

Heartbreak under a Neon Street light

Episode 01 - The trashcan of America

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HEARTBREAK UNDER A NEON STREET LIGHT

EPISODE 1 - The trash can of America.

NOTE: In this episode we are entirely in Tess's POV; She controls the camera and the narrative of this story which, by the way, is a work of fiction, except for the bits that it's not.

This is for all the women who have experienced the crazy chaos of gaslighting.

You are not crazy.

Tell your story.

TEASER**ONSCREEN: 3 MONTHS EARLIER**

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. The SOUND of fumbling with cords, a keyboard. CLICK. A selfie ring light illuminates the bedroom. CLICK. CLICK. Finally we land on a soft yellow setting that reveals TESS, a striking 30 something woman with smoky eye make up, bright red lipstick and piercing green eyes. She is wearing a black fishnet lingerie outfit, probably for the first time, continually readjusting it. She has several sex toys on her bedside table, neatly lined up, they look brand new. She scoops them into her bed side drawer then puts them out again in a different order. She perches on the edge of the bed, scrolling through filters, adjusting the tripod, working angles. She looks at the clock on her bedside table, 10:00 pm she looks at the phone, back to the clock. She applies another thick layer of crimson red lipstick, looks back at the clock. She begins to write a text, we see on the screen " Hey, just checking you still want to ..." deletes it, look at clock 10:10 pm, releases a big sigh and sends the text. Tears are forming in the corners in her eyes and then we hear the sound of facetime calling. She answers eagerly.

MALE CALLER

(Slight Southern American Accent)

Hey. Wow, you look incredible.

TESS

Thanks. Hi. I thought maybe you slept in or something...

MALE CALLER

I said I didn't want to let you down the other day. I'm here now.

TESS

(clearing her throat)

Yeah, I know, it's just you said eight your time. Anyway doesn't matter. Honestly, I'm a bit nervous.

MALE CALLER

I am a bit too.

A beat.

MALE CALLER (CONT'D)

So, what do you want to do? What will you be comfortable with?

TESS

Um, I don't know what you like.

MALE CALLER

(nervously)

Ah, what about if you put that in your mouth?

Tess looks down, awkwardly grabs the dildo with polka dots on it and nervously puts it in her mouth. She approaches it like it's the world's weirdest ice cream flavour, tonguing it cautiously. The image is blurred but we see his hand move down, out of frame. We get what's happening. As he starts touching himself, we see glimpses of Tess's reflection on the screen. She's playing with her hair, lifting her top up, biting her lower lip. She dances for him as she, too, starts to pleasure herself.

Flashes of them pleasuring themselves and just as they are about to climax... we SMASH TO BLACK.

END TEASER

INT - BEDROOM - SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA - PRESENT DAY

We OPEN on bare feet that stretch onto tippy toes followed by grunts of struggle. A jump. Another jump.

We hear the TELEVISION off in the distance.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O)

...with international travel set to resume in just two weeks time we will continue to work with the government on COVID safe measures for all flights...

We now see hands reaching for... CRASH! A suitcase topples down and we see Tess, dressed in sweats and an oversized Depeche Mode T shirt, smiling as she allows herself a moment of satisfaction.

TESS

(wiping some dust off the suitcase)
There you are. I remember you.

MONTAGE OVER ENERGISED MUSIC - TRIP PREPARATION - VARIOUS

Tess attacks the wardrobe, pulling clothes and accessories as she makes piles of outfit options. She grabs her various Disney outfits and Mouse ears.

Tess buying all the travel miniatures on offer - deodorant, make up wipes, shampoo and conditioner, toothpaste etc.

Tess rummages through the many make up drawers, decides she needs all 18 lipsticks, 8 eyeshadow palettes and 10 mascaras. Tess gets a series of treatments; eyebrows waxed, eyelash extensions, a Brazilian wax, spray tan, black nail polish.

Tess on her spin bike cycling furiously.

Tess is dying her hair, has a face mask on is plucking a rogue chin hair.

Tess choosing a few sexy lingerie pieces to take...just in case!

INT - TESS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tess's packing could be likened to that of a graceful rhythmic gymnastic routine, a choreography of colourful clothes fold easily, accessories glide into crevasses. Tess zips her suitcase up, spins it and glides it into the corner, routine finished.

INT - TESS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tess is on the phone. She is playing with her hair, bopping about her room.

TESS
(excitable)
Yup, I am all packed and ready to go!
I know...I can't believe it
either!Yeah, 20 years since I worked
at Disney.

We hear a muffled male voice.

TESS
I can't believe my first concert in
two years will be in a different
country post lockdown! Yeah, cool. I
will text you when I'm there and sort
my sim card out...same I'm sooo
looking forward to seeing you in

person finally after a year of this
and not just on some screen...Yeah
surfing, seeing your house, hanging
out all sounds great, especially
seeing your band in your home
town...ok...you too..bye!

Tess flops on her bed, she falls asleep smiling at her phone
as she drifts off listening to Radiohead's "All I Need" on
repeat.

INT. TESS'S BEDROOM - EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING

Tess opens her eyes, her phone right next to her head, checks
the phone and goes back to sleep.

INT - SYDNEY AIRPORT - MORNING

The airport is quiet. We see only a handful of people. An
AIRPORT CLERK checks her Covid documents, there's a lot, like
... a lot!

AIRPORT CLERK

(flicking through the paperwork)
Welcome back Ms.Hart everything looks
good here. It's our pleasure to have
you fly with us again. I have a
feeling it's going to be a great trip.

We hear a baby cry loudly. Tess smiles through it.

TESS

I think you might be right. Thank you.

Tess's phone rings. Facetime from NAT, her forever friend.
She picks up.

NAT

Hey Sweetie. Are you through customs?
Did you make it to the other side?

TESS

(laughing)
Yeah, they let me through. Nothing is
open though except McDonald's. I'm
fucking starving. I could eat 12
cheeseburgers. Let the holiday diet
commence!

She sweeps the phone around the airport showing her how empty
it is.

NAT

Ok, maybe hold off on all the cheeseburgers. You will be at your Disney reunion soon enough eating dirty dagwood dogs and Mickey shaped goop. Did you speak to him?

TESS

I don't think Gwyneth would like you using Goop and Mickey in the same sentence. No, he said he would get back to me but hasn't - but he's super busy with work and it's been a bit weird ever since we...you know...

Tess now whispering, her eyes dart around, she covers the phone.

TESS

...ever since we, I don't even know what the kids call it these days...

NAT

(chuckling)

Ever since you showed him your vag? I can't believe it took you a year to act on that sexual vibe.

TESS

(laughing)

Technically, I didn't. Well, not on the video call... do photos count? I still can't believe I did that! Ahhhhh and now he seems to be morphing into that Katy Perry song "Hot and Cold" you know, he's in and he's out and not in a sexual way. I still don't know if they're in an open relationship.

NAT

(chuckling)

How many times have you watched the screen recording? Be honest!

TESS

Oh my god! No one can ever know about that and like, only a few times! I didn't save it to the cloud or anything, I'm not that stupid.

Tess's expression tells a different story.

TESS

(a little embarrassed)

Ah, yeah, I guess you could say that.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh sweetie, you take what you can in this climate. I don't even know if my vagina is going to work after this pandemic. Everyone thinks we have this mile high situation but it's more like high and dry up here.

Tess is a little taken aback at her bluntness but also can't help erupt with laughter.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (

The toilet on the left is the biggest one should you need to finish that dream.

Tess turns and looks down the aisle and nods. Sculls the water.

TESS

Noted!

Tess settles in her seat.

INT. ORLANDO AIRPORT - DAY

Tess walks through the airport to baggage claim. Disney adverts appear everywhere. Tess is practically skipping. She collects her bag and heads to the taxi rank. At any moment she could burst into a Disney song.

EXT. TAXI RANK - MOMENTS LATER

Tess waits in line. It's hot. Unusually hot for winter. She moves up the line.

LADY IN LINE

(fanning herself)

It's a hot one alright. Gonna get up to those 90s

Tess tries to convert it to celsius, she's travelled enough to know that's hot. She smiles and nods.

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

TAXI DRIVER

How's this heat? Can you feel the air back there? What brings you to the sunshine state?

TESS

Here I was trying to escape the Australian summer ha. Yeah, I can feel it, it's fine thanks...I am here for a Disney reunion, yes, once upon a time I was Snow White and to see a guy.

TAXI DRIVER

Ah, there it is. How did you meet?

TESS

I interviewed him. We just connected you know. I never believed in that soul mate stuff, those great loves but this knocked me sideways.

TAXI DRIVER

The heart wants what the heart wants right?

TESS

It does...or you just really like that Selena Gomez song.

They chuckle. Eventually the taxi pulls into a carpark. It's a very run down part of town. There's a few strip front shops - smoke shop, dollar tree. She spots a small blue sign with the bus logo on a pole in the middle of the carpark.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

It's hot as hell. Tess dabs sweat from her brow. Looks at her phone. She stands with her pastel pink suitcase hiding behind her big, black sunglasses. A few more people with their bags form a line behind her.

MAN

What's a whyyyt girl doin' catinn the bus?

Tess can barely understand him. She can smell alcohol.

TESS
 (shrugs)
 I'm broke?

The man seems satisfied.

MAN IN 30'S
 Aight. Aight. You cool.

Tess checks her phone again and again.

WOMAN 1
 It's late.

WOMAN 2
 It's always damn late.

They turn to Tess. Her porcelain skin growing redder by the minute.

WOMAN 2
 You ok darlin'? Sure is hot out today.

TESS
 It's really hot.

Tess motions to her matching pink water bottle.

TESS
 I'm all good. I've got my water.

YOUNG GIRL IN LINE
 (calling out)
 They sent an email. It's running late
 and it's a different bus provider.

The crowd moans and sighs in unison. Finally, a clanky, old bus arrives. The crowd scramble make a line and Tess is pushed out of it. Eventually she boards the bus.

BUS DRIVER
 How about this heat?

Tess raises her eyebrows.

TESS
 (tiring of the comment)
 Yeah, that's what everyone is saying.

Tess finds a window seat and settles. She gets all her snacks out - dried fruit, apple, packet of chips - and puts them in

the seat pocket.

BUS DRIVER

(announcing over microphone)

Hi everyone. Once again, BusBiz apologises for the inconvenience. A reminder that masks must be worn at all times. Next stop is Daytona Beach followed by Jacksonville.

Tess fiddles with air conditioner vent. It's not working but she doesn't care. She smiles, looking out the window, headphones in, music on, eyes scanning the scenery...it's sinking in, she's here, she's on her way, she's on holidays in the Sunshine state of Florida.

EXT. HOTEL OMNI/MARRIOTT - DAY

Tess stands outside and assesses the hotel. It's not quite what Expedia displayed. There is barely anyone around. At all. The VALET GUY ignores her. Tess heads inside.

INT. HOTEL FOYER - DAY

Tess looks at the front counter. The old logo has been etched off. The hotel is apparently nameless. There's a ratty looking Christmas tree set up. The tinsel has been thrown on in a half assed manner. It looks dated. The whole hotel does. She is the only one waiting but is not being served. She is the only one in the hotel. Two HOTEL WORKERS, no clear

uniform, continue chatting about their divorce settlement dramas. Tess politely steps forward, check-in papers in hand and a big smile. They continue talking. Tess clears her throat.

TESS

Excuse me, I'm here to check in.

The HOTEL WORKERS look pissed. Tess waits in awkward silence. No response. One of them rolls their eyes and then reluctantly, steps forward.

HOTEL WORKER

Name?

TESS

Here you go. It's all here.

Tess hands over the booking.

TESS
Is there anything happening for
Thanksgiving about town?

HOTEL WORKER
(scoffs)
What we got to be thankful about this
year?

TESS
(upbeat)
Well, we are here I guess. We have
jobs. I managed to get a holiday
amidst it all. I think it's getting
better, I do. I really do. If we just
stay positive. If we just keep knowing
it can't last forever. You know I
really think that -

HOTEL WORKER
Uh huh. I bet you do.

Tess's smile disappears.

HOTEL WORKER hands Tess the room key.

HOTEL WORKER
Lift is around the corner. The
restaurant is closed for obvious
reasons.

TESS
Ok, thank you. Have a nice afternoon.

Tess heads towards the lifts. She hears snippets of the HOTEL WORKERS mocking her - something about "toxic positivity" and "stupid tourist" Tess takes a deep breath, centering herself. She enters the lift and hits her floor button.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We hear the buzz of the door opening. Tess enters. She drags her bag into the corner. It smells. She can't quite work out what it smells like... Maybe hash browns? It's definitely not modern, but it's clean enough. She opens the curtains and sees the river. A moment of appreciation. She can only spot two people walking and a few seemingly homeless people by the riverfront. She looks at the blue bridge, she loves that it is a *colour*. Tess opens her suitcase. She finds the simcard, puts it in and voila we are now connected to a US Network. She pulls a folded up piece of paper from her phone case

wallet it has the phone numbers of Jackson, Jason, Brad and Az.

Hurriedly we see her sending a text to all of them, flashes of "I'm here!". We see a lot of koala emojis. PING! PING! We see that Brad and Jason reply. Ping! Az has replied. She smiles, grabs some clothes out of the suitcase. She changes her underpants, more deodorant, grabs the map brochure on the side table, squirts some bb cream on her face, packs her little handbag and is ready to explore the city of Jacksonville.

EXT - RIVERFRONT - JACKSONVILLE - LATER THAT DAY

Tess slowly walks along the Riverfront, she is yawning a lot. Every now and then she stops, takes a photo, admires some artwork, stretches and takes in her surroundings. She checks her phone, no new messages. She continues walking and exploring fighting off jetlag.

INT - MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Tess is sitting in a very cool, arty, movie theatre foyer. She is immediately taken by it. Posters of David Lynch films grab her attention, plenty of arthouse ones too. She is eyeing the door and then JASON, a scruffy Jon Snow lookalike with kind eyes approaches. Tess flashes a big smile.

JASON

Hey, Tess!

They hug.

TESS

Yay! Hi, this place is awesome. Thanks so much for asking me I would have just been hanging in the hotel room otherwise. I know tomorrow will be busy for you guys.

JASON

Yeah, it's a favourite for sure. Not many cinemas like this exist anymore.

TESS

I know, I love it.

JASON

I'll grab the tickets. They have really good popcorn salt here.

TESS

Oh awesome, thank you so much. Popcorn salt you say?

Tess glances over at the weird array of popcorn salt flavours. Decides against it.

They head inside to a theatre 1 labelled "Ghostbusters" . They take a seat and get settled in, happy to be in each others company.

EXT - MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

TESS

It's all good. I can just wait for my Uber.

JASON

I was just being polite is all.

TESS

Ha. Weird southern sayings. Thanks for making time. I will see you tomorrow night.

A half laugh.

JASON

For sure. Have you caught up with Jackson yet?

Tess feels a rush shoot through her at the mention of him. Fiddles with her hair. Tries to be cool she knows they are best friends.

TESS

No, not yet. He had thanksgiving stuff on. I'll just see him tomorrow I guess.

Tess's Uber pulls up. She twirls around and says her goodbye and hops in the Uber as Jason heads off around the corner.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tess is sprawled out on the queen bed, an Uber eats bag beside her, using the bed as a makeshift dinner table. She's on the phone using speaker phone as her hands are covered in sauce.

TESS

...Well some black guys yelled out to me and called me a vanilla slice and I don't know if it was a racial slur or a sexual reference, but it's the only interaction with humans I had all day really so I welcomed it. No shops were open. There's no shopping mall or anything. It's a ghost town. I kinda thought I was in the Walking Dead for a few moments.

Tess listens as her friend talks. Sucks the sauce of her fingers.

TESS

Oh yeah, he finally text me. I mean it's Thanksgiving so I don't want to be all up in his business and he's with you know, her or his family. I'll see him tomorrow. I got to see a movie with Jason which was cool, he seems pretty nice but weird that he made time and Jackson couldn't. I hardly know Jason but what I have seen so far is nice. Least someone made an effort.

Tess rolls over enjoying the spaciousness of the bed, she's gone girly, playing with her hair.

TESS

Ah Nat, I can't wait. It's going to be soooo good to see live music again and get dressed up. Like actually put on something other than sweats and wear make up...yup, yup.. I'll definitely keep you posted. Yes of course I'll take a zillion photos. Ok, love you too. See ya.

Tess hangs up and continues channel surfing, enjoying the novelty of the many USA channels available. Tess grabs her phone, she's picking the skin around her nails. We see a text message from Jackson that says "Hopefully we can catch up before the show tomorrow" she bites her lower lip, lays back in bed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

The day of the concert arrived. Tess is in the final stages of getting ready, cranking loud heavy metal music, checking

her phone every few minutes, bathroom counter is covered in hair products and make up. There's glitter all over the floor. She does final touch-ups before the big night. Checks her phone again. Heavy eye-makeup. She looks amazing, she's transformed into a Rock version of Katy Perry. She grabs her bag, throws some make up in and sets off.

INT - MUSIC VENUE - DOWNTOWN JACKSONVILLE

Tess enters the dimly lit music hall. The venue is crowded. She turns heads unbeknownst to her. Tess leans against the wall, trying to look like she belongs, pretending she's into the shitty support act. Her eyes are scanning the room continuously. BRAD, the drummer of the band, spots her, rescues her. He's handsome in a slightly off way. Tess smiles as he approaches.

BRAD

You made it!

He high fives her.

TESS

I sure did!

BRAD

How's the jet lag?

TESS

Yeah, I think I'm coming good now, although I've had so much diet coke it's hard to really know.

They share a laugh.

BRAD

Well, I'm stoked you could be here.

JACKSON, 40, breezes past, not recognising Tess. It's obvious, this is the star of the band, the lead singer, Tess's mystery man and crush.

TESS

(to herself, barely audible)

You're OK, Tess.

Tess, unable to contain her enthusiasm, launches herself into his pathway and taps his shoulder.

TESS
 (smiling warmly)
 Hey! I'm here. I'm real.

Jackson halts. He is stunned. She looks incredible.

He hesitates, glances at her.

JACKSON
 Hey, Hi.

They go in for a hug, sort of...it's a decidedly awkward moment as they disengage from the half embrace. Brad clocks it. Jackson tucks his long, rock star hair behind his ears and looks at the ground.

JACKSON
 (still looking down, quiet)
 You look great.

Tess blushes slightly. They eye each other, sharing a moment of connection.

TESS
 (hesitates)
 Thanks. Hey I didn't hear from you
 so... here I am...

Tess's voice trails off as Jackson is already on his way to the bar. She watches him closely.

Tess looks crushed. Was that it? Really? Not the meet cute she had hoped for. Jackson walks towards Tess, hands full of beers. She stares at him.

JACKSON.
 (announcing)
 I'm going outside.

A beat. He keeps walking.

TESS
 (rejected, turning to him)
 Oh...Ok, then.

Tess looks stricken, stays still not knowing which direction to go. Brad notices.

BRAD
 I'm just going to get a drink and then
 you wanna go outside? You don't drink

right?

TESS

Yeah, sure. I need to nervous wee. I'd love a coke or a diet coke please.

Tess moves nervously from foot to foot, then heads to the bathroom.

INT - FEMALE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Even in these harsh lights, Tess looks hot. She actually sort of believes it tonight too. She makes last minute corrections to her outfit, applies another coat of red lipstick, heads outside.

EXT - PUB COURTYARD - NIGHT

People are milling around the merchandise table. She spots Jackson. Watches him talk, can't quite make out what he's saying. He is talking to two younger WOMEN. They are mucking about like children. Brad approaches and hands her a diet coke. Tess takes it, awkwardly starts to play with the straw. Brad turns over his shoulder, looks at Jackson. Jackson has his back to them. He has not seen them. Brad notices Tess hasn't taken her eyes off him.

BRAD

(takes a swig from his beer)
You ok? It's all ok between you guys right or is it weird that she's...

A petite WOMAN is walking towards them.

TESS

(sarcastic as fuck, quiet)
That his girlfriend is approaching me?
Nooooo, not at all. Fuck me...

Tess hesitantly turns to embrace the -

GIRLFRIEND

(fake)
Hiiiiii.

Tess crouches to meet Jackson's tiny, pixie-like girlfriend, LEXI. They are completely opposite in looks and personality. Another awkward, sideways hug. Tess recoils. She has no recollection of what Lexi says, small talk undoubtedly, her eyes are transfixed on Jackson's back who is talking to the other younger WOMAN.

TESS

Hi, it's nice to meet you.

It's not. They separate. Tess turns to Brad. She looks equally relieved and triggered at the same time. Lexi disappears from her sight.

Brad continues to make small talk with Tess. She is not paying attention even though she wants to. She watches Jackson almost as if things are in slow motion. Jason, who is also the bass player in the band, approaches and high fives her. She briefly takes her eyes off Jackson.

JASON

Did you get in ok? You grew taller!

Looks at her heels.

TESS

I did! Oh, yeah I got my ticket ages ago. I did the right thing and got my ticket, support artists and all that.

JASON

No one put you on the list?

Jason looks at Brad. Tess looks down.

BRAD

I thought Jackson would have done it?

JASON

Yeah...mmm

TESS

We were supposed to catch up before the show but now he looks -

Tess flashes a cold stare his way

TESS (CONT')

...preoccupied.

Jason clocks the situation is a little strange.

JASON

Yeah, well we better get set up.

Brad and Jason head inside. Other MEN are noticing Tess, a little intoxicated by her energy, they stare. She ignores. She watches Jackson play with Lexi and her friend. They are

drinking, stretching, having a good time, being a cutesy couple, acting more like teenagers. He never looks at her. He has no idea she is outside. He is in his own world. Tess finishes her drink. Not knowing what to do with herself, she heads inside, dejected, unseen.

INT - STAGE - NIGHT

Lights dim. The crowd cheers. The band erupts on stage, lights strobing, guitars thrashing as they wow the audience with their opening song. Jackson screams into the microphone. Tess is mesmerised. She sings along, never taking her eyes off Jackson as he jumps, moshes and thrashes around the stage. They finish their set. Wild applause. The sweaty crowd disperse to the bar, to the bathroom, outside. Tess lingers near the bar, frantically scanning the club for Jackson. She positions herself in a high traffic area up the back. She sees him. He flits from person to person. She tenses up as he comes towards her, hands full of beers. He bumps his shoulder against hers. There's electricity between them.

JACKSON

What did you think of the set?

TESS

(sassy)

It was ok.

JACKSON

(a little laugh)

It was ok?

Tess flashes a flirty smirk, laughs nervously.

JACKSON

I'll be back. People need their drinks.

He walks off.

TESS

(to herself, pissed)

Sure, I'd like a drink, thanks for asking...

Tess watches him go, confused. She looks deeply stung. She doesn't know why her heart is suddenly beating so quickly. The FRIEND of LEXI and another GIRL barge past TESS towards the toilets. The FRIEND turns back, looks Tess up and down and then remarks to the GIRL deliberately so Tess can hear,

FRIEND

Nah, she's just some fan girl he said.
He did a podcast or some interview
with her.

Tess slumps. She drops her head to the floor and puts her hands in her pockets.

INT - MUSIC VENUE - SOME TIME LATER

Tess is still waiting, looking over her shoulder, nervously watching the door that leads outside. She turns to head outside, turns back around, stays where she is.

INT. MUSIC VENUE - A LOT LATER

The headlining act are getting ready on stage. Soundchecks are taking place. Tess is visibly distressed. She is

panicked, anxiously playing with her hair, still waiting. She's had way too many diet cokes now.

He isn't coming. Tess is gutted. Her eyes become wild, she's been triggered.

Tess hurries across the concert floor, flushed face. She is about to burst into tears. She can't do it here, not at metal gig. Tears well. She finds the exit, steps outside and they stream down her face. She sobs. She's struggling to breathe.

Tess walks up the street, away from the club. She continues to cry. She clings to a wall then slumps to the ground,

HOWLING.

A GROUP OF WOMEN wearing bridesmaid sash's and a lot of glitter see her and approach.

GLITTER GIRL

You ok, girl?

Tess slowly rises from her crouched position, hanging her head.

TESS

(pretending to be ok)
Ha, damn shapewear, you know how it
is.

The group aren't too convinced but are happy drunk and laugh along.

BRIDE TO BE

(pulling on her stomach area)

Tell me about it girrrllllll! Wedding diet starts tomorroooow.

BRIDES FRIEND

(Gesturing to Tess's face)

You don't want to be ruiningg all of that mmmm hmmmmmm.

Tess fakes a smile, pulls out her phone, orders an uber. 30 minutes away. The GROUP OF WOMEN skip off into the night singing and laughing.

TESS

(composing herself)

Fuck.

Tess is standing under a bright, buzzing fluorescent street light. BZZZZ BZZZZ BZZZZ. It starts to flicker. All sounds disappear. The BZZZ noises seemingly gets louder, dizzying.

She checks her phone. The uber time keeps changing - 40 mins, 30 mins 20 mins back to 40 mins. Tess's fidgeting increases. THUD. THUD. THUD. OUCH. Tess grabs her chest. She looks up, distracted by the bright streetlight, something is seriously wrong with her chest. Tess is now painfully aware of the constricting in her chest. She stretches her chest and arms out trying to get air. Her vision narrows, she is blinking and then...all she can see is that obscenely bright neon light and she crashes to the street. Every memory of her and Jackson are swirling in her head. Tess see's in her minds eye a tremendous hole in her heart opening up. And then, blackness. The only sound she hears is the buzzing streetlight followed by RADIOHEAD'S "ALL I NEED" as she slides further in unconsciousness.

TESS (V.O)

And that, right there, was the moment my heart broke properly for the first time in my 39 years of existence under a shitty neon street light in Jacksonville, Florida. Or as a girl in the bathroom told me ealrier, the trashcan of America.

Moments later. She comes to. The crackling of the neon light waking her. Gasps for air. It felt like eternity but it has been only a minute or two. She's alive...disappointed somewhat. Her phone VIBRATES. The uber arrives. She scrambles to her feet and gets in.

UBER DRIVER
Have a good night?

Tess can't bring herself to talk in the state she is in. She makes a small squeak. Tears streaming down her face now.

UBER DRIVER
Are you sure, you seem -

TESS
(covering)
It's fine just jet lag I think or my period must be due or a combination of the two - who can be sure. Could even be the full moon. Who knows.

And the mention of the word period silences the uber driver. The uber pulls into the Hotel driveway. Tess exits. Heads straight to the lift, head down, sniffing, wiping tears.

INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

She unlocks the door with haste, heads straight to the bathroom, starts to undress, her hair extensions get caught. The struggle induces more tears. She finally wins the battle and throws everything in the corner of the bathroom. She catches a glimpse of her make up stained face in the mirror. She steps into the shower. Tess can't breathe. She is crying so much she gasps like an animal in distress. The hot water hits and stings her face. She puts a hand against the tiles to steady herself. She is frozen, still feeling off. She slides down the tiles and onto the shower floor. Full body cries and she she remembers...

MONTAGE OF VARIOUS MOMENTS OVER THE PAST YEAR BETWEEN JACKSON AND TESS - RADIOHEAD'S "VIDEOTAPE" PLAYS

Tess waking up to messages from Jackson and being giddy in love.

Tess taking multiple sexual photos in lingerie outfits. On the bed. In the bathroom. Pushing boobs together. Pouting.

Jackson sending footage on his band Jackson video calling from the beach, checking the surf

Tess receiving a call from Jackson whilst driving to the beach, big smiles as his name flashes up on the screen.

Jackson cooking dinner while on video call and showing off.

Tess laughing so hard, tears stream down her face. Tess recording herself dancing in a sexy manner. Burlesque clothes. Teasing and stripping. Sending it Jackson.

Tess and Jackson having a deep and meaningful video call. Showing family photos of their deceased parents. Special teddy bears and sentimental items.

Jackson sending her memes, laughing.

Jackson calling Tess while she is working Jackson and Tess both finishing themselves off from their video sex.

END MONTAGE

INT - HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tess sits alone in a hotel room. Stares at the wall. Dejected. She's on the edge of her bed still wrapped in the towel, her sad eyes watery. She stares at her phone. She clicks on the photo icon. Flicks through photos and screen grabs of video calls with Jackson. She hits play on a video. It's the VIDEO CLIP. The one where they had video sex. Tess breaks down all over again. This isn't heartbreak, it's soul break.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - VARIOUS THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT

Tess cannot sleep. She tosses and turns, indicative of her mind racing, replaying everything. She grabs her phone, stares at his contact details but doesn't dial. She writes and rewrites texts, deletes them. Tess is trembling, exhausted she curls into a ball.

EXT - HOTEL - MORNING

Worst morning ever. Everything that could go wrong is. Tess waits for her Uber, hides the dark circles under her eyes with another fabulous pair of sunglasses. She is drinking a coke for breakfast and a packet of salt and vinegar chips. She sculls it and opens another one. Uber pulls in and she struggles to get her bags in the car, it's all too hard this morning. Tess settles in her set, gags, his body odor is intolerable. Great.

UBER DRIVER

(thick accent)

Where are you from?

TESS
 (snappish)
 If you say England I might have to
 kill you.

UBER DRIVER
 South Africa, right?

TESS
 (not in the mood)
 What? How the hell... No, I'm
 Australian.

UBER DRIVER
 Is it summer there too right now?

Tess sighs. Here we go.

TESS
 No, it's winter in the southern
 hemisphere.

UBER DRIVER
 Winter? How did you get out of your
 country? Is it true there are
 quarantine camps? You know in Florida
 in the election we -

He goes on and on and on blah,blah, blah as Tess stares out
 the window, trying to tune him out and then -

TESS
 (abrupt)
 Look, sorry, I had a terrible night
 last night and I hardly slept. Could
 we just listen to the radio or
 something?

The UBER DRIVER looks pissed. He fiddles with the dashboard
 buttons, finally settling on some local news channel. Tess's
 phone vibrates - finally! She pounces on it.

**WE SEE ON EITHER SIDE OF THE SCREEN the text argument to one
 another in rapid cuts:**

JACKSON [Hey. Did you get to the hotel ok? Sorry my head was
 hurting. Shows are hectic for me.]

Tess pounces on the text message, ready to unleash her fury.

TESS [Do you care?] Tess is trying to hold it together.

JACKSON [What?]

TESS [You barely acknowledged me. We've been over the unresponsive thing so many times. You know it upsets me.]

JACKSON [Ok. I'm pretty much done with this friendship. You're so demanding. I try to talk to everyone.]

TESS [Are you serious? I came all the way from Australia and you couldn't spend more than an entire minute collectively with me. Everyone else in the band managed to find time with me. They actually stopped for a whole minute and acknowledged my existence]

The taxi pulls into a street. A funky, retro sign that reads "Hotel Palms" is visible. Tess has arrived.

JACKSON [I'm not going to sit here and type out why your perception is wrong. Or how I saw the night go down. I have to go to work. Maybe we can chat about our perspectives tomorrow?]

Tess thinks a minute, confused by the change in tone. Just for a moment, she looks hopeful. She starts typing "Chat about our perspectives?" Deletes it. Tess takes a breath. Surrenders and then writes

TESS [I would like that] Tess exits the uber, grabs her bags and heads to check in.

EXT. ATLANTIC BEACH, FLORIDA - DAY

Tess makes her way down the beach access. It's quiet. Headphones in, heavy metal on, intensity on her face. She's walking, faster, faster and breaks out into a run. Suddenly she stops, gasping for air. She stares at the flat ocean, erupts into anger, tears form, throwing her phone into the sand hard, yelling at the top of her lungs.

TESS

Fuck! Fuck! Fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk!

Tess picks up her phone in the sand, shakes the sand off it, blows on it. An EDLERLY COUPLE have watched her antics from a distance and are power walking past her shaking their head.

TESS

(shouting out to them)

I forgot my swimming costume. Who knew Florida in winter would be this hot?

They ignore her. Tess shrugs it off.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tess and Jackson are shown to their table. They both shift awkwardly in their seats, glancing at each other when the other looks away trying not to get caught. Waiter hands them the menu. Tess's anger melts looking at him. They order food.

JACKSON

So you made it up to the poles. What did you think?

TESS

Definitely different to our surf spots, was pretty flat.

A beat.

JACKSON

Ok, so, do you want to go first?

Tess is reluctant to actually delve into her truth, heart racing. Tess opens her purse she has a wad of notes, decides against it.

TESS

Ok. Well, I feel like since knowing you, your actions and words don't align. It's got worse in the last few months. Like you say you will call or you will get back to me and you just never do and I don't know what's changed because you used to. It's not that hard to reply I can do a million things and reply. Last night you acted like you didn't know me. I got 2 planes and a bus. You seemed excited we -

Jackson is insulted at the implication, readjusts in his chair.

JACKSON

(interjecting)

Well, that's you. I'm not you. You overwhelm me. You send so many text messages. You expect too much from me. It's unrealistic. I think you have these huge standards and I'm unable and unwilling to meet them.

Tess is in complete disbelief. Wow. A beat. Her heart is beating loudly. Tess clenches her fists under the table.

TESS

I guess I don't understand what's changed. You used to call, text. I have always been like that and it wasn't an issue back in February? You used to message me all the time...everyday. So it can't be me? Then you said it was your depression but... how hard is it to reply?

JACKSON

(cocky)

Yeah, well, that's you. I'm not you. My depression is different. Oh, and I asked Lexi if I introduced you to each other and she has a photographic memory and she said I absolutely did.

Tess stares at him, pissed.

TESS

Oh, well now you've said that I guess I can't say anything against a photographic memory defense. That's not how I remember it at all.

JACKSON

(scoffs)

How do you remember it?

TESS

(defiant)

Lexi absolutely came and hugged me, but you had your back to me the whole time talking to her friend or whoever that other girl was. I was watching you. You were near the merch table.

JACKSON

That's not right. I introduced you.

TESS

(stern)

I am not making this up! No you didn't. There was no "Tess this is Lexi, Lexi this is Tess" moment. I wasn't drinking. How many had you all had? I think I'm the one who would

have the best memory.

JACKSON
Except you're wrong.

TESS
Wow. Patronising much?

JACKSON
Yeah, because I'm right. What goes through your head?

TESS
You're fucking gaslighting me? Making me doubt my reality.

JACKSON
I don't know what to tell you. I think you imagined some of that...some of this. I'm just right and like I said, Lex has a photographic memory.

Tess is getting flushed and madder by the minute. She clears her throat.

TESS
Why can't you just say sorry for being a dick?

Jackson's expression says that's not a possibility. The WAITER approaches and starts to make the guacamole at the table.

JACKSON
(turse)
What do you want me to say? I have a girlfriend. You knew that

Tess is humiliated. It stings in her eyes and her heart.

TESS
Ok, so I just made this all up in my head? Isn't that what guys love to tell women? You know, we only get crazy because of this type of behaviour.

WAITER
Any allergies?

Jackson and Tess both nod no, irritated by his presence.

JACKSON

(cold, dismissive)

You and I aren't even that close. We did an interview and you became like an internet friend I guess.

Jackson says words he doesn't mean. His heart quietly tearing apart.

TESS

Right.

A beat and then,

TESS

(stung, then ranting)

An internet friend? And this has nothing to do with her. You totally lovebombed the shit out of me in the beginning. Every day I would wake up to a message from you, flirty comments. I don't know what you should say ...how about - hey, thanks for coming all the way from Australia to see me like we fucking discussed for months. Maybe you could have spent more than a few seconds talking to me? Maybe you could have asked me to join you guys outside? What happened to "I can't wait to see you, I can't wait to show you my house, we will definitely check the beach out, we can surf, we can maybe go for a drive to the national park, someone will walk you back to the hotel". I mean what I say... and I swear if you say that things work differently in the south one more time I will lose it.

The WAITER is pretending not to be as engaged in this row as he really is, he finishes up smashing the guacamole. He stares at Jackson with judgement. Jackson flashes him a dirty look "mind your business".

WAITER

(awkward)

Alrighty, enjoy your meal. If you need nay refills or extra corn chips just hollar.

JACKSON

I didn't even get to talk to my best friend and I hardly ever see her. There were so many people I haven't seen in ages. I can't see everyone and do everything. I'm just one guy.

Festive Musicians start to play Christmas tunes but in a Mexican salsa style. It's weird and disjointing. They meander around the tables.

TESS

Oh seriously? Yeah, I get that but ah don't you get it? I was so looking forward to this. I thought you were looking forward to it you said you were. But you had a choice. That was your choice to not spend time with your best friend. And yeah, I get that there were a lot of people there but they LIVE here. I live in Australia. It's just so fucking rude.

Tess stops herself. She picks up her taco and it falls everywhere on the plate. Jackson smirks - can't help but be intrigued by her energy, even when she's fuming.

JACKSON

Here, like this, pinch it at the top. It holds it together.

The music is getting louder and more festive. Frosty the Snowman starts up but it doesn't fit the style of music at all. They can't contain the absurdity of the situation and chuckle a bit.

TESS

(easing off)

Thanks. I've always been a messy eater.

JACKSON

I think you just take things too personally and literally.

TESS

Well how else do you take it? I was under the impression you wanted to hang out and we were good friends and

Tess now lowering her voice and pointing down to her -

TESS

I showed you my -

Points to her vagina.

Jackson is shell shocked. She went there.

JACKSON

Yeah but we are friends, you just roll with it, you shouldn't have to try to be a friend you just are - not everything has to be planned. I told you I was a free spirit. I told you when Lexi is in town how it is.

Jackson's avoidance causes Tess to say more, probing, digging, hoping for an admission of feelings.

TESS

Does she know that? I don't have communication problems with anyone in my life except you, so what does that tell you? And I live in a different country so we have to work out time zones. There has to be some organising. Why can't you just answer what happened? The thing is - I was always consistent. I haven't changed my behaviour.

JACKSON

(interrupting)

You send like 20 texts to my one.

TESS

So? It never bothered you before? In fact, you would also reciprocate. You know, my therapist thinks you're a covert narcissist.

Jackson doesn't like her tone.

JACKSON

You talk to your therapist about me?

Tess rolls her eyes.

TESS

See, that kind of response would confirm that you are one.

JACKSON

Just send one thing at a time. I'm busy and I told you about my mental health. I'll reply eventually.

Tess takes this in and gets mad.

TESS

I have been so accommodating to you and your mental health but where do you draw the line between just being rude, lazy, not a priority verses depression?

Tess takes a sip of her coke.

TESS

(spiteful)

Oh and you're not busy when it comes to sex related topics? Or me sending you a sexy dance video. Fuck, I hate that word. Everyone's busy. Obama had time to message Michelle so I think you could manage it. I just don't get what happened. You've been a complete asshole. You made me believe we were friends ...or more. Are you worried I will show everyone and her our video? Do friends say -

The musicians are playing near their table, it's so annoyingly happy and festive, looking for tips. Suddenly they stop before preparing for the next song just in time to hear Tess announce to the entire restaurant

TESS

...that they want to cum on your back and watch it slide down your pussy? That if you were there they'd want you sucking their dick?

A few people turn their heads. Disapproving looks. Tess is mortified. She's hit a nerve but keeps going, she is not done.

TESS

That I will tell your girlfriend? Who by the way, you hardly ever talk about. Just how many "internet friends" do you have? I've never done that before, that's pretty intimate if

you ask me... but I guess the only difference about me and all your only fans women is, you don't pay for me.

Jackson stopped listening for a moment, hard to hear what Tess is spouting.

JACKSON

You recorded it?

Tess eyes the ceiling avoiding it and then,

TESS

Oh, come on. I know you screen grabbed it too. I didn't fucking change, you did.

Jackson, racked with guilt. He is uncomfortable beyond belief. Would she use it? She looks at him. He looks at her. It's all too heated and erratic now. A beat of stalemate as the check arrives. Jackson pay, pushes Tess's hand holding her credit card away. They get up and leave, both wounded from that argument.

EXT - BEACH BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Coloured Christmas lights are strung up everywhere. Despite her mood, they still spark joy in Tess as she looks at them all. They walk in silence side by side. Jackson finds it hard to look at her. Tess is on the verge of crying, still trying to absorb it all. What just happened? Jackson keeps turning to her as if he wants to say something but nothing. They walk past a bar and Jackson stops, points.

JACKSON

You know... this is where Hemmingway drank.

Tess's eyes light up, but she already knew this being a literature lover.

TESS

Oh really? Then we have to one right?

Jackson nods, opens the door. He is vague and robotic. Tess steps in, can't help but look concerned.

INT. BEACH BAR - NIGHT

It's now a modern hole in the wall. A weird set up of wine bar and people on their computers. Everyone is looking at

them, they do look like a couple, or maybe they just recognise Jackson. They order - a red wine for him a diet coke for her. Jackson seems to be recoiling or trying to move away from Tess as they sit side by side at the bar. He studies her face in a peculiar fashion. Jackson turns and is looking at a YOUNG SURFY GIRL. Tess has noticed he notices every female, everywhere. Tess tries a new approach.

TESS

(sweet)

How has it been anyway coming off the SSRI's? Are they still telling you to drink green tea?

Jackson is lingering on the SURFY GIRL, half paying attention, his mood instantly shifting from a truce to bizarre. Tess wonders what version of Jackson she is dealing with.

JACKSON

(playing with his hair)

Ahhhh yeah. It's ok. My head zaps a lot.

Jackson starts to mumble. Tess can't make it out.

TESS

Sorry? What?

He is looking at the girl and all Tess can make out is -

JACKSON

...need to leave... triggered....

TESS

I don't think I follow? Is this an ADD moment or?

Jackson thinks for a moment, fights back a rising anxiety. Suddenly he gets up, heads to the exit, their drinks barely touched.

JACKSON

She reminds me of me when I was a kid. I need to leave before I get triggered and the memories and stuff...

Tess gets up, her facial expression looks like she's working out the world's hardest math's problem. She is digesting this strange behaviour. They leave. Tess scratches her head.

EXT. BEACH BOULEVARD - NIGHT

They walk not exchanging a word or a look. Jackson brushes past Tess, her whole body twitches. They reach his car and get in. They sit in silence as they drive back to the hotel. Jackson parks the car. Tess unclicks the seatbelt but doesn't want to leave. She ever so slowly reaches for the door and opens it.

TESS

(sullen, picking her nails)
Are we going to talk about what just happened? Your behaviour is really erratic...

A beat. Jackson ignores.

TESS

(bravely)
Ok then...we'll just ignore it like everything else between us.

Another awkward beat and then bravely,

TESS

I am sorry about your Mum. It takes time.

JACKSON

Sorry to you too. Must be hard now with no parents.

Tess wants to burst, contains it.

TESS

Yeah it's hard to process how painful it really is.

JACKSON

I'll make a point of seeing you again, OK? I'm not promising ok but we will find time. Maybe we can go this cool seaport town, you'd like it. I'm not working so we will find time for sure.

Jackson has his arm on her headrest and she is very aware of this. He studies Tess's eyes.

TESS

(quiet)
I thought. I don't know.

JACKSON
You thought what?

Jackson's face is solemn. Tess can't bear the energy but is frozen. Jackson watches her every move.

TESS
(not impressed)
Ok, well this is just awkward now. I just didn't think I read this all wrong?

Jackson doesn't take the bait, ignores.

JACKSON
I'll message you.

Another lie. Jackson shoots her a smile but it's uncomfortable. Tess shoots a "really?" look back she releases a deep sigh.

TESS
(with some disbelief)
You can never answer me. Yeah. Ok, I will wait to hear from you then. Thanks for dinner....and sorry for

Tess trails off, stops short - why am I apologising?

TESS
See ya.

Jackson waves. He looks perplexed. A mixture of sadness and guilt.

He drives off and Tess heads into her hotel room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tess enters the room, she doesn't even have a minute to process the evening as her her phone vibrates. Caller ID says AARON, her gay friend from Disney Days. She answers it.

TESS
(huge relief)
Oh thank god! I could do with a friend right now. This is the worst trip ever.

Tess listens and her faces deflates. She sits on the bed.

TESS

Why are they cancelling the reunion?
What about everyone coming from New
Zealand and stuff? This would have
been useful before I left the country.

A long pause.

TESS

Fucking covid and omnicron. Yeah, I
get it - it can't be helped. I just
wish I hadn't packed my whole Snow
White costume and all my Mickey Mouse
ears. Oh well, it will still be fun
solo...right? If I can't have fun
there ha where can I?...oh, it's been
shitty. I can't wait to get out of
here...

She listens to Aaron talk. She takes him to the toilet with
her.

TESS

Oh no. That all went south. I can't
believe I bought 3 different dildo
sizes to try work out how to do all
that sexy stuff...I know, I didn't
even know how to insert. Yeah, I did
the angle you said. I mean I don't
even wear tampons so this was a feat
for me. When people ask me what skills
I gained during lockdown I guess I can
say learning to use a dildo haha.

Tess's laugh fades, realises she's not as OK with it all as
she thought.

TESS

Ok, Az. Thanks for calling. Sucks I
won't see you and the gang but we
will, we will. Love you too and of
course, I will send you photos of the
princesses! ...Yes, especially
Ariel... I know, I know, and Prince
Eric if he's spotted.

Tess hangs up. She sits on the bed, her face scrunches up in
frustration. She releases a big sigh. After a few moments her
face is very calm, eyeing the mini bar and snacks with
intensity, she's made a decision to demolish it all.

EXT. - NEPTUNE BEACH WALKWAY - MORNING

Tess is wearing a huge hat, sunglasses, lots of sunscreen and a pretty sun dress. She has a big beach bag filled with her phone, water, snacks, towel etc. Under her other arm, she carries a beat up foam surfboard from the hotel. She checks her phone for messages, disappointed she puts it back in the bag.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Tess is surprised at how warm the ocean is for winter. She enjoys it so much, taking it all in, floating, playing in the water. She gets clobbered by a few waves but giggles. She savours the moment, finally a moment of peace and alignment.

EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON

Tess takes a sip of her water, reapplies sunscreen and checks her phone, still nothing. She pulls out a book, moves to the shade and starts to read, trying to keep herself busy but the sadness is stirring in her and tears flow down her face.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Tess wipes her sandy feet outside and flicks her flip flops off. She enters the room, straight to the shower, she notices her pink skin and more freckles - definitely too much sun. She washes her hair and starts to cry - a mixture of sun stroke and Jackson's absence. She gets some shampoo in her eyes and that makes the crying worse.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tess has managed to get out of the shower, wraps a towel around her hair and herself and sits on the bed. She checks her phone again and again. She grabs the tv remote, flicks through the channels. lands on "Bridget Jones's Diary" It's the bit where Bridget says she's going to die alone and eaten by Alsations. Tess's crying intensifies. She eventually passes out from exhaustion.

EXT - SUBURBAN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

It's New Year's Eve. Tess has been crying all day on and off. She is a wreck. Her eyes are red. Tess can hear fire crackers being let off at random and smiles at the novelty as this is not allowed in Australia. The sun is slowly setting, turning the sky a cotton candy pink and purple, Tess's favourite time to walk. She has been trudging the suburban streets for a while, trying to clear her mind. She takes in the beautiful

houses, the weatherboard architecture, the fun Florida, and sometimes kitsch decorations, dolphin letterboxes, seahorse garage doors and palm trees on every second house. Blisters form on her toes where the flip flops rub. She looks at the street sign ahead "15th Street". She didn't realise how far she had walked. She gets to 20th street. Stops dead. She stares at the street sign and the tears come crashing again. She see's the beach walkway entrance and drags herself to it. She's seen this before. He's showed her. She know's it's the entrance he would use to go to the beach. It's now dark and the first stars are appearing in the night sky.

TESS (V.O)

I couldn't tell you why I walked towards his house. I don't know what I was hoping to achieve. I stood on this walkway for the longest time. They say you are magnetically drawn sometimes to someone. That your heart has an electromagnetic field. I feel my heart was pulling me, almost as if my soul dragged me here. I know that part of me died this day. I energetically died on this beach access. My soul cried all over Jacksonville and Atlantic beach.

After some time, Tess eventually turn and start the long walk back to her hotel. She takes her flip flops off and occasionally smiles at a firework spotted on her way home, but she never stops crying.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Tess is waiting in the unforgiving Florida heat, clutching her phone as if her life depends on it but there's still no message from Jackson. She keeps typing a message, deletes it, types it again... She boards the bus. The entire trip she cannot relax, she sobs the whole journey, carefully hiding it behind her sunglasses.

EXT. WALT DISNEY RESORT TRANSPORT STATION - LATER IN THE DAY

The bus comes to a stop. There's a HISS as the bus kneels, the doors open. Tess drags her feet as she steps off the bus. A few TEENAGERS walk past her complaining as she overhears

TEENAGERS

...You can't even the hug the characters it's so shit shit. I lined

up for nothing.

This silly piece of information makes Tess teary. She drags her suitcase to the next stop and looks up to see the colourful and glittery sign "Welcome to Disney World, the happiest place on earth" being heavily sanitized.

Tess can't look at the sign a minute longer, erupts into tears once more. She is heartbroken and depressed. The place that has always brought her happiness and a mecca for hope throughout her entire life isn't working this time. She stands staring. Her face sad, lonely and blank.

END.