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Episode #101
Script #1001
Production #01001

UCP

The Resort

“The Disappointment of Time”

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Production Draft	11/16/21	Yellow Draft	02/10/22
Blue Draft	01/05/22	Green Pages	03/02/22
Pink Draft	01/18/22	Double White Pages	03/04/22

**Rev. Double White Pages (6 Total + Cast List, Set List,
Day/Night Breakdown): 31, 32, 33, 33A, 34, 35**

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THE RESORT

Episode 101
"The Disappointment of Time"
DOUBLE WHITE PAGES

CAST LIST

EMMA REED.....CRISTIN MILIOTI
NOAH REED.....WILLIAM JACKSON HARPER
BALTASAR FRÍAS (/PENICHE).....LUIS GERARDO MENDEZ
SAM LAWFORD.....SKYLER GISONDO
VIOLET THOMPSON.....NINA BLOOMGARDEN
LUNA.....GABRIELA CARTOL
MURRAY THOMPSON.....**NICK OFFERMAN***

CARL LAWFORD.....DYLAN BAKER
HANNA JASTONE.....DEBBY RYAN
JAN LAWFORD.....BECKY ANN BAKER
***KIRSTEN.....TBD**
YOUNG TED.....PARVESH CHEENA
GREY TED.....MICHAEL HITCHCOCK
EDWIN.....CARLOS RIVERA MARCHAND
ABIGAIL.....MACHA COLÓN
PATRICIA.....AMBER RIVERA
RAUL.....JULIO RAMOS
OLIVER.....RICARDO LABOY
CASHIER.....AXEL CINTRÓN
TAXI DRIVER.....FRAN MÉNDEZ
SUNBURNT HUSBAND.....ISAAC SANTIAGO
SUNBURNT WIFE.....NELL CURTIS
OLD WIFE.....JESSICA GASPAR
OLD HUSBAND.....NORMAN GRANT
MAN.....TBD

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

AIRPLANE

BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO RESORT
EMMA AND NOAH'S SUITE
BATHROOM
BEDROOM
LIVING ROOM
LOBBY

ELECTRONICS STORE

GOLF CART

OCEANA VISTA RESORT
*CLOTHING BOUTIQUE
*~~COCKTAIL LOUNGE~~
*ELEVATOR
LOBBY
THE YELLOW ROOM

SHUTTLE BUS

EXTERIORS

AIRPLANE

BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO RESORT
BEACH
EMMA AND NOAH'S SUITE
PATIO
LOBBY
ON THE WATER
PATIO BAR
POOL
POOLSIDE CAFÉ
RESORT JUNGLE PATHWAYS

DARK NOTHINGNESS

DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN

ELECTRONICS STORE

GOLF CART

HIGHWAY

JUNGLE

OCEANA VISTA RESORT
PATHWAY(S)
THE YELLOW ROOM
BALCONY

RIVIERA MAYA ATV ADVENTURES

THE RESORT

Episode 101
"The Disappointment of Time"
DOUBLE WHITE PAGES

DAY/NIGHT

2022

Day/Night	Scenes
DAY 1	A2; 4-9
NIGHT 1	10-AA11
DAY 2	11-15
NIGHT 2	A17-20
DAY 3	A24-28

2007

Day/Night	Scenes
DAY 1 (12/24/2007)	21-22 *29-30 *SCENE 31 OMITTED *SCENE 32 OMITTED *A33-35

1

WE MOVE THROUGH A DARK NOTHINGNESS, MAYBE UNDERWATER, MAYBE OUTER SPACE, IT'S HARD TO TELL... A QUOTE FILLS THE SCREEN:

1

"The pursuit to recapture your past is a waste of time. The past lives in the past and is therefore non-existent in the present. Time travel has not been invented."

- Illán Iberra, from *El Espejo* (The Mirror), 1962

Suddenly TINY PARTICLES fly past us -- pinpricks of LIGHT --

As we pick up speed, COLORS begin to enter our field of vision, shooting from right and left, SWIRLING in a kind of evolutionary DANCE of life and death... Until it seems like we're being ASSAULTED BY COLORS.

UP AHEAD, amidst this barrage of colorful NONSENSE, *something* strange begins to FORM out of these PARTICLES and COLORS... *something* emanating a bright light... as we get closer to it, this *SOMETHING* seems to be... a **SOAP BUBBLE**.

Although, we can FEEL it's *something* much more powerful than a simple soap bubble... because it then CONTRACTS --

TRANSFORMING INTO THE BRIGHT SUN IN THE SKY --

And we seem to have left our magical world of swirling colors and are now FLYING ON THE SURFACE OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA --

A2

EXT. ON THE WATER/BEACH - DAY - 2022 (DAY 1)

A2

A SECOND QUOTE FILLS THE SCREEN:

"I made many idiotic and pretentious statements in my youth."

- Illán Iberra, from *La Desilusión del Tiempo*
(The Disappointment of Time), 1993

David Byrne's "**Strange Overtones**" sets the vibe just as we see a JET SKI speed along the horizon line.

The MAN (50s) driving the jet ski, a sunburnt and leathery guy, who really isn't that important to our story, grins back at his much younger WIFE as she clings onto him.

MAN

Hold on tight!

He abruptly TURNS, LAUNCHING his wife off. But, again, this story isn't about them, so we continue to fly onward to --

A sun-soaked BEACH along the Mayan Riviera, where oiled-up LOVERS, FRIENDS, and FAMILIES, of all ages and backgrounds, enjoy a tropical respite from their daily grind.

TITLE CARD: The Resort

2 OMITTED

2

3 OMITTED

3

4 EXT. BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO RESORT - DAY - 2022

4

A long, palm tree-lined driveway fills the frame. As a SHUTTLE BUS pulls up front -- we HEAR the SCREECH of brakes --

Then it passes right by at a SLOW 5 kph and bumps into a potted plant. An ATTENDANT rights the plant as the SHUTTLE reverses. CAMERA moves with it to REVEAL:

A TRAY of TWO YELLOW COCKTAILS -- being held by LUNA (40), the resort's affable concierge. Watching, mildly amused.

RAUL (DRIVER) gets out and hurries to open the door for:

EMMA (40) and her husband, NOAH REED (40), stretching as they exit. A once cooler, fitter, happier couple, now looking a little worn over the years. But they hide it well.

LUNA

Mr. and Mrs. Reed! Welcome!
Apologies for the bumpy entry.

NOAH

It's all good, we're here!

EMMA

(to Raul)
You alright, buddy?

RAUL

Yes, yes. Part of the experience.

Emma helps Raul with the bags, but Noah steps in to take over.

LUNA

Raul has poor depth perception.
(then)
Did you have a good flight in?

EMMA

No.

Yeah.

NOAH

EMMA (CONT'D)

Lots of turbulence, and the lady next to me had a panic attack.

NOAH

I wouldn't say full panic.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

She held my hand for two hours.
(noticing the drinks)
Are those... for us?

LUNA

Compliments of Bahía Del Paraíso.

EMMA

Gracias.

Emma and Noah smile, cheers, and drink -- CUT TO --

INT./EXT. LOBBY, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - CONTINUOUS - 2022

A CAMERA FLASH! Emma and Noah, each holding cocktails, pose for a photo in front of the resort's SIGN -- an imposing BLACK MONOLITH with GOLD LETTERING. But we hold this shot, and they hold their smiles, for two seconds too long...

LUNA

That is a stunning couple!

INT./EXT. GOLF CART / RESORT JUNGLE PATHWAYS - DAY - 2022

Luna speeds through winding pathways in a GOLF CART, Emma sits next to her, Noah sits in back. He YAWNS, then TAPS his fingers and bobs along to a tune in his head while taking in the sprawling resort: pools, jungle, golf course --

NOAH

I didn't realize it was so, like,
IN the jungle. And I've never cared
for golf, but this course makes me
think I should.

LUNA

So, what brings you two to Akumal?
Vacation from the kids?

Noah looks to Emma to answer, but she's on her phone. He peeks to see who she's texting -- she promptly clicks it OFF --

EMMA

No kids, that ship has sailed.
It's our tenth anniversary.

LUNA

Ten years! My partner calls that:
La pubertad del matrimonio.

Noah and Emma look at each other, trying to translate...

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

...Something marriage...? I dunno --

LUNA

"The puberty of marriage."

EMMA

Ah. I did not expect that--

NOAH

La pubertad del matrimonio.

LUNA

It's when the real love begins. You become who you will be.

NOAH

A marriage matured.

Emma holds her hand out to let the passing leaves WHACK her --

EMMA

I dunno, when I think of puberty, all I remember is feeling like this volcano of hormones and confusion and a ton of self-hatred and -- pus.

NOAH

Watch out for the tree up here --

Noah pushes Emma's arm in. Emma's used to it. Luna notices.

LUNA

And what do you do for work?

Noah's about to answer, but then a BUG FLIES IN HIS MOUTH. As he does his best to HACK and POUND his chest discreetly --

EMMA

We're teachers.

LUNA

My mother was a teacher. Only the most noble and selfless can be.

EMMA

I'm sure your mother was a lovely lady, but deep down, most of the teachers I know are just as fucked-up as everyone else.

(CONTINUED)

LUNA

My mother was noble, selfless, and
also very fucked-up.

Luna and Emma share a smile. *HUUACK!* Noah gets it out.

EMMA

You okay?

NOAH

All good. I think a mosquito.

LUNA

May I ask: Is there anything you
are hoping to get out of this
vacation? I want to make sure you
have a memorable week with us.

NOAH

We have an ATV tour tomorrow and
we're seeing some ruins Wednesday.
Maybe try that zip-lining adventure
park thing --

He sees Emma's looking at her phone again --

NOAH (CONT'D)

Or we just chill by the pool. Jet
lag's creeping in. You guys have a
lazy river?

LUNA

The most lazy in the Yucatán.

EMMA

That sounds delightful.

LUNA

You can relax now, you're in
paradise! "No work, no stress, no
regrets" at the Bahía Del Paraíso.

EMMA

That's the plan.

NOAH

Amen.

They each stare off in opposite directions. As the golf cart
continues down the path and leaves frame, we PUSH IN on the
dense, ominous JUNGLE -- accompanied by an unsettling,
pulsating, low DRONING SOUND, taking us into --

INT. EMMA & NOAH'S SUITE, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - DAY - 2022

We MOVE THROUGH a luxury suite. CHAMPAGNE on ice, TV on with
a personal greeting for "Mr.

(CONTINUED)

and Mrs. Reed." Emma and Noah enter and take it in. Emma
peeks out to the private PATIO with HOT TUB.

EMMA

Nice.

Noah takes their bags into the --

A8 **INT. BEDROOM, E & N'S SUITE, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - CONT. - 2022** A8

-- and collapses face-first onto one of the two QUEEN BEDS
covered in ROSE PETALS. In heaven.

NOAH

There are few greater pleasures in
life than a good hotel bed.

Emma falls onto the second bed.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I had to use AmEx points and they
were out of rooms with king beds.

EMMA

Nooo, this is great.

(off his look)

I'm kidding, don't worry.

Noah rolls out of bed and hops in with her. Face-to-face. He
holds up his "All-Inclusive" BAHÍA WRISTBAND --

NOAH

All-inclusive. It means:
Everything. Is included.

EMMA

To a week of unlimited food and
alcohol.

NOAH

To gluttony. And adventure.

EMMA

To lazy rivers.

NOAH

To ten years.

EMMA

The puberty of marriage.

They kiss. Not a bad kiss, but the passion is... limp. Then --
as they pull away, Noah exhales.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Were you holding your breath?

NOAH

Yeahhh... sorry. You got something
a little stinky going on in there.

Emma checks her breath, embarrassed.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Pool?

8

INT. BATHROOM, E & N'S SUITE, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - DAY - 2022

8

CLOSE ON: EMMA'S DISCOLORED, DYING MOLAR -- reflected in a
MAGNIFYING MIRROR (ring light on it is busted).

She backs away (now in a bikini). Her SUITCASE is on the
bathroom floor and it looks like she just packed everything in
there last minute. She digs through her mess of a toiletry bag
until she finds her toothbrush and nearly empty toothpaste --
which has some mysterious sticky substance on it. MEANWHILE --

THROUGH THE OPEN BLINDS DIVIDING THE BATHROOM/BEDROOM, WE SEE --

Noah UNPACKING his nicely organized bag. Clothes in drawers.
He finds a new BATHING SUIT he bought, tears off the tag.

BACK TO EMMA, brushing her teeth really hard. As she does --

She takes the moment to scrutinize the rest of her body in the
reflection, hyper-focusing on every bit that bothers her:
blotches, finds a new questionable mole, rogue hairs, all
sorts of scars... including a C-section scar that is peeking
up from her waistband and has an irritation/possible ingrown
hair situation. She pulls the waistband over it.

Her eyes move to -- A PLACARD next to the sink: **"No work, No
stress, No regrets at the Bahía Del Paraíso,"** written above a
picture of an absurdly gorgeous COUPLE holding hands.

EMMA

(mouthful of toothpaste)

Fuuuck yooou --

9

EXT. POOL, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - DAY - 2022

9

A FAMILY WHO ALWAYS WEARS MATCHING TANK TOPS (Mom and Dad,
40s, two Teen Boys) scarf down a plate of nachos. CAMERA
follows the Teens as they run to the WATER SLIDE. Dozens of
VACATIONERS soak, splash, drink, and absorb the harmful UVs.

WE FIND Emma and Noah floating in inner tubes on the LAZY RIVER.
Drinks in hand, struggling to stay side by side.

(CONTINUED)

Their eyes wander, people-watching VACATIONERS from all over, including the TEDS (YOUNG TED, 45; GREY TED, 65) a couple from Toronto.

NOAH

I've reached a point where I don't know if the jet lag or alcohol is more dangerous for my brain.

EMMA

You gotta stop calling it jet lag, it's just a three hour difference.

NOAH

That's what jet lag is... We traveled, by jet, to a different time zone, and I'm *lagging*.

EMMA

Yeah, but then you should actually be more awake, not tired. Your problem is you're always tired.

We can tell Noah strongly disagrees with her definition, but he bites his tongue and smiles. *This is not a trip to fight.*

EMMA (CONT'D)

What're we doing for dinner? I Yelped some good spots in town --

NOAH

All taken care of. We don't ever have to leave the resort for any meals if we don't want to.

EMMA

But what if we want to?

NOAH

Do you want to?

Emma really thinks about it... She shrugs. *Eh.*

NOAH (CONT'D)

Great. Sushi tonight at 9.

EMMA

Think you'll stay awake that late? Won't be too jet-lagged?

NOAH

Wow, such a sleep-shamer! I'll bet you \$20 I stay awake.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Just stay awake.

They float in silence for a moment. Until the silence is broken by Emma CHEWING ON THE ICE of her finished cocktail.

They pass some more kids playing in the pool.

NOAH

Just to say it... That ship hasn't realllly sailed.

Emma ignores the comment. They continue to float, but Emma puts her hands in the water, causing her to slow down and Noah to drift ahead -- straight into the giant STONE MILL that's over the river, designed to look like ancient ruins...

A10 **OMITTED**

A10

B10 **OMITTED**

B10

10 **INT. E & N'S SUITE, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - NIGHT - 2022 (NIGHT 1)**10

Emma exits the bathroom in a cocktail dress to find:

Noah's asleep on the couch, mouth open, those low hhhhuuuuuuhh breaths escaping his mouth. She sighs, disappointed, then plops down next to him. She takes \$20 out of his wallet/phone case for the bet and sits back to watch:

ON TV: *TITANIC* (overdubbed in Spanish; English subtitles). The part where (older) Rose sees the sketch Jack drew -- her eyes INTERCUTTING with Jack's pencil and his EYES...

A much louder HHUUUUHHHHHHH breath escapes Noah's mouth.

Emma gently taps his chin to close his mouth. And it drops open. She closes it again -- it drops open. She then cleans some EARWAX in his ear. A strange display of tenderness.

JUMP TO MOMENTS LATER -- She pulls out that bottle of CHAMPAGNE. Pops the cork. Drinks from the bottle.

JUMP TO MOMENTS LATER -- She digs through her overstuffed toiletry bag, searching for something -- she finds --

Her VIBRATOR. Considers it. Nah. She then checks a secret zipper compartment pulls out --

A PACK OF CIGARETTES. But only one left. Make it count.

AA11 **I./E. PATIO/E & N'S SUITE, BAH. DEL PAR. - NIGHT - 2022** AA11

Emma gets in the JACUZZI, bottle of champagne and phone on the ledge. She peeks to make sure Noah's still asleep -- Yup -- and lights her cigarette.

She takes a nice drag, and with her other hand grabs her phone. She types into the search bar: "**How do I know if**" and it autofills to the top search "**...if I should leave my relationship.**" She clicks a link to a BUZZFEED DIVORCE QUIZ.

Emma reluctantly clicks the link. FIRST QUESTION:

Has your spouse cheated on you and you can't move on? Emma shakes her head -- No way. NEXT --

Have you cheated on your spouse and you can't move on? Emma confidently clicks NO. NEXT --

When you think of your future, is your spouse in it?

Emma considers her response... Really trying to think of her future but it's just coming up blank...

She takes one more contemplative drag of the cigarette... lowers her hand... only to realize she just dunked the cigarette underwater. She drops her head, SO bummed.

She puts her soggy cigarette and phone on the ledge, takes another swig of champagne, then slides --

UNDERWATER... (and we go with her)

She keeps her eyes closed, holding her breath... She starts to float up -- but CATCHES HERSELF, pressing her arms against the sides to HOLD herself down... For far toooo loooonnnng --

WE GO BACK TO THE SURFACE, probably to the first shot of the scene, but Emma stays underwater. We just hear the swirl of the jets. Then they SHUT OFF... And now the water is still...

CUT TO:

A11 **OMITTED** A11

11 **INT./EXT. SHUTTLE BUS / HIGHWAY - MORNING - 2022 (DAY 2)** 11

ON EMMA, head against the window in the back row, really hungover and sweating, looking miserable. She takes some ADVIL. Noah's leaning forward to chat with Ted and Ted.

(CONTINUED)

GREY TED

So every seven years, we'll pick a vacation spot we haven't been to, and we spend the week reevaluating our marriage to see to if we want to stay married. A new renewal.

NOAH

That sounds absolutely terrifying.

YOUNG TED

Marriage is technically a contract.

GREY TED

People change, love changes, yins and yangs. Why not plan for those by really asking ourselves: do we still make each other happy?

YOUNG TED

If we make it through this trip, we'll be at 21 years.

NOAH

And what if you don't?

YOUNG TED

We separate and life goes on.

Noah nods, knowing he could NEVER do this. He glances at Emma to see if she heard, but she's gazing outside. Elsewhere.

We STAY WITH EMMA as Noah resumes his chat:

NOAH (O.S.)

Does it ever get weird with both your names being Ted?

Emma gets lost in the DENSE JUNGLE beyond the glass. Suddenly -- her eyes catch sight of SOMETHING in the trees -- TWO PEOPLE WALKING. She squints, not sure if she actually saw anyone or she's just suuuper dizzy --

EMMA

Is the air even on?

NOAH

Full blast.

YOUNG TED

(passing a water bottle)
Here, have some of my water.
(to Noah)
She doesn't look so good.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

She gets car sick. She'll be okay.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING - 2022

Emma VOMITS along the roadside as the shuttle idles nearby.
PRE-LAP the RUMBLE of an ATV firing up...

EXT. RIVIERA MAYA ATV ADVENTURES - DAY - 2022

WE MOVE DOWN A LINE OF THIRTEEN ATVs as the INSTRUCTOR starts each one, finishing with Emma's, last in line -- her ATV JOLTS to a start. She grips the handles, trying to get comfortable, but clearly anxious. Noah, in front of her on an ATV, turns --

NOAH

You good?!

(off Emma's head shake)

You're gonna do great! Just always
keep your eyes ahead!

Noah peels off. Emma presses the gas, her ATV lurches forward then -- stalls, sputtering to a stop, as Noah speeds away.

EMMA

Noah!

But he can't hear her. Emma slumps, tempted to give up, when Raul runs up and KICKS the back of her ATV -- and it starts!

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - 2022

ATVs race through the jungle on narrow dirt paths, over puddles, dodging potholes. Noah WOOOOS, raising his fist in the air, then glances back at Emma trailing behind --

Emma remains focused on navigating the rough terrain. A CREEK CROSSING up ahead -- Emma holds on tight and charges into the creek, sending walls of water shooting up on either side --

She makes it through! With a huge grin, she lets out her own WOOOO, giving in to the absurd fun of it all.

Emma presses the gas, attempting to catch up with the group, channeling all that pent-up marital angst into the engine -- a cathartic and blinding high takes over --

Picking up SPEED, approaching a SHARP CURVE, her eyes narrow in focus... But she's going too fast, and mid-turn --

EMMA LOSES CONTROL AND FLIES OFF THE PATH --

She TUMBLES down a hill, SMACKS into a tree, SCRAPES her face as she rolls through a bush, BOUNCES OFF another tree --

(CONTINUED)

And lands flat on her stomach in the dirt. Out cold. A BLOODY GASH above her eye.

A few yards away, her ATV is upside down, wheels spinning.

EMMA GASPS AWAKE. She lies there, unmoving, staring ahead... with the tiniest hint of a smile on her face...

In the distance, we hear the other ATVs turning back.

But she remains still. She's staring at something: UNDER A BUSH, poking out of the mud. It's rectangular, metallic...

Emma pushes herself up, WINCING as she crawls over and reaches out to retrieve this mysterious object.

It's a weathered and antiquated MOTOROLA RAZR cell phone. Circa 2007. And it looks like it hasn't been touched since then. *Weird. Very weird.* She flips it open.

ON EMMA: A glint in her eye as this relic seems to transport her to a more innocent time. **It's h y p n o t i c . . .**

NOAH (O.S.)

Emma!! Stay there! Don't move!

Emma snaps out of it, seeing Noah and the Instructor frantically running down the hill. She instinctively pockets the RAZR and lies there, waiting for help, at which point we PRE-LAP the Cumbia-tinged dance beats of --

EXT. PATIO BAR, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - SUNSET - 2022

-- HECTOR ARGENTINO, the resort's resident one-man band, performing on a small stage. A crowd of SUNBURNED TOURISTS dances along (including the TEDS).

WE FIND Emma, bandaged forehead, burst blood vessel in one eye, wrist-brace, processing it all: the RAZR, the pain, the music... Noah dances to his seat with TWO BLUE COCKTAILS.

NOAH

This guy's pretty good.

EMMA

(sipping the drink)

Is there even any alcohol in this?

NOAH

No.

EMMA

Wait, what? Why?

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

You're on pain meds and have a head injury...

EMMA

I can handle one drink.

NOAH

Do you think that's a smart idea?

EMMA

I can handle one drink.

NOAH

Yeah. You said that already.
Repetition might be a sign of a more serious brain injury.

EMMA

You gotta stop treating me like a baby or I'm gonna get a fucking face tattoo.

A beat. Noah slides over his own drink as a peace offering.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's fine. Sorry.

Emma sips her virgin blue drink. Noah sips his. They watch the Teds dance with other tourists. The Teds wave them over.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Go for it.

(off his look)

Seriously. I'm fine. I have to kick this headache. Go dance.

He kisses her, takes a big sip, leaves his drink, and joins the Teds. Laughing it up, dancing it up, embracing vacation.

SUNBURNT WOMAN (O.S.)

Woohoo!!

Emma looks over to see a tipsy SUNBURNT WOMAN walking in the FOUNTAIN. Her HUSBAND watches, laughing. He's smoking a cigarette and talking to a GUY IN A PASTEL POLO with a cigar.

WE MOVE OVER TO NOAH -- he sees Emma walk across the lounge to bum a cigarette from the guy.

OVER TO EMMA -- as he lights her cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

SUNBURNT MAN

Want another for the road? Take em,
she says I should quit --

EMMA

(taking cigarettes)
That's very kind, thank you.

SUNBURNT WOMAN

Come sit with me, honey --

The Sunburnt Woman sits on the fountain's ledge with her feet in the water and pats the spot next to her. Emma sits down, puts her feet in the water and listens to the Sunburnt Woman go on about her vacation. But Emma's mind is somewhere else.

OMITTED

INT. E & N'S SUITE, BAHÍA DEL PAR. - NIGHT - 2022 (NIGHT 2)

TV on. Noah's asleep IN BED, those *hhuuuuhhh* breaths...

Emma sneaks out of the bedroom, grabs her purse, and quietly walks out the front door. *Where's she going...?*

EXT. DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN - NIGHT - 2022

TOURISTS dine at open-air restaurants as STREET VENDORS peddle souvenirs. COLLEGE KIDS wait outside a LOUD CLUB. Emma wanders the streets, using her phone to navigate to:

An ELECTRONICS STORE. Painted on the windows: "*Celulares!*"

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - MOMENTS LATER - 2022

Used TVs, STEREOS, and appliances clutter the shelves. Emma scans a display case of old model cell phones, but she doesn't see a RAZR. She digs the RAZR she found out of her giant purse and decides to try out her Spanish with the CASHIER.

EMMA

¿Tienes uno como este teléfono? El
mío está roto. Muy dañado por el
agua.

Emma passes the stoic Cashier the RAZR. He examines it, then walks off to a back room, muttering to himself.

After an uncomfortably long absence, the Cashier returns -- RAZR in hand. He places it side-by-side with Emma's.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah! Perfect! Gracias --

Emma reaches for the new RAZR, but the Cashier pulls it back.

(CONTINUED)

CASHIER
Cincuenta dolares.

Emma checks her wallet -- just the \$20 Noah lost in the bet.

EMMA
¿Veinte funciona?

They have a brief, silent standoff... But the Cashier caves and hands her the phone. Emma hands him a twenty.

A19

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - MOMENTS LATER - 2022

A19

Emma exits the store and gets to work right on the phone:

She opens the *found* RAZR -- back panel, battery, SIM card. She then opens the *new* RAZR, removes the battery, and puts the *found* RAZR's SIM card in its slot. Battery back on.

She turns it ON, hypnotized once again as she watches --

RAZR: *Early AT&T graphics fly on screen...*

She can't help but smirk, seemingly struck with a memory.

BACK TO THE RAZR: *Home screen. Nothing special, just... dated. Now what? Emma opens the PHOTOS, maybe a story there:*

She clicks through several LOW RES PHOTOS -- the kind a teen who just got his first phone with a camera would take: A lot of a particular pet CAT; plates of food; out the window while driving; skateboarding...

ON EMMA, smiling at these photos from another era. Then --

A PHOTO of a SKETCH -- part Robert Crumb, part 70s punk flyer. Under a banner, "End of the Line," grotesque, obese men rub their crotches and gnaw on hot dogs while gawking at the busty women in an airport terminal.

FLASH TO:

CLOSE ON a pencil shading the neck folds on the caricatures.

CLOSE ON a TEENAGER'S EYES, glancing down at his sketch, then up at his O.S. subjects, processing through his absurd lens.

BACK TO:

EMMA EXPLORING THE RAZR

A quiet *hmmm*. Impressed, she taps through more photos of this person's sketches, photos of their life, until she lands on --

A *SELFIE* of the BOY (22, black T-shirt, shaggy hair) seated on an airplane. Looks like a cool, albeit awkward, kid.

(CONTINUED)

ON EMMA, contemplating. *Okay, so this must be his phone.*

*RAZR: NEXT PHOTO, the same kid, now we see his torn jeans and Converse, with a GIRL (22, UCLA tee) who's kissing his cheek. They're in front of a SIGN for the **OCEANA VISTA RESORT**.*

*And that's the last photo. Emma opens the CALL LOG. Numerous MISSED CALLS from DAD. Most from **12/26/07**. The calls end at **11am on 12/26**. That's... intriguing? CLICK --*

*SEVERAL TEXT MESSAGES. The last is from HANNA: "**I get it now. im so, so sorry. plz just tell me where u are.**" Hmm...*

Curiosity piqued, Emma CLICKS BACK TO THE PHOTO of the two kids in front of the RESORT SIGN, then looks over to --

An IDLING CAB. She leans down to the open window --

EMMA

Hola. ¿Usted sabe dónde está el
Oceana Vista Resort?

19

EXT. OCEANA VISTA RESORT - NIGHT - 2022

19

The SAME SIGN for "**The Oceana Vista Resort**" from the RAZR photo, now faded, entangled in weeds, overgrown bushes. The sign is BEHIND a 4-meter-high chain-linked fence...

Emma peers through the links in the fence at the remains of the abandoned, moonlit resort. Now just a crumbling arrangement of buildings being swallowed by jungle.

EMMA

Creeeeeepy...

She uses her phone's LIGHT to see if there's an opening in the fence. She passes an old CONSTRUCTION SIGN loosely hanging: *Right under **A YELLOW SNAKE** logo, the words: **S.A. de C.V., Construyendo tus Memorias.***

She puts her hand on the FENCE --

BEEEEEEP! Her TAXI idles behind.

TAXI DRIVER

No se quiere meter ahí.

But that doesn't dissuade Emma. She looks up, considers climbing, when she notices --

PERCHED IN THE TREE, A GRACKLE (BLACK BIRD), looking at her.

(CONTINUED)

She stares back at it. That's... strange... She steps toward the bird... and it doesn't move... Is it DEAD? Is it REAL?... Until she's close enough to see:

A RED LIGHT blinking in its eye... Is it... a CAMERA?

EMMA
What the fuck?

A LOUD CRACK OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING TEARS THROUGH THE SKY!

STARTLING HER (AND US), and IN THAT FLASH, WE GLIMPSE THE VASTNESS OF THIS TERRIFYING, HAUNTED HOTEL IN ITS SILHOUETTE.

And then it settles and a light rain begins to fall...

She looks at the GRACKLE again and there is NO RED LIGHT. But there's definitely a strange fake bird (camera) there...

She gives the resort a final look -- *maybe not tonight* -- then heads back to the taxi. At which point we --

JUMP TO A JARRING NEW POV, ANGLED from the OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE (*perhaps a higher floor*), as Emma returns to the taxi.

INT. E & N'S SUITE, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - LATE NIGHT - 2022

It's now POURING RAIN outside. As Noah sleeps in one bed, Emma's under the mosquito netting of the other bed with her LAPTOP open -- the glow illuminating her in the dark room. [LAPTOP IMAGES WILL BE PROJECTED ONTO MOSQUITO NETTING.]

LAPTOP: In Google, Emma types "Oceana Vista Resort." The top hit: "**Oceana Vista Destroyed by Rogue Holiday Hurricane.**"

She notices the date of the hurricane was **December 27, 2007.**

ON EMMA. Okay. That's strange... She checks the RAZR's MISSED CALLS again to make sure she isn't crazy. The last call was **12/26/07. The hurricane was the next day.**

LAPTOP: A BARRAGE OF **HURRICANE DESTRUCTION** FOOTAGE/PHOTOS. "**Hurricane changes course, defying all prediction models...**"

But then she comes upon another ARTICLE...

LAPTOP: "**Man's Body Found on Beach by Oceana Vista...**" GROTESQUE PHOTOS OF **A MUTILATED CORPSE ON THE BEACH. A BEARDED MALE, 40s. "Coroner says body cannot be identified... Will be listed as a John Doe..."**

ANOTHER ARTICLE: "'Nothing about what happened makes any sense to me. But I suspect foul play.'- Det. Silverio Narro."

(CONTINUED)

A pit of unease forms in Emma's stomach... *What happened here?* But wait... there's more -- the next article down --

LAPTOP: **"Two Tourists Reported Missing from Oceana Vista."**

She clicks on the ARTICLE LINK... scans... landing on the PHOTOS OF THE TWO MISSING TOURISTS:

VIOLET THOMPSON (22)

&

SAM LAWFORD (22)

Emma's eyes go wide, realizing SAM is the same kid in the pictures on the RAZR. She has Sam's phone.

EMMA

Holy shit...

And just as our tense SCORE is about to kick into high gear --

THE POWER GOES OUT -- PATIO LIGHTS, RESORT LIGHTS, THE LIGHT AND TV IN THE SUITE, AND SCORE ALL CUT OUT.

...just STILLNESS... the sound of rain... Emma's heavier breaths... mixing with Noah's *hhuuhhhhhhhhhhh*... But --

All we can see is: EMMA, lit by the GLOW FROM HER LAPTOP... sandwiched between the TWO FINAL IMAGES projected on the netting -- the PHOTOS of SAM and VIOLET.

EMMA (CONT'D)

...What happened to you two...?

At which point we PRE-LAP **Belle & Sebastian's "Another Sunny Day"** -- an upbeat, nostalgia-laced indie pop song --

Because this isn't a tale of blood and death and murder. Not entirely, at least.

This is a love story.

DISSOLVE TO:

21

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY - 2007 (DAY 1)

21

An AIRPLANE parked at the gate. But our focus is on the one passenger WINDOW that shines brighter than the rest... that is dead center... that perfectly frames: SAM LAWFORD.

Los Angeles International Airport - December 24, 2007

PUSH IN, up to the window -- and THROUGH THE WINDOW, landing on SAM, alive and in the flesh, in an aisle seat, sketching in a NOTEBOOK, HEADPHONES blasting the song from his IPOD.

Sam attempts to balance his gangly figure with a hip, but dated sense of style. Sam wishes he was born in another era, he just hasn't decided which one.

(CONTINUED)

He glances up at the other PASSENGERS who are still boarding and storing luggage into their bins... A WOMAN breastfeeding her BABY in her seat... A GUY eating a hot dog sneaks a photo of her exposed breast with his cell phone. Rows and rows of cranky holiday travelers...

Sam adds a final detail to his sketch, then takes in his completed piece with the hint of a satisfied smile.

Seated beside Sam, we find HANNA (22), Sam's girlfriend, UCLA T-shirt. Listening to her iPod, texting on her METALLIC PINK RAZR. Sam nudges her to look at his sketch:

SAM

Total honesty, please.

She holds up a finger -- *one second*. She finishes her text, pulls out an EARBUD, and looks at --

SAM'S DRAWING, which is the same Robert Crumb-esque "*End of the Line*" sketch Emma saw a picture of on the phone.

HANNA

UGH!

SAM

Jesus.

HANNA

Sorry.

SAM

It's not *that* bad.

HANNA

No, no. It's... What are you trying to say? Like, what does it mean?

SAM

I dunno. Doesn't mean anything. Not everything has to have a deeper meaning. It's just a drawing.

HANNA

But you should know what it means, otherwise what's the point?

SAM

Why does there have to be a point?

HANNA

Is that the way you see the world?

Sam stares at his drawing.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Yeah. I guess.

HANNA

(really trying)

So maybe you're commenting on the correlation between the American tourism industry and... obesity?

SAM

Sure.

HANNA

And that feels so judgmental.

Seeing that she might've offended him --

HANNA (CONT'D)

You've definitely gotten better. But in high school your drawings never used to be so... bitter?

SAM

I'm not bitter.

HANNA

Your drawings kinda are. It's fine, don't stress about it, I love you.

She kisses him, puts in her earbuds, and goes back to texting.

Sam studies his drawing again. He's confused by it all, wondering if he actually has become bitter. Meanwhile:

IN THE ROW OF SEATS ACROSS FROM SAM is CARL LAWFORD (55), Sam's much less "hip" dad, wearing a Kirkland brand Hawaiian shirt. He studies Sam, the enigma. Then, discreetly:

CARL

You think he might be gay?

Carl turns to his wife/Sam's mom, JAN (55), who sips a SMOOTHIE and flips through a MAGAZINE.

JAN

He has a girlfriend, Carl.

CARL

A lot of gay men I know used to have girlfriends.

JAN

What gay men do you know?

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Pat Kridel?

Jan nods, *fair point*.

BACK TO SAM, focused in on his sketch. Then he looks up -- and sees his parents staring at him.

SAM
You guys okay?

CARL
Admiring your cool, buddy. Just
admiring your cool. Be you.

Weird. Sam puts his headphones back on.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - TIME CUT - DECEMBER 24, 2007

Sam listens to music while tackling a new sketch. His music cuts out. His iPod's dead battery image flashes. He pulls off his headphones, annoyed.

He looks at his dad, who cracks pistachios on his tray while reading *The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People*.

Sam glances at Hanna, fast asleep against the window.

PILOT (O.S.)
(over intercom)
Good afternoon, folks, we just
missed that storm, so we should
have you in Cancun in two hours.

Sam sighs... *That's so long without music*. He takes out his RAZR (the phone that Emma found) and holds it out to take a dead-eyed selfie. His dad notices and finds it odd.

Sam sees Hanna's iPod in her hands. She's asleep, she doesn't need it, so he unplugs her earbuds, plugs in his headphones.

As he cycles through music, he notices Hanna's RAZR sitting on her lap -- a notification on its screen: *1 New Message*.

His thoughts stew... *How is that even possible? There's no service up here. Who was she texting earlier, anyway?* His curiosity takes over --

He picks up the phone, careful not to disturb her...

-- TURBULENCE SHAKES THE PLANE --

Sam freezes -- Hanna shifts in her seat... But it's just a quick jolt. Everything settles. She doesn't wake up.

(CONTINUED)

Sam flips open Hanna's phone.

ON SAM'S FACE as he reads the text message. Dread washes over. We see quick FLASHES of all the texts he's reading:

"thinking of you." "had fun 2night." "miss u." "im out early, come over." "im falling in love. not luv. LOVE." "anal?" All from someone named **Professor Bryan.**

Then A LOW RES PHOTO: *Two sets of intertwined LEGS and FEET.*

NEXT PHOTO: *Hanna, in lingerie, poses in a bathroom mirror.*

Sam looks at Hanna sleeping beside him. She's a stranger now.

Back to the phone, heart racing... CLICK. Another PHOTO:

Professor Bryan's ERECT PENIS.

Just then -- Carl glances over and catches a glimpse of the penis -- and Sam notices --

Oh god -- CARL Shit -- SAM

-- Sam shuts the phone and looks the other way. Carl goes back to his book, processing what he just saw.

Sam sits back, his world disappearing beneath him. He's about to lose it. Turbulence picks up. He concentrates on breathing, shuts his eyes... GRIPS the arm rest...

-- Hanna leans over, rests her sleeping head on his shoulder.

PRE-LAP THE SOUND OF WAVES... as Sam opens his eyes and stares into the nothingness of his life... or at us... or at --

CUT TO:

A23	OMITTED	A23
B23	OMITTED	B23
C23	OMITTED	C23
D23	OMITTED	D23
23	OMITTED	23
A24	EXT. BEACH - DAY - <u>2022</u> (DAY 3)	A24

A WIDE SHOT OF THE SAND AND OCEAN. Noah jogs through frame.

24

INT. BATHROOM, E & N'S SUITE, BAHÍA DEL PAR. - MORNING - 2022 24
(SCENE RESTORED FROM BLUE DRAFT)

Emma soaks in the shower, trying to find some peace in the cleanse, but she's got wired eyes -- she fixates on the images she saw last night: *the PHONE, the RESORT, the MISSING TEENS* --

THE SHOWER DOOR OPENS -- Noah pops his head in, startling her --

NOAH

Helloooo --

EMMA

Jesus, Noah!

NOAH

Sorry, just sneaking a peek. Yup, you're naked.

She stares back.

EMMA

I'm almost done.

NOAH

Cool. No rush.

He closes the door -- but is definitely bummed to not be invited in. He brushes his teeth, admiring the two sinks.

INTERCUT WITH EMMA IN THE SHOWER.

NOAH (CONT'D)

We really gotta get double sinks at our place. It's a game changer.

(then)

I found this little massage hut on the beach, I think you'd love it. Booked us a time. How'd you sleep? I think I might've been drugged.

EMMA

Not great. I barely slept at all.

NOAH

Wait. Are you... jet-lagged?

(off her silence)

But seriously, you feeling okay?

Emma makes little designs on the shower wall with her hair.

EMMA

Yeah, I'm fine. I think I just need to eat something.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

Pretty sure the buffet is still
open another half hour. We just
gotta be at our bus to Tulum by 10.

INT. EMMA AND NOAH'S SUITE - BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - CONT. - 2022 25
(SCENE RESTORED FROM BLUE DRAFT)

Noah leaves the bathroom and picks out an outfit for the day.

NOAH

I really gotta buy a hat today!
Like a Panama hat, maybe?

He quickly makes the bed, picks up Emma's clothes and tosses
them in a laundry bag, puts her shoes by his. He sits on the
bed to take his shoes off, but then -- for a moment --

He just STOPS. His upbeat attitude and energy drops. He needs
a break... And that's when he HEARS a **DING!**

-- Coming from EMMA'S PHONE. In her PURSE by the TV.

Noah looks at it -- lighting up the purse. He KNOWS he
shouldn't look at it. But...

Emma's still in the shower... Maybe a glance might be okay?

He delicately takes the phone out of the purse. Sees she has a
new TEXT MESSAGE, but it isn't displaying on the locked screen.

Against his better judgment, he starts typing in Emma's
passcode, like, *maybe* he's done this before:

1, 6, 1, 4... BUT he stops. Clicks the phone OFF. Good Noah.

Although, as he drops it in the purse, he spots something
else... rectangular... metallic... and he pulls out the
original RAZR. He stares at this filthy relic... But --

It *doesn't* transport him back to a more innocent time. *Isn't*
hypnotic. It's just **s u p e r f u c k i n g w e i r d . . .**

THE SHOWER WATER SHUTS OFF. He looks up. *Shit. What do I do?*

EXT. POOLSIDE CAFÉ, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - MORNING - 2022

Noah watches Emma devour her eggs and hash browns. He's
barely touched his granola. We can see he's struggling with
something... Contemplating. He puts the RAZR on the table.

NOAH

This fell out of your purse.

(CONTINUED)

Emma sits back. (She has hot sauce on her cheek that remains throughout the scene.)

EMMA
Fell out? Or you went snooping
through my purse?

NOAH
Does it make a difference?

EMMA
Kinda, yeah. Do you think I'm...
cheating on you?

NOAH
No... But... Are you?

EMMA
Using an old RAZR?

Noah realizes he may have jumped the gun.

NOAH
Okay then. What is it?

EMMA
I found it in the jungle yesterday.
It doesn't even work.

NOAH
I know. You took out the SIM card.

EMMA
Wow...

She takes a beat. Looks around at the other vacationers. At what the rest of her week COULD look like. But instead --

EMMA (CONT'D)
That's cuz I put it in this one --

Emma puts the new RAZR down. Not what he was expecting. *Huh.*

EMMA (CONT'D)
Are you sure you want to know?

NOAH
Do I?

EMMA
If I tell you what this is all
about, there's no going back.

(CONTINUED)

Noah looks at her, and the phone, with trepidation. What the fuck is this all about?

He nods. Emma glances around suspiciously, then leans in --

EMMA (CONT'D)

It belonged to this kid who went missing down here 15 years ago.

NOAH

Ohh...

EMMA

Yeah. But that's just the tip of the iceberg. Here's what I know...

ON EMMA as she talks at a fast, excited, sweaty pace, AND ON NOAH, as he listens to Emma's manic rambling, his expression impossible to read... (try out SPLIT SCREEN).

AS SHE CONTINUES, A TIMELINE APPEARS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN WITH CORRESPONDING DATES AND IMAGES.

EMMA (CONT'D)

The phone belonged to Sam Lawford, this 22-year-old college kid from San Diego. On December 24, 2007, Sam, his mom and dad, and his girlfriend arrived at a resort called the Oceana Vista. On Christmas night, Sam went to bed. All was normal. But the next morning, on December 26th, he was gone. No note, nothing.

(beat)

And then, it gets even stranger, because, later that day, this OTHER girl, Violet Thompson, was ALSO reported missing from the same resort. But these two did NOT know each other.

(then)

Still with me?

Noah slowly nods...

EMMA (CONT'D)

Good, cuz before police ever even had a chance to investigate the disappearance, on December 27th, out of nowhere, this like once-in-a-century hurricane destroys the resort.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (CONT'D)

And if that wasn't crazy enough,
right after the hurricane, this
naked dead guy washes up on shore.
But his body was so badly mutilated
that police couldn't identify him,
or even determine the cause of
death --

CRASH! The DAD WHO ALWAYS WEARS A TANK TOP just spilled his
entire tray of breakfast. His wife and kids LAUGH at him.

BACK TO EMMA, now talking even quieter --

EMMA (CONT'D)

Two missing kids, a dead body, a
rogue hurricane that wipes out any
evidence. And no explanation. Dead
end, after dead end. Until now.

She sits back and stares off for a moment, reflecting. Alive.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't know... when I found it...
it's just something different.

After a beat, she looks at Noah. Who's still processing.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What? Say something. You're looking
at me like I'm crazy. Am I crazy?

NOAH

No. No. You're definitely not
crazy... But what are you planning
on doing with it?

EMMA

I'm gonna figure it out. Get some
answers. Bring some closure.

NOAH

And what if there are no answers?

Emma gives it a good think.

EMMA

There have to be. Otherwise what's
the fucking point?

NOAH

What's the point of what?

(CONTINUED)

Emma stares back. Noah sees the sparkle fade from her eyes. Emma's clearly feeling something much deeper, much stronger, much sadder in this moment. He can tell he's at a crossroads.

EMMA

I dunno... Sorry. I'm just tired.

NOAH

Well. Hold on.

Noah scoots next to her, picks up the RAZR. Emma's listening.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I mean, we should probably turn it into the police... but the difference between turning it in now versus right before we leave at the end of the week...

EMMA

There's no difference.

NOAH

Right. So... Let's see where this takes us?

EMMA

Yeah. I mean, don't get your hopes up, there's just some texts and photos, nothing substantial.

NOAH

Yet. Nothing substantial... yet.

EMMA

I like the positive attitude. It's gonna help.

A moment. They're finally seeing eye-to-eye on something.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATHWAYS, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - MOMENTS LATER - 2022

Noah (holding the RAZR) and Emma walk side-by-side, both zeroed in on the RAZR, barely looking at the road ahead.

NOAH

This kid takes a lot of cat photos.

EMMA

He loves his cat.

(CONTINUED)

After a series of cat photos, they land on the one of Hanna kissing Sam by the sign for the Oceana Vista.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That's Hanna, the girlfriend.

NOAH

Yeah, that is *not* a happy couple.

EMMA

Zero chemistry, it's pathetic. And she sent him these apology texts...

NOAH

You think she's guilty?

EMMA

Nooo no. But... I bet she was cheating on him.

NOAH

You can tell she's cheating on him from one photo?

EMMA

Look at her. *That's* the face of someone who would cheat.

Noah looks at the photo of Sam and Hanna. Shrugs.

NOAH

Yeah, I see it.

They make it to the **SHUTTLE PICK-UP**, where they join a TOUR GROUP loading onto a bus (Raul drives). But Noah stops before boarding and stays focused on the phone, VERY intrigued...

NOAH (CONT'D)

Heh... You check the trash folder?

EMMA

No... Didn't know there was one.

NOAH

Well. Looks like Sam and Violet knew each other after all...

He shows her the phone and we REVEAL:

A PHOTO of SAM and VIOLET by a HIGH LEVEL HOTEL ROOM WINDOW.

NOAH (CONT'D)

And the time stamp. That's after their parents last saw them, right?

(CONTINUED)

THE TIME STAMP ON THE PICTURE: **12/26/07 - 05:28AM**

OFF Emma and Noah's look, locked in to each other, to the mystery, and that tune Sam was listening to, "**Another Sunny Day**," returns from where it left off to play us out --

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2022**

28

Back at the RUINS of the Oceana Vista, we're ANGLED ON the busted, overgrown FOUNTAIN... then the FOUNTAIN **TURNS ON...**

ABIGAIL (50), the Oceana Vista's landscaper, steps up to the fountain to trim some hedges... then --

A SHUTTLE BUS DRIVES INTO FRAME -- and suddenly we find ourselves transported BACK TO --

29 **EXT. OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007 (DAY 1)**

29 *

In one elaborate, continuous shot (but totally worth it!), we're going to introduce you to the rest of our players. EDWIN (50), the HOTEL MANAGER, opens the door for --

SAM, HANNA, JAN, then CARL -- who SLIPS down the last step of the bus. He plays it off cool as Edwin and Jan help him.

Sam, who's in such a weird, dazed headspace after that dick pic, grabs his SKATEBOARD from the luggage rack and wanders away. Hanna can tell something is off, so she grabs his hand -- *

HANNA

Let's get a picture. Use your phone, I'm out of battery.

Hanna pulls Sam in close and gives him a kiss as she takes a high-angled SELFIE.

(CONTINUED)

Sam grabs his phone, walks away. Hanna can't take it anymore:

HANNA (CONT'D)

Okay, what's going on with you?
You've been SO weird since we
landed. I want to enjoy this trip.

Sam stares back with nothing to say and continues INTO --

INT. LOBBY, OCEANA VISTA - CONTINUOUS - 2007

It's bustling with middle-class families. TWO KIDS chase each other; a GRUMPY DAD yells at an EMPLOYEE at the front desk; a bored FAMILY waits with their luggage. There's a LARGE CHRISTMAS TREE (where we might notice SANTA CLAUS digging through presents). OLIVER, a bartender, walks briskly through the lobby with a Paloma on his tray while A COUPLE who's soaking wet from the pool sloshes behind him, slurping giant souvenir drinks. A JANITOR follows them, mopping up their trail of water...

*
*
*
*

Sam watches it all, feeling as if he's stepped into one of his drawings. Edwin, a Bellhop, and his FAMILY pass with the LUGGAGE CART. Carl nearly SLIPS on the water. Jan links Sam's arm and pulls him along, down the HALLWAY toward their room --

JAN

So what should we do first? Hanna,
do you want to check out the pool?

HANNA

Maybe later, I have a paper I still
need to email --

JAN

On Christmas Eve?! Hannuhhh. Try to
enjoy yourself.

(to Sam)

You, too. Who knows when we'll all
be together again for a trip like
this. Let's create some memories.

Jan lets go of his arm and moves up to Carl. Now free, Sam drops his SKATEBOARD and SKATES AWAY --

HANNA

Sam!

CARL

Where's he going?

WE STAY WITH SAM as he skates back through the LOBBY -- where a small GROUP has gathered around to help a MOANING WOMAN (50s) who SLIPPED on the water -- and Sam continues PAST --

31 OMITTED 31 *

32 OMITTED 32 *

A33 INT. A CLOTHING BOUTIQUE, OCEANA VISTA - CONTINUOUS - 2007 A33 *

... SAM SKATES ON but CAMERA stays behind, catching VIOLET
coming out of the BOUTIQUE holding a newly purchased FEDORA.
She heads right to a MAN seated on the COUCH by himself,
drinking a Paloma, lost in a Sudoku puzzle. She lands the hat
on MURRAY THOMPSON's head. He takes it off to examine it --

MURRAY *

What's this? *

VIOLET *
Your Christmas present. You look *
like Indiana Jones, Dad! *

He likes that. He puts it back on, gets up, and CAMERA leads
them down the hall --

MURRAY *

I didn't know we were doing *

presents now, I have something for *

you, too -- *

VIOLET *

Don't worry about it, we'll do that *

later. So, what do you got the rest *

of the day? *

MURRAY *
I'm going to swim with dolphins. *

She chuckles, thinking he's joking. Hard to tell sometimes
with Murray. CAMERA leads them UP THE STAIRCASE --

VIOLET *

Wait, are you serious? *

MURRAY *

It was a good deal. *

VIOLET *

No, Dad! It's, like, a known thing *

that dolphins in captivity are *

mistreated and super-depressed. *

MURRAY *

Aren't we all? I thought we were *

doing our own thing... unless you *

want to do something togeth-- *

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET

No, no, it's fine, go swim with
depressed dolphins. A friend from
school is up in Cancun, we're gonna
meet up halfway.

MURRAY

Ok. Have fun. Be safe. But have
fun. But be safe. Do your thing.

VIOLET

Yeah. You too.

They reach the top of the stairs, a fork in the road --

VIOLET (CONT'D)

You ok?

MURRAY

I'm great. I'll see you later.

They both look in opposite directions. And then a most
awkward series of gestures, not knowing how to say goodbye.
Murray pats her on the head (or shoulder). To which Violet
responds with a distant pat on his arms as she walks away --

CAMERA LEADS VIOLET -- behind her we see Murray watch for a
moment, wanting to say goodbye once more, but he doesn't --

And just as Murray disappears down the hallway, Violet turns
once more to make sure that he is gone --

Then she SPEED WALKS down the hall, almost running into a
HOUSEKEEPING CART in the middle of the hallway.

VIOLET

Excuse me, sorry!

But now CAMERA STAYS WITH THE CART (**though we don't reveal
who's pushing it yet**) --

(CONTINUED)

Then it turns up to a ROOM. The HOUSEKEEPER KNOCKS and waits. *
CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE PEEP HOLE AND INTO THE ROOM --

33 INT. THE YELLOW ROOM, OCEANA VISTA - CONTINUOUS - 2007 33

Named as such because it's completely painted YELLOW. We
FLOAT through the unusual, eerie room: There's a MANNEQUIN
TORSO with an EMBROIDERED JACKET; A WALL covered in NEWSPAPER
CUTOUTS; A TANK holds a family of rhinestone MAKECH beetles.

CAMERA comes around to the BAR where the HOUSEKEEPER has let
herself in and is pouring a rather heavy drink of WHISKEY.
Follow her through the sliding glass door to the --

34 EXT. BALCONY, THE YELLOW ROOM, OCEANA VISTA - CONT. - 2007 34

And CAMERA PUSHES PAST HER, OVER THE RAILING so we can really
soak in a PANORAMIC VIEW of the RESORT, the POOL, the OCEAN.

CAMERA floats down all the way to a --

35 EXT. PATHWAY, OCEANA VISTA (GROUND LEVEL) - CONT. - 2007 35

Where we STOP. CLOSE ON THE CORPSE OF A HEADLESS IGUANA.

FANCY BOOTS ENTER FRAME. CAMERA rises to REVEAL:

The resort's Head of Security, BALTASAR FRÍAS (35), in an
embroidered, bespoke suit. Walkie-talkie. There's an
unsettling darkness behind his eyes...

Always in detective mode, he looks down at the iguana. *

Among other BYSTANDERS, an ELDERLY COUPLE stands by -- *

OLD HUSBAND *
I looked all over for its head. *

OLD WIFE *
Is this normal? *

BALTASAR *
Yes, I'm afraid it is, here. *

Ignoring their Whuuuuut? expressions, he glances up at: *

ONE OF THOSE BLACK BIRD (GRACKLE) SECURITY CAMERAS, with a
good angle on the path. Good, good.

His eyes then drift UP TO THE BALCONY WE JUST LEFT --

At which point, we finally REVEAL who the HOUSEKEEPER is:

(CONTINUED)

LUNA, at 25, looking down at him while sipping that whiskey.
[**NOTE: Also get shot where we don't reveal it's Luna.**]

Baltasar slices his finger across his neck... What the fuck does THAT mean?? Then --

SAM ZIPS BY ON HIS SKATEBOARD, nearly hitting Baltasar --

BALTASAR (CONT'D)
¡Pelaná! No skateboarding!

Baltasar STARTS TO RUN AFTER SAM --

SAM
Oh shit.

Sam SPEEDS UP and WE STAY WITH HIM AS HE FLEES BALTASAR --

As he rounds a corner, he checks behind him --

No sign of Baltasar -- PHEW!

But when he faces forward -- SOMEONE IS IN HIS PATH!

SAM (CONT'D)
Hey-hey-hey!

SAM SWERVES TO AVOID HITTING HER, COLLIDES WITH A CURB, AND --

THUNK! -- FLIES HEAD FIRST INTO A PALM TREE.

He slowly sits up. Feels his HEAD. Yup, that's blood.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you okay?

Sam looks up in a daze and sees the blurry image of this person approaching, and just as they come into focus --

REVEAL: VIOLET, arrows tattooed on each forearm, kneeling down beside him. *

ON SAM'S FACE: Any pain that he most certainly should be feeling at this moment, both physical and emotional, takes a seat on the sidelines as he's fully entranced by her. Or that's just his brain injury. Either way --

T I M E S L O W S . . .

For what may only amount to 3 seconds in the way we process time, these two stay locked in on one another... And the SONG's final verse seems to punch through...

(CONTINUED)

*The lovin' is a mess, what happened to all of the feeling?
I thought it was for real, babies, rings, and fools kneeling
Words of pledging trust and lifetimes stretching forever
So what went wrong? It was a lie, it crumbled apart
Ghost figures of past, present, future haunting the
Heart.*

TIGHT ON Sam's eyes -- looking back at
TIGHT ON Violet's eyes -- looking back at
TIGHT ON Noah's eyes -- looking back at
TIGHT ON Emma's eyes -- and we

CUT TO CREDITS.

END OF EPISODE