

THE REVEAL

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FADE IN:

INT. RESORT LOBBY - DAY

CLOSE UP ON WOMAN'S FACE

A WOMAN with great bone structure BREATHES like she's forgotten how to. The whites of her unblinking eyes pop against a mask of blood splatter.

SCREAMS and VISCERAL NOISES are drowned out by a wave of shock that has crashed over her. The HORROR she is witnessing sounds muted, like listening to a conch shell.

A tide of WHITE NOISE rises until it becomes -

INT. CROWDED AIRPLANE - DAY

- the ROAR of jet engines. The same woman's face is relaxed and clean.

There is a DING as the fasten seatbelt lights blink on. The PILOT chimes in over the loudspeaker.

PILOT

Folks, we are going to be experiencing some turbulence coming up. Mild winds ahead. Pausing cabin service at this time. We'll let you know when you can safely get up again. We're about 2 hours out from our destination in Bermuda. Please stay seated for now and enjoy the rest of the flight.

The woman is MARLEY - mid thirties, looking desert chic, adorning soft, flowing clothes that look worldly while also inappropriate for any activity. She flips through photo edits on her laptop.

Beside her, JUSTIN (mid thirties, wearing stylish athleisure) is reclined with a neck pillow and sleep mask. He seems concentrated on sleeping. Meditative even.

MARLEY

Hey Babe, what do you think of this filter? It still feels too vivid.

JUSTIN

Marley, I told you I'll do this later. I need my rest.

MARLEY
You know I can't sleep on planes.

JUSTIN
Well try or you'll look tired in
the shoot.

She continues to flip through her photos. They are all
touched up images of wanderlust, worthy of lifestyle magazine
spreads.

She picks up her phone

INSERT - PHONE

- and pulls up Instagram. Her last post reads "SAVE THE DATE
FOR MARLEY AND JUSTIN" split PINK and BLUE with a white
border.

Gazing out the window at a sea of clouds, she takes a
picture.

Another couple in the seats in front of them with similar
aesthetics watch an iPad, sharing a set of AirPods.

EVE (mid-thirties, not just pretty but effervescent) takes
hers out and turns around. She stares at Marley in the seat
behind her.

MARLEY
Hey Eve. How are you guys doing?

EVE
Christopher's movie is boring. I
want to be there already.

MARLEY
Yeah.

EVE
How excited are you?

MARLEY
I can't wait.

EVE
This is so cool that we're all
finding out together.

MARLEY
Along with all my followers.

EVE

Don't stress it. You're about to
get the greatest surprise. It'll be
beautiful.

CHRISTOPHER (mid-thirties, exhaustive bro) turns around in
his seat.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey. This is the best part.

Eve rolls her eyes.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

This party's gonna be bangin.

EVE

It's a gender reveal you
neanderthal.

CHRISTOPHER

Call it what you want. I'm about to
press play.

EVE

Ugh. See you soon Mar.

Christopher pauses, pulls a rubber band from his pocket and
snaps it on Justin's forehead.

Justin rips off his face mask and looks at Marley.

MARLEY

Really?

A third couple sits nearby. BRIAN (mid-thirties, a couch
potato and a barnacle on Justin) plays games on his phone
while SAMMY (late-twenties, wears her concerns on her face)
reads a paperback.

SAMMY

Are you going to play that game the
whole flight?

BRIAN

I've got others.

SAMMY

You're a simpleton.

BRIAN

I didn't bring any magazines.

Sammy looks at him condescendingly.

SAMMY

So how long is the actual photo shoot going to take?

BRIAN

I don't know. Couple hours?

SAMMY

What the fuck takes so long to have a gender reveal? You shoot off some confetti and look surprised.

BRIAN

Set up, I guess.

SAMMY

This goes against everything I believe in.

BRIAN

I believe in getting drunk AF.

SAMMY

Not waiting until after you're being live streamed?

BRIAN

I don't know those people.

SAMMY

Real nice. The confetti alone is destructive to the environment, which will blow all over. There's noise, smoke...These things always end up a disaster.

BRIAN

Who cares? This weekends gonna be sweet. Beach, drinks, banging all day...

SAMMY

Who are you banging?

BRIAN

We're on a vacation. There's gonna be banging.

SAMMY

This is not a vacation. It's a requirement from your friend with some nice views.

BRIAN

Don't be so negative. You're getting a free trip out of it.

SAMMY

I wouldn't be shocked if Justin sent us a bill.

Brian is lost in his game. Sammy goes back to her book.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Good talk.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The bluest waters gently roll up to a soft, white beach where sun burnt guests lay out on folding chairs. Snorkelers drift over chunks of coral.

EXT. RESORT - CONTINUOUS

A small upscale village of connected apartment-like buildings weave through finely trimmed greenery. Among them sits a large pool surrounded by bars and a few open-air entertainment venues.

People dressed in casual-wear wander throughout the property, sporting tans and relaxed vibes.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF RESORT - CONTINUOUS

Beyond the walls of this property lie unkempt vegetation and badly maintained roads leading into a lively town where everyone wears shorts and no one seems to own a car.

It's a world away from offices and traffic.

The airport shuttle pulls into the resort.

INT. RESORT LOBBY - DAY

All three couples enter the lush, plant filled lobby, luggage in hand. Justin checks in while the others hang back.

An employee approaches with a tray of colorful cocktails.

EMPLOYEE

Welcome travelers. Can I offer you some drinks?

BRIAN

Fuck yeah.

Brian, Eve and Christopher all indulge.

SAMMY

I'll have one after I'm settled.

BRIAN

I'll take hers then.

SAMMY

You gonna make it to the shoot?

BRIAN

I'll be there, at least physically.

He sees something over Sammy's shoulder that catches his attention.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit, check these out.

Brian walks to the side of the lobby where there is a bump out room with a museum-like display.

Two gold handled cutlasses hang crossed on the wall. Brian reaches up to touch one.

SAMMY

Dude!

BRIAN

Just seeing if they're real.

EMPLOYEE

Those are replicas of the cutlasses used by the pirates of this area. They famously made this island their hideout for years.

BRIAN

Badass.

EMPLOYEE

You can book scuba tours for one of their abandoned ships.

CHRISTOPHER

Crashed in the coral?

EMPLOYEE

Story is they sunk it on purpose. They were very superstitious.

Justin returns with their key cards.

JUSTIN

Here you go guys. Take a little time to prep and meet here in an hour.

CHRISTOPHER

Sounds good buddy. You getting siked?

JUSTIN

Yeah, whatever. Just make sure you're dressed in the outfits we agreed on. Don't be late. We have to catch the good lighting.

SAMMY

Can I just wear a bathing suit?

JUSTIN

Funny. One hour.

Sammy tries to share a smile with Brian, but he's not paying attention. The group disperses.

Sammy digs in her purse and hands the employee a five dollar tip.

EMPLOYEE

Thank you ma'am.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sammy flitters around the room unpacking and getting ready. Brian sits in a chair watching her.

BRIAN

Those drinks were strong.

SAMMY

You didn't need to pound 2 of them right away.

BRIAN

All I gotta do is show up and cheer. Then hit the pool bar.

SAMMY

Do they don't even care about the reveal, or is it just about likes?

BRIAN

If I was making that much money on some dumb posts, I wouldn't care either.

SAMMY

That's terrible. This is a joyous and personal moment and they just want to monetize it. Influencers are destructive.

BRIAN

OK, Boomer. They're cool people.

SAMMY

You barely hang out with them. You just like their money and quasi-fame.

BRIAN

We could do something like that. Make a ton of cash posting pictures.

SAMMY

I'm not enough of a narcissist.

Brian takes out his phone and starts typing.

BRIAN

"Reveal party in 20. 'bout to blow this spot up!" Post. See? It's that easy.

SAMMY

You may want to read that stuff before posting.

BRIAN

Whatever. It'll be forgotten by this afternoon.

INT. RESORT LOBBY - DAY

The group gathers at the front of the lobby. Everyone is dressed in neutral colors to let the background stand out. Justin is already out front.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

What the fuck is this?!

EXT. GROUNDS OVERLOOKING BEACH

The group jogs up to see Justin throwing a tantrum and yelling at an employee.

EMPLOYEE

Sir, can you please lower your voice?

JUSTIN

I booked a week at this resort for this one shot. What the hell is that?!

Justin points to a hut-like building blocking the view.

EMPLOYEE

We added our new beach bar a few months ago.

JUSTIN

It's blocking my shot! You can't see the water. And now every yahoo on the beach is standing right in front with a drink.

EMPLOYEE

Yes, the beach bar has been very popular. They make very good Rum Punch.

Marley steps in to deescalate.

MARLEY

What's wrong?

JUSTIN

They added a beach bar, which now blocks the view. We booked this place for that view!

EMPLOYEE

You can move down to the beach. It's very nice down there.

JUSTIN

We need the full view. We can't have any people or buildings in the shot. Oh my god, this is such a disaster.

MARLEY

There's got to be another spot, right?

JUSTIN

Look around. There's nothing secluded here. It's not even supposed to be tourist season. I'm going to find someone.

Justin takes off. Marley chases after him.

MARLEY

Justin, wait!

The rest of the group stands back, confused.

SAMMY

Why didn't we just go somewhere more secluded?

BRIAN

Justin doesn't like slumming it.

SAMMY

Of course he doesn't.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Justin storms through the building, Marley jogging to catch up.

MARLEY

J! Hold up. We can make this work. There's plenty of places to shoot here.

JUSTIN

But they're not the Adventure Magazine shot. We came here for that shot and there's people all over! It's like a fucking Sandals here.

MARLEY

C'mon. This place is lovely.

JUSTIN

You'd think our backyard is lovely. I came here for that shot.

MARLEY

J, I'm happy to have this anywhere. This is for us.