

**THE LOTUS  
(RESORT & SPA)**

**"ARRIVALS"**

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. AIRPLANE - DAY**

SHANE, 30's is handsome but looks like he's been through the ringer. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT hands him a cocktail, which he gulps down. Sitting next to him is an OLDER COUPLE.

OLDER WOMAN  
Headed home?

Shane nods, absently.

OLDER WOMAN  
Us, too. I hate the end of things.  
Especially vacations.

OLDER MAN  
What are we going back to?!  
World's gone crazy!

Shane forces a curt smile.

OLDER WOMAN  
We were at the Amanari. It was  
fine. Food was good. Not much to  
do, but we just like to sit around  
anyway. What about you? Which  
hotel were you at?

SHANE  
The Lotus.

OLDER WOMAN  
Oh, honey, isn't that... We heard  
there was...

OLDER MAN  
Someone was killed there, no? Our  
guide was telling us...

Shane turns and looks at them, gravely.

SHANE  
The body's on the plane.  
(off their reaction)  
You didn't see them load it on the  
plane?

They shake their heads.

OLDER WOMAN  
What? Is it on ice or...?

OLDER MAN  
What happened?

Shane just shakes his head, at a loss.

OLDER WOMAN  
(changes subject)  
Well, other than that, did you have  
a good vacation?

The Woman smiles. Shane finishes his drink, then...

SHANE  
It was my honeymoon.

OLDER MAN  
Ah! Congratulations.

OLDER WOMAN  
How wonderful. Was it everything  
you hoped?

OLDER MAN  
Where's your wife?!

Shane says nothing. But the anguished look on his face  
silences the inquisitive couple.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT passes. Shane taps her as she passes.

SHANE  
(mumbles)  
Can I get another drink?

The Attendant gives a perfunctory nod, heading off.

OLDER MAN  
Here, take mine!

The Older Man, sensing Shane's state, reaches over and drops  
his cocktail on Shane's tray.

Shane doesn't even smile. He just gulps it down - as the  
Older Couple observes with concern.

Shane sets down the empty glass and exhales, deeply.

THE ROAR OF THE PLANE'S ENGINE DISRUPTS THE MOMENT and we...

SMACH CUT TO:

**EXT. BOAT - DAY**

A picture-perfect tropical day. A small boat transports ARRIVING HOTEL GUESTS across a placid bay toward the hotel's dock. At the bottom of frame: **"TEN DAYS BEFORE"**

**CLOSER ON DECK**

Shane is here with his new bride, RACHEL, 30s. His arm around her, they soak up the beautiful surroundings, looking very much in love, wind whipping their hair.

**INSIDE THE CABIN**

Two college girls, OLIVIA and PAULA, 19, sit in the cabin, side-by-side, observing the passengers out on the deck. Olivia wears a BARDO COLLEGE sweatshirt. Paula wears a t-shirt with "POST-HOPE" written across it. They size up Shane and Rachel, under their breaths, rat-a-tat.

OLIVIA

Elyse and Chad. Just got married in the Hamptons - her parents have a house there.

PAULA

She's still thinking about her maid of honor's toast, calling her out for being a total slut in college.

OLIVIA

She's in fashion, marketing. She feels her talents are being wasted.

PAULA

She wants her own Goop site - so she can hawk skin cremes.

OLIVIA

She loves him, but...

PAULA

He's got a small dick.

OLIVIA

Her last boyfriend was hot as fuck - threw her around in bed...

PAULA

Stole her money, took a surfing trip to Bali, never came back.

OLIVIA

Then she got serious. Joined Raya.  
Met Chad.

PAULA

He went to Dartmouth -  
International Finance.

OLIVIA

Her dad loves him.

PAULA

She loves her dad.

OLIVIA

He's a closet Adderall snorter.

PAULA

Gives him an edge at work.

OLIVIA

Makes his dick even smaller.

PAULA

They'll have a baby in a year.

OLIVIA

She'll have major post partum.  
Which begins a series of phantom  
illnesses she'll bring awareness to  
on her insta.

PAULA

Hash-tag pain. Hash-tag believe  
all sufferers.

OLIVIA

Munchausen's is real.

PAULA

He'll become disgusted with her.

OLIVIA

He'll never forget the maid of  
honor's toast at the wedding.

PAULA

How many guys *did* you fuck? Huh,  
Elyse?

PAULA

One day, in an Ativan haze, she  
insults his little penis. He loses  
it. Clocks her.

OLIVIA  
She jumps out the tenth-floor  
window. *That'll show everyone.*

PAULA  
*See! I really was in pain.*

OLIVIA  
Their baby is raised by her parents  
in Montauk.

They stare in silence at Rachel and Shane for a moment.

PAULA  
Sad.

OLIVIA  
Totally.

They now turn their attention to a woman traveling alone, in  
her 50s, sitting on the deck. Her name is TANYA, looking  
glamorous in sunglasses and a fashionable outfit.

PAULA  
Walmart heiress.

OLIVIA  
Republican bundler.

PAULA  
Meeting her friends for a girls  
trip.

OLIVIA  
She gets on their nerves. But she  
pays for everything so they put up  
with her.

PAULA  
She's got Crohn's. She keeps  
having surgeries - they've taken  
out half her large intestine.

OLIVIA  
The flatulence is deadly.

PAULA  
Sepsis farts. She's rotting  
inside.

Out on the deck, an attractive couple in their early 50's,  
MARK and NICOLE, cross Olivia and Paula's eye-line.

OLIVIA

A pair of high-end pimps for a billionaire sex pervert. They masquerade as well-meaning corporate-woke fucktards.

PAULA

They're coming to recruit us into their *Illuminati* pedophile ring.

The couple opens the door and pops their head into the cabin.

NICOLE

Having fun, girls?!

OLIVIA

Yeah, Mom. What?

NICOLE

Come out here, Liv! You can see the resort!

Nicole waves them over, insistently.

Olivia and Paula dutifully rise and cross out to the deck.

**EXT. DOCK - DAY**

The hotel's assistant manager, ARMOND, 40, is training an overweight, meek woman, CARMEN, mid-20s. They stand on the dock. As they talk, other EMPLOYEES begin to line up beside them, waiting to greet the new arrivals.

ARMOND

I don't know how it worked at your other properties, but at the Lotus, self-disclosure is discouraged. So if you're asked - like, where are you from, you can say, I'm from Panama City or wherever you're from...

CARMEN

I'm from here. I'm local.

ARMOND

Oh, right. You're a local. That's right. I mean, if a guest asks where you got your hair cut - I don't know why they would - but you can answer them. You don't want to make things awkward - naturally.

(MORE)

ARMOND (cont'd)

But the guests don't need to know the funny story about your uncle who drank a bottle of Mezcal and got run over by a Mexican childrens theater troupe or whatever.

Carmen nods, emphatically.

ARMOND

You don't want to be too specific as a presence - as an identity - you want to be more generic.

CARMEN

Generic.

ARMOND

It's a Japanese ethos, where we are asked to disappear behind our masks as pleasant, interchangeable helpers. It's tropical *kabuki*. The goal is to create for the guests an overall impression of vagueness that can be very satisfying. Where they get everything they want - but they don't even know *what* they want or *what* day it is - or *where* they are - or *who* we are - or *what* the fuck is going on.

(sours; spots something)

Looks like there's a dollop of mayonnaise on your top, Carmen.

There is some kind of yellow stain on Carmen's shirt, right above her left breast. Carmen looks down.

ARMOND

What is that? On your left tit.

Armond grabs a rolled wet face towel off the tray of another worker, BELINDA, early 40s. He tries to wipe the smudge from Carmen's top but only succeeds in spreading it around and creating wet marks.

ARMOND

Oh, god. The boat's here. Shit, I don't know. Now it looks like you're lactating. Here, you hold Belinda's tray. And then Belinda you use the tong to give out the face towels. Hold the tray up high, Carmen - it's to cover the stains on your boobs.



The boat pulls up to the dock. Much activity as the Guests step off - and BELLBOYS help unload their luggage.

Armond - all smiles - greets the guests with his clipboard. The first to step off are Mark, Nicole, Paula, Olivia and QUINN, 16, wearing a hoodie, listening to music on his ear buds. Belinda hands them all face towels.

ARMOND

Mr. and Mrs. Rohrbacher. Hello,  
I'm Armond - guest services.  
Welcome to the Lotus. How was your  
journey here?

NICOLE

Long - but honestly fine.

MARK

We're happy to be here.

ARMOND

Traveling is absolute madness right  
now - but we're so glad you braved  
the journey - and we are going to  
do everything we can to ensure you  
have a fabulous time here with us.  
I'm sure you'll want to get  
straight to your room and freshen  
up - Dillon will be escorting you  
to the Tradewinds Suite.

DILLON, 25, steps up and motions to the family to follow.

ARMOND

And in a little while we can go  
over food preferences, activities,  
everything under the sun. Okay?

MARK

Great. Thank you, Armond.

The family heads off after Dillon. Rachel and Shane are next to approach Armond - both exuberant - Rachel is almost giddy.

ARMOND

I'm presuming Mr. Shane Patton and  
Mrs. Rachel Patton.

RACHEL

(big grin)  
Mrs. Rachel Patton, oh my god.

ARMOND

Is that not correct?

RACHEL

No, it's correct. I'm just getting used to that still. We just got married the day before yesterday.

ARMOND

I am aware! Congratulations!

RACHEL

And I... thank you... I was Miss Rachel Henderson and now I'm... am I really changing my name? I mean, what?

SHANE

We don't need to decide this now, baba.

ARMOND

Yes, why don't we get you to your room and let you settle in, get you a daiquiri before you make any major life decisions. Maeve will escort you to our Gardenia suite, I'm sure you will just love it...

SHANE

Awesome.

ARMOND

It is. And I will check in with you in a little while, okay?

Rachel and Shane follow one of the WORKERS to their room. The last to step off the boat is Tanya. She seems a bit disoriented.

ARMOND

Are you Ms. MacQoowod?

TANYA

MacQuoid (MAC-WAD)

ARMOND

Macuhwaaad?

TANYA

Wad. One syllable.

ARMOND

(in one burst)  
Mqwad!

TANYA

Well, two syllables. But the second part is just one syllable. Wad. Mac-Quoid.

ARMOND

Ah! Is it Gaelic?

TANYA

I don't know. No. Listen, I'm just desperate for a massage - is that possible? Like anything available right now? I have a herniated nucleus pulposus in my lower back and it's like a dagger in my spine...

ARMOND

Belinda, behind you.

TANYA

What?

ARMOND

Belinda, who is behind you - is our spa manager.

Tanya turns and Belinda steps forward.

ARMOND

Belinda, Ms. Macuhwad is in need of treatment. Would there be any openings for her this afternoon?

BELINDA

(checks her clipboard)

We are totally full - that's so... awww... you didn't happen to book anything in advance, did you?

TANYA

No. I don't...

BELINDA

Online maybe?

TANYA

I figured if I asked first thing when I got here, there would be *something*...

BELINDA

The spa is short staffed right now because of the pandemic and the hurricanes. The south side of the island was completely decimated.

TANYA

Doesn't have to be deep tissue. I'm not picky. Anything but *reiki*.

BELINDA

Let me see what I can do.

ARMOND

Belinda is a miracle worker - with her healing hands and her organizational trickery. There'll be no openings and she'll finger her way in - and find an opening.

BELINDA

Come by the spa - and if I can't get you in today, we can discuss creating a holistic program for you that will suit all your needs.

TANYA

Okay, yeah, that sounds great. I'm just falling apart here.

Belinda nods, suitably concerned.

Armond notices all the towels have been taken from Carmen's tray, exposing her wet, stained shirt. He motions for her to cover herself with the tray. She does.

ARMOND

Carmen is our trainee. She's a local hire. The Lotus is very involved in the local community, ummmm...

Armond suddenly goes blank. A hint of silent panic.

ARMOND

I forgot what I was going to say. Oh, yes! Carmen, please escort Ms. MacKwad to the Palm Suite.  
(to CARMEN, *sotto*)  
You know the Palm Suite, yes?

Carmen nods and, clutching tight to her tray, leads Tanya away. Armond watches them go.

**INT. GARDENIA SUITE - DAY**

Rachel is lying on the bed, studying the hotel menu.

RACHEL  
They're having a lobster bake  
tonight. Yummy.

Shane, now in a bathing suit, gets on the bed and crawls over to her, pulling the menu from her hand and tossing it.

SHANE  
Let's get this honeymoon started.

Shane starts kissing her. They are all over each other.

Then, Shane suddenly stops and sits up, looking around the room with a dissatisfied expression.

RACHEL  
What is it? What's wrong?

Shane continues surveying the room, grimacing.

RACHEL  
Shane?

SHANE  
This is the wrong room.

RACHEL  
What do you mean?

SHANE  
We're supposed to be in a honeymoon  
suite. This isn't the honeymoon  
suite.

RACHEL  
Maybe it is. Why isn't it?

SHANE  
Because I did a virtual tour of it  
on their website - and this is not  
it. This is just a regular room.

RACHEL  
This is like the swankiest hotel  
room I've ever been in, Shane.

SHANE  
But we're *paying* for the Honeymoon  
suite.

RACHEL

Technically, we're not paying for anything.

SHANE

Okay, my parents are paying for it. Still - we should get the room we booked. I'm gonna talk to the guy.

RACHEL

We just put everything away. I think it's fine. Great view. We're near the restaurant. It's convenient - we can stuff ourselves then go drown in the ocean.

SHANE

We were supposed to have our own pool.

RACHEL

The pool's literally right there.

SHANE

Our *own* pool, Rachel.

RACHEL

In the room?

SHANE

On our private deck!

RACHEL

What, like a plunge pool?

SHANE

That's fucked up. They screwed us on the room.

RACHEL

I wouldn't go that far. Just talk to the guy. Is it a big deal?

SHANE

Yeah. It's our once-in-a-lifetime honeymoon. I want this to be perfect for ya, baba.

RACHEL

Awww.

SHANE

I'm gonna go talk to him. Let me get a blowjob first.

RACHEL  
Are you serious?

SHANE  
(flirty)  
It was a twelve hour flight. You  
got me so horned up.  
(off her look)  
All right, yeah, let's save it for  
the right room.

Shane heads out. Rachel hops up from the bed.

RACHEL  
Wait, I'm coming.

The door closes on her. She opens it and follows him out.

**INT. PALM SUITE - DAY**

Carmen, clutching the tray to her chest, has delivered Tanya to her room. Carmen looks ashen, something's bothering her.

CARMEN  
Will you be needing anything else  
at this time, ma'am?

TANYA  
Where are my bags?

CARMEN  
Right there by the closet.

TANYA  
(looks over; distressed)  
There was a small white plastic bag  
- I don't see it.

CARMEN  
Plastic bag?

TANYA  
Yes! It's very important.

CARMEN  
I can call the bellman.

TANYA  
It has my mother's ashes in it!

CARMEN  
Oh!

TANYA

Oh my god. Are they lost?

Tanya panics. Carmen spots the bag, tucked behind Tanya's oversized luggage. Carmen picks it up.

CARMEN

Is this it?

TANYA

Yes. Yes, thank god. Thank you.  
I can't lose this.

Tanya hands Carmen a TWENTY. Carmen takes it, smiles, then exits.

Outside the room, Carmen's expression changes - she looks nauseated, clutching her belly in pain. After a moment, she keeps walking.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Tanya sits down on the bed - and takes out her mother's ashes in a WHITE PORCELAIN BOX. She places the box on the bedside table. Staring at her, a wave of sadness comes over her.

**INT. LOBBY BATHROOM - DAY**

Carmen is changing her shirt in the lobby stall. She takes off the stained shirt, revealing a pregnant belly. This is the first time we realize she is pregnant.

Carmen, sweaty and stressed, takes out a clean shirt and quickly puts it on.

**INT. LOTUS LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

Carmen returns from the bathroom, putting on a brave face.

ARMOND

Make a note for the chef that the Rohrbacher's daughter is a strict vegan and her friend is something, too - I forget what she said. Something about grains, shoot.

(notices CARMEN)

You changed your shirt, good. What was that anyway? Looked like tuna fish?

CARMEN

Yeah...



ARMOND

Are you a messy eater? It's beachy casual but we must always be groomed with a clean look...

Shane, followed by Rachel, appear, interrupting.

ARMOND

Mr. Patton! Ms. Undecided!  
Finding everything to your liking?

SHANE

Actually, I think you put us in the wrong room. We booked the honeymoon suite, I'm pretty sure.

ARMOND

There is no honeymoon suite.

SHANE

Well, we were supposed to have our own plunge pool on a private deck.

ARMOND

That would be the Pineapple Suite, but...

(checks computer)

...I don't have any record of you booking that room. No.

SHANE

My mother sent me a virtual tour of the room... She booked the room.

ARMOND

You're paying for a king ocean view suite. The Gardenia. Very nice room. Totally unique.

RACHEL

It's *really* nice.

ARMOND

The Pineapple Suite does have the plunge pool but it doesn't have the ocean view. It's very closed in.

SHANE

Well, the privacy would be nice. Maybe I should call my mother?

ARMOND

You want to call your mother? What do you think she'll say?

SHANE

She'll say we're in the wrong room.

ARMOND

The Pineapple Suite isn't available  
I'm afraid anyway.

RACHEL

It's not?

ARMOND

There's a German couple staying  
there. They also just got married.

SHANE

See - it *is* a honeymoon suite.

RACHEL

Shane. It's not that big a deal.  
The room is awesome.

ARMOND

The Gardenia's everyone's favorite.  
I prefer it to the Pineapple.

Armond gives them an emphatic smile. Shane relents.

SHANE

All right, well, that's a bummer.  
I saw the virtual tour and... And  
we're definitely not paying for the  
more expensive room, right?

ARMOND

No. I mean, yes - you are not.  
Anything else I can help you with?

Shane shakes his head and shuffles off. Rachel follows.

RACHEL

Thank you!

Armond turns to Carmen, conspiratorially.

ARMOND

I think I might have fucked up and  
double booked the Pineapple Suite.  
I changed their booking just now...  
(anxious cringe)  
Hopefully he'll just get over it.  
Situations like that - always stay  
positive - remind these people of  
all the fabulous things they  
already possess.

(MORE)

ARMOND (cont'd)

Unique room, ocean view. You must treat these people like sensitive children, Carmen. They always say it's about the money. It's not. It's not even about the room. It's about their need to *feel seen*. They want to be the only child - the special chosen baby child of the hotel. And we are their mean mommies, denying them their Pineapple Room.

Carmen nods, but she looks a bit troubled and sickly. Armond scrutinizes her, then gets distracted with other things.

**INT. TRADEWINDS SUITE - DAY**

Nicole is putting her things away in the large family suite. Paula and Olivia are heading out in their bathing suits.

NICOLE

Livvy, we're not putting the fold-out bed in the closet.

OLIVIA

Why not?

NICOLE

Cause your brother isn't gonna sleep in the closet.

We SEE Quinn, sitting on the couch, playing air drums as he listens to music through his earbuds.

OLIVIA

Mom, it's fine. Look, he's stimming. He can entertain himself for hours with his own hand gestures. He's fine in the closet.

(off NICOLE's look)

What, you want him sleeping in the bedroom with us? He's gonna jerk off to Paula while she's sleeping.

PAULA

I don't really feel like waking up to that, Mrs. Rohrbacher, to be honest.

NICOLE

Call me Nicole, Paula. And you do have a beautiful body.

OLIVIA

Mom.

NICOLE

You do also, Olivia. But I'm pretty sure your brother can control himself.

OLIVIA

Why doesn't he sleep in the room with you and dad then? Too Oedipal?

NICOLE

Quinn and your dad have opposite sleep schedules - and your dad is hardly sleeping at all - he's got a lot of anxiety right now.

OLIVIA

Why?

NICOLE

It's - nothing to worry about. I just don't feel like it's fair that your brother is having to spend his vacation in a closet. We let you bring a friend...

PAULA

And I'm very appreciative, Nicole.

NICOLE

And we're so happy to have you...

QUINN

(blurting)

I'm fine in the closet!

OLIVIA

See, Mom - he's fine - he can be himself in there - gaming and fapping and bye, see ya later!

Olivia and Paula head out to the pool. Nicole turns her attention to Quinn.

NICOLE

Honey, are you sure? It's your vacation, too.

QUINN

I really don't care.

NICOLE  
Okay. Do you want to do something?

QUINN  
(matter-of-fact)  
With you? No.

Nicole nods then starts tidying up.

**INT. TRADEWINDS SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Mark is in a bathrobe, sitting on the hotel bed. He looks gut punched - as if he's just received some horrible news.

Nicole enters with some of her clothes. She puts them away in a drawer, when she turns and sees Mark's grim expression.

NICOLE  
What is it?

MARK  
(distracted; looks up)  
Huh?

NICOLE  
Mark?

They lock eyes for a moment. She senses his distress.

MARK  
My balls are definitely bigger.

NICOLE  
Why do you say that?

MARK  
Because I've been looking at them.  
(beat)  
You want to see them?

NICOLE  
Okay.

MARK  
Well, come here then.

Nicole rises and approaches him on the bed.

Mark opens his bathrobe and pulls back his penis with his hand to display his balls.

CLOSE - ON MARK'S BALLS - they look inarguably swollen.

NICOLE  
Are they bigger?

MARK  
You tell me.

NICOLE  
I can't really tell.

MARK  
Nicole - they're huge.

NICOLE  
Huh. I wonder what's going on.

MARK  
It's cancer, Nicole. I have  
testicle cancer.

NICOLE  
We don't know that yet. We haven't  
gotten the results. Shouldn't we  
be getting them?

MARK  
Tomorrow.

NICOLE  
Well, isn't tomorrow now?

MARK  
No - it's tomorrow.

NICOLE  
No, but tomorrow *there* is what  
here?

MARK  
Still tomorrow.

NICOLE  
He said it could be a lot of other  
things.

MARK  
He said it could be *maybe* other  
things. There's not a *lot* of  
things it could be. It can't be a  
family of mice that burrowed their  
way into my ball sack. It's cancer  
- or I don't know, maybe something  
even worse.

NICOLE

Like what? Baby spiders? Let's just wait to see what he says. Let's not, you know...

MARK

It's cancer! It's cancer!

NICOLE

Why are you so sure?

MARK

Because my dad died of cancer - and he was only 46!

NICOLE

But it wasn't testicular cancer, was it?

MARK

I don't even know. I should call my Uncle Charlie and ask him. The point is I'm predisposed to cancer. I come from a long line of cancerous, disease-prone men. It's just very disturbing for it to be in my *balls* and for them to get so big like this. It's very Gogol.

NICOLE

Mark - whatever it is - it's gonna be okay. People get cancer, they deal with it. It's not like it was when your dad got cancer. They're making breakthroughs all the time. It's a non-stop parade of progress.

MARK

The timing is terrible. Coming here was nuts.

NICOLE

We planned it so long ago, honey. It was a lot of money...

MARK

I'm not saying you guys shouldn't have come. I'm saying *I* shouldn't have come.

NICOLE

Mark, tomorrow we get your results - whenever tomorrow is - you have one day to hang in there.

(MORE)

NICOLE (cont'd)

You need to take your mind off this  
and get out of this dark, dark  
hole.

MARK

It's kinda hard to forget my balls  
are the size of a small cantaloupe.

NICOLE

Look, your son is sitting out there  
- alone - he looks like he's  
killing time in a waiting room  
before a root canal. Go take him  
and do something fun.

MARK

(hit with realization)

Oh my god, Nic. Quinn is exactly  
the age I was when my dad died.

Mark shakes his head with abject dread. Nicole has reached  
her limit.

NICOLE

Well, all the more reason to pay  
him a little attention now - while  
you're still with us.

Nicole returns to putting away their things.

**INT. TRADEWINDS SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Mark emerges from his bedroom - and approaches Quinn, sitting  
on the couch.

MARK

Hey, pal.

Quinn takes out his earbuds.

MARK

Whaddya say - should we go explore?

QUINN

What do you mean?

MARK

Let's get out there. Come on.  
Little father-son time.

QUINN

(lackluster)

Really? Umm, all right.



MARK

Put on your suit.

Mark heads off to put on his bathing suit. Quinn rises.

Nicole, still unpacking, is pleased by their interaction.

**INT. SPA RECEPTION - DAY**

Tanya arrives at the spa. She approaches Belinda, who is behind the desk.

TANYA

Hi. Remember me? Any luck getting me in today?

BELINDA

All my masseuses are fully booked, buuuut... I actually have time right now myself.

TANYA

You do massage?

BELINDA

For many years. But there are no treatment rooms free right now. This was my thinking, Tanya. We could do a consultation in the office - and I could just get a better sense of what's going on with you and your body. And then I could give you a little cranial sacral massage which I always recommend as an initial treatment - because it just opens you up. And we could do some meditation, light energy work - and just kind of go wherever feels constructive.

TANYA

So no massage?

BELINDA

You have a massage booked tomorrow. But I really think you'll find this cathartic.

TANYA

(skeptical)

Oh. Okay. Will I be nude?

BELINDA

We'll put you in a bathrobe so  
you're comfortable and we can do a  
little movement, 'kay?

Belinda leads Tanya back into the inner recesses of the spa.

**INT. SPA OFFICE - LATER**

Tanya and Belinda sit on the floor, across from each other.  
Belinda has moved the office furniture to the side.

BELINDA

What I'm hearing is you have a lot  
of pain.

TANYA

Yeah.

BELINDA

Both localized and amorphous.  
(off TANYA's nod)  
And fatigue.

TANYA

I feel like taking a nap right now.

BELINDA

Why do you think you're so tired?

TANYA

I think it's cause I'm so close to  
the floor.

BELINDA

No, in general.

TANYA

Oh. Well, my mother passed away in  
June...

BELINDA

I'm sorry.

TANYA

And dealing with just the logistics  
of the whole thing was exhausting.  
I'm still dealing with it. I  
brought her ashes here - she loved  
the ocean and I thought I'd scatter  
them - not sure where.

BELINDA

You're still grieving.

TANYA

I just feel this sense of decay - you know? And I'd just love to feel rejuvenated in some way. I haven't really felt *fresh* in forever. My love life has been a ruin and - I've driven every man away because - I'm a little needy and...

Tanya becomes emotional as she thinks about her life.

TANYA

There's just this empty feeling - I've tried everything and it - it just doesn't go away...

(crying)

...I can't keep living like this.

Belinda nods with compassion, really taking her in.

BELINDA

Tanya. Why don't we try something, okay?

TANYA

(wiping her tears)

Okay.

BELINDA

Will you trust me?

Tanya nods, embarrassed by her emotional outburst.

**INT. GARDENIA SUITE - DAY**

Rachel lies on the bed watching as Shane paces the room, on the phone with his mother.

SHANE

(into phone)

Yeah. Exactly. Plunge pool on a private deck.

RACHEL

We don't need a private deck, Shane. We're not nudists.

SHANE

You must have it in an email? Will you look, Mom, then forward it to me?

RACHEL

The room's occupied, Shane.

Shane shushes her, putting a finger to his mouth.

SHANE

The guy was real condescending, too. And full of shit. He was like - there is no honeymoon suite, but then sure enough there's a couple *on their honeymoon* staying in that room.

Rachel is getting increasingly annoyed. She gets up from the bed and grabs a few things and heads for the door.

SHANE

Anyway, it's not a huge deal - but I know you put a lot of effort into this and chose the hotel, which is actually super nice - totally decent. And we love it, we're happy - I just think maybe, if this other couple leaves, we can get in there, you know? So why don't you forward me the booking. How's Dad?

Shane is too absorbed to notice Rachel exiting the room.

**EXT. POOLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER**

Rachel walks around the pretty pool and puts her stuff down on a reclining chair.

Nearby, Olivia and Paula are lounging. Olivia is reading Camille Paglia's *Sexual Personae* - Paula is reading Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*. They spot Rachel - exchange curious looks - then prop up in their chairs, watching her with interest.

Rachel sees them staring at her - and gives them a smile.

Olivia and Paula don't smile back - they just keep watching.

**INT. SPA OFFICE - DAY**

Tanya is now lying on the floor, her head in Belinda's lap. Belinda is massaging Tanya's scalp.

TANYA

Ahh. That feels nice.

BELINDA

Tanya...

TANYA

Yes.

BELINDA

I want you to repeat after me, okay?

TANYA

Okay.

BELINDA

Every moment...

TANYA

Every moment...

BELINDA

I am being born into this life.

TANYA

I am being born into this life.

BELINDA

The world around me is alive and full of wonder.

TANYA

The world around me is alive and full of wonder.

BELINDA

I will drop the story.

TANYA

I will drop the story.

BELINDA

And feel the newness of each moment.

TANYA

And feel the newness of each moment.

BELINDA  
I am my own phallic mother.

TANYA  
(slightly thrown)  
I am my own phallic mother.

BELINDA  
My own vaginal father.

TANYA  
My own vaginal father.

BELINDA  
I fill my own cup.

TANYA  
I fill my own cup.

BELINDA  
Nothing is ever lost and all will  
be returned to me - except those  
things that are inessential.

TANYA  
Nothing is ever lost and all things  
will be returned to me except  
the... umm...

Tanya forgets what she's supposed to say. Belinda just keeps  
going - her massaging movements getting more intense.

BELINDA  
I have the power to heal myself.

TANYA  
I have the power to heal myself.

BELINDA  
My failing body is immaterial - the  
child in me is as alive and fresh  
as the day I was born...

TANYA  
My failing body is...

BELINDA  
...and I will connect with that  
child at all times and feed and  
nourish her.

TANYA  
I... okay.

Belinda starts speaking in some kind of foreign tongue.

BELINDA  
Aum bhur bhuvah svah...

TANYA  
Aum bhuverer...

BELINDA  
You don't need to repeat this.

TANYA  
You don't... ya, okay.

BELINDA  
It's a Hindi mantra. Shh...  
(chants)  
*Aum bhur bhuvah svah  
tat-savitur varenyam  
bhargo devasya dhimahi  
dhiyo yo nah pracodayat...*

Belinda keeps chanting - while making adjustments to Tanya's head and neck. Tanya seems overwhelmed. Tears fall from her eyes - it's having some powerful effect.

**INT. LOTUS LOBBY - DAY**

Carmen is at the concierge desk. She looks unwell. Her brow is sweaty, she clutches her stomach.

Suddenly a SPLASH of water hits the floor beneath her.

Carmen, horrified, looks down. Her water has broke. She doesn't know what to do, but she's panicking.

Armond arrives, oblivious. Carmen struggles to speak.

CARMEN  
I... I think I...

Armond looks her over and grimaces.

ARMOND  
Carmen, you all right? You're white as a sheet.

CARMEN  
I should sit down.

ARMOND  
We can't have you sitting in the lobby. Wouldn't look right.  
(MORE)

ARMOND (cont'd)  
Go take a break in my office. Food poisoning, do you think? Maybe the tuna?

Carmen stumbles into the back. Armond rolls his eyes.

Mark and Quinn appear at Armond's desk.

ARMOND  
Mr. Rohrbacher, how can I help you?

MARK  
My son and I are looking to do some kind of activity.

ARMOND  
Wonderful. Of course. Fantastic.

MARK  
I was thinking it'd be fun to try scuba diving.

ARMOND  
Amazing diving out there! A few of the reefs are still thriving. Do you have your PADI license?

MARK  
No.

ARMOND  
Then that would be impossible. You can get your accreditation here though - in the pool.

MARK  
In the pool? Really?

ARMOND  
Takes five days.

MARK  
Oh. What about waterskiing?

ARMOND  
Yes! Very fun! The swells are too great right now unfortunately. We just had a hurricane pass through so it's a bit Biblical out there.

MARK  
Oh, that's too bad.



ARMOND  
Maybe later in the week.

MARK  
Jetskiing?

ARMOND  
(shakes his head)  
Same. The swells. It's a liability issue.

MARK  
Surfing lessons?

ARMOND  
The surfing team leaves first thing in the morning. I could sign you up for tomorrow? Six AM.

Mark looks at Quinn - who doesn't appear too keen.

MARK  
We'll think about that. So - what do you suggest we do?

ARMOND  
I would suggest snorkeling in the bay - not too many fish in the afternoon - but you'll definitely see something. You can get your masks and fins and things at the Beach Shack.

QUINN  
Are there sharks?

ARMOND  
There actually are a family of sharks that hang out in the bay - but they're quite small.

Mark and Quinn appear troubled.

ARMOND  
(hands out)  
Like this big. They're cute. Enjoy yourselves. See you tonight at the lobster bake.

Mark and Quinn nod and head out. Armond looks down and notices... a POOL of WATER at his feet.

Armond turns to a cluster of EMPLOYEES.

ARMOND

What is this? Did somebody spill  
soup? Can somebody clean this up  
please? Dillon!

Dillon nods and gets busy.

**EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY**

Rachel, on a lounge chair, can feel Olivia and Paula's eyes  
still on her. She abruptly sits up and turns to them.

RACHEL

Hi. I saw you guys on the boat.  
And the plane.

Olivia and Paula perk up and begin to interrogate her.

OLIVIA

Where are you from?

RACHEL

New York.

OLIVIA

What neighborhood?

RACHEL

East Village. But I'm letting go  
of that apartment - moving into  
Shane's apartment. My husband.

PAULA

Where'd you meet him?

RACHEL

Through friends.

OLIVIA

Not Raya?

RACHEL

(amused)  
Raya? No.

PAULA

How long was the engagement?

RACHEL

We actually just met last  
September.

OLIVIA  
Whirlwind romance.

PAULA  
How did you know that he was the  
one?

RACHEL  
I dunno... the chemistry was there  
and...

OLIVIA  
(whispers to PAULA)  
His dick's not small.

RACHEL  
And I don't know. Shane really  
wanted to get married. He's very  
decisive - and convincing - and it  
just felt right, I guess.

OLIVIA  
What does he do?

RACHEL  
He's in real estate.

PAULA  
Commercial or residential?

RACHEL  
Commercial. That's what his father  
does.

PAULA  
He works for his father?

OLIVIA  
What do *you* do?

RACHEL  
I'm a writer. Freelance mostly -  
profiles, some opinion stuff and...

OLIVIA  
Where'd you go to school?

RACHEL  
SUNY. Potsdam?

Olivia's and Paula's eyes narrow.

RACHEL

I was a journalism major. Then I moved to the city to make my name - which I have yet to do...

(embarrassed smile)

...and pay off my loans - which I have also yet to do - and yeah, that's...

OLIVIA

Won't he pay off your debts?

RACHEL

(shrugs)

Shane? I...

PAULA

But he could?

RACHEL

Of course, he *could*.

PAULA

Right - of course - cause he's super rich.

RACHEL

His family is, yeah. I mean, yeah, compared to me - and my family and... compared to most families, I guess.

PAULA

Rich guy. Good chemistry. You scored.

OLIVIA

Yeah, congrats. He's hot.

Rachel doesn't know what to make of these girls.

RACHEL

So you guys go to school together?

They don't respond.

RACHEL

Bardo College. I saw your sweatshirt. Good school.

Olivia and Paula just stare at her.

RACHEL

What year are you?

OLIVIA/PAULA  
Sophomores.

RACHEL  
You know, your mom...  
(points to OLIVIA)  
I assume it's *your* mom.  
(no response)  
She looks very familiar. Is she...  
what does she do?

After a pause...

PAULA  
Her mom is the CFO of POOF.

RACHEL  
(puts it together)  
Oh, yeah! Right. Nicole  
Rohrbacher. That's your mom? I  
did a profile of her, actually.  
Well, it was a repurposing of  
someone else's profile of her -  
*"Ten Women Kicking the Corporate  
World's Ass"* - that kind of thing.

Rachel waits for some kind of reaction.

RACHEL  
She's a big deal.

Still not much from them. Rachel's over it.

RACHEL  
Okay. Well, nice to meet you. I'm  
gonna go... check on Shane.

She rises and gets her things together.

Olivia and Paula whisper to each other.

PAULA  
We were totally off.

OLIVIA  
Yeah. Epic fail.

As Rachel turns to leave, Olivia calls out...

OLIVIA  
Hey, wait! So where was the  
wedding?!

RACHEL

Oh. In the Hamptons. Shane's  
parents have a house there and...  
it was really nice.

Olivia and Paula nod, masking their elation.

PAULA

Cool.

But after Rachel turns her back to them, they exult, high-fiving, huge grins of satisfaction.

**INT. SPA RECEPTION - DAY**

Tanya emerges from the changing room, looking like a new woman. She clearly has had some kind of numinous experience. She approaches Belinda at the desk and gives her a deep, meaningful smile. Belinda however is occupied on the phone.

BELINDA

(into phone)

Yes, we could do that. I can get  
you in for the massage at three and  
then we can do the scrub after.

Belinda smiles at Tanya then slides over a form for Tanya to sign. Tanya takes a pen and looks down at the form.

ON FORM - Tanya gives Belinda a 100.00 tip, then signs. Over this, we HEAR:

BELINDA

(into phone)

No, we can't do scrubs in the room,  
yeah. We have our water room for  
that. Okay, great. And you said  
you wanted a wrap, too?

Tanya lingers, hoping to converse with Belinda.

Belinda apologizes for the phone call and mouths...

BELINDA

Thank you so much.

TANYA

No, thank you! Thank YOU!

Belinda returns to her call. Tanya hesitates.

BELINDA

All right so we have you in at three for the massage, then the scrub, then the wrap. And then you're getting a facial on Friday. Did you know what type of facial you wanted?

Finally, Tanya gives up and backs from the room, all the while smiling gratefully at Belinda.

BELINDA

We have an exfoliating facial that's more intensive - it's an hour and a half - or if you want something more relaxing...

**INT. GARDENIA SUITE - LATE DAY**

Rachel has returned from the pool. Shane is on his phone, reading emails. He looks up.

SHANE

Where'd you go?

RACHEL

To the pool. Those girls that were on the boat - you know, the young ones? They made me feel weird just now.

SHANE

Baba...

RACHEL

What?

SHANE

The guy lied to us. We did book the room with the pool. AND we paid for it. My mom forwarded me the booking.

RACHEL

(annoyed)  
Okayyyy.

SHANE

Don't worry. I'm gonna handle it.

RACHEL

How?

SHANE

I'm gonna tell that guy what the fuck is what. I got receipts.

RACHEL

Shane!

SHANE

I'm not gonna let him fuck up our honeymoon.

RACHEL

He's not! You are.

(off SHANE'S look)

I mean, let's just enjoy this room. It's nice! Forget about the other room.

SHANE

But we *paid* for it.

RACHEL

Jesus, get over yourself.

SHANE

*Get over myself?*

RACHEL

I mean, get over *it*. It's so irritating. Why are we even thinking about this? Let's just enjoy our honeymoon. There's no problem.

Rachel shakes her head. Shane smiles.

SHANE

Baba - our first marital spat.

RACHEL

What, is that what you want? Are you looking for fights?

SHANE

I'm not fighting. Come here.

Rachel approaches. He pulls her close and grins.

SHANE

I just want you to have the best. I'm not gonna bring it up again. I'll handle it - so don't you worry your pretty little head.



Big charming grin. Rachel smiles back.

Shane kisses her. He pulls her back on the bed with him and they start to make love.

**EXT. BEACH - SUNSET**

Mark sits on the sand with his mask and snorkel hanging from his neck. He watches...

...Quinn, holding his fins, walk toward him from the water.

MARK

See anything good?!

QUINN

Nah, not really.

Quinn arrives and sits down beside his dad.

QUINN

A lot of seaweed out there. Kinda gross.

Mark stares at Quinn, contemplatively, saying nothing.

QUINN

(feeling awkward)

What?

MARK

Quinn - being a man, being a young man - in this time - right now - it can't be easy.

QUINN

Why? Cause we can't harass girls anymore?

MARK

No. Well, yeah, but... I just think every guy, deep down, wants to be a hero - to his family and - I mean, my dad was my hero. But the modern world is just very... emasculating, you know?

QUINN

You mean, like, we're cucked?

MARK

Yeah, unless you're a fireman or something.

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)  
Growing up, you want to be the  
superhero of the story. But in the  
end, you're happy if you're just  
not the villain. Do you know what  
I'm saying?

QUINN  
Is this about Mom making more money  
than you?

MARK  
(thrown)  
No. It's not about that. What?

QUINN  
Oh. Sorry.

MARK  
I'm just proud of you, Quinn.

QUINN  
Thanks.

MARK  
And I just hope that you think of  
me - and remember this time - in  
some *positive* way, you know?

QUINN  
(confused)  
Okay. Sure.

Mark musters a big smile for Quinn.

MARK  
I love you.

QUINN  
(after a BEAT)  
I love you, too.

Quinn smiles, but he's finding this all a little weird.

They then both stare out at the water, watching the sunset.

**EXT. LOTUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

All the GUESTS have gathered for the buffet-style lobster  
bake. Armond is busy supervising the dinner, greeting guests  
and ordering around the staff.

At a table, sit Mark, Nicole, Olivia, Paula, and Quinn.  
Paula and Olivia chat, ignoring the others.

PAULA

Like she cared about the working poor. She was a neolib war hawk.

OLIVIA

She was a neolib *and* a neocon.

NICOLE

(buts in; sharply)  
What's that, girls?

Olivia and Paula stop talking and turn.

NICOLE

*What* was that about Hilary Clinton?

OLIVIA

Nothing, Mom.

NICOLE

Is that the trendy thing they're teaching now - to hate on Hilary Clinton?

OLIVIA

Mom, don't get triggered.

NICOLE

Say what you want, but you can't deny Hilary Clinton was one of the most influential women of the last thirty years - and many women of my generation very much admire her.

Olivia and Paula nod in condescending unison.

OLIVIA

Don't worry about it, Mom. Eat your lobster.

They are interrupted by the arrival of Armond.

ARMOND

How was the snorkeling?! Did you see the little sharks?

MARK

No, we didn't see much.

ARMOND

Go first thing in the morning. Take a little bread and they'll swim right up to you. It's like a Disney movie.

Hotel employee, Dillon, sidles up to Armond. Dillon looks distressed.

ARMOND  
What? What is it?

DILLON  
(whispers; wide-eyed)  
Carmen is in your office - having a baby.

ARMOND  
What? Who's Carmen?

DILLON  
The trainee.

ARMOND  
What do you mean, she's having a baby?

DILLON  
She's in labor.

ARMOND  
(confounded)  
Carmen, the trainee is having a baby in my office? That's not possible.

Dillon nods emphatically. Just then, Tanya walks up.

TANYA  
Good evening. How are you?

Armond, reeling, just looks at her, blankly.

TANYA  
I have to tell you - I have had a lot of treatments in my life - I mean, a lot - but the one I had today was just incredible. I mean it.

ARMOND  
I'm sorry but I'm needed in the office, Madam...

TANYA  
Listen, I have a massage scheduled tomorrow - I'd like to request Belinda again. She was amazing. Could you help arrange that?

ARMOND  
I'll make a note.

Armond and Dillon hustle off toward the hotel, leaving Tanya alone, holding her plate of food.

**INT. ARMOND'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Armond and Dillon enter the office, where a cluster of HOUSEKEEPERS are attending to Carmen, who is lying on a leather coffee table, letting out anguished moans.

ARMOND  
(approaching)  
Carmen! What's going on?

Carmen just stares up at him, GROANING.

ARMOND  
Why didn't you tell me you were pregnant?

CARMEN  
(through WHIMPERS)  
I'm sorry. I needed work.

ARMOND  
You can't have a baby the first day on the job!

CARMEN  
I didn't know. She's early.

ARMOND  
Do you have a doctor?! Carmen!

FEMALE EMPLOYEE  
Dr. Furst's on his way - but he's coming from the other side of the island.

Armond takes it all in - has a thought.

ARMOND  
Somebody get Belinda up here! She seems like she might have dabbled in midwifery.

Dillon approaches and they pow-wow.

DILLON  
Maybe one of the guests is a doctor.

ARMOND

What, I'm supposed to walk around  
the lobster bake - *is there a*  
*doctor?? Our trainee's having a*  
*baby in the lobby!*

Dillon shrugs, at a loss. Carmen lets out a LOUD GROAN.

**EXT. LOTUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Rachel and Shane are seated with their food at a table.

SHANE

You look beautiful.

RACHEL

(pleased)

Thank you.

Rachel sees Olivia and Paula walking past to the buffet.

RACHEL

Hi, guys.

Olivia and Paula respond with a perfunctory half-wave and continue on. Rachel turns to Shane, annoyed.

RACHEL

Those girls are just rude.

SHANE

Look over there.

Shane points - a young, attractive COUPLE at a nearby table are speaking in German.

SHANE

Those German fuckers got our room.

Rachel, exasperated, rolls her eyes at him.

**AT THE BUFFET**

As Olivia helps herself to more salad, Paula's attention is grabbed by...

...a young local employee - KAIMI, looking very sexy and manly as he works the fire pit, where the meat is grilling.

Olivia notices Paula gawking. She looks up and over...

...and watches Kaimi, too - also instantly taken by him.

Kaimi, stoking the fire pit, looks up, catches them staring.

Olivia and Paula look away, then at each other. Suddenly, it's uncharacteristically awkward between them. Olivia goes back to dishing salad. Paula sneaks one last look at Kaimi.

BACK AT SHANE AND RACHEL'S TABLE

Shane and Rachel are eating and enjoying the ambiance. Shane then spots Armond hurriedly walking past.

SHANE  
Sir. Sir!

ARMOND  
(reluctantly stops)  
Yes?

SHANE  
I found an email about our booking!

ARMOND  
(grimacing)  
Could I talk to you about this in  
just a minute?

Shane feels the heat of Rachel's disapproving look on him. Shane turns casual, waving Armond off.

SHANE  
No problem. We can talk about it  
whenever.

Armond heads off. Shane gives Rachel a blithe smile.

SHANE  
Or never. It's all good.

Rachel shakes it off and they keep eating.

Armond hustles to intercept Belinda, who is walking up the lawn, out of uniform. He grabs her with urgency.

BELINDA  
What's going on?!

ARMOND  
I need you!

Armond pulls Belinda toward the hotel. They pass Tanya. She sees Belinda and instantly lights up.

TANYA  
Belinda? Hi! Belinda!

But Belinda and Armond don't hear her and keep walking. Tanya watches them go, still sporting a fawning smile.

**INT. ARMOND'S OFFICE - LATER**

Belinda is now helping Carmen with her breathing. Other EMPLOYEES make themselves useful. A stricken Armond hovers by the door.

BELINDA  
You're doing great, Carmen! Just  
keep breathing - deep in, deep out!  
There you go!

Dillon enters the room with a local doctor - DR. FURST.

DILLON  
Doctor's here!

Everyone reacts with audible relief - especially Carmen.

ARMOND  
Thank god!

The doctor gets to work, approaching the bed.

Armond exhales and turns to Dillon, who stands beside him.

ARMOND  
I just thought she was chunky.  
(full of self-reproach)  
Poor woman was having a baby - I  
didn't even notice.

Armond looks stricken. Another PIERCING MOAN from Carmen.

**INT. PALM SUITE - NIGHT**

Tanya is in her bed, looking energized as she reads a HOTEL SPA BROCHURE.

ON BROCHURE - it's the "ABOUT OUR STAFF" page. There's a headshot photo of Belinda, smiling beatifically.

Tanya studies Belinda's bio, with deep interest. She then puts the brochure down on the bedside table.

She lifts up the porcelain box with her mother's ashes and places the brochure underneath.

She sits back and thinks about today's breakthrough - smiling to herself, then reaches over and flips off the LAMP LIGHT.



**INT. TRADEWINDS SUITE - NIGHT**

Olivia and Paula, in their nightwear, both in bed, scroll through their phones. Without looking up...

OLIVIA  
So you thought that guy was hot?

PAULA  
(never looks up)  
What guy?

OLIVIA  
The one at the fire pit. The one  
you were gawking at?

PAULA  
I don't remember any guy at the  
fire pit.

Olivia's brow furrows - she finds this suspicious.

There are NOISES coming from the closet. Olivia looks over.

OLIVIA  
Quinn, what are you doing in  
there?! Are you fapping??!

**INSIDE THE CLOSET**

Quinn is trying to get comfortable on his fold-out bed. He's trying to find room for himself amongst all his electronics.

QUINN  
FUCK OFF!

**OTHER BEDROOM**

Nicole and Mark are getting ready for bed, when MARK'S CELL RINGS. He crosses to the table where his CELL VIBRATES.

ON PHONE - the CALLER ID reads "MARIN COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER".

Mark sees this and turns to Nicole.

MARK  
Shit, it's the doctor, Nicole.

Nicole looks up, sharply.

NICOLE  
I told you. Today *is* tomorrow.  
Answer it.

Mark picks up the phone and answers the call.

MARK

Hello?

NURSE'S VOICE

Mark Rohrbacher?

MARK

Yes, this is he.

NURSE'S VOICE

Do you have a minute for the doctor?

MARK

Yes, of course.

NURSE'S VOICE

One second and I'll put him on.

Mark is put on hold. He and Nicole exchange expectant looks.

Their expressions run the spectrum of hope, anxiety, forced smiles...

After an excruciating few moments, the Nurse hops back on.

NURSE'S VOICE

I'm so sorry, Mark. I just lost him.

MARK

What?

NURSE'S VOICE

Can we call you back in a few minutes?

MARK

I'm on vacation, uhhh... It's late here. Can't you just get him back?

NURSE'S VOICE

So sorry. Just be a few minutes. I promise. Call you right back.

She hangs up.

Mark and Nicole are left hanging. Mark gives Nicole a look of dread and disbelief.

NICOLE

It's gonna be okay, Mark. It's  
gonna be good news.

Mark nods, but he looks like he might throw up. He sets the phone back down and stares at it. It doesn't ring.

**INT. GARDENIA SUITE - NIGHT**

Shane is in bed, reading. Rachel enters the room and climbs into bed with him.

SHANE

You good?

Rachel nods and gives him a satisfied smile.

RACHEL

We're married. We're on our  
honeymoon.

SHANE

(smiles, lovingly)  
Yep.

RACHEL

I'm happy.  
(beat)  
I just hope we don't ever become  
one of those old, depressing  
couples with tons of baggage and  
resentments and regrets and... I  
just hope it always stays like  
this, you know?

SHANE

It will, baba.

RACHEL

Really? Promise?

He pulls her close to him and holds her, tight.

SHANE

We'll always feel this way. We'll  
always be young. We'll always be  
in love. And there will be days  
and days - just like this.

They share a warm smile, then a passionate kiss - and continue holding each other as we...

FADE TO BLACK.