

a lecture on the Jacob's Ram, the Tay-Sachs Ram, disrupted

a scissor-curved gift-ribbon, two spongy piles.

MANEIRA [V.O.]

the HEXA gene, the Tay-Sachs mutation site.

the TAY-SACHS RAM now, a BLACK RAM w/ pasted over  
SEARCH RESULTS click-by-click, HEADLINES on the  
wonders of this research victim.

MANEIRA [V.O.]

a family farm in Texas sends us samples  
every Spring, has a herd predisposed.

an INTUBATED KID on a bed now, pale & bald. huge eyes  
looming from a slack face, aww.

can't sit up or crawl. was deaf by three,  
and won't, i'm sad to say, live to seven.

now a pair of brainscans,

Before & After mouse brain. GM2 ganglioside  
excessive on the Left - the red shows the  
poison. reduction on the Right - in mice  
we're near perfecting it, and getting there  
with people.

lights come up, he comes around the podium as the  
T.A. does a half-crouch hustle back to seat.

MANEIRA

a hundred years back it was a name and a

death sentence. fifty years back, we had  
an underlying cause & our first diagnostic,  
& we knew it was inherited.

faces staring out in tiers, earnest & attentive.

in ten years? i hope to stand here telling  
how we cured it.

a hand goes up in back, he nods.

ME

what about the asterisk on the research?

MANEIRA

say again?

ME

the footnote where you mention all the  
animals you murder?

titters, turning heads.

add it to the usual: 'i'd like to thank  
the FDA, GlaxoSmithKline, and oh the  
three thousand juveniles i gassed last  
year' - or do you break their necks?

shushing, now, a hissy LEAVE. rolling eyes & smiles.

MANEIRA

is this guy in our class? know this guy  
from Lab, anyone?

i'm up & heading out, bumping knees, strapping  
backpack on.

ME

hey, you want more guinea pigs?

i pause aneath the EXIT sign.

volunteer YOUR kids.

the paean has his cellphone out, is tracking up  
the carpet step: MANEIRA to the double door, then  
yelling down the corridor.

MANEIRA

I SEE YOU NEAR MY CLASS, I CALL POLICE!

i'm thinking BRIAN COX for this. i met the man once,  
back at TIFF 2009 - a morning-after showing of  
**The Good Heart**, the MULTIPLEX LOBBY bare & bright.

a WIRED-EAR VOLUNTEER awaited his decision re coffee.

our noggins angled up at the over-counter order  
board - it's like i'd sidled up to him to offer  
something witty, something wry about **variety!** it  
frankly seemed awkward & dishonest **not** to speak  
- to **not** say i follow his Filmography, appreciate  
his guilt-laden villainy, his gravity. . .

i **should** have said all that, but i worried it  
would sound fake-effusive so i understated,  
slipped a peppy Neg:

really looking forward to it!

side-wise, he eyed me. **good**, he said -  
gruffly? then back to sussing coffee. a squint  
to squeeze me out from his periphery & whispered  
word to usher of his Royalty -

moreby to ignore me!

i learn the pro craft. am reading, as i write this, the Charlie Kauffman screenplay. am struck how Bri rebuffs him at the Story talk - yet after all: pitchers at O'Shaughnessy's!

i could've done it differently. i maybe should've come to him in private, at his Lab.

ADMIN

i'll pass your email on.

ME

mm, i gotta wonder - what do YOU think of all this?

beyond the sleek Reception: a silver steel door w/ a BIOHAZARD sticker.

i mime with thumb & fingertip.

they snap their necks when done with them. possibly, they gas them.

she's maybe more concerned with:

APPROACHING STEPS & muffled swell of BARITONE-STENTORIAN, a domineering rhetoric.

MANEIRA sweeping in with his PAEAN keeping pace - yet he's a flower now trippin cuz it's GOOD

WILL HUNTING in the Plizz-ace!

i peaceably concede, come toward him, hands arraised.

ME

Professor, hey, i'm sorry how that went today, i shouldn't -

but he's in my face fast, he be fingering my CHEST!

NOW i'm in trouble!

Amy, call security!<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Amy, call JIM OGILVY - the BEST!

