

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. SMALL UNMARKED ROOM, LOTION COMPANY - DAY

A plain break room. A sink counter sits besides a mini fridge opposite an armchair. Samples of the company's lotion rest next to a drying rack on the counter.

ALYSSA (26) pushes CARSON (21) into the room.

ALYSSA
What were you thinking?

CARSON
What?

ALYSSA
Why on earth would you say that in front of Sharon?

CARSON
I just asked you out.

Alyssa paces, clutching her hair.

ALYSSA
You didn't just ask me out! You said so many things. Oh my god.

CARSON
You seemed like you were enjoying yourself last night. So I thought maybe we could do it again.

ALYSSA
You are an intern! An intern that just revealed he slept with a manager! During the quarterly sales meeting with our boss!

This is too much for Carson's attention span. He wanders over to the counter and pumps lotion into his hands.

CARSON
Whoops, I got too much.

ALYSSA
(moaning)
Now Sharon is going to think I'm a slut who hooks up with the interns.

CARSON
Do you want some?

Carson slaps an ungodly amount of lotion onto Alyssa's palm.

ALYSSA
This is not the time for lotion!

Her agitated arms knock the drying rack and its contents to the floor.

CARSON
(genuine)
I'm sorry.

He reaches down for the fallen containers. They slip through his lotion-ed fingers.

CARSON (cont'd)
What's this?

Alyssa looks up. Carson holds a breast pump between his elbows.

CARSON (cont'd)
Is this some kind of spray bottle?

A sinking feeling grips Alyssa. She pulls open the fridge.

It's filled with plastic bags holding cream-colored milk. The sharpie labels read: "Sharon" "Melissa" "Debbie"

Alyssa shuts the fridge.

ALYSSA
We need to get out of here!

She rushes to the door and tugs on the knob.

ALYSSA (cont'd)
Shit! Why do these doors always jam?

Carson watches her panicked struggle, still not getting it.

CARSON
Why do you want to leave so bad?

ALYSSA
We are in a NURSING ROOM. And there is an army of breastfeeding women at this company. If any one of them sees me with you in here, they'll think...

CARSON
They'll think what?

ALYSSA
Just help me open the door!

Carson walks over, still holding the breast pump between his elbows.

ALYSSA (cont'd)
Give me that!

Carson tries to grip the doorknob.

CARSON
My hands are slippery because of the lotion.

ALYSSA
Find a towel or something!

Carson looks around. The room is bare. He unbuttons his shirt.

ALYSSA (cont'd)
What are you doing?

CARSON
I don't see any towels.

He wraps his shirt around the doorknob. Suddenly, the knob turns and the door opens.

SHARON (32) freezes in the door frame. Carson stands bare-chested. Alyssa clutches a breast pump behind him.

SHARON
What are you doing?

CARSON
Uh, I'm breast feeding.

A long silence. Alyssa considers an early death.

ALYSSA
I'm...
(sighs)
his lactation consultant.