

## Prologue (Year 2014)

ADAM

*(Pensive, touch of sadness)*

The story you are about to watch happened about 17 years ago... before I was even born.

*(Pause)*

I can't remember exactly when I first heard my mother murmur in my ear, "Adam, my ICSI baby"... It sounded cuddly, the way she said "ICSI"... a new term of endearment. And then she'd always kiss me. *(Beat)*.

Another time I do remember hearing "ICSI," it came across very differently. Actually... I overheard it. She was talking about "the" ICSI baby on the telephone and it didn't sound cuddly. *(Beat)*. At least not to me. The, instead of my, sounded clinical... as if she'd converted me into an oddball or a milestone in medicine.

From that day on, I had a private 4-letter word. *(Beat)*. Not "Adam"... not "Life"... not "Love"... but *(beat)* "ICSI."