



Just, like, imagine if these faces were hanging in the sky over my cabana.

I went on

BRAD + LEO'S

vacation and I will never be the same

I didn't go on vacation WITH them, but still.

By JESSICA PELS



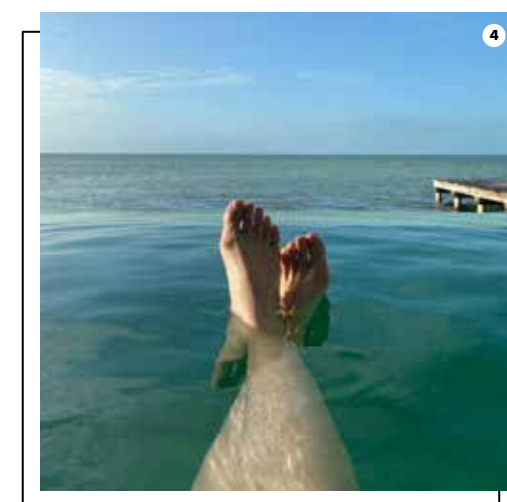
It's just a fact of modern life that A-list actors are A+ vacationers: They've got money to burn, the ghost of their last Oscar attempt to shake off, and probably a new girlfriend to get to know—and where

better to do it than on a literal private island where only the most intrepid and dolphin-adjacent paparazzi can find them? Enter me, lowly human, *not* riding in on the back of a dolphin but rather opening my email

one day to find an invitation from said private island to see it—for free?!—for my normal-person self. I don't think I've ever said "yes" so fast. Which is how I found myself, along with my fiancé, Matt, on a plane to Belize and

then on a helicopter to a tiny enclave in a shallow sea—Cayo Espanto, our home for the week and, in my imagination, forever. We may not have had post-Oscars stress to recover from, but let me tell you: We lived like we did.

THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: COURTESY RESORT; COURTESY RESORT; COURTESY RESORT; OPPOSITE PAGE, FROM TOP: GETTY IMAGES (HEADS); COURTESY RESORT; COURTESY PELS.



1 PUTTING THE "PRIVATE" IN PRIVATE ISLAND...

There are only seven guest villas total—one hovers over the ocean; others have their own little beaches. We saw no other living souls but the staff All. Freaking. Week. 🏠

2 ...AND IN TOURISTING

You'd like to see the Mayan ruins, they asked? Let us get a private plane to shuttle you there and a dedicated tour guide to tell you all its secrets. I didn't even realize celebs see the world this way, but damn, it ain't bad.

3 FOOD WITH A VIEW

They served every meal in and around our bungalow, picking different spots to zhuzh up with candles or our initials in the sand or, in this case, a view of our beach. We could ask for whatever we wanted—don't let this salad fool you; we gorged.

4 DID I MENTION IT'S PRIVATE?

Here I am in our infinity pool overlooking the sea, which itself was shallow enough to walk around in—my fiancé caught some fish, which, good for him, but I'm not moving from this spot. I write from here now, in fact, having not moved for months, a mere shriveled prune, but a very, very happy one.