



ECHO LAKE

ENTERTAINMENT

GO TO HELL, TINA RHODES

Written by
Bayan Wolcott

January 22nd 2018

ECHO LAKE ENTERTAINMENT
Zadoc Angell
Chelsea Benson
Amotz Zakai
310-789-4790

for H: I get it now.

INT. BURNING CHURCH - NIGHT

A small church on fire. The ceiling begins to fall. Pews crackle, diminishing into ash. A cross engulfed in flames.

And in the midst of all this, TWO BOYS (one 16 and short, the other 17 and tall). Seated in the midst of this chaos, as if nothing's wrong. Both holding a large road map of the U.S.

TALLER BOY

Should take us three days. Tops.

SHORTER BOY

Are we really doing this? Promise?

The Taller Boy stares, wanting to nod. Wanting to comfort. But instead, he just tousles the Shorter Boy's hair. Until --

A WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)

Who you talking to, Psycho?

The Shorter Boy jolts, looking for the voice. Nobody there. He frowns and turns back but the Taller Boy has now VANISHED.

The Shorter Boy stands, now seeing the fire circling him. No way out. He begins to sweat. Just as he's about to scream --

INT. CISCO'S ROOM - MORNING

SANTIAGO "SANTO" MENDEZ startles awake on a room's floor. He's the Shorter Boy. He gets his bearings and looks around.

It's a room that belongs to someone else. Photos of the Taller Boy. Trophies. An untouched bed. Dust collecting.

Santo takes a deep breath then rises and rushes out --

INT. SANTIAGO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- entering a more lived-in room where he grabs a notepad and backpack then exits before we get to explore any more.

MS. SCHIEBERGER (V.O.)

I want you to partner up and
discuss Holden.

INT. WICHITA FALLS HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MORNING

MS. SCHIEBERGER (30s) finishes writing *HOLDEN CAULFIELD* on the blackboard using chalk. She turns to her class of restless, hormonal teenagers who try sitting still.

She holds up *THE CATCHER IN THE RYE*.

MS. SCHIEBERGER

Think about his journey and discuss themes. Yes? Okay. You have thirty minutes and then each team will get four minutes to present.

She claps twice, permitting students to tepidly pair off.

As we move through, we find Santo in the back, watching everyone find someone that isn't him.

He's 16 wishing to be 26. Hispanic, pudgy, with ill-fitted clothes and an uneven haircut. Beneath all that disarray, he's a tenacious and curious kid.

Though right now, briefly anguished...

...because nobody chooses him or even glances his way. In fact one ASSHOLE moves past him, shouldering hard into Santo.

He tries his best to ignore the slight, finishing the curves on the abs of a Greek God in his sketch of Mount Olympus.

A vivid sketch filled with immense talent, detail, emotion. Exceedingly sexual. But it could fit right in at the Getty.

Once done, he closes his book, slips it into his backpack nearby and raises his hand.

Schieberger makes eye contact with Santo who nods toward the door. She looks around the room, realizes, and nods back.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS - MORNING

Santo reaches the restroom but stops and looks around. The coast is clear. He takes off, heading in a new direction.

INT. SCHOOL - ART STUDIO - MORNING

The door jingles. MS. GARCIA (40s) looks up from a table, immediately annoyed as Santo enters.

MS. GARCIA

Santo. This is my prep hour.

SANTO

Did the new supplies arrive?

MS. GARCIA

You're not getting a sneak peak.

SANTO

I'm your first customer and this is how you're treating me, Ms. Garcia?

MS. GARCIA

You're a student, you get to use
and borrow the supplies for free.
Wait until your class period and
then you'll have cart blanche.

SANTO

This afternoon? That's alarmingly
unfair.

MS. GARCIA

That's how it works.

SANTO

Says who?

MS. GARCIA

Says me. The teacher.

Santo groans, craning his neck to see the shelves of supplies
stuffed with canvases, paints, pencils -- an artist's dream.

Santo's eyes fill with longing.

MS. GARCIA (CONT'D)

What class are you supposed to be
in right now? English? Does
Schieberger know you're here?

SANTO

I told her I had to pee. I need a
hit before I go back. A drag.

MS. GARCIA

I'm not following.

SANTO

Art is my narcotic.

MS. GARCIA

Oh sweet, Saint Monica.

SANTO

I know that might sound a
little melodramatic --

MS. GARCIA

A little?

SANTO

But all the best artists are
melodramatic and I want to be one
of them after I graduate this hell
hole and vacate this awful town.
So I must emulate: melodrama.

Garcia sighs and stares at Santo. At his persistence.

MS. GARCIA
Fine, Picasso. You may peruse.
That's all.

He YELPS in joy and runs past her toward the supply shelves.

He passes canvases, letting his fingers brush their coarse texture, admiring the items. Garcia watches, softening --

MS. GARCIA (CONT'D)
You know, you could try to enjoy
life here.

SANTO
Why? Nobody likes me. Nobody
likes the things I like. I'm
practically a ghost.

He says this matter-of-factly. As if he's grown accustomed to this reality.

This hits Garcia hard. She stands from her table and marches over to Santo at the colored pencil section.

MS. GARCIA
You may sneak a few pencils early.
But I need your help with grad
pamphlets next month in exchange.
You've got more raw talent than
most artists I admire. Capiche?

He nods, ecstatic. She holds back a smile. A bell rings.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING

Santo rushes into the class as the rest of the students pack up their belongings and scurry out. Instructing them all --

MS. SCHIEBERGER
I want a three page paper on
another character from the book and
their journey. By Friday.

Santo grabs his bag, zips it up, then joins the exiting crowd. Among them, the ASSHOLE from before who sneers.

ASSHOLE
Where were you, Psycho Santo? Busy
whacking off?

SANTO
Nah, your dad doesn't like using
his hands.

Blood drains from Asshole's face as those nearby laugh.

Santo quickly dashes away, not noticing an INDISTINGUISHABLE CLASSMATE a few feet away holding a folded piece of paper.

We STAY WITH this Classmate who separates from the crowd --

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS

-- into the school hallways and passes the folded paper to another STUDENT.

That student veers into another direction, and passes it to ANOTHER STUDENT.

Who passes that on to a FRIEND. And so on and so forth, until it lands in the hands of one individual we don't see.

All we see: a smirk, then her fingernails painted purple. And as this individual unfolds the paper, we finally realize what has been passed around:

Santo's sketch. The provocative depiction of Greek Gods, scantily clad, though gorgeous and skillfully drawn, and now through this immature prism: misconstrued as perverted.

...off this: GO TO HELL, TINA RHODES

EXT. WICHITA FALLS HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

Hundreds of students weave around one another, some running, heading to class. We FIND Santo, having just arrived.

As three kids pass by, they SNICKER. He frowns. How strange. He keeps walking, receiving more and more looks.

It's like the entire school is laughing at his expense.

Santo turns to a SOPHOMORE who gapes, amused. She pulls out her phone and SNAPS a photo of him.

SOPHOMORE

Smile. There's copies, like,
everywhere, by the way.

SANTO

What's going on?

SOPHOMORE

You just got here?

He nods. She points at a brick wall. Students are hovering, taking photos of a paper taped up. Santo's brow furrows.

He slowly nears the crowd, becoming increasingly nervous. He shoulders his way through, reaching the front.

Then Santo's face pales. He freezes, horrified. His heart now thumping. Because tacked up on the wall: his Greek God sketch with block words up top: "drawn by SANTI-FAG-O" and added body parts on each God.

Intensely vulgar body parts.

Santo throws off his backpack and unzips it, quickly rummaging through the contents, pulling out his sketch pad.

He opens it up, flipping through its pages, landing on the remains of one page that was clearly ripped out.

Santo doesn't look at the FRESHMAN who stands beside him.

FRESHMAN

Bet you wish you were a ghost right about now.

Santo rips down the sketch.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES (PRELAP)

Sweetie, I get that creativity comes in all forms...

INT. VICE PRINCIPAL JONES'S OFFICE - MORNING

VICE PRINCIPAL CATHY JONES (40's, opposite of stylish) sets down another photocopy of the sketch. It's too lewd.

She sits at her desk in a cluttered office. Stacks of files.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES

This borders inappropriate, Santiago. Grounds for suspension.

She slides the sketch over. Santo stares, mortified again.

SANTO

I didn't draw half of that. And it's Santo. I don't like Santiago.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES

I know it's been an incredibly difficult year for you but I need to understand --

SANTO

I only drew the Gods. Someone must have stolen it from my bag and added all those other... parts.

(MORE)

SANTO (CONT'D)

(...)

Why would she do this?

Santo is on the verge of tears now. His confident, mature front peeling away, exposing the insecure, scared kid he is.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES

Who is the "she?"

Santo wipes his brow. He sweats profusely. Even looks sick. He seems genuine but Jones studies him, wearily. As if she's been tricked too many times before by this sort of act.

SANTO

I don't feel so spectacular.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES

Would you like to go lie down in the nurse's office?

He nods yes, tears now running down his cheeks. She sighs.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES (CONT'D)

Okay, but I need to know who added the new parts? *Who did all this?*

Santo looks up, pained. Off him considering to reveal --

INT. TINA'S HOME - MORNING

TINA RHODES painstakingly sits at the breakfast nook, nudging her spoon around in a bowl of cereal. Alpha-bits: the cereal you arrange words. She NAVIGATES letters to make "DOUCHE."

And we note her fingernails: *painted in purple polish.*

She's 17, never a knot in her hair. God-given eyebrows, fantastic posture, that insufferable, popular brat you hope gets fat in her 20s. Or something equally as vindictive.

We hear a man's voice grow louder as we pull away from her.

SHERIFF RHODES (O.S.)

I don't get it. You take the clothes out of the dryer, fold them, put them back where they belong. It's *that* simple.

No response. SHERIFF ERIC RHODES stops washing dishes. 46, tall, full of command, one look and you know not to fuck with him. He soldiers a weathered face and a sheriff's uniform.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)

Tina. Quit day-dreaming.

Tina looks up at him. Swallowing her annoyance, she nods.

TINA
Oh my God. Fine. Next time.

SHERIFF RHODES
It's not like I'm not asking you to
cure cancer.

TINA
Dad. I get it. Jesus, Moses.

SHERIFF RHODES
Watch your tone.

Tina GROANS. He resumes the dishes. She gets up.

TINA
I'm going to be late.

SHERIFF RHODES
Did you speak with your Mom?

TINA
No and I'm not your messenger so --

SHERIFF RHODES
Tell her to quit ignoring me.

TINA
Well maybe you should've thought of
that before nose-diving into Mary
Cooper's --

Oops. Too far. She stops in her tracks. The Sheriff turns
to her again, furious, hands drenched in dish water and soap.

SHERIFF RHODES
She has two days to get me the
divorce papers. Tell her.

TINA
FINE. Exit this mood of yours.
I'm staying at Prita's tonight.

She GRABS an APPLE from the island counter, heading out.

SHERIFF RHODES
Parent's name and number?

TINA
On the fridge.

She exits. The Sheriff seethes, gripping the counter.

EXT. WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS - MORNING

Soccer mom SUVs pack the streets. Churches on every block.
Lake Wichita sits at the edge of town. Tall trees surround.

Families come to Wichita Falls to settle down.

TINA (V.O.)
They stole your bras? What the
shit?

I/E. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING

Tina sits with ALEXIS MCKAY at the front of the bus. Alexis
is 17, flat-ironed hair, a gossip.

At each stop, kids enter, see the two girls, then run to the
back in fear. Both scroll through social media as they talk.

ALEXIS
I thought I was going delusional.
(...)
Realized it was Luke and his
perverted little boner friends. I
feel like they sniffed them or
something? Ugh. So I tried
screaming at them but he slammed
the door on my hand and now it
looks janked as fuck.

TINA
You don't even have good tits
anyway. They're like, little
triangles. Tell them to aim
bigger.

ALEXIS
That's mean, Tina.

TINA
I tease because I love.
(...)
I'm getting more money for the
party, by the way. We can get more
booze. And condoms. I'm tired of
sexting Lachlan. I want to bone.

ALEXIS
Where are you getting this money
from? I don't understand.

TINA
I have my ways.

ALEXIS

I get a fourteen dollar allowance from my Dad a week. I asked him why not fifteen? Wouldn't that make it easier for him? Three fives? He says I'll understand when I grow up. *What the shit?*

TINA

He's a certifiable lunatic.

MORE STUDENTS pour in, sprinting away from Tina and Alexis.

ALEXIS

My point is: are you stealing from Papa Sheriff?

TINA

No. Some of us have brain cells. I have to tread carefully with him.

ALEXIS

Throwing a rager on a Thursday night isn't treading carefully.

TINA

Oh please, Alexis. He's oblivious about my life which is *retarded* considering he's the sheriff.

JONES (V.O.)

Excuse me?

INT. VICE PRINCIPAL JONES'S OFFICE - DAY

Tina's in the hot seat this time. And she's furious.

TINA

I said *this is so retarded*. Why am I the one getting blamed for this?

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES

Language. Because Santo says you call him that.

Jones points at "Santi-fag-o" on the sketch. Tina shakes no.

TINA

This is defamatory.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES

I also heard you showed the sketch to people yesterday. Then altered copies are taped up this morning.

TINA
That's a fucking lie.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES
What did I say? Language.

TINA
There was no "altered" copy. *That* was the original sketch.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES
So you admit to waving it around the cafeteria? Making copies? Who posted them for you this morning?

Tina realizes her slip... then contemplates her next move.

TINA
Maybe you're mistaking me for Alexis. That's more her style. And who even told you about the cafeteria? Tiffany Lewis? Because she's a compulsive liar, FYI. She told Mr. Hearne she couldn't take the calculus midterm because of her period but she was really just tired after boning Danny Chen the entire night before.

Jones sits back in her chair, disgusted. Giving up --

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES
If you so much as glance at Santo again, I'll have you suspended.

TINA
Splendid.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES
...and I don't care who your father is. Are we clear?

TINA
Windex clear. Am I excused?

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES
From this conversation? Sure.

Tina LAUNCHES out as fast as she can.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Tina keeps her head up, passing the other administrator's rooms. She pulls out her phone. Back to social media.

MR. JIM GROTERS sees her shuttling through. 30s, antsy, glasses, he has way too much back tension and frown lines.

He grabs his stack of copies from the printer and rushes up, trying to remain discreet as they move towards the doors.

MR. GROTERS
We need to talk.

TINA
Oh relax, Pop Tart. I didn't say anything.

She eyes him then returns to her phone. They exit into --

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Tina and Mr. Groters move through the empty halls, hushed.

MR. GROTERS
Why were you in there?

TINA
Some kid was being a testicle. *Do you have the last of it?*

He scowls, STOPPING them in a corner. He PULLS OUT a wad of cash from his jacket pocket. Rage filling his eyes.

MR. GROTERS
This is it. No more. I'm serious.

TINA
Were you serious about stealing money from the Student Council?

MR. GROTERS
I was *borrowing*. It was a one time thing. I was desperate.

TINA
I'm desperate too, Groters.

She hides the cash in her bag. He looks at her, incredulous.

MR. GROTERS
Do you even know what that word means? *Desperate?*

TINA
It means I'm finally a senior and it's time for me and my friends to have a small "get together"... that none of us can remember tomorrow.

MR. GROTERS
If you come to me again, I'll --

TINA
-- what? Seriously. You think
what I'm doing is bad? Please.
The helicopter moms on the School
Board would have your *head* on a
platter if they knew what you did.

He backs away, staring at her with total hatred.

MR. GROTERS
You're a bully and a narcissist.
Go to hell, Tina Rhodes. Fuck you.

She watches him STORM AWAY. No emotion on her face. Then a
sound behind her. The opening of a door. She turns.

It's the BOYS' BATHROOM. And out has emerged: Santo. He
stares at her, horrified at this coincidental run-in.

TINA
You really thought tattletale-ing
was your best course of action?

Santo attempts to say something, stuttering, but --

TINA (CONT'D)
Stop. I've lost interest. Stay
scared and run along, Psycho Santo.

She shoos him then leaves herself. Santo stays, paralyzed.

INT. SCHOOL NURSE'S OFFICE - LATER

Santo draws in his sketch pad with his new pencils. The
NURSE enters to give him a cup of water, sitting beside him.

NURSE
Want me to call your Grandfather?

Santo almost coughs up his water, shaking a no. Adamantly.

SANTO
Please no. He'll stalk me around
school every day if he finds out.

NURSE
Okay. I knew your older brother
before -- he was a very sweet boy.

She stands up and leaves. Santo stares into space. As a
school bell BLARES --

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Swarms of kids BOLT from school. The day is over.

We find Tina, Alexis (from the bus), and DUSTIN COX heading into the parking lot. Dustin is 18, scruffy, with a mop of a haircut, and a stoned expression splattered across his face.

Alexis stares at her phone, smiling. A look of longing.

TINA

Alexis has a P-L-I. Look. She's beet red.

DUSTIN

Who is the *Poor...* Love Interest?

ALEXIS

POTENTIAL love interest. PLI. He doesn't go here, dipshit.

Alexis puts the phone away as Dustin pulls out his CAR KEYS.

TINA

Is he coming tonight?

ALEXIS

Maybe. Stop assaulting me. It's casual for now. That's all.

DUSTIN

It's always casual with you two.

TINA

Yeah, duh. And you could learn something from us, Mother Theresa.

They reach DUSTIN'S SEDAN, climbing in. He turns his car on.

DUSTIN

Excuse you. Mother Theresa didn't have a deep admiration for weed like I do.

ALEXIS

But she probably got laid more.

Dustin laughs at the joke, but his eyes betray unease. He swallows it down before they notice and reverses out.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

A large, two-story cabin nestled in a thicket with a big open space situated nearby for football games or something active.

The quiet lake sits about half a mile away. Dense trees and greenery with a few pathways lie between.

Dustin's car rolls up to the cabin.

INT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

The three RUSH INTO the empty house. All of them carry boxes filled with party supplies and decorations. Tina smiles...

TINA

Okay. We need to one up Gennifer
Hale's stupid fucking bath salt
party last year. Let's gucci.

They split up, heading further in, getting to work.

INT. SANTIAGO'S HOME - NIGHT

Santo sets his backpack down in the entryway, carefully looking around the corner into the living room.

His ABUELO sits on a rocking chair, eyes closed, TV on. He's 72, strong, but slowly falling apart. A mind still sharp, assertive and dogmatic in tone, stubborn like Santo too.

Sighing with relief, Santo tries tiptoeing, further into the house. But halfway through his journey, eyes still shut --

ABUELO

Why are you late?

Santo freezes, disappointed he wasn't able to sneak by.

SANTO

I took the long way home.

ABUELO

The long way takes you three hours?

SANTO

I stopped to draw.

ABUELO

Where?

SANTO

Oh God, Abuelo. Can this not be an
interrogation please?

ABUELO

What have I said about using God's
name in vain? And these are very
simple questions, Santiago.

SANTO
It doesn't feel very simple.

ABUELO
Well, neither are you.

Santo huffs as Abuelo opens his eyes to get up and approach.

SANTO
You're always breathing down my back.

ABUELO
Aye dios... you stink. What did I tell you about deodorant?

SANTO
Oh my God. I'm going to bed.

ABUELO
No. Stop. Hold on. There's a fund-raiser next week at church. You will need to attend with me.

SANTO
Absolutely not. Why do you still bother with those people? They all talk crap about us. About you.

ABUELO
They'll come around. And we'll have to get dressed up. Suits, ties, cuff-links. I'll buy.

SANTO
Fine. Your way or the highway. Right?

ABUELO
Yes and misery will be tolerated so long as it's paired with a smile. That's my expectation. You may go.

Santo storms off. We turn to a wall, INCHING IN ON a photo of Abuelo, Santo, and the Taller Boy from the dream. A rising EDM beat starts to PULSE as we focus on the photo.

The music creeps up and up and UP UNTIL --

I/E. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Debauchery. Drinking, music blasting. The house decorated and lit -- it's Animal House. Already destroyed.

We move through, witnessing a kaleidoscope of:

-- Kids hanging off the balcony, couples lip-locked. Selfies and pictures taken.

-- FIND: Dustin, POURING SHOTS for a group of friends in the kitchen.

We TIME CUT through this party and see snippets of:

-- The Football team arriving. Whoops and cheers.

-- Dustin taking more shots with the same people.

-- FIND: Tina getting screamed at by a GIRL WITH BLACK HAIR.

-- Beers cracking. Glass everywhere. Joints lit. Alexis chugging from the keg. Friends take videos of her.

And as we continue, the snippets get faster and more jumbled. (These moments aren't necessarily in linear order):

-- Tina throwing a volleyball up in the football area with friends. Dancing and laughing. Posing for Instagram shots.

-- Dustin puking behind the cabin. Girls laugh. One in particular massages his back... until they begin kissing.

-- Alexis removes her bra in the HOT TUB, CHUCKING it far.

-- Blood on Tina's hand.

-- Tina and SOME GUY fucking ferociously on dirt, behind some trees in the woods. They cum together, moaning LOUDLY.

-- Sirens wailing. Red and blue lights flashing. Blurry.

-- Two NEW unidentified bodies fucking in the back of a car.

-- Music still roars. Cops BURSTING into the emptied house.

-- Tina continuing to jump and dance. We CLOSE IN on her, she laughs, sweats, having the time of her life until --

ONLY BLACK

Nothing but silence. The antithesis to everything we just saw. Total, consummate nothingness. And then --

INT. TINA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tina JOLTS UP from sleep, as if coming out of a nightmare. She looks around, confused, disoriented. Her door's open. She looks at herself. Clothes on from the party, still.

She gathers her wits, reaching for her PHONE. It's not there. Nothing is plugged into the charger.

She glances at her wall clock. 10:40 AM.

TINA
Shit me. I'm late.

Suddenly a CLEANING LADY moves past her door, VACUUMING the hallway. She scowls, getting on the floor to look for her phone. Nowhere to be found. Screw it -- she DASHES out.

INT. TINA'S HOME - MORNING

Tina rushes into the kitchen, peering down the hallway, combing her hair with her hands, straightening it out.

TINA
Dad? Are you here? Did you take
away my phone privileges? Really?

No response. Only a SECOND CLEANING LADY ignoring her. She scowls, then exits out the opened front door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tina jaywalks across a busy street near the school. A car doesn't slow down though. Tina LEAPS to safety, yelling --

TINA
DRIVE BETTER, DICK BRAIN.

She flips off the guy who ignores her, then continues on.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Tina rushes past the DUMPSTERS where Santo sketches on a pad and smokes a joint. He sees her, immediately closing up --

TINA
Sketching your dead brother's face?
Yeah, move along, Chalupa.

She reaches the opened school doors and HURRIES IN.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Tina SLIPS into her seat in the back. Nobody acknowledges her. Groters continues writing a math problem on the board.

An oblivious Alexis sits one row in front of Tina. Hushed:

TINA
Psst. Alexis.

But no response. Then Vice Principal Jones enters.

Everyone looks over. Jones walks over to Groters, whispering something then TURNS to class.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES
Excuse me. Sorry to interrupt but
the Sheriff needs a moment.

Oh fuck. Tina's busted. The Sheriff enters, looking upset.
Tina slumps into her chair. Avoiding eye contact.

SHERIFF RHODES
Morning. Many of you attended the
Senior Party at the lake cabin last
night. I've seen the social media.

Quiet rumblings. Students shift uncomfortably.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
I'm not here to bust balls.

A cough from Jones. Inappropriate. The Sheriff realizes --

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
I mean this isn't a witch hunt. I
don't care who was there. I'm just
trying to locate my daughter.

What? Tina frowns, sitting up now. Alexis and Groters too.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
Tina was playing Volleyball around
12:15 AM, I'm told.

TINA
Okay, Dad. I get it. I'm sorry.

SHERIFF RHODES
Did any of you see her after 12:15?
After volleyball?

TINA
DAD. Quit it.

He doesn't. Nobody turns to Tina. Nobody even acknowledges her. She begins looking around, confused as hell.

SHERIFF RHODES
Anyone?

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES
Nobody is getting in trouble.

TINA
I get it, I fucked up, Dad.

SHERIFF RHODES
Miss McKay?

ALEXIS
I didn't see her after that. She
hasn't responded to my texts. I
figured you grounded her.

Tina turns to the MATH NERD, BRADLEY sitting next to her.
She starts screaming...

TINA
HEY. BRADLEY. IS THIS A JOKE OR
SOMETHING?

It's as if he can't hear her.

TINA (CONT'D)
Is this a dream?

SHERIFF RHODES
(to Alexis)
Okay, please text her again.
(to the group)
Everyone else is accounted for so
if any of you remember anything,
please let Vice Principal Jones
know. She'll relay the info to me.

He takes off, followed quickly by Jones. Tina turns to her
fellow students who start whispering.

TINA
You guys. HEY DIPSHITS. ALEXIS?

No responses. She gulps, now fully freaked out. She then
jumps up, attempting to SHAKE Bradley into acknowledgement.

But the moment she tries placing her hands on him, **they WHISH
RIGHT THROUGH HIS BODY. Like he's air.**

TINA (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

She STUMBLES backwards, horrified. Mr. Groters CLAPS for
everyone's attention.

MR. GROTERS
Alright let's, settle down. I'm
sure everything is fine. Let's
focus on the math problem.

He sits at his desk, uneasy. Tina's even worse. Panting, sweating. She tries touching Bradley again. Same WHOOSH.

She turns to a pencil and notebook on her desk that was there before she arrived. She tries to pick it up. Her fingers move through. *What the fuck is happening?*

CLOSE IN as a white buzzing noise washes over. Eyes darting.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The Sheriff RUSHES out the school, heading to his car where DETECTIVE FRANK COLLINS (50s) and OFFICER JAKE Moretto (30s) speak. Collins is fat, balding. Moretto is handsome, fit.

Tina CHASES after him, practically in tears--

TINA

DAD.

But nothing still. He reaches the detective and officer.

SHERIFF RHODES

Nothing. They had jack shit.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

We're supposed to wait forty-eight hours, Eric. Maybe she's --

SHERIFF RHODES

You've gotta be kidding me. If this were your daughter, Collins --

OFFICER MORETTO

Hold on. Okay. Let's calm down.

TINA

SHERIFF RHODES

DAD. STOP. I'M HERE.

I am fucking calm.

SHERIFF RHODES

What about her cell phone?

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Last location was the cabin.

OFFICER MORETTO

Maybe she's sleeping off her hangover at someone's place. You know these parties. Kids from other towns come in.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Yeah, maybe she met someone. Did you check with her mom?

SHERIFF RHODES

Molly has no clue, I already asked.

(...)

You two can wait for the official
forty-eight. I'm going to the
cabin, maybe something's there.

He SWINGS around them, hopping into his car and TAKING OFF.
Tina watches beside Moretto and Collins, flabbergasted.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

He doesn't want to admit his
daughter is a slut.

Tina turns to him, frowning. Offended.

OFFICER MORETTO

I doubt he knows. Ten bucks she's
in Jacksboro, screwing some punk.

Collins and Moretto laugh, taking off. But Tina stays
frozen, shell-shocked.

INT. WEIGHTS ROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

Santo minds his own business, dressed in gym class clothes in
the corner of the room. He attempts ten sit-ups.

As he lays down after the fourth, RAMSEY DAY (17) towers
above him with TWO DUMB FRIENDS.

He's an overcompensating gym rat and one of the kids from the
party. A pompous walk, an obnoxious grin... girls love it.

RAMSEY

Psycho Santo. Up up. You stoned?

Santo gulps, sitting up, looking for a place to escape...

SANTO

(yes, sarcastic --)

No. Definitely not. I stay sober
for exciting moments like this.

RAMSEY

Where's the weed?

SANTO

You don't want it. It's bargain
bin. Bottom of the barrel.

But Ramsey doesn't relent. Santo sighs --

SANTO (CONT'D)
In my backpack. Locker.

Ramsey's friend takes off. Then kneeling down --

RAMSEY
I lent your big bro a pipe last
year. Then he went Town Clown and
killed himself. I want it back.

SANTO
I wouldn't know where he hid that.

RAMSEY
Not my problem. You have a week.
It's a blue and yellow pipe with a
dragon on it.

Ramsey grips Santo's shoulder tight. He slaps Santo, laughs,
and heads to a bench press. Santo stares into space, upset.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

Santo enters the locker room as boys head to the shower. His
locker is RIPPED OPEN with all its contents strewn about. He
sighs and begins fetching all of it.

INT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

The Sheriff moves through all the destroyed rooms. Nothing.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

He moves around the perimeter of the cabin, looking all over,
LANDING on something a ways away:

Another building. With a big sign that says: LAKE FISHING.
A small parking lot in front of it with one car. Looks old.

But... the Sheriff's eyes light up because on both ends of
the building, cameras are installed, overlooking the area.

INT. LAKE FISHING STORE - DAY

Ding. The Sheriff enters a convenience store with shelves of
fishing gear. Bait, lines, rods, snacks, everything to fish.

LANA
Sheriff Rhodes. Looking to fish?

LANA KING comes around a corner, holding a box of gear she
loads up into a shelf. She's 40s, strong, blunt.

SHERIFF RHODES
Can I look at your security feed?

LANA
My what?

SHERIFF RHODES
The cameras on your roof.

LANA
Oh. Those are for show. Mostly to scare the punks away. Some boys kept urinating on my store, zero clue why. Is there a problem?

SHERIFF RHODES
("dammit", oh...)
I'm looking for my daughter. She was at that cabin party last night.

He pulls out his phone and shows Lana a picture. She shrugs.

LANA
I heard the music, a rambunctious crowd, I can tell you that. Tried to ignore it then I passed out.

SHERIFF RHODES
She doesn't look familiar? She's a straight-A kid, got into Yale, good girl, well-behaved --

LANA
Really? All due respect, there was nothing well-behaved about last night, sir. Good girls would not be caught at a party like that.

He blinks, looking away, contemplating how much he didn't realize about Tina. Lana notices, clearing her throat.

LANA (CONT'D)
If I think of anything, I'll call?

SHERIFF RHODES
Yes...(?)

LANA
Lana. We met at that Chamber of Commerce party last year. Those blondies you brought were amazing. Sorry you have to go through this.

The Sheriff nods and pulls himself together, exiting.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Kids RUSH INTO buses and cars to leave. School's over.

Santo walks by the parking lot, almost to the street when he notices Alexis and Dustin walking to his car, oblivious to Tina who walks RIGHT behind them, SCREAMING.

Santo frowns, stopping to watch this curious scene. Tina FLAILS and SCREAMS, RUNNING around Alexis.

But Alexis makes no acknowledgement of Tina's presence.

And then Santo gasps. Tina tries PUSHING Alexis but her hands WHISH through Alexis's body. Like in the classroom.

Tina hears Santo's gasp. She stops and turns to him. The two make eye-contact. Tina's face blanches.

She slowly starts walking to Santo who BACKS AWAY.

TINA
YOU CAN SEE ME? SANTO. STOP.

He shakes his head no then turns around to SPRINT AWAY FOR HIS LIFE. She picks up her speed, trying to catch him.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Santo RUNS as fast as his pudgy legs will allow. He pants, WEAVING THROUGH various neighborhood streets and alleyways.

EXT. CONDEMNED CHURCH - DAY

A small brick-and-stone neighborhood church. Except it's badly burnt and abandoned. Yellow caution tape surrounds the property, the bricks are charred black, the trees are dead. Santo SLIDES UNDER the caution tape, DASHING into the church.

INT. CONDEMNED CHURCH - DAY

Santo sits low, on a charred pew, hiding in the same church from his dream. Touching the burnt wood, contemplating.

TINA (O.S.)
Can you hear me?

Santo JUMPS, startled. Tina is sitting beside him.

TINA (CONT'D)
Why are you in the church your
brother burnt down, you creep? You
shouldn't be in here.

SANTO
Leave me alone.

TINA
How can you see me? Or hear me?

SANTO
Why'd you steal my sketch? Why did
you add all that bad stuff? *What
did I ever do to you?*

TINA
Listen. I woke up, ran to school
but nobody can see me or hear me,
except you. I'm going ballistic.

SANTO
Yeah. Welcome to a day in my
profoundly dreadful life.

TINA
I'm being dead serious. You saw me
try and touch Alexis.

SANTO
I see a lot of things. I'm Psycho
Santo, remember? I'm mental. I'm
delusional. Runs in the family.

Tina attempts to SHOVE SANTO. But her hands just WHISH
through again. Santo yelps, shocked.

TINA
I told you. *What is wrong with me?*
What the shit happened?

She paces, trying to think. He pants, staring at her.

TINA (CONT'D)
I drank way too much and blacked
out. I've only got snippets of the
night. Hooking up with Lachlan.
Taking shots. The rest is blank.
I can't remember anything else.

Santo closes his eyes tight then reopens. She's still there.

SANTO
I'm like my brother. I'm losing
it.

He stands up, *grabbing his head*. Tears are filling his eyes.
He's hysterical...

TINA
Santo.

SANTO
Abuelo already suspects it.
What happens when he finds
out?!?

TINA
Dude, I can't with you.

SANTO
What if I start --

TINA
SANTO.

Her commanding yell stops him. She gets up in his face.

TINA (CONT'D)
Sit down. Exit this mood. I need
you to help me.

He tries sitting down and taking a few big breaths.

But he shakes a no. Freaked. He JOLTS BACK UP, grabs his
backpack and TAKES OFF. Tina watches, exasperated.

INT. SANTIAGO'S HOME - NIGHT

Santo bursts in, bee-lining for the stairs. From the living
room --

ABUELO (O.S.)
Santo, por favor.

But Santo doesn't stop. He continues on up the stairs --

INT. CISCO'S ROOM - NIGHT

-- until Santo bursts into the room he woke in at the start
of the story. His brother's room. Except it's completely
empty. Nothing left.

Santo's eyes bulge. *WHAT?* He starts to pant.

INT. SANTIAGO'S HOME - NIGHT

Santo returns to the LIVING ROOM where Abuelo sits with
YVETTE ALONZO. She's in her 40s, perfect posture, attentive
with a very analytical mind. Frantically --

SANTO
Where's Cisco's stuff?

ABUELO
I put all of it in storage.

SANTO
WHAT? Why?

ABUELO
Because you spend too much time in
his room. We need to move on.

SANTO
But --

ABUELO
Santo. You remember Ms. Alonzo?
From Family Protective Services?

Abuelo's tone is clear. *The subject has changed.* Santo eyes
Yvette up and down, concern splashing across his face.

SANTO
Yeah, you were at the hospital
after the fire. Is something
wrong? Why are you here?

YVETTE
It's part of the process. A case
worker checks in every so often to
make sure things are well.

SANTO
They're fine. I'm going to my
room. I'm not feeling well.

ABUELO
No. You two need to sit and talk.

SANTO
It's been six months. I answered
every question back then.

YVETTE
Then this should be quick and easy.

SANTO
(ignoring her)
You just said it's time to move on,
Abuelo.

ABUELO
Do what she asks, Santiago. Enough
already.

Abuelo rises and shuffles out. Somber. And tense.

Yvette scribbles down some notes as Santo sighs and relents,
sitting down on the couch with her as she looks back up.

YVETTE

Your grandfather showed me your drawings. They're incredible.

SANTO

Hopefully they're enough to get me a scholarship out.

YVETTE

Where are you applying?

SANTO

Every college with an art school on the east coast.

YVETTE

Terrific. I'm glad to hear that.

SANTO

I need to get far away from here.

YVETTE

Why's that?

Santo almost responds but pauses and realizes --

SANTO

I meant this town. It's not because of Abuelo if that's what you're getting at.

YVETTE

If you have concerns about him...

SANTO

He's *not* abusive. And I don't want to go to some other home or family. And I don't want to do this right now. Or ever. Can this be over?

YVETTE

I want to make sure you're healthy and not suffering from *anything* that may have caused Cisco to --

SANTO

I'm FINE. Okay? It wasn't Abuelo's fault Cisco killed himself. He did it because he was sick and too scared to follow through with our --

Santo abruptly stops as he looks up at the OPENED window behind Yvette. TINA SCOWLS, ARMS FOLDED, staring at him.

YVETTE
Your what?

TINA
I'm not leaving until you
help me.

Santo grabs his backpack and DASHES out of the living room,
up the stairs, leaving Yvette confused.

INT. SANTIAGO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Santo LAYS on his bed, turning up his music player's volume
as high as it'll go. He slams his face into a pillow.

We FLIP AROUND and reveal: Tina, waiting for him to give up.

Santo's room is bare. A photo of Cisco and him. A poster of
a Spanish soccer player. Text books towered against a wall
and art supplies scattered around.

A small, janky TV on the floor nearby too, TURNED ON. Tina
sits down on the floor and settles in for the wait.

INT. SANTIAGO'S HOME - LATER

At the foot of the stairs, Abuelo and Yvette quietly speak.

YVETTE
I do believe the hospital rushed to
judgement when they came to us with
a concern about you, señor. I
don't see abuse. But I do worry
there is potential neglect here.

ABUELO
I'm on him like a hawk. How do you
mean neglect?

YVETTE
Being strict and stern is not the
only approach. He seems stressed
and erratic. Exhausted. His state
of mind strikes me as turbulent.

ABUELO
Are you taking my grandson away
from me?

YVETTE
Not at this point. But I'm not
closing the case yet, either.

Abuelo looks ruffled. He folds his arms, stern, displeased.

Then he reaches down and slips off one of his socks, showing
Yvette the bottom of that feet. *Littered with scars.*

ABUELO

My mama would stick pins in our feet for talking back. *Sewing pins.* Santiago talked back to me and I disciplined him. I hit him. Once. As we waited to see if his brother would survive.

YVETTE

It's a different world now-a-days. You need to understand.

ABUELO

Francisco nearly tore this family apart. Now you want to take Santiago away and tear it all up again. *That's what I understand.*

YVETTE

No one is doing this to you but you.

ABUELO

Fine. Tell me what more to do then. He barely eats, so I keep him at the table until he finishes. He has nightmares so I check on him. Every night. What else? I'm providing for him. I'm watching for signs like Cisco. I try to keep tabs.

YVETTE

But are you *talking* with him?

Abuelo doesn't respond. He starts pondering this.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a few days. Don't just talk at your grandson. Talk to him. Find out what he needs.

He nods, concerned, but leading her toward the front door.

A ways away, hidden behind the railing of the stairwell, Santo watches, having heard every word.

INT. SANTIAGO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Santo slips back into his room.

Tina is in front of the TV, staring at the news: *SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER MISSING*. A photo of her on screen. Santo sighs and gives in.

SANTO

Why can't anyone else see you?

Tina turns around, seeing Santo engage. Back to the TV --

TINA

Beats me, Professor. I don't get it. I don't get any of this.

SANTO

My brother started talking to fake people. Everyone made fun of him. He'd be happy and fine for one hour then ape shit an hour later.

TINA

I'm not fake. Jesus, Moses. I'm missing or something. Okay, moron?

Santo frowns. She backs down. And maybe for the first time:

TINA (CONT'D)

Sorry...

SANTO

Fine. Prove that you're real.

TINA

I can't touch anything. I can't talk to anyone except you. What am I suppose to do, Genius?

Santo grabs his phone and turns it on.

SANTO

What's your e-mail password?

TINA

Confuse me?

SANTO

I don't know your password. If I log in, I'll know I'm not crazy.

TINA

I'm not giving some creep access to my emails. I don't know what you're going to do with that.

SANTO

Okay then. Night night.

He shuts off his phone and gets into bed.

TINA

UGH. Fine. God. TinaRhodes at
gmail. Password is harrystyles.
The h is lowercase.

Santo stares at Tina. She's embarrassed.

TINA (CONT'D)

Fuck off. It was my junior high
password and I haven't changed it.

He plugs in the information. Moments later, his eyes WIDEN.
HE'S IN. Tina gets up, heading around to look as well. At
least 13 UNREAD MESSAGES. Many worried ones from her Dad.

TINA (CONT'D)

Maybe you should respond.

Santo SHUTS THE PHONE OFF, shaking his head, trying to shift
back into his sheets.

SANTO

No. Everyone's watching me like a
hawk. I'm not getting into this.

TINA

You most certainly are. I showed
you I'm not part of your loco smoke-
o brain. I'll sit and scream if I
have to until you help me. AHHHHH.

SANTO

STOP.

ABUELO (O.S.)

Santo?

Santo and Tina freeze. Abuelo knocks on the door.

SANTO

Bad dream again.

ABUELO (O.S.)

What do you need? Stop what?

SANTO

Nothing. Go to bed.

ABUELO (O.S.)

Okay. Good night.

Santo hears Abuelo's footsteps move further away. Once gone
completely, he turns to Tina, enraged. Very quietly --

SANTO

How am I supposed to help? Everyone thinks I'm *this* close to starring in my own Netflix true crime doc. You expect me to tell people I can talk to a missing girl?

TINA

We need to find out where I am.

As Tina spitballs ideas with a resistant Santo...

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

We follow TWO FEET as they walk into a lobby. On a mission.

TINA (V.O.)

I told you I blacked out. Maybe I met someone and went home with him? Maybe I got too crossfaded and I'm sleeping it off somewhere? Oh my God, what if I'm dead?

SANTO (V.O.)

Don't say that.

We pan up to REVEAL: PRITA KAPOOR, 17, perceptive, camera-ready, her makeup smeared from tears, one of the girls we met at the party. Reaching the counter. On the other side of the counter: Officer Moretto from earlier.

PRITA

I need to speak with the Sheriff.

OFFICER MORETTO

He's on the phone. What's this about?

Prita pulls out her phone. Shows it to Moretto.

PRITA

I have a voicemail from Tina Rhodes from last night's party.

Off Moretto's increasingly concerned face...

CUT TO:

INT. SANTIAGO'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Santo INHALES cereal. He and Abuelo watch TV from the kitchen counter. Tina sits on the other side of Santo.

Their focus is on a LIVE NEWS REPORT playing on TV:

Sheriff Rhodes is emotional, trying to move through a small, but growing crowd of reporters, refusing to talk to anyone.

The picture CUTS TO: a REPORTER, talking to the camera...

REPORTER (ON TV)

The voicemail, brought in by Tina Rhodes's classmate, suggests that she was in grave danger that night.

(beat)

We have a portion of that message for our audience. Please note it is intended for a mature audience. Viewer discretion is advised.

Tina looks horrified. Santo has stopped eating. The picture CUTS TO a photo of Tina and the text of her message being written on screen as she says it.

TINA (AUDIO MESSAGE)

PRITA. PRITA. OH MY GOD.

(shrieks, to someone else)

WHY ARE YOU BEING LIKE THIS? I didn't mean to -- I'm sorry! I swear I'll --

An awful noise. Like a cockroach getting stepped on. Then SUDDEN SILENCE. Picture returns to the solemn Reporter.

REPORTER (ON TV)

A chilling message. Who was she apologizing to? Why was she apologizing? Officer Moretto spoke with Channel 4 explaining why they decided to release the tape.

The picture cuts to Moretto, but Abuelo SHUTS OFF THE TV.

TINA

NO.

SANTO

NO.

ABUELO

This isn't appropriate. We should pray tonight for her well-being. Terrible tragedy.

Tina is frozen in disbelief. Abuelo keeps eating. Santo doesn't know what to do, mind racing. Then Tina gasps --

TINA

Groters. He's the only person I've screwed over. Lately. What if I was apologizing to him? Maybe he did it. We have to go to his home.

SANTO
I'm not going.

ABUELO
Going where?

Oops. He looks up at his Abuelo, mind racing for an excuse.

SANTO
I'm not going... to pray for her.
I told you I don't believe in God.

ABUELO
God gave you this life.

SANTO
And then let Cisco kill himself?
What sort of God is that? I refuse
to believe in nonsense, Abuelo.

TINA
Moses. I don't have time for this.

Santo ends his meal, gets up, and grabs his opened backpack.

ABUELO
Where are you going?

SANTO
I'm going out to draw.

ABUELO
I need to know where from now on.

SANTO
Why?

ABUELO
Because --

SANTO

-- you think I'm turning into
Cisco?

ABUELO
No.

SANTO
Yeah, huh. I heard you and the
woman saying as much last night.
I'm not turning into him and I wish
you'd defend him more with people.

ABUELO
Santo.

SANTO

I'm leaving and I need some space
to breathe. That's what I *need*.

Santo using Yvette's advice works. Abuelo relents.

ABUELO

Okay. But you'll come back here at
four so we can go find suits for
the fund-raiser and talk. About
God, about you and me, too. Yes?

Santo sighs but nods and then turns to exit. Tina follows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Santo charges away from his home. Trying to zip up his
backpack which hangs off one shoulder. Tina keeps up.

TINA

Santo. I demand your help.

SANTO

No. Leave me alone. Why is the
saying 'Misery Loves Company?'
Misery does not love company.
Misery wants to be ALONE.

TINA

You're misery in this situation?

Santo stops and turns to her, flabbergasted.

SANTO

In Seventh Grade, you told everyone
Cisco and I bought ken dolls and
had them fuck. My BROTHER AND I.

TINA

It was seventh grade. Move on.

SANTO

You've spent forever humiliating me
because you think I'm gay.

TINA

You're not?

SANTO

That's none of your business. But
do you want to know what I'm not?
Helping you.

He spins to try and storm off but his unzipped bag tilts too far over and all its contents spill onto the dirty asphalt.

Santo drops, picking them up, crying out in frustration when he looks at his notepad which is smeared with grime and dirt.

TINA
Listen to me.

SANTO
No.

TINA
Look. Is this what you want? Art
shit?

SANTO
No, I can get that from Ms. Garcia.

But Santo FREEZES, realizing something. He looks up at her curiously then rises. Mind racing and tone pivoting --

SANTO (CONT'D)
But... what is it you need from me?

TINA
I blackmailed Mr. Groters into
paying for all our booze. He was
BEYOND livid. Prita's in his
stupid math class with me and maybe
that's why I called her? I want to
go to his place and look for clues
and I need your help.

Santo thinks this through. Then leans in.

SANTO
Don't Ramsey's parents own that
self-storage facility on Hatton?

TINA
Why the shit does that matter?

SANTO
You guys use the vacant units to
party, right? Drink and fuck
around? His parents don't know?

TINA
If you think I'm going to help you
get an invite in exchange --

SANTO

I'd rather eat shit. I want to know how Ramsey sneaks you guys into those units.

TINA

Why, Santo? What do you want?

SANTO

Cisco and I were going to leave town this summer. Maybe move to New York. We saved up and hid the money in his room where my Abuelo wouldn't find it. But then Cisco off'ed himself instead. And now it's all packed up in our unit.

(...)

I want that money so I can get out of this shit town factory after I'm done helping you.

TINA

How do you know it's still there? What if your Abuelo found it?

SANTO

It's a lot of money. He would have confronted me if he found it.

Tina stares at him incredulously. Santo is adamant.

TINA

Ramsey has a copy of the master key we use. I know where it's hidden.

SANTO

Great. Tell me where and I'll help you.

TINA

No. How do you I know you won't just take off once you get your grubby hands on it?

SANTO

I keep my promises.

TINA

You help me first then I'll take you. And you stick with me through this entire thing.

SANTO

Fine.

TINA

Fine.

Santo drops back to his items and collects them.

SANTO

Everyone's worried I'm going crazy.
Let's prove I'm not before I take
off. Now where does Groters live?

Santo takes off. Now on a new mission. Tina follows.

INT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A somber mood. WE INTERCUT AS: Sheriff Rhodes and Moretto
interrogate Prita, Alexis, Dustin, and Ramsey -- each alone.
All four fidget in the hot seat, uncomfortable and nervous.

First up: Prita.

SHERIFF RHODES

Why didn't you come forward with
the voicemail immediately?

PRITA

I've been a little raged obvi. She
texted Ramsey that night to bone.

SHERIFF RHODES

Excuse me? What's bone?

Now, Alexis.

ALEXIS

Sex. When Tina gets drunk, she
gets sloppy. Usually it's hilar,
but this time she texted Ramsey.

Prita again.

PRITA

"I want you" and "come here. Now."
I saw the texts and flipped shits.

SHERIFF RHODES

Is this true? Was this the first
time?

Ramsey up. HE NODS, avoiding eye contact with the Sheriff --

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)

When did all of this happen?

RAMSEY

I don't know. It was late. We were dancing. Then I got the text. Probably towards the end?

Sheriff Rhodes clenches his jaw. Seething. Now with Prita:

SHERIFF RHODES

You didn't see her after she ran off?

PRITA

No. You guys came 30 minutes later. Ramsey and I peaced out.

SHERIFF RHODES

Where? Your house? Both of you?
(off her nod --)
Where did you two go afterwards?

Dustin up now.

DUSTIN

Alexis and I went back to her place and crashed.

SHERIFF RHODES

Did you notice Tina acting funny? Was her mood different than usual?

Alexis again.

ALEXIS

Yeah she was for sure acting different.

SHERIFF RHODES

What do you mean?

ALEXIS

Um. She's had the hots for one of the Football guys. Lachlan James.

OFFICER MORETTO

You're telling me she was juggling Ramsey and Lachlan that night?

Prita now. The Sheriff's face even more livid.

PRITA

She planned the party so she and Lachlan could f-- spend time together. Ramsey wasn't a serious goal. Just a casual one because that's how Tina is.

With Ramsey.

RAMSEY

It was one text, I swear. Never more. That's it. And I didn't even respond. I told Prita that.

Sheriff glances at Moretto, incredulous, pale.

Moretto grabs four NOTE PADS and hands them to each kid.

OFFICER MORETTO

Write down everyone you saw *after* Tina vanished. And a play-by-play of what you did after the party. We'll be in touch if need be.

Off that, the Sheriff exits, breath held, and --

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

-- rushes into the parking lot behind the station where he arrives at his car and starts KICKING it again and again.

Letting out screams of frustration that build as he grabs his baton from his belt and hurls it into his windshield.

A large crack in the glass spiders outward. He bellows out moving from windshield to hood, denting and damaging the car.

I/E. CITY BUS - DAY

Not a lot of riders. In the far back row, Santo sketches and quietly talks to Tina who stares out the bus, confused.

TINA

The bus goes to Mr. Groters' house?

SANTO

No, Rich Girl. It goes to his neighborhood then we walk. Are you sure he even did something? Seems insane.

TINA

Of course I'm not sure. But he has *motive*. Who else does? And what are you drawing?

SANTO

The I-65. There's this overpass I go to. Sketch all the tail lights.

TINA
Hm. I guess it's okay.

The two sit quietly, watching the scenery. Until--

TINA (CONT'D)
You smoke weed?

SANTO
Better than your white people shit.
Why?

TINA
I can smell it.

SANTO
You can smell but you can't touch
or be seen?

Tina just shrugs. They resume their silence. Moving along.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Police cars and SUVs surround the cabin. Search dogs, tech workers, and detectives comb through the area.

The Sheriff and Moretto hop out of their car, greeted by Collins who takes them for a loop around the building.

DETECTIVE COLLINS
The dogs traced her scent up until
the creek. Nothing after that.

SHERIFF RHODES
Any progress with the cell phone
records?

DETECTIVE COLLINS
I've got some juniors at the
station combing through them.

The Sheriff groans and stops, mulling his options. Then --

SHERIFF RHODES
Collins, you stay put. Call me if
anything comes up.
(to Moretto --)
Let's go talk to this Lachlan kid.

Sheriff and Moretto head back to their car.

Lana from the fishing store watches from her porch. Sheriff notices and nods. She nods back, sending a comforting smile. He is momentarily soothed by it... but shakes it off.

EXT. MR. GROTERS'S HOME - DAY

From the back porch, Santo crouches under a window sill. He tries peeking up in to see, but he's careful.

Tina walks from another side of the house.

TINA
Groters isn't home. We're good.

SANTO
Are you positive?

TINA
For a Crazy who can talk to
invisible people... you really need
a stronger sense of adventure.

SANTO
And you invisible people need a
stronger sense of appreciation for
the people helping them.
Especially shit like this where I
could get in serious trouble, dude.
How do I do this?

They arrive at the back door. Tina inspects the planted pots then points at one pot in particular.

TINA
That one. Lift it up.

He does. A small key lies hidden underneath. Santo frowns.

SANTO
How'd you know?

TINA
The other ones have dirt and
cobwebs. That one is clean.
Details. That's what Dad says.

He takes the key and unlocks the back door. They enter.

INT. MR. GROTERS'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A bare home. The basic essentials. Santo and Tina search.

SANTO
How are we supposed to find out
what he was doing that night?

TINA

I don't know, Sherlock. Look for a calendar, a schedule, his mail, my dead, rotting corpse in the closet.

SANTO

What about his computer?

She stops and follows Santo's eye line into Groters's OFFICE. A small laptop on a desk amongst a stack of ungraded tests.

TINA

Let's hope he doesn't password protect.

They HEAD IN. Santo reaches the laptop and flips it open.

A password lock screen pops up. But taped to a part of the laptop is a USERNAME and PASSWORD.

SANTO

Why are old people so stupid?

He types in the password and... SUCCESS... they're in. Santo sits down and begins combing through the computer. Tina leaves to wander the house, noticing strange things:

A few temporary ramps installed over stairways. Pill bottles on counters. A medical bed in the large family room area.

TINA

Is Groters married?

SANTO (O.S.)

I don't take his class. I don't know him.

TINA

He has all this medical stuff.

IN THE OFFICE: Santo looks around. There's a picture of Groters and a WOMAN in a wheelchair. They hold hands.

He returns to the screen while talking.

SANTO

He has a wife, there's a picture of them. She looks sick.

(...)

I'm not finding anything. His calendar doesn't have anything that night. Or any other night.

Tina enters, walking up behind him to look over his shoulder.

TINA
Open up his text messages.

SANTO
I can't. This is his computer.

TINA
Texts stay on multiple devices now.
Open up the app, I'll show you.

He does so and sure enough, chat threads for weeks. Santo's eyes light up amazed.

SANTO
Wow.

TINA
Do you not have a computer?

SANTO
I don't like them. I like sketching more. Not manufacturing moments with Instagram "selfies."

TINA
Come down from your uppity throne and scroll to Thursday night. Let's see if there's anything.

He does so. And sure enough -- two texts. Santo clicks on the earlier one to NURSE CINDY. He reads it out loud:

SANTO
"Any chance you can watch Megan? I need to go driving. She's asleep."

They exchange a glance. Santo quickly turns back and looks at the other number. No name listed. Just: L

TINA
"I need help. Please call me."

SANTO
Help with what?

TINA
Murderous vengeance?

SANTO
Can we look up the phone number?

TINA
Google it.

He does so. The search results are inconclusive.

TINA (CONT'D)
Not listed. Of course.

Suddenly Santo hears something. He cranes his neck to the front door. One of the locks is being unlocked.

SANTO
He's back. SHIT.

Santo CLOSES the laptop and LEAPS UP to TAKE OFF, but --

TINA
WAIT. TAKE THE COMPUTER. We've got to figure out who he texted.

He stops. WTF? He shakes his head. NO. She stomps then nods a YES. The second lock is now being turned. Uh oh.

Santo GROANS then dashes back to the computer, TEARS a piece of paper from a notebook and quickly JOTS down the number -- then SPRINTS out the back door with Tina JUST AS:

Mr. Groters opens the front door and WHEELS IN his WIFE, MEGAN GROTERS (30s, emaciated, buzzed hair, pale).

MRS. GROTERS
Sweetie.

She points at the back door. It's wide open. Groters frowns, going to it and looking out. Angry. But nobody!?

We PAN DOWN underneath the porch where Santo and Tina lie in the dirt, breaths held, terrified.

MRS. GROTERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Want me to call the police, Jim?

MR. GROTERS
It's fine. Must've left it open.

But Mr. Groters isn't convinced. He walks into the backyard, inspecting. His feet passing Santo and Tina. Inches away. But Groters sees nothing. So he returns to the house. Tina and Santo EXHALE in relief. Close call.

I/E. CITY BUS - DAY

Santo and Tina in the far back corner again. Nobody around.

SANTO
He never told you guys about his sick wife?

TINA
I didn't even know he was married.

SANTO
He wears a ring on his ring finger.

TINA
When would I ever have had a reason
to look at his gangly fingers?

SANTO
It's probably why he borrowed the
Stu-Co money. For his wife's meds.

Tina's mind starts to wonder, looking inward momentarily --

TINA
I don't know why I'm --
("-- so self-absorbed")

She stops, blinking out of it. And suddenly back to normal --

TINA (CONT'D)
-- who would even marry him?

SANTO
Why did you hide with me? They
wouldn't have seen you.

TINA
I don't know. I guess... I forgot
what I am right now.

Santo understands. Then stands as the bus slows.

SANTO
Come on, we have to get off.

TINA
Confuse me? We have to go back to
your place and research that number.

SANTO
I don't have a computer.

TINA
So then where are we going?

SANTO
Quid-pro-quo. Your turn to help me
at the storage unit.

TINA

No. We're in the midst of this.
Follow me, pap smear.

She heads to the front. Santo glares.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

LACHLAN JAMES (17, perfect jawline) shivers. He's nervous as Moretto grills him. The Sheriff quietly observes. Angered.

OFFICER MORETTO

You and Tina spent time together at the party. Is this true, Lachlan?

LACHLAN

Yeah. But I didn't do jack.

OFFICER MORETTO

At what point did you guys find some privacy?

LACHLAN

Early on. Around eleven, I think?

OFFICER MORETTO

And after that?

LACHLAN

The whole football team had to scram. Coach texted us with one of his surprise midnight practices. I think it was punishment. That's why you guys came, right? He found out we were partying and tattled.

OFFICER MORETTO

Did you notice any players missing from the midnight practice?

Lachlan considers. Then --

LACHLAN

No. Everyone was there. Look, Tina talks to a lot of rando guys about skipping town and going to meet up with them.

WTF? The Sheriff leans closer. As does Moretto.

SHERIFF RHODES

Excuse me?

LACHLAN

She likes scrolling through snap stories in New York City and Boston. Places far away. She meets these guys from there and flirts with them. She'd always try to make me jealous.

SHERIFF RHODES

Snap? As in Snapchat?

LACHLAN

Yeah. Whenever she's at her Mom's.

The Sheriff tries to maintain composure but it's difficult.

OFFICER MORETTO

Did it ever seem like she'd follow through? With running away? Did she ever mention a particular guy?

LACHLAN

No. And it was always a joke. She'd do it mostly --

He stops, realizing he doesn't want to finish the sentence. But the Sheriff snaps at him, more assertive than ever --

SHERIFF RHODES

Mostly *when*?

LACHLAN

After bullshit at home. But it was always a joke. Always. I promise.

And off that stinging revelation --

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Lachlan exits the station lobby. The Sheriff watches him leave, bottling his anger, as Moretto walks up.

OFFICER MORETTO

Maybe she did run away?

SHERIFF RHODES

I don't know anything anymore. It doesn't feel like that though.

(...)

I'm going to see someone who can help.

Moretto nods, as he glances down at his buzzing phone.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

CLOSE UP ON: a Google Search. Except it's far more advanced. Like Google on steroids. Data upon data. It's too creepy.

Santo sits at a computer in a corner of the library. No one nearby save Tina who stands behind, instructing him.

TINA

Sort the data by clicking that.

SANTO

How do you know to do this?

TINA

I'm a bomb ass stalker. Sue me.

His search culminates in a PROFILE. Both lean in and squint their eyes. But in reading the profile:

SANTO

"Lyft?" The phone number belongs to Lyft? As in the car service?

TINA

Shit me. SHIT. These are their digits for Driver Dispatch. That's why it's not listed. You call them for a flat or like, vomit in the car, that type of shit.

SANTO

He was driving for Lyft.

TINA

Click that. We can map his driving routes that night. His pick ups.

He does. A list of rides populate, each beside a route map.

SANTO

He was giving rides mostly to and from the Dallas airport.

TINA

But look at that one.

(Santo zooms in)

He went MIA for an hour. 4 to 5 AM.

Right after he sent that text.

(beat to think)

What time did I leave the voicemail on Prita's phone? Maybe he's using car troubles as an alibi.

SANTO
I don't know.

LIBRARIAN (O.S.)
What don't you know?

A LIBRARIAN (60s, glasses, too smart) walks up, curious.

SANTO
Sorry. Just talking to myself.

LIBRARIAN
Can I help you with anything, hon?

SANTO
No, I'm fine. Thanks though.

She nods then turns away to help someone else. Once gone --

TINA
I bet Prita's grounded at home
because of all of this. She's got
crazy strict ethnic parents. We
can get her phone and see what time
I left the voicemail. What if it
was while he was MIA? That's huge.

SANTO
I'm not breaking into another
house, Tina.

TINA
Yes you will, bitch. Let's go.
I'll help you with the storage unit
after this.

She walks away fast. Santo groans, considering what to do.
He decides -- logging off then hurrying after her.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A modest home. Target and Bed-Bath-&-Beyond decorations.
Relatively peaceful... until the Sheriff BUSTS IN.

He BEELINES for a room down a hallway as MOLLY RHODES appears
out of another, dressed in a robe, eyes puffy, sniffing.

Molly is 44, flowing hair, perfect skin, not wrinkled enough
for her age. A woman, self-absorbed. And it shows.

He enters Tina's bedroom nearby. He upends her bed, opens up
desk drawers, frantically searches. Screaming --

SHERIFF RHODES
Where is it, Molly?

MOLLY
Where is what? Stop this.

SHERIFF RHODES
The iPad. The one she used to talk to boys. We agreed on approved apps, Molly. Snapchat was off limits.

MOLLY
I don't know what you're talking about. How dare you storm in here.

SHERIFF RHODES
How dare *I*?

MOLLY
I'm a wreck, Eric. My precious little girl. GONE FROM MY ARMS.

SHERIFF RHODES
Give me a break. *Your arms*. As if you ever showed her affection --

MOLLY
Does she realize what this is doing to me? How am I supposed to go on?

It's brutal how self-involved she is.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I had to cancel my Pilates retreat. That's 200 hundred bucks I won't --

SHERIFF RHODES
STOP IT.

The Sheriff has lost it. Molly stares, frozen.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
Why did you give her access? We discussed this, Molly. Only what --

MOLLY
Here we go again. The lecturing. Telling me how to parent. You're no better than I am, you cheater. Do you not see my agony?

SHERIFF RHODES

WHAT ABOUT MINE? You let her turn into a slut. I made one mistake but I've always tried putting her first. Maybe I failed, but I tried. What about you? Why are you throwing a pity party now? Is that putting our daughter first?

Molly's face sours. Disgust. She turns and storms into her room, SLAMMING the door shut. So dramatic.

He turns and continues sifting through Tina's stuff.

EXT. PRITA'S HOME - DAY

A modest home. The yard hasn't been mowed in a while.

Santo stands behind a backyard pillar. Until Tina EMERGES through the back door from within... and yells at him:

TINA

Psst. Space Cadet. Coast is clear. Prita and Alexis are in the bathroom painting nails. Probably douching next. I know where her phone is kept when she's grounded.

Santo looks around. He runs toward the back door, opens it quietly, then SNEAKS IN.

INT. PRITA'S HOME - OFFICE - DAY

Santo holds the phone, crouched behind the desk. A locked up desk drawer has been picked open with a PAPER CLIP. He scrolls through the phone's pages of apps --

On the last page, the PHONE app. He clicks it.

Then the tab for VOICE MAILS. There are three. He expands the one from TINA RHODES. The details show. Both lean in.

CALL RECEIVED = 2:17 AM.

Tina falls to the ground, slumping down, groaning. Santo pulls out his phone and looks at the drives he made.

SANTO

He was on his way back from the airport at 2:17. It wasn't him.

TINA

I don't deserve this. What the shit happened?

SANTO

How can you remember where Prita's parents put her phone but you can't remember what happened that night?

TINA

I blacked out. I've told you this.

SANTO

Shit. We have to go. NOW

He nods to the bathroom. The girls are EMERGING. Uh oh.

INT. PRITA'S HOME - DAY

As the two sneak down a hallway, Tina stops -- overhearing:

PRITA

Is he texting you still?

ALEXIS

He's not stupid. We have to stay apart until this all dies down.

WTF? Tina cranes her neck. Alexis and Prita round a corner, HEADING to the basement. Santo HISSES at Tina. She spins.

TINA

We have to listen.

SANTO

No. I keep doing this. For what? CPS could shuttle me off to some new town and family if I'm caught.

TINA

Exit your paranoia, dude.

SANTO

NO. In trying to prove I'm not crazy, I could get in even deeper shit. I can't risk getting sent away for *this* before I get that money. And I'm late for my grandpa's suit fitting anyway.

TINA

My best friends are keeping secrets until things "DIE DOWN." STAY PUT.

SANTO

I'm not a dog you get to command. I've helped you plenty, all in good faith. My turn now.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Establishing. Mundane, an occasional car in the parking lot.

I/E. ABUELO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Abuelo turns off his BEAT-UP CAR. Santo stares outside.

ABUELO

I'd like you to talk to me.

SANTO

And what good will that do?

ABUELO

I don't know how to help you.

SANTO

I don't need help.

Santo tries opening the car door, but it's locked.

ABUELO

What are you saying? Of course you do. Everyone needs help.

SANTO

What I need is *space*. You always did this. You stuck your nose in our life. Why else do you think Cisco --

He stops. Abuelo glares at him. Hurt and angry.

ABUELO

That's a cruel thing to say. To blame me for Cisco's death?

SANTO

Like what you're doing is better? Blaming Cisco *himself*? It's like you've been spitting on his GRAVE.

Abuelo SLAPS Santo. Stingingly. Santo stays in his place, frozen, then turns back to his door, unlocking it manually.

Santo pops out of the car, bee-lining for the store. We stay with Abuelo, panting -- livid -- sad. Having repeated all the problems Yvette wanted him to avoid.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE DRESSING ROOM SPACE - DAY

Santo stares at himself in the fitting area mirrors. He wears a tuxedo two sizes too small.

Dustin enters with more options. He's an employee here.

DUSTIN
Maybe these will fit better.

Santo sees the various sizes and grabs one, heading back into a dressing room. As he changes, he starts thinking, then --

SANTO
How come you guys don't miss her?

Santo emerges from his room with a much better fitted suit. Dustin is confused by his question though.

SANTO (CONT'D)
You guys don't seem to care that
Tina vanished. Aren't you friends?

Dustin bends down, measuring Santo's sleeves and pants and writing them on a pad. He hides his face from Santo as --

DUSTIN
Not a lot to miss. She's a cruel
person. That's all.

SANTO
I see.

DUSTIN
My youth group leader says it's not
like high school friends stay in
touch after graduation anyway.

SANTO
Youth group?

DUSTIN
Yeah. For my church. Spin around.

Santo does so as Dustin continues measuring and writing.

SANTO
You don't hang with the religious
kids though. You drink, party...

DUSTIN
I'm imperfect. Like everyone else.
Doesn't mean I'm not working on it.

A cough at the entrance. They turn. It's Abuelo. Santo points to what he's wearing, not saying a word. Abuelo nods.

ABUELO
I'll be up front paying.

He exits. Santo heads to change back but turns to Dustin.

SANTO
 You said Tina's a cruel person.
 Isn't she more than that though?
 Isn't she imperfect too?

Santo shrugs off Dustin's silence and heads into his room to change back. Off Dustin... at a loss for words.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Abuelo loads bags into his car's trunk then shuts the door as Santo emerges from the store, passes Abuelo and takes off around the corner, heading off, ignoring him.

Abuelo watches him disappear, mind racing. Until he hangs his head low and sighs, giving up. For now.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Alexis peruses the cereal aisle, looking at her phone. Tina follows behind, utterly confused. Alexis's phone BEEPS.

Tina follows Alexis to the back of the store, glancing. Nobody. She reaches the bathroom hallway and enters.

Tina looks once more behind her. Nobody. But she notices Alexis SWINGING into the MEN'S. Tina stares. Then follows --

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

-- and gasps at what's in front of her: Alexis and Officer Moretto. MAKING OUT. He stops them --

OFFICER MORETTO
 I couldn't wait.

They begin kissing again. Tina just blinks, horrified. And:

EXT. LAKE CABIN - PARTY NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Tina RUNS towards the crowd of parked cars, chasing after a volleyball that disappears in the car area. Yelling back --

TINA
 I'LL GET IT.

She's swaying back and forth, intoxicated, giggling as she looks. Bending under each car, looking for it.

TINA (CONT'D)
 THERE YOU ARE.

She finds the ball under a grey sedan and grabs it.

But she CUTS her hand on a sharp piece of metal sticking out of the car. She yelps as the blood spills from her hand.

TINA (CONT'D)
Yuckk. Disgusting.

She pops back up but suddenly YELPS for a second time.

We FLIP AROUND and see Moretto and Alexis in the sedan, practically naked, on top of each other. They realize.

TINA (CONT'D)
Oh my God. You dirty, little slut.

The two try covering themselves. Tina just starts laughing. Moretto enraged. As Alexis is about to open the door --

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - GROCERY STORE - PRESENT DAY

We're back, as before, with Tina staring at Alexis and Moretto who furiously make out. They finally break apart.

ALEXIS
 Anything on Tina?

OFFICER MORETTO
 Nothing.

Moretto nuzzles Alexis, happy to be close to her.

OFFICER MORETTO (CONT'D)
 I miss you, sexy.

ALEXIS
 I couldn't take it any longer.

OFFICER MORETTO
 I wanted to kiss you so badly when we were talking to you at the station.

ALEXIS
 Same. Dustin was such a little testicle after. He's a stoned puritan about everything.

OFFICER MORETTO
 Don't tell him, anyone, about us.

ALEXIS
 Okay. So... I told Prita.

He GRABS ONTO her arms, suddenly FREAKED.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
I had to. Things are too looney
right now, you don't understand.

OFFICER MORETTO
Can you guarantee she won't talk?
Does she not have a boyfriend?

Alexis doesn't respond. Moretto SHOVES her against a wall.
Tina steps forward. Alexis tries to wiggle away.

ALEXIS
Jake, stop this. Exit this mood.

OFFICER MORETTO
If they find out... they'll start to suspect me.

TINA
You whore, that's my line.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
No they won't. Why would they? I
don't even understand why we have
to keep this a secret.

OFFICER MORETTO
You're seventeen.

ALEXIS
I'm pre-eighteen. And it's not
like this *isn't* consensual. You
have tons of sexts to prove that.

He lets go of her. Angry but calming.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
Plus you didn't do anything to her.

OFFICER MORETTO
Of course not.

ALEXIS
Exactly. Ten bucks Tina ran off
with some millionaire Dallas
wrinkle-dick. I'm telling you,
she's probably hiding out, turning
this into a publicity stunt.

OFFICER MORETTO
That would make sense if she hadn't
left Prita such a crazy voicemail.

Alexis goes for his crotch suddenly, putting her lips on his
neck and slightly moving him back to the wall. She smiles.

ALEXIS

Relax, big boy. You're so tense.
And why did you lighten up on me?
You know what I like.

A grin replaces his concern. He PEELS her off the wall and SLAMS her on the counter. She squeals as he bends her over, face down, and starts to kiss.

Tina stares, disgusted. She turns around WHOOSHES out.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Tina sits on the curb, fuming, staring into the parking lot. Moretto DASHES out on his phone, talking seriously.

TINA

I remember now, asshole. I finally
remember the party. You best hope
I don't wake up or whatever because
I will skewer you.

Tina watches as he hops in his car and SPEEDS OFF. She SPITS in his direction, venom all across her face.

Then Alexis comes strolling out. She stops near Tina to look around. No one watching. Tina stares, even more disgusted then pops up and runs to Alexis, getting in her face as --

TINA (CONT'D)

Chickenshit coward. Couldn't say
what you thought to my face? At
least I was honest that you sucked.

But Alexis doesn't hear nor see her. She continues on. Tina stays back, watching, water almost welling up in her eyes.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Molly paces around the police station lobby as the Sheriff comes to collect her. He doesn't look pleased. Per usual.

SHERIFF RHODES

What are you doing here?

MOLLY

She's missing. That's not reason
enough?

No response. So she pulls out an iPad from her purse.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I let her use it for Snapchat.
That's all. She promised me.

The Sheriff takes it and heads away. Molly follows.

INT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff rushes in. Molly follows, sitting beside. The Sheriff opens Snapchat. Tina's contact list: Dustin, Alexis, Prita -- and a name only titled using the EGGPLANT EMOJI.

SHERIFF RHODES
What does that mean?

Re: SMILEY FACE and HEART EMOJIS next to the vague contact.

MOLLY
It means they communicate a lot.

The Sheriff clicks on the name: a profile and phone number.

SHERIFF RHODES
Bingo.

The Sheriff sets down the iPad and turns on his own computer. A database pops up and he types in the number from Snapchat.

Within seconds a profile pops up. It belongs to: RAMSEY DAY.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
What? Ramsey said she only texted him once. At the party.

Suddenly, A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. They look up. It's Moretto.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
Where have you been?

OFFICER MORETTO
The dogs found something on the dock. By the lake.

Molly and Sheriff's faces fall. She grabs her bag and takes off after Moretto. Sheriff follows right after, yelling --

SHERIFF RHODES
SOMEONE FIND RAMSEY DAY. NOW.

EXT. DAY & SONS STORAGE FACILITY - DUSK

Santo approaches Tina who sits on the sidewalk, moping. She waits in front of an aging, outdated self-storage facility.

SANTO
What's wrong? What happened with Prita and Alexis?

TINA

Everything SUCKS. Prita sucks,
Alexis sucks, you suck. So let's
get this over with and then back to
helping me. Stay left so the
camera doesn't catch your fat ass.

She springs up and marches off to the facility's side gate,
hugging the left wall. The security camera's blind spot.

Santo shakes his head then sighs and follows suit.

INT. DAY & SONS STORAGE FACILITY - OFFICE - DUSK

Ramsey swivels in an office chair, texting and barely paying
attention to anything else until something catches his eye.

A tower of monitors on the desk, hooked into security cameras
around the facility and on one: Santo, walking down an aisle
of units. Alone. Off Ramsey, frowning and leaning in --

INT. DAY & SONS STORAGE FACILITY - ABUELO'S UNIT - DUSK

We're consumed by total BLACKNESS momentarily. Then a rusty
roll-up door screeches as it coils upward.

Santo and Tina stare inside, toward us. At the towers of
packed boxes and old furniture. But something catches
Santo's eyes. Newer boxes with CISCO's name scribbled over.

He ambles forward and begins pulling them apart and rifling
through. Tina groans, pacing in circles, waiting. Then --

SANTO

A-ha. Here we go.

Santo yanks out a JAMES BOND book and opens it, revealing a
secret compartment created by hollowing out the inner pages.
But Santo's face twists as Tina inches over, intrigued.

SANTO (CONT'D)

Where's the money?

The compartment is empty. Save a folded piece of paper.

TINA

Wow, impressive. I should've
thought of hiding shit in books.

But Santo ignores her and grabs the piece of paper, dropping
the book to unfold the letter and read it. We get glimpses:

*SANTO. SPENT IT ALL. THE FBI. RANSOM. GONNA STEAL IT ALL
BACK. TIBET OR UKRAINE? DON'T SMILE. LOVE, CISCO.*

Tina who read it too steps backward, feeling awkward.

TINA (CONT'D)
Your brother really was bat shit.
That note makes zero sense.

SANTO
I don't know -- what am I going to -
- how could he do this to me?

TINA
Can we put a pin in this melt down?
I need us to get back to me, Santo.

Santo spins, furious. Maybe taking some of his anger out --

SANTO
My brother wasted everything we
saved. My life is a disaster. And
all you can think about is YOU.
Maybe if you noticed the people in
your life some more, you wouldn't
be in this fucking situation.

TINA
Oh you want to play *this* game, you
pudgy little twat?

RAMSEY (O.S.)
Who you talking to, Psycho?

Santo and Tina turn to see Ramsey entering the unit.

SANTO
Nobody, Ramsey.

Ramsey steps close, pushing Santo so hard he falls.

RAMSEY
Tell me the truth, Psycho.
You talking to your brother?

TINA
Stop it, Ramsey.

SANTO (CONT'D)
I was talking to myself.

Santo springs back up as Ramsey inches closer.

RAMSEY
Oh so I heard wrong, huh? I was
mistaken? What are you doing here
on my family's property, Psycho?

TINA
Okay, Ramsey, you pencil dick.

SANTO
I'll leave. I'm sorry.

RAMSEY
No. Where's my pipe?

SANTO
You said I had till --

WHAM. Ramsey HOOKS his fist into Santo's cheek, sending him stumbling back. He shakes his hand, class ring on.

TINA
STOP IT.

RAMSEY
If you've got time to talk to
ghosts, means you already found it.

Santo ROARS as he charges Ramsey, shoving him backwards and getting a hit in. But Ramsey takes Santo down with him, hurling him to the ground and SENDING his foot into Santo's side, kicking him with all his force. Santo WAILS in pain.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)
You belong with your fucking
brother, faggy-sack-of-shit.

Ramsey hops on Santo and starts pounding into him. Santo cries out -- tears, blood, sweat, spit, all of it.

But we CLOSE ON Tina who SCREAMS and TRIES SHOVING RAMSEY.

As usual, she just SWOOSHES through, tripping over this time and falling down. Tina YELLS in frustration but then:

FLASHBACK: BY THE LAKE. POV as TINA... opening eyes, GASPING as the lake water rolls up, splashing. Blood everywhere.

CUT TO -- a hand PUNCHING Tina. A finger bruised.

And then Tina blinks, back in present where:

Ramsey continues slamming into Santo who desperately kicks the base box in a tower of boxes hard enough that it GIVES and slides away, allowing the rest of the tower to crumble...

... onto Ramsey who crumples down beneath the boxes. Santo scrambles away, crawling, then getting onto his feet.

EXT. DAY & SONS STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Santo limps as quickly as he can, one of his eyes swollen, blood trickling down his forehead -- a total mess.

Nobody is around but Tina who looks every which way for help.

TINA

You got this, Santo. Come on.

EXT. STREET - DAY

He cries out, emerging onto the sidewalk, looking, starting to lose his energy. Tina circling him, shaking, crying.

TINA

Don't give up. Please, Santo.

Then they hear something. They turn -- a car! Tina waves erratically even though they won't see her. But it motivates Santo who uses every bit of energy to walk and wave for help before falling and passing out.

As the car stops and Tina rushes down to him --

We *ASSUME SANTO'S POV*: Lights flickers. Eyes close as more people circle him. Things get blurry. Muted. And then --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Santo opens his eyes. He looks around. A barren hospital room. An uncomfortable couch nearby. He's in a hospital bed, bandages galore. Arm in a cast. Head bandaged too.

Abuelo walks up, gently touching Santo's other arm.

ABUELO

Welcome back, hijo.

SANTO

What's happening?

ABUELO

It's Monday. You've been in the hospital since Saturday afternoon. Sedated.

Santo spastically looks around the room, into the hallway.

But what he's looking for isn't there. His heart beat elevates. The machine beeps faster.

ABUELO (CONT'D)

Santo. Calm down. You've had a head injury... you can't be...

SANTO

I need, I need --

TINA (O.S.)
I'm right here, Santo.

Santo sees *Tina*. Standing at the door. He instantly calms down. The beeps regulate. He relaxes. To Abuelo --

SANTO
I'm sorry.

Abuelo looks at him, confused. Santo's tearing up.

ABUELO
You have nothing to be sorry for.

Abuelo grabs Santo, leaning in tight. Santo cries.

SANTO
I said those nasty things to you.
I'm pathetic. I'm a loser. You
can't relax because I'm around.

ABUELO
I'm relaxed *because* you are around.
Okay? All of this will pass and
you'll be stronger than ever.

SANTO
Are they going to take me away? I
don't want to leave you.

ABUELO
I don't know. But Santo, querido,
what were you doing at the storage
facility?

Santo considers how to respond. Coloring the truth:

SANTO
I miss Cisco.

Abuelo understands now. He sits back.

ABUELO
I shouldn't have moved his stuff
out. I apologize. I thought it
would help. We can't go through
this alone. Cisco's gone and
there's nothing we can do. But we
can be there for each other. We
both need help. Maybe not like
Cisco needed help but help
nevertheless. Wounds on the
outside heal with time. The ones
on the inside heal with talk.

SANTO

Okay. I understand. I do.

Abuelo sighs, pleased. He then pivots, tapping the imprint of Ramsey's class ring on Santo's temple.

ABUELO

You'll learn that people who wear these class rings have reached their peaks. You have so much more life to give than they will ever.

A cough from behind interrupts this sweet moment. They turn to look. Tina too. The Sheriff and Moretto have entered.

Tina's face pales. Abuelo stands, confused.

SHERIFF RHODES

Sorry to interrupt. We wanted to come by and check in. We're prepared to press charges against Ramsey, Santo.

SANTO

Okay.

ABUELO

Can we worry about this after he's out of the hospital, boys?

OFFICER MORETTO

We're here on another matter too. We need to know where you were the night Tina went missing, Santiago. Your school's Vice Principal handed this over yesterday.

TINA

Oh my God. This asshole.

Moretto shows Santo his doctored SKETCH Tina posted. Motive. The Sheriff watches, trying to discern Santo's secrets. He's paler and more hopeless than we've seen. Stiff, monotone.

SHERIFF RHODES

Tina's been missing for four days. We found a patch of her blood at the dock. If you have any information, please. Please.

TINA

Santo, listen. My dad suspects Ramsey but Moretto is trying to pin my disappearance on you.

SANTO

Me?

The adults look at him oddly. Fuck. He forgot. But --

OFFICER MORETTO

Yes, you.

TINA

He's worried my dad will find out he's been boning underage mega-twat Alexis. And Ramsey probably knows that secret. *So keep him worried and shift suspicion onto Ramsey.*

SANTO

My head hurts. Can we do this --

OFFICER MORETTO

We'll get you some aspirin. Please explain your relationship with Tina. And where you were the night she went missing.

Santo stares at him. Then looks at Tina who groans.

TINA

FUCK. Here. Tell them I bully you.

SANTO

Tina bullies me.

TINA

I'd do shitty things but it was Ramsey who did it.

SANTO

She'd do all these awful things but I never blamed her. Ramsey would make her.

Tina grins as Moretto's face SOURS. Exactly the opposite of what he wanted to hear. Furious --

OFFICER MORETTO

What?

Tina's about to continue helping but Santo riffs on his own.

SANTO

Ramsey and Cisco used to be friends but they had a falling out, I guess. And for some reason, after Cisco died, Ramsey hated me.

(...)

(MORE)

SANTO (CONT'D)

He had Tina redo my sketches, his friends would mess up my gym locker, he wouldn't stop. And I don't know why. He's a psychopath.

TINA

Great, Santo. GREAT.

OFFICER MORETTO

Bull shit.

The Sheriff snaps at Moretto with an "enough." Moretto's face darkens even more as --

TINA

Suck my fat dick, Moretto. You did something to me, you sick fuck, I know it, and we're going to get proof.

SHERIFF RHODES

The night she disappeared. You went home right after school?

SANTO

No. I took the long way home so I could draw at the park by the freeway. And I like the long way. I can avoid Ramsey easier.

ABUELO

Okay. This is over. I'm taking him home now. You may continue this some other time if need be.

The Sheriff considers something. Then --

SHERIFF RHODES

What my daughter did to you... I take full blame. It was my fault.

Tina's heart breaks, seeing him distraught and so defeated.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)

If I was there for her more... if --

SANTO

It's okay, sir, it really is.

The Sheriff looks up at Santo who is firm in his assurance. Sheriff nods and exits. Tina looks into the hallway, seeing her dad enter the bathroom as Moretto goes to wait outside.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - DAY

Tina enters. Her Dad stands at the sink, washing his face. He stares at himself, a mixture of self disgust and sorrow.

He pulls out his phone and dials a number, then --

SHERIFF RHODES

(for a voicemail:)

Tina. It's Dad. I'm not mad. I love you. I was going to wait until graduation... I got you a present.

(starting to quiver)

You're going to Europe, okay? Alex found a great deal. I want you to see the world. And eat new foods. And meet new people. But first you need to come back to me. Please come back. I love you so much. I don't say it enough. I love you.

He hangs up then hangs his head, closing his eyes. Tears run down Tina's face and as we back away from this...

TINA

I'm sorry, Daddy.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

The Sheriff approaches his car and Moretto beside it. Moretto is exasperated, Sheriff is slow and despondent.

OFFICER MORETTO

I don't buy it, sir. I still think he did something to Tina.

SHERIFF RHODES

He's never displayed signs of aggression. The teachers said so.

OFFICER MORETTO

Those are the types of kids that usually explode. Act out.

SHERIFF RHODES

No, Jake. This isn't CSI TV. We have Ramsey with a clear pattern of aggression who willingly withheld information about he and Tina.

OFFICER MORETTO

We let him go because we don't have anything solid. He has an alibi.

SHERIFF RHODES

Then we'll stress test it. Let's find his girlfriend. Prita, is it?

(...)

(MORE)

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
 Maybe she's covering. Let's find
 out what lies she's keeping for
 him. What secrets do they have?

Moretto's eyes widen. *Exactly* the opposite of what he wanted
 to happen. He frantically --

OFFICER MORETTO
 Fine. But I'll do it myself. You
 go home. Rest. *Please.*
 (bull shit --)
 I'm worried about you. Find Molly,
 talk to her. Talk to someone.

The Sheriff considers. Then nods and hops in his car, still
 dented. Moretto watches him drive off, jaw clenching.

I/E. SHERIFF RHODES'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The Sheriff drives up to his house, pulling into the drive
 way. He stares at the home, living in the silence, thinking.

INT. LAKE FISHING STORE - DAY

The front door JINGLES open as the Sheriff WALKS in, as if
 holding his breath. A little confused even. Still robotic.

LANA (O.S.)
 Be right there.

Lana walks out of her office, startled to see the Sheriff.

SHERIFF RHODES
 Did you really like those blondies?
 At the commerce party last year.
 You said you liked the bars.

LANA
 Oh. Right. Yes, they were great.

SHERIFF RHODES
 Tina made them. With me.

LANA
 Do you want to sit down sir?

SHERIFF RHODES
 I don't know. I don't know why I'm
 here. You don't even know me.
 Sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

The Sheriff keeps uttering the phrase, over and over again,
 slowly and finally breaking down into uncontrollable sobs.

He drops to the ground in pain and tears, in saliva. Lana rushes over and gets on his level, clasping him tight.

LANA

It's okay. Shhh. She'll be okay,
take a deep breath. Breathe.
You've got to believe she's okay.

SHERIFF RHODES

They're sending divers to the lake
tomorrow morning. To see if she's
down there. They found blood...

Oh. Sadness washes over Lana. But she holds tight to the Sheriff who remains inconsolable. We back away slowly...

INT. SANTIAGO'S ROOM - DUSK

Santo asleep. He's in his own bed. But Tina enters and --

TINA

Your grandpa's on his recliner.
Snoring like a diseased elephant.

Santo flips up his sheets. He was faking sleep. They exit.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Santo and Tina climb down a series of footholds on the side of Santo's home, leading to the ground. They hop off once close and start down the side walk, back into town. Hushed --

SANTO

Cisco always used to sneak out.

TINA

Are you in pain?

SANTO

I'm fine. What's next?

His motivation exudes. She notices, softening for a moment.

TINA

Those things I said before --
(she slumps, guilty)
I'm sorry I bullied you. I had
never seen someone do what Ramsey
did.

SANTO

Ramsey beat me up. Those cuts heal
like Abuelo said.

(MORE)

SANTO (CONT'D)

What you did is worse. The stuff
you did. The stuff you said to me.
Your *words*.

There's no anger in Santo's tone. Just sadness.

TINA

You know, you've helped enough.
You don't have to keep going. I
don't want you to get in trouble.

SANTO

What's next, Tina?

A flicker of appreciation from Tina. Then back to business:

TINA

Moretto's. He hulked out in a bad
way when I caught him and Alexis at
the party. This way. *Ándale*.

SANTO

Okay let's not be racist.

She leads him in a new direction.

EXT. SCHOOL - DUSK

Alexis and Dustin hand out fliers to students. On the flier:
PRAYER VIGIL FOR MISSING TINA RHODES: tomorrow, 7PM.

BUT they're distracted... glancing over at Prita who finishes
talking to Moretto quietly in the parking lot.

She takes off, rushing past them, eyes TEARY. Alexis frowns
then hurries to Moretto, quieting as the others watch.

ALEXIS

What was that about?

OFFICER MORETTO

I'm cleaning your mess. Walk away,
before someone starts to wonder.

She stares at him. He glares back. She then turns around
and storms off... past Dustin... toward the school.

Moretto pulls out his ringing phone once she disappears. A
GRAVE LOOK WASHES OVER him. He takes off, toward his car.

INT. MORETTO'S HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE on a small red dot, nudged up between the carpet of a
home and the wall. A SILENT ALARM blinking ever so lightly.

Travel up to find Santo and Tina, quietly making their way through a pigsty bachelor pad, having just tripped the alarm. Santo uses his phone to illuminate.

TINA

Over here. This way to the car.

Santo turns. Tina's at a door leading into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - MORETTO'S HOME - NIGHT

The two quietly close the door. Moretto's car sits in the middle of the garage. Shelves and shelves of junk surround.

TINA

I leaned on the driver's side tire that night. My hand was bloody.

Santo heads for it, using his phone light to examine the car on his way. He carefully inspects the right tire. Until he stops. A red stain. Dark red. Staring back at them.

TINA (CONT'D)

Take a picture.

He does so. But a NOISE from inside the house startles them.

TINA (CONT'D)

I'll go check it out. Look in the trunk. Hurry.

Tina ambles away as Santo slowly moves around to the back, using his hands to feel for the button that'll open the trunk.

He finds it and pops it open. He leans in to look inside. Nothing. When suddenly -- Tina's voice SCREAMS --

TINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

SANTO. DUCK...

He DROPS to the ground as a BASEBALL BAT swings out of the dark.

Moretto appears, ENRAGED. The force of his swing sends him OFF BALANCE, falling against the car.

TINA (CONT'D)

RUN.

OFFICER MORETTO

What the FUCK are you doing here?

Santo SCRAMBLES up and SHOOTs for the side door exit.

Tina joins. But Moretto regains his balance and CATAPULTS himself in front of it, blocking Santo from exiting.

Santo and Tina divert to their left and dash into the house.

INT. MORETTO'S HOME - NIGHT

Santo BOLTS up the stairs in Moretto's home, dashing into the deep hallway, reaching the end. He opens a door. A walk-in linen closet. He enters and shuts the door. Trying to calm.

SANTO

I'm going to be caught. I'm going
to -- he's going to kill me --

TINA

No he won't. He's not stupid.
He'll arrest you if anything.

Tina's mind racing a million miles an hour when suddenly --

TINA (CONT'D)

QUICK. Call Alexis.

OFFICER MORETTO

Where the FUCK are you, Mendez?

Moretto's moving from door to door in the hallway, opening each to look for Santo. Both gulp.

TINA

480-497-5706. Call it. Trust me.

He grabs his phone, dialing the number as she repeats it.

TINA (CONT'D)

480-497-5706. Hurry.

OFFICER MORETTO

I'm going to find you, Mendez, you
crazy shit. You've lost, kid.

Alexis' voicemail response starts. Tina nods, pleased.

TINA

Good. Put it on the ground. Under
that shelf. Hurry.

He hides it just as Moretto BURSTS open the door and GRABS Santo. But Santo struggles, trying to stay in the closet.

OFFICER MORETTO

You're under arrest. Hold
still.

TINA

Tell him you know about
Alexis.

SANTO
I know about Alexis.

Moretto's eyes widen. He stops and FLINGS Santo around, and up against a closet shelf.

OFFICER MORETTO
Excuse me?

TINA
Get him to say something bad.

SANTO
Did Alexis help you put Tina in your trunk?

TINA
Good. Keep going.

OFFICER MORETTI
You demented shit. What the fuck are you talking about?

SANTO (CONT'D)
You guys are sleeping together and you didn't tell Tina's Dad.

OFFICER MORETTO
WHERE ARE YOU GETTING YOUR INFO?

Moretto forcefully places Santo's head against a shelf, pushing in. It hurts Santo but he winces through.

TINA
He needs to say something that'll piss Alexis off. Hurt her.

SANTO
What's everyone going to think when they realize you're a pervert, preying on innocent girls?

OFFICER MORETTO
Innocent? HA. Alexis is a little slut who keeps trying to get in my pants. She's an insecure bitch. That's all. And no one's going to believe a word you say.

TINA
KA-FUCKING-CHING.

SANTO
(to Moretto)
Whatever you say.

Moretto peels Santo off the wall to handcuff him.

OFFICER MORETTO (CONT'D)
Walk slowly. C'mon.

He shoves Santo into the house and away. Tina follows. We CLOSE IN on the phone though -- recording on Alexis' VM.

PRELAP: the sound of a jail door BUZZING.

INT. JAIL HOUSE - NIGHT

A JAILHOUSE OFFICER shoves Santo inside a cell. Tina stands with Santo. Moretto joins the Officer. Ordering him to --

OFFICER MORETTO
Keep him locked up 'till I return.

The door shuts. Moretto takes off. Santo screams --

SANTO
I WANT MY ONE PHONE CALL.

OFFICER MORETTO
(to the Officer)
Didn't he make his one phone call
already? I could've sworn he tried
and nobody picked up.

The Officer nods in understanding. Moretto exits. Santo sits on the floor, defeated. Tina looks down the hallway.

SANTO
Go follow him.

Tina doesn't. She sits beside Santo.

TINA
We're not splitting up again.

The two of them side-by-side, for the first as a true team... settling in to wait.

EXT. CAR WASH - NIGHT

Moretto pulls up to a DO-IT-YOURSELF car wash. He parks his car in the furthest station, gets out and starts washing.

SANTO (VOICEMAIL)
You've reached Santo. Leave a
message. I guess.

A beep as we CUT TO --

INT. SANTIAGO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Abuelo paces in Santo's room, leaving a voicemail:

ABUELO

This is the third call, Santiago.
I'm worried now. Please call me.

He hangs up and stares at the bed, at everything, worried.

When he turns to exit, we see Yvette is there, waiting,
scribbling down something in her pad. *Not good.*

EXT. LAKE WICHITA - THE NEXT DAY - DAWN

Four divers JUMP into the lake... interrupting its serenity.
POLICE K9s move around the perimeter with fellow officers.

The Sheriff sits on a picnic table, watching. He hasn't
slept. Ghostly, a total mess. Lana walks up with a coffee.

LANA

Did you sleep?

SHERIFF RHODES

(shaking a no, then --)
I keep thinking about this day at
the Harrison Pool, before they
remodeled. Do you remember?

LANA

I'd go with my Mom, growing up.

SHERIFF RHODES

Me too. I took Tina one weekend.
She was in 3rd grade, maybe 4th.
It was her first time in an actual
pool... she'd only gone in kiddie
ones before. She was so excited.

(...)

So she jumps in -- a cannon ball --
and it splashes everyone around
her. I'm on the bench laughing,
watching, but then something goes
wrong. She starts flailing under
the water, thrashing about. She
wasn't used to a pool that deep.

(...)

The lifeguard stands up. He's
about to dive in and get her. But
then she grabs a kid treading water
nearby and she... she holds on to
him and uses him as a buoy.

(...)

That kid then starts struggling to
keep both of them up. He's dipping
underwater, gasping for air.

(...)

(MORE)

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
But I looked at Tina and I thought
to myself: that's a scrappy girl.
That's someone who will endure.

(...)
I should've taught her how to swim.

Lana soothes him on the back. But he looks at his watch.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
I should go to work. Thank you for
letting me stay on your couch.

She nods as he hands back his mug then heads to his car.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

Moretto paces, waiting for someone to pick up his call.

OFFICER MORETTO
Alexis? Why aren't you picking up?

He hangs up and grunts, displeased. Looking around.

INT. JAIL HOUSE - DAY

Santo lies on the hard, metal bench, eyes closed, tapping his feet. Tina paces in circles, mind probably everywhere.

TINA
Ten bucks your grandpa thinks
you're rotting in some ditch.

SANTO
I'm definitely getting taken away
after this.

Santo's casual way in which he says this discomforts Tina.

TINA
Why are you so calm right now?

SANTO
Why'd you do it?

She looks at him, confused. He opens his eyes, turning over to engage with her. Non-accusatorily --

SANTO (CONT'D)
Bully me.

TINA
Oh. It felt good. I dunno.

SANTO

But... why me?

TINA

I didn't like you very much. I
don't have a better reason.

Santo doesn't say anything. He takes it in and turns back
over, closing his eyes. She looks freaked --

TINA (CONT'D)

That's not the case anymore though.
And I'm not trying to excuse my --

SANTO

I know. I know. I wanted to
understand.

TINA

I'd feel empty. And powerless. So
I'd do it. And I wouldn't feel so
empty. I'd get a power high.

Neither say anything. They live in the quiet. Then --

SANTO

We've all got choices, right? Be
the bully; be the friend. Freak
out; stay calm. I'm calm right now
'cause I choose to be. That's why.

TINA

Even though I've totally fucked up
your future?

SANTO

You haven't. I'm going to be an
artist, no matter what. Fuck
graduation, fuck college, fuck
wherever they send me. I'll find a
way to manifest my destiny.

Tina grins. She approves. And as they continue waiting for
whatever's to come next...

I/E. MORETTO'S CAR - DAY

Moretto waits near the school. Alexis runs up, sliding into
the passenger seat, slamming the door closed, glaring at him.

ALEXIS

"Alexis is a little slut who keeps
trying to get in my pants. She's
an insecure bitch."

She tries slapping him but he GRABS her wrist forcefully.

OFFICER MORETTO
You were *there*? You told Santo
about us?

ALEXIS
I wasn't there you piece of shit.

She breaks free and manages to slap him. He SHOVES HER into her seat, livid.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
LET GO OF ME.

OFFICER MORETTO
HOW DOES HE KNOW, Alexis??

ALEXIS
I don't fucking know. He left me a
voicemail while you arrested him.

Moretto's furious. He grabs her by the neck, pressing her deeper into the seat. She starts squirming, eyes tearing.

He grabs her phone out of her pocket, opens it up, and deletes the voicemail. She cries while --

OFFICER MORETTO
You are sabotaging my career. Stop
telling your friends about me.

ALEXIS
Jake. Let go.

He releases her. She GASPS for breath then SLAPS him again.

She's full on crying now as he hands her back the phone. She exits, slamming the door shut, and running off. He looks after her, panting, face red with fury.

INT. MORETTO'S HOME - DAY

Moretto swings open the closet door Santo hid in. He rifles through all the shelves, searching for something. His search becomes more and more frantic. Until he finds it:

Santo's phone. He gawks at it: fuming. *What to do?*

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

In his office, the Sheriff flips through hot-line tips about Tina's whereabouts. His door opens. A SECRETARY peeks in.

SECRETARY
Need anything, sir?

SHERIFF RHODES
Where the hell's Moretto?

SECRETARY
He hasn't come in today. We tried
his cell but he's not picking up.

He groans and continues reading through the tips.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
What should we do about Santiago
Mendez, sir?

The Sheriff frowns and looks up. *What?*

INT. JAIL HOUSE - DAY

Santo and Tina stand up against their cell's bars, watching
the Sheriff massage his temples, eyes closed.

SHERIFF RHODES
You're accusing him of statutory
rape, kidnapping, potential
homicide, and obstruction of
justice?

SANTO	SHERIFF RHODES
I know it sounds --	IT SOUNDS FUCKING INSANE.

Santo and Tina flinch at his explosion. He looks unhinged.

SANTO
I found the blood on his tire.

SHERIFF RHODES
HOW DO YOU know he's sleeping with
Alexis? I don't want to hear about
his tire problems.

SANTO
You've gotta believe me, sir.

SHERIFF RHODES
That's difficult to do considering
your family history.

Santo's lip flares. A flint of anger.

SANTO
Alexis has a voicemail of him
admitting everything.

SHERIFF RHODES
HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL OF THIS?

SANTO
I was at a grocery store on
Saturday. Before I got beat up.

TINA
Oh my God.

SHERIFF RHODES
And??

SANTO (CONT'D)
Alexis and that Officer were in the
men's bathroom, and he was telling
her to stay quiet and then they
were making out and doing stuff.

The Sheriff starts to laugh. This is almost too absurd.

SHERIFF RHODES
And you didn't think to tell me
this at the hospital?

SANTO
He was with you.

He grabs Santo's shirt collar, PULLING him forward. Santo's
body RAMS up against the bars, he yelps in pain.

TINA
Daddy!

SHERIFF RHODES
WHY DO YOU KEEP COMING UP IN
THIS INVESTIGATION?

SANTO (CONT'D)
I thought if I could find Tina,
everyone would stop hating me.

The Sheriff lets go. Santo falls down, coughing and catching
his breath. The Sheriff stares, trying to discern the truth.

SANTO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get in
the way. I'm sorry.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Eric.

The Sheriff looks down the hall at the guard station. Molly
stares at him, holding up her hands like a "what the fuck?"

MOLLY (CONT'D)
We're late for the vigil. C'mon.

The Sheriff looks down, distraught, thinking. Then --

SHERIFF RHODES
Get some help, kid. So you don't
burn like your brother.

Then he walks away from Santo, yelling at the guard to --

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
Let him out of here. NOW.

A loud BUZZ. The gate unlocks. Santo walks out.

SANTO
CHECK HIS CAR.

But the Sheriff doesn't acknowledge him. He just exits.

TINA
It's fine, it was a long shot. We
got out of jail, that's something.

They head out together.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The front desk CLERK hands a bag of Santo's items over the counter to Santo. Along with a pad of paper for him to sign.

Nearby, Tina stares at a TV. It plays the PRAYER VIGIL FOR MISSING GIRL, TINA RHODES: LIVE. *ON TV: Alexis and Dustin stand at the podium. Dustin speaks to the crowd, pale-faced.*

But Alexis stares off, into the distance, as if distracted.

DUSTIN
*We hope Tina is safe and we want
her to know how much we love her.
Please come home. Please do
whatever you can to get home.*

TINA
I don't get it.

Santo finishes with the clerk and turns to Tina and the TV.

TINA (CONT'D)
Alexis would be hogging the stage.
She'd be dying for 15 minutes of...

Tina GASPS. She turns from the TV to Santo, realizing.

TINA (CONT'D)
Your phone call to her. She must
have heard.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)
That's the only reason she'd be
depressed like this. *Over a boy.*
We can get her to talk.

Under his breath so nobody near notices him talking --

SANTO
Come on. Let's go then.

He takes off. Tina runs after.

EXT. SCHOOL SOCCER FIELDS - DUSK

A LARGE crowd hold candles under the bright lights of the soccer field. Rain POURS. A sea of umbrellas. Prita speaks at the podium, holding an umbrella as well to keep her dry.

PRITA
-- So if you know anyone who lives
close by, please reach out and ask.
Show them Tina's picture. It won't
hurt. Maybe they saw her.

She steps back, handing the podium to Vice Principal Jones.

VICE PRINCIPAL JONES
Now a moment of silence for Tina's
well-being. Followed by a piece
from our own symphony.

Hundreds of heads nod DOWNWARD, eyes shutting.

BEHIND THE CROWD: Tina and Santo run up, panting, soaked.

TINA
Do you see Alexis?

SANTO
Dustin's at the stage, she's not.

Dustin hugs Prita as she steps down from the stage. They scan the crowd, squinting their eyes, through the rain.

The HIGH SCHOOL SYMPHONY begins playing a piece.

TINA
Santo. Over there.

She points to Alexis who stands near the bleachers, arms folded, no umbrella, letting the rain drench her.

Santo takes off -- heading to her. Tina follows.

WITH ALEXIS: who sees Santo approaching and once he arrives --

ALEXIS
Leave me alone.

SANTO
He did something to her. You know
it.

ALEXIS
Fuck. Off.

SANTO
Alexis. Please.

ON STAGE: Moretto stands near the symphony with the Vice Principal, the Sheriff, and Molly. Moretto's face pales when he sees Santo talking to Alexis.

OFFICER MORETTO
I'll be right back.

And he takes off. The Sheriff notices but zones out. Caught in between rage and paralysis.

WITH SANTO/ALEXIS/TINA: As their discussion gets more heated.

TINA
Tell her to quit being a c-u-n-t.

SANTO
(to Alexis --)
You owe this to your best friend.

ALEXIS
Excuse you? What would you know of
our friendship?

TINA
I'd do it if it were the other way
around.

SANTO
(to Alexis --)
She'd do it if it were the other
way around.

Alexis scoffs, about to walk away when Moretto approaches.

OFFICER MORETTO
(to Santo --)
Who the fuck released you?

He grabs Santo and SHOVES him up against the bleachers. Tina yells. Alexis groans, grabbing at Moretto to stop. He swats her back... as the Symphony concludes, welcoming applause.

ON STAGE: Principal Jones taps the mic to quiet the crowd.

JONES

Thank you to our symphony.

(...)

Now I'd like to bring Tina's
parents up to the stage. They've
been through a lot and would like
to say a few words.

The Sheriff follows Molly to the podium. The crowd examines
their faces, looking for the drama. Molly leans in.

MOLLY

We love our little girl. So much.

(starting to choke up)

If you ran away, sweetie, come
back. If someone's taken you,
please bring her back.

The Sheriff steels himself. But right as he's about to take
over... his eyes catch Alexis, Moretto, and... Santo. He
fixates on the scene. Mind starting to tumble.

Molly gently nudges him. It's his turn to speak at the mic.
And everyone's eyes are on him. But he just shakes a NO.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(improvising)

Um... Tina, when she was a kid,
really liked my lipsticks and --

As she continues talking... we CLOSE IN on the Sheriff who
turns away from scene at the bleachers to the PARKING LOT.

Like a possessed man, he suddenly walks away from the mic and
off the stage. Molly stops, watching him go. Frowning.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Eric?

But nothing can stop him. And now, without an umbrella, the
rain starts to soak him.

AT THE BLEACHERS: Moretto notices the Sheriff walking to the
parking lot. He lets go of Santo and heads that way too.

Santo sees and chases. Alexis and Tina too.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff approaches Moretto's car. He stares at it. As
if trying to discern its secrets. But the rain has washed it
clean, it seems. He walks to the tires, inspecting them.

OFFICER MORETTO (O.S.)

Boss?

Moretto slowly approaches from behind. As does Molly. Santo, Alexis, and Tina behind them.

The Sheriff finishes staring at the passenger front tire.

MOLLY

Eric. What's going on?

The Sheriff looks up at them.

SHERIFF RHODES

Nothing. I thought --

Something stops him in his tracks. Something sitting on the passenger seat of the car. He leans closer. Squinting.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)

Jake. Unlock your car.

OFFICER MORETTI

SHERIFF RHODES

Why?

Now.

Moretto grabs his key and obliges. The Sheriff opens the door and grabs what he's staring at. A receipt and a flier-sized ad for another CAR WASH. The hair on his arms rise.

He looks up at Moretto. Moretto knows.

OFFICER MORETTO

Sir. It's not what you think.

The Sheriff drops the ad and LUNGES at him, CLOBBERING him to the ground with a ROAR of anger. Molly screams. As does Alexis. Adults from the field start running over.

But it doesn't matter because the Sheriff is ON TOP of him, beating the shit out of him. Punch after punch.

SHERIFF RHODES

You sick PERVERT. What'd you do to her? WHAT'D YOU DO TO MY DAUGHTER?

A commotion behind them as a crowd approaches, trying to understand what's going on. Alexis sobs --

ALEXIS

GET OFF OF HIM. PLEASE.

MOLLY

ERIC.

PARENTS and COPS rush up, trying to pull him back. He uses his feet and VIOLENTLY KICKS Moretto in the groin just as the group finally pulls him away from Moretto.

SHERIFF RHODES
(defeated --)
How could you?

OFFICER MORETTO
I didn't do shit.

SHERIFF RHODES
You're under arrest.

The Sheriff whips out his cuffs, closing in on Moretto when suddenly, Molly's BLOOD-CURDLING scream.

Everyone looks. Detective Collins stands with her, holding her as she sobs, suddenly distraught. It's hair-raising.

The Sheriff stares, trying to understand. Then Molly breaks free from the Detective and looks at the Sheriff.

And suddenly we know. Suddenly everyone knows.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)
No. No no. No no NO.

He scrambles up to his feet, sprinting to Molly who falls to her knees. Paralyzed. Collins looks up at the Sheriff.

DETECTIVE COLLINS
The divers found her, sir.
(barely --)
I'm so sorry, Eric. I'm so sorry.

ON TINA: who stands next to Santo. Both close enough to hear. Her world ending. Tears falling, grief-stricken.

Santo tries to hold her hand but it WHOOSHES. Tina turns around and walks away.

Santo watches, confused at how calm she seems.

But her pace begins to speed and suddenly she's sprinting.

NEARBY: Vice Principal Jones notices Santo. She frowns. Then grabs her phone and dials a phone number.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DUSK

Tina runs back to the bleachers, swinging away from the crowd, away from view. She bends over to DRY HEAVE, letting out a huge wail. Santo runs up, watching her breakdown.

TINA
Oh no. Please no. PLEASE.

She sobs and sobs. She gets on all fours, crying into the pavement, tears and snot and saliva, a complete mess.

TINA (CONT'D)
(through her tears --)
I'm so sorry, God. I didn't mean
it. I didn't mean to be bad. I'll
be better. I'll behave. I
promise. I PROMISE.

SANTO
("I'm so sorry for you:")
Tina...

And for a while we just live in this sadness, in her tears
and misery and pain. Tina Rhodes is dead.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER

Still behind the bleachers. Tina stays seated as Santo paces
in circles. No words. Just red eyes. But then --

SANTO
This isn't over yet. You're still
here. Maybe this is just a dream.
(...)
Or maybe we're in some alternative
reality. Maybe the moment we
figure it out, we'll go back to the
way things were...

He stops, scared at that thought. *Things back to the way
they were.* Tina turns, puffy-eyed, but realizing his fear.

TINA
Here you are. The kid I used to
torture, helping me. Even after
they find my body.

She continues her sniffles. Then something occurs to her --

TINA (CONT'D)
Your destiny. My end of the deal.

She takes off. Santo frowns, confused. He shuttles after.

Neither of them noticing as Yvette and Abuelo EMERGE FROM A
CAR in the lot and meet up with Jones who explains something.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Cop cars, with their lights swirling, in the dark of night. Detective Collins moves through the groups of workers.

He reaches an ambulance where a shocked Molly and Sheriff sit together, a blanket draped over their backs.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

The coroners will start the autopsy
now that you've ID'd her.

The Sheriff just nods, Molly looks out into space, long gone.

DETECTIVE COLLINS (CONT'D)

They're testing Moretto's tires for
remnants of Tina's blood. For
anything. But, sir... how did you
figure it all out?

SHERIFF RHODES

Arrest him.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

We can only detain him for 24 hours
until we track down the girl to
corroborate --

SHERIFF RHODES

Plenty of time. Lock. Him. Up.

The Sheriff turns to Molly. Lowering his voice.

SHERIFF RHODES (CONT'D)

Molly.

He doesn't have the words. She gets up, broken and leaves.

MOLLY

Leave me alone, Eric.

A tragic moment as this ex-couple mourn by themselves.

INT. VICE PRINCIPAL JONES'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Santo and Tina enter the office they were both questioned in at the beginning. Santo remains confused. But Tina rushes up to a filing cabinet and points at the bottom drawer.

TINA

This one. Open it.

Santo looks behind. For anyone who might be around. Coast is clear. He follows her command and pulls open the drawer.

Inside, a plethora of cell phones and tablets -- electronics. His eyes bulge. He looks at Tina.

TINA (CONT'D)

Take them. Sell them at a pawn shop in Petrolia or Byers on your way out of the state. Use the money to get to New York. *Manifest your destiny.*

Santo's eyes water. An overwhelming sense of gratitude.

TINA (CONT'D)

And don't give me any of your "I'm goody-two-shoes" crapiola. Take them for me. It's my final chess move against Jones, that hoe bag.

He bursts out laughing. A laugh we haven't seen yet. Tina smiles, but notices a file folder on Jones's desk, unopened. The folder's title tag caught her eye. She frowns, pointing.

TINA (CONT'D)

Santo... what's that?

His laughter lessen as he turns and grabs the file folder.

SANTO

"Dustin Cox."

TINA

Why does Dustin have a file? He's a straight-A, perfect student.

Santo opens it. Tina over his shoulder, reading the pages.

SANTO

He got busted for public indecency. The police notified the school for counselling. Did you know?

TINA

No. He never told us that.
(per reading --)
At the park?

Santo flips to the next page. A mug shot of Dustin.

SANTO

"Homosexual acts..."

And then Tina gasps and suddenly, we:

EXT. LAKE WICHITA - DOCK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Dustin sits on the dock, feet dangling, humming, swaying. He's drunk. And Tina walks up behind him. Laughing.

TINA

Dustin. Why aren't you trying to fuck that girl Leah right now?

She comes up beside him. He looks up, drink in hand, barely managing a smile. Then --

DUSTIN

I dunno. I don't wanna pressure her. You know.

TINA

Maybe you don't want to fuck her?

She suddenly straddles him. He stiffens, freaked out.

TINA (CONT'D)

Or maybe. Just maybe... you'd rather fuck me.

DUSTIN

Tina.

TINA

OR. Maybe? --

She levels with him, eye to eye, assholery in her tone --

TINA (CONT'D)

Maybe you're a faggot.

(...)

Maybe it's all a ploy. Find a church girl to "date." Hope she doesn't come on to you. Why would she? She's a good, behaved daddy's girl. Except I'm good at seeing right through bullshit.

She feigns dry-humping and moans, trying to embarrass him. She sets her phone down. But he reddens, mind swirling.

TINA (CONT'D)

C'mon, Dustin. Admit it. You're gay. You want to move to Los Angeles or New York so that you can be with your people. Not the God-freaks here. Not your family.

DUSTIN
Stop it, Tina.

TINA
I won't. Admit it. You're GAY.
Your prude act is JUST a shield.

DUSTIN
NO.

He tries to pull free but she grabs tight. Dustin SCREAMS and tries to free himself again. But this time, he ELBOWS HER accidentally in the face. And it sounds painful.

She WHIPS back from the accidental jab. And because they're on the edge of the dock, she LOSES her balance... falling BACKWARDS, crashing into the lake. Dustin looks horrified --

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
TINA. FUCK.

And then --

INT. VICE PRINCIPAL JONES'S OFFICE - NIGHT - **PRESENT DAY**

We're back, as before, with Tina staring at the mug shot.

TINA
We have to find Dustin. Oh my God.
He was there, he knows who did it.

SANTO
He did it or knows who did it?

TINA
He knows.

They both turn, about to SPRINT off when something stops them. Both their faces whiten...

...as Yvette, Abuelo, and Jones walk up from the hallway. Abuelo is furious. Tina gulps.

SANTO
I'll handle this.

The three adults arrive.

JONES
What are you doing in here?

SANTO
Abuelo --

ABUELO

You were in JAIL? Had I not called every hospital AND the police, I would've thought you dead. And then what do you once released? Call me? NO. You run to school and then break into an office?

(...)

Thank goodness Ms. Jones saw you and helped us look across campus.

SANTO

It was --

ABUELO

No. No more excuses. It's too late, hijo. Yvette's decided I'm neglecting your mental care. And I can't prove it otherwise with this latest stunt.

Yvette steps forward.

YVETTE

Santo, this will be for the best ultimately. We're going to get --

SANTO

STOP. HOLD ON. WAIT.

His tone is assertive. Assured too. Santo takes a breath and calms down. To them all --

SANTO (CONT'D)

I was going to run away. I wasn't going to let you guys control my future. Or ruin it. But it's not a future worth having if I can't shake the things haunting me here, first. I can't run away from my problems any more. I need to face them. I know that now.

This realization moves Abuelo. Santo turns to Yvette...

SANTO (CONT'D)

I've been helping someone and it's the first time in a while where I feel purpose. That's why I've been acting funky. I got in trouble. Yes. BUT it was all me. None of it had to do with Abuelo. I'm not in danger of a psychotic break. None of that. Don't split us up.

Back to Abuelo --

SANTO (CONT'D)
I'll explain everything soon and
I'll do whoever else you want but I
need to go right now. I need you
to trust me. Please, Abuelo.

As Abuelo studies Santo then considers, turning to Yvette and Jones -- we PRELAP a doorbell ringing over and over again.

EXT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two parents swing open the door. It's Santo and Tina.

SANTO
Is Dustin home?

MOM
Who are you?

SANTO
Is HE HOME?

DAD
He said he had to go to work.
What's this about?

Santo and Tina TAKE OFF. The parents stare, confused.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Tina and Santo SPRINT through the abandoned parking lot.
Only one car. They get to the doors and Santo tries every
single one. All locked --

Until he gets to the LAST ONE. It's open. He rushes in.
Tina right behind him.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Santo and Tina rush through the store, looking through all
the various departments. Everywhere is dark. Looking...

TINA
Maybe he's in the back.

Then Santo stops. He points at the dressing room. The
lights are on. He takes off, sprinting. As does Tina.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Tina and Santo enter the hallway. Dustin HOLDING A GUN. He
cries, staring at it... despondent.

Santo gasps then levels down to the floor, on his knees.

SANTO

Dustin. Don't do this. PLEASE.

DUSTIN

I fucked up. I didn't mean to.

TINA

Mean to what?

SANTO

What are you talking about?

DUSTIN

I elbowed her. They'll do the autopsy and see. She fell in the water. And I didn't get her. Now they found the body. Now they'll know.

FLASHBACK: Moments after Tina has fallen into the water and Dustin screamed for her. He takes off running, away from the dock. Away from her. Crying.

CUT TO -- the same moment Tina remembered while Ramsey beat Santo. Tina opening her eyes, GASPING as the lake water rolls up, splashing around her body. Blood everywhere.

CUT TO -- a hand PUNCHING Tina. A finger bruised.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

Dustin's grip on the gun loosens. He wails --

DUSTIN

I didn't realize I killed her. I didn't mean to. She was making fun of me.

TINA

He didn't kill me though.

SANTO

You didn't kill her, Dustin.

DUSTIN

Yes I did.

TINA

I got back to shore. And then a bruised hand punched me.

SANTO
(assertive)
You didn't kill her, Dustin.

He swallows, looking up, confused.

DUSTIN
What do you mean? How do you know?

SANTO
I can talk to--

TINA
NO.

SANTO
I just know. Someone did something
to her *after* you left. Do you
remember anyone at the dock?
Think, Dustin.

But Dustin doesn't think. He just closes his eyes again.

DUSTIN
I can't keep going on like this.
(...)
They want to send me away. They're
trying to fix me. Or they'll cut
me off.

SANTO
Your family?

He nods, crying.

DUSTIN
I don't want to go away. I don't
want to be fixed. Why?
(...)
I don't want to be excommunicated
from everyone I know. I can't.

He raises his gun but Santo LEAPS forward and TACKLES Dustin.

He KICKS the gun away. It SLIDES into a dressing room.
Dustin struggles --

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
LET GO OF ME.

Santo pushes him away. And HURDLES up, blocking Dustin from
fetching the gun. Dustin just sits cross-legged, bawling.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Let me do this.

SANTO

No. Those people who judge you and
who think they're better than
you... they're not.

DUSTIN

I don't care.

SANTO

You should. You are unique. And
you are different. And that's
worth more.

DUSTIN

How do you know?

SANTO

Because... because...
(he pauses, then --)
I'm gay too.

Tina looks up, surprised. A trembling Dustin does as well.

SANTO (CONT'D)

Look at all the people who made a
difference in history. Einstein
and David Bowie and Michelangelo.
So many others. They weren't like
everyone else. They were odd.
Some of them straight, but queer in
their own ways. Sometimes actually
gay, too.

(...)

My brother told me that. Okay?

Dustin seems to calm down. He nods, finding his center.

SANTO (CONT'D)

And if they don't want you for who
you are, they don't deserve you.

Dustin nods, momentarily pacified.

Santo smiles... sitting. Tina just stares -- seeing Dustin
in a new, tragic light.

DUSTIN

I don't remember anyone at the
dock. It was just us two.

SANTO

Okay. That's alright.

DUSTIN

She deserved to die, you know.

Tina's heart breaks. Santo frowns.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

She teased us all. It wasn't ever as bad as what she did to you. But... it was the small stuff... over time... and it never stopped.

(...)

Alexis got it the worst. One time in 6th grade... they had a sleepover and Tina jokingly shaved off a part of Alexis's hair. Alexis was so scared to go to school. Everyone laughed for weeks. It was the same look she had when I got back from the dock.

SANTO

Alexis?

DUSTIN

Yeah.

Something about that troubles Tina. Santo as well. They both eye each other. Tina looks back at Dustin.

TINA

Did he tell Alexis what happened at the dock?

SANTO

(to Dustin --)

Did you tell Alexis what happened?

DUSTIN

Yeah. She was crying. I was crying. I needed to tell someone. She said it was an accident. She promised she wouldn't say anything, that Tina would fine, told me to go home.

TINA

Ask him for pictures from Thursday.

SANTO

Do you have a photo? From the party? Of your friends?

DUSTIN

Why do you care?

SANTO

Please.

Dustin doesn't understand but pulls his phone out and opens it. He finds a few photos and shows them to Santo. Tina leans behind Santo, staring. Santo flips through them until they land on one. He zooms in on Alexis. Tina INHALES --

TINA

Her pinky finger.

Alexis's pinky finger is bruised up. Black and blue.

FLASHBACK: on the bus at the beginning, Alexis telling Tina about her brother closing a door on her hand.

CUT TO -- the bruised hand PUNCHING Tina. PULL BACK: Alexis.

Back to present. Tina shocked...

TINA (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Alexis... crying... inconsolable. We see her hand which looks perfectly fine though. As she wipes away tears:

ALEXIS

He told me he wouldn't hurt her.

WTF. We flip around and REVEAL: Detective Collins across from her. He scribbles notes, nodding along.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Do you remember what time you and Officer Moretto separated after Tina saw you two together?

ALEXIS

Right after. He took off, raged.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Do you remember anything he said?

ALEXIS

No. I tried calming him down. But he was furious. It was scary.

Alexis covers her face, "distraught." It's clear to us she's lying but Collins is falling for it.

DETECTIVE COLLINS
You and Dustin were together and
went home after the cops arrived?

She nods a yes.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The cops swarm. Kids are putting on jackets and exiting in groups. The belligerently drunk are loaded into patrol cars.

Alexis and Dustin sit nearby, having just spoken. She pats him on the back and he takes off, headed home.

She, however, looks at the thicket of trees. She starts for it.... clearly NOT going home with Dustin...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Back with Collins and Alexis.

ALEXIS
I should've come clean. Told my
parents about Jake.
(...)
But I loved him. I love him.

Detective Collins sets down his pen, looking at Alexis.

DETECTIVE COLLINS
Sweetheart. He's an adult. You're
a child. What he did was wrong.

ALEXIS
I know that now.
(sighing, corny --)
I'm in love with a monster.

Collins rolls his eyes. And we travel behind Collins... to
REVEAL: Tina, in the corner of the room, arms crossed, livid.

CLOSE IN on Alexis's face, playing along with her lie, hiding
a deadly secret, playing the "dumb girl"...

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Alexis walks out, pleased with herself, applying more makeup
to her pinky finger. But her face falls when she looks up
and sees Dustin in front of her. He's angry.

DUSTIN
You made me lie for you.

Her jaw clenches. She glances around. Nobody but them.

ALEXIS

Stop being delusional, Dustin. And don't go ballistic. I didn't tell 'em about you and Tina on the dock.

DUSTIN

You made me think I did it.

ALEXIS

Well it's your lucky night. Turns out it was Jake.

SANTO (O.S.)

No it wasn't.

She spins around. Santo wanders up. Tina by his side. Alexis stands between all of them now.

ALEXIS

You're like a fucking cockroach, you know that?

SANTO

Why'd you force Dustin to make up an alibi for you? Where did you go really that night?

ALEXIS

Go burn yourself, dipshit.

DUSTIN

You're as bad as her now.

ALEXIS

Well I learned from the best.

DUSTIN

She terrorized you, Alexis.

ALEXIS

No, she taught me. You can't escape your bully anymore. It's impossible. You can't go home to some "safe space." Not when they're on Snapchat and Instagram and Facebook. Not when they're posting videos you can watch obsessively. No. They infect your life and they stay with you, even after High School. You get to watch them have a life and you stay... *broken*.

(MORE)

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
 So Tina taught me what's necessary.
 If you can't beat the bully... be
 the bully.

SANTO
 Is that why you killed her? Is
 that why you're trying to frame
 your asshole boyfriend?

A small smirk betrays Alexis's face as:

EXT. LAKE WICHITA - DOCK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

*Blood everywhere. Tina gasping. As we've now seen already.
 She climbs her way onto shore from the water. Dustin gone.
 Tina pissed. She reaches her phone on the dock and dials --*

*-- but something catches her eye. She looks up: BAM. Alexis
 PUNCHES her in the face and Tina goes FLAILING backwards.*

Tina recovers, looking up and seeing her friend.

ALEXIS
 You scared my boyfriend.

TINA
 Your BOYFRIEND? Hah. Alexis...
 you're just a pussy to him.

*Alexis screams and KICKS Tina in the side who RECOILS in
 pain. Water splashing all over her now.*

ALEXIS
 Fuck you, Tina. Why do you have to
 insult every fucking part of me?

TINA
 Fuck you, Alexis.

*Tina laughs, thinking this is mostly a joke... a game... as
 if Alexis is being overtly dramatic.*

*But Alexis's eyes tell otherwise. Tina has misjudged this
 very deadly situation. She suddenly realizes. Uh oh.*

*She looks for her phone. Sees it and crawls to it. Thinks
 that Prita is on the line. (But it's just the voicemail.)*

*Alexis is in a disarrayed state, GRABBING Tina by the feet
 and DRAGGING her backwards, away from the phone.*

TINA (CONT'D)
 PRITA. PRITA. OH MY GOD.

She turns to Alexis who GRABS a large, heavy stone from below her and LIFTS IT UP above herself.

TINA (CONT'D)
 WHY ARE YOU BEING LIKE THIS? I
 didn't mean to -- I'm sorry! I
 swear I'll --

Alexis sends it FLYING down at TINA, using all her might. The stone, jagged and heavy, FALLS with FORCE, smashing into Tina's head. A horrible sound. And then silence.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

The group of kids. Just as before. Just after Santo asked if she did it. Alexis's smirk goes away. She shrugs.

ALEXIS
 I'm not trying to do anything. The
 pieces fell into place.

She turns to Dustin. With venom:

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
 And if you suddenly decide to come
 clean about my alibi, I'll make
 sure everyone knows you're gay.

He shrugs and walks around, headed into the station. *WTF!*
 She steps forward, hissing --

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
 Dustin. You want me to do to you
 what I did to her? You want me to
 bash in your skull? Tell me.

But Dustin just smiles and looks at Santo.

DUSTIN
 You think you got it?

Santo dashes over to a darkened wall, grabbing a phone placed against the wall, HAVING recorded it all! He examines then THUMBS UP to Dustin.

Alexis realizes what they did as Santo removes a wire with a mic from his shirt pocket.

SANTO
 Let's go turn it in then.

He, Tina, and Dustin enter the station. Alexis stays frozen, floored. Then she backs up, slowly, then SPRINTS.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

We follow TWO FEET as they walk into a lobby. And three more sets of feet behind them. A group... on a mission.

We PAN UP and reveal: Santo and his group of *friends*... as they arrive at the station counter. Reaching the counter --

SANTO
Is Detective Collins here? I can
prove who really killed Tina
Rhodes.

And as Santo glances at Tina, and Dustin... as Santo experiences a moment of inherent happiness... we:

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SANTO'S CHURCH - HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE on Santo's sketch of the highway tail lights. Framed with his name below and a title: *FRANCISCO*. We flip to see Santo staring at it, eyes burning with pride.

CHRYON: ONE WEEK LATER

Ms. Garcia, Santo's art teacher, comes up. He notices.

SANTO
How'd you convince them?

MS. GARCIA
I used a little bit of that
melodrama you were telling me
about. And I've got some pull in
this church. Made some threats.

She side-hugs him as his eyes well up with water...

MS. GARCIA (CONT'D)
Every talented artist needs their
work shown to the world. This is
just the start for you, Santo.

She leaves as Dustin comes out of the Main Room in the church, with a plate of food and a drink.

DUSTIN
A Rembrandt in the making.

SANTO
I don't know about that.

DUSTIN

Your grandpa's about to speak.

He leaves his sketch, headed back in with Dustin but sees Tina down the hall, watching him, happy. He stops.

SANTO

I'll be right behind.

Dustin nods and enter as Santo walks up to Tina.

TINA

I like the sketch. Very emo chic.

SANTO

You're not sticking around because of me, right? Because I'm fine.

TINA

I know that, dipshit.

SANTO

Okay, cool. I don't mind it, obvi.

TINA

Remember in World Studies, we learned about that religion... I forget the name. But they don't believe in hell. A physical one, anyway. No fire, devil garbage.

SANTO

What's your point, *dipshit*?

TINA

They believe everyone goes to heaven but if you aren't a good person, you have to *wait*... and that in it of itself is hell.

SANTO

So you think you're in hell?

TINA

I think I'm supposed to be here for as long as whoever up there thinks I need. And as far as hells go? Hanging with you ain't so bad.

Santo laughs.

SANTO

But why am I the only one that can see you? I don't get it.

TINA

I think the better question is why
are you the only one I can talk to?

(...)

You made me a better person, Santo.

He smiles, then realizes something. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a folded paper.

SANTO

I want to show you this.

He unfolds it and displays it for Tina to read. She leans in and skims through, her eyes bulging. Santo smiles.

SANTO (CONT'D)

I got early admittance to Bard.
Full ride, too. I think I'm moving
next month.

TINA

Santo. That's amazing.

She gleams. Genuinely happy for him. Then --

SANTO

If you're sticking around... ever
been to New York?

She looks up at him, surprised.

But Santo is serious. And as we back away from Tina Rhodes and Santo Mendez, about to embark on their next adventure...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END