

A GRAY MOUSE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - DAY

The room is littered with books. On the left against the wall is the Sigmund-Freud couch covered with an old-fashioned bedspread; on the right is a wide armchair.

MR. OLDMAN, a tall bald man in his fifties, dressed in an old jacket and fur-lined slippers, stands by a bookcase in the back of the room and looks at his wristwatch. The unlit pipe in his mouth makes him look like Sherlock Holmes.

There's a shy KNOCK on the door, and the door opens.

MRS. TAYLOR, a small young woman with a beautiful face and slim figure, enters the room. Seeing the respectable Mr. Oldman, she turns to leave, but then changes her mind.

MR. OLDMAN
Misses Taylor? Please come in!

Mrs. Taylor shifts from one foot to the other. Then, overcoming her shyness, she walks over to the couch and sits down. She sighs heavily, looking down at her feet.

Mr. Oldman walks over to his armchair and sits down, plopping hard on it. He looks at her intently for a moment.

MR. OLDMAN (CONT'D)
How are you, Misses Taylor? How
can I help you?

Mrs. Taylor lifts her big eyes to him and suddenly speaks quickly and decisively, as if she were afraid of being stopped.

MRS. TAYLOR
You must help me, please. I don't
know what to do. My husband is
such a tyrant! He doesn't allow me
anything!

She starts to sob.

MR. OLDMAN
Well, what exactly does he not
allow you to do?

MRS. TAYLOR

I can do nothing, absolutely nothing. I wanted to enlarge my breasts. He categorically forbade me to do this. Later I wanted to get pierced... well, down there... he said he would kill me if I did. Then, I asked him if I could at least get a tattoo... on my rear... he said that then he would stop sleeping with me. I can't do anything at all!

MR. OLDMAN

Misses Taylor, why do you want to do this? You're a very nice woman, even without tattoos.

MRS. TAYLOR

No, Mister Oldman. I'm an absolute mediocrity!

(with tears in her voice)

All of my friends have achieved something in their life; only I am... the only one... who's so useless!

MR. OLDMAN

That's not true, Misses Taylor! I'm convinced that you're an intelligent, kind, and great woman.

Mrs. Taylor shakes her head negatively.

MRS. TAYLOR

Oh, I'm nobody. I'm a gray mouse! My friend Marianne Monroe said that she's now making a lot of money as a pornstar after several plastic surgeries. Another friend, Julia Masina, told me that her husband is very proud of her, because after expanding the buttocks, she is now almost as well known on the Internet as Misses Kardashian. Her husband is a famous director, you know, and he needs a wife corresponding to him.

MR. OLDMAN

I understand.

Mrs. Taylor wipes the tears in her eyes with a handkerchief.

MRS. TAYLOR

No, you don't understand. Please take a look at me! Everything about me is mediocre - my height, my weight, the length of my legs! The lips are not like Angelina Jolie's and the smile is not like Julia Roberts'! Ah! Why am I so unhappy!

She buries her face in her handkerchief. Mr. Oldman looks at her for a long time.

MR. OLDMAN

Maybe you would like to tell me something about your childhood?

MRS. TAYLOR

My childhood?

She sits, lost in memories.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

There was nothing special about it. My parents loved me. And even spoiled me. Dad wanted me to study. I played the violin, went to ballet school, then to classes for drawing. I also went in for sports - equestrian sports, later tennis. Well, since childhood, I've studied foreign languages - German, French, and Italian. My mom is Spanish, so I acquired Spanish automatically. As you can see, there's nothing special about me; I am just like a million other people.

Mr. Oldman looks surprised.

MR. OLDMAN

Do you want to be special? But you won't be special by getting a tattoo. A million people have tattoos.

MRS. TAYLOR

I want to get a special tattoo.

MR. OLDMAN

Well. Do you have dreams? Tell me a dream.

Mrs. Taylor obediently lies down on the couch and closes her eyes.

MRS. TAYLOR

Yesterday I had a dream. I saw that I had completely changed my life... I went to the country and... I milked the cows...

MR. OLDMAN

Well, maybe you really should change your life and go somewhere.

MRS. TAYLOR

(excited)

Maybe I should go to California? Hollywood? What do the cows mean?

MR. OLDMAN

Cows?

(ironically)

You might get a lot of money.

MRS. TAYLOR

Oh!

MR. OLDMAN

Everyone wants to go to Hollywood. In this case, you're like many others. Why do you think you'll be happier if you're like others?

MRS. TAYLOR

(angrily)

Don't confuse me! I don't want to be like others! I want the papers to write about me! I want to be famous... even if it's just for one night!

She turns her back on him abruptly.

MR. OLDMAN

But you have so much knowledge, so many talents, so many opportunities!

MRS. TAYLOR

You don't understand anything at all! You're probably too old already! None of this works today! I need an original solution - random and unexpected!

Mr. Oldman rises heavily from his armchair and walks over to the bookcase. He takes a book and turns the pages for a while.

MR. OLDMAN

I think your diagnosis is---

Misses Taylor jumps off the couch as if she is stung.

MRS. TAYLOR

To hell with your diagnosis! I thought you were a serious specialist who gives serious advice! But you must be... a charlatan!

Her face turns red with anger. By contrast, Mr. Oldman turns pale, takes two steps towards her, and suddenly falls on the carpet in the middle of the room.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you? What's wrong with you??

Mrs. Taylor runs up to him, tugs at his hand, then at the hem of his jacket. Mr. Oldman doesn't move. She slaps him on the face - once and then again.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Okay, forget what I told you! Get up! Well, get up, my old man!

She punches him desperately on the cheeks.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Damn you! I thought you would save me, not the other way around! I haven't learned how to do heart massage! And forget about artificial respiration! I'm not going to do it!

She leans over his face to hear if he is breathing, but Mr. Oldman lies dead. In utter despair, Mrs. Taylor begins banging her fists against his ribcage.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What a bald devil! Why did I just come here! I will definitely have problems now. Damn!

She hits him with all her might.

MR. OLDMAN

(groans)

Oh!

Mr. Oldman opens his eyes and stares at her blankly. Delighted with the success of her resuscitation technique, Mrs. Taylor runs to the couch where her purse lies. She takes out her mobile and rings.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY (LATER)

TWO AMBULANCE MEN carry Mr. Oldman away on a stretcher. The third one, maybe a DOCTOR, stands with Mrs. Taylor.

DOCTOR

Don't worry, Misses Taylor! You did everything right. You saved his life. He has a few broken ribs, but they're healing quickly. He'll recover.

MRS. TAYLOR

Oh! Did I do that? Really? I'm so happy! Maybe... they'll write about me in the papers?

DOCTOR

Most likely... No doubt about it!

Mrs. Taylor jumps with delight.

MRS. TAYLOR

My husband said it over and over again: "You're not a gray mouse! You're the best woman in the world!"

THE END