

**Wish you were Here**

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FADE IN:

EXT. MARCO ISLAND OCEAN RESORT - DAY

A hot sun beats down on a beautiful crescent shaped pool.

SUPER: Marco Island, Florida

SUNBATHERS relax in and out of the crystal clear water.

EXT. 7TH FLOOR BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

DALLAS, 29, thin and ripped, shirtless, looks down at the pool. Sweat drips down his face, onto the balustrade he leans on.

He stands, runs his fingers through his long wet hair.

INT. DALLAS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dallas enters through the sliding glass door.

On a glass table, several thick lines of cocaine sit with a rolled up \$100 bill, a half empty bottle of Myers rum, a BOSE speaker, and an orange starfish.

He pulls out his cell phone from his shorts, sits on the adjacent sofa, stares down at the table.

After a few taps on the phone, "Wish you were Here" by Pink Floyd fills the room. He chugs some rum, snorts a fat line.

NOTE: The song plays throughout the entire script.

Dallas shakes his head from the blast, rubs his nose, gazes around the room, eyes wild.

He runs his fingers through his hair, buries his head in his hands.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. MARCO ISLAND OCEAN RESORT - DAY

Dallas and MARCI, 18, stunning in a teenie weenie bikini, walk hand in hand toward the pool, smiles on their faces.

As they approach, Dallas pulls back, picks Marci up, and tosses her into the pool.

She surfaces, exhales water, fist in the air, in a playful gesture.

Dallas jumps in behind her, lands a huge jack knife, sending water everywhere.

They hug, then kiss deeply.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Dallas and Marci walk together, as gentle waves lap over their feet. Their tan bodies glisten in the heat.

Just ahead of them, a bright orange starfish washes ashore.

Marci runs forward, picks it up triumphantly, a sparkle in her eyes.

Dallas picks her up, spins her around, as they kiss.

EXT. THE TERRACE RESTAURANT - SUNSET

A picture perfect sunset of orange and purple hangs over the ocean, as Dallas and Marci watch in awe, hand in hand.

A WAITER arrives at the table with a bottle of Myers rum and two thick blown glass tumblers.

He pours the amber liquor, smiles, and walks away.

They toast, sip, roll their eyes in pleasure.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Dallas and Marci make a beeline for the ocean, hand in hand, both naked.

When they hit the water, Dallas scoops Marci up, gracefully, as he slows his pace to a walk. They kiss passionately, as he wades them into deeper water.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

A full moon illuminates the water in a yellow glow.

Arms wrapped around each other, smiles on their faces, they watch as a COUPLE passes by on the beach.

The couple gives a friendly wave, and they return it.

INT. DALLAS' ROOM - NIGHT

The front door opens, Dallas and Marci enter a little tipsy, smiles on their faces.

They head to the table where several lines of cocaine wait.

Dallas swigs a gulp of rum, hands the bottle to Marci, who follows suit.

Two thick lines of cocaine are snorted, followed by another swig of rum.

LATER

It's dark in the room. Dallas and Marci lie asleep, naked and uncovered in bed.

Marci rises, looks around sleepily, climbs out of bed, quietly makes her way to the bathroom.

Dallas reaches over, opens his eyes, realizing he's alone.

The bathroom door closes silently behind her.

END FLASHBACK.

Dallas raises his head from his hands, eyes bloodshot, tears streaking down his face.

He stands, walks over to a Duffel Bag on the floor, pulls out a GLOCK handgun.

Back at the table, he snorts another line of coke, followed by a deep pull of rum.

He opens his mouth shakily, puts the gun inside.

His hand trembles, finger poised on the trigger, eyes looking up at a ceiling fan that slowly spins.

After several seconds, he throws the gun across the room, SCREAMS, face beet red.

EXT. 7TH FLOOR BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Dallas looks down on the people below, as he climbs up on the balustrade. Tears fall from his swollen eyes.

INT. DALLAS' ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the sink, lays a First Response pregnancy test strip. It reads "pregnant".

In the full sized tub, across from the sink, Marci lies dead, deep red water covering all but her head and face. Her eyes are open, but glazed over, seemingly looking out the window above her.

A bloody razor blade sits on the floor next to the tub.

INT. DALLAS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sliding door to the balcony is wide open, the balcony empty.

SCREAMS emanate from outside.

On a desk, a handwritten note sits unread.

INSERT handwritten note.

"Dallas, I'm so sorry, but my Dad would literally kill us both. I can't be pregnant and I can't get an abortion.

It's not your fault. It's mine. Don't do anything stupid like I did.

Love you always, Marci."

FADE OUT