

THE LEAK

Written by

Brain Leakage

Fantasy Violin Concert Zoologist

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FADE IN:

INT. CONCERT - CONCERT HALL - DAY

The Violin Concerto Numero 1 by Paganini being played on stage by a soloist. The violinist, a tall girl in a modest black dress, is an obvious virtuoso. This is GRETA (25).

She lives through her music. Her bow hardly moves yet births a melody that would make the maestro himself proud.

The concert comes to an end. Greta stops.

Her only audience is her mother, MEREDITH(55). Tears of joy glisten in her eyes. She rises to clap for her daughter when--

Greta screams, brings a hand to her ear. A gray drop appears in her palm. She examines it, can't tell what it is.

Meredith rushes to the stage. She sees the gray drop and something changes in her face. She grabs Greta's hand, touches the drop.

GRETA

It's a shooting headache, too. I'll call a doctor.

MEREDITH

We can't let people know, honey. It's time for me to tell you something important.

Meredith leads her away from the stage.

INT. BACKSTAGE ROOM - DAY

There's no furniture except for a few chairs here and there.

Meredith and Greta stand close to a window. Meredith tends to Greta's ear. Greta holds her aching head, her face contorted with pain.

MEREDITH

Sorry, baby. I know you're hurting.

Meredith sits, pulls a chair for Greta.

GRETA

What does it all mean?

MEREDITH

You shouldn't fear. The same
happened to me when I was your age.
And to your grandpa before that.
And his mom...

GRETA

Aw, aw, aw. Mom, would you already
tell me what it's about? Please.

MEREDITH

Okay dear, here it goes. Believe it
or not, your brilliant violinist
brain is leaking out.

Greta checks Meredith's eyes.

MEREDITH

I don't have a concussion, I'm
totally normal. In five hours
you'll be alright, too.

She checks the time on her phone and hugs Greta.

MEREDITH

Don't worry. New gray mass forms
inside of your head as we speak.

GRETA

I'm very confused, mom.

Meredith reaches for her purse and takes out a large box
filled with cotton balls, rubber earbuds, old pictures and
newspaper clippings.

MEREDITH

This is my leak out kit. I carry it
with me every time you play.

She hands cotton balls to Greta, helps her clean Greta's ear.

MEREDITH

It's supposed to happen when you reach
the peak of your destination. Today's
concert showed it's time.

GRETA

I still don't get what's going on.

MEREDITH

See, your grandpa is a world
renowned oncologist but he wasn't
always a doctor.

GRETA

Really?

Meredith shows Greta the newspaper articles.

MEREDITH

This is him behind a piano. Read the heading.

"Grand Prix Recipient of Tchaikovsky Competition".

GRETA

Holly smokes, this IS grandpa!
How's that I don't know anything
about that?

MEREDITH

I did my best to hide every
evidence of it. He was a year older
than you when he leaked out.

GRETA

And?

MEREDITH

And he forgot how to play the piano,
showing strong aptitude towards
medicine.

Greta holds her ear - it's another shooting pain.

GRETA

How's that you remained a zoologist?

MEREDITH

I refused to become anyone else.

GRETA

How?!

Meredith suddenly rises, something takes up her attention.
She sniffs, walks around examining the floor.

MEREDITH

This building is full of roaches.

Something small and gray scurries into a hole under the
baseboard. Meredith's eyes turn bloodshot.

MEREDITH

It's not only roaches. They have mice
here!

GRETA

Mom, just finish the story! Please.

Greta cringes again, wipes the leaking gray matter with cotton balls from Meredith kit.

Her bow catches her eye. She tears up, and leans forward to touch it.

GRETA

No more Brahms. Bach. Paganini.
How's that possible? Mom?

Another shooting pain. She screams, applies pressure on her ear, when notices that Meredith is not around.

GRETA

Mom, where are you?

The door to the room appears open. Greta rises, walks out, looks left and right. Meredith is nowhere to be seen.

Greta walks back inside, checks the time on her phone.

Meredith comes back, sits down, clearly not herself.

GRETA

Mom? How's that you became a housewife
and didn't end up anyone great then?

Meredith points at a rubber earplug in her leak out kit.

MEREDITH

I put a piece of rubber into my ear
to stop it from leaking. You were
only two and I wanted to dedicate
my life to you instead of mastering
another profession.

GRETA

You didn't care to remain a
zoologist either.

Meredith has something in her pocket. She shows it to Greta. A jar filled with cockroaches. Greta stares, incredulous.

MEREDITH

Unfortunately, I was a bit too late
with plugging my ear. That caused side
effects.

She reaches for a roach in a jar, takes one and puts it in her mouth. The roach pops under her teeth. Greta's jaw drops.

MEREDITH

Crispy and juicy. Just as I like it.

Meredith closes her eyes clearly enjoying the roach.

MEREDITH

Every night after you go to bed, I hunt for these little darlings. That's why I can't teach at schools. These buildings crawl with roaches and mice. And mice give me gas.

GRETA

Do you mean that if I block my ear...

MEREDITH

Exactly. You'll develop liking for the things u used to love the most.

Meredith's eyes are on Greta's violin. Greta traces her look.

GRETA

But I'll still be able to play it, right?

MEREDITH

You'll surely enjoy it very much. I bet it's crunchy, too.

Meredith grabs another roach and closes her eyes as it pops in her mouth.

MEREDITH

Lucky for me, my field of study was mainly insects and rodents. And with soy sauce they are a real treat.

Greta cringes. She grabs her violin, touches the strings.

GRETA

How much time is left before I, you know...

MEREDITH

Four hours. Do you want to play one last piece by Paganini?

Greta shakes her head. Her eyes shine determined. She grabs an earplug from Meredith's leak out kit, wipes the last gray drop off her ear and...

FADE OUT.