

STAYCATION

Written by

Diana Riley

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

MARISSA, 32, follows NICCI, 29, into the room, wide-eyed with excitement. Nicci drops her bag down on the bed, a concentrated look contorting her expression.

MARISSA

A whole week of laying out by the pool, mai tais, and all you can eat buffets? Thank you for this. I don't know if I've ever been treated this good.

NICCI

Seemed like you could use it.

Marissa sets her own bag down and pulls out her phone from her back pocket, radiant.

MARISSA

I'm gonna let Jai know we made it to the hotel, then how about we check out the bar downstairs?

In an INSTANT, Nicci bridges the space across the room to Marissa and gently grabs her friend's hand, stopping her mid-text.

NICCI

Jai doesn't need minute-by-minute updates.

MARISSA

He told me to let him know when we got here.

Nicci holds Marissa's gaze, choosing her words carefully.

NICCI

It's none of Jai's business what you do anymore.

MARISSA

What are you talking about? Letting him know we got here safe is just a courtesy.

A beat as Nicci gauges how to proceed.

NICCI

And where was Jai's courtesy when you showed up at my house at 3am with bruises up and down your side?

Marissa stiffens.

MARISSA

We talked about this. It was an accident.

NICCI

That's the thing, we didn't talk. You talked. You had a lot of things to say about how he didn't mean it, how his temper just gets out of hand sometimes, how he loves you more than anything and just gets too passionate. But when I tried to talk, you couldn't hear me. You wouldn't listen. How many nights am I supposed to pretend that I don't hear you sobbing on my couch because of that asshole? How long am I supposed to let him hurt my best friend and let you keep deluding yourself? Let him get away with it?

MARISSA

It's none of your business, Nicci.

NICCI

You made it my business when you came to me for stitches instead of going to the hospital.

MARISSA

You're a nurse, you're my friend! I can't afford a hospital bill. I didn't realize you were going to hold it over my head.

NICCI

I *am* your friend, which is why I've found a way for you to get out.

This hangs in the air as Marissa processes her words.

MARISSA

What have you done?

NICCI

Jai didn't pick up when we landed because he's in jail. I turned him in for the weed.

MARISSA

You ratted him out--

NICCI

And I found a cute place by the beach here we could share. It's not big, but since Jai made you throw most of your stuff away when you moved in together, I figure it'll be about what we need.

MARISSA

I have a job--

NICCI

--that you hate. If you really want to transfer, they have locations here. But honestly, I think this would be a great spot for your bookstore. You should really think about opening it here.

MARISSA

Are you out of your mind? What is wrong with you? You think that just by putting Jai in jail, I'm suddenly going to abandon our life together? That I'm going to abandon him? He deserves better than that!

NICCI

No, he deserves 1-3 years for domestic violence.

MARISSA

And what do you deserve? I came to you as my friend. I trusted you, and you just tried to destroy my life because you wanted to play god! You don't have to agree with my decisions, but you do have to respect them. I decide what's best for me.

Marissa snatches her bag up again.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

And you know what's best for me right now? Not having a single fucking thing to do with you.

Marissa storms out of the hotel room, letting the door SLAM behind her.