

INT. PROFESSOR JEROME'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Cad and Simon sit among fifteen other BOYS. PROFESSOR JEROME, a priest, turns his chair and sits like a "cool teacher." He leads the class in reciting *Julius Caesar's Notes on the Gallic War*, all from memory. He holds a small leather BALL.

JEROME

*...et minus facile finitimis bellum
inferre possent;*

Cad looks around the room. He sees Hugh gazing sheepishly out a window. Roger and Walter are huddled, GOSSIPING quietly.

JEROME (CONT'D)

*Because of these things, it came to
pass that they both roamed less
widely and were able to bring war
to their neighbors less easily.*

Roger looks up to meet Cad's eye. Cad gives a small smile. Roger returns a confused, uninviting glare. Embarrassed, Cad turns his attention back to the front of the class.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Think about what Caesar is really speaking about. How does the physical environment breed conflict in a population? Walter, pick us up: *Qua ex parte...*

Jeromee throws the ball across the room to Walter, who catches it, stands, and searches his memory.

WALTER

*Qua ex parte... hominēs bellandī
cupidī... dolōre... shut up...*

The class LAUGHS at Walter's struggle. Cad looks over at Simon in the seat diagonal from him. He watches as Simon carves CARTOON BREASTS into the desk with his chewing stick.

WALTER (CONT'D)

*Er...magno dolōre afficiēbantur. On
which part... on which ground, the
men, eager of warring... were
affected by great grief.*

Simon notices Cad looking over his shoulder and WHISPERS.

SIMON

It's tits.

JEROME

'At a boy. Cheer him on.

The boys all BANG on their desks.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Let's give our new fellow a try,
eh? Give it a go, Simon. Skip on
ahead to *HIS rēbus*.

SIMON

I'm afraid I am a bit
underprepared.

JEROME

Quite alright. First day.

Jerome takes a book, the written Caesar's Notes, from his
front desk and has the student's pass it back to Simon. He
hesitantly opens the book and finds the page.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Page 33. At your own pace. Walter,
pass him the ball.

Walter throws the ball to Simon but - purposefully - misses
high and pelts Simon just above the eye.

SIMON

Jesus fuck!

JEROME

Woah, language! Enough! All of you.

SIMON

He fucking pelted me!

JEROME

Enough!

SIMON

Where'd you learn to aim, you fat
whale?

WALTER

Here in England. How about you,
mate?

JEROME

Walter, Simon, sit down.

No one raises their hands at first, making it as awkward for Simon as possible. Finally, Cad raises his.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Cad, m'boy. We're glad to have you back. Take it away.

Cad stands. He's about to speak...

JEROME (CONT'D)

Hand Cad the ball, please, Simon.

Simon looks up at Cad with disdain. He hands him the ball. Cad takes it. He recites confidently and without mistake. Simon looks up, eyes wide, impressed by Cad's aptitude.

CAD

*His rēbus addūcti et autōritāte
Orgetorigis permōtī cōstituērunt
ea quae ad proficīscendum
pertinērent, comparāre, iūmentōrum
et carrōrum quam māximum numerum
coemere, sēmentēs quam māximās
facere, ut in itenere cōpia
frūmentī suppeteret, cum proximīs
cīvitātibus pācem et amīcitiam
cōfirmāre. Led by these things and
by the counsel of Orgetorix they
decided to move those things which
were pertinent to go forth, to
prepare, to purchase as much as the
greatest number of beasts of burden
and of carts, to make as much as
the greatest number of sowings,
that on the journey, a plenty of
corn might be in store, to confirm
peace and friendship with the
nearest states.*

JEROME

Well done. Good lord, well done indeed. Give it for Cad, everyone. Next, to Roger.

The class BANGS their desks. Cad tosses the ball to Roger and sits. As Roger starts RECITING the next verse, Cad looks over to Simon. Simon refuses to look back at him.

INT. MERTON COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY

Cad and Simon sit opposite one another at a table in a small, dimly lit library.

Cad practices his letter-writing, switching between reading a manual and replicating the format on parchment. Simon doodles in the margin of his pages.

CAD
Venerabili domino suo. Then the recipient. You writing or what?

SIMON
 You've got it, mate.

CAD
 If Latin's not your thing, I think we have we some Joachimite reading.

Simon SNICKERS mockingly.

CAD (CONT'D)
 What's funny?

SIMON
 Ignore me.

CAD
 (Under his breath)
Superbum sequitur humilitas.

INSERT SUBTITLES: *Pride brings a person low.*

SIMON
 What was that?

CAD
 Ignore me.

SIMON
 What did you say?

CAD
 Read a book and find out.

Pause. Simon smiles. He gathers his papers and rises.

CAD (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?

SIMON
 Town.

CAD
 We're not done.

SIMON
 I'm done, sad boy.