

# **THE SECOND WAVE**

Written by

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Based on nothing

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## ACT ONE

### **CABLE NEWS**

An MSNBC REPORTER's voice plays over footage of a pandemic: empty streets, masked PEOPLE (in other words, what we're going through now):

REPORTER (V.O.)

*96 Days...  
America has been sheltering-in-  
place for 96 days. And many are  
wondering: when will it end? When--*

It plays on an IPAD. Staring at it blankly, almost zombie-like (96 days can do that to anyone) is...

...DR. RACHEL BOUTELLA (40), waking up. Sitting on the edge of her bed. A warm and approachable general practitioner, Dr. Boutella has five stars on Yelp: "*Best on the Upper East Side.*" No Yelp review on her private life, but it would probably go: "*pragmatic, solid, a scheduler.*"

Rachel slaps the iPad off. Enough news. She stands, waking up, yawning. Looks around at the silence of...

...her large 6th floor Upper-East-Side apartment. Meticulous. Tasteful. Lonely. She needs to get her day started.

### **INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - STUDY - MORNING**

Rachel works out on a treadmill in sweats. Blandly listening to an NPR-inspired podcast:

PODCAST NARRATOR (V.O.)

*I asked myself, "How do serial  
killers find their victims?" What I  
discovered is that serial killers  
are a lot like the rest--*

Rachel's iWatch BEEPS. She gets off the treadmill.

### **INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

A Rosetta Stone computer prompt, Dutch:

ROSETTA STONE (V.O.)

*"Ik kan niet geloven hoeveel ik heb  
gegeten..."*

Rachel sits at her computer in her well-appointed living room, repeating:

RACHEL  
"Ik kan niet geloven hoewel ik heb  
gah-geten..."

ROSETTA STONE (V.O.)  
*De voorman is op weg naar huis.*

RACHEL  
De voorman ees--

Rachel's iWatch BEEPS again. Next.

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

MEDITATION INSTRUCTOR (ON IPAD)  
*Feel the breath going in... Notice  
it enter your lungs.... Allow your  
breathing to deepen the feeling of  
relaxation--*

Eyes closed, Rachel meditates on a yoga mat. She's not even sure she's into self-improvement. She just wants to make these days useful.

Beep. Her iWatch again. Rachel's eyes open.

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

She opens her closet. A lot of identical work clothes, formal pantsuits, blouses. She grabs a suit. Looks at it. Decides to leave the bottom half in the closet. She grabs a lab coat, pulls it on, and, yay, she's a doctor.

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Rachel clicks on her webcam on her living room computer (this is a view we'll be seeing a lot of. She looks professional, polished):

RACHEL  
Dr. Boutella. Office 56-133. On  
call. Checking in.

Her shared office assistant, BONNIE (28), comes on from her Upstate country home. A bit harried. Not a morning person.

BONNIE (ON WEBCAM)  
*Good morning, Doctor. You have six  
appointments today. And Dr. Connors  
has asked you to check in on one of  
his.*

We see Rachel from the side. Formal from the waist up. Ragged sweats from the waist down:

RACHEL  
Good. I'm ready.

And with that...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

...we're in another location (introducing another character).

BOOM! A loud explosion sounds outside, waking...

...LILY LEITHAUSER (31), a pretty English major whose parents wanted her to be a book editor. Instead she became a dominatrix with an exclusive Wall Street clientele. It pays better. No Yelp reviews, but let's make up one for her: "*Tough, smart, thorough, with an air of mystery. 5 stars.*"

Frustrated at the noise, Lily gets up, looks out her 7th floor window down at someone setting off fireworks below. Really, at 10 am? (Production-wise: we don't need this proximity; we can cut from Lily looking out to a shot of an empty New York street.) Lily opens her window, yells down:

LILY  
There's nothing to celebrate! Stop it!

No answer. She closes her window. Sighs, probably should get her day started anyway. Her apartment is as big as Rachel's, but hipper and a bit messier.

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

Lily sits at her breakfast table, cereal and coffee in front of her, chin on her palm, snoozing. She hears a *ding* from the other room, wakes up, goes to...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...her large computer, sees a prompt there. "*W. Lewis tried to contact you.*" Below it a second prompt: "*W. Lewis tried to contact--*" And below it a third. Lily sighs. Anxious men.

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

Lily opens her closet, just like Rachel, looking over her outfits. Leather. Latex. Black lingerie. Military cap. Catholic school girl. A nun. Even a lab coat.

Lily pulls out some black leather lingerie. Grabs a riding crop. Fine. Just another work day.

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

Lily steps in front of a mirror, inspects her uniform. Black leather lingerie and military cap from the waist up. Comfortable bicycle pants from the waist down. She considers it. Sighs. Probably needs to go the whole nine yards. She takes out the leather lingerie bottom. And--

--*ding*-- there it is again. The computer prompt from the next room. Oy.

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

Lily reaches into her fridge and takes out one RED ROSE from a bunch. She...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...places the rose in a vase behind her in her pretty and hip living room, very set-designed (you need to spend money to make...). She goes to her computer, clicks on the webcam, steps in front of it, now in uniform. Ready to go.  
Aggressive:

LILY  
Mr. Lewis, what the hell are you  
doing?

On the screen is a man in a blank room, wearing a full body Zentai with a zipper mouth, unzipped. Submissive:

W. LEWIS (ON WEBCAM)  
*Waiting, ma'am.*

LILY  
Do we wait on our feet, fucker?

W. LEWIS (ON WEBCAM)  
*No, ma'am.*

And he gets down on his knees. Lily-- WHACK!-- slams her riding crop on her desk, as we CUT BACK TO...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...Rachel, typing on her keyboard as she addresses someone on her screen:

RACHEL  
Go ahead.

It's a woman, BERNADETTE (38), a Broadway actress, diva-esque, frustrated with lesser mortals. She sings a Chicago song into her webcam, loudly:

BERNADETTE (ON WEBCAM)  
*"He had it coming, He had it coming  
He only had himself to blame..."*

Her voice cracks on the last word. Gesturing:

BERNADETTE (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)  
*There, see! There it is!*

RACHEL  
Bernadette, I think it's just a  
sore throat. Do you have an iPhone?

BERNADETTE (ON WEBCAM)  
*Do I have an iPhone? Will that  
help?*

RACHEL  
Do you see in the bottom left hand  
corner of the home screen, there's  
a flashlight symbol?

BERNADETTE (ON WEBCAM)  
*I don't like dealing with  
technology.*

RACHEL  
It's just a flashlight.

BERNADETTE (ON WEBCAM)  
(looking at her iPhone)  
*I don't see-- Where is it-- Oh,  
yes. You want me to turn it on?*

RACHEL  
And hold it up to your mouth. Lean  
into the camera and open your  
mouth.

BERNADETTE (ON WEBCAM)  
(a la Gloria Swanson)  
*"Ready for my close-up?"*

RACHEL  
That's right.  
(as Bernadette does it)  
A little higher. And say "ahh."

Instead of saying it, she sings it. All Rachel's patients are  
a little over-dramatic.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

The good news: you don't look like you have strep. It's some kind of viral infection--

And we CUT BACK to--

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

--Lily now in a FEMALE COP'S uniform on her webcam, angry:

LILY

What are you deaf?! I said spread your fuckin' legs.

On her webcam screen is her 11 o'clock-- a rich day trader, AJA MAXWELL, dressed in Dockers wear. He stops and turns, talking directly to the camera:

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*Actually, Lily, I need to interrupt you for a second. I'm kind of through with this.*

LILY

What are you talking about?

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*It was good when you could come over here. But over the webcam, it's not the same.*

LILY

What are you fuckin' talking about?

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*This is my last session. And I'm going to stop payment with PayPal on the next one.*

LILY

No, you're not. You already paid.

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*Yes, but I'm canceling it.*

LILY

You do that and I will sue your ass, cocksucker.

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*Lily, sex trafficking has been outlawed. FOSTA/SESTA. And what you are doing is sex trafficking.*

(MORE)

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)  
*So I can contest the money I paid  
to PayPal.*

Lily stares at him:

LILY  
And I can too.

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)  
(uh-oh)  
*What?*

LILY  
You paid me through PayPal. I'll go  
to the authorities about it. About  
you.

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)  
*They wouldn't come after me. They'd  
come after--*

LILY  
I wouldn't be so certain! I have  
your address. I know who your wife  
is. I know your daughter. She's at  
home. I could call--

Aja stares at the screen, suddenly worried:

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)  
*Don't do that.*

LILY  
Then get down on your knees.

Aja stares at the screen, then kneels out of frame.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Take the laptop with you, asshole.

He does, lowering it down to the floor with him.

LILY (CONT'D)  
When we fight, who wins?

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)  
*You do.*

LILY  
You're fuckin' right. And you're  
gonna pay through PayPal. Not just  
this session, but six more. SAY  
YES.



AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*Yes.*

LILY

Did I say you could say it like a pussy? LOUDER!

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*YES!!!*

LILY

Let me see your credit card. Put it on the floor in front of you.

Aja grabs it from the desk, throws it down.

LILY (CONT'D)

Now lick it.

(Aja picks it up)

No, on the floor, fuckin' moron!

He leaves it on the floor, and licks it. Lily pretends sexual excitement:

LILY (CONT'D)

Ooh. Lick it again. Feel the numbers with your tongue. And don't you dare threaten me with PayPal again. I swear I'll tell your family: your wife and your daughter.

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*Spaceship.*

Suddenly the two break out of their scene: "Spaceship" being the safe word. Lily responds with her real voice:

LILY

What's wrong?

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*Use my wife, not my daughter, okay?*

LILY

Got it. Ready?

AJA MAXWELL (ON WEBCAM)

*Yeah.*

LILY  
(back into character)  
Don't you dare threaten me with  
PayPal ever again, or I'll tell  
your wife--

Meanwhile, we CUT BACK TO...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...Rachel dealing with a very pretty model, OLIVIA (23), who  
flips from subject to subject like a malfunctioning radio:

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM)  
*I think it's this lotion.*

RACHEL  
So the concern is just the pimple?

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM)  
*"Just?" Look at it, doctor.*

She leans in toward the camera. A small pimple there.

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)  
*It's from all these masks. We have  
to wear them all the time. What is  
this, a communist country?*

RACHEL  
Okay. I'll prescribe some new  
cream. Just put it on before you  
put on the mask, okay?

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM)  
(onto the next subject)  
*Hey, did you see you're on Room  
Rater?*

RACHEL  
I'm on...? What?

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM)  
*RoomRater. Your screen, it's on it.  
Online. They judge Zoom screens.  
Mine was a nine out of ten.*

RACHEL  
I don't understand. They have my  
screen?

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM)  
*Yeah, don't worry, you got a six  
out of ten.*

(MORE)

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)

*A lot of people get rated a four.  
My boyfriend got a three. I told  
him to rearrange his background.  
(hears a call interrupt)  
That's my agent. E-mail me.*

The webcam screen blinks off.

Rachel pauses at her computer. Thinks about it. Tempted. She types into the browser: "RoomRater." Hits return.

A low rent, recorded Web Series pops on. Two catty guys on side-by-side webcams: JOEL and JOSH (30s), the Siskel & Ebert of room rating, both well-lit:

JOEL (ON WEBCAM)

*Welcome to Room Raters. We watch  
the world's rooms so you don't have  
to. So what do we have today, Joel?*

JOSH (ON WEBCAM)

*As usual, CNN leads the pack in  
crimes against humanity.*

And someone's webcam view pops on the screen. A CNN COMMENTATOR. His room pale, his skin pale, everything pale.

JOEL (ON WEBCAM)

*Oh my god!! The appropriately-named  
"Lyle White." Color is your friend,  
Lyle. Use it.*

JOSH (ON WEBCAM)

*And more light. Place the light  
behind the camera. Ouch!*

JOEL (ON WEBCAM)

*And two words. "Sun... lamp."*

JOEL/JOSH (ON WEBCAM)

*We rate that... 2 yikes out of 10.*

And-- *per-klunk*-- a rating-- "#2"-- is stamped on the CNN commentator's home screen. During this, Rachel eyes the Lyle White commentator. There's something odd about how pale he is. Is there something wrong with him? He seems to keep chomping his jaws. As if he had dentures or was hungry for something. Weird. And foreshadowing!

JOSH (ON WEBCAM)

*Lyle White, take a lesson from our  
featured Zoom screen of the day.  
Taaa-the-fuck-daaaa!*

*Click--* the screen cuts to a new Zoom screen; and Rachel leans in, recognizing the occupant. Lily Leithauser, our dominatrix. In her leather lingerie and in front of her colorful background, with its one red rose.

JOSH (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)  
*Lily Leithauser. You are a breath of fresh air, Lily.*

JOEL (ON WEBCAM)  
*Good background. Good lighting. Love the red rose.*

JOSH (ON WEBCAM)  
*And a good Lina Wertmüller outfit. Kudos.*

JOEL/JOSH (ON WEBCAM)  
*We rate you... 10 yowzas out of 10!*

*Beep-beep--* Rachel gets a call interrupt on her computer.

*"Urgent-- Miles and Petra Bresser."*

Rachel sits up in her chair, straightens her lab coat, and clicks mute on the Josh and Joel webcast, letting their window fall to the back of the screen stack. MILES BRESSER and PETRA BRESSER (40s) pop to the top, mid-argument:

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*I'm not saying that--*

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*You are. Insurance pays for it, so just ask--*

RACHEL  
*Hi, Petra. Miles. What's going on?*

Miles and Petra look toward the webcam. Tony-winning "great actors," they are post-millennial Barrymores who like operatically arguing with each other. It's never very serious, just performative. Nick and Nora.

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Sorry we don't have an appointment, Doctor, but you said if we have an emergency. Miles was bit.*

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*I was nipped--*

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Don't play it down. Show her.*  
(to Rachel)  
*He was in Trader Joe's. The one on Broadway. I hate that one. In that cavern. And one of the bag boys bit him--*

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Nipped me. I was getting my groceries at the end and he pulled down his mask and leaned down and bit my arm--*

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Your upper-arm--*

RACHEL  
*Wait, why?*

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*I don't know. I thought it was affectionate--*

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Oh my god, "affectionate?" Are you serious--?*

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
(done with Petra)  
*I'm going to my own screen.*

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Go ahead. Do what you want. I don't care--*

Rachel clicks on the incoming Miles call, and brings up Miles's laptop webcam next to Petra's. Both are in the same room, Petra in the background of Miles's shot; Miles in the background of Petra's. The two shots give two angles on the same events:

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Hi, doc. This bag boy, it wasn't like he was being mean. It was like he wanted an autograph--*

Miles pulls up his sleeve, revealing a bite on his upper-arm. A superficial bite, but there are some blue veins heading off. Something odd about it. Worrisome.

RACHEL  
*How long ago was this?*

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*About an hour ago. Why?*

Rachel types on her keyboard as she asks...

RACHEL  
Miles, do you remember when your  
last tetanus shot was?

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
(on her webcam)  
*It was when we went to Bali,  
remember, for that photo shoot.*

Rachel checks his records coming up on her screen:

RACHEL  
Right, last year. Can you do me a  
favor, Miles? You look a little  
pale. Do you have that cuff from  
last year? Can you take your blood  
pressure?

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*I'll take it. He doesn't know what  
to do. Why? Does it look infected,  
Doctor?*

RACHEL  
I don't know. Perhaps. Can I see  
the bite again, Miles?

Rachel takes a iPhone photo of the bite, as... Petra slips  
their home blood pressure cuff on his arm.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
How are you feeling, Miles? You  
look a little pale--

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*We haven't gotten much sun--*

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*She's asking me.*  
(to Rachel)  
*I have a little headache. But  
otherwise fine. When does your  
husband say we can go back to  
normal?*

RACHEL  
Maybe a few weeks.

But the screen freezes. Miles and Petra are frozen mid-frame. It jitters forward to another freeze frame. Oy, wifi. The same problem with Petra's webcam.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hello? Can you hear me?! Hello? I think it's your wifi. Call me back, Miles, Petra.

But the freeze frame stays. Both Petra and Miles with their mouths open.

Rachel turns to her iPhone: the photo she took of Miles's bite. She double-taps it, blowing it up. She eyes the bite, mildly concerned. That concern will grow. As...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

GALEN BEST (ON WEBCAM)

*Lily, I need to say something.*

It's Lily's most wealthy client, GALEN BEST (35), a shy and wimpy game designer, richer than God. He sits in front of his webcam in an elegant bedroom, trying to sound strong.

LILY

What are you talking about? Get your diaper, ass-wipe!

GALEN BEST (ON WEBCAM)

*No, I-- "Lambchop." Okay?  
"Lambchop."*

Lily checks his screen stats: Yep, his safe word: "Lambchop."  
Lily drops her role:

LILY

What? What's going on, Galen?

GALEN BEST (ON WEBCAM)

*It's just-- it's not as good this way. I'm just-- I need you here in person.*

LILY

It's not safe in person, Galen, you know that.

GALEN BEST (ON WEBCAM)

*But it's just-- I just signed a big deal, and I need you here. So, look, I'll pay you \$20,000 to come over right now.*

Lily pauses, stares at the screen. A lot of money.

GALEN BEST (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)  
*Stay one night. And I'll pay you  
\$20,000. That's a lot more than  
usual. I'm just-- I'm falling apart  
here. Please. They need this game  
in two weeks, and I need you to get  
me in line.*

Lily stares at the screen. Finally, the businesswoman side takes over:

LILY  
Give me an hour. I'll call you  
back.

Lily hangs up. Her computer screen goes blank. Lily stands in her living room, considering it. She looks around. These accommodations don't come cheaply. After a second...

...Lily looks toward her closet. She goes to it, takes out a MOP. What is she doing with that? She takes the stick, and--

--KLUMP-KLUMP-- she pounds it on her floor. Odd. Why? She raises it, pounds it even louder, and--

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

--klump-klump-kerplump-- Rachel looks up toward her ceiling. Her upstairs neighbor signaling to her.

(And for the first time, we realize Rachel and Lily are upstairs/downstairs neighbors: not the best of friends, just... neighbors: courteous, not much else.)

A busy Rachel is distracted, leaving a message on her iPhone:

RACHEL  
Petra, Miles. I think your phone is  
off the hook. Please call me.

Rachel hangs up, keeping one eye on a "live" CDC news conference playing on her iPad:

DR. ZACH (ON IPAD)  
*...It's a balancing act. It's not  
just about the health of our  
country; it's about the health of  
our economy. We cannot close this  
country down forever--"*

The chyron reads "Dr. Zachery DeVeux, CDC Response Director."



DR. ZACH (45), as he likes to be called, is a CDC spokesperson: an awkward medical and political position. He wears a Surgeon-General-like uniform which gives him an authoritative air: chiseled, a younger Fauci. He's also Rachel's husband. (Complications!)

DR. ZACH (ON IPAD) (CONT'D)  
*And we need to get students back  
into schools. This is imperative--*

As Rachel watches, her eye wanders to a woman in the rear of the shot behind Zach, half in and half out of the frame. This is the White House liaison, CYNDI ESTEREO (37), pretty, a bit tough, more political than medical.

Rachel eyes her, at least the half of her she can see. And Rachel's not thrilled. Some history there. Not good history. (What the hell, we'll tell you. Zachery had an affair with her.)

Rachel looks from Cyndi back to her husband finishing his opening statement:

DR. ZACH (ON IPAD) (CONT'D)  
*Now if anyone has any questions.*

All the off-screen reporters yell with questions, but-- *KLUMP-KLUMP*-- Rachel looks up. A more insistent pounding from Lily upstairs. Rachel sighs, goes to her window, opens it, and...

**EXT. BUILDING SIDE - 6TH & 7TH FLOOR - DAY**

...leans out, yelling up:

RACHEL  
What do you need?

And up a floor, Lily, having covered up her lingerie with a button-down shirt, leans out her window:

LILY  
Advice.

(Production-wise, the two actresses don't need to be in the same place. We can get a single of Lily, the camera looking up at her; and a single of Rachel, the camera looking down at her. But it would be great to get a side-angle view of the building and both women in view but smaller in frame. This is something, Glenn, we should discuss.)

RACHEL  
On what subject?

LILY

I have a client who wants me to come to him. He's a ten minute taxi drive away. Should I go?

RACHEL

Not if you want to be safe.

LILY

What is your husband saying?

Rachel sighs: the usual question.

RACHEL

Two weeks.

LILY

The only problem is this client is offering a lot of money.

RACHEL

Can't you do it over Zoom? What is the job?

Lily pauses, doesn't really want to share her day job:

LILY

Tutoring. He would rather do it in person.

RACHEL

Does he have a car?

LILY

Yeah.

RACHEL

Then tell him to come to you. Then you're not exposed to the confined air in a taxi or public transport. And have him wear a mask.

Lily considers it.

LILY

Okay, thanks, Doctor.

Lily starts to retreat when--

RACHEL

Hey. Are you okay up there?

Lily sticks her head back out again, considers it.

LILY  
Yeah. I'm just sick of this.

RACHEL  
Me too. Oh, hey, your Zoom screen  
is on RoomRater.

LILY  
My... What?

RACHEL  
There are two guys online who judge  
Zoom screens. They liked yours. 10  
out of 10.

LILY  
Are you serious?

RACHEL  
Yes. Room Rater.

And Rachel retreats back into her apartment. We stay on...  
Lily who frowns, considering it. She ducks back into...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...her living room, crosses to her computer, types into her  
browser: "Room Rater." Concerned. As...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

...Rachel continues to eye her husband's news conference, and  
Cyndi in the background. There are dozens of shouted (off-  
screen) reporter questions. Finally the loudest:

REPORTER (OFF-SCREEN)  
*Dr. DeVeux, Dr. DeVeux! How can you  
say that-- how can you insist on  
opening the economy again, when  
your own mother-in-law disagrees  
with you?*

Rachel looks up at that. Uh-oh. "Mother-in-law."

DR. ZACH (ON IPAD)  
*What are you referring to?*

REPORTER (OFF-SCREEN)  
*Dr. Boutella insisted that the CDC  
is rushing the economic re-opening  
due to political concerns. Your  
response?*

DR. ZACH (ON IPAD)  
(smiles)  
*You're not going to get me in a  
fight with my mother-in-law.*

LAUGHTER. An irritated Rachel sees Cyndi in the background smile appreciatively at Zachery. The loudest reporter yells:

REPORTER (OFF-SCREEN)  
*Sir! She insists you're putting  
money over health--*

DR. ZACH (ON IPAD)  
*I understand your point. But I  
respectfully disagree with Dr.  
Boutella. She is not privy to our  
data--*

Rachel, knowing what's coming, carries her iPad to...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...her computer, setting it there. She waits until Zachery is done:

DR. ZACH (ON IPAD)  
*Okay. We'll have another press  
conference at noon tomorrow.*

And Zachery heads off-stage. Rachel clicks off her iPad, stares at her computer screen, waiting for Zachery's call. In fact, under her breath, she counts down:

RACHEL  
Five, four, three, two...

But nothing. She waits. Odd.

What's going on? She starts to get up when-- *Ding-ding--* there it is, a message from Zachery. She clicks on it. And...

...Zachery appears in a webcam screen. In his office, backstage at the CDC, seconds after his live press conference.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Hi, babe, I saw.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*I need you to call your mom.*

RACHEL  
She's very opinionated.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*But if you could ask her to keep  
her powder dry at least until we  
open again.*

RACHEL  
Don't worry, I'll call. How are you  
doing?

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*It's not great here. Too much  
politics.*

RACHEL  
I saw Cyndi in the background.

Zachery pauses. Looks off. An uncomfortable moment. Rachel  
guesses:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
She's there right now?

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*One second.*

Zachery exits the shot. Rachel leans in to hear a few  
inaudible exchanged words. Then she hears Zachery closing his  
DOOR, returning:

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)  
*I can't help who the White House  
assigns me, Rach.*

RACHEL  
You can help how close she is to  
you--

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*It was a mistake. It was six months  
ago. We said it was past--*

RACHEL  
And I want it to be past. But  
you're spending days and night  
there now--

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*At the CDC. Not at the White House.*

RACHEL  
Okay.

Silence. Zachery feels bad, eyes her.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*There's nothing going on, Rach. I love you. And I only love you. You are the world to me.*

RACHEL  
And you are to me. I'm just alone here, Zach.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*I know. I'll try to get home next week. It's just all-hands-on-deck here. Work going well?*

RACHEL  
Well enough. I got another bite today. Not sure what that is about. I'll send you a photo--

But Zachery is distracted, looking off:

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*Okay, I love you, babe. Stay well.*

And he hangs up. Rachel stares at her screen, frowns. Feeling a bit neglected, taken for granted. Alone. (A wide shot of her alone would be good here.) We see the screen saver is a photo of Zachery. She hits a key and...

...Bonnie immediately pops up, eating her lunch:

BONNIE (ON WEBCAM)  
*Everything all right, Doctor?*

RACHEL  
Yes. Can you try my mother?

BONNIE (ON WEBCAM)  
*Will she know what this is regarding?*

RACHEL  
Oh boy, will she. And the Bressers again, can you call--  
(ding!)  
Oh, wait, I think that's them. Interrupt me when my mom calls back.

Rachel clicks over to another Zoom screen. Actually two Zoom screens: Both Petra and Miles webcams side-by-side:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Petra, hey. How are you both?

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*We rebooted our wifi. How's that?*

RACHEL  
Much better. How's your blood pressure, Miles?

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*You tell us. Forty over twenty.*

RACHEL  
One-forty is a little high--

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*No, forty.*

Rachel. She stares at the screen:

RACHEL  
I'm sorry-- Forty? Just forty?

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Yes.*

RACHEL  
Did you tighten the cuff, Petra?  
Just leave two fingers--

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*I did. It's forty.*

RACHEL  
Let me see the monitor.

Petra holds it up to her screen. Yep... "40 over 20."

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I think the batteries must be low.  
Can you put new batteries in?

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Sure. But I'm not the problem. The problem is technology--*

RACHEL  
How are you feeling, Miles?

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Not bad. Maybe a bit peckish.*

Boop-- Rachel sees a warning appear on her screen: "YOUR MOM CALLING!" Rachel starts to close down the Bresser session:





RACHEL (CONT'D)

I need an ambulance for one of my patients. He has an aggressive staph infection... No, no, I need them now. It looks gangrenous. Yes, 30 East 95th. Apartment...  
(checks her computer)  
...6B. Good, thank you.

And Rachel clicks over to her mom, DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (65). She pops onto Rachel's screen. Nobel-Prize winning immunologist. Imperious. Loves scarves. (A little of Dr. Birx in her.) Thinks her daughter should be doing more important work.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom, I'm here.

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM)

*Well... it seems you have more important things to do than talk to me.*

RACHEL

No. It's a patient.

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM)

*Oh my god, why are you still seeing patients?*

RACHEL

(an old argument)  
Because I'm a doctor--

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM)

*I can get you a job at any research lab. You're my daughter--*

RACHEL

(rolls her eyes)  
Mom, please, can we not have this conversation again? Look, Zach asked me to call you.

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM)

*Oh dear. Is this about my AP quote? I only said what is true. This administration is trying to open up too soon. They're trying to kill people-*

RACHEL

But that's not why you're saying it-

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM)  
*Oh, really? Educate me, dear. Why  
am I saying it--?*

RACHEL  
Because you're angry he didn't put  
you on his advisory committee--

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM)  
*Not angry. Just surprised he  
decided not to include a Nobel  
Prize winner in immunology--*

RACHEL  
He told you, Mom. He was worried  
about the appearance of nepotism--

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM)  
*Well, the virus doesn't care about  
nepotism. It only cares about  
spreading and infecting--*

But Rachel double-takes at something on her iPad. 24-hour  
cable news showing...

...grainy IPHONE VIDEO of a crowded pool bar at the Lake of  
the Ozarks. The iPhone whip-pans toward something going on at  
the far end of the pool. Violence. A spray of blood!  
Horrorifying but fast. Rachel leans in toward her screen.

Hester meanwhile reacts to Rachel's silence:

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)  
*Did I offend you, dear?*

RACHEL  
No, Mom, can I call you back?

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM)  
*What's wrong?*

RACHEL  
Nothing. Just cut Zach a break. His  
heart is in the right place.

DR. HESTER BOUTELLA (ON WEBCAM)  
*The virus doesn't care whose heart--*

But Rachel hangs up, studies the video of the pool bar.

It plays again from the beginning. With iPhone sound of party  
MUSIC playing at the pool, CHATTER, LAUGHTER. A VOICE OVER  
REPORTER recounts in an awkward ad-lib to the "Viewer Video":

REPORTER (V.O.)  
*...Um, there seemed to be some...  
situation in this bar crowd at the  
Lake of the Ozarks. In what  
appeared to be footage of a pool  
bar with no social distancing sent  
in by a viewer--*

But suddenly there is a SPRAY OF BLOOD-- someone knifed or  
attacked in some way! Then a sort of FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD. And  
various screams!

REPORTER (V.O.)  
*Whoa! Obviously something quite  
horrifying happened there.*

The camera zooms in, goes out of focus for a second, shakes  
(the usual way found footage glimpses horror, but doesn't  
quite grab it). Finally there is a SCREAM in the pool crowd.  
Ear-splitting. The frame freezes.

REPORTER (V.O.)  
*Just a warning. You're watching  
this as we are. And some viewers  
might find this upsetting--*

Rachel leans in to intently watch the freeze frame of the  
curtain of blood when she sees the distant and very grainy  
instigator of this bloody scene is a scary figure, dead-eyed,  
jaws wide to bite. Pale. Weirdly pale.

And Rachel considers it. Something going on.

\*\*\*\*\*

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - STUDY - DUSK**

COMING UP FROM BLACK, we hear...

MEDITATION INSTRUCTOR (V.O.)  
*Feel your lungs expand... and  
relax.... expand.... relax...*

Rachel, her eyes closed, tries to relax. It's not working.  
She gets up. And...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Room Raters. Rachel plays it on her computer screen. Not her first time. It's bothering her. Joel and Josh criticizing her a replay of her Zoom screen and Rachel herself:

JOEL (ON WEBCAM)  
*Too many books. Not enough personality--*

JOSH (ON WEBCAM)  
*But I like the lab coat.*

JOEL (ON WEBCAM)  
*No, trying too hard. What is she, a valet?*

JOSH (ON WEBCAM)  
*So here we are a split decision. I like the intellectual look. Joel thinks she's trying too hard--*

And we see Rachel, in real life, considering it. She goes to her background. She starts to rearrange her background, moving things around, adding more color, a vase, fewer books. When she stops it, scolds herself:

RACHEL  
*Com'on, stupid.*

Enough of that. She turns away when-- *ding-ding*-- a FaceTime call on her computer. She rushes to it, clicks "Accept." And--

--Zachery pops on again. In some kind of more rushed room, still at the CDC, but the sound of a lot of people rushing around in the other room. Papers being left on Zachery's desk.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
*Hello?*

Zachery is distracted, busy:

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*Hey, babe. You called?*

RACHEL  
*Yes, sorry. You sound busy.*

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*What's up?*

RACHEL  
I saw that video at the Lake of the Ozarks on the news--

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*Yeah, the overcrowding--*

RACHEL  
No, the-- what was going on in the background?

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*Oh yeah, the assault. We're getting a lot of calls.*

RACHEL  
(that's her worry)  
You're getting a lot? So it's medical?

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*No, I'm not saying that.*

RACHEL  
Baby, I'm not the press. I'm just wondering what's going on.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*Hold on.*

Zachery leaves the frame, and we hear him closing his door: the hubbub outside quieting. He comes to his computer, leans in.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)  
*We don't know what's going on. The bar owner said it was a man with a knife, but now we're hearing there was no knife.*

RACHEL  
It looked like he bit someone.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*But it wouldn't cause that much blood. It was massive--*

Rachel thinks about it, stares at the key freeze-frame from the Lake of the Ozarks video on her iPad:

RACHEL  
Babe, did they catch the attacker alive?

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*Yes, why?*

RACHEL  
Have them check his blood pressure.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*The attacker's blood pressure?*

RACHEL  
Yes. Just an instinct. I have a patient here who's reading was forty over twenty.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*One-forty?*

RACHEL  
No, forty. I know that's impossible. But have them check. I think something's going on. Some other viral strain. Some--

But *ding*-- another prompt pops up: "IT'S ME. I NEED TO TALK." Rachel eyes it surprised and even a bit unsettled. Clearly not a patient. Someone emotional.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*Some what? Rachel?*

RACHEL  
Nothing. I just-- I'd better get back to work.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*Okay. Are you alright?*

RACHEL  
Yeah, I'm just.  
(feeling guilty)  
I miss you.

*Ding*-- there it is again; a new prompt: "PICK UP PLEASE."

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)  
*I miss you too. I'll be back in another week.*

RACHEL  
Good. Love you.

Rachel clicks over before Zachery can respond. And a new face pops up on her screen.

JARED RITTER. (39). A top photo journalist. Think Sebastian Junger. A man of action. Rugged. Loves adventure. Irresistible in his way. Hates sheltering-in-place. Behind him are his photos and Balinese art:

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Hey, Sorry, I just--*

RACHEL  
Shhh.

Rachel holds up her finger: one second. She uses her cursor to drag Jared's screen aside. Makes sure Zachery's screen is gone. Has he logged off?

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Okay.

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Your husband?*

RACHEL  
(nods)  
Jared, I'm a bit busy.

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*I need to see you.*

RACHEL  
We said "no." It was a mistake. I'm married-- *happily* married.

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*You're not.*

RACHEL  
We said "once." Zach and I had broken up, but now we're back together-- we're making it work; and you're going to Afghanistan.

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*I was going. They closed the border two days ago. I'm five miles away in Brooklyn.*

Rachel sighs: fighting with herself:

RACHEL  
Jared, please, we can't. I'm...  
(fades away)

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*You're what?*

RACHEL  
I'm not built for this. I'm a  
doctor. I like routine. I like no  
mess. I like-- I love my husband.

But Jared leans in, whispering. Phone sex time:

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Reach into your pants.*

RACHEL  
No.

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*I'm touching your hand now. I'm  
holding it. I'm pressing it down.*

RACHEL  
I have other patients.

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
(whispering in the mic)  
*Remember the Four Seasons. The way  
I held you against the window. Over  
57th. You were naked pressed  
against it and I was behind you--*

Rachel *is* in fact stirred by the memory but she whispers:

RACHEL  
This is so wrong.

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*And I was whispering "I never felt  
like this before." And you said...*

Rachel closes her eyes. She's not used to being desired in  
this way. Her life was plotted out for her.

RACHEL  
*"You say that to everyone..."*

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
(smiles)  
*Right. But I haven't. And I pressed  
against you.*

And we leave them, backing away and... up to...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

...a frowning Lily berating W. Lewis, the man with the full  
body Zentai, but now dressed in a BBQ apron: *"Best Flippin'  
Dad Ever."*



LILY  
Are you sending our sessions to  
anyone?

W. Lewis is secretive, whispering:

W. LEWIS (ON WEBCAM)  
*What? No. Why?*

LILY  
Someone sent a screen grab of my  
Zoom to a Room Rater site. This is  
my life. My parents. You didn't do  
it?

W. LEWIS (ON WEBCAM)  
*No. Why would I? It would hurt me  
more than you.*

LILY  
You wouldn't brag to someone?

Lewis's wife calls from off: *"The kids are hungry, babe."* W.  
Lewis yells back:

W. LEWIS (ON WEBCAM)  
*Okay! Coming!*  
(then to Lily)  
*I don't share what we do with  
anyone. Maybe it's a hack. Check  
your wifi security. It's not just--*

But Lily clicks off, done with him, the screen going black.

She sits there, considering it. She hears fireworks outside--  
*pock-pock-puck--* the sound of pots and pans being hit  
together. And a loud SONG played through hundreds of  
loudspeakers.

She looks toward it, sighs. New York's 7 pm shared event. The  
inevitable Queen song starts up (*yes, I know it's expensive;  
but it's probably worth it here, or another song that is just  
as infectious*):

FREDDIE MERCURY (OUTSIDE)  
*"Buddy, you're a boy, make a big  
noise, playing in the street, etc."*

Lily looks toward the window. To quote Noel Coward: "Strange  
how potent cheap music is." She stands, starts toward the  
window, and opens it, hearing...

**EXT. BUILDING SIDE - 6TH & 7TH FLOOR - DUSK**

...the New Yorkers all across the city singing...

NEW YORKERS  
(no need to cast)  
*"We will, we will-- rock you  
We will, we will-- rock you..."*

All of New York stomps their feet in time. *klunk-klunk.*

Lily looks out her window. Hears the city singing as one, and, despite herself, and her mood, she joins in, singing too, stomping her feet. Lightly, then louder...

LILY  
*"Buddy, you're a young man, hard  
man, shouting in the street, gonna  
take on the world someday..."*

It's actually nice to see Lily at her window there as...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

...Rachel is distracted by the music across New York, looking up from the Jared webcam call, hearing:

NEW YORKERS (OFF)  
*"We will, we will rock you, sing  
it!"*

Rachel interrupts the pretty shot of Jared:

RACHEL  
Jared, I have to go--

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)  
*No, wait. Hold on--*

But-- *BLINK*-- Rachel cuts him off, hitting "End Meeting."  
Rachel heads toward her window, hearing outside:

NEW YORKERS  
*"We will, we will rock you, sing  
it!"*

And just like Lily, Rachel is drawn to open her window, peers out at (a stock shock, probably of) New York, everyone seeming to sing. And Rachel finds herself joining in because... why not?

RACHEL

*"Buddy, you're an old man, poor man  
Pleading with your eyes, gonna get  
you some peace someday..."*

And Rachel hears Lily singing up one floor. And Lily hears her singing down one floor. The two look toward each other, singing even more joyously (nothing like singing with someone else who knows the lyrics):

RACHEL & LILY

*"You got mud on your face, big  
disgrace, somebody better put you  
back into your place, do it!"*

And they stomp their feet to the chorus, as does all of New York:

RACHEL & LILY & NEW YORK

*"We will, we will rock you, yeah,  
yeah, come on We will, we will rock  
you, alright, louder!"*

And, in brief CUTS to various locations across New York...

**INT. AJA MAXWELL'S APARTMENT - DUSK**

...one of Lily's client's Aja Maxwell sings at his window:

AJA MAXWELL

*"We will, we will rock you!"*

**INT. OLIVIA'S FLAT - DUSK**

And Olivia, the model with acne, can't help but do the same:

OLIVIA

*"We will, we will rock you!"*

**INT. VARIOUS APARTMENTS - DUSK**

And the various characters we've seen throughout the show are all at their windows, either singing, stomping, or dancing: W. Lewis, Josh and Joel from RoomRater, Jared, even Hester...

...and the Meditation Instructor, even some of our crew and executives if we want (why the fuck not):

EVERYONE

*"We will, we will rock you, one  
more time, We will, we will rock  
you..."*

It's kind of sweet: everybody in the show joining together, and from that...

**EXT. NEW YORK - SUNSET - DUSK**

...we rise above New York (a stock shot would be fine) hearing everybody singing:

EVERYBODY  
*"We will rock you!"*

And if this were a Broadway musical, this would be the end of our first act. But instead...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

...*Bam-bam-bam*-- Lily hears knocking at her door.

WTF? Who could be at her door... now or ever? She sees her button-down dress shirt, pulls it on over her lingerie just in case it's her parents. She goes to the door, calls out:

LILY  
Hello?

Nothing. She reaches for the doorknob when-- *bam-bam-bam*-- there it is, the person knocking.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

GALEN BEST (O.C.)  
*I'm uh... you know...*

Oh. Galen. She opens the door and finds GALEN BEST there in the flesh, wearing a surgical mask and a large overcoat.

(Obviously, the actress who plays Lily and the actor who plays Galen will be sheltering-in-place together; this show is intended to stay safe.) He rushes in, throws his coat off, naked except for his underwear and pants underneath:

GALEN BEST (CONT'D)  
Okay, I did what you asked. I drove here, and I-- there.  
(throws down cash)  
\$20,000. That buys fourteen hours.  
Okay?

Lily, seeing the cash, composes herself, throws off her button-down shirt, slams her door, turns to him, raises her high-heeled foot, and--

--WHAM-- kicks him in the middle of the chest, shoving him through the bedroom door. We hear his body hit the floor, and...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

...Rachel looks up, hears the body tumbling upstairs. What the hell is Lily's job? Rachel looks back toward a Zoom session she has going with three doctors, her personal Greek Chorus.

DR. ZUCKER, DR. STACEY ABRAHAMS and the second DR. ZUCKER (yes, ZAZ) all in separate rooms. The two men bearded: rabbinical and goateed. The woman grey-haired with thick glasses.

DR. ZUCKER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Yes, I saw a patient with a bite,  
but it did not puncture the skin--*

RACHEL  
Did you see the Lake of the Ozarks--?

THE WHOLE GREEK CHORUS (ON WEBCAM)  
*What is that, the TV show--?/ Aren't  
we talking about the medical--*

RACHEL  
Wait, wait. Take a look. You can find it online. I think there is possibly a new viral strain, transferred by saliva. Take a look at this photo of a new bite--

And Rachel clicks on a photo of Miles Bresser's bite.

THE WHOLE GREEK CHORUS (ON WEBCAM)  
*Eww, what happened there?-- / Yes,  
that looks infected-- / What did  
you prescribe--?*

RACHEL  
I had EMTs take him to the hospital. Can you three look at the literature? I haven't seen anything recently about bites like this.

THE SECOND DR. ZUCKER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Okay. But keep us in touch. It  
looks like a staph infection gone  
wrong.*

But Rachel hears someone at her apartment door. KNOCKING. She spins toward it, then back to the three doctors, quieter:

RACHEL  
I'll call you later.

Rachel switches them off, gets up, starts toward the door, hears more knocking.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Who is it? I've got a gun.

But through the door:

JARED RITTER (O.C.)  
*I come in peace.*

Oh. Rachel reacts to the familiar voice. Her first instinct is happiness, pleasure. But it's overtaken a few seconds later by concern, guilt. Then...

...she opens the door. And Jared appears there in person. Mask on his face. He pulls it down, smiling. Handsome. Reaching for her. (Production note: the actress who plays Rachel, and the actor who plays her lover, Jared, must be sheltering-in-place together for this to work.)

RACHEL  
I thought you threw away my address.

JARED RITTER  
I did. I had to dig through my dumpster for an hour to find it.

Rachel smiles. She can't help it. She reaches out. And he grabs her. And they kiss one of those historic Princess Bride-level kisses.

Both wanting the warmth of personal contact.

They pull back slightly, whispering only an inch apart. Their lips in silhouette. (Hopefully the audience is hungry for this kind of close contact too.) Whispering:

JARED RITTER (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, I've needed this.

RACHEL  
You shouldn't have come.

JARED RITTER  
I needed you.

RACHEL  
What are we going to do?

JARED RITTER  
We're gonna fuck.

RACHEL  
And tomorrow?

JARED RITTER  
Tomorrow? We're going to fuck  
again. Then I'm going to make you  
breakfast.

Rachel laughs, then stops herself. Guilt crossing her face.

RACHEL  
Why did I ever meet you?

JARED RITTER  
Because you were unhappy. And I was  
too. The moment demanded it.

RACHEL  
We're so-- opposite.

JARED RITTER  
That's okay, Doctor. We compliment  
each other. You're so hot in this  
lab coat--

RACHEL  
I've never been with anyone other  
than my husband--

But Jared interrupts her, kissing her again. Overwhelmed Rachel grabs him so hard it hurts. But Jared picks her up, and carries her into the bedroom. And he kicks the door closed with his foot. As we...

...CUT TO a very different affection...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

...Lily sits in a tipped chair at the edge of her bed, pressing the point of her spiked heels into the side of Galen Best lying in bed, tied down. It's a calm scene. A light on the floor, splashing warm bounce light around the room.

GALEN BEST  
I've missed you.

LILY  
Fuck you.

GALEN BEST

No, seriously, I just-- I needed to see you. They gave me this new contract for a game, and I had no one to tell.

LILY

No, seriously... fuck you.

Galen smiles.

GALEN BEST

The world's coming apart, isn't it? I talk to my mom and she lived through the Cuban Missile Crisis, and this feels like that. She was living in California, and they went off with a tent and a backpack to live in the Sequoias. This feels like that.

Lily watches him throughout this. If she's feeling anything she doesn't show it.

LILY

What do you want me to do about it?

Galen smiles at her posed abrasiveness:

GALEN BEST

I just love movies about the end. They make me feel better. People driving down highways with dead bodies and shopping carts on the curb, you know? I can't get enough of them. They're all Australian movies. I do games about that.

Lily grinds her high-heel into his side. He winces, continues:

GALEN BEST (CONT'D)

Now it feels like we're living it. Driving over here, everything was just empty. No one was out. It's the end. You and me, here, we're the last survivors on Earth.

LILY

God save the Earth.



GALEN BEST  
(grins at her)  
It could be worse. We'd have  
beautiful children-- aghhhh.

That last sound comes from Lily poking her high-heels into  
his side.

GALEN BEST (CONT'D)  
That's the best way to build  
society. You and me. Dysfunctional  
as the day is long.

LILY  
Go home.

GALEN BEST  
I paid for fourteen hours.

LILY  
Then shut the fuck up and go to  
sleep.

GALEN BEST  
I want to talk--

But Lily is up, out of her chair, exiting the bedroom. She...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

...crosses the dark living room, goes to her window. Looks  
down on the city. A few explosions below. Fuckin' fireworks.  
Some close, some far. She frowns, hates the concept of the  
end of the world. As...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

...Rachel and Jared lie in bed in the dark (*it would be  
lovely, Fred, to make this darker than we usually go; I like  
the darkness David Lynch had in the first season of TWIN  
PEAKS. The grain becomes a bit more evident*), whispering:

JARED RITTER  
You should leave your husband.

RACHEL  
You don't mean that.

JARED RITTER  
I do.

RACHEL  
Well, I can't.

JARED RITTER  
What if I told you "I love you?"

RACHEL  
I know you don't.

The sound of several fireworks EXPLOSIONS outside.

JARED RITTER  
Things have changed for me. I travel the world; I go from war zone to war zone. Afghanistan. Iran. The Gaza Strip. Taking pictures. Now I'm home longer than I've ever been. And home *is* the war zone.

RACHEL  
You're pretending we have something we don't.

JARED RITTER  
Why do you say that?

RACHEL  
Because I know you. I know you get moved by small things. You are moved by moments. And I'm not. I look at the bigger patterns and keep myself in check.

JARED RITTER  
(smiles)  
Really? Twenty minutes ago, you didn't look "in check."

Rachel thinks about that. Philosophical, almost medically:

RACHEL  
I've been lonely for touch, and for sex. But I'm not gonna change my future because I like how you make me feel, because having an orgasm increases the skin's blood circulation and nutrient supply.

Jared laughs, leans up on his elbow to look at her:

JARED RITTER  
You are hilarious.

RACHEL

No. I'm not. I'm just a collection of cells and adrenaline that reacts a certain way when touched.

JARED RITTER

Okay. Then lets talk medically, "Doctor." Does your husband make your cells and adrenaline react that way? Does your skin's blood circulation and nutrient rise to that level when you're with him?

Rachel considers it. Gets up, and pulls on a robe:

RACHEL

I'm taking a shower.

And she heads off, as...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

...Lily sits in front of her living room window, the room dark. Some light coming in from the city lights. But otherwise she sits in the dark, high heels propped on the window sill, leaning back in her chair. Clearly that's her favored position, tipping back in any chair.

Tired, she pulls her spiked heels off. It's hard to stay in character all day. She exhales, taking the shoes off.

She hears more FIREWORKS outside. She looks toward her dark bedroom. No sound inside. She stands, crosses to it, enters...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

...her dark bedroom, stands at the side of her bed, sees Galen asleep in it, sleeping fitfully. She raises the covers, and starts to get in beside the gamer when she notices something odd.

He's got a BITE, a deep bite, on his ankle.

\*\*\*\*\*

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

*Ding-ding--*

--a webcam call comes in on Rachel's computer. It's early morning. Dawn sunlight coming in through Rachel's window. The living room empty. The dialogue box reads: "Zachery IS CALLING!" It dings a few more times unanswered when--

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING**

--we see Rachel sleeping content and happy in her lover's arms. The two seem made for each other. Rachel and Jared. But Rachel's eyes slowly open as she hears the *ding-ding* from the other room.

Oh shit. She jolts upright. Gets out of bed, grabs her nightgown, rushes toward...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

...her computer, sees it's her husband calling. She takes a moment, composes herself, smooths her hair, snuggles her nightgown even closer, not sure why. She starts to click "Accept" on the call when she sees...

...Jared's coat dropped in a chair within view of her webcam. Oh shit. She grabs it, throws it to the other side of the room as-- *click*-- she accepts Zachery's call.

His webcam screen pops up. Zachery at the CDC.

RACHEL

Hey, babe. How are you?

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)

*Good, good, sorry to call you so early. But you asked about that Ozarks footage, and I had a few answers.*

RACHEL

Oh, right, right. You're up early.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)

*No, I'm up late. We haven't gone to sleep here.*

RACHEL

Oh, my god, Zach! You've got to take care of yourself.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)

*I know. We're working in shifts. You asked about that attacker at the pool. You said check his blood pressure.*

RACHEL

Right.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)

*It was zero over zero.*

RACHEL

What?

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)

*There was no blood pressure. None.  
I had them recheck.*

Rachel stares straight ahead, stunned.

RACHEL

I don't understand.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)

*I don't either.*

RACHEL

That's not possible.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)

*No, it's not. There was no knife,  
by the way. He just attacked with  
his teeth, with his jaw. What's  
going on, Rachel?*

RACHEL

I don't know. I have a patient here  
who was bit at Trader Joe's. His  
last reading was 40 over 20. You  
might check for bites.

DR. ZACH (ON WEBCAM)

*I just don't--*

But there is suddenly a RINGTONE. A Dylan song: "Tangled Up  
in Blue." (Maybe that's too expensive. We can discuss.)

Zachery pauses. Where's that coming from? Rachel looks around  
too. Not sure if it's coming from Zachery's side of the call.  
After a second, she realizes it's coming from...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING**

...her bedroom, Jared sitting bolt upright. Oh shit. His  
iPhone. It's ringing.

Where the fuck is it? He scrambles out of bed in his  
underwear. Searching for his iPhone.

It's in his pants on the floor.

He grabs for them. But the pocket is turned inside-out. He  
tries to flip it, seeing the iPhone lighting up inside as...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

...Rachel crosses to her bedroom door, and closes it, a very telling move, which is not missed by...

**INT. ZACHERY'S OFFICE - CDC - MORNING**

...Zach at the CDC. (This is the first time we CUT TO a new point of view-- Dr. Zach's office at the CDC. Up to this point, we've only seen him through the webcam.)

The scales drop from his eyes. Yes, it's a simple ringtone, but Rachel's move to close the bedroom door is all he needs to know: his wife is cheating on him.

RACHEL (ON WEBCAM)

*Sorry. That's just my... I think my alarm on my iPhone. I just set it differently.*

Rachel lies. And not well. And Zach eyes her, listening as the ringtone in the bedroom is suddenly shut off.

DR. ZACH

Okay.

RACHEL (ON WEBCAM)

*Sorry about that. I just got up too early.*

DR. ZACH

That's okay.

Awkwardness between husband and wife. Rachel, embarrassed, offers him something:

RACHEL (ON WEBCAM)

*So you're thinking of coming back home soon. That would be good.*

DR. ZACH

Yeah. We'll see.

RACHEL (ON WEBCAM)

*I would like that.*

DR. ZACH

Good. I'll call you later.

And he hangs up. Zachery sits there in front of his computer, thinking it through, when...

CYNDI ESTEREO

Is everything alright?

Zachery looks up at his ex-lover, Cyndi, peering in his door.

DR. ZACH  
I don't know.

CYNDI ESTEREO  
Anything you need?

DR. ZACH  
Maybe. No, I'm fine.

CYNDI ESTEREO  
I'll get you some coffee.

DR. ZACH  
Okay, thanks.

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Rachel meanwhile sits in front of her blank computer too. Depressed. She knows that Zachery knows (or suspects), and she hates herself for it.

She looks toward her bedroom door. Gets up and starts toward it. But, wait, she goes back, and turns her computer screen away-- so it doesn't see. It's a pointless gesture, but she can't help it.

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Rachel opens the door, looks toward Jared hanging up his phone.

JARED RITTER  
Sorry.

RACHEL  
I need you to go.

JARED RITTER  
Maybe this is a good thing, him knowing.

RACHEL  
No, it's not. He's coming home. I need you not to be here.

JARED RITTER  
Rachel. What if we're in love.

RACHEL  
If we're in love then being apart won't matter.

JARED RITTER  
You don't love your husband.

RACHEL  
You're the last person to be a  
judge of that.

He eyes her, gets up, starts toward her to kiss and hold her,  
but *ding-ding-ding*. Her computer again. Someone's calling.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
You stay here. Don't come out.

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

She closes the door on him and heads back to her computer,  
but sees it's not her husband calling. The dialogue box  
reads:

**"BRESSERS CALLING: EMERGENCY!"**

Uh-oh. She clicks on it. Sees Petra is still in her  
apartment. Her husband, Miles, wandering in the background:

RACHEL  
Petra, why aren't you at the  
hospital? I sent the EMTs!

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*They never arrived.*

A horrified Rachel immediately takes out her cellphone, hits  
speed dial for the hospital as Miles's second webcam angle  
pops up.

RACHEL  
Petra, call 911 now, and I'll call  
the hospital. How's his blood  
pressure?

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Twenty over five. That's not good,  
is it?*

RACHEL  
No, it's not; it's impossible!  
Miles. How is your arm?

MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Better. It doesn't hurt anymore.*

Miles raises his arm to his webcam. And it's a black and blue  
mess. The whole arm. The bite looks like a moldy peach. It's  
ghastly. Rachel cries out, appalled.



MILES BRESSER (ON WEBCAM) (CONT'D)  
*Is it s'posed to look like that?*

RACHEL  
Petra, I'm putting you on mute for  
a second.  
(into her phone, pacing)  
Yes, this is Dr. Boutella. Office  
56-133. I called yesterday, and an  
ambulance was supposed to go to two  
of my emergency patients! What the  
fuck is going on--? I don't care  
how overtaxed the EMTs--  
(click-- she's hung up on)  
Oh my god! You're fuckin' kidding  
me?

Rachel dials again as she sees Jared peering out of the  
bedroom.

JARED RITTER  
The coast clear?

Rachel raises a finger: One second. Into her cell:

RACHEL  
Dr. Zucker, please. No, *Lionel*  
Zucker.

As she's put on hold...

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Jared, I need a favor. You have  
your car, right?

JARED RITTER  
Downstairs. Where do you need to  
go?

RACHEL  
Not me; I need you to pick up some  
patients and drive them to the  
hospital--

JARED RITTER  
Sure, who is it?

She points toward the two webcam screens:

RACHEL  
The Bressers. They live about-- Oh  
god.

Rachel sees Miles Bresser in his webcam suddenly tumble to the floor! Rachel rushes to hit the computer key, unmuting herself:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Petra! I have someone coming now.  
Cover him with a blanket.

*Ding-ding--* another dialogue appears on her screen: **"OLIVIA:  
EMERGENCY! I'M DYING!"**

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Oh god.  
(to Jared)  
They live on 95th. At Madison. 30  
East 95th. Apartment um 6B. I'll  
tell them to leave the door  
unlocked.

JARED RITTER  
Got it. What's wrong with him?

RACHEL  
I don't know. He got a bite. Take  
him to Lenox Hill, okay?

JARED RITTER  
Sure. Can I come back?

RACHEL  
Can you...? What? No!

JARED RITTER  
Just to say good-bye.

RACHEL  
(overwhelmed)  
No, I think Zach might be coming  
home--!

JARED RITTER  
Okay, I'll call--

RACHEL  
No, okay, wait...  
(too much)  
Wait, wait.

Jared returns to her. Rachel reaches up, kisses him:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
If we'd met at another time.

JARED RITTER

I know. Pandemics aren't great for romance.

He smiles, kisses her again, and rushes out the door. As Rachel hits her unmute key, but she realizes she opened Olivia's screen:

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM)

*It's gotten worse overnight, doctor.*

RACHEL

Olivia. I've got an emergency on the other line. Can I call you--

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM)

*This is an emergency.*  
(moving toward the screen)  
*Look. The acne's even worse--*

But-- *klomp-klomp-klomp*-- Rachel glances toward the ceiling. Lily banging for her anxiously. Oh god. Everything going wrong at once. And we see...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

...Lily is banging on her floor again with her mop handle, seeing her client, Galen Best, lying unconscious, his whole leg covered with deep ugly veins extending out from the ankle bite. Horrifying. Lily bangs louder, louder, more anxious, as...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...Rachel responds to someone coming onto her line:

RACHEL

Hello, Dr. Zucker? Hi. It's Rachel. I'm having trouble getting EMTs out to two of my patients and this is an extreme emergency--!

Rachel looks at her computer screen: actually three windows side-by-side: Miles's screen showing him on the floor unconscious; Petra's screen showing her on her landline with 911; and Olivia, complaining about her acne into her camera:

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*He's unresponsive right now,  
and our doctor said to call.  
Miles Bresser. He's an actor.  
45-years-old. I'm his wife.  
Insurance card? I don't know,  
I'll look, hold on.*

OLIVIA (ON WEBCAM)  
*It's a zero-sum game, acne. I  
know even one pimple leads to  
two more. And then everything  
goes to shit. And even if I'm  
not modeling now, I will be.*

Rachel turns away from this chaos, finger to ear, in order to talk to Dr. Zucker:

RACHEL  
Please, this is that bite I was  
talking about. No, even worse--

Meanwhile...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

...Lily in her bedroom is appalled to see gurgling foam leaking from Galen's mouth:

LILY  
Oh shit, oh shit.

She holds her fingers to his neck. Is there any pulse? She grabs her cellphone, dials in 911. But she stops, looks around, sees the leather straps on Galen tying him down. The red welts from some whipping.

Shit. That does not look good. She starts to take the leather straps off. And bangs the floor again, as...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...Rachel ignores the BANGING from upstairs, still on with Dr. Zucker:

RACHEL  
No, they were s'posed to be at the  
hospital; and I'm getting no  
response. The EMTs are busy. If you  
could--

But suddenly Rachel sees, behind Petra, unseen by her--

--her husband suddenly sit up from the floor!

Rachel looks to the other webcam angle-- Miles's angle-- and sees that he looks terrible. In fact, let's say it: he looks like a zombie. He stretches his neck like a zombie, snaps his jaws like a zombie (missing frames, Glenn?).

Rachel watches appalled, but Petra doesn't see him, still looking for her insurance card on 911, as Miles stands. Rachel yells:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Petra, behind you! Petra--!  
(into her cell)  
No, Doctor, hold on!

But Petra can't hear, raising her cupped hand to her ear:

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*Rachel, I think you're muted--*

Oh fuck. Rachel hurriedly grabs her mouse, steers it toward the unmute button as Olivia rattles on about acne, and Rachel sees two angles of a zombified Miles still moving toward his wife, his jaws snapping.

RACHEL  
PETRA, GET OUT OF THERE! Petra--

But Petra still cups her hand to her ear:

PETRA BRESSER (ON WEBCAM)  
*You may have another screen open. I still can't hear you--*

Oh damn. Rachel veers the mouse to the delete button on Olivia's window, clicking it. A dialogue box comes on: "You are about to terminate a call. Are you sure?"

Rachel clicks "yes" as Miles gets even closer, closer. After a second, another dialogue box appears:

*"If you terminate call, you may have to reconnect."*

Fuck! Rachel desperately clicks "Approved." As--

--Miles comes up behind his wife, jaws snapping. Unmuted, Rachel screams:

RACHEL  
PETRA, PETRA! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

And Petra turns just as-- SNAPPP!-- Miles's jaws snap down on her neck, and he yanks away a chunk of flesh, blood spouting, gushing (Glenn, good luck with this).

Petra screams, as...

...both Miles and Petra tumble to the floor, blood still gushing into the frame!

Rachel stares at the two angles, stunned, aghast. Horrified.

The phone drops from her hand as-- *klomp-klomp-klomp*-- Lily continues to bang her floor upstairs.

\*\*\*\*\*

**UNDER BLACKNESS...**

LILY (O.C.)  
...*Oh shit... oh shit...*

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

It's coming from upstairs. Lily. She finishes pulling Galen's pants and overcoat onto his body. Trying to make him look more presentable for the EMTs when they come. To herself:

LILY  
I didn't do this. I didn't do it.

Lily grabs the mop again, walking away from the bed, and pounding on the floor as we see behind her...

...Galen's left foot twitching. Uh-oh. He's coming back to life. As...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...BANG-BANG-BANG, Rachel continues to ignore Lily's banging as she stares at her computer screen, mouth agape. Never seen anything like this before.

The Bressers' two angles.

(1) Petra's webcam showing nothing but a fountain of blood bursting into frame from Petra's body below frame. And (2) Miles's webcam showing Miles from a distance kneeling over Petra's body, chomping at it.

*(This should be even more ghastly because it's got that Blair Witch Project reality to it: found footage-- in this case Zoom footage-- that we expect to be predictable and boring.)*

Just the sound of chomping and the sound of gurgling from Petra dying.

Rachel brings herself to concentrate, wipe away her horrified tears, take out her iPhone, and start filming the images. She whispers:

RACHEL  
Miles, stop. Please stop. Miles!

But nothing. He continues to chomp.

Rachel takes a deep intake of breath, her mind racing. What to do? This is insane. A game-changer of some kind.

She nods, knows who to call. Eyeing the desktop photo of herself with her husband. She grabs her cellphone, dials Dr. Zach, waits. Damn. She hears a voicemail:

DR. ZACH (ON HER PHONE)  
*Extension 683. Centers for Disease  
Control. Dr. Zachery DeVeux isn't  
in right now. Please leave a  
message after the beep.*  
(beep)

RACHEL  
Zach, hi. I... I um... something  
happened here....

**INT. ZACHERY'S OFFICE - CDC - DAY**

And again we're in Zachery's office, a frozen and impassively jealous Zach sitting at his desk, arms crossed, unmoved, hearing his wife replayed on his voicemail:

RACHEL (ON VOICE MAIL)  
*...I need to talk to you. Please.  
This is important.*

Zach frowns, knows she wants to make some stupid lying excuse, but... his wife adds:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
*It's about the virus. Something  
happened with one of my patients. I  
think it has to do with the events  
at the Ozarks. I think this is the  
second wave.*

Zachery looks toward the phone intercom, interested, but too prideful to pick up. As...

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...Rachel continues into her phone, still watching Miles chomping:

RACHEL  
Anyway, I'm going to send some  
video to your email account. Please  
look at it. And call me. I need to  
talk to you.

Rachel hangs up, saddened, knows he's not picking up because of his justified suspicions from earlier.

She attaches the video of Miles chomping Petra to an email and-- whoosh-- it's sent. As...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...Lily, having placed the mop aside, grabs something heavy-- an S&M BALL GAG,-- and ties it to the end of a long stretch of leather. She ties another leather strap to the end of that, making a longer rope, not seeing behind her, and...

...through the door of her bedroom, we see Galen starting to shake, TRAIN TO BUSAN-style, no straps holding him down anymore.

**INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Rachel, meanwhile, looks up toward her live webcam of the Bresser's bloody household when--

--WHOMP--

--Miles suddenly jolts upright, standing, stock-still, blood wet down his front. All his movements jangled and abrupt. He turns one way, the other, looking for his next meal.

Boom.

Fireworks outside. Hearing it, he heads off-screen toward the window. Rachel watches his progress on the other webcam. He heads toward the sound outside the window, bumps against the window, stopped. When suddenly--

--WHOMP--

--Petra jumps up into frame too. Stiffly. Her back turned to camera.

WTF?! Rachel gasps. How could she be alive after all that? Rachel ventures quietly:

RACHEL  
Petra? Can you hear me?

But Petra slowly turns toward the camera, and Rachel sees the same lifeless horrifying eyes, the bloodless face, the jangled walk and body moves. Inhuman.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Petra, what are you...?



But Petra leans in toward the webcam, her awful face filling the frame, her jaws snapping in massive close-up. Rachel watches her horrified when--

--RINGGGGG-- Rachel's phone makes her jump. She answers:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Zach, hey. Sorry, I'm a bit  
flustered here.

**INT. ZACHERY'S OFFICE - CDC - DAY**

Dr. Zach calls, in the midst of watching Rachel's emailed video, hearing the chomping and the gurgling from Petra dying.

DR. ZACH  
What is this? This video?

INTERCUT between the two:

RACHEL  
It's one of my patients. Two of my  
patients.

DR. ZACH  
What happened to them?

RACHEL  
One got a bite from a bag boy. And  
the wife she-- I don't know.  
Something is wrong.

DR. ZACH  
Where are they?

RACHEL  
95th. I sent someone to--

But Rachel stops herself, suddenly realizing! Oh shit. Oh  
shit! Jared is on his way to them. And in fact--

--knock-knock.

There is the sound of knocking at the Bressers' front door.

The two zombies-- Petra and Miles (we might as well call them  
zombies now)-- spin toward the knocking at the door!

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. Zach, I have to call you  
back.

DR. ZACH  
What is it?

RACHEL  
I'll call you back!

And Rachel hurriedly hangs up on an ignored Zachery as she hears more KNOCKING on the Bresser door as Jared, her lover, yells through:

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)(O.C.)  
*Hello, it's Jared Ritter. Rachel sent me to drive you. Hello?!*

Horrified, Rachel thunders into her webcam microphone:

RACHEL  
Jared, DON'T OPEN THE DOOR! DON'T--

But Jared calls through the door again, not hearing her:

JARED RITTER (ON WEBCAM)(O.C.)  
*I'm here to take you to the hospital. Hello? I'm opening the door--*

RACHEL  
Jared, DON'T--!

But Rachel, realizing she's gotta take another tack! She takes out her cellphone, drops it, hurriedly grabs it, dials, watching--

--the two zombies going toward the front door, hearing the doorknob turn. The door starts to open--

--oh my god, NO!-- when--

--Rachel hears Jared's cellphone ring. She can't see him, but she can hear him and his cellphone ring as the zombies near the door. Rachel hears over her cellphone:

JARED RITTER (ON HER PHONE)  
*What's up, babe?*

RACHEL  
**CLOSE THE DOOR NOW!**

Rachel screams as she watches the zombies at the door, starting to pry it open!

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
**CLOSE IT! THEY'LL KILL YOU! Jared!**

JARED RITTER (ON HER PHONE)  
*What's wrong-- Oh my god!*

And Jared clearly sees them through the door.

(All we see is the actions of the door and the zombies over Rachel's webcam as she hears an unseen Jared from her cellphone!)

Rachel watches panicked, unable to do anything about Jared's struggle as she sees his hand on the door, trying to close it, that's all she can see; and, horrifyingly, she sees Petra tilting her head to try to bite his hand.

RACHEL  
**Don't let them bite, Jared! THEY'RE  
INFECTIOUS! CLOSE THE DOOR!**

And Rachel watches as Jared struggles to close the door and the zombies struggle to shove their bodies in the gap to bite him!

She finally screams into her webcam, trying to distract the zombies:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
**OVER HERE! I'M OVER HERE!**

Zombie Petra turns toward the sound from the webcam, allowing Jared to slam the door closed. And...

...Rachel hears Jared out of breath on the phone:

JARED RITTER (ON HER PHONE)  
*What is that? What's going on?*

RACHEL  
I don't know. They've become infected in some way. Are you okay? Are you bitten?

JARED RITTER (ON HER PHONE)  
*No, I don't think so.*

RACHEL  
Look. Look at your hand. Did they bite it?

JARED RITTER (ON HER PHONE)  
*No. Wait.*

Rachel waits, worried.

JARED RITTER (ON HER PHONE) (CONT'D)  
*No, that's a cut from the door I think. A sliver.*

RACHEL  
Are you sure? How does it look?

JARED RITTER (ON HER PHONE)  
*A little red.*

RACHEL  
Any blue veins coming off from it?

JARED RITTER (ON HER PHONE)  
*No, I don't think so.*

Rachel nods, relieved. *bang... bang*-- something smacking against her window. What the hell now? Back to the phone:

RACHEL  
Drop by here. I'll take a look.

JARED RITTER (ON HER PHONE)  
*Okay. Thanks. Wow, that was bad. I'll see you in a minute.*

RACHEL  
Be careful.

And Rachel hangs up, considers it. She watches Petra and Miles on their webcam screens at their front door, still banging against it, zombie style. She exhales, as...

...*bang... bang*-- there it is. The smacking against her window again.

She starts toward it. Sees an object hanging from a leather rope that keeps arcing away, then back again... *bang*. It hits her window. Then swings away again.

Rachel opens her window, and we see...

**EXT. BUILDING SIDE - 6TH & 7TH FLOOR - DAY**

...it's Lily leaning out her window smacking the ball gag against Rachel's window. Rachel grabs it, looks at the gag oddly.

RACHEL  
What?

LILY

Where were you? I have a problem. A client-- the client I told you about-- he's sick.

RACHEL

Lily, I'm a bit busy--

Rachel starts to retreat into her apartment when--

LILY

Wait! I think he's dead.

RACHEL

Call 911.

LILY

I can't. Something's wrong with his leg. He's got a bite.

Rachel leans out again, more worried:

RACHEL

What kind of bite?

LILY

Small, but it's gotten worse.

RACHEL

(suddenly appalled)  
Lily, where is he now?

LILY

Why?

And we see...

**INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

...Lily leaning out of her apartment window as we see behind her, her client, Galen Best, fully zombified, coming out of her bedroom, starting toward her.

RACHEL

You need to lock him up now. Immediately.

LILY

Why? What's going on?

RACHEL

There's a new infection. Don't let him get near you! Believe me. Lily. Where is he?

And Lily peers back into her living room and sees her client approaching, a zombie now. Lily sighs:

LILY

Oh shit.

She reaches for her riding crop and as she does we PAN OFF to her TV screen, playing the newest pandemic news:

REPORTER (ON TV)

*Many are wondering, 98 days in, how the United States can reopen for business under these pandemic conditions.*

And as the pandemic footage continues, we hear a STRUGGLE, furniture being overturned, a glass coffee table shattering.

REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

*And if there is a Second Wave, will conditions get even worse? Much worse?*

**END OF EPISODE**