

The Pianist

By:

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1 FADE IN

2 INT. A MASTER BEDROOM IN A BIG OLD HOUSE-NIGHT

There is a big bed with off white sheets, a yellow night stand, a wardrobe, an empty dressing table, and a desk in the room. All furniture is made of dark-colored wood. The room is organized and clean. FATHER, 70, looking ill, lying on his bed. INDI, 21, enters the room while carrying a tray of food. Indi is wearing a crisp white shirt and grey culottes.

FATHER

Chicken soup again? I have eaten that
a hundred times this week!

Indi puts the tray on the bed.

INDI

(flatly)

I made you herbal tea.

(pauses)

Put the empty dishes in front of the
door later. Don't call for me, I will
be teaching.

Indi exits room without saying anything else.

CUT TO:

3 INT. A LIVING ROOM IN A BIG OLD HOUSE-NIGHT

Indi is teaching her 5 years old girl STUDENT in the living room. The room is spacious and gloomy. There is a grand father clock, an old leather sofa, a telephone table, several wooden chairs, a rocking chair, and a grand piano facing a huge glass window. Indi seems much livelier than before. The little girl is playing something like Chopin *Berceuse Op.57*.

INDI

Great! Now, try to play it faster.

Indi gives her an example. She plays the tunes joyfully.

INDI

Like this, see.

The student plays the piano again, faster.

INDI

Awesome!

Indi claps her hands.

STUDENT

(shows her dimpled smile)

Where did you learn the piano, Miss?
My Mama says you are really good. She
said I should be like you one day.

Indi is about to answer when her father suddenly storms into the living room. He is wearing his white sleeveless shirt and sarong.

FATHER

(yells)

You stupid girl! Stop! Stop playing
it!

STUDENT

(whispers to Indi)

Berceuse?

FATHER

The piano! Stop playing the fucking
piano!

Indi rises from her seat immediately.

INDI

(stiffly)

Go back to your room, I told you I am
teaching. I'll stop playing the piano
after she goes home.

FATHER

(shouting hysterically)

Stupid girl! How many times I have
told you to stop playing! I hate it! I
hate it!

Father is pointing his index finger to the student.

FATHER

Go home! Stop learning the piano
little girl. Tell your Mama to stop
ruining your life before it's too
late! Like me!

Indi holds the father's arm and leads him back to his room.
The old man struggles, yells, and curses.

FATHER
 (to student)
 It's bad! The piano is bad!

Indi struggles to drag the father.

FATHER
 Fuck off! Fuck off! Let go of me! I am
 your FATHER! This is MY HOUSE! No one
 plays the piano in MY HOUSE!

Half dragged by Indi, father is forced to enter the bedroom.
 She locks the door. The father is still angry. He continues
 on shouting and HITTING the door.

INDI
 I am sorry. He is a little bit
 deranged. You know; nuts, crazy. Not
 on the right mind.

Indi makes a horizontal line gesture with her index finger on
 the air, in front of her face.

STUDENT
 Crazy?

INDI
 (sighs)
 When you are sick, you go to the
 doctor, right?

Student nods. Indi kneels.

INDI
 That man is sick, Karla. His brain is
 sick. He needs to drink medicine from
 the doctor to get well, and I forgot
 to make him drink it this morning.

STUDENT
 That man is sick?

INDI
 Yes, yes his brain is sick. Don't be
 scared of him. When he drinks his
 medicine, he's usually healthy. Do you
 understand, Karla?

STUDENT
 Yes, Miss.

INDI

You can go home earlier today. If your
Mama ask, tell her that the old man is
getting sick and I need to give him
medicine to make him healthy again.
We'll continue *Berceuse* next meeting,
okay?

STUDENT

(nods)

Yes, Miss.

INDI

Smart girl you, Karla!

Indi packs the student's bag and walks her to the front door.
Indi smiles and waves as the little girl runs out of the
house.

CUT TO:

4 INT. THE KITCHEN-NIGHT

Indi is standing behind the kitchen counter. Knives of all
shapes and sizes line up on top of the counter, together with
an old, wooden cutting board. Indi picks up a knife and
scratches the cutting board, testing its blade. She stares at
it for some time, puts it down, picks up another knife, and
repeats the same thing for all the knives.

She finally chooses a knife; a medium-sized, wooden handled
one with an intimidatingly sharp, shinny blade. She puts on
its cap, and keeps it in her pocket. She puts the others back
on the rack, then leaves the kitchen in an easy manner.

ZOOMS IN TO THE CUTTING BOARD THAT IS STILL LEFT ON THE
KITCHEN COUNTER. THE LONG AND SHORT SCRATCHES ON IT FORM A
PICTURE OF THE PIANO KEYS.

CUT TO:

5 INT. THE SAME LIVING ROOM- MIDNIGHT

The DING-DONG of the old grandfather clock is heard 12x.

The huge glass window shows the backyard. The moon is full
outside. Indi is playing Nadin Amizah *Rumpang* on the grand
piano facing the window. She is now wearing a white, flowy,
knee-length dress. We can see the silhouette of her back
only.

INDI

(sings)

*Sempat kuberpikir kumasih bermimpi.
Dua empat tujuh tanpa henti. Matahari
dan bulan saksinya. Ada rasa yang tak
mau hilang.*

Indi rises and dances beautifully under the moonlight. Her movements are slow and graceful. Something like the dance in Amygdala Kukira Kau Rumah's Music Video. Indi dances from the left side to the right side of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 BEGIN FLASHBACK:

7 INT. THE SAME LIVING ROOM- MIDNIGHT

A 4-year old Indi is walking from the right side to left side of the room while half-dragging her stuffed rabbit. She is wearing her white night gown. She stops in front of the big window, watching MOTHER tiptoeing to the garage.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. THE BACKYARD-MIDNIGHT

Indi follows her mother. In front of the garage door, she stops. A piano music is heard from the inside. Indi stays silent and listens to the music for a while, then knocks. She opens the door, and pops her head inside.

INDI

Mama?

CUT TO:

9 INT. A SMALL GARAGE WITH A SMALL PIANO NEAR THE DOOR

Mother is sitting on a stool in front of the piano. Her fingers freeze in the air, stopping her mini performance abruptly.

MOTHER

(low voice)

Indi? What are you doing? It's almost midnight.

INDI

I am hungry. I was looking for you,
then saw you walking here. We have a

piano?

MOTHER

Yes, yes. We do have a piano.

(pauses)

I'll teach you how to play, as long as your father doesn't find out. Don't tell your father, okay?

Indi nods. Mother gives Indi her little finger.

MOTHER

Pinky promise?

INDI

Pinky promise.

Indi's and mother's little fingers linked.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. THE SAME LIVING ROOM, IN FRONT OF THE BEDROOM DOOR-
EVENING

A 7-year old Indi is sitting on the floor, hugging her knees. Her body slightly trembles. From door opened ajar, the sound of two people quarreling is heard.

MOTHER

She loves playing it, Rus! She loves playing the piano! I bought it to make her happy!

FATHER

Liar! Fucking liar! Once a liar always a liar! You can do anything you want, but don't try to turn our daughter to be someone like you!

There is a sound of something FALLING and BREAKING, the slightly opened door is closed because of something pushing it from the inside. Mother screams. Indi cries, she buries her head between her knees, hair falls down covering her face.

CUT TO:

11 END FLASHBACK.

12 EXT. THE SAME LIVING ROOM-MIDNIGHT

Indi is now playing the piano again, while singing at the top of her lungs. Very passionately and beautifully.

INDI

(sings louder)

*Sempat kuberpikir aku masih
bermimpi. Bertahun berlanjut tanpa
henti. Kulitmu yang memudar jadi
saksinya. Tetap rasaku tak pernah
hilang.*

DISSOLVE TO:

13 BEGIN FLASHBACK:

14 INT. THE SAME LIVING ROOM-AFTERNOON

18-year old Indi is standing next to her father who is sitting on the armchair.

INDI

But, I know I have future on this,
Yah. I am good at playing piano. You
know I scored perfectly in ABRSM. This
is not the job of starving people like
what you always—

Father rises and slaps Indi on the cheek.

CUT TO:

15 FLASHBACK END.

16 INT. THE SAME LIVING ROOM-MIDNIGHT

Indi stops playing the piano and sobs. Her head is on top of the piano, covered with her limp hands. She then starts playing and singing again. Her voice is so small and croaking.

INDI

*Katanya mimpiku akan terwujud. Mereka
lupa tentang mimpi buruk. Tentang,
mimpi buruk...*

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. STAIRCASE OF THE OLD HOUSE-NIGHT

Indi is ascending the stairs and enters her bedroom.

CUT TO:

18 INT. INDI'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Indi removes the bed cover and lies down. She stares at the ceiling for sometime, then closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

19 BEGIN DREAM.

20 INT. THE MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

Indi closes the door slowly. The room is dark. Father is sleeping. Indi is bringing a tray like the one in the first scene. On it, there is a tea cup, a plate of gorengan, and the knife she that took from the kitchen.

Indi puts the tray on the bed gracefully.

INDI
(whispers)
I bring your favorites.

Indi picks up the knife. She holds it with both hand, swings it, and stabs the father right on the heart. Blood splutters.

MOTHER (O.S)
(screams)
NO, DON'T!

CUT TO:

21 INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM-AFTERNOON

Indi is sitting on a chair next to a sick bed. The mother in her 60s is lying on the bed. Looking pale, but peaceful. Her body is attached to IV tubes and some beeping machines.

MOTHER
(weak)
Indi?

INDI

Indi drags her chair closer to the bed.

Yeah, Ma?

Mother takes a deep breath.

MOTHER

I know you are not so fond of your father. But, after I'm gone, would you please, take care of him for me?

INDI

Hush, Ma. What are you talking about. You'll be okay.

MOTHER

(sighs)

Just remember this Indi, everything is my fault.

(sighs louder)

Almost everything is. I am sorry for making your life difficult. I-I know this is selfish, but please. Please don't leave him.

(pauses)

He had lost me. He can't bear losing you.

Mother gives Indi a piece of paper with a number and the name JOHAN scribbled.

MOTHER

Here. Contact him whenever you need help. With the piano.

(pauses)

Call him...uncle. Yes, uncle.

(quickly adds)

But, never leaves your father.

INDI

(uneasy)

Uhm, Ma—

MOTHER

(breathing gets weaker)

Please. Pinky promise?

Mother gives her little finger to Indi.

INDI

(panicks)

Ma? Are you okay? Ma?