

SEA OF FIRE

"Pilot"

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Based on Sea Of Fire by
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Revised Draft
1.19.13

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

1

CAMERA SNAKES along a floor, cluttered with video cables and power strips to find a MAKESHIFT EDITING BAY -- banks of hard drives and three flat-screen monitors. A **FIGURE IN A HOODIE** faces the monitors, tapping away furiously on an ergonomic keyboard. We can't tell the age or gender of the Hoodie wearer. SEXY MOANS emanate from speakers as...

ON THE MONITORS: *WE SEE SHOTS of half-naked female bodies; hands caressing bare flesh; long, flowing hair. Not too much detail but it's pretty clear we're looking at an explicit SEX TAPE.*

HOODIE'S FINGERS fly across the keyboard, cutting and pasting. CLOSE ON Hoodie's glasses, reflecting back the salacious images; too close to make out a face.

ON THE MONITORS: Hoodie drags the SEX TAPE FILE to an email. Fingers type in the recipient -- "OFFICER MARK STROYKE" -- then hit "*SEND.*" As the email rockets into cyberspace, SETTING OUR SHOW IN MOTION...

2 EXT. MARK'S PATROL CAR - SANTA CRUZ - DAY

2

A Santa Cruz Police car cruises along a BEACH-FRONT AMUSEMENT PARK, framed by redwoods in lieu of palm trees. SKATERS, STUDENTS, and STROLLING TOURISTS traverse the Boardwalk. Santa Cruz has many faces -- surf mecca, tourist trap, eco-sanctuary, hipster college town. It's a paradise, Nor-Cal style.

Behind the wheel of the car is **OFFICER MARK STROYKE**, 47, decent, hard-working, a "peace" officer in every sense of the word. That's because -- aside from the occasional bar fight or speeding ticket -- *bad things just don't happen here.*

At the moment, Mark is on his cell, listening to a YOUNG GIRL'S recorded voice:

MEGAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hey, it's Megan. Text me, sext me,
leave me some digits. [BEEEEEP]...

MARK

Megan, it's Dad. Since you're not
returning my calls, I don't know
when you're coming home. Do not be
late to Uncle Oscar's party.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
Call me when you get the message.
I mean it. Call me back.

As Mark clicks off the phone, his irritation evident...

3

EXT. ICE CREAM STAND - DAY

3

... where his daughter, **MEGAN STROYKE**, 17, checks her BUZZING cellphone. She's the original "bad girl," reckless, overtly sexual, and a magnet for trouble.

She rolls her eyes as she sees another voicemail from "DAD." She DELETES it without listening.

MEGAN
This is so lame. You gotta come
with me, pleeeeeease...

POLLY LOGAN, 17, in server's apron and paper hat, scoops ice cream behind the counter of an outdoor stand. She's drop-dead gorgeous, a go-along/get-along kind of girl, happy to play second fiddle. Right now, she's trying not to laugh at Megan's entreaties.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I've got nothing to wear to the
party and you're my *fashionista*...

POLLY
I can't just leave to go shopping,
Megan.

MEGAN
Why not?

POLLY
'Cause I have a job.

Megan eyes her, highly skeptical.

MEGAN
Oh right. Without your scooping
talents, the Central Coast might
experience a tragic shortage of
Fudge Ripple.

Polly stifles a giggle. She loves Megan's sense of rebellion.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
C'mon, you know you want to.

POLLY
I can't. Why don't you call Elena?

A sore subject. Megan registers disdain.

MEGAN

Why would I call *her*?

POLLY

Gee, I don't know. 'Cause she's one of our best friends?

(off Megan's non-response)

Just apologize already.

MEGAN

What for? She'll get over it.

Polly shoots her a dubious look.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Whatever. This isn't about Elena.

It's about you. So you gonna live large? Or die behind that counter?

Polly's resolve is weakening. She looks around for her boss, then -- yanks off her apron.

POLLY

My dad's gonna kill me.

MEGAN

Then we better find you a damn sexy dress for your funeral.

Polly hops the counter, laughing, and the girls take off to play hooky.

4

EXT. DOWNTOWN CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

4

FIND **PETER LOGAN** (Polly's dad), 49, behind the wheel of a FORD F-150, surfboards hanging out of the truck bed. A door decal reads *LOGAN CONSTRUCTION*. Peter is charming, handsome, fit enough to still be surfing those boards. Right now, he's pissed as he steps out of his truck in front of...

A VANDALIZED OFFICE COMPLEX, fronted by a sign for RAWN ELLIN DEVELOPMENT. Spray-painted graffiti reads: "*SHUT DOWN THE SYSTEM,*" and "*KEEP SANTA CRUZ WEIRD.*"

PETER

Son of a--

His cell RINGS, he snatches it up.

PETER (CONT'D)

Kris? I can't talk right now.

5

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - RECEPTION - SAME TIME

5

DR. KRISTEN LOGAN, 46, sorts charts at her local clinic, phone to her ear. She's polished, smart, with the well-tended air of a former Homecoming Queen. As we INTERCUT:

KRISTEN

Everything okay?

PETER

One of the job sites got vandalized last night.

KRISTEN

Did you tell Rawn?

PETER

How do you think I found out? My phone only rings when we're losing money.

KRISTEN

It is his money...

PETER

Which he reminds me of constantly. What's up?

KRISTEN

I wanted to make sure you picked up my black dress from the cleaners.

Peter mentally kicks himself; he totally forgot.

PETER

I'm going to do it on the way home.

KRISTEN

You forgot, didn't you?

PETER

No, I'm just -- busy.

Kristen smiles, she knows her husband too well.

KRISTEN

I want to wear it to the party. Do you need me to pick it up?

PETER

No, no, I said I'd do it.

KRISTEN

All right, if you're sure you won't forget.

PETER

I'm not a complete idiot. I'll see you tonight.

He says it with a smile but there's an undercurrent of tension; things haven't been right in this marriage for a while. As he clicks off...

6

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - DAY

6

A charming eatery on the beach, elegant but not ostentatious. FIND **JULIA RAMOS**, 47, in a whirl of preparation for her husband's 50TH BIRTHDAY PARTY. Setting tables and placing floral arrangements with her small STAFF. She's demanding but fair, fiercely protective of her business and family.

JULIA

Let's move the serving trays closer to the wall... That's perfect. And lose the sunflowers from the centerpieces. We won't be able to see across the tables. Has anyone seen Elena?

(calling upstairs)

Elena?!

No reply. CAMERA FOLLOWS Julia as she heads up the stairs to the family's LIVING QUARTERS...

7

INT. ELDORADO - DANIEL'S ROOM - DAY

7

Julia finds her son, **DANIEL RAMOS**, 16, in front of his computer, uploading clips from a PRO-LEVEL CAMCORDER. He's bookish, slight, a budding filmmaker.

JULIA

Mijo, where's your sister?

DANIEL

Not my turn to watch her.

JULIA

Don't sass me. What are you doing up here?

DANIEL

Finishing Dad's video.

Julia watches for a moment, impressed as Daniel makes quick, assured edits. He's talented -- a distinction not lost on Julia, although she'd never tell him to his face.

JULIA
Finish that later. I need help
downstairs.

DANIEL
Get Freddy to help.

JULIA
He's not around.

DANIEL
There's a shocker.

Julia swats him playfully. No one disses her kids -- especially not her *other* kids.

JULIA
He's your older brother. He works
very hard.

DANIEL
He's a glorified janitor--

JULIA
And your father swung a hammer to
earn enough money to buy this
restaurant--

DANIEL
Yeah, yeah. After walking ten
miles to work every day, uphill
both ways.

JULIA
Nothing wrong with an honest day's
wage. Or getting your hands dirty.

A not-so-subtle jab at her youngest son, which Daniel shrugs off. Julia kisses him on the head and EXITS... Daniel's cell RINGS. He lights up as he sees the caller: "*SLATER*."

DANIEL
'Sup, bro?

SLATER LOGAN, 18, is the quintessential beach boy, tanned and toned in red lifeguard trunks. He has an easy confidence; a way of making you feel like the most important person in the room. He's climbing off a jet ski as we INTERCUT:

SLATER

'Sup with you, Spielberg? You finish your dad's movie?

DANIEL

Almost done. Just uploading you and my sister.

SLATER

Yeah? Make sure you get my good side.

DANIEL

Like you have a bad side?

Slater laughs if off. To say that Daniel has a little bit of man-crush would be an understatement.

SLATER

Speaking of Elena, what's with your sis blowing me off last night? Nice girlfriend, huh?

DANIEL

Gotta ask her, yo.

SLATER

I'll do that. Tell her to call me.

DANIEL

A'ight. See you at the party?

SLATER

Not if I see you first.

Slater clicks off. Daniel grins and turns his attention back to his SCREEN...

CAMCORDER FOOTAGE: A bikini-clad ELENA RAMOS, 17, is at the beach. She's sweet, bubbly, an irrepressible teenager.

ELENA (ON VIDEO)

... What do you want me to say?

DANIEL (O.S.)

Whatever you want. C'mon, Elena, camera's running.

ELENA

Okay, I want to say Happy Birthday to my wonderful Papa. You're getting very old but I love you more every year--

Slater darts in from behind, grabs her around the waist.

SLATER

-- And she's looking smoking hot in this bikini. So thanks for that, Uncle Oscar.

ELENA

Slater, stop --

SLATER

Keep going. Pretend I'm not here.

Slater nuzzles her neck. Clearly, these two adore each other. Elena giggles, pushes him away.

ELENA

You're absolutely the best father in the world. And no matter what, I'll always be your little girl.

Elena blows a kiss to the CAMERA and the IMAGE FREEZES. OFF her radiant smile...

9

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - RECEPTION - DAY

9

FIND **ELENA RAMOS** in the flesh. She sits anxiously in the waiting room -- a very different girl from the vivacious teen from the birthday video. Kristen passes by, on her way out.

KRISTEN

Elena?

ELENA

Dr. Logan. I'm sorry to just stop by like this...

KRISTEN

That's okay. But Polly's not here.

ELENA

I'm not here to see Polly... I really need to talk to you.

Kristen stops, considers her curiously.

KRISTEN

You all right?

ELENA

Yes, just -- please, please don't tell my mom and dad.

KRISTEN

I've been your doctor since you
were three. Whatever you tell me
is between us, okay?

That seems to satisfy Elena. Kristen gives her a warm smile,
but it can't mask her concern about this mysterious
request...

10

INT. STROYKE HOUSE - DAY

10

FIND Mark, getting ready for the party. He's multi-tasking --
hanging up his police uniform, brushing his teeth, checking
emails on his laptop. As he walks into the closet... A LOW
MOAN emanates from his computer. Definitely female,
definitely SEXUAL. MORE MOANS as Mark alerts.

MARK

What the hell...?

ON THE SCREEN: The same SEX TAPE we saw earlier. *Half-naked
female bodies, hands caressing bare flesh, long flowing hair.*

The SEXUAL MOANS are building in intensity. Mark sees it's a
promo for an ONLINE SEX SITE. He shakes his head, moves to
delete the email. And then -- HE STOPS COLD.

ON THE SCREEN: A WIDER ANGLE OF THREE YOUNG GIRLS, wearing
next to nothing. They're kissing, touching, bodies entwined.
WE SEE one of their faces. A BLONDE GIRL. She licks her
lips in a manner too salacious for her tender age.

Mark is trembling, a shock of recognition. Because that girl
is his daughter, MEGAN. It's a parent's worst nightmare in
full-streaming HD-video.

ON THE SCREEN: Megan moves in to kiss the second girl, who
is most definitely POLLY. The third girl wears a Venetian-
style mask leaving only her mouth exposed. Megan leans over
to kiss her too, then -- SNATCHES off the mask...

ELENA blinks back surprise -- a deer in the headlights. Her
face is exposed to CAMERA. As the IMAGE FREEZES ON HER, a
SULTRY FEMALE VOICE coos:

SULTRY VOICE (V.O.)

Do you want to see more? Now you
can at YOUNGSLUTS.COM.

OFF Mark, shaken to the core... SMASH TO: MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

11 INT. STROYKE HOUSE - DAY

11

FIND Mark on his cellphone, struggling to contain his anguish and embarrassment. The SEX TAPE is still up on his laptop but he can't bring himself to look at it.

MARK

Hi, Bill, this is Officer Mark Stroyke, Santa Cruz PD... Yeah, from the National Sheriffs' conference. Look, I'm trying to track down a, uh, pornography website... The IP address? No, what is that?

(he listens, anxious)

I know it's late, but you'd be doing me a huge favor... No, don't call the station. You can reach me at this cell number, day or night.

He clicks off, then SLAMS the laptop shut. He wants to throw the damn thing through the wall. Instead, he grabs his coat and heads out the door, on a mission to find his daughter.

12 INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

12

Megan checks herself out in a store mirror, trying on a MINI-DRESS that's too tight, too short, too low-cut. In other words -- *perfect*. Polly emerges from a dressing room in a similarly scandalous dress.

MEGAN

Oh, hella cute. I really like that on you.

POLLY

Yours too. Think there'll be any hot guys at the party?

MEGAN

You mean other than your brother?

POLLY

That's just... *disgusting*. Besides, he's dating Elena.

MEGAN

(tugging at her cleavage)
Maybe not for looooong...

Polly frowns at Megan's shameless scheming.

POLLY

You two really need to talk this out.

MEGAN

What's there to talk about?

POLLY

(lowering her voice)

She didn't want to do that video in the first place. Why'd you have to take off her mask?

Megan rolls her eyes, retreats into...

13

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

13

Megan strips off her dress, changing back into her own clothes. Polly follows, also changing out of her outfit.

MEGAN

It was a joke, okay? I don't see why it was such a big deal.

POLLY

It was to her.

MEGAN

It's only gonna play in Eastern Europe anyway. Who cares if a bunch of pervs in Jerk-off-istan see her face?

POLLY

You sure about that?

MEGAN

Hey, have I ever lied to you?

POLLY

Only when you told me you liked this dress.

MEGAN

(feigning outrage)

How dare you? I'll show you how much I love that dress.

Megan grabs Polly's dress and STUFFS IT into her bag. Polly is shocked by the brazen shoplifting.

POLLY

What are you doing?

MEGAN
Defending my honor.

POLLY
Your dad's a cop.

MEGAN
Good point. Better take mine too.

She stuffs both dresses into her bag.

POLLY
(freaked)
Megan?!

Megan gives a breezy wave and exits, leaving Polly behind to struggle with her conscience.

14

EXT. BOARDWALK MALL - MOMENTS LATER

14

Polly walks out of the store, trying to play it cool. She catches up to Megan waiting outside with her contraband.

POLLY
Can *not* believe you just did that.

MEGAN
Gotta look fabulous on a budget.
Besides, none of this'll matter
once I get my own clothing line.

POLLY
Like that's gonna happen.

MEGAN
Don't be a hater. Kim K started
out on a sex tape. Now she's
rocking her own clothes, jewelry,
perfume -- and Kanye's baby.

POLLY
True dat.

MEGAN
And once the campaign gets going,
you can be my spokesmodel. Your
face up on billboards!

Polly perks up.

POLLY
Ooh! We could get our own reality
show.

MEGAN

It's gonna blast us right out of
this town.

Polly struts ahead, makes a dramatic catwalk turn. Both
girls die laughing.

CHICKEN MAN (O.S.)

Hey girls, wanna go swimming?

They turn to see -- **CHICKEN MAN**, a local vagrant, pushing a
rusty bike laden with found clothing. He's 36, a little boy
in a man's body. A smile creases his sunburned face as he
follows them.

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's go in the water.

POLLY

Um, no thanks.

CHICKEN MAN

Why not? Are you chicken?

POLLY

We don't feel like swimming.

CHICKEN MAN

C'mon, chicken. I'll go if you go.

Chicken Man moves to block their path. Polly steps back,
fearful, but Megan holds her ground.

MEGAN

Thing is, we don't have our bathing
suits. How about we go home and
get them. We'll meet you right
back here, okay?

CHICKEN MAN

Okay. I got my eye on you.

He turns his fleeting attention to some passing FEMALE
TOURISTS. As Megan watches him go...

MEGAN

Definitely gotta get out of this
town.

Peter enters his upscale mid-century home in a rush, wincing
at the HIP-HOP blasting from Slater's room upstairs.

PETER
Slater?! Turn it down!

Kristen is there in a robe, hair freshly curled. Peter catches her expectant glance.

PETER (CONT'D)
What?
(then it hits him)
Ah, geez... Kris. I'm sorry.

KRISTEN
I ask you to do one simple thing...

PETER
With everything going on today, I just --

KRISTEN
You forgot.

Kristen tries to shrug off her disappointment.

PETER
Can't you wear another dress?

KRISTEN
Of course I can. It's not about the dress, Peter.

PETER
Then what is it about?

KRISTEN
You never *listen*...

16 INT. LOGAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

16

Slater peers over the stair rail, a beer bottle in hand. He sees his PARENTS arguing downstairs. Quietly, he moves down the hall and lets himself into...

17 INT. LOGAN HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

17

Slater retrieves a HIDDEN KEY. He opens a LARGE LOCKBOX filled with his mom's pharmaceuticals. Rifles through and extracts a foil pack. He pops out TWO PILLS, chases them with his beer. Clearly, he's done this before.

As he pockets the foil pack, shuts the lockbox, and returns the key...

KRISTEN (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Slater spins to see his mom in the doorway. Thinking fast:

SLATER
Looking for my laptop.

KRISTEN
Why would it be in my office?

SLATER
I let Polly use it. Sometimes she
videochats in here.

KRISTEN
She could do that in her own room.

SLATER
Wi-fi's better in here. I'll go
ask her.

As he slips out past his mom, almost a clean getaway...

KRISTEN
Slater?
(he stops, busted)
You know I don't like you drinking.

Slater hands the beer to her, an apologetic smile. OFF
Kristen, eyeing him suspiciously...

18

INT. LOGAN HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

18

A KNOCK on the front door. Peter opens it, finds Mark
standing there with a strained look on his face.

MARK
Sorry to drop in like this. Is
Megan here?

PETER
No, Mark. You want to come in?

MARK
Thanks, but I need to find her.

PETER
Everything okay?

Mark takes a beat -- torn between his duty as a police
officer and his responsibility as a parent.

MARK
Actually... we need to talk.

PETER

Sure. What's up?

MARK

I, uh, don't know how to say this... Our girls have been friends for a long time now--

POLLY (O.S.)

Dad? Oh hey, Mr. Stroyke.

Polly comes bouncing down the stairs. After what Mark has seen on the sex tape, he can barely look at her.

PETER

Polly, have you seen Megan?

POLLY

I left her about an hour ago on the Boardwalk.

PETER

Sorry, Mark, what'd you want to talk about?

MARK

Forget it. We can talk later.

OFF Mark, putting that unpleasant conversation on the backburner...

19

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - DAY

19

CLOSE ON A CHEF'S KNIFE, expertly chopping. WIDER TO FIND Julia working over a cutting block, a phone to her ear. Her anxiety is dialed up to 11.

JULIA

-- I ordered thirty pounds of prawns and they haven't shown up yet... What do you mean you can't find the order?

(frustration growing)

No, no, crawfish are not the same--

A pair of STRONG HANDS settle on her shoulders, kneading out the knots. CAMERA FINDS **OSCAR RAMOS**, 50, distinguished, weathered from years of working outdoors.

OSCAR

You're tense, *cariño*. You need to relax.

JULIA

I'd like to, but I'd also like the butter prawns to actually contain prawns.

OSCAR

So we'll serve something else.

JULIA

Easy for you to say. How was Mass?

OSCAR

Aromatic. Father Felix had garlic for lunch. He asked about you.

JULIA

I didn't have time for church today.

OSCAR

He says you haven't had time for the last few months.

Julia sighs. This is an old argument between them.

JULIA

Does he know I'm feeding 200 guests without a main course? Or that we've got two servers down with the flu? Maybe he can come down here and bus tables after the Eucharist--
(catching herself)
I'm sorry. I just want your party to be perfect.

OSCAR

Look around you. What do you see?

JULIA

About a hundred things to do before people start to arrive--

OSCAR

Let me tell you what I see: A beautiful restaurant, wonderful family, great friends. I'd call that -- *perfect*.

Julia kisses him; that's why she loves this man. But the moment is short-lived as... The front door BANGS OPEN. Elena rushes in, visibly upset, struggling to hold back tears.

JULIA

Elena? What's wrong?

Elena bolts upstairs past her mother. Julia shoots a look of concern to Oscar, then follows...

20

INT. ELDORADO - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

20

Elena barges into the bathroom, locks the door. She turns the shower on full blast. A KNOCK startles her.

JULIA (O.S.)
Honey? It's mom.

ELENA
Can you just leave me alone?!

JULIA (O.S.)
Elena, open the door.

ELENA
NO! GO AWAY!

Elena stumbles into the shower fully clothed. She sinks into a corner under the scalding blast from the shower head, trembling, as CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO REVEAL...

A PINKISH TINGE OF BLOOD winding slowly down the drain. OFF this disturbing image...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 EXT. OVER SANTA CRUZ - SUNSET 21

The sun sets over the Central Coast. A DENSE FOG is starting to roll in as night approaches.

22 EXT. SANTA CRUZ STREET - NIGHT 22

FIND Peter and Kristen walking down a FOGGY STREET, dressed for the party. The mood between them is frosty.

PETER

You look pretty tonight.

KRISTEN

Nice try.

PETER

Worth a shot though, right?

Peter touches her shoulder, an unspoken apology. Kristen pulls away, ever so slightly.

KRISTEN

Let's just get through this, okay?

PETER

What's that supposed to mean? You used to like parties.

KRISTEN

I used to like a lot of things. That was before carpools, and house payments, and running the clinic...

PETER

Some people would call us lucky.

KRISTEN

You know any of those people?

Peter shakes his head, exasperated.

PETER

Is your life really that terrible?

KRISTEN

Of course not. But don't you ever wish...

PETER

What?

KRISTEN

I woke up this morning and knew exactly what was going to happen. To the minute. Shower, breakfast, getting the kids off to school, eight patients before lunch, eight after...

PETER

So? It's just a routine.

Kristen struggles to find the words.

KRISTEN

Not to me. It's like -- paddling against the tide. No matter how hard you try, you always stay in the same place.

(off his look)

You don't get it, do you?

PETER

Sure, I do. You want to buy a boat.

Kristen manages a bittersweet laugh. No matter what, Peter can always get a smile out of her.

KRISTEN

Guess it could be worse... Elena Ramos came to see me today. For *birth control*.

Peter stops, surprised.

PETER

Did you give it to her?

KRISTEN

Of course. I'll bet Oscar would have her excommunicated if he found out.

PETER

Forget about Oscar. She's dating our son.

Kristen shoots him a look.

KRISTEN

You think Slater's not having sex?

PETER

I don't know. I mean -- Do you think we should condone that?

KRISTEN

It's happening whether we condone it or not. Would you rather they didn't use protection?

Before Peter can respond, EERIE SHOUTS echo ahead. A **DOZEN HOODED STUDENTS** materialize from the fog. They're carrying beers and backpacks, wearing an assortment of FACE MASKS -- Guy Fawkes, Scream, Obama, The Joker.

HOODED STUDENTS

Santa Cruuuuuuz! Shut the system down! SHUT IT DOWN!

Kristen shrinks back. It's beyond creepy as the students rush past, hooting and howling. Peter is shaken.

PETER

They come to school here for a few years and think they own the place.

Kristen grabs Peter's hand, their argument forgotten for the moment. UP AHEAD: A WARM GLOW OF PARTY LIGHTS and the strains of a LIVE BAND...

23

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

23

The party is starting to ramp up. Oscar beams as he sees Peter and Kristen arrive. He greets them warmly.

OSCAR

Peter, Kris. Thanks for coming.

PETER

Wouldn't miss it for the world...
(hands over a gift)
That's 27-year old scotch. One year for --

OSCAR

-- For every year we've known each other? But I can't accept unless we drink it together.

There's genuine affection between these two men -- interrupted as **RAWN ELLIN**, 52, pushes in. He's jovial, boisterous, but with a hint of darkness behind the glad-handing.

RAWN

Hey, my favorite people are here.
Time to get this party started!

Back slaps all around as Rawn makes his larger-than life presence felt.

RAWN (CONT'D)

And where's the birthday boy?
Oscar, you don't look a day over
forty. Wish I could say the same.

OSCAR

Good to see you too, Rawn.

Oscar forces a smile, tenses up as Rawn wraps him in a bear hug. Rawn hands over an ornately-wrapped gift box.

RAWN

Careful, it's Baccarat. Very
pricey. But what are we standing
around for? Let's get a drink!

Rawn claps a beefy hand on Oscar's shoulder and leads the way to the bar. As Peter and Kristen exchange a wry glance...

24 INT. ELDORADO - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT 24

A HAND wipes fog off the mirror to reveal Elena, wrapped in a towel. She stares at her reflection long and hard, haunted by what she sees. She exits to...

25 INT. ELDORADO - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 25

Julia is waiting outside her daughter's room. Elena tries to walk past her, but Julia's not having any of that.

JULIA

You're going to have to talk to me
eventually.

ELENA

I don't have anything to say.

JULIA

I want to help you--

ELENA

Well, you can't.

JULIA

Can you at least tell me what's
wrong? Did something happen to
you? Or someone else?

Elena MUMBLES something under her breath. Julia tries to tease it out.

JULIA (CONT'D)
What was that, honey?

ELENA
I said you wouldn't believe me
anyway. You never do.

JULIA
Elena...

ELENA
It's true. You think I'm a
horrible person. You think I'd
steal from you.

Julia takes a beat; this is an emotional minefield (*and a backstory we have yet to reveal*).

JULIA
I think you made a bad decision,
and then made it worse by lying--

ELENA
But I swear I didn't!

JULIA
Then tell me how that money went
missing.

Elena stops for a moment, as if she really wants to open up. But she just shakes her head. She slips into her room, shutting her mom out. OFF Julia, her heart breaking a bit...

26

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

26

FIND Polly, walking through the foggy park in her shoplifted dress. She spots Megan waiting by the roller coaster.

MEGAN
Check you out, sexy thing.

Polly does a twirl.

POLLY
Your dad came by my house.

MEGAN
What'd he want?

POLLY
He was looking for you.

MEGAN

He can keep looking.

POLLY

He's going to be at the party.

MEGAN

Echh, you're right. Better start drinking early--

AN UNEARTHLY HOWL makes them both jump as someone bounds out of the shadows. Both girls SCREAM as Slater lands in front of them, sweaty and wild-eyed.

SLATER

Blood! Blooooooooood!

POLLY

Slater! I'm gonna kill you!

SLATER

Not if I kill you first. I need the blood of virgins... Which I guess counts you two out.

Megan laughs, coming off the adrenaline rush. Polly smacks her brother hard, notices his oddly amped-up demeanor.

POLLY

What's wrong with you?

SLATER

Nothing a little pick-me-up won't fix.

Slater pulls out the foil pack, pops a PILL. Polly alerts.

POLLY

Did you steal those from mom?

MEGAN

(to Polly)

You're one to talk. Where'd you get that dress?

Polly shuts up as Megan turns to Slater.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Got any more of those?

Slater offers her a pill from the pack. Megan opens her mouth and Slater places it on her tongue. She makes a show of swallowing, licking her lips salaciously. Slater grins.

POLLY

Get a room.

OFF Polly's disgust...

27

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

27

The party is in full swing as Julia comes downstairs. She lights up as she sees -- **FREDDY RAMOS**, 20, enter. He's mercurial, flashy. Wears an expensive leather jacket and requisite bling, carrying a few cigar boxes.

JULIA

Freddy!

FREDDY

Hey, Mom.

Julia embraces him warmly. She'd never admit it, but Freddy enters behind him -- **ANGIE TOMCZYK**, 21, is a stunner, all legs and cheekbones. Not book smart but always working an angle.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Mom, this is Angie. The girl I told you about? Hope it's okay I invited her to the party.

ANGIE

Nice to finally meet you, Mrs. Ramos.

Julia eyes Angie with skepticism, not always approving of her son's choices in women -- or *life* for that matter. She covers quickly.

JULIA

Any friend of Freddy's is welcome in our home.

(to Freddy)

Let's go find your father.

TRACKING WITH THEM as they head into the party. As they near the kitchen -- something SHATTERS! Julia beelines toward...

28

INT. ELDORADO - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

28

Oscar and Rawn are facing each other, a tense stand-off. The BACCARAT CRYSTAL VASE lies broken in a thousand glittering pieces. As Julia pushes in, followed by Freddy and Angie.

JULIA

Oscar? What's going on?

OSCAR

Nothing. Just had a little --
accident.

RAWN

We can finish this later. Enjoy
the party.

Rawn excuses himself in a hurry, as Julia approaches her
husband, starts to clean up the mess.

JULIA

Everything okay?

OSCAR

Of course. Nothing to worry about.
(noticing Freddy)
Look who's here. Finally.

FREDDY

Happy birthday, Pop. Got you some
of those *Cohibas* you like.

He hands over the cigar boxes.

OSCAR

Why are you spending your money on
these? I can buy my own cigars.

FREDDY

Man only turns fifty once.

Oscar takes the cigars but not before Freddy notices his
father's shaken demeanor. OFF Freddy's curiosity...

29

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

29

FIND Mark moving through the noisy, party crowd. His cell
RINGS and he snaps it up.

MARK

Bill? Thanks for getting back to
me... A *search warrant*? Are you
sure there's no way around that?
Look, this is urgent. I can get a
warrant, but I need that info--
(listening; frustrated)
No, I understand the position
you're in... Let me call you back.

Mark hangs up, barely keeping his cool. His investigation
stalled for now. As he EXITS FRAME, CAMERA FINDS...

ANGLE ON KRISTEN

She's waiting for a drink at the bar, as Peter hobnobs with some local bigwigs nearby. A MARTINI GLASS slides in front of Kristen as Rawn takes the next seat over.

RAWN
Martini. Three olives, right?

KRISTEN
Good memory.

RAWN
Man can't let a beautiful lady go thirsty, can he?

KRISTEN
Some men can.

RAWN
Mmm, a man like that doesn't deserve a woman like you...

CLOSE ON RAWN'S HAND as he casually slides it up her skirt. Kristen flinches but she doesn't move his hand away.

KRISTEN
Not here.

RAWN
Why not? No one can see us.

KRISTEN
My husband is right over there.

As we realize: Kristen and Rawn are having an affair.

RAWN
Makes it more exciting.

KRISTEN
Not for me.

RAWN
So tell me to stop.

He flashes a grin. Kristen almost allows herself to enjoy the moment, then notices Peter looking right at her. She forces a smile and waves...

ANGLE ON PETER

He waves back to Kristen and Rawn, oblivious to what's going on under the bar. Mark approaches Peter, his face somber.

PETER
Hey, you find Megan?

MARK
Not yet.

PETER
I'm sure she's with Polly. No way
our girls miss a party, right?

MARK
Better they're not here now.
Something I need to show you.

Peter eyes him curiously, noting Mark's concern. He follows Mark away from the crowd.

ANGLE ON JULIA

Taking in her son's paramour at the bar. Freddy pours Angie a drink as Julia quizzes her.

JULIA
Did you two meet at the college?

FREDDY
Nah, friends of friends. Angie's
like me -- Why waste your time with
a bunch of useless classes, right?

OSCAR (O.S.)
Of course. Better to mop up after
students than be one yourself.

Oscar has come up behind the bar. This is clearly a sore spot between him and his son.

FREDDY
I'm not gonna work in Maintenance
forever, Pop. I've got plans.

OSCAR
"Plans," he says. Anything you'd
care to share?

JULIA
Not tonight, Oscar. Please?

Oscar moves away down the bar in search a bottle, refills his glass. Freddy follows, getting out of his mom's earshot.

FREDDY
Y'know, Pop, you can hide things
from mom but not from me.

OSCAR

What makes you think I'm hiding anything?

FREDDY

You're drinking the good scotch.

Oscar shrugs, then reluctantly confesses:

OSCAR

Business is slow. The restaurant hasn't been doing so well.

FREDDY

Anything I can do?

OSCAR

Get an education. So you don't have to do things the way I did.

FREDDY

What's wrong with the way you did things? You worked hard.

OSCAR

To give my children a better life.

FREDDY

Then maybe it's time your children gave back? Why don't you let me help? How much you need?

Oscar gives his son a patronizing smile.

OSCAR

More than a few boxes of cigars.

Freddy pulls a WAD OF CASH from his pocket. Easily a few grand. Oscar's eyes go wide.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that?

FREDDY

I've been saving up.

OSCAR

On a maintenance worker's salary?

FREDDY

That. And a few *side projects*.

Oscar puts his hand over the money, stuffs it back in Freddy's pocket.

OSCAR

Put that away. Whatever you're up to, I don't want any part of it.

He heads back to Julia and Angie. OFF Freddy, taking his father's rejection on the chin...

30

INT. ELDORADO - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

30

CLOSE ON A CELLPHONE: The SEX TAPE plays on its small screen. FIND Peter watching in stunned, trembling silence.

PETER

Jesus--

MARK

I called a guy I know in the FBI's Cyber Crime Division but he needs a warrant. I can get to a judge on Monday. Start the paperwork.

PETER

You're going public with this?

MARK

It's on the internet. That's pretty public.

PETER

We don't know how many people have seen it. Have you told Oscar?

Mark shakes his head, wondering at Peter's reluctance.

MARK

You're the only person I've told.

PETER

Let's keep it that way. This would kill him.

MARK

Peter, I'm a cop. These aren't just our girls, they're underage. I need to interview them.

PETER

(struggling to accept it)
Okay. But let me talk to Polly first?

OFF Mark, finally nodding in agreement...

31

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

31

Daniel mingles with the PARTY CROWD, camcorder in hand. He lands on Freddy, still steaming over Oscar's rejection.

FREDDY

Get that thing outta my face.

DANIEL

Nice to see you too, bro. Wanna say anything for posterity?

FREDDY

Yeah, where are your manners?
Daniel, this is my friend, Angie.

DANIEL

'Sup, Angie. I didn't think Freddy had any friends.

Freddy moves to smack him and Daniel scoots out of there.

TRACKING WITH DANIEL as he works his way through the party. He lights up as Slater sweeps in with Polly and Megan. Slater is high as a kite. He and Daniel exchange bro-hugs.

SLATER

My brother from another mother.
Girls, we got paparazzi. Coming through, no autographs, please.

ANGLE ON ANGIE

Watching Daniel follow with his camcorder, filming the "entourage" as they head to the bar.

ANGIE

So your brother's a filmmaker?

FREDDY

Guess you could call him that.

ANGIE

He's kinda cute. Does he have a boyfriend?

FREDDY

(thrown)
A -- what?

ANGIE

I just asked if--

FREDDY

I heard what you asked. What'd you mean by that?

Angie hesitates, realizes she may have just stepped in it.

ANGIE

You know your brother's gay, right?

FREDDY

Why would you even think that?

ANGIE

I know the way men look at me. He didn't.

She's not bragging, just being matter-of-fact. OFF Freddy, bulldozed by her insight...

ANGLE ON ELENA

Coming downstairs to join the party, looking lovely in a STRIPED CASHMERE SWEATER. She manages a strained smile as she approaches her father.

ELENA

Happy birthday, Papa.

She throws her arms around him. Oscar beams at her show of affection. Clearly, Elena is the light of his life.

OSCAR

Thank you, *mija*. Is everything okay? Your mother was worried.

ELENA

I'm fine.

OSCAR

I'm glad you're here. It wouldn't be a celebration without you.

Elena returns his smile, finally lowering her guard. Until she spots MEGAN, standing with Polly. Their eyes hold for a tense beat...

Megan makes the first move, approaching Elena. She smiles, tries to keep it light.

MEGAN

Hi--

Elena hauls off and SLAPS her! A stinging blow that snaps her head sideways. Oscar is shocked.

OSCAR

Elena?!

Megan glares at Elena for a hateful beat, then storms away. Elena heads in the opposite direction. Oscar starts to follow his daughter but...

TING-TING-TING. The room quiets as champagne glasses are rapped. Everyone turns to see Peter step up onto the stage, holding his glass:

PETER

I've been asked to say a few words
about my good friend, Oscar.
Luckily, I'm a man of few words...

LAUGHTER from the guests. All eyes turn to Oscar -- he'll have to deal with Elena later.

ANGLE ON FREDDY

He's watching Peter's speech, but he sobers as he gets a text message on his cell. He turns to Angie:

FREDDY

I've gotta go.

ANGIE

But we just got here.

FREDDY

I'll be back in an hour. Two tops.

He kisses her, heads out the door as...

ANGLE ON POLLY

As she watches Megan run out of the party. Elena is across the room, trying to compose herself. Polly is torn between her friends -- but she makes her choice...

TRACKING WITH HER as she approaches a distraught Elena.

POLLY

She deserved that.

Elena turns to face her, fighting back tears.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I love Megan, but she can be a
royal bitch.

ELENA

Me too, I guess.

POLLY
You all right?

ELENA
I just need a few minutes, okay?

Polly nods reluctantly, leaving Elena alone.

BACK TO PETER

PETER
Years ago, I got my first job in construction. I was determined to be the hardest worker on the crew. But there was another fellow, this skinny guy from Mexico...

BACK TO ELENA

She looks around at the sea of smiling faces. Locks eyes with Slater, who is standing near Kristen.

PETER (CONT'D)
Oscar is the same hard worker he was then. Not so skinny though...

More LAUGHTER, coarse in Elena's ears as she looks to Julia by Oscar's side. Daniel is there too, along with Mark.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm proud to call him my friend. I'm thrilled our families have grown up together. I'm as close to his kids as I am to my own...

Elena feels the room spinning. She pushes through the crowd and walks out in the middle of Peter's speech. He clocks her exit.

PETER (CONT'D)
Was it something I said?

Everyone LAUGHS, unaware of her emotional state. Slater watches her go, then follows...

32

EXT. ELDORADO - DECK - NIGHT

32

Elena exits and runs from the Eldorado. Slater comes out a beat later, sees her vanishing into the fog.

SLATER
Elena! Wait up!

33

EXT. CLIFFS NEAR LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

33

Elena runs headlong into swirling mist, the LIGHTHOUSE BEAM sweeping over her. FARTHER BACK, Slater pursues unsteadily.

SLATER

ELENA!

ANGLE ON MEGAN

She's sulking along the cliffs as she hears Slater's DISTANT VOICE. Curious, Megan heads toward the sound.

BACK TO ELENA

She slows at the edge of the cliffs. Peers down at the TUMBLING SURF. For a moment -- we think she just might jump.

Then... Slater yanks her back, his voice thick, slurring:

SLATER (CONT'D)

What're you doing? S'dangerous.

Elena buries her face in his chest. Slater kisses her forehead, then moves to her lips. She kisses him back -- but then jerks away. Slater tries to hang onto her.

ELENA

No, Slater... I can't.

SLATER

What's wrong?

ELENA

It's over. I can't do this with you anymore.

SLATER

What? That's *crazy*--

ELENA

Let me go!

SLATER

I jus' wanna talk--

ELENA

Slater, let go! LET GO!

Elena is struggling. She RAKES HER NAILS across his face. Slater HOWLS, flings her to the ground. He looms over her, eyes wild, enraged. Not in his right mind. OFF her SCREAM!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

34 EXT. CLIFFS NEAR LIGHTHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

34

The fog is starting to lift. CAMERA FINDS Slater, passed out at the top of the cliffs. His eyes flutter open, jagged snippets of memory flitting back to him:

MEMORY FLASH: *Slater struggles with Elena. Her NAILS rake across his face. Slater HOWLS in pain! Elena SCREAMS!*

BACK TO SCENE. Slater slowly, gingerly, gets to his feet. His clothes are damp and muddy. He touches his cheek, winces as he feels the FRESH SCRATCHES. There's no sign of Elena anywhere.

Slater walks to the cliff edge, peers over into the dark water and shivers. *What the hell happened?*

35 INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

35

CLOSE ON THREE SCOTCH GLASSES, being filled from the nearly-empty bottle. WIDER as Oscar pours for Peter and Mark, all of them feeling boozy. The party is winding down, only good friends remaining. Oscar raises his glass:

OSCAR

1995...

PETER

That's an easy one. We had Polly that year. Slater was walking.

MARK

If I remember correctly, Slater was *surfing*.

PETER

Poor kid couldn't even swim yet. That's how we knew he wouldn't fall off.

The three men share a laugh at the memory.

OSCAR

For me, that's the year our girls came into the world. And look at them now: Young ladies, best of friends...

They clink glasses and drink. Peter and Mark exchange a private glance, neither of them saying what he's thinking.

PETER
Enough of old men's memories. To
the next fifty years.

MARK
Hear, hear.

They drink. Kristen approaches Peter, Rawn at her heels.

KRISTEN
Ready to call it a night?

PETER
C'mon Kris, you can make it a while
longer.

KRISTEN
I'm tired, Peter. And I don't want
to walk home by myself.

Rawn pipes in, all innocence:

RAWN
I can give you a lift. It's on my
way.

PETER
That's a great idea. You sure you
don't mind?

RAWN
Not at all. As long as it's okay
with Kris.

Kristen smiles sadly at the irony. Truth be told, she'd
rather her husband *wanted* to go home with her.

KRISTEN
Sure. Why not?

She shoots Rawn a glance, notes his smug chivalry.

36

EXT. ELDORADO - DECK - NIGHT

36

Polly stands alone outside, wondering where her friends have
wandered off to. A moment later, Peter steps outside.

POLLY
Hey, Dad. Looking for Slater?

PETER
Actually... I wanted to talk to
you. See how things are going.

POLLY

Fine.

PETER

Good.

Peter stands there, at a loss for words. Struggling to broach the awkward topic of the sex tape with his daughter.

PETER (CONT'D)

And you would tell me, right? If things weren't... *fine*?

Polly's heart skips a beat. She covers:

POLLY

Why? Is something wrong?

PETER

(losing his nerve)

No. I, uh, just wanted you to know I'm here for you. In case of anything.

POLLY

I know that.

Polly gives him a smile but she's freaking out. *Does her dad know something?* Peter mentally kicks himself for this epic fail.

ACROSS THE BEACH: A SHADOWY FIGURE emerges from the fog. Peter is startled to see SLATER -- wet and disheveled.

PETER

Slater? Where've you been?

SLATER

Went for a walk to clear my head. Must've passed out.

Peter eyes the SCRATCHES on his son's cheek.

PETER

What happened to your face?

SLATER

Guess I fell...
(all innocence)
Is Elena back yet?

POLLY

We thought she was with you.

SLATER

She was. We, uh, got... *separated*.

Slater is holding something back and Peter can sense it. As alarm bells go off in his head...

37

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

37

FIND Julia, anxiously dialing Elena's cell. High-strung in the best of times, she's starting to fray. Peter waits with Mark and Oscar, Daniel, Polly, a few of the WAIT STAFF. Slater is keeping a low profile.

JULIA

She's not answering...

(on phone)

Elena, it's Mom again. Call me as soon as you get the message.

OSCAR

She might have her phone turned off.

JULIA

She *never* has her phone off. Something's wrong.

OSCAR

I'm sure she's fine, *cariño*. She grew up on that beach. She knows it like the back of her hand.

JULIA

I don't understand. Why did she run out of the party like that?

Peter chimes in:

PETER

Maybe her cell battery's dead. Anyway, she's probably out somewhere with Megan.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Who's with Megan?

All eyes turn to see Megan coming in the front door, wearing an expression of innocence.

JULIA

Have you seen Elena? Out on the beach? Or the cliffs?

MEGAN

No, I haven't seen anyone. It was pretty foggy out there.

JULIA

Ohmygod...

38

EXT. ELDORADO - DECK - CONTINUOUS

38

Julia runs out onto the deck overlooking the empty beach.

JULIA

Elena! ELENA!

Everyone is gathering outside the restaurant. Mark joins them, trying to make order out of the chaos.

MARK

Okay, everyone stay calm. We're going to find her. Julia, someone should stay here in case she comes back by herself.

OFF Julia's trembling nod.

MARK (CONT'D)

Keep trying her on her cell. Every couple of minutes in case she didn't get the messages.

As they head out, Mark lingers for a beat. He stops Megan, takes her arm and speaks quietly.

MARK (CONT'D)

You and I need to talk.

MEGAN

About what?

MARK

You know damn well what.

A hint of uncertainty crosses Megan's face. *There's no way her father could know about the sex tape, could he?*

MARK (CONT'D)

What happened with you and Elena tonight? Oscar says she slapped you.

MEGAN

Guess you'd have to ask her.
(trying to twist away)
Let go. You're hurting my arm.

A beat, then Mark lets her go and heads out after the others.
OFF Megan, following at her own pace...

39 EXT. PLEASURE POINT - NIGHT

39

FIND a familiar Range Rover, its windows fogged up. The car is parked in a secluded spot overlooking the ocean -- a local "lover's lane," appropriately known as *Pleasure Point*.

40 INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

40

Rawn and Kristen are collapsed in a post-coital heap -- sweaty, clothing undone. Kristen starts to put herself back together.

RAWN

That was... nice.

KRISTEN

Yeah. Really nice.

RAWN

Don't you ever wish--

Warning bells. Kristen shuts him down.

KRISTEN

Rawn. We've talked about this.

RAWN

I know, I know. Peter, and the kids, and your practice...

KRISTEN

I'm not ready to change anything.

RAWN

Well, what if I am?

Kristen is surprised to feel a pang of doubt. She brushes past it.

KRISTEN

Look, you've been great to me and I appreciate that--

RAWN

But not enough to get a divorce?
From a man who ignores you.

KRISTEN

It's not that simple.

RAWN
Why not? Why can't it be exactly
that simple?

KRISTEN
Rawn, please--

RAWN
If I were your husband, the last
thing I'd do is let some other man
take you home--

HEADLIGHTS sweep toward them. Rawn and Kristen duck down like teenagers as a HEAVY-DUTY TRUCK rumbles past. The truck pulls ahead and stops outside a padlocked CONSTRUCTION SITE. Rawn peers up over the dash.

RAWN (CONT'D)
What the hell...

Kristen peeks up too as she sees TWO MEN exit the truck. One of them uses bolt cutters on the chain, snapping the gate open. They enter and work quickly, carrying out heavy SPOOLS OF COPPER WIRE, and hefting them into the truck bed.

Rawn starts to open the door, royally pissed. Kristen hushes him, shakes her head no.

RAWN (CONT'D)
That's my job site. They're
ripping me off.

KRISTEN
And how're you going to explain
what we were doing up here?

Rawn reluctantly slides back down. Then -- BRIIIING!
Kristen's cell rings: "*PETER.*" She fumbles to silence it.

The men outside freeze, one of them pegged in the truck's headlight. He turns his face to REVEAL...

FREDDY RAMOS. He stands there for a beat, then gets back to work. OFF Rawn and Kristen, their shock of recognition...

41 EXT. CLIFFS NEAR LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

41

Mark leads our group of SEARCHERS -- Oscar, Peter, Daniel, Polly, Megan, Angie. They're armed with flashlights, calling Elena's name. The ground atop the cliffs is slippery, a treacherous drop to the ocean below.

Then Mark hears something. The FAINT RING of a cellphone. He holds up his hand.

MARK

Quiet! Everyone quiet.

The searchers are silenced. Now they all hear the PHONE.
Polly recognizes it.

POLLY

That sounds like Elena's
ringtone...

Mark heads toward the RINGTONE, stepping closer and closer to the edge of the cliff. The sound is coming from there. He lies flat on the ground, reaches over with his hand, straining.

CLOSE ON HIS FINGERS as they brush the cellphone, snagging it from a rocky crevice. He brings up the phone -- it's GLASS FACE SHATTERED.

OSCAR

It's -- her phone.

They all look down to the WAVES CRASHING on the JAGGED ROCKS below. WE PAN ACROSS THE FACES of this close-knit community, all of them fearing the worst...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42

EXT. CLIFFS NEAR LIGHTHOUSE - NEW DAY

42

SUNRISE. FIND Mark pacing the cliffs, holding a walkie-talkie. A search for Elena has sprung up in earnest. LIFEGUARD BOATS troll the shoreline. Mark's walkie CRACKLES:

HEAD LIFEGUARD (O.S.)
Dispatch, County One. We're going
to start the search grid. Marking
coordinates.

MARK
(into walkie)
Roger that. Keep close to shore.
If she's hurt, she could be in one
of the coves.

HEAD LIFEGUARD (O.S.)
County One, Out.

Mark signs off, then sees...

MEGAN sitting alone by the lighthouse, staring out to sea. Mark steels himself, then heads toward her.

43

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - DAY

43

The restaurant has been turned into a makeshift command center, friends and neighbors filtering in. Julia is a wreck, barely holding it together. Oscar does his best to comfort her as **MAYOR HANNAH JENSEN**, 60s, offers sympathies:

MAYOR JENSEN
... Anything you folks need, you
let me know. That means *anything*.

OSCAR
Thank you, Hannah. We appreciate
it.

MAYOR JENSEN
We're all family here. We look out
for each other. We won't stop
until we get Elena home safe.

ACROSS THE ROOM. Slater is in a post-narcotic funk, nursing the worst hangover of his life. Polly sits with him.

ANGLE ON PETER AND KRISTEN

Mid-conversation. Kristen eyes Slater as both mother and doctor, concerned about his condition.

KRISTEN

He doesn't remember *anything*?

PETER

Don't shoot the messenger. I'm only telling you what Slater told me.

KRISTEN

How much did you let him drink?

PETER

I didn't *let him* drink anything. You were there too, if I recall.

Kristen backs off, her nerves jangled.

KRISTEN

I've never seen him act this way. It's almost like he was on something.

PETER

Like what? Drugs?

KRISTEN

I caught him in my office yesterday. Something about the wi-fi...

PETER

You keep that stuff locked up, right?

KRISTEN

Of course I do.

They give Slater's condition a harder look. Peter shakes his head.

PETER

Some kids have to make their own mistakes.

KRISTEN

Not Polly... thank God.

Peter bites his tongue, doesn't reveal what he knows about their daughter and the sex tape. One crisis at a time.

Mark is in mid-argument with Megan, who is unapologetic.

MEGAN

I don't know what you're so mad about. She's the one who slapped me.

MARK

You and I both know we're not talking about that.

His anger starts to boil over.

MARK (CONT'D)

I saw it. That -- *sex tape*. The three of you...

He can't bring himself to say any more. Megan takes a beat, her defiance intact.

MEGAN

So?

MARK

So?! How could you be so stupid? You put that on the internet, you can't ever take it back!

MEGAN

Maybe I don't want to take it back. I mean, you should be glad I'm not pregnant... or on drugs.

Mark is beside himself with that teenage logic.

MARK

Lucky me! All you're doing is ruining your life.

MEGAN

It's my life. My decision.

MARK

You're only 17--

MEGAN

I'm almost an adult!

MARK

Almost! But until then, you're my responsibility.

(a beat)

And what about Elena?

MEGAN

What about her?

MARK

You don't think her disappearance
has anything to do with that tape?

That shuts Megan up. She hadn't considered that possibility.

MEGAN

I -- didn't think--

MARK

No. You didn't think.

His cell BUZZES. He starts back toward the Eldorado.

MARK (CONT'D)

-- To be continued.

45

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - DAY

45

Mark enters, trying to shake off his conversation with Megan.
Oscar intercepts, pulls him aside, half-dreading.

OSCAR

Have they found anything?

MARK

Not yet, but it's early. Oscar, I
need to ask a few questions. They
may be... *uncomfortable*.

OSCAR

Anything.

MARK

Did Elena have any enemies? Anyone
who might want to harm her?

OSCAR

No.

MARK

Any old boyfriends? Bad breakups?

OSCAR

Other than Slater, she hasn't dated
much.

Mark treads carefully, not sure how to ask this.

MARK

How about unwanted attention
online? Internet stalkers?

OSCAR

She doesn't even have a Facebook page. Why are you asking that?

MARK

We have to consider every possibility.

Mark won't elaborate further, but Oscar is troubled.

MARK (CONT'D)

How about at home? Any recent fights or arguments?

OSCAR

(a beat; embarrassed)
Two weeks ago.

MARK

What happened?

OSCAR

The register came up short. Elena was the only one working.

MARK

How much was missing?

OSCAR

\$1,300 dollars.

Mark reacts to the sizeable amount.

MARK

What did Elena say?

OSCAR

She denied it. Julia was furious, more about the lie than the theft. We cut off her allowance.

MARK

What has she been doing for money?

OSCAR

Working at Peter's office a few days a week after school.

MARK

So there's a chance she ran away?

Oscar thinks about it, finally nods. OFF Mark, hating the fact he can't be completely honest...

46

EXT. ELDORADO - DECK - DAY

46

Angie walks outside, chilled in spite of the winter sun.
She's pensive, bottled-up.

RAWN (O.S.)
Helluva thing, huh?

Angie is startled to see Rawn, inconspicuously parked in a
deck chair.

ANGIE
Excuse me?

RAWN
You come here to spend time with
your boyfriend, meet the family...
and get caught up in this mess.

Angie looks back to the restaurant, makes sure everyone is
out of earshot. Her voice is low and tight:

ANGIE
I didn't sign up for any
kidnapping.

RAWN
You think I did? I've known these
kids since they were in water
wings.

ANGIE
So Freddy's sister going missing?
You don't know anything about that?

RAWN
I was up half the night looking for
her myself.

As we realize -- *Holy crap* -- Rawn and Angie know each other.
Angie looks back, sees Oscar through the window.

ANGIE
He's a sweet guy. He doesn't
deserve this.

RAWN
He should've sold me the restaurant
six months ago. I offered him a
fair price... more than fair.

ANGIE
Yeah, you're a real prince.

RAWN

What does that make you?

Angie ignores the jab, comes back with a roundhouse.

ANGIE

Is it worth it? All this so you
can finally get the girl?

RAWN

You don't know what you're talking
about.

ANGIE

Guess I didn't see what was going
on under the bar last night either.

Rawn tightens as Angie realizes she's hit the bull's-eye.

RAWN

I'm paying you for information, not
opinions.

ANGIE

Maybe you should be paying me for
both.

Rawn eyes her coolly.

RAWN

Or maybe I just tell Freddy you've
been using him to spy on his old
man? That oughta go over well.

Angie tightens, well aware of Freddy's volatility. OFF her
silence...

47

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - DAY

47

Mark sits across from Slater, questioning him about the
events of last night. Slater is frustrated, on edge.

SLATER

I don't remember any more than I've
already told you.

MARK

Let's go through it again.
Sometimes new details can pop up.

SLATER

I followed Elena outside. I saw her running away down the beach, so I followed her. She was all upset, so I tried to calm her down.

MARK

What was she upset about?

SLATER

Girlfriend stuff... It wasn't a big deal.

Mark points out the scratches on Slater's cheek.

MARK

Did Elena do that to your face?

SLATER

I guess so.

MARK

Seems like a pretty big deal to me.

SLATER

I really don't remember. I'm sorry.

Freddy is listening from a corner, his temper rising.

FREDDY

Bullshit.

SLATER

What'd you say?

FREDDY

I said bullshit. My sister disappears and you don't remember?!

SLATER

Take it easy, bro.

FREDDY

I'm not your "bro." If you did anything to her, I swear to God--

SLATER

I would never hurt her.

FREDDY

Then why'd she do that to your face?!

Daniel steps in.

DANIEL

He told you he didn't do anything--

FREDDY

What the hell do you know?! Were you there?

DANIEL

No, but--

FREDDY

But what? You care more about your *boyfriend* than your own sister?!

Daniel flushes red. Mark interrupts, putting himself between Freddy and Slater.

MARK

That's enough. This isn't a criminal investigation. But I want to know where everyone was last night. Including you, Freddy.

FREDDY

Me?

MARK

I don't remember seeing you during the search.

ANGLE ON KRISTEN

Her mama bear instincts are enraged by what she's just seen. She turns to Peter.

KRISTEN

That Freddy Ramos is a menace.

PETER

His sister is missing. And our son was the last one to see her.

KRISTEN

You don't think Slater had anything to do with--

PETER

Of course not. But plenty of other people do.

He glances to Freddy. As Kristen considers what she knows... They're interrupted by Mark's WALKIE-TALKIE:

HEAD LIFEGUARD (O.S.)
Dispatch, County One.

MARK
County One, go ahead.

HEAD LIFEGUARD (O.S.)
We have an unconfirmed sighting.
300 yards off Corcoran Lagoon.

MARK
Roger that. Do you have a visual?

HEAD LIFEGUARD (O.S.)
Negative. We'll be on scene in two
minutes.

48

EXT. RESCUE BOAT - OCEAN - SAME TIME

48

The LIFEGUARD BOATS are racing toward something bobbing off shore. As we INTERCUT:

The air is sucked out of the room at the Eldorado. All eyes on that walkie-talkie. Julia clings to Oscar's hand.

As the boats close in, CAMERA FINDS A BODY -- floating face-down, arms extended. Dark hair clotted with kelp.

HEAD LIFEGUARD (O.S.)
We have visual. It's a body.

A CHARGED GASP as everyone reacts. OFF Julia's despair...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

49 INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - DAY

49

FIND Oscar, holding his wife tightly as everyone waits for confirmation. The walkie CHATTERS:

 HEAD LIFEGUARD (O.S.)
 Splash one. Diver in the water.

50 EXT. RESCUE BOAT - OCEAN - SAME TIME

50

A RESCUE DIVER closes on the body in quick strokes, he grabs the torso, flips it face up -- a RESCUE DUMMY stares up at him with blank eyes. The HEAD LIFEGUARD keys his walkie, as we INTERCUT:

 HEAD LIFEGUARD
 False alarm! It's one of our
 Rescue Dummies.

HUGE RELIEF sweeps over the group at the Eldorado. Hugs and tears at the news that it's not Elena. Slater breathes easy, at least for now.

Julia sways, eyes rolling in her head. She collapses in Oscar's arms. OFF THE CHAOS...

51 INT. ELDORADO - UPSTAIRS LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

51

FIND a protesting Julia, being tucked into her bed by Oscar. Kristen readies a sedative injection from her medical kit.

 KRISTEN
 This should help you sleep for a
 while.

 JULIA
 No, I can't be in bed right now.
 Elena needs me...

 KRISTEN
 What you need right now is rest.
 Doctor's orders.

 OSCAR
 I'll let you know as soon as
 there's news, I promise.

Julia sinks into the bed as Kristen injects the sedative. A beat, then her eyes flutter and her breathing slows. Oscar turns to Kristen, speaks quietly:

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Thank you.

KRISTEN

No need, Oscar.

OSCAR

And I'm sorry about Freddy. He talks first, thinks later.

KRISTEN

It's okay, really.

OSCAR

Can I ask a favor, Kris? When you speak to Slater? I don't care what happened. Whatever he did, I just want Elena to come home.

Kristen's brow furrows.

KRISTEN

We don't know for sure that Slater *did* anything.

OSCAR

Of course not. But if he knows anything at all...

KRISTEN

I'll talk to him.

Oscar nods his thanks, exits. OFF Kristen, pissed that everyone seems so willing to pin this on her son...

52

INT. ELDORADO - RESTAURANT - DAY

52

Peter approaches Mark, who is finishing up a call.

MARK

That was the FBI office in Watsonville. They're sending out a Response Team first thing in the morning.

PETER

FBI? Is that really necessary?

MARK

What if it were Polly who was missing? Or Megan? What if some creep saw that sex tape and--

He can't even finish the sentence.

MARK (CONT'D)

We can't keep this quiet much longer, Peter.

PETER

You'd rather ruin our girls? Make them a laughingstock?

He clams up as Kristen walks up on them, still agitated from her conversation with Oscar.

KRISTEN

I'm worried about Slater. I want to get him out of here.

MARK

I agree. I'll take him down to the station.

PETER

The police station?

KRISTEN

What? Why?

MARK (CONT'D)

For his own protection. Don't worry, I'll keep it on the down-low.

KRISTEN

It's a small town, Mark. You bring him in and everyone will know about it by dinner.

(anger rising)

Why is everyone so willing to blame my son for this?

MARK

No one's blaming him for anything.

KRISTEN

But you want to bring him in.

MARK

Believe me, he'll be safer with me than he will with you.

Kristen casts a glance to Freddy, who is keeping a cold eye on Slater.

KRISTEN

Maybe he'd be safer if you arrested the real criminal--

PETER

Kris, c'mon...

KRISTEN

Why don't you ask Freddy Ramos what
he knows about a burglary up at
Pleasure Point last night?

Mark and Peter just stare at her, surprised and confused.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Go ahead, ask him.

She pushes away from the table, finds -- Oscar standing right
behind her. From the stony look on his face, he's overheard
everything.

53

EXT. ELDORADO - DECK - DAY

53

FIND Polly out on the deck, pacing nervously. Megan sits
nearby, strangely calm.

POLLY

What if something happened to Elena
because of that tape? She could've
been kidnapped, or raped, or...
worse.

Megan eyes fixed on Slater, talking to Mark inside the
restaurant. Her wheels turning.

MEGAN

You should be more worried about
your brother.

POLLY

Why?

MEGAN

He was the last one with Elena. If
she's gone, they're gonna pin it on
him.

POLLY

You think so?

MEGAN

I would, if I were a cop.

POLLY

Then we need to talk to your dad;
tell him everything.

MEGAN

I think you're right.

POLLY
Seriously?

Polly eyes Megan with suspicion, not expecting her to agree on coming clean. OFF Megan, a look that says she's got a plan forming...

54

EXT. ELDORADO - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

54

All eyes watch as Mark leads Slater out of the restaurant to his patrol car. As Slater gets into the back seat -- Megan comes rushing over, words tumbling out:

MEGAN
Dad -- wait. I should have told you before, but -- I was scared and I didn't want to get in trouble--

MARK
Slow down. What are you talking about?

MEGAN
Slater doesn't know what happened to Elena because he was with me. We were -- *together*.

She looks to Slater in the back seat. He's confused by her lie, but doesn't contradict her. Polly is stunned as well.

MARK
What are you saying? You and Slater --

MEGAN
We were having sex. I asked him not to tell. Please don't be mad at him, it was all my idea.

She looks away, a proper show of contrition. Mark flushes, his parental emotions overcoming his cop instincts.

MARK
Slater, is that true?

Slater hesitates, then nods dumbly. Mark takes that in, struggling with his daughter's confession.

ANGLE ON POLLY

She's watching Megan's act with shock bordering on disbelief.

55 INT. ELDORADO - UPSTAIRS LIVING QUARTERS - DAY 55

FIND Julia, dozing restlessly in bed. ELENA'S VOICE filters through her narcotic haze. She struggles to open her eyes, hears her daughter's VOICE again...

JULIA
Elena...? ELENA?

Julia pushes herself up, fighting the sedative. She finds her feet, using the wall for support. She makes it down the hall to Daniel's room, pushes the door open to see...

56 INT. ELDORADO - DANIEL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 56

Daniel sits in front of his computer, sadly watching the birthday tribute video.

CAMCORDER FOOTAGE: *Elena is at the beach, recording the message to her father...*

ELENA
*You're absolutely the best father
in the world. And no matter what,
I'll always be your little girl.*

Julia's face falls; crushed as she realizes it's only a video. As "Cola" by Lana Del Rey FADES UP:

57 INT./EXT. ELDORADO - DAY (MONTAGE) 57

MEGAN gets into the patrol car next to SLATER. He smiles uncomfortably, going along with her story...

MARK gets behind the wheel, still trying to process his daughter's role in Slater's alibi...

FREDDY watches with an entirely different mind-set. He's suspicious, angry, and determined to get to the bottom of this...

PETER and KRISTEN watch their son being driven off in the patrol car. Kristen takes her husband's hand as...

RAWN watches Kristen with Peter -- for him, an entirely unsettling tableau.

Finally, OSCAR stands alone -- his daughter missing, his wife falling apart, his son under a cloud of suspicion. His best day turned into the very worst.

58

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

58

A beautiful day in paradise. CAMERA FINDS Chicken Man riding his bike past the coaster, calling out to passing girls.

CHICKEN MAN

Hey, girls. Wanna go swimming?

C'mon, chicken...

AS CAMERA DRIFTS down to find: A STRIPED CASHMERE SWEATER tied to his bike. *The same one Elena was wearing the night she disappeared.* OFF this startling revelation...

END OF PILOT