

DISPOSABLE PEOPLE

Written by

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SUPERIMPOSE ON BLACK SCREEN:

"...to many a man, being endowed with the capacity to know, he has a duty to know."

Vincent Dethier

INT. CAIN WASHINGTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A kerosene light flickers. Reveals--

A simple shack. Nothing here but the basics.

In one corner of the room on a threadbare couch lies CAIN WASHINGTON (26), angelic, peaceful, infectious smile, all the right attributes to hide his inner war of emotions. The ex-slave glances to his right.

With a complexion as pale as a husky's breath: DOCTOR LEO ANTHONY (27), a fit, thin, sneaky schemer with a strong sense of determination glances at his pocket watch. He sits in a chair with a notepad and pencil.

Cain closes his eyes, settles into the couch, rolls up his sleeves, kicks off his shoes. One of his socks has a large hole in it, two dirty toes jut out.

ANTHONY

Cain! May I suggest Grace darn those for you.

CAIN

My sweet fiancé is too busy with our wedding plans, dear doctor.

ANTHONY

Indeed. Shall we begin?

Cain sighs.

CAIN

I put my faith in you, Lord almighty. Take me where I can do your most blessed work.

Anthony, in a low, soothing voice.

ANTHONY

Reading number six. May twenty-second, Eighteen-Seventy-Six. As before, clear your mind and lie back. Concentrate on your breath. Breathe in, breathe out. Free your mind of all other thoughts.

Cain breathes deeper, deeper... Drifts into a trance.

For a few moments, there is nothing but Cain's deep breath in the room. Cain's breath gets deeper... Louder. Soon it engulfs the room.

ANTHONY

Today's patient is eleven month old
Cathy Hayley. She resides with her
mother in Murray Hill--

CAIN

(In a metallic voice)
Yes, we see the entity known as
Cathy Hayley.

INT. AVA HAYLEY'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Lavish drawings of wild animals on all the walls.

CATHY (infant) sleeps in a padded crib.

A hologram of Cain appears next to the crib.

He leans over and gently cradles the baby.

They move and sit in a rocker. Cain closes his eyes.

Cathy meshes into a hologram, too.

CAIN

(a deep, metallic voice)
Pain from the joint of the
cranium... Manifests in the lumbar
vertebra...The body is adjusting...
To an old blood clot causing
misalignment...

The nursery door flies open, in steps AVA HAYLEY (28), an effortlessly entrancing socialite, with a carefree attitude to most. Her piercing eyes and a chiseled jaw would have had men of antiquity wage war over her.

AVA

How is my little honey bunny
feeling? Any... Better?

Ava notices the barren room. Her eyes dart to a corner--

NO BABY IN THE CRIB.

She rushes around the room, panic stricken.

AVA
AAAAAGH! Cathy! Where are you?

Ava moves to the small window, pulls on it.

STILL LOCKED

She glances to the rocker. It gently moves...But it is empty.

She rushes out, screaming. Slams the door.

The noise gives way to --

INT. CAIN WASHINGTON'S HOME - SAME TIME

A cupboard door slightly RATTLES.

From a small crack, two piercing eyes focus...

On the scene from Murray Hill playing out in the shack.

Cain's hologram gently rocks Cathy's hologram.

ANTHONY
Cain. Listen to me. Leave the baby.
Head out of the room. I need you to
find the Hayley's study.

INSERT: Doctor Anthony makes some notes on the note-pad.
Besides the number 3, none of the other words are legible.

CAIN
(a metallic voice)
Pressure points must be pressed
gently... Two centimeters either
side of the lumbar vertebra five
and... Oh, she has a sixth lumbar
vertebra...

ANTHONY
Cain. Leave the child. I need you
to find some very important banking
details.

CAIN
She is dying, doctor Anthony...
Treatment must continue...For two
months with... Bio-magnetic
therapy...

Silence.

Both the holograms of Cain and Cathy slowly fade.

Then disappear.

The closet door bursts open.

Doctor Anthony wheels around. The two eyes belong to GRACE EAGAN (23). A petite, elegant woman, whose slight frame belies her inner strength.

She twists away at a strand of natty hair.

ANTHONY

What are you doin here?
A colleague of mine has sent us a
request. We must continue our work--

Grace reaches under her dress, pulls out a revolver.

GRACE

Question is doctor Anthony... What
are you doing here?

She advances on him. Gun raised.

GRACE

Sure don't sound like much heal'n.
You telling Cain to leave that sick
child has ma stomach rolling like a
wagon wheel--

ANTHONY

You need to leave.

Grace cocks the gun.

INT. AVA HAYLEY'S HOME - SAME TIME

AVA (O.C.)

Moxley!

Sifting through the mail...MRS. LILY MOXLEY(62), a brassy, African American lady, who is never far from Ava's beck and call. She looks up to see Ava in a panic.

AVA

It's Cathy. She's gone.

Ava turns back into the home.

Moxley scurries after Ava as she streams through the hall, opens and closes doors.

Moxley side steps into the

BEDROOM

A bright white light engulfs the small room.

A faint buzzing noise.

Hologram Cain lies Hologram Cathy in to the crib.

Slowly, Hologram Cain fades away --

Hologram Cathy fades away to reveal the baby asleep.

Moxley sees none of this- just a barren, empty room.

Cathy stirs. Her eyes open. She cries out.

The door slams open, Ava rushes in.

They both stare at each other.

Moxley lowers her head.

MOXLEY

Let me go get Mr. Hayley.

Ava picks up Cathy, gently embraces her child.

Gazes around the room, her mouth agape...

INT. CAIN WASHINGTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Grace aims the gun at doctor Anthony.

GRACE

Wake him up.

Anthony claps his hands.

Cain gently stirs.

GRACE

We had our doubts about you. Glad I saw you for what you is.

ANTHONY

There seems to have been a misunderstanding here...

GRACE

I hear him Cain. He wasn't about no healing.

Cain opens his eyes. His eyes bloodshot. Sweat all over.

GRACE

You need a nice, cold tea, dear
Cain?

Cain doesn't respond.

As Grace potters over Cain...

Anthony springs on her, grapples the gun off her.

As Grace stumbles to the floor, Anthony plunges a syringe
into her back.

She struggles... Then collapses.

CAIN

Help her.

Cain struggles to Grace's side.

Anthony stands above the couple, points the gun.

Stares at Cain.

ANTHONY

This is a dire situation. The
mixture of Oleander and pollen will
eventually get to her heart.
Now...Someone with my expertise
could save her, but...

Grace feebly reaches for Cain. Her eyes roll back.

CAIN

But what?!

Anthony looks at Cain with dead eyes.

ANTHONY

To help her, you need to help me.
Time's a wasting. Tick tock...

CAIN

I'll do whatever you need from me.

ANTHONY

She may only have twenty minutes
before her heart gives out. That's
twenty minutes for you, dear boy to
go back into the trance and find
the Hayley's banking records. Do
you understand?

Anthony waves the gun to the couch.

Cain rests Grace's head tenderly to the ground.

He leaves his eyes on Anthony, begrudgingly lies back down on the couch.

CUT TO BLACK: