

HEROES AND VILLAINS ENTERTAINMENT



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LAST RESORT

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INT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE - DAY

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT pushes a gaudy, studded bar cart down the small aisle.

Eight total PASSENGERS, six of them old AF, fill all the leather seats on the cozy jet.

GEORGIA, 30s and British, is curled up in her seat, legs hanging over the side, trying to sleep.

The bar cart slams into Georgia's knee. She jolts upright.

GEORGIA

Fuck!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh. My. God. I. Am. So. Sorry.

The Flight Attendant fusses over Georgia's leg.

GEORGIA

It's fine! It's all right. I
shouldn't have had my -

She gestures at her leg.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

- in the -

She gestures at the aisle. She notices the studs scraped through her tights. They're ripped and she's bleeding a bit.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Can I get you a complimentary drink? Shoot, sorry, they're all free. Sometimes I forget whose plane I'm on.

(leans in)

Did you know Kim K makes her friends pay for the drinks on her jet?

GEORGIA

I did not know that, no. Fascinating. Hey, could I get a plaster or something? Gauze? Comment card?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yes, of course.

GEORGIA

(whispers)

And maybe wipe down your cart. I
think there's a little skin hanging
from the -

She points to one of the spikes on the cart.

The Flight Attendant, doing her best to smile and not puke, nods and keeps pushing her cart down the aisle.

The seat in front of Georgia turns 180 degrees to face her. This is JARED, 30s, Jonathan Van Ness type. He is in head-to-toe flowy beige linen.

JARED

Was she fucking *trying* to knee-capitate you? This carpet is EGGSHELL, MA'AM. Let's keep it that way.

Georgia nods politely.

JARED (CONT'D)

I'm Jared, by the way. Do all British people sound the same? Because your voice sounds very familiar.

Georgia is not interested in a conversation.

GEORGIA

Georgia. And yes, we do all sound the same.

Georgia would like for Jared to turn back around and leave her alone, but when he doesn't, she puts on her ostentatious, airline-provided headphones. He doesn't take the hint and gestures for her to take the headphones off, just for a sec!

JARED

Sorry, I know you're busy. It just helps my flight anxiety if I tell someone I'm a nervous flier. So. I'm a nervous flier.

GEORGIA

Okay.

A beat. Georgia must make a face because -

JARED

What?

GEORGIA

I just - I mean, we die in two weeks. By choice. And you're still scared of flying?

JARED

Um, I paid a lot of money for these two weeks. And excuse me if I'd rather not die screaming and frantically clawing for my life in this hot dog-shaped fire trap.

GEORGIA

Okay.

JARED

And what if I change my mind?

GEORGIA

Why would someone do that?

The Flight Attendant comes back and hands Georgia the supplies.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'm sorry that took so long. Apparently they bought this jet sight unseen from Cardi-B and nothing is where it's supposed to be.

GEORGIA

(to Attendant)

Thank you.

Georgia starts nursing her knee.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(to Jared)

Can I get you anything?

JARED

I don't really drink much anymore and I'm not bleeding so I'm good, thank you so much, though. You're doing a great job.

*

The Flight Attendant smiles and leaves.

GEORGIA

(to Jared)

Well, it was nice to meet you.

Georgia attempts to put her headphones back on.

JARED

Wait. Oh my god, I know your voice. You're the Case Study lady on NPR. I fucking love that show. Where have you been? That dumbass Douglas what's-his-face has been on for the last few weeks. He sucks. So nasally and smug. Like sorry, sir, you sound like you need sinus surgery, get off the radio.

*

This makes Georgia smile slightly.

JARED (CONT'D)

Oh, well, duh. I guess you're not doing super well 'cause here you are on a plane with a bunch of terminally old octogenarians plus moi. Oh my god does NPR even know you're not coming back?

GEORGIA

They'll figure it out.

JARED

That's cold.

Georgia shrugs, puts her headphones on, turns up the white noise.

Jared turns his chair back around.

JARED (CONT'D)

(sotto)

No couples massages for me and Cruella, then.

Georgia heard that.

EXT. PLANE - TARMAC - ISLAND NEAR ICELAND - LATER

The eight passengers deplane via stairs or wheelchair lift. One crazy MOTHERFUCKER, 85, is pushed out via the inflatable slide. Everyone now wears the same resort-provided flowy, beige linen outfit that Jared was wearing on the plane.

At the bottom of the stairs, a RESORT WORKER, wearing light blue linen, holds a box.

RESORT WORKER
(to group)
Any last personal items including
cell phones should go in this box,
please.

The passengers oblige, Georgia puts her old clothes in the box.

Georgia keeps walking but the Resort Worker stops her.

RESORT WORKER (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, I'm going to need
your necklace as well. If you
provide your counsellor with an
address, we can send it to someone
for you.

Georgia hesitates, but takes it off and puts it in the box.

GEORGIA
I don't have anyone to send it to.

She keeps walking.

Jared puts his stuff in the box and catches up to her.

JARED
Hey. That looked tough.

Georgia nods.

JARED (CONT'D)
Do you want to talk about it?

She just shoots him a look - she definitely doesn't want to talk about it.

JARED (CONT'D)
Got it. I'm guessing it's going to
be a 'no' to a hug, too, then?

Georgia ignores Jared.

Jared and Georgia board a very nice shuttle bus.

INT. SHUTTLE BUS - CONTINUOUS

Georgia sits down, Jared sits right next to her.

JARED

I don't mean to overstep, but I'm going to go out on a limb here and assume that since you had an amazing job that seemed at least mildly fulfilling, that either you're here on a secret mission for NPR or something absolutely horrific had to have happened to you to drive you to come here. And if it happens to be the latter, I'm really sorry and I'm here if you need to talk to anyone who doesn't have the burden of a colostomy bag.

GEORGIA

I'm okay, thanks though.

A beat. Jared is dying to know.

JARED

But if it's the former...can I help? I have a lot of energy that I typically misplace so I'd love to have an outlet. And, you know, maybe contribute to something good and end this shit show on a high note.

GEORGIA

Maybe you can help.

JARED

Really?

GEORGIA

(sarcastic)

Yeah! Can you bring people back from the dead just long enough for them to explain why the fuck they decided that killing themselves was a better option than, I don't know, spending the rest of their life with their soulmate? Because that would be super fucking helpful to me right now.

JARED

I...could try?

Georgia turns to look out the window.

JARED (CONT'D)

Oh shit is the person here, then?
 Because I have to say, if that's
 the case and you're here to die
 with them so that you're together
 forever...that's some serious Romeo
 and Juliet shit.

GEORGIA
 Juliet and Juliet.

JARED
 Right on.

They pull up to The Resort.

Ho-ly.

Sh-it. (Yeah, two syllable shit. It's that good.)

Japanese hot springs resorts can kiss this resort's ass. It's just the right amount of architectural interest to be beautiful but not intimidating. Welcoming sharp angles. Clean lines softened by water walls, trellised ivy. No rock out of place in the landscaping, but it isn't telling you PLEASE DON'T TOUCH.

That bonsai over there is three hundred years old. Touch it. You know you want to.

EXT. THE RESORT - CONTINUOUS

THE DIRECTOR, 50ish, is a handsome, super corporate CEO who is trying so, so hard to maintain the young, hip, zen aura he thinks he used to have.

In The Director's shadow stands his assistant, ANDREA, 22. She is excited to be here, so it's safe to say she's pretty new to the workforce.

Andrea puts leis of local greenery around the necks of the new guests as they disembark the shuttle bus.

Jared clocks The Director - instant attraction.

Jared leans over close to Georgia.

JARED
 (whispers)
 I feel like I should not be having
 these feelings about the man who is
 going to kill me.

THE DIRECTOR

Welcome. I want you all to feel infinite peace while you're here. Utter tranquility. Any time you feel overwhelmed by life, just close your eyes and listen to the sounds of the running water. We've made sure to have that sweet auditory trickle in absolutely every area of the resort.

Jared mouths "trickle?"

Georgia mouths "Shh."

The Director takes a deep breath.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Some of you may already know this story, but I'd like to tell you in person, as it's extremely important that you hear it from me, from my mouth, face to face.

A dramatic pause.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

My parents were the kindest souls who ever existed.

Andrea nods like she knew them personally.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Tragically, they hated their lives. Bound to an invisible contract we all sign when we're brought into this world, they worked themselves to the bone, and for what? All to put a roof over our heads, food in our mouths, and clothes on our bodies? The unfairness of it all left them in despair, and they ended their lives together, by jumping off a medium-sized cliff.

He pauses for it to all soak in.

He takes a deep breath.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I say medium because, sadly, they did not die instantly. I will not go into the details of how I know that.

The guests all look horrified.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

If a decision has been made to end their own lives, I believe people deserve for it to be quick, painless, and even enjoyable. What's more, your families and friends should have their burden lessened as much as possible. Not only did I have to scrape my parents' bodies off of the ground myself, but I had to deal with an estate lawyer for months after they died. I do not know which one is worse. So - in your final week here, we will assist you in getting all of your legal affairs in order, etcetera, so your loved ones can focus on their grief without a whole cacophony of assholes coming after the last bits of money in the accounts of the freshly deceased.

*

He's finally done.

Jared mouths to Georgia: That's a lot of assholes.

Oh, wait.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You know he even charged me for three minutes of sobbing on the phone because I couldn't help but break down talking about the value of my dad's vintage tie collection?

(sotto)

Lawyer bastard.

He re-composes himself.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

So. Welcome. I promise you will find everything you need here to make a peaceful transition for both you and your friends and family. And if there's anything I can do to help, please don't hesitate to come see me in my quarters. Namaste.

The Director bows and leaves.

Andrea bows too, for whatever reason, and addresses the guests.

ANDREA

(too enthusiastic)

I'd like to invite you all to join me on a tour of The Resort! We're going to see a lot of really cool stuff, so you definitely don't want to miss it.

JARED

(to Georgia)

Are you going to do the tour, or have you met your human interaction quota for today?

Georgia rolls her eyes and follows Andrea into the lobby with six others and Jared.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The tour group stops in the gorgeous lobby.

ANDREA

This is obviously the lobby. Well, I shouldn't say obviously because maybe it's not obvious. It's obvious to me because I've been here before. But you haven't. Probably. Agh, sorry I get verbal diarrhea sometimes. Please don't tell my boss I said diarrhea. ANYWAY. After the tour you can get your room assignment and key at the reception desk. The concierge over there can help you book activities and -

An 80-year-old gentleman, MARVIN, raises his hand to stop her.

MARVIN

Can I just go straight to the - can I go ahead and die? I've had enough.

Andrea...hasn't had that happen before. Is it her? She slowly takes out her walkie.

ANDREA

(into walkie)

Hi, Dave? We've got a...someone who...there's a gentleman who would like to expedite his...contract here in the lobby.

DAVE (O.C.)
 (super chipper)
 Okie dokie, be right there!

Andrea puts the walkie away and smiles carefully at Marvin. TWO RESORT WORKERS come to take Marvin away. And then there were seven.

JARED
 (to Georgia)
 You think he hated his outfit?

Georgia, despite herself, almost smiles.

INT. "PARIS" - DAY

The tour continues.

Indoor for outdoor, much like the hotels in Vegas, this section of the Resort is meant to look like a Parisian street. Rue de Paris or whatever.

ANDREA
 Each area of The Resort is themed on a different area of the world. We didn't want anyone to die feeling like they didn't get to travel to some of the most iconic cities. Welcome to Paris.

(beat)
 Not the real Paris, obviously.
 Shit, sorry, I have to stop saying that.
 (beat)
 Please don't tell my boss I said 'shit.'

The tour group takes it all in. There's a Paris-themed gift shop, a boulangerie & patisserie, fromagerie, and bistro with "outdoor" seating.

Georgia steps away from the group and looks in the window of the patisserie.

Jared appears behind her.

JARED
 God, that looks good. I haven't had a guilt-free carb in years. How fat do you think I can get in two weeks?

Georgia is lost in a memory.

GEORGIA

Ruby loved Paris. I asked her to marry me there like, three times.

JARED

She kept saying no?! Girl, you gotta know when to move on. She's just not that into you.

GEORGIA

No, she said yes each time. She just liked being proposed to.

This hits Jared in the feels. Georgia has to walk away before she cries. They both rejoin the group.

They pass a tabac and a group of people chain smoking outside of it.

ANDREA

(to the group)

This is the only smoking area in the entire resort. If you need tobacco products, this is where you'll get them. Obviously.

(beat)

Goddamnit.

INT. COUNSELING HALLWAY - DAY

The group, now down to Georgia, Jared, and GAYLE, 80s with a smoker's voice, tour the counseling hallway. It's extremely zen - lots of natural wood, plants, and, of course, trickling water fountains.

ANDREA

This is where you'll have your counseling check-in every other day. Please do not miss your sessions - they're as much for us as they are for you. Even if you think you've made your decision, the closer the end date gets, the more you'd be surprised at how you feel.

MARGARET, a counsellor, 40's British & Blonde, pokes her head out of her office.

MARGARET

Andrea, like I mentioned last time, you're not a counsellor. Please stick to facts, not feelings.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(to guests)

Sorry, ladies.

(sees Jared)

And gent.

JARED

(mimicking British Accent)

Oh, babes, we've all got a little
Essex girl in us, don't we?

He winks at Margaret who has absolutely no idea how to react to that.

Margaret makes eye contact with Georgia. She holds up a file with Georgia's picture on it.

MARGARET

Ah, and I'll see YOU tomorrow, Miss Georgia.

Georgia looks at Jared: was that weird?

Margaret shoots one final warning glance at Andrea and ducks back into her office.

Andrea laughs nervously.

ANDREA

(voice cracking)

She scares me.

GAYLE

Shake it off, pumpkin, there are much scarier things waiting for you out there. Trust me.

Andrea's eyes widen. Was that a threat?

GEORGIA

Andrea, how much longer until we get to see The Orchard?

ANDREA

What? Oh, no. This week you're meant to enjoy yourself, next week is when you get into the...you know...

She's having a hard time figuring out the right words to use.

JARED

Depressing shit. Obviously.

ANDREA

You said it, not me.

GEORGIA

How can I see it earlier?

ANDREA

That's a question for your counsellor. Okay, onto the red light district!

Georgia, irritated that she wasted her time on the tour, turns and walks out.

Gayle and Jared look at each other. Jared decides to follow Georgia. Gayle shrugs.

GAYLE

(to Andrea)

I guess it's just me and you, sweetheart.

Andrea, again, looks terrified.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

Georgia gets on the elevator and presses 6. Before the doors close, Jared hops on.

He looks at the number lit up, holds up his key card.

JARED

I'm on 7.

Georgia presses 7 for Jared.

Right before the doors close, THREE OLD PEOPLE make their way onto the elevator. This takes forever. One of them might die before these doors close.

JARED (CONT'D)

So, even though you've not given this vibe at all, I consider myself extremely perceptive and I feel like you might not want to be besties while we're here. Which is totally fine, my feelings are bruised but not broken.

Georgia doesn't respond. The elevator doors finally close, and it looks like they've got three different floors to stop at before 6. For fuck's sake.

JARED (CONT'D)

I know what it's like to be in that hellish stage of grief. No matter what you try and fill it with, that hole is bottomless. Like the chips at Chili's.

Georgia doesn't understand the reference.

JARED (CONT'D)

Chili's is a chain restaurant in America.

Georgia gives nothing. The elevator stops at floor 2, one old person gets off.

JARED (CONT'D)

A restaurant is a place that serves seasoned food. I forgot your culture doesn't understand that concept.

Okay, she's not biting. He gets more serious.

JARED (CONT'D)

Okay, you're dealing with some really heavy shit. Let me help you. And it's not just for you! I could use the distraction.

Elevator stops at floor 4. One more old person gets off. Slowly.

JARED (CONT'D)

Maybe I can work my magic and try and get us to The Orchard this week. Or maybe I can help you figure out why she did it. Or, at the very least I can keep you company while you process everything.

The elevator stops at 5, the last old person gets off.

JARED (CONT'D)

Grief is fucking lonely. But that doesn't mean we have to do it alone.

Finally, they're at floor 6. The doors open. Georgia gets out, looks back at Jared for a brief second.

GEORGIA

I truly hope you have a nice stay.

The doors close.

INT. GEORGIA'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

This is a lovely room. Zen, like the rest of The Resort, save for its plethora of pamphlets and activity calendars on the desk.

On Georgia's calendar is her first counseling session first thing the following morning with Margaret.

Georgia sorts through the pamphlets: Skydiving, Ayahuasca Experiences, Bucket-List-Making Workshop, Glacier Tours and more...

GEORGIA
Where's the fucking Orchard?

Nowhere. It's just stupid excursions. She chuck's them all in the bin.

One doesn't make it in. Georgia picks it up: Helicopter Tour. She looks closer at the picture - does she see an orchard down below the helicopter?

She shakes her head. This is fucking ridiculous.

She looks around the room, fixating on the empty wall above the dresser.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
(to Ruby)
And WHY did you have to pick a
place with NO FUCKING TELEVISION?!

Georgia kicks the bin.

A beat. She feels bad and picks it up.

She gets into the bed and crawls under the blankets.

She lets out a muffled scream.

INT. "JAPAN" - SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

In the middle of the restaurant is a huge Catch-Your-Own fish tank full of fish, lobster, crab, and even some shrimp. I mean, there's absolutely more sea creatures in there than there should be. Nets and fishing poles line the walls of the restaurant.

Georgia sits at the sushi bar, alone. She's drinking hot sake. The SUSHI WAITRESS brings ginger, wasabi, soy sauce, chopsticks and dishes, puts them down in front of her.

SUSHI WAITRESS
Would you like to catch your own or
order from the menu?

Georgia turns around to look at the fish tank. A REDNECK stands on a ladder and struggles until he finally manages to net a huge salmon. He takes the fish, dripping and gasping, to the sushi counter. A SUSHI CHEF takes the fish and WHACKS it in the head with a rubber mallet. Dead.

SUSHI CHEF
(to Redneck)
Nice catch, sir. How would you like
this prepared?

REDNECK
Oh, I don't eat pink fish, darlin'.
That's chick food. Someone else can
have that one.

The Redneck goes back to his seat and hooks himself back up to an oxygen tank.

GEORGIA
(to waitress)
I'll just order from the menu.

SUSHI WAITRESS
Okay, you can just check off what
you want on the provided paper and
hand it to the chef when you're
ready. I'll be around again for
refills.

GEORGIA
Okay, thank you.

The waitress turns to leave -

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry, excuse me, I do have a
question.

SUSHI WAITRESS
Of course?

GEORGIA
Have you worked here long?

WAITRESS
A few months.

GEORGIA
Do you remember a lot of your
guests?

SUSHI WAITRESS
I sure try to, but we get so many.

GEORGIA
Do you remember a guest called
Ruby, by chance? She was here a
couple of months ago.

SUSHI WAITRESS
I'm so sorry, I usually don't get
the guest's names.

GEORGIA
Really long jet black hair? She
probably would've been eating her
weight in salmon and uni?

SUSHI WAITRESS
I'm so sorry, I don't remember.

Georgia nods.

GEORGIA
That's okay.

SUSHI WAITRESS
Anything else?

Another salmon gets absolutely clobbered to death by a female
chef, startling Georgia.

GEORGIA
Just more sake when you get a
moment.

WAITRESS
Of course.

Georgia looks at the sushi list and just marks "Edamame."

She sips her sake, turns to glance around the room.

A smattering of people. Everyone is 60 years old or older. It
looks like almost everyone is paired or grouped up, except -

Sitting alone, A WOMAN, 40s, starts crying. Softly at first, but quickly devolving into hysterics. A WAITRESS comforts her and then helps her out.

Behind where the crying lady was sitting, sits Jared. Also alone. He and Georgia make eye contact. Jared quickly looks away. Georgia feels a little bit bad that he's having to eat alone.

Georgia turns to look to see if she can see where the crying lady went, but she's long gone.

Georgia startles at the sound of another clobbered salmon.

She takes a sip of sake.

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - DAY

Georgia is at her first counseling session with MARGARET, 40s. Also British.

The office is set up like an extremely zen therapist's office.

MARGARET

Very sorry about Andrea yesterday.
Sometimes the new kids want to help
so badly that they overstep a bit.
But officially hello, I'm Margaret,
your counsellor for these two
weeks.

GEORGIA

Nice to meet you.

MARGARET

I'm not supposed to play favorites,
but it's always nice to have
another Brit here. Every time I say
"bollocks" or "cunt" people look at
me like I'm nuts.

Georgia doesn't know what to say. Maybe she is nuts. Time will tell.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Anyway, we will have these sessions
every other day. It's really just
for us to check in with you, see
how you're feeling and make sure
there's nothing more we could do to
make your stay better.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

So, shall we start with that? How's your stay so far?

GEORGIA

It's fine. Yeah, I know I'm not meant to see The Orchard until next week, but I'd like to see it sooner.

MARGARET

We have found that it drastically lowers stress and anxiety to have one full week dedicated to indulgence and, well, yourself, before focusing on all of the arrangements and such. We've curated this place specifically to -

GEORGIA

Yeah, no I appreciate that and all but it's actually causing me more anxiety to not go.

MARGARET

Ah - we've got pills for that, dear.

GEORGIA

No thank you. It's just - I think my partner, Ruby, was buried there after she...spent her two weeks here. I'd really like to visit her and also get a spot close to her. Soon, please.

MARGARET

I am so sorry, company policy states that you can expedite your contract, but you must forego some of the planning, and any day trips are part of that sacrifice, unfortunately. We pre-reserve spots and there is no wiggle room.

GEORGIA

I'll walk.

MARGARET

I'm so sorry, that's not possible.

Georgia stands up.

GEORGIA
(yelling)
I JUST WANT TO BE WITH MY FUCKING
FIANCÉ.

She's surprised herself with this outburst.

Margaret takes it in stride. She gives Georgia a moment to collect herself and sit back down.

MARGARET
I'll see what I can do, okay?

Georgia nods. It'll have to do.

INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

Georgia walks around the vast breakfast buffet, but barely fills her plate with anything. She's got the shit end of the grief appetite stick.

On her way to an empty table, she sees Jared, eating alone.

Georgia debates, but then decides to stop at Jared's table.

GEORGIA
(to Jared)
Hey.

Jared doesn't look up. He has 14 plates of food on the table.

JARED
Hey.

GEORGIA
Hey. I was just thinking that maybe-

Jared has looked up. He interrupts.

JARED
Is that all you're eating?

GEORGIA
What?

JARED
We're at the best buffet in the world and you're eating...dry cereal and a yogurt?

GEORGIA
It's granola. And it won't be dry once I put it in the -

JARED

Wow. You said you were grieving and of course I believed you but this - pudding meet proof. Or yogurt meet granola, rather.

ANA, a red-headed 20-year-old, sits down across from Jared.

ANA

(to Jared)

I'm. Fucking. STARVING. Can I have a bite of your french toast to see if I want to get my own?

Georgia is a little taken aback.

JARED

(to Ana)

You can have this one, I've already had four.

(to Georgia)

Georgia, this is Ana. She's a week ahead of us. Day 8, right? We met at salsa night last night.

GEORGIA

I didn't peg you as a dancer.

JARED

Oh, god I'm not. It's like, a tasting. Salsas of the World. Green, red. Chunky, not. Yada yada.

ANA

Yeah to be honest my stomach is, like...NOT okay today.

JARED

Same. I think it was that purple one. Food shouldn't be purple.

(to Georgia)

Sorry, what were you saying?

GEORGIA

Oh, yeah it was nothing. Well, I'm going to go grab a seat.

(to Ana)

It was nice to meet you, Ana.

Ana waves goodbye to Georgia. Georgia finds a seat at a table by herself.

Jared looks over at Georgia, but she doesn't notice.

INT. YOGA ROOM - DAY

Georgia lays on her back on a yoga mat. A FEW OTHER YOGIS lay around her.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Okay, everyone, we will slowly transition to our sun salutations.

Everyone follows orders and stands up, starting the movements. Except Georgia.

The YOGA INSTRUCTOR approaches Georgia.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

(to Georgia)

Do you need any help?

Georgia doesn't move.

GEORGIA

No. I've just always wanted to go to a yoga class and just not do anything the instructor says.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Fair enough.

The Yoga Instructor moves on.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Feel those strings of energy move from the ground, up through your feet, through your body, and then exit through the tips of your fingers. Let that energy grab onto any bad thoughts and feelings, let it take the negative energy with it when it exits. Inhale it in, exhale it out. Accept what the universe is trying to give you.

Georgia breathes. Plans.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Georgia approaches the CONCIERGE.

CONCIERGE

May I answer some questions or book an activity for you?

GEORGIA

Yeah, I was just wondering what kind of tours or day trips are happening in the next couple of days?

CONCIERGE

Were you able to look at the pamphlets in your room?

GEORGIA

In a sense.

CONCIERGE

Were you inspired by anything you saw?

GEORGIA

Not particularly. Just...something with good views of the ground.

CONCIERGE

Sure thing. We've got a helicopter tour and a hot air balloon ride. Hang gliding. Zip lining. Or, if you're feeling especially daring, you can take flying lessons. That one is cool, we combine the flying lessons with the group who is going to go skydiving. Just in case.

GEORGIA

Which one is the soonest?

CONCIERGE

Flying lessons.

GEORGIA

And the second soonest?

CONCIERGE

Hot air balloon. Shall I book that for you?

GEORGIA

Do you get to see the whole resort from up there?

CONCIERGE

Oh yes.

GEORGIA

Sold.

CONCIERGE
It's free.

GEORGIA
Yeah, I know. I was just - never
mind. Book it.

Georgia turns to leave and sees Jared watching her. He smiles and waves, not wanting to make the first move but inviting Georgia to. She bites. Accepting what the Universe is trying to give her.

Georgia sits on a sofa next to Jared and a fountain.

JARED
And I didn't peg YOU as an
activities person. What were you
booking, a puppy-fur coat-making
workshop?

He expects her to laugh, but she doesn't.

JARED (CONT'D)
Sorry. But you have to admit, that
was a good one.

GEORGIA
A couple of months ago I would have
really appreciated that.

JARED
I'll take it.

A beat. They listen to the water.

GEORGIA
Hot air balloon.

JARED
I deserve that criticism.

GEORGIA
No, not you. I booked a hot air
balloon tour.

Jared looks disgusted.

JARED
Ew, why?

Does she tell him?

GEORGIA

Ruby is buried at The Orchard, I think, and I just need to be with her. And no one will take me there or tell me where it is, which is fucking weird, so I figured hey, how hard could it be to spot an orchard from the air? I can't just sit around and do nothing when I know she's so close by.

JARED

Well, you do you.

A beat. Is Jared waiting for an invitation?

Sigh.

GEORGIA

Do you want to come?

Jared has mixed feelings.

JARED

Absolutely yes, but also hell to the no way. Remember "Hi, I'm Jared and I'm a nervous flier?"

GEORGIA

Right. That's okay, just thought I'd ask.

Georgia stands up to leave.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I'll see you around.

Georgia walks away.

Jared debates for a beat. Looks around, realizes he doesn't particularly want to be alone with his thoughts and the elderly.

JARED

(sotto)

Oh, for fuck's sake.

(yelling)

Georgia, wait!

INT/EXT - HOT AIR BALLOON - LATE AFTERNOON

Georgia, Jared, Gayle, and the balloon OPERATOR are high in the sky.

Jared, terrified, sits on the floor of the basket.

JARED
(to Georgia)
Bitch, you owe me.

GEORGIA
You're the one who wanted to help.

JARED
My offers to help always come with
caveats and I feel like you
should've known that instinctively.

GEORGIA
(to operator)
So, what're we going to be able to
see?

The Operator gestures vaguely to the landscape, proud as if
he created it himself.

OPERATOR
This.

GEORGIA
Okay, sure, but what specifically?

He makes the same gesture, just more emphatically.

OPERATOR
This.

GEORGIA
Sorry, do you speak english? Is it
my accent?
(to Jared)
Help me out here.

JARED
If he doesn't speak your english,
he definitely doesn't speak mine.

GEORGIA
(to Gayle)
Can you -

GAYLE
I'm not getting involved. Unless it
gets more interesting.

GEORGIA
(to operator)
The Orchard? Can we see The Orchard
from up here?

The Operator gestures in the exact same way again.

OPERATOR
Look.

Georgia and Gayle look. They don't see an orchard.

GEORGIA
(to Operator)
I am looking. I do not see an
orchard.

OPERATOR
Okay.

JARED
Sir, if you can understand me,
please don't make Georgia angry.
She seems strong enough to throw
you overboard and I do not know how
to land this thing.

The Operator just takes in the view. He loves it up here.

GAYLE
Now that's something that would
interest me.

GEORGIA
I'm fine, guys. I went to yoga this
morning. I'm very zen.

Georgia takes a deep breath. She keeps looking. She spots a
patch of trees in the distance.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
(to Gayle, excited)
Oh! Does that look like an orchard
to you?

GAYLE
In a sense.

GEORGIA
Okay, what is wrong with all of
you? Is it the altitude?

GAYLE

That is nature's orchard. Man's orchard is in neat little rows. Nature's orchard is random and beautiful. Easier to hide from predators in nature's orchard. Nowhere to hide in man's.

GEORGIA

I am very curious about your life, Gayle.

Georgia keeps searching for The Orchard.

JARED

(terrified)

Oh my god.

GEORGIA

(to Jared)

What?

JARED

If someone farts, will this thing blow up?!

The Operator shrugs, which freaks Jared out even more.

JARED (CONT'D)

HOLD IT IN, EVERYONE! I WON'T DIE LIKE THIS!

Georgia sits down next to Jared.

GEORGIA

Breathe. Inhale, exhale. That's it.

Jared breathes.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for suggesting you come with me on this. You've been absolutely zero help.

(beat)

Maybe it was a stupid idea anyway.

JARED

Thank you for acknowledging my sacrifice. In your own way.

(beat)

Please don't take this as an indication of my lack of talents, though. I can still offer help. On the ground.

GEORGIA
I'll think about it.

JARED
You know, Ana is a week ahead of us. I wonder if she's going to see The Orchard this week?

Georgia lights up.

GEORGIA
That's brilliant! We could follow them!

JARED
Yeah? Okay. Well, if no one farts and we make it back down, I'll find her and get the deets.

GEORGIA
(sincere)
Thank you.

Georgia stands back up and keeps looking for The Orchard.

JARED
But also if any of this tale ends up on NPR, please paint me as an adventurous and brave explorer who was up for anything, except living, and feared nothing. Except living.

GEORGIA
(to Jared)
I would have to change your name but, you got it.

Gayle really perks up now.

GAYLE
Oooh, NPR? Are you famous?!

GEORGIA
Too late, Gayle.

INT. "ITALY" - NIGHT

Jared and Georgia sit in an Italian restaurant in "Italy." The table is filled with empty plates, they're wrapping up. Georgia has had quite a bit of wine. Jared isn't drinking.

JARED

Do you think cremators charge by the pound? I set aside some extra money just in case but it might make the difference between five and six pieces of bread per meal.

GEORGIA

I'm not an expert but I don't think that's a thing.

JARED

But if you had to guess...how much per pound, you think?

GEORGIA

It's probably like taxes. You're in a certain bracket up until a specific point and then you're in a new bracket. Until the next one.

JARED

What do you think is the first limit?

GEORGIA

How big is the oven?

Both are reaching the point of not wanting to continue the conversation.

JARED

I won't spend the money just in case.

GEORGIA

So what time did Ana say the bus leaves tomorrow?

JARED

(lying)

Oh. Yeah. It's around noon.

GEORGIA

Noon, or around noon?

JARED

Noon.

GEORGIA

Okay, I'll see you at noon in the lobby. Actually make it half eleven.

Georgia stands up, wobbles, sits back down.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Maybe eleven forty-five.

She tries to stands up again, and succeeds.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Have a good night.

She walks away.

Jared is disappointed in himself for lying to Georgia. You should be, Jared. You should be.

INT. LOBBY - NEXT DAY

Jared paces in the lobby, waiting for Georgia.

He spots an older lady, CHARLENE, 60's. Oh shit. She spots him, too, and comes over. He does not want to have this conversation, and he definitely doesn't want Georgia to see him having this conversation.

Even though everyone is wearing the same clothing, you can just tell she's wealthy. Or was.

CHARLENE
Jared. I didn't think I'd see you back here. And so soon!

JARED
Surprise.

CHARLENE
No judgement from me. I should've kicked it a year ago but luckily they keep taking my money and letting me stay.

JARED
Well, if they didn't you'd be in trouble, huh? With the suspiciously dead husband, and all.

She smiles. They share a secret.

CHARLENE
That I would, darling.

Jared keeps looking out for Georgia, desperately wanting this conversation to be over.

JARED

Listen, I'd love to keep chatting
but also I'd rather not?

CHARLENE

Understood. I'll be going. Maybe
I'll see you next time you're here.

Ouch. Bitch.

Charlene leaves.

And not a moment later -

Georgia slowly walks in, hungover.

GEORGIA

I'm going to need to locate some
sunnies, one sec.

Georgia walks to the concierge desk, using it for support
while talking to the Concierge.

Jared watches.

Georgia comes back wearing cheap, heart-shaped sunnies.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

That's better.

JARED

(gross)

Is it, though?

Georgia looks around.

GEORGIA

Where's Ana? Or anyone?

Jared looks nervous.

JARED

Good question. That's so weird.

Georgia is suspicious.

GEORGIA

What?

JARED

Huh?

GEORGIA

What's your face doing?

JARED

Nothing.

Nah, it's doing something.

GEORGIA

(disapproving)

Jared.

JARED

Mother?

Georgia probably rolls her eyes.

GEORGIA

What's going on?

JARED

I lied.

GEORGIA

About?

JARED

There's no tour. I mean, there might be, but I never found Ana to ask. I even asked other people and couldn't find anything out. And then I got too scared to tell you. I'm sorry. You can leave and never talk to me again and I'd understand.

She's too hungover to react as much as she'd like to.

GEORGIA

Why'd you lie?

Jared takes a moment to consider.

JARED

You know why.

Georgia doesn't offer anything.

JARED (CONT'D)

I just need to keep myself busy.
Keep my mind busy.

He recoils preemptively, expecting backlash.

GEORGIA

Okay.

JARED

Okay?

GEORGIA

I mean, what else can I say? It was probably a long shot anyway. Maybe when we see her next we could ask her about it. Don't worry about it.

JARED

Okay.

GEORGIA

I'm going to go back to bed.

JARED

Want me to bring you anything?
Crepe? Belgian waffle? Beignet?
Coffee?

Georgia starts back to her room.

GEORGIA

I'm good.

She leaves. Ugh, shit. Jared feels awful.

INT. GEORGIA'S ROOM - DAY

The curtains are drawn. We can't see much, but we hear crunching.

Our eyes adjust.

Georgia eats snacks in bed. It's chips, at the moment.

She's in the junk food stage of grief.

She's done, throws the empty bags and packets on the floor. She rolls over to try and sleep.

She has to wipe some crumbs out of the bed. Tries to get comfortable again.

Goddamnit, more crumbs. Wipe. Wipe.

Tries to go to sleep again.

FUCK. ENDLESS CRUMBS.

She jumps out of bed and RIPS off all the sheets. Shakes them violently, chuck them in the corner of the room. Gets back in bed.

Now she's awake and pissed off.

She opens the curtains, it's bright. Once her eyes adjust, she focuses outside and sees...Ana?

EXT. THE RESORT - DAY

Georgia runs outside to where she thinks she saw Ana.

Nearby are a few yurts. Georgia checks each one for Ana.

INT. YURT - CONTINUOUS

Georgia lifts the flap of one of the last yurts. Inside are a few people, including GAYLE and ANA.

They're all in the puking stage of an ayahuasca trip.

Georgia sneaks around the inside wall to get to Ana.

GEORGIA

I'm really sorry to bother you at
this vulnerable time -

Ana pukes.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Were you able to go see The
Orchard?

ANA

Nothing is real.

GEORGIA

In the whole universe or here at
The Resort?

ANA

Yeah.

Puke.

GEORGIA

Is The Orchard real?

ANA

No! Nothing is real! You're not
real! Oh god, I'm not real.

Puke.

Gayle CRAWLS over to Ana and Georgia.

GAYLE

Finally, you all see what I've been
trying to tell you all along.

GEORGIA

Shoo, Gayle!

The SHAMAN, who is just some 20-something art school dropout,
notices the commotion.

He comes over.

SHAMAN

(to Georgia)

You're harshing the mellow, lady.

He pushes her towards the door.

GEORGIA

Lady?!

EXT. YURT - CONTINUOUS

Georgia lands and stands outside the yurt. She's not sure
what to think, and she sure as shit doesn't know what to do
now.

INT. GEORGIA'S ROOM - LATER

Georgia reluctantly picks up the phone in her room and
presses a button.

GEORGIA

Hi, could I please be connected
with Jared? I don't know his last
name but he got here the same day I
did.

(beat)

Thanks.

(beat, ringing)

Jared?

INTERCUT//

JARED

(mouth full)

Georgia?

GEORGIA

What're you doing in your room?

Jared swallows.

JARED

Definitely not making my way
through every dessert I can get
delivered to my room. You?

GEORGIA

Definitely not looking at a pile of
crisps packets and bedsheets on the
floor.

JARED

I won't ask.

GEORGIA

Thanks.

Quiet.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I found Ana.

Jared knocks a bowl over, it CRASHES to the ground,
shattering.

JARED

Shit. I just -

Georgia heard that, sounded like it was right above her.

GEORGIA

Dropped a dish? I heard that above
me.

Georgia looks around the room, finds an ironing board and
taps it against the ceiling.

Jared hears it.

JARED

Is that you?

GEORGIA

Yep. What're the odds.

Beat.

JARED

So where did you find Ana?

GEORGIA

In a yurt.

JARED

Huh. She didn't strike me as a yurt person.

GEORGIA

Has a nice ring to it, though.

A beat.

JARED

(to the tune of Rock Lobster)

Do-do-do-do-dodododo. Yurt Person!

They sing the new hit song, "Yurt Person" together. Laugh at how...just, really terrible it is.

JARED (CONT'D)

So...

GEORGIA

Yeah, I don't know. She was having a moment. She was either saying The Orchard wasn't real or everything that ever existed isn't real.

JARED

Probably the latter. But who knows.

Beat.

GEORGIA

Do you want to go to dinner?

JARED

Only if you ask me in morse code via our shared drywall.

GEORGIA

India, seven o'clock.

Georgia hangs up.

Jared stomps on the floor. Georgia taps back.

INT. "INDIA" - NIGHT

Jared and Georgia have just gotten their entrees. Again, Georgia has wine and Jared does not.

JARED

...and then we found out my grandfather had a whole second family and I just wrongfully assumed me being gay wouldn't be the big family secret anymore but I was wrong.

GEORGIA

Damn, social media really fucked shit up for two-family men, huh?

JARED

R.I.P. good 'ole days is all I'm sayin'.

They eat.

Oh, man, Jared's is spicy. He tries to not let it bother him. But. Damn. Shoo buddy. He drinks water. Yikes.

GEORGIA

You okay over there?

JARED

Yes. Getting a small taste of my future in hell, but yes. I'm fine. I think.

He chugs water and waves at the waiter to bring him more.

JARED (CONT'D)

Can someone die from spice?

Georgia has no idea.

The WAITER arrives with more water.

JARED (CONT'D)

(to Waiter)

Is there something else I can drink for this? Something is wrong, I can tell.

The Waiter nods, and leaves.

There's a small commotion across the restaurant.

GEORGIA

Someone's choking.

Jared looks over. The CHOKING MAN is standing up, looking panicked.

Everyone in the restaurant freezes up. People stop talking. Chefs stop chopping.

Even the WAITERS stop walking.

Jared and Georgia's Waiter stands not a foot away from the Choking Man, and he just stares at everyone BUT the Choking Man. He's holding Jared's yogurt drink, the magic tonic that will end Jared's pain.

WAITER
This wasn't in the manual!

Are they supposed to intervene here?

GEORGIA
Why isn't anyone doing anything?

It's hard for Jared to focus on anything but his burning tongue. He's fanning his mouth. Chugging water, sucking on ice.

JARED
(ice in mouth)
Maybe this is how he wanted to go?

GEORGIA
Was that an option?!

Jared takes another read of the situation. The Choking Man bangs on the table.

Jared eyes his yogurt drink. So close.

JARED
Damnit.

Jared, reluctantly leaving his precious water behind, gets up and runs over to the Choking Man.

JARED (CONT'D)
(to Choking Man)
Do you want me to save you?

The man nods.

Jared performs the Heimlich, semi-poorly, but it works.

Then, overcome by spice, Jared grabs the yogurt drink off the Waiter's tray. Before he chugs it -

JARED (CONT'D)
(to Waiter)
Wait, does this have dairy?

WAITER
Are you serious?

Jared chugs it anyway.

He feels better.

He walks back to his table.

JARED
(to restaurant)
Shame on all of you.
(beat)
Someone should have told me how
spicy that was.

Jared sits back down.

GEORGIA
That was nice of you.

JARED
Trust me, it was more for myself.
(beat)
But I do have a lot to make up for.

This touches Georgia.

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - MORNING

Georgia sits for her second counseling session with Margaret.

MARGARET
Unfortunately I looked into getting
you to The Orchard earlier than
next week but didn't have any luck.
My apologies.

GEORGIA
Does it exist?

MARGARET
Sorry?

GEORGIA
Is The Orchard real?

MARGARET
Of course it's real.

GEORGIA

Because I've done some digging and everything is kind of pointing to it not existing. So. I just thought I'd ask.

MARGARET

What kind of digging?

GEORGIA

I went up in a hot air balloon and didn't see an Orchard. And that paired with your weird refusal to let me go see my dead fiancé there makes me, you know, wonder.

Margaret nods.

MARGARET

I can see how you'd come to that conclusion. You're not wrong.

GEORGIA

Really?

MARGARET

But you're not right, either. The photos you've seen of The Orchard are conceptual. That's what it WILL look like, eventually. It takes awhile for trees to grow, Georgia.

GEORGIA

I don't give a shit about the trees. I want to visit Ruby.

MARGARET

I'll see what I can do.

GEORGIA

You said that last time.

MARGARET

Is your stay otherwise satisfactory?

Georgia rolls her eyes and leaves.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Georgia knocks and enters.

The Director sits in a bean bag chair next to a huge window overlooking the gorgeous landscape. An ice-blue lake shimmers in the distance.

THE DIRECTOR
Georgia. Welcome. Please sit.

He gestures to another bean bag chair.

She awkwardly squats and falls onto the chair.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
I could feel that I would be seeing
you today.

GEORGIA
Interesting.

THE DIRECTOR
To what do I owe the pleasure?

GEORGIA
I don't know if you know this, but
my partner, Ruby, came here a
couple of months ago.

THE DIRECTOR
Ah, Ruby. Yes, of course. We often
have partners follow their loved
ones here.

Georgia hadn't really thought about that. It oddly makes her feel better.

GEORGIA
Really?

THE DIRECTOR
Oh, yes. Suicide is contagious.
You're not alone with what you're
feeling. Death of loved ones is
always one of the most painful
things we'll go through as humans.
Freak accidents are unexplainable,
but we can blame it on a number of
external factors. With illness, we
blame the illness. But with self-
inflicted death, we blame ourselves
and the one who committed the act.
On top of that, there's a good
chance we'll be asking "why"
forever. Some people leave notes or
hints, but, maybe surprisingly,
most do not.

GEORGIA
Why?

He shrugs.

THE DIRECTOR
I have theories but I won't
speculate. I don't want to make you
think one way or the other about
why Ruby didn't.

GEORGIA
I didn't say she didn't?

THE DIRECTOR
I just assumed that was why you
came to see me. And why you're here
at The Resort. Apologies if I
assumed incorrectly.

GEORGIA
No, you didn't. That's true.

Should Georgia be suspicious?

THE DIRECTOR
So. What can I do for you?

GEORGIA
I'd like to visit Ruby.

THE DIRECTOR
Of course.

That's it? Just like that?

GEORGIA
Oh. Okay. When?

THE DIRECTOR
Today? But she's not at The
Orchard.

GEORGIA
Where is she?

THE DIRECTOR
She's here.

GEORGIA
Take me.

THE DIRECTOR
Are you sure?

Georgia nods.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

The Director leads Georgia into a giant greenhouse. It is filled with small potted plants, trees, and flowers.

Georgia is confused.

THE DIRECTOR

Did you think we just dug a hole,
folded you up, put you in, and
planted a tree on top?

GEORGIA

I hadn't thought about it. On
purpose.

THE DIRECTOR

That's why we wait until closer to
time to explain the process. We
turn your body into compost first
and then use the soil to grow
things. These will eventually be
planted around The Resort.

GEORGIA

Or at The Orchard.

THE DIRECTOR

Yes.

Georgia looks at the small potted trees.

GEORGIA

So...which one is Ruby?

The Director takes a deep breath.

THE DIRECTOR

All of them.

What?

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

All of these plants in here have a
mixture of everyone from the past
six months.

Georgia doesn't like this turn of events.

GEORGIA

But...there was supposed to be one
specific tree.

THE DIRECTOR

Said who?

GEORGIA

Said...

She racks her brain. She doesn't know.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I just thought...

She's reeling a little bit.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

So all the plants in and around The
Resort are -

The Director nods.

THE DIRECTOR

We save that bit of information for
the second week, just in case it
dampens the experience for some
people.

Georgia walks around, looking at all the plants and flowers.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Do you want me to give you a
moment?

Georgia thinks, and then shakes her head no. She's not ready
yet.

With one last look back, they exit.

INT. "PARIS" BISTRO - DAY

Georgia sits at a table "outside" with a glass of wine, lost
in thought.

Jared appears and pulls up a chair. She wasn't expecting him.

JARED

Thought I might find you here.

Georgia sips her wine.

JARED (CONT'D)

Where have you been? I saved you
and your dry-ass granola a seat at
breakfast.

A SMOKER passes by. Georgia watches him.

GEORGIA

Fuck it.

(to Smoker)

Hey! Can I bum one?

The Smoker gives her a cigarette, and a light.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The Smoker leaves.

Georgia inhales. Ah, that's good.

Jared lets her enjoy.

Georgia looks like she's done this before, the wine and cigs
in Paris.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Ever been to Paris?

Jared shakes his head.

JARED

Never been anywhere. Other than
here.

GEORGIA

Wait, really?

Jared nods.

JARED

The plan was to save up enough
money to spend a year traveling.
Never quite got there. How close is
this to real Paris?

Georgia looks around, considers.

GEORGIA

It's exactly the same. They nailed
it. Although I'm rarely sober when
I'm there so I might not be a
reliable source.

Jared looks at the menu.

JARED
What should I get?

GEORGIA
(speaking French)
Permettez-moi.

Georgia summons the waiter, who finishes his cigarette before coming over.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Croque-madame, moules a la
moutarde, pain au chocolat,
expresso. S'il te plaît et merci.

The waiter leaves.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
It might be awhile.

JARED
I was going to say I have time,
but...

GEORGIA
Yeah.

Georgia is almost done with her cigarette.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Speaking of. I found her. Kind of.

JARED
Who?

GEORGIA
Ruby.

JARED
Oh, shit.

Jared is surprised, but also a little nervous about asking the next question.

JARED (CONT'D)
Where?

She's not sure how to answer succinctly. She takes one last drag of her cigarette.

GEORGIA
Everywhere.

EXT. JAPANESE GARDEN - NIGHT

Georgia and Jared walk through a gorgeous Japanese garden. Japanese lanterns and fairy lights illuminate their path.

GEORGIA

I just feel like I should've known.
I'm a fucking investigative
reporter, for christ sakes.

JARED

You can't know what someone doesn't
tell you.

GEORGIA

She just seemed so much happier the
last couple of months.

JARED

Speaking from experience, if the
decision to die is a difficult or
drawn-out one, for whatever reason,
then once the decision is made, a
huge weight is lifted. It's
like...you can see an end to the
pain. Finally. Life doesn't feel so
heavy anymore.

GEORGIA

So she could've made the decision
months ago? That feels impossible.

Georgia's tone starts to shift.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

How do you decide something like
that and then face the people you
love everyday, knowing you're about
to ruin their lives?

JARED

Are you asking me, or is that
hypothetical?

GEORGIA

Both.

JARED

Look in the mirror, Georgia. When
did you decide to come here? And
did you see family, friends, co-
workers after you decided?

He lets her marinate on that.

JARED (CONT'D)

Why do you want to die? To get rid of the pain?

Georgia is quiet.

JARED (CONT'D)

Pain is blinding. It's so hard to think past it. When someone's leg is caught in a bear trap they're probably not capable of considering other people in that moment. It's the brain focusing 100% on how to get the pain to stop.

GEORGIA

You've thought about this a lot.

JARED

I've just lived it and have had to ask myself a lot of shitty questions.

GEORGIA

I think this would all be easier to accept if I knew what caused the pain, for her. As far as I know there wasn't anything that happened, she seemed chemically okay, no substance abuse. I'm here because I have to know.

They stop walking. Jared is very serious.

JARED

What if you don't find out?

Georgia shakes her head.

GEORGIA

That's not an option. Unless they want me to haunt this motherfucking place forever.

Jared takes her hand.

JARED

Come on. I'll show you how the Americans do "sad."

INT. "AMERICA" - SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

A typical American sports bar. High tops, neon signs, framed American football jerseys, wooden signs with stupid sayings on them like, "My wife ran off with my best friend. I sure am going to miss him!"

A past Super Bowl plays on the many mounted TVs. Patrons cheer and boo as needed.

Georgia and Jared sit at a high top.

A WAITRESS, in a revealing uniform, arrives to take their order.

JARED

(to Georgia)

Now it's my turn to impress you.

Jared clears his throat, and his voice drops down an octave. He's going for 'gruff.'

JARED (CONT'D)

(to Waitress)

Hey, sweetheart. We'll have the...how you say...loaded nachos, jalapeno poppers, potato skins, mozzarella sticks, southwestern eggrolls, well-done buffalo wings, and ribs. And two beers. And a vat of ranch dressing. Thanks, sugar.

The Waitress takes it down and leaves.

GEORGIA

Wow. You're fluent.

Jared goes back to normal.

JARED

Pretending to be straight all those years did have its pros, I guess. I learned a lot against my will.

Like...

(points at the TV)

That's the orange team. No one likes the orange teams.

GEORGIA

Poor orange teams.

(beat)

Two beers? Are you having one?

JARED

Yeah, just one though. I thought I was already as sad as I could get, but then I watched you drink alone a couple of times and I realized I was incorrect.

GEORGIA

Seems like I might have that affect on people.

JARED

I definitely didn't mean it like that, I'm sorry.

GEORGIA

Not your fault. Sorry, I'm just being a sad sack.

Jared thinks.

JARED

What do you say...for one night, we just try and forget why we're here? Let's eat and have some beers and talk about regular shit and pretend to...be normal.

Georgia doesn't know if she can do it, nor does she really feel like she wants to, but he seems like he needs this.

GEORGIA

Okay.

MONTAGE:

Georgia and Jared pig out on food at the sports bar.

Georgia and Jared both drink a few beers.

They cheer on both sports teams.

They stumble out.

Georgia and Jared sing Karaoke and drink sake in "Korea."

Georgia and Jared play blackjack. They both win and celebrate. And keep drinking.

They end up in the "Red Light District" in "Amsterdam." There's a sex shop, an adult movie theater, a Museum of Sex, and a Tunnel of Love. Georgia and Jared look at each other and decide to leave.

Georgia and Jared on an indoor Gondola.

Georgia back at the blackjack table, Jared coming to pull her away.

Karaoke again.

Jared puking in the bushes, Georgia rubbing his back. Georgia puking in the bushes, Jared rubbing her back. Tandem puking.

END MONTAGE

INT. HALLWAY - SEVENTH FLOOR - EARLY MORNING

Georgia is supporting Jared. She fishes his room key out of his pocket and opens the door.

INT. JARED'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Georgia gets Jared into bed. Before she's able to sneak out -

JARED
Can you stay with me?

Georgia can't say no.

GEORGIA
Sure.

She crawls into bed with him and closes her eyes.

A beat.

JARED
I'm not a good person.

GEORGIA
You are a great person.

Jared shakes his head.

JARED
I killed someone.

Georgia has no idea what to say. Should she be running away right now?

GEORGIA
How?

JARED

A kid was riding his skateboard and
I hit him with my car. I'd had a
couple of drinks, too.

Georgia takes this in.

GEORGIA

You didn't do it on purpose.

JARED

No. But everything leading up to it
was on purpose.

Good point. Georgia stays quiet in case he wants to talk
more. She's holding space for him.

He takes it.

JARED (CONT'D)

Do you hate me now?

She wants to answer honestly. Takes a deep breath.

GEORGIA

No.

JARED

Okay.

(beat)

A lot of people hate me.

Georgia doesn't argue that point.

GEORGIA

What about your family?

JARED

They hate me more for being gay
than killing someone.

Ouch.

JARED (CONT'D)

That's why I left.

GEORGIA

Where'd you go?

JARED

Left the south and went to San
Francisco. Got really lucky,
actually, with a job in software
development. Was good at it.

(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)

Made friends. Sad thing was, even there I didn't feel like I could really be myself. Not because of anything anyone did, really, but it's hard to grow up hiding everything about yourself and then suddenly just drop that facade, you know?

Kind of.

JARED (CONT'D)

I was making good money, too. I never really trusted things going well. Maybe I manifested the downturn.

GEORGIA

No. You didn't.

JARED

As corny as it sounds, if I had just been myself, I wouldn't be here.

GEORGIA

What do you mean?

JARED

If I had just been out and proud then Vanessa wouldn't have tried to get me to sleep with her.

GEORGIA

Sorry, I'm lost? Who is Vanessa.

JARED

My boss. Didn't I tell you all this?

GEORGIA

No. Maybe you told Ana.

JARED

Are you jealous?!

GEORGIA

What? No.

He doesn't believe her, but lets her have this one.

JARED

Me and the whole team had just finished this huge project and were out celebrating at this bar. She pulls me aside and sits me down and tells me she thinks we'd work really well together on the next big project. This honestly would have made my life. Running shit, finally, and a big fat bonus at the end.

Jared wishes the story could stop here.

JARED (CONT'D)

Then I realized what she meant by "together" when she had her hand on my thigh. I pushed her hand away and I think I literally said, "ew" out loud. That really pissed her off because some people looked over and I guess because I was still holding her hand away and she looked pissed, they assumed I was doing something to her and she...didn't really correct them. One guy came at me and I ran out and got in my car. He was banging on the windows and shit so I peeled out of there and...yeah. That's when it happened.

Georgia is stunned.

JARED (CONT'D)

Had she known I was gay literally none of that would've happened.

GEORGIA

No offense but, she probably knew, mate.

JARED

I'm really good at hiding it.

GEORGIA

Like at the sports bar earlier?

JARED

Yeah.

Georgia shakes her head.

JARED (CONT'D)

Really?

GEORGIA

She was just a shitty person. So was that guy who came after you without asking what happened. And yeah, you should not have driven after having drinks but even completely sober it probably would've still all happened. Sometimes shit just, goes wrong.

JARED

That's a hilarious take from someone who literally cannot accept that something "just went wrong" in her own life.

That hurts to hear. But he's not wrong.

GEORGIA

Okay, ouch. I deserved that, I guess.

They lay in silence.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Wait, sorry if this is wildly insensitive but how are you not in prison right now?

JARED

I had a great lawyer. No priors. And the judge thought I had a "promising future."

GEORGIA

I'm sorry but that's fucked up.

JARED

I know. I think if I'd gone to prison I would have felt like justice was served but getting off scot free just sent me into a spiral. I didn't think I deserved it.

GEORGIA

So you're punishing yourself.

JARED

I guess so. But I also know I can't live with the guilt.

(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)

I'd be unable to be a productive member of society and I'd just drain up all the resources available to me. I can't be a leech. And I didn't have anywhere to go, anyway.

Silence.

GEORGIA

This might be weird but I feel compelled to rub your back. Is that okay?

JARED

No one's ever done that for me before. I'd love that.

That makes Georgia really fucking sad.

She rubs his back.

JARED (CONT'D)

Hey, Georgia?

GEORGIA

Yeah?

JARED

I don't think finding out "why" is going to make you feel any better. She's still gonna be gone when you wake up.

Georgia knows.

Jared falls asleep.

Georgia is awake, alone, with her thoughts.

INT. "ITALY" - CAFE - DAY

Georgia takes her coffee from the barista and walks out.

EXT. THE RESORT - DAY

Georgia, wearing the cheap heart-shaped sunnies, goes on a walk outside. She desperately needs the fresh air.

She spots the greenhouse in the distance.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Georgia tries to open the door, but it's locked.

Someone approaches from behind Georgia.

VOICE

Need to get in, dear?

Georgia spins. BETTY, 50s, stands there in gardener's clothing. A stark contrast to all the linen everyone else is wearing.

Betty has a wheelbarrow with a few burlap bags of soil in it.

GEORGIA

Can I?

BETTY

Sure. I was just going in, myself.

INT. GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Georgia and Betty enter.

BETTY

If you have any questions just let me know.

Betty unloads the sacks full of soil.

Georgia slowly walks around, trying to look at every single plant and flower. Touching some lightly. Brushing her fingers against the dirt in the pots.

Betty watches her out of the corner of her eye. She puts a little bit of soil into older pots, mixing it in, and completely fills new pots with soil.

Georgia finds a bench at the far end of the greenhouse and sits down next to a huge fern.

Betty sits down next to Georgia.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Surprisingly I don't get many visitors here.

GEORGIA

Oh, really? I thought old people loved plants.

BETTY

Me, too. But you can't get much out
of a plant if you're not going to
stick around to watch it grow.

True.

Betty reads Georgia.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Who were they?

GEORGIA

Her name was Ruby.

Ah, yes.

BETTY

Long black hair, right?

Georgia perks up.

GEORGIA

Yeah. Did she come here?

Betty nods.

BETTY

She actually brought me coffee a
couple of times. I didn't have the
heart to tell her I'm more of a
bourbon girl.

Georgia smiles. It's nice talking to someone who knew her,
even briefly.

GEORGIA

We loved plants. I'm not surprised.

BETTY

Well, really she wanted to spend
some time here, knowing she'd be
resting here awhile...after.

GEORGIA

She knew?

BETTY

Of course. And don't worry, she
loved it in here.

Georgia doesn't want to push too hard, but...

GEORGIA

Did you guys get to chat at all?

BETTY

A little bit. She didn't give too much away, if that's what you're wondering.

Georgia nods.

GEORGIA

She just....left. One day. Gone.

BETTY

I'm sorry.

GEORGIA

So she didn't say anything about why she was here?

BETTY

I didn't ask and she didn't say.

Figures.

BETTY (CONT'D)

But she did seem extremely content. Which is more than I can say for a lot of guests here.

GEORGIA

I wish that helped.

BETTY

Me too.

Georgia stands up.

GEORGIA

Thanks for talking with me. I appreciate it.

BETTY

Come back anytime.

Georgia thinks.

GEORGIA

Tomorrow?

BETTY

It's a date.

Georgia is almost through the door when she looks at one of the burlap sacks.

GEORGIA
(calling to Betty)
Who's this?

Betty cranes to see which bag it is, and smiles.

BETTY
That's Paul. Paul really liked birds.

Georgia nods.

GEORGIA
(to the sack)
Hey, Paul.

Georgia exits.

EXT. THE RESORT - DAY

Georgia is almost back at the front of the resort.

A sprinter van is waiting.

Georgia sees ANA emerge from the front entrance and head for the van.

GEORGIA
(to Ana)
Ana! Wait!

Ana sees Georgia. Doesn't really feel like talking, but humors her.

Georgia catches up to her.

ANA
Hey.

GEORGIA
Hey. How are you? Recovered?

ANA
...from?

GEORGIA
Your ayahuasca trip?

ANA
How did you know?

GEORGIA

I was there. For a minute.

ANA

That was real? Thank god. I was wondering why you were in my subconscious so clearly. I was really struggling with that, thank you.

GEORGIA

You're...welcome?

(beat)

So where are you going?

ANA

Home.

GEORGIA

Oh! You're leaving, leaving.

Ana nods. Looks back towards the bus she desperately wants to get on.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Well, I won't ask why because that's really nosy, but I hope you have a nice journey home. Congratulations, I think? Not sure what's appropriate in this situation.

ANA

Yeah, thanks.

Ana turns and walks to the bus. She gets on.

Georgia watches the bus leave.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Georgia knocks and enters. She plops herself on the bean bag chair opposite The Director.

THE DIRECTOR

You're just in time! My favorite part of the day.

He points out the huge window.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Skydivers. Any minute now.

GEORGIA

Cool. Sure.

They watch the skies. Nothing yet.

THE DIRECTOR

What's on your mind?

GEORGIA

Uh, thank you, first of all, for taking me to The Greenhouse early. I appreciate that. I went and spent some time there today.

THE DIRECTOR

That's great, my pleasure. Do you think you will follow the same path?

GEORGIA

That was the plan.

THE DIRECTOR

Great. It's wonderful to be able to give back to the earth, after it's given us so much.

GEORGIA

Yep.

THE DIRECTOR

So?

GEORGIA

So. I'm sure this is a long shot but...can you tell me anything about Ruby's stay here? Who her counsellor was, what she did, anything? It would just be nice to know what her final days looked like.

THE DIRECTOR

Ah, I'm sorry. All of the documentation from guests' visits here are kept private.

GEORGIA

Documentation?

THE DIRECTOR

Counsellor notes and videos, any bookings they made, various and sundry stay details.

(MORE)

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Anything they wished to pass along, they did. You received her death certificate as well as The Orchard brochure, no?

GEORGIA

No. I mean, yes I did.

A beat. Georgia realizes -

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

When you say video, you just mean the...

THE DIRECTOR

The counseling recordings.

GEORGIA

Yes of course. I wasn't sure if there were other cameras.

THE DIRECTOR

Just the security cameras.

GEORGIA

Right. But nothing in the rooms or anything, right?

THE DIRECTOR

Of course not! That would not be very zen of us.

The sound of a small plane flying overhead.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Ah! Here they come.

They watch the plane fly further away, and right when it's over the lake, we see three people drop out of the plane.

ONE WITH BRIGHT RED HAIR, LIKE ANA.

Georgia gasps.

The three people fall without chutes.

They hit the water. The plane keeps flying.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Brilliant! What a fun way to go.

Georgia's mouth is wide open.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Oh. I didn't prime you enough for that, did I?

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Georgia frantically looks for Jared.

She finally sees him at the concierge counter. She runs up to him.

GEORGIA

Jesus Christ I was looking everywhere for you. Are you getting sunnies? You look terrible.

Jared looks...surprised?

JARED

You're still speaking to me?

GEORGIA

Yeah? What, because of last night? Get over yourself, you're not even in the top five of my friends who have done life-ruining shit.

Jared isn't sure if she's just saying this to make him feel better or not, but it does anyway.

JARED

Okay.

GEORGIA

(to Jared)

So what're you doing?

(to concierge)

What was he doing?

The Concierge doesn't want to get involved, but Georgia gives him the same look your mom gave you when you were moments away from being in trouble, and it works.

CONCIERGE

He was booking a tour.

GEORGIA

(to Jared)

Without me?

JARED

I figured you'd be done with me.

Georgia rolls her eyes and grabs his arm, leading him away.

GEORGIA

We can pity party later. I've got some info I need to run by you.

JARED

What's up?

Georgia looks around, not wanting extra ears.

GEORGIA

Let's go somewhere else.

EXT. YURT - DAY

Georgia and Jared approach an empty yurt and go inside.

INT. YURT - CONTINUOUS

Georgia and Jared enter the yurt and sit down.

GEORGIA

I think I know how to figure out why she did it.

Jared sighs.

JARED

Oh.

GEORGIA

What? I thought you'd be pleased.

JARED

I just really don't think anything good is going to come of this. I know I've said it before, but I don't think this investigation is going to make you feel any better.

Georgia is a little pissed.

GEORGIA

How could you possibly know that?

JARED

What's the best case scenario here? What could you learn that would give you any kind of solid closure?

GEORGIA

I just want to know it wasn't my fault. Or, at the very least, there was absolutely no way I could have prevented it.

JARED

You can't know that! No one could tell you that, not even Ruby herself!

GEORGIA

I have to at least try!

JARED

So what's this big plan?

GEORGIA

There are videos, Jared!

This gives Jared pause.

JARED

Of what?

GEORGIA

Of Ruby! Our counseling sessions are being recorded.

Jared tries to hide his relief.

JARED

Ah. Of course. I forgot that was in the contract.

GEORGIA

And because we all know the truth doesn't always come out in those sessions...they also have security footage of this resort. I don't know how far back the videos go and I doubt they have audio but I could at least see what she did while she was here.

Jared seems...nervous?

JARED

How exactly do you think you're going to get access to all of this?

GEORGIA

I don't know. I thought you might want to help me? Feels like a challenge.

Jared shakes his head.

JARED

I think that's too far. It feels...unethical.

GEORGIA

Seriously? You want to get into a discussion about ethics, here?

Jared shrugs.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

So I guess you don't want to hear my more unhinged theory, then?

Damnit. Jared is always down for unhinged theories. She reels him back in.

JARED

NPR worthy?

GEORGIA

If it becomes hinged and there are sources willing to go on the record, yes.

JARED

Okay. Let's hear it.

GEORGIA

So I went to visit the Director just now. Which is how I got the idea about the footage.

JARED

Is he still super hot?

GEORGIA

He looks the same as he did four days ago. Anyway. We saw skydivers jump out of a plane, except they didn't have parachutes.

JARED

Okay.

GEORGIA

So I guess there's an option to die
that way.

JARED

I'm not hooked.

GEORGIA

I'm not done.

JARED

Thank god. I thought you'd lost
your touch.

GEORGIA

So that's all fine and good, right?
I'm sure we'll get a whole list of
ways to die next week. Only thing
is...I think one of them was Ana.
There's no mistaking that bright
red hair.

JARED

(true)

She could be a Weasley.

GEORGIA

A what?

JARED

Harry Potter.

GEORGIA

She's a Harry Potter what?

JARED

You need to learn more about your
culture. Ignore me.

GEORGIA

Gladly. Jesus, I'm so glad we don't
get callers on the podcast.

JARED

Rude.

GEORGIA

So that could have been Ana falling
out of the plane. Only thing is - I
saw her not long before, boarding a
sprinter van TO GO HOME.

Jared is Beautiful-Minding. Trying to put these pieces
together.

JARED

Okay, well, if it was Ana, RIP. You ghosted me, bitch, but whatever.

Jared is missing the bigger point.

GEORGIA

If it was Ana...then something fishy is going on with this place.

JARED

I mean, maybe she just meant she was going "home." Like, to Jesus.

GEORGIA

Was she religious?

JARED

It didn't come up.

GEORGIA

It didn't seem like that was what she meant.

JARED

Okay so the options are: One, and your favorite, that Ana was leaving the resort to go back home to wherever-the-fuck America but The Resort intervened and killed her. Because...

GEORGIA

Who knows? That's the story we chase.

JARED

Okay. Two, she meant she was going home to her friend Jesus. Three, that wasn't her falling out of the plane. Four, I do not know how you're functioning at this high of a capacity today.

GEORGIA

Have you seen any other redheads around?

JARED

I mean, no, but I also don't really have my radar set to redheads these days.

They both think.

JARED (CONT'D)
So what's it going to be? Ruby or
Ana?

GEORGIA
Both.

INT. RESORT LOBBY - LATER

Georgia and Jared walk around, looking up occasionally.

Georgia still doesn't want anyone to hear their conversation, so she whispers.

GEORGIA
I mean, don't be obvious but I'd like to know where the cameras are. If you see one let me know. And if someone is around and you see one, say...something about the weather.

JARED
Roger.

GEORGIA
If Ana was trying to go home, and the resort killed her anyway, then that would mean there's a chance Ruby got here and changed her mind. Maybe she decided to come home but when she tried to, they pushed her out of a plane. It would make sense, then, that she didn't leave a letter or anything behind because she wasn't actually planning on dying.

Jared is not keen on that theory.

JARED
That feels...rechy.

GEORGIA
The best stories start out rechy.

JARED
Maybe so, but I think you're creating a narrative that fits your end goal, rather than following the threads and getting to the answer organically.

GEORGIA

Sorry, which one of us works for
NPR?

JARED

Neither of us do.

GEORGIA

(defensive)

I could go back.

JARED

Not if your theory is correct, you
can't!

Georgia is getting frustrated with Jared.

INT. "PARIS" - CONTINUOUS

Georgia and Jared are still walking, looking for cameras.

GEORGIA

Weren't you the one begging me for
companionship at the beginning of
this? Where's the enthusiasm now?

JARED

I wouldn't say begging. I just
wanted a distraction.

GEORGIA

Well, here it is.

Are they fighting?

Jared is going to let it go.

JARED

Fine. Not like I have anything
better to do.

GEORGIA

Sorry. That was too harsh. For
what's it's worth, you were right,
it's tough being here alone,
especially when your thoughts are
not being kind.

Jared points at something.

JARED

Camera?

GEORGIA

Looks like it. I wonder if she came here.

JARED

I'm sure she did.

GEORGIA

I just keep having this crazy thought that she might have left me clues, and I'm just too stupid to figure them out.

Jared stops outside the patisserie.

JARED

You know, you could be right. I think, to be safe, we should check inside all the desserts.

As much as he's humored her, Georgia knows it's her turn to reciprocate.

INT. "PARIS" - LATER

They emerge from the patisserie, clutching their stomachs and looking green.

JARED

I need to lay down.

GEORGIA

I need help laying down.

GAYLE walks by.

GAYLE

A perforated stomach is a bad way to go, fellas.

GEORGIA

Gayle, I always looks forward to your nuggets of wisdom.

Gayle moves along.

JARED

(to Georgia)

I think she's killed people. On purpose.

Georgia bums another cigarette from someone and lights up.

She takes a puff.

GEORGIA
That's better. Want some?

Jared shakes his head.

JARED
I hear those things are addictive.

GEORGIA
Wouldn't want to get addicted to
something now. You've made it so
far.

Another drag. Wait.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Unless...are you reconsidering?

Jared shakes his head. It's not totally convincing.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
It's okay if you are. Obviously.

They both smile.

JARED
Obviously.

Georgia just had an idea.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE LOBBY - LATER

Andrea sits at her desk. She types away on her laptop.

Georgia and Jared come in. Andrea jumps.

GEORGIA
Did we...scare you?

ANDREA
Yes. Wow.

JARED
We just...walked in.

ANDREA
I know. I was writing a story about
clowns.

GEORGIA
Okay.

Georgia and Jared stare at Andrea.

ANDREA
Do you need something?

GEORGIA
Margaret - you know Margaret?

ANDREA
...yes.

GEORGIA
She wanted me to grab my file for
our session tomorrow morning. And
the recording from our last two
sessions. She said that you could
take me to where those are?

Jared tries to shake his head so that Andrea can see it, but
Georgia can't. Andrea doesn't see him.

ANDREA
That doesn't sound like her.

GEORGIA
Oh, she also said you'd be fired if
you didn't.

ANDREA
That sounds more like her.

Andrea finally sees Jared shaking his head. Jared mouths to
her: SAY NO.

She furrows her brow: what're you doing?

Georgia turns to look at Jared. He rubs his ear and shakes
his head.

JARED
Tinnitus. Is. A. Biiiitch.

Andrea picks up the phone.

ANDREA
I'll just call Margaret.

GEORGIA
Are you sure you want to do that?

Andrea wavers. She puts the phone down.

ANDREA

Okay, fine. But if you're lying,
and I lose my job over this, I'll
kill myself.

JARED

Well, when in Rome.

Georgia elbows Jared.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - LATER

Even this place is nice. It looks like a lovely library.

Andrea scans her badge: BEEP.

Andrea, Georgia, and Jared enter.

JARED

Wow. It looks like the library in
Beauty and The Beast.

Andrea looks around.

ANDREA

I'm not a hundred percent sure how
this stuff is organized.

GEORGIA

I'm happy to help look. Jared?

Georgia gives Jared a knowing look. He nods. They're going to
keep a lookout for Ruby's file.

ANDREA

You know, I'm not sure your tapes
would be in your file yet. They
might not put them in
until...later.

They split up.

Georgia FINDS RUBY'S FILE. But she needs a fucking key to
open the drawer.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Found it!

Shit.

Jared and Georgia go back to where Andrea is. Andrea opens
the cabinet with a KEY.

Georgia's file is empty.

Andrea looks at Georgia and Jared. Are they caught?

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, there's nothing in
here.
(to Jared)
Let's look for yours. If yours is
also empty, then they just don't
populate it until after. If it's
not, then someone already got your
files.

Jared looks terrified.

JARED
(too adamant)
No, that's okay!

Georgia looks at him. What's your problem?

Andrea goes to Jared's cabinet and opens it.

JARED (CONT'D)
Seriously, do not get that out.

ANDREA
Why?

JARED
I...don't want to be tempted to
read it. And I don't want it to get
lost.

Andrea pulls it out anyway. IT'S FULL.

Andrea shakes her head.

ANDREA
Why did you guys bring me in here?

GEORGIA
(to Jared)
Why is your file so full?

JARED
I have a TON of problems. Okay?
Let's go.

Jared grabs Georgia's hand and tries to head out.

Georgia won't move.

GEORGIA
What the fuck is going on?

Andrea looks through Jared's file. Georgia watches Andrea's face change. Wow.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
(to Andrea)
What is it?

ANDREA
(to Jared)
Geez, how many times have you been here?

Georgia is shocked.

Andrea fans out three different folders.

GEORGIA
(to Jared)
You've been here before? YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE?!

Oh, wow. She is really fucking angry.

Thoughts race through her mind. She's trying to backtrack and figure out what this means.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
What the fuck, Jared?!

Jared doesn't know how to explain.

JARED
I'm so sorry, it was a long, long time ago!

GEORGIA
(processing)
So you've been here, left, and come back.

Jared nods.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
And you just let me ramble on about my theory without telling me??

Jared shrugs. There's nothing he could say to make this better.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
You're sick.

Georgia walks to the door and tries to open it but it's locked.

She waits.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
(to Andrea)
Andrea, please.

Oh! Andrea snaps to and badges the sensor on the door so Georgia can leave. And she does.

ANDREA
(to Jared)
Is that your wife or something?

Jared rolls his eyes and sits on the floor, puts his head in his hands.

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Georgia attends her third counseling session. Margaret is in her usual chair.

MARGARET
So, how's it going?

Georgia has dropped all pretenses. She's still pissed from the day before.

GEORGIA
Aren't you guys watching us all the time? Why do you have to even ask?

MARGARET
Who's watching you?

GEORGIA
You! The Director! I don't know, you tell me!

MARGARET
No one is watching you.

Georgia stands up and walks around the room.

GEORGIA
Where's the camera?

Margaret points - it's in plain sight.

MARGARET

There. But no one is actively watching. It records and then we encrypt everything and no one would ever see it unless there was any question as to your mental state when you decided to terminate. Or any notion of foul play on our part. It's as much to protect us as it is to protect you.

GEORGIA

Who encrypts it? You? I'm sure that's super secure, then.

MARGARET

No, not me. We have software for that. I can't even access the tapes.

GEORGIA

What about the security footage around The Resort?

MARGARET

What about it?

GEORGIA

Is that encrypted? Who can see that?

MARGARET

That's all private footage, and it's up to The Director's discretion.

GEORGIA

How far back does it go?

MARGARET

I have no idea.

GEORGIA

Why not?! WHY NOT?! What do you know? Aren't you supposed to be helping me?!

Margaret lets Georgia cool off for a second.

MARGARET

What exactly is it that you need help with?

GEORGIA

I just...I want to know why she left me. And you guys were the last people to see her. And there's video of things she said and did in those last days and I feel like I need to see those.

Margaret is sympathetic. She gestures for Georgia to sit back down.

Eventually, she sits.

Margaret chooses her words carefully.

MARGARET

You're not the first - and you certainly won't be the last - person to come to The Resort looking for answers after their loved ones die here.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

And I can't help with the footage. I truly believe in what we do here, and I don't want to jeopardize my position, and I also can't jeopardize the entire Resort for one person.

Georgia nods. She gets that.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I have had clients, though, who have searched for and found out why their loved ones decided to end their lives.

GEORGIA

And, let me guess? It didn't help?

MARGARET

No, sometimes it did help. Most of the time it didn't. Sometimes it made it worse.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Wanting to know is in our nature. There's nothing wrong with you for pursuing answers.

GEORGIA

Thank you.

MARGARET

But you have to know when to stop.
Accepting something that's
unexplainable is shitty but it's a
big key to living a content life.

Georgia doesn't react. She's taking that in. She's still not sure if Margaret is full of shit, but she makes a decent point.

GEORGIA

Hypothetically, if I was ever ready
to give up and try to accept that I
may never know why she's
gone...what's the first step?

MARGARET

That's the brilliant part. You've
already taken it.

Georgia's listening.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You do something new. Without them.

Margaret checks her notes.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You made a new friend. You went on
a hot air balloon. You're making
decisions and growing and trying to
enjoy yourself again. That is
really, really tough after a loss.
And then, over time, the next step
is doing those things without
guilt.

Interesting.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You're not leaving her behind.
She's okay. She went out on her own
terms, so you can feel free to live
your life on yours.

Georgia's eyes well up. She doesn't let them spill over.

Before the emotions get too high -

GEORGIA

Okay. Are we done?

MARGARET
If you want.

Georgia stands up. Clears her throat. And leaves.

INT. COUNSELING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Georgia exits Margaret's office and walks towards the elevator bank when -

GAYLE APPEARS.

It startles Georgia.

GAYLE
Hi.

GEORGIA
Hi?

GAYLE
I heard you're looking for security footage.

GEORGIA
How did you hear that?

GAYLE
(obviously)
I was listening outside the door.

Georgia sighs. Fuckin' Gayle.

GEORGIA
Okay, what do you have for me,
Gayle?

GAYLE
I made friends with the security guy in the basement. His name is Kenneth and he likes eclairs.

Gayle winks at Georgia.

That was...surprisingly helpful.

GEORGIA
Wow, thanks.

Gayle walks away.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
(calling to Gayle)
Wait, why do YOU need security
footage?!

Gayle keeps walking.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - LATER

Georgia sticks her head in.

She sees KENNETH, 40s and gruff, watching the security camera feeds. Well, he's partially watching the feed and mostly reading a Danielle Steele novel.

GEORGIA
Excuse me?

Kenneth startles and quickly hides the book.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Sorry to bother you. Do you have a
few minutes?

KENNETH
I'm busy.

GEORGIA
Yeah, looked like it.

Georgia comes in anyway.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
I heard you like eclairs.

She slides a box of eclairs to him.

KENNETH
Damnit, Gayle.

He pretends to act like he's put out, but he still goes in for an eclair.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
What do you want to see?

GEORGIA
How far back can you take me?

KENNETH
Easily? Forty-eight hours.

GEORGIA
What about two months?

Kenneth whistles.

KENNETH
That's going to cost you.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - LATER

Georgia enters with three boxes of pastries and some scratch-off lotto tickets. She puts everything down on Kenneth's desk.

Kenneth is still reading his book. Is he crying?

GEORGIA
Are you crying?

KENNETH
She just loved him so much.

GEORGIA
Yeah. Okay, are we good to go?

Kenneth puts the book down reluctantly. He checks all the boxes. Checks the tickets.

KENNETH
(to pastries and tickets)
I'll see you guys later.
(to Georgia)
Okay, we're good. Let me pull it up.

Kenneth leaves the live-feed monitor bank and goes over to the review monitor. Georgia follows.

He pulls up footage. They watch for awhile.

THERE!

There's Ruby. Georgia has mixed feelings.

GEORGIA
(pointing)
That's who we're looking for.

Kenneth scrubs through different cameras, pausing when he sees Ruby.

There's really nothing of note, just her walking from place to place until -

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Wait. Stop.

Kenneth pauses the video.

ON MONITOR: View from an outdoor camera, the greenhouse just barely visible in the frame. RUBY walks towards the greenhouse with BETTY...and is that JARED???

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Can you zoom in at all?

KENNETH
Nope.

GEORGIA
Keep playing.

ON MONITOR: Sped-up footage of the same angle. RUBY walks back into frame with JARED with her. It's clearly the two of them.

Georgia's head is spinning. She looks sick.

Kenneth notices.

KENNETH
Blood sugar? You need an eclair?

Georgia shakes her head.

GEORGIA
Can you just stop the video when
you see the two of them together?
I'm going to step outside for just
a second.

Georgia stands up and walks out.

INT. SECURITY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Georgia PUNCHES a wall.

Motherfucker, that hurt.

She slides down the wall, clutching her hand.

She doesn't want to cry. She doesn't have time to cry.

She lays down on her back, palms to the sky like she did in yoga class. Inhale, Exhale.

Okay. Okay. She can do this.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Georgia enters and closes the door behind her.

GEORGIA

Anything?

KENNETH

Tons.

Fuck.

One more deep breath.

INT. GREENHOUSE - LATER

Betty is tending to the plants and flowers.

Georgia taps on the glass outside.

Betty lets her in. Georgia is holding two coffee cups.

BETTY

A woman of your word. Welcome back.

Betty clocks the cups.

BETTY (CONT'D)

One for me?

Georgia nods and hands it over. Betty takes a sip. Smiles. It's bourbon.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Nice one.

They sit on their bench.

GEORGIA

She came here with someone else.

Betty nods.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Jared.

Betty nods.

Georgia knew, but confirmation always hurts.

Betty sees the pain.

BETTY

It wasn't romantic, if that's what
you're worried about?

GEORGIA

I know. We're all really gay.

Betty lets Georgia come around to talking in her own time.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Jared is here now. We've been
hanging out.

BETTY

Okay.

GEORGIA

He never mentioned Ruby. Not once.
Even though he knew I was her
partner.

BETTY

Oh.

Georgia takes a big sip. Grimaces.

Georgia lifts up her cup and points towards the big plant
next to them.

GEORGIA

Can I...?

Betty thinks, and then allows it. She nods.

Georgia pours a tiny bit of bourbon in the pot. For Ruby.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

It felt weird to drink without her.

BETTY

I know the feeling.

Now it's Georgia's turn to give Betty the space to open up.

BETTY (CONT'D)

My Edward is here.

GEORGIA

Oh, I'm so sorry.

BETTY

Don't be.

Betty looks around at all the plants.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I was so...broken. Lonely. You know the saying, 'it's better to have loved and lost, than to have never loved at all?'

GEORGIA

Sure.

BETTY

Sometimes I would have rather not loved, just to avoid the pain I've felt since he passed.

Georgia can relate.

GEORGIA

'Grief is love with nowhere to go.'

Betty nods.

BETTY

It's easy to see why people close themselves off emotionally to other people. You can't get hurt if you never allow yourself to get close in the first place.

Is Betty talking about...Jared and Georgia?

GEORGIA

How long have you been here?

BETTY

It'll be eight years in May. Hard to believe it's been that long. And it's easy for me here, to not get too attached to people. They're not here that long.

True.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Unfortunately it leaves life a little bland, but I'll take bland.

Georgia understands.

GEORGIA

Did you...come here to die, too?

BETTY

Yeah. And then I just...asked to stay. Tucker was gracious enough to let me.

GEORGIA

Tucker?

BETTY

The Director.

GEORGIA

His name is Tucker?! That doesn't fit him at all.

Betty smiles. She knows.

BETTY

Don't tell him I told you.

She won't.

They drink.

BETTY (CONT'D)

It's none of my business, but Jared seems like a good kid.

Georgia doesn't really want to hear Jared praise at the moment.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Maybe he had his reasons. It's up to you whether you want to find out what they were, or just assume the worst.

Georgia decides to think about it.

INT. GEORGIA'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Georgia lays on her bed. Staring at the ceiling.

INT. GEORGIA'S ROOM - MORNING

Georgia wakes up. She must have fallen asleep.

She hears footsteps above her. Jared.

She thinks, and then grabs the ironing board.

She taps on the ceiling. And waits.

He stomps back.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

Georgia waits for the elevator. The doors open, and Jared is there. Georgia gets on the elevator. They don't speak.

INT. RESORT - DAY

They walk together, silently.

INT. "JAPAN" - HOT SPRINGS

This area is meant to look like an outdoor hot spring in Japan. There's even fake snow on the ground.

Georgia and Jared both roll up their pants past their knees. They sit down on the edge of the water and slowly lower their legs in.

No one wants to speak first.

Until -

JARED
FUCK!

Jared has grabbed onto Georgia.

On his other side is a SNOW MONKEY.

GEORGIA
Get off me!

Jared slowly loosens his grip on Georgia.

He makes a couple different noises at the monkey, trying to get it to go away.

JARED
(to the monkey)
Shoo! Shhht! Go!

The monkey is not bothered. He stays.

Jared's going to have to turn his back to the monkey to talk to Georgia. That's fun for him.

GEORGIA
Leave it alone. He's fine.

JARED

To speak my truth, I don't really have a lot of faith that you would warn me if he gets into an attack position.

GEORGIA

You'll just have to trust me, I guess. Like I have trusted you.

Yikes.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

You lied to me.

Jared nods. Yeah, he did.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Several times, actually.

Uh oh.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

"It was a long time ago." Was it?

JARED

I feel like "long" can be subjective.

GEORGIA

You were intentionally misleading.

Jared takes a deep breath - what does she know?

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Why didn't you fucking tell me you were here with Ruby? And that you KNEW her?!

Georgia's voice cracks. This might be where she loses it.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

And you knew about The Orchard? And you knew where Ruby was? And you just let me spiral and wonder and -

She still can't come to terms that this is happening.

JARED

I don't know what to say.

GEORGIA

...did she tell you? Why she was here?

Jared shakes his head. No.

JARED

No. And I know you probably don't believe me, I wouldn't either. But she really didn't say anything, Georgia. To be fair, I didn't ask. We didn't get that deep.

GEORGIA

You were together all the time. What did you talk about, then?

JARED

Nothing. Really, nothing of substance. It was shit like, I don't know, how my friend "borrowed" my pokemon card collection when I was 9 and I never saw it again. Just stupid shit like that.

GEORGIA

Did she talk about me?

Jared looks...really pained. He doesn't want to talk about this.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

What?

He shakes his head.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

She didn't talk about me?

This is all just too fucking much.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

That's impossible. You're a fucking liar. I don't know why I even tried to talk to you. Fucking pointless.

Georgia gets up and storms off.

Jared looks over at the monkey. Jared starts softly singing "Just The Two Of Us" as he slowlllllyyyyy gets up, fixes his pants, and backs away.

INT. SMASH ROOM - DAY

Georgia, in protective gear and goggles, wields a baseball bat. There are tons of breakable objects in this room. Vases, lamps, mirrors, dish ware.

GEORGIA
Fuck! You! Lamp!

She gets after it, smashing everything in sight.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
And Fuck! You! Too! Weird! Vase!
Thing!

Until she's out of breath.

That was a workout.

But she feels a little better.

INT. "BORA BORA" - LATER

Georgia sits at a tiki bar and drinks a Mai Tai.

INT. "ITALY" - GIFT SHOP - LATER

Georgia looks through all the knick-knacks. She finds a card with an erupting Mt. Vesuvius on it that says, "Wish you were here!" So weird. She has to buy it.

INT. "THAILAND" - MAIN STRIP - LATER

She rides in a slow tuk-tuk. Not enjoying herself.

INT. "UNITED KINGDOM" - PUB - LATER

Georgia eats a Sunday Roast. Drinks a beer. Watches football.

She looks at the empty seat across from her.

Is she thinking of Ruby...or Jared?

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Georgia sits for her fourth session.

MARGARET

If you're ready, we'll now start getting into the final preparations.

GEORGIA

I honestly don't care. Just do whatever.

MARGARET

Unfortunately you have to choose something. If we choose, it's uh, murder.

Margaret points towards the camera.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Do you...want to just do whatever Ruby did?

GEORGIA

Not anymore.

Margaret doesn't press the issue.

MARGARET

Okay. We can talk about it more next time.

GEORGIA

Great.

Georgia leaves.

INT. "CHINA" - TEA ROOM - DAY

Georgia watches a tea ceremony.

EXT. RESORT - DAY

Georgia mounts a horse. She is terrified.

GEORGIA

Nah. I can't do this. They're too big. Brains too small. It's not right.

She motions for the guide to help her down.

INT. "AMSTERDAM" - LATER

Georgia browses a cannabis shop. It looks like a sweets shop, really. She gets a cookie, a brownie, and a couple of lollies.

INT. "AFRICA" - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Georgia eats dinner alone. Again.

EXT. RESORT - NIGHT

Georgia lays on a blanket, looking up at the sky. She takes a bite of brownie - it's already half gone.

There are a few other people around, doing the same thing.

We see what she sees: The Northern Lights.

She takes it in.

She hears footsteps behind her.

It's Jared. He sits down next to her.

JARED

I'm not going to stay, I just
wanted to give you something.

He holds out a flash drive.

GEORGIA

What's this?

JARED

Ruby's counseling sessions.

Georgia sits up. Is she hearing this correctly?

GEORGIA

How?

JARED

The company I worked for was mostly
in cyber security software. It
wasn't exactly the same, took me
awhile, but I got there eventually.

She doesn't know what to say. Is this even happening right now?

JARED (CONT'D)

I know nothing I do or say could make up for the hurt I've caused you. And I don't even know if these videos will absolve me of anything. I didn't watch them.

Georgia listens.

JARED (CONT'D)

But now that you know everything, I have nothing to hide. Shitty how that works, but it's true. I wasn't lying when I said I don't know why Ruby was here. Once I found out who you were and made the connection, I couldn't bear to tell you that I knew her but didn't know anything. And that she didn't talk about you. I knew it would break your heart even more.

Georgia nods. It did.

Jared stands up.

JARED (CONT'D)

Okay, well. Good luck with everything.

He walks away.

Georgia stares at the flash drive, tucks it into her pocket, and lays back down.

INT. SECURITY HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Georgia stands outside the door to the security office. She clutches the flash drive in her hand.

INT. GREENHOUSE - LATER

Betty opens the door.

Georgia, bourbon in hand, enters the greenhouse.

Georgia doesn't sit down.

GEORGIA

Do you know why Edward died?

BETTY

I don't know for sure, but I have a decent idea.

Georgia nods.

GEORGIA

If you could know for sure, would you want to?

Betty thinks.

BETTY

I don't know.

Betty wants to give Georgia a better answer.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Edward was...a strong silent type. He really didn't let many people in. And, I have to imagine, that was for a reason.

Georgia's listening.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I always had a feeling something happened before I met him that made him keep most people at an arm's length. Now, I don't know what exactly that was, and I have some theories, but I just know it was bad enough for him to keep it from me for thirty years.

Betty stops to pinch off a flower.

BETTY (CONT'D)

He drank. A lot. He was never mean, it didn't affect his work. But I don't think he liked to be alone with his thoughts, but he liked to be alone. So drinking helped. And after awhile, it didn't.

Betty shrugs.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Just my guess, though. I'm glad he doesn't have to think about it anymore.

Betty hopes that helped.

BETTY (CONT'D)

And honestly, if I knew what that "thing" was that he kept so secret? I wouldn't ever be able to forget it, and I'm afraid I would pity him. And he wouldn't have wanted that. I'm glad I don't know the details.

Betty pats Georgia on the back.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Now drink up. It's what Edward would've wanted.

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Georgia sits on a couch. Thinking. Listening to the fountains.

Jared walks through the lobby, sees Georgia.

They make eye contact. Neither know what to do, but they gravitate towards each other. Jared sits down next to Georgia.

It's a bit awkward.

JARED

Did you watch it?

Georgia shakes her head.

JARED (CONT'D)

Are you going to?

Georgia shrugs.

GEORGIA

I haven't decided.

Jared nods.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I'm just still so angry.

JARED

I'm still really sorry.

GEORGIA

That's the shitty thing, I'm not even really angry at you. I'm angry at Ruby.

Georgia looks off into the distance. Watching people come and go. Slowly. God, there are a lot of old people here.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

The videos might give me some answers, but those answers weren't meant for me. And I kind of need them to be meant for me.

Georgia is getting a little more angry.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I'm here, going through all of this, because that's how much she meant to me. And I didn't even mean enough to her for her to leave me a note. A clue. Anything. I think...I just thought maybe the death certificate was the clue, and she was asking me to come here. I was just grasping at whatever threads appeared. And I pulled at them and now I just have a ruined jumper.

They sit in silence for a moment.

JARED

Sorry you didn't get your NPR story.

Georgia lightens.

GEORGIA

Yeah, that's what I'm most upset about. I wanted to really stick it to Doug.

JARED

God I HATE that guy.

GEORGIA

Me too.

Silence.

Georgia pulls out the two weed lollies.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Want one?

Jared considers, then accepts.

They cheers, and unwrap them.

INT. JAPANESE GARDEN - LATER

Baked, Georgia and Jared walk through the garden. Touching everything.

GEORGIA

I think I'm going to go home.

Jared's eyebrows raise. He tries to hide his misplaced disappointment.

JARED

Really? When?

She shrugs.

GEORGIA

Whenever I can, I guess. I don't know how transportation out of here works.

JARED

Oh, I've got some experience with that. Happy to help.

Georgia smells a plant. It was not a pleasant smell.

GEORGIA

Something must have peed on that one.

JARED

Ew.

GEORGIA

Did you know tulip bulb farmers cut the pretty blooms off right at the peak so that the bulbs grow stronger for next year?

JARED

Is that a metaphor for something?

GEORGIA

I didn't mean for it to be, but did you get something out of that?

JARED

I have to think about it.

He has to stop walking to think. Too high to do both at once.

He abruptly starts walking again.

JARED (CONT'D)
Okay, I thought about it.

GEORGIA
And?

Jared looks confused.

JARED
And what?

GEORGIA
Did you figure out the metaphor?

JARED
Sorry, what are we talking about?

Georgia laughs.

Jared laughs at Georgia laughing.

Oh no, the giggles. Now they can't stop laughing.

They have to sit down in the middle of the path and hold onto each other to try and remember how to breathe. Georgia is straight up WHEEZING.

GEORGIA
I should've brought my inhaler.

JARED
Why didn't you bring your inhaler?!

GEORGIA
They wouldn't let me!

They both laugh harder.

JARED
Oh yeah, totally forgot where we were.

They slowly calm down. They've held up the walking path, so they crawl off the walkway and let others pass.

They chill in the grass.

Georgia gets serious again.

GEORGIA
Why'd you leave and come back?

JARED

Not sure if you've noticed, but I'm scared of everything. Dying takes balls of steel. I kept chickening out.

GEORGIA

You don't HAVE to die.

Jared isn't too sure about that.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

You said you've never been anywhere except here. You could come visit me in Surrey. I'll probably never go back to Paris again, but there's loads of other places we could take the train to.

Georgia seems excited about the idea, and Jared doesn't want to burst her bubble.

JARED

Yeah, sounds nice.

They both zone out, thinking about their own shit and the futures they may or may not have.

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Georgia sits across from Margaret. Again.

GEORGIA

I've decided to leave.

Margaret tries to maintain a neutral expression, but she's happy for Georgia.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I might come back. But I need to figure some other stuff out first.

Margaret nods.

MARGARET

Okay then.

Margaret gets up and goes to her desk, gets paperwork for Georgia to sign.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

These will all release you from your contract with The Resort.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Would you like to leave as soon as possible or see out your stay?

GEORGIA

Can I leave tomorrow?

Margaret nods.

MARGARET

Of course. Say 'hello' to all those lovely twats across the pond for me, will you?

Georgia blinks.

GEORGIA

I will do.

INT. GREENHOUSE - LATER

Betty lets Georgia, this time carrying an entire bottle of bourbon, in.

Georgia hands Betty the bottle.

BETTY

What's this for?

GEORGIA

I'm leaving.

Betty smiles.

BETTY

Good for you, dear.

GEORGIA

I just wanted to come and say thank you for everything, and if you ever want to visit I've left Margaret my address. My door is open.

BETTY

The only trip I'll be taking now is into the compost bin, but I thank you for the invitation anyway.

GEORGIA

Do you...mind if I have a moment in here alone?

BETTY

Of course.

Betty leaves the greenhouse.

Georgia walks around. Thinking about what she wants to say to "Ruby."

GEORGIA

I'm leaving. I figured I'd come here and tell you, even though you didn't give me the same courtesy.

She picks at the soil in one of the pots.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I know we said we'd never walk away angry, but I have to break that promise. It's kind of just easier to be mad right now. Sorry.

Georgia moves onto another plant.

She laughs nervously.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I don't even know if you wanted me here, anyway. I was so certain you'd want us buried next to each other forever. Now I'm not so sure.

Georgia sits down on the bench.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I promise I'll do my best to just...be. You always told me the past causes depression and the future causes anxiety, so it's better to live in the present. Did you do that? Were you just being present here?

Georgia is done trying to reason with it all.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I also want to apologize. I don't know if I was meant to, but I didn't see you reaching out for help. If I missed something, I am so, so sorry.

Her voice quakes.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I hate that you were feeling poorly. Or that something was going on. Maybe you were sick.

(MORE)

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I'll always wonder. But I'm glad
you're not dealing with it anymore,
whatever it was.

Georgia swallows away the tears that are threatening to escape.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Okay, well. This is it, then.

Georgia stands up, takes a last look around.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I loved you. And now I also hate
you. And I'll fucking miss you
forever.

Georgia heads out.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Georgia emerges.

Betty gives her a big hug. Georgia finally breaks down, sobbing into Betty.

INT. "ITALY" - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Georgia and Jared are finishing their pasta, and drinking champagne.

GEORGIA

I've never actually been to Italy.
Just the airport. Would you ever
want to go?

He gestures around him.

JARED

I've already been.

GEORGIA

Funny. So I've confirmed all the details for tomorrow morning. Van will take us to the airstrip at 9am. Were you able to get a spot on the plane?

JARED

I talked to them about it, yeah.

GEORGIA

Great.

She holds up her champagne glass.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Thanks for your friendship this week. I didn't know I needed it.

JARED

Cheers.

They clink. They drink.

Jared is trying not to get emotional.

JARED (CONT'D)

I have something for you.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out HER NECKLACE. From the beginning.

Georgia's mouth drops open.

GEORGIA

Oh my god.

And then he produces a SECOND, IDENTICAL necklace. Ruby's.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

Georgia takes both of them from him. Running her fingers over both.

JARED

I've made some friends over the last year.

GEORGIA

Thank you.

She thinks. And hands him one of them.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

You should have this.

JARED

I one-hundred-percent could not take that.

GEORGIA

(earnest)

Please.

Fine.

Jared takes it. Puts it on. Georgia puts hers on, too.

INT. LOBBY - NEXT MORNING

Georgia waits for Jared. A sprinter van is right outside the front doors.

Jared arrives.

GEORGIA
Talk about last minute. Let's go!

Jared is slow walking to the van.

EXT. THE RESORT - CONTINUOUS

Georgia and Jared board the van.

They sit next to each other.

Jared grabs Georgia's hand. He looks away, and we see a tear stream down his face.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

Georgia and Jared disembark the van and head for the steps to the plane.

Georgia starts up the stairs and then realizes Jared isn't following her.

She turns around. And gets a good look at his face.

Oh no.

GEORGIA
Jared? What're you doing?

She knows the answer.

He shakes his head.

JARED
I'm so sorry.

GEORGIA
You're coming with me.

He shakes his head again. No, he's not.

JARED
Thank you for letting me be myself
this week.

She rushes to him.

GEORGIA
Don't do this.

JARED
I have to.

GEORGIA
Please.

JARED
I didn't know why I kept leaving
and coming back. I am in so much
pain and wanted it to be over. But
you've really taught me how to be
brave this week. I never thought
I'd go in a hot air balloon! Or
bathe with a monkey!

GEORGIA
Living with pain is way braver than
dying.

JARED
You taught me to be brave, but not
that brave, babe. I'm sorry.

This hurts.

JARED (CONT'D)
Let the handsome man kill me.

GEORGIA
(painfully)
His name is Tucker.

JARED
Oh. God. Well. I'll spend my
remaining days getting over that.

Georgia smiles a little. GOD THIS SUCKS.

GEORGIA
I don't want you to die.

JARED
You have to trust me.

Georgia knows. She doesn't want to, but this isn't her choice.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT comes up to them.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I am so sorry for the interruption,
but we have to go. They're selling
this plane back to Cardi-B and I
have a lot of stuff to re-misplace.

Jared takes off the necklace and gives it to her.

JARED

You promise me you'll give this to
someone who deserves it?

Georgia nods.

This is it.

GEORGIA

I suck at goodbyes.

JARED

Maybe that's why Ruby didn't say
it.

Maybe.

The Flight Attendant all but pushes Georgia up the stairs.

When she gets to the top, she turns around.

Jared is gone.

INT. PLANE - LATER

Georgia tucks her legs in, not wanting to get hit by the studded bar cart again.

The Flight Attendant hands Georgia a bourbon.

GEORGIA

Could I get a water too, please?

The Flight Attendant pours her a cup of water and continues down the aisle.

Georgia takes a sip of bourbon.

She takes out the FLASH DRIVE. Considers it. Turns it over in her hand.

And drops it into the glass of water.

THE END