

HOT MESS

by

Shanrah Wakefield

Tracy Kopulsky
Grandview

Bryant Barile
CAA

April 2023

Over a bad, auto-tuned cover of Madonna's *Express Yourself* that absolutely nobody asked for...

A PAPARAZZI VIDEO OF:

INT. THE GRAMMYS RED CARPET - MEDIA LINE - NIGHT

Cameras FLASH at a FULLY UNHINGED POPSTAR (20s/30s): smooshed makeup, drunk eyes, high-slit dress probably stolen from a Wax Museum. She poses, poses, SLUT-DROPS! Falls and recovers.

Meet MARGOT FORD. Human cyclone. Blatant liability.

E! NEWS REPORTER

Margot! E! News! How are you doing after your whirlwind 24 hour marriage to your Starbucks barista?

ACCESS HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

Was your Vegas residency cut short because you kept singing *It's My Life* by Bon Jovi instead of your actual playlist?

EXTRA REPORTER

Margot, Margot! In hindsight do you think spraying a paparazzo with battery acid was a step too far?

Suddenly, Margot GASPS! There, mere feet away from her...

Our lord and savior MICHELLE OBAMA makes her way down the media line! Transcendent class shattered by--

MARGOT

Mrs. Michelle LaVaughn Robinson
Obama, thank you SO MUCH for your service.

Margot flops into a wobbly CURTSY.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

I am a HUGE fan--

MICHELLE OBAMA

I'm a big fan of yours too Margot, in fact your song *Immortal* is on my workout playlist--

MARGOT

Get absolutely *BLEEEEEEEPED!!*
Should we get a photo together?!

MICHELLE OBAMA
Let's do it.

They POSE for flashing cameras in front of a GIANT RED BERRY TRIFLE, Michelle Obama with the patience of a saint as--

Margot squeezes her like they're BFF's! KISSES her cheek!
Throws a fucking LEG OVER, annnnd--

MARGOT
(slurry)
We miss you *SO MUCH*--

--loses balance. As her drunk body stumbles backwards, she GRABS at the former First Lady's dress...

...which TEARS right off her body. And TOGETHER...

THEY SMASH THROUGH THE TRIFLE.

Cue SHITSHOW. Both women splayed in a sea of cream, berries, red jelly. Margot's bare tits are out! Michelle's are covered by Spanx at least, but still! Margot GASPS, acts FAST--

--STARFISHING herself over Michelle's body, exposing more of herself in the process, but her priorities are *straight*:

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Get your goddamn eyes off the First Lady's first ladies!

First Spanx still peeking, Margot slathers her with cream.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
I got you, Michelle.

Off ROARING REACTIONS, we--

SMASH TO BLACK.

PRELAP: the TAPPITY-TAP of fingers on a computer keyboard.

INT. THE DAILY POST - LOS ANGELES OFFICES - DAY

The dead-bored, dead-eyed face of the woman typing. White flecks on her pilled Uniqlo sweater 'cause her hair's overdue for a wash but honestly who could care. Reveal:

The GRAMMYS SHITSHOW replaying on her monitor, as she TYPES:

"RED WEDDING! Human dumpster fire Margot Ford FLASHES BOOBS at First Lady and all of Grammys in druggie haze!"

Cursor blinks. A quick edit to: "alleged druggie haze!"

SANDY WILKINSON (40s) is a sad, joyless celeb gossip reporter who spends her days shitcanning Margot Ford for the most vile tabloid on earth: THE DAILY POST (think THE DAILY MAIL).

We leave her gray carpeted cubicle to clock her zombie-like COLLEAGUES, most of whom are in their 20s--

Like ONE giving I-fucked-John-Mayer vibes. One buried in an AVOCADO SNUGGIE. Another slurping DAYQUIL. But then there's--

MAVIS (90s), barely alive, cobwebs on her cubicle, typing:

"FATwa at the Lardi Gras! Jameela Jamil's thunder thighs at pride party could crush entire gay community!"

DAYQUIL

Damn. Mavis writes *brutal* sledges
for an old lady.

...you only come here to start your career or watch it die.

A sudden VOLCANIC RAGE flies through, by the name of--

SIR RICHARD BURTON

I NEED TITS! WHY DON'T I HAVE TITS?
AT LEAST ONE CUNTING TIT ON THE
FRONT PAGE AT ALL TIMES!!!

SIR RICHARD BURTON (60s) is the British, Piers Morgan looking editor of this shit-rag. Endlessly misogynistic and hungover.

SANDY

I got tits. Setting it live now.

RICHARD

GOOD. THE REST OF YOU BENIGN
PUSTULES, BE MORE LIKE SANDY!

She hits "PUBLISH!" Digs her nails into the desk with a self-loathing groan, when--

SQUEEEE! A wheely chair zips over, ferrying JORDY. 21. A happy-go-lucky fangirl who lives and breathes celebrity culture. She's also Sandy's latest intern.

JORDY

(reading)

"Not what they meant by 'all-you-can-eat!'" You're so clever with words.

SANDY

Thank you.

JORDY

And this one from earlier:
 "Tempting! Margot heats up the
 house in sizzling red dress at
 sexual violence summit," I've
 always felt red is her color.

Sandy grumbles; heads for the KITCHEN. Jordy follows.

JORDY (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say it's an *insane*
 privilege to be learning from you.
 And not just because you're a
 walking, talking Margot-pedia and
 she's my personal hero. Actually if
 we're being real it's between her
 and Greta Thunberg.

SANDY

Such a tough choice.

JORDY

Right?! Margot doesn't follow me
 back yet, sadface, but Greta does!

She jams her PHONE IN SANDY'S FACE: her Instagram bio is
 literally just a list of dates celebrities followed her back.

JORDY (CONT'D)

Anyway Sandy, I think you're *such* a
 brilliant reporter.

Sandy buries herself in the fridge, looking for CREAMER.

JORDY (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

And just quietly? Your work for the
 Atlantic was peak badass. I thought
 you raised some great points on
 that panel, about dirty Jeff Bezos,
 and space--

Sandy SLAMS the fridge shut, SMASHING US BACK TO:

EXT. HAMMER MUSEUM COURTYARD - NIGHT - 7 YEARS AGO

Sandy, on an NPR PANEL addressing a large, discerning crowd.

NPR HOST ROBERT SIEGEL
 Sandy Wilkinson of The Atlantic,
 I'm hearing you have a small theory
 on this.

SANDY
 (unwavering confidence)
 Well Robert, my theory is less
 "small" more "meticulously
 researched", but yes. My full
 exposé hits shelves tomorrow, but I
 could not be more excited to share
 it with you all here first. My
 credible theory is that--

INT. THE DAILY POST - LOS ANGELES OFFICES - BACK TO PRESENT

Sandy is piiiissed, eager to shut this chat down--

SANDY
 Okay, that's enough--

JORDY
 Totally! My point is, I want to be
 the best intern you've ever had.
 Anything you need, I'm here.

Sandy crunches a bunch of EMPTY creamers into recycling.

SANDY
 Can I be frank with you, Jordy?
 (off her eager nod)
 What I need is a steady flow of
 coffee to churn out the volume of
 trash this place demands. And I
 need you to understand *right here*--
 (points to Jordy's heart)
 --that Margot Ford is an aggravated
 waste of oxygen and the very reason
 America is going down the toilet.
 And that I look forward to the day
 I turn sixty fucking two so I can
 retire from this soul-sucking death
 train, move into a catered facility
 and eat mashed peas until I die, so
 if you could let me wait that out
 in peace, *that* would make you a
 great intern. Does that make sense?

Beat.

JORDY
 Absolutely.

Then she stares at Sandy earnestly. *Quizzically*.

SANDY

What. Why are you staring at me?

JORDY

Nothing, it's just-- the amount of time you spend writing about her, I got the impression you... kinda liked her. Maybe I read that wrong.

SANDY

Oh you did.

JORDY

Anyway, I'm hearing the note beneath the note and sensing that what you need is *creamer*. I gotchu.

Jordy marches off with purpose. Sandy blinks--

INT. TRADER JOE'S - NIGHT

--and plops a bottle of \$3 Charles Shaw on the counter.

NANCY THE CHECKOUT LADY

We actually have a two-for-one on a great Pinot from a woman-owned vineyard in Napa--

SANDY

Dead grapes are dead grapes, Nancy. Long as they're liquified I don't care who made it.

INT. PETCO - NIGHT

An EMPLOYEE reaches into a fish tank full of GOLDFISH.

EMPLOYEE

Ol' patches over here? Or the cute 'lil googly--

SANDY

Closest one is great. Thanks.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

POP! Wine bottle's uncorked. FLUSH! DEAD FISH flushed down the toilet. SPLOOSH! New one dumped in the bowl. PULL OUT TO:

Sandy's sad little one-bedroom. A few near-dead succulents, a dusty, cracked FRAMED PHOTO of teen Sandy by a LIGHTHOUSE.

She smiles at her new goldfish. SIGHS.

SANDY

How many days are you gonna last,
Goggles? ...THREE? Ambitious. Good
luck, tiny friend.

Her only friend. She SLUMPS into her bachelor recliner. Takes a sip of her shitty red wine. Flicks on the TV:

TEEN MOM reruns. The teen moms are watching *Titanic*. The part where Billy Zane steals a kid and shoves past poor people.

BILLY ZANE (ON SCREEN)

I have a child!

Sandy is unmoved. She flicks to the NEWS, her interest piqued by an INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER on location. Her dream job.

INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER (ON SCREEN)

...a suspicious incident off the
Oregon coast has destroyed the tiny
uninhabited Cady Island--

Sandy hits MUTE. She'll never have that dream job again.

As FIRE BLAZES on the TV, Sandy opens INSTAGRAM, where the first post she sees hits a major nerve:

A group of HAPPY PEOPLE, captioned "*REUNION! Columbia Investigative Reporting Grads, class of 2010!*"

Second post is the same group. And the third. UGH! They're popping a vintage red from 2010, which SMASHES US BACK TO:

EXT. HAMMER MUSEUM COURTYARD - NIGHT - 7 YEARS AGO

Red wine FLICKED at Sandy, who frantically defends herself:

SANDY

--yes, I'm saying Jeff Bezos'
physical body is already up on
Mars, and--

AMUSED CO-PANELIST

And the Jeff we see down here is--

SANDY

--a hologram. Correct.
(off escalating BOOS)
(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)
It's more plausible than you simple
people think--

CROWD MEMBER
I'm disgusted by journalism!

Whole BOTTLE tossed now. Sandy is aghast. Career dead, splat.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

Sandy self-soothes by necking her Charles Shaw, and:

Ripping over to Instagram's SEARCH page, where Margot is her
most recent search. We note her 90mil followers. Cue STORIES:

-- A VIDEO: Margot speeds down the PCH with a large Bull
Mastiff on her lap, runs a RED, SWERVES around a tourist bus.
-- A NUDE SELFIE with kitten emojis covering her bits.
-- EXACT SAME NUDE SELFIE with a different filter.
-- SAME AGAIN, now with one eye closed, the other startled.

SANDY
(to her goldfish)
The example she sets for the kids.
Fucking heinous.

-- now a VIDEO: Margot's trying to tell a KNOCK-KNOCK JOKE.

MARGOT (ON SCREEN)
--the interrupting sheep.

SOMEONE O.S.
The interrupting sheep who?

MARGOT
BAA! Wait, do it again. Knock-
knock, who's there, the
interrupting sheep.

SOMEONE O.S.
The interrupting sheep... who...

MARGOT
DAMN it, why can't I get it?!

Sandy cracks a WARM SMILE in spite of herself. GIGGLES.
...then remembers she hates her. FROWN returns. She taps to:

The final VIDEO. And this one hits different.

Margot flaps her PASSPORT, WORLD MAP on the wall behind her.

MARGOT (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
 Big announcement, squad! Tomorrow
 I'm flying to a TOP SECRET FARAWAY
 PARADISE for a much-needed PHONES
 DOWN getaway. No social media
 whatsoever, for ONE WHOLE WEEK.
 VACAY, BABY!!

Sandy DROPS her phone. A strange look crosses her face.
 Surprise. But also... *sadness? Disappointment?*

Nope. Clearly we misread, because within seconds--

SANDY
 Holy shit.

--she breaks into a GRIN of BLISSFUL RELIEF!!! Grabs the
 fishbowl to share the news with her googly-eyed friend:

SANDY (CONT'D)
 ONE WEEK without Margot!! Can you
 believe it?? A WHOLE WEEK--

SMASH TO:

INT. THE DAILY POST - LOS ANGELES OFFICES - NEXT DAY

Sandy, feet up on her desk, day one of said Margot-free week
 and she's BRAGGING coolly to her gathered colleagues:

SANDY
 She's gone-gone. She's going to
 Fiji.

DAYQUIL
 Whoa. How do you know?

SANDY
 Easy:

We SMASH THROUGH corresponding **FLASHES FROM LAST NIGHT:** Sandy
 investigating Margot's Insta, zooming, Google-imaging.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 One, she pins places she's been and
 we all know she never goes anywhere
 twice.
 (do we?)
 Two, passport. Flashed the edge of
 a visa, four tiny letters. 700%
 Zoom. R-E-R-E--

Too smug to notice a boss-sized shadow looming over her...

SANDY (CONT'D)
 --boom: obviously that's the start
 of Rerevaka na Kalou ka doka na
 Tui, aka fear God and honor the
 King, aka the motto on the coat of
 arms of--

RICHARD (O.S.)
 YOU'RE GOING TO FIJI.

Sandy stops dead. Realizes Richard is right behind her.

SANDY
 I'm sorry, what?

RICHARD
 YOU HEARD ME, I SAID YOU'RE GOING
 TO FUCKIN' FIJI.

Suddenly, Sandy is filled with dread. She tails Richard as he
 posts up for an in-office massage from a RIPPED WOMAN.

SANDY
 No, Richard, I can't. My intrepid
 reporting days are way, way over. I
 have things to do--

RICHARD
 LIKE WHAT.

SANDY
 Like, life. I have-- a pet to look
 after. I also have a phobia of...
 small bits of land, surrounded by
 water on all sides. And sharks! I'm
 afraid of sharks.
 (grabs him desperately)
 Richard please, I'm begging you--

RICHARD
 EW.

SANDY
 Sorry. But do we really think the
 world will burst into flames if
 they can't read about Margot for a
 few days?!

RICHARD
 You're not hearing me. Let me say
 it as a question: what other paper
 in town would hire you, crazy
 billionaire-conspiracy lady, if I
 fired you right now?
 (MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

No reporter has ever recovered from the shit you pulled because most places care about FACT-BASED reporting. Except me. So we're stuck together, Sad Sandy, meaning you do what I say. Now fuck away.

Sandy storms to her desk in total shock. Starts packing her IPAD and SNAP-ON KEYBOARD into her ugly brown SIDE-BAG.

Jordy whizzes over like a Labrador at a buffet.

JORDY

Sandy, I'm SO excited for you. And ohmygosh is that an iPad?! CUTE.

SANDY

Wifi will be spotty. I'll need you to publish my stories as I send them through.

JORDY

I will not let you down. I was thinking I could make you a super fun itinerary with Fiji's hottest restaurants and--

SANDY

I'm good.

JORDY

Great! I can't *believe* you get to do this! A week, all expenses paid, to follow Margot around in PARADISE?! I die!

Sandy zips up her side-bag. Absolutely *raging*.

SANDY

No. *I* die.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL BLUE SKY - DAY

A PLANE SOARS above PARADISE! Perfection! Until-- an ENGINE BLOWS. It CATCHES FIRE. Whole thing PLUMMETS out of the sky!

INT. PLANE - ECONOMY - DAY

Sandy wakes up, eye-mask askew. Seatbelts UNCLICK around her. Just a dream, and she's landed in Fiji. Alive. She grumbles.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (ON SPEAKER)
 BULA VINAKA! Welcome to Nadi. We
 hope you enjoy your stay in Fiji
 and as always, thank you for
 choosing to fly Fiji Airways!

She reaches up to get her CARRY-ON, but a GUY IN A FLAT-CAP
 SHOVES her out of the way! YANKS it from her! And lowers her
 bag to the ground with a heroic "you're welcome" smile.

SANDY
 ...thank you?

FLAT-CAP GUY
 My pleasure! Fellow American, huh?
 What brings you to beautiful Fiji?

SANDY
 Work.

FLAT-CAP GUY
 Right on, same! I'm writing a piece
 for the New York Times about how
 they're using lunar energy to power
 their tiny little box huts.

SANDY
 Sounds incredible.

FLAT-CAP GUY
 Got a sick homestay lined up 'cause
 I do not do resorts, gross, SO
 exploitative, anyway I'm Brendon--

BRENDON looks up, hand outstretched. But Sandy's already--

INT. NADI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - DAY

--speed-walking through a sea of sweat and tropical shirts.

Past MUSICIANS sing happy welcome music. A gaudy AD for a new
 "EXCLUSIVE" resort: "EDEN". A MAP of Fiji's ISLANDS including
 one shaped like a *man with a pudgy gut*. Finally, to--

INT. TAXI - DAY

She watches FIJI whiz by out the window. LOCALS hustle about
 against a backdrop of lush vegetation, titanic mountains.

In the distance, she clocks a LIGHTHOUSE on a hill. A heavy
 look crosses her face, SMASHING US BACK TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - THE PAST

TEEN SANDY sits alone, doodling the islands of Fiji in her notebook, when a TEEN GUY approaches. We don't see his face.

TEEN GUY
That's a neat illustration.

INT. TAXI - BACK TO PRESENT

Sandy swallows the memory down. Hard.

EXT. COCONUT PALMS RESORT - DAY

SANDY
(to TAXI DRIVER)
Vinaka.

Sandy's dropped outside a charming resort-- which, by the way, is locally-owned so fuck you, Brendon.

She sucks in a breath. A *heavy feeling*. Reminiscence? ...and hauls her luggage up the hibiscus-lined path, to--

INT. COCONUT PALMS RESORT - RECEPTION - DAY

RECEPTIONIST
BULA!

A happy RECEPTIONIST. Sweat gushes down Sandy's face.

SANDY
Bula. Reservation for Sandy
Wilkinson, please?

She gazes outside at tropical perfection, while...

RECEPTIONIST
Looks like your company has booked
you into bure 11... which is left
down the garden path of broken
dreams, past the lagoon of pathetic
choices with a perfect view of an
ocean of agonizing regret.

SANDY
Sorry, what?

RECEPTIONIST
(hands her a key)
It's just outside to the left.

EXT. COCONUT PALMS RESORT - DAY

Sandy lugs her suitcase past a lagoon pool. Bures (Fijian hut style accomm) are nestled in gardens against a turquoise ocean lined with palm trees. Couple of BIG YACHTS on the bay.

#11 looks *kinda* small? Maybe just the angle. She unlocks it, revealing--

INT. SANDY'S BURE - DAY

--it's TINY. SINGLE bed. ANTS everywhere. And per a sign in the bathroom, COLD SHOWERS only. She got the BUDGET BURE.

SANDY
Fuck. You. Richard.

EXT. LAGOON POOL - SWIM-UP BAR - DAY

SLAM. First expensed cocktail goes down. She gestures for another. Coffee on the go beside it.

She's in the pool in a Uniqlo one-piece, AirPods in, IPAD and SNAP-ON KEYBOARD perched on the bar. We follow her gaze to--

MARGOT FORD, in the flesh for the first time! In a bikini with a YELLOW VISOR and YELLOW FANNY PACK, by her own PRIVATE POOL. Nearby, her BODYGUARD, TOMMY (40s, stoic) orders ARMED GUARDS to SHOOT DOWN a spying DRONE. They instantly oblige.

Back on Sandy, slamming her SECOND cocktail as she types.

JORDY (THROUGH AIRPODS)
How close are you?!

SANDY
I can literally measure her stretch marks from here.

THIRD cocktail arrives! Sandy beams as she types--

"Slay! Margot Ford embraces gash-like stretch marks to rival the San Andreas Fault as she relaxes on vacay!" --hits SEND!

SANDY (CONT'D)
Copy coming through. Ooh, hold up--

A COCKY YOUNG RICH DUDE swaggers over to Margot. She jumps on the back of his SCOOTER, WHOOPS gaily and they take off.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Annnd we've got a mystery man.

JORDY

Juicy! Think we can ID the guy?

Sandy snaps pics of the YACHTS in the bay; sends to Jordy.

SANDY

Could be one of the douchebags on those oversized paperweights.

JORDY

Hold tight, let's see...

SANDY

(typing)

"Surprising nobody, Margot Ford fucks complete and utter stranger."

JORDY

Okay that one is Buffet's for sure. The super yacht is Evan Spiegel. Then there's Lukas Walton of Walmart fame...

SANDY

New season of Bachelor in Paradise: Moguls Deserve Love, Too.

She finishes another cocktail. Smiles. Gazes out at PARADISE!

SANDY (CONT'D)

You know, I think it's time for me to stop being such a John McEnroe about this. I'm in objective paradise. How many people would kill to trade places with me?!

JORDY

Hundreds at least.

SANDY

I can handle this for a week!

JORDY

Exactly! I am loving this vibe change for you! Time to treat yourself to some FUN, lady.

SANDY

You're right. Thanks, Jordy.
(realizes COFFEE is empty)
Gotta go. Refill time.

Sandy hauls out of the pool, wet and wrinkly, and heads into--

INT. RESORT - OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT - DAY

--where a SIGN says coffee is ALL OUT until tomorrow.

SANDY

Fuck.

(checks herself)

Okay. All good. I got this!

She takes a CAP from her side-bag (which says "The Daily Post! News You Never Asked For!"). Pulls it down low...

EXT. FIJI STREETS - DAY

The town is ALIVE with vibrant local life, and Sandy maneuvers the streets like a boss. Like she *knows* them.

She passes that LIGHTHOUSE on the hill. Deliberately avoids looking at it. Ducks down a LANE, into--

EXT. PRODUCE MARKET - SAME

--a bustling marketplace. Melons and spices and green beans longer than your arms. She ducks down an aisle. And another. And another, arriving at a tiny, tucked-away--

COFFEE STALL. MILLIE, the elderly vendor, squints at her.

MILLIE

If it isn't little Lois Lane.

SANDY

Hi Millie. You still making the best lattes in the South Pacific?

She's already made it. Hands it over with a smile.

MILLIE

Been a long time. Welcome back, honey.

SANDY

Oh I'm not back. But, vinaka.

An assured smile, a satisfied SIP and Sandy turns--

--and runs SMACK into the ripped arms of a MAN. TJ LUTUA, 40s, hot as all get out, carrying wood planks. Both of their worlds STOP DEAD.

There was a reason Sandy dreaded coming back to Fiji. That reason is covered in her latte. We feel a memory coming, but Sandy clenches it back in, turns-- and walks the other way.

TJ

Sandy...?

She turns back. HURLS her Daily Post cap; it hits a TOURIST.

SANDY

TJ! I did not notice you there.

TJ

Wow. It's great to see you, I-- haven't heard from you in years.

SANDY

Really? That's weird. Did I not--

TJ

Write back to my eight thousand emails, no, but that's okay. Man, I'm in shock-- how are you?!

SANDY

I'm so good. And you, why are your arms doing that. What's with the wood. Timber.

And off THIS, we finally **SMASH BACK TO:**

INT./EXT. FIJI - EVERYWHERE - THE PAST

Teen Sandy and teen TJ madly fucking by that LIGHTHOUSE. In the MOUNTAINS. On a SURFBOARD. *Super connected* to each other.

EXT. PRODUCT MARKET - BACK TO PRESENT

TJ

...so we're rebuilding the fishing marina. What are you doing in Fiji?

SANDY

I am.

(fuck)

Writing.

(double fuck)

A story about the use of lunar energy in local homes.

(keep digging Sandy)

It's an awareness campaign, really.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)
Building the world we want to see.
Like you are, anyway, gotta run.

TJ
Well if you're free later, I'd--

She literally RUNS, leaving TJ confused and coffee-soaked.

TJ (CONT'D)
...love to get together.

INT. COCONUT PALMS RESORT - BAR - SUNSET

SLAM. Drained cocktail goes down. BARTENDER brings another in which drunk Sandy drowns more feelings.

A man sidles up to the bar. ALEX DALTON (30s) is Kendall Roy with notes of Roman, and CEO of DALTON HOTELS (think HILTON).

ALEX
Jack, neat.

SANDY
Sounds serious. Stressful day?

ALEX
Could say that.

Sandy eyes him. He's cute. She's drunk. *Eh*. She slides over.

SANDY
You sound American. What brought
you to beautiful Fiji?

Alex points out LIGHTS across the bay. An island.

ALEX
See that little island over there?

SANDY
Namuku? Isn't that where they put
that pretentious new resort with
the schlocky name, what was it--

ALEX
Eden. And that would be my resort.

Sandy piles her fist in her mouth. Alex laughs.

SANDY
Eternally working on when to shut
my damn mouth. Sorry. So you'd be,
what, Dalton Hotels?

ALEX

Correct. Our big opening party is tomorrow. Seems dumb to be stressed, it's not exactly world-saving work. But, golden handcuffs.

SANDY

Oh don't worry, I'm no better. I'm here to make Margot Ford even more famous than she is with a lengthy dissertation on her bikini body.

ALEX

That's actually kinda sick.

SANDY

Not as sick as being a billionaire, dude. Congrats on that.

(raises her glass)

To doing the devil's work. Fuck saving the world, amiright?! Never pays.

They "cheers". Sandy chugs. Watches Alex's lips on his glass. Her vision blurs and they turn into four lips. She thinks...

...*fuck it*. When drunk in Fiji, or whatever they say.

Sandy awkwardly parts her legs. Clunks his knee. Runs a hand "sexily" down her thigh. Bear with her, it's been a while.

One eye open, she moves to kiss him. He dodges. Takes her hands, holds her gaze intently, and whispers--

ALEX

I didn't catch your name.

SANDY

(also whispering)

Sandy.

ALEX

Alex. You're beautiful, Sandy.

SANDY

So are you.

ALEX

But sadly I'm leaving tomorrow and my heart couldn't bear to start something I can't finish. So I must say goodnight. Ugh, super bumner.

He kisses her hand and disappears. Sandy reconnects her thighs. Gestures for another cocktail as she recovers.

BARTENDER

Apparently they bought it for three times the asking price. Namuku.

Sandy looks up. BARTENDER looks a teensy bit familiar?

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Money's been huge for local infrastructure, plus the island was just sitting there. Better to have a big douchey resort over there than here on the mainland, I guess.

Sandy pretends to give a shit as she drinks.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You don't remember me, do you?

She whirls up. His two faces converge into one. It hits her.

SANDY

Yasi. TJ's cousin. God, sorry, it's been so long.

BARTENDER (YASI)

All good.

(loooong beat, then)

So... how are you doing after, you know...

Sandy's face drops. So everyone here knows. PEAK DRUNK now:

SANDY

After I wrote in The Atlantic that Jeff Bezos is a hologram and his real body is already living in space, and then my career exploded into a ball of flames because I got it wrong?

Beat. Yasi nods. Quietly makes Sandy another cocktail.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Honestly, I'm *excellent*. Because that life's in the past, and that is exactly where it belongs.

YASI

...nightcap?

SANDY

Vinaka.

She swipes the cocktail and leaves.

EXT. COCONUT PALMS RESORT - NIGHT

Sandy heads back to her bure with the cocktail, now FIGHTING BACK TEARS. A SQUEAL pulls her focus to--

Margot's FANCY BURE: she's rolling around on the terrace with that same cocky rich dude from earlier. She pushes him seductively inside; door SLAMS behind them.

Brimming with resentment, Sandy kicks a palm tree. It hurts.

INT. SANDY'S BURE - NIGHT

She rifles through her bag. Finally locates her sad little VIBRATOR-- which is covered with ants. Fuck her life, truly.

SMASH TO:

MORNING. SUNLIGHT blasts her hungover face. Her PHONE RINGS.

SANDY

I'm up, I'm up--

JORDY (ON FACETIME)

You can come home! Richard says you've got enough content!

SANDY

Wait, really??

JORDY (ON FACETIME)

There's a flight in 45, you could probably make it--

SANDY

PRAISE JESUS. BOOK IT.

Sandy hangs up, ELATED! Scrambles to pack--

EXT. COCONUT PALMS RESORT - DAY

--and races through the resort! Beige airport sweats, ugly side-bag, she's OUTTA HERE!

Until something catches her eye at the adjacent MARINA.

A WOMAN, PASSED OUT on the pier. Legs spread, tit out, Veuve bottle in hand, YELLOW FANNY PACK AND VISOR. It's **MARGOT**.

At first, Sandy rolls her eyes. But then she notices--

TWO GUYS watching Margot from their docked YACHT. They go over to her. POKE her body. One, in a NAUTICAL POLO, peels her eyelids open. Margot is completely unresponsive.

SANDY

Bros. Leave it.

But the guys share a look. Check nobody's watching. Shrug. One takes her legs, the other takes her arms, and they HAUL her unconscious body ONTO THEIR YACHT! Sandy drops her suitcases and RUNS.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Hey! HEY, STOP!!

Too late. The yacht pulls away. It's headed towards Namuku Island, aka that fancy new resort: Eden.

Sandy looks around in shock. It's early, not a soul in sight.

Was she just the sole witness to Margot Ford's KIDNAPPING?

EXT. COCONUT PALMS RESORT - MARGOT'S BURE - SECONDS LATER

Tommy the bodyguard is doing a QUIZ on his phone ("Are you a Porsche guy or a Ferrari guy?") when Sandy rushes over.

SANDY

Tommy!

TOMMY

(jamming his phone away)

Fuck are you doing here--

SANDY

These guys, they took Margot. She was passed out and they dragged her body onto a yacht, and-- I think she's been KIDNAPPED!

TOMMY

....highly doubt that. She disappears on benders all the time. It's normal.

SANDY

I don't think you heard me. She was
passed out. It wasn't normal, I
know her movements--

TOMMY

Think I don't? Don't waste your
energy, she'll show up.

Off Sandy's shock--

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

--now she paces the sand, phone to her ear.

SANDY

I'm telling you she was
unconscious--

RICHARD (YELLING THROUGH PHONE)

TRAINWRECKS WILL TRAINWRECK, TELL
ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW.

SANDY

Fine, then can you get me a press
pass? I'll go look! There's a party
for that new resort, *Eden*--

RICHARD (YELLING THROUGH PHONE)

STRICTLY NO PRESS, STRAIGHT FROM
RUPIE'S MOUTH. STOP GIVING SO MANY
FUCKS AND GET ON A PLANE, WE JUST
GOT FOOTAGE OF DEMI LOVATO BLOWING
CHUNKS OUTSIDE A DENNYS--

Sandy hangs up! STOMPS the squeaky sand! Then starts marching
back to the MARINA, when JORDY FaceTimes. *In a WHISPER:*

JORDY (ON FACETIME)

Hi, it's me! I heard you on with
Richard and I believe you without
question. I'd believe you if you
told me manatees could fly.

SANDY

This isn't the time--

JORDY (ON FACETIME)

Lemme see if I can pull some
connects and get you into Eden.

SANDY

Oh. Um... okay. Godspeed?

Jordy's gone. Weirded out, Sandy arrives at--

EXT. MAIN MARINA - DAY

Bright white SUPER YACHTS, Gucci as far as the eye can see. Sandy zeroes in on some LOCAL AUTHORITIES. Bingo. CUT TO--

--her incredulous face as she's stonewalled again!

LOCAL AUTHORITY

So you're saying a rich famous lady
has gone on some rich man's yacht
to that luxury resort over there--

Points across the bay, where Eden literally sparkles.

LOCAL AUTHORITY (CONT'D)

--and we should be worried?

SANDY

Sir, with respect for your local
agency, just because she's a
malignant tumor of privilege and
idiocy, doesn't mean we shouldn't
care when she gets *kidnapped*!

She storms off. Notices a RICH GUY untying his yacht. Rushes at him, pulling a miserable wad of CASH from her pocket.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Can I get a ride??

(he stares at her)

Can I. Get a RIDE. On your
beautiful fucking BOAT please??

SECURITY appears. Sandy HUFFS and stomps off the marina, at a total loss! Then Jordy calls again. She answers, annoyed.

JORDY

It's airtight. Every business
tycoon on earth is gonna be there.
I even DM'ed Grimes who follows me
as of May 21, but she and Elon are
off again--

SANDY

I'm hanging up--

JORDY

However! Thanks to the power of the
Margot Squad--

SANDY

The *what*?

JORDY

Her official unofficial fan community. I managed to connect with a member of the local chapter who says her uncle is willing to loan you a boat down at the smaller marina. She says to look for a green shirt. Also, I rescheduled your flight.

SANDY

Uh-- okay? Great work. Thank you.

She goes to hang up, totally shocked, but--

JORDY

Hey Sandy? It's cool that you care.

SANDY

(uncomfortable)

Well I can't just let the dumpster fire get burned. Or whatever.

EXT. LOCAL FISHING MARINA - DAY

FISHERMEN lug today's catch off weathered boats. Sandy dodges fish guts, until she spots a green shirt by a RESEARCH BOAT!

Rushes over. Green shirt turns, smiling. Sandy's face DROPS.

SANDY

There's been a mistake.

TJ

Thought it might be you. What's the emergency?

Well, everything is fucked. May as well fuck it deeper.

SANDY

I need it to chase down a kidnapped celebrity because my life is one big disappointment. Is that what you wanted to know? Also, my only friend is a fish. So yes, if you *could* spare your boat from whatever selfless hot guy things you're doing right now and *also* hold the judgment, that'd be great.

TJ searches Sandy's eyes... but she won't connect.

TJ

All yours.

He tosses her the keys. She climbs aboard, a tangled ball of shame and defensiveness.

SANDY

Thanks. And your niece should get a new hobby. Celebrity obsession is unhealthy. And doesn't pay.

EXT. NAMUKU ISLAND - MARINA - DAY

SCHMANCY YACHTS surround the tiny island that's now entirely sat-on by the resort, minus a skirt of sand poking out.

Sandy drives TJ's research boat in the SHADOW of a yacht. Manages to moor it, still in shadows, and sneaks quietly to--

EXT. EDEN LUXURY RESORT - ENTRANCE - DAY

A gargantuan, bright-white monstrosity. Think like, an ostentatious Hilton x Goop collab, teeming with--

MILLIONAIRES, BILLIONAIRES and HANGERS-ON. All arriving for tonight's OPENING PARTY. Sandy's on the outer, GAPING, when--

BILLIONAIRE

Mother of god, she's a BEAUTY!

There's a BILLIONAIRE staring RIGHT at her!

BILLIONAIRE #2

Bought her from Gates. Sails like a bitch in heat.

--no not her, a YACHT. In fact they're staring THROUGH her.

Sandy is INVISIBLE in her beige airport sweats and ugly side-bag! Or is it the relative poverty?! Either way, she now WEAVES THROUGH THE CROWD with ease, where we catch--

--MILLIONAIRES desperately pitching to BORED INVESTORS--

MILLIONAIRE

Think if like Shazam and Charity Miles had a baby--

--A GUEST, head-down on Raya, dumps luggage on a BELL BOY--

ARRIVING GUEST

Is there an Islands here? Fine
Burgers & Drinks?

--STUNNING WOMEN in bikinis hanging off MEN'S ARMS--

MAN'S ARM

That's why I donate .001% of sales
to the dolphins. Giving back is
really why you get into this biz--

--WEALTH MANAGERS on the phone frantically co-ordinating--

WEALTH MANAGER

--I said Passages, not Garden Crest
Rehab what the FUCK, we're talking
about the teenage son of a very
important man--

--BORED WIVES pestering traditionally-clad WAIT STAFF for--

BORED WIFE OF BILLIONAIRE

--more champagne, ooh I love your
tiny curls. Do y'all have anything
like the Culver Steps here? I die
without a morning thigh blast.

--COKED UP BILLIONAIRES ranting pure insanity to each other--

RANTY BILLIONAIRE

I don't just wanna be a
billionaire. I wanna be a SPACE
BILLIONAIRE!

Off RAUCOUS LAUGHTER, Sandy slips into--

INT. EDEN LUXURY RESORT - CONTINUOUS

A truly fucked level of luxury, culturally appropriated to
the max. Sandy's both horrified and impressed as she sneaks
around in search of Margot (or a nautical polo!), past--

The RECEPTION, decked out with massive Fijian ornaments.

TIBETAN MONKS chanting a blessing for the resort; CULVER
STAIRS WOMAN is here, flirtatiously peeling the ROBE off one.

A CIGAR LOUNGE where GUESTS get massages while they smoke by
therapists from Thailand! Sweden! China!

She stumbles outside to--

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

--a sprawling lagoon-style pool full of swim-up BARS, a WAVE POOL (have you ever seen a drunk billionaire smashed by a two-footer?) and an INFINITY EDGE. HOTEL ROOMS dot the perimeter.

SANDY

Where the hell are you...

Suddenly: one of the KIDNAPPERS exits a poolside HOTEL ROOM!

Once he's gone, Sandy peers through a mess of banana palms, through SHEER CURTAINS on the PATIO WINDOW, where she sees:

A SILHOUETTE, WRITHING AROUND in-- ROPE?? Then she hears:

MARGOT (O.S.)

(low whisper)

In room 103. It's looking bleak--

That's it. Sandy HURLS her body through stabby banana palms, RIPS the door, which FLIES open easily and she CRASHES INTO--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

--and pulls Margot in a full body throwdown onto the bed, hand CLAMPED over her mouth!

SANDY

I'm gonna get you out of here.

Margot tries to wriggle away, SQUEALING into her hand!

SANDY (CONT'D)

SHH, before I change my mind and decide NOT to save your ass!

MARGOT

Save me from what?!

Margot rips away, revealing she's tangled in... a PHONE CHARGING CORD?

SANDY

From-- from being kidnapped!

Margot BURSTS out laughing. Behind a closed door, we hear a man SINGING in the shower.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I saw them take you! You were tied up, you said things were bleak--

MARGOT

I was tangled in this piece'a shit!

With that, the NAUTICAL BILLIONAIRE emerges from the bathroom in a towel, singing the SPACE JAM theme. Sees Sandy. FREAKS--

NAUTICAL BILLIONAIRE

I did not have an affair. I DID
cross the line. My wife and family
are ALL I care about in this world.

--and RUNS. Drops a VIP LANYARD on the way...

MARGOT

Swipe!

...which Margot grabs happily. Sandy stares in ABJECT HORROR.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

What? Bet there's a sick gifting
suite.

INT. RESORT HALLWAYS - DAY

Margot strolls down the hall. Sandy scrambles behind.

MARGOT

It's super sweet and out of
character that you care, but I
wasn't kidnapped, mama, I just had
a little bender! Must've passed out
on those rich guys' yacht.

SANDY

I literally watched them LIFT your
lifeless body on board and *take you*
away.

MARGOT

(dramatic eyeroll)

Fine, maybe I was "kidnapped", but
it was totally a happy accident,
because have you *seen* the weird-ass
party that's about to start here?!

SANDY

Do you *hear* yourself?! This is
insane, I'm going back to the
mainland, and I think you should
come with me.

Sandy grabs her arm. Margot yanks it away.

MARGOT

No, Sandy Wilkinson, you're insane. You've spent the last SEVEN YEARS *obsessed* with me. Following me around trying to wreck my life with nasty gossip you write on that weird little iPad and snap-on keyboard--

SANDY

What's wrong with-- this is very handy for a reporter!

MARGOT

iPads are for boomers at Disneyworld.

SANDY

Well *visors* are for tennis professionals!

MARGOT

Pulling out the big guns for our first fight I see. Look, who cares how I got here. The party's gonna be lit as fuck and you hate fun--

SANDY

I don't *hate fun*--

MARGOT

So leave me alone for once. Go get your own life! And your own DICK!

Margot jams the VIP LANYARD in her fanny pack and stalks off.

SANDY

(shouts after her)

FINE! I will!! And for the record, I never "cared", I just didn't want blood on my hands because THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN ANNOYING!

EXT. EDEN LUXURY RESORT - DAY

Sandy huffs back towards TJ's shitty little boat, all the RAGE of the last 7 years CULMINATING inside her. Annnd--

The BOAT'S GONE. She can see it being TOWED in the distance.

SANDY

FUCK. Shit! Fuck this fucking asinine life!!!

She KICKS the squeaky sand! RAGES SO HARD, until-- she spots him: Hot ALEX, working a RICH GUEST nearby.

ALEX (FROM AFAR)
 ..no way bro, female crooners are
 my jam too. Lemme guess, you're a
 Billie Eilish man?

RICH GUEST
 More like Diana Ross.

ALEX
 Kidding, Billie's the worst. Yuck.

Sandy squashed her douchebag radar 7 years ago. To her,
 Alex's idiotic smile SHIMMERS in the sun. *Hawt.*

She looks around. CHAMPAGNE's flowing. People are LAUGHING.
 Comparing Rolexes. Injecting ketamine in butts. Having FUN.

SANDY
 ...alright, bitch. Maybe I WILL get
 my own dick.

She swipes a champers! Prepares to approach Alex! But catches
 her reflection: *airport sweats*. Hmm. Eyes land on a nearby--

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sandy's in the middle of hotting up her situation, when
 Culver Stairs Woman bursts in tearing off her red dress. A
 woman in a BROWN SUIT follows with an armload of alt dresses.
 Her name is PAM.

Culver tries them on. Both women have VIP LANYARDS on.

CULVER STAIRS WOMAN
 He can't just *assume* I'm going with
 him, you know I could easily just
 stay back here and fuck the maid.
 (then, re: a new dress)
 This one's fine.

She puts on a RED LIP STAIN, dumps it in the TRASH with the
 discarded dresses, and they leave. Sandy eyes the red dress.

CUT TO--

Sandy emerges from a stall, *smoking* in the red dress and lip
 stain. Slings her ugly side-bag on and exits--

SANDY
 We'll see how much I hate fun.

EXT. EDEN LUXURY RESORT - DAY

--to see Alex breezing off down a--

EXT. GARDEN PATH - DAY

--Sandy hustles after him through tropical wonderment! MACAWS and MONKEYS, a guy chuckling as his Pomeranian eats a TREE FROG. Alex heads inside past a SECURITY GUARD. *Shit.*

Sandy looks around and clocks MARGOT in the distance! Talking to herself in a strangely poised and sober way. *Weird*, but--

SANDY

Is that Margot Ford?!

Security guard looks over. Sandy slips past him, through--

INT. VIP WING - GIFTING SUITE - DAY

--where guests receive PORSCHEs! A SCARED BABY LLAMA! into--

INT. VIP WING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Like WeWork fucked Caesars Palace. HUGE WINDOW looks onto the resort. Alex shakes hands with TWO MEN: the Cocky Young Rich Dude Margot hooked up with! And an OLDER RICH GUY. VIP lanyards on all.

Sandy's eyes narrow in suspicion. A long-buried instinct tells her to stay hidden and LISTEN to her would-be-lover and his pals. They enter ANOTHER ROOM, to greet a NERVOUS GUY (DAN) in Converse. Nicholas Braun. Sandy creeeeeps closer.

ALEX

Gentlemen, meet the man of the hour! Dan, our trusty science guy.

Glass door SWINGS SHUT, MUTING their voices. Alex gives science guy Dan a VIP lanyard. Hits a button on a LAPTOP, and a WORLD MAP is projected digitally onto a BIG SCREEN. Older Rich Guy (digitally) circles spots on the map. Sandy realizes she's contorted, craning to hear. SNAPS herself out of it!

SANDY

Get it together, Sandy. It's just guys talking about guy things.

She goes to leave. Then the door CREAKS open. She hears--

ALEX

Tell them what you told me, about
how there's basically no risk.

DAN

Well. It's not definitely a huge
risk.

(off Alex's look)

It's possibly, maybe, fairly small?
By some units of measurement?

ALEX

Which is why we are hitting that
bitch from *all sides*.

The fuck? Sandy squints from her hiding place...

...when a shadow appears behind her...

And her WORLD GOES BLACK.

OVER BLACK

A pained moan. Like a dying pigeon.

INT. INFRARED SAUNA - DAY

Sandy's eyes woozily open. It's dark, everything has a red
tinge. We see a bloody DENT on her forehead, and--

SANDY

What the--

--she's TIED UP! Lassoed to a BENCH! Beside a tub of RED-HOT
COALS, what the FUCK?! Then--

A GUN emerges from the shadows. The security guard from
earlier! He BELTS her upside the head with the barrel!

SECURITY GUARD

Who sent you?

SANDY

Wha-- what's going on--

He JABS the gun into the dent on her head! TWIIISTS it hard!

SANDY (CONT'D)

OWWW! Nobody sent me! I came here
looking for a friend, nobody even
knows I'm here, I SWEAR!

SECURITY GUARD

Perfect.

He COCKS his gun. Prepares to shoot. Sandy shrinks, shaking.

SANDY

No no wait, I fucked that question
up, everyone knows I'm here!
Please, I don't wanna die--

BANG! Suddenly, the guy's FACE EXPLODES all over Sandy. His body crumples to the ground. Behind him:

MARGOT, with a MASSIVE FUCKING GUN.

Sandy watches, dumbstruck, as Margot DROPS her braced stance, pirouetting into a drunken swayyyy...

MARGOT

What, I shot that?! Is he dead?
Nooo.

(checks)

And right in the brains, eww! My
people are gonna have fun covering
this up!

SANDY

Who-- what--

MARGOT

Welp, thank god you're okay. Trash
gossip lives another day--

SANDY

Wait a sec. How did you-- are you--

...Margot sighs. It was only a matter of time, really.

It happens before our eyes. Margot MORPHS. From wobbly jello lady, into a FORCE more fierce than all seven Bonds combined.

And as she slips the gun back into her fanny pack, we meet a VERY different Margot: alert, agile and FUCKING IRRITATED.

MARGOT

Honestly, I'm surprised it took you
this long, Sandy.

SANDY

Are you a fucking spy?

MARGOT

I'm a fucking spy.

She dumps a bucket of ICE WATER on Sandy, hurls a towel at her, starts stripping the dead guy to his undies, as--

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Undercover agent for the CIA. I fake-passed-out by those stupid guys' yacht so I could get over here and investigate some evil shit because you've *always* gotta make men think it's their idea, and then YOU showed up and compromised my entire operation.

Sandy's in shock. Has not moved a muscle.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Clean yourself up, quick. Your face looks like a Jackson Pollock.

Finally Sandy starts cleaning herself up. Margot props dead security guy up on a BENCH. Arranges a towel on his head.

SANDY

But-- but your music career--

MARGOT

A ruse to cover my secret identity.

SANDY

No. That's not a thing.

MARGOT

Thanks to your committed mean-girl reporting, the whole world thinks I'm nothing but a trainwreck, which means I get to breeze right in the front door. Any front door.

SANDY

That's not a th--

MARGOT

IT'S A THING. Catch up. You think Ben Affleck made it because he was good? That one was a mistake if you ask me, square peg round hole, shoulda put him at airport security.

Margot surveys her work: dead guy looks like alive guy chilling in a sauna. Then, she SLAMS Sandy against the wall.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Quick Q. You didn't tell anyone I
was "kidnapped", did you?

SANDY
Of COURSE not, are you CRAZY?

Big fat lie, but Margot seems to buy it. Releases her. Grins.

MARGOT
You look hot, by the way. New
dress?

Sandy nods, shellshocked, and follows Margot into--

INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

--where we see it's true: people either smile at Margot or
stare judgmentally. But not a soul is threatened by her.

She opens the ELEVATOR with the stolen VIP lanyard. Gets in.

MARGOT
And now I need you to leave.

SANDY
Wait, WAIT.

Sandy holds the door open with her foot.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(a quiet whisper)
What are you investigating?

Margot kicks her foot away. Doors start to close.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(LOUDLY so people hear)
I said WHAT ARE YOU INVESTIGATI--

Margot YANKS her inside, FURIOUS.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

MARGOT
What part of SECRET AGENT do you
not understand?

SANDY
Is it the gifting suite? 'Cause
you're right, there is one, and
it's messed UP--

PING! Door opens. A COUPLE enters. Margot morphs back to floppy-drunk-popstar, and Sandy--

SANDY (CONT'D)
Gosh what a marvelous party. Don't
you just love filthy stinking
money? I know I do!

PING! Door opens. Couple gets out. Margot seethes.

SANDY (CONT'D)
I am literally trained in
investigating things.

MARGOT
You hide that well.

SANDY
Seriously, tell me! Maybe I can
help, I have a semi-thing with the
owner, that hot billionaire Alex.
We almost hooked up but he was
scared of his feelings--

MARGOT
I seriously doubt you have a *thing*
with anyone with your shitty
attitude. And Alex isn't a
billionaire, he's worth 50mil max,
but I'm sure he'd sell his first
born to change that--

SANDY
I'll stop you there, OR he's just a
rich guy doing rich guy stuff. We
should be very careful with our
unsupported accusations--

PING! Door opens. Margot charges out to--

INT. PENTHOUSE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

--Sandy's hot on Margot's feet. MASSIVE SECURITY GUARD ahead.
Margot smiles cheerily at him but YANKS Sandy close.

MARGOT
All I have to do is scream to that
Thanos looking motherfucker that a
mean journalist is stalking me to
get one of her mean stories and
you'll be forcibly removed in the
blink of an eye.

SANDY

All I have to do is write one of my
"mean stories" and your whole life
will be ruined. Also in the blink
of an eye.

Beat. Margot links arms with Sandy. *Digs* her nails in.

MARGOT

You know just because you sabotaged
your own life, doesn't mean I'll
let you sabotage mine.

SANDY

(digs her nails back)
I didn't set out to *sabotage* my
life, I made a mistake--

MARGOT

And then you gave up.

SANDY

Wow, EXCUSE me?!

Nails stuck in deadlock. The collateral is real. Margot tries
the VIP LANYARD on a door. It fails. Thanos raises a brow.

MARGOT

Whoopsies! Too many horse transs.
Freakin' conservatorships.

Thanos nods empathetically. Sandy gapes. Margot tries the
NEXT door, which OPENS, and she SLAMS Sandy into--

INT. PENTHOUSE HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vulgar luxury of course, but on the floor, a familiar
NAUTICAL POLO. Margot locks the door from the inside.

SANDY

Wait, is this--

MARGOT

Nautical Brock Turner? Space Jam
Billionaire? You didn't think he'd
bring me to his *real* room, did you?

As Margot proceeds to SEARCH THROUGH HIS STUFF--

MARGOT (CONT'D)

In the hope of triggering whatever ounce of humanity is buried beneath all that cynicism and Charles Shaw, I'm gonna tell you what's at stake here and I need you to LISTEN.

KNOCK-KNOCK. Muffled Thanos-sounding voice on the other side. Margot ignores; keeps searching.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

We have reason to believe this pompous resort is a cover for something deeply insidious.

SANDY

What, like making a shit-ton of money--

MARGOT

No, like putting a whole lot of lives at risk. Last week, an uninhabited island off the US coast was mysteriously destroyed. Cady Island. Dalton Hotels had *just* bought it in a hush-hush deal.

BANG-BANG-BANG! Someone *really* wants in. Sandy freaks out; puts a chair under the door. It falls. Margot keeps working.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Cut to *this* island, which Dalton could have easily afforded alone. Instead, two anonymous "dummy companies" are co-financing. I know who one is, but that's classified.

(off Sandy's look)

Fine. Remember the "mystery man" I "fucked" yesterday, per your story? That was Joe Hunt, CEO of Berri, as in the world's biggest tech giant.

SANDY

Wow, is now really the time?

SMASH TO:

INT. MARGOT'S BURE - YESTERDAY - WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Margot straddling COCKY YOUNG RICH DUDE on the bed, who we now know to be JOE HUNT, CEO of BERRI (think APPLE).

MARGOT

C'mon, don't be such a coy-fish. Is Berri working with Dalton to become even more billionaire-y?!

JOE HUNT

Like I said, show don't tell. If you play your cards right, maybe I'll take you to space sometime...

Margot leans in seductively... and JABS A NEEDLE in his neck. He passes out cold. She unlocks his PHONE with his face.

MARGOT

Dick.
(then, off the phone)
Gotcha.

INT. PENTHOUSE HOTEL ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Sandy's demeanor has done a full 180.

SANDY

Billionaires in SPACE??

Beat. Sandy swallows it. Reverses.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Look. I've been down this road before--

MARGOT

Oh you have? I had no idea.

SANDY

Don't.

BAM! Thanos is BODY SLAMMING the door! Margot's unfazed.

MARGOT

So! Before this island EXPLODES like the other one did, I have to find out who the third financier is.

The room's upturned, Margot has found nothing. BAM! The door finally flies open! In comes Thanos, followed by a furious looking nautical Brock Turner! Sandy turns dark.

SANDY

YOU! You dirty, ruthless kidnapper--

Thanos SHOVES her into a wall. Margot puts a hand in the air--

MARGOT

Sir, I'm sorry, we can explain--

Thanos grabs her hand, and in a flash Margot uses the other to POKE his carotid artery. He faints.

NAUTICAL BILLIONAIRE

Crazy bitch!

He turns to RUN. Margot FLY-KICKS the back of his neck. He faints too. With ZIP TIES from her fanny pack, she ties up Thanos, but doesn't bother with Nautical.

MARGOT

And it's NOT this asshole. Just another boring daddy's boy with too much time on his hands.

Margot storms past Sandy to leave.

SANDY

Are they gonna be okay?

MARGOT

(points at Thanos)
He will be.

SANDY

Good. Wait but what if he comes after us?

MARGOT

(kicks his biceps)
You seen these puppies? They're not for thinking. NOW if you'll kindly fuck off, I can get back to my job sifting through the rest of the douchebags with VIP lanyards.

SANDY

WAIT. I think I know who the third financier might be!

Off Margot's intensely irritated doubt--

EXT. EDEN LUXURY RESORT - DAY

The OPENING PARTY has BEGUN! Champagne towers galore! A DJ! ISLAND DANCERS! Beyond it, more YACHTS in the bay!

Sandy leads Margot through the crowd, eyes searching.

SANDY

He was tall-ish, brown hair, hot in a pre-knighted Branson kinda way.

MARGOT

You're describing every guy here except Warren.

SANDY

Harrison Ford in *Morning Glory*.

(Margot is blank)

Jeff Bridges, *Hell or High Water*?

(Margot FUMES)

THERE!

She points out OLDER RICH GUY, suited up for the party.

SANDY (CONT'D)

He was drawing on a map with your dude, Alex, and some scientist guy.

Margot's face DROPS. HARD.

MARGOT

Holy shit. That's *redacted*, CEO of *redacted* Mining!

SANDY

What? Can you just--

MARGOT

Fuck it. Roger Rinebart, VinCore Mining. A mining giant, tech corp and hotel chain walk into a bar.

SANDY

Guessing not for the free nuts.

Margot's phone rings. Sandy sees it's TOMMY. Margot answers.

MARGOT

May have located third kitten of the litter. I'm going in. Inform HQ at your earliest.

TOMMY (ON FACETIME)

Copy that, Canary. No suspicious mama cats back at the mainland except that Daily Post bitch squawking that you were kidnapped. Think I threw her off.

MARGOT

Nice, American Bushtit. They'll promote you in no time, I know it.

She hangs up. Turns to an incredulous Sandy.

SANDY

Bull-absolute-shit. Him too?!

MARGOT

Thanks for the surprisingly helpful tip. Goodbye.

SANDY

But I'm helping!

MARGOT

2% help, 98% lethal liability.

SANDY

Wait but what's all this got to do with *space*??

MARGOT

(IN HER FACE)

If you don't GO AWAY, I'll never find out--

SANDY

Fine.

(off Margot's look)

I'm going, I'm going!!

Margot heads for ROGER RINEBART, CEO of VINCORE MINING (think RIO TINTO). Sandy huffs. Then a WOMAN passes, nametag: TONI RINEBART! She's headed right towards her husband and Margot!

Sandy thinks fast! THROWS her body in front of Toni!

SANDY (CONT'D)

WOW is that Helmut Lang for Uniqlo?

Toni has big "shouldn't be here" energy. Like Viola Davis or Meryl Streep married young and regrets it every damn day.

TONI RINEBART

Let me guess. She wants to fuck my husband, and you've come over to distract me.

SANDY

Whaaaat?

TONI RINEBART

Zero shits given. Stops him from getting me to touch that disgusting dick. I'm only here until the kids graduate. Anyhow I'm off to play Resident Evil in my room until they bring out the real food.

Nearby, Margot feigns delight at a SEAHORSE hors d'oeuvre, in the clear to flirt with Roger! Sandy totally saved the day!

Then, something strange in Sandy's periphery--

A body is SLAMMED HARD against that big CONFERENCE ROOM WINDOW above! Sandy clocks a CONVERSE sneaker before he disappears from sight! Dan the science guy?!

SANDY

(hissing)

Margot!

But Margot's already dragging Roger away to the POOL.

Sandy panics. Looks around. Toni Rinebart is about to enter the VIP wing! She thinks quick. And--

INT. EDEN - VIP WING - SECONDS LATER

--sneaks in behind her. Oh god. She's doing it.

EXT. INFINITY POOL - DAY

A cesspool of near-naked drunk guests. Margot does SHOTS with Roger, but secretly tosses her own over the infinity edge.

MARGOT

So how'd you score an invite to--

ROGER

How do celebrities stay cool?
...with all their fans.

Margot slaps her thigh laughing! And gestures for MORE SHOTS.

INT. VIP WING - SAME

Sandy's back in. Everyone's tipsy. A WOOZY WOMAN knocks over a FIJIAN STATUE. Gasps. SLAPS Sandy as though she did it.

EXT. INFINITY POOL - SAME

Roger is increasingly shitfaced.

MARGOT

So what is it you do for a livi--

ROGER

--when I was six, my guinea pig
passed. Dolly. So out of the blue,
I didn't even get to say goodbye...

Frustrated, she pushes more shots on him. He obliges.

INT. VIP WING - DAY

Sandy's passing through the GIFTING SUITE now. A GUEST test-drives a BOW AND ARROW, which *narrowly* misses her! She swerves, smashing into a champagne tower!

SANDY

Shit, sorry! Sorry!

SECURITY eyes her. She quickly tries to blend in with a group of OLD WHITE MEN walk-and-talking about the merits of the UN World Food Programme.

EXT. INFINITY POOL - SAME

ROGER

...we buried her in the yard, small
ceremony. And I know we all lose
loved ones, but this, for me...

Roger lost in self-indulgence, Margot reaches for his nearby WALLET... his BODYGUARD growls. She snaps her hand back.

INT. VIP WING - SAME

SANDY

I agree, it's totally presumptuous.
How do we know they even *like* food?

All eyes on her, horrified. Then--

OLD WHITE MAN #1

You're not supposed to say things
like that anymore but she's right.

...thankfully she's arrived at the CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR!

SANDY
Excuse me, gentlemen.

EXT. INFINITY POOL - SAME

Margot's draped around a now-tanked Roger. Bodyguard watches.

ROGER
...so that's what inspired me to
use my father's inheritance to buy
up a bunch of rando companies--

MARGOT
(blunt)
You're the most fascinating man
I've ever met, can I see your
driver's license?

That's it. Guard LAUNCHES. Margot intercepts his wrist, SNAPS it, sends him FLYING over the edge to the ocean 50 ft below.

Not a soul was sober enough to notice.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Sandy creeps in. It's empty! She hurries to that SECOND DOOR, past the BIG WINDOW that hovers over the resort where she--

--locks eyes with MARGOT out in the infinity pool! Shit!
Margot looks furious! Sandy mouths "sorry!" and continues to--

THE SCREEN, where the SCREENSAVER is on: "Alex's laptop!!" in 90s WordArt, gliding and bumping around the screen.

Sandy BOPS the laptop-- WORLD MAP appears! Shaking, she snaps a PHOTO! Triumphant goes to text it to Margot, but instead--

Accidentally TEXTS IT TO TJ. Double shit. Then--

VOICES! Coming this way! Gotta put the screensaver back on to cover her tracks! She opens SYSTEM PREFERENCES, fumbles with it, voices draw NEARER and in the NICK OF TIME-- "Alex's laptop!!" glides and bumps once more! Sandy DUCKS under the table, as Guccis and Converse enter: Alex and Dan.

ALEX
Lemme get real with you, dude.
*Maybe there's a way out of the cage
where you live. Honestly, I wanna
see you be brave.*
(off his vacant look)
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Sarah Bareilles, incredible female
 crooner, you'd know her.

DAN
 Cool. It's just that *negligible* is
 a very serious word. I can't
 legally use it with regards to the
 risk...

Sandy's PHONE lights up. TJ has texted back--

TJ (TEXT)
 ???

She shoves her phone away.

ALEX
 ...it's about perspective. You
 science geeks know that. Follow me.

They move towards ANOTHER room. Sandy army-crawls after them,
just catching the door before it shuts...

EXT. INFINITY POOL - SAME

Margot's over it, and now also *furious* with Sandy! She does a
 shot herself, ready to give up on Roger, when--

ROGER
 You know Margot, I'm the CEO of
 VinCore and soon to be one of the
 first billionaires living in space.

Margot spits vodka everywhere.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 My life is good! Beautiful wife.
 Cool cars. But my daughter, Zosia,
 she hates me. Will you do me a
 solid and FaceTime her? It'd make
 her day, she's a fan.

MARGOT
 Love to.

He hands over his phone. Background is ZOSIA's face. Margot
 pretends to call her, but instead, SCREENSHOTS a bunch of
 stuff from his emails and texts it to herself, as--

MARGOT (CONT'D)
 Zosia, I'm so excited to meet you
 virtually! Yes, it's *really* me!

SNAP! Send. SNAP! Send. SNAP! Send. *Got him.* Then--

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Hey Roger. Bet you couldn't do
shots off your own dick.

He shrugs. Starts bending. Margot's off. Fails to notice a dizzy, enraged, *underestimated* Thanos has emerged. He saw everything. He RADIOS something...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TELESCOPE ROOM - SAME

Sandy watches from her hiding place as Alex manhandles a big TELESCOPE LOOKING DEVICE...

ALEX
Berri had their nerdburgers make it
for us. *Nothing* has seen this deep
before. Take a look.

...and points it not UP, but DOWN! BENEATH the earth! Dan looks through. Almost climaxes then and there.

ALEX (CONT'D)
52 thousand feet. Makes the Mariana
Trench look like a fucking mouse
vagina. The power resting in her
folds is beyond anything we've ever
known, it'd be weird to leave it
there. Which is why tonight, we get
this party started. With or without
you.

Alex slaps a very nervous Dan on the back.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Dude, it's *biofuel*. We're basically
Ocean Conservancy.

DAN
But--

ALEX
Look my guy, why don't you take a
little R&R in the Headspace Lagoon.
See if you can find those "can do"
vibes I hired you for.

Alex goes to exit. Whispers to some HUGE HENCHMEN and points to Dan. Sandy smooshes herself deeper into hiding.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(shouting back)
Don't forget to look up Bareilles!
Third album's her best.

Dan starts shaking. Makes a CALL.

DAN
Mom? Just wanted to say I love you.

He runs out, vibrating with nerves. *Conscience*. The Henchmen FOLLOW him... And off Sandy's HOLYFUCKINGSHIT face, she--

EXT. INFINITY POOL - DAY

--bursts out in search of Margot, but instead, sees: Thanos! Raging! Sending a BUNCH OF GUARDS off to war... *uh oh*.

INT. EDEN - HALLWAYS - DAY

Sandy skids inside. GUARDS ahead. MORE to the right. She veers to the left, frantically looking for--

SANDY
Margot??

She veers down hallway after hallway, until--

FINALLY! Yellow visor and fanny pack, charging ahead! Only to screech to a halt-- GUARD ahead. One to her right. Another to her left. Margot's surrounded by GUARDS, GUNS pointed at her!

GUARD
Ma'am, show me your invitation.

MARGOT
Did we meet at one of Elton John's parties?!

GUARD
I hate pop music.

MARGOT
Okay, let's all be chill.

GUARD
You were running. That's not chill.

MARGOT
I'd say speed-walking.

From around a corner, Sandy frantically brainstorms what to do! She notices there's a BATHROOM right behind Margot. Margot, meanwhile, reaches a hand into her fanny pack...

GUARD

Hands where we can see them.

MARGOT

Thought you wanted to see my invitation.

Margot slowly edges her hand up-- GUN peeks out-- guards see this, PREPARE TO SHOOT, as-- SANDY BURSTS out of hiding!!

SANDY

TRAINWRECK!!!

MARGOT

(through gritted teeth)
Really gambling your shoutout in my future memoir.

Guns turn on Sandy, who waves a BOX OF TAMPONS in the air.

SANDY

Are you really such a shit-undone
DUMPSTER FIRE that you forgot to
bring a backup box?

(to the guards)

I apologize sir, I'm Ms. Ford's
handler and it's a bloodbath down
there for her, hence the speed-
walking. Torrential downpour of
thickened endometrial cells
sloughing off the walls of her--

Guard holds up a hand like STOP, I GET IT. But--

GUARD

I get it, last month my wife had a
clot the size of--

SANDY/MARGOT

We get it.

Guard OPENS THE BATHROOM DOOR FOR them. Varied responses from his colleagues depending on their life journeys.

GUARD

Plug it up. Then you're both on the
first boat out of here.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Door SLAMS! They're SAFE! Sandy bounces on an adrenalin high!
Margot checks they're alone--

SANDY

Was that not amazing?!

--and SLAMS Sandy against a wall.

MARGOT

YOU. Are a DISASTER HUMAN.

SANDY

I know and I'm sorry.

MARGOT

And I HATE how much I LOVE what you
did out there.

SANDY

Wait, really? Thank you! I was so
in the moment, *feeling* it, I
must've been wide open to the muse--

MARGOT

Okay finger off the bean. Now
unless you envisioned your final
moments to take place in a
porcelain bowl, you'd better have
something DAMN GOOD for me.

SANDY

God you're terrifying--

Sandy jams the photo of the MAP at her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

It's the map I was telling you
about. And there was a downward-
pointing telescopey thing. The
science guy was freaking OUT but
Alex said it's all happening
tonight, with or without him--

MARGOT

Where is he? Alex??

SANDY

I don't know, but he sent the
science guy to some kind of
"meditation pond", or--

MARGOT
Headspace Lagoon.

Now Margot pulls a SQUEEZE TUBE from her fanny pack and begins to SEAL THE DOOR shut.

SANDY
But how are we going to--

MARGOT
Shut up. I need to think. And pee.

Door sealed, she goes into a STALL. But... silence. Awkward.

SANDY
I'll go too, in solidarity.

She does. Now we hear stop-starty PEE STREAMS from both.

SANDY (CONT'D)
While we have a second, I want to say I'm sorry.

MARGOT
For which part.

SANDY
For almost ruining your operation.
(beat)
But also for being so wrong. You're really not the raging muppet I thought you were.

MARGOT
Thank you.
(beat)
And you're not the *exact* kind of asshole everyone thinks you are.

SANDY
Thank you.

Annnnd pee streams begin! Silent, cathartic bladder emptying.

Both emerge after. A loaded silence as their eyes meet. And it's different. For the first time, it's kind of connected.

Which is a brand new kind of uncomfortable.

Margot pulls a SCREWDRIVER from her fanny pack. Starts unscrewing a VENT at about eye level, as--

MARGOT (VM INTO PHONE)
American Bushtit, this is Canary.
I've sent you intel proving VinCore
is the third kitten, plus a map. I
need you to forward everything to
HQ and find out what those marked
locations have in common.
(then, to Sandy)
So. You really wanna help?

SANDY
It would be my--

MARGOT
You *have* to follow my orders.

SANDY
I will!

MARGOT
It is MY show to run. Got it?

SANDY
Absolutely yes, anything you need.

Margot HIGH-KICKS the vent. Hauls herself inside the cavity.
Turns back to Sandy, who's only just realized the plan.

SANDY (CONT'D)
This is *definitely* not a thing.

Sandy scrambles up after Margot into the--

INT. VENT - DAY

--which was NOT built for adult women. Former enemies now
nose-to-toe, army crawling when SANDY'S PHONE RINGS! Jordy.

MARGOT
Shut that shit off!

SANDY
(she does)
T-Mobile. I swear if they don't lay
off I'm switching to AT&T.

Terrible lie. BELOW, VOICES! Alex and Roger at a URINAL!

ALEX
Bro, for me, I'm like bring it neat
as fuck. Don't make me cross the
fucken Palestinian territories just
to get to the party in Tel Aviv.

ROGER
I don't mind it a little rough
around the edges.

ALEX
What, no same, ham that shit up,
full scale industrial car wash
vibes.
(off Roger's strange look)
We talking about the same thing?

ROGER
Well I wasn't talking about steak.

MARGOT
(whispering)
Cool boyfriend, bro.

Sandy pulls that red lip stain from her bag. Lets it
driiiiip... until their pee looks red. They FREAK OUT.

ALEX/ROGER
FUCK! / Is that me??

Sandy and Margot bust a gut laughing and hustle on.

JORDY (PRELAP)
Welcome, Squad, including Selena
Gomez who followed me back on
4/7/21. We need to RALLY!

INT. JORDY'S APARTMENT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Jordy hosts a HUGE ZOOM: MARGOT SQUAD MEMBERS worldwide!

JORDY
Evil people have KIDNAPPED our
Margot on what was supposed to be a
blissful vacay, which she hasn't
had in YEARS! ALL intel is welcome!

SQUAD MEMBER #1
Yo. I might have something.

If we're paying attention, we might recognize this face from
Roger Reinbart's screensaver...

INT. VENT - SAME

Put these ladies on *American Ninja Warrior*, they're getting
GOOD at this, contorting around corners like pros!

MARGOT
For what it's worth, I love OB's.

SANDY
You're non-applicator too?!

MARGOT
Fuck the applicator, I'm not scared
to touch my vagina.

SANDY
Dude welcome to the club, it's like
you, me and a bunch of fresh air--

MARGOT
And Australians, apparently.

Dust in mouths! Toes in faces! Who cares!

SANDY
Advance Australia Fair
motherfuckers!

MARGOT
And I ALWAYS have a full stash,
regs and supes, no minis--

SANDY
Who uses minis?! Talk about asking
for trouble. "I'm confident a mini
should cover it today", GUSH--

MARGOT
Seems light this morning, GUSH--

SANDY
Wow my period ended early, I'll
just stay safe with a mini, GUSH--

MARGOT
SHHH.

A LIGHT ahead in the distance! And... WATERFALLS? FERNS?!

SANDY
Have we died?

INT. HEADSPACE LAGOON - DAY

--where ENYA blasts! Lush indoor tropical greenery, massive
CRYSTALS everywhere.

Our heroes emerge from the vent a dusty mess, to hear NERVOUS MUTTERING through a cluster of ferns. They part them, to see--

Dan the science guy, doing snow angels in a lagoon in Batman swimmers. Trying to meditate his dirty conscience away.

SANDY

There he is, let's get him!

MARGOT

Slow down, bull in a china shop.
Just like you don't hit the world
with a front pager screaming JEFF
BEZOS IS A HOLOGRAM, you start
slowly. Little leak on page five,
tiny taste on socials--

SANDY

I'm shocked they didn't put you in
comedy.

MARGOT

But seriously. Dude's not here for
the love of science, he's here for
the paycheck and to be cool by
association. Watch me work.

Margot struts into view. Dan sits up, confused.

DAN

...Margot Ford? Am I dead?

MARGOT

Knock knock.

DAN

...who's there?

MARGOT

Uranium-235.

DAN

Uranium-235 who?

MARGOT

If you don't open this door, I'm
gonna split!

DAN

...no offense, but I don't think
that's how knock-knock jokes work.

MARGOT

Seriously?

DAN
It just like, wasn't all that
funny? I think your issue is
structure and maybe pacing--

Annoyed, Margot CHARGES at him! He scrambles back, uncertain.

DAN (CONT'D)
H--help?
(then, looking around)
Sirs, where are you please? A--
advance! Attack? HELP!!

SANDY
Margot, behind you!

TWO HUGE HENCHMEN in Margot's face. We'll remember them from
the conference room: Alex's hired fucking MOUNTAINS.

Margot throws a PUNCH-- too late. HENCHMAN #1 catches her
fist, CRUSHES it, while HENCHMAN #2 grabs her waist.

Sandy looks frantically for something to use as a weapon. In
her side-bag: tampons, hair ties, iPad and snap-on keyboard--

...let's go.

She *QUIETLY* RUSHES the scene, iPad in one hand, keyboard in
the other, and with rabid instinct she forgot she had--

WHACK! iPad cracks over Henchman #1's head! Hench #2 turns,
confused, and JAM! Keyboard rams horizontally into his nose!

Hurt? Eh. Dazed? Sure!

SANDY (CONT'D)
What, you didn't see that coming
from an iPad 5th gen and snap-on
QWERTY??

Margot pulls a KNIFE from a Henchman's belt!

MARGOT
First and last warning. Back off.

They don't. Battle is ON! Here's where I write a letter to
stunt wizards Andy and Brian Le and say--

*"Dear Andy and Brian Le. I don't know how you do what you do.
Nobody knows, it's bananas. My kingdom for a slither of your
fight choreography genius in our movie but since I don't have
a kingdom yet, here is an advance of [a drawing of my eternal
gratitude]. Sincerely, Shanrah Wakefield"*

--for now, just know that Margot KICKS SOME HENCHMAN ASS.

Soon, ONE goes down! DEAD! The other runs at her! She readies the knife, standing in a pile of CRYSTALS, as--

MARGOT (CONT'D)
You sure? Encore warning. There
will be no comeback tour.

SANDY
Margot Ford flaunts her battle-
ready physique as she DEFEATS big
bad man by...

--he LUNGES for her, she kicks a BLACK TOURMALINE CRYSTAL
across the ground--

MARGOT
This one's for clearing negativity.

--TRIPS HIM, he slow-mo FALLS... and IMPALES his own face on
her waiting knife.

SANDY
...SHANKING his FACE, holy shit!

MARGOT
Oops.

Two lifeless bodies now float in the lagoon. Sandy dances in
the bloody water, FUCKING AMPED! Margot tosses her the knife,
pulls out her GUN they head towards Dan, who's now in a
corner hugging a crystal, SHAKING.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
You done with your shavasana?

SANDY
Yeah Batman, ready to fuckin' TALK?

DAN
I can't, I'll get in like so much
trouble.

MARGOT
What happens at midnight??

Margot cocks the gun. Finally, he starts to cry.

SANDY
The FUCK happens at MIDN--

SCIENTIST
The first drill goes down.

MARGOT

Down where?? And give my friend
your VIP lanyard! NOW.

DAN

(he does, shaking)
They found this trench, a huge
cave, that runs under the entire
Pacific Ocean. They discovered a
bacteria in there, a SUPER
bacteria, it's amazing you guys
totally wouldn't get it, but it can
be harnessed as energy, kinda like
a biofuel, and they wanna use it--

SANDY

To get to SPACE? I FUCKING SAID IT!

DAN

I don't know, they don't tell me
that stuff! My job is to say it's
legally safe. But the problem is,
the extraction process might-- will
pretty much *definitely* release this
GAS that reacts super badly with
the earth's atmosphere--

MARGOT

And for those of us without science
degrees, that means--

DAN

Massive explosion. Like Cady. This
island, the mainland-- *destroyed*.
(Sandy dry-wretches)
They *think* they figured out how to
contain the gas, but it's like, not
actually possible to do that. I
wanted to tell them it was, and I
tried! I wanted them to like me.
But now, RIP my mom, your mom,
everyone's moms--

SANDY

What do you mean *everyone's* moms?

DAN

They can't reach all the bacteria
from here. There are 15 drills set
to go off one after the other, in
15 different places. Hundreds of
thousands-- *millions* of people--

(he BREAKS DOWN)

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

You guys better watch your backs,
my employers care about me!

MARGOT

How do we stop this??

DAN

(blubbering)

You can't. Tonight, at the VIP
party, the *ceremonial golden lever*
will be pulled. The first drill--

SPLAT. Dan's entire upper body EXPLODES, covering our heroes
with guts. Sandy's vomits. Margot pulls a bloody little
MICROCHIP from her mouth.

MARGOT

Insurance policy. In case he got
too chatty.

Sure enough, they turn and come face to face with MORE
HENCHMEN, guns pointed. Including Thanos, who's piiissed.

Alex appears behind them. Squats beside the dead scientist.

ALEX

What Alex giveth, Alex can taketh
the fuck away. Thankfully a new
science guy complete with a set of
nads is en route to finish what
this fraidy-cat started. Dan 2.0.

Then he stands. Rolls his eyes at Sandy.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sorry guys, this woman's obsessed
with me.

SANDY

Lost my hot and heavy for you hours
ago, bro.

ALEX

I'm heartbroken... *Girl in the
Reynolds Wrap Beret.*

FUCK! That one HURTS!

ALEX (CONT'D)

Wait, guys. Am I really here, or am
I a hologram??

Thanos swipes at him.

THANOS
You're really here.

MARGOT
Pretty sure the hologram theory
only applies to billionaires, not
desperate low-level millionaires.

ALEX
Sick burn, auto-tune Barbie who
can't even land a fucking knock-
knock joke.
(then, to Sandy)
Look, it's totally normal to
suspect rich guys of doing bad
things. I'm not offended.
Unfortunately, Sandy Wilkinson,
you've fucked right up. AGAIN. Time
for you to go quietly back to
clickbait gossip where you belong,
before I get you fired from *that*
job too. I know Rupert, and I guess
him and your boss golf together or
something. Anyway. Do I make myself
clear?

MARGOT
You can't scare her, loser.

But it's all over Sandy's face: he's just stabbed a rusty
shiv right in the deepest pus-ridden core of her wound.

ALEX
I think you'll find I just did.

Margot looks at her: it's true. Her demeanor has done a 180.
She's the terrified, risk adverse Sandy we met on page one.

Alex goes to Margot. In a gross, close whisper like bad ASMR--

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hey. It sucks she dragged you into
this. For the record, I deeply
appreciate female crooners and
thought your 2015 album was pretty
subversive.
(then)
It's just a shame you can't
actually, like, *sing*. You'll never
be Billie.

He swaggers around...

ALEX (CONT'D)
 By the way, which one of you
 sluttos paralyzed the CEO of United
 Airlines? Rude.

...fucking loving this gig.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 What else did I have in this
 speech... OH! Tampons over
 DivaCups? Blatant disregard for the
 environment, you should both be
 embarrassed. And don't you know you
 can save your menses to fertilize
 your plants? Lanyards back please
 and thanks. You guys aren't invited
 to my cool party.

Sandy hands over her VIP lanyard willingly. *Totally defeated.*

Henchmen RIP Margot's fanny pack off her, and JAB! NEEDLES
 plunge into our heroes' necks, the world goes fuzzy and we--

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: we hear an ENGINE. THUNK. THUNK-THUNK-MOAN-THUNK!

WOOZY FADE TO:

INT. DRIVERLESS SPEEDBOAT - SUNSET

Sandy's POV: PINK SKY! Her body flies UP! And THUNK! Hits the
 floor. She moans. *Groggy.* Sees Margot, blurry-- TIED UP!

They BOTH are, wrists and ankles! And on further inspection--

THEY'RE ON A SPEEDBOAT?! WITHOUT A DRIVER?! Their bodies
 THUNKING around with the waves!

SANDY
 Margot...? Where are we? Who's
 driving the--

Blurry Margot army-crawls towards her.

MARGOT
 Bite my visor.

SANDY
 Whaaaa?

MARGOT

Put it in your mouth and bite--
(waits for a lull)
Now!

She thrusts her VISOR at Sandy. Confused and woozy, Sandy clamps her teeth down! Margot yanks her head back and a plastic cover rips back, revealing-- a SHARP EDGE!

Sandy watches in a daze as Margot uses the *razor sharp brim* to HACK her wrist ties. Frees them! As she works on the rest--

MARGOT (CONT'D)

That asshole has never even *heard*
me sing naturally! How dare he say
that?!

All ties cut, Margot covers her visor blade, rushes for the GPS: AUTOPILOT screen shows they're headed for the MAINLAND.

Sandy, meanwhile, sits down quietly and puts on a seatbelt.

SANDY

Functional fashion. Why didn't you
use it 'til now?

MARGOT

Haven't needed it 'til now, on
account of being a fucking pro.
Give me your phone.

SANDY

I will when you put a seatbelt on--

Margot yanks Sandy's phone from her side-bag. As she works on the GPS, she DIALS a number. No answer.

MARGOT

Where are you when I need you,
Bushtit...
(tries ANOTHER. Success.)
Boss! It's Agent Canary. I'm trying
to disarm autopilot on a driverless
speedboat and you will NOT BELIEVE--

CIA BOSS (ON PHONE)

Slow down Canary, I've been trying
to call you. I'm taking you off the
job.

MARGOT

WHAT?!

CIA BOSS
I've received video evidence of
you, how do I put it, screwing
around. Again.

WHOO! A VIDEO lands on the phone. It's Margot, chugging
Veuve on a yacht with Nautical singing FUCK THE POLICE.

MARGOT
Who sent-- I was winning him over!

CIA BOSS
It's one too many strikes, Canary.
After Vienna, snorting coke off a
target's head--

MARGOT
Come on, we'd just caught that
basement rapist! Did you not also
receive the glaring EVIDENCE from
American Bushtit?

CIA BOSS
Looks like nothing more than
arrogant billionaires enjoying a
circle jerk and unfortunately
that's not illegal. Bushtit will be
taking over from here. It's time
you took a mental health break.

MARGOT
WHAT? With respect, Bushtit is my
junior, he's not qualified!
Something very *bad* is about to
happen and if we don't--

CIA BOSS
Let it go, Canary. This is not the
cross to die on.

Boss hangs up. Margot RAGES! Smashes desperately at the boat
GPS, as she gets THUNKED around by the waves!

SANDY
(wooooozy from the tranq)
Heard those words before. You
should listen to her.

MARGOT
Take off that damn seatbelt and do
something useful! Have you lost
your mind?!

SANDY
Nope. Just found it again.

MARGOT
Sandy! They just knocked us out
with big ass TRANQ NEEDLES!

SANDY
Which, if you ask me, is a very
clear message, so belt up, let's go
home and back to how things were.

Sandy's PHONE RINGS. It's Jordy. She answers.

SANDY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Fuck off, Jordy. I'm dead.
(hangs up, shuts her eyes)
Wake me up when we're back at the
mainland.

MARGOT
GOLDEN LEVER! MIDNIGHT! Are we on
the same planet?! Fuck my boss,
there's some seriously evil shit
going on back there and we HAVE to
stop it!

A wave THUNKS Margot over. Sandy catches her, tries to drag
her into a seatbelt. Margot shoves her off, clamors back to
the GPS, but the waves are getting worse--

SANDY
Take it from me, accusing
billionaires of being evil space-
obsessed bad guys without PROOF is
the biggest mistake you'll ever
make.

She tries again to seatbelt Margot; Margot kicks her off!

MARGOT
Let GO of me! You need to get over
yourself, stop letting ONE stupid
story define you--

SANDY
That story was the biggest mistake
of my LIFE.

MARGOT
But what if it wasn't a mistake?

Sandy SCOFFS, hard, they kick and grab at each other!

SANDY

Sure! I was right, the rest of the world was wrong--

MARGOT

Maybe!!

SANDY

Not possible.

MARGOT

YOU WERE GASLIT, Sandy!

Finally, Sandy unbuckles herself and THROWS her body on Margot, desperately trying to seatbelt her! They WRESTLE!

MARGOT (CONT'D)

They fucking gaslit you and they won! 'Cause you gave up!

SANDY

Rich people get away with things, it's what they do.

MARGOT

That is so fucking sad!

SANDY

No, it's reality! Blind ambition gets you nowhere! Worse than that, it destroys your life. Your soul.

Finally, it happens. Sandy CRACKS and starts to CRY. Tears of heartache, rage stream down her face as they wrestle.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Everything you ever dreamed of, they snatch it away! It's naive and it's self-sabotage, I should know!

Margot gets the upper hand! Pins Sandy down!

MARGOT

Well I'm not you.

And just then-- BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The boat makes a sudden sharp 180 turn. Now they're headed out into the OPEN OCEAN. And there's another sound...

TICK, TICK, TICK...

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Holy shit. Get up.

SANDY
...what is that?

TICK, TICK, TICK...

MARGOT
Jump.

SANDY
You'd love that wouldn't you, if I
just jumped right into a waiting
shark's mouth--

MARGOT
JUMP!!!

Margot GRABS Sandy and YANKS her off the boat, and as they
sail through the air in slow-mo--

BOOM!!!!!! The BOAT! FUCKING!! BLOWS!!!

CRASHHHH! Our heroes hit the water and we PLUNGE--

BENEATH THE CHURNING OCEAN.

--where we hear the deafening ROAR of the sea. Its own life-
force, monstrous sounds. As we plunge deeper, it quiets a
little. Our heroes are nowhere to be seen, but we DO see...

A TURTLE tangled in one of Culver Stairs Woman's discarded
dresses. A VEUVE BOTTLE sinking down, clunking the head of a
SEAHORSE looking for its fished-out family. That DEAD GUY
Margot tossed over the infinity pool.

Wow, is this it? Are our heroes dead?

We were just starting to really like them! *They* were just
starting to like *each other*! Bummer. hang on...

EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

A HEAD BURSTS to the surface, CHOKING UP seawater.

SANDY! She catches her breath! Looks frantically for Margot!
WAVES dunk her back under, she resurfaces--

SANDY
Margot!!?

DUNK! Back under! Back UP! Then ANOTHER HEAD bursts to the
surface!

SANDY (CONT'D)

MARGOT!!

Holy shit! They swim to each other! They wanna hug, you can tell, but instead-- a weird high-fivey fingertip-tinkle. Not *that* close yet.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Thank god you're alive.

MARGOT

Said no Daily Post reporter ever.

A BOOM nearby-- The FLAMING SPEEDBOAT explodes some more as it's CRASHED by a wave. It's trashed, almost fully submerged.

SANDY

Those FUCKERS tried to kill us!!

MARGOT

They're GONE! I am going to END THEM ALL, so hard!

SANDY

ME TOO!

NOW they're BOTH fucking raging!! ...but also treading water.

SANDY (CONT'D)

So, how are we gonna...

They clock a couple of super yachts not far away, and WAVE!

MARGOT

Hey, over here!!! Help!

A CHILD (6) in chinos emerges on one!

CHILD

Look! Seals! I think it's a mother and a baby.

Beat.

SANDY

I. Hate. Billionaires.

MARGOT

So much.

And then-- they hear a BOAT approaching.

SANDY

Oh god. Oh god. They're coming back
to finish us off.

Margot peers closer.

MARGOT

In a... research vessel?

SANDY

Oh no.

Yes.

SANDY (CONT'D)

No this is worse.

Along comes TJ in his research vessel.

MARGOT

YES. Thank you, kind stranger!

Margot climbs on board quick as a flash, but Sandy...

SANDY

So kind, thank you, but I'm good. I
can swim back, it's not that far.

...stays in the water.

MARGOT

What?!

TJ

I think you should get in, Sandy.

MARGOT

You know this guy?

SANDY

I'm fine down here. I love it,
actually.

MARGOT

Oh you *know* this guy.

TJ

Okay, well you do you, but full
disclosure this is bull shark
territory.

Sandy flies on board quicker than a blink.

INT. RESEARCH BOAT - NIGHT

They're headed for the mainland, Sandy and Margot in towels.

TJ

Tow-company paperwork took forever,
but I came out as soon as I could,
'cause I got your text. The map.

Shit. Sandy shoots Margot an apologetic look.

MARGOT

Hardly surprised at this point.

TJ

...and here's the thing. Every
marked location shares a similar
oceanographic signature.

SANDY

He's an oceanographer.

MARGOT

Did pick that up.

TJ

For starters, they're all along the
Circum-Pacific Belt.

(off their looks)

The Ring of Fire. The entire rim of
the Pacific is like a chain of deep
oceanic trenches, volcanoes, lotta
seismic activity. And a lot that is
undiscovered. Which makes me think,
in the past we've found traces out
here of a unique bacteria, that
could be used as-- and here's where
it might get confusing--

SANDY

Biofuel?

TJ

Yeah.

MARGOT

Pretty sick of being
underestimated, dude.

SANDY

You *know* about this?! Do you also
have one of those fancy detectors?

TJ

Of course we know about it, and no, we just have very smart teams that spend their lives on the ocean. We've speculated that what's down there could power the earth for centuries to come.

SANDY

Could it also power, hear me out, a *space mission*?

TJ

...I mean, sure.

MARGOT

Why doesn't everyone know this?!

TJ

Just because you know what you're sitting on doesn't mean you broadcast it. If anyone ever tried to harvest this bacteria--

SANDY

It could release a deadly gas and cause a huge explosion?

TJ

Not *could*-- definitely *will*. That's why we leave it alone.

MARGOT

So if someone was to send, say, 15 drills down, one after the other, all in one night, you'd say...

TJ

I'd say goodbye to everything the Pacific Ocean touches. Japan, Chile, the United States. I'd also say we're looking at one big tectonic plate dance party after that. Tsunamis, earthquakes, landslides... I'd say we're fucked.

MARGOT

Why didn't HQ come back to me with this info?!

TJ

HQ?

SANDY
 (covering)
 Helmut. Quinces. It's her record
 label guy.
 (then)
 Devil's advocate. What are the
 chances *nothing* bad happens?

TJ
 ...a billion to one.

SANDY
 Ironic.

MARGOT
 (wry, recalling)
 RIP everyone's moms.

Their instincts were right. Sandy stands the fuck corrected.
 Those billionaires really ARE willing to sacrifice anything
 to get to space! ...and Sandy **WON'T be gaslit a second time.**

SANDY
 We're gonna stop this ourselves.

MARGOT
 ...do I get a medal for not saying
 I told you so?

TJ looks at them, confused.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
 Okay, here's what we know: at
 midnight tonight, a "golden lever"
 will be pulled at some sort of VIP
 party, and the drilling begins. We
 have to find said party and stop
 all this before the goddamn world
 explodes.

SANDY
 So turn the boat around.

Beat. TJ looks at the CLOCK on the dash: 11:10pm. And RIPS
 THE WHEEL! Trusty old research boat does a 180!

TJ
 ...tell me how I can help.

MARGOT
 (whispers to Sandy)
 I like him for you.
 (then, to both)
 (MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Well. We can't exactly walk through
the front door, can we?

AN AERIAL VIEW:

A vast of OCEAN: MAINLAND on one side. NAMUKU ISLAND on the other, Eden squashed on it like an ill-fitting fedora. And in the middle, a rusty RESEARCH BOAT zooming towards it!

...it veers PAST the main entrance, and AROUND the side...

INT. RESEARCH BOAT - NIGHT

They've arrived at the BACK of Namuku Island: nothing but tangled jungle. TJ, now shirtless, looks for a clearing.

Sandy's wearing his tee (it says *I'm on Fiji time!*); Margot's wearing a filthy one that says: *Margot Ford 2018 WORLD TOUR!*

TJ

Sorry. The guys use it as a rag.

MARGOT

The grease adds character.

As TJ pulls the boat into a CLEARING, Margot tightens her visor-- which is ALL that remains of their belongings.

TJ

Be a rough trek, nothing but
jungle, but it should put you right
outside the service entrance. I'll
stay on lookout. Take this in case.

He hands Sandy an old iPhone. Annnnd it's time. Margot jumps off into swampy muck... but Sandy hangs back a beat.

SANDY

Thank you. For helping us.

TJ

Of course.

SANDY

I wanted to say I'm--

TJ

Later. Just know that I'd never
judge you, Sandy. I never have.

Beat. Sandy sucks in a breath.

TJ (CONT'D)
 We do have the internet here in
 Fiji, you know.

Sandy cracks an embarrassed smile. God, how mortifying.

TJ (CONT'D)
 It's good to see you again.

SANDY
 You too.

Now their eyes finally connect.

MARGOT
 YO. Bad guys. Apocalyptic horror.

Sandy breaks away. Jumps onto shore.

Annnnd they're BACK ON THE ISLAND. We fly UP and away from
 them, above the jungle, and soar back downwwwwwn..... to--

BLACK. We hear a faint drum-beat... something tribal...

FADE UP TO:

INT. A DARK, MYSTERIOUS ROOM - SAME

Low light, candles flickering. Drum-beat continues. We see
 the lower third of the room only, as we commence a slow tease
 of what our heroes are about to walk into.

FEET scuffle, the sounds of glasses and silverware being set
 up. Then an ANGRY pair of Gucci loafers storm through--

ALEX (O.S.)
 Is this from fucking Target?! It's
 not right! It *has* to be perfect!
Idiots!

--and STORM out!

We fly UP AGAIN, above the jungle and this time ACROSS THE
 PACIFIC OCEAN before we soar back down to--

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS GATED COMMUNITY - SAME

Towering, impenetrable gates loom over a beat-up Prius. It's
 Jordy, gaping at the opulence as she pulls up to the GUARD.

JORDY

Hi, I'm here to visit a friend! I think she put me on the list, my name's Jordy.

The GUARD looks her Prius up and down like it's an alien. All dented, a panel replaced with the wrong color, plastered with stickers (KIIS FM, POWER106, blue & yellow HRC, you name it).

GUARD

Got it! Ummm. I just might need you to leave your car outside.

JORDY

Oh! Can you not drive in there?

A MERCEDES rolls past, inside the gates.

GUARD

You can. It's just...
(off the busted Prius)
I don't know, it might hurt the road or get it dirty or something, I just don't wanna get in trouble.

Beat.

JORDY

Absolutely no problem, I would hate to get you in trouble.

She parks. Gets out and WALKS through the gates into the pristine gated community...

EXT. NAMUKU ISLAND - JUNGLE - NIGHT

Sandy and Margot, thigh deep in sludge, WHACKING through overgrown jungle, on mission and honestly LIVING for it.

MARGOT

If we come across an anaconda--

SANDY

We won't.

MARGOT

Or an apex predator like a jaguar--

SANDY

Nope--

MARGOT

Bitey frogs--

SANDY

Nothing dangerous in Fiji. Wow.
Here I was thinking you were like,
a sun-smart Black Widow--

MARGOT

I'd eat Johannson for breakfast. In
the CITY. Look, this job has taken
me to the Amazon, Borneo, Australia
and lemme tell you this for free:
jungles always have scary shit even
if locals say they don't.

SANDY

Nothing here but annoying ants that
always find ways to ruin your day.

She flicks a few ANTS off her arm, then pulls some FRUIT from
a tree and bites into it.

MARGOT

DO NOT EAT THAT! It might be--

SANDY

A guava? Now who's scared to live a
little?

Margot recovers. They HAUL up a hill through overgrowth.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Question. That time at the Standard
when you yelled "hail Amber Heard"
from the balcony and then fell 15
feet into the pool--

MARGOT

That was for you. Knew you'd make a
seven-course out of it.

SANDY

What about the meltdown at IHOP
where you snapped your labia at the
host like a Demogorgon because they
ran out of choc chips.

MARGOT

Also for you.

SANDY

Mexico City. You got Madonna's face
tattooed on your ass. Except of
course you *didn't*, how could I be
so--

MARGOT

--oh no that one was real. I'm a
huge fan.

She reveals, on her left ass cheek, a truly horrifying
rendering of Madonna's face. But it's also kinda beautiful?!

SANDY

So, you and the former First Lady.
You all still as close as you were?

MARGOT

We text.
(seeing it kill Sandy)
About spy shit.
(killing her harder)
On burner phones.

SANDY

Fuck you.

MARGOT

(laughing)
I actually thought that was the
moment you'd catch me out.

SANDY

Why, what'd you do?

MARGOT

(too fast)
Nothing.
(then)
You know, I do fuck around at work.
I like to have a good time. But I
always get the job done and trust
me, the dudes get away with
infinitely more than doing coke of
sex offenders' heads.

SANDY

Testosterone heavy workplace, huh.

MARGOT

Yup. But it's what I dreamed of
doing since preschool, so I can
handle it.

They reach a gully of thick FERNS with minds of their own...

MARGOT (CONT'D)

I don't even mind that Tommy has a
chip on his shoulder the size of
Russia!

(MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

There's just ONE thing I wish could change...

(pulls back a FERN)

I wish they'd let me SING.

WHACK! Margot releases the fern bang into Sandy's face, HARD.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Like *actually* sing for real, fuck auto-tune! I wish they'd just put me on a stage, me and my guitar, singing my own songs that *I write!* Nothing makes me happier, and honestly I think I'm pretty good. They think I'd lose my existing fanbase but that's not true. My fans are badassess. They trust me, they'd walk over hot coals for me. If only the rest of the world cared about things as much as fans do.

Sandy SNEEZES. Margot spins to see she's literally prying sticks from her eyeballs.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Are you okay, I didn't realize!

SANDY

Didn't want to interrupt your flow, you were going pretty deep.

She throws dirty swamp water in Sandy's face. Makes it worse.

SANDY (CONT'D)

You really are an indoor cat, huh.

They're back up and jungle-whacking. They reach a clearing--

MARGOT

Yup. Unlike you, apparently. So you lived here?

SANDY

For three years when I was a teenager. Parents were stationed here for the military.

--where Sandy sees the tip of the LIGHTHOUSE on the mainland.

SANDY (CONT'D)

TJ and I used to sit up there and talk about our dreams. How we were going to stop wars, take down bad guys.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

We made a pact to make the world a better place. Him with science, me with reporting. We stayed in touch after I left Fiji. For years. Then, you know. I fucked up. Career fell apart. And you're right. I gave up.

(beat)

That's when I stopped writing back. Couldn't bear to face him, tell him what I was really doing with my life.

Beat. Then, from the depths of her vulnerability...

SANDY (CONT'D)

He was my first love.

MARGOT

Oh really? Because I literally would never have guessed.

SANDY

Fuck you some more.

She hurls a mango at her. Finally, a glimmer of LIGHTS ahead.

MARGOT

For what it's worth, I wish you *did* tank Bezos with that story. The guy's a jerk. And I thought it was superbly written.

SANDY

Thanks.

MARGOT

...although "hologram" was a bit of a stretch.

SANDY

Okay, delicious roast. I think we're here.

Finally, the BIG PRETENTIOUS RESORT GLOWS before them in the moonlight! They've made it to the SERVICE ENTRANCE!

They hide behind ferns, camouflaged with mud, and watch:

SECURITY and WORKERS buzz around a LOADING DOCK, unpacking CONTAINERS labeled "VIP PARTY SUPPLIES".

Inside are hazmat suits. Ventilators. Gas masks.

SANDY (CONT'D)
That's gotta be some party.

Then, a TINY SILHOUETTE emerges in the back of the warehouse.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Here comes Alex.

MARGOT
How can you tell from here?!

SANDY
7 years analyzing grainy pap shots,
eventually you can even tell what
brand of face cream they use.

Sure enough, Alex materializes. Workers open another container for him, and present him with:

A GOLDEN LEVER. Like something you'd get from a cosplay store that takes props very seriously.

ALEX
Yes! This is the one, it's perfect.
The guys are gonna *shit*. Get it to
the VIP party, stat.

He leaves. A WORKER flanked by SECURITY carries the golden lever around a corner. Margot grabs Sandy--

MARGOT
That's our ticket, we follow them--

But the TITANIC THEME suddenly blasts from Sandy's pocket! All eyes shoot towards them! TJ's phone; whatta ringtone.

They shut it off and scramble into the jungle to HIDE.

SECURITY GUARD stomps over, flashing LIGHT through the ferns. It's quiet. All he sees is YELLOW PLASTIC in the swamp. He goes to GRAB it-- it floats away.

SECURITY GUARD
Rich litterbugs. Fucking criminal.

He leaves. Yellow plastic emerges-- Margot's visor, Sandy beside her. Back at the dock, some WORKER pipes up--

WORKER
That was mine. Total nerd for
Titanic. I'll silence it.

Our heroes exchange a glance. Weird, but okay.

MARGOT
Plan B. Follow me.

SANDY
We have a plan B. Cool.

Margot dives back into the jungle. Sandy hustles behind...

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS GATED COMMUNITY - SAME

...as Jordy hustles through a different jungle; one of towering MANSIONS. Phone to ear.

SANDY'S VOICEMAIL (THROUGH PHONE)
You've reached Sandy, leave me a m--

Jordy hangs up. Her recents show a string of red unanswered calls to Sandy. Instead, she makes her a VIDEO:

JORDY
It's me. I know you said you're dead, but I'm confident you meant that figuratively. I'm on my way to follow a lead. A Squad member is pretty sure her parents are over there. And--
(leans in, *grave*)
I know this sounds crazy, but based on what she's already told me, I have reason to suspect the kidnappers are planning to take Margot... to SPACE.
(off TOWERING MANSIONS)
Call me. It's *wild* out here!

EXT. RESEARCH BOAT - SAME

Meanwhile! TJ has noticed something fishy going on out on the water. Silhouette of a BOAT. He quietly starts towards it...

EXT. NAMUKU ISLAND - JUNGLE - SAME

Margot, quickly adapted to being an outdoor cat, pushes through a cluster of trees to reveal:

The VERY HIGH WALL of the resort. A very tall TREE against it, African Violet wrapped all around. It's beautiful.

SANDY
It's beautiful.

Margot grabs the tree and SHAKES it. It's sturdy.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(realizing)
Oh.

MARGOT
Annoyingly, I had abseiling ropes
in my fanny pack. Hoist me up to
that first branch, outdoor cat?

Christ. She's not *that* outdoorsy. Still-- she HOISTS Margot up. Margot pulls Sandy up. Nobody dies, *phew*. They continue.

INT. THAT SAME DARK, MYSTERIOUS ROOM FROM EARLIER - SAME

We're still only on FEET only. Louboutins, shiny white Balenciagas enter, only to be removed at the door.

ALEX (O.S.)
Shoes off, friends. Helps us feel
connected to what we're all doing
here together.

Hairy feet and stocking-socks mingle. Champagne glasses CLINK as the tribal drums transition (poorly) to Beyoncé.

ALEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Beyoncé, B-side. Pioneers listen to
pioneers. Made the playlist myself,
little side-hobby.

Polite "oh's", mediocre "mmm's" from his guests.

EXT. NAMUKU ISLAND - EDEN - WALL - SAME

Sandy climbs, sweating like mad and crawling with ANTS. Margot made it up ages ago.

MARGOT
C'mon, you got this. Hot, brawny
reporter flaunts her glistening
combination t-zone as she scales
wall to save world!

SANDY
(through gritted teeth)
You're hired.

Finally, Sandy's UP and over--

EXT. EDEN LUXURY RESORT - PERIPHERY - CONTINUOUS

--THUMP. Lands badly, recovers fast. THEY'RE IN!

SANDY

Let's go get those gaslighting
murderly motherfuckers!

MARGOT

That's the spirit! But first we
need clothes. And VIP lanyards.

Sand checks herself. Remembers they look like they've come
from Woodstock '99. They follow voices around a corner, to--

A SMOKING AREA, dotted with big banana palms. GUESTS suck on
elaborate vapes, including a familiar woman in a BROWN SUIT.

SANDY

Brown suit has a lanyard!

It's Pam, from the bathroom! VIP lanyard on. Pam GRUMBLES
angrily. Storms inside. Margot and Sandy follow her into--

INT. EDEN - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

--and creeeep a safe distance behind. Soon, Pam is unlocking
her HOTEL ROOM. Muttering to herself. Drunk.

PAM

...I'm getting off this dick soup
shithole island full of shit for
brains--

Pam registers movement behind her. Turns. Is SHOVED into--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--by Margot, closely followed by a very amped up Sandy!

MARGOT

Ma'am, I need you to stay calm and
hand over the lanyard.

SANDY

We appreciate how rude this seems--

Pam SCREAMS! Sandy PUNCHES her face on instinct!

SANDY (CONT'D)

So sorry, I got caught up in the
moment.

MARGOT

Wow.

(then, to Pam)

Lanyard.

She hands it over, in total shock and *definitely* drunk.

PAM

What the fuck are you two?!

MARGOT

That's not your concern. Where's the VIP party??

PAM

The hell would you want to go to that wank-fest?

Margot SLAMS her against the wall!

MARGOT

Tell us where it is!!

PAM

Jesus! All I know is that it's in "the belly of the beast" whatever that means, I dunno, I'm not going.

SANDY

Thanks! Bitch!

Sandy's got *fire*! Margot shoves Pam in the BATHROOM--

PAM

Wait. Are you Doja Cat?

SLAMS the door shut and jams a chair under the handle.

MARGOT

(off Sandy's look)

There's an art to it. It's all angles.

Margot starts rifling through Pam's SUITCASES. Sandy rips into another.

SANDY

You're brilliant. And I will *keep* saying it to make up for all the times I've been a raging cunt to you, I mean people should *know*--

MARGOT
They shouldn't, that's the whole
point. *Shit.*

All this woman owns is BROWN PANTS SUITS (not cool ones, ugly ones) and YUCK LITTLE HEELS from orthopedic stores.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
(incredulous)
Lady. What is your job?!

PAM (O.S.)
I'm a fucking wealth manager. I
look after their money and book
their idiot kids into rehab. I
should've stayed at Goldman Sachs.

INT. EDEN - HALLWAYS - MINUTES LATER

Sandy and Margot SLOW-MO BLAZE down the hall in NOT-EVEN-COOL PANTS SUITS, ORTHOPEDIC "HEELS", conservative up-do's and glasses. Guess they're wealth managers now. OUR HEROES HAVE LANDED!

INT. EDEN - MAIN BALLROOM - NIGHT

...in a sweaty cesspool of DRUNK FOLKS crunking and dry-humping to badly remixed Florence & the Machine.

Sandy and Margot wade through the thumping d-floor.

MARGOT
If I was a VIP party filled with
the world's most abhorrent
shitbags, where would I be...

EMCEE
Half an hour to midnight, party
people! And very soon, we have a
SURPRISE GUEST ARTIST for you!

Bass DROPS. D-floor SHUDDERS as they squeeze through people.

A FRIENDLY WAITRESS smiles at them. And was that a WINK?

They're bang in the MIDDLE of the dance floor now.

A WOMAN dry-humps a MAN from behind. Another WOMAN joins behind her. Then ANOTHER person. And ANOTHER, until--

Whoops! The crowd TEETERS, FALLS OVER like one big living organism, leaving an OPEN SPACE for the first time:

Spilled champagne, dropped platinum AMEX cards, and--

They realize they're standing in the middle of the DALTON logo! The dance floor SHAKES! They look at each other.

MARGOT

"The belly of the beast..."

Nearby, a SMASH! That *friendly waitress* dropped a glass...

FRIENDLY WAITRESS

Whoops! My bad.

She WINKS at them again, then opens a DOOR at the edge of the dance floor... LEAVES IT OPEN... and walks away.

SANDY

Who is that?

MARGOT

Dunno, let's go.

They squeeze through the crowd. Enter the open door to--

INT. DARK SPIRAL STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

SANDY

What *is* this?

MARGOT

Again, don't know.

Down, down... very spirally. It ends at a HUGE, out-of-place MEDIEVAL DOOR with a Berri-branded security pad.

SANDY

Now what?!

MARGOT

Fuck! I don't know who in this creepy staircase needs to hear this right now, but I know *exactly* as much as you do, NO more!

SANDY

Sorry, sorry.

MARGOT

You're way overcorrecting. You've gone from hating me to revering me as some kind of perfect, exceptional, beautiful spy god--

SANDY

Now you're overcorrecting.

Beat. As Margot fiddles with the security pad, Sandy thinks.

SANDY (CONT'D)

You know, I think-- now's probably not the time, but-- the truth is, I don't know that I ever really "hated" you. I think I just resented you too much to see you for who you really--

MARGOT

WAIT.

She thinks. Types: B I L L I E E I L I S H.

PING! It opens. They're in!

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Were you saying something?

SANDY

Not important.

INT. CREEPY BASEMENT BENEATH THE DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A WILDLY LUXURIOUS LOUNGE, decorated with MOOSE HEADS and a SHARK HEAD and a picture of CHE GUEVARA and NAPOLEON but then also weirdly KATY PERRY with THIS QUOTE:

"I got the eye of the tiger, a fighter, dancing through the fire, 'cause I am a champion, and you're gonna hear me roar."

MARGOT

Well, your boyfriend's definitely a Gemini.

SANDY

Honestly his music taste is the one thing I can't fault him on.

Anyway, NO VIP PARTY. They're alone. Music THUMPS above them.

MARGOT

I don't know how much more "belly of the beast" we can get.

They hunt for more clues. Sandy notices an OLD FRAMED MAP of Fiji. Same one we may have noticed at the airport.

SANDY

Wait a sec...

She traces her finger around the periphery of Namuku Island... which is, unmistakably, shaped like a FRUMPY MAN.

Eden is built on the main part of his body. Service entrance is his butt. But then there's a piece of land that looks like a pudgy protruding GUT, with squiggly lines on it.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Squiggly lines means a hill, right?

MARGOT

No, a depression.

SANDY

Okay nerd.

MARGOT

The belly of the beast is underground! It's a cave!!!

Sandy starts poking books, picture frames.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

It's not an escape room, false walls aren't a thing.

(pokes a book)

Otherwise this copy of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*--

WHOOOMP! A secret door DOES open, revealing a SECRET PASSAGEWAY!! Lined with TIKI TORCHES! Smug shrug from Sandy.

EXT. RESEARCH BOAT - SAME

TJ, meanwhile, is still quietly following the boat he saw earlier when a SECOND boat shows up! He quickly maneuvers out of view. Watches as the DRIVER of the first boat strikes a MATCH, sets it on FIRE, then jumps on the second boat, and they speed away...

When the coast is clear, TJ grabs his fire extinguisher. Climbs onto the flaming boat. Puts out the fire, revealing--

Stacks of PAPERWORK. Glass jars. Annnd the lower half of a DEAD BODY. Converse. It's Dan the science guy!

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Sandy and Margot traverse the narrow passage, FIRE from the tiki torches licking at their pantsuits.

SANDY
Occupational safety hazard waiting
to happen.

They begin to hear a NOISE. Beyoncé? Drums beats? Then a COUGH-- shit. They're gonna need a plan...

INT. ENTRANCE TO THE VIP PARTY - A MINUTE LATER

BURLY HENCHMEN guard yet another huge medieval DOOR. Seriously fucking ARMED. Their ears prick when--

MARGOT (O.S.)
I will *not* doing Wrecking Ball, I
won't fucking do it!

Guns COCKED instantly.

Margot stumbles around the corner, pantsuit re-jigged to look grunge-pop, leaning sloppily on Sandy. Socks & shoes in hand.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
I want to show people my RANGE! I
have RANGE!!

SANDY
Okay sweetie, we'll show them your
range.

BURLY HENCHMAN #1
That better not be--

SANDY
Doja Cat? Yes. This evening's
surprise star. For the VIP's?

MARGOT
I am an ARTIST damnit, not a STAR!

The henchmen exchange glances. Unsure.

BURLY HENCHMAN #2
Mr. Dalton didn't tell us about a
surprise star. Lanyards?

Sandy presents a VIP lanyard around her neck.

SANDY

Unfortunately this one is such a
 dumpster fire hot mess--
 (off their horror)
 She can't hear me, she's drunk.
 Anyway she lost her lanyard in the
 wave pool. 'Course there's only one
 Doja Cat, right, and don't we KNOW
 it.

She SLAPS Margot's face. Margot scowls.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Wake up, hon. Almost time to
 perform.

The henchmen think it over... and BUY IT! But just as they're
 about to let them in--

BURLY HENCHMAN #2

I thought the boss hated auto-tune
 ho's.

They freeze. Welp, it was worth a try.

BURLY HENCHMAN #1

Hmm. Ladies, I'm gonna need you to
 wait while we check--

WHOOMP! Margot FALLS to the ground in a trainwreck heap--

MARGOT

I!! HAVE!!!! RAAAAANGE--

--and SWINGS her visor, SLASHING each of their achilles in
 one clean slice! They go DOWN in shock and she jams her SOCKS
 into each of their mouths before they can cry out.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

It's a tiny day surgery, super
 quick, hopefully you have great
 health insurance in your employment
 contracts. Now stay out of the way
 so we can save the fucking world.

Sandy gapes. CanNOT get over the badassery no matter how many
 times she sees it. Then she points out the time on TJ's
 phone: 11:50pm. They quietly push through the DOOR, to...

INT. THE BELLY OF THE BEAST - VIP PARTY - NIGHT

...a FOYER lined with Louboutins and designer sneaks. Around
 a corner, badly remixed Cher now echoes, and...

ALEX (O.S.)
 ...like all revolutionaries before
 us, we understand the importance of
 thinking *macro*...

They sneak in further. Hide behind a STATUE, to see: a fully
 pimped out CAVE, fire and tribal statues. The theme is
 beginning of human civilization but make it chic.

Paleolithic-style art on the walls depicts 20 people, a
 SPACESHIP, staking a flag on Mars, earth behind them.

12-ish INVESTORS and SPOUSES, barefoot with lanyards, gather
 before a STAGE that's still out of view. Some we'll
 recognize, like Nautical, and Culver Stairs Woman.

ALEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...earth is a sinking ship, and we,
 the *real* apex predators, are
 spearheading the next step in our
 evolution. How dope is that.

A handful of WAIT STAFF catch flying prawn tails and refill
 Veuve. We *might* recognize one or two from earlier tonight.

Sandy and Margot creep behind the NEXT STATUE (beige suits in
 a low-lit cave, ironically invisible again), and see:

A STAGE: Alex, also barefoot, standing proudly between Roger
 Rinebart of VinCore (guzzling Gatorade) and Joe Hunt of
 Berri, plus a NEW SCIENCE GUY, DAN 2.0. And before them:

The GOLDEN LEVER from the dock! On a PODIUM, wires attached.

AND-- Margot gasps!-- there's TOMMY, her "BODYGUARD"!
 Mingling, chowing down h'or d'oeuvres he could never afford
 on his CIA wage. He's a DOUBLE-CROSSER!

She snaps a photo (on TJ's phone) as he fist-bumps Nautical.

MARGOT
 Cool secret agenting, bro.

On stage, Alex hits a REMOTE CONTROL. The crowd GASPS at
 whatever is revealed behind him, we still can't see.

ALEX
 Thanks to your valuable support,
 you'll *all* be up there with us.
 Orbiting in abject luxury around
 Saturn, or Jupiter or whichever the
 fuck is either side of Mars, we
 don't care about the details--
 (MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (off Roger & Joe's looks)
 No I'm kidding, we do.

Finally, our heroes creep close enough to see what it is:

A HOLOGRAPHIC visual modeling of a PRIVATE SPACE COLONY. All the luxury we've seen here, ON CRACK. Ridiculous.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 So Roger, Joe and I thank you for investing in the future! The universe is about to be our oyster. Speaking of, as you can see, the hospitality you've experienced here at Eden is a preview of what you can expect *daily* now I have the honor of building your space digs.

QUIET MURMURS amongst the crowd of investors...

INVESTOR #1
 Bathroom color scheme's a little glary.

INVESTOR #2
 ...I thought we were still putting the space hospitality contract out to tender?

Roger and Joe look instantly guilty.

INVESTOR #1
 Yeah, I'd like to hear from Four Seasons.

INVESTOR #3
 I feel like Ace could be cool.

ALEX
 What?

ROGER/JOE
 Don't worry about it, you're totally our hospo guy. Keep going, you're doing great!

Alex shifts uncomfortably, but--

ALEX
 Okay. Cool cool, sick.
 (steps up to the GOLDEN
 LEVER)
 So in eight minutes, at midnight...

SANDY

We have to get to that lever!

Margot's one step ahead, leading them down low to the NEXT statue. So close now to the mingling bare feet!

INT. EDEN - BALLROOM - SAME

Meanwhile, back up at the non-VIP party, the SURPRISE SPECIAL GUEST emerges on stage!

And it's ADELE!

In her deepest octave possible, she SINGS the opening notes of the song *Girl, You'll Be A Woman Soon...*

...which becomes the SOUNDTRACK for the movie's climax. Dance floor starts to VIBRATE. Loud and bassy. Guests are so lost in it they have no idea what's going on beneath their feet...

INT. THE BELLY OF THE BEAST - VIP PARTY - NIGHT

Sandy and Margot have made it under a TABLE, mere feet from the GOLDEN LEVER, when a TOILET flushes somewhere... and a woman's BARE FEET appear beside them.

TONI RINEBART (O.S.)

Who put their wealth managers under a table, that's just cruel.

(sees their faces)

Wait. The fuck are you two doing here?

Sprung. A glance. Split decision: they SPRING out of hiding!

MARGOT

Knock-knock, motherfuckers.

SANDY

Who's there? WE'RE here. To bust your evil asses.

HENCHMEN leap towards them-- but Alex stops them.

ALEX

Don't worry, they're harmless.

(then, to our heroes)

What? A group of wealthy people progressing society who are also really good friends? Wow. So evil.

MARGOT

You cannot pull that golden lever.

ALEX

This golden lever is going to
change our *lives*--

SANDY

Change the lives of everyone in
this room, what about the rest of
us? You can't go through with this,
you know what the risks are!

ROGER

Everything in life has risks
attached.

JOE

Yeah. Grow up.

Another MURMUR among the investors. They seem surprised.
Margot notices Nautical is trying to slooowly sneak out...

INVESTOR #1

Wait, there are risks? We haven't
been told.

ALEX

Actually you haven't asked, which
is why Dan here is still
technically off-clock.

Reveal DAN 2.0, playing X-Hero on his phone.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Anyhow, we've heard enough from you
two, security--

In the blink of an eye, Margot TRIPS Nautical, flips him into
a headlock and holds her visor at his neck!

MARGOT

Pay attention or this shitbag
bleeds out all over your cave
floor. Cady Island! Who's familiar?

Uncertain murmurs from the crowd...

SANDY

The uninhabited island that blew up
last month!

More uncertain murmurs. One or two perform "perturbed!"

MARGOT

Does nobody watch the fucking news?
It was Dalton's test site for what
you're planning here tonight. It
was decimated to smithereens.

INVESTOR #3

What say you, Dalton?

ALEX

A tiny bit of gas leaked, earth's
atmosphere had a hissy fit over it,
not a big deal but we've tweaked
the tech since then! Like I said,
the risks are *negligible*.

INVESTOR #2

Oh. Perfect.

Toni Rinebart knocks back a champagne.

TONI RINEBART

I'd like to hear more on this risk.

ROGER

Honey--

TONI RINEBART

Shut up, Roger.

Alex elbows Dan 2.0.

DAN 2.0

What, oh. The Merriam Webster
definition of negligible is "so
small or unimportant or of so
little consequence as to warrant
little or no attention" which
technically comprises so many
double-negatives they cancel each
other out meaning the whole thing
is moot.

(to Alex)

Now I get to steer the spaceship,
right?

Beat.

And then...

Satisfied nods from the investors. Dan goes back to X-Hero.

SANDY

Are you fucking kidding?!

Alex twitches. Anxious. Clock reads 11:57pm. Upstairs, we can hear-- *feel*-- the music ESCALATING. Bass deepening.

INVESTOR #1

Look. This cave is fortified,
right? We're in a bomb shelter. And
outside-- what's the population of
Fiji, 100, 200 thou?

SANDY

NO--

ALEX

YES! EXACTLY! A space shuttle only
has SO MANY SEATS, damn it, and
you're all invited! So relax, and
let's do this.

MARGOT

And it's not just Fiji you psychos!

SANDY

That lever sets off fifteen--

ROGER'S phone rings in his pocket! He ends it.

SANDY (CONT'D)

--sets off fifteen drills, one by--

Now TONI'S phone rings in her pocket! Sandy pushes through!

SANDY (CONT'D)

--ONE BY ONE ACROSS THE ENTIRE--

Eyes narrowed, Toni answers.

TONI RINEBART

What is it, honey? ...wait, who is
this?

Muffled response. Toni frowns. Turns on FACETIME, revealing:
JORDY!

SANDY

What the...

JORDY (ON FACETIME)

My name is Jordy, and my friend
Zosia has a question for her dad!

TONI RINEBART

Can it wait, we're in the middle of
a very public divorce.

JORDY (ON FACETIME)
It cannot wait.

ZOSIA RINEBART, aka SQUAD MEMBER #1, a punky teen, pops into frame. Roger looks panicked.

ROGER
Zosia, where are you?

ZOSIA (ON FACETIME)
(monotone af)
Hi dad. Why'd you tell me to sleep
in the bunker tonight?

NOW some genuine concern all 'round. Whispers of "bunker?"

ZOSIA (CONT'D)
Which I'm not, PS, it's boring in
there. Just like it'll be boring in
space. Which brings me to my point:
I'm not going.

TONI RINEBART
Why the fuck would you send her to
the bunker, Roger?

INVESTOR #1
Wait. Nobody told us to send our
families to bunkers.

Roger turns white. Alex turns white, and Joe. Mixed reactions
among the investors.

ROGER
Because there's a high chance the
world is screwed tonight.
(off horrified reactions)
But we'll all be fine!

ALEX
And it was gonna die in the ass
soon anyway!

JORDY (ON FACETIME)
And we know that ALL OF THIS,
whatever it is, is ALL so you can
take Margot Ford to SPACE!

Alex grabs the phone and HURLS it away. Chaos is unraveling.

INVESTOR #1
Why are we drilling in 15 other
places?!

ALEX

Because we need a lot of bacteria
to get there and build our new
home, unless you'd like to pitch
tents on a rando asteroid, Peter?

ROGER

This amount of biofuel will power
the colony for 300 years, at least!

The music THUMPS upstairs! It's beginning to CRESCENDO...

INVESTOR #2

Why didn't you--

ALEX

IF WE TOLD YOU GUYS THE TRUTH,
YOU'D PULL OUT! Now we can split
hairs over this, or we can COLONIZE
THE FUCK OUT OF SPACE FASTER THAN
BEZOS!

Alex LUNGES for the golden lever, but an investor SHOVES him
away, causing Alex to STUB his bare toe! He HOWLS!

And the BATTLE. IS. ON.

Here's where the movie loses its mind entirely.

It's the part of the letter to Andy and Brian Le where I say:

*"I bow at the temple of your genius. Please spare nothing as
you choreograph the most insane battle of ego, insecurity and
ambition. Sincerely, again, Shanrah."*

So the BATTLE IS ON!

Alex LUNGES again for the lever. Sandy lunges! Margot DROPS
Nautical and lunges for it too, dropping her visor in the
process! In unison, our heroes BODY SLAM Alex out of the way,
and now-- GUARD the lever with their bodies!

MARGOT

Not happening, folks!

Roger Rinebart makes for the exit. Toni Rinebart stops him.

TONI RINEBART

You will stay here and fix this,
dipshit. If our daughter dies
tonight, your balls are dog food.

Alex grabs Margot's visor and threatens them. A handful of
investors back him up; they really wanna go to space.

ALEX

Move. Now.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

They will NOT.

Reveal FIVE WAIT STAFF, now armed with tiny h'or d'oeuvres forks clamped between their fingers like Wolverine.

WAITER

Get your dirty hands away from
Margot Ford. And friend.

SUEPRQUICKFLASHBACK: ONE is the worker that took the fall for the Titanic ringtone! ANOTHER showed them the spiral staircase! ANOTHER--

No time. The BATTLE CONTINUES, now with their help!

Investors punch Alex! Punch each other! Toni punches her husband! Confrontation-adverse Joe fly-kicks with his eyes shut, missing everyone, probably on purpose. Security wrestles wait staff! A tampon drops from Culver's handbag; a waitress JAMS IT down the throat of an investor! Culver finds this hot! People yank and slap at Sandy and Margot, but they stand strong!

Upstairs, Girl, You'll Be A Woman Soon is reaching its deep, bassy peak....

Somewhere upside down in a corner, Jordy CHEERS on FaceTime..

But Alex, who's fighting for the acceptance OF HIS LIFE here, climbs ATOP A STATUE. Towers HIGH above them all. And from here, he takes one big JUMP-LUNGE for his life, I mean the golden lever, soars above the room, annnd--

--LANDS ON IT! PULLS IT! SHIIIIIIIT!

For a split second, nothing happens. Alex fiddles with something under the podium... we notice a GLOW, as--

INT. EDEN - BALLROOM - SAME

The clock TICKS to midnight! Music ROARS to its loudest peak, GUESTS go WILD, animalistic, overpowering the sound of--

INT. THE BELLY OF THE BEAST - VIP PARTY - SAME

An almighty VROOOOM! The drill BEGINS! The cave begins to VIBRATE! Some are exalted! Others CRY OUT in despair!

MARGOT

No. No!!!

She LUNGES at Alex, but security drops her. It's over. They failed.

Alex stands, triumphant! High-fives Joe, then Roger, who's now a little less excited as he's getting divorced now.

ALEX

It's happening, guys! No going back now, we're all going to space! Set your calendars about a year from now, which is when the Dalton/VinCore/Berri spaceship will be fully loaded with that sweet sweet biofuel...

But something's caught Sandy's eye. That glow under the podium. BESIDE the LEVER is a Berri TABLET, hidden from view.

...then she notices the golden lever still has a PRICE TAG on it. And its wires are connected to nothing.

SANDY

Margot...

Sandy NUDGES the lever. It falls unceremoniously to the ground. Margot gapes.

SANDY (CONT'D)

The lever didn't start the drill.
His tablet did.

Notice the TABLET screen reads: "DRILL 1 of 15, activated and irreversible! Drill 2 activating in 10, 9, 8..."

Alex sees what Sandy has seen. Embarrassing.

ALEX

It was my big moment, I wanted it to slap. Don't judge a billionaire by his-- whatever, I won and nothing bad happened. What a waste of hysterics. Again.

A THUNDERING noise... as the cave starts to VIBRATE HARDER. Uncertainty shoots through the room.

ALEX (CONT'D)

All good people, just the drill passing through the earth's crust, super normal. Right, Dan?

But Dan 2.0 has stopped playing X-Hero. He shakes his head.
Not normal.

INT. EDEN - BALLROOM - SAME

The dance floor VIBRATES HARDER. Guests fall over, but are still none the wiser. Adele's voice is POWERFUL!

INT. THE BELLY OF THE BEAST - VIP PARTY - SAME

The ground SHAKES. Then SOMETHING beneath their feet EXPLODES... something OUTSIDE explodes too...

Margot SLAMS terrified Roger against the wall--

MARGOT

Is there a way to stop your fucking drill?

ROGER

I don't think so, ask Joe.

She SLAMS terrified Joe against the wall--

JOE

Of course not! Berri tablet technology is incredibly durable.

ALEX

Sooo normal guys! Don't stress!
It's fort fucking knox in here,
we're safe!

BOOM!!! *Everyone's sweating now, Alex included.*

MARGOT

Not sounding super contained.

And then, SUDDENLY--

PING!

A NOTIFICATION appears in the top right corner of the tablet:
"New software update available! Want to install it now?"

Beat.

Sandy gasps. Margot sees it too. Alex sees them looking and his eyes bulge. A big "whoops" look crosses Berri Joe's face. Toni Rinebart sees what Sandy and Margot are thinking, gives them "fuck yes" nod, and in one big SLOW-MOTION MOVEMENT--

Toni SLAPS her husband in the nuts to keep him out of the way. Joe RUNS for the exit because this is totally his bad. The weirdly supportive wait staff TRIP him up, and hold back whichever other investors are still team start-the-drill.

Sandy climbs on the same table Alex did, LEAPS towards Alex, THIGH-GRIPS his head and sends him crashing to the ground...

Leaving MARGOT fully able to LUNGE FOR THE TABLET...

CLICK "YES!" INSTALL THE FUCKING UPDATE!!!!

AND THE TABLET!! SHUTS EVERYTHING DOWN!! TO RUN THE UPDATE!!!

AND THE **DRILL!!!! STOPS!!!!!!**

SANDY

(to Alex's face between
her thighs)

Who are you trying to be, Indiana Jones? Buzz Lightyear? Armand van Helden? Figure out your fucking identity crisis *without* putting eight billion lives at risk.

She PUNCHES his nose.

A sense of RELIEF rushes through the cave... but Dan 2.0 doesn't seem so sure. Because the *rumbling* continues.

DAN 2.0

Uuuhhhhh...

MARGOT

WHAT? The gas is cut off, right?

ROGER

Only a tiny bit leaked!

DAN 2.0

Yeah. So I thiink we're about to see like 1% of what *would* have happened it if went all the way.

The VIBRATING intensifies. Rocks start to fall from walls.

MASS RUSH FOR THE EXIT. Joe from Berri KING HITS the person ahead of him to get out first and RUNS OUT OF THE CAVE, but--

THUNK. FIRST BIG BOULDER drops from the ceiling and CRUSHES him flat. Dead.

SCREAMS of horror all 'round! Everyone RUSHES for the exit as the cave continues to crumble! Sandy and Margot run too.

ALEX

Wait! I can restart it! We can still do this! We can make it to space and COLONIZE THE FUCK OUT IF IT, together! Only cool people welcome!

THUNK! A rock lands on the tablet, smashing it dead. Alex scrambles up. Follows the pack. Everyone makes it into--

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

--and RUNS back down the winding passage, full Temple of Doom style! The WALLS crack and WATER starts pouring in!

Some get SMASHED by falling rocks! GUSHED away by the intruding seawater!

BARE TOES are STUBBED! Roger shoves Toni to get ahead! Screaming billionaires go down, pulling at each other!

Another BOULDER falls, trapping Margot but Sandy yanks her through! Another FLIES at Sandy-- Margot yanks her out of the way and it TANKS Nautical instead! Finally, they emerge into--

INT. CREEPY BASEMENT BENEATH THE DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

--and clamor up the winding stairs to--

INT. EDEN - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

First Alex! Then Roger, his soon-to-be-ex wife Toni! Margot! Sandy! The strangely helpful wait staff! Culver Stairs Woman! Annd a couple of other random billionaires looking very sorry for themselves.

Adele is winding down. Half the guests have fallen over. Art falls off walls, champagne towers start to collapse--

DRUNK GUEST

Isn't she *incredible*--

--and the dance floor begins to CRACK!!!

SANDY

RUN!! Everybody get out of here!

She and Margot FLY past them, Alex and co hot on their heels.

Guests begin to panic and follow! EVERYONE FLEES out of the resort as the dance floor now FULLY CRACKS OPEN!!!

EXT. EDEN LUXURY RESORT - NIGHT

Absolute chaos as HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE thunder towards the PIER as the resort SHAKES and ROARS behind them! FIRES break out!

Sandy and Margot watch from the PIER, jaws dropped as guests CLAMOR over each other to get onto the nearest boat!

Pam, the wealth manager they robbed earlier, appears in her bathrobe, hair standing up and confused.

PAM

What'd I miss, I took a Xanax.

Roger bursts through the crowd, full Billy Zane panic face.

ROGER

Move! I have a child!

TONI

She's 16 and hates you.

The WAIT STAFF emerge from the darkness-- with all the ANIMALS from the gifting suite, including the baby llama!

Roger grabs the baby llama and tries again.

ROGER

I have a baby animal!!!

Adele shoots him a disgusted look. Behind them all, the RESORT STARTS TO CRUMBLE IN ON ITSELF.

SANDY

Jesus christ.

MARGOT

And that's 1%.

Hard to decide which dumpster fire to keep watching: the imploding resort, or the Titanic-style boat clamoring, when--

A WHISTLE! A smaller, shittier boat appears in the darkness away from the pier. TJ. Sandy and Margot quietly rush to:

THE DARKNESS, AWAY FROM THE MADNESS.

TJ stares at the shitshow, shaking his head. On board his boat, a pile of PAPERWORK and SAMPLE BOTTLES.

TJ

Get in, let's get out of here.

(off the pile)

I got something for you guys.

MARGOT
Give to Sandy. I gotta split.

SANDY
Wait, what?

A little motor SAILBOAT materializes in the darkness. On board: two of those WAIT STAFF. One holds up a vodka bottle.

WAITRESS
(to Margot)
We got you.

Margot studies them. Realizes what's going on before we do. Turns to Sandy one more time.

MARGOT
Write the shit out of it. Front page. Don't hold back.

She goes to leave, but--

SANDY
Wait.
(Margot turns back)
Thank you.

Finally, fucking FINALLY, Sandy and Margot HUG.

THEN. Margot pulls a tit out of her top. FLOPS down onto the SAILBOAT. Opens her mouth while one waitress pours VODKA down her throat, another MESSES UP her hair, and...

They PUSH the sailboat out, Margot "passed out" on board.

NOW Sandy starts to get it.

Just another classic Margot bender.

But how did the wait staff know?

As Margot floats out to sea, she opens her eyes. Mouths to them--

MARGOT
Thanks!

At which point, all five wait staff pull their penguin uniforms back to reveal MARGOT SQUAD shirts beneath.

WAITRESS
(with a wink)
We've always got your back.

SANDY
Holy. Shit.

TJ
Huh?

Sandy's face explodes into a smile.

SANDY
Nevermind. You wouldn't get it.

Then she climbs onto--

TJ'S BOAT.

Just the two of them now. A quiet moment swirls in the air.

SANDY (CONT'D)
I was a total ass to you.

TJ
Yeah.

SANDY
I'm really sorry.

TJ
I know.

And juuust as they're about to kiss-- FLOODLIGHTS appear overhead. HELICOPTERS! INTERPOL BOATS zoom onto the scene!

From here, we watch:

ALEX get arrested. ROGER too, as he makes a last minute plea to his (robed) wealth manager Pam. But she just swigs booze.

PAM
Figure it out yourselves fuck-knucks, I quit.

EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE - HOURS LATER, SAME NIGHT

Sandy, still a dirty mess, is interviewed on-camera by AL JAZEERA beside the lighthouse from her teenage years.

AL JAZEERA REPORTER
Behind us you'll see the now-decimated Eden Luxury Resort. Oceanographer TJ Lutua says the explosion was caused by noxious gases, released in the course of negligent and illegal mining.
(MORE)

AL JAZEERA REPORTER (CONT'D)

Top bosses of Dalton, Berri and VinCore have all been arrested in connection with the disaster. I'm on the scene with reporter Sandy Wilkinson who's breaking this story open. I'm sure she'll be tight-lipped to avoid repeating past mistakes, but what can you tell us Sandy?

SANDY

It's early days. But I believe we have enough here to take down not just one, but three billionaire criminals at once. Two, sorry-- one's just a millionaire.

AL JAZEERA REPORTER

Can you shed any light on *why* they were illegally mining here in Fiji?

SANDY

Like I said, it's early days.

She smiles, like she's done. Reporter goes to move on. But Sandy changes her mind. Yanks the mic back--

SANDY (CONT'D)

But it would seem the intention was to harvest a precious earthly resource in order to fuel a top secret mission to space, where they planned to build a private colony on Mars for billionaires only.

Beat. The reporter is stunned.

AL JAZEERA REPORTER

Thank you very much, Ms. Wilkinson.

SANDY

Thank you.

Pull out to reveal TJ, stifling laughter. Sandy grins at him.

PRELAP: MURMURS of chatter. A cacophony of VOICES blasts into-

A MONTAGE OF NEWS REPORTS!

CNN REPORTER

The internet is exploding over the billionaires that were so desperate to get space they didn't care who they might kill in the process!

NBC NEWS

The disgraced Dalton heir planned to blow up the world for a place on Mars--

BBC REPORTER

Of the numerous tip-offs to authorities, one came from local barista Millie who says the trio, presuming she didn't speak English, spoke openly about how "poor people" would be "annoying" on Mars--

FOX NEWS

Whatever, who doesn't want to go to space? Space is awesome. In real news, Margot "trainwreck" Ford has been found disgustingly hungover, floating around the ocean in a sailboat. Classic Margot. Don't be a trashbag, kids!

ABC REPORTER

Across the globe, people are *horrified* at the disaster that almost was, which is in part because the iconic Greta Thunberg caught wind of the saga, posted about it and got the world talking--

EXT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jordy's unlocking Sandy's place as she DM's with Greta, BOTH SO FREAKIN' EXCITED, when-- PING! New follower! MARGOT FORD!!

JORDY

Oh. My God. Ohmygodohmygod. YASSS!!

INT. NADI AIRPORT - DAY

Sandy's in the check-in line. Significantly calmer than when we last saw her here. PING! A text from Jordy: a screenshot of her Instagram bio, which now includes the date (today) when Margot finally followed her back. Cuuuute.

Then: gross CHIP-MUNCHING behind her. She turns. Brendon, the "lunar energy" reporter, is sunburnt, sweaty and exhausted.

BRENDON

Don't ask. Big fat waste of time.

A coffee appears in front of Sandy. TJ.

TJ
It's not Millie's but it's good.

SANDY
Cheers.

Palpable, adorable tension. They inch closer together, but--

PING! Another Jordy text. It says "ALSO! Three lives!" plus a PHOTO of her feeding Three the goldfish with a thumbs up!

SANDY (CONT'D)
Awww, Three. No way. We're gonna have to change your name.

TJ
Huh?

SANDY
Nevermind. Come here.

She pulls TJ in close. Finally, they're about to--

BRENDON
Shit, I just realized. You're the one who almost tanked the Atlantic--

Sandy throws a hand up, shushing Brendon. Then she turns TJ's face to hers. And KISSES HIM. Finally.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER.

Sandy and Margot are dressed up, marching down Cahuenga.

MARGOT
Tell me where we're going!

SANDY
I said it's a surprise.

They veer down an alley, arriving at--

INT. THE HOTEL CAFE - NIGHT

--where a sign at the door says OPEN MIC NIGHT!

MARGOT
.....oh, hard yes.

SANDY
Get up there and do you.

Margot heads for the stage, Sandy the bar.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Two tequila sodas, please.

BARTENDER
We have a deal going on Kendall
Jenner's tequila, way better than
our well. Want in?

SANDY
No, no.
(then, big smile)
Give me the Clase Azul.

Top shelf it is! Drinks in hand, Sandy finds a seat. Margot's
on stage, guitar ready, about to play for a SURPRISED crowd.

Sandy smiles. Proud. Margot smiles big right back at her.

...and begins to strum one of her originals. Guitar skills
are okay, fine, nothing to write home about.

But then she starts to sing. Without auto-tune.

And Sandy's face falls.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Oh no...

...she's bad. Really, REALLY bad.

Sandy necks her tequila and throws Margot a thumbs up! The
CROWD winces. Block their ears. Start Instagramming it.

But Margot is way too in her element to notice. Absolutely NO
idea that she sucks, she is having THE TIME. OF. HER LIFE.

INT. THE DAILY POST - LOS ANGELES OFFICES - SAME

Jordy, at Sandy's old desk, watches on Insta. Her face falls.

RICHARD (O.S.)
WHAT THE FUCK, WHO'S GETTING THIS
SHITSHOW?

JORDY
I got it.

Then she breaks into a GIGGLE, as she types: *"Time to reinstate the conservatorship? Margot Ford breaks glass with voice like dying donkey, days after Fiji bender!"*

...the latest arc in the Margot Ford trainwreck narrative. Secret identity successfully upheld.

EXT. TACO STAND - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sandy and Margot devour late-night tacos.

MARGOT
Really, was I good?!

SANDY
GOOD?! You were... so happy.

...Sandy's poker face sucks. She busts a gut laughing.

MARGOT
I can't sing, can I? Oh god. I'm completely tone-deaf.

SANDY
Why did they choose this as your cover?!

MARGOT
They didn't know! I didn't know!
You can work miracles with an auto-tune machine.
(through laughter)
But I just love it! It makes me happy. Sorry not sorry.

PEDRO PASCAL walks by, downing a taco.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Pedro! Hey!
(to Sandy)
Gimme a sec.

She goes over. Sandy watches them have a quiet, secretive convo. *Totally* knows what's going on here. Margot returns.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Shall we bid the night adieu?

Sandy nods. As they head off, Sandy stops by Pedro. Leans in, and whispers earnestly--

SANDY
Thank you for your service.

Pedro is confused.

PEDRO
 Uh, you're welcome. Are you-- also
 doing the thing?
 (points between himself
 and Margot)
 ...with me and Margot?

SANDY
 Oh no, gosh no, I just watch from
 the sidelines. My contribution is
 to "commentate", if you will.

PEDRO
 Okay. I mean, if she's cool, I
 guess I'm cool.

Sandy salutes him and returns to Margot, who laughs. *Hard.*

SANDY
 What's so funny?
 (quietly)
 He's a spy too, right?

MARGOT
 No! We were just making a plan to
 Netflix and fuck later.

Sandy's face falls as she realizes her error.

SANDY
 Shit! No! I need to tell him I work
 for the Times, that I'm not trying
 to watch your-- fuck.

PING! Margot's phone.

MARGOT
 HQ. Gotta split. Give you the scoop
 as soon as I know.

She's off. Now alone, strolling through the Los Angeles
 evening, Sandy sighs. What a cool life she finally has.
 Tonight was fun, she's high on those new relash' feels with--

She calls TJ on FaceTime.

SANDY
 Eight more hours.

TJ
 I'm all packed! I was thinking we
 could roadtrip to the desert, or...

As he talks, Sandy notices an AMAZON BILLBOARD looming ahead. Way to ruin the moment. Then she notices something else...

A familiar SILHOUETTE standing beneath the billboard. A man. Smiling at her, his bald head shimmering under the moonlight.

Sandy's phone DROPS with a clatter.

TJ (FROM AFAR) (CONT'D)
Sandy? You there?

...it's JEFF BEZOS. Sandy gasps. But before she can say a word, he smirks... and BLOOP! Disappears.

FUCKING HOLOGRAM!!!

THE END.

POST CREDITS...

INT. THE GRAMMYS RED CARPET - MEDIA LINE - COUPLE WEEKS AGO

We're back at the shitshow. Margot starfishing over Michelle Obama's Spanxed body in a sea of strawberries and red jello.

As she's fumbling for cream to further cover up Michelle, we notice something we didn't before...

...Margot slides a FILE out from under her body...

The former and best First Lady: Totally. Fucking. In on it.