

KAIN AND ABEL-BODIED

Written by

Mimi Oh

OVER BLACK

FADE IN - SUPER:

"Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity;
and I'm not sure about the universe."

-Albert Einstein

FADE OUT - SUPER

Background ambiance—camera BEEPS, followed by a shutter
click. Various VOICES can be heard in the background
simultaneously.

INT. TELEVISION SET - NIGHT

An older man sits behind a talk show desk, adjusting to
present himself (DR. PHILIP OZSIN, middle-aged, dressed in a
blue power suit, exhausted, Boris Johnson-style dirty-blond
hair).

He uses a lint roller on his shoulders. He tosses it aside,
downs a mug of coffee, and attempts to fix his blown-up
hair. He then blows his nose but stuffs the used tissue into
one of his pockets.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (O.S.)
We're back on in 5...4...3...2...

Rolling.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN
Welcome back to the Ozsin Show,
with your host, Dr. Philip Ozsin.

Cue the APPLAUSE.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN
Before we introduce our next guest,
let us take a moment.

SILENCE is followed. The bright studio lights dim. He stands
up from his desk and, in front of the camera, folds his
hands.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN
(serious)
Every day, millions of Americans
deal with or know someone suffering
from a "disordered condition",
which brings us to today's guest of
the week.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN

He is the number one representative
for autism awareness everywhere and
even received the Presidential
Medal of Freedom...

DR. PHILIP OZSIN

(flattery)

From our great, intelligent,
handsome, and fabulous leader.
Please welcome to the stage Kain
Rainmen of Voice for Autism!

The lights of the set are illuminated again, only blue this time.

Again with the applause. A blue spotlight shines on the other side of the set. A young man awkwardly shuffles out onto the set.

This is KAIN RAINMEN: late 20s, Caucasian, dressed in blue attire (blue denim jeans and a light blue T-shirt) with a white puzzle piece plastered on his shirt, and wearing noise-canceling headphones.

While walking on his way to sit on the guest chair, Kain shields his eyes from the studio lights but persists forward. He sits on the itchy, uncomfortable couch chair. He adjusts himself while sitting, then awkwardly faces the host.

KAIN RAINMEN

Thanks for having me on the show,
Mister.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN

(sweet and syrupy)

Well, aren't you a cutie patootie?

KAIN RAINMEN

Thank you, kind sir. I like trains.

The audience coos in awe. Like they're seeing a puppy. It's infantilizing.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN

How adorable. Now, I understand
that you're a person with autism.

KAIN RAINMEN

Yes. Mother blamed the bad
vaccines. She was devastated and
spent years in ABA.

KAIN RAINMEN

Then, my mommy tried to take extreme action against me. Daddy stopped her just in time.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN

I hear you right there. Those devil-damned vaccines. It's good to hear that ABA was doing wonders for you...unlike those so-called "self-advocates" with all that Radical Left socialist bullcrap about "neurodiversity" by Antifa.

KAIN RAINMEN

Yes, it is bad. My boss at work said it ruins lives. It ruined my mommy's life. Bullies used to beat me. Teachers said my autism was the problem. Ruined my life, not changed it.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN

And I understand what made you become a spokesman for autism awareness?

KAIN RAINMEN

Yes, sir. It was through my mother's research that she found salvation at Parents Against Autism-

DR. PHILIP OZSIN

Voice for Autism! What are you, some derp? Am I right, America?

The inhumanly host chuckles. The live audience erupts in total wave of LAUGHTER along with the host.

KAIN RAINMEN

Sorry, Mister.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN

Oh, to heck with it! I can't stay mad at your cute face.

The audience once again coos in loud awe. Dr. Ozsin turns towards the camera again.

Kain, however, is avoiding eye contact with the camera. He, instead, is rocking back and forth on the couch, trying to scratch the bottom of the couch.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN
 As you can see, my fellow
 Americans, Mr. Rainmen here is
 demonstrating a symptom of severe
 autism. What an odd spectacle.

LAUGHTER again.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN
 I can't even begin to imagine the
 constant strain of dealing with not
 only a crippled body but a crippled
 mind.

The live audience awes in a sympathetic tone.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN
 Which is why, before we end this
 FDA-sponsored segment, I bring to
 you Patetomina!

A middle-aged lady dressed in light blue rolls a table cart
 out to Ozsine. The cart carries LARGE ORANGE PILL BOTTLES.
 Each is filled with pink pill tablets.

DR. PHILIP OZSIN
 Determined to clear it all away?
 Patetomina has got you covered!
 FDA-approved, of course. Together,
 we can stop society from further
 crippling itself into a burden of
 tragedy.
 (pleading)
 Please, I beg of you; don't be a
 Rainmen.

CUT TO:

INT. BAND ROOM - MORNING

MONTAGE BEGINS

--A GUITAR is plugged into an amp.
 --Another is plugged into an amp.
 --Same with another guitar.
 --Someone twirls their drumsticks in the air.
 --The first BEATS of the drums plays.
 --It is finally followed by the HARD GUITAR NOTES.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. BAND ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MIMI JONES (20s, African-American, punk attire, rocking out)
and her band finishes up playing mid verse.

DRUMMER

Okay, that was fucking bad!

BACKGROUND GUITAR PLAYER #2

Ditto to that.

BACKGROUND GUITAR PLAYER #1

Mimi, what did you think we should
do?

She takes off her headphones.

MIMI JONES

Well, truth be told, I think we-

SLAM! The doors swing open. A man dressed in a shirt and a
tie enters. This is DEAN MUSIC (60s, irritated, graying
hair, and Dahmer glasses).

DEAN MUSIC

Well, I see that our tuition
dollars are at work with this
socialist punk garbage.

MIMI JONES

What the hell do you want?

DEAN MUSIC

(sweetly sarcastic)

Aw, isn't that adorable? You can
swear now. Now, aren't you a big
girl now, leading Influx-

DRUMMER

Influx!

DEAN MUSIC

Whatever. Ignorance or not, such vile
language reflects poorly on this
department.

DEAN MUSIC

As for you, Ms. Jones, auditions for Lil Tate's latest song are right around the corner, but I highly doubt your success, given your... condition.

The dean exits the room. Mimi reaches for her Kuromi backpack, which has a rainbow infinity-symbol sticker, and angrily rummages through her stuff. Her bandmates are worried. The drum player goes over to her.

DRUMMER

Hey, MJ, you alright?

MIMI JONES

(frustrated)

I'm fine.

BACKGROUND GUITAR PLAYER #1

Aw, who fricking cares about him and his Boomer shit?

MIMI JONES

It's not that; I'm just damn tired of being reminded again about my "disordered condition".

BACKGROUND GUITAR PLAYER #2

"Disordered condition"? You've been watching that show again, MJ?

MIMI JONES

No, but word of mouth.

MIMI JONES

(sighs)

It's the kind of thing that pisses me off, and how so many people are still buying that load of crap, and they don't even realize it.

MIMI JONES

Society likes to make you into something it wants for its own satisfaction; then what's the point of all of it?

DRUMMER

Well, isn't that point of Influx?

MIMI JONES

Well, duh. Who doesn't like punk?!
It's an expressive medium, just
like us.

MIMI JONES

I want to the world to know who we
are and what Mimi Tina-Turner Jones
is capable.

DRUMMER

Hell yeah! That's our leader!

MIMI JONES

Okay, enough of this ramble ranting
bull, we got a show to rehearse.

This excites the band. They go back to their playing
position. Mimi amps up her instrument.

MIMI JONES

Alright, right from the top again.
3,2,1, Go!

Mimi strums down her guitar.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE OFFICE ROOM - LATER

The door to the office space opens. It's Kain again. He is
wearing a blue T-shirt with the puzzle logo. Below it reads
"VOICE FOR AUTISM".

KAIN RAINMEN

Pardon me, Mrs. Rottons?

An older woman (SUZANNE ROTTONS, white, 50s, wearing a fancy
light-blue top and pants) is in the middle of a Zoom
meeting.

Beside her is a cup of hot coffee with a puzzle logo. Her
Zoom background is blue puzzle pieces, all but one of which
are missing. Some Zoom users also have similar backgrounds.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

What do you want?

She turns her chair around and sees Kain behind her.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

Oh, it's you.

She turns back to her desktop computer.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
Sorry, everyone... Some things
don't respect personal boundaries.

ZOOM USER #1
I know how you feel. My spazzy-ass
son doesn't give a crap about me
time.

ZOOM USER #2
We all feel for you. It's hard
being a special needs parent.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
Excuse me, everyone, but I'm afraid
we have to continue this tomorrow.

Suzanne ends the Zoom meeting all together.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
(irritated)
What do you what?

KAIN RAINMEN
Someone is here to see you...a Miss
Wright.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
Well, don't just stand around
looking demented. Bring her in.

Kain lets in a woman with honey-blond straight hair,
carrying a computer bag.

This is ANN WRIGHT (early 40s, white, light blue sweater,
matching jeans & heels, cheery smile).

SUZANNE ROTTONS
(suprised)
It can't be...

Suzanne goes to shake hands with Ann.

ANN WRIGHT
Annabelle Wright, from Disability
Salvation. Please call me Ann. It's
great to meet you, Mrs. Rotttons.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
The pleasure is mine, and please,
call me Sue.

ANN WRIGHT

Well, I don't hope you don't sue me
afterward.

Both women laugh. Kain joins in, too. Ann and Suzanne stop
laughing upon hearing him chuckle along.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

Excuse me, but who permitted you to
laugh at Miss Wright?!

KAIN RAINMEN

Oh, right, sorry, Sue.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

That's Mrs. Rotttons, you defective
cretin!

Kain reels back in shame, eyes glued to the floor below, on
the verge of tears.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

Don't start that with me again!
What are you, 6 years old? Why
don't you leave this to the grown-
ups, okay, sweetie?

Kain nervously nods. She softly pets his head.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

That's a good boy.

Kain quietly exits the room. He snuffles a little, which was
noticed by Suzanne and Ann. Suzanne laughs at the notion.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

Fucking spaz. Always has to be so
fucking sensitive to everything.

Suzanne sits right back down in her front chair. Ann pulls
out a chair from the left-end counter with a yellow sign
pointing down, reading "RESERVED FOR KAIN", to a STOOL
underneath. Ann takes a seat in front of the desk.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

I'm sorry you had to see that.
(crocodile tears)
That is what I have to deal with
every single day of my life.
Reminds me of my precious little
boy before that monstrous disease
took away everything innocent about
him.

ANN WRIGHT
I'm so sorry to hear that.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
(sniffing)
Thank you so much.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
(stops sniffing)
Now, then, what brings you here?

ANN WRIGHT
I'm glad you asked.

She pulls her iPad out of her case. After turning it on, she opens a video app. She clicks on a video, and it displays distorted clips of a "broken lifestyle." After 1:30 seconds, the video ends.

ANN WRIGHT
It's not much, but it's a start to
our next big thing.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
"Next big thing"?

ANN WRIGHT
I'm in the process of putting
together a documentary to advertise
our new alliance program for folks
from either a handicapped or an
able-bodied background, as a way to
offer "inspiration" and "hope" to
people like us who feel a lack of
meaning.

ANN WRIGHT
I will be hosting interviews next
week for participants with autism.
All we're asking for is additional
funding from Voice for Autism.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
An alliance program?

She shudders.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
(aggravated)
With the God-for-saken defects?

ANN WRIGHT
Also, there will be large amounts
of donations coming your way.

This is enough to interest Suzanne.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

Suzanne pulls out a checkbook and pen.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

Okay, how much money are we
talking?

FADE TO:

EXT. PLAZA CENTER - AFTERNOON - LATER

In the humid May weather, Ann is seated at a table
underneath a tarp.

Kain stands next to her, wearing noise-canceling headphones.
A rotating fan is cooling her down, plugged into the nearest
outlet.

In front of her is a long line of mainly white males. They
range in age from high school to college. Mimi is seen
standing in line behind the next person.

They are all standing in line in the hot sun, some of them
sweating. One of the attendees stands up and walks away from
the table.

ANN WRIGHT

Next!

Another attendee walks up front and takes a seat in front of
Ignorant Ann. She starts her phone timer.

ANN WRIGHT

Please state your name, age,
diagnosis, and occupation.

ATTENDEE #31

(monotone)

Rayman. Age 18. I have Asperger's,
and I'm a senior at Los Angeles Sr.
High.

Ann is taking down notes on her clipboard.

ANN WRIGHT

Well, good job on reaching that
milestone, honey!

ATTENDEE #31
I appreciate the applause, as I'm currently on an IEP.

ANN WRIGHT
Do you consider yourself as either high or low functioning?

ATTENDEE #31
Probably high. My math scores are pretty good. Math is my only stronghold. I'm very proud of myself.

Ann continues taking notes on her clipboard.

ANN WRIGHT
(high-pitched)
Yes, you are.

They continues to resume their conversation until the phone timer BEEPS! Time is up. The two finish their time together.

Mimi comes up to the table.

ANN WRIGHT
The rap video auditions are on the other side of the plaza.

MIMI JONES
Actually, I'm here for the interview.

ANN WRIGHT
Young lady, auditions for "Honey, Give It All You Got" are at Building 69. Plus, this is only for people with autism.

MIMI JONES
That's great, because I'm autistic-

ANN WRIGHT
"Person with autism"! Put the individual first and foremost.

Mimi rolls her eyes sarcastically.

ANN WRIGHT
Also, sweetie, you don't appear to have autism.

MIMI JONES

Oh, really? Define the appearance of autism.

ANN WRIGHT

Why are you verbal, and I don't see you wearing headphones? Also, do you like trains as much as Mr. Rainmen here?

MIMI JONES

Oh, I see—that type. Not sorry to break it to you, but I ain't no Good Doctor.

Mimi dumps out several items from her mini-backpack: FIDGET CUBE, WORRY STONE, STRESS BALL, and a CUPCAKE-SHAPED POP-IT. Kain grabs the Fidget Cube. He begins tinkering with it. He does this while rocking back and forth.

MIMI JONES

I do that a lot, which is why I carry these with me everywhere I go.

KAIN RAINMEN

Really? Is that how you found out you were suffering from autism?

MIMI JONES

I was diagnosed when I was in high school.

Mimi takes a seat down on the spare chair.

KAIN RAINMEN

How did your parents cope with the painful challenges that came with autism?

MIMI JONES

They adjusted our home to make it more autism-friendly. It wasn't easy, but it ended up being manageable.

KAIN RAINMEN

How did it feel to suffer from autism? Did it ruin your life and make your parents' lives even harder?

MIMI JONES

Autistic or non-autistic, my
parents were able to provide the
best support needed for me to learn
the skills essential for better
management.

Kain grips his hands tightly, where his knuckles turn even
whiter. He is breathing very intensely. Is it possible to
love being "autistic"?

KAIN RAINMEN

So, what you're saying is that
having autism in a wonderful life?

MIMI JONES

Holy shit, are you okay?

KAIN RAINMEN

(intense)

You said a bad word.

MIMI JONES

Here, try this.

Mimi hands Kain a stress ball. He squeezes the hell out of
the stress ball. Meanwhile, Ann continues to watch the
intense scene with worry.

ANN WRIGHT

Kain, honey, why don't you go to
the nearest playground?

KAIN RAINMEN

But you're not my mother.

Ann makes an AUTHORITATIVE GRUNT while pointing in the
direction of the park.

KAIN RAINMEN

Yes, ma'am.

Kain takes off to the park.

MIMI JONES

You know he's not a fucking kid,
lady.

ANN WRIGHT

Trust me, I did do my autism
research, after all.

MIMI JONES

Well, this has been fun.

She begins standing up to leave.

MIMI JONES
See you never, Ignorant Ann.

Mimi takes off. Something drops from her jacket. Ann goes to pick it up. It's a flyer titled in bold red letters "Accessibility for All," with inclusive symbols plastered throughout.

Ann ponders over flyer with intrigue and pulls out her phone and dials a number to call.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

EVA ROBINSON (50s, African-American, plus-size) drives in and steps out of her car with her STICKER-COVERED CANE and into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

HELEN LUDWIG (30s, white, and professionally dressed), ALEXIS & ALEXANDER MCGLASHEN (30s, Homely attire, Down Syndrome), LUNA ROSE (40s, 4 ft & 1 inch, bright red lipstick), and JOHN MCBRIDE (20s, wheelchair user, Ivory Sisters T-shirt, stiff limbs) sit together in a circle chatting with a few others.

Next to them is a sign that reads "Accessibility For All: In Session". Underneath, more words are colorfully spelled out in bullet points:

Today's agenda:

- Accommodations
- Support need labels
- Activities of daily living
- Acceptance vs. Awareness
- Project #REDinstead

EVA ROBINSON
Sorry, I'm late. I had to pick up my granddaughter from her soccer practice.

HELEN LUDWIG
 (signing)
 It's alright. I helped with setting
 up the meeting.

EVA ROBINSON
 (signing back)
 Thanks, I appreciate it.

HELEN LUDWIG
 You're welcome, but let me remind
 everyone that I can read lips.

EVA ROBINSON
 Damn it, I keep forgetting.
 (chuckles)
 Forgive me, my mind was all over
 the place today.

LUNA ROSE
 I hear that. I was working on a
 demand-driven basis for my latest
 chapter series.

ALEXIS MCGLASHEN
 I wrote agenda board-suggestions
 from Alex.

Her husband affectionately leans on her shoulder.

ALEXANDER MCGLASHEN
 I can't take all of credit. Alexis
 the Great came to me with this.

The two share a passionate kiss. John is viewing a marketing
 graph on his iPad that is mounted on his wheelchair.

JOHN MCBRIDE
 How soon can we start the meeting?
 I have an advertising outline due
 tomorrow night.

EVA ROBINSON
 Soon. I just have to...

Eva silently counts everyone who is here. Eva looks and sees
 that one chair is empty. Someone is absent from the group.

EVA ROBINSON
 Not yet, actually. We're missing
 one more. Where is-

The doors to the building SLAM open! It's Kain and Ann, along with Ann's camera crew, carrying loads of filming equipment. Ann instructs her crew to set up.

EVA ROBINSON
Excuse me, but this is a
confidential meeting! Please leave
immediately.

ANN WRIGHT
Pardon me, miss-

EVA ROBINSON
I'm married!

ANN WRIGHT
Right, then, Mrs., my name is
Annabelle Wright from Disability
Salvation.

EVA ROBINSON
Disability Salvation? Oh, Hell nah!
Take that "salvation" bullcrap
someplace else, Ignorant Ann!

ANN WRIGHT
Actually...

Ann pulls out a slip of paper and shows it up on Eva's
personal space.

ANN WRIGHT
My boss permitted me to film here
at this... You call this a group?
How sad.

Mimi rushes in.

HELEN LUDWIG
(sarcastically signs)
Look who finally decides to roll
in.

MIMI JONES
Sorry, I was so deep into band
practice, that I-

She sees that Ann is here, too.

MIMI JONES
Ugh, you again?! Why the fuck are
you here?

ANN WRIGHT
Bad girl. No need to shout bad
words at me.

MIMI JONES
I'm 21, lady.

ANN WRIGHT
(sweetly)
Right you are.

Mimi rolls her eyes while the Group groans.

ANN WRIGHT
Anyhow, how about we get right into
filming?

JOHN MCBRIDE
Filming?

ANN WRIGHT
Let me run this down so some of
y'all can understand.

The attendees become a little annoyed upon hearing the last
line.

ANN WRIGHT
In honor of Autism Awareness Month-

MIMI JONES
Autism Acceptance Month!

ANN WRIGHT
I'm sorry, but who gave you the
right to interrupt when the grown-
ups are speaking?

KAIN RAINMEN
Acceptance...month?

Hearing Kain repeating what Mimi said, Ann brings out a
SPRAY BOTTLE and spritz it at Kain, like a disobedient dog.

It irritates Kain's eyes a bit and goes to the nearest
bathroom.

ANN WRIGHT
As I was saying, for Autism
Awareness Month, my organization is
in the middle of a collaboration
with Voice for Autism.

ALEXIS MCGLASHEN
(concerned)
Voice for Autism?

ANN WRIGHT
It's an alliance between the
handicapped and able-bodied.

LUNA ROSE
Handicapped?

JOHN MCBRIDE
Able-bodied?

The other attendees start at each other with hesitance. Kain comes back, wiping his eyes with a wet paper towel.

ANN WRIGHT
And so, we're shooting a
documentary about the lives of
burdensome folk.

EVA ROBINSON
Burdensome? Look, I don't think we
need your-

HELEN LUDWIG
(signing)
Wait, Eva! This is an opportunity
for Project #REDinstead to gain
more attention.

EVA ROBINSON
I don't know. Does everyone agree
with this?

The attendees agrees to at least give it a try, despite giving each other looks of uncertainty.

ANN WRIGHT
Very good, my little gumdrops!
Let's get this show on the road.

The film crew starts to get the cameras ready.

One by one, Ann interviews each member of the Group while the camera crew records, and she takes notes.

Kain watches as each shares about their corresponding disability and what they do for a living.

Hearing all the mentions of "adjustment" and "management", along with self-acceptance, Kain twitches a bit and breathes fiercely.

Upon seeing Mimi's stimming tools, he takes one (A TWISTY FIDGET) and rushes out of there.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

There, he tinkers with with it profoundly. However, when he stills feels his emotions going haywire.

He angrily throws the Twist Fidget against the door. He turns on the faucets.

Then, he grips the counter for dear life as he intently looks down at the sink, and the faucets run water while he hyperventilates. The world around him sounds like a blur.

In his mind, he is overwhelmed by intrusive thoughts about autism.

He lowers his head even further down. He is heard sniffing and sobbing. The water is still running.

FADE TO BLACK.

INSERT SUPER: "THE NEXT WEEK..."

SUZANNE ROTTONS (O.C.)
Useless!

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE OFFICE ROOM - MORNING

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

Suzanne is talking on the office phone. She is blowing a gasket on the phone call. She is going over the video interviews.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
This is what you get me...empathic
and meaningful flop?!

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE OFFICE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANN WRIGHT (O.S.)
(through the phone)
I'm sorry. They probably had no
idea what they were saying.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
 You see, this is why individuals
 like us shouldn't even be
 associated with... them.

Kain peeks through the door. He listens to Suzanne rant on and on in a mocking manner about "neurodiversity," like Philip Ozsin. Must be a big fan of his.

Kain turns to leaves. He unintentionally makes a SMALL THUMP.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
 Who's there?

Kain freezes in place in complete terror.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
 Kain, is that you?

Kain thinks for a moment and takes a deep breath in.

KAIN RAINMEN
 (assertive)
 Yes.

Suzanne is taken back by his change in tone.

Kain brings himself to her office, only this time, not feeling like his usual self. Suzanne seems to notice his change in demeanor.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
 Boy, what is this? Tell me, how
 long have you been with us?

KAIN RAINMEN
 Why does it matter?

SUZANNE ROTTONS
 It matters, boy, it matters. Here's
 how things work around here: You
 put on a mask of a lost boy taken
 by this vile disease that ruined
 your mother's life. The more you
 play this role, the more donations
 we receive from the cures we
 sponsor. And you know how much
 money we make from these miracles?

Suzanne brings out familiar bottles filled with pink pills. They're all plastered with the Ozsin Show logo.

KAIN RAINMEN

Zero.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

Excuse me?

KAIN RAINMEN

That's how much we only made
because the parents confirmed it;
still didn't do the fix-it bullshit
Philip bastard promised.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

It's simple. We turn to the money
left over and advertise it as "part
of the process," and those dumb-ass
media & parent groups buy into that
crap.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

How else were you bestowed the
Presidential Medal of Freedom?
Also, since when do you swear now?
Bad boy!

She grabs a familiar spray bottle from her bookshelf,
intending to use it on Kain, like Ann from before. However,
he smacks the bottle out of her hand.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

You fucking cretin! What the hell?!

KAIN RAINMEN

I...am...done.

SUZANNE ROTTONS

Done with what?

KAIN RAINMEN

I'm done with you.

He takes out his MEDAL from his pocket.

KAIN RAINMEN

I'm done with this Goddamn medal.

He smacks it down on her desk.

KAIN RAINMEN

All my life, I was told that being
an autistic person-

SUZANNE ROTTONS

Person with autism-

KAIN RAINMEN
I wasn't finished yet!

Suzanne continues listening while her eyes roll.

KAIN RAINMEN
For all my life, since childhood, I was told that my neurodivergence was this monster that stole my life and the lives of the people around me. Then I was given hope that I could make it go away miraculously and that I could live a normal life. But you and everyone else in my life are wrong about everything you thought about the autistic experience. Therefore, I am DONE with Parents Against Autism!

Kain takes off his Voice for Autism T-shirt. He goes towards the door.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
For Christ's sake, put your uniform back on and get back here this instant... and it's Voice For Autism!

KAIN RAINMEN (O.C.)
Should've thought of keeping the old name.

Just like that, her moneymaker is gone. Upset, Suzanne dials the phone again.

SUZANNE ROTTONS
Hi, this is Suzanne Rotttons.
(disappointed)
Oh boy, the shareholders aren't gonna be happy about this.

FADE OUT.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - EVENING

It is Mimi and the Group back at the meeting, with the same agenda board. Each is wearing a T-shirt that represents their respective disability. Kain is wearing a red T-shirt with a pastel neurodiversity symbol on the logo.

They all come together and begin to recite the Serenity Prayer. Afterward, they sit back at their seats.

EVA ROBINSON
Now then, who would like to start?

Kain raises his hand freely and begins to share.

CUT TO BLACK