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Episode #102
Script #1002
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UCP

The Resort

“TBD”

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THE RESORT

Episode 102

"TBD"

DOUBLE WHITE PAGES

CAST LIST

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

CARL LAW FORD.....DYLAN BAKER
HANNA JASTONE.....DEBBY RYAN
JAN LAW FORD.....BECKY ANN BAKER
***KIRSTEN.....TBD**
SILVERIO NARRO.....SERGIO CALDERÓN
CESAR.....TBD
RAUL.....JULIO RAMOS
TAYLOR.....TBD
SUITED MAN.....TBD
POLICE OFFICER.....TBD
MOVER #1.....JAMES M. OTERO
MOVER #2.....TBD
CESAR'S BOSS.....TBD
CARETAKER.....JAIME IRIZARRY
FEMALE TOUR GUIDE.....PAOLA MILLÁN

THE RESORT

Episode 102

"TBD"

DOUBLE WHITE PAGES

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO RESORT
CONCIERGE DESK
EMMA AND NOAH'S SUITE
LOBBY

BOAT CABIN

DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN
FRUIT MARKETPLACE
THE FRÍAS SHOP
FITTING ROOM

EL CARACOL (FRÍAS HACIENDA)
FOYER
STAIRCASE
STUDIO

OCEANA VISTA RESORT
HALLWAY
THE YELLOW ROOM
VIOLET'S SUITE

POLICE STATION

SHUTTLE BUS

THOMPSON HOME
BEDROOM

TULUM
BEACH BAR

EXTERIORS

A BEACH

BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO RESORT
DRIVEWAY
POOL

DOCKS OF PLAYA DEL CARMEN

DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN
THE FRÍAS SHOP
THE PARK

HIGHWAY

OCEANA VISTA RESORT
FIRE PITS
PATHWAYS
THE YELLOW ROOM
BALCONY

SILVERIO'S BOAT

STREETS OF IZAMAL

TULUM RUINS
EL CASTILLO

THE RESORT

Episode 102

"TBD"

DOUBLE WHITE PAGES

DAY/NIGHT

2022

Day/Night	Scenes
DAY 3	A1; 6; 7-A8; 9-B10; 14-F15; 20-A21
NIGHT 3	21-AA23; A28-30

2007

Day/Night	Scenes
DAY 1 (12/24/2007)	A2-5
NIGHT 1 (12/24/2007)	A23-24

EMMA & NOAH'S 2007 TIMELINE

Day/Night	Scenes
NIGHT 1 (12/24/2007)	1

VIOLET'S PRE-OCEANA VISTA TIMELINE

Day/Night	Scenes
PRE-DAY 1 (12/29/2006)	26

A1 **WE OPEN SUPER TIGHT ON A BLACK CLOTH...**

A1

A POINT begins to RISE AND A NEEDLE PIERCES THE CLOTH, YELLOW THREAD IN TOW. Two perfectly manicured fingers guide a needle and thread. We're clearly watching a MASTER TAILOR at work.

CAMERA moves along flawless YELLOW EMBROIDERY, up to the end, where our TAILOR ties off his thread. PULL OUT (slightly) --

REVEAL: **A YELLOW SNAKE LOGO.** No larger than a DIME, sewn into the breast pocket of a SUIT JACKET.

CLOSE ON: Our TAILOR'S EYES, looking for flaws. He SQUINTS. Brings a LOUPE (JEWELER'S MAGNIFYING GLASS) to his eye.

CLOSE ON: The YELLOW SNAKE. And the tiniest of mistakes. Is there even a mistake? Apparently... Our TAILOR takes a SEAM RIPPER and violently rips this YELLOW SNAKE to shreds...

Until all that's left are the tiny YELLOW THREADS... Which actually looks a lot like --

1 **EXT. A BEACH - NIGHT - 2007 (NIGHT 1) (SCENE RESTORED FROM BLUE DRAFT)**

1

THE NIGHT SKY, peppered with stars. CAMERA TILTS DOWN...

We're facing the water. Waves crashing. Full moon. Then --

DOZENS OF DRUNK AND MOSTLY NAKED PEOPLE RUN TOWARD THE OCEAN, ROARING INTO THE NIGHT. CAMERA rotates OFF the asses to FIND:

EMMA (at 25), younger, hipper, happier, and clothed, sitting next to a BONFIRE. She finishes off a BEER as her friend, TAYLOR, struggles to undress.

TAYLOR
Don't be lame, Emma!

EMMA
Please keep your bra on.

Taylor RIPS off her bra and WOOS, then sprints off with the group, leaving Emma alone. Well, ONE OTHER PERSON IS LEFT --

NOAH (25), also younger, hipper, happier. They share a look.

NOAH
I truly can't think of anything more awful. Hypothermia is not fun.

EMMA
Neither is E. coli. They close it all the time for sewage spills.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

A guy at my high school got a flesh-eating bacteria here. He died.

EMMA

I remember hearing about that. The ocean kills people.

The NAKED PARTIERS splash around in the water (only knee-deep because it *is* freezing), yelling for Noah and Emma to join.

Emma goes for another sip of beer, but she's empty.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Pools, though. Love a good pool.

NOAH

Pools are wonderful.

Noah sips from a THERMOS COFFEE MUG, then looks to Emma --

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hot toddy?

EMMA

Only if it's in a cool thermos.

NOAH

That's so weird, because: This is a really cool thermos.

EMMA

Get the fuck out of here.

He moves to her blanket to sit closer. He hands her the cool thermos and she takes a sip. Pretty good. A silent beat...

NOAH

I'm Noah.

EMMA

Emma. I should probably mention that I just got out of a long relationship and I'm not looking to date anyone.

NOAH

Get the fuck out of here. Me too.

EMMA

That said, I find you very attractive.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

Yup.

(beat)

What if... we bail on our friends,
and go find a pool somewhere?

They lock eyes. Fireworks are going off somewhere.

A2

INT. VIOLET'S SUITE, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007 (DAY 1)

A2

CLOSE ON VIOLET'S FACE, cell phone to her ear, LISTENING. She scribbles down bus times on a paper (with MAPQUEST directions): "**Bus #541, 9am, 1pm, 4pm**" --

VIOLET (INTO PHONE)

Wait, that's it?

She waits -- looks at her phone -- they hung up. Sees the TIME: **3:46pm**. She mouths *FUCK* to herself-- *CUTTING IT CLOSE!*

She folds the paper and puts it in her BOOK: **La Desilusión del Tiempo** -- which is filled with a TON of POST-ITS.

She slips the book into her BAG. About to walk out -- BUT she stops at the MIRROR. Still wants to make sure she looks cool.

She uses a hair tie from her wrist to put her hair up. Then smells something. *Ugh. Forgot deodorant. She shrugs, no time!*

2

EXT. OCEANA VISTA PATHWAYS - DAY - 2007

2

Violet walks at a clip, staring at her phone, when --

SAM (O.S.)

Hey-hey-hey!

SAM comes careening by on his skateboard, nearly hitting her, then he COLLIDES WITH THAT PALM TREE (AT THE END OF 101).

ON VIOLET, frozen for a moment. She checks the time on her phone -- this was NOT part of her plan. But -- she does the right thing and goes to help him out. As she does --

CAMERA MOVES AWAY AND LANDS ON SAM'S SKATEBOARD, down the path a bit, flipped over -- wheels still spinning -- then:

SOMEONE'S SHADOW hovers over it.

SAM (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

I think I'm concussed!

3

INT. VIOLET'S SUITE, OCEANA VISTA - DAY - 2007

3

Sam's on the couch, holding a HOTEL HAND TOWEL to his head
GASH -- looking dazed and pale --

CAMERA WHIPS to the BEDROOM as VIOLET flips open her dad's
LUGGAGE in a frenzied SEARCH --

VIOLET
Keep pressure on it to stop the
bleeding!

WHIP BACK TO SAM as he removes the TOWEL -- his HAIR is
matted down with BLOOD --

SAM
Wow, yeah, there's a lot of blood!
(looking around the room)
Your room seems nicer than mine!

VIOLET (O.S.)
My dad's into upgrades.

He notices her BOOK packed with POST-ITS sticking out of her
bag. Curious enough, he starts to flip through it --

VIOLET (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Found it!

Violet rushes back in with the FIRST AID KIT, takes the book
away, then sees the BLOODY TOWEL --

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Oh fuuuck, that's a lot of blood.

SAM
It doesn't really hurt, though.

VIOLET
That's not a good sign.

Violet examines the wound -- quietly GAGS.

SAM
How bad?

She composes herself and looks him in the eye.

VIOLET
I think you should go to a hospital.

SAM
I hate hospitals.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET

Yeah, no one likes them. But that's the situation. Are you here with your parents? Is there someone I can call?

He starts to get up --

SAM

I'm okay, I'll be fine --

VIOLET

I don't know, man --

-- and he immediately sits back down --

SAM

Yeah, I'm a little dizzy.

VIOLET

Fuck it, come here, put your head down.

She lays a towel on her lap. He looks unsure.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Don't get weird about it.

Sam puts his head on her lap. They lock eyes. A brief, intimate moment between strangers.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

So, I'm going to superglue your head back together.

Sam laughs, thinking she's joking. But she's serious.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

It's sturdier than stitches.

SAM

Have you done it before?

VIOLET

No. But I played hockey in high school and my dad had to glue my head a ton. I'll show you the scars later. It's this or the hospital.

SAM

...Okay.

Violet takes a calming breath. She removes the towel off his head and focuses in. She gently cleans it... then --

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON THE WOUND: A ONE-INCH OOZING GASH. VIOLET ADDS SUPERGLUE AND PINCHES IT SHUT.

As they wait for it to seal, her eyes meet his again.

VIOLET

Sorry, I forgot to put on deodorant earlier. You're in the danger zone.

SAM

I think I lost my sense of smell.

VIOLET

Well, that's not good, either.

(then)

Violet. In case you were wondering.

SAM

I was. Sam. In case you were.

INT. VIOLET'S SUITE / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - 2007

Violet holds the door open, realizes she accidentally glued her fingers together. Sam walks out, pokes at the superglued gash.

SAM

Sorry if this messed up your plans.

VIOLET

It did, but it's fine.

She shrugs. They both want to say more, but aren't really sure what. So she hands him her PHONE --

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Put your number in. So I can check in on how you're doing. Cuz if you die, I need to erase any evidence connecting us.

SAM

Cool, yeah. Same.

Sam takes the phone, puts his number in, then hands it back.

SAM (CONT'D)

Text me. Or don't. Whatever.

VIOLET

Yeah. See ya.

ON SAM as he walks away... with a slight, smitten smile.

(CONTINUED)

ON VIOLET. She, too, looks a little smitten, waiting for the inevitable look-back from Sam. And, of course, he looks back.

EXT. OCEANA VISTA PATHWAY - DAY - 2007

Sam returns to the scene of the accident for his SKATEBOARD. He looks around the PALM TREE, crawls into the BUSH, but -- it's nowhere to be found. *Huh?*

He looks around, so confused. Then -- he notices one of those GRACKLE CAMERAS, perched in a tree. Aimed right at the area --

Then -- **DING!** He gets a text. He opens it and smiles.

VIOLET: *Hey. This is my number.*

NOAH (PRE-LAP)
And so began their doomed affair,
with: "Hey. This is my number."

MATCH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SHUTTLE BUS/HIGHWAY - MORNING - 2022 (DAY 3)

EMMA AND NOAH are on THE SHUTTLE BUS on the way to the ruins. They lean in together, the RAZR between them with the deleted texts displayed, but Emma turns the phone over --

EMMA
Should we be doing this? I'd feel
super-violated if someone read my
texts.

NOAH
Having a conscience and solving
true crime aren't compatible.

EMMA
Right, what the fuck am I doing?

She turns the phone over and we --

MOVE INTO A 3-WAY SPLIT SCREEN: EMMA AND NOAH ARE IN THE
CENTER SCREEN READING THE TEXTS, WHILE IN THE **1ST** AND **3RD**
SCREEN, WE SEE SAM AND VIOLET TEXTING THROUGHOUT THE DAY.

SAM: *cool. did i leave my skateboard in your room?*

VIOLET: *Not here. Just checked.*

SAM: *so weird. i think someone stole it*

EMMA (CONT'D)
Okay, SO many questions already.
But: Missing skateboard... Fuck...

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

Keep going.

VIOLET: *That sucks. I suppose we were a BIT distracted.*

SAM: *yeah. ha. that was FUN.*

EMMA

Ooo. So they hooked up right away.

NOAH

Not wasting any time.

VIOLET: *Sorry, I'm inexperienced in the head department.*

NOAH (CONT'D)

Wait, what?

EMMA

Straight to oral. Good for her.

NOAH

Good for him.

VIOLET: *Did it dry yet?*

SAM: *yeah but my hair is a little sticky.*

Emma and Noah both CRINGE.

SAM: *sorry if I left a gross mess.*

VIOLET: *Most of it ended up on me. A little on the couch.*

SAM: *even got some in my eye.*

EMMA

Oh God.

NOAH

Maybe we shouldn't be reading this.

A beat. Thennnn they both look back at the phone --

SAM: *felt pretty deep.*

VIOLET: *Yeah. It was hard not to gag.*

EMMA

I did NOT peg them for a couple
horndogs. They're just... porny.

NOAH

I don't think I like them. Did you
ever text anyone like this?

EMMA

No! Always assume people will read
your texts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (CONT'D)

(back to the next texts)

Alright, our first photo. How much
you wanna bet it's a big ol' dick?

Noah shakes his head -- *just, no.* Emma shrugs. She CLICKS the
PHOTO FILE: *A disgusting CLOSE-UP ON SAM'S GLUED HEAD WOUND.*

NOAH

Oh! What the fuck am I looking at?!

EMMA

(really studying it...)

Ohhhh, it's just Sam's head. As in
skull. It's a bloody, glued, head.

They both take a beat to realize their mistake. Oookay.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Actually makes a lot of sense.

We're the pervs.

(back to the texts)

Another photo.

PHOTO: *A SKETCH of Sam's SKATEBOARD.*

SAM: *keep an eye out for it. i think the security guard might
have taken it.*

Emma and Noah share a look. Security guard...

EMMA (CONT'D)

Person of... interest?

VIOLET: *want to track him down?*

SAM: *cant tonight. tomorrow?*

WE LEAVE THE SPLIT SCREEN, so we're only with Emma and Noah.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(checking phone)

That's weird. She doesn't respond
to him. Those were all on the 24th,
and she doesn't text him again
until 4am on the 26th...

WE SEE Violet's text as Emma READS it:

EMMA (CONT'D)

**"Don't fuck with the yellow snake.
It has four noses!"**

A couple other PASSENGERS glance back at that line. Noah
gives a courtesy smile. Emma clicks the next and FINAL TEXT --
the PHOTO OF SAM AND VIOLET we saw in Episode 101.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (CONT'D)

That's it.

Emma and Noah share a puzzled look... This got kinda weird.

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Let us journey back in time... to
the beginning of the end.

A7

OMITTED

A7

7

EXT. EL CASTILLO, TULUM RUINS - DAY - 2022

7

The grand centerpiece among the TULUM RUINS. A TOUR GUIDE
(FEMALE, 25) addresses the TOUR GROUP.

TOUR GUIDE

You're a Mayan teenager, running
around this same plaza, when
suddenly you look out to that
horizon and see a Spanish ship.

WE FIND Emma and Noah in the BACK, both on their phones --

NOAH

So they have yellow vipers down
here, which do NOT have four noses,
but there's also this Porthidium
Yucatanicum thing, which DOES have
four noses, is very poisonous, but
is NOT yellow. So I GUESS it's
possible Sam and Violet crossed
with a hybrid four-nosed poisonous
yellow snake, but not likely.

Noah looks at Emma -- she has her phone to her ear.

NOAH (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

EMMA

Calling the police --

NOAH

I thought we said no police --

EMMA

I'm not telling them anything --

POLICE OFFICER'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

Si, diga. Policía de Playa del
Carmen.

MOVE INTO SPLIT SCREEN to INTERCUT WITH:

A8

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - 2022 (FORMERLY SCENE C21)

A8

TIGHT ON a POLICE OFFICER (30s), chewing gum.

EMMA (ON PHONE)
Hi, I'm calling from the *New York Times* and looking to speak with...

Emma checks her PHONE: it's OPEN to an ARTICLE we glimpsed in Episode 101 (**WITH THE QUOTE FROM THE DETECTIVE ON THE CASE**).

EMMA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
... Detective Silverio Narro. It's regarding an old case.

The Police Officer types at his computer.

POLICE OFFICER (ON PHONE)
Oh, right, Silverio. He hasn't been here in... almost 15 years.

EMMA (ON PHONE)
Fifteen years ago?

She and Noah share a look. *Everything happened 15 years ago.*

POLICE OFFICER (ON PHONE)
What case is this regarding?

EMMA (ON PHONE)
Actually, would it be possible to tell us where we can find him now?

POLICE OFFICER (ON PHONE)
Last I heard he had a boat down in Punta Venado.

Emma gestures to Noah to hand her his phone to write it down --

EMMA (ON PHONE)
Gracias. You've been very helpful.

POLICE OFFICER (ON PHONE)
Anything else I can help with?

EMMA (ON PHONE)
I mean, yeah, sure. A long shot, but does the phrase **Don't fuck with the yellow snake, it has four noses** mean anything to you?

The COP's expression goes dark -- he HANGS UP. **WE STAY IN SPLIT SCREEN A FEW SECONDS, WITH THE COP LOOKING ANXIOUS...**

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Uhh, he just hung up on me. Fuck,
is it something offensive?

They share another curious look... Noah spots RAUL, their
shuttle bus driver, trailing the tour group. Gets an idea.

NOAH

Hey -- Raul, right? Quick question
for you, if that's alright.

Raul seems surprised -- no one ever talks to him.

RAUL

Hi. Please. That's why I'm here.

NOAH

It's a weird one, but have you ever
heard: **Don't fuck with the yellow
snake, it has four noses?**

RAUL

(a bit foreboding)
Ufff. That's the Frías.

EMMA

Frías?

RAUL

Yes. The Frías.

NOAH

What's the Frías?

Raul glances around nervously, then waves them around the
corner, into the shadows of the ruins, away from the crowd...

RAUL

Frías is the yellow snake. Here --

He UNZIPS HIS PANTS, they think he's about to show his dick --

NOAH

Whoa, whoa, no snake!

EMMA

No, it's okay, we're good --

But he just shows the top of his UNDERWEAR. He pulls it back
and presents the LABEL. **A YELLOW SNAKE.**

Emma and Noah lean down a bit and eye the logo... *Hmmmmmm...*

EMMA (CONT'D)

So it's an underwear brand?

(CONTINUED)

RAUL

Uff. Much more. Frías is an empire.
Not only clothes. Everything.

NOAH

Okay, but why don't you fuck with
the yellow snake?

RAUL

Do you want to be fucked by a
yellow snake?

NOAH

No. No, I do not.

RAUL

You cross the Frías snake, it
sniffs you out -- and poisons you.

UFFFT! -- He does a SNAKE BITE gesture to his own neck.

Noah looks at Emma -- her intrigue is peaking. Then at their
tour group -- moving on, far up ahead now.

NOAH

Fuck it. Come here --

Noah takes out his phone, puts an arm around Emma, and poses
for a SELFIE with the Tulum coast and ruins behind them.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Okay. Ruins, check. Raul, *gracias*.

CUT TO:

EMMA AND NOAH THROWING BACK MORE THAN A FEW TEQUILA SHOTS --

8 **OMITTED**

8

9 **INT. BEACH BAR - TULUM - DAY - 2022**

9

They're drinking margaritas at a way-too-hip expat Tulum bar,
with a DJ playing way-too-loud music -- so loud they have to
YELL to hear each other. Emma's reading her phone --

EMMA

"Frías is a dynasty of tailors,
designers, and clothiers spanning
four generations in the Yucatán."

Noah slides over *his* phone -- he's pulled up a SIMPLE FLOW-
CHART titled: *How Detectives Work*.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't need a lame chart! We should be following our instincts!

NOAH

Then what are your instincts telling you?!

EMMA

We know Sam was missing his skateboard, we know they were together in someone else's room at 5:30am, and we know they had some obsession with this Frías snake. Let's keep pulling that thread!

NOAH

But maybe we should heed the warning to not fuck with them?!

EMMA

And that makes them seem even MORE guilty! Look --

(paraphrasing her phone)

They have their hands in everything. Philanthropy, furniture, tourism, real estate...

FLASH TO: The old CONSTRUCTION SIGN with the YELLOW SNAKE she saw on the fence at the OCEANA VISTA (Episode 101).

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh shit. I'm pretty sure they were on a sign at the Oceana Vista last night. What if they OWN the resort?

NOAH

Uhhh... You went there last night?

EMMA

Yeah. After I bought the phone!

NOAH

You went to an abandoned resort, late at night, in Mexico, alone?

EMMA

The cab driver was with me!

NOAH

Emma!

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

I didn't go in, I just wanted to
take a look!

Noah shakes his head, a bit baffled. But --

NOAH

You gotta be more careful! We're
tourists here, not detectives!

EMMA

Go take the tour then!

NOAH

I don't want to fight!

EMMA

Then take the stick out of your ass
and loosen the fuck up!

Noah considers the request. He takes a big gulp of his drink.

NOAH

Okay then, I think we gotta talk to
someone in the Frías world!

Emma slams her hands on the table --

EMMA

Fuck yeah, that's what I like to hear!

NOAH

We gotta figure out what the hell
is up with the yellow snake!

EMMA

Yeah! I want to know WHY you don't
fuck with the yellow snake!

NOAH

And if it really has four noses!

EMMA

Yeah! Maybe it's all bullshit!

THEY HIGH-FIVE, THEN TAKE MORE SHOTS -- AND WE CUT TO --

A10

INT. STUDIO (THE N/D SPACE FROM SCENE A1) - DAY - 2022

A10

CLOSE ON A MANNEQUIN TORSO. The SAME SUIT from the beginning
is hung, but now the YELLOW SNAKE on the pocket is complete.

CAMERA comes around to reveal it's not just ONE MANNEQUIN
TORSO, but instead a LINE of them, twelve deep. And in 4 ROWS.

(CONTINUED)

A10

CONTINUED:

A10

WE STAY MOSTLY IN CLOSE-UPS, never really revealing where we are, or who our MASTER TAILOR is... But it's DARK, cave-like --

Only a few SPOTLIGHTS: *ONE* on a large THREAD RACK, *ONE* on a large WALL OF FABRICS... *ONE* on a BLACK EVENING GOWN over a MANNEQUIN. Our TAILOR embroiders the dress, intensely focused.

AND THE FINAL *ONE* on a CORKBOARD with old NEWSPAPER ARTICLES, including one about two missing tourists at the Oceana Vista.

B10

EXT. THE PARK, DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN - DAY - 2022

B10

Emma and Noah trade off eating tacos and holding each other's beers as they walk through the park.

NOAH

I think we should come up with a plan so we stay on the same page --

EMMA

We don't need a plan. Didn't you ever take drama in high school?

NOAH

No.

EMMA

Improv?

NOAH

When would I have done improv? You've known me my entire adult life.

EMMA

Just try to not be yourself. But be natural.

NOAH

That doesn't make any sense --

EMMA

There it is --

CAMERA comes around to REVEAL:

THE FRÍAS SHOP. A WINDOWLESS YELLOW SHOP -- a small FORTRESS. Not the most inviting place... yet very exclusive-feeling. Emma and Noah, clearly BUZZED, walk up...

10

OMITTED

10

11

OMITTED

11

A12

OMITTED

A12

12 **OMITTED** 12
A13 **OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A21)** A13
13 **OMITTED** 13
14 **INT. THE FRÍAS SHOP, DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN - DAY - 2022** 14

We MOVE THROUGH a "high-end" clothing store. This pretentious space is a shrine to the Frías family. WE LAND ON Noah and Emma flipping through racks. Both try hard to hide the rising tequila-paranoia. But it might be justified -- it feels like they've stepped into a world where they don't belong...

A couple SUITED MEN talk near the front. Noah notices them glancing over at him and Emma...

A FRÍAS DOCUMENTARY ON LOOP projects on the CEILING and WALLS -- and Emma and Noah are quickly IMMERSED in the world of FRÍAS...

A ONE-MINUTE MINI-DOC ON THE FRÍAS FAMILY TAKES OVER:

OPEN ON THE FRÍAS SNAKE LOGO; A PORTRAIT OF AURELIANO FRÍAS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Como cuenta la leyenda, Aureliano Frías fue atacado en la jungla cerca de Izamal por una serpiente gigante amarilla y fue declarado muerto por 13 minutos. Pero sobrevivió. Con una segunda oportunidad dedicó su vida a la imagen de la serpiente que hizo reconsiderar su existencia. Decidió comprar tierra.

AURELIANO FRÍAS, ON HORSEBACK, SURVEYS A VAST FIELD OF HENEQUEN PLANTS BEING HARVESTED.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Conocido en la región como el Rey del Henequén, Frías era dueño de tierras ricas para el cultivo de henequén.

HENEQUEN PLANTS BEING TURNED INTO ROPE, HAMMOCKS, AND MORE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Pero fue su única hija, BEATRIZ FRÍAS, una sastre prodigiosa, quien creó un imperio de moda.

A FRÍAS FAMILY PHOTO, CIRCA 1940s, WITH NINE FRÍAS CHILDREN; ZOOM IN ON BABY BEATRIZ, HELD IN HER FATHER'S ARMS.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Trajes de lujo hechos de las telas más exclusivas, combinando vicuña, pashmina y fibras de henequén genéticamente alterado.

EXCLUSIVE CLOTHS ARE THREADED, HUNG UP, FOLDED, SEWN TOGETHER; A PORTRAIT OF A CUTE VICUÑA AND GOAT (PASHMINA).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Por 75 años la icónica marca de Frías se ha tejido en la historia de la Península...

THE FRÍAS YELLOW SNAKE LOGO AS IT'S MASS-PRINTED ON LABELS; FRÍAS WEDDING GOWNS; WILLEM DAFOE WEARING A FRÍAS TUX...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Del traje que el gobernador usó cuando tomó posesión, al que usó cuando le disparó trágicamente el equipo olímpico de pentatlón, al vestido que Miss Yucatán usó cuando fue coronada Miss Universo, hasta los uniformes y sábanas usadas en casi todos los hoteles de la península.

THE GOVERNOR TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE; MISS YUCATÁN, CRYING, WITH CROWN; SHOTS OF VARIOUS RESORTS AND THEIR STAFFS... INCLUDING ONE OF THE BAHÍA (AND WE MIGHT EVEN SPOT LUNA).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Frías está en todo y por eso, todo está mejor.

CREDITS ROLL. BACK TO: EMMA and NOAH, comprehending it all...

CESAR (O.S.)

Frías is everywhere.

CESAR (18, a little kid in a big boy suit) STARTLES them. He stands behind them with a tray of TEQUILA.

CESAR (CONT'D)

May I offer you a drink?
Compliments of our private distilleries. Frías Añejo.

EMMA

Yes...?

Emma grabs the drink. Noah passes (doesn't trust it).

(CONTINUED)

CESAR

Do you have an appointment?

EMMA

No... But... I do like that dress.

She gestures to a cocktail gown... trying to play the part.

CESAR

Would you like me to have one of
our tailors take your measurements?

She takes a sip... glances at the intimidating SUITED MEN.
Then at Cesar -- who is the least intimidating kid ever.

EMMA

Would you like to measure me?

CLOCK Noah's *What the hell?* look. Cesar smiles nervously --

A15

INT. FITTING ROOM, THE FRÍAS SHOP - MOMENTS LATER - 2022

A15

Emma stands on a PLATFORM surrounded by MIRRORS as Cesar
measures her arms, legs, waist, and so on... There's an odd
intimacy, especially since they only talk in hushed tones.

CESAR

My apologies for my pace, I'm still
an apprentice.

EMMA

You're doing great, Cesar.

Emma shoots a look at Noah. He's so weirded-out, but trying
his best. He peeks out the DOORWAY -- the SUITED MEN are both
busy up front. He nods back at Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Hey, so, do you know anything about
the Oceana Vista?

Cesar PAUSES, unsure what to say. A temperature shift.

CESAR

Umm. I... don't know.

He goes to write a measurement -- but forgot it.

EMMA

Sounds like you kinda do know.

Cesar forces a smile. Forehead sweating, he measures her arm.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

You get commissions? Talk to us and
I'll buy that dress.

Cesar considers... Emma shoots Noah a look -- *Good thinking.*

EMMA

It's okay, we won't tell anyone.

CESAR

...It's mostly rumors... There was
a conflict between the Frías and
the resort. As you may have heard,
the Frías have a vengeful side.

EMMA

What kind of conflict?

CESAR

A Frías used to work at the resort.

Emma and Noah share a look in the mirror. That's BIG.

EMMA

Who?

CESAR

If you look up photos of the Frías
family, you won't see Beatriz's
youngest son. But look up photos of
the Oceana Vista, and you will see
him. We don't talk about him. He
was a master tailor. The best there
ever was. Even better than Beatriz.
But he threw it all away.

EMMA

Name, Cesar. C'mon. Gimme a name.
C'mon. Just do it. One name.

Emma stares into the reluctant kid's eyes...

CESAR

... B a l t a s a r ...

And that's when Emma notices in the REFLECTION OF THE MIRROR:

Up in the corner of the room... A RED LIGHT on one of those
BIRD (GRACKLE) SECURITY CAMERAS goes on. Watching them...

EMMA

What the...

Then Cesar sees it for the first time, too. He goes pale.

(CONTINUED)

CESAR

Oh no. Ohh no.

Suddenly Cesar's BOSS walks in --

CESAR'S BOSS

Is Cesar taking care of you?

Emma nods.

CESAR

She would like Reina de la Cueva.

EMMA

Yeah, love it. How much is it?

CESAR'S BOSS

Reina de la Cueva is 450,000 pesos.

(off their look)

22,000 U.S. dollars.

NOAH

Ohhh, okay --

EMMA

Yeahhh, we can't afford that.

CESAR'S BOSS

Then what exactly are you doing
here?

Emma and Noah share a look... *Let's get the hell out of here.*

B15

EXT. THE FRÍAS SHOP - MOMENTS LATER - 2022

B15

Emma and Noah hurry down the steps in a sprint-walk.

EMMA

What the fuck, what the fuck?

NOAH

Yeah, what the fuck?

EMMA

Seriously, what the fuck?

NOAH

What. The. Fuck.

As they round a corner, they PASS another SUITED MAN (smoking a cigarette). Noah briefly locks eyes with him... recognizing him from the store... Emma and Noah continue into --

C15

EXT. THE PARK, DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN - CONTINUOUS - 2022

C15

Noah glances back at the SUITED MAN. The guy puts out his cigarette and starts walking into the park, too...

(CONTINUED)

NOAH
I think we're being followed.

EMMA
Noo...

She looks back: THE GUY IS NOW TAKING A PICTURE OF THEM --

EMMA (CONT'D)
Okay, he's taking our picture.

NOAH
Run.

EMMA
Run?

THEY BOTH TAKE OFF SPRINTING THROUGH THE PARK --
PAST CEIBA TREES --
THROUGH A COURTYARD --

LOOKING BACK -- **THE GUY IS DEFINITELY CHASING AFTER THEM!**

THEY TURN ONTO A LONG FOOTBRIDGE AND SPRINT ACROSS --

D15 **EXT. DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN - MOMENTS LATER - 2022**

D15

EMMA AND NOAH RACE DOWN STEPS THAT SPILLS OUT TO A DOWNTOWN STREET OF BARS, AND THEY HEAD INTO THE FRUIT MARKETPLACE --

E15 **INT. FRUIT MARKETPLACE - CONTINUOUS - 2022**

E15

THE PLACE IS PACKED WITH PEOPLE AND FRUIT, ALL LINING NARROW AISLES -- WITH A 2ND LEVEL CATWALK AROUND THE PERIMETER.

WE STAY CLOSE ON EMMA AND NOAH AS THEY SNAKE THROUGH THE CROWD -- IT'S HOT AND SWEATY AND CLAUSTROPHOBIC --

EMMA TURNS AND SPOTS THE SUITED MAN -- NOW INSIDE --

WHEN SHE TURNS BACK -- **NOAH IS GONE** -- SHE LOST HIM -- **SHIT!**

SHE TURNS DOWN AN AISLE -- SPOTS THE SUITED MAN -- SO SHE DUCKS INTO A **SOUVENIR SHOP** --

AND QUICKLY THROWS ON SOME SUNGLASSES, A HAT, A SHAWL -- SHE TURNS HER HEAD JUST AS *WE SEE* THE MAN PASS, NOT SEEING HER.

SHE THROWS DOWN CASH FOR THE SOUVENIRS, STEALTHILY MOVES DOWN ANOTHER AISLE, PEEKS AROUND THE CORNER -- AND SEES --

THE SUITED MAN, UP ON THE **CATWALK** LOOKING FOR THEM. *THEN* --

EMMA SPOTS NOAH -- IN THE **HAT KIOSK**, BUYING A PANAMA HAT, RIGHT BELOW WHERE THE SUITED MAN PACES THE **CATWALK** --

(CONTINUED)

SHE TAKES OUT HER PHONE AND CALLS HIM -- HE DOESN'T ANSWER --

EMMA

Answer your fucking phone --

EMMA LOOKS BACK UP AT THE SUITED MAN ON THE **CATWALK** -- HIS ATTENTION IS NOW **ON THE HAT KIOSK** -- SQUINTING TOWARD IT...

EMMA LOOKS BACK AT NOAH, EXITING THE **HAT KIOSK**. THINKING HE'S SAFE, HE CASUALLY WALKS TOWARD THE CENTER AISLE -- BUT IT'S RIGHT WHERE THE SUITED MAN WILL BE ABLE TO SPOT HIM --

EMMA (CONT'D)

No no no, back, back, Noah --

HE PRETENDS TO LOOK AT FRUIT WHILE GLANCING AROUND FOR EMMA. HE TAKES OUT HIS PHONE, SEES EMMA CALLED, CALLS HER BACK --

EMMA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

(answering right away)

I see you but don't look for me --

NOAH TURNS, LOOKING AROUND FOR HER --

GIVING THE SUITED MAN ON THE **CATWALK** A PERFECT VIEW OF NOAH. THE SUITED MAN QUICKLY RUNS TOWARD THE LADDER --

EMMA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

THINKING FAST, EMMA GRABS AN AVOCADO AND HURLS IT AT THE SUITED MAN -- PEGGING HIM IN THE HEAD -- STUNNING HIM --

GIVING EMMA JUST ENOUGH TIME TO SPRINT BY NOAH, GRAB HIS HAND, AND RUN OUT THE ENTRANCE -- UNDER THE SUITED MAN --

EXT. DOWNTOWN PLAYA DEL CARMEN - CONTINUOUS - 2022

EMMA AND NOAH RACE DOWN THE STREET, TERRIFIED, FULL OF ADRENALINE (but also maybe a little exhilarated by it all).

CUT TO:

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

GATORADE BOTTLE TOPS BEING TWISTED OFF --

20

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

20

-- and Emma and Noah chug the Gatorade to sober up. Noah tosses his hat on the counter and paces. Emma goes right for her IPAD and starts searching for something...

NOAH

Did not like that. But I kinda did, too. Are we in real danger?

Emma finds what she was looking for on the IPAD --

EMMA

Come here, look --

IPAD: A REDDIT commenter posted an old STAFF PHOTO from the OCEANA VISTA, circa 2005. Several rows of Oceana Vista EMPLOYEES in front of a large FOUNTAIN (seen in Episode 101).

EMMA (CONT'D)

Which one of you is Baltasar Frías?

They look CLOSE, scanning... Emma points to a GUY dressed in a colorful, bespoke, embroidered suit who really stands out.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That's gotta be him, right?

BUT -- Noah's squinting at someone else in the picture...

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN, his finger is over a FEMALE HOUSEKEEPER.

NOAH

Does she look familiar to you?

EMMA

Nooo way... That's not...

NOAH

I think it might be...

A21

**EXT. LOBBY/CONCIERGE DESK, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - DAY - 2022
(FORMERLY SCENE A13)**

A21

LUNA's on her computer. Going about her perfectly ordinary day, when Emma and Noah suddenly step up with Emma's iPad.

LUNA

Mr. and Mrs. Reed! So great to see you. How did you like the ruins?

Emma shows Luna the PHOTO on her IPAD --

(CONTINUED)

EMMA
Is this you?

LUNA
Excuse me?

EMMA
That's you, right?

Luna's caught off guard. She looks closely at the PHOTO --

LUNA
No... No I don't think so.

Just to be triple sure, Emma ZOOMS IN ALL THE WAY.

EMMA
That's totally you.

Luna and Emma exchange glances. Trying to read each other.
Something is... off. Luna looks once more --

LUNA
Oh, yes. The Oceana Vista. I've
been at so many resorts. Yes, I
remember now. How can I help you?

NOAH
Emma found an old phone in the
jungle and turns out it belonged to
a missing ki--

Emma ELBOWS Noah in the RIB. Emma points to the MAN IN THE
EMBROIDERED SUIT in the photo --

EMMA
Is this Baltasar Frías?

Luna stares back -- puts on that concierge smile --

LUNA
I can't remember.

Emma squints, pushes harder --

EMMA
You have a weird memory, Luna.
Clearly that's him and clearly you
knew him, you're right next to him.

LUNA
(after a beat)
He was in security. That's all I
remember. Really so long ago.

(CONTINUED)

Emma and Noah share a look. *Sam thought a security guard took his skateboard.*

Luna looks at her cell phone, as if someone is calling...

LUNA (CONT'D)

Uh-oh. I must take this.

EMMA

Is someone really calling?

Luna answers the phone (but is she faking it?) --

LUNA (ON PHONE)

Hello?... One moment.

(to Emma)

Please excuse me.

She walks away, leaves them at her desk, alone.

NOAH

None of this makes any sense.

EMMA

Where is that detective's boat?

CUT TO:

B21 **OMITTED**

B21

C21 **OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE A8)**

C21

21 **EXT. DOCKS OF PLAYA DEL CARMEN - NIGHT - 2022 (NIGHT 3)**

21

THE SCATTERED REMAINS OF FISH ENTRAILS ARE SPRAYED OFF THE DOCK'S CLEANING STATION. The man hosing it down is SILVERIO NARRO (65). Prune-faced from police work, sun, and three bad marriages. He glances dismissively at Emma and Noah.

SILVERIO

You're not the first to ask me about that case.

EMMA

But I bet we're the first ones who actually found something.

SILVERIO

It's better to eat the past.

NOAH

...Eat the past?

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Does the name Baltasar Frías mean anything to you?

Silverio stares back at them... He glances around at the other FISHERMEN.

SILVERIO

Not here. Come aboard.

Silverio walks to his boat. I guess the past hasn't been eaten.

INT. BOAT CABIN - MOMENTS LATER - 2022

A GIANT JUG OF HOMEMADE ALCOHOL FILLS THREE MUGS. Emma and Noah are sitting at a cluttered table across from Silverio. All three sip their mugs while Silverio clicks through the RAZR. He's tough to read. Noah's eyes wander...

EMMA

Sam thought a security guard took his board. Baltasar Frías worked security. We start asking around and then some guy from the Frías shop tries to kill us. What else?

SILVERIO

Only Frías work for Frías. The phone is nothing.

Silverio tosses the RAZR on the table. Emma doesn't like that.

EMMA

Okay, we both know that's not true. We shared what we have, your turn.

Silverio SQUINTS at Emma. And Emma SQUINTS right back. He raises his mug. She raises hers. Noah raises his, reluctantly.

And they all drink. (Emma immediately chases with her Thermos water bottle). Then she pours herself another mug of alcohol and tops off Silverio's.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Keep the fuck up.

Silverio break into a RASPY LAUGHTER. He looks at Noah --

SILVERIO

Be careful, she will get herself killed. Or maybe you!

(CONTINUED)

Noah shakes his head -- Emma gives Noah a pat: *I'll be fine.*

Silverio suddenly gets up and lumbers into the lower cabin...
Emma and Noah lean into each other.

EMMA
Weird energy here.

NOAH
Nooo, this guy seems totally
normal. Wanna leave?

EMMA
No, he knows something. And I want
to know what he knows, don't you?

NOAH
Just don't challenge him to a
drinking contest. I'm spinning.

EMMA
Are you actually drinking it?

NOAH
You aren't?

EMMA
(holding up her Thermos)
I'm doing the old swish-n-spit.

Noah lets out a little moan, suddenly feels twice as buzzed.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I got this.

They HEAR Silverio stomping around in the lower cabin --

NOAH
In case he comes back up to kill
us: Happy official Anniversary.

EMMA
(realizing)
Ohhh... but today's the 23rd.

Noah shakes his head.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Fuck. Why didn't you say anything?

NOAH
I was going to this morning in the
shower, but you seemed distracted,
then all the phone stuff, then we
got sucked into the mystery, and I
didn't want to you to feel added
pressure to do something special --

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Stop.
(beat)
I'm sorry I forgot.

NOAH

All good. It's all good.

EMMA

Say something next time. Don't
bottle it up --

Silverio returns -- and tosses an old FILE on the table:

The CASE FILE on the OCEANA VISTA. Paper-clipped to the TOP
PAGE: **THE MUGSHOT FOR BALTASAR "PENICHE" FRÍAS.**

SILVERIO

We found the boy's skateboard in
Baltasar's bedroom.

EMMA

Holy shit.

She flips through the file. STATEMENTS from Sam's and
Violet's families, a few PHOTOS of them, ROOM NUMBERS...

Noah watches Emma light up and pivot so quickly back into the
case. It's kinda sad. But he's also happy to see her happy.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Peniche?

SILVERIO

He changed him name. I met Baltasar
Frías. He was a haunted man. And a
liar. But the storm washed
everything away before I had enough
evidence.

Silverio looks out the windows, paranoia creeping in.

SILVERIO (CONT'D)

I did not give up. But... the big
big fish eat the little fish. The
Frías are the big fish. I did not
choose to retire at 50.

(beat)

I learned the hard way: **Don't fuck
with the four-nosed yellow snake.**

Noah takes this as a warning; Emma takes it as an invitation.
As she continues to read the case files --

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Where is he now?

SILVERIO

Only rumors. Some say he's dead.
Some say he changed his identity
and lives in Buenos Aires. Some say
they have seen him roaming around
the Frías Hacienda, El Caracol... I
believe he's out there somewhere.

EMMA

What would it take to bring him in?

SILVERIO

You don't understand, you don't
bring a Frías in --

EMMA

Whoa whoa whoa --

Emma slides over Baltasar's page of the police file she was
reading and points to some LINES IN SPANISH --

EMMA (CONT'D)

Does that say what I think it says?

SILVERIO

His room number.

EMMA

Was he staying at the hotel when
all this went down?

SILVERIO

He lived there. His room was
painted yellow. Like Izamal, the
Frías homeland. Yellow.

Emma's lightbulb moment -- she pulls up the PHOTO of SAM AND
VIOLET ON A HIGH BALCONY from the phone again --

EMMA

SO -- what if we have proof they
were in Baltasar's room?

She flips pages in Silverio's file, checking it --

EMMA (CONT'D)

Sam and Violet were in first floor
rooms. This is higher up. What if
they went looking for his board
that night?

(CONTINUED)

Silverio studies the photo, then his eyes move up to Emma's --

EMMA (CONT'D)

If this is Baltasar's room, if the
last known location of Sam and
Violet was in his fucking room...
That's it, right? That's enough.

Silverio now studies her eyes. With recognition. Makes her
feel uncomfortable. Vulnerable.

SILVERIO

You should let me keep the phone.
For your own good.

Emma pulls the phone back. Noah clocks this strange move.

SILVERIO (CONT'D)

I know that look.

EMMA

What?

She sits back. Silverio looks at Noah. And back at Emma.

SILVERIO

You think you will find meaning at
the end of this. You will not.

Emma seems rattled a bit.

NOAH

We're just trying to help out, man --

SILVERIO

Nothing makes sense. This thing
will fuck with your head!

He SLAMS the table. A stern warning. Emma and Noah are silent.

SILVERIO (CONT'D)

Do you like your life?

NOAH

What kind of question is that?

SILVERIO

I like my life. I like it. The
fish, my boat. But this is not what
I wanted. Trust me. You are on
vacation. I suggest you stay on it.

As Emma and Noah consider the warning, we CUT TO --

AA23 **EXT. SILVERIO'S BOAT - NIGHT - 2022**

AA23

ANGLE ON the BOAT WINDOW, framing Emma. The only LIGHT on this DARK NIGHT...

PRE-LAP *A los Bosques Me Interno Yo* by Azucena Aymara. Emma's WINDOW becomes the CENTER OF --

A23 **INT. YELLOW ROOM, OCEANA VISTA - NIGHT - 2007 (NIGHT 1)**

A23

-- A RECORD SPINNING on the turntable. A few MAKECH crawl over each other in the TANK. And...

BALTASAR, cigarette dangling from his lips, masterfully EMBROIDERS a new PATTERN onto A WHITE SUIT JACKET, hung on a MANNEQUIN TORSO.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. He answers the door to find Luna. Looks like she's been crying.

LUNA
Me urge un trago.

She enters. As Baltasar pours mezcal, Luna notices **SAM'S SKATEBOARD** on the bed.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Patinas?

BALTASAR
Fue un regalo de Navidad.

23 **EXT. BALCONY, YELLOW ROOM, OCEANA VISTA - LATER - 2007**

23

Baltasar and Luna drink as they take in the view. By the pool and fire pits, a PALM TREE is decked out in CHRISTMAS LIGHTS --

24 **EXT. FIRE PITS, OCEANA VISTA - NIGHT - 2007**

24

And sitting on a couch by one of the fire pits is MURRAY. He seems genuinely relaxed, smoking a cigar.

MURRAY
Christmas in the tropics.

He looks across the fire at Violet. She doesn't hear him, her attention is on her phone as she's texting.

VIOLET'S PHONE: *She's looking at the SKETCH OF THE SKATEBOARD.*

VIOLET: *want to track him down?*

SAM: *cant tonight. tomorrow?*

A small but noticeable smile breaks the sides of her mouth. She's about to text back, when --

(CONTINUED)

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Who's the lucky guy?

Violet looks up. Sees that her dad's been watching. But also:

BEHIND HER DAD, *she sees Sam passing by with HANNA, holding hands. Sam and Violet meet eyes for the briefest of moments --*

And we can FEEL the disappointment wash over her in this brief moment, though she masks it with a smile as he passes.

Violet puts her phone away and look back at her dad --

VIOLET

It's no one.

*

He just nods, knowing not to pry. Then he reaches into his pocket and pulls out an ENVELOPE -- loaded with something -- and tosses it to Violet across the fire pit.

*

*

*

MURRAY

Merry Christmas, kiddo.

Violet looks at the envelope: *To Vi -- Love Dad (and Mom)*

Violet opens the envelope and finds OLD CAR KEYS.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

I know she'd want you to have it.

Violet turns the keys in her hand. We see this fills Violet with some complicated feelings. She's grateful. But something about this feels heavy. OFF THE KEYS, WE --

MATCH TO:

25

OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SCENE 26)

25

26

INT. BEDROOM, THOMPSON HOME - DAY - 2006 (PRE-DAY 1)

26

CLOSE ON THE CAR KEYS in a BOWL on a BEDSIDE TABLE. They **JINGLE** with each **THUD!... THUD!... THUD!** PULL OUT TO REVEAL:

TWO MOVERS are trying to push a HOSPICE BED through the BEDROOM DOOR. WE HAVE JUMPED BACK TO:

December 29, 2006

(12 months prior to the events of the Oceana Vista)

(CONTINUED)

REVERSE ON: MURRAY, tired and broken, doing his best.

MOVER #1

You sure this door isn't smaller
than the standard size?

MURRAY

I assure you it isn't smaller. You
guys got it in somehow.

They try forcing it through -- **THUD!** It DENTS the doorframe.
Murray sighs, then goes to assist them.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Do not push until you hear me say
push. In three, two, one --
(he lifts)
Push!

They get it through the door. Murray continues guiding them
out, but we STAY IN THE ROOM...

CAMERA does a 360 of the room: *GET WELL* CARDS addressed to
Rita. Piles of MAGAZINES; a dying THISTLE; TV REMOTE on a
side table; WATER JUG, still half-full; PHOTO of Murray,
RITA, and VIOLET (at 4).

Then we LAND BACK ON THE DOOR, where VIOLET now stands,
hiding behind a blank expression. If it seems like she's
stepping in there for the first time, that's because it is.

She traces the indentation in the carpet from the hospice
bed's wheels to the center of the room. She sits down where
her mom's bed was. She lies back. Stares up at the dusty
ceiling fan. Probably the last thing her mom saw.

Murray steps into the doorway to find Violet laying there. He
clears his throat. Violet turns her head to look at him.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Need anything?

VIOLET

I'm okay.

Murray hesitates, but decides to give her space. As he leaves
frame, something catches her gaze. Much like Emma and the RAZR
in Episode 101, Violet, too, is about to be thrown a lifeline.

REVERSE ON: A very full BOOKSHELF. But, specifically, on the
bottom row, she spots a THICK NOVEL with a distinct PURPLE
(VIOLET) BOOKMARK barely sticking out of the top. The book
is, of course, ***La Desilusión del Tiempo*** by Illán Iberra.

(CONTINUED)

Violet pushes herself up and reaches out to retrieve this mysterious novel. She flips through -- it's entirely in SPANISH and heavily annotated with handwriting in the margins. She lands on the **PURPLE BOOKMARKED PAGE...**

And she FREEZES. Eyes wide, blinking. Handwritten directly onto the chapter page titled **PASAJE:**

Violet, Meet me here. Love, Mom

Off Violet's perplexed expression at this invitation...

27

OMITTED

27

BACK TO:

A28

EXT. DRIVEWAY, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - NIGHT - 2022

A28

Emma and Noah walk up the long driveway. She's looking through Silverio's police file -- amped up and clearly NOT taking his warning. Noah glances, his concern growing.

NOAH
You doing okay?

EMMA
Yeah.

She catches his look. She puts the file back in her bag.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I had fun with you today. I know I
will not forget this anniversary.

She reaches out for his hand to hold. Knowing he needs it.

NOAH
You want to go find this guy's room
tomorrow, don't you?

EMMA
I do.

He'll go along with it. For now. He looks at something O.S.

NOAH
You know what I want to do though?
I want to go on that fucking
waterslide.

He flicks his head to the POOL. They lock eyes, fireworks are going off somewhere. **Bridget St. John's "Song to Keep You Company" begins, PLAYING OVER:**

B28

EXT. POOL, BAHÍA DEL PARAÍSO - NIGHT - 2022

B28

New cocktails in hand, Noah and Emma hop the fence and sneak into the CLOSED pool like two teenagers. They go to the GATE for the slide but it's locked. Fuck it, that's not gonna stop them. Noah puts his drink down, takes off his clothes, jumps in the water, and swims toward the BOTTOM OF THE SLIDE.

Emma watches for a moment, feeling she's slipping back in time, then she jumps in the water with him.

Noah climbs IN the water slide and starts WALKING UP to the top (the water is off), but he keeps on SLIPPING. Emma eventually catches up to him and they both keep slipping together -- it's kind of beautiful and pathetic and fun and sad (thanks to the music) all at the same time. They eventually give up trying to climb and just lay there, halfway up the slide, under the stars, face-to-face, hands interlocking, and they kiss. As he kisses her neck, for a brief moment, she opens her eyes -- and looks at the nothingness of space.

JUMP TO MOMENTS LATER...

Noah floats down the lazy river on his back.

Emma sits on the side of the pool, watching him drift away.

She finishes her COCKTAIL, sucks on some ICE, and returns to SILVERIO'S FILE..

CLOSE ON Noah, on his back, staring up at the stars.

BACK TO EMMA, reading through the file. She pours more ICE into her mouth, but instead CHEWS ON IT this time... then --

CRACK! *What was that?*

She spits into her palm: among the broken pieces of ICE, she sees half of her dark grey, dead **TOOTH**. Huh. That's not good.

OFF Emma gazing at the ruins of her oral cavity. **MUSIC UP** --

28

EXT. STREETS OF IZAMAL - NIGHT - 2022

28

Luna's CAR moves down rows of YELLOW BUILDINGS, until it idles in front of an ornate hacienda's HIGH IRON GATE. The gate, labeled **FRÍAS**, slowly opens. Revealing **EL CARACOL**.

29

INT. FOYER, EL CARACOL (FRÍAS HACIENDA) - NIGHT - 2022

29

Dwarfed in the grandeur, Luna stands alone for a moment, eyeing the intensely arrogant Frías aesthetic: Along the walls are mannequins displaying various FRÍAS FAMILY OUTFITS (we'll recognize some from the pictures in the Frías Shop).

(CONTINUED)

CARETAKER (O.S.)
Pase por aquí.

Luna turns to find a CARETAKER (70s) standing with her.

INT. STAIRCASE/STUDIO - EL CARACOL (FRÍAS HACIENDA) - MOMENTS 30
LATER - 2022

WE FOLLOW Luna as she walks the staircase, toward a STUDIO in the back -- the only room with a LIGHT on. The Caretaker leaves Luna at the doorway. Luna looks INSIDE:

We're BACK in the room from the opening. Our TAILOR puts the final touches on that BLACK GOWN -- adding the YELLOW SNAKE.

LUNA
Aquí estás.

He glances over and we REVEAL BALTASAR FRÍAS. Now 50, a shell of the guy he once was, back in 2007. No fancy suit, no makech, no bravado. He remains focused on the snake logo...

BALTASAR
No deberías de estar aquí.

Luna takes in the changed man. It's been a while.

LUNA
Te ves fatal.

BALTASAR
Yo iba decirte que te veías muy bien. Por fin diste con tu estilo. ¿Qué haces aquí?

LUNA
Unos turistas están preguntando por ti. Encontraron un teléfono en la selva.

Baltasar STOPS sewing. It's as if, in this moment, he forgot how to sew altogether. He lets go of the thread, letting it dangle from the half-finished snake... and we're out.

END OF EPISODE