

DISPOSABLE PEOPLE

PILOT

By

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SUPERIMPOSE ON BLACK SCREEN:

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

- Vincent Dethier

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Through the windows, the station fades into obscurity as the steam engine meanders out.

SUPERIMPOSE ON SCREEN: MAY-13-1876

The train car filled with PASSENGERS. Most seated, another busy set of passengers search for suitable seats for the long journey ahead.

THOMAS HAYLEY (42), a meticulously groomed brainiac, sits by the window towards the back of the last car.

His head seeks relief from the stuffiness within. He watches a small spider scurry by. His eyes follow the spider as it reaches its web.

A baby carriage sways near Thomas' feet.

He leans over, dabs his daughter's forehead, CATHY(infant), with a handkerchief.

The train bellows out a large whistle.

A young WOMAN and MAN, arms locked in a loving embrace, approach the two seats opposite Thomas.

The Woman gawks at Thomas with a bemused look, as he tenders over the stroller.

She gently tugs at the Man's jacket.

The Man tips his hat to Thomas.

Thomas fails to acknowledge him, sits back down. Looks out the window.

The Man exaggerates a loud cough.

The train picks up speed, slams into DARKNESS.

INT. WASHINGTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A kerosene light flickers. Reveals--

A simple shack. Nothing here but the basics.

The hands of three people linked together in prayer. One set of white hands contrast against the darkness of the other two.

CAIN WASHINGTON (26), angelic, peaceful, infectious smile, all the right attributes to hide his inner war of emotions, sits at a small, wooden table. The ex-slave has his eyes closed tight.

CAIN

Dear Lord, we humbly ask you to assist Doctor Anthony to help his patients. I thank you for bestowing this gift upon me.

To Cain's left: GRACE EAGAN (23). A petite, elegant woman, whose slight of frame belies her inner strength. Her hands as dark as his own.

To Cain's right: DOCTOR LEO ANTHONY (27). A fit, thin, sneaky schemer with a strong sense of determination. His hands as pale as a husky's breath.

GRACE

So... this in't Bible study?

Grace's hands quiver. Cain rubs his thumb around the back of her hand. Her nervous hand settles down.

ANTHONY

Cain feels it's time we brought you in to join this important team. Apparently, you are the star student at Bible Study. Now, we must get started.

Cain releases his grip from Anthony with a sense of calm. Grace holds on to Cain's hand for a few moments longer. Cain stares into her eyes, smiles. They both release their grip...She twists away at a strand of natty hair.

GRACE

...I'm a real skeered, Cain. You really sure we doin' the right thing here? Is this legal?

CAIN

Grace, we doin' God's work. Our first four readings have been nothing short of --

ANTHONY

Miraculous. Three of our first four patients are completely cured of their ills. I can assure you, it is all above board. Cain may have the gift, but I oversee all medical matters.

Grace smiles at Cain with a sense of reassurance.

At the other side of the kitchen, Cain lays down on a threadbare couch pushed against the wall. Above his head, a large painting of the Bible hangs crooked on the wall.

Grace and Anthony place their chairs, face Cain. Anthony settles into his chair quickly.

Cain 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.

GRACE

Oh Cain! When we done, I gotta darn those for you.

CAIN

Are you as good with a needle as you are with a gun?

Anthony shoots Cain a bemused look.

Grace reaches under her dress, pulls out a revolver.

GRACE

I 'ain't needin it if yous not playing with the Devil.

She points the gun to Anthony, holds it for a moment. Slowly places it on the floor.

CAIN

My dear Grace worked in a Confederacy munitions factory during the end of the War. Can dismantle, clean or repair a gun faster than you can shout the Yankees are a comin.

Anthony opens his briefcase, hands Grace a pen and a thick writing pad.

ANTHONY

It is imperative, no matter what you witness, to write everything down for our records.

He glances at a pocket watch, then gazes at Grace.

ANTHONY

Reading number five. May twenty-second, Eighteen-Seventy-Six.

GRACE

This sure has ma stomach rollin like a wagon wheel. Will you be here, Cain?

ANTHONY

He doesn't go anywhere, per se.

Cain settles in, closes his eyes.

CAIN

Not quite sure what happens to me once I'm in the trance. I just put my faith in our Lord almighty.

Anthony, in a low, soothing voice.

ANTHONY

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 breaths in the room. Cain's breath gets deeper... Louder. Soon it engulfs the room.

ANTHONY

Today's patient is Cathy Hayley. A written request from her father. Thomas Hayley. Residing in Murray Hill, New York --

CAIN

(In a deep, metallic voice)

Yes, we see the entity known as Cathy Hayley...

INT. HAYLEY'S HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The morning glory of daybreak shines through the windows. Big portrait paintings in gilded frames adorn the wall.

AVA HAYLEY (28), an effortlessly entrancing socialite, with a carefree attitude to most. For those that truly know her, she is a no-nonsense woman with a strong quest for results.

Ava glides away from --

A young, wallflower type servant, VERONICA (16).

Ava stops to look up at three paintings.

In the middle- a family portrait:

INSERT: Ava, holds her infant- Cathy- and next to her stands the gentleman from the train: Thomas.

AVA

Thomas found this wonderful painter
from Spain... To capture our family
... Essence. Muy Linda!

Veronica steps forward, Ava struts in front of her. They stomp their feet, twirl, and raise their hands in the air like magnificent flamenco dancers.

In unison, they snap their fingers, both scream:

AVA/VERONICA

OLE!

Ava giggles.

AVA

I'm so glad you like them. They are
quite... Divine.

Ava gently moves her head to the door.

Ava waves her hand, Veronica pushes out a serving cart. On top, a set up for high tea.

AVA

Please entertain those three blind
mice in the study. Mother will be
back soon--

A LOUD noise, from above, interrupts her...

Sounds- like a piece of furniture being dragged- continue.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The walls boast lavish, rich red and black tapestries. The large, gaudy door slowly opens, Ava steps in. Gone is her carefree smile; replaced with a twisted mouth.

AVA

What on Earth is going on up here?

By the small bed, stands MRS. LILY MOXLEY(62), a brassy, crass, African American lady, who is never far from Ava's beck and call. She tries to push the bed to the wall.

MOXLEY

I's prepping Mister Thomas' room. I hope soon I ain't have to make up this spare room. Try and forgive him Missus Hayley. A man and wife should be in one bedroom.

Ava, hands on hips, stares down Moxley.

MOXLEY

Just saying.

Ava squats down, helps push the bed up against the wall.

AVA

Moving this large bed is no good for a woman your age... Let's go check on Cathy's room.

MOXLEY

For the sixth time, Ms. Ava?

AVA

The last five days have seemed like five years. Mister Hayley says Cathy isn't much better.

MOXLEY

The sea air at The Hamptons didn't do Cathy much good, then?

AVA

His last telegram did not reveal much. I should have been with them...My damn mother having me co-chair her stupid committees. I wonder if I should take her to Doctor Zavateri upon their arrival back...On my own.

INT. NYC - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A stark room.

A tall man, DOCTOR ZAVATERI (55), a no-nonsense doctor, dressed in hospital attire, looks up at Ava and Thomas, both leaning over the doctor's desk.

THOMAS

I had a vision. I found another one... Like me. He sent word with help for Cathy.

NURSE HELEN (44) washes Cathy, places her in a crib.

The doctor puts on his reading glasses, reads the letter.

ZAVATERI

I can't quite make out the diagnosis with this sloppy handwriting. I still want to run some additional tests on Cathy. Who is this Doctor Anthony?

Ava turns to Thomas.

AVA

Are you going to explain?

The nurse rubs Cathy down with a wash cloth. Zavateri marches to Nurse Helen.

ZAVATERI

Look at the inflamed lymph nodes under her armpits, Mister Hayley.

He beckons them over. With caution, Thomas lifts up Cathy's arms.

THOMAS

I appreciate your opinion doctor Zavateri, but I want the treatment administered as recommended by Mister Washington and Doctor Anthony.

Thomas kisses Cathy.

NURSE HELEN

She probably has Lymphosarcoma. Have you talked some sense into your husband, Mrs. Hayley?

ZAVATERI

Enough, Nurse Helen. Enough.

(to Thomas)

We still don't know much about Atropine, its effectiveness, or its side effects. I just cannot make out what the dosage listed is supposed to be.

THOMAS

Then we'll have to find a doctor who can!

AVA

Thomas! Stop this madness. Why are you trusting these strangers?

ZAVATERI

I do not recommend any injections, Mister Hayley --

THOMAS

I don't care what you recommend! Mister Washington has given us a regimen to follow.

ZAVATERI

Is this man a registered or licensed doctor? Does he have any place --

THOMAS

Regardless. I have faith in him.

Zavateri waves the letter in front of Thomas' face.

ZAVATERI

This is your child's safety at hand. Her blood and bones have cancer. I will not inject her. Let me run a few tests and bring in another colleague of mine. Things are grim so we need to act quickly.

Thomas smacks the letter away.

THOMAS

Exactly. Nothing you have tried so far has worked. If you won't follow these instructions or give her a fighting chance... I will.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

From DARKNESS--

The train shoots back into the LIGHT.

Thomas maneuvers the baby-carriage out of the couple's way. Rams it half way up the seat next to him. Beckons the couple to the two empty seats.

As she settles in, the Woman drops her shawl.

As her husband busies himself by placing their suitcase above, the lady bends down to retrieve her shawl.

She arches up, sneaks a peak into the baby carriage.

The Woman lets out a petrified SCREAM.

The Man struggles to hoist up the suitcase.

MAN

My dear? What startled you?

She sinks into her chair, nervously points to the baby-pram, particularly to baby Cathy.

The Man moves closer. Holds his hand to his mouth.

MAN

Honey, dear. Go get the train conductor. Now!

She snakes across the two chairs, squeezes her husband's arm.

WOMAN

Sir? Please, sir? A moment here!

The CONDUCTOR (66) a portly, jovial fellow, stuffs a biscuit into his pant's pocket. Wipes his mouth.

He shuffles over to the back of the train car. Gathers a bit of pace once he sees the Man and Woman frantically wave him over.

He arrives, takes out his ticket-counter gadget.

As he sees the baby-pram half way up the chair...

CONDUCTOR

Sir, could you please move your baby's pram aside and give up this seat?

The train goes through a short tunnel. For a few moments, everything is lost in DARKNESS.

As the train exits the tunnel, LIGHT comes back into the train car.

The train sways from side to side, for a brief moment jolts everyone but the conductor.

By leg strength alone, the Conductor moves in closer to Thomas.

The Conductor looks down into the pram at the motionless Cathy. His alarmed face says it all.

The Conductor slowly reaches in, prods Cathy.

He immediately raises his nose up in the air. Inhales deeply.

The small crowd that gathers, edges closer to the area, they can sense that--

CATHY IS VERY DEAD.

The Conductor stares as Thomas pushes his arms past him.

Thomas reaches in, holds Cathy into his weak grasp.

With a vacant stare, looks up at the Conductor.

CONDUCTOR
Sir? What happened to your child?

Two OTHER WOMEN scream.

Thomas turns away, lets his head sink back against the window, tears rain down.

Turns back to see the crowd peer in.

Thomas' eyes drift to the gathering, land on a inquisitive MOTHER. She covers her SON'S eyes.

Thomas notices her rosary-beads.

He sinks into the chair, hugs Cathy's dead body to his chest.

Sobs.

The train passes through another tunnel...

Gathers speed into the DARKNESS.

Bellows out a loud whistle.

EXT. SPENCER TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

The train's whistle sounds again as it's mass of metal screeches into the buffer stop.

A bustling CROWD, dressed in summer attire, greet loved ones as they step off the train.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER PARKER (49), an intrusive figure, dressed in full police-uniform, paces along the train's platform.

KERRY PARKER (53), approaches. Although elegantly dressed as an upper class Southern-Belle, she battles the Captain on who wears the pants in the family- and all of Spencer.

KERRY

I came as fast as I could.

He leans in, gently kisses her on the cheek.

PARKER

The telegram said there has been an incident.

A POLICEMAN steps out of the train onto the platform, drags Thomas down. Thomas' head bowed.

The solemn Conductor exits the train last. His arms cradle an outline of a lifeless figure, covered by a small blanket.

The policeman steps back, allows the Conductor to approach Captain Parker.

CONDUCTOR

Delicacy is not part of my training.

PARKER

What on Earth is it?

CONDUCTOR

It's a child. She is...

The Conductor briefly turns away, then does his job.

CONDUCTOR

... Dead.

Parker looks to Thomas, motionless with grief.

PARKER

Jesus! Who is this man? Take this damn Yankee to the jail. I demand answers here in my town.

INT. HAYLEY'S HOME - DINING HALL - DAY

Walls adorned with maps. A large, opulent table with twelve hefty chairs.

Ava saunters in. Takes off her gloves and hat, drops it at the head of the table.

KNOCK KNOCK.

AVA

Enter.

Veronica enters with a pot of coffee. Ava beckons her closer.

AVA

Veronica? Do you have a man in your life?

Veronica stops in her tracks.

Ava gets up, walks past Veronica, goes to a cabinet, retrieves a bottle of wine.

AVA

On our trip to France, we learned that wine is a very popular dessert... And aphrodisiac. I have no current need for this. Please, take it. If you find any type of love. Bestow this upon him.

Veronica blushes, accepts the bottle.

Moxley enters.

MOXLEY

Ms. Ava? Is Mister Hayley back with Cathy?

AVA

Back from where?

Veronica shuffles out.

MOXLEY

Not long after you left for ye meeting, he took Cathy... Out.

Ava steps closer to Moxley, lowers her head. Sighs.

Veronica re-enters.

VERONICA
Telegram. Urgent from Spencer,
North Carolina.

Ava snatches the telegram from Moxley.

AVA
What news from the ghastly South?
How anyone can fathom traveling
beyond Alexandria is beyond me.

Ava places the telegram next to her empty plate.

Veronica scampers to clean up the empty dishes.

Ava takes out her beautiful, gold pocket watch.

AVA
This thing stopped hours ago.

She drops the watch onto a dirty dish.

MOXLEY
You remembers that Mister
Thomas is from North Carolina?

Ava's smile dissipates, grabs Veronica's arm.

Veronica drops a plate, it wobbles against the floor but
doesn't break.

AVA
So, no word from my wandering
husband and my darling daughter?

Veronica shakes her head.

Moxley slides closer, holds her gaze on Ava.

Ava looks to Moxley, leans over the table, grabs the
telegram. Ava whips it open, unfolds it.

AVA
Oh no!

Tears stream down her face.

Her face contorts into a web of anguished pain.

She gasps for breath as her soul descends to darkness.

Before either Moxley or Veronica can get to her...

Ava faints.

INT. WASHINGTON'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A barren room.

Grace lies on her side on a plain bed. Stares at Cain. He lies on a separate bed, reads from a Bible.

CAIN

Above all, love your fiancé deeply,
because love covers over a
multitude of sins--

GRACE

Aah reckon John 15:12 never
mentions a fiancé. Pay more
attention at Bible study. You too
silly.

CAIN

Must be a mistake. I will draft a
letter to King James immediately!

Grace giggles, turns on her back.

GRACE

Wow. Just imagine...In less than a
few weeks we needs to buy a bed.
Big enough... For both of us.

Cain closes the Bible, scoots to the end of his bed.

CAIN

I have always dreamed I would sleep
in a big bed. My parents never had
one.

He sighs.

GRACE

I... I was scared for a while bout
our weddin' night. But after the
first kiss we shared, I know all
will be fine and, if I can say this
Cain, I am lookin forward to the
big night.

Cain blushes. Sits up. Moves to Grace's bed.

He kneels down, gently takes her hand.

Slowly he leans over her, plants the softest kiss on her
lips. Returns to his bed, turns out the light.

EXT. HOTEL, SPENCER NORTH CAROLINA - DAY

The building's frontage stands out from everything else on the same street. So does Ava in her elegant silver dress, black shawl and small grey hat.

A horse drawn carriage pulls up to Ava and Moxley.

MOXLEY

I's from Alabama, and if one of my family got sick in Mobile, I'd git a train up North.

AVA

You sure do have a mouth as big as wild salmon.

MOXLEY

Yep. Matches my you know what.

Moxley shows her a Bible.

MOXLEY

I think wees gonna need this down here, Missus Hayley.

Ava leans in to gingerly tug on Moxley's arm.

AVA

I am glad you accompanied me down here to the lurid South. Go, please prepare our rooms. Hopefully, we can leave this despot real soon.

Moxley looks to her with a parental smile.

The CAB MAN sets down a stool, assists Ava up.

Ava nervously sits, looks back at Moxley.

AVA

Would you be so kind to say a prayer for her soul?

Moxley passes up the Bible.

Ava stares at it.

MOXLEY

You should tell her, Ms. Ava. Say your goodbyes.

Ava's hands shake as she accepts the bible...

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

A dreary day.

Ava ambles away from the horse drawn carriage.

AVA

I shouldn't be too long.

She lifts up the hem on her dress, approaches two small tombstones. She glances at a small note in her hand. She notices how blank both tombstones are, drops her head.

Ava approaches the one on the left, takes a deep breath. Steadies herself to stare down into the gravesite--

Footsteps approach, causing her to quickly look up.

A hulk of a man, DVORAK (44), rough-looking in a criminal way but a hidden softness underneath, approaches her from the other direction.

AVA

Good sir... I was informed my daughter's remains would be here.

She shows him the note.

DVORAK

Name's Dvorak. It's the right lot. But nothing... I wasn't told of any fresh burial. Sorry.

He scans Ava's attire, holds up his shovel, wears thick, black, leather gloves.

AVA

Oh... What do I do now?

Dvorak glances at the small pile of dirt.

DVORAK

I got three others to do. After that I can walk you back to the office. Let the gaffer sort it out.

Ava looks around at her surroundings. Notices the deafening silence. And the calming peace, even among the pain of death.

AVA

After we locate her, I'll need to get this engraved very soon. Nothing sadder than a nameless grave...

Dvorak grinds the shovel into the ground.

AVA

I can't believe she's gone. We failed her... Why didn't he save her? He should have saved my baby!

Ava steps to the edge of the grave, but still doesn't look into it.

DVORAK

How old was she?

Ava turns back to face the tombstone, tears fall, unashamed she is in the presence of a stranger.

AVA

She was about to turn one. Please, don't let me stop you, good sir.

Dvorak approaches the small mound of dirt. He grips the shovel tight. Quickly places half of the dirt on top of the small coffin below in the next lot.

The last THUD hits the coffin.

Dvorak takes off his hat, bows his head, then spits onto the fresh, small mound.

DVORAK

Bless the little critter.

Ava approaches a tad closer.

AVA

Are you a religious man, Mister Dvorak?

DVORAK

A real god wouldn't take a baby from its mother now would he? Second one so far this week. Listen, I'll do anything for an earner, gotta feed my family you know; but burying the little ones just isn't right.

Dvorak twiddles with a coin.

AVA

This really questions what little faith I actually have.

She grabs at the last remnants of dirt, grabs it, throws it on top of the coffin.

DVORAK

Look madam, if people want to go and worship who they want to, then let 'em be. But it's a crying shame how people have too much faith in the man above or his so-called sleeping prophets down here.

Ava stands up, pats down her skirt.

AVA

I'm sorry sir, I don't follow? What prophets are you referring to?

DVORAK

I buried another five year old a few days back. His parents all religious an all, but, they never went to a real doctor...

Ava turns away, focused back on her where her daughter's fresh grave should be. Tears flow freely.

DVORAK

Just followed some man in town, who in a trance gives medical advice. This Cain Washington told them the child's treatment. Boy didn't last a week.

Dvorak stomps his shovel deep into the ground.

DVORAK

Your child is sick, take him to a doctor. Pretty simple thing to do.

AVA

Do you know this family? I would like to contact them?

Dvorak pulls his shovel out of the dirt, beckons Ava to move ahead of him.

DVORAK

I guess for a price, I can get you the death certificate and their address. They live outside of Spencer, nearby in Villa Park.

(beat)

For a small price; seeing that you are grievin' an all.

INT. SPENCER POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Dirty. Cold.

Ava stands, turns her attention to the door as it opens...

AVA

I've been waiting for almost an hour to speak to someone in authority!

In steps Kerry Parker. She wipes down her chair, dust flies. Kerry pulls out the chair nearest Ava.

Ava grabs the chair, sits. Stares back at Kerry.

KERRY

I am the City's Magistrate and Clerk--

AVA

Why was my husband arrested? I demand to see him.

Kerry lays out some papers in front of her.

KERRY

Captain Parker is the arresting officer. I don't have his report yet. But your statement here, is quite interesting --

AVA

Our family attorney says you have no grounds to hold him. What you need to do is to investigate these frauds. Mister Cain and Doctor Anthony are responsible...For the death of my daughter.

Kerry glances down at the papers.

AVA

Men are practicing medicine without a medical license. I wish to lodge a complaint.

KERRY

Okay. We've all heard about a local church man, Cain Washington, relaying the Lord's words, but I'm not sure how Doctor Anthony is involved. Or how your husband was in contact with them.

AVA

I've been informed the O'Malley family in Villa Park also had a child under the so-called care of these two frauds. Their boy died, too.

Kerry looks above her.

KERRY

Missus Hayley. I can ask one of our legal chaps if anything can be done concerning the O'Malley boy, but you were in New York when your family asked for and got this... Reading. Your husband was with your daughter just before she died, so he is under suspicion for her death.

Ava stands; slams her purse on the table.

AVA

Preposterous! My husband visited with a New York doctor, and he concluded the diagnosis sent by Washington and Anthony was incorrect. I have that here.

KERRY

Well, madam... I suggest you bring that piece of paper to your husband's arraignment.

The two ladies freeze like statues, stare one another down.

AVA

I'll need an escort to the West Jail.

KERRY

I'm afraid our Judge still hasn't cleared the prisoner for any visitors just --

AVA

Prisoner? Outrageous! I demand to meet with this judge.

KERRY

You can in three days. Fishing trip I do believe. I'll be sure to put your request on top of his desk.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Ava stands at the bottom of the steps, stares at the street ahead.

The station doors re-open. Out come two large, rough-looking men; laughing. SMOLENSKY, (39), a hard man from the other side of the tracks. The other, Dvorak.

AVA

Oh, Mister Dvorak. I have business here. Why are you here?

DVORAK

Silly Smolensky here has business, too.

AVA

Let me bid you good day, then.

Ava sets off. She stops as two POLICEMEN drag a DRUNK up the stairs. The drunk tries to resist arrest until he -- vomits on the steps. She looks to Dvorak.

DVORAK

Let us escort you to the Grand Hotel.

They walk.

AVA

I need a statement from the O'Malleys. I'll pay you to take me to go see them.

Dvorak throws a quick smirk Smolensky's way.

DVORAK

Town figures The Sleeping Prophet man can help put Spencer on the map. Course the police won't help much.

SMOLENSKY

Done heard that myself. The Sleeping Prophet over on Seventh street. Cousin Strachan told me about him....Says it's getting out of hand.

AVA

What is getting out of hand?

SMOLENSKY

Strachan works over in the post office. Hundreds of letters are pouring in from all over the State. People sending in requests along with checks and cash.

DVORAK

Cash?

AVA

Stop interrupting, Mister Dvorak.

SMOLENSKY

Yea. Madness down there! They reckon to build a new building just for his mail.

DVORAK

So, let me get this straight. They are practicing medicine without a license, two kids died and the law won't assist you?

AVA

Precisely, Mister Dvorak.

DVORAK

What's our country coming to? For another earner, maybe we can help.

AVA

I've been surrounded by people with special talents and just as many frauds. I think Washington falls into the latter.

Smolensky whacks Dvorak on the back, heads down a side street.

DVORAK

I gotta get to work. Sorry I couldn't be of more use to you... Guess it's good bye and good luck.

AVA

No! No! No! How do I say this sir, but I need a man of your --

DVORAK

Connections?

Ava nods her head, bites down on her lip.

INT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

A modest room at best. In one corner a raggedy tabby-cat attempts to chase down a small mouse.

In the other, a tired, disheveled woman, MRS O'MALLEY (30s), asleep in a rocking chair. She jumps awake as her front door abruptly opens.

A worn man, MISTER O'MALLEY (40s), leads in Ava, Moxley and Dvorak. Moxley and Dvorak ease into the room, Ava hesitates.

She notices all the paintings of Jesus on the small walls, and the squalor the people live in.

DVORAK

I'll let you grieving folks chat
for a few minutes.

AVA

No, please Mister Dvorak, I'd like
you to stay.

Mrs. O'Malley pats down a small, mangy couch, dust flies everywhere.

Moxley takes a seat, Ava approaches the couch, but stands.

MRS. O'MALLEY

Get ya'll sumpin?

MOXLEY

(SAME TIME)

Lemonade would be nice...

AVA

(SAME TIME)

Nothing, thank you...I am not
sure how to put this...

An awkward silence is broken by Dvorak.

DVORAK

Mrs. Hayley is from New York.
Unfortunately, she's here because
her deceased daughter was also
misdiagnosed by Cain Washington and
that quack, Doctor Anthony. For a
small gift towards your boy's
burial costs, she would like to
hear what happened with your boy.

He beckons to Ava, rubs his fingers together.

Seeing Ava fumble with her purse, Moxley takes three coins from her own purse, gives them to Mr. O'Malley.

MOXLEY

Sorry for your loss.

He takes the money, puts it into his pocket; steps to his wife.

Mrs. O'Malley eases back in the rocker.

MRS. O'MALLEY

Our little Randall got peaked real quick. We don't find our doctor one day, so ah went to our pastor. He said a "holy-man" in town had a gift from God. Could help us...

She bursts into tears.

MRS. O'MALLEY

The pastor wrote up Randall's ills and took 'em to Mister Washington. Monday next, Doctor Anthony came by with a list of remedies. Asked for three dollars, we didn't even have one dollar. Said we had one day to get the money...

She wipes her eyes with a dirty handkerchief.

MRS. O'MALLEY

We peeped a look at, but neither one of us reads that list well. When we gave it to our pastor, he said he couldn't make out what the list said. Looked like a four year old's scribble. Randall went cold as Christmas moonshine...

She sobs uncontrollably.

Ava slowly grasps Mrs. O'Malley's hands, her tears well.

MRS. O'MALLEY

It's my fault.

AVA

Now, now. Do not say such nonsense. I will reach out to Mistery Washington and Anthony. I too lost my child. Literally...

The cat struts by; the mouse's tail dangling from its mouth.

INT. WASHINGTON'S HOME - DAY

Lots of fresh flowers in elegant vases. Grace sits at a table, holds a folded piece of paper close to her with one hand. With the other hand she attempts to clean up an unnoticeable stain.

A small knock at the door. Anthony struts in.

ANTHONY

Good day Mrs. Washington. I got word that--

GRACE

Tut. I'm still Miss Eagan until the Seventeenth of June. Now after reading this, I am inclined to cancel your weddin invitation!

She shoves the letter into his chest, beckons him to sit. He scans the letter, hands it back to her; sits.

ANTHONY

We telegraphed the diagnosis. I guess The Source was correct.

GRACE

Was correct! You be missin the point. A young child has passed!

Grace paces over to a cupboard, takes out a small box.

GRACE

You needs some type of... Relation for the patients. After I wrote what Cain diagnosed, I reckoned you would carry out the treatment.

ANTHONY

We are still working on the protocol. We have cured ten very sick people.

She sifts through the box, pulls out two pieces of paper.

GRACE

Why's the recordin still here?

She slides the papers to Anthony.

ANTHONY

Recording number...five. Yes, it should be here --

GRACE

So what did you mail this family?

ANTHONY

I wrote a copy and sent them that.

GRACE

Cain asked me to record them readings coz your handwritin is no better than a crawfish holdin a pencil.

Anthony stands up.

ANTHONY

But I'm the doctor here! I have to sign off on what is recorded.

GRACE

Aint you the biggest frog in the stream--

ANTHONY

What are you implying?

GRACE

Didje tell Cain you's half blind?

Anthony slides his hand to his jacket.

GRACE

Doctor? For naught.

ANTHONY

Mister and Mrs. Hayley still had to seek out the treatment.

GRACE

You's missin the point. If you ask The Source for information, then have... Some sortta plan. Cain's gonna be devastated when we tell him.

Although very petite, she steps very close to him in a threatening manner.

ANTHONY

We've already signed a contract with a very wealthy benefactor. A legitimate partnership, overseen by lawyers. Mrs. Kerry Parker asked me to invite you to visit with her later today.

She shoves the letter into his chest, this time with force.

GRACE

Rip up the contract.

Anthony places the letter into his jacket pocket.

ANTHONY

And how will Cain then pay for your wedding?

Grace bows her head.

GRACE

The police want to see him. He 'aint the bad egg here...

ANTHONY

Do not worry about the police. I will take care of this matter.

Anthony slowly sits.

ANTHONY

Cain had to leave. I just dropped him off at the station. He'll be back in a few days. We'll talk upon his arrival.

Grace slams her fist onto the table.

GRACE

If I didn't love that fool so much I swear to the Holy Mother I'd skin him like a roamin possum!

Grace composes herself, turns from Anthony.

ANTHONY

It is for a consult with a doctor friend of mine. Good money.

GRACE

Since my born days, doing God's work never involved chargin a fee...

Anthony stares at an area of mold on the wall.

ANTHONY

He is a proud man. A man has to take care of his family.

INT. SPENCER POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

Captain Parker grips the edge of his desk. He closes his eyes for a moment and smiles, squirms in his chair.

A loud KNOCK on the door.

A woman's head pops up from behind the Captain's desk.

BONNIE (38), a sassy, skinny woman who thinks she can still make men's heads turn, looks for direction from Parker.

ANTHONY (O.C.)

Captain? It is of an urgent matter.

Parker taps Bonnie's shoulder. She sits up, wipes her mouth, stands to her feet.

PARKER

Thanks for the surprise visit.

She grabs a small food basket on the chair near the door.

PARKER

As discussed, remind that brute, Dvorak, I'm still waiting for his cargo to help with my experiments.

Bonnie swiftly opens the door. Anthony shoots up from his bent stance. He tips his hat to Bonnie.

As she leaves, she purposefully waggles her butt, whistles as she exits.

PARKER

What is so urgent?

ANTHONY

I hope you and the wife are well, sir?

Parker grunts.

ANTHONY

It seems Washington's future wife may have mistakenly written the wrong diagnosis for the New York child--

PARKER

Another mess?! Two mistakes for me to clean up!

Parker sighs.

PARKER

My wife forced me to listen to your mumbo-jumbo about Mister Washington. We've invested a large sum for you to get the type of information from him, or out of him, to substantiate all this time and money...On a negro.

Captain Parker gazes around the room. His patience waning...

PARKER

Their wedding is soon. I need a big breakthrough before then.

ANTHONY

I understand.

PARKER

I don't think you do. You never witnessed the carnage after skirmishes and battles in the War. It's my passion to be a scientist. I want to be a celebrity; not this idiot on Seventh Street. I need a return on my wife's investment. Her father's money won't last forever.

The Captain resumes his paperwork.

ANTHONY

The New York family?

PARKER

The wife is here sniffing around. I can't keep the husband locked up for ever.

He lets out a deep sigh.

Drops his pen, stares at Doctor Anthony.

PARKER

I want to figure out how Washington taps into medical information. Besides my own reasons, we also need this information so Spencer can get on the map. We will not be caught in between scalawags and the damn Klan. There is a lot at stake here. You have a few more weeks.

INT. DARK WOODED ROOM - NIGHT

In a dimly lit room, a light FLICKERS.

For a brief moment it reveals Parker swathed in the shadows.

Someone on the other side BANGS on the door.

Parker lumbers towards a large door.

SMOLENSKY (O.C.)

Open up. Bonnie sent me. Open up;
it's pissing down out here.

Parker begrudgingly opens up the many locks.

As he slowly opens up the door, the NOISE of the downpour overwhelms the inside room.

PARKER

Ay yes. She failed to inform me of
who my visitor will be. Wait there.
Not inside, but right there.

Smolensky slithers up to the doorway, tries to avoid the rain fall.

Captain Parker goes back into the dark room, submersed in shadow once more.

PARKER (O.C.)

I was informed you are a man of few
words who can carry out a ...Dirty
task, and still be discreet. Is
this the case?

Through the shadows, Smolensky sees Captain Parker collect a fistful of greenbacks.

SMOLENSKY

I do what's needed, no questions
asked.

Captain Parker re-enters the light.

He hands Smolensky the money bag.

PARKER

I need some people relocated very
quickly. Utilize whatever means are
necessary. Use some of this money
if need be.

Smolensky's eyes light up as he peers at the money.

PARKER

I'll leave it up to you. The address and name of the family is written here. They live in Villa Park.

SMOLENSKY

No problem.

PARKER

Whatever needs to be done, remember. You figure it out.

Captain Parker pushes the door onto Smolensky.

Forces him back towards the rain.

PARKER

One. Make an appointment next time. Two, I don't think I have to remind you that none of this should ever get back to me. Are we clear on this?

SMOLENSKY

Crystal.

PARKER

Return in two days. I have a much bigger, paying job I need fulfilling. You may need a small team for this next assignment.

SMOLENSKY

I'm your man, sir.

PARKER

We'll discuss more in two days.

SMOLENSKY

Sure thing. Appreciate the opportunity, sir.

Smolensky holds out his hand.

Parker dismisses him, grabs the door.

Smolensky rushes back into the onslaught of rain.

Captain Parker watches Smolensky fade into the downpour.

Then locks the door.

EXT. VILLA PARK ROAD - DAY

Ava holds her hand to her mouth. Gazes at the sight where the O'Malleys' house once stood.

Nothing, just a sliver of rubble.

AVA

Dear God.

The mangy cat approaches.

Dvorak bends down, entices the cat closer.

Meows of confusion.

The cat stares at where its house once stood.

Now, just a big patch of brown grass where an old home once was...

DVORAK

(Quietly to himself)

God. What the hell went on here?

Dvorak shoots up. Steps over the cat.

From a parked carriage Moxley joins them.

MOXLEY

Ms. Ava we needs to go find Mister Thomas and git back to the big City. My knees are shakin; I'm spooked out lookin at this--

AVA

Hush! Yes, we will find Mister Thomas and Cathy, but we are not leaving this damn state. I want to know who is behind all of this.

She taps Dvorak on the back, the height difference is apparent.

He spins around. Ava shoos the cat away.

DVORAK

She has a point.

AVA

Please excuse me one moment, Mister Dvorak.

She turns to face Moxley.

AVA

When was the last time you saw your family?

Moxley thinks for a moment.

MOXLEY

My fiftieth birthday. Boys we had some party...

AVA

Twelve years is too long. We will stop by the station and get you a ticket home. You may return to New York in two weeks time. That should give me enough time to dig through this madness.

MOXLEY

But Ms. Ava. You's a Yankee! You need protection down here.

Ava gently places her own shawl around Moxley's neck.

AVA

And this Yankee has enough money to buy such protection. I'm done with these hillbillies. After I recover Cathy's remains, then I demand to know if these readings are truly real or just some concocted fabrication by Washington and Anthony.

Dvorak flips a coin in the air.

DVORAK

Geez.

He catches the coin in his left hand.

AVA

What is it Mister Dvorak?

DVORAK

Money don't mean shit down here to many men of power. They are hell-bent on a new-look Spencer. They have large egos to feed. A lot of us need cash, so we do what we gotta do to get a piece of that pie. And they have plenty coming out the oven. Not sure you can snap your fingers and buy an army...

He opens up his palm. Looks closer.

AVA

I may have to buy two armies if
that is what it will take.

Dvorak places his coin in his pocket. Hunches his shoulders,
nods his head.

Ava steps closer to Moxley. Gently tugs on her petticoat,
affectionately pats it down

AVA

I've been promising you a vacation
for far too long. If I stay close
to Mister Dvorak, I am confident I
will be just fine.

Moxley drops her head.

Ava turns to Dvorak.

AVA

So?

DVORAK

For an earner, anything can be
obtained. That's if you are willing
to cross the line between legal and
the...

Dvorak, with his two thumbs, extends an imaginary line in
front of Ava.

DVORAK

Dark side.

Ava bites her lip, takes a deep breath.

DVORAK

You really willing to cross that?

Ava looks to Moxley, sighs.

Ava nods to Dvorak. Her face conveys determination and ease.

Takes a deep breath.

Steps "through" the line he drew.

EXT. BACK OF SPENCER POST OFFICE - DAY

Rain lashes down.

Smolensky and Dvorak huddle under a small awning. Smolensky takes out a small flask from his pocket, offers it to Dvorak.

DVORAK

How can you drink that liquid garbage?

Smolensky takes a really big gulp.

A skinny, younger man, JAMEY STRACHAN (24), dressed in a postal uniform, joins them.

DVORAK

So, Strachan... You in?

STRACHAN

Let me see the notes.

Dvorak hands him two five dollar bills.

Strachan grabs a stack of envelopes from the postal sack, places them into Dvorak's hand.

STRACHAN

So, who's the target?

DVORAK

New York lady. As she's a weeping mother, we've already hit a bulls-eye.

Strachan turns to leave, Smolensky drags him back.

SMOLENSKY

Steal more letters. Who knows how many greenbacks we gonna find if these idiots keep sendin the Sleeping Prophet cash...

DVORAK

Then we've an easy earner, gents. Stay the course, let's not balls this up.

STRACHAN

Okay. So, this means no more messing with the next purge night? I just ain't got the stomach for that stuff anymore. Right?

INT. WEST SIDE JAIL - NIGHT

A GUARD takes some coins from Dvorak, hands him a lit candle, slithers away.

On the other side of the bars reveals a small bed and stool.

On the walls, drawings of weird shaped cobwebs.

DVORAK

Mister Hayley? How are you doing?

Thomas looks up, but ignores Dvorak.

DVORAK

Your wife is in town. She's eager to see you.

Thomas sits up straight, pulls down on his jacket.

THOMAS

A-ha. Genesis One; twenty-six. Why does God talk in plural?

DVORAK

I'm not sure. I can't read the Bible.

THOMAS

I once read a fascinating book. An ancient Greek fellow, Xenophanes, claimed that the gods and goddesses were merely human inventions. He asked why he should continue to worship gods who displayed such terrible manners, questionable morals, and childish, emotional behavior.

DVORAK

A wise man --

THOMAS

He instead suggested we believe in one greater god who did not resemble mortal men. In later centuries, the Greeks ended up using the name Zeus to represent such a god.

DVORAK

And here we are.

THOMAS

We've been forced to believe in a higher power, or a god, for what? As an invention of our mind? Are we so emotionally starved for answers to our existence, that we limit our capacity to use our brain?

DVORAK

So, your point is?

THOMAS

If we only use a small percentage of our actual brain is it because we want to limit ourselves? Are we scared of the pain of death or do we fear the joy of living?

Dvorak steps back as Thomas holds on to the bars.

THOMAS

My dear Ava is one to question the status quo. She is one to eventually get her way. So, do you come as friend or foe?

DVORAK

Neither. I'm hired help. She's one of my clients.

Thomas backs up, stands by his bed.

THOMAS

Let her know I am well and confident she will soon arrange my release. Be sure to charge her for this message.

Dvorak holds up the candle to look closer at the walls.

DVORAK

Will do. If you are not moved again, maybe for a small earner I can bring her by for a brief visit.

Thomas closes his eyes, ignores Dvorak.

DVORAK

I'll be in touch, then. Best not to mention to the law I came by. Wouldn't want Parker to pitch a fit.

INT. DVORAK'S HOME - DAY

On a simple bed lies a young boy, JUNIOR (12). His face is twisted, drool runs down his mouth.

Dvorak kneels besides the bed. He places a small bowl of water next to the bed, rinses a washcloth, his massive hands ring it dry.

Pats down the boys face, with gentle, loving care.

Dvorak steps up, leans over the boy, props up the pillows.

He hums.

Junior's arms contort towards the middle of his frame.

He mumbles something incoherent. His eyes dance with excitement.

Dvorak sighs.

He gently removes slippers from Junior's feet, displaying mangled toes.

Dvorak rinses the washcloth again, rubs down his son's feet.

Hums a more jovial tune.

He taps Junior's big toe.

DVORAK

Round and round the garden, like a
baby bear.

He flips his hands to the little toe.

DVORAK

One step, two step.

He tickles Junior's ankle.

DVORAK

Tickly under there.

Junior moves his head towards Dvorak, tries to smile, a bigger amount of drool flows down his mouth.

Dvorak plants a kiss on top of Junior's forehead.

INT. PARKER'S HOUSEHOLD - LIBRARY - DAY

Kerry and Ava sit in big lounge chairs, that blend in with the expensive decor.

AVA

I'd hoped this would be my last day in this forsaken place. My attorney convinced Judge Jennings to have my husband released as soon as the arresting officer files his report.

Ava pulls her purse closer. Takes out an envelope.

AVA

I need to reach your husband. Immediately. He was also the last to see my dead daughter.

She hands the envelope to Kerry. Kerry takes out the three sheets of folded paper.

KERRY

I'll be sure he gets this upon his return. Would you care for tea or coffee?

AVA

Both. If you would be so kind.

KERRY

Do you like books?

AVA

Of course.

Kerry rings a bell.

KERRY

Let's look at my new collection.

Ava joins Kerry at a glass cabinet. It has two shelves where each shelf displays a mounted book. Ava peers closer.

KERRY

I recently came across a Jewish merchant from the Russian city of Odessa. He claimed he was on the Evnomia before she sank. He found the books amongst his mother's belongings, but sadly not his mother.

Ava peers in closer. Squints her eyes.

KERRY

I just had them authenticated. Here before you are two unpublished, personal diaries of a certain Helena Hahn. Now known as Helena P. Blavatsky.

AVA

The famed Russian author?

KERRY

The one below is extremely damaged. This one on top is in better condition. The prose is amazing and full of wonder.

Ava's face beams.

KERRY

Would you excuse me? Where is my staff?

INT. PARKER HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Kerry walks past a door.

It has a padlock on it.

She approaches the

KITCHEN

Stands by a large garbage canister.

She calmly takes out the envelope just given to her by Ava...

Tears up the envelope. Allows the tiny scraps of paper to fall into the garbage cannister.

KERRY

Lacey? Where are you?

In rushes a servant, LACEY (17), big lips but sullen smile.

She stands before Kerry; her head slightly bowed.

SLAP. Kerry whacks Lacey across the face.

KERRY

Never keep my guests waiting on refreshments, even if they are damn Yankees. Secondly, have pride in your work and yourself. Always greet people with your chin up. Prepare a full set of coffee and tea. And inform Chef it is just myself for dinner tonight.

Kerry swivels away as Lacey scurries into the kitchen area.

Kerry takes her time, ambles back into the

LIBRARY

Where Ava still studies the bookcase.

KERRY

So, Mrs. Hayley, where in the big city do you reside? I can never imagine going there but it must be quite a spectacle to live amongst buildings higher than our church's steeple.

AVA

Maybe if your husband completes his paperwork in a swift manner, I may extend an invitation to you next summer. Maybe...

Kerry sits back down.

AVA

My husband is an innocent man. He made the mistake of trusting a Mister Cain Washington--

KERRY

Mister Washington is a miracle man, I've seen the good deeds he does for myself. There are many people here in Spencer who can attest to this. Would you care for me to arrange a visit with any of his cured patients?

A long, awkward silence.

KERRY

Indeed. Refreshments will be here in a moment.

INT. DARK WOODED ROOM - NIGHT

Dvorak stands in the doorway. As he looks into the dimly lit room, he sees one long wooden table filled with an assortment of jars and basic tools.

Just as Dvorak steps in... Parker appears.

PARKER

For a hired hand, I rarely hear from you.

DVORAK

I'm at your service, but told you before, no young ones. Where is that little Yankee girl?

PARKER

Safe. I can't keep working with decrepit, old corpses. But that's for another day. There is a man in town residing on Seventh Street--

DVORAK

The Sleeping Prophet, Washington?

PARKER

That's an interesting name...

Parker beckons Dvorak in. He points to a large hook.

Dvorak pulls it. A chain and pulley bring closer three hanging hooks. On the last one, hangs a carcass- a naked, human corpse.

PARKER

A lot of people are buzzing around him. I will pay you to make sure he is protected from other influences. Can you do this?

Dvorak doesn't answer. He is fixated on the dead body.

Parker hoists up two large knives, sharpens them.

PARKER

Grab the other side.

Dvorak looks down at his hands, only has on one glove. He spins around, searches on the floor.

PARKER

Now.

Parker sidles up to the left of the dead body.

Dvorak moves to the right, grabs the whole body, eases it onto the large table.

Parker smiles.

Dvorak stares down at the body.

DVORAK
Can't tell if it's Mrs. or Mister
Trinity?

Parker grabs his butcher style knife.

HACK.

He makes a dent in the neck.

PARKER
Mister.

Swings the knife again.

HACK.

PARKER
Take that small bag of money.

Dvorak gawks at the bunch of rolled up bills, accepts the small bag.

DVORAK
I'll leave you to your...Work.
Please just release the Yankee kid.

HACK.

PARKER
First hold his body, so I can
remove the head. Time for me to
step up my brain research.

Dvorak sighs, but also notices his missing glove.

Bends down, picks it up.

PARKER
Monitor Doctor Anthony, too. He has
such a narrow vision for
Washington's talents. I've bigger
plans for that very strange negro.
Sleeping Prophet, eh?

EXT. SPENCER POSTAL OFFICE - DAY

Smolensky and Dvorak throw rocks at a group of rats near a pile of garbage. Strachan approaches, struggles with two postal sacks. Dvorak goes to help Strachan with one of the bags. He throws it behind his back as he sees Ava approach.

Her fashionable outfit not only looks out of place, but it catches the attention of Bonnie who walks close by in the other direction. She joins them.

BONNIE

Morning all. Doesn't this amount of people constitute a gang?

Her raspy laugh echoes.

SMOLENSKY

Probably does, so let's break up...

Takes Bonnie by the arm, she wriggles out of his grasp.

BONNIE

So, who's this fellow lady?

DVORAK

Bonnie, let me introduce to you Mrs. Ava Hayley of New York City.

Bonnie does a half curtsy. Ava, in an awkward way, waves her hand to Bonnie.

SMOLENSKY

Introductions over. Let's split.

Bonnie, with a casual ease, touches Ava's jacket. She circles Ava, admires her outfit.

BONNIE

The stitching is superb, Ms. Ava. Which fancy tailor works on your clothes?

Ava chuckles.

AVA

I have a few outfits from designers, but most of my outfits, as in this one, are made by my very own seamstress.

Bonnie admires the clothing even closer.

BONNIE

Excellent. My mother was once Spencer's best seamstress. She taught me well, but I chose to be Spencer's best in another profession. I'd love to meet her?

AVA

So sorry, but I just sent her packing to Alabama for a long overdue vacation.

BONNIE

Pity...So, how do you know these fellas?

DVORAK

She lost an important letter, so Strachan was kind enough to let us search for it--

BONNIE

Dvorak, Dvorak. You think I've no talent above my crotch.

Smolensky coughs.

SMOLENSKY

Blabber-Mouth? I've some extra cash. How about a quick earner?

Ava stares at Smolensky.

BONNIE

Not today. Although I could go see the Postal Office Supervisor. Alex Canon. Great paying regular who--

AVA

No need for that, dear. Why doesn't Mister Smolensky bring you by this week? We can get you fitted into a few dresses I seem to have out grown by gaining a few pounds.

Bonnie clasps her hands, turns to Dvorak.

BONNIE

So, again? How do you know Ms. Ava?

DVORAK

Does it matter? I don't step on your turf, why you snooping around mine?

BONNIE

You know me, I love the town
gossip.

She turns to Ava.

BONNIE

It's how I was rewarded with my
unique nick-name.

AVA

Indeed. It will be nice to return
home with less luggage. You will be
doing me a wonderful favor.

With that, Bonnie walks off. Ava watches her saunter away.

AVA

Why rummage through the mail,
Mister Dvorak?

DVORAK

We were going to plant some new
letters...To set up a reading.

AVA

Not very effective I'd say. There
are too many letters. How many of
these per day does he receive?

STRACHAN

About one sack. I'm only assigned
to Seventh Street twice per week.

Ava puts her hand into the sack, retrieves one letter.

AVA

Take all the cash out of these
letters as you wish. No delivery
today. Not today.

Dvorak steps closer to her; before he can speak --

Ava quickly spills both sacks of envelopes onto the floor.

AVA

Bleed him dry if you have to. But
find me proof that his team is a
fraud. Take whatever cash you find.
If it has no money inside, then
burn them all. Let's make a
Washington funeral pyre.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S HOME - DAY

Anthony approaches the house. Strachan's exaggerated cough catches his attention.

ANTHONY

The mail's early today?

Strachan steps closer; pulls a humble woman, with bright eyes, TALI DVORAK (31), close to him.

STRACHAN

I'm on lunch break. This here is my second cousin --

TALI

Tali Dvorak. I'm a desperate mom. Please can you help my son?

Anthony takes a step up, then looks back.

ANTHONY

We are quite busy today. There is a long line, I'm afraid.

Tali steps up, takes out three five dollar bills.

TALI

My boy's getting worse each day. His body is attacking himself. Maybe Mister Washington could make room?

She hands Anthony the money. Anthony looks at the cash.

ANTHONY

It's a very long line of people with similar requests. Lots of people require readings--

TALI

His name is Junior Dvorak. Let's have him be first today.

She takes out seven more bills. Twirls them open into a fan.

Anthony's eyes dance with delight. A meeching look of agreement between the two of them.

ANTHONY

Indeed. Wait here, please.

He snatches the money, enters the house.

INT. WASHINGTON'S HOME - DAY

Cain lies on his new couch. Doctor Anthony and Grace sit near him.

ANTHONY

Relax Cain. Reading number thirteen. June second, eighteen hundred and seventy six. Only concentrate on your breath. Please tell us about Junior Dvorak, here in Spencer.

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

INT. DVORAK'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Junior sleeps on his bed. The room's contents fade away piece by piece, leaves Junior suspended in the air.

Cain's sleeping body, face down, enters the room, hovers above Junior's. Slowly, Cain sinks into Junior. The two bodies mesh together...And vanish away.

CAIN (O.S.)

(a deep, metallic voice)

We see the entity known as Junior Dvorak. The pain from the joint of the cranium... Manifests in the lumbar vertebra number five... And his posterior... Sacrum vertebra. The body is adjusting to an old blood clot causing misalignment, reaching up into the brain--

INT. WASHINGTON'S HOME - SAME TIME

At that moment, Grace drops her pen, Cain pauses. The moment she picks up her pen: Cain continues.

CAIN

Manipulation of the pelvis must be administered...Every three hours until aligned correctly. Pressure points must be pressed gently two centimeters either side of the lumbar vertebra five...And, he has a sixth lumbar vertebra.

Grace writes away.

CAIN

Once his body's contractions cease
 ...He must continue his treatment
 for...Two more months with magnetic
 therapy...In order to provide
 proper circulation.

Silence. Anthony looks to Grace.

ANTHONY

Why don't you make a copy? Let's
 bring in Mrs. Dvorak.

INT. DVORAK'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A bright white light engulfs the small room.

Junior's body reappears, suspended in the air, nine feet off
 the ground. A faint buzzing noise.

Junior's body violently shakes one time, like a volt had shot
 through for the briefest of moments. Junior's suspended body
 descends back to his bed.

The room's contents slowly begin to re-appear, one at a time.
 Settle in their original place.

A faint outline of Cain's body emits out of Junior's body. At
 first it meshes with the light green aura around Junior.
 Little by little, Cain appears and hovers above Junior; mere
 inches away.

CAIN/JUNIOR

We thank you, oh great Source.
 Thank you for relaying the
 information we sought.

Cain's body dispatches upward into a flash of cool, blue
 light.

The room "erases" the whiteness, like a rushed painter on a
 work site. Junior's room returns to its original state.

Junior hugs a pillow closer. Turns to one side. Only one of
 his arms contorts, like before, up to his chest.

The other relaxes. He looks to his arm, moves it around,
 methodically.

JUNIOR

Round and round the garden, like a
 baby bear...

INT. DVORAK'S HOME - NIGHT

Dvorak sits at a small table with his wife, Tali. Scarfs down his supper.

TALI
You like the stroganoff?

Dvorak grunts.

They look up as they hear a small KNOCK on the door.

TALI
Last time we had visitors it was
the law.

Dvorak grabs a piece of bread before he stands.

DVORAK
Not a word.

He opens the door to reveal Ava.

Without any indication of an invite...

She steps into the home.

AVA
I am so sorry to barge in at this
hour --

DVORAK
It's supper time. Make it quick,
unless you'd like to join us Ms.
Ava?

TALI
Oh, my. Nice to meet you ma'am. I
do apologize for the way the house
looks right now.

Ava glances around. The room is sparse but spotless.

AVA
No thank you.

She hands Dvorak a small piece of paper.

Dvorak leads Ava back into the door frame.

DVORAK
I don't read well, but I see the
name on this sheet. Explain?

She steps closer to Dvorak. Looks back at Tali, speaks in a hush.

AVA

I have finally found where my husband is. I need you to guarantee me some visiting hours. As soon as a report is filed, he'll be free. I need to get this message to him.

DVORAK

Now? Smolensky is coming by in a bit.

AVA

Yes, but I'd still like to build a case against the Parkers and Mister Washington --

TALI (O.C.)

Honey, a word about --

DVORAK

Not now, Tali!

AVA

I've twenty dollars for you to make sure I get to visit him. I've plenty more.

Dvorak looks back at his wife.

Tali clears her plate from the table. Walks into her kitchen.

Dvorak shakes his head, looks beyond Ava.

DVORAK

(To Tali)

Be back soon. If Smolensky shows, tell him to finish off my supper and wait.

(To Ava)

Okay, come. Let's be quick. I'll get you to your husband. And I advise you both to book up to the City. Leave all this Washington business behind.

Ava removes money from her purse.

Dvorak looks at the cash... Grabs it.

EXT. DVORAK'S HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ava and Dvorak walk to the gate. As Dvorak opens it for her, she bumps straight into Smolensky.

SMOLENSKY

Hey, tonight's the night. Strachan is getting the gear.

Dvorak sizes up to Smolensky. Ava leans against the gate.

DVORAK

Slight delay. We're takin Mrs. Hayley to the South Side jail. They are going back north to forget all this Washington crap--

SMOLENSKY

And let them all get away with murder?

(To Ava)

The Washingtons are getting wed real soon. He don't give a damn what happened to your kid. And the police ignore you --

AVA

Aaagh! Damn the police, I'm taking matters into my own hands. They are all just stringing me along. I should teach them all a lesson.

Dvorak settles next to her.

DVORAK

Just let it go--

SMOLENSKY

Time to get serious Ms. Ava. I dunno if Washington is a fraud or not, but one thing for certain, he doesn't think he is to blame for your kid's death. Next move's on you.

AVA

And what do you suggest?

SMOLENSKY

No time for suggestions madam. After he gets married, who knows how we'll reach him if he gets to become even more famous. He'll be basking in fortune.

Ava looks to the two brutes.

AVA

While I grieve for my daughter. And my husband sits in a jail cell! I want him stopped. I want him stopped right now.

DVORAK

For what?

Ava stares at him. A rage behind her eyes.

SMOLENSKY

For a fee, you won't ever have to hear about him again.

Dvorak looks Smolensky's way.

DVORAK

Now wait up a minute.

AVA

An eye for an eye?

DVORAK

No, no. We can scare him off, or grab his notes --

SMOLENSKY

Dvorak. Maybe you should run back on home and get the wife to fix you a hot tea? You don't seem yourself.

Smolensky grabs Dvorak with both hands.

SMOLENSKY

Why you gone all soft?

Dvorak punches Smolensky. Smolensky rams into Dvorak.

Ava scoots out of the way, lunges for the gate's handle, struggles to pry it open.

Smolensky digs his hand into Dvorak's face, Dvorak shakes loose.

Ava opens the gate, spins inside.

SMOLENSKY

We either finish the job, or we get out of town. He's too connected and he won't back down if we fail to deliver.

DVORAK

I can give some of his money back.

SMOLENSKY

You do what you gotta do.

Dvorak throws a punch, but Smolensky dodges it.

SMOLENSKY

You once told me a man is only as good as his word. You shook hands on this deal. Parker's a damn vulture. He'll want a carcass delivered next week.

Both men part, truce called.

Smolensky steps to the gate.

AVA

Is it safe to come out now?

Smolensky rips the entire gate off. Hurls it aside like a child's soft toy. Turns back to Dvorak.

SMOLENSKY

You've been playing with fire, no time to root out the flames now.

Dvorak, with clenched fists, backs down.

Ava assesses the situation, takes a deep breath. She takes out her purse, retrieves some money.

AVA

So, are you going to get me a carriage? Are we going to visit Washington?

Smolensky holds his hand out, Ava hands him the money.

Smolensky brushes past Dvorak, gives him an obvious nudge, leaves.

DVORAK

Ask yourself. Is this really what you want? Be better if you just moved on.

AVA

It's time I face Mister Washington, and tell him what he did to Cathy.

She nods to Dvorak, takes after Smolensky.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - NIGHT

Cain, at a tall desk, places photos in an album --

The door SMASHES open. In steps Smolensky...Followed by Ava.

SMOLENSKY

Message for ye.

Smolensky pulls out a scrap piece of paper from his pocket, hands it to Cain. Cain nervously scans the paper.

CAIN

How am I supposed to reply to a
blank message?

Smolensky smiles. In one swift swoop, he pounces on Cain like a hyena on a fresh carcass.

CAIN

Aaagh! What do you want of me?

Smolensky's large knife glistens against Cain's throat. Cain pales. Smolensky makes a small nick into Cain's flesh. A little trickle of blood comes out. Cain's face fills with angst.

Smolensky twirls Cain around, kicks him towards a chair, licks the blood off his knife, smirks.

SMOLENSKY

I'd like to introduce Mrs. Ava
Hayley, of New York City.

Ava scans the room, stares at Cain.

CAIN

You could have killed me --

SMOLENSKY

But I didn't.

Smolensky glances at Ava, she is so riveted with Cain.

AVA

Mister Washington. What do you know
of my daughter? Cathy Hayley.

CUT TO BLACK: