

INT. TROPICAL ISLAND - LARGE AIRPORT HANGER - LATE AFTERNOON

MIKE, mid 60's and pragmatic looking, is pacing around on his phone while IAN, a stylish guy in his 30's, nervously watches. Mike eventually hangs up the phone, holds out his finger a second and downs a half a bottle of booze.

IAN
(awkwardly)
That good huh?

MIKE
Depends... We have five contestants flying back to the mainland who won't die from food poisoning; which is good.

IAN
(genuine)
Of course, no one wants that.

MIKE
Right; but we won't be able to finish filming with the five who didn't get sick, and the network president says we're fired if we don't get something in the can.

IAN
Now that's something we don't want.

Mike makes a double take, shakes his head.

MIKE
Did you always point out the obvious like that before?

Ian holds up his hands as they begin to walk outside.

IAN
Hey, it wasn't my idea to reward the cast with a discount fish dinner at this island's version of a Red Lobster.

Mike takes a flask out of his back pocket.

MIKE
Right, but if you weren't feeding me all this *woke feelings* bullshit, I wouldn't feel the need to reward them in the first place for you know, doing their jobs... That's what a paycheck is usually for.

Ian makes a face looking around the runway while Mike thumbs through his phone.

IAN
What are you doing?

MIKE
Hoping to find a god damn singles club or street fair, wherever we can get five horny people that want to get laid and be on TV... I've had nightmares about this you know.

Something catches Ian's attention and he looks over at a small private plane, the main door opening. VALERIE walks out first, her long hair flowing in the wind; SIERRA right behind her, smiling as they walk down the stairs.

Ian is staring and begins to swat at Mike to look over, who is annoyed at first, and then his mouth drops. BLAKE walks out next, shirtless, followed by NILES, typically high strung; with STC following, wearing a mechanic's jumpsuit.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(stunned)
Wait, what did I just drink? How did you make this happen?

IAN
Uhhh, yeah... Before I answer, can I have a raise first?

Mike makes a face, and they continue to watch the *TAIM* group. Ian squints a little, and a moment later his eyes go wide.

IAN (CONT'D)
Wow, I think that's Valerie Hill; she was this really famous dancing artist from years ago in New York.

MIKE
Wait, the one mock shooting the mechanic, but not in a fun way?

Ian nods, as their attention goes right to Blake who begins to laugh loudly at something.

IAN
Wow, and that's Blake Tanner, this really hot Latin stripper in Cali... Don't ask me how I know.

Mike shudders a moment.

MIKE

Wasn't going to... You mean the
mook without the shirt?

Ian nods again, Sierra now dancing poorly for some reason.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yeah, wait a second; I think the
short one does something online
too. My wife got me into this ARSM
bullshit and...

IAN

(interrupting)
It's actually ASMR.

MIKE

The frig I care... But I think the
brunette was in one of those
videos, pretending she was a
dentist dressed as a comic book
chick for some reason.

IAN

Actually if I'm right about them, I
think they all work for this agency
in Cali... Our offices aren't too
far from theirs.

Mike continues to drink from his flask.

MIKE

How come I don't know them?

Ian points to Mike's drink, the latter nodding in agreement.
He then shakes his head as they watch the scene before them;
STC keeps trying to crawl into the one engine while Niles
attempts to stop him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What about the gay guy trying to
save the dirty mechanic's life?

Ian makes a face as Mike rolls his eyes.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What, I said gay this time.

IAN

Fine, that's an improvement; but
you can't say dirty.

MIKE

(annoyed)

God damn millennials... Anyway, you like dude's right? Go talk to the one who looks like he's their agent and see if they want a chance of a lifetime... Sell it like that too.

Mike slaps Ian on the back and walks back to the hanger.
QUICK TRANSITION to the private plane as Niles finishes up a conversation with their Captain.

NILES

Okay, Captain Smith indicated that the starboard engine was losing power due to a system wide power failure...

VALERIE

(interrupting)

And how happy are you for having been able to relay such a technical message?

Niles half smiles, Blake responds.

BLAKE

Very; and am guessing we're stuck here for a bit now.

NILES

Essentially, yes.

Blake moves next to his friend and grabs his shoulder, gesturing around the airport grandly.

BLAKE

And how often do we get to spend time in such a paradise? Come on dude, it's fate!

SIERRA

(smiling)

An airport Blake? I knew you liked planes as a kid, but wow.

BLAKE

(grinning)

You're not wrong, but I mean just look around us.

VALERIE

(sarc)

Eh, I've been in nicer resorts in North Florida, and yes I know I said north.

STC comes around wiping his dirty hands on his jumpsuit.

STC

The first officer keeps stopping me from trying to jimmy around with the engine parts... I told him I didn't mind but you know, "rules."

They all begin to talk a moment as Ian approaches Niles. The latter notices and nods his head.

NILES

Ah, good, you must be the airport liaison I heard Captain Smith comm with when we were landing. My people and I are hoping to...

IAN

(smiling - interrupting)

No, wow no. My name is Ian and I'm an Executive Producer for *Island of Love N Such*.

Niles shakes his head a moment, confused.

IAN (CONT'D)

The wildly popular reality dating show, streaming worldwide.

NILES

Ummm sure, that's something all right... Anyway, could you point me in the liaison's direction then?

Ian stares a second, tilts his head and half smiles.

IAN

Wow, okay look, my partner and I are in a bit of a crunch... We just had five contestants get sick from cheap fish, and we have to find five others to take their place.

Niles nods a second, looks at his phone and then Ian.

NILES

(still confused)

Well, I'm not especially familiar with any talent agencies on this island and...

IAN

(interrupting)

Just wow... We'd like to offer you five a fully inclusive and immersive stay on this island for the next week... Five star accommodations, the whole nine... But you all have to be on the show.

Shrugging a moment, Niles cracks his neck and sighs.

NILES

Eh, honestly that doesn't exactly sound like something we'd be interested in, and...

Suddenly Blake slides in next to Niles, holding out his hand and shaking Ian's.

BLAKE

I'm a little buzzed; but did I just hear you say you need five people to finish filming one of my favorite reality shows ever?

IAN

That's some good hearing while buzzed.

BLAKE

(smoothly)

One of my many talents.

The rest of the *TAIM* group approach, Ian turning to everyone.

IAN

So we need to finish this season of *Island of Love N Such*, and with five out due to sickness, we'll be happy to have you take their places... Everything taken care of.

Everyone reacts positively to that, Niles surprised.

NILES

Oh wait, come on, reality TV? Val, you said this is where dreams come to die after they've had an STI.

IAN
(matter of fact)
Checks out.

VALERIE
Right, but not when we have a
chance like this.

Before anyone can respond, an SUV limo pulls up, and five sharply and seductively dressed people of all demos get out. Mike approaches and talks with them a second.

BIANCA, a stunning Brazilian trans woman points at the group.

BIANCA
Dibs on the twink; he looks feisty.

STC leans over to Niles, nods toward Bianca.

STC
(loud whispering)
I think she means you.

Everyone begins to mingle as Niles sighs.

END TEASER

EXT. TROPICAL ISLAND RESORT - OUTSIDE BEACH BAR - EVENING

The *TAIM* group, the five other reality show cast members, and the show's producers and crew are all talking and drinking. IAN approaches *TAIM*.

IAN

Again, just putting all the cards
on the table, you really saved us.

They all nod. One of the cast members, *TANYA*, walks by in a bikini, *BLAKE* noticing as she smiles at him.

BLAKE

Yeah speaking of table tops, when
do we get to the 'n such' part of
the week?

SIERRA

(perplexed)
Wait, he didn't say table top.

BLAKE

(embarrassed)
Oh yeah, I mean, just glad we could
help and umm, yeah.

VALERIE stares a second, shakes her head.

VALERIE

One track here meant the position.

BEAT

She rolls her eyes and begins to mimic a sexual move.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

Wait, it's better if a guy does
this; c'mere Niles, I'll show you
how to do it with me and we can go
back to my room and you know, steer
into that for a few hours.

NILES doesn't notice as a server brings him a drink.

BLAKE

Look, it's been almost five days...
Five days Val, that's a business
week you know; Blakey's got needs.

VALERIE

And he's also got two hands and a
frig ton of spank bank materials,
so make do.

BLAKE
(smoothly)
You say that like it's a bad thing.

IAN
(excited)
Yes, that's the energy we want,
will they or won't they?

VALERIE makes a double take, points at her and Blake.

VALERIE
Petri Dish Needy over here? Yeah no
I'm good...
(looks to Niles)
I prefer someone more passionate,
clean, and energetic.

NILES is smelling his drink, hands it to SIERRA.

NILES
Sierra, is there booze in this
smoothie?

She smells it, takes a second and nods.

SIERRA
Everclear.

Niles shakes his head, confused.

NILES
So that's a yes then?

Sierra laughs and takes a sip, nodding.

SIERRA
Yes, but they went heavy on the
orange juice; weird combination.

MIKE then walks up, hanging up his cell phone, looking around at the group.

MIKE
Okay, so far so good; we'll be able
to get started tomorrow morning
and... Wait, Ian, I thought you
told everyone to be in their
relaxed clothes.

Ian makes a face as everyone looks at Niles, who's adjusting his tucked in long sleeve athletic pullover.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You, agent guy; why do you look like you're about to run a marathon?

Niles perks up at that, looks around the area.

NILES

Wait, is that part of the show?

Tanya walks up to them, looks Blake up and down.

TANYA

No, but marathon fuckin is, and I think I found my first partner.

It's now Blake's turn to perk up as Sierra's eyes go wide and Valerie shakes her head. Blake fake stretches and yawns.

BLAKE

(exaggerates at first)
Ohhhhhh look at the time... We should probably go do that marathon thing you just said then.

With that Tanya smiles, walks by Valerie with a smirk as she takes Blake's hand and they walk away.

VALERIE

(surprised)
The frig was that look for?
(resigned)
Welp, looks like I'm gonna have to give *miss barb wire tattoo* the Val treatment; should liquor up first.

Valerie walks away as BIANCA approaches Niles.

BIANCA

(heavy accent)
Hi there; I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I heard something about a marathon... Do you mean like cardio?

NILES

(slightly relaxed)
Yes, yes I do. My good friend VEE and I run together back home; part of our exercise regimen.

BIANCA

(smiling)
Who is this VEE?

NILES

(genuine)

Oh, Veronica, those are her initials; she's awesome.

Bianca laughs and touches Niles shoulder playfully.

BIANCA

She sounds it... Come, tell me more about your cardio sessions with this Veronica.

NILES

(excited)

We actually have one in the morning to start our day, and then one at night to help induce fatigue...

They slowly walk away as Niles gestures with his hands.

SIERRA

(half smiling - cautious)

Why do I feel like this is all a bit on the nose?

IAN

Well, if you can believe it; two of the five that got sick were physically similar to those two, so it was the easiest pairing.

MIKE

Speaking of, Sierra right...

(she nods and smiles)

You told Ian you like the rocker emo type right?

SIERRA

Pretty much word for word.

Mike nods, gestures toward one of the other cast members sitting alone at the bar.

MIKE

Well I don't think he paints his face or wears black all the time, but Cooper over there plays the guitar and has this loner thing going on.

SIERRA

(smiling)

I know it's not great that that's a
win win to me, but you know, it is
what it is right?

With that she goes to the bar and begins to talk to COOPER,
Ian and Mike talking and drinking.

END SAMPLE