

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

**EXT. RESORT/OCEAN - DAY**

Rachel and Shane float side-by-side in luxurious inflatable inner tubes. Rachel peacefully sits in her tube with a novel in one hand and a margarita in the other. Shane, on the other hand, cannot stop fidgeting and squeaking around in his tube.

RACHEL  
(looking up from her  
novel)  
Everything okay over there?

SHANE  
Just feels impossible to get  
comfortable in these things.

RACHEL  
Can't you just sit like I'm  
sitting?

SHANE  
(impatiently)  
That's what I've been trying to do.

Rachel watches Shane as he continues to squeak around in his tube. Once Shane finally gets comfortable, he takes his phone out of the tube's cupholder and squints at it.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
(sighing in frustration)  
It's too damn bright out here.

RACHEL  
What about your sunglasses?

SHANE  
I think I left them in the room.  
I'll be right back.

Shane returns to his original position in the tube and turns around towards the shore. Rachel casually sits up and takes off her sunglasses.

RACHEL  
You can borrow mine, if you want.

SHANE  
(turning back to face  
Rachel)  
Nah, I'm good. I bought a pair of  
Gold and Woods just for the trip.

After acknowledging Shane's response with a nod, Rachel puts her sunglasses back on and nonchalantly returns to her novel. \*

Almost like a child, Shane leans forwards in his tube and kicks himself back to the shoreline. In the process, he manages to spray Rachel with a splash of water, but doesn't notice. Rachel sighs and shakes the water from her book. \*

#### INT. COCONUT BUNGALOW - DAY

Akilah quickly scans the rest of the room-- the bed is clearly unmade, and two of the pillows are tossed onto the floor. Shane's suitcase is visibly open and messy, while Rachel's is neatly propped next to her side of the bed. Shane's pair of SUNGLASSES sits plainly in the middle of the floor. \*

#### BEGIN AKILAH'S CLEANING MONTAGE:

--Akilah folds all of Shane's laundry and sets it on his suitcase. \*

--Akilah cleans the toilet, carefully fanning out the top sheets of the extra toilet paper rolls into elegant shell-shapes. \*

--Akilah meticulously scrubs the mirrors and sinks, replacing the soap bars and tissues. \*

--Akilah makes the bed, fluffing out the pillows and thoroughly tucking in the sheets. \*

#### END MONTAGE

For the finishing touch, Akilah folds two clean bath towels into swans and carefully places Shane's SUNGLASSES on one of them (after cleaning them first, of course). As she wheels out her cart and closes the door, the sunglasses TOPPLE DOWN from the swan onto the clean floor. \*

#### INT. RESORT FRONT DESK - DAY

Kitty approaches Vance as he's on his computer at the front desk. She leans over to catch his attention. \*

KITTY

(flirtatiously)

Excuse me, you're the resort manager I met yesterday, correct? \*

VANCE

Yes ma'am, how can I help you?

KITTY

Well--

Mid-sentence, Kitty leans further over the desk to check Vance's name tag.

KITTY (CONT'D)

(pronouncing Vance with a  
poor British accent)

--Mr. Vance... I know you don't  
have it here, but I was wondering  
if you know about anything I could  
do that's at least similar to  
SoulCycle.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

VANCE

(laughing uncomfortably)

You can just call me Vance.

KITTY

(flirtatiously, still with  
the terrible accent)

Okay, Vance.

VANCE

(stiffly pronouncing his  
name in an American  
accent)

Vance. But in terms of SoulCycle,  
I'm afraid we don't offer anything  
very similar...

\*  
\*

Vance trails off as he sees JANSEN (pronounced "YAWN-SON"), a  
young, tan, hunky man, walking past the two of them.

\*

VANCE (CONT'D)

...however, I may have an  
interesting alternative for you!  
Hey, Jansen!

\*  
\*

Jansen waves back at Vance and approaches the two of them.  
Kitty instantly leans off the desk, her eyes glued to  
Jansen's body.

\*

VANCE (CONT'D)

We offer various relaxation  
activities here at the White Lotus  
hosted by Jansen, our very own  
resort self-care guru! Jansen, this  
is Kitty, one of our most esteemed  
guests.

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

JANSEN

(warmly)

Nice to meet you, Kitty. We have a  
special meditation session later  
today if you'd like to join us.

\*  
\*

KITTY

(in awe)

Wow, that sounds absolutely lovely.

Kitty casually slips her arm into Jansen's and pats his  
bicep.

KITTY (CONT'D)

(pronouncing Jansen  
dramatically)

Please tell me more, Jansen!

\*

VANCE

I'll leave you both to it, then!

\*  
\*

A nervous Jansen smiles back at Vance, who promptly EXITS the  
lobby with a sigh of relief. Vance's customer-service smile  
falls from his face the second he turns away from the two of  
them.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JANSEN

We'll be meeting this afternoon in  
the Yogic Gardens. I do hope you  
join us.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KITTY

Oh, I wouldn't miss it for the  
world! I'll see you soon, Jansen.

\*  
\*  
\*

Kitty winks and pats Jansen's bicep before leaving the lobby.  
On her way out, she turns around and waves lovingly at  
Jansen, who smiles and waves back uncomfortably.

\*  
\*  
\*