

NO SYMPTOMS

written by

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08/09/2019

205-344-0091

OVER BLACK

FADE IN:

THE SOUND OF - An automated voice.

We are about to join conference call in progress. Please hold.

Quick beat. Then a tone.

CUT TO:

INT. GLASS CONFERENCE ROOM - CHIC AD AGENCY - TIME UNKNOWN

This call will decide *the* director of *the* GIANT DIAPER CAMPAIGN. THE CREATIVES go to bat against THE CLIENT to fight for their choice on the job.

The client has reviewed THREE OPTIONS from the agency.

JOHAN, the agency art-director, reminds the client of their open brief approach, allowing for a broad range of ideas to chose from (aka - they didn't put together a script and passed the buck to the directors)

THE FIRST OPTION - a safe, traditional veteran commercial director. It's got a comedy spin, in which babies rule the world.

ON THE PHONE - The client chuckles.

MIKE, the creative director, rolls his eyes and motions his team to speed things along.

THE SECOND OPTION - A young woman with a high follower count. Flash and no substance, plus she's less experienced...*but* the creatives remind the client that she is the cheapest option. Her hiring will generate a positive social media splash. A value offering. Younger. Easier to control.

ON THE PHONE - TOM, a senior-executive, steps in to cut through the bullshit. This is a big campaign and he wants it done right. They're not looking for *that* kind of risk.

THE JUNIOR CREATIVES salivate. It's all going to plan. They've been waiting for this - their trump card.

THE THIRD OPTION is very exciting, the creatives say, almost as if they're warning Tom. This guy - well, this guy has what you're looking for. He has the vision. The edge. The

authenticity.

They pour it on nice and thick. He is KEVIN, and by reputation, quite the youthful visionary and artist.

After some pause, the executive asks why they need a youthful visionary to sell their diapers. He explains that they are a midwestern company and represent middle American values. Johan looks to his copy-writer/partner, NASSIM, for an answer. They're frozen.

MIKE steps in to save the pitch. He reminds the client of their stated brand goal to demonstrate their social value. Now is not a time for laughter, but a time for change. Our audience knows that. No, they *demand* it.

It's a *strong* push. The job is awarded. Kevin will direct.
APPLAUSE ERUPTS

CUT TO BLACK:

THE SOUND OF - SILENCE

FADE IN:

"NINE DAYS LATER"

FADE IN:

INT. ROOM 1593 - THE MIRAGE - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

ON THE TV - Blue Planet II.

Sir David Attenborough narrates a deep ocean expedition into the abyss. His narration continues over the scene.

ON THE BED - Kevin on his phone.

ON HIS PHONE - Raya. Swiping

...Face...after face...after face.

HIS FINGERS - sorting

HIS EYES - scanning

ON HIS PHONE - a text from JEN, the producer.

JEN PRODUCER

Did you watch the casting links yet.
Need an answer ASAP.

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF THE LAPTOP - Kevin watches
ON THE SCREEN - young attractive women audition for the part.
Reading...after reading...after reading.
ON HIS MESSGAGES - a new text from Johan.

 JOHAN (TEXT)
what do u think???

 KEVIN (TEXT)
not seeing it.

 JOHAN (TEXT)
seeing what?

 KEVIN (TEXT)
authenticity

 JOHAN (TEXT)
really? thought there were some good
options

 KEVIN (TEXT)
i'm not looking for "good options"

"..." from Johan then nothing. Kevin switches to tinder. Blue Planet continues. Some time passes. Then...

 JEN PRODUCER (TEXT)
hey...

 JEN PRODUCER (TEXT)
did you get smart with the agency?
Johan said you hated everybody we
showed you.

 JEN PRODUCER (TEXT)
and I'm starting to get the feeling
you just like saying "no" and shitting
on whatever anyone shows you.

 JEN PRODUCER (TEXT)
This isn't really fair to pull these
kinds of stunts in the 11th hour and
expect everyone else will simply jump
into action all around you because you
decided to finally lift a finger. the

bottom line is we have a shoot
tomorrow with no approved casting,
script, or locations.

A beat.

KEVIN (TEXT)
let's discuss over dinner?

He sends winking face emoji. She responds with the eye-roll.

JEN PRODUCER (TEXT)
burgers or sushi?

A beat

KEVIN (TEXT)
Don't care

JEN PRODUCER (TEXT)
Great. Now you don't care. Pick one.

KEVIN (TEXT)
Sushi.

JEN PRODUCER (TEXT)
See you in ten

CUT TO:

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - 20 MINUTES LATER

Kevin listens to chit-chat around the table between
production team and the ad agency. Bad shoots. Nightmare
clients. Gossip. Meditation and drugs. Healers and weekends
in Joshua Tree or Woodstock to unplug.

The sound of his name brings him back to attention.

KEVIN
What? I wasn't listening.

EVERYONE ELSE
We know. What's the plan for tomorrow?

He looks at his sushi. A beat. He's got *it*...

KEVIN
Here's what we do...

Kevin launches an improvised a pitch. They'll by-pass all the

fake commercial shit to "get real". They'll strip everything down. Real people. Political and now. Totally raw. Like sushi. It's total bullshit, and they love it. They love Kevin. They love the sushi.

Kevin gives the producer a look - an "I told you so."

INT. THE MIRAGE - 15TH FLOOR HALLWAY - AFTER DINNER

WE FOLLOW KEVIN DOWN THE HALLWAY, clacking away on his phone.

He passes room...after room...after room.

A text...

JEN PRODUCER (TEXT)

Very cute. Get some sleep.

He responds with the smiley face shades emoji but hits the end of the hallway shortly after. He's gone too far.

CUT TO:

A PEEP HOLE - INSIDE ROOM 1503 - MOMENTS LATER

A bit of light pokes through but Kevin steps in its way. We HEAR the door key and the handle twist.

CUT TO:

ON THE BED - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kevin scrolling in the dark. It's reminiscent of the Blue Planet episode.

ON HIS PHONE - a new text.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)

When are you back?

A beat.

KEVIN (TEXT)

Oh hi...

KEVIN (TEXT)

Tomorrow.

KEVIN (TEXT)

Late though. What are you still doing up?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Can I come see you?

KEVIN (TEXT)
Not back until Friday. Aren't you off?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Yeah.

She follows up with a frown emoji.

KEVIN (TEXT)
I've got kind of like a work party thing that night but let's hang in the day? Be a bum with me.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Perfect.

A beat.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Can I talk to you about something that's stressing me out?

He drafts then deletes..

KEVIN (TEXT)
Yeah, everything okay?

Instead, he sends...

KEVIN (TEXT)
U crap your pants at work again?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
funny

KEVIN (TEXT)
Alright, alright, alright. I surrender. What is it?

A long "... " then...

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
So you know how we talked about being safe with other people? I've been thinking it this week while you were gone and realizing maybe I wasn't really always as careful this summer, and I'd really like to get tested

before we have sex again because i
don't want to put you at risk of
anything and i'm just nervous and
irresponsible.

A beat.

KEVIN (TEXT)
Alarmed face emoji.

KEVIN (TEXT)
Are you having any symptoms of
something?

"..." then nothing.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
No.

CUT TO:

THE BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Kevin inspects his junk. He pulls the waist band of his
Calvin Klein boxer-briefs back and shines his phone light
into the chasm.

CUT TO:

HIS WINDOW VIEW - The Vegas lights. It's all fake.

FADE IN:

TITLE - "NO SYMPTOMS"

Hold until...

MATCH CUT TO:

SAME VIEW - THE NEXT MORNING

We HEAR vomiting in the bathroom.

CUT TO:

VIDEO VILLAGE - LATER THAT MORNING

Jen receives updates from the AD after a take.

JEN PRODUCER
 (nodding along)
 You think it's the sushi?

Behind her, the agency and client confer in whispers around the monitor. Grave looks on their faces. Jen approaches.

JEN PRODUCER
 (to the agency and client)
 Alright - what do we think?

CUT TO:

SET - NEXT MOMENT

Kevin's wondered off to the side for some privacy while he receives notes via walkie. He nods along. It's not working and everyone knows it. They're not getting "the moment".

KEVIN
 (over walkie)
 Copy that. Over.

He heads back to set. We FOLLOW him to reveal the mess he's made. Pressures on now. He *must* pull a false moment from these real people to sell the diapers.

He looks into their eyes.

KEVIN
 Alright, that was great. You guys are awesome thank you so much, it's all really, *really* good. Just a few tweaks...

A beat.

He vomits.

CUT TO:

THE ROAD - RUSHING BENEATH US

Over this image, a text comes in.

ALLISON BUMBLE(TEXT)
 How'd the shoot go?

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR

THE BACKSEAT - Kevin, with headphones in.

KEVIN (TEXT)

Fine.

Lies.

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR - THE FEMALE DRIVER'S EYES. On speaker phone, she argues with another woman (maybe her mother) about the location of a misplaced wallet. She's not a good driver.

KEVIN (TEXT)

holy fuck. this uber driver is crazy.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)

What's his deal?

BESIDE KEVIN - An empty child's car seat.

KEVIN (TEXT)

Her. We're almost out of gas. Then her card got declined. The we drove across town to meet a woman in a gravel lot behind Arby's to get a different card. Now she's arguing with her mom about a wallet.

KEVIN (TEXT)

I might miss my flight.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)

But noo...

There's a selfie attached.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)

Feeling cute AF at the clinic.

KEVIN (TEXT)

So what's the game plan. Hang out as friends until we get tested and resume shoving our junk together?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)

Sure. I mean if we have something we have something, right lol??

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
in irresponsible about this stuff
though.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
*I'm irresponsible

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
God, I need to proofread my texts.

Another image. A medical questionnaire.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
I can lie about drug questions on this
thing right?

A beat.

KEVIN (TEXT)
Have you ever been to a doctor?

CUT TO:

EXT. A LUXURY BUILDING IN BUSHWICK - NIGHT

Kevin, washed in the red brake lights of another uber, hauls his duffle from the trunk. We hear sirens from the nearby hospital.

There is a HOMELESS MAN passed out on the sidewalk near his building. Trash all around. Kevin walks around him to reach the door.

INT. KEVIN'S BUILDING - GROUND ENTRANCE

Kevin enters. The siren fades as the door closes behind him.

THE MAILBOX - He opens it - it's stuffed.

He gives the pile a quick scan - credit card bills and something from the IRS.

He closes it and heads up stairs.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dark and washed in electric glow.

We hear Attenborough again and the sounds of the deep ocean emanating from Netflix. As he goes on...

CUT ACROSS:

VARIOUS DETAILS in Kevin's apartment. All the right stuff.

ON THE COFFEE TABLE - Seamless takeout boxes and a spent bowl.

ON THE COUCH - Kevin scrolls, texts, and tinders. So many lines out. Allison texts again.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
hey dummy. did u make the flight???

A beat. He sends the frown emoji.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
fuck

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
did they rebook you?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
When's the next flight?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Did you call Uber yet? You should call them. get that bitch fired for real.

Kevin sends the shrug emoji. This is getting old.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
I'm being serious. I know you're trying to be nice or whatever but that's crazy. How much money did it cost you?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
How long is the flight?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
When do you land?

KEVIN (TEXT)
Are you robbing me rn?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
I want to come see you.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Make your bad day better.

A beat.

KEVIN (TEXT)
Won't be until way later. Boarding
now.

No response from her.

KEVIN (TEXT)
Still on tomorrow though?

"..." then nothing. He goes back to THE ENDLESS SCROLL of netflix, tinder, raya, instagram, texts, twitter. It all blurs together. A slow candy-colored scroll, designed to put a baby to sleep.

Kevin drifts off into the night.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK - DEEP OCEAN NOISES

FADE IN:

KEVIN'S FIRST DREAM

***note - these dreams aren't clear to me yet but they will blend with the deep ocean / Blue Planet / scrolling theme.**

CUT TO:

THE COUCH - NEXT MORNING

Kevin wakes.

ON THE TV SCREEN - Netflix. "Are you still watching"

IN HIS HAND - a dead phone. He plugs into...

AN ELECTRICAL OUTLET - for juice.

CUT TO:

THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Piss. Pills. Drops. Flush.

BACK TO:

THE COUCH

He checks his missed messages

ON HIS PHONE - a few from Allison.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Was in the hood.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Thought I saw your light on.

He cringes at his obvious lie, but there's more. THREE IMAGES. Before tapping to download, he slides them over to check the timestamp - 5:22 a.m.

THE IMAGES - he taps to download.

KEVIN'S EYES WIDEN. A beat for deliberation and response.

He sends the "blinking man gif" - a classic. Followed by...

KEVIN (TEXT)
Jesus. Going to sleep or waking up?

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Ugh...lol...sorry. I wake up super early and horny after drinking.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)
Lucky perk I guess.

She follows it up with the winking face emoji. Kevin, with some mixture of arousal and disgust, replies.

KEVIN (TEXT)
Come over around 2.

CUT ACROSS:

The following preparations...

THE BEDROOM

Kevin changes the sheets.

THE BATHROOM

He cleans the toilet lid. Showers and grooms himself.

THE LIVING ROOM

He lights a candle.

THE KITCHEN

He bags the trash.

OUTSIDE TRASHCANS

He cans the trash.

THE KITCHEN

He washes the dishes. We hear water rushing from the sink, another siren in the distance, and the faint impression of music from his headphones.

Suddenly - We hear THE BUZZER. He does not hear this or anything else.

It buzzes AGAIN and AGAIN.

Then a text in his pocket.

ALLISON BUMBLE (TEXT)

Buzz me in dummy

CUT TO:

TOP OF THE STAIRS - LOOKING DOWN - We see her hand slide around the rail, spiraling up to us. Her steps are slow and heavy.

IN THE DOORWAY - Kevin waits.

HIS POV - TOP OF THE STAIRS - she summits and we see her for the first time.

Allison is a pretty girl, but she's got a cough. It's always something with her. This week it's a wrist cast on her left side. She's got on some old doc martens and high waisted light-wash jeans over a sheer, nearly see-through leotard. When combined with her red lipstick and cat-eye, it's bordering on a costume. She gets a kick out of these homemade get-ups though. She often starts conversations with "You won't believe what happened on the way over." That energy follows her. Things in general seem to follow her, and she follows trouble.

She dumps a fixie bike off her shoulder to the ground and

wheels it right past Kevin and THROUGH THE DOORWAY and INTO THE KITCHEN. As she passes...

ALLISON
(out of breath)
Water.

She's especially hoarse today. Kevin spins to watch her go by.

HIS POV - She leans the bike against the wall the dumps her backpack and helmet on the floor too.

Without skipping a beat she slips the leotard off both her sweaty shoulders to become topless. She takes a glass from the cabinet and the brita from the fridge. We FOLLOW THE GLASS to HER LIPS.

Gulp.

Gulp.

Gulp.

Gone. The whole thing.

She pours another.

When she's done with that one, she approaches Kevin. Presses her body into his and kisses him without speaking a word.

When it's over...

ALLISON
(seductively)
Is that allowed?

KEVIN'S FACE - he pauses to consider.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM - AFTER SEX - DUSK

They share a joint. Conversation about the passing time. Hard to tell what time it is. He should probably get going soon. She gets weird and pouty. Things are starting to feel strained between them but it's interrupted by the smell of shit. Literal shit or maybe a dead animal. Kevin stands to find his nice sheets covered in shit from her heel. The hobo outside - she must've tracked it in.

His sheets. Ruined. He fumes. Maybe she should leave.

Mortified and humiliated, Allison excuses herself to pee.

IN THE BATHROOM - She pees.

IN THE TOILET - Urine. A little cloudy. Maybe dehydrated. She flushes.

IN THE KITCHEN - She takes a NEW GLASS from the CLEAN DISHES beside the sink.

She opens the fridge.

INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR - it's empty, except the brita and some seamless containers. She grabs the brita.

She drains the brita and returns it to the empty fridge. When she closes the door and A CARD - wedged behind another card - falls to the floor. She picks it up

ON THE CARD

Hi bb -

I got you some morning time treats.

They're in the fridge for you. I am SO

PROUD OF YOU. Can't wait for New

Years. Good luck today!

- xoxo,

HOLD ON - her face.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM DOORWAY - Allison watches Kevin strip the sheets. Her demeanor softens. She approaches and pulls him down to sit with her on the bare mattress. She takes his hand in hers. It's *unusually* tender.

ALLISON

Can I come to the party tonight?

KEVIN - Confused. Processing. Hesitating again.

CUT TO:

BUSHWICK STREETS - WALKING TO THE PARTY - NIGHT

Music pulsing. The party must be close. Kevin strolls along. Allison dances a victory lap around him.

ALLISON

(singing)

I'm going to the paaa-rrrty...

I'm gonna meet your frii-eeends...

I'm gonna kiss your faaa-aace...

Kevin stops.

KEVIN

Hey listen..

***note - there'll be a quick dialogue here where he checks her expectations about being his "date" tonight. He says he'll have to "circulate". It's a big night for him. She says, "fine" but seems to take it as a challenge to something.**

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE PARTY

CLOSE UP - Kevin, distracted from conversation.

HIS POV - Allison dancing. Uninhibited. Lost. He sees flashes of the aquatic creatures in the deep ocean.

KEVIN

Excuse me.

He exits.

CUT TO:

A GROUP OF SMOKERS OUTSIDE THE PARTY

Kevin joins the real smokers and pulls out a JUUL E-CIG.

***note - leaving the nature of the smoker-circle discussion open, but it will probably revolve around certain cultural observations and a debate over Allison's behavior - whether he has invited this chaos.**

Someone rushes in. There's been an accident - some drunk girl fell and knocked over the speaker system.

He turns to a friend.

KEVIN

Do you ever feel like some nights go
on...and on..and on...

CUT TO:

***note - consider this scene under construction.**

THE NIGHT SKY

We're moving. A street lamp passes over head. Then another.
Light...after light...after light.

INSIDE THE UBER

ALLISON watches the lights.

KEVIN watches Allison.

THE DRIVER watches Kevin. He kicks them out because he cannot
risk the cleaning fee if she barfs. An argument ensues.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK BUSHWICK STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The uber pulls over. Kevin gets out and retrieves Allison
from the other side. He slams the door and the driver speeds
off into the night.

CUT ACROSS:

VARIOUS DARK BUSHWHACK STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Their wobbly journey home observed from voyeuristic vantage
points.

***note - I'm especially interested on the intersection of
millennial targeted woke ads and graffiti culture blending
into one as the backdrop of these shots. The ads and messages
they pass.**

KEVIN'S BUILDING - LATER

They stumble inside.

THE STAIRS - NEXT MOMENT

They head up but Allison wants to sit. She's not feeling good. About to blow.

THE DOOR - NEXT MOMENT

Kevin fumbling with his keys. He inserts and twists the handle.

CUT TO:

INSIDE KEVIN'S APARTMENT - NEXT MOMENT

INSIDE THE TOILET - barf splashes.

THE BATHROOM - FROM ABOVE - Kevin holds Allison over the toilet.

IN THE KITCHEN - Kevin runs a glass of water, the same lip-stained one from earlier, under the faucet.

IN THE BATHROOM - There's a lull in the carnage.

KEVIN - Peeking in from the doorway.

KEVIN

Is it over?

ALLISON

(catching her breath)

There's more.

A beat.

ALLISON

(vulnerable)

Will you come in here with me?

A beat. He enters.

He offers her the water but she refuses. She says she has to gag herself to get it done.

Here it comes again...

Kevin shut his eyes until it's over.

When it's over, she rests her head on the toilet bowl. Peaceful. She confesses love to Kevin the way a four-year old might. Admiration of his friends, his life, his work. She had

fun at the party.

A long beat.

She grabs his arm with her puke fingers. Her eyes close.

ALLISON
(nearly sleeping)
I'm sorry about your bath matts.

CUT TO:

IN THE CLOSET - Kevin grabs a towel

IN THE DRESSER - Kevin grabs clean clothes.

IN THE BATHROOM - He pokes his head back in. She's gone.

ON THE COUCH - Allison passed out. He dabs the vomit off her face. She jolts awake and strongly urges him to leave her the fuck alone and let her sleep.

She needs a shower. He doesn't want her on his couch anymore. Too bad she says. He asks her to leave. Fuck off she says. He wants her out. She doesn't care.

KEVIN
Why won't you leave?

ALLISON
(muttering)
Because you invited me..

Defeated, She drifts to sleep and Kevin lays back in defeat. He turns on netflix and fires up a bowl then scrolls through the next few hours, trying to stay awake in case she gets sick. He covers her spread legs with a blanket. He looks for an ex on instagram. He's blocked. He finds her on twitter. Scrolls her tweets. He dozes off.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK - THE SOUND OF - THE DEEP OCEAN

FADE IN:

KEVIN'S SECOND DREAM

***note - TBD**

CUT TO:

ON THE TV - "Are You Still Watching" screen.

ON THE COUCH - Kevin stirs awake. He checks his phone. Around 5:16 a.m.

IN THE KITCHEN - He refills the waters.

BY THE COUCH - He crouches to wake her. She wakes with ease, like nothing happened, and tries to kiss him. There's still some vomit on her mouth. He backs away and tells her to go clean up in the bathroom. He'll be in bed.

***note - the following is a summary of this scene - dialogue will come.**

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT

FROM ABOVE - Kevin strips his shirt off and crawls onto the bare mattress. In the dim light, it looks like the barren ocean floor.

CLOSE UP - Kevin's head on the pillow. Allison comes to bed in the background but we hold focus on Kevin. She strips her clothes off and slides into bed. She wants sex (the waking up horny thing). He wants sleep. She gropes and begs, but he's not interested. She's wet she tells him. That's great he says. She rubs herself and slides her fingers into his mouth to prove it.

He jumps out of the bed. This is too far. He grabs his phone to call her an Uber. Allison talks him down and back into bed.

Kevin slides back into bed and rolls onto his side away from her. She starts up with him again and he rolls over to sit upright. She rolls onto his lap, straddling him. As he scolds her, she puts him inside of her.

Well..it's happening. Kevin watches one of the distant hospital rooms out the window. Allison moans.

When it's over, she dismounts and no one speaks. Kevin rolls onto his side and drifts off again...

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK - THE SOUND OF - THE DEEP OCEAN

FADE IN:

KEVIN'S THIRD DREAM

Kevin dreams about a whale carcass falling to the bottom of the sea where it is devoured by the bottom feeders. Just a pile of bones on the ocean floor.

CLOSE UP - the whale skeleton

MATCH CUT TO:

NEXT MORNING - ALLISON'S FACE - mirroring the position of the bones in the dim morning light. Bloated. Mouth hanging open. Drooling on his pillow.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

TEXT - "FOUR DAYS LATER"

FADE IN:

THE SOUND OF - AN AUTOMATED VOICE

We are about to join another conference call.

CUT TO:

THE GLASS CONFERENCE ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

THE CREATIVES - listen to the client feedback.

ON THE TABLE - Laptops open. Fingers typing.

UNDER THE TABLE - a few creatives covertly text or slack one another during the call. Kevin scratches his nuts.

WIDE - Kevin excuses himself

CUT TO:

A NICE LARGE AGENCY BATHROOM

Kevin enters. It's empty but he heads for a stall anyway.

IN THE TOILET - Pissing. A little cloudy.

KEVIN'S FACE - Perplexed. *Is that unusual?*

BACK TO:

THE CONFERENCE ROOM

Kevin rejoins

ON THE PHONE - The client drones on...and on...and on.

THE CREATIVES - They jot down more notes and swap furtive glances.

UNDER THE TABLE - Kevin checks his messages.

ON HIS PHONE - one new message. It's not a saved contact, but his gmail sync identifies it as "Allison Bundy (maybe)"

He opens it.

ALLISON BUNDY (MAYBE)

Hi...

He checks the time-stamp - three minutes ago.

A long beat.

KEVIN (TEXT)

Hi.

"..." then nothing. Finally...

ALLISON BUNDY (MAYBE)

We need to talk.

A long beat. He types and sends

KEVIN (TEXT)

About what?

ALLISON BUNDY (MAYBE)

About Friday night.

His blood runs cold. A long delay.

KEVIN

Sure. What's up?"

A "..." that lasts forever.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

TITLE - NO SYMPTOMS

