

RESURFACED

Written by

Dave Pirinelli

213-434-7523
dpart2@mac.com

TEASER

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (1985) - NIGHT

A quiet night in rural Indiana. Early summer. Large trees on either side of a curvy country road. A SNARLING SOUND from the distance. With LIGHTS and a ROAR, a CAR approaches at speed.

The moon provides just enough light to see a YELLOW 80S CORVETTE, the only car for miles. It ZIPS down the deserted road, music HUMMING from inside.

INT. CORVETTE (1985) - NIGHT

Two YOUNG MEN (early 20s) react to the curves. BLOND passenger SNAPS a cassette tape in while BROWN drives.

"Gimme Three Steps" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ROCKS OUT from the speakers. They groove to the music and lean into the turns. The mood is bouncy and happy, good times ahead.

BLOND

I love this song.

BROWN

You know it's about a guy running away because somebody has a gun?

BLOND

Whatever, it's got a great beat.
I'm not scared, are you?

A hand slides onto a leg. The driver shifts gears and looks at the Blond. He doesn't move the hand away. A hint of a smile.

EXT. COUNTRY BRIDGE (1985) - NIGHT

A wide river courses beneath a bridge, dark and powerful. The Corvette comes into view.

An unseen large puddle at a turn before the bridge.

The car hits it, SPINS and SLAMS through the shrubbery. It FLIES into the air, gloriously aloft for a brief moment before PLUNGING into the water. The ENGINE SOUNDS stop, muffled YELLING comes from the car as it slowly floats down river. The car's lights work their way beneath the surface as it continues sinking.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BED - NIGHT [UNDERWATER]

The water is dark and muddy. We can just see the Corvette sink to the bottom. The lights FLICKER, dim, and GO OUT.

A quick MONTAGE shows days and nights flash by the car on the river bottom. Weeks, months, and years go past.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK. CALIFORNIA (PRESENT) - DAY

Tourists and locals mix in a heavy crowd. Sales pitches echo from every direction. MARISOL GRANTO and RICK DUCERNE sit behind a card table.

Behind them signage proclaims "Impossible Recoveries, You Lost It, We Find It".

Marisol, a lanky 20 Latina with long dark hair and a warm smile, tries to make eye contact with every passerby.

MARISOL

Lose anything? Help finding a phone? Your keys?

Rick, 19, blond and bored, stares at a video on his phone.

RICK

I'm telling you, we need a livestream where we find a CIA laptop or something gold. These guys got fifty thousand subs on their first post, found a cash box of stolen money.

Marisol answers, but keeps staring at potential customers.

MARISOL

Great plan. But since our biggest find was a soggy new iPhone, I'm not sure we'll get many clicks. You know of a treasure chest out there?

RICK

There's one at that pawn shop on Ocean. We could...

MARISOL

No, we couldn't. But tempting.

A DISTRAUGHT WOMAN approaches their table. She frantically searches through her bag as she walks up.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

You find keys on the beach? They're gonna tow my car in an hour.

She points at her watch, anxious. Rick stands and tries to connect with her, their first bite of the day.

RICK

Well, Ma'am, we employ a variety of means to...

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

Do you have a metal detector or not?

Marisol drops the signboard, revealing two METAL DETECTORS.

EXT. VENICE BEACH (PRESENT) - DAY

Rick and Marisol wave their detectors over the sand near a group of blankets, bottles, and other beach junk. Marisol takes a moment to SHOOT VIDEO of Rick searching. They listen intently to their headphones, the customer MOTIONS for them.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

We were over there for awhile.

Rick walks that way, hears a BEEP.

RICK

I got something.

He digs with a beach combing fork, comes up with a set of keys, RUSTY and OLD. The distraught woman remains distraught.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

Those aren't mine. Yuck!

Rick pockets them, keeps searching. Marisol pulls SHINY KEYS from the sand, TRIUMPHANT.

MARISOL

Yours?

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

Oh my god, you guys are amazing!

Marisol pulls her phone out.

MARISOL

Can you repeat that for our YouTube?

Marisol counts 3,2,1 with her fingers, cues her.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

These guys are the REAL DEAL. They found my keys in fifteen minutes!

Marisol stops filming. Their customer seems happy until...

MARISOL
That'll be two hundred, please.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN
I'll give you fifty.

MARISOL
The prices were clearly listed.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN
I was too upset to look.

They start to walk away. WITH her keys.

RICK
There's a locksmith two blocks up.

Marisol looks at her watch.

MARISOL
Better jog. Dropping these in the
city "Lost and Found" box. They
check it on Thursdays.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN
OK, fine, I'll pay.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK (PRESENT) - DAY

Satisfied, they sit at their table and split the money up.

RICK
Nice little haul.

MARISOL
We need to up our game.

RICK
Then come to the diving class with
me tomorrow, Mare Bear.

She stiffens at the old nickname. After a second, so does he.

MARISOL
Not cool.

RICK
I'm sorry. "Marisol".

MARISOL
And I already know how to dive.

Rick plays with the old rusty keys. He scrapes one clean.

RICK
Look, this old key is for a
Porsche.

MARISOL
Great, go find the owner and
collect.

Rick PICKS at more corrosion on the key fob, a chunk breaks
off. A glint of silver beneath with some faded WORDS.

RICK
"To my Eternal Love forever."

Marisol frowns, does a quick search on her phone.

MARISOL
Let me see those.

She grabs the keys, scrapes more corrosion off. A NAME.

RICK
"James"? I don't think we're gonna
connect with him.

Marisol excitedly compares the keys to an image on her phone.

MARISOL
Nope. Been dead for sixty-five
years. We just found the keys to
James Dean's last car!

She holds her phone up. The image matches. Stunned faces on
both. The title states "The Lost Last Keyring of James Dean".

INT. GALLEN HOME AVON, INDIANA (1985) - NIGHT

TITLE: AVON, INDIANA 1985

JIM GALLEN is a handsome young man of 19. We recognize him as
the Blond in the Corvette. Five feet eight inches tall, with
piercing blue eyes. He checks his hair in the hall mirror.

His parents, JAMES SR and SALLY GALLEN, 40s, watch TV in the
room behind him. Average Americans doing what Average
Americans did in 1985.

JIM
How do I look?

Sally gets up and walks to him.

SALLY GALLEN

You're going to that Murky's place again aren't you? Nobody can see in there anyway, so dark and smokey.

JAMES SR

Hardly any girls there worth dandying yourself up for.

Sally STOPS, gives her husband a surprised look.

SALLY GALLEN

How would you know?

James Sr ignores her, TURNS UP the TV.

Jim's still fiddling with his hair as she looks him over. He offers a conspiratorial thought.

JIM

(whispers)

Not really going for...

She SHUSHES him and FROWNS, pushes a stray hair down.

SALLY GALLEN

Be careful. Please?

JIM

I love you, Mom.

He kisses her on the forehead, then heads out the door. She follows with a worried look. He WINKS as he CLOSES the door.

JAMES SR

What was that you two were saying?

SALLY GALLEN

He said he might be home late.

JAMES SR

Oh, good.

James Sr returns to his program, Sally watches from the window as her son drives off. Concerned.

INT. MURKY'S BAR. INDIANA (1985) - NIGHT

Jim sits with TAD FREEMAN (22), a new acquaintance, at the bar. Tad is slightly taller than Jim. Both are pretty drunk.

TAD

Time for another beer?

He holds his empty glass up. Turns it upside down.

JIM
I've got a better idea.

He reaches behind his ear and magically produces a joint.

TAD
I like your thinking. Step out
back?

EXT. MURKY'S BAR BACK AREA (1985) - NIGHT

Behind the building, Jim and Tad smoke the joint. They're in the silence of a sleepy SMALL TOWN. A train WHISTLES somewhere in the distance. Jim's face is lit by the GLOWING end, his eyes wander on Tad.

TAD
Good stuff.

JIM
The best. Have I seen you around
before?

TAD
Nope. Just moved here coupla weeks
ago from Henderson. Trying to make
new friends.

JIM
You made one.

He hands the joint back to a smiling Tad. His hand lingers.

INT. MURKY'S BAR (1985) - NIGHT

Tad MARCHES in the back door and YANKS his jacket off the barstool. He gets the BARTENDER'S attention.

TAD
What do I owe you?

BARTENDER
The other gentleman already...

TAD
How much?

BARTENDER
Six dollars.

He tosses a wad of bills down.

TAD (LOUDLY)
That's no "gentleman". He just
offered me drugs and tried to put
some moves on me.

Tad STOMPS out the front door. Moments later Jim returns to his seat. A group of MEN with beards and flannel shirts stare. Righteous men.

EXT. MURKY'S BAR PARKING LOT (1985) - NIGHT

Moments later Jim heads out. The men follow him.

MAN 1
Hey, boy. Looking for something
special?

Jim senses trouble. He fumbles for his keys as the men approach and surround him.

JIM
I don't know what you mean.

MAN 1
Oh, I think you do. That fella you
lured out back told us you might be
queer.

MAN 2
Trying to get him on drugs and take
advantage of him.

Jim's way is blocked. He looks at the first man. Knows he's already lost.

JIM
If I was looking for something
special, I sure wouldn't be here.

They JUMP him and take turns viciously PUNCHING and KICKING him. The violence is fast and fierce.

They give him one more kick, then get bored and stop.

MAN 2
And don't come back, faggot.

He stumbles toward his car, they LAUGH.

INT. GALLEN HOME (1985) - NIGHT

Jim stumbles in, bleeding. His mother rushes down the stairs. She stares at him with a mixture of anger and pity.

SALLY GALLEN

Again?

JIM

They didn't like my hair.

She starts CRYING softly, leads him to the bathroom.

SALLY GALLEN

Come on, let's get you cleaned up.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK. CALIFORNIA (PRESENT) - DAY

Marisol, Rick and the final team member, LANCE KIRKPATRICK, walk down the boardwalk with their signboards. Lance, 26, is thin and stylish with hipster clothes and long brown hair.

MARISOL

Let's stop and see my brother.

They arrive at a small vendor shack packed with bikes. The sign above says "Fabian's Beach Bikes".

LANCE

Nah, I don't think he likes me.

MARISOL

Fabian doesn't like anyone. But he's got good WiFi.

They enter. FABIAN GRANTO, 27, works on a beach cruiser behind the counter. He's dark skinned, slightly taller than Lance and always in a hurry. His hands dance over a bicycle wheel, tightening and loosening spokes like a musician.

As they approach he flips his phone over, covering the screen.

FABIAN

No freebies.

MARISOL

Love you too, brother. Oh, you missed one.

She points to a spoke, he ignores her.

FABIAN
Time to change my WiFi password.

Rick whips out a tablet and checks his email.

RICK
Too late.

FABIAN
How's the bottle and can biz?

LANCE
Guess you didn't hear the news.

FABIAN
Found some rusty keys? I heard.

RICK
The keys were James Dean's.

FABIAN
The sausage king? Congrats.

Marisol knows that he knows better, shakes her head.

MARISOL
Before we had seven hundred
subscribers. Now it's five
thousand. THE James Dean.

Fabian patiently sets his spoke tool down.

FABIAN
Yippity. Did they heart what you
had for lunch? Click on your Insta
and Tik Tok? Look, I gotta get this
finished in twenty minutes. If you
ever want a REAL job, sis, I could
use some help.

MARISOL
Those keys are bringing us REAL
WORK.

FABIAN
I just put the deposit down on that
new dump Mom's moving into. Remind
me how much you chipped in?

She uncomfortably shifts footing.

MARISOL

That's not how it...it takes a while for the monetization to catch up.

FABIAN

Did you know Mom was EVICTED from her last place? Or about to be? She didn't tell you because she knew your "monetization" was running late.

With no good answer, Marisol pulls out the keys.

MARISOL

When he died in the wreck in '55, his girlfriend commissioned this keyring. Then threw it off the Santa Monica pier in a public ceremony. People've been searching ever since.

FABIAN

Good thing DWP were dredging and knocked'em loose for ya.

MARISOL

I FOUND them.

RICK

Impossible Recoveries found them.

FABIAN

You should put them on Ebay. Mom needs help now.

RICK

We can't yet, we need them to build hype for now. I've got an interview next week with a major influencer. We'll sell them once we hit one hundred thousand subscribers.

Marisol pages through emails.

MARISOL

The hype has already got us a job lined up. A real one.

Fabian GRIMACES.

FABIAN

A job finding what?

RICK

Keys of course. Now we're famous
key finders. Guy lost some keys in
a lake. For a safety deposit box.

FABIAN

Good luck.

RICK

Soon as we can get to Big Bear. You
and I could get a romantic cabin
with a hot tub...

Shakes her head, not gonna happen.

MARISOL

That ship has sailed. And sunk.

LANCE

Ouch. Let's keep the working
relationship working, OK, partners?

MARISOL

You two can share the hot tub.

The guys look at each other briefly.

RICK

Yuck.

LANCE

Double yuck. No hot tub needed.

MARISOL

What's in the safety deposit box?

RICK

No idea. I just know he says he'll
pay three grand IN CASH if we find
the keyring.

Marisol rubs her fingers together and grins at Fabian.

INT. MURKY'S BAR. INDIANA (1985) - NIGHT

A LOCAL BASEBALL TEAM unwinds after a big win. Their uniforms
say "Universal Tank". Big, strong and virile, player BILL
CONWAY cheers with his team. Brown hair hangs down in his
face. He makes his way to the bar.

BILL

Another round please.

Jim steps forward with a wad of bills.

JIM
This round's on me.

Bill reaches for his wallet, ponders. He lets Jim buy.

BILL
Thanks. Enjoy the game?

Jim, amused. A playful smile.

JIM
Which game would that be?

Unexpected. Bill smiles back.

BILL
Now I think maybe you're playing
one on me.

The beers arrive, Jim slides one to Bill. They toast.

JIM
Here's to winning the game.

Jim gives him a very subtle wink. Bill's confused for a moment, then gets the hint. He gives Jim another look, then a nervous smile.

BILL
Thanks for the beers.

Bill walks away with the beers. After a minute, he glances back. Jim's been waiting. Bill quickly looks away again, busted. Then looks back and smiles.

EXT. BIG BEAR POND (PRESENT) - DAY

Pine trees and rugged terrain. Marisol, Lance, and Rick row their way around in a small boat. A MAN on the shore yells.

MAN ON SHORE
Right about there!

Marisol looks at Rick and Lance.

MARISOL
You guys ready?

RICK
Ready for a thousand bucks? Always.

They roll off the back of the boat in their scuba gear.

EXT. BIG BEAR POND BOTTOM - DAY [UNDERWATER]

Rick dives in. The water is clear, but dark. His flashlight lands on sunken trees draped with muck. Unidentifiable shaped. He scours the bottom with his metal detector, finds some metal junk and puts it in a dive bag. He's surprised when out of the murk a large, older CAR appears.

He swims up to the window and wipes away mud.

EXT. BIG BEAR POND - DAY

Rick thrashes his way to the boat.

MARISOL

That was fast. Find the keys?

Rick reaches the back of the boat SPLASHING, climbs in, TERRIFIED. His FEAR puzzles Marisol.

RICK

Call the c-c-c-cops. Bones. Bones
in a car!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BIG BEAR POND EDGE - NIGHT

A radically different scene. Several POLICE CARS, a TOW TRUCK and a CORONER'S VAN have arrived. The tow truck slowly winches the MUDDY CAR toward shore. The silt covered 1996 Chevy Beretta drips and oozes as it breaks from the water.

BLUE and RED FLASHES illuminate everything. A SMALL CROWD has gathered for the spectacle. Lance shoots footage with his phone.

MARISOL

Rick, I don't know why you're so scared. The lady's been missing since we were in grade school.

RICK

I'll tell you who was scared, our client. Vanished the second the cops showed up.

LANCE

There goes our payday. How're we paying for the cabin?

She slumps, disappointed. Rick sips a coffee.

The CORONER works behind a SCREEN removing the body from the decrepit car. The crowd behind the caution tape watch, transfixed by the spectacle.

A NEWS VAN appears, a REPORTER and CAMERAWOMAN approach.

REPORTER

Are you the ones who found Miriam Teitlebaum?

Marisol sees an opening, moves. She STANDS QUICKLY, straightens her hair and SMILES to the reporter.

MARISOL

Yes, we did. Impossible Recoveries doing what we do best. We're also the ones who just solved the James Dean mystery.

The reporter looks confused for a moment.

REPORTER

Could we interview you? Would love to have an exclusive.

Marisol motions for Rick and Lance to get up. Rick stands unsteadily as Lance pulls off his scuba gear.

MARISOL

Be happy to.

The reporter motions to the CAMERAWOMAN who fires up the LIGHT and CAMERA.

CAMERAWOMAN

In three..two...

She cues the reporter.

REPORTER

With a WNAP breaking exclusive, we come to you live from Big Bear Pond. These brave divers have located the remains of Miriam Teitlebaum, solving a fifteen year old cold case. Care to introduce yourselves?

She holds her mic out, Lance smiles weakly. Marisol pulls the mic toward herself, Rick squints at the light.

MARISOL

We're Impossible Recoveries. Our motto is "You lose it, we find it." I'm Marisol, my partners Rick and Lance.

She cues her boys.

RICK

Find us on Youtube, Impossible Recoveries.

LANCE

And Insta. Hashtag #ImpRec.

The reporter takes the mic back.

REPORTER

Fifteen years ago on April seventeenth Miriam ran out for hot sauce for a barbecue. She never returned. Her family has spent a decade and a half looking.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Tonight you three found her. How does that feel?

There's a disturbance as a MAN and WOMAN force their way forward through the crowd. Both are mid 30s, and very DRIVEN, intense. The crowd watches them expectantly.

At the sight of the car, their momentum stops. They are JACK and LILA TEITLEBAUM, 30s, the found woman's children. Jack falls to his knees, staring at the car.

LILA

It's true. It's her car, I can't believe it.

JACK

I knew she'd never leave us.

The reporter walks to them, Marisol follows. She rises to the occasion, turns to the CAMERA who focuses on her.

MARISOL

She's been here the whole time.

REPORTER

Are you Jack and Lila, Miriam's children?

LILA

We've been waiting for her to come home since we were kids...

The reporter opens the scene up to include a better shot, motions to her CAMERAWOMAN.

REPORTER

Jack and Lila, would you like to say something to the people who found your mother?

The stunned family stares at the team for just a moment. Lila grabs Rick in a hug, Jack grabs Marisol.

LILA

Thank you, thank you so much. You have no idea how hard it's been not knowing...

JACK

I can finally sleep at night. I'm just sad Dad didn't live to see this.

LILA

He knew she didn't run off. He
always knew.

JACK

And you proved it. You're true
heroes.

The crowd RESPONDS with raw emotion. MURMURS and HAPPY TEARS.

Lila and Jack walk towards the DRIPPING CAR as if in a
trance. An OFFICER interrupts and gently guides them to his
patrol car.

Marisol takes in the gathered crowd. Not a dry eye present.
Even a fireman wipes a quick tear away. She sees the
potential, feels the power of the moment.

Before the reporter can continue, Marisol speaks up again.

MARISOL

At Impossible Recoveries, we know
that families need the answers.
We'll keep looking even when
everyone else has given up.

REPORTER

What will you do with the ten
thousand dollar reward?

SURPRISED SMILES all around. Marisol GLOWS.

EXT. MURKY'S BAR. INDIANA (1985) - NIGHT

It's closing time. The gravel lot now mostly empty. Three
patrons wander out and drive off. Finally Bill and Jim amble
out, laughing. They're alone. Silence envelops them.

BILL

Nice to have met you. Maybe I'll
see you at our next game?

Bill looks around the empty lot.

BILL

Oh crap, my buddies left. Guess I
need to call a cab.

He heads for the corner payphone, Jim stops him.

JIM

Let's make a deal. I'm a trifle
buzzed, but if you're OK to drive,
I've got a car.

He motions to a SHINY YELLOW CORVETTE. It GLOWS under a haze
of fluttering moths swarming a streetlight.

BILL

A really nice car.

JIM

Thanks, Grandma left me some money,
so why not?

BILL

Good for you. But how's that work
to get us both home?

Jim walks provocatively toward him DANGLING the keys.

JIM

I'll drive myself home in the
morning. You said your roommate's
out of town, so...

Bill CONSIDERS for a moment, glances at the car.

BILL

Well, I don't usually, I mean I'm
not...

Jim takes the cue, agreeing they're TOTALLY NOT GAY.

JIM

Sure thing. Me neither.

Bill takes another look at the GLOWING car. GRABS the keys.

BILL

OK, deal.

JIM

I hope it's not too fast for you.

BILL

I think I can handle it.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Bill twists the key, the engine ROARS to life. He glances
out, adjusts the mirrors.

Finally he looks over to Jim, whose face glows with moonlight and HOPE. He leans in and quickly KISSES him.

BILL

You're gone by sun up. Neighbors.

JIM

Okey doke.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The Corvette zips down a deserted road, trees whip by on both sides. Bill keeps the car on a leash, just barely. He's happy, enjoying ANTICIPATION and the eager four barrel Quadrajet connected to his right foot.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

As Bill rounds a turn the tires SQUEAL.

JIM

Feeling dangerous?

BILL

I don't know. Maybe.

Jim slides his hand onto Bill's leg. Bill shifts gears but doesn't move the hand away.

JIM

I like you.

He slides his hand further up Bill's leg. Bill smiles and looks over. Jim moves in to kiss him, as he gets closer Bill closes his eyes.

EXT. WHITE RIVER IN INDIANA (PRESENT) - DAY

VINCE CLEMSON, old guy, fishes from a small boat out in the river. Behind him is the bridge Jim's car ran off of.

Vince has SOMETHING on his line. He reels it in energetically and is surprised when he pulls out a muddy CAR MIRROR. Under that mud, BRIGHT YELLOW PAINT.

VINCE

I'll be damned.

INT. SALLY GALLEN'S HOUSE (PRESENT) - DAY

Same house, different furniture. Still mid American frumpy. The years have passed, Sally's now an older woman.

There's a bleached and polished reporter, AMBER FREISON, 30s, next to her. Sally's excited, she turns the found MIRROR over in her hands. James Sr is still in his chair, frail now.

AMBER FREISON

So this is the first break in the case in more than two decades.

SALLY GALLEN

They said he was in San Fransisco. But he never left town at all. I always knew that. We did.

She runs a hand on her husband's knee. He tries to smile.

AMBER FREISON

Have you confirmed this mirror came from his car?

Sally shakes her head. James Sr WHEEZES softly.

SALLY GALLEN

General Motors can only confirm this is the right sort of mirror for his car. No serial number on it unfortunately.

AMBER FREISON

What do the police say?

James SR coughs.

SALLY GALLEN

What they always say, "We will investigate and get back to you."

JAMES SR

All they've investigated is Al's Doughnut's on 3rd. If he'd vanished there they might have found him. MIGHT.

Sally looks doubtful. She appeals to the camera with the mirror and a picture of Jim's car.

SALLY GALLEN

I know in my heart this is Jim's car. We'll FINALLY have answers. It's been so long.

Amber leans in, eager to get the camera back on her.

AMBER FREISON
Sounds good. What's next?

Sally gets excited. Spins the mirror around in her hands.

SALLY GALLEN
We NEED to know. You don't know how bad. But the police say they can't dive now. The current is "too swift".

JAMES SR
I don't think they're too swift.

The reporter gives him a very fake smile.

SALLY GALLEN
Would you like to see his room?
We've kept it the same.

AMBER FREISON
Perhaps later.

SALLY GALLEN
I've found a group who solved a similar case in California. They're coming here to search nearby rivers and ponds.

AMBER FREISON
What group is this?

SALLY GALLEN
They're known as Impossible Recoveries. I asked them to hurry.

She takes her husband's unsteady hand, adjusts a pillow. He nods gratefully, eyes fading. She grimaces at Amber, time is RUNNING OUT. Soon.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

The Impossible Recoveries booth now UPDATED. A flashier SIGN BOARD has new, higher prices along with references to the MIRIAM TEITELBAUM case and JAMES DEAN'S KEYS. Shiny new gear shows where the reward money went.

MARISOL
We're moving UP buddy.

RICK
Gonna take those diving classes
now?

MARISOL
I just started them. What do you
think of these walkie talkies?

She shows Rick a page on Amazon.

MARISOL
Two mile range, could help on our
bigger jobs.

RICK
We need you on the next job,
Captain.

MARISOL
The VERY cold case missing kid in
Indiana? I told you I can't go
until I finish helping Mom move
next week.

RICK
She'd understand. I can't dive
alone.

MARISOL
Understand what? Carrying boxes
down a flight of stairs by herself?
This was scheduled a month ago, we
have a truck and everything. I have
to be there. Just wait a week and I
can go. Or take Lance.

RICK
There's still a five thousand
dollar reward for finding this kid.
Now that a clue's been found,
waiting's a bad idea.

MARISOL
A clue?

RICK
A mirror, probably from the missing
car. Fisherman pulled it out a
couple days ago. Near a curve the
kid might have been driving on. Did
I mention the reward?

MARISOL

Fine, I'll go. Fabian'll be there to help her move. Lance can help too.

RICK

So, are you guys dating now?

MARISOL

A. None of your business. B. Never in a million years. C. Still none of your business.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill in present day. PAUNCHY and with a thick salt and pepper BEARD. Behind a nice desk in a bland office. He pauses video of the news at the spot where Sally holds the mirror up.

He lets it run again, RAPS his fingers on the desk, then picks up a photo of his family. He and his WIFE with their TWO CHILDREN. Standing in front of their home. He reaches for the office intercom.

BILL

Miss Gleason, I need you to clear my schedule for the next two days.

He gets up and paces around. Miss Gleason's VOICE comes from the small speaker.

MISS GLEASON (O.C.)

Certainly Mr. Conway. Will you be attending the Interfaith Council Meeting instead?

Bill studies a map - White River and Eagle Creek Park.

BILL

I'm going camping.

INT. CONSUELA'S OLD APARTMENT - DAY

It's a small second story unit. Nearly empty with LABELED BOXES stacked by the door.

CONSUELA GRANTO (55) sits in the last remaining chair. She's a touch heavy and looks unhealthy for her age.

Lance heads down the stairs with a heavy box. Fabian watches.

FABIAN

Careful!

LANCE

Worried I'll fall?

FABIAN

Worried you'll drop the china.

Consuela FANS HERSELF with a To-Go menu. Despite her deteriorated state, she has an AIR OF PRIDE about her.

Fabian loads a box, YELLS to Lance.

FABIAN

Pick up the pace, Lance. I don't want to be here all day.

CONSUELA

¿Porque maltratas el niño?

FABIAN

English only, Ma, I told you.

CONSUELA

Why you are so mean to that boy? He's helping for free, you should be nice.

FABIAN

OK, I'll try. Maybe you could finish packing up the bathroom?

CONSUELA

I need to pack your father's things.

FABIAN

Throw them out. El no va a volver.

Flustered, Consuela's about to answer when Lance walks back in. His phone RINGS, he answers.

LANCE (ON PHONE)

Found him?

MARISOL (O.S.)

Not yet, but I've got a good feeling.

LANCE (ON PHONE)

OK. Get in touch when you do, I've got tchotchkes to load up. Tomorrow I get to unload them.

MARISOL (O.S.)
I know, and I'm really, REALLY
thankful you stayed to help.

LANCE (ON PHONE)
I still get one third of the
reward?

MARISOL (O.S.)
Oh, he's diving again, gotta go.
Give my Mom a kiss, Fabian too.

Lance ends the call. Not smiling.

LANCE
She says "Hi".

CONSUELA
Constantemente viajando y todavia
no han ido visitar a su padre.

FABIAN
¿Cual es la prisa? Todavia le falta
veinte años.

Lance looks confusedly between them.

LANCE
Am I missing something?

Fabian points to a large box.

FABIAN
She said the heavy one over there
has your name on it.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK - DAY

Marisol stands wistfully at the river's edge with Sally.

MARISOL
No luck so far, but we're going to
keep looking.

SALLY
My husband would be here, but he's
in bed again. You don't know what
this means to him. His only son.

MARISOL
I hope you can take him some good
news today.

Rick brings the boat in. Sally stands by, expectant. She holds the dirty old mirror like a talisman. Marisol helps Rick back on shore.

SALLY GALLEN

Any luck?

Their dejected looks answer her. She sets the mirror down with the diving gear.

SALLY GALLEN

OK, I'd better get back and see what James Sr is up to. He'll be wanting his dinner soon, I expect. Hope I have the energy to cook.

MARISOL

Go ahead. We'll pack up. See you in the morning.

SALLY GALLEN

Perfect. Thanks so much.

She gives them both hugs, crying a little. Rick's momentarily uncomfortable, but eases into the hug.

SALLY GALLEN

I don't think you know what this means to me, to us. Nobody's cared about Jim in all these years. They hardly cared about him when he was alive...

She catches herself, CRIES again. She SAID IT.

RICK

See you tomorrow.

Sally walks up the river bank toward her car.

MARISOL

I feel so bad for her. I want to find him even more now.

RICK

We're not gonna find him, face it. Nothing but mud and beer cans down there.

He holds a BAG OF JUNK up to illustrate.

MARISOL

We need to find him, for them.

RICK

You just want the internet creds
and the reward. You got her hopes
all up but have no idea how to find
her kid.

MARISOL

Really?

RICK

You're like a doctor promising a
full recovery. You can't KNOW we'll
find him.

MARISOL

I suddenly remembered why we broke
up. I'm going to go help Sally make
dinner. Pack up on your own.

Marisol runs off, leaving him FORLORN on the river bank.

Rick hears Sally's engine START and then FADE away. He looks
out to the river again, checks his air gauge. NOT empty.
Still enough light and air for one more dive. He goes for it.

INT. CONSUELA'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Her new place is even smaller. The view from the window is
just another wall. But at least it's on the ground floor.
Lance and Fabian CARRY BOXES IN. Consuela RESTS.

FABIAN

You didn't tell me it was so small.
All your stuff isn't gonna fit.

She gets up and goes to the kitchen. She's already got a few
boxes open and some food cooking. It pains Fabian to see her
LEAN on the counter as she stirs. Unsteady.

CONSUELA

Easier for me to get to everything
now, it's more close. And I don't
need so much things with Papa away.
And no stairs now!

Fabian heads out for more boxes. Lance checks out the food.
Consuela looks through a box, it SPILLS onto the floor.

Lance helps her put everything back in. Lots of credit card
and hospital bills. A bundle of letters, from Inmate #661452
in the California Corrections system. Consuela tosses them
in, closes the box.

CONSUELA
Old papers. No important.

LANCE
Okey doke. Whatcha cookin' Mrs.
Granto?

CONSUELA
Soupy beans. Chicken and rice too.
I'm a good cook, like my daughter.
A man needs a good cook.

She WINKS at Lance, he doesn't know what to do with that.

LANCE
Smells great.

She stirs the pot. AGAIN.

CONSUELA
Give me a few more minutes, I have
to find some things to finish. You
like to drink Horchata?

LANCE
Is that like Coke?

CONSUELA
Is much better.

She opens the freezer, it's empty. She fills an ice tray then
pours some of the milky beverage in a glass.

CONSUELA
No ice yet, you like it warm?

LANCE
I'll wait for the ice.

EXT. CONSUELA'S NEW BUILDING - DAY

A rented U-Haul blocks the alley. Fabian moves some boxes to
the rear of the truck. Lance approaches and sits down at the
back, pulls out a vape pen.

LANCE
Any word from the former lovebirds?

FABIAN
They had a fight, she's hanging
with the family for now.

LANCE
Your mom dropped some inmate
letters.

Fabian BANGS a box onto the end of the truck. PISSED.

FABIAN
Take that one next. Keep moving.

Lance tries to save the moment.

LANCE
She wanted to give me some weird
Mexican drink. Horse milk or
something. White goop.

Fabian thinks for a moment.

FABIAN
You've been in LA for five years
and never tried Horchata?

LANCE
Nope. And she keeps trying to tell
me I should marry your sister.

FABIAN
Ignore her, I do. Come on.

Lance grabs a box and follows him. Something has changed.

LANCE
So what's in that drink?

Fabian doesn't look back.

FABIAN
Horse milk.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BED - DAY [UNDERWATER]

Rick swims down through the murk, he finds a large turquoise oil tank. He goes past it, fighting hard against the current. He finally comes to a CAR buried in the mud.

The outline of a CORVETTE shows through the muck. Excited, Rick rubs off some mud, sees YELLOW PAINT and a MISSING MIRROR!

He swims quickly to the back of the car and yanks off the rusty license plate "93a4512." IT'S JIM'S CAR.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK - DAY

Rick SWIMS MADLY to the shore with his PRIZE. He's surprised to find a MAN waiting on the river's edge. It's dusk, and hard to see, but we know him as BILL.

BILL
Hey friend, whatcha diving for in
this old river? Treasure?

Rick makes his way to shore, splashing in his excitement.

RICK
I found it! The missing Corvette.
That kid. I'm gonna get the reward!

As he nears the shore, Bill helps him up.

BILL
Oh, that missing boy. So long ago.
Did you get proof?

RICK
Got this.

Rick holds up the LICENSE PLATE. Bill looks thoughtfully.

BILL
You should get inside and see if
there's an id or wallet. Now's the
time, while you still have gear on.

RICK
Not gonna open it. I've got the
license plate and GoPro footage.
I'm out of air anyway. And light.

Rick keeps staring at the plate as he removes his mask and gear. THWACK! The man CLOBBERS him in the head with a LARGE ROCK. Rick CRUMPLES to the ground, face down.

BILL
Enjoy your reward.

He takes the LICENSE PLATE, breaks it in half and FLINGS the pieces far out into the DARKNESS. He turns to Rick's unconscious body, MALICE in his eyes.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DAY'S INN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Low rate hotel room, two queen beds. Marisol JERKS up, awakened by a BAD DREAM. Looks over at Rick's bed, still EMPTY. The bedside clock glows 3 AM.

On her phone, a lone text from Rick at 7PM "I've had enough. Outta here." She sends another text off to Rick, waits, no answer. She tries to call him, it goes straight to voice mail. She leaves a message.

MARISOL (ON PHONE)

Hey, just had a bad dream about you. I know you're mad, just call me. Or come back to the hotel. I'm...uh...waiting.

She sets the phone down, concerned.

EXT. DAY'S INN HOTEL - DAY

Strip mall heaven. A weedy field behind the Days Inn waits for a purpose, choked with weeds. The morning sun glows in the rising mist, alive with summer insects.

Sally's car pulls in the parking lot. Marisol jumps in, points back to the road.

EXT. WHITE RIVER PARKING AREA - DAY

Marisol and Sally approach Rick's rental car.

SALLY GALLEN

He's already here, see?

Marisol puts her hand on the hood. Shakes her head.

MARISOL

Cold. This never left.

She pulls a key from her pocket and opens the door. A quick search reveals nothing.

SALLY GALLEN

If you have the key, how could he drive back?

MARISOL

We got two keys. Gonna see if he's
by the water.

She runs for the river, Sally follows.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

Lance stands with a GIRL and her soaked phone.

GIRL

Should I go get some rice?

LANCE

For lunch?

GIRL

To dry the phone out.

Lance looks at the phone, there's water MOVING inside the
screen.

LANCE

Yeah, you could try that. But I
still need the recovery fee.

The girl puts her HANDS UP.

GIRL

How am I supposed to pay when I
can't use Venmo? I'll come back and
pay after my phone turns on.

She holds the power button down, trying to get it going.
Water DRIPS from the charging port. Lance is about to argue
when his phone RINGS, a call from Marisol. He answers.

LANCE (ON PHONE)

Find him?

MARISOL (O.C.)

Which one?

LANCE (ON PHONE)

Either one.

MARISOL (O.C.)

Rick never came back to the hotel.
I don't know what to do.

GIRL

Let me give you my Venmo handle...

Lance holds a hand up to silence her.

He walks away, worry on his face.

MARISOL (O.C.)

Just that weird text from him.
Nothing since. He never came back
to the hotel.

Lance raises his eyebrows.

LANCE (ON PHONE)

Try calling?

MARISOL (O.C.)

Twenty times. No answer, calls or
texts. What if he drowned?

LANCE (ON PHONE)

Didn't you guys have an argument
last year and he ran to Palm
Springs for a coupla days?

MARISOL (O.C.)

Yeah, but that was when we were a
couple.

LANCE (ON PHONE)

Uh huh. And that changes this how?

MARISOL (O.C.)

It doesn't. I don't know.

LANCE (ON PHONE)

He's probably fine, went and had a
drink to cool down after your
argument. And met a friend. Maybe a
pretty one.

MARISOL (O.C.)

He left our rental car at the
river. Something's wrong.

LANCE (ON PHONE)

If you believe that, call the cops.
I'm getting a flight either way.

EXT. GALLEN HOME - DAY

Marisol knocks on the door, the RENTAL CAR behind her in the
driveway. Sally answers the door.

SALLY GALLEN

What did they say?

MARISOL

They say that text proves he's fine. Ex girlfriends, anyone in fact, can't file a missing person's report for 48 hours, etc. No help.

SALLY GALLEN

I'm not surprised.

MARISOL

Our third team member, Lance, is getting a flight out here.

SALLY GALLEN

Come in, I just made breakfast.

MARISOL

Can I get it to go? I need to get back to that river. If the cops won't look, I will.

Marisol notes that the porch light is still glowing.

MARISOL

Light's on.

SALLY GALLEN

We leave it on all night. So he knows we're still waiting.

MARISOL

Huh.

Sally turns the light off. Sad thoughts swirl for both. Just for a second.

SALLY GALLEN

Got your diving stuff?

MARISOL

In the car already. Let's go.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK - DAY

Back at the same spot. Marisol puts on diving gear, occasionally checking her phone. Sally has a bag with sandwiches and snacks.

MARISOL

Do you have the mirror the fisherman found?

SALLY GALLEN

That's the weird thing, it's not here. I left it last night, and you didn't bring it but it's gone. Who would steal an old mirror?

Marisol sees some sparkles on the ground. By a scratched rock she sees shards of broken glass and yellow paint chips. She picks some up, rubs them between her fingers. They FLASH in the light as they filter down through the air.

MARISOL

Looks like it got broken.

SALLY GALLEN

I don't understand?

Marisol checks her tanks and gear again.

MARISOL

I've gotta go look.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT CURB.CALIFORNIA - DAY

Lance jumps out of an Uber with his bag. He looks up and watches a plane TAKE OFF while it's engines SHRIEK. He walks to the terminal.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK.INDIANA - DAY

Sally continues her vigil at the river's edge, watches Marisol out in the water. She notices the slivers of broken mirror, kicks them over. She YELLS out to Marisol.

SALLY GALLEN

How're you doing? Ready for a sandwich?

MARISOL

OK, I gotta swap tanks anyway.

Marisol emerges from the river. Sally watches her studying a broken piece of plastic.

SALLY GALLEN

What's that?

MARISOL

A piece of Rick's GoPro camera housing. We need to see what's on that camera.

They're approached by SHERIFF RUNYARD, 63, gruff, and his puppy dog of an assistant, DEPUTY CRAWTHORN, 34.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

'Afternoon. We're here about a littering complaint.

MARISOL

Littering?

Behind the Sheriff, Deputy Crawthorn raises his hands, as mystified as the ladies. The Sheriff motions toward some bags of metal junk piled by the river.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

That looks like litter. Littering in a state park is a misdemeanor and carries a fine.

MARISOL

We're trying to find my friend Rick who disappeared here yesterday. I called your office.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

I heard about your missing beau. Out for a pleasure swim? Or internet fame?

MARISOL

We've been looking for this woman's son who vanished in 1985.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

Oh, I'm familiar with Mrs. Gallen here. Her complaints fill an entire cabinet in my office. And her muckraking with the media doesn't sit well with me.

SALLY GALLEN

Marisol, meet Sheriff Runyard. Sitting is about all he does well. And this is his whipping boy, Deputy Crawthorn.

An uncomfortable MOMENT passes. No hands are shaken.

MARISOL
Any news on Rick?

SHERIFF RUNYARD
The ex you had a lover's spat with?
Try "Dear Abby". About the litter?

Marisol seethes, but knows this isn't the time.

MARISOL
We're using metal detectors
underwater, looking for pieces of
the car. When we find pieces of
metal junk we take it out so we
don't waste time finding it again.

SALLY GALLEN
They throw it away. So really the
OPPOSITE of littering, bless your
heart.

SHERIFF RUNYARD
So you say. Be sure to haul all
your crap out of here when you're
done swimming. Or I'll cite you.

MARISOL
Sure thing. Sir.

She salutes.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Any luck?

Marisol holds the broken camera housing out. While the Deputy
examines it, the Sheriff GRABS it from him.

SHERIFF RUNYARD
What's this?

MARISOL
It's an underwater housing for a
GoPro camera. I think it's Rick's.

SHERIFF RUNYARD
Well, happy horse shit.

The Californians haven't heard this charming phrase before.

MARISOL
What does that even mean? This
could be evidence. Rick is missing.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

You argued. He probably ran off
with a fine young thing like you.
Like his text message said.

MARISOL

He never returned his air tanks.
And our car was still here.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

His new girlfriend has a car. Good
for them.

MARISOL

I'm telling you this was his.
Something happened to him, here.

The Sheriff guffaws, not impressed. DROPS it, WALKS away.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

Nice detective work. Maybe in
another thirty years you'll find
the camera. Or your boyfriend.

SALLY GALLEN

At least they're looking. You
people never did.

The Sheriff STOPS, angered by her insinuation.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

Look for a boy who ran to San
Francisco thirty years ago?

His emphasis on the city is clear. And not in a good way.

MARISOL

What?

The Sheriff laughs, shakes his head.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

She didn't tell you about the
postcard, did she?

She looks from the Sheriff to Sally, questions in her face.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

I'll leave you folks to your little
games. Postcard's in the evidence
file, if you'd like to see.

He walks away. Deputy Crawthorn picks up the housing and
hands it back to Marisol.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
I hope you find something. Your
friend or her boy or both.

As soon as the officers are gone, Marisol turns to Sally.

MARISOL
Postcard?

Sally looks off.

SALLY GALLEN
A few months later a postcard came
from San Fransisco. It just says
"Mom and Dad, Can't handle it here.
Gone to California. Jim"

MARISOL
You never mentioned this before.

She's STEAMED, but Sally's FIRM in her conviction.

SALLY GALLEN
A fake. Written in block letters so
you can't tell the handwriting.
When it came, they stopped looking.

MARISOL
Should have told us.

SALLY GALLEN
You never would've come. I'm his
mother, it wasn't from him. It was
sent to end the search.

Marisol thinks. She looks into Sally's face.

MARISOL
If so, it worked. Let's get back to
the water.

INT. FRIENDLY HOMES CABIN - NIGHT

Bill sits with a GoPro camera by a fire. The door to the
cabin swings open, Bill pockets the camera. In walks MARCUS
GULOS, 15 and wiry. Along with his therapy pup, PRINCE.

MARCUS
We're back.

Bill gets up and approaches the boy with a warm smile.

BILL
How was your walk?

MARCUS
Well, Prince almost caught a skunk.

They laugh. Bill rubs Marcus's shoulders. Marcus squirms.

BILL
Good thing, there's no tomato juice here. You feed the pup and I'll make us something to eat?

MARCUS
That'd be great, I'm kinda hungry. Where'd you go anyway?

BILL
Had an errand in the woods. Filling a bird feeder.

Bill moves to the rustic kitchen. Marcus looks confused.

MARCUS
OK.

BILL
Wonderful, afterwards we'll read scripture by the fire.

Marcus discreetly rolls his eyes at more scripture.

INT. CORVETTE (1985) - NIGHT

Water rising rapidly. Bill SNAPS up. Jim is UNCONSCIOUS, with a BAD HEAD WOUND.

BILL
Wake up Jim, we gotta go! Jim?

Bill struggles to get Jim free as the car FILLS with WATER. He finally gives up and forces his door open. He swims out in the swirling current. The car FALLS AWAY into the DEPTHS.

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE (1985) - NIGHT

Bill SPLASHES to the shore, helpless. He BARELY makes it to shore. A last BLAST of bubbles as the lights vanish in the swirling dark. He stands COLD and ALONE. The wind PICKS UP.

BILL
Someone help!

No answer. It's as if the whole thing NEVER HAPPENED. The wind WHISPERS in the trees above. He walks back to the road.

A car comes, he starts to RUN out. As it gets nearer he HIDES in the bushes instead.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SUPER SEVEN CONVENIENCE STORE. INDIANA (1985) - NIGHT

Bill, dripping and shivering, walks to the counter with a hot cup of coffee. A bored CLERK waits for him, attention on a small TV playing behind the counter.

SUPER SEVEN CLERK
One twenty-five, please.

Bill reaches for his wallet, finds an EMPTY back pocket. He checks all his pockets quickly.

BILL
My wallet, I think I lost it.

The clerk has heard it before. SLIDES the coffee away.

SUPER SEVEN CLERK
No money, no coffee.

Bill's mind races for a second before he pulls some wet, crumpled bills from his front pocket. He hands the bills to the clerk.

Checks his pockets again. NO WALLET.

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS INT. AIRPORT. INDIANA (PRESENT) - DAY

Marisol pulls to the curb where Lance waits with his bag. She jumps out and helps him load up.

LANCE
No sign?

MARISOL
Nope. Already got you some tanks.
We're going straight to the river.

LANCE
Where do you think he is?

MARISOL
I want to believe your "found a new girlfriend" theory. Or the "teaching Marisol a lesson" theory.

LANCE
They find any...

MARISOL
Bodies? No. Shut up and get in.

LANCE
Maybe the text...

MARISOL
Maybe the text is really a postcard
from San Francisco.

LANCE
What?

EXT. MURKY'S BAR. INDIANA (1985) - DAY

Bill marches to the door in the late morning haze as Murky's opens for another day. Same clothes, dry now, but with an IU HOODIE covering him up. Just a few cars in the lot.

He opens the door and WALKS IN.

INT. MURKY'S BAR (1985) - DAY

Bill continues in. EMPLOYEES start the daily routine of opening up, ICE BUCKETS filled, mops swabbing, etc. Bill BUMPS into a woman on his way in.

We quickly recognize the younger SALLY GALLEN as she passes by, but Bill has no idea. She's disheveled, no sleep.

She briefly makes eye contact with Bill. He glances at her as if she's an OLD DRUNK, she walks toward the guy mopping. Bill heads for the bar.

It's the DAY BARTENDER, a tough looking woman of 40 or so. Tight black hair and minimal makeup. Glances at Bill, whips a cocktail napkin off the dispenser and drops it in front of him.

DAY BARTENDER
What'll it be, darlin'?

BILL
I was in last night and maybe
dropped my wallet. Was wondering if
anyone...

Her look HARDENS, shakes her head. Glances through a drawer.

DAY BARTENDER

Nothing came in last night. What's with this place? That lady lost her son, you lost your wallet. Jeez.

Bill gets a JOLT at the lost son reference. Sally's been asking the mop wielder questions and holding a photograph. She walks toward Bill.

SALLY GALLEN

Excuse me, you were here last night?

Bill looks around, realizes she's coming to him.

BILL

With my team, we'd won a game.

She puts the photo in front of him. It's Jim standing with his yellow car. Bill TAKES the photo and looks at it.

SALLY GALLEN

Did you see my son? He was here last night.

Bill feigns perfect ignorance.

BILL

Don't recognize him. But we mostly kept to ourselves and didn't mingle much. Sorry.

Bill pulls his baseball cap down, tries to walk past her.

SALLY GALLEN

Here, take my number. Maybe one of your friends?

She hands him a slip of paper, he reluctantly takes it. He pulls the hoody up around his face and WALKS BACK OUT. Sally WATCHES him walk out, desperation and WORRY in her eyes.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BED (PRESENT) - DAY [UNDERWATER]

Marisol runs her metal detector over the muddy bottom. It starts PINGING, it leads her to a square piece of rusty metal.

She starts to put it in her junk bag when she notices the letters "93A" on it with the first half of a "4". She gets excited and swims up.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BED - DAY

She breaks the surface and holds the metal piece in triumph. Sally runs her way, eager to see.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

The Sheriff drives aggressively, they're near the river.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN

They may have found part of the license plate.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

Or part of "a" license plate. These dumb kids...

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN

Can't hurt to see what they found.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

Giant waste of time. Gonna turn into a media circus.

The Sheriff's right. The riverbank is full of news media and civilians taking video.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

God damn it. There goes my afternoon.

The officers get out of the car and walk toward the crowd at the river's edge.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK - DAY

Marisol, Lance, and Sally stand in front of a NEWS CAMERA. Marisol holds the broken license plate.

The Sheriff straightens his hat as he crests the bank.

MARISOL

...and this matches the first digits of Jim's plate. We're convinced his car is somewhere close by.

She motions to the river.

REPORTER

This could be the big break you've been waiting for, any thoughts, Mrs. Gallen?

Sally wipes away a tear and stares into the camera. We finally see this poor woman smile.

SALLY GALLEN

Hopefully we'll have the truth soon. Thanks to Impossible Recoveries.

REPORTER

The police have just arrived on the scene. Would you like to comment, Sheriff Runyard?

The Sheriff and Deputy approach, the reporter tries to hold her mic out to the Sheriff, he PUSHES it away.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

No freaking comment. Turn that damned thing off.

He heads for Marisol, points to Lance.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

The missing boyfriend?

MARISOL

Nope, this is Lance, another team member.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

Marvelous. So what did you "find" today?

Marisol proudly holds out the broken license plate. The Sheriff takes it, IRRITATED.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

Where's the other half? The IMPORTANT half?

Sally, Lance and Marisol stare at him, stunned.

LANCE

We haven't found it.

MARISOL

Yet. But the first 3 digits match and that fourth digit too, probably.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

"Probably" proves nothing. Call us
when you find the rest.

He hands the rusty piece back to Marisol, who takes it tentatively. She holds the edge out to the Sheriff, showing him the fresh metal where it's newly broken.

MARISOL

How do you explain that? Fresh
metal at the break.

The Sheriff smiles icily, ignores the plate.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

How many junkyards you hit before
you find that?

They're too shocked to answer.

LANCE

You think we...?

SHERIFF RUNYARD

I think you and your new buddy here
are running a scam. Had the
boyfriend disappear for attention.
I have half a mind to haul you in
for questioning. And possibly
charges.

MARISOL

What are you waiting for? Another
news van just pulled up, you can
arrest us on live TV. Our 10,000
subscribers will be thrilled.

She holds her wrists out to him.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

Shut up, punk. Left coast liberals
all...

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN

What would we charge them with?

The Sheriff is annoyed with his Deputy.

SHERIFF RUNYARD

Maybe I'll leave that up to you. Or
would you prefer the Meter Maid
division?

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Well, no, but I don't think...

SHERIFF RUNYARD
Good. No thinking required.

MARISOL
But...

SHERIFF RUNYARD
Next time I come here you damn well
better have a yellow Corvette
sitting on this riverbank.

He storms off, his faithful Deputy in tow.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE. INDIANA (PRESENT) - DAY

Bill and wife LAURA view the footage. He shuts the TV off.

LAURA
Maybe they finally found that boy,
been a long time.

BILL
I doubt it. Seem to recall he ran
off to California.

LAURA
Doesn't hurt to look. Why don't you
take some of your boys down there
and help search for clues?

He looks out a darkened window, grappling with ideas.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK (PRESENT) - DAY

Locals mill around curiously. Bill and FIVE BOYS approach,
each with a puppy in tow.

BILL
Come along, let's help these folks.

He leads his charges down to join in. Marisol and Lance
prepare for another jaunt out into the river. The BARKING
puppies get their attention as the group nears them. Lance
SMILES as they approach.

LANCE
Brought some bloodhounds to help?

Bill smiles warmly, motions to his group.

BILL

I'm Bill Conway with Friendly Homes Ministries. We counsel troubled youth with our puppy program. We teach responsibility and the joy of unconditional love.

SALLY GALLEN

Wonderful. Where are you based?

Bill turns to her and makes his smile even bigger. Sally gets a confused look as she stares at Bill.

BILL

Our offices are in Indianapolis, but we have a retreat center out west in Brownsburg. Where we minister to troubled youth.

SALLY GALLEN

Have we met? You look...

Sally ponders. Marisol looks at the boys, holds up the broken license plate.

MARISOL

Find the other half of this.

Bill takes the broken plate and turns away from Sally. His hand SHAKES ever so slightly.

BILL

We'll do our best, and pray that the Lord guides us.

Lance detects something ODD, looks him over again. He leans in and WHISPERS to Marisol.

LANCE

I'm getting weird vibes from him.

She WHISPERS back.

MARISOL

He's weird, so it's no surprise.

Bill notes the broken mirror pieces on the ground for an instant, then looks off quickly. Lance catches this.

Bill leads his group away. Lance watches him thoughtfully.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK (PRESENT) - DAY

The sun is near setting. Lance and Marisol pull the boat to shore and unload a couple more bags of river junk. They have a dejected air as Sally walks toward them.

SALLY GALLEN

Anything?

LANCE

Couple buck's worth of cans and bottles is all, I'm afraid.

MARISOL

I have a feeling tomorrow's our day.

SALLY GALLEN

Heard from...?

MARISOL

Not yet. He's around somewhere.

EXT. WESTSIDE DIVE SUPPLY PARKING LOT (PRESENT) - DAY

Lance and Marisol drop off their empty tanks at the scuba center. Marisol is about to carry the last ones in.

MARISOL

I'll be right back.

LANCE

Should I be a gentleman and carry them for you?

MARISOL

No. Start planning your edits for the video. If we get Rick's info out, maybe somebody's seen him.

LANCE

At a bar somewhere?

MARISOL

Wherever.

INT. WESTSIDE DIVE SUPPLY - DAY

The EQUIPMENT MANAGER checks off the tanks on the paperwork. Marisol idly wanders the store.

EQUIPMENT MANAGER
They're all here. I'll get you
fresh ones.

Marisol looks out the back window at a dive class. It's being held in a swimming pool behind the shop. The equipment manager returns with full tanks on a cart.

EQUIPMENT MANAGER
There you go.

MARISOL
We'll be back tomorrow.

EQUIPMENT MANAGER
Where're you folks from?

MARISOL
California. Perhaps you've heard of
us, we're...

Her mouth stops when she realizes that Bill is ONE OF THE DIVE STUDENTS IN BACK. Her mind races.

EQUIPMENT MANAGER
You are...?

MARISOL
I'm sorry, how long has that class
been meeting?

EQUIPMENT MANAGER
They started last week.

MARISOL
Huh.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Lance drives. Marisol is lost in thought.

LANCE
Probably wants to help.

MARISOL
Right. Puppies and diving lessons
don't mix.

LANCE
Why are you so suspicious?

MARISOL

Because that weird Jesus freak puppy guy was taking a diving class.

LANCE

No law against taking diving classes. We probably motivated him.

MARISOL

Rick vanishes while diving and the puppy guy suddenly becomes an aficionado. I'm concerned. And that useless Sheriff isn't going to help.

LANCE

Gonna make us look dumb if Rick comes wandering back with some...

MARISOL

I don't think Rick left by choice.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. DENSE FOREST (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Bill SLOGS through underbrush to a DESERTED CABIN. He looks around carefully before entering.

INT. RUNDOWN CABIN - NIGHT

Dilapidated and creepy. Bill approaches our missing friend RICK who's blindfolded and tied to a post.

BILL
Open your mouth, I've got water.

RICK
I'd rather you let me go.

BILL
Not yet.

He pours water from a bottle into Rick's mouth.

RICK
You aren't going to let me go.

BILL
I just need to retrieve something from that car before your friends do. Then you can go.

RICK
Kinda hard to believe you.

BILL
Don't have a choice. I watched your camera footage. Just need to find the blue tank, car's nearby.

RICK
What should I call you? "Dark stranger who hits people with rocks"?

BILL
You can't identify me, let's keep it that way. Better for both of us.

EXT. FRIENDLY HOMES CABIN - NIGHT

Marcus and Prince sit on the porch as Bill walks up.

MARCUS
Feeding birds again?

BILL
Yes, indeed.

A twig CRACKS, Prince BARKS.

MARCUS
Do you think it's a bear?

BILL
Could be a raccoon or possum. Or
maybe a...squirrel.

The dog BARKS again.

BILL
They sure learn that word early.
Let's make some grub, I'll bet
you're both hungry.

They LAUGH and go inside the cabin.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK (PRESENT) - DAY

Marisol and Lance get ready to put on their carefully laid out dive gear. Marisol's phone RINGS, she answers.

MARISOL
(on phone)
Sally?

SALLY GALLEN (O.C.)
I hate to bother you but I've got a
flat. Could you guys come help me?
Just north of you a little ways.

MARISOL
(on phone)
OK, I'll send Lance.

She ends the call and looks at a puzzled Lance.

LANCE
Yes?

MARISOL

Sally has a flat, just up the road.
Can you go? I'll watch the gear.

LANCE

Fine. Promise you won't go diving
alone?

MARISOL

Duh. Gonna check my regulator, was
acting weird yesterday.

Lance CLIMBS the river bank towards the parking area as she
SITS DOWN on a log with the device.

EXT. WHITE RIVER PARKING AREA - DAY

Lance crests the bank and climbs down to the parking area. As
he reaches the car he looks through his pocket for the keys.
Realizes he left them with the gear. He looks up the road and
sees Sally just off in the distance.

LANCE

(to self)
Fine, I'll walk.

He starts heading toward her.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK - DAY

Marisol plays with her regulator, clears a blockage in the
connection. She reassembles it. A quick test shows it's
fixed. She relaxes on the log for a moment.

From out in the river she hears BUBBLES break the surface.
Intrigued, she watches as the bubbles keep moving in a line.
Someone's diving out there. SECRETLY.

She quickly gets her gear on and heads to investigate. Checks
that her DIVE KNIFE is secured and swims out.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BED - DAY [UNDERWATER]

Marisol swims toward the BUBBLES. She see a DIVER ahead,
follows. In a few moments she glides by the blue oil tank and
continues following the other diver.

She fights the current, it isn't easy. Finally she sees a
large object in the distance. The other diver has vanished.
But the large YELLOW object beckons to her.

A curvy shape emerges from the mud, a CORVETTE. She swims to the rear of the car, the license plate FRESHLY GONE. She goes slowly to the driver's window, uses her hand to clear it.

In the murk and silt it's hard to see. She uses both hands to shade her view into the car. Inside she sees a SKULL laying buried in mud.

It's JIM, found after all these years. She tries the door, it WON'T BUDGE. She gets her KNIFE out to work on the door.

Suddenly, her leg is YANKED. Bill TAKES the KNIFE. Pain BLASTS through her as a gash appears in her leg. She FIGHTS to get free as BLOOD CLOUDS the river current.

He swings the knife again, misses. Marisol BREAKS FREE and SWIMS AWAY. Bill FOLLOWS, grabs her again.

Marisol JERKS Bill's regulator OUT. He has to let her go to replace it. She swims away to the SHORE.

EXT. WHITE RIVER BANK - DAY

Marisol emerges from the water and tries to quickly YANK HER FINS OFF. He's getting closer, she tries to run with one STILL ON. She falls over, struggles to get back up.

It would be comical under other circumstances. She gets UP, RIPS the second fin off and LIMPS away. Her injury slows her down and he's close behind.

EXT. WHITE RIVER PARKING AREA - DAY

She's surprised to see the car, but no Lance.

She limps crazily to the car, Bill's is parked behind her. She LEAPS in and SLAMS the door. Bill arrives and CLAWS the door BACK OPEN.

She TUGS the door shut, MASHES Bill's hand.

He SCREAMS, yanks it out, Marisol SLAMS the door, locks it.

BILL

You BITCH! My hand!

He holds his MANGLED and bloody fingers up. Marisol LOCKS the door and smiles. She JAMS the key into the ignition. Suddenly, the car window SMASHES in.

His regulator CRASHES into her lap. She picks up her phone and FRANTICALLY dials 911. Bill GRABS the phone and FLINGS it out into the woods.

MARISOL

Asshole!

Bill REACHES manically for the KEYS.

BILL

You aren't ruining my life,
Jezebel.

Marisol SMACKS his hand

MARISOL

Fuck off! What'd you do to Rick?

BILL

You fucking...

Marisol STARTS the car. Bill reaches in again, Marisol SLAMS it in reverse, FLOORS IT and CRASHES into Bill's car.

This MANGLES the nose of his car. She CHUCKS it in drive and BLASTS away, SPRAYING GRAVEL. He runs to his damaged car with bloody hands, OUT OF HIS MIND WITH RAGE.

INT. MARISOL'S CAR - DAY

She watches in the mirror, spots him in the distance. She ACCELERATES HARD onto a freeway ramp, hoping to lose him.

She catches her breath on the freeway, checks her mirrors, no sign of Bill. She looks at her bleeding leg, feels the wound, it hurts A LOT. She finds a T-shirt, RIPS it, and tries to make a bandage.

As she tends to the wound, we see Bill's broken sedan close at high speed. SMASH! Bill has RAMMED her from behind, Marisol barely CATCHES it, but stays on the road.

EXT. I-465 FREEWAY - DAY

Both cars SLITHER and SLIDE, but she manages to keep control. She tries to escape, but Bill's car is faster, even with the nose mashed in.

The cars WHIP past a STATE TROOPER parked under an overpass. Red lights FLASH ON, a ROOSTER TAIL of grass and dirt SHOTS OUT behind as he joins the chase.

INT. MARISOL'S CAR - DAY

Racing by normal traffic like it's GOING BACKWARDS. A big smile on her face.

MARISOL
Cavalry to the rescue!

Bill accelerates again, RAMS Marisol. RED WARNING lights FLICKER on her dashboard, something's broken. Marisol SLAMS the brakes, Bill SHOOTs ahead.

EXT. I-465 FREEWAY - DAY

The trooper is still a half mile back as Marisol pulls to the side of Bill's car and CRANKS the wheel over HARD. It's a perfect PIT maneuver. Bill's car SPINS around and CAREENS MADLY off the road.

Unfortunately, SO DOES MARISOL'S. The cars ROLL and TUMBLE, ripping up GRASS and GUARDRAILS, PARTS and PIECES FLY in every direction.

EXT. WRECK SCENE ON I-465 - DAY

The trooper pulls up slowly, the wreckage in pieces off the side of the road. SMOKE and STEAM POUR from both mangled heaps. Sparks shoot out of Marisol's car.

INT. TROOPER'S CAR - DAY

TROOPER
Yeah, this is unit B475. Be advised, we have a two car accident on I-465 Southbound near the 38th street exit. Send fire and rescue.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
10-4 Unit B475. Additional support enroute. ETA five minutes.

A fireball ERUPTS from Marisol's car.

TROOPER
Put a rush on the bus.

INT. WISHARD HOSPITAL - DAY

Sally and Lance sit in a waiting room. DOCTOR STEVENS, 47, approaches them. They jump up.

LANCE

Well? Is the surgery done? Is she
ok?

The doctor looks them over kindly. A slight smile breaks on
her face.

DOCTOR STEVENS

Marisol is likely to have a
favorable outcome.

They keep staring at her.

DOCTOR STEVENS

She's gonna be OK.

Joy. Relief.

SALLY GALLEN

Can we see her?

Lance STARTS down the hall.

DOCTOR STEVENS

Hold on. She's in Post-Op. You
won't be able to see her for a few
hours. She's not conscious yet
anyway.

Lance exhales, relieved, then HUGS Sally.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

An unknown patient, covered in bandages JERKS awake. We see
that it's Bill, HANDCUFFED to the bed.

BILL

Wait! Where am I?

A MALE NURSE (30s) rushes in to settle the patient. Followed
by Deputy Crawthorn.

MALE NURSE

Calm down sir, you have burns and
injuries, but you'll recover.

BILL

I need to go home.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN

Well, about that...

BILL
I want a lawyer.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Where's the boy?

BILL
I didn't want to hurt him.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Which one?

BILL
That diver's fine. Will that help
me?

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Talk to me about Rick. We need to
find that boy alive. TODAY.

INT. RUNDOWN CABIN - NIGHT

A dejected Rick slumps against the pole. He hears FOOTSTEPS
and TENSES for the return of his captor.

RICK
Hey asshole. Any chance I could get
some food?

Deputy Crawthorn and another OFFICER enter the cabin.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Rick? We're here to release you.
I'm Deputy Crawthorn. Marisol's
been worried about you.

They quickly remove the blindfold and untie him.

RICK
Fuck yeah! How'd you find me?

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
We have a suspect in custody. Was
in his best interest to talk.

RICK
Where's Marisol?

Deputy Crawthorn pauses.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
We'll take you to her.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Deputy Crawthorn is behind a podium flanked by Sally, Marisol, Rick, and Lance. Fabian, too. All smiling.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN

...and with that, the 1985 disappearance of Jim Gallen is finally solved. The car has been recovered from the river.

A reporter jumps up from the seated crowd.

REPORTER 2

Were his remains in the car?

Deputy Crawthorn motions to Sally - say something.

SALLY GALLEN

Yes, my son was in his car. After thirty six years my boy is home. His father isn't well enough to be here today, but we finally know the truth.

REPORTER 2

How do you feel, Mrs. Gallen?

Sally takes a deep breath, looks lovingly at Rick, Marisol and Lance. She CRIES in joy and pain.

SALLY GALLEN

I thank God there's a few decent souls left in this world, like Rick, Marisol and Lance here. You can't imagine our relief, every Christmas. Every birthday...

She pulls them up to the podium. Marisol has bandages and a cast on her broken leg.

REPORTER 3

Are you excited to get the reward?

Marisol has a brief flash of anger, settles down.

MARISOL

You know, until now I'd forgotten about that. The real reward is finding Jim, getting these people out of torment, and finding Rick.

REPORTER 3

Will you continue doing this sort of recovery work?

MARISOL

Absolutely. Impossible Recoveries. Google us. Twitter, Youtube, Instagram and Tik-Tok.

RICK

Subscribe and Like us!

This moment of levity helps everyone breath.

REPORTER 4

What can you tell us about the suspect?

Marisol makes eye contact with Deputy Crawthorn, they move aside to let him back to the podium.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN

Bill Conway, fifty eight years of age, is being held in the Marion County Jail. An investigation into both cases has begun.

REPORTER 4

Did he murder Jim Gallen?

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN

Digging through the reports, we found he was interrogated at the time of Jim's disappearance. He claimed to never have met Jim at the time. His wallet being found inside the car seems to prove otherwise.

REPORTER 4

So he was in the car, but did he kill him?

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN

I can't comment further at this time. But it appears likely it was an accident.

REPORTER 5

Where is Sheriff Runyard? Will he be involved?

A tiny smile from Marisol and the Deputy.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Sheriff Runyard announced his
planned retirement today. He'll no
longer be involved in this
investigation, or the department.

The reporters all jump up yelling questions. They smell the
SMOKE and want to know about the FIRE. The Deputy herds the
Impossible Recoveries team away from the microphone with one
last comment.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
That concludes this press
conference. More information will
be provided as it becomes
available.

He leads them out a door at the back of the room as the
REPORTERS NIP at their heels with QUESTIONS. Fabian gives the
reporters a dirty look which halts them.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

They stop in a quiet spot.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
After he lawyered up, Mr. Conway
indicated the accident with Jim was
just that, an accident.

MARISOL
So why take Rick?

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Mr. Conway has a wife and children.
And runs, or ran, a youth ministry.

LANCE
With puppies.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Apparently he was engaged in a
homosexual encounter with Jim when
the accident occurred. His wallet
was in the car. He's been worried
it would be found for decades.

RICK
Was it in the car?

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
Yep.

RICK
I still don't get it.

DEPUTY CRAWTHORN
He couldn't have a gay encounter
exposed. In the world of 1985, or
today.

EXT. MARION COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Crawthorn and another DEPUTY walk Marisol, Rick, Lance,
Fabian, and Sally outside. A CROWD OF REPORTERS flips on
CAMERAS and shoves MICROPHONES under their faces.

REPORTER 6
Can we get a statement?

MARISOL
Impossible Recoveries has solved
another missing persons case.

FABIAN
And we'll be solving more. Soon.
I'm Marisol's brother Fabian and
like the victim here, I'm gay. This
case shows why we need to end
homophobia and the shame connected
with it.

The team looks at him in SHOCK. Fabian smiles back.

They walk past the reporters and head for Sally's car. The
reporters try to follow them but Crawthorn stops them. Fabian
jumps in front and turns to them. He has more to say.

FABIAN
I'm part of the team now, sis. I
built us a website, cleared space
in my shop. Answered some emails.

MARISOL
And you're gay?

FABIAN
Yep. After what we just saw, I
couldn't stay in the closet another
day.

MARISOL
I love you no matter what brother.
Mom and Dad may have some other
thoughts, however.

FABIAN

They can love me as I am. Or not. I don't care. We've got another case. A girl vanished after her graduation party in Iowa. Drove off into the night and never got home.

Marisol smiles at her brother.

MARISOL

We'll find her.

END OF EPISODE