

LAST RESORT AT THE RIVERS

ACT ONE:

INT. RESORT ON THE RIVERS - KILEY'S OFFICE - EVENING

The sunset glows, lighting the office with an orangey tint. KILEY RIVERS, 24, sits with her back facing the camera. Her desk sits comfortably in front of a lace draped window.

Her desk rests in between two large bookshelves. She takes a sip of her chipped coffee mug and places it back down.

She stares intently at the computer screen placing her finger tips loosely on the keys. A smile peaks at the corner of her lips and she begins typing.

KILEY (V.O.)

As I take you back through the years, you will not find a story about a recently orphaned writer. You will find a deep compelling story digging up the roots sprouted from the abandonment, abuse, and alienation. You will find courageous, strong children who were forced to grow up too early by the harsh elements of the world today. Every one of these kids went through excruciating pain and trauma and they've surpassed even my expectations. They've molded and crafted themselves from the muck and gunk dished out to them and striven above all to become the brilliant young adults you see here today. This is their story.

Montage:

- MARCUX, 12, a prideful know it all with a handsome face shifts a few things in his bedroom. SHOUTS reverberate from the living room. He turns to look out his door.

- PHILLIP, 14, an all-time preppy rich boy, sits parched up on the couch, shouts angrily at the football game on the television.

- CARRIE, 7, a passive girl with soft brown eyes and hair, looks up at Phillip from the kitchen then glances back down to finish the sandwiches in front of her.

- KEITH, 13, a brute in the making, snatches a plate from Carrie and walks into the living room.

- MEAGAN, 8, strong willed somewhat spoiled damsel, sits draped over the couch, reading a book. She reaches up without taking her eyes from the pages and takes the plate from Keith.

- SADIE, 7, a quick tempered girl always on the defense with a snide remark and a heavy attitude, glares intently into a text book heavily at the table in the corner.

- PIKE, 12, a dark silent type with black hair cut just above his eyes walks past the living room and gym.

- In a large converted gym, PAYTON, 12, her loose blonde curls frame her slender face. Her enthralling deep green eyes, that welcome all uninviting guests, stares harshly into the mirror. Through the mirror, Pike walks into view outside the window.

- Pike passes, JOSEPH, 13, a hardened hopeless romantic with smoldering looks, sits by the empty pool with his skateboard, head banging with large headphones on. A HORN HONKS and Joseph looks up.

- BLAKE, 14, a buzzed-cut attractive boy with a dark past that's hidden just underneath his brooding blue eyes drives a beat up car into the driveway.

- Stretched out from the drive way with the resort in the background, SAMANTHA, 13, a drop-dead gorgeous girl with a tint of rebellious danger behind her eyes walks the beach to the water's edge. She peers over the crashing dark waves. The white suds sting her bare feet. She looks with concern over her should at the resort.

TWO YEARS EARLIER

INT. NYC LOFT - DAY

The sun shines into the large studio apartment. An alarm buzzes the loft awake. Her arm stretches from underneath the purple comforter and grabs her phone pulling it under the covers with her.

KILEY, 22, a strong willed NY bred girl, pulls down the covers and squints at the bright screen.

Her brown bed hair twists and flips in all directions. She thumbs through the phone. Squinting at the bright screen. A BANG from below makes her groan.

ALIZA (O.C.)
Rise and shine Kiley. You have a
bright day ahead of you.

Kiley groans.

KILEY
Please come up with a better
catchphrase.

Kiley stretches in her bed as she sits up.

INT. BOTTOM OF LOFT - CONTINUOUS

ALIZA, 48, a NYC born-and-raised hardworking and morally driven woman, plops down a basket on the granite counter. She starts unloading the food.

ALIZA
Come on, get out of your bed and
I'll start breakfast.

Aliza walks over to the windows and rips open the blinds. She peers down at the hustling city below them. She smiles warmly down at her city and walks back to the kitchen area.

INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Kiley moves like a zombie, throwing back her covers and shuffling her feet across the cold wooden floors into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kiley stands under the hot water inside the steamy shower. The fog on the glass door teases a glimpse of her body. She shuts off the water and pushes open the door.

The steam floods out of the shower stall and she quickly grabs the towel. She wipes the steam from the mirror and studies her face.

INT. BOTTOM OF LOFT - LATER

Kiley mopes around the counter and props herself up on the bar stool. She picks at the fresh fruit in front of her.

KILEY
So, what is planned for today?

Aliza bats her hand away from another grape. She looks at her condescendingly.

ALIZA
Sit upright, posture is everything
child.

Aliza turns to the counter behind her and Kiley gives her a stink face then quickly steals another. Aliza drops a couple flyers of colleges in front of her.

KILEY
L.A., what's this?

Kiley shuffles through the flyers.

ALIZA
You said last week that you wanted
a change of scenery.

Still staring at the flyers.

KILEY
I was talking about new curtains or
something.

Aliza gives her an all knowing side glance.

ALIZA
You need to get out of this city,
away from your parent's plan.
Follow your dreams. Go sell your
book in L.A.

KILEY
I know but-

ALIZA
No excuses. You have the trust fund
Kiley. What's stopping you?

Aliza slides a plate in front of her. Kiley takes a couple bites of her breakfast.

KILEY
I'd miss you too much, Aliza.

ALIZA
Oh, hush that talk. And swallow
your food before you speak.

KILEY
I'm serious, without me, what on
earth would you do?

ALIZA
Get a peace of mind.

Kiley smirks, but it fades quickly as she looks down at the flyers contemplating sin. Aliza studies Kiley's face.

ALIZA (CONT'D)
Just consider it Kiley. Do something you love.

Kiley smiles weakly at Aliza, then glances at the clock behind her.

KILEY
(rolling her eyes)
I better get going.

She picks up her school bag and walks towards the door.

ALIZA
Kiley.

Aliza walks up to her and places the flyers in her hand.

ALIZA (CONT'D)
(warmly)
Just think about it hunny, okay?

KILEY
Yes Ma'am.

Kiley salutes her, but walks out with a warm smile.

EXT. NYC - STREETS

Kiley walks out of her apartment building into the hectic streets of NYC. The crisp cool air strangles her as she adjusts her coat.

The sounds and fumes of the busy city fills her up. Cars and taxis forcefully share the road with one another. She walks down the street.

Pedestrians sneak through the traffic and breach the other side. Smog from the grates underneath creeps up her nostrils. She walks past a hotdog stand.

The worker sets up his cart with a dreary face. She shakes her head and jumps back out of the way as a bicyclist zips in front of her. She grills him adjusting her bag as she walks across the street.

A pick-pocket swoops in undetected at the couple arguing which way to go. Kiley adverts her eyes, and jogs up the large stairs and into the over compensating doors.

INT. NYC SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Kiley walks into the crowded halls. Classmates cling to their groups like pods sporadically placed throughout the halls. Kiley squeezes her way in between a couple arguing in front of her classroom door.

KILEY

You mind?

They shift slightly out of her way still arguing. Kiley groans and shoves through them. They look at her appalled, but Kiley just ignores them and walks into her classroom.

INT. NYC SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

Kiley enters the cloned classroom and takes a seat in the back. She pulls out her composition writing book. The flyers fall out slipping underneath her chair. She picks up the flyers and smiles. Her face twitches sadly.

CLASSMATES mindlessly flood into the room. The chatty kids fill the seats around her. PROFESSOR, 45, takes a seat on his desk.

PROFESSOR

Alright class, settle down.

The last of the kids stop talking and turn around. A few stragglers race into the room.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Late. Demerits. Alright, yesterday we left off on comma splices.

The class groans.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I know this is a business school and all of you are above most of what is being taught in the minor classes, but English should not be the same. Whether you're becoming a lawyer, or inheriting your family's business, or becoming the next Trump. Learning proper writing will make sure you are, well, not the next Trump.

The classroom chuckles.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
 Alright, now pull out your text
 books and turn to chapter 5.

Kiley flips the pages of her text book and glances down again
 at the flyer behind her book.

INT. LOFT - LATER

Kiley sits alone in the dark lit apartment. She stretches at
 a small cramped metal desk, then continues typing at the
 keyboard. Her music blares in the background, failing to
 drown out the city liveliness.

ON THE LAPTOP

Green window pops up and a picture of DELANIE RIVERS, 49, a
 fierce woman that always gets her way.

BACK TO LOFT

Kiley smiles down at the screen.

KILEY
 Hello Mom. Dad. How's Japan?

DELANIE RIVERS
 Great hunny. We have to stay a
 little longer though. The deal
 isn't complete.

KILEY
 But Mom my-

ON THE LAPTOP

MICHAEL RIVERS, 56, a killer looking businessman appears next
 to Mom.

MICHAEL RIVERS
 Now don't give your mother a hard
 time. You know how important this
 deal is.

Delanie positions herself in the center of the screen.

DELANIE RIVERS
 I heard you're acing all you
 classes. Great job Kiley.

BACK TO LOFT

Kiley looks back at her phone.

KILEY

Thanks Mom. Hey Mom. I'm thinking about changing schools?

MICHAEL RIVERS (O.C.)

Is that wise?

BACK TO LAPTOP

MICHAEL RIVERS (CONT'D)

You're doing so well at this one.

DELANIE RIVERS

What's the problem?

BACK TO LOFT

KILEY

Nothing, but I just... I'm a really good writer and I just finished my first book. I looked up this school in California and-

Delanie scowls at her.

DELANIE RIVERS

(weary)

Enough Kiley. I know you like writing, you always have... but showbiz is not a logical career path. Plus, we worked so hard with our company. We talked about this, and you are taking over the business.

KILEY

I can do-

MICHAEL RIVERS

Do not talk back to us. Do as we say. End of discussion.

Kiley's phone vibrates next to her.

ON THE PHONE

- HANNAH: Ready for your birthday bash? Tell me you can make it?

- ME: I'll be there.

BACK TO LOFT

MICHAEL RIVERS (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Are you listening to me?

KILEY
Yes sir.

Kiley looks down at the crumpled piece of paper next to her.

DELANIE RIVERS (O.C.)
Oh hunny, I'm sorry we have to go
the reservation is available now.
Good night, love you.

The screen flashes back and she clicks out of the window.

KILEY
Love you too Mom.

Kiley picks up the crumpled flyer, slowly unraveling it. She looks down at it contemplatively then types on her computer.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Kiley walks into the booming club dressed in a revealing black dress. She absorbs the intense Dubstep music and flashing lights. Scanning the mass mob, she finds her FRIENDS huddled at the bar.

She walks up behind them. Drawn up like something out of a music video, the drop dead gorgeous girls put models to shame. Kiley hugs each other of them.

KILEY
Hey, couldn't wait for the birthday
girl?

They scream and stumble over to give her a hug. They push her to the bar. HANNAH, 24, a frisky out-going girl leans over the counter revealing her cleavage to the bartender.

HANNAH
Open tab for the birthday girl!

BARTENDER
In that case, first on is on me.

The BARTENDER, 26, a handsome defined, dark, and sexy man turns around smiling flirtatiously at Kiley and pours her a shot. Kiley smiles seductively back and downs the liquor.

Montage: