

BLINK TWICE

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OVER BLACK WE HEAR: DRIP.

**EXT. JUNGLE - DAY**

(Existing shot)

LIZARD SITS ON A ROCK WATCHING... SOMETHING  
DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

CLOSE ON A GRIMY LEAKY SINK. DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

SPARK! Close on: A YELLOW LIGHTER with a lil smilie face on it LIGHTING a stick of incense. FRIDA blows out the flame, then looks back to:

HER PHONE SCREEN WHERE WE SEE: A PICTURE OF A WOMEN'S HANDS SHOWING OFF NAIL ART WITH LITTLE GREEN LIZARDS PAINTED ON THEM. DRIP.

CLOSE ON: FRIDAS' CAT NAILS AS SHE TYPES: aNAILmals by Frida. LIZARD EMOJI. PAINTING NAIL EMOJI. BLOWS SMOKE EMOJI. POST. The picture joins the collection of others on her page.

She lowers her phone, stares straight ahead for a moment before:

FRIDA TYPES: SLATER KING. We notice the google suggestions:

SLATER KING NET WORTH

SLATER KING KING-TECH

SLATER KING ISLAND

SLATER KING APOLOGY

SLATER KING INTERVIEW

FRIDA CLICKS ON THE LAST ONE. CLOSE ON HER EYES AS WE HEAR:

SLATER KING  
I Slater King would like to  
formally apologize for my behavior.  
I've sought therapy, and am taking  
a leave of absence from my company.  
I'm sorry.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. INTERVIEW - DAY

INTERVIEWER  
You released that 2 years ago  
today. I'm sure a lots happened  
since then.

SLATER KING  
Yes, ma'm. A lots happened.

He shifts in his seat. He's nervous in a a way that makes him  
relatable.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)  
I like this chair.

INTERVIEWER  
Right. Well lets get to question  
that everybody is dying for you to  
answer. Where have you been since  
you-

SLATER KING  
Got canceled?

INTERVIEWER  
I was going to say since you  
stepped down and made your CFO Vic  
Mahoney CEO of KING-tech.

SLATER KING  
Right.

He puffs his vape.

INTERVIEWER  
You completely vanished.

Slater laughs.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)  
What's funny?

SLATER KING  
People. They tell you to go away,  
and then they wonder where you've  
been.

The interviewer smiles politely. Waiting for him to answer.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)  
I just needed to disappear for a  
bit. So I-

INTERVIEWER \*

Yes? \*

SLATER KING \*

Bought an island. \*

INTERVIEWER \*

An Island? Well I guess that's like  
buying a sandwich for a  
billionaire. \*

SLATER KING \*

I know it sounds obnoxious, but Uh,  
Dr Stein, my therapist said it was  
important for me to have a safe  
space to uh, reflect. I didn't  
know where else I could I that so--  
Seriously I love this chair. It's  
such a good red. \*

So yeah, it's been incredibly  
healing to be in nature, and spend  
time with my friends, to just  
disconnect ya know? No phones, no  
work. I grow my own food, wear the  
same thing every day, raise  
chickens... \*

INTERVIEWER \*

Slater King raising chickens?!  
Seems like you really are a changed  
man. \*

FRIDA'S BATHROOM - SAME

A piece of incense ash falls onto a worn book on the floor.  
"Success is the best revenge. How to build your empire" \*

INTERVIEW - SAME

SLATER KING \*

Well yeah I've realized, after  
everything that happened, how  
important it actually is to stop  
and smell the flowers. So yeah,  
I'm grateful. For everything.  
Like... this chair. I'm grateful  
for this beautiful red chair. \*

He admires it again. \*

INTERVIEWER \*

I'm sure you can have it, if you  
want... \*

SLATER KING

No. Really? (talking to someone off camera.)

I can have this? I'm love furniture, But I get it home it always looks weird, yaknowwhatimean? I move it around like a crazy person cuz I never know where to uh, put it.

INTERVIEWER

Right. So Last year you started the KING-TECH Foundation, in support of trauma survivors. What do you have to say to the people who called this performative?

SLATER KING

I guess, uh, I dunno, I'm just trying to do better. I don't know how else to say I'm sorry. I've said it so many times the word has lost meaning. I have learned a lot. I hope to continue to learn. I'm here to talk less and listen more. And yeah, sure I wish everyone could forgive and forget, but like my sister says, "forgiveness is a choice and forgetting is a gift." So yeah, I don't expect anything from anyone.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!!!!!! FRIDA JUMPS.

JESS (O.S.)

Hey dude, you got my lighter?

FRIDA

Oh, yeah, sorry!

Frida grabs the lighter from off the floor, She cracks the door open to pass the lighter thru.

JESS

The super should be here soon, Will you grab the rent money?

FRIDA

Ok, we uh, might be a little short.

JESS

What did you do???

FRIDA  
It's a surprise! For you!

JESS  
Oh boy...

Slam! The door closes. Go wide to reveal Frida is on the toilet.

BEAT.

FRIDA  
Wait! Do we have any more--

Jess holds out a roll of toilet paper through crack in the door.

**INT. FRIDA'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY**

Frida's washes her hands in the grimy sink. She turns off the water, but the sinks still like- DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

She looks in the mirror. Fusses with her hair. We clock A SCAR next to her left eye. She REACHES behind the vanity mirror and pulls out a small wad of cash.

She looks at her reflection. Tired. She needs a vacation.

FRIDA  
I need a fuckin' vacation.

JAMES BROWN  
1 2 3. Get down!

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

We follow Fridas' red backpack through the kitchen. The godfather of soul blasts in her ear buds. A muffled voice:

ASSHOLE BOSS  
Frida...Frida. FRIDA!!!

Frida finally hears him. Takes out her earbuds

ASSHOLE BOSS (CONT'D)  
You're late.

FRIDA  
I know sorry I-

ASSHOLE BOSS

SO, as know the KING TECH gala is our most important event of the year, and well, last year you were a little too....*chatty*.

FRIDA

No I--He started talking to *me*. He told me he liked my nails that was it--

ASSHOLE BOSS

Anyway, It would be great if this time you could be a little more, ya know, *invisible*.

Frida nods. Turns to open her locker

ASSHOLE BOSS (CONT'D)

Aren't we forgetting something?

FRIDA

If I'm inviable why does it matter if I-

ASSHOLE BOSS

If you're gonna difficult--

FRIDA

Ok, ok, I'm sorry. We're good. No one's difficult. See?

Frida smiles.

ASSHOLE BOSS

Just don't forget to smile.

Boss walks away. Frida smile drops. She gives him the finger. Stuffs her Backpack in the locker.

R1A INT. EVENT STAGING AREA - NIGHT

TRACK WITH FRIDA as she heads to some LOCKERS, passing between her co-worker buds, CAROLINE and BEN.

CAROLINE

You know what they used to call that place?

TITLE CARD

BEN

Yeah, and it was legendary and also a million years ago.

Frida drops her RED BACKPACK into a locker.

JEFF

Frida, you're late.

FRIDA

Sorry.

CAROLINE

All I'm sayin' is I don't buy this whole fucking "*my island is my safe space where I learn to talk less and listen more and think about my soul.*" What do you think they do on this "legendary" island now Ben? Bring girls there to hang out and play chess with them?

BEN

Oh, they definitely playin' with they chess. I'm just sayin' he's a billionaire. What do you want him to do, take girls to Applebees?

CAROLINE

How was your date by the way?

BEN

She was sweet.

CAROLINE

All I'm saying is, if you're at one of these charity events, it's not because you're a good person. It's because you cannot fuckin' sleep at night and you're trying to buy back your soul, one five-hundred-thousand dollar plate of Branzino at a time. I'm just sayin'--

BEN  
I'm just sayin'...

FRIDA  
That's so cynical. You don't have to be a monster to have power. *I'm just saying*, I'll be at one of those tables one day, and it won't be because I did something horrible. And, by the way, I served him last year and he was very nice.

They laugh.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

CAROLINE BEN  
Okay. Go hang out with your Yeah, tell him we say, hi.  
best friend, Slater King.

Jess enters frame lugging a box of champagne.

JESS  
Do you have my lighter?

Ben hands it to her. Frida and Jess unload a dolly.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Missed that audition waiting for  
the super who never showed. So we  
still have black mold so I guess  
we're just gonna die now. How was  
your day?

FRIDA  
So, I've learned that when a client over fifty says they want to "try something young and fun" with their nails, it means you're about to enter a hostage situation.

# JESS

Rich people have no sense of time.

GARRET  
Yo Jess, can I grab your lighter?

JESS  
(hands it off)  
I want it back.  
(then)  
Gonna have to write my fuckin' name  
on this thing.

FRIDA

Ugh, this haircut is stupid. I look  
like a boy.

JESS

It's cute.

FRIDA

Heard ya sneakin' out at like three  
am. Where'd you go last night?

Jess cringes, guilty.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

JESS

Please don't be mad at me.

FRIDA

I'm not mad at you! I just can't  
magically erase shit from my brain so  
when you get back together I'm not  
gonna pretend I don't want to stab  
him.

JESS

It's complicated --

FRIDA

It's not. Stop giving away your power.  
You're not a human phone charger.  
Have some self-respect.

(then)

I'm sorry. I love you. I just don't  
understand why you keep going back.

JESS

I think I'm afraid of being alone.

FRIDA

You're not alone. You have me.

JESS

I know.

Jeff approaches --

JEFF

Don't forget to smile, ladies.

JESS

Anyway. It's tonight. You must be  
dying.

FRIDA

I'm dead.

2

**INT. THE DOWN TO EARTH GALA - BALLROOM - NIGHT**

2

CLOSE ON: An EMCEE'S FACE.

EMCEE

Ok, ok, let's get serious, people. It is now time for me to introduce to you, your host. You all know him as the CEO and founder of KingTech, but tonight we are here for his exquisite taste and his boundless generosity. And it is my distinct pleasure to introduce you to Mr. Slater King.

GO WIDE. A fancy fundraiser gala. The audience--celebs, CEOs, rich people (you get it)--APPLAUDS LOUDLY for: SLATER KING (a very young 40). He is handsome and charming and perfect in a way that should probably be annoying, but somehow isn't. He waves off the adulation gracefully.

3

**INT. STORAGE ROOM - BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT**

3

Frida and Jess struggle with CASES OF DOM. Frida cranes her neck, staring through the door at Slater, still talking.

JESS

Careful, you're gonna sprain your neck.

FRIDA

I don't care if I break it.

She DROPS her case of Dom next to the freezer.

TIME CUT:

**BACK TO THE BALLROOM**

A woman TAPS her champagne flute. A HAND appears--nails PAINTED BLUE, with NAIL ART OF CATS--starts to pour. Frida glances at THE BACK OF SLATER'S HEAD AT HIS TABLE.

Back to Frida, the champagne flute is OVERFLOWING.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Shit. I'm sorry.

Frida cleans the spill. Embossed on the NAPKIN: "KINGTECH".

R4A      **INT. GALA - LOCKERS - A LITTLE LATER**

Frida opens her locker with the RED BACK PACK.

JESS  
(to co-worker)  
Yo. Seriously?

Co-worker tosses the lighter back.

4A      **INT. BALLROOM - A MOMENT LATER - NIGHT**

4A

Frida and Jess weave through the dense crowd with the RED BACKPACK.

6      **INT. STALL - LADIES ROOM - NIGHT**

6

Frida and Jess are squeezed into the stall. Frida reaches into the backpack--

FRIDA  
Red or blue?

JESS  
Uhhhh--

7      **INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT**

7

Frida and Jess fight the crowd of women for a spot at the mirror. Both in the same dress. Frida in RED. Jess in BLUE.

JESS  
Twinsies.

NEXT TO THEM: A BLONDE WOMAN, stares at her reflection.

BLONDE WOMAN  
I've asked Charlie to pull the car around.

8      **INT. BALLROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT**

8

The gala is now in full party mode. Frida and Jess strut, lookin' good. Like, real good. On stage in the b.g., the Emcee is auctioning off a PIECE OF ART.

FRIDA/JESS

Hi... Hello....How are  
you?...Hello, Ladies...

JESS

Oh, she's gorgeous. I have one of  
those in my summer house, but I  
need more.

Frida trips in her heels.

FRIDA

Oh, shit, sorry. I just don't know  
how to walk in these fuckin'  
things.

JESS

Ok, do this thing my aunt taught  
me. It's easy. East. West. East.  
West.

JESS/FRIDA

East. West. East. West.

JESS

Oh, shit, it's Jennifer.

They strut towards a crowd of VIPs, but then--

STAN

Ladies, this is a private area.  
Could you step that way please?

This is STAN (50, Slater's bodyguard, always nearby).

JESS/FRIDA

South. South. South.

Frida stops, staring into the crowd.

JESS

How much do you think that little  
head costs? Like, a million  
dollars? I wonder if an alarm would  
go off if I stole it.

Frida's off. Heading into the crowd.

JESS

Frida! What are you doing??

Frida takes a few steps... then TRIPS... and FALLS... right  
into a waitress with a tray of champagne. Record scratch.

Everybody turns and stares. Champagne and broken glass everywhere. People are staring. Fuck my life. But then--

SLATER

Are you alright? Is it ok if I help you up?

There he is... leaning down in front of her. Slater Fucking King. He helps her onto a chair.

SLATER (CONT'D)

May I?

FRIDA

Yeah...

He slips off her other shoe... and SNAPS the heel off. She smiles. They look at each other. It's an electric moment.

Big APPLAUSE. The winner, RICH --

RICH

Slater!

SLATER

Rich!

RICH

The speech turned out great.

SLATER

Really, you sure it wasn't too long?

Frida looks at Jess. Jess 'slits her throat,' mouths 'dead'.

Frida watches as Slater heads for the stage to take a picture with Rich. Rich catches Frida's eye.

STAN

Ma'am.

Stan hands her a BAND-AID. Her hand is bleeding--she hadn't even noticed. She smiles. Under Stan's jacket, she glimpses: A HOLSTERED GLOCK. Slater reappears with Rich --

RICH

I'm sorry to interrupt.

SLATER

No, no, you're not interrupting.  
This is... actually, I havent asked you your name.

FRIDA

I'm Frida.

A beat, and then... she starts to laugh. They laugh together.

MONTAGE - BALLROOM - SLATER AND HIS FRIENDS

Frida and Jess join Slater and his gang.

- CODY (40, Slater's chef/oldest friend), waves. - VIC (40, rich kid, mischievous and sharp), nods. - CAMILLA (20s, street smart but also into crystals in a not-annoying way) "sup." - TOM (40s, heavyset, sweet, used to be on a sitcom) "hey" - HEATHER (20s, pre-law stoner) "hieeee!" - LUCAS (crypto kid, 21 barely, prolly on Adderall) grins. - SARAH (20s, sharp and snooty)

"ME AND MY SHADOW" continues as the gang goofs around, getting to know each another. The party gradually thins out.

- Lucas and Jess do quirky dance moves. - Heather rolls a blunt while Camilla CRACKS UP LAUGHING. - Cody tries to dance towards Sarah. She ignores him. - Sarah FLIRTS with Slater. Frida doesn't love it. - Vic and Tom SWIG champagne from the bottle, little pink umbrellas behind their ears. - Slater and Frida do HAND DANCES on the stairs. It's cute. Frida LAUGHS out loud, and we

END MONTAGE

10D      **INT. STAIRS - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

10D

STACY (Slater's assistant, all smiles, kinda hangin' on by a thread).

STACY

Hi. Sorry to interrupt.

SLATER

(not breaking eye contact  
with Frida)

Frida, Stacy. Stacy, Frida.

STACY

Hiiii. So nice to see you. So, Miss Party Pooper, I know, but it's--

SLATER

Yeah, ok. Thanks Stace.

Stacy steps away, quietly takes a little ZIPLOCK of SKITTLES out of her FANNY PACK. Pops one in her mouth. Slater picks up his jacket.

FRIDA  
Where ya off to?

SLATER  
The island. Just for a few days.

FRIDA  
Oh. "The island." Casual.

SLATER  
So casual. It was nice meeting you  
•

A pregnant pause. Neither of them really wants this to end.

VIC  
Alright, that's very cute. C'mon.  
Let's go.

SLATER  
Ok, I'll, uhh...

VIC  
Let's goooooo!

SLATER  
-- I'll see ya.

She watches sadly as he walks away. Jess lays her head into Frida's lap.

JESS  
Another chapter for the memoir.

FRIDA  
Totally.

But then, without warning. He's back.

SLATER  
Ok, uhm, I don't wanna sound uhm...  
Do you guys wanna come?

Holy fucking shit.

14B

INT. SLATER'S JET - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

14B

Frida opens her eyes, blinks, looks around. Slater is asleep on her shoulder. Holy shit, Slater King is asleep on my shoulder. She peeks out the window to see: THE ISLAND. Deep green jungle. White sand beaches. Crystal clear water.

15           **EXT. MOVING TESLA / ISLAND DIRT ROAD - LATER - DAY**           15

BIRDSEYE SHOT, à la THE SHINING: a caravan of Teslas winding along the dirt road through dense trees.

16           OMIT   16

17           **INT./EXT. MOVING TESLA / THE COMPOUND - DAY**           17

Frida, Jess, and Slater ride in the back, Stan up front with the driver. The caravan pulls up to the compound. Stacy jumps out, enters a code at the FRONT GATE.

Frida catches the Driver's eyes in the rearview. He smiles. Stan clears his throat. The driver looks away. The gates open, revealing: the COMPOUND.

The caravan continues through a dense tunnel of VINES budding BIG RED FLOWERS. Jess watches the gates glide shut behind them. They step off the cars onto an exquisitely manicured lawn. Those big red flowers dominate the landscape.

17           **EXT. COMPOUND DRIVEWAY - DAY**                           17

Everyone gets out of their cars.

The staff awaits them with trays of drinks.

Vic puts on his FAVORITE HAT.

VIC  
It's good to be back.

Slater tries out his RED CHAIR in the middle of the driveway.

SLATER  
I'm redecorating. You like it?

FRIDA  
I love it.

SLATER  
What do you think? Is it too red?

Eventually he lets the crew take it away and follows them down the path. Jess turns to Frida.

JESS  
(sotto to Frida)  
Did we're really just jet off with  
bunch of total strangers.

FRIDA

He's not a stranger. He's Slater  
King.

Looming before them: the BIG HOUSE, early th century,  
colonial, antique and imposing. Surrounding on all sides:  
JUNGLE. The whole place conveys a sense of unpretentious  
perfection. It's... insane. Frida and Jess gawk.

STACY

Hi friends!  
(trips a little)  
Godammit. I got it. Phones please?

Tom tosses his phone in to Stacy's PINK TOTE. Vic rewinds:

Vic tosses his phone in. Frida does the same. Jess side-eyes  
her. Seriously? Frida shrugs.

SLATER

Yeah, you don't have to do anything  
you don't want to do.

Jess hands over her phone.

SLATER (CONT'D)

It's just, better without phones.

On the steps of the Big House stands a woman. This is MAMA  
(70s, indigenous, with ancient eyes). She smiles warmly as  
Slater comes in for a huge hug.

SLATER (CONT'D)

Mama!

MAMA

Welcome home.

SLATER

The place looks great. So much new  
growth.

TOM

Hi Mama!

MAMA

Welcome home, uhm...

TOM

... Tom. Mama, it's me, Tom.

MAMA

Oh I know I know.

Frida and Jess stare at A BASKET on the grass, filled with... DEAD SNAKES? Jess puffs a cigarette. Sarah approaches.

FRIDA  
Casual basket of snakes.

JESS  
Do we consider that a red flag?

SARAH  
Not no.

JESS  
So I guess we should ignore it? And like, date it for eight months?

Sarah CHUCKLES, gestures for a light. Jess hands her a YELLOW SMILEY FACE LIGHTER.

SARAH  
Cute.

Vic, passing Cody--

VIC  
Ok everyone say "makin' memories!"

SHITHEADS  
Makin' memories!!

18

INT. FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - LATER - DAY

18

Slater opens the door. It's elegant, minimal, perfect.

SLATER  
I hope it's ok. It's my favorite one.

Frida sniffs the bouquet of BIG RED FLOWERS.

FRIDA  
I think I'll survive.

They cross through the room. Slater twists the knob on the back door, and it sticks. He wrestles with it for a beat, a little embarrassed. Finally gets it open.

SLATER  
I keep meaning to fix that.

R18A

**INT. FRIDA'S ROOM - DAY**

Refreshed, having just showered off the gala and the jet, still buzzing from the Slater tour, Frida wraps herself in a towel, and JUMPS/SCREAMS: Mama stands in her bathroom, holding the WHITE DRESS.

FRIDA

Holy shit, you scared me.

MAMA

Sorry, I forgot.

Frida clocks SNAKE TATTOO'S on her forearms as Mama hangs up the dress.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Red Rabbit.

FRIDA

Sorry, what?

Mama pinches her cheek, smiles, flashing GREEN, VENOM STAINED TEETH, and exits. Frida takes a step and CLANG, trips over something.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

Wait, you forgot your --

WIDEN OUT to reveal Mama's BUCKET.

22

**INT. BATHROOM - FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

22

Frida opens the vanity mirror. Q-tips. Tampons. Lotion. Electric toothbrush (from the future). A SMALL BOTTLE OF PERFUME - "Desideria". She SPRITZES it on herself. Delicious.

In a drawer: a used LIP GLOSS. She opens it. There's a LONG DARK HAIR stuck to the grimy tube. She looks at it...

FRIDA

Better luck next time, bitch.

... And TOSSES it in the trash.

22A

**EXT. BUNGALOWS - DAY**

22A

Frida steps out her door to find Jess, smoking. They're both in bikinis, white linen skirts, sun hats, sunglasses. They look dope.

JESS  
Twinsies.

R22B EXT. PROPERTY - DAY

Frida and Jess wander, not sure where to go. They pass some GARDENERS with baskets of flowers and weeds.

FRIDA  
Excuse me? Do you know where we're supposed to go?

The gardeners just smile revealing STAINED, GREEN, TEETH.

FRIDA (CONT'D)  
We'll figure it out. Thank you.

JESS  
Is it weird there's like, clothes for us?

FRIDA  
I don't think it's weird. I think it's just -- rich.

JESS  
Right. So, you think the human sacrifice is before or after dinner?

They look up to find CODY, walking towards them from across the lawn, holding a KNIFE!

JESS (CONT'D)  
Frida, frida.

CODY  
Sashimi at the pool.

FRIDA  
Wait, where's the pool?

He stops and stares at her for a sec. It's weird. He smiles.

CODY  
Oh right, you've never been here before. Sorry. It's straight back. It's big, it's got water in it.

Cue: Camilla, Heather and Sarah step out of their bungalows, all dressed similarly.

26

**EXT. POOL AREA - LATER - DAY**

26

CLOSE ON: RASPBERRIES being dropped into CHAMPAGNE FLUTES.

Sarah hops out of the pool, sits next to Heather and Camilla. Heather's rolling a blunt.

CAMILLA

That is a fat blunt, queen.

HEATHER

That's why they call me the Fat Blunt Queen. Who's got a lighter?

Jess tosses over her lighter. Stacy passes, carrying TOO MANY CANDLES, balanced awkwardly.

SLATER

I'm good. Thanks Mama.

Frida gazes at Slater in his chaise lounge. A waiter hands her a champagne with a raspberry.

CLOSE ON: A SHARP-ASS ICE PICK hacking at a BLOCK OF ICE. Vic scoops some ice into a COCKTAIL SHAKER. Shakes. Calls to Stan.

Vic drops an UMBRELLA in his drink.

Heather slides into the pool. Frida looks around.

26A

**EXT. POOL AREA - LATER - DAY**

26A

CLOSE ON: Cody slices SASHIMI. He hands a slice to Sarah.

SARAH

Mmmmm. Cody. What in the fuck.

CODY

Bluefin. Belly cut. Best in the world. Just melts in your mouth.

LUCAS

Whoa. Sick!

Lucas picks up Cody's CHEF'S KNIFE. It's beautiful, ornate. Totally unique. Cody snatches it back right away.

CODY

Hey! You don't touch my dick, you don't touch my knife. Get it?

FLASH! Vic takes a polaroid of Cody and his knife.

Sorry. It's an original Hatori, and it's very special. And very sharp. Just don't want you to hurt yourself, brother.

LUCAS  
Totally.

59B      **EXT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY**

59B

Heather discovers the coop. Smokes a joint and watches the chicks.

26A      **EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

26A

A WAITER hands Frida and Jess fresh champagnes with raspberries.

Jess plucks out her raspberry. Tries to cheers Frida with it, but Frida's attention is on Slater, swimming past.

SLATER  
You two ok? Having a good time?

FRIDA  
We're having a great time.

Jess pops her raspberry in her mouth.

Slater smiles, lifts himself out of the pool. Frida watches as he walks away, settles into a lounge chair.

26D      **EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

26D

Camilla steps into the pool, puffing the blunt. Tom is there, staring up into the sky. She follows his gaze. He points:

TOM  
There's the head. Arms. Little buttons. One two three. Gingerbread man. See it?

CAMILLA  
Aww yeah. Let's find him a cute little house.

She searches the sky, puffs the blunt.

Frida is still staring at Slater, lazing in his lounge chair. He vapes, catches her eye. They look at each other.

RE26R

PU: FRIDA NOTICES MAMA IN THE DISTANCE, A SNAKE DRAPED AROUND HER NECK, SMILING BACK AT HER, when --

SARAH (O.S.)  
Think fast!

Slater turns just in time to catch a FLYING COCONUT.

LUCAS  
Whoa!

Sarah hangs precipitously from a TREE -- total daredevil.

SLATER  
Well look at you.

Sarah jumps gracefully out of the tree.

CAMILLA  
Go off, HSB!!!

JESS  
I knew it!  
(to Frida)  
She was on Hot Survivor Babes.

Sarah takes the coconut out of Slater's hands.

SARAH  
Season eighteen.

CAMILLA  
You went cuckoo bananas on that  
show.

SARAH  
They edit out a lot.

Sarah grabs Cody's special knife off his tray, goes to hack off the top of the coconut. Cody squirms.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I did what I had to do to survive.  
That's how you win.

**RD26R** PU: FRIDA AT THE SIDE OF THE POOL, DOWNS THE CHAMPAGNE AND  
POPS THE RASPBERRY IN HER MOUTH.

Sarah swings-- WHACK! The coconut top pops off. She slips a straw in. Cody inspects his knife with great concern.

Sarah sips the coconut suggestively, offers it to Slater. He takes a sip. Smiles at her.

Suddenly, COUGH - Oh no, Frida's choking. Slater runs over.

SLATER

You ok?

Frida COUGHS, spits the raspberry out, looks up at Slater.

R26F      EXT. PATH - DAY

Frida looks over to find Slater, just down the path. Some GARDENERS approach with LARGE BASKETS OF FLOWERS. Slater says "hi guys," steals a flower, and offers one to her.

SLATER KING

Desideria. It only grows here. This place is really special. The people are beautiful. We're fully sustainable. Everything we use here is native to the island. The fabric, the produce, got our organic herb garden, got our chickens. Cody's a great chef, cooks all of our meals. Got our cold plunge, the sauna's up and running. That's not from here. So yeah, a little slice of paradise.

FRIDA

This is not what I thought it was gonna be.

SLATER KING

What do you mean?

FRIDA

I mean, the legendary parties of slater king. Debauchery, drugs -- sounded kinda fun.

SLATER

We still do drugs, just with intention. And we still have fun, it's just different now.

FRIDA

I'm just saying, I know what they use to call this place.

SLATER KING

Ah man, you must think I'm an asshole.

FRIDA

No. I think you're a boy.

SLATER KING

I was. I was a young, stupid, boy  
with all this money and power and no  
one gives you a rule book.

FRIDA

Why would you want rules?

SLATER KING

The world needs rules, otherwise  
you've got a bunch of traumatized  
kid with abandonment issues running  
around, actin' like psychopaths  
because they can't accept love. But  
that's not an excuse. A lot of  
shame. Shame's a big one.

FRIDA

Hey, your life was bananas.

SLATER KING

I'm figuring it out.

They come upon a GARDENER wiping blood off of a MACHETE next to  
MAMA who picks up a lifeless SNAKE, rivulets of blood crisscross  
her fingers, as she drops it into a cloth bag.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)

Thanks Mama.

(to Frida)

Gotta bit of a pest problem.

She smiles and waves at them as they pass.

FRIDA

You call your house keeper mama?

SLATER KING

It's her nickname.

FRIDA

Oh, okay.

SLATER KING

What?

FRIDA

Nothing, just -- she's a real  
person who, maybe, shouldn't have  
to live with a "nickname" because  
her boss has mommy issues. But, no  
I'm sorry, I'm sure it's fine.

SLATER KING

Oh my god, no, you're right. I thought we had a cute thing but she probably wants to burn this place to the ground. Goddamnit, I'm still an asshole.

FRIDA

No, I'm sorry. I don't know why I said that.

SLATER KING

No, you're right.

(then)

She left us with our dad, it totally fucked me up.

(then)

You in therapy?

FRIDA

No. I actually think therapy's kind of self-indulgent bullshit.

SLATER KING

You sound like my sister.

FRIDA

I don't need to pay someone to talk about the time my mom tried to kill herself in front of me. I mean, who didn't have a fucked up childhood? I survived, I'm here.

SLATER KING

Wow. I'm sorry. Well -- talk therapy isn't really for me either. Rich is a trauma therapist. So, more like, subconscious, repressed memories -- stuff like that. But so far he's just very expensive so maybe you're right. Therapy's bullshit.

FRIDA

What can't you remember?

SLATER KING

Anything before ten -- it's just, shoop. So it was probably pretty bad.

FRIDA

I don't get it, why do you want to remember? I'd pay to forget.

SLATER KING

I dunno. There's something  
unsettling about not knowing but  
maybe you're right, forgetting is a  
gift.

She lifts her hand, touching her scar.

CRASH, suddenly STACY is there dropping an arm full of RED GIFT BAGS.

FRIDA

Let me help you.

SLATER KING

Don't even try. She's got it.

Frida goes to pick up a bag and Stacy shoos her hand away.

STACY

I got it.

SLATER KING

She physically can't accept help.

STACY

(frazzled)

Relax, you're on vacation. Oh,  
Slater, I had them put the chair in  
the new spot, hon. Let me know if  
you think it looks less weird  
there. I think it looks nice. I put  
the vape fluid in your desk. The  
new generator's not in yet so the  
candles are set up in the dining --

SLATER

Thanks Stace.

They continue down the path trailed by Stan.

FRIDA

So, she does everything for you?

SLATER KING

Yeah, she's my assisstant.

FRIDA

And this guy just follows you  
everywhere?

SLATER KING

Who? Oh, Stan? Don't even notice  
him anymore. Yeah, just in case.

FRIDA

I have bad news for you.

SLATER KING

What?

FRIDA

Your life is still bananas.

26E EXT. FRONT LAWN - MAGIC HOUR - DAY

26E

27 EXT. TERRACE - SAME - MAGIC HOUR - DAY

27

Heather and Vic play chess on a HEAVY MARBLE CHESSBOARD. He studies the position, utterly perplexed.

VIC

Something weird is going on here.

HEATHER

If by 'weird' you mean 'you're losing', then yeah, shit's gettin' pretty fuckin' 'weird,' dogg.

Vic studies the board. Heather takes a big blunt hit. She watches Mama walking in the distance. Stonily-

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What happened to your pinky?

Vic makes his move. Heather, blasé, makes her move. Vic stares. What the fuck..... and TIPS OVER HIS KING.

26E EXT. LAWN - A LITTLE LATER

26E

Behind them, on the lawn, Frida steps ahead of Slater, and he speeds up playfully. In a moment, they're suddenly racing across the lawn, laughing. Aww.

28A INT. BATHROOM - FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

28A

Frida spritzes perfume, stares at herself in the mirror. She picks up a YELLOW TOWEL, puts it on her head, tucks it behind her ears like straight blonde hair.

FRIDA

... I've aaasked Charlie to pull  
the car around.

And then, THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Frida, startled, looks around.

28B   **EXT. BUNGALOW PATH - NIGHT**

28B

Frida and Jess--now dressed in the WHITE LINEN GARMENT--walk in the dark.

FRIDA AND JESS (ADR V.O.)  
TWINSIES.

29   **EXT. DINING AREA - A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT**

29

They're all seated around the DINING TABLE. Everyone's laughing and talking. All the girls wear those RAW WHITE LINE GARMENTS. The power's still out; candles everywhere. A team of WAITERS stands behind them, PLATES in hand, like storm troopers in black suits. Cody stands.

CODY

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight you have zucchini blossoms from the garden, a yuca mofongo, also grown right here at chez King, and some absolutely beautiful dry aged steak from the Mie prefecture in Japan.

The waiters--sharply synchronized--place the beautiful dishes down. Frida and Jess gaze ravenously at the steak.

CODY (CONT'D)  
Blessing. Please enjoy.

They all clap, start to eat. Yummy sounds all around.

HEATHER  
Wow. Wooow. Cody. Wow.

Tom has only a plate of PLAIN SOFT-BOILED EGGS. He eats one. Camilla eyes this quizzically, then digs into her steak.

CAMILLA  
Oh fuck off.

Frida takes some steak. Offers some to Slater.

**R29L**   **INSERT: Frida's white dress making contact with the steak.**

SLATER  
I don't eat red meat.

FRIDA  
Why not?

SLATER  
I don't like it.

Frida slyly puts her steak back on the platter.

CODY

I love cooking for friends. It just  
hits different.

VIC

Can you pass the salt?

CODY

Really?

R29K      INSERT PU: Vic's pinky as he salts the steak.

Cody holds up TWO NEW BOTTLES OF RED WINE. Slater points at one. Cody opens it. Pours a tiny sip.

JESS

Sarah, you gonna be on All-Stars?

CODY

Oh yeah. That's gonna open up  
beautifully.

SARAH

I was gonna be, but of course after  
twenty-two years, they just now  
decide to notice that their show  
about girls in bikinis fighting for  
their lives in the jungle is  
"exploitative." Like--

Cody holds the cork to Sarah's face.

CODY

Babe--

SARAH

-- you can't wait to have that  
epiphany until after I've won a  
million dollars?

She finally sniffs the cork. Gives Cody a cursory thumbs up.

(CONT'D) SARAH

So yeah, two years of training for  
nothing.

FRIDA

I'm sure it'll come in handy.

A waiter pours the wine. Lucas takes a big messy swig.

CODY

Sip it, dude, sip it. That wine is  
older than you.

SLATER

Camilla. Congratulations.

They share a little private toast.

(CONT'D) SLATER

She closed the sale of her app this week.

LUCAS

Whoa. Awesome. What's your app?

CAMILLA

Oh, it's an astrology app. It's  
called The Cycle.

38A

**EXT. POOL AREA - LATER - NIGHT**

38A

They're all huddled around Tom. He's flipping through songs  
on an iPad.

TOM

I got it. I got it. I got it.

He presses play. The song starts.

The gang dances their asses off. Fun, crazy energy. Frida  
grabs a champagne bottle out of Slater's hand, takes a messy  
swig. They dance together. And just then: a SCREAM.

They all run over. Jess is standing in the grass, terrified.

JESS

Something bit me!

CAMILLA

Oh hell no.

TOM

Right there! Right there!

Slater moves lightning fast, leaps down and PUMMELS the snake  
with the champagne bottle THWAACK THWAACK THWAACK.

LUCAS

Jesus, that was...

VIC

The word you're looking for, young  
man, is 'fucking awesome.'

CODY  
Nice one, Slate.

SLATER  
You ok?

JESS  
What is it? Is it poisonous?

Slater kneels down in the grass.

SLATER  
It is venomous, but you're not gonna die.

JESS  
Oh my god.

She inspects her hand: Two TINY FANG MARKS.

SLATER  
Look at me. You're gonna be fine.  
It might get a little itchy. Maybe a little fatigue. Drink a lot of water.

Frida inspects Jess's snake bite.

Jess looks over to see Slater and Cody, huddled, talking quietly. Slater looks back over his shoulder at Jess.

JESS  
Should I be like, going to a hospital or something?

VIC  
You'll be fine. Also there is no hospital.

FLASH! Vic snaps a photo of the champagne-covered dead snake.

R39B      INT. JESS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frida, still kinda high, helps Jess into bed. Jess winces.

JESS  
I want my phone.

FRIDA  
Okay, I'll go ask --

JESS  
No, no, no. Don't go.

Jess rocks back and forth, suddenly emotional. Frida rubs her back.

JESS (CONT'D)

This place is weird, I wanna go home.

FRIDA

Hey, hey, we can't go home, that's crazy. We're on Slater King's island drinking champagne, eating amazing food, and we were just dancing with amazing people, nothing's weird -- oh shit.

She looks up to find MAMA standing in the doorway holding the DEAD SNAKE.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

Hi, we're just having a moment, do you mind?

JESS

Do you want to continue your speech about how everything is normal and nothing is weird?

They laugh.

FRIDA

Nothing else is...

She looks down to find the stain is gone.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

My stain.

JESS

What?

FRIDA

Nothing.

(then)

He's actually really sweet. He's been through a lot. We have a lot in common. I served his table last year. I can't believe I forgot that he doesn't eat meat. Did I tell you he --

Jess is now asleep, twitching.

Frida sneaks out of the bed and over to the vanity, spritzes perfume, and quietly makes her way out of the room.

OFF JESS, HAVING A NIGHTMARE, NOSE BLEEDING --

R39A      EXT. LAWN - BONFIRE - NIGHT

Frida approaches Slater who sips from a bottle of champagne, alone in front of the fire -- IN THE RED CHAIR! Vibe's a little dark.

FRIDA

Hi.

SLATER KING

Hi. You came back.

He struggles to refill the vape. He's kinda fucked up.

FRIDA

Here.

He hands her the vape and the fluid to refill it.

SLATER KING

Sorry about your friend. We were all having such a good time.

FRIDA

She's fine. She's sleeping. We're still having a good time.

SLATER KING

Good. I didn't want to scare her but sometimes people have a bad reaction.

(re: vape)

You gotta flip the --

She puffs his vape. Coughs.

FRIDA

What is this? Strawberry?

SLATER KING

Wild berry. Yummy right?

She hands it back. He vapes.

FRIDA

At first I guess --

(getting the aftertaste)

-- but then it's kinda --

SLATER KING

I know it's bad but at least it doesn't kill you.

FRIDA

You never know what's in those things, man.

Hands it back. He vapes and stares into the fire.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

So, watcha doin?

SLATER KING

Thinkin' of lighting this chair on fire.

FRIDA

Why?

SLATER KING

Just tried it in like, every room and I cannot -- it just feels weird everywhere. This is a problem. This fucking chair is a problem.

She cracks up.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)

It's not funny. I'm serious.

FRIDA

I know. That's what's so funny. This is your biggest problem. Amazing.

SLATER KING

I know, I know, you're right. I'm obsessing. I gotta get away from this thing.

He crawls down onto the grass next to her.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)

It's nice down here.

She stares at the empty chair.

FRIDA

Uh-huh.

SLATER KING

I asked mama her name.

FRIDA

What is it?

SLATER KING  
It's -- uhhh -- shit.

They die laughing.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)  
That smells nice on you. I like  
your nails.

Frida smiles.

FRIDA  
Thanks. I do them myself.

SLATER KING  
What do we got here? Little blue  
cats?

FRIDA  
A-nail-mals.

SLATER KING  
What?

FRIDA  
Animal nails. It's kinda my thing.  
It's a play on --

SLATER KING  
*Anailmals!* I like it.

FRIDA  
It's stupid.

SLATER KING  
It's not. You should Trademark  
that.

FRIDA  
I did.

SLATER KING  
Oh, okay. Someone's on their shit.

FRIDA  
I got into Haas.

SLATER KING  
Damn. Berkley.

FRIDA  
Full ride.

SLATER KING

Wanna be my CFO? Pretty sure Vic  
only comes into the office to hide  
from his wife.

FRIDA

I don't know if you can afford me.

A SERVER delivers him a bowl of ice cream. He takes a bite.

SLATER KING

Want some?

FRIDA

What flavor is it?

SLATER KING

Pistachio.

FRIDA

Oh my god, that's my favorite.

SLATER KING

Really? No one likes pistachio.

FRIDA

This is scary perfect.

She offers a spoonful. He just looks at her.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

*Enjoy the fantasy before it melts.*

SLATER KING

What?

FRIDA

My mom always used say that.  
She could find the dark side of  
just about anything.

SLATER KING

She wasn't wrong. Nothing lasts.

She just looks at him. Then back to the fire.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)

So why didn't you go?

FRIDA

Where?

SLATER KING

Business school.

FRIDA

How do you know I didn't go?

SLATER KING

You're doing nails.

FRIDA

My mother. Couldn't leave her.

SLATER KING

Couldn't or wouldn't ?

FRIDA

It was a full on hostage situation.  
Never again.

SLATER

Never again, what?

FRIDA

Never again will I let someone  
else's suffering get in the way of  
getting what I want.

SLATER KING

Rich would not like this.

FRIDA

Why?

SLATER KING

Because you're co-dependent and I  
have abandonment issues.

FRIDA

Good thing I don't believe in  
therapy.

SLATER KING

This will be fun. Or really fucked  
up. Or both.

FRIDA

Or both.

SLATER KING

Or both.

(then)

How'd you get that scar?

Nothing.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)  
Gotta go to bed, gotta to bed,  
gotta go to bed. I'm glad you came  
back.

She watches him stumble off toward the big house.

FRIDA  
Really?

SLATER KING  
Yeah. Got therapy in the morning.

She takes another bite of ice cream. Notices his VAPE on the red chair --

FRIDA  
Wait you forgot your --

He's gone.

**INT. FRIDA'S ROOM - MORNING**

R60A

Frida sits up in bed, looking at Slater's vape in her hand when she clocks DIRT UNDER HER FINGERNAILS. She crosses to the bathroom, washes her hands, looks back up to the mirror and jumps at JESS STANDING BEHIND HER IN THE REFLECTION.

JESS  
Frida?

FRIDA  
Holy shit, you scared me.

Jess stares at her, strange look in her eyes.

JESS  
What do you mean?

FRIDA  
I just didn't know you were in  
here.

Jess looks around, confused

FRIDA (CONT'D)  
You okay? You feeling better? How's  
your hand?

JESS  
What did I just say?

FRIDA

Huh?

JESS

What happened?

FRIDA

Last night?

Long pause. Then, Jess forces a smile.

JESS

Yeah, did you have a good time?

FRIDA

I had a great time.

60

**EXT. BIG HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER**

60

Frida walks up to the big house.

61

**INT. GREAT ROOM - BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

61

CREAAAAAK. Frida opens the door, pokes her head into the Great Room. It's a big open space. A huge CLOCK FACE is built into the wall. TICK. TICK. TICK.

Under the clock: the BIG RED CHAIR. Frida runs her finger along it. She sits. Puffs the vape. #BigDickEnergy

CUE: "BLUES IN HOSS FLAT" by COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA. Frida pantomimes Slater - a very important man - à la Jerry Lewis in THE ERRAND BOY. As she finishes--

SLATER

Frida. Hi.

She darts up out of the chair.

FRIDA

Hi. Sorry. I... thought you might want this.

She hands him his VAPE PEN.

SLATER

Oh. Thanks.

FRIDA

... Whatcha doin'?

Rich enters from the back room with Vic.

VIC

Aww, hi. Frida, Rich. Rich, Frida.

FRIDA

I remember you.

A beat. Rich cocks his head.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

You were at the gala.

RICH

That's right.... Amazing.

Stacy steps out of the back room.

SLATER

(re: the chair)

Hey Stace, it still feels weird  
here. Maybe we try it somewhere  
else.

Stacy unlocks a BIG CABINET, pulls out her PINK TOTE. Takes  
out a PHONE. Puts the tote back in. Locks the LARGE PADLOCK.

STACY

Ok well... We haven't tried the  
driveway. Or the bathroom. Ooo! We  
could light it on fire. That might  
make it feel less weird.

SLATER

It's a process. We're gonna find  
it. Don't get discouraged.

STACY

No no, it's groovy. Like... deck  
chairs on the titanic.

SLATER

Don't do that. That bums me out.

STACY

Sorry.

She wipes a bit of schmutz off of Slater's lip. She hands  
Rich his phone.

RICH

Alright, my man I gotta get back to  
the mountain top. Excited about all  
these new ideas.

SLATER  
I'll walk you out.  
(to Frida)  
How's Jess?

52A      EXT. TERRACE - DAY

52A

Breakfast on the lawn. The gang's all there, except Lucas.

Sarah spreads jam on a piece of toast, takes a sensuous bite. A little jam drips down her wrist. She licks it off. Fucking yum. She glances at Tom with his PLAIN SOFT-BOILED EGGS.

ANGLE ON: Heather and Vic, playing chess. A FAT BLUNT hangs from Heather's mouth. He holds his finger on his last move. Looks up at her. She shakes her head. No bueno, friend. He takes his move back. Heather turns to the others.

Jess looks kinda haggard. Super dry mouth. She CHUGS water. She tries to spread jam on some toast, but makes a mess of it. Tom points at the jam, spilled on the table. To Jess. Jess chugs more water.

Frida watches Slater across the table. A waiter pours his coffee. He puts honey in it.

JESS  
(looking for her lighter)  
I had crazy dreams last night.  
(to Heather)  
Do you have my lighter?

A waiter pours coffee for Frida. She puts honey in it. Heather throws Jess the lighter.

HEATHER  
Sorry.

SLATER  
Almond or oat?

Slater points to the waiter. Frida pauses, unsure, then...

FRIDA  
Uhm, oat?

He puts a flower behind her ear.

Jess puffs her cigarette. Slater waves the smoke away.

HEATHER (O.C.)  
You moved your knight.

VIC (O.C.)

Did not.

HEATHER (O.C.)

Your knight was on B I'm stoned,  
bro, I'm not stupid.

VIC (O.C.)

My knight was there!

HEATHER (O.C.)

You think I don't remember where  
your fucking knight was? You  
cheater. You fucking cheated! I'm  
not playing with a cheater!!!!

FRIDA COPIES SLATER WHO DRIPS HONEY INTO HIS COFFEE.

52B

**INT. SAUNA - DAY**

52B

Camilla WHISKS a EUCALYPTUS SPRIG through the air. The gang's all in Finnish sauna caps. Slater waves a eucalyptus at her.

Jess takes a cursory breath. She looks really tired.

Vic pours water on the hot stones. Frida stares at his missing pinky. He notices.

Jess CHUGS a glass of water.

53

**EXT GROUNDS DAY**

53

Jess ITCHES her snake bite absently.

CAMILLA

Gimme your hand.

She pulls a BALM from her pouch, applies it to the bite mark.

JESS

Thank you.

CAMILLA

I make it myself. Use it on my son  
all the time. He's a wild one, just  
like his mama.

RA59

**INT. FRIDA'S ROOM (RA59)**

Frida gives Slater a manicure in her room.

FRIDA

I used to do my mom's nails. It would calm her down when she went to the dark side.

SLATER KING

I think it's working. No one ever takes care of me. Well, everyone takes care of me but only because I pay them.

FRIDA

Well I'm here now.

SLATER KING

Yes you are.

59

**EXT. POOL AREA - LATER - DAY (FRIDA CUT OUT OF THIS SCENE) 59**

CLOSE ON: Tom's face. Long NEEDLES stick out of his bald patch like Pinhead. He looks more than a little wary.

Camilla takes another needle from her pouch. Tom WINCES as she slides it into his head.

Heather, Sarah, Jess, Lucas, ~~and Frida~~ hang nearby. Slater is noticeably absent. She looks over at the VAPE PEN on a table. A waiter serves champagne.

JESS

Could I just have some water?

SARAH

Hey hon do you have the light?

Jess fumbles around. Can't find her lighter.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You okay?

~~Frida glimpses Slater in the window of the Big House. Jess walks up to Frida.~~

~~Frida exits.~~

HEATHER

I just had the most craziest déjà vu.

Heather looks to Lucas across the pool.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with Lucas? He's  
acting weird.

Jess CHUGS her water. Cody enters, mad, frantic.

CODY  
Where's my knife? Who has my knife?

CAMILLA  
What?

CODY  
My knife! I can't find my special  
knife!

CAMILLA  
Aye! Chill. You just gotta ask  
somebody. Has anybody seen Cody's  
special knife?

She tries to offer the blunt to Cody. He waves it away.

SARAH  
Nobody has your special knife.

CODY  
What are you doing to him?

CAMILLA  
It's acupuncture man. Maybe you  
should try it.

R59N      EXT. POOL - DAY

Existing Sarah looking through Heather's arms and swatting fly, to RESHOOT PU of Slater and Frida walking and talking again.

R59O      EXT. JESS'S ROOM - COURTYARD - DAY

Jess sobs inside of her room. Cody crosses frame, CHASING A CHICKEN. Stops for a moment. Listens. Continues chasing chicken.

R59C      EXT. LAWN - DAY

Frida and Slater, lying on blankets with champagne, looking up at the sky, laughing. Suddenly, Frida stops.

FRIDA

Something horrible is about to  
happen.

SLATER KING

What?

FRIDA

When things are too good, that's  
when the bad stuff happens.

SLATER KING

What makes you think that?

FRIDA

Life.

A worker appears, topping off their champagne.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

What day is it?

SLATER KING

I don't know.

FRIDA

You people have no sense of time.  
When are we leaving?

SLATER KING

Whenever we want.

FRIDA

That's not an answer.

SLATER KING

Okay, you tell me.

FRIDA

Gotta go back, pour champagne --

SLATER KING

For who?

FRIDA

There's mold.

SLATER KING

Where?

FRIDA

Everywhere. Back home. I don't  
wanna go back.

(emotional)

(MORE)

FRIDA (CONT'D)

This is your life. I'm just a tourist. This is just a vacation. This isn't my life. These aren't my clothes. What day is it?

SLATER KING

Frida, are you having a good time?

FRIDA

Yes.

SLATER KING

Let's start fresh.

FRIDA

Yes.

SLATER KING

Let's be in moment. Cuz that's all that matters. No future. No past. Just me and you. Right here. Right now.

(then)

Hey, I like you.

FRIDA

You're evil.

He smiles. She boops his nose.

**RA59D EXT. PATH - DAY**

Slater chases Frida through the property. It's cute. She rounds a corner and he's gone.

FRIDA

Slater?

She looks around. Nothing. She hears something. Walks a bit further, coming upon a RED GIFT BAG. Hmm. She walk a little further, THE SHED.

**R59D INT. STORAGE SHED - CONTINUOUS**

Frida pushes the shed door open to find shelves lined with RED GIFT BAGS. She peers inside one: THE PERFUME! CLANK, she looks over to see mama standing in the corner, next to a shelf of cleaning supplies.

FRIDA

Oh, sorry, I was looking for Slater.

Mama waves Frida over.

FRIDA (CONT'D)  
Hey, what's your name. I'm Frida.

MAMA  
Red Rabbit.

FRIDA  
Right. Totally.

Mama moves some cleaning supplies, revealing a FLASK. Takes a sip. Smiles. Green teeth.

FRIDA (CONT'D)  
Oh, don't worry, I won't tell anyone, I'm not a narc.

Hands it to Frida. Frida takes a sip. Gags.

FRIDA (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, what is that?

Mama removes a CLEANING RAG, revealing the DEAD SNAKE. Some GREEN SPOTCHES OF VENOM dot the white rag.

MAMA  
Venom.

She clocks the SNAKE TATTOOS on mamas arms.

MAMA (CONT'D)  
(giggling)  
Red Rabbit. Red Rabbit. Red Rabbit.

Frida, freaked, bolts.

**R59E EXT. SHED - CONTINUOUS**

Frida backs out of the shed and jumps, running into Cody, a chicken under each arm.

CODY  
What are you doing over here?

FRIDA  
Sorry. I got lost.

CODY  
Someone let the chickens out last night. Fuckin' nightmare.

69           **EXT. DINING AREA - LATER - NIGHT**

69

Another candlelight dinner. The perfectly-synchronized waiters serve the main course. CHICKEN. Heather eyes it sadly.

69A           **EXT. DINING AREA - LATER - NIGHT**

69A

**NOTE: JESS IS REMOVED FROM THIS SCENE.**

The waiters serve dessert: ICE CREAM.

VIC

Ugh. Pistachio? Fuck off, man.

Slater takes a big puff off his vape.

SARAH

Lemme taste.

He hands it to her. She puffs it. Hands it back

SARAH (CONT'D)

Strawberry.

SLATER

Wild berry.

SARAH

Wild.

**EXT. FIRESIDE - NIGHT**

Frida and Slater kiss by the fire.

R60A

**INT. FRIDA'S ROOM - MORNING**

Frida's asleep.

JESS (O.S.)

Frida. Frida.

Frida opens her eyes, and sees Jess standing in the corner of her room.

77           **INT. FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - MORNING - DAY**

77

Frida, asleep. Eyes moving behind lids. Her NOSE IS BLEEDING.

79

**INT. BATHROOM - FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - MINUTES LATER - DAY** 79

Sounds of Frida VOMITING over a shot of the empty bathroom.

**INT. FRIDA'S ROOM - DAY**

Frida's empty bed. Blood stain on the pillow.

TIME CUT:

**INT. FRIDA'S ROOM - DAY**

Frida flicks the dirt under her nails.

OVER BLACK: "DAY 3"

80

**EXT. TERRACE - DAY**

80

Frida enters. Mimosas. Brunch. Everybody's CRACKING UP.

VIC

Why is it never not funny?

REVEAL: Tom, a DICK drawn on his cheek. He is not amused.

CODY

It's classic.

TOM

Seriously, who did this?

Frida's in struggletown. She CHUGS a glass of water. Jess is nowhere to be seen.

CAMILLA

It's like someone is brushing their teeth with a lawnmower, but like, in my brain.

Tom sits, grabs two SOFT-BOILED EGGS, eats them. Sarah looks rough. BIG BRUISE on her arm.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

You fell out of a tree?

SARAH

That's what they tell me.

CODY

You were like Dick Grayson.

HEATHER  
When did I cut bangs?

Reveal: Heather, with bangs. She hits the blunt.

VIC  
Who's Dick Grayson?

CODY  
Robin. What's wrong with you?

TOM  
I have a dick on my face.

Slater just looks at him. Tom shifts in the chair.

Sarah eyes Frida. She looks like shit.

Frida CHUGS more water.

LUCAS  
Greetings, excellent people!

Lucas enters, greets Slater with a chummy shoulder rub.

SLATER  
Buenos dias, Youngblood.

LUCAS  
Ooh, fuck yeah, blueberry muffins!

CODY  
Slate's Mom's recipe.

LUCAS  
Spectacular.  
(to Frida)  
You try these?

She eyes him coldly. He backpedals, sits down quietly.

SLATER  
How'd you sleep?

FRIDA  
Amazing.

CODY  
Alright kids. Sail's up. Who's  
ready to catch some beautiful  
grouper?

LUCAS  
Yeah baby! Can I bring the muffins?

CODY  
Bring the muffins!

SARAH  
How do we feel about... less loud?

CODY  
Sorry babe.

CAMILLA  
I don't think I should be on a boat  
right now.

VIC  
Come on. It'll be fun. Bucket o  
worms.

HEATHER  
Maybe we'll just have some girl  
time. You guys go... with the  
worms.

Slater watches Frida CHUG water.

SLATER  
You cool if I go?

FRIDA  
Of course.

He puts a flower behind her ear.

SLATER  
Enjoy girl time.

88C      EXT. SPA - DAY

88C

Sarah, Camilla, Heather, and Frida, all in BRIGHT BLUE BEAUTY MASKS, get foot massages. The girls LAUGH LOUDLY. Frida's hangin' on by a thread. She CHUGS a glass of water.

CAMILLA  
I needed this shit.

HEATHER  
Me too.

She offers the blunt. Sarah shakes her head. No fuckin' way.

CAMILLA  
Bro. That shit you smoke is too  
fuckin' strong.

HEATHER

I know. Someone tried to sue my  
client over it. We won.

SARAH

You're a lawyer?

HEATHER

Allegedly.

Sarah lights a cigarette.

HEATHER/CAMILLA

Bye 'babe'!

SARAH

It's almost like he wants me to  
stab him.

HEATHER/CAMILLA

"Babe, why'd you stab me, babe???"

R60A OFF FRIDA, freaked out, we flash to --

JESS standing in the corner of the room.

JESS

Frida, Frida.

JESS LIFTS CODY'S SPECIAL KNIFE and then we're back to --

THE SPA.

R88C

FRIDA

I need to talk to Jess.

Blank stares all around. She itches her snake bite absently.

A loooooooooooong beat.

HEATHER

Who's [COUGH] 'Jess?'

They're all staring at Frida. She laughs. They don't.

FRIDA

Are you... fucking with me?

Their bright blue faces stare at her, concerned.

HEATHER

Is she ok?

CAMILLA

You don't look so good, mami.

Frida's disoriented. The masseuse switches to her other foot.

R88E      EXT. WALKWAY - DAY

Frida looks over to find Stacy, fumbling more GIFT BAGS.

FRIDA

Where's Jess?

STACY

What hon?

FRIDA

MY FRIEND. JESS. IN THE ROOM NEXT  
TO MINE.

STACY

You mean the storage room?

Frida takes off.

STACY (CONT'D)

Relax, you're on vacation!

88D

EXT. JESS'S BUNGALOW - DAY

88D

Frida, panicked, confused, throws open the door to Jess's bungalow: BOXES. FURNITURE. OLD TERRACE CHAIRS. Stacked ceiling high. No bed. No bedroom, and definitely no Jess.

INT. FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

R80A

Frida sits on the edge of her bed, IN THE BLUE MASK, disoriented and terrified. Looks up, suddenly remembering Jess, holding the knife, crying in the corner. What follows is a waking flashback that Frida experiences from the foot of the bed, looking back and forth between her past self (behind her on the bed) and Jess standing by her dresser.

R60A

JESS  
There's something wrong with this place.

FRIDA

(sitting up)  
What's going on?

JESS

It's like no one knows. Everyone's just laughing like nineteen sixties fucking flight attendants like "you havin' a good time?" "Oh yeah, I'm havin' a great time." I'm scared Frida.

FRIDA

Okay, okay, we'll figure it out.

JESS

We need to hide this.

Jess disappears into the bathroom.

Frida sits up in bed, looking at Slater's vape in her hand when she clocks DIRT UNDER HER FINGERNAILS. She crosses to the bathroom, washes her hands, looks back up to the mirror and jumps at JESS STANDING BEHIND HER IN THE REFLECTION.

FRIDA

You scared me.

Jess, turns and looks at Frida, strange look in her eyes.

JESS

What do you mean?

89

**INT. BATHROOM - FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - LATER - DAY**

89

Frida stares into the mirror, slowly peels off her MASK.

She SLAMS the vanity, screaming, an outburst of violence and utter frustration. She SLAMS the mirror. CLINKCLANK. Out from behind the mirror falls: CODY'S SPECIAL KNIFE.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

89

**INT. FRIDA'S BATHROOM - CURRENT**

89

Frida JUMPS, turns, holding the knife.

R89B

**INT. FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - DAY**

Sarah and Frida sit on the bed, LIGHTER and KNIFE between them.

SARAH

I hear you and I don't want to sound like a bitch, but, it's just like -- I feel like I'd remember if there was a whole other person here. Ya know?

FRIDA

She was here and there's dirt under my nails and I don't know how it got there. Jess was here -- she was here --

(picks up knife and lighter)

-- and she said something was wrong with this place but I forgot that she said that, but then I remembered and I don't -- maybe you'll forget me telling you this. I know this doesn't make sense. I think we're forgetting, like -- a lot of stuff. This doesn't make sense. Oh my god, I sound crazy!

SARAH

How do we feel about putting down the knife?

Frida does.

FRIDA

Sorry.

Sarah looks into her eyes. Shifts.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

What day is it?

SARAH

Huh?

FRIDA

Do you know what day it is?

SARAH

No, but like -- I never know what day it is.

FRIDA

Right.

SARAH

I'm having a great time here -- but  
I also keep having this feeling  
that I'm like -- not. Does that  
make sense?

FRIDA

Yes.

SARAH

I'm sorry, what's this?  
(reveals bruise on her  
arm)

What's this bruise? What is this?  
They were like "Oh Sarah, you were  
climbing trees and you fell,  
because you were wasted. Uh, no.  
Because you know what, on the show,  
I climbed all the trees. Every  
tree. And I didn't fall. Because  
I'm a tree climber.

FRIDA

So you don't think I'm crazy?

SARAH

I think -- what's crazy -- is --  
that we got onto a plane with a  
bunch of dudes we don't know.

FRIDA

Wait, I thought you all knew each  
other.

SARAH

No. Cody chatted me up in a coffee  
shop. Talkin' about how he knew  
Slater King.

They look at each other for a long beat.

FRIDA

Oh my god!

SARAH (CONT'D)

What the fuck were we  
thinking??

SARAH (CONT'D)

I knew it was too good to be true.

FRIDA

I know right?!

SARAH

Of course they're fuckin' with our heads just like the producers on the show. Edit shit out and make me look crazy. Because that's what they do. They distract us with these cute little outfits, and they shower us with raspberries and champagne but we know what's goin on --

(picks up the knife)  
-- they're trying to control us.  
They're trying to make us look crazy!

Off Frida's look, she puts down the knife.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sorry.  
(then)  
So, they're making us forget.

FRIDA

Yeah.

SARAH

Why?

Beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Let's not think about that right now.

FRIDA

Yeah, let's table that.

SARAH

Okay, but how?

FRIDA

"*Forgetting is a gift!*"

SARAH

Huh?

FRIDA

Slater said, *forgetting is a gift*.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

The perfume.

SARAH

What?

R89D

INT. STORAGE SHED - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah and Frida look up at the rows of PERFUME BOTTLES and GIFT BAGS.

SARAH  
We need to call the cops.

FRIDA  
Yes.

SARAH  
We need to call the FBI.

FRIDA  
Yes.

SARAH  
We need to call the cops and the FBI.

FRIDA  
I know where our phones are!

SARAH  
I love that for us.

FRIDA  
Yeah, but like... ok, let's say we call the cops and the FBI, and are like, "Hi, hello, please send help, Slater King and his buddies-- whom we met at a charity event -- have been doing horrible things to us" and they'll be like "What are they doing?" And we'll be like "uhh, we don't know, they've been secretly erasing traumatic memories with perfume!" And the guys will be like 'Whaaa? We would never do that, other-white-men-whom-we-probably-play-golf-with' And, you and Heather and Camilla will be all like, 'Huhh?? Nothing but good times and fat fuckin' blunts over here, officer!' And I'll be like, come on guys, believe women, here's my friend's lighter" and, they'll be like, "sure, of course, and here's a million dollars you fucking psycho."

She deflates.

SARAH

So wait, let's get on the same page. Your friend. What's her name, again?

FRIDA

Jess.

SARAH

Jess. Where is she?

FRIDA

Maybe she got away.

SARAH

Yeah. Maybe. So wait, you remembered. Your friend remembered. Sup with that?

Frida moves the cleaning supplies and pulls out THE FLASK!

FRIDA

She got bit by a snake.

SARAH

What's in there?

FRIDA

I'm pretty sure it's snake venom.

Sarah shrugs, grabs it, and takes a nip.

SARAH

Oh god, that's disgusting.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

I know, how are we going to get Heather and Camilla to drink this shit?

99

**EXT. POOL AREA - AFTERNOON - DAY**

99

CLOSE ON: Frida and Sarah's smiling faces.

FRIDA/SARAH

Shots, bitches!!!

Frida shakes the COCKTAIL SHAKER. There's a BOTTLE OF TEQUILA on the bar. She pours out a round of BRIGHT GREEN SHOTS.

HEATHER/CAMILLA

Ayeeeeee!!!!

"SHOTS" by Lil John plays (cuz duh). Heather and Camilla drink. Sarah and Frida look at each other-- are we sure we wanna do this?... and drink. It's harsh af.

HEATHER

Holy shit what's in these?

SARAH

Snake venom.

A beat.

HEATHER/CAMILLA

Ayeeeeee!!!!!!

They do another shot. Sarah looks down at the pitcher.

SARAH

So if this is gonna make us  
remember... what do we think is  
making us forget?

FRIDA

No fuckin' clue.

Sarah pounds a shot. Shakes it off. Haaaarsh. Stacy enters,  
scanning the ground.

STACY

Whoo! Slam it girlfriend. Has  
anyone seen my glasses? I feel  
like I'm losing my mind.

They're on her head (duh). Frida and Sarah exchange a look.

FRIDA

Hey Stace, do you want a shot?

A MOMENT LATER

Stacy DOES A SHOT with the girls. And another, and another.

THE GIRLS

Mojave Mami! Mojave Mami!

STACY

Whoo! Tangy. [BURP] Uhm, Stan just  
radioooo'd, by the way, on the  
thingey.

STACYSTACY

The guys should be back from  
fishing soon. So I better... Thanks  
ladies.

FRIDA/SARAH

Bye Stace!

Stace trundles away. As soon as she's out of sight:

FRIDA

I'm going for the phones. Keep a lookout.

Frida starts towards the Big House.

SARAH

Wait wait! What do I do if the guys come back?

FRIDA

I dunno. Fuckin' yell...

Heather dances past them stonily.

(CONT'D) FRIDA

"fat blunts" as loud as you can.

Frida sprints towards the big house.

**\*\* FOR THE REST OF THE SCRIPT, THE BLACK SCENE NUMBERS ARE WRONG AND ONLY THE RED ONES ARE RIGHT. THE ONLY NEW SHOTS ARE ON PAGES 62,63,72,85,86 AND 89 \*\***

64

~~INT. GREAT ROOM — BIG HOUSE — AFTERNOON — DAY~~

64

~~CREEEAAAAK. Frida opens the door slowly, pokes her head in. The coast is clear. She takes a few steps forward. She SHIVERS — the fresh shot of VENOM courses through her body. A DROP OF BLOOD lands on the floor. Her nose is bleeding.~~

~~She looks up at the GIANT CLOCK — TICK TICK TICK — and stops.~~

~~She lies down, arms behind her back. Her heart races as she closes her eyes, remembering.....~~

65

~~EXT. JUNGLE — FLASHBACK — NIGHT~~

65

~~BRIGHT WHITE LIGHTS everywhere. Vic DRAGS Frida by her feet. She SCREAMS, CLAWS AT THE GROUND, MAKING LINES IN THE DIRT WITH HER FINGERS.~~

67

~~INT. GREAT ROOM — BIG HOUSE — BACK TO PRESENT —~~

67

~~AFTERNOON — DAY~~

~~BANG! Frida's eyes pop open. She GASPS, JOLTED from the memory. She's shaking. Her eyes dart around the room. She tries to breathe. Finally, she peels herself off the floor.~~

~~HOLD ON: the blood stain in the middle of the floor.~~

~~102 103 102 103 OMIT~~

68

**EXT. POOL AREA - AFTERNOON - DAY**

68

CLINK! CHEERS. Heather and Camilla drink and 'AYYYEEE!'

A RUSTLING in the trees. Sarah JUMPS. She's tweaked out, paranoid. Her eyes dart around. She SLUGS a glass of water.

CAMILLA

Yo. You got a little...

Sarah touches her face. Her nose is bleeding. Camilla and Heather are pouring more snake venom shots.

SARAH

Yeah, hey, maybe we should cool it  
with the shots. They're like,  
really strong.

HEATHER

And I'm like, really hardcore,  
so...

Sarah tries to grab the pitcher. Camilla pulls it away.

CAMILLA

Whoa, how bout you just do you, ok,  
chica?

Heather and Camilla do shots, dance away. Sarah closes her eyes, lost in a horrible memory. Tears stream down her face.

Behind her: someone creeps forward. Heather and Camilla look, and GIGGLE. It's Cody, finger to his lips... shhhh.

He GRABS Sarah, TICKLES her playfully. She SHRIEKS, flails and... CRACK! The back of her head CONNECTS with Cody's nose.

HEATHER / CAMILLA

/ Brooooo!

Cody's nose starts GUSHING BLOOD.

CODY

Ow! Ow! What the heck?! It's just  
me babe!

Sarah is practically hyperventilating.

SARAH

I... I...

Slater and the guys roll up. Sarah swallows her fear.

(CONT'D) SARAH

I'm sorry, I just... don't like being tickled.

69

**INT. BIG HOUSE - AFTERNOON - DAY**

69

Frida looks at the BIG CABINET. PADLOCKED SHUT. She TUGS at it. Nope. Looks around. Clocks something....

70

**INT. BACK ROOM - BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

70

Frida darts into the room, grabs a big phallic TROPHY off the desk. The "Pillar of Integrity" award. Yeesh.

71

**EXT. POOL AREA - AFTERNOON - DAY**

71

LUCAS

When I was like, four, my sister,  
she shoved me, like, by accident,  
she's not like a sociopath, and my  
teeth, my baby teeth, went right  
back up into their teeth holes.  
They grew back. How's your nose?

REVEAL: Cody's got TWO TAMPON HALVES shoved in his bloody nostrils. FLASH! Vic snaps a photo.

SLATER

You guys seen Frida?

SARAH

Oh, I think she's, uhm...  
freshening up.

72

**INT. BIG HOUSE - AFTERNOON - DAY**

72

KLANG KLANG KLANG. Frida SMASHES the shit out of the PADLOCK with the Pillar of Integrity.

73

**EXT. POOL AREA - AFTERNOON - DAY**

73

SLATER

Oh. Ok. I'll be back in a sec.

Slater starts towards the Big House.

SARAH

Wait!

Slater turns. Sarah tries to act casual.

(CONT'D) SARAH  
We were just gonna smoke a  
(loudly)  
Fat bluuuuuunt!

Everyone eyes her quizzically. Except Heather, who's like:

HEATHER  
Whoo! Go off, queen!

SARAH  
Right? I'm, like, tryin'a smoke a  
big ole'  
(even louder)  
FAT BLUUUUNT!!!

HEATHER  
AYYYYYYYEEE!!!

74      **INT. BIG HOUSE - AFTERNOON - DAY**

74

KLANG KLANG KLANG. Frida can't hear shit. She lifts the trophy again. Ok, one more time, with feeling.....

CRAAACK! The padlock BREAKS OPEN. Frida looks down in her hands. The Big Dick Of Integrity has cracked in half. Oopsie.

She SWINGS open the cabinet. BOXES. BAGS. FILES. A COUPLE OF BOXES of DESIDERIA PERFUME.

Down below, behind a CARDBOARD BOX: a flash of PINK. She pulls out the box. STACY'S PINK TOTE BAG. Bingo.

75      **EXT. POOL AREA - AFTERNOON - DAY**

75

Heather breaks up some sticky ass weed into Sarah's hands.

HEATHER  
Oooo... we got ourselves a sticky  
situation.

Sarah watches as Slater heads towards the Big House.

SARAH  
... Yeah.

76      **INT. BACK ROOM - BIG HOUSE - AFTERNOON - DAY**

76

Frida digs through the bag, looking for her phone. Finds it. Yes! She punches in her code. At the top of the screen: No Service. Fuck. Tries the WiFi settings. No networks found.

FRIDA  
Fuck.

77 EXT. TUNNEL - AFTERNOON - DAY

77

Slater heads towards the Big House, WHISTLIN' casually.

78 EXT. POOL AREA - AFTERNOON - DAY

78

Heather rolls the blunt. Sarah looks nervous. Camilla crosses, drying her hair. WATER drips on the ground. Tom points at it, to Sarah:

TOM  
See the little nose. Little tooth.  
He's even got a paw sticking out,  
see? It's a puppy.

SARAH  
Uhuh. So cute.

HEATHER  
Awwwww. I had a puppy once. He died.

TOM  
I'm sorry. Losing animals is really hard. They're like your family.

Heather finishes the blunt. Ta-dah! Sarah smiles weakly.

HEATHER  
Does anyone have a lighter?

Sarah reluctantly hands her the YELLOW SMILEY FACE LIGHTER.

(CONT'D) HEATHER  
Cute.

CODY  
You ok, babe?

SARAH  
Yeah, I'm just super excited for this  
(literally screaming)  
FAAAAAAT BLUUUUNNNTTT!!!!

79 INT. BIG HOUSE - AFTERNOON - DAY

79

Frida's head SPINS around. She heard that one. Fuck.

She frantically shoves the tote into the cabinet. She picks up the cardboard box, and the BOTTOM FALLS OUT -- spilling a bunch of POLAROIDS onto the floor.

They're all pictures from the island. Tons of women, all wearing THE GARMENT. The guys are in some of the pics too. And a few other guys we don't even fuckin' know...

The sound of WHISTLING outside. Frida freezes. Fucketyfuck. She cleans frantically, STUFFS a few photos into her garment.

OMIT

80           **INT. GREAT ROOM - BIG HOUSE - AFTERNOON - DAY**           80

Slater enters, and STOPS WHISTLING, sensing... something.

He steps forward, peers into the BACK ROOM to see...

81           **INT. BACK ROOM - BIG HOUSE - AFTERNOON - DAY**           81

... Nothing. Nobody. Everything in its right place.

He steps behind the desk, opens a drawer, takes out a VIAL, calmly refills his vape. He doesn't seem to notice: the top half of the Dick Trophy, balanced precariously on its base.

As he closes the drawer, we see: a bit of WHITE FABRIC under the desk. BOOM DOWN to see: Frida, under the desk, holding her breath. Behind his feet, she sees: A BACK DOOR.

Slater finishes refilling his vape. He whistles as he walks away. He's just barely out the door, when he stops, right by the BLOOD STAIN from Frida's nosebleed. Uh-oh.

SLATER

What are we gonna do about this?

What are we gonna do? It's...

Under the desk: Frida's eyes go wide.... but then--

82           **INT. BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - AFTERNOON - DAY**           82

REVEAL: The Big Red Chair.

SLATER

... It's weird here. It doesn't work here. Right? Stace, is it weird here?

Stacy looks a little... off. Stan steps out of the bathroom.

STACY  
Noooo. I think it's... nice. I  
think it's--  
(clearing her throat)  
I think it's nice there. I'm just  
gonna.. I'm gonna get some water.

RESHOOT: FRIDA HIDING UNDER THE DESK AND REACTING TO  
FLASHBACK

66

INT. GREAT ROOM - BIG HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

66

Vic DRAGS Frida into the room. She STRUGGLES. Tom stands nearby, casually munching an EGG.

VIC  
You could help.

TOM  
I'm eatin' here!

VIC  
(under his breath)  
Someone's gettin' a dick drawn on  
his face tonight.

TOM  
What?

VIC  
Nothing!

Vic RAMS his KNEE into Frida's back, starts to tie her up.

Frida's POV: Heather, Camilla, Sarah, all tied up on the floor. Cody struggles to tie Sarah. He grabs her arm, hard - right where that BRUISE will show up tomorrow.

CODY  
Stop moving. Babe, just stop  
moving.

SPLOOTCH. A gooey yellow glob lands on the floor in front of Frida. She looks up to see: Tom, YOLK dribbling off his face.

Cody finishes tying Sarah and steps away, leaving the three girls bound and naked on the floor.

LUCAS (O.S.)  
(hysterical, yelling)  
Don't do this! Please! Don't do  
this!

The SOUNDS of a SCUFFLE, and then: THUD--A PUNCH LANDS.

Vic reaches down and turns Frida's head towards:

Slater, standing over JESS, bound and gagged on Tears in her eyes. She tries to scream when, in one sudden, horrifying, motion, he lifts her, snaps her neck, and drops her limp body.

RESHOOT INSERT: UNDER SLATER'S DESK. Frida's eyes pop open. She GASPS, JOLTED from the memory. She has to cover her mouth to muffle her sobs.

She steps away. He keeps staring at the chair.

SLATER

Stan?

STAN

It's a little weird.

SLATER

Right? Ugh.

Slater walks out of frame. In the background, Frida starts to creep quietly out from under the desk. But then--

He crosses back. She DUCKS BACK DOWN.

(CONT'D) SLATER

Yeah, ok, let's just get rid of it. Do you want it? Stace?  
You take it.

Stacy nods, thumbs up, gulping water. Slater slumps dramatically down into the chair. Puffs his vape.

(CONT'D) SLATER

Oh! I'm an idiot. Stan, gimme a hand.

As they carry the chair across the room:

(CONT'D) SLATER

This is gonna work.

Just as they set it down, a sound from the back room: CLICK - the back door closing. They look around.

Frida FLEES away from the Big House as fast as her little legs can carry her.

84

**EXT. POOL AREA - AFTERNOON - DAY**

84

CLOSE ON: THE LIGHTER :) lighting the FAT FUCKIN' BLUNT.

Heather hands the blunt to Sarah, who eyes it warily. Cody's right there. Sarah smiles... and takes a teeny hit.

HEATHER

You didn't get any. Go again, girl.

Sarah grimaces, takes a biiiiig hit. COUGHS.

(CONT'D) HEATHER

That's what I'm talkin' about.

SARAH

(spotting Frida)

Frida! You want some of this?

FRIDA

Oh.... Uh.... Yeah!

SARAH

I'm just gonna--

Sarah puts on a BIG FAKE SMILE, heads over to Frida, hands her the blunt. Frida takes it, confused....

(CONT'D) SARAH

It'll look weird if you don't smoke it.

Frida looks around at the guys. She copies Sarah's BIG FAKE SMILE, takes a dramatic blunt hit, COUGHS. NOTE: Frida & Sarah wear Big Fake Smiles for dis whole scene.

(CONT'D) SARAH

Soooo. How'd it go with the phones?

FRIDA

(still COUGHING)

Bad. It went bad. Has the juice kicked in yet?

SARAH

(holding back tears,  
still smiling broadly)

Uhuh.

FRIDA

Heather and Camilla?

CUT TO: Heather and Camilla -- picking flowers.

SARAH  
Those chicks are a ticking fucking time bomb.

FRIDA  
Great. So--

Tom crosses, munching an EGG.

TOM  
Hey buddies...

FRIDA/SARAH  
Heeyyyyy!

FRIDA  
(passing the blunt)  
We saw it. We saw what they did to Jess.

VIC  
'Sup stoners...

SARAH/FRIDA  
Sup!

Vic holds up his camera. Sarah and Frida smile even bigger.

SARAH  
We did?

FRIDA  
Uhuh. She wasn't forgetting.

FLASH! He takes the photo. Sarah hits the blunt. Heather dances over, hands them each a BIG RED FLOWER.

HEATHER  
Nostalgia for you. Nostalgia for you.

SARAH  
... What?

HEATHER  
'Desiderium.' It means nostalgia.  
It's latin, bitches.

She dances away. Frida and Sarah look at each other. Frida sniffs her flower.

FRIDA  
The perfume.

SARAH  
Mother fucker.

They watch as Heather joins Camilla, Vic, and Tom. They're circled around Lucas, strumming the ukulele, singing fuckin' Joni Mitchell or some shit. Sarah hits the blunt hard.

(CONT'D) SARAH  
This is fuckin' dark. [COUGH]

And just then: an arm reaches around Frida. She freezes.

SLATER (O.S.)  
There she is.

FRIDA  
Heeeeyyyy... yoouuu. I... missed you.

SLATER  
Aww, missed you too. You guys get into any trouble?

FRIDA  
Oh no, just, you know, girl time.

SLATER  
Girl time... Love it.

Cody pulls a BIG OLE FISH from a COOLER, holds it up proudly.

CODY  
Check it out, babe!

SLATER  
Sweet catch, huh?

The guys grin, super proud. Sarah whispers to Frida.

SARAH  
Fuckin'... What do we do?

FRIDA  
(through her teeth)  
We keep pretending...

SARAH/FRIDA  
Wow!!!! / Soooo cool guys.

Slater and Cody high-five.

85

**EXT. DINING AREA - NIGHT**

85

The waiters do their thing, perfect unison. The fish has been beautifully prepared, looks delicious. This is a nightmare.

CODY

Friends, this is a really special preparation of grouper. It's poached in shoyu and young ginger, with local wild garlic. The artichoke and manchego croquettes are deep fried; which, I know, a little naughty. Those'll go with the yuzu and pink pepper gribiche, if you wanna take your tongue to tang town. And then there's the farro and kale with miso pickled asparagus. Blessings. Please enjoy.

Everybody gushes over the food. Frida and Sarah, stoned and scared, nod like oooo... yummy.

POP! Cody opens a wine. Holds the CORK out to Sarah.

(CONT'D) CODY

Chateau Montelena. Give that a sniff.

She sniffs, smiles weakly. He takes a teeny sip.

(CONT'D) CODY

Oof, it's gonna open up beautifully.

Suddenly: SLAM!!! Camilla POUNDS the table.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

No!

Frida JUMPS. Looks at Camilla. Is she... remembering?

(CONT'D) CAMILLA

(laughing, to Heather)

... Bitch that shit is too funny!!

False alarm. Frida and Sarah exchange a look: Jesus.

Frida watches Cody decant the wine. JINGLE JINGLE JINGLE -- A SOUND in Frida's memory. She stares, remembering...

OMIT

86

**EXT. DINING AREA - FLASHBACK TO NIGHT - NIGHT**

86

BRIGHT WHITE LIGHTS flood the area. Frida is gagged and bound on top of the dining table, garment ripped open. STEAK BLOOD STAIN on her sleeve. She stares in horror at the hellscape:

Cody has Sarah by a LEASH. He TUGS it violently as he rapes her. His CRUCIFIX JINGLES against his bare chest. JINGLE JINGLE JINGLE.

Vic CHASES Heather through the grass. Heather SCREAMS in horror.

Tom, on top of Jess. She's tied up. Her fingers claw at the dirt. Camilla, nearby, SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER at Tom.

TOM

Ask me to stop! Ask me to stop!

Stan sits nearby, reading a book.

Lucas appears. Shirtless, big RED FLOWER CROWN on his head. He sees what's happening. Shock on his face.

SLATER

It's ok. Bring him over here.

Suddenly, looming above Frida: Slater, and, oh hey, it's Rich The Investor Guy.

RICH

And she really won't remember any of this?

Slater shakes his head no.

(CONT'D) RICH  
Amazing.

Slater grabs Frida, FLIPS her over. WHAM!

87

**EXT. DINING AREA - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT**

87

The Waiters serve perfect cute little fuckin' desserts in perfect fucking unison. The gang digs in.

LUCAS

Wooow. This is delicious. I just wanna, like, hold its hand, and ask its dad if I can take it to the movies, respectfully. I mean, it would be its decision, ultimately, but mmmm... this is so good.

Frida leans towards Lucas, and SNIFFS. The perfume.

FRIDA  
You smell nice.

LUCAS  
Thanks.

CAMILLA  
Cody, this is so good. I wanna bash  
your face in, man.

TOM  
Ok. I'm doin' it. Gimme a bite.

EVERYBODY  
Noooo! Tom! You're doing so well.

FRIDA/SARAH  
"Noooo."

Tom goes to take a bite. Stops. Looks at Slater.

SLATER  
It's delicious.

Tom puts the spoon down.

Heather and Camilla are lit the fuck up.

HEATHER  
I love you bitch!

CAMILLA  
I love YOU, bitch! Y'all are my  
fuckin' girls. Slater: Playin' with  
the big dogs, now boy. This trip...  
this trip has done things to me,  
that like... I don't even know.

Frida and Sarah side-eye each other. Arrrrrrrgh.

(CONT'D) CAMILLA  
And my girls!!! I'ma give all y'all my number. Anyone ever  
fuck with you, I want you to call me, be like 'BOOP BOOP  
BOOP BOOP BOOP, yo Camilla, this mother fucker fuckin' with  
me'. Cuz you know, I lead with love, but I will fuck a  
mother fucker up.  
(points to Sarah)  
And THIS one... this a real one right here.

CODY  
It is so beautiful to see the way  
you all have connected.

Sarah is in the middle of a nervous/stoned/terrified bite.

SLATER

Sarah. How's your time been here?

SARAH

Yeah, uhm. It's great. It's been great, you know, meeting all of you guys, and connecting with all of you guys. I've made some really nice... connections... with... all of you... guys. So, yeah, that's been nice. I've always had a really hard time making girlfriends.

HEATHER/CAMILLA

Awwwww... / I'ma give you my number.

SLATER

That's interesting. What do you think that's about?

Frida gives her a look-- You got this, girl.

SARAH

Oh. Ok. Well, I guess, women are taught to compete with each other, when we should be helping -- I mean, supporting each other. So, I was thinking when I get home that it might be cool to start like a program thing, where I teach women, I mean people--survival skills.

SARAHSARAH

I know that show was stupid, and totally degrading, but I did learn some really useful shit. And the truth is... you never know when you're gonna be stuck in the middle of nowhere in like a totally terrifying situation with no one to save you and no one to even hear you scream and you need to fight for your fucking life!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A beat. Everyone looks at her. That was intense.

(CONT'D) SARAH

Cuz y'know it's scary... out there.

Oh god. Frida glances at Stan, GUN visible under his jacket.

TOM

It is, man. My cousin's wife got mugged last week outside a PetCo.

SLATER

It's really amazing what women can do when they band together.

Slater smiles, leans back, goes to put his arm around Frida... and she FLINCHES. Fuuuucccccckkk. A long tense beat.

FRIDA

Sorry, I just.....

The waiters take the plates, revealing: Jess's CIGARETTE BURN. Frida stares at it.

(CONT'D) FRIDA

... wanna... dance.

A song kicks in -- "AIN'T NOBODY" by CHAKA KAHN. Frida turns her flinch into a little dance move. She stands, spins away, catching the groove. Slater vapes, watches her.

Sarah takes her lead, CLIMBS onto the table, slinks down seductively. The rest of the gang start to dance.

CODY

Yeah babe!!

Behind Sarah's back, she picks up the CORKSCREW, twists off the cork. She teases him, jumps down from the table. He dances up on her, trying to act sexy. (Friendly reminder: dude still has tampons in his nose.)

(CONT'D) CODY

Oh, you're a bad girl.

She grins coyly. Yes, I am. Without breaking eye contact, she DROPS THE CORKSCREW into a POTTED PLANT.

We follow Stacy down the driveway. CLICK CLACK. She punches in the exit code. As the truck pulls ahead, she plugs her ears, anticipating the HONK.

The MUSIC echoes in the distance. As she walks back, CLICK CLACK, she reaches up, takes her glasses off her head. Puts them on. We see: her nose is bleeding.

**EXT. PROPERTY - LAWN - NIGHT**

R125

RESHOOT: Stacy remembers and drops the red bags. (REPLACING SKITTLES)

89      **EXT. POOL AREA - SAME - NIGHT**

89

MUSIC is bumpin', everyone's feelin' it. Slater DIPS Frida. She LAUGHS, beams at him. Somebody give this bitch an Oscar.

He pulls her in close, nuzzles into her neck. She SPINS away... He CATCHES her hand, spins her back, and leads her off the dance floor. Sarah, still dancing with Cody, watches as they disappear behind the cabana.

90      **EXT. BEHIND THE CABANA - NIGHT**

90

Slater pins Frida against the cabana wall flirtatiously.

91      **EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT**

91

Camilla dances wildly with Tom. She stops, fans herself.

CAMILLA  
Water!

She heads towards the bar. Vic is there, looking in the ice bucket. Nothin' but water, and that SHARP-ASS ICE PICK.

VIC  
Shit. Hey Stan. Stan the man. You were in the marines, right?

Stan looks up from his book.

(CONT'D) VIC  
You wanna... get ya boy some ice? Be a hero twice?

Stan heads off. Camilla starts to pour water.

OMIT

92      **EXT. CHICKEN COOP - SAME - NIGHT**

92

Heather looks at the chickens. She kneels, puts her finger to her lips. Shhhh.

93           **EXT. POOL AREA - LATER - NIGHT**

93

Water OVERFLOWS onto Camilla's bare feet. We boom up to see: a POSSESSED LOOK in her eye. And OMG, her nose is bleeding.

94           **EXT. BEHIND THE CABANA - NIGHT**

94

SLATER

Are you having a good time?

DRIP. A bead of sweat on Frida's brow. She twists her mouth into an eerie, forced smile.

FRIDA

... I'm having a great time.

GULP. They stare at each other for a long tense beat. IN THE b.g.: A lone CHICKEN ambles past their feet....

Suddenly: A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM from:

95           **EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT**

95

Tom is on the ground, covered in BLOOD. Camilla stands above him, rabid, seething. She PLUNGES the ICE PICK into his throat, #BasicInstinctBitches. The others watch in horror.

Oh, and the CHICKENS are everywhere. It's chaos.

Slater tackles Camilla, struggles to hold her down.

We follow Heather, walking slowly towards the melee. Vic turns around to see her staring at him. FURY on her face. Blood in her nose.

VIC

Oh shit.

He turns and flees. Heather CHASES him all the way to:

96           **EXT. FRONT LAWN - NIGHT**

96

Vic RUNS FOR HIS LIFE. PANTING, terrified. He TRIPS, falls face down. Suddenly: CHESS PIECES fall on the ground by his face. He starts to turn-- What the fu--

BLAM!! The HEAVY MARBLE CHESS BOARD SMASHES Vic in the face and he goes down. BLAM! She hits him again. Ouch.

Heather lifts the board.... This time for the kill..... BANG! The bullet slams into her temple. She crumples.

REVEAL: Stan. GLOCK in one hand, ICE BUCKET in the other.

97

**EXT. POOL AREA - SAME - NIGHT**

97

Slater still struggles to contain Camilla. Cody steps slowly towards Sarah. She backs away, right by the POTTED PLANT.

CODY

Babe. Babe. We can talk about this.

Sarah reaches into the plant, comes out with the CORKSCREW. She SWIPES at him expertly.

(CONT'D) CODY

Whoa! Babe!

She JABS the corkscrew - GSSH - it sticks right THROUGH HIS HAND and stays there.

SARAH

That's gonna open up beautifully.

He SCREAMS, grabs a DECK CHAIR, HURLS it. She DUCKS, swings a ROUNDHOUSE KICK to his abdomen and he topples into the pool.

Camilla gets her hand free, reaches into her POUCH, STABS Slater in the cheek with a BUNDLE OF ACUPUNCTURE NEEDLES. Slater WINCES, pulls the needles out, pins her arms down violently. Stan appears.

STAN

You got her?

SLATER

I got her.

Slater looks around at the chaos. Yep. The fucking Stepford Wives are waking up, and they want blood.

Frida and Slater lock eyes across the pool. She backs away. Stan breaks into a Terminator run. She flees into the trees.

98

**EXT. NARROW PATH - NIGHT**

98

Frida tears through dense trees; heart POUNDING.

SUDDENLY: WHITE FLOOD LIGHTS. EVERYWHERE. Blinding. She looks back. Stan is catching up.

We stay with Stan for a beat as he tears through the brush. He loses sight of Frida. He speeds up.

Frida--hidden behind a tree--hears him run past. She waits, starts to crawl.... SNAP! A branch breaks under her hand. Fuck. She peeks around. Nothing. Turns back to see: BLACK BOOTS, right in front of her face. She looks up.

STAN

Ma'am.

She tries to get away; he YANKS her upright, twists her arm back like a cop. She YAWLPS in pain. He shoves his gun into the back of her head.

Behind them, Sarah creeps out of the darkness towards them, holding a LARGE ROCK. Stan senses her just at the last moment, spins around. BANG! He gets a shot off and they BOTH fall to the ground.

A beat, and then: Sarah stands, the blood-covered rock in her hand. Blood gushes from Stan's head. She tosses the rock aside, picks up the GLOCK.

SARAH

... This place sucks.

They walk away into the mist. It's giving Casablanca.

(CONT'D) SARAH

... I am still very high.

FRIDA

Oh yeah me too.

99

INT. GREAT ROOM / BACK ROOM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

99

The DOOR bursts open. Slater and Cody carry Camilla, bound and SCREAMING. Lucas enters, propping up Vic. Vic looks fucking baaad; GROANING, his jaw barely attached to his face.

Slater and Cody drop Camilla on the floor of the back room.

CODY

This is bad. This is bad. Oh, this is so bad.

Slater opens a bottle of whiskey.

LUCAS

They just went crazy! What the fuck?! We were just hanging out!!

VIC  
(slurring; broken jaw)  
Guysh. Guysgh... Shlatr. Hewp. We  
gotta send fow hewp.

Cody gingerly TWISTS the corkscrew out his palm--YELPS in pain. Camilla SCREAMS LOUDER.

CODY  
They know. They know everything.  
Goddammit we're gonna burn in hell!

LUCAS  
But we're such nice guys!

CODY  
Bro, I'm so sorry, bro. You didn't know. It's not your fault.

VIC  
Guysh!

LUCAS  
What do you mean?

CODY  
You still don't know.

LUCAS  
What does he mean????

Slater hands them both whiskeys. Cody eyes it sadly.

CODY  
What is it?

SLATER  
The Yamazaki.

Slater puts a glass down next to Vic. Cody takes a sip, holds it in his mouth for a moment.

CODY  
Twenty-five year?

SLATER  
Nice, right?

CODY  
Really nice. Oaky.

LUCAS  
Somebody please tell me what the fuck is going on!!

VIC  
Shlater, I'm dying man!

An ear-piercing SCREEEAAAAAM from Camilla. Slater calmly walks over, STEPS ON HER THROAT, holds it down as hard as he can. She struggles.... and finally goes limp.

SLATER  
Fellas. You gotta learn to go with the flow.

He sips his whiskey. And... THE POWER GOES OUT. Darkness.

100      **EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT**    100

Frida and Sarah peer through the trees towards the Big House. The LIGHTS GO OUT. They stop, look at each other. Ok then.

101      **INT. BACK ROOM - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT**                                  101

A sudden SPARK, and a FLAME in the darkness -- Jess's LIGHTER, illuminating Lucas's face. He's lighting candles around the room.

CODY  
Uh-uh. No way, Slate.

SLATER  
You'll be fine.  
(to Lucas)  
Those are the beeswax, yeah?

LUCAS  
Huh?

CODY  
So why don't you go?!

SLATER  
Because you're gonna go.

Cody hesitates. Slater stares him down.

102      **EXT. BIG HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER - NIGHT**                                  102

The door SHUTS behind Cody. He mutters to himself.

CODY  
You'll be fine. Go find Mama. Ask her to fix the power.

CODY (CONT'D)

Go with the flow. Go find Mama. Ask  
her to fix the power. Go with the  
flow. You'll be fine.

He bursts into tears. (And yes, he still has tampons in his nose.)

103

**EXT. JUNGLE PATH - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT**

103

Frida and Sarah creep along in the dark. FOOTSTEPS. They freeze. It's Cody.

CODY

... Mama?

SARAH

Typical.

Sarah pops the glock clip out. Checks the rounds. SNAPS it shut. She stalks down the path after Cody.

FRIDA

Wait wait. What should I do?

SARAH

Find a weapon.

Frida watches as Sarah disappears into the darkness.

OMIT

104

**INT. BEDROOM / BATHROOM - FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

104

Frida runs for the bathroom, TRIPS, falls. Mama's basket of cleaning supplies. Goddamit.

The POLAROIDs have spilled out of her garment. One catches her eye. She looks, stands, steps into the bathroom. Holds it up in the moonlight... and her face goes white.

FRIDA

... Red rabbit...

Behind her, in the mirror: a FIGURE. Frida spins around: It's Stacy, standing in the doorway.

STACY

I don't... understand....

Stacy's eyes are red from crying. Frida steps towards her.

FRIDA  
It's ok. You're... remembering....

STACY  
But I didn't...

Frida takes another step, puts her hand on Stacy's shoulder.

(CONT'D) STACY  
I didn't want... to REMEMBER!!!!!!

Stacy grabs Frida, BASHES her face into the mirror.

(CONT'D) STACY  
Do you like this? Do you like being  
a victim? They're gonna do what  
they're gonna do. You child. Do you  
think we bent over and took it  
because we're a bunch of idiots?  
You think you're special? You're  
the idiots.

She SLAMS Frida's head into the mirror. We hear: CLINKCLINK.

(CONT'D) STACY  
Forgetting is a gift, hon.

Frida's hand darts out, GRABS the PERFUME BOTTLE...

FRIDA  
Well then merry fucking Christmas!

Frida SWINGS the bottle. Stacy CATCHES her arm. Damn. Frida KNEES her in the crotch. Stacy recoils in pain. Frida TACKLES her onto the ground, SCRAMBLES over her into the bedroom --

105      **INT. BEDROOM - FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**      105

ZZZZIP, and ZZZZZZZZAPP! Frida's body seizes up and she DROPS like a stone. THUDD. REVEAL: Stacy, holding a TASER GUN. She deposits it back into her fanny pack. ZZZZZZZZIP.

STACY  
... Idiot.

106      **EXT. JUNGLE PATH - SAME - NIGHT**      106

Cody walks along the path. A RUSTLE in the bushes. He turns.

CODY  
Who's there?

He turns back around to see: Sarah. His eyes go wide.

SARAH  
It's just me babe.

107      **INT. BEDROOM - FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

107

BANG! A GUNSHOT in the distance. Stacy turns, goes to the door, leaving Frida paralyzed on the floor. Stacy peers into the darkness. Nothing. She turns back... and Frida is gone.

A SOUND in the bathroom. She creeps forward. CLICK-CLACK.

108      **INT. BATHROOM - JESS'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

108

Stacy steps forward. ZZZIP. Takes out her taser.

STACY  
Look. Hon. I'm sorry. I know this vacation isn't going the way you wanted it to, but--

Frida comes SCREAMING out of the shower with the SPECIAL KNIFE. Jabs it GSSSSSHHHH! straight into Stacy's jugular.

Stacy crumples to the ground. Blood GUSHES from her neck. Skittles all over the floor.

(CONT'D) STACY  
*Help... me ~~*

FRIDA  
... Bitch, I tried.

Frida pulls out the knife, looks down at it, then at the vanity. Under her breath:

(CONT'D) FRIDA  
'Check your vanity'.....

Laughter and tears come all together. Oh, Jess.....

(CONT'D) FRIDA  
Funny. Very funny.

A sound at the FRONT DOOR. Frida freezes.

146-147 146-147 OMIT

109

**INT. BEDROOM - FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

109

Frida steps out, SPECIAL KNIFE in hand... to find: Sarah, GUN in hand. They're both covered in blood. Sarah looks at Stacy's corpse on the bathroom floor.

FRIDA

Found a weapon.

SARAH

... Not no.

Frida picks up the POLAROID, hands it to Sarah.

(CONT'D) SARAH

... Hannah Marshall.

FRIDA

Uhuh.

SARAH

But this is impossible, unless...

CLOSE ON: The PHOTO: Hannah Marshall smiling by the pool. Next to her: Frida. Her hair is LONG, and her NAILS are painted RED, with little nail art of RABBITS.

FRIDA

... I've been here before.

How do you say... 'le plot twist'?

SARAH

Uhm. What should we do?

Frida steps to the bed, runs her fingers along those thousand-and-twenty-threadcount white sheets. She balls the sheet in her fist.... and then uses it to wipe Stacy's blood off the knife. She turns back to Sarah.

FRIDA

Let's go say hi to the guys.

CUE: "LES FLEURS" by Minnie Riperton.

110

**EXT. FRONT LAWN - NIGHT**

110

Frida and Sarah march across the lawn, determined, ready for battle, looking super fucking cool. All around them loom the DESIDERIA. "LES FLEUR"'s glorious chorus slaps.

111      **INT. BIG HOUSE - NIGHT**

111

Slater pours himself another whiskey, refills Lucas's glass. Lucas stares at Camilla's dead body. Slater sits, vapes.

LUCAS

What did I do?

SLATER

Nothing.

LUCAS

Why didn't I stop you?

Slater shrugs you tell me. Distress on Lucas's face.

SLATER

You mad at me?

LUCAS

I'm scared.

SLATER

Good. That's good. Honest.

THUMP THUMP THUMP! POUNDING on the door.

FRIDA (O.S.)

Slater? It's Frida! I don't know  
what's going on! Please let me in!!

Lucas stands.

SLATER

She's mad. They're always mad.

THUMP THUMP THUMP!

FRIDA (O.S.)

Slater! Please!!!

A beat. And then..... Lucas HURLS his WHISKEY GLASS, BOLTS for the door. Slater ducks-- the glass SHATTERS behind him. Lucas TWISTS the knob, SWINGS the door open --

112      **INT./EXT. BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

112

BANG!!!! Blood SPLATTERS from Lucas's head and he goes down.

Slater moves fast, PUSHES Lucas's body out of the way. Frida, outside, SWINGS the knife wildly through the open door. He DUCKS, using the door as a shield. He SLAMS it on her arm.

She drops the knife. CLINKCLINK. He reaches out, grabs her hair, pulls her inside. SLAMS the door shut.

CUT TO: Sarah, on the lawn, gun trained on the action.  
Dammit.

113      **INT. BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

113

Frida backs away. Slater steps forward.

SLATER

... Hi.

FRIDA

Hi.

She's terrified, crying, pleading. She backs into the back room, against the desk. He steps up, real close.

SLATER

Is it funny yet?

She reaches back, grabbing: THE BROKEN TIP OF THE PILLAR OF INTEGRITY TROPHY. She SWINGS. WHAM! Right in the head.

FRIDA

Gettin' there.

WHAM! She hits him again. He reels backwards into the great room. For a moment, in his field of vision: THE BIG RED CHAIR. He cocks his head. His face covered in blood.

WHAM WHAM. Finally, he grabs her arm. TWISTS her wrist. She drops the trophy.

He SLAMS her into the CABINET. The doors fly open. She SLAMS HIM into the wall. HURLS the CARDBOARD BOX at him. Polaroids fly everywhere. He's disoriented. She LUNGES for the KNIFE, but then... TRIPS over Camilla's body. Oh come on!

He scrambles on top of her, GRABS her head and SMASHES it into the floor and Frida BLACKS THE FUCK OUT.

OMIT

114      **INT. FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - FLASHBACK - DAY**

114

Frida - LONG HAIR - RUNS into her room. She SLAMS the door. BOLTS the lock. Her mouth is covered in blood.

POUNDING OUTSIDE. VIC SCREAMING. Frida runs for the back door. IT'S STUCK -- this fucking door.

She runs into the bathroom--

115      **INT. BATHROOM - FRIDA'S BUNGALOW - FLASHBACK - DAY**      115

She slams into the vanity, knocking over her TUBE OF LIP GLOSS. Grabs a YELLOW TOWEL.

CLOSE ON: the lip gloss, rolling into the bedroom. In the b.g., Frida wraps the towel around her hand. She PUNCHES out the bathroom window. Hoists herself through...

OMIT

116      **EXT. JUNGLE PATH - FLASHBACK - DAY**      116

Frida's BLOODY FEET run past the BROKEN STONE WALL. Aha: We've seen this moment this before. Way back on page

She runs, top speed..... then slows... And stops. A confused look on her face. She looks around. Why was I running?

She turns back. He's just standing there, smiling.....

SLATER

Hi.

FRIDA

Hi.

She walks over to him. Behind him... Hannah Marshall... bound and gagged. Oh, THAT'S why I was running... She SCREAMS, tries to get away. But suddenly-- her arms FLY back violently, as Slater grabs the DRAWSTRING of her GARMENT.

She tips forward. THONK--her forehead hits a STONE. Blood trickles into her eyes. So that's how she got that scar.

Stillness for a beat. Our LIZARD watches from its tree.

Suddenly she's JERKED backwards. Slater expertly ties Frida's sleeves together, bends her legs back, binding her ankles with the drawstring in a horrifying cocoon. And that's what these things are really for. He flips her onto her back.

SLATER

Hey. What do you call a cow with no legs?

Frida looks at him... and then starts to LAUGH at the familiar joke. She's already forgotten....

CUE: "GUILTY" by Barbara Streisand and Barry Gibb.

He's standing above her. Smiling. Backlit. Beautiful.

117      **INT. BIG HOUSE - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT**

117

Frida gasps BACK TO PRESENT, now bound by the garment. Slater is seated in the big red chair (now in a different spot). He looks down at her, shakes his head in genuine admiration.

SLATER

Man... you always find a way to get  
into the party.

Frida glares up at him. Her face is bloody.

On the side table: the VAPE and THE KNIFE. He picks up the vape, tries to puff, but it's empty. He refills it calmly.

BEHIND FRIDA'S BACK: Her fingers feel around on the floor... finally finding: a SHARD OF LUCAS's WHISKEY GLASS. BINGO.

RA162

**SLATER'S MONOLOGUE RESHOOT**

SLATER KING

Hi. Welcome back. I'm really happy  
that you came.

Vic grunts.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)

Don't mind him. He's just still mad  
about the pinky thing.

QUICK CUT TO:

118      **EXT. POOL AREA - FLASHBACK - LAST YEAR - DAY**

118

Vic has his hand over Frida's mouth. She BITES down, TEARING into his PINKY. He SCREAMS. Blood all over her mouth.

119      **INT. BIG HOUSE - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT**

119

RA162      RESHOOT MONOLOGUE: This is the first time Frida has come back and it's really fucking with him.

SLATER KING

Man, I thought last year was insane  
but you've really outdone yourself!  
Congratulations, you figured it  
out. I'm sorry about jess. Those  
fuckin' snakes man. Buzz kills. So  
now what? Everyone's dead.

(MORE)

SLATER KING (CONT'D)

You got your revenge porn. I'm just saying, there's the version of this we're all just havin' a good time, sippin' green juice an mimosas in a few hours. Brunch is real. You know what's not real? Forgiveness. *I Slater King, formally apologize. I've sought therapy and I plan to take a leave of absence from my company and to deal with this issue head on. Blah, blah, blah, sorry sorry, sorry, SORRY! So, We good? Oh no? There is no forgiveness. There's only forgetting.*

BEHIND FRIDA'S BACK: Slowly, quietly, she is RIPPING a hole in her garment sleeve with the glass shard.

SLATER KING (CONT'D)

There is no forgiveness. There's only forgetting. Which you're incredible at by the way. You forgot the entire place. I didn't know it could do that. I mean, this is amazing. You're amazing. You inspire me! You make me think bigger. Imagine what humans can do if we were just free from our trauma. Oh, this is gonna be great. Like, my sister. She's so fucked up, cuz she remembers everything. *"How could you play tennis with that man after everything he did to us when we were little?"* And I'm over here like, *"What'd he do?"* You know this was never about sex right? This is about creating a safe space. Where we can learn about ourselves. With no judgement, no shame. Because There is no past. No future. Just me and you. Right here. Right now. And you came back. You didn't leave me. Let's Start fresh. What do ya think?

BANG!!!! Gunshot outside. Slater FLINCHES. Frida's eyes dart towards the BULLET, lodged in the steel-reinforced door.

120

EXT. BIG HOUSE - SAME - NIGHT

120

Sarah steps forward, gun trained on the DOORKNOB.

164-165 164-165 OMIT

INTERCUT - INT. BIG HOUSE / EXT. BIG HOUSE

BANG! Another bullet lodges itself in the door.

BANG! Another bullet in the door.

OUTSIDE

Sarah KICKS at the door. It doesn't budge.

INSIDE

SLATER KING

Hold that thought. I'll be right back. I really want to hear what you have to say. I'll be right back.

121      **EXT. BIG HOUSE - NIGHT**

121

Slater explodes out of the door. Sarah has a head start, but dude's fucking FAST. She disappears behind some trees.

122      **EXT. JUNGLE PATH - A MOMENT LATER - NIGHT**

122

Slater turns the corner, but Sarah is nowhere in sight.

123      **INT./EXT. SAUNA - NIGHT**

123

Slater opens the door of the sauna. No Sarah.

124      **EXT. COLD PLUNGE - NIGHT**

124

He spots... something... sticking out behind a bush. Gotcha. He inches forward... whips around the corner... to find... CODY'S CORPSE, shot through the heart. (We know you're wondering, so yes: he still has tampons in his nose.)

BLOOP. Water. Nearby. Slater steps towards the COLD PLUNGE. The water moves, ever so slightly.

125      **EXT. UNDER THE WATER - COLD PLUNGE - NIGHT**

125

Sarah, submerged in the freezing water, holding her breath.

SPLSSH! A HAND reaches down and GRABS her by the hair. She SCREAMS under the water.

126

INT. BIG HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER - NIGHT

126

Slater bursts in, dragging a soaking/freezing/SHRIEKING Sarah, hogtied in the garment. He HURLS her to the ground.

Frida--feet still bound but hands now free--has made her way over to the side table.

She GRABS THE KNIFE, swings it towards him, defensive. The VAPE rolls off the table... on the floor, right to Slater's feet. He picks it up. Walks over to Frida. She's weak, barely able to hold the knife. He takes it out of her hand easily.

SLATER

Don't worry. I'm not gonna kill you. You're like my best friend.

Vic GURGLES. Slater walks back to Sarah. Vic GRUNTS again, louder. Did he say "don't?"..... Slater puffs his vape.

He pulls Sarah's head up by the hair. Special knife to her throat. Frida and Sarah lock eyes. And then... Slater COUGHS.

He stands. Drops the knife. He looks around, uncertain. Then:

(CONT'D) SLATER

I just want to say, I really do think it's amazing what women can do when they band together. COUGH. Excuse me. COUGH. Excuse me. Oh my god, what happened to Vic!??!

He backpedals, and TRIPS over Camilla's body, falls over backwards, knocking LIT CANDLES all over the floor.

He stands, looks around. Confused. Another vape pull.

(CONT'D) SLATER

Oh my god, what happened to Vic!??

He steps forward, STUMBLES on Camilla again.

(CONT'D) SLATER

Oh shit--

He looks around the room like he's noticing all the dead bodies for the first time.

Behind him, the candles have set the cardboard box on fire; and the polaroids. The flames spread.

He COUGHS VIOLENTLY, looks at the vape in his hand.

FRIDA

You never know what's in those things, man.

He looks at her. She smiles devilishly... and opens her hand to reveal: A PERFUME BOTTLE. Oh shit: She fuckin' dosed his stupid fucking refillable vape!!!!!!!

Suddenly furious, Slater LUNGES towards Frida, but he TRIPS on Camilla AGAIN, falls, hits his head on the corner of the side table. Ooohhhh shit the whole room is suddenly ablaze.

The far end of Vic's couch starts to burn. The fire creeps towards him. He knows he's a gonner.

VIC  
Gnarly.

Frida struggles to untie her feet. The flames are growing all around her. As she finally gets her feet free, she glances over at Slater, out cold on the floor.

She looks at Sarah -- tied up, terrified. They lock eyes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LAWN - NIGHT**

Frida FALLS INTO FRAME NEXT TO SARAH WHO SITS IN THE GRASS. They stare at the burning house. Exhausted. Holy shit.

SARAH  
(Putting a cig in her mouth.)  
Got a light?

Beat.

FRIDA  
I knew I forgot something.

They laugh. Not cuz anything is funny. But because they're still alive. And being alive is cool.

SARAH  
(getting up)  
Welp, I'm pretty sure I can figure out another way to light this.  
Since everything is, ya know, on fire.

She Looks back at Frida.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You sure you know what you're doing?

They exchange a look. Sarah nods. Walks off.

127

The flames have spread to the rest of the house. Frida appears, struggling to drag a BODY along the ground.

As he GASPS back to consciousness, we see: The body is SLATER.

Slater's POV: Frida. Above him. Smiling. Backlit.

Beautiful. CUE: "GUILTY" by Barbara Streisand and Barry Gibb.

Nearby, on the --

**LAWN**

Mama cackles as she watches the big house burn. It's guttural and emotional. She walks away and we tilt down to reveal, SHE'S LEFT HER BUCKET BEHIND.

128

**INT. THE DOWN TO EARTH GALA - NIGHT**

128

Same ole' gala. One year later.

Find: Slater's table. Everybody's laughing at something that he just said.

ANGLE ON: Frida. We follow her through the crowd, flanked by bodyguards. Everyone moves out of her way, staring.

Frida reaches the table, puts her hand on Slater's shoulder. Her nails are painted BLACK, with little nail art of RED FLOWERS. There's a BIG-ASS ROCK on her finger. She sits.

(CONT'D) SLATER  
Sorry, I, uh....

FRIDA  
Eat your steak, honey.

Slater takes a pathetic bite.

A VOICE (O.S.)  
Slater!

SLATER  
Oh hey. Glad you could make it!

Oh hey, it's Rich, Slater's therapist.

RICH  
You're a hard man to reach. Been trying to circle back...

Slater nods uncertainly... no idea what he means. He tries to puff his vape, but it's kicked.

(CONT'D) RICH  
It's ok. We don't need to talk business here. Maybe we could connect next week?

Frida holds up a VIAL OF VAPE FLUID. Slater takes it.

FRIDA  
We're in Beijing next week.

Frida turns, smiles. Slater fumbles, refilling his vape.

RICH  
Oh. Gotcha. Hi. I don't think we've met --

FRIDA  
Of course we have. Hiya Rich.

Rich's face goes white. He hustles away like a little bitch.

(CONT'D) FRIDA  
Always a pleasure.

Slater puffs his vape. Smiles vapidly at Frida.

ON STAGE:

EMCEE

Folks, we'd like to thank you all  
for being with us here tonight. We  
know you're very busy, and we  
appreciate your time. Let's hear a  
round of applause for our host....  
Mrs. Frida King.

All eyes on Frida. She waves gracefully. The Emcee continues.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS (O.S.)

Would you like some more, Mrs.  
King?

Frida looks up at the young waitress, holding champagne.

FRIDA

Yes, please.

SLOW PUSH IN ON: Frida, sippin' her champagne, as the  
AUDIENCE APPLAUDS.

FIN