

BAD BEACHES

"PILOT"

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. IMPERIAL BEACH CITY BEACH - SAN DIEGO, CA - DAY

As hot guys surf glassy waves and pretty girls bathe in the golden sunshine, brunette babe CLEO (27) emerges from the crystal-clear PACIFIC OCEAN like a Bond Girl.

SUPER: SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

When Cleo reaches the sand, she picks up a piece of TRASH.

CLEO
(to herself)
So uncool.

Cleo sits down next to bleached blonde bombshell OLIVIA (27).

OLIVIA
We should have left Palm Springs
and moved here so long ago.

CLEO
Maybe I'll be okay here. I hope so.

Olivia sets up to shoot a TikTok video. Cleo COUGHS. The girls start dancing in unison for their phone's CAMERA.

CLEO (CONT'D)	OLIVIA
(lip-syncing)	(lip-syncing)
Are you ready for the bad	Are you ready for the bad
bitches?	bitches?

They finish their choreography. Cleo coughs again.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I thought your asthma was supposed
to go away when we moved to the
beach. I saw so many TikToks about
the ocean healing asthma.

CLEO
So did I.

They watch back their TikTok VIDEO: they dance and lip-sync to "Bad Bitches" with the ocean glistening behind them.

TITLE: **BAD BEACHES**

["BAD BITCHES" BY MARSHMELLO PLAYS]

END TEASER

ACT ONEINT. I BE PILATES STUDIO, IMPERIAL BEACH - DAY

Wearing a Britney Spears mini-mic, Olivia demos a plank for Cleo and a dozen more twenty-somethings on Pilates reformers resembling medieval torture devices.

OLIVIA
(yells)
Now plank to pike!

The young ladies lift their derrières to the sky.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Eight...seven...six...five...

Cleo stares at her trembling reflection in the mirror.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Four...three...two...and one!

Cleo collapses onto the bed of the reformer and COUGHS.

EXT. MAIN STREET, IMPERIAL BEACH - DAY

Just the right amount of dewy, Cleo and Olivia glow as they leave the bustling studio. Olivia extends her arm and takes a selfie video of them in their coordinating fits.

OLIVIA
(to the camera)
Just had another *AMAZING* class at I
Be Pilates with my bestie Cleo!

Cleo flashes a heart with her thumbs and pointer fingers.
Olivia ends the videos and smiles as she watches it back.

CLEO
I think I am going to livestream my
new song tonight on TikTok.

OLIVIA
Tag me in it! I need more
followers. I need *money*!

CLEO
What happened to the money your
grandma left you?

OLIVIA
Pilates training. These.
(beat, gesture to her
boobs)
And my dad cut me off. He's pissed
I got the house. He told me to get
a roommate.

CLEO
You already have a roommate.

OLIVIA
But you don't pay me any *rent*.

CLEO
I could--

OLIVIA
You're an artist. You're more broke
than I am.

Cleo sighs, unable to argue.

They turn down a street towards the beach and stop at a
charming 1950s ranch-style beach HOUSE with roses blooming
out front.

Olivia unlocks the door. They go inside.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, IMPERIAL BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia and Cleo enter the house that looks the exact same as
the day her grandmother died: doilies on the coffee table,
quotes on the pillows, and cuckoo clocks on the walls.

OLIVIA
I posted an ad on Facebook about
the extra room and--

CLEO
Facebook is so cringe. It spies on
you.

OLIVIA
But doesn't TikTok do that too?

CLEO
Yeah, but TikTok is worth it.
(beat, scrolls on phone)
Facebook steals your data to use in
their LLMs.

OLIVIA
What's an LLM?

CLEO
A large language model...

OLIVIA
Is that like a BBL?
(beat, Cleo coughs)
Cleo, seriously. Where is your
inhaler? You were coughing, like,
all of class.
(beat, Cleo reads phone)
Do you not have an inhaler?

Olivia rips Cleo's phone from her hands.

CLEO
Now that I am off my parents'
insurance, my inhaler prescription
is insane.

OLIVIA
You are *no cap* asthmatic!

CLEO
(coughs)
I'm fine, Olivia.

OLIVIA
Whatever, Facebook dude will be
here soon.

CLEO
What if he is a serial killer?

OLIVIA
Chill. We are not his type. And I
really need the money.
(beat, shows her phone)
This place in Tijuana does BBLs.

CLEO
I am not taking you to a foreign
country to get a butt lift, Olivia.
Your mom would legit kill me.

OLIVIA
You make it sound like a big deal.
It's my mom's fault anyway. I
inherited my flat ass from her.

The doorbell RINGS, playing Beethoven's "Für Elise."

INT. DINING ROOM, GRANDMA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Shoulder to shoulder, Cleo and Olivia sit across the wooden dining table from stoic BEAU (30) who looks like the love child of a K-Pop star and NFL player.

OLIVIA
So, Beau, for the rent...would you
fuck me?

BEAU
(squints)
Ummm...

Cleo elbows Olivia who looks at her and then Beau.

OLIVIA
Omg, you thought I meant like would
you have sex with me in exchange
for free rent.
(beat, laughs)
You are like so obviously gay.

BEAU
I am gay. But I'm still *offended*.

OLIVIA
We are allies. We go to Palm
Springs Pride every year.
(beat, Beau squints)
I saw your Instagram, but I could
not find your TikTok.

BEAU
I am not on TikTok.

	CLEO	OLIVIA
What?		What?

BEAU
I have a job. I am not spending all
my time doomscrolling.

OLIVIA
TikTok taught me everything I know.

CLEO
You should really get on it.

BEAU
Well, I'm 30.

OLIVIA
We're both 27!

CLEO
Too old for a quarter-life crisis,
too young for Botox.

Overwhelmed by their banter, Beau blinks and refocuses.

BEAU
So, the rent is \$1200 for the room?
(beat, girls nod)
Can I see it?

OLIVIA
Sure.

Olivia starts scrolling. Beau stares. Cleo elbows Olivia.

CLEO
(whispers to Olivia)
You have to show him the bedroom.

OLIVIA
(to Beau)
Do you want me to show you the
room?

BEAU
Well, it's your house.

Olivia and Cleo walk Beau down the musty, carpeted hallway.

OLIVIA
Oh God, *no!* I do not *stan* the
Grandma-core aesthetic. This is my
grandma's house. She died.

BEAU
Here?

OLIVIA
No. Well...no, she died at the
hospital, right?
(beat, looks to Cleo who
shrugs)
Or like on the way to the hospital.
She's fine.

BEAU
How is she fine? She's dead.

Olivia opens the bedroom door. He inspects the floral fiasco.

BEAU (CONT'D)
What about the bathroom?

Cleo opens up the neighboring door. Beau pokes his head into the cheetah and leopard print bathroom.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Wow.

CLEO

Her grandma grew up on the Jersey Shore.

OLIVIA

The only thing is...no smoking in the house.

BEAU

I don't smoke.

OLIVIA

Only vaping inside.

BEAU

That's literally the same thing.

OLIVIA

Whatever, none of us are doctors.

BEAU

I am.

Surprised, they both look at him and tilt their heads.

OLIVIA

You're a doctor? But you're like young and hot.

BEAU

Do you have an EV charger? Or solar?

OLIVIA

What?

No.

CLEO

BEAU

It's a worthwhile investment for the house...and the planet.

OLIVIA

Well, the room is yours, if you want it. Just Venmo me...

(beat, types on phone)

And then e-sign this rental agreement thing that my dad wants and, yeah, the room is yours.

Cleo coughs again, but this time wheezes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Do you seriously *not* have an
inhaler?

Cleo shakes her head, unable to speak.

BEAU
(to Cleo)
Do you have asthma?

Cleo nods before she starts wheezing, unable to speak.

OLIVIA
Oh my god, is she going to die?

Olivia panics, beginning to hyperventilate herself.

BEAU
(to Cleo)
Try to steady your breath.

Cleo struggles to breathe in and out.

OLIVIA
I'm literally having a menty b.

BEAU
Cleo is going to be fine.
(Cleo coughs)
I have medicine at the clinic.

Beau and Olivia hold onto either side of coughing Cleo as they hurry out of the house.

INT. EXAM ROOM, HEALTH CLINIC - IMPERIAL BEACH - EVENING

In a hospital gown, Cleo lays in a gurney hooked up to machines as Olivia holds her hand. With her other hand, Olivia starts recording a VIDEO.

OLIVIA
(to the camera)
Cleo literally almost died today.
But she's fine.
(turns camera to Cleo)
Our new roommate, who is a hot
doctor, literally saved her life.

Beau pulls open the curtain, sees Olivia recording, and sighs, uninterested in being a part of their TikTok universe.

CLEO
(hoarsely)
Beau, when can I sing again?

BEAU
(sighs)
A few days, at least. You had a
pretty bad asthma attack.

CLEO
But I have a livestream tonight!

Beau hands Cleo an INHALER.

BEAU
Bring it with you everywhere, all
the time...especially around here.

CLEO
Around here?

BEAU
Imperial Beach is the dirtiest
beach in California.

OLIVIA
But the water looks clean? How can
it be *that* dirty?

BEAU
The Tijuana River Valley sewage
crisis. Raw sewage from Mexico
dumps right into the ocean.
(beat, types notes)
Don't go in the ocean. It's like
swimming in a toilet.

CLEO
And nobody cares?

BEAU
Not anyone with power.

OLIVIA
The beaches aren't *that* bad. My
grandma had bronchitis and she
lived here.

CLEO
She *died* from it, Olivia.

BEAU
Do you have any N-95s? They help.

OLIVIA
Do we look like we ever wore masks
during COVID?

Beau sighs and leaves the room. Cleo stares up at the
fluorescent lights as Olivia scrolls on TikTok.

CLEO
I can't sing with my voice like
this. I already posted about the
livestream tonight.

Olivia turns to her friend tearing up.

OLIVIA
Me too. And my post about your
livestream got a ton of
impressions.

A tear rolls down Cleo's cheek. Olivia holds her hand.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. FRONT LAWN, GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

With the sun shining, Cleo and Olivia sit on the front steps as Beau pulls into the driveway his sparkly red TESLA Model X with the personalized license plate "BEAU GO".

CLEO

I don't get why Beau wants to live with us.

OLIVIA

We are fun...and hot a-f.

CLEO

Yeah, but he is a doctor..and drives a *Tesla*.

OLIVIA

Beau has to drive a Tesla. He could not drive a gas car. It would be so off brand for him.

CLEO

I don't think Beau has a brand.

OLIVIA

Oh, he definitely does. Sexy eco-war frontline doctor.

Carrying a box, Beau tosses Olivia a N-95 FACE MASK.

BEAU

Better safe...than not.

CLEO

Is that what you say to horny teenagers about condoms?

BEAU

Just wear it.

OLIVIA

That's def tots what you tell teenagers. We gotta get you on Doctok. I can see it now.

CLEO

This is ridiculous. I am not going to wear a mask outside, *constantly*.

BEAU
Then just stay inside.
(beat, looks up at sky)
It's gonna rain soon anyway.

CLEO
The rain will help the air quality.

BEAU
The rain worsens the pollution.

OLIVIA
It doesn't rain in San Diego. So
you don't have to worry about it.

Beau sighs and walks inside. Olivia checks her weather app, which confirms it's going to rain.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRANDMA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia and Cleo sit on the couch and scroll on their phones as Beau unpacks and plugs air filtration machines in each room. Then Olivia's phone rings. Cleo and Beau turn to her.

OLIVIA
I'm not answering it.

Her phone rings again. She peeks at the screen: TYLER. It phone rings again, seemingly louder. Olivia answers.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What do you want from me, Tyler?

Olivia disappears down the hall into her bedroom.

BEAU
Do I dare ask who Tyler is?

CLEO
Her ex-ish boyfriend.

BEAU
Ex-ish? That's a new one.

CLEO
Technically *old* one...hence the ex.

Beau chuckles and sits down on the couch. Cleo cranes her neck to see Olivia stomping around her bedroom, yelling.

CLEO (CONT'D)

After their last breakup, she got the implants. But don't tell her I told you...or that you noticed.

BEAU

I'm not *that* gay...where I didn't notice. They are huge.

CLEO

Right! Olivia says she wants to look perfect. But she is already...and always has been.

BEAU

You and Olivia are so different. How are you friends?

CLEO

We have been best friends since the first day of kindergarten. Olivia has always been cool...and pretty, unlike me.

BEAU

(rolls eyes)
Please.

CLEO

Pre-GLP1, I was not snatched.
(beat, he picks up phone)
Oh, you can't find any pre-glow-up photos. I deep cleaned my socials.

BEAU

That seems extreme.

CLEO

You haven't seen the photos.
(beat, Olivia screeches)
Olivia has always been there for me when no one else was. When no one asked me to prom, Cleo ditched her boyfriend and took me.

BEAU

Was that Tyler?

CLEO

Oh, God, no. That was like four, maybe five, ex-boyfriends ago.

BEAU

Olivia keeps busy.

CLEO

After high school, Olivia went to LA to model. I stayed in the desert and focused on my music. During COVID, I dropped out of college and she moved back home.

(beat, checks phone)

Last year after her grandma died and I was super sick, Olivia decided we were moving to the beach...that everything would be better here...like a fresh start.

BEAU

Has it been...a fresh start?

CLEO

I thought moving to the beach would save me--and my voice. I assumed my asthma would go away. I was wrong.

BEAU

So you are a climate refugee?

CLEO

I'm not a *refugee*.

BEAU

You moved from Palm Springs to San Diego because of climate change.

Cleo turns away and looks at the clear, bright blue skies.

CLEO

Why do you want to live here?

BEAU

The clinic is down the street. And I have \$250,000 in student loan debt, so the rent is on point.

CLEO

If you knew how bad the pollution was, then why did you move here?

Beau's phone DINGS. He checks it and puts it back down.

BEAU

They need doctors at the clinic. No one wants to expose themselves and their families to the toxins. With your asthma and all, why don't you move somewhere else?

CLEO

And become a two-time climate
refugee?

(beat)

I can't afford to move.

BEAU

What do you do?

CLEO

I am an artist. I sing and write
songs. Well, really, I guess, I am
a virtual assistant because I make
literally no money from my music. I
livestream on TikTok but that
makes...nothing.

(beat, checks phone)

Are you attempting to redistribute
wealth by paying us rent?

BEAU

I may be a doctor, but I am not
wealthy. The clinic doesn't pay
shit, especially considering how
much my student loan payments are.

She puts down her phone and looks him straight in the eye.

CLEO

If you aren't rich, then why the
Tesla?

BEAU

I can't drive a gas car. I am not a
goddamn monster. There is no
greater evil than big oil.

CLEO

What about, like, ISIS?

BEAU

Crap. I left my car open.

Beau runs out of the house, braving the weather to get the
last boxes from his car. With mascara dripping down her tear-
stained cheeks, Olivia reemerges from her room.

OLIVIA

Tyler and I are back together.

(beat, looks around)

Where's Beau?

CLEO
In the poop rain.
(beat, Olivia looks to
bathroom)
He's outside.

OLIVIA
Oh, the poop rain...I don't think
that's how the sewage crisis works.

Olivia curls up next to Cleo who shows her a video of two
baby animals smiling, probably artificially generated.

INT. KITCHEN, GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

In pajamas, Cleo stares out at the rain pouring down on the
choppy waves at the soaked beach. Red tape and signs "BEACH
CLOSED" wrap around the empty beach. In his scrubs and rain
jacket, Beau hurriedly grabs a banana from the counter.

BEAU
There is a guy in the hallway.

CLEO
Blonde or brunette?

BEAU
Blonde.

CLEO
Oh, that's just Tyler.

BEAU
And who would the brunette be?

CLEO
(shrugs)
I dunno. Olivia's type is usually
brunettes.

BEAU
I don't have enough time to unpack
all that.
(beat, bites banana)
Stay inside. And if you have to go
outside, bring your inhaler.

CLEO
(rolls eyes)
Thanks, Dad.

Beau runs out the door and into his Tesla. Then, hand-in-
hand, Olivia and skater bro TYLER (26) groggily stagger in.

TYLER

Sup.

CLEO

It's raining shit bricks.

TYLER

I thought it was...*shitting bricks*.

Cleo looks at him in his Coachella t-shirt and baggy jeans.

CLEO

No, it is literally raining shit.

TYLER

I'm lost.

Cleo coughs, making Olivia jump and nearly spill her coffee.

OLIVIA

Where is your goddamn inhaler?

(beat, Cleo coughs again)

Your asthma is literally going to push me into early Botox.

CLEO

I'm fine.

OLIVIA

You are obviously *not* fine, Cleo.

Cleo scrolls on her phone, annoyed.

TYLER

Who was that guy in the doctor's outfit in the bathroom?

CLEO

Beau.

TYLER

Are you hooking up with him?

CLEO

No.

OLIVIA

He lives here.

Olivia runs her fingers through Tyler's shaggy surfer hair, attempting to tame it--along with him.

TYLER

I was only gone for two weeks. How did all this happen?

Olivia pours herself a glass of orange juice.

OLIVIA

This is what happens when you like random bitches' posts.

CLEO

Hydrogen sulfide happens.

TYLER

Seriously, what the fuck is going on with you two?

He reaches for Olivia's juice. She pulls it away. He squints.

CLEO

We are trapped in a climate battleground.

TYLER

(scoffs)
According to who?

OLIVIA

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency...which does not seem to be doing much protecting of us--or the environment--right now.

TYLER

You know what the EPA is?

OLIVIA

I'm not an *idiot*, Tyler.

TYLER

Never thought you were. I assumed you only gave a shit about what's on your For You Page.

OLIVIA

EcoTok is thriving.

TYLER

EcoTok is on *your* algorithm?

(beat, stomach gurgles)
I shouldn't have surfed this morning. My stomach's so fucked.

OLIVIA
You're always sick.

TYLER
Yeah, and I'm always fine.
(beat, takes out phone)
I'm DoorDashing breakfast burritos.

OLIVIA
I want extra guac.

TYLER
Will you Venmo me?

OLIVIA
No.

TYLER
(looks up)
Seriously?

OLIVIA
That's the price of breaking my
heart.

CLEO
You two are toxic.

TYLER
Like the ocean?

Olivia and Tyler lock eyes. He speaks her language.

CLEO
You surf every morning. And you
know what's in that water.

TYLER
(shrugs)
I smoke. Same thing.

Olivia smirks. Cleo cringes and disappears down the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRANDMA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Cleo sits on the couch typing on her laptop as rain pours outside. Tyler kisses Olivia goodbye before sliding on his red IMPERIAL BEACH LIFEGUARD UNIFORM and Vans sneakers.

TYLER
(to Cleo)
Peace.

CLEO
May the force be with you.

TYLER
(winks)
I see you, young Jedi.

Tyler makes a Trekkie Vulcan salute before disappearing out into the storm. Olivia plops down beside Cleo.

OLIVIA
What a nerd.

CLEO
Is Tyler coming back?

OLIVIA
Probably. Just like the herpes he gave me.

CLEO
Tyler gave you herpes?!

OLIVIA
(shrugs)
I wouldn't doubt it.

CLEO
You gotta get that checked, Olivia!

OLIVIA
It's not like there's anything you can do about it. It's like global warming. Once you have it, you just have it and are screwed.

CLEO
That's...not how herpes works. Or global warming.

Cleo and Olivia's phones BUZZ with a ALERT. They read their phones: MANDATORY EVACUATION NOTICE.

EXT. FRONT LAWN, GRANDMA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

In waterlogged hoodies and Uggs, Olivia and Cleo shiver on their front step as tree branches and trash float down their street that flooded and transformed into a white-water rapid.

OLIVIA
I thought global warming was supposed to be *warm*.

CLEO
(points down street)
Tyler!

Cleo shakily records a VIDEO as they hop onto Tyler's huge rescue SURFBOARD. THUNDER claps overhead, jarring them. As Tyler paddles, Cleo's camera captures the scared faces, the murky water, and the blaring alarms around them.

OLIVIA
(cries)
I just got theses lashes on
yesterday. They cost like a hundred
bucks. I can't believe this is
happening to me!

Cleo ignores Olivia who squeals as trash floats past them. As the rain pours down, Cleo struggles to breathe.

CLEO
(wheezing)
I...I can't breathe...

She digs for her inhaler in her soaked pocket.

OLIVIA
Cleo!

Cleo takes a puff from her inhaler and closes her eyes, relieved. Scared, Olivia holds on her friend's arm. Then Cleo spots something furry moving against the current and points.

CLEO
(yells)
STOP!

Tyler stops paddling. Cleo points at the DOG struggling to doggy paddle through the rushing water.

OLIVIA
It's a dog!

Tyler turns and paddles towards the scared mutt.

CLEO
(to dog)
Hi puppy, come on, puppy!

Cleo scoops up the drenched dog. Tyler keeps paddling. When they reach higher ground, Cleo hops off with the dog. Olivia pauses and gazes into Tyler's green eyes--totally lovestruck.

TYLER
I love you.

Olivia kisses him. Tyler paddles away, back into the storm, back to the climate battlefield.

OLIVIA
I didn't know he felt that way
about me.
(beat, wipes away tear)
That was so hot. He saved my life.

CLEO
That's kinda his job...as a *life-*
guard.

Olivia gazes at Tyler, who shrinks smaller and smaller until he disappears, as the rain grows heavier.

OLIVIA
At least this will be good for
engagement.

Cleo takes a video as they walk past the Pilates studios.

INT. LOBBY, HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Soaking wet, Cleo, Olivia, and their new dog wait in the crowded lobby full of coughing CHILDREN and rattled adults. As soon as Beau enters from the back, the girls hop up.

Beau looks at the poor dog shivering in Cleo's soaked arms. He sighs. The girls hurry to follow him back.

INT. EXAM ROOM, HEALTH CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia stands beside Beau as he looks at the little dog that Cleo is still clutching in her soaked arms.

BEAU
You know I'm a human doctor?

OLIVIA
You are the only doctor, human or
dog, that we know.

BEAU
There's a vet across the street.

OLIVIA
We can't afford to go to the vet.
That hole in the ceiling--

BEAU
There's a hole in the ceiling?

CLEO

In the living room. It started when the rain got really intense today.

OLIVIA

It's going to cost so much to fix. According to my dad, apparently, I was supposed to buy homeowner's insurance *and* flood insurance? I live at the beach. I don't need flood insurance.

BEAU

Climate change.
(beat, looks at dog)
Let me give him a look.

Cleo carefully places the pup on the exam table.

OLIVIA

Her. She identifies as a woman.

BEAU

Did she tell you that herself?
(beat, blinks)
Or did you just assume so because of her anatomy?
(beat, Olivia moves boobs)
I'm kidding.

CLEO

We found Rachel...

BEAU

Who's Rachel?
(Cleo motions to dog)
Did she have a collar?

CLEO

No.

BEAU

Then how do you know her name?

CLEO

We named her. After Rachel Carson, the badass environmental activist.

OLIVIA

But like also Rachel from *Friends*.

BEAU

This all happened since I left the house like two hours ago?

Cleo nods. Rachel stares back and forth at her new humans.

OLIVIA

We just survived *another* climate disaster. We have a trauma bond now. You can't know what it's like unless you have experienced it.

BEAU

My grandparents escaped a concentration camp together. They never mentioned a trauma bond.

OLIVIA

Because they had one...that you were not a part of. Like with us.

Beau refocuses on the dog, examining his furry patient.

BEAU

Rachel, here, looks alright.
(beat, to dog)
What happened to you, Rachel?

The dog cutely yaps, making Beau smile for the first time.

OLIVIA

Oh my god, Beau, do you have a soft spot for Rachel? You *dog*!

Rachel barks happily. Beau smirks, smitten.

BEAU

We better take her home until we figure out what happened to her.

CLEO

What about the animal shelter?

BEAU

They are full, really *beyond* capacity. People got pets...
(beat, tears up)
And then they abandon them...

Rachel nestles into his side, melting his stoic veneer. The girls stare in awe. Beau snuffles and wipes his tears away.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Beau rolls back his shoulders and stands up straighter. Then Rachel smiles at him again and tears roll down his cheek.

CLEO
It's okay, Beau.

OLIVIA
We are all processing our trauma.

Cleo and Olivia compassionately touch each of his arms.

BEAU
My dog just died.

Cleo, Olivia, and Rachel hug Beau reluctantly accepts it.

OLIVIA
No wonder you were grumpy.

BEAU
I was not grumpy.

CLEO
You were definitely grumpy.

OLIVIA
We forgive you. We are here for
you, Beau.

Rachel licks Beau's hand, christening their chosen family.

INT. CLEO'S BEDROOM, GRANDMA'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Pink sunrise light fills the room. Cleo snuggles in bed with Rachel as she edits together clips of the flood on her phone. Done, Cleo exhales.

She presses play: a selfie VIDEO of Cleo--terrified, shivering in the rain--as they escape on Tyler's surfboard.

The video LOOPS.

Rachel barks at the SNAP of a falling tree in the clip. Cleo presses her face into Rachel's fur. Rachel calms down.

The video loops again.

Cleo opens TikTok, starts to add filters, and hesitates. She delete them. Then she types a caption then deletes it.

She exhales again and types a new caption, tagging Olivia--before deleting that too. Her thumb hovers over POST.

Cleo coughs. She hits POST.

END ACT TWO

TAGEXT. BEACH, IMPERIAL BEACH - DAY

In bikinis, Cleo and Olivia sunbathe beside Beau and Rachel. Cleo wears a FACE MASK. Beau has EARBUDS in.

BEAU
(smiles)
I love it. It's so catchy.

Cleo grins. Beau hands Cleo back her phone.

CLEO
I posted a TikTok this morning with
it as an original sound.
(beat, watches Tyler dive
into waves)
How does he go in there?

BEAU
I ask my patients that every day.
I saw six kids this week with the
same symptoms.
(beat, Cleo wheezes)
Where's your inhaler?

Cleo points to her bag. He finds her inhaler and hands it to her. Cleo relaxes as she inhales. Her phone BUZZES.

OLIVIA
(distracted)
Cleo...

Cleo's phone buzzes again. She opens TikTok. Her jaw drops: 20 million views.

Her TikTok VIDEO from this morning plays.

CLEO (V.O.)
(singing)
Me and my bestie
Left the desert's dust for the
sea's clean breeze
Thinking life would play out just
like on TV
But the dream cross-faded into a
bad scene
Now we're low-key climate refugees.

On his phone, Beau scrolls through the comments.

BEAU
These comments are wild.

OLIVIA
Haters come with the territory.

BEAU
Most people are shocked. But locals
seem...pissed.

Beau puts his phone down. Olivia keeps scrolling, transfixed.

Cleo takes another puff of her inhaler. She puts back on her
mask and stares out at the deceptively pristine ocean.

THE END