



MAN-FLU

EPIDEMIC OF THE... YEAR?



BY: BRANDON FORD

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Abby, snow-like skin and sunny hair on a perfect day, sits at her kitchen table hunched over the side, leg shaking so fast it might win the Kentucky Derby.

Moans can be heard in another room. Abby's head tilts in the direction and back to the wall- with a black smiling cat that meows at each new hour.

Abby ascends from her seat at the kitchen table and starts pacing, reaching the kitchen island and reaching for her cell phone-

It rings. She answers.

ABBY

Dr... Thanks for getting back to me.

INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM/HOTEL

Dr. Feeny, pale-spotty skin and whisker white hair and horn-rimmed glasses, stands near an empty section of the outside reception room where a conference is currently happening.

DR. FEENY

Abby! I'm sorry to have taken so long. My receptionist had a hard time reaching me- the reception here is ghostly... How is he?

Dr. Feeny shares a small, faint smile with passerbies.

KITCHEN

Abby runs her fingers through her hair, tears brim her eyes and beg to fall out. She looks out the sliding door at the fresh blanketed snow.

ABBY

The same as it was this morning. Last night, before bed, he- he complained, but when he woke up... that's when I knew.

CONFERENCE

DR. FEENY

I guess Ferris Bueller doesn't get a day off.

ABBY (ON PHONE)

What?

DR. FEENY

Nothing. Sorry.

Dr. Feeny sets down a flyer advertising back-to-back viewings of Ferris Bueller's Day off & a meet and greet with Matthew Broderick.

KITCHEN

Louder sounds of pain and yelps for help are heard. Abby slides down the refrigerator onto the ground.

ABBY

I've taken my pants off.

DR. FEENY (ON PHONE)

Why?

ABBY

It got hot down there.

Abby's pants sit atop the vent, blowing out hot air.

DR. FEENY (ON PHONE)

My God.

ABBY

What are you seeing Dr.?

CONFERENCE

Dr. Feeny stands back, face in awe:

DR. FEENY

An overblown portrait of baby Jesus... black.

A group of black doctors eyeball Dr. Feeny and move from him.

KITCHEN

Abby's eyes grow big.

ABBY

My husband Dr.

CONFERENCE

DR. FEENY

Right! What are his symptoms?

INT. BEDROOM

ABBY (V.O.)

Persistent coughing.

Vincent coughs and thrashes his body on the bed.

ABBY (V.O.)

Buildup of mucus in his lungs, sinus, nose.

Vincent chokes and nearly dies, only to roll over and spit into the bedside trash can and blow his nose too.

ABBY (V.O.)

Body aches, red eyes.

Vincent screams out for Abby.

ABBY (V.O.)

Loss of appetite, fever.

Vincent rolls to his left side and thrashes more on the bed.

CONFERENCE

Dr. Feeny is hunched over clutching the middle of his chest.

SECURITY

Sir, sir! Are you having a heart attack?

Dr. Feeny jumps up and looks around to see he has numerous people concerned for his well-being.

DR. FEENY

I'm fine. My patient's not. I was reacting to his wife's description of the symptoms.

Dr. Feeny swivels around and jerks his head in the air: he knows the answer.

DR. FEENY

Abby are you with me? (Silence) Abby?

KITCHEN

Abby returns back to the kitchen and picks up the phone.

ABBY

Sorry Dr. I had to setup TiVo.

CONFERENCE

DR. FEENY

I know what it is.

Abby's breathing slows on the phone.

DR. FEENY (CONT.)

He has Man-Flu.

ABBY (ON PHONE)

(Softly) No.

DR. FEENY

When men get the flu, it's times 10 for us. Vincent is in prime and can barely withstand the effects. If I were to catch it, I'd die.

KITCHEN

Abby is pinned against the sliding door, her face red, and her breathing creating dramatic "pillows" on the ice-cold glass.

ABBY

What do I do?

DR. FEENY (ON PHONE)

You have to remember Man-Flu is worse than getting 1,000 menstrual periods at the same time. Treat this delicately.

Abby silently curses her vagina.

ABBY

Of course Dr.

CONFERENCE

DR. FEENY

Pour him a healthy dose of Dayquil, give him a sinus relief pill... I'll send a prescription to your local pharmacy for an antibiotic in the meantime, make him tea and cookies- but tell him I suggested the cookies- and most of all- tell him Dr. Feeney says he will be okay if he follows my instructions carefully. He might even jump out of bed feeling better.

ABBY (ON PHONE)

And work?

DR. FEENY

Oh no Abby... He will need to remain home for the foreseeable future and have you tend to him around the clock, day and night.

EXT. BACKYARD

Abby stands in the below freezing temps, feet of snow, no coat getting pelted with snow falling from the sky. She is shivering and probably near death.

ABBY

Great. And if women get the Man-Flu?

DR. FEENY (ON PHONE)

Don't be silly. You don't get "sick" the same. Well I must run.
Tootle-Loo.

CONFERENCE

Dr. Feeny puts away his cell phone and grabs two cookies from a server walking around with a dessert tray.

He opens the closed doors to the conference and walks back in.

HOST (ON STAGE)

So Matthew, you married a horse.

The end.