

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE - a large Victorian sitting room.

MUSIC from a simpler era drifts from an 1930's radio that's rigged with a modern digital read out.

LEIGH Kelly, a depleted but dignified woman of about 40, sits on the arm of a worn velvet divan, peering out the window past moth-eaten drapes.

A SPACE HEATER burns red a few feet away. She pulls it closer.

A commercial interrupts the music.

RADIO

*Made too many mistakes in your life?
Time to get your memory erased! New
Me can give you a second chance to
be yourself.*

LEIGH

(to room)

Open window ten percent.

A series of pullies, ropes and chains pull the sash open a couple inches. The drapes sway slightly as the outdoor air pushes in.

RADIO

*Don't you want to know what it's
really like to be you again? New Me
is an affordable way of finding out
who you were before the world got
you down.*

LEIGH

Silence.

And the commercial stops. A TICKING of a CLOCK is now audible.

Leigh looks to the clock. 11 AM.

JUST OUTSIDE THE WINDOW-

The growing sound of metal SCRATCHING and CLANGING on the sidewalk. Leigh looks back out the window.

A skeleton-like OLD MAN dragging a worn sack stops, framed by the window in front of a mountain of uncollected TRASH. He looks over the pile, scanning for something worth something.

He turns his head slowly to Leigh. Empty, dead eyes meet her's.

They look at one another for several uncertain seconds.

He draws in a wheezy GHASP, clutches his left arm, and DROPS DEAD right in front of her house.

Leigh is horrified.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Close window.

The window slams shut. She struggles off the sofa and stands unsteady for a moment. She glances at an old ROTARY PHONE.

She limps from the room.

EXT. LEIGH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens a crack. Leigh peers out. The DEAD MAN is still there, sprawled on the sidewalk. Leigh hears-

an ARGUMENT in RUSSIAN coming from across the street: two men in TRACK SUITS. The one wearing a BLUE HOODIE switches to English.

ENGLISH SPEAKER

I can't do it.

The other, older man tries to calm him. They both notice Leigh watching them and stop talking.

Suddenly, a DRONE appears and stops in front of Leigh. She freezes, paranoid.

DRONE

Delivery for Leigh Kelly.

Leigh nods her head. It scans her face, drops the package, then zooms away.

The Russians are still looking at her.

Leigh fumbles in a hurry to pick the package up, then quickly ducks back in the house.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Leigh puts the delivered box on a table in the hall. She's winded by this brief activity.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

White enameled cabinets with steel pulls flank a small chrome-legged table.

Leigh limps in, opens an upper cabinet and digs around. She pulls out a box of tea. Then, deeper, retrieves a bottle of whiskey. She almost drops it, as it is heavy for her.

She struggles to get the cork out, then pours a glass. She leans against the counter and looks into her drink.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

With drink in hand, Leigh takes one last look at the Dead Guy before pulling the dusty curtain closed.

She climbs onto the sofa and pulls a blanket atop herself with a shiver.

She closes her eyes. The clock ticks...

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE - EVENING

Dusky twilight. A BARE BULB in the hall automatically switches on. A SECOND BULB further down the hall flickers, flares, then burns out.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

As we move through the room, we find an ancient cathode ray TELEVISION fitted with a tablet interface.

On the wall above it, the dusty, ticking analog CLOCK with small solar panel. Its cut electric cord dangles below.

On a chipped side table, the 1970's ROTARY TELEPHONE Leigh glanced at earlier. It's fitted with tiny satellite dish and a digital display showing negative \$2045.97.

The clock CHIMES six times.

RADIO

*Attention Leigh Kelly. It is time
for your medication.*

Leigh slowly awakens on the sofa.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The NEWS plays from another old radio mounted to the kitchen wall.

Leigh is at the tale. She struggles to open the box delivered earlier by the drone. Her grip is too weak.

RADIO

"Thirty three dead in Beverly Hills today from another boutique bombing. No group has claimed responsibility but authorities expect to convict the Children's Reciprocity Party based on anecdotal evidence alone."

LEIGH

Change to positive.

The Radio switches to thumping, loud music.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Change to happiness.

RADIO

Today was a beautiful day. The murder rate was within normal range. The temperature was seasonal. The Federation of American Patriots is so happy you are alive. You make the world a better place.

She can't get the goddamn box open.

RADIO (CONT'D)

If you are thinking of suicide, think twice. Someone most likely loves you.

LEIGH

(frustrated)

Silence.

And the radio is suddenly silent.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Benny.

A small rectangular ROBOT that may have once been a toaster oven rolls out from a corner of the room. Leigh puts the box inside of it.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Open this box please.

BENNY rumbles, clicks, growls. He spits the box out a little dinged up, but not open.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Goddamn it.

BENNY

Sorry.

LEIGH

It's not your fault. You're old. I
can't fix you anymore.

BENNY

Scissors?

Leigh looks down. Benny has a pair of scissors ready for
her.

LEIGH

That's where they went. Thief.

She uses the scissors like a knife and is successful in
opening the box. Benny retreats to his corner.

Leigh shakes the content of the box onto the table: One
pack of pills and a little black shiny piece of tape with
American Health Incorporated printed on it.

She presses the tape.

TAPE

*You have exhausted your medication
benefit due to insufficient funds.*

LEIGH

Fuck.

She slices open the pill pack with the scissors and sorts
them into a Monday through Friday organizer. She gets as
far as Thursday before running out.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Leigh works methodically and slowly to pull on pajama bottoms.
It is very difficult for her to bend her knees and control
her leg muscles.

LATER

Leigh is asleep. Through the WINDOWS, RED and BLUE lights
flash from the street.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Leigh holds a wilted house plant above the sink. Instead of
turning on the faucet, she reaches behind the upper cabinet
and pulls out a clear tube.

She unstops the tube and a trickle of water quenches the
poor plant.

She catches the last few drops for herself before the tube
runs dry.

EXT. LEIGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Leigh sits on her front steps, smoking a real cigarette, staring at the DEAD MAN. He is now NAKED and his eyes have been removed.

Across the street- the older Russian is also smoking. He glances at her occasionally.

A DERELICT with a shopping cart stops in front of Leigh.

DERELICT
I got some glue.

LEIGH
Don't need glue.

DERELICT
(searching cart)
Got a motherboard from a 2025 Macbook.

LEIGH
Why would I want that shit?

DERELICT
Just trying to make a deal. What do you want?

LEIGH
Nothing you got.

DERELICT
I'm O positive if you need blood.

LEIGH
Beat it.

DERELICT
Okay then.

He moves along.

The Russian extinguishes his cigarette, then walks toward Leigh. She moves to go inside, but moving is hard.

He gets to her fist. He glances down at the Dead Man, then-

PETER
Ms. Kelly.

LEIGH
(guarded)
Hello.

PETER
Peter.

LEIGH
Okay.

A pause.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
You're new around here.

PETER
Not really. You maybe only just
noticed me.

She looks to the Dead Man, then back to Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)
You want a dog?

LEIGH
No.

PETER
Too bad. I just got a very nice
dog.

Beat.

LEIGH
I'd like the dead guy gone.

PETER
No one will do that for free.

LEIGH
I'll trade a smart fly.

PETER
You make them?

She nods.

PETER (CONT'D)
That would be a big waste of capital.
Ignore him and he'll disappear
eventually.

LEIGH
I can't ignore him.

PETER
I'll trade four gallons of clean
water for the fly. You get something
useful.

Leigh considers.

LEIGH
Two gallons and the dead guy moved
down the street.

Peter nods *okay*.

She pulls herself up with the hand rail. Peter tries to help but she shrugs him off.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Stay put.

She disappears into her house. The door locks behind her.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Leigh opens a drawer and removes a pill box containing small resistors, transistors, bits of wire.

The last segment contains several motionless BEES. She uses tweezers to remove one.

EXT. LEIGH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Leigh appears with a small paper bag. Peter is still there. The Derelict watches from not far away.

LEIGH
Where's the water?

Peter motions to the Derelict who then rolls back with a cart full of water jugs.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
He work for you?

Peter shrugs. Leigh hands Peter the paper bag.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
It'll run on just about any espionage
platform.

Peter peers into the paper bag.

He nods to the Derelict who then passes two gallons of water to Leigh.

She can't hold their weight so she drags them into the house. Peter watches her do this with some amazement.

PETER
Looks like you need more than water.

She disappears inside. CLICK of the door locking.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Leigh is seated across from a chat screen on a tablet device, sipping a glass of water.

On screen is A DOCTOR who seems to be having a similar consultation with several other patients at the same time.

Leigh waits for her turn.

DOCTOR
(to another screen)
I'm referring you to nasal
reconstruction. Good luck.

The Doctor turns to Leigh.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Where were we Ms. Kelly?

LEIGH
I'm feeling worse every day. Why am
I not a candidate for a DNA
transplant?

DOCTOR
It's complicated.

LEIGH
Make it sound simple.

DOCTOR
You have multiple unsupported strands
of DNA from the botched LUPUS repairs.
They're interfering with your
mitochondria and preventing cell
replication.

LEIGH
That's sounds complicated.

DOCTOR
Basically, when your cells die, no
new ones take their place.

LEIGH
What about stem cell infusion?

DOCTOR
That would be like trying to glue
the leaves back on a dead plant.

This irritates Leigh.

LEIGH

I know there is a fix for this.
What about the Box Five insertion?
I heard a commercial for it the other
day. It stops cell death, right?

DOCTOR

You don't meet the purity minimum
for that treatment.

LEIGH

The purity minimum?

DOCTOR

Your lineage is... insufficient.

LEIGH

(a little taken aback)

I can't control who my parents were
or who their parents were.

DOCTOR

Excuse me.

(to another screen)

Your case is being referred to
profound psychiatry. Good luck.

LEIGH

So what will happen to me?

DOCTOR

First you will lose your hair, then
you'll go blind. If you don't die
imminently, you'll lose basic bodily
functions and finally all muscle
control until you stop breathing.
In the meantime, you should get some
assistance to make your demise more
comfortable. And get out and about.
Travel.

LEIGH

Travel where?

DOCTOR

If you would like to speak with a
positive thought clinician to help
with the mental transition to death,
I can refer you.

Leigh can't even speak she is so angry.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'll refer your case to morbidity so
they know you're coming. Good luck.

The transmission ends. Leigh is rigid with fury.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Leigh pours a glass of wine from a large pouch while fixing herself a plate of dehydrated food out of pouches.

RADIO

(commercial)

*Why do anything yourself these days?
Help is Here provides a whole host
of facsimilant service beings: maids,
cooks, handymen, even skilled nurses
and romantic partners. For only two
million a week-*

LEIGH

Change.

RADIO

*Three ten-year olds have been arrested
in a terrorist plot to poison all of
the bread rations at their school.
Authorities have charged them as
adults and they will be sent without
trial to the Yukon terrorist work
camp. If you would like to donate a
coat to one of the convicts--*

LEIGH

Change.

The radio turns to classic hip hop.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Goddamn it, radio!

It changes to the sounds of children playing at the beach and she is satisfied enough to not change it again.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - AS BEFORE

Leigh is peering out the window again, watching a DOG sniff the Dead Guy.

The Derelict arrives with his cart. He hoists the stiff dead body onto it and rolls away.

She pulls the drapes closed. A puff of dust catches sunlight on its way down. Leigh eyes the rotary phone and the negative bank balance.