

FANTASY ISLAND

"Hungry Christine/Mel Loves Ruby"
Episode #101

Written By
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FULL DRAFT

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CAST LIST

Elena Roarke	<u>Non-Speaking</u>
Ruby Okafor	Sound Tech
Javier	PA
Segundo (Caretaker)	Mr. Jones (dog)
Christine Collins	Attendant
Matteo	Ash
Axel	Uniformed Waiters (6)
Peter	Bartender
Ruby Okafor (old)	
Mel Okafor (old)	
Mel Okafor (young)	
Tanya Stevens	
Landon Clarke	
Crystal Jo Stevens	
Isla	
Sasha (VO only)	
Producer (VO only)	

SET LIST

INTERIORS

Christine's Apartment
- Bedroom
- Bathroom
- Living Room
- Kitchen
Good Morning Phoenix Studio
Roarke's Office
Christine's Suite
- Bathroom
Ruby & Mel's Suite
Banquet Room
Trailer
- Hallway
- Living Room
Beach Tent
Caretaker's Cabin
Roarke's Veranda

EXTERIORS

Good Morning Phoenix Studio
Fantasy Island (To Establish)
Rainforest
Jungle Road
Resort Grounds
- Dock Area
Dock
Jungle/Waterfall
Trailer Park
- Courtyard
Beach
Veranda
- Brunch
Beach Party
Jungle
- Clearing
Cliff
Caretaker's Cabin

VEHICLES

Roarke's SUV

DAYS/NIGHTS

DAY/NIGHT	SCENES
D1	1-6
D2	7-18
N2	19-21, 27
FD1*	22-25
FN1*	26
D3	28-32
N3	33-44
D4	45-49

*Fantasy Day/Nights take place on a different timeline than the rest of the episode

TEASER

1 INT. CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 1 1

A DIGITAL ALARM CLOCK reads 2:44 AM. A beat, then the clock turns to 2:45 AM and the ALARM BLARES, forcing CHRISTINE COLLINS (perkily pretty, 45 but looks younger) to open her eyes. Nobody should be awake at this godawful hour, but she reaches over, turns on the light. Like she's done every morning for over twenty years.

Christine grabs her phone, checks the messages. She's got one from her agent, SASHA, from the night before --

SASHA (V.O.)

Hey Christine, it's me. Soooo, I finally touched base with Martin over in New York. It's not gonna happen. I'm sorry. I know how much you wanted this.

It pains Sasha to deliver this news. It pains Christine even more to receive it.

SASHA (V.O.)

They're idiots. You're better, you're more experienced. They just... went another direction. Younger. Blonder. Anyway. It's not fair. Maybe we'll get lucky next time.

Christine reaches for an ancient STUFFED UNICORN -- out of place in her otherwise sophisticated, modern bedroom.

SASHA (V.O.)

Meantime... Kira's going to send you the name of my new facialist. She does wonders.

Christine hugs the unicorn close. Just for a moment.

CHRISTINE

Dammit.

She puts the unicorn back in its place of honor on the bed. And then she begins her daily routine. In QUICK CUTS --

2 INT. CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - INTERCUT 2

-- Christine leans close to the mirror, applies a CUCUMBER DE-PUFFING EYE MASK.

CHRISTINE

Dammit.

-- She drops her ROBE, steps naked onto the scale, looks down at her weight. Acceptable.

3 INT. CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT 3

-- In pink leggings and matching bra, Christine pedals furiously on her Peloton. A tear runs down her cheek, but she wipes it away quickly. Pedals faster.

-- Back in the bathroom, she spreads on teeth whitening gel, scrolling her social media comments and likes. @wellsfamilyceo comments that @AMPhoenixChristine has been looking tired lately. Ouch.

-- Makeup free, she leans close to the mirror and examines her naked face. There's vulnerability in her eyes-- but not for long. She shakes it off and dusts her face with bronzer.

-- Curls her hair.

4 INT. CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - INTERCUT 4

-- In the kitchen, Christine opens the freezer, takes out a Tupperware bowl, inside of which is a CANDY BAR frozen in ice. It's emergency sugar. She looks at it, then forces herself to put it back.

-- Instead, sitting alone at her kitchen table, Christine eats two egg whites.

-- Back in the bedroom, she slips into a form-fitting jewel-toned dress. Accessorizes with a statement necklace. Finally, she forces her band-aid covered toes into a pair of painful high heels.

-- She looks at herself in the mirror one last time. Adjusts a piece of hair. Finally, she's out the door --

5 EXT. GOOD MORNING PHOENIX STUDIO - DAY 5

Christine pauses just outside the doors of a TV studio. Pastes on a HUGE SMILE. Deep breath. Then she enters --

6

INT. GOOD MORNING PHOENIX STUDIO - DAY

6

A local Phoenix morning show set. Bright and glossy. Christine strides in. This is her realm, and she's the benign queen. She greets the CREW --

CHRISTINE

Who's ready to get some asses outta
some beds?

Christine slides into the seat next to her co-host, MATTEO (30s, handsome, white teeth). His tie matches Christine's dress.

MATTEO

You're too damn happy.

CHRISTINE

Cheerful is a choice. You should
try it.

A SOUND TECH approaches Christine, begins to place her mic. A P.A. hands her COPY for the first segment.

MATTEO

I like to save it for the camera.

Christine frowns, looks around --

CHRISTI

What am I smelling...?

The young new weatherman, AXEL (twenties, handsome) breezes in with A HUGE PINK BOX OF DONUTS.

AXEL

It's cloudy with a chance of
sprinkles! I got chocolate! I got
glazed! I got--

CHRISTINE

(to Axel)
There's a rule.

Axel opens the box, waves it enthusiastically in front of Christine.

AXEL

Pink frosted for the lady?

CHRISTINE

No food on set unless it's part of
a segment.

(CONTINUED)

From the sound booth we hear --

PRODUCER (O.S)
And that's five, four --

CHRISTINE
No bagels, no pizza, no birthday
cupcakes. No donuts.

MATTEO
Relax. He's trying to be nice.

Did he just tell her to RELAX? Christine clenches her fists, trying to control her anger. Nobody gets it.

PRODUCER (O.S)
-- three, two...

Axel sets the box of donuts on a table behind the TV camera, which happens to be just inside of Christine's eyeline. Her eyes lock on the pink box. The smell is intoxicating, overwhelming. Enraging. It's the last fucking straw.

CHRISTINE
Good morning, Phoenix. I'm
Christine Collins, and I'd love to
be bringing you breaking news this
morning. But instead I'm smelling
donuts.

Matteo laughs nervously. That's not what the prompter says.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Our new twenty-five-year-old
weatherman with the metabolism of a
gnat wants to be liked so now I get
to spend this whole broadcast
thinking about donuts.

MATTEO
Let's go to traffic --

CHRISTINE
Aren't we all trying NOT to eat
donuts? Aren't we juicing and
cleansing and cutting out dairy and
carbs? But sure! Bring on the Long
Johns! How 'bout a bear claw?
(then)
It's hard enough to get through the
day on spinach and protein powder.
I don't need to be tortured with
the aroma of a goddamn chocolate
eclair.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Oh sure, he's trying to be nice.

Well, it's NOT NICE!

(then)

You know what would be nice? Going out to dinner with a friend. Sleeping in. Not filling my face with medical grade poison. And yes, ok, it would be great to eat a donut. But I'm supposed to be thin. And perky. And perpetually coiffed. And young. Forever young. And I accept that. I come here. I smile. I laugh. I color coordinate my outfit with people I don't particularly like, all because I really want to make your morning just a tiny bit more bearable. I give everything. But it's not enough. It is never enough.

Christine loses steam, sinks back in her chair.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

All I'm asking is -- don't make it harder. Because it's hard enough already.

MATTEO

O-kay. Looks like somebody needs a vacation! We'll be right back with back-to-school looks for less.

OFF Hungry Christine, what the fuck did she just do on national TV --

TITLE CARD: **FANTASY ISLAND**

END TEASER

ACT ONE

7 EXT. FANTASY ISLAND - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 2 7

Welcome to Fantasy Island. We glide over crystal blue water and the most stunning, sun-drenched beach anybody's ever seen, then coast inland as the beach gives way to a lush, vibrant rainforest.

We begin to hear PANICKED BREATHING, and CUT TO deep in the rainforest --

8 EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY 8

-- where a MAN pushes through the rainforest undergrowth. This is PETER, 40s, worn, desperate. He's been in the jungle a long time. He climbs the last few feet of a lushly overgrown embankment-- right into the legs of an impeccably tailored, white pantsuit.

TILT UP to find ELENA ROARKE, 40, fiercely intelligent and insightful. Stunning. Burdened. She knows what you need, even when you don't. Especially when you don't.

ROARKE

Hi, Peter.

PETER

(rasps)

Roarke. Help me.

Roarke's eyes soften.

ROARKE

Let's sit.

REVEAL an antique table in the clearing, with ornate chairs at either end. If the table is out of place in the jungle, it doesn't faze either of them. This is Fantasy Island, after all.

Roarke sits at one end of the table. At the other end is a pitcher of water and a glass. Peter pours a glass of water, gulps it down, then pours another. He sits.

PETER

How long have I been out here?

ROARKE

A while. Seven years, four months, nineteen days, and...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROARKE (CONT'D)

(checks her watch)

Twelve minutes. Ish.

PETER

(desperate)

I've tried everything, every
direction. You have to let me out.

A beat. Then Elena slides open a drawer, takes out a REVOLVER, and sets it on the table. Peter's heart pounds. Elena's eyes are full of compassion.

ROARKE

You broke the rules, Peter. You had to know the Island would... some version of this. Or worse.

(beat)

And I know I should let you wander out here until you rot, but...

(then)

I wake up in the middle of the night. Thinking of you, desperate and trapped...

Peter eyes the gun.

PETER

So you came to kill me. Fine. Do it.

Roarke smiles sadly.

ROARKE

The Island can be cruel... but I'm not.

(beat)

I mean, I absolutely believe in consequences. I believe that experience matters more than words. I believe that learning is best done the hard way. I believe that people get what they deserve. I believe in opening your presents Christmas morning rather than Christmas Eve, and I believe in long, slow, deep, soft, wet kisses that last for three days.

(beat)

Okay, that last part is from Bull Durham. I've been binging old Kevin Costner movies.

Roarke stands, solemn again. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (2)

ROARKE (CONT'D)

Mostly, unlike this Island, I
believe that suffering should end.

(beat)

The gun is for you.

(beat)

Bye, Peter.

Roarke stands and walks into the jungle. Peter tries to
follow her--

PETER

Roarke! Roarke!

-- but from his POV she's already gone.

9

EXT. RAINFOREST - ROARKE'S SUV - DAY

9

Roarke walks up to her Land Rover Defender convertible, which
sits on a jungle dirt road, waiting for her. In the distance
she can still hear--

PETER (O.S.)

Roarke! Where did you go!?

Roarke gets in--

10

INT. ROARKE'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

10

-- A GOLDEN RETRIEVER sits in the passenger seat.

ROARKE

Rough day, Mr. Jones.

She pats the dog on the head. For just a moment, she lets the
sadness in. Then she takes a deep breath, shakes it off, and
starts the car. As MUSIC BLARES (something like Pink),
drowning out Peter's shouting, she drives off into--

11

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

11

We're OVERHEAD as Roarke confidently steers the SUV through
the rainforest down a winding, dirt road. Through the
windshield, she sees a small plane (yep, that plane) come
into view. She's running the tiniest bit late. Pedal to the
metal time. The wind whips her hair.

This is her Island.

12 EXT. RESORT GROUNDS - DOCK AREA - DAY 12

Roarke pulls up to the dock area just as the plane is landing.

The golden retriever hops out and runs off as an ATTENDANT instantly appears to drive the SUV away. Roarke strides toward the dock.

Up ahead, Roarke sees Fantasy Island Caretaker, SEGUNDO, pruning a flower bush. Segundo could be 70, or he could be 100. He's been on the Island for as long as anyone can remember, and we'll learn that he holds many of its secrets. He greets Roarke in Spanish -- which is what they always speak to each other when it's just the two of them.

CARETAKER

Elena! My flower.

ROARKE

How's the Island today?

CARETAKER

Calm.

ROARKE

Calm is good.

Roarke continues on --

13 EXT. DOCK - DAY 13

Roarke heads down the dock, exactly on time. The plane glides to the dock, and the pilot JAVIER (30s, ruggedly handsome, confident, head of Island transportation) jumps out, landing on the dock to moor the plane.

ROARKE

Captain.

JAVIER

Roarke.

A beat. It's clear there's something to be said between them.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Elena, we should --

ROARKE

The guests are waiting, Javier.

JAVIER

You've been avoiding me.

(CONTINUED)

ROARKE

To avoid you, I'd have to think of you... and I haven't.

JAVIER

Ouch.

Then, seriously--

JAVIER (CONT'D)

I'd just like you to admit we had a moment.

ROARKE

Fine. We had a moment.

Javier grins, then--

ROARKE (CONT'D)

It passed.

(then)

The guests are waiting, Captain.

Javier decides not to push-- for now. Roarke smiles as he opens the door of the seaplane. ON RUBY OKAFOR (70s, lovely but frail), as she emerges. Javier takes her hand to help her onto the dock. Ruby's husband MEL (70s, bald) follows.

JAVIER

Ruby and Mel Okafor, this is Ms. Elena Roarke. Your host.

Roarke steps up --

ROARKE

Good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Okafor. You must be tired from the trip.

MEL

Yeah, we're pretty well tuckered. Especially Ruby. She's--

RUBY

--thrilled to be on the Island.

(to Roarke)

And yes. We'd love to freshen up.

Roarke smiles. She likes Ruby's spirit. She points to a waiting Jeep, where resident driver ASH is at the wheel.

ROARKE

Ash will get you settled in your suite. I'll meet you later.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (2)

As Ruby and Mel depart in the Jeep, Christine steps off the plane. Now she really does look tired.

JAVIER

And this is Christine Collins.
Fresh from Phoenix, Arizona.

ROARKE

Ms. Collins. I'm your host, Elena
Roarke.

CHRISTINE

Wonderful to meet you.

Her eyes well.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm a bit of a mess.

Roarke smiles sympathetically.

ROARKE

Let's talk in my office.

As Roarke ushers Christine away --

14

INT. ROARKE'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Electronic disco music plays as Roarke watches a downloaded VIDEO on her desktop. It's a remix of Christine's donut meltdown. Christine sits across from Roarke, who pauses the video. Christine has put her cheerful face back on. Or she's trying.

CHRISTINE

That little gem got over five
million hits in three days. The
station stopped counting how many
calls they've gotten.

ROARKE

You're human. It showed. That
happens occasionally.

CHRISTINE

But I'm supposed to be...

ROARKE

Perfect?

CHRISTINE

Not just perfect. Effortless.

(CONTINUED)

ROARKE

Which nothing is.

CHRISTINE

The powers that be decided I need a vacation. Of course, my fill-in is like twelve.

ROARKE

So tell me. What can the Island do for you? Since you're here.

A beat. Then, almost a confession --

CHRISTINE

I've been hungry for twenty-five years. I want to eat. And eat. And eat. And then I want to eat some more. But when I leave, I need my body to look exactly the same.

ROARKE

I see.

CHRISTINE

It's not possible. I knew it.

ROARKE

Oh no. It's possible. But... this is Fantasy Island. I can make your most outrageous wish come true. And you want... a buffet?

CHRISTINE

My first on-air job was at a tiny station in Amarillo. I taught myself how to do my own makeup and hair. How to walk properly in heels. How to enunciate when I speak. One night I went on a date. I had a piece of pizza and two beers. We split dessert. Two days later, I got my first letter from a viewer. She was worried because I gained weight and maybe that meant I was having some sort of personal problem. I've been hungry ever since.

ROARKE

I just wonder... Is it food you're hungry for? Or something deeper?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINE

I have a therapist, thanks. I came here for cheeseburgers.

ROARKE

I understand. But it's still true that fantasies are often rooted in deep pain.

CHRISTINE

So you want to hear about my childhood? Standard issue crappy, Connecticut version. Mom died. Stepdad was a jerk --
(off Roarke)
-- Not that way, just a jerk. I never cared what he thought anyway. And I got out. Moved west. There you go.

ROARKE

Well then, I'm up to speed.

CHRISTINE

And I'm hungry. And I need to eat.

ROARKE

Want versus need. I've been here many years, and I still find it can be hard to tell the difference.
(then)
Anyway. Let's get started.

The office door opens, and a UNIFORMED WAITER enters, offers Christine a BEAUTIFUL CHOCOLATE TRUFFLE on a small silver tray. Christine's hand hovers over the mouthwatering bite. She looks to Roarke --

CHRISTINE

If I gain one ounce...

ROARKE

Not one ounce. You have my word.

Finally, Christine grabs the truffle and pops it in her mouth. As the creamy chocolate hits her taste buds, she closes her eyes, savoring a long-denied flavor explosion.

When Christine opens her eyes, REVEAL another truffle has replaced the one that she ate. Christine glances at Roarke. Is this for real?

ROARKE (CONT'D)

Welcome to Fantasy Island.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

Christine grins and puts the second truffle in her mouth. Her fantasy has begun.

15 INT. CHRISTINE'S SUITE - DAY

15

A beautiful suite, decorated in lovely shades of pink and white. Christine stands at the door as SIX UNIFORMED WAITERS file out past her. She enters to find every surface of her suite laden to overflowing with delicious food. It's everything from oysters and caviar to lasagna and fresh baked olive bread to charcuterie with honeycomb and marmalade. Christine beelines for a HUGE PINK BOX, opens it to find an array of the most beautiful, sumptuous DONUTS she's ever seen. She selects a PINK FROSTED WITH SPRINKLES and sinks her teeth into it. Pure sugar heaven.

As music plays, Christine sashays from one dish to another, eating bite after bite of amazing food. It's a food porn waltz, and it's every woman's dream come true. OFF Christine, reveling in her food fantasy --

16 EXT. RESORT GROUNDS - DAY

16

Roarke crosses toward Ruby and Mel's suite. As she walks, Mr. Jones, the Golden Retriever, runs up with a stick. He's muddy and happy.

ROARKE

Mr. Jones! You've been having fun.

Roarke takes the stick from his mouth, tosses it far away.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

Off you go!

As the dog runs off to fetch, Roarke KNOCKS --

17 INT. RUBY & MEL'S SUITE - DAY

17

Mel answers the door to FIND ROARKE.

ROARKE

Good afternoon, Mr. Okafor. Nice to see you again.

Mel steps back to let Roarke in --

MEL

Call us Mel and Ruby. The Okafors are my parents.

(CONTINUED)

Roarke eyes Ruby dozing on a chaise lounge.

ROARKE
Should I come back?

Ruby opens her eyes.

RUBY
Don't mind me. I'm just resting up
for whatever you've got in store
for us. Please, sit down.

As Roarke and Mel sit --

ROARKE
I understand your fantasy is to
recapture your youth.

MEL
(nods)
Ruby has... she has cancer.
Pancreatic. The prognosis isn't
what we'd like it to be.

RUBY
He means I'm a goner.

It pains Mel to hear those words, but he doesn't argue.

ROARKE
I'm so sorry.

MEL
She decided against treatment.

RUBY
Ms. Roarke, have you ever felt like
you had no control?

ROARKE
Many times. I'm not a fan.

RUBY
Me neither. So I decided I want to
feel as good as I can for as long
as I can. And then...

Ruby reaches for Mel's hand.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Well, I've already started to say
my goodbyes.

(CONTINUED)

MEL

Ruby's spent so much of her life caring for other people. For me. For our kids and grandkids. She always puts herself last. I want her to have a weekend that's all about her.

ROARKE

What does this weekend entail?

RUBY

Dancing. Walking on the beach. Wonderful food. Nothing too spicy, of course.

ROARKE

Ruby, I want to be clear. I can't cure your cancer. I wish I could.

RUBY

I know that, sweetheart. I'm looking for a fantasy, not a miracle.

Roarke hands Ruby a WEATHERED MAP of Fantasy Island.

ROARKE

This map leads to the place where your fantasy will begin. You should probably head out now so you can get there before dark.

Roarke starts to walk out, but Mel stops her --

MEL

Ms. Roarke?

(off Roarke)

Thank you for this. It means the world to us.

Roarke is touched by Ruby and Mel's love for each other.

ROARKE

My pleasure. Welcome to Fantasy Island.

She exits, already knowing this sweet couple are guests she'll remember --

18

EXT. JUNGLE/WATERFALL - DAY

18

Ruby leads Mel down a narrow path through the dense jungle. They both use WALKING STICKS.

MEL

You think we're going the right way?

Ruby glances down at the map.

RUBY

In fifty years, have I ever led you the wrong direction?

MEL

Watch out now. You don't want to fall and break a hip.

RUBY

Worry about yourself, old man. I'm doin' just fine. And move your butt. I wanna get to the good stuff.

MEL

Speaking of butts, yours still looks pretty damn good.

RUBY

You're half blind. But I'll take it.

Suddenly, Ruby stops. Stares. Up ahead a beautiful WATERFALL flows into a natural spring, the sun hitting it in such a way that we see DOZENS OF RAINBOWS. Mel steps up beside Ruby.

MEL

Real pretty. Now what?

Ruby is already unbuttoning her shirt.

MEL (CONT'D)

What the hell're you doing?

RUBY

I'm going in.

Ruby's pants drop to the ground. She heads to the edge of the spring. Mel starts to strip off his clothes.

MEL

Wait for me!

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

Just in their underwear, they wade into the water, hand in hand. As Ruby and Mel walk through the waterfall -- the water literally washes away the years. When they emerge, still holding hands, they're both twenty-three years old again. Mel can't believe his eyes as he takes in Ruby's dewy skin, her full breasts, her clear, sparkling eyes. She's staring at his six-pack abs and full head of hair.

RUBY

Look at you.

MEL

Look at you.

Ruby looks down, sees her reflection in the water. Then she looks back at Mel, tears in her eyes.

RUBY

(quiet amazement)

It is a miracle.

AS Ruby and Mel stare at each other in awed shock --

19

INT. CHRISTINE'S SUITE - NIGHT 2

19

PAN ACROSS empty plates and bowls and bread baskets to FIND CHRISTINE as she pops one last lemon berry petit four into her mouth, licks her fingers. She's made her way through an ocean of food, and she's enjoyed every moment.

A beat, then Christine's stomach GROWLS loudly. She can't possibly still be hungry... can she? She is. Through the window, Christine sees one of the UNIFORMED WAITERS pass by with a DOMED SILVER TRAY. Christine inhales deeply, taking in the wafting aroma. Mmmm. Something smells goooooood. She steps outside --

20

EXT. RESORT GROUNDS - NIGHT

20

-- where another UNIFORMED WAITER follows the first. And then another and another and another. Christine trails behind.

Finally, one by one, they enter a door we haven't seen before. It's large and ornate and looks completely out of place on the Island. Once the last Uniformed Waiter disappears inside, Christine follows --

21

INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

21

Christine enters a small banquet room, dominated by an OVERSIZED, ORNATE DINING TABLE.

(CONTINUED)

It's a surreal space -- Versailles meets Pan's Labyrinth. She's alone -- no sign of the many waiters.

There's just one chair, at the middle of the dining table. A single silver-domed platter sits before it. Christine's stomach GROWLS again. She goes and sits down, lifts the dome to REVEAL A SUSHI ROLL. She looks at it, perplexed.

ROARKE (O.S)
It's a dragon roll.

REVEAL ROARKE who's come through a side door.

ROARKE (CONT'D)
From that little sushi place around the corner from the TV station.

CHRISTINE
The girls at work told me about these. I've never had one. Too many calories.

ROARKE
Not today.

Christine grins, grabs the dragon roll and takes a huge bite. She smiles. Delicious. When Christine looks back at the table, she realizes it's actually a CONVEYOR BELT. Another silver domed platter comes toward her. She lifts the dome to reveal a COSMO.

ROARKE (CONT'D)
Your sorority sisters got drunk on these in Vegas. Bachelorette party.

CHRISTINE
I wanted to go. But two days in Vegas would've destroyed my skin.

Roarke now holds a cosmo as well. She toasts Christine --

ROARKE
Christine Collins, this is your life! In food.

Christine raises her glass to Roarke. As Christine drains the glass, the next item on the conveyor belt arrives -- MOVIE POPCORN and MILK DUDS.

ROARKE (CONT'D)
Buttered popcorn from the movie theater where you were supposed to meet the blind date your hairdresser set you up on.

(CONTINUED)

Christine chows down.

CHRISTINE

Max. His picture was so cute. But he wanted to go to a late show. I get up at 2:45 in the morning. I can't do late shows.

ROARKE

He's married now. Two kids.

CHRISTINE

What choice did I have?

A BOWL OF SPAGHETTI arrives in front of Christine.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

I know this! The spaghetti from Alfonso's. I was going to serve it at my 30th birthday party.

(then)

I canceled the party.

ROARKE

You needed more sleep that night?

Christine twirls the spaghetti on her fork.

CHRISTINE

I just... I didn't feel like celebrating.

ROARKE

Other people in your profession. Do they sacrifice as much as you do to avoid criticism from their audience?

CHRISTINE

That sounds like a trick question.

ROARKE

It's not meant to be. I understand sacrifice... when it's necessary.

The conveyor belt brings the next item. Christine REVEALS A CASSEROLE. Frowns.

CHRISTINE

What's this?

ROARKE

The tater tot hotdish you used to have after Sunday school.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINE
(shakes her head)
I don't think so.

Christine moves the dish away and lifts the next dome revealing a FLUFFERNUTTER SANDWICH. She recoils.

ROARKE
The famous fluffernutter sandwich.
Very specific.

Christine looks at Roarke, wary.

CHRISTINE
These foods have nothing to do with
me or my life. Why are they here?

ROARKE
This banquet was catered for your
tastes. Not mine.
(then)
Maybe the next item will mean
something to you.

A giant (but cheap-looking) WEDDING CAKE rolls toward Christine. She stiffens.

ROARKE (CONT'D)
The year was 1984. Cyndi Lauper and
Tina Turner topped the charts. And
everybody was getting Footloose.
Kevin Bacon gave that great speech.
"There is a time to mourn and there
is a time to dance." So good.

CHRISTINE
I don't want this cake.

ROARKE
Christine, it's time to dance. I
can't help you if you don't let me.

CHRISTINE
I don't need your help.

A beat. Roarke comes to a decision.

ROARKE
Please know -- I don't get any
pleasure from this.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRISTINE

From what?

(then, re: cake)

Get it away from me.

As Christine speaks, she puts her hands on the wedding cake to shove it away, but instead she gets sucked inside. It all happens so fast -- one second Christine is there, the next she's disappearing headfirst into the cake. Going... going... gone. Roarke regards the cake, now free of Christine.

ROARKE

From that.

Okay, then. As Roarke checks her watch and walks off, CUT TO--

22

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FANTASY DAY 1

22

1984. A low rent Florida trailer park. A NEON SIGN hanging over the door of the manager's mobile home blinks -- Shady Grove Trailer Park. Somewhere a little ways off, MUSIC PLAYS. Something good to dance to.

Suddenly, Christine falls face first into frame and lands on the ground in front of the neon sign. Oomph! She sits up and looks around, confused. What the fuck just happened?

OFF Christine --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

23

EXT. TRAILER PARK - COURTYARD - DAY

23

FIND CHRISTINE as she warily follows the sound of MUSIC to the Trailer Park Courtyard, where a low budget WEDDING RECEPTION is taking place. There are streamers, scattered lawn chairs, a potluck dinner, tubs of beer and cheap wine on ice, and a homemade banner that reads "Congratulations Tanya & Landon." GUESTS watch as TANYA STEVENS (30s, wears a wedding gown) and LANDON (30s) cut their wedding cake -- the same giant, cheap wedding cake that ended Christine's banquet. (Note: Christine can see and hear everything, but nobody can see her -- like the Ghost of Christmas Past. Or so it appears.)

Christine's eyes land on Tanya as she and Landon feed each other bites of cake. The guests clap and cheer, everyone having a good time. Tanya spots her ten-year-old daughter, CRYSTAL JO, in the crowd.

TANYA

Come on over here, honey. You're part of this too!

Christine watches as Crystal Jo approaches her mom --

CRYSTAL JO

Congratulations, Mom!

They hug. Then Tanya hands her a big piece of cake.

TANYA

It's been just you and me for a long time, Crystal Jo, but we're a family now. Us and Landon.

LANDON

That's right. I love your mother. I'm going to take care of her, and you too, kiddo.

CRYSTAL JO

Yes, sir.

As Tanya turns to talk another GUEST, Landon smiles pleasantly.

LANDON

Don't eat too much of that cake, ya hear me? No kid of mine is gonna be a heifer.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

As Landon walks off, WHISTLING, Crystal Jo frowns down at her cake. She feels like she's been slapped. As Crystal Jo throws the rest of the cake in the trash, Christine fights back emotion. She needs to get the hell out of here. Christine races to what appears to be the door to some sort of REC CENTER. But when she goes inside she finds herself in --

24

INT. TRAILER - HALLWAY - DAY

24

-- the tiny hallway of a single wide trailer. From a nearby room, she hears --

CRYSTAL JO (O.S.)
Good morning, New York City!

Christine follows Crystal Jo's voice into --

25

INT. TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - DAY

25

-- where Crystal Jo's mother, Tanya, lies in a bed that's been moved into the living room. Time has passed, and Tanya is now dying. The stuffed unicorn from the Teaser is beside her.

Crystal Jo stands beside Tanya's bed, holding a kitchen spoon like it's a microphone. As Christine watches, Crystal Jo continues --

CRYSTAL JO
This is Crystal Jo Stevens coming
to you live from Times Square!

Christine is mesmerized, but she's not watching Crystal Jo. Her eyes are glued to Tanya.

CRYSTAL JO (CONT'D)
Don't change that dial. Stay with
me for all the breaking news. When
we come back, I'll be live with the
Mayor.

Tanya smiles weakly.

TANYA
My daughter. The next Diane Sawyer.

Crystal Jo perches by her mother, wanting to be close.

CRYSTAL JO
I don't know about that.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

I do.

Tanya takes Crystal Jo's hand, squeezes hard.

TANYA (CONT'D)

I believe in you, Crystal Jo.
You're going to get out of here. I
never did, but you will.

(then)

Promise me.

The dying wish pierces Crystal Jo's heart.

CRYSTAL JO

I promise.

The trailer door opens, and Landon walks in, carrying a bag of medicine. As he crosses to Tanya ---

LANDON

What're you two whispering about?

TANYA

Crystal Jo promised me she's gonna
get herself on TV someday.

Landon takes out a bottle of pills, gives one to Tanya. She's so weak that even taking the pill is an effort.

LANDON

That right?

(to Crystal Jo)

You got a good voice for it.

CRYSTAL JO

You think?

LANDON

(nods)

'Course, the crooked horse teeth
are a problem. And you've got some
extra pounds.

The wind goes out of Crystal Jo's sails.

TANYA

Landon. What a thing to say.

Landon observes Crystal Jo, calculating. Then --

LANDON

Tell you what, kiddo. I'll pay to
fix your teeth.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED: (2)

CRYSTAL JO

You will?

LANDON

You and me will make it happen
together. Deal?

Christine stares at Crystal Jo now.

CHRISTINE

No. Say no.

But of course Crystal Jo can't hear her.

CRYSTAL JO

Deal.

Tanya smiles, reassured.

TANYA

I'm so tired. I'm going to rest
now...

AS Tanya's eyes close, Christine sprints out of the trailer --

26

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FANTASY NIGHT 1

26

Christine runs out in time to see a now fifteen-year-old
Crystal Jo (with perfect teeth) pull up on a battered moped.
As she quickly gets off, Landon emerges from the trailer --

LANDON

I told you to be home by ten.

CRYSTAL JO

My yearbook meeting ran late --

LANDON

And you better not have snuck ice
cream again. You're getting those
headshots taken tomorrow.

CRYSTAL JO

I just wanted to hang out with my
friends --

LANDON

I don't care what you want. You do
what I say. That's the deal.Crystal Jo locks eyes with Christine. She sees her.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINE
Don't listen to him.

Crystal Jo looks back to Landon.

CRYSTAL JO
(quiet)
I'm my own person.

LANDON
Without me you're nothing, Crystal
Jo. And don't you forget it.

Christine watches Landon go inside, slam the door behind him. When she turns back, Crystal Jo is gone. Instead, Roarke is standing there.

CHRISTINE
Why did you bring me here?

ROARKE
It was the taste of the madeleine
soaked in tea.
(off Christine)
Proust. One taste from youth can
unlock a lifetime of memories. Not
always good ones.
(then)
Your description of a "standard
crappy childhood" seems like a bit
of an understatement.

CHRISTINE
I let go of that girl and that life
decades ago. I am Christine
Collins, and I grew up in a suburb
of Connecticut. As far as I'm
concerned, Crystal Jo Stevens never
existed.

ROARKE
Crystal Jo Stevens had a mom who
really believed in her.

A beat. This is all too painful for Christine.

CHRISTINE
I came to this place to stuff my
face. And I am really, really
hungry. So will you please get me
back to the goddamn buffet?

Roarke nods. She can't push Christine any farther... yet.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

ROARKE

Of course. Right away.

And suddenly we're --

27

INT. CHRISTINE'S SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 2

27

CLOSE ON A HUGE MODERN TUB filled with liquid chocolate.
Christine emerges up through the chocolate bath, sputtering
 and gasping for breath.

Heart pounding, she tries to get her bearings. What the hell just happened? What did Roarke do to her? And is she... sitting in a chocolate bath? Now Christine sees that around the tub there are heaping plates of huge, ripe strawberries, juicy pineapple squares, and luscious melon. It's the ultimate chocolate fondue. Her stomach GROWLS. She grabs a strawberry and dips it in chocolate, takes a bite. But it's not what she wants. She throws the strawberry across the bathroom, grabs a piece of pineapple. That's no good either. AS she sinks back into the chocolate, unsatisfied and shaken--

28

INT. RUBY & MEL'S SUITE - DAY 3

28

Morning. Popular 1960s music plays in the b.g. as we FIND Ruby and Mel tangled in the sheets post sex. Ruby holds up her hands, turning them this way and that.

RUBY

I almost can't believe they're mine.

MEL

Try looking in the mirror and seeing all this hair.

RUBY

And not a bit of it growing out of your ears.

Mel smiles at her gentle teasing.

MEL

Also? No reflux. Bring on the tomato sauce.

Ruby snuggles into Mel's chest. Gets serious for a moment.

RUBY

Youth really is wasted on the young.

(CONTINUED)

MEL

When I think back on us... when we were this age. We didn't know a damn thing.

RUBY

Still don't half the time.

MEL

Don't tell the grandkids that. I've got them convinced I'm omniscient.

RUBY

It wasn't easy, though. Being this age. I don't miss it.

MEL

I do.

RUBY

I just wish...

MEL

What?

A beat. She wishes so many things.

RUBY

Nothing. Everything is perfect right now.

Ruby sits up, shifting the mood.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Let's make a deal. No more maudlin old lady and old man stuff. Let's just enjoy every moment.

Mel grins, pulls her close.

MEL

In that case... might I suggest Round Four?

Ruby laughs, but wriggles out of his arms.

RUBY

Later. Right now, I want to take this young body out for a run. Test my knees.

As Ruby slips into running clothes, we see a touch of hurt on Mel's face that Ruby's choosing to spend some precious time away from him. But he knows she needs her space.

(CONTINUED)

MEL

You do your thing.

(beat)

I saw there's a beach party tonight. Maybe we should go. Mingle with the other young people. Get crazy.

RUBY

It's a date.

Ruby starts toward the door.

MEL

Hey, sweet pea.

(off Ruby)

The gray hair... the wrinkles... it all makes you more beautiful to me. I just want you to know that.

RUBY

I do, Mel. I do.

OFF Mel, one of the lucky ones more in love today than he was fifty years ago --

Ruby, wearing the hell out of her short-shorts and cropped tank top, jogs on the beach. God it feels good. As she runs, she suddenly does a cartwheel.

ISLA (O.S)

Eight point five!

Ruby stops, turns to see ISLA (20s, gorgeous, English is her second language) jogging toward her on the sand.

ISLA (CONT'D)

Can I...?

RUBY

Sure. But I've gotta warn you, I'm feeling good.

They begin to jog, side by side. After a beat, Isla picks up the pace. So does Ruby. They turn competitive, each trying to outrun the other, until they're sprinting.

Finally, both women collapse in the sand. Ruby lies back, trying to catch her breath.

(CONTINUED)

RUBY (CONT'D)
I'm Ruby.

ISLA
Yo soy Isla.

A beat. There's electricity between the two. Isla reaches over and gently moves a piece of hair off Ruby's face.

ISLA (CONT'D)
I think maybe I'm lucky I met you.

Ruby freezes, uncomfortable but trying to not show it. She jumps to her feet.

RUBY
I should... yeah. I should go. Nice to meet you.

AS an unsettled Ruby runs away, Isla watching her go --

Bacon. Eggs. Pancakes. Waffles. Eggs Benedict. Imagine the ultimate bottomless Champagne brunch. Christine sits at a table set for one, eating another meal. She's still not full. As Christine takes a huge bite of strawberry waffle, she suddenly hears WHISTLING.

She freezes. Her blood runs cold. A beat, then Christine's stepdad, Landon, steps onto the veranda. He's older -- hair grey, skin more weathered. But it's him. He smiles warmly.

LANDON
Crystal Jo. I missed you, kiddo.

REVEAL ROARKE, watching from a distance. She nods to herself. Satisfied. As Roarke walks away, OFF Christine, fuuuuck --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 EXT. VERANDA - DAY

31

Christine watches, heart pounding, as Landon slides into the seat across from her. When he smiles, his cheaply capped teeth glow an unnatural white.

LANDON

It's been... what? Twenty-some years?

(beat, seems sincere)

After everything I did for you, you ran off. Didn't even say goodbye to the old man.

Sitting across from Landon, Christine suddenly feels like an insecure child again.

LANDON (CONT'D)

Seems like you've done well. I mean, til recently.

(then)

I could hardly believe it, I'm scrolling Twitter in the break room, and who do I see but Crystal Jo having a fit over a sprinkle donut?

CHRISTINE

That's not me.

LANDON

You coulda just had a bite, kiddo.

(then)

Guess you are getting to that age, though.

Christine can't take anymore. She gets up, starts to walk away, but Landon grabs her arm.

LANDON (CONT'D)

If you're gonna come back from this mess, you need me.

CHRISTINE

I don't need anything from you.

LANDON

You'd be nothing without me. I made you.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

Christine jerks her arm away and walks off.

LANDON (CONT'D)
(calls after her)
You know it's true.

AS Christine's eyes finally fill with angry tears--

32 INT. ROARKE'S OFFICE - DAY

32

Christine charges into Roarke's office. Roarke looks up from a GUEST PORTFOLIO she's scanning and smiles graciously.

CHRISTINE
How did he get here?

Roarke closes the portfolio and puts it aside, giving Christine her complete attention. Christine's stomach growls quietly.

ROARKE
Maybe a more salient question is
why is he here?

CHRISTINE
To mess with me. To ruin my life.
What part of 'I just want to eat'
is so difficult??

ROARKE
Yes. Exactly.

Christine stops. She sinks down into a chair, overwhelmed.

CHRISTINE
You know when you get a song in
your head? A song you can't stand,
but it's in your head for weeks.
(beat)
Landon... was in my head. For
years. The control, the
criticism...
(the brutal truth)
When my mom died, I was stuck with
him, but I got away. I re-made my
whole life.

ROARKE
Did you get away, Crystal Jo?

CHRISTINE
Don't call me that.

(CONTINUED)

Roarke closes in on Christine, pushing her.

ROARKE

Or did you just start listening to the meanness in other voices? Yes, you left. But what if you never really shook off his control?

(beat)

Because here's the thing: Nobody ends up on Fantasy Island by accident.

Christine's stomach growls, louder now. She reaches for a fruit on Roarke's desk.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

Stop. That's manchineel fruit.

(off Christine)

Poison fruit.

CHRISTINE

You keep poison fruit on your desk?

ROARKE

It's a good reminder, I think.

(off Christine)

That things are not always as they seem. You certainly aren't.

Christine's not sure how to take that. Roarke shifts back into polite host mode.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

Why don't I have the servers bring a meal to your room? Any special requests?

CHRISTINE

Yes. No. I've been craving... something. I just can't put my finger on what.

ROARKE

Is the food not to your liking? I'd be happy to speak to the chef.

CHRISTINE

(shakes her head)

It's just... nothing is quite hitting the spot, you know?

Roarke smiles, ushers Christine to the door.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED: (2)

ROARKE

I'll have the kitchen send a selection.

OFF Roarke, her smile fading, as Christine exits...

33

EXT. RESORT GROUNDS - NIGHT 3

33

STAFFERS light torches. On the beach more staffers pile wood for the bonfire. The sun sets.

34

EXT. BEACH PARTY - NIGHT

34

A huge bonfire now roars on the beach. A small Urbano Latino band plays live music (think a sexy Bad Bunny tune). Young, hot bodies in skimpy clothes dance.

Ruby takes it all in as she waits for drinks at the bar. It's vibrant and sexy and a little out of control-- everything her youth was not. She finds it enticing and a little scary. As the BARTENDER sets two beers on the counter, Mel approaches excitedly, holding two small cups.

MEL

(faux cool)

Check it out. I scored some drugs.

Ruby laughs at his giddiness. It's adorable.

RUBY

Mel Okafor, we've never done drugs in our lives.

Ruby skeptically checks out the contents of the small cup that Mel is holding. Inside is a thick, greenish liquid.

RUBY (CONT'D)

That's not drugs, it's goo.

MEL

It's "Island Magic."

RUBY

(raises an eyebrow)

Is that right?

MEL

The last time we were this age, we were so respectable.

RUBY

A nice word for boring.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

Mel holds out the small cup. He gives her a come-on look, grinning. She can't resist. She takes the cup.

RUBY (CONT'D)
You're a terrible influence.

MEL
We won't tell the kids.

As Ruby and Mel drink the thick, green liquid...

35 EXT. BEACH PARTY - NIGHT

35

Later. FIND Mel, wandering blissfully through the foliage. (NOTE: Through the end of this act, everything will be a little visually trippy. The colors and sounds will be a bit heightened, blown out, sensual.) He moves from one flowering plant---

MEL
I see your breath...

-- to the next, each more beautiful than the one before.

MEL (CONT'D)
Your breath is perfume...

The wonder of it all is almost incomprehensible to him. He's seeing everything SO CLEARLY.

As he stops to commune with a flower, FIND Ruby, dancing on the beach. She's in the middle of a group, but in her own world, feeling the essence of the music move through her young, vibrant, so-alive body.

A woman appears next to her. It's Isla, the runner. She begins to dance with Ruby. The "Island Magic" has released Ruby from her inhibitions. She runs her hand over Isla's shoulder, enjoying the touch of her skin, admiring a chain of delicate tattoos.

And when Isla whispers something in her ear, Ruby nods and allows herself to be led away from the dancing bodies...

36 INT. BEACH TENT - NIGHT

36

...and down the beach into a small hut made of bamboo and flowy curtains that turns out to be Isla's small, eclectic, tattoo studio.

Isla hands Ruby an old, tattered book of designs. She stands close as Ruby flips through, chooses one. Isla smiles.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

There's a sexual charge between them as Isla helps Ruby lie down on the tattoo table and Isla begins to tattoo a small design on her back. (NOTE: We DO NOT see the design that Ruby chose in this scene. We'll see it later.)

As Isla tattoos her, Ruby's hand finds Isla's ankle, grips it. She runs her hand over Isla's leg, lost in the feelings of pain and pleasure like nothing she's felt before.

Isla runs a hand over Ruby's back and as she shivers-- REVEAL MEL, standing at one of the curtains, watching.

This is a truth he's always known, but kept buried, unacknowledged even to himself.

But now, finally, he sees...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

37 INT. CHRISTINE'S SUITE - NIGHT

37

CLOSE ON a half-eaten slab of ribs as a gnawed-bare bone drops on the plate.

CHRISTINE

Maybe something... saltier?

GO WIDE to find Christine, surrounded by half-eaten plates of food as silent WAITERS cross in and out, removing plates she's rejected, bringing in more food.

Christine's stomach GROWLS as a waiter steps in and sets a tray in front of her with a SALTED PRETZEL. Christine's eyes light up-- then she takes a bite. She puts the pretzel down, disappointed. Not hitting the spot. She looks at the waiters.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Anybody got a steak? Medium rare?

A waiter crosses and sets a tray in front of her. He takes off the lid, and there's the requested steak.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Herb butter. Nice touch.

Christine takes a luscious-looking bite. And it's preeeeetty good. Not exactly right, but getting there.

A beat as she notices blood pooling around the steak. She dips a finger in the blood and licks it. Not bad. In fact, it almost hits the spot...

Suddenly, behind her, the DOOR CLICKS. She turns around to FIND Landon. The waiters are gone.

LANDON

Got enough for me, kiddo? You know I love a good ribeye.

Christine steels herself, slides the steak toward him.

CHRISTINE

Help yourself. But if it's money you want, I'm not giving you any.

LANDON

Kiddo, you'll give me anything I want. Who paid to fix those horse teeth? Me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LONDON (CONT'D)

Who got you off the sweets, taught
you what a damn salad is? That's
right, me. I whipped you into shape--

Christine's stomach growls aggressively.

CHRISTINE

You were mean and controlling --

LONDON

--and now the bill is coming due.
Christine Collins with the big city
life and the fancy friends--

CHRISTINE

You don't know anything about my
life.

Landon is being more aggressive, more direct with his
meanness than usual. It's de-centering to Christine.

LONDON

I know you got money. I know you
lie about your name and your past.
I know you got no one to tell you
how it really is and you're ashamed
of who you are, a trailer park hick
with a trailer park hick mom--

CHRISTINE

Don't you talk about her--

LONDON

She never did nothing for you. I
took you in and fed you and now
it's my turn. You're gonna take
care of me, Crystal Jo--

Christine's fight or flight instinct is kicking in big time.
And her stomach growls, even louder now.

CHRISTINE

No.

LONDON

-- or I'll make sure everyone knows
you're nothing.

Christine snaps--

CHRISTINE

SHUT UP!

(CONTINUED)

LONDON

Seems to me maybe your life's as empty as you are. A pretty little made-for-TV package, but unwrap it and... nothing there!

CHRISTINE

My audience loves me.

LONDON

They love the shiny pretty thing they see on their screens-- but that ain't you.

(beat)

Tell me you don't spend half your day scrolling scrolling scrolling to make sure they haven't seen through you yet.

(mocks)

Oh, Christine, what a pretty dress! You look so skiiiiinny today!

(then)

I bet you just feed on it, you just slurp it aaallllll up, don't you?

Christine can't take anymore. She SCREAMS--

CHRISTINE

I am a successful, powerful, happy woman!

LONDON

(cuts like a knife)

No, Crystal Jo, you just play one on TV.

That's fucking all she can take. Christine grabs a heavy glass pitcher, swings it wildly, furiously, at Landon's head. He goes down. Bleeding. He twitches. Dead.

Christine drops the pitcher, stunned. Holy shit. Holy shit. Holy shit. She's shaking now.

Overwhelmed, panicked, she runs--

-- and keeps on running, into--

39 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT 39

-- the jungle, desperate to get away from everything. The words, the rage, the blood, the emptiness.

OFF Christine, sobbing, tearing through the jungle--

40 INT. RUBY & MEL'S SUITE - NIGHT 40

Ruby and Mel's room is quiet, peaceful. Mel is in bed, asleep. Ruby enters. She takes off her dress, climbs quietly into bed beside him. The drugs have mostly worn off now. A beat as she looks at him.

RUBY

Stop pretending. After fifty years,
I know how you breathe when you're
asleep.

Mel has to laugh.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Guess now we know why we didn't do
drugs last time we were this age.

She shows him the tattoo on her shoulder, barely visible in the moonlight.

RUBY (CONT'D)

What was I thinking?

Mel is silent for a beat. Then he takes Ruby's hand, turns toward her. They lie in bed, facing each other. She looks at him, questioningly.

MEL

I need to ask you, Ruby.
(beat)
When we met... you had a friend. A
close friend.

Ruby knows exactly who he's talking about.

RUBY

(quietly)
Meredith.

MEL

Then one day... Seemed like she
just... disappeared.

Ruby is silent for a moment. Then--

(CONTINUED)

RUBY

We... grew apart.

Mel gently turns her pretending line back around on her.

MEL

Stop pretending. After fifty years,
I know when you're not telling me
the truth.

(beat)

You loved her.

RUBY

Mel--

MEL

Ruby. All this time, and I feel
like I'm just understanding who you
are and I feel like a fool--

RUBY

You're not a fool.

A long beat. There's pain and knowledge in the space between
them, in the silence between their words.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Fifty years ago, I made a choice.
And it was the right one. I chose
you, I chose the life we would
build together. And I wouldn't
trade it for the world.

MEL

(pained)

But you don't... love me the way I
love you--

It's true, but--

RUBY

But I do love you, Mel. You are the
finest person I've ever known. You
have filled my life with joy. And I
will love you until my last breath.
Do you hear me?Mel nods. He hears her. Facing each other in the moonlight,
hands entwined, they kiss. It's sweet and sad and honest.

41 INT. RUBY & MEL'S SUITE - LATER 41

Mel sleeps, Ruby curled up next to him. She's awake. A beat, then she eases away from him. Touches his face lovingly, and leaves the room.

42 EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT 42

Moonlight. Ruby stands at the edge of the cliff. Wipes away a tear. As she takes a step closer to the edge--

ROARKE

Heads up: it's a long way down.

Ruby turns to find Roarke standing nearby. Roarke sits on a large boulder, pats the space next to her. A beat, then Ruby goes to sit beside her. Roarke waits for Ruby to speak first.

RUBY

I wasn't going to jump.

Roarke waits, silent, receptive.

RUBY (CONT'D)

I mean, I was. I should. But I can't.

(beat)

Truth is, I was never planning to come back from this trip. I said my goodbyes. After this is just pain, more pain, then...

Death. Roarke nods. She gets it.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Do you have family?

ROARKE

(laughs)

Oh, yes. A big family.

(then)

Of course, I haven't seen them in a very long time.

RUBY

No, I bet your job doesn't stop for birthdays or holidays, does it?

ROARKE

Not exactly.

RUBY

And I bet that's hard.

(CONTINUED)

ROARKE

It's... yes, it can be. But the
Island chose me for this role.

RUBY

You didn't want it?

Roarke laughs ruefully.

ROARKE

I tried to say no. I was young and
in love...

(then)

Sorry, I don't usually talk about
myself. Must be the moon.

RUBY

Or I'm just good company.

ROARKE

(straight-faced)

Definitely not.

Ruby laughs. Then she looks at Roarke, seems to see through her.

RUBY

You've sacrificed a lot. To be
here. To help people.

Roarke is taken aback. Guests only see her as Ms. Roarke,
their host. Not as Elena Roarke, the whole person. A beat.

ROARKE

That's what women do, isn't it? We
sacrifice ourselves for our jobs,
our families...

(then lightening the mood)

But I live in paradise. I can't
complain.

Ruby smiles gently.

RUBY

Someday you'll see your family
again.

(then)

One thing you realize as you get
older is really only one thing
matters: do the people you love
know you love them? Do they know it
in their bones? My kids do. My
grandkids do. Mel... he knows too.
So I've done my job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (2)

RUBY (CONT'D)

(beat)

If I were brave, I would spare them
what's coming. But I've never been
brave. Strong, yes. But not brave.

There's a deep and abiding sadness to her admission. As Ruby speaks, Roarke's eyes land on the tattoo on her shoulder. It's an small, intricate labyrinth. And it means something to Roarke, though we don't yet know what. Roarke looks off into the distance, thinking. A beat, then--

ROARKE

There are many ways to be brave.
And many opportunities for bravery.
(re: the cliff)
That just isn't the right one for
you right now.
(then)
I'll walk you back. There's
somewhere I need to be.

43

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

43

Christine runs through the jungle, still panicked and freaking out-- but running out of steam. She stops, gasping for breath. And then realizes-- something smells AMAZING.

She sniffs the air-- whatever it is, it's the most incredible thing she's ever smelled. Her stomach GROWLS. Louder than ever before.

Christine follows her nose to--

44

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

44

-- a clearing, where Roarke-- unfazed by Christine's dishevelment-- steps forward to meet her.

ROARKE

You made it. Just in time for your
parting feast.

Confused, Christine looks around. In the clearing there's a table set for one and laden with a bevy of sumptuous side dishes. And across from the table is AN ENORMOUS SPIT.

Her stomach GROWLS angrily.

CHRISTINE

I-- I did something--

Roarke stops her calmly.

(CONTINUED)

ROARKE

I think we've finally figured out
what will satisfy your hunger.

With a nod from Roarke, the WAITERS wheel an enormous spit
into the clearing.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

This should hit the spot.

On the spit, Landon's naked, herb-wrapped body rotates,
almost fully cooked, an apple in his mouth. (We'll edit
judiciously.)

And suddenly, Christine knows. Roarke is right. This is JUST
what she's been craving.

This, finally, is what will satisfy her.

OFF Christine's ravenous smile--

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

45 EXT. CARETAKER'S CABIN - DAY 4

45

Roarke walks up a winding, overgrown path to a quaint, overgrown cabin/greenhouse. Rocks lining the Caretaker's path are engraved with the same labyrinth image as Ruby's tattoo. She knocks on the door. After a moment, the Caretaker opens it. He nods knowingly when he sees Roarke.

ROARKE

(in Spanish)

Señor Segundo, I'm sorry to bother you.

CARETAKER

It's been too long. I'll make cortadito.

He ushers her in and we CUT TO:

46 INT. CARETAKER'S CABIN - DAY

46

Roarke now sits at the small dining table in the Caretaker's well-lived-in home. The main room is filled with plants and books about plants. Ancient-looking rocks and carvings fill the shelves that aren't occupied by books.

The Caretaker puts a cup of cortadito (espresso with steamed milk) in front of Roarke and then sits across from her. He reaches for an old, leather-bound book, opens it and turns it to face Roarke. He has opened the book to the page with the symbol of the LABYRINTH. It's the symbol Ruby chose for her tattoo. (NOTE: Their entire conversation will be in Spanish and subtitled.)

CARETAKER

The labyrinth. A symbol of rebirth.

ROARKE

Well, that is what we do here, so I guess that makes sense.

(then)

I just... I never feel like this.

So uncertain.

(then)

I said no to the Island once before.

The Caretaker reaches a hand across the table, puts it over Roarke's hand.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

CARETAKER

I remember, child.

He takes his hand back.

ROARKE

I just want to understand.

CARETAKER

*That will come. For now, listen.
The Island seeks balance.**(then)**And you, Elena? What do you seek?*

OFF Roarke, it's a weighty question --

47

INT. ROARKE'S VERANDA - DAY

47

Roarke-- now in her iconic suit-- sits across from Ruby and Mel. There's something oddly formal about her. Mel and Ruby share a questioning look. Roarke clears her throat. She looks directly at Ruby.

ROARKE

Thank you for meeting with me.

(beat)

The work I do as the steward of this island is an honor. I help people. I transform their lives...

*(a wry smile)**...almost always for the better.**(beat)*

In the past, people in my position have had a second. A right hand.

Ruby nods. That's nice.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

Ruby, I'd like to invite you to stay on Fantasy Island.

RUBY

You... to... what?

ROARKE

You would remain just as you are. Healthy. Strong. Young.

Ruby looks to Mel-- but he's just as confused as she is.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

Your tattoo. What made you choose it?

(CONTINUED)

RUBY

I don't know. I was drawn to it.

ROARKE

The Island was speaking to you.

RUBY

Why would the Island speak to...
me?

Roarke smiles, shrugs.

ROARKE

I don't know. I can only tell you
why I would like you to stay.

(off Ruby)

Love. You understand love, Ruby.
Not many people do. Surprisingly
few, in fact.Mel looks at Ruby. She does, indeed. It's unspoken that
Roarke, herself, doesn't entirely understand love. Roarke
takes a breath.

RUBY

What do you think? Could we...?

MEL

I think it's a one person offer,
honey.

As that dawns on Ruby--

RUBY

Well, then, no.

ROARKE

On Fantasy Island, honor is
balanced by sacrifice.

RUBY

Absolutely not.

(to Roarke)

How could you even ask this? What's
wrong with you?

ROARKE

So many things. I'm human, and
therefore flawed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROARKE (CONT'D)

If you decide to stay, you should know that my entire life is dedicated to my work, I think pain is a tool for growth which can make me empathetically deficient, I'm not particularly cultured -- classical music gives me the heebie-jeebies-- I have a weakness for old movies, but I don't want to watch them with anyone, I--

RUBY

Yes, I get it. It doesn't matter. The answer is still--

MEL

Yes. She'll stay.

RUBY

You do not speak for me, Mel Okafor.

Ruby gets up, starts for the exit. Mel launches from his chair, stands in front of her.

MEL

Don't be crazy.

RUBY

I'm not going to talk about this.

MEL

I'll tell the kids that the trip was just too much. You didn't make it.

RUBY

No.

MEL

Ruby. We both know you're going to leave me soon.

RUBY

Not like this--

Mel takes her hands. Kisses them.

MEL

You have lived your whole life for me, for our family. It's your turn now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED: (3)

MEL (CONT'D)

Ms. Roarke is offering you an opportunity to live a whole new life-- for yourself. You can be yourself. Your whole self.

Ruby's eyes fill with tears.

MEL (CONT'D)

I couldn't live with myself if I let you pass that up.

A long silence as Ruby processes it all. Then--

ROARKE

(quietly)

My deficiencies aside...

(beat)

Ruby, I'm offering you an opportunity to be brave.

OFF Ruby, is she brave enough--

48

INT. CHRISTINE'S SUITE - DAY

48

CLOSE ON Christine as she wakes, stretches. She smiles at the new day-- and then remembers. What the hell was that? Was it... real?

She looks around the room. It's pristine. Quiet. Peaceful.

She touches her stomach. No growling.

The room phone RINGS. She answers it cautiously.

CHRISTINE

Hello?

(listens)

Breakfast? Oh, no, thank you.

I'm...

(laughs, realizing)

I'm not hungry.

She hangs up. OFF Christine, smiling, amazed, satisfied --

49

EXT. DOCK - DAY

49

Javier goes through his pre-flight checklist. Roarke approaches.

ROARKE

It appears that Mr. Jones is going to miss the plane again.

(CONTINUED)

Javier gestures at the beautiful island.

JAVIER

Smart dog.

Roarke smiles. A moment of thaw. Suddenly, Roarke sees Peter emerge from the jungle. She walks toward him --

ROARKE

Peter! You're right on time. I was hoping you'd make it.

He hands her the gun.

PETER

(heartfelt)

Thank you.

Roarke nods.

ROARKE

Sometimes people need a little extra push. As luck would have it, there's a seat available on the plane.

PETER

I'm ready.

Peter heads for the plane as Christine approaches in a chauffeured island Jeep. Roarke goes to meet her. As Christine steps from the car--

ROARKE

Good morning--

Christine gives Roarke a surprise hug.

CHRISTINE

This was the strangest weekend of my life. Thank you.

ROARKE

You're very welcome.

CHRISTINE

I feel... liberated.
(quietly)
And a little confused. Last night...

ROARKE

At the pig roast?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINE

The pig roast.

(beat)

I... I woke up and thought... it's hard to explain.

ROARKE

After a heavy meal, dreams can sometimes be very intense.

Not sure if she buys it.

CHRISTINE

Yes. That's true.

ROARKE

Before you go, I wanted to tell you that after you came to my office I looked into your stepfather.

Roarke takes an envelope from her pocket, hands it to Christine. Christine takes out a paper, looks up at Roarke, surprised.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

According to his death certificate, Landon Clarke died in two thousand twelve.

CHRISTINE

But... he was here.

ROARKE

His cruelty certainly was. You've been carrying it around inside you since you were a child.

A beat as Christine processes that.

CHRISTINE

I think I've finally let it go.

(smiles)

You could even say I devoured it.

(then)

The cruelest thing he did to me was make me forget how much my mom loved me. But I remember now.

Roarke nods. She sees Mel and Ruby approaching in a golf cart.

(CONTINUED)

ROARKE

Someone told me recently the only thing that matters is that the people you love know that you love them.

(then)

So what are you going to do with your new freedom?

CHRISTINE

For starters, I'm going to ask the girls at work to join me for dragon rolls. Then... I've sacrificed enough years of my life trying to please other people. I think I'll find a job that begins at a normal hour and... work on being happy. For real. Not just on TV.

Javier approaches to take Christine to the plane.

Christine nods her thanks to Roarke one more time, and heads off with Javier as Ruby (wearing a backless halter dress) and Mel approach on another golf cart. Roarke watches them approach the dock holding hands, not sure which way it's going to go.

As they reach the dock, Mel stops. Ruby turns to face him. Her eyes fill with tears.

RUBY

It's not right.

She throws herself into his arms.

RUBY (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to leave me.

A beat, then Mel pulls back enough to look into her eyes.

MEL

You are going to have another wonderful life. Promise me.

Ruby nods.

MEL (CONT'D)

I am the luckiest man in the world.

Ruby is barely keeping it together. Mel steps away from her and walks down the dock to the plane. Even normally stoic Roarke is moved.

(CONTINUED)

At the plane, Mel turns to wave. In a flash, Ruby runs for him, throws herself into his arms. They kiss as two young people-- but when she pulls away Mel is old again.

Ruby touches his face. A long beat as they look at each other.

Then Mel gets on the plane.

Through the plane window, Javier locks eyes with Roarke-- that was fucking intense-- as she comes to stand beside Ruby. He backs the plane away from the dock.

And as the plane takes off... the TATTOO on Ruby's back spreads outward from the labyrinth and develops into an intricately woven pattern that covers her entire back. Ruby is of the Island now.

RUBY

What happens now?

ROARKE

The unexpected.

OFF Roarke and Ruby, our team, as the plane disappears in the distance--

END OF PILOT