

GRACEPOINT

by

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Episode One

Adapted from "Broadchurch"

21 October, 2013

Black screen. Sound of crashing waves. Hold for a second, then:

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BEACH - NIGHT

Moonlit night. Huge waves smash onto shore. Epic cliffs loom.

The camera moves slowly forward on the deserted beach. Eerie.

EXT. GRACEPOINT MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Deserted Main Street. Banners attached to lampposts: the stars and stripes, along with "Gracepoint: America's Last Hometown".

Small town, nothing fancy. Local stores: womenswear, bathroom supplies, corner store, coffee shop, bar & burger joint. Post Office building. Most dark, a couple of windows lit.

Just noticeable: incorporated into store signs, in store windows, even painted onto street lights: painted butterflies. A part of the town's fabric.

The camera moves forward slowly. Uneasy.

EXT. GRACEPOINT POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Small, contained, one level, square building. Two squad cars parked to the side. No activity.

A lone light in the reception, silhouetted figure at front desk. Nobody else around.

Outside, the American flag flaps in the wind.

The camera moves forward slowly, implacable.

EXT. "GRACEPOINT JOURNAL" NEWSPAPER OFFICES - NIGHT

Small storefront office looking out on Main Street. Above, the logo beside the faded painted words: "Your Town. Your News."

The camera moves forward.

EXT. GRACEPOINT CHURCH - NIGHT

Mid-sized wood-built church, corner of a residential street. Aged, faded building.

At the front, a sign: white letters pinned on black board: "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself".

The camera moves in slowly on the sign.

EXT. LASSETER HOUSE - NIGHT

House of the average Joe: blue collar, working family with kids. Long street of identical properties: small family houses with history. Wood siding, fading paint, cracked timber. Working, not wealthy.

At the edge of frame, a lone butterfly flies through, settles on a tree branch outside the house. Nothing storybook or heightened, a small detail.

As the camera closes in on the house.

INT. LASSETER HOUSE/BETH & MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BETH and MARK -- early-30s couple -- asleep in bed, backs to each other. Full moon shards through gap in the blinds.

Close slowly in on the sleeping couple. Then we drift towards the round metal hand-wound bedside alarm clock. It is ticking.

Close in on the clock. 3:16 am.

The sound of ticking. Wind outside.

INT. LASSETER HOUSE/DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

11 year old boy's bedroom. Posters, toys. Moonlit. The bed is not slept in. Wind rattles the just-open window.

Move from the undisturbed bed to the digital alarm clock glowing in the dark. Close in on the clock. It changes to 3:17.

EXT. GRACEPOINT CLIFFS - NIGHT

Tight: messed-up thick brown hair: blowing in the wind.

Pull slowly back -- wet blue eyes. A face streaked with dirt. A trickle of blood going down one cheek.

The face of an ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOY. **DANNY**. He is sobbing, shivering in the wind. No coat, just top and jeans and sneakers.

The camera swoops up and over him to reveal -- he's standing right at the edge of the cliff. Huge drop below.

Pull further away, impossibly, from the cliff: lone child on top --

-- as the ROAR OF THE WAVES AND THE WIND becomes deafening, heightened, terrible -- continuing over --

INTERCUT: the clock in Mark & Beth's bedroom stops ticking --
As Danny, shivering, steps towards the edge and we HARD CUT TO

INT. LASSETER HOUSE/BETH & MARK'S BEDROOM - DAY

BETH LASSETER-- early-30s, hard-working, steely but beaten-down mom of two -- starts awake in bed. Other side of the bed empty. Sunlight floods in. Fumbles for her watch, eyes widen at the time --

BETH LASSETER
Ohmigod --

She slams the covers back -- not noticing the stopped alarm clock--

INT. LASSETER KITCHEN - DAY

BETH, dressed now, rushes in to family breakfast chaos in the messy, not-big kitchen, weathered with cereal boxes, milk cartons, half-used loaves. Radio blaring pop music --

BETH LASSETER
Why didn't you wake me?

MARK LASSETER -- early-30s, practical, muscular plumber, not at his peak but still impressed with himself. Beaten up work clothes with half a day's stubble, the look suits him (and he knows it). Pulling together a bag of plumbing equipment --

-- as **MARY PARNELL**, Beth's mom, energetic, 60, mother hen, makes pancakes --

MARK LASSETER
I did -- you told me to go to hell.

MARY PARNELL
OK, blueberry pancakes!

BETH LASSETER
Mom, why are you here? I told you, you don't have to come make breakfast for us--

MARY PARNELL
I wanted pancakes! I can't make them just for myself --

MARK LASSETER
(ripping one with his hands, dropping it into his mouth)
No complaints from me --

BETH LASSETER
 (looks at the oven clock)
 All the clocks have stopped.

MARK LASSETER
 Fuse must've blown. I'll check later, I'm
 late --

Beth half notices a LUNCHBOX sitting on the side. Her gaze
 fixes on it. Weird. As **CHLOE LASSETER**, 15 going on 25, walks
 in --

CHLOE LASSETER
 Mom, I have a fever.

BETH LASSETER
 (hand to Chloe's brow)
 No. Go to school.
 (to Mark)
 Tell her --

CHLOE LASSETER
 That's your diagnosis? A hand to my
 head --

MARK LASSETER
 (kisses Chloe on the head)
 Mom's in charge.
 (kissing Beth)
 Gotta go --

BETH LASSETER
 Did you see Danny? He forgot his lunchbox.

MARK LASSETER
 Nope! He'd already left. Nature project,
 right?

And he's out. On Beth, looking at Danny's left-behind
 lunchbox, on the counter. A stone of unease in her belly.

EXT. GRACEPOINT MAIN STREET - DAY

Mark, carrying his plumber's bag over his shoulder, turns the
 corner from his road onto Gracepoint's Main Street --

-- and the twice weekly Farmer's Market Sidewalk packed with
 stalls, selling fresh fruit and vegetables from the central
 California valley, all setting up.

We're with Mark, ONE LONG STEADICAM SHOT for this whole scene -

Mark sees the **MILLER family**: **ELLIE** (mid 30s), **JOE** (mid-30s),
DYLAN (18 months, stroller) and **TOM** (11), on the move,
 chatting:

MARK LASSETER
Hey guys, how was vacation?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Not long enough!

MARK LASSETER
Two weeks wasn't long enough?!

JOE MILLER
Not when it's her first day back at
work --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I like vacations. I'm good at
vacations.

MARK LASSETER
(to Tom)
Set for Field Day, buddy? Hey, tell Danny,
his Mom has his lunchbox --

And he's already moving away from them, we stay with him --
Mark bumps into a WOMAN WITH A DOG (**SUSAN WRIGHT**, 50's).

MARK LASSETER (CONT'D)
Excuse me --

She glowers at him as he moves on -- we stay with Mark as he
heads into the storefront of the GRACEPOINT JOURNAL as **OWEN
BURKE** (20s, handsome, cub reporter) comes out -

OWEN BURKE
Hey Mark!

MARK LASSETER
Owen, heading for a scoop?

OWEN BURKE
Oh yeah. Field Day at the school,
big news coming outta there.

KATHY EATON
(calls from inside)
Mark Lasseter! Renewal check!

MARK LASSETER
See, now I'm in trouble --

And we're past Owen INTO the building with Mark -- no cut --
as he hands a check to KATHY EATON (50s, formidable, warm,
local newspaper editor) --

MARK LASSETER (CONT'D)
Hand delivered --

KATHY EATON

Two weeks late! I should've pulled your ad already --

MARK LASSETER

You know I'm good for it --

KATHY EATON

(holding up his check)

Next check due in five days.

MARK LASSETER

(walking backwards, grinning)

You have a great day, Kathy --

She grins back, like everyone else charmed by him. As he walks out, he passes **RAYMOND CONNELLY**, (30s) a phone engineer installing new lines -- Raymond's been watching this exchange, gets back to work without a word, he and Mark nod at each other, out of politeness.

Mark uses the crosswalk: coming the other way, local minister, **PAUL COATES**, 31, good-intentioned, low on experience --

PAUL COATES

Hi Mark!

MARK LASSETER

Hey, thought you were coming to the kids' soccer game the other night--

PAUL COATES

Yeah, sorry, I got caught up in something --

MARK LASSETER

Those kids need all the support they can get --

PAUL COATES

Next time, definitely --

Mark keeps moving, we're still with him -- now he's walking past the GRACEPOINT INN on the other side. A motel with aspirations to be a hotel. Outside, **GEMMA FISHER** (30s, British, sharp and flirty) is putting out a menu board --

MARK LASSETER

So when does the Plumber's Discount become a real thing?

GEMMA FISHER

(grins back; flirty)

You have to have class to eat here.

MARK LASSETER

I'm nothing *but* class!

They grin at each other as there's a horn from a PLUMBER'S TRUCK revving to a halt beside Mark.

VINCE NOVIK -- 20 year old keen, solid and shy apprentice -- window open, elbows out, radio blaring -- in the driving seat.

MARK LASSETER (CONT'D)
You're late!

I/E. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

VINCE NOVIK
(as Mark gets in)
Highway's jammed.

MARK LASSETER
Tourist girls, hunting for a man like you,
Vince.

VINCE NOVIK
Shuddup! So, did you get a chance to think
about that raise?

Mark's face toughens --

MARK LASSETER
Are you gonna drive or talk?

Conversation closed. Todd drives.

As the truck moves off, we CRANE UP for a full view of the town of Gracepoint. Main Street just up from the shoreline. Hills on either side. Isolated town.

EXT. GRACEPOINT POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Small building, ocean visible close by.

INT. GRACEPOINT POLICE DEPARTMENT/DETECTIVES OFFICE - DAY

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER (perpetually cheerful/frazzled) enters her office -- cluttered, rundown, big windows out over the coastline and the bay -- to applause and whoops from her three colleagues -- her reluctance instantly shattered, she grins and joins in -- high-fives them --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Yeah! That's right! I'm back!
Vacation's over! Living the dream!
(goes to her desk)
OK, I know all you really care
about are the gifts--

She throws them across, all fast and speedy --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER (CONT'D)
 Julio, your very own pinata and
 stick, for those little angry
 moments --
 (throws a box)
 Anna, collection of chilli peppers,
 make you even hotter than you
 already are --
 (chucks a soft toy donkey)
 Frankie, little cuddly burro. I
 know you get lonely.
 (as she unpacks, checks
 her desk)
 OK. What's going on?

A voice from the doorway: CHIEF GRACE MORGAN, 50s, the boss.

CHIEF MORGAN
 Ellie. My office?

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

ELLIE with CHIEF MORGAN -- maternal air belying steel and
 political savvy. Her office full of photos of civic officers,
 mayors, politicians, shaking hands with her.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 So, we're good to go, right?

CHIEF MORGAN
 We hired someone else.

A kick in the gut for Ellie.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 What?

CHIEF MORGAN
 I know you'll be disappointed --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 You said, promotion was just a
 formality! It could wait till
 after my vacation!

CHIEF MORGAN
 The situation changed.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 Who?! Who got it?

CHIEF MORGAN
 His name's Carver.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
A man?! What happened to this
department needs more women in
authority? What happened to "you've
got my vote"?!

CHIEF MORGAN
He has a lot of experience -

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Why do I know that name? Wait, when
does he start?

CHIEF MORGAN
Last week.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Endless, flat field runs miles into the distance. Three miles
outside Gracepoint: huge hills in the distance. Set against
the horizon, the back of a man: **CARVER**.

JIM (O.S.)
You gonna look or not?

Carver turns. Mid-40s, New Yorker, taciturn with sad, hard
eyes. Worn-down appearance. Weary demeanor. On the rare
occasions he smiles, it startles.

JIM, farmer in his 30s, stands at the gate to a fenced pen
containing two large agricultural vehicles. Jim points to a
cut in the wire fencing.

JIM (CONT'D)
Must've cut here, siphoned all the
gas from both vehicles.

Carver walks to the tractor; fuel cap hangs. Carver glances --
is this what he has to deal with now?

DETECTIVE CARVER
Someone'll call you.

Walks away. We stay with him, Jim visible over his shoulder --

JIM
That's it? What about crime scene
guys? I can't afford this, price of
gas!

Carver heads back to the squad car, where **UNIFORM BAKER**, a
veteran beat cop with a veteran-size stomach stands grinning.
Carver unimpressed.

DETECTIVE CARVER
You call me out, seven in the
morning. For that.

UNIFORM BAKER
Just serving the community.
(off Carver's look)
We got another call. Lifeguard's
reported something down the shore.

INT. LOCKED RESTROOM CUBICLE - DAY

ELLIE on the lid-down toilet, on her cell.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
After all she said! I should quit.
I should clear my desk right now.
(Beat; listens)
No, I know. But when I walked back
in, I felt good, I was ready.

The door's banged -- ELLIE jumps and yells --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER (CONT'D)
I'm IN HERE!

FEMALE COP VOICE
Ellie -- call's come in.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL/SPORTS FIELD - DAY

Field Day, Middle School in a valley. Big field, epic hills
loom up behind. Little kids amidst huge landscape. Organized
chaos, cheery, homey. Flags and banners and noise.

BETH, breathless and late, smiling as she takes in the event.
Looks around for Danny, but it's tricky to pick people out.
She's carrying Danny's left-behind lunchbox.

She passes **OWEN BURKE** - 21, the ambitious local cub reporter --
they exchange smiles of recognition as he's holding a
cameraphone up to take a photo of three kids holding medals --

OWEN BURKE
Yeah, huge smiles! Awesome!
(kids look unimpressed)
Front page, no doubt. OK, gonna need your
names and your ages now.

A race starts. Cheering, kids whooping, parents yelling. Beth
picking her way towards a young smiley teacher, LANA --

BETH LASSETER
Hi, Lana --

LANA
Beth! Is Danny OK?

And just a half-beat --

BETH LASSETER
What d'you mean?

LANA
He didn't come in this morning.

BETH LASSETER
Yeah, he did.

LANA
No. We haven't seen him since
yesterday.

On Beth: her heart is beating that little bit faster -- still
clutching that lunchbox.

JUMP CUT: Beth at the edge of the field, on her cell. And
we're right with her, hand-held, edgy, as she paces, the fun
still going on in the background --

BETH LASSETER
Danny, it's Mom. You're not at school, call
me now, want to know where you are --

JUMP CUT: another call --

BETH LASSETER (CONT'D)
Jack, this is Beth Lasseter. Danny was
with you this morning right?
(Beat)
Yeah, the wildlife observation -- oh, OK,
and he didn't call to say he wasn't gonna
make it -- no, no, we're good, not certain
where he is right now--

JUMP CUT: Beth on another call, sharper, more panicky --

BETH LASSETER (CONT'D)
Mark, it's me, call me now.

ANGLE: OWEN BURKE in the distance watching Beth, noticing.

JUMP CUT: Beth and the TEACHER talk to TOM MILLER, 11, Danny's
best friend, son of Ellie and Joe -- as the races continue --

BETH LASSETER (CONT'D)
Did Danny say he was going anywhere today?
Or with anyone?

TOM MILLER
I thought he'd be here.

BETH LASSETER
OK, thanks honey.

As Tom walks off, Beth's panic is rising --

LANA
Can I do anything?

BETH LASSETER
Call me if he shows up.

And she's off -- past a set of kids hula-hooping --

EXT. TRAFFIC - DAY

Heavy traffic: gridlock. Straight road, long line. To the roadside, a sign saying "Gracepoint Beach: 1 mile".

Move along the line of traffic to BETH in her car, pulling up to the end of the line.

INT. BETH'S CAR - DAY

BETH LASSETER
No. Come on, come on.

She honks the car horn. The silhouette of the driver in front shrugs her arms up, as if to say, what can I do?

RADIO DJ
Ocean Avenue at Gracepoint is closed right now, traffic's backed up towards Highway 1, so your best advice is avoid that area.

Beth gets out the car --

EXT. TRAFFIC - DAY

-- calls to woman in front, standing by her open car door.

BETH LASSETER
What's going on?

WOMAN DRIVER
Cops at the beach. Heard they found a body
--

Close in on Beth -- the volume on her world fades -- starts to walk away from her car, door open, keys still in ignition --

And we're with her, as she walks trance-like -- in and out of the line of cars -- panic spreading across her face --

She speeds up -- now running down the middle of the road --

ICONIC IMAGE: the lone woman, Beth, red summer dress, running down the middle of a heat-hazed, gridlocked road, terrified.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Idyllic beach. Cliffs one side. On the other, a seawall.

We're on CARVER, as he walks onto the beach, under the crime scene tape. People gather to look, UNIFORM BAKER holds them back.

Carver looks ahead. We don't yet see what he sees. And after a second, he has to stop. Disturbed.

DETECTIVE CARVER
(so quiet)
Don't do this to me.

WIDE: An 11 year old boy's body, beneath the vertiginous cliffs. Casual clothes. Sneakers. Surrounded by rocks.

INTERCUT: The body and Carver. His breathing is getting faster -- panic attack. He's trying to regulate his breathing, control the panic. Closes his eyes. Coaches himself.

DETECTIVE CARVER (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Come on.

He opens his eyes again. Determined. Then, a voice behind invading his thoughts --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER (O.S.)
Oh God. No, no, no --

Carver turns -- ELLIE MILLER is there. In shock.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Back behind the tape, ma'am!

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
What?

DETECTIVE CARVER
This area's restricted access --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
No, I'm a cop --

DETECTIVE CARVER
(as she fumbles for ID)
Seriously?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I know him, he lives here, he's my kid's
best friend, oh God Beth, does Beth know-

DETECTIVE CARVER
Calm down --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
You don't understand ---- I know that boy --
oh God, Danny --

DETECTIVE CARVER
Enough. Shut it down.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Shut it down?!

DETECTIVE CARVER
You're working a case now. Carver.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I know. You took my job.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Wow. You wanna do that now.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
You don't even know this kid.

DETECTIVE CARVER
So tell me.

Ellie looks at him. Beat. Deep breath, neutral.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Danny, Daniel Lasseter. Eleven. Goes to
school with my son, Tom. Family lives in
the town, Mom, Dad, sister. Dad's the local
plumber.

DETECTIVE CARVER
This a suicide spot?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Danny wouldn't do that.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Answer the question.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
No. Not here.
(angrier)
He's not that sort of kid.

As she's talking, Carver is looking up at the cliff, then down
to the body, then down to the tide. Like he's not listening.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Where the hell are the crime scene
guys?

EXT. GRACEPOINT/OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

The traffic gridlocked on street by the beach. Through the center of the line of cars, runs BETH.

At she does, we PULL FOCUS to **JACK REINHOLD**, late 50s, in the distance, coming out of the kayak-and-bike-rental shack, on the edge overlooking the ocean.

He watches her run past, along the street. We linger on Jack for a moment, as he watches Beth run.

Beth pushes her way past the line of tourists. At the opposite, UNIFORM BAKER deals with a complainer --

UNIFORM BAKER
Ma'am, if you'd *listen*, there's an
incident, we have to keep the beach clear --

Unseen, Beth sneaks under the tape, onto the beach --

PULL FOCUS to a woman: **SUSAN WRIGHT**. Scruffily dressed. With a dog on a lead, smoking a cigarette. Stands watching, her dog at her feet, by the crime scene tape.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

DETECTIVE CARVER
Wait, who the hell's that?

Ellie follows his glance -- BETH, coming towards them.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Oh no, no--
(running at Beth)
Beth! Get off the beach!

BETH LASSETER
What is it? What did you find?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
(blocking Beth)
You can't be here!
(yelling)
BOB! Get over here now!

BETH LASSETER
Let me see --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Beth, get away from here --
(Yelling at Carver)
Sir! Help me will you --

But he's too far over and Beth gets away -- and we're with her
POV as she sees -- the end of the body -- the sneakers.

And the world slows. Sound drops out. Just Beth and a beat-
up pair of sneakers.

BETH LASSETER
Those are his sneakers --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Oh God --

And now she HUGS Beth, it's the only way to move her away,
holding her tight, maneuvering her away --

Beth's struggling, thrashing like a wild animal -- messy,
humiliating --

BETH LASSETER
Danny has those sneakers! I don't know
where he is! GET OFF ME!

GO WIDE -- the two police officers, the mother being dragged
away, the dead child.

Amidst the idyllic, unforgiving landscape.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. "GRACEPOINT JOURNAL" NEWSPAPER OFFICES - DAY

Establishing -- the storefront office on Main Street.

INT. "GRACEPOINT JOURNAL" NEWSPAPER OFFICES - DAY

Weekly town newspaper. Small, paper-strewn, rundown offices. Owen Burke strides in --

OWEN BURKE

Ladies and gentlemen, you're
looking at a survivor of Oakwood
Elementary Field Day!

KATHY EATON, veteran editor, 50s, loves the town and her paper, walks over as Owen sits at his desk and plugs in his camera --

KATHY EATON

Hope you got correct spellings for
those kids. Not gonna get chewed
out by parents again this year.
(looks over Owen's
shoulder at photos)
Ohh, look at the little jocks!

Owen grins as his computer beeps. He checks the screen.

OWEN BURKE

Oh. Here it is. San Diego Times.
My application.

KATHY EATON

Open it!

She watches him, grinning, as he does. His face drops. Obviously a rejection.

OWEN BURKE

Thanks for nothing.

KATHY EATON

There's other papers.

OWEN BURKE

Tried every paper in California,
even up into Oregon. I've tried
Salon, HuffPo, BuzzFeed. Nothing.

KATHY EATON

You're good. Your time'll come.
(her phone beeps)
(MORE)

KATHY EATON (CONT'D)
Message from Barbara at the Crab
Shack. Beach just got closed by the
police. Go check it out. Get some
air.

OWEN BURKE
(deflated)
Sure.

EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY

Clifftop path, over the beach where the body was found. CARVER
and ELLIE climb to the top.

DETECTIVE CARVER
People just walk along here,
without barriers?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Everyone knows to be careful.

They arrive at the Crime Scene Team, led by HUGO GARCIA, 40s,
Hispanic, warm and good-humored. Big fan of Ellie.

DETECTIVE CARVER
What'd you find?

Hugo looks at Ellie -- who is this guy?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Detective Carver. He's new.

HUGO GARCIA
(looks Carver up and down;
unimpressed)
Yep.
(to Ellie)
The rockfall around the body was
faked.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
What d'you mean?

HUGO GARCIA
Angle of the body was wrong for a
fall, too arranged. Up here,
there's nothing. No footprints,
sneaker marks, flattened grass or
slippage, no loose rocks. No
fibers, no handmarks. He didn't
fall from here.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Could he have jumped?

HUGO GARCIA
 Not to where he was found.
 Trajectory doesn't match.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 (to Carver)
 Like I said. Not a suicide.

HUGO GARCIA
 My guess, someone wanted to make it
 look like an accident. But that kid
 wasn't up here.

Off Carver and Miller --

EXT. RV PARK - DAY

The path down the far side of the cliffs descends through a small RV park, packed with RV vehicles of all styles and sizes. A transient's wonderland.

CARVER and ELLIE descend the path --

DETECTIVE CARVER
 Call the pathologist, tell him I
 want details, even if they're just
 preliminary.

Owen Burke parks a battered second hand car, runs up --

OWEN BURKE
 Detective Miller!

DETECTIVE CARVER
 Who's that?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 Keep walking.

OWEN BURKE
 Detective Miller! Ellie!

DETECTIVE CARVER
 Seems like he knows you --

OWEN BURKE
 (coming running up)
 Aunt Ellie!

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 (furious!)
 I've told you, don't do that!

OWEN BURKE
 (to Carver)
 Owen Burke, Gracepoint Journal.
 Why's the beach closed?

And all amusement's gone from Carver's face now.

DETECTIVE CARVER
 Get outta here. Nothing to be said
 now.

And he walks away, over to the car, in the passenger seat,
 slams the door on Owen.

OWEN BURKE
 I heard there was a body. Has it
 been ID'd? Come on!

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 There'll be a statement when it's
 appropriate, Owen.

She's in the car, drives away. Leaving Owen standing there.

As the car pulls away, REVEAL on the other side of the road
 SUSAN WRIGHT, standing by the front of a large RV. Sipping
 coffee and watching it all. Dog at her feet.

Owen sees her watching this -- shrugs, exhales, smiles at her,
 as if to say: what can I do?

She looks back at Owen. Expressionless.

EXT. LASSETER HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Squad car parked as DETECTIVE MILLER's car draws up outside.

INT. DETECTIVE MILLER'S CAR - DAY

MILLER in the driver's seat. Carver the passenger. It will
 always be this way.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 Sir, I'd like to tell them --

DETECTIVE CARVER
 No.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 I know them.

DETECTIVE CARVER
 How many deaths like this you worked?

Beat. She doesn't want to admit it to him.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
This is my first.

On Carver -- as he thought.

DETECTIVE CARVER
You can't make it better for them.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
You don't know how I work.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Most likely, it's abduction. Was he taken,
who by? Watch them, everyone in the room,
every movement. Anything doesn't make
sense, tell me.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
(not liking that)
OK.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Don't look at me like that.

INT. LASSETER HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

CARVER and MILLER in front of BETH, MARK, CHLOE, and grandma MARY.

DETECTIVE CARVER
A boy's body was found on the beach this
morning.

BETH LASSETER
(so shaky)
It's Danny --

MARK LASSETER
Let him finish --

BETH LASSETER
I saw his sneakers --

MARK LASSETER
Plenty of kids have those sneakers --

Beat. They both realize.

MARK LASSETER (CONT'D)
Sorry. You talk.

DETECTIVE CARVER
We believe it's Danny.

Chloe gasps -- a sob escapes, tears well up for her brother.

BETH LASSETER
Is it, Ellie?

All eyes go to Ellie. Ellie uncomfortable. Then nods.

Beth just crumbles, her mouth open in a silent sob, her body doubling. Chloe looks to her Dad, bereft, like a small child --

CHLOE
Dad?

Mary crosses herself, trying not to weep. Mark pulls Chloe and Beth to his chest, holds them there. Whispers a lie.

MARK LASSETER
It's alright.

Hold on the shell-shocked family. Really hold.

INT. LASSETER HOUSE/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

ELLIE hands out coffees to the standing family -- now having had a few moments, they're numb and tear-stained. BETH and CHLOE holding hands so tightly. Beth pale, shaky.

BETH LASSETER
It was an accident, right?

DETECTIVE CARVER
Right now, it's unclear. Why would he be on those cliffs during the night?

BETH LASSETER
He wouldn't be --

MARK LASSETER
They just said he was --

(Carver and Ellie notice the snappishness between the two)

BETH LASSETER
No reason. He had no reason to be there.

DETECTIVE CARVER
How's Danny been lately? Anything worrying him?

MARK LASSETER
He didn't kill himself.

DETECTIVE CARVER
When d'you last see him?

BETH LASSETER

I checked on him just before nine last night. He was in bed reading.

DETECTIVE CARVER

What about this morning?

BETH LASSETER

No. He's out early, he's working on a school project, nature observation. He goes out every morning to Bay Point and they record the wildlife.

DETECTIVE CARVER

They?

BETH LASSETER

Jack Reinhold, he owns the kayak and bike rental. He's one of the town's wildlife recorders, has been for years, he lets local kids help out, observing the local sealife. Danny's being going there a lot recently. But he didn't show up today. I called Jack from the school.

DETECTIVE CARVER

Any forced entry or disturbance around the house?

MARK LASSETER

I want to see the body.

They all look to Mark.

MARK LASSETER (CONT'D)

You might be wrong. About it being him. I want to see.

EXT. GRACEPOINT MORGUE - DAY

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER and MARK LASSETER walk from a parking lot to the morgue's entrance round the corner.

MARK LASSETER

How many times you done this, Ellie?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

Never.

As they walk, **WADE**, 50s, local civic interferer with too much time on his hands, slows in his big gas-guzzler next to them --

WADE

Mark!

MARK LASSETER

Hey, Wade, just on my way to --

WADE

I guess you heard about the deal with the new water company, right? The proposals that are tied in to the desalination plant?

MARK LASSETER

Uh, no, I --

WADE

Every drop in the county will be metered, doesn't matter who you are, all profits go to the parent company in Dortmund. Dortmund, Germany, Mark. How does that help us?

MARK LASSETER

I really have to get going --

WADE

And you, as a plumber, this is right at the heart of your business. I want you to know, I'm taking it up with the chamber of commerce. People need to know about this.

(noticing Miller,
disinterested)

Hey, Ellie.

(back to Mark)

Anyway, regards to your wife and kids. Gotta go!

And he's off, oblivious, leaving Mark and Ellie on the sidewalk. Mark dazed by the intrusion of the everyday.

ELLIE MILLER

(arm round Mark)

Come on.

INT. LASSETER HOUSE/DANNY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Close-ups: Crime scene plastic gloves and shoe-covers placed onto hands and shoes. DETECTIVE CARVER takes a second, looks at them. Takes a moment. It's been a while.

Cut to Carver, checking the window frames of Danny's room -- have they been disturbed or jammed open? Nothing there.

Looks round the room. Takes it all in. Baseball posters (San Francisco Giants). Magazines. Trading cards. Drawings on the wall, done by Danny.

Open wardrobe with clothes hanging out. The many pairs of child's shoes on the floor. The bed cover still of a young boy, not even a teenager. The beaten-up laptop computer. The games console and game cases scattered.

Toys -- plastic warring robot figures. A telescope. The half-read books. A flip video camera on the side. And on the bed, a small cuddly toy chimpanzee.

And then, the thing that catches his eye most. Etched into the wall, behind the door: Danny's height measured through the years. Pen marks on the wall, going from age 4, with dates.

Carver kneels by this, putting himself at a level with the lower marks, with the young Danny. Gently touches the wall, tracing the growth of the child.

And intercut this with pictures of Danny from the walls. Age 5. Age 7. 8 and a half. 10. 11th birthday. Higher and higher. Going from parents' writing to Danny's own.

And the sadness in Carver's eyes. As the sound bleeds in from the field at the back of the house -- kids playing. Carver looks out the window -- six or seven kids playing baseball in the field.

WIDE: He sits on the bed, a grown man in a child's room.

His eyes drift to the door - BETH is standing in the hall, looking in. Bereft.

Their eyes lock.

INT. GRACEPOINT MORGUE/VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Single-level, small, local, not hi-tech. ELLIE and MARK standing outside a curtained off area. An attendant looks to Ellie. She looks to Mark. Mark nods.

Curtain's pulled back. DANNY is laid out. Only his face visible: bruised, still dirty. We don't linger on the corpse at all -- barely see it. We play all this off Mark. His sudden shock.

Ellie looks down. Mark walks over to his son's side.

MARK LASSETER

All this way, I thought it wouldn't be him.
My Danny.

(Beat)

Can I touch him?

Ellie shakes her head. Mark turns on her, anger.

MARK LASSETER (CONT'D)
Why him? He's just a kid.

He kneels by Danny's face.

MARK LASSETER (CONT'D)
Hey, kid. I'm sorry. I wasn't
there for you. You're my
superhero. And I let you down. I'm
sorry. I love you. You know that,
right? I love you and I always
will.

Off Ellie: tears silently streaming down her face.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GRACEPOINT PD./DETECTIVES OFFICE - DAY

CARVER walking through the office, firing questions at ELLIE, as CHIEF MORGAN watches from the doorway. Two support workers in b/g but that's it. There's no big team here.

DETECTIVE CARVER

Was the kid abducted? Did someone gain access to the house? If so, how? If not forced entry, who has keys? The family, what do we know?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

Beth and Mark, childhood sweethearts, Beth had Chloe when she was seventeen --

DETECTIVE CARVER

I meant last night.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

Oh, OK, Beth and Chloe watched TV, didn't leave the house till the next morning. Mark was out on an emergency call, he's a plumber, got back around three am. No one checked on Danny after nine. Grandma lives nearby, was in all night, other grandma retired to Arizona, lives in a residential home.

DETECTIVE CARVER

I'll make a statement to the media later. Till then, stays between us. No gossip. No briefing. Understand?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

I know how to do this.

Carver looks at her. Morgan summons him with a glance.

EXT. GRACEPOINT/OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

Sidewalk that runs along the oceanfront. MORGAN and CARVER with coffees. In the distance, the crime scene.

CHIEF MORGAN

There's going to be some heat around this case.

(MORE)

CHIEF MORGAN (CONT'D)
We don't typically see cases like this here, it's going to attract attention. So I'm suggesting you hand this off to Detective Miller.

DETECTIVE CARVER
No.

CHIEF MORGAN
Given the specific nature of this case, we don't want Rosemont to become a thing, for you as much as anyone else.

DETECTIVE CARVER
I was fully exonerated --

CHIEF MORGAN
You came here to lie low --

DETECTIVE CARVER
I came to do the job. Rosemont doesn't make me vulnerable: it makes me the best man for the job. And right now, I got people to interview.

He walks off, throwing his coffee cup in a trash can.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE/BAY POINT - DAY

CARVER and MILLER walk towards the Kayak Shack at Bay Point, just off Ocean Avenue, on the jutting rocky outpost along the ocean. Views of beach and cliffs.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
What'd the Chief want just now?

DETECTIVE CARVER
What?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I saw you walking with her.

DETECTIVE CARVER
No.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I did! Like, a half hour ago.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Your son, Miller. He and Danny were friends. Does he know yet?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
No.

DETECTIVE CARVER
I need to talk to him.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Tomorrow. I'll tell him tonight.
Sir, I'd prefer if you didn't call
me Miller.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Why?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I don't like the last name thing.
It's just Ellie.

DETECTIVE CARVER
(trying it out)
Ellie. *Ellie*.
(Beat)
No.

EXT. BIKE & KAYAK SHACK - DAY

DETECTIVES CARVER and MILLER with **JACK REINHOLD**, late 50s,
little stubborn, little wilful. He is not a natural customer
service guy, nor a native Californian.

JACK REINHOLD
I rent kayaks, bikes, to tourists.
Rest of the time, I keep records of
the wildlife, submit to the Marine
Reserve. Whales, otters, seals,
that sort of thing. In butterfly
season, I cover that.

DETECTIVE CARVER
(unimpressed)
Butterfly season?

JACK REINHOLD
We're the butterfly capital of
California. You don't know that?

DETECTIVE CARVER
Strangely it had escaped my
attention.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
He's from the city.

JACK REINHOLD
Monarch butterflies migrate here
every fall for the warmer climate.
This town's a sanctuary.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Danny's Mom said he was here every
morning this week.

JACK REINHOLD
Correct. The kids take turns
throughout the year to come out and
record sightings with me, in the
morning. It makes them aware of
environmental issues, our
relationship to nature. They need
to know this stuff.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
But he didn't turn up today.

JACK REINHOLD
I guessed he was sick.

DETECTIVE CARVER
You didn't call his family to
check?

JACK REINHOLD
You think he's the first kid to
miss a morning?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Has he missed days before?

JACK REINHOLD
No.

Ellie glances at Carver. He's looking at the walls, the
pictures of wildlife, the kayaks. It seems like he's barely
listening.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
How was Danny yesterday?

JACK REINHOLD
Same as always.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
You notice anything bothering him,
last couple of weeks?

JACK REINHOLD
He's eleven. He's here a half hour
before breakfast. We track the
wildlife. It's not therapy.

Ellie looks to Carver. Engage with this!

DETECTIVE CARVER
You married?

They both look to Carver. Jack eyes him suspiciously.

JACK REINHOLD
No. You?
(Carver meets his gaze; to
Ellie)
I knew this kid all his life. They
brought him here, Mark and Beth.
Three days old. Showed him the
ocean. What's happened here, it's
not right.

INT. GRACEPOINT MORGUE - DAY

CARVER and MILLER back in the morgue with kindly, avuncular,
gray-haired African-American **JAMES MALONE**, 60s. No cynicism or
seen-it-all-before here. He's affected by this.

JAMES MALONE
Seven weeks I got left. They asked
me to stay on three months, while
they find a new guy. I figured
seven weeks, round here, no
problem.
(Beat)
I got a grandson this age.

DETECTIVE CARVER
What can you tell us?

JAMES MALONE
Superficial cuts and bruises to the
face. No injuries connected to a
fall. Cause of death, blunt trauma.
One harsh blow to the head.
(A different tone, more
personal)
Harsh blows. Kid was facing his
attacker. He would've looked 'em
in the eyes.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Any sexual violence?

JAMES MALONE
No. Thank god.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Time of death?

JAMES MALONE
Between 10pm Thursday night and 4am
Friday morning.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Thanks.

Malone nods. As Carver goes, Malone calls after him. Pointed.

JAMES MALONE
You may be used to this. But we
don't get these round here. You
find this guy, you lock him up for
a very long time.

Off Carver.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Lasseter house viewed at distance, from the field at the back.

BETH in the bedroom window. Looking out. Tiny figure in big
landscape. She walks away from the window.

INT. LASSETER HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

The sound of CHLOE crying.

In the hall, with all the rooms leading off. BETH, leaning
against a wall. Next to her is a half-open doorway. Through
it, we see Chloe sitting on her bed. Sobbing.

Hold on Beth, unseen by Chloe. She looks across the hallway.
Opposite her is the doorway to Danny's bedroom -- it is sealed
off now, crime scene tape.

Her gaze shifts. Mark is in the doorway of their bedroom.

Hold on that family tableau, the emotional stasis -- as
there's a knock at the front door.

INT. LASSETER HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

ELLIE and CARVER in front of BETH and MARK. CHLOE watches from
the doorway.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Preliminary findings mean we're now
classifying this death as a
suspected homicide.

WIDE: the silence just hangs. Everyone still. Then --

MARY PARNELL
Who would do that?

BETH LASSETER
I should've checked on him, before
I went to bed. If I'd checked --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Beth, this isn't your fault.
Whatever happened, it's not on you.

Beth looks back to Ellie, haunted.

DETECTIVE CARVER
I swear, we'll find the person
responsible. You have my word.

But MARK and BETH are too grief-stricken, holding each other
to hear him. Unseen, Chloe slips away from the doorway.

EXT. BACK STREET - DAY

Rundown street, all grass and trees, edge of town. Few blocks
from the Lasseter house. Standing on the edge of the trees is
DEAN IVERSON -- 19, African-American, good-looking but
troubled local oyster-farm worker, motorbike. CHLOE walks up
to him. A lingering kiss.

DEAN
Chloe... I don't know what to say.

CHLOE
I know. Doesn't feel real, right?

DEAN
Did the cops come?

Chloe gets on the bike, ready to ride with him.

CHLOE
Let's go. I wanna do this.

DEAN
Seriously. Did you tell them about us? Cuz
you're not sixteen yet.

CHLOE
Nobody knows about us. Let's go.

They're on his motorbike -- he rides off.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

ELLIE pulls the car up to the gas pump. Shuts the engine off. Sits there. CARVER looks at her.

DETECTIVE CARVER

OK?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

Need to eat. Blood sugar.

(Beat)

D'you think other kids're in danger?

DETECTIVE CARVER

Maybe.

On Ellie -- not the reassurance she was looking for.

EXT. GRACEPOINT/OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

Near the crime scene. Motorbike parked. CHLOE and DEAN look over at the beach -- the crime tape. Overwhelming for her, too real now.

DEAN

Want me to do it?

Chloe shakes her head. Deep breath. She walks along, gets to the police line. On the beach, a large evidence tent is up. Crime scene officers move in and out.

Hold on this, the sister looking at the site of her brother's murder. The industry of forensics now.

She lays the small cuddly chimpanzee against a nearby sign. Kneels, looking at it. Teary.

ANGLE: Owen Burke eating a sandwich, sitting on the seawall.

Owen's POV: seeing Chloe. Dean stands next to her, guides her away. They're hand in hand. Close in on Owen. Something's connecting, he's putting things together --

He stares at the chimp as Dean's bike roars past, Chloe on it.

INT. GAS STATION FOOD MART - DAY

Tired DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER looks at the array of pre-packed food, as her phone rings.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

This is Ellie.

INTERCUT OWEN, on the beach, at the crime scene tape.

OWEN BURKE
Is it Danny Lasseter?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Hang up, you know I can't talk to you.

OWEN BURKE
I saw Chloe at the beach.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
This is not appropriate --

OWEN BURKE
It is! Oh God, poor kid --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I did not confirm that!

OWEN BURKE
Absolutely, got it, Aunt Ellie, thanks!

He hangs up. Ellie, angry, and worried, dials back -- as she does she looks out seeing Carver standing by the car, he taps his watch, come on!

ELLIE walks out the shop, hissing a voicemail.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Owen, you better answer my calls! I did not confirm. You do not speculate. Are we clear? Thank you bye.

Hangs up, hand down, as she arrives at Carver. She smiles, the panic rising inside.

EXT. SEAWALL - DAY

OWEN BURKE sitting on the raised seawall above the beach. Fingers dancing over his phone screen.

We see it: Twitter. The Gracepoint Journal account. Draft tweet, ready to send:

"@GracepointJournal Sources suggest body found on Gracepoint beach is 11 year old Daniel Lasseter. Cause of death unexplained. More to follow."

His finger hovers. The "Tweet" button is glowing gently. On Owen. Ambition versus... something more human.

Owen presses "Tweet". It's done. A scoop.

He exhales. Then smiles. Proud. Looks back at the beach, the crime scene. Struck by the reality again.

A whirl of conflicting emotion. Has he just done the right thing? Does it even matter?

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Golden Gate Bridge, the city. Establishing. Total contrast to the idyll of Gracepoint. Traffic, noise, urban.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE NEWSROOM - DAY

Busy, messy, open-plan newsroom of a city paper. Phones ringing, chatter and buzz.

Come to rest on an African-American journalist in her late 20s, RENEE CLEMONS. Smart, ambitious and under-appreciated. Quite the combination.

Eager office assistant, ANGEL, 19, comes running up --

ANGEL

Renee, I got something for you--

RENEE CLEMONS

No, no, you need to wait, I got seven minutes to make this Board of Education press release appear essential news --

ANGEL

You said always tell you immediately if anything flares on the local press twitter feeds.

Renee stops -- looks at Angel.

RENEE CLEMONS

So what is it?

ANGEL

Eleven year old kid, found dead on the beach at Gracepoint, little town halfway between here and the Oregon border. Likely homicide.

RENEE CLEMONS

Send me the link.

ANGEL

Already did!

RENEE CLEMONS

(all smiles)

And does the link come with coffee?

Renee's smile could power a city, when she wants it to. Angel goes off to source caffeine --

-- as Renee opens up email, clicks on the link to Owen's tweet. Clicks on Josh's profile. His pic fills the screen.

Off Renee, reading, thinking --

INT. LASSETER HOUSE -- DAY

Crime scene officer HUGO GARCIA in the doorway, talking to grandma MARY. Two more crime scene officers walking upstairs.

HUGO GARCIA
We're taking Danny's computer.

MARY PARNELL
Will we get it back?

HUGO GARCIA
Once it's been examined --

MARY PARNELL
It's got all his things on it --

BETH LASSETER
That's the point, Mom.
(to Hugo)
Will you tell us, if you find anything on there?

Before Hugo can answer, Chloe comes running in--

CHLOE
They released his name!
(to Beth)
Did you agree to that?

BETH LASSETER
Wait, agree to what?

CHLOE
It's on Twitter. From the Gracepoint Journal. Daniel Lasseter. Everyone knows it's us now.

BETH LASSETER
Why'd you do that?

HUGO GARCIA
You need to talk to Detective Carver.

BETH LASSETER
 We're talking to you!
 (to Chloe)
 And how do you know about it anyway?

CHLOE
 I've got a Google Alert on Gracepoint and death.

MARY
 Chloe!

CHLOE
 Lucky I did or we wouldn't know --

MARK LASSETER
 (entering)
 Know what?

They all look to Mark -- who's going to tell him?

INT. GRACEPOINT POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

CARVER in front of the team of four: ELLIE and two support staff. Incandescent with rage.

DETECTIVE CARVER
 Twitter! *Twitter!* That family's lives are destroyed. Then we screw up, and make it worse! Why the hell should they trust us now?
 (looking around)
 Who told that journalist?

Looks around. Then a small, humiliated voice.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 There may've been a miscommunication.

Carver looks at her thunderously.

DETECTIVE CARVER
 Your *nephew*?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 He saw Danny's sister at the beach, leaving a tribute. I told him not to publish. He's a piece of work.

Carver just stares at her. It's discomfoting.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER (CONT'D)
 I'll talk to him, I'll explain to the family --

DETECTIVE CARVER
You need to leave. Now.

He stares at her, icy. She walks slowly away, humiliated.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT/PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

ELLIE kicking the wall repeatedly in rage, yelling at herself--

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Son! Of! A! BITCH!!

A young beat cop walks by -- Ellie flips to all-smiles.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER (CONT'D)
Hey Nick.

Oh God, she's so humiliated by all this.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FULL SCREEN NEWS COVERAGE - DAY

Local TV News: "Northern Coast News". Live, DETECTIVE CARVER, on the steps of Gracepoint Police Department, makes a statement.

DETECTIVE CARVER

At 6:52 am today, the body of an eleven year old child was found on the shoreline here in Gracepoint. The deceased has been identified as local resident Daniel Lasseter. The family has been notified and a homicide investigation is now underway. A full media briefing will follow this evening.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

RENEE CLEMONS watches on her computer. ANGEL looking over her shoulder.

DETECTIVE CARVER (O.S.)

We ask you to respect the family's privacy at this difficult time.

ANGEL

You know that guy?

RENEE CLEMONS

He was a detective in Rosemont when I was on the paper there. I can't believe he got hired again.

DAN HOLDEN, 50s, weary old-school newsdesk editor, passes: RENEE grabs him --

RENEE CLEMONS (CONT'D)

Boss, suspected homicide, kid in a small town, couple of hours up the coast.

DAN HOLDEN

Gender? Age?

RENEE CLEMONS

Boy. Eleven. I wanna go down --

DAN HOLDEN

Wrong gender, wrong age, too far, cost too much. Take what the locals report, polish it to fit.

RENEE CLEMONS

There's an angle they won't follow. Come on, all I'm doing right now is polishing press releases. Please?

She looks at him imploringly. On Dan.

INT. GRACEPOINT INN/RECEPTION - EVENING

Hotel-owner GEMMA FISHER -- late 30s, confident, smiling, flirty Brit - behind reception as CARVER walks up.

GEMMA FISHER

Hello. Long day.

DETECTIVE CARVER

Right.

GEMMA FISHER

(handing him the key)

It's so tragic. I can't imagine what the family are going through at the moment. Everyone's in shock. There's a drink behind the bar, whatever you want.

DETECTIVE CARVER

No.

He heads off, she's with him, half-beat --

GEMMA FISHER

And d'you think the beach'll be open tomorrow?

(off Carver's look)

Just so I know what to tell my guests.

DETECTIVE CARVER

Don't know.

GEMMA FISHER

Only, I had one room check out early. And a cancellation on email. Just tonight.

DETECTIVE CARVER

I'm going up.

GEMMA FISHER

Oh -- there's people waiting for you. In the breakfast room.

Carver turns -- OWEN BURKE and KATHY EATON at the bar. They turn to him as he walks over.

KATHY EATON
 (to Owen)
 Speak!

OWEN BURKE
 I'm an idiot. I was wrong to post the kid's
 name. I apologize.

KATHY EATON
 I've made it clear, another move like that,
 he'll be singing at least a whole octave
 higher.

Carver nods.

KATHY EATON (CONT'D)
 All reporting comes through me now. The
 Journal works with the police. I'll talk
 to Mark and Beth, give them our apologies.

DETECTIVE CARVER
 (to Owen)
 Stay out of my way.

EXT. DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Establishing. A warm glow from the house as ELLIE parks.

INT. DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - EVENING

ELLIE crashes through the door, frazzled --

JOE
 Here she is! Mommy!

Baby **DYLAN** covered in tomato sauce --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
 Look at you, way past bedtime! And you're
 eating spaghetti, and wearing it too! Good
 job!
 (looks around)
 What're you doing here?

SARA BURKE (Ellie's sister, 3 years younger) is in the kitchen
 with JOE MILLER, loving husband. Sara is grating cheese.

SARA BURKE
 Tonight's a night for family to be
 together. I called Joe and said I'd
 cook. You got time?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
No, I have to get back. I only came
for a shower.

SARA BURKE
You listen to your sister: need to
eat, otherwise you get grouchy. And
this'll be tough, you're gonna need
to step up.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
(irritated by her sister,
after 1 sentence; to Joe)
Did you agree to this?

JOE MILLER
You know how it is, our Casa, her
Casa --

She gives him a kiss, faithful **JOE**, late 30s, lovable, warm,
funny, overwhelmed by the day.

JOE
You OK?
(Ellie nods)
Things bad?
(Ellie nods)
Need a hug?

Ellie nods. They hug. She holds him so tight. It helps. Sara
watches, unashamed. These are siblings that are in and out of
each other's lives.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Where's Tom?

JOE
In bed.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Does he know?

JOE
Not yet. I kept him away from it all.

SARA BURKE
D'you know what happened? Should we be
worried? For other kids?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I don't know. Can I just get a minute alone
with my husband, please?

SARA BURKE
I'll set the table --

She heads for the next room --

JOE
How's the new boss?

Ellie's expression says it all.

JOE (CONT'D)
Come here.

A lingering kiss and hug. Ellie needs that like oxygen. And then she starts to silently cry.

JOE (CONT'D)
Whoa, it's all right.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
It's not. I saw Danny lying there. I can't do this.

And he holds her so tight, as she sobs.

INT. LASSETER HOUSE/KITCHEN - EVENING

Everything still. BETH and MARK. Un-drunk coffee. Low orange sun flooding the room.

MARK LASSETER
I keep thinking he's going to walk back in. Every time my phone goes off, I think it's Danny.

Beat. Beth watches. And then, the terrible question --

BETH LASSETER
Why didn't you check on him last night?

MARK LASSETER
Beth --

BETH LASSETER
You always check on him, when you come to bed. Why didn't you see he was gone?

MARK LASSETER
Why didn't you?

Ouch.

BETH LASSETER
Where were you last night?

MARK LASSETER
I told you. Working.

And the room just throbs with things unsaid.

INT. DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER'S HOUSE/TOM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

ELLIE on the edge of TOM's bed. He's in his pajamas. She's not practiced or good at this. And she's exhausted.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
You know Danny wasn't at school
today.

TOM
Yeah.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Tom... honey, Danny died.
(Beat)
I'm sorry.

TOM
How?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
We're not sure yet. He was found
on the beach, early this morning.

TOM
Do his Mom and Dad know?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Yeah. So...look... When a friend,
a best friend like Danny, dies
unexpectedly, it kinda leaves a big
hole ... in all our lives. So,
it's OK to feel sad or to cry.
Whatever you feel you need to do.

TOM
OK.
(Beat)
Will you, I mean -- will the
police, want to talk to me?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I guess. Don't worry about that
now.
(carefully)
Unless you think I should know
anything. Was Danny OK?

TOM
Yeah. Sure.

He looks down, twists the sheet. Emotion or a secret? Ellie can't tell.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
I think a hug's a good idea.

Tom looks up, eyes watering, and nods. They hug, tight.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER (CONT'D)
You know I love you more than
anything, right?

TOM
(the ritual reply)
Even more than ice cream?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Way more than ice cream.

They release from the hug. Tom distant now.

TOM
Can I be alone now?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Sure, honey. I'll just be
downstairs.

She heads to the doorway --

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER (CONT'D)
There's no shame in crying.

Tom nods. She goes. Tom waits a second -- then reaches under his pillow. Pulls out his smartphone. Looks at the screen.

On the screen, his SMS messages inbox. Seven messages all from DANNY. (We only see the sender, not what texts say). Tom thinks for a second -- then deletes the first message. SCREEN: "DELETING". The next highlighted message from DANNY -- DELETED. Tom keeps pressing, deleting until all are gone.

JUMP CUT: Tom's computer springs to life. His fingers fly over the keyboard.

ON SCREEN: warning message: "Are you sure you want to reformat the hard disk? You will lose all your data." Tom clicks yes. The hard disk begins to erase.

Close in on Tom. That isn't grief on his face. It's fear.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Sunset. ELLIE and BETH on the shore. Beth at a distance, staring at the spot where Danny's body was found. Police tape, incident tent, crime scene officers silhouetted inside. Ellie, tight to Beth, like a shadow.

BETH LASSETER

Thanks for bringing me.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

Of course. You're sure you want to be here?

Beth nods, looking at the tent. The sound of the ocean.

BETH LASSETER

I used to drive down here with him. When he was maybe eighteen months. Middle of the day, just me and him. I'd pick him up and dip him in the ocean waves, then swoosh him up, and his tiny fat legs all wet and covered in ocean foam. He loved it so much, he'd just gurgle with excitement.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

I did the same with Tom.

Beat.

BETH LASSETER

Does Tom know?

Ellie nods her head.

BETH LASSETER (CONT'D)

Promise me, Ellie, because I don't know your boss, but you and me, we go back, the boys go back.

(Beat)

I'm relying on you. To get them caught.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

I swear.

BETH LASSETER

(suddenly vulnerable)

He did know, didn't he? That I love him.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Of course he did! He was a
beautiful boy, Beth. You don't
deserve this.

Beth looks out to sea.

BETH LASSETER
Feel like I'm so far away from
myself.

Hold on the two women, amidst the sunset.

INT. "GRACEPOINT JOURNAL" OFFICES - EVENING

Owen writing his article. Deserted office. His cell rings.

OWEN BURKE
Owen speaking!

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

RENEE CLEMONS. Unclear where she is yet. (Intercut with
Owen)

RENEE CLEMONS
Hi "Owen speaking", this is Renee Clemons
from the San Francisco Chronicle.

OWEN BURKE
Oh, right! Hi. Hi!

RENEE CLEMONS
I saw you broke the story about Danny
Lasseter? I'm down here and I need a hotel
recommendation.

OWEN BURKE
That's great. I mean -- OK, where are you
right now?

RENEE CLEMONS
At the beach. People have started leaving
flowers.

OWEN BURKE
Yeah, Danny's sister left one of his toys
down there, must've started it.

With RENEE as she kneels by the flowers and the cuddly chimp.

OWEN BURKE (CONT'D)
I recommend The Gracepoint Inn. It's not
fancy, but it's solid.
(MORE)

OWEN BURKE (CONT'D)

Gemma, the owner, tell her you know us --
me. She'll give you a good rate.

RENEE CLEMONS

I'll do that, thanks. Maybe see you around.

OWEN BURKE

I hope so! I mean, great.

INT. "GRACEPOINT JOURNAL" OFFICES - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

OWEN hangs up, grinning, as KATHY walks past on her way out.

KATHY EATON

Who're you fixing up at the Gracepoint Inn?

OWEN BURKE

Nobody. A girl. Woman.

KATHY EATON

Oh, a woman! OK, press briefing at the
school.

OWEN BURKE

Good luck. I mean --

KATHY EATON

I know.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

RENEE, by the tributes to Danny. No one paying her attention.

She picks up the chimp, puts it in her bag. Walks away.

INT. GRACEPOINT PD./DETECTIVES OFFICE - EVENING

ELLIE back at her desk, with a cup of tea and some toast.
Staring at her computer: hundreds of files open: CCTV footage.
CARVER comes in. He's in his other suit. Ellie looks up.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

That a different suit, or the same
one just pressed?

DETECTIVE CARVER

Different. Media briefing in a half
hour.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER

Take a look at this.
(as he goes over)
(MORE)

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER (CONT'D)
Security camera from the bar on
Main Street, last night. I called
every business on the street, see
if they had a camera running.

ON SCREEN: quiet night-time Main Street. The CCTV clock in
the corner reads 10:47.

The jumpy, grainy footage shows a boy on a skateboard whizz
down the street.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Is that Danny?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Match with clothes, height, and it
looks like his skateboard. Danny
wasn't abducted.

DETECTIVE CARVER
He snuck out. Why? Where was he
going? Who was he meeting?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
And where's the skateboard?

DETECTIVE CARVER
Exactly.

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Also. I looked through the list of
his recovered belongings. No
cellphone. He definitely had one.
He and Tom, my son, they were
always texting each other.

DETECTIVE CARVER
But it's not there?

DETECTIVE ELLIE MILLER
Not from the body or from home.

DETECTIVE CARVER
Check with the family.
(Beat)
Nice, Miller.

It's almost praise and he's completely terrible at it. He's
gone, as Ellie looks after him, surprised --

INT. SCHOOL HALL - EVENING

School hall, the same school that was hosting Field Day
earlier. A few chairs laid out.

Empty, apart from KATHY and two others. Local press only. One camera crew at the back of the room. Front table: CARVER, CHIEF MORGAN.

CHIEF MORGAN

Let me hand this over to Detective Carver who can answer any specific questions.

KATHY EATON

What advice do you have for people in the town, particularly parents?

DETECTIVE CARVER

The crime rate here is one of the lowest in the state. This is a terrible, uncharacteristic crime.

As Carver continues to speak, RENEE CLEMONS walks in the back. Carver looks at her -- a flicker of something? He carries on, focused.

DETECTIVE CARVER (CONT'D)

We're in the early moments of what may be a complex investigation.

As he continues to speak (and we hear him continue in v/o) we INTERCUT ROUND:-

DETECTIVE CARVER (CONT'D)

Danny's life touched many people. We'll be looking at all those connections.

- MARK, BETH, CHLOE and MARY in the LASSETER family living room.
- DEAN sitting by his motorbike, by a line of fishing boats and oyster pots. He is watching on his phone.
- GEMMA FISHER watching on the hotel reception computer. She takes a tug on a large whisky on the rocks.
- OWEN BURKE on his computer at the newspaper offices.
- JACK REINHOLD in the wildlife observation shack, listening on a radio.
- JOE MILLER and SARA BURKE, in Ellie's house, clearing up the dinner plates, with Dylan in a high chair, stop what they're doing, all eyes on the TV.
- TOM MILLER, in bed, watching on his phone.
- HUGO GARCIA, crime scene officer, in the police department office, with a couple of support officers, all watching TV.

- VINCE NOVIK, on a late night plumbing job, watching through the doorway of someone else's house as he works.

- SUSAN WRIGHT, in her RV, with her dog asleep next to her. She is smoking, watching a small TV.

And throughout this, Carver's V/O, echoing round everyone:-

DETECTIVE CARVER (CONT'D)

If you or someone you know has any information, has noticed anything unusual, please come forward now. I'd urge everyone: don't hide anything. Because we will find out. If a member of your family, or a friend, or a neighbor, has been behaving differently in the past days or weeks, please tell the police immediately.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Close in on Carver. He looks straight down the camera lens.

DETECTIVE CARVER (O.S.)

There will be no hiding place for Danny's killer. We will catch whoever did this.

EXT. GRACEPOINT CLIFFS - NIGHT

The camera moves slowly at ground level through rocks and grass -- the sound of the ocean --

And we realize we're heading slowly towards the edge of the cliff --

Ahead, a single Monarch BUTTERFLY, perched on a rock, flies up and off --

-- As the camera speeds up until it's over the edge of the cliff, looking down at the terrible drop and the ocean below --

Out of the night, the butterfly flies back towards the camera, heading straight to camera until its wings obscure everything and we

SMASH TO BLACK.

END TITLES.