But the criteria they use
.. is shameful.. Why?..
Mom! Mom!
I guess the crown necessarily
be a ravishing beauty...
.. underfed... Mom!
What?
Oh, Yeah.
You will stay here or go?
Go.
A river... of emotion...
No, No, come back!
This is a 20 minute interview,
there's 9 minutes left.
This is reality, this
is better than science!
This is cable TV.
You're a filthy little liar.
You're a little mr.
Wait! wait! Oh!
Where do you think you are going?
To Coppertop ranch.
Cut!
You OK?
Reckon if you're OK, that's all it gots!
My boy's OK.

So, I'm mute..
and I'm dead?
Sorry, Dad.
How come you didn't stop that
morning when you saw me on the road?
Rancher's word, I never saw you.
I need a box of biscuits, a box of
mixed biscuits and a biscuit mixer.
Are you talking to me or are
you talking to the peanut butter?
Its a diction exercise, moron.
You'd be better out trying
some yourself enough here
or make it on TV again.
I've got some more to do in
the public speaking department.
How about you just show us how
its done the day you're in a movie.
Yeah, or in the running
for Miss Montana.
Or a reality show about a normal person
living with a bunch of
insane hostile degenerates.
Speaking of which, does anyone know
if or when your father is
showing up for breakfast?
You guys don't ever made up?
Look, I know goats eat everything,
including paper... I get'em, I get'em.
But, the fact that one of them
climbed through the kitchen
window and eat all my notes
on the female Ontophagus sagittarius,
and how it copulates with its horns
that is inexcusable.
It's okay, it's okay.
He's just kicking.
I thought you're going to give
birth on the kitchen again?
Again? I never gave birth in kitchen.
Really?
Then, why is my name Sparrow?
No, That was Gracie's idea.
She found a dead sparrow

here in the kitchen, the day
I had you in the hospital.
So she concluded that you were
the reincarnation of the sparrow.
I know when I die, an
elephant will be born.
Statistically speaking,
there are better chances that
next newborn Spivet, will be
the reincarnation...
of a toaster.
And in mean time,
I had only one month
left to finish my plans
for a new perpetual motion machine.