

THE THREE SAGES AND THE STONE

An Homage to "Teaching a Stone to Talk"

Gem Stone Productions
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SCENE 1: THE WESTERN SAGE HEARS "GOODBYE"

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

A cluttered room filled with heavy textbook towers, gleaming brass microscopes, and hum-and-click magnetic tape recorders. A harsh, stark desk lamp casts sharp shadows across the desk.

The WESTERN SAGE sits hunched over the desk, leaning aggressively close to a smooth, gray river rock. His posture is precise, clinical, and increasingly strained.

WESTERN SAGE
(enunciating slowly)
A. B. C. Say it. Aaaa.

The stone sits in absolute, dead silence.

The Sage sighs, a sharp burst of air, clicking a tape recorder toggle switch off, then aggressively back on.

WESTERN SAGE
It's a simple acoustic mimicry. Look at my
lips. Maaaa-ma.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TIME PASSING

-- Calipers pinch the stone's flanks to measure physical metrics.
-- A tuning fork strikes the stone, vibrating uselessly against its skin.
-- The Sage scribbles intricate acoustic wave equations across a dusty chalkboard.

BACK TO SCENE

Hours have bled away. The Sage is utterly defeated by the stone's refusal to comply with human syntax.

WESTERN SAGE
(bitterly, packing his briefcase)
I'm leaving. This is a waste of science.

The Sage turns his back and strides heavily toward the exit.

Behind him, a sharp, crystalline SNAP echoes.

The harsh desk lamp over the rock instantly burns out. A cold, sudden draft sweeps the room. The ambient, low-frequency hum of the laboratory equipment flatlines into dead, absolute vacuum silence.

The stone's animate energy has vanished; it has completely severed the connection first.

The Sage freezes, his hand hovering inches from the door handle. He stares back at the ink-black desk.

WESTERN SAGE
(a quiet, humbled whisper)
You had me at "Goodbye."

SCENE 2: THE EASTERN SAGE HEARS "HELLO"

INT. MEDITATION ROOM - DAWN

A stark, minimalist room. Soft golden morning sunlight diffuses gently through a translucent paper shoji screen.

The EASTERN SAGE sits in a perfect lotus position, spine aligned, breathing slow and rhythmic. The river stone rests before him, cradled on a small, purple silk cushion.

The Sage does not speak. He does not touch the stone. He simply matches his breath to the expanding light. Eyes half-closed, he listens to the baseline world outside: the coarse caw of a crow, the rush of wind, the ancient murmur of a distant river.

He makes no attempt to teach or categorize. Instead, he empties his internal awareness until the rigid boundary between 'Self' and 'Stone' dissolves entirely into the space.

The stone's sheer presence expands, filling the room with its unmediated, silent is-ness.

The Eastern Sage opens his eyes fully, stripped of all human expectation.

At that exact millisecond, a stray, sharp beam of dawn light strikes an exposed cluster of quartz crystals on the rock's surface.

The rock flashes with an instantaneous, brilliant spark of light—vibrant, like a warm, welcoming eye blinking open.

Simultaneously, a deep, resonant chime reverberates through the quiet room, as if an invisible mallet had just struck a massive bronze ceremonial gong.

The Sage gasps softly, fully receiving the cosmic greeting.

EASTERN SAGE
(smiling, bowing deeply to the
light)
You had me at "Hello."

SCENE 3: THE ANISHINAABE SAGE HEARS "MEGWECH"

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DUSK

The ancient, old-growth woods are painted in the deep amber and violet hues of twilight. Dry leaves dance in a gentle evening breeze.

The ANISHINAABE SAGE sits directly on the damp, mossy earth beside a small, crackling fire. He holds the river stone protectively in both palms, warming it close to the dancing flames, handling it with the instinctive reverence one reserves for a venerable Elder.

He does not speak to it in English, nor does he demand that it perform. Instead, he reaches into a small pouch, withdraws a pinch of tobacco (Sema), and places it gently onto the earth directly beside the stone as a reciprocal offering.

ANISHINAABE SAGE
(in a soft, rhythmic voice)
Boozhoo, Mishoomis.

He lifts the stone and presses its cool, textured surface gently against his ear. He leans in to listen.

He does not listen for human words or syntax. Instead, he catches the deep, sub-audible, resonant hum of the living earth—the heavy memory of slow-moving glaciers, the massive tectonic scraping of continental plates, and the whispered songs of ancestors who walked this exact ground generations before him.

The stone is fully sharing its spirit and wisdom through its sheer weight, cold history, and raw texture.

The Sage pulls the stone back slowly. Tears of deep reverence glisten in his eyes. He is completely integrated into the living web of creation.

THE STONE
Megwech.

The Sage smiles warmly down at the stone in his hands.

ANISHINAABE SAGE
You had me at "Thank you."