

Just Gone
Chapter One; Fire

by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. BONNY DOON, CA, CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Half-beach, half-forest, the town of 'Bonny Doon CA', a census-designated place and suburb of Santa Cruz grows foggy, cold and wet.

Moonlight hits small homes nestled in woods, a ramshackle cottage overlooking a beach, a civic center sharing a building with the police station, a cluster of farms.

Half modern with families commuting to the larger town of Santa Cruz, and half old and dilapidated; rundown buildings and a secluded Mennonite community on the edges of the town.

A deer crosses a road.

EXT. BONNY DOON BEACH CLIFF - NIGHT

The ocean crashes on the beach below; an eighty foot drop from the cliffs. Wind hisses.

A young woman, TESS WILSON (18, curly-haired) stands on the cliffs; hands stretched up. She LAUGHS, it echoes into the night.

She's lit by a fire far away.

The waves drown out the sound of her laughing.

Then she's gone.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. WILSON HOME - DAY

Morning. A small bungalow - too small for a family of four. Hardwood floors and pastel walls with years-old crayon marks. Books, clothes, ephemera on floor.

A worn neon flyer on a bulletin board; 'Santa Cruz Clam Chowder Fest!'

Through a window, the beach, visible, but a little too far to walk. Dramatic cliffs, grassy dunes, a two lane road.

JEN WILSON, (early 40's, mousy brown hair, no makeup), a no-nonsense working mom, walks down the hall putting her hair up into a messy bun.

JEN

Zach, we're going.

ZACH WILSON (12, gawky), sulks out of his bedroom, school pack heavy, black t-shirt with a game reference on, pushing his glasses up his face.

JEN (CONT'D.)

Did you finish those math problems?

ZACH

Yeah.

JEN

Okay, granola bar, van, school. Go.

ZACH

Whatever.

Jen rolls her eyes as he slumps off. Knocks on a closed door further down the hall.

JEN

Tess? You want a ride into town?

(beat, no response)

Tess?

She opens the door. Empty bed. Jen checks her watch and sighs. Heads down to kitchen, through the door, herding Zach out and into the car.

EXT. BONNY DOON BEACH - DAY

A handful of men in wetsuits sit on their boards waiting for

waves. Overcast, but good conditions for a few surf sets.

DAN WILSON (40's, laid-back grey-fox handsome), tenured literature professor admires the sunrise glinting on the ocean.

Next to him, twin brother ADAM WILSON (40's, fit, more-clean cut) starts paddling to catch the next wave in the set. Adam steps up, cascading across the water gracefully.

DAN
There it is. Nice.

Dan watches Adam finish. The waves rise, Dan starts paddling out. He pops up onto his board, looking forward when

SLAM

Another surfer drops down from the wave, crashing into Dan's board, sending him flying. Board meets head.

Dan's under water for a frantic moment. Comes up, gasping.

He spins around in the water.

DAN
What the hell?

Adam paddles up to him.

ADAM
You alright?

DAN
Yeah. Did you see who it was?

ADAM
No, missed it. They're long gone.

DAN
Jackass.

He touches his head, no blood. He and Adam peer out over the water. No sign of the surfer in question.

EXT. BONNY DOON BEACH PARKING LOT - SAME

An outdoor shower churgles out lukewarm water in the distance, surfers rinse themselves off. The sun is bright through the overcast.

Dan and Adam change next to Dan's car. Horatio, a three legged dog, pants as he sits at the open hatchback of the

car, comfortable on a pile of towels.

ADAM
Give me a ride to the station?

DAN
Yeah. Sure.

Dan pulls his phone from his glove compartment - possibly not the safest place to keep it; small town complacency.

He checks his text; one from 'Jen [heart emoji]' that reads;
Tess w/ you?

Dan texts back; **Nope.**

He frowns at the phone, starts to type something but stops and deletes. Adam comes up behind him.

ADAM
You good?

DAN
Huh? Yeah.

He pockets the phone, the two men strap their boards up on the roof of the car.

INT. BONNY DOON POLICE STATION BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom has seen better days. The mirror is cracked, the tile is cracked, even the toilets are a little cracked. Might be usable and clean but doesn't feel it.

Detective OLIVIA CARR (late 20's, pipsqueek petite), stares at herself in the mirror, fixes her blazer, tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.

OLIVIA
(to self)
You're doing fine. You're going to be great. You got this, you got this. It's just a small town. It'll be fine. It'll be----

The door opens; a WOMAN (50's, grungy) just released from the drunk tank steps in, scowls at Olivia.

Olivia steps out.

INT. BONNY DOON POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY

The small town police station is not busy. Olivia stands in the doorway watching uniformed officers chat, drink coffee, file papers.

Olivia walks through, peers around, finds the door to--

INT. CAPTAIN RADOVICH'S OFFICE - SAME

The office is minuscule; untidy piles of papers are on every surface.

Captain LEON RADOVICH (60's, chunky, tired, paternal), looks up when Olivia knocks on the door.

RADOVICH
Ah. New girl. Come on in.

OLIVIA
Olivia Carr, sir.

RADOVICH
Yes, got your file right here.

He reaches towards one of the piles, hesitates, looks at another pile. Finally finds the thin file.

RADOVICH (CONT'D.)
You look pretty good on paper. Not much experience, but good marks on exams.

OLIVIA
Thank you sir.

RADOVICH
And you were a beat cop in the city? Any particular reason you're moving down here?

OLIVIA
I wanted to be a detective, and there was an opening here. Seemed like as good a place to start as any.

RADOVICH
You married? Any kids?

OLIVIA
No. Just, um... married to the job.

She attempts a smile. The joke falls flat.

RADOVICH

Right.

(beat)

Well, you won't get as much action as you might've in San Francisco, but there's little odds and ends to keep you busy, a few cold cases if you want a mystery. Nothing too whacky.

OLIVIA

Sure, sounds great.

RADOVICH

Your desk is up there next to Haudin's.

He gestures towards a corner of the bullpen. Olivia peaks out. One desk empty, the other covered in empty coffee cups and papers. No one is sitting there.

RADOVICH (CONT'D.)

He's out on assignment. You'll meet him eventually.

OLIVIA

Right.

EXT. MENNONITE FARM - DAY

Three men stand looking at the smoldering remains of a barn. It's a shell, blackened and fragile. A few beams still remain upright, but the roof and walls are gone.

The first man; DETECTIVE JACK HAUDIN (30's, thin in a strung-out way), smokes a cigarette.

Next to him stands Adam Wilson, taking notes on a clipboard, wearing his work uniform taking notes, the badge on his chest reading 'Arson Investigator; Fire Marshal.'

The third man is Mennonite Farmer, ISAAC NEUFELDT (50's, wide brimmed straw hat, neckbeard, average build), owner of the burnt down barn. Walks with a cane.

ADAM

Don't take offense, but I do have to ask, you keep any accelerants in the barn?

ISAAC

Hay. Though that would be a fuel,
not an accelerant, I suppose.

HAUDIN

Know a lot about fuel and
accelerants, Neufeldt?

ISAAC

Just my book-learning.

HAUDIN

Do your people even use gas? Is
that allowed? You California Amish
a little looser with the tech?

Neufeldt looks calm and indignant simultaneously.

ADAM

What Detective Haudin means is, is
there any reason we would find
presence of say gasoline or
lighterfluid, maybe turpentine?
Something that could've been used
to start a fire that maybe you and
your folk use for other things?

ISAAC

We're not Amish--

HAUDIN

You're not? But you've got the
whole--

He gestures up and down at Neufeldt's attire. It is very
Amish-looking.

ISAAC

No. We're Mennonites. We use
gasoline cars just like you, and
just like you we fill them up at
the station on Grant Street.

ADAM

Right.

ISAAC

Though perhaps not like you,
Detective Haudin. I've heard tell
some rumors about you that speak
volumes. Tell me, have you gotten
your driver's license back yet?

Haudin scoffs starts to say something cruel, but Adam puts a

hand on Haudin's arm.

ADAM

Alright, okay-- Mr. Neufeldt, if you don't mind, we'll just examine the scene and take some notes and come back to you if we have anymore questions. I'll have some of my men come by to the official crime scene investigation.

ISAAC

Right. I'll be with the cattle.

ADAM

Thank you for your time. I'm sorry about your barn.

He walks off; Haudin scowls.

HAUDIN

Yeah, out with the cattle.

He tosses his cigarette away, inadvertently in the direction of the barn, but has the decency to look chagrined.

ADAM

Seriously?

HAUDIN

Yeah, yeah, sorry. I just--

ADAM

No. I get it. You're a little big fish/little pond for this kind of stuff. Truth be told, it was probably just some kids playing with matches.

They start to walk around the house. Adam examines parts of the framework of the ex-barn. He pokes at downed beams with his pencil, takes pictures with a camera he hangs from his shoulder.

HAUDIN

Should you be touching that?

ADAM

I don't tell you how to do your job.

HAUDIN

Sorry.

They walk around in silence for a while longer. Haudin lights another cigarette. Adam stares pointedly.

ADAM
(condescending)
HmMMMM.

HAUDIN
What?

ADAM
That was just me saying those things will kill you so when you die of lung cancer I can say I tried my best.

HAUDIN
Noted.

Haudin checks his phone; no service. He scoffs, opens an app, an obnoxiously bright game. Starts playing.

Adam steps closer to the far corner of the barn, examining where the beams meet the ground. The grass is half-singed from the fire, the dirt speckled with black ash.

ADAM
(curious)
Hmmm?

HAUDIN
I already heard you the first time. Cigarettes are cancer sticks. I'm aware--

ADAM
No, look at this here.

They crouch down, peer at a small spot on the burnt shell of the barn. Adam pushes back a downed beam. Laying hidden under grass and ashes in the dirt is a badly damaged and singed SMART PHONE.

HAUDIN
Is that--

ADAM
Yeah.

HAUDIN
So-- do these not-Amish use iphones then? Keep them in their overall pocket maybe?

ADAM

That would be a no. They definitely
don't use iphones.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

EXT. OUTSIDE THOMAS JEFFERSON JR HIGH/HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Parents drop their kids off outside the school, a teacher, SCOTT MOORE, (early 30's, tall thin, dweeby-hot), stands near the front, and waves students inside, high fives one or two of them, ushers lolligagers into the building.

Jen pulls up in a beat up old Subaru; Zach gets out and sloughs up towards the doors.

JEN
(pointedly)
Bye Zach!

Zach waves without turning around; typical angsty almost-teen. Jen rolls her eyes.

Jen waves and gets Scott's attention. He steps over, and leans down to talk through the open passenger side window.

SCOTT
Hi there, Jen. How's life treating you?

JEN
Oh fine. Zach is definitely reaching teenage rebellion - early to the game as usual.

SCOTT
Yeah, just start battening down the hatches now; teen boys are the worst.

JEN
I just wanted to ask if you've seen Tess recently? I think she went out with her dad, but I can't get in touch with her.

SCOTT
Huh. No. I didn't even know she was in town.

JEN
Yeah, Spring Break.

SCOTT
She liking school?

JEN

I suppose. She likes D.C. She's meeting a lot of interesting people. I think. You know Tess, quiet like a mouse. And now I can't even find her.

SCOTT

Well, I haven't seen her. Sorry. I doubt she'll want to come up and see her old high school. She's too smart for that.

JEN

Alright, thanks. If you spot her will you let me know, or tell her to call me?

SCOTT

Yeah. Sure thing. She probably just caught a ride into town. Check the coffee shop maybe? They got that high speed wifi now.

JEN

You're probably right.

(sighs)

Alright, have a good one.

SCOTT

Bye then.

They split. Jen pulls out of her spot on the sidewalk. Another car pulls up, more students mill about.

A bell rings.

Scott stands a moment longer, frowning before ushering the last of the students into the building.

INT. UC SANTA CRUZ, LIT DEPT HALL - DAY

The newly remodeled Lit department, glass, chrome and dark wood fixtures, tiled walkway. The surfer town college students look slightly out of place.

Dan Wilson walks towards the lecture hall with his TA, EMILY HERBERT (20's, harsh bob-cut, too stern and professional for her young age, and the school).

Dan's hair is still damp from surfing. He wears shorts and teva sandals, shucks off his windbreaker as he walks. A bruise is forming on his forehead.

DAN

Man, you sure those grades were right? I was looking over them last night. Pretty low average. What was the highest, a B?

EMILY

Yes. Most of them got stuck on the essay question for the Chaucer excerpt.

DAN

Well, that makes sense. It was there to trip them up and make them think. That was why I wrote it. Sucks for them, doesn't it?

EMILY

Yes sir.

DAN

Aren't you glad you're out of undergrad. Now you get to read the fun stuff?

EMILY

Yes sir.

Dan's phone rings. He stops in the hall and pats his pockets looking for it.

DAN

You go on ahead. Can you set up the projector with that Chaucer bit? Let's do some remedial meter stuff maybe. Really make them feel dumb.

EMILY

(a small laugh)

Yes sir.

He passes her his bag and jacket. She heads in.

DAN

(calls out)

And don't call me, sir. I'm Dan, I'm the cool professor.

EMILY

Sure thing, sir.

He chuckles, pulls his phone out of a pocket in his shorts; it's Jen.

DAN
Hey gorgeous.

JEN (O.S.)
(on phone)
Hey. Have you seen Tess? Did she go
up to campus with you?

DAN
No. I haven't seen her. I thought
she wanted to surf a set with me
and Adam, but slept through when I
knocked on her door. Must be a
little burned out from finals--

A few students walk by and meet his eye; he smiles and waves
at them. Greets them, hand over the phone.

JIMMY
Hey professor.

DAN
Hey Jimmy, how're you doing, kiddo?

JIMMY
Good.

DAN
Not so good after you get your
grade back.

JIMMY
(laughs)
Oh god. I'll see you in there.

DAN
Yeah.

He focuses back on his wife.

JEN (O.S.)
No, she wasn't in her room this
morning. I thought she went out
with you.

DAN
I'm sure it's fine. Her bike was
gone, maybe she went to visit her
friend, what's her name--

JEN (O.S.)
Right. Yeah. I'll check. Maybe you
could call her though? She's not
picking up or texting me back, so I

must've done something wrong.

DAN
I'm literally walking into my
lecture right now. I'll try and
give her a ring afterwards, okay?

Jen sighs on the other end of the line.

JEN (O.S)
Yeah, alright. Just keep in touch.
Let me know--

DAN
Sure, sure. Gotta go. Love you--

JEN (O.S.)
Bye.

DAN
Love you.

Jen hangs up. Dan pockets his phone, and walks through the door into--

INT. LIT DEPT LECTURE HALL - SAME

A 200 seat lecture hall, filled with chatting students. Emily is setting up the computer and projector at the front of the room.

DAN
(loudly)
Boy, you guys really bombed that
midterm, huh?

The class groans.

DAN (CONT'D.)
Let's hit the lights and get back
to basics, shall we? Who in here
knows what a poem is?

The lights dim, the room is illuminated by the projector, showing a text passage, ready to be pulled apart with the power of literature.

INT. JEN'S SUBARU - DAY

The car is clean but old enough that it feels like it will never been completely clean.

Jen hangs up from her conversation with Dan. Stares at her phone. She opens her messages to Tess.

-Hey sweetie; driving into town. Let me know when you get this.

-Haven't heard from you. Everything okay?

-Call me soon.

-I'm not mad, just no one's seen you. I can pick you up after work if you'd like.

-Hello! [Frowning emoji]

Jen sighs, puts her phone into her bag and gets out of the car, grabbing a key-card.

INT. STEVENSON LABORATORIES - DAY

An off-campus extension Marine Biology laboratory from UCSC. She steps through the large lobby; cement floors, a large hanging display of a whale skeleton above. She waves at the receptionist.

Deeper into the building is the aquarium. A small group of school children wander around on a field trip, poking their hands into a touch-pond filled with anemones.

Jen runs her keycard over a lock and steps through a door marked 'Staff Only. Laboratories.'

INT. STEVENSON LABS HALLWAY - SAME

The hallway is quiet, a few open doors reveal lab equipment, and offices with computers.

Jen rustles through her bag, putting her key card away. She almost bumps into DAPHNE BRIDGES (late 30's, curly hair, tall). Daphne gives her a friendly hip check.

DAPHNE
(teasing)
Careful Dr. Wilson.

Jen laughs and bumps her shoulder against Daphne's.

JEN
Sorry. I'm all over the place today.

DAPHNE

Hmm.

Daphne looks up and down the hallway. No one else is there.
She pulls Jen into a closet.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - SAME

A few mops, a small toolbox, a shelf with cleaning supplies.
Daphne pushes Jen against the door, pushes her bag off her
shoulder where it clatters to the ground.

They kiss. Jen chuckles into Daphne's mouth, runs her hand
under Daphne's shirt.

DAPHNE

I missed you last weekend.

JEN

Me too.

DAPHNE

And last night; I was all alone in
that big bed.

JEN

You mean that little mattress in
your apartment?

DAPHNE

It's a king sized bed in a mansion
overlooking the ocean. Very scenic.

JEN

Oh is that so?

DAPHNE

Shh. It's pleasant as hell. Modern,
but comfortable. I have a white rug
that costs more than I make in a
month, and can replace whenever it
gets dirty.

JEN

(sarcastic)

This is really sexy.

DAPHNE

Yes. Nice rugs are sexy, I'm glad
you agree.

JEN

Sure.

Jen laughs a little more, leans back against the door. She bites her lip.

DAPHNE

You alright?

JEN

Yeah. Fine. Just haven't heard from Tess. You know me, just anxious.

DAPHNE

She's probably out partying with the other kids back from spring break.

JEN

I guess. It's just not like her to not text back.

DAPHNE

No. I suppose not. But it's probably nothing. Battery ran out on her phone or something.

Daphne steps back. Jen reaches over and straightens out her shirt.

JEN

It's fine. She's just being a teenager, right?

DAPHNE

Sounds like it.

They sigh. Stand together in comfortable silence for a moment.

JEN

Time for work.

DAPHNE

Do we have to? Can't we just go back into my king sized bed, and have our butler bring in mimosas?

JEN

You have a butler now, huh?

DAPHNE

Yes. And I pay him extra to let me call him Jeeves. His real name is

Leonard.

JEN

(snorts)

Come on. Let's see if those workups on the water salinity have come back yet.

DAPHNE

Oh boy, I can't contain my excitement. Water salinity. So much drama.

JEN

Shut up.

DAPHNE

Make me.

Jen leans in and kisses her once more. The she picks up her bag, and slowly opens the door, peering out.

JEN

All clear.

DAPHNE

Go ahead. I'm going to wait. It'd be weird if we walked in together.

Jen leans over and kisses Daphne on the cheek one last time. Daphne responds with a gentle hand on Jen's face.

JEN

See you in there.

She leaves.

Daphne pulls out her phone, opens the messages.

Taps one out to Tess

-Hey babe. Your mom is stressing. Tell her you're not dead, lol.

And then,

-Maybe we can meet up tonight?

She pockets the phone, then peers out the door. The hall is empty once more, she leaves.

EXT. FARM OUTSIDE TOWN - DAY

Adam and Haudin walk towards the Fire Marshal truck (white, clean, a large 'Santa Cruz County Fire Department - Bonny Doon' decal on the door.

Haudin is holding the smart phone in a plastic evidence bag.

ADAM

I'm just saying, you could be nicer to the locals.

HAUDIN

I'm not here to be nice, I'm here to solve crime.

ADAM

The way you chain smoke is the only crime here. Except, you know, for the arson.

HAUDIN

So we're ruling out an accident? Definitely arson?

ADAM

Yeah pretty sure; leaning that way at least. I'll pick up my guys and circle back round here and get the forensics handled.

HAUDIN

Right.

They both look back at the shell of the barn. It's stark and black against the sandy grass. In the distance the ocean is barely visible. Haudin looks around.

HAUDIN (CONT'D.)

Where are we? Like, what's the closest landmark?

ADAM

We're only a mile or so outside of town. It just looks emptier than it is. We'll drive by Hamilton Avenue on the way back.

HAUDIN

D'you say Hamilton?

ADAM

Yeah, why?

HAUDIN
(a beat too long)
Must be turned around. Thought we
were in a different area.

They get in the car.

EXT. THE ROAD TO TOWN/HAMILTON AVENUE - DAY

Haudin and Adam drive past a house near the cliffs and ocean. Adam signals the turn, though there aren't any other cars in sight, and starts down the road towards town.

From the window Haudin looks at the small house.

A man (GEORGE HAUDIN, 70's, grey-haired, gnarled and tall, perpetually scowling), stands on his porch. Meets eyes with Jack Haudin in the car.

The man watches the car drive off towards the town in silence.

INT. BONNY DOON POLICE DEPT BULLPEN - DAY

The bullpen is slightly busier, but still not hectic. Phones ring, papers shuffle.

Olivia sits at her desk. Still sparse; a few slim files, her cell phone and wallet sit in the corner.

Haudin and Adam walk in.

ADAM
So you'll let me know what you find
on that phone?

HAUDIN
Yup. Inter-agency cooperation at
its finest, yeah?

They stop at the duo of desks where Olivia is sitting.

Adam and Olivia meet eyes. A cute dork meets a cute nerd. The stark difference in their heights is charming as is the way Adam turns into a human version of the heart-eyes emoji.

ADAM
H-hi.

OLIVIA
Hi.

HAUDIN

Can I help you? Need to make a statement about something?

OLIVIA

Oh. No-- I mean--

She stands, bumps the desk awkwardly, has to dive to catch a wayward file slipping off the edge to the floor.

OLIVIA (CONT'D.)

I'm Olivia Carr. I mean, Detective Olivia Carr.

Her eyes dart back and forth between Haudin and Adam.

ADAM

Adam Wilson
(awkward)
I'm an Arson Investigator-- umm,
Fire Marshal-- Sergeant Wils--

They have a moment of 'Do we shake hands?' Olivia almost salutes and catches herself.

HAUDIN

Oh, for Christ's sake.

He tosses the phone in the evidence bag down on the desk. It hits an empty coffee mug.

OLIVIA

Are you Haudin?

HAUDIN

Yes. Do you know what that is--
(gestures at the phone)
Detective Carr?

OLIVIA

Looks like a cellphone.

ADAM

Yeah! We found it at--

Haudin cuts him off.

HAUDIN

No. Tell me, Detective. What is this?

OLIVIA

Still a cellphone...?

HAUDIN

No. It's evidence. And it needs to go down to the lab.

Olivia picks up the phone, and examines it. Flips it around and moves the bag to get a closer look without taking the phone out.

OLIVIA

And you want me to take it?

HAUDIN

Yes.

OLIVIA

Is this a jerk-thing, or a you don't like women and make them do chores thing?

Haudin jerks a little where he sits.

HAUDIN

That's not--

ADAM

I can show you where it is--

HAUDIN

No. Ugh. Don't you have somewhere to be, *Fire Marshal Wilson*?

ADAM

Like you said, the phone is evidence.

HAUDIN

It's a jerk thing. I like women. I don't make them do chores. I'm just--

OLIVIA

Have you found out what's on it?

HAUDIN

What?

OLIVIA

The phone? Have you found out what's on the phone?

HAUDIN

(sighing)

No. It's dead. Probably fried in the fire.

OLIVIA

Did you try plugging it in yet?

Haudin stares. Then reaches out and yanks the phone out of Olivia's hands and brings it to his computer.

He fumbles a little with his own power cord, trying to figure out how to plug the phone in while still in the evidence bag. Adam leans over to try and help.

Olivia pulls a swiss-army knife out of her pocket and passes it to Haudin.

HAUDIN

Yes, because a corkscrew is exactly what I need in this situation.

With a huff, Olivia grabs the knife, opens it to a small pair of scissors, passes it to Adam.

OLIVIA

For pity's sake. Here.

ADAM

Thanks.

HAUDIN

Give me that.

Haudin cuts a small hole in the bottom of the bag. They get the phone plugged in. The no battery icon blinks on. Then a moment later the phone starts up.

HAUDIN

I'll be damned.

They stare at the screen through the evidence bag. One moment, then another. A progress bar slowly fills in front of them on the screen.

The phone asks for a passcode. Disappointment; held breaths released.

OLIVIA

Oh.

ADAM

Cancel out of there. I bet your tech guys can crack it open if we don't mess with it.

Haudin hits the 'cancel' button, and the lock screen appears. It's a generic phone background, but there is one notification waiting on the screen

OLIVIA
What's it say?

They peer closer, stretch the evidence bag to read.

-Unknown; You'll be sorry.

HAUDIN
Ah damn.

END ACT TWO

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ACT THREE

INT. DAN'S LIT DEPT OFFICE - DAY

Dan's office is small. Leather bound books surround him on ceiling-high shelves. Three college pennants are on the wall, next to framed diplomas. A coatrack with bags, jackets and an umbrella sit in the corner.

Horatio, the three legged dog, lies on a bed on the floor napping. The bed has his name embroidered on it.

Dan reads through an essay, marking it with a red pen.

The door to the hall is open, as is a small door to the side of his office where Emily works in a closet office. For all the remodels, Dan and Emily are still stuck in close quarters.

A young woman, MADDIE (early 20's coed, sorority girl pretty, tall, put together), knocks on the door.

MADDIE
Professor Wilson?

DAN
Hi there. What can I do for you?

She starts to close the door behind her.

DAN (CONT'D.)
Oop. Leave that open please. I need
to air this place out.

He looks pointedly at the closet where Emily sits, and she subtly puts her pen down, and listens in on the conversation. Maddie does not see Emily.

Dan pulls out a small stool for Maddie to sit on.

MADDIE
Well, it's about my grade.

DAN
This isn't official office hours,
you know. That's not until 4:00 I'm
going to answer everyone's
questions about the curve and
possible extra credit.

MADDIE
It's just-- I've never gotten such
a low grade before. I was just

wondering if there was anything I can do to bring it up?

DAN

Don't worry, there'll be extra credit options. You can go to the supplemental classes Emily's putting on too to help you understand the material.

Maddie scoots the stool slightly closer to Dan's chair.

MADDIE

But the problem is, I'm already doing more than a full course load. I don't know if I'll have the time to do the extra credit. Is there something else we could do?

She puts a hand on Dan's knee, touching his skin at the hem of the shorts.

MADDIE (CONT'D.)

Something else you might suggest I do?

Dan stares at Maddie's hand on his leg before he gingerly takes her by the wrist and cautiously settles her hand back on her lap.

DAN

You know what? I don't think you've thought this out, so let's put a pin in this.

(sighs, awkward)

I think your best bet is going to be the extra credit assignments. I think Emily's got those printed out already.

(calls out)

Emily?

Emily steps out from her tiny sub-office with the paper in hand.

Maddie blushes, stammers.

Dan stands up, and starts to usher Maddie to the door. Emily passes her a paper.

DAN

Please come back during office hours with the rest of your classmates if you have any other

questions.

Maddie, aware the exchange is over, nods curtly, takes the paper and leaves.

EMILY

...Wow!

DAN

I thought that kind of thing only happened in the movies.

EMILY

What do we do now?

DAN

Meander over to HR I suppose. You up for a field trip?

Emily sighs and grabs her purse, closing the door to her little office.

DAN (CONT'D.)

What do you think, Horatio? Wanna go on a walk?

The dog stares up at Dan for a moment before flopping back down on the bed.

EXT. UCSC CAMPUS - DAY

The campus is warm and sunny through treelined paths. Spring flowers are blooming, students are sitting out on the lawn. Dan and Emily walk through towards an admin building.

EMILY

You're awfully calm considering what just happened.

DAN

Not much I can do. Make a small report, hope that girl who's name I don't even know--

EMILY

Maddie.

DAN

Maddie doesn't say I sexually assaulted her. I'm more worried on the inside, I promise.

EMILY

If it helps, technically she assaulted you first. She initiated physical contact.

DAN

How very hashtag 'me too' of me.

EMILY

Maybe keep that to yourself.

He checks his phone. Four missed calls from Jen. He shows the screen to Emily.

DAN

See this; *this* worries me. On the outside even.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

The police station/civic center building abuts a forested hill; a strong wind blows, causing the redwoods above to sway ominously.

Adam weaves through the parked cars back to the Fire Marshal truck. Haudin jogs to catch up with him.

HAUDIN

Give me a ride.

ADAM

You need to practice your small talk. Maybe a little "Gosh that wind is picking up, by the way, could I trouble you for a ride please"?

HAUDIN

When in all the time you've known me have I ever said the word 'gosh'?

Adam rolls his eyes.

ADAM

Where to?

He unlocks the truck with a key fob. They climb in.

INT. FIRE MARSHAL TRUCK - SAME

Adam buckles his seatbelt and checks the mirrors, pointedly

looks at Haudin who buckles up as well.

HAUDIN
Hamilton Avenue.

ADAM
We going back to the farm?

HAUDIN
No.

ADAM
Okay. Where are we going?

HAUDIN
(beat)
Damn, that wind is sure picking up,
isn't it?

Adam rolls his eyes.

EXT. THOMAS JEFFERSON JR HIGH/HIGH, COURTYARD - DAY

A cement courtyard. Some outdoor lunch tables sit under an awning with a few vending machines. A small playground is nearby, and some kids are shooting hoops at a basketball court in the distance.

Zach sits on a bench and eats a pathetic sandwich alone. The granola bar from the morning lays unopened next to him at the bench. He's playing on his phone.

He looks around, before reaching into his bag, taking out a second phone, an iPhone, and checks it. No messages, a generic phone background. He puts it back.

Three older bullies walk up. CHAD, (mid-teens, greasy) is the ringleader.

CHAD
(skeezy)
Yo, tell your sister I say hi.

ZACH
Screw you.

CHAD
You wish, fag.

Zach doesn't have a response. The bullies walk away. Zach scoffs. Staying cool, staying cool.

Once they're out of sight he violently chucks the sandwich

onto the ground.

He glares around. No one saw. No one is looking. Zach stands up, shoulders his bag and leaves.

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME

Scott Moore watches the exchange from his window.

Sees Zach walk away, and through the back gate off of campus.

Does not do a thing to stop it.

EXT. GEORGE HAUDIN'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

A dirt driveway leading up to a very small cottage near the cliffs. The sound of the ocean permeates everything. Sea breeze rustles tall grass in the sandy area surrounding the home.

Adam leans against the Fire Marshal truck by himself, stretching his legs.

He pulls out his phone. Google searches; 'Olivia Carr'

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - SAME

Disrepair, a saggy couch, dirty windows, an open shelf with rows upon rows of pill bottles, thirty or forty in all.

George Haudin sits at a small table, a cane leaning against it.

Like Jack he is tall and thin, but gaunt from age and vitriol rather than drinking. Thick glasses, a mustache; a military tattoo on his arm just barely peaking out from the rolled up sleeve of his shirt.

GEORGE

Last night I was here. Like I'm
always here. Like you told me to
be. I follow direction very well,
(pointedly)
detective.

HAUDIN

Good, then you must've seen who lit
the fire. You were here after all,
following directions.

GEORGE

I was watching my soaps.

HAUDIN

Soaps don't play at night.

GEORGE

I used the gizmo. The tivo. Or
somesuch thing. I was watching my
tv and saw nothing.

HAUDIN

Except your soaps.

GEORGE

Yes, 'except my soaps.' Anjelica
got an abortion secretly. She can't
be sure if the baby was her
husband's or his twin brother's, so
she got rid of it. Which is
foolish. Had they consulted me or
anyone who even considered high
school, let alone medical school
they would know that was idiotic.
They're identical twins, the DNA
would've been the same in the
child. Who would know? A paternity
test wouldn't work, would it now?
What garbage.

Haudin looks out the window, leans to the side to see if he
can spot the barn; he can't. He glares at his father.

HAUDIN

(scoffs)

If I find out you had anything to
do with that fire--

GEORGE

You'll what? What other punishment
can you possibly conceive? You
brought me to this sty to waste
away because--

HAUDIN

You wanna talk about punishment? I
could dole out something--

GEORGE

I would hope so! You had every
opportunity to learn from the
best--

HAUDIN
(shouts)
Shut up! Just shut up!

Haudin rubs his face, steps away towards the door. The floorboards creak under his feet; the only noise now.

HAUDIN (CONT'D.)
You have no information about the fire? You didn't see or hear anything?

GEORGE
Why would I tell you if I had?

Haudin stares at him, reading his face. George glares back, unperturbed. Haudin flinches away first.

HAUDIN
You don't know anything.

GEORGE
Well, I suppose if you're so sure, son. You're the star detective after all.

Haudin rolls his eyes and storms out.

EXT. GEORGE HAUDIN'S DRIVEWAY - SAME

Haudin steps across the porch and down the stairs. He pulls a cigarette out and is about to light it as he walks towards the truck.

ADAM
You better not be smoking that if you expect a ride back into town.

Haudin stares at him for a long, hard moment, still walking towards the passenger side door.

ADAM (CONT'D.)
Fine. Just roll down the damn window.

INT. STEVENSON LABS - DAY

Jen sits at her computer. She taps nervously on the desk.

Around her sit piles of paper, files and data that needs to be sorted and processed and has been left forgotten as Jen worries.

Jen flashes back to a moment ago; talking to her husband.

DAN (O.S.)
 (on the phone)
 Sweetheart, stop worrying. I
 promise you she's fine. It's Tess.
 The worst trouble she could be
 getting in is trying to study ahead
 for her next semester's classes.

Her fingers tap on a pile of papers.

JEN
 Stop telling me not to worry.

DAN (O.S.)
 Her battery's probably just died.
 She'll be back by dinner. You told
 her you were making pesto. You
 really think she'd miss that.

JEN
 Damn it, Dan. Why do you always do
 this. I'm really freaked out and
 you're just--

DAN (O.S.)
 What?

JEN
 Never mind.

Tap on her purse, on her leg.

DAN (O.S.)
 (sighing)
 Listen, I have to go, I've got a
 thing. We can talk about this
 tonight. I love you.

She hangs up without saying it back, and sets her phone back
 on the desk.

Picks it back up instantly. No new messages while she was
 talking with Dan.

Clock reads; 1:13pm.

She counts the hours on her fingers.

JEN
 (mumbling)
 Saw her at dinner, went to bed; Dan
 saw her in the morning? So four

o'clock, five o'clock, six, seven,
eight o'clock, nine, ten, eleven,
noon, one... Ten hours.

Finally she opens a new window on her computer, google searches;

-how long do you have to wait to report a missing person?

She reads the answer on an official '.gov' page, reads the text aloud to herself.

JEN

(mumbling)

"You may initiate a missing persons report of any adult or juvenile at any time. Contrary to popular belief there is no wait-period."

(confident)

Yes. Good! Okay.

Picks up her phone, checks. No new messages, nothing. Throws the phone into her purse and rushes out.

EXT. STEVENSON LABS PARKING LOT - SAME

The parking lot is full, the sound of the ocean is loud nearby, a group of children play a fish related field trip game on the grass at the side of the building.

Jen is fumbling for her keys. Daphne shows up behind her trying to catch up.

DAPHNE

Jen! Jen! Where are you going?

JEN

The police station. You can file a missing person's report any time--

DAPHNE

Police station? What? Jen, come on. Calm down.

JEN

I just-- should I go to Bonny Doon station or go to the Santa Cruz station?

DAPHNE

Wait, wait a second.

She grabs Jen by the shoulders, spins her around, hands on

her face and neck, a little too firm.

DAPHNE (CONT'D.)

Babe, babe, calm down. You can't go to the police station--

JEN

No, I don't want to calm down. My daughter is missing! Why does no one care? Why am I the only one caring?

DAPHNE

Because it's Tess. She's the most worry-free person I know. She's an adult. She can handle herself.

JEN

She's not an adult, she just turned 18. She's a child! My child! And when have you ever known her not to text back?

DAPHNE

I just--

She can't help but look at her phone.

JEN

What was that? Why are you checking your phone?

DAPHNE

Because I texted her too. You were worried.

JEN

I didn't ask you to do that. Why would you--

(beat)

Forget it. I'm going.

Jen gets to her car door. Tries to open it when Daphne shuts it with a quick slam.

DAPHNE

Jen, stop. Is it possible you're worried about something else?

(Jen starts to talk)

No, no, don't-- this is about us. Right? You're freaking out about--

JEN

No, I'm not--

DAPHNE

You are. It's fine. We're fine. Maybe we should think about telling Dan; after Tess comes back healthy and whole, right? You'll get to yell at her, and yell at Dan and tell him it's over. This might just be a good thing.

JEN

But Tess has to show back up first. I just-- it feels like something's wrong. I just know it in my gut.

Daphne runs her hand down Jen's body, resting on her stomach. Cute, flirty, calming.

DAPHNE

This gut? Not much there. Must be mistaken.

JEN

I'm serious.

DAPHNE

So am I. Just wait. Wait a little while longer and if Tess doesn't show up I'll take you to the station myself.

Jen meets her eye. Finally nods.

Daphne takes Jen's face in her hand once more, leans into her space, close enough to kiss. Anyone could see.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BONNY DOON PD FORENSICS LAB - DAY

The lab is smaller than most, just enough for one person to keep things running. Cramped and windowless, with a small counter and window leading out into the hall.

Olivia steps towards it.

Inside the lab she can see a corner desk with a shaggy cat sleeping on a bed, and a mysterious science project with beakers and dripping chemicals.

OLIVIA
Hello? Anyone there?

EUGENE
Who the hell are you?

EUGENE HERMAN, (50's, dad-bod/craft-beer enthusiast pudgy), leans around from behind a stack of evidence boxes. Straightens his glasses and glares.

OLIVIA
I'm Detective Carr. I'm new.

EUGENE
I'm Eugene. I'm old.

OLIVIA
(awkward)
Right.

EUGENE
Have you come with an offering?

OLIVIA
What? Oh.

She lifts up the evidence bag with the phone. He stares at it and her for a long time. A beat too long, awkward.

OLIVIA (CONT'D.)
Can you figure out anything about this?

EUGENE
Appears to resemble a phone.

OLIVIA
You don't say...

He steps up and finally takes the evidence bag, peers at it. Looks back at Olivia, glares.

EUGENE

You've torn a hole in the bag.

OLIVIA

We were plugging it into the computer. To check it.

Eugene is unimpressed.

EUGENE

I'll get all the data off it and parsed through for you soon.

OLIVIA

How soon?

EUGENE

(beat)

Have a nice day.

Olivia blinks. Gets the point, leaves.

INT. FIRE MARSHAL TRUCK - DAY

Haudin and Adam drive down the coastal highway. As promised, the window is open, fast wind rushing through while Haudin smokes.

Haudin sees a dead deer on the driver's side of the road. Watches it as they pass, face grim.

The radio crackles on;

DISPATCH (O.S.)

We've got a possible grease fire at 432 Pine, Unit 7 responding.

Adam snags his radio from the clip above his head.

ADAM

This is Wilson, can you repeat that address, please?

DISPATCH (O.S.)

432 Pine Street.

ADAM

Damn it.

(on radio)

Show me going. Over.

He hits his breaks to pull over, flips a u-turn as soon as the traffic is clear and starts driving in the other direction.

He grabs the cigarette right out of Haudin's mouth, and chucks it out the window.

HAUDIN
What the hell?

ADAM
That's my brother's place. I gotta check it out.

HAUDIN
What did that have to do with my cigarette?

Haudin gets a chance to see the dead deer up close as they pass. Eyes open, tongue out. As fresh as roadkill can be without still twitching. He looks away.

INT. WILSON HOME KITCHEN - DAY

Smoke fills the room and billows out of a small open window. A fire alarm is going off. A pan surrounded with flames burns on the stove - the remains of a grilled cheese sandwich.

Zach stands in the kitchen, hyperventilating, panicking, tears running down his face, paralyzed with fear. He coughs violently from the smoke.

A fireman in full gear breaks in a door in the distance, swoops in and picks Zach up, ferrying him from the fire and out of the house.

EXT. WILSON HOME DRIVEWAY - DAY

Adam and Haudin pull up to the house next to a fire truck.

Firemen mill about; a fire extinguisher goes off inside the house. One of the firemen brings out the pan with the sandwich and they run the extinguisher over it once more.

Neighbors stand nearby, gawking, judging.

Zach sits on the bumper of the firetruck with a blanket around his shoulders. He's fine, stoic, staring at the ground ahead of him.

Adam rushes to him, pulls him in his arms. Only then does

Zach break down sobbing.

ADAM

Buddy, hey. Hey, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay. It's okay, I'm here. Your mom and dad will be home soon. It's alright.

Haudin stands a few feet back, looks around. He pulls a firefighter over by the arm.

HAUDIN

Any sign of the parents?

FIREFIGHTER

No.

HAUDIN

Fine.

(to Adam)

Wilson, you said this was your brother's place?

Adam glances over from where he's sitting next to Zach. He finally nods.

ADAM

Yeah. Dan Wilson.

HAUDIN

Where is he? Where's his mom?

ZACH

(shaky)

They're at work. Please, don't tell them--

Haudin steps up and looks down at the boy. Zach sniffles and pushes his glasses up his nose.

HAUDIN

Oh we're way past that now, kid.

ADAM

Lay off him.

HAUDIN

Why aren't you at school? It's school time, you're school aged, right?

ZACH

I left.

HAUDIN

I deduced that all by myself what with you not being there. Why?

ADAM

He's been having some trouble with some of the other kids.

HAUDIN

(stern)

And how do you know that?

ADAM

Because he's told me? That's what happens in families you know? We talk about school.

HAUDIN

Yeah. Sure.

ADAM

Umm. You understand that people have relationships, right? Uncles and nephews sometimes talk?

HAUDIN

If you say so--

A car skids down the road towards the house. Haudin, Zach and Adam all turn at the sound of rubber squealing on the pavement.

Jen BOLTS out, barely putting the car in park. Nearly falling as she rushes towards the house.

A fireman grabs her to keep her from running inside.

JEN

That's my house! That's my house! I got a thing on my phone that said the alarm--

She sees Zach sitting with Adam.

JEN (CONT'D.)

Zach! Zach! Oh my god! Oh god, oh god--

She pulls him close, looks him over and hugs him almost violently.

ZACH

Mom--

JEN
Oh Christ, oh Christ, oh Christ--

ZACH
Mom, I'm fine--

JEN
What the hell were you doing? What were you thinking? Why aren't you in school?

Haudin steps up.

HAUDIN
Ma'am, maybe I should be asking you some questions.

JEN
Who the hell are you? Adam, who is this?

Haudin pulls out his badge.

HAUDIN
Detective Jack Haudin--

JEN
Detective? Why in god's name is there a detective here, Adam? What--

ADAM
Jen, it's fine. He's a friend, he was riding with me and--

A second car pulls up, surfboards on top.

Dan Wilson parks and gets out, urgent, but not as urgent as his wife.

Horatio lumbers out after him, lies down in the grass near Adam.

DAN
What's going on? I got a thing on my phone saying the fire alarm went off?

ADAM
Everything's under control.

Dan sees Zach standing with Jen and Haudin.

Everyone is talking over each other,

DAN

Zach, what are you doing here? It's not a half day at school is it?

ZACH

I left--

JEN

You left? You just left? What do you mean--

ZACH

I couldn't be there anymore--

JEN

What does that mean? You couldn't be there-- You can't just leave--

DAN

Now calm down, Jenny--

JEN

Stop telling me to calm down, everyone keeps telling me to calm down! I'm sick of it! First you tell me not to worry about Tess who is missing, and now our house is on fire and you're telling me to calm down, I won't calm down, what the hell is going--

ADAM

Tess is missing?

DAN

She's not missing--

JEN

She's not answering her phone; I don't think she came home last night--

ZACH

I heard her window open at like midnight--

DAN

Midnight? That's late for you bud--

JEN

Midnight? Why weren't you asleep? Oh god, she's been gone since midnight?

HAUDIN
You have a missing child?

DAN
She's not a child, she's 18--

JEN
She is a child, Dan! You wouldn't trust her to buy a house, why do you think being 18 makes her an adult--

ZACH
I was just getting some water--

DAN
Legally it--

HAUDIN
And you haven't contacted any authorities about a missing person or--

JEN
I was going to but it seemed too soon and Daphne--

DAN
What does Daphne have to do with anything--

Suddenly, the radio on Adam's shoulder squeals on with a high pitched whine. Everyone falls silent at the noise; Adam looks sheepish as he adjusts the channel to fix the problem.

Everyone remains silent while Adam talks on the radio - glares and confusion the only communication in the small circle of people.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Wilson? Are you still at the Pine Street location?

ADAM
Roger that, we're just finishing up.

Jen glares at Dan and Haudin before turning around to look at any possible damage to the house. Haudin make a face at her back.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
We need your S&R crew over at the cliffs at the beach; you and the

truck are closest.

ADAM

S&R? Another surfer trapped on the rocks?

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Negative-- we just need someone to secure a perimeter until CSI and detectives can get a look at the scene.

ADAM

Scene?

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Yes, there's confirmed reports of a body at the base of the cliffs.

The following silence is heavy.

At the mention of a body Jen spins around, staring.

DISPATCH (O.S. CONT'D.)

Sergeant Wilson? Do you copy?

ADAM

(beat)

Yeah. Yes. I copy. Show me going; I've got firetruck 17 with me. Do you know the exact location?

He starts to walk towards his truck, waving at the other firemen to head out. Haudin follows and gets in with Adam.

The firetruck pulls out slowly, Adam's truck follows behind.

Jen, Dan and Zach stand in front of the house in silence.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. BONNY DOON BEACH - DAY

The beach is relatively empty. A man with a fishing pole propped up in the sand sits on a folding chair. An older couple on a walk.

They all watch the EMTs and Search and Rescue workers in action, climbing over the rocks to reach the body.

Adam helps cordon off a perimeter around the rocks, a fireman steps up to him.

FIREMAN

If we can't get in this way, we might have to come down from above with a winch. The body is right smack in the worst place it could be.

ADAM

Right. Do we have a visual? Any idea who it is?

FIREMAN

Not yet.

ADAM

Right.

Detective Carr is standing near the rocks with Haudin. She takes notes. The rocks are nearly taller than she is, but she eyes them with determination.

Haudin smokes.

Adam approaches.

HAUDIN

Are you sure you should be here for this? Aren't you a little close?

OLIVIA

Wait-- why shouldn't he be here?

ADAM

We don't know who the body is, alright. This is part of the job.

HAUDIN

My money's on that missing girl
from your dysfunctional family.

ADAM

Oh get bent. What are you even
doing? You want to go find out?
Gonna climb up those rocks in your
dressy shoes?

HAUDIN

Look, you're--

POLICE OFFICER

Hey, wait!

A commotion stops them. A uniformed police officer is trying to hold back Jen from getting closer to the scene. She's kicking and screaming, legs flailing as the officer holds her by the waist.

ADAM

Oh no--

JEN

Tess! Is it Tess?

Jen breaks free, shoves the uniformed officer down and starts sprinting towards Adam and the rocks. Urgent, frantic, manic.

Adam grabs her. She tries to fight back, slapping his chest and face.

JEN

Let me go! Let me go!

ADAM

We don't know if it's Tess, okay.
We're at the wrong spot. It's going
to take a little bit to figure it
out.

JEN

What? How can you not know? I'll
climb up there myself.

ADAM

Just wait here, okay. We're going
to find out as soon as we can.

JEN

Oh god. Oh my god. Oh god, why is
this happening? This isn't

happening.

The fight leaves her. She collapses down into the sand.

Adam looks around and sees Zach and Dan standing next to their car nearby.

ADAM

Why don't you go wait with Dan and Z--

JEN

If you don't get away from me right now, I swear to god I'm climbing up those rocks and finding out myself. Go to work.

Adam sighs and turns back to Haudin and Carr and--

There's only Haudin, smoking and looking up at one of the rocks, bemused, concerned.

Olivia has scaled up the rock, and steps nimbly over the jagged pieces towards the few EMTs that have made it into the crevice. She wobbles but regains her balance and takes a few more steps forward.

She disappears behind a rock.

Haudin squints, trying to get a glimpse of her.

JEN

Oh god, oh my god.

ADAM

It's okay. It's okay, Jen. Detective Carr knows what she's doing.

Adam gets the uniformed officer to help Jen to her feet, pulling her back from the scene.

Everyone stares at the spot where Olivia vanished.

After a beat, she POPS back up on a rock a few feet to the left of where she went down.

OLIVIA

Hi.

She waves as if she did not hold everyone's attention.

HAUDIN

Who is it? A girl?

OLIVIA

No--

Jen sobs loudly at this in relief. Olivia moves back across the rocks towards Haudin and Adam.

OLIVIA

Man, mid-forties. A hang-glider.

HAUDIN

A what?

Olivia jumps down, sand flies up around her, hitting Haudin.

OLIVIA

Hang-glider. That's what the paramedics said. Said it looks like his gliding thingy got caught on a tree and got all torn up and he just couldn't land right. Brought some of the cliff down on top of him too.

HAUDIN

Sounds grizzly.

OLIVIA

Looks grizzly too.

ADAM

Are you alright?

OLIVIA

Me? Yeah. Not my first dead body. I mean, it looked pretty gnarly but I don't really suspect foul play right now.

HAUDIN

Not so. I don't even know what a hang-glider is. Could be mafia code for murder.

ADAM

Oh, it's when a person with a large kite-like--

HAUDIN

I actually don't care.

Haudin moves to toss his cigarette into the sand when the eyes of all the eco-conscious Californians fall on him; he stubs it out on a rock and holds onto it instead.

Haudin, Adam and Olivia all turn to look at Jen. Zach and Dan have joined her on the beach. Zach is crying now too, as Jen hugs him close.

ADAM

So, listen. Their daughter, Tess, she isn't like some sort of runaway or anything. She's not like that. Real nerd, truth be told. She's back here for spring break.

HAUDIN

Except she's not here, is she?

ADAM

I guess not.

OLIVIA

She has to be somewhere.

HAUDIN

We can take their statement at their house. No need to go down to the station.

ADAM

Surprisingly tactful, Jack.

HAUDIN

Yeah, make sure to mark it down in your diary tonight.

He pulls out his pack of cigarettes only to find it empty. He rolls his eyes and starts the march up the hill from the beach, followed by Olivia.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - DAY

Haudin and Olivia sit at the dinning room table. Through the window the sun sets.

Across from them sits Dan and Jen.

Dan reaches to hold Jen's hand, and she jerks it away. Haudin notices, Olivia doesn't; too busy taking notes.

HAUDIN

Zach said he heard the window open at midnight, is that right?

JEN

That's what he said earlier. I didn't hear anything.

HAUDIN

And Tess's window is on the second story?

DAN

Yes, but it's near the garage. Someone could climb up or down from her window to the ground.

HAUDIN

So either Tess opened it or someone else did.

JEN

Oh god.

HAUDIN

You have a dog right? Does he bark when there's strangers around?

DAN

Yeah, sometimes. He's pretty lazy.

HAUDIN

But most dogs would perk up if someone opened a window and crawled in. I think it's more likely that Tess was climbing out.

OLIVIA

Age alone dictates that's more likely honestly. She's back on spring break, she probably wanted to go hang out with her friends.

They keep talking.

INT. WILSON HOME, STAIRWAY - SAME

Adam and Zach sit on the stairs, a few feet away from where Haudin and Olivia take the Wilson's statement.

Zach fiddles with a loose thread in the carpet. Adam bumps up against his shoulder.

ADAM

So what'd you get up to today? Anything fun?

ZACH

Almost got to see a dead body after nearly burning the house down.

ADAM

(light)

Oh please, gotta work a lot harder to burn a whole house down. Just today I was at a barn that was completely wrecked.

ZACH

Yeah?

ADAM

Must've been a huge fire. It was way out by that Mennonite commune, otherwise everyone in town would've seen it. It was weird.

ZACH

What made it weird?

ADAM

Well, just that one building burned. And we found a cell phone by the rubble.

ZACH

(confused)

Dad told me the Mennonites were like Amish people, they don't use cell phones.

ADAM

That's part of why it was weird. It was just sitting there by one of the barn walls all singed and whatever.

Zach frowns.

ZACH

What kind of phone was it?

ADAM

An older iPhone. Like a 5 or something. Why?

ZACH

Tess has a phone like that.

ADAM

No. Your folks all have those andriods. I remember Dan made a big kerfluff about it when he got you all on a family plan.

ZACH
No. Tess had that phone.

EXT. BONNY DOON BEACH - DAY

The sun sets, warm orange light hits the ocean, reflecting on the EMT uniforms.

With a small winch and pulleys, EMTs get the hang-glider's body out of the crevice, strapped to a board while onlookers stare.

They zip the body up in a body bag, roll it into the ambulance.

EXT. GEORGE HAUDIN'S HOME - DAY

The ambulance drives by on the way to the morgue. George Haudin watches it from his porch.

INT. THOMAS JEFFERSON HIGH/JR HIGH - DAY

Scott Moore perks up as he hears the sirens from the ambulance pass by. He watches through a window. He frowns, and stands to get a better view.

INT. DAPHNE'S CAR - DAY

Daphne sits at a red light. She pulls her phone out. No messages.

Opens the phone, taps out;

-'Tess, this isn't funny anymore. Your mom's going to the police.'

and sends the message.

She hears the sirens from the ambulance and quickly tosses her phone back into her purse. She pulls over to the side of the road with the other drivers to let the ambulance pass.

She watches it for a beat too long, a horn honks behind her and she jolts, starting her car again, and driving on.

She flinches when she sees the dead deer near her car out the window.

EXT. VARIOUS - DAY

A montage in unknown locations. Three things happen, no faces are revealed;

1) EXT. BEHIND A HOUSE - DAY

A pair of hands clicks the top onto a large outdoor garbage can; we do not see what is inside.

The person rolls the garbage can, heavy, cumbersome, into a dark corner by a shed.

2) INT. HOME-OFFICE - DAY

A dark room, illuminated by a computer screen.

The screen displays a message;

-This action will clear your hard-drive of all data. Would you like to continue?

The cursor moves over and clicks 'Confirm'.

The computer goes dark.

3) EXT. A BACKYARD - DAY

High, dry grass and a few beer cans litter the ground.

Someone throws a pair of lacy women's underwear into a small metal trash bin outside. Pours lighter-fluid over it.

Sets it on fire.

The underwear slowly falls apart, elastic melting, fabric consumed by the flames.

FADE TO BLACK.