

DA VINCI

Written by

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INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Small, a bed, bureau, and desk where BRIGID, 21, types incredibly fast on her laptop. Tee, short shorts, she's one hot coed. She's in the zone, almost in a trance.

She blinks and frowns and lifts her hands off the keyboard. But her fingers don't stop. They air-type in front of her horrified face, as if thinking on their own.

With a CRY, she jumps to her feet and shakes her hands hard before she grabs her jacket and rushes out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brigid sits at the bar, a beer and a shot of whiskey in front of her. She tosses down the shot like a pro and grabs the beer which she gulps until the mug is empty. She slams the mug and wipes her lips.

TROY (O.S.)

Too many of those and you won't be able to perform.

She doesn't bother looking at TROY, 20s, handsome, hunky and smart. He slides onto the stool next to her.

TROY

Hi, I'm Troy.

BRIGID

Buy the next round, Troy, and make yourself useful.

TROY

Sure, sure.
(signals bartender)
You're da Vinci, right?

BRIGID

Sorry, you got the wrong Italian.

TROY

I don't mean that you're named da Vinci. It's what you do.

She examines Troy.

BRIGID

Let me guess, you're the president of delta delta do-ya, the smartest guy in the house, and a split end on the football team.

(MORE)

BRIGID (CONT'D)

You major in computer science with a business minor. Mom teaches math at the local community college and dad is a doctor, no, wait, an attorney. You have no siblings. You'd like to play in the NFL, but you're pretty sure you're not fast enough. Right now, you and a bro are developing a killer app you hope to turn into the gold of Midas. How am I doing?

TROY

You couldn't be more wrong.

The bartender delivers a shot and beer for her and a beer for him.

TROY

It's a double major—computer science and business.

She smiles and downs the shot.

INT. BAR - LATER

Brigid downs a shot and looks down a long table filled with STUDENTS in various stages of inebriation, including Troy. On the table is a pile of loose money.

BRIGID

It is written that Leonardo da ser Piero da Vinci could write Latin with one hand, Greek with the other, and speak Italian all at the same time. A true multi-tasker. I know Greek and Latin, but you don't. So I'll sketch the DNA genome of a planarian with one hand, solve quadratic equations with the other, and give you a lecture on the climate science behind increased cyclonic energy—all at the same time.

STUDENT 1

How do we know it's not bull crap?

TROY

I'll check the equations. Maddy?

A cute coed, MADDY, down the table, stands.

MADDY
I'll google the genome.

TROY
That covers it. Brigid?

She smiles and her left hand draws. Her right hand writes a math solution at incredible speed.

BRIGID
Cyclonic energy is fed by the imbalance of solar energy reaching earth and energy being reflected back into space. This is measured in watts per meter squared...

The Students stare, stupefied.

INT. LESLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

That calming, low-light, non-threatening office of a psychiatrist. This shrink is LESLIE, 50, attractive, thin, professional. On the other side of the desk sits Brigid, her fingers drumming on the chair arm.

LESLIE
And how did the performance make you feel?

BRIGID
Feel? What do you think, doc? Enough money to pay my bar bill and enough open mouths to draw flies.

LESLIE
You don't need the money, so why, Brigid? Why do you do it?

BRIGID
Did I tell you about Troy? Smart as hell and a split end on the football team. He was this close to asking me out, hopefully for sex.

LESLIE
But he didn't ask you out, did he?

BRIGID
da Vinci missed the senior prom also, or so I'm told.

LESLIE

Jokes won't make it better.

BRIGID

And what will, doctor? What will slow down those synapses? What will let me enjoy a purple sunset or a walk on the beach? What will let me sleep? Tell me, tell me how your four degrees and seven published papers, three of which are irredeemably flawed, tell me, oh keeper of the mind keys, tell me how you're going to help.

LESLIE

Does sarcasm bring a degree of comfort?

BRIGID

Nothing brings me comfort. Not sarcasm, not booze, not even da Vinci. There is no comfort. Don't you get that? After thirteen sessions, don't you understand? It runs constantly. It won't stop. Right now, I'm working out how you can salvage one of your failed experiments. I'd like to stop the wheels, but I can't. Oh, the Hubble telescope will soon discover the far edge of the universe where new suns are popping up like mushrooms on a rotting log. As soon as they change a sigma to a beta.

Leslie studies Brigid whose fingers can't stop moving.

LESLIE

How do you feel about drugs?

Brigid rolls her eyes.

EXT. FRATERNITY - DAY

Troy, fresh from practice, starts up a walk painted in Greek letters.

BRIGID (O.S.)

Hey, you.

He stops, turns, and smiles before he crosses his fingers to ward her off.

TROY

I just ran sprints for an hour.
I'm not ready for you.

BRIGID

You'll never be ready for me.
Well, the old me. This is the new,
improved me.

TROY

They improved you? You're going to
type out the Declaration of
Independence with your toes while
you do those other things? Not
even da Vinci could top that.

BRIGID

Quite the opposite. I've slowed
down. My brain has slowed down. I
can't do a Michelangelo let alone a
da Vinci.

TROY

You're kidding.

BRIGID

Buy me a beer.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Troy and Brigid sit in a booth, beers in front of them.

BRIGID

They developed the drug for ADD
kids. You know, help them stay in
their seats. But it worked too
well. Put the kids to sleep. Has
a lot to do with receptors and
proteins and a process that would
bore you. Let's just say it pulls
me out of warp speed.

TROY

And you're OK with that?

BRIGID

When I was four, my parents took me
to see the Bishop. They thought I
was possessed.

(MORE)

BRIGID (CONT'D)

At ten, my calculus teacher kicked me out of class because I wouldn't let the other kids solve a problem. When they wouldn't let me be part of the cheer squad, I hacked some personal emails and two girls had their parents divorce. They didn't know it was me, but they knew, you know?

He nods and takes her hand.

BRIGID

I've always been a freak. I pretend sometimes, pretend until pretending drives me crazy. Have any idea how stupid people really are? That sounds awful. But it's true.

TROY

You think I'm stupid?

BRIGID

The old Brigid thought you were really good looking.

TROY

But stupid.

BRIGID

The new Brigid thinks you're really good looking...and really smart.

They laugh.

INT. BRIGID'S ROOM - NIGHT

A single candle for ambience. Troy and Brigid in the middle of the room.

TROY

You sure you want this?

BRIGID

Now, before the drugs wear off.

They kiss as only lovers can.

EXT. FRATERNITY LAWN - DAY

Football in hand, Brigid tries to run past Troy who tackles her playfully. They roll on the grass and kiss—before she jumps to her feet and races away. He watches her spike the ball.

INT. TROY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Troy and Brigid in hot, steamy sex, naked under a full moon.

INT. LESLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Brigid and Leslie smile at each other.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brigid, Troy, and another COUPLE play pool. Brigid tries an impossible triple bank shot and frowns when it misses. She taps the rails at each point the ball was supposed to hit. Troy grabs her and kisses her.

INT. CLASS ROOM - DAY

Brigid sits with her eyes closed. Eyes pop open, and she looks left and right at STUDENTS who busily type on their computers. She slides her fingers over the keyboard and waits.

Nothing happens.

Her fingers type slowly, tentatively, and she frowns. She glares even as her fingers begin to fly.

INT. LESLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Leslie bites her lip. Brigid, eyes red, wipes her nose with a tissue.

LESLIE

I don't understand. The pills
don't work?

BRIGID

They work too well. It takes
longer and longer to jump back into
light speed.

LESLIE
Perhaps a different dose.

BRIGID
I ran some simulations. The result
is always the same.

She stands, pulls a pill bottle from her purse, and places it
on the desk. Leslie watches her leave.

INT. TROY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Troy taps a poster on the wall.

TROY
You're dumping me?

Brigid sits in a chair.

BRIGID
I quit the pills.

TROY
You don't need them.

BRIGID
You know better.

He faces her, and the pain is real

TROY
I thought you loved me.

BRIGID
Like I've never loved anyone.

TROY
Then—

BRIGID
Don't.

TROY
You better leave.

She stands and hesitates. He turns his back, and she walks
out. He closes his eyes and rests his head on the poster.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Troy walks past the bar, straight to where a group of
STUDENTS surround a table. He wades through them.

At the table laden with cash, Brigid is da Vinci. Draws with one hand, writes with the other, and lectures at the same time. The STUDENTS hardly breathe.

Brigid makes eye contact with Troy. He nods; she smiles.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Brigid, with a backpack, stands by the curb.

TROY (O.S.)
da Vinci.

She turns as he steps forward.

TROY
Still taking money from the non-believers?

BRIGID
I wanted to make sure I could still do it.

A cab pulls to the curb.

BRIGID
Here's my ride.

TROY
Where are you going?

BRIGID
When he was fifteen, da Vinci went to live in a monastery. When he emerged five years later, he was the smartest person on the planet.

She opens the door, and he grabs her arm.

TROY
If you ever slow down...

BRIGID
I'll find you.

They kiss one last time, and she slips into the cab. He closes the door and steps back as the cab pulls away.

FADE OUT