

LIFE VANISHING

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

In an open planned kitchen, expensive worktops and a brightly tiled floor, QUINN (40's) is busy peeling and then chopping vegetables. Getting dinner ready.

JULIE (40's) watches him, a glass of wine held in between two fingers and a thumb.

QUINN

I can't believe the school is
letting this happen.

Julie shrugs.

JULIE

A very rare blood disease. So rare
I don't even think they've settled
on a name for it. Last I heard the
two doctors that worked on it are
still arguing about who should get
the honour.

QUINN

But why the fuck is the school
getting involved?

JULIE

What happened to the no swearing at
home rule?

QUINN

I'm fucking serious. This shouldn't
be a school matter.

JULIE

It's the kids' parents that have
pushed it.

QUINN

Fuck the kids parents.

JULIE

Once a Cop high up in the ranks.
And the other, I think, is a pretty
senior Nurse up at the hospital.

QUINN

So what? I was expecting you to
blow me away. This hasn't blown me
away.

Julie moves over to a corner of the kitchen, where a handbag is resting on a chair.

JULIE
Do you want to see it?

Quinn takes a break from the cooker.

QUINN
Of course I do. I still can't believe it.

Julie fetches out a surgical kit from inside the handbag. From this, a sterile syringe.

Quinn comes over.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Blood testing the whole fucking school. It's insane.

JULIE
Well, they want to see if they can find a match.

QUINN
Well, don't you know Alex's blood type already?

Julie gives him a sideways look.

JULIE
Don't you?

Quinn laughs, then shrugs.

QUINN
(guilty)
You're the Mom.

JULIE
That's sexist. But yes I do. But that's not what they're looking for. It's something that's in white blood cells. There's a name, I can't think of it. It's like one in a hundred thousand.

QUINN
And you're going to test Alex?

Julie shrugs.

JULIE
It's up to him.

QUINN
And if he's a match?

JULIE
Then he gets to save another kid's
life.

INT. HOUSE - ALEX'S BEDROOM - DAY

ALEX, 6, sits on the edge of his bed, cartoon pillowcases and
sheets. Toys littering the floor.

Julie kneels down beside him, holds the needle ready.

ALEX
I don't want to.

Alex moves away from Julie, sitting at the top of the bed,
hugging his knees to his chest.

JULIE
You could be the key to helping
your friend.

Quinn, arms crossed watches from the doorway.

QUINN
Don't guilt him.

She scowls at Quinn.

JULIE
Either be nice or stay out of this.

QUINN
Alright, I'll stay out.

Julie turns back to Alex.

JULIE
It won't hurt.

Alex shakes his head. Getting emotional, clearly afraid.

ALEX
I don't want to.

JULIE
But don't you want to help your
friend?

ALEX
He's not my friend. Nobody likes
him. He's always sick.

JULIE
Alex...

QUINN
Don't force him.

Julie snaps her head back around to Quinn.

JULIE
I'm not!

ALEX
Mommy, I don't want to.

Julie's shoulders drop.

JULIE
Alright. We'll forget it.

Quinn smiles smug, can't help but feel that this is some kind
of win.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

ANDREW, (late 30's) and a NAOMI, (late 20's) stand at a busy
intersection. Handing out flyers. The information on them
urges people to donate and test their blood to see if they're
a possible match for their sick and dying child.

Both the Andrew and Naomi look frantic, like they haven't
slept or eaten properly in months.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Quinn, Julie and Alex are holding ice creams. They see Andrew
and Naomi in the near distance.

Quinn grabs a hold of Julie and tries to slow her down.

QUINN
Look, that's them.

JULIE
And?

QUINN
Lets cross over.

JULIE
What's with you?

QUINN
It's awkward.

JULIE
Just be normal.

QUINN
They give me the creeps.

JULIE
What would you do if you were in
their shoes?

QUINN
Spend quality time with him, and
not waste what little time he has
left, leaving him in a horrible
hospital waiting for a miracle that
isn't going to happen.

JULIE
You can be a real prick sometimes.

ALEX
Mommy said a naughty word.

QUINN
Naughty mommy.

They reach Andrew and Naomi. They share smiles and wave hands
in each other's direction. Clearly they know each other.

Andrew and Naomi then turn and focus all their attention onto
Alex.

NAOMI
How's school?

Alex hides behind Julie, hugging her legs.

JULIE
(to Alex)
Don't be shy.

ANDREW
You know, nearly everyone in
Henry's class took the test.

Quinn loudly claps his hands together.

QUINN
Henry, that's his name. That's been
bugging me.

Julie shoots Quinn a furious look, right now, she would like nothing more than to rip his head off.

NAOMI
(to Alex)
You want to change your mind?

Alex still hides behind Julie's legs.

ALEX
I don't like needles.

Andrew and Naomi aren't listening, just staring at Alex with a burning intently.

NAOMI
I really do think you're the only
one in the class that didn't take
the blood test?

QUINN
Well, did any of the other tests
turn out anything?

Andrew shakes his head, balls his hands up into tight fists.

ANDREW
We're not giving up hope.

QUINN
Life sucks huh?

JULIE
(hissing at Quinn)
I swear to god if I had a knife
right now I'd stick it in your
head.

Andrew reaches out to Alex, taking a hold of his arm.

ANDREW
It's just a quick little blood
test. Our car is parked right
around the corner. We could do it
there. Ten seconds. Not even that.

Julie and Quinn share a quick look of deep concern between each other.

Quinn snaps both his hands down and peels Andrew's fingers from Alex's arm.

QUINN
Look, we're really sorry about Henry. And we hope you find a match.

NAOMI
(eyes still locked onto Alex)
We just need everyone to do their bit.

Julie takes a couple of flyers from Naomi.

JULIE
We'll help spread the word.

Quinn eases Julie and Alex away from them.

QUINN
(annoyed)
Yeah, good luck.

Naomi goes to follow them, but Andrew reaches out and holds her back.

NAOMI
(desperate)
We're sure the answer is with one of his friends. Another at that school is the answer. It came to me in a dream.

ANDREW
(muttering into her ear)
Enough, stop it. Not here.

NAOMI
There were maybe only five other kids in the whole school who wouldn't do it.
(tears streaming down her face)
If you could just get your son to do it. He might be the match?

QUINN
(dismissive)
Good luck. See you around.

Quinn hurries Julie and Alex away. Turning into an alleyway, just trying to get some distance in between them.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Julie heads off towards a family run bakery. Quinn and Alex race to keep up with her.

QUINN

So, why are you mad at me?

She shakes her head, refusing to turn back around to face him.

JULIE

I've never been so embarrassed.

QUINN

Did you see the way they were looking at Alex?

JULIE

I heard YOU!

QUINN

We need to stay away from them.

JULIE

They're grieving for the love of God.

QUINN

They're deluded.

JULIE

God help you if anything like that happens to Alex.

QUINN

They're freaks.

JULIE

I can't deal with you sometimes.

At the bakery's entrance Julie stops. She takes a moment to compose herself then turns to face Alex.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(putting on a smile)

Sweetie, would you like anything?

ALEX

A Donut.

JULIE

You want to come in?

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX
I'll stay out with Dad.

Quinn winks at Julie.

QUINN
Aren't you going to ask me what I'd like?

JULIE
You get nothing.

She storms off inside.

Quinn puts an arm around Alex.

QUINN
Are you OK?

ALEX
Yeah.

QUINN
Did those people freak you out a little?

Alex nods.

ALEX
Yeah.

QUINN
Maybe your Mom's right. Maybe I do need to be more sensitive.

ALEX
I don't like it when you and Mom argue.

QUINN
Don't worry, it's not all the time.

ALEX
All day yesterday and all day today.

Quinn turns to face the bakery's window, first peeking around trying to find Julie then settling down on the delicious looking cakes on display.

QUINN

It's me. Your Dad just doesn't
think sometimes before he speaks.
(smiling to himself)
You better hope you turn out more
like your Mom. Although I've got a
better sense of humour. Your Mom's
just got better everything else.

Quinn turns back around, but Alex isn't there. Quinn's face
turns sour. It takes a couple of seconds for everything to
click.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Alex?

He's nowhere to be seen.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(full panic taking over)
Alex. Where are you? You know not
to walk off.

Quinn takes a couple of steps to the left, then to the right.
His eyes desperately scanning everywhere.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(shouting)
Alex!

Quinn runs to the bakery's entrance. Sticking his head
inside.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(screaming)
Julie, get out here now!

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Andrew and Naomi have a hold of Alex. Andrew has his arms
whilst Naomi battles with his kicking legs.

NAOMI

We just need to test your blood!
It'll only take a minute.

ANDREW

Just get him in the fucking car.

Alex lets out a scream.

ALEX

Dad!

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - DAY

Andrew and Naomi hold Alex down on the backseat. Naomi fumbles around for a syringe.

Quinn appears outside the car. Andrew spots him.

ANDREW

Fuck.

Naomi looks to Andrew, pleading.

NAOMI

I need his blood. He could be the one.

ANDREW

We're in so much fucking trouble.

Quinn races over, banging on the window. Trying to open all the doors from the outside but they're all locked.

QUINN

Hey, you fucking freaks. What the fuck are you doing?

NAOMI

(to Andrew)

Get us out of here.

Andrew climbs into the driver's seat. Naomi finally gets the syringe ready and stabs it into Alex's thigh. Drawing blood.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Quinn is attacking Andrew's car. Punching and kicking it. Alex is fighting to get free, his screams coming out loud and clear.

QUINN

Give me back my son!

Andrew starts the engine and the car speeds off. Quinn stumbles and falls to the cold hard ground. Powerless to stop it. Watching the car turn a corner and disappear.

QUINN (CONT'D)

No!!!

FADE TO BLACK

THE END