HOLE IN THE HEAD

Written by

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EXT. DESERT - DAY

The high sun beats down on a large metallic, well worn caravan-trailer in the middle of nowhere. It is surrounded by small windmills and sculptures made from scrap.

By the door is an ornate brass plaque which reads: Office of Doctor Maximilian Oha, BSc MBBS PhD FRCP, Consultant Neurologist, Neuroradiologist and bespoke handmade metal-craft.

INT. TRAILER

KATIE GILLIGAN (30, mousy, a mixture of sadness and nerves) is sitting, sipping tea while DOCTOR OHA (50, bolo tie over white lab coat, he probably killed the snake that his boots were made from) hangs CT Scans on a flickering illuminator.

There is a large, home-made MRI machine at one end of the trailer.

   DOCTOR OHA
   Miss Gilligan, sorry to keep you waiting. How’s your tea?

   KATIE
   It’s gone... a bit cold-

   DOCTOR OHA
   Good good. I must say your results are most interesting. I don’t want to speak too soon Katie- May I call you Katie?- But I think we’ve got something new here.

He points to a small black dot in her brain scan.

   DOCTOR OHA (CONT’D)
   Your depression is definitely physiological.

   KATIE
   Is that a tumor? Do I have a brain cancer?

   DOCTOR OHA
   Oh no my dear, it’s nothing quite that simple. That’s what it looked like in the initial scan but after a minute or two...

He bangs a small television which buzzes to life showing an image of Katie’s brain.

   DOCTOR OHA (CONT’D)
   This happened.
Suddenly, in the scan video, a large spiral forms and starts spinning inside Katie’s brain.

DOCTOR OHA (CONT’D)
Now I don’t know what kind of science education a public high school may afford these days, Katie, but that... Is a galaxy.

KATIE
There’s a galaxy in my brain?

DOCTOR OHA
Kind of. What you have in your brain is a temporal portal.

Katie pokes at her head.

DOCTOR OHA (CONT’D)
What it’s doing is absorbing any happy thoughts or feelings you have and sending them to this other galaxy. Your brain has found a way to sabotage any happiness you might build for yourself.

KATIE
Well... What can be done?

DOCTOR OHA
To be perfectly honest, I have no idea. But what I’ll do is refer you to someone who might. He sells hen’s eggs on the soft shoulder up by the highway but he’s also a cracking theoretical physicist.

Katie’s eyes well up with tears. Oha places his hand on hers.

DOCTOR OHA (CONT’D)
Listen, this is by no means a death sentence... Not necessarily anyway.

Oha hands her a swirling metal wind chime.

DOCTOR OHA (CONT’D)
Here, complimentary... Try and take comfort in this, Miss Gilligan.

KATIE
What? How?

DOCTOR OHA
You’re providing that galaxy with happiness. They might need it more than you.

Katie stares at the swirling wind chime in her hand.