

RACHEL BITES

"In the Bedroom"

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A sunny day. An attractive couple stand facing each other, radiating romance. One, a WOMAN:

WOMAN

Wow, I, like, love you so much.

MAN

(cute; grinning)

Which is it... like... or love?

She shoots vomit on his face and shirt.

INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO - DAY

A watercolor in progress.

The ARTIST squints through a loupe suspended from a headband, and very carefully applies color with a tiny brush, doing detail-work.

He leans back to look at what he's done, then shoots vomit onto the paper.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

People in suits, concluding a business deal, all smiles.

Two of them, a MAN and a WOMAN, shake hands and the Man shoots vomit onto the Woman.

They both keep on smiling as if it didn't happen-- very professional.

The Woman shoots vomit onto the Man.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A room packed full of college students.

Suddenly they all vomit on each other.

CLOSE SHOT: A WEB PAGE - "NOROVIRUS" [FROM THE MERCK MANUAL]

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel studies this web page on her laptop.

Behind her, the stained couch, with a yellow strand of tape: "POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS."

RACHEL
God, I so hope I don't get this.

Wretching sounds from the bathroom, then a moan.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(loud)
Are you okay?

ALLISON (O.S.)
("the horror")
Don't come in here!

BEN (O.S.)
She's gotta stay hydrated.

Ben enters from the kitchen with a cup of tea.

RACHEL
(loud; to Allison)
It lasts about a few hours.

BEN
I read a day and a half.

RACHEL
(hissing at Ben)
Shut up!
(to Allison)
You'll feel better soon!

Ben knocks quietly on the bathroom door.

BEN
Tea?

ALLISON (O.S.)
("alien on board")
Go away!!

She horks like a demon.

Rachel winces.

BEN
(to Rachel)
Tea?

She stands up.

RACHEL
Look, Ben, I need to talk to you.
Seriously.

BEN

Cool.

He goes to sit down on the couch.

RACHEL

Don't sit on that!

BEN

Okay.

RACHEL

I don't know where you're gonna stay.

BEN

No problem.

RACHEL

The couch is all horrible now-- we should just burn it.

BEN

You're right.

She stares at him, experiencing a paradigm shift: Her brother agrees that he should leave. She doesn't even have to ask.

RACHEL

Okay.

She smiles with relief.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Great.

BEN

There's only one solution.

RACHEL

Yeah.

BEN

It's like when we were four.

RACHEL

It is?

BEN

We're brother and sister.

He walks past her...

Toward the open door of her...

BEN (CONT'D)

No reason we can't share a room again.

... Bedroom.

He flounces down on the bed.

Rachel stares from the living room.

And shoots vomit.

END